

# OZ KIDS IN PRINT

Issue 4, 2020

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Tiarn Garland  
(2020 Bic Australia Art Award)*

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For a full list of our authors and illustrators check out our website at [www.creativenetspeakers.com](http://www.creativenetspeakers.com)

# OZ KIDS IN PRINT

## Contents

Creative Net .....	2
From the Editor's Desk.....	4
Our Authors & Illustrators .....	9
Book Reviews.....	12
Ambassadors .....	35
2020 Young Australian Art Awards .....	41

### AWARDS FOR POETRY

<b>Bush Ballad</b> .....	4
<i>Cecilia Kuang, Glen Waverley SC, Glen Waverley, Vic.</i>	
<b>Un-Australian Corona-crime</b> .....	11
<i>Elizaveta Fedotova, Perth College, Mount Lawley, WA</i>	
<b>Taste a Rainbow</b> .....	19
<i>Isal Sugathadasa, Eagle Junction State School, Clayfield, Qld.</i>	
<b>Please Stay</b> .....	20
<i>Chloe Petleye, Central Coast Adventist School, Erina, NSW</i>	
<b>Sustain the Depths of the Ocean</b> .....	20
<i>Aleena Junaid, Islamic College of Brisbane, Karawatha, Qld.</i>	
<b>The Last Concerto</b> .....	21
<i>Vivian Nguyen, St Dominic's Priory College, Salisbury Downs, SA</i>	
<b>Withered Away</b> .....	33
<i>Grace Willmore, St Dominic's Priory College, North Adelaide, SA</i>	
<b>Feel the Cool Winter Breeze</b> .....	37
<i>Gabi Voges, Glen Eira College, Glenhuntly, Vic.</i>	
<b>Are You Happy My Friend?</b> .....	38
<i>Jiya Patel, Blacktown Girls' High School, Woodcroft, NSW</i>	
<b>Windy Christmas</b> .....	40
<i>Amelia Swift, Prince of Peace Lutheran College, Carseldine, Qld.</i>	
<b>Anxiety</b> .....	40
<i>Olivia Minckers, All Saints' College, Mount Pleasant, WA</i>	
<b>Victory</b> .....	45
<i>Rehat Kaur Kohli, Settler Farm Primary School, Paralowie, SA</i>	

### AWARDS FOR SHORT STORIES

<b>My Granny is a Super Hero!!</b> .....	5
<i>Aleena Junaid, Islamic College of Brisbane, Karawatha, Qld.</i>	
<b>'What Doesn't Kill You Makes You Stronger'</b> ..	6
<i>Antoinette Luu, Sefton High School, Sefton, NSW</i>	
<b>Mystery</b> .....	7
<i>Zaina Fahim, Cambridge Primary, Hoppers Crossing, Vic.</i>	
<b>Blaze Fire</b> .....	8
<i>Gabrie Goldrick, Essington School Darwin, Nightcliff, NT</i>	
<b>Inside the Fortune Teller's Hut</b> .....	10
<i>Amelia Swift, Prince of Peace Lutheran College, Everton Hills, Qld.</i>	
<b>The Beauty of Friendship</b> .....	14
<i>Elena Piantadosi, St Dominic's Priory College, North Adelaide, SA</i>	
<b>The Flood</b> .....	15
<i>Oneth Sugathadasa, Eagle Junction State School, Clayfield, Qld.</i>	
<b>Number 28</b> .....	15
<i>Nethya Wijesekera, Gordon East Primary School, Gordon, NSW</i>	
<b>Secret</b> .....	16
<i>Iris Hu, Box Hill North Primary School, Box Hill North, Vic.</i>	
<b>Beyond the Mask</b> .....	17
<i>Djuna Claxson Green, Greenslopes State School, Greenslopes, Qld.</i>	
<b>The Tomb School Canteen</b> .....	18
<i>Isaac Huang, Sydney Grammar St Ives, St Ives, NSW</i>	
<b>It's 1932</b> .....	19
<i>Charli Pearson, St Anne's Catholic PS, Park Orchards, Vic.</i>	
<b>Memories</b> .....	22
<i>Amelia Robinson, Ravenswood School for Girls, Gordon, NSW</i>	
<b>The Horse Race</b> .....	22
<i>Isal Sugathadasa, Eagle Junction State School, Clayfield, Qld.</i>	
<b>The Woods</b> .....	23
<i>Freya McAndrew, Greenslopes State School, Greenslopes, Qld.</i>	
<b>Long Exposure</b> .....	24
<i>Antoinette Luu, Sefton High School, Sefton, NSW</i>	
<b>A Second Chance</b> .....	25
<i>Grace Willmore, St Dominic's Priory College, North Adelaide, SA</i>	

<b>A Spell for Yellow Butterflies</b> .....	26
<i>Damya Wijesekera, Hornsby Girls High School, Wahroonga, NSW</i>	
<b>The Anime Illusionist</b> .....	27
<i>Kaitlyn Blake, Mitcham Primary School, Mitcham, Vic.</i>	
<b>Downstairs</b> .....	28
<i>Dev Sheth, Hale School, Wembley Downs, WA</i>	
<b>The Wrong Turn</b> .....	29
<i>Susan Wen, Baulkham Hills High School, Baulkham Hills, NSW</i>	
<b>Sleep Paralysis</b> .....	31
<i>Xiaohan (Hany) Jiang, Ravenswood School for Girls, Gordon, NSW</i>	
<b>Pairing</b> .....	31
<i>Charlotte Brown, Ravenswood School for Girls, Gordon, NSW</i>	
<b>The Hut (Part 2)</b> .....	32
<i>Kaia Shepherd-Spacek, Mount Samson State School, Mount Samson, Qld.</i>	
<b>It's the Small Things That Matter</b> .....	34
<i>Kayla McConnell, St Dominic's Priory College, North Adelaide, SA</i>	
<b>World at War</b> .....	36
<i>Peirahkavei Taiyatesvarun, Mill Park SC, Wollert, Vic.</i>	
<b>Skeleton Stampede</b> .....	39
<i>Aiza Junaid, Islamic College of Brisbane, Karawatha, Qld.</i>	
<b>Chosen</b> .....	42
<i>Tara O'Reilly, St Mary's Catholic College, Woree, Qld.</i>	
<b>The Pirate Airship</b> .....	44
<i>James McGowan, St. Anne's Primary School, Park Orchards, Vic.</i>	
<b>2014</b> .....	46
<i>Luanne Huynh, St Dominic's Priory College, North Adelaide, SA</i>	

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2020 Bic Australia Art Award – Drawing Senior

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## FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

As the 2020 school year comes to an end, we look back at how different and difficult it has been. Students, of all age, attended school/University at home. Victorian students spent most of the year at home.

It has been a lot quieter at the Editor's Desk as well. We have missed not having an Awards Night, and not getting to meet our talented Award Winners.

Best wishes for 2021, as you continue on your journeys at school, or out into the workforce and beyond.

— Carol

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**KEEP ON WRITING  
(TYPING)!**

*Carol Dick*  
Managing Editor

Find us on 

# The Circus

Once a year the circus came to our town  
It was the biggest event of the year  
All us children would gather around  
Our parents would have a beer

This year was different, the circus didn't come  
2 whole months we waited  
But then one gloomy Sunday morning  
The head of our town stated

"The circus will not come this year"  
This made all us kids sad  
This summer we'd have to do something else  
We'd be sitting at home with mum and dad

Watching telly, playing on our phones  
Texting each other never meeting face to face  
The cancelling of the circus has ruined our mood  
It feels like we are alone in outer space

Boring days that felt like months  
Were slowly passing by  
This has to be the worst summer ever  
I really cannot lie

2 days before Christmas Eve  
We received some marvellous news  
The circus had changed their plans  
They weren't getting enough views

The circus was coming to town  
6 days after Christmas Eve  
It was staying for quite a long time  
Maybe it would never leave

All us children ran outside  
And danced together with joy  
Summer would be great again  
For every girl and every boy

By **Charlie Sheehan**  
Year 8, Sunshine Coast Grammar School  
Forest Glen – QLD.  
Teacher: Mrs Larkin



# Change

**K**ICKED and pushed myself off the seabed, swimming to my house. My auburn hair floated behind my back, and my fin kicked behind me. "Allisa! Allisa!" I heard a voice calling, behind me. Ellie, my little sister, was swimming at a rapid pace behind me with an extremely worried expression on her face. I stopped and turned around, sweeping my fin on the sand of the ocean floor, "Goodness, what's the matter, Ellie?" I said, smiling, "They," Ellie stopped to take a breath, "They are coming, mermen soldiers! Lots of them! They think you stole the Lord Poseidon's statue piece!" she exclaimed, and I gasped, "What? I wouldn't dare!" I cried, my stomach flipping at the thought of thousands of mermen charging after me.

"Th-Then what I do, Ellie?" I choked. "We need a plan, quickly!" she declared, and I nodded.

I quickly swam across the small village, and headed for the small hiding place underneath the coral that I usually shared with Ellie. When we were little, we used to store our little belongings that we had underneath the coral, and climb in there to hide in and play games. I squeezed in the gap, and breathed a sigh of relief, I was safe... hopefully... I thought, "You'll never be safe in here!" A voice behind me said, and I jumped in shock, bumping my head onto the coral

above me, "Argh!" I groaned in pain, and rubbed my eyes to see if I was dreaming. Nope. Before me sat a lady wearing a hood. She was old and had crinkles around her eyes. Although she didn't quite make the best first impression on me, I felt as if I trusted her already. "I said, if you heard me, you're not safe here." she said, once again, and I stared at her.

"Allisa, right?" The woman said, and I nodded, "Yes. I know that you didn't steal the piece, and so I want to help you." she said, and I smiled, "Oh, thank you so much!" I cried, grabbing her arm, "So, what do I do?!" I urged, giving her a pleading look. "Right, so if you really want to stay safe, you have to follow my instructions." she said, and I nodded, "Okay, what?" I whispered, hearing the soldiers crying and yelling, as they got closer. "Well, I have to turn you into a human, if you want to be safe, do you give me permission to?" she asked. and my eyes widened. A human, I'll be a human, I thought. "Is... is that the only way?" I stuttered, my stomach flipping, a lump forming in my throat. "Yes, dear, I'm terribly sorry, but this is the only way," she responded, and my skin prickled. "Okay, do it." I said, squeezing my eyes shut tightly, and biting my lip. "All right, put your arms behind your back, dear, and curl your fin shut. This will be

the last time you will ever be a mermaid, remember," she said, and I shivered.

"One, two, three," The lady said, and I thought to myself of my past life, thinking about the good and bad times, I had gone through. I'm sorry, Ellie... I thought, praying that she was all right. Suddenly there was a flash, and I felt a strange feeling go through my body, "Don't worry, dear, just don't move or open your eyes," The lady said, and I did as she said. In a moment, I felt all go quiet, and a strange feeling around me. I opened my eyes, and to my absolute shock, I found myself in a strange place. I looked around me in astonishment at a strange sight. I remembered this, when I used to read books in my childhood about humans. This was a beach. I looked around, and smelt the strange scent that was described as 'salty' in the human world.

I turned around, and saw I was in a cave, very similar to the ones back in the sea town. I let out a sigh, and to my surprise, I heard a noise come out my mouth. "Ah, ah, hello?!" I murmured and when I heard my voice, I cried out in surprise. I decided that I would also try to 'stand' up, as humans said in the books. I crawled onto my new 'feet' that I had spent some time examining. I tried some 'steps' and to my delight, I saw that I could sort of walk like a human! I'm a human, I thought, smiling, Ha! I'm not a human!!! I thought, and walked around in a circle.

After a while, I saw a house that looked strange. It was made out of strange things, and it looked very odd compared to our little sea houses in the ocean. I decided to go explore.

Before I left the ocean, I gave a small wave to the horizon. "Well, I suppose this is goodbye... Bye Ellie, Goodbye everyone!" I whispered, and turned around to the building.

A new start, a new life...

By **Elizabeth Graham-Higgs**  
Year 7, Lindfield Learning Village  
LINDFIELD – NSW  
Teacher: Melissa Cowgill





**I**N THE dark forest there were strange whistling sounds all around the young frightened girl. She didn't know what to do. Her face turned to a pale white colour. The first heavy drops of rain had started to fall, she needed to find somewhere to go. She found a stranded car in the distance. Trickling blood created a path behind the girl. Dragging her infected leg, she got to the car. The keys were left in! She got to the car and began to calm down. Her heart started to slow, she turned the key and started the car. The car shuddered along

the bone-shaking trail. Clouds of dust sprayed the windscreen and the car leaped in the air as the front tyre struck a pot hole.

In the distance, a grey shape was glaring at her with red eyes and a wolf-like face. A skinny, black and hairless beast drifted through the forest. She needed to get out of here. CLICK! She was trapped. The seat belt did not let her out! She screamed as loud as she could but no one could hear her. The wolf-like thing kept getting closer and closer, its red eyes glowing at her. In horror, she still could not get out and then

the car's seatbelt came undone, she got out and started to run as fast as she could, her arms were pumping as fast as a cheetah in the wild chasing its prey.

He darted and dodged through the trees, slipping on the wet mud and running into rocks, he fought his way through the undergrowth to get to her, ripping through tree roots and breaking trees straight out of the ground. Dragging her broken and bloody leg, she tried to get as far as she could but it was too late, he grabbed the girl's leg and chucked her in the air and swallowed her whole, HELP! she screamed before he gobbled her up, but those were the last words she said...

... Until he spat her back out many years later and she was pretty dead: no movement, lifeless. The years had not been kind to her, decay was obvious in her face covered in wrinkles like thin, crumpled paper. Black eyes and purple bruises were present all over her body.

After she was abandoned on the track, her legs and arms started to rot and her eyes were eaten out by crows. Months later someone was going for a walk and found the girl there dead. He checked if she had any life left in her, even though she only had a body and a head left. He put his head to her mouth to hear if she was breathing and he heard a strange sound coming from the bloody dark hole mouth, "You're next", her voice whispered.

By **Shaylah Cole**  
Year 7, Mil Lel Primary School  
MIL LEL – SA  
Teacher: Emmanuelle Pratt

# Winter



**M**Y BOOTS crunched in the powdered snow. The world around me was imprisoned in a pale-white silence. Nothing sounded, nothing sang. The trees were stripped bare of their last leaves, leaving them naked in a harsh world. The lush green grass and meadows that once stood there, were forgotten in a sea of white. Buried in silence, winter's deadly grasp had strangled all life from the land.

High above, the first stars shone brightly, like a sprinkle of fairy dust. A ghostly white moon hung there, shining a path for me in the unforgiving coldness. It was something my mother would have called a

'Snow Night.' Far below me, coils of smoke drifted from sleepy hamlets. Children squealed excitedly as they played around in the snow, eagerly talking about their day.

'Ah! You're here.' Mother cried, brushing the snow off my coat. 'We've been waiting for you. Hurry up and get changed.'

I smiled sweetly. A time of happiness, laughter and joy. This is what winter really should be like.

By **Shuang Cheng**  
Year 6, Ravenswood School for Girls  
GORDON – NSW  
Teacher: Sharon Shapiro

# The Lonely Fish

**Monday 9:00am**

We're just having breakfast right now and then we're going to play hide and seek. Sorry, I forgot to introduce myself. I am Ginger the fish. One thing to know about me is, that I am very shy and I don't like playing with the other fish.

My friends are Sunny, Ruby, Pearl, Oreo, Sunshine and Shimmer. Well, sadly the truth is, they're actually not my friends, they're just the other fish I live with. Most of the time they're rude. DIIIIINNNNNG! Oh sorry! That was the bell, I have to go for breakfast BYE!

**After Breakfast 9:30 am**

Breakfast was not that bad, "thankfully", because usually what happens is, they just ignore me, so I moved to the other side of the table and enjoyed my breakfast alone.

