



*Young Australian
Art & Writers' Awards*

2015

*Celebrating the Artistic and
Literary Talents of Children*



Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

Children's Charity Network wishes to extend its gratitude to the following patrons and ambassadors for their contribution and support in 2015:



Geoff Handbury AO
Organisation Patron



Lady Potter AC
Young at Art Patron

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Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

Young Australian Art & Writers' Awards 2015

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On behalf of the Children's Charity Network and its board of directors we extend our sincere thanks to everyone who has given up their time to volunteer their services to ensure that the children of Australia have the opportunity to access all of our programs. Without the generous support we receive from our volunteer staff it would not be possible to run our programs for the children of Australia.



Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

Committee Structure



Australian Children's Literary Board

Australian Children's Literary Board

Committee Members

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



Young at Art

Committee Members

- Mr Kevin Burgemeestre (Chair), Judge
- Mrs Marjorie Gardner, Judge
- Mrs Elise Hurst, Judge
- Mr Rob Leonard
- Mrs Linda Purcell
- Mrs Carol Dick

A Word from our Organisation Patron

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

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

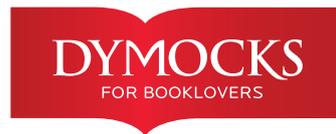
The Patrons' Circle is something I am immensely proud to lead and support. I encourage you to join the Patrons' Circle and help the Children's Charity Network to continue the wonderful work it does in the community through its different initiatives for children and expand on those.

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

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

Mr Geoff Handbury AO
Patron, Children's Charity Network

Community Partners



CommonwealthBank

- Argent Minerals
- Australian Scholarships Group
- BC Iron
- Beach Energy
- Bic Australia
- Central Petroleum Ltd
- Collier Foundation
- Commonwealth Bank
- Crayola
- Cricket Australia
- Dymocks Camberwell
- Energy Metals Ltd
- Fairstar Resources
- Fortescue Metals Group
- FRRR Foundation
- Geoff & Helen Handbury Foundation
- Hamilton Property Group
- Helix Resources
- IGO Mining
- James N Kirby Foundation
- Lions Club
- Marian & EH Flack Trust
- Media Warehouse
- Millennium Minerals Ltd
- Minemakers Ltd
- Mt Magnet Gold
- Northern Star Resources
- Perpetual Trustees
- Resolute Mining
- Rex Minerals Ltd
- Sandfire Resources
- The Percy Baxter Trust
- The Sentinel Foundation
- Tribunal Resources
- Whitehaven Coal
- William Angliss Charitable Fund



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there's always new people to meet at Lions.**

lions australia

we serve



***Young
Australian
Writers'
Awards***

2015



The BIC Young Australian Writer of the Year Award

2015

Awarded to

Brianne Gatehouse

St. Augustine's College, Qld.

for

'The Lyrics of War'



2015 Young Australian Writers' Awards

Best Short Story from a Primary School

Lions Club Literary Award

Sophie Merrin

Hamilton and Alexandra College, Vic.

Emily's Harvest



Best Short Story from a Secondary School

Fortescue Metals Literary Award

Rhiann Thomas

Chairo Christian School, Vic.

Summer's Sorrows



Fortescue
The New Force in Iron Ore

Best Poetry from a Primary School

Commonwealth Bank Literary Award

Isabella Fioravanti

St. Macartan's Primary School, Vic.

Virginia



CommonwealthBank

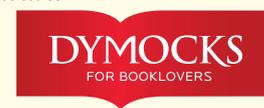
Best Poetry from a Secondary School

Dymocks Camberwell Literary Award

Margot Lee

SCEGGS Darlinghurst, NSW

The Perfectionist



Helen Handbury Literary Award

Isabella Crean

St Paul's Primary School, WA

The Perfect Pear

Helen Handbury Achievement Award

Alanah Byron

Nambour Christian College, Qld.

My Dog Ate My Homework

The ASG Poetry Award

Benjamin Cullen

Westleigh, NSW

Taragus



The ASG Short Story Award

Monica Rallabhandi

Rossmoyne, WA

After the Storm



**Bic
Young
Australian
Writer
of the Year
Award**

THE LYRICS OF WAR

THE ORDER was given to charge as a voice inside his head repeated over and over, “This is not going to end well”.

John Doe was a young man who was conscripted only six months earlier. He and his younger brother weren’t interested in the politics of this war but saw it as an escape from their dysfunctional family. It was only luck that they were stationed together at Campi Della Morte. The Fields of Death.

Thunder rumbled its way through the shadowy undulating clouds, as the smell of rain filled the air – the sweet, pungent zing lingered in his nostrils. The wind bit through his heavy uniform, chilling his very core. The ice-cold mud underfoot made his legs ache with every step. A shiver went through him, but John was not sure whether it was the biting cold or the panic of what was about to ensue.

Murky surging storm clouds billowed across the sky; the soldiers could feel every shot of thunder through the ground. The war field was chaos – terror and bedlam had taken over. John’s ears were ringing, muffling the screams and commands that filled the air. Corpses were piling, the dead littered the fields, and all he could do was try to find the safest passage for his team – a small group of four: his brother Bill, and two other soldiers they’d become close with during basic training. A tiny gap, what he guessed to be twenty metres from them, would take them through a dense thicket with just enough coverage to obscure them in relative safety. John made the call. He shouted to his team to follow, “This way, run!”

Bill was pushed to the back and fell, tripping on the wet ground. Quickly, he pushed himself back upright and began to run after his comrades. Too late. John was screaming, shouting at the top of his lungs, pleading for his brother to sprint faster. His voice had gone croaky and broken, “Billy! Run!”

Repeatedly he screamed. He glared in horror wanting to run to him, grab him, protect him, but it was pointless. A shower of pellets rained down on Billy. He fell to the ground, hard. Shaking with pain, screaming in agony.

John’s world stopped. Reality froze. He could feel arms pull him back as he started to run towards his fallen brother. A million emotions were swirling through his mind; anguish, despair, guilt. All he could do as he was watching his baby brother breathe his last breath was scream his name. Over and over again. The world was spinning. Their eyes locked for a brief second, and he could feel Bill’s sadness, and his forgiveness. Then he stopped moving. His dead eyes locked on John’s, emotionless, blank. The young private was gone, never to come home.

Buzzing filled John’s ears, and the sour bittersweet scent of rain filled his senses. But the only thing he could feel was immeasurable pain in his chest. His heart had been ripped out. It was his fault. His order. He was the reason Billy was gone, forever. He killed his baby brother.

Shaken out of thought, John was shot in the arm. Scrambling out of the way, his senses had gone dead. Numb all over. With blurred sight, all he could focus on was the corpse that lay in front of him. Under

his make-do shelter he lay there, shocked to the core. The noise was deafening – screams and gunfire. John couldn’t bear to watch more comrades die, so he lay still – silent, unmoving, bleeding out from several more wounds.

The gunfire stopped. It had been very slowly dying down for what he had thought had been hours. Waiting, wondering if it was just his hearing gone again – or an enemy trick – he decided he had nothing to live for. More than half dead already, he had nothing to lose. John crawled out of his hiding spot to see a sea of the dead. Mounds and mounds of fallen enemies and brothers-in-arms filled the earth. He stared out, frantically looking for a sign of life, but there was nothing. Only death, destruction, desolation. And over what? John couldn’t even think of any real reason thousands of men died that day.

Sulphur and ash filled the air, the soot mixing with the blood and mud already caked on his skin. He suddenly heard a crunch of bones from behind him. Excited he turned, a glimmer of false hope flashing in his mind for just a moment before being greeted at gunpoint by three enemy soldiers. Screaming orders at him in a foreign tongue, he slowly raised his arms, ignoring the pain in his side as he did so. The soldiers commence their shotgun opera, cock back their weapons and prepare to fire.

In the end, it’s all the same. Only the names will change.

By **Brianne Gatehouse**
Year 10, St Augustine’s College
AUGUSTINE HEIGHTS – QLD.
Teacher: Mr Henry

Summer's Sorrows

HE tossed and turned, uttering nonsensical words, as she was captured in a raging fever. Her skin was ablaze, beads of sweat shimmering on her forehead.

Her luscious golden locks were either plastered to her scalp because of the perspiration, or lay tangled, framing her face. Her slender, pale arms stuck out from beneath the quilt covering her body.

Goosebumps littered her bare skin, despite the hot summer night.

Next to her rickety bedframe knelt a man. He calmly pressed a damp cloth to her face in a vain attempt to cool her. Despite the girl being a lowly castle servant, the way he gazed at her held utter adoration. The man was dressed simply, but finely. The way he carried himself held an unmistakable air of grace. Midnight black hair dusted his cheekbones, and messy curls hugged the back of his neck. His emerald eyes shone with unspoken love. The girl suddenly turned toward him, clasping his lightly tanned hand with her pale one.

"Benedict..." The girl croaked quietly, her voice hoarse. The man snapped to attention. The girl's eyes were still closed, but she had begun to try and upright herself. Benedict, the man, rushed to help the girl, ensuring that she wouldn't make herself any sicker than she already was. As the girl sat up, she began talking.

