



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 2010:



Organisation Patron

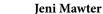


Lady Potter AC Young at Art Patron

Ambassadors

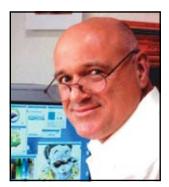


Krista Bell





Young at Art Selection Committee



Craig Smith



Elise Hurst



Marjory Gardner



Anna Ciddor



Meredith Costain



Paul Collins



Young Australian Art & Writers' Awards 2010

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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.



Board of Directors' Profiles

Professor Margot Hillel OAM

Professor Margot Hillel OAM is Head of the School of Arts and Sciences, Australian Catholic University, Melbourne. She has wide and varied involvement in children's literature. She has been President of the Children's Book Council of Australia and President of the Australasian Children's Literature Association for Research. She has judged many literary awards; is joint editor of three collections of short stories; joint complier of a retrospective anthology celebrating 50 years of the Children's Book Council of Australia Book of the Year Awards; has co-written several books on using literature with children; regularly publishes scholarly articles and reviews children's books in journals and on radio. She was awarded the Medal of the Order of Australia for services to children's literature.

Dr Elaine Saunders

Elaine is the Chief Executive Officer for Dynamic Hearing, a company specialising in children with learning difficulties. She has extensive committee experience, including chairperson; board experience (graduate member of AICD); responsibility for organisational, HR and fiscal management; relevant experience in audiology and related research areas, and educational advisory roles.

Professor Peter Blamey PhD

Is the Assistant Director of The Bionic Ear Institute, from 2009. Director America Hears Inc, from 2008. Advisor Dynamic Hearing Pty Ltd, from 2008. Managing Director Australia Hears Pty Ltd, from 2007. Professorial Fellow in the Department of Otolaryngology The University of Melbourne, from 2002. He is a Graduate of Australian Institute of Company Directors.

Mr Rob Leonard

Twenty-five years experience within the publishing industry including Management and Budgeting, has also been a State Manager for major publishers such as Hodder & Stoughton, Rigby Publishers, Butterworth's Pty Ltd and Harcourt Brace. He was also elected to the City of Croydon Council and spent eight years as a Councillor.

Mrs Gail Woods CPA

Gail is a senior partner in the leading eastern suburbs accounting firm BWW Accountants. She has been a senior partner for many years and is on many committees and boards.

Committee Structure



Australian Children's Literary Board

Committee Members

- Mr Anthony Marks Promotions Manager
- Mrs Carol Dick Managing Editor
- Mr Rob Leonard Publisher (Chair)
- Ms Leanne Johnstone Assistant Publisher
- Mr John Cooper Consultant
- Professor Margot Hillel AOM Finals Judge
- Mr Frank Jones Desktop Publishing & Printing
- Mr Graham Johnstone National Advertising Manager
- Mrs Linda Purcell Internet Design & Infrastructure

Bright Kids Program

Committee Members

- Prof Peter Blamey (chair)
- Dr Elaine Saunders
- Louise Bartlett
- Rob Leonard
- Peter Strong
- · Umesh Sharma
- Andrew Aston
- · Neelam Niranjan
- Rebecca Quinn



Young at Art

Committee Members

- Mr Craig Smith (Chair), Judge
- Mrs Marjorie Gardner, Judge
- Mrs Elise Hurst, Judge
- Mr Rob Leonard
- · Mrs Linda Purcell
- Mrs Carol Dick
- Ms Leanne Johnstone





Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

A Word from our Organisation Patron

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

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

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

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

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

Mr Geoff Handbury AO Patron, Children's Charity Network

Community Partners



















- Bic Australia
- Australian Scholarships Group
- Dymocks
- 3M Australia
- · The Five Mile Press
- Qantas Flight Catering
- Perpetual Trustees
- The Percy Baxter Trust
- CAL (Copy Right Agency)

- FRRR Foundation
- Art Warehouse
- Train Trak
- Ikon Images
- Telematics Trust
- Sunshine Foundation
- Marian & EH Flack Trust
- Lord Mayor's Charitable Fund
- · Jack Brockhoff Foundation

- · James N Kirby Foundation
- Trust Company of Australia
- Sisters of Charity
- Collier Foundation
- William Angliss Charitable Fund
- The Danks Trust
- The Sentinel Foundation
- Melbourne Newsboys Foundation



Bright Kids is about helping parents and teachers empower children with learning difficulties

At Bright Kids, our focus is on those Aussie children who have been left behind for two or more years at school. We understand the hardships faced by these Bright Kids and their well-being is our primary concern. We know that unless their specific educational needs are addressed, they inevitably slip through the cracks and this can affect them for their entire lives. We also know that it doesn't have to be this way. Bright Kids offers hope to those caught up in this all-too-common scenario.

The Inaugural 2010 Bright Kids Teachers Award

The Inaugural 2010 Bright Kids Teachers Award was created for those teachers who recognised a child has significant learning difficulties and did something about it. They made that extra effort and opened the door of learning for that special child. Too often, they are unsung heroes. We don't believe they should be. We congratulate:

Mr. Matt Green, St. Bede's College, Mentone, VIC

As the Winner of the Inaugural 2010 Bright Kids Teachers Award

Our mission is to reduce the number of children with learning delays

Effective solutions to learning difficulties need to be implemented. We will provide objective, reliable information and connections to valuable educational resources.

We want to help them unlock their unlimited potential

The children we deal with all have normal or above normal intelligence. To that end, we are developing a bank of literacy and numeracy resources to access via the web. We're also establishing a network of parents and teachers who are willing to share their positive experiences, inspiring and empowering other parents and teachers to do the same.

We invite you to visit our website and become a member

If you're the parent or teacher of a child in need of our help, are interested in more information about us, or becoming a Bright Kids member, we invite you to visit our website: www.brightkids.org.au





2010 Young Australian Writers' Awards

Best Short Story from a Secondary School

Lions Club Literary Award

Phoebe Conway

Eynesbury Senior College, SA *The Simple Things*



Best Short Story from a Primary School

Dymocks Literary Award

Chang Jian Li

Pascoe Vale South PS, Vic.

The Escape



Helen Handbury Literary Award

Talia Walker

Cerdon College, NSW

The Man Who Sat and Sketched the Land

Best Poetry from a Secondary School

Shane Warne Literary Award

Danielle Brooks

Eynesbury Senior College, SA *Growing Affection*

Best Poetry from a Primary School

Tupperware Literary Award

Vivienne Bear

Huntingtower School, Vic.

A Foreign Land



Helen Handbury Achievement Award Ashley Marks

Assumption College, Kilmore, Vic. *Billy Davidson*

The ASG Poetry Award Den L Scheer

St. Hilda's College, WA *Blood On The Moon*



The ASG Short Story Award

Jasmin Paris Scriven

Nailsworth, SA

His Spirit Lies In My Heart

As I Stumble on Trembling Legs

IGHT three two four, enter. Time to die.

It's twelve o'clock on a Friday afternoon of the school holidays, and with a few twitches of a finger, I have just signed away my soul - for three hours, anyway. Standing behind the polished front counter of the hamburger restaurant, tugging absentmindedly at my garish uniform, I ponder my bad fortune to start work at the busiest possible time. Within a few moments, half of South Australia will be trampling across the chequered flagstones and past the tacky '50s décor to this cash register. As part of the weary sentinels, the ragged old guard they call the crew, it'll be my job to desperately placate these ravenous beasts - and all in three minutes or less. Truly, it's a battlefield.

