



Young  
Australian  
Art &  
Writers'  
Awards

2014

*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 2014:



**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



**Kevin Burgemeestre**



**Elise Hurst**



**Marjory Gardner**



**Paul Collins**



# Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

## Young Australian Art & Writers' Awards 2014

### Contents

Committee Structure .....	4
A Word from our Organisation Patron .....	4
Community Partners .....	5
<b>2014 Young Australian Writers' Awards</b> .....	<b>7</b>
BIC Young Australian Writer of the Year .....	8
Young Australian Writers' Literary Award Winners .....	10
<b>2014 Young Australian Art Awards</b> .....	<b>18</b>
Introduction .....	19
About our Judges .....	19
Lady Potter Young Australian Art Award .....	20
Painting Award Winners .....	21
Computer Art Award Winners .....	22
Drawing Award Winners .....	24
Photography Award Winners .....	25
ASG Art Award Winners .....	27
Judges' Encouragement Award Winners .....	28
Indigenous Art Award Winners .....	29
<b>Overview of Books for Kids initiative</b> .....	<b>36</b>

*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



### Young at Art

#### Committee Members

- Mr Kevin Burgemeestre (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



The New Force in Iron Ore



CommonwealthBank

- Aditya Birla Group
- Arafura Resources Ltd
- Australian Scholarships Group
- Avon
- Beach Energy
- Bic Australia
- Brockman Mining Australia
- Central Petroleum Ltd
- Chinalco Yunnan Copper Resources
- Collier Foundation
- Commonwealth Bank
- Crayola
- Cricket Australia
- Doray Meekatharra Community Development Trust
- Dymocks Camberwell
- Energy Metals Ltd
- Fortescue Metals Group
- FRRR Foundation
- Geoff & Helen Handbury Foundation
- Iron Ore Holdings Ltd
- James N Kirby Foundation
- Lions Club
- Lynas Corporation Ltd
- Marian & EH Flack Trust
- Media Warehouse
- Millennium Minerals Ltd
- Minemakers Ltd
- Mt Gibson Iron
- Mt Magnet Gold
- Northern Star Resources
- Perpetual Trustees
- Rex Minerals Ltd
- Sandfire Resources
- Sentinel Foundation
- Silver Mines Ltd
- The Percy Baxter Trust
- The Sentinel Foundation
- Whitehaven Coal
- William Angliss Charitable Fund



**Want 9,542 friends  
worldwide?**

**Join the Club.**

**With Youth of the Year, Leos and new Lions Clubs forming every day,  
there's always new people to meet at Lions.**

**lions australia**

*we serve*



***Young  
Australian  
Writers'  
Awards***



**2014**

# The BIC Young Australian Writer of the Year Award

## 2014

Awarded to

**Tess McLinden**

Loreto Mandeville Hall, Vic.

for

**'The Waiting Game'**



## 2014 Young Australian Writers' Awards

### Best Short Story from a Primary School

Lions Club Literary Award

**Lucille Belford**

St. Brigid's Primary School, Vic.

*How the Rainbows Were Made*



### Best Short Story from a Secondary School

Fortescue Metals Literary Award

**Tess McLinden**

Loreto Mandeville Hall, Vic.

*The Waiting Game*



Fortescue  
The New Force in Iron Ore

### Best Poetry from a Primary School

Commonwealth Bank Literary Award

**Dylan Peisley**

Prince Alfred College, SA

*Old Man Wisdom*



CommonwealthBank

### Best Poetry from a Secondary School

Dymocks Camberwell Literary Award

**Sophie Dye**

Silkwood High School, Qld.

*Shadows and Deeper Shadows*



### Helen Handbury Literary Award

**Jessica Bakewell**

Eynesbury Senior College, SA

*Of The Peace*

### Helen Handbury Achievement Award

**Ellen Thomas**

Eynesbury Senior College, SA

*Finding Almudj*

### The ASG Poetry Award

**Evangeline Yong**

The Mac.Robertson Girls' HS, Vic.

*Without Adjective*



Australian  
Scholarships  
Group

### The ASG Short Story Award

**Rebecca Anne Campbell**

Tanah Merah, Qld.

*Door to a Dunny*



# The Waiting Game

**E**ACH day at 4 o'clock the old man left the haven that was his home and assembled on the nature strip that lay out the front. He waited. In the warm summer evenings he would wait out for hours observing as the Sun would give way to still and balmy nights. But winter had closed in and though the man still stuck to his waiting routine, his aged and frail body could not fathom more than an hour of the stiff cold.

He had observed this routine almost religiously ever since he could remember living in that house. Passers-by would stare solicitously at the man as though trying to uncover what he was waiting for. Sometimes young children would cross the street and avoid the old man as if frightened or threatened by him. When his neighbours drove by they would humbly bow their heads or look the other way. But no one had ever spoken to him.

It is not that they were not curious as to why he waited; this had been a long disputed neighbourhood mystery, it was merely due to the fact that he was surrounded by a mournful air that suggested he'd rather be left alone. Perhaps it was the way he solemnly hung his head as though the weight was too heavy for his shoulders to bear, or the way he seemed uneasy when he heard a car door slam. 'Bloody Aussies' he would mutter under his breath as person by person strolled by without word.

His skin was leathery and wrinkled, his cheekbones were sunken and his eyes were grey and tired, but his face wasn't empty or unpleasant – it was a face that told a story.

His daily habit was not confined to the waiting game; at 7pm each night through all seasons he would light the open fire. The pungent scent of the burning wood reminded him of his life on the farm in Germany. At a time when he existed as things far greater than just an old man. A father... a husband.

The old man had not always been old. In earlier life he had lived in a small memorial town in East Germany, Zilky, it was called. Every night around dinner, his wife opened the chimney and let the smoke bellow out into the cold country air. Each night as he smelt the smoke, the old man would

come in from work outside and return to the warmth of the family home, like a stork returning to its nest. Though he knew it was not possible, he possessed a childish hope that supposed that if he lit the fire each night, his family might now come home to him. His life in Germany seemed so far away, yet, he knew he had never moved forward.

The memories had never faded. That day, in the late spring of 1945 when he left his wife and two daughters in their mass graves in Dachau was the day he had stopped living. The first part of life he had since rendered was his time for making memories and the second part was for remembering. He had stopped celebrating life since their deaths; he couldn't make memories on his own...

One night as dark was closing in, the old man headed back inside the Zilky studio, he had named it that some time ago in nostalgia for his old life. The name had seemed fitting, Zilky was a memorial town and the place he had made all his memories and it was in the Zilky Studio that he reflected on these. He had already checked the mail that day, but there was something about the letter box that seemed to lure him in once again. He reached his hand in, producing a yellow sticky note, etched with the misspelt handwriting of a child. 'Wat are you wating for?' the note read. His head buzzing with intrigue, the old man sauntered through the gates, and went inside and lit the fire.

The man didn't write a response for some time. He wasn't bothered or slighted by the question. Nor was he stuck for an answer, but it had seemed like years since he'd spoken to a child. In fact, it was years since

he had spoken to anyone. He had forgotten how to share.

Three days later he returned to the letter box with a response. 'I won't tell you whom I am waiting for. Though what I will tell you is that I have waited for many years and despite my hopes and prayers, the people I await are never coming home.' His decrepit hands trembled as he carefully folded the note and placed it in his letter box.

*Continued on page 10*



*Continued from page 9*

The following morning, and the one after that, the old man checked for any mail. To his own surprise he had become impatient for a response. He was used to waiting, but the prospect of anticipating something that might actually come was... invigorating.

