

OZ KIDS IN PRINT

February 2017

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*A great tool to
improve literacy
in schools!*

Cover design by
Reyna Abe
(2016 Marc McBride
Art Award)

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FREE ENTRY

**TO STUDENTS IN PRIMARY
OR SECONDARY SCHOOLS**

Proudly supported by the Australian Government



Matteo, 8 years old
"ALLEN HUNTER"



Lia, 9 years old
"SUPER DOCTOR"



Théo, 7 years old
"AIRLINE PILOT"



**SMALL HANDS
WILL DO BIG THINGS**



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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Autumn is here – is it? But the weather hasn't changed at all, except for the cooler mornings. A cooler night for sleeping is always good, especially for students so you can wake up fresh for a new day. I know CATs and SACs are all happening now.

I cannot believe it is nearly the end of Term 1. Holidays are a great time to sit and write. Perhaps you could write about your experiences or those of an elder on what they would have done at the same age.

Please make sure spelling and punctuation is correct. It is a Literary competition so this is essential and it has to be your own work.

Get your entries in early. We don't receive many in the new year. But when the closing date draws near we get hundreds – too many to be published.

So why wait until then? Get writing!

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



KEEP ON WRITING (TYPING)!

Carol Dick
Managing Editor

DROUGHT

Not a drop of water,
Not a bit of land,
Not even a grain of sand,
No trees or leaves,
If you want wildlife back you will have to believe,
Wildlife are weak from hunger,
Bring back the rain and thunder,
There is no doubt, that this is a drought.
That this is a drought.

By **Dekotah Adams**
Year 7, Mackay North State High School
NORTH MACKAY – QLD.
Teacher: Mrs Hold

When the Wolves Howl

They wail, long and lonely
Staring at the silver dish
Which is the moon
Among the black cloak
Which is the sky and
The glittering diamonds
Which are the stars

They howl through the late night
Through the early morning,
When the workers are rising

Making the mountains seem a dangerous place
With its cold rocks
Dark caves and
Wild creatures

Making home seem like the safest place
With its warm fire
Patchwork blanket and
Woollen slippers

When the sun rises, the wolves flee
Into the jagged mountains
Their howls fading in the distance
Into the damp early-morning mist
Their paws leaving prints in the dust

By **Zoe Rosen**
Year 8, Central Coast Adventist School
KOOLEWONG – NSW



BOOK REVIEW

Harry Kruize, Born to Lose

Author: Paul Collins

ISBN : 9781925272628

Publisher: Ford Street Publishing

Reviewed by Jessica Gross

Harry 'hobbit' is the school loner. Bullied by a no-brained thug and forced into sessions with a school counsellor, Harry would give anything to have a friend. Or more specifically, a dog. With his mum acting strangely, no friends and a house full of boarders who never speak to him, Harry thinks that a loyal dog is the answer to his problems. A dog would be the kind of friend that would always be by his side, would help him escape from bullies and would enter the Annual Dog Day Race Cup with him. The only problem is; Harry's mum will not have a word of it.

When Jack Ellis, a wrinkled, weather-beaten, 'true blue' handyman moves into the back shed, Harry comes out of his shell and spends hours listening to Jack tell tales of his adventures in the Australian outback with his four-legged companions, and Harry finds that he does have a friend after all: Jack.



Tackling topics of bullying, loneliness and divorce with a humour and wit seldom found in young adult novels, *Harry Kruize, Born to Lose* is a book that will engage even the most unenthusiastic readers. Paul Collins writes with a charisma that is raucously and insatiably funny, able to convey a very real message of loneliness and a child's need for companionship.

With a strong sense of contemporary Australian culture and a protagonist who is undeniably relatable in every sense, this compelling novel has a story that sticks and would suit ages 10 and up. The narration follows an easily digestible style that can encourage children to read at their own pace, or speed on through. *Harry Kruize, Born to Lose* is an stirring tale brimming with easy education, growth and a thoughtful take on issues prevalent in many children's schooling lives.

Out There

Standing on the veranda
Staring out into the open
Out there

Watching every movement
Dust drifting in the wind
Red, orange, yellow
Army pattern fellow
Green, grey, black

Out there

Dust all around

No face found

Out there

One raindrop

One eye spot

Another

Out there

Hours, minutes, seconds

3... 3... 3...

3 hours, 3 minutes, 3 seconds

Mud, puddles, dew

Some dust still hovering

Smile, yellow teeth

Badge- Ke...

I can't see

That's what I can see

Out there

One, two, 3, 4

5, 6, seven, eight

S rocks crumble

T mud sticks

E small noise

P shadow moves

12345678 steps

12345678 steps closer

Wood creaks after first step

...ith - badge

'Dad'

Right there

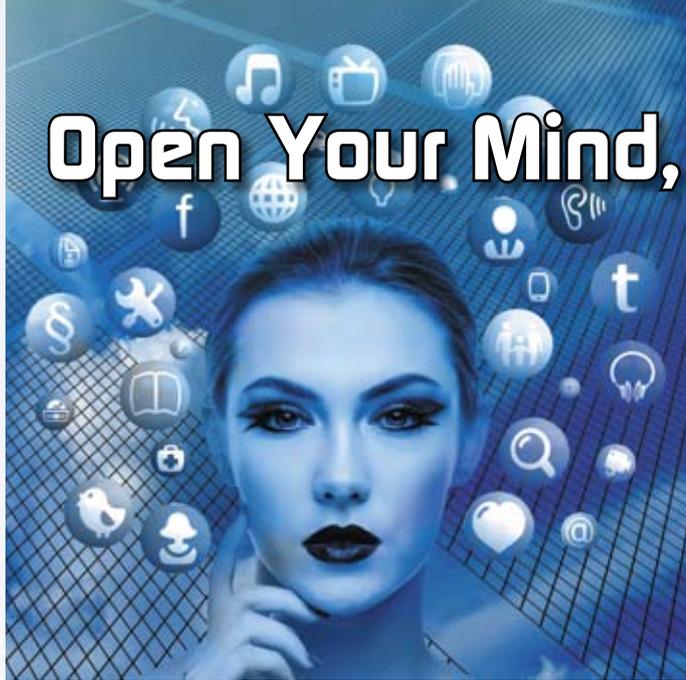
By **Latoya Sullivan**

Year 6, Bundaberg North State School

BUNDABERG NORTH - QLD.

Teacher: Mrs Chappel





Open Your Mind, Close Your Laptop

I know what you think
'It's too cliché to try to change the world'
Is it too cliché to let your life unfurl
without iPads, iPhones, iMacs, yes
all I's, no we's, no let's, not we.
yes, I know its ridiculous to try to change the world,
it's preposterous.
but think this...

It's so surprising
that a thing,
social media,
can be so anti-social.

Open doors, close your laptop
the only book we know is Facebook
the only birds that chirp and 'twitter'
advertisements that cloud our minds
with nonexistent jibber.

It can't be real
our friends we can't really know through FaceTime,
we must experience real time
with the ones we love so deeply,
and to know...
I've probably not got you thinking.

We open laptops to close doors
close our minds and more,
the only book we know is Facebook
the only birds that chirp and 'twitter'
advertisements that cloud our minds
our dreams they wilt and flutter.

Our friends we know through FaceTime,
not experiencing real time,
with the ones we love so deeply,
and to know...
I've only just got you thinking.

By **Molly Waters**

Year 8, Kelvin Grove State College
KELVIN GROVE – QLD.

Autumn Layers

Leaves are tinged amber.
Kids are still playing.
Days are shorter and the nights get colder.
Leaves are like rainbows, reflecting the sun.
Streetlights flicker.
Houselights glitter.
Leaves start falling.
Trees undress and shiver naked.
Their coats fallen, all crunchy and golden.
Colours bleed.
Lightness withers.
Darkness creeps in.
Fireplaces roar.
A magpie calls.
The curtain falls.
The season is over and winter appears.

By **Georgia Ryan**

Year 5, St Agnes Primary School
PORT MACQUARIE – NSW

The Grave

Upon the dirt there lay a grave,
standing proud and tall,
lightning flashed, the thunder crashed,
the grave wasn't touched at all.

At midnight, the clouds would fight with darkness,
the moon and of course the stars.
And the blood curdling howling from a nearby dog,
could be heard from afar.

All of a sudden, lightning hit,
where the grave stood proud and tall,
and something emerged from the grave,
and the grave began to fall.

As the ghastly creature rose,
from his death home in the dirt,
his extra ghastly silhouette showed
torn pants and a ripped shirt.

