

*Celebrating
the Artistic
and Literary
Talents of
Children*

Young Australian Art & Writers' Awards



Cover by Fay Yan

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2018

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29.9.18*



Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

Children's Charity Network wishes to extend its gratitude to the following patrons and ambassadors for their contribution and support in 2018:



Geoff Handbury AO
Organisation Patron



Lady Potter AC
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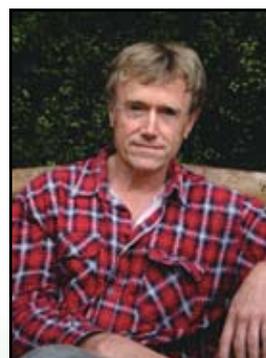


Marc McBride

Young Australian Art Awards Judges



Elise Hurst



Paul Collins



Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

Young Australian Art & Writers' Awards 2018

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



Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

Committee Structure



Australian Children's Literary Board

Committee Members

- Mr Ernest Bland – National Sponsorship Manager
- Mrs Carol Dick – Managing Editor
- Mr Rob Leonard – Publisher (Chair)
- Mr Trevor St John – Advertising Manager
- Professor Margot Hillel AOM – Finals Judge
- Mr Frank Jones – Desktop Publishing & Printing
- Mrs Linda Purcell – Internet Design & Infrastructure



Young at Art

Committee Members

- Mr Marc McBride, Judge
- Mrs Marjory Gardner, Judge
- Mrs Elise Hurst, Judge
- Mr Rob Leonard
- Mrs Linda Purcell
- Mrs Carol Dick

A Word from our Organisation Patron

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

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

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

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

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

Mr Geoff Handbury AO
Patron, Children's Charity Network

Community Partners



Fortescue
The New Force in Iron Ore



SANDFIRE
RESOURCES NL



CommonwealthBank

- Alkane Resources
- Altura Mining
- BCI Minerals Ltd
- Bic Australia
- Calidus Resources
- Capricorn Metals
- C.D. Dodd Recyclers
- Collier Foundation
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- Echo Resources Ltd
- Egan Street Resources Ltd
- Fortescue Metals Group Ltd
- FRRR Foundation
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- Sandfire Resources
- Saracen Gold
- Southern Gold Ltd
- St Barbara Ltd
- The Percy Baxter Trust
- Whitehaven Coal
- William Angliss Charitable Fund

Young Australian Writers' Awards

2018



The BIC Young Australian
Writer of the Year Award

2018

Awarded to

Anna Nguyen

St Dominic's Priory College, SA

'Home'



2018 Young Australian Writers' Awards

Best Short Story from a Primary School

Dymocks Camberwell Literary Award

Amelia Chellew-Halford

Greenslopes State School, Qld.

Rider in the Woods



Best Short Story from a Secondary School

Lions Club Literary Award

Damya Wijsekera

Hornsby Girls' High School, NSW

Mirror



Best Poetry from a Primary School

Commonwealth Bank Literary Award

Rania Aldanu

Roxburgh Park Primary School, Vic.

Happily Ever After



Best Poetry from a Secondary School

FMGL Literary Award

Olivia Torres

John Therry Catholic High School, NSW

Remaining



Helen Handbury Literary Award

Imogen Taylor-Thorne

Ravenswood School for Girls, NSW

An Unforgiving World

Helen Handbury Achievement Award

Sophie Merrin

The Hamilton and Alexandra College, Vic.

Possum Power

C.D. Dodd Young Indigenous Writer of the Year

C.D.DODD

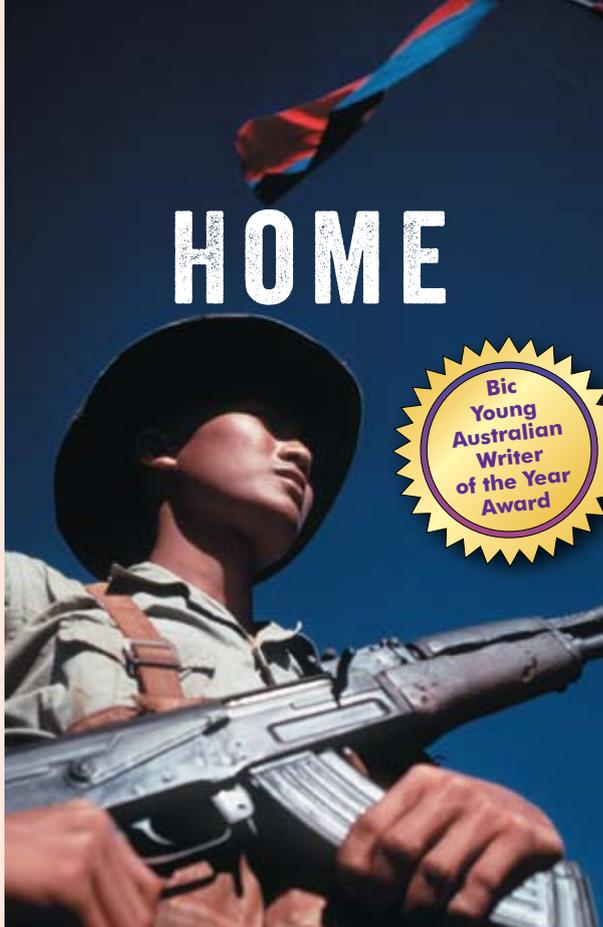
Vassili Dorner
Bullsbrook College, WA
The Emu and the Sun

C.D.DODD

THI CLUTCHES her book bag close to her chest as she anxiously paces her way home from school, eyes darting from side to side. Under her straw hat, the scorching red sun still manages to create a sheen of sweat on her back and beads of perspiration as salty as tears invade her eyes.

The year is 1975, and the Viet Cong have just invaded Saigon. Only a few months ago, her family was seated around the radio, listening to the live updates on the war and its progress. She remembers her mother holding onto her younger sisters, her older siblings scattered closely around the room, and she recalls looking up at her father's serious eyes for directions on how she should react. And then the words came – “The Viet Cong have reached Saigon...”. People broke out into loud sobs, mothers held onto their children desperately and the men rushed to lock up their houses. Thi distinctly heard screams and wails of despair and absolute horror from down the street, and the echoes still haunt her as she darts around the neighbourhood in the early hours of dawn to get to school.

She reaches the corner, hesitates to turn for a second and hastily makes the final sprint to her house. The door is left slightly open for whenever the children come home, and she slides between the frame like a mouse, then shuts it tightly, along with the sunlight that unwelcomingly wedges itself in. The house has become eerily quiet in the past months, except for the occasional clink of the two youngest playing tea cups, followed by hushed giggles and her mother's weary looks. The aging woman does not say anything, but Thi can tell by her complex expression that she fears for their future, and how she will have to potentially send them away to a safer country. However, their survival is finite. She looks over at Nga, the youngest of eight siblings, with a sweaty patch of hair and skinny arms wearing a worn out dress too big for her scrawny body. “Hello Nga. Hello Yen. Mother, I'm home”. The children wave and whisper to one another, and the mother simply nods and points to the meal of rice and dried fish on the table. This has become a routine, and she knows exactly where the others are – some have retreated into their rooms, and some are at work with their father. She always hopes



she could see the day when she will wait for her own family to come home, but now, that dream wavers.

Thi makes her way upstairs to the room she shares with her sisters. As the only sibling to occupy the room that afternoon, she creaks the window slightly open for some air, enough for a soft breeze to enter, but not so that the neighbours can peer into the room. Now that the Viet Cong have arrived, she is taught not to trust anybody any more, not even the neighbours, for it is too dangerous. The streets are unsafe, her mother tells her, and it is far worse if you are Catholic. Mad men persecute and murder in broad daylight, and nobody is outwardly Catholic. If you swear to your religion, then you swear to secrecy. Thi notices that her mother wears the rosary beads around her neck, but even on the streets they are tucked underneath her collar with her head tilted down, eyes never meeting anybody else's unless absolutely necessary to not look suspicious.

“Why don't you just take it off? If you never wear it then you will never be caught”, Thi says to her mother, but she is met with a saddened look.

“We are Catholic”, her mother replies, “We will never lose our faith”.

