

OZ KIDS IN PRINT

February 2019

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*A great tool to
improve literacy
in schools!*

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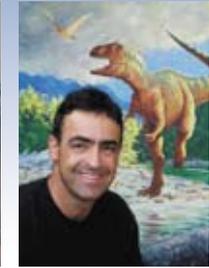
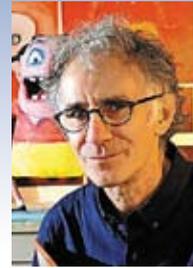
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For a full list of our authors and illustrators check out our website at www.creativenetspeakers.com

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

The February edition of our publication is always a little light. We get to showcase the winner of the Awards Nights from the year before, but not as many entries arrive.

I always mention that leaving your entries until the closing date results in us receiving so many entries at once, that some miss out on being published.

Can we ask that students submit their entries from the start of each year, to give us more material for the February and May editions, and to give you a better chance of being published.

We have received some great entries so far that are quite creative. So pick up your pens and let your imagination spill out onto the pages!

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at
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KEEP ON WRITING (TYPING)!

Carol Dick
Managing Editor

**CHILDREN'S
CHARITY NETWORK
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WHO SUPPORT US!**

Find us on 

The Way to Escape

THE TICKING of the clock will never stop; the ringing beeps of the cars are silent. Tick, Tock hurry up before your life is gone. "HELP" my heart is slowly beating. As I move across the floor, I can smell the scent of dirt and leaves burning a hole through my nostrils. I hear the noise of an old clock ticking. Tick Tock. As I keep moving slowly, my feet are in pain and bleeding, as I step on a nail, each time I move the pain makes me scream. As I finally make it to a crate, I can sit down. I pick up one of my feet, the sight of pain and blood burns my eyes, and I can barely take it. It is too much, I need to sit and rest. The pain has passed. I need to find where the ticking is coming from. As I stand up, I can tell it is night because the whole room is as black as midnight, and cannot see a thing. However, I kept going.

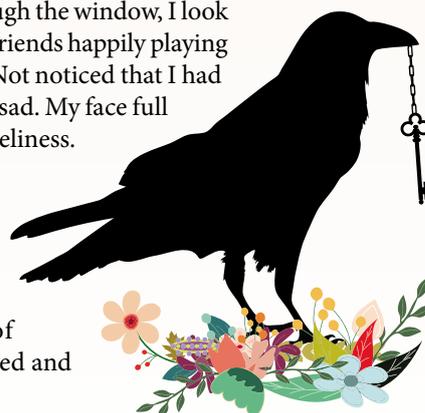
BOOM BAM comes a sudden noise close to where my very feet are standing. My feet are trembling so hard I can barely stand. I can hear a scraping noise coming closer and closer. I am scared. In my mind, all I am doing is screaming, screaming so loud that it is bursting my eardrums. I see a shadow stand on the crate. I go closer and closer to see what it is. I feel inside me as if I have a thousand knives sticking out of me. The shadow jumps on to me, I scream. However, it was only a little squirrel. I then noticed that I had my old little clock in my pocket. I take it out and put it on the dusty old floor. Then just before I was going to sit down, I can see a streak of sunlight over across the other side of the basement. Instead of bearing the pain slowly, I run to the other side of the room. I made it. I then went to the streak of light and realise that it was a window. However, it was locked so I could not get out. I can see through the window, I look over and I see my friends happily playing out on the street. Not noticed that I had disappeared. I am sad. My face full of despair and loneliness.

As I slowly sit down on the floor one sudden tear starts to drip down the side of my face. I am scared and

I do not know what to do. My stomach is rumbling as loud as an earthquake. I then see a raven come over and sit on my clock. I was confused. How did it get in? Will it help me escape? Slowly and painfully I walk across the floor to get to the raven. When I got closer, I saw that the bird was holding a small key in its beak.

This might be my way to get out. When I got to the clock the raven flew away. I WAS TOO LOUD, I said in my pea-sized brain. As look around to find where the raven went, it looks like the basement goes on for miles and miles nonstop. I am scared. "Am I going to die here?," I said to myself. "Come back, I need your help, raven", I said in a worried and scared but still determined voice. My heart is racing; I am breathing a million breaths per second. I am scared, I want to get out. No one had realised I had gone missing so one year went by eating only the rotten animal flesh and food. I was there for too long, my heart began to freeze, my tears became snow, and my love became my spirit. My bleeding sins and my loving heart. Then all of a sudden I had appeared outside with my friends and family.

I wondered if that was real or just a daydream. I then look down and pick my feet, they were perfectly fine. The pain in my chest has gone. Then I saw a raven with that small, little key. Now I wonder if it was really actually real, then the raven comes and lands on my shoulder and dropped the key, then left. I picked up the key. There were words engraved on the key. "Never give up, I am always in the sky to help." My heart stays strong and I will never stop and give up hope. The ticking of the clock will never stop; the ringing beeps of the cars are gone. Tick Tock hurry up before your life will too be gone or will you escape and find your way back home.



By **Charlotte Cartwright**
Year 6, Nambour
Christian College
NAMBOUR - QLD.
Teacher: Mrs Eracleous

I Shouldn't Have Left

SNATCH up my passport and wheel my suitcase outside. I hate my parents. I'm going to go away – far away. I haven't decided where to go yet. My home in Miami isn't family for me any more. It never will be. My parents hate me. I hate them. I hate my sister, Mindy, too, for siding with them. I hope the taxi won't take too long. Mindy is now in one of her own little games, out in the backyard, caught up in her imagination.

I come to the airport and find it is completely deserted. I stop in my tracks. The only people here are an old couple that keep hugging, their young child who looks about as happy as our neighbour, Mr Virile, when he's in one of his rages and a clean-shaven man in a business suit that keeps looking at his watch. He looks up and looks straight at me. I am tired as hell so I lean on my suitcase.

The man approaches me. He looks slightly menacing. 'Hi, Evie', he says to me. How does this man know my name? My parents have never mentioned him to me, nor have I ever met him. 'Your parents are fine with your going away and everything.' Oh no. How do they know? I must have left noticeable clues around the household. 'I'm Dan Evans, call me Dan and I'll be escorting you today.'

I'm lost for words, which is strange because that never happens, even when my parents are calling me a loser, stupid, you name it. I always have enough speech to yell back.

Dan seizes my arm and I pull along my suitcase. We arrive in the plane. Even now, when we're on the aircraft, I have no speech. It's as if I have been saving up all my words to yell at my parents and now I have no words left.

'Yes?' says the air hostess by the door who understandably doesn't look too happy to see me with this guy, especially since I only booked in alone. 'Your names?'

'This is Evie Browne', says Dan before I can jump in. 'I'm her uncle, Lionel Evans.'

He turns to me before I can say he's

not. I'm starting to lose control. Should I have left? Maybe it's a bit much.

'I have to say I'm your uncle or else they won't believe me and I guess I just like the name Lionel', he whispers. 'That okay with you?'

I nod, mouth open.

The air hostess nods. 'You aren't related to Dan Evans are you?'

'No', he shakes his head. 'No way.'

'Good', says the air hostess. 'You're allowed to board.' We both find seats. I can't help questioning why Dan is being so nice to me. Everyone hates me. My parents, my siblings, even my 'best friend' Susie had turned on me for being 'too quiet'.

When we arrive, Dan takes me to my hotel in his car. I swallow. 'Okay', I say, finally able to talk. 'Bye then.'

'Not so fast', says Dan. He grabs me by the neck in a fierce headlock. I see a fierce grin etched on his face.

'What?'' I manage to get out while choking. I splutter drops of water all over him. He coughs, startled, then that evil smile creeps back onto his face like a snake stalking its next victim.

'You actually thought I was your escort?' he scoffs. 'God, kids are much more gullible these days than in 1936!' 1936? He's been kidnapping since 1936?

Or is that when he was kidnapped or something? I have so many questions, but when I open my mouth to ask them, he stuffs a sock into it.

'Ha', he says. 'Easy.'

I end up in a little hut outside his house. It has terrible water systems, the toilet is smelly, the sink damp and the water murky. I have a bed which is also damp and a broken box for a bedside table. How am I going to keep warm? It's the middle of a freezing 1956 winter. I flop onto my bed and cover myself up with the warmest blanket I can find in my suitcase. Too bad I hadn't been prepared for warmth...

Somehow I drift off to sleep. Even though in my head I hear my parents' voices calling for me, wondering where I am.

It's my parents. Why have I left them? What was I thinking? I love them, of course I do. But how will I get back to them? All I have left is their voices. I'll never see them again as long as I live. If I can get out of here. The only thing I can hear won't leave my mind. Four words echo around the hut.

'Evie, I miss you.'

*By Maisie Fullerton
Year 6, Greenslopes State School
GREENSLOPES – QLD.
Teacher: Mr Castle*





Splinters

beautiful. Her eyes were ebony brown, a moony clarinet melody dancing in the breeze. Her hair like the strings of instruments worn from many years of love. Her voice was music, crafted to perfection, her practised melodies lighter than a wish. She smiled, "I am Viola, the Spirit of Music, here to teach you the art of music". Viola and I grew close and she gave me the confidence to step out into the bright light of the world.

I started small, one hour a day on the crowded streets. Playing and spreading joy, happiness and peace with slight flicks of my bow. Every day I gave laughter, tears and faraway smiles to the joyous community. In return, I woke up happier, each morning happier and ready to start the day. The atmosphere created a haven of kindness in the small town. But I knew that I must change one small thought, one small being and one small town before I could take on the world.

'Crunch, crunch, crunch', a teenager's footsteps echoed off the pastel buildings. I glanced up and saw a boy; fingers tapping rhythmically upon his thigh. A hurt angry expression played across his face portraying the thoughts whirring around his head, "You're rubbish". "Can't you be like us?" "Play, scaredy cat!" All the torture of the violin lessons! A livid sneer played across the stranger's face, his eyes shone daggers in outrage, and his fist

roughly seized my cherished violin out of my playing fingers.

"What do you think you're doing?" I challenged.

"There is no place for music in this world", and with that he brutally slammed my one treasured possession into the hard, dusty road. His cruel, empty-hearted footsteps slowly stalked away.

I slumped heavily against a building; face glistened with tears and eyes staring desolately at a sandstone wall. My strength, happiness and hope evaporated like a puddle in the sun. But then a tune appeared; circling around in my head.

"Viola!?" Hope shot up my veins as the music twirled. "No, it can't be, my violin's broken", I sighed despondently. The music kept spiralling, spinning, growing ever louder.

"I am inside you. I am you. Music is you. You have a gift, Melody, you don't need an instrument to help the world. Spread joy to the cruellest of hearts and open them up to the world, give them happiness when no-one else can. That is music's power. Something that no-one else can harness."

By **Aresca Macwan**

Year 6, St Luke's Primary School
LALOR – VIC.

Teachers: Mrs Paolini and Mrs Kovacevic

ME AND my violin. It had always been us, just us and no one else until it happened...

The warm coastal air swept through the open attic window into my room, where a sound as sweet as honey licked the walls. The violin's comforting music like a light in the dark. That's when she appeared... the woman made of music. She was



Nostalgia

Fearless,
Unkind,
Forthright,
Rewound memories collect in a bubble of thought
That bursts into emotion,
Tranquillity,
Rage.
Stubborn ideas from effable concepts,
that transform into creative waves,
A shaded tune
sung gracefully in the heart,
A moment of beauty left to find,
A moonlit tale springs gently up,
A comprehension in the mind.

By **Molly Waters**

Year 9, Kelvin Grove College
TARRAGINDI – QLD.

COOL rain softly fell, covering the trees in shimmering droplets of water. Riley trudged through the muddy park hauling her heavy bag along behind her. Her clothes were slowly becoming heavier as the rain continued to fall.

She rounded the corner and walked down the hill towards 14 Satinwood Lane, her home. "Hello!" her eccentric Gran shouted, her arms wide and inviting. A smile crept onto the girl's face as she dropped her soggy bag on the floor. Snuggling into her Grandma's tie-dye t-shirt all her troubles seemed to disappear, but she knew her struggle would fill her mind once again.

Upstairs she lay sobbing on her mattress, tears streaming down her face. The events of the past year playing on repeat in her mind. Her door creaked open, "Sweetheart?" Riley rolled over and wiped her tear stained face with the back of her hand. "I..." stammered Riley. "Yes I know what is happening at school", her Grandma interrupted. "I was going to see whether you could deal with it on your own... but now it has gone too far, I will see Principal Hampton as soon as possible. "You know, your Mum used to get bullied at school as well... they would tease her because she had a limp. I always told her "If people are trying to bring you down, it only means that you are above them, so keep your head up and your heart strong and you will get through it!". Riley smiled and gave her Grandma a big hug. "Hurry along now, dinner isn't going to eat itself." said Grandma, walking out the door.

Five minutes later Riley was at the table gobbling down her dinner. "What's the hurry?" her Grandma asked quizzically. "I'm going to write a letter to Mum", Riley called over her shoulder as she was clearing her plate. "But... she's... she's... dead", her Gran struggled to say. "Yeah..." said Riley as though suddenly brought back to reality, "Yeah I know".

Dear Mum,

Did you ever think why we die? It's a horrible thing, so why does it happen? Gran said it's a lesson of life, but... life comes with plenty of lessons. Where has Dad gone? If he really loved me why did he leave and never come back? Why do bullies bully? Can't the world be nice? I looked it up, and the definition of a bully 'is a person who habitually seeks to harm or intimidate those whom they



perceive as vulnerable'. What does it take to be vulnerable? I didn't think I was... but it turns out I am... why? Do you think it's bad to feel jealousy, envy and hatred? There's a girl at school Peppa Lee, she is so popular... she bullies me about being an orphan... it's not my fault I don't have parents any more! Well I hope I see you soon. I love you lots, it has been hard to let you go...