He walked around the grave yard,
as terrible as could be,
until he saw the grave digger.
Creepy Ron McGee.

Ron was digging in the dirt,
until he saw the thing.
Ron stopped and stared, very scared,
and his shovel hit the ground with a ping!

Blood curdling cries came from the grave yard that particular night,
and the creature looked quite happy.
Until he saw what secondly came in sight...
Many, many houses in the town surrounded him,
he looked about the place he stood,
with an awful mischievous grin.
The lightning flashed, the thunder bashed,
but nothing stood in his way.

He fumbled about the darkness,
in the night that came before day.
The town was soon deserted, before he even knew,
the creature retreated and finally repeated,
what he knew he had to do.

He walked into the entrance,
of the graveyard he lived in,
and laid back in the dusty dirt
and covered himself up to his chin.

In the light of dawn, there lay a grave,
crumbled from the fall.
The lightning stopped, the thunder dropped,
like nothing happened that night at all.

By **Carly Wood**
Year 5, Templestowe Valley Primary School
LOWER TEMPLESTOWE – VIC.
Teacher: Mrs Bevacqua



An Unexpected Encounter

ONE day I saw a butterfly, I chased it and chased it. It led me through the long grass until it stopped in a clearing. I couldn't believe my eyes! Right in front of me was a beautiful Unicorn all in white. It lowered its body down as if to say, 'Jump on my back'. So I hopped on its back but to my surprise, a pair of feathery wings spread apart. The next thing I knew was that I was in a castle made of hard toffee and sweets. In there was all my friends and family.

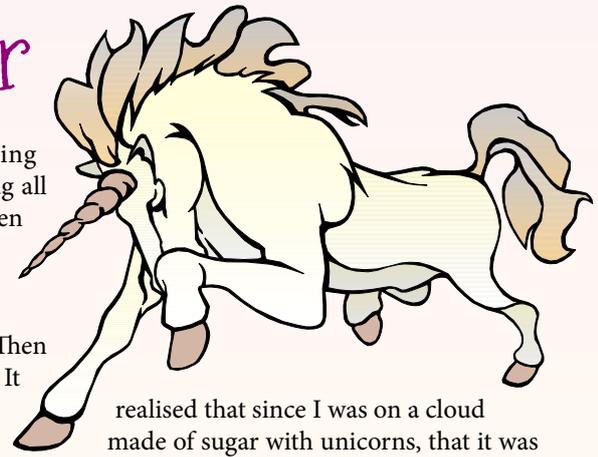
'We've been waiting for you', my dad began. 'Welcome to cloud fairy floss!' Jaida said. 'Cool unicorn' Isabella smiled and greeted me. 'Let's go and play!' I said. 'How about we dig to the centre of the cloud?' Isabella asked.

Jaida and I nodded our heads

furiously. All of our smiles growing larger rapidly. So we dug and we dug all the way to the core of the land. Then we dug some tunnels. My mum gave us some lemonade to help us to cool off. 'Thanks mum', I said. 'Thanks Jenny' I heard Isabella and Jaida say. Then something bumped into the cloud. It shook the tunnels. 'Dragon!!!!' we all screamed in terrified voices.

My dad sent out the knights, 'Attack!!!!'. He shouted but the dragon ate the knights, advancing towards us at an alarming speed. My dad moved the survivors down into the tunnels and then us and closed it up with toffee.

Then I saw something. 'A gum ball?' Me and Jaida questioned in sync, staring at it wildly. We must have both seen it at the same time. I licked it, curious of what it tasted like, and then slowly at first, my muscles began to bulge and grow. I



realised that since I was on a cloud made of sugar with unicorns, that it was quite possible I had super strength. Jaida, Isabella and my mum licked it as well, then they too had super strength.

We ripped out of the tunnels, and with one punch each we defeated the dragon!!! The next thing I knew was that I was sitting on the toilet. I said to myself, 'What a crazy dream.'

By **Ashlee Harris**

Year 5, Laurimar Primary School
DOREEN – VIC.

Teacher: Ms. Carly Drake



Fair?

The horrible heartache, the contentful putting down.

Fair? No No No

The fear of a fight, the unmeasurable thought.

Fair? No No No

The loveable laughter, the return in vile hatred.

Fair? No No No

The uncontrolled aggression, the courage you hold.

Fair? No No No

The terrifying temper, the devastating reveals.

Fair? No No No

The way one does talk, the uncivilised words.

Fair? No No No

The persistent person, a monster you now lurk.

Fair? No No No

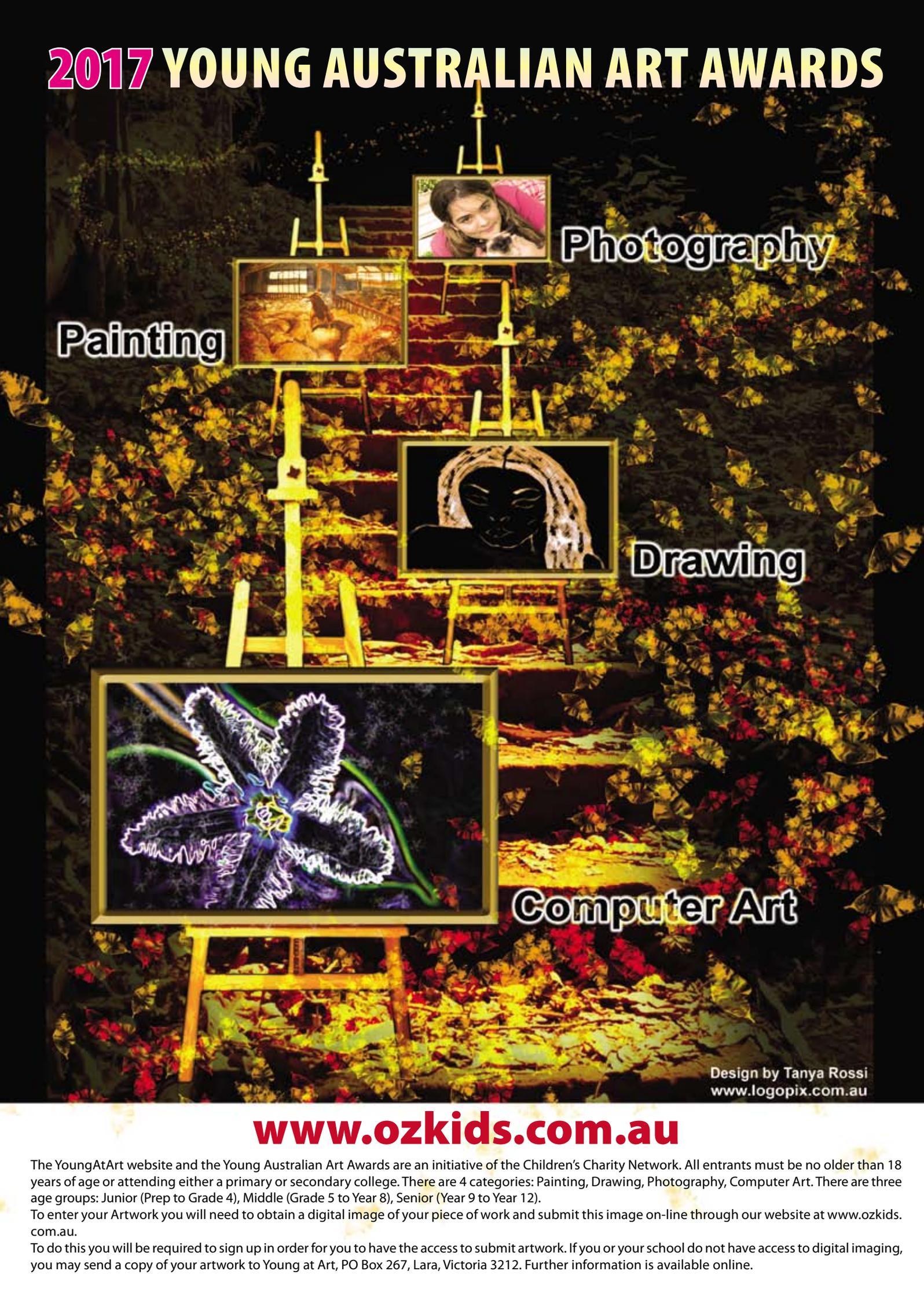
By **Codey Jackson**

Year 5, Yarragon Primary School
YARRAGON – VIC.

