

Young Australian Art & Writers' Awards

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

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*Cover design by
Elizabeth Vardouniotis
Dame Elisabeth Murdoch Art Award*

2023



Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

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Young Australian Art Awards Judges



Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

Young Australian Art & Writers' Awards 2023

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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 Jason Woods – Publisher (Chair)
- Mr Ernest Bland – National Sponsorship Manager
- Emeritus Professor Margot Hillel AOM, Finals Judge
- Mrs Carol Dick – Managing Editor
- Mrs Linda Purcell – Internet Design & Infrastructure



Young Australian Art Awards

Committee Members

- Mr Jason Woods (Chair)
- Mr Marc McBride, Judge
- Ms Marjory Gardner, Judge
- Ms Anne Ryan, Judge
- 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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Our Newly Appointed Travel Agency
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Travel Bug – Helping to get our Winners to Melbourne and all our Workshop Travel sorted



Indigenous Art Patron

John McGuire

Mr John McGuire is our Patron of the Arts for the Young Indigenous Art Awards program.

Young Australian Writers' Awards



2023

The BIC Young Australian Writer of the Year Award

2023

Awarded to

Gevin Kankanamalage

Scotch College, Hawthorn, Vic.

"Of Butterflies and Memories"



2023 Young Australian Writers' Awards

Best Poetry from a Secondary School

Sedgman Literary Award

Zy McLeod

Lindfield Learning Village

Fire Escape Stairs

SEDGMAN

Geoff & Helen Handbury Literary Award

Nathan Munro

Scotch College

Daydreaming

Best Short Story from a Secondary School

Roy Hill Literary Award

Heath Knight

St John's Lutheran School

All in a Days Work



Geoff & Helen Handbury Achievement Award

Rohan Cali

Scotch College

Autumn Leaves

C.D.DODD

C.D. Dodd Literary Award

Jasper Wang

Cherrybrook Public School

What's A Million

C.D.DODD

Of Butterflies and Memories

In the midst of a bustling metropolis, one crafted of concrete and steel, a particular maestro would hone his craft atop a sixty-floor skyscraper. Perched against the cage-iron fences that bounded the highest peak of the city, the maestro would draw on a canvas, one of the few remaining hand-made objects within the city itself. From the grey morning glow of an artificial sun until the moment the cold blue streetlamps would turn on, the maestro's right arm carved swift strokes across the canvas, his mind empty bar constant drone to 'paint from memory'.

What he painted was not the cold, cruel and calculating precision that the city was built on, but rather a more human touch, one of nature. The artist's canvas was filled with a flurry of warm hues, perhaps memories of a world distant from urbanisation. His feeble, slim hands traced a single, monarch butterfly, its deep orange wings fluttering in a verdant, dewy paddock. His artwork bore no mathematical pattern, plan or technical prowess. Rather, he captured the true, unpredictable solace in nature, a force so rare in this mechanical, lumbering city.

With time, news of the artist's work permeated through society. People, dressed in their dreary clothes, made the pilgrimage to the top of the apartment

complex. They all eagerly gazed at the artist's canvas, hoping to escape the city's mechanical austerity. In the midst of the maestro's ascent to fame, a plain white letter arrived on top of the skyscraper. The artist, oblivious to the letter, was spurned by the single mantra, to 'paint from memory'. It was only when the visitors trickled away that the artist noticed the single letter leaning against his painting. Gingerly opening it, right arm shaking with euphoria, the maestro was triumphant. The monochrome sheet of paper was his golden ticket, his invitation to the prestigious 'Banksy Awards'.

The artist stepped through the grand double doors of the presentation theatre, bathed in an atmosphere of anticipation. The venue emanated an air of cold, calculating architecture, with its sleek, modern design adorned in muted tones of silver and black. Rows of steel seats stretched out before a towering stage. The walls themselves were embellished with artwork. Each one of them was mathematically perfect, protruding no imperfections. There was an unnatural discomfort from such talented precision for the maestro.