"Why are you still here?" she uttered. Her voice sounded so weak and faint, like

it would disappear if the listener didn't pay close attention. Benedict just smiled in reply. The pair didn't need words to communicate, they could already understand each other.

"How many days until the wedding?", the girl asked, closing her eyes at the same time, as if the question pained her.

"Nora", Benedict sighed heavily, "I do not want to talk about that". Tension in the air grew tight, as if it were the bowstring with an arrow fully loaded. The girl, now known as Nora, bit her lip hesitantly, unsure of what to say next.

"Whatever happens, you will not forget me, promise?" The words came out rushed.

"Nora, listen. I am not going to marry that fool, Blanche Ward!" Benedict spat out the poisonous name. He rose up suddenly, and slammed his fist against the rough, wood board walls. The housing for servants on the castle grounds was terrible to say the least. Currently, the cramped log cabin was occupied by Nora, and Nora alone.

"You have to marry her", Nora continued, oblivious of his outburst. "You are the Prince of Robustissimam, you have a duty to your country! You must marry your betrothed, the lady-in-waiting. If you do not, what will the people of our country think of you? When you become king, they will think of you as a spineless coward!" Nora suddenly began coughing.

Red droplets sprinkled over the quilt covering her lap.

"Everybody has a duty, and yours is to become a king." Nora coughed, her shoulders hunched over, trying to hide her illness from her beloved.

"I know. I just... I don't want to leave you!" Benedict pleaded, his eyes brimming with tears.

He knelt by the bedside, his hands clasped to his chest. He tried to commit the image of his one true love to memory.

"I don't have much time left, Benedict. But don't you ever forget me." She smiled sadly.

Thirteen days later, was the day of the royal wedding. The sun shone brightly in the cornflower blue sky with no clouds, and birds sang merrily. The kind of day that Nora loved.

Amidst the celebration, a certain blonde haired girl breathed her last breath.

By **Rhiann Thomas**
Year 7, Chairo Christian School
WARRAGUL - VIC.
Teacher: Kristy Edgar



Emily's Harvest

FARMER Pierre pulled on his shiny red gumboots and angled his beret perfectly. He smiled as he stepped out onto his new farm. He noticed a trough overflowing onto the paddocks and smiled some more. He thought it was a pretty fountain. (Farmer Pierre was new to farming!)

Farmer Pierre decided to go and milk his new cow Bessie. He got a bucket and a stool and put the bucket on one side of Bessie. Then he sat down and pulled hard at Bessie's teat. Suddenly milk came shooting out onto Farmer Pierre's new suit. "Emily!" he shouted. Emily came running. "Oh Dad you are silly", she said. Emily told her Dad that you are supposed to put the bucket under the cow.

When Farmer Pierre had changed his suit he went over to meet his neighbour Clancy. Clancy had been watching Farmer Pierre milk Bessie. He thought it was very funny and was laughing loudly. Farmer Pierre asked him what was so funny. "Have you had a nice drink of milk?" Clancy asked. Farmer Pierre's face went red. He decided to go inside.

The next day Farmer Pierre set off to buy some wheat seed. He wanted to grow the best crop in the district. He got into his shiny blue car with green leather seats and drove to Smith's Farm Supplies.

Farmer Pierre asked Mr Smith for twelve bags of his finest wheat. While Farmer Pierre and Mr Smith were having a conversation they didn't know that Clancy had snuck in and was hiding behind a pile

of dog food. When Farmer Pierre and Mr Smith were loading the wheat into his car, Clancy found twelve bags of daisy seeds and hid them behind the dog food.

Farmer Pierre went inside to pay. While he was counting his money Clancy snuck outside with the daisy seeds. He ran to Farmer Pierre's car and swapped the wheat for the daisies.

The next day Farmer Pierre decided to plant his wheat. He looked it up on his computer to make sure he was doing the right thing. Finally the crop was planted. He felt very proud. He went to tell Clancy what a splendid job he had done. He said that his crop was going to be the best in the district.

"Oh really?" Clancy chuckled.

Over the next six months Farmer Pierre checked his crop every day. He knew it was going to be the best crop ever. Every day Clancy would also look over the fence at the crop and chuckle to himself.

Then one terrible morning Farmer Pierre noticed some unusual buds growing. They did not look like wheat. Farmer Pierre called immediately for Emily. "Those look like the daisy buds in Granny's garden", she said. Farmer Pierre turned red. Something was clearly not right. Clancy had been watching all this and he was roaring with laughter.

Then one terrible, terrible day Farmer Pierre came to check his wheat and he

saw a whole paddock of blooming bright yellow daisies! He was SO embarrassed. All of his neighbours roared with laughter. Emily came to see what all the fuss was about. "Don't worry Dad, I'll think of something", she said.

Emily stood amongst the daisies and thought how pretty they were. She bent down to pick a bunch for her room. While she was admiring them she had a brilliant idea.... "We just need to sell one bunch of daisies for \$10 to everyone in town. We'll make a fortune!" At dinner Emily told the family what they had to do.

The next day the family was very busy picking daisies and tying them in bunches. They had eight hundred and sixty three bunches altogether.

It was time to sell the daisies. Emily set up a store outside the supermarket, the nursing home and the hospital. They sold them to everyone who passed by and everyone loved them. They made a fortune. In fact, they made much more money than Clancy made with his wheat! Farmer Pierre was so happy. He kept hugging Emily.

The next year Clancy went into Smith's Farm Supplies and bought twelve bags of daisy seeds.

By **Sophie Merrin**

Year 3,

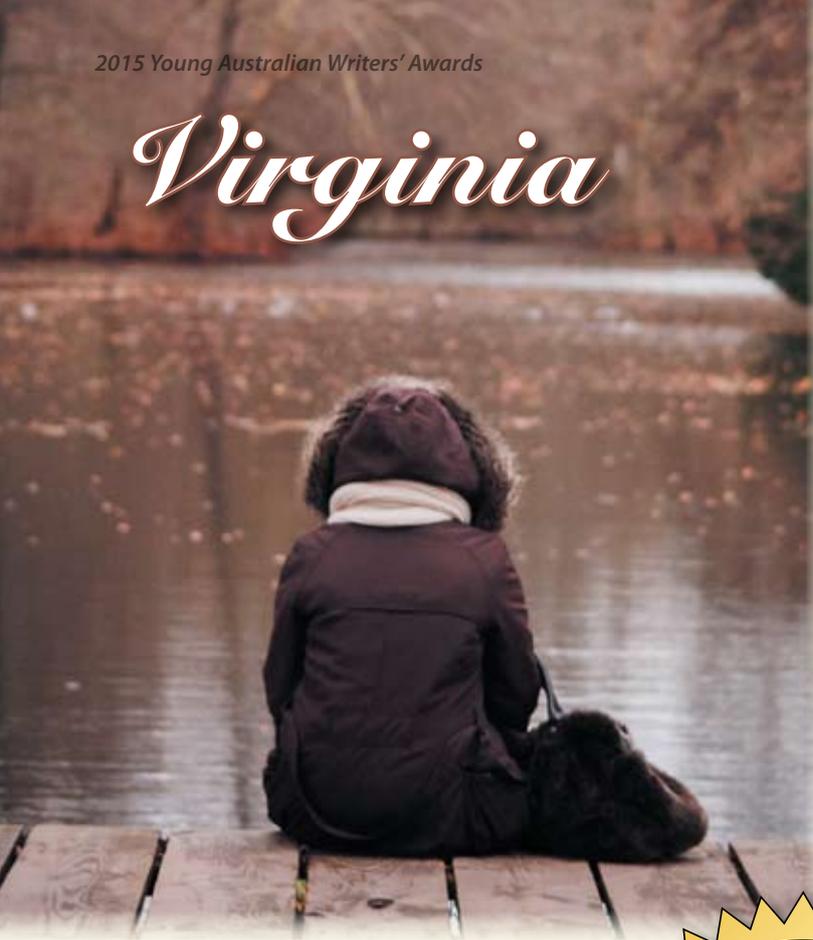
The Hamilton and Alexandra College

HAMILTON – VIC.

Teacher: Miss Ross

**Best Short
Story from a
Primary School
Lions Club
Literary Award**

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.

