

# *Young Australian Art & Writers' Awards*



**2013**

*Celebrating the Artistic and  
Literary Talents of Children*



# Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

Children's Charity Network wishes to extend its gratitude to the following patrons and ambassadors for their contribution and support in 2013:



**Geoff Handbury AO**  
Organisation Patron



**Lady Potter AC**  
Young at Art Patron

## Ambassadors



**Krista Bell**



**Jeni Mawter**

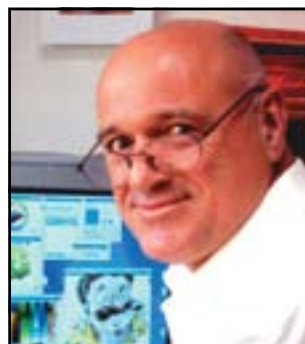


**Anna Ciddor**



**Meredith Costain**

## Young at Art Selection Committee



**Craig Smith**



**Elise Hurst**



**Marjory Gardner**



**Paul Collins**



# Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

## Young Australian Art & Writers' Awards 2013

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





# Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

## Committee Structure



### Australian Children's Literary Board

#### Committee Members

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



### Bright Kids Program

#### Committee Members

- Prof Peter Blamey (chair)
- Dr Elaine Saunders
- Rob Leonard

### Young at Art

#### Committee Members

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

## A Word from our Organisation Patron

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

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

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

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

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

Mr Geoff Handbury AO  
Patron, Children's Charity Network

# Community Partners



Australian  
Scholarships  
Group



**DYMOCKS**  
FOR BOOKLOVERS



**Fortescue**  
The New Force in Iron Ore

Perpetual



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- Avon
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- Bic Australia
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- Brookfield Rail
- Bulletin Resources
- Central Petroleum Ltd
- Chinalco Yunnan Copper Resources
- Collier Foundation
- Commonwealth Bank
- Crayola
- Dymocks Camberwell
- Energy Metals Ltd
- Fortescue Metals Group
- FRRR Foundation
- Geelong Community Foundation
- Geoff & Helen Handbury Foundation
- Iron Ore Holdings Ltd
- James N Kirby Foundation
- Kimberley Metals Ltd
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- Percy Baxter Trust
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***Young  
Australian  
Writers'  
Awards***

**2013**

# The BIC Young Australian Writer of the Year Award

## 2013

Awarded to

**Ellen Thomas**

*Eynesbury Senior College, Adelaide, SA*

for

**'Cruel Awakening'**



## 2013 Young Australian Writers' Awards

### Best Short Story from a Primary School

*Lions Club Literary Award*

**Haylei Whitehead**

The Essington School, NT

*The Enormous Volcano*



### Best Short Story from a Secondary School

*Fortescue Metals Literary Award*

**Ellen Thomas**

Eynesbury Senior College, SA

*Cruel Awakening*



### Best Poetry from a Primary School

*Commonwealth Bank Literary Award*

**Olivia Blake**

Crescent Head Public School, NSW

*Winter Winds*



### Best Poetry from a Secondary School

*Dymocks Camberwell Literary Award*

**Tanisha Matthews-Gunn**

Assumption College, Vic.

*A Lighter Shade of Grey*



### Helen Handbury Literary Award

**Evangeline Yong**

The Mac.Robertson Girls' High School, Vic.

*Mirrored*

### Helen Handbury Achievement Award

**Samantha Douthwaite**

Glennaeon Rudolf Steiner School, NSW

*The Brave Monkey*

### The ASG Poetry Award

**Sascha Zenari**

*Love*



Australian  
Scholarships  
Group

### The ASG Short Story Award

**Liam Tonev**

Padbury Catholic Primary School, WA

*The Naughty Little Dragons!*



# Cruel Awakening

**C**REPT out into the silence, into the unknown, surrounded only by darkness. I noticed every crunch under my feet in the dry grass. I wished that my steps could become lighter, wished I could move silently and be unheard. I'd been in this valley many times before, but there was something different. Whether it be the gun I gripped in my hands or the full moon that stalked my every move, I was not sure, all I knew was that fear was not going to overtake me.

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

As I clambered into the rocky valley I held my father's gun close to my chest. It pressed against me with every breath; it was my protector and I was its hunter. It gave me power and made me into the man that my father was. He was man of great wisdom, one of respect and proud of every one of his achievements. Yet my father was not proud of me and all I hoped for was to gain his respect. I had taken his treasured gun, removed it from its podium and away from his prize. Without it the wall was bare, except for the decaying antlers of an ancient Fallow stag, my father's first kill, and soon it would be replaced with mine.

Twigs caught my legs as I danced among fireflies through the thorn bushes. Their light illuminated the gateway that loomed before me and I realised my insignificance in this wall of trees. As I stood there I almost expected to be asked for a password, for a bellowing voice to grant me entry into the fortress that towered over me. I felt like I needed permission to walk among the beech trees, to make my imprint in the soil. I looked back over my shoulder to relish in the accomplishment of my journey, but there was only the darkness of the night behind me. The damp smell of built up leaves was pungent to my nose, not repelling me but drawing me into the forest. No light reached the ground here, as if it was sucked into the sparsely toothed leaves above. I was in darkness; the moon was no longer my observer. I was on my own. As I wandered deeper into the deciduous trees, I had become smaller in the great supremacy that they held.

