

*Young  
Australian  
Art &  
Writers'  
Awards  
2008*

*Celebrating the Artistic and Literary Talents of Children*

PROUDLY  
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THE AUSTRALIAN  
GOVERNMENT



# Children's Charity Network

## Creating Chances for Children

Children's Charity Network wishes to extend its gratitude to the following patrons and ambassadors for their contribution and support in 2008:



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Organisation Patron



**Lady Potter AC**  
Young at Art Patron

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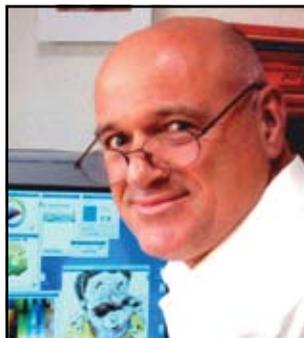


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**Craig Smith**



**Christi Valentine-Anderson**



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# Children's Charity Network

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## *Young Australian Art & Writers' Awards 2008*

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



# Children's Charity Network

## Creating Chances for Children

### Board of Directors' Profiles

#### Associate Professor Margot Hillel OAM

Head of School of Arts & Science (Vic.), Australian Catholic University, Melbourne. She is a Past President of the Children's Book Council of Australia and was Convenor of the Second CBC National Conference held in Melbourne. She has been President of the Victorian branch of the CBC, Judge of the Crichton Award for New Illustrators and Judge of the CBCA Book of the Year Award. She is currently President of the Australasian Children's Literature Association for Research (ACLAR).

#### Dr Elaine Saunders

Elaine is the Chief Executive Officer for Dynamic Hearing, a company specialising in children with learning difficulties. She has extensive committee experience, including chairperson; board experience (graduate member of AICD); responsibility for organisational, HR and fiscal management; relevant experience in audiology and related research areas, and educational advisory roles.

#### Mr Brendan van Maanen

Twenty years experience across seven multinational companies developing brand strategy and managing communications for corporate blue chip, political and member organisations in Australia and Asia. He has been involved in major repositioning and communication campaigns for Shell, NAB, NSW Liberal Party, St. George Bank, Department of Sustainability and Environment, Members Equity Bank and the Department of Human Services to name a few. In recent years he has focused his skills within social marketing and corporate sustainability.

#### Mr Rob Leonard

Twenty-five years experience within the publishing industry including Management and Budgeting, has also been a State Manager for major publishers such as Hodder & Stoughton, Rigby Publishers, Butterworth's Pty Ltd and Harcourt Brace. He was also elected to the City of Croydon Council and spent eight years as a Councillor.

#### Mrs Gail Woods CPA

Gail is a senior partner in the leading eastern suburbs accounting firm BWW Accountants. She has been a senior partner for many years and is on many committees and boards.

### Committee Structure



#### Australian Children's Literary Board

##### Committee Members

- Mr Anthony Marks – Promotions Manager
- Mrs Carol Dick – Managing Editor
- Mr Rob Leonard – Publisher (Chair)
- Ms Leanne Johnstone – Assistant Publisher
- Mr John Cooper – Consultant
- Dr Margot Hillel – Finals Judge
- Mr Frank Jones – Desktop Publishing & Printing
- Mr Graham Johnstone – National Advertising Manager
- Mrs Linda Purcell – Internet Design & Infrastructure

#### Bright Kids Program

##### Committee Members

- Dr John Bench (chair)
- Peter Blamey
- Dr Elaine Saunders
- Louise Bartlett
- Margaret Boyd
- Rob Leonard
- Mina Pastore
- Umesh Sharma
- Betty Brooks
- Yvonne Meyer



#### Young at Art

##### Committee Members

- Mr Craig Smith (Chair)
- Mrs Marjorie Gardner
- Mr Rob Leonard
- Ms Christi Valentine-Anderson
- Mrs Linda Purcell
- Mrs Carol Dick
- Ms Leanne Johnstone





# Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

## A Word from our Organisation Patron

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

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

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

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

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

Mr Geoff Handbury AO  
Patron, Children's Charity Network

## Community Partners



Australian Scholarships Group

SUPPORTING CHILDREN'S EDUCATION



- Bic Australia
- Australian Scholarships Group
- Dymocks
- 3M Australia
- The Five Mile Press
- Qantas Flight Catering
- Perpetual Trustees
- The Percy Baxter Trust
- CAL (Copy Right Agency)
- FRRR Foundation
- Art Warehouse
- Train Trak
- Ikon Images
- Telematics Trust
- Sunshine Foundation
- Marian & EH Flack Trust
- Lord Mayor's Charitable Fund
- Jack Brockhoff Foundation
- James N Kirby Foundation
- Trust Company of Australia
- Sisters of Charity
- Collier Foundation
- William Angliss Charitable Fund
- The Danks Trust
- The Sentinel Foundation
- Melbourne Newsboys Foundation

# Australian Children's Literary Board Introduction



2008 was an important year for the Australian Children's Literary Board. You may have noticed our new look on the cover of our publication *Oz Kids in Print*. We are presenting a new image to our clientele, and we are delivering a new message. We have always been involved in children's literary education, but in our early days, we were only publishers and distributors of literary education programs.

## **Vision:**

To instil the love of reading and writing in the children of Australia, with the aim of enhancing the literary skills of children across Australia.

## **Mission:**

Together with the support of the Australian community and the corporate sector we are aiming to give the children of Australia the opportunity to improve their literary skills to reach their full potential in life.

Our publication *Oz Kids in Print* and Internet site is still increasing in popularity. We are continuously sourcing the corporate sector for their much needed ongoing support.

## **[www.ozkids.com.au](http://www.ozkids.com.au)**

Our refurbished Internet site now attracts over 100,000 visits a year from children. 6,000 of those visits were from overseas countries, and the main reason for the substantial increase in hits is due to all published work being accessible online.

## The Writing, Wings & Words Workshop

*Learn to write with clarity & purpose.*

We have delivered numerous **Writing, Wings & Words** workshops. These workshops are designed to give disadvantaged and at risk children literary workshops in regional and remote areas of Australia. Our vision to hold *Writing, Wings & Words Workshops* throughout Australia is one step closer to coming to fruition. We have been lobbying the Federal Government and have produced a positive outcome; financial support for these programs is not far out of reach if circumstances remain in our favour.

The **Virtuoso Weekend Writing Workshops** were aimed at disadvantaged and at risk children who enjoy reading and writing and want to extend their literary skills by being involved in writing workshops that they could not otherwise access.

The 120 children who attended the first of our many planned workshops were from a broad spectrum of areas. They came from as far as Apollo Bay to Frankston to South Morang to Ashburton to Lower Templestowe to Carrum and Langwarrin. To have disadvantaged and at risk students enthusiastically working from 10am till 4.30pm on the weekend was a tribute to the success of the program, which was designed by co-ordinator Krista Bell.



***Young  
Australian  
Writers'  
Awards  
2008***

# The BIC Australia Young Writer of the Year Award

## 2008

*Awarded to*

### Elizabeth Newell

Year 12, Great Southern Grammar, Albany, WA  
for

### *Shaking Off The Dust*



## *Shaking Off the Dust*



**T**HE SIGN beside the curb is supposed to read "Ruby Road". Years of decay and graffiti have made it look more like "Rusty Rod", which is probably more appropriate; this ruby faded a long time ago.

The only thing new about the street, which was once one of the more up-market in the suburb, is the people living

in the house to the right of us, the Montgomerys. At night, I can hear them talking about moving out. It's rare for any newcomers to last more than a few months.

The people here are a lot like the street they live in: once impressive and tidy, now rendered extremely ordinary by years of neglect and misfortune. But, if you take the time to look very closely, you can still see the potential lying dormant under the defeated exterior, the layer of dust preventing that ruby from shining.

The street stretches for only five houses either side. If you stand at the other end of the street and face the cul de sac,

our house is on the right, three along. Two of the houses on the other side of the road are the Dean and French families, hostile underworld creatures and their disrespectful kids, who are partly responsible for the state of affairs around here.

And then...

There's the small, weatherboard house, right on the end of the cul de sac.

The Logans live there.

The old boy sits in his chair on the verandah with a beer in his hand and hurls abuse at anyone who looks at him wrong. The two boys set fire to letterboxes and scratch cars, and the two girls tell you anything they think might get your attention.

The thing no one seems to understand about the Logans is everything. That's a pity, because people like Max Logan have intensely complex, stunningly beautiful souls, and are definitely worth figuring out.

'What are you thinking about?' he asks suddenly, pulling me out of my thoughts.

He's lying next to me on the front lawn outside my house. Our heads are level, our feet stretched in opposite directions;



## *Shaking Off the Dust (Cont'd)*

I face the road, he faces my house.

I look across at him, but as usual, that layer of dust prevents me from really seeing him.

'That stupid English assignment,' I tell him, looking back up at the stars.

