

Young Australian Art & Writers' Awards



2017

Cover by Olivia Offwood

*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 2017:



Geoff Handbury AO
Organisation Patron



Lady Potter AC
Young at Art Patron

Ambassadors



Krista Bell



Jeni Mawter



Marjory Gardner



Marc McBride

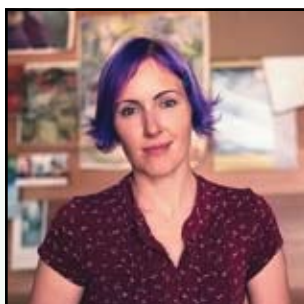


Anna Ciddor



Meredith Costain

Young Australian Art Awards Judges



Elise Hurst



Paul Collins



Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

Young Australian Art & Writers' Awards 2017

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



Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

Committee Structure



Australian Children's Literary Board

Committee Members

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



Young at Art

Committee Members

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

A Word from our Organisation Patron

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

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

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

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

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

Mr Geoff Handbury AO
Patron, Children's Charity Network

Community Partners



Fortescue
The New Force in Iron Ore



CommonwealthBank

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

Young Australian Writers' Awards

2017



The BIC Young Australian Writer of the Year Award

2017

Awarded to

James Brasington

Scotch College, Hawthorn, Vic.

'Mikayla'



2017 Young Australian Writers' Awards

Best Short Story from a Primary School

Dymocks Camberwell Literary Award

Sinthujan Ahilaeswaran

St Luke's Primary School, Vic.

Whirr! Buzz!



Best Short Story from a Secondary School

Lions Club Literary Award

Eliza Bastian

Eynesbury Senior College, SA

The Tree of Life



Best Poetry from a Primary School

Commonwealth Bank Literary Award

Teisa Helu

St John's Auburn Primary School, NSW

Hidden Scars



CommonwealthBank

Best Poetry from a Secondary School

Fortescue Metals Literary Award

Julia Pickersgill

St Dominic's Priory College, SA

The Legacy of the Watchman



Helen Handbury Literary Award

Ananya Bose

Westbourne Grammar, Vic.

Sister

Helen Handbury Achievement Award

Carly Wood

Templestowe Valley Primary School, Vic.

The Grave

The ASG Poetry Award

Georgia Ryan

St Agnes Primary School, NSW

Thank You



The ASG Short Story Award

Jana Nguyen

Abbotsford, Vic.

The Journey

Mikayla

Log entry #548, 01.06.17

I have made a discovery. What is it that we humans crave? That we endlessly search for, strive towards? Life. Life without end, without the futility of its own inevitable end. And here it is.

A girl, unremarkable in her appearance. Age 12, height 150 centimetres. Brown curls, a pretty face.

I found her in an abandoned mine along the path I was walking on. My husband Harry and I were four-wheel driving, and I was out to stretch my legs.

The girl was sitting just out of eyesight inside the entrance, knees huddled to her chest. Her hair fell limply down over her face obscuring what was there, and as I walked over I realised she was asleep. It wasn't a peaceful sleep however; it seemed as though she was fighting to retain her consciousness.

Somewhat shocked, I picked her up and took her back to the jeep where Harry was waiting for me.

"Oh my god."

"Yeah, help me get her into the car will you?" I replied. We strapped her in, head lolling onto a barely rising and falling chest. Hair clung to a pallid face, damp and tousled.

"She was just inside the entrance of an old mine", I explained. "Nothing there at all."

"She can't have been there for long, then", Harry remarked. I nodded, and turned to look at her. She wore cargo pants, trainers and a plain white top. They were in a terrible state, dirty and torn to shreds; as though she'd run headlong through some form of thorny vegetation. The right leg of the pants was ripped from the hem to the hip, the skin underneath red and bleeding.

I hooked the first aid kit out of the glove box and slid into the back seat next to her, taking out bandages and antiseptics. We drove home, and put her in the spare room. She slept for eighteen hours.

Entry #549, 02.06.17

I may have been generous with the use of the word sleep. She tossed, turned and cried, but all the while remained trapped in whatever tortured world she was in. I spent those eighteen hours in a chair beside the bed.

She woke up at 8am on a Monday. I led her gently downstairs by the arm, and sat her down at the table. She had buttered her own toast, but when I came to take the plate away she held onto the knife.

I didn't protest until I saw her draw it across her left wrist, agonisingly slowly. The thin red line it produced flowered and spread down her forearm as I cried in shock, rushing to her side. But the steady trickle halted, seemingly of its own accord – and retracted. The crimson fluid flowed backwards into the cut, and the incision disappeared. As I looked, paralysed, I met the girl's clear blue eyes, and saw them well with tears.

It was instinct that made me embrace the now sobbing child. I was terrified, yet still clung to her.

