

Young Australian Art & Writers' Awards

A vibrant illustration featuring a young woman with blonde hair, wearing a blue long-sleeved top with a white dragon-like pattern on the sleeve. She is holding a traditional Chinese brush. Behind her is a large, colorful dragon with a golden body, red and blue scales, and a long, flowing red and blue mane. The scene is set against a light pink background with large, detailed pink peonies and green leaves.

*Celebrating
the Artistic
and Literary
Talents of
Children*

2019

*Cover by Jessica Zhang
Proudly supported by the
Australian Government*



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 2019:



Geoff Handbury AO
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Dame Elisabeth Murdoch
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Young Australian Art Awards Judges



Elise Hurst



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Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

Young Australian Art & Writers' Awards 2019

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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 Australian Art Awards

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



SANDFIRE
RESOURCES NL



CommonwealthBank

- Alkane Resources
- BCI Minerals Ltd
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- Talisman Mining
- The Percy Baxter Trust
- Whitehaven Coal
- William Angliss Charitable Fund

Young Australian Writers' Awards

2019



The BIC Young Australian Writer of the Year Award

2019

Awarded to

Hannah Park

St Mary's Catholic College, Woree, Qld.

'Fulufjället Mountain'



2019 Young Australian Writers' Awards

Best Short Story from a Primary School

Dymocks Camberwell Literary Award

Matthew Ashley

Scotch College, Hawthorn, Vic.

A Moment to Remember



Best Short Story from a Secondary School

Lions Club Literary Award

Mackenzie Smith

St Dominic's Priory College, SA

Piekarz



Best Poetry from a Primary School

Commonwealth Bank Literary Award

Joseph Scott

John XXIII College, Mt Claremont, WA

Three Noble Swagmen



Best Poetry from a Secondary School

Fortescue Metals Literary Award

Olivia Clinckers

All Saints' College, Bull Breek, WA

Hope



Helen Handbury Literary Award

Maisie Fullerton

Greenslopes State School, Qld.