'The one where we have to write something about where we live?'

'Yeah.'

I feel him shrug. 'Don't know what anyone'd write about here,' he mutters. 'Something that'd need to be censored, I'll bet.'

His bottle of Vanilla Coke floats into view and I take it off him, having a mouthful and handing it back.

'I was kind of thinking about your lot, actually.'

He snuffs a laugh. 'Sure you were.'

I wrinkle my nose at the black sky. No, it's blacker than black, the kind of black that makes it impossible for me to tell where it ends, impossible for me to believe it ends at all. Then there's the stars, like someone's put holes in the sky for the angels to look through.

The stars-and-coke thing is kind of a ritual me and Max started a few months ago. We usually do it after dinner, when it's dark enough, but summer's coming around and lately it's either been too hot or too cloudy to bother. We still see each other at school, and it didn't take me long to work out his problem: people tell him he's worthless. A lot. And if you hear something like that often enough, you start believing it.

Max is beginning to believe. I hate it.

'I started work on another thing yesterday,' he mumbles, like it doesn't matter in the slightest. But I know when he says 'thing', he means a picture, a painting.

'Oh, yeah? That's good.'

I can tell he's about to say something else, but a new voice cuts him off.

'What are you two doing?'

Max sighs and I lift my head, even though I know who it'll be.

Kyle Dean. The youngest boy in the Dean family, and the most troublesome, has brought his dusty, scratched BMX bike to a halt at the curb, and he's got this half-frown, half-sneer on his stupid face. I sit up properly and brace myself. The Dean and Logan families hate each other on principle. This is a very big problem, and I'm sitting in the middle of it.

A lick of blonde hair falls from underneath Kyle's cap, which he's twisted to the side slightly. His shirt hangs off his wiry frame like a sack and his sneakers aren't laced up. He thinks he's cool. I think he needs a kick up the bum.

'You do that like, every night. What's it all about?'

Tension makes the air thin, takes all the oxygen out of it, makes it difficult to breathe. 'We're not doing anything,' I tell him, as calmly as I can.

'Yes you are.'

Another breath. I can practically hear Max swearing at him in his head.

'So what if we are?'

'I wanna know.'

Max sits up now, twisting to look at him with that Logan look on his face. The look that usually precedes an explosion or a brawl. It darkens his eyes and creases his forehead, and it makes you feel two inches tall.

'We're just looking at the stars,' I say.

'No you're not,' Kyle says, and he almost seems confused. 'You're not looking at something, you're looking for something. What?'

His sneer grows. 'Aliens?'

'Go play in traffic, Dean,' Max growls, glaring.

'Think I'll take your sisters with me,' he replies, the sneer growing. 'Give them another story they could tell everybody.'

Shock and apprehension drops through me like a stone.

You don't say something bad about a Logan to another Logan. You just don't.

Max scrambles to his feet and lunges at him.

'Max!'

He doesn't hear me; he's already let his hatred possess him. He kicks Kyle's bike out of the way and grabs him by the collar, face twisted in anger, the dark menace in his eyes visible even to me.

'Let go!' Kyle shouts, kicking and scrabbling wildly. 'Get off, let me go!'

Max's other hand scrunches into a fist and panic rises inside me and my mind screams, 'He can't let himself lose control like this!'

My dog, Pikelet, starts scratching at the screen door and barking his head off.

Any second now Mr Dean's gonna come screaming out of that damn house across the road and we're all done for.

Hundreds of horrible scenarios run through my head in a second, but I know Max'll only hit him once. He only needs—

'MAX LOGAN!'

Everything just stops.

Max's face drops into nothingness, and his head turns very

## Shaking Off the Dust (Cont'd)

slowly to look behind me, his hand still fixed tightly around Kyle's collar. I can imagine my Mum standing, hands on hips, at the edge of the verandah.

'You put him down this instant, young man!'

Max hesitates. I feel my face heat up. I think I'd rather watch Kyle get flattened...

'Now.'

I sigh. 'Mum—'

'Don't you dare.'

She's more than furious.

Max fixes me with his intense green eyes and I grimace. His face retains some of its anger as he turns back to Kyle and shoves him hard; he skids to the footpath, hat crooked.

'Go home,' Max tells him, through gritted teeth.

He scrambles to his feet and runs over to his bike; I can hear him peddling away as I stand and finally turn to the house.

Mum was pretty once. Now she's just tired. She looks like she's trying to remember where Dad keeps the axe.

She doesn't take her eyes off Max as she says, 'Jocelyn, get inside.'

Sure. Until I have to come back out and wash the blood off the sidewalk.

'But—'

'Jocelyn!'

Another sigh. There's no point arguing with her.

I turn slightly and mumble, 'See you later, Max.'

He nods, somehow managing to look guilty and miserable at the same time. 'See you, Joss.'

I don't look at Mum as I scuff past her and into the house.

★ ★ ★

'Mum banished you?'

'Yeah.'

'As in, she actually forbade you from setting foot on our property?'

He chuckles. 'Yeah.'

'It's like the middle ages... Well, just come around the back, jump the fence.'

'Are you suggesting there's something wrong with my lawn?'

I wriggle in my spot, lying next to him properly. 'Well, it's a little more dead than ours...'

'I thought your mum was gonna blow a gasket or something.'

'I thought you were going to blow a gasket or something.'

'Yeah...' he mumbles, clearly ashamed. 'I reckon daddy Dean's due over here any day to give me lip about that.'

As he takes a swig of Coke, worry twists my stomach. I can just imagine this whole thing becoming one of those nightmarish family feuds that never end until something insanely bad happens. Nothing's happened yet, but it's only been a day; you can't be too optimistic.

'I can't believe that kid,' Max mutters, clearly stuck on the topic.

'Yeah,' I joke, trying to lighten the mood, 'what are you looking for, Max?'

He sighs. 'Something better than this.'

'Gee, thanks...'

He elbows me lightly and I smile; the Logan equivalent of a hug.

And then a scream completely ruins the moment.

We sit bolt upright and look at each other.

Another scream follows the first and I realise who it is at the same time he does.

'Rachel!' we chorus, and jump up.



We bolt around the side of his house, vault over the gate and come into the backyard, skidding to a halt, looking around wildly. Looking for Rachel, Max's little sister.

'Rachel!' Max yells, jogging into the centre of the yard, me following.

Upturned chairs, weeds, a fallen apart garden shed, a broken down lawn mower, books and toys...

No sign of her.

Panic rises, threatening to engulf us. We're thinking the same thing, I can tell by the look on Max's face. We're thinking about the bitter concept of revenge. About Kyle being the youngest. About Rachel being the youngest.

'Rachel!' Max yells again.



## *Shaking Off the Dust (Cont'd)*

'What?'

We spin around.

And there she is, in all her seven-year-old glory. Perfectly fine.

'What is it? Is it Hannah?'

'What?' She shakes her little blonde head. 'No. It was me.'

Tension gradually replaces the panic, like it seems to be doing a lot lately.

'Well, what's wrong?' Max asks.

'Oh, nothing. I need someone to tie my shoelace, see?' She sticks out her foot. 'So I screamed. I knew if I did, someone would come.'

Max lets out a deep sigh.

I crouch in front of her and put her foot on my knee, doing up the lace before Max can respond. My heart falls back into a normal rhythm. I want to shake her and scream at her, and so does Max, but I settle for cutting off the circulation to her toes.

'That is not cool,' he says. 'You scared us.'

'Sorry.'

She obviously wasn't. She had no idea about what we were thinking and feeling just a moment ago.

★ ★ ★

Three days pass. Mr Logan found a hole in their roof, went nuts, and realised it was just a possum. Nothing happened. By now, Saturday, Mum can tolerate Max's presence in front of our house and we've fooled ourselves into thinking it will all blow over. We deliberately don't talk about it.

But we're stuck for material. And I don't want to talk about it.

He hands me his bottle of – 'What is this? You bought lemonade?'

'I know. Not very traditional of me, is it?'

'No.'

Silence passes for a few seconds.

My mind wanders off on a tangent, and I ask, 'What do you think love is?'

He twists to look at me. 'Huh?'

'Seriously. I mean, being in love. You hear all this stuff, about time freezing, and... the whole world stopping' – I wave my hands in the air theatrically – 'but it's like, so hard to define.'

He settles back down. 'Impossible to define.'

'Yeah.'

I hoped it'd generate more conversation than –

'I don't think it's so much a matter of the world stopping, as it starting up again.'

I stare at him.

I open my mouth to respond, but a scream cuts me off.

A long, loud, piercing scream.

Max's shoulders sag. 'Not again...'

I roll my eyes.

Another scream.

'She won't shut up until you go see what she wants.'

'Won't hurt her to be ignored for once,' he mutters.

'I guess.'

Then we hear it again, so loud and long I half expect to see cracks appear in the sky. And I realise, with a horrible deadening sensation unfurling in the pit of my stomach, that it's a word. A word being screamed.

