

Young Australian Art & Writers' Awards



2012

*Celebrating the Artistic and
Literary Talents of Children*



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 2012:



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Organisation Patron



Lady Potter AC
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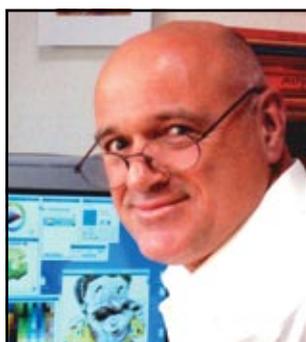


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Children's Charity Network

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Young Australian Art & Writers' Awards 2012

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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

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 compiler 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 Managing Director of Blamey & Saunders Hearing Pty Ltd, a telehealth service based in Melbourne. She is former CEO of Dynamic Hearing Pty Ltd and Non-Executive Director of Alfred Health. Elaine has extensive experience in audiology and related research areas, and educational advisory roles. She is a member of the Rotary Club of Melbourne and a Graduate of the AICD.

Professor Peter Blamey PhD

Is the Deputy Director of The Bionics Institute, and Executive Chairman of Blamey & Saunders Hearing Pty Ltd. Peter is former CTO and Director of Dynamic Hearing Pty Ltd. Peter is Professorial Fellow, Department of Otolaryngology, The University of Melbourne, and an advisor to Lions Australia on Medical Bionics. He is a Graduate of the AICD.

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)
- Mr John Cooper – Consultant
- Professor Margot Hillel OAM – 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
- Rob Leonard

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





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



Australian Scholarships Group

SUPPORTING CHILDREN'S EDUCATION



Fortescue
The New Force in Iron Ore



Commonwealth Bank



- Aditya Birla Group
- Argent Minerals Ltd
- Australian Scholarships Group
- Avon
- Beach Energy
- Bic Australia
- Brockman Resources
- Bulletin Resources
- Collier Foundation
- Dymocks
- Fortescue Metals Group
- FRRR Foundation
- Geelong Community Foundation
- Geoff & Helen Handbury Foundation
- Iron Ore Holdings Ltd
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- Marian & EH Flack Trust
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***Young
Australian
Writers'
Awards***

2012

The BIC Young Australian Writer of the Year Award

2012

Awarded to

Matthew Harper-Gomm

Kambrya College, Berwick, Vic.

for

'The Legend of King Ethelred'



The Legend of King Ethelred

Oh, for ever on the bards of the land shall sing,
Of the mightiest of men, Ethelred the King!
The greatest of all questing warriors was he,
A turncoat and coward he would never, ever be,
By day he would battle and slay roaring and blazing dragons,
By night he would feast, eating roast boar and draining frothing flagons,
Many a mighty empire and kingdom he wrought,
And shining treasures of myth and legend he sought,
Yet what in his heart he yearned for most of all,
Was to have as a bride the wife of Harald the Tall!

Although Harald was a bitter, jealous man with a heart of stone,
None could deter Ethelred from his wish to make Harald's wife his own,
So Ethelred then rode to see Harald the Tall,
To ask his favour in his high and golden hall,
But Harald would not speak with Ethelred, he departed to his room,
And thus he unwittingly sealed Ethelred's inevitable doom.

Ethelred stormed in rage from Harald's domain,
All the while swearing and cursing in vain,
Yet as he rode away on his mighty steed, he chanced upon a fair and beautiful young maid,
She said to him, "Oh please great lord, take me from my dreary life before my hope begins to fade"
To which the king replied, "Who are you and why does such a fair lady dwell in my enemy's hall?"
"But surely you recognise me", she answered, "I am the one you seek, Hilde, wife of Harald the Tall!"
So it was that Hilde, with Ethelred, stole away from under Harald's very own nose,
And when Harald learnt of what had befallen, from his options, war was what he chose.

Thus did the army of Harald the Tall ride to war,
The mightiest and grandest host the world ever saw,
And in response, Ethelred did naught,
No spear or sword or weapon he sought,
He sat on his bejewelled throne until Harald was at his castle's very door,

Only then did he descend from his high seat to the floor,
 And there, before all of Harald's might, he spoke, "Oh Harald you fool, can you not see,
 Hilde the fair never enjoyed you and your cold ways, she is far happier with me!"
 After much thought, Harald replied, "I do not accept your excuse, we must settle this dispute with a test!"
 At this, Hilde emerged from the shadows, "But not a test of fighting, I say, but a test of skill with poetry, what I love best!"

So Harald sent word for the greatest bards of his kingdom to help him compose,
 And every last hopeful minstrel, bard and poet came, from every town and village they rose,
 Yet almighty Ethelred the King remained without aid in his halls of stone,
 He would win the test with his own words, and his own words alone,
 Time passed, and at last the eagerly anticipated day of the test arrived,
 In place of the battle Harald had wanted, in which nobody would have survived,
 The test took place in a fertile, lush green valley,
 And at each end of it the supporters of each king began to rally.

And Harald strode forth, trumpets triumphantly blaring,
 All the while, Ethelred's supporters were glaring,
 And hurling insults and abuse in an attempt to discourage the enemy king,
 But Harald was undeterred; he unrolled the scroll of his poem and began to sing,
 "Hilde the fair, you were once the love of my life,
 But when you left you left my heart in strife,
 You abandoned me and my love for another man,
 Away like a thief and a coward you ran,
 Yet despite all this I would gladly give all to have you back,
 Because my heart is not complete when it is your love I lack,
 Come back to me now, and all I shall forgive,
 And happily ever after shall we live!"

With a flourish and a bow, Harald self-assuredly rode back to his faction,
 And Ethelred took his place, and prepared to launch his poem into action,
 "Hilde, hear this, that all of Harald's pretty words are naught,
 When compared to the great love that you and me have wrought,
 He promises forgiveness, but what is there to forgive,
 When you have given him all that you have to give,
 But he will not take it, for the art of love he cannot, will not, learn,
 He had his chance, and only bitterness in his heart could you discern,
 But your decisions and choices, I will not attempt to sway,
 Your heart has its verdicts and it will go its own way,
 Either to Harald the tall, or to I, Ethelred, and all I can do now is pray."
 Yet before Ethelred's poem was done, Hilde had come to her decision,
 "Ethelred", she said, "Was it ever in doubt that it is with you that my heart does lay?"
 "Put aside your doubts and worries, put aside your unfounded fears, for you have won the test, and you need no longer pray."
 As soon as Ethelred heard those words, his heart leapt for joy, and he rushed forth to embrace Hilde the fair,
 Yet as Harald heard those words, his heart swelled with hate and he seized a nearby spear, and sent it soaring through the air,
 "If Hilde cannot be mine then none shall have her!" he roared, as the wicked spear hit home,
 Ending forever the life and tale of mighty Ethelred, sending his spirit to the heavens to roam,

And as Hilde knelt by Ethelred's dying body, Harald committed a sorrowful deed,
 All the shouts of anger and disbelief around him he did not, would not heed,
 For in the midst of his anger, he at last realised the fault of his actions, and drew his knife,
 And turned it upon himself, to pay for the pain he had caused, all of the sorrow and strife.

Oh, for ever on the bards of the land shall sing,
 Of the mightiest of men, Ethelred the King!



By **Matthew Harper-Gomm**
 Year 8, Kambrya College
 BERWICK – VIC.
 Teacher: Mrs Leia Hands

2012 Young Australian Writers' Awards

Best Poetry from a Primary School

Lions Club Literary Award

Ana Maric

Lauriston Girls' School, Vic.

The Chocolate Warrior



Best Poetry from a Secondary School

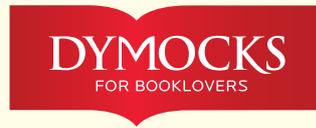
Dymocks Camberwell Literary Award

Stephanie Freeborn

Ravenswood School

for Girls, NSW

At The Quarantine Station



Best Short Story from a Primary School

Carpet Court Literary Award

Madison Unicomb

Gordon West

Public School, NSW

The Lost Cub



Best Short Story from a Secondary School

Fortescue Metals Literary Award

Beatrice Duong Duong

John Monash Science School, Vic.

Halfway to Nowhere



Helen Handbury Literary Award

Daniel Emerton

Lakeside Lutheran College, Vic.

Shal and Jin

Helen Handbury Achievement Award

Ophilia Kong

Hurstville Public School, NSW

Dandelions

The ASG Poetry Award

Jean-Pierre Nayna

Thomas Mitchell Primary School, Vic.

I Am



Australian
Scholarships
Group

SUPPORTING CHILDREN'S EDUCATION

The ASG Short Story Award

Imogen Rebecca Biggins

Sydney Secondary College, NSW

Memories of the Past

The Chocolate Warrior

The Chocolate Warrior was brave and tall
He was loved and adored by people, big and small.
He fought for the rights of gingerbread men,
Lollies and candies and sticky-date hens.
He was made of chocolate cookies and cakes,
Cute little biscuits and frothy milkshakes.
Adored by all, and hated by many,
He would give poor lollies twenty-three pennies.

One day he was walking through Cheesecake Woods,
When he heard a scream coming from Milky Way Goods,
He sprinted to the chocolate store owner's aid,
To see Homer Simpson eating a spade.
'What are you doing in Candy Puff Land?'
Said the Chocolate Warrior, flicking a rubber band.
'I'm here to eat all the candy I can'
Said Homer Simpson, the big yellow man!

'Well' said the Warrior, 'I'm afraid you just can't,
People live here, and I shan't let you, I shan't.'
'People shmeeple' said the nuclear worker,
'I only care if they have a burger.'
So the Chocolate Warrior said with a sigh
'You have to leave and I won't tell you why!'



'Please, please tell me, oh, chocolatey god,
Pleaded Homer Simpson, turning off his iPod.
'Never will I release the secret of Candy Puff Land
And never will I release this yellow rubber band.'
So Homer Simpson grew very mad,
And before he knew it, he was very, very sad!
He started to cry and cry with sadness
And then he turned into 'His Yellow Badness.'

'You must tell me or I will cut you up
And microwave you in my son's Krusty Kup.'
'All right, I'll tell you' said the 'almighty' man,
Who wanted to run away as fast as the can-can
I'll tell you a secret, he feared for his life,
He thought he was too handsome to be chopped up with a knife.
So he sat down with Homer and was going to explain
When all of a sudden, it started to rain.

It rained and hailed and showered and poured,
And he could tell Homer was starting to get bored
'Hurry up, you silly chocolate man,
I don't have all day, surely you understand?'
'All right, all right, I'll hurry up,
But first may I see your Krusty Kup?'
'Definitely, definitely, I'll be right back'
Said Homer zipping out of the once well-built shack.

While Homer was gone, the Warrior pondered
'What do I do?' he wondered and wondered.
And then an idea hit him, hard on the head
'I know what I'll do!' he loudly said.
'I'll send Homer back to Springfield, as fast as I can!
He can't outsmart me, I'm the chocolate man!
With the time he had left, started to set up,
For what he needed to do with that Krusty Kup!

When Homer returned the Warrior said with a grin.
'It's raining out there, please, do come in.'
'Thanks!' said Homer, stuffing his face
With what the warrior thought was a raspberry paste.
When Homer entered he started to slip
And then, surprisingly, he started to trip.
He looked down and saw the floor was covered in Honey
'I'll get you for this, you chocolate bunny!'

'Oh I'm very sorry, it must have been spilt.
Here, please do use my very high stilts.
'So you didn't set this sticky mess up?'
Said Homer, still clutching the Krusty Kup.
'Of course not, why would I do something like that?'
Said the Chocolate Warrior, adjusting his hat.
'Why,' said Homer, 'that's a very nice hat.'
'Yes, it is. But it reminds me a bit of a bat.'

