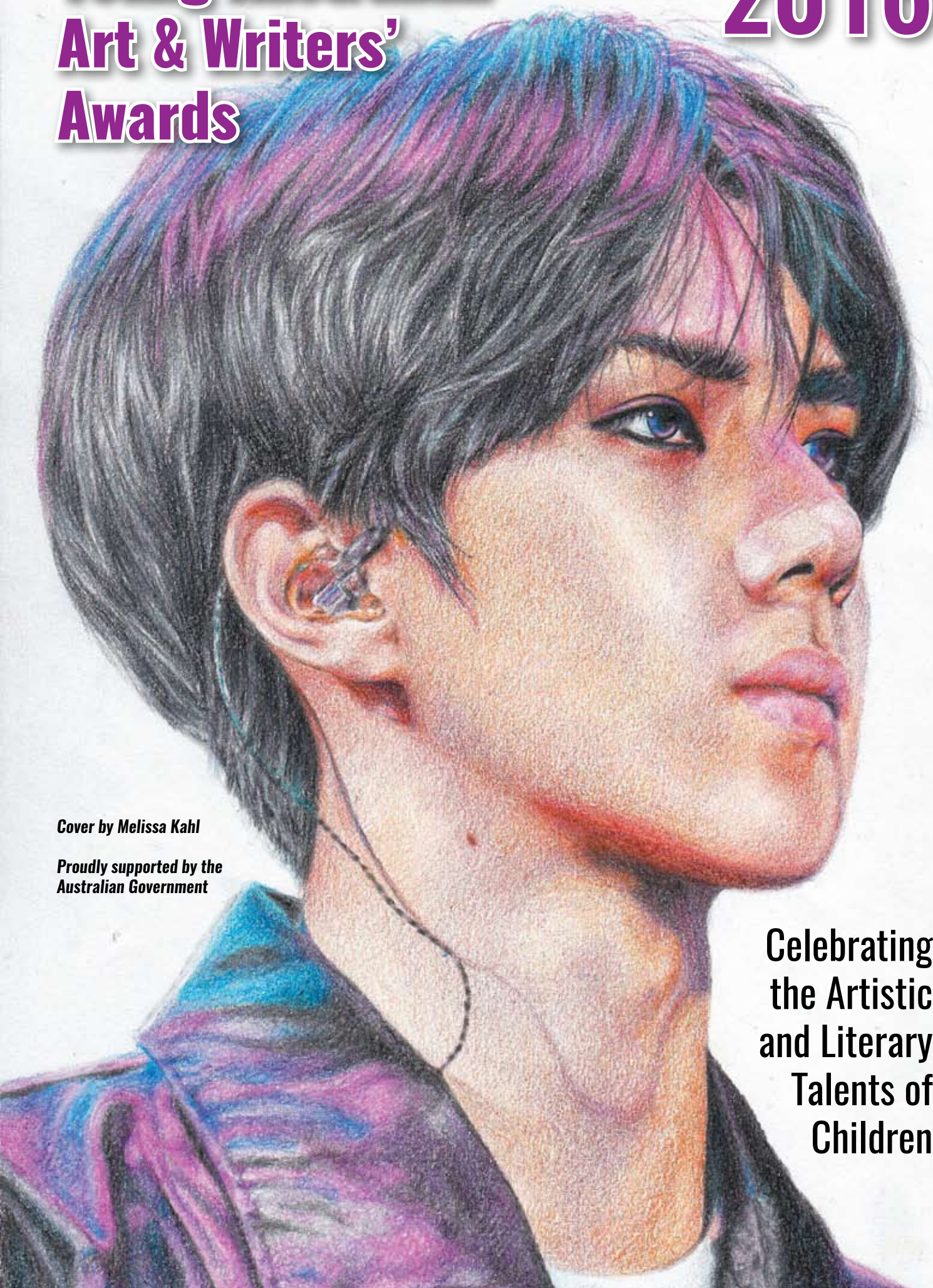


Young Australian Art & Writers' Awards

2016



Cover by Melissa Kahl

*Proudly supported by the
Australian Government*

**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 2016:



Geoff Handbury AO
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Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

Young Australian Art & Writers' Awards 2016

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



Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

Committee Structure



Australian Children's Literary Board

Committee Members

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



Young at Art

Committee Members

- Mr Marc McBride, Judge
- Mrs 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



Fortescue
The New Force in Iron Ore



CommonwealthBank

- Australian Scholarships Group
- Bic Australia
- Capricorn Metals
- Central Petroleum Ltd
- Collier Foundation
- Commonwealth Bank
- Crayola
- Dymocks Camberwell
- Energy Metals Ltd
- Fortescue Metals Group
- FRRR Foundation
- Geoff & Helen Handbury Foundation
- IGO Mining
- Impact Minerals
- James N Kirby Foundation
- Lions Club
- Marian & EH Flack Trust
- Media Warehouse
- Pantoro Ltd
- Perpetual Trustees
- Resolute Mining
- Roy Hill Holdings
- Sandfire Resources
- The Percy Baxter Trust
- The Sentinel Foundation
- Viva Energy
- Whitehaven Coal
- William Angliss Charitable Fund



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***Young
Australian
Writers'
Awards***

2016



The BIC Young Australian Writer of the Year Award

2016

Awarded to

Blake Lovely

Manly Selective Campus, NSW

'Father'



2016 Young Australian Writers' Awards

Best Short Story from a Primary School

Dymocks Camberwell Literary Award

Alanah Byron

Nambour Christian College, Qld.