A bark from my manager, a harried blueclad woman, sends me scurrying for my post - the burger assembly counter. Here is where neatly-wrapped dreams are made, amidst the beeping of endless timers and growling of the meat-cooker. Before me are my weapons of choice; aligned neatly in between the stainlesssteel "backboards" and "frontboards" benches are tubs of cheese, bacon, and other such ammunition, while two blocky microwaves squat on the shelves above. After a brief check over my precious stocks, I glance up to the thin, scratched computer monitor above my black-capped head. You wouldn't guess at first glance, but inside this unobtrusively glowing console lies God Himself. For the next three hours, this tiny screen will dictate my every conscious movement from high above, and like a fervent worshipper I will obey.

Furious beeping from the fry cooker snaps me from my reverie, and back into the fight. I give my worktable a quick wipe-down before my gaze switches to the doorway. Within a few moments, all hell will be unleashed as the snarling demons of hunger and thirst awake in the stomachs of builders and office workers everywhere. Within a few moments, this quiet, empty dining room will be packed with agitated sales executives furiously running through their

final figures, gangs of unruly teenagers squabbling over tables and scraggly-haired young mothers desperately trying to keep their bundles of joy from crawling away. Within a few moments, I'll be fighting for my life.

A faint bead of perspiration forms upon my brow. It wanders down my cheekbone, past my squinting eyes, and trembles for a moment upon my jawline before tumbling to the scuffed tiles below. I can feel my heart thumping in my chest. Around me, the entire room is silent; the tension as thick as out-of-date mustard. Even the meat-cooker is silent.

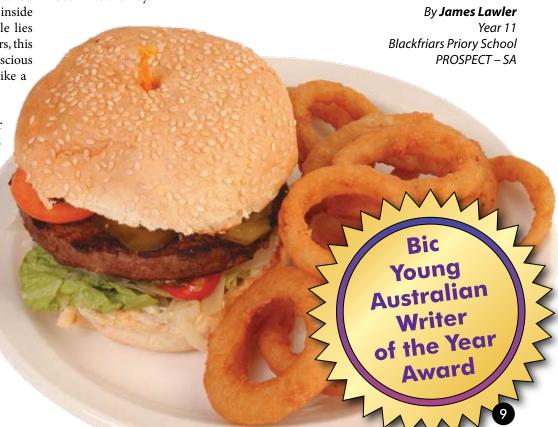
Then a low rumbling is heard from the carpark. The battle has begun.

First through the door is a short, officiouslooking used-car salesman. Like ants on a spilled sundae, the red-and-yellow army leap into action as a horde of customers pours in behind. I turn and dive for the bun-toaster as my electronic deity declares his first four-dollar decree, knowing that every second counts. My hands are a blur as I slap the burger down, tossing on the condiments before drawing and firing my bottle of ketchup as swiftly as Clint Eastwood. As I slide the finished artwork into the holding chute, I breathe a sigh of relief... before glancing up to see my screen order another four. Grimly, I lunge back into the fray.

Time seems to pause as the battle raged on. Up to my hairnet in orders, my hands coated in pickle juice and mayonnaise, I steal a look over to the front counter. Peering between the holding chutes, I spy my manager arguing with an irate customer over a tattered discount brochure; behind them, the sea of customers is larger than ever. Around me, the crew are working as speedily as the ice-cream machine on a summer day. Cooking timers scream like falling shells, while someone desperately wails for more beetroot. The odour of empty cheese pans and burnt meat is overpowering, and it's all I can do not to add an unwanted extra topping to my burgers. Through it all, my screen flashes new orders with an almost sadistic glee. My fingers are shaking, and I can barely stand - I realise with horror that this shift will be my last.

But then it's over, as quickly as it began. Just as I am composing my epitaph, I look up – and the dining room is empty. The hungry tide has been vanquished, with nothing but empty wrappers and crushed soft-drink cups left in their wake. Around me, the exhausted survivors breathe a sigh of relief; my manager looks like she could cry. As I stumble on trembling legs past a worn-out co-worker, a sense of equally-portioned triumph washes over me.

"See you next week."





r. Sawyer bolted upright in his bed as the piercing sound of gunfire burst through his ears. Cold sweats broke out across his forehead as he looked frantically around the darkened room for the source of the noise. George jumped out of bed, as agilely as a 70 year old possibly could and grabbed his broken wooden walking stick. He had to be careful not to receive another nasty splinter into his cracked and wrinkled hands as he headed for the front door. His heart pumped out of his chest as if there were someone inside him trying to punch their way out.

He reached the door and stood, suddenly frozen with fear as he heard a movement outside. The next sound he heard was laughter. Realising what had happened, his shoulders slumped and his heart began to slow. Looking through the curtains he watched as Gordon Pierce, his neighbor's teenage son, and his friends ran back across the street, cackling with laughter as they gave each other congratulatory punches at their success. The smell of old rotting eggs began seeping through each and every crack in the house. It would have

to be cleaned up tomorrow, he thought as he headed back to his room.

Unfortunately this was not an uncommon event in the life of George Sawyer. George was once a war veteran who fought with pride for his country. He lost every one of his friends in the war, and once he made it home, he had lost his family too. The days that followed these tragic events seemed to overlap into one, as nothing ever seemed to change. He would sit in the same chair by the same old cracked window and watch as the same people passed by, not caring what it is they might be doing. He grew old before his time, as if age was forced upon him by the harsh hands of reality. Unfortunately he was continually pestered and bullied by the young boys on the street. It was as if they had nothing better to do than to break an already broken old man.

The day after the 'old eggs' incident, he sat in his crumpled old chair watching the usual neighbours going about their business when something caught his eye. Across the street was Gordon Pierce, the leader of the pack you might say, and lying on the hard concrete ground in front of him was a boy George had never seen before. He could feel his face burning as anger flooded through him, pulsing through his veins. His hands clenched so tightly around his cup of tea it began to shake, as if an earthquake were erupting inside of him.

That was it. He arose from his chair and stormed outside, not feeling the pain in his legs as the adrenalin pushed him onwards. Both of the boys turned to stare as they heard the rusted squeak of George Sawyer's front door opening for the first time in far too long. Gordon hid his astonishment at the sight of the old man walking across the street towards him, walking stick in hand, although he made it look more like a weapon of war. Gordon's victim scrambled to his feet, a look of pure helplessness across his face. George didn't want to hurt the boy, he knew he simply had to scare him, scare him enough that he might then leave an old man alone to his own wretchedness.

The look on Gordon's face turned from smug confidence to terror in a second, as the walking stick was raised high into the air. He opened his eyes to see the adolescent's behind waggling down the street like a dog with its tail between its legs, as he fled in terror. It was at that exact

moment that George's walking stick, which was quite possibly older than he was, gave way. The boy watched as the old man's body crumpled to the floor, in the same way a snail's shell might be crushed to the ground. George didn't make a sound.

His eyes felt heavy as he regained consciousness. He moved his wrinkled fingers, one by one. Listening carefully, all he could hear was the light scribbling of pencil on paper. The intense smell of harsh cleaning chemicals invaded his nose. He listened silently until curiosity took over and he opened his eyes wide to see a similar pair looking back at him. The new boy from the street introduced himself as Peter Black, and proceeded to explain to George that he was in hospital with a broken hip. He paused and looked down as he began thanking George profusely for rescuing him from the brutal clutches of Gordon. As George listened to the boy's confessions, the memories of the afternoon began drifting back into his mind. Just like a raging river carries everything in its path along with it, these memories brought the self doubt and failure flooding back. He sat up in bed looking at nothing in particular until he noticed what was in the boy's lap, a large pad and a pencil. Peter saw him looking and suddenly began to gush, 'Oh gosh I hope you don't mind, I'm entering a drawing competition and thought you would be an excellent subject for my picture...' George had never really seen himself as good for anything since his life had begun to fall apart, Peter would never understand how much those words had meant to him.