The gleam of a moon ray caught a beechnut, lighting it like a diamond. It was magical. I had a childlike instinct to collect every one that I saw as if they were precious coins and someone would take them from me. I filled my pockets with them and began dropping one with every few steps in the heavy soil of this worn path to mark out my voyage. There was little undergrowth from the beech trees and the journeys of those who walked before me could still be seen. They remained untouched as if the forest wanted to tell tales of who had stepped among it and created paths in this ancient citadel. The scuffed soil wove between the marked trees, and carvings of friends and lovers' names were graffitied in

their delicate bark. I became immersed in my surroundings, and every tree seemed to read, "You will not grow up to be a man, you will never be me". My father's words were ingrained into the silver coating of each tree. As I walked along, I could hear his voice echoing through the treetops. It repeated those same words, each time burrowing deeper into my skin.

I made my way to where the fresh shoots of the beech trees grew, to where the light shone in this cold, dark place. There it stood grazing in front of me, captured in a spotlight as the moon's rays beamed down into the clearing. The white mottles were illuminated against its chestnut coat. It did not possess the dominance of a stag, but the beauty of a Fallow doe. Her head remained bowed when I positioned myself on the edge of the dark surrounding holly, and she refused to look up into my fixated eyes. She was nothing but an innocent creature of the night. Yet the more I looked at her, the more my hands rose, the more they brought up this weapon of might. I was mesmerised. My hands shook like the wavering canopy above. My mind was empty. A shot rang through the air. Then silence became deafening.

I just stood there staring, staring at what I had done. I wished it away. There lay this creature, no longer the stunning beauty of this forest, but a victim of cold death. She was imprinted into the carpeted foliage of the woods that I had invaded. Her glass eyes looked into me, not with hatred but with purity, reflecting the night sky above. She was not a trophy of a kill, nor did I deserve respect. I could run now and tell my father of my actions, but I did not feel proud. I had murdered her, along with the man that I wanted to become.

As I left, my father's words were no longer heard, but instead the disheartening folk ballad of *The Three Ravens*, "Downe there comes a Fallow doe, as great with young as she may goe". The moon no longer followed me when I made my way out of the woods and back across the valley. It was hidden behind the clouds as if it were ashamed of me and so it should be.

By **Ellen Thomas**

Year 12, Eynesbury Senior College  
ADELAIDE – SA

**Best Short  
Story from a  
Secondary School  
Fortescue Metals  
Literary Award**

# THE ENORMOUS VOLCANO

**T**HE enormous rocky volcano towered over the small green town of Rivera. It was like a gigantic shadow watching over the town day and night. In the small green town there lived a tiny population of people. It was a busy little town full of farmers and people who enjoyed exploring the beautiful and magical countryside surrounding the volcano.

In a laboratory not far from the city centre lots of scientists worked hard all day and night working on different experiments, potions, lotions, research and cures. Two experienced young aged Geologists worked there to monitor the large volcano that guarded their town.

The scientists' names were Jane and Peter. They lived not far from the big laboratory they worked in. They were adventurous young scientists who loved climbing and exploring the dormant volcano. They admired its lush grass that grew at the base and the sheer rocks that were scattered towards the top. Everything about rocks and volcanoes fascinated them.

Each fortnight on a Monday morning it was Jane and Peter's job to monitor the huge volcano. Jane and Peter took a series of samples from around the volcano to help monitor the activity levels and to make sure the huge giant remained sleeping. They would drive out to the volcano and check the soil and river water, bringing back samples to the Lab to study.

Another Monday morning arrived much like any other Monday morning. Jane and Peter did their normal routine and drove to the giant volcano. They noticed the birds who were usually singing or drinking out of the crystal clear waters of the small stream were all flying around in a state of panic.

Jane and Peter stopped their car and got out to examine the usually blue water. They noticed that today the water was murky and beginning to bubble and boil. Then suddenly they felt beneath the ground a large vibration. They also heard rumbling coming from the volcano. Then they saw thick dark, gray smoke coming out of the mysterious, enormous volcano.

Jane and Peter said nothing. They were both too shocked at what they were seeing. Their hearts were thumping fast as they took the sample back to the car.

As they drove away they could see red, hot lava flowing down the mountain side. The scientists knew that the volcano had erupted and that it was only going to get worse.

They raced their car to the local television station and said to the manager they needed to make an urgent television broadcast to alert the small town about the immediate danger they were in. They told the people to gather their most important belongings and to evacuate to the research boat that was moored on a nearby stream. The people in the town were frantically rushing to pack their most important belongings.

Just as all the people jumped into their cars to drive to the research boat they heard a rumbling sound from the huge volcano. Then suddenly, the giant volcano started spilling out red, hot, boiling lava like an overflowing saucepan. The lava was heading down the mountain side, coating the mountain in a thick blanket of bright red goo. Ash and smoke were bursting out of the top of the mountain turning the sky black and blocking out the glimmering yellow sun.