Suddenly, a shout from outside breaks her trail of thought. Thi peers over the window

and squints at the silhouetted figures below. The glare of the sun makes it difficult for her to see, but shifting angles allows her to make out the face of an old man, surrounded by a group of other men. She is unable to distinguish the words, but a shiny glint catches and guides her eyes towards his neck – a metallic cross openly exposed on his chest. The tense movement outside urges Thi to rush downstairs to warn her mother. Beneath, she spots the woman and her children huddled away from the door. The sisters are with their mother, tea cups abandoned and long forgotten.

“Thi! Stay close to me!” she whispers, and ushers the children to quieten their whimpers.

The shouting comes to an abrupt halt, an eerie silence filling the emptiness. Thi stares motionlessly at the wooden frame, then suddenly

the sound of heavy feet pound across the concrete. A loud yell pierces her ears before a gunshot cracks into the air as loud as thunder, and the footsteps halt – the thud of a body coming after. Thi clasps her hands over her mouth in absolute shock, the endless ringing still vibrating into her ear. Except for the beat of her heart, no muscle moving, her eyes never shift from the door frame. It is then that she can envision it – the bloodied bodies of thousands of innocent civilians, both children and adults, mauled by the heartlessness and violence of the Viet Cong that have come before this day. She remains unshaken until the cry of her mother breaks her out of the trance.

“This place is too dangerous for you”, her mother weeps. “Thi, I have been thinking about this, and you must leave!” Thi looks up to face her mother, warm tears staining her cheeks.

“Tomorrow when it is safer, I will send you away, and you will leave immediately. You must survive for this family, and take your sisters with you!” And Thi understands, that the very next day, she will have to risk a dangerous journey to a new home that will change her life, for better or for worse.

By Anna Nguyen

Year 12, St Dominic's Priory College

NORTH ADELAIDE – SA

Teacher: Shelda Rathmann

Rider in the Woods

HER HOOVES pounded against the snow-covered path weaving in between the stark woods of winter. The wind rushing through my dark hair, with a tint of snow brushing onto my face. As I ran deeper into the woods of ice the idea of the cold snow storms ahead became more and more apparent. I decided to head back to the barn, as Queen's pace was starting to slow.

As I emerged from the barn, the woods became more open, and the neighing of the horses neared. I could hear Spencer, our little white Pony whinnying loudly as I drew near. "Snow storms coming" she seemed to suggest to me. Hercules, our laziest horse was pacing back and forth. Her pacing meant something. She meant business. I hauled all tack off her back and put it in its place, then led her into her stable. After that I feed her freshly picked carrots from the farm. I knew she'd need a good dinner.

An hour later, the snow storm hit. It was a big one. Out of my wide window I saw wooden planks flying off nearby houses. I felt so bad, and yet motivated to help. But I was helpless. I heard horses neighing.

The hail in, horses out.

I was quite sure not all of them had escaped from the barn. I thought of Queen. The second thing I heard was a big bang. I ran toward the stair well and slid down the oak railing. Peering out one of the front windows I saw the barn door had been burst open by wind and hail. I know Hercules and Spencer would have stayed. Queen was brave and would face the storm, so she ran with a couple of other horses. She'll be impossible to find during the snow storm, with her white fur.

Then the rain pelted down. There was no way I could get out. Just as my horse did, I felt my feet sinking into the snow with every footstep. The wind was wailing, and rushed past my face. I ran head first into the forest, following the trail of hoof prints. I realised that the wind was too wild. I needed a better way of transport. So I ran towards the barn, where Annika was just tacking up Hercules.

"Are you going to find Pepper?" I asked Annika.

"Yeah, I'm just so worried about her, little

nut. She should have never run off, but I understand why and I do love her", she replied.

"I do understand as well, and I feel exactly as you about Queen. But let's stop standing around and find our horses, before it's too late!"

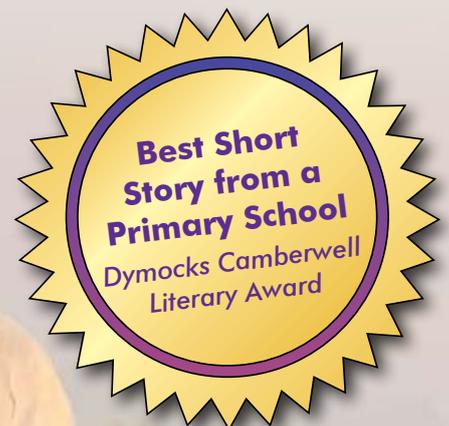
"You're right, let's go!"

I tacked up Spencer, and we galloped out.

We raced off through the raging winds and reached the edge of the forest. Following my small footsteps once again, and then once they had died down, following the many hoof prints, some of which were Queens. As we rode on, the snow started to cover up their tracks. And we were in the midst of nowhere.

It grew colder and colder. Our thick coats soon became not enough. Until we heard the silent neighing of the pack of horses. We rode towards the sound. Then we saw them. Sheltering under a huge oak tree

Continued on page 10



Continued from page 9

with thick branches and thickly gathered leaves, the horses waited together. This was one of the only trees with leaves. I could see Queen in the midst of them all. I jumped off Spencer and ran to her. Standing beside her again I stroked her thick winter coat once again.

"Let's go home", I said.

I rode Queen back to the barn, and gave warning that the horses are out there and need help, urgently.

"We need to lead them back home".

I rode back through the snow, to collect the rest of the horses and it was hard work. They were distressed from the storm. They were shaking their head to and fro, not willing to go back through the remaining icy winds. This windy snow giant.

Once we had led them all back to the barn they calmed. Although the barn entrance was quite the wreck, we put the horses in the stalls lower downstairs with the indoor heating device. I headed back to my cottage, where I slipped back into bed, with a warm hot chocolate by my side.

The next day, in the morning sunlight the remaining pieces of debris were lying around in the snow. My boots were sinking deeper down as I walked with the fresh layer of snow. I walked further towards the barn and saw some builders repairing the large barn door. I walked carefully past and ran towards Queen, hugging her and giving her a special treat of a bunch of ripe grapes. Which she happily munched up, the purple juice smearing her face. I laughed. Maybe be a bit more careful when you eat them next time, I said as I wiped the juice off her nose.

"Silly Goose", I said. "How about we go for a winter ride, to freshen up?"

She whinnied back to me, as a yes.

I tacked her up, and we set out. Through the woods like yesterday, wind through my hair, wind through her mane. It was the feeling of freedom. But then something quite peculiar happened. A dark figure emerged from the thickly close part of the woods.

"Uh, hello?" I asked. "Who's there, come out of the dark!"

The figure became closer, revealing a face, still mostly over shadowed face.

"Who are you?"

The body stepped back. As if cautious of the founding of eyes laid upon. Come out, come all the way out.

Then, a surprisingly high voice spoke.

"Why should I?"

"So, so I can know who you are."

"Why's this?"

"Well, if you were riding through the woods in early morning and just happened to come across a small figure covered in shadows, wouldn't you be the slightest bit curious?"

"Fair point", the voice admitted.

"So, if you're not afraid to talk so generally, then why not reveal your face?"

"Personal reasons."

"I'm not afraid of a quirky face, at all."

"That's what they all say."

"Just come out, I'm just going to stay here until you do."

Finally, the figure of a girl stepped forward, revealing a pale face, crystal clear eyes, and dark flowing hair. She stumbled slightly, getting closer to me and Queen.

"Say something?!" she said.

"Uh, Hello?"

She turned toward me, as if relying on the sense of sound.

"Say something else", she repeated.

"I'm right here, I don't need to talk for you to come closer."

Suddenly her face looked up, instantly looking straight at me.

"Or do I?", she said.

"What do you mean, I'm quite afraid you not making any sense at all!"

"I'm blind I would have thought you had realised that by now, is not hard to tell", she said bluntly.

"Oh. Now I just feel dumb."

"Yes so would I if I was in your situation, but I'm not, I'm in my situation and I'm afraid it has nothing to do with yours."

"OK... um start again?"

"I'm saying that my life situation now is a lot worse than yours, in a nutshell."

"Well not necessarily, we both have very different life styles, so it would be impossible to compare them equally."

"Keep talking, scientist."

"So why are you here anyway?"

"Why does it matter?"

"Just tell me things I want to know, and don't tell me the things I don't want to know."

"I was out strolling in the woods with my guard dog Spartan that evening that the snow storm hit. But as soon as that wretched storm hit, he just back stabbed me and skittishly ran home."

"Well, if I was a dog walking head first into a windy snow storm I would do exactly the same."

"Yes, yes, keep talking."

"So, I was stranded in the middle of the woods, blind as a newborn gosling and in the middle of a raging snow storm."