George began drifting off to sleep as he closed his eyes once more whilst Peter drew him. Memories began flashing through his mind as he slept; these memories he had tried so hard to forget in his loneliness. He saw his beloved wife, and he could smell her perfume. He saw his best friend as he fell to the ground next to him, in those darker days in the war. The thing that surprised him most was that the last memory was Peter, staring at him, his eyes full of interest and joy. It had been a long time since George had felt he could relax as he slept, knowing that there was someone to watch over him.

By **Phoebe Conway** Year 12 Eynesbury Senior College ADELAIDE – SA Teacher: Shelda Rathmann

Birth,

Daddy my life had just begun with my first breath of air, Holding me in your arms letting me know you care,

One.

Daddy a single tear ran down your face as I began to walk, My mumbled speech made you happy when I tried to talk,

Two

Daddy, running around covered in mud I made a lot of mess, I was a lot of work for you as you began to stress,

Three

Daddy you taught me about life and how to behave, I only wished to be just like you, all strong and brave,

Four.

Daddy our troubles had begun when you and Mum began to fight, You did not know I was awake when you were arguing late at night,

Five.

Dad, you packed your bags and slammed the front door, You did not realise that I wanted you in my life so much more,

Six.

Dad, we became distant not talking every day, Not having you there turned my world gloomy and grey,

Seven,

Dad, when I learnt to ride a bike you were not there to teach me, Or help me after I fell off and grazed my knee,

Eight,

Dad, our time together was not fun any more, As you seemed to find me easier to ignore,

Nine.

Dad, you did not seem to care about the stories that I shared, Or when I woke up in the middle of the night screaming and scared,

Ten.

Dad, you made me feel stupid when you would say 'no', Your love seemed vacant with a restrained 'hello',

Eleven,

Father, you called me about my birthday two days too late, You barely knew me so we could no longer relate,

Twelve.

Father, you did not realise I started high school, Or that I was picked on for being uncool,

Thirteen

Father, meeting with you at least once a month has become rare, At only thirteen I realised that life is unfair,

Fourteen.

Father, I don't understand how you can treat me this way, Was it me that did something to push you away?

Fifteen.

Father, I try and tell myself that I don't care, When secretly I wish for you in my prayer,

Sixteen,

Jeffrey, my life is just beginning and I'm now heading a different way, So to you I have nothing else to say!



GROWING AFFECTION

By **Danielle Brooks**

Year 12, Eynesbury Senior College ADELAIDE – SA

Teacher: Shelda Rathmann

The Escape

24th December, 1984, MMIB Headquarters

Invention Board, was a rather peculiar name for the small firm which had based itself under a concrete sleeper supporting the stretch of light-rail tram track through Royal Park.

The mice that ran this firm were nowhere near normal. Behind the showroom (where they sold their inventions) there were three chambers: the Gas Chamber (no, no, this has nothing to do with the Holocaust), the mice went there to escape if someone pumped cyanide gas into their shop. It worked by expelling fresh air out of an open door. Every single pane of glass in their compound was bulletproof and quadruple-glazed. Every metal and/or concrete surface was reinforced with either carbon-fibre girdering (the mice made this

themselves from charcoal) or extra-thick, quadruple-glazed, industry-strength floatglass. The other 'Safety Chamber' was the Bacterium Chamber. Here, every single surface was coated, down to the last square nanometer; in silver ions (they're antibacterial). The door could hold against 6000 pounds of force and doubled as an airlock. The last (and the biggest) chamber was their secret laboratory. Here they concocted their secret brews and came up with marvellous inventions. It doubled as a testing ground for anything under the sun that they'd newly invented. There were also storerooms and a large factory where the goods were produced. The whole complex was run by two electric motors, one as the motor and one as a generator. This formula had served them well over the years.

"Dave", Du Pleissis (the boss of the firm) said, "would you be kind enough to go to Essendon Depot and nab a motor off

one of those new trams? Get rid of those stupid speed-limiting devices. We have five orders for the M-40 electric aeroplane. Each aeroplane needs two motors".

Suddenly, a mouse holding a thick board walked in. "Ten more orders for the M-40 electric aeroplane." "All right", Du Pleissis said, "you can go", and he returned to his conversation with Dave. "All right, we'll need 30 motors and have to loot 15 trams. Take as many as possible. Catch the last Route 55 run – it's sure to go to Essendon Depot." And with that and a swish of his waist coat he was gone.

Dave was quick to react. He called 30 men (one to each motor) and led them down a secret passageway and then up an electricity pylon via a stepladder (first seeing if there were any nosy walkers or tram-drivers).



By now, they were right on top of the electricity pylon, and down beneath them was the right-of-way route 55 used on its journey through Royal Park. Now walking on wires, the mice made their way, careful to remain as inconspicuous as possible, towards the nearest stop, which wasn't that far away.

They waited. And waited. At last a tram with its destination board saying "Essendon Depot" arrived, a battered old veteran which had served the Melbourne & Metropolitan Tramways Board faithfully for more than 60 years, resplendent in its green-and-cream livery. The mice eased towards the trolley-pole, trying to remain unseen and slid down it like tiny firefighters as soon as the tram had boarded and was ready to move off. Once it was moving, it went quite fast, and the mice had to grasp onto anything graspable to prevent being swept away.

After a long period of shifting, shunting, screeching around bends, the tram was safely stored. The mice rested for two hours, then swung into action. Each mouse had a screwdriver (adjustable), a wrench (motorised and adjustable, with the motor compatible to screwdriver), blowtorch, torch and one master key. Now, they all took out a torch and started searching for the newest trams.

It didn't take long before 30 motors sat before them. They were rather small (by human standards), but very, very powerful. "Now", Dave was saying, "we need a motorised rail-trolley". He started to search. The other mice followed his example. Soon a lovely trailer on rails stood before them. The mice started to load the motors on it, and then started to push it out of the sheds. Suddenly, Dave stopped and reminded the mice. "Remember, the trailer is motorised. Now we need to find a switch for on and off." He quickly found a small red button and pressed it. The trailer started to move. Dave quickly pressed it again. The trailer continued to move, but backwards! Dave ran after it, and banged a fisted paw on the button. That stopped it. "Phew!" he said, "we know all its workings now, don't we?". The others nodded vigorously.

The gates were another problem. It had been locked from the outside. But it was easily bypassed by blowtorching a hole (big enough for the trailer and thirsty mice to pass through).

Oh, what a glorious ride it was! It was a thrill to go flying down Flemington Road with no nosy drivers staring at you! But they had to fiddle with the rails every time the tracks divided. At one time they had to reverse in order to rejoin the Route 55 private right-of-way.

After a while, the thirsty motors had been unloaded and the trailer's red button had been pressed and that had set it off. The MMIB was now abuzz with action-rats, mice carrying new materials, and, of course, rats.

The MMIB had a way with rats. They were usually scrutinised, then enslaved while they were scavenging for food. One such rat was Sabine, who lived under the St Kilda Police Headquarters' superintendent's desk.

24 hours later

She had shocking news the next day. "Du Pleissis, the superintendent knows about your little motor-theft!" Du Pleissis just stared, his mouth wide open, his eyes goggling out. Sabine continued, "They're not going to just stick cyanide gas or bacteria into your shop, they've SOLID proof that you lot are immune to it – and they know almost everything about you. But all this is just small change compared with what I'm going to tell you now: They've employed a peregrine falcon to search for you!". She gathered her breath together and trotted off. "Wait!" Du Pleissis shouted, "when do they start this?". "Tomorrow", she said. Then she scampered away.

