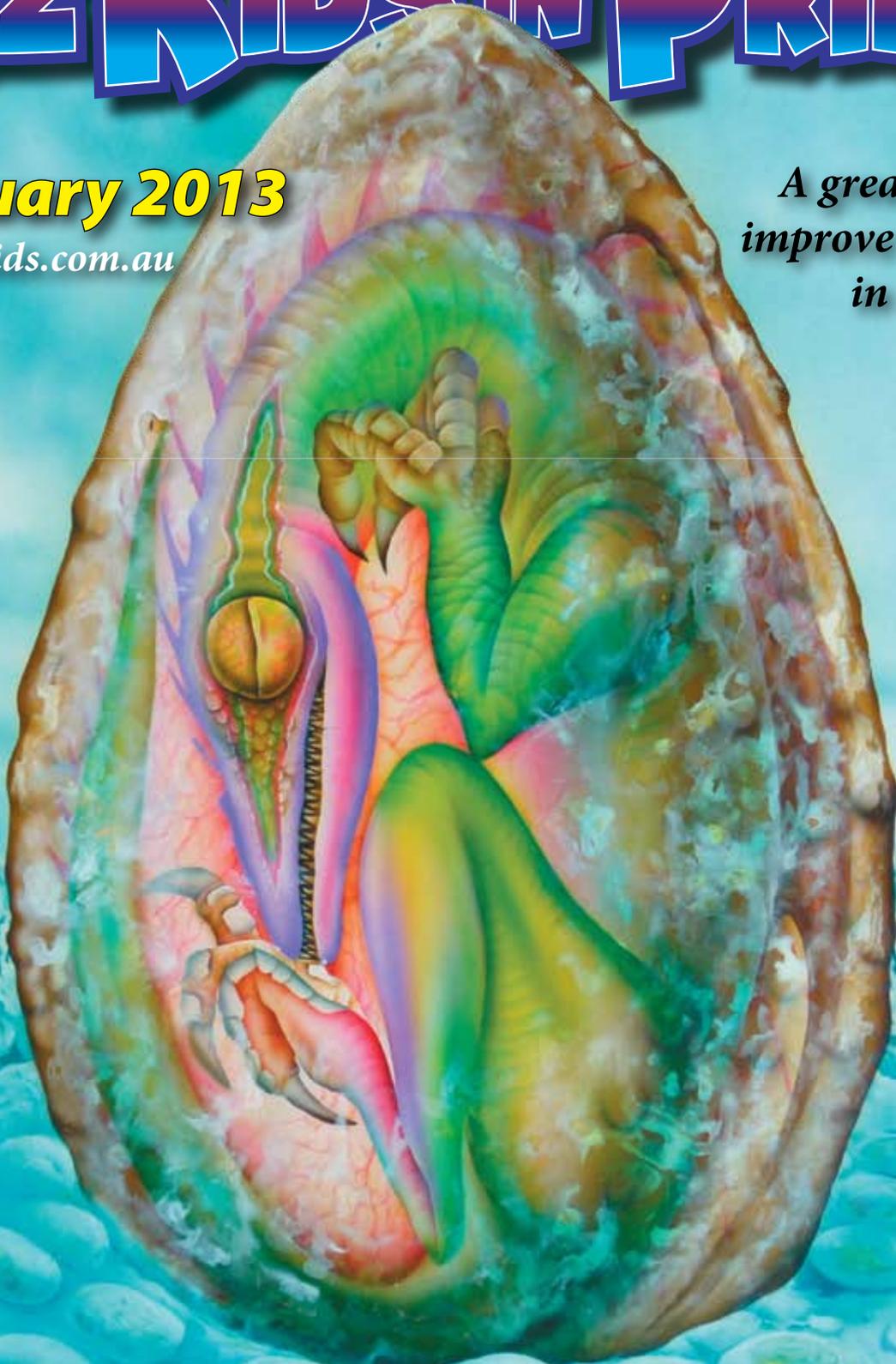


OZ KIDS IN PRINT

February 2013

www.ozkids.com.au

*A great tool to
improve literacy
in schools!*



Cover design by Marc McBride

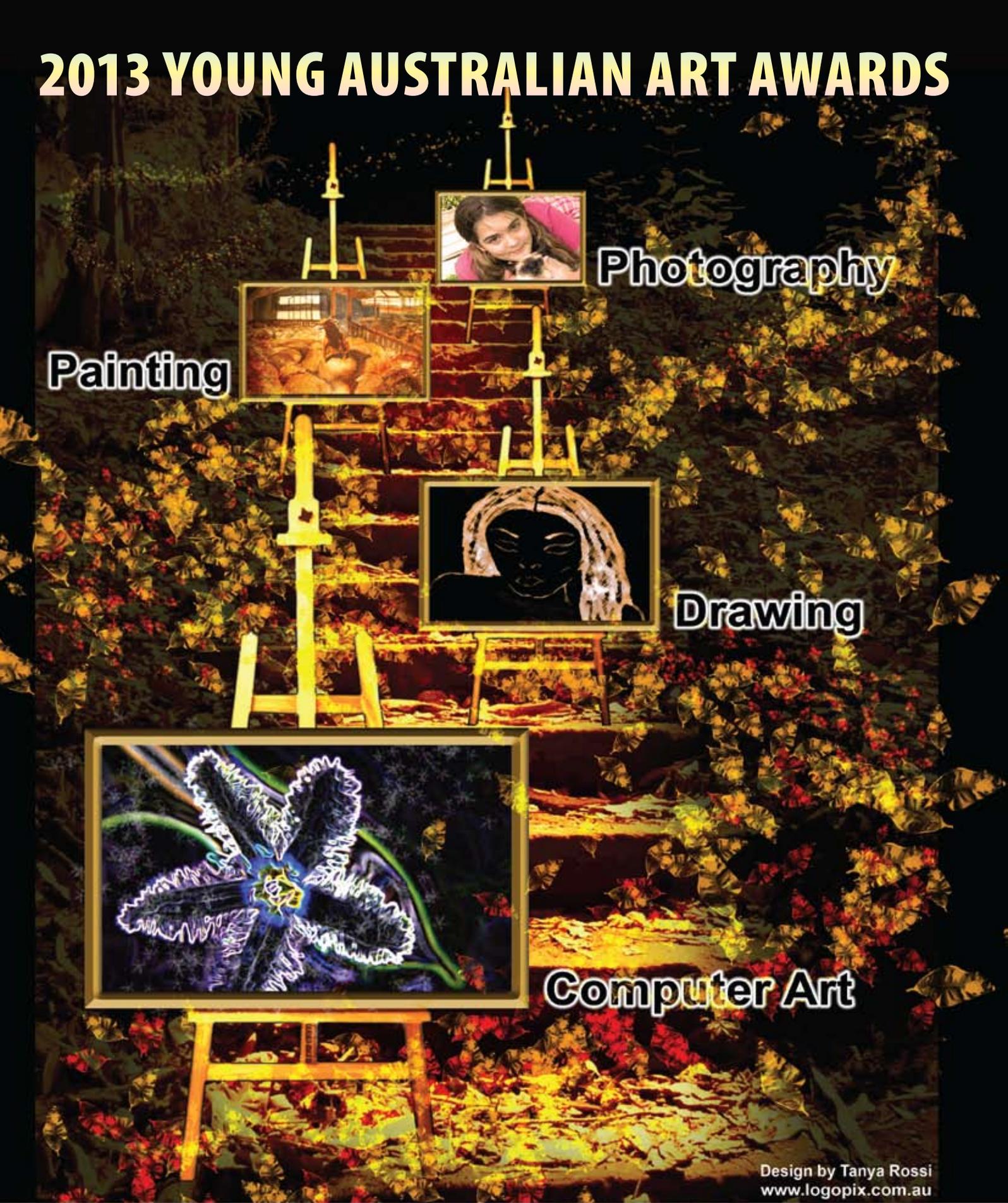
Print Post Approved
P.P. 334553/00001

FREE ENTRY

**TO STUDENTS IN PRIMARY OR
SECONDARY SCHOOLS**

Proudly supported by the Australian Government

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.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Welcome back as we start a new school year. Let's make it the best yet.

While our on-line entry site is easy, some students have become lazy with their entries. Many entries are cut and pasted from Word where punctuation has been copied with the text, but some seem to be typed in the on-line entry form. When doing this there are no paragraphs or 'capital letters' used after a 'full stop'. We cannot accept entries that do not have format. Please use Word to create your entries and please check it for punctuation and spelling.

Over the last three years I have seen a change in the content in the entries received. We still have the mythical magical storylines and those about war but what I am seeing is more entries about pain. Descriptions of fighting and death or dying. But now we have a storyline of concern – BULLYING.

With easy access to victims via the internet, bullies have a 'party' at your expense. STOP the access and you can prevent some of the bullying.

I see students 'friend' people they hardly know or don't know at all. Keep your 'friends' to just your 'besties' and your family. Children should be over thirteen before they even join these places but many cheat on their age to get access.

ENTER ON-LINE at
www.ozkids.com.au



KEEP ON WRITING (TYPING)!

Carol Dick
Managing Editor

BOOK REVIEW

Toocool Series #5 & Marcy Series #2

Phil Kettle • Susan Halliday

Just watch the smaller humans scramble for the shelves when they see these arrive! All those eager little readers who are beginning their 'chapter' book journeys just eat up these fun and exciting stories and bask in their success in doing so. A perfect addition to any school or home library, and available singly or as a boxed set (both series). As the characters in both series are the same, both boys and girls can relate to them and share the laughter which inevitably results from following their exploits.

Toocool Series #5: Phil Kettle

ISBN: The Big Bash: 9781921665783 (pbk.)
ISBN: Round 'Em Up: 9781921665769 (pbk.)
ISBN: Pirates: 9781921665790 (pbk.)
ISBN: The Race: 9781921665776 (pbk.)
ISBN: The Interview: 9781921665806 (pbk.)
ISBN Box Set: 9781921665882

Publication date: March 2013
Extent: 55 pages Price: AUD\$9.95 ea.
Category: Adventure
Format: B format paperback
Boxed set with Marcy: \$89.95

Once again Toocool makes readers laugh and groan as he retells his newest adventures from jetskis to jackeroos, cricket to celebrity interviews, all in his own inimitable self-flattering style. Phil Kettle's Toocool series has proven itself to be immensely popular (sales in excess of one million copies) cultivating an enthusiastic readership amongst lower primary students, particularly boys. While the stories themselves are always both amusing and well paced, the books also feature valuable additions such as informational pieces, glossaries as well as jokes. All these enhance the experience for readers.

As a teacher-librarian, I have always relished the way in which Phil Kettle subtly endorses imaginative and active play for children. Toocool and his friends each crafting their own personal pirate ships from recycled materials would inspire any child to follow suit – a project I'm inspired to undertake with my own 7 year old granddaughter after a read aloud session.

Marcy Series #2: Susan Halliday

ISBN: Quiz Champs: 9781921665721 (pbk.)
ISBN: Award Winners: 9781921665752 (pbk.)
ISBN: Thirteen Dolphins: 9781921665738 (pbk.)
ISBN: Netball Challenge: 9781921665714
ISBN: Lost Dogs: 9781921665745 (pbk.)
ISBN Box Set: 9781921665882

Publication date: March 2013
Extent: 55 pages Price: AUD\$9.95 ea.
Category: Adventure
Format: B format paperback
Boxed set with Toocool: \$89.95

After the success of the first series of the Marcy books, Susan Halliday has provided us with a whole new set of Marcy stories to entertain and delight young readers, particularly girls. While Marcy has her fair share of foibles, she is a girl who is ready to have a go at anything, invariably with great gusto. Marcy's positive attitude and her self confidence (sometimes a tad TOO much confidence!) make her an endearing character and the reader is immensely pleased to read about the success and unexpected rewards of her ventures. This series has a commendable thread of responsibility and citizenship running through, which would lend itself well to a class discussion on these values. I can also well imagine some enthusiastic girls initiating a staff/student netball challenge at their own schools! As with Toocool, the books follow the useful format of glossary and information and similarly these are handled in a way which is entertaining and engaging.

Ford St has provided a wonderful set of teaching notes (linked to the Australian curriculum) on its website – <http://tinyurl.com/akhqhcd>

These series would also make an extremely useful addition to any 'home reading' program with far more engagement and potential 'follow on' than the ubiquitous basal reader. Enthusiastically recommended for readers 7 years and on, for library, classroom or home.

Sue Warren
Teacher-Librarian – QLD.

STOP BULLIES

and don't become one

There are many places to get help:

- **Enough is Enough Bully Program** – <http://enoughisenough.org.au/site/41/bullying-resilience>
- **Bullying. No Way!** – www.bullyingnoway.com.au/
- **Boosting Kidpower to Stop Bullying | YourKidsEd.com.au** – www.yourkidsed.com.au/info/boosting-kidpower-to-stop-bullying
- **Stop Cyber-bullying – ThinkUKnow** – www.thinkuknow.org.au/site/stop.asp
- **Facebook launches an Australia-wide Be Bold, Stop Bullying campaign against trolls** – <http://www.news.com.au/technology/facebook-launches-an-australia-wide-be-bold-stop-bullying-campaign-against-trolls/story-e6frfro0-1226508706154#ixzz2KvTIHDyI>

and many more...

Please seek help and don't try and deal with it alone

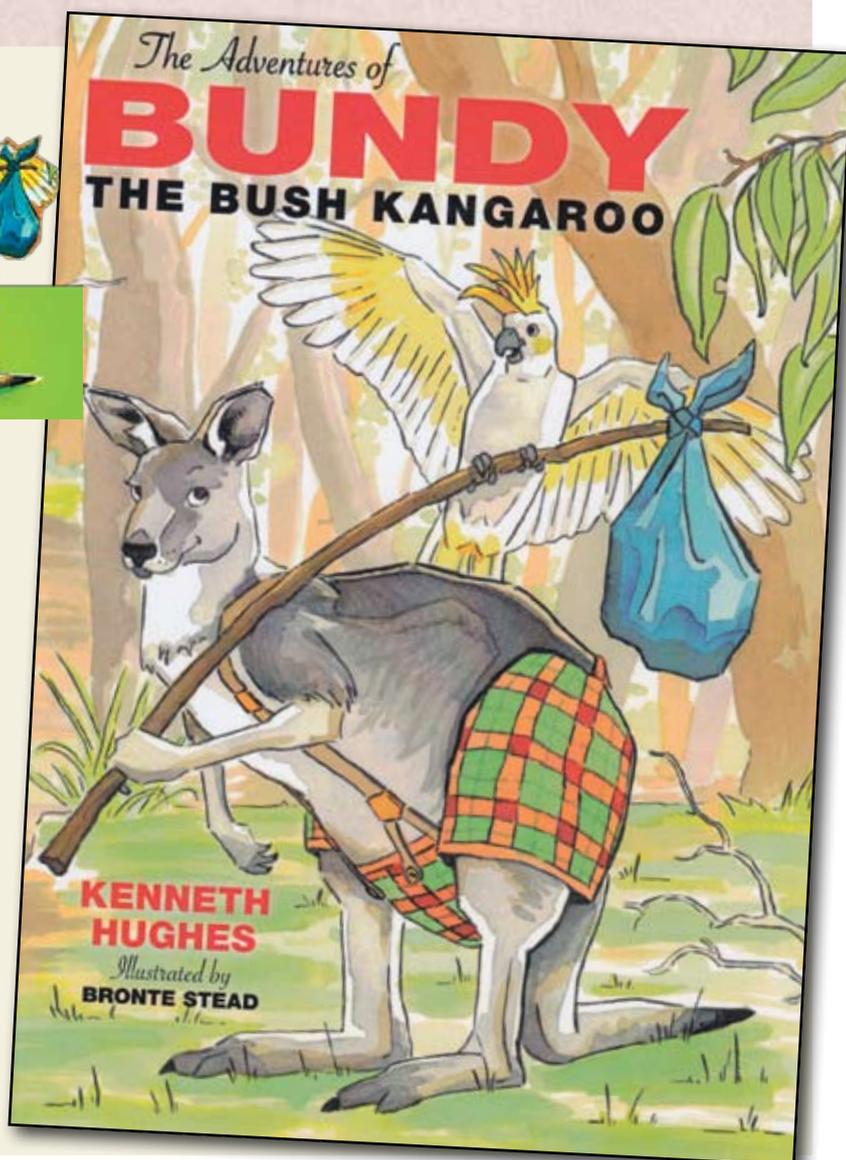
THE ADVENTURES OF
BUNDY
THE BUSH
KANGAROO

helping to
stop bullying
in schools



The Adventures of Bundy the Bush Kangaroo written by author Kenneth Hughes is fast becoming a sought after children's novel with an educational message. This excellent children's book has recently been praised and acknowledged for its literacy achievement by education departments in America, Wales, Canada, New Zealand, Australia and the Philippines as a tool for teachers and parents to address bullying in the school yard or on the internet.

The novel features cute and cuddly Australian animals to teach appropriate behaviour to children. The main characters are a gray western bush kangaroo by the name of Prince Bundy and his best friend Whitey, an Australian cockatoo, who together journey to the unknown east side of their home valley. On their adventure they meet some friendly animals who furnish them with good advice. This book is filled with laughter and is a must read for all who have the spirit of adventure within them.



The Grass Isn't Greener

WE WERE hiding in the sharp twigs, watching a brawl unfold, like some sickly game of spies.

Several men, whom I didn't know lived in our village, were fighting over one plain white package with a simple red cross on it. Holes were torn in it and grains were falling out. Fierce men turned to bloodied bodies, as one tall, dark man swung a club around. My father was the only man left, and the tall man was staring him down. I considered calling out, so the tall man would come for me, and Father could have the package, and survive to care for Afi. I tried to yell, but my body, weak, instinctively muffled it, so I sounded like I was suffocating.

It dawned on me, as the tall man swung the club one final time, seemingly in slow motion, that because of me, my five year old sister and I were watching our chances of survival disappear. I turned away and tried to vomit, sickened by my cowardice. I retched and retched, but all I got was a burning throat, and burning eyes, as I tried to cry dry tears... She's skinny. She's skinny, she's scrawny and she's weak. I turn away and scrape some filthy water from the dwindling supply into a tin bucket, feebly balancing it on my head.

Why are reflections so honest? I jealously recall an image of some half-dressed American pop singer staring into crystal clear water, entranced by her own beauty. It's a shame. Ironically, she is probably

starving herself to look like that, while all I want is food. I vow to myself that when I get Afi and I out of here, I'll go to some American burger joint, feed up, and then spend several glorious hours staring at my beautifully plump body in a crystal clear bath, lost in my extravagant beauty.

She's drawing pictures in the sand, her pencil thin fingers barely shifting the dry earth. A fairy. I feel a surge of guilt. Afi deserves to be somewhere else – frolicking around in the green grass somewhere lovely, basking in her own joy. It is my responsibility to ensure she can get that. It's the least I can do.

Afi doesn't react, as I thought she would, when I announce that we are leaving. Weeks without food do that to you, I suppose. There was no one left in our village; the farmers and their families had headed south, where refugee camps in Kenya were said to supply food. She just gives me a sullen glance, her hollow face displaying her doubt. She doesn't dare disagree, though. She has an odd respect for me that puts a lot of pressure on my shoulders to do the right thing by her.

On the final night, I stare out at the dry, cracked fields, dotted with carcasses of dead cattle, dreading what is to come next. I think of Mother and Father now too, and how disappointed they would be with me. A low, ominous moon sheds dark, streaking shadows across everything we used to know.

I slip Afi's head off my lap and creep around to the Secret Water Hole, now all but dried up. I scoop up the last cupful of dirty water. Dirty water that could kill us quicker than it could save us. Worryingly, it could also evaporate before we need it most. One meagre piece of bread is still in its hiding place, and I place it next to the tin of water. A piece of stale bread won't last us the thousands of kilometres to Kenya, so I try to think tactics.

Oh, this would be so much easier if I were a boy. Boys can beg for food without fear of being raped, and boys can protect youngsters, go without but still be strong. I try to clear my head as I settle down next to Afi. We sleep outside these days; it's cooler, and feels safer for some reason...

As we trudge along, I remember the days in school, before they closed down. Our teacher told us we were lucky, to live in such a village, where we could grow our own food so easily. We were told stories of the Ethiopians, struggling for food, heading for Kenya. Now, kids somewhere happy are probably being told about us, and I feel a pang of panic, realising very few Ethiopians had survived the walk, and even fewer girls.

I keep Afi in front of me, afraid she'll collapse and I won't realise. I stare at her feet to avoid the sun's glare, beating down on us. My ears are ringing as her steps begin to falter, and she starts wobbling... Carrying Afi on my shoulders, I begin weaving around, my feet fumbling with the dry earth. I had given her the bread and water, knowing she was in more need than me. Several times we saw others walking ahead too, and occasionally we would walk side by side with other children, silently sharing our pain. We would sometimes spot dead bodies, lying on the ground, highlighting the despairingly impossible position we were in.

Dots appear on the horizon, and I hope for a village, but prepare myself for the disappointment I had felt so often, when all things fabulous on the horizon turned to nothing. God is kind sometimes, I realise, when the dots not only stay there, but transform into the small houses of a deserted village. Afi awakens from her semi-conscious slumber, and we ransack



every house in the village, hungrily looking for food and water. By the time night falls, we are rich with food – canned beans, stale bread, and half packets of dried fruit, nuts and flour. Several bottles were still half full, and the water dispenser of a toilet filled the tin bucket. We eat up, and settle down on the floor of an abandoned shack, content for now...