'Where do you get one of those unique designs?'
'Oh, don't worry, it'll just waste your time.'
So Homer scowled and said with a frown:
'Hurry up or I'll melt you down.'
'Just one second, come this way.
I need to tell you in Candy Cane Cave'
So Homer growled, but followed the man.
'Quick, I need food as soon as I can!'

So Homer and Warrior set off to the cave
And followed the grey, cement pave.
They were trekking through chocolate sauce and mud
And believe it or not, a bubblegum flood!
Homer was looking around in awe,
When again, water started to pour.
And Homer looked up to see it was not water,
But it was a lolly pig's juice from its terrible slaughter.

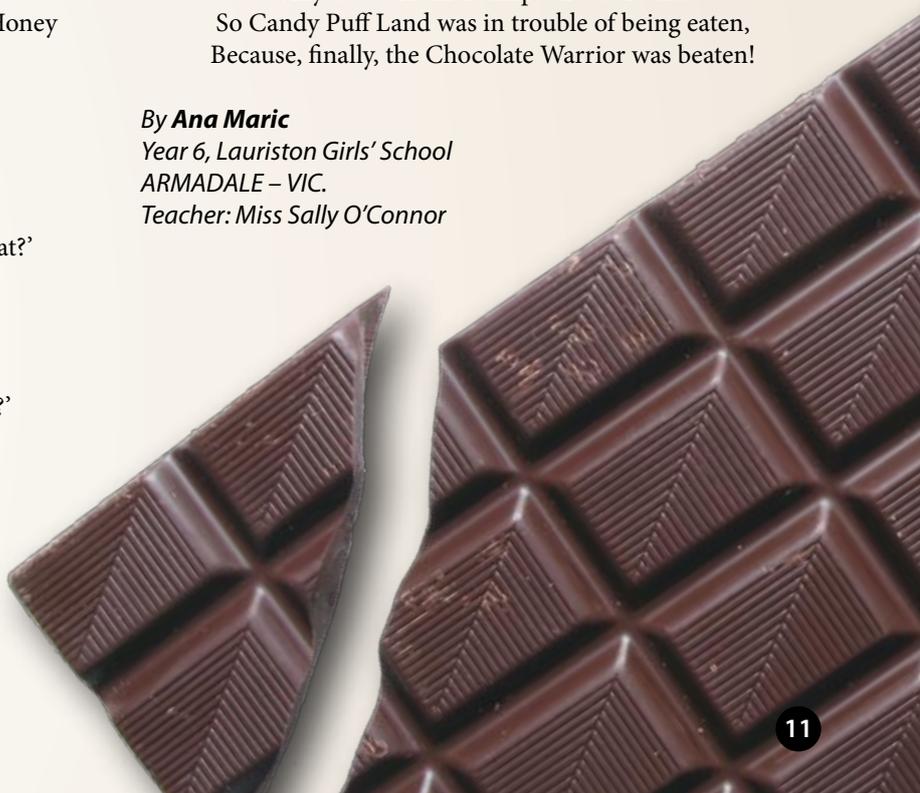
When at last the odd pair reached the cave,
They saw a giant Lemonade Tidal Wave,
'Run! Run! Let us run for our lives!'
Shouted Homer Simpson, who feared for them and their wives.
'Oh Homer, you gullible man,
Don't you see, this was part of my plan
I am trying to send you home you silly cow,
I thought you would've realised that by now!

'Oh' said Homer, felling rather dumb.
'Well, shouldn't we still run?'
The Warrior smiled. 'Run if you wish.
But I'm not scared of magic liquorice fish.'
'Magic fish?' Homer asked, scared to the bone.
'Yes. Magic fish that'll send you home.'
The Chocolate Warrior disappeared with a snap.
'ARGH' Homer shouted, as he was sent back.

Where he was sent, you may ask.
Well, to find out, is your task.
You must figure out where Homer Simpson went.
And then come back to pay your rent.
Believe me, it's easier than it sounds,
Just turn on your TV, and do some channel rounds.
Until The Simpsons appears on screen.
Then you'll know where Homer was next to be seen!

The Chocolate Warrior was doing his rounds,
When he heard a yelp, coming from Cadbury Pounds.
It must be a dog or a cat in pain!
But no, it was someone from TV, crashing there in a plane.
The Chocolate Warrior, sprinted to the pound,
Only to see Homer Simpson was found.
So Candy Puff Land was in trouble of being eaten,
Because, finally, the Chocolate Warrior was beaten!

By **Ana Maric**
Year 6, Lauriston Girls' School
ARMADALE - VIC.
Teacher: Miss Sally O'Connor



+ At the Quarantine Station +

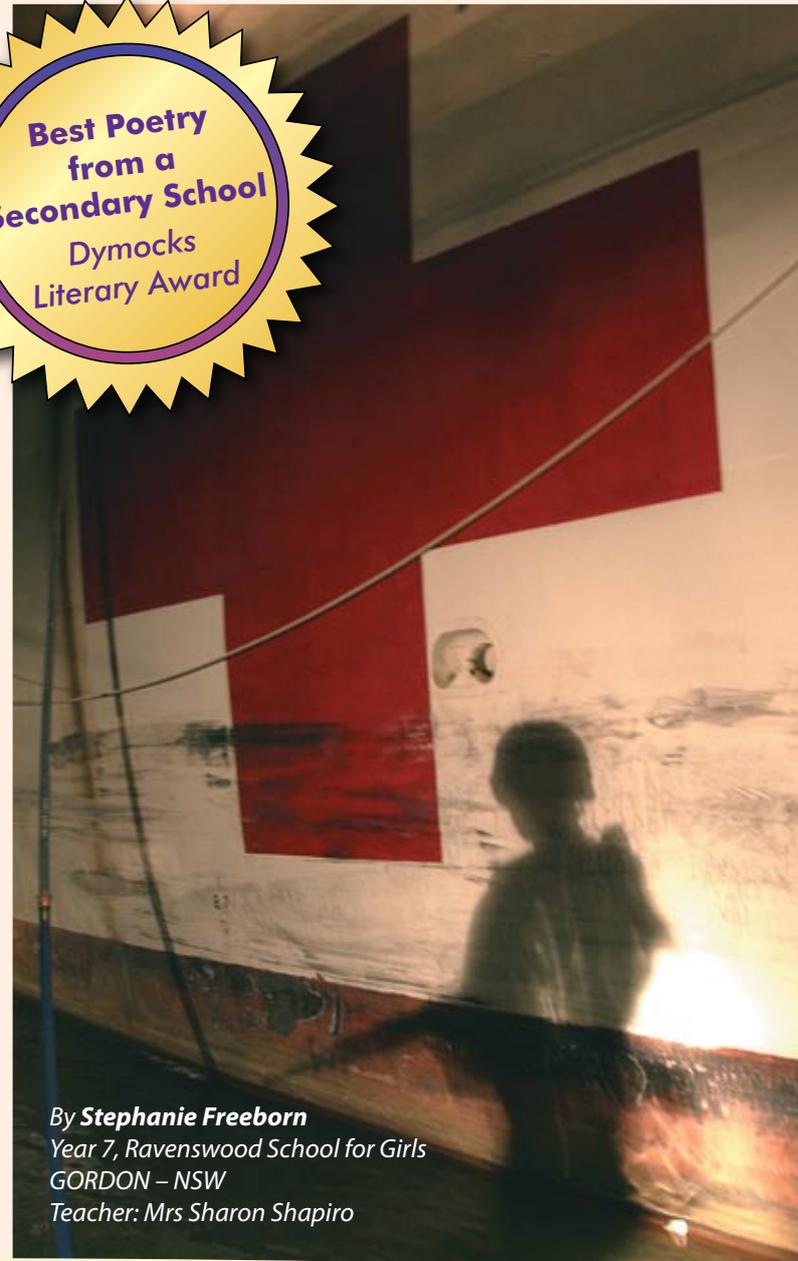
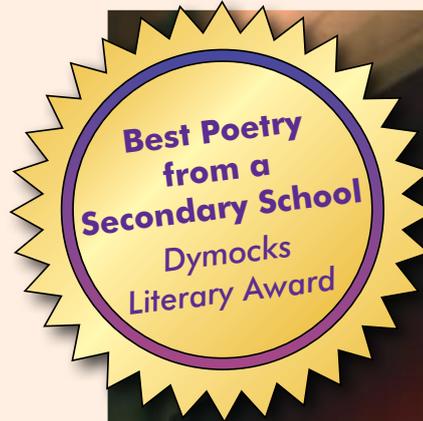
Caressing breezes ripple the inky, ebbing currents
 Eating away at the rotting wooden pier
 On which I stand, embracing the wind.
 The diamond-encrusted heavens
 Roll out above me like sheets of spattered canvas
 Sending down rays and waves of
 Hope.

Hope as I gaze at the growing shape
 Manoeuvring on the brink of the horizon
 Like a frenzied, playful dog.
 Forever coming tantalisingly closer,
 Rolling about on the frolicking waves
 That have the potential to quash my dreams, my hopes, my
 Fear.

Fear as I behold her ghostly hull,
 Daubed with the tell-tale Red Cross
 That shimmers in the starry midnight light
 Like blood.
 Ethereal lanterns flicker like long-dead ghosts
 Painting haunting pallid faces in my mind, of those I
 Love.

Love for those on board
 Whose memories and dear faces
 Linger in my heart and hopes.
 My heart yearns and sings
 For the time when I can once again
 Feel their pain, their joy, their
 Grief.

Grief, mad, utter grief, and shock,
 As the ship carrying my soul
 Begins to tip, turn, tumble
 Beneath the hungry, omnipotent waves.
 My heart sinks with it, and the last
 Face I see, a crater of sores, finally shows
 Peace.



By **Stephanie Freeborn**
 Year 7, Ravenswood School for Girls
 GORDON – NSW
 Teacher: Mrs Sharon Shapiro

❖ Shal and Jin ❖



Chapter 1 – Guess Who

POP! Out of the teleporter came Shal and Jin.

Shal had long blonde hair that went down to her knees. She wore a warrior's belt. All around it were throwing knives and she wore a sword with a diamond blade. The handle was made of pure gold.

Shal's armour was made of zang – the best and lightest resisting mineral in the entire world.

Jin had mildly long grey hair. Like Shal, his armour was made of zang. He had two swords made of melted and moulded unicorn horn and the handle was made of platinum.

Jin had a shield on his back which was also made of zang. On his belt was a crossbow and on the side of his left leg was a big pouch full of crossbow bolts made from the wood of a Snap Tree.

The head of the bolts were made of milfane – an explosive mineral only found in the

three realms: Zylia, the Mysteries and Amethyst.

Both Shal and Jin had special powers. Shal was incredible at tactical moves and was really smart. Jin was the best at close combat. He could kill anyone with his crossbow and thanks to his quick sword-play never lost a battle. Jin even had the ability to block a x-lon arrow with his shield.

'C'mon, let's go save 'em', said Jin, 'Wait, don't you think we should ask for directions to the village first?'

Jin considered this for a moment.

'Well, we should really go steal some gold and gems from the mine. After all, we spent all the money on the ride!'

'Good point', said Shal.

Chapter 2 – Battle Field

When they got to the mine, Shal and Jin hid behind a rock.

'Load my crossbow with sleep arrows Shal', Jin whispered.

After loading, Jin expertly pulled back the trigger and aimed.

'Here goes nothing', said Jin.

He shot the three guards with precision and all of them fell to the ground fast asleep. Shal and Jin dragged them behind a rock and changed into the guard's clothes.

'OK', said Shal, 'We're ready to go'.

They crept into the mine. And each drew a breath. There were bags full of zang, bags full of gold and even bags of the finest cut diamonds!

They ran over to the bags and filled their purses with gold until they were overflowing, then they filled their pockets with the finely cut diamonds.

Suddenly, a guard interrupted them!

'Hey! What are you doing?' said the voice from the entrance.

Fast as lightning, and with his purse overloaded with precious gems and gold, Jin shot his crossbow and hit the guard.

