

OZ KIDS IN PRINT



*A great tool to improve
literacy in schools!*

May 2015

www.ozkids.com.au

*Cover design by
Peter Bakos
(2014 Lions Club Art Award
Winner – Photography/Senior)*

Print Post Approved
P.P. 100019938

FREE ENTRY

**TO STUDENTS IN PRIMARY OR
SECONDARY SCHOOLS**

Proudly supported by the Australian Government



Matteo, 8 years old
"ALIEN BUSTER"



Lia, 9 years old
"SUPER DOCTOR"



Théo, 7 years old
"AIRLINE PILOT"



**SMALL HANDS
WILL DO
BIG THINGS**



OZ KIDS IN PRINT

Contents

From the Editor's Desk 4	Modern Earth31 <i>Will C, Blackburn South, Vic.</i>	The Ancient One 9 <i>Nick Kinyanjui, Eynesbury Senior College, Adelaide, SA</i>
Writing YOU CHOOSE: George Ivanoff ..10	Rainforest34 <i>Kamalinee Kamalakaran, Amsleigh Park Primary School, Oakleigh, Vic.</i>	Joe and the Hot Head Giant12 <i>Dare Fasugba, Macgregor, ACT</i>
Ambassadors19	Mother Nature's Gift34 <i>Layla Adams, Springfield Central State High, Springfield Central, Qld.</i>	Concealed13 <i>Saisha Prasad, Fahan School, Sandy Bay, Tas.</i>
Book Review: The Burning Sea20	The Game of Life35 <i>Darryl Chan, Nazareth College, Noble Park North, Vic.</i>	The Escape14 <i>Mackenzie Wyatt, Essington School, Darwin, NT</i>
Competition: The Warlock's Child21	Life is an Oyster35 <i>Molly Waters, Kelvin Grove State College, Kelvin Grove, Qld.</i>	Metaphorical WW116 <i>Daisy Jeffrey, Sydney Secondary College, Balmain Campus, Balmain, NSW</i>
Book Reviews: Tucker Rd. Bentleigh PS ...30	Success35 <i>Brodie Momsen, Caringbah High School, Caringbah, NSW</i>	The Book Fairy17 <i>Brigitte Lill, Loreto College, Kirribilli, NSW</i>
AWARDS FOR POETRY		
The Land of Sleep 6 <i>Matthew Harper-Gomm, Kambrya College, Berwick, Vic.</i>	Never Alone36 <i>Amber Holstein, Casterton Secondary College, Casterton, Vic.</i>	Trapped in a Snow Globe18 <i>Alex Egan, Methodist Ladies' College, Kew, Vic.</i>
Anger 6 <i>Isabelle Barratt, Ravenswood School for Girls, Gordon, NSW</i>	Throughout the Universe36 <i>Erin Cahill, Cerdon College, Merrylands, NSW</i>	The Murderer22 <i>Bodhi McNally, Wideview Public School, Berowra Heights, NSW</i>
Sunshine 8 <i>Alicia Benson, Ravenswood School for Girls, Gordon, NSW</i>	In the Deep Sea37 <i>Benjamin Grasby, Port Hedland Primary School, Port Hedland, WA</i>	House of Mysteries24 <i>Grace D'Amico, Korowa Anglican Girls' School, Glen Iris, Vic.</i>
The Joys of Spring12 <i>Talia Johnston, Crescent Head Public, Crescent Head, NSW</i>	Saltwater37 <i>Ella Hagon, Cottesloe, WA</i>	Step by Step. Note by Note.26 <i>Madeline Miao, Korowa Anglican Girls' School, Glen Iris, Vic.</i>
Nothing Good Can Ever Stay14 <i>Alexandra Egan, Methodist Ladies' College, Kew, Vic.</i>	The Raging Sea37 <i>Cooper Whelan, Oxley Christian College, Chirnside Park, Vic.</i>	Holding On and Letting Go27 <i>Ellen Tosolini, Eynesbury Senior College, Adelaide, SA</i>
A Glimpse into the Past15 <i>Holland Touw, Ravenswood School for Girls, Gordon, NSW</i>	Arion – Learning to Fly38 <i>Seb Schutte, Wagga Wagga Christian College, Koorinal, NSW</i>	A Very Twisted Tale28 <i>Aaron Holmes, Essington School, Darwin, NT</i>
A Day In The Life of a Baby15 <i>Anthea Wilson, Pennant Hills Public School, Pennant Hills, NSW</i>	AWARDS FOR SHORT STORIES	
The Dead City18 <i>Matthew Harper-Gomm, Kambrya College, Berwick, Vic.</i>	Super Soccer! 4 <i>Jasmine Alisha Hamit, Keysborough, Vic.</i>	Front cover image by Peter Bakos
The Hunt22 <i>Jade Simms, Nambour Christian College, Nambour, Qld.</i>	Gallipoli 5 <i>Bodhi McNally, Wideview Public School, Berowra Heights, NSW</i>	
This Girl23 <i>Chelsea Drinkald, Woodcroft College, Morphett Vale, SA</i>	Can You Keep a Secret? 7 <i>Carlee Lam, Eynesbury Senior College, Adelaide, SA</i>	Photo credits – ‘The Dead City’, p. 18: Robert Couse-Baker, https://www.flickr.com/photos/29233640@N07/3373940125/ . ‘A Glimpse into the Past’, p. 15; ‘The Petrifying Storm’, p. 28; ‘Rainforest’ & ‘Mother Nature’s Gift’, p. 34; ‘In the Deep Sea’, ‘The Raging Sea’ & ‘Saltwater’, p. 35: Frank Jones, Desktop Dynamics, Geelong.
To Remember23 <i>Katerina Zafiris, William Ruthven SC, Reservoir, Vic.</i>	Tortured 8 <i>Maddie Meharry, Kerang Technical High School, Kerang, Vic.</i>	
The Petrifying Storm28 <i>James Tang, Overnewton Anglican Community College, Keilor, Vic.</i>	Published by:	
Virginia29 <i>Isabella Fioravanti, St. Macartan's PS, Mornington, Vic.</i>	Australian Children's Literary Board <i>(an initiative of the Children's Charity Network)</i> ABN 58 109 336 245	
Our Departing Teacher29 <i>Lisa Hendriks Movig, Ravenswood School for Girls, Gordon, NSW</i>	Phone: (03) 5282 8950	
	Fax: (03) 4206 7811	
	170 Forest Road, Lara, Victoria 3212	
	Postal Address:	
	PO Box 267, Lara, Victoria 3212	
	The Selection Committee:	
	Managing Editor:Carol Dick	Directors:.....Prof. Margot Hillel OAM (Chair)
	Publisher:.....Robin Leonard	Prof. Peter Blamey
	Finals Judge:Professor Margot Hillel OAM	Dr. Elaine Saunders
	Australian Catholic University	Gail Woods CPA
	Sponsorship Manager: ..Ernest Bland	Rob Leonard (Executive)
	Advertising Manager:....Trevor St John	Layout/Pre-press:.....Desktop Dynamics, Geelong
	Fund Committee:Gail Woods CPA	Website Production:.....The Media Warehouse
	Paul Warburton CPA	www.mediawarehouse.com.au
	Rob Leonard	

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

We are almost half way through the year. So get your entries in and don't leave it to the last weeks. Make sure that all the relevant details are entered. We need your Name, Grade, School and School Address when entering on-line.

Look for the following in this edition:

- Ford Street Publishing is running a competition to celebrate the first three books of *The Warlock's Child* being released. Please find the all the details in this edition of *Oz Kids in Print*.
- George Ivanoff has an article about writing the *YOU CHOOSE* books. Books where you choose which way the story goes!
- Our book reviewers have some wonderful reads for you.

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



KEEP ON WRITING (TYPING)!

Carol Dick
Managing Editor



Super Soccer!

CHARLOTTE, Jenny, Clara and Sasha were talking to each other over lunch in the school cafeteria. As they left the cafeteria and entered the hallway to go to class, Jenny spotted a poster that was titled *Super Soccer!* The girls crowded around it trying to get the best view. They all decided to try it out, so they signed their names on the signing sheet next to it.

At the end of the day the girls called each other and talked about how much fun the soccer would be. Charlotte, Jenny, Clara and Sasha told their parents and practised.

When they met each other the next day for soccer training they had a go at practising dribbling. Mrs. Alexandria told the girls that they had worked well and to keep on practising.

"I like soccer", said Jenny.

"Me too", replied Clara and Charlotte.

"Me three", giggled Sasha.

The next day was Saturday and since they all lived so close, they decided to practise soccer together. Sasha brought her soccer ball to use. They went in teams of two. Charlotte and Clara versus Jenny and Sasha. They had fun and it was a tie.

"I'm exhausted", they all said together.

"Remember how our first soccer match is on the 20th of May?", said Charlotte.

"What's the date today?" asked Clara.

"It's the 3rd of April", answered Jenny.

Suddenly some boys named Derrick, Alfred, Riley and Sam came up to them laughing.

Riley said, "Look, some little girls are trying to play soccer."

"So girls can play soccer too", said Jenny and Sasha.

"Not just boys", added Charlotte and Clara.

"Nice try", said Alfred, "but boys are the only ones that can play soccer".

Then they made a rude face at the girls and left them feeling mad. The girls were plotting and planning to prove to the boys that girls can play soccer too. But it took them a while to figure out an idea.

The next day the girls explained to the boys that they wanted a soccer match to show that girls can play soccer well too. The boys agreed knowing that they are way better than girls at soccer. The girls decided to practise their soccer skills again the next day and to focus more on areas they needed to improve.

Eventually the day came where it was boys against girls. Both teams did some warm ups and finally it was time for the match to begin. There was centre, defence, attack and goalie. First there were no goals, until the boys scored, then the girls scored and it kept on going. Here is a chart at the end of the game.

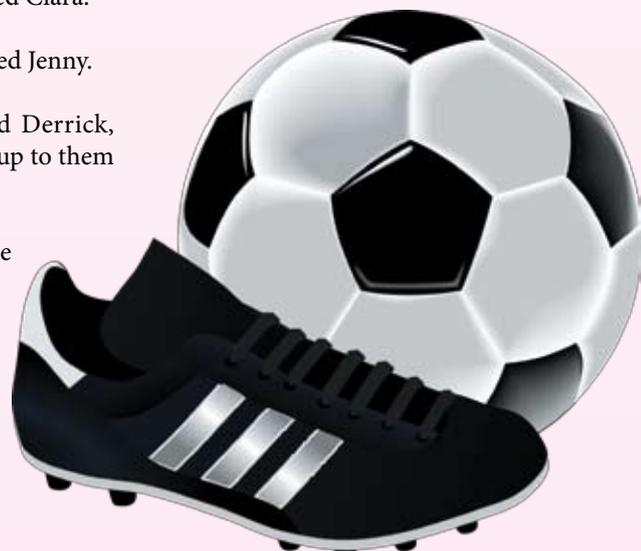
Boys	Girls
First half - 4	First half - 3
End - 6	End - 7

So the girls won and proved to the boys that girls were good at soccer too. Word got around and more children joined soccer. A week later the girls came up with a team name, *Super Soccer Girls*.

By **Jasmine Alisha Hamit**

Age 8

KEYSBOROUGH - VIC.



Gallipoli

SPLASH! I jump into the translucent icy water that lay just outside the Gallipoli Peninsula. As I wade through the water I load my gun. I can feel the soft sand underneath me and I almost get stuck. Most of the men are out of the water now and I hurry my stride so I don't get left behind.

The group begins to scale up the steep hill when the real battle begins. There were shots being fired, pellets of lead flying through the air and the sky was an entanglement of smoke.

I reach the top of the hill and see the first Turkish soldiers. A man on my left falls and leaves a macabre imprint on the earth. The soldier that shot him looks me in the eyes and my muscles become stiff. My body is cold and I have a feeling of dread. He loads a bullet and places his finger on the trigger. Bang!

I wake to the reassuring breath of oxygen. I lay in damp and muddy cotton sheets. They may have been white once upon a time but now they were the colour of decaying teeth. As I begin to step out of my sordid bed my languid legs almost have a gelatinous consistency and I crumble to the ground with a thud. I reluctantly pull myself up and dress into my firm uniform and tie up my worn leather boots.

I have completed this simple but repetitive routine that I have been following for the last six months. It reminds me of home where I would wake up to my clean bedroom and the smell of cinnamon wafting up from the kitchen and the nagging of my mother telling me to get ready for school. That seemed so long ago.

I step out of my tent and into the cacophony of war. I report to my drunken general and tell him I'm ready to begin my day at Gallipoli.

John is standing next to me in the trenches. He tells me about his girlfriend back in Sydney while I take a drag from my cigar. This was the only time dedicated to relaxation. I knew in five minutes I was to start fighting again. John's talking seems to almost put me to sleep but I am dragged back into reality as I hear a muffled scream



close by. I grab the cold metal butt of my gun and head back into battle. The Turkish forces had seemed to have scaled up the sheer side of the mountain. I place my index finger on the trigger and shoot. I have just murdered someone. A stranger. Someone I had never met before. I feel sympathy for the man as I knew he didn't want to be here either.

A grenade flies above my head and a soldier adjacent to me falls. He is one of the several thousand men that have died already. A bullet hits me in the lower leg. It's not that serious. I have been injured many times before. I stop fighting and head back to the medical tent.

That night amongst the cool Turkish air I sit with John on the northern side of the medical tent. While we sip our dry ales he sings me a song that his father taught him. I listen to John's singing in his sweet voice that almost makes him seem pusillanimous.

*Hurrah ! hurrah ! He's started,
Now mount, men, and away ;
With pistols cock'd and loaded,
We'll pounce upon our prey.
We'll seek within the tunnel,
And we'll search behind the mound ;
For no unlicensed footstep
May tread the sacred ground.*

Each night I would listen to John sing one more verse. It was early morning and John and I went into battle. The hot sun that showered the desolate hot land was somewhat cooler today and the fierce wind that normally plastered my hair against my face was feeble. I load my gun with the buckle of wrist and get ready to shoot.

I am ready to push down on the trigger when I hear a cry of mercy from somewhere behind me. I turn around and see John lying on the ground with a subtle look of worry smeared across his face. He has been shot in the head. I run to him. Tears form in my eyes and drop onto the wound, diluting the blood. My expression turns from one of melancholy to anger and my heart sparks. I am going to need more than a spark to end this battle and rage fills my eyes.

I turn around and spot the man who wounded John. I drive a bullet through his head and watch as he crumbles. I am overcome by laughter and I feel no sympathy at all for the man.

My body jerks forward and feel myself losing blood quickly. A bullet has gone straight through my heart. I collapse next to John and wait for my inevitable death. As I wait on the brown bumpy soil John splutters out the words of the last verse of the man hunt. I fall into a state of lassitude and listen.

*Oh! the tale will reach Old England,
And will she glory then,
When she hears how British soldiers
Go hunting British men?
Oh never! She will rather
Place shame's eternal brand
On every man who lent his voice
To curse this...*

John closes his eyes and I use the last of my strength to shake him. He doesn't move. I am buzzing with fear. In the last minutes of my life I watch every soldier in detail. I see the expressions on their face. Expressions of heroicism, empathy, sadness, relief and despair for the men they have killed and the families that are left with no father or husband.

I place my hand in my pocket and pull out my lighter. I spark a flame and my collar begins to burn. The flame scorches my cracked skin and gradually my life burns away like a wax candle. I realise what this war is really about.

By Bodhi McNally
Year 6, Wideview Public School
BEROWRA HEIGHTS – NSW

The Land of Sleep

Many a winter's night I close my tired eyes,
And gaze upon vistas that only a dreamer espies,
Golden cities filled with spires of light,
And sprawling empires that live for glory and might,
Whispering woods and fertile fields do I see,
And many a verdant valley and an unseen lea.