On the third morning when he checked the letter box again, another yellow sticky note awaited him. He held it close to his chest waiting until he returned inside to read it. 'Are you lonely old man?' 'Chrissake' he thought to himself with a snicker, 'Kids these days certainly don't hold back'. He considered the question... The old man wasn't necessarily lonely, in the true sense of the word, for, memories of the past had become his closest allies. What he feared most however, was that in his old age he was beginning to forget things. He was afraid that one day, his memory would desert him and he would be left all alone... No. But I do think I need a friend.

The next morning upon venturing to the mailbox the old man was met with a quick response; 'I wud like to be your frend but I don't write very good. do you think I cud visit you?'. Grabbing a pen from his coat pocket the man turned over the note simply replying, 'Yes'.

Days passed and there was no sign of the boy. But the man's confidence didn't waver; he knew the boy was coming.

It was just as the days were beginning to roll into weeks that the young boy mustered up the confidence to visit the old man. It was four o'clock on a Wednesday afternoon; the old man was playing his usual waiting game not paying attention, when he was surprised by a tap on the back. The old man peered over his shoulder eyeing off the young boy. They exchanged a half-hearted smile and were silent for a moment.

The old man stared at the boy whose hopeful green eyes contrasted to his own sunken grey ones and his skin was chubby and soft in places where the old man's was wrinkled. But what the old man saw in the boy's face that mirrored his own, was that it too told a story; a scar spanned across his right cheek and for a moment the man considered that this young boy may too have been hurt.

The boy stayed with the man for the hour that he waited. Though they didn't talk a lot, his presence seemed to help the old man stand a little taller, his head seemed a little lighter on his shoulders and his grey eyes were a little less tired. When the old man returned inside that night he removed the fire tools from beside the fireplace, burying them in the cellar. He threw away the matches. The waiting game was over.

**By Tess McLinden**

*Year 11, Loreto Mandeville Hall  
TOORAK – VIC.*

## Old Man Wisdom

The old man's voice echoes in my ear  
He speaks in language I struggle to hear  
His words are strong, they come from a time afar  
His spirit now, just a twinkling star

I stop to listen, stand up straight  
He speaks of the future, he describes our fate  
Steady voice, strong words of warning  
The sun has risen a new day is dawning

He warns us now, he tells it here  
He says the words we all fear  
The world has changed, yet the earth still turns  
A traditional life mother earth yearns

He says that while the grass still grows  
That what our ancestors know  
We must put one another's needs  
Way, way, way before our greed

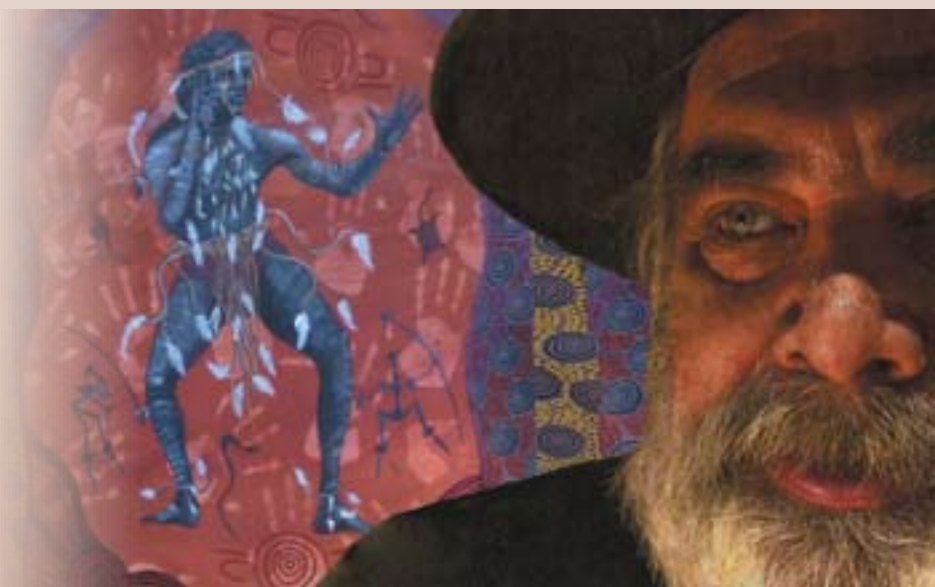
We must show love and care,  
To our fellow man we must be fair  
And while the rivers still flow  
We must help the young ones to strongly grow

Stand firm, he says, I implore  
Hatred and bigotry do not ignore  
Stand strong like the mountain  
And flow like water to the fountain

Protect this wonderful mother earth  
Draw her near, toward your hearth  
Do right by the spiritual creator of this land  
And keep your feet firmly planted in the sand

**By Dylan Peisley**

*Year 8, Prince Alfred College  
KENT TOWN – SA*



# How The Rainbows Were Made



Best Short  
Story from a  
Primary School  
Lions Club  
Literary Award

**F**RANK was a fig who lived on the only rainbow in the world. His ambition was to travel the world but the only problem was that he couldn't get off the rainbow.

One day Frank decided to learn how to make more rainbows. He found an old ragged, falling apart potion book that belonged to his great, great, great Grandfather. After reading the whole book thoroughly he was totally and absolutely disappointed, the potion was not there. In frustration, he pulled apart the grimy, stuck-together pages. As he ripped the last two pages, a folded card fell out. Frank, in amazement, grabbed it and read. It was a potion for creating rainbows, arcs of beautiful kaleidoscopic colour in the air.

He started adding numerous coloured powders and liquids to an ancient, rusted

cauldron which he lit with a match. He didn't dare leave the spitting, bubbling mixture alone, even though it took until the full moon to make. Exhausted, Frank took the cauldron out into the chilly night, stirring the potion in the magical moon light. The moon slowly lowered while the sun rose, swirls of elusive pink and orange patterns.

Frank carried the cauldron, cautiously making sure not to spill a single drop of the rare potion. Turning, he banged into what he thought was a table.

"Owwwww!" he yelled in pain. Grabbing a golden goblet, he turned around. "Nooooo, this has to be a dream." Frank was devastated, as he watched the potion spread over the floor and covered the walls of his house. It hadn't been the table he had knocked into! The potion was ALIVE,

rainbows were forming all around him. Frank tried to run to his bedroom but he found himself in the cupboard instead. Feeling totally lost, Frank lay on his bed sobbing.

He suddenly sat up and noticed that the rainbows had spread out. He knew where he was going. Frank pulled on his brown travelling shorts, backpack with rope, and wide brimmed hat with corks dangling from it and seized a full drink bottle. He was happy and free, leaping from rainbow to rainbow.

By **Lucille Belford**  
Year 4

St. Brigid's Primary School  
HEALESVILLE - VIC.

# Shadows and Deeper Shadows



Best Poetry  
from a  
Secondary School  
Dymocks Camberwell  
Literary Award

She stands cloaked in shadows, the absence of light, but not happiness,  
For there is life in her eyes and kindness in her soul.  
Her perception of herself is as dark as the shadows that surround her,  
But her perception doesn't matter because her mind is controlled by the words of others.  
Her dim profile pours from her like blood from a wound and flows about her ankles as she treks the path of light.  
A dedicated friend, a faithful lover and a life-long companion, the shadow never leaves her side.  
Her cloak gives her the strength to walk the trampled roads of life.  
And her heart is full of love and wisdom she wishes to share.  
They wander the misty mornings and dance with the stars at night.  
Together, inseparable and joined by a swirling force,  
It will follow her for eternity.  
For she is the pillar, holding up a sky of oppressors.  
If only they would listen.  
Their jeering mouths and abusive hands claw at the mist around her.  
Pulling pieces of the veil to reveal the distortion she holds below its gloom.  
They don't know her name, or her story.  
Only that she is hiding, with darkness on her side.  
She is different to them and they look at her cloak with anger.  
"We are not afraid of the dark", they say.  
But still their eyes turn to the light as she walks by.  
And as long as there is light, her shadow will be by her side.  
"Look down!" she cries. "For when you do you shall see that we are not that different."  
But still they tug at their shrouds of black, desperate to remove them.  
"We are one and the same!" their shadows cry to them.  
But still they tread on the darkness at their feet and turn their gaze to the sky.  
"We are not afraid of the dark", they say again.  
But still they don't turn out the light.  
But they don't know that when their world is illuminated there will always be shadows.  
"We are not afraid!"  
"We are children of the light and we are not afraid!"  
She wears her cloak of shadows as she wanders through the light.  
And they smirk and taunt and joke as she passes by.  
But her cloak keeps her safe from the hands that wish to harm.  
Little do they know, that when they are gone and have lost their light,  
The only thing that will remain by their side to mourn will be the darkness they have shunned their whole life.