The artist walked onto the domineering stage, carrying his magnum opus alongside, as if right next to the field of glowing green grass. There was a hush as he came on, followed by dreamy sighs as the audience was entranced by the monarch butterfly, a reminder of their individuality in a metropolis of mechanical conformity.

A man wearing a flawless, black suit walked up on stage. He nodded at the artist, a face that masked any satisfaction or excitement. And so, from there the bidding began.

'Five hundred.'

'Six hundred.'

In his mind, it was hollow numbers, assigning financial value to beauty.

The air crackled with electricity as the gavel made a final third swoop down, a palpable sense of tension among the crowd.

The buyer, an unscrupulous man with eyes filled with glee, approached the maestro ready to shake his hand. Smiling faintly, the artist's world transformed into a desolate void, his eyes rolling back, body stiffening.

A group of engineers loomed in on the artist with calculated efficiency. Their hands deftly inserted a complex tubular device into the back of the artist's head, extracting the memories and objectives implanted inside. In a matter of seconds, the artist's eyes lost their spark, fading into dim shadows. The intricate mechanics that once animated the artist's arm being ground to a halt. The memories were not his, nor was the right arm. He was a novelty, a living memorabilia that carried humanity's history within, to bring nostalgic hope to those who could not escape the sprawling mechanical city.

With an air of detachment, the men meticulously dismantled the artist's body, isolating the artist's famed right arm from the rest of its creaking form. The buyer lifted up his right arm, intending to mould the hand into his own human skin. Upon that stage, the delicate remembrance of the prodigy's fleeting greatness ebbed into silent oblivion. Humanity sought the irretrievable memories of the natural world, pursuing it with great passion, yet the fragile union between nature and machine only served as a bittersweet foreshadowing of humanity's longing; it was not the memories they cherished, but rather the meritocratic talent which painted them.

*By Gevin Kankanamalage
Scotch College
Hawthorn, Vic
Teacher: Durga Kamte*





Fire Escape Stairs

Fire escape stairs
Have the misfortune
Within the buildings they are set,
Tucked away on the boundary of elongated halls,
Residing in their own little crevice,
Out of sight,
Only used in case of an emergency.

Echoing voices,
And herd-like thumping of shoes
Running up and down the stairwell,
Resonates off the walls of its chamber.

Humid and musty,
The dull smell of dust and concrete,
Mixed with the body odour of pubescent teenage boys,
Flows through the air,
Polluting it,
With its sickening scent.

It's an uncomfortable place,
Achromatic and gloomy.
Only endured by students willing to exploit its intended functionality,
Looking for a quick and easy shortcut between floors.

*By Zy McLeod
Lindfield Learning Village
Lindfield, NSW
Teacher: Melissa Cowgill*

Daydreaming

Often in today's world, we are all too focused on the present. And I know that people are always telling us to "take each day as it comes, as tomorrow is never guaranteed", and I guess these hackneyed phrases that someone once put up as an 'inspirational quote' on Pinterest twelve years ago have some truth to them. However, this way of living can really take a toll on our minds. Therefore, highlighting the importance of nature, reflecting in our daily lives. Connecting us with the natural world around us, soothing our soul – sort of - calms us down. And it's easy (trust me I know), to sit back and expend little energy just doing the bare minimum and only focusing on what has to be done. "Just get through today". I used to always think like this - again it was easy. However, this neutral and anodyne way of living can start to damage our well-being. We may feel sad or even depressed by the mundanity of our lives, feeling as if there is no solution to our problems. And in the high intensity, high-stress world of meeting deadlines, living up to expectations, and making sure you are up to date on your 'to-do-list', extra stress and anxiety as we exit this post-pandemic world is the last thing we all need.

I was lucky enough to go to Africa three years ago as part of a family holiday. Go on a safari, look at some lions, that sort of thing. Anyway.