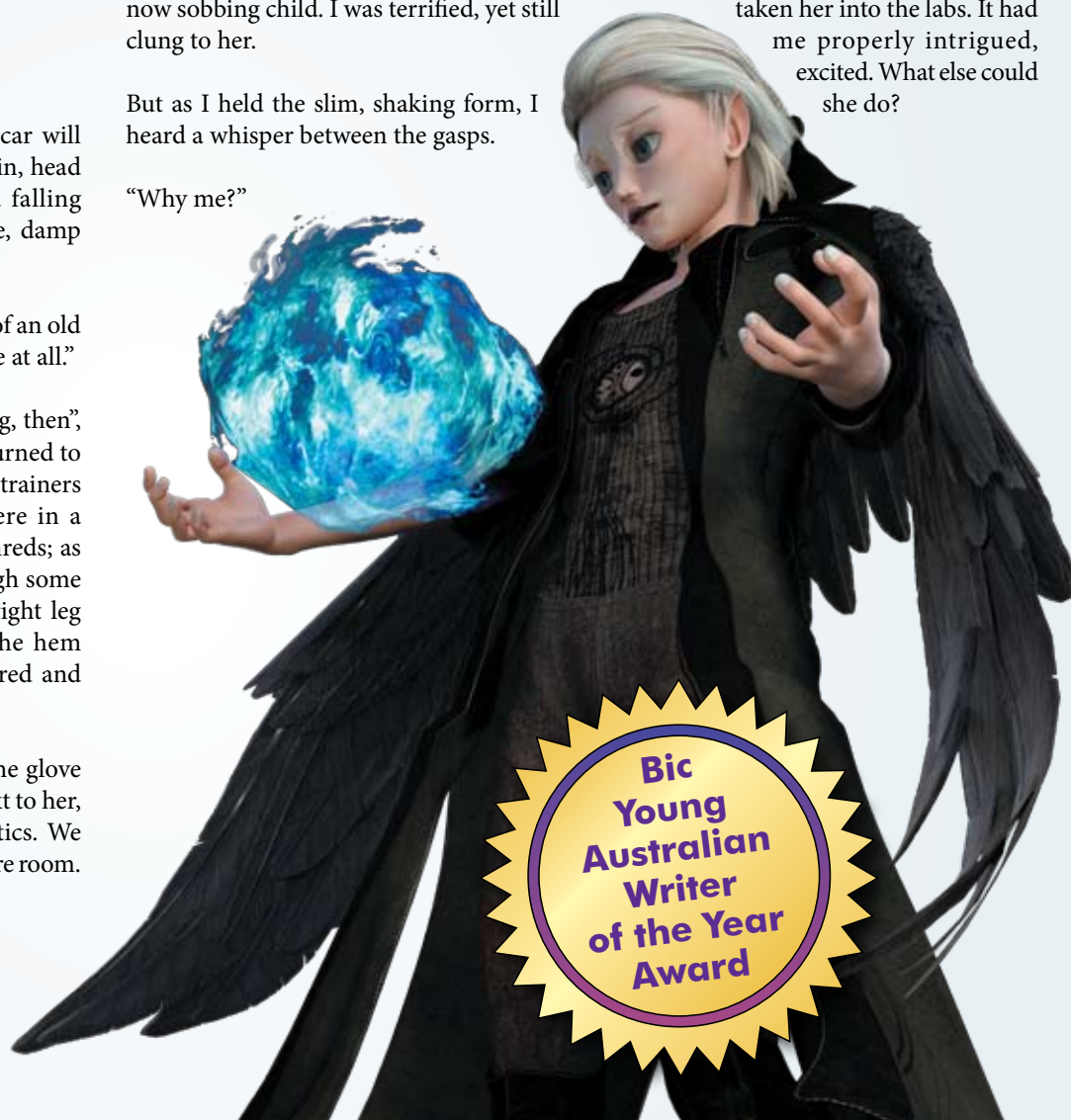
But as I held the slim, shaking form, I heard a whisper between the gasps.

"Why me?"

Entry #554, 07.06.17

DNA structure nothing abnormal. There's nothing obvious pointing to why or how she can do these things. Harry suggested a neural scan – again, nothing abnormal. The closest I have come to a theory is that she can somehow manipulate energy; direct its flow, tell it what form to take. She's incredible. I plan to continue running the experiments, collecting data to see if I can find anything. As soon as I come up with something tangible I'll introduce her to the professors at the university. They'll have more to say on the subject than I will, but I don't want anyone taking credit for my work.

She doesn't talk much. I began testing on Mikayla a week ago now. After the knife incident, the occurrences had only continued – I'd found her standing in the backyard surrounded by a ring of flames that rose and fell at the motion of her palm. I'd seen her move from the other side of the room to catch a falling mug in the blink of an eye, and after I saw a TV remote fly from the coffee table into her hand, I'd taken her into the labs. It had me properly intrigued, excited. What else could she do?



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

Entry #569, 16.07.17

I'm not sure what I expect to find. I'm continuously sifting through swathes of new data but there's nothing I can see to suggest an abnormality in her genetic structure. I've had a look at her cells, and they regenerate and multiply far faster than the normal rate – but I'm a geneticist not a cellular biologist. I don't know enough about the data I'm uncovering. I need a breakthrough with regards to her DNA; there has to be something.

Entry #613, 27.08.17

Still nothing. I have noticed an irregularity in her control over her abilities, as if she doesn't quite have a complete handle over them – she's smart though. Good learner. She doesn't just demonstrate destructive potential, she can perform a multitude of tasks – she's fit and strong, not even counting the fact that her body can't be physically harmed by any means I've discovered. She feels pain for certain, but I don't plan to run any more pain reception tests.

I just don't know how much longer I can keep this under wraps from the university. They're sending letters. Not happy with all the "fruitless" hours I'm spending in the labs. Of course, it's only fruitless because I haven't told them anything. I don't know when, but I will find something solid.

Entry #680, 04.01.18

She's grown. She really has, and try as I might I just cannot convince her to eat her veggies. She hates washing up, loves it when I let her help me do my makeup, and has a slowly developing interest in boys that I'm doing everything in my power to stop. She's immature. It's too early.

We had a phone call yesterday. A man from the university, saying that my professors needed to see what I'd been doing for all this time or I'd be canned.

I've burned all the hard copies and everything else is safe on my hard drive – I can't let this get out, or God knows what will happen to Mikayla.

Entry #720, 28.02.18

University dropped me long ago. I try to keep Mikayla with me as much as I can, but I can't confine her too much – she has to get outside. Being cooped up in here won't do anything for her.

Entry #747, 16.04.18

University reported me. Abuse of materials apparently. I haven't returned letters or calls. I won't leave Mikayla.

Entry #800, 12.05.18

She was scared. I don't blame her, and I'm not angry. That policeman had no right to grab her, and even less right to be pointing a revolver at her. She answered the door and he stormed right in. It suffices to say that she's dangerous when she's threatened, but isn't anyone? I'm staying put. I'm afraid, terrified. But I can't leave her, and there's nowhere we could go anyway.