By **Sophie Dye**  
Year 9, Silkwood High School  
MT NATHAN – QLD.

# Door to a Dunny

"U... H... I don't want to but I have to. I hate them, they're feral, but it's my only hope." He slowly opened the creaky door, making sure there were no spiders. He sat down, but before he could even begin imagining the horrors beneath him he started to fall down slowly. Was this the end or just the beginning?

"Phew, what a drive", Doctor Raymond Spilcas exclaimed just as he and his dog arrived up Mount Barney. He'd never been camping and although there was a hut the whole idea hadn't comforted him. "I'm going to find some toilets", he said, and went to the back of the hut. There he saw an old wooden door. "Uh, an outhouse" he said. "Yuck", he shuddered, "They must have some newer facilities around here". But he looked and looked and there was

only the old outhouse, and by now he was desperate...

He slowly opened the creaky door, and there he saw a wooden box. "A box?!" he thought. "Who would make a toilet out of a box?" He slowly opened the lid, and a horrible smell drifted to his nose. "Uh, I don't want to, but I have to, it's my only hope." As soon as he sat down, he felt himself fall, slowly down that stinky hole. And as he fell he wondered. Was this the end or just the beginning?

When he hit the bottom, he was greeted by a horrible stench. "It's worse down here then it is up there", he said out loud. He then realised he had to get out, but it was so dark he couldn't see his own hands in front of him. With no way out he decided to sit down on the slushy ground beneath

him and think of a plan, and as he started to think of a plan, a dark figure emerged in front of him, and let out a deep terrifying roar. It was a monster...

He was so scared, he couldn't move, his mouth was dry. He went to scream but no sound came out. He tried to stand but his legs wouldn't move. It started throwing things at him. Realising he had to defend himself, he looked around for a weapon. "Surely someone must have dropped a knife or syringe down here?", he thought, but no, only poo. "Poo! Of course", he thought. It was a disturbing thought to him, but desperate times call for desperate measures.

Flinching a little, he started throwing poo at the monster but no matter how much he threw, the monster just seeped it in. He was a dunny monster he decided, a stinky smelly dunny monster.

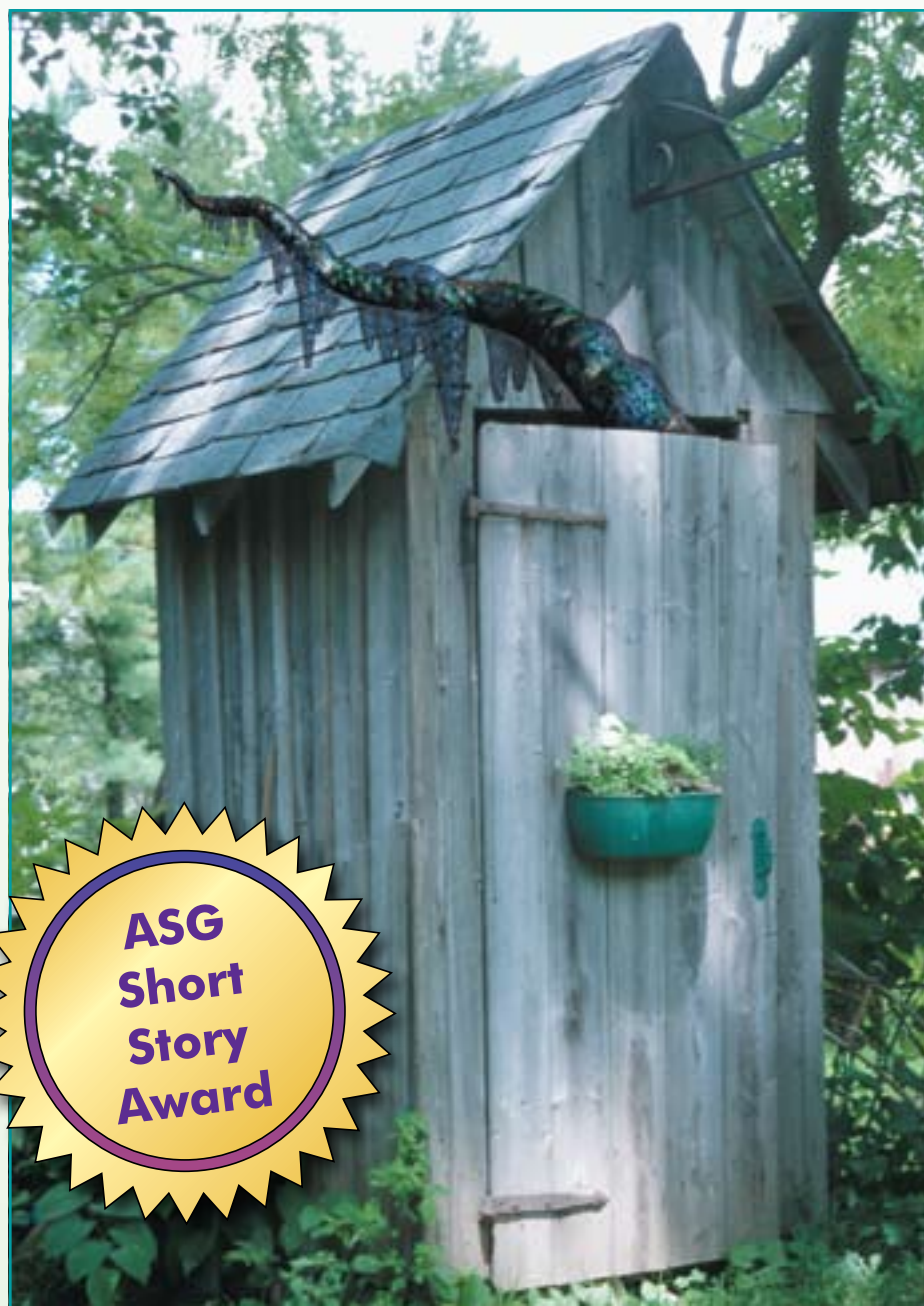
Exhausted, covered in poo and his nose severely bruised from the stench, Doctor Raymond prepared himself to die, but there was something in his pocket. He reached into it and there it was, his prized pocket knife. He withdrew the blade and started to slice and hack at the monster with all the strength he could muster. It slowly crashed down into nothing more than a pile of poo. Feeling like a new man he began to walk straight ahead into the great unknown.

There was a sudden blinding light, and then all of a sudden he was on the floor with his pants down staring at his dog Max. "I'm back, I'm back!" he shouted. He must have been dreaming, yes he thought, no poo at all. "Yes!", he cried, "it never happened!".

He started running towards the horizon with his dog on his heels screaming and shouting as he went; it had been the happiest day for Doctor Raymond in a long time and he never ever had a problem with a toilet ever again.