I Shouldn't Have Left

Helen Handbury Achievement Award

Sophie Li

Ravenswood School for Girls, Gordon, NSW

The Old Man of Storr

C.D. Dodd Young Indigenous Writer of the Year

C.D.DODD

Wendy Kathleen Feifar

A Man's Totem

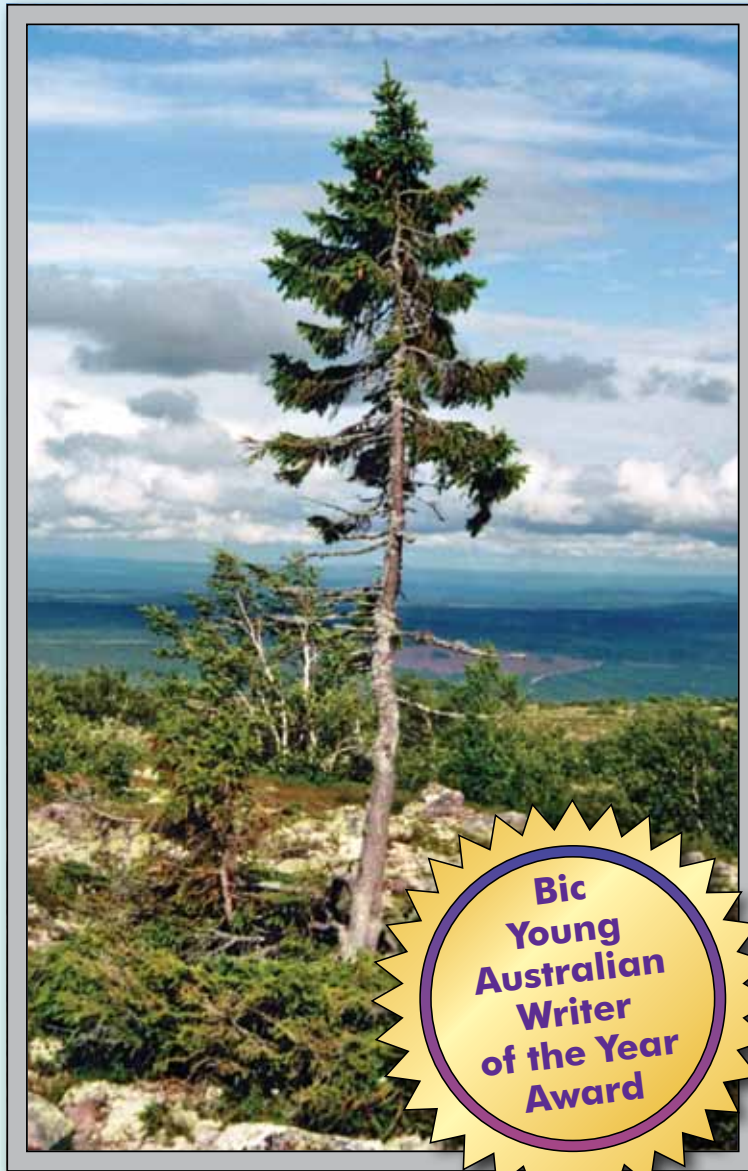
C.D.DODD

FULUFJÄLLET MOUNTAIN

STAND atop Fulufjället Mountain with my head held high, arms spread wide, and my feet firmly planted as I sway gently in the wind. The breeze is a soft embrace as it idly dances by, cooling my skin and rustling through the underbrush. Native bees buzz lazily around the greenery, their wings beating rapidly, emitting a soft melody that lulls the forest into a languid trance.

In times like these, I often ponder the history of the human race, the evolution and advancement through the years. From wooden clubs to stone, stone to bronze, bronze to steel; and now technology far more advanced than ever before – gadgets, thingamabobs, all that hoo-ha. I have never understood modern technology, it seems far too complex, I would much rather sit in the woods all day. Standing among vegetation that has survived millennia, I am at peace. I talk to the trees as if they are my sisters. “Come out and play!” I implore, but they never do. Sometimes they whisper back, a thousand voices in unison, too afraid to leave the safety of their trunks. I suppose it’s my fault, their fear, for I constantly inform them of the horrors of the world – the greed, the gluttony and the gore.

It was not always this way, though; for centuries the world was tranquil. Then came the humans with their avarice and disregard. They brought deforestation and pollution in arms to this world. Bulldozers and factories threaten the place I call my wild home. My friends, the trees, cannot fight back for they are chained to the forest floor, forced to choke on malignant, poison air. Humans have guiltlessly raped Mother Earth and her offspring with their saws and their shovels. Sometimes they give back by replanting trees, but their actions are



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

in vain as they only take and take again. The endless cycle of regrowth is a circle no more, but a line with an end that will come soon.

Standing upon this mountain, feet rooted in place, my limbs shake with fear of the onslaught that is to ensue. The steady rumble of machinery resonates through the ground; the hum would be calming were it not a funeral dirge. The endless grumble of large engines draws closer and with it comes an overwhelming sense of foreboding. Steering the machinery are men with chainsaws who have no guilty conscience; they slaughter forestry without care or compunction. Their trucks are body bags, built to hold the severed remains of vegetation.

The mighty roar, like a battle cry, fades into silence as the men survey their killing ground. They begin to take measurements, tattooing the brittle bark with blood red markings. The trees tremble silently and the wind howls for mercy but the men, I fear, are deaf to their cries. I hold my breath as waves of trepidation roll over me, disturbing the calm that the wind once created. The climax of nature’s everlasting battle is finally coming to a close. For a moment there is silence and I feel a seed of hope begin to blossom in my heart for this tragedy, alike many others we have faced, shall pass and one day there will be reincarnation.

And then, simultaneously, their chainsaws whir to life – the hostile grinding and scraping of metal on metal disrupts the lullaby that once was. It is then, with the sun beating down and the wind roaring recklessly, that the slaughter begins. All around me trees fall, cut down and dismembered, they collapse silently and without protest.

I stand tall in Sweden atop my high mount, surrounded by slaughter, as I silently cry for help that will never come and for mercy that is no more. I was born in the ice age, millennia ago, my roots grew strong here and here I have remained for thousands of years. From ice age to present, I have watched the world change, more so than ever in the past century. And now I fear for my life and for my kin because we cannot fight, we can only stand boldly, as we wait for our death.

I am the Old Tjikko tree, spirit of the wild.

By Hannah Park
Year 12, St Mary’s Catholic College
WOREE – QLD.
Teacher: Sharee Nicholls

A Moment to Remember

MY HAND was resting on the door handle as I hovered outside the room. I concentrated on the cool metal of the door handle as I prepared myself for the worst.

Dad had been in hospital for five weeks since he tripped over at the park and hit his head on the concrete. He had been carried away in an ambulance because when you're nearing ninety a hit in the head can be fatal.