Imagination Sets Sail



Best Short Story from a Secondary School

Lions Club Literary Award

Blake Lovely

Manly Selective Campus, NSW

Father



Best Poetry from a Primary School

Commonwealth Bank Literary Award

Olivia Mellowes

Nambour Christian College, Qld.

A Digger's Journey



Best Poetry from a Secondary School

Fortescue Metals Literary Award

Radheya Jegatheva

Perth Modern School, WA

Seven Billion



Helen Handbury Literary Award

Natalie Chung

Deepdene Primary, Vic.

Chase

Helen Handbury Achievement Award

Lily Stein

Lara Secondary College, Vic.

Untitled

The ASG Poetry Award

Jordan Varghese

Casula, NSW

A Night by the Beach



The ASG Short Story Award

Adrian Garro

South Morang, Vic.

Kiptoo

FATHER

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

1st December 1969

A sea of colourless numbered marbles eddied and swirled within the transparent barrel.

Mechanical helicopter rotors whirred distantly.

A warning. An alarm. A foreshadowment.

A wrinkled hand submerged into the ominous ball pit, the orbs scratching and clinking against each other unnaturally.

Then, silence.

A monotone voice echoed through the 21K1 Motorola television screen.

“Conscripted birth date: September 14th.”

★ ★ ★

24th April 1970

The emerald savanna grasslands of South East Vietnam extended infinitely. A dense network of tunnels dug hastily by Vietcong Communist guerillas snaked through the dense bamboo canopy. A sea of green, billowing beneath the wings of metallic military planes that projected deafening shocks of motorised noise into the tropical foliage.

Then, silence.

A cloudy vapour slowly gushed from the underside of the aircraft, staining the humid atmosphere an unmistakable shade of bright orange.

From the nearby Nha Trang village, children began to yell with joy, believing the cascading auburn mist as a symbol to mark the beginning of the annual Asian ‘Hanoi Holi’ Colour Festival.

“Hoan hô! Sự hạnh phúc! Hooray! Joy and happiness has arrived!”

The haze slowly descended, burning through the rainforest.

Crumbling, decomposing, disintegrating.

As the lethally acidic moisture continued to fall, putrefying the now rapidly swelling emerald ocean, a horrifying sight began to unveil.

Camouflaged Vietnamese men.

Writhing on the ground like worms.

Scratching frantically at their fluorescently red skin as it peeled freely off in pieces.

From the B-29 Superfortress plane as it skimmed over the blazing jungle, US Senior Airman Blandy Samuel crossed himself tersely, glaring unblinkingly, horrified, repulsed.

The native Vietnamese’ muddied jade ao bà ba clothing seemed to disappear amongst the tropical lowlands. As if they were just another fragment of the landscape.

As if they didn’t exist.

★ ★ ★

30th December 1969

The sheet of paper lay nestled beneath the sculpture of Christ; the crucifix’s shadow jaggedly blackening the document, exposing segregated words.

Department of Labor and National Service. Requisition. No exemption.

Hugh Samuel stood shaking with anger, his lips tightened into a contorted grimace. His officious figure blocking the stone cross resting upon the wooden mantelpiece.

Chewing feverishly on his tongue, Blandy’s head remained bowed, stifling a pained yelp as the metallic taste of blood filled his mouth.

Silence.

“Father”, Blandy muttered, breathing rapidly. “I will not violate the Lord’s oath.”

Almost instantaneously, Samuel’s hard fist struck Blandy’s stomach, transforming his pale skin an unnaturally mottled purple.

His father pointed around the room incredulously, at uncreased khaki military uniforms and framed awards boasting embossed honours.

World War II Distinguished Service Cross.

United States Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal.

He appeared to sniff at Blandy, like the pamphlets he distributed every week.

Continued on page 10

Continued from page 9

'Sniff out a Red!'

Blandy wondered if there really was a commie smell? Did the Rosenbergs have a distinguishing odour?

"My son! A 'conchie'! You will serve your country as I have done!" his father hoarsely shouted, lowering his head to whisper to himself inaudibly. He would not rest until he knew that America, the nation of freedom, was safe from the poisonous spread of Communism.

Blandy could feel the Lord's eyes upon him. He knew that at any moment retribution might hit. Striking him down.

Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt not kill.

He had thought of every possible way to escape conscription.

Applying for a student deferment.

Forging an alternate birth certificate.

Even attempting to deliberately make himself medically unfit for duty.

'Triggers'. That's what they called the index fingers used for shooting.

Wrapping a rag around his forearm he had sat for hours, watching his veins dilate and bulge as he clenched a breadknife between his trembling fingers.

He feared his father. The prospect of murder. Of sin. But most of all he feared God's wrath. Nobody could hide from Him.

Blandy closed his eyes as Samuel's next blow came, silently begging for mercy, for redemption.

The pain in his abdomen intensified, punishing him, an embodiment of his looming sacrilege.

★ ★ ★

24th April 1970

Blandy sat silently within the aircraft, heeding the wailing of the injured below.

His face expressionless, fingers quivering, knuckles white.

A dazzling display of explosions and fire exposed a violent land-assault taking place, masked by swelling black smoke that fiendishly curled its way through the charcoaled trees and into the orange sky.

Blandy pulled jarringly on the steering controls, increasing altitude and propelling the plane north. His eyelids twitching as he wiped a thin layer of sweat from his forehead with his khaki US Air Force uniform, saturating the embroidered insignia sewn into his sleeve: WE AS AMERICANS MUST STRIVE TO PRESERVE PEACE, FREEDOM, UNITY.

On the forest floor, swollen and mutilated Vietnamese bodies lay scattered throughout the smoldering destruction.