Entry #801, 01.06.18

They're coming. Military police.

I've barred the door.

Mikayla's upstairs.

I love you.

60.

★ ★ ★

The general snapped the book shut, and silence echoed around the room. The photos of the twelve men who had stormed the house on that day, twelve men who never came back, stared across at us all.

"Find her."

By **James Brasington**
Year 12, Scotch College,
HAWTHORN – VIC.

THANK YOU

Standing in the dark.

As the sun rose, I could see flickers of gold.

A single figure stands alone from the crowd.

His medals reflected in dawn's rising light.

Reflection. Recollection. Lost in thought.

Memories buried away, of horrors we will never know.

Terror and fear. Not much older than me.

Friends died along the way, in an effort to save the day.

On battlefields that bear their blood. Childhood innocence, forever gone.

A land so distant. A land so different. A land not home. A land not free.

Does he know how proud we are? Of the sacrifice that left its scar?

The "Last Post" plays. He moves away. I run to him. What will I say?

Gratitude I can never repay. A Nation's pride I want to convey.

Alone together, he looks at me. "Thank you" is all I say.

He smiles at me and turns to leave and I realise, he did it all for me.

By **Georgia Ryan**
Year 6, St Agnes Primary School
PORT MACQUARIE – NSW





WHIRR! BUZZ!

1876 – Alexander Graham Bell's house

"Jack, what year did you take us?"

"Umm... 1876" Jack replied. The two boys examined the ancient landscape, where they saw a house distinctly different from the other houses. Then John remembered what would happen if the watch took them to a specific year. It would take them to where the significant event happened.

"That's Bell's house. This is the year the telephone was created", John hushed, so no-one would hear them. Inquisitively, the boys walked into the house, which was surprisingly unlocked. In the house, there was a funny looking telephone.

"The very first telephone", John marvelled. "Is that a bocce ball?"

"Yeah. Or maybe it's a tennis ball." To test if it was, he hurled it towards the door. Luckily, John managed to dodge it, but the figure opening the door didn't have as good reflexes. WHAM! A silence followed. Jack stared at the wall guiltily, while John gaped at the figure. Silently, they carried him to a doctor.

"Oh dear, boy, he's lost his memory..."

2017 – John's science lab

BUZZ! BANG! WHOOSH! The boys returned from the past. John looked around, checking if his lab was fine. Everything was in its place except for a phone that sat on a small stool. He looked around suspiciously.

"Jack, where's the phone?"

"I don't know." John frowned thinking. Then he put the pieces together. His face fell.

"Oh no."

"Oh no, what?"

"The telephone. It's not here!" John proclaimed, exasperated.

"So?"

"Don't you understand? The doctor said Bell lost his memory. Thanks to that, the telephone was not invented!" Jack looked guilty. "I'm going again. Alone." Jack took a deep breath. His friend was risking himself for a mistake he had done.

"OK", he replied in a sombre mood. Then there was a WHOOSH and a BANG and John left to go to the past.

1876 – Alexander Graham Bell's house

John arrived. This time he did not ask where he was. They had caused too much mischief there to not know. Then he saw himself and Jack. He realised that because they had done something in the past they were permanently a part of it. Then he realised something else. If he could make sure the ball was not hurled, and send his 'other self' and 'other Jack' back to the present, he could fix time.

"Time for phase one." He sneakily and silently crept towards the ball. As soon as he picked it up, he bolted back to where he couldn't be seen. Then he saw himself.

"I'm going to have to risk it", he told himself. It was true, he had to save time. He inched towards them. He silently activated the time machine but the 'other' John caught him.

"Wha—" he started saying, but the time machine had activated itself. Then the door opened. But John had escaped.

2017 – John's science lab

BANG! WHOOSH! John landed in the middle of the room, falling on top of a wooden table.

"Owww!" he groaned. However, Jack did not take any notice.

"You're back! You fixed time!" he yelled. By then John was feeling content. Even his aching back couldn't stop him from grinning. What an adventure!

JOHN screwed the last parts of his invention together. It wasn't finished yet though. The different liquids that he had created were still to be poured into the watch. Yes, John had been working on his new invention: a time watch.

"10 millilitres of each one. Not one drop less, not one drop more", he muttered to himself. It's hard to believe, but John had attempted this twenty times, and all those times had been when it exploded. He carefully brought the fragile glasses of liquid toward the model of the invention. With caution, he poured each liquid into the machine. John took a step back. But this time it didn't explode into a billion pieces. TICK! TOCK! TICK! TOCK! This was the sound it made instead. John knew what that meant. The time watch was working.

John jumped with joy. He sprinted straight to the phone.

"Jack! You've got to come over! It's working!" John excitedly exclaimed. Jack, John's best friend, had also known about the invention. In five minutes flat, the door pushed open.

"Show me! Show me! Show me!" Jack hollered. John grinned, opening up his hand to reveal a rectangular prism of gleaming gold. Jack, eager to test it out, asked for a test drive.

"Hmmm... I guess it won't hurt."

"Can I also chose the date?"

"Sure!" The two boys activated it. BANG! WHOOSH!

"Where are we?" they questioned simultaneously.

Best Short
Story from a
Primary School
Dymocks Camberwell
Literary Award

By **Sinthujan Ahilaeswaran**
Year 6, St Luke's
Primary School
LALOR – VIC.
Teacher: Lisa Curtis

The Tree Of Life

LIFE grows, like a tree it develops and matures, separated and joined by extraordinary and amazing moments. These moments stem from and branch off from us. Stages throughout our lives, experiences during our childhood, adulthood, retirement and old age, bud and shape us into the people we become, leaving mementos along the way, little knots and whorls. Our lives and attitudes support and shape others, providing nutrients and strength through the simplest acts. Life is unpredictable, we do not know where it will guide us, stretching to the sun or bending towards the ground, or who we will meet and lose along the way, leaves here, limbs there.