I took a deep breath and opened the door.

I was greeted by the soft beep of the heart monitor and the gentle light of the morning sunshine streaming through the small window behind the bed.

Dad was lying on the hospital bed with the light blue sheets pulled up to his neck. There was a newspaper resting on the bedside table. The headline was 70 YEARS SINCE THE WAR ENDED. Dad looked like he was tangled in seaweed, with wires running from his nose, arm and chest connecting up to a clunky machine and a drip filled with some kind of medicine.

I walked over to the chair beside his bed, stepping as quietly as I could, trying not to wake him. My attempts were futile though, as soon as I sank down into the chair his eyes fluttered open. He had always been a light sleeper, from his days in the war I suppose.

His eyes turned to face me, they were still a piercing blue, despite his age. I stood up and walked over to him.

"Hi Dad", I said, my voice was a whisper as I embraced him.

"Hello Sam", he said, his voice as strong as ever. "I wasn't expecting to see you until tomorrow?" He sounded surprised.

"My flight was moved back a day, and I didn't want to miss seeing you." He smiled but then his face turned serious. "There's something I need to tell you", he murmured, staring at the wall, "You..." His sentence was interrupted as he was taken over by a coughing fit, I placed



a hand on his shoulder until he had calmed down. "You know I was in the Army", he continued. "Yes", I replied, sensing something important. "Something happened to me on my first day of fighting. An experience I'll never forget."

His eyes were grave and distant. "I haven't told anyone this, not even your mother." I waited as he took a deep, rattling breath and he launched into the story.

"The sound of guns and the cries of wounded filled my ears. I was crouched behind the thick trunk of a tree, breathing hard. The lush jungle surrounding me would have been beautiful if it weren't for the destruction going on around me. I took three deep calming breaths to steady myself and then ran as fast as I could into denser part of the jungle. I kept on running until the sound of gunfire were just muffled pops in the distance."

I knew I was a coward, but I just couldn't stand the horror of it all. I lay there for a while concentrating on the uneven ground, the leaves tickling my face. Eventually I stood and took in my surroundings. The tall trees made it hard to see further than ten metres in either direction. I knew I was lost, but anything was better than being amidst the fighting."

There was something strange about the area I was in. It was almost as if it had been planted. There were rows of bushes, stripped of their fruit and trees all lined up like soldiers. But it was the smell that alerted me to the presence of humans, smoke. A smell that wasn't natural in any forest. The

most obvious conclusion was that the area was inhabited by natives.

I followed the smoke a small way until I ended up at the edge of a clearing. I jerked back as a man in a German uniform walked by and then I watched, confused, as an English soldier followed behind. My confusion vanished as the realisation hit me, we didn't need to fight, right was a perfect example of what this world could be like. I surveyed the whole camp. There were around a dozen tents with people from both sides milling around.

"That day changed the whole war for me." Dad said.

I had been completely enveloped in the story and it was like waking up from a dream.

"Both sides working together, laughing chatting, playing games. That's how the war should have been", he murmured. "I have relented from telling until now as me leaving you will provide with enough insight to what it was like in the war."

He had a wistful far away look in his eyes. It was then that I knew his time had come, I could see him slipping away.

"Dad, dad".

I gently shook his shoulder, he turned to face me one final time. He said something softly that I couldn't make out.

I put my ear to his mouth and he whispered, "I love you son." "I love you too, Dad."

I felt tears spilling down my cheeks as he gently closed his eyes and slumped back into his bed.

By **Matthew Ashley**
Scotch College, HAWTHORN – VIC.
Teacher: Ms Connie Dinatale



HOPE

1. Burning

There's too much to do,
Too much to think about.
I just want to be nothing, disappear,
But I can't.
I have to keep going,
Push through, deal with it.
My mind is an endless swirl of anxiety, sadness, emptiness,
I feel numb. I feel hollow. I want to scream in frustration.
Eventually I crack, run away from all the problems,
Curl into a ball and sleep, cry.
The problems grow,
I face away, letting them build up.
The world goes silent,
Everything explodes.

2. Ash

I'm empty, I am ash.
My world has crumbled around me,
The walls I built have come crashing down.
They are ash, dust. I don't care, I won't.
I am still not free, I'm a bird trapped in its cage.
I want freedom, to fly away – to be the child I should be able to be.
Don't I deserve it? Don't we deserve it?
What is this all for, these years of school, these late nights, breakdowns, stress and anxiety?
They don't count, it's only those last few hours, those last exams are a measure of all our knowledge.
That is when I will be released from my cage.
I have years left, three years until I can fly away from all of this.
How many more times will I burn up before I am released?
I don't know how I can hope when all is worthless,
Everything is ash.