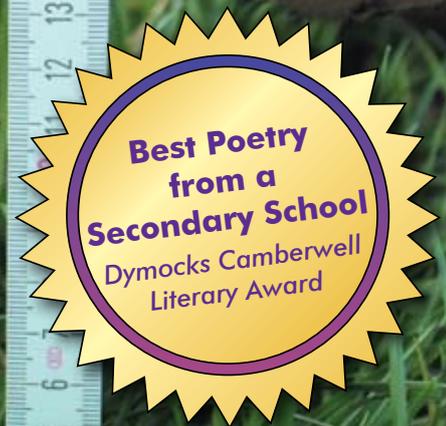
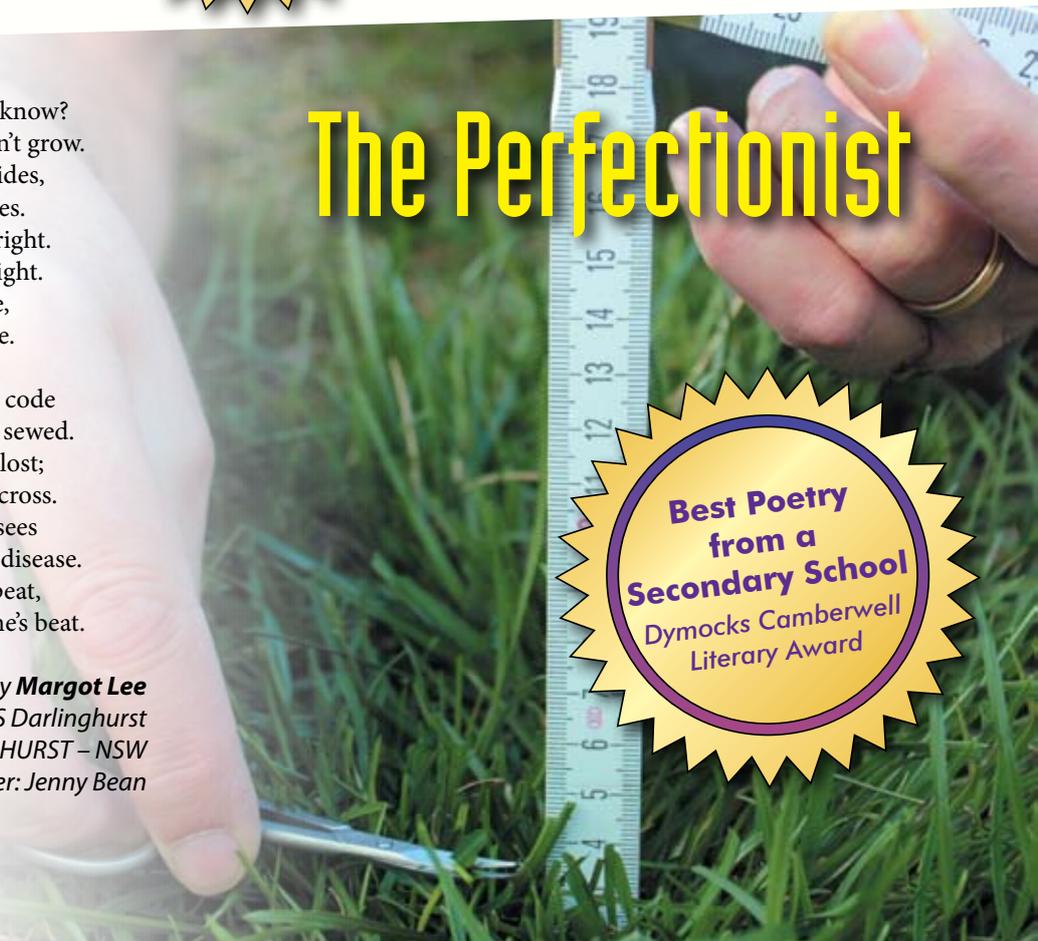
By **Isabella Fioravanti**
Year 6, St. Macartan's Primary School
MORNINGTON – VIC.

The ruler is straight, but how do we know?
The house is tilted and the flowers don't grow.
The calculator adds, the mind divides,
The laws of nature the land abides.
Tear up the world because it's not right.
Tear up the world; it's a horrible sight.
You cannot step before the line,
What is perfect you must define.

The pattern's symmetrical, as is the code
But the gown is wrong; not perfectly sewed.
There is no beauty where order is lost;
The answer is false when two lines cross.
No one understands and no one sees
Why it has to be perfect; why mess is disease.
Two lines rhyme, four rhymes repeat,
And life always ticks to the metronome's beat.

By **Margot Lee**
Year 8, SCEGGS Darlinghurst
DARLINGHURST – NSW
Teacher: Jenny Bean

The Perfectionist



THE STORM had torn through the small town. Rain poured heavily and the sky was a dark grey colour. Hail broke windows and glass shattered into smithereens. Gustly winds howled and ripped old, frail trees as well as healthy, fresh ones. Lightning bolts crashed at the ground and thunder roared at us occasionally. The ground was a sea of glutinous water and many life forms had been swept away like tiny dust particles.

After hours of distress and melancholy, the storm quietened. Trees lay on the soaking wet ground. The Earth was bitterly freezing. Sophia stood up slowly. Her face was red and wet. Her knuckles were white and numb. She was warming herself up frantically and she had been frigid. Goosebumps stood on her pale skin. Sophia was feeling petrified by the wreckage around her.

Sophia pondered about where her parents were. She was still in utter trauma. Bewilderment took the better of her as she stood on the muddy, ruined land. Many of the survivors were shocked and many still sat on the ground.

For what seemed like minutes, but in fact hours, silence stood in the face of many. The tranquillity was broken by a whirring noise. Sophia could not understand where it was coming from. Then a voice from a distance bellowed, "WAIT!!! HELP IS

After the Storm

COMING!!!" Sophia's mind was filled with discombobulation, but her heart with nervousness, warmth, and relief, all at the same time.

Sophia could feel relief in others, but their faces still pallor. She along with others waited and waited, but help was not seen. Sophia felt despair, grief, and agony, as she thought water, water, everywhere but not a drop to drink... Water, water, everywhere but... Water, water. The words kept chanting in her head. Her mind was now filled with desperation, hopelessness, and despondency. Sophia walked around the place to notice nothing but devastation. The first place she tried to find was her wrecked house. Sophia thought that this could not get any worse, but then she saw the worst thing that had ever happened to her.

It was worse than a small bruise. It was worse than losing her friends over a small fight. It was worse than a vicious prank. It was even worse than the cyclone. It was nature's malicious smile, a last blow to her.

In the middle of the front yard covered in mud, cold and rigid like dead wood were her parents.

Tears ran down the side of Sophia's face just like the miserable storm that came and went without warning. Sophia felt nothing but anger that crippled inside her. She started thinking, what is the value of life if this is what you get! She stood up in anguish and as far as she could see, people were weeping and searching in hope of finding their families. Suddenly, her persistent mind told her you must not lose hope, you must not lose hope.

Sophia then reluctantly said to herself, in a quiet voice, "Don't give up. Start again. I must help myself and have faith". Sophia slowly started to overcome her fears. Whatever I do, this town will be better than it was before, not only for me but also for the others who lost everything. Slowly her hopes rose along with the rising sun!

By **Monica Rallabhandi**

Age 11

ROSSMOYNE - WA

**ASG
Short
Story
Award**

Taragus



Taragus built a ship,
Whose sails couldn't rip
Her sails he wove of golden fair,
For he was a great heir,
The heir of the Elven king was he,
His boat was made of timber felled out of the
best tree and with her he sailed the open sea.

Clad in silver and gold,
The story of his armour is told,
For he was wearing the finest sword,
That would ward off,
Any evil or harm,
His arrows made of willow shorn,
And his scabbard made of Dragon Horn.

**ASG
Poetry
Award**

Adamant his breastplate was,
With a jewelled helmet he fought,
For he had been specially taught,
He was the best swordsmen North, South, East or West.
His bow was made of the best.
His sword of steel was valiant, its strike was true.

Through many a river the hull of his ship sailed,
The towns quivered in awe at his chainmail
Under the moon and stars his boat travelled,
Bewildered he was by our mortal ways.
He sailed for many nights and days,
Passing the green grass and trees,
For the landscape could easily please him.

Passed deserts and mountains his big ship sailed,
His courage and bravery never failed.
The wind of the North drove him and off he sped,
Though he never fled.

By **Benjamin Cullen**

Year 5, Age 10

WESTLEIGH - NSW

The Perfect Pear

IT WAS a warm sunny morning at Subiaco Farmers Market. The smell of sweet fruit tingled every nose. People were excitedly buying fruit and vegetables to prepare delicious meals for family and friends. The shoppers were planning celebrations, BBQs and everyday meals. People wanted to cook for friends in need and school fetes. The fruit was displayed in perfect pyramids and seemed to be the royalty of the market. The Pineapples and Mangoes had their own tall impressive towers and their sweet perfumes drew the customers in. The strawberry and kiwi were in demand with whispers of "pavlova". The oranges and lemons were stacked evenly and were popular with everyone. These fruits looked like a kingdom of jewels fallen from the sky.

At the end of the fruit stall there were some old boxes containing pears and apples in no particular order or display. They had been left at the back and most shoppers didn't even know they were there. The apples and the pears were all different shapes and sizes and some were even bruised. Their smell didn't attract anyone. They were forgotten and overlooked.

In the cool of the evening, after the stalls closed and all the shopkeepers and customers went home to eat dinner, the fruit came to life.

"Everyone wanted Mangoes today to make Mango ice-cream, it's because I'm smooth and creamy", boasted Mango.

"Ice-cream, well I'm the king of fruit salad, there's no fruit salad without me", bragged Pineapple.

"Pavlova, Pavlova, Pavlova", chirped Kiwi and Strawberry proudly.

"Roast chicken, fish & chips, cakes, sauces, jams, and drinks, we complete the table and there are some dishes that can't be made without us", shouted Orange and Lemon above the other fruits.