Masses of weevils slowly swarmed over the acidifying skin, bubbling and fermenting spasmodically.

The remaining residue of the auburn vapour reached the earth with finality, settling upon a torn cloth, partially buried beneath dirt and rubble.

The gas burnt through the red and blue fabric, mingling with the yellow star symbol until it dissolved into the scorched soil beneath.

★ ★ ★

31st December 1969

Samuel shoved open the wooden door, thrusting copious piles of folders onto the glass table in the centre of the dimmed room. He stared down impassively at the *USA Today* newspaper crumpled above the heap, with emboldened text reading "Nixon Tells Parliament: TROOPS TO VIETNAM".

Distantly, helicopter propellers droned rhythmically.

As Blandy entered, Samuel glanced down at the bound pile coldly, his knuckles clenched.

Silence.

Then, Blandy's voice pierced the stale air.

"Father. I am leaving the countr—"

Cutting him off, Samuel's fist crashed down upon the table, shattering the glass surface as shards of crystal ricocheted to the stone floor.

As trickles of blood spilt from his clenched hand, the heap of papers teetered precariously before spilling to the ground at Blandy's feet noiselessly.

Crouching slowly to retrieve one of the open folders, his eyes skimmed rapidly over the official print.

Selective Draft Act Legislation Pub.L. Stat. 76.

United States Supreme Court Selective Service System.

50 U.S.C. War and National Defense.

Drafted by Brigadier General Hugh S. Samuel.

Hugh S. Samuel.

Father.

Blandy fought for control over his emotions, over his mind.

He compelled himself to speak.

To make sense.

A lifetime.

A sentence.

A single word.

"Father?"

A pounding on the door answered his question.

Staring blankly, Samuel smeared the remaining blood over his khaki pants, escorting several US Army Officials toward his hunched son.

As Blandy's convulsing body was dragged from the room, he wailed raspily to his father.

To God.

To anyone who would listen.

Faintly, helicopter rotors whirred ominously.

He had nowhere to go.



By Blake Lovely

*Year 12, Manly Selective Campus
NORTH CURL CURL – NSW
Teacher: Ms Marisa Carolan*

Imagination Sets Sail

MELITA Mortenson was melting in the lemony sun at 8:00 am with her long, brown, wild and curly hair, tan skin and eyes as blue as the most beautiful male butterfly's wings. Her mind was starting to visualise her problems, her fears and her whole imagination as it was developing into reality. Now she is determined and dedicated to make a change upon it, journeying to wondrous Fictionity also known as her imagination. Dashing across the jungle floor in the blowing stale air while punching and kicking around the twigs and leaves gushing in her hair and face, she collapsed into a repulsive, formidable quantity of mud, the terrain was reverberating, could this predicament get any worse?

The bright stars winking down at Melita and the branches on the trees swayed in the wind, the leaves danced on them. Crossing the borders of Fictionity and Imagiland she suddenly plunges into a vast, charcoal coloured abandoned building. She found a lantern nearby which illuminated the disturbing, hair-raising and blood-curdling hallway, opening the sitting room door peering guardedly into the darkness and the unknown which loomed before her. She was like a rose among thorns, a third wheel, moreover the odd one. The wind whispered through dry grass and the breeze was so thick she could hardly go on but her life was in danger. Any wrong or sudden move could alert her envision of bad events, or whatever is living in this ever towering castle. Clasp the

lantern tightly to her chest, she took a deep breath and mustered up her courage for the adventure she was about to embark upon.

Looking pleadingly back, one final time, as her problems seemed to have become like a washing machine, spinning, twisting and knocking her around, but if only Melita were aware of her future, as she would turn out brighter and better than ever before. Timidly, Melita took a shuffling half step forward as the door closed loudly and ominously behind herself then suddenly dropped into a new dusty room, BANG it had awoken the time machine. Gulping down in despair and terror, Melita looked upwards at the huge, ornate and never-ending staircase which twisted perilously above her. "My time had come; I had to ascend."

Clinging to the railing for support and with her body hunched and cowering over the light from the lamp, Melita started to edge her foot slowly and silently towards the first step. The precious light emanating from the lantern danced around the steps as her hand shook tremulously, creating ever more dark corners and shadows, to attack her senses. This must be false, fake and foible, she was as scared as a long-tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs. Starting off gradually but as one of the floorboards groaned and creaked beneath Melita, she pivoted around to ensure no one had heard; or 'nothing' was following.

Testing the step again, carefully, this time, to ensure it would take her weight, petrified now, she began to dart towards the safety of her room, fleeing along the vast and endless maze of corridors like a little mouse desperately seeking cover. "I was frightened half to death."

"I anticipated silently, not daring to move, not even to breathe. I crouched behind the door, curling myself into the most miniature shape imaginable, hoping I would not be found, outside, the floorboards moaned in protest as something stalked ever closer towards me. I swallowed a huge lump in my throat, which was menacing to suffocate me. I stood there. I could smell the horrid scent of what lurked behind me, a creature. Was this really happening? My eyes stung with fear and the uncertainty of which was yet to come. The creature could not see me but somehow had known my presence, as I knew its. My whole body was trembling, chest pounding."

"You must go on Melita, I can't." I bickered to myself with terror.

"I must focus on the future and live life to push on..." As we reach the ending of this story, it is the beginning of many others, for the best is yet to come.

By **Alanah Byron**

Year 6, Nambour Christian College
NAMBOUR – QLD.