3. Rising

Have strength, have hope,
That is what I need to do.
To survive through this I need a plan,
If I stay like this I'll blow away, waste away.
Then I will be whole no longer, a person no more,
Existing with no purpose, no hopes, no dreams, no passion.
That is the worst place to be.
No, I will not live like that.
I refuse.
I need to face my future,
Who am I, what path am I destined to take?
I need to discover myself.
I shape my future, my life, these are my choices,
I can't let myself burn up.
The only way to find my true dream is to take risks, try new things – rise up.
I am a phoenix, and I shall rise from the ashes.
My life is a story waiting to be told, I am ready for the world.
I just hope the world is ready for me.



By **Olivia Clinckers**
Year 10, All Saints' College
BULL CREEK – WA

I Shouldn't Have Left

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He turns to me before I can say he's not.

I'm starting to lose control. Should I have left? Maybe it's a bit much.

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

I nod, mouth open.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Ha', he says. 'Easy.'

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

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

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

'Evie, I miss you.'

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



Piekarz (The Baker)

Best Short
Story from a
Secondary School
Lions Club
Literary Award

THE SMELL of crisp, sweet, bread wafts through Wladyslaw Piechowski's nostrils as he swings the door open to his father's bakery, the high-pitched 'ding' of the bell proclaiming his entrance into the small, sunlight flooded room. All day Wladyslaw works his fingers and hands to the bone kneading pounds of soft, thick dough to transform into dozens of little, plump, yeasty rolls. At only 18 Wladyslaw works six days a week, alongside his father at the town's most popular bakery, Chleb Dzisiaj.

He walks home like any other night, the dimly-lit street lamps emitting less light than the multi-colored sky above. He shortly arrives at his neighbourhood, a cluster of old townhouses that sit near the Gliwice train station. But before Wladyslaw can unlock his front door, he hears the loud, coarse sounds of an unfamiliar language that boom from the upstairs of his home down to the pavement below.

Wladyslaw bursts through the door, leaping up the stairs as if he were a pole vaulter. He enters the lounge room, trembling as he watches a group of snarling Nazis, ordering the family valuables to be handed over. His white skin crumples on his forehead and

around his eyes, beads of sweat appearing in the many crevices of his flesh. Suddenly, he hears the bang of a gunshot, followed by piercing screams. It is his sister Clara, who now begins intensely crying, caressing the once lively and beautiful face belonging to Kazimierz, his younger brother. Wladyslaw stands mortified, shaking with horror. He tries to blink away his tears, but instead sobs convulsively.

Filled with numbness and extreme grief, the Piechowski family are moved into a crowded train carriage. The train ride agonisingly lasts for hours. When it finally stops, the huge mass of humans are forced to walk kilometres, to a nearby concentration camp surrounded by dozens of Nazis.

As Wladyslaw observes the setting in front of him, he sees hundreds of Jewish people just like himself, except they are howling like dogs, some crouching on the floor, others being harassed by Nazis. He walks closer to the central section of the camp and sees the people in closer view, their skin is wet with sweat that drips slowly off the lines and wrinkles of their damaged, fearful faces. Blood, crimson red like wine pours out of the deep gashes on

wounded limbs. Vibrant blue and purple bruises cover large patches of skin and dark shadows encircle their eyes. Their withered and torn clothing shows that they have been here a very long time. Waiting.

The Piechowski family hug each other tightly, their arms woven and heads close together. The warmth of their breaths against the wintry air create a cloud around them. Abruptly, their embrace is stopped by a Nazi that forces them into lines according to gender. Wladyslaw never sees his sister or mother again.

The men are put to work straight away digging a long, horizontal pit in the ground. They are like worker ants, but covered in stripes of yellowed white and faded black. The dirty uniform distinguishes them from the Nazi soldiers, dressed in clean green, embellished with silvery buttons, no creases or stains in sight. Once they are done, these soldiers line them up in front of the pit. Gunshots boom, taking out every fourth man in the line. A soldier next walks up to a tall and old, rugged man. Like Wladyslaw, his hands are rough, yet skilled, with the ability to delicately work soft dough into pastries. A thunderous crack sounds, and Wladyslaw's father is dead.