Spring infancy blooms
Summer youth ripens
Autumn maturity develops
Winter wisdom evolves

Spring is the season of prosperity and rapid growth. The spring air is filled with warmth and the scent of blooming wildflowers. Crimson bottlebrush and buttercup yellow wattles adorn trees, covered in different arrays of parrots, butterflies and ladybirds. With this teeming life comes the germination of hope and ambition. Small seedlings, tiny and vulnerable beings, grow taller each day. As their trunks thicken they become more robust and resilient. The growing foliage, small delicate buds and large emerald coloured leaves scrape the bright sapphire sky. White clouds float across keeping watch as the glorious days continue for weeks, mornings of dewy grass, and evenings of calm winds. It is only towards the end of spring that leaves curl and the dirt begins to dry – summer can be seen on the horizon.

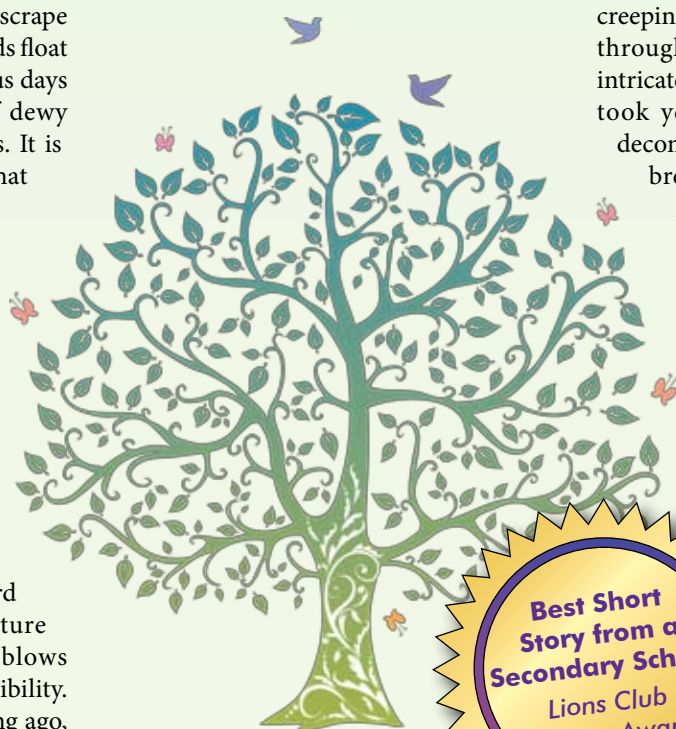
Spring infancy blooms
Summer youth ripens
Autumn maturity develops
Winter wisdom evolves

The sweltering heat begins in December, the horizon become hazy, a mirage reflecting the sky back on itself. The dirt is hard and crisp, all remnants of moisture evaporated long ago. Dry dust blows across the landscape clouding visibility. The bright beautiful flowers fell long ago, leaving only matured leaves hanging wilted

from the panting tree, heavily swaying in the breeze. Bright light shines deep to the core of the tree, hardening the beige bark, creating deep furrows. Birds pick at the crust, forming deep pockets, hiding from the heat, guarding nests for their young. As the roots become intertwined, support and strength develops, a reliance on others. The sweltering months begin to cool, autumn can be seen on the horizon, with it a sense of maturity.

Spring infancy blooms
Summer youth ripens
Autumn maturity develops
Winter wisdom evolves

Autumn blows in with the first rain, cooling the landscape and easing tremendous tension within. As a pair of kookaburras nest in the canopy, creating intricate constructions of twigs and mud, the once dark green leaves become dappled shades of amber, yellow and brown. The leaves begin to shrivel and turn crisp, morphing into small crumpled versions of their former selves. As they fall they paint the earth a beautiful orange and creating a temporary home for the small bugs and critters scurrying on the ground, until the gentle breeze whisks the leaves away. Tall branches are barren, spindly at the ends and pointing in different directions. Night begins to fall earlier, days shorten.



Best Short
Story from a
Secondary School
Lions Club
Literary Award

Spring infancy blooms
Summer youth ripens
Autumn maturity develops
Winter wisdom evolves

All remnants of leaves have ebbed by the winter months, leaving an exposed skeleton, a former youthful tree now rigid and fragile. Dimples on the surface have become exacerbated, deeper and bleaker, showing the frailty winter brings. As gentle white snow falls upon the spindly limbs, cracks begin to form in their structure, splintering branches and twigs. The inevitability of growing old takes grip on the tree, turning it into a silhouette, a ghost swaying in the shadows. Winter brings bitter relentless wind, weaving its way through the naked branches. Finally the tree becomes too weak and snaps at the base, tumbling down with great power. Driving hail and rain batters the exposed wood, turning it a weathered grey. The rough break exposes the growth rings to the elements revealing information and stories of life.

Spring infancy blooms
Summer youth ripens
Autumn maturity develops
Winter wisdom evolves

Years on, through many seasons, the shattered trunk has become a haven for small translucent termites, busy ants and creeping slaters, slowly making their way through the dense wood and forming intricate nests, new life teeming in what took years to create. Toadstools and decomposers begin the endless task of breaking down the fibre into rich nutrients to be returned to the soil. Butterflies rest on the dimples in the bark and bright coloured birds perch on branches which stick up haphazardly. At the base of the fallen tree, in the crisp air of a spring morning, a small green sapling begins to unfurl and rise from the rich earth, fuelled by the energy of the fallen tree.

By **Eliza Bastian**
Year 12, Eynesbury
Senior College
ADELAIDE – SA
Teacher: Melanie Smith

Hidden Scars

I am lost.
Scared.
Weights on my shoulders,
as I am to make a decision.
Life or Death.
Life, feeling alive and
living a dream I always
wanted.
Death, lost in the sea of
Forget and Regret.
Dreams crushed and a life
that was yet to be lived,
Gone.
What is my choice?
Life
or
Death?
Can I live a life of DREAMS,
or be lost in Fear?