Suddenly there were more. Twenty more!

Jin jumped in the air drawing his sword and landed on the group of guards, slicing through them with precision. He then flipped over the heads of the remaining shocked guards, kicked one in the head and knocked him out flat.

Another two were pinned to the wall with a couple of nearby picks and the rest fell about around them, unconscious after Jin knocked their heads together in one fell swoop.

Shal threw a quiver of knives. The next round of guards swooped on them.

'Ha! You missed us!' said one.

Shal stood in a battle stance, 'Ah... no I did not!'

Glancing above, the guards realised she had hit the support beams of the mine, just when the roof caved in on them!

Shal rubbed her hands together, looked over at Jin and shrugged, 'I took my time is all'.

'Right', said Jin, 'let's get to the village'.

'Yes...but I need to stop for a posha', replied Shal (a posha was a drink made of special rare fruits that replenished energy).

Both warriors jumped on the winged horse that had been tethered to a post within the mine. The poor creatures had not seen natural light in years. Kindly it took them to the village and flew off, delighted it had been freed.

On the ground, Shal and Jin ran to a map board and quickly located the guide. But while they walked a sneaky pick pocket tried to steal Jin's purse.

The chase was on!

Jin climbed up onto the roof of a building, tracking the thief.

'Get back here you filthy thief!' shouted Jin.

He raised his crossbow and shot the pick pocket in the leg; he fell with a thud on the footpath.

Jin walked over slowly, bent towards the cowering thief and retrieved his purse.

'I'll take that', he said cockily, snatching his purse from the desperate clutches of the pick pocket.

Shal sprinted over to Jin and the injured stranger.

'OK?' she gasped.

Jin nodded, glancing at the thief who was dragging himself into the shadows in a trail of blood.

'Come on', she said, 'we really need to get to the guide'.

Chapter 3 – A Very Random Message

When they finally reached their destination they saw their guide talking softly to a tall, hooded figure.

'Ok yes... tomorrow... I will take you there... be sure to bring a concealed weapon... no, no... just in case.' The guide looked around, nervous that he might be overheard.

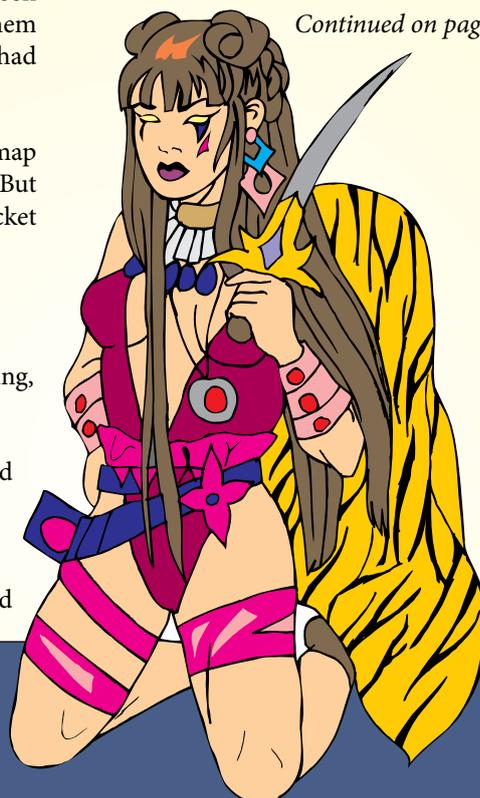
'Hey', shouted Shal.

The guide looked up startled, then composed himself.

'How may I be of assistance, young lady?'

'We need help. We need to know the fastest way to get to Death Locker.'

Continued on page 14



Continued from page 13

'WHAT?????????' yelled the guide.

'Yep, you heard right,' replied Shal, 'Death Locker. Can you help us or not?'

The guide glanced sideways and lowered his voice.

'OK,' he said softly, 'I can show you but it will be double the price. The road is treacherous... amongst other things.'

'It will cost you one thousand, five hundred and eighty six Ga,' said the guide with a smirk.

'Done,' said both warriors in unison.

Chapter 4 – The Dark Forest

Off they went. The journey was easy but long. They walked for days and wished they had kept the winged horse to make the journey easier.

Finally they reached the edge of the Dark Forest.

'Whoa. Whoa! This is as far as I go,' said the guide. He threw magic dust in the air and disappeared to the village.

'Now why couldn't we have used THAT?,' said Jin.

'Oh well,' replied Shal, 'We're here now.'

Walking through the forest, the warriors heard a howl.

'What was THAT?' whispered Jin. 'It sounded like a wolf!'

Shal rolled her eyes. 'Stop being such a girl, Jin.'

They both looked sideways and saw a shadow emerge but it was changing. It was a man but it was growing hair... then fangs... then long, big ears...

'Werewolf!!!!!!!!!!!!!!' they both screamed.

The wolf pounced at Shal and Jin.

Jin rolled on the forest floor and knocked the wolf from underneath while slashing at it with his sword.

It didn't even hurt it.

'Wait!' warned Shal, 'a werewolf in the Dark Forest can only be killed by stabbing it in the ear!'

Jin reached for his crossbow and deftly loaded it with bolts, aimed and fired.

The bolt pierced the angry werewolf's ear. It fell writhing to the ground and slowly turned back into a human. To Shal and Jin's surprise, the wolf had been only a boy no more than 15. He had soft blonde hair and brown eyes and was wearing what can only be described as a cloth rag.

'Is he dead?' whispered Shal.

'I'll check,' said Jin.

Jin slowly walked over to the boy and checked his pulse, 'He's still alive!'

'Agghhhhhh,' yelled Jin.

'What happened?' cried Shal.

'He bit me!'

The boy started mumbling, 'It's coming... it's coming...'

'What's coming?' asked Shal.

The boy looked frightened.

'The... the... the...'

Shal stared at him, waiting. 'Yes???? Tell us!'

'The... Fang,' the boy whispered almost inaudibly.

'That can't be true,' said Jin.

Shal looked quizzical.

'What's the Fang?' she asked.

'No,' Jin repeated, 'They passed away!'

'OK Jin... that's enough. We HAVE to get on with the journey!' said Shal.

Jin quickly wiped a tear from his cheek, 'OK...'

Chapter 5 – A Prisoner Named Leo

When they finally reached their destination, Shal and Jin were met with an army of guards.

Skulking in the shadows, they both moved to another part of the entrance and scaled the wall.

'OK,' said Shal catching her breath, 'the paper says we need to get to Chambers G01 and G03.'

They checked but the chambers were no longer there.

'You seek the blonde boy and brunette girl don't you?' came a voice in the shadows.

Shal and Jin spun around.

'Yes,' cried Jin into the darkness, 'do you know where they are?'

'Yes...' was the reply.

'Where are you and WHO are you?' asked Shal.

'I am in G05,' came the voice, 'my name is Leo. Who are you?'

'Jin,' said Jin.



'Shal', said Shal.

'Well', said Leo, 'now that we know each other you need to know that the people you seek are prisoners in the gold palace and are waiting to be executed.'

Shal thanked him.

'By the way', she said to Leo, 'What is the fang?'

'Fangs', began Leo, 'are giant birds with poisonous teeth that are fatal to humans when bitten... humans like yourself but they are nearly extinct', cackled Leo.

'Thank you', said Shal, frightened.

Just when Shal and Jin started to thank Leo for his help, a giant bird swooped on them and threw them onto its back.

Leo laughed heartily... 'Hahahahaha hahaha!!!!'

Chapter 6 – To The Castle

'Right', said Shal, 'I think we really know what a fang is now.'

'Oh you THINK!' said Jin sarcastically.

Luckily, the fang was heading for the gold palace as well.

'I have to get down there', they each whispered to themselves.

Jin put his arm around Shal and shot a rope bolt. It hit the outside of a corner tower and Jin and Shal swung silently into the prison yard.

Thud!

The place was overrun with prisons.

'Whoa', said Shal, 'that's a LOT of prisoners.'

'You got THAT right', replied Jin.

'Hey, you two!' yelled a man.

Jin and Shal looked at each other and then back at the man.

'Us?' replied Jin, pointing to himself and Shal.

The man nodded and gestured for them to come over.

'Break my chain', he said when they finally reached him.

'Why?' asked Jin.

'Because if you do', said the man, 'I will help you save Crystal and Silver.'

The warriors gasped.

'How do you know about THEM?' asked Shal.

'Because I'm a mind reading fire magician', the man said quietly. 'My powers are useless because of these chains though.'

'Ok', said Shal, 'If we break your chains, you have to help us.'

'Deal', said the magician, 'and the elements will help!'

'Yep!' came a chorus of voices.

Three men sat cheerfully next to the magician, all chained together.

'We'll do it', said Jin, 'after all, six is better than two!'

With that, Jin raised his sword and smashed the chains, freeing the magician and the elements.

Chapter 7 – The Final Battle

Meanwhile, in the gold palace...

'Executioner!' bossed the queen, 'do you have your sharpest axe at the ready?'

'Yes my lady', said the hooded figure.

'Are the prisoners ready?' she asked.

'Yes, my queen. The boy is already on the tablet.'

All was ready. The queen stood above her throne.

'On my count executioner. One... two...'

'Stop right there!' a voice interrupted the count.

It was Jin.

'You've been taking innocent lives for too long Queen Zylia. We are here to put a stop to it!'

The Queen stared at him angrily.

Suddenly, fire balls flew at her head and everyone started screaming.

'Duck for cover!' yelled Shal.

The warriors ran over to Crystal and Silver and smashed their chains.

'Who are you?' cried Crystal, her tear stained face full of surprise.

'No time for questions', replied Jin as they manoeuvred them from the executioner's grasp and ran for the drawbridge.

Jin aimed at the bridge's ropes and fired. The bridge dropped with a huge bellow but a brute of a man who looked about 10 feet tall stopped them in their path. It looked as if there were swords stuck in his shoulders and all four of them ran across.

'Whoa, who's that?' said Jin in amazement while pulling to a halt.

'I'M THE HUMAN SHEATH AND I'M ABOUT TO KICK YOU BACK TO WHERE YOU CAME FROM', screamed the human sheath.

'Jin', Shal said nodding at the frightened figure.

Jin nodded back. Shal sprinted at the giant yelling at the top of her lungs. The human sheath swung his fist at Shal, knocking her off her feet. But all that was just a distraction for Jin to attack the giant man. Jin jumped through the air and landed with his sword through the human sheath's heart.

'Ugh... I'm defiantly never doing that again said Shal, walking over to Jin as Crystal and Silver ran up behind them and off they were.

'Quickly', said Jin to Crystal and Silver, 'get into the teleporter. When you're in, think of the mysteries...'

The four adventurers momentarily emerged out of the teleporter in the mysteries.

POP!

...WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT?????????

By **Daniel Emerton**
Age 11, Lakeside Lutheran College
PAKENHAM – VIC.



Look at the dandelions.
 Can you see
 The simplicity and the brilliance
 Of the flowers,
 The way each mother flower

Dandelions

Releases her children,
 One by one,
 With their own parachutes,
 Let them fall gently to earth,
 Give them freedom of life.
 Yet
 Human mothers
 Hold their children tight,
 Reluctant to let go,
 Still pruning the child
 Even after it grows away from them.
 Sometimes
 I wonder
 If humans really are the cleverest
 creatures on Earth.



By **Ophelia Kong**
 Year 6, Hurstville Public School,
 HURSTVILLE – NSW
 Teacher: Ms Lorraine Hudson

FLYING. My one mission before I leave this earth. As a child, the closest I ever got to that beautiful sensation was by throwing myself off my grandparents' swing set. Now I am far too old to be able to fit on such a tiny playground, but still – the memories remain with me, and they bring me back to sanity in moments of madness. I am still only young, and one day, I will fly. One day, I will ride the waves of air; I will hang in transit between hell and heaven... and I will laugh.