Teacher: Mrs Webster and Mrs Vaughan

**Best Short
Story from a
Primary School**
Dymocks Camberwell
Literary Award



Seven Billion

Welcome to paradise, don't put down your devices
Or else you might notice our addiction, our vices
Social media is plenty, an online cornucopia
Seven billion people: it sounds just like utopia

We're driven by ego, peer pressure and sin
Yet this is the world that we want to live in
Where we're far too afraid to detach, to unplug
Where social approval is mankind's latest drug

We're doomed to repeat our habits, it seems
Incessantly tagging our best friends in memes
Instagram filters our faults and our flaws
While we bask in approval behind our closed doors

The web is an ocean of torrents and tricks
And its where you find pride and prejudice... and pricks
But like polaroid pictures, we're overexposed
To this insidious fishing net where everyone goes

We're too dependent on technology, of course
And know more about malware than the real Trojan Horse
We're mindless disciples of Windows and Apple
And Silicon Valley is our new Sistine Chapel

Babies plugged in through umbilical cords
and kids learn the alphabet through laptop keyboards
Spoon-fed our news feeds on new smartphone platters
And your number of followers is what really matters

No more beaches filled with gossiping teens
Now we're sunbathing in the blue light of our screens
Like the Wizard of Oz we hide behind faces
Anonymous profiles without any traces

Where unfollows result in emotional spikes
And social hierarchy is dictated by likes
Defined by hearts, retweets and upvotes galore
It's become pretty clear we're not in Kansas any more

Conditioned by computers, we metamorphose
Brainwashed from Dorothys into scarecrows
Who knows where we're going, this yellow brick road
Where we're all ruled by plastic and binary code

Androids using androids, we become what we make
We're paralysed prisoners to the things we create
We're jailed to devices, we're high on text tones
Trapped behind the iron bars of our cell... phones

We're driven by egos, validation and sin
Is this the world that you want to live in?
Where we inject validation like morphine and ice?
Where WiFi to us is what cheese is to mice?

Welcome to the real world, so put down your devices
It's time to notice our addiction, our vices
Social media is plenty, an online cornucopia
Seven billion sheep: it sounds just like dystopia.

By **Radheya Jegatheva**
Year 12, Perth Modern School
SUBIACO – WA
Teacher: Bernadette Woods

Best Poetry
from a
Secondary School
Fortescue Metals
Literary Award

CENTURIES ago, in a dusty, rural town just east of Ballarat lived a boy, whose egocentric behaviour could only be rivalled by the most self-absorbed of historical figures. This little country town is the setting of a legend that speaks of bravery and sacrifice, and behind this story lies a young boy named Drago. He was an egotistical poor child, as he grew up in a house of many siblings which in turn meant he never got the attention he so desperately craved. He loved the thrill of hurting others, and making them feel how he felt in all those years of isolation. It made him feel powerful. The townsfolk had had enough of his cruelty and banished him from town. In a flying fit of rage, he left the town, but not before he warned that he would get revenge. The townsfolk laughed at young Drago, believing that his words were empty. He was just a young, scrawny boy after all.

One night on the outskirts of town where a young family ran a small farm that bordered the forest, their eldest son Kane saw a beast prowling the shadows. This beast, as the boy called it, had a mane of matted hair and its skin was a sickly malnourished pale yellow. It was rather tall, which made the boy tremble, and as its eyes came into contact with the boy's innocent hazel eyes the air left his lungs leaving him paralysed. The eyes of the beast had a wicked venomous gleam, like a wolf when protecting its latest kill, and made the boy's knees buckle and knock together. The beast got down on all four and scampered towards the boy and handed him a note

UNTITLED

written on the bark of an old iron gum. Then, with vigour, the animal returned to the depths of the underbrush. The boy ran into the farmhouse and told his mother and father of the encounter. They read the note anxiously:

Beware

I will come for the town in five twilights. On the night of the fifth twilight my comrades will wreak havoc on this small pitiful town.

*Yours
The banished one
Drago.*

Terror struck the town once they heard what had transpired that night and immediately formed an army of all the strongest men in the town. The night before Drago came great celebrations took place, for the townsfolk thought that they could not possibly lose.

They were pitiful humans, Drago thought. He believed they had no sense. No sense at all. And with a wicked canine like smile he puffed out his chest and watched the celebration in disgusted amusement.

As the fifth twilight came the next evening, stoic soldiers lined the street. All of their appearances exactly the same. Blood red

shirts decorated their chests and their pale complexion matched that of a vampire. The Warriors is the name the townsfolk bestowed on them.

Screaming moans sounded from the distance, and coming ever closer was the sound of guttural growls that turned the men's limbs to steel rods. A wicked laugh sailed on the soft breeze. The first sight of the wretched beasts came into view of the townsfolk, who peeped out of their boarded up windows. The malicious grins of the beasts reached the brave warriors that lined the streets, and came up behind them. A crimson substance seeped out everywhere, as the beasts took what they wanted and placed black vials of poison in their hands. The soldiers' heads tilted down studying the small glass cylinders with brainless eyes. They soon let out a shrill moan and turned to follow their new leaders. The greedy and wild beasts.

The townsfolk fled like wildfire spreads, and Drago took control of the rural place he despised so very much. No more was he a prideful unhappy boy, but now in place was an evil leader of a gruesome army of beasts that held no remorse. The shrill screams and repulsive moans of Drago's army haunt the night forever more. The legend of Drago's army is one not to be forgotten or taken lightly.

By Lily Stein

*Year 7, Lara Secondary College
LARA – VIC.*

Teacher: Tracy Allinson

**Helen
Handbury
Achievement
Award**

A Digger's Journey

I am humble. I feel fear.
But I shall not be afraid, for I know that God is near.
My name is John Green.
I am only nineteen.