It took a week and a half to go through the food, and we restrained ourselves enormously. Afi ate most of the food, though she insisted I eat too. I ate a little, but saved the rest for her. One time she burst into tears and refused to eat unless I did, so I told her I had eaten while she slept.

Despite our exhaustion we now continue, forcing ourselves to go further. I look

around and realise that more people are walking here, all with the same gaunt expression plastered onto their hollow faces. Afi enquires 'why the kids are so fat, when there's no food', and I stifle tears at her innocence, hoping we don't end up so malnourished our stomachs bloat too. I try to stare in front, focus on the task ahead. An old woman carrying a young child lets out a strangled cry and collapses to the ground, whimpering. People walking part around her, and don't offer help. Exerting all our perseverance on our own survival, no one has any left for others. A teenage boy ahead picks up his speed. Others stop

crying and squint at the distance. Ahead is a mass of shacks, tents and people sitting on the ground. We speed up, desperate to reach the refugee camp. The smell hits me first. Then the people. Thousands of them. I knew I was kidding myself, imagining huge cafeterias, piled with food for all to gorge on. The dusty ground isn't green. It's grey, like the faces of all the hungry people, waiting here for help. Sorry, Afi...

By **Owen Small**
Year 7, Melville High School
SOUTH KEMPSEY – NSW

Country Downpour

Have you ever felt the coolness of a country downpour?
Forever beautiful for both the rich and the poor
Clouds gathering above slowly blocking out the sun
Splashing in the puddles young children having fun
Dressed in water proof clothing
Never seeming to make a big difference
They always come inside
Coated from head to toe in rich country mud
Have you ever been swimming during a country downpour?
The cool lake, the droplets are its only flaw
Feel the soft cold rain on your face
You could stay there until night takes its place
Swimming out, gliding backwards cutting the smooth surface
Feel the soft wake slowly lapping at your body
Taste the cool sharp taste of freshwater hitting your tongue
You don't get out you'd be all wet and soggy
Have you ever taken a walk during a country downpour?
Every step you take almost trips you over
Turn around and walk back, never
You're cold, you're wet but you don't stop, why would you?
What will you do?
Cooped up all day, staring out of a window
But no, you're out here enjoying the type of entertainment that's free
So why would you have all those games
When you can have rain, that's free you know, no fee

By **Ella Andersen**
Year 6, Derinya Primary School
FRANKSTON SOUTH – VIC.
Teacher: Mr Williams



Wings

I don't want to be a photograph
Or a reflection by your bed
I don't want to be a flower
Or a quote that's been said and said

I don't want to be a tear drop
That's escaped your happy eye
I don't want to be a balloon
That disappeared into the sky

I don't want to be a reason
For you to fall apart in two
I don't want to be a song
Of the connection between me and you

I don't want to be a puzzle piece
That's slipped away from your heart
I don't want to be a painting
Or a reason for your art

I don't want to be a star
That stands out in the night sky
I don't want to be a human
That cries and says goodbye

I don't want to be an angel
Or a spirit that calmly died
Because I am that abused imperfect girl
Who was forced to commit suicide

By **Sissy Austin**
Year 12, Loreto College
BALLARAT – VIC.

Snowflake

An angel falls down from the sky,
Dancing gracefully in the air.
The cold air, made warm
And beautiful,
By the pure white goddess.
She glides down, slowly,
Slowly, slowly.
She doesn't stop,
But continues to drift down,
Slowly,
And so gracefully.
The angel, no,
Goddess, who knows which,
Nears the ground.
The field of white stares up,
Waiting for her arrival,
And she lands,
Softly,
And joins the other fallen angels.

By **Jessica Zhang**
Year 6, Hurstville Public School
HURSTVILLE – NSW



CAGED BIRD

Locked up bird
In a rusted cage,
Cries on and on
Until its voice is dead.

Lonely bird,
Desolate and sad,
Weeps on and on
Until its eyes are dry.

“Can you get me out of here?”
That's what it sings,
It sings on even
Inside of the cage
Where no one is there.

Locked up bird
In a dark room,
Shouts on and on
Until its voice is hoarse.

Lonely bird,
Unconsoled and mad,
Loathes on and on
Until its anger is gone.

“Why is it so dark in here?”
That's what it sings,
It sings on even
Inside of the room
Where nothing is alive.

“I'm all alone,
I need a friend.
Where are the people?
I'm going to die soon
If you just leave me here.”
That's what it thinks,
“Where is the key?
Where is the light
I want to escape
This isolated prison.
Please help me.”

Locked up bird
In a forgotten place,
Lies silent and still
Until it slowly dies.

By **Victoria Ho**
Year 6, Sunshine Harvester Primary School
SUNSHINE – VIC.



TIME

You can't stop time,
It just keeps on going.
It's always ticking,
Never slowing.

Hours turn to days,
And days to weeks.
It's running down like an hourglass
With a dozen leaks.

There goes another minute,
You can't get it back.
You'll probably regret not using it
Halfway down the track.

Use your time wisely,
As it's ticking by fast.
Think about, already,
How many minutes have passed.

Time is always ticking away,
From minutes to hours
To every day.

By **Hannah Thurlow**
Year 9 – Age 13
NORTH ISIS – QLD.

So you like to write fantasy, science fiction and horror?
Here are some tips from one of Australia's leading authors for younger readers.

Ghouls, Goblins and Phantasmagoricals

by Paul Collins

GHOULS, goblins and phantasms represent the three genres in fiction, namely Horror, Fantasy and Paranormal.

Ghouls are traditionally associated with humans or demons that devour human flesh.

Traditional ghouls are demonic creatures that eat dead bodies, generally after robbing them from graves.

Goblins are small, ugly, magical creatures that rather like doing annoying, mischievous things. Quite often they're magical. They used to do things like making the milk go sour, stealing the hens' eggs, and cutting the clothesline. Today they would rip the last page out of Agatha Christie novels, put scratches on DVDs, and hide your car keys or mobile phone.

Phantom is the traditional term for ghosts. These tend to be nicer than phantasms, but still, given the choice you would probably not want to meet one. The dead guy in 'Ghost' would be more of a phantom, while just about everything in 'Ghostbusters' could be classed as phantasms.

So there's some pretty good fodder here if you want to populate your story with some nasty critters.

I used to read comics when I was a kid. I always wondered if the bad guys ever won. You know, Lex Luthor, Mysterio, Sandman, the Goblin, etc. Then I read Modesty Blaise. She's a crim, head of the Network, but she's inherently good, much the same as the Robin Hood myth. Then came along Artemis Fowl. He's sort of what I wanted to read, but of course, deep down he's good, too. He has ethics, scruples.

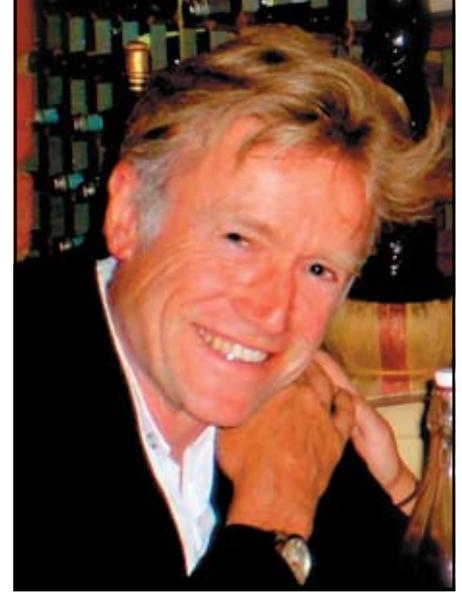
So I decided it was time to write a novel about an anti-hero. Enter Maximus Black. He's not exactly mischievous or ghoulish in that he feeds on flesh, but he does feed on human misery. Characteristics from our topic today are relegated to the other nasties in my last books, *Mole Hunt* and *Dyson's Drop*.

I have transmogrified humans – massively enhanced humans devoid of intelligence; lizard aliens, ghosts of crew-members who have been butchered; a plethora of crims and perhaps the most powerful of all, the sentinels who I only hint at what they are. I think evil creatures are those where there's a hint of evil rather than the slash them to death evil that has become a bit passé, well, for this reader anyway.

Basically my evil characters come from all the super villains I used to read about as a kid, and perhaps the movies that I watched.

As an aside, I posed the following question on a blog interview recently: "Maximus Black is a true anti-hero. Do characters really need redeeming features?" The unanimous decision was a resounding no. This response flies in the face of perceived editorial wisdom. The winner's response was: "To me what characters really need is a 'logical' reason for being in the situation they find themselves, believing what they believe, doing what they do. As odd as it sounds, I would count 'total insanity' as a logical reason. A perfect example would be Palpatine in the Star Wars universe. Total evil, no redeeming features, and a great character.

Science fiction lends itself to a slew of nastiness: aliens. In my *Earthborn Wars*



trilogy a race called the Hiveborn sweep the universe. Their sole aim is to connect everything and everyone into a single entity. They simply zap you and suddenly your mind is no longer your own – you're an automaton, like a bee with just a single purpose in life.

The stronger the evil character, the better the book. Think of Jaws in 'James Bond', Darth Vader in 'Star Wars'. These are evil standout evil characters that enrich both the films and the books.

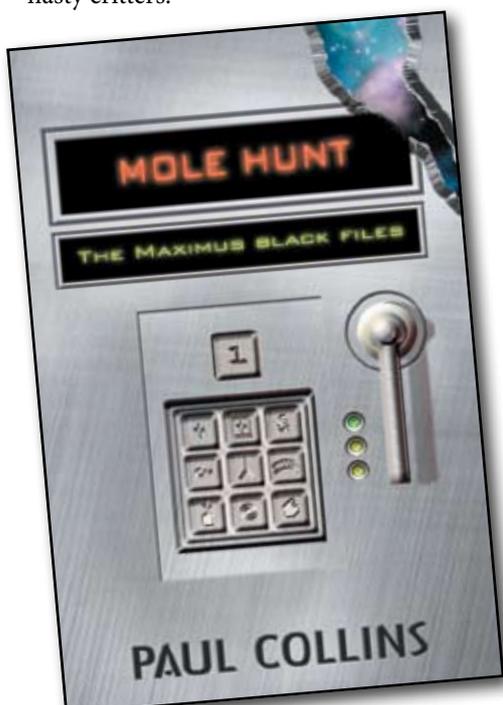
Fantasy is basically a quest and good versus evil. In my *Jelindel Chronicles* I have some very powerful nasties such as the Preceptor, who I modelled on Hitler. He's human, has no magic, but has the unquenchable thirst for power. He's an excellent strategist and as such slowly builds up his power. With money, you can buy all the nasties you need.

A mail shirt entity crashes on a planet and it soon becomes known that the individual links confer special powers such as mind control over animals, superb fighting skills with martial arts or swords, etc. So what happens when some natural baddies gain control of the links? One major villain, F'ed, attempts to combine all the links to form the original mail shirt. Unbeknownst to him once this occurs, true evil will manifest.

I guess you have to read the series to know how it all ends!

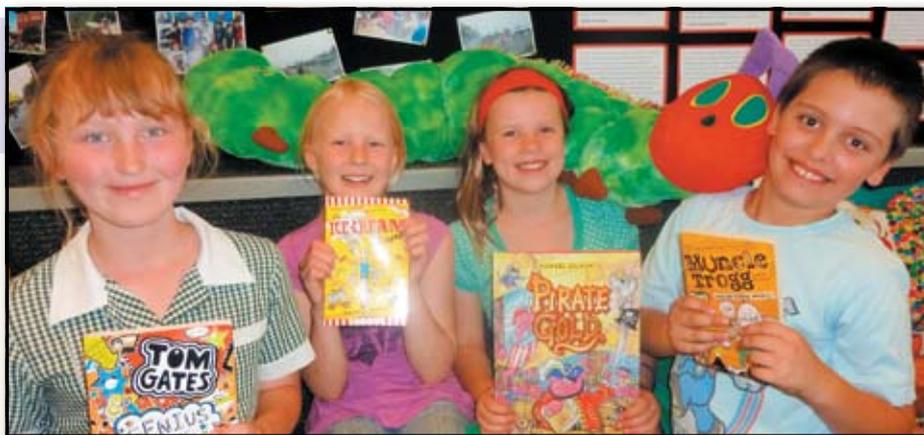
Read all about Paul at www.paulcollins.com.au. To invite Paul to your school to give writing workshops contact Creative Net at:

www.fordstreetpublishing.com/cnet



BOOK

Meet our book reviewers –
Marius, Alice, Josie and
Isabella, from Gold Street
Primary School
in Clifton Hill, Victoria.



Muncle Trogg and the Flying Donkey

by Janet Foxley and Steve Wells (Chicken House / Scholastic)

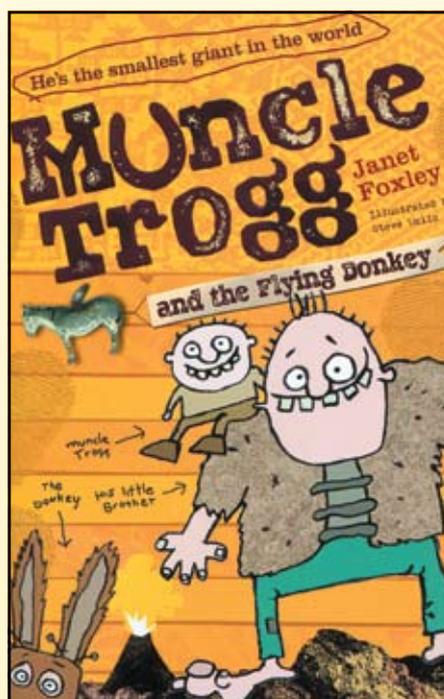
This book is about Muncle Trogg, the smallest giant in the world. Muncle has been hearing warning signs about his home (a volcano called Mount Grumble) from his Smalling friend.

Can Muncle stop people from clipping dragons' wings and teach people how to fly before Mount Grumble blows up?

I really liked this book because it was extremely funny. The illustrations by Steve Wells are amazing. I would recommend this book for readers who like books with lots of humour.

Rating: 8/10 ★★★★★★★★☆☆

Marius T



Pirate Gold

by Michael Salmon (Ford St Publishing)

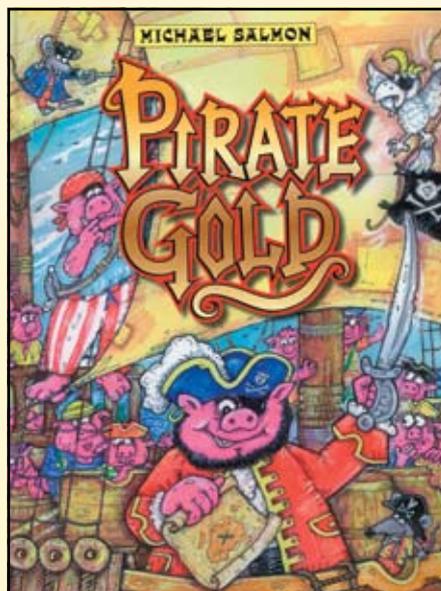
"Suffering seaweed! I lost me treasure map!"

Pirate Gold is a very funny book about pirates, thieves, and of course, treasure! The Piganeers decide it would be funny to take Captain Porker's treasure but has this practical joke gone too far? When the treasure is not in the Piganeers' hiding place there are a number of possible suspects but Captain Porker needs to find his treasure, fast! And to top it all off the Piganeers are being chased by sharks. What will the captain do?

This book has vibrant illustrations which are very funny. It's quite a long picture book so I'd recommend it for 7–10 year olds. The clever dialogue makes you laugh the way it blends the things a pig pirate would say and the thing a human pirate would say. The story is clear and quite intriguing.

Rating: 9/10 ★★★★★★★★☆☆

Alice Brown



The Ice-Cream War

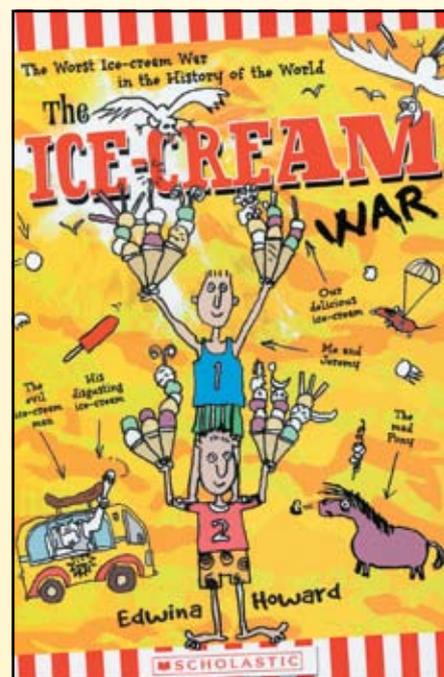
by Edwina Howard (Scholastic)

When Jake and Jeremy find out about Uncle Sunny's mouse poo ice-cream they decide to make an ice-cream cart and sell delicious ice-creams with cool names, but before they know it Uncle Sunny wants them out of business. Then Jake has to look after his neighbour's mad pony and then there's the carnival of the headless fisherman and the trouble is just beginning. Will Jake and Jeremy survive the holidays still in business?

This book was really funny and adventurous. I recommend it for girls and boys aged 8 and up. It has a lot of tricky words in it because Jake's teacher says he has to learn new and unusual words and his parents pay him to use them over the dinner table.

Rating: 10/10 ★★★★★★★★☆☆

Josie G-W



REVIEWS

Reviews Coordinator:
Meredith Costain

Tom Gates: Genius Ideas (Mostly)

by L. Pichon (Scholastic)

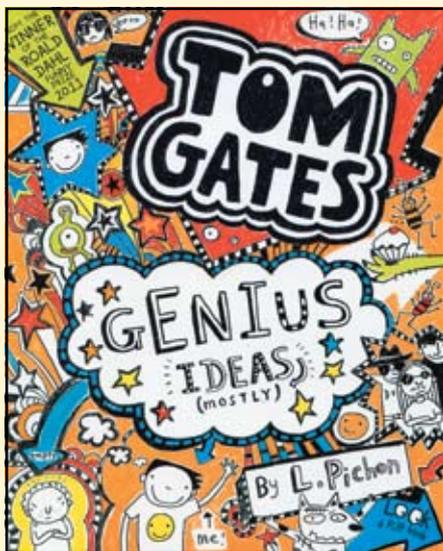
This book is all about Tom who is in Grade 5 and gets up to some embarrassing moments in and out of school. Tom is in a band with schoolmates Norman and Derek. Their band is called Dog Zombies and they perform wherever they can.

On the other hand Tom's sister Delia is getting up to a few troubles herself and Tom only wants to make it worse by finding new ways to sabotage her life.

Tom is always coming up with ideas to get the band out in the world, but in the school there is a rumour that on talent night Dude 3 will be playing. Is this just a rumour or will someone else play?

I really enjoyed this book because it's very funny and the excuses made me laugh. For readers aged 8–11.

Rating: 10/10 ★★★★★★★★
Isabella C



Eureka Stockade Ballad

'Twas 1854 on a balmy summer's night,
A group of rebellious miners were fighting for their rights.
They were sick of being treated wrong like dogs and stupid creatures,
They felt like they were students and the government was the teachers.
Miners from all around supported this idea,
If they were to fight this battle they had to show no fear.
On that dark and warm night a dangerous gamble was made,
This was just the beginning of the cruel Eureka Stockade.

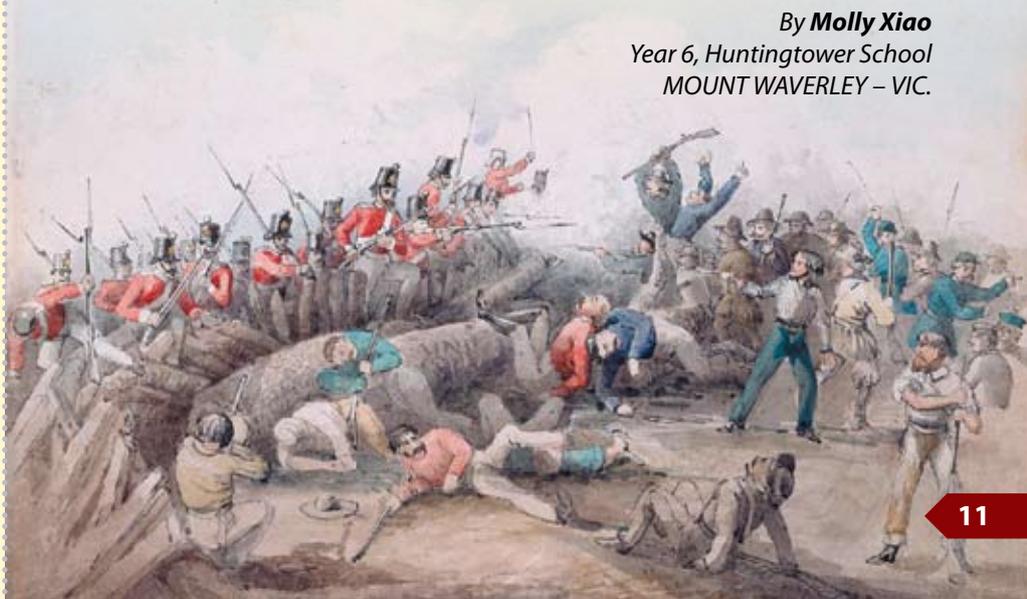
A fee was to be paid if miners were to mine,
Though the government's order went over the peace line.
The miners worked in anger through every dreadful day,
That new fee Hotham made was extremely hard to pay.
Money was not the only problem tossing in their minds,
Not having the right to vote was as bad as being fined.
The miners bond grew stronger as every sun rose high,
The battle was so dangerous that many were to die.