Yea, from the windswept coasts of Unn in the utmost West,
To the quaint dockside taverns of Oir, loved by dreamers best,
I travel many a night through these fey and otherworldly lands,
Past cities and kingdoms wrought by forgotten souls and unseen hands,
And even as the unhallowed towers of Zaëron crumble into dust,
I yet traverse these unyielding lands as I know I must,
For I am driven by an unnamed and unfathomable desire,
That lights my eyes and kindles my heart with an eternal fire,
To push ever onwards beyond the Wall of Sleep and over the Sunset Sea,
To discover the pure demesnes of imagination that my dreams hold for me.

From the banks of the Hundred rivers, plied by men since time began,
To the colossal necropolises and citadels of Hurok-Ran,
The paths and trails of many a dreamer does spread,
And in their wonders you shall share, if in their steps you tread,
But the greatest vistas and kingdoms of Dream you will find,
When you follow the high fancies of thine own mind,
And as the dogged miner does follow keen a mineral seam,
You will find the gems of greatest sheen in your own Dream.

The Land of Dreams is endless and vast indeed,
No dreamer knows whence it came and whence it will lead,
Over raging oceans and silken seas, over tropical islands and sandy keys,
Perhaps eastward even unto the precipice of the Ultimate Void of the Abyss,
Or perhaps westward towards the future, full with the promise of bliss,
But forever tinged with the unescapable regret of the blood-stained sunset,
And the bitter taste of realities never to be met.

Yet even as the sun sinks over the western waves of the Sunset Sea,
The World of Dream remains a land perpetually young and free,
And the memories made behind the veil of your imagination and beyond,
Are moments of which you shall remain forever fond.

By **Matthew Harper-Gomm**
Year 11, Kambrya College
BERWICK – VIC.



Cries urge me forward, ever merciless,
A whisper encouraging me awakens the savage beast.
Spices being forced down my throat fan the flames,
His eyes flash and I am unable to concentrate.
Flames encircle me, I watch not moving
But ever fighting an invisible battle.

The smell of victory fills the beast with rage
And I am powerless.
Red, white, red, white,
I become the beast
I am always changing shape.
Can this beast be controlled?

Anger

By **Isabelle Barratt**
Year 5, Ravenswood School for Girls
GORDON – NSW

Can You Keep a Secret?

LAUREL Montgomery was the girl who had everything. She was born with the gift of beauty, intellect and wealth. Her life was like something you would read in a fairy tale. Most girls envied her and boys vied to win her attention. She attended one of the most prestigious schools in the country, Lancer College, a school that only accepted the elite. Her closest friends were Thea Bennett, Katherine Rochev and Isabelle Forbes.

Laurel was always considered to be the leader of the group. To their peers, the girls were like teen royalty and they were treated as nothing less. On the surface, her life was perceived as perfect but perfection couldn't be further from the truth. Living in a world like this, it was almost impossible to keep secrets buried for long.

This became obvious last summer, when Isabelle went missing. The girls hadn't heard from their friend in almost a year. Isabelle was the kind of girl who was always happy. No one could think of any reason why she would leave and police never found any clues as to where she could have gone or what happened to her. With each passing day, they were plagued by the fear that she was gone forever. Eventually the girls lost hope and presumed she was dead but her parents never lost faith that their daughter would one day return to them.

On the anniversary of her disappearance, Laurel and the girls decided to go to her favourite Starbucks next to Yves Saint Laurent.

'It still doesn't feel right without her here... I hate not knowing,' Thea whispered.

'Maybe she'll like come back,' said Katherine in her usual ditsy voice and her vacant stare. 'Oh maybe she met a cute boy!'

'She's gone Katherine, she's not coming back, God how thick can you be!' snapped Laurel. She looked at the girls across the table and opened her mouth as if she was about to say something but nothing came out. She wanted to tell them what she knew, but she couldn't. She had to keep it a secret to keep them safe. For the first time, it sank in that Isabelle was really gone. Without another word, they sat there sipping their iced tea. There was nothing left to say.

A loud chime interrupted the silence. Laurel swiftly sat up and looked down at her phone to see a message from a blocked number.

'Aren't you going to tell them why I'm gone?'

'What you did to me? Guess some things never change.'

- Kisses Belle'

Confusion and fear washed over Laurel's face.

'Laurel, are you okay? Who's the text from?' Thea asked, worried.

'No one, it was just my mother, she needs me to pick something up for her from Cartier,' she lied.

'Oh thank God, you look like you were about to pass out or something,' giggled Katherine. Thea stared at her and rolled her eyes, dumbfounded by her inability to sense the tone of the situation. She turned back to Laurel.

'You're sure nothing's wrong?'

Laurel smiled, 'Of course, let's get out of here. Katherine, carry my bags will you?'

The week went on and the messages kept coming, haunting Laurel's every waking moment. As she walked down the crowded halls of Lancer, her phone buzzed. Terrified, she froze. She knew what it was. Reluctantly, she took out her phone and read the message.

'We both know you can't keep a secret forever.'

'Come clean or I'll do it for you. That's a promise.'

- Kisses Belle'

Her eyes darted through the hall. She knew exactly why Isabelle was torturing her. Frantically, she ran down the hallway into an empty classroom and slammed the door behind her. Out of breath, with her back against the wall, she collapsed to the floor.

Bright light broke through the windows. Rays of warm sunshine lightly touched her skin, as if to tell her she would be all right. She sat on the scratchy carpet floor with tears in her eyes, staring at the phone in her hand. She felt a strange comfort hearing her tears fall to the ground. Another message lit up the screen.

'You can't run from the truth sweetheart. Sooner or later it will catch up to you.'

'Don't say I didn't warn you.'

- Kisses Belle'

Angrily, she threw her phone against the wall, leaving it shattered in pieces on the floor. For a brief moment everything was silent as if time had stopped, until sobs started echoing through the now empty hallways. She knew it wasn't over. Isabelle's game was just beginning.

By Carlee Lam

*Year 11, Eynesbury Senior College
ADELAIDE - SA*





TORTURED

was empty, nothing but a suspicious cold coldness in the air. My nose stung, and I finally realised that what I was smelling was stale blood.

I gasped as I backed up against the heavy metal door and slid down to sit on the ground, drawing my knees up to my chest. I sobbed uncontrollably. What will mum and dad think? Oh God, no. Will I die here? I cried until my eyes were almost swelled shut. I rested my head on the cold, hard surface behind me and tried to listen to the fast pace beat of my heart. It was then that I heard shuffling in the far corner of the room.

I squinted, trying to focus in the darkness, and leant forward.

“Hello? Is someone there?” I asked, my fragile voice echoing.

I heard the shuffling again and stood up. “Hello?”

Laughter erupted from the black corner, making me jump back and brace my arms against the wall behind me.

“Tsk, tsk. You’re in trouble now precious.”

By Maddie Meharry

*Year 10, Kerang Technical High School
KERANG – VIC.*

THE blindfold was rough over my eyes, my vision black and blank. The man without a face pulled on my upper arm, pain shooting down my damaged forearm from the force of his grip.

I heard the clank of a metal door opening, the hinges squealing, struggling with the weight. A rush of cool air passed over me that came from whatever room was behind the door. The cool air caused goose bumps to rise on my skin.

My kidnapper, the man without a face, pushed me forward. I tripped over my own clumsy feet and fell to my knees. The blindfold was still covering my eyes, keeping my vision blank, allowing me no knowledge on what my kidnapper looked like. The floor was cold and hard under my

hands. Concrete. I heard the heavy clank of the door again and my hand flew to my eyes, instinctively pulling my blindfold from my face. Pain erupted on my scalp as I accidentally ripped out strands of hair with the force of my tearing.

“No!” I screamed and scrambled to my feet as quick as I could.

When I reached the door, it slammed in my face. I banged my bare palms against it and screamed. When I calmed down a little, I turned and faced the room where I was trapped. There was very little light coming from a dull bulb hanging from the high ceiling. It was bright enough for me to see that, yes, I was in fact locked in a room with a concrete floor and tall brick walls. It

Sunshine

By Alicia Benson

*Year 5, Ravenswood School for Girls
GORDON – NSW*

A giant hand
Tickling you inside.
Warm UV rays
Glow through you.
A giant smiling dandelion,
Fills my eyesight.
A smooth rich chocolate
Fills my mouth with warmth.
Melodious music
Sounds all around me.
Warm yellow, bright orange
Swirls in a dance
Made just for me.
A round circle of friends
Swelling by the minute.
Proud, bounding, joyous.

THE ANCIENT ONE



THE old mansion towered over Gabriel as if it was about to envelop him in its dark aura. He knew what awaited him inside the ancient withered castle. It was a creature of the night that had been feasting on the locals of a nearby town called Gravity Falls. As a hunter of the world's mystical creatures, never had he faced one as powerful as this. Inside, the castle had not seen the light of day in centuries; cobwebs and dust trailed every corner, skeletons and blood smeared all across the floor and walls. Gabriel placed his duffle bag on the ground and removed his hunting tools which included holy water, a cross-bow, silver stake, a flashlight and last but not least a crucifix necklace. With a prayer, Gabriel began his hunt on the first floor.

The wooden floors creaked beneath him, as nimble as he was on his feet. Holding his crossbow at eye level, Gabriel searched every room. He came across the kitchen where he found piles of decaying corpses, filling the room with a stench of death.

"Arrrrgh, this is where it must keep the bodies after draining them dry of their blood", Gabriel recoiled. As he turned to leave, he saw the last missing victim from Gravity Falls. She lay there still as a lamp post, paler than the moon with half her throat ripped out. "Poor soul!" he cursed. He crouched down, sealed her eyelids shut and said a prayer for her in Latin. Gabriel left the den of dead men and continued his search for the creature upstairs.

The second floor was an ancient grand ballroom hidden within the darkness. The ceiling rose to about five storeys high and in the middle seemed to be a large draped chandelier that swayed left to right in a light motion. Gabriel turned his flashlight on to get a better view of the immense room. The light slowly traced up the wall. "Looks like this room was built without windows", thought Gabriel.

A painting caught his gaze as he searched the hall. The painting seemed to be of a wealthy aristocrat from the early 19th century. It did not bear any inscription stating who he was but Gabriel could not shake the feeling that he looked familiar. There was a distant flap of wings like an eagle taking flight from a branch. Gabriel

was quick with his crossbow, and as he turned around he saw that the chandelier was missing.

"Gaaabriel..." came a hissing through the darkness. As quick as he was, the creature was quicker. In a split second, it had him by his throat a foot off the ground. The creature had smooth, grey skin that glistened in the dark; large bat wings protruding from its back, razor-sharp teeth and pitch black eyes that enticed you into its abyss. The creature gripped at his throat with its claws.

"I've been expecting you Gabriel", it hissed with a Transylvanian accent.

"How long has it been... two, three hundred years?" questioned the creature sniffing at his neck. Its dark eyes pierced Gabriel's soul, as if it knew what he was thinking.

"Ah, alas you do not remember!" the creature remarked as it flung Gabriel across the room. He struggled to his feet, clutching at his dislocated shoulder.

"H-h-how do you know my name?" stammered Gabriel. The creature approached him with its immense wings that trailed its every step.

"Where are my manners, allow me to re-introduce myself. I am Count Mythal Dracul of House Dracul, ancient vampire born during the Bronze Age nigh 5,000 years ago to a late clan of immortal beings. We are the last remaining members of our clan, Gabriel", Mythal said with a grin.

"Do not waste your deceptions on me, demon!" exclaimed Gabriel. Quick as a flash, he reached for his silver stake and plunged it deep in Mythal's chest. The Count sent out a shriek that shook the walls of the great hall. "I cannot be killed by mere vampire hunting tools, Gabriel", laughed Mythal as he pulled the stake free from his chest.

"What in heavens are you!" cried Gabriel in shock.

"We were born with vampire blood coursing through our veins, unlike the peasant half-breeds that were turned by our kind. All those centuries spent among

the humans has decayed your mind and memory", Mythal taunted.

"I do not know what you mean, nor do I have any affiliation with you or your kind!" Gabriel spat.

"This is where you are wrong, Gabriel." Mythal loomed over him. "Have you ever wondered why you possess such keen senses or why it is that you suffer horrific, vivid nightmares of dreadful battles fought in ancient times?"

"How do you know of my visions?" recalled Gabriel with curiosity.

"They are not visions boy! You have lived many lives Gabriel, one of them lived in this very house nearly three hundred years ago. We had amusing adventures in these halls during those times. But now you linger with this freshly spoilt generation of humans with their flat screen TVs and iPads", the Count mocked, "and I thought the Vikings were monotonous!"

"You speak in riddles Count, speak! What are these visions?" retorted Gabriel.

Count Dracul smiled, "You never wanted to feed on humans from the moment you were born, you would never die but you would never become who you truly are".

Gabriel took notice that the creature began to morph into a living man. The large bat-like wings had disintegrated into darkness, the razor-sharp teeth were now a set of normal human teeth, its smooth grey skin had turned pale and his dark eyes were now ordinary blue eyes. The man stepped away from the shadows. He was dressed in a long black coat that dragged to his feet and smooth black hair that fell to his shoulders. Gabriel recognised the man to be the same man in the painting. He gasped in horror, "It's you!"

"Welcome home, little brother", Mythal said with an outstretched arm.

By **Nick Kinyanjui**
Year 12, Eynesbury Senior College
ADELAIDE – SA

Writing YOU CHOOSE

By George Ivanoff

INTERACTIVE books. Books that get you to make choices. Books that put you into the story. Books that address you, the reader, directly. They are lots of fun to read. And they are even more fun to write! How do I know? Well, I write the *You Choose* series. Let me tell you about it.

I was in early high school in the 1980s, when I discovered the *Choose Your Own Adventure* books. These books were written in second person, present tense. They put me into the story as the main character.

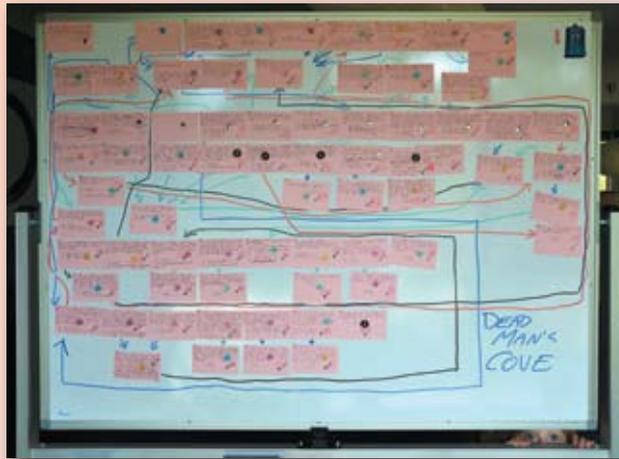
And they gave me choices — choices that could lead me down many different story paths. I loved them! I read heaps of them... and I re-read them, over and over again. Because each time I read a book, I would make different choices... and the story would change.

Now that I'm all grown up (in theory) and an author, I'm getting the chance to write this type of book myself. And I'm loving it.

When I write an ordinary book (I've done lots of those), I have to make all the decisions. I need to decide what the characters will do, how they'll do it and how the story will end. If I have several different possibilities for an ending, I have to choose which one to use.

But with a *You Choose* book, I can leave all of that up to the reader. Of course, that does mean I've got to come up with a whole bunch of alternatives for the reader to choose from. But that's exciting for me as an author. I can give the one story both a happy ending AND a sad ending; I can help the heroes win, AND I can let the villains prevail. Pretty cool!