"Help".

I sit up slowly. 'Max, I don't know if she's being stupid this time...'

He sits up, too, listening, waiting.

'Max! HELP!'

Max looks around, starting to stand. 'Where is it coming from?'

I realise and grab his arm.

'Max, the Deans' house!'

'Oh, no—'

He pulls me up and we bolt across the road, feet pounding on the pavement, before taking the three steps to their verandah in one stride and skidding to a halt. Max smashes the side of his fist into the front door; it shakes and rattles in its frame.

'Kyle! Open the door!'

I run around him, peering through the windows, but the curtains are drawn. My heart pounds and I take a breath.

'I can't see anything.'

He swears, jumping the railing and kicking savagely at the side gate. One hinge breaks, and that's enough; we jump over the rest of it and pelt through the knee-high lawn behind the house, past discarded carpet and old furniture, and Max has started yelling now, calling out for her.

And then we stop.

'Rachel!' Max yells, shocked.

She's sitting in the corner of the al fresco area, the back door to her left and a dirty brick wall to her right. Her nose is bleeding. Kyle's standing next to her, and it doesn't take a genius to work out this is his doing. My main concern, though,

## Shaking Off the Dust (Cont'd)

is the tall boy standing between us and them.

Jason Dean. Kyle's oldest brother.

This is so bad.

'What do you reckon?' Jason asks, jerking his head behind him. 'Red her colour?'

Max's hands are already in fists. 'You're dead, Dean, you're so—'

He steps forward and I reach for him, trying to stop him, either because I don't want to see this or because I don't want him to get hurt, but there is no stopping him. He slams into Jason and they crash into the plastic outdoor setting, knocking over a chair and toppling straight over the table. I run to Rachel, shove Kyle aside and pick her up.

Max's head whacks into the wall, where she'd been not a second ago. Jason is on top of him in the next second.

I step back, trying to get out of the way, and yell at him, 'Leave it, Jason, we'll just go!'

And Kyle's yelling, 'Let him have it, Jace, don't stop now!'

With a vicious kick, Jason steps back for a moment, catching his breath, letting Max stand up. 'I don't need to stop,' he says. 'You're finished already. Go home.'



Max shakes his head. His whole body's trembling, with rage or pain or hatred or some other intense emotion currently tearing his soul to shreds.

'Leave my family alone, Dean, and I'll leave yours alone.'

And he's shaking.

'Make me.'

Shaking off the dust.

'Come on, Logan, make me.'

Trying to shine.

'Max', I plead, 'Let's just go, come on.'

'I'm gone', he mutters.

I stare at him, feeling a surge of pride for my friend.

He wipes his lip, pulls his weight off the wall and scoops Rachel up in his arms. I look at Jason and Kyle, wondering what they'd do, but apparently, they're as stunned as I am. They don't even move, and once we're standing on the other side of the road, I finally realise they're not going to.

Max puts Rachel down and she latches onto his leg, burying her tear-streaked face in his jeans. He rests his bleeding hand on top of her head but doesn't say anything, and then he looks at me. There's a lot of things happening in his eyes.

'Why did you stop like that?' I ask him.

'Because I had your voice in my head, telling me to. So... I did.'

He surprises me slightly. 'Well... that's good. I mean, you did good.'

★ ★ ★

The sound echoes through Ruby Road.

Whack.

Whack.

Whack.

It bounces off the houses, the telegraph poles, makes it sound like the road is going to split in two. We watch from my verandah as Mr Dean hammers a "For Sale" sign into the ground.

'I think we need to have a party', Max says.

I grin. 'I'll bring the food, you bring the fireworks.'

He laughs, takes a swig of lemonade, and hands it to me. When his arm drops back to his side, his fingers brush mine, but he doesn't move them. When I look at him, I can finally see him. And now I do, I think I feel the ground move underneath me. The world's finally starting up again.

Mum comes outside and trudges across the lawn to get the mail, and once she's halfway there, she stops and turns to look at us. Max gives her a big, cheesy grin. The little red fire extinguisher under the letter box gleams in the sunlight.

Inside, I can hear Pikelet dissolve into a sneezing fit.

Must be all the dust we've got floating around these days.

*By Elizabeth Newell  
Year 12  
Great Southern Grammar  
ALBANY - WA*

2008 Young Australian Writers Awards

## Dymocks Literary Award

### Short Story – Senior

Awarded to

**Gemma Larsen**

Suncoast Christian College, Woombye, Qld.  
for  
*Dusk*

**DYMOCKS**  
BOOKSELLERS

## *Dusk*

THE sun's wavering, orange fingertips caressed the land as they slowly withdrew, creating a textbook mixture of pink and crimson hues, and allowing the slow, but sure appearance of the looming night's stars. Granddad sat in his old wooden chair next to me, and I in mine, next to him. His face was etched with smooth, sagging lines that regardless of his old age, shone with wisdom. Every afternoon, just before the land was swallowed into darkness, Granddad and I would sit while I questioned, and he answered.

On Monday I heard a teenage girl repeatedly muttering convincingly to herself, "While I may be ugly on the outside, I am beautiful on the inside". As dusk fell on the day, I asked Granddad, "What is beauty on the inside?". With the usual warming smile he gently closed his eyes and answered, "A person's heart beats to give life to their body, inner beauty occurs only when their heart also beats for the life of others. A heart of love and of compassion, a heart of tenderness and of care, a heart of subtle elegance that is open to be shared with those who needily crave it". His eyes slowly opened, and his smile began to fade as he said, "It is something to wish for".

On Tuesday I saw a woman crying on her front step, with a plain, golden ring on the ground next to her. As the sun began to shrink I asked Granddad, "Why do people hurt the ones who love them?". Again he smiled and closed his eyes, while I stared at him patiently, waiting for his answer. "Sometimes we do not mean to cause hurt, or pain, but it is something that has unfortunately attached itself to the very core of life. Sometimes pain is necessary in order to improve, sometimes a little pain is something that can prevent a whole life of it." He opened his eyes and together we looked at what remained of the blood-red sun, and he whispered, "Grief, my son, is not something to fear, it is something to be accepted".

On Wednesday I heard some girls taunting another. I heard her tears and felt her desperation as she ran past me seeking shelter from their insults. When the sun had faded into the distant treetops I asked my Granddad, "Why are we so different?". His smile appeared, accompanied by a slight sigh as he closed his eyes. "We are each our own person because we each care for different things, we each notice different events, we each act to a different rhythm. How would the world be if we all cared for money? What would happen to the trees? How would the world be if we all cared for the animals? Who would care

for ourselves? We may laugh at those who are different, but without this variety, the world would not be balanced." His eyes flickered open and penetrated mine. "There is always something necessary that you cannot manage, but we are different so that there is always someone else who can."

On Thursday I met a priest standing outside his church with a collection of pamphlets. He handed me one and said, "Have faith". That evening, as the star's light began to overpower the sun's, I asked my Granddad, "Why have faith?". Today's smile was more of a chuckle and his crinkled eyes closed with lines of laughter. "Faith is the centre of everything. Some people have religious faith, some have faith in other people, some have faith in products, and some have faith in dreams. Without faith we have nothing to hold on to, humans are fragile, we cannot emotionally, or psychologically support ourselves. So each person finds something they believe to be solid, invincible, it is their life support." His eyes opened and he continued to smile as he said, "But no faith is invincible. If we lose it, yes, we will suffer, but time goes on, and eventually you will too".

On Friday I saw a beggar on the street being abused by a business man, having the words, "It's your own fault you're not a success", thrown at him with disgust. As the sun left the world for another day I asked my Granddad, "Why are some men successful, and some are not?". His customary smile did not appear on his face, instead replaced by a fleeting look of defeat, but his eyes closed nonetheless, and his lips moved as he offered up his answer. "The word success is an example of



## *Dusk (Cont'd.)*

how the world will twist and manipulate in order to achieve its idealistic opinions on fame and wealth. It is often said to describe the person who is promoted or affluent, but everyone, in their own way, is a success. Your success is in your curiosity, your refusal to take anything as it seems, and your knowledge that there is always something else beneath the surface. A beggar's success is in his strength and will to survive another day, it is in the fact that he dares to hope and dream. My success is in my family, but most importantly, it is in you. My success is in the bond we share, and in your faith in me." A tear trickled down his face, and I fought myself profusely so that I would not do the same. I waited patiently for him to open his eyes, to finish his answer with a concluding sentence, but it did not come. His eyes did not open.

For weeks, I did not sit in my chair. I did not see nor hear nor feel anything in the world that surrounded me. I did not notice. I did not care. Until one day, when I saw a small girl holding her granddad's hand, did I feel again. I felt pain and anger, despair and envy. I turned myself away and ambled home, home to my chair. I paused, then sat down and I thought of everything Granddad had told me, of everything we had dreamed of, until the sun and its light began to retreat from the darkening world. And once again, Granddad sat in his old wooden chair next to me, and I in mine, next to him.