Pear watched on from the shadows of her box. She wished she could be sought after for special recipes. Pear longed for the shoppers to search for her for tasty treats and most of all she wished

she could brag with the other fruits about exotic things Pear could be used for.

Every night, after the bragging and boasting the cool fruits played ten fruit bowling. The tough tall Pineapples were the pins, and were protected by their tough skins. The mango, orange and lemon took turns to bowl and the kiwi and strawberry scored the strikes and points. There was more bragging and cheering and Pineapple declared the game over before anyone got bruised.

"Apple, if only we didn't have little bumps and were evenly shaped we could play ten fruit bowling with the cool fruits", sighed Pear. Pear wanted the cool fruits to accept her but she felt abandoned and ashamed of herself. Just a dirty old Pear.

"C'mon Pear, we can make our own fun", Apple begged.

Pear rolled slowly after Apple in the old box. They stop beside each other and gaze off to another world where they are the centre of all the feasts.

"Apple sauce, apple cake, apple jam, apple pie, apple juice, really Apple you could

be anything, people would want to take you home for their parties", Pear said dreamily.

"Oh Pear, you could be anything, Pear jam, Pear cake, pear juice... they could even toast your skin into Pear chips." Apple fizzed with excitement. It was the happiest part of the day when Apple and Pear were alone and dreaming with each other.

These private thoughts are quickly interrupted by a strong smell. It was enticing, it was strongly sweet, and it was smooth. Pear and Apple poked their heads over the top of their box. Standing confidently and looking down at them was Chocolate.

"I've been looking for you", he announced to Pear.

"Why?", Pear says stunned.

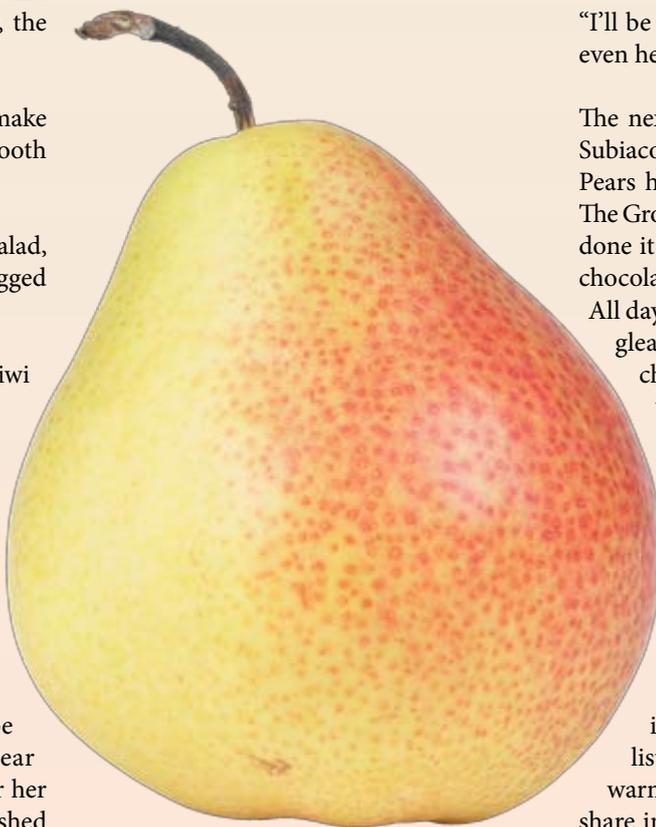
"I've been looking for the perfect complement all my life." Pear is smiling shyly while Chocolate continues, "We can peel you, strip you, mash you and cut you into pieces and with me, we will make the perfect desserts", and he reaches down and helps Pear out of the box.

"I'll be here", says Apple but Pear doesn't even hear her friend.

The next morning, the sun is shining at Subiaco Farmers Market. Pear, and all the Pears have been arranged in a pyramid. The Grocer thinks one of his employees has done it and smiles as he sees the stack of chocolate beside the glorious pile of pears.

All day shoppers come when they see the gleaming green pears and the smooth chocolate and they are scooped up with murmurs of "cake", "soufflé", "pudding", "tart" and "friends".

That night all the cool fruits want to play with Pear. Pear gets to list all the recipes and Pear plays ten fruit bowling. She pretends it doesn't hurt because she has always wanted to do this. Pear is ecstatic by her popularity. She feels important and as all the cool fruits listen to every word she says, she feels warm inside. If only Apple was here to share in her glory. Pear looks around for



Apple and sees Chocolate sitting with the Strawberry.

"I've been looking for the perfect complement all my life", says Chocolate to the Strawberry, who twitters with excitement.

Pear is heartbroken and angry. She realises, it isn't real. All the soufflés, tarts and friands would disappear if chocolate was displayed with Strawberry. All the cool fruits didn't like Pear, they didn't even know Pear. Pear realised the cool fruits liked the recipes. The recipes only used Pear stripped and peeled and mashed. The cool fruits were not interested in Pear jam and pear salad,

they didn't like Pear for being Pear and that is why they would never have dreamed up Pear chips.

Pear rolls quickly from the front counter to the old box at the back of the stall. Inside the box is Apple, sad and alone.

"So if it isn't Popularity Pear", sniffs Apple.

"Yeah except Popularity goes stale and true friendship isn't seasonal". Pear looked at Apple with hope and a smile.

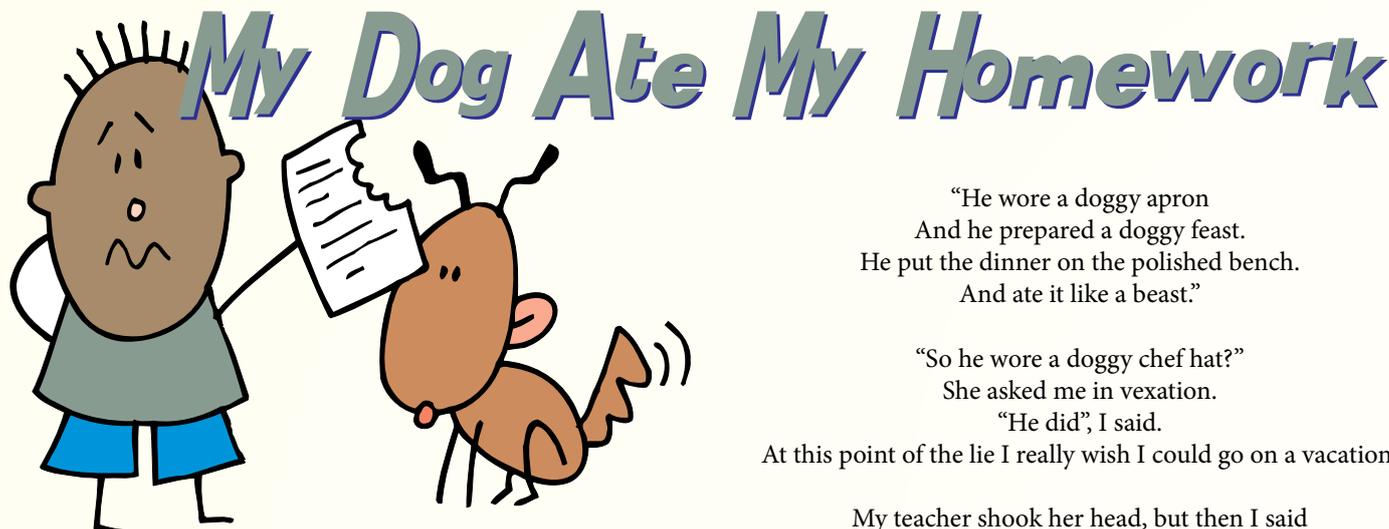
"Hey what about Pear candles, Pear bath salts, Pear hand cream", Apple says to welcome Pear back. Pear and Apple giggled and wiggled, comfortable in their own skin, in an old box full of friendship.

By **Isabella Crean**

Year 4, St Paul's Primary School

MOUNT LAWLEY – WA

Teacher: Miss Catherine Nguyen



My puppy ate my homework
There was really nothing to do
But tell a lie to my teacher
That wasn't even true.

I saw this wasn't going well.
But I didn't want to fail.
Before she had a chance to talk,
I continued adding to the tale:

"My doggy put his chef hat on
and then began to cook,
He grabbed my science notes
And fried them with my writing book.

"He snatched my spelling words from me
and dropped them in a pot,
I tried to take it from his paw
But cooked them till they were blazing hot.

"The puppy eagerly took my history book
And boiled a history stew
He threatened to bite me if I objected
Well at least he wasn't cooking a kangaroo.

"He wore a doggy apron
And he prepared a doggy feast.
He put the dinner on the polished bench.
And ate it like a beast."

"So he wore a doggy chef hat?"
She asked me in vexation.
"He did", I said.

At this point of the lie I really wish I could go on a vacation.

My teacher shook her head, but then I said
As quickly as lighting strike the ground,
"He covered it with BBQ sauce,
And he said after he ate it he was astound."

"A talking dog who ate your homework?"
My teacher had a fit.
And she sent me to the office,
So that is where I unfortunately sit.