Many weeks flew by and the miners planned smart,
Split into different groups and played different parts.
The Joes came by more frequently to check if the miners were trouble,
This distrust the government showed made the hot atmosphere bubble.
Charles Hotham was the conflict master behind all the patrols,
He ordered all the troopers like he had a remote control.
However, the miners did not expect what the government was going to do,
The Sabbath day was Hotham's date to attack, so miners would have no clue.

On the third of December it was the time to protest hard,
However protest turned to battle when they met the stubborn guards.
People, bayonets, blood and screams were all there at the war,
Many people were falling dead, but still there were more.
The battle ended in fifteen minutes which were like seconds flying by,
The battlefield was wet with blood and soldiers dead they did lie.
Miners and troopers stopped that battle and went to sleep that night,
Knowing that fellow comrades would never see the light.

Thirty miners died and five soldiers dead,
The miners made a flag from fabric to a thread.
The flag had 5 stars just like the Southern Cross,
With a graceful blue background to remember all the loss.
It seemed like Hotham's government won the gruesome campaign,
Since more miners died and many were in pain.
The Eureka Stockade was the government's win that day,
But the war was won by the miners because then they got a say.

By **Molly Xiao**
Year 6, Huntingtower School
MOUNT WAVERLEY – VIC.



Dream Reel

THE boy crashes down the hillside, his small bare feet sliding down the muddy slope. He lands in a heap at the bottom but does not stop for breath. Barely a second later, the only thing left lingering is a small cloud of carbon dioxide, a wisp of ironically breathless fear hanging in the cold night air.

As the boy nears the forest, he throws a quick glance behind him. He can still see them, the men in black, as they walk towards him, through the fog and mist. He wraps his arms to cover his face as the twigs and branches whip at his head and neck. They feel real, all right. The red scratches on his arms are real, and so is the blood that is starting to trickle. But the men are not. Men in white – white long coats, holding metal sticks with thin lipped smiles – tell him they're not real. The boy has a disease. A disease the boy can't spell. A disease his mother doesn't understand. A disease that make the men in white simply shake their heads with pity.

The boy is caught in a dream of reality. How can the men in white say the men in black aren't real? They have been chasing the boy for as long as he can remember. They come closer still as he trips over a loose rock, sending him sprawling. He gropes in the dirt for but a moment before he is on his feet again, running to the other end of the dark forest, towards the silver river.

Just as he nears the edge of the forest, he feels a hand lightly touch his right

shoulder. He whips around only to find that his mind is playing tricks on him – like it has been all his life. The men in black are still silently approaching, just fifty yards off. The boy bursts through the shrubbery at the end of the forest and finds himself at the banks of the silver river.

Curls of mist peel off the surface of the river, evaporating into the black sky above. The pebbles and stones along the river's edge crunch under the boy's feet as he slows down to a walk. The icy air smells clean and crisp but seems tainted by a smell the boy can't quite put a name on. Suddenly, the boy hears a rustle from behind him and he turns on his heel as the men in black emerge from the forest, their vacant, vague gazes floating down towards him. He takes a step backwards. Then another, and another, until he trips and stumbles backwards. He is then on his hands and feet, crawling backwards, trying to get away from the figures that slowly advance on him. He feels his tiny heart fluttering uncontrollably, so easy for them to crush.

He jolts abruptly as he feels the frozen waters of the river reach towards his right hand, as if trying to pull him in. He withdraws his hand and, getting to his feet, turns his back to the men in black and runs alongside the silver river. As he rushes past the never-ending stretch of water, something catches his eye. He halts

at the edge of the river and peers forward. And the men in black are momentarily forgotten.

Barely a foot away from the shoreline, he sees what caught his eye. Long black hair floats around her head. Her limbs are skinny and long, ghostly white. She wears a knee-length dress of pure white. Her head is the only part of her which is not submerged and faces him. The girl is young, her features frozen in the frail moonlight. Her eyes are closed, her lips are thin and blue. She is at peace.

The boy leans further forward and reaches out for her hand in the water. The water wraps around his hand and wrist like a stranger's cold greeting. He entangles her fingers within hers and permits himself a small smile. Suddenly, he feels something clench his hand and yank at his arm. The boy lets out a scream that pierces the night. He looks around for help but even the men in black are gone. The boy lets out another scream, this time it is silent. It is as if the devil has reached the end of the reel and has simply slipped another one in, the boy's torture his amusement. It is only as the boy is dragged in towards that ghostly face that he realises he has only left one nightmare to enter another. It is then at that moment when those dead eyes open and the girl swallows yet another troubled soul.

By **Emma Hartley**

Year 10, Abbotsleigh School
WAHROONGA – NSW



Creative Net



Dear Literacy Educator

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

We also organise literary events for schools. Students pay \$20 + GST and we provide the MC, authors and illustrators for a day which includes three workshops from each of the presenters, a launch, book signings, etc – everything you would expect from a festival, plus free show bags each containing a Ford Street book and merchandise (worth around \$20).

Ask us about our PD seminars for Tls/educators, too. (We organised the two highly successful Keeping Books Alive seminars at the RACV Club.)

We can be contacted by phone on (03) 9481 1120, fax (03) 9481 1123 or email fordstr@internode.on.net

With best wishes

Terrie Saunders
Creative Net

VIC

Goldie Alexander
June Alexander
Krista Bell
Kevin Burgemeestre
Sue Bursztynski
Bernard Caleo
Isobelle Carmody
Margaret Clark
Sherryl Clark
Paul Collins
Michael Connell
Meredith Costain
Justin D'Ath
Graham Davey
Julie Davey
Hazel Edwards
Corinne Fenton
Marjory Gardner
Jacqui Grantford
Robert Greenberg
Susan Halliday
Susan Halliday/Phil Kettle
Leigh Hobbs
Niki Horin
George Ivanoff
Bernadette Kelly
Jackie Kevin
Phil Kettle
Sue Lawson
Virginia Lowe
Felicity Marshall
Lorraine Marwood

Maureen McCarthy
Foz Meadows
Marc McBride
Sean McMullen
Dave O'Neil
Wendy Orr
Michael Panckridge
Julie Perrin
Judith Rossell
Michael Salmon
Claire Saxby
Tony Thompson
Ian Trevaskis
Adam Wallace
Dee White
Mark Wilson

NSW

Deborah Abela
Stephen Axelsen
Dianne Bates
Patricia Bernard
Jess Black
Jenny Blackford
Russell Blackford
Charlotte Calder
Jill Carter-Hansen
Chris Cheng
Wai Ping Chim
Laurine Croasdale
Aleesah Darlison
Melaina Faranda
Serena Geddes
Susanne Gervay

Pip Harry
Michelle Heeter
Nette Hilton
Peter Klein
Jan Latta
Nathan Luff
Sophie Masson
Jeni Mawter
Kim Miller
Lewis Morley
Louise Park
Felicity Pulman
Moya Simons
Paul Stafford
Shane Thamm
Lesley Vamos

WA

Cristy Burne
Mark Greenwood
Frané Lessac
Sally Murphy
Teena Raffa-Mulligan
Veronica Rooke
Den Scheer

SA

Ben Chandler
Katrina Germein
Phillip Gwynne
Sally Heinrich
Heather Taylor Johnson
Claire Richards
Kristin Weidenbach

TAS

Christina Booth
Kate Gordon
Steve Isham
Sally Odgers

QLD

Kathryn Apel
Peter Carnavas
Brian Falkner
JE Fison
Katrina Germein
Sheryl Gwyther
Elaine Ouston
Marianne de Pierres
Dimitry Powell
Angela Sunde
Michelle Worthington

NT

Leonie Norrington

ACT

Tania McCartney
Stephanie Owen-Reeder
Tracey Hawkins

For a full list of our authors and illustrators check out our website at www.fordstreetpublishing.com/cnet



CATERPILLARS

MY hand tightly gripped around it, sweat accumulated in my palms, tears welled in my eyes and my breathing palpitated. Nausea crept up from my stomach and rested in my throat, clearly waiting to leave.

I perused the vicinity – the white barbed wire fence enclosing the nation, towering above like a menacingly voracious monster, the desperate and desolate wailing of the wind and the dilapidated buildings strewn across the place. I inhaled. My finger hooked around the base of the trigger, I closed my eyes... One. Two. Three. Bang, they fell to the ground, bang they were dead.

My eyes opened. I exhaled and watched as tiny ghosts bolted from the restraints of my mouth. I stared at the white metal fence their heads leant against, the one that surrounded the whole nation. This place was a gaol. My eyes shifted across the raven blankets snugly wrapped around their bodies and the pool of faecal coloured fluid that seeped from within. The sight was unbearable; their haphazardly strewn bodies emulated an ugly mosaic, a mosaic of death. The amaranths dancing in the breeze had me mesmerised as I listened to their soft lullaby.

There was a Caterpillar on one, an extremely ugly black one. It was devouring the beautiful plant, mutilating the complete essence of it. So I killed it. Caterpillars are deadly.

I looked up to the sky – to those pregnant footless sheep sluggishly drifting past, emptying the contents of their bowels. Either that or they were simply crying. It seemed to me like I needed to do the same.

I gazed down at the Caterpillars' flaccid and coiled up emaciated bodies. Their small rounded heads, tiny legs, soft curvaceous bodies and the impression of serenity on their faces. If only it were. Then my gaze shifted over their eyes, those bottomless pits of curiosity I will never ever discover.

Languidly kneeling down I moved in close to one of them and brushed aside the hair from his face. Then I really looked at him. I looked and I saw, I saw the scars etched into his face, the bruises and the pain his small body endured and the hurt I had just inflicted to everyone he loved. I traced the contours of his face, and then planted a kiss on his frozen mouth.

As I continued to scan the panorama, the voices of those I served and obeyed so willingly eddied in my head: You must kill these ones, they're caterpillars; pests. Caterpillars are deadly, you know, and we only want Butterflies. "You don't simply murder caterpillars and expect butterflies", the clouds whispered. "Our world doesn't work like that." I did know, but did I believe?

The wind blew viciously across my face and chilled me to the bone. It felt as if my bones were frozen and in the next movement, they'd break off like ice. I was so cold. Blood trickled down from the crevices the metal had dug into my palms and with every movement my body writhed in pain. It felt somewhat uncomfortable as the baby Caterpillars wriggled in my back, this way and that. But I wouldn't let them go this time. It was up to me to save them. My eyes misted over and the tears streamed down and down, the type of tears partnered with mucus and coughing.

Crying in a way is like rain – the moisture wells in those bottomless pits and the dew from yesterday's rain dries up. Then the sun appears, a brief moment of satisfaction, but then it disappears, replaced by those footless sheep. Those pregnant things, waiting motionlessly, to empty their bulging stomachs. And then the thunder claps, signalling that it's time. And it rains, and rains, and rains. The rain washes away everything, the mud, the leaves, the worms, the Caterpillars, and then everything is clean. Because there is nothing left – nothing to feel, nothing to hold, nothing to love. But that's okay, because the Caterpillars always come back, and so does the rain.

I was melting into the fence with every upward effort, somehow becoming one with it. The Caterpillars started wailing, a sharp piercing sound that sliced through me deeper than the wind. They convulsed and their moisture dampened my clothing.

Not long now, I constantly told myself, all will be well. It was my mantra. All will be well. All will be well. I wished I could believe it; that things weren't the way that they were. And so I too climbed, simply because in doing so, I was convinced it was for the greater good; that I was doing the right thing.

Bang, bang, I heard gunshots from below, someone was here. The wailing grew louder and stronger, until suddenly there was no wailing at all, just an amaranthine silence that consumed the night. The Caterpillars fell to the ground, like the leaves do in the autumn.

I had failed. Up here the barbed wire cut so deep into my palms that my hands were enveloped in a thick layer of blood. A displeasing odour wafted from the direction of the Caterpillars. The odour of death. You'd think I'd be used to it by now. It circled above my head, threatening to suffocate me. I had failed. My fingers slid from the wire and then I was falling. Deeper and deeper into the abyss below. I walked into this life blind, blinded by my desire to conform, my desire to be one of them.

I was greeted by sugar-coated words, flowing like sweet honey from the lips of my makers, and all was well. Until it wasn't. I'd decided that I'd had enough, and attempted to walk out. All I did was allow myself and the Caterpillars, to get bruised and imploded. Our hearts were missing – presumed dead. I tried to escape with them – I ran, I hid, and I climbed – so high only to fall back down again. This continued until the sickening realisation – once you're a Caterpillar, you're always a Caterpillar, and once you're sucked into the abyss, there's no way out. Ever. I am a Caterpillar.

I picked up the amaranth and watched as another Caterpillar slothfully crawled across it, munching on the leaves as it traversed. It was black, and extremely beautiful. A chrysalis had attached itself to the bottom of the petal, holding on for dear life. The flower escaped the duress of my fingers and landed delicately on the ground. At that same moment, a butterfly fled from the confines of the chrysalis and fluttered into the night. The sheep stopped crying.

The problem with our world is, we kill all of the Caterpillars, and then ignorantly, we complain that there are no more Butterflies.

By **Prisca Ochan**

Year 9, Mansfield State High School
MANSFIELD – QLD.



THE air smelt damp and foul. Just a hint of smell of corpses wafted in the air. I was paralysed. My companion, my friend, Kathy stood beside me. She was like a marble statue as well. We were having a walk in the ever so familiar woods until we got lost. Now here we were, standing on a hill facing a horrible sight.

There was a garden of graves. The trees were bony skeletons, completely bare of leaves. There was a cracked and faceless marble statue. But the thing that stood in the middle which caught our eyes immediately was the dilapidated house. Most of it had crumbled down and the roof, which had turned a dirty blue from aging, was very old and dusty, but unbroken. This house sent a shiver down my spine. It somehow looked strangely familiar. Then my brain snapped into focus. I made no hesitation to run with Kathy at my tail. To our horror,

the trees began stretching out its leafless branches and twigs and began pulling us back. I caught a glimpse deeper down into the woods. Suddenly, I realised. This house was... Kathy's house?! But then why did it look so old? And where was my house? I was her next-door neighbour!

Kathy suddenly shrieked and I glanced quickly at her, shocked. What was it? I suddenly realised the trees were also disturbed by Kathy's scream and loosened their grip on us. I freed myself and raced after Kathy, who was making her way towards the house. Well, I guess there's no choice. I was pretty curious anyway. When we were both at the doorstep, the door creaked open creepily by itself. Whoa! As soon as the door opened, millions of spiders, humongous and miniscule. We tried our best to tread through them and finally escaped with a few tiny spiders clinging to our sneakers. We shook them off and crept deeper into the house. Suddenly, a cloud of bats flew right into

our faces. I've decided, I have had enough of this. Well, who wouldn't? This house has absolutely no possibility of being Kathy's. Well, I guess it's 'Never judge anything by its exterior'? I grabbed Kathy, ran out of the doorway and slammed the door on the wrinkly hands of two zombies (which somewhat did look like Kathy's parents... strange). Well of course they weren't!

We started to race to an area clear of trees, and caught sight of our neighbourhood. Kathy and I started to run faster and right into our warm and inviting street. I almost collapsed from relief. Home sweet home!

One day, when Kathy and I were hanging out in the park, I did catch a glimpse of a rather large spider...

By **Jessica Zhang**

Year 6, Hurstville Public School
HURSTVILLE – NSW

The Haunted House



Writing A Fantasy Novel in Twelve Easy Steps

by Paul Collins

THE most notorious question authors get asked is: 'Where do you get your ideas?' A lot of fiction is based around anecdotes – that is, things that happen to us in real life. But how to explain where ideas for fantasy novels come from? I pondered this aspect and realised that the 12 point structure of fantasy is as good a place as any to explain how authors write humongous tomes. Yes, imagination features heavily, but once writers answer the fundamental questions in the 12 point structure of fantasy, they're well on their way to writing their own fantasy novels.

So this is how it all works:

The hero's journey proceeds in stages – leaping from their Ordinary World out into the unknown. Eventually, they find their

way back home again. During the course of the journey, the hero makes friends and meets foes who help or hinder the rite of passage: this refers to a stage in the journey of life, one that's difficult and often traumatic, but will affect everything that comes after. The most significant rite-of-passage for humans is the transition from childhood/adolescence into adulthood.

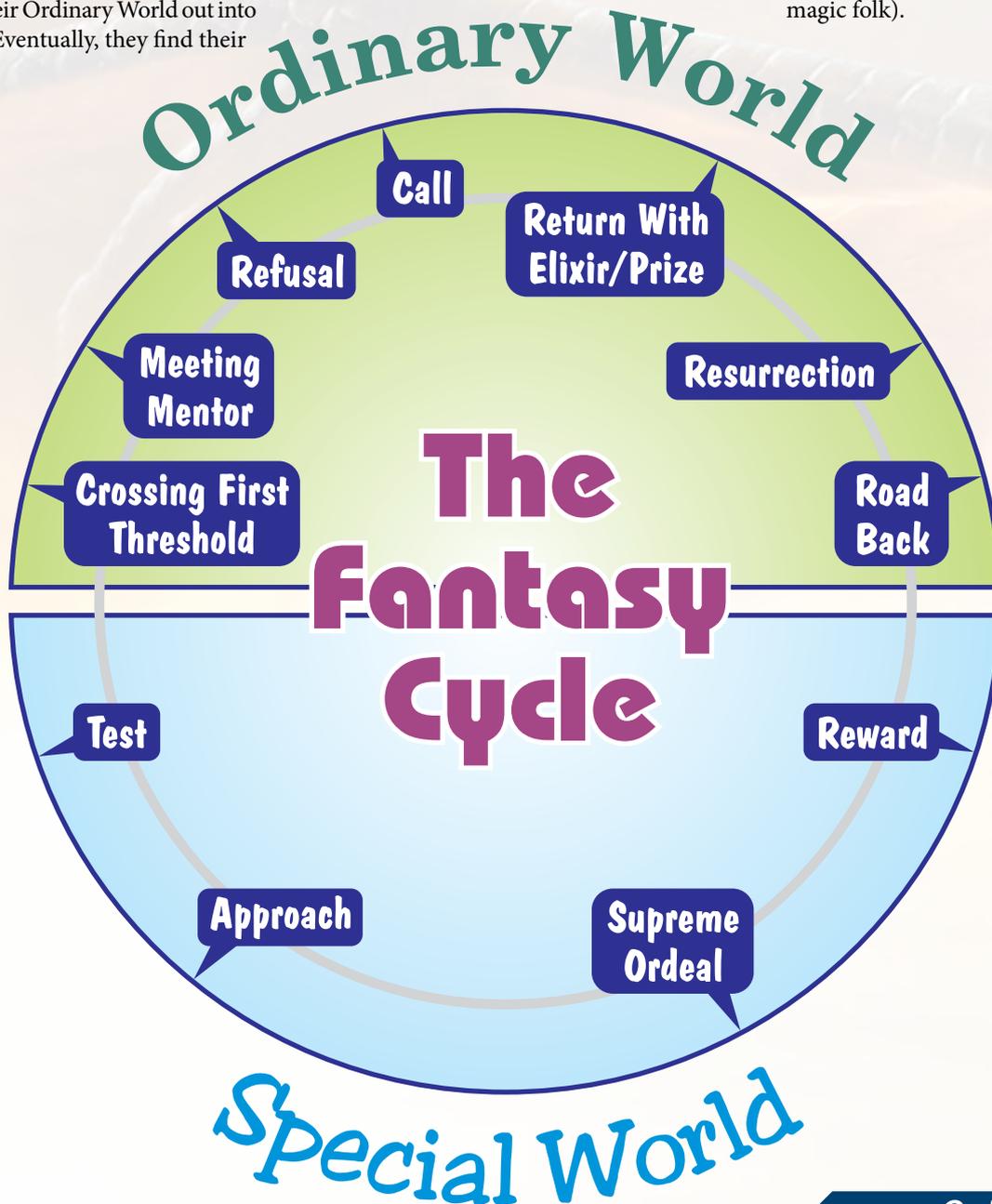
Fantasy stories attempt to emulate this journey. The process is universal and happens to us all. We leave home; this is sometimes scary or exciting and can be both. We leave our ordinary world – our comfort zone, the world of our familiar childhood – to venture out

into the unknown, referred to in the 'structure' as the Special World. In smaller ways, this journey is repeated again and again throughout our lives. This mythic journey is the underlying structure of most successful fantasy plots.

This is how it works for *Star Wars* and *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone*. I'll add my own fantasy novel *Dragonlinks* from *The Jelindel Chronicles* as a comparison.

1. Ordinary World. This is the beginning of most fantasy novels and films:

- HARRY POTTER: Living with his horrible Aunt, Uncle and cousin Dudley (they're all muggles = non-magic folk).