"Right, now I understand."

"And so, the eastern winds were so wild I just decided I would let my body fly with them."

"You flew here?"

"Of course not. I just walked and the winds gave me a boost."

"OK. So how do you suppose you get back?"

"I'm not."

"Why not?"

"Strong winds don't take you here for no reason. I heard something crash. What was it?"

"The barn door. You have acute hearing."

"Thank you".

The barn door got hit so the horses could fly free. Some are probably still out there, you just haven't realised it. And your horse is here and came back because of your intensive care and unconditional love for her".

"I got pulled by the wind here. Perhaps this is why all this happened, maybe it isn't a complete accident."

"Well what about me?"

"The woods pulled you here. This is where you shall be for life. If you try to escape, move away. It will always be one step ahead of you."

"This is a fairytale story, why could I believe it?"

"It's called Mother Nature in a nutshell. That's why you should believe it. Because nothing happens for no reason. I didn't get pulled here for no reason. The barn door didn't break because of the hail, it broke for

the horses to break free. And the woods were here for a natural wonder, that draws people like you down deeper, deeper and deeper every day. There's no denying it."

Moral:

Mother nature makes things, and natural wonders for a reason, this is why we humans are drawn so easily to them. So, respect and preserve them while you can.

The End.

By **Amelia Chellew-Halford**
Year 6, Greenslopes State School
GREENSLOPES – QLD.
Teacher: Mr Castle

REMAINING

Like all the other girls, she'd waved him off
Kissed his head, and clutched his hands
"Come back safe!" she'd said.
She lay in her white nightgown, waiting for sleep's mothering arms
And whispered goodnight.

How dull it is without him,
A hollowing emptiness,
How lonesome the sun washed rooms.
How frightening it is without her,
As mad shells plunged and dove,
How deep the blood has soaked
Only the soft remains of her touch can keep him at bay.
He curled in his wet uniform, hoping for night's silence
And whispered goodnight.

Spiralling down the vicious cycle
Between her and the dead man
He clings to what little is left of her
Her touch, her warmth, her breath, her – her –
He cannot remember
Thinking only of the man who withered before him,
Drowning in a pool of red and white.
He screeches into the night.

If only she could see him
Arms outstretched to the sky,
Deaf to the ringing booms and crashes.
As she covers her windows, hidden,
He gasps and chokes.
As she wanders the hushed house,
He cries out for her, begging to see her again
His woman, his love
As she whispers goodnight,
This is his last.

A flicker of yellow flutters to her hands.
Behind white, glassy eyes
She tears at the seams of the harrowing pain
Throwing the rags of their flesh behind her
Straining to rid of their presence
Elapsing

You
Who took away their youth and purity
Do you sit idly by yourself, proud?
Proud you are of your triumph,
Leaving us to sink in the dust.
The broken body of a child, left in tatters and shreds
The broken spirit of a man, no longer his
The distorted daydream
He wanted
Now rots in the cages of his cracked ribs
Where vines cling snugly.

The last embers
Goodbye, my remaining yesterday.

By **Olivia Torres**
Year 9, John Therry Catholic High School
ROSEMEADOW – NSW
Teacher: Miss Siobhan Moore



Mirror



THE SPACE of time between my memories was so substantial, I had forgotten the feeling of there being any other life in this house.

I no longer remembered the feeling of movement, the sight of change, the touch of emotion that had once been my life.

And perhaps that was my greatest mistake, because it hindered me from discerning who I was.

★★★

Following those vacant, immeasurable years, it was a surprise to me to once more feel the beat of footsteps echoing, the sound of breathing, the anticipated laughter.

I felt everything as if for the first time, for I had still omitted that time so long ago when it had last been a reality. Right to the tingling thrill of having new people move in, everything was pleurably incredulous once more.

But the greatest shock was her.

With her short-cropped caramel hair and simple cerulean eyes, the bent back of a reader and the wispy hands of a pianist,

she stared so innocently, but her gaze seemed to pierce past as if it were going right through me.

All at once, I saw something in her. Something that I wanted. What could it be? I could not tell. Like a drowning creature that reaches in vain for the sunlight above, I could not grasp the thing that called to me, or even the knowledge of what it was.

The first course of action that came to my then-flimsy mind was to become her. Perhaps in imitation, I might find what it was I searched for, and be able to obtain it.

The aimless longing grew like a flower turned to the sun inside of me, until it was so great it came bursting out through my leathery and calloused hands, stretching the fingers long and narrow. It spouted from my eyes, dying what was once brown blue. It coursed through my body, making my strong limbs thinner and thinner to an elegant slimness, making my skin the colour of the inside of an apple. It fizzed through my hair, turning flaxen curls brown and straight.

And there, in an instant, I looked like her.

But I felt no spark of realisation. No thrill of understanding. I was still a drowning creature reaching for sunlight. I still did not know what I wanted. I still did not have what I wanted.

Perhaps looking like her was not enough. Perhaps I needed to do more. To behave like her too, would surely allow me to ascertain what I wanted.

For weeks I was happy living in her shadow. I read books with her. I played piano with her. When she shouted out in joy, I added my voice to the chorus. Every moment she spent in that room, in reach of my gaze, I was there with her, copying her every movement. I grew better and better at the idolisation that had become my life and purpose, though I was little closer to my goal of recognising and obtaining the mysterious value I longed for.

Then one day, she came in with her mouth pressed in a thin, solid, pink diamond and a hand cowering over a long, wet orange scar over one cheek. After she had set down her books, she came right up close to me. An eager slave to curiosity, I stepped as far as I could go, right up to her, only a hand's length away. I stared at the scar a moment while she paused, before realising I knew what to do to clean the cut. Quickly I spun

round and ran back to the cupboard, from which I retrieved a clean cloth. Heading back to where I had stood, I saw that she had had the same idea and now faced me with her own gleaming rag. Holding the cloth to my face, I demonstrated on my own cheek how to clean the cut. She followed my movements so quickly and obediently it was as if we were moving at the same time.

From that day on, it seemed to me, though we never spoke, that she had become better friends with me. She spent more and more time with me, burying herself in books, the two of us reading together. Even long after the first cut had become a bruise, then a scar, then disappeared, she came back with more, often darker and longer, and in different places.

I also noted that the manner in which she shouted had changed. Instead of scattering noise in all directions, her cries became vicious and pleading and pointed.

Once, at the beginning of the end, she cried for reasons I did not know. Weakened in spirit at this sight, I crumpled to the floor and sobbed with her.

Then one day, like the reversal of the first time I had seen her, she packed her every belonging. Then she came up to me, raised her finger and let her hand brush mine. There was a queer look in her eye, like some screaming thing that was about to escape its prison. Then she was gone, walking away without so much as a backward glance.

★ ★ ★

I should tell you that the girl I once tried to imitate has long since run away from this house. I do not think of her without thinking of the great wrongs that I committed.

I remembered myself seeing many other people outside of my prison of glass. Remembered seeing what they had that

I needed to be myself. Remembered imitating them in a desperate wish to obtain the hidden treasure and unconsciously save myself. Remembered watching them leave. Remembered remembering.

I also knew what it was I had wanted. But I felt that unconsciously, I had realised long ago, and simultaneously realised that she no longer had it either.

Freedom. Freedom to be happy. Freedom to escape.

I stared dully at the cruel and degenerative glass that had distorted my view of the horrible realities of my world.

And then, with a reminiscent sigh, I laid my hand against the inside of the hard, cold surface of the mirror that had separated us.

By **Damya Wijesekera**
Year 9, Hornsby Girls' High School
HORNSBY – NSW

The C.D. Dodd Indigenous Writer Award Young Indigenous Writer of the Year

2018

The Emu and the Sun

A LONG time ago, during the Dreamtime, Emu was a beautiful colourful bird. He was admired by all the other birds.

Emu was very proud of himself and became very vain and compared himself to all the other creatures. Because all the creatures could not match his beauty, Emu wanted to show his splendour to Sun, the mighty woman from the heavens.

One day, to impress Sun, Emu flew up in the sky and when he was near Sun, he started to dance in a frenzy of arrogance. He came nearer and nearer to Sun which made her angry. Sun glared at him and

the rays of fire in her gaze burnt Emu's beautiful and colourful feathers. The top of his head, neck and wings got badly burnt.



Emu was in such pain that he fell to the ground and fainted.