Now, walking away from home, I am more afraid than before.
My mother sobbed continuously as I left, which made me feel it even more.
My young sister Bethany felt I would not return.
Her dark thoughts of my death filled me with concern.

The pack on my back was as heavy as lead
But not as heavy as my heart, which was filled with dread.
I thought of the brave soldiers, already fighting in World War I,
I thought of the sacrifices, men dead from the bullets of an enemy's gun.

I walked slowly to the end of my long street,
Towards the bus waiting, full of soldiers I had yet to meet.
I boarded the bus, put my pack under the seat,
After a while, I started sweating, but not from the heat.
Who wouldn't be nervous about going to war?
I certainly hadn't done it before.
As the bus moves off, my worry disappears.
I watch the driver closely as he changes the gears.
Thinking about other things takes my mind off my fate.
But soon we will be at port, which is closer to Gallipoli, closer to heaven's gate.

Gallipoli - Turks

Captain Faik surveyed the bay.
He had been alerted of ships, some kilometres away.
It was two in the morning on a still, quiet night.
The moon was shining brightly, giving him light.
He stood in front of a trench full of men,
If he saw anything, he would tell his advisor, Jeden.
But right at that moment, a cloud passes over the moon.
And although Faik can't see them, he knows that the ANZACs will be here soon...

Gallipoli - ANZACs

We have ninety short minutes to land on the beach,
Success is so close, but it's just out of reach.
I am sitting in landing boat Number 33,
It's dark and cold, and I'm straining my eyes to see,
Which is a good thing, I suppose;
If we can't see, then neither can the Turks, our enemy.

I feel the boats moving, and look out to see,
The warships are pulling the steamboats which are pulling the landing boats,
And inside landing boat Number 33,
Is a shaking, nervous young man; me.

We are only a hundred metres away from shore.
The steamboats have let go,
We grab the oars; we'll have to row.
When we are nearly at the beach,
We tingle all over, success is in reach!

But sparks fly from the funnel of a steamboat,
 I feel a shout rising in my dry throat,
 I muffle it so as not to be heard,
 But it's too late, the incident has already occurred.
 A beacon is immediately lit on shore,
 Our landing is now much more dangerous than before...

Two Hours Later...

We are nearly a quarter of the way,
 Up one of the hills that surround our landing bay
 I am climbing up with gunfire firing at me,
 The air is so thick with smoke I can barely see.
 A bullet fires near me,
 I throw myself to the floor
 There's no doubt about it; this is war.

I'm nearly there now,
 Nearly at the top,
 But then I see something that makes me stop.
 Behind me, there are no soldiers.
 I am now on my own.
 All my comrades are wounded or gone.
 And that was my mistake.
 I wasn't paying attention; I took a short break.
 A shot fires at me
 And a ripping pain shoots through my leg,
 I scream in pain
 I shout my disdain
 I look to the sky, "God, show me mercy", I beg

My head hits the ground with a smack
 And that is when the world goes black...

3 Weeks Later...

I'm hobbling home on my wooden crutches,
 I'm lucky to be alive, I just escaped death's clutches,
 I look down at my good leg, then to the useless stump
 I can't do anything with it, not even jump.
 But really I'm grateful,
 I'm alive and coming home.
 And after the war is over,
 The globe I'm free to roam.

As I approach my house,
 I see my mother at the door,
 I hear her shout to my sister,
 "John's home from war!"
 A smile spreads quickly across my face
 I'm home and safe in my mother's embrace.
 But one thing I know for sure,
 I absolutely hate war.



By **Olivia Mellowes**
 Year 6, Nambour Christian College
 WOOMBYE – QLD.
 Teacher: Mrs L. Vaughan and Mrs K. Webster

CHASE



**Helen
Handbury
Literary
Award**

they can to escape from the canine. Hurling a distance far greater than any of the other fleeing animals, the fox bounds towards a small, defenceless mouse, who is petrified in pure terror. A sharp squeak brings life back to the pale eyes of the mouse, sending the tiny creature scurrying away as quickly as its small legs can carry it. The fox, dumbfounded by the being's escape, gallops after it.

Releasing a growl that strikes fear into any concealed organisms' hearts, the fox pursues the mouse. A shrill cry of terror comes from the small beast, for the hunter steadily gains on it. Paralysed animals that watch the situation do not even try to aid the creature in its attempt to get away. A single glare from the fox represents its adamant nature that doesn't accept failure as an option. The helpless little mouse lets out another hopeful squeak, praying that some animal with a true heart would help it. But no help comes, and once again, the fox is gaining, this time fast.

The two creatures rush into a tunnel with spiders crawling around. The fox, to see fine, continuously reduces the length between the two. As for the fox's prey, it turns around, tripping on stalagmites. Then, as if the mouse has given up the chase, it falls from what looked like nothing. As a merciless hunter, the fox simply cackled.

The fox prepares its fangs to savour the taste of the mouse's flesh, not realising what has made contact with his fur coat. Prey lies underneath the paw of the canine, as still as a statue. Feeling some awkward sensation, the fox checks his fur. Nothing that he can see is causing this. So, he slowly releases his paw and sinks the tip of his sharpest fang into the poor mouse's arm. Blood steadily pours out of this wound, leaving a puddle far greater in size than the mouse below it. But this scene does not last for long, for as the fox is relishing the bloody taste, he slumps to the ground.

Awakening slowly, the mouse catches sight of a large, black and red spider that was revealed to be hidden in the fox's fur. The eight legged beast waves a single spiny leg before scuttling up a cavern wall. As it seems the fox cannot be saved, the mouse scurries away, heading back to his comforting forest home.