- JELINDEL: She's anticipating a feast and playing. Her world is safe, and, to her, 'normal'.
- STAR WARS: We see Luke totally bored with the idea of being a farmer, and resentful of his drab fate. He argues with his uncle (the 'farmer').

Can you think of other beginnings from books you've read? Are they the same situation as I've mentioned above?

★ ★ ★

2. Call to Adventure. An event gets the hero/ine on the road to adventure.

- HARRY: He receives a flood of letters, some delivered by owls (some inside eggs). This 'call to adventure' section is completed when Hagrid tells Harry he's a wizard and that he's off to Hogwarts, a school for wizards & witches.
- JELINDEL: She's driven from her home by the assassination of her family and the fire and must survive on the streets of D'loom. This is the FIRST CALL. The SECOND CALL is when she and her companions are forced to flee D'loom.
- LUKE SKYWALKER: He sees the hologram of a desperate Princess Leia calling for help. Obi Wan Kenobi then asks Luke to join in the 'quest' to rescue her and fight the Empire.

Think of other examples.

★ ★ ★

3. Refusal to the Call. The hero/ine doesn't want to leave their home (their 'ordinary life', their comfort zone).

- HARRY: This has two aspects here. One, his uncle and aunt refuse to let him go and become a wizard (so sometimes the refusal can be manifested externally). Two, he's reluctant to believe that he is a wizard, thinks there must have been a mistake and – in the book – wakes the next morning sure it's all been a dream, because nothing that wonderful could have happened to him.
- JELINDEL: There's a twist here. Everything's been destroyed. Jelindel has no reason to refuse. But she needs the adventure on some level – to come

into her own. But having said that, she's still scared, fearful of what will become of her, of how she'll survive.

- LUKE SKYWALKER: He refuses Obi Wan's call to adventure. Says he has responsibilities to his uncle and aunt. He returns to the farm to find them all dead, killed by Empire Stormtroopers. Now he has nothing to stop him, and the fight just became personal.

Can you think of other characters who refuse that first call to adventure, and why?

★ ★ ★

4. Meeting the Mentor: This is usually a bearded 'wise man' or else a 'wise old woman'. They always make their appearance at this point of the book. Their main role in the book is to give the main character a kick up the bum to get them on their road to adventure.

- HARRY: His mentor is Hagrid – reassures him that he really is a wizard, that he'll probably be a good one, and takes him shopping for supplies, including his wand. (First of several mentors or 'father figures'.)
- JELINDEL: She meets Zimak who teaches her kick-fist.
- LUKE: Obi Wan Kenobi.

Who else from your favourite books is a good mentor?

★ ★ ★

5. Crossing the first threshold. Sometimes there's a special vehicle in which the character leaves their ordinary world and enters the 'special' world of their adventure. There doesn't have to be a 'vehicle', though.

- HARRY: Platform 9¾ & Hogwart's Express (the entire train journey is this threshold).
- JELINDEL: Crosses this boundary when she decides to go after the dragonlinks.
- LUKE: Initially the bar scene on Tatooine, but this is part of an entire 'threshold sequence' which continues with Luke's encounter with

stormtroopers, and his escape on Millennium Falcon with Obi Wan and Han Solo.

Other examples? Think of the Nania books, Alice in Wonderland. Sometimes mirrors or lakes are 'vehicles'.

★ ★ ★

6. Tests, Allies and Enemies: This is where we'll meet the hero/ine's companions and enemies. Note that 'friends' = 'allies'.

- HARRY'S TESTS: Sorting Hat (he chooses Gryffindor, not Slytherin); choosing the right friends (not Malfoy!); breaking rules; lessons in magic; learning to fly a broomstick.
- HARRY POTTER'S FRIENDS: Ron and Hermione.
- HARRY POTTER'S ENEMIES: Same-age enemies: Malfoy, Goyle & Crabbe. Adult enemies: Professor Snape; and Professor Quirrel in Bk. 1 (and many enemies in other books). Ultimate Major Enemy: Lord Voldemort (aka Tom Riddle).
- JELINDEL'S TESTS: Survives on her own, gets a job as a scribe, a place to live. Then survives various adversaries and learns about her companions.
- JELINDEL'S FRIENDS: Daretor & Zimak.
- JELINDEL'S ENEMIES: The Preceptor, Fa'red and others.
- LUKE'S TESTS: Cantina: a major alliance is made (with Han Solo). Luke gets a taste of this new world and is tested here. On the Falcon, he must learn the ways of the Force (fighting blindfolded, too).
- LUKE'S FRIENDS: Han Solo, Princess Leia, C3PO & R2D2.
- LUKE'S ENEMIES: Darth Vader, stormtroopers, Grand Moff Tarkin (Commander of the Death Star and Regional Governor).

Think of your favourite fantasy novels and remember the main character's friends/allies and enemies.

Continued on page 18

Continued from page 17

7. Approach to the Heart of the Journey:

This is where the main character approaches the climax of the story. Bear in mind fantasy is mostly about a quest.

- HARRY: Harry & Co struggle through all the spells protecting the Philosopher's Stone.
- JELINDEL: Valley of Clouds; fighting paraworld beasts; someone tries to kill her.
- LUKE: Luke & Co are drawn inside the Death Star, where they will face Darth Vader and rescue Princess Leia.

Think of your favourite fantasy novel and come up with the 'approach' scene.

★ ★ ★

8. The (Supreme/Central) Ordeal: This usually involves a 'death and rebirth' element, either apparent, 'real', or symbolic. This scene also sometimes includes a brush with death and maybe an apparent 'death'.

- HARRY: Harry enters the Forbidden Forest as punishment and is confronted by Lord Voldemort who very nearly kills him (having just killed a unicorn for its blood).
- JELINDEL: She nearly dies but is saved by a 'demon'.
- LUKE: He rescues Princess Leia but is trapped in the garbage compactor and appears to have been killed (drowned and/or crushed by snake-like creature).

What's your favourite 'big scene' from the fantasy novels you've read?

★ ★ ★

9. Reward (Seizing the Sword): What was their Quest? By now they will have accomplished it, although the journey isn't over yet!

- HARRY: The reward is often knowledge. Here, Harry has learnt that it's really Lord Voldemort who's after the Philosopher's Stone. A vital piece of information.

- JELINDEL: Learns about the links from the 'demon' and finds a flying craft.
- LUKE: Luke rescues Princess Leia and captures the plans of the Death Star, providing the possibility of destroying it.

Jot down some rewards that other heroes/acquires in your favourite fantasy books.

★ ★ ★

10. The Road Back (Prelude to the Final Climax): They're not out of danger yet! This is where they do something to make sure there is a safe home to go back to, even if they personally never live to see it. (As in war, people often sacrifice themselves so that others may live, or live a normal life.)

- HARRY: Discovers Professor Dumbledore has left Hogwarts (temporarily) which means Voldemort will try for the Stone. They have to get past Fluffy, flying keys, a deadly game of chess, and more, to save the Philosopher's Stone.
- JELINDEL: Fights Korok, an alien. Must deal with Daretor & Zimak.
- LUKE: They escape the Death Star with the plans, then prepare for the final battle and, hopefully, a return to the Ordinary World (without the threat of the Death Star hanging over it). Meanwhile, the Death Star moves towards them, intending to destroy them.

Think of some good scenes from journeys back home.

★ ★ ★

11. Climax/Resurrection: This is like the final exam or test, when everything will come to a head, and all will be lost or won. It may contain another death-and-rebirth scene (some final element in the character 'dies' sometimes, the last vestige of 'childhood'). As in horror books, the villain sometimes comes back from the apparent 'death' to have one last crack at the main character.

- HARRY: Faces Professor Quirrel deep under Hogwarts. Quirrel turns out to

be 'carrying' Lord Voldemort, who demands the Philosopher's Stone and threatens to kill Harry.

- JELINDEL: Fights the mailshirt entity and nearly loses. She is saved by a kind of cynicism, which she has learnt upon the way (i.e. it's always a good idea to keep a way out of any situation).
- LUKE: Running the gauntlet of guns and attack ships, the rebel pilots try to score the shot that will destroy the Death Star. Only Luke, using the Force – and trusting himself to do so – is able to achieve this (the intuitive human capacity succeeds, when all the computing machinery fails). The Death Star is destroyed.

Can you think of a book where the villain, thought dead, comes back to life? Or a powerful climactic moment in which all could be won or lost? Both?

★ ★ ★

12. Return with the Elixir/Reward. This is the outcome, the conclusion of the book.

- HARRY: He's thwarted Voldemort (for now). Returns to the Dursleys with photos of Mum and Dad and feels as though he really does have a home.
- JELINDEL: Like Frodo from Lord of the Rings, Jelindel has saved the world from a terrible evil but at great cost to her and others. (Lost family; had to grow up really fast. She banishes her companions to a paraworld despite caring for them.)
- LUKE: He and his friends receive medals and are honoured. Han Solo is less arrogant and more willing to work cooperatively. Peace and safety is restored to the Galaxy.

★ ★ ★



Star Wars and how the plot relates to Harry Potter

Luke Skywalker is an orphan living with his uncle and aunt **on the remote wilderness of Tatooine.**
Harry Potter **in suburbia.**

He is rescued from **aliens** by wise, bearded **Ben Kenobi,** who turns out to be a **Jedi Knight.**
muggles **Hagrid,** **wizard.**

Ben reveals to **Luke** that **Luke's** father was also a **Jedi Knight,**
Hagrid **Harry** **Harry's** **wizard,**
and was the best **pilot** he had ever seen.
Quidditch player

Luke is also instructed in how to use a **Jedi light sabre** as he too trains to become a **Jedi.**
Harry **magic wand** **wizard.**

Luke has many adventures in **the Galaxy** and makes new friends such as **Han Solo** and **Princess Leia.**
Harry **Hogwarts** **Ron** **Hermoine.**

In the course of these adventures he distinguishes himself as a top **X-wing pilot** in the battle of
the Death Star, making the direct hit that secures **the rebels' victory against**
Quidditch match, **Gryffindor's** **Slytherin.**

Luke also sees off the threat of **Darth Vader,** who we know murdered his **uncle and aunt.**
Harry **Lord Voldemort,** **parents.**

In the finale, **Luke** and his new friends **receive medals of valour.**
Harry **win the House Cup.**

Author Paul Collins

Paul gives this *Creating a World* workshop to everyone from grade five through to adults. Request him for your school or public library! Email Creative Net Speakers' Agency at fordstr@internode.on.net.

Paul's 140+ books for young people include series such as *The Jelindel Chronicles*, *The Earthborn Wars*, *The Quentaris Chronicles* and *The World of Grrym* in collaboration with Danny Willis. His latest series is *The Maximus Black Files*. *Mole Hunt* and *Dyson's Drop* are in the shops now.

The trailers are available here: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3S-eKDYqpEs> and http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=n4tTn_WXCiw
He is also the author of over 140 short stories.

Paul has been the recipient of the A Bertram Chandler, Aurealis, William Atheling and Peter McNamara awards and has been shortlisted for many others including the Speech Pathology, Mary Grant Bruce, Ditmar and Chronos awards.

Visit Paul at www.paulcollins.com.au

Not an Average Day



THE young boy who witnessed what happened was there purely because of bad luck and he had been fortunate to survive while others hadn't. It was only his second week of sweeping the post World War One streets of Manhattan and he had desperately needed the job to provide for his younger siblings. His parents had lost both their money and lives when the stock market collapsed, leaving him in charge of the family when he was only thirteen. To people who might happen to come across him, they would see a pale, thin boy with mousy brown hair and slouched shoulders dressed in dirty overalls which were too small for him.

Almost exactly at the same time, three weeks ago, at one pm, the boy had been cleaning the streets outside a five star hotel since four am when suddenly a man carrying a suitcase bumped into him. Both the boy and the man fell to the concrete and the man's suitcase popped open, revealing several long, thin objects which were wrapped in brown paper. The moment the man saw his open case, his

jaw dropped and his eyes looked like they were about to burst out of their sockets. The boy got to his feet and picked up one of the packages.

"I'm really sorry sir, do you need any help?" the boy asked. The man glared at him and swiped the package from the boy in a flash. The man stood up and the boy was able to get a proper look at him. The stranger wasn't tall, but the boy found him rather intimidating. The man was bold and had a face covered by scars and bruises. Some were quite old while others were much more recent. The stranger wore a night black coat over a grey suit that looked quite shabby. The man started to frantically stuff the rest of the brown packages back into his case while his head was whipping back and forth, looking to see if anyone had witnessed what had happened. The boy managed to tear his gaze from the man and looked around to see if anyone had noticed what had transpired.

The street seemed rather quiet for a normal Manhattan afternoon. There were three

police officers across the road talking to a woman in a pink dress. There were several wealthy looking businessmen walking down the street towards the boy and a gang of laughing children that were chasing after a large dog around the front doors of the hotel. The boy looked back and saw the stranger running down the street as fast as his legs could carry him. The boy was about to leave when he saw that the man had left a package behind. Full of curiosity, the boy picked up the package, opened it and gasped in surprise. In his arms lay a green glass bottle of booze.

How could he have been so thick? The reason why the man was nervous as hell was because he was in possession of illegal booze. Booze had been banned in America after World War One so gangs in New York declared war on each other for control of the illegal trade of booze. People caught with it could be sent to gaol as punishment.

'What should I do?' thought the boy who didn't want to get involved with murderous

gangsters. The group of officers were still standing near the other side of the road. He should tell them. Let them handle it.

The boy ran towards the officers, waving the bottle over his head with one hand and pointing his hand at the stranger, yelling, "Excuse me sirs, the man I just met wearing the black coat is smuggling booze. He dropped this bottle and he's trying to make a run for it!" The officers glared at him and saw the bottle and immediately knew this was no dumb kid playing a prank. They looked in the direction the boy was pointing and saw the man, who realised he'd been seen and began to run even faster than before. The officers ran past the boy and onto the road, shouting at the man to stop, leaving the boy at the side of the road.

The boy's earlier terror about running into a gangster was gone and replaced by excitement. He could feel the electrifying thrill running through his veins and he knew that he had to see how this ended. The boy ran after the police officers who were gaining on the smuggler. The smuggler drew a revolver and fired a shot at his pursuers, who returned fire with their revolvers. People nearby heard the shots and fled in panic. The boy heard a howl of pain and saw one of the businessmen fall, blood flying from his chest. The other businessmen scattered, ignoring their wounded companion. The smuggler

adjusted his aim, letting off three shots at the police who ducked behind a parked car for cover. The boy thought it was a good idea so he followed suit. One of the officers saw him and shouted "Hey kid. Get down and stay down!" The boy happily obliged.

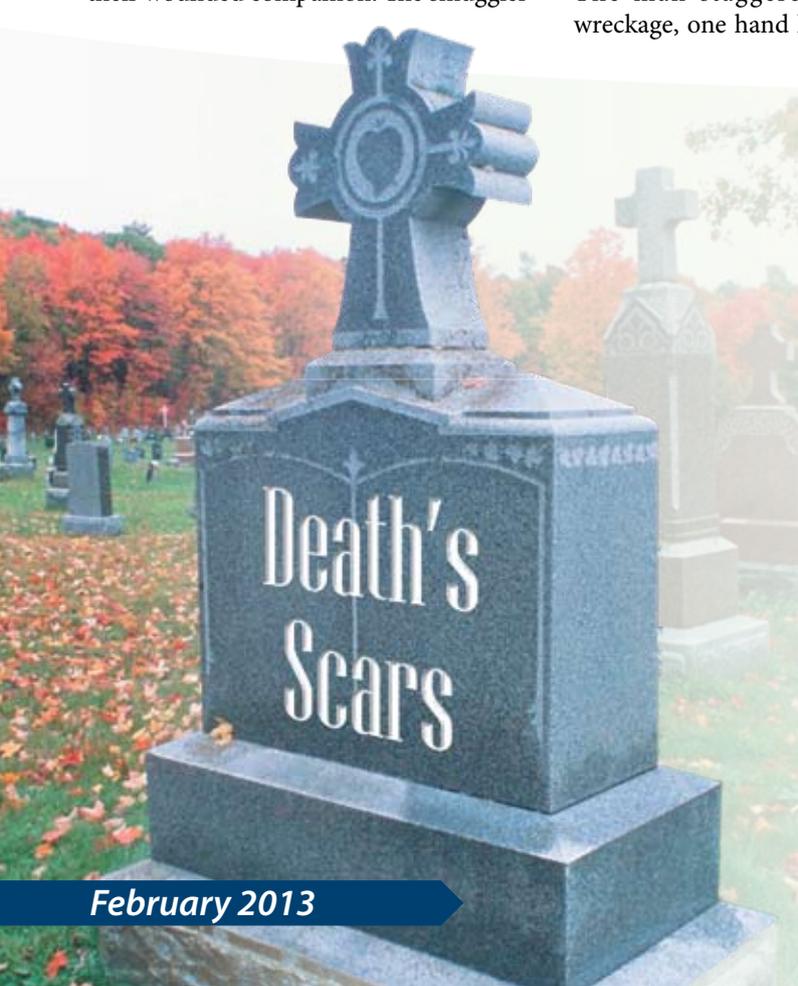
The smuggler fired another shot at the police, but missed and hit the woman in the pink dress. The man suddenly changed direction and ran onto the road. He stopped in front of a taxi, revolver aimed at the windshield and screaming at the driver to get out. The driver quickly got out and obviously wasn't too happy about being carjacked, shouting at his attacker to get lost. The gangster fired, hitting the driver in the head and spraying his blood on the car. The boy gasped in fright, feeling adrenaline pumping through his bloodstream. The gangster stepped over the body and got into the car and began to drive away. The police opened fire on the taxi, bullets piercing the windshield and blowing out one of the tyres. The taxi lost control, zigzagging left and right before finally going onto the sidewalk. The boy could see the man through the cracked windshield, wrestling with the steering wheel. The taxi shot down the sidewalk like a bullet, knocking down garbage bins and unlucky bystanders before crashing into a tree less than three metres away from where the boy was hiding.

The man staggered away from the wreckage, one hand holding his revolver

while the other held a handkerchief against his head which was bleeding. He appeared completely unaware of his surroundings, waving his revolver arm back and forth randomly while his eyes were completely unfocused. The boy watched as the police ran towards the man and tackled him to the ground, shouting "Lay down on the ground now or we'll shoot!". The smuggler managed to get one arm free and struck one of the officers with his revolver, knocking him back. Before the other two officers could respond, the smuggler shot one of them in the leg. The officer fell onto his back, his hands clamped over his gunshot wound. The remaining officer wrestled with the man on the ground for control of the revolver. The man drove his fist into the officer's stomach, making him lose his grip on the gun. In what seemed like slow motion to the boy, the gangster got his feet, blood running down his face and eyes full of anger, raised his gun and pointed it at the officer. The boy reacted quickly. Before he even realised what he was doing, he jumped to his feet, ran towards the man and kicked him in the groin, making him bend over in pain. The officers reacted quickly, one dragged the boy away while the other two crash tackled the smuggler and slapped a pair handcuffs on him. The two men aggressively pulled the man to his feet and hauled him away.

By Jamie Creswell

*Year 10, Rouse Hill Anglican College
ROUSE HILL – NSW*



Death is gripping at my chest, reaching for my heart,
Clutching at my limbs, determined to tear me apart,
I can feel its wrath; it's dark and pernicious,
Holding secrets, twisted and suspicious,
It lets them free and in me it confides,
I try so very hard to push the heartache aside,
Yet it persists to drag me deeper and down,
Into this solid, solitary ground,
I scream and I yell but there's no one to tell,
Of a life I might spend in a loathsome hell,
But I won't let it happen; I'll rebel until the end,
For my life and my soul, I'll attack and defend
Death has no mercy; it will bend you to its will,
But you need to have courage, to fight through and still,
To be able to open your eyes and examine the stars,
To feel blessed and free and rid of Death's scars.

By Adrian Harper-Gomm

*Year 10, Kambrya College
BERWICK – VIC.
Teacher: Miss Sarah Day*

How The Highway Was Invented

(my story)

A LONG time ago, before TV but after dinosaurs, there lived a man called Edward and his friend called Worten. Ever since they turned twenty they had wanted to be inventors. They spent all of their days down in their 'lab' creating blueprints for some crazy schemes. They had a plan for something called a porta potty, a cinema and a book made of colourful paper.

That night, Edward woke up, drenched in sweat. "I know what we can make!", he smiled, "a big road on which carriages may trot along! It can be high and a new way of carrying transportation!!!" he exclaimed.

"What shall we name this marvellous road of high transportation?" Worten asked with a gleam in his eye.

"WE SHALL CALL IT THE EDWORT!" Edward said as he jumped out of the bed and started on the prints.

By morning it was finished and in a week it was made by super, speedy builders. Soon people were saying, "It's my way or the Edwort" and songs were released called "Edwort to Hell". It was worldwide!!!! After several months of this, one man decided to make a big decision and change the name of the Edwort. He went to the city council and said, "Hello, I am here to launch a complaint about the Edwort. We should change the name to the Highway!".

"Why?" asked the council worker.

"Because it rhymes with my way!" the man said proudly.

"So it does! How are you so smart?" the council man asked. "Because I went to school!" the man said. He left singing "I'M ON THE EDWORT TO HELL!!!!".

