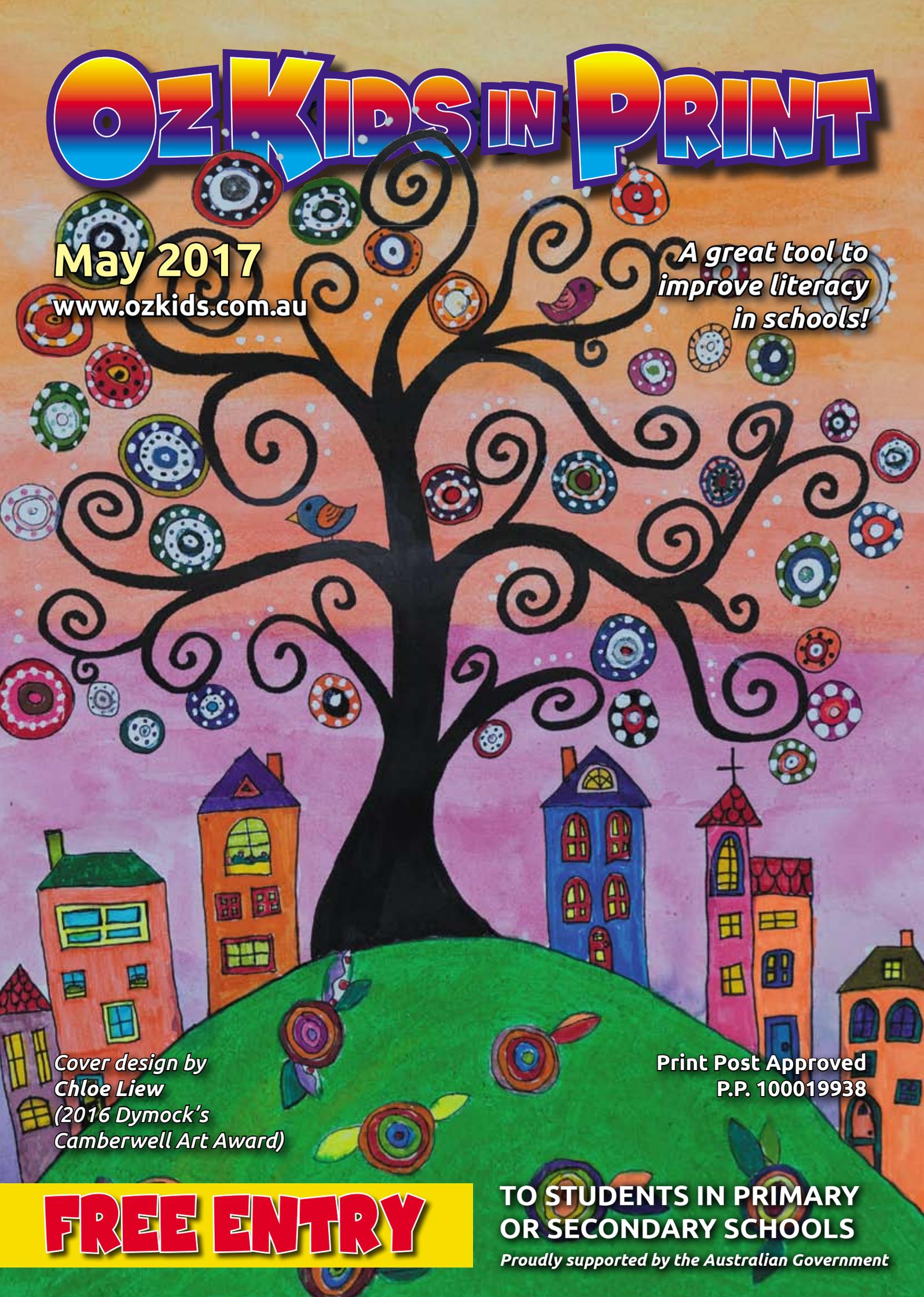


OZ KIDS IN PRINT



May 2017

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*Cover design by
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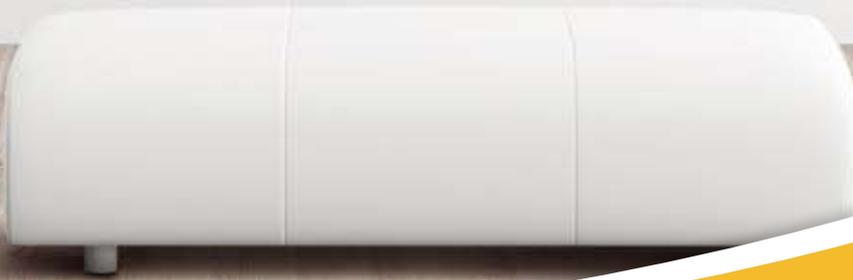
Matteo, 8 years old
"ALLEN HUNTER"



Lia, 9 years old
"SUPER DOCTOR"



Théo, 7 years old
"AIRLINE PILOT"



**SMALL HANDS
WILL DO BIG THINGS**



OZ KIDS IN PRINT

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

We are rushing through the year at a galloping pace and so many wonderful entries have been received so far. Our student reviewers have been busy reading and reviewing. So check out the books they have been reading.

There is an article on books that are easy to read and capture (and hold) the reluctant reader's attention.

Please don't wait until September to get your entry in. Keep on reading... and Keep on Writing!

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



KEEP ON WRITING (TYPING)!

Carol Dick
Managing Editor

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GALLIPOLI & THE ANZACS

*'They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.'*



This poem is called the 'Ode', by Laurence Binyon and is recited at annual ANZAC commemoration ceremonies.



World War I began on the 28th of July 1914 and lasted until 11 November 1918.

The world had never seen a war this bloody and brutal before. It was so large that many countries from around the globe were involved. It was known as The Great War and the War to End All Wars.

Many Australians were killed in World War I, leaving children without fathers and mothers, and parents without their children. 38 million soldiers and civilians were killed during those four, long years.

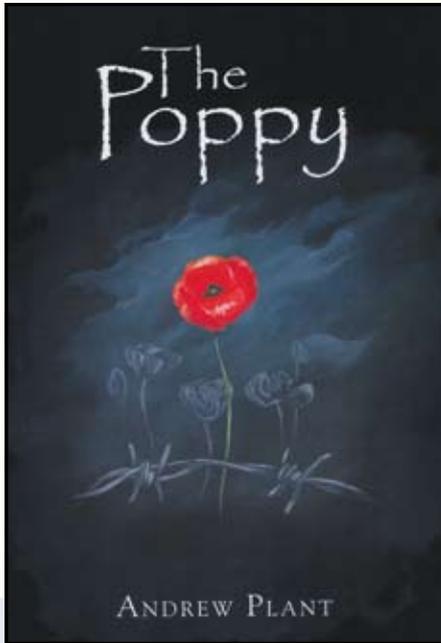
During this time, there was a great battle on the shores of Gallipoli fought by the Australian, New Zealand and British soldiers; these men were also known as the 'ANZACS'. 'ANZAC' stands for Australian and New Zealand Army Corps. During the Gallipoli campaign, Australian and New Zealand soldiers began to wear the name ANZAC as a badge of honour and pride.

Gallipoli is a peninsula in Turkey, and on the 25th of April 1915, ANZAC soldiers stormed the dangerous beach from their ships on the sea. The ANZAC soldiers were some of the first into battle, and were often described as brave and courageous.

On the first day of the Gallipoli campaign, 747 Australians died, and by the end of the campaign 11,410 ANZACS had died at Gallipoli.

The year after the first battle on April 25th, 1915, the first ANZAC Day took place. Soldiers, nurses and civilians gathered to remember everyone who had died or been injured during the war. This is why ANZAC Day is very important to Australians and New Zealanders, it is the day we remember those who died during the Gallipoli campaign, and in all wars afterwards. Nowadays, we hold many services, such as the Dawn Service on ANZAC Day, and Remembrance Day to commemorate the military casualties and veterans of our two countries, Australia and New Zealand.

There are many books that tell stories about the ANZACS in World War I, and all of them are moving, beautiful stories. *The Poppy*, by Andrew Plant, tells the story of the French village called Villers-Bretonneux. It is also known as ‘the town that never forgets’, as the villagers still remember how, in 1918, Australian soldiers reclaimed the village from German



soldiers in the last months of the war. That desperate night of fighting became one of Australia’s greatest victories, and forged a bond between France and Australia that has never been broken.

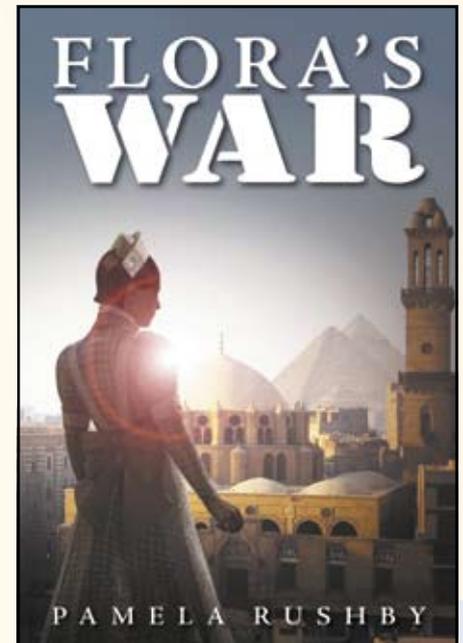
Not all the best soldiers were fighters on the fields: there were nurses who braved the battles to help heal, retrieve and save the lives of the men. Many of them were Australian and New Zealanders. In *Flora’s War*, by Pamela Rushby, Flora, a 16-year-old Australian, is thrown into a whirlwind of action as her visit to Cairo thrusts her into the realities of World War I. Flora watches as thousands of wounded men stream into Cairo from Gallipoli in desperate need of medical attention. Springing to their aid, Flora is soon transporting injured soldiers and helping out the exhausted nurses. But what Flora doesn’t expect, is to fall in love along the way.

Stories like these, set in history, are a way to connect with the past and to learn about real people and events. World War I wasn’t just about Gallipoli, or about a little French village, it affected and changed the whole world, and by the end of those four years, everyone involved was never

the same again. On ANZAC Day, we remember those who died and served their countries to try and bring peace to the world. It’s important for us to remember what happened in the past, so that we don’t repeat the same mistakes.

Jessica Gross

Intern at Ford Street Publishing



There is an Alligator in My Swimming Pool!

Well, I still have that elephant in my closet, you know
 And that rat that got into my hat, just won't go!
 My mother says, don't be a fool
 But now there's an alligator, in my swimming pool!
 Oh, and it gets much worse than that
 He has my ball and my cricket bat!
 I am very upset with him today,
 But I know I can't say, GO AWAY!
 Because I knew he wouldn't budge
 He'll sit as still as chocolate fudge
 But it got worse,
 It was like a curse!
 He ate my sister's school dress
 So, I didn't bring him in for news,
 I knew he would make a big mess
 "But I promised not to do that!", he said
 He cried and begged and pleaded
 And all of a sudden, I said yes!
 I knew just what we needed

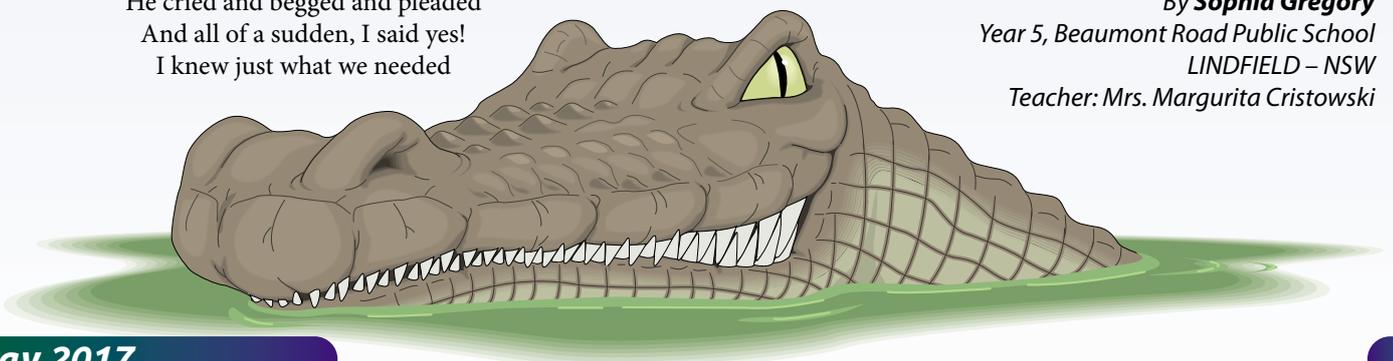
First, I carried him into a shed
 (he definitely won't be sharing my bed)
 Then, I gave him a name, which is Fred!
 Fred, will sleep on a bed in a shed
 I hired a truck, to tow him to school
 (He couldn't come whilst in a swimming pool!)
 So, with my class, I shared my news
 It was such an interesting thing to choose!
 And when I took him out of the shed,
 "Hi, my name is Fred!", he said
 My class, well, mostly they screamed
 (not exactly what Fred had dreamed)
 So, I took him home,
 (not exactly as planned)
 Since he ate all the people in the school band!

By Sophia Gregory

Year 5, Beaumont Road Public School

LINDFIELD – NSW

Teacher: Mrs. Margurita Cristowski





WHIRR! BUZZ!