*By Gemma Larsen*

*Year 10, Age 14, Suncoast Christian College  
WOOMBYE - QLD.*

*2008 Young Australian Writers Awards*

## **Qantas Flight Catering Literary Award** **Short Story - Junior**

*Awarded to*

**Yohan Schmutz-Leong**

Kelvin Grove State College Junior School, Kelvin Grove, Qld.

for

*A Pirate Tale*



## *A Pirate Tale*

### **I. ME DAD & BLACK TOOTH, THE PIRATE**

My dad went on a sea voyage with a pirate called Black Tooth. The once wicked Black Tooth was terrified of bones and skulls. The flag flying on top of his ship 'Unicorn' is embroidered with the exact replica of his black molar crossed by two fangs instead.

Black Tooth wanted to sail around the world to make a documentary film and to reminisce old tales with his beloved parrot Pitchy Giggle. A few nautical miles from the harbour there was a shipwreck full of bones and skulls. Sometimes these skeletal remains floated up with the waves since Cyclone Larry hit us. Hearing that my dad was collecting data of human bones, Black Tooth knocked on our front door and boomed at my dad, 'Take those bones or walk the plank, me Curly!'. My dad said yes on four conditions. Black Tooth must give up his cutlass and hook. Give his treasure chests to the Children's Charity, ask nicely saying 'please', and call him by his proper name. As a bonus, Black Tooth would receive an artificial hand prothesis. Black Tooth was so chuffed with his new hand that he ripped apart his eye-patch and exclaimed 'Give me a new eye too!'. My dad's friend the surgeon said 'Aye!'. Black Tooth is now waiting for dental treatments and a new name. I suggest 'Captain Smile'.

### **II. ME DAD & BLACK TOOTH: GOLDEN NIGHT AT SEA**

One fine day, me dad and Black Tooth sailed to a shipwreck near an island.

Soon the divers brought up many bones and skulls onto the deck. Me dad labelled them into groups of femurs, tibias, skulls, scapulas, ribs, and vertebrae. Black Tooth was terrified to look at them. His teeth clattered like dancing toy pirates' wooden feet. His face was white as a doll. Then he looked mean, very mean. You might not have thought of someone being mean because they were scared. But it was so. Me dad quickly offered 'Here mate, have some camomile tea!'

Black Tooth calmed down. Then his eyes glittered. Strange, me dad thought. What did that woman put in the tea? Silver sea snails' powder?

Then he saw nuggets the size of dinosaurs' droppings! For the crew has hauled up gold! Quickly, me dad put the gold in a treasure chest with the bones and skulls. Black Tooth slunk away to the other side of the ship.

Now, it was me dad who needed the tea.

## A Pirate Tale (Cont'd.)

### III. ME DAD & BLACK TOOTH AT KNIFE'S EDGE

After hauling up all the gold, me dad and Black Tooth began to sail home. They were eating stale bread on board when the storm raged. The doors flung open. Floor tilted high and low like see-saw in the wild sea. Tables and desks in the room floated out on deck. They had no clue as to what to do.

Black Tooth held onto the treasure chest. He started sobbing like a toddler! He loved gold so much. Alas! The chest was sinking when the tall waves lapped up. Me dad quickly grabbed the knife from Black Tooth's belt, cut a rope and tied the chest onto the steer. Unexpectedly, this stabilised the ship. Soon a port was on the horizon. Black Tooth wiped his nose and said to me dad sternly "You should never play with a sharp object when the floor was slippery and wet!"

### IV. ME DAD & BLACK TOOTH IN A SHANTY TOWN

After the storm, me dad and Black Tooth landed on a shanty town. They washed their hands after burying the treasure chests in the grave yard, and bought lunch with some money. Merchants were selling pistols, swords, and boxes of loot. Me dad bought some paper to write a letter home. He brought John the pigeon with him. Just as he started to write: 'Dear Y...', a fight broke out. Dad saw Black Tooth in Karate Kid style. His opponent was a fierce man. Me dad wondered if Black Tooth was ever not in trouble? Just as the strong man was about to pile a mast on Black Tooth, me dad released John.

He flew to Black Tooth and pecked on his prosthetic hand to the tune of the much loved capstan shanty 'Roll the Wood Pile Down'. The crowd broke into laughter including the fierce man. They all joined in the chorus of 'Rollin', rollin' ..."



### V. ME DAD AND BLACK TOOTH – SIXTY GUN SALUTE

Me dad and Black Tooth dug out the treasure chest they buried in shanty town. They must sail fast to avoid further problems at sea. They were sailing at fifty nodes an hour with soft breeze, and seventy nodes an hour when the wind was hard. They were guided by the stars at night following the Southern Cross. One morning, they thought they saw a line of jewels glimmering on the horizon. But they were cannons when me dad looked through his telescope.

Black Tooth beat his chest and swore as Billy Connolly would! He thought he had to 'walk the plank'.

Me dad said 'No, they are the sixty gun salute for the Mermaid Queen's birthday!'

Black Tooth was all red because he adored the Mermaid Queen. Yet he had just been swearing at her birthday. To make it right, he never used swear words again.

### VI. ME DAD AND BLACK TOOTH SAILING HOME

After ninety days, me dad was very happy to sail home in a perfect sunset setting. His beard had grown bushy and eyes turned red. So red that the 'No red eye' button on the digital camera didn't work on him any more. Some eighty member crew were all playing a game of throwing 'Two-Up' near the starboard when seawater first flooded in. If the rudder broke down, Unicorn would be shipwrecked. Black Tooth turned green. He then let out a cry that cut through dusk before throwing up a stream of brown vomit. The slimy, yucky, stinky and sticky vomit filled the cracks where water was sipping in. This provided an unexpected solution to the problem. But what did Black Tooth eat for lunch?

### VII. ME DAD AND BLACK TOOTH HOMECOMING

The day me dad and Black Tooth returning was drawing near. Me mum and I prepared their favourite food. Pork neck in juniper berry sauce and grilled Stingray in shrimp paste. I know me dad would worry sick about me not keeping warm so I had been wearing socks every night. He would think of me mum and I every day. I must show him me drawings in my visual diary and speak to him about my adventure with me mum while he was sea bound. Next time, I would ask him to take me on board Unicorn.

Now that me dad is off duty from his adventure with an ex-pirate, I will start referring to him as my dad from now on.

*By Yohan Schmutz-Leong  
Grade 4,  
Kelvin Grove State College Junior School  
KELVIN GROVE – QLD.  
Teacher: Principal Judy Thompson*

2008 Young Australian Writers Awards

## The Five Mile Press

### Literary Award

Poetry – Senior

*Awarded to*

**Czenya Cavouras**

Westminster School, Marion, SA  
for

*Paradise*



The Five Mile Press

## Paradise

The dim light spills across the creased bed sheet,  
Suddenly walls of blood red appear,  
An old record springs to life, trumpets sound and play their jolly tunes.  
A contented smile slides across the man's face,  
As he crawls back underneath the sheets.  
Carefully he selects a cigar, and deftly lights it,  
Smoke curling into the air,  
A stick of tobacco protruding from his gold clenched teeth.  
Puff, he shuffles his deck,  
Puff, shuffle, puff, shuffle,  
Meticulously dealing them out on his old leather briefcase,  
His face crinkles with well worn wrinkles.  
A train goes past,  
A gunshot sounds off in the distance,  
A woman screams,  
Thuds echo from the room above.  
Puff, shuffle, puff, shuffle.  
Still he sits contented,  
Dead to the world yet silently smiling,  
In a gangster's paradise.

*By Czenya Cavouras*

*Year 10, Westminster School, MARION – SA*

*Teacher: Ms. Shelda Rathman*

2008 Young Australian Writers Awards

## Percy Baxter Trust Literary Award

Poetry – Junior

*Awarded to*

**Jason Kwok**

Reddam House, Woollahra, NSW  
for

*Comet Hits Jupiter*

**Percy  
Baxter  
Trust**

## Comet Hits Jupiter

### Ten seconds to impact

Flying through the warp of space; a prison with no way out.  
A celestial cage...  
Swirling, curling tails of dust; as if on a thread...  
Spinning for all eternity.

### Nine seconds to impact

Blasting, buffeting and chipping away;  
Blades of ice cut through the darkness.  
Peaceful and tranquil, yet the chaos within...  
Sparkling veils of dust and wind...

### Eight seconds to impact

A tail of grey; a dragon of white spans the entire way  
A ball gliding through the barriers of space and time...  
Floating, wafting like a bag caught in a breeze...  
Serenely bobbing through the black waters of space.

### Seven seconds to impact

A dazzling rock of ice;  
Against a deep, dark blue nightline, framed by stars...  
Spiralling masses of red and white  
As delicate as jasmine petals, curling at the touch...