The End

By **Rebecca Anne Campbell**  
Year 9, Age 14  
TANAH MERAH – QLD.



ASG  
Short  
Story  
Award

# Without Adjective

## Dedication:

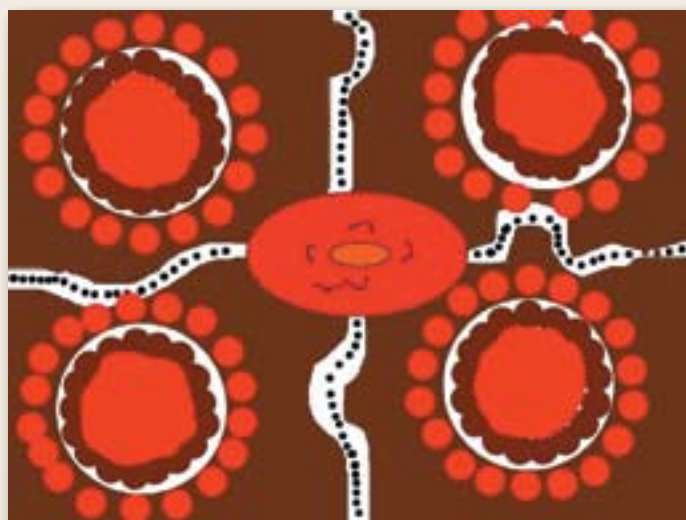
*In writing this poem I do not intend to provide an account or depiction which generalises or trivialises the experiences of the Stolen Generations and the indigenous peoples at the time of the European settlement.*

*I only wish to acknowledge the traditional owners of the land upon which we stand, the significant and lasting legacy which they have created and preserved over the centuries despite the immense scale of the loss and the suffering that they have endured; to pay respect to their elders, past and present; and to remember and honour their strength, their courage and their culture.*

*Therefore, I would like to dedicate this poem to the traditional owners of Australia – the people who, through their remarkable example of resilience, have shown us that the imposition of labelling or stigmatising adjectives is unnecessary and harmful – that we are all human and deserve to give and receive respect, regardless of our colour or our traditions – and that restoration and reconciliation is possible.*

it's a black night and a white moon with  
bloody edges.  
i'm white like you inside.  
see me.  
i learned you like my mother  
learned the curve of the creek,  
the turn and tune of sky.  
it's a black night.  
my people walk under it. my mother walks the creek with  
moon-wide eyes.  
shadows touch us like  
blessings. we lurk. silent.  
savage.  
who is the savage?  
i don't know.  
the stars shudder tonight.  
there's the ring of steel and the pulsing of  
arrows through the blood-thick air.  
blood is thicker than water.  
or is it?  
you are water and we are blood.  
we the beating blood of the land and the  
land's blood beats in us. we hot and savage and you  
cold and tame – and like the sea consumes the earth,  
like the advancing tide, you come, and come, and come –  
and unlike the tide, you do not retreat. you stay.  
like the sea-water in the winter seasons, you bite and sting  
and freeze. my heart is frozen,  
and my memory has been caught in  
the present. but tonight I roam back, where I should not  
and I see in glimpses.  
the creek is bloody like the moon.  
they wade in crimson sweat. running, running,  
they shiver and fall like the stars,  
silently. the earth receives them –  
without noise, they dissolve into dust.  
the carved trees of our sacred ceremonies  
burst into flame, victims of the land-clearing. My world  
is horribly alight.  
i am young suddenly and crying on the side of a creek.  
one of the creeks with curves I almost know because i learned  
them like  
my mother learned them.

i am young suddenly and crying beneath canopies of sky and  
the turns and tunes of it  
i almost know.  
there is no one left to teach me.



it's a black night and a white moon with  
bloody edges. i am old suddenly and crying beside a bed and  
beneath a roof that i know  
too well. i'm white like you outside. i dress like you and talk like  
you.  
I'm paler than i was. i learned  
you well.  
see me.  
but i'm black inside.  
i learned me – like you  
learned your letters  
the manners and meanings of your kind.  
it was a black night and i found it again.  
i walked under it with moon-wide eyes and this is what i saw.  
my people walking the creeks.  
falling like stars in the blood-ridden night.  
and then i put that night's  
memory  
in the creek  
and it drowned.

and while it drowned i found the other  
 nights when my people danced  
 around the waratah trees with the flowers  
 that share one stem, as our people  
 share one land –  
 when my people danced  
 in a spring-soft wind  
 laughed like the kookaburra laughs with the universe.  
 i found the other nights when we walked our paths  
 and learned the lay of the land, until we knew it  
 as we know ourselves; like a mirror of our lives –  
 an unbroken reflection in unsullied water,  
 where bullets did not rend the clear  
 countenance of sky; where the silences of the people  
 were spaces of time where the sublime music  
 of wind and birds resonated through  
 our sphere and we listened  
 in awe.  
 where the cries of children were  
 cries of joy in a corroboree;  
 not the cries which shook the stars  
 when they took us away.  
 where the sky did not pulse  
 with arrows, but with  
 the sound of our feet  
 on the earth, treading the paths and  
 patterns of celebration, the land which  
 the feet of our ancestors touched  
 in peace.



when there were no savages – only  
 the land, with its curves of creek, its  
 turns and tunes of sky, and  
 us.  
 when we were neither blood  
 nor water, hot, cold, savage or tame –  
 we were people.  
 without adjective.  
 we are people.  
 all of us. and that memory  
 drowned in the creek.  
 the night was black and a white moon shone.  
 but now there is no blood and the stars have risen  
 and in the eucalyptus trees the kookaburra  
 laughs again.  
 in a spring-soft wind  
 my children dance.

By **Evangeline Yong**  
 Year 11, The Mac Robertson Girls' High School  
 MELBOURNE – VIC.



# Of The Peace

THE MEDITERRANEAN sun beat down on Turkey's bustling Mecidiyeköy of Şişli, penetrating the canopy of trees that sheltered the town's centre. Tall, stone buildings with high ceilings and art nouveau wrought-iron balconies surrounded the narrow, winding streets of the town, separated by small, russet elevators on wobbly wires. The then-peaceful district was disturbed in a bitter feud of hate and prejudice between the discrepant groups of the Ottoman Empire during the 1915 Armenian genocide.

Amidst the storm stood Stepan Gevorgi. Stepan was an Armenian musicologist, and was committed into the first psychiatric hospital in Turkey, the Hôpital de la Paix. It was originally a Turkish military hospital run by French Nuns during the Crimean War, and was a standing testimony to Ottoman tolerance – wounded troops from the armies of the French, British and Ottoman Empires were all treated here by the 'Daughters of Charity', irrespective of race and religion. When the war ended, the French nuns were given the hospital as thanks for their efforts.

I was raised in the orphanage ward, and grew up in quiet corridors and dim halls, soaking in the tricks of the medicine trade. When I turned 21 in 1880, I swore an oath to God and began my life as a nun.

I was 56 years old when Stepan was committed to La Paix. On the night of his admission, I had gone to bring him dinner when I found his bruised, scrawny body sprawled out on the hospital bed.

Tired, heavy eyes fluttered wildly for

a moment as if to wake, but then settled, sleep triumphing in the struggle. I placed the tray on his bedside table and sank into the deep, leather loveseat to his right.

I wondered where he had come from, and how he escaped the genocide – all Armenians had been called upon by the Turkish government, rounded up into trucks and headed for the hills where, presumably, they were shot. They thought of it as a grand plan, but their prerogative, this notion of ethnic cleansing, would see their skin stretched across the fiery brimstones of Hell that do sit beneath us. With the flames lapping at our ankles so often, the relentless quest for domination up here became apparent – but did not call for the annihilation of an ethnic minority.