1876 – Alexander Graham Bell's house

“Jack, what year did you take us?”

“Umm... 1876” Jack replied. The two boys examined the ancient landscape, where they saw a house distinctly different from the other houses. Then John remembered what would happen if the watch took them to a specific year. It would take them to where the significant event happened.

“That’s Bell’s house. This is the year the telephone was created”, John hushed, so no-one would hear them. Inquisitively, the boys walked into the house, which was surprisingly unlocked. In the house, there was a funny looking telephone.

“The very first telephone”, John marvelled. “Is that a bocce ball?”

“Yeah. Or maybe it’s a tennis ball.” To test if it was, he hurled it towards the door. Luckily, John managed to dodge it, but the figure opening the door didn’t have as good reflexes. WHAM! A silence followed. Jack stared at the wall guiltily, while John gaped at the figure. Silently, they carried him to a doctor.

“Oh dear, boy, he’s lost his memory...”

2017 – John’s science lab

BUZZ! BANG! WHOOSH! The boys returned from the past. John looked around, checking if his lab was fine. Everything was in its place except for a phone that sat on a small stool. He looked around suspiciously.

“Jack, where’s the phone?”

“I don’t know.” John frowned thinking. Then he put the pieces together. His face fell.

“Oh no.”

“Oh no, what?”

“The telephone. It’s not here!” John proclaimed, exasperated.

“So?”

“Don’t you understand? The doctor said Bell lost his memory. Thanks to that, the telephone was not invented!” Jack looked guilty. “I’m going again. Alone.” Jack took a deep breath. His friend was risking himself for a mistake he had done.

“OK”, he replied in a sombre mood. Then there was a WHOOSH and a BANG and John left to go to the past.

1876 – Alexander Graham Bell's house

John arrived. This time he did not ask where he was. They had caused too much mischief there to not know. Then he saw himself and Jack. He realised that because they had done something in the past they were permanently a part of it. Then he realised something else. If he could make sure the ball was not hurled, and send his ‘other self’ and ‘other Jack’ back to the present, he could fix time.

“Time for phase one.” He sneakily and silently crept towards the ball. As soon as he picked it up, he bolted back to where he couldn’t be seen. Then he saw himself.

“I’m going to have to risk it”, he told himself. It was true, he had to save time. He inched towards them. He silently activated the time machine but the ‘other’ John caught him.

“Wha–” he started saying, but the time machine had activated itself. Then the door opened. But John had escaped.

2017 – John’s science lab

BANG! WHOOSH! John landed in the middle of the room, falling on top of a wooden table.

“Owww!” he groaned. However, Jack did not take any notice.

“You’re back! You fixed time!” he yelled. By then John was feeling content. Even his aching back couldn’t stop him from grinning. What an adventure!

By **Sinthujan Ahilaeswaran**
Year 6, St Luke’s Primary School
LALOR – VIC.
Teacher: Lisa Curtis

JOHNScrewed the last parts of his invention together. It wasn’t finished yet though. The different liquids that he had created were still to be poured into the watch. Yes, John had been working on his new invention: a time watch.

“10 millilitres of each one. Not one drop less, not one drop more”, he muttered to himself. It’s hard to believe, but John had attempted this twenty times, and all those times had been when it exploded. He carefully brought the fragile glasses of liquid toward the model of the invention. With caution, he poured each liquid into the machine. John took a step back. But this time it didn’t explode into a billion pieces. TICK! TOCK! TICK! TOCK! This was the sound it made instead. John knew what that meant. The time watch was working.

John jumped with joy. He sprinted straight to the phone.

“Jack! You’ve got to come over! It’s working!” John excitedly exclaimed. Jack, John’s best friend, had also known about the invention. In five minutes flat, the door pushed open.

“Show me! Show me! Show me!” Jack hollered. John grinned, opening up his hand to reveal a rectangular prism of gleaming gold. Jack, eager to test it out, asked for a test drive.

“Hmmm... I guess it won’t hurt.”

“Can I also chose the date?”

“Sure!” The two boys activated it. BANG! WHOOSH!

“Where are we?” they questioned simultaneously.

The Ocean Fights Back



HE WAS swept off his feet. Knocking on death's door. Was he done for? Swallowing water as if there was no tomorrow. Tossed and turned like a washing machine. Stuart prayed for a miracle.

It was a calm sunny day. Stuart was at work on the crystal clear beach front, dredging away. The sun shone brightly off the waves running into the coast. The normally hustling bustling city was a ghost town with cars driving inland. He didn't realise the difference as he was looking at the crisp blue sky. Suddenly the siren went off like a screaming child and Stuart eventually heard the tsunami warning and started to head inland as the water approached him. But was it too late?

He sprinted to the tallest hill there was but right on his heels was a mountain of water. Stuart was safe by a finger nail. He looked

up and realised the second monstrous wave launching itself at him. Double the size of the last one. He held onto a massive tree for dear life. Whoosh. Bam. Thump. Was he going to make it? Was the water too strong?

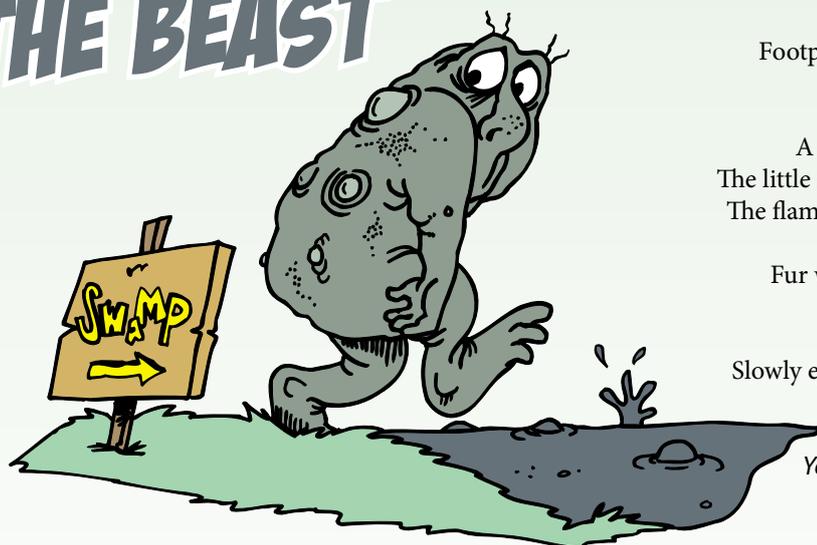
On the top of the tallest hill in the middle of the coast there was a ginormous tsunami. Stuart was suddenly swept off his feet. Knocking on death's door. Was he done for? Swallowing water as if there was no tomorrow. Tossed and turned like a washing machine, Stuart prayed for a miracle. He swam to the surface and took one breath. Everything went dark. He swam as hard as he could and used every last ounce of muscle and energy he had left. Stuart made it to the surface once again. He reached his hand out for anything and everything. The water was grabbing and pulling him under. He grabbed ferociously onto a branch and anchored himself. Stuart

slowly pulled himself out of the water. He lay, breathed a tornado of air in laying still. Not moving. Was it the end for Stuart?

A rescue helicopter came down and carried Stuart to the safety of the hospital. He rested and regained strength. Every day passing buildings got fixed and roads flattened. It was a few weeks later when he was allowed to go home and work again. He put on this bright orange vest and trudged down to the beautiful glistening coastline and started to dredge sand and recover the beautiful gem beach where the waves sparked in the beaming strings of the sun and the hustling bustling city come back to life.

By **Caitlyn Lashmar**
Year 6, Greenslopes State School
GREENSLOPES – QLD.
Teacher: Mr McCallum

THE BEAST



Thump! Thump!
Footprints, hoof-prints, huge-prints rattle the ground,
the plain shattered with silence.
The beast is coming,
A thunderous roar is heard from a far distance.
The little mice scurried away as it emerged from the darkness.
The flamingos and zebras disappeared within one heartbeat,
Bending down angrily,
Fur whipping in the breeze of the departed animals,
Slurp, slurp, slurp.
It drinks the water ferociously,
Slowly ejecting its head out of the once pristine clear water.

By **Kartikeya Dashora**
Year 7, Willetton Senior High School, WILLETTON – WA
Teacher: Mrs McCauley

Life's Prettiest Nightmares

THE WIND howls, the light flickers and the floor creaks. The house is so old it scares me into thinking that it's going to fall to the ground and squish me with its dusty furniture. I crawl into my bed, cuddling my toy trying to keep warm. A tap starts dripping, "splash, splosh." I get out of bed to fix the dreadful thing. But I slip and hit my head on the concrete leaving a small puddle of blood behind. The drain was full of old things just floating around like paintings, old letters and chairs. I decided to slide down the drain. At first I was just sitting on a chair in mid-air but then I was off going all the way down like a vacuum was sucking me up until finally it placed me gently on the ground. I squeeze through a tiny window and land in a small pond of chocolate.

A bush started to shake, I grabbed a stick with fear and pointed it at the bush. A little bunny pops out, I pick it up but I drop the bunny and get lifted 7 feet into the air.

"I'm stuck in a net!" I say in an annoyed tone of voice.

I wait there for hours until a weird looking

fluff ball came and pulled me down like he had planned the whole trap and threw me into the back of a truck. I searched my brain for nice words to cheer me up but all I could find was negativity.

He threw me on the floor like a sack of potatoes and gave me a loaf of bread to nibble on. He went through a long list of rules then left the room slamming the big heavy door behind him. The place looked like a jail cell and it smelt like burnt coal. The floor was covered in hay and spider webs. I grabbed a rusty shovel and started hitting the walls. The walls crumbled on the floor in a pile at my feet.

I ran through the hole and kept going until I could run no more. I climbed up an old twisty tree and slept there for the rest of the night. In the morning I woke up to birds singing and the sun shining, but soon all that disappeared. Everything was grey and looked sad.

A lady in a big puffy dress with a crown perched on top of her humongous forehead walked through the forest surrounded by guards. I hid behind the old twisty tree

holding my breath hoping that they didn't see me but a guard picked me up by my nightgown holding me upside-down for the rest of the walk. Then he dropped me in a deep pit.

My feet started sinking in gooey quick sand, the sky began rumbling and turning red. Rain fell from the heavens above hitting my head, lightning bolts hit the ground and flashed me back up. My head starts spinning. I feel like I'm going to faint and barf at the same time. CRASH! I sit up in my bed panting for air.

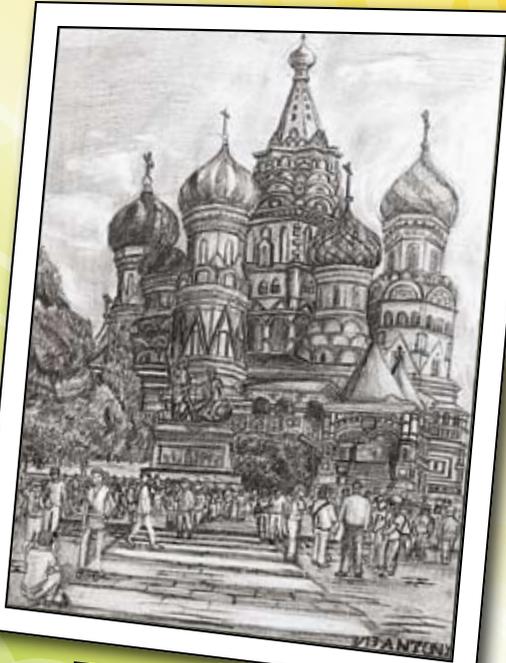
"It was just a pretty nightmare", I say with relief.

I go look out the window to see lightning sparking and water rushing down the street like a river. CRASH! goes another bit of thunder. I hop back in bed and shut my eyes trying to fall asleep so that I can finish the dream.

By **Genevieve Preston-Stewart**
Year 5, Greenslopes State School
GREENSLOPES – QLD.
Teacher: Mr McCallum



2017 YOUNG AUSTRALIAN ART AWARDS



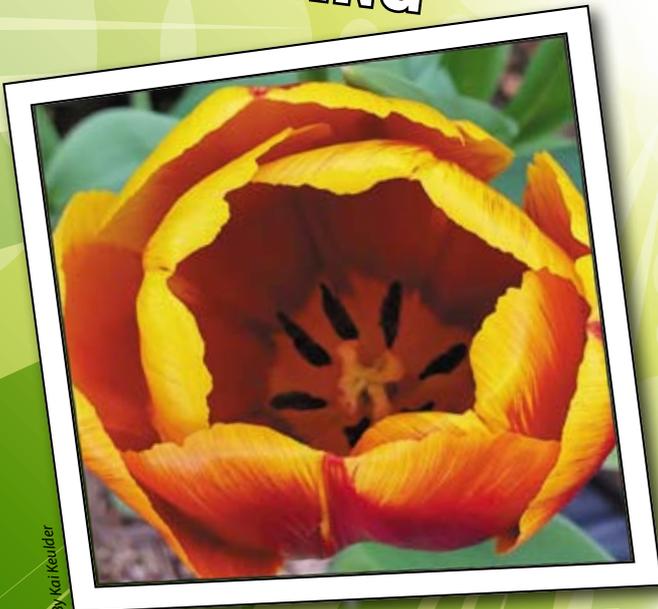
By Anthony Qin

DRAWING



By Manna Tsuchiya

COMPUTER ART



By Kai Keulder

PHOTOGRAPHY



By Matthew Ropeyam

PAINTING

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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.