### Six seconds to impact

Strings of St. Elmo's Fire lap at the sides  
As the shards slide off; like morning dew on a leaf...  
Brilliant flares of orange, against floating clouds of brown.  
Shimmering gossamer threads of dust...

### Five seconds to impact

Dazzling like a diamond ring thrust into the air...  
Only to land in the murky undergrowth...  
Moons of silver bob like apples in water..  
Shielding dazzling eyes of bronze

## Comet Hits Jupiter (Cont'd.)

### Four seconds to impact

Across the tail of the Turquoise Dragon  
Along the neck of the sacred swan...  
The giant ball of murky bronze...  
Around which fair maidens ten and Europa dance.

### Three seconds to impact

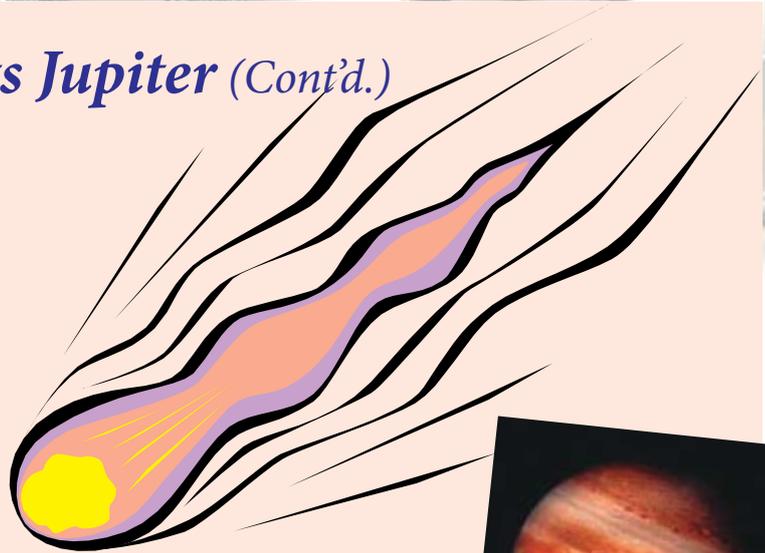
Past the shimmering nexus of stars..  
Through the alignment of the gods  
Winds of fury...  
Scythe the shimmering dust of peace

### Two seconds to impact

Winged comet of Nike heavenly fly...  
Lady of Blue; holding an olive wreath in hand.  
Jupiter, throne of gods...  
Curtain veil of red and gold.

### Impact

Jupiter, son of Cronos; thunderbolts did he wield  
Oh comet of Nike, scabbard so sharp; passed right through,  
Jupiter's anger and Cronos's might;  
Oh where winged lady did thou fly?



By Jason Kwok  
Grade 6  
Reddam House  
WOOLLAHRA – NSW

2008 Young Australian Writers' Awards

## Helen Handbury Achievement Award

Awarded to

**Imogen Whittaker**

MLC, Kew, Vic.  
for

*In Flanders Fields*

## *In Flanders Fields*

**N**AVE'S pen shook violently as he wrote his name down. If the name was illegible, would they allow him into the Army? That would make it easy to decide whether it was right or not. Maybe it would be a blast to go to war; maybe he could come home with the VC, the Victoria Cross. Or maybe 14 years old was just too young. Was Yank pushing his rebellious life too far? Were his parents involved? Did they know?

No, Nave thought, no parent in their right mind would send their youngest son to war. Did it make a difference for the middle child? Did it differ for the order of children? Or was it the age that mattered?

Maybe Fritz and Yank were having second thoughts. What if he died? Would he be a failure?

All those bad thoughts flew away when he stepped out of the application room. A huge crowd of people looked up as he took his first step from the small booth. The applause of the proud citizens overtook his sorrow and replaced it with happiness and delight. What more could he want, other than the pride of his country?

To go home. That's the answer. He wasn't even in the trench yet, but the gunfire shots sent shivers down his spine. Someone's just walked over your grave his mother's voice told him. This was happening too quickly. Second thoughts. Third thoughts. He'd been having them all month. What if-

"Nave? You awake?" a small voice asked into the gloom.

"Fritz? Yeah, I'm awake" Nave replied, "are you o-" BOOM!!! The truck swerved brutally as a small earthquake ricocheted across the land. Wow. If bombs are that strong from thirty kilometres, what would they be like up close? Nave wondered, frightened. "Fritz? You there?" After a moment's pause, Nave panicked. Looking out a window, he could now see the blood and mud of the trenches before him. Could Fritz-

"Yeah, I'm here. Yank?" A murmur of "Yeah" and "I'm good" stopped the worries of the two other boys. Men with moustaches, who were definitely legally here, slept and played cards, right through it. Only the men with cards looked up as the truck cat tailed around. The man who slept had been thrown off his seat, unconscious. With a questioning look at the man down with him, the helper stood up and said, "He's gone" and moved him to the side. One down, 50,000 to go.

"WHY DID YOU DO THIS? You're too young!" as the truck slowed down, an anguished mother's voice wailed into the

## *In Flanders Fields (Cont'd.)*

fading light. "No – Anzy! Don't go! Stay!" Then an older man's voice, probably a father's, flew out like a rough lark. "You need to think, my son. Are you ready for this?" A pause, then "Yes. I am".

"Good luck, then, my son."

A boy, about two years younger than Nave's age stepped up through the door. With a strong Australian accent, though it was hard to understand what he was saying, through his choking voice, he said "Hello". The older men grunted in recognition, whereas Yank and Fritz looked away solemnly. It was Nave who beckoned to the young boy to come from his corner to their area. The boy – Anzac, his name tag read – looked up quizzically. "Come over here. Yes you, Anzac. Come on!" Nave smiled, and Anzac came quietly over to him.

Looking to Nave's eyes, he asked "Am I doing the right thing?"

~

Gunshots fired, bombs landed. Nave panicked.

"More bullets! I'm out of bullets! I need more bullets!" he scrounged around in his pack. "Fritz? Fritz! Bullets!" More bullets were piled into the shaking boy's hands. "Thanks, Fritz!" Firing many more bullets, he saw the men in front of him fall down under a coat of red blood, the English bullets penetrating clothes, skin, even the thick mud, killing the Germans cruelly. How is Anzac? Where are the bombs landing? Nave fretted. Anzac had gone to help throw bombs out onto the intruding Army. Yank was up in front, pushing his way to more land. Nave had fallen behind.

Horror grabbed him. Fear suffocated him. Sadness engulfed him. Yank had fallen. Blood spurted out of a wound to his neck. As the body fell hard on Nave, he screamed for help. For Fritz. For anyone. It was black, all black, but white, nothing. Nothing was there.

~

He woke up in his cabin, a small bandage around his ribs. Fritz and Anzac were surrounding him. No Yank. His heart bled as he remembered his last memory of the boy. If Yank had not been in front, and caught the bullet, Nave would be the one in the coffin. He now regretted enlisting under a fake name, saying he was above age, rather than four years under it. Fritz and Anzac's eyes said what Nave already knew. Yank was gone, far away.

"I'm sorry. But he's gone; he's gone to heaven, away from this war, far away. Nave, he's not here." Fritz was crying, an odd and out-of-ordinary thing for the 14 year old boy.



Two months had passed. Two months of hunger, rations, dying, struggles, horror and fear. More pushes, more bullets, and more killing.

The silvery light of a full moon caught the wire, as the pliers severed it between the barbs. Stupid, Nave thought angrily. They'll get us all killed. Even I know never to go hunting on a full moon. A push with this light? Stupid.

Terror reigned. Screams filled the air, as guns shot straight through the ranks. Fire, blood, snow. Red and white mixing together to give a sickly pink. Germans relentlessly mirrored the movements of the English, shooting, throwing, killing. Thousands of men fell, horns sounded.

The night was November 10, 1918.

They ran, they fought, and they killed. Bodies of men were trampled over to reach the goal. Another stupid metre of land covered. All of a sudden, Nave had pain rip through his body. He fell forward into a crater, fragments of bomb and metal splitting his skin as he dived for cover. Then it was black.

~

He was on fire. He had frostbite. Parts of him burned with heat, others burnt with cold. It was a nightmare. All a nightmare. That was all he could think about. Nave told himself that he was dreaming, a terrible dream. Maybe if he closed his eyes, he would wake up in his bed, in his room, his parents bustling around the downstairs area. If he closed his eyes, maybe he would be okay.