Anyway enough about breakfast, let's go back to the present!

My goal today was to figure out a way to fit in with others because I'm small and chubby and the others are big and strong.

I thought for a couple of minutes and then suddenly an idea popped in my head.

**My Idea 9:50 am**

I had the greatest idea in the history of ideas. My idea was to try and look like others, so then I might be able to fit in.

**A Couple of Minutes Later**

I found a piece of seaweed and some rocks. I carefully adjusted the items on my body then TADAAA! I had transformed myself to be like others.

I stealthily swam behind the castle and waited for a few seconds. Then, I took the courage to go and join in with the game of Hide and Seek. They all started laughing, and told me that I looked ridiculous. They never thought that they had made me feel excluded. Then from the back of the crowd came, Grandpa Einstein. I wondered, what he was going to say???

**What Grandpa Einstein Said... 10:15 am**

Little Fish, he began, "You never had to look like us", he said, while taking the items off, I had put on myself. "All you had to do, was come up and stand for yourself and say, STOP!" And then he laughed, "This was a test to see, if you had the capability to stand up for yourself".

**Grandpa Einstein Cont'd..**

"You see Ginger, this shyness occurs to most fish, even humans, so you are not the only one. In fact I had the same problem, when I was your age". "WOW!", I said, with an astonished look on my face. And then I asked, "Does that mean I failed the test?". Grandpa replied, "NO!!!, this just means that, you need to go to school like the other fish".

Facts about my Grandpa: First, is that he farts a lot and blames someone else for it. Second, he is really fat.

I didn't draw him fat in the picture just in case Grandpa saw it.

"Really", I said. "Yes", Grandpa responded. "Yay!", I shouted, spinning around in the water. I had never been to school before, so I was really excited.

**School 11:00 am**

I received a letter from Grandpa Einstein, SAYING...

*Dear Ginger,*

*You do not need to keep the little diary that Grandma Lime gave to you.*

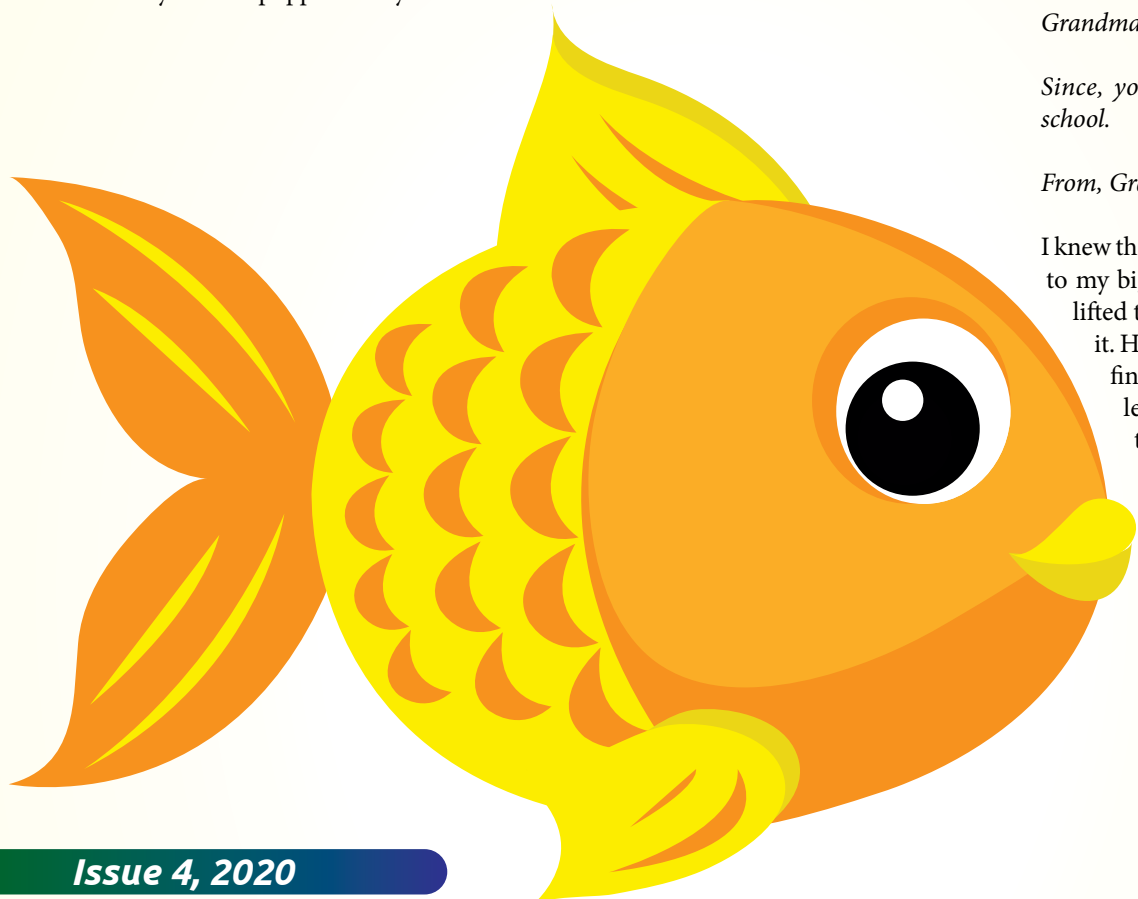
*Since, you will be getting a new one at school.*

*From, Grandpa Einstein*

I knew that Grandpa was right, so I walked to my big rock and with all my might, I lifted the rock and put my diary under it. Hopefully, one day, somebody will find it and read it. Then probably learn a lesson or two from it. With that, I said goodbye to my diary and let go of the rock.

WELL BYE FOR NOW...  
CYA!

**By Rehat Kaur Kohli**  
Year 4, Settlers Farm  
Campus R-7  
PARALOWIE – SA  
Teacher: Bianca Johnston



**H**IS LIGHT is the brightest of all. Though he doesn't see it, it shines brighter than the sun. It gathers around him, flocking to his presence like invisible spirits. When he smiles, the light escapes through his eyes, a glistening halo of sunshine around his face. He is surrounded by people trying to be as bright as him, but his light is gentle, constant, without the force all the others use. He uses it to illuminate people in praise, but some of it will always rest inside him. The light makes him a leader. It makes him different. It is his secret. The light is beautiful.

The shadows are her friends. No matter what people come and go, the shadows remain, waiting beside her. They cover her face with their inky hands when she looks down, so nobody can tell what she is thinking. They hide her from human eyes, yet they let her see everything. The shadows let her watch the world. They protect her. They shade her from being seen by the world's cruel eyes. They surround her like a cloak of indifference as she watches the world's eternal happiness, forever wondering what hatred lies beneath. They are her shield. The shadows are beautiful.

He pauses his banter with his friends, distracted mid-sentence. They've been in the same class all month, but it's as though she's only just appeared. There she is, alone at the back of the classroom, eyes to her desk. A girl made of shadows, watching. Waiting. He stares at her, the room disintegrating, dissolving, until only she remains. He takes in her impossibly dark hair, her loose outfit, her shy posture, her hidden eyes, as though he has mere moments to look at her. Everything about her wants to be unseen. But he sees her. He even sees little flecks of bright green through the darkness covering her eyes, emerald lights, desperate to be free of the shadows around her. He wishes he could see more than a glimpse of the forest in her eyes. She is beautiful.

She feels her shadows quivering around her, shuddering with the inexplicable feeling of being watched. She freezes, encased in anxiety, wondering how to react. After a million thoughts and four seconds, she looks up. She sees him. And he sees her. They both widen their eyes in surprise. He can see right through

# Beautiful

her shadows. His brilliant light, his face, gently pull the dark veils away from her. She looks at him in hopeless wonder, awestruck at the way the midday sunlight catches on his golden hair, the way ocean horizons reflect in his blue eyes, the way he stands at the front of the room, every fold in his uniform motionless, the way his friends look at him with undisguised curiosity and jealousy. He is beautiful. He shakes his head, closes his eyes, his perfect lips twisting into a disbelieving smile. She paints this image in her mind, wanting to remember him, frozen in this moment, forever. She thought her shadows were supposed to protect her. But how can they, if she misses moments like this every day?

Their two worlds collide in the space of a heartbeat. The light and shadow gently step aside, letting their true selves finally show through. Ocean-blue eyes stare deep into forest-green ones, their wonderstruck stares melting into shy smiles. Two perfect dreamers, the girl made of shadows and the boy made of light, bringing each other back to reality at last. They remember the rest of the world once again, the

whitewashed walls of their English class, their staring classmates, the excited whispers of unfolding gossip, the midday heat pulsing through the windows. And he comes closer.

Each step is like a shouted intention as he crosses the room. Walking ten metres takes ten years, an eternity of stunned silence and watching eyes. She notices something new about him with every centimetre closer to her he gets, his walk, his strides, his smile. Finally, finally, he reaches her, standing over her desk like an angel, half-obscured by the light from the window and the light from his eyes. Her breath catches in her throat as he sits at the empty desk beside her. His smile still hasn't faded.

They stare into each other's souls, the small gap between their desks feeling like an echoing, gaping chasm. He begins to wonder if he is dreaming, if at any moment he will wake up and this girl will be gone. But he knows that nobody could dream up the stories inside her eyes. So, he speaks, his voice a melody on the wind that only she can hear.

"Hey. My name is Leo. What's yours?" he asks softly, gently. His voice is like a galaxy of stars. Her mind takes this simple name and plays it on repeat, keeps it close to her heart. Leo. And she responds in a whisper, the shadows keeping her from speaking gradually leaving her, roaming free in search of the light.

"I'm Stella." she replies. It's only two words, but it's enough. Enough for him to know how little she has spoken her name aloud. How she has kept it within her mind, the brightest star among her sky of shadows. And he feels like the most special person alive, all because of two words.

The bell rings, a jarring clang calling the room to action. The class stampedes out the door, a herd of beasts ready to shout rumours from the hilltops. But Stella and Leo don't run. Instead, they stand, leaving their shadows and light behind, and walk, hand in hand, outside.

They are beautiful.

By **Amelie Lattik**  
Year 9, Sunshine Coast Grammar  
BLI BLI – QLD.  
Teacher: Ms Emma Criss





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# Luke's Dad



**I**T WAS Saturday night, just as the warm Aussie sun settled down and lowered itself over the Indian Ocean, I was at home chilling, waiting for my mate to come round to drop me the key to a crazy thrilling night I was getting ready for. The time was about 6:50 pm and my mate rang and said he would be there in 5 minutes. I packed my bag filling it with warm clothes to fight the night's numbing temperatures. I heard my mate's loud Hilux van pull up out the front. I walked outside to greet him and gave him my twenty dollar pocket money and in exchange, he gave me the key. The key to a good night!

The back gate screeched behind me and then slammed shut as I got onto my dual suspension heavy duty mountain bike to start this adventure. I grabbed a small plastic bag from my zip pocket and got the drink bottle from its holder, not thinking I swallowed the key. I felt the cap roll in my mouth and slurped it down. I put my foot on my performance pedals and stepped onto my steep driveway. I checked my CASIO it was 7:21pm.

I pushed hard down on my right foot and pulled my two thousand dollar masterpiece towards my waist. The front wheel rose high toward the sky, taking off toward what we all called 'space'. My body and my brain started to feel an empty buzz of a thrill. My pupils widened.

I wheeled my way to Murdoch station where I tagged on. I rode the bike down the stairs to the station, reality was really changing by now, a slight fuzzing of red and green waves in my vision. A few moments later the train arrived and I wheeled on my bike. The other people gave me a faint stare and whatever left of myself being conscious was aware that my reality was changing and my body was buzzing. The acceleration from the train warped

me and the pull of the speed teleporting warps sped things in the window as they flashed past. The train stopped and started a couple of times. I noticed the floor had amazing little patterns in the tiles and my eyes just couldn't move.

I heard a loud voice in my head.

"The next stop is Aubin Grove."

"That's my stop", I said out loud to no one as the train wriggled to a stop. I got out and took the lift to the top.

I bombed on my bike, jumping down the bus port stairs and did a fat wheelie the length of the bus port.

I got to my mate's dad's house and my vision was full shaking. I was pingping hard. The house smelled like old fossil and smokes. Alcohol was everywhere. It was Saturday night and I had the whole night to go as mad crazy as I liked. My mate's dad, we called him Dave, was drunk as and his son was only fourteen.

The music was pumping loud and I felt the reality changing with a rush through my body. I had control over the music, for I'd

been playing some mad crazy drum and base songs and I felt my Serotonin and Dopamine being sucked out of my head and into my body, giving me packs of energy. My vision was rattling; I was realising everything around me was climaxing, peaking hard. Luke was next to me smoking a cigarette. My jaw was tensing and I was getting so relaxed. I was feeling the best known sensations; I have only felt like this once before. At this moment in time, I was at my peak.

Somehow, we run outta' smokes and I got up excitedly and walked over to David, Luke's old man to ask for the car keys to his Jaguar X Pace. I realised, in my consciousness, Luke's Dad was way too smashed to drive and I would not let Luke drive. So, dardy guess, I was up for that challenge. I was still getting higher and higher and felt that I needed to explode into everything and reach out to everyone that meant something to me. I flipped my hat around backwards as I hopped into the driver's seat of the \$120,000 luxury car. I put my foot on the brake and clutch as I twisted the keys to turn on the twin turbo V8 engine. It ticked and the turbo and speedometer switched on. The roar of the car, as I revved it in the garage, gurgled and echoed through the streets.

Luke realised we needed his dad because he was the only one over eighteen; so he hopped out of the passenger seat to get the old man. Luke's dad opened the back door and flopped in and the key continued to turn.

*By Oliver Swan*

*Year 10, SMYL Community College*

*FREMANTLE - WA*

*Teacher: Rebecca Varian*

# BOOK REVIEWS

Meet our book reviewers Riley, Brooke and Ben from St Leonards College and Chloe, Charlotte and Grace from Tucker Road Bentleigh Primary School.

Reviews Coordinator:  
Meredith Costain



## Wundersmith: The Calling of Morrigan Crow

by Jessica Townsend (Hachette)

This is the second of the books in the *Nevermoor* series. If you like Harry Potter books or fantasy, this series is for you! The story is about a 12-year-old girl, Morrigan, who is unknowingly a very powerful person. In the first book, Morrigan is rescued and taken to a magical city. In this book, the adventure continues, as Morrigan discovers her new powers, makes new friends and even enemies.

I enjoyed this book because I couldn't put it down and I just wanted to know what was going to happen next. I think that this series would be suitable for girls and boys aged 9+, or a good book for aged 6+ if their parents read the book to them. I hope you decide to read it!

Rating: ★★★★★★★★ [10/10]

— Riley, Year 4, St Leonard's College, Vic.

## Bad Guys Episode 2: Mission Unpluckable

Written and illustrated by Aaron Blabey (Scholastic Australia)

Mr Wolf, Mr Snake, Mr Shark and Mr Piranha come up with a plan to break into a chicken farm and Mr Wolf introduces Legs. Legs is a tarantula and Mr Shark is

afraid of Legs because he is a spider. Legs manages to hack into the chicken farm's coding, but how are they going to get in? There are so many obstacles in their way!!

I enjoyed this book because it is funny. The characters just kept on failing. I did not know what was going to happen next so it kept me interested. I would recommend this book for ages 8–10.

Rating: ★★★★★★★★☆ [9/10]

— Ben, Year 4, St Leonard's College, Vic.

## Yours Troolie, Alice Toolie

by Kate and Jol Temple, illustrated by Grace West (Allen & Unwin)

Something very bad has happened to Alice Toolie. Her secret diary has been read by her very worst enemy – Jimmy Cook. It's war! Until Ms Fennel decides that Alice and Jimmy need to make peace and become pen pals for the term. Jimmy and Alice have the most different personalities (Jimmy claims he is a world famous explorer while Alice thinks she is YouTube famous) yet they always are hiding their friendship.