Teacher: Rachael Morgan



2017 YOUNG AUSTRALIAN ART AWARDS



Painting

Photography

Drawing

Computer Art

Design by Tanya Rossi
www.logopix.com.au

www.ozkids.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.ozkids.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.

Snow Covering the Mountain

MY FOOT sinks into the thick layer of snow covering the mountain. My loose hair blows behind me, tangling as the wind twists it. I'm nearly at the peak of the mountain, my ultimate goal, but the hope that filled me earlier has drifted away.

Deflated and discouraged, I stumble and fall into the snow. As I lie there, memories fill my brain. And as I slowly freeze, I remember. I remember nearly a year ago, sitting by a campfire, as the flames crackled and popped in front of me, I remember Dean, his brow creasing as he carefully selected his words. "Abbey—" he began, and before he'd even spoken, I knew what he was going to say.

"Lots of people have climbed mountains", I said defiantly. "It's nowhere near impossible!"

"Yes – but Abbey – the thing about that is, well, they—"

"What?"

"They were men", he said, frankly.

My mouth hung open in shock, my mind reeling from his words like I'd been slapped.

I remember my parents, years ago, when I was a young girl, my sixth birthday. My creamy, sandy coloured hair, tinted even blonder by the sun, resting on my shoulders. The crown of daisies placed on my head, made lovingly by my mother. My laughter, ringing across the flower field as my parents swung me between them, my little hands held tightly by their big ones, my bare feet lifting off the ground. This is a golden memory, and will be forever treasured.

But all good things have to end, and too soon for me, they did. My mother died of breast cancer. My father died too, in spirit at least. I watched as he changed from the kind man I knew into a sunken wreck of a man, a weak reflection of who he was, unfit to care for a child.

My Uncle Dean saw only this and not what my eyes saw. I knew I could've restored my father to who he once was. But Dean took that chance away. He took ME away. He stole my father from me, my one chance of being happy again. And so I hated him.

Dean told me that women were inferior. He didn't think that it was possible for me to climb a mountain.

This inspires me. I will prove Dean wrong! And so I get up. It takes quite a bit of effort to raise my half-frozen body from the snow. But I stand and shake off the flakes sticking to my clothes. My body begins to thaw as I pump my legs and continue my steady climb to the top of the seventh peak.

One hour later

A few more steps and I'm there. The sun is beginning to peek out from behind the surly grey clouds. And all at once, I'm standing at the top. The sun breaks free from the clouds holding it back and bright sunlight spills onto my face. But even the sun's rays can't match the radiance of my smile and the triumph of my laugh, echoing its way down the mountain, through the valleys and on and on forever.

A girl can do anything, better than any man.

*By Olivia Mellowes
Year 7, Nambour Christian College
WOOMBYE – QLD.
Teacher: Mrs K. Hepner*



IT WAS the coldest morning in September. Nick trembled in the light of dawn. He looked out at the horizon, ready for the journey. The journey across the Indian Ocean, to flee from Bayside, his home town. The place where he was mistaken for a criminal.

“Boy! Get on!” barked the old fishmonger. “Before the coppers get ya! Before ye is called a stowaway.” Nick stared on the pier. He looked out into the endless sea. He glanced at his home one last time. Framed.

The ship that Nick took for the voyage had a stench of decaying fish skin. Too much like the evils of the sea. There was not much to do so he implored himself to stay in the dark enclosed corner in the front of the hull.

Nick woke to a violent shake.

“’E’s come! The bloody forties!” shouted the old fishmonger.

“Save us, Lord have mercy!” roared the first mate.

“What is happening...” Nick’s voice crescendoed. Suddenly, the hull tipped and Nick felt the sea water bubble in his mouth. His heart raced. Wood flew in the air everywhere, splashing into the rough seas. Nick held onto a piece of debris from the boat. It happened so quickly.

Nicholas Schwarz watched his one way to freedom slip through his fingers and sink.



Horrible things had occurred. Nick didn’t know what to do. Would he be drowned? Starved? Killed by the monsters of the sea? But Nick stayed strong, brave and determined.

Three days into starvation, Nick stared into the distance. He could see vaguely, a light. He swam towards it with the little strength he had left, hoping for the best. A ship approached, searing through the water.

“Please, help”, beckoned Nick.

“Wait”, the old man shouted. “Is your name Nicholas?”

“Yes”, Nicholas glared with curiosity.

“The Nicholas? Boys, we just found Nicholas!” There was a cheer whistling through Nick’s ear.

“How do you know me?”

“You are famous! You’re the only person who has survived the Forties crash!”, a boy said, gleaming.

“Grandad, tell us a story!” beckoned two children. “What about the Roaring Forties one?”

“Okay”, said an old man, “But haven’t I told you this one already?”

“Please??” sighed the children.

“Fine. I’ll tell you and then straight to bed!”

When the old Nicholas Schwarz had finished his old tale, he whispered in his grandkids’ ears as they closed their weary eyes:

“Stay strong, brave and determined.”

By Isabel Catterall

Year 5, Korowa Anglican Girls School

GLEN IRIS – VIC.

Teacher: Ms Wright

Holiday Scoop

HAZEL lay silently on the couch, a rectangular piece of plastic clutched tightly in her titanium grip. When suddenly, out of nowhere Hazel’s nemesis, the She-Sister, leapt up and started to grab the plastic from Hazel’s entwined fingers. But Hazel wrenched back violently, determined not to lose her cartoons for a fashion show. When suddenly, all the light from the doorway was obscured as a figure dressed all in pyjamas strode in. With monstrous ease the figure plucked the remote from the

two girls’ fingers, before thumping himself down onto the couch and changing the cartoons to the football in a single press of a button. With a triumphant roar, Dad ushered the two sulking girls out of the room. After the incident one source commented, “His eyes truly blazed when Sydney scored!”

By Hazel Pound

Year 6, Sacre Coeur

GLEN IRIS – VIC.

Teacher: Melissa Costa



Fear of Death

Death, a word I fear for.

A small word people think about,
but don't remember.

A word, such small but a big impact on others.

A feeling of a knife stabbed on your chest.

A feeling of regret and agony.

Death, a word we whisper in our sleep,
a word of evil.

We hide in fright in our homes,
afraid that our children will be lost.

Death, a word that haunts us in the dark, a word that chases us till
we just can't take it any more.

Hear the whispers, the whispers of moaning children, the whispers of the dead.

Death a word you just can't simply live without for it haunts you in your dreams and
when you're in the dark.

A word that turns you into a horrible monster, a word for pain and agony.

By **Carolina Helu**

Year 6, St John's Primary School Auburn

AUBURN – NSW

Teacher: Miss Katherine Medrzejewski

Why Music Is So Important to Me

WHEN I was a little girl, I lost my father in a car accident. I was just eleven then and I don't remember much about the day. The only thing I remember clearly is when my mum took me to the hospital to see him for the last time and I cried my heart out.

The world has been completely different to what I imagined it as a child. I dreamt that my parents would be there beside me until I was old enough to survive on my own. However, that dream vanished and was impossible to come true the day I lost my father. I've grown up with my mother and she loves me very much and cares for me extremely well but it isn't the same without him. The most valuable things I have about him are the memories.

When I was about one and a half, I started falling in love with music. My father played the guitar and my mother played the violin. They used to play duets to me when I was younger and I loved it. When I was about 6, I started to learn the piano. It was great fun and when I was about 8 we started to play together on the weekends or when he came back from work and he wasn't too tired.

Those days were probably one of my most memorable days. I can still remember the happiness in the room as all three of us played together in harmony. Perhaps the time I spent with him making music makes me feel happy, safe and connected and that's why I remember and feel so calm and joyful when I play music.

As I move along in life, I remember him and know deep down in my heart that he would be proud of me if he was here to see me make amazing music like I'm doing now. It was always his dream but he never got the chance to achieve it.

When I make music I feel alive and the happy times come back to me. That is why I chose this career in the first place. It is because I feel at home.

By **Amy Le**

Year 6, St Paul's Catholic Primary School

KEALBA – VIC.

Teacher: Miss Lisa Peplow

Pathway in Learning to Smile

EVERY day I walk to school thinking I'll make friends... Every day it ends the same, which saddens me.

Even if I did have friends, they always use me.

Is this what happens when I use my talent?

I feel so alone even if I am surrounded by people who say they're my friend.

I just want people to like me for who I am, instead of who they want me to be.

I guess I'll always be alone.

I walk the long, dark, gloomy corridors of school feeling lonely.