The people were driving as fast as their cars could go. They were trying not to panic as they rushed to the research boat. Just as the people arrived at the stream and got out of their cars, the burning lava began

to smother and eat up their small village. People screamed loudly as they boarded the research boat. Jane and Peter told the Captain to start the boat engines. The Captain did as he was told and the engines began to turn and rumble immediately.

As Jane and Peter looked behind them they could see red, glowing lava streaming down the mountain towards them. The Captain sped up the research boat and it sped away from the town of Rivera.

The small town was completely destroyed. It was covered with a blanket of thick grey ash and red boiling lava. The trees became stumps and a flower never bloomed again. The people of Rivera were devastated. Their houses and town was gone. They stayed in the research boat for months contemplating about how and if to rebuild their town.

Then after months of waiting, the Captain steered the boat slowly back to the town of Rivera. When they got back to their small town everyone was shocked. As they left the boat they walked towards what was left of their abandoned city. All that was left was sludge, mud and rocks. The houses, roads, trees and animals were gone. It was like a grey desert.

Some people thought about rebuilding the town. Others thought it was too hard. While the people of Rivera were discussing if they should rebuild the town, a little girl wandered away from her parents and began digging in the thick, grey mud. As she played and dug, she saw a small green seed. She gathered it into her hands and took the seed back to her parents. Her parents were amazed to see the small seed. It was a sign of new life.

A decade later the town of Rivera was once again back to normal. Jane and Peter worked hard continuing to monitor the destructive volcano.

By **Haylei Whitehead**  
Year 4, The Essington School  
DARWIN – NT



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



# A Lighter Shade of Grey

I sat alone upon the shore line of a new sorrow so deep the  
oceans could weep with jealousy.  
I could not scream as the darkness came to greet me through punches to my gut,  
nor could I cry as it dragged me down to my madness by my feet.  
I am naked in the dark I feel nothing yet I experience everything,  
I am remote yet I am right here.  
I try to kick and scream my way out of this void but it is useless.  
It cuts me with its stain until only darkness remains.  
As groping hands tighten around my mind and squeeze all the joy of life out of me,  
leaving only the empty husk of what once was love.  
I wish to hang my sorrows and leave it all behind,  
but I am scared so instead I cut,  
I cut deep and hard till my soul is cloven in two and my mind is utterly spent,  
leaving faint scars to tell what was once my fate.  
And then...  
what next a sliver of light,  
I try to reach,  
I try to surface from this vicious turmoil that is my hell,  
but the hold it has on me is too strong,  
and so the light fades away never I thought to be seen again.  
Until there comes a voice I've known it all my life and before it.  
She is calm as she helps loosen the hold the darkness has on me,  
soothing my aching mind with cool words  
and she sews my soul back as one.  
Is she an angel I wonder?  
She knows I'll never be the same,  
her daughter who always laughed at the smallest of things,  
and never understood anyone else,  
caught up in her own world.  
She offers me protection and reality,  
sometime I may dislike her  
but I could never hate the woman who saved my soul  
turning the dark to a lighter shade of grey.

By **Tanisha Matthews-Gunn**  
Year 10, Assumption College  
KILMORE – VIC.  
Teacher: Ms Fraser



# Winter Winds



Warm hot chocolate in my mouth  
Chilly, biting winds coming from the south  
Snug in my bed I want to hide  
Fearing the winter cold that lurks outside.

Watching the leaves where they lie  
Counting the days as they crawl by.  
Breakfasts I enjoy... eggs on toast  
Winter foods are what I love most.

Snowflakes falling in my hair  
Wishing my feet were not so bare  
Watching the flames dance in the fire  
Toasted marshmallows is what I desire.

As the sunlight melts the dew  
I love to slurp Mum's warm, hot stew  
Winter is the time of shorter days  
We all hope Spring is on its way!

By **Olivia Blake**  
Year 5, Crescent Head Public School  
CRESCENT HEAD – NSW





## I. Seeking

I see his face sometimes.  
Cold and senseless and still  
As it was when in the silence of a truce  
We salvaged what we could from the wreck  
Of shattered limbs and blood.  
I am glad I did it.  
Inched into No Man's Land  
Crawling because there is a scorched circle  
In my leg where flesh had been  
In the settling of blood, over  
Dark faces and white, now grey in the pallor of death,  
Trodden upon, in the great red wallowing  
Mist of nowhere. I can't find him at first.  
It is a gruesome task now that I think of it  
A hideous duty which wears upon one, wears  
Like the fiery rain upon our ears until we  
Give out and give in; and winded wretches,  
Eyeless, limbless, soulless  
Wrecks of ourselves, we go home  
To die, I suppose. Chance, or Providence  
Has granted him a different fate.  
Better or worse I can't tell.  
Moving between bodies limp and bloodied, sheathed  
In a shroud of mud, which served, at least, in death  
A purpose other than to impede and pollute;  
Peering into faces, soulless things, unseeing eyes  
Uniform colours, grey and red – life and death  
For once in union.  
I see all these things and neither cringe nor weep for what is  
But, stupid and dogged with the daze of death,  
I look for him.