For Maria



HER EYES fluttered open, and with each blink, she waited for the dusty cream shade of paint on the roof to come into focus. Her feet and hands were swollen and her mouth was dry as if she were at the dentist. The warm Mediterranean breeze shifted its way through the cracks in her window and hugged her tight, as she began to think about what adventures the day would bring.

Maria loved her life. She loved the way her mum brushed her hair for her, and the way her father would flash her a grin over the dinner table. She loved racing down the stairs in the morning to fight for the first piece of fresh bread before her brother, Giovanni. She loved school and whether it was rain, snow, or shine she would be ready at the door in eagerness before 8am. She especially loved waking up before everyone else, to go outside and watch the very second the sun peers over the horizon and breaks the earth's fast of darkness.

However, Maria knew this morning was different. She could feel the dust in her nose as she breathed and the opaque clouds began to fill the sky from the east. She found her usual, quiet spot under the tree and let the warm light shine throughout the gaps in the branches above her. She glanced down across the vast green yard and stared intensely as she watched her father and her brother plant the new crop of lettuce. Before each seed Giovanni dropped, he would look directly up at his father for reassurance. That was the way it worked in San Lupo. Once Giovanni came of age, he would quit school and

be left to fulfil the farming duties for the family. There was no money involved in this field of work, just the satisfaction of putting food on the table for your family. Maria had always dreamed of a better life and her attention to detail and passion for hard work meant that her mind often drifted into another world. She longed for the day that this cycle of tradition would break, and she would finally be able to live a life of opportunity.

As she lay back on the grass, she watched the clouds slowly drift over and almost cover the sun. The war was coming to a close, and each veteran who came home was another lost cause, another person displaced. Maria desperately wanted to believe that this was where she could stay and have a fulfilling life, but she knew what was coming.

The dark, foggy clouds had finally covered the sun and she watched as Giovanni and her father made their way inside. The smell of tomato sauce and basil drifted in and, naturally, she followed the scent. Her father sat her down next to her and Maria could see his heart beating through his shirt. He looked at her as if she was so small.

After what felt like a pause long enough to travel to the stars and back, Maria's father finally spoke. "There is nothing for you here Maria, no work, no opportunity, no room for you to grow." She felt a sense of trepidation.

"We want you to move to Australia, we need you to move", her father finally exclaimed.

Maria's mother sat in silence. She watched as Maria clasped her sweaty palm, then opened it again to slowly rub it along the front of her dress. Her heart was beating out of her chest as she began to feel the reality of this situation engulf her. Maria could feel her throat tighten, that feeling just before you cry.

She desperately wanted to fight him; I will never leave, I'm not going, there is a life for me here. Though she knew the inevitable, the harsh reality of the situation. With that in mind she raced outside. The dark, clouds loomed above her and began to pour. She let the summer rain empty onto her; her dress was drenched, her shoes filled and her eyes swollen with gloom.

In her most vulnerable moment, Maria glanced over at Giovanni. That thought made her stomach churn. Giovanni would be left to stay and provide for the family, and she would be ripped apart from him.

"Come with me!" she shouted to him, stretching her voice over the sound of rain bucketing over the roof and trees. He didn't say anything; he didn't need to. They both knew it was not possible. Giovanni followed her into the rain and squeezed his sister as if it was the last time. He stayed with her and he wouldn't let her go until her body was warm, until each and every tear had been shed.

One month later, she wandered the streets of San Lupo for the final time. She walked across the rocky soil and passed each and every stone doorway that featured in her fondest memories with Giovanni. She thought of the opportunities that were awaiting her in Australia. She thought of the day she would finally have a family, the hot summer evenings in the middle of December. Most importantly, she thought of the day her grandchildren would be able to travel back to the village. Finally, she stood back to look over the old hill town, and accepted that it was the right decision. As Maria stood at the highest point of San Lupo, she watched the sun set over the rocky soil, the arched alleyways and the olive groves. Her eyes stayed locked upon the horizon until the very second the sun left the sky. She saw San Lupo flood with darkness for one final time.

*By Alexandra Macolino
Year 12, St Dominic's Priory College
NORTH ADELAIDE – SA
Teacher: Shelda Rathmann*



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☆☆ Yeknom Sananab ☆☆

IN A tree on Avellhill Park, a small, orphaned monkey nervously tugged on the branches of the tree, trying to free himself. He kicked and thrashed, yelping helplessly. Suddenly, soft, strong hands wrapped around the monkey, and he was lifted from the tree. The clown carried him all the way to a new haven where he was greeted by swinging acrobats and balanced tightrope walkers.

Yeknom Sananab often spent hours lying on his straw bed thinking of his name. It was a peculiar name with an unknown origin. He often had restless nights, unsure of his true profile. He was a circus performer, a crowd favourite. He noticed recently that the cheers that echoed around the striped, red and white tent when he stepped onto the stage had died away as the years went by. Although he was still young, he was on the precipice of retirement. The audience was growing tired of the familiar brown monkey with the large, dull eyes, limping onto the stage every night. It was only a matter of time, he thought, as he reached for the chain hanging on his neck.

As daylight seeped through the window, Yeknom stepped onto the stage for the umpteenth time. He clambered onto his dusty pedestal and did his flips and tricks. He leapt up to grasp the swinging bar in the air, as he had done for years on end. Thousands of bored eyes followed his every move. Slowly, his grip crept away...

THUD. His back hit the cold, hard ground. The large red and white stripes which painted the walls of the tent blurred as he heard the crowd groan disapprovingly. He felt a firm hand clutch his tail and he was lifted up. For a few moments he sailed through the wind, before landing flat on the grass outside. He knew that at this time he would've run back to his parents and cried into their shoulders until morning, but he had no parents that he could go back to.

He camped at the back of the tent until the crack of dawn. As the sun began to peek

out over the horizon, he remembered a glimpse of his mother's smile, a golden ray of sunshine as he opened his eyes and looked at the world for the first time. He felt as though he was just opening his eyes, and seeing the world in a way he had never seen before. At night, as he looked at the stars, he remembered his mother's sparkling eyes, two stars looking down at him lovingly. As the memory faded away, and the harsh reality sunk back in, he longed for his mother more than ever before.



It was only when he was faced with the issue of hunger and shelter that Yeknom finally accepted that he had been fired, and that he was alone and lost. He had no one and nowhere to go, and he had no knowledge of what to do now. He had hit rock-bottom. In the back of his mind he could hear his mother's words, gently easing his thoughts. "When you hit rock-bottom, there's only one way to go – up."

After he lost his only home, he began scurrying for food scraps and growling

when threatened, or even approached. Nevertheless, a part of him would not stop returning to the window of the tent. He now glared at a beaming monkey with glossy fur who always wore a smirk and was now standing on his stool. Of course, his life in the circus was never perfect. But at least he had had friends beside him. Now, in this new, large world, he had never been more alone.

Yeknom tore the golden chain off his neck and stared at it longingly. This accessory was the only key to his parents. Who were his parents? Why did they abandon him? Were they... gone? He felt a warm hand on his shoulder as these questions swirled around in his aching mind. He looked up at a solemn clown. It pulled off its wig and gazed at Yeknom apologetically. This clown had taken him into the circus when he found him stuck in a tree in Avellhill Park. He had loved Yeknom like a parent, a parent he never had. So, Yeknom fumed, why hadn't he saved him from losing his job, like a parent would've done? In a split second, it had become Cuddles the Clown's fault he was now unemployed. Yeknom whacked Cuddles with a flick of his tail and sauntered into the trees. He didn't care where he was, he just wanted to be far away from that haunting circus.

After Yeknom had calmed down, he realised that he had wandered into the middle of a jungle. "I'm not scared. I'm not scared", Yeknom repeated to himself. The more he said it, the more untrue it became.

Yeknom jerked awake after five minutes of restless sleep. He heard leaves crunching as a large, hairy beast prowled towards him. As the beast bared its teeth, he clutched his chain tighter. The creature darted its eyes towards the chain and grinned darkly. He yelped as it gashed his leg and fled with the last remnant of his past in its mouth. Now he had nothing. He had lost his entire identity. The chain had been the one thing that his parents had left him.

As Yeknom wallowed in his defeat he found his feet steering him back to the circus. He sighed and quietly crept through the door. In a deserted aisle at the back of the audience, he seated himself. He watched as the well-groomed monkey flipped through the air and squealed, welcoming a round of applause. Yeknom frowned in confusion as a new monkey walked onto the stage. He watched the monkey and stared at the monkey's sparkling eyes and the monkey's glowing smile. He suddenly felt giddy with shock as he glimpsed her face. That monkey was his mother.

After the show, he rushed backstage to meet his mother. "Mum! Mum!" Yeknom called. The monkey turned around.

Yeknom sobbed and threw himself onto his mother. She screamed in surprise and jumped back fearfully. "Who are you?" she shrieked. "Yeknom Sananab, your son!" Yeknom explained eagerly. "I don't have a son", she laughed, sounding amused. Yeknom fell silent as she strutted away. He heard the staff whispering excitedly. "Yeah we got that female monkey for such a low price..." "She had amnesia, she was discounted..." Yeknom felt his heart drop to his stomach. Amnesia? His mother didn't remember him... he might as well have been asking a stranger to take him in and be his parent...

Yeknom slowly walked out of the tent, his head heavy on his neck. He didn't

know where he would go now, but his feet kept walking him somewhere. Finally, he clambered into a familiar tree and entangled himself in the branches. There he lay, stuck in the branches of a tree on Avellhill Park.

A few days later, after nights of sorrow and hunger, he felt strong hands around his waist, and he was lifted gently and cradled like a baby. Yeknom was taken away, and he didn't know where he was going. He only knew that he had found his parents.

By **Elizabeth Phan**
Year 6, Sacre Coeur
GLEN IRIS – VIC.
Teacher: Katrina Edser

The Track to the Outback

Driving down that track where wallabies roam.
As I look around I realise this is my home.
We stop off at a servo for a quick break.
A few bikkies for tea will do for me.
We get back in my ute and we hit the road.
The dog in the back barks at toads.
She'll be right.

When we arrive in Broome,
we cook some shrimp on the barbie.
The fume from the fire makes the entire tent smell like smoke.
That night I can't go to sleep
because the crickets sound like a chaotic band.

We wake up and find that the tent is filled with red sand,
and that my once snow white skin has turned tanned.
Before we start our trip again I hit the dunny.
As soon as I open the dunny seat the mozzies fly.
It felt like the mozzies were watching me on the dunny.
It wasn't very funny.

After that painful experience we get in the car and head far.
We arrive in Darwin that arvo.
The first thing I see are kangaroos jumping around like crazy.
I realise that I left my tent in Broome. Oopsy daisy.
Looks like I'm staying in a shack tonight.
Even though it's the evening, I still feel the sun beaming off my back.
I'm knackered from the long drive.
As soon as the sun goes down, so do I.

I wake up to the sound of the kangaroo's paws thumping the ground.
I love nothing more than to have a cup of tea.
I drink it with glee.

As I drink my cuppa, I watch the bright pink sun rise up to the sky.
The sun is like chocolate to my eyes.
Beautiful. The bird calls are like music to my ears.

My thoughts of Australia haven't changed once over the many years.
I hope Australia's culture and beauty never disappears.
I don't want to be anywhere else. Australia. My country. My land. My home.

By **Zane O'Keeffe**
Year 6, De La Salle College
MALVERN – VIC.
Teachers: Mrs Katherine Aldcroft
and Mrs Anette Phillips

The Legacy of the Watchman



His eyes are like beacons,
his body a lighthouse guiding the way
for the ghosts of his past,
wisps of morning mist
dance to the beat of his broken
and scarred heart.

He is a Watchman
and this land is his own.

His childhood was orange,
a tree covered in monarch butterflies,
apricot-hued skies, a crackling fire
and its glowing embers.
He yearns to see the faces of his elders
once more in the molten amber
of those lost years.

It is a barren land he safeguards,
parched earth where there
once was life,
its people lost
to the insidious hands of time.

Behind closed lids he sees his home,
a plain of sunflowers
the colour of melted butter,
standing tall and proud,
facing east towards the dying sun
in their last vibrant days.

He sees streams and tadpoles
and round-bellied children,
gentle rain wets their bright faces
and they know of no evil.
The scent of chamomile
and cinnamon lingers in the air,
it is a place of safety,
familiarity.

But his eyes are open
and he is reminded of cruelty,
of thunder and lightning and hopelessness,
of war and terror.
He no longer sees a field of sunflowers,
and the children of this land
are grown.

Destined to watch over
the remnants of his home,
he mourns for his past,
but where death wields its gnarled hand,
life persists.

A new sun kisses the horizon,
naïve in nature, pure in intention,
and when he looks out
and watches it set over his kingdom,
he catches a glimpse
of the golden brass of his childhood,
of slow evenings,
and the dipped-in-honey haze
that covers his precious memories.

One day he will return
to the perpetual summer of his youth
where the sunflowers grew,
and his lost hours will become
marigold-coloured gems,
glistening in the sun.

But until then,
he is a Watchman
and this land is his own.