This reminds me of a time when a girl, with many talents, speaks of not caring about what other people think; about how their judgement is not needed. The girl tapped me on the shoulder.

"Hey, what's wrong?"



"It's nothing."

"Are you sure?"

"YES!"

I just sighed and walked away, but she followed me with a wide grin.

"Why are you following me?"

She did not answer me and she kept following me. We walked in silence.

"Hey, do you think talent is a good or bad thing?"

"Talent is a good and bad thing to have. It depends on how you see it, but I see it as an opportunity to do great things. You can be true to yourself."

Listening to her ramble on about talent, she stared at me with a big smile. I smiled too. This is the first time in a long while that I felt truly happy.

I think this is going to be a really good year.

By Felicia Aung

Year 11, Cerdon College

MERRYLANDS – NSW

Teacher: Mrs Sylaprany



Life of a Tree

A tree is like the moon
It brings light and hope
It follows a pattern
It shares its wisdom
If you listen.

A branch is like a pole
Strong and reliable
It will fall in time
But it is then used for something else.

A twig is like hope
One day it will grow into a branch
If it is snapped there are more twigs
Twigs never run out
As hope never does.

Leaves are like lots of little voices
Alone they are small
Together they are GREAT
But their voices are hard to hear
You must listen not with your ears
You must listen with your heart.

By Shoshana Cussel-Barnes

Year 4, Vistara Primary School,

RICHMOND HILL – NSW

Teacher: Lyn Brown

Freedom

THE YOUNG boy reminisced about what once was his safe place. But times had changed. Debris from bombs pervade the towns, local infrastructure inhabits bullets, human limbs lay limp on the barren grounds and families and loved ones are being eternally torn apart. Bombings and massacres have become a frequent practice and many are convinced that the hostile seas are safer than the desolate, war-torn lands. The child's mind was a demolished sidewalk. Broken and destructed, with innocence being robbed by the Syrian War.

The arduous voyage across the sea was treacherous. The wooden boat was overpopulated and merely functional. The boy was a lucky one – fatefully avoiding illness and starvation, although remaining malnourished. The journey was everlasting, with an abundance of sleepless nights to the sound of the waves relentlessly thrashing against the poorly constructed

boat. As the coast of the new land came into sight, the child acquired hope. He believed he was finally going to retrieve the worthy life he deserved.

After the surplus of excitement had been released, the immigrants faced another chaotic catastrophe. The safety was present, but the detention centre lacked freedom. The monotony of captivity managed to consume the hope that had filled the boy's youthful eyes. Countless days of inspection and validation had become his new life. He was imprisoned, bounded by the bleak walls. Despite withholding a mind years beyond his age, he was yet to comprehend why he was confined for a crime which seemed to be absent.

The tedious weeks passed as fast as the hand on the clock's face. The incarceration was brutal. The child had lost faith, until an abnormal occurrence. Familiar staff of the detention centre hastily hurried

the boy out of what had been his 'home' for the previous weeks. Confusion was imbedded in his head. Before long, the boy was informed he would be leaving; he was finally leaving the dull detention centre for the life he had waited for. He would be relocated to a specialised refugee camp with others like himself, but with one vital difference – freedom.

In that precious moment, a toothy grin was displayed on the once-sullen boy's face. It was memorable. His chestnut eyes lit up the same way the stars light up the inky night sky. Relief and joy graced the boy's presence. The strength and resilience he had maintained throughout this journey was admirable, and it all paid off.

*By Montana Buckley
Year 7, Lara Secondary College
LARA – VIC.
Teacher: Ms Carly Hastie*



Ambassadors

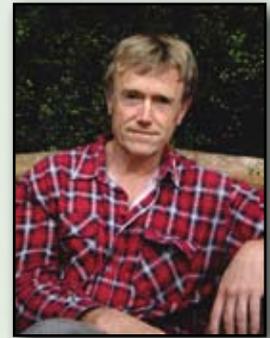


🕒 **Krista Bell** is an award-winning author of twenty-six books for young readers. Krista has been professionally involved in children's literature for over thirty years, as well as being the mother of three sons, all of whom are good readers and writers! Krista's middle son, Damien, is the illustrator 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 BIC Young Australian
Writer of the Year Award

Young Australian
Art & Writers'
Awards
2016



BLAKE LOVELY

Manly Selective Campus, NSW



◀ **Lions Club Literary Award**

Short Story – Secondary

BLAKE LOVELY

Manly Selective Campus, NSW



**Fortescue Metals
Literary Award ▶**

Poetry – Secondary

RADHEYA JEGATHEVA

Perth Modern School, WA



DYMOCKS
FOR BOOKLOVERS



Fortescue
The New Force in Iron Ore



◀ **Dymocks Camberwell
Literary Award**

Short Story – Primary

ALANAH BYRON

Nambour Christian College, Qld.



CommonwealthBank

**Commonwealth Bank
Literary Award ▶**

Poetry – Primary

OLIVIA MELLOWES

*Nambour Christian
College, Qld.*





◀ **ASG Short Story Award**
ADRIAN GARRO
South Morang, Vic.



ASG Poetry Award ▶
JORDAN VARGHESE
Casula, NSW



◀ **Helen Handbury Achievement Award**
LILY STEIN
Lara Secondary College, Vic.



Helen Handbury Literary Award ▶
NATALIE CHUNG
Deepdene Primary, Vic.



(Left) Australian Scholarships Group
Indigenous Art Award winner Kaysanna Elap



(Below left) Commonwealth Bank Literary Award
winner Olivia Mellowes

(Below left) Literary Award winners

Photos Carol Dick & Frank Jones

YOUNG AUSTRALIAN ART & WRITER AWARDS 2016



Young
2016
Australian Art Awards



**Commonwealth Bank Art Award
 Painting – Senior**
COURTNEY CUMMINS
 Mandurah Baptist College, WA



**Bic Australia Art Award
 Computer Art – Senior**
ALICIA LAMBURD
 Elanora State High School, Qld.

The Lady Potter Art Award
Young Australian Artist of the Year



JINGXIN (ANNIE) XU
 Pymble Ladies' College, NSW



**Commonwealth Bank Art Award
 Painting – Middle**
HAYLEY THOMPSON
 Mentone Girls' Secondary College, Vic.



**Bic Australia Art Award
 Computer Art – Middle**
MANNA TSUCHIYA
 Trinity Anglican School, Qld.



**Commonwealth Bank Art Award
 Painting – Primary**
MUHAMMED SERT
 Ilim College, Vic.



ASG Art Award – Drawing
JAZMINE EARL
 Hackham East
 Primary School, SA



ASG Art Award – Painting
ROHAN GANTA
 Brentwood Park
 Primary School, Vic.



**Bic Australia Art Award
 Computer Art – Primary**
KAI KEULDER
 Peter Carnley Anglican Community School, WA



**Dymocks Camberwell Art Award
 Drawing – Senior**
MELISSA KAHL
 Muirfield High School, NSW



**Dymocks Camberwell Art Award
 Drawing – Middle**
ANTONY QIN
 Killara High School, NSW



**Dymocks Camberwell Art Award
 Drawing – Primary**
CHLOE LIEW
 Waverley Christian College, Vic.



**Lions Club Art Award
Photography – Senior
JADE DIAMOND**

Moama Anglican Grammar, NSW



**Lions Club Art Award
Photography – Middle
MICHAEL LIDEN WELSH**

Bethany Catholic Primary School, Vic.



**Lions Club Art Award
Photography – Primary
KAI KEULDER**

Peter Carnley Anglican Community School, WA



**Judge's Choice Award:
Elise Hurst
TAHLIA STANTON**

Ballarat and Clarendon College, Vic.



**Judge's Choice Award:
Marjory Gardner
PHOENIX BROWN**

Kent Road Public School, NSW



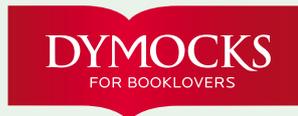
**Judge's Choice Award:
Marc McBride
REYNA ABE**

Benowa State High School, Qld.