## II. Him

Him.  
The boy like me on our first day under  
A Turkish sun.  
Peering across No Man's Land from behind the parapet  
Each with a fistful of gun, him with red ribbon fastened  
Around his wrist. A patriot, I think, and raise my gun,  
Smirking a little. A sniper rifle can bridge miles.  
I am fearless, I say, and yet the blood rushes from my face  
And sweat replaces it, and my hands are suddenly  
Slick and shaking.  
He lifts his gun too, points it, finger on the trigger.  
And then something happens. I'm not sure what.  
Maybe we look at each other too long.  
White and wide-eyed, in a long terrible moment  
When the rush and roar about us dies to nothing –  
The difference of nation and blood and allies  
In those few metres between us, those metres  
Of No Man's Land.  
And yet in my mind there are only two of us,  
Two under the same sun, on the same earth. I forget war  
And valour and honour; I forget patriots and sides – because his eyes  
Are like mine, him, like a mirror image of myself, small and young and afraid.  
I cannot kill one of my kind.  
My gun drops.  
So does his.  
I suppose eyes can bridge miles too.

# Mirrored



## III. Over the Top

Dawn, a blood-red spread of sky  
 Ominous and glowering at the horizon. We charge,  
 Valiant and hot-blooded, fresh steel in hand, not yet drawn blood.  
 Time ceases to be. It's a different realm, where clash and cry  
 Sound together in a single, great roar; where I am running – thrashing – bayonet  
 Flailing in my hands. And then he is there  
 His gun levelled at my heart, the ribbon streaming from his wrist like blood.  
 And again it is quiet and again  
 It is only us, and again I am still, frozen, waiting.  
 His eyes meet mine – something in them, something  
 Not quite apology; we soldiers don't apologise. But something akin to it. I brace myself  
 For death.  
 His gun is point-downward, and I am not dead.  
 We look at each other for a moment, and for a moment  
 I think he is smiling at me, and I forget where we are.  
 And then he crumples, and I am running again  
 Something hot and angry and hopeless powering me through a hail of bullets  
 A storm of fire, and then I, too, am struck.

## IV. Found

In the aftermath of the storm  
 Of a death-thunder, a rain of blood – I suppose  
 One ceases to feel, and it is as if  
 We've tuned ourselves out, the way a radio fades to static  
 To a humming and a murmur and then a void.  
 That's how it is. The rest of the world  
 Moving out of focus, only faces  
 Faces. Lips white and laughless.  
 We used to laugh a great deal, the lot of us  
 Friends, and friends of friends, and yet  
 I cannot cry,  
 I cannot touch them. I cannot stop.  
 They are watching me, his people.  
 Watching me, hatred and horror in their eyes;  
 Me, blood-stained and tattered, groping toward them.  
 Faintly the sound of something, someone else  
 Breaching layers of silence, recalling me;  
 I move faster. A few gruelling metres  
 And I am there,  
 A body's length away from their trenches and then  
 I see him.  
 His wrist wrapped in ribbon, glowing redly in  
 The half-lights, his eyes wide open, his shirt  
 Steeped in blood. I touch his hand.  
 Cold like death and dark and void. I can't stay here,  
 I can't stay here with the people about me  
 Watching in the close settling dark and the half-tears  
 In my eyes. I've got to close his eyes,  
 The thing they do to the dead. I lift my hand,  
 Force myself to look.  
 He's smiling. I close his eyes.  
 Around me a great rustle and a murmur like night sounds but it's  
 Men – mine and his.  
 In the half-lights I can see half-tears like mine, and they're taking off their hats.  
 One by one.

By **Evangeline Yong**Age 15, The Mac.Robertson Girls' High School  
MELBOURNE – VIC.



# THE BRAVE MONKEY

ONCE upon a time there was a family and in this family, there lived a monkey. This monkey was not just any monkey, all his life he had dreamt of being in the circus, but he had no idea how to get in to one or how he would find it. Not only that but he was frightened of going somewhere all alone. You see, he was only allowed outside when the youngest daughter took him for a walk. The monkey had his own collar and lead. The name on the shiny tag read 'Bernie', and this is the story of the time Bernie ran away to the circus, performed in his very first show and then returned home feeling much happier, all in the space of a week.



He and the other monkeys were allowed an extra hour and a half free time to sleep, eat and freshen up before the show that night. Then the monkeys would all pack their bags and go to Bernie's for a sleepover.

The show started at 7pm, Bernie got so completely excited jumping around, that he almost caused his costume to rip, but luckily it didn't. The monkey's act was third and when Bernie somersaulted out with the others he stopped. There in the front row stood his family that he had run away from to come learn some tricks. When the mother saw Bernie her jaw dropped and so did the rest of the family's jaws.