It took a while for this to sink into Du Pleissis. But once it had, he was swift to give orders: "Dave, find the motors you stole yesterday and bring em to the factory! Rufus! Tell the factory workers to take apart all the Workday Bicycles in the storeroom and join all the chains together as two identical ones and pile up the cogs and take em all into the factory. Plus, take all the frames and tell em to make em into scaffolding. Angus, get to the lab and design a ornithopter – make sure it can seat all the mice – I'll be driving, and pedals, to control the speed – this should be governed

by an efficient transmission – and a steering wheel – to control the rudder. Plus, we must use pedal power and half of all the motors rustled

yesterday to generate power for the other 15 motors. But most importantly, YOU MUST INCLUDE THE GAS CHAMBER AND THE BACTERIUM CHAMBER! Merv! Go to the nearest rubbish bin and take out as much rubbish as possible. Take 10 men with you, got that?".

"Yes sir!" said a chorus of voices.

"Right. Commence your duties." Du Pleissis sank into his leather desk chair and started to curse the falcon and the police with language so foul that such words cannot be said aloud in public.

The next few days were spent in intense labour as the mice prepared to escape. A large hollow had been carved out of the space under the tracks and then lined with tarpaulin and strengthened with as much scaffolding as possible without restricting space, in order to achieve maximum space and safety. Despite the fact that Du Pleissis had told all the rest of his contacts that he would not be seeing them for a long time, the interior of the complex was still a hive of activity. Plans were waiting to be approved by Du Pleissis. Workers rushed around the machine like ants, gingerly fitting various components.

After a week of painstaking work, the machine was finally finished.

It had propellers which could be put in any direction, pedal powered dynamos (in fact, they were motors); a PCEAT (Pedal Controlled, Electrically Assisted Transmission, which the mice invented themselves), three levels, and flapping wings were manually joined to its motors. In the pilot's cockpit, there were: a steering wheel to control the rudder (actually, it was a wooden spoked cogwheel with the teeth rubbed smooth), a lever to

Continued on page 14



Continued from page 13

control the elevators (those things under the tail of any plane that make it rise), a gauge controlled by a gyroscope (there were two, one at the nose and one at the tail, since the whole plane only had two wheels), which measured the tilt of the plane, an artificial horizon and a compass. And countless little buttons. The day after building of the great semi-ornithopter ceased, at the crack of dawn, it was unveiled. The gyroscopes had been hotted up but just in case, it had been propped up with bricks. A few mice rushed about, shoving luggage into the cargo compartment.

The interior of the showroom and what remained of the quarters of the mice had been thoroughly "ratified", which was the term Du Pleissis used to describe turning a sanitised place into a pigsty. The bunks in the dormitory had been soaked in brine until they were rusted and pitted. Furthermore, the mattresses had been used to line the walls of the great ornithopter (presumably to hide all the bulletproof glass used to plaster up the sides), and rotten fruit peel collected from various places had replaced them. Not keen to waste anything, the mice had added soil, food scraps, patches of leather, cloth, rubber and vinyl (all chewed up) to the brine in which the bunks had been soaked in. The resulting brown muck was then spread all over the bare walls and the floor and left to dry. But enough of that, we must get on.

The last of the luggage had been loaded, but a few mice still stood outside as Du Pleissis was still doing the last of the safety tests. Then, with the mice that were outside running and boarding and closing the door at the same time, the great silver bird began to move.

The falcon saw all this from thousands of metres away, just under the clouds. He was angry because he had not foiled their plot before they could begin. He was even angrier because he had not just stuck his head in and torn their brains out. He was MOST ANGRY about the fact that THEY HAD BEEN WORKING RIGHT UNDER HIS NOSE TO ESCAPE! But now, there was only one thing to do. Payback. With a flap of his wings, the falcon started to stalk the mice.

All had been going well for Du Pleissis and his crew. He was quite moderately pressing onto the pedal (it was restrained to his hind paw), and everybody was pedalling and chatting away at the same time. Then, it happened.

Amouse who happened to glance out of a side window screamed, "FALCON!". This seemed to have an electronic effect on the mice.

Du Pleissis hit the pedal down so hard it nearly cut a hole through the floor.

The passengers started to pedal like fire ants overdosed with Benzedrine.

The huge plane accelerated like the car of a man who has only a minute to live and has to get to hospital really quick when he lives in a tiny community fifty k's away from it

The falcon continued to flank them from their right.

Then all of a sudden, Du Pleissis pulled the pedal up so violently it almost tore out of its socket. The plane de-accelerated so fast that it nearly fell out of the sky. The falcon shot forward. "Phew!" Du Pleissis muttered under his breath, "that was a close call! Keep on pedal..." He did not get to finish his sentence because the falcon was now right on their tail and he had just broken through the door and chomped through the cable that connected to the propellers.

The plane started to lose altitude like a fly whose wings have been torn off by some vicious airborne predator.

Then all of a sudden, the mice who had been trying to fix the cable made a breakthrough.

The power came on. The plane plummeted faster. "Bring 'er up!", one of the mice screamed over the whistle of the wind.

But Du Pleissis would have none of this.

He had been light on the pedal. Now he slammed it down with his paw. Hard.

So hard he made an imprint on the floor.

The plane plummeted faster than ever.

Then, with land quickly approaching, Du Pleissis started to level out the plane.

Suddenly, and with a huge 'THUMP!' the huge semi-ornithopter landed smack on the electronic wire atop the St. Kilda railway line (which isn't surprising, as the wheels were actually two pulleys).

The falcon, however, wasn't so lucky. There was a dismal 'tzzzzz' as his sharp beak pierced the wire and he got electrocuted. But that didn't faze him.

He swooped up at the last moment, and was soon high up in the air, ready to swoop at any time.

Three mice had been posted by Du Pleissis to look out for any signs of danger. One of them suddenly shouted, "There's a car following us!". It was true. There was a car following them. It was white with a stripe of blue-and-white sillitoe tartan around the side. There was an indistinguishable number written on the roof and even more indistinguishable words written on the doors, bonnet and boot. It had to be the police.

And it was. Inspector O'Grady was driving patrol car number 157 and he was gunning the engine like mad and overtaking



everything in his path – he had to in order to keep up with the great big silver cigar – it was much faster than the other cars. He had also noticed that it was somehow latching onto the pantograph of the train. This made catching them much easier.

The train was approaching the Bridport Street level crossing. This gave him his chance. With the rear axle screeching and flying out behind him, the Inspector swerved onto Bridport Street, steered an obstacle course around the crossing gates, slammed on the brakes, and waited.

There was no sound of the train braking. Nor was there the sound of the driver jumping off his train.

Just a sickening thud, a bang, and the sound of six carriages of stainless steel Hitachi Electric Multiple Unit rolling over the boot and rear axle of a Ford Falcon.

Then, the Inspector, carrying something wrapped with a tarpaulin, climbed out of the car, and ran after the train, which had stopped to pick up passengers at Albert Park station.

Meanwhile, up on the wires, Du Pleissis and his passengers and crew were going fast. Very fast. But they were excited as well.

All of this excitement was broken when one of the mice on the outlook for danger

shouted, "There's a train following us! I know because it goes much faster than it normally does".

"Wait – something coming outta that hatch –wait – it's black – it's shiny – heavens above! It's the barrel of a GUN!" This sent a shiver around the interior of the plane. But there was absolutely no sign of it on Du Pleissis's face as he calmly whispered something to a few mice. The mice then promptly whispered it to everyone.

Inspector O'Grady, meanwhile, was loading an anti-aircraft gun with a grenade. He then started to aim it at the great big silver flying cigar.