My heart ached for this stranger Stepan, and my heart beat in time to the rise and fall of his breathing chest as I was pulled into slumber. I woke to two almond-shaped auburn eyes peeping through a curtain of shaggy, dark curls. Startled and embarrassed, I tore my eyes from Stepan and began to mumble my apologies and collect myself, gesturing to the tray of cold food by his bedside.

Stepan's face pulled into a pout, and genuine confusion contorted his face. He stared at me for a moment, his lips slightly parting as they paled. Under a glistening sheen of sweat, he began to ramble in barely decipherable Turkish, "Agitated were our souls, and our minds racked with fear, as we moved through the bungalows of the outskirt hills. There were bandits behind every boulder; God was nowhere to be seen. Where has he gone, Sister?"

I looked down at my feet, curling my toes in the confines of my slippers. "God will never leave you, Stepan. God is eternal. Do not abandon your faith."

"What is it for? Education, work, death. To become a part of the Earth for a future species to never discover, and our

lives become meaningless... or else they always have been. One does not need God, or art, or music – but light and nature, that's all we need."

Stepan shut his eyes and began to hum a bewitchingly sophisticated folk melody, before lighting up in a furious rage and slamming himself into the wall. "I don't know you, go away! Get out! I must write my songs!" I hurriedly exited, and could feel bursts of adrenaline coursing through my veins.

In the months that followed, Stepan's state deteriorated. Paranoia gnawed at him from the inside out – every week that passed he felt sadness. He was even angry at the sun. He began to talk to himself, and refused food. He would cry out as though imaginary animals were attacking, cowering in dark corners, clawing at the walls trying to break free.

Three years after his admission, after the genocide was over, Stepan remained unwell. He was to be relocated to Hospital Vile Evare in Paris, where his treatment would continue.

On his last night in La Paix, his screams bent through the corridors and bounced off all the ceilings. I entered his room with a warm glass of milk in my hand and a syringe in my back pocket, only to have the shrill shrieks stop; Stepan lay curled on the ground, silently shaking. His eyes frantically searched the room in an attempt to find something, before locking with mine. "Sister... Hôpital de la Paix. I do not speak French. All this time... what does it mean?"

I stared at Stepan, brushing matted locks from his clammy forehead. "Of the peace."

He smiled for a moment before I plunged the lethal dose of pain relief into his neck. His eyes widened and lit up in such a way I had never seen before, his lips murmuring their last 'thank you' as his soul departed the shackles of his flesh and ascended, finally, into the gentle embrace of God.

By **Jessica Bakewell**  
Year 12, Eynesbury Senior College  
ADELAIDE – SA

**Helen  
Handbury  
Literary  
Award**



# FINDING ALMUDJ

**T**HE wailing chants and cries from 'sorry business' echoed down into Mikinj Valley as the spirit of Guboo returned to the Dreaming Ancestors. My guman and the elder of the Gagudju people, gone. Taken by the waters sent from the great power of Kakadu, Almudj. She had done wrong and it was in my power to revenge Guboo. With my skin painted white and spear in hand, I left my people behind. I set out on a journey to find her, to follow the Dreamtime story once told to us by the elders.

The Dreamtime story passed down to us told of a rainbow serpent, who the Gagudju people called Almudj. She lived deep within Kakadu, sleeping under a pool beyond Burrangie. Almudj was the creator of mountains, valleys and waterholes – she shaped the land and spilled water to make rivers, lakes and billabongs. Almudj was known as the great creator, bringing the seasons each year that are responsible for life. However, Guboo always told us that Almudj should be feared. She can punish those who do wrong with her great power, creating floods. My guman fell victim to the rains Almudj sent. She had taken him, but he had done no wrong. She had broken the customary laws of the Gagudju elders and for that I must punish her.

The echoing chants followed me as I made my way down the Mikinj Valley, my spear gripped tightly in my hands. I did not know of my journey exactly, but old rumours told that the pool Almudj rested in, lay deep in the heart of Kakadu, near Jim Jim Falls. I could find my way there by following the stars of the night sky, using the Southern Cross as a point to guide me. I looked over my shoulder, the sky above blackened by smoke. A pair of kangaroo stood camouflaged in the dry bushland, as if proudly sending me on my journey. They watched me leave the valley.

I reached the mangroves of Yellow Water, the sky now orange as it set deep into the horizon. In front of me was the glistening water, a shimmering reflection of clouds and of the fiery orange sky. Everything that lay beneath it was hidden. We were always warned of the creatures that lived in the depths of Yellow Water, and although it held an abundance of fish it was home to deadly crocodiles. Goose bumps ran up my legs in uncertainty, as

I broke the glass surface. Moving deeper, I gripped my spear tighter, the splintered wood crafted from hibiscus now digging into my hands. Ripples broke through the floating algae and I remained unaware if it was just a Barramundi or the tail of a crocodile, something only an experienced mani could tell apart. The silence of the still water was broken as a black-necked stork sprang out the reeds. The glass now rippled behind me, and shadows of a crocodile became clearer. The water broke like the clouds of the monsoonal season. My steps once cautious and silent, now stirred up the mud.

As night fell, I rested high up in an Anbinik tree, its leaves olive with the light of day now a glistening silver, a mirror to the moon. Here, I was safe from the dangers that ruled the plains of Kakadu.

With the break of day, I could see where the cliff dropped off in the distance, and could hear the faint sound of water crashing down from great heights. I had found it, found the place where Almudj lay in rest, in the pools below Jim Jim Falls. I made my way to the edge of the cliff, to the top of the waterfall. From here I could see far across Kakadu. I could see the powerful Mary River winding through valleys, forcing its way past the dense eucalyptus. Paperbarks wept over the billabongs they sheltered. I could see across the lowlands, over the stone country and deep into Arnhem Land. This was all Almudj had created. Without her the land would be dry

and barren, there would be no creatures to roam amongst the evergreen flora of our nura.

My eyes followed down into the depths of the water, but I could not see Almudj. The pool was a still blue, no shadows, no life. I broke a piece of the decaying limestone and threw it down the waterfall, the sound of its crashing covering the splash. But still nothing. I leaned further and further over to get a better view until I felt my feet slipping beneath me.

I found myself awake, shoulders pressed into the damp, orange clay of the bank, legs being bitten by the cool shallow water. The colours of a rainbow disappeared into the mist of the waterfall. The colours of the rainbow serpent. Almudj took the life of my grandfather, but spared mine. She let me go free. I could not take revenge on the great power of Kakadu. I could not look back as I walked away from the pool.

I left to venture back up the waterfall, back through Yellow Water and the forests of gums. A rainbow streamed through the clouds above. Almudj was guiding me home.

By **Ellen Thomas**

Year 12, Eynesbury Senior College  
ADELAIDE – SA

*Disclaimer: This piece is a work of fiction. It is not supported by Kakadu National Park or the traditional owners.*



**Helen  
Handbury  
Achievement  
Award**



**2014**

# The Young Australian Art Awards

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

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

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

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

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



### Marjory Gardner

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)



### Kevin Burgemeestre

Kevin Burgemeestre studied at RMIT majoring in illustration before moving to Amsterdam to graduate in children's book illustration at The Rietveld Academie.

His illustration has appeared in newspapers and magazines throughout Australia and as an author he has written freelance articles on art, transport and society.

He loves illustrating children's books and presenting workshops to kindergartens, primary and secondary schools, libraries, universities and teacher groups.

He has illustrated numerous children's books including the well known *Bernard was a Bikie*. Other titles include *Antarctic Dad* with Hazel Edwards, *B is for BRAVO* written and illustrated by Kevin featuring innovative dioramas. The recent *Uncle Eddie* books with Lucy Farmer continue themes of adventure and discovery.