For the moment though, I sit daydreaming in school, as my class 'mates' continuously flick their rubber bands and spit balls at the back of my head. Glancing at the clock, I

notice that I have only three minutes left until I must leave the safety of the room. Gathering my belongings into the smallest parcel I can manage, I start preparing for the daunting journey home. Why these people hate me so much, I cannot fathom. I don't think I have ever actually done anything hateful, and yet everyone – even the teachers – seem to despise me. Perhaps it's a small-town prejudice against the different, or perhaps it is my reluctance to speak, or my peculiar, grey-yellow eyes and gaunt features. But more likely than not, they fear me. Or at least, they fear my cruel mother and her "hideous offspring".

The bell rings and I sprint from the room, slamming through the double doors and straight into the arms of one of my peers – or should I say tormentors? I am expecting him though, so I easily slip out of his ham-like arms with practised ease. Clutching my belongings to my chest, I pump my legs forward with as much force as I can muster. My feet throw me into the street with a speed that makes the wind whip around my face. Adrenaline bursts through my veins as gravel bites at the soles of my

flimsy shoes, and all the while, I am being chased by teenagers intent on deforming my face even more. They almost killed me once, and I am certain that they are now set on finishing the job.

The images from that first horrifying experience flash through my mind – the blurs of flesh as these beautiful children had yanked at my hair, spitting in my face and slapping raw skin. I'd only been young and naïve then, and I was overcome with panic as they pinned me down, pulling at my clothes and laughing at my old, ripped underwear. I remembered crying out, only to have a hand clamped over my mouth, tears streaming down my face as they turned more brutal, punching and kicking at me.

I shake those thoughts out of my head and run a little faster. The air streams through my lungs, feeling ice cold against the sweat on my head. It is strange, that even in my fear, the sensation of moving so quickly that I am almost flying does not lose its appeal. The exhilaration makes me grin, and at that stupid moment, I chance a



Halfway to Nowhere

glance behind me. My pursuers see me smile, and must think that I am becoming arrogant, that I am mocking them. This spurs them on, making them come almost within distance of dragging me to the ground. They shout abuse and jeer at me, calling me the daughter of a mangy witch, throwing rocks which graze my arms.

I finally manage to jump the fence and slam into my house, safe, but only for the time being. My legs tremble and it feels like they are about to buckle. I know better than to simply let myself collapse though. I was lucky today – I'd been careless and almost got caught. I must make sure all the doors are locked now, lest one of the kids decides his hatred of me is greater than his fear for my mother. But hopefully the luck will hold out and I'll have a quiet night alone.

Perhaps not.

"ALEX!" She shrieks my name like a curse, and I suppose that to her, I am one. I am the unwanted child, the mistake from one of her high school romances – but which one, no one will ever know. At first, I pretend not to hear her, but she keeps screaming, again and again. Finally, I creep into her room, my eyes downcast, waiting for the first inevitable blow. It isn't exactly like I can stop her anyway – she is a muscled athlete to my runty figure.

So I stand quietly and allow her to rant and rage at me. She pretends it's just anger at my slamming on the door, but we both know the truth. I am the representation of everything that has ever gone wrong in her life. I am the reminder that she has failed as a lover, a mother, a human. I am the true reflection of herself.

She slaps me, and my body goes rigid, shoulders hunched.

"Stupid girl!" she shouts, lashing out with her sharp, perfectly manicured nails.

My cheek stings, and my arms jerk, but I am silent, staring at the floor. I know it's worse when I try to fight back, as I've learnt thoroughly so many times over.

"Look at me, you little bitch!" she screams, her eyes flashing as she reaches out to shove me.

My shoulder meets the wall, and a second later my head joins it. Bang. Thump. She's always more powerful than I expect, and I daren't resist anyway. Gasping for air, I

cower against the blessedly cool marble as she kicks me yet again. Her hatred cuts like daggers against my skin, her words burning like salt in the wounds across my face. My blood mingles with the red of her nails, and she wipes it off in disgust, throwing me out of the room.

I crumble to the floor in the hallway, my body wracked with bruises as I shudder for breath. The blows to my body hurt enough to bring tears to my eyes, but the true reason behind my sobs is not physical. Every day, I try to be brave, but in truth, it does hurt. I have already endured seventeen years of this hell. Seventeen years of teasing and abuse, not just from the strangers in my school, but from the only family I have left. To know that I am not wanted by anyone in this world – that not a single person cares for me or would notice whether I were dead or alive. To then be constantly surrounded by optimistic books, movies and shows about all this love and family bullshit...

Yeah, that's what really wrenches at my heart, what drags me down towards the spiralling madness of inexorable despair.

Blinking to clear my tear-stained eyes, I slowly raise myself onto hands and knees, fighting the waves of nausea which arrived alongside the pounding in my skull. As I pull my limp limbs upwards, I hear my mother flirting on her webcam, and decide that finally, I have had enough. At first I contemplate taking a gun to all their heads, but then I decide that no, I don't want to just be another 'crazy teen massacre'. I have no intention of being all over the news, becoming nothing more than a great pun for a headline. My life has enough pain as it is, so in death I think I would rather be forgotten in peace than remembered through misery. Tomorrow, I will live my dream at last. Tomorrow, I will fly.

I write a note that will probably never be read, and try to sleep again for one final time. I have barely closed my eyes, when I can again feel the sun's rays on my cheekbones. I dress in my only decent clothes – a black and red dress my grandparents had bought me before they passed away. They were the only people who had ever even remotely cared about what happened to me, and now at long last, I will join them. I leave everything behind except for that one precious image of my true family, which I carefully tuck into a hidden pocket. I've forgotten to put on shoes, but no matter. My destination is

only a short drive and then an easy walk away. I am there all too soon, just as the sun has finished its ascent over the horizon. I abandon the car, and start the trek to the very top, being careful not to hurt my bare feet on the rocky ground.

At the tip of the cliff, I look down, and the world sways around me. Vertigo – such a beautiful thing. I can feel my shoulders relaxing already, the tension easing as society's chains start slipping away. The tears drip steadily around my face now, no longer the stream that they began as yesterday. So high up, the wind caresses the bruises on my face, dragging my dress every-which-way and playing tug of war with my deathly black, tangled hair. I can hear the stream rushing beneath me, the birds chirping in the sky, the crisp leaves ruffling in the autumn air. Such a lovely day to die. There is a roaring sound in my head, white noise. Everything is just white noise now; the sounds of the world are no longer relevant. At last, everything is peaceful, perfect. No more taunts, screams or accusations. This is the loudest silence I have ever experienced.

I breathe in deeply. Finally, all the pieces fit together – this is what I am meant to do. I turn my back on the plunge for a moment and gaze around at my amazing surroundings. Such a beautiful land, such a cruel world. Spinning slowly, I relish the feel of those rough rocks against the tender skin beneath my feet, and of the dappled sunlight gently warming my shoulders. I close my eyes and spread my arms wide to embrace the end. Just as I step forward, I force my lids open.

The drop, the rush, the fall! I let out an ear piercing scream, the first and only I have ever allowed myself. Such exhilaration! Gravity grabs me and shoves me towards the earth, which rushes forward to greet me like an old friend. The air streams in and out of my lungs so incredibly fast, it rips at my throat and lips. I am free-falling now, with nothing and no one to stop me or slow me down. Back towards nature I hurtle, like a pellet of hail on a freezing winter's day. For the first time ever, I am truly flying. For the first time ever, I feel like me.

For the first time ever, I feel right—

By Beatrice Duong Duong
Year 12, John Monash Science School
CLAYTON – VIC.
Teacher: Balli Kaur

THE LOST CUB

Chapter 1: Strange Happenings

Papa Bear was determined not to let his gaze wander from his little baby cub, sleeping, embedded in the cold, white snow. After what had happened last time, Papa Bear was not taking any chances.

Mama Bear wasn't making it any easier. She was cuddling up to Papa Bear for warmth and almost blocking his view of the helpless little cub. But he understood her distress, for the two loving parents hadn't expected a winter so harsh and the freezing winds had blown their last ounce of warmth into the moist air.

An urgent and fierce howl echoed in the distance. Papa Bear could not help his strong curiosity and turned to the direction of the ominous howl. Only a moment later did he realise his fatal mistake for his beloved baby cub had disappeared. The sound of approaching footsteps was enough for Papa Bear to know that trouble was coming.

Chapter 2: No Do-over's

Papa Bear turned to find out who the threatening footsteps belonged to. Mama Bear, on the other hand, was not so keen on finding out and burrowed deep into Papa Bear's fur.

A figure dressed in big, warm and waterproof clothing was carefully approaching them with a black box, which had little tiny holes in it, attached to its belt.

The figure grabbed the box slowly, pressed a button on the side and started talking into the holes. Papa Bear was very confused and had no idea what this strange creature was.

Papa Bear had seen things that no other animal in their snowy habitat had even heard of. Though this weird, but strangely familiar, creature was quite new to him. He didn't know how this creature could ever be familiar to him, as he had never seen the creature before – or so he thought.

Papa Bear let out a thunderous growl, showing his sharp teeth. The figure backed away slowly, obviously frightened of the dangerous polar bear. It stepped back until it stopped, turned around and ran for safety. Papa Bear didn't bother chasing it because he was too shocked. He had been the one that had caused the incident so he was the one to blame.

Mama Bear peeked and saw that the figure had gone so she heaved herself up and sat down on the freezing snow, shivering slightly.

She wished that they could just go back in time and redo everything. They should have taken more care of the tiny cub, but instead they had focused on themselves and tried to stay warm. She didn't blame Papa Bear because she knew that nothing could keep his curiosity still and he had been trying his hardest to protect the cub. But Mama Bear had just been thinking of herself and cuddling up for warmth. She

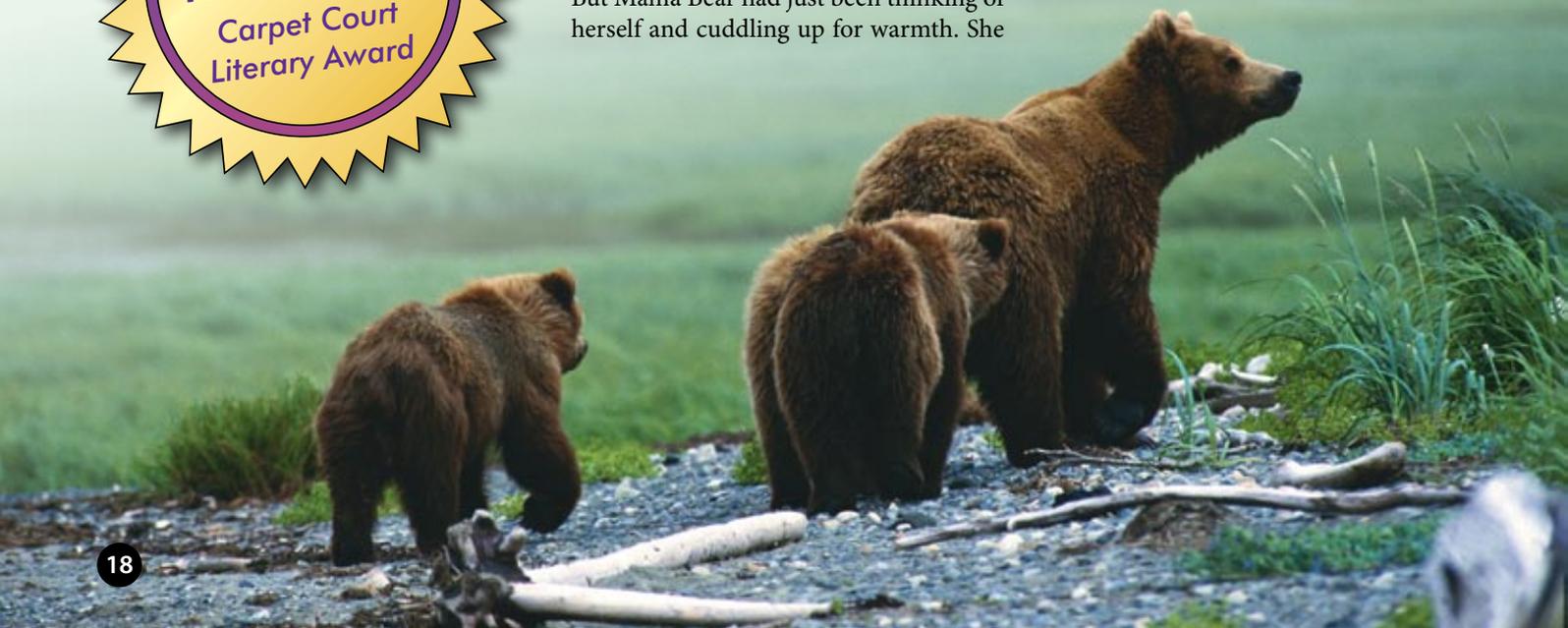
hadn't thought about the cub and how they weren't cuddling him and keeping him warm. The snow had tucked him in with the cold and he was left to sleep.