Meanwhile, high in the air, the falcon was staring down at the ground. There was only a few hundred metres between the plane and the railway and the terminus. He started to swoop down.

At the same time, the Inspector had climbed to the roof of the train and had his gun pointed at the plane.

He fired.

At exactly the same time, Du Pleissis shouted, "NOW!" and with that, he slammed down his paw so hard the floor broke to splinters.

The passengers immediately started to pedal like it was a matter of life and death.

Du Pleissis then pulled the elevators up. The plane rose quickly.

A few yards away, the falcon was getting ready to grab out the tail when the whole plane accelerated out of his reach. This caught him off balance – and put him in the firing line.

For a few seconds at the most, there was a serene moment as the falcon stared silently and angrily at the airborne plane, standing on the wire at the same time, the grenade gliding silently towards him. A moment later, there was a huge "BANG!" and all that remained of the falcon was a loose cloud of mottled feathers, a fine spray of blood, and burnt fragments of bone and flesh, everything falling over the rails.

O'Grady had no time to waste – there were only a few metres of track left. He didn't know this, but fired anyway.

The grenade sped towards the ornithopter. It lodged itself under the tail of the plane, and then exploded.

But it didn't blow the plane to bits. In fact, it actually made the plane go even faster – the plane flew away, into the arms of the big wide world.

Meanwhile, the Inspector wasn't so lucky. He'd shooed the driver off the train and put a brick on the pedal which made the train go as fast as possible. By now, with the train a hair's breadth away from the end of tracks, it was too late.



Continued from page 15

The train careered over the rails, smashing through a wooden barrier and a brick one built over the wooden one, then flew over the embankment, fell with a huge "THUD!" on the left side of Fitzroy Street, and continued to career out of control, demolishing two trams, countless cars and a lamppost, ploughed through the houses on the other side, shot across the Esplanade, demolishing a tram stop in its wake, then smashed straight into the walls of Luna Park with a sickening "THUD!". A moment later, there was another "THUD!" accompanied by a loud "CRUNCH!" as the rollercoaster track built atop the wall collapsed on top of the train. A gigantic cloud of dust, powdered paint and sawdust emerged from the mangled mess of broken wood and metal that remained of the wall. The mice were now safe and sound, high above the wreckage. They were hovering right above the mess and all of a sudden, a bullet whizzed through a small hatch - the mad Inspector was still shooting.

The small hatch happened to be the lavatory hatch, where excrement of all

sorts fell to their destinies. Every one of the mice sat on a toilet while pedalling. All of the lavatories were connected to a central Archimedes' screw which spun at high speed to mix the horrid stuff together and expel it out, and out of the hatch as well. None of the rats or mice had had to go to the toilet – they were too excited now, and suddenly, Du Pleissis shouted, "Who wants to go to the toilet?!". All paws went up. "All right", Du Pleissis said, "one, two, and three..." He held his breath for a moment... "GO!".

There was furious plopping.

After it had all ended, Du Pleissis pressed a small button on the fascia board labelled "S" for screw.

There was a furious grinding of gears.

A steady stream of finely mixed raw sewage stared to pour out of the hatch... and straight into Inspector O'Grady's gun barrel.

But the Inspector didn't notice. He fired anyway... but nothing came out apart

from a hot, smelly volcano of mud. At that moment, the police superintendent stormed into the wreckage, followed by a squadron of police dogs and police men and women. "You absolute idiot!", the superintendent screamed furiously. "First, you write off a police car, then you hijack a train, explode a falconer's pride and joy to smithereens, then you drive the train off an embankment and destroy four cars, two trams, a bicycle, a scooter, two lampposts, six carriages of Electric Multiple Unit, a part of a wall and, most importantly, the best part of the most iconic rollercoaster in Melbourne! And, with 36 people on board! I mean, really! Anyway, that's five million dollars' damage! \$5 MILLION! Oh what a day, what a day, what a day, what a day, WHAT A DAAAAAYYYYYY!!!!!!" "And that", he said, suddenly calm, and stabbing O'Grady with his finger, "means no more pay for you and no pension for you when you're retired and life in jail". And he walked off with that.

By **Chang Jian Li**

Pascoe Vale South Primary PASCOE VALE SOUTH – VIC. Teacher: Charmaine Lewis





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A Foreign Land

He landed down at Melbourne, His black hair in a plait. With his hopes of wealth alive, He left for Ballarat.

Ballarat, a rich gold field, That's just where he was bound. Gold! It lay in rivers, Like money in the ground.

He was an odd man indeed, His mates all called him Lan, Cone shaped hat and strange cloth shoes, He was a Chinaman.

> Those miles of endless trudging, At last they soon arrived, Lan and all those Chinese lads, Their energy deprived.

Such a mighty shock it was, To see that bare terrain, Huh! The land of mountain gold, A dusty, sandy plain.

There were crowds and hordes of men, They'd stripped the forest down, Where, forever growing, lay A solid canvas town.

Everything was different, The people for a start, Blue, green or brown eyes, it set The Chinamen apart.

They saw tents for miles around, And shops and stores as well. All just huts of wood and bark, Weird sorts of things to sell.

How lost the Chinamen felt, But still they steadied on, Soon they found the Chinese camp, And all their nerves were gone.

In the Chinese part of camp, Men spoke in tongues they knew, In the Chinese part of camp, The men had long plaits too.

There the shops sold nothing strange, Just things like tea and rice. Not mutton, but fish and pork, Now that was something nice!

There even stood a joss house, A sacred place to pray, Where men went to worship gods, On every single day. All that time on the diggings, A week soon flew right by, But Lan he learnt a lesson, Don't get your hopes too high.

For the life he'd always dreamed, A life of finding gold, Was none like he'd imagined, Was none like he'd been told.

For his life of finding gold, Was blood and dust and sweat, From dawn to dusk he worked each day, Still, no big finds yet.

The goldfields, if truth be told, Just weren't very clean, Diseases spread all around, The whole place lacked hygiene.

There were five men to a tent, A home on bamboo poles, Beds, just straw mattresses and Hessian bags filled with holes.

There were many ways to search,
And tools to put to use,
All to find the fortune, gold,
A cradle, pan, or sluice.

Lan, he used these tools, to find Gold that lay in rivers. Kneeling down, sifting gravel, Spotting dust that glimmers.

Time has passed since he first arrived,
A month or maybe more,
Still he dreams of finding gold,
Exactly like before.



The Man Who Sat and Shetched the Land

They still call him "the patriot",
The man who sat and sketched the land,
But I know that he loved the entire world,
Not only rugged bush and white sand.

Whenever I passed, I'd nod my head, See the twinkle in his eyes, Then I'd settle down beside him and listen To stories of boundless skies.

He'd tell of raging battles; Of blazing flames and crashing seas; Of depression, hope, love and pain; Masquerade balls and High Teas.

It seemed that each tale he told Related to the modern world. For me, an event's effects Suddenly unfurled.

One summer's day, the old man looked up, Sighed heavily at all that had become Of the land he so greatly respected And commented on "what had yet to be done".

"Oh", he cried wretchedly. "I wish they knew The importance of everything that lies Beneath the earth they stand on, Of the rich history, and amazing lives.

"Of all those who have walked before us, Who by their passion, intellect and toil, Have built this world around us So that we could stand here on this soil."

With that, he heaved another sigh, And replaced his old, rugged, worn hat. He shivered and trembled gently, His tears began to fall, fast and fat. "Son", he whispered, "Please remember
Those who searched for stars,
Those who fought for our freedom,
And those who still bear the scars.

"For they created our heritage,
That which makes us who we are.
They wove our history of falls and triumphs,
They travelled near and far.