This poem is dedicated to families who have lost their child/ren, caused by bullying. We are all known as equals and I stand by the 'No Bullying Zone.' We all have a life to live and to live to the fullest. xox My Love to your families.

By Teisa Helu
Year 6, St John's Auburn Primary School
AUBURN – NSW
Teacher: Miss Katherine Medrzewski



The Legacy of the Watchman



Best Poetry
from a
Secondary School
Fortescue Metals
Literary Award

His eyes are like beacons,
his body a lighthouse guiding the way
for the ghosts of his past,
wisps of morning mist
dance to the beat of his broken
and scarred heart.

He is a Watchman
and this land is his own.

His childhood was orange,
a tree covered in monarch butterflies,
apricot-hued skies, a crackling fire
and its glowing embers.
He yearns to see the faces of his elders
once more in the molten amber
of those lost years.

It is a barren land he safeguards,
parched earth where there
once was life,
its people lost
to the insidious hands of time.

Behind closed lids he sees his home,
a plain of sunflowers
the colour of melted butter,
standing tall and proud,
facing east towards the dying sun
in their last vibrant days.

He sees streams and tadpoles
and round-bellied children,
gentle rain wets their bright faces
and they know of no evil.

The scent of chamomile
and cinnamon lingers in the air,
it is a place of safety,
familiarity.

But his are eyes open
and he is reminded of cruelty,
of thunder and lightning and hopelessness,
of war and terror.
He no longer sees a field of sunflowers,
and the children of this land
are grown.

Destined to watch over
the remnants of his home,
he mourns for his past,
but where death wields its gnarled hand,
life persists.

A new sun kisses the horizon,
naïve in nature, pure in intention,
and when he looks out
and watches it set over his kingdom,
he catches a glimpse
of the golden brass of his childhood,
of slow evenings,
and the dipped-in-honey haze
that covers his precious memories.

One day he will return
to the perpetual summer of his youth
where the sunflowers grew,
and his lost hours will become
marigold-coloured gems,
glistening in the sun.

But until then,
he is a Watchman
and this land is his own.

By **Julia Pickersgill**
Year 10, St Dominic's Priory College
NORTH ADELAIDE – SA
Teacher: Shelda Rathmann

Sister

Bright eyes glowing as she runs towards me,
Embracing me with her hug, she defines me.
She drops her bag and gives me a speech,
On what she did at school, snuggling to me as a leech.

I smile to myself about her little things, her little world,
With a peck on her forehead, I listen to her with her eyelashes twirled.
We rush off to play, in our own world of adventure,
Sitting in a yellow room with fairy stickers, she is on a venture.
I feel childish and I decide to go away,
But my sister looks longingly at me to stay.

As I see her I realise my sister is my eternal bond,
I squeeze her hand thinking, sister's love is very strong.
Teaching her simple words like cat, sat and mat,
Sometimes we fight, but not long to be out of sight.

Mum calls us for dinner and we walk hand in hand,
Sharing silly jokes and laughing to our hearts contend.
At the dinner table a scrumptious lasagne awaits us,
We gobble up each fragment as it's so delicious.

Humming after dinner I finally go to study,
Hastily writing down notes for all that I worry.
Two little hands tap me on my shoulder,
And as I look down to see two large twinkling brown eyes asking me to hold her.

She tugs at my sleeve and says 'tuck me into bed'
I cradle her to sleep with her tiny teddy, after the books that she has read.
Her soft breathing turns to a pattern as I know she's drifted off,
Her luscious eyelashes quiver and I peck her on the cheek so soft.

Tomorrow is another day, with many things to pursue,
But our sister's bond is lifelong, and my sister so cute.



By **Ananya Bose**
Year 7, Westbourne Grammar
TRUGANINA – VIC.



The Grave

Upon the dirt there lay a grave,
standing proud and tall,
lightning flashed, the thunder crashed,
the grave wasn't touched at all.

At midnight, the clouds would fight with darkness,
the moon and of course the stars.
And the blood curdling howling from a nearby dog,
could be heard from afar.

All of a sudden, lightning hit,
where the grave stood proud and tall,
and something emerged from the grave,
and the grave began to fall.

As the ghastly creature rose,
from his death home in the dirt,
his extra ghastly silhouette showed
torn pants and a ripped shirt.

He walked around the grave yard,
as terrible as could be,
until he saw the grave digger.
Creepy Ron McGee.

Ron was digging in the dirt,
until he saw the thing.
Ron stopped and stared, very scared,
and his shovel hit the ground with a ping!

Blood curdling cries came from the grave yard that particular night,
and the creature looked quite happy.
Until he saw what secondly came in sight...
Many, many houses in the town surrounded him,
he looked about the place he stood,
with an awful mischievous grin.
The lightning flashed, the thunder bashed,
but nothing stood in his way.

He fumbled about the darkness,
in the night that came before day.
The town was soon deserted, before he even knew,
the creature retreated and finally repeated,
what he knew he had to do.

He walked into the entrance,
of the graveyard he lived in,
and laid back in the dusty dirt
and covered himself up to his chin.

In the light of dawn, there lay a grave,
crumbled from the fall.
The lightning stopped, the thunder dropped,
like nothing happened that night at all.

By **Carly Wood**
Year 5, Templestowe Valley Primary School
LOWER TEMPLESTOWE – VIC.
Teacher: Mrs Bevacqua



**Helen
Handbury
Achievement
Award**

The Journey

ASG
Short
Story
Award



THE BASEMENT was pitch black and moist with unpleasant smells. Sue, a girl with olive skin, dark eyes, jet black hair, and her family were trapped in there, like melancholy birds in a cage. War was raging on in the world above, home was not a safe place to be. Sue's Mum and Dad were determined to leave this place of poverty and destruction.

One solemn night, Sue's family made their escape. They couldn't just hitch an aeroplane and leave! With the pitch-dark night as their camouflage, they stealthily crept out into the darkness. As the night deepened, they finally reached a port. There was a little fishing boat already packed with people, tearful and frightened but determined.