By **Julia Pickersgill**
Year 10, St Dominic's Priory College
NORTH ADELAIDE – SA
Teacher: Shelda Rathmann

Ambassadors

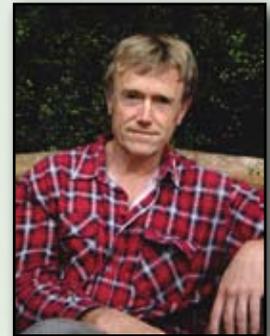


📍 **Krista Bell** is an award-winning author of twenty-six books for young readers. Krista has been professionally involved in children's literature for over thirty years, as well as being the mother of three sons, all of whom are good readers and writers! Krista's middle son, Damien, is the illustrator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



Old Scars

Rose

“Swallow me whole”, I screamed, my whole body jolting with each sob, “swallow me whole”. The rain meshed with my tears to leave my face soaking wet. I sat there running my hands and feet through the damp sand until my tears had run dry and the rain has eased to a sprinkle. I looked down at my scarred legs. The inflamed red slashes a constant reminder that I am different, that I am worthless, that nobody cares about me. The sand is my safe place. So close to the thrashing ocean, yet miles apart. I brace myself with my hands as I steadily climbed to my feet. It must almost be 6am and my stepdad will surely beat me if he found out that I snuck away at night.

As I twist the handle of the creaky back door I let out a sigh of relief, Morgan is sprawled

across the couch still in a drunken coma. I scavenge the cupboards for anything that isn't stale and decide my breakfast will have to be a tin of tomatoes. I gather my scrappy books together and chuck on my school uniform. My classmates must think how strange I am to be wearing long sleeves and long stockings every day, even if it is the middle of a scorching Australian summer. But I am really just protecting them and myself from seeing the horrors that lie beneath.

I don't mind the walk to school, I like to walk. But I hate the sarcastic snarls on the faces of those perfect Barbie dolls as they drive past in their cars on the way to school. If I'm lucky there may also be a convertible full of rowdy teenage boys ready to hurl sexist comments in an attempt to get a laugh. School isn't too bad though. Most of the time I am like a chameleon. I blend

into the background so that nobody will notice me, and they rarely do. The real problem is not school, it's my life.

When you have no real family there is nowhere left to run. My mother was my only saviour and when she died she took any hope of me having a life worth living with her. That's why I hurt myself. I've never actually done the job properly though, otherwise I would be far away from this hell house. Morgan probably wishes I had the guts to finish what I started too, that would mean more booze for him and less energy wasted on me. Not that he really wastes his time on me.

I just want it to end.

Gareth

I found her lying in a ring of blood soaked sand. My heart skipped and I felt trapped in my body not knowing what to do. But then it was as if my limbs could work again and I jumped into rescue mode. I scooped her up in my arms, oblivious to whether or not she was still breathing, and ran as fast as my legs could carry me. Back at the wharf, I laid her down and used the phone to frantically call for help.

It wasn't until then that I could really see the damage. She had sliced open her wrists but what was really shocking was her legs. The jagged edges of a glass beer bottle had torn through her muscle and left a gory scene of deep red blood where her thigh should have been.

I raced around the boat shed until I found a bundle of new small fishing nets. I rapidly wrapped one of them around each of her wounds to help stop the gushing blood from spilling out. I could hear the sirens for miles but on a private beach through a bushland reserve it would take a while for them to reach us.

It was only then that I truly looked at her face. I did not recognise her, I assumed that she went to the public school a few streets away from mine. She had shoulder length brown curly hair and freckles spilled over her face like they did on mine. She had a petite build, which had made it relatively easy for me to run with her. She must have only been about 16.

After a difficult operation to get her safely into the ambulance, she was finally in safe hands. My hands, however, were shaking

furiously as I was finally able to grasp the full extent of the situation that had just occurred. I took a deep breath that came out as a sigh of relief. I sat there on the wharf feeling the salt-soaked wood make indents in my thighs and wondered what was next. I had to make sure she was okay.

Scrambling up the rocks, I noticed how fatigued my legs were after my adrenaline fuelled sprint. I jumped in my car and raced like a jet all the way to the hospital.

Rose

I woke up in a dreary haze in a white bed, in a white room full of white people. "Is this heaven?", I asked unsurely. I was certain that I would be in hell. "It's okay dear. You're in the hospital, everything is going to be okay now", a voice spoke to me. Gaining consciousness, I began to feel an extreme pain in my thighs and sharp pricks in my arms and wrists. The same voice spoke to me, "Just try to relax now honey, I'm sure you must be very sore". I recognised her as a nurse. My eyelids had receded further and I was now almost fully awake. I ducked my hands under the sheets and ran them up and down my thighs, feelings layers and layers of bandages. I felt slightly faint as I recalled why I was sitting here. I didn't finish the job. Shit. Now I have just made my life worse.

I almost jumped as the sound of the monitor pulled me back from my thoughts. "You're not well enough to have visitors just yet, but I must tell you that there has been a boy waiting here for you all night", the nurse said softly. "What? Oh no it's not Morgan is it?" I exclaimed. "No, I believe his name is Gareth", she answered. Gareth. I don't know a Gareth. My brain was scrambling to come up with who this mystery boy was but the drugs are still keeping me dreary.

God I was tired.

Gareth

I was woken by a nurse gently shaking my arm. "Morning son, been a long night?", she asked. I nodded. "She isn't well enough to have visitors yet but I can assure you she is recovering very well." "That's good to hear", I replied. "Now I imagine that you are going to have to do a substantial number of interviews and recounts of what happened, but are you able to tell us of any

of her family contact details? We are having a hard time finding any family records", she stated. "No sorry, I don't know this girl. The first time I've seen her was at the beach..." "Yes I thought so", she interrupted, "but no worries, we will just have to go through all the government records", she said nicely. "You'd better get home soon, but I would just like to commend you on such a valiant effort which really has saved Rose's life." I blushed. I was not used to receiving such compliments, but I managed to return a thank you.

I stood up the chair I had slept in and stretched out my arms. My back was going to be stiff today. I searched around for somewhere I could eat. I didn't have much money on me so a packet of crisps and a chocolate bar was going to have to be my breakfast. I recapped the previous day in my head, and was still shocked by what had just happened.

Rose. I liked that name. But I can't even imagine what she must be going through to want to take her own life. I rustled some coins out of my pocket and slid them into the vending machine. The coins jangled down the slot and down came my nutritious breakfast. As I burst open the chips and walked towards the exit I suddenly saw two nurses from behind the computer staring intently at me. They motioned for me to come over

to administration. I felt my heart beating quickly in my chest as I shuffled over to them.

"Your name is Gareth, right?", asked one of them, "Gareth Barret?". "Yes that's me", I replied, still feeling anxious. "When we were looking through Rose's family history, we ah... found something that may be of interest to you", she continued.

Rose

I felt a gentle touch on my shoulder and was woken from my heavy sleep. I immediately noticed that the nurse who had woke me was not the only one in my room. Standing in the corner was another nurse and next to him was a boy. Gareth. Was this the boy who they were speaking about before I fell asleep? Before I could ask, one of the nurses spoke, "Rose? We are very sorry to wake you, but you were asleep for an awfully long time and we have news that is quite important". The boy stepped towards me. "Hi Rose. My name is Gareth, I brought you here from the beach. Um... I don't really know how to say this but..." I stared intently at him with my heart beating into my throat. "Rose, I'm your brother".

By **Brodie Momsen**
Year 10, Caringbah High School
CARINGBAH – NSW

The Leaf

The shape of the leaf was beautiful
it shines in the sun
Its shape was perfect
It has spiky edges
Its reflection was yellow and red
The leaf sways side to side falling down
Its spine was beautifully red it's lovely
The colour was spotted by everyone
It's very special
I have never seen its colour before
The leaf was gliding in the sky fabulously
This leaf was so different to the other ones I've seen
I wish I saw this leaf falling from its tree it would be fantastic
Its colour is so cool
It floats down the tree like it's a butterfly.

By **Jamie Ranca**
Year 6, De La Salle College
MALVERN – VIC.
Teacher: Mrs Anette Phillips



Johanna

Johanna,
drifts with a delicacy,
such elegance to her presence.
She's as pure as winter snow,
as vivid as her tulip garden.

Underneath all of her charm
and beauty,
there is a rock.
This rock is her strength,
a tribute to her father,
the heroic war figure.

She is strong and stubborn
like a Dutch tin of licorice,
sometimes sweet,
sometimes salty,
but true to herself.

*By Maya Smulders
Year 10, St Dominic's Priory College
PROSPECT – SA
Teacher: Shelda Rathmann*

Hidden Scars

I am lost.
Scared.
Weights on my shoulders,
as I am to make a decision.
Life or Death.
Life, feeling alive and
living a dream I always
wanted.
Death, lost in the sea of
Forget and Regret.
Dreams crushed and a life
that was yet to be lived,
Gone.
What is my choice?
Life
or
Death?
Can I live a life of DREAMS,
or be lost in Fear?

This poem is dedicated to families who have lost their child/ren, caused by bullying. We are all known as equals and I stand by the 'No Bullying Zone.' We all have a life to live and to live to the fullest. xox My Love to your families.

*By Teisa Helu
Year 6, St John's Auburn Primary School
AUBURN – NSW
Teacher: Miss Katherine Medrzewski*



What Is It?

Tall ears,
Twinkly nose,
pompom tail,
soft fur,
hop and hop he goes.

Can you guess?

He eats orange and yummy carrots
he doesn't make a noise,
he has two little teeth in the front,
and hop, hop he goes.

It's a rabbit!

By **Annuska Taiyatesvarun**
Year Prep, St Luke's Primary School
LALOR – VIC.
Teacher: Miss Babanti



Young at Heart

From atop his shoulders
I saw the world differently,
strong arms kept me steady
as he walked along the path
I travelled the world
on those sturdy shoulders,
for he was young at heart

Always finding comfort in his silence,
his words wrapped with wisdom
passed down to me when he said,
“No one understands me like you”,
for he was young at heart

Standing tall like a birch tree,
the scattered scars told stories on his skin,
tanned and blotchy from hours in the sun
but he did not care
for he was young at heart

A lone rider, surrounded in darkness
his mind a mess of black ink
but near his family
he showed no sadness
for he was young at heart

By **Ameera Litip**
Year 10, St Dominic's Priory College
NORTH ADELAIDE – SA
Teacher: Ms Rathmann



Dust passes dust as wind passes grass,
the warm sand of the Australian desert gives joy to my feet.
Washing oceans feed me by giving me fish that gives me joy.
The beautiful land in front of me, the trees, the water and the sand.
All the wonderful animals that cross this land
are all as beautiful as the land they walk on in their own way.

The waves that wash the sand, move as calm as a koala in its rest.
The wonderful land that gives joy to my soul.
The dusty path that never ends, gives my joy by showing me the beauty in life.
When I look up I see the wonder of the sky, the birds,
the clouds all make up the wonder of the sky.

The glorious land of Australia is the beauty in my heart.
It gives me joy no matter how many times I have seen it.
It is an endless land and there's always a place to go
whether it's the mountain tops or the land below
there's always a place for you in this glorious land.

By **Alexander Rehfish**
Year 6, De La Salle College
MALVERN – VIC.
Teacher: Kathrine Aldcroft

Our Land



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

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FROM THE RUBBLE



AS I woke on the rubble, the brightness of the sky hit my eyes. After all those moments in the darkness of my heart, my eyes had adjusted to them. I crawled over to a rock and slowly, painfully I picked myself up. I

almost fell over again, holding on to the rock for support.

After remembering how to walk I roamed the streets of Lituya Bay. The cries of the people were loud, outside of me and inside

me. I wanted to go back home. But now, all the buildings looked the same.

After hours full of looking I finally found our home. Our sign saying “The Watsons” hanging by one nail. In the front yard, many things had been scattered. Mum’s old china plates, my sister’s half broken glasses and loads more things.

Stepping over my dad’s golf set I stepped in. My house had as many holes as a sponge. It was dripping wet with wires occasionally crackling. I entered my room and there were only a few loose pages ripped up on the floor. Huge holes in the wall gave you a view of everything going on.

In the living room our pictures were wet and strewn across the floor. Picking up a particular photo I looked at it for a long time. Finally, I cracked the glass, took the photo and left. I looked above myself and then I knew. My family had left me. They had gone to Paradise. Right over the moon.

By **Dev Sheth**

Year 8, Hale School
WEMBLEY DOWNS – WA
Teacher: Mr Pearce

Light

It tickles,
Softly stroking your tender, rosy cheeks,
Twinkling from your sky blue eyes,
Embracing you,
For all you are,
Hugging your arms and legs,
Not showing its face to the shadows,
Bathing your skin in lukewarm springs,
Melting all your worries,
Locating your love,
Burying your hate,
Embellishing life,
Creating hope,
Giving a future,
Burning as bright as your soul.

By **Ashleigh Kerry**

Year 8, Ravenswood School For Girls
GORDON – NSW
Teacher: Mrs Misch



RESILIENCE

A LITTLE cactus, the size of my thumb. Small and green. It was decorated with the tiniest of prickles in a tiny pink pot that seemed to move every time with its puzzling miniature patterns. I wore it every day and it was a way of showing my family I was all right. I could take on anything, endure anything, just like a cactus, but one day, I forgot its purpose, its meaning.