This book is hilarious. Jimmy and Alice are always fighting about the weirdest things that don't need to be fought over. Every page is either Jimmy's or Alice's letter. The drawings are amazing and are on every page, even if it's just a small one.

I would recommend this book to kids aged 6+.

Rating: ★★★★★★★★ [10/10]

— Brooke Taylor, Year 4, St Leonard's College, Vic.

## Wayside School #3: Wayside School Gets a Little Stranger

by Louis Sachar (HarperCollins)

Do you think your school is crazy? Well, your school will seem totally normal after



reading this book. Wayside School was built the wrong way. It is 30 storeys high and they even forgot the 19th floor! Can you imagine climbing up and down all those stairs all day long?

Each chapter tells you a story about a student, teacher, principal or lunch lady. You will definitely laugh out loud while reading this book. Watch out for the crazy substitute teachers that show up at Wayside School. I hope they don't show up at yours!

I highly recommend this book and the others in the series for readers aged 7+.

Rating: ★★★★★★★★☆☆ [9/10]

— Chloe Wiltshire, age 9, Tucker Road Bentleigh PS, Vic.

### **Aussie Kids: Meet Katie at the Beach**

by Rebecca Johnson and Lucia Masciullo (Penguin Books)

I chose this book because I'm really close to losing my *own* tooth (which is something that happens in the story), and also because it's a really good book!

Katie is really scared that her wobbly tooth won't come out! But when it finally does, will she be able to find it? Recommended for readers aged 6+.

Rating: ★★★★★★★★☆☆ [7/10]

— Charlotte, Year 1



### **Aussie STEM Stars**

Wild Dingo Press

I love these books! I have read two so far and they are so cool. I can't believe they are about real people.



### **Georgia Ward-Fear, Reptile Biologist and Explorer**

by Claire Saxby

This one is about a girl who really loves reptiles and bugs and animals that most people don't think about at all. She just always really liked them. Then she went to uni and did amazing work figuring out how to stop cane toads destroying half of Australia. Then she kept on doing more and more research about different things.

But the best thing I liked about Georgia and this book is she took ages to decide what she REALLY wanted to do with her

life. I like that. She was unsure but she just kept following her heart and she ended up doing amazing stuff for the environment and wildlife.

I would recommend this book for any kid who wants to be inspired by an awesome girl doing cool stuff in science and for the environment.

Rating: ★★★★★★★★☆☆ [8/10]

### **Fiona Wood, Inventor of Spray-On Skin**

by Cristy Burne

When I first saw this title I thought 'spray-on skin' sounded gross. But then I read the book and WOW! Fiona Wood changed people's lives.

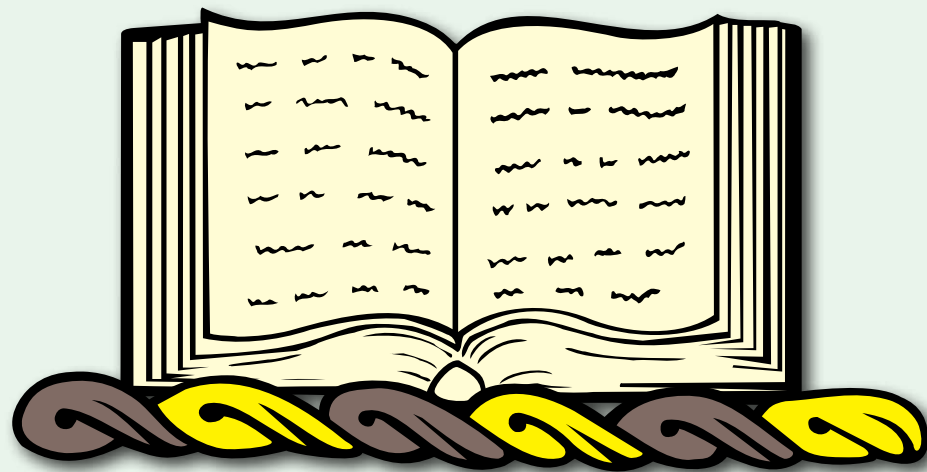
Fiona was brave, she didn't care that she was different when she was a kid and she had big dreams for her life. I'm like that. And she did everything with a big heart and she spoke up every time she saw something needed to be said and that is really hard to do.

She had all these problems to face throughout her life when she was trying to become a doctor. But she never let that stop her. She ended up making huge differences in people's lives – mostly people who had been burnt badly – and she even won awards for it.

I would recommend this book for kids who like to be inspired by real life people.

Rating: ★★★★★★★★☆☆ [9/10]

— Grace, Year 3





# The Plane Crash – The Beginning

**E**VERYONE stood up after each other, picking out their bags or suitcases, then resuming their seats on the logs. Some people clutched their heads and winced while searching through their bags. It fell silent for a while. It was a few moments before anyone spoke, finally Fernando frowned, “I don’t remember anything before being in science class with this new teacher – but this backpack is mine. How do I know that but not why I got on that stupid plane?”. He gritted his teeth, tossing an item from his suitcase. “It doesn’t make sense!”, he cried, his palms on his forehead. “I don’t understand!”

Hannah moved to sit next to him, Alex gladly swapping places. She rubbed his back as he rocked back and forth visibly distressed. Wren had decided to sit on the sand instead, next to her bag. “There’s something wrong with all this”, she stated loudly.

“Obviously!” Fernando shouted, “We’ve been in a bloody plane crash!”.

Wren scowled, “I’m talking about our apparent and collective amnesia, Fernando”, she countered, calmly. “It’s above unusual, it’s downright unheard of. All of us firstly not being able to recall anything about being on the plane and secondly why we were even on the plane in the first place is just amazing. It goes to prove my theory.”

“What theory?”, Cyrus asked, disbelievingly.

“That someone has done this to us”, Wren answered.

“What?”, everyone exclaimed at once.

Alex scoffed, “God please! Don’t tell me you’re one of those conspiracy theorist nuts?”.

“She’s got a point though”, Riley mumbled, shrugging.

“What?” Alex shook his head, “No way.”

“Yes way”, Wren argued, standing up. “Someone did this to us, it’s the only explanation!”

Tazeline, Hannah and Ari had said nothing. Tazeline stood up as well, rolling her eyes and flinging her backpack on. She started to walk away, but Alex, Wren and Riley were too invested in their argument to notice. Fernando was busy still freaking out and Ari and Cyrus just sat on their logs, talking and tending to the fire. “Where are you going?” Hannah called out to Tazeline, earning everyone’s attention.

Tazeline turned around only briefly, “Away. I can look after myself; your bickering is annoying and I’d rather not have to sit here and listen to your ridiculous theories.”

“See!” Alex cried, pointing at Wren. “She agrees; your theories are stupid and false.”

Tazeline scoffed and turned back around to continue her walk. Hannah was torn between going after her and staying to make sure the other didn’t accidentally kill themselves. Standing up, she sighed, frustrated. “Dammit. Alex and Wren, was it? Shut up! I am going after her. Cyrus, can you just look after the fire and make sure no one gets hurt or lost?”

“Sure”, he replied.

Alex and Wren instantly sat down, but glared at each other. “I’ll be back in the morning at the latest if it gets too dark to see on my way back.”

Everyone nodded and Hannah grabbed her backpack, shoving a small container of food she’d brought in her suitcase into it. “Tazeline, wait!”

Fresh leaves patted her feet as she ran to catch up to the other girl.

When she did catch up, they walked in awkward silence for a few minutes.

“What are you doing, Hannah?” Tazeline asked, her tone dry and irritated.

Hannah frowned, “What do you mean?”

Tazeline stopped abruptly, her body going forward a bit as it caught up to her feet.

"I mean, why are you out here right now? Why are you following me? I don't need your help."

Hannah was at a loss for words. Why had she followed Tazeline into the woods? Was she just worried for her safety? Or was it something else? They'd only just met, and she admitted to herself she admired her already. She liked the way she held herself – like she could protect herself, like she was meant to be respected or else. Hannah liked the way she spoke too; her voice the embodiment of confidence and very attention capturing. She seemed to know what she was talking about. And she took no negativity from anyone.

Hannah furrowed her brows. "I know you don't need my help. I followed you because I like you." Dawning on what that sounded like, Hannah's face flushed. "I– I mean, you're my type of person." That sounded worse. "I– I want to be your friend." At least, Hannah thought. Hannah frowned, embarrassed.

"You do that a lot", Tazeline said simply, continuing walking.

"Do what?" She frowned again.

Tazeline laughed and Hannah smiled, "That! You do that little face where you look like a constipated kitten." Tazeline started laughing, clutching her stomach as she did so. Hannah grinned, not having smiled like this since before waking up in the plane.

They laughed for a few more minutes before settling down, "I wish I could remember at least a bit from before the crash", Hannah confessed, pushing a branch out of her way as they walked.

"So, do I", Tazeline agreed, "But I guess we'll just have to wait. It has to come back sooner rather than later."

She nodded, "You're right. Hey, it's pretty dark," turning around, Hannah pursed her lips, realising all at once how tired she was. "Where should we sleep?"

Tazeline smiled, stopping dead in her tracks, and pulled off her backpack. They

were in a clearing in the forest, albeit a tiny one. Hannah sat down on the soft, green grass, wondering what Tazeline was doing. "I must've come prepared for a camp or something", she mumbled, dragging out a sleeping bag. "We can share it, seeing as..." She eyed Hannah's bag with one judging raised eyebrow. "I am betting you could not fit a sleeping bag in that tiny thing?"

Hannah laughed, "Hey! I have a suitcase back at the fire."

"Well, it's a bit too late to go back there and get your non-existent sleeping bag", Tazeline sassed back, a small smile on her face as she rolled the sleeping bag out, putting her clothes underneath the top as some sort of pillow, she had clearly camped before.

Hannah huffed in mock annoyance, "Fine". She crawled into the sleeping bag, Tazeline slipping in beside her and fell into a fitful sleep.

By **Jasmine Crofts**

Year 10, SMYL Community College

FREMANTLE – WA

Teacher: Rebecca Varian



## The Fall of the Evening Star

Oh the dreary sunrise brings a cloud and dusty storm,  
Dingo, grab your boneless tail and fly among the swarm.  
Reddened skies like dragonflies make trees appear in black,  
Dingo, shelter's what you do and carry on your back.

~

The tribes are spotted heaving heavy tongues across the sand,  
'Thirsty' is the word that pushes them to cross the land.  
Let the children learn the tales about the evening star,  
Dingo, let them drink up first, we're not so very far.

~

And when the night is prowling like a beast upon all fours,  
The cold will ride the winds and scream like frozen dinosaurs.  
Hold me, Dingo soothe me, give me hope throughout your song,  
Dingo, darling you're the voice that guides the night along.

~

So tell the Thorny Devils that the moon will be our bread,  
And clouds will be our shelter and the trees will be our bed.  
Then the reddened skies will rise and bring another day,  
Dingo, chase the sun with me and we will find a way,  
Dingo, let's be free and flee the evening star's decay.

By **Miranda Lantry**

Year 10, Oxley Christian College

CHIRNSIDE PARK – VIC.

Teacher: Sharon Sandison



# Kitty Kitty

## Part 1

**“W**HAT should we do with her?! She just won’t be sold!” Dad said, glancing at me. I frowned, “Dad! It’s me! Can’t you see?!” I tried to yell at him, but all that came out were desperate meows and hisses. Dad looked down at me, “Look, kitty, I think that you need to leave! You’ve been here for over one week now, and I don’t think that I can afford to keep you!” he said, bending down to pick me up. I flung my arm at him, digging my claws into the fresh skin, and Dad howled in pain. I’m sorry, but I have to! I thought, and finally detached my claws from the skin. “Ok, ok... fine. You can stay, but only for one more day!” he croaked, and I smiled in satisfaction, finally. I walked away purring and climbed onto the sofa to watch some TV.

If you didn’t know, I actually used to be a little 10-year-old girl, but now I am a cat. It all happened when I was walking home from school, and I was crossing the street to our house. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a big truck came barging around the corner, after that, all I remember was blackness, screaming, and then nothing. I was floating, somewhere, I didn’t know, it was black, yet white, I couldn’t feel anything, it just felt as if my whole body went numb. Then suddenly, I appeared in the world again, just this time, I was in a cat litter. I had tried to move, but I couldn’t, and all I could see around me were squirmy little baby kittens, also trying to move! Anyway, so that was how I ended up at my old house, being born from my old

pet cat, Amelia, that was now somehow my Mother.

Life was pretty peaceful, in fact, better than peaceful! I had everything I wanted, no work, love from the family, food, you get the point, but that all changed one day, when Mum and Dad decided to sell me!

I had already seen the family they were going to give me to, and I didn’t like them one bit. The Mum and Dad were fine, but they had a little 6-year-old girl, and I knew that she would just bother me all the time, I used to do that with Amelia, and now I was in her position. I remember swearing to God that I would never ever do anything wrong to Amelia ever again. I absolutely hated the fact that I was going to be separated from my family. I now wished that I had at least been grateful when I was a human, and had told them how much I loved them, and how much I wanted to thank them. But of course, it was too late now, and I couldn’t say anything, I was just a kitten that was cute to look at. But at least I could stay for one more day, I would solve the problem tomorrow, when it finally comes.

I watched TV and lounged and purred on my family’s laps for the rest of the day. I loved it, and I tried with all my might to at least tell them who I really was, and how much I was grateful for them. I don’t think I really succeeded, because they just smiled, and laughed.

“Ha, you are a very loud kitten! I wonder what they’ll call you, Loudie? Magna, for

loud in Latin? That really would be funny!”, I heard my older sister, Sophia say. I purred in pleasure, and tried to smile, though it was quite hard to do when you didn’t quite have lips like a regular human.

“Yeah... I really wish we could keep her!”, Tommy my little brother said, my ears pricked up, and I climbed on to his lap. “Ha! See?! She really wants to be kept!” he said, and I snuggled up into his lap, purring extra loudly.

“No, Tommy. It’s just a coincidence,” Sophia said and I stopped purring. “We really have to give her away... I’m sorry”, she said, sadly dipping her head. I ran away to my old room, I really needed some quiet time. I snuggled into my doona, as the familiar smell of my past life wafted into my nose. I closed my eyes and fell asleep.

Streaks of light squeezed into my room from the gaps in the curtains. I yawned, and stretched my paws, flexing them to get my joints moving. For a moment I actually forgot that I was a cat, and I called out to Mum, but all that came out of my mouth was a little ‘meow!’ and I was suddenly shot back down to reality. The happiness that had filled me suddenly drained out, and I slumped down in a bad mood.

“Kitty, Kitty! It’s time for you to meet your new owners!” I heard Dad say. I jumped back in shock, and made a sound that was more like a yowl, then a cute ‘meow!’. No, no, no, no, no! I thought, and scrambled under the bed, hiding myself behind the box that contained my childhood toys.



My whiskers twitched, as Dad entered my room, looking around for me.

“Kitty, kitty! I know you are in here! Stop hiding, don’t be scared!” he said, walking around. “Your new owners are waiting for you! Please, just come out! Don’t embarrass me, please!” he whispered, and for a second I wanted to shoot out, and cuddle up to him. He sounded so broken and helpless. “You remind me of Emma, so much...” I heard him say, and tears filled my eyes. I’m here, Dad! I’m right here! I was screaming in my head, but dared not say as he would find me.