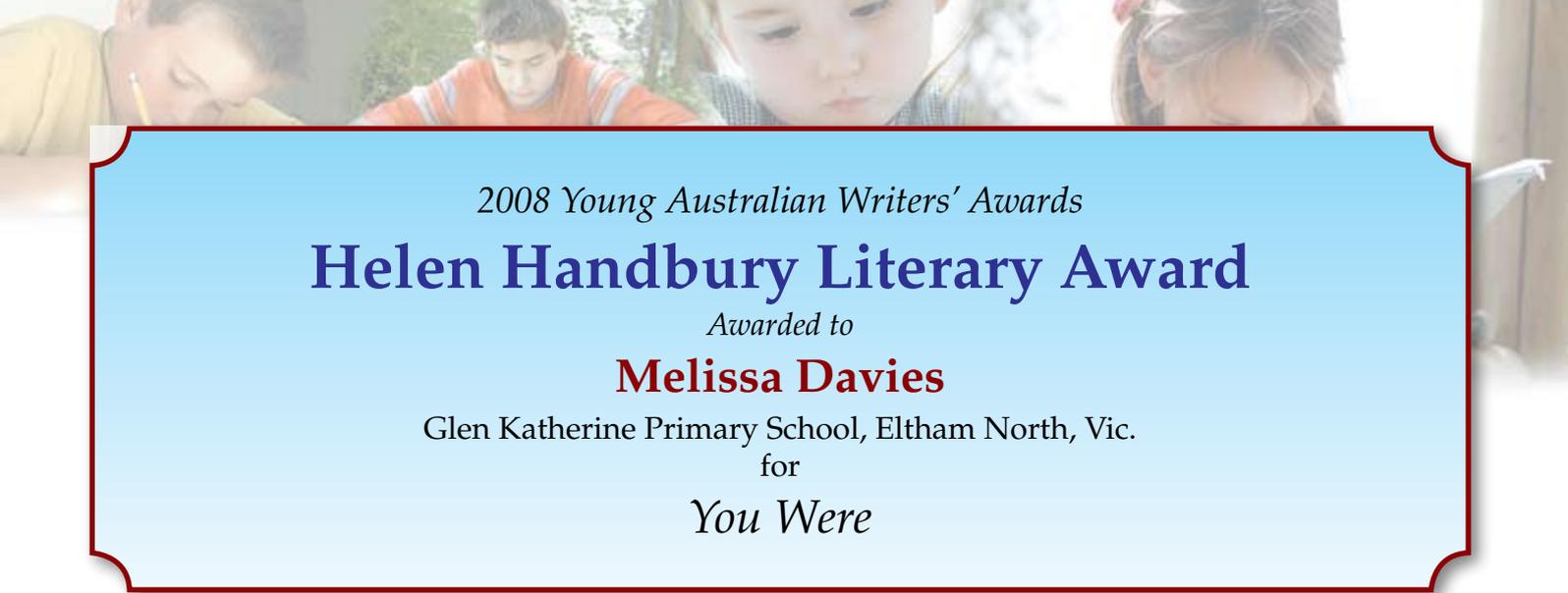
So he closed his eyes.

*In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.  
We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.*

*Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.*

By Lieutenant John Macree, 1872–1918

*By Imogen Whittaker  
Grade 6  
Methodist Ladies' College  
KEW – VIC.  
Teacher: Miss Jo Ryan*



2008 Young Australian Writers' Awards

## Helen Handbury Literary Award

Awarded to

**Melissa Davies**

Glen Katherine Primary School, Eltham North, Vic.

for

*You Were*



### *You Were*

I was,  
So young, I didn't know,  
How someone could just live and grow,  
But end up in a world of doubt,  
Thinking about things not worth worrying about.

You are,  
My poppy, my role model, my soul.  
Even though you're not here, your spirit still shows.  
You were so sick, you couldn't hold on.  
Poppy, you didn't do anything wrong.

She is,  
My mum, she is my Nan,  
They'd search the world to see you again.  
Nanna's got that fountain now, of you and her together.  
And even though it's not easy, Nanna knows you'll live forever.

I am,  
A bit older now, I have grown.  
It's been almost a year; your face still hasn't shown.  
Only pictures will mark your memory.  
Our distance is only temporary.

I hope you know, I'm missing you, because this is a tribute to you.  
I know you're there, I can clearly see.  
I know you're watching over me.  
My wishes are coming true each time.  
That's because I call you, and every time you shine.

The stars are shining brighter each night.  
Because you're with them.

Shine Light,

Shine Bright.

*This poem is dedicated to my Poppa, John Mitchell.*

*By Melissa Davies, Grade 6M, Glen Katherine Primary School, ELTHAM NORTH – VIC. Teacher: Mrs. Marilyn Fordred*

2008 Young Australian Writers Awards

## ASG Poetry Award

Awarded to  
**Isabella Cagnes**

Lane Cove, NSW  
for

*Sea Dragon*



Australian  
Scholarships  
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SUPPORTING CHILDREN'S EDUCATION

### *Sea Dragon*



Like crawling winter waves wash in,  
a gift from endless sea.

Haunting is the ocean's song,  
an endless eerie plea.

Malachite, forbidden depths,  
a sanctuary, bleak.

For reptile of the flowing fins,  
the haven doth he seeks.

The tidal flow shall guide his way,  
so sinuous he glides.

Meandering the shadowed deep,  
down here the sea dragon resides.

Rapid flicker, tail shifts,  
so idly shall he swim.

Golden orbs through murky dark,  
they light the depths, so grim.

Seaweed parts to coiling form,  
as slowly doth he wind.

Translucent are the trailing fins,  
that softly trail behind.

Emerald glow, he'll softly slide,  
those motions such a sync.

The sea dragon, with fins that trail, soft,  
within the depths doth sink.

*By Isabella Cagnes*

*Age 11*

*Lane Cove Public School*

*LANE COVE - NSW*

2008 Young Australian Writers Awards  
**ASG Short Story Award**

Awarded to  
**Sarah Parker**

Heany Park Primary School, Rowville, Vic.  
for  
*Shimmer*



**Australian  
Scholarships  
Group**

SUPPORTING CHILDREN'S EDUCATION

## *Shimmer*

**I**N A clear sparkling pond frogs hopped, dragonflies flew and ducks swam. One particular day, a dragonfly named Rocky said "We should hold a flying race and all the dragonflies should join in". Shimmer told her mother that she didn't want to join in but her mother said that she had to. All that night, while she was tucked up in her little leaf bed, all she thought was "I won't win the race, I won't win the race".

The next morning Shimmer looked in the mirror to wash her wings when she realised that her dark pink and blue stripes were now light coloured stripes. Her usual silver wings had now turned grey. Shimmer was very fond of her colours and was very upset.

Days passed and Shimmer continued to lose her colour. She also continued to tell herself that she wouldn't win the race. On Friday, three days before the race, Shimmer was muttering to herself when the old wise dragonfly flew down beside her. If you are lucky enough to see him, you should make the most of your time spent with him. Shimmer's mouth dropped open. "I see you have been having some troubles with your colours, little Shimmer", whispered the old wise dragonfly. "So all you have to do is believe in yourself." And with that he flew off. Shimmer thought and thought and thought but didn't understand what he meant. A while later she figured it out. "Yes that's it; I have been telling myself that I won't win the race. So that means that I haven't believed in myself", said Shimmer. And that night Shimmer was tucked up in her little leaf bed and this time she was telling herself that she would win the race.

A couple of days later it was the day of the flying race and Shimmer was confident and ready to go. "Ready Set GO", yelled Rocky. Shimmer flew over tree tops and skimmed the waters. At last she could see the faint colour of the finish line. Shimmer looked behind her. Oh no, she could see Rowan the mean dragonfly just an inch from her tail. "He probably cheated", thought Shimmer. She flapped her wings as fast as a beater would mix a chocolate cake. A dragonfly in the audience yelled "Make it a photo finish!". So the dragonfly at the finish line got his camera ready. The photo was extremely close. Shimmer was so determined to

win the race she drew as much strength as she could from the words of the old wise dragonfly that she crossed the finish line first! Whilst at the presentation ceremony, the gleaming gold trophy matched the colours of the gleaming winner.

The End

*By Sarah Parker  
Age 8  
Heany Park Primary  
School,  
ROWVILLE - VIC.*



## **Overview of our Bright Kids Initiative for children who suffer from specific learning disabilities (SLD)**

This program is specially designed for children with learning disabilities. After becoming aware of the lack of government assistance for children with learning disabilities at school age and, more importantly, the lack of understanding throughout the community, the Bright Kids program was commenced in order for our organisation to take the initiative to do something about this issue. A special Award will be presented to children with learning disabilities.

This year a series of initiatives has been designed and has come into effect, under the advice and guidance of our committee. These include the screening and assessment of disadvantaged children who suffer from specific learning disabilities (SLD).

The Specific Learning Disabilities handbook has been released. This publication will be distributed to schools and is also available on the Bright Kids website, [www.brightkids.org.au](http://www.brightkids.org.au).

The Bright Kids objective to fight learning disabilities and promote literacy amongst children whose learning disabilities has gone unrecognised came to fruition with the opportunity to incorporate the Bright Kids project with the existing projects run by the Children's Charity Network. Once the opportunity presented itself to build on promoting literacy and encouraging children who suffer from learning disabilities to develop their literary skills through a series of projects, a new program was launched to directly support those children who suffer from learning disabilities.