Every May, on the 13th, I would visit my grandmother, an old elderly woman with curly grey hair who never learnt the definition of straight. She was an interesting woman whose heart reminded me of a white carnation. She had an undying passionate relationship with mother nature, being able to name every flower or plant alive. She was my best friend, and she still is. Each May, on the

same day for the past fourteen years, I was gifted a delicate brooch. It was always small and often the brooches were flowers, beautiful, beautiful flowers with gorgeous colours on their small petals. Each one of them had a special meaning, a hidden meaning.

Yet, on the 13th of May, a heart stopped beating and no gift was given, and no smiles were exchanged. A brooch of sweet pea flowers hung on her clothing that would never be used again. I cried, cried to the point where I had trouble breathing as small droplets of water slid down my cheeks like rivers.

“Irene, come down, please”, a voice called. Its tone was so soft it frustrated me, but I obeyed and a door opened. A woman, no older than 42 stood there, her hair frizzled and uncombed. “I have something for you, you dropped it.” A cactus, in a tiny pink pot, decorated with prickles. “Do you remember what it meant?” she asked. And the thought came quicker than the fastest athlete alive. “Endurance”, I said, as my eyes filled with salty tears, and I smiled.

By **Luanne Huynh**

Year 8, St Dominic's Priory College

NORTH ADELAIDE – SA

Teacher: Shelda Rathmann

The Mysterious Killer

ONE COLD, dark and gloomy night, Sherlock Holmes – a great detective – was called out to a crime scene with his partner Watson. The victim was a male with a height of 156cm, wearing a baseball cap, a sleeved shirt and jeans. The victim was thought to be choked and suffocated while walking out of the market, also there was a supposedly blank note. Sherlock shaded the note with a pencil and it read “2, 8, 12 Calendar”.

Sherlock began interrogating the victim's brother and this is what he said: “My brother's name is Jack, he was very annoying to his mother but now he loves her. He also had a wife named Fad from university. They both hated each other but had to get married because of their parents, although I don't think Fad hated Jack that much to kill him.”

Hearing this information Sherlock told Watson to interrogate Jack's father while he would interrogate Jack's wife. Then Sherlock went ahead and interrogated Fad and this is what she said: “Jack was

very ignorant and he was so annoying but still I would never kill him. To be honest I would never kill anyone.”

After hearing this Sherlock was a bit sceptical about her statement so he made her a suspect. Watson came back and had interrogated Jack's father and this is what he said: “Jack was a good boy. It was very sad to see him go, and also he had a wife named Fad. She was so nice and beautiful, but Jack kept telling me that he hated her! She was so kind, I don't know why he hated her so much.”

Now with this statement Sherlock made Jack's father a suspect too because he wanted his son to love Fad.

Now Sherlock wanted to further investigate the note that was in his pocket and this is what he found – February, August and December because the 2nd month is February, the 8th month is August and the 12th month is December, and F A D, Fad! And Jack didn't just write her name down because he knew that Fad would dispose of

the note, so with this information Sherlock accused Fad for murder.

He also found out what had happened: Fad went up to Jack and choked him from the front. She didn't choke him from the back because Fad was sent to life in prison. Then Sherlock rested his feet and got another phone call.

By **Ivan Lu**

Year 5, St Luke's Primary School

LALOR – VIC.

Teacher: Ms Angelucci



Violin Man



A soft, sweet symphony
illuminating a dimly lit carpark.
An atmosphere saturated
with the heavy touch
of a violinist's song.
Harvesting emotion
in the eyes of a crowd
that smile in unison.

Large strong hands grip the bow,
fragile fingertips graze the frets.
Long tattooed arms
tame the strings
like a powerful storm.
A life's story dances
in notes and chords
written behind the smile
of wrinkled eyes.

A dragon wrapped around
his collar, is bold
in red and yellow ink.
The bow becomes a key
to escape his cage,
and he sweeps the bow again
in a dramatic flourish,
and the crowd erupts
as the dragon becomes
a dove.

By **Isabella Dewhurst**
Year 10, St Dominic's Priory College
NORTH ADELAIDE – SA
Teacher: Ms Rathmann

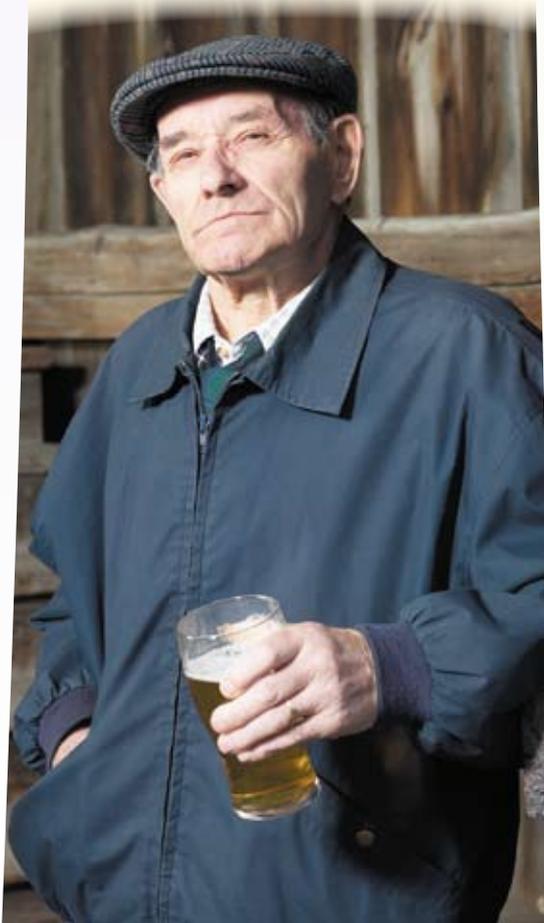
The Man in the Shop

Etched amongst his wiry stubble,
he grins and crooked teeth jut out
like an ancient picket fence,
the remnants of youth.
His hands,
a plateau of cracked earth
are cemented
from a hard day's labour.

Snaked up his sun-kissed arm
his daughter's name inked in blue,
a canvas of his love.
The tales he croaks
at the pub on Saturday night,
over ciggies and pints of beer,
his sustaining fuel,
a testament of his devotion.

With a new doll in hand,
his feet stumble out of the store
like dry leaves in the wind.
The soft rumble of the engine,
a roar in the whisper of the night,
and only his daughter's smile
on his mind.

By **Emily Edmonds**
Year 10, St Dominic's Priory College
NORTH ADELAIDE – SA
Teacher: Shelda Rathmann



A Young Child



A young child,
soft and fragile,
filled with budding spirit.
Her youthful aura
as pure as the clearest water
beyond the deepest seas.

An innocent child,
oblivious and careless
to the terror of reality.
Like a single ladybird
she is fragile, delicate
and vulnerable.

A special child,
as rare as a single
ray of light on a desolate day.
Bewildered by her maturity
and ambience, she yearns
for exhilaration.

A curious child, full of wanderlust
she longs for adventure
and thrills.
Spreading her wings,
she takes off into the clouds
and conquers the skies ahead.

A cherubic child
awakens at dawn,
her curls a mess of beauty.
She continues to bloom
as she opens her eyes
and sees the world.

By **Charmane Obtinalla**
Year 10, St Dominic's Priory College
NORTH ADELAIDE – SA
Teacher: Ms Rathmann

BOOK REVIEWS

Meet our book reviewers
Trinity, William, Noa,
Tayleh-Rose, Abby and
Chloe, from Tucker Road,
Bentleigh Primary School,
in Victoria.

Reviews Coordinators: Robyn
Donoghue and Meredith Costain

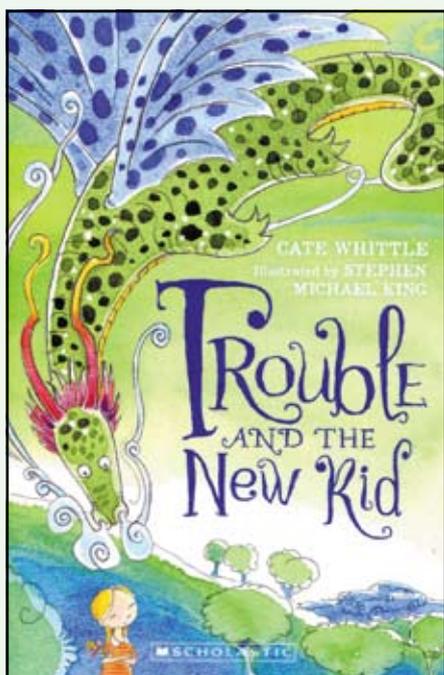


Trouble and the New Kid

by Cate Whittle (Scholastic Australia)

Trouble and the New Kid is about a girl called Georgina who has a dragon named Trouble. Trouble is forest green, royal blue and red in colour. When Nina the new kid thinks that Trouble is just a joke, the dragon's colours start to fade. Will Georgina be able to convince Nina that Trouble is real? Read this book to find out!

I enjoyed this book because you never know if something is real, even if it seems weird or strange, so beware if you hear or see a dragon floating about...



This book would suit lovers of short fantasy books. I would recommend this book to readers aged 7+.

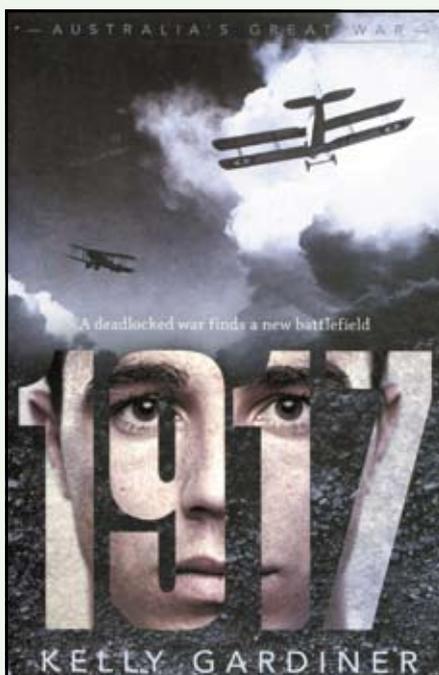
Rating: ★★★★★★☆☆☆☆

— Trinity Taylor, Year 4

1917

by Kelly Gardiner (Scholastic Australia)

1917 is a novel based on a true story. It tells a great, strong, inspirational story of what a hero would do for his country. Heroes who put their own lives at risk for the people they love the most, as well as for people they don't quite like very much.



Kelly Gardiner has thought of a fantastic educational novel for young readers to quietly enjoy. This book at times was quite heartbreaking, but you'll get through it. I have never read anything quite like *1917*. Good job, Kelly!

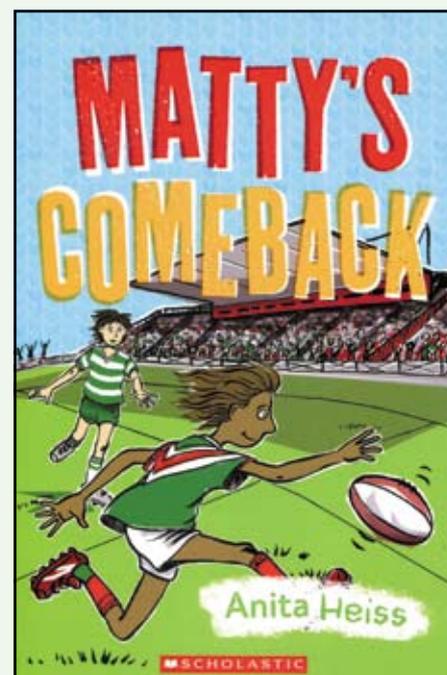
Rating: ★★★★★★☆☆☆☆

— Tayleh-Rose, Year 6

Matty's Comeback

by Anita Heiss (Scholastic Australia)

Matty's Comeback is about a boy named Matty, who plays for the Seagulls rugby club. He is also a very enthusiastic





Rabbitohs supporter with an annoying little sister (Nita) and a supportive big brother (Ben). His dream? To play with the Rabbitohs in the NRL someday.

Everything goes to plan in the semi-finals against Darlo Dingoes and they are going to be in the Grand Final! Then one dramatic twist changes EVERYTHING and Matty finds himself in need of some help from someone he least expected.

I enjoyed the book because of the dramatic changes in the story. I don't usually like sports-related books but this one is definitely an exception. The changes in the story caught me by surprise and the occasional boyish humour and the usual brother/sister conflict was amusing.

I would recommend this book to children 8+ who enjoy rugby and sport.

Rating: ★★★★★★☆☆

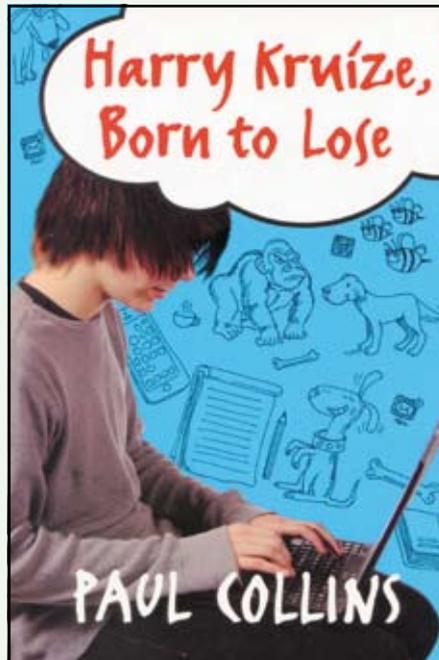
— William, Yr 5

Harry Kruize, Born to Lose

by Paul Collins (Ford Street Publishing)

Harry Kruize is a young boy who wishes he could have a dog.