By **April Speakman**

Year 6, Fahan School
SANDY BAY – TAS.
Teacher: Amanda Beltz



In a Classroom

Shouting, screeching
Murmuring, whispering
Drinking, eating
Talking and shunning
In a classroom

Silent gawking
Brains are working
Wheels in heads are turning
The hands are up
In a test
In a classroom

Sighing, staring
Squeals escaping
Water gushes
From a now empty bottle
In the middle of a question
In a test
In a classroom

Soaking paper
Someone is celebrating
No more test
For the one who's bottle
Emptied
In a 'catastrophe'
In the middle of a question
In a test
In a classroom

Their thoughts aren't there
At the test
It is up in the clouds
An arm, a head rest
For the one who's
Test stares them down
While soaking wet
On the table
In a 'catastrophe'
In the middle of a question
In a test
In a classroom

The bell has gone
Footsteps rush
Away from the kryptonite
That made them
Shriek at the sight
Of words on paper
On the table
In a 'catastrophe'
In the middle of a question
In a test
That happened at a classroom
That is now five kilometres away

By **Gabrielle Mahon**
Year 6, Methodist Ladies' College
KEW – VIC.
Teacher: Jo Ryan

Ambassadors

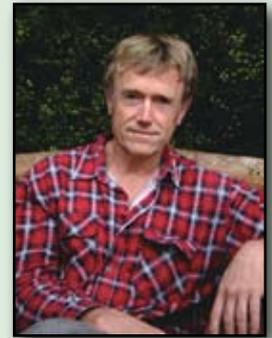


☺ **Krista Bell** is an award-winning author of twenty-one books for young readers. Krista has been professionally involved in children's literature for over thirty years, as well as being the mother of three sons, all of whom are good readers and writers! Krista's middle son, Damien, is the illustrator of her junior novels. Having grown up in Sydney, Krista had her own bookshop, was a publicist for a publishing company, then a book reviewer on ABC Radio for fifteen years, and during that time moved to Melbourne with her family.

It was in Melbourne that her first book, *JEZZA*, a picture book illustrated by Kym Lardner, was published in 1991. Krista calls the way she writes FIBTION, because she takes real life experiences, embroiders them with fibs and turns them into stories.

Krista lives with her sons and transport planner husband next to a railway line so she can quickly catch a train to the MCG to watch a football match, or go to the theatre, a concert or the National Gallery in town, or visit South Bank or Federation Square where she can be a professional "stickybeak", collecting story ideas. Visit www.kristabell.com.

Paul Collins was born in England, raised in New Zealand and moved to Australia in 1972. In 1975 he launched *Void*, the first professional science fiction magazine Australia had seen since the demise of the joint Australian and British production *Vision of Tomorrow*. His first fantasy novel for younger readers was *The Wizard's Torment*. Paul then edited the young adult anthology *Dream Weavers*, Australia's first heroic fantasy anthology ever. This was followed by *Fantastic Worlds*, and *Tales from the Wasteland*. Paul's recent works include the highly successful fantasy series (co-edited with Michael Pryor), *The Quentaris Chronicles*, to which Paul also contributes titles (*Swords of Quentaris*, *Slaves of Quentaris*, *Princess of Shadows* and *Dragonlords of Quentaris*); *The Jelindel Chronicles*, in which *Dragonlinks* was the first title, and *The Earthborn Wars* trilogy, of which *The Earthborn* was the first title. Visit www.paulcollins.com.au for more. ☺



☺ **Anna Ciddor** has always been fascinated by the question, 'What if I lived in another time or place?'. She changed career from maths teacher to author so she'd have the excuse to spend lots of time doing research. She has written and illustrated over fifty books, including the highly popular and exciting Viking Magic trilogy: *Runestone*, *Wolfspell* and *Stormriders*. Bravery, friendship, and a dash of magic are the keys to these adventure stories, which are based on real Viking history. *Runestone* was chosen as a Children's Book Council Notable Book in 2003 and has been shortlisted for many awards. You can find out more about Anna and her books at www.annaciddor.com.

Anna keeps in touch with her readers through school visits and her website, but she is also keen to encourage the writing efforts of budding young authors through the Young Australian Writers' Awards.

Meredith Costain lives in Melbourne with a menagerie of pets: five chooks, a cat, a kelpie and a red heeler, which often feature in her stories. Her work ranges from picture books through to popular fiction and non-fiction for older readers, and she is the literary editor of national children's magazines *Challenge*, *Explore* and *Comet*. Meredith's books include the series *A Year in Girl Hell*, *Dog Squad*, *Bed Tails* and *Musical Harriet*, which was adapted for television by the ABC. Her picture book *Doodledum Dancing*, illustrated by Pamela Allen, was an Honour Book in the 2007 Children's Book Council of Australia awards.

Meredith regularly presents writing workshops for kids and adults in libraries and schools, and enjoys helping writers create stories based on their own experiences. To find out more about her books, pets and early writing years, visit www.meredithcostain.com. ☺



☺ **Jeni Mawter** (J.A. Mawter) is the best-selling children's author of the hilarious 'So' series: *So Gross!*, *So Feral!*, *So Sick!*, *So Festy!*, *So Grotty!* and *So Stinky!* (HarperCollins) as well as the Freewheelers adventure series: *Unleashed!*, *Launched!* and *Extreme!* (HarperCollins). Jeni's picture book *There's a Sun Fairy in Our Garden* was based on her family life with her three children. She has also published fiction, non-fiction, poetry and verse narrative for the education market.

Jeni's enthusiasm for words and books is infectious. She inspires both children and adults. With a Master of Arts in Children's Literature Jeni has taught creative writing at Macquarie University, the NSW Writer's Centre and the Sydney Writers Centre. She presents at numerous other schools, conferences and festivals and is a speaker for the Lateral Learning, Show & Tell and Speaker's Ink speaker's agencies.

If you'd like to find about Jeni's books or to get some hot writing tips please visit www.jenimawter.com

Young Australian Art & Writers' Awards

2012

The BIC Young Australian Writer of the Year Award



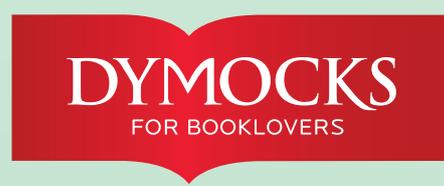
MATTHEW HARPER-GOMM
Kambrya College, Berwick, Vic.



◀ **Fortescue Metals Literary Award**
Short Story – Secondary
BEATRICE DUONG DUONG
John Monash Science School, Vic.



Carpet Court Literary Award ▶
Short Story – Primary
MADISON UNICOMB
Gordon West Public School, NSW



◀ **Dymocks Camberwell Literary Award**
Poetry – Secondary
STEPHANIE FREEBORN
Ravenswood School for Girls, NSW



Lions Club Literary Award ▶
Poetry – Primary
ANA MARIC
Lauriston Girls' School, Vic.



◀ **ASG Short Story Award**
IMOGEN REBECCA BIGGINS
Sydney Secondary College, NSW



**Australian
Scholarships
Group**

SUPPORTING CHILDREN'S EDUCATION

ASG Poetry Award ▶
JEAN-PIERRE NAYNA

Thomas Mitchell Primary School, Vic.



◀ **Helen Handbury
Achievement Award**
OPHELIA KONG
Hurstville Public School, NSW

**Helen Handbury
Literary Award** ▶
DANIEL EMERTON

Lakeside Lutheran College, Vic.



Awards Night – 17 November 2012

(Above) Mr Terry O'Connell (left) and Mr John Velegrinis (right) with the ASG Art and Writers' Award winners.

(Right) Patrick Fan, winner of the Dymocks Camberwell Art Award, is delighted to receive a drawing package courtesy of Crayola.

Photos Carol Dick & Frank Jones





**Commonwealth Bank Art Award
Painting – Senior**
LILLIAN MA
Meriden School, NSW

**Young
2012
Australian Art Awards**



**Marc McBride Art Award
Drawing – Senior**
KAREN GAN
Baulkham Hills High School, NSW

**The Lady Potter Art Award
Young Australian Artist of the Year**



BLAKE BOYLE
St. Columban's College, Qld.



**Sentinel Foundation Art Award
Painting – Middle**
ANNA MARIE BAKOS
Emmaus Christian School, NSW



**Peabody Energy Art Award
Drawing – Middle**
MEGHA SHETH
St. John's Primary School, Scarborough, WA



**Commonwealth Bank Art Award
Painting – Primary**
ANNELIES BLEECHMORE
Narranga Public School, NSW



ASG Art Award – Drawing
CAITLIN ANGLETON LYNCH
Carlton North PS, Vic.



ASG Art Award – Painting
SCOTT GATEHOUSE
St. Augustine's College, Qld.



**Dymocks Camberwell Art Award
Drawing – Primary**
PATRICK FAN
Whealers Hill Primary School, Vic.



**Avon Art Award
Computer Art – Senior**
KIRRAH THOMPSON
Mentone Girls' Secondary College, Vic.



**Percy Baxter Trust Art Award
Computer Art – Middle**
CAI HERPS
Ballarat Clarendon College, Vic.



**Bic Australia Art Award
Computer Art – Primary**
ANGUS PRIMROSE
Jerrabomberra Public School, NSW



**Lions Club Art Award
Photography – Senior**
AIDEN MORSE
Don College, Tas.



**Lions Club Art Award
Photography – Middle**
OLIVIA LAVASILE
Bethany Catholic Primary School, Vic.



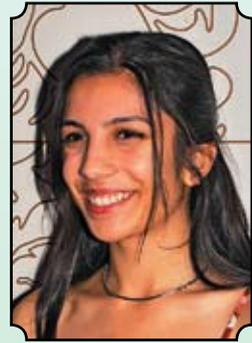
**Lions Club Art Award
Photography – Primary**
MOLLY WATERS
Robertson State Primary, Qld.



**Judge's Encouragement Award:
Craig Smith**
HELEN HAN
McKinnon Primary School, Vic.



**Judge's Encouragement Award:
Marjory Gardner**
RUBY GIDDINGS
Holland Park State High School, Qld.



**Judge's Encouragement Award:
Elise Hurst**
SNEHA BASTE
Willoughby Girls' High School, NSW

Community Partners



Australian
Scholarships
Group

SUPPORTING CHILDREN'S EDUCATION



Fortescue
The New Force in Iron Ore



Perpetual



- 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
- James N Kirby Foundation
- Kimberley Metals Ltd
- Marian & EH Flack Trust
- MetroCoal
- Millennium Minerals Ltd

- Minemakers Ltd
- OZ Minerals
- Peabody Energy
- Perpetual Trustees
- Sandfire Resources
- Silverlake Resources
- Southern Cross Goldfields Ltd
- St Barbara Ltd
- The Percy Baxter Trust
- The Sentinel Foundation
- William Angliss Charitable Fund



**Fortescue Metals
Indigenous Art Award**
TIARNE WOTHERSPOON



**Silverlake
Indigenous Art Award**
ANTHEA GALAMINDA



**Brockman Resources
Indigenous Art Award**
BAILEY CARTER



**Peabody Energy
Indigenous Art Award**
MALAKAI CUMMINS

Indigenous Art Awards 2012



**Argent Minerals
Indigenous Art Award**
Students of Trunkey Public School



**Minemakers
Indigenous Art Award**
TANYA MUNAR

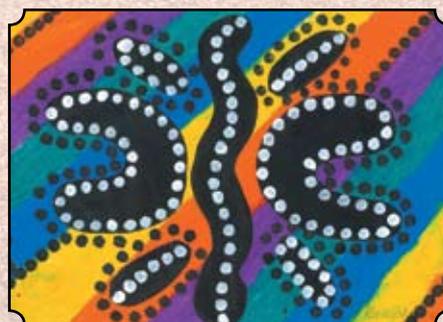


**OZ Minerals
Indigenous Art Award**
LEKEISHA WEBB

Indigenous Regional Art Awards



**Sandfire Resources
Indigenous Art Award**
PATRICK DODD



**Beach Energy
Indigenous Art Award**
KALIYAH CONNORS



**Iron Ore Holdings
Indigenous Art Award**
COEN STANFORD

I wanna... But I can't

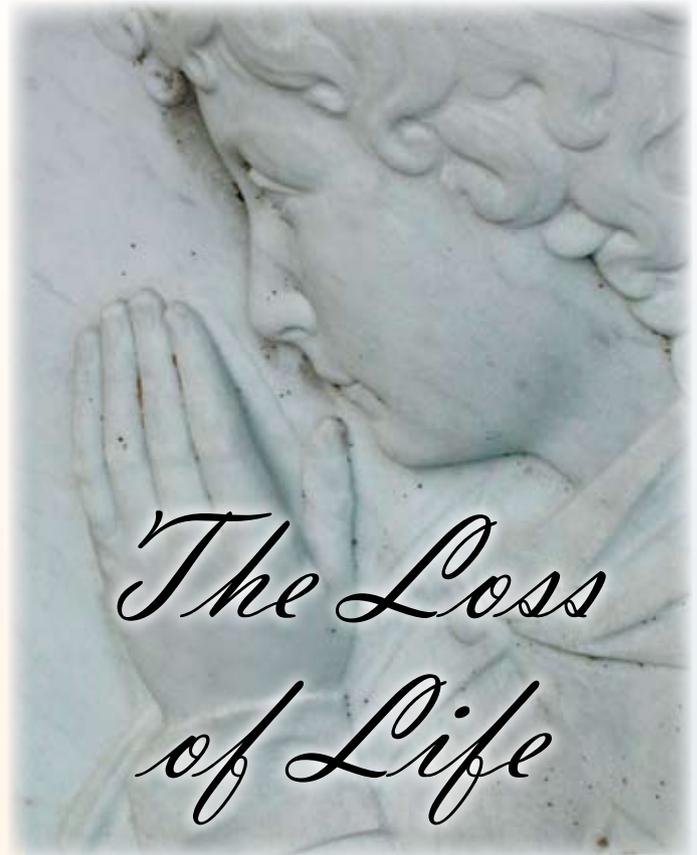
I wanna sleep but I'm not tired
I wanna work but I got fired
I wanna play footy but I can't run
I wanna have a hot dog but there is no bun
I wanna run far far away but I got no place to stay
I wanna build a mansion but I got no money to pay

I wanna swim but its too cold
I wanna buy an iPhone 4 but they all got sold
I wanna cook some curry but I can't find the pan
I wanna shoot from a gun but I'm not a police man
I wanna fly but I've got no wings
I wanna play chess but I can't find the king

I wanna laugh out loud but people would think I'm crazy
I wanna cry out loud but I'm not a baby
I wanna buy an Xbox but I got exams on
I wanna watch TV but I have to mow the lawn
I wanna go back in time but I don't how to
I wanna play with my friends but I got home work to do

I wanna stay up late but I've got school to go to
I wanna make a photo collage but I can't find a good photo
I wanna buy a new TV but I got no place to put it
I wanna buy that blue shoe but it doesn't fit
I wanna be sixteen but there is still four years to go
I wanna propose to a lady but I'm afraid she'll say no!

By **Aditya Gureja**
Year 7, Crestwood High School
BAULKHAM HILLS – NSW
Teacher: Mr Mannion



The Loss of Life

As the angels life you high in the sky
And we try saying our last goodbyes
While our hearts slowing break down and cry
We promise your spirit will never die

You were a vital element of our community
But don't stress don't cry everybody can see
That you are now gone and we will grieve
For a beautiful person in our family

Your death was so sudden and bought us to a stop
And all of our hearts have suddenly cropped
All of our tears just will not stop
But we all know you're just on top

We've lost someone we cannot replace
But nothing you've achieved will go to waste
As the tears roll down our saddened face
And in our lips, the tears we taste

We've lost a precious treasure from our chest
As you lay softly in your rest
As you've finally found your cloud filled nest
As you put our strength, to the final test

Rest in peace Loren, I wish you weren't gone
To support your family as we yawn
You will be in our hearts from dust to dawn
And in our hearts, for you we mourn

By **Sissy-Amelia Austin**
Year 12, Loreto College
BALLARAT – VIC.
Teacher: Ms Burrows

The Lay of Týr the Shining

In the glorious and golden days of yore,
There rose the greatest hero of olden lore,
Tyr was his name; he was king of the entire west,
Of all the heroes of legend, he was the best,
Yet at last there came a day when he did fall,
When he no longer stood straight and tall,
This is the tale of his demise,
And in the meddling of otherworldly forces it lies.

For while Tyr the Shining was the mightiest member of mankind,
There were those who Tyr's downfall they sought to find,
The head of their number was an earl, who was for treachery known,
He plotted behind the king's back to make the west's throne his own,
Day and night, he gathered like-minded nobles to his side,
And at last there were so many that he could no longer hide,
From the whispers of court intrigue Tyr learnt,
Of the imminent rebellion of the traitorous earl, Rebearnt.

Realising his ambitions were discovered,
That all of his plotting was uncovered,
Earl Rebearnt gathered sword and spear,
And begun to gather soldiers to rear,
Within awhile, he had himself an army fit for war,
And so only chaos and strife in the future Tyr saw,
But with no other choice, Tyr raised an army of his own,
All the true and loyal nobles of the kingdoms gave troops to loan,
But Tyr didn't want war, no yet,
So he began to stall for time, and his plans had time to be set.

Weeks later, there could be no further delay,
Earl Rebearnt wanted the crown of the west, no matter how much he had to pay,
So the two colossal armies gathered in the field of Aefevet, prepared to make a stand,
Both king and rebel judged that the hour of fate was close at hand,
Yet Tyr had laid his traps well, for as the earl signalled the charge,
Up a nearby river sailed a mighty crystal barge,
And standing at its prow was a fairy king of the lands of the farthest west,
That great and mighty king, with glittering hosts of elves at his side,
Proceeded to devour the earl's army, leaving nowhere for the rebel to hide,
So Earl Rebearnt was taken away in chains by Tyr the most golden,
Who had signed a pact with the fey forces of the farthest west from tales most olden,
Yet although Tyr was victorious, he still had a price to pay,
For the aid of the elven, into the care of the fairy king the life of his youngest son he had to lay,
So as the years passed in Tyr's now prosperous demesne, he married a fair maid,
And to him was born a male child, yet when the fairy king appeared demanding to be paid,
For the aid he lent all those years ago, Tyr refused to hand his heir to the fey elf,
For he realised he valued his son as much as he did his own self.

So great was the fairy king's wrath at being deceived,
He sparked with crackling tongues of lightning, or so the witnesses believed,
Yet the ancient laws of the fair folk forbade the fairy king to take by force Tyr's heir,
So there was nothing for the elven king to do, and he disappeared into thin air,
Despite this, there was no doubt in Tyr's mind,
That the fairy king would one day return, to Tyr's son find,
So yet more long years passed, but these were no the golden days of before,
These were shadowed days, for the fields no longer yielded the bountiful harvests of yore,
So it came the point where it did most certainly appear,
That the kingdom of west lay under a curse and for Tyr it became too much too bear,

Day and night he watched fishing boats sail into his cities' bays,
And day and night, the boats would be empty of catch, due to the curse of the fay,
For indeed the curse became known as that of the fay, as it was now known,
That these hard days were due to the anger of the elves of the farthest west, seeking what was rightfully their own,
Yet still, Tyr refused to see his growing son go into the hands of the fairy king,
And great protest and discontent grew among the people, through every town and city their anger did ring.

The years continued to flee into history, as the years do,
And the pact he made with the fairy king Tyr did rue,
While all the while his once mighty empire slid into ruination,
Due to the curse of the fairy king and his anticipation,
That he may one day subdue Tyr into giving him his son,
Even though that child, Aelfenwine, was Tyr's only one,
And as Tyr continued to be stubborn, while his people fell into despair,
The fairy king realised he would have to try a different ploy if he wished to gain Tyr's heir,
So he found an old hag and by fairy magic he made her look to the eye as Tyr's son,
And then sent the changeling of Aelfenwine the swap itself under the cover of darkness with the real one,
Yet Tyr had many wizards at his once golden court,
And within days they realised that the real Aelfenwine was gone, and in vain Tyr sought,
But he could not find him, for he was no longer in mortal lands,
He was in the fay realms of the farthest west, in the fairy king's hands.

Tyr at once flew into a rage of fearsome greatness and might,
And demanded that all soldiers in the west prepare themselves for a truly great fight,
For Tyr planned no less than to invade the farthest west,
And take back his stolen son, Aelfenwine, whom in life he cherished best,
Within a year the largest fleet of war this world has ever known,
Set sail into the raging sunset of the legendary west to begin a feat of great renown,
All about the ships, merrows and other fairies of the sea did attack,
Yet one by one, all of the assailants were turned back,
So the great fleet of Tyr the Shining sighted the shores of the deathless lands,
Guarded by soaring fortresses which could never have been made by mortal hands.