Overcome with grief, Wladyslaw struggles to eat or sleep.

Wladyslaw, you have to eat something... the soldiers will think you are weak and will kill you off next!" says Rufeisen, an old school mate.

"Rufeisen?" softly exclaims Wladyslaw, recognizing the familiar face.

"Yes, it is me. I thought it was you yesterday... I saw you lost your father, my condolences..."

Wladyslaw can only present a weak smile to show his thankfulness.

The old friends continue small talk, until Rufeisen reveals the whereabouts of a secret tunnel currently under construction by rebel camp prisoners.

Days pass without contact from Rufeisen, and the camp is too crowded to easily find him. But then one night as Wladyslaw

lays cold on the dirt floor, he is without warning awoken by Rufeisen who leads him out into the black of night. They slither around the camp sneakily like snakes, trying not to jeopardise this opportunity for freedom by making a sound. They soon make it to the tunnel and are the first to go through. Darkness engulfs the hole, so much that he can barely see. Minutes pass, and eventually blue specks of light appear in the distance. The pair crawl as fast as they can, but before they reach the tunnel's exit, roars in German begin bouncing off the dirt walls, echoing out into the night. A gun shot whizzes past Wladyslaw, hitting Rufeisen beside him. Still, Wladyslaw perseveres, because survival is the only thing that consumes his mind.

The wind outside lightly kisses his face as freedom courses through his veins like blood. He feels dizzy with jubilation, yet cannot suppress the guilt he feels about his sister and mother who may still be alive, trapped within the camp. But the

German cries persevere, and Wladyslaw must run. He does for a while, continuing his journey of kilometres and kilometres well into the next day.

He passes Chleb Dziajaj, soon making it to a cluster of old townhouses that sit near the Gliwice train station... home.

However, his home now consists of only crumbling walls and sunken ceilings and broken trinkets and shattered photo frames. Although devastated, Wladyslaw does not think about tomorrow, but succumbs to tiredness. Stillness and silence fill his surroundings, where only the distant sound of bombs and throat-tearing yells momentarily disturb his serenity. In his mind he revisits memories of working at the bakery with his father, and as he drifts to sleep, he finds peace at last.

By **Mackenzie Smith**

Year 12, St Dominic's Priory College

PROSPECT – SA

Teacher: Ms. Rathmann

Three Noble Swagmen



Three noble swagmen were wandering through
 When up came a farmer, named Jackaroo
 That farmer told of thieves, stealing, sneaking about.
 Who stole ten of his prize hens and made off and out.

Those noble swagman who met Jackaroo.
 Three days later found letters two.
 Back on their doorstep, with Jackaroo's seal.
 Addressed to 1 Horseley Street, Peel.

The letters revealed that Jackaroo had found,
 Two suspicious persons standing around
 Watching his farm like a pair of hawks
 They said, however, they were out for walks.
 Jackaroo had taken them in for a drink
 When he found on their coats remnants of pink

He knew on the spot that it was chook blood
 And in five minutes, there was Constable Fudd.
 The two unmasked felons were taken to court.
 And convicted of stealing with a sniff and a snort.

They are still in prison, until this day
 And Jackaroo is still farming away
 But now he keeps his chickens locked up extra tight.
 So no sly-eye thieves can steal them in the night.

Best Poetry
 from a
 Primary School
 Commonwealth Bank
 Literary Award

By **Joseph Scott**

Year 5, John XXIII College

MOUNT CLAREMONT – WA

Teacher: Ms Jacqueline O'Connor

The Old Man of Storr

On the Scottish Highlands lies the Old Man of Storr
Tall rugged pillars of rock standing mightily
Above the luscious green grass.
In summer the grey stormy clouds release the anger
It has been keeping in for so long lashing with lightning.
But still the Old Man of Storr argues never cowering in fear.
It is autumn and the grass is basted with gradients of orange.
But unlike any other autumn
There are hardly any trees.
Winter has come to visit just like any year.
It lays a blanket of snow just above the columns of rocks
Just before the grass is brushed with snow.
It is early evening and the sky is stoked with colours
The snow begins to melt
A year is finally complete.