So I sat, in the back of the safari truck, looking out over the Botswanan wilderness as the sun set over the one thousand-year-old baobab trees. The herds of buffalo and impala in the background, the animals frolicking in the trees and bushes, and the water reflecting the deep red and oranges of the sky to perfection - I remember spontaneously thinking to myself, "I have never felt so happy, and free from the burdens of the city in my whole life". And it is this memory I can always go back to when things get tough, as I can't help but smile when I think about it.

It's this idea of nature's soothing qualities that Romantic poet William Wordsworth explores in his poem 'I wandered as lonely as a cloud'. The speaker of the poem emphasises the beauty of a "host of golden daffodils" that are "dancing in the breeze", as well as the waves and trees that fill their view. The utter admiration and

wonderment that the speaker experiences suggests that it is this idea of a symbiotic relationship between humanity and nature that is the essential ingredient to happiness - exactly how I felt when I looked over the African savanna. Pure awe.

But it's not the present moment that Wordsworth and I feel is the grandest part of living. It's the ability for someone to reflect on an experience and reminisce on the small details that made that moment so special. This idea of feeling more connected to the mind's inward eye.

You only experience a moment once, but you can always relive this feeling through the beauty of memories. Now that's an inspirational quote if I've ever heard one!

So this was three years ago. Why am I clinging to thoughts and recollections that happened so long ago? After all, I can hardly even remember what I had for breakfast this morning... But it's not always what these memories are that makes them so unforgettable, it's how I felt in the moment. The quiet. No evidence of human existence. Just the faint buzzing of mosquitos in the background, and the subtle calls of distant birds talking to each other. I was happy.

But why did I feel this way?

That's when I knew.

I knew that silence, and the feeling of earth's diurnal course was why this moment in

the back of a safari truck was the greatest feeling of my life. It was the escape from the capitalistic life, the 'getting and spending' that we all experience every day. A reprieve from this sense of mundanely in our quotidian lives.

And yes, I know times have changed. The introduction of mindfulness apps, guided reflection, and even the sounds of people whispering into supersensitive microphones (whatever tickles your fancy I guess?) can be accessed at the touch of a button. However there is still importance in reliving experiences.

It's this feeling that we need to channel to relieve stress and anxiety.

So as I sit. At the back of the tram on a Friday afternoon. I imagine myself in the back of the safari truck, looking out over the sunset. And in a pensive mood, I wonder - "why are there no lions in Hawthorn?"

And my mind drifts away.

*By Nathan Munro
Scotch College
Hawthorn, Vic.
Teacher: Durga Kamte.*



Geoff
& Helen
Handbury
Literary
Award





Geoff
& Helen
Handbury
Achievement
Award

Autumn Leaves

Leaves change from green to gold,
As the playful wind sets in.
They hum and they shiver and dance in the breeze,
As the song of wonder begins.

The leaves frolic and dance,
To the wind's soothing song.
They whirl, they float, they rustle,
They circle and fly along.

The wind's gentle embrace,
Leaves waltzing along.
The melody comes to fade,
Sweet, and everlong.

The fallen leaves crunch and crackle,
Blue haze hangs from the dimmed evening sky.
The fields are filled with thousands of stalks,
As cool wind brushes them by.

The last red berries hang from the thorn tree,
The last vivid orange leaves fall to the ground.
Bleakness, through the trees and bushes,
Comes, without a sound.

*By Rohan Cali
Scotch College
Hawthorn, Vic.
Durga Kamte*

ALL IN A DAYS WORK

“Jack, wake up,” grumbled Craig as he shook me, “we need to bring ‘em in before the truck arrives,” I opened my eyes, pulled back the sheets and hopped out of bed. Craig was already dressed and cooking bacon and eggs. I rolled out of bed and pulled on a fresh pair of work clothes for the long day of work ahead.