As the mouse arrives, a deafening cheer rises from the creatures that once fled from death. The mouse is a hero! But he denies that, bewildering all the curious animals. Showing great honesty, he says that the spider was truly the hero, for he conquered the fox without any hesitation.

"But", says the mouse, patting his wound in a proud manner, "in a way, I was a hero as well..."

By Natalie Chung

Year 4, Deepdene Primary

BALWYN – VIC.

Teacher: Mrs. Amos

AS A sudden gust of wind rushes through the bushes, a shadow is seen, but only for the briefest moment. Not one of the dim-witted creatures that thrive in the forest notice the glowing eyes of the shadow, for they chatter away as if nothing was wrong. A strange presence is felt by some of the creatures, but they simply ignore it. All except a young squirrel, who squeals irritably before scampering up a large tree. The squirrel is the only animal that has made a wise choice, for as the squirrel's tail disappears into the tree's bushy leaves, a fox lashes out at the creatures.

With razor sharp claws that gleam in the sunlight, the hunter crashes through the greenery that surrounds the critters. Shrieks are heard as the animals scatter, flying, leaping, burrowing, doing whatever



REMEMBERED several years ago, when I first came to Africa, Kenya actually, new to this part of the world and totally unprepared for what was going to happen. Never once had I dreamt that life for me was going to change completely.

My life in Australia had not prepared me for any of these things that yet to take place once I arrived in Kenya.

After completing my studies in medicine, I decided to take up a position treating the less fortunate in the Mount Kenya area.

On my arrival the first thing that hit me was the heat of the sun, it seems to burn everything around me.

I arrived in the village where I was to set up a surgery. At first the people were shy but after gaining confidence they seemed to be happy being treated for their many problems.

It was one day not long after I had arrived that I had this feeling of being watched, although I could not see anything, this feeling persisted. I was told not to wander too far from camp as this was a dangerous place.

One night, after all was quiet there was an ear splitting scream. All at once people were running everywhere; I was told that Kiptoo had returned.

Kiptoo had been missing from the village for a number of years and everyone had thought he had died. Instead he was stealing food during the night, while people were sleeping.

The next night I had the feeling of being watched again; I went to bed with my gun under my pillow. It must have been in the early hours of the morning when I first heard a noise, I didn't take any notice at first but then it dawned on me that there was someone in my room. I opened my eyes and there he was, big, powerful



with great big wide shoulders, his eyes were yellow and his skin shiny like silk. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. I was scared as he looked like he could kill me in an instant. As I lay in my bed paralysed by fear I began to realise that he was in pain. I overcame my fear and my medical training took over. I knew he needed help. Carefully as I was not sure if he could understand me I reached for his shoulders gently and looked at the bullet wound. At first he was wary of me but then I think his pain was too much to bear so he allowed me to help.

As soon as I removed the bullet and dressed the wound, Kiptoo quickly and quietly left my room...

The next day I travelled to the next village. I had picked up a little of the language by now and I understood that they were

talking about Kiptoo; they were saying that he was seen near our village the night before. The villagers were ready to shoot on sight. I said nothing of our meeting.

On reaching the village we found that Kiptoo had struck again. As I arrived the sight that greeted me was sickening. I tried to do what I could but it was too late; Bashira was beyond my help. I went to comfort her parents; I finally made my way outside. I needed to think; as I sat on a rock behind the village hut I began to again sense that I was not alone. I looked up and there was Kiptoo.

We stared at one another, as I looked into his eyes could see that this was no savage but a very frightened animal trying to survive.

With my hand on my gun Kiptoo seemed to sense this and he just stood there looking at me. The quiet of the night was broken by a single shot. With that I saw a black, proud and powerful jungle cat lying lifeless before me on the ground. It was a villager who saw the danger I was in and killed him. We knew this was the right thing to do for the village as he would strike and kill again.

By **Adrian Garro**

Year 9, Marymede Catholic College
SOUTH MORANG – VIC.

One night, I was sitting by the beach,
Patting the grains of sand, within my reach;
But what if one day, this joy would disappear,
That would surely bring me a tear...

I watch the slow calm waves wet the sand,
Beneath the ground I stand,
Relishing these moments I love.
But I still wonder if one day this joy will vanish,
I would be filled with so much anguish.

By **Jordan Varghese**
Age 11
CASULA – NSW

Then I realise, it is better to be content,
Rather than discontent.
For the future is in God's hands,
No matter, the things I demand.

So now, I stand by the beach,
And my heart feels light,
I sing my favourite song throughout the night,
Waiting for the next day to shine bright.

A Night by the Beach



Young

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

2016



The Young Australian Art Awards

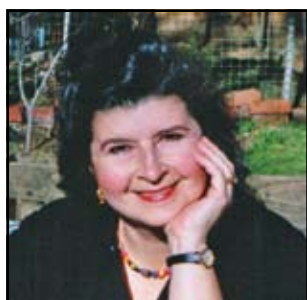
The Young Australian Art Awards were launched at the beginning of 2006. To launch this initiative, the Children's Charity Network distributed promotional posters to all schools in Australia, who were asked to display them in their computer and art rooms. The CCN received an extraordinary number of entries,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

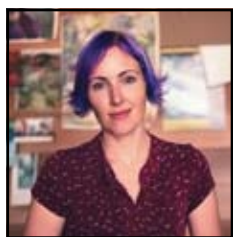


Marjory Gardner

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

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



Marc McBride

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Lady Potter Art Award
Young Australian Artist of the Year

2016



Awarded to

Jingxin (Annie) Xu

Pymble Ladies' College, NSW

'Beauty Ageing'

2016 Young Australian Art Awards

**Commonwealth
Bank**

Art Award

Painting – Senior



CommonwealthBank

Awarded to

Courtney Cummins

Mandurah Baptist College, WA

'The Bare Perspective'



2016 Young Australian Art Awards

**Commonwealth
Bank**

Art Award

Painting – Middle



CommonwealthBank

Awarded to

Hayley Thompson

Mentone Girls' Secondary College, Vic.