One Monday night, when everyone was asleep, just three hours after Bernie's evening walk, Bernie snuck out onto the street, taking with him a little blue backpack, in which he had packed yoghurt, bananas, sultanas and his drinking bottles filled with his favourite apple and blackcurrant juice. Quickly, he ran off down the road and to the train station. Before he left, he put a note on the kitchen table, this is what it said - 'Oooh ooh oo ooh'. (Which in monkey means, 'I'm just going on a little adventure to the circus to learn some tricks and improve my somersaults. Don't worry, there will be no need to send out a search party. I shall be back after the show at 8 o'clock on Friday. Please come and watch if you can, I love you all. Bernie.')

When Bernie reached the train station at eight thirty he was glad that he had just arrived in time to catch the last train of the night that went to Circus Warrumbungle, over in the park. Bernie found an empty seat and started to read the comic he had brought with him. It was his favourite comic, about a little monkey called Curious George who liked to explore. The train ride was long and boring but totally worth it. When the train slowed and the driver announced Warrumbungle Circus, Bernie picked up his comic and skipped happily off the train. There towering above him, blocking out the moon, but lit up by the lanterns hanging from trees standing nearby, was the Big Top!

Bernie got absolutely too excited, he skipped right through the front opening of the tent and almost fainted. Swinging from metal poles twenty feet above him were at least a dozen monkeys, just like

him, all doing somersaults and standing on their heads, some were even balancing on the tight rope, with nothing for them to balance with except their tails! Over in a corner stood a large cage and there inside were six sleeping lions. As Bernie stared, mouth agape, they suddenly woke up, stood on their hind legs and twirled as if they were practising ballet. The male was in a separate compartment from the females and his name shone bright in the candlelight. Even though it was engraved in the same colour as the cage Bernie could still see 'Jacarei'. He decided to stay far away from him.

Bernie soon found the Ringmaster and told him he would like to learn some circus tricks, maybe perform in a show and then invite the other monkeys over to his house for a party, dinner and if they were allowed, a sleepover. It took the Ringmaster a few minutes before he was nodding his head and started speaking directions to Bernie, explaining when his first training session would start, which was the same time as everyone else, 7:34 am sharp.

The next day was a dream come true for Bernie, at first he didn't know a single signal but as the day went on he soon learnt not only to hang upside-down by his tail for a full five minutes, do a full set of twelve somersaults in a row, he learnt to jump through a ring of fire, balance on a tight rope, swing on the trapeze and learnt how to juggle. Bernie also learnt to swallow fire and then make it appear on his hands, and how to blow so the fire caught something and it burnt away. After a full week of training and even practising in his spare time Bernie, Friday finally arrived.

Bernie quickly caught up to the others and the rest of the act went smoothly, then at the end of the show, the Ringmaster congratulated him, and they both shook hands. The Ringmaster then told the other monkeys to grab their night cases and go over to Bernie's for the night. The other monkeys couldn't believe their eyes and ears, ran to their suitcases and packed everything that they would need such as their toothbrushes, pyjamas, clothes and beach towel. They then made their way over to where Bernie and his family were waiting, and then when everyone was ready, they made their way to the train station.

When they arrived home that night the family made a sign to put on their front door and this is what it said: 'OUR HOME IS HOME TO THE BRAVE MONKEY AND HIS FRIENDS'. Bernie certainly was a brave monkey, a brave monkey indeed.

The End!

By **Samantha Douthwaite**

Age 12, Glenside Rudolf Steiner School  
MIDDLE COVE - NSW







# The NAUGHTY Little Dragons!

ONCE upon a time there lived three little dragons. Their names were Luke, Harry and Roddy. They were very cheeky. Their mum said, "Go into the garden and pick dragon berries!"

So the naughty little dragons instead flew into the village to scare the villagers. As they flew they discussed the best way to scare someone. Luke said to his brothers, "The best way to scare someone is to creep up on them and ROAR!"

Harry said "NO WAY! The best way is to hide behind a corner and jump out in front of them and roar".

"I know what", said Roddy, "The best way to scare someone is to dress up in a superhero costume and when people start to crowd around us, we then rip off the costumes and breathe fire everywhere. That will send them screaming!"

Luke and Harry yelled "NO" at the same time. Luke said "My way is better; I want to scare people my way".

Harry replied with "My way is better than yours, let's do it my way".

Roddy yelled at both his brothers "If you don't stop arguing we're going home!"

Luke and Harry both stopped arguing and turned to look at Roddy and pretended to listen to him, but were both planning to do their own thing. So when Roddy said "It's time for scaring the villagers", Luke and Harry did as they each planned.

After the villagers had been sent screaming back to their homes by the naughty dragons it was time to meet up with Roddy. He was furious with Luke and Harry! To punish them both Roddy chased them and blew fire on their tails.

By this time it was getting late and they headed home. When they got home their mother was furious with all three of the

naughty little dragons. Their mother roared "LUKE, HARRY, RODDY, get straight to bed NOW!"

"But mum, we are so hungry", whined the three dragons.

"No excuses, I'm sending you to bed because you didn't do as I asked, instead you flew into the village", said their mother.

The three naughty little dragons were puzzled as they had not realised their mother knew where they had gone. So they took themselves off to bed without dinner. But when they got to their bedroom Roddy, the naughtiest of the three, whispered "I have an idea.