Today, Craig and I were going out to bring in two cleanskin bulls that had broken from the mob, when we were mustering two days ago. It was going to be a tough job, getting down a healthy cleanskin was hard enough, let alone two.

The sun was just peaking over the horizon as we made our way out of our small hut and into the warm North Queensland air. Dead clumps of grass littered the ground with small mulga trees scattered throughout the red-orange soil. The simple worker’s huts were all coming to life as hats and boots went on and doors slammed shut.

“Come on Jack,” Craig urged. “We need to get the first pick of quads unless you wanna be doing maintenance again.” He was always looking out for me, his dark akubra shaded the scar that was a constant reminder to him of what had happened.

We hopped on the 4-wheelers and headed out of the shed towards the place Craig was guessing the bulls had gone, a billabong about seven kilometres from where we were now. Following the small road out of camp, the tyres kicked up clouds of dust forcing Craig and I to ride next to each other on the tiny road. After half an hour of riding we turned onto a separate track heading towards the billabong.

“Not long to go now,” Craig muttered as we turned down the road.

After a bit we reached the billabong and jumped off the quads. I dusted myself off and wiped away the layer of dust that had accumulated on my glasses before looking for cattle tracks.

“Where do you reckon they could be?” I asked Craig as we searched the mud.

“Yeah, dunno. They could be anywhere right now,” he said. “We’ve just gotta be at the right place at the right time to find them.”

All of a sudden two bulls broke away from the treeline and took off across the flat, heading for a section of distant scrub that was impossible to ride through. Unless of course you wanted a flat tyre. Sprinting over and jumping onto my quad, I hit the accelerator, wheels spinning as I raced off into the long grass.

Over the rev of the quads I could barely hear Craig yelling, “Slow down! You can’t see what’s in the grass.” I reluctantly slowed down to match Craig’s speed and kept a good eye out for hazardous termite mounds.

“Let the little one go for now,” he called as we rode through the long grass still chasing the bulls. “If we get the big fella down quick enough we should still be able to find the little one later.”

“No, I’ll go for the black bull and you get the little one,” I said even though I knew it was going to start an argument.

“No way mate, it’s too dangerous trying to get a bull of that size down by yourself!”

“I’m not a kid Craig, I can do this.” He considered this for a moment and then reluctantly nodded.

Luckily, the bigger bull broke away and headed for the closer section of scrub, so I turned and raced after it before Craig could change his mind. Now it was only me and the massive cleanskin bull that probably wanted me dead. I sped through the shrubby terrain, dodging the deadly termite mounds whilst trying to keep up with the escaping bull.

After a minute of relentless pursuit he was down to a steady lope from exhaustion. I pushed my thumb even harder onto the accelerator, getting right up next to him. He looked at me from the corner of his eye, snorting as he turned away from me in desperation.

Sweat covered his body and his tongue hung out of his mouth as he panted. He finally gave in to exhaustion, stopping and turning towards me as I rode past. I did a loop and came back at him quickly, just before we collided he turned away, trying to make a run for it. It was too late, I braced myself and smashed into him, knocking the big fella over like a sack of potatoes.

Already off the quad, I unstrapped my belt

and launched towards the bull. Grabbing his muscular hind legs and beginning to tie them up. Just as I was buckling up the belt he started to stir, straining against the leather. My hands lost grip and he lifted one leg up to kick me, but I scrambled back before his hoof could make contact.

That was all the bull needed to get his legs out of the belt. He was back on his feet and ready to charge, luckily there was a bit of space between us now, so I would still be able to dodge him. He lowered his head and charged. I did a commando style roll out of his way and got to my feet, spinning around to look for the bull.

Sure enough, he’d stopped once he realized I had dodged him. Standing there, I could really get a good look at him. The bull was roughly my height with large curved horns protruding straight out from his head, curving up and forward to the pointed tip. His huge shoulders and rippling muscles gave him a mighty appearance.