When Emu woke up, there was hardly any feather on his head and neck and his wings had burnt to half of their size. He could not fly any more! All his colourful feathers have been burnt too!

This is why the emu we know today is a flightless dull-feathered bird which has hardly any feathers on its head and neck.

By **Vassili Dörner**
Grade 4, Bullsbrook College
Bullsbrook WA
Teacher: Jacqueline Bikim

Possum Power



WORD spread through the possum colony that Old Grey Beard wanted everybody to meet in the assembly hall. When we were all seated, Old Grey Beard said in his old gruff tone, “The time has come for us to have revenge on the humans. For far too long we have been pushed out of our territory, caught in traps and treated like foul pests. Those of you who have been listening in to the children’s classes for three years now, are ready to teach the rest of the colony what you have learnt. Our takeover of the school or ‘invasion’ as I like to call it will take place 2 weeks from today!”

The following weeks were very busy because we were trying to learn as much as we could. In English lessons we learnt how to write and spell correctly, but we still needed a lot more practice at spelling! Sport classes were held in which we learnt how to throw a ball and aim properly. Next was Maths where we worked out how many possums were required to scare each human. After Maths we had the hardest subject of all, Art. It was so hard to hold a camera and click the right button at the same time! Luckily the teacher Miss Brushtail had paid very good attention to the children’s art teacher. In the library we researched war books about taking over other countries, which was very interesting but also very confusing when

trying to find what section the right book would be in. The last subject was Music. Old Grey Beard had insisted upon having this subject taught. “We must have a good victory song when we win the battle,” he would mutter to himself.

At the end of the fortnight we were all very pleased at what we’d learnt. Even Old Grey Beard seemed pleased with us.

It was the day of the great possum takeover! The night before the takeover Miss Brushtail had worked through the night, replacing photographs of human staff and students with portraits of us possums. A large photograph of Old Grey Beard had pride of place in the frame labelled ‘PRINCIPAL’. Miss Lightfoot and Miss Scarfoot, the best spellers in the colony, had written notes on all the teacher’s desks saying “Staff Meeting 8:30am.”

Everyone was in place ready for action. We heard the principal’s car pulling up in the parking area. When the principal was about to enter the big building we had heard the children calling ‘Myrniong’ we jumped out of our hiding places, some of us were hiding in bushes, others behind trees. We had even hidden in the bins! The Principal dropped his bags in

astonishment, and that is when it all began. We hissed at him and then Rufus Screech our sport teacher ordered us to chase him, and we did! We chased and chased, we chased the Principal so far that even we were puffing and panting. “Somebody save me!” he cried as he leapt up a tree, climbing as fast as he could, just like a possum. He looked terrified. He was sweating and his hair was standing on end! Rufus Screech and ten of us stayed at the bottom of the tree throwing balls at the Principal, and the rest? Well, we went to cause more mischief!

As usual Miss Whatson was running late for the staff meeting. As she hurried through the Myrniong hallway she happened to notice that the staff photos had been replaced with pictures of possums. She chuckled to herself, “That Principal is such a trickster.”

“Oh I’m so sorry for being late again, I was just...” Miss Whatson looked into the teachers’ eyes, everyone was pale white and speechless. Miss Whatson knew immediately that something was wrong. One of the teachers pointed behind her so she turned to look. Oh My Goodness! Right there in front of her were forty or more possums. They slammed the door shut. The staff were trapped, it was just like a possum trap. They could get in but they couldn’t get out. Miss Whatson screamed

and then she fainted. The other teachers were too scared to move so Miss Watson just lay there motionless. Eventually the year 4 teacher, a brave young man, grabbed his phone and dialled the school secretary's number, ignoring all the hisses we were making. "We need help, come to the staff room!" the year 4 teacher yelled into the phone. There was a moment's silence and then "HISSSSSSSSSSSS!" Miss Hissy, a cranky old brushtail, was at the secretary's desk hissing at anyone she saw.

Once the staff were all trapped and the Principal was still up his tree shaking with terror, all that was left to deal with were the children, who were due to arrive any minute.

We raced to our agreed positions and waited for our victims to arrive. Luckily the school driveway was lined with big old oak trees, that were full of hard shiny acorns. In other words, perfect ammunition for our slingshots, that we had learnt about in our studies.

Before long the children were arriving. The first few cars slowly rolled over the speed bumps. "1,2,3 FIRE!" Old Grey Beard screeched at us. Bang, boom, crack, the acorns hit the cars with great force. Some of the windows even smashed and that is when we heard the terrified and shocked screams of the families. Although most of the families just drove straight out the opposite school gates, a few of them stopped and began to get out. We fixed this easily by forming a gigantic pyramid in front of the families and some of us even jumped onto the windcreens of the cars and stared through the glass looking menacing (despite all the bashes we were receiving from the windscreen wipers).

None of the humans tried to fight back at this, and we nearly toppled over with laughter as parents fell onto their cars in astonishment and yelled for their children to "Get in quick, we have to get out of here!" It was such a celebrated moment

when the last car drove past with a cracked windscreen and a petrified family inside!

"Possums, please may I have your attention? I am here to inform you, that we have won the battle!" announced Old Grey Beard. "We have overpowered the humans and taken control of the school. The school is now ours! We will use it for our training base for when we take over the town..."

"SURPRISE!" There all of my friends stood in front of me, with a double-decker burger. On the side there was some aioli and tomato sauce, my favourite. "Thanks so much guys, you are the best!" I say full of joy... Maybe I didn't want to quit my job at the diner after all...

By Sophie Merrin

*Year 4, The Hamilton and Alexandra College
HAMILTON – VIC.*

Teacher: Mr Stephen Mirtschin

AN UNFORGIVING WORLD

He looks out to sea with those cold blue eyes,
He imagines a place never seen before by him.
The cold blue sea looks up at him urging him on,
The wind fills the sails and heaves them along.

The crew behind him scurry along hoisting the sails,
Tending to their wounded who look up at them,
Staring into the distance,
To a land never seen by man,

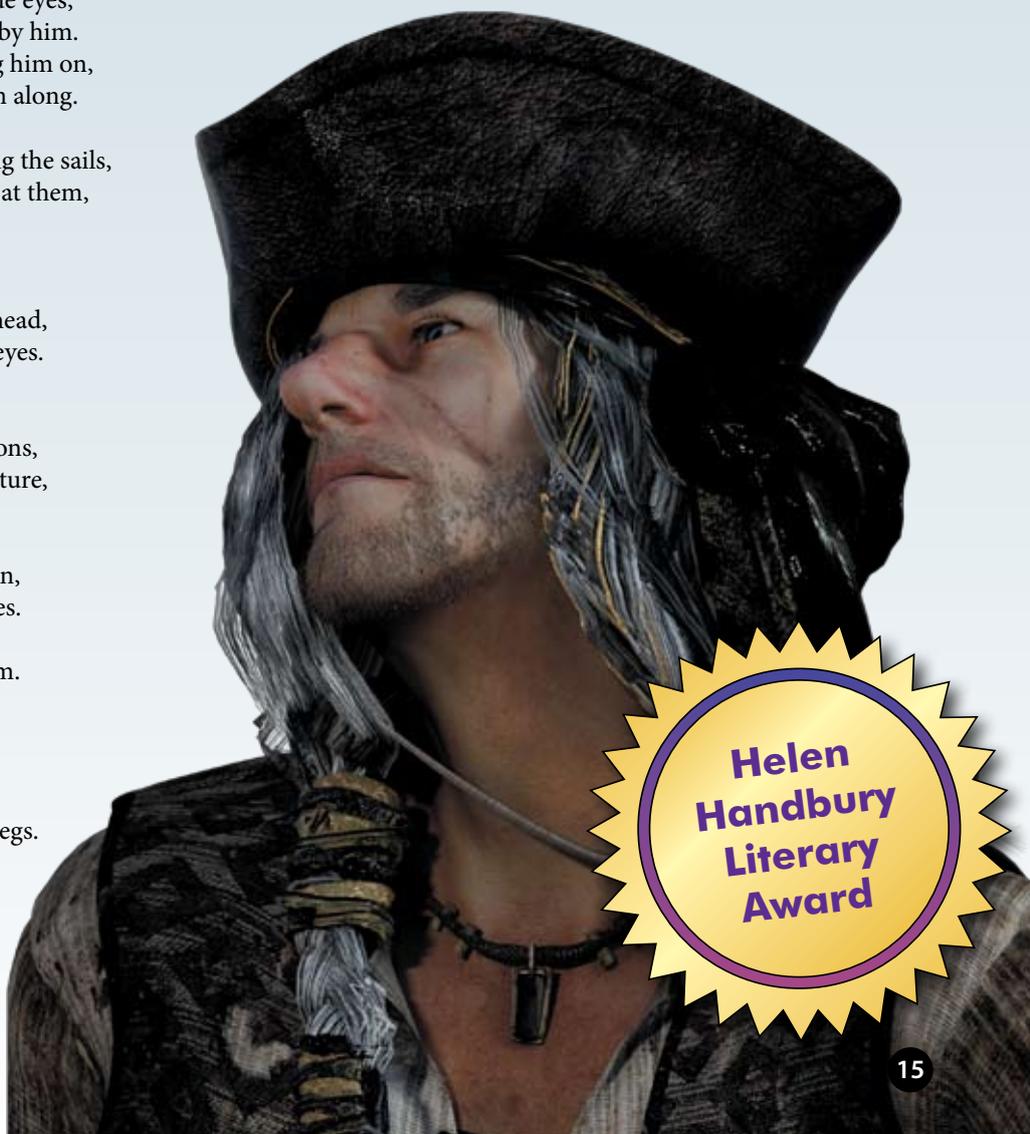
Hearing the whipping he turns his head,
And looks on with those cold blue eyes.