Chapter 3: It's Hard to Say Goodbye

The sorrow in Papa Bear's eyes was unmistakable. He would never forgive himself. Only this morning, he and the little baby cub had been chasing each other around the little area of snow that was theirs. Mama Bear's eyes were innocent, reflecting the glow of the perfect white snow on the dreariest day of the year so far. Her grunt sounded hoarse and she turned away from Papa Bear as if to say, "I need to be alone". Mama Bear was oblivious to the fact that this wasn't over.

Mama Bear knew it was hard to say goodbye. But she never wanted to give up. She would sail the seven seas to find her defenceless little cub. She never wanted to say goodbye. She grunted again, although this time it was very hoarse, and she buried her head in the snow, hiding her tears of sorrow, of utter dismay. Her heart had been ripped out of her chest and thrown on the ground, left to rot. She didn't want to give in to these creatures, but she felt she had no choice. All hope was lost. Hope had been the only thing keeping Mama Bear and Papa Bear alive for years – now it was gone. All that was left was misery and pain. Pain for their lost little cubs.

Best Short
Story from a
Primary School
Carpet Court
Literary Award



Chapter 4: Daydream

Mama Bear liked to dream. She liked to dream dreams with happy endings... like fairytales. Those were her favourite tales of all. But she also liked to daydream. You didn't have to wait for nightfall. You didn't have to wait until you were sleepy then hope that somehow you would have a dream. A dream that was happy; misery-free. She daydreamed about her lost little cub; she remembered how he nodded his head weirdly when he was happy. And how he grunted when he was angry. Mama Bear remembered his small paws that hugged her tightly when he was scared or worried. She looked at her own paws then made them into fists. She was sad and angry at the same time. She wanted to be back in the old days. She wanted to go back in time. She wanted to be inside her daydream.

Chapter 5: The End

Papa Bear knew the end was coming. He just didn't know when. He knew that the end had finally come when eight of those same creatures from before appeared out of nowhere. They formed a circle around him and Mama Bear.

Papa Bear studied them closely then suddenly remembered where he'd seen them before. They had taken his first cub. They were the cause of all this pain and misery. They had destroyed his life twice.

But they wouldn't succeed in doing it thrice. He would never give in. He lashed out at them in anger, roaring ferociously. A few of them backed away, frightened. But one held a big black pointy object. He pushed his finger against something and a colourful fluffy stick pierced his neck. He suddenly felt sleepy. He fell to the ground, eyes closed. Mama Bear sat there, stunned. There was nothing more she could do. The same man who had launched the fluffy thing at Papa Bear did the same to Mama Bear. She, too, fell to the ground, defenceless. All hope was gone; it had vanished into thin air. Mama Bear and Papa Bear were at the mercy of these dangerous creatures.

Chapter 6: Caged In

Papa Bear awoke to find himself in a box with silver bars. It hurt his paws immensely when he hit them in an attempt to free himself. The ground moved up and down and tilted this way and that. Papa bear felt sick to the stomach. He didn't know where Mama Bear was and longed for her comfort. He roared and growled non-stop until finally, he heard voices. He looked out of his cage and glimpsed light. But he couldn't see snow. The ground was grey and the place was very unwelcoming. He wished to be home.

The Sun was beating down on him. He moaned and moaned in misery. Then his

box was lifted high into the sky. Then was plonked down onto the grey ground. He could see everything now. But maybe it would have been better if he couldn't have. He watched as the body of his soulmate was carried off the big moving thing. She wasn't in a box like he was. She was motionless. Papa Bear moaned in pain and groaned until one of the creatures banged the box really hard. But Papa Bear didn't stop.

He was taken to a place with lots of snow. He could see a way to escape. These creatures were so stupid that they would just let him go free. But when he ran to it, he banged into it. These creatures were magic! He could see more and more creatures coming to him. There were big ones and small ones. They pressed their faces against the magic force field and pointed at him.

The next day when the creatures came to feed him, he was dead. He lay there, not moving. He had not given in, but he hadn't won either. He had lost. He had been defeated. Little did he know; if he hadn't killed himself, he would've found his lost cub. He would've been able to live peacefully with it. But I guess some things are never found.

By **Madison Unicomb**

Year 6, Gordon West Public School
PYMBLE – NSW

I Am

I am my grandfather's son
I wonder if I am exactly like him
I hear his voice in my ear
I see him when I look in the mirror
I want to know what happened to him
I am my grandfather's son.

I pretend he is here with me
I feel his hand touch me
I touch my Mum and think of him
I worry where he is
I cry when I think of him
I am my grandfather's son.

I understand how I am like him
I say he is the best in the world
I dream he will come back
I try to ask Mum what happened
I hope he comes back to me
I am my grandfather's son.

By **Jean-Pierre Mason Nayna**

Age 11,
Thomas Mitchell Primary School
ENDEAVOUR HILLS – VIC.



Memories of the Past

Bronte walked her fingers along the rough sandstone walls of her holiday home. She turned into the courtyard and stopped to pick the ripe fruit that was now covering the trees. As she peeled the skin gently off her mandarin she continued on her walk, heading to the grand entrance at the front of the house. She paused at the door and glanced wearily up at the sun, which was now beating down hard on the island. Her eyes watered but she wiped them clear as she turned the handle on the old front door. She stepped indoors, enjoying the cool air that replaced the heat from outside.

Bronte had spent the last week or so on the island, visiting her grandmother. Most of her holiday had been spent lazing around in the heat before making it out to the beach in the early afternoon. Her grandmother's house was large, with big spacious rooms that were colourfully furnished. Every

room had some interesting knick-knack to be found but the room that interested Bronte most was the small attic, stuffed with boxes full of old memories.

The day dragged on as Bronte drifted from room to room. Her grandmother was napping and her mother and father had gone out for lunch. They were all supposed to go to the beach that afternoon, but two hours was a long time to wait and waiting wasn't something that interested Bronte much. She peered at the clock, balanced precariously on the sideboard. She knew she would have to find something to do so she climbed the stairs and poked her nose into each room, hoping to find something exciting.

After about an hour of snooping, Bronte found herself standing in front of the attic door. It was a large white door that had the paint peeling at the corners. A small

creak escaped as she pushed it open. She looked behind her, half expecting to see her grandmother, but when the sound of snores returned she ventured in further. The room was stacked high with cardboard boxes. Poking out of each box were photo frames, postcards or cracked leather journals.

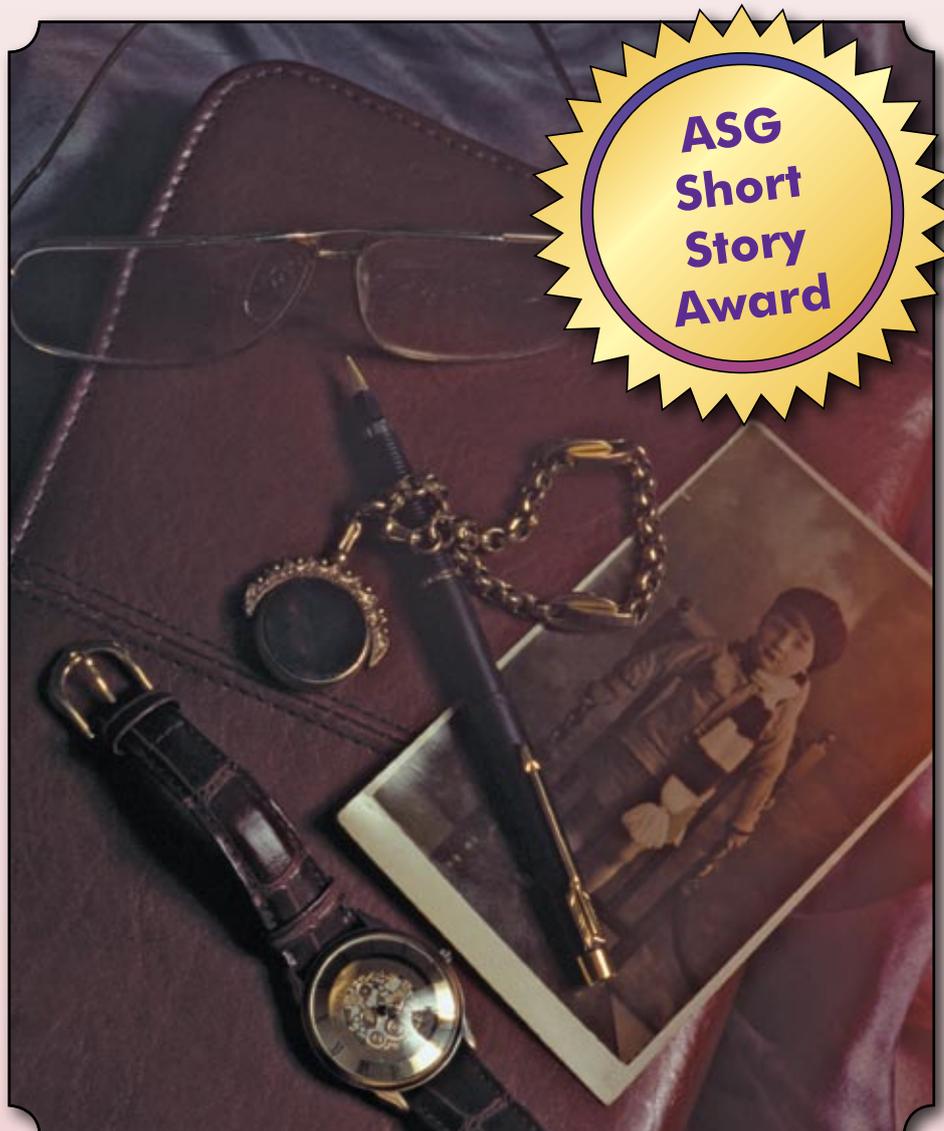
Bronte lifted down one of the boxes and blew on the lid, sending dust particles flying. She coughed and spluttered as she read the label. The word 'history' was written on the top in delicate letters. Bronte sat down on an old wooden chair and started picking through the items in the box. She slowly pulled out picture frames and postcards, travel journals and autographs, all with her grandma's initials. Soon, Bronte found herself sitting amongst a sea of old memories. Time passed as she puzzled over the memories, trying to understand the island's history.

She suddenly heard her grandmother's voice calling. Bronte quickly stuffed her findings into a bag and flew down the stairs. She flung her bag on to her bed before racing down the next staircase. She was in quite a tizz by the time she finally found her grandmother in the dining room. Her grandma greeted her with a big hug before stepping back to look at her sweaty granddaughter.

Bronte sighed and picked up her grandma's hand. She led her up the staircase, only stopping to pick up her bag from her room. When the pair reached the attic, they both stopped. Bronte felt her grandmother's grip tighten and breathing speed up. She gently opened the door for the second time and quietly pulled her grandmother after her.