Our gazes locked, he shook his head and stamped his foot, sending dust flying. He whipped his head from side to side, flinging snot everywhere. He bolted towards me and just before he was upon me I side stepped, trying to dodge. Sadly, he’d learnt from the last time, he swerved after me and caught me between his horns, slamming his forehead into my chest.

The pain was unbearable, all the air in my lungs snatched from my body. Gasping for air to fill my lungs I stumbled backwards, slamming into the boxtree. The bull’s big black head was only centimetres away from me.

Still searching for air, I looked to my left and saw that his horns had speared into the flesh of the tree. It was all too much to take in, one minute I was dodging the bull and the next minute pinned to a tree.

My thoughts were disturbed by a low rumble. A smile broke across my face as I realised what the noise was. The cleanskin heaved as he tried to pull his horns out of the tree. I prayed that Craig would arrive before the bull could pry his horns free.

In the meantime, I desperately searched for escape routes while getting air back into my



Roy Hill
Literary Award
Middle
Short Story

lungs. The bull was snorting and struggling, but I figured that right here was the safest place to be. Finally, something flashed at the edge of my vision and I turned to see Craig flying towards me on his four wheeler.

Just as I thought it was gonna be alright, the bull took a final heave and yanked his horns free from the tree. Backing up, he got ready to deliver the final blow, the furious scrub bull took off and charged at me, levelling his horns with my chest. I yelled, bracing myself for the impact.

THUD!

Craig flew in from the side on his quad, T-boning the mickey bull and dropping him on his side. Craig skidded to a stop, hopped off and came over to me, "You right?" I nodded. "Good, give me a hand to tie him up."

Craig turned and headed towards the bull, but somehow the bull was already back on his feet. After two big hits, I would've

thought he would be dead or unable to move! He looked very tired and the fire in his eyes was now gone, I knew it was now or never. I raced in front of him, waving my arms and yelling, my ribs on fire.

Craig got the message, he quickly got behind the bull and grabbed his tail. Pulling down and sideways, the bull turned his head towards him, a fatal mistake. Craig gave a final heave on his tail, buckling the big fellas' legs. He whipped off his belt and wrapped it around the bull's legs, cinching it up and then standing triumphantly over the cleanskin.

"And that's how it's done," he said as the bull kicked and struggled on the ground. I picked up my belt and sat on the four wheeler, wheezing as I clasped my sore ribs.

"What's wrong mate?" questioned Craig. The pride drained from his face when he saw my pained expression.

"I think I broke a rib," I wheezed. Noticing how much my pain worried him, I added in, "Nah, I'm just kidding, just a bit bruised I think." Trying to sound casual. He didn't buy it, he came over and sat on the quad next to me.

Craig had been looking after me all these years since my father had died, feeling responsible for my dad's death. When he and my dad were young they were mustering a mob of cattle when a bull broke away. Leaving the other ringers to hold the cattle, they chased the bull even though the dust was making it hard to see.

My dad wanted to pull out but Craig insisted on catching him, so they persisted. Just as the bull was giving up, the dust took out their vision and my dad hit a tree. His quad colliding with Craig's, sending him tumbling along the ground. Craig had got out of the crash with only a scar and a couple of bruises, but also the guilt that my dad's death was partially his fault.

"Well let's get back to camp and get those ribs checked," Craig said, bringing me back to reality. He sat down on his own four wheeler and we headed back to camp, going a bit slower this time as every bump in the road made me wince with pain.

As soon as we got to our hut I laid in bed, closing my eyes as I recounted the morning's events. The soft mattress comforted my throbbing ribs as I slowly dozed off.

*By Heath Knight
St John's Lutheran School
Geelong, Vic.
Teacher: Mrs Jodie Springhall*





What's a Million

What's A Million

The times I've played Minecraft Pvp
The times I have listened to music on a DVD

All the pages I've flipped through books
The times I've seen my mum and dad cook

The drops of water that are needed to fill the lake
The times I have seen people chomp on cake.