It was probably midnight when the boat left the port. The family only brought a few belongings. Everyone had to hide under deck, squashed like sardines in a can!

Day three into the journey, Sue caught a terrible eye infection; her eyes were blood-shot and itchy. Sue's Grandma couldn't stand seeing her suffer any longer, so she hauled Sue up on deck. Sue was relieved to take in gulps of crisp ocean air. Suddenly, Sue heard the crew holler in excitement – Ship Ahoy! From afar, this boat had the American flag fluttering in the wind. Everyone shouted for joy, thinking HELP had come! But as the boat came closer, Sue could see that the sails were torn. In a flash, the flag changed into a pirate flag! The skull glared at them! Too LATE! As that other boat edged near, Pirates sprang over. They ordered everyone to come up to the deck – people were crying, whilst men tried their best to protect their families. These pirates

examined everyone and took off whatever jewellery they could see. They even took gold fillings from these poor people's mouths. They took anything valuable while clothing and food supplies were thrown heartlessly into the sea.

Though just a tiny 10-year old, Sue sensed danger! So, with her Grandma's scarf, she quickly covered the pearl earrings and necklace she had, the only valuables that her Grandmother had given her for safekeeping. Luckily, being a sick girl, Sue was not noticed.

After an hour of searching and threatening, the Pirates then shoved everyone onto their boat so they could continue to scavenge the boat. Most families were separated. Somehow, Sue, Louise, and their Mum found themselves lost, alone and shaken with fear, in the suffocating hull of their boat while everyone was shoved over to the pirate ship. Minutes later, a young pirate boy, with an enormous axe, came towards them with a menacing look that said, "Give me gold or else!". Louise and Mum had nothing left on them to hand over. Sue, frightfully shaken, reluctantly took off the scarf from around her head and then the pearl earrings and necklace and handed them to the vicious looking pirate. Thankfully without harming them, the pirate then led them out to reunite with their family.

Having thoroughly searched their victims' boat, they then smashed it and shoved their victims back onto the sinking boat, leaving them to drown.

Sue's family and the other victims were then left helpless, slowly sinking in the

middle of the Pacific Ocean, clinging to the tattered wood, knowing that life is near an end!

What seemed like hours had passed, when all hope was fading, a colossal Canadian oil tanker saw the sinking fishing boat! The crew from the tanker quickly made sure all the victims were pulled over to their ship. They helped everyone climb up the thick steel chains to the vast deck of the oil tanker. Then everyone was given blankets and food. The families kept warm and waited. The next day everyone was taken to the Palau Tengah Refugees Camp, in Malaysia.

Throughout their stay at the refugees' camp, Sue's family shared one big hard wooden bed, no mattress at all. The first night, Sue and her family slept restlessly, with rats running across their bodies. Sue covered Louise because she was young, while the rest of the family endured the scampering of the rodents throughout the night. Sue clearly remembered that dreadful night and the life during those months. There were lots of hardships and tiresome chores. Sue and her brother, Michael would walk for miles daily to collect water from a well, for washing their bodies. Each would carry about 5 to 10 litres of water each trip back to their shed. There certainly were no bathrooms nor toilets. Life was hard but it didn't dampen their spirits. Being alive meant there was hope of a future.

So began Sue's journey as a refugee!

By **Jana Nguyen**

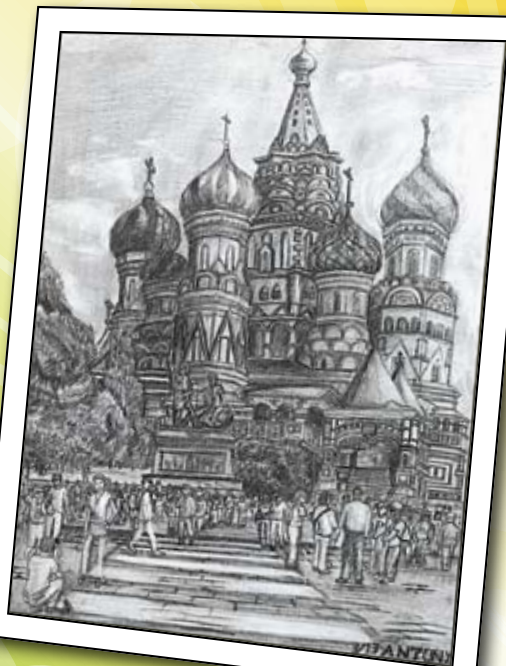
Age 11

ABBOTSFORD – VIC.

2018

YOUNG AUSTRALIAN ART AWARDS

By Anthony Qin



DRAWING



By Manna Tsuchiya

COMPUTER ART



By Kai Keulder

PHOTOGRAPHY



By Matthew Ropesam

PAINTING

www.ozkids.com.au

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

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

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

Young



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

2017

The Young Australian Art Awards

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

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

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

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

About our Judges: Painting, Drawing, Computer Design



Marjory Gardner

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

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

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

Marjory's website: www.marjorygardner.com



Elise Hurst

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

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

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

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

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

Elise's website: www.elisehurst.com

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



Marc McBride

Marc McBride was educated in Northern Ireland at Bangor Grammar School. Graduating in 1990, he moved to Western Australia to study design at Curtin University. His final year project was the design and manufacture of the Dracula's Castle at Adventure World in Perth. As a set designer for television commercials and short films, Marc was the winner of the 1995 WA Film and Video Festival for Best Art Direction.

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

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

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

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

The Lady Potter Art Award
Young Australian Artist of the Year

2017



Awarded to

Taylor Trewartha

Proserpine State High School, Qld.