By **Sophie Li**
Year 5, Ravenswood School for Girls
GORDON – NSW
Teacher: Sharon Shapiro



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

2019

A Man's Totem

ONCE lived an Aboriginal man who was a Paralympics athlete. This young man, Karl Peter, was an amazing runner, even though he was an amputee since birth. He was full of determination and was mentored by his father and coach Chris Nunn. It was not long before he became the fastest parathlete in Western Australia; in a few years, he won many awards. This proud Noongar man had so many dreams and achievements from his competitive days and from those he grew up to move on with life. Karl Peter had a wife and a daughter whom he loved dearly. He was not only good at many things but was also a good role model for his family. His community found in him a trustworthy and caring person.

Karl Peter had loving connections with kookaburras ever since he was little. He absolutely adored them, from their blue strips of feathers to their loud and happy voices. There was something about kookaburras that Karl Peter loved so much to the point that he imagined himself being one. He would talk about this bird to his wife and daughter with childlike exuberance. Together, they would usually go for bushland rides by car or even bushwalks along the thick layers of bushland along the Bibbulow Track and Jarrahdale in the south west part of Western Australia, a region that they admired and cherished so much.

As years passed and Karl Peter grew older, he became very sick. He would not worry too much about what was going on with his health. His young daughter and wife advised him to go to the doctor's but he would just brush it off, saying that he was fine. But his wife grew more and more worried about him and his health. The day he picked up his daughter from primary school early, he was meant to go to the doctor's appointment but he didn't. Later on that day, he took his wife and daughter to the local beach for a walk while the sun was setting. His daughter collected sea shells and as the day ended, they had dinner and relaxed. Then, the next two hours that followed were pure tragedy!

Karl Peter had a heart attack at home and help was delayed because of a bad telephone service connection. When the paramedics finally arrived, Karl Peter was rushed to the hospital. However, nine days after the incident, his life support had to be turned off. His wife and daughter were devastated and so heartbroken after Karl Peter had died.

A few weeks later, the daughter and mother went for a barbecue down at Serpentine Dam which is a very peaceful setting with bushland. This was their father's and husband's favourite spot! While they were there, a kookaburra flew down and picked up a sausage from the barbecue and then sat on a nearby shady gum tree. The mother and daughter were shocked first, then, they had a thought in their minds that the father's totem was the kookaburra. This was Karl Peter! They looked once again and both started crying with much emotion at the thought that they knew Karl Peter was there. He would always be with them in their spirit to watch over them and comfort them and with these thoughts, they felt safe. Now every time they see his totem, their hearts and spirits are warmed and nourished by their devoted husband's and father's presence.

– Based on a true story –

By **Wendy Kathleen Feifar**
Illustration by Wendy Feifar





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

2019



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 Dame Elisabeth Murdoch Art Award
Young Australian Artist of the Year

2019



Awarded to

Jessica Thompson

Davidson High School, NSW

'Clare'



2019 Young Australian Art Awards

**Commonwealth
Bank
Art Award**
Painting – Senior



CommonwealthBank

Awarded to

Jessica Zhang

Pacific Hills Christian School, NSW

'Dragon Tale'

2019 Young Australian Art Awards

**Commonwealth
Bank
Art Award**
Painting – Middle



CommonwealthBank

Awarded to

Suhani Panchal

Girraween High School, NSW

'Possession'



2019 Young Australian Art Awards

Commonwealth Bank
Art Award
Painting – Junior



CommonwealthBank

Awarded to

Megan Ong

Sky Art School, NSW

'Mountain at Night'



2019 Young Australian Art Awards

Bic Australia
Art Award
Computer Art – Senior



Awarded to

Annie Xiong

Pacific Hills Christian School, NSW

'Peak'



2019 Young Australian Art Awards

**Bic Australia
Art Award**

Computer Art – Middle



Awarded to

Kai Keulder

Peter Carnley Anglican Community School, WA

'Unwelcomed'



2019 Young Australian Art Awards

**Bic Australia
Art Award**

Computer Art – Primary



Awarded to

Leah Burns

Brisbane School of Distance Education, Qld.