I guess I made a big mistake
In telling her all that.
Because I don't even have a dog.
It was actually eaten by my cat.



By **Alanah Byron**

Grade 5,

Nambour Christian College

NAMBOUR – QLD.

Teacher: Jon Broad

Young
Australian Art Awards
A Division of A.C.L.B. Limited

2015



The Young Australian Art Awards

The Young Australian Art Awards were launched at the beginning of 2006. To launch this initiative, the Children's Charity Network distributed promotional posters to all schools in Australia, who were asked to display them in their computer and art rooms. The CCN received an extraordinary number of entries, in each of the categories, from students from all over Australia.

With the help of our web site administrator, Linda Purcell (from

The Media Warehouse) and our Selection Committee, we had many fine works of art entered into this year's awards. The program has now been running for many years, and over this time the response has been extremely positive. We are looking forward to the future of this worthwhile initiative.

We envisage that The Young Australian Art Awards will grow in status over the next few years and also receive recognition from within the arts industry.

About our Judges: Painting, Drawing, Computer Design



Marjory Gardner

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

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

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



Elise Hurst

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

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

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

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

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

Elise's website: www.elisehurst.com

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



Kevin Burgemeestre

Kevin Burgemeestre studied at RMIT majoring in illustration before moving to Amsterdam to graduate in children's book illustration at The Rietveld Academie.

His illustration has appeared in newspapers and magazines throughout Australia and as an author he has written freelance articles on art, transport and society.

He loves illustrating children's books and presenting workshops to kindergartens, primary and secondary schools, libraries, universities and teacher groups.

He has illustrated numerous children's books including the well known *Bernard was a Bikie*. Other titles include *Antarctic Dad* with Hazel Edwards, *B is for BRAVO* written and illustrated by Kevin featuring innovative dioramas. The recent *Uncle Eddie* books with Lucy Farmer continue themes of adventure and discovery.

Versatility is important to Kevin. He is an exhibiting artist and in 2013 he was shortlisted in the Nillumbik Prize. His first play was produced in 2011 and his debut novel *Kate* was published by Morris Publishing Australia in 2013.

He sat on the judging panel for the Dromkeen Librarian's Award, is currently a committee member of the Children's Literature Australia Network.

Kevin's humorous and informative workshops on illustration, sketching, cartooning, writing and photo collage are suitable for all year levels. He continues to declare 'When you are writing or drawing there are NO mistakes only opportunities'.

The Lady Potter Art Award
Young Australian Artist of the Year

2015



Awarded to

Courtney Cummins

Mandurah Baptist College, WA

'Me In Oils'

2015 Young Australian Art Awards

**Commonwealth Bank
Art Award
Painting – Senior**



CommonwealthBank

Awarded to

Tahlia Stanton

Ballarat & Clarendon College, Vic.

'Raised in Talons'



2015 Young Australian Art Awards

**Commonwealth Bank
Art Award
Painting – Middle**



CommonwealthBank

Awarded to

Bartholomew Wasaga

Holy Spirit College, Qld.

'Crash of the Waves'



2015 Young Australian Art Awards

Commonwealth Bank Art Award

Painting – Primary



CommonwealthBank

Awarded to

Lanse Vanhaelen

Torquay College, Vic.

'Ted the Chicken Man'



2015 Young Australian Art Awards

Hamilton Property Group Art Award

Computer Art – Senior

hamilton
Property Group

Awarded to

Jordan White

Paralowie R-12, SA

'Dreary Skies'

2015 Young Australian Art Awards

Dymock's Camberwell Art Award

Computer Art – Middle

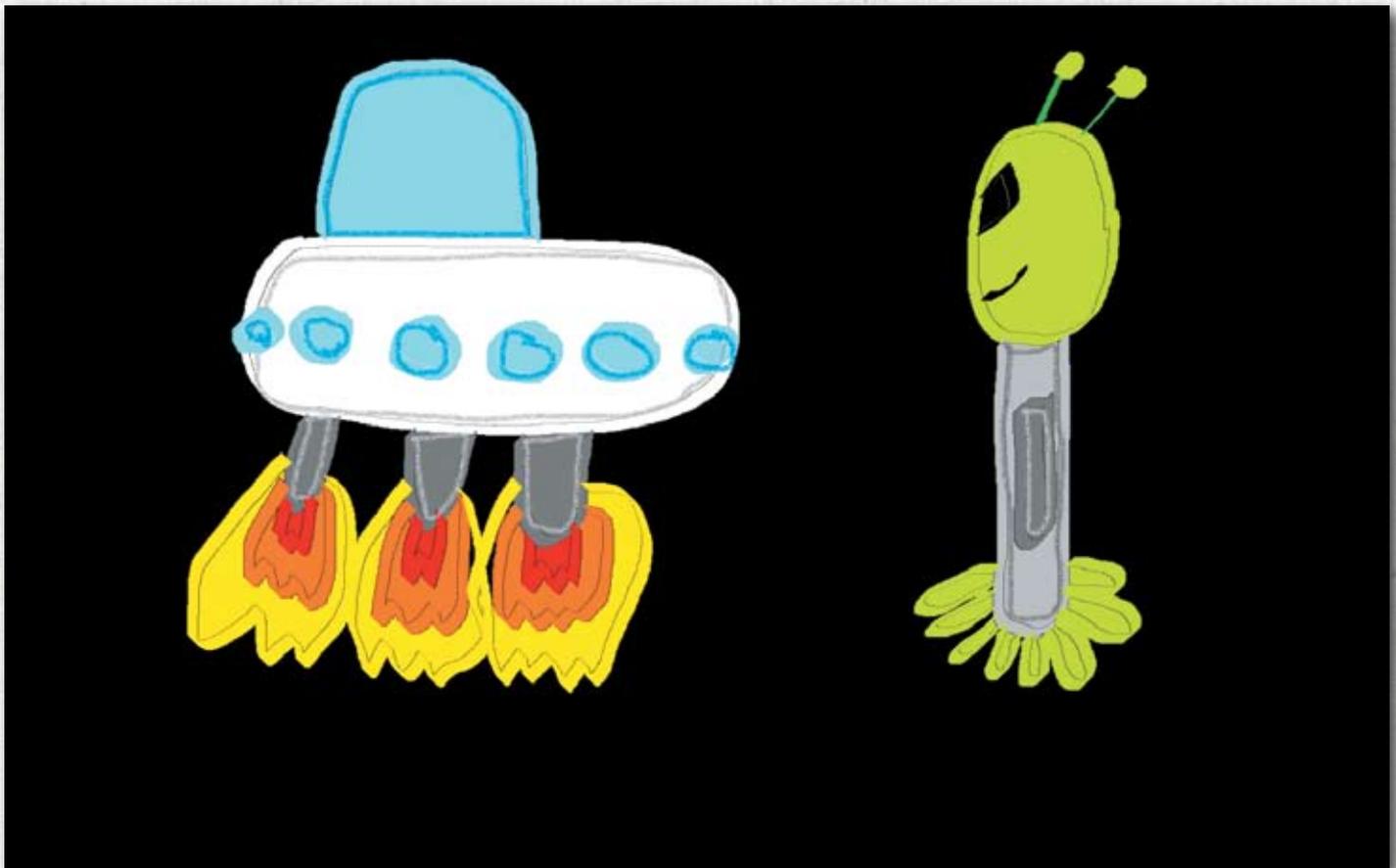
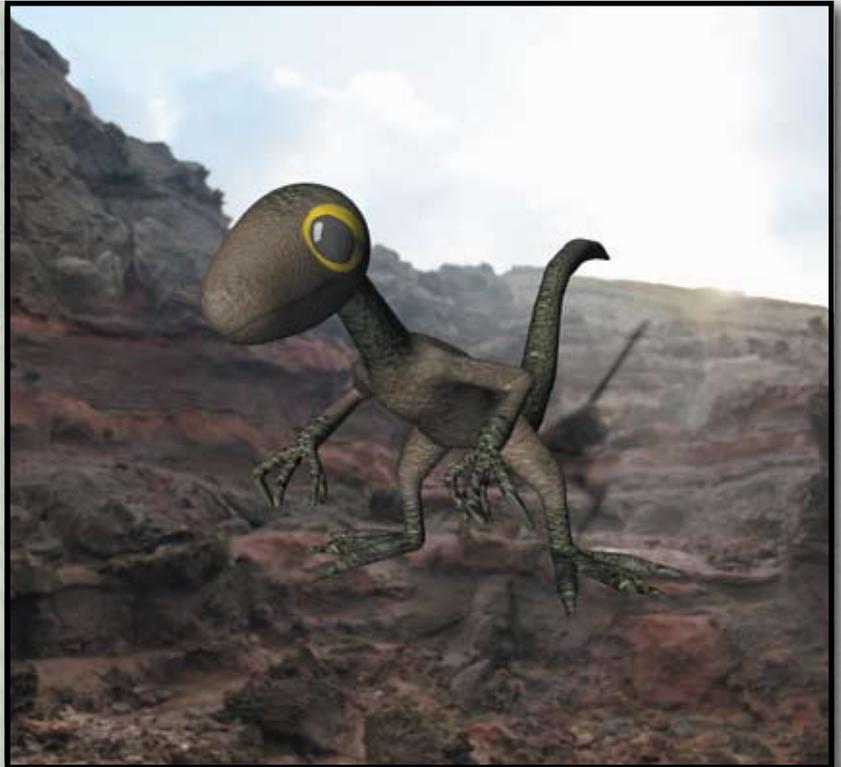


Awarded to

Antoni Camozzato

St. Michael's College, SA

**'Mysterious Lizard
Creature'**



2015 Young Australian Art Awards

Dymock's Camberwell Art Award

Computer Art – Primary



Awarded to

Alicia Sergeant

Home-Schooled, NSW

'They Came from Outer Space'



2015 Young Australian Art Awards

**Bic Australia
Art Award
Drawing – Senior**



Awarded to

Taylor Trewartha

Proserpine High School, Qld.