Love Riley xx

She tucked the letter under her pillow and went to sleep. Riley awoke with a start, the memory of her letter swirling around in her head. That letter seemed to just solve all her problems. She flung herself out of bed, suddenly wide awake and tiptoed out of her bedroom with the letter clutched in her shaking hand. Quickly digging a deep hole she buried her letter and covered it with soil again. With a feeling of achievement she marched back inside and started her presentation for school.

Riley was packed and ready for school before her Grandma was even awake. Her presentation was tucked under her arm and her palm cards were ready to go. She quickly scribbled a note to her Gran and left it on the kitchen table. Full of courage she started to walk to school. For the first time in the past two years she had a spring in her step and wasn't dreading school.

As she had expected when she arrived at school there was Peppa Lee with her group of friends crowded around her all pulling faces and miming Riley crying, but for some reason she found a way to ignore it and her smile seemed like it was permanently glued to her face. She entered the classroom and smiled at her teacher, who grinned back at her. She wrote her name swiftly on the board under the title: Order of Presentations. She was second in line.

The time soon came when she had to present her hard work to her class. It was harder than she had imagined. The eyes of her smirking peers following her

every move. She sat down and began her rehearsed speech.

...pulling someone down will never help you reach the top... you never look good trying to make someone else look bad... do what is right not what is easy...

Riley was near the end of her speech and she added, "Let's put an end to bullying! Thank you". She smiled and was overjoyed to see every single one of the people before her were on their feet and clapping... including Peppa Lee.

On Monday morning the next week she walked through the school gates and received claps on the back, high fives and cheers. She also got an A+ for her presentation and was surrounded by chatting children, all wanting to talk to Riley about her uplifting speech. She got home that night and was the happiest she has been in years, and so was her Gran!

Decades passed and Riley Clark was known by most people in the area. She was standing on the footpath looking down the road. "Taxi! Taxi!" she shouted while waving her arm around on the air. The cab pulled over, she sat down and said to the driver, "Wall Street thanks, the speech hall".

"OK... he paused, "Hey! You're Riley Clark..."

"Wall Street thanks", she repeated calmly.

"Oh yes... sorry."

The taxi pulled up at the speech hall and they said their goodbyes. Riley grabbed her briefcase and closed the door. She made her way backstage and hurriedly sorted her notes. The stage manager popped his head round, winked and whispered, "You're on now Riley!".

As she was finishing her speech about encouragement and anti-bullying she said, "A wise lady once told me 'If people are trying to bring you down, it only means that you are above them, so keep your head up and your heart strong and you will get through it!'. Have courage and a strong heart... Everything is possible! Thank you!".

By Erin Mellowes
Year 7, Nambour Christian College
WOOMBYE – QLD.
Teacher: Mrs Wilde

FRANK'S DINNER

“NA NA na na. Ahhhhhhhh”, I yelled louder than ever before.

“Um w—who are you?” I questioned.

“Can’t you see I’m a flamingo, and my name is Frank!” Frank answered.

“Yeah but where you from? Why are you here? And most of all, how did you get here?”, I asked nonstop.

“Well, I am from the red planet, Mars and I am here because I need your help. You are the one who can help me save my best friend”, answered Frank in an emotional voice.

“Oh I see, but why are you choosing me to do this job?” I questioned again.

“Because you are the only person born on the 8th month of the 8th date and of the 8th minute and, because this you can only enter into that magical game where my friend is stuck”, responded Frank.

“OK then, let’s go”, I replied.

I quickly changed into good looking clothes. Then I headed into the spaceship where Frank was waiting for me to start the journey.

After a couple of hours we were on the red planet, Mars. I was enjoying the landscape under me. There wasn’t any gravity, so it was great fun flying around. It was the best thing ever! It was lucky having a helmet on as it helped me to breathe.

Then Frank led me in front of that magical game’s door. I quickly entered in the game by placing my right hand in the middle of the door.

Straight after I entered, level one had begun.

“Ahhhh. Phew. That was close! I was almost about to get hit by that fire ball.”

There is one more coming this way... but luckily I moved in time.

“Maybe to survive in this level, I have to crawl down on my knees because there were none coming down at this level”, I thought to myself.

I bobbed down on my knees and crawled to the wall which was unassailable. As I sat there, I felt exhausted, so I leaned against the wall for support. When I touched the wall, it disappeared.

I stood up, thinking of what to do. Then out of the corner of my eye I saw a golden key, decorated in tiny, little diamonds. I rushed to the key like a rabbit. I grabbed the key and kept it in my pocket for later because that was the key for the door that will lead me to the Frank’s friend as it was labelled. After that, I heard a voice that

sounded like Frank’s. I look around to see who it was, and I saw Frank!

“Hey, Frank, what are you doing here?” I asked.

“I am here because all of this was a plan to trap you!” he answered.

“But why? I thought I was supposed to save your friend”, I said, confused.

“Oh no that was just a trick to get you on this planet”, responded Frank with a sneer.

“But why are you doing this? I don’t really get what you mean”, I replied.

“OK OK, I going to explain to you why I am going to put you into a cage. The reason why is because I haven’t had a tasty human to eat for a long while so that is why I am going to put into a cage so you don’t run away and then have you for my dinner”, explained Frank.

“Oh no! Please can you let me go. I don’t want to be your dinner tonight!”

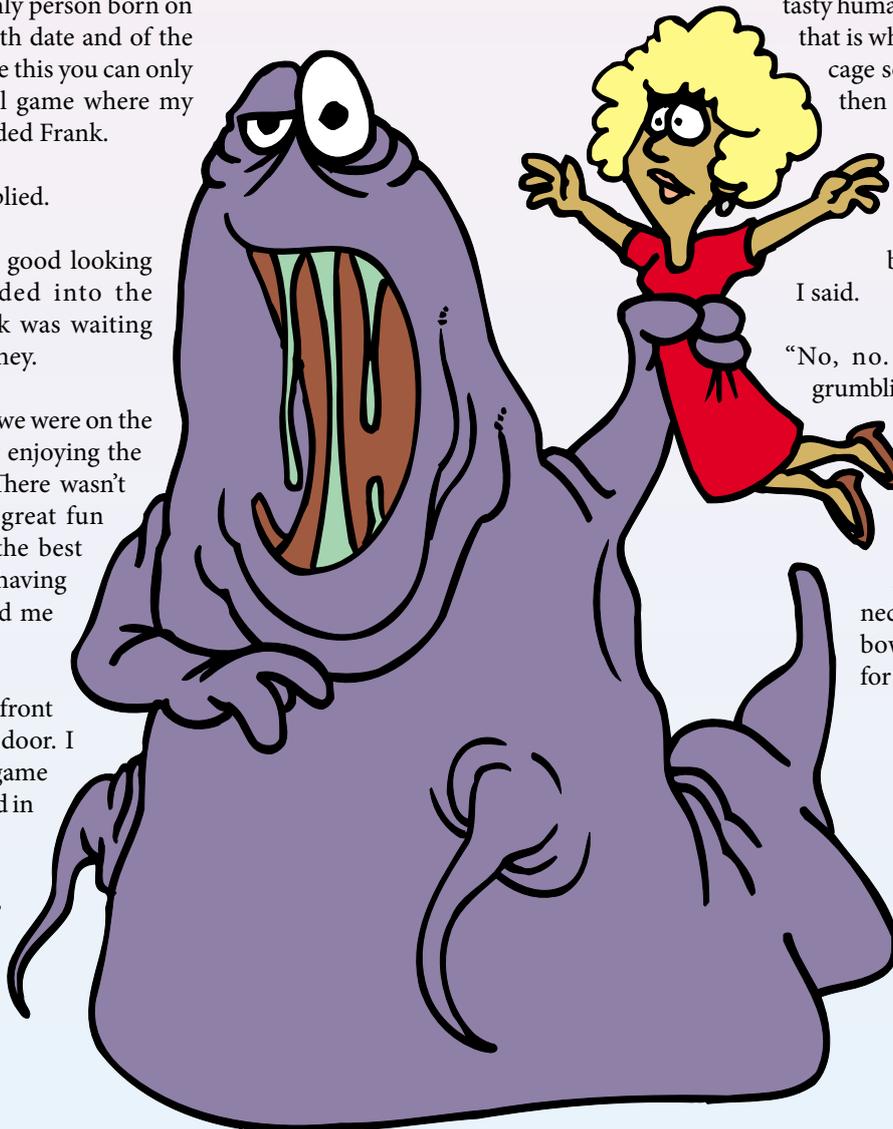
I said.

“No, no. I can’t, my tummy is grumbling. I’m extremely hungry”, Frank replied, without feeling pity for me.

Hours went by and soon it was dinner time. Frank grabbed me by my neck and he put me into a big bowl and soon, cooked me for his dinner.

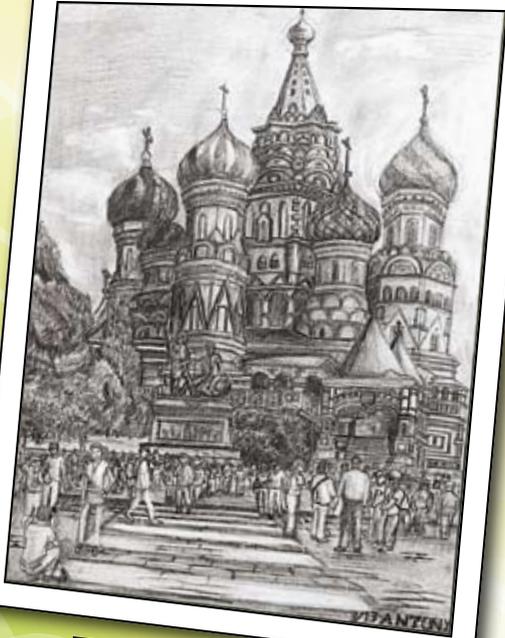
The End

By **Aresca Macwan**
Year 6, St Luke’s
Primary School
LALOR – VIC.
Teachers: Mrs Paolini
and Mrs Kovacevic



2019

YOUNG AUSTRALIAN ART AWARDS



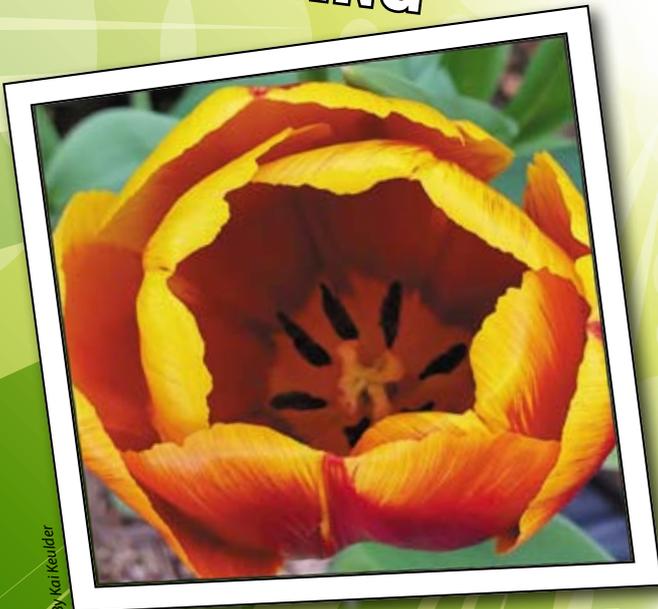
By Anthony Qin

DRAWING



By Manna Tsuchiya

COMPUTER ART



By Kai Keulder

PHOTOGRAPHY



By Matthew Ropesam

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.

Water

PANSY strolled along the warm sand, feeling its soft surface on her bare feet. She ventured as close to the water's edge as it was possible. She felt the radiant glow of the sun reflect off her head of blonde curls.

'Pansy!' yelled a voice. It was coming from halfway up the beach, on the blue-and-white striped sun towel underneath a purple umbrella, but to Pansy, it seemed a million miles away. She gave a vague wave and kept walking.

When she closed her eyes, she imagined herself swimming through crystal clear waves, on the back of a silver dolphin, and when she swam beside it, she would mimic its moves, leaping through the waves with ease. When her blue eyes opened, she was refreshed and filled with memory.

Through this session, she hadn't even noticed she had waded into the water. She was now ankle-deep, the water lapping over her anklet and playfully swished around her feet. The wind fought with her hair, leaving it tangled and untidy, but Pansy didn't care. She continued to wade, until the water had reached her knees. By this time, her legs were frozen stiff, but again she didn't take notice. She looked into the horizon, on which the sun was just setting. She watched it gleam like a thousand fires all lit at once. She liked this feeling.

'Come on Pansy!' A woman, sitting on the blue-and-white suntowel, in a black-and-white spotty bathing suit, sat up and pushed her orange sun-hat off her smiley face. The man, next to her, was obviously asleep.

'Coming', Pansy called back, but her tone of voice was dreamy, and she was looking towards the rocks, on which the water was rippling. She looked ahead at the beach, and in the distance, tall skyscrapers and

apartment buildings. She saw a pretty hotel, with a pool, and looked up at the top window. She smiled as she thought of it – home. She began to wade through the deep sea, toward the shore where her parents were waiting.

It all happened so fast. She stepped on something sharp, and the pain was so great she collapsed. A wave washed over her as she tried to get up, the pain receding. She managed to stand up, vision impaired for a few seconds, and when it focused she saw it. Another wave. This one was tall, about two metres high on estimation. Oh no, thought Pansy. She tried to run, but she stayed stuck to the ground as if a magical glue was keeping her in place. As if it wanted the wave to knock her over.