Despite the awe inspiring might of the fairy realms coasts,
Tyr ordered his army to assemble in the shallows, from horizon to horizon stretched hosts upon hosts,
Of brave men adorned in shining armour of ancient crafted plate and mail,
And at their head, stood Tyr in all golden armour, and the fairy king he did hail,
To the men of mortal lands, it appeared the world opened before them, as the walls of the eternal realm of the west sundered,
And the fairy king and his infinite hosts surged onto the beaches, so numerous that they roared and thundered,
With such a clamour that it was later said that a thunder was heard in the west by mortal men for years after.
Tyr strode forth, the fairy king he did meet,
And demanded the return of his son, or he would bring the eternal realm to its feet,
Yet at this, the fairy king only laughed with pity for Tyr's sure fate
For he knew that no mortal could or would ever take the eternal west at any rate,
In rage, Tyr cried that he would prove it was true and gave the call for the mortal hosts to prove the fairy king was at fault,
But in that very instant, Aelfenwine himself rushed forward and called for his father to halt,
For Aelfenwine had witnessed the wonder of fairy kind and knew any attack would end in sorrow,
And so he begged Tyr to hold his hand and speak with the fairy king on the morrow,
So the next day, Tyr rose and met with the fairy king in a tent adorned with ribbons of fairy gold,
And during that long day, a bargain from the fairy kind was sold,
The fairy king said to Tyr he may have his son back if Tyr did comply,
With the edict that he nor his descendants ever again tell a lie,
In soaring joy, Tyr did instantly agree and Aelfenwine was taken aboard Tyr's flagship,
And the mortal armada set sail for the lands to the east, under the once again mighty kingship,
Of Tyr the Shining.

Yet the rejoicing soldiers of Tyr's army were greeted by a sorrowful surprise,
For in Tyr's absence, the rebel Rebearnt had escaped prison and had from the government rulership of the land prized,
The Shining King, Tyr, fell into great woe,

Continued on page 32

For in his absence, his reputation had been laid low,
Yet there was naught that Tyr could do to yet reclaim his throne,
For Rebearnt had raised about the land impenetrable castles and forts of solid stone,
And he had raised the improvised people of the land to take to arms,
Men came to hold the land from their once tyrannic king from cities, villages and farms,
Such a great horde that Tyr's hosts could not overcome,
So Tyr retreated, begging all whom remained loyal come,
With him to prepare anew for the struggle against the treacherous rebel,
For as Tyr said, against the largest rock can stand the smallest pebble,
So although Tyr's host was small with regards to Rebearnt's horde,
Tyr was utterly determined that over the west he would once again be lord!

So the mighty armies of both kings met,
Once again in the bloodstained field of Aefevet,
This time Tyr had no magical or mighty otherworldly aid,
Yet he vowed to his men that at his feet Rebearnt's head would be laid,
But as the armies of the rebel and Shining King assembled to attack,
Earl Rebearnt strode forth into the field of Aefevet and held them back,
'I wish for treaty,' the rebel king cried,
And there Tyr the chance for treachery espied,
So the two kings met in the midpoint of the Field of Aefevet,
There Tyr said, 'I will let you live, if my conditions are met.'
Yet before he could state even one clause,
The heavens above burst into light, giving both armies pause,
With spears of lightning thundering all around,
A great and terrible figured alighted upon the ground,
It was the fairy king in all of his splendour
And he roared, 'Once again, you have broken a pact asunder!'

In that moment, Tyr realised his mistake,
For while he had just promised Rebearnt his life, his had broken his vow to Rebearnt's life forsake,
And so the fairy king sent his servants abroad,
And they brought back Aelfenwine, brandishing his sword,
'What right have you to take me?' he cried,
The fairy king replied in a voice most terrible, 'On the basis that your father has once again lied!'
With a clap of thunder and lightning, the fairy king disappeared with Aelfenwine forever,
And Tyr was left with nothing more of him than his sword, and he knew that see his son again never,
And lying on the ground at the feet of Tyr the heartbroken lord,
Was his son Aelfenwine's ancient iron sword,
With a cry of sorrow and rage,
Tyr the Shining seized the sword and plunged it into Rebearnt's ribcage,
With a cry of his own, Rebearnt fell to the ground,
His life draining away until he no longer made a sound.

And before the enraged horde of Rebearnt's army reached their fallen king,
Tyr turned his son's sword on his own heart, jamming it between the plates of his armour with a resounding sorrowful ring,
Tyr himself now fell to his knees, crimson blood pouring from his torn chest,
And at last he collapsed over the body of Rebearnt, his body and mind finally finding eternal rest,
Bringing to an end the life of the greatest legend of olden lore,
And thus ending the greatest tale of yore,
Of Tyr the Shining.

★ ★ ★

By **Matthew Harper-Gomm**
Year 9, Kambrya College
BERWICK – VIC.

The Lake

Its crisp, salty scent,
Fresh and calm.

It is like a
Single piece of woven silk,
With sharp creases,
Slowly into smooth ripples,
Gently covering the
Rounded pebbles underneath.

It has a greenish tinge
Yet it is so clear.
I walk along the lakeside,
Thinking
“How can a simple body of water
Have such sheer beauty?”
The water laps gently.

A simple sound,
But a beautiful one
Like it is singing
To answer my thoughts.

By **Jessica Zhang**
Year 6, Hurstville Public School
HURSTVILLE – NSW

Lake Catani, Vic.

“**W**AIT!” screeched Jessie. “Where are you?” she screamed. There was no answer. Her class had left her behind on an excursion. Worst of all, it was in a forest! She really should have been a bit quicker tying her shoelaces. Now they were nowhere to be seen. She was lost in a forest of spiders, bears, bugs and, worst of all, snakes! She felt so lonely. She would probably never see the class again. But she would try to find them any way.

She explored a little more. She knew the forest floor was creeping with bugs. Her class would notice her absence soon. Wouldn't they? Now she was really panicking. “Don't be silly”, she said to herself, “Of course they won't forget me”. Meanwhile at her class's location, Kelly, Jessie's best friend, said, “Wait. Aren't we forgetting something?”.

“No of course not”, snapped the teacher.

Back in the forest Jessie was as scared as could be. “Oh, I wonder what dangers are here”, she thought to herself. Just then a snake appeared. It had been on the branch all along. “Ahh!” she screamed. She ran for her life. The forest didn't look friendly any more. Twisty branches were everywhere. Fallen twigs were scattered across the forest floor. One trip and the next thing you knew was that your face would be covered in dirt. You would smell the muddy forest floor.

Jessie wished she was in her soft bed. She would prefer to be anywhere except this rough, haunting and quiet place. She wanted to give up on her search and just admit she was lost, never to see civilisation again. Jessie stopped running. She decided to have a rest at a nearby tree trunk, knowing that the trunk was filled with spiders. Jessie didn't care at all. Never had she thought that she would not care about spiders but now she didn't. Jessie started crying. Then her heart said, “Cheer

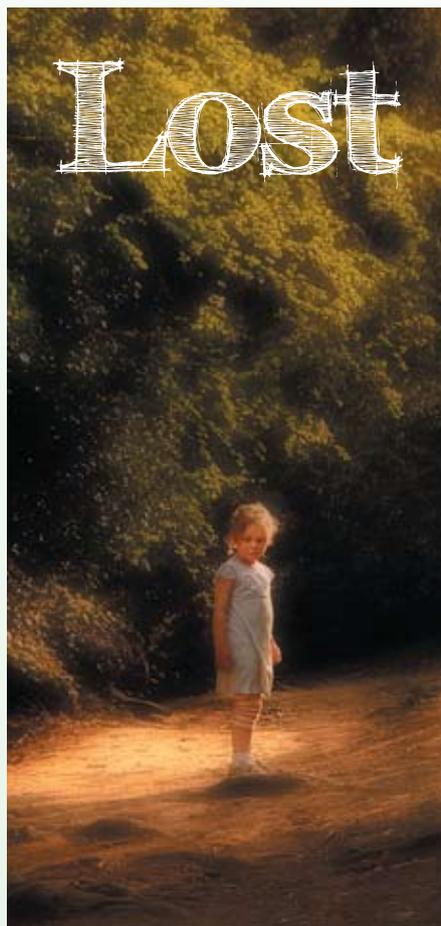
up! Don't give up yet! Why not explore more?”.

Jessie got up. She saw a river and remembered what they said at scouts. “If I follow this river, I might find my way out of this forest”, she thought. She crept up to the river. SNAP! “Ah! A crocodile!” she thought. Then she remembered another thing they said at scouts. You never know if beautiful things hide dangerous predators. From then on she kept her distance and was very cautious when there was movement in the murky water.

Finally the long walk ended. Following the river was a great idea! She was at the other side of the forest! She was so happy and relieved that she felt like hugging the first person she saw! She found the forest door, went to the other side and raced to her best friend, Kelly. She hugged Kelly and burst into tears! Then her teacher realised she had been missing!

She would always remember this day. She had learned an important lesson – be thankful for what you have got. Before, she had been a spoilt child, wanting everything she didn't have. From now on she would be more thankful child. This was the scariest but the best excursion ever!

By **Dinali Fernando**
Year 3, Oxley Christian College
CHIRNSIDE PARK – VIC.



Mike and John's Quest for Treasure

— Prologue —

BEEP! BEEP! It was time for me to get up, but my body was aching and sore and wasn't letting me. Luckily, my best friend John was up as always and there to help release my imprisoned muscles.

I groaned as I moved crookedly from my bed to the kitchen cabinet. Why were my muscles giving me so much aggro?

"John, come on, we have to get moving if we ever want to get the treasure! Ow, why am I aching so much!?! What did you do to me?"

"Me, I didn't do anything, don't you remember!?"

"The last thing I remember is flying over to Germany to look for the hidden entrance in the museum" I said, beginning to get a lot more confused.

"Let me take you back to our arrival in Berlin..." began John.

— 1 —

I was holding my grandfather's journal so close to my body that I could almost feel the embossed initials on the cover, LH

for Luke Hunter. He had been 82 years old when he died and gave me his journal containing a map to find the treasure hidden during the Cold War. He had been an undercover agent in Berlin for many years and had helped a rich family escape their communist rulers. In return for saving their lives, they gave him eight of their many paintings worth \$250,000 each. A Stasi commander had claimed to have been the owner of their artwork but when they didn't hand them over, because they had hidden them, he had them ordered to be killed. It was only the bravery of my grandfather that saved them. The paintings have remained hidden to this day.

The sound of the customs officers awakened me from my daydream.

"Stop right there mister please. I have to do a full body search", said a familiar looking man. "Just come this way."

"Ok then", I replied, feeling a little confused.

As I moved into the customs area, I saw the guard strip down to casual clothes and then he whispered to me:

"Mike, it's me, John. I just wanted to say that you are in grave danger. The Holt clan are after your head!"

"Then could you help me embark on my quest?" I said, beginning to be very, very confused and dizzy.

— 2 —

"Finally we've arrived after the big, long, boring flight! It's now time to find our rightful treasure, stolen and then hidden by the Hunter scum", said the Stasi Commander's great nephew, Fredrich Holt.

"Yeah, lets get sweet, sweet revenge", said Fredrich's younger brother, Bill Holt.

★ ★ ★

"OK, so there is a family called the Holts trying to decapitate me and steal MY TREASURE! That is unacceptable. I need your help John, are you in if I share the treasure with you?" I said, hoping he'd agree.

"OK, but you owe me half of the treasure, OK?" replied John.

When he said yes, my heart pounded with excitement because I knew we were an unstoppable team. I was moving along with John when I saw some dodgy looking men, showing a photo of me around and asking people if they knew where I was.

"John, who are those people asking where I am?" I say very suspiciously.

"They're the Holts, you know, the guys who want to kill you. They have been looking for the missing paintings for the past two years and heard you were coming over to find them for yourself", John says very normally.

"That's good, I wanted a challenge. What can I say, it is treasure, not a little Easter egg hunt" I reply sarcastically.

"That's funny, but seriously these guys are tough and show no mercy, you have to be really careful", John stressed, talking like he was my parent.

"Fine, I'll be careful under one condition – you don't act like you're my parent!", I said, disgusted at how he talked to me. We walked down to catch a cab when someone came behind me and knocked me to the floor. Luckily, my first instincts were to roll back and get in a fighting position. I knew this from doing karate from the age of five. So I got up and threw a punch straight to the upper jaw and flipped him to his back, stunning him.

"JOHN, RUN! GET IN THE CAB BEFORE HE GETS UP", I shouted at John. We got in the cab and said we wanted to get to the Hilton as quick as we could.

— 3 —

"I thought we'd never get away from Fredrich Holt in a million years, then you came up with some fourth dan



karate moves and trampled him like he was just a piece of scrap paper! That was AWESOME!” John exclaimed.

“Well you could always learn karate”, I said not trying to brag when the cabby interrupted, like he was the boss!

“Ok get out ah meh cab”, he instructed with a very British accent, even though he stated to us that he was from Germany on the way here! As we left the cab we entered the nice, polished lobby of the Hilton and checked in. When we got out of the elevator, we were surprised to see that we were on the top floor, overlooking Berlin. We had two identical rooms, next door to each other. The beds looked so comfy, I felt that I could just lay there and sleep forever.

I swallowed the delicious chocolate mints you find on your pillow and jumped straight into bed, knowing we had to get up at 6:00am the next morning.

— 4 —

It was 6:00 am, I didn't want to get out of bed, but knew I had to if I wanted to find the treasure before the Holts did. After about ten minutes of rushing we finally got in our car, when I saw a man that reminded me of my grandfather on the side of a curb. He looked like had no hope. He stared at us with his eagle like eyes, and then he sprinted like there was no tomorrow to our car. I had no choice but to stop or we would have hit him. As he reached us he shouted, gasping for breath, “Can you give me a lift?”

I wasn't going to leave the beggar on the streets when he had old torn clothes on and looked like he was going to die. Plus, he looked like my grandfather! We were in the car when he asked what we were doing, but I didn't want to tell him just incase he informed the police about our treasure hunt, or became our rival!

“We are attending my grandfather's funeral and sorting out his will”, I told the man.

“AND OBJECTS LIKE TREASURE THAT YOU CAN'T HAVE”, I thought to myself as we approached my grandfather's house, well actually now my house because of his death.

“Can you take me to the airport so I can beg please, I'm poor and injured and I have no family!”

“Hmm, we are in a rush but...”

SMASH! A big, grey people carrier rammed into our car sending us flying! We just managed to get out of the car but it was too late. The grey vehicle that we suspected of being piloted by the Holts was coming right at us again. Just then I knew that we had failed our quest when I thought I saw an angel, but it was just John! He pulled me by the cuff of my collar and smacked me around my face, dragging me down some stairs onto a subway platform.

As we boarded the train, he shouted at me “What's wrong with you? You almost got us killed! I told you to be careful around the Holts, they're very dangerous!”

“Whatever. I told you at the start that I don't want you acting like my parents, you're my best friend”, I say, disgusted at how he slapped me.

We got off at the next station and went up to ground level to see where we were, when we saw the exact same grey vehicle. As my adrenaline rushed through my veins, we quickly jumped behind a newspaper kiosk to get out of sight!

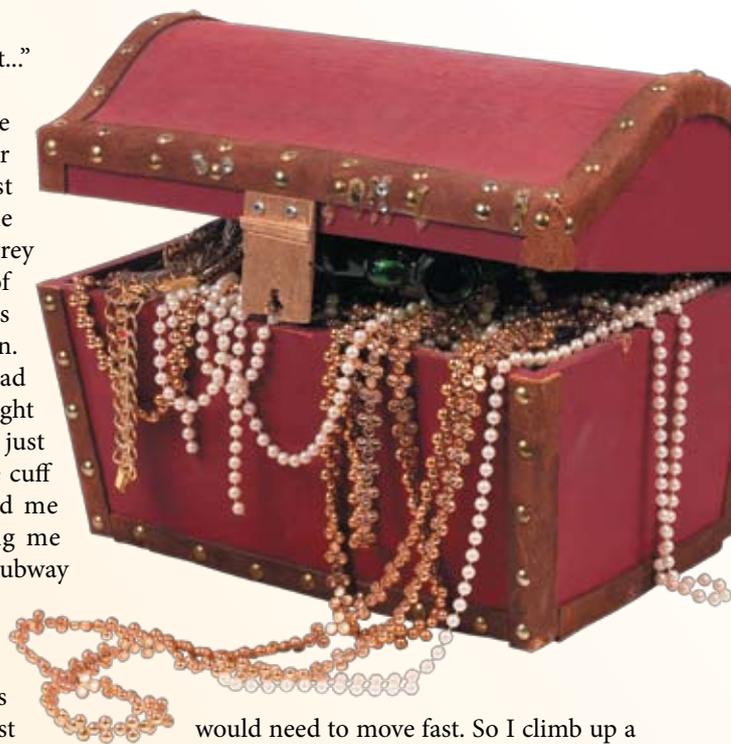
— 5 —

The grey van was driving slow and suspiciously. I knew that John and I couldn't hide here forever and we couldn't run either, because it was a van and we're just humans.

“John I have a plan to get out of here, we have to blend in with the crowd otherwise they'll see us, OK?” I whisper, hoping that my enemy can't hear me.

“Let's go!”

As we ran down behind the cover of the crowd we noticed that the crowd was being drawn to the back of where we were going! The grey van spots us so we sprint as fast as we can, but it wasn't quite fast enough. “They're going to catch us!” I think of my grandfather and I know I can at least get them off our trail, by outsmarting them. I see a way to get away from them but I



would need to move fast. So I climb up a ladder on the side of a building.

John and I both climb but suddenly John slips! I knew we couldn't get into the building in time but the Holts were coming for us so we hid in an air vent.

“Where have those little pieces of dirt gone? You, you're the one that lost them. BILL how could you!?” Fredrich Holt shouted at his little, pet brother as they walked past our exact spot. I couldn't help smirking at the two idiots as they walked by, not noticing us. As soon as they were out of sight, I whispered, “Those idiots walked straight past us”, trying not to laugh. Then I noticed that John wasn't responding. Looking at him, it was then I saw it.

Right there, through the grate over the polished floor of a museum was a treasure box, and engraved on that box were the initials L.H.

— 6 —

“Yes, this is very good. I now hold my very own treasure, better put it in the secret room”, a mysterious looking janitor whispered to himself as he pushed a little marble slab out of place revealing a little lever. We couldn't believe our eyes as a big room opened. But then the janitor threw the box in there like it was garbage going into a bin. We saw him walking down the hallway and left the museum and locked up.

Continued on page 36

Continued from page 35

“John, are you thinking what I’m thinking?”
I say.

“By that do you mean break in, steal the treasure and run?” John grinned back at me with that “can’t wait for it” expression on his face.

— 7 —

As we climbed out of the air vent we slowly crept across the squeaky floor towards the marble slab we saw the janitor pull out. We then pulled the secret lever leading to the room holding our treasure. We went into the grim room and saw a shadow of a familiar looking man.

“RUN!” John screamed so loud it was like my eardrums were going to bleed! I started to run but it was too late, the janitor was right behind me. He grabbed me by my collar and landed a punch right to my temple. I felt sick and dizzy as I started falling to the floor. By the time my eyes started to function again, the janitor had already beaten me half to death! Then I saw John race over to be my saviour. He grabbed a pole used to hold barriers and swung it as hard as he could, right to the janitor’s head and that just about knocked

him out. He then grabbed me and dragged me outside to the nearest cab. Just about then I blacked out.

— 8 —

“Mike, Mike wake up!”, a blurry figure said to me.

“Ahh, where am I?” I groaned.

“You’re in the Berlin Hospital”, John whispered to me. I tried getting up but my bones were imprisoned and then I fainted again.

BEEP, BEEP I tried standing up but my muscles were aching so badly.

“Mike, see it wasn’t me that put you through that agonising pain, it was the janitor, but I managed to save the treasure”, John said while showing me a treasure box glistening with countless jewels.

— Epilogue —

I knew there must have been something else to the jewellery box; my Grandfather wasn’t the type to give you something without a catch. After weeks and weeks of inspecting every nook and cranny of

that confounded jewellery box, I found it. The catch. Flattened between the pieces of wood was a small note with a brief message from my Grandfather...

Dear Mike,

I suppose you are wondering where the rest of my vast treasure is? Well I have always loved Egypt and so I’ve created a riddle to help you find another segment. What was King Tut’s favourite card game??

So I looked it up on Google and for some reason its Gin Mummie?!?! Well I’m off to Egypt now to embark on my next adventure and I’m pleased to say that my partner in crime will be joining me once again. I still haven’t found the paintings and the Holt brothers are still on my trail, but I haven’t given up hope of finding my grandfather’s legacy... yet! Until we meet again.

The End

By **Henry Buckley**

Year 5, Prescott College Southern
MORPHETT VALE – SA

Friends are important to us all
For with friends in our life, we’ll all have a ball
They’re fun to be around
And always willing to drive and ground
For all the work needed to make a friendship work
It’d be worth having a good friend who isn’t a real jerk!

Friends are needed
At all times of the day
For when we feel gloomy they tell us to ‘Come play!’
And when we have a cheery smile
All we want to do is play for a while!

Yes, we need friends
For ever and ever
To help us to always want to endeavour

So cheer on up
And go out to play
For our friends shall be there
All day!

Who needs TV when you can have friends?
Who needs computers when your pals are near?
So don’t be shy, get out and hear
The wonderful sounds of what they’re saying
“Come on, you lot, let’s get playing!”

Playing With Friends

By **Brenton Cullen**

Year 3, Kingaroy High School
KINGAROY – QLD.

The Battle of Ballarat

I look upon the empty plain,
The dead and dying cry out in pain.
The Battle of Eureka was fought and done,
Although the miners lost the battle, the war they won.

It started off with a licence fee,
A fee that was expensive and unfair you see.
Each month the fee the miners must pay,
Or from the goldfields they'd be taken away.

Licences they must always have by their side,
Because when the police came there were few places to hide.
No licence? Then punished you would be,
Beaten, sent to prison or chained to a tree.
Then on one October night,
The refusal of a drink broke out in a fight.
The fight ended in a miner dead,
The other miner left alone as he bled.