“Audrey, can you see anything?!” Dad said. “No, I can’t see anything! It doesn’t help that she’s black!” Mum said, shining the torch under the bed. She crouched down even more, trying to squeeze her head under the shallow bed. “If we don’t find her, the owners will be so mad!” she said, looking around frantically. “Then what do we do?!” Sophia said, crouching down next to Mum. “Hey, Tom, how about you squeeze yourself under there, and try to get her out!” Sophia said, turning around. Mum and Dad also nodded. “Yeah, you are very small, Tommy! Please!”, Mum pleaded, and Dad gave him a begging look. “You know I have claustrophobia, Mum, Dad! And plus, I think I’m too big!”, he exclaimed, and I breathed a sigh of relief. “Oh, did you hear that?!” Sophia said, “I think she really is under the bed! I heard a sigh of relief!” and I nearly bumped my head, from shock, NO! PLEASE NO! I thought. A few moments later, I was exposed to them. They had literally dragged the bed to the side, to see if I was there. I yelped, and hissed and scratched them if they came close, making sure that they wouldn’t give me away.

This didn’t help, because they actually brought the owners upstairs, to bribe me into the cage. They started smiling and cooing me, putting food into the cage, saying that it would be fine. I didn’t even like cat food! I honestly only eat proper human food. Finally, they got gloves and shoved me into the cage! I screamed and kicked, while the girl watched me, smugly. I gave her the evil eye, I’ll deal with her later.

### Part 2

The truck rumbled under my feet, as we drove to their house. I hissed and bit the girl whenever she dared to poke her

stubby little fingers into the gaps of the small cage. “Ouch! Mummy, Daddy! The kitty’s biting me! Naughty!” she would say. “Don’t worry, Sweetie! She’ll get better”, the mother said. Then the girl started rocking the cage about, and twisting it round and round till I got dizzy, and all as a big blur. My eyes watered in the wind, and I felt as if my heart was climbing up my throat! It was as if God was teasing and playing with me, and I didn’t like it one bit.

We finally arrived at the house after about 1 hour. It was a horrid mansion, so high, that even their truck looked small. I gulped. We drove in the gates, and the family took me out of the truck. “Can I hold her?!” the girl whined, in her squeaky voice. I glared at her, hissing.

“Ah, Ah, ah! Naughty girl! Darling, I don’t think you really should–” the Mum said. “I WANT TO HOLD HER!!!” the girl screamed, interrupting her poor mother. “Oh, darling! All right, dear, you can hold her, be careful!” the mother said, and I nearly choked, but the little girl giggled, and laughed in glee.

The little girl, apparently called Lucy, took me up to her room. She kept on hugging and squeezing me too tight! I raced around the room, trying to find an escape, but all the windows and doors were closed! Finally, she had to go have lunch, and I had time to rest, but I was still locked up in her room. I howled and howled, but nothing happened.

### Part 3

Suddenly, the door opened a creak, and a little maid stepped into the room. “Hello, I’ve heard so much about you!” she whispered. “Are you all right? I know that Lucy can be a bit of a pain, oh you poor thing... you are probably very tired. Here, I brought you some food”, she said, and I jumped up. I purred and went up to her, to show my gratitude. “Aww, look, I really shouldn’t be doing this... but how about I let you out. But you have to be VERY quiet!” she said, and I meowed in return, trying to nod my head. She laughed. “Ha, you are very clever, kitty!” she said, and I smiled.

A few minutes later, I was outside! It really was that easy to escape! I smirked, and meowed quietly to the nice lady, and ran away, I kept on looking back, making sure that they wouldn’t suddenly catch me, but

suddenly, I was on the road, and a car was coming towards me, it tried to swerve, but it was too late. Black, black, dark, nothing.

“Wha– where,” I began, but then somebody grasped my hand, my eyes shot open, I had hands! I had feet, I had everything! I was back to be a human! “Mum?!” I asked, “Emma! Oh my goodness! You’re back!” I heard Mum say, and then everything became clear. I could see I was in a hospital and I could see that I was next to Mum and Dad and my two siblings. I nearly cried with happiness as I realised that I was back to human form! “Mum, Dad, Sophia, Tommy!” I choked, “I– I” Began to say but we all just started crying, and hugging.

By **Elizabeth Graham-Higgs**  
Year 7, Lindfield Learning Village  
LINDFIELD – NSW  
Teacher: Melissa Cowgill

## THE WIND



Slowly and gently,  
The wind walked past.  
Whispering into my ears,  
The secrets of the world.

Slowly and gently,  
The wind flew past.  
Making the trees salute,  
Its invisible grandeur.

Slowly and gently,  
The wind strolled by.  
Calmly and secretly spreading,  
Hidden silken fingers.

Quickly and swiftly,  
The wind moaned by.  
Speedily and briskly,  
It chased the setting sun.

By **Aditya Bhat**  
Year 6, Eagle Junction State School  
Clayfield – QLD.  
Teacher: Anna Prokop

# Mechanica



**I**T WAS the year 3000 where technology which we use today was considered primitive. Alongside standard humans lived cyborgs and androids, bustling around the streets. The HoverLoop (the future metro system) ran soundlessly underground with cars hovering or flying above everyone's head. Overall, Machina City was a technological beauty, lined with buildings scraping the gliding clouds. Plants lined these buildings, dancing and waving in the gentle breeze.

This era, however, has its disadvantages. No more animals existed in the perceivable world as they have been driven to extinction by the technological race. Instead, they were replaced by diverse robots who mimicked these extinct animals. Robot bees produced honey while mechanical birds chirped. These creatures were named Mechanica and came in all different shapes and sizes from amphibians to insects. They even managed to reproduce and replicate, each time creating unique animals which evolved through the years, just like us. Instead of regenerating endangered species, people unleashed Mechanica until they dominated the animal world.

★★★

Pascal sprung up like a spring in this bed. He was panting with his straw-blond hair flopping over his emerald eyes. He had the same nightmare as usual, Mechanica infesting his house. Before he knew it, he was groggily changing his wet pyjamas into dry clothes. Despite the cries of his alarm clock ("Please resume sleep routine! It is only 3:00 am!") he teleported downstairs. He stared at the eCalendar and sighed. At last, it was the school excursion he had been waiting for years.

In a few hours he was on a hover bus to the Paramount Mountains. The mountain was split into two major levels; the 'Inferiore Gradu' (lower level) and the 'Altiorem' (upper level). The 'Inferiore Gradu' (lower level) was a major attraction of Machina City. Any tourists always came here first. But the 'Altiorem' bought shivers down everyone's spine, human or metal. The tips of the mountain were blanketed by cotton clouds, floating placidly by the harsh snow caps with a section of the mountain being green in colour. Conspiracy theories even suggested the presence of a destructive monster. Pascal's class, as part of their science class had to inspect the base for Mechanica, but this very boy had different plans...

They soon approached the Paramount Mountains. Tall breathtaking towers stretched from one side of the city to another. The mountains extended into the wisps of clouds. At the gate their tour guide, Ms Onstald, met them. She was long and wiry and showed clearly that all the youth had been drained out of her body and maybe even her soul. Soon, Onstald bared her teeth in a fake smile, revealing her rotten fangs. It was as if she was frozen back in time when everything evolved around her. When Onstald started her lecture, everyone recoiled immediately. In Pascal's mind, someone was scratching their nail on an antique blackboard.

Slowly, everyone started to hike up the mountain. Mechanica was practically orbiting them in every nook and cranny. A robotic eagle soared above them, majestic in the sky. Alpacas trotted merrily behind them, gears turning softly with each and every step. The guide started a monotonous speech (which only Merivale, the class genius, listened to). Nonetheless, people stared in awe around them. However, they soon reached the maximum altitude for climbing. As they were about to go down, Pascal went to the back and escaped the crowd.

For his entire life, Pascal wanted to conquer the mountain and prove the ludicrous myths and rumours were downright fake. Everyday, he would hear about the nonsense of monsters and would make him flame up with anger. This was the only motive which powered him up the incline. His MountainShoes only helped by providing traction but it did not help with his breathing, even though it got heavier and heavier. This was not his only problem. Pascal's neck was prickling as if someone was scraping it with extremely sharp claws. Despite this, he trudged on through the various zones.

After a few hours (the mountain was not that tall) the trees began to accumulate. They were getting denser by the second. It seemed as if he had been automatically teleported to a deep forest. The bush scraped at his exposed ankles while flowers and weeds covered his path. Suddenly, something buzzed by him. Instinctively, he slapped at it, only to be met with a sting. "Hang on..." he thought. Mechanica never harmed human or any other robots. he looked past his shoulder but he nothing but the infinite labyrinth of the bush.

Finally, he heard a howl coming from only a few metres in front of him. Pascal hurried his pace and walked in the middle of town trees. To his shock, there was a clearing in the middle. And in the centre, he saw a wolf with thick, white fur.

“Wait a minute. You can’t be real. You do not exist any more!” he shouted at them. But he could tell that the wolf was perfectly real and not like the Mechanica that he was used to seeing. As if it had raised a signal, more animals came out of their hiding places. First, it was only more wolves but more and more varieties of animals came out. Every strand of fur, feather and skin was completely real, like the creatures of a millennium ago. But then, they all sang.

The sound of the music was like heavenly angels floating into his ears. It was beautiful last and nearly brought tears into his eyes. Soon they were finished, and Pascal

celebrated. At last, it was not the squeaky robotic voice he was used to hearing.

The next hours were pure bliss. He played with the animals and even raced with them. It was probably the most enjoyable thing Pascal had ever done. Every second was unspoiled by technology. After a while, something unusual happened. The original wolf seemed to be beckoning Pascal to follow it.

Pascal followed it for a few minutes. Every few seconds the wolf checked back on it as if it were worried that it would lose him. Finally, the wolf stopped but Pascal did not and walked right off the top of the mountain. Before he could even make a single sound, he fell off the cliff, falling unconscious to the world below.

Pascal was now awake, wondering how he was still alive and more over unscathed. Ms

Onstald had actually used her ‘InvisNet’ to capture him. It was only a prototype so luckily, it worked perfectly. She had known from her secret power known as ‘Second Sight’. She had used it when the head count had not matched the count from the teacher. “I could tell exactly where you were the entire time”. To Pascal’s surprise, the mayor had arrived and quickly pinned a medal on his shirt. “We will never forget you, Pascal,” the mayor murmured. He was given the Machinex Award, the highest level of honour in the city.

A year later, the world was not only dominated by the Mechanica but by their natural counterparts, all because of Pascal’s daring escape from the crowd.

**By Aditya Bhat**

*Year 6, Eagle Junction State School  
CLAYFIELD – QLD.  
Teacher: Anna Prokop*

## Colourful like Graffiti

**T**HE MODERN room was a pigsty. An empty cup with droplets of water splashed next to it sat next to a pile of books on her dressing room table. Piles of clothes and random objects were messily scattered along the floor, transforming the room into a maze. Tripping over a pile of clothes, I caught my fall on her bed. A fur mat sat under a tall bookshelf beneath my feet. As I rested on her silk sheets, I nervously called out her name. No response. Surprisingly, all I could hear was silence. Torn curtains covered her window. A few stains caught my attention that were not there the day before.

Gradually I reeled up the curtains and rays of sunshine seeped through the glass windows. Pushing open the windows I peeked outside and heard hissing. As I ambled down the stairs, I discovered the kitchen door was swaying wide open. As I walked outside, I realised there was a hissing sound coming from the side of the light, blue house.

“Stop!” I bellowed.

Quickly she dropped her spray can and ran to me with her arms wide open.

“Aww, come on. It is such fun; you should try.”

She answered, “I have made multiple different drawings!”

Her ocean eyes stared into mine. Trying to prove her innocence, but this wasn’t going to work on me again. A wave of hazel floated in the wind. Hastily I noticed the spray paint marks on her grey hoodie. Her jeans were dirty with soil and paint.

“My parents aren’t home and I was bored. I found the cans in the rusty cupboard!” She responded. “So I decided to do some

spray painting. As you can see, I’m just as colourful as the graffiti!”

She was squealing with excitement. Just like her room and clothes she was colourful and messy. Just like the graffiti, she was flooded with colour.

**By Meilin Berggren**

*Year 6, Ravenswood School for Girls  
GORDON – NSW  
Teacher: Sharon Shapiro*

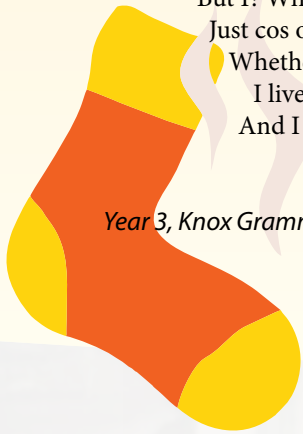


# Smelly Sock

Hi I am a smelly sock  
Unlike my friends, I don't rock  
People hate me a lot, yes, a lot!  
I think it's cos I'm spotted with dots  
My friends are awesome, clean and good  
I could clean myself, yes, I could  
But when I come out of the washing machine  
Dirty splotches can still be seen  
Then people will stare at me in disgust  
Just because I have some dust  
But what's worst is my smell  
Everyone smells it I can tell  
They wrinkle their noses and waft their hands  
"Oh what a stench I can hardly stand!"  
If you ask me the smell is not bad  
But for some weird reasons it makes others sad  
My cousins smell odourless, perfect and great  
But I? Why I get thrown in the crate  
Just cos of me people won't knock  
Whether it's Halloween or not  
I live a very miserable life  
And I am still a smelly sock!

By **Meii You**

Year 3, Knox Grammar School – Wahroonga Prep. Campus  
WAHROONGA – NSW



# A Habit



A Habit is something you repeat and repeat,  
Like saying 'hello' to the people you meet  
Some are good; some are bad.  
Some make you happy; some make you sad.

Habits are like a garden full of seeds.  
Some grow in flowers; others into weeds.  
Habits like exercising are good to do.  
Habits like smoking are bad for you.

Some habits are noisy like cracking your toes.  
Some habits are gross like picking your nose.  
Once you have a habit it's very hard to lose.  
So be very careful of the ones you choose.

Allow me to speak to you as a good friend  
And suggest the habits that I recommend.  
There are habits for your mind – that's right – just for you.  
They help you solve problems and know what to do.

By **Aresca Macwan**

Year 7, Gilson College, MERNDA – VIC.  
Teacher: Mrs Humble

It's pouring,  
And I have no cover.  
It had to happen just when I wanted to go exploring.

My socks feel slimy.  
My shoes shout a not-so-silent "sskque."  
The sound dies down only slightly.

"Teip, teip, teip," the rain knocks on the café's windows.  
The molten chocolate goes down my throat.  
This now empty cup of hot chocolate is my hero.

Stepping outside, I take in the cold breeze.  
It's refreshing.  
I feel at ease.

People are hiding under colourful plastics,  
and children are jumping in puddles with their cute raincoats.  
They jump and spin and the water flows around them like magic.

I want to be a child like them and be free.  
I jump and watch in amazement as water flees.  
And then a car comes close and water splashes all over me.