'No!' Pansy breathed. Her breaths were getting rapid. There was no escaping this. The wave crashed over her. A long high-pitched scream sounded from Pansy's mouth as she came crashing to the ground, hitting her head so hard, she lost consciousness.

She was in a bed – her bed, from the top of her house, which was technically a hotel. 'Good morning', said her mother, opening the door to her bedroom and the

smell of fresh strawberries and pancakes wafted into Pansy's room.

'Mmmm', said Pansy, vaguely.

'Are you feeling any better?' her mother asked. 'After all, you did get a little carsick on the way back from Mina's party yesterday.'

Who was Mina? Pansy registered a face. A brown-haired girl wearing a headband and laughing. She couldn't remember any more than that. 'Who?' She asked.

'Mina White', said her mother, laughing. 'Your best friend who lives five minutes away.'

It all came to Pansy in a fraction of a second. She smiled as she thought of Mina, her best friend. They had been inseparable since kindergarten.

'Oh yes', she said. 'I'm OK.' She remembered throwing up in her bathroom yesterday, thinking she must have got food poisoning. She felt much better today, even with the aching pain of missing Mina...

Pansy awoke. She had floated out further, where the waves were much bigger. She screamed, and someone else did, too.

'Pansy!' yelled a young voice. Pansy recognised that voice. And the girl onshore that it belonged to.

'Mina!' Pansy yelled back. Mina reached out as if trying to reel Pansy in, but it was too late. Mina seemed to realise this and tears poured down her cheeks like a thunderstorm.

Pansy took a deep breath as the water pulled her under.

*By Maisie Fullerton
Year 7, Our Lady's College
ANNERLEY – QLD.
Teacher: M. Gates*



The Life-Giving Tree

FEAR GRIPS my heart and mind, I am scared and I do not know what to do. Running for my life with my little brother James. My parents are dead and I have nowhere to hide. If my parents were here they would hold me tight. As I feel the tear drops sprinting down my face, I feel as though I am creating a river as I run. What to do without my parents? I am nothing and without them, my brother and I are a dirty mud puddle.

“Hey look at that”, said my brother. It was a glowing light. I think if I run towards it, it will boom. Where am I, I said to myself, where is James. I am alone and we have survived 17 hours. It is not a recognisable place but for some weird reason I feel like I have teleported to another dimension. Bang it is starting to rain and storm and it looks like the lightning is dancing on the clouds so all I could do is hide.

“Go to the tree”, said a voice. I am not sure where the voice came from so then I asked where my brother was and the deep voice replied he is at the tree with an unstable condition, now “go to him” said the voice again. So I ran as fast as light to the tree to see my poor dearest brother dead. I cried

an ocean full of all of the memories of him. I clasped in a puddle of sadness.

Then this gold sparkly light came sprinting towards us, it circled around my brother, and lifted him up oh so gently and stood him upon a tree. Then his eyes started to open. “Oh my gosh, you’re alive, you’re alive”. My eyes filled up with happiness and then I said to him we will live here happily forever.

Months went past and even years and we are still living on this mysterious island. We are running out of food and the tree is going to die. The tree was producing less and less life for others to have. Soon the tree went black and only darkness knew how was causing this to happen. The devil. He was coming, the Lord’s enemy is coming. God said to me and James that we have to transport to another dimension NOW! So without thinking God the lord of all powers sent us away to the delves’ land.

It was night-time and it was pitch black and it felt like the clouds are creeping up on me. The castle was big and tall with monsters all around. “Are we going to be OK?” said

my brother. However, I was too scared to reply. So we carefully crept up to the castle without making a sound. By the time, we got to the castle it was daytime. So me and James held hands and with one hand each we hesitated to open the huge door.

The room was filled with lifeless kids and parents and all the luxury you could ever need. However, I knew I had to stick to the task. So I ran and helped them get up. My brother and I carried the kids and parents out of the huge room and prayed to God that he will bring us back.

Soon a golden bright light circled around us then poof we all are back to the tree. All of the people were amazed with what they saw and they loved the tree the most. They found it more amazing than the floating island together. Once God had finished giving them health we all decided to go back home and hope one day to visit or see the tree again.

*By Sienna Thomas
Year 6, Nambour Christian College
NAMBOUR – QLD.
Teacher: Mrs Eracleous*

BOOK REVIEWS

Meet our book reviewers Shreya, Ryan, Abigail, Kezia and Anna from Mount Waverley Heights Primary School.

Reviews Coordinators: Georgia Despotellis and Meredith Costain



Rivers

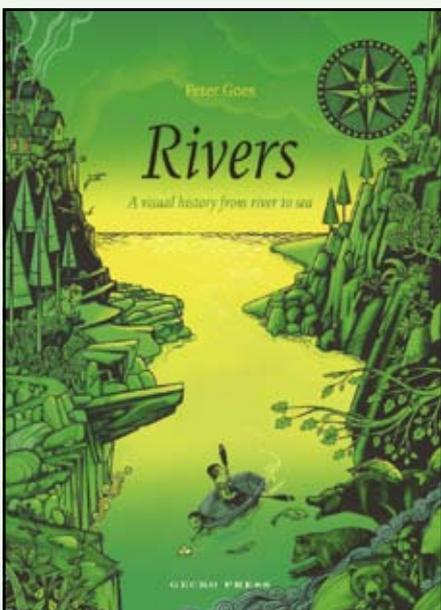
by Peter Goes (Gecko Press)

Rivers is a non-fiction book for young readers that gives a visual history 'from river to sea'. This book is really good because it is historical and teaches you things that have happened many, many years ago. It has lots of different sections for each continent that help to explain how different things happened in the world through the ages.

I think the type of readers that would enjoy this book would be people who are interested in history and geography. I recommend this book for children aged 8+.

Rating: ★★★★★★★★☆☆ [8/10]

— Ryan Taranto

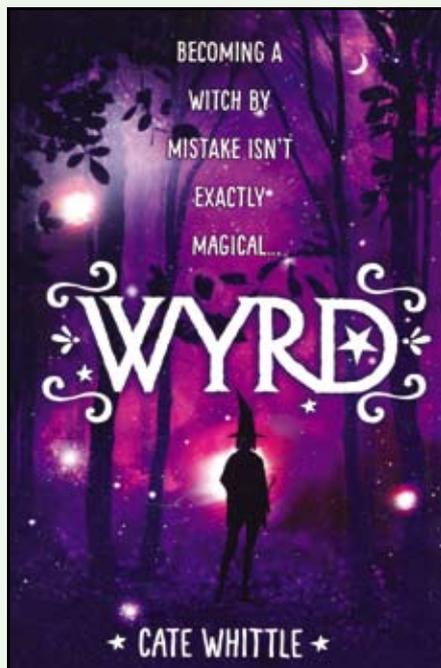


WYRD

by Cate Whittle (Scholastic Australia)

Reading the blurb of this book gave me a feeling of happiness. Emma, the main character, is competitive and determined. The book begins with a marriage that brings a new sister, Pip, into her life. But then things start turning strange when Pip's spell book accidentally turns Emma into a witch!

After reading the first chapter, I was enjoying where this book was going. At the end of chapter one it says: 'After that Emma's day went all downhill!'. That phrase gripped me so much! As I continued to read, there were a lot of ups and downs with Emma and Pip's life, with the conflict barging in. Both go through their trials and



errors and suddenly, this story turns out in a most magical and intriguing way.

I am recommending this book to fantasy-lovers aged 8+ who love witchery and magic.

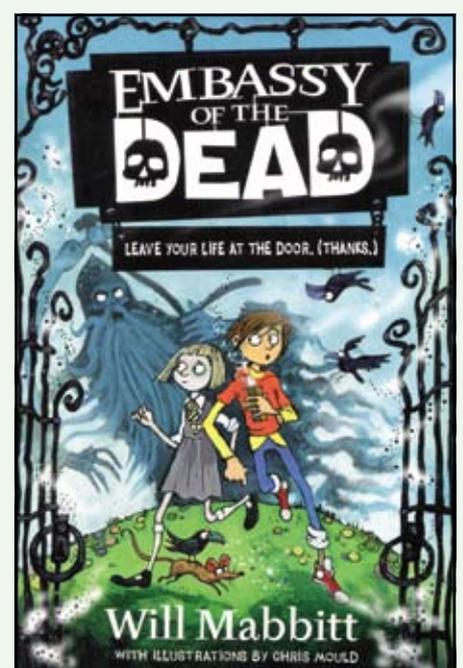
Rating: ★★★★★★★★☆☆ [8/10]

— Kezia Leow

Embassy Of The Dead

by Will Mabbitt, illustrated by Chris Mould (Hachette)

Surviving can be hard for Jake Green. His existence becomes even harder when a mysterious shadow appears in a dark alley on a gloomy afternoon. His breath



trembles and clashes as the mysterious figure gives him a parcel. The thrilling adventures in this story are incredibly breathtaking. Every chapter has so many twists and turns that it's hard to put this book down.

If you are into stories about ghosts, zombies and people of the dead this is the book for you. There is a mix of horror and humour in this adventurous tale. Recommended for readers aged 10+.

Rating: ★★★★★★★★☆☆ [8/10]

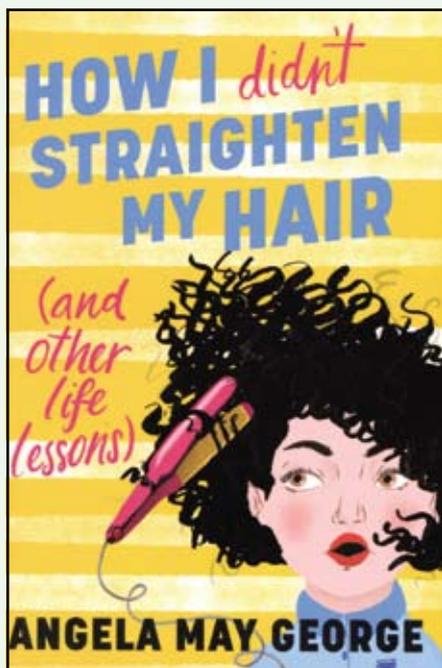
— Shreya Prashanth

How I Didn't Straighten My Hair (and other life lessons)

by Angela May George (Omnibus/Scholastic)

This book is about a happy Greek family that have a daughter called Theodora, who is trying to find her 'thing'. She tries Greek dancing, but apparently that isn't for her. She has an older sister, Athena (the ice queen), and wants to beat her in something. While doing that, they encounter many events that make you laugh!

I enjoyed this book because it's relatable and funny. It doesn't include pictures, but it's descriptive so you can imagine what the author was thinking. I wanted to keep reading, to find out what happened next!



The only thing I didn't like was some parts could be predictable and sometimes dull.

I think this book would be good for readers aged 9+, because they would get the humour. It would suit people with messy hair and people who love funny stories.

Rating: ★★★★★★★★☆☆ [8/10]

— Anna Karolidou

The Perfect Leaf

written and illustrated by Andrew Plant (Ford Street Publishing)

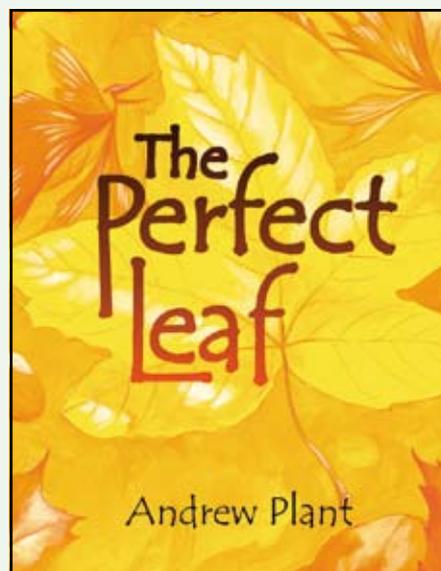
Elly and Mai are two young girls who love autumn. Both find leaves that are beautiful to them. But no matter how hard they search, none of the leaves are perfect — they all have some sort of flaw. But with the help of imagination, Elly and Mai see past the little hole or small mark.

The Perfect Leaf is interesting and sweet. The pictures, colours and words work together to make a beautiful and captivating book. I thought the moral of the story is that no one is perfect. We all have some sort of spot or mark that makes us flawed in life. We must accept our imperfections but also strive to fix them and make our lives as good as they can be.

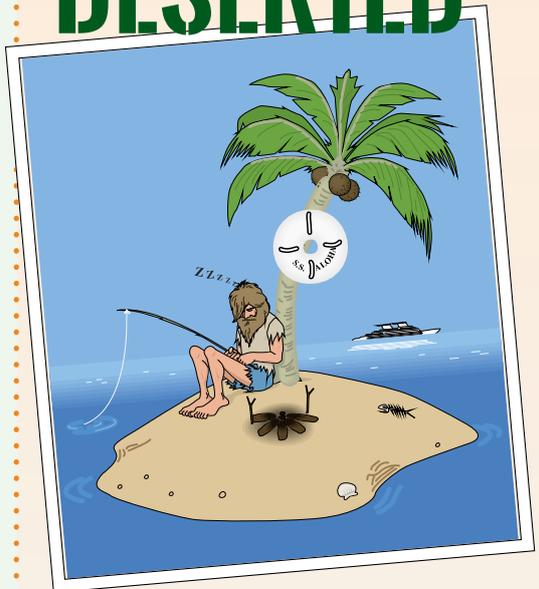
I recommend this book to any kids who love a calm, quiet story. It's a good lesson for anyone to know that everyone and everything fails at perfection.

Rating: ★★★★★★★★☆☆ [8/10]

— Abigail Oh



DESERTED



HE SAT by the fire and thought about his future.

Searching his mind for a new way to keep him sane. He had been trapped on this island for two years now.

He had tried many things to keep him from going mad. Fishing, sleeping and catching coconuts to name a few.