Let's breathe fire and make a big hole in this wall so we can sneak into the village and eat all the pies". Luke and Harry looked at one another and said "That's an awesome idea!" and this time they did as Roddy suggested.

Later on their mother who was worried that they were hungry brought them some dinner. But she saw the big hole and was so angry that she almost saw fire. She flew to the village to check. She found fat little

dragons. The three brothers had to mend the wall. After that they were exhausted!

Their mother brought them orange juice to reward their hard work and the naughty little dragons all said sorry to their mother for being soooooo naughty. It was already past their bedtime so their mother tucked them into bed and said "Thank you for your hard work repairing the wall but please be good tomorrow".

*The End*

By **Liam Tonev**

Year 2, Padbury Catholic Primary School  
PADBURY - WA



# Love



A whisper through the silver leaves,  
A twinkle in the stars,  
A song carried gently,  
All the way from Mars,  
The chuckle of a newborn deer,  
Prancing through the plains,  
A trickle of a dying stream,  
Waiting for the rain,  
A symphony of laughter,  
Chorus down the street,  
A beam of gleaming light,  
A cat about to leap,

A rap upon my door, upon the darkened night,  
And there you gave me,  
A sharp and sudden fright.  
Love can be many things,  
Twisted through the seams of life,  
I'm certainly glad you showed me,  
A piece of that tonight.

By **Sascha Zenari**  
Grade 6



**2013**



# The Young Australian Art Awards

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

With the help of our web site administrator, Linda Purcell

(from The Media Warehouse) and our Selection Committee, we had many fine works of art entered into this year's awards. Despite the fact that the program is in its sixth year, the response has been extremely positive. We are looking forward to the future of this worthwhile initiative.

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

## About our Judges: Painting, Drawing, Computer Design



### Craig Smith

Craig Smith's warm, exuberant illustrations have delighted children for over twenty-five years. With several award winners to his credit, his titles appear regularly on Children's Choice Award shortlists. Finding humour in domestic, family and school situations, and a fondness for unusual perspectives and energetic characterisation are features of his work.

Craig grew up in South Australia and studied graphic design at the SA School of Art. While his early aim to be a political cartoonist never came to be, he worked at a variety of jobs while building a career as an illustrator. He has now produced over 300 picture books, junior novels and educational readers.

His best known titles include the classics *Whistle Up the Chimney* (winner of the NSW Premier's literary award), *Dreadful David*, *Sister Madge's Book of Nuns* and *Billy the Punk*. Other notable titles include Phil Kettle's *Toocool* series, Paul Jennings' *The Cabbage Patch* series and Rachel Flynn's *I Hate Fridays* series.

Craig lives in Melbourne with Erica. They have grown up children.

Craig's website is at [www.craigsmithillustration.com](http://www.craigsmithillustration.com).

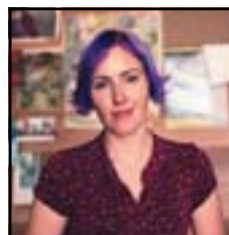


### Marjory Gardner

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

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

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



### Elise Hurst

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

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

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

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

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

Elise's website: [www.elisehurst.com](http://www.elisehurst.com)

Elise's blog: [www.elisehurst.com/journal](http://www.elisehurst.com/journal)



**The Lady Potter Art Award**  
Young Australian Artist of the Year

**2013**



*Awarded to*

**Alyce Welbourne**

*Mornington Secondary College, Vic.*

**'Emily'**





2013 Young Australian  
Art Awards

**Sentinel  
Foundation  
Art Award**

**Painting – Senior**

Awarded to

**Doreen Gan**

*Baulkham Hills High School, NSW*

**'Portrait'**

2013 Young Australian  
Art Awards

**Dymocks  
Camberwell  
Art Award**  
Painting – Middle



Awarded to

**Hayley  
Thompson**

*Parkdale Primary School, Vic.*

**'Squark'**







2013 Young Australian  
Art Awards

**ASG**  
**Art Award**

Painting – Primary



Australian  
Scholarships  
Group

Awarded to

**Georgie Demir**

Ocean Grove Primary School, Vic.

**'Bird in the Bush'**

2013 Young Australian Art Awards

**Avon Art Award**

Computer Art – Senior

AVON

the company for women

Awarded to

**Jae Smith**

St. John Fisher College, Qld.

**'Release'**







2013 Young Australian Art Awards

**Percy Baxter Trust  
Art Award**

Computer Art – Middle

**Percy  
Baxter  
Trust**

Awarded to

**Cai Herps**

Ballarat Clarendon College, Vic.