"So keep in mind those brave people
Who shaped our world today,
And those who are still striving
To improve each new day.

"Likewise, son – now listen up – Don't be afraid to make a good cause clear, Because it is the dreamers who challenge everything Who are remembered year after year."

Then he stood and left me there,
Alone on the white sand.
They still call him "the patriot",
The man who sat and sketched the land.

But I know his true dream,
What he strived to achieve.
He wanted all to appreciate the history
Our ancestors worked to weave.

By **Talia Walker** Year 10 Cerdon College MERRYLANDS – NSW



BILLY DAVIDSON

HE writer sat in his dark study, typing away furiously at his latest novel. It had long since grown dark, but absorbed deeply in his story, the writer had not noticed. The only source of light came from the stark white given off by the computer screen. His fingers were nothing more than a blur as they danced across the keyboard. The writer was a successful crime novelist and had written so many novels that even he himself had lost count of them all. This latest one had sucked the writer in so deep that he was no longer aware of anything else around him. He was a part of the story. He was the story.

"What have we got?" I asked one of the constables as I ducked under the police tape and entered the crime scene. There was glass everywhere from the broken window.

"Not much, Sarge", the constable said, coming up to stand next to me. "All the same as last time. We found this." He handed me an evidence bag, inside just an ordinary playing card; the three of spades.

"This is different", I said, tapping the

"What is it, Sarge?" he asked me, surprised. He had noticed nothing.

"Last time it was the nine of clubs", I said. "So somewhere, someone is out there playing with an incomplete deck of cards."

"Go fish", the young constable said. "So we find someone who has only half a deck of cards?" he asked me, desperate for further instructions. I wasn't listening. I had just noticed something inside the shop. The till inside had been emptied, but on the floor behind the counter was a clock completely smashed into over a dozen pieces. I thought back to the previous crime scene. The clock had been destroyed there too.

I drove back to the station, my head full of ideas. On my desk I saw a single profile. His description fitted everything from the crime scenes. One fact in particular caught my attention; cannot stand ticking. I looked into the dark, lifeless eyes of the photograph. Billy Davidson. This is who I was hunting. I will catch him. I will bring him down.

My dreams that night were filled with exploding clocks and playing cards flying in every direction.

The next morning I came into the station having had very little sleep and two large mugs of coffee.

"We got him Sarge!" the young constable called from across the room as I came in, throwing a set of car keys to me. I caught them and followed him out.

"Where is he?" I asked with a slight sense of urgency.

"Downtown. He broke into a jewellery store." We left the station and loaded into the cars that had been prepared and were waiting for us.

We got to the store to find Davidson face down and handcuffed on the pavement outside. There was a deck of cards in his back pocket. I went inside. None of the jewellery cases had been touched, but every clock in the shop had been smashed. All of the clocks that had lined the walls, and even all of the watches, had been destroyed. Everything that ticked had been silenced. I went back outside and up to Billy Davidson.

"Pull him to his feet", I ordered. I looked into his eyes and he into mine, but neither of us gave anything away. He opened his mouth to speak.

"Time's up", I said.

The writer stopped his typing and leant back in his chair, stretching his arms above his head. He noticed how late it had become and looked up to the wall where his clock hung. Only his clock wasn't there. The writer stood and walked around his desk. His clock was in pieces on the ground. There was a creak and the door to his study snapped shut behind him.

The writer turned around slowly as a dark figure stepped into the moonlight that was filtering in through the window. The writer gasped as the stranger pulled out a gun.

"Who are you?" the writer asked the stranger. The stranger smiled and fired the weapon.

"I'm Billy Davidson", he said in the writer's last moments of life. He flicked a card onto the lifeless body of the writer. It was the ace of spades.

> By **Ashley Marks** Year 12 Assumption College KILMORE - VIC. Teacher Librarian – Anne Fraser



There's blood on the moon and I'm dying in cages, Of twisted rooms all covered in gauges, To measure, in spite, of emotions and breaking; The night is come and darkness obscuring. There's a smile on the hills and I see the reflections, Of wavering tills and distorted perfections, Like a blade in the house of infections and flames -When your candle burns out I'll still carry your name. There are needles in eyes that follow the gates, Concealing all ties to the kipping place. There is something cold wrought on the deep calm, Of strings plied to pulleys in a puppet's limp arm. With the sun in her hair she smiles: She never did care much about her denials. There's blood on the moon and the wagtails are howling, For a desire in bloom left felled and drowning. It's relaxing to old yet it's all to let go, As your lips claim the rivers and chasms soon fold. Are we, when it comes, to kiss our love in its death? The street lights all hiss with whispering breath, Warning the body of poisonous streams, Hear! They're woven by nightmares and arrested by dreams. There's tape on our words as forever we wander, Away with our herds to be cluttered in saunter. Our roads are all twisted and pierced foreign ways, To atone for lost keyholes and those hearts built in sway. With the sun in her hair she smiles: Of course, in all this, she has perpetual denials. There's blood on the moon and I'm dying in cages, Inside crooked rooms all covered in pages. Forever, I hope, will the words cry my song, Of decay, of all mind - they are our belong.

By **Den L. Scheer** Year 12 St. Hilda's Anglican School for Girls MOSMAN PARK – WA (Illustration by the author)





S I stare out into the coldness of the night, I feel my Father's spirit gently breeze across my tear studded face. I look out into the distance, knowing that is where his immortal journey is carrying him.

I am thirty now, and I have left my fifteen year old life back in the past. I have married a wonderful man that will stay in my shredded heart forever. I am celebrating my baby shower with my Mother, Husband, and a couple of friends. I know, deep down inside my heart, my father is celebrating too. His life ended too soon, he missed out on many risky and exciting experiences.

I am now forty-five, with a wonderful husband and my little triplets, and life seems perfect. But there is always that one hole that will never be filled up. My Father has his own star up there in the sky, and every night I stare at it and in that moment, I share my life with him high above the clouds.

Now I have reached my 60 year old life, all three of my triplets are married and have moved out of the house. I still have my Mother, Husband and a female dog that has just had three puppies. My Father would have loved them dearly; he would

have taken one and cherished it. One of the puppies reminds me of my Father because he is brave and fights for life. He picked up a disease after birth, but is like a little soldier, fighting through the pain. My Father's name was Jasper, so that is what I called the puppy. Up there in the sky, I know he can see Jasper, and feel his pain like I do.

Jasper survived and I kept him, and now he is fifteen, and I am seventy-five. My Husband and triplets are still living, but my Mother has died. Not having a parent is hard, but my dear family is helping me fight through it. I am a grandmother and I have three grandsons and two granddaughters, and they all visit me often. The youngest one, Alice, calls me every day to see if I am all right. She worries that I might get sick, because of my old age, and she is the most caring little girl I have ever met. A while ago, I did get sick. She visited me every day while I was in hospital. I would kill myself if she passed away before me. The world needs someone like her, so caring and brave. I don't want the world to lose her. If she ever did pass away before me, I would never forgive myself for letting her go through all that pain.

Today I attended Alice's wedding, and after it, I said to her husband, "You are a very

lucky man, to have someone as dear as my Alice to marry you, and don't ever forget it." I have reached ninety and I am in a wheel-chair. I am a great grandmother to one boy and two girls. They are as lovely as their parents and they have all got the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen, their faces are just like my Father's, so tan and bold. They all are sporty, like their father, but have a soft spot, like their mother.

Now I have no Husband, Father, Mother, dog and I only have one of the triplets left.

I have been living in an old folks' home for twelve years, and I have one five year old great grandson. I know that my life is going to end very soon, so my nurse helped my write my will, as I am one hundred and five and I don't have good writing skills any more. My will wasn't very long, because I didn't own much at all. I hope the rest of my family will lead a long happy life.