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Fortescue
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- Dymocks Camberwell
- Energy Metals Ltd
- Fortescue Metals Group

- FRRR Foundation
- Geoff & Helen Handbury Foundation
- IGO Mining
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- The Percy Baxter Trust
- The Sentinel Foundation
- Viva Energy
- Whitehaven Coal
- William Angliss Charitable Fund

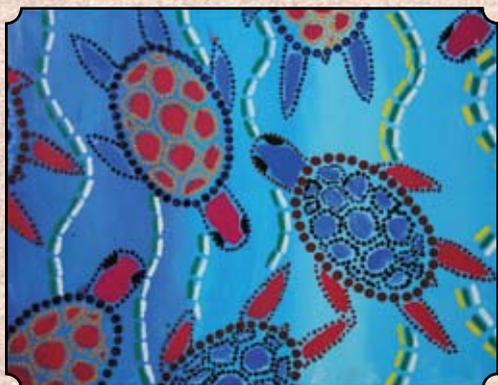
Indigenous Art Awards 2016



**ASG
Indigenous Art Award**
KAYSANNA ELAP



**IGO Mining
Indigenous Art Award**
ZACHARIAH GIBUMA



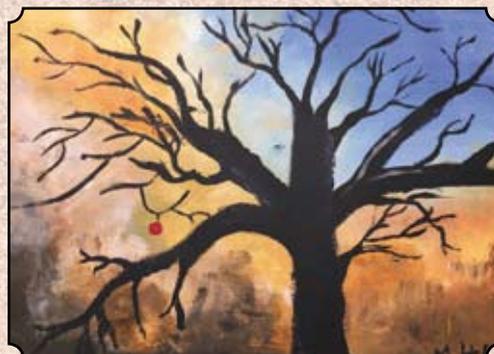
**Energy Metals
Indigenous Art Award**
LAUREN DYE



Sandfire Resources Indigenous Art Award
JARL SCHLAPFER
Holy Spirit College, Cooktown, Qld.



**Fortescue Metals
Indigenous Art Award**
MATTHEW ROPEYARN



**Resolute Mining
Indigenous Art Award**
MATTHEW ROPEYARN



**Central Petroleum
Indigenous Art Award**
NYERA CAMERON-TURLAND



**Pantoro Ltd
Indigenous Art Award**
CHRISTINE KYNUNA



**Capricorn Metals
Indigenous Art Award**
WESTON STREAM



**Viva Energy
Indigenous Art Award**
SHANE WILLIAMSON



**Impact Minerals
Indigenous Art Award**
BESTIE MALIBIRR



**Roy Hill Holdings
Indigenous Art Award**
NAIKA WASAGA



Whitehaven Coal Indigenous Art Award – INTELLECTUAL MODERATE CLASS, Quirindi High School, NSW

OUR AUTHORS & ILLUSTRATORS ARE BUSY IN SCHOOLS IN RURAL AUSTRALIA.

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PILLS AND PROMISES

THE COLD air gripped my skin. The condensation of my breath clouded my vision as I stared at the moonlit alleyway. Aria was always late. I swore this time if he cut me light, I'd pay a visit to his home myself.

A rubbish bin banged, falling behind me. Aria stumbled out from behind it with that stupid overzealous look on his face. 'Hey man. Sorry I'm late. I was really busy dealing with some traffic.'

I stared back blankly. His childish expression faded. He handed over the zip-lock bag full of hundreds of multi-coloured pills.

'It feels a little lighter than usual', I sneered with a hollow stare.

'No, no. It's all there', he stuttered. 'Please. I've got enough stress from school as it is.'

It sometimes slipped my mind that an amateur like Aria could do anything right. He was just a kid after all. 'All right. Scram! And tell your dad to make me another pound by next month, you hear?'

Aria nodded, his back to me as he left through the dark alleyway. I knew the little bastard had cut me short at least a few grams, not from the weight of the bag, but because he always does. I wonder if one day he'll get back on the right track? He goes to school—more than I could say for me. I couldn't beat myself up, though.

I needed the money. Mum's hospital bills weren't going to pay themselves.

As the night grew later, fewer respectable people began to walk the streets. Business hours were about to start.

He walked towards me cautiously, making sure not to draw attention to himself, while simultaneously drawing everyone's attention.

'Yo! My man.' We fist bumped. 'How much for a tab now days?' he asked.

I grinned and reached for the bag. 'Thirty-five bucks. Sorry it's a bit more expensive than it normally is. They're in low supply.'

He kept his hood on, head down, and he let out a faint sigh. 'All right, I'll take one.'

I handed him a white powdered pill. He snatched it without delay. He handed me the cash, and I felt a smile drift across my face as the notes entered the warmth of my jacket pocket.

I was too busy with the euphoric sensation that is earning money, that I didn't pay attention to the man. My ears rang as I felt the cool texture of the pavement touch my cheek. I looked up at him, as if under water. He slowly lifted a fist to his face, wiping his nose. Blood trickled down his knuckles.

I wanted to get up and hit him back, but dizziness impaired my ability to stand. I stayed on the ground as the man frantically

apologised, 'It's nothing personal', he said, 'I'm sorry.' He grabbed the pills Aria had just delivered: five thousand dollars worth. And I couldn't do a damn thing about it.

He was just about to run away, when he stopped and slipped his fingers into my pocket and pulled out my ID. 'I'm sorry "Matthew", I need the money badly and there's nothing you can do to stop me.' He made off into the night, leaving my ID on the concrete next to me.

I lay there a while, catching my breath. Eventually I got to my feet. My head felt sore like it had been punched—oddly enough. I looked at the road for any sign of the man who'd just robbed me, but he left no trace.

Or so it seemed.

Police sirens wailed in the distance. Patrol cars scooted past the alleyway. I braced myself. I was sure it was me they were coming for, but instead they drove on.

I saw a man sitting in the back seat of one of the squad cars, wearing the same jacket as the one who just robbed me.

Funny how Karma works.

*By Dillon Webster
Year 11, Norwood Morialta High School
NORWOOD – SA
Teacher: Matthew Camelengo*

FOOTSTEPS

THE WAVES crashed against the shore as though there was war between the two of them. As time ticked, the waves started rising to the point where they were six times the size of me. I heard crunching sand. I stopped. The sand kept crunching. I snapped the thought out of my head. My mind was just playing tricks on me. The thought of death rushed in and out of my ears repeatedly. It felt like a gush of wind running in and out. But I knew it wasn't.

The sound of deep breathing passed next to me. Then it moved in front of me. It turned so faint to the point where I couldn't hear it. And then it became faint again. Then I heard a whisper. It was like the whisper of the trees. It was surrounding me, beginning to get closer, and closer and closer almost to the point where I could touch it. I reached out and attempted to grab it, but it backed away.

I couldn't think, I kept strolling along the beach. The something grabbed my ankle. I froze. I stood my ground. I kicked the sand at the hand-shaped figure. It shrivelled up and disappeared. Then the footsteps came back. This time they were facing me. They grew louder and louder and louder to the point where I could step on the feet. But then the footsteps kept on walking, right through me.

I stopped. I lifted up my leg but it stayed on the ground. I wiggled my fingers but they stood straight. Then I just stood still. Then I moved, but it wasn't my body moving. I had no control over anything.

By Stella Schatteman

Year 5, Ravenswood School for Girls

GORDON – NSW

Teacher: Sharon Shapiro



Wolf



A wolf, howling
Eyes cast heavenward, focused, alone.
The smell of burnt wood lingers,
His eyes aglow, spearing through the dark.
Shooting past the embers of a summer night
Like a single piece of solitary stone, cracking after dusk.

The wind whistles through the air, humming
Its melancholy tune, ruffling his carpeted fur.
Trees stand like solitary candle sticks, waxing and waning,
As the wind and his breath breeze past. Burning embers,
Spark and sizzle, bringing with it, a threat, a challenge. Graffiti
Burn marks streak through the forest, marking its place, its territory.

Yet, his eyes. Those amber eyes flit past the burning trees,
And into the distance, on the ruffled tree tops, jutting
Heads out to see their destiny. His figure, strong and steadfast,
Pays no attention to the threat the sparks have made.
Strong and solitary, his smooth fur is a fitted suit,
The perfect attire. Formal and suave, for a meeting with the devil.

Tracks of blackened trunks and ash-fertilised soil ring the wolf now.
Sparks hiss a foreboding symphony, a cacophony of sounds.
Yet still, the wolf's eyes never leave the horizon, a smirk,
A signal, a sign. Then suddenly. There it is, a howl.
The sound stands out from the hissing and crackling of furious fire.
His call. A call to arms. And the wolf jumps off a cliff. The others are waiting.

By Vivienne Yang

Year 7, Ravenswood School for Girls

GORDON – NSW

Teacher: Sharon Shapiro



Pusheen Adventures – The Beginning

have enough money to afford a blueberry pancake car” said Pusheen as if it’s not really a big deal.