Versatility is important to Kevin. He is an exhibiting artist and in 2013 he was shortlisted in the Nillumbik Prize. His first play was produced in 2011 and his debut novel *Kate* was published by Morris Publishing Australia in 2013.

He sat on the judging panel for the Dromkeen Librarian's Award, is currently a committee member of the Children's Literature Australia Network.

Kevin's humorous and informative workshops on illustration, sketching, cartooning, writing and photo collage are suitable for all year levels. He continues to declare 'When you are writing or drawing there are NO mistakes only opportunities'.

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

**2014**



*Awarded to*

**Alyce Welbourne**

*Mornington Secondary College, Vic.*

**'Exposed'**



2014 Young Australian Art Awards

**Commonwealth Bank  
Art Award**

**Painting – Senior**



**Commonwealth**Bank

Awarded to

**Gordon Yuan**

Sydney Boys' High School, NSW

**'Studio Stuff'**

2014 Young Australian Art Awards

**Commonwealth Bank  
Art Award**

**Painting – Middle**



**Commonwealth**Bank

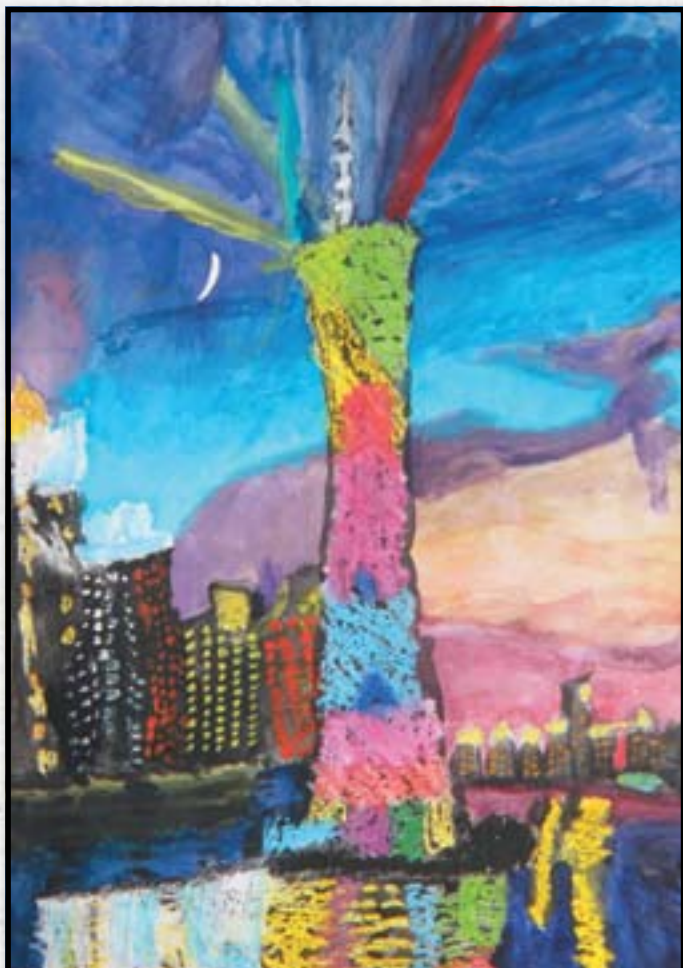
Awarded to

**Hayley Thompson**

Parkdale Primary School, Vic.

**'Pink Patronum'**





2014 Young Australian Art Awards  
**Dymock's Camberwell  
Art Award**

**Painting – Primary**

**DYMOCKS**  
FOR BOOKLOVERS

*Awarded to*

**Andrew Yang**

*Carlton Public School*

**'Reflection of the Tower'**

2014 Young Australian Art Awards

**Avon Art Award**

**Computer Art – Senior**

AVON

the company for women

*Awarded to*

**Kirrah Thompson**

*Victorian College of the Arts Secondary School*

**'Call Of The Wild'**



2014 Young Australian Art Awards

**Avon Art Award**  
Computer Art – Middle

AVON

the company for women

Awarded to

**Naimisha Talluri**

Carey Baptist Grammar, Vic.