So the murderer was brought before the court,
Not guilty was the sentence. The judge needed no second thought.
This murdering publican was a friend of the judge and police,
So set free he was to live happily in peace.

For the miners this was the final straw,
The unfair treatment they'd put up with no more.
So miners met on bakery hill,
And the role of a leader Peter Lalor would fill.

The miners all stood around,
Then picked up their licences and burnt them to the ground.
They hoped this would let the governor know,
That the governor the miners wanted to overthrow.

So the miners gathered on an empty plain,
They built a stockade on that very terrain.
They were prepared ready to fight,
It was time to reclaim all of their rights.

Above them flew a flag of their own,
The flag of Eureka was clearly shown.
The miners gathered behind the stockade,
And until the Sabbath day, there they stayed.

But on the night before the Sabbath day,
Miners went home expecting no fight the next day.
Though as the morning sun rose in the sky,
The police came running their guns held up high.

The battle began the soldiers advanced,
The miners never really stood a chance.
The sound of gun shots filled the air,
Men lay on the ground blood in their hair.

Then after a mere 15 minutes had passed,
The battle was over though the damage would last.
The miners had lost, many had died,
Although the miners still had their pride.

The Eureka flag lay on the ground,
Then after the battle it was found.
Although in tatters it was framed and displayed,
So everyone could know what happened that day.

Though the battle ended in a change of the law,
The miners lost the battle, but won the war.
The mining licences were abolished for good,
And the public thought Peter Lalor was a real life Robin Hood.

So finally the miners could mine in peace,
Free of a licence, free of the police.
And now all Australians know of the stockade,
The price for freedom the miners had paid.

*By Samantha Gates
Year 6, Huntingtower
MOUNT WAVERLEY – VIC.*



INSTINCTS

THERE were bubbles as Kane slowly emerged above the calm water's surface, concentric ripples dispersing simultaneously. The moon shone eerily over the water, accentuating forgotten pieces of driftwood, compliantly moving with the gentle current. Silence echoed throughout the bay. All these details were seemingly insignificant compared to the most obvious of all. Rivulets of red liquid flooded uncompromisingly out of Kane's skull, overwhelming the confused expression upon his face. Kane was dead.

★ ★ ★

A blinding white light exploded throughout the room, exposing Kane's frail skin. It wasn't a room, though. There were no walls. There were no windows, nor a ceiling. The landscape really had no significant resemblance to a room, yet given the lack of knowledge of the surroundings, the term seemed adequate. There was nothing in every direction, but nothing is something. That something was undefined, white and it was the only thing visible. Kane was frightened, but somewhat intrigued. He slowly rose from his confusion, but he realised he possessed no legs. The deficiency of any particular body feature would've been noticeable to any to observe, but reconsidering, what is not cannot be physically seen. He felt as if he was trapped within his conscious, unable to be expressive, but capable of elaborating meaninglessly. He decided to extend upon this possibility. He wished to picture flowing, green pastures, snow-capped peaks and every subtle feature of every monument of nature, but the surrounding white only grew more distorted, as if it was disturbed by these contemplations.

Suddenly, a voice; 'Hello Kane.'

Kane was frightened by the voice, but the presence of another capable of communicating with him provided comfort. 'Hello?' he responded meagrely.

'Fear not, for nothing can hurt you here. You are in somewhat of a fourth-dimension, a mental illusion.' The voice spoke with a particular authority.

'Who— who are you? Where am I? What

is this place?' Kane enquired, his mind bursting with questions to be asked.

'Knowledge is sought simply for consolation, my answers would simply further confuse and distress you.'

'I don't understand, just please tell me what is going on,' Kane cried distraughtly. There was a pause. Somewhat of a sympathetic pause, it seemed.

'This place doesn't exist, you now exist without purpose. It simply represents your thoughts, constantly replaying.'

'So I'm dead?'

'Yes.' Silence succeeded. It remained unknown to Kane whether the response was sufficiently pleasing or depressing.

'If you represent my own thoughts, how come you are more knowledgeable than me?'

'All this information is trapped within your sub-conscious; you just need the key to unlock it.'

'You are suggesting a metaphorical key, the ability to go back?' Kane spoke with a slight hint of optimism.

'You may, but regardless of how you act, death will be present, whether that is once more you or someone closely associated with you.'

'How long do I get?'

'The time you have is indefinite, though it shall be an adequate length for you to reconcile your errors.'

'Will I have any recollection of this encounter?'

'Absolutely none, shall you have.'

'Then how will I be able to respond differently and not experience the same fate?'

'You won't, your sub-conscious though will harbour newly gained moral instincts from this encounter, and they should guide you.'

'What are my other available options?'

'You can stay here until you decide to go back again. Life is about improving from the past.'

Realisation overwhelmed Kane. 'How many times have I been here?'

'This is only your first time, but the further you remain here, the more your mind's capacity for re-innovation in your final moment's decreases. Your mind will eventually become too distorted and that will truly be the closing of the book.'

'So this will be my best opportunity?'

'Yes, are you willing to undertake the most important journey of your life?'

Kane didn't require much time to contemplate his decision. 'Of course.'

Suddenly a brilliant golden light erupted from the opposite side of the room. As Kane's eyes gradually adjusted to the light, it began to formulate into a large, golden key. Kane urged himself forwards and with each step a body began to appear. Arms, legs, torso, hands and fingers. As he further progressed towards the key, it seemingly hovered with anticipation, confined in its own isolated area. Suddenly, he stood directly before it. Tentatively, he reached out towards it, each passing second filling his mind with unnecessary re-considerations, but he was compelled to persevere. The moment he made contact with the key, he instantly withdrew his



hand cautiously, unsuspecting of what could now commence. Nothing, there was nothing. He bewilderedly turned around hoping for something to happen, but nothing did.

‘Well this is just absolute bull—’, Kane’s voice was cut out by a rushing noise beyond any magnitude imaginable. The sound tore through him, disintegrating his entire body into trillions of insignificant, little particles, purposefully spiralling towards the key. He observed his surroundings one last time before... blackness. Blackness ensued.

★ ★ ★

Kane sat sorrowfully on the corner of the hospital bed, oblivious to the passing time. He gazed deep within his mother’s gentle eyes, so tranquil and complacent. She still had the same enticing smile as before the diagnosis, but there were obvious indications of different circumstances to before. Her skin was pale and she had no more hair. He could still vividly remember when she had flowing blonde hair that shined with the intensity of a thousand suns, subtly contrasting her equivalently beautiful face. But now the worst seemed imminent after she developed a significantly aggressive cancer. His mother remained insistent that she was fine and recovering adequately, but Kane knew otherwise and it didn’t provide any comfort knowing that his mother was trying to protect him from devastating reality. A voice soon provoked Kane to awaken from his daydreaming.

‘Excuse me son, is dad around?’ asked the doctor.

‘Father is dead’, Kane responded quietly.

‘Well, is there anyone I can talk to? Is there possibly a family member or a responsible elder sibling?’

‘No, I don’t have any siblings and it is only me here. You can talk to me if you wish.’

‘Look I’m not sure what I have to say is appropriate for you to hear’, concern becoming audible in the doctor’s voice.

‘I’m fine, tell me’, Kane’s voice growing more instructive and impatient.

The doctor sighed and proceeded. ‘Your mother is not well, very unwell. If she

doesn’t receive necessary treatment soon she will die.’

Kane tried to remain composed, but simply couldn’t. ‘Well, what do you expect me to do, my dad’s dead, my mum’s almost dead and I don’t have any other family’, Kane spat.

‘I’m sorry, but if the hospital doesn’t receive payment within the next week, your mother will die.’

The doctor exited the room compliantly with a barrage of swearing and a frustrated wave of the middle finger from Kane. He sat desperately staring into the vacant palms of his hands, unsure of how he’d ever acquire the required amount. All he could do at the moment was clutch tight to his mother’s frail hand and embrace that feeling indefinitely.

★ ★ ★

The rusty, old chain of Kane’s bike rattled non-complacently with the continuously winding road, littered in snow. His thick, warm jacket fought relentlessly to combat the bitterly cold winds. He struggled his way up another steep hill and crossed a desolate set of forgotten pastures, all the while remaining discreetly hidden amongst thick tree line. A pair of cheap kicks, hanging over a power line, swaying gently in the winter breeze, eventually indicated his arrival. He dismounted the bike and cautiously removed his tattered backpack, whilst purposefully striding towards a cleared area.

‘You’re late’, informed a middle-aged, well-built Bolivian man condescendingly. His name was Eduardo Cruz and was a renowned drug dealer within the local province. His name was associated with an abundance of notorious drug crimes, though police had never gathered sufficient evidence to persecute him. Therefore his main priority was secrecy and Kane knew it was imperative to Eduardo and, possibly, his mother’s survival.

‘I’m sorry, my mum’s in hospital’, Kane’s voice instantly developing recognition of his downfall.

‘We all have problems kid, but they don’t deliver the dope, do they? Now show us what you got.’

Kane handed his backpack, containing an

impressive haul of 4 kilograms of cocaine. Eduardo swiftly removed each brick and placed them inside a vacuum-sealed briefcase with expertise.

‘Here’s your cut’, Eduardo said before handing a bundle of notes equating to \$50 to Kane. ‘I’ll see you around’, he said before climbing into a conveniently arriving black Bentley.

Kane ambled awkwardly back to his bike and began the long trip back home. He never thought the circumstances of his life would confine him to the drug business; however he saw no other obvious resolution. If he was just persistent enough he could earn the money to pay for his mother’s medical expenses and maybe even in the process get promoted to a more executive role, boasting more money than a delivery boy. It was not as if he had any respect for people who devoted their lives to delivering and exporting drugs, but he had developed an appreciation for how these people could remain content with their dishonourable lives.

Every night he slept with anxiety circulating throughout his body. He’d come to hate his involvement in the transport of illicit drugs. He wouldn’t allow his dying mother to know that her only son was a failure, not able to provide for her without breaking the law. Therefore his life remained a contrast between disillusion and reality, subsequently from leading a double life, something he had previously imagined to be much cooler than it actually was.

★ ★ ★

The schoolyard echoed with the sound of children playing and their contagious laughter. To any person the happiness and innocence of the environment would’ve been apparent, though Kane knew otherwise. An obnoxiously loud bell sounded, indicating the end of recess, but Kane remained seated on a bench, staring blankly at the unoccupied ovals. Eventually when no one else was in sight, he stood up and marched towards an isolated toilet block on the most distant edge of the school. It was composed of a urinal, two stalls and attracted large amounts of vandalism and graffiti. He walked up to one of the stalls and knocked impatiently.

Continued on page 40

Continued from page 39

'The walrus is in the blender', stated Kane with confidence.

'Name?' asked a recognised voice.

'Oscar, it's me, Kane Derron.' There was a loud click resembling the lock in a bank vault opening, as the door gently swung open, revealing an intricate set-up. Though the cubicle had never been intended to serve as an office, it had since been expanded and included a large desk with a plush, leather office chair. Oscar Richardson opened a large drawer and handed Kane a large quantity of pristine methamphetamine. He also handed him a large envelope detailing where the exchange would occur.

'Be careful mate', warned Oscar.

'Always am', Kane replied systematically.

As Kane walked away from the block, he noticed a flash of blue entering the block. Paranoia swept through Kane like an uncontrollable tsunami. Had someone seen him? He couldn't imagine the repercussions' severity if he was caught dealing drugs at the age of fourteen.

He slowly bent down and picked up a large, dense bit of tree debris, never losing immediate eye-contact with the entrance to the toilet block. He walked slowly forwards, anticipating the worst. The corridor towards the second stall seemingly extended forever, as Kane crept silently along. He momentarily paused outside the open stall, before leaping inside and instinctively swinging the clump of wood viciously. Amidst the chaos, it took him a moment to realise he had connected with something. Sprawled, unconscious, across the damp floor was a police officer, decorated by a throbbing lump on the side of their head. He was overwhelmed that he

had the capability to inflict such damage upon someone, but diverted his attention to a whimpering Oscar crouched in the corner of the room.

'What happened?' Kane insisted.

'The copper came, clearly', Oscar spoke with a muffled mixture of fear and anger, 'and it's only a matter of time before more of them show up, we must leave now. Help me load him into the trunk, he knows too much already.'

'But we have to call an ambulance, he could be seriously injured!' Kane plead.

'That will be the least of his concerns when we're done with him', Oscar informed, bearing a sinister smile, 'now wait here while I fetch the car.'

Kane could hardly comprehend what had just happened, he never intended to cause harm to anyone. He was considering running, but this opportunity was interrupted by Oscar's return. He grudgingly hauled the policeman up by his arms and dragged him into the trunk of a closely parked Volkswagen Golf. He felt obligated to attend to the man's obvious injuries, but he was instructed otherwise. He stumbled hurriedly into the front seat of the car, before it pulled off in a cloud of thick haze expired by the poorly-maintained engine.

'Where are we going?' enquired Kane, conservative of asking too many questions.

'You'll find out soon enough.'

Eventually, they stopped outside a hill overlooking a picturesque bay, overshadowed by remarkably tall cliffs. Waves crashed mercilessly into awaiting, jagged rocks. Various seabirds patrolled the area, swooping relentlessly towards any minor disturbances. Kane recognised the area as part of the scenic railway's route, where he had taken the train out to the country many years ago with his father and mother. He tried to reflect as little as possible upon these better times as they only served as a reminder of the current situation of his life.

'What are we doing here?' queried Kane, frustrated by the little understanding he had of what was happening.



'Help me place the body over the tracks,' Oscar said with a matter of indifference portraying his cold-heartedness.

'We can't kill him, are you crazy?' Kane exclaimed, panicking.

'If you don't help me, I'll put you alongside him,' Oscar instructed, continuing to inculcate his lack of empathy for anyone besides himself.

Kane was intelligent enough to realise he had no choice, but was determined to see contrarily. He helped carry the unconscious body down the embankment, laying it to rest upon the train tracks. He didn't want to see an innocent man die, but he didn't want ruin his relationship with Oscar and potentially endanger his own loving mother's prospect of survival. Was it fair to prioritise, place more value, upon someone's life simply because of attachment? The policeman's further impending fate was provoking more and more moral questions.

A hush fell over the bay. The birds stopped chirping, the ferocious wind reduced to an insignificant breeze and the water suddenly became impossibly still. Then

a distant sound became audible. The unmistakable, distinguished sound of a train's horn overwhelmed all the natural beauty throughout the landscape. The clattering of the train tracks gradually grew in intensity, as Kane's nightmare drew closer. He urged for his legs to move, but they stayed incompactly still, unwilling to take action. His head felt as though it would explode from the tension. He wanted to awaken, but couldn't escape the dreadful reality that was unfolding before his very eyes. The train was approaching at a substantial pace now and would be incompetent of slowing down now to avoid collision. It drew even closer, now only 100 metres away.

'Come on kid, we've got to go!' Oscar yelled.

Suddenly, Kane was compelled to move. He gathered a momentum, that couldn't psychologically be interfered with. He was still unaware of the exact course of his actions, but had confidence that he would when the moment came. Slowly, Kane proceeded to place one foot, followed by the other upon the train tracks. He hauled the policeman's oblivious body to the side

of the tracks with his last few seconds' capacity for work and stood, immobilised by the trepidation inside him, expecting imminent impact. Excruciating pain rippled throughout Kane's body, shattering every bone in his fragile skeleton and rendering every last other component of his structure inoperable. As Kane slowly descended downwards towards the welcoming blue sea, he felt a great deal of satisfaction and was glad that he could be troubled no more.

★ ★ ★

A blinding, white light exploded throughout the room, exposing Kane's frail skin. There was white in every direction, extending infinitely. The room seemed to have some undefined familiarity, some resemblance to a previously seen place, but he wasn't sure. However, he did not care for this as he saw his mother's comforting smile, providing reassurance that everything was all right.

By **Lachie Arnold**
Year 8, Caulfield Grammar School
CAULFIELD – VIC.

We sew and weave,
And weave and sew.
We watch the thread,
As it bobs to and fro.

We are women of Arachne,
Not Helens of Troy.
Men will not fight wars over us,
No ships will they deploy.

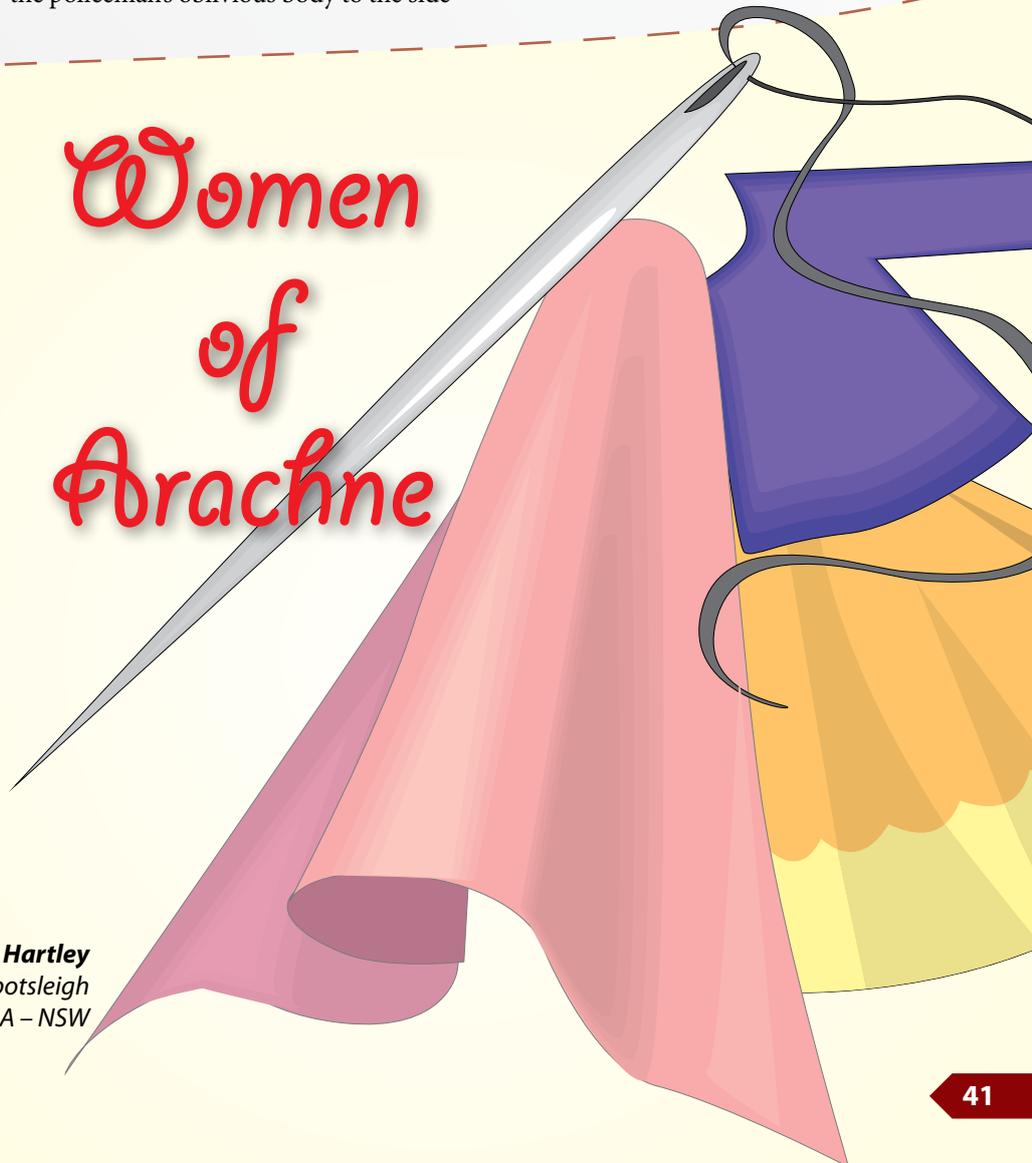
We cut and snip,
And snip and cut.
Cursed to a life,
Where the door's always shut.

We weave our own webs,
We have our own story.
Stories of calm and patience,
Not of men and their glory.

We are the Penelopes,
Wives who await the return.
But no one remembers to save us,
As the world around us, burns.

By **Emma Hartley**
Year 10, Abbotsleigh
WAHROONGA – NSW

Women of Arachne





**Want 9,542 friends
worldwide?**

Join the Club.

**With Youth of the Year, Leos and new Lions Clubs forming every day,
there's always new people to meet at Lions.**

lions australia

we serve



I HAD A CRUSH ON YOU

I had a crush on you
I hoped that u could see
That maybe there was more to us
Than friends that we could be

'I made it obvious'
My friends would always say
But when you spent time with her
I hid them right away

I always wanted a Cinderella story
Where they forget about their past
They live a happy life and that's all that at last
But maybe people's dreams

Dreams don't always come true
I know one thing for sure
I didn't get you

Every time I saw you
I tried to play it cool
Maybe one day I'll realise
I'm just not meant for you

Maybe I'm not good looking
Or I don't have a personality
But you could've given me a chance
To show you who I was really

'Who cares!' I always said
'I'm gonna let him go'
But words are said easier
Then action in its role

Now I have a boyfriend
I have to let you go
But you'll still stay in my heart
The special guy I once knew

Well now it time to say good bye
I knew it'll come one day
I had to forget about you
And keep you far away

By **Faiza Mohammed**

Year 9, Hume Central Secondary College
BROADMEADOWS – VIC.