“Uhh... What? Saving the world? What do we need to save it from?” said Kara in shock.

“We’re saving the world from the cute but very evil... PUGS!” Pusheen said with expression as if she was reading a story.

“Oh no”, Pusheen suddenly said.

“WHAT?!?” said the girls.

“We are heading towards a meowteor shower” said Pusheen in terror.

“AHH... and don’t you mean meteor shower?” exclaimed the girls.

“WHAT... no it’s called a meowter shower!” said Pusheen.

“AHH” BOOM they crashed and hot jam went everywhere and when I say

everywhere I mean EVERYWHERE even in Pusheen’s pocket.

Anyways, getting back on track, Kara, Michelle and Pusheen managed to escape but standing there was an evil alien PUG! Then they blacked out. They woke up in the pug kingdom and they were chained up!

“Oh no what are we supposed to do now?” said the girls.

“Oh I know”, said Pusheen as she struggled to get some jam that was no longer hot out of her pocket and put it on her wrists so she can slip out and set the girls free! Then they went home and were safe and sound.

Pusheen may have saved the day once again but how will she save the WORLD! Find out in *Pusheen Adventures – The Pugs Attack!*

To Be Continued...

By **Michelle Pittman**
Year 5, St Luke’s Primary School
LALOR – VIC.
Teacher: **Alanie Angelucci**

I ALWAYS knew there was something strange about my teacher and today she turned into a cat... PUSHEEN CAT!

She grabbed Michelle (me) and my friend Kara and took us through a magical portal. On the other side we landed in a magical flying donut car powered by hot jam in space... WHAT?!? “Uh excuse me Miss Pusheen, may I care to ask why you turned into a cat and why we are flying in space in a magic donut car?” said Michelle curiously.

“(1) I’m not really a teacher, I’m a teacher undercover to save the world (2) I don’t

MY WORLD AND FRIENDS

Hilarious Hayley skips and talks
And makes people laugh as she walks.

Sweet Sofia helps everyone
And gives people nicknames just for fun.

Quiet Carys is very sensitive
And in art she is very creative.

Active Anushka is very smart
In everything she likes to take part.

Merry Matilda is really kind
But she will break any rule she can find.

They colour my world
These lovely friends.
I hope we stick together
Till the end.

By **Hana Kirpalani**
Year 3, Carey Baptist College
FORRESTDALÉ – WA



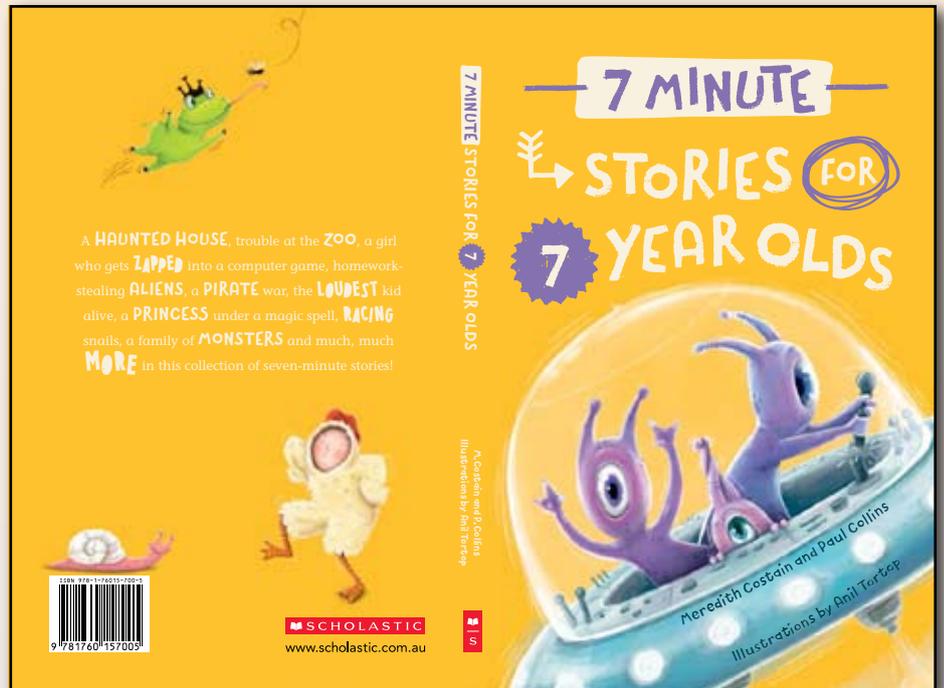
7 Minute Stories for 7 Year Olds and 6 Minute Stories for 6 Year Olds

By Meredith Costain and Paul Collins
Illustrated by Anil Tortop
Publisher: Ford Street Publishing
ISBNs: 9781760156992 &
9781760157005

Meredith Costain and Paul Collins bring to young readers two new books of short stories, filled to bursting with delightful, spirited tales that will inspire and encourage young readers to read and explore their imagination. These two books are fun and bite-sized enough for children and parents to read one instalment at a time, or simply plough on through the whole book.

With fantastical fantasy elements and strong-willed child protagonists who remind everyone that children are just as capable at solving problems as adults, Costain and Collins have created digestible nuggets of children's literature that will challenge and motivate young readers to branch out on their own into the vast and brilliant world of reading.

7 Minute Stories for 7 Year Olds simply explodes with a wild hilarity that will leave children laughing for hours. From



Princess' accidentally turning their siblings into "Frog-Hogs" and seasick pirates going to Pirate School, learning the best of pirating, there is a tale for everyone's tastes.

6 Minute Stories for 6 Year Olds dives into speedy stories including the likes of Tilly,

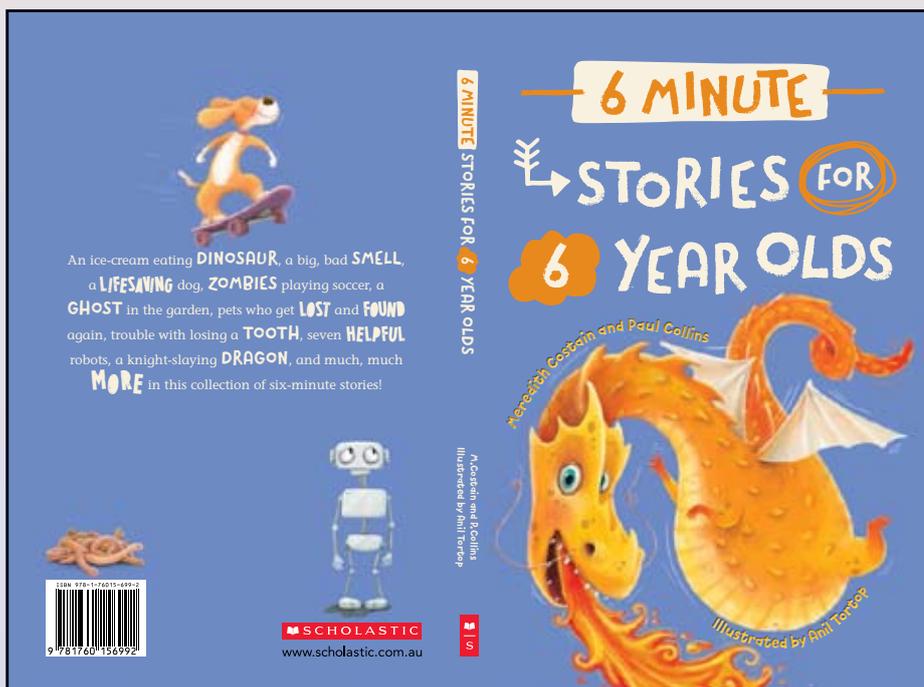
or "Matildasaurus", the ice-cream-eating dinosaur and quirky fairies interrupting school trips to the museum.

The quick-paced nature of these collections enables children to read easily and follow the story, without feeling bogged-down in difficult text. These two books would suit readers aged 5+ and will surely become favourites to read and re-read over and over as they grow.

With thoughtful and witty illustrations by Anil Tortop, these books are everything a child could dream of, all wrapped up in a book, whether to read on the bus on the way to school, or before bedtime, these tales will delight at every moment of the day.

5 stars.
Age guide 5+

Reviewed by Jessica Gross



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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
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Katrina Germein
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Elaine Ouston
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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.creativenetspeakers.com

BOOK REVIEWS

Meet our book reviewers Ashley, Flynn, Anika, Heather and Georgia, from Tucker Road, Bentleigh Primary School, in Victoria.