When Bronte's parents arrived home they called to their daughter. When she didn't answer they wandered upstairs. As they drew nearer to the attic, the sound of laughter could be heard from inside. Bronte's parents exchanged smiling glances before quietly tiptoeing back downstairs, leaving the amateur historians to their work.

*By Imogen Rebecca Biggins
Sydney Secondary College –
Balmain Campus
BALMAIN – NSW
Teacher: Miss Anna Bullock*





2012

The Young Australian Art Awards

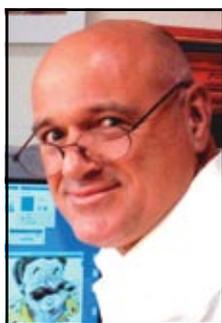
The Young Australian Art Awards were launched at the beginning of 2006. To launch this initiative, the Children's Charity Network distributed promotional posters to all schools in Australia, who were asked to display them in their computer and art rooms. The CCN received an extraordinary number of entries, 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. Despite the fact that the program is in its sixth 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's 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.

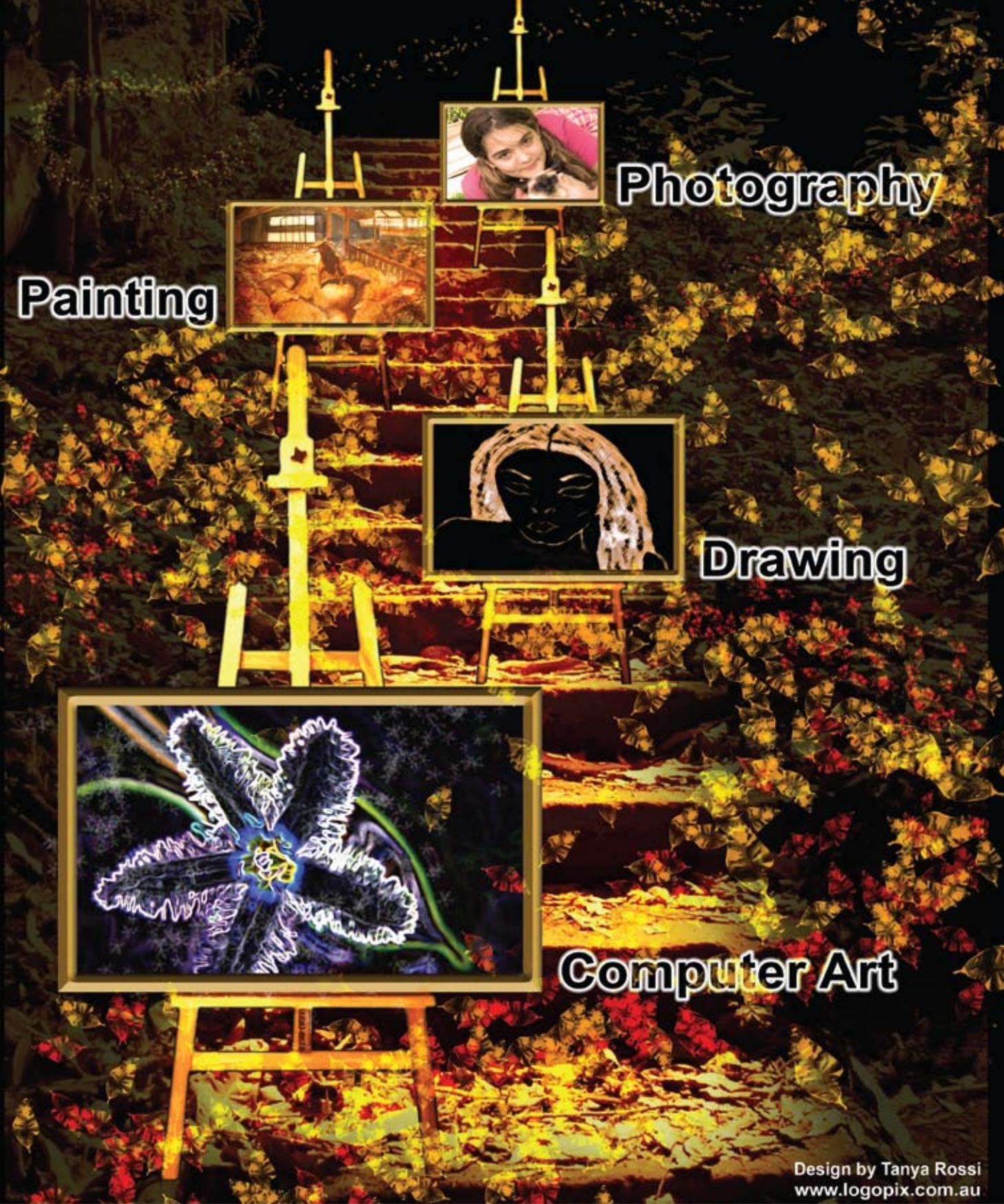
Since 1996 she has illustrated over fifty books, using her fine art background to change styles and techniques throughout her work. She does a range of work from illustrated novels and covers, to picture books and chapter books, some of which she has written.

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

2013 YOUNG AUSTRALIAN ART AWARDS



Painting

Photography

Drawing

Computer Art

Design by Tanya Rossi
www.logopix.com.au

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 Lady Potter Art Award
Young Australian Artist of the Year

2012



Awarded to

Blake Boyle

St. Columban's College, Caboolture Qld.

'A Very Balloon Day'



2012 Young Australian
Art Awards

**Commonwealth
Bank
Art Award**
Painting – Senior

Commonwealth Bank



Awarded to

Lillian Ma

Meriden School, NSW

'Land's End'



2012 Young Australian Art Awards

**Sentinel Foundation
Art Award**
Painting – Middle

Awarded to

Anna Marie Bakos

Emmaus Christian School, NSW

'Flames of Nature'



2012 Young Australian
Art Awards

**Commonwealth
Bank
Art Award**
Painting – Primary



CommonwealthBank

Awarded to

**Annelies
Bleechmore**

Narranga Public School, NSW

'The Kookaburra'

2012 Young Australian Art Awards

Avon Art Award
Computer Art – Senior

AVON

the company for women

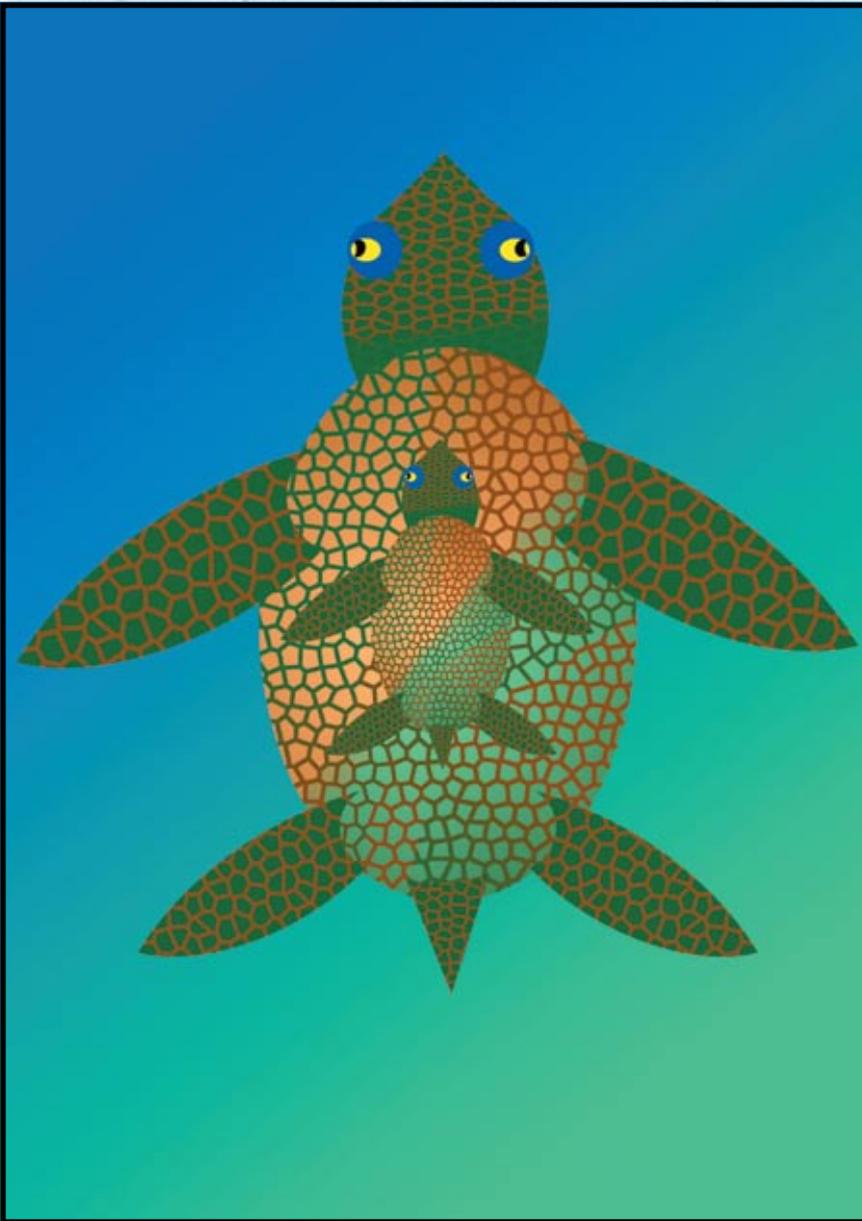
Awarded to

Kirrah Thompson

Mentone Girls' Secondary College, Vic.

'Aqua Marine'





2012 Young Australian Art Awards

**Percy Baxter
Trust
Art Award**

Computer Art – Middle

**Percy
Baxter
Trust**

Awarded to

Cai Herps

Ballarat Clarendon College, Vic.

'Piggy Back Turtle'

2012 Young Australian
Art Awards

**Bic Australia
Art Award**

Computer Art – Primary

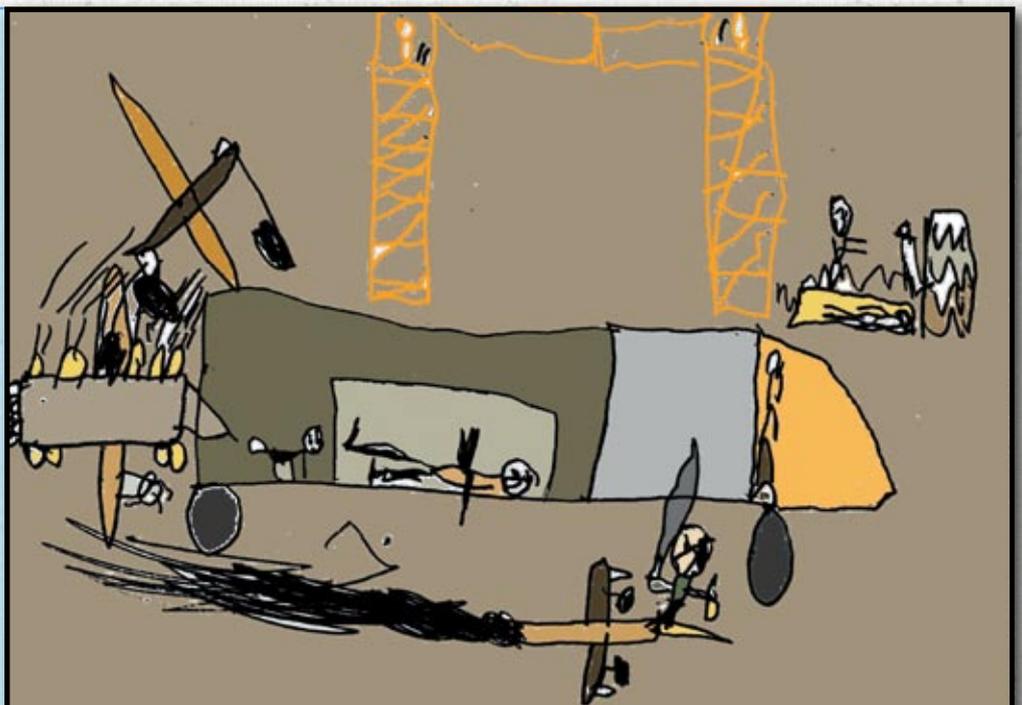


Awarded to

Angus Primrose

*Jerrabomberra
Public School, NSW*

'Aircraft Hangar'