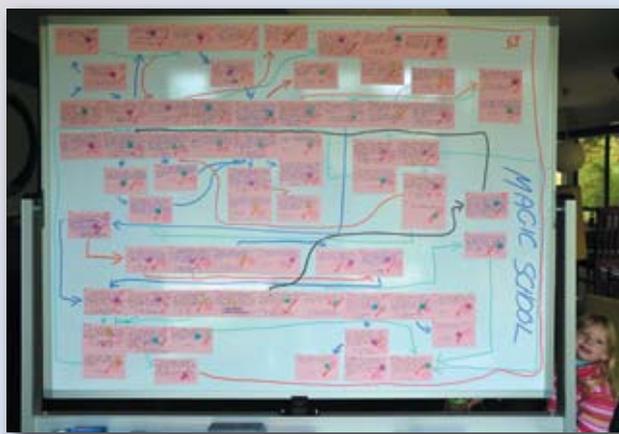
Plus (and here's the part I enjoy most), I get to invent a whole bunch of DEAD ENDS. A dead end is where the reader is prematurely thrown out of the story. They may end up being trapped, or injured and unable to continue, or maybe even... [insert scary music] ... DEAD! What have I done to readers in the *You Choose*



books? I've suspended them over a pit of crocodiles. I've had them plunge off cliffs. I've fed them to vicious alien creatures. I've had them kidnapped by evil clowns. I've buried them in a cave-in. I've dropped them out of a flying saucer. I've even had them grounded by their parents (now that's really scary). All in the name of entertainment and an exciting reading experience.

But how do I plan out a *You Choose* adventure? How do I keep track of all the different plot paths (and there are dozens of them in each book)? I use blank cards and a magnetic whiteboard. I write down every plot point onto its own card; I stick all those cards up onto the whiteboard; and I draw lots of arrows. Then I move things around until they make sense. :-)

Even though the *You Choose* books are a series, each one is an individual stand-alone story. You don't need to read them in order. You can just pick up the ones that interest you. It all depends on the type of story you like reading. This means that



I get the to write within a whole bunch of different genres — from adventure to fantasy; from sci-fi to horror. The first four books include a buried treasure adventure, *The Treasure of Dead Man's Cove*; a fantasy, *Mayhem at Magic School*; a ghost story, *The Haunting of Spook House*; and a weird mixture of fantasy and sci-fi, *Maze of Doom*. The latest two books are a horror, *Night of the Creepy Carnival*, and a sci-fi adventure, *Alien Invaders From Beyond the Stars*. And I'm working on one about sports, *Super Sports Spectacular*, and one about

video games, *Trapped in The Games Grid*. I love being able to come up with such different stories, all for the same series.

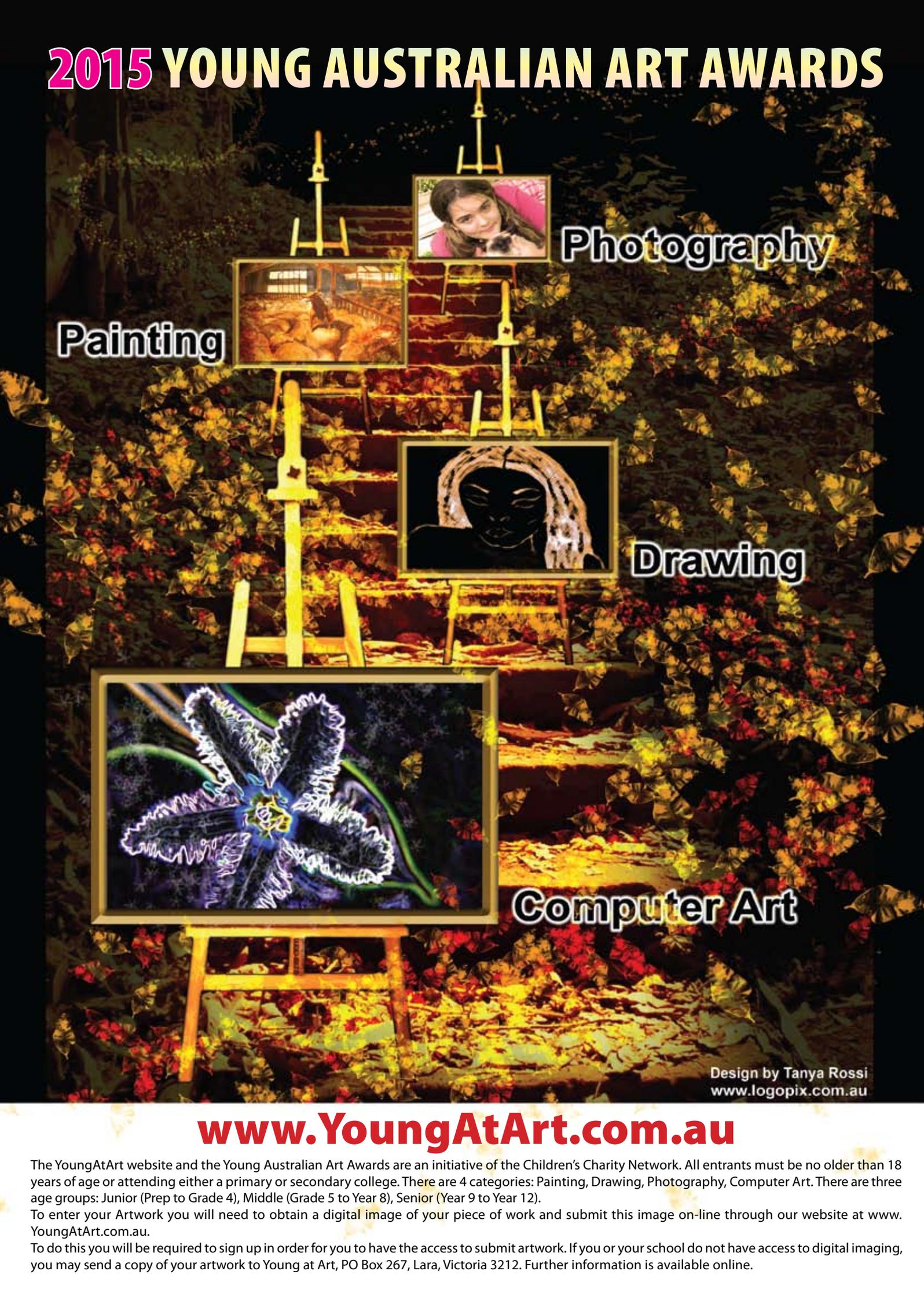
When I write these books, I aim the interest level at about Grade 5/6. But I try to make sure that the writing style is also accessible to younger readers. The books are advertised as suitable for 8+. While the books have been popular with younger readers, I am pleased that they have also struck a chord with older readers as well. I've done several talks in high schools about these books to Year 7 and 8 students... and they got just as enthusiastic about them as the primary school kids. That was awesome! :-)

As I said at the beginning, these books are fun to write. And fun is an important part of the reading experience with these books. So it's actually important that they are fun to write. The sense of fun I experience while working on them, shows through in the stories and the writing. That, I think, is the key to writing these *You Choose* books.

★ ★ ★

George Ivanoff is a Melbourne-based author and stay-at-home dad. He is author of the You Choose series, the Gamers trilogy and the short story collection, Life, Death and Detention. When he isn't writing, he's talking about writing at schools, libraries and festivals around the country. To find out more about George and his books, check out his website: georgeivanoff.com.au

2015 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.

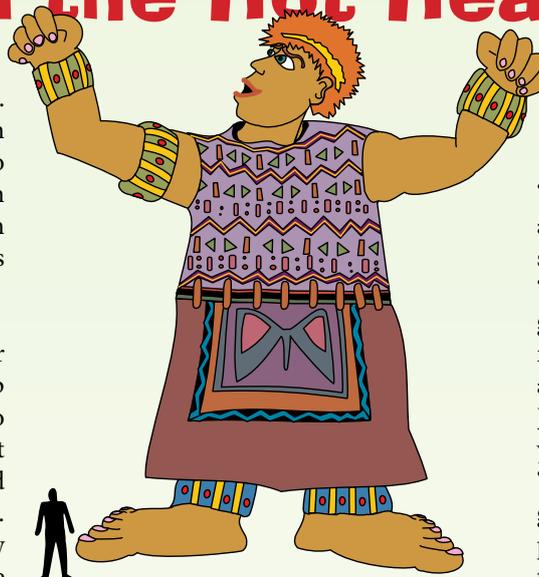
To do this you will be required to sign up in order for you to have the access to submit artwork. If you or your school do not have access to digital imaging, you may send a copy of your artwork to Young at Art, PO Box 267, Lara, Victoria 3212. Further information is available online.

Joe and the Hot Head Giant

I AM Joe and I am seven years old. There is an angry giant who lives in the forest near my house. He likes to smash houses down with his big feet when he is angry. He has very sharp teeth which he uses to scare people away. He throws fireballs when he is really upset.

One day, I was playing with my ball near the forest. I threw my ball very high up and it landed in the forest. I decided to go into the forest to get my ball and found it stuck in the tree branches. Then I heard loud stomping and I knew it was the giant. 'Who is there?' shouted the giant. I knew he was very angry but I answered 'I am Joe and I came to get my ball from the forest.' The giant shouted 'Get out of my forest!' I was about to run out of the forest but I thought maybe the giant would be nice if I asked him to play. So I asked the giant if he wanted to play catch. Then he roared loudly 'I said get out of my forest now!'

I started to run out of the forest. I ran as fast as I could because I heard the giant chasing me. He smashed the trees with his giant feet. He threw big fireballs as



he chased after me. I thought that he was going to eat me.

Suddenly the giant threw another fireball which hit a big tree and landed on the giant. The giant fell down and cried out in pain. I ran back to the giant to see if he was okay. The giant had hurt his foot and he was bleeding. I helped him get some lily pads to wrap around his foot to stop the bleeding.

The giant was surprised that I was helping him. 'Thank you Joe for helping me', he said. 'I am sorry for getting angry.' 'Why did you come back to help me?' asked the giant. 'My mum and dad said I should always be kind to people' said Joe. 'Why are you always angry?' I asked the giant. 'I don't like it when people disturb me', answered the giant. 'I just like to be alone.' 'But it's not good to be alone' said Joe. 'Everyone needs a friend.' 'So will you be my friend, Joe?' asked the giant. 'Yes' I said. But you must promise not to get angry again. I want you to be kind to people and not shout at them or scare them. 'I promise' said the giant.

The giant and I became very good friends. He did not smash houses any more with his big feet but helped people carry wood from the forest to build houses. He didn't scare people any more with his sharp teeth but told them jokes. He became the friendly funny giant and no longer the hot head giant!

By **Dare Fasugba**
Age 7, MACGREGOR – ACT

The Joys of Spring

I see turtles laying their eggs on the crisp sand at dawn
I hear the sigh of seaweed swaying
Starfish whispering in my ears about their friends under the ocean
I take one deep breath and dive into the salty sea...
I am in a different world.
Salty, tangy air, blazing sunsets paint the sky
I feel my feet burn on the sand
Coolness, full moon nights
I feel the moonbeam shower down on me.
Spring

By **Talia Johnston**
Year 6, Crescent Head Public
CRESCENT HEAD – NSW

Concealed

ISIT there remembering the previous week's events. I should be packing because in less than 3 hours I will be evacuated.

No.

Evacuated would mean I was in danger. That they are sending me to a safe place. The right word is "banished". I have been banished. For taking a key. I flick a brief glare towards it. Sitting on my desk. It's old and rusted and the painted overcoat is peeling. It wasn't important to my teachers, peers and family who hardly looked at it. So why is it important to the Rulers?

"Would the accused, Arielle, please step forward?", the judge says in a monotonous voice. I rise from the pews, my knees knocking. "You have been accused of smuggling a key from outside the fence and as you know, anything from outside the fence is restricted in Pansyville to the Government only, so you will be—" He pauses looking for an acceptable word that makes my sentence sound more pleasant than it is.

"Deported", he announces.

I knew this would happen but somewhere inside there was a tiny glimmer of hope. My eyes are stinging so I glance down and grip my bags tightly to stop my hands quivering... and a plan forms. Without thinking I slip my hand behind me grabbing a fistful of my maroon coat, which lies behind me, clenching hard and shift on my chair discreetly towards the door while everyone is occupied listening to the judge's speech.

1,2,3! I think. And I run. I hear shouts behind me while I run to the door. I am thankful that the guards are not at the exit. Out I run, slamming the oak doors behind me. I count the houses as I run.

★ ★ ★

I have been running for a long time. My lungs sting due to lack of oxygen. I approach the fence. This will be hard but I have done it before so I'm determined to do it again. This time carefully. I scale the guard setup. Guards are spaced evenly along the perimeter and my heart sinks.

They've escalated the security so no-one goes out again.

And then I see it. Two guards spaced out further than normal. The chink in the armour. The crack in the glass. I grin and almost pump my fists with excitement. I sneak towards it like a spy, ducking behind trees and bushes when a guard looks in my general direction. My way out isn't that far away and I can see the last tree/hiding spot before the world turns into a barren, bare wasteland creeping up closer to me. I reach the tree and stop to catch my breath. Turning slowly to my side I observe the guards waiting for the moment to pounce. My eyes linger over the weapons they clutch. Dart guns. The darts inside contain a substance that renders you unconscious with the slightest touch. If I get hit, I get taken back to the Glaze Nook.

There's no second chance. I wait until the guard shifts from his position to check his watch. I run; my target the small hole in the fence. I can't fit through but I can jump on to it. I'm almost there, the hole barely five to six metres away. My heart is leaping until I hear a whoosh in the air. Sleeping darts. Instinctively, I drop to the ground just as the dart grazes my ear. I feel tired, sleepy. How nice it would be to have a quick nap.

No.

Not here, not now. It takes all of my willpower to stay conscious. I am vaguely aware of guards closing in and I lunge for the hole. My hand closes around it and I hang on to it for dear life. I clamber up while avoiding darts whizzing by me. I look down before I can stop myself. A wave of vertigo floods my body. Heights, my one weakness. You can do this, I urge myself. I force myself to concentrate on the task

ahead. I climb over the top and slip down. My vision is blurry and I stagger across the plains and a dart pricks my left shoulder. Just get to safety I think.

★ ★ ★

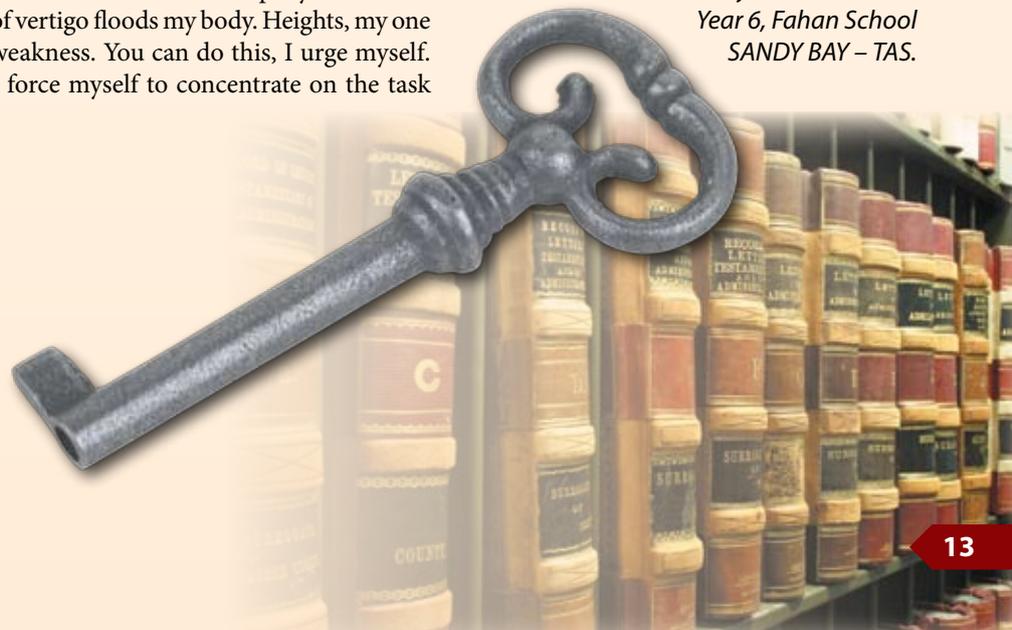
I wake outside a small, crumbling stone house. Well, it's more of a shack. Snap! I whirl around and break off a small stick from a tree brandishing it. Good going Arielle. Wait, trees? Yes there's trees, pine trees as far as the eye can see. I smile. You can eat the inner bark of the trees so if there isn't any food inside the cottage I can eat that as a last resort.