As I float up to heaven as an angel, I join my Father in what is now our immortal journey.

By **Jasmin Paris Scriven** Age 11 NAILSWORTH – SA



www.YoungAtArt.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. YoungAtArt.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 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. Despite the fact that the program is in its fifth year, 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



Craig Smith

Craig Smith's warm, exuberant illustrations have delighted children for over twenty-five years. With several award winners to his credit, his titles appear regularly on Children's Choice Award shortlists. Finding humour in domestic, family and school situations, and a fondness for unusual perspectives and energetic characterisation are features of his work.

Craig grew up in South Australia and studied graphic design at the SA School of Art. While his early aim to be a political cartoonist never came to be, he worked at a variety of jobs while building a career as an illustrator. He has now produced over 300 picture books, junior novels and educational readers.

His best known titles include the classics Whistle Up the Chimney (winner of the NSW Premier's literary award), Dreadful David, Sister Madge's Book of Nuns and Billy the Punk. Other notable titles include Phil Kettle's Toocool series, Paul Jennings' The Cabbage Patch series and Rachel Flynn's I Hate Fridays series.

Craig lives in Melbourne with Erica. They have grown up children.

Craig's website is at www.craigsmithillustration.com.



Marjory Gardner

After studying graphic design at RMIT, Marjory Gardner worked in various design studios before deciding to become a freelance children book illustrator. Since 1980 she has illustrated a wide range of educational and trade books and magazines, published in

Australia and internationally. Her work is distinctive for its humour, rainbow colours and appealing characters.

Marjory also loves to visit primary schools and libraries to give workshops and presentations, encouraging children to develop their own drawing style. This has taken her from the Northern Territory to Tasmania, and many parts in between. Not only does she love working with children, it is a valuable source of feedback from the audience she illustrates for. Marjory's trade titles include *Playschool: the Blue Book* (ABC Books), *One Little Bunny* and *Three Little Ducks* (Brolly Books).



Elise Hurst

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

Coming from an artistic family, she always expected to have a side career

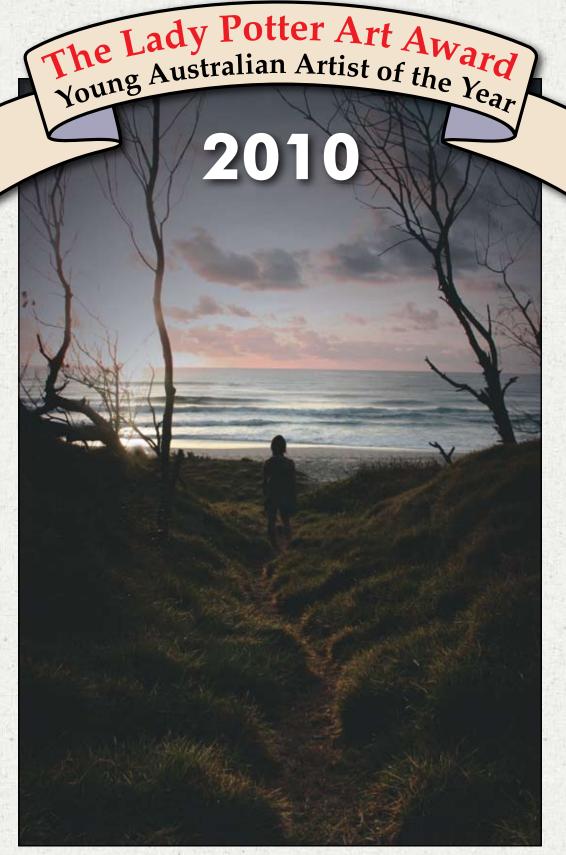
in art but didn't imagine it would become her profession – being drawn more to writing, history and archaeology. Then in her final year of an Arts degree (studying Old Norse, British Mythology and Archaeology), she was spied doodling in class and offered her first illustration jobs.

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

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

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

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



Awarded to

Daisy Goodwin

Lindisfarne Anglican Grammar School, Terranora NSW

'A Different Place So Familiar'

Lions Club Art Award Painting – Senior



Awarded to

Den L Scheer

St. Hilda's College, WA

'The Toytinker'





2010 Young Australian Art Awards

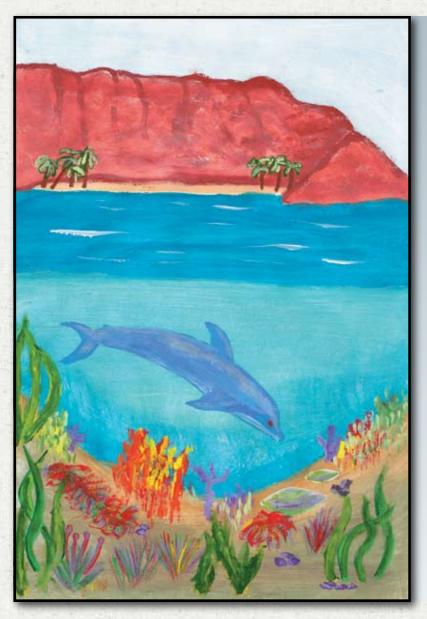
Sentinel Foundation Art Award Painting – Middle

Awarded to

Lilian Ma

Meriden, NSW

'Rebirth'



ASG Art Award
Painting – Junior



Awarded to

Scott Gatehouse

St. Augustine's College, Qld.

'Up and Under'

2010 Young Australian Art Awards

Bic Australia Art Award Drawing – Senior



Joint Winner – Awarded to

Florence Yuan

Riverside Girls' High School, Gladesville NSW

'Not Happy, Jan'





Lions Club Art Award Drawing – Senior



Joint Winner – Awarded to

Lyn Lin

Glenunga International High School, Glenunga SA

'Daomadan (A Young Female Warrior)'



2010 Young Australian Art Awards

Marc McBride Art Award

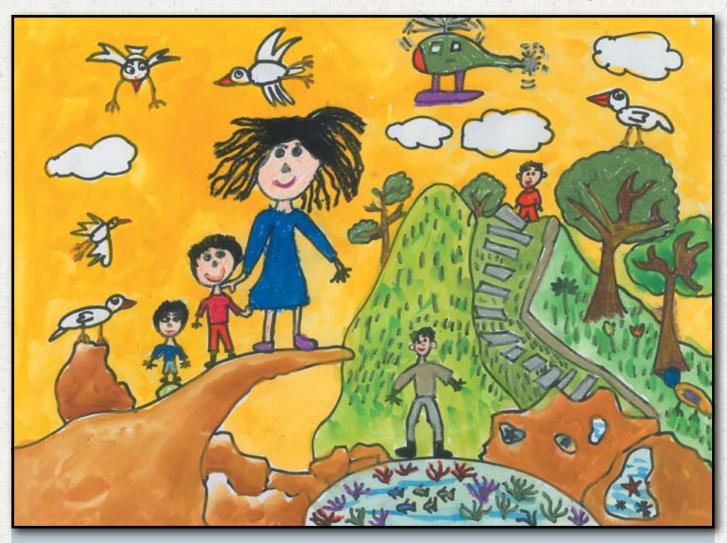
Drawing - Middle

Awarded to

Yasmin Smits

Catholic Regional College, Melton Vic.

'My Rabbit'



ASG Art Award

Drawing – Junior



Awarded to

Bryan H. Lee

Essex Heights PS, Mt. Waverley Vic.

'Family Outing'

2010 Young Australian Art Awards

Trust Company Art Award

Computer Art – Senior

Awarded to

Aiden Morse

Reece High School, Devonport Tas.