'Rainbow Chasing'

2019 Young Australian Art Awards

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

DYMOCKS
FOR BOOKLOVERS

Awarded to
Tarni McCosker
Ormiston College, Qld.
'Snowy'



2019 Young Australian Art Awards

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

DYMOCKS
FOR BOOKLOVERS

Awarded to
Taliyah Abel
Leda Primary School, WA
'Echidna'



2019 Young Australian Art Awards

Dymock's Camberwell
Art Award

Drawing – Middle



Awarded to

Sarah Hiscocks

NBSC Mackellar Girls' Campus, NSW

'Cheeky Ariel'



2019 Young Australian Art Awards
Lions Club Art Award
Photography – Senior



Awarded to
Cecelia Liu
Lauriston Girls School, Vic.
'Translucent'



2019 Young Australian Art Awards
Lions Club Art Award
Photography – Middle



Awarded to
George Griffiths
JohnXXIII College, WA
'Steady in the Storm'



2019 Young Australian Art Awards
Lions Club Art Award
Photography – Junior



Awarded to
Sonya Clarke
William Clarke College, NSW
'African Air Time'



2019 Young Australian Art Awards
Judge's Choice Award
Elise Hurst Art Award

Awarded to
Tiarn Garland
Ravenswood School for Girls, NSW
'Jellyfish'



2019 Young Australian Art Awards
Judge's Choice Award

Marjory Gardner Art Award

Awarded to

Sophia Fan

Wahroonga Prep, NSW

'Space'



2019 Young Australian Art Awards
Judge's Choice Award

Marc McBride Art Award

Awarded to

Chelsea Wong

Mercy Catholic College, Chatswood, NSW

'mind and thought'

The C.D. Dodd Indigenous Art Award
Young Indigenous Artist of the Year

2019



My artwork is a modern Aboriginal style of painting using acrylic on canvas. I have composed my work using both Western techniques and Aboriginal Dot painting. My work is a semi-abstract painting on the idea of young people seeking connection to their ancestral customs and beliefs.

2019 Young Australian Art Awards

C.D. Dodd
Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Nicolee Nannup

SMYL Community College, WA

'Encounter with my Spirit Animal'

— Indigenous Art Awards —

2019 Young Australian Art Awards

Sandfire Resources Indigenous Art Award



SANDFIRE
RESOURCES NL

Awarded to
Taya Parfitt
Southern River College, WA
'The Frog on the Lilypad'



My aboriginal painting is based from a frog. Although it is a tiny creature that goes unnoticed, it is also important that it is valued. All forms of natural living species are important in my community and we need to show that we respect them.



2019 Young Australian Art Awards



Fortescue
Metals
Indigenous
Art Award

The New Force in Iron Ore

Awarded to
Summer Parker
Port Hedland Primary School, WA
'My Country My Home'

One day a long time ago a big warlu (snake) also known as the rainbow serpent (yinthu) came through Karijini and made the beautiful gorges. After the big warlu came through Karijini he made his way to Port Hedland. When I go to Karijini I feel a connection to the land. My family tell me all different stories about my country. I love my country when I come to Karijini I feel like I'm at home. This is how I came up with my idea and the backstory of my painting. I had used a number of paints to mix to make the perfect colour to represent the colours of my country.

— Regional Indigenous Art Awards —



2019 Young Australian Art Awards

Whitehaven Coal Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Shaleigha Wallam

'Movement in the Night'

My acrylic painting on canvas shows that even at night time, there is always movement of life. Life never stops and the kangaroos in my paintings are a proof of this. They go where the sun rises and where the sun sets. They move in the night looking for food. We aboriginal people live together with the kangaroos which are our native animal. They are represented in our paintings as an acknowledgement of the good relationship we have with them.

2019 Young Australian Art Awards

Calidus Resources Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

**Maddison
Hibbitt-Murray**

'Sunrise in the Bush'



My painting is a respect to our beautiful country with its flora and fauna. It is an acrylic dot painting on canvas and it also reflects the artwork style of my cultural background with the traditional colours.

2019 Young Australian Art Awards

Echo Resources Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

Taya Parfitt
'My Scream'



For my acrylic painting on canvas, I wanted to show an emotional feeling of an aboriginal woman and wanted it to be very expressive and powerful. My work in fact depicts myself expressing my anger loudly, about injustice and unfairness in society, so that everyone could hear my scream and voice. I was inspired by the painting of Edvard Munch, the scream, which is very expressive. I chose a best way to show my face and I did the painting in an aboriginal style, which is my favourite style and the style of my cultural background which I want to promote.



2019 Young Australian Art Awards

Great Boulder Resources Indigenous Art Award

Great Boulder
RESOURCES LIMITED

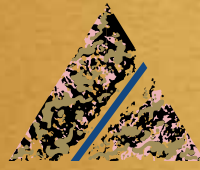
Awarded to

Kobi Philbin
'The Platypus'

My aboriginal painting on canvas is based from a platypus which is a native mammal in Australia. Platypus is becoming rare and for me it is important that we protect it from extinction.