I turn to the door and push it open expecting it to swing open. It doesn't. There's a small silver padlock tucked away on the edge of the door. I push my hand into my hair. No-one would be silly enough to leave a door open. Not in these times. I lean against the wooden door and sink to the floor chewing the inside of my cheek.

I don't know how long I stay in that position until like lightning it hits me. The key! I rummage around in my coat pocket until my hand closes around a smooth, cold object. The key. I stand up and jam the key in the lock and twist it slowly, holding my breath. An almost inaudible click comes. I take the key out and open the door, wondering what's in this house that the Rulers would want to hide.

I step in and what awaits me isn't diamonds, isn't money but a library. The stuff of legends. Books lining the shelves as far as my eye can see.

*By Saisha Prasad
Year 6, Fahan School
SANDY BAY – TAS.*





The Escape

After about one minute of waiting, the dwarf finally introduced himself. The dwarf said “Hi, I’m Jeff and I live in this tree with lots of other people. Would you like to come up?” Max and James stood right in front of this little dwarf, with the green hair and bright blue eyes. After Max and James thought about it they said “Yes”, and then they went up the little lift which they could barely fit in and went to the magical first floor.

pounced on Jeff but James grabbed him and held Max. “Why did you lock us in that dark room?” asked James. “I locked you in that room because I was scared that you would eat me”. “Why would we eat you?” asked James surprisingly. “I don’t know, I think I just felt that way.” “Well we won’t eat you”, said Max. “You won’t, no, but we should be off now, bye!”

So now Max, James and that little dwarf, Jeff were always playing together in the magical forest and they sometimes had dinner together. Even when they got older they still talked and told each other what had been happening. I bet they’re out right now playing together.

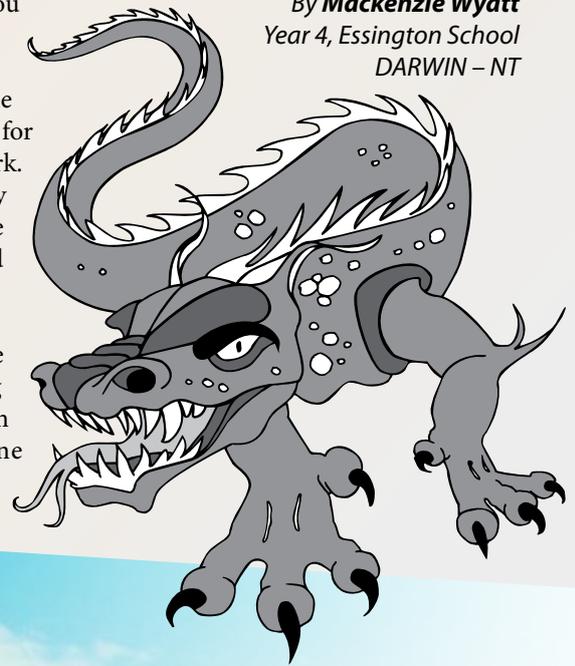
MAX the fiery orange lion and James the black scaly dragon were creeping through the dark, shadowy forest with the moonlight shining directly onto them and the grassy ground. The bright, white moon was going down as fast as you could say chocolate, and they had to get back to their home.

Max and James got to their dark shadowy houses and waited until it was bright outside. Max crept out of his shadowy house and stood in the bright sunlight, so did James. Max and James were next door neighbours and friends. They went to the forest and saw a weird looking dwarf standing right in front of a tall, orange and green tree.

When they got to the floor Max and James got out first but before they knew it they were stuck on the floor with nowhere to go. Max said “Owe that dwarf. He tricked us, I’ll get him back”. James saw a big window with brown panels and it had some steps up to it. James said to Max, “Do you think you could get on my back and I could fly out of that big window, with the brown panels and get down to the ground again?”. Max thought about it for a little bit and agreed that it could work. Max jumped on James’s black, scaly back, then they started to lift into the air and they flew out of the window and onto the grassy ground again.

Max and James saw the dwarf with the green hair and bright blue eyes standing in front of the little lift again. Max ran straight towards him with his mane swaying in the breeze, Max almost

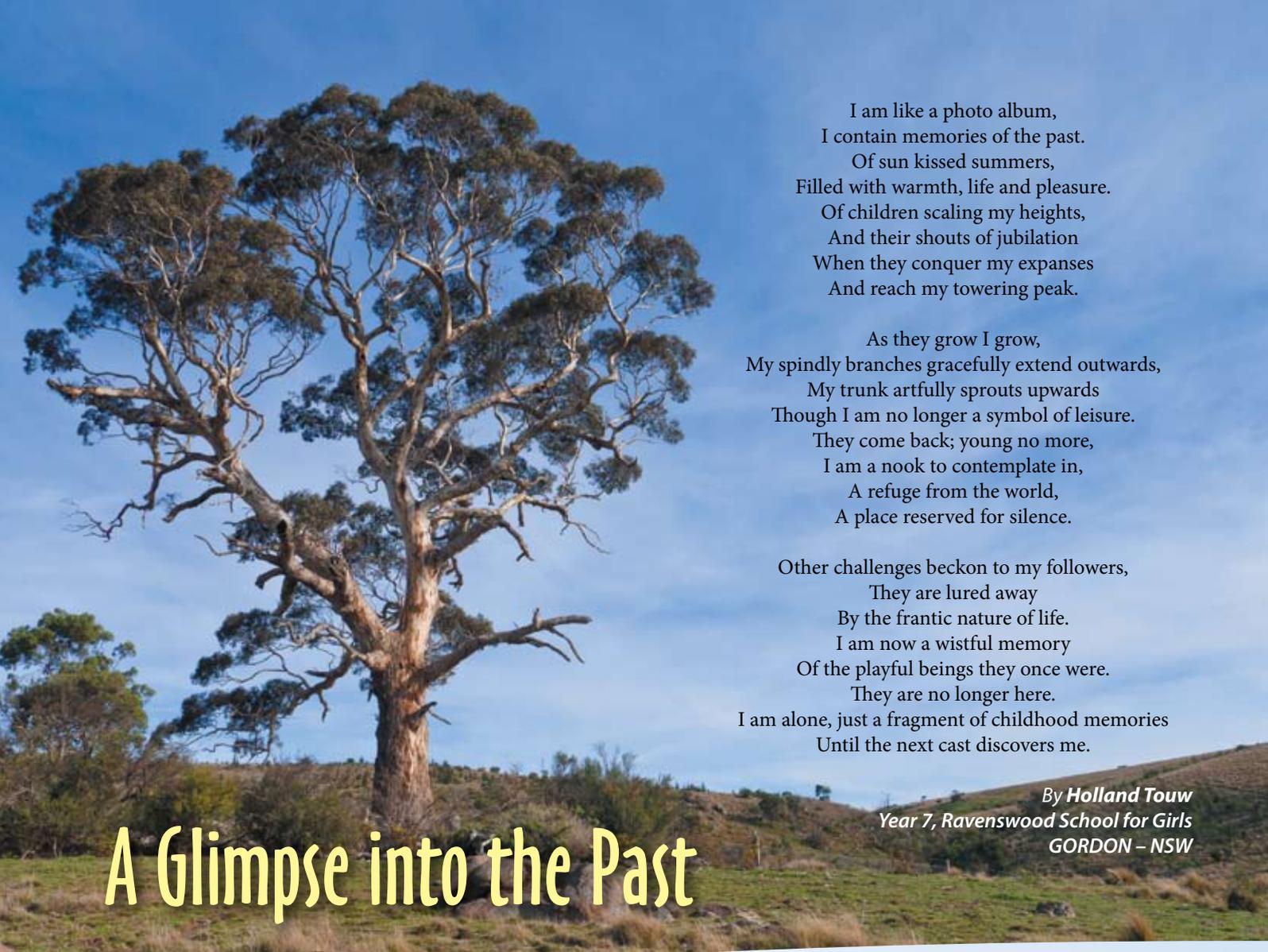
By **Mackenzie Wyatt**
Year 4, Essington School
DARWIN – NT



Nothing Good Can Ever Stay

Nothing good can ever stay,
Gold will turn into grey.
When the sky is blue and the sun is bright,
The thunder comes and the sky turns to night.
To a start there is always an end,
And precious time is always misspent.
Nothing good can ever stay,
But be grateful for the gold before it turns to grey.
Spend your time when the sun is bright
Before the thunder comes and the sky turns to night.
Treasure the start before the end,
Make sure your time isn’t misspent.
Because nothing good can ever stay

By **Alexandra Egan**
Year 7, Methodist Ladies’ College
KEW – VIC.



A Glimpse into the Past

I am like a photo album,
I contain memories of the past.
Of sun kissed summers,
Filled with warmth, life and pleasure.
Of children scaling my heights,
And their shouts of jubilation
When they conquer my expanses
And reach my towering peak.

As they grow I grow,
My spindly branches gracefully extend outwards,
My trunk artfully sprouts upwards
Though I am no longer a symbol of leisure.
They come back; young no more,
I am a nook to contemplate in,
A refuge from the world,
A place reserved for silence.

Other challenges beckon to my followers,
They are lured away
By the frantic nature of life.
I am now a wistful memory
Of the playful beings they once were.
They are no longer here.
I am alone, just a fragment of childhood memories
Until the next cast discovers me.

By **Holland Touw**
Year 7, Ravenswood School for Girls
GORDON – NSW

TODAY I sit in a pram at the shops. Imagining... wondering
I see my house. See I the steps and my room pale pink with
a hint of blue. I sit and stare I'm crying now.

What's this... a bottle why that's not what I want. I'm hungry,
starving and... and ravenous. I am asleep now, at least I
think? Dreaming about my dream puppy. Small, black,
fluffy. Goes by the name of Éclair.

We live in the city me and my mum. In a small unit shop.
Mummy sells books so do I. Gets lots of customers me and
her. My favourite customer is Marilyn Rose. Old lady who plays
harpicord.

Pool near us is my favourite place. Other kids scream and yell
but I talk to water. Though I get no reply. If I do I cannot hear it.
I guesses that means I is deaf. I wakes up now and I am at home
in bed. Suddenly I is asleep again.

(Spelling mistakes are deliberate to imitate a young child speaking)

By **Anthea Wilson**
Year 3, Pennant Hills Public School
PENNANT HILLS – NSW

A Day In The Life of a Baby



Metaphorical WW1

HE WAS dead. Yet again, I had failed to protect my comrades. I was a coward and the shell exploded just above the crook in his ear. There was no body to bury, for it was the scene of a flesh Scavenger Hunt.

I had gone through many comrades in the duration of the war and not all of them were mere comrades... The chaos of the war had hidden many women rebelling against the gender discrimination back home. 'For King and Country', I whimpered weakly. A fool was I to think that I could brave the burdens of many nation's conflicts and the nations caught in between. I had thrown myself into the bulk of the battle. I was an ant at the Devil's doorstep and, while my body was unable to draw itself away from the magnet of Hell, my soul screamed at the Heavens that I should not have to remain in between the two worlds any more.

I had fought for my country for over a year, but both God and the Devil knew I was a guilty man. I fought for myself in the vain hope of coming home in triumph to find

my parents gazing up at me in awe of the glorious aura that would surround me. The blinded idiot I was before the war had been stripped back to what I really was. I didn't know what I was. No longer an idiot and no longer young, the war had aged me beyond recognition and I knew that when I returned home, if ever, I would no longer be under the name of Sulling and the luxury I knew would be reduced to even less than the war. The would be heir of Sulling Estate was dead to the Sullings. I was that heir and, as far as I knew, I was well and truly alive.

Like many other 'courageous' men and women, I had no home to go back to and nothing to live for, but unlike the vast majority of those caught up in the midst of the war, my soul was unwillingly surviving against all odds. Pistols, machine guns, and the brute strength of soldiers all avoided me. The only injury I bore was a small cut to the forehead and a badge of cowardliness. So advances became routine. As did retreats and the war became a dance between the enemy and us and the fearful world stepped back to watch.

*Black and white dipped in and out,
O'er and under the land,
A famous feud began anew,
Dressed in blood red sand,*

*Fatigue and mourning embraced the
battles,
Gun powder on each side,
The consequences all lay in No Man's land,
Surrender, each army was yet to confide,*

*Each man gripped his weapon,
To defend those who lay,
In blood not realising that the world was not
black and white,
The world, as it should've been, was grey*

At last, the stars took me and I pitied the chaos below.

By Daisy Jeffrey
Year 7, Sydney Secondary College –
Balmain Campus
BALMAIN – NSW



The Book Fairy

WINTER awoke to the soft startled crying of her baby brother and groaned. She didn't want to go upstairs to check on him but she had promised her mum that she would. Winter slowly crept upstairs not wanting to wake her mum. Recently, it had only been her, her mum and her brother after her dad left on an army trip. When Winter had got down the hallway to her brother's room, she carefully opened his door only to find that his room was a mess. Books were thrown on the ground, crayons had been carelessly tossed on the carpet and his clock was missing both hands. This was the fourth night this had happened. Winter was determined to find out who, how and why this had happened.

As she left for school that morning, Winter noticed bits of dust on the path which led up to her brother's bedroom. Winter reached down to touch the dust and she immediately felt a tingle down her spine. As she looked around further, she could see a whole path full of that dust. As she tried to make a step forward to touch more of that dust, she found she was stuck to the spot!

As Winter wriggled her feet about, her eyes could slowly make out a small figure who was stout and chubby staring at her. She also felt some sharp pain around her feet. As she looked down at her feet, she realised that her feet were being dragged along the ground by similar little figures and blood was starting to seep out from the wounds on her feet. She felt the urge to scream but she was transfixed by the voice of what seemed to be an old man yelling to some guards about taking her away to the fairy's palace.

As Winter bent down to examine her wounds, she noticed that there were little bits of that dust in her cuts. She tried to pick out the dust from her cuts, but as she did so she felt the same tingling sensation and ten seconds later she fell asleep on the ground.

Winter awoke to the sounds of bells ringing and more little men scurrying around. She found herself lying in a bed, and one of those little men, she had just noticed, was sitting right beside her bed looking away. Just as before, Winter had

to fight the urge to scream out, as she was afraid the little men might notice that she was awake. Winter decided she had to take the opportunity to escape. As she quietly got up and got out of bed, she took one step out of place and ended up stepping on one of her little brother's squeaky dog toys. Winter wondered for a moment how the toy had got there, and quickly concluded that it must have been taken by these little men when they captured her.

Her heart skipped a beat as all of those little soldiers turned suddenly to look at her. She started to retreat backwards until she bumped into something that felt rough and fat. Winter quickly spun around only to find that blocking her way was the biggest and ugliest troll she had ever seen – the only trolls she had seen were the illustrations in story books, and they were not half as ugly as the one blocking her way. Yes, it's true, they were trolls blocking her path.

"You have an appointment with the master fairy", the troll closest to her boomed.

Winter thought that these ugly trolls looked nothing like fairies, but they must be the ones who left behind all the dust she had picked up before.

Soon enough, Winter was being dragged out of the room by those ugly troll creatures into another room, where she saw across the room a big cage like structure with a beautiful glowing fairy sitting on a throne in the middle. This fairy didn't look anything like the trolls. Winter felt this fairy speaking some words into her mind, and before she knew it, Winter was lifted off the ground and up into the air.

"Put me down!" screamed Winter, as she was flinging her arms about and kicking her legs around in the air.

"I'll let you go back home if you tell me where I can find these magical papers in the little man's room", whispered the fairy calmly.

Winter replied, "Those magical papers are called books, and my brother is not a little man, he is a baby".

She paused for a second letting her anger subside, then she said, "As for those magical papers, you can get them in any book store, but you have to pay for them".

Winter reached into her pocket and pulled out her wallet. She grabbed \$10 from her pocket and gestured to the fairy, "This should be enough to buy a couple of books but after that you'll have to find your own money".