He stands at the prow,
The wind in his face calling directions,
Looking onward towards a better future,
With those cold blue eyes.

Storms brew, trees bend and groan,
Thunder rumbles, lightning strikes.
But still he perseveres,
The world seems to go against him.

Then land comes into view,
Then a porpoise or two,
Then a sandy coloured dog.
Bounding along on two, powerful legs.

By Imogen Taylor-Thorne
Year 5, Ravenswood School for Girls
GORDON – NSW
Teacher: Sharon Shapiro



Happily Ever After

(Between the Pages of a Book)

I know of a place, high up, too far to see,
A cliff, smooth wall of stone,
Me, standing tall and proud, at the edge of reality,
She whispers, run to me,
A choice to do or die,
A leap of faith, hurling myself into her welcoming arms,
Some call it a fall; others a flight,
And shooting downwards, to a bottomless abyss,
Barely a streak of moonlight,
I land softly, nestled between pages of unforetold secrets,
Pages torn, bearing the silent stories of people,
A gentle humming, her humming, a song of magic to be reread,
Time and time again,
Ancient magic pulses, she breathes life into those legacies,
And the smell of fresh parchment soothes my quiet dreams,
Walking along, and she asks,
Come with me, run and escape,
The hours go by and I delve deep,
She shows me worlds of happiness and laughter,
A world where diamonds drip to ice and snow,
Branches held out, reaching forward,
To drink in the pale sun's glow,
And her crystal lake ripples with surprises,
As her heroes gain flight,
Rustling breezes as the trees whisper a secret,
A secret kept for generations,
If only you listen close,

Never leave,
She shows me Love,
Unconditional Love,
But her Love is cruel and sad,
At times, sadistic to the brink of insanity,
She feeds blissfully on my frozen tears,
And the cycle repeats to all who give the leap,
All who wish to escape reality's crueller, twisted hands,
They begin their journey like I did,
Nestled between cracked pages,
And they climb out again,
Waiting dreamily for their own Happily Ever After.

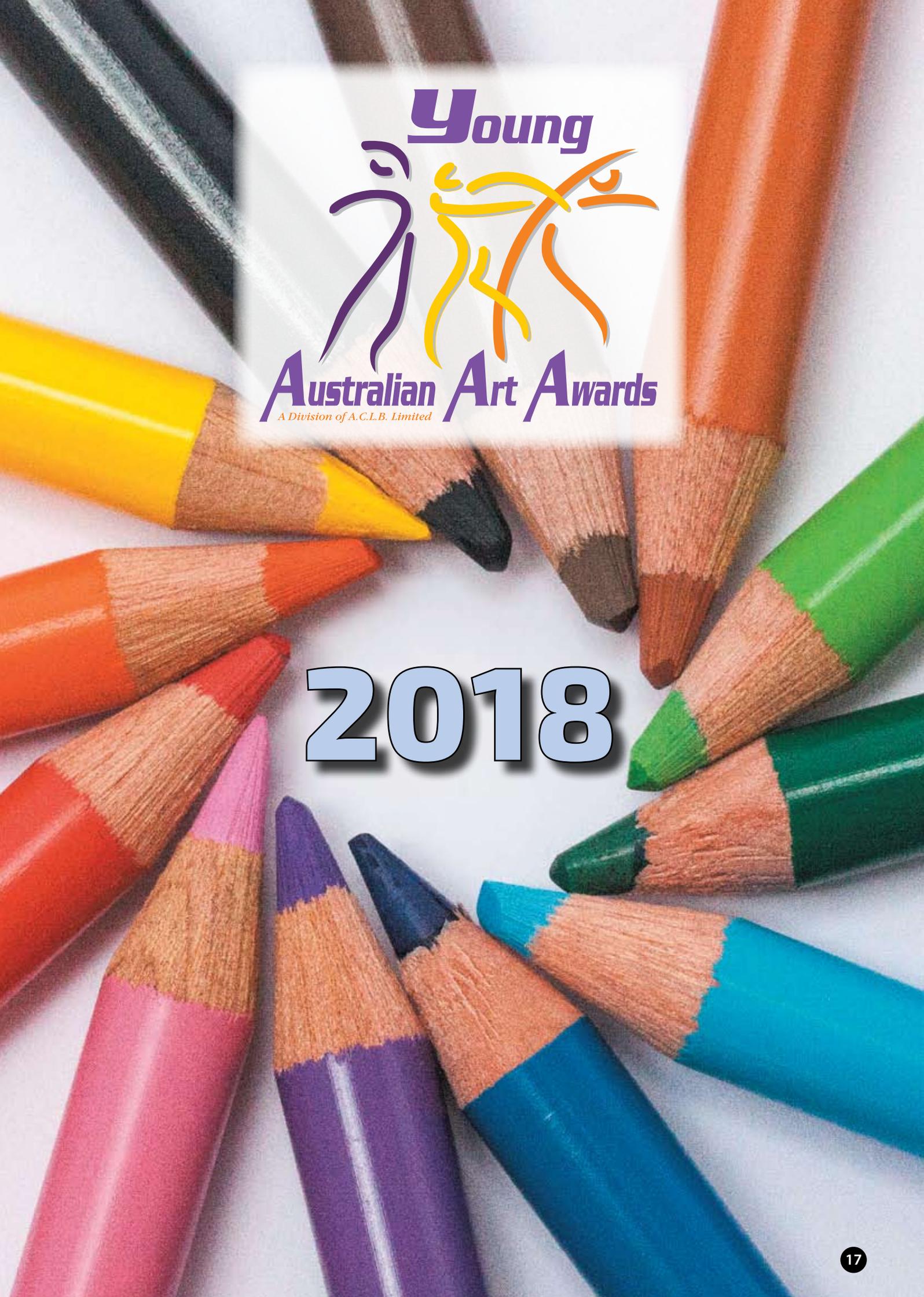
By **Rania Aldanu**

Year 5, Roxburgh Park Primary School

ROXBURGH PARK – VIC.

Teacher: Ms. Erin Willey





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

2018

The Young Australian Art Awards

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

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

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

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

About our Judges: Painting, Drawing, Computer Design



Marjory Gardner

Marjory Gardner was born in Malaysia, and moved with her family to Australia at the age of eleven. Her favourite subject was Art. It still is.

After studying Graphic Design at RMIT, Marjory worked in various design studios before going it alone as a freelance children's book illustrator. She has illustrated a wide range of trade and educational books and magazines, published in Australia and internationally. Her work is recognised for its humour, rainbow colours and appealing characters.

Marjory loves to visit libraries and schools to present workshops, always encouraging students to extend their creativity and develop their own style. She has travelled all around Australia, from Darwin to Hobart and many places in between, promoting The Young Australian Art Awards.

Marjory's website: www.marjorygardner.com



Elise Hurst

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

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

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

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

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

Elise's website: www.elisehurst.com

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



Marc McBride

Marc McBride was educated in Northern Ireland at Bangor Grammar School. Graduating in 1990, he moved to Western Australia to study design at Curtin University. His final year project was the design and manufacture of the Dracula's Castle at Adventure World in Perth. As a set designer for television commercials and short films, Marc was the winner of

the 1995 WA Film and Video Festival for Best Art Direction.