2019 Young Australian Art Awards



Saracen

Saracen Gold Indigenous Art Award

Awarded to

Joella Flanagan
'Snakes Meeting'

My aboriginal painting on canvas represents two different cultural communities in the form of snakes, meeting together and share their stories. Snakes are a very symbolical creature in my community which is well respected. The colours that I have chosen are based from the colours of my community and are mostly natural colours.

2019 Young Australian Art Awards



PANTORO

Pantoro Ltd Indigenous Art Award

Awarded to

Phoenix Lorbach
'Dreamtime Unleashed'



2019 Young Australian Art Awards

Talisman Mining Indigenous Art Award



TALISMAN
MINING LIMITED

Awarded to

Joella Flanagan
'The Red Snake'



I chose to do a painting of a red snake because snakes are indigenous to all parts of Australia and feature strongly in the creation stories held by my community and in their paintings and carvings.

2019 Young Australian Art Awards



**Central
Petroleum
Indigenous Art
Award**

Awarded to
Sheridan Close-Chilly
'My Tribe'



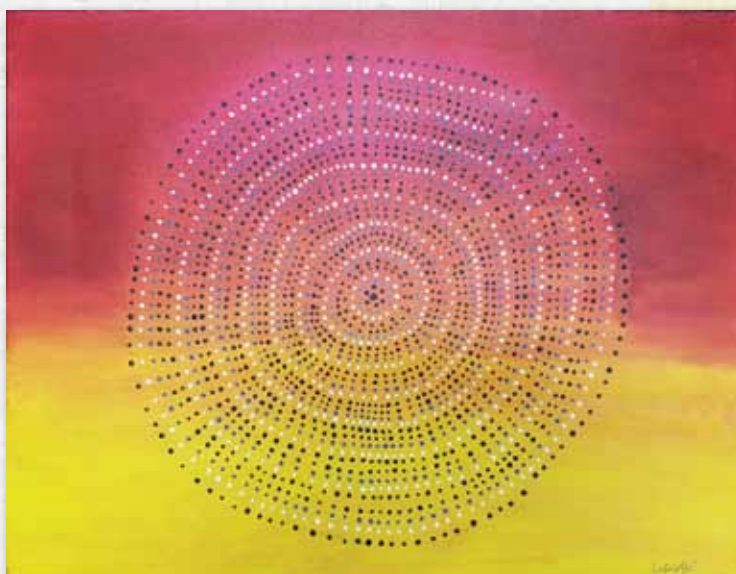
2019 Young Australian Art Awards



**Oz Minerals Ltd
Indigenous
Art Award**

Awarded to
Mitchell Rodney
'Symbolism'

*I wanted through my acrylic painting on canvas to show the importance I attach to our Aboriginal symbols which I value a lot.
I wanted to show its beauty through a beautiful painting.*



2019 Young Australian Art Awards

**Peabody Energy
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to
Wendy Feifar
'I Belong to this Land'

My work is an Aboriginal style dot painting on canvas. It represents my belongingness to the land, though I am a young person living in our modern time.



2019 Young Australian Art Awards



NEWCREST
MINING LIMITED

**Newcrest Mining
Indigenous
Art Award**

Awarded to

Emma-Lee Egan
'The Green Frog'

The frog is my family totem (Bennell family). The green is to represent the environment which the frog lives in. The circles around the frog represent lily pads and flowers.



2019 Young Australian Art Awards



**CAPRICORN
METALS LTD**

**Capricorn Metals
Indigenous
Art Award**

Awarded to

Wendy Feifar
'A Man's Totem'

My artwork is an acrylic painting on canvas. It was inspired by my late father whose aboriginal totem was the kookaburra.

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.

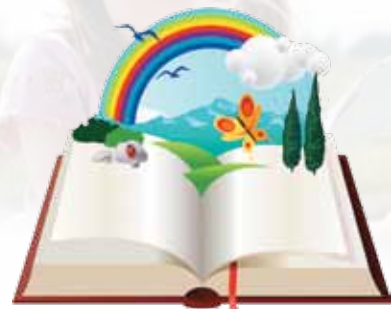
Literary Workshops

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.

2020

YOUNG AUSTRALIAN ART AWARDS



By Anthony Qin

DRAWING



By Marina Tsuchiya

COMPUTER ART



By Kai Keuller

PHOTOGRAPHY



By Matthew Ropeyam

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.