At that moment, Winter was dropped back down to the ground, but as she reached the ground, she found that she was no longer at the palace of the trolls but was on the street where she lived. Winter stood up stiffly and walked slowly back home. As she opened the door to her house, she saw that her mum was setting the table ready for dinner. "How weird", Winter thought, as she was not aware that she had been gone for that long. Her mum didn't ask her any questions about the day, thinking that she had been at school the whole time! After dinner, Winter dragged her weary self to bed, thinking about what had happened to her that strange day, as she drifted off to sleep.

Four days had passed since that strange incident, when she got home from school and heard her mum screaming upstairs that she had lost her wallet. Winter rolled her eyes and grinned.

*By Brigette Lill
Year 6, Loreto College
KIRRIBILLI – NSW*



Trapped in a Snow Globe

AS I sat on the mantelpiece watching the day go by, I wonder if I'll ever get out of here, this dome filled with snow. I have been here all my life, I've never known any other way of living. I've dreamt of what I would do if I ever had the chance to live outside of this snow globe, but I doubt that will ever happen.

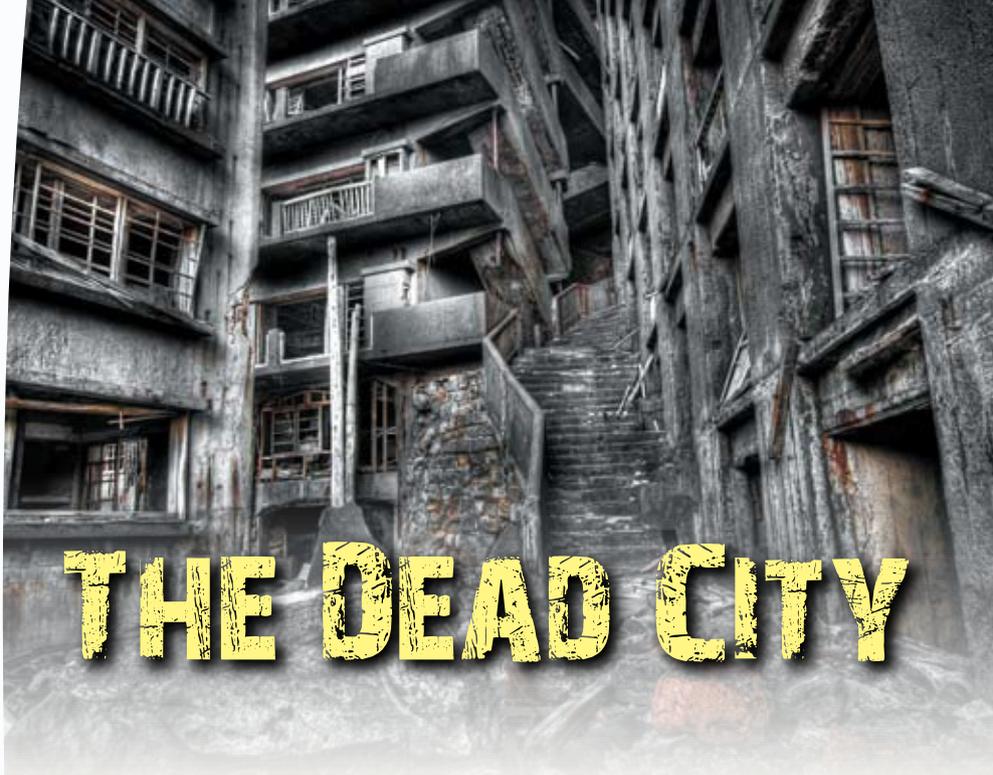
My main problem is trying not to freeze. I have nothing but one thin pair of pants and a jumper that is too small for me so it exposes half my back. My spine is starting to cripple from standing up all these years. I have decided that I need to get out of here.

Someone is walking towards me. It's a little girl with dark brown hair and as many freckles as there are stars in the night sky. This might be time for me to escape. As she walks closer I try to tell her something. I open my mouth and say "Get me out of here! Smash the glass, unscrew the lid! Just do something!". Sadly no sound comes out of my mouth and the girl picks me up and shakes me again and again and again until I get so bored I fall asleep.

As I awaken from my slumber, hoping my whole life was a dream, I realise I'm still trapped in the unbearable dome. I wait for a good opportunity to escape but none come, so I just stand in the snow freezing. I wait for years, decades maybe. Until one night the lights go out for bed and I close my eyes and they have never been opened again.

By Alex Egan

*Year 6, Methodist Ladies' College
KEW – VIC.*



THE DEAD CITY

The red sun shadows over the proud towers below,
Where the black shades chase sad souls to and fro,
And the men languish in their invisible chains,
While the fat men watch, oblivious to their pains,
In those deep dark canyons where shadow reigns.

Cruel fingers of black iron and black steel,
Reaching for the warmth of a sun they cannot feel,
But unknowingly burning in the red sun's glare nevertheless,
Thinking themselves to be painless.

Under the city a fetid river does crawl,
To whence the dreams of a dead city fall,
In a great torrent of misery and greed,
While the fat men sit in their cruel towers,
Giving no heed.

The true sun cannot be seen for the smoke,
But instead shines the red sun and its inescapable choke,
Plunging its tainted fingers into the city's seed,
Drowning it in dreams of greed,
And each new child, every old man,
Yearns for the towers with all the might that he can.

But there is no high tower for the wraiths in those dark chasms,
Where the lifeless blood of the city slinks past in jerks and spasms,
No tasting the warmth of the sun above,
Tasting only the red sun, bitter and without love,
Thus their invisible lives slowly near their ends,
And without them, who will make the fat men's beds?

The red sun is greed shining over a city of steel,
In which the little men died and the towers are not real,
And all here is really dead,
The fat men died because they were not fed,
The little men could not keep working forever
But still the red sun of greed will not sink, never.

By Matthew Harper-Gomm

*Year 11, Kambrya College
BERWICK – VIC.*

Ambassadors

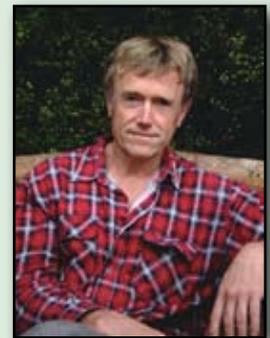


🕒 **Krista Bell** is an award-winning author of twenty-six books for young readers. Krista has been professionally involved in children's literature for over thirty years, as well as being the mother of three sons, all of whom are good readers and writers! Krista's middle son, Damien, is the illustrator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

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 transport planner husband next to a railway line so she can quickly catch a train to the MCG to watch a football or cricket 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

THE BURNING SEA

Book One of The Warlock's Child series by Paul Collins and Sean McMullen

The Burning Sea is a collaboration of two of the country's finest fantasy/science fiction writers: Paul Collins and Sean McMullen. The brilliant cover is by Marc McBride, famous the world over for his spectacular dragons.

The Burning Sea is the first book in the new six-part fantasy series *The Warlock's Child*. It contains everything a child fan of fantasy could desire; dragons, warriors, war, spies and magic. The dragons are so enormous and powerful they generally don't involve themselves in trivial human affairs, but the male dragon Dravaud detects a presence as small as a spark that changes all this. . .

. . . So begins *The Burning Sea*.

EXCERPT

'Dragons always attack the stronger side just before a battle,' said Marco.

'So dragons like losers?' Dantar wondered.

'No, no! It's to show that no matter how powerful humans might think they are, dragons are way ahead.'

'We know that already!'

'Nothing to worry about, trust me,' said Marko.

The dragon spread its wings and levelled out, then came in low, barely above mast height, cutting across the vanguard of the fleet. Dantar watched as the winged shape grew and grew, heading straight for the *Invincible*.

This is it. I wonder if fish like char-roasted human, Dantar thought as wings wider than most villages drove the huge body toward them.

Its mouth opened and fire glowed green deep within its throat. Each tooth was bigger than Dantar was tall, and it had a lot of teeth. Its scales were as bright as polished steel, and enormous eyes saw him

A Dravinian invasion fleet of 500 ships is heading towards Teliz the capital city of Savaria. Their first invasion attempt failed dismally, so this time they are sending their full force.

Sailing on the ship *Invincible* is the Battle Warlock Calbaras and his two children Dantar, a cabin boy, and Velzar the only female warrior on board the ship who is the squad captain of the shapcasters. This is the first voyage for both Dantar and Velzar, and with a busy and usually absent father, they are left to negotiate this new life on their own.

Velzar is a stickler for rules and follows her handbook to the letter. She is determined to prove herself worthy of her command and show everyone she did not gain the position through privilege alone. Dantar,

yet looked through him. The sharp spines that fringed its face and its head crest were folded back. Dantar had read that dragons did that before attacking.

'Steady! Steady!' shouted the marshal-at-arms.

'Wait for my word . . . Fire at will!'

The dragon's head was squarely in the sighting notch of Dantar's crossbow as he squeezed the release lever. The air in front of him went grey with arrows, crossbow bolts and arbalest lances.

Fire pots from the ballistas burst in splashes of flame along the dragon's body, then green flames gushed from between its jaws.

This is going to really hurt, thought Dantar.

The flames poured through the uppermost rigging of the *Invincible*, then the enormous underside of the dragon swept over the ship.

We didn't even scratch it! thought Dantar.

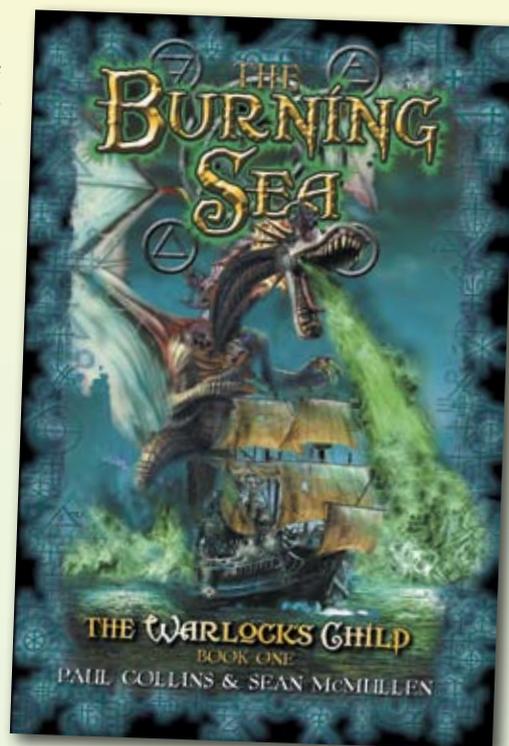
however, has taken the adventure on with gusto and relishes the freedom away from a life at court. Both however struggle with their inadequacies, Dantar feels useless because he cannot do magic, while Velzar tries to work out all the unwritten rules that come with life.

The plot is exciting, there is a traitor aboard, the fleet is commanded by an idiot and there is a very angry dragon hell bent on causing maximum destruction.

The Burning Sea is action-packed, fast paced and riveting, with enough intrigue and humour to keep you glued to your seats. This book fills a gap in the world of children's literature in that it is complex enough for advanced readers, but is packaged so that it doesn't overwhelm reluctant readers.

Turning, he saw that the warship sailing next to them was smothered in flames, and the dragon was ascending again, driving upwards with ponderous flaps of its huge wings.

'Reload and stand ready!' shouted the marshal-at-arms.



THE WARLOCK'S CHILD

COMPETITION

To celebrate the first three books of The Warlock's Child being released, Ford Street Publishing is running a competition for readers fifteen years and younger.

ARTWORK: The best colour illustration of a dragon from any of the first three books in the series (The Burning Sea, Dragonfall Mountain and The Iron Claw).

STORY: The best story of 500 words or less featuring any two characters from the first three books in the series.

Judges will include Marc McBride (cover illustrator for The Warlock's Child and Deltora Quest) for **ARTWORK**, and authors Paul Collins and Sean McMullen for **STORY**.



PRIZES (in both categories):

First Prize: A leatherbound dragon notebook (just the thing to carry on quests), an autographed set of all six books of The Warlock's Child, and publication of the winning artwork and story in 'OzKidsinPrint'. This entry will include the art and story in the magazine's own story and art competitions.

See www.ozkidsinprint.com.au. (*)

Second Prize: A Celtic dragon backpack

Third Prize: A dragon t-shirt

DEADLINE: Entries must be submitted (that is postmarked or emailed) by the 28th of July, 2015. Submissions may be electronic or postal, but submissions arriving after 1st August 2015 cannot be considered.

Email: ue485@hotmail.net.au

Postal: Ford Street Publishing

162 Hoddle Street

Abbotsford

Victoria 3067

Australia

RESULTS: Winners will be announced on the Ford Street Publishing website at www.fordstreetpublishing.com on the 10th of August, 2015.

RULES:

1. Only one entry per person in either category.
2. You must be fifteen years old or younger on the date of submission.
3. The judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.
4. Remember to include your age, email address and postal address with your submission!

(*) The publisher reserves the right to publish or not publish the winning entries, regardless of the decision of the judges.



THE MURDERER

THE man walked down the cobblestone street weaving in and out of the glimmering moonlight. As he came to an old Victorian house with a derelict wooden door, his hand tightened around the ceramic knife in his pocket. It was locked. Of course it was but you never know your chances. The man walked around the side of the house that was littered with agapanthus fighting to survive. He ran his fingers across the cladding of the house until he came to a small hole. He plucked a key out of the hole like a magic trick. Across the muddy lawn, the man walked back to the door. He pushed the key into the lock and turned the gold speckled handle.

The murderer enters. His eyes adjust to the dark void and he pulls the knife out of his pocket. He was an assassin or in simpler terms, a paid killer. His name was Robert. Just Robert. He didn't have a last name. Not many murderers did. He had been young once upon a time. That was back when the world was nothing but love and conformity, free of the horrors that he now committed. As he had grown up he had always followed the rules but as he became an adult he started to possess a deeper knowledge of what was happening around him. Robert was very intelligent but he needed something more to stimulate his mind. So he became a

murderer. A cold blooded assassin. A notorious criminal. Whatever you want to call it. He found the whole experience of murder quite scintillating. By the age of 16 he had already committed his first kill. A crime that in some places would mean the death penalty. Robert walked into the master bedroom.

The targets lay in their bed sleeping. With the knife in his right hand, the murderer grips the man's throat. He raises his arm and stabs. He had just made \$500 000. The woman jolts up and stares him in the eyes. He plunges his knife into her as well. He feels no sympathy. On the market the man and woman would only be worth approximately \$50 and he had just made a million from killing them both. Murder was a profession he thought many people should definitely get into. He pulled out two large garbage bags and heaved the man and woman inside. Robert took the blood soaked sheets off the bed and placed them in with the man. He carried the bags outside and positioned them in the living room. He lit a match and placed it to the chalky carpet, creating an acrid smell. The murderer walked out the front door and left the home, never to be seen again.

By **Bodhi McNally**
Year 6, Wideview Public School
BEROWRA HEIGHTS – NSW

THE HUNT

The full moon shone,
The grey Wolves howled,
The pack was gathered
And, oh, how they growled
The hunt was on.

The scent of Caribou
Had been found
As they ran they made
A steady pound
The hunt was on.

The moon
So bright
Lit their path
Through the night
The hunt was on.

Caribou so big
But the pack is so strong
There are the chunky animals
Run on and on and on
The hunt was on.

The alpha Wolf
Takes down a young one
And ends its misery
“There”, He says “It is done”
The hunt is nearly over.

The Caribou is tasty
And oh the meat so warm
Until only the bones are left
It's no longer in Caribou form
The hunt is officially over.

By **Jade Simms**
Year 5, Nambour Christian College
NAMBOUR – QLD.