One day an old man named Jack Ellis moves into Harry's mother's boarding house and tells Harry stories about the adventures he had when he was younger. All the stories included a dog with a different personality.



This book is great for kids who like adventurous stories, but don't mind a few scary (not too scary) parts. I enjoyed this book because there are different parts to the story. Some parts are exciting, some parts are scary and some parts are like 'everything is normal'.

I also liked how there are wishes and wish updates and all the stories told by Jack are adventurous dog tales.

Recommended for ages 9+.

Rating: ★★★★★★★★★★

— Noa, Year 6

Ready, Steady, Hatch

written by Ben Long, illustrated by David Cornish (Ford St Publishing)

After ten little chicks hatch they follow their mother around the pumpkin patch. One of the chicks finds something interesting and stops, while all the other chicks keep walking.

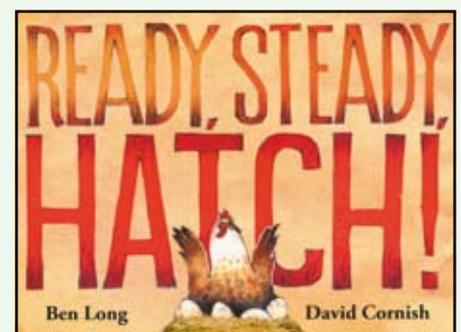
When the mother hen discovers one of her chicks is missing they all set off to find him.

I found this book hilarious! I really enjoyed it because the rhymes and illustrations in the book were really funny.

I recommend this book for picture book readers aged 5+.

Rating: ★★★★★★★★★☆☆

— Abby, Year 5



Continued on page 26

BOOK REVIEWS

Continued from page 25

The Three Emus

written by Sue Lawson, illustrated by Patricia Hopwood-Wade (*The Five Mile Press*)

I really enjoyed reading *The Three Emus*. It was a very funny book. Even though it looked like a book for younger readers

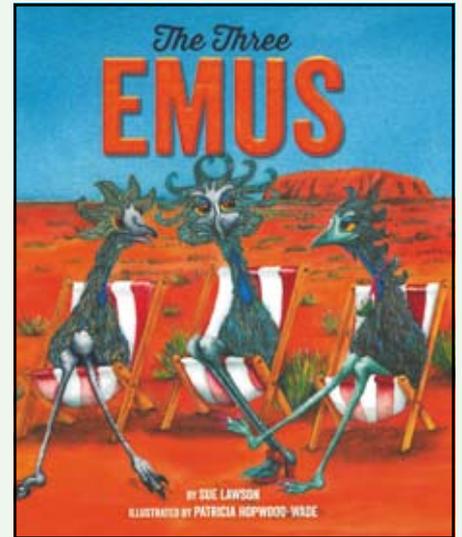
some of the words were actually quite hard, even for me. It was also very relevant to me as I have lost precious things before and could understand why the emus travelled all over Australia to hunt for the special lost shell.

The pictures really added to the story. You will really enjoy joining the three emus as they travel around Australia visiting interesting places.

I recommend it to children aged 6+.

Rating: ★★★★★★★☆☆☆

— Chloe, Year 6



Ông Ngoại (Grandfather)

A beautiful baby boy is brought
on this Earth,
his smile is like the sun
glowing and bright.
His laugh sets the world ablaze
as his little life has just begun.

A youthful boy runs around
the fields.
His mind clear like the bright,
blue sky,
and his glasses are binoculars
where he can see his future
and run towards it.

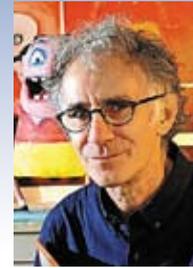
A mature young man sits in the rain,
and he is like a tree in blossom
in a world of dull,
dead branches.
Nature is in turmoil
as guns and bombs explode
like harsh waters in a storm.

A courageous elder now watches the clouds,
the wrinkles on his face
like a calm sea.
His mind is clear as the grandchildren
run around the fields,
as he stands there like an owl
quiet and observant,
but the wisest of them all.

By **Audrey Nguyen**
Year 10, St Dominic's Priory College
NORTH ADELAIDE – SA
Teacher: Shelda Rathmann



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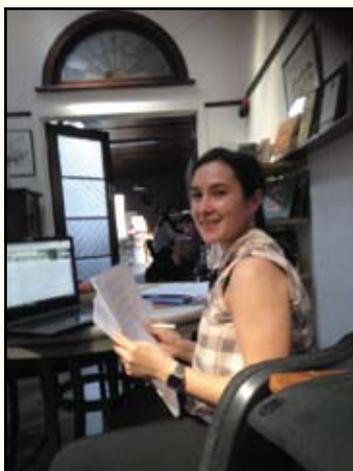
I Am Not a Zombie Intern

By Jessica Gross

INTERNING at a publishing company is completely different to what I *thought* interning at a publishing company would be like. The iconic intern endlessly running around photocopying and fetching everybody's coffee. I don't have to cater to an ever-growing sludge pile of work that everyone leaves for the intern because they don't want to touch it. Instead of the stiff and formal atmosphere I expected on my first day, I was pleasantly surprised to find a quaint, small office of exactly my kind of people, nerds. People who love books as much as I do.

The standard Hollywood depiction of interns involves a series of over-worked slaves rushing to the boss's side at all hours of the day and night desperately trying to please them enough to get a job or a reference. But my experience has been completely different, and I blame Hollywood for the ridiculous portrayal of caffeine-crazed zombie interns who can never do anything right.

I'm hoping to soon be a part of the industry I've worshipped since I was old enough to read. Of course, such an exclusive industry means that getting a leg in the door is difficult. I, however, was lucky enough to land a gig interning at Ford St Publishing in Abbotsford.

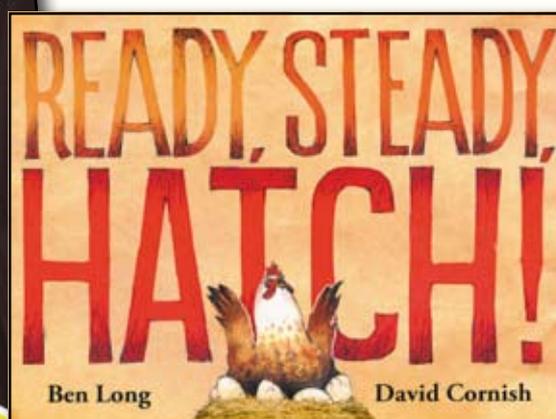
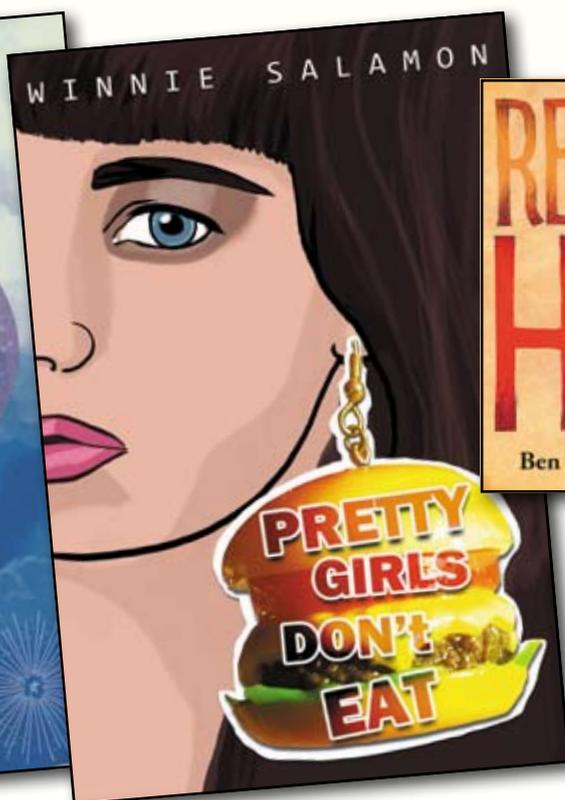


I've been at Ford St Publishing for a month, and instead of the dreaded intern life that Hollywood chick-flicks told me to prepare for, I have enjoyed every second of it. In the mornings I am bright and eager to start the day working to bring brilliant, new Young Adult and picture books to life. Each day there are assessments to write and manuscripts to read. I have conversations about literature and the arts and it's been spectacular to work in such an accepting and relaxed environment.

So it is safe to say, from personal experience, a publishing internship, at least with Ford St Publishing, has been an absolute dream. I haven't been shunted to the side to

perform base tasks that do not challenge me or help me learn about this industry; instead I've been thrown in the deep end and been able to learn real, valuable skills. In my short time at Ford St, I've proofread stirring and breath-taking YA literature including the soon to be published *Paper Cranes Don't Fly* and *Pretty Girls Don't Eat* as well as beautifully crafted illustrated works, such as *Glitch* and *Ready, Steady, Hatch!* I've been published in magazines for articles, contributed to the naming of new books and helped design the covers, and most of all, had the greatest of times learning about how a draft novel becomes a fully-fledged book.

Reading so many manuscripts, it is clear that short stories still hold a prominent and special place in Young Adult literature. The story can be sobering beautiful or witty and fast-paced, but they all convey deep and profound meaning. Short stories are self-contained amusement and entertainment, or simple inklings into particular minds and worlds. Short stories can be abstract and unfathomable or relatable in every sense, bringing us closer or even pulling us apart. They are powerful things to be sure. Sometimes more powerful than the novels that eclipse them. I have encountered more short stories interning at Ford St than ever, even in my studies and personal

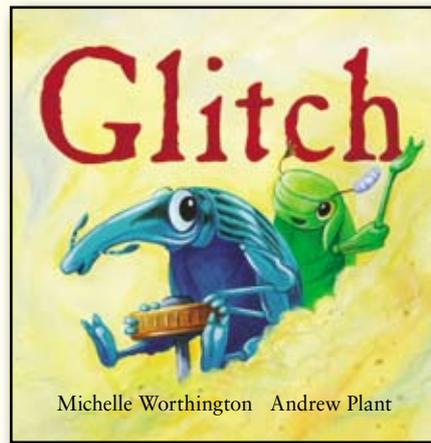


FORD ST Publishing

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reading, and with each new story read and published, I see their value and necessity in the world a little more clearly.

One of the greatest things I have noticed being on the 'other side', as part of the publisher rather than just the reader, is the lack of appreciation and acknowledgement of publishers. There is so much incredible work behind even the shortest novella or picture book that goes completely unnoticed. I was definitely guilty of this, mentally thanking the author for bringing such brilliant creations into existence, but never looking beyond that. I've since changed my stance considerably.



I've learned so much in my short time here about the arduous, painstaking but fulfilling publishing process.

I would encourage all young writers to submit their writing to *Oz Kids*, and to write as much and as often as they can. Writing is a truly exceptional talent and a beautiful way to express everything from pain and anger to happiness and love. If I take one thing away from this internship, it's that my appreciation for the written word and for those who help publish it has grown without a shadow of a doubt.

Jessica Gross

BLACK RHINO

"Marcus, come over here, there are some juicy leaves on this tree", says James.

James was looking at a huge fruit tree with branches draping all the way to the ground. It was the morning and the sun was on the horizon. Over the years there has been less and less of our kind. We've got all the food and water we need, no predators and best of all, Marcus and I are on our own. Life is good in the Zimbabwe savannah.

The trees have good shade and grow amazing fruits and leaves. The plains are filled with zebras, antelope, lions, buffalo and leopards. Mountains surround our home, climbing into the clouds, mountain goats live there, never disturbed. Waterholes at the base of the mountain, that never go dry, they are muddy and dirty, but we do not care.

That was life as we knew it, but that was

about to change. We started our day at dawn as we always did, searching for our breakfast before the sweet dew dried in the scorching African sun. In the distance we could hear a humming noise, we had heard this before so we were not worried. Some days there are loud noises and once we even saw an object, as large as an elephant on the horizon.

Suddenly, there was a searing pain in my left ear, followed by a loud bang. We began to run away from the noise, to thicker cover. Two more loud noises went off, hitting trees and showering us with splinters. We kept running, jumping logs, dodging trees. We were still being pursued, the noise was getting closer, "We can't escape it", I say, "It's too fast".

At that moment James fell to the ground, I instinctively kept running. I spot a fast flowing river and launch in. I am carried

downstream until I have enough strength to crawl out.

When I hear the humming noise disappear, I crawl out of my hiding place and go back to find my friend. What I see is something I never wish to see again. James is lying there in a pool of blood, barely alive and his majestic horns gone. I run to him feeling helpless.

I hear the humming again and wait for the end, refusing to leave.

"I'm sorry James, I didn't mean for this to happen", I say, "I will not leave you this time!"

"I I I t's s s s s n n n o t t t y y o u r r r f f f a a a u u u l l l l l t t t t t", groans James, waiting for the worst. I watch the noisy object get closer. I feel a sharp pain in my neck, then nothing.

By Zach Knight

Year 7, St John's Lutheran School
KINGAROY – QLD.

Teacher: Jodie Springhall



Understanding

I write poems regularly
I write them all the time,
It helps me explain my feelings
Using mostly words that rhyme.
But something is unclear
Something deep down inside,
Like a shadow over importance
The source is hard to find.
So I ask for understanding
For the emotions that will not part,
To find some bit of meaning
For the things felt by my heart.

By **Codey Jackson**

Year 5, Yarragon Primary School

YARRAGON – VIC.