By **Eileen Carmelita**

Year 8, St Thomas More College  
SUNNYBANK – QLD.  
Teacher: Benjamin Potts

# Raining Street





# The Brightest Star in the Universe

A soft, grey blanket covers the earth  
As the graceful clouds move swiftly from one place to another  
And translucent raindrops fall gently to the moisture less ground  
But something dazzling catches my eye  
Something twinkling and bright that lights up the abandoned land  
The brightest star in the universe  
I stare at it, my eyes widening every second  
As I look up, I remember all the moments I had that were as bright as this star  
I stand in silence as I imagine that I was this blazing star  
Brighter than all the other stars in this world  
It will never fade away as it is the brightest star in this universe

By **Aiza Junaid**  
Year 4, Islamic College of Brisbane  
KARAWATHA – QLD.  
Teacher: Miss Masood



# White Clouds in the Blue Sky

Teddy bears in parades  
Celebrate the very first day of July  
Moles have fun in their swimming carnivals  
God is painting white into the blue canvas

Wheels of puffy snowy horse carts  
Rolling down the bright blue street  
Jellybeans scattered in the sky  
Rainbow ones are picked as treat  
Left dull pale ones  
Those God doesn't want to eat

By **Meii You**  
Year 3, Knox Grammar School – Wahroonga Preparatory Campus  
WAHROONGA – NSW

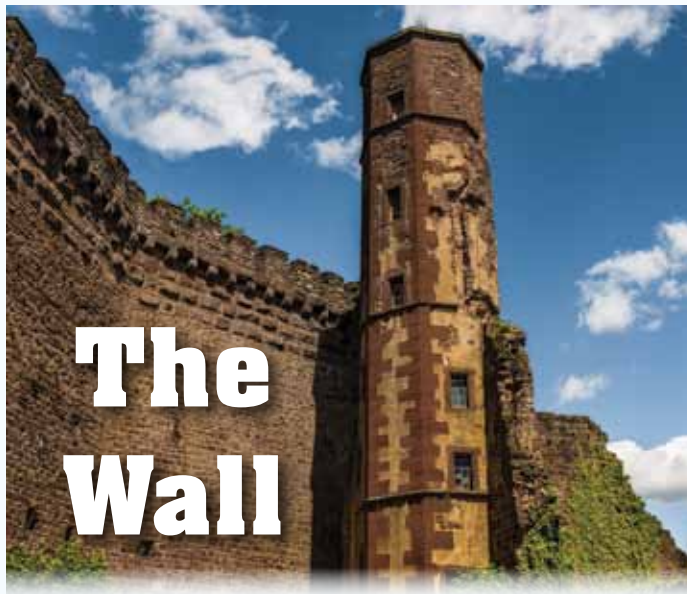
**M**ARK knew his chances were slim. He was not aware of anyone who had returned to tell what life outside of the wall was really like...

The sun peeked above the horizon, spreading blankets of light around Mark's bedroom. Mark's eyes fluttered open as he saw the birds, happily chirping below. The townspeople were doing their daily doings, wandering groggily around the houses on the plain of lush, green grass. Mark, however, was not one of these standard townspeople. He was the prince

of the prosperous city Fairknowe. Mark was well built and had blonde hair which glistened in the sun. He always bore his title with pride and wore armour like a knight when he addressed his people. From his window in the castle, he waved at a few of the passersby and looked into the horizon. Then, he gazed at the wall.

The wall which surrounded the city was made with the same stone as the castle itself. It was tall enough to block the view of the outside world but short enough to allow the sunlight to pass through. It had several turrets across the top with the main gate heavily guarded by guards. The legends said that the wall was built by the first king himself, Arnold I, to protect from the dangers outside. Several times, the city trembled as if a small earthquake was passing by with an accompaniment of a distant roar. One of Mark's longest wishes was to go outside the wall and see what life was outside. Only knights were allowed outside but none of them returned to tell the tale.

Mark stared at the wall longingly and when he could not look any more, he went down for the morning feast. The staircase spiralled down most spectacularly, straight down to the dining hall. He looked around the windows and looked outside the spiralling world. His best friend in the castle, Sir Edmund, was a knight and was waiting for him downstairs. His ancestors have served the royals of Fairknowe before him and he was continuing the family spirit. Sir Edmund was not only just a knight but was his tutor, playmate and personal guard combined in one. He even knew all of the young prince's secrets. Never did he know that Mark was plotting



## The Wall

a plan right in front of him as they ate a grand meal.

Slowly the sun set into the horizon, illuminating the sky with ribbons of orange and violet light. The sky was getting darker until the only light left was from the moon. Mark was dressed inconspicuously with black clothes and his trusty sword. He stealthily moved forwards in the shadows of the trees. He was getting closer and closer to the target. Trees and houses passed by him in a blur. Soon, he was in front of the gate of the wall. No guards were present as the change of the shift was still occurring. Mark pushed a lever near the wall with great strength. To his surprise, it came away easily and the gate slowly came down. It groaned a few times but with the will of Mark, it came down with barely a squeak. Mark, for the first time, was outside of the wall.

Back in the castle, Sir Edmund went into Mark's bedroom and saw it hastily left. Immediately, he left the castle and secretly went outside. He made a quick search around the city to find no sign of him. His realised, "Mark, he's outside the wall!"

How right the knight was. The young prince ventured forth on his adventure. Ahead of him was a dense forest of trees. He crept forward, passing uneven paths and eddying torrents of water. He continued though, undaunted by his imminent danger. Slowly, but ever so slowly, he came to a clearing where his troubles were just about to start.

At the clearing, he saw nothing but a stump in the middle of the forest. The area was slightly charred but otherwise had no signs

of any danger. Mark was hot and was practically soaked from skin with sweat. He sat on the stump, unaware that it was slowly moving upwards. Mark was oblivious and looked around him. It was only till a minute after where it was swaying slightly when he realised a creature was lifting it up. Mark looked underneath him to see two yellow eyes staring right back up at him. Mark screamed and immediately jumped down. He was now facing a dragon-like creature.

A battle emerged between them.

The green, scaly creature was at least 10 times the size of a human and had talons sharp enough to slice someone in half. It let out fire from its mouth and singed the top of the trees. Mark deflected every shot from the talons with his sword as fast as he could and barely dodging the flames which leapt at him. The fight was getting faster and faster while Mark thought of a plan. He thought quickly about what creature it was until it finally clicked. The creature was actually a Grindy – Low Dragon, one of the most fierce dragon in history. He remembered this from a lesson with Sir Edmund. It had only one weakness, if someone hits its neck, every bone in its body would shatter. Immediately, Mark started confusing the creature by circling around it quickly. Mark climbed the creature as it swayed with anger. The dragon singed itself a few times but appeared that it couldn't care less. Soon, Mark was near its throat. The dragon realised its fate and slashed its talons at the boy. But it was too late. Mark had already struck his neck with his sword. Almost comically, it fell to pieces and left the prince on the forest floor.

At the clearing, Sir Edmund had arrived. "Mark!" he cried. The prince looked up in surprise. "Sir Edmund!" he shouted. They awkwardly embraced each other as Mark told him the tale. The dragon was in front of him, in pieces. Sir Edmund softly told him, "At last, the conqueror of our land has been defeated!" Mark shook some ash of his hair and smiled with his friend and looked at the midnight sky.

By **Aditya Bhat**

Year 6, Eagle Junction State School  
CLAYFIELD – QLD.

Teacher: Anna Prokop

# Ambassadors



☺ **Paul Collins** has written many books for younger readers. He is best known for his fantasy and science fiction titles: **The Jelindel Chronicles** (*Dragonlinks, Dragonfang, Dragonsight* and *Wardragon*), and **The Quentaris Chronicles** – co-edited with Michael Pryor – (*Swords of Quentaris, Slaves of Quentaris, Dragonlords of Quentaris, Princess of Shadows, The Forgotten Prince, Vampires of Quentaris* and *The Spell of Undoing*). His trade books published in America are *The Earthborn, The Skyborn* and *The Hiveborn*.

Paul has edited many anthologies which include *Trust Me!, Rich & Rare* and Australia's first fantasy anthology, *Dream Weavers*. He also edited *The MUP Encyclopaedia of Australian SF&F*.

His recent fantasy series is *The Warlock's Child*, written in collaboration with Sean McMullen. His book, *Slaves of Quentaris*, was listed in *1001 Children's Books You Must Read Before You Die* (UK, 2009). His latest book is *Harry Kruize, Born to Lose*.

Paul has been short-listed for many awards and has won the Inaugural Peter McNamara A Bertram Chandler, Aurealis and William Atheling awards.

Other than his writing, Paul is the publisher at Ford Street Publishing, a children's specialist publishing everything from picture books through to young adult literature. Two books, *Pool*, by Justin D'Ath and *Crossing the Line*, by Dianne Bates, were short-listed for the Victorian Premier's Literary Awards and the NSW Premier's Literary Awards. A third, Shane Thamm's *My Private Pectus*, was short-listed in the Territory Read Award. Paul spends much of his time travelling around Australia giving writing workshops to students from grade four to Year 12.

Paul's websites are: [www.paulcollins.com.au](http://www.paulcollins.com.au); [www.fordstreetpublishing.com](http://www.fordstreetpublishing.com) and [www.creativenetspeakers.com](http://www.creativenetspeakers.com).

**Anna Ciddor** has always been fascinated by the question, 'What if I lived in another time or place?'. She changed career from maths teacher to author so she'd have the excuse to spend lots of time doing research. She has written and illustrated over fifty books, including the highly popular and exciting Viking Magic trilogy: *Runestone, Wolfspell* and *Stormriders*. Bravery, friendship, and a dash of magic are the keys to these adventure stories, which are based on real Viking history. *Runestone* was chosen as a Children's Book Council Notable Book in 2003 and has been shortlisted for many awards. You can find out more about Anna and her books at [www.annaciddor.com](http://www.annaciddor.com).

Anna keeps in touch with her readers through school visits and her website, but she is also keen to encourage the writing efforts of budding young authors through the Young Australian Writers' Awards. ☺



☺ **Meredith Costain** is a versatile writer whose work ranges from picture books through to novels, poetry and narrative non-fiction. Her books include CBCA Honour Book *Doodledum Dancing, Disaster Chef!, Daddies Are Great!*, novelisations of ABC TV's *Dance Academy*, and tween series *A Year in Girl Hell*. Her best-selling series, the quirky *Ella Diaries*, was shortlisted for both the REAL and the WAYRBA children's choice awards, and has sold to 24 countries. Her latest series, *Olivia's Secret Scribbles*, features Ella's 'naughty little sister', Olivia.

Meredith lives in inner-city Melbourne with a menagerie of pets, who often wrangle their way into her stories. She regularly presents writing workshops for children and adults around Australia, and enjoys helping writers create stories based on their own experiences. To find out more about her books, pets and early writing years, visit [www.meredithcostain.com](http://www.meredithcostain.com).

# Young Australian Art

# 20

*Celebrating the Artistic  
and Literary Talents of Children*





# Art & Writers' Awards

# 20

*Artwork by  
Saoirse Torr  
(2020 Commonwealth Bank Art Award)*





# Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

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**Marjory Gardner**



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**Elise Hurst**



**Paul Collins**



# Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

## Young Australian Art & Writers' Awards 2020

### Contents

<b>2020 Young Australian Writers' Awards</b> .....	28
BIC Young Australian Writer of the Year.....	29
Young Australian Writers' Literary Award Winners.....	30
C.D. Dodd Young Indigenous Award.....	38
<b>2020 Young Australian Art Awards</b> .....	40
Introduction.....	41
About our Judges.....	41
Dame Elisabeth Murdoch Young Australian Art Award.....	42
Painting Award Winners.....	43
Drawing Award Winners.....	45
Computer Art Award Winners.....	47
Photography Award Winners.....	49
Judges' Encouragement Award Winners.....	51
C.D. Dodd Young Indigenous Art Award.....	52
Indigenous Art Award Winners.....	53
Regional Indigenous Art Award Winners.....	54
About our Indigenous Art Patron, John McGuire.....	62

*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.*

# ***Young Australian Writers' Awards***

# 2020



# The BIC Young Australian Writer of the Year Award

## 2020

Awarded to

**Sharol Antony**

*Good Counsel College, Innisfail, Qld.*

*'The Cane Cutter's Wife'*



## 2020 Young Australian Writers' Awards

### Best Short Story from a Primary School

*Fosterville Gold Literary Award*

**Grace Willmore**

St Dominic's Priory College, SA

*A Second Chance*

### Best Short Story from a Secondary School

*FGML Literary Award*

**Dev Sheth**

Hale School, Wembley Downs, WA

*Downstairs*



### Best Poetry from a Primary School

*Commonwealth Bank Literary Award*

**Maya Mawhinney**

St Thomas More College, Qld.

*Heartbreak*



### Best Poetry from a Secondary School

*Sedgman Literary Award*

**Layla Taduran**

St Thomas More College, Qld.

*To Whomever is Reading This*

### Helen Handbury Literary Award

**Alice Bergman**

Fahan School, Lower Sandy Bay, Tas.

*Echidna's Easter Egg Hunt*

### Helen Handbury Achievement Award

**Vivian Nguyen**

St Dominic's Priory College, SA

*The Vagabond and his Guitar*

**C.D.DODD**

### C.D. Dodd Indigenous Literary Award

**Marie Morrison**

SMYL Community College, Fremantle, WA

*We are the Corroboree*

**C.D.DODD**

# The Cane Cutter's Wife

**T**HE WIND was howling like the wolves of her homeland, and the rain was pelting down on the tin roof. The corrugated iron shack rattled and clattered under the heavy tropical storm; the hessian sugar-bag doors and windows were drenched already. As the storm rampaged on, the sugar cane around the shack bent and broke – becoming a worthless crop.

Inside the shack, the furniture was sparse and basic; a candle on an upturned packing crate spilled its beacon of light out into the darkroom. The cane cutter's wife and her children huddled in closer around the box and prayed as the storm outside battled to burst into this small oasis of comfort.

In her husband's enforced absence, the young wife and her little ones have been left here alone to fight the imminent danger. This young woman is not used to being left alone to carry the family burden; however, recent events have brought about this kind of isolation. The cane cutter, along with many other Italian men, has been arrested and imprisoned in the Innisfail detention centre where they are held as 'enemy aliens'.

"Mama, everything gonna be oright?" whispered the youngest.

The girl is not even five, yet there was something about her which drew people to her. Her eyes spoke of a beautiful soul and her movements told of a nurturing being.

Mother: "Everything's going to be fine, sweetheart. It's just a storm – we've been through worse".

In some ways, that was true. The war had been worse. It had terrorised and ripped apart their homelands; still, this was more challenging somehow. At least during the war, there had not been the isolation that she felt here.

In those war years, there had been the comfort of her family and the neighbours she had known all her life. Times had been tough but they had all been in it together.

When they had first arrived in Innisfail, everything had appeared strange and exotic – the heavily jungled land, the fast-flowing green rivers, the lizard-like crocodiles basking in the mud, the roughly dressed migrant workers from all nations and the dark native people of this land. To these immigrants, Australia was a harsh land of opportunity where one could work hard, save and acquire land; this was an achievement that was almost impossible in feudal Italy. She and her husband were poor and illiterate, from a rural area where money and work were scant. She felt that her surroundings were not favourable to the development of the 'womanly' or sentimental side of nature. She would have to grow tough and strong to survive; returning to their hometown was certainly not an option.

In the beginning, living with the isolation of her existence in this land seemed almost impossible. She thanked God for their skills in farming, perhaps the only thing keeping them alive, but she couldn't keep the loneliness from creeping into her heart. Her nearest neighbours, half a day's trek through jungle paths and tumbling waterways, were not a source of comfort. Although she would be willing to trek the distance, neither of them could understand each other; they didn't speak Italian and she didn't speak Chinese. The cane cutter's hard work and determination to improve his family's standard of living had brought him to Mellick's farm, a hundred acres between Innisfail Estate and the Coconuts.

The storm outside maintained its roaring rage and the rain continued battering the roof.

"Mama, the storm's getting louder!" yelled the middle child – a ragged but cheeky faced little boy.

Although he was too young to fully understand what was happening, he could sense his mother's distress as she wiped away the despair on her face and whispered soothingly to her children. Her words were lost in the terrible noises of the storm's fury. With an ugly sound of scraping metal, followed by ominous clashes and bangs, the roof ripped off. As the candle guttered, overwhelming darkness and terror enveloped the room like a blanket.

The winds swirled around them in wild wet torrents, whipping their hair and stinging their eyes. A jagged piece of metal tore into the mother's side puncturing her flesh and leaving a gruesome gash. Tears, mourns and screams joined the sound of the pounding rain and the wailing wind.

As the young mother murmured her Ave Marias, imploring the Blessed Virgin Mary to watch over her and her children, she began to feel a glimmer of hope. Was that a light she saw flicking through the blinding rain? Was someone coming to help her? She hardly dared to hope. Her nearest neighbours were some miles away.