The thing he longed most was to be home. Every day he looked at the horizon hoping for a plane or ship to see him.

Then one day his wish was granted. A huge vessel came across the coast line and anchored.

This is my moment, he thought. Finally, I can get off this island.

He quickly ran to his carefully built raft and hauled it to the beach. Then he set out onto the waves.

When he got within 50 metres of the massive structure people on top of the ship spotted him.

They lifted him up onto the ship, got him dressed and gave him a fancy room with a fireplace.

He sat by the fire and thought about his future.

By **Emerson Campling**
Year 6, Nambour Christian College
NAMBOUR – QLD.
Teacher: Mrs Eracleous



Wings of Fire

ASI WALKED down the abandoned street, gripping an enormous special edition book with excitement, an eagle came flying by, grabbed the precious book and flew away!

“Hey, you come back here and give me my book back!” I yelled looking at the eagle in the sky. Unfortunately it was too late because the eagle was already up high in the sky.

When I arrived home I jumped right onto the couch and turned on the television. As I flipped through channels there was still nothing going on. Then on channel ABC 123 I heard something really really really incredible. On the TV screen a

man exclaimed “Guess what! Yes you! If you can pronounce the word”, the word Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious popped on the screen and the same man continued to talk, “That’s right! That’s a secret code! If you say that secret code correctly then you can fly exactly like a bird and you can go anywhere you like!” “I need to get that word right!” I thought.

6 months later...

Months went by when I finally learned how to pronounce Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious properly. I said “Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious” trembling in nervousness but it didn’t work. I stood there in disbelief at how much I

poured my heart in and I thought “I am not going to give up because I need that book for my research to make the first time travel machine”. I stood there in confidence and said “Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious” and to my amazement I actually began to fly! It was a magnificent sight as I formed fiery wings with golden hems. I flew out the window and hovered above the city knowing no one would see me. I was enjoying the sight when I realised that I needed to go to the toilet so I went flying towards my house and jumped through the window and glided to the bathroom. I locked the door but I found out that I couldn’t sit on the toilet because I had wings that were flying nonstop! I really needed to go to the toilet but I couldn’t because of the wings.

When I had a terrific idea. I went to the kitchen and got freezing cold water and poured it on me and the wings extinguished and they slowly disappeared. For once I thought I had did the right thing but I never found the book and I never went into my lab again. From then on I was never greedy again!

The End

By **Aresca Macwan**

Year 6, St Luke’s Primary School
LALOR – VIC.

Teachers: Mrs Paolini and Mrs Kovacevic

The Flood

I remember the days when we used to play,
Out in those crisp green fields.
But then the dark days came,
When the rivers overflowed.

I woke to a fresh smell.
The kind of smell that everyone knows,
But none can tell.
The smell of rain.

Throughout the day,
I was welcomed with the shattering sound of rain.
The bickering wind that extinguished the rays.
The ingredients to a storm.

I stepped into the once green fields,
In gum boots and gloves.
And saw what can never be healed
A flood.

By **Renna Kelly**

Year 5, Greenslopes State School
GREENSLOPES – QLD.

Teacher: Mr Papamanolis





FROZEN

MY LAST breath shudders through my lungs as a blanket of sleep envelops me. The doctor has promised that in 200 years from now, I would still be myself and they would have a cure for the devil of sickness that has been taking over me for the last four years. He promised there would be no pain as they froze my brain, but I can feel sharp explosions of pain bursting through the

stillness in my head, has it all gone wrong, my eyes flick open and for a split second I can see my mother and father each hold my hand and weeping. My father sees my eyes flickering between open and shut and screams for the doctor and soon there is a crowd surrounding me. I feel a prick in my forearm and can feel myself being plunged back into darkness.

I lay in a field of darkness or an eternity, unaware of what was happening about me. Frozen, lifeless, locked in a shell waiting to be set free.

A burst of warmth seeps under the cold case holding me between dead and alive and I feel my senses rushing back. My eyes open and daylight rushes through. I find myself in a jungle of vines. I stare at my surroundings and find a small stream. I look into the stream and jump back with surprise. I am old, about 60, the freeze hasn't worked.

*By Arianna White
Year 6, Nambour Christian College
WOOMBYE – QLD.
Teacher: Mrs Eracleous*

Prime

A TSUNAMI of tears run down the child's face as he watches his parents get killed by a AI robot designed to kill. The child wants to compute what just happened but before he got too far in he heard metal scrape the road, he thought he was a goner, he shut his eyes, shaking, tears pouring down his face but before anything happens another robot came and destroys the other robot. The child opens his eyes to see this robot staring right at him. The robot said, "You are safe. I am Prime. I will protect you". The child doesn't know what to say but he is really grateful.

After a while, the child said, "My name is Jack by the way". Prime looks and keeps walking. Then out of the blue, Prime turned into a Bugatti Veyron. The child amazed before his eyes. Prime said, "Get in, it will make the journey quicker". So Jack said, "Where are we going?" Prime replied "Far away from this place, where there is peace and no war, where the people you know are the people you die with". When they arrive, the place was called Tuba, the only problem was the place was burnt to the ground. There was ash flying, flames still lit and there were footprints that looked like human footprints but Jack couldn't tell.

When the government realised what happened, what they created, the

government tried to shut down the robots but the shutdown code wasn't working. So the government made a microchip that had a virus on it. All they needed to do was insert the USB into the robot – harder than it sounds. Every time they inserted a USB, they were normally successful, but this robot knew it was coming and had a plan. It waited until they came close, then it killed the soldier and destroyed the USB but then the rest of the soldiers destroyed the robot using a RBG.

Jack and Prime were next. The government came and saw Prime with the kid and decided to attempt to shut Prime down but Jack stopped it really quickly. Prime said, "Thanks but I must leave now and find another planet to live on". The child sad and confused said his goodbyes, Jack got adopted by a caring and loving family and Prime made it to a planet called Zenial. And they both lived happily but the government got a new prime minister, this new prime minister was sick. He created a device designed to kill and by the time the

government realised what he was doing it was too late... he designed a machine to destroy all machines and only he can shut it down and this device was called Destroyer of Realms. The government caught the prime minister, took the device and locked them both away but the device was already activated, it was too late...

*By Matthew Gough
Year 6, Nambour Christian College
NAMBOUR – QLD.
Teacher: Mrs Eracleous*





Faceless Soldiers

All he saw were faceless soldiers,
Who fought for their land,
bearing such pride,
All he thought, unworthy people.
Impure, unjust,
unwilling to try.
No,
But all he saw were faceless soldiers,
trading lives for land,
Loss for land,
All he saw were living corpses,
Sickening to which he had planned.

All he thought of faceless people,
Disregard of fear,
and hurt,
Disregard of all those people,
Shoved his honour in the dirt.
When defeat lingered ever nigh,
And death stumbled ever nearer,
It was just pain,
there was no pride,
In the destruction of the Fuhrer.

By **Molly Waters**
Year 9, Kelvin Grove College
TARRAGINDI – QLD.

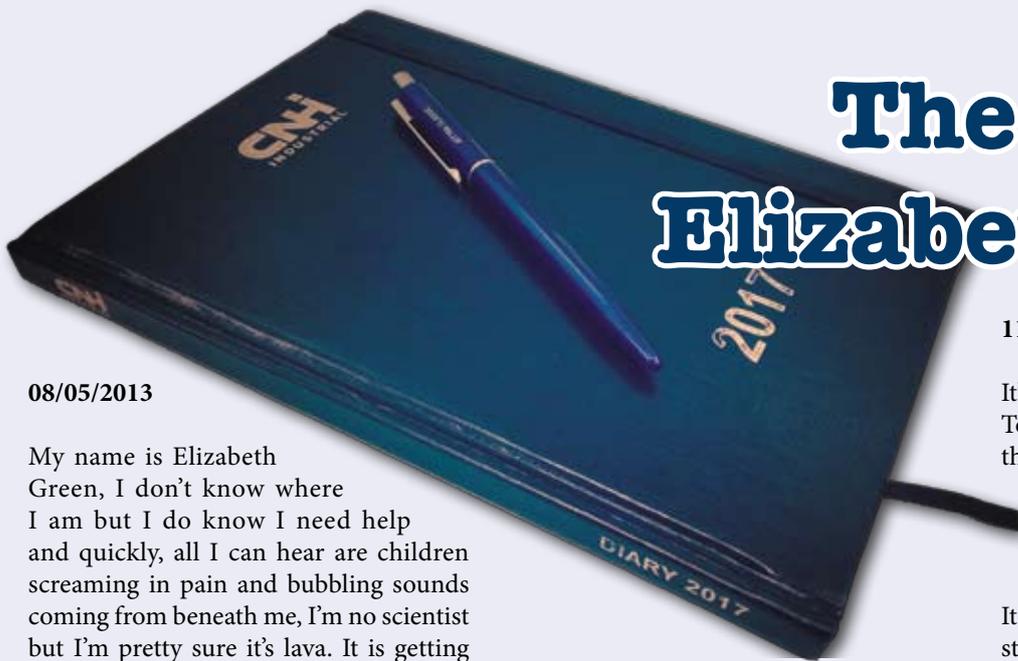


The Singing Song

As I sing softly,
The wind does the same thing,
Bushes creep side to side and sometimes even hide behind the trees,
The sky stays still,
Long grass in the meadow,
Swift and swaying,
And sometimes the leaves fly to the door,
And smile at my house,
All day long,
Humming a little song.

By **Nethya Wijesekera**
Year 2, Highfields Preparatory and Kindergarten School
LINDFIELD – NSW

The Diary of Elizabeth Green



08/05/2013

My name is Elizabeth Green, I don't know where I am but I do know I need help and quickly, all I can hear are children screaming in pain and bubbling sounds coming from beneath me, I'm no scientist but I'm pretty sure it's lava. It is getting hotter each day, I have been down here for at least two days and have been snacking on what's left of my school lunch. Each morning I wake up to more screams, getting closer and closer. It'll be my turn soon. Somebody is coming I have to go.

- Beth

09/05/2013

I am starving. I can hardly breathe. It's too hot to move. I hear harsh voices at the door of my bus. Saying things like, "Should we check if the kid is in there? I mean if it isn't then we can get another one".

And the other voice, squeakier, says things like, "We should go in and see, before it's too late".

I don't understand what the guy means when he says 'before it's too late' but I don't think it's too good. If they do come

in I have a plan, I will list the steps down on the page below...

- S.1) Find a hiding place (found one, there is a plastic flap leading under the back seats, I can just squeeze in.)
- S.2) Get into place just as the men walk on the bus (so I don't over heat).
- S.3) When/if the men decide to pick up their next victim, jump off the bus when they stop and open the bus doors.
- S.4) Run as far away from that bus as possible.
- S.5) Find out where I have gotten to.

So those seem like pretty good, let's just hope they try to get one last victim.

- Beth

11/05/2013

It's been two days and the heat is so bad. Today is the day they are going to drive the bus back into town to pick some more kids up. That's when my plan comes in, I'll jump out, find my way home and tell the police.

It has been an hour, we are driving but we still aren't out of this cave yet, I can feel the temp dropping. It is getting lighter, I can almost see the sun. Finally we have driven off the mountain, it looks like it could be, Skamania County, Washington. I know I'm 'so good' at geography. Anyway, if we are there then... I am a looooooong way from home. Well at least I can get some rest now that it is cool enough.

I got about two hours sleep and by the looks of it we are in a familiar city. OMG I just saw my big sister. She is walking towards the bus stop the man is heading to. Oh no, he is going to kidnap my sister! I have to save her.

My sister is about to walk onto the bus, I am sticking to the plan...

By **Ella Stein**

Year 6, Greenslopes State School
GREENSLOPES - QLD.

Teacher: Mr Castle

DANCE OF DRAGONS

In the forest the dragons stay,
In the clearing the dragons dance
And in your ear they'll softly say -
"Come see the Dragons dance"

By the mighty oak trees they sway
Their scales gleaming in the light
And in your ear they'll fiercely say -
"Come see the Dragons fight"

With heads held high they stalk their prey
And burn them to the core
And in your ear they'll bravely say -
"Come see the Dragons soar"



With wings spread wide they fly away
Below them hang their dirty feet
And in your ear they'll proudly say -
"Come see the Dragons eat"

With rotten teeth bared they feast away
Then give a greedy glance
And in your ear they'll softly say -
"Come see the dragons dance"

By **Zoe Boxall**

Year 5, Greenslopes State Primary School
GREENSLOPES - QLD.

Teacher: Mr. Papamanolis



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The Egg

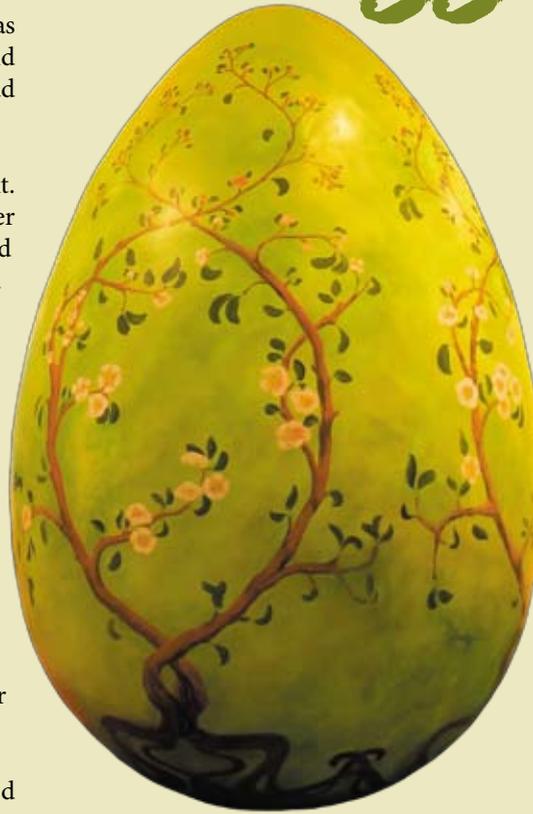
ONCE I found an egg, though it was not a normal egg. It was red and green with silver cracks in it. I had no idea what was inside.