Teacher: Rachael Morgan

The Midnight March

At night they march,
As soft as can be.
They fear a shadow,
But none appear.
They know nothing about him,
Or where he goes.
But they know to stay out of his way.
Because by day,
He wears big gloves and a wide brim hat.
What they don't know,
Is that their fear is...

A gardener.
But the ants are still silently marching,
Away from the danger of big machines and flying grass.
Silently.

By **Isabel Catterall**

Year 6, Korowa Anglican Girls' School

GLEN IRIS – VIC.

Teacher: Sarah McLean



The Man with a Moustache

The man with a moustache tried to snatch them.
 Took them, told them, killed them.
 The red and black flag, the devil
 Men, Women, Children, Young, Old. GONE
 Gone? 6 million.
 Did they do anything? Nothing
 The youth, brainwashed, the elders frightened.
 The soldiers? Greedy and Rapacious
 The children, dead or alive with fear.
 The families? Never again.
 The others? Lost their friends to the man with a moustache

By **Alice Scobie**

Year 6, Korowa Anglican Girls' School, GLEN IRIS – VIC.

Teacher: Mrs. McLean

THE SOUND of crunching leaves in the jungle meant that a ferocious feline was searching for her prey. That ferocious feline would be me, Scarlet the queen of the jungle. As I took another step I heard another crunch repeat after me. I thought it was my echo so I kept walking. Crunch, crunch, crunch went the leaves. Crunch, crunch, crunch went my echo. However my echo wasn't as powerful as tiger's footsteps. I had a suspicion that I wasn't alone. I turned around very slowly, trying to spot my suspect. I walked a few steps further, "ROAR!!!!" I opened my eyes and I was surrounded by bars. Humans had captured me.

Using my incredibly powerful teeth I tried biting the metal bars. I had a difficult time biting my way through victory. It was so strong that even a powerful tiger like me couldn't defeat it. It was the most unbreakable thing I had ever encountered. My teeth are invincible but how can these metal bars defend my attack. Some witchery was behind it I bet! After trying a hundred times, maybe a thousand but who's counting? I fell to the ground in exhaustion. My paws felt weaker after every breath. I didn't have the motivation to move, I just lay there as still as a statue, not giving a care in the world. The more I lay

there, the more my eyes became tired so eventually I drifted off to sleep.

I woke up to loud noises I had never heard before. I heard muttering and yelling of... What was it? Then it struck me, that was the laughing and talking of humans. I opened my eyes to find myself surrounded by a forest habitat. Was I at home? I happened to be in something that's called a zoo. 'What a strange name', I thought. The noises were coming from above me. Was I in a big hole? I glanced at the river, eager to find food. Before I knew it I had leaped into the river, making the most massive splash that anyone could imagine. It was similar to an explosion but instead of dust and sparks, it was tons and tons of freezing water.

As the water splashed everywhere, I noticed that it made an illusion. It looked similar to an archway that was covered in vines. 'A nice rainbow to home will finish this illusion',

I thought sarcastically. When my vision became more clearer I recognised that it seemed more real than an illusion. My eyes were definitely playing tricks on me, there couldn't be a random archway in the middle of nowhere! Then I thought, 'What if this did lead somewhere?'

Abruptly, my stomach was trying to send me a message. GRRRRR! Uh! I forgot I didn't have any dinner. Rabbit stew sounded so tasty! What if I can find a way to get back and then I can have breakfast. Sounded like a great plan to me. I leaped through the archway hoping that I had made the right decision. Before my eyes could even blink I was back in the jungle looking for my prey.

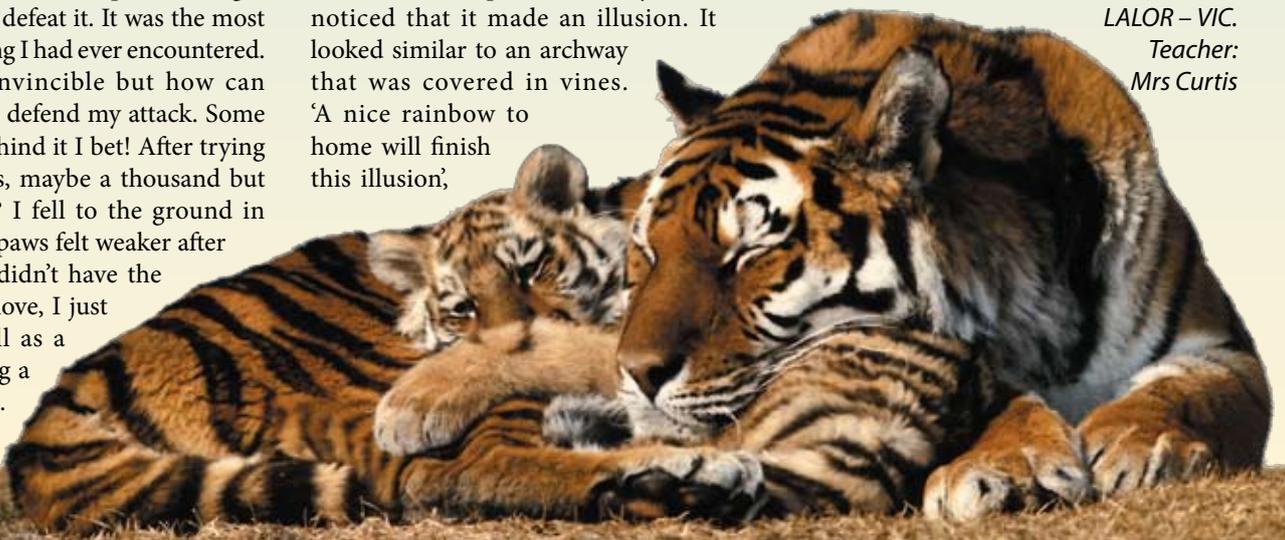
By **Jane Luu**

Year 6, St Luke's Primary School

LALOR – VIC.

Teacher:

Mrs Curtis



CAGED

How the Honeyeater Got Her Helmet

AT THE beginning of creation, many tribes of honeyeaters lived in the swamp forest deep with eucalyptus trees and low growing shrubs: broom tea-tree, scented paperbark and prickly currant bush, all which were great for nesting in and raising young. Food was plentiful and messages of peace whispered through the rustling of the leaves sent by the spirits.

In spring when food was in abundance, the honeyeaters decided to have a feast honouring Mother Earth who breathes life into the forest. The chicks decorated the trees with delicate spider egg sacs that swayed high above. Each bird tribe brought something to eat, sweet nectar, sap, berries, lerps from foliage and insects. They sang songs, chirping in rhythm with the wind, dancing through the trees. All the birds were in harmony, happily soaking in the warmth of nature.

But a strange feeling crept through the festivities with dusk. The birds grew quiet, the young took flight, fluttering up to their nests. Small branches and twigs of nearby trees snapped loudly into the night air. A greedy possum glided down. The honeyeaters did not fear the possum, as they had not encountered such a creature. The bird tribes were still naïve. One fair and brave bird named Hyura, chirped, “If you wish to join the feast, you must bring some food”.

The possum, who had large brown eyes, appeared kind to the honeyeaters. But the possum wasn't. He growled and hissed, gorging on their food. The birds squawked, “Stop! Go away!”. The blue-face honeyeaters retreated, while the scarlet tribe froze, all in fear of what the possum might do next.

Hyura, who was a yellow and black coloured honeyeater, squawked loudly at the possum. “You must now go! You have overstayed your welcome!” The greedy



possum snarled, “Or what? You can't hurt me”. Hyura puffed up her soft yellow feathers, appearing bigger and stronger. The greedy possum would not back down. He barrelled up a tree and swallowed an egg. The mother, a scarlet honeyeater, cried out her loss.

Hyura deployed a daring dive at the possum, aiming for his eye. The possum screeched in pain, his right eye blinded. Hyura called to her tribe, “Help!”. Her tribe circled above, like birds of prey, swooping, lunging on the well-fed possum. Busily darting at the intruder, the honeyeaters pecked with precision. The possum's smooth silky fur stained red. The greedy possum screeched one last battle groan, blood trickling from his wounds, leaving a trail of red as he scurried away.

Some birds stared in fright while other bird tribes scattered to the calm of their nests. A blanket of cold air rushed through the swamp forest as the yellow and black tribe were left to preen their feathers. The sky became dark and angry as the Warrior Spirit descended from Mother Earth. Fearing they were going to be punished,

Hyura and her tribe flew high into Eucalyptus trees. The spirit summoned Hyura down. He smiled at her bravery and strength. He gave Hyura a gift, a fallen gumnut from a eucalyptus tree. The Warrior Spirit placed the gumnut on her head. “Your tribe are now the protectors of this land, symbolised by these helmets.” Slowly other tribe members proudly lowered their crests, collecting their armour, to the soft warble of song.

So that's how the yellow and black tribe became the Helmet Honeyeaters, still protecting their land and fighting all threats, human and animal, their territorial nature admired by all other Honeyeater tribes. Sadly, the Helmet Honeyeater has been in many habitat wars, none of which are known to their cousins, thereby making sure other bird tribes are blissfully unaware of man's and nature's disturbances.

Epilogue

The main threat to the Helmet Honeyeater is a small population size and finding suitable swampy habitats with specific trees for nesting and as a food source such as Manna Gum *Eucalyptus viminalis*, Swamp Gum *Eucalyptus ovata* and Mountain Swamp Gum *Eucalyptus camphora* including smaller shrubs, such as Broom Tea-tree *Leptospermum scoparium*, Scented Paperbark *Melaleuca squarrosa* and Prickly Currant-bush *Coprosma quadrifida*. These swamp forests are dying out and the sites we have need to be protected, like the one at Yellingbo Conservation Reserve. Only about 80 Helmet Honeyeaters are left in the wild. With a bushfire or drought, predation by feral or native animals, the Helmet Honeyeater could be wiped out while their numbers are low.

By **Miranda Plowman**,

Year 8,

Distance Education Community Victoria

THORNBURY – VIC.

Teacher: Helen Stearman



HIS HEART was beating like a drum. Miles slowly walked through the spiky undergrowth till. He could see the battered, deserted old mansion in front of him.

He quickly jumped onto the wooden porch and excitedly pushed the heavy, dusty oak door. Hearing the metal hinges loudly groan, as it slowly opened.

He went into the dark mysterious hallway, and gazed around at the spooky portraits of scary long dead people looking at him from the small bright walls. He turned his head and saw the scariest thing in the world. A KILLER CLOWN WITH A CHAINSAW!

He quickly made his way to the foot of the steep wet staircase and began to rapidly climb the loud creaking stairs. His hand was sweating like an athlete who had just

run a marathon, as he held the dusty cold banister to steady his faltering steps.

As he reached the top of the slippery staircase, Miles heard, "BANG! CRASH!". He froze with fear as he lost his footing. Miles almost tipped backwards. As he got to the top, with great regret Miles started running and slipped. Unfortunately he fell and he got his foot got caught in the rough wooden floorboard.

Miles started to tremble in fear as he heard the sound of someone screaming in fright. Miles said "go away!" as he pulled his foot out of the floorboard and mumbled in fright. "I didn't do anything to you, I just want an adventure in my life!" Miles heard footsteps coming from the stairs. Miles stood thinking what to do but then he ran like a cheetah being chased. He got lost in the corridors. Miles opened a dusty oak trapdoor and realised it was the way out onto the roof. He jumped out and found a ladder so he climbed down to the floor and ran home in relief!

THE END!

By **Madeline Kriaris**
 Year 6, St Luke's Primary School
 LALOR – VIC.
 Teacher: Mrs Curtis

THANK YOU

Standing in the dark.
 As the sun rose, I could see flickers of gold.
 A single figure stands alone from the crowd.
 His medals reflected in dawn's rising light.
 Reflection. Recollection. Lost in thought.
 Memories buried away, of horrors we will never know.
 Terror and fear. Not much older than me.
 Friends died along the way, in an effort to save the day.
 On battlefields that bear their blood. Childhood innocence, forever gone.
 A land so distant. A land so different. A land not home. A land not free.
 Does he know how proud we are? Of the sacrifice that left its scar?
 The "Last Post" plays. He moves away. I run to him. What will I say?
 Gratitude I can never repay. A Nation's pride I want to convey.
 Alone together, he looks at me. "Thank you" is all I say.
 He smiles at me and turns to leave and I realise, he did it all for me.

By **Georgia Ryan**
 Year 6, St Agnes Primary School
 PORT MACQUARIE – NSW
 Teacher: Mrs Kate de Bressac

Do you know a reluctant reader?

Hazard River Series

by Julie Fison

Hazard River is an exciting adventure series in the tradition of Enid Blyton's *The Famous Five*. With an emphasis on page-turning fun and action, these books are perfect for reluctant readers. Each story also conveys a subtle environmental message such as habitat destruction, endangered species and marine preservation. With plenty of humour and adventure to be had, *Hazard River* is sure to appeal.

Blood Money!

Everyone wants to have cool new stuff. Right? So when Jack Wilde and his friends find a bag full of money at Hazard River, it looks like all of their dreams have come true. But as they soon discover – money doesn't always bring happiness, sometimes it buys a whole lot of trouble.

Shark Frenzy!