'Asha'



2015 Young Australian Art Awards

**Bic Australia Art Award
Drawing – Middle**



Awarded to

Marium El-Hajj

Dulwich Hill High School, NSW

'The Mesmerising Force'

2015 Young Australian Art Awards

**Bic Australia
Art Award**
Drawing – Primary

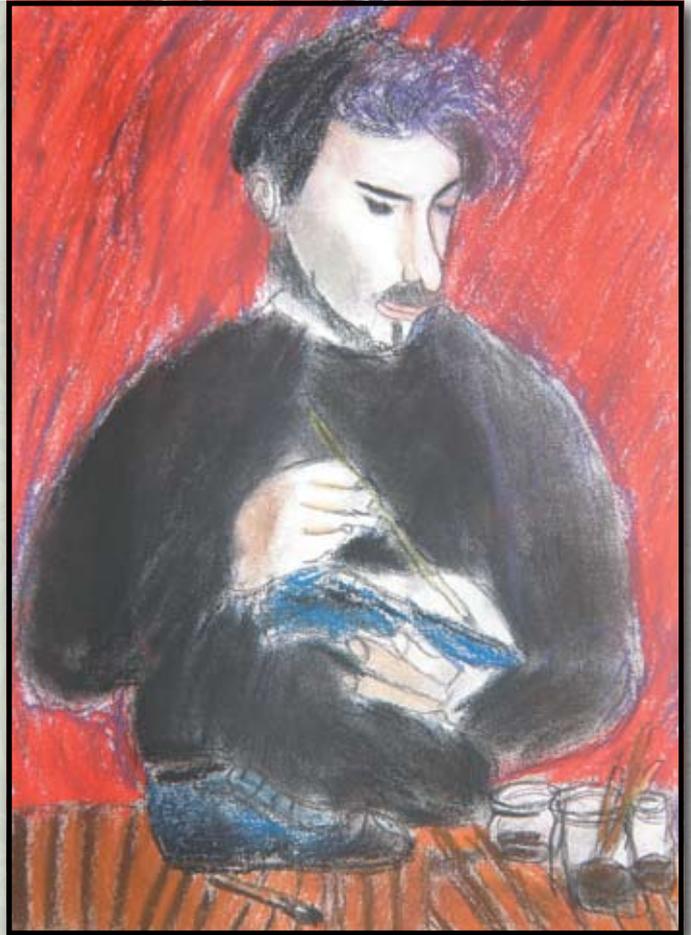


Awarded to

Eric Yang

Carlton Public School, NSW

'Busy Man'



2015 Young Australian Art Awards

Lions Club Art Award

Photography – Senior



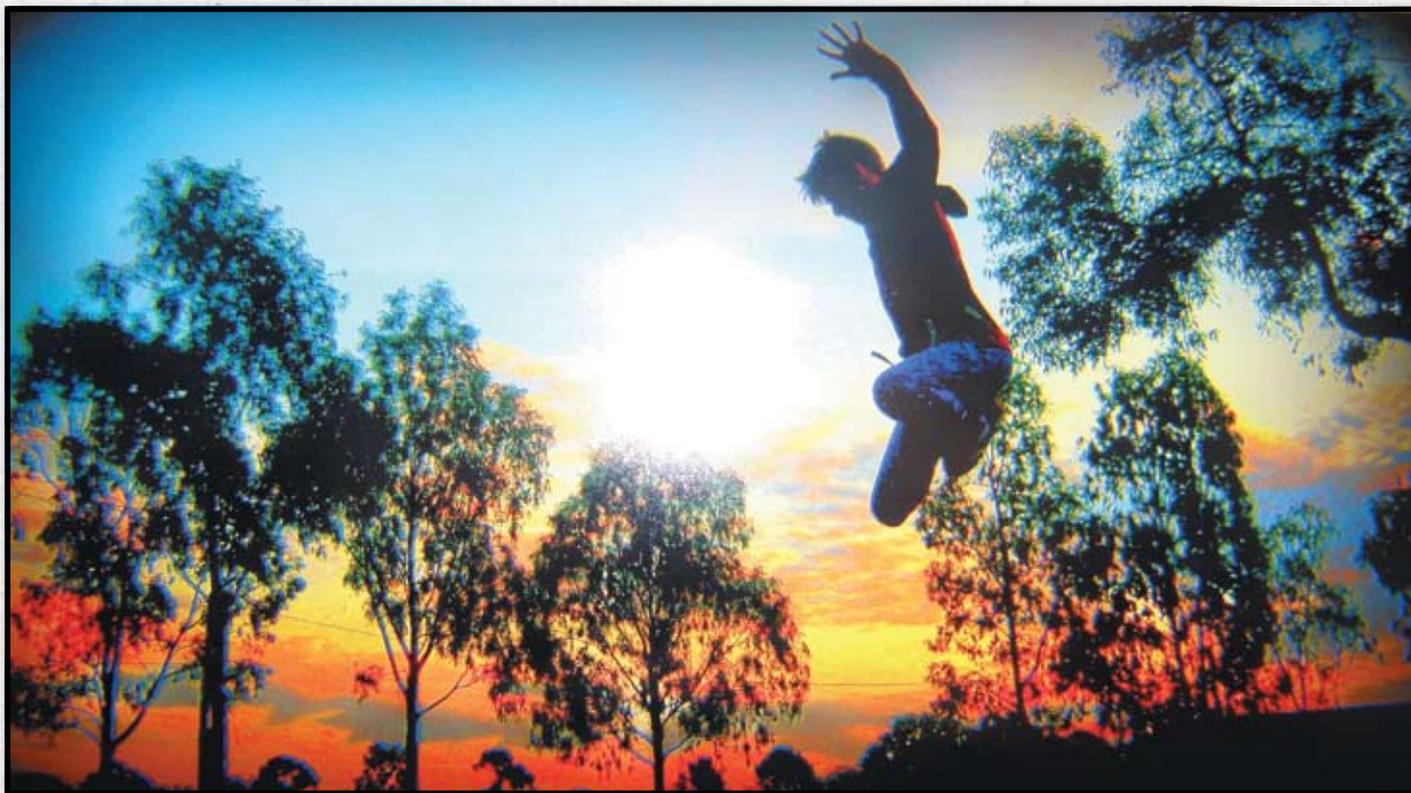
Awarded to

Natalie Grassi

John Septimus Roe Anglican Community School, WA

'King'





2015 Young Australian Art Awards

Lions Club Art Award

Photography – Middle



Awarded to

Ryan Young

Bethany PS, Werribee, Vic.

'Childhood Freedom'



2015 Young Australian Art Awards

Lions Club Art Award

Photography – Primary



Awarded to

Jack Lloyd-Parker

Taroona State School, Tas.

'Exploding Light'

2015 Young Australian Art Awards

ASG Art Award

Drawing



Awarded to

Shanghavi Rathanthas

'Butterfly'



2015 Young Australian Art Awards

ASG Art Award

Painting



Awarded to

Himani Karki

Maroubra Junction Public School, NSW

'Sunset'



2015 Young Australian Art Awards

Judge's Choice Award

Elise Hurst Art Award

Awarded to

Millie Ng

Queensland Academies of Creative Industries, Qld.