### **Aims and objectives**

- Screening and assessments of disadvantaged children, along with the education into the various learning disabilities' conditions and monitoring progress of children from the same age with the same learning disabilities. Putting them through different available programs currently available with other organisations such as SPELD, The Royal Children's Hospital Learning Difficulty Clinic, as well as the services offered through various community health centres, in order to make recommendations to the government about which is the best program available to assist the children.
- Educate kindergarten and primary school teachers to recognise early on the signs of learning disabilities, especially before the child hits school, as government funding is usually only available for children in pre-primary schools as far as speech therapy and psychologists are concerned.
- Raising awareness about an issue not often discussed which needs to be de-stigmatised. Kids that might be labelled as 'dumb' or 'naughty' may in fact just be suffering an improvable condition. A shift in community awareness will go a long way in lifting a child's self-esteem and confidence as their condition is now better understood.
- Lobbying government so children already in school that are diagnosed later than those whose LD is recognised in pre school still have the accesses to the same facilities for free.
- Ensuring better screening is conducted in all kindergartens and childcare centres so children with learning disabilities are quickly identified. Early intervention is crucial for the existing services such as speech therapy, occupational therapy which are already available.
- Further projects to be announced at a later date once they have been given approval from the Bright Kids Committee and the CCN Board.

Our aim is for this pilot program to be tested over a three year period in order to see a real progress in education and monitoring. This will provide adequate time for the Government to develop relevant policies and programs.



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



# 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. Despite the fact that the program is in its third year, 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



### Craig Smith

Craig Smith's warm, exuberant illustrations have delighted children for over twenty-five years. With several award winners to his credit, his titles appear regularly on Children's Choice Award shortlists. Finding humour in domestic, family and school situations, and a fondness for unusual perspectives and energetic characterisation are features of his work.

Craig grew up in South Australia and studied graphic design at the SA School of Art. While his early aim to be a political cartoonist never came to be, he worked at a variety of jobs while building a career as an illustrator. He has now produced over 300 picture books, junior novels and educational readers.

His best known titles include the classics *Whistle Up the Chimney* (winner of the NSW Premier's literary award), *Dreadful David*, *Sister Madge's Book of Nuns* and *Billy the Punk*. Other notable titles include Phil Kettle's *Toocool* series, Paul Jennings' *The Cabbage Patch* series and Rachel Flynn's *I Hate Fridays* series.

Craig lives in Melbourne with Erica. They have grown up children.

Craig's website is at [www.craigsmithillustration.com](http://www.craigsmithillustration.com).



### Marjory Gardner

After studying graphic design at RMIT, Marjory Gardner worked in various design studios before deciding to become a freelance children's book illustrator. Since 1980 she has illustrated a wide range of educational and trade books and magazines, published in

Australia and internationally. Her work is distinctive for its humour, rainbow colours and appealing characters.

Marjory also loves to visit primary schools and libraries to give workshops and presentations, encouraging children to develop their own drawing style. This has taken her from the Northern Territory to Tasmania, and many parts in between. Not only does she love working with children, it is a valuable source of feedback from the audience she illustrates for. Marjory's trade titles include *Playschool: the Blue Book* (ABC Books), *One Little Bunny* and *Three Little Ducks* (Brolly Books).



### Christi Valentine-Anderson

Christi Valentine-Anderson is a graduate of New York University with a dual degree in Physics and Media Studies.

Since 1992 Christi has been a cycling specific Photographer and Journalist.

In 2001 she became the first woman in the world to commentate the live Giro d'Italia and Tour de France, which she continues to do today.

Author of "Phil Anderson Cycling Legend" and mother, is the former wife of Phil Anderson. Among the more interesting hats that she wears is the FELT Dream Team Manager role. This is a team she has developed since 2002 and is comprised of famous road cyclists from the pro peloton.

These professional "roadies" come together to race in the Australian outback for the world's hardest and longest mountain bike stage race, namely, "The Crocodile Trophy" each October.

Aside from juggling cycling commitments, Christi runs a Brahman & Brangus stud farm in Victoria called "Valentine's Brahman Stud".

She is an avid animal lover and horse rider. Christi competes in Rally Racing as well as the odd running event. Mostly however, Christi has passion for her family, her animals and a healthy energy for all types of sport and competition.

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

**2008**

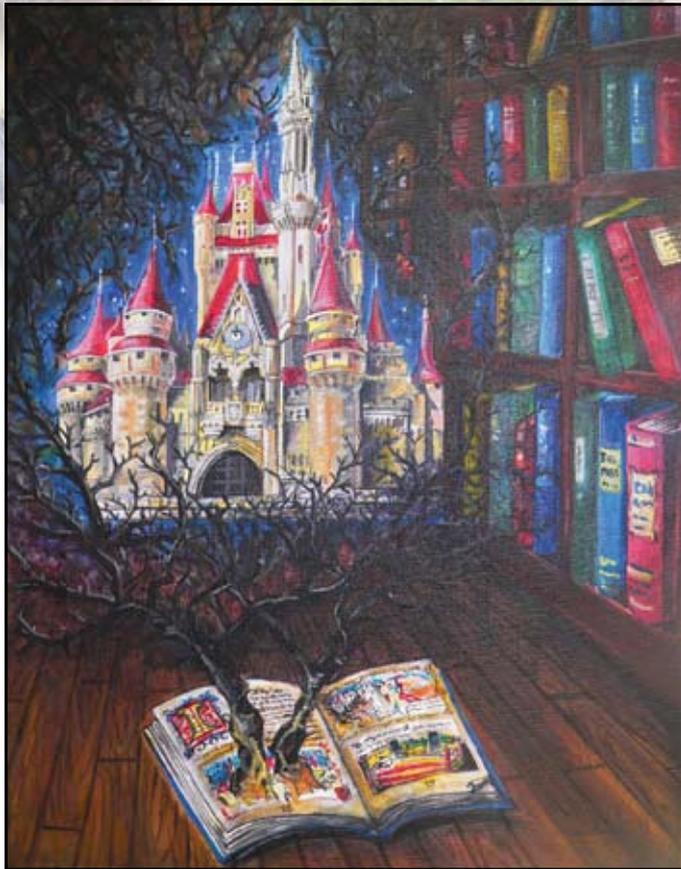
*Awarded to*

**Den L. Scheer**

Northam Senior High School, WA

*'Society's Puppet'*





2008 Young Australian Art Awards

**Sentinel  
Foundation  
Art Award**  
Painting – Senior

*Awarded to*

**Jane Lee**

Varsity College, Qld.