'Mother'



Train Trak Art Award Computer Art – Middle



Awarded to

Daisy Goodwin

Lindisfarne Anglican Grammar School, NSW

'A Small Chill'





2010 Young Australian Art Awards

Percy Baxter Trust Art Award

Computer Art – Junior

Awarded to

Dominic Douglas

St. Mary's Primary School, Greensborough Vic.

'Chains'



Avon Art Award

Photography - Senior

AVON

Awarded to

Susannah Smith

Jubilee Christian College, Atherton Qld.

'Sand Fights'

2010 Young Australian Art Awards

SocietyRestaurant.com

Art Award
Photography –
Middle

Awarded to

Molly Reynolds

St. Scholastica's College, Glebe Point NSW

'Cars'



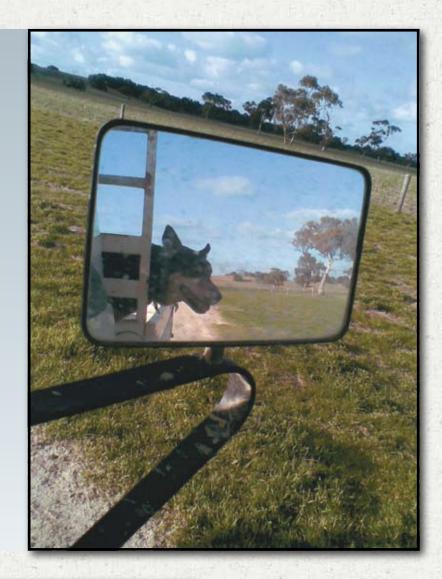
Classic Picture Framers Art Award Photography – Junior

Awarded to

Libby Miell

Tintinara Area School, SA

'Watching Out For A Stranger'







2010 Young Australian Art Awards

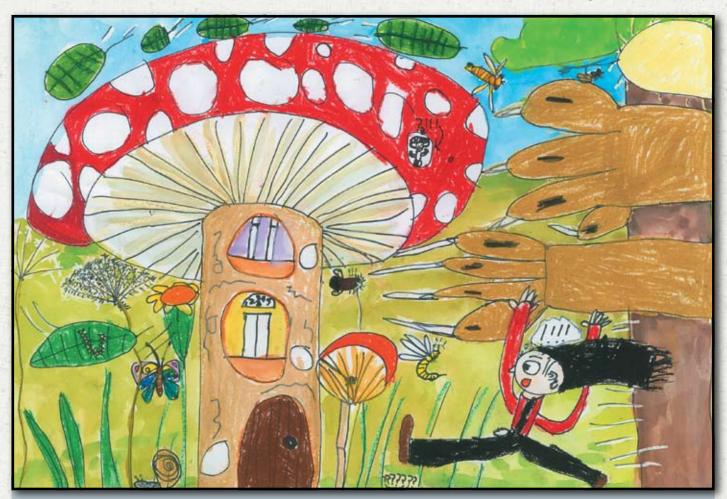
Judge's
Encouragement
Award –
Craig Smith

Awarded to

Rachel Anna Giddens

St. Rita's College, Clayfield Qld.

'Destiny of a Boy Reincarnated'



Judge's Encouragement
Award –
Marjory Gardner
Sponsored by Crayola



Awarded to

Ken Hui Saw

Greythorn Primary School, Balwyn North Vic.

'Dream'

2010 Young Australian Art Awards

Judge's
Encouragement
Award –
Elise Hurst

Awarded to

Sarah Roberts

Lavella Catholic College, Newborough Vic.

'Wax Works'



Books & Kids in NEED A CHANCE TO READ

Books for Kids operates on one simple and astounding fact: being read to as a youngster is the foremost predictor of academic success in childhood. If a child can read at grade level by third grade, he or she will continue to read at grade level throughout their academic career.

A child who succeeds in school will remain there, earning a chance at a better job and a better life in the years ahead. A child who lacks early exposure to reading often suffers from low self-esteem, struggles academically, and is at higher risk for substance abuse, teen pregnancy, and delinquency.

Succeeding begins with reading

Children with literacy problems typically come from low-income families, have no books at home, and have caregivers who are not aware of the importance of reading to their children. Yet studies have proven, beyond dispute, that access to age-appropriate books and reading aloud to children are essential to developing language and reading skills.

Books for Kids will place new books into the hands of at-risk children through collaborations with schools, social service agencies, preschools, and early childhood centres.



Our Mission Statement

Guided by the fact that literacy is essential to lifelong success, *Books for Kids* provides new books and develops reading activities that empower at-risk children.

Our goals - who we work with

Serving children from primarily low-income families, *Books for Kids* collaborates with primary schools, tutoring programs, and other preschool programs, libraries, migrant centres, homeless shelters, and teen parenting programs to improve the reading and language skills of at-risk children.

Established Book Distribution network:

Our book distribution network is now in the following locations:

Northern Territory: Darwin, Winnellie

New South Wales: Waverley, Cromer, North Rocks, Canley Vale, Greenacre, Toronto, Cessnock, Woonona, Goulburn, Griffith. Mount Druitt

Victoria: Braybrook, Altona North, Moreland, Mill Park, Mill Park South, Nunawading, Carrum Downs, Melton South

Queensland: Springwood, Merrimac, Kooralbyn, Yarraman, Bundaberg, Woree, Cairns, West Croydon

South Australia: Findon, Marryatville, Oodnadatta

Western Australia: Bassendean, Jarrahdale, Mandurah, Carnamah, Geraldton, South Headland, Rochedale South

We will be working towards increasing the number of book distribution centres over the next year from 40 to 80. Overall we are happy with the progress being made in our first year. We have to date collected and distributed over 24,000 new children's books which were distributed to 12,000 children.

Motivational Reading Events

This year *Books for Kids* ran 120 Motivational Reading Events in our partnered sites along with literary workshops for disadvantaged and at risk children.

Literary Workshops

Literary Workshops for at risk children give rare opportunities to the children in regional and remote areas of Australia, which are in great need of the access to leading Australian children's authors.

BooksKids





As the children who by their remoteness and the lack of major infrastructure available in these areas, are so often forgotten when it comes time to plan and implement major projects, this therefore leaves the children of those areas starved of the opportunity to excel academically in subjects such as literacy.

These Literary Workshops should produce an increase in the literacy levels in children, whilst giving children of these areas the chance to participate in initiatives that will give them a feeling of self worth, therefore increasing their self esteem and confidence. With the level of youth suicide at such a high rate in rural and regional areas this can only be a positive in lowering the number of youth who self destruct through not having an outlet for their feelings of seclusion and worthlessness, by giving them the ability to self express with words.

We use leading children's authors to conduct these Motivational Reading Events.

The outcome of the volunteer links established to support this program

We are pleased that we now have a Victorian state partnership with Lions International, who have come on board to help collect books from our Book Bin distribution.



Leading Authors Paul Collins, Meredith Costain and Krista Bell mentoring students.



Train Trak is a family owned winery. All our wines are produced solely from estate grown, hand picked grapes from our Yarra Glen vineyard.

Train Trak Winery and Zonzo Restaurant, only 50 minutes from Melbourne, are a spacious hideaway among the vines, featuring extensive lawns, amazing panoramic views, highly acclaimed wines and superb Italian cuisine: from antipasti to pasta, roasts, and the best thin crusted wood fired pizzas in the valley.

The perfect place for a sunny afternoon or a rainy day around the fireplace.



DESTINATION YARRA VALLEY - AUSTRALIA

Wed-Sun, public holidays and by appointment 957 Healesville Yarra Glen Road, Yarra Glen, Victoria

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