In between his design work, he painted murals for various restaurants across Asia including Dome Cafés. He also began illustrating for magazines and stamps around the world. This association soon led him to book illustration where he has illustrated over 150 book covers and eight picture books.

Marc has had work exhibited with the New York Society of Illustrators and won the 'Aurealis Award for Excellence' for the *Deltora Quest* series and for *World of Monsters*. His book *Secrets of Deltora* is an illustrated travel guide through the world of Deltora.

His picture books include *The Kraken*, *Old Ridley*, *The Deltora Book of Monsters*, *Journey from the Centre of the Earth*, *Tales of Deltora* and *World of Monsters*.

Marc's love of fantasy began when he was a young boy watching Star Wars for the first time. His heroes growing up were animators like Ray Harryhausen who worked on movies such as Jason and the Argonauts and when asked what he wanted to be when he grew up, Marc would reply "King Kong"! His influences for his work range from tacky B-grade movies about giant ants from outer space through to the pop artists of the sixties such as Andy Warhol, Roy Lichtenstein and other illustrators such as H R Giger, who created the Alien and the set design for the movie *Alien*.

The Lady Potter Art Award
Young Australian Artist of the Year

2018



Awarded to

Helen Han

James Ruse Agricultural High School, NSW

'Of Hardships and Helplessness'



2018 Young Australian Art Awards

**Commonwealth
Bank
Art Award**

Painting – Senior (Joint Winner)



CommonwealthBank

Awarded to

Paris Karahalios

The Knox School, Vic.

'Self Portrait'

2018 Young Australian Art Awards

**Commonwealth
Bank
Art Award**

Painting – Senior (Joint Winner)



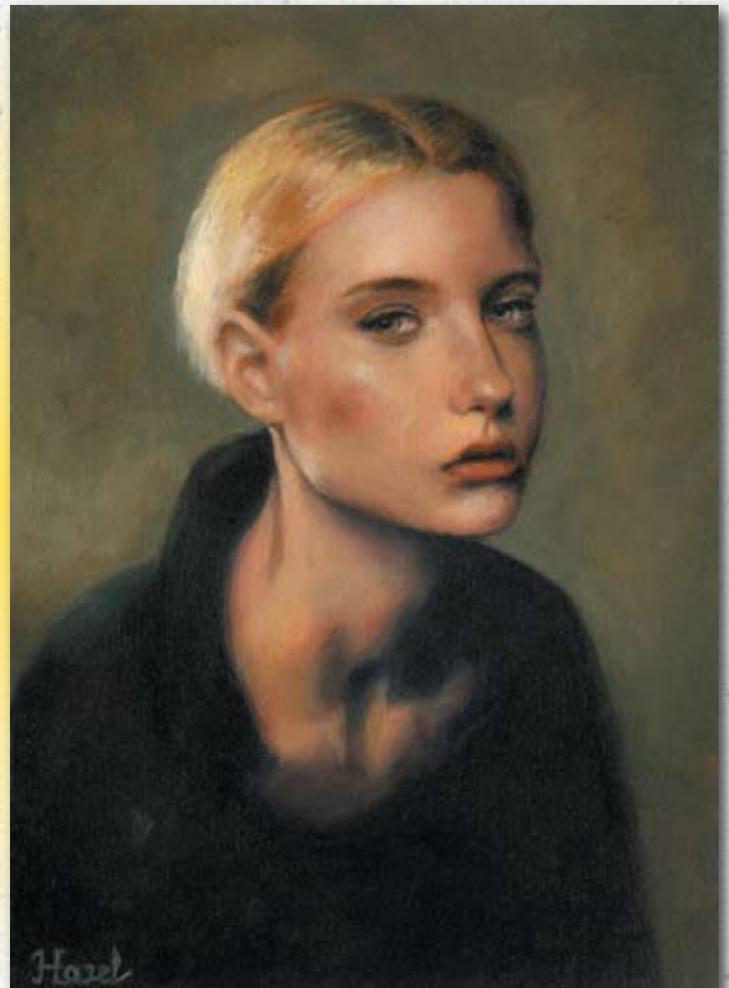
CommonwealthBank

Awarded to

Hazel Thenamkodath

Methodist Ladies College, Vic.

'A Fruitless Silence'



2018 Young Australian Art Awards

**Commonwealth
Bank
Art Award
Painting – Middle**



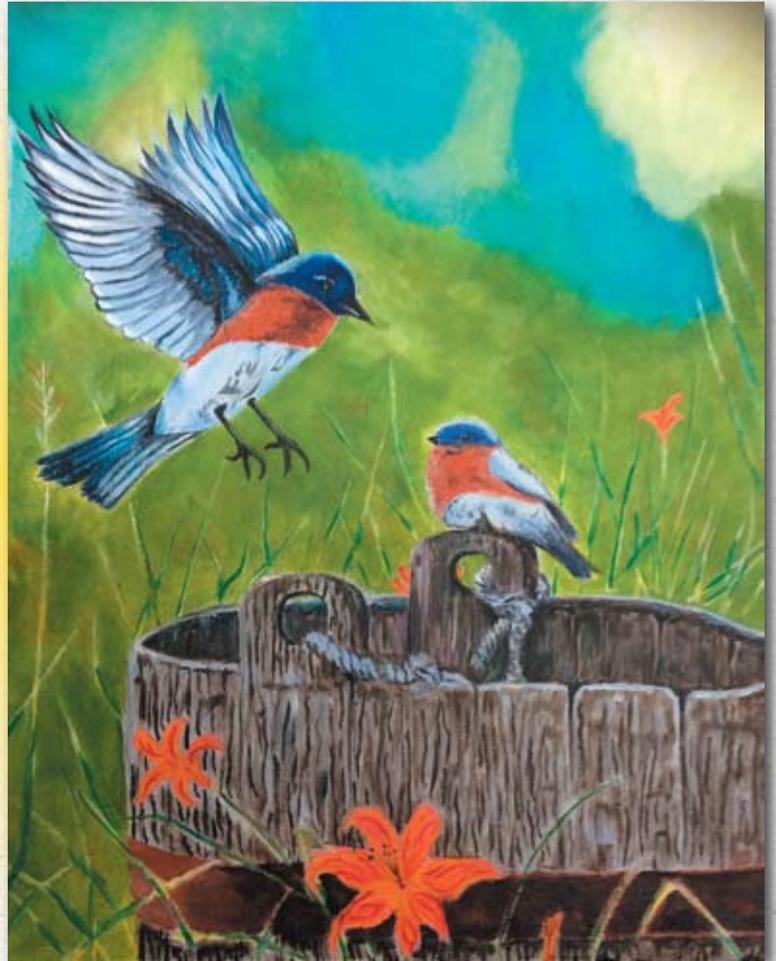
CommonwealthBank

Awarded to

Olivia Wishart

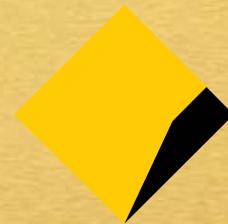
Mt Terry Primary School, NSW

'Birds in the Garden'



2018 Young Australian Art Awards

**Commonwealth Bank
Art Award
Painting – Primary**



CommonwealthBank

Awarded to

Wenya Gao

Blackburn Lake Primary School, Vic.