This Girl

I like this girl with the hood up over her head
Music blaring in her ears
And a swagger in her hips as she walks
With head held high and a confidence that says don't mess with me
A dangerous glint in her eyes, and fists clenched at her side,
Scars on her knuckles and the look of a fighter,
Life went downhill, she tripped and stumbled,
Called for help, then realised nobody would answer
So she made a choice,
A lone ranger she became,
Pulled herself up and out, making sacrifices,
This girl ain't no damsel in distress
She don't need no Prince Charming to save her
Life has chewed her up and spat her out
It ain't left her unmarked
See the bruises hidden in the inside, concealed by a tough skin,
She no longer flinches at the shadows of the past,
Her heart has been broken and sewn back together again,
She has the heart of a lion and the courage of a wolf,
A leader, a fighter and a rebel,
Alone she walks through the day and the night,
No more will she fall for the sweet words,
Whispered by liars who hide their faces,
And run like cowards instead of standing up,
I like this girl with the hood up over her head,
She isn't hiding though, she will not run,
You broke her heart once, broke all your promises and ran away,
She won't let you get close enough to do it again,
She has too many scars to remind her of what you did,
All of your happy memories used to make her cry,
As she remembers what you did to her,
She gave you her heart and you threw it away,
She won't do that again, she won't be so stupid to fall for your lies,
For she is stronger than before,
You can't hurt her any more than you already have,
She has built barriers you won't get past,
She is stronger than before, she is a fighter,
I like this girl, stronger than the world she lives in,
Been through the worst that can be thrown at her,
Kept fighting, see the scars upon her knuckles and those concealed below the surface,
She is a tiger who has earned her stripes and don't you tell her otherwise,
She is stronger than you know,
A hidden strength lies within her, fighting unseen battles,
I like this girl with the hood up over her head,
She isn't hiding any more,
Look out world, here I come

By **Chelsea Drinkald**
Year 11, Woodcroft College
MORPHETT VALE – SA

To Remember

To remember is to hurt,
Whether good or bad.
But we must remember,
And we must be glad.

For those who fought,
In war for us.
Killing, dying amongst the dust,
We must remember them.

To remember is to cry,
Many brave men said goodbye.
On that twenty fifth April day,
Blood was shed, such foul play.

Together they stood,
Side by side.
Waiting their unfortunate fate,
Surely death would not be late.

To remember is so sad,
That chilling day was so very bad.
In Gallipoli they fell,
Our mighty soldiers went through hell.

But we must remember,
And so today.
We stand united,
And we pray.

The Anzacs taught us many things,
Never lose hope,
For what may be.
Because in the end we'll always see,
In the wind, a single red poppy.

By **Katerina Zafiris**
Year 8,
William Ruthven Secondary College
RESERVOIR – VIC.

House of Mysteries

IN THE middle of the Pacific Ocean there was an island where the trees swayed and the breeze smelt like cherry bliss. The fragile leaves fell from the beautiful green trees.

There was a school called House of Mysteries where a girl went to the school, and she went missing so it's a mystery. Now the island has a lovely name, "Misteria" where Charlotte, Alice and Ben are starting school.

Charlotte and Alice didn't want to give up summer for school, they would miss their sleep-ins and they didn't want to have to brush their hair every day. Ben felt the same way but he didn't have to brush his hair that often. The children had no choice, their parents sent them to school anyway.

When they arrived they got their rooms, Charlotte had room 6, Alice had room 19 and Ben had room 2. On their first day the three students felt excited. What remarkable things were they going to learn? What amusing adventures were they going to go on? Well actually the three students learnt where the name of the school came from and discovered information about an old student that used to go to House of Mysteries, her name was Joy.

During class Ben, Alice and Charlotte were speaking with each other. "It would be quite eerie but I think we could find out where that girl went", said Alice, who was a bit of a risk taker. "What was that girl's name again?"

"Joy", said Ben.

"Oww... and maybe we could solve a mystery too", said Charlotte excitedly, "like the teacher said it is the school of mysteries".

The next stupendous day there was a shimmer of sunlight, blossoms were blooming and the sky was a beautiful ocean blue. That very morning Charlotte went to turn on the fireplace and it wasn't working, but then that very second later the wall flipped and Charlotte was in some place she had never been before. An icy fear crept into her heart, it was some sort of abandoned hotel. Through the open door she could see discs, CDs and a large painting which was covered with a sheet as red as blood. The moment she pulled off the sheet she screamed with fear at the man in the painting, who looked a lot like Mr. Mockle, her teacher.

The painting sucked her inside the world that was painted on it. Dull grey hours

passed. Suddenly Charlotte looked over her shoulder and saw the fire place that took her to this strange abandoned hotel thing or was it more like a room that was overflowing with things? Charlotte couldn't tell.

Just before she pushed the button on the fire place she heard a strange noise. Looking over her shoulder she saw a lift. Her eyes blinked and it was gone. "Oh well, I guess I just imagined it", whispered Charlotte to herself. In the tick of a clock she had pushed the button and she disappeared. Someone else appeared in that room two seconds after Charlotte had left. Who could it be?

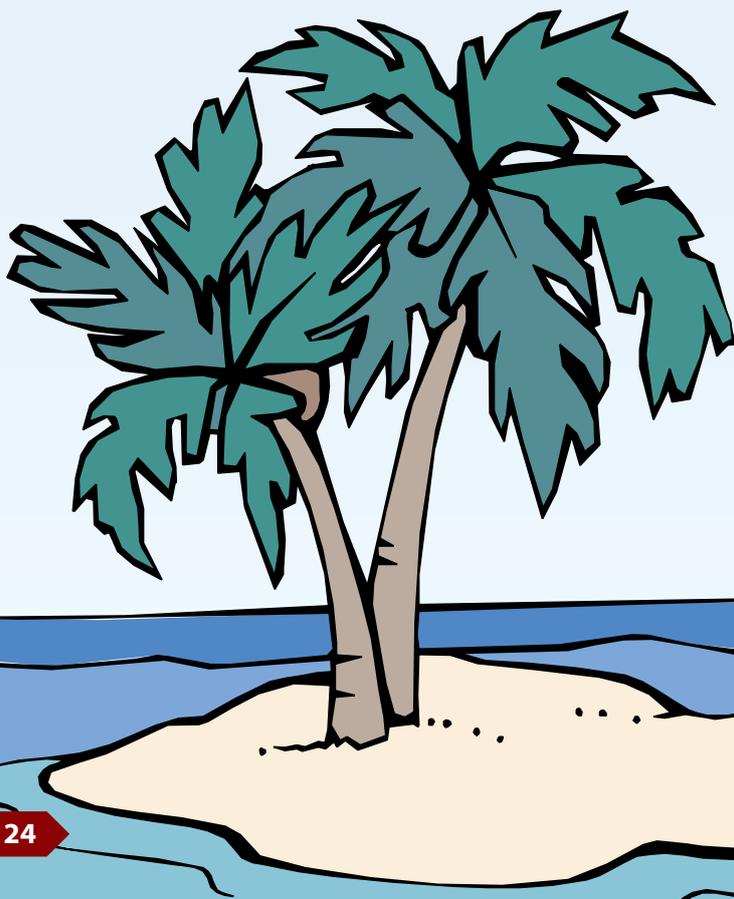
Charlotte was now safe in her bedroom at House of Mysteries. Charlotte got dressed, grabbed her bag and walked out... But just before the door shut, Charlotte found something in her pocket. She pulled this thing out of her pocket, it had cursive writing on it saying "press play", so she did. It said, "Go to the elderly home. You will find someone who will tell you more about Mr. Mockle, the lady's name is Emily. You will solve a mystery just like you want".

"WOW!" said Charlotte, "That man sounded quite diabolical, and how did he know I wanted to solve a mystery?"

As she walked to class Charlotte was definitely sure the "thing" wasn't fake nor a dream and she was definitely sure she was going to tell Ben and Alice everything. During class she told Ben and Alice everything and after school they went to see Emily. Unfortunately they found out Emily died in 1235. "Wow, no offence that was a waste of time!"

So they threw away the iPod thing which was very old, and well they don't know what happened to Mr. Mockle or Joy. The truth will soon be told, or maybe not.

By **Grace D'Amico**
Year 4, Korowa Anglican Girls' School
GLEN IRIS – VIC.



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

Step by Step. Note by Note.

REACHED out to touch the soft but dusty material. It was glowing in the sunlight, mysteriously enchanting me to take off the cover of the piano standing in front of me. A voice inside my head told me that I wasn't supposed to be up here in this creepy attic. I paid not even a slight bit of attention to it. I slowly walked towards the ancient instrument and gently lifted up the material covering the piano. It was beyond beautiful. How I desired to be able to play it. But I had to resist the temptation drawing me towards the piano, so I sorrowfully pulled the cover back over the piano. As I shut the attic door I glanced back at it I told it I would come back.

Over the week the piano was on my mind every single moment but I couldn't spare a minute. How I wished to touch that instrument's soft and sun dappled material, how I longed to spend even as long as a minute with it. Even looking at it would calm my worries and soothe my mind. On the next Sunday night I came back to the attic creeping past my mother and father's bedroom I tried to remember which floor boards were creaky and which were not but it was so hard to concentrate with the anticipation of the moment with the piano plastered in my head. Skipping lightly the last few steps, I gently turned the door handle to the attic and walked inside.

It was gone. The piano was gone. I rubbed my eyes and told myself that it couldn't be true, I knew it couldn't! I started panicking as I searched the entire room for the piano. It had completely vanished. I couldn't see

much and everything started to get blurry as I collapsed on to the attic's floor with a loud dull thud.

I woke a few hours later staring up at my mother's worried face. I immediately sat up, much to mother's surprise and started to bombard her with questions about the piano and where it had gone. She said firmly to calm down while gently smoothing out my ruffled up hair. She told me the whole story about the piano and this is how it was.

The piano was my great-great grandmother's. She played the piano until she died and the piano was bought by her father for her first birthday. Nothing sounded unusual until my mother took an old piece of parchment. It was smudged with ink, torn and scrunched up. I glanced at it with a curious look on my face. My mother said with tears in her eyes, that this was what my great-great grandmother said before she died. My grandmother wrote it down on this old piece of parchment. I gingerly took it from my mother's warm hands and carefully, afraid that the parchment would rip, I unfolded it.

Tears swelled in my eyes and began to stream down my face. This is what it said:

Dear great-great granddaughter,

I know that it has come to a stage where many have to go and for many to be brought to life,

But we all have to go through the stages of life and death.

I know that by the time this letter,

That I told my granddaughter,

Who is your grandmother to write has already passed on to you.

The piano that I unfortunately left behind shall be passed on to all the generations in our family and I believe that now you have it, in your room.

Please take good care of my piano and grow up to be a girl, then a woman.

Remember don't play the ...

What did she say after that? I questioned my mother. But my mother slowly shook her head as she said that just as my great-great grandmother said that she had passed away. I held back my tears as I asked my mother if it was true that my great-great grandmother knew that I loved playing piano. I wondered if she knew that I had secretly discovered the piano. I wondered if she knew everything. But most of all I wondered, what was my great-great grandmother about to say. But there was one thing that I knew. That she had left me a very important treasure. I would find out what my great-great grandmother said. Step by step. Note by note.

By Madeline Miao

*Year 5, Korowa Anglican Girls' School
GLEN IRIS – VIC.*



Holding On and Letting Go

“**M**UMMY, mummy, guess what!” My son, Henry came running up to me, jumping up and down with excitement, his baby blue eyes sparkling with mischief and his floppy, brown hair falling across his face, just like his father’s had.

“What?” I asked, trying my best not to sigh at my son’s antics. He never stopped talking long enough to catch his breath. “There’s going to be a big carnival at school with rides and lollies and everyone’s going and it’ll be so much fun and please, please, please can I go mummy?”

His excited babbling drove me crazy. His joy made my nerves stand on end. The sheer joy I saw on my son’s face was almost enough to make me smile, but not quite. Not after all the pain he had caused me.

It had been 8 years and I still couldn’t let go. Every day Henry grew to look more like his father, and I grew more frustrated. I knew I was slipping, drowning in my grief but I couldn’t find my way out.

As the carnival drew closer Henry grew more and more excited, almost bursting with anticipation. I however, I became more anxious and irate. I wasn’t sure how much more I could take before I broke. How many more memories of my husband I would lose. His voice, the sparkle in his eyes, his combat boots, seeing him in uniform. “Mummy, mummy hurry up, let’s go!” Henry’s voice broke through my thoughts, drawing me back to my miserable reality.

When we arrived at the carnival he couldn’t wait to run off and find his friends. I let him go, losing sight of him in the crowd almost immediately. Over the next hour I enjoyed the time without his constant chattering to relax and talk to my friends, discussing the latest fashion trends and the shortcomings of the current school principal.

It wasn’t until late afternoon that I heard the shrill screams of children and the piercing screech of metal scraping metal. I was mildly curious as to what the commotion was, but not enough to enquire about it; however my friends were. Within minutes we had found out that one of the rides had split in two before collapsing

on its side, trapping and injuring at least twelve children.

A feeling of uneasiness settled in my stomach, something I should have recognised as fear. I didn’t know why I was scared, but before my brain could rationalise my actions, I began to elbow my way to the front of the crowd that had gathered around the broken fragments of the ride. Before long, the unmistakable wail of a siren could be heard and soon the scene was flooded with fire fighters, herding everyone back so they had space to work. I watched with rapt attention as they picked through the wreckage, pulling out terrified and injured children. It wasn’t until I saw one of my son’s friends being pulled from a hole, cut in the side of an overturned car that a strangely chilling thought occurred to me. I had not seen Henry since we had arrived.

A strange feeling stirred in my stomach, making me nauseous as I hurried over the boy, whose name I had never bothered to learn. “Hey buddy, could you tell me if Henry was on the ride with you?” I asked, trying to be calm and gentle with him. “Yeah, he and Tim were two cars in front of me.”

I thanked him and hurried towards one of the fire fighters. “Excuse me! My son, Henry was on this ride; his friend said he was two cars in front of him. Please, can you find him for me?” I blurted out before finding a picture of Henry to show him.

The fireman promised to find him before dashing away to talk to his chief. I realised I had started to cry, my shoulders shaking from my sobs as I moved to sit down on the grass.

Sitting there, sniffing on the grass, barely noticing my friends’ efforts to

comfort me I realised how I had taken my son’s life for granted. I had been bitter towards him since my husband had been killed in the line of duty just weeks after his birth. Since then, Henry had only served as a reminder of what I had lost and having to raise him on my own.

I raised my eyes and continued to watch the firemen sift through the rubble. As I watched a familiar cry sounded behind me. “Mummy!” Hope swelled in my heart as I whirled around to greet my son. But at that moment the firemen uncovered the lifeless body of a little boy, blood staining his neck and clothes. One of them picked him up and carried him over, laying him down in front of me. It was then I saw his face, deathly pale beneath the crimson blood staining his cheeks.

Henry.

By **Ellen Tosolini**
Year 11, Eynesbury Senior College
ADELAIDE – SA





A Very Twisted Tale

“I can see its scaly limbs”, said Hen.

“It’s heading right at ye... duck!” shouted Hen as the dragon swooped past them.

“I think I can see a letter in its mouth”, shouted Hen over the loud swish sound.

“It looks like one anyway”.

“Duck!” repeated Hen as the dragon, once again, swooped over them beating its huge, purple wings, as it flew through the dark blue sky.

Finally, the dragon landed, still beating its huge wings.

“Get out of the way!” shouted a voice.

Neither Hen nor Joe knew what it was because of the darkness.

Suddenly, a knight jumped onto the dragon’s head. The knight lifted his heavy

sword and chopped the dragon’s head clean off. There was a huge eruption of blood, like an active volcano. The head made a loud ‘crack’ sound as it hit the ground.

Hen and Joe went to fetch the letter.

At that moment there was a streak of lightning as a dark figure landed on the housetop. It took some sort of stick out of the dark figure’s hand. The stick suddenly exploded, as the knight and dark figure fell off the top of the house. The knight fell to the ground with a ‘clang!’, but the dark figure just made a ‘puff’ sound as it hit the ground.

That night they went straight to sleep and everybody thought they had gone mad because everybody loves mince and tatties!

“HEY Joe”, said Hen, “what ye dien the day?”

“I’m helpin’ Ma find hir letter to the old fowks club”, answered Joe.