'Craniothoracopagus'

2015 Young Australian Art Awards

Judge's Choice Award

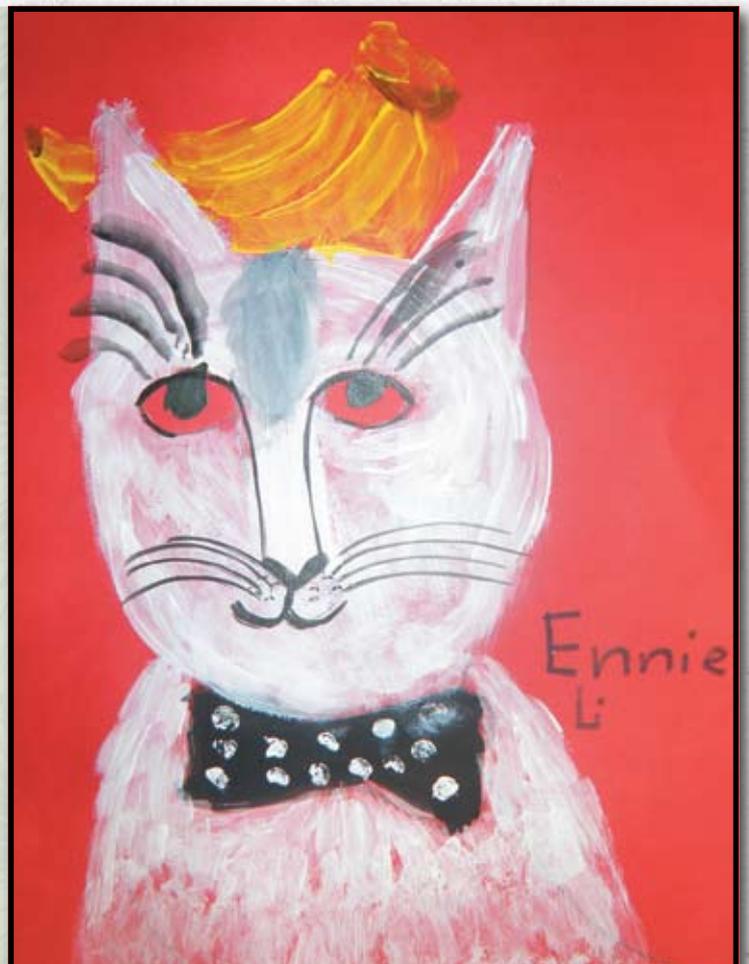
Marjory Gardner Art Award

Awarded to

Ennie Li

Arncliffe Public School, NSW

'Mr Milky'



— Indigenous Art Awards —



2015 Young Australian Art Awards

Sandfire Resources Indigenous Art Award



SANDFIRE
RESOURCES NL

Awarded to

Students 11 to 14

Darwin Middle School, NT

'Horizon'

2015 Young Australian Art Awards

ASG Indigenous Art Award

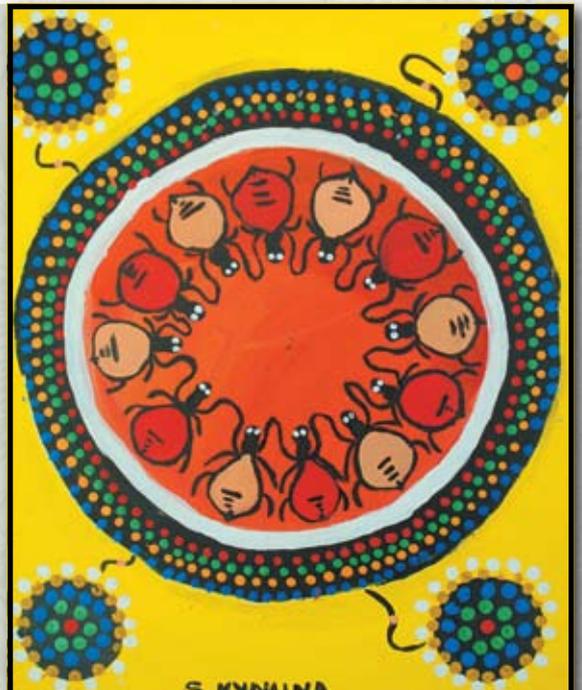


Awarded to

Shianne Kynuna

Holy Spirit College, Qld.

'The Dancing Ants'





2015 Young Australian Art Awards

Fortescue Metals Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Shianne Kynuna

Holy Spirit College, Qld.

'The Four Snakes'

Regional Awards

2015 Young Australian Art Awards



Whitehaven Coal Indigenous Art Award

Awarded to

Tamasha Sampson

Walhallow School, NSW

'Hand'



2015 Young Australian Art Awards

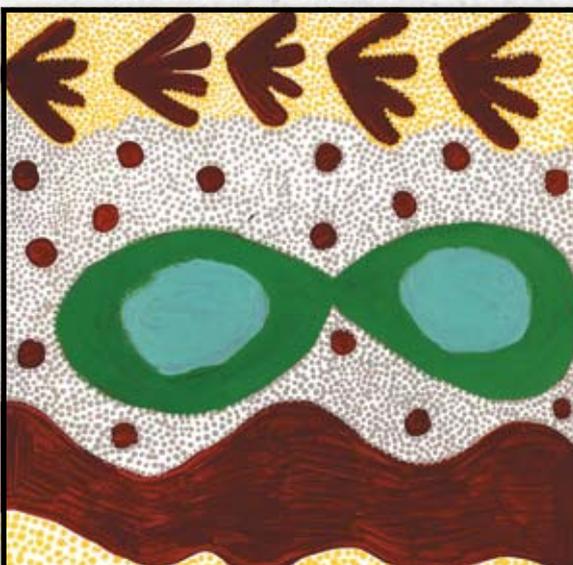


IGO Mining Indigenous Art Award

Awarded to

Kamahl Bush

'Emus Around the Campsite'



2015 Young Australian Art Awards

Helix Resources Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Duncan Rowe
'Meeting Place'



2015 Young Australian Art Awards

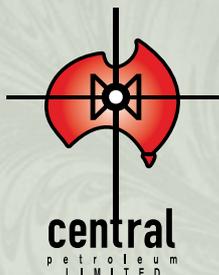
Mt Magnet Gold Indigenous Art Award

Awarded to

Tenellie Spencer
'Women Around the Water Hole'



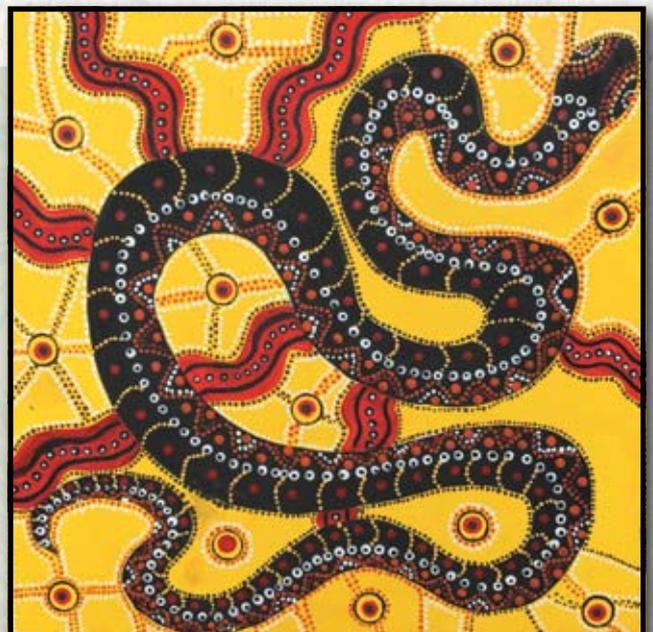
2015 Young Australian Art Awards



Central Petroleum Indigenous Art Award

Awarded to

Casey Bounghi
'Dancing Snake'





2015 Young Australian Art Awards

Energy Metals Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Seranna Poulson
'Honey Ant Dreaming'

2015 Young Australian Art Awards

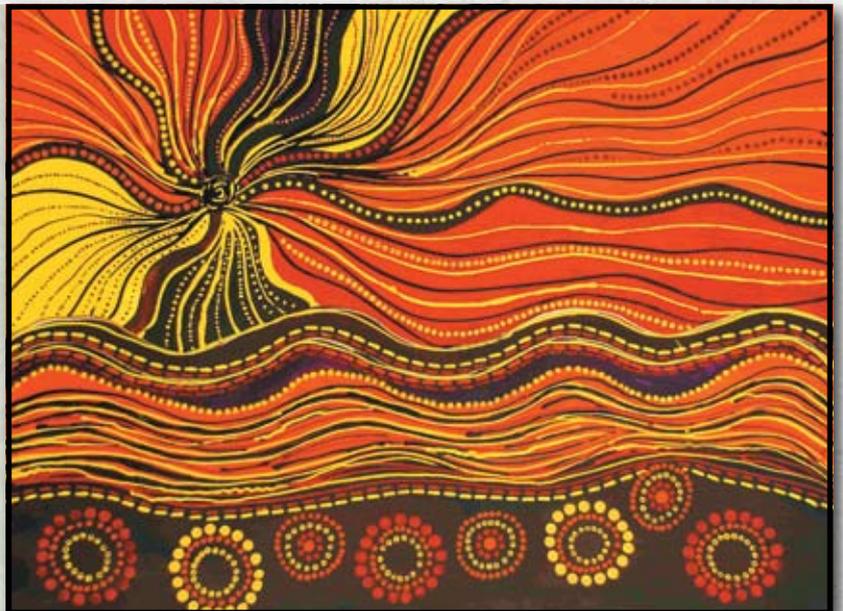
Beach Energy Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Naika Wasaga

'Meeting of the Sun, Sea and Land'