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

**Oz Kids in Print**

Would they even know she was here on her own?

Clinging desperately to the children, she peered into the intense darkness. There was light. There was hope. Someone was coming to her rescue. She was not totally alone in her time of desperate need in this alien environment. A voice called from the darkness: "You oright Santina! We comin."

Years later, she remembered that night, their kindness as vividly as ever. She thought about the years gone by: how Zhang Wei and his wife took her and her children in, how they helped her slowly rebuild her cottage and how they supported her through those tough years of her husband's internment. She remembered how her sense of isolation

slowly left her and how they became part of the local community, a community which flourished because it realised the importance of supporting the newcomers.

By **Sharol Antony**

Year 12, Good Counsel College  
INNISFAIL – QLD.

# The Vagabond and His Guitar

There, at the damp corner of the city,  
the thin, skeleton-like figure  
holds his old guitar close to him.  
The haggard man weakly hunched,  
the gentle strumming begins.

The night is a special kind of blackness,  
cold blue embraces him,  
and within its safety,  
I can feel my own soul more clearly,  
that innocent inborn spark.  
"Mmmhmmm, mmmhmmm",  
quietly humming along  
"Mmmhmmm, mmmhmmm",  
with thoughts dragging into song.

His soul drops freely into the sweet melody,  
thoughts floating,  
swirling along the chorus,  
fill up the chilly blue night.  
The notes dance and play, like the sun  
wading through the misty sky  
till all too soon, the notes begin to fade,  
slowing, this sweet melody ending,  
closing dim, lonely eyes  
wondering where he went wrong.

Asleep in the shining blue moon,  
the cold light, his only comfort  
seeing the man's elongated limbs,  
cramped, angular posture,  
my heart breaks a little more.  
Sometimes eyes need music to see,  
and the darker the night,  
the sweeter the song.



**Helen  
Handbury  
Achievement  
Award**

By **Vivian Nguyen**

Year 11, St. Dominic's Priory College  
NORTH ADELAIDE – SA  
Teacher: Ms. Rathmann

# TO WHOMEVER IS READING THIS

To whomever is reading this,  
I would like to say  
that my family has been brought up this way.

For three long years,  
we wore face masks.  
Protecting my sister was our primary task.

We each made a sacrifice  
in protection of her  
so she had a chance to keep things as they were.

You might not know  
and you'll probably forget,  
but society has always been her biggest threat

We have always been aware  
of the coughs and the sneezes—  
it is our natural instinct to avert queer diseases.

The world just so happens  
to be getting a taste  
of the monotonous world of the socially spaced.

The honest truth is,  
we don't have it the hardest.  
We are the mere illustration of those in the darkness.

So, to those who whine  
and make senseless remarks,  
remember those who have hearts full of sparks.

Because they dream and they hope  
that maybe someday,  
they'll be able to make this disease go away.

Yes, the world may be grey right now,  
but to see it any brighter comes at a price.  
It may be painful, but we all must make a sacrifice.

Immune deficient blood  
put my sister's life on the line.  
Not many will understand,  
for her life, I'd give up mine.

By **Layla Taturan**  
Year 9, St Thomas More College  
SUNNYBANK – QLD.  
Teacher: Benjamin Potts





# A Second Chance

**S**OMETIMES life offers you second chances because maybe the first time you just weren't ready. I always believed not to hold back in life because you may never get another chance...or so I thought.

A small gymnastics club meet happened over the weekend early last year with some of the strongest rivalries across Adelaide. As my team walked into the arena, the smell of sweat and freshly polished wood filled our noses. Moving into the stands, I felt the eyes of the Tigers burning a hole in the back of my head. I felt weak, like I couldn't breathe, like my heart was about to stop beating even though I could feel the blood pulsing through my veins. I started preparing myself, taking off my tracksuit revealing a sparkling leotard that glistened under the competition lights. When I turned, I saw each team huddled in an intimidating circle, each gymnast glancing up at me then returning to their tight force-field of bodies.

My coach could see I was scared, saw the fear in my face, the goosebumps growing down my arms and legs, the tears welling in my eyes. He called me over and said, "You are one of my most talented gymnasts, the bravest, most driven person I have ever coached. If anyone can do this it's you". For a brief moment I felt relieved. I had trained tirelessly for this, but as his hands left my shoulders it all came flooding back and my gut dropped into a never-ending hole as I caught a glimpse of what I had been dreading the whole journey. The vault. The long, crisp red running track with a pure white spring board sitting perfectly at the end. Towering over it with a sleek wooden frame was the vault, covered in chalk hand prints from previous gymnasts who had conquered the beast. I told myself to take deep breaths, in and out. I could do this

I thought, but my gut said otherwise. I turned away to face the uneven bars, where I was most confident. The urge to burst into tears was exhilarating and merely thinking about it made my stomach lurch. The earsplitting siren sounded and the fight had begun. Each team sent their first member to battle against the other teams with pride in their step. I watched and waited, painted a happy face over my terrified eyes and ghost white complexion.

I shuddered at being tapped on the shoulder and a shiver ran up my spine as the sound of the announcer filled my ears, "Could all Women's Vault athletes please make your move immediately." For a moment I forgot how to walk, to breathe, to blink and like a statue, I stood terrified to move on. The whispers of luck from everyone were drowned out by the deafening silence that filled my ears. I could only hear my heartbeats like a thousand drums all playing in harmony. My competitors fell into a dead straight line in front of me, and one by one, took to the red floor with determined faces and perfectly stuck landings giving them the prize of perfect scores. I saw my name come up in bright yellow letters across the dead black screen.

I moved to the chalk bowl dipping my hands in, watching the sweat beads get absorbed by the feeling of the dry chalk on my hands and feet. I clapped my hands leaving a white cloud behind me as I waited on the runway in silence, my eyes fixed and focused. The judge gave me the nod and I was off. Each step had spring to it as I approached the sleeping monster. I jumped, plunged my hands towards the surface and spun. I twisted my body over and around as I held my breath. Something felt wrong. I knew I wasn't going to make it over, and snap. I felt it go. I heard the loud crack in my ear as the pain shot up my spine. My body unravelled in the air and fell limp onto the awaiting mat underneath me. I couldn't hear anything and my vision went blurry.

Darkness.

My eyelids were heavy and I woke to the sound of automatic beeps pounding my head. I was in pain, I couldn't feel my legs, I couldn't move. I flicked my eyes down to find myself covered in chalk, my leotard still wrapped tightly around my body. Warm tears flowed down my ice-cold cheeks, and the worst thoughts swarmed my head... I would never be able to walk or run again. My mother's words were mumbled but I could just make them out, "You will be fine", she said. "The doctor said it was a close call."

I will forever be haunted by the unmistakable crack of bones, locked inside my head being a constant reminder of the sheer terror I was engulfed in that day. Despite everything, the feeling of soaring through thin air was so exhilarating I knew this would never stop me. I refused to let this take the life from my heart and the breath from my lungs, I was alive.

I never had a doubt, only belief that I was given a second chance.

By **Grace Willmore**  
Year 4, St Dominic's Priory College  
NORTH ADELAIDE – SA  
Teacher: Shelda Rathmann



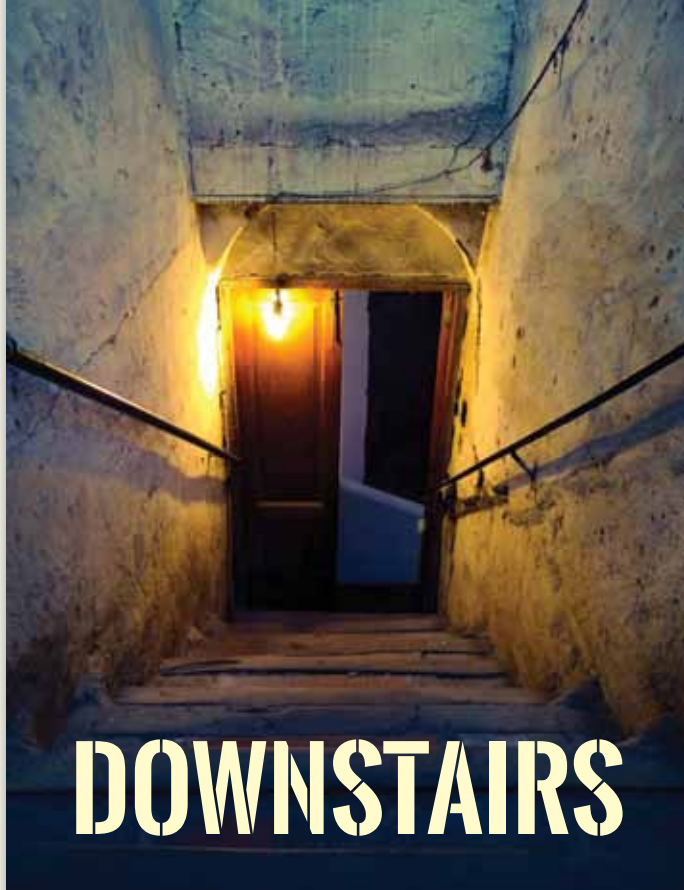
**Best Short  
Story from a  
Primary School**  
Fosterville Gold  
Literary Award

**D**OWNSTAIRS was banned. Full stop. The rule which Oliver had to follow since he was young was this: Downstairs was banned. His parents had been clear about that. Homework done on time, a curfew and technology use could take a back seat. First rule: Downstairs was banned. This probably seemed odd to certain parents, who would stress other rules before barring their kid from a basement. But don't worry! Oliver's parents still ran a tight ship in all the other rules. Play with the other kids? Nope. Stay in the town area after school? Forget it. Do any sport? Don't even think about it.

Oliver and his parents, William and Emily, stayed apart from the folks of this small town.

Their house was quite extravagant. How this rich family were living in a town like this was anyone's guess. The standard of living for the other members of the town was quite low by comparison. There was only one inn-type place in the town, old Danny McKenzie's, The Green Gate. The Green Gate served as the needs for the entire town. After a long day working in their fields, people enjoyed nothing more than to have a hot meal or perhaps a refreshing drink at the Green Gate. Almost everyone was found there during the evenings. Almost.

The British couple wanted nothing to do with the common folk since Emily had married and moved to the ancestral home. When Oliver had grown up, after Rule No. 1 had been solidified, there came Rule No. 2: The town was banned. And so, Oliver's fate with his schoolmates had been sealed. Before he had even a chance, friends his own age were taken away from him. Oliver grew up staying in his room, stuck with his books as his only company. It wasn't knowledge he desired. He wanted to escape this world, escape reality, into fiction. He wanted to see the world. And see the world he did. Right from his small room in a small rural town. He travelled to the future with Suzanne Collins and he travelled to the past with William Shakespeare. He travelled to Britain with J.K Rowling, to India with Rudyard Kipling and to the high seas with Herman Melville. But



## DOWNSTAIRS

throughout his travels, he always looked longingly out the window to the town, his thoughts coming back to reality.

When kids become teenagers, they begin to extinguish past rules. Perhaps new ones are created, perhaps. But most parents begin to relax a little bit, trusting their kids more and more. When Oliver reached high school, it was the opposite. They introduced new rules, oh yes, but they didn't relinquish the old ones. In fact, they seemed to think that Oliver may become more rebellious and enforced his previous restrictions harder. They cut his free time by more than before. Tuitions, revision, tests, homework. What small time he had for reading, was cut even shorter. While this may seem unfair and undeserved, William and Emily had been partially correct. His age had definitely made him more rebellious. But the reinforcement only confirmed the fact that Oliver had begun resisting an endless surge of rules.

It was unclear when Oliver decided enough was enough. But he did. The first step he took was a subtle passive resistance. No longer did Oliver do his homework days in advance. No longer was the extra credit completed on any of his assignments.

Next came the lies, he simply told his parents that everything was completed as usual. While his parents were tough and unmoving, they didn't actually require

evidence that Oliver had done everything. Before, he had known the expectations his parents had for him and that they expected them to be met. But now he simply provided the illusion of completion. Oliver was hesitant to do this in the first place, as he wasn't naturally mendacious. Only after a few failed attempts did Oliver fib. To lie after spending years abiding by his parent's rules, it was difficult for Oliver to gather the courage to do this. It was like a trying to extract a caterpillar out of a cocoon, before its metamorphosis. But lie he did.

The expected feeling of guilt never came. Instead, Oliver felt as if a small load on his chest had been taken off.

After a few months he became more bold. Sneaking out during tuition times and classes. Instead of spending lunchtimes bunched up in the library he spent them on the ovals, under a tree, reading. His marks were never affected, so William and Emily didn't become suspicious in the slightest.

After almost a year of this charade, the weight on his chest had reduced. But his rebellion hadn't been expelled. There was one thing he still had to do. Downstairs. And so that day, he waited. He waited and waited. He waited for his parents to stop interrogating him about school. He waited for dinner to be over then he waited for William and Emily to fall asleep.

Then finally, the moment came. As the moon and the stars arrived in the night sky, Oliver pulled off his blanket and wiped the sweat from his arms as he made his way to



the back staircase that began on the middle floor and led downstairs. Oliver had only observed this staircase his entire life but had never actually used it. Careful not to make noise, Oliver tip-toed towards the staircase, and descended.

Behind the door, he found an office. A simple office. Oliver's eyes darted around the room, but it was only a simple office. A desk. A chair. Some files. Papers. Pens. An all-round big mess. After years and years of wonder and curiosity, this is what he

had found. A plain office. Oliver stepped forward and placed his hands on the desk, continuing to view the office, looking for any sign of something unusual. But nothing. Suddenly, a huge thump filled the room and Oliver saw, his eyes widening, a large textbook Oliver had accidentally knocked off. He needed no indication. Oliver simply ran. All pretext of keeping quiet had gone out the window as Oliver sprinted to his room. He could hear his parents and the light turning on in their

room. Taking a right, he sped into his room and pulled the covers over his face. It was a few minutes before Oliver took a breath. Then it hit him. He hadn't been caught. And as the lovely thought filled him, he laughed. And once he started it, he couldn't stop. The invisible load had left. He was free.

By **Dev Sheth**

Year 11, Hale School

WEMBLEY DOWNS – WA

Teacher: C. Liggings



I sit and watch  
with my trunk standing tall  
some try to climb me  
but most of them fall

they curse and they mutter  
but really, I am to blame  
unlike city skyscrapers  
I am wild and untamed

I watch as they carve  
their hearts into my base  
then come back and scratch it off  
with tear stains on their face

why are they this way?  
I would like to know more  
why do they come back?  
with hearts aching and sore?

I shed leaves in Autumn  
am bare until Spring  
but at least I can hear  
the carollers sing

I have been here so long now  
that I've almost lost track  
although I am older  
I would never go back

the things I have felt  
and the miracles I have seen  
the losses and heartbreaks  
and everything in between

By **Maya Mawhinney**

Year 8, St Thomas More College

SUNNYBANK – QLD.

Teacher: Benjamin Potts

# Heartbreak

# Echidna's Easter Egg Hunt

**E**VERY Easter, all of the Australian animals would gather in Bilby's small burrow for the biggest and most special event of the year. The Big Bush Easter Egg Hunt. Each year, Bilby would leave the eager animals waiting in his burrow and would go out into the bush to hide all of the eggs.

At least, until last year. All of the animals began to argue. The hunt became less fun. Everyone was too competitive. Half of the animals quit, saying that if no one could have fun together there was no point of the Big Bush Easter Egg Hunt.

This year, only Echidna, Dingo, Wombat, Big Red Kangaroo, Small Grey Wallaby, Platypus and Native Hen came to Bilby's burrow for the egg hunt. As per usual, while Bilby hid the eggs, the animals again began to argue and boast. "I'm going to find the most eggs", Dingo declared.