'Richard Parker'



2016 Young Australian Art Awards
**Commonwealth Bank
Art Award**

Painting – Primary



CommonwealthBank

Awarded to

Muhammed Sert

Ilim College, Vic.

'Scary Character'



2016 Young Australian Art Awards

**Bic Australia
Art Award**

Computer Art – Senior



Awarded to

Alicia Lamburd

Elanora State High School, Qld.

'The Secret Landscape'

2016 Young Australian Art Awards

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



Awarded to

Manna Tsuchiya

Trinity Anglican School, Qld.

'Astro'



2016 Young Australian Art Awards

**Bic Australia
Art Award**

Computer Art – Primary

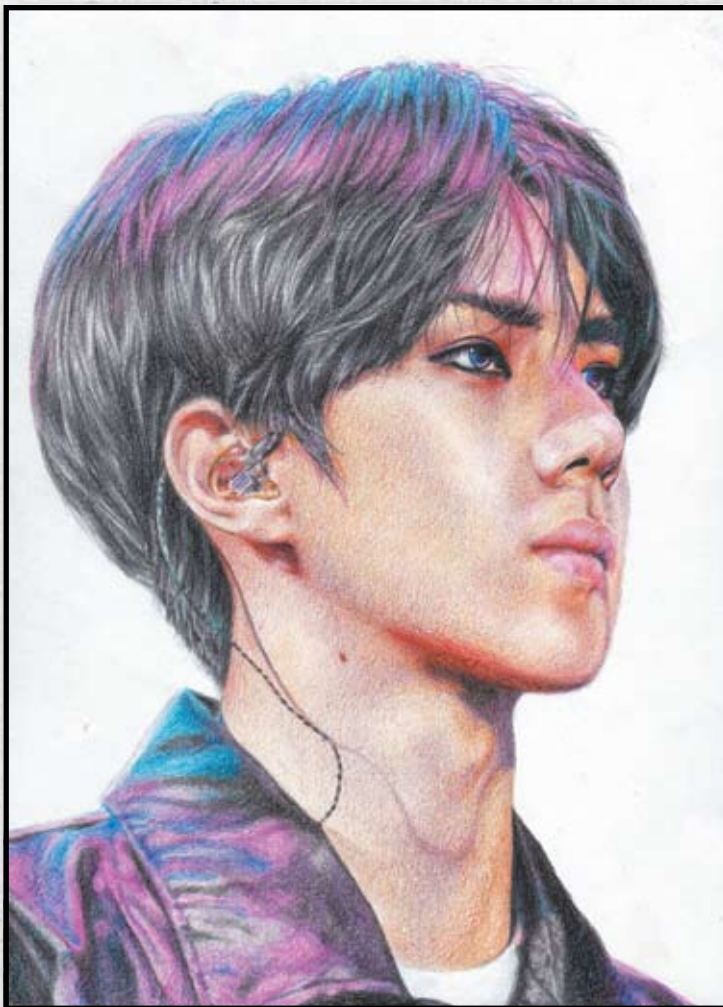


Awarded to

Kai Keulder

Peter Carnley Anglican Community School, WA

'Creatures'



2016 Young Australian Art Awards

Dymock's Camberwell

Art Award

Drawing – Senior

DYMOCKS
FOR BOOKLOVERS

Awarded to

Melissa Kahl

Muirfield High School, NSW

'I Will Become A Star'

2016 Young Australian Art Awards

Dymock's Camberwell

Art Award

Drawing – Middle

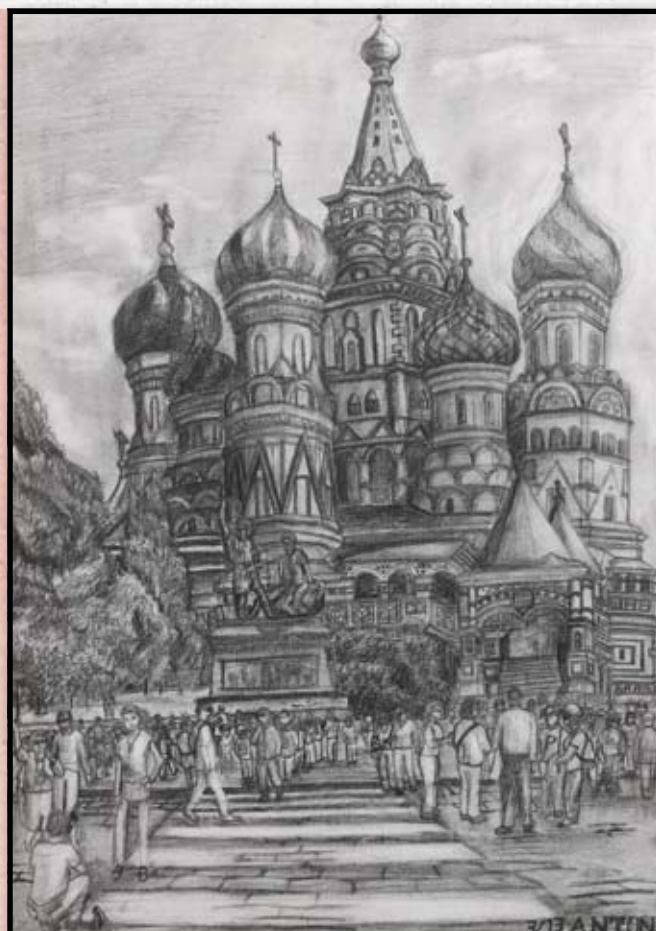
DYMOCKS
FOR BOOKLOVERS

Awarded to

Antony Qin

Killara High School, NSW

'Basilus-Kathedrale'



2016 Young Australian Art Awards

**Dymock's Camberwell
Art Award**
Drawing – Primary



DYMOCKS
FOR BOOKLOVERS

Awarded to

Chloe Liew

Waverley Christian College, Vic.