The times that the grains of sand have touched my feet.
All the areas that I can't reach.

That's a million.....



*By Jasper Wang
Cherrybrook Public School
Cherrybrook, NSW
Teacher: Mrs Davies (Asst. Principal)*



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



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.

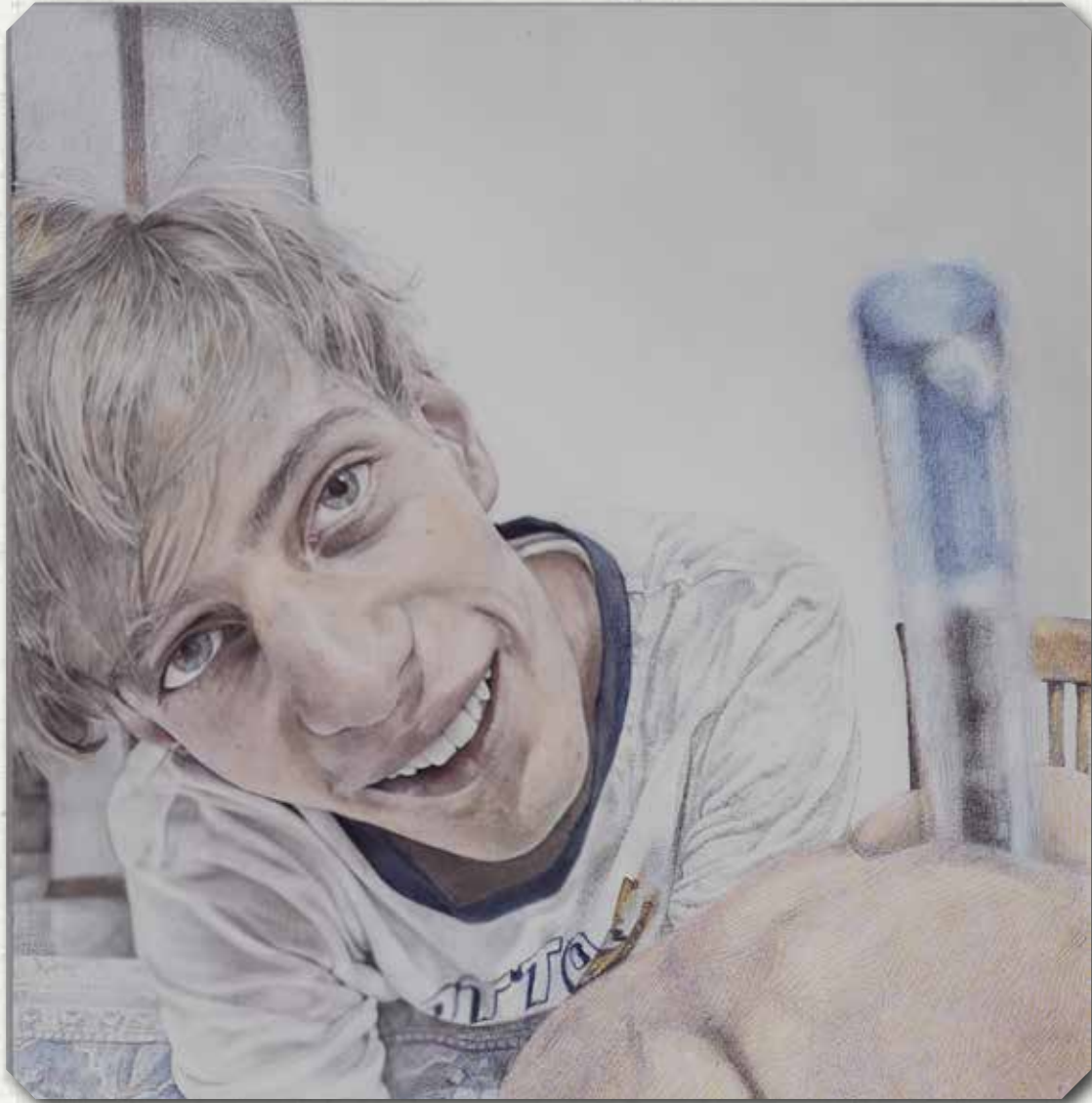
Marc has had work exhibited with the New York Society of Illustrators and won the 'Aurealis Award for Excellence' for the Deltora Quest series and for *World of Monsters*. His book *Secrets of Deltora* is an illustrated travel guide through the world of Deltora.