'All I Need'

2017 Young Australian Art Awards

**Commonwealth
Bank
Art Award
Painting – Senior**



CommonwealthBank

Awarded to

Helen Han

James Ruse Agricultural High School, NSW

'Ineffable'



2017 Young Australian Art Awards

**Commonwealth
Bank Art Award
Painting – Middle**



CommonwealthBank

Awarded to

Oscar Chambers

Investigator College, SA

'The Causeway'



2017 Young Australian Art Awards
**Commonwealth Bank
Art Award**
Painting – Primary



CommonwealthBank

Awarded to

Yul Heo

Murray Farm Public School, NSW

'My Little Brother'

2017 Young Australian Art Awards

**Bic Australia
Art Award**

Computer Art – Senior



Awarded to

Alicia Lamburd

Elanora State High School, Qld.

'Inhabited Ravine'





2017 Young Australian Art Awards

**Bic Australia
Art Award**

Computer Art – Middle

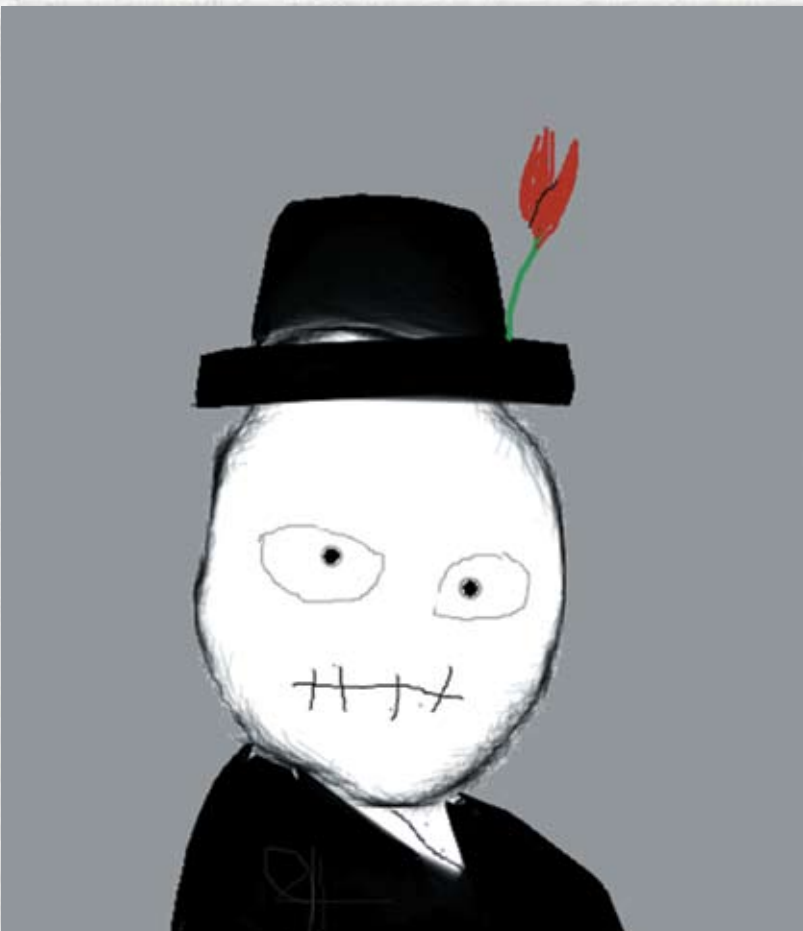


Awarded to

Indy Duffy

Bunbury Senior High School, WA

'Above the Sea'



2017 Young Australian Art Awards

**Bic Australia
Art Award**

Computer Art – Primary

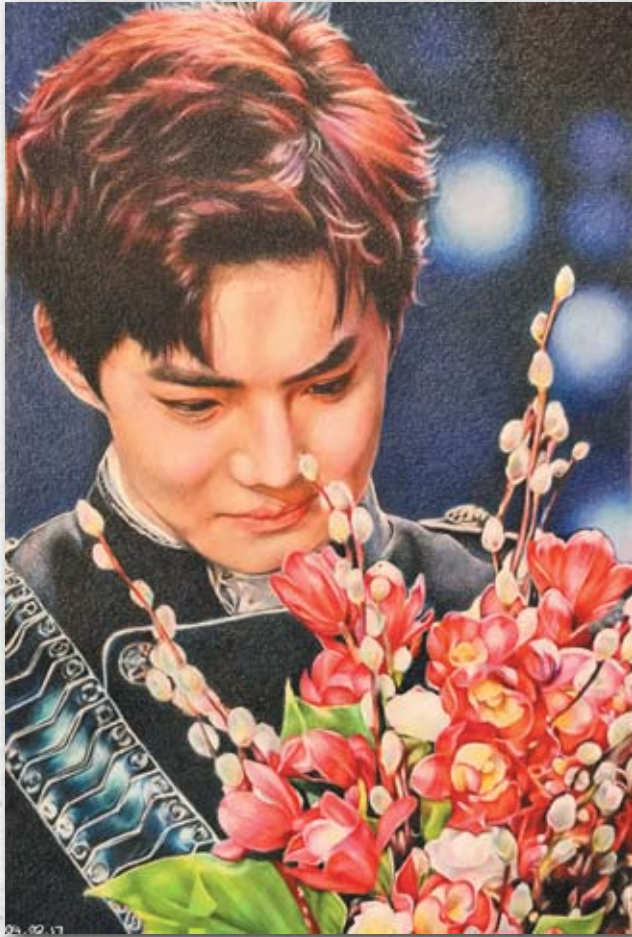


Awarded to

Kai Keulder

Peter Carnley Anglican
Community School, WA

'Man in Black'



2017 Young Australian Art Awards

Dymock's Camberwell

Art Award

Drawing – Senior

DYMOCKS
FOR BOOKLOVERS

Awarded to

Melissa Kahl

Muirfield High School, NSW

'Jubilance'



2017 Young Australian Art Awards

Dymock's Camberwell

Art Award

Drawing – Middle

DYMOCKS
FOR BOOKLOVERS

Awarded to

Tiarn Garland

Ravenswood School for Girls, NSW

'Fox'