Luna Park

Screaming, laughing, and confabulating
Clamorous sound fills my ears
Mischievous children fighting for a prize
Bright, sunny weather shines in the Luna Park
As fresh air blows a fine warm breeze.
Polychromatic colours spark Luna Park
As it shines brightly like the sun
Appealing smells fill my nose
As I pass by food stands
Walking into the entrance of the Ferris wheel
Sitting on a nice and comfy seat putting on a craggy seatbelt.
Spinning sluggishly feeling the chilly wind
A deliberate stop as I drop on the gravelly ground
Perky and boisterous game stalls
With preposterous prizes to win
Light bulbs gleaming and alternating
Boisterous people calling out to encourage people to come and play
Dodgem Cars making flamboyant noises
Screeching and banging
Cars driving with idiocy
Strong wind blows against the Luna Park

Children race like adults late for work
Everything here sways goes up and down
And round simultaneously
I walk straight ahead
And try not to look around.
Things are steel and painted yellow
Red and blue
Screams punctuate the fun
Terror and sickness come with every ticket.
Chaos is sold in cardboard carton
I sit behind a child and close my eye
I slip down
And find my body at the end.
Stand up and walk away
Children drench in sweat
Do not cry and never wish to leave.

By **James Tang**

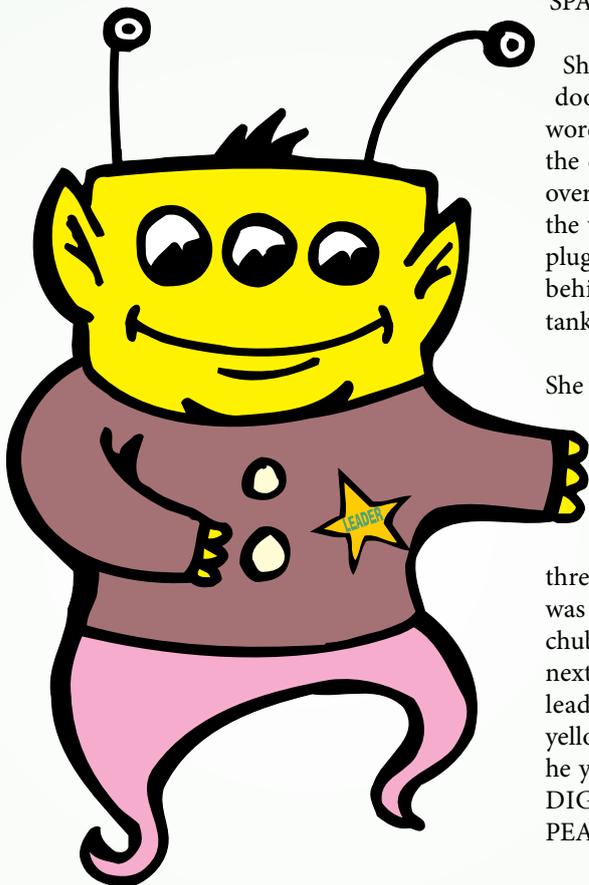
Year 6, Overnewton Anglican Community College
KEILOR – VIC.



Outer Space Adventure

TICK, Tock, Tick, Tock. Jane was sitting in class, her head wandering through the clouds. Her seat was right up the back. Right next to the clock. Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock. 'When will this class FINISH!' she thought. Jane's teacher, Mr. Eddmans, was talking about his boring old geography, and pointing to his weird old map of the Earth. 'I wish I could go anywhere ELSE than Earth!' thought Jane. Out the window, she could see all the parents pulling up outside the school. RING, RING! There was the bell. "OK, class", said Mr. Eddmans, "Out you go." Jane ran out of class. She went to her bag and got out her phone. "On my way home, Mum", she texted. Jane walked out the school grounds. She overheard her best friend, Kate's Mum, Roxanne, talking to another Mum. Jane recognized the Mum straight away. It was her other best friend, Amy's Mum, Eliza. "Did you here?" said Roxanne. "They are sending one lucky child to MARS this afternoon!" "I know!" came Eliza's reply. "Wouldn't it be GREAT if they sent Amy or Kate? I hope those kids come soon! We are going to miss the choosing!" That was all Jane heard.

Before she knew it, she was walking to the airport. Although, she thought she was. Jane had NO IDEA where the airport was!



But, she could see a plane about to land, and was following that. It should know where to go! Jane went back to thinking. "I wonder who will be the lucky kid?" she thought.

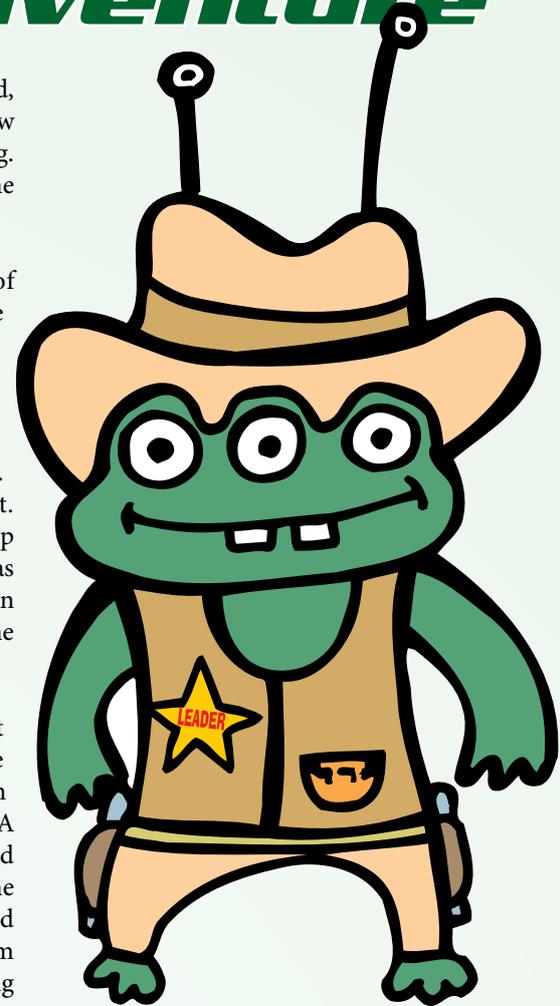
As Jane walked through the doors of a strange looking building, a surprise hit her face. It was different from the last time she went to the airport. Very different. Instead of all the tables and chairs and elevators, there was only one room. Two chairs were in front of her. These chairs seemed slightly different. THEY WERE ON THE WALL! On the top of the wall, nearly touching the roof, was another chair. This chair was bigger, and in front of THAT chair was a small desk. Jane saw some stairs leading up to the chair.

Jane climbed to the top. When she sat down in the chair, she saw that the little desk had heaps and HEAPS of buttons on it. Jane stared at all the colourful buttons. A blue button said "COUNT DOWN". A red button said "TAKE OFF". Jane pressed the blue button, and she heard a computerised voice. "T minus 6, 5, 4, 3, 2." The room was filled with the voice that was counting down from 10. When the voice said "1", the red button started flashing. Jane pressed it. After a while, she realised she was on a SPACESHIP!

She hurried down the stairs to a little door she had passed before. It had the word "AIRPACK" on it. She opened up the door, took out a spacesuit, and went over to another small door. This door had the words "OXYGEN REFILL" on it. She plugged in her oxygen pack in the hole behind the door and pressed 'ON'. Her tank was soon filled.

She went back to her seat at the front. Out the window, she saw that she was whizzing through the Universe.

"Hello, earthling!" A little green alien stood in front of Jane. It had three eyes, and on the end of each hair was another eye. He was little, and very chubby. A little yellow alien was standing next to him. "My name is Micko, Alien leader. This is my partner, Diggo." The yellow alien stepped forwards. "HELLO!" he yelled. "NICE TO MEET YOU. I AM DIGGO! SORRY IF I DISTURB THE PEACE. I YELL WHEN I AM EXCITED!"



Diggo was just like Micko, only yellow. Jane saw that both alien leaders had little badges, both showing a symbol and the word "LEADER" printed on them. "Let us show you our town, MARSMO!" "OK", said Jane.

"By the way, my name is Jane." "It is nice to meet you, Jane", said Micko. So, Jane, Micko and Diggo wandered through the town.

A little purple alien came running out the door of a building. "Welcome to Marsmo, the city of aliens. My name is Mrs. S, but you can call me Sheina. I am the local teacher." Sheina had a badge too, one that said "TEACHER" with the same little symbol on it.

Jane, Micko, Diggo and Sheina went down the road. They turned down the intersection, and went down another street. They passed lots of shops. "Babby's Butcher, Tinka's Wildlife, Marsmo books, Wacke's hairstyles." These were only some of the names. "What's Wacke's hairstyles like?" asked Jane. "YOU'VE NEVER SEEN WACKE'S HAIRSTYLES BEFORE!"

yelled Micko. "Diggo, we must show her!" Sheina ran into the shop, and re-emerged two minutes later. "Wacke!" she said to a small alien with long hair. "Meet Jane, the human that just landed in Marsmo!" The alien with the long hair looked up. He was a black alien and his curly black hair clearly showed what his job was. His hairdresser badge was as black as his body. He didn't look too impressed with Sheina. His brush in hand showed Jane that he was in the middle of something. But, when he saw Jane, his frown turned into a smile! He quickly cheered at the sight of a human. "Hello!" he exclaimed. "My name is Wacke! Come on in!"

Wacke ran back inside. The small group could hear his excited voice inside telling them about Jane. One by one, Micko, Diggo and Sheina went inside. Jane followed. When she walked in, she was really surprised! Sure, it had hairdryers and brushes, but not human ones!

At the front there was a little counter. An orange alien greeted the group. He was standing behind the desk. "Do you have a..." he said looking at his paperwork. "Do you have..." He didn't see Jane, or any of the others! The orange alien looked up. When he saw Jane standing there, he jumped so high his head hit the roof! They walked on and saw Wacke standing there welcoming them.

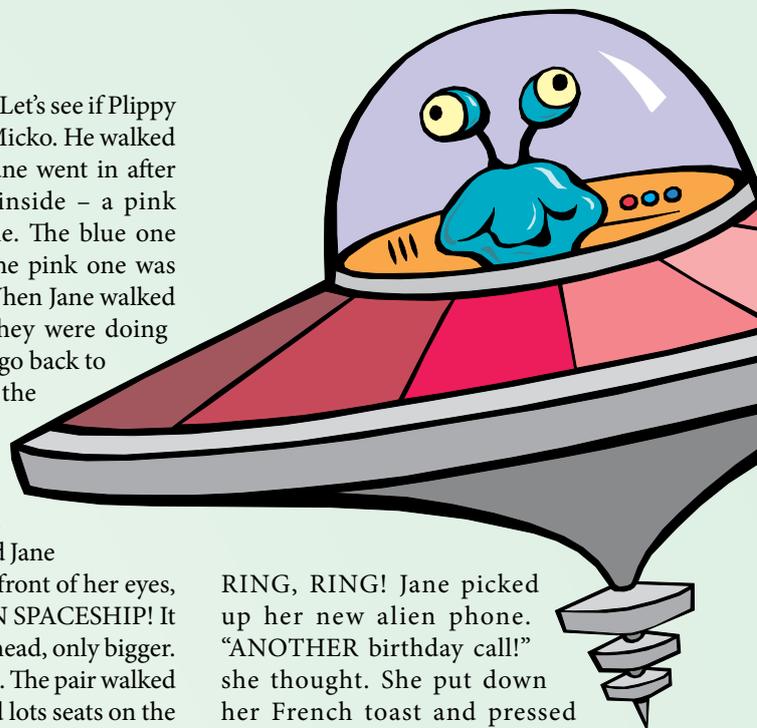
"Sorry", said Micko. "I will have to come and get a hair appointment another day. Bye!" said Jane. "Bye!" said Wacke. The group rushed out the door. "WAIT!" yelled Wacke. "Can I come?" "SURE!" yelled Diggo. "WE ARE TAKING JANE TO THE 'MUSICAL DRIVERS!'" "What are the musical drivers?" asked Jane. "Come, and you will see", said Sheina. The group went to a little shop with the words 'MUSICAL

DRIVERS' on the front. "Let's see if Plippy can get you home", said Micko. He walked through the door and Jane went in after him. Two aliens were inside – a pink one and a light blue one. The blue one was playing the flute. The pink one was inspecting some tyres. When Jane walked in, they stopped what they were doing and stared. "You need to go back to Earth, don't you?" said the pink one. "I'm Plippy, your driver." "And I'm Oboe!" yelled the blue one. "Come", said Plippy. She went out the back and Jane followed. There, right in front of her eyes, was a GIGANTIC ALIEN SPACESHIP! It looked a bit like Micko's head, only bigger. "Come", said Plippy again. The pair walked onto the spaceship. It had lots seats on the wall, and a bigger seat at the top of the wall. Jane sat down on a smaller seat, and Plippy sat down on the big seat. T minus 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, lift off. They were in space!

When Plippy and Jane landed on Earth, Jane took off her spacesuit and walked outside. They had landed on Jane's street, and Jane's best friend, Kate, was standing there in shock. Her mouth was open, but no words came out.

"Here", said Plippy. She held out something that looked like a phone. "It's a Marsmo phone, a gift for you from all of Marsmo!" Jane took the phone. "Thanks?" she said, confused. Kate just stood there, silently. "Bye!" said Plippy as the spaceship flew away. "BYE!" yelled Jane.

After Jane had explained everything to Kate, she went home. In her room, she checked her calendar. Tomorrow was her BIRTHDAY! "AWESOME!" thought Jane. 'I can't wait!'



RING, RING! Jane picked up her new alien phone. "ANOTHER birthday call!" she thought. She put down her French toast and pressed the 'ANSWER' button. "Hello!" she said into the speaker. "HAPPY BIRTHDAY!" Lots of alien voices on the other side cheered for Jane. Jane looked down for her French toast, but instead, she found Micko looking up at her. "AAAGGGHHH!" she screamed. "Hello!" said Micko. "Jane, your phone is a portal!" cried Wacke. "Whenever you want to see us..." started Sheina. "YOU JUST CALL US!" continued Diggo. "...and you will be here in seconds!" finished Oboe. "THANKS, GUYS!" said Jane.

RING, RING. That was Jane's phone again. "BYE!" said the chorus of alien voice. "Hello!" said Jane. BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP! No one was on the other end. Jane looked down to thank her alien friends. But all that was left was her French toast.

The End!

By **Olivia Summers**
Year 6, Marian Catholic School
CURRAJONG – QLD.



Life in the Reef

By **Kylah O'Brien**
Age 8,
Surfers' Paradise Primary School
ISLE OF CAPRI – QLD.

The sight of sparkling water
Touches the horizon of the sand
Bright colourful fish the size of a quarter
Sharks lurking all about the bay
Hear the flatheads shuffling on the ocean floor
Waves crashing all around me
Crabs knocking on the cave door
Hear the engines of the boats...
I feel coral getting rougher
Bits of plastic in the sea
Fish are getting tougher
As you can see in my heart I love the sea...
But now it's all gone

Storm Raven

A LONG time ago, about 5000 years, there was a man named Warkenthork (Thork for short) Secaniacan from a tribe in the mountains called Karkentral. He was a very happy man with a great family and sufficient tribe. His wife's name was Licander and together they had five kids called (in order of eldest to youngest) Warkranta (boy), Licindeana (girl), Garranarraesten (twin boy) Garranar for short), Garekemn (twin boy) and Jandamona (girl).

When Thork was five he was given an amulet he wore all the time except when he was in bed. It had an inscription on it. The inscription said, 'The bearer on the amulet of storm can unleash great power only against the enemies of the storm.' Nobody knew what this meant including Thork. He thought it meant he could unleash the power of storm that could hurt his family or tribe.

When Thork was the age of forty-five, he took his son Warkranta to learn how to hunt in the mountains of the Karkentral near the Tryicane Tribe. These mountains are dangerous and unbelievably vicious. Most of the animals that lived there kill on sight. It was highly populated with animals therefore it was the main place to hunt.

There were these beasts of the mountain that the legends say were called Storm Raven. They took people and animals which they slaughtered and ate. They were quite big monsters.

As they were in the mountains a man from the Tryicane tribe kidnapped Warkranta. Thork tried to stop him but he couldn't catch him. He slipped away, so Thork ran back to his village and found it was destroyed. Then his family and the rest of the villagers came out of a cave and he heard what happened. He gave everyone jobs but his wife was worried about Warkranta.

He gave a speech. 'I'll take our best fighters to take down this man who destroyed our village and took my son.' Everyone cheered! The village is deep in the mountains and it will take days to get there.

As they were near the Slatck Ridge they met a flock of birds. They were all shocked

as they observed the Storm Ravens. They were aggressive until they saw Thork. Thork was shocked and puzzled as to why they were looking at him. Then he heard a voice talk to him. Then he replied, 'Who are you? Where are you?'. The voice said, 'I am Storaveargen, the Warlock of the Storm Raven. You should come with us.'

The Storm Ravens took them to the Storm Sky village which is on the highest peak in the mountains. 'Why do you bring us here?' Thork doubted. 'You are the master of storm. We've waited a long time for this. We will take you to our leader,' the warlock exclaimed. When they got to the temple their leader turned around and saw Thork. 'I am the leader of the Storm Raven, Sarcarnorm the sorceress' she declared. 'Why do you call me the Master of Storm?' Thork inquired. 'The amulet around your neck is the amulet of storm that is given to the chosen one and handed down through generations,' she announced. 'We are at your command, Storm Master Thork.'

'I'm only up here because a man from the Tryicane village kidnapped my eldest son Warkranta. Will you help me?' he asked them. 'We'll help you get your son back.' Storaveargen declared. So they all set off with the ravens coming to rescue Thork's son. The Tryicane tribe's village was in the darkest, most lethal part of the mountain but the Storm Ravens helped them get through.

As they were near the cliff that overlooked the village, they spotted some of the village's scouts that were heading back to the village. Thork concentrated and unleashed a lightning bolt from dark blacked sky which hit them. 'They're fried to a crisp for sure!' one of the warriors laughed about.

Back home they finished the village repairs and sent all the men to meet with Thork so they would have enough power to get him back, if the negotiations failed. They went to set up camp near the village and would take turns at the lookout. The best warriors from home and the leaders of the Storm Raven listened to Thork's plan to get his son back.

The next morning, Thork went down to the main gate with some warriors. The man

was only going to give his son back if he gave his whole tribe to him. It was a hard decision, so he gave up the tribe for his son. Finally, they were reunited and returned to camp. Thork declared, 'The plan worked, we'll ambush them in the canyon as soon as they leave.'

They left their village and headed for the canyon. Thork's army had placed boulders near the canyon cliffs and prepared for the ambush. The canyon was the quickest way between villages.

When the Tryicane warriors reached the middle of the canyon, they dropped the boulders down and charged at them. The battle was bloody with limbs flying everywhere. The kidnapper who grabbed Warkranta, Thork chased after. He killed him with a couple of wounds to his body. Then the best Tryicane warriors swarmed on him. He killed most of them with his storm magic. He missed one who attacked him and it was the chief who was a tough man.

It took thirty minutes before the battle was over. Thork was stabbed through the chest. Warkranta smacked him into the ground with one blow from his inner hatred. He took his father to the peaks of the mountains where he was given the amulet with his father's last breath. He returned to the village and retold his tale.

At the age of twenty-four he married a beautiful girl and they went around uniting the tribes into one.

The End

By **Ben Young**

Year 8, Mount Lilydale Mercy College
LILYDALE - VIC.





AN AUTHOR VISIT TO YOUR SCHOOL

To improve your students' reading and writing skills, each term a school with a current School Subscription to *Oz Kids in Print* will win a children's Author/Illustrator visit to their school to conduct workshops.

These workshops are designed to encourage even the most reluctant students; they are designed to be both fun and educational. Students who have participated have shown a dramatic improvement in their educational standards.

Your students will be able to have access and mentorship with Australia's leading Children's Authors/Illustrators – one of the many benefits of subscribing to *Oz Kids in Print*.

Websites: www.ozkids.com.au or www.booksforkids.org.au



Paul Collins



Elise Hurst



Jeni Mawter

REVIEW OUR LIST OF SOME OF AUSTRALIA'S BEST CHILDREN'S AUTHORS/ILLUSTRATORS

- Paul Collins • Meredith Costain • Anna Ciddor • Jeni Mawter • Krista Bell
- Elise Hurst • Craig Smith • Marjory Gardner • Marc McBride • Anne Spudvilas

PLUS MANY MORE AUTHORS



YES! Our school would like to subscribe to *Oz Kids in Print*

Please tick the box that most suits your school:

Individual Subscription \$44 (1 copy per quarter)

School Subscription \$99 (5 copies per quarter)

School Details

Name of School:

Address:

Suburb:State:Postcode:

Contact Person

Name:Position:Phone:

Payment Details

Enclosed is a cheque/money order for: \$ Order Number:

Return Details

Please mail your remittance with this form to:

Children's Charity Network, PO Box 267, Lara Vic. 3212
ABN 58 109 336 245

Tel: 03 5282 8950 • Fax: 03 5282 8950 • Email: info@ozkids.com.au • Website: www.ozkids.com.au



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.