2012 Young Australian
Art Awards

Marc McBride
Art Award
Drawing – Senior

Awarded to

Karen Gan

Baulkham Hills High School, NSW

'Kangaroo'

2012 Young Australian
Art Awards

Peabody Energy
Art Award
Drawing – Middle

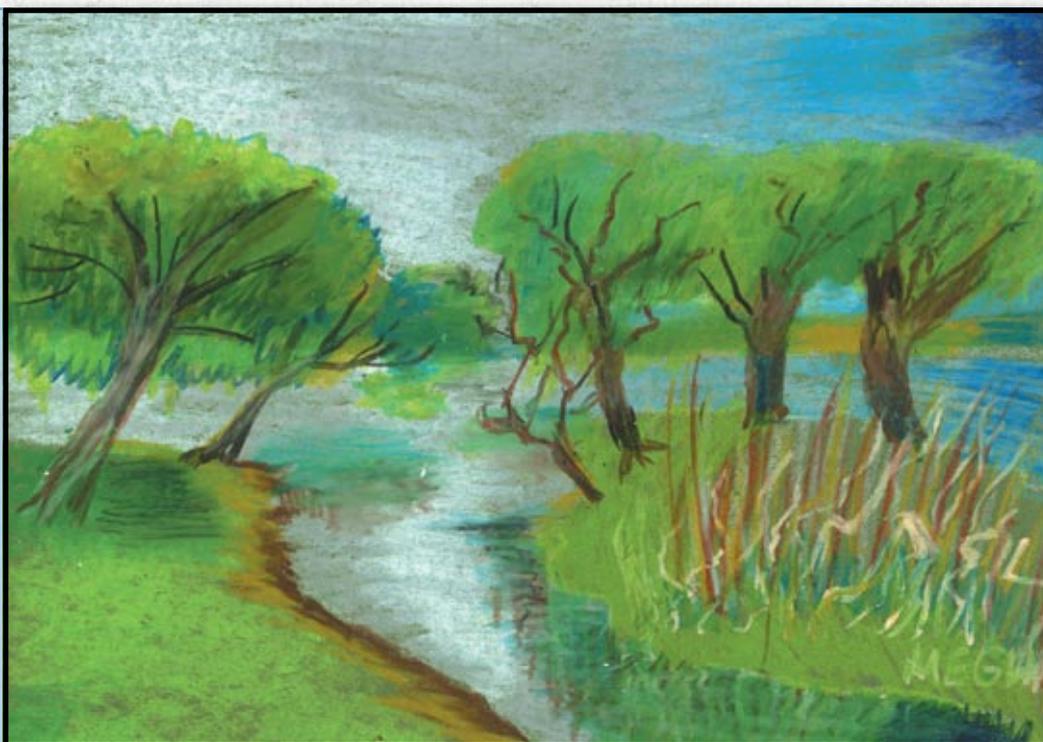


Awarded to

Megha Sheth

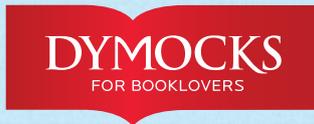
St. John's P.S.,
Scarborough, WA

'The Creek'



2012 Young Australian Art Awards
**Dymocks Camberwell
Art Award**

Drawing – Primary



Awarded to

Patrick Fan

Wheelers Hill Primary School, Vic.

'Three Little Pigs'



2012 Young Australian
Art Awards

Lions Club Art Award

Photography – Senior



Awarded to

Aiden Morse

Don College, Tas.

'Crash'

2012 Young Australian
Art Awards

**Lions Club
Art Award**

Photography – Middle



Awarded to

Olivia Lavasile

Bethany Catholic Primary, Vic.

'Reflection'



2012 Young Australian Art Awards

Lions Club Art Award

Photography – Primary



Awarded to

Molly Waters

Robertson State Primary, Qld.

'Burnt Sky'



2012 Young Australian Art Awards

ASG Art Award

Drawing



Australian Scholarships Group

SUPPORTING CHILDREN'S EDUCATION

Awarded to

Caitlin Angleton Lynch

Carlton North P.S., Vic.

'Paris in Spring'

2012 Young Australian Art Awards

ASG Art Award

Painting



Australian Scholarships Group

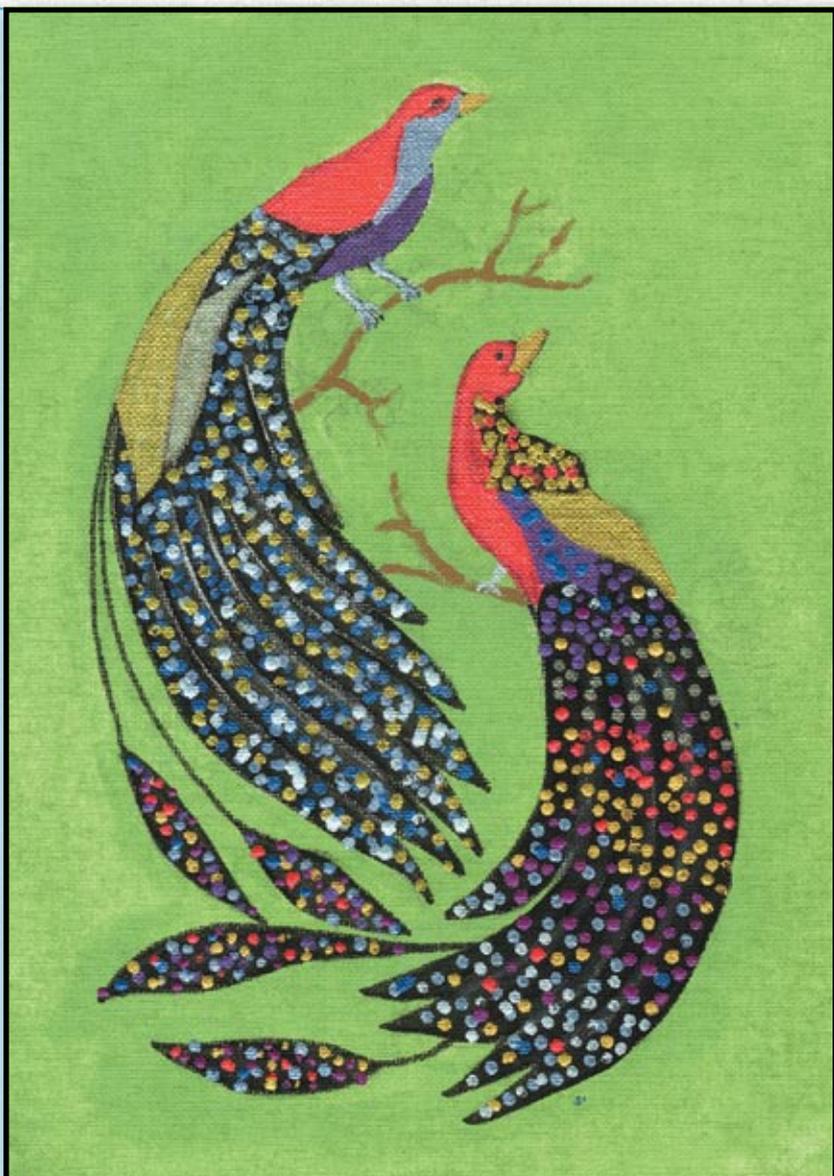
SUPPORTING CHILDREN'S EDUCATION

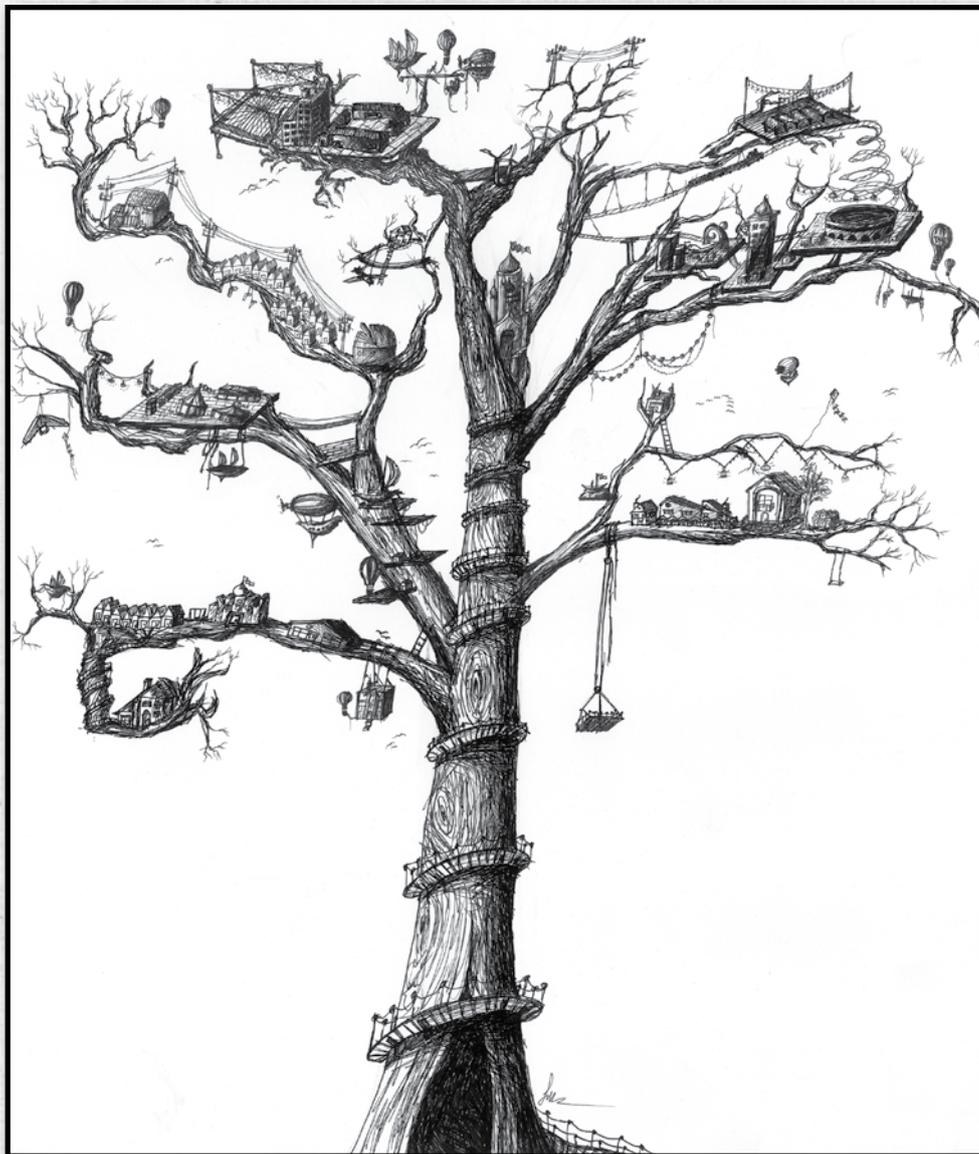
Awarded to

Scott Gatehouse

St Augustine's College, Qld.