Reviews Coordinators: Robyn Donoghue and Meredith Costain



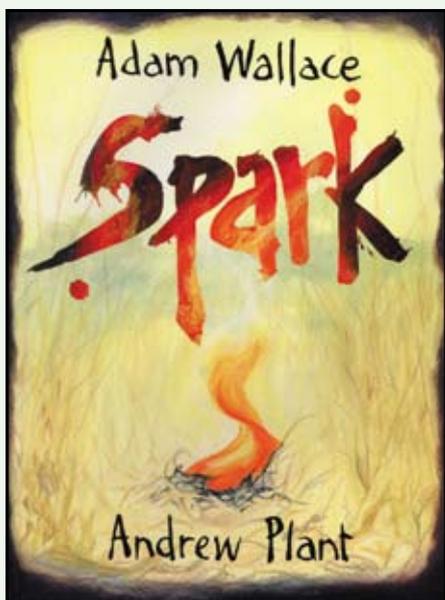
Spark

Written by Adam Wallace and illustrated by Andrew Plant (Ford Street Publishing)

Spark is a story of a bushfire told from the fire's perspective. It is inspired by the Ash Wednesday fires that devastated communities in 1983.

Spark explains the consequences of a single careless incident of discarding a cigarette butt, and how with the wind, it can quickly lose control and turn into a raging bushfire. The story then covers the fire's trail of destruction and the regret that the spark feels.

This book also cleverly suggests the impact of 'bullying' as the wind and the spark's friendship proves destructive.



Spark is a picture book that young children will enjoy and adults will find a deeper and stronger meaning within the story.

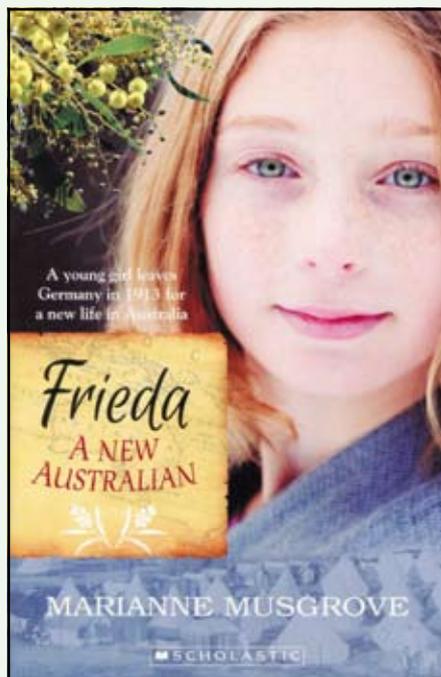
Rating: ★★★★★★★★☆☆

— Ashley C, Year 6

Frieda: A New Australian

by Marianne Musgrove (Scholastic)

Frieda: A New Australian is about a girl named Frieda who lives with her parents in Germany in 1913. When her mother becomes ill her father decides it would be better if they moved to Australia. Once they move to Adelaide they live with Frieda's uncle and help him with his



pharmacy. But as the war starts, a whole new problem forms and Frieda has a big decision to make.

I really enjoyed reading this book because it teaches you about the war, Australia and racism but at the same time is very entertaining.

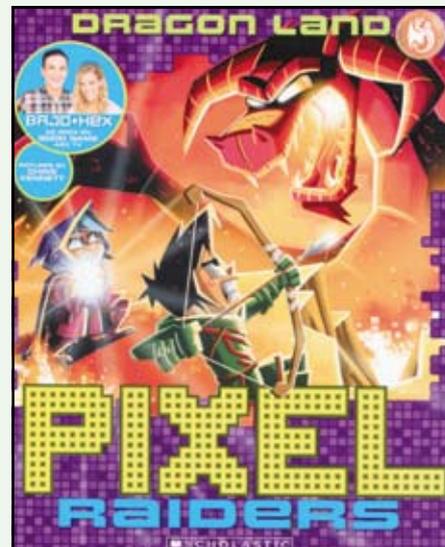
I would recommend this book to readers aged 10+.

Rating: ★★★★★★★★☆☆

— Georgia A, Year 6

Pixel Raiders Book Two: Dragon Land

Written by Bajo and Hex (hosts of Good Game SP) and illustrated by Chris Kennett (Scholastic)





Dragon Land continues the adventures of Rip and Mei who were sucked into the Pixel Raiders video game. Now they are in Level Two – Dragon Land, where a dragon called Frey is bound to them. She acts as their knight alongside their former enemy Brayden who becomes their Healer.

Together they set out on a quest to bring peace between the lightning and fire Dragon clans. This is an action-packed fantasy adventure full of surprises and plenty of detail.

I recommend this book to lovers of Harry Potter.

Rating: ★★★★★★★★☆☆

— Flynn K, Year 5

Lizzie and Margaret Rose

by Pamela Rushby (Scholastic)

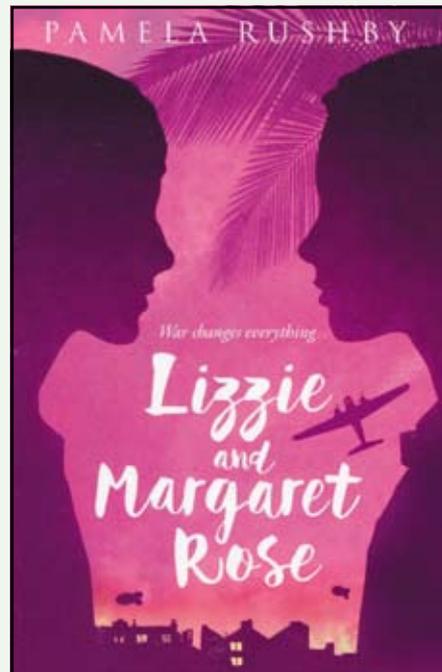
War changes everything. And when ten-year-old Margaret Rose survives a deadly air raid, her aunt in Townsville, Queensland, offers to take her in. But is cousin Lizzie willing to share her home with Margaret Rose?

I assure you this is a story to stop you in your tracks. This historical fiction book is so filled with exciting moments you would not dare to put it down. From living in an English city cottage to a boat and then to an Australian country house with its toilet out the back, this book is filled with small adventures that connect to make it one huge one.

I'd recommend this book for girls aged 11+ who love historical adventure books.

Rating: ★★★★★★★★☆☆

— Heather M, Year 6



Wormwood Mire (A Stella Montgomery Intrigue)

Written and illustrated by Judith Rossell (ABC Books)

Wormwood Mire, the sequel to the well-known *Withering by Sea*, is a fabulous adventure. When Stella Montgomery returns to Hotel Majestic, the aunts are more than furious. The aunts finally

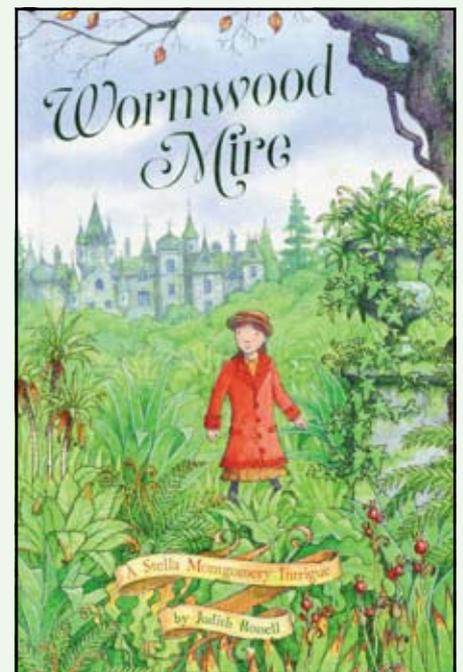
send Stella away to Wormwood Mire, a place where her cousins, Hortense and Strideforth, live with their governess.

As Stella unravels parts of her history to find her sister, she avoids dangerous objects and finds out who she truly is. The story is very magical.

Wormwood Mire lets you hook on to the story, as the plot twists and turns. I love how you are always in suspense. I recommend this book for readers aged 10+.

Rating: ★★★★★★★★☆☆

— Anika D, Year 5



Ode to My Piano

My fingers softly touching the spectacular piano,
The sound radiating the room with sweetness,
My eyes intently looking at the decrepit yellow paper,
With ink splashed with black and white dots and beams.