“Oh my gosh”, shouted Hen as he looked around, “It’s a dragon”.

By **Aaron Holmes**

Year 4, Essington School
DARWIN – NT

The Black storm clouds loomed ahead,
Covering the Earth as it spread.
The gusty strong wind blew
Making us hard to go through
The tempest took our house as plunder,
And made a victory cry of thunder.
Terrified, we walked cautiously as the storm caused destruction.
The strong wind had completely destroyed a road construction.
The storm uprooted trees,
Knocking towering buildings down to our knees.
What an awful frightening sight,
When the storm rages with all their might.
Only Noah’s Ark would survive such a devastating storm.
Hopefully we could find a place that is warm.
We walked and walked.
As the wind grew louder and stronger it sounded like the wind talked.
We knocked on the front door exhausted,
Cold and miserable as if we were frosted.
An old woman opened the door,
Our whole body turned cold and we collapsed onto the floor.
Drenched in water, we were made weak by the storm.
We were guided by the old woman to the fire place to keep us warm.
We listened as nature’s energy and pent up anger subside
Storm has passed, and at last, we can safely venture back outside,
To see what damage it had made,
The storm really made us afraid.

THE PETRIFYING STORM

By **James Tang**

Year 8, Overnewton Anglican Community College
KEILOR – VIC.

Virginia



I knew a girl when I was twelve,
Her face painted white.
Big, clouded, hollow eyes;
Shadowed by the night.

She never showed her teeth.
She would hide her fears and worries.
Instead of tearful lakes,
She created beautiful stories.

She would splash her ink onto the page.
And carve each word into stone.
She'd let the trees sing her song.
Her script, her blood and bone.

She'd watch as her words danced
And continued in their symphony.
They leapt off the paper and flew around the room.
Singing in a perfect harmony.

The way she wrote was extraordinary.
Each sentence sailed in my mind.
Slid through my veins swiftly,
Leaving a trail of her letters behind.

When she left, I asked why?
"I'm following the river to the moon.
I'm going to ride on the stars...
To write the sky's new tune."

One mournful day the symphony stopped.
The trees couldn't sing; only shiver.
The ink had dried and with stones in her pockets,
She took her words to the river.

I knew a girl when I was twelve.
Her face painted white.
Big, clear, bright eyes;
Illuminated by the night.

By Isabella Fioravanti
Year 6, St. Macartan's Primary School
MORNINGTON – VIC.

Our Departing Teacher

The wind is singing a ghastly tune
As the teacher whispers the words,
"I won't be here next year!"

Tears spring to the children's eyes,
Not a word is spoken
Just the hollow sound of the ringing wind.

A student's voice is changing the world.
As soft as fairies' wings
She spoke, 'Please don't leave us!'

The words that were heard,
Felt like piercing darts
Penetrating their bodies.

It felt like the loss of a relative,
A cloud covering the sun,
Darkness overtaking the world.

Memories gushed into students' minds
One in particular that shined so brightly.

A weeping tsunami occurred from the blue eyes of the student
and the leaving teacher.

"I wish it was just a dreadful nightmare,
One that in no ways would occur."

"Tell me it is", screeched the thunder
That was drowning in sorrow.

By Lisa Hendriks Movig
Year 5,
Ravenswood School for Girls
GORDON – NSW



BOOK REVIEWS

Meet our book reviewers
Ashley, Georgia,
Amelie, Toby
and Jaimie,
from Tucker Road
Bentleigh Primary School,
in Victoria.

Reviews Coordinators:
Robyn Donoghue and
Meredith Costain



The Warlock's Child: Dragonfall Mountain

Paul Collins and Sean McMullen (Ford Street Publishing)

The victorious Savarians have destroyed Dravinia's powerless war fleet in a one-sided battle. The Savarians have also taken down the might of the dragon Dravaud. What else will happen in this perilous adventure when Dantar and Velza find

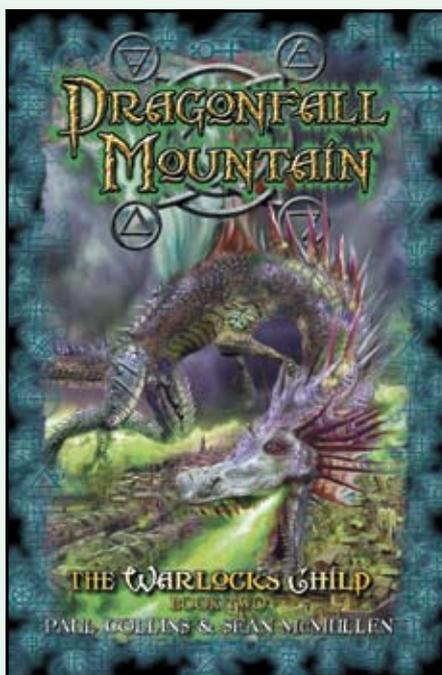
themselves in a country where nobody can be trusted?

This book is great because it is action packed. I also love the interesting personalities of Velza and Dantar. I would recommend this book to readers aged 9+, especially those that are into magic and fantasy.

Dragonfall Mountain is a great follow-on from *The Burning Sea* (the first book in the series) and sets the scene for the next book, called *The Iron Claw*.

Rating: ★★★★★★★★

— Ashley, Year 5



as she has some help from her spy buddies HJ12, IJ12 and EL12.

I really enjoyed reading this book because it is about spies, so you have to collect all the clues and put them all together, along with EJ12. I would recommend this book to readers aged 8+.

Rating: ★★★★★★★★

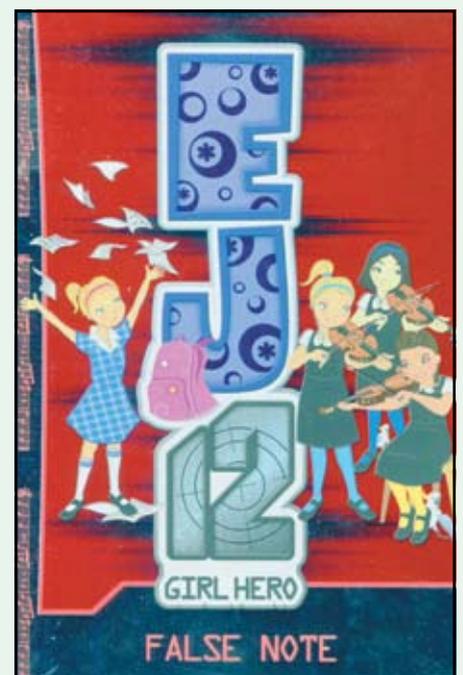
— Georgia, Year 5

EJ12: False Note

Susannah McFarlane (Lemonfizz Media/Scholastic)

EJ12: False Note is a breathtaking read. It is about a young girl called Emma who is a secret agent, also known as EJ12. She goes on a mission to Sydney to stop a fake violinist from hypnotising everyone watching her performance, so she can steal valuable items.

EJ12 has to solve tricky codes and think big to succeed in her mission. Luckily, she doesn't have to do all of this on her own,



Run, Pip, Run

J.C. Jones (Allen & Unwin)

Pip is a 10-year-old girl having a bad day; her close friend Sully (who is not her grandfather) is sick and has been taken to hospital. Pip does not want to be taken away to the 'nutters' (which is what she calls Child Protection). So she has an adventure that takes her to many different places: an empty house for sale, the races, a police station. Along the way she learns about friendships, family and bravery.

This was an adventure that I enjoyed sharing with Pip, but it also showed me that other kids don't always have a normal family life. Even though Pip was forever trying to do a 'runner', people like her teacher Mr Blair and the policewoman Molly all tried to do their best to help her.

This book is for readers who like adventure and who enjoy reading stories about

friendships (human and animal), bravery and loyalty to family. I would recommend this book to ages 10+ as some of the themes are not for a younger audience.

Rating: ★★★★★★★★

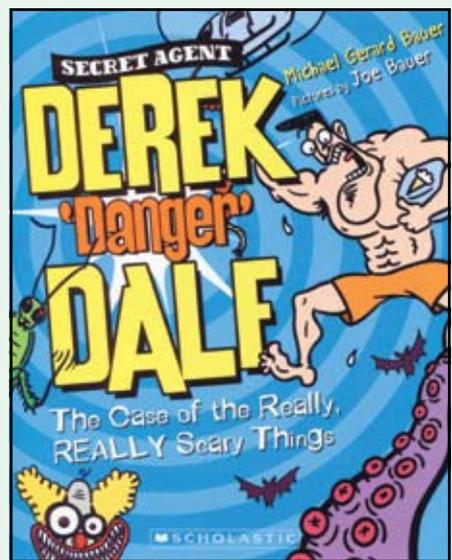
— Amelie, Year 5

Secret Agent Derek 'Danger' Dale

Written by Michael Gerard Bauer and illustrated by Joe Bauer (Omnibus / Scholastic)

The main characters in *Secret Agent Derek 'Danger' Dale* are Derek Dale and Evil Doctor Evil MacEvilness (who if you couldn't already tell is evil!). The mastermind criminal Doctor MacEvilness is up to his old tricks once again. Derek and the Doctor have a huge battle throughout the book, while at the same time, Derek is also having a battle with his own fears.

I enjoyed this book because the main character Derek is so funny. This book



would definitely suit readers who love fiction, especially boys aged 10+.

Rating: ★★★★★★★★

— Toby, Year 5

The Monster Who Ate Australia

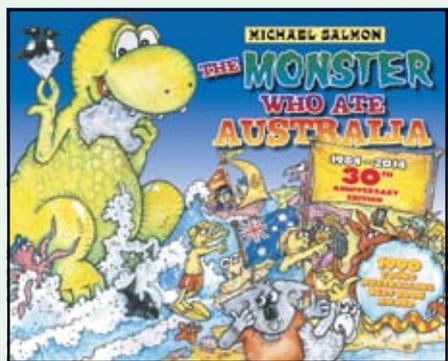
Written and illustrated by Michael Salmon (Ford Street Publishing)

The Monster Who Ate Australia is about a boggabri, which is a rare Australian mammal. His name is Burra and he lives in a cave at Uluru. One day Burra decides he needs a new home, so he goes on an adventure around Australia. He goes to Perth, Adelaide, Hobart, Melbourne, Canberra, Sydney and Queensland. When Burra's trip doesn't turn out how he expected and he ends up in an elephant's cage at the Sydney zoo, will he decide to go back home to Uluru?

This book is a humorous picture book for children aged 4–7 years. It is funny and teaches you about Australian geography. Readers that like picture adventure books will like this book.

Rating: ★★★★★★★★

— Jaimie, Year 6



MODERN EARTH

Old earth to modern earth,
Less knowledge, more wisdom.
Less anger, more generous care.
Less Fluorescent cities, more stunning landscape.
Less unneeded products, more wonder.

The sky was light blue,
It's now shaded black.
Nature was dazzling,
Now taken over by polluted cities!
The earth was filled with generosity,
Now filled with greed.

The earth needs to change,
Sooner or later.
For where we're heading,
It won't end well!

By **Will C**
Age 11
BLACKBURN SOUTH – VIC.

The Peace That Comes From the Ultimate Freedom



SHROUDED in darkness, the roar of gunfire terrified me. As we huddled together, our hands bound and our eyes blindfolded, I could hear the ragged breathing of my fellow inmates and smell their fear as each of us passed our last few minutes of life waiting for the soldiers to drag us from our cell to face the executioners' bullets. It was all just so unfair, so unjust. I had enjoyed so few rights in my lifetime and now even the manner of my death would be decided for me. I wept. I prayed.

★ ★ ★

As a young boy growing up in a country where atheism was not only dominant but enforced, I had never held any religious belief. In fact, I didn't even know what religion was.

I was about twelve years old when I observed a small group of older men and women gingerly making their way into a derelict building, their furtive glances over their shoulders instantly told me that there was an adventure to be had.

Bored and ever-curious, I immediately decided to follow them. My pursuit took me through the dark passages of the building and into a candle-lit room. There were make-shift seats, with smaller benches arranged neatly in front of them, lined up in rows and aging, thick books at the end of each row. It was only later that I found out that these were pews, kneelers and bibles. Yet what caught my young boy's imagination most intently was a huge cross with a man nailed to it. It was one of the most interesting things I had ever seen in my life.

My inquisitive trance was broken by a man call Father Chan, a Catholic Priest from China. He spoke of a great deity called God, a man called Jesus and his followers called disciples. I also ate 'bread' and drank 'blood'. I was completely engrossed in this event and once it had finished, I immediately approached the Priest and asked him countless questions.

From that day on, I learnt about Christianity and my colourless, mundane world began to change. I saw the world in a hopeful way. I wanted to better myself and my country

but in North Korea I soon learnt that my faith had to be a much-guarded secret.

As I grew older, I went to more services. I loved hearing about this prophet, the son of God, who did so many great deeds. But I also began to grow bitter about the dictatorship of Kim Jong-un and the way the people of North Korea were being treated. It was unfair and unjust.

The citizens of North Korea were truly oppressed – from the most essential elements to the most superficial aspects – our lives were controlled. We were cut off from the outside world and could not access information; our television channels only displayed either the North Korean News or Kim Jong-un's propaganda. We were prohibited from travel. Only one of five hair styles and only certain clothing could be worn.

I could not spread the word of God, or openly express my beliefs for fear of execution. I was forced to hide my bible and beliefs from my family and friends. The lies, the fear of being caught, gnawed at me. Living under such restrictions was a huge burden to bear and it was weighing more heavily with each passing day. I became depressed knowing that I would never be free. The only thing keeping me sane was going to the church services every day and praying to my God.

I had only just turned nineteen and was reading my bible, when I heard the commotion in front of my apartment complex. The front door of the building had been broken down and I heard heavy footsteps approaching my room. I knew instinctively that someone had found out that I went to the underground church, I didn't know who, but I knew that it was pointless to run. I stood, clutching my bible, paralysed with fear. I prayed that God would be by my side. I knew that now, more than ever before, I needed his protection.

"YOU ARE UNDER ARREST FOR VIOLATING THE LAWS OF PRACTISING RELIGION!" the commanding officer yelled, wrenching the bible from my hand. The soldiers grabbed my arms tightly, threw me to the floor and put handcuffs on me. A hessian sack was put over my head

and with a tight grip on my arms again, they led me out of my apartment.

★ ★ ★

Locked away in a crowded cell, the stench alone was enough to drive a man insane. My mind raced as I drowned in fear and an overwhelming sense of betrayal. Most of all I was scared for my family, knowing that they would face disgrace and that others would disown them. I suffered merciless torture as the government sought the names of other Christians who had betrayed their country.

I was a traitor; I had dared to question Kim Jong-un's laws and propaganda and seek a Western belief. I wasn't permitted food or water and my body was constantly wracked with agonising pain. Each day their abuse continued and I knew that I would not be able to withstand the torture for much longer.

My only relief came at night. In the dark of the cell I would pray to my God and it brought me comfort. I thought of Jesus and how he had suffered and I knew that I had to endure. The North Korean Government would offer me no reprieve, no absolution, no last minute pardon. I would face the executioner. I wept. I prayed.

★ ★ ★

A hail of bullets rang out in the darkness, only to be broken by the sounds of the guns being reloaded in preparation for the next man who would face the firing squad. Shrouded in darkness, the roar of the gunfire terrified me. We huddled together tightly, our hands bound and our eyes blindfolded, waiting to face the executioners' bullets. I wept. I prayed. And finally, I found the peace that comes from the ultimate freedom.