Jack Wilde and his friends are on holidays at Hazard River when they discover a dead

shark washed up on the sand. It has no fins. Is it the work of a monster shark... a giant squid... or pirates? The gang decides to investigate. But finding out what killed the shark lands the kids in a whole lot more trouble than they ever imagined.

Snake Surprise

It's a boring wet day on Hazard River until Jack Wilde and his friends find a note on an abandoned boat. The message is damaged but they can all read the words HELP ME. The gang must find out who needs help and why. But as they get closer to the answer, will they be the ones who need help?

Bat Attack

It's New Year's Eve and Jack Wilde and his friends are getting ready for a night of fun at the local disco. But when a mad driver almost runs them over, things start to go very badly wrong. Will New Year's Eve be the best night of their lives or the

very worst? As the clock ticks towards midnight, only time will tell.

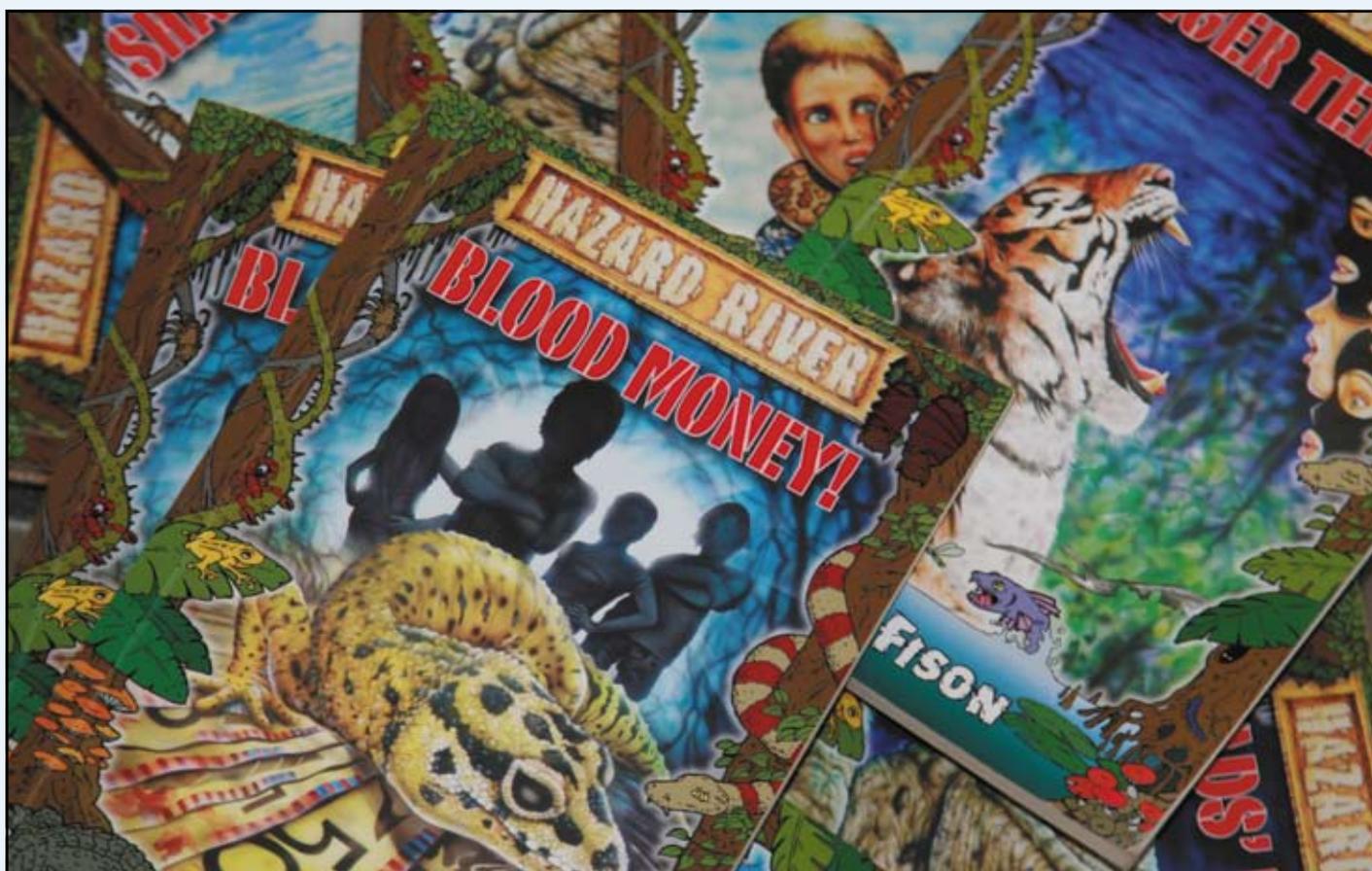
Tiger Terror

Tigers are on the verge of extinction. Everyone knows that. So why does Jack Wilde think he's seen a tiger paw in a medicine shop in Chinatown? To find out the truth Jack and his friends must become junior spies. But they soon realise that their mission is anything but child's play.

Toads' Revenge

When Australia's best-known adventurer moves to Hazard River, Jack, Ben, Mimi and Lachlan want to meet him. But instead of getting to know Just Orsum, the kids end up on his most dangerous and daring mission ever. Where will they end up, and more importantly how will they ever get back?

— Carol Dick, *Oz Kids in Print* Editor



The Legends Series

By Michael Panckridge

Collect the first 4 books of the Legends series. Get each book signed and delivered to your door! They're yours for \$45.00 plus postage!

Chasing the Break

Mitchell Grady is the new boy at Sandhurst School. Every year, the students compete to be the school's Sporting Legend — the best out of eight sports.

The first round is in the surf at the school camp. Mitchell is good, but is he good enough? Travis Fisk, the school bully, doesn't think so.

Who will be the Legend of Surf? Find out when they go chasing the break.

Against the Spin

It's official, Mitchell Grady is a legend. A

Legend of the Surf. It's time to let the ball games begin.

Cricket is the next sport and there are plenty of good cricketers. To win you need to be strong in all areas. Or a bully. How do you compete against that?

Who will be this year's Cricket Legend?

Down the Line

Mitchell Grady has done it again. He is the Legend of Cricket.

Surely Travis Fisk, the school thug who'll do whatever it takes to win, won't let him win three events in a row. What will he try this time?

For the first time Mitch and Luci are pitted directly against their friends. It's one thing

to play your enemies and win, but how does it feel to beat your friends? It's not all fair play when the stakes are high.

Clearing the Pack

Football and netball are the next two sports in the Legends series, and Travis and Mia are flying high.

Travis steps up his intimidation tactics, knowing he's got to win this one to stay in the race.

But has he gone too far this time? Can Mitchell and Travis set aside their differences to battle the tough Wetherhood team and achieve the impossible? Meanwhile, Bryce investigates the mystery in the library.

Suddenly, there's a whole lot more to play for...



Lone Girl

My talents are wasted
My fears are many
My friends leave me abandoned
I do not see any,
Any one in my world
I'm the lone girl.
That girl you see,
Sitting on her own
Her eyes large staring
But they do not see you
A smile a frown
It's hard to tell
You wave
She smiles
You made her day
You wave smiling
She waves back smiling
You made her day
Better brighter
You see her
Stop and walk over to her
You have a choice, smile and walk by
Or stop and talk
You smile and walk by
But that night you can not sleep
Something haunts you.
That sad smile you walked by today
That's what haunts you
Her lonely eyes they haunt you too.
I must talk to her you say
But you don't
Day in day out
You don't talk
Night in night out you are haunted
Is it by a sad smile
Or by lonely eyes?

It's both you realise
Talk to me I beg of you

Those are the words I can not form
So my lonely eyes oh my lonely eyes
Do the talking for me.
Same as my sad smile
Finally you talk to me

I'm flying or so it seems
The ring of the bell
The clatter of running feet
You go and I'm the lone girl again
You see again, on my own
Every day

But nothing, you don't make me fly
Until I'm near a shadow.
Then you come, but I don't fly
You stare, I know that look
That look in your eyes.
You're frightened and don't understand.
Why? What? How? You want to ask but
Something is stopping you
Welcome to my life I wish I could say.
I'm frightened, I don't understand.
Never ending questions in my head
That I can not say
Now you know my story tell me yours
For who will I tell?
I am the lone girl and I'm proud of it!

By **Mykaela O'Brian**
Year 9, Covenant College
BELL POST HILL – VIC.



Untitled

Embarked on the wind again one dawn,
Witnessed the nature rouse and yawn.
Aspired to climb the heights,
Like I had all the rights.
Raced the clouds to the edge of the stream;
Striking reality as if it's a dream.

Immersed my wings in the golden glow of the fire;
Birds tweeted, leaves rustled as if set up for a choir.
An accustomed sensation of pleasure hit me;
Inside, pride and glory built me.
An affectionate touch of a tender breeze,
Who knew these days were about to cease?

Then occurred the moment when the dark appeared,
The colours, I saw ahead were smeared.
Tried to lift myself but was unable to gain,
One of my downy wings throbbed with pain.
Threw a glance at my bruised spot,
And all I saw was a blood red stain.

Inch by inch, the sight dissolved
And all I felt was a painful, sudden thud
Senses travelled back, and I realised that,
Wrapped me were these beryllium bars
Took for granted my blessing of freedom,
Now taught me a lesson, this lifetime scar

Cut from rest of the world I cry in grief,
I hope and wish this cursed part would be brief.
Good memories now rest in my earlier life,
Though not comparable to my present life.
I tell myself be thankful but now agony is in my nature;
After all, it takes time to cure and heal a suture.

By **Reesha Kashif**
Year 8, Australian Islamic College of Sydney
MOUNT DRUITT – NSW

The Thief



ONCE upon a time there was a thief that wanted to steal a pair of shoes because he had no shoes to wear. He only had \$1.00 and all the shoes cost \$10.00.

He needed a pair of shoes so he wouldn't get bitten by the bull ants and the other nasty things on the ground and prickles too.

So he went out at night time when no one would see him. He went around to all the little kids' houses and took all the shoes he could find.

He took Ninja turtle shoes, fast Flash shoes, runners and sneakers.

Some were too big and some were too small but one pair was just right so he went back and returned all the other shoes. But he couldn't remember where they all belonged and he put them back in the wrong places.

The policeman ended up wearing ballet shoes, the Flash was wearing Spiderman shoes, Spiderman was wearing the Flash's shoes, and the ballet dancer only had a pair of police boots to wear.

And the little boy down the road, his name was Jack, had... no shoes to wear. Jack's shoes were **STOLEN!** He cried and cried.

The thief saw Jack crying and felt really bad. He was sorry he had stolen Jack's shoes so he returned them.

Jack was so happy to get his shoes back that he gave the thief \$9.00 so he could buy himself a pair of \$10.00 runners.

THE END



By **Andy Johnson**
Year 1, Greenhills Primary School
GREENSBOROUGH – VIC.
Teacher: Ms Draper

Luckily We Escaped

THE HISSING sound of the midnight wind blowing, the smoke in the air making everyone cough from how dusty it was. The sound of people whispering very softly, the sound of your feet stepping on the pebbles. Gunshots firing, hiding in alleyways so they can't find you.

We were trying to get out of here maybe to Australia but there is a 50% chance that, that will happen because the Tokyo airport was closed because of what is happening and it wasn't safe to fly.

We went to the dock and luckily we found a boat there. The condition of the boat wasn't the best, it wasn't too big but was too small for five people. My mother and father started paddling and my sister and I sat together, my sister sat on my lap because there was no room for all four of us to fit so she had to sit on my lap. We got out of Japan, you're probably thinking what is going on, well there is a war happening and our opponent is America. My sister is 5 years old, I'm 10 and of the ten years that I have been alive I have never felt so scared in my life.



While we were on the boat we went past seals, and lots of fish. I think I even saw a whale jumping out of the water, but it was in the distance. My mum and dad had rest and we just went by shore because

there was a nice place to stay. My dad went hunting and he caught a nice fish to eat, we put it in the fire and when it was cooked we ate it, all together as a family laughing. For once I felt happy.

It was now morning time and my mum and dad started paddling again. Last night I almost forgot about what happened but then when I was sleeping I thought that people will come and get me, my family but then I was really tired and went to bed.

We were now really close to Australia. I could see a big pointy thing and I'm sure that, that was Australia.

"That's how I got to Australia, children." I saw them crying, my sister in the audience, people, important people, they're crying, all of them. I felt happy that I touched someone like that, I feel really happy.

By **Tamara Petkovska**
Year 6, St. Luke's Primary School
LALOR – VIC.
Teacher: Mrs. Curtis

What You Don't Know

The people on the train
don't see the silent figure
Sitting innocently,
Gentle like a ladybird.
She gazes from her phone
And the loud chatter
Makes her feel ignored,
Unknown.

The people on the train
Are a rookery of penguins,
They follow the same beat
Just repetition
And no freedom.
But the only beat she feels
Has a completely different
Rhythm.

The people on the train
don't see her thoughts,
They crash like waves in a storm,

Cause damage to her mind
And form insecurities.
Her thoughts always spin
And the only thing she wants
Is to fit in.

The people on the train
don't see what I see.
She's the mysterious,
Beautiful figure, different
From others, a special face
Who is proud,
Gentle and hidden
like a waterfall in a rainforest,
a face that should not conform.

By **Dominika Lukowska**
Year 10, St Dominic's Priory College
NORTH ADELAIDE – SA
Teacher: Mrs Rathmann



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