2017 Young Australian Art Awards

Dymock's Camberwell

Art Award

Drawing – Primary

DYMOCKS
FOR BOOKLOVERS

Awarded to

Olivia Offwood

Oxford Falls Grammar School, NSW

'Ram'



2017 Young Australian Art Awards

Lions Club Art Award

Photography – Senior



Awarded to

Oisin Brady

Marcellin College, NSW

*'Chestnut Quarter Horse
at Oyster Bay'*



2017 Young Australian Art Awards
Lions Club Art Award
Photography – Middle



Awarded to
Jaime Clarke
William Clarke College, NSW
'Botswana's Roll Play'

2017 Young Australian Art Awards

**Lions Club
Art Award**

Photography – Primary



Awarded to
Thommy Mulhearn
Sydney Grammar School, NSW
'Little in a Big World'





2017 Young Australian Art Awards

ASG Art Award
Drawing



Awarded to

Claire Ah-Chok

Beaumont Hill Public School, NSW

'Autumn'



2017 Young Australian Art Awards

ASG Art Award
Painting



Awarded to

Janavika Hingorani

Jasper Road Public School, NSW

'Vivid Reindeer'



2017 Young Australian Art Awards

Judge's Choice Award

Elise Hurst Art Award

Awarded to

Oscar Chambers

Investigator College, SA

'Orange Dawn at the River'

2017 Young Australian Art Awards

Judge's Choice Award

Marjory Gardner Art Award

Awarded to

Samantha Lindermann Passanant

Cerdon College, NSW

'Portrait of Mr Kershaw'



2017 Young Australian Art Awards

Judge's Choice Award

Marc McBride Art Award

Awarded to

Tahlia Stanton

Ballarat and Clarendon College, Vic.

'Where's the Humanity?'

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

2017



SANDFIRE
RESOURCES NL



SANDFIRE
RESOURCES NL

2017 Young Australian Art Awards

Sandfire Resources
Indigenous Art Award

Awarded to

Taya Parfitt
'Connection with Nature'

— Indigenous Art Awards —

2017 Young Australian Art Awards

Magnetite Mines
Indigenous Art Award



MAGNETITE MINES LIMITED
Making Steel Stronger

Awarded to

Keenan Flanagan
'Wildlife in Pattern'





2017 Young Australian Art Awards



**Fortescue
Metals
Indigenous
Art Award**

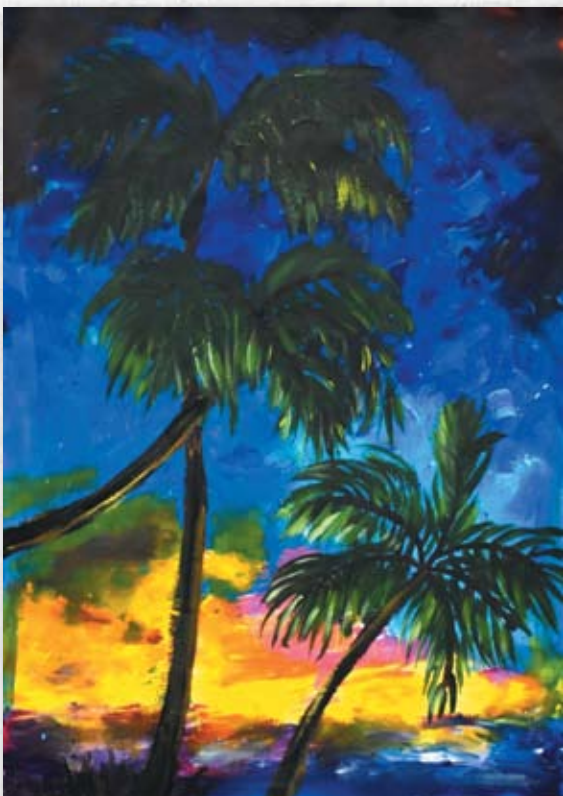
Awarded to
Richard Kickett
'The Snake'

2017 Young Australian Art Awards

ASG Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to
Tyler Sillery-Maxwell
'Change'



2017 Young Australian Art Awards



**Qube Ports
Indigenous
Art Award**

Awarded to
Taya Parfitt
'My Place'

Regional Awards

2017 Young Australian Art Awards

**Whitehaven Coal
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to
Marion Murielle
'Hands'



2017 Young Australian Art Awards



**Viva Energy
Indigenous
Art Award**

Awarded to
Phoenix Lorbach
'Ngunnawal Country'



2017 Young Australian Art Awards



**Resolute
Mining
Indigenous
Art Award**

Awarded to
Lauren Tchinburrurr
'Butterfly'



2017 Young Australian Art Awards

Capricorn Metals Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to
Alexia Melchiori
'Uluru'

2017 Young Australian Art Awards

Roy Hill Holdings Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to
Sonia Cronan
Untitled



2017 Young Australian Art Awards

Energy Metals Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to
Annie Sommers
'Koala Country'

2017 Young Australian Art Awards

Newcrest Mining Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to
Trevor Sheen
'Animals'



2017 Young Australian Art Awards
Impact Minerals Indigenous Art Award

impact.
MINERALS

Awarded to
Yaroslava Kolesnikova
'The Flower of Life'



2017 Young Australian Art Awards
Pantoro Ltd Indigenous Art Award



PANTORO

Awarded to
Grace McMahon
'Walking to Nowhere'

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.



Trust the specialists when it comes to managing the cost of education

At ASG, we know that your child's education is a big responsibility. For more than 40 years, our sole focus has been helping families plan, save and pay for education.

ASG's education savings funds offer a simple and effective approach to help you plan for the cost of education. Our funds give you the option of either versatile or disciplined approaches to saving towards education goals, such as private schooling and post-secondary education—giving you peace of mind that you are proactively planning for the future.

If you don't have savings and have school fees due now, our fee payment service can help you cover short-term costs while your savings build up.

Discover an education savings solution that's right for you



Call **131 ASG (131 274)** to speak with an ASG representative



Visit **asg.com.au/education-funds**