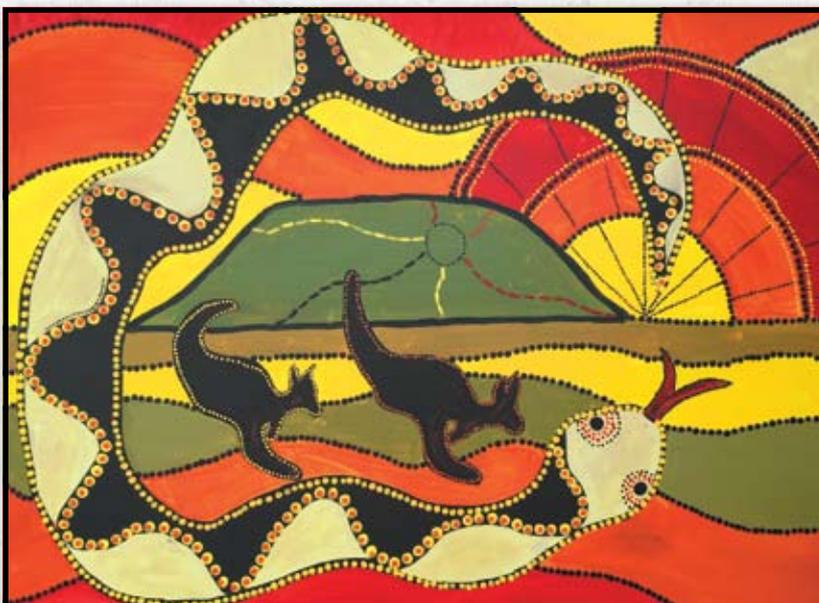


2015 Young Australian Art Awards

Tribunal Resources Indigenous Art Award

Awarded to

Dylan Sinclair
'Encounter'



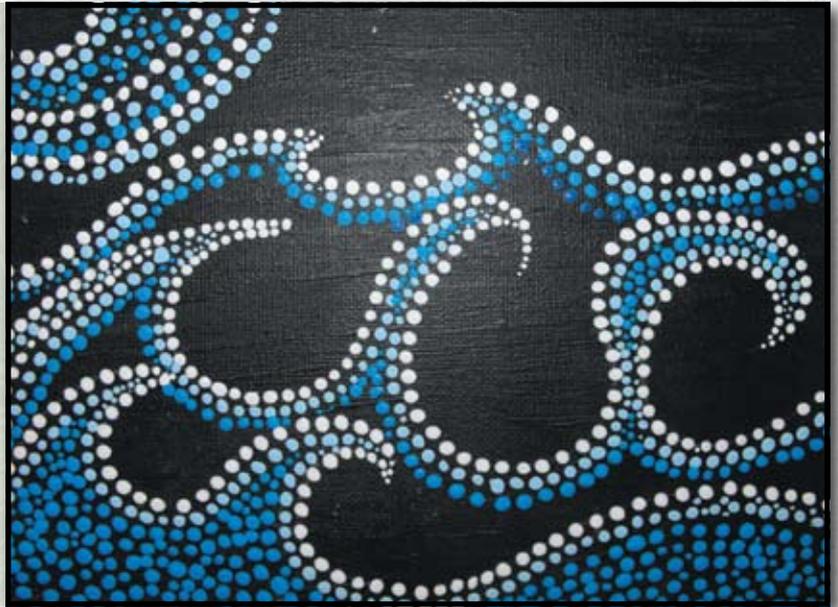
2015 Young Australian Art Awards

**Rex Minerals
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

James Songoro
'Wavy Dots'



2015 Young Australian Art Awards

**Resolute Mining
Indigenous Art Award**



Resolute
Mining Limited

Awarded to

Advit Kothari
'Circle of Life'

2015 Young Australian Art Awards

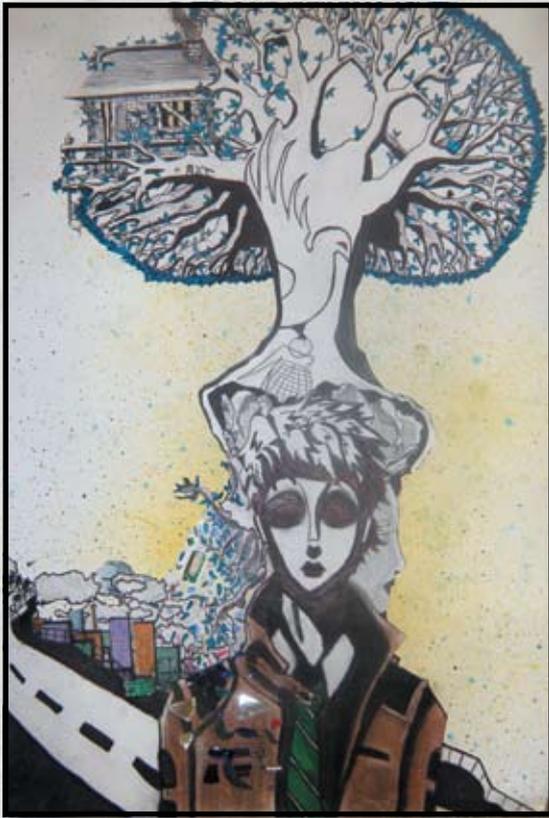
**Northern Star Resources
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

Marlow Lyall-McIvory
'My Shoe'





2015 Young Australian Art Awards



SANDFIRE
RESOURCES NL

**Sandfire Resources
Regional
Indigenous
Art Award**

Awarded to

Tyler Sillery-Maxwell

Geraldton Grammar School, WA

2015 Young Australian Art Awards



MILLENNIUM
MINERALS LIMITED

**Millennium Minerals
Indigenous
Art Award**

Awarded to

Laura Tchinburur
'Marissa's Dreaming'



2015 Young Australian Art Awards

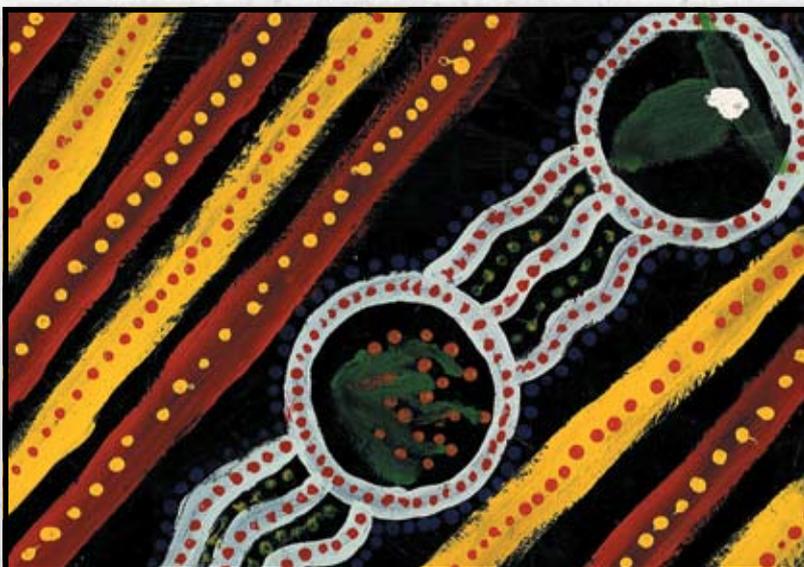


BC IRON
LIMITED

**BC Iron
Indigenous
Art Award**

Awarded to

Jayquin Nelson
'Water Plants'



About our Indigenous Art Patron



John McGuire

The Board of the Children's Charity Network welcomes Mr John McGuire as a Patron of the Arts for its Young Indigenous Art Awards program.

John's lifetime has been one of accomplishment, including the captaincy of the Centenary Cricket tour of England in 1988 to celebrate the anniversary of the first Australian Cricket tour of the UK in 1882. That was an all Aborigine team, as was the 1988 tour. He also excelled as a premiership league footballer.

He is iconic not just in the sporting world, but also as an advocate for young Indigenous development in every sphere; academic, creative and personal endeavour, and is an ideal role model for the thousands of Indigenous children our program will reach in remote and outback environments throughout the year.

2015 Young Australian Art Awards

Argent Minerals Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Trunkey Creek Public School 'The Vase'

The vase of flowers is a collaborative piece that was constructed by the entire class of 16 students (K-6). Each student drew and painted a couple of flowers.



Books FOR Kids

GIVING KIDS IN NEED A CHANCE TO READ



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

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

Succeeding begins with reading

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

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

Our Mission Statement

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

Our goals – who we work with

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

Established Book Distribution network:

Our book distribution network is now in the following locations:

Northern Territory: Darwin, Winnellie

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

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

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

South Australia: Findon, Marryatville, Oodnadatta

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

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

Motivational Reading Events

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

Literary Workshops

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



Books FOR Kids

GIVING KIDS IN NEED A CHANCE TO READ



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

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

The outcome of the volunteer links established to support this program

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

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



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



Make paying school fees easy with ***School Plan***

Do you want to take the hassle out of paying your child's school fees?

Do you want your child's school fees paid up front and on time?

School Plan pays your child's fees in full, directly to the school when due, while you pay ***School Plan*** in easy-to-manage **monthly** or **fortnightly** instalments.

From as little as 3.95% of the total fees to be funded, ***School Plan*** can pay the following:

- ✓ Tuition fees
- ✓ Boarding fees
- ✓ Camp fees
- ✓ Building fund donations
- ✓ Extra curricular activities

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