*'My Mother and Her
Secret Garden'*



2018 Young Australian Art Awards

**Bic Australia
Art Award**
Computer Art – Senior



Awarded to
Soraya Lucas
Patterson River Secondary College, Vic.
'AJ'

2018 Young Australian Art Awards

**Bic Australia
Art Award**
Computer Art – Middle



Awarded to
Annabel Thiele
Braemar College, Vic.
'Stricken With Dance'



2018 Young Australian Art Awards

**Bic Australia
Art Award**

Computer Art – Primary

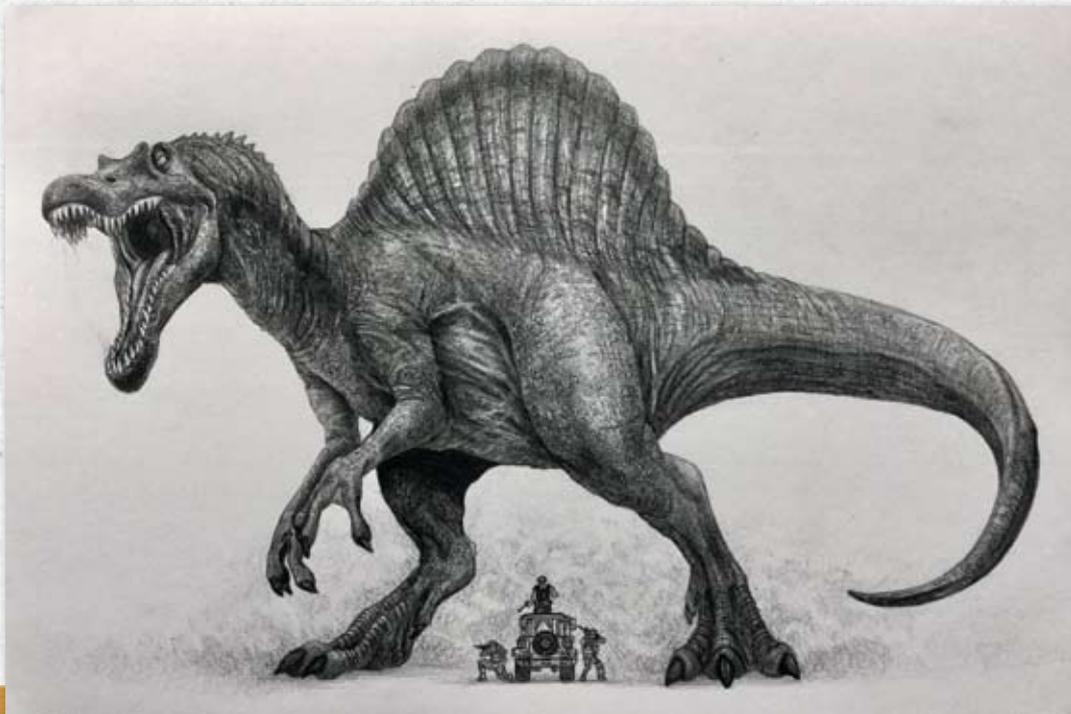


Awarded to

Nala Kurniawan

Albert Park Primary School, Vic.

'Cowboy Bunny'



2018 Young Australian Art Awards

**Dymock's Camberwell
Art Award**

Drawing – Senior

DYMOCKS
FOR BOOKLOVERS

Awarded to

Mayukha Gunatilake

Brisbane State High School, Qld.

'Small Living in a Bigger World'



2018 Young Australian Art Awards
**Dymock's Camberwell
Art Award**
Drawing – Middle

DYMOCKS
FOR BOOKLOVERS

Awarded to
Sarah Hiscocks
NBSC Mackellar Girls, NSW
'Our Kevin'

2018 Young Australian Art Awards
**Dymock's Camberwell
Art Award**
Drawing – Primary

DYMOCKS
FOR BOOKLOVERS

Awarded to
Fay Yan
Kellyville Public School, NSW
'Parrot on the Log'





2018 Young Australian Art Awards
Lions Club Art Award
Photography – Senior



Awarded to
John Wang
Sydney Grammar School, NSW
'Cyclical Psychadelia'



2018 Young Australian Art Awards
Lions Club Art Award
Photography – Middle



Awarded to
Louis Inwood
St. Aloysius College, NSW
'The Boundless Mythical Timber'



2018 Young Australian Art Awards

Lions Club Art Award

Photography – Primary



Awarded to

Sonya Clarke

William Clarke College, NSW

'African Energy'

2018 Young Australian Art Awards

Judge's Choice Award

Elise Hurst Art Award

Awarded to

Jessica Thompson

Davidson High School, NSW

'Amber'



2018 Young Australian Art Awards
Judge's Choice Award

Marjory Gardner Art Award

Awarded to
Feng Lin Zhuo
Sydney Girls High School, NSW
'175 cm'



2018 Young Australian Art Awards
Judge's Choice Award
Marc McBride Art Award

Awarded to
Chelsea Wong
Mercy Catholic College, Chatswood, NSW
'Arya Stark'

The C.D. Dodd Indigenous Art Award
Young Indigenous Artist of the Year

2018

2018 Young Australian Art Awards

**C.D. Dodd
Indigenous
Art Award**

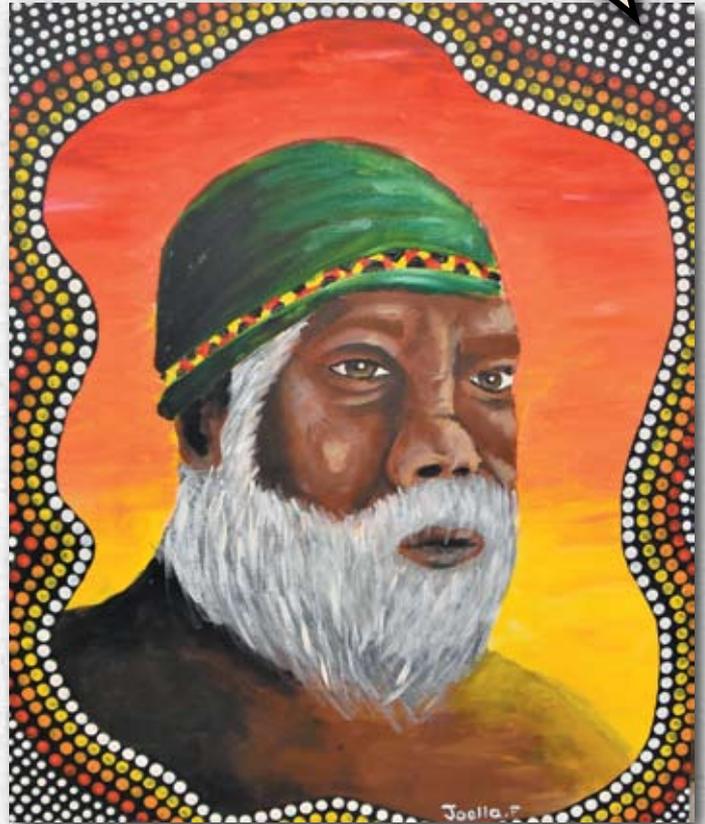


Awarded to

Joella Flanagan

Southern River College, WA

'My Elder'



About our Indigenous Art Patron



John McGuire

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

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

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

— Indigenous Art Awards —



2018 Young Australian Art Awards



Fortescue
The New Force in Iron Ore

FMGL Indigenous Art Award

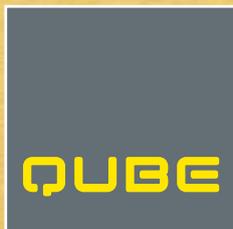
Awarded to

Carl Winmar

Southern River College, WA

'Encounter'

2018 Young Australian Art Awards



Qube Ports Indigenous Art Award

Awarded to

Adrian Winmar

Southern River College, WA

'Life in the Bush'



2018 Young Australian Art Awards

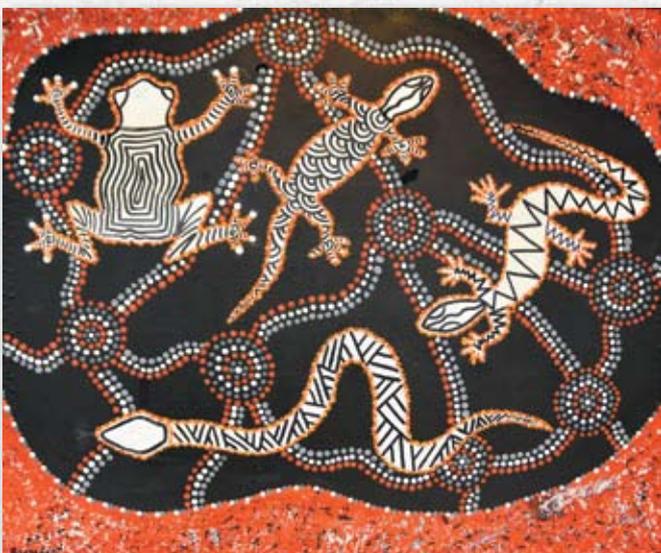
Goldfields Indigenous Art Award – Eastern Goldfields

Awarded to

Richard Kickett

Southern River College, WA

'Life in Nature'



2018 Young Australian Art Awards



**Sandfire
Resources
Indigenous
Art Award**

Awarded to
Taya Parfitt
Southern River College, WA
'The Long Neck Turtle'