"No, I am", Platypus argued.

"No, ME", Small Grey Wallaby shouted! "I'm the fastest!"

"I'm the biggest!"

"I'm the best!"

"No, I am", all of the animals argued.

Echidna, a shy and peaceful little creature with chocolate-coloured fur and sandy golden spikes sat in the middle of the arguing with his little webbed feet over his ears. He didn't like arguing at all. In fact, he had only come to the egg hunt this year because his best friend Koala had promised to come with him. However, Koala wasn't there.

Echidna approached the arguing animals, shyly, as always, and told them, "Koala is missing. We should all go find her together". "No WAY", Big Red Kangaroo said stubbornly. "You're just trying to trick us", cried Platypus. "What? No. Koala is missing!" Echidna yelped. Wombat



cars were big, and cars were very scary, and he was only a small echidna. Still, he knew he had to do something. As he watched, something changed inside of him. He no longer felt shy and scared. He felt... angry. Angry at the cars for hurting his friend. Angry at the other animals for not caring... and angry at himself for letting his fear get the best of him, preventing him from helping Koala.

He waddled out onto the road. SKID!!! A car screeched to a halt in front

of him. He continued on, feeling braver. Still, the cars continued to stop for him. He was no longer scared. Not at all. He kept going until he reached Koala. "Echidna!" she cried. "Ow", her leg looked sore and she could hardly walk. How would he move her safely off the road? "I'd carry you home", Echidna said, "but I'm too spiky!". "Then what do we do?", Koala asked. She looked terrified.

A car in front of them honked grumpily. Echidna didn't know that cars were machines. He, and most of the bush animals, thought they were living creatures. Alive, and dangerous. Koala jumped, but Echidna still did not flinch. "Don't worry, I'll think of something", he said. He tried. He really tried, but he didn't. The cars got angrier. All hope seemed lost.

But then... "Coming through", said a voice. The voice belonged to a human. Humans were scarier than cars. Everyone knew that. Echidna still did not run, and Koala couldn't. As the human got closer, Echidna saw she had kind eyes. That she was a friend. "Let's get you to my surgery", the veterinarian said.

Meanwhile, all of the bush animals returned to Bilby's burrow. Their arms/paws/beaks full of chocolate eggs, bragging about what eggs they found and seething about the eggs that they lost. Bilby didn't say anything. The animals sat down and when Bilby finally spoke, his voice was teary. "Ever since I was a little Bilby, I loved chocolate eggs. Every Easter, I loved hiding these eggs so you could find

He waddled far and wide. He crossed rivers, climbed mountains, risked close encounters with dogs, humans and feral cats. Anything to find Koala. Soon he began to grow tired. He thought he could not go on for much longer, but he knew he had to help his friend, so he kept waddling forward. Echidna's determined attitude paid off, for he found Koala on a highway, about a mile away from Bilby's burrow. She was in trouble.

She was injured and limping, on a road with thousands of cars hurtling towards her. Echidna froze. Koala needed help, but

them. It filled me with joy. Now I realise it was not the Easter eggs that made me so happy. It was seeing you help each other hunt for the eggs and be filled with such joy when you found them. Together”, he sighed. “Now the hunt does not give you that joy any more, so it doesn’t give me that joy”, Bilby continued. “The game became a competition. All you cared about was if you had more than anyone else, and it has driven everyone away.”

All of the animals realised this was true and began to feel sad. “So now I realise that there is no more point of the Big Bush Easter Egg Hunt. I will no longer hide eggs for you. This is the last egg hunt”, with that, he slowly, and sadly, hopped off. The animals felt shocked – and guilty. They knew what they must do.

Echidna was set on the ground by the kind vet, Koala beside him. Koala’s leg already looked better, after surgery. Echidna had been kept in a small enclosure whilst Koala was treated. Later, the vet released them both near the highway where she had



found them (but not too near). “The egg hunt will be over”, Koala said sadly. “Let’s go back anyway, just in case”, Echidna said.

When they arrived at Bilby’s burrow, they were astonished at what they could see.

They were in the middle of the festival. Around Bilby’s burrow, fun was everywhere. There were games and market stalls all around. Running the festival were Dingo, Wombat, Big Red Kangaroo, Small Grey Wallaby, Platypus and Native Hen, who had seemed so vain and selfish at

the egg hunt. “EASTER GAMES OVER HERE!!” Dingo called. “HEY! Echidna!” Platypus called from an egg-decorating stall. “You found Koala!” Echidna, who used to be so shy, found himself calling back; “YEAH! You should have seen us! There was a car and a human and a...” He darted over to tell Platypus the whole story. Smiling, Koala continued to walk through the festival and soon she found Bilby, sitting on a throne, under a banner which said, ‘Easter King’, weeping with joy.

Now there is a new tradition in the bush for Easter. Echidna, Koala, Bilby, Platypus and their friends organise the great ‘Easter Festival’, to get everyone together for Easter. It is held every year around Bilby’s burrow. Everyone comes to see it together and it is the most fun, the most enjoyable and the most delicious festival in the bush.

*By Alice Bergman  
Year 6, Fahan School  
LOWER SANDY BAY – TAS.  
Teacher: Mrs Ingrid Heather*

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# WE ARE THE CORROBOREE

**Y**EARS ago, back when the noise was smaller and the bush was bigger in Western Australia there lived a small family. A quiet family, a mother, a lovely soft lady who was quiet and caring, a father who was loud and strong and a little child. A girl was called Tirali. Tirali was not a beautiful child but she was beautiful. Her curly hair bounced off her head, her eyes were hazel and looked like she was always laughing. She had the longest eyelashes, she was small, that is true, but she was brave and strong and one day would be a proud fierce woman.

It was the middle of spring, the sky was clear blue, the bottle brush flowers were red in the distance and Magpie mothers spoke to their babies with loud voices. Many animals came out to talk at this time.

Tirali's mum and dad were down by the creek, while Tirali was running through the trees trying to catch butterflies and moths. She jumped over rocks, crawled under logs, climbed trees, and ran through open grounds until she caught the small winged animal. With excitement, she held her hands tight and she peeked in to see the beautiful trapped butterfly; she could see the different colours on the wings.

Blues, yellows, pinks and a lot of red. She opened her hand and the butterfly flew away through the trees until Tirali couldn't see it any more. Tirali watched it go.

It was late and Tirali was heading home. But while she was talking to herself, she heard, while she was walking, some loud thumping, crashing. With curiosity she kneeled down into the bushes to see what it was. She lay down on the soft soil, squeezed through the branches, shoved bushes aside and saw a creature she had never seen before. They were big and gamy, spoke differently and sharply. They wore different clothes, she watched a particular creature chop down a tree — a large tree... an old tree... a home tree. She watched it fall to the ground with a loud thud. She got scared. The animals stopped talking. And she ran away faster and faster toward home. She could not see the familiar trees, she could not hear the familiar birds. She could not see her home. Tirali was lost!

Her mother looked for her.

Her father looked for her.

The animals, at night, looked out for her.

They sat together with friends and they looked for her.

For a long time the family walked together looking under logs, and looking under rocks. Tirali was gone. The hopes, the noises in the trees were perhaps Tirali, the sounds of small animals running might be Tirali. Everything was a hope of Tirali but nothing was.

The large strange creatures came and cut down more trees, they built houses and dug roads.

Until one day, everyone forgot Tirali ever lived.

By **Marie Morrison**  
Year 9, SMYL Community College  
FREMANTLE – WA  
Teacher: Rebecca Varian



Illustration by Marie Morrison, SMYL Community College, Fremantle

# 2021

# 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](http://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](http://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*

**2020**





# 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](http://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](http://www.elisehurst.com)

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

**2020**



*Awarded to*

**Fu Liu**

*Chatswood High School, NSW*

**'A Girl Looking Out a Window'**



2020 Young Australian Art Awards

**Commonwealth  
Bank Art Award**

Painting – Senior



**Commonwealth**Bank

Awarded to

**Saoirse Torr**

Bunbury Senior High School, WA

*'Social Distancing'*

2020 Young Australian Art Awards

**Commonwealth  
Bank Art Award**

Painting – Middle

**Commonwealth** Bank



Awarded to

**Micaela Xerri**

Strathmore Secondary College, Vic.

*'Still Life Rustica'*



2020 Young Australian Art Awards  
**Commonwealth Bank  
Art Award**

Painting – Junior (Joint Winner)



**Commonwealth**Bank

Awarded to

**Charlize Godden**

Beerburrum State School, Qld.

*'Beachscape'*



2020 Young Australian Art Awards

**Commonwealth Bank  
Art Award**

Painting – Junior (Joint Winner)



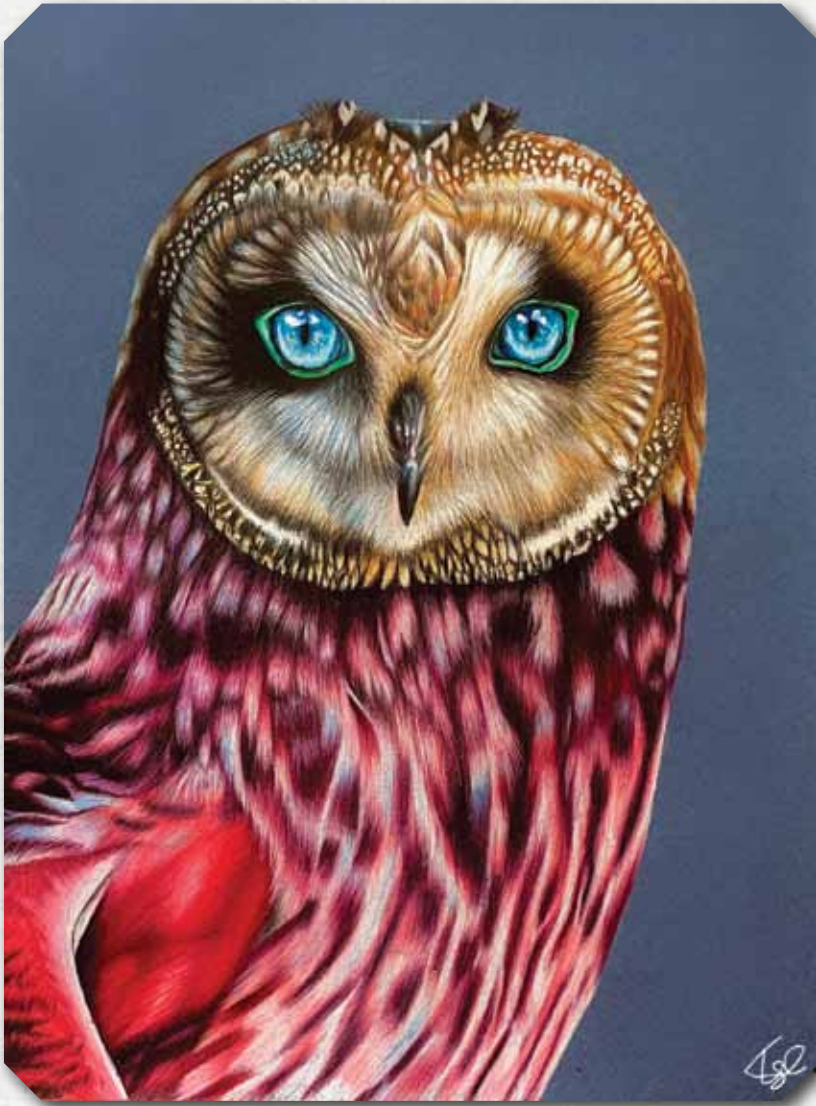
**Commonwealth**Bank

Awarded to

**Joanna Wu**

Hornsby South Public School, NSW

*'The Drunken Beauty'*



2020 Young Australian Art Awards

**Bic Australia  
Art Award**

**Drawing – Senior**



Awarded to

**Tiarn Garland**

Ravenswood, NSW

*'Watchful Eyes'*

2020 Young Australian Art Awards

**Bic Australia  
Art Award**

**Drawing – Middle (Joint Winner)**



Awarded to

**Lillian Li**

Lindfield Public School, NSW

*'Strawberry'*



2020 Young Australian Art Awards

# Bic Australia Art Award

Drawing – Middle (Joint Winner)



Awarded to

**Olivia Offwood**

Oxford Falls Grammar School, NSW

**'Chimpanzee'**



2020 Young Australian Art Awards

# Bic Australia Art Award

Drawing – Junior



Awarded to

**Angela Deng**

Sky Art School, NSW

**'Cat'**



2020 Young Australian Art Awards  
**Dymock's Camberwell  
Art Award**  
Computer Art – Senior (Joint Winner)

**DYMOCKS**  
FOR BOOKLOVERS

Awarded to  
**Sarah Hiscocks**  
NBSC Mackellar, NSW  
*'Magical Wizard'*

2020 Young Australian Art Awards  
**Dymock's Camberwell  
Art Award**  
Computer Art – Senior (Joint Winner)

**DYMOCKS**  
FOR BOOKLOVERS

Awarded to  
**Monique Zampogna**  
Southern River College, WA  
*'A Tribute'*



2020 Young Australian Art Awards

## Dymock's Camberwell

### Art Award

Computer Art – Middle

**DYMOCKS**  
FOR BOOKLOVERS

Awarded to

**Allie Bourke**

Bunbury Senior High School, WA

*'Nightingale'*



2020 Young Australian Art Awards

## Dymock's Camberwell

### Art Award

Computer Art – Junior

**DYMOCKS**  
FOR BOOKLOVERS

Awarded to

**Olivia Shimada**

Anzac Park Public School, NSW

*'Entering a Magical World'*





2020 Young Australian Art Awards  
**Lions Club Art Award**  
Photography – Senior



Awarded to  
**Hayley Thompson**  
Victorian College of the Arts Secondary School, Vic.  
*'Adventures of Alice'*



2020 Young Australian Art Awards  
**Lions Club Art Award**  
Photography – Middle (Joint Winner)



Awarded to  
**Thomas Walsh**  
John XXIII College, WA  
*'Eye to Eye'*

2020 Young Australian Art Awards

**Lions Club Art Award**  
Photography – Middle (Joint Winner)

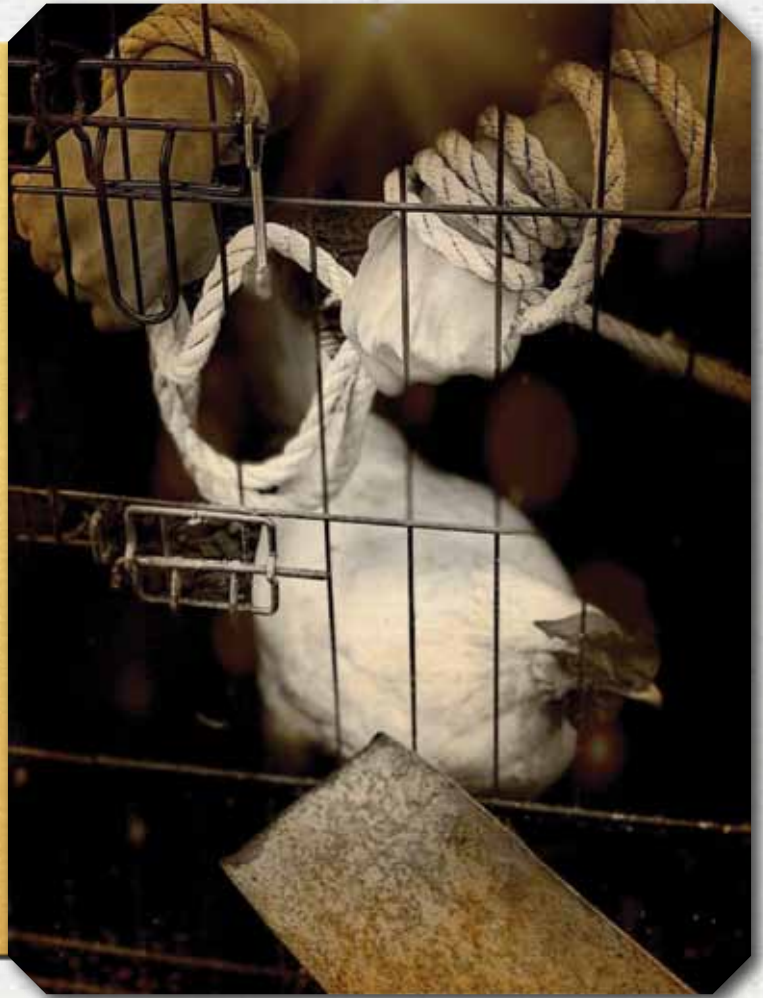


Awarded to

**Jaime Clarke**

William Clarke College, NSW

*'Slavery'*



2020 Young Australian Art Awards

**Lions Club Art Award**

Photography – Junior



Awarded to

**Saheli Elgiriya Withanage**

Hume Anglican Grammar, Vic.