*'A Roar for Wildlife'*



2013 Young Australian Art Awards

**Crayola Art Award**

Computer Art – Primary



Awarded to

**Angus Primrose**

Jerrabomberra Public School, NSW

*'Heavy Machinery 2'*





2013 Young Australian  
Art Awards

**Marc McBride**  
**Art Award**  
Drawing – Senior

Awarded to

**Shan Shan Qi**

St. George Girls' High School, NSW

**'Confinement'**

2013 Young Australian  
Art Awards

**Bic Australia**  
**Art Award**  
Drawing – Middle



Awarded to

**Kelly Su**

Carlingbah High School,  
NSW

**'Getting Ready'**







2013 Young Australian Art Awards

## ASG Art Award

Drawing – Primary



Australian  
Scholarships  
Group

Awarded to

**Keely Sheidow**

St. Francis Lockley's School

*'Blue Wren'*



2013 Young Australian Art Awards

## Lions Club Art Award

Photography – Senior



Awarded to

**Amber Holmes**

Toormina High School, NSW

*'Capturing the Rainbow'*



2013 Young Australian  
Art Awards

## Lions Club Art Award

Photography – Middle



Awarded to

**Jasmyn Brunato**

Bethany Catholic Primary School, Vic.

*'Fading Summer'*



2013 Young Australian Art Awards

## Lions Club Art Award

Photography – Primary



Awarded to

**Charlotte McFarland**

Poynter Primary School, WA

*'Water Glasses'*





2013 Young Australian  
Art Awards

**Chinalco Yunnan  
Copper Resources  
Art Award**



Awarded to

**Katelyn Furniss**

*St. Therese's Catholic PS, NSW*

*'The Rock'*



2013 Young Australian Art Awards

**Brookfield Rail  
Regional Art Award**

**Brookfield  
Rail**

Awarded to

**Bryden Western**

*Kalgoorlie Primary School, WA*

*'Kalgoorlie Sunset'*





2013 Young Australian Art Awards  
*Judge's Encouragement Award*  
**Craig Smith Art Award**

Awarded to  
**Catherine Hu**  
*St. George's Girls' High School, Kogarah, NSW*  
**'Oil Leakes'**

2013 Young Australian Art Awards  
*Judge's Encouragement Award*  
**Elise Hurst Art Award**

Awarded to  
**Millie Ng**  
*Brisbane Girls' Grammar School, Qld.*  
**'Fantasy'**



2013 Young Australian Art Awards  
*Judge's Encouragement Award*  
**Marjory Gardner Art Award**

Awarded to  
**Kenny Wang**  
*Hurstville Public School, NSW*  
**'Friend'**





# — Indigenous Art Awards —



2013 Young Australian Art Awards

**Fortescue Metals**  
**Indigenous Art Award**



**Fortescue**  
The New Force in Iron Ore

Awarded to

**Leroy Davis**  
*'Ngalaagaa (Crab)'*



2013 Young Australian Art Awards

**Iron Ore Holdings**  
**Indigenous Art Award**



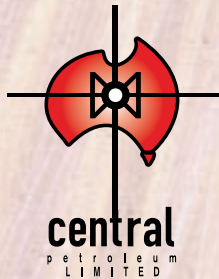
Awarded to

**Maliq Jackson**  
*'The Catch'*



2013 Young Australian  
Art Awards

**Central Petroleum  
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

**Michaela Watts**  
*'Road to Kaltukatjara  
Community'*



2013 Young Australian Art Awards

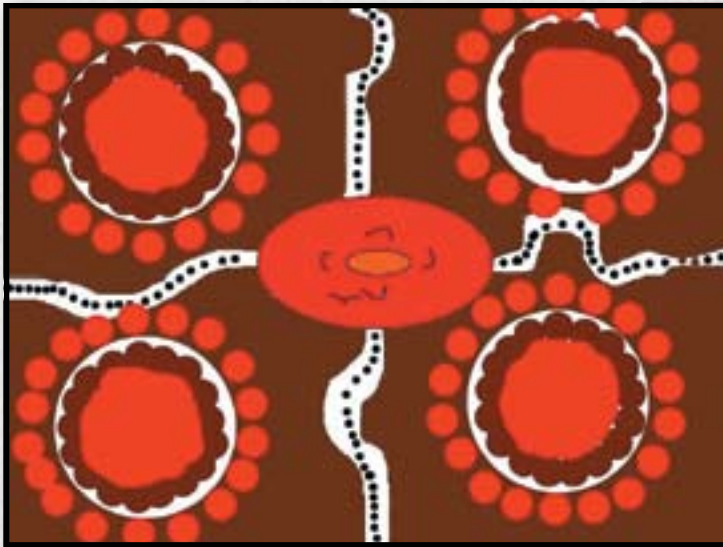
**Brockman Resources  
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