*'Puzzling'*



2014 Young Australian Art Awards

**Media Warehouse  
Art Award**

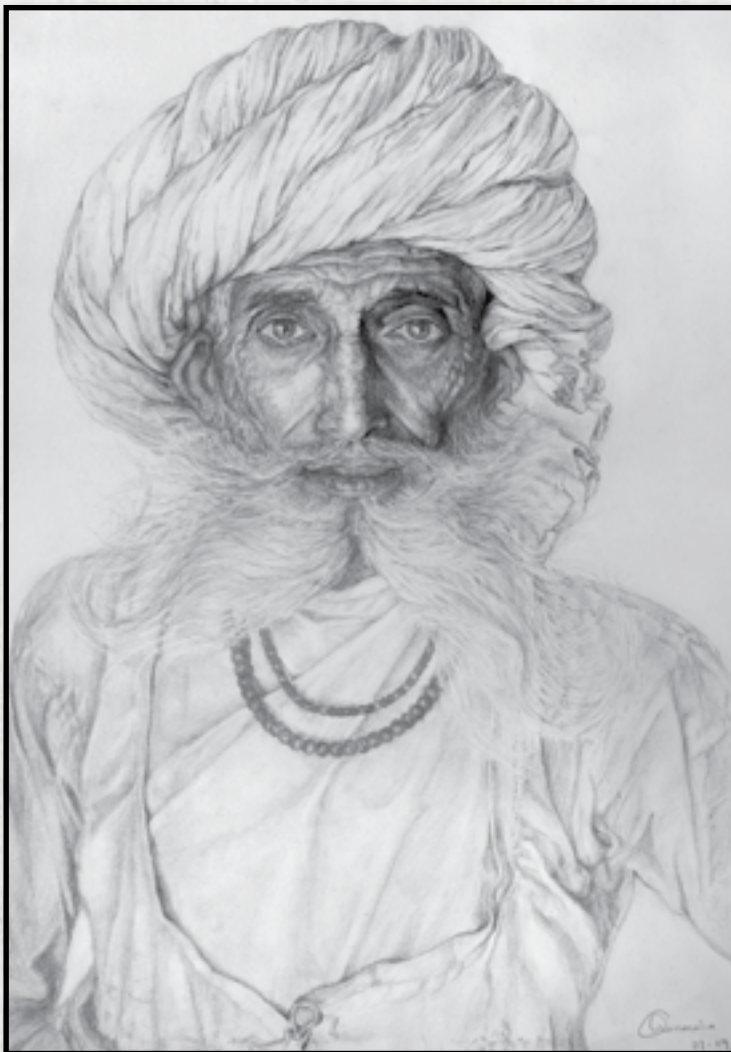
Computer Art – Primary

Awarded to

**Angus Primrose**

Jerrabomberra Public School, NSW

*'Duelling Knights'*



2014 Young Australian Art Awards

**Bic Australia  
Art Award  
Drawing – Senior**



*Awarded to*

**Charmaine Liu**

*Gosford High School, NSW*

**'Portraiture'**

2014 Young Australian Art Awards

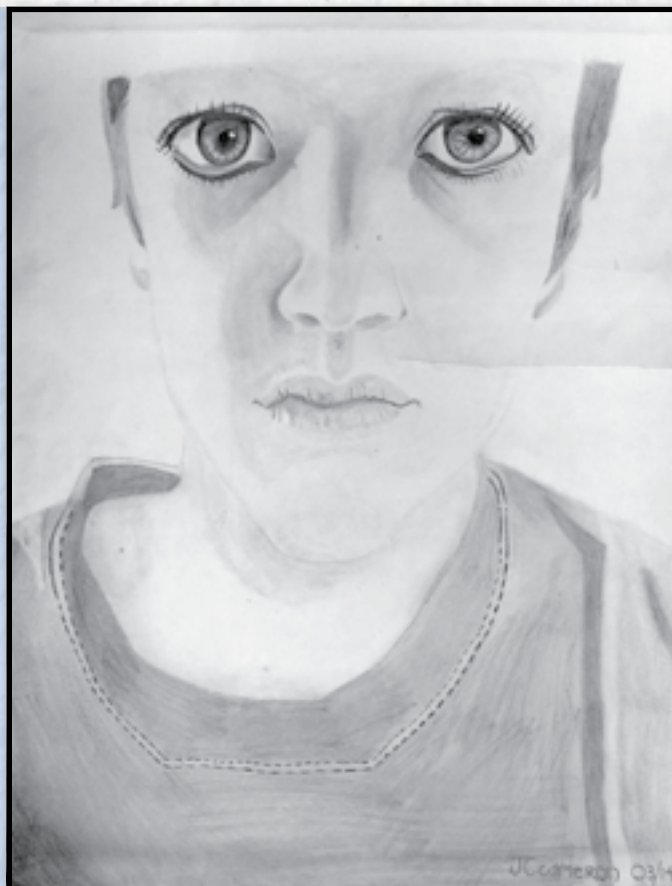
**Marc McBride  
Art Award  
Drawing – Middle**

*Awarded to*

**Jeremy Cameron**

*Bayswater West Primary School, Vic.*

**'Self Portrait'**





2014 Young Australian Art Awards

## Crayola Art Award

Drawing – Primary



Awarded to

**Loretta Ying Ling Tan**

Hurstville South Public, NSW

*'Mr Clown'*



2014 Young Australian Art Awards

## Lions Club Art Award

Photography – Senior



Awarded to

**Peter Bakos**

Dickson College, NSW

*'The Wise Man'*





2014 Young Australian  
Art Awards

## Lions Club Art Award

Photography – Middle



Awarded to

**Paris Karahalios**

Livingstone Primary School

*'I See You'*



2014 Young Australian Art Awards

## Lions Club Art Award

Photography – Primary



Awarded to

**Jack Lloyd-Parker**

Taroona State School, Tas.

*'Before the Sun'*

2014 Young Australian Art Awards

**ASG Art Award**  
Computer Art



Australian  
Scholarships  
Group

Awarded to

**Ashley Dhanu**

*Pymble Ladies College, NSW*

**'Cool Girl'**



2014 Young Australian Art Awards

**ASG Art Award**  
Painting – Primary



Australian  
Scholarships  
Group

Awarded to

**Eric Yang**

*Carlton Public School, NSW*

**'The Patchy Lioness'**

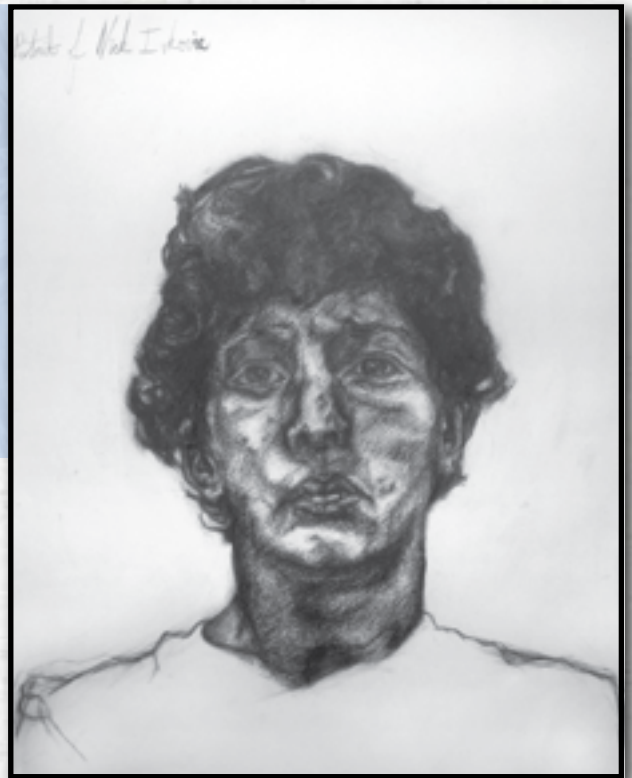


2014 Young Australian Art Awards  
Judge's Encouragement Award  
**Kevin Burgemeestre  
Art Award**

Awarded to  
**Seo-Yeon Kim**  
Epping West Public School  
*'In the Multi-Coloured World'*

2014 Young Australian Art Awards  
Judge's Encouragement Award  
**Elise Hurst Art Award**

Awarded to  
**Astro Spiller**  
Ballarat Clarendon College, Vic.  
*'Portrait of Nick Ivkovic'*



2014 Young Australian Art Awards  
Judge's Encouragement Award  
**Marjory Gardner Art Award**

Awarded to  
**Taya Klæbe**  
Ku-ring-gai Creative Arts High School, NSW  
*'Unconscious'*