'Paradise Birds'





2012 Young Australian
Art Awards

*Judge's Encouragement
Award*

**Elise Hurst
Art Award**

Awarded to

Sneha Baste

*Willoughby Girls'
High School, NSW*

'Tree House'

2012 Young Australian
Art Awards

*Judge's Encouragement
Award*

**Marjory Gardner
Art Award**

Awarded to

Ruby Giddings

*Holland Park State High
School, Qld.*

**'Amelie and the
Rabbit Cloud'**



2012 Young Australian Art Awards

*Judge's Encouragement
Award*

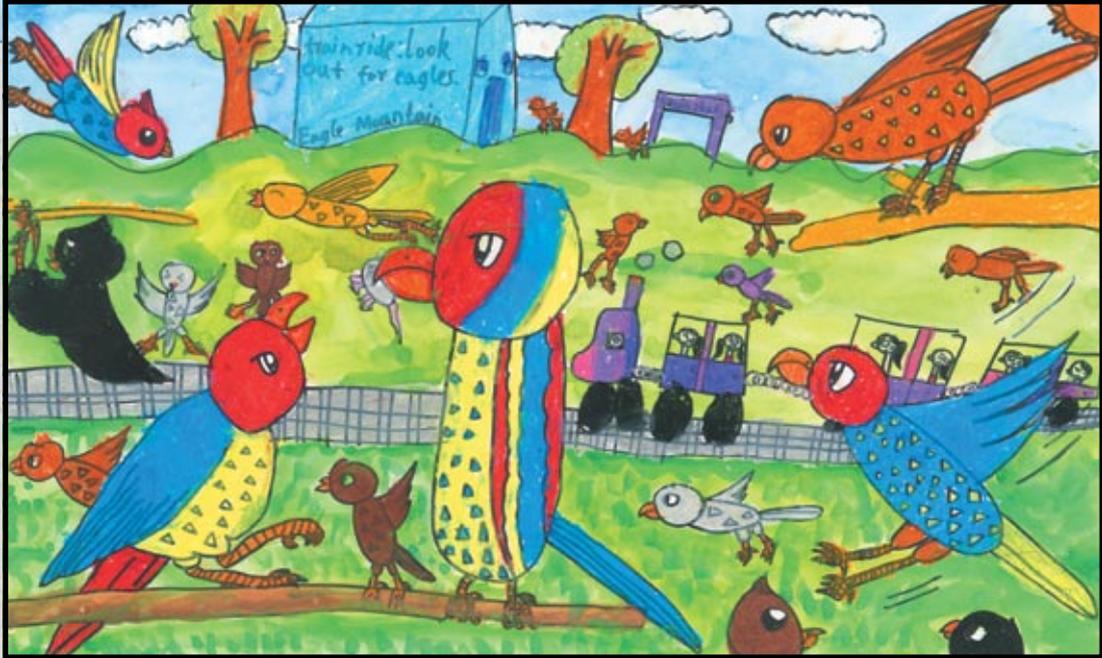
Craig Smith Art Award

Awarded to

Helen Han

McKinnon Primary School, Vic.

'Colourful Eagles'



2012 Young Australian Art Awards

**Fortescue Metals
Indigenous Art Award**



Fortescue
The New Force in Iron Ore

Awarded to

Tiarnie

Wotherspoon



2012 Young Australian
Art Awards

**Minemakers
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

Tanya Munar

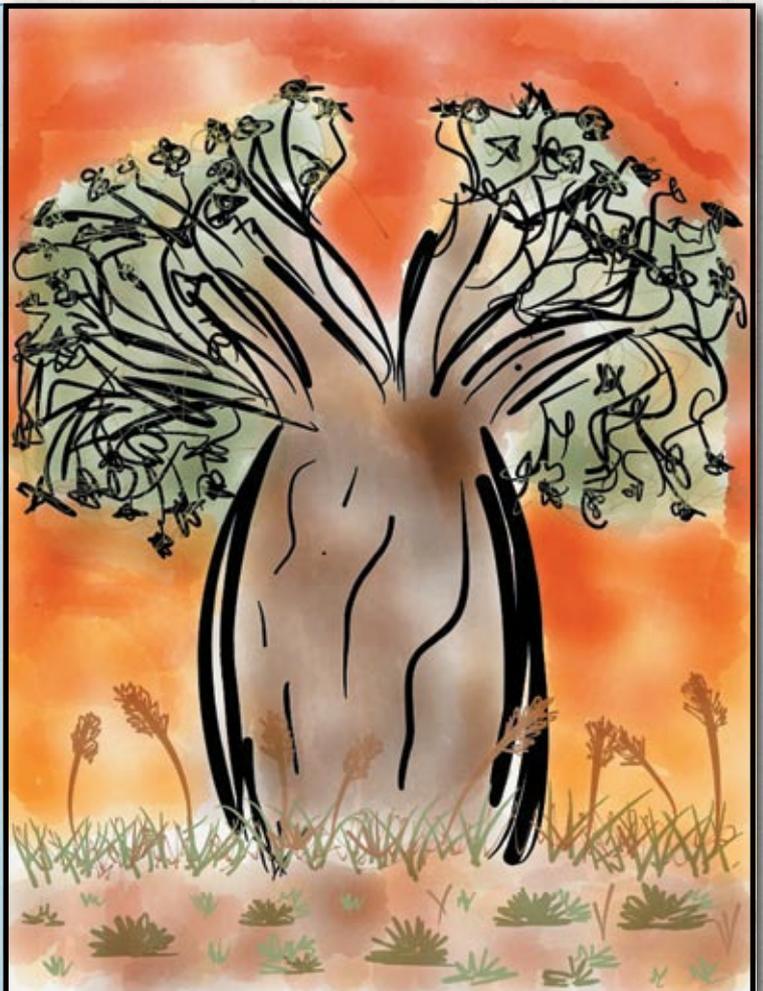
2012 Young Australian
Art Awards

**Brockman Resources
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

Bailey Carter



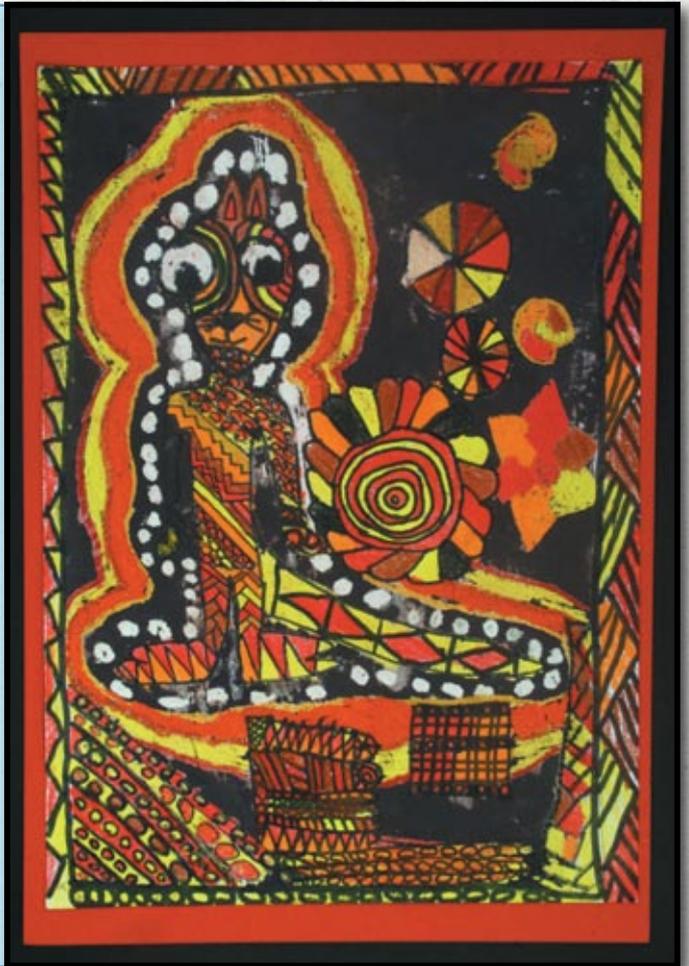
2012 Young Australian Art Awards

**Peabody Energy
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

Malakai Cummins



2012 Young Australian Art Awards

**OZ Minerals
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

Lekeisha Webb

2012 Young Australian
Art Awards
**Silverlake
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to
Anthea Galaminda



2012 Young Australian
Art Awards
**Argent Minerals
Art Award**



Awarded to
**Students of
Trunkey Public
School**

Indigenous Regional Art Awards



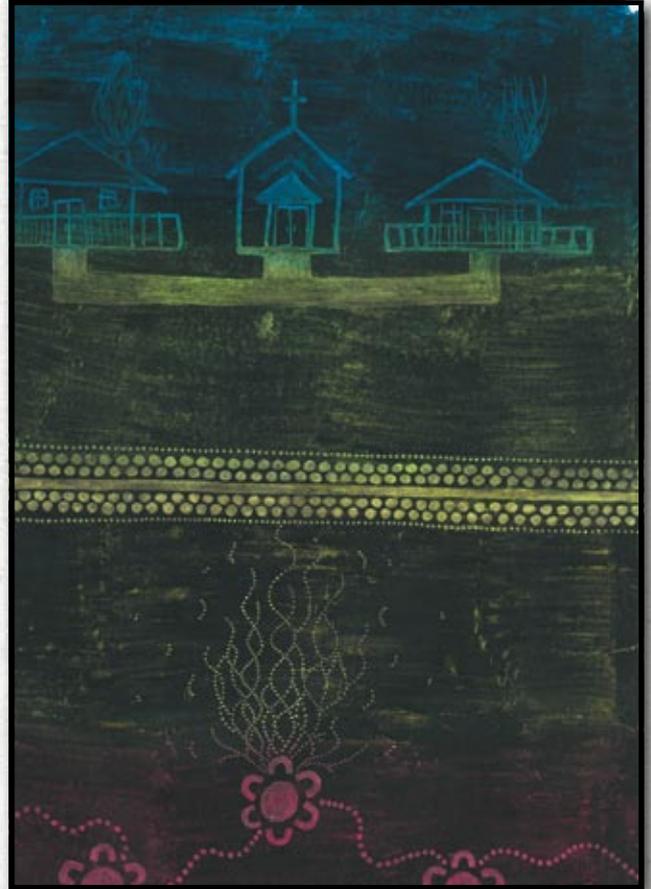
Sandfire Resources Indigenous Art Award

Awarded to

Patrick Dodd



**SANDFIRE
RESOURCES NL**



Iron Ore Holdings Indigenous Art Award

Awarded to

Coen Stanford



Beach Energy Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Kaliyah Connors

Books FOR Kids

GIVING 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.



Books FOR Kids

GIVING KIDS IN NEED A CHANCE TO READ



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

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.

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.



Give them the opportunity to reach great heights

Education opens the door to many opportunities in life. That's why education is one of the greatest gifts a parent can give their child.

At the Australian Scholarships Group (ASG), we offer a proven and proactive way to ensure the education dreams you have for your children can be nurtured and funded. ASG's Education Program™ is designed to assist you to prepare for the costs of your child's education – giving them the opportunity to reach great heights.

To find out more about ASG, contact us today on **1800 648 945** or visit **www.asg.com.au**

Win a \$12,000* Education Scholarship

If you have a child under the age of 10, ASG is giving you the chance to win a \$12,000* Education Scholarship for your child. To enter, simply visit **www.asg.com.au/winascholarship**



**Australian
Scholarships
Group**

*The projected total value of the Education Scholarship is up to \$15,171 based on the child's age at enrolment, ASG projected earnings and level of study undertaken. Full terms and conditions of ASG's \$12,000 Education Scholarship Draw can be found at www.asg.com.au/winascholarship. Promoter is Australian Scholarships Group Friendly Society Limited (ABN 21 087 648 879), 23 – 25 Hanover St, Oakleigh, VIC 3166. NSW Permit Number LTPS/10/12638; VIC Permit Number 10/4569; ACT Permit Number TP10/5358; SA Permit Number T10/3090.