*By Isabella Fuller
Year 12, St. Monica's College
CAIRNS – QLD.*



**Want 9,542 friends
worldwide?**

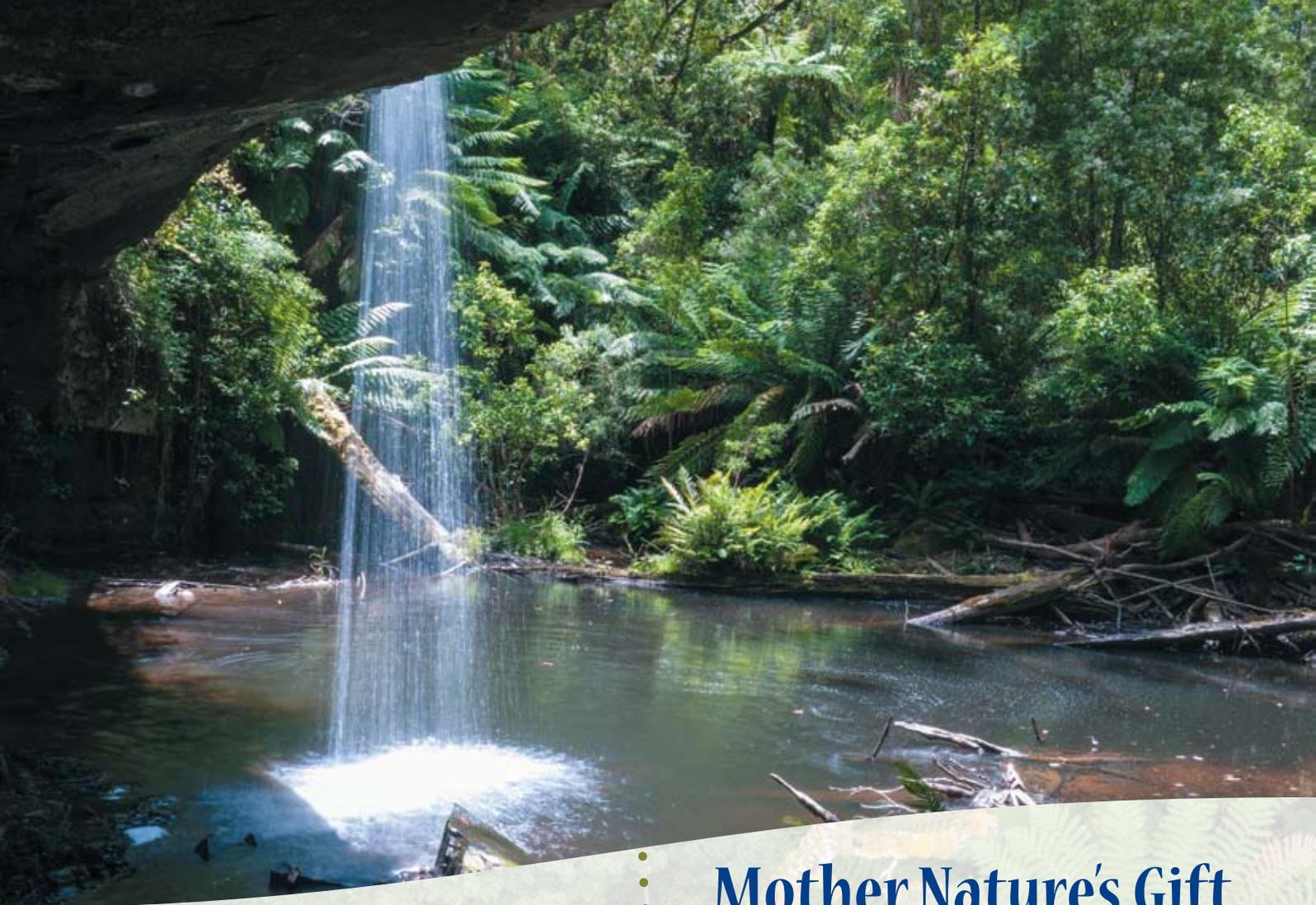
Join the Club.

**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





Rainforest

In the rainforest
An atmosphere
Of colours and
Scents blossom like
No other.
The tranquil
Warmth of the
Sun is
Scintillating on backs.
Playful splashes from
The icy spring
Rejuvenates the
Outer layer.
The healthy
Wholesome foliage is
Glowing green and
Oozing with envy.
A meagre array of
Intrepid explorers
Dare to be in
Fisticuffs with...
The mysterious rainforest.

By **Kamalinee Kamalakaran**
Year 6, Amsleigh Park Primary School
OAKLEIGH – VIC.

Mother Nature's Gift

At first there was nothing,
Nothing in sight.
The birds would not sing.
All day and night.
Till one day it happened.
In the bright light.
The stream trickled gently,
Through the lonely bush.

Then became waterfalls,
With a mighty whoosh.
The waterfall lonely,
Splashing down the rocks.
Then the trees began to grow,
In mighty, mighty lots.

The birds now flew,
While singing songs.
Built a bridge for all to walk upon.
The bush now grew,
All thick and dense.
Creating a lovely green fence,
With the bridge now built,
Everyone enjoys the waterfall,
Mother Nature's gift.

By **Layla Adams**
Year 10, Springfield Central State High
SPRINGFIELD CENTRAL – QLD.

The Game of Life

We have boring lives:
Our lives are too simple.
We all do the same thing,
Over and over again.

We need change in our life,
Something revolutionary.
We need some motivation,
Something to strive for.

Our life is like a game,
But there's no restart.
We need different things to do,
Or it will become a chore.

We need goals to achieve,
Challenges to endure.
That's what it means to live;
To experience life's wonders.

The legends we know,
They pushed their limits.
They strived for more,
And they achieved greatness.

You need to push yourself,
Go beyond your limits.
Don't be that cat,
That always leans back.

Living is about experiencing,
Participating and learning.
You can't do that if you laze,
So get up and play the game.
The game of life.

By **Darryl Chan**
Year 10, Nazareth College
NOBLE PARK NORTH – VIC.

SUCCESS

Looking over to where you could fall.
How far, far down.
The bottom looks so easy,
So quick,
And so effortless.

Reminds you of how far up you are.
How much you can see,
How much you can do,
How great it feels to be up so high.

But aim your sights higher.
How far, far up it is,
How hard it is to get there.
Why would you choose to aim higher,
further, push past your limits?

Because you are human,
You feed off of praise and reward,
And there is no better feeling than the
feeling of accomplishment,
And being higher than the rest.

By **Brodie Momsen**
Year 8, Caringbah High School
CARINGBAH – NSW

Life is an Oyster

Life is an oyster,
Love is a song,
The sanctuary of contentment
where we belong.

The world is a stage,
Oh so humble and joyful,
An endless page
of courage, despair,
honesty to share,
and oh so buoyant!

There is no limit,
Only up to the sky,
Who knows what secrets
might inside lie?

How do you judge
what's not even there,
it has to be there
for the people,
to share.

So,
life is an oyster,
the world is a stage,
the sky is the limit
but....
who knows
what's
on the next page.

By **Molly Waters**
Year 6, Kelvin Grove State College
KELVIN GROVE – QLD.



Never Alone

Crashing and stumbling, Slipping and sliding,
You push your way through the nightmare.

You ran through the darkness,
Nothing is there.
No one is there.

No light penetrates the darkness
You can't see. You can't hear.
You can only feel your way out.
But what if there's no way out?

You call for help, but no answer.
You stumble again, falling.

You don't know how far you fall, where you fall.
You don't know how to get up.

The panic starts to creep through your chest

You can't breathe.
You can't think.
No one is around.
No one to help.
No one but me.

I hold my hand out,
But you can't see it.
You can't hear my calls.

So I come to you.
I take your hand.

I lead you through the blackness, the nightmare.
Together, we find the light.

We find our home.
Our family.

Together, we are strong.

By **Amber Holstein**

Year 3, Casterton Secondary College
CASTERTON – VIC.

Throughout the Universe

Throughout the universe,
I've seen stars and wars.
But never do I see
Your face any more.

Throughout the universe,
I've been lost and found.
But now I am so lonely
And never ever so down.

Throughout the universe
I've defeated large and small,
Creatures of time
And creatures of war.

Throughout the universe,
You travelled alongside me,
You were never one in a million
But forever my infinity.

Throughout the universe,
To share, to love
Comes a piece of responsibility
From the heavens above.

Throughout the universe,
I knew you cared
The way you smiled
Believing nobody was there.

Throughout the universe my love stands pure,
Never to be compared to gold.
For gold can be stolen away
But my love can never be sold.

Throughout the universe,
Through thick and thin
I've remembered all our memories
And the hope they once held within.

Throughout the universe,
I've seen life and death.
But nothing compared to this:
The terrible end.

By **Erin Cahill**
Year 9, Cerdon College
MERRYLANDS – NSW



The Raging Sea

At the bottom of the Raging Sea
Lies sharp spearing rocks. Crash!
Rocks falling from monstrous cliffs
Splish! Splash!

Out of control waves
Crushing against the spearing rocks.
The ships that voyage the sea
Are no match
For the Raging Sea.

Rip! Crack!
The voyaging ships
Sink to the bottom
Of the squelchy sea mud
That lies at the bottom.

The Raging Sea
Rips the sails
Bringing the ships to their miserable grave.
The Raging Sea.

In Winter it's a brand new world
Animals use it to cross on
But ships also meet their end
The rocks are still there Furiously!

And mysteriously Grinding
The ships as they sink
To the bottom of the Raging Sea.
The Raging Sea!

By **Cooper Whelan**
Year 3, Oxley Christian College
CHIRNSIDE PARK – VIC.

In the Deep Sea

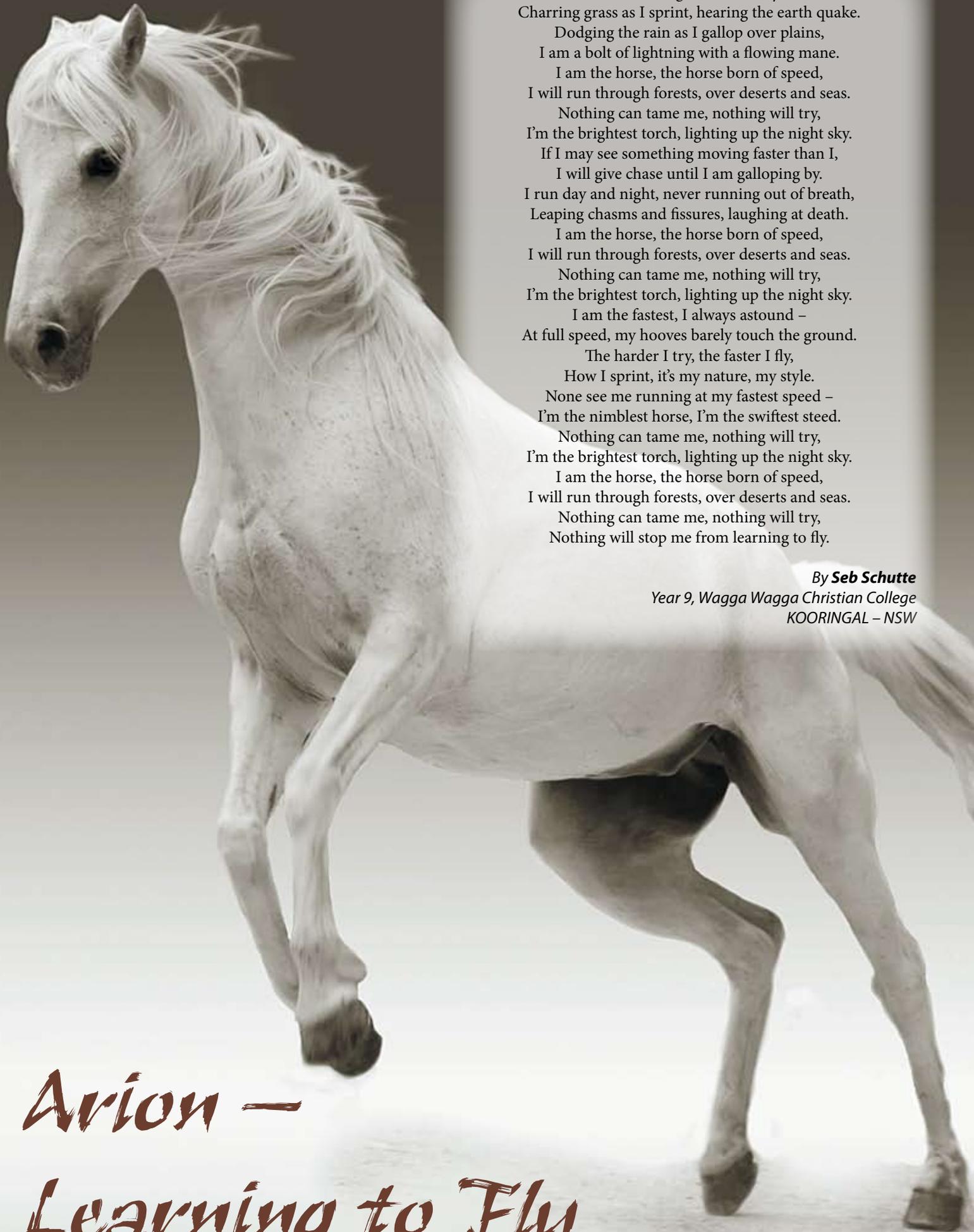
In the ocean deep and bright
Shimmering shining in the night
Flying fish gliding through the air
Great White sharks give quite a scare
Coral resting on the sea bed floor
As well as fish and whole lot more
Further down still we travel
As the end of my story begins to unravel
Anglerfish with lanterns so bright
Open their jaws and snap them shut tight
And that is end of my story you see
For the ocean is as beautiful as it can be

By **Benjamin Grasby**
Year 3, Port Hedland Primary School
PORT HEDLAND – WA

SALTWATER

I lift my head up to the sky
As a snowy white seagull takes off in flight
A small salty jewel escapes from my eye
And they keep spilling down as I cry and I cry
I stand so still upon the sand
As the foamy salt water rushes up to the land
It flows over my toes, washing away all that's bad
I am fresh, I am free, I no longer feel sad
I gaze thankfully out to the calm vast sea
As the light evening breeze blows over me
And I know in my heart this is where I should be.

By **Ella Hagon**
Age 10
COTTESLOE – WA



Here I run, leaving breezes in my wake,
Charring grass as I sprint, hearing the earth quake.
Dodging the rain as I gallop over plains,
I am a bolt of lightning with a flowing mane.
I am the horse, the horse born of speed,
I will run through forests, over deserts and seas.
Nothing can tame me, nothing will try,
I'm the brightest torch, lighting up the night sky.
If I may see something moving faster than I,
I will give chase until I am galloping by.
I run day and night, never running out of breath,
Leaping chasms and fissures, laughing at death.
I am the horse, the horse born of speed,
I will run through forests, over deserts and seas.
Nothing can tame me, nothing will try,
I'm the brightest torch, lighting up the night sky.
I am the fastest, I always astound –
At full speed, my hooves barely touch the ground.
The harder I try, the faster I fly,
How I sprint, it's my nature, my style.
None see me running at my fastest speed –
I'm the nimblest horse, I'm the swiftest steed.
Nothing can tame me, nothing will try,
I'm the brightest torch, lighting up the night sky.
I am the horse, the horse born of speed,
I will run through forests, over deserts and seas.
Nothing can tame me, nothing will try,
Nothing will stop me from learning to fly.

By **Seb Schutte**
Year 9, Wagga Wagga Christian College
KOORINGAL – NSW

Arion – Learning to Fly



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 4206 7811 • Email: rob@ozkids.com.au • Website: www.ozkids.com.au

School fee payments made easy with *School Plan*

Ensuring school fees are paid on time can be a challenge for many families. Whether it's balancing the household budget or keeping track of when payments are due, school fees can sometimes be overlooked, resulting in late payment. Fortunately, there is a simple solution—***School Plan***.

School Plan pays your child's fees in full, directly to the school when they are due, while you pay *School Plan* in easy-to-manage monthly or fortnightly instalments. Never miss a payment or early bird discount again!

School Plan can cover any fixed fees, whether they are compulsory or non-compulsory, including:

- ✓ Tuition fees
- ✓ Boarding fees
- ✓ Camp fees
- ✓ Building fund donations
- ✓ Extra curricular activities such as music tuition.

For more information, call **1800 337 419** or visit **www.schoolplan.com.au**



Australian
Scholarships
Group