# — Indigenous Art Awards —



2014 Young Australian Art Awards

**Fortescue Metals  
Indigenous Art Award**



**Fortescue**  
The New Force in Iron Ore

Awarded to

**Jody Lee Malibirr**

*Ramingining School*

*'Wunggan  
(Dog Mountain)'*



2014 Young Australian Art Awards

**Whitehaven Coal  
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

**Quirindi High School**

**Students – NSW**

*'Patchwork'*

2014 Young Australian Art Awards



## Mt Gibson Iron Indigenous Art Award

Awarded to

**Tyler Sillery-Maxwell**

Geraldton Grammar School, WA

*'Dreaming'*



2014 Young Australian Art Awards



## Sandfire Resources Indigenous Art Award

Awarded to

**Valentine White**

*'Yankirra Emu Dreaming'*

2014 Young Australian Art Awards



## Iron Ore Holdings Indigenous Art Award

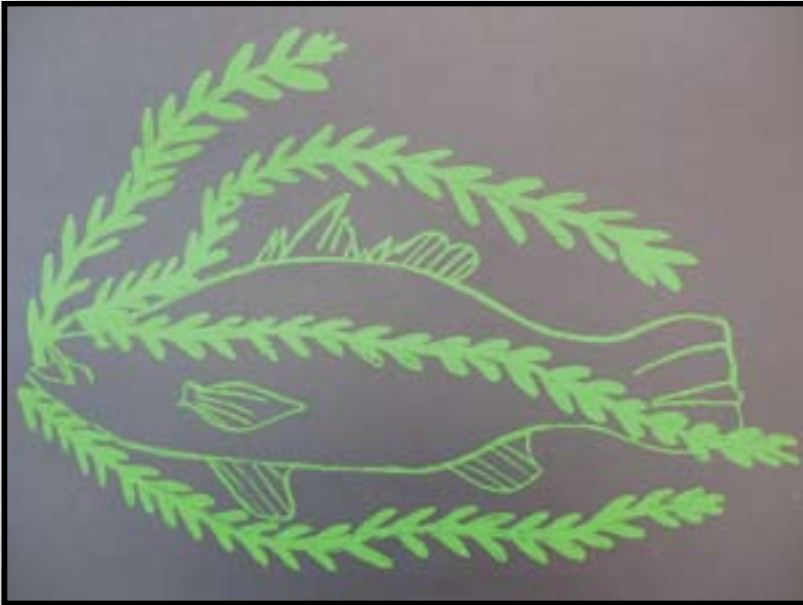
Awarded to

**Imrahn Stewart**

Walhallow Public School, NSW

*'Mustering'*





2014 Young Australian Art Awards



MILLENNIUM  
MINERALS LIMITED

**Millennium  
Minerals  
Indigenous Art  
Award**

Awarded to

**Warrick Gakamanagu**  
*'Ratjuk (Barramundi)'*

2014 Young Australian Art Awards

**ASG Indigenous  
Art Award**



Australian  
Scholarships  
Group

Awarded to

**Kieren Waters**  
*Walhallow Public School, NSW*  
*'Aboriginal Animals'*



2014 Young Australian Art Awards



**Rex Minerals  
Art  
Award**

Awarded to

**Penelope Penny**  
*'Snake'*





2014 Young Australian Art Awards

**Beach Energy  
Indigenous Art Award**

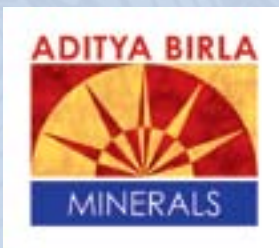


Awarded to

**Kelvin Gakamangu**  
*'Damala (Sea Eagle)'*

2014 Young Australian Art Awards

**Aditya Birla Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

**Shaquade  
Gordon**  
*'Mustering'*



2014 Young Australian Art Awards

**Doray Meekatharra  
Community  
Development Trust  
Indigenous Art Award**

Awarded to

**Chantel Ariuu**  
*'Chantel Flower'*



2014 Young Australian Art Awards

## Energy Metals Indigenous Art Award



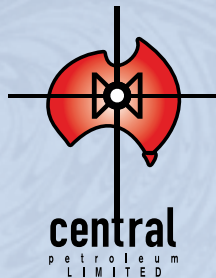
Awarded to

**Lee White**  
*'Bush Tucker'*



2014 Young Australian Art Awards

## Central Petroleum Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

**Karlisha Ross Leo**  
*'Yunkaranyi'*

2014 Young Australian Art Awards

## Chinalco Yunnan Copper Resources Art Award



Awarded to

**Ethan Turner**  
*'Warruwi (Pathway)'*





2014 Young Australian Art Awards  
**Northern Star Resources  
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to  
**Terisita Wagilak**  
*'Balaguyathina (The Mermaid)'*

2014 Young Australian Art Awards

**Silver Mines  
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to  
**Chantelle Foster**  
*'Self Portrait'*



2014 Young Australian  
Art Awards

**Arafura Resources  
Indigenous  
Art Award**

Awarded to  
**Pauline Managaygay**  
*'Milimili (The Dragonfly)'*

2014 Young Australian Art Awards  
**Mt Magnet Gold  
Indigenous Art Award**

Awarded to  
**Ronald Ryder**  
Mt Magnet District High School, WA  
**'Face'**



2014 Young Australian Art Awards

**b.** **Brockman Resources  
Indigenous  
Art Award**  
brockman  
resources.

Awarded to  
**Sharnise Duckett**  
**'Yiluwidi (Blue)'**



2014 Young Australian  
Art Awards  
**Cricket Australia  
Indigenous Art  
Award**

Awarded to  
**Norman Burrurrnga**  
Ramining School, NT  
**'Ditj (Dragon Fly)'**



# 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.*



*The Clontarf Academy aims to increase students' interest in education through sport. In 1868 before the Ashes legend was born – a 100% Aboriginal cricket team toured England, the very first Australian cricketers to travel and play overseas. They won 14, lost 14 and drew 19 matches. The Aussies were led by Johnny Mullagh, who scored 1,698 runs and took 245 wickets. It's a pity, then, that it wasn't until Jason Gillespie debuted in 1996 that a player with Aboriginal heritage played Test cricket for Australia. The most exciting recent development for Indigenous participation has been Cricket Australia's newfound relationship with the Clontarf Foundation.*



classroom. "Since we started over 15 years ago, we've seen great increases in attendance at school right up until year 12 and into employment." Sport has always been influential in Indigenous communities as a way of encouraging passion, teamwork and leadership. "In all levels of what we are doing and trying to achieve, Cricket Australia has been a fabulous body to work with."



## Firm foundation

The Clontarf Foundation kicked off in 2000 with just 25 students. Its aim is to help equip young Aboriginal men with education, life skills, self-esteem and employment opportunities. Today, it has grown to a whopping 3,013 boys in 59 schools across Western Australia, Northern Territory, Victoria and New South Wales. The Foundation focuses on connecting young men with their heroes from sports like rugby league, Australian rules, and of course, cricket. It's in this spirit that Cricket Australia has teamed up with the Foundation to bring leadership programs to smaller communities and help these young men forge their own path. In July 2014 it reached new heights as CA offered support to introduce cricket into the Foundation's curriculum. Andrew Ingleton from CA says, "Cricket has always been a sport that Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander boys have played – probably more informally than formally – and this represents a very focused opportunity for over 3,000 boys to engage with the game".

## Numbers up

The goal of the Clontarf Foundation is to develop programs that are heavily integrated into school life to make school and education more attractive to Indigenous boys. The Foundation's chief executive officer, Gerard Neesham, says harnessing the passion the Aboriginal boys have for sport helps attract them into the

## Seeing stars

Darwin's Sanderson Middle School was abuzz earlier this year when top-line players such as Pat Cummins, Moises Henriques and Gurinder Sandhu dropped by for a visit. The Aussie stars ran some hands-on skills lessons with the boys, but the highlight was simply to rub shoulders with some of these stars. Cummins says, "There are some very talented kids out there". With a successful year under the belt following the newly integrated cricket curriculum, it's clear that young Indigenous men's passion for sports will continue to keep them excited about their education.

*For more information on the Clontarf Foundation, visit [clontarf.org.au](http://clontarf.org.au)*



CRICKET AUSTRALIA

# Introducing Cricket Smart

A free tool for teachers to help create a fun and engaging learning environment using cricket as a teaching tool.



It's teaching the curriculum, made easy

Cricket Australia in partnership with education specialists has developed Cricket Smart to help create a fun and engaging learning environment across Australian schools.

Cricket Smart helps students to grasp and retain knowledge using cricket as a teaching tool. To assist students to understand key concepts and develop their research skills, all subjects are accompanied by short films starring some of Australia's best cricket players!

All the subject content is aligned to the Australian Curriculum, addressing the general capabilities and cross-curriculum priorities. You don't even need to know anything about cricket to take advantage of these resources.

It is a fantastic opportunity to provide your students with contextualised learning to celebrate the return of the ICC Cricket World Cup to Australian shores for the first time in 23 years.

## The team at Cricket Australia

ICC Cricket World Cup 2015 themed lesson plans have been created for six core and emerging subjects, including;

 <b>Science</b> Year 4 Forces	 <b>Math</b> Year 5 Stats & Probability	 <b>Case Study</b> Year 5/6 Integrated Case Study	 <b>History</b> Year 6 Australia as a Nation	 <b>Geography</b> Year 7 Place and Liveability	 <b>Design &amp; Tech</b> Year 7/8/9/10 Process and Production
--	---	---	--	--	--

## Testimonial

“ The Cricket Smart resources are a fantastic resource for both teachers and students. Whether you have a prior interest in cricket or not, Cricket Smart makes teaching the Australian curriculum simple and easy, but also fun and exciting. ”

Kerry Dragwidge - Mount Waverley Secondary College

Register for free  
[www.cricketsmart.cricket.com.au](http://www.cricketsmart.cricket.com.au)



For general enquiries,  
please contact the team at Cricket Australia  
[cricketsmart@cricket.com.au](mailto:cricketsmart@cricket.com.au)

# 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