The next day the egg became transparent. I could see what was inside, it was a spider with a million legs. I was so excited and at the same time so scared that it would hatch.

A few days later the egg got smaller and turned brown. Days and days went by and in those days it kept getting smaller and smaller. "I can't wait for it to hatch", I said.

The next day something unbelievable happened, the egg hatched! Out came the spider. I let it play on a copper rock. It played on it so long that the copper rock turned green and the spider burrowed inside the rock.

Suddenly the spider shrank me and



teleported me inside the copper rock where the spider had burrowed. It was so cool in there but I needed to get out. When I was looking for the exit the spider found me and put me in jail.

The spider jail inside the copper rock was a green sphere. It was very, very cold in that green sphere. Luckily it was very fragile. I punched it a few times and there was a big enough hole for me to escape.

I found a bridge outside the spider jail that led to the exit from the copper rock back to the outside world. When I got out I turned back to normal size and I threw the rock into the outside bin to get rid of it forever.

The end.

By **Oliver Brown**

Year 2, Parktone Primary School
PARKDALE – VIC.

Teachers: Mrs Corr and Mrs Alakus

Ice Cream



Ice cream is something that you want to eat and eat,
Children like it so much it's their favourite treat.
You can serve it after dinner or share it with your friend,
It's a type of treat that you don't want it to end.

Yum yum yum everyone goes,
But if you have it too much you will have a runny nose.
I know it's yummy but I'll tell you a thing,
If you eat it a lot it won't be the right thing.

Control yourself from eating it,
because it might cause diabetes.
Everyone knows that it contains a lot of sugar,
it's something that's really bad like picking your booger.

Ice cream can come in different sprinkled topping,
you can make it or buy it when you go shopping.
1 scoop, 2 scoops, 3 scoops or 4,
but that's not you can have a lot more!

By **Aresca Macwan**
Year 7, Gilson College
MERNDA – VIC.
Teacher: Mrs Humble



**The BIC Young Australian
Writer of the Year Award**



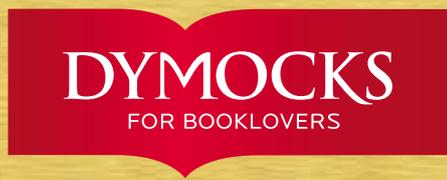
ANNA NGUYEN
St Dominic's Priory College, SA



◀ **Lions Club Literary Award**
Short Story – Secondary
DAMYA WIJESEKERA
Hornsby Girls' High School, NSW



FMGL
Literary Award ▶
Poetry – Secondary
OLIVIA TORRES
John Therry Catholic High School, NSW



◀ **Dymocks Camberwell
Literary Award**
Short Story – Primary
AMELIA CHELLEW-HALFORD
Greenslopes State School, Qld.



CommonwealthBank

**Commonwealth Bank
Literary Award** ▶
Poetry – Primary
RANIA ALDANU
*Roxburgh Park
Primary School, Vic.*



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



VASSILI DORNER
Bullsbrook College, WA



◀ **Helen Handbury Achievement Award**
SOPHIE MERRIN
The Hamilton and Alexandra College, Vic.



Helen Handbury Literary Award ▶
IMOGEN TAYLOR-THORNE
Ravenswood School for Girls, NSW



(Left) Marjory Gardner presents the Commonwealth Bank Senior Art Award to Paris Karahalios.

(Below) MC Rob Eyton at the Young Australian Art and Writers' Awards ceremony at the RACV Club, Melbourne on 24 November 2018.

Photos Carol Dick & Frank Jones



Young
2018
Australian Art Awards



**Commonwealth Bank Art Award
 Painting – Senior (Joint Winner)**
PARIS KARAHALIOS
The Knox School, Vic.



**Bic Australia Art Award
 Computer Art – Senior**
SORAYA LUCAS
Patterson River Secondary College, Vic.

The Lady Potter Art Award
Young Australian Artist of the Year



HELEN HAN
James Ruse Agricultural HS, NSW



**Commonwealth Bank Art Award
 Painting – Senior (Joint Winner)**
HAZEL THENAMKODATH
Methodist Ladies College, Vic.



**Bic Australia Art Award
 Computer Art – Middle**
ANNABEL THIELE
Braemar College, Vic.



**Commonwealth Bank Art Award
 Painting – Middle**
OLIVIA WISHART
Mt Terry Primary School, NSW



**Commonwealth Bank Art Award
 Painting – Primary**
WENYA GAO
Blackburn Lake Primary School, Vic.



**Bic Australia Art Award
 Computer Art – Primary**
NALA KURNIAWAN
Albert Park Primary School, Vic.



**Dymocks Camberwell Art Award
 Drawing – Senior**
MAYUKHA GUNATILAKE
Brisbane State High School, Qld.



**Dymocks Camberwell Art Award
 Drawing – Middle**
SARAH HISCOCKS
NBSC Mackellar Girls, NSW



**Dymocks Camberwell Art Award
 Drawing – Primary**
FAY YAN
Kellyville Public School, NSW



**Lions Club Art Award
Photography – Senior
JOHN WANG**

Sydney Grammar School, NSW



**Lions Club Art Award
Photography – Middle
LOUIS INWOOD**

St. Aloysius College, NSW



**Lions Club Art Award
Photography – Primary
SONYA CLARKE**

William Clarke College, NSW



**Judge's Choice Award:
Marjory Gardner
FENG LIN ZHUO**

Sydney Girls High School, NSW



**Judge's Choice Award:
Elise Hurst
JESSICA THOMPSON**

Davidson High School, NSW



**Judge's Choice Award:
Marc McBride
CHELSEA WONG**

Mercy Catholic College, Chatswood, NSW

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RESOURCES NL**

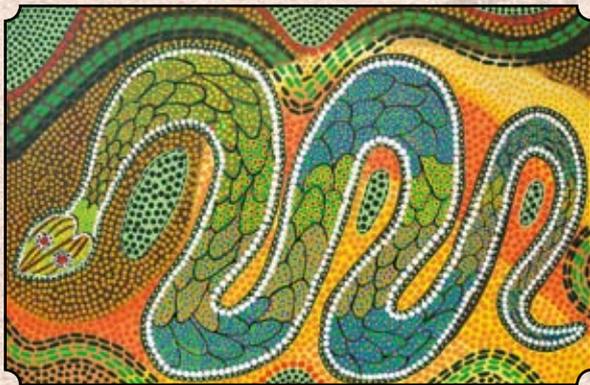
Fortescue
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Indigenous Art Awards 2018



**Saracen Gold
Indigenous Art Award**
TAYA PARFITT



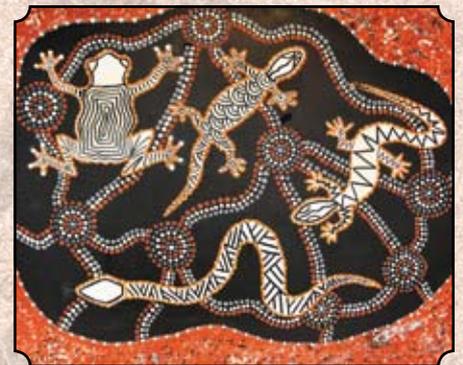
C.D. Dodd Indigenous Art Award
JOELLA FLANAGAN



**Copper Mountain Ltd
Indigenous Art Award**
KOBI PHILBIN



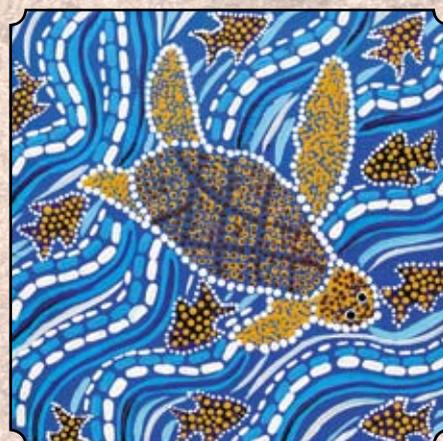
**Sandfire Resources
Indigenous Art Award**
TAYA PARFITT



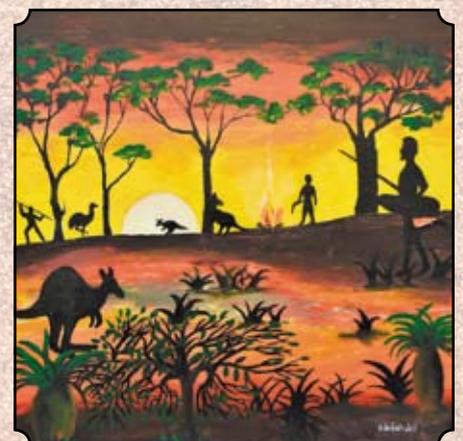
**Goldfields Indigenous Art Award –
Eastern Goldfields**
RICHARD KICKETT



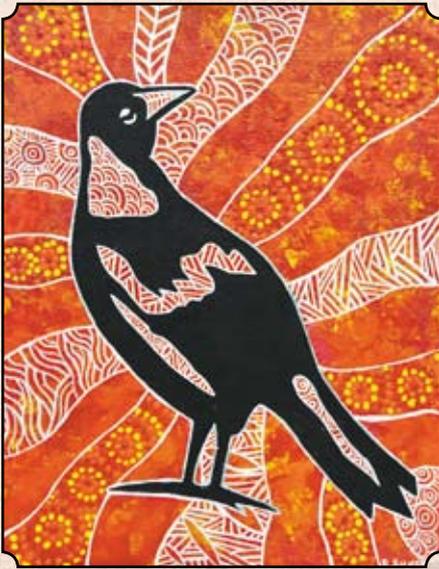
**Altura Mining
Indigenous Art Award**
PHOENIX LORBACH



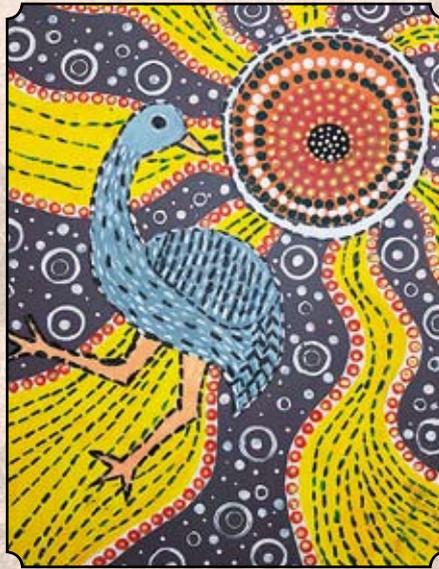
**Pantoro Ltd
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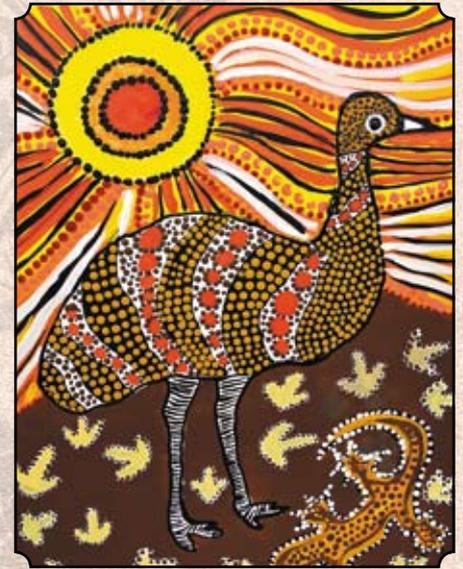
**Qube Ports
Indigenous Art Award**
ADRIAN WINMAR



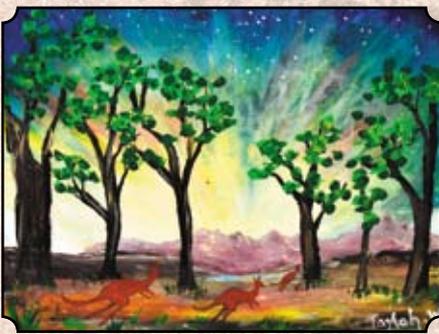
**Northern Minerals
Indigenous Art Award
RICHARD KICKETT**



**Calidus Resources
Indigenous Art Award
VASSILI DORNER**



**Impact Minerals
Indigenous Art Award
BRAYDEN ABRAHAM**



**Great Boulder Resources
Indigenous Art Award
TAYLAH WINMAR**



**FMGL
Indigenous Art Award
CARL WINMAR**



**Whitehaven Coal
Indigenous Art Award
PHOENIX LORBACH**



**Capricorn Metals
Indigenous Art Award
SYLVESTER MURIELLE**



**Newcrest Mining
Indigenous Art Award
PHOENIX LORBACH**



Indigenous Art Award winners Taya Parfitt, Carl Winmar, Adrian Winmar and Joella Flanagan at the Young Australian Art and Writers' Awards ceremony at the RACV Club, Melbourne on 24 November 2018.

Photos Carol Dick & Frank Jones

The Battle for Evoria

IN THE mountains beyond the clouds, lay an unknown magical world called Evoria, shaped like a blue-grey raindrop and made of crystal. The King in Evoria was an honourable ruler, however he was the holder of a deep secret, a secret that no-one in Evoria knew.

Years and years ago, the crystal ball was kept in the Old Kingdom of Evoria. However, over time, Evoria had become dark, gloomy and full of hatred. The King and his citizens had to leave to find new lands for their Kingdom. The crystal ball, held in secret under the castle in Evoria, had always kept the land together. When the King found a different land, he brought the crystal ball with him and named the new city Evoria once again.