As I gently press my foot against the magnificent, shiny golden pedal,
A feeling of empowerment of sound lasting forever dashes through my soul,
The rusty wooden aroma fills the room as I gently sit on the Chester coloured stool,
The piano smiles at me awaiting for my soft tanned fingers to make a sound.

The music expresses itself with letters to show when to roar like a lion and
when to squeak as softly as a mouse.

A wave of tranquillity rushes over me as I twirl my hands,
Wondering which one of the eighty-eight keys I should brush first,
As my fingers meet the soft, ivory keys underneath my skin,
My worries vanish into nothingness.

I take a deep breath and my body connects incredibly,
Making a sound that no other can make,
taking me into euphoria.

The zealous and love for piano,
Endures me with my musical journey,
As this king of all instruments,
Brings out the heart of music in me.

By **Ananya Bose**

Year 7, Westbourne Grammar School

TRUGANINA – VIC.

The Man's Black Cloak

The bell rang as the man entered, looking solemnly at his feet
Coming in from the rain, and the very heavy sleet
Who was he? Why was he here?
The explanation, not the slightest bit clear.

For a while he was unnoticed, barely even seen
'Till noise came suddenly, from where he'd recently been
His black cloak lay on the floor, like his soul left behind
His eyes stared at nothing, as if he were blind

I saw him again, around in the shops
He stares at me weirdly, ensnared by his soul
What was he doing? What was his goal?
How is he still alive? Why won't he go?
But the thing is, I can't get rid of my shadow.

By **Isabel Catterall**

Year 5, Korowa Anglican Girls School

GLEN IRIS – VIC.

Teacher: Ms Wright





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The Quest for the Fate of Chase

20/7/1988

Dear Son,

We hope you will find this letter very soon. Today we are leaving and we wanted to leave you a special necklace that has a sword attached to it. Chase remember, it is the sword of fate.

We believe in you. Follow it, and you will never lose yourself. We will have to say bye now. Make us proud son.

From
Your Dear mother and father

'HUH, what's that meant to mean?' Chase walked out of the basement lost in his own thoughts. Life had been hard for him as a child. When he was 4 years old his parents had to leave to earn money so they could survive. They forgot about Chase and he had to live on his own. He always used to look out the window expecting his parents to be there with joyful arms but as the days got longer, the chance of seeing his long, lost parents was getting smaller.

Before he went to bed, he always looked at the faces of his parents in the photo that was on his bedside table. He knew that they had done all they could to protect him and keep him safe. But he learnt to move on and get on with his life and taught himself how to survive.

As he left the basement he strolled along on the rocks up to the back door of his house and... THUD!!! His face fell into the door that was solid wood! He flung his head into the palms of his hands and limping, he slowly opened the door and hobbled onto the couch.

'Oh, I should've gotten an ice pack, but wait... You shouldn't put an ice pack on your head otherwise you'll get brainfreeze, oh deary me, what will I do?', groaned Chase.

Chase dozed off and 30 minutes later he woke up. As he was sleeping soundly, his head miraculously recovered!

'S'pose I should read that letter one more time', he suggested to himself after he realised that he couldn't feel the pain any more. As he opened the old and ragged letter, he thought to himself, 'Would I be able to see my parents, am I actually going to see my fate, am I at risk?'. Things shot through Chase's head like a tornado destroying everything in its path. What he did next was unbelievable. It might have changed his life forever. But what did he do?

To be continued...

By **Manesh Kusalakumar**
St Luke Primary School
LALOR – VIC.
Teacher: Miss Mariani

Natalie Natural Girl

Boom! Crash! Trees are falling all around
Deforestation Deva arises from the ground
Look out! Deva's escaping on the run but
Natalie Natural Girl is flying in from the sun
She shouts at Deva "You're lucky to escape me"
To the animals she whispers just like a bee
"Don't worry you will all be safe here with me"
But the animals are sad at the loss of the trees
Natalie Natural girl makes the plants grow
This makes the animals all glad as
Natalie exclaims "I must go!"
She goes back to being a scientist
With her braces, blonde hair and boots
Racing to save the planet.



By **Riley McNally**
Year 4, Mary MacKillop
Catholic College
TOOWOOMBA – QLD.

The Lost Castle



The girls opened the door slowly. CREEEEEEEEEEEEK! Alice jumped back! Her heart was beating 1 million times per hour. Leea said: "It's okay, this castle must have been abandoned for a long, long time."

Both girls ran back to the plane. There was the gem on the queen's neck. Their mother always told them only to use this gem in an emergency.

They thought it was an emergency. They ripped it off their mother's neck and ran back to the castle. They pressed the gem into the light switch and bam, the castle was clean! Then they smiled and they had a snack.

CRASH! A tree fell down behind Alice and Leea, the twin princesses, as they were walking in a dark narrow forest. Leea and Alice had recently been in an aeroplane that had crashed. Now they were all alone in a cold dark forest. The trees were up to the sky and dirt was soggy and was splashing upon the twins' ankles. All of a sudden they found a big tall castle...

They stepped inside. It was very dark. Leea flicked on the light, but right next to the light, was a note. Alice ripped off the note and read: "This is a clue to the magic gem. The magic gem will make this castle nice and clean: I'm broken and crashed, what am I?"

The girls thought for a moment. "The plane!" they both shouted at the same time.

By **Marley Bassett**

Year 3, Grace Christian School

BUNBURY – WA

Teacher: Mrs Bosman

The Squid

The squid slips
slowly through the water
blissfully unaware of currents rushing against his arms

His tentacular clubs flap
effortlessly in time with the waves
and fall back and forth in perfect harmony

His eyes,
complete with tiny pupils
dart back and forth in time with his movement

He propels his form rapidly
battles a stream of bubbles
and declares victory as they disappear

His fins flip, accelerate
and he finds himself exploring new depths
where he remains cautious of any predators
that may suddenly appear

His skin as blue as the ocean itself
provides a cover
and lets him slide silently

He is as beautiful
as he is bizarre
and he is gentle until suddenly he disappears
into a cloud of murky black ink.



By **Amy Goussios**

Year 10, Eynesbury Senior College

ADELAIDE – SA

Teacher: Shelda Rathmann

The Cherry Blossom Tree

Written in two perspectives

Part 1: First set of eyes – ‘The Girl’

PITTER, patter, pitter-patter. Rain falls heavily on my head. My already soaked through boots fall in puddles. I am walking. Where? Grey overcomes me. Plod, plod, plod. Rain soaks my skin.

I walk past shuffling people, trying to keep dry. Businessmen running trying to keep their suits from getting wet. I don't care. The rain suits my mood. Life is one big puzzle.

I walk through concrete alleyways, over concrete roads, past concrete buildings.

I walk on. I am making my way to the centre of town.

My feet stop short of another puddle. That's when I look up and see colour. A beautiful cherry blossom tree is standing tall in the centre of town, among the concrete roads, the concrete buildings, the concrete alleyways and the greyness of the city. For the first time, I see colour.

The beautiful tree pulls me in. I start to climb. In the branches of the tree I feel no rain. Sun shines down upon me and warms my core.

I hug the tree and I feel it smile. Its cherry

blossoms brush my cheek and make me smile. I feel comforted.

Eventually I climb down. The clouds clear, and I notice things I didn't before.

Part 2: Second set of eyes – ‘The Tree’

I see a girl, she looks forlorn. She doesn't seem to know where she's going. Splash, she steps yet again into a puddle of water. She sniffs, what is wrong? I want to help her but I'm just a tree.

The girl looks as down as a dog. She starts to walk away. Rustle, rustle. I don't want her to go. I want to reach out to her, make her life colourful.

Wait, she turns around. Slowly as a snail she starts walking around me. Yes, yes! She starts picking up her pace to a jog.

Suddenly she's hugging me. I smile. She smiles. I think she can see colour.

She climbs up my trunk and if I could laugh I would. She laughs, her giggle escaping from her lips like honey.

She eventually climbs down, slithering like a snake.

She starts to skip away, turns and waves one more time before leaving.

And I notice things I didn't before.

By **Liana Brewer**

Year 6, Nambour Christian College
NAMBOUR – QLD.

Teacher: Mrs Chamberlain

There's More to Our World



There's more to the forest than just the trees,
There's more to a hive than just the bees.

There's more to the ocean than just the water,
There's more to a family than just the daughter.

There's more to the sky than just the stars,
There's more to a road than just the cars.

There's more to a story than just the words,
There's more to the bushes than just the birds.

There's more to our world than us...

By **Grace D'Amico**

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

Teacher: Miss Wright



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