*'Let me go...'*



2020 Young Australian Art Awards  
*Judge's Choice Award*

## **Elise Hurst Art Award**

*Awarded to*

**Jessica Macquarie**

*Bunbury Senior High School, WA*

**'Jessasaurus'**



2020 Young Australian Art Awards  
*Judge's Choice Award*

## **Marjory Gardner Art Award**

*Awarded to*

**Tarni McCosker**

*Ormiston College, Qld.*

**'Nanna'**

2020 Young Australian Art Awards  
*Judge's Choice Award*

## **Marc McBride Art Award**

*Awarded to*

**Jessica Zhang**

*Pacific Hills Christian School, NSW*

**'Masque of the Red Death'**



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

**2020**



2020 Young Australian Art Awards

**C.D. Dodd**  
**Indigenous Art Award**



*Awarded to*

**Kiara-Lee Eades**

*Southern River College, WA*

*'My community'*

— Indigenous Art Awards —



2020 Young Australian Art Awards

**Sandfire Resources  
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

**Jacqueline Indich**  
*'Movement in Nature'*

2020 Young Australian Art Awards

**Fortescue Metals  
Indigenous Art Award**



**Fortescue**  
The New Force in Iron Ore

Awarded to

**Aliyah Baluch**  
*'The Butterfly'*



2020 Young Australian Art Awards  
**Sedgman Indigenous  
Art Award**



Awarded to  
**Dyneeka Jones**  
*'Orange Turtle in Water'*



**— Regional Indigenous Art Awards —**



2020 Young Australian Art Awards  
**Fosterville Gold  
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to  
**Lucas Taylor**  
*'My Land'*



2020 Young Australian Art Awards

**Whitehaven Coal  
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

**Shaylee Walford**  
*'The Daintree'*



2020 Young Australian Art Awards

**Pantoro Ltd  
Indigenous Art Award**



**PANTORO**

Awarded to

**Kobi Philbin**  
*'Let's Be Together'*

2020 Young Australian Art Awards



## Capricorn Metals Indigenous Art Award

Awarded to

**Maddison Hibbitt-Murray**  
*'Hunters'*



2020 Young Australian Art Awards



## Metro Mining Indigenous Art Award

Awarded to

**Wayne Indich**  
*'Movement'*



2020 Young Australian Art Awards

## Bardoc Gold Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

**Michael Raines**  
*'The Sting Ray'*







2020 Young Australian Art Awards

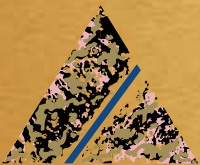
## Altura Mining Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

**Bindi Pickett**  
*'The Lizard'*

2020 Young Australian Art Awards



Saracen

## Saracen Gold Indigenous Art Award

Awarded to

**Luke Raines**  
*'Lizards Family'*



2020 Young Australian Art Awards

## Calidus Resources Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

**Kobi Philbin**  
*'Life After Bush Fire'*





2020 Young Australian Art Awards

**Talisman Mining  
Indigenous Art Award**



**TALISMAN**  
MINING LIMITED

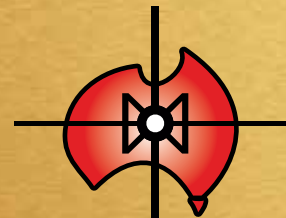
Awarded to

**Chloe Rodney**  
*'The Turtle'*



2020 Young Australian Art Awards

**Central Petroleum  
Indigenous Art Award**



**central**  
petroleum  
LIMITED

Awarded to

**Phoenix Lorbach**  
*'Aunty Beryl'*



2020 Young Australian Art Awards

**Impact Minerals**  
**Indigenous Art Award**

**impact.**  
MINERALS

Awarded to

**Jayda-Leah Reid**  
*'The Green Snake'*

2020 Young Australian Art Awards

**Oz Minerals Ltd**  
**Indigenous Art Award**

**OZ** MINERALS

Awarded to

**Mitchell Rodney**  
*'The Two Turtles'*





2020 Young Australian Art Awards

# Kin Mining Ltd Indigenous Art Award



Awarded to

**Wayne Indich**  
*'Sunrise'*



2020 Young Australian Art Awards

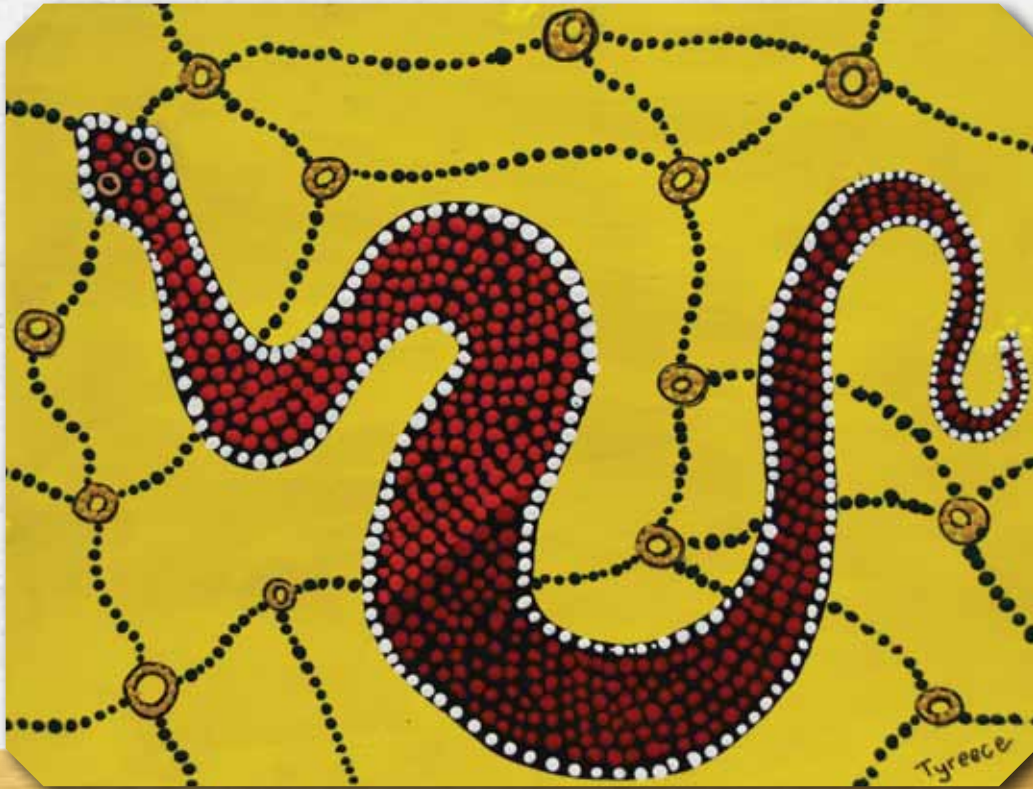
# Talisman Mining Indigenous Art Award



TALISMAN  
MINING LIMITED

Awarded to

**Makayla Annandale**  
*'We Are the  
Messengers of Peace'*



2020 Young Australian Art Awards

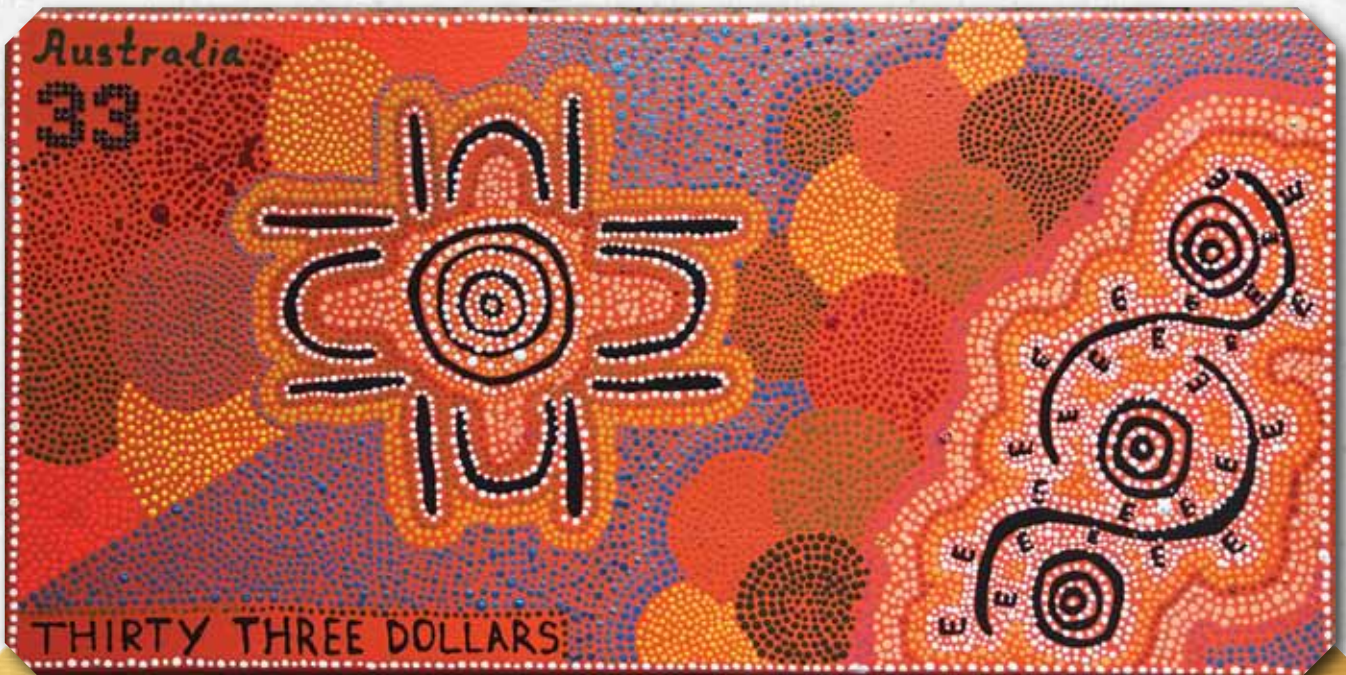
**Ramelius Resources**  
**Indigenous Art Award**

**RAMELIUS**  
RESOURCES



Awarded to

**Tyreece Jackson**  
*'The Red Snake'*



2020 Young Australian Art Awards

**Yancoal Aust. Resources**  
**Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

**Melanie Korolev**  
*'Possum Dreaming  
Future Money'*

2020 Young Australian Art Awards



**Capricorn Metals  
Indigenous  
Art Award**

Awarded to

**Kobi Philbin**

*'The Southern River'*



2020 Young Australian Art Awards

**BCI Minerals  
Indigenous Art Award**



Awarded to

**Mitchell Rodney**

*'The Crab'*



## 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 captancy 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.



# AN AUTHOR VISIT TO YOUR SCHOOL

To improve your students' reading and writing skills, each term a school with a current School Subscription to *Oz Kids in Print* will win a children's Author/Illustrator visit to their school to conduct workshops.

These workshops are designed to encourage even the most reluctant students; they are designed to be both fun and educational. Students who have participated have shown a dramatic improvement in their educational standards.

Your students will be able to have access and mentorship with Australia's leading Children's Authors/Illustrators – one of the many benefits of subscribing to *Oz Kids in Print*.

Websites: [www.ozkids.com.au](http://www.ozkids.com.au) or [www.booksforkids.org.au](http://www.booksforkids.org.au)



Paul Collins



Elise Hurst



Jeni Mawter

## REVIEW OUR LIST OF SOME OF AUSTRALIA'S BEST CHILDREN'S AUTHORS/ILLUSTRATORS

- Paul Collins • Meredith Costain • Anna Ciddor • Jeni Mawter • Krista Bell
- Elise Hurst • Craig Smith • Marjory Gardner • Marc McBride • Anne Spudvilas

PLUS MANY MORE AUTHORS



## YES! Our school would like to subscribe to *Oz Kids in Print*

Please tick the box that most suits your school:

Individual Subscription \$44 (1 copy per quarter)

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### School Details

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Address: .....

Suburb: .....State: .....Postcode: .....

### Contact Person

Name: .....Position: .....Phone: .....

### Payment Details

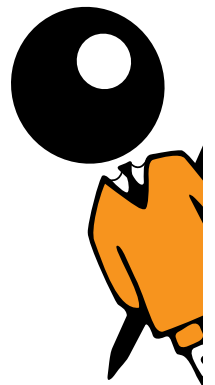
Enclosed is a cheque/money order for: \$ ..... Order Number: .....

### Return Details

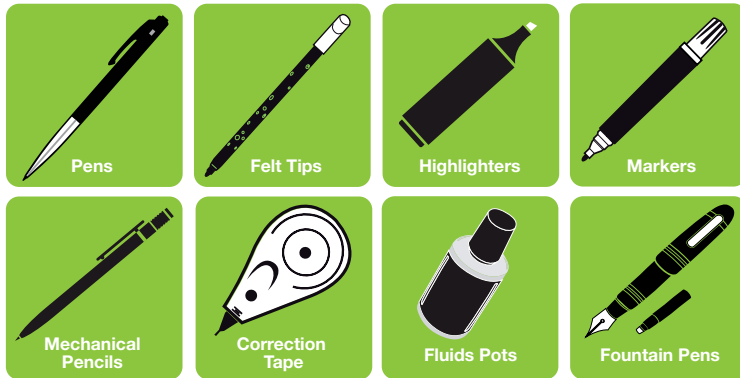
Please mail your remittance with this form to:

**Children's Charity Network, PO Box 267, Lara Vic. 3212**  
ABN 58 109 336 245

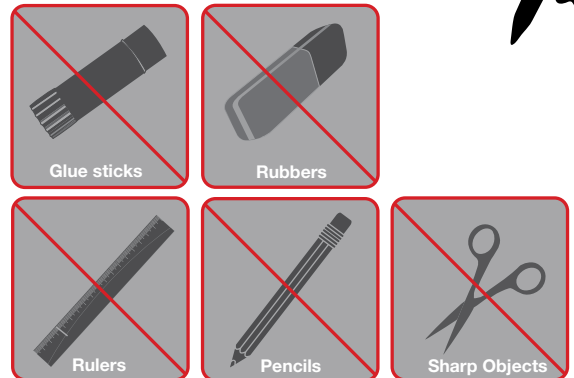
Tel: 03 5282 8950 • Fax: 03 4206 7811 • Email: [rob@ozkids.com.au](mailto:rob@ozkids.com.au) • Website: [www.ozkids.com.au](http://www.ozkids.com.au)



### Accepted waste



### Waste not accepted



1. COLLECT AND SHIP FOR FREE



2. RECYCLE INTO RAW MATERIALS



3. REPURPOSE INTO NEW PRODUCTS



4. EARN POINTS FOR DONATIONS

For more information, visit [terracycle.com/writing-instruments-recycling-au](http://terracycle.com/writing-instruments-recycling-au)