The King had only one daughter, Blossom, who wanted to prove to her father she was worthy of taking over his rule. He thought she was too young to carry such important responsibilities. She tried every day to prove herself worthy, but it was never enough. The King thought she didn't have the confidence and power to defeat the dark forces of Deltora. Blossom loved her father and was disappointed that her father doubted her strength. She knew she always had the support and love of her best friend Ezara, which made her persevere through every obstacle she faced.

One citizen in Evoria was a diabolical woman named Goalania who, as a child, tended to be wicked towards others. She had powers of hearing like a wolf. She was the King's dark secret. He knew her dark powers would grow and grow as she got older. He kept her hidden from sight. He feared her and never shared the secret of Goalania.

One day, Goalania noticed something sparkling in the darkness of her dungeon. She stared at it for a long time before she bent down to pick it up. It was a piece of the crystal ball. She didn't understand how it got there, but knew it was part of the blue-grey raindrop crystal and knew that Evoria was beginning to fracture. She secretly kept it in her leather pouch.

When the King and his citizens were boarding the old sailing ship to take them to a new land, Goalania stayed in Evoria

to rule a new kingdom. She would be the Queen. She would be powerful. She would rule like a tyrant. Goalania and twelve of her relatives hid in a cave and watched the ship depart into the distance.

Goalania named the land she wanted to rule 'Deltora'. After many years of rule, that small piece of the crystal ball kept their land from crumbling, fracturing and sinking to the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. Goalania never understood the power of that crystal until one day, twenty years after she began ruling Deltora, something horrific happened.

That day, early in the morning, Goalania was showering. She was about to dress when she discovered the leather pouch was empty, except for a few small grains of crystal. Deltora began to shake, crumble and sank to the bottom of the ocean. After twenty years, Deltora suddenly rose again and the people of Deltora were alive. If Goalania didn't retrieve the crystal ball, Deltora would cease to exist and would lie at the bottom of the ocean once again.

In the new land of Evoria, all was harmonious. Everyone was happy and calm but in the distance, dark clouds appeared and smoke rose in the air. The king immediately knew what was happening. Goalania, from the dark, gloomy and murky land of nearby Deltora, was reborn from the ocean depths and her old vengeance against Evoria would resurface.

"Sir, Goalania is coming, we need to tell Blossom, she is in the garden, I'll go and get her!" said Ezara.

"Go and get her, but do not let her battle against Goalania. You must not, she's too young!" shouted the King angrily. "Tell the guards to let all of Evoria know we are preparing for battle".

"Sir, I will let the guards know immediately".

The King was as frightened as a lost child. The people didn't understand why their city was preparing for a battle. They were terrified and ran into their houses.

Blossom squeezed Ezara's hand tightly as

they charged into the castle. The sound of frightened, screaming children was all you could hear.

Ezara was right. In the distance the King could see the shape of a dark figure holding a sceptre high above her, floating on a thunderous dark cloud, with lightning bolts shooting from below.

Blossom let out a scream but she stifled it. She had never seen anything like this before and knew she would never become Queen if she showed fear.

The cloud magically shaped itself into a staircase and Goalania flew down to Evoria. The guards were weak and feared her and all of them fled. She made her way into the castle without obstruction.

Blossom, Ezara and the King hid behind a screen near the golden throne. They watched as Goalania took a seat on the throne. She reached for the crystal ball next to the throne. As she picked it up her heart filled with joy. The King knew he had to act. He charged from behind.

"Goalania, what do you think you are doing here? Get off my throne! That crystal is not going to bring you happiness. You will know nothing but sadness and sorrow."

"Twenty years frozen under the ocean is sadness and sorrow and now I'm back to reclaim what is mine!"

Goalania screamed as loud as a fire truck's siren.

"Leave this instance, and don't come back!" replied the King.

Blossom came out from behind the screen, followed by Goalania.

"So it seems you want to play it the hard way", Goalania said.

Blossom was confused. She didn't know who this person was.

"Blossom you should go, it isn't safe", whispered the King.

"Who are you?" questioned Blossom.

“Blossom you should go now”, said the King

“Leave my father alone!” demanded Blossom. “How do you know my father?”

“I’m Goalania and your father was my Ruler when you weren’t even born. He decided to leave the land where everyone was loved and all was peaceful. Your father was mean, selfish and loved no one but himself”, lied Goalania.

“This crystal ball in my hand belongs to Deltora. I need the crystal ball back so my land can live.”

“Father is this true?” Blossom said with a tear in her eye.

“None of this is true! Guards, seize her!” ordered the King.

“Blossom I’ll explain everything later!” said the King.

“You’ll never have the crystal ball Goalania!” shouted Blossom.

Goalania ran as fast as a cheetah and the palace guards tried to catch up to her but couldn’t.

As she was running, Goalania looked over towards Deltora and noticed that the land was shaking and crumbling. Goalania knew she had to get the crystal ball to Deltora immediately.

Ezara tried to attack Goalania but she was too swift.

Blossom screamed. “Father... the Gauntlet!” The King quickly retrieved it from its hiding place and handed the gauntlet to Blossom.

Blossom raced to find Goalania and steal the crystal ball off her, but she no longer had the crystal ball. Goalania was waiting to attack Blossom till she could no longer breathe. She turned around and spotted Blossom. Goalania’s face held spite and malevolence. In fear, Blossom ran back towards the castle. The gates shut behind her, leaving Goalania outside the castle walls. Blossom ran straight into the castle. Blossom

was shocked when she saw Ezara. She was beaten. Blossom also noticed that Ezara had the crystal ball.

“You did it, you actually did it!” said Blossom in joy.

“Yes and now it’s your turn to defeat her”, said Ezara trying to catch her breath. “She’s not easy to fight but I know you can do it”. Her head collapsed back to the ground.

“I’ll try”, replied Blossom, “but before I do anything, let’s look into the future through the crystal ball”.

“Dark clouds, lightning and a tall figure, that isn’t very clear, is on the ground. That is all I see!” said Ezara.

“What does this mean, father?” questioned Blossom.

“I don’t know what it means, but whatever happens, try your best.”

“I will, father”.

Now Blossom felt the pressure. She now knew what it would be like if she took over her father’s rule. She was now feeling that she needed to be older and more mature to rule, but she still didn’t doubt herself. “Look out because here I come!”

She took the Gauntlet and the crystal ball with her. When she approached

Goalania she knew what she had to do. Goalania felt more powerful than ever. But Blossom didn’t give up. She used the Gauntlet to weaken Goalania. She fell to the ground trying to catch her breath. Blossom remembered that the crystal ball had blinding power, it had to glow in order to work. No one in Blossom’s family had ever made it glow. Something inside her knew that if she believed in herself, she could make it glow. She was so glad, it was glowing! Her father and all the guards were stunned, they couldn’t believe their eyes. Goalania vanished and only a dark purple ball was rolling on the ground.

“Blossom you did it!” said the king with excitement. “I can’t believe this, is this reality?”

“I think it is”, replied Ezara.

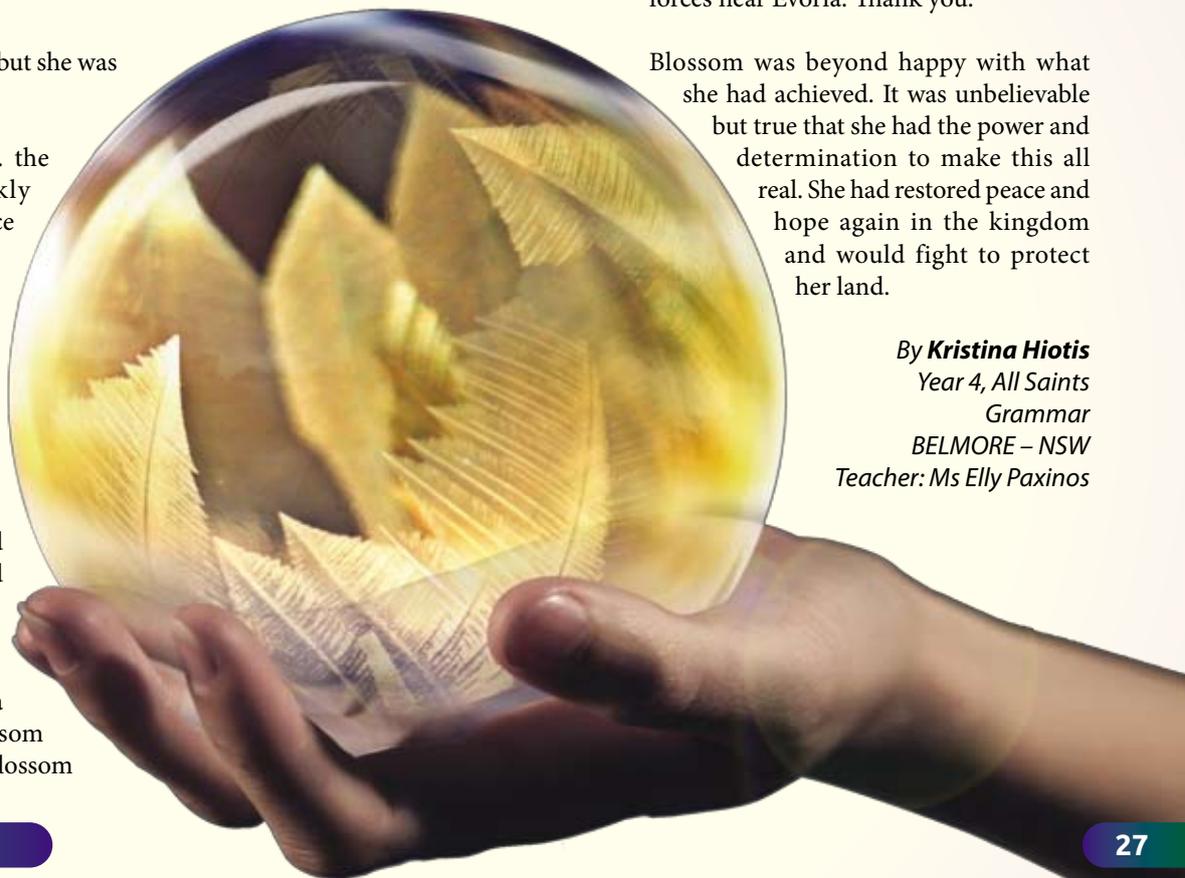
“Thanks, to all of you for having trust in me”.

“Blossom you have proved that you have the belief, power and wisdom to rule this kingdom, you are now the Queen of Evoria!” exclaimed the King.

“Thank you all so much. To all citizens of Evoria, I’d like to take a moment to talk to you. I always wanted to become Queen, it took me a while to achieve this goal. If you work hard and try and try again you will achieve your goal. I am so glad to be your Queen and I promise to defeat all the dark forces near Evoria. Thank you.”

Blossom was beyond happy with what she had achieved. It was unbelievable but true that she had the power and determination to make this all real. She had restored peace and hope again in the kingdom and would fight to protect her land.

*By Kristina Hiotis
Year 4, All Saints
Grammar
BELMORE – NSW
Teacher: Ms Elly Paxinos*



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The Mountain Escape

VICTORIA was sprinting down the mountain side careful not to fall off the edge as she returned from her once-in-a-lifetime-quest vacation. She was tip-toeing along the rocky, creaky mountain track. She was holding her bow and arrow as she walked as stealthily as a ninja. Her sensitive listening was careful for even the smallest sounds.

It was forbidden to be out after 1pm. That was one of the Earth King's strictest rules for over 1000 years and the penalty was execution.

Victoria slid into a hot, misty cave that blended into the rocky part of the mountain. It smelt like water and rotten eggs. The rocks under her shoes were sharp and painful to her bare feet.

She had survived being out after 1pm before, but never for so many hours and so high up the mountain. She wished with so much love that she was back at the palace with her two best friends. Her stomach ached as it ran through her mind that she might only be living for a few more minutes even though the Earth King was her eldest brother.

Victoria leapt to a pause as she heard three Earth Warriors talking behind her, stomping in her direction. They were cracking jokes at each other and stopped halfway through suspiciously. They had not yet found her, captured her and murdered her but if they did...

She caught her breath anxiously glancing in all directions, searching a way for freedom. Rocky covers grew on both sides of the cave slippery with disgusting water and dusty with dried sand. She could never wall jump with the conditions of the cave and her boots. She couldn't turn back and jump off the mountain either.

To do so would be absolutely bonkers and she would fall to her death. But if she sat there sulking, the Warriors would find her and she would die in seconds. By arrow or by sword, she would die. Victoria straightened herself against the cave wall, quiet as an ant, forcing herself not to sneeze. The Warriors became clearer. Louder, louder...

She leapt out into the empty pathway and looked behind where she could see the Earth King's palace in view, annoyed with hatred. For five years the palace had been

the lair of the Earth King. Her friends told her that before he was crowned, the palace was where the former Earth King had lived, having served whatever he wanted, and the palace could be seen clearly. After the new Earth King's coronation, the palace was completely covered from an earth wall.

So it was with relief that she stopped in front of a hole. The Earth Warriors were close and this was her only chance of escape. So with one deep breath Victoria jumped down the hole and slid all the way down. She came to a stop at an earthy platform and took one look around before she realised that she was at the bottom of the mountain and in front of her was her long, black skateboard with a white skull. With one gigantic leap, Victoria got onto her skateboard and rolled all the way to her parents' house, dodged the mango tree which was swishing around and bashed the door open, her head filled with happiness.

Little did she know that in a few seconds her eyes were going to see things that they never saw before. Little did she know that she was going to see something out of her mind.