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

2023



Awarded to

Elizabeth Vardouniotis

The Hills Grammar School, NSW

'Wielding the Pen'



2023 Young Australian Art Awards

Commonwealth Bank Art Award

Painting – Senior



CommonwealthBank

Awarded to

Julia Wang

Melbourne Girls' College, Vic.

'Ethereal'

2023 Young Australian Art Awards

Commonwealth Bank Art Award

Painting – Junior



CommonwealthBank

Awarded to

Barry Wu

Lindfield Public School, NSW

'Octopus Assault on the Golden Gate Bridge'





2023 Young Australian Art Awards

Commonwealth Bank Art Award

Painting – Middle (Joint Winner)



CommonwealthBank

Awarded to

Candice Chen

Roseville College, NSW

'Little Young Granny'

2023 Young Australian Art Awards

Commonwealth Bank Art Award

Painting – Middle (Joint Winner)



CommonwealthBank

Awarded to

Kingsley Liu

Jasper Road Public School Vic.

'Girl In The Green Scarf'





2023 Young Australian Art Awards

Bic Australia Art Award

Computer Art - Senior



Awarded to

Feteema Aljibiri

Southern River College, WA

'Knock Knock'

2023 Young Australian Art Awards

Bic Australia Art Award

Computer Art - Middle



Awarded to

Lisa Kataoka

St George Girls High School, NSW

'Links'



2023 Young Australian Art Awards

Bic Australia Art Award

Computer Art - Junior



Awarded to

Phoebe Webber

Huntingdale Primary School, WA

'Krea The Ghost Girl'





2023 Young Australian Art Awards

Dymock's Tooronga Art Award

Drawing – Senior

DYMOCKS
books & gifts

Awarded to

Tillie Moyle

Moreton Bay College, Qld

'Colourful Contemplation'

2023 Young Australian Art Awards

Dymock's Tooronga Art Award

Drawing – Middle

DYMOCKS
books & gifts

Awarded to

Anne Li

St George Girls High School, , NSW

'Hometown Fish'





2023 Young Australian Art Awards

Lions Club Art Award

Drawing – Primary



Awarded to

Yolanda Lu

John Purchase Public School, NSW

'The One and Only'



2021 Young Australian Art Awards

Lions Club Art Award

Photography –Senior



Awarded to

Ian Lee

The Kings School, NSW

'Pathway to Heaven'

2021 Young Australian Art Awards

KIN Mining Ltd
Photography – Middle



Awarded to

Lisa Kataoka

St George Girls High School, NSW

'The Moon'



2023 Young Australian Art Awards

KIN Mining Ltd
Art Award

Photography - Junior



Awarded to

Alma Napthali

Reddam House, NSW

'Autumn Leaves'





2023 Young Australian Art Awards
Judge's Choice Award

Marjory Gardner Art Award

Awarded to

Dana Han

Lane Cove West Public School, NSW

'Happy With The Fireflies'

2023 Young Australian Art Awards
Judge's Choice Award

Ann Ryan Art Award

Awarded to

Surahanni Pindan

Fitzroy Valley District High School, WA

'The Whistling Kite'



2023 Young Australian Art Awards
Judge's Choice Award

Marc McBride Art Award

Awarded to

Julia Wang

Melbourne Girls' College, Vic.