'The Magic Tree'



2016 Young Australian Art Awards

Lions Club Art Award

Photography – Senior



Awarded to

Jade Diamond

Moama Anglican Grammar, NSW

'Outback Accommodation'



2016 Young Australian Art Awards

Lions Club Art Award

Photography – Middle



Awarded to

Michael Liden Welsh

Bethany Catholic Primary School, Vic.

'Abandoned House'

2016 Young Australian Art Awards

Lions Club Art Award

Photography – Primary



Awarded to

Kai Keulder

Peter Carnley Anglican Community
School, WA

'Monster's Jaw'





2016 Young Australian Art Awards

ASG Art Award

Drawing



Awarded to

Jazmine Earl

Hackham East Primary School, SA

'Turtle and the Happy Jelly Fish'



2016 Young Australian Art Awards

ASG Art Award

Painting



Awarded to

Rohan Ganta

Brentwood Park Primary School, Vic.

'The Fox and the Stars'



2016 Young Australian Art Awards
Judge's Choice Award
Elise Hurst Art Award

Awarded to
Tahlia Stanton
Ballarat and Clarendon College, Vic.
'Last One Standing'

2016 Young Australian Art Awards
Judge's Choice Award

Marjory Gardner Art Award

Awarded to
Phoenix Brown
Kent Road Public School, NSW
'Flower Garden'



2016 Young Australian Art Awards
Judge's Choice Award
Marc McBride Art Award

Awarded to
Reyna Abe
Benowa State High School, Qld.
'A Sketch of the Mind'



**The Sandfire Resources Indigenous Art Award
Young Indigenous Artist of the Year**

2016



— Indigenous Art Awards —





2016 Young Australian Art Awards
**Fortescue Metals
Indigenous Art Award**

Awarded to
Matthew Ropeyarn
Holy Spirit College, Cairns, Qld.
'Scary'

Regional Awards



2016 Young Australian Art Awards

**Whitehaven Coal
Indigenous
Art Award**



Awarded to
Intellectual Moderate Class
Quirindi High School, NSW
'Australia's Natural Beauty'



2016 Young Australian Art Awards



**IGO Mining
Indigenous
Art Award**

Awarded to
Zachariah Gibuma
'Turtle'

2016 Young Australian Art Awards

**Energy Metals
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

Lauren Dye

'Life Under the Water'



2016 Young Australian Art Awards



**Resolute
Mining Limited**

**Resolute
Mining
Indigenous
Art Award**

Awarded to

Matthew Ropeyarn

'Old Age'

2016 Young Australian Art Awards

**Viva Energy
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

Shane Williamson

'Dawn Chorus'





2016 Young Australian Art Awards

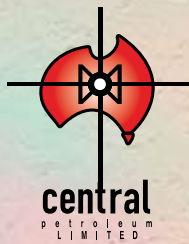


**Roy Hill
Holdings
Indigenous
Art Award**

Awarded to

Naika Wasaga
'Birds at Sunset'

2016 Young Australian Art Awards



**Central Petroleum
Indigenous Art Award**

Awarded to

Nyera Cameron-Turland
'Dots'



2016 Young Australian Art Awards



**Capricorn Metals
Indigenous
Art Award**

Awarded to

Weston Stream
'My Dad'



2016 Young Australian Art Awards



PANTORO

Pantoro Ltd Indigenous Art Award

Awarded to

Christine Kynuna
'Dolphin'



2016 Young Australian Art Awards

Impact Minerals Indigenous Art Award

impact.
MINERALS

Awarded to

Bestie Malibirr
'Latju yolŋu goŋ'



About our Indigenous Art Patron



John McGuire

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

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

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

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.

Planning for the cost of education?



Do you need support now?

Education is one of the biggest ongoing expenses families face. Many parents find paying school fees on time a challenge, putting pressure on the family budget.

School Plan pays your child's fees in full, directly to the school when due, while you pay *School Plan* in easy-to-manage fortnightly or monthly instalments.

Since 1988, *School Plan* has assisted thousands of Australian families manage the payment of school fees to help relieve some of the ongoing pressure. *School Plan* makes managing school fees easy!

To join today or find our more information on *School Plan*:

 call 1800 337 419  visit schoolplan.com.au

Would you like to plan ahead?

ASG also offers parents a choice of education funds to help them save to offset the future cost of education. Our education funds give you the option of either flexible or disciplined approaches to saving, peace of mind that you are proactively planning for the future, and attractive tax benefits.

ASG also offers its members access to an expanding library of educational resources. Members can also take advantage of special offers and discounts from education related products and services.

For more information on ASG's education funds:

 call 131 ASG (131 274)  visit asg.com.au

 arrange a **FREE face-to-face consultation** at: www.asg.com.au/online-enquiry

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Supporting
Children's
Education