By **Gufran Hugaz**
Year 6, Greenslopes State School
GREENSLOPES – QLD.
Teacher: Mr Castle



BLACK IS BEAUTY

Black is beauty,
Black is unique,
Black stands out,
Black loves all,
Black is Patience.

Black is who I am,
I am discriminated,
I am not loved just because of this color,
I am left behind lurking in the shadows of doom,
That you can't see my charcoal skin,
As it as black as those shadows.

I am not cared about,
I'm left to suffer for the crimes I didn't commit,
I'm fighting the war I didn't ask for,
But am doing it for equality of my brothers and sisters.

Why leave me to die of sadness,
Why leave me starve to an extent where my ribs are showing,
Why when I ask for that one dollar you deny and ignore me,
Why when I ask for your love and comfort you just give me a cold stare?
Anyways, you can't even warm a tiny spot on my skin because your heart is as cold as a winter storm.

Do I look that bad to you,
Why can't you look in my face,
Why can't you see the beauty and uniqueness of my fluorescent dark skin,
Why can't you see the warmth of the dark brown eyes,
Aren't you admiring my black Afro hair that swings with every step I take?

Oh, I get it,
You just want me to be like you,
You just jealous that I'm unique and beautiful,
Aren't you?

Well don't blame me,
Blame the God who created us,
I'm not suggesting that you change yourself,
No, not at all,
But you must suck it up princess.

I'm here and here to stay,
I'm hard as a rock,
I'm badass and nice all together,
I won't just look and stare when you lock me up like a caged bird,
I will fight,
I will spread my wings and fly free,
I will win,
Won't you be surprised?
Yeah well, suck it up all together.

I'm proud of me,
Proud of all the black souls which exist or once existed,
Not only the black souls actually,
But also, the white souls too,
Don't get me wrong,
I'm not racist,
But passionate and keen on my kind,
That's why I'm as proud as a peacock,
Black is beauty.

By **Patience Namiiro**
Year 11, Blacktown Girls High School
BLACKTOWN – NSW
Teacher: Mr Thrift

NOTHING I CAN DO

MAJOR Tom stepped into the rocket, thoughts of fear and regret flooding his mind, his heart and head throbbing painfully, seeming to never end. The door of the towering rocket slammed shut, the bang echoing off every wall onto Major Tom who stood alone in the middle of the spacecraft. Major Tom took a step towards his seat, staring at the door with his brown eyes. Am I doing this? Am I doing this? What if I never come back? I shouldn't leave my wife, should I? Am I doing this? thought Major Tom feeling guilty and confused, feeling like his head was about to split. Soon he would take off into nothing but blackness, the idea of him returning to earth remaining undetermined.

Major Tom sat down in his memory foam seat with another shaky step. He jumped at the sudden crackle that sounded around the rocket. A friendly, familiar voice spoke in a reassuring tone through the radio, "Straps on, helmet on, lift off in five minutes. Good luck Tom". Tom's face lit up. That was John, thought Major Tom, a small sense of comfort returning to him at the sound of his old friends' voice. As he obeyed and put his helmet on, he spoke through the radio "Tell my wife I'll miss her much". Tom's hands shook and goose bumps spread across his shaking arms like a horrid disease. "We all wish you luck Tom. Engines on. Ten, Nine, Eight, Seven, Six, Five..." Tom's legs shook inside his hot suit uncontrollably, and all his thoughts disappeared. He felt empty. Like all the breath had been taken from him. He couldn't think. He didn't feel alive. "Four..." Tom closed his eyes. The engines roaring became louder and louder. "Three... Two... One..." An eruption louder than anything Major Tom had ever heard screamed and roared all over. Tom's ears filled with pain, like they were about to burst. His eyes, his ears, mouth and nose, all his senses told him he wasn't meant to be there.

The rocket burst off the ground, rocketing into the sky, its sharp nose piercing the air

with such force. Well, I can't go back now, thought Major Tom. Tom's fear slowly changed into excitement. His face broke into a smile. The radio crackled, and John's voice came again, "This is ground control to Major Tom. You've made it! It's time to leave the capsule if you dare". The voice disappeared. Tom felt the rocket give a final jolt and the speed increase. It was incredibly hot inside. Tom could hear the engine powering on beneath the rocket. "This is Major Tom to ground control. I'm stepping through the door.



"I'm floating in the most peculiar way", said Tom. He looked out of the spacecraft at the stars. They looked so different from so high. They let off the brightest light and twinkled like a prized jewel against the jet black sky. Tom sat alone inside his tin can shooting further and further above and away from his world. Tom looked down at earth, missing his home, his sad eyes gazing at the blue sea. He could smell the engines' fuel just faintly through his helmet. "Though I'm past one hundred thousand miles, I'm feeling very still, and I... I think my spaceship knows which way to go..." said Tom in amazement. The sky outside became darker and darker as he went. The craft gave another jolt, and Major Tom was flung up against the hard

walls with a painful SMACK, and sunk to the floor. The pain was excruciating. Tom closed his eyes. His head was throbbing. He used all the energy he could muster to force himself into his chair.

He felt dizzy, and managed to open his eyes, he was sweating all over, "This is ground control to Major Tom. Your circuit's dead, there's something wrong!" yelled John. Major Tom moaned and all his fears reappeared. "Can you hear me Major Tom? Can you hear me Major Tom? Can you hear me Major Tom!?" cried John desperately, "Can you—"

"Here am I floating in my tin can. Far above the world. Planet Earth is blue and there's nothing I can do..." whispered Major Tom, and the circuit completely died out. For once, Tom was truly alone.

His hands shook with fear. "So now I know I won't be returning home", he whispered to himself in despair. A horrid sense of gloom hung over him. Tom thought of his wife waiting at home for his impossible return. Tom took off his helmet and placed it on the floor. He ran his hands through his brown hair. There's nothing I can do, thought Major Tom hopelessly. Tom now felt the most despair, loneliness, and isolation he had ever felt in his life, as he floated away into nothingness in his little tin can. A single drop of rain fell from the cloud that was his eye, onto the waterfall that was his knee, to the floor of the capsule, the place where he would die. As Major Tom floated away into darkness, he looked out of the capsule at the vast amount of blackness that covered the sky like a child's blanket dotted with gleaming stars. His blanket. Tom's blanket. When he was small, he had a black blanket covered in stars. Here Tom was in his tin can wrapped in his own blanket. Tom sang in a mournful whisper, "Here am I floating round my tin can. Far above the moon. Planet Earth is blue, and there's nothing I can do".

By Zoe Boxall

*Year 6, Greenslopes State Primary School
GREENSLOPES – QLD.
Teacher: Mr. Castle*

Sea Blue

I SIT silently on the edge of the beach, deep in thought.

How did I end up here? What caused this to come?

Being a lonely girl on the edge of a vast ocean might sound cool, having the freedom and everything, but, really, you would not like to enter the situation I'm in.

I have to stay here for life. Sure, I have a bit of a forest next door and it has plenty of nutrients, but it never feels right. It never will, either.

I sigh quietly as the tips of the water reach my toes. The wind pushes me towards the sea and I get up before it plummets me into the wet sand.

After dusting myself, I walk to my 'home' and fall into the comforting armchair on the porch, letting the calmness of the beautiful scene wash over me.

Soon night arrives, and I lay in my bed, awake, thinking.

I've never really slept ever since I wondered about how I came here.

Eventually a wave of sleep comes, but leaves very early in the morning.

I'm stressing about nothing. Simply nothing.

At least, I hope so.

I step into the shimmering clear water and walk across the shore.

The sun glows a soft orange as I turn around to journey back home.

It felt like I had just gone through a winding journey underneath the deepest layer of the seas, over the highest cloud, near the furthest star. It was like that feeling when you have achieved something that no one else could.

Everyone loves those memories when you've made your day one of the best.

This is one of my few memories. Let's hope I find more to cherish.

By **Rahma Ibrahim**

Year 5, Islamic College of Brisbane

REGENTS PARK – QLD.

Teacher: Mr Shah



Ambassadors



☺ **Paul Collins** has written many books for younger readers. He is best known for his fantasy and science fiction titles: **The Jelindel Chronicles** (*Dragonlinks, Dragonfang, Dragonsight* and *Wardragon*), and **The Quentaris Chronicles** – co-edited with Michael Pryor – (*Swords of Quentaris, Slaves of Quentaris, Dragonlords of Quentaris, Princess of Shadows, The Forgotten Prince, Vampires of Quentaris* and *The Spell of Undoing*). His trade books published in America are *The Earthborn, The Skyborn* and *The Hiveborn*.

Paul has edited many anthologies which include *Trust Me!, Rich & Rare* and Australia's first fantasy anthology, *Dream Weavers*. He also edited *The MUP Encyclopaedia of Australian SF&F*.

His recent fantasy series is *The Warlock's Child*, written in collaboration with Sean McMullen. His book, *Slaves of Quentaris*, was listed in *1001 Children's Books You Must Read Before You Die* (UK, 2009). His latest book is *Harry Kruize, Born to Lose*.

Paul has been short-listed for many awards and has won the Inaugural Peter McNamara A Bertram Chandler, Aurealis and William Atheling awards.

Other than his writing, Paul is the publisher at Ford Street Publishing, a children's specialist publishing everything from picture books through to young adult literature. Two books, *Pool*, by Justin D'Ath and *Crossing the Line*, by Dianne Bates, were short-listed for the Victorian Premier's Literary Awards and the NSW Premier's Literary Awards. A third, Shane Thamm's *My Private Pectus*, was short-listed in the Territory Read Award. Paul spends much of his time travelling around Australia giving writing workshops to students from grade four to Year 12.

Paul's websites are: www.paulcollins.com.au; www.fordstreetpublishing.com and www.creativenetspeakers.com.

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** is a versatile writer whose work ranges from picture books through to novels, poetry and narrative non-fiction. Her books include CBCA Honour Book *Doodledum Dancing, Disaster Chef!, Daddies Are Great!*, novelisations of ABC TV's *Dance Academy*, and tween series *A Year in Girl Hell*. Her best-selling series, the quirky *Ella Diaries*, was shortlisted for both the REAL and the WAYRBA children's choice awards, and has sold to 24 countries. Her latest series, *Olivia's Secret Scribbles*, features Ella's 'naughty little sister', Olivia.

Meredith lives in inner-city Melbourne with a menagerie of pets, who often wrangle their way into her stories. She regularly presents writing workshops for children and adults around Australia, 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 ☺



LIGHT AS A FEATHER

A GOLDEN brown lock of hair fell in Rose's face. Her small avocado green eyes studied the lock. She had her father's hair and freckles that covered every inch of her face. Her mother, Madeline, had straight charcoal black hair and features like a china doll. Rose imagined her father on the German's soil, heart pumping fast and adrenaline rushing through his veins. Rose stopped herself, she couldn't start crying every time she saw a strand of hair! She had to be brave for her mother.

Rose decided to go for a walk to clear her mind. She walked over to her wardrobe which was really an old cupboard she had found in a bombed ruin of a house. Her fingers felt their way through the musty shelves reaching for her rain coat.

It was cold out and no matter how many layers Rose hid under she could still smell the rank stench of nearby horses and the petrol fumes of bombs that were slowly demolishing her neighbourhood. Another bomb exploded and she felt the ground shudder under her feet. The screams of the injured kept Rose on guard.

As Rose arrived at the market she felt in her pocket for the grubby pennies she earned from washing clothes. She walked over to the cheapest store. Rose's feet knew the

path off by heart and as she looked at the prices she panicked. Everything had been upped by a pound. As she walked around she realised all the other stall holders had followed suit.

Rose fretted. She had to put food on the table somehow. It had been hard to put food on the table since rationing had been introduced and with her meagre wages it was getting harder. She ran many scenarios over in her mind. She could beg or start bawling but none of them seemed right to her so Rose did something she would be ashamed of for the rest of her years.

Rose walked up to the old wooden table and started stuffing as many loaves as possible into her pockets. Then cautiously she slipped back into the crowd and walked home.

When her father had been alive, life had been so much better, but since he had died in the war, her mother was sad all the time and Rose was left to look after her.

Rose still remembered that terrible day when the telegram had arrived. She had come home to hear heart wrenching sobs escaping from her mother's room.

She hurried inside to find her mother, Madeline, holding a faded orange telegram.

Her face was streaked with tears. Rose rushed over and started comforting her, all the while trying to read the telegram.

She only managed to read a few words because her mother's hands were shaking but it was enough to know her father wasn't coming home.

War office, Nineteen, Reported, Regret, Confirming letter.

Rose felt as if all her strength and energy had been zapped and she coaxed the telegram out of her mother's long fragile fingers. It read:

T2831 GOVT =ENG 161013A

Mrs Madeline Hayland == REGRET TO INFORM YOU YOUR HUSBAND CAPTAIN EARL HAYLAND

WAS ON DAY NINETEEN IN FEBRUARY KILLED IN ACTION PERIOD HE WAS PREVIOUSLY REPORTED MISSING IN ACTION PERIOD OFFICIAL REPORTS RECEIVED ESTABLISH HIS DEATH PERIOD CONFIRMING LETTER FOLLOWS=

WITSELL ACTING THE ADJUTANT GENERAL=



Rose was stunned. She felt like all the air was sucked out of her lungs. She thought her legs were going to give way at any moment. The world was in slow motion. She saw her fingers let go of the paper one by one, it fluttered down like a feather. She heard her mother's sobs fill the room and although Rose felt like crying, everything was stuck behind the gobstopper sized lump in her throat. It was funny how something as light as a feather made her feel as heavy as a truck.

Since the telegram, things had gotten worse. Her mother stayed in bed all the time and, since they no longer received the 13 shillings per day from the army that her father was paid, Rose had been forced to use up all the family savings just to survive.