'Still Life of the Miscellaneous'



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

2023



2023 Young Australian Art Awards

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



Awarded to
Kaliyah Williams
*'Going with the
Flow'*

— Indigenous Art Awards —



2023 Young Australian Art Awards

Roy Hill Foundation

Indigenous Art Award - Middle



Awarded to

Solomon Seroney
'The Geikie Gorge'



2023 Young Australian Art Awards

Bellevue Gold Ltd

Indigenous Art Award - Junior



Awarded to

Nikeelah Ejai
'Freedom'

— *Regional Indigenous Art Awards* —



2023 Young Australian Art Awards

Element 25 Ltd
Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Leonard Gilboy
'Wildlife Survival'



2023 Young Australian Art Awards

Newcrest Mining
Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Jasper Chen
'Alice Spring with indigenous features'



2023 Young Australian Art Awards

KIN Mining Ltd
Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Kelish Williams
'Our Native Land'



2023 Young Australian Art Awards

Calidus Resources Ltd
Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Tykiah Brown
'The Fitzroy Crossing Communities'



2023 Young Australian Art Awards

Capricorn Metals
Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Zileah Gordon
'In the middle of the night'



2023 Young Australian Art Awards

Sedgman Pty Ltd
Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Nygoyah Cherel
'Coexisting peacefully'



2023 Young Australian Art Awards

Spartan Resources Ltd
Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Eden Ishiguchi
'Community meeting'



2023 Young Australian Art Awards

Northern Star Resources
Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Cheyetta Shandley
'Crossing the Fitzroy river'



2023 Young Australian Art Awards

Impact Minerals
Indigenous Art Award

impact.
MINERALS

Awarded to

Ruby Skinner
'Our amazing boab'



2023 Young Australian Art Awards

Auking Mining Ltd
Indigenous Art Award

AUKING

Awarded to

Tarique Geary-Bedford
'The evening in Fitzroy'



2023 Young Australian Art Awards

**Central Petroleum
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

Jacqueta Shaw
'Gathering near the river'



2023 Young Australian Art Awards

**Metro Mining Ltd
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

Tykiah Brown
'Goannas in the bush'



2023 Young Australian Art Awards

Mount Gibson Iron Ltd
Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Ira Nargoodah
'Community Growth'



2023 Young Australian Art Awards

Dacian Gold Ltd
Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Louisianna Shaw
'The rainbow snake'



2023 Young Australian Art Awards

**Arafura Resources
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

Faith Little
'Fitzroy communities'



2023 Young Australian Art Awards

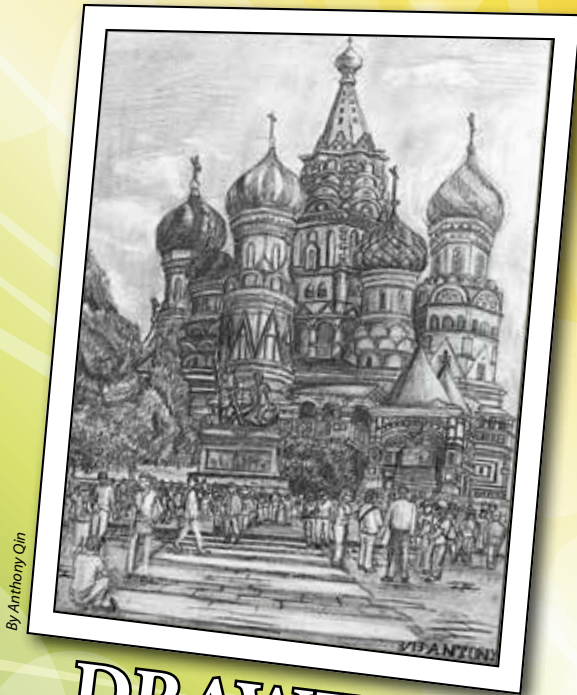
**IGO Resources
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

Ismahl Croft
'Wildlife in the Kimberley'

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

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.

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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