**Dylan Peisley**  
*'Ngurunderi and  
the Milky Way'*





2013 Young Australian Art Awards

**Silver Mines  
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

**Joanne Sharpe**  
*'Allenstown Computer Art'*

2013 Young Australian Art Awards

**Minemakers Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

**Billy-Roy Sandy**  
*'My Land'*



2013 Young Australian  
Art Awards

**Beach Energy  
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

**Tahmia Duncan**  
*'Matthew's Shield'*







2013 Young Australian Art Awards

**Whitehaven Coal  
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

**Brooke Saddler**  
*'Joining Hands'*



2013 Young Australian Art Awards

**Sandfire Resources  
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

**Eamon Peisley**  
*'Kondili the Whale'*





2013 Young Australian Art Awards

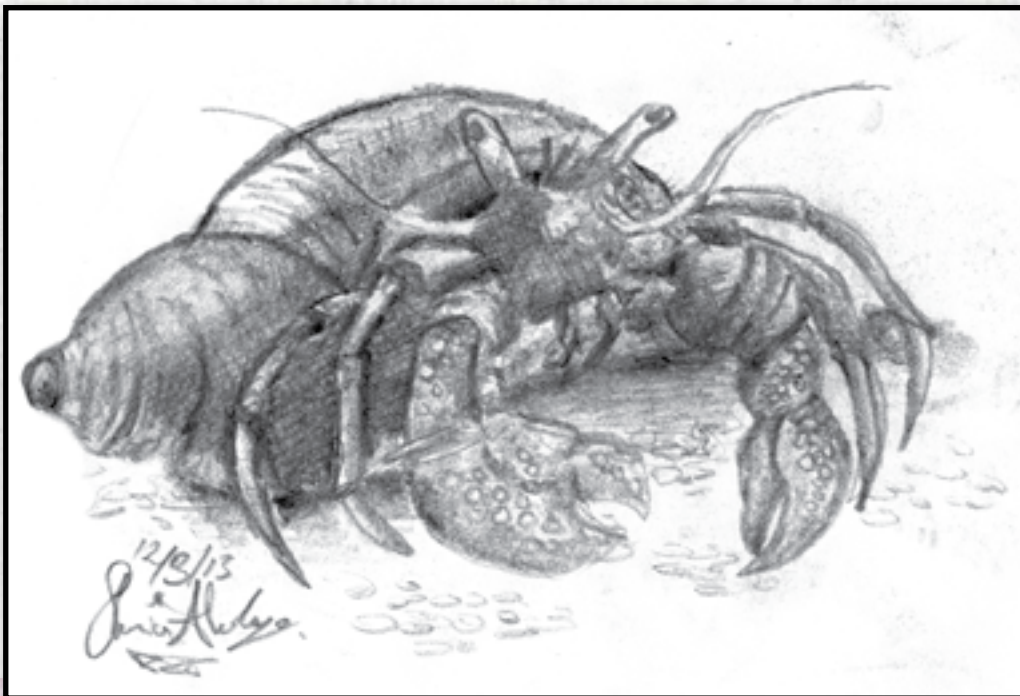
**ASG Indigenous  
Art Award**



Australian  
Scholarships  
Group

Awarded to

**Malakai Cummins**  
*'Shark Attack'*



2013 Young Australian Art Awards

**Unity Mining  
Indigenous Art Award**



**UNITY**  
Mining Limited

Awarded to

**Shania Aldridge**  
*'Crab'*





2013 Young Australian  
Art Awards

**Energy Metals  
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

**Mitchell Watts**  
*'Confused'*

2013 Young Australian  
Art Awards

**Lynas Corporation  
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

**Kathy Kickett**  
Bluff Point Primary School, WA  
*'Family'*







2013 Young Australian Art Awards

**Millennium Minerals  
Indigenous Art Award**



MILLENNIUM  
MINERALS LIMITED

Awarded to

**Skye Taylor**  
*'Rainbow Tree'*



2013 Young Australian Art Awards

**Mt Gibson Iron  
Indigenous Art Award**



Mount Gibson Iron

Awarded to

**Tyler Sillery-Maxwell**  
Geraldton Grammar School, WA  
*'The Bird'*



# Books FOR Kids

GIVING KIDS IN NEED A CHANCE TO READ



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

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

## Succeeding begins with reading

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

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



## Our Mission Statement

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

## Our goals – who we work with

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

## Established Book Distribution network:

Our book distribution network is now in the following locations:

**Northern Territory:** Darwin, Winnellie

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

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

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

**South Australia:** Findon, Marryatville, Oodnadatta

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

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

## Motivational Reading Events

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

## Literary Workshops

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

# Books FOR Kids

GIVING KIDS IN NEED A CHANCE TO READ



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

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

## **The outcome of the volunteer links established to support this program**

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

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



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



# School fee payments made easy with *School Plan*

Ensuring school fees are paid on time can be a challenge for many families. Whether it's balancing the household budget or keeping track of when payments are due, school fees can sometimes be overlooked, resulting in late payment. Fortunately, there is a simple solution—***School Plan***.

*School Plan* pays your child's fees in full, directly to the school when they are due, while you pay *School Plan* in easy-to-manage monthly or fortnightly instalments. Never miss a payment or early bird discount again!

*School Plan* can cover any fixed fees, whether they are compulsory or non-compulsory, including:

- ✓ Tuition fees
- ✓ Boarding fees
- ✓ Camp fees
- ✓ Building fund donations
- ✓ Extra curricular activities such as music tuition.

For more information, call **1800 337 419** or visit **[www.schoolplan.com.au](http://www.schoolplan.com.au)**



SUPPORTING  
CHILDREN'S EDUCATION



Australian  
Scholarships  
Group