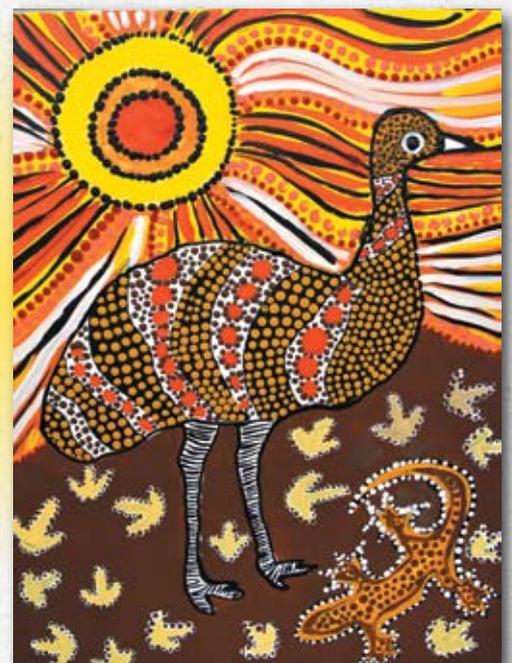
Regional Awards

2018 Young Australian Art Awards

Impact Minerals Indigenous Art Award

impact.
MINERALS

Awarded to
Brayden Abraham
'The Emu with the Lizard'



2018 Young Australian Art Awards



**Copper
Mountain Ltd
Indigenous
Art Award**

Awarded to
Kobi Philbin
'The Kangaroo Territory'



2018 Young Australian Art Awards

Whitehaven Coal Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Phoenix Lorbach
'Earth Mother'



2018 Young Australian
Art Awards

Newcrest Mining Indigenous Art Award



NEWCREST
MINING LIMITED

Awarded to

Phoenix Lorbach
'Emu Creation Story'

2018 Young Australian Art Awards

Pantoro Ltd Indigenous Art Award



PANTORO

Awarded to

Kobi Philbin
'Turtle and Fish'





2018 Young Australian Art Awards

**Capricorn Metals
Indigenous Art Award**



**CAPRICORN
METALS LTD**

Awarded to

Sylvester Murielle
'Ku Pangkuy'

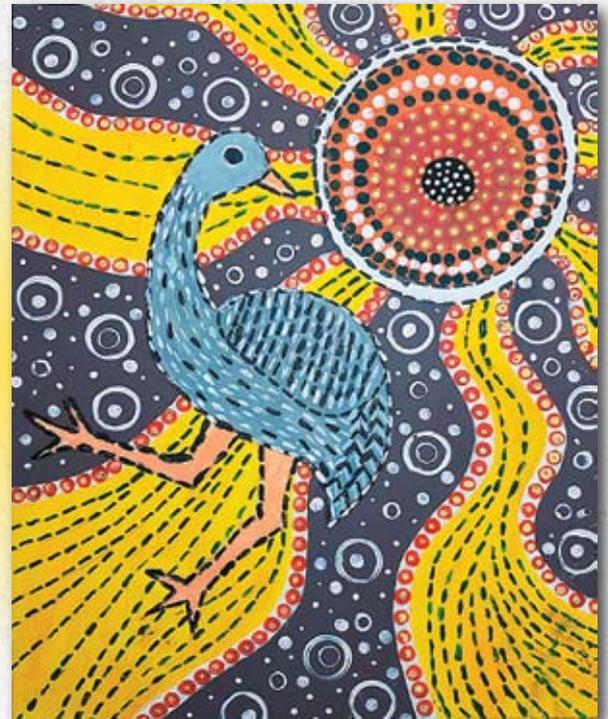
2018 Young Australian Art Awards

**Calidus Resources
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

Vassili Dorner
'Emu Dancing to the Sun'



2018 Young Australian Art Awards

**Great Boulder Resources
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

Taylah Winmar
'Sunset in Bushland'



2018 Young Australian Art Awards

Altura Mining Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Phoenix Lorbach
'We Are of the Land'



2018 Young Australian Art Awards

Northern Minerals Indigenous Art Award



**NORTHERN
MINERALS**

Awarded to

Richard Kickett
'The Black Bird'

2018 Young Australian Art Awards



Saracen

Saracen Gold Indigenous Art Award

Awarded to

Taya Parfitt
'Finding A Way'



Books FOR Kids

GIVING KIDS IN NEED A CHANCE TO READ



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

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

Succeeding begins with reading

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

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

Our Mission Statement

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

Our goals – who we work with

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

Established Book Distribution network:

Our book distribution network is now in the following locations:

Northern Territory: Darwin, Winnellie

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

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

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

South Australia: Findon, Marryatville, Oodnadatta

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

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

Motivational Reading Events

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

Literary Workshops

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



Books FOR Kids

GIVING KIDS IN NEED A CHANCE TO READ



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

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

The outcome of the volunteer links established to support this program

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

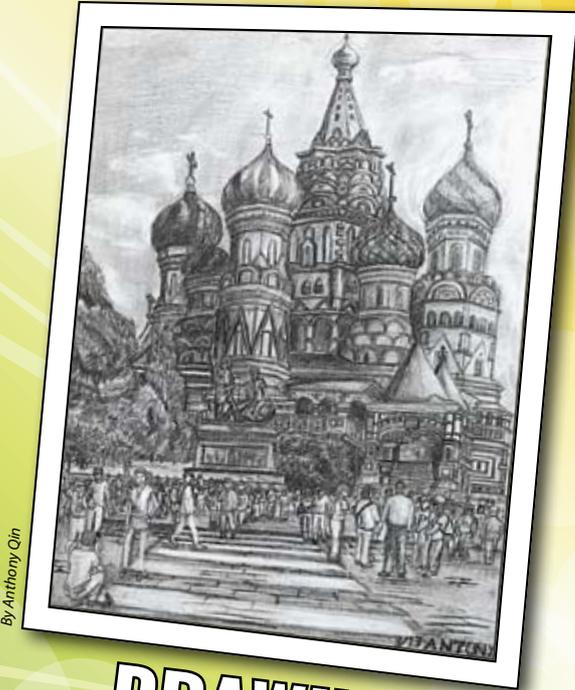
We are pleased that we now have a Victorian state partnership with Lions International, who have come on board to help collect books from our Book Bin distribution.



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

2019

YOUNG AUSTRALIAN ART AWARDS



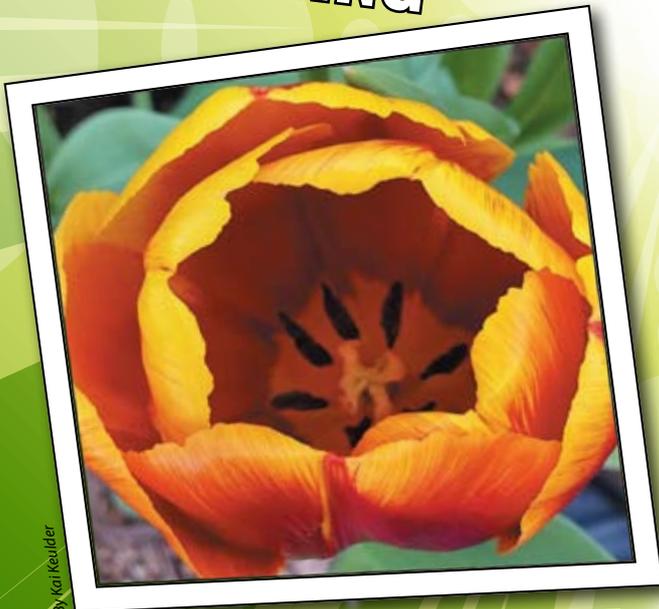
By Anthony Qin

DRAWING



By Marina Tsuchiya

COMPUTER ART



By Kai Keuller

PHOTOGRAPHY



By Matthew Ropeyam

PAINTING

www.ozkids.com.au

The YoungAtArt website and the Young Australian Art Awards are an initiative of the Children's Charity Network. All entrants must be no older than 18 years of age or attending either a primary or secondary college. There are 4 categories: Painting, Drawing, Photography, Computer Art. There are three age groups: Junior (Prep to Grade 4), Middle (Grade 5 to Year 8), Senior (Year 9 to Year 12).

To enter your Artwork you will need to obtain a digital image of your piece of work and submit this image on-line through our website at www.ozkids.com.au.

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