Sometimes Rose felt like giving up too.

Then about three months later, a soldier knocked on their door. His name was David Abram and he claimed to have fought alongside her father. Rose cautiously let him inside their small house.

"I am here on official business", he said. "You received the telegram saying your father was killed, didn't you?"

Rose nodded her head in response.

"Well, it's not true, your father is still alive!"

"My father is still alive!" Rose couldn't believe her ears. "How? It's not possible."

"We have just received word that your father was taken prisoner. He is a very brave man. He has been acting as a spy for army intelligence and was captured by the Germans. The Germans released lots

of fake news in the hope of destroying our morale. Believe it. It's true."

Rose felt her strength returning. Her father was still alive! One day he would be coming home to her and her mother. Rose was ecstatic.

Now she pondered over how she could impact the war. She thought back to the poster she had seen outside the bank; Women's Auxiliary Corp. Rose ran to get the address. She would enlist. She would make her father proud.

So much for the war being over by Christmas.

By Ali Godden

*Year 6, Ivanhoe Plenty Campus
DOREEN – VIC.*

Teacher: Mrs MacEwan

MY FAVOURITE SPORT



The love of scoring free kicks
Stadiums and pitches,
Of football turf and green grass
Injuries and stitches.
Strong love of yelling coaches
Bright lights and dark night skies
There's the screaming of the crowd,
There are the annoying byes.

I love scoring awesome goals
A field of soccer pros,
Of players going crazy
The physio on show.
Of Danny Rose defending
It is a good sport,
The commentators talking
Players leaving the port!

Absolutely exquisite
The good of scoring goals
The bright colours of the kit
Neymar fakes as he rolls
Great players entertaining
Where soccer players train
And France win another one
And the champions reign.

By Zach Jorgensen

*Year 3, Mansfield State School
MANSFIELD – QLD.*

Teacher: Mrs Dawson

A Life Adventure

IT WAS a beautiful day in Vietnam. The sun shone in the bright blue sky. It was like Vietnam was completely peaceful. But it was not – everywhere you looked you could see the hollow faces of resignation and sadness. The smell of smoke and gunpowder clogged the air. The village was on high alert but still, one of its inhabitants was dreaming of another world. His name was Max. Max was a short fifteen-year-old boy; he had sleek black hair and dark almost black eyes. He was the youngest of four siblings – one boy and three girls. Max's father had died in the war, leaving his Mother to care for them all on her own.

Max has heard of the land of Coca Cola and French Fries, of boys playing soccer and tennis. Adventure filled his imagination. Thinking that it was just a game, he left to join other youngsters on a quest for this land beyond. Little did he know of the gamble he took on his life when he set off on the long journey to the docks with some other youngsters, thirsty for adventures.

After a few hours of nonstop walking his legs started to feel like lead, the sun beat down on him as he walked towards a clump of trees. He allowed himself to take a

short break, helping himself to a mouthful of dried rice cakes and a few gulps of water, which already tasted stale. For the next few days he went like this, stopping at a village to get supplies.

It took him and the other youngsters eighteen days to get to the harbour. They then befriended some fisherman who then took them on a boat ride.

The sea was breathtakingly beautiful. The boat rocked gently with every wave. Max felt so alive, so free. Suddenly, he thought of his Mum, hard working each day, selling household accessories at their little store, earning very little but constantly being hassled by Vietnamese soldiers of how much weekly takings she had so that they could take a portion from her earnings. His heart ached for his Mum's hugs and the chattering of his brothers and sisters. How he wished they could be with him and experience the cool fresh sea breeze as the boat rode the waves. In his eagerness for adventures, he had left home, not realising that it would be years before he'd see his family again. He quickly pushed the thoughts of his family away and fixed his mind to that moment. After a few days on the boat he got used to it. He did not even feel the waves.

For weeks, the fishing boat ventured out towards the unknown horizon. His food and water were running low and he was worried for he did not know how much longer the journey would take. Soon, Max felt like his stomach was caving in. The other fisherman and youngsters on the boat were also running out of food. One of the youngsters was so weak, lying motionless, sometimes gripping with pain, eyes staring blankly. Slowly, starvation gripped him. Max and his boat mates watched in despair, pain gripped their hearts as they watched their mate passed away. A dark silence filled the air as they threw his dead body overboard.

Weeks passed, the sense of adventure turned to fear and despair as they realised that they were too far away from their well-known waters. Despite no sense of where they were heading, miraculously they drifted towards land. Max heard that it was called Australia.

As Max was still not an adult, he was taken to a home where there were many other youngsters. Max lived with seven other people, all of them older than him. It was awfully cramped in the house, but people were kind to him. He was given food and clothing and was taught English for the



first few months. After that all youngsters were encouraged to work to support themselves.

And so began his adventures in Australia – yes there was Coca Cola and potato chips but also freezing cold days and nights. How he missed the constant hot sun and of course yummy rice!

For the first few years, Max went to Westall High School. During the week, he worked hard in school. His favourite subjects were Maths and Science. English was very hard for him. He wished he could speak English more fluently so he could communicate with the teachers and other kids. At first, he felt lost and lonely. Luckily, he was not alone. On his first day, Luis, another Vietnamese boy, was the first to come over and asked “Do you want to play with us?”.

“Yes I do!” with tremendous relief, Max excitedly replied.

From then on Max played soccer with Luis and his friends. Luis and Max always supported each other. They both became life long friends for many years to come. As for school life at Westall High – it was such a delight and full of treasured memories. There were happy times when he was lucky enough to play soccer and he even learnt to play basketball and tennis.

On weekends Max laboured on farms, sometimes picking strawberries and other times cherries. He would go on a bus that had no seats. It was so cramped everyone had to balance on one foot just to make room. There were days, which were so cold that his hands were numb as he plucked the strawberries or cherries. Many times he dropped some, wincing as the angry farmer hit him on the back. He had to pick many buckets full of strawberries or cherries just enough to earn \$50 to \$100 a day. There were days when his back and legs were so sore that he could only crawl into bed at night.

Life was hard, but the thought of saving enough money so that he could send back to help his family in Vietnam, kept him going. His ultimate hope was to someday, sponsor his Mum and siblings over to Australia. While Max worked hard to earn money from picking fruits, he also studied real hard so that he could get into University.

Finally, Max got into Science and Engineering at Monash University. It was then that he gave up his weekend fruit picking jobs and only looked for jobs in factories during the Semester breaks.

Max was relieved that he was leaving his fruit picking years behind him. He continued to work while studying so he could save enough money for his family in Vietnam.

Years passed and Max then graduated as a Scientist and Engineer. The first job he went for was a scientist but he did not get it. The more jobs he tried but the more he failed. Many times he felt so hopeless, thinking miserably “I might as well go back to fruit picking!”. But the thought of seeing his Mum and brother and sisters again one day, kept him trying and trying. He was as determined as when he left for his adventure for the land of Coca Cola and French Fries many years ago.

At last, one cool summer day, he was offered an Engineering position at Dunlop. The Engineer job earned way more than fruit picking ever did!

Whatever Max earned he saved and finally he could buy his family a passage to Australia – Fifteen years after arriving in Australia, Max bought a boat and sent it across the ocean to Vietnam. After a few months, it returned with a load of people and among them were Max’s mother, brother and sisters. Now he can continue his life adventures with his family!

The End

By **Nathan Nguyen**
Year 6, Richmond Primary School
ABBOTSFORD – VIC.

Should We Fear

I walk amongst the catacombs, Hollow eyes follow my soundless steps,
Mist swirls round my shapeless form
And deafened ears hear my sweet sweet song.
I tell my tales to lips decayed, their tongues long silenced.
I breathe life into the crumbling darkness, the dreary air and the shadows show me no defiance.

I walk amongst the catacombs, and I look into their hollow eyes,
And see what lies behind the layers of flesh that once flourished there.
Hollows hallowed by unworldly fingers chiselled bare.
I lift a finger to stroke a pallid cheek but it passes through like air.
Nothing but dust could I disturb and it swirled around my shapeless form.
I rose my voice to a silent scream but only the phantoms heard my sweet sweet song.

I remember the night when they were buried here, I recalled the sweet sweet scents.
And the wild melodies that they sang to me as one by one they were laid to rest.
I would kiss each bonny sweetheart and their warmth would cling to my lips,
I would wipe away their haunted dreams with another sweet sweet kiss.

By **Chelsea Wong**
Year 10, Mercy Catholic College
CHATSWOOD – NSW

I HAD called a taxi driver, it was a deluge of rain. The whole town was in a curfew. It was a scary feeling. I waited more for the taxi under the pouring rain. And at last it came, and it came directly in front of me. I couldn't see the driver. I didn't care, I just got in.

I sat inside. I closed the door. The car accelerated, and started. It was going real fast. I turned my head to look at the driver. I didn't have the chance to look when something odd happened. The radio started, it said, "That is 50 dollars would you please place it in that box underneath". I got my money out, \$50. I thought I was only dreaming, but I sneakily pinched myself to make sure it was/wasn't reality, but sadly it was reality.

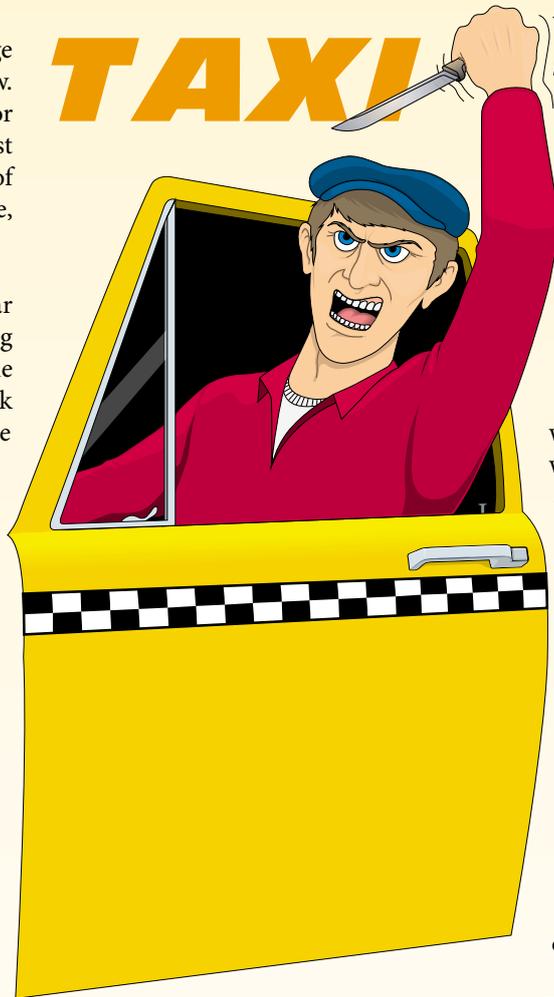
I tried to open the door for escaping but the door was tightly locked. I said loudly, "What's going on, I think I seriously am dreaming". I once again checked on my right to see the face of the driver but I saw someone that was or wasn't realistic, it's really unbelievable that when you say that you see a ghost someone says nonsense, but it really was a ghost in front of me. It was a ghost you can never imagine. No, actually it was a witch.

"Oh Mon Dieu I am going to be killed today, please forgive me for all my sins I have committed please". I think God was not on my side this time.

Talking about the driver I knew her, it was a witch in fact, her hair came straight down her face. I said "I am sorry I had posted negative images of you on the internet, at school in grade 9, Samira".

Samira was in year 9. You see Samira was very talented, she was no ordinary girl, she

TAXI!



walking towards my locker to get my books, I saw her again and guess what, her locker was two lockers away, so I started walking to her direction. That same day, I saw her in the eyes and said, "Who are you, and what do you want?". I got angry and pushed her in her own locker. She said "I love you!!!"

Hearing that made my heart jump a bit. But I didn't care, I locked her locker, the music bell was ringing, everyone was walking their way to their classes, so was I. I was feeling bad that day. No one could hear her scream, and at recess time I went to check if she was all right, she was coughing, and I bet she was getting sick, and the next day I checked on her, she wasn't coughing but she wasn't speaking either.

I thought of what her passcode would be. "Oh obviously it's my birth year", and yes it did work. Her colour of her skin had changed and it was now blue. I got her and picked her up and went to the garden and laid her on the floor. I hid her behind some thorn bushes, so no one could find her.

Back to the car where I was freaking out.

Samira leant towards me, the car was still accelerating, it was driving on its own. Samira came close and closer, till she wasn't even an inch away, she whispered "Want to join me?", and she stabbed me with her knife.

never had friends, tried to make some but everything went in vain. She worked hard, really hard, but her grades were very low. Her parents said she was to never talk to strangers and had to mind her business at all times. She never shared any of her secrets with anyone, but she really wanted to, she never acted weird. Her behaviour never changed, except anger.

One fine sunny day I was walking to high school and she saw me. I pretended that I hadn't seen her watching me, but she kept on staring. And one other day, when I was

By Arooj Nisar

Year 9, Blacktown Girls High School

BLACKTOWN – NSW

Teacher: Mr Thrift

A Habit

A Habit is something you repeat and repeat,
Like saying 'hello' to the people you meet
Some are good; some are bad.
Some make you happy; some make you sad.

Habits are like a garden full of seeds.
Some grow in flowers; others into weeds.
Habits like exercising are good to do.
Habits like smoking are bad for you.



Some habits are noisy like cracking your toes.
Some habits are gross like picking your nose.
Once you have a habit it's very hard to lose.
So be very careful of the ones you choose.

Allow me to speak to you as a good friend
And suggest the habits that I recommend.
There are habits for your mind – that's right – just for you.
They help you solve problems and know what to do.

By Aresca Macwan

Year 7, Gilson College

MERENDA – VIC.

Teacher: Mrs Humble



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