*'Bewitching Time'*

**RACV**

2008 Young Australian Art Awards

**RACV Club Art Award**  
Painting – Middle

*Awarded to*

**Yoshni  
Chandra**

Peakhurst West  
Public School, NSW

*'Autumn  
Stream'*



2008 Young Australian  
Art Awards

## ASG Art Award

Painting – Junior



Australian  
Scholarships  
Group

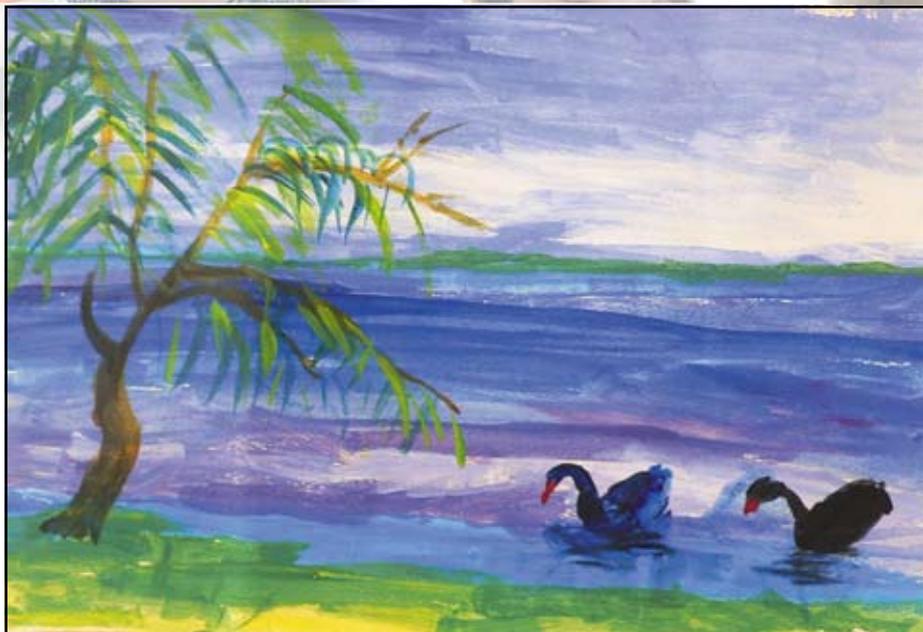
SUPPORTING CHILDREN'S EDUCATION

Awarded to

**Megha Sheth**

St. John's School, Scarborough, WA

*'Swan on the Lake'*

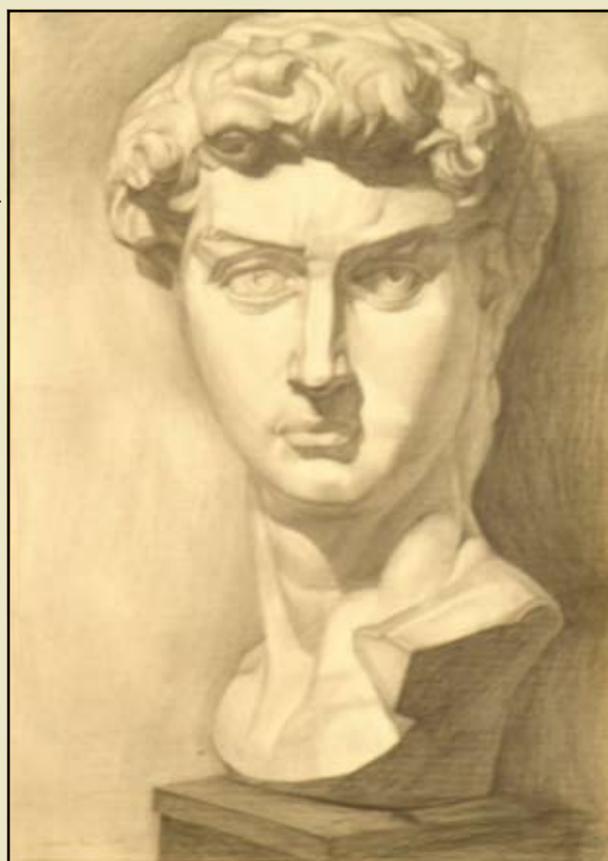
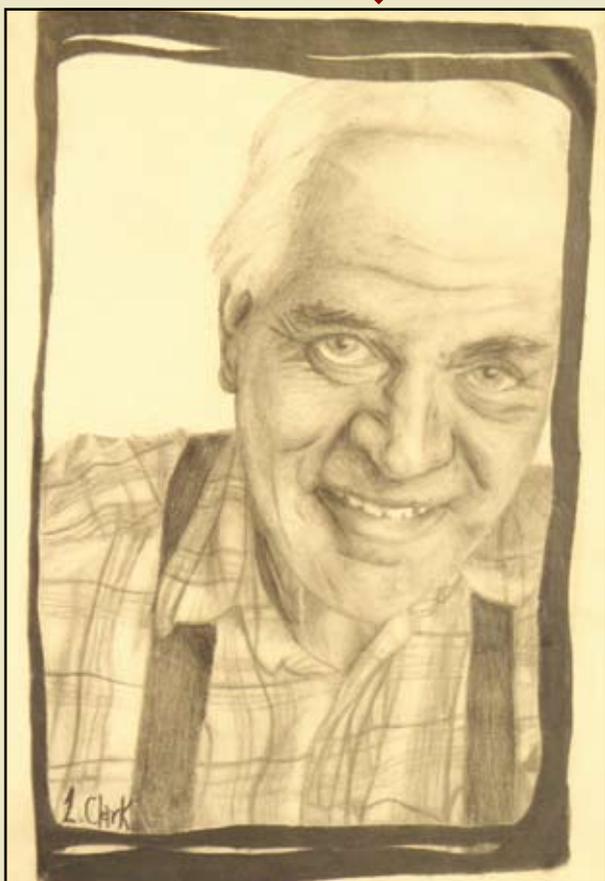


2008 Young Australian Art Awards

## Bic Australia Art Award

Drawing – Senior

**JOINT WINNERS**



**Naomi Biying Pan**

North Sydney Girls' High School, NSW

*'To Sculpt a Face'*

**Loralee Newitt**

Ulverstone High School, Tas.

*'My Pa'*



2008 Young Australian Art Awards

# Percy Baxter Trust Art Award

Drawing – Middle

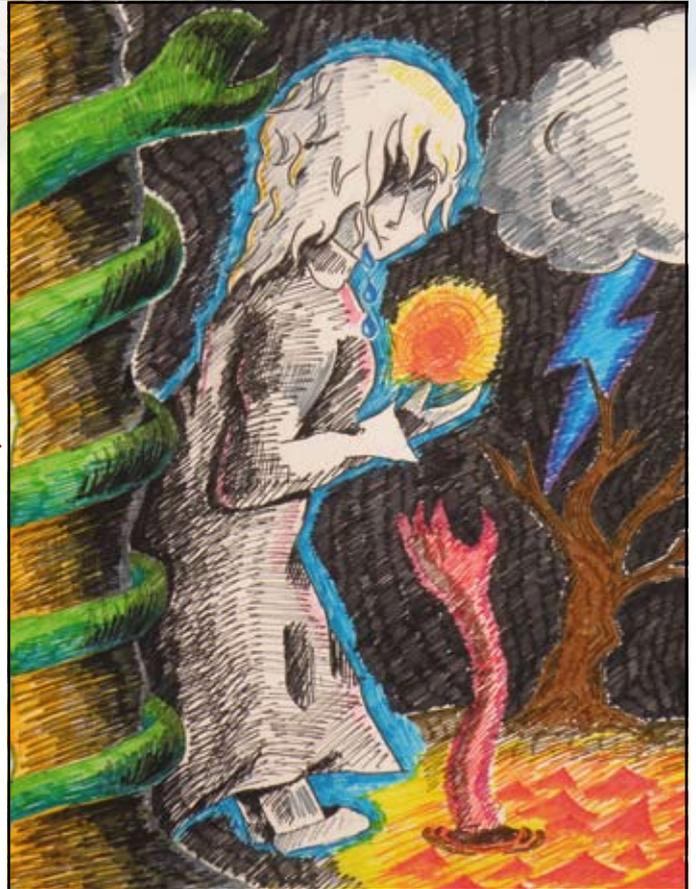
**Percy Baxter  
Trust**

*Awarded to*

**Cedric Luk**

Wesley College, Vic.

*'Tears of Memory II'*



2008 Young Australian Art Awards

# ASG Art Award

Drawing – Junior



Australian  
Scholarships  
Group

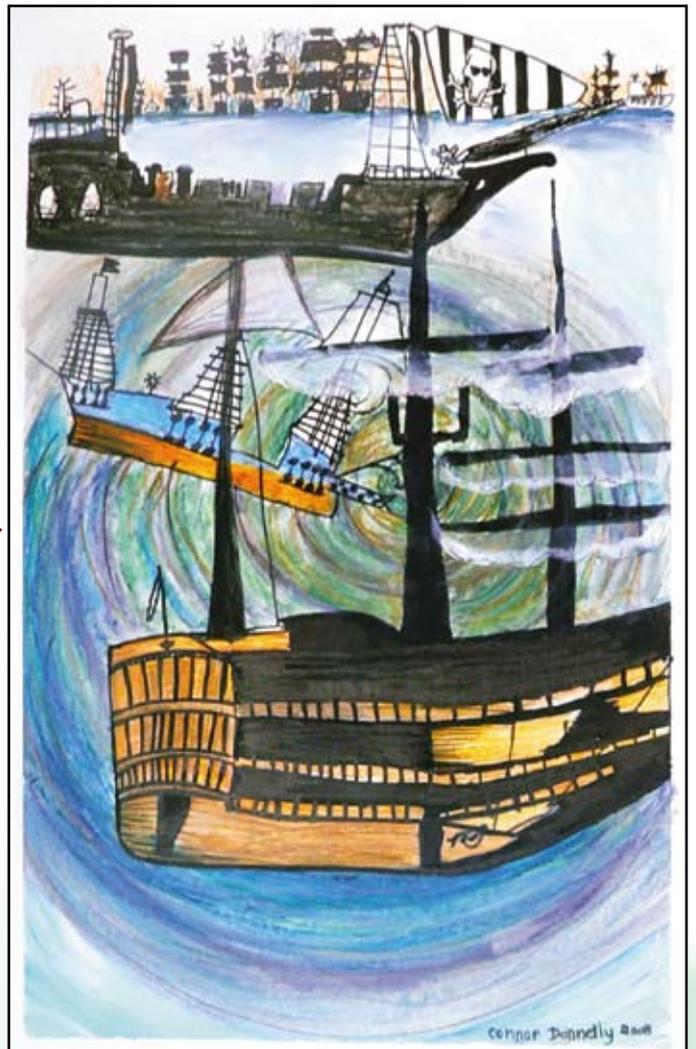
SUPPORTING CHILDREN'S EDUCATION

*Awarded to*

**Connor Donnelly**

Caboolture State School, Qld.

*'The Final Epic Battle:  
The Maelstrom'*



2008 Young Australian Art Awards  
**Ukonekt Art Award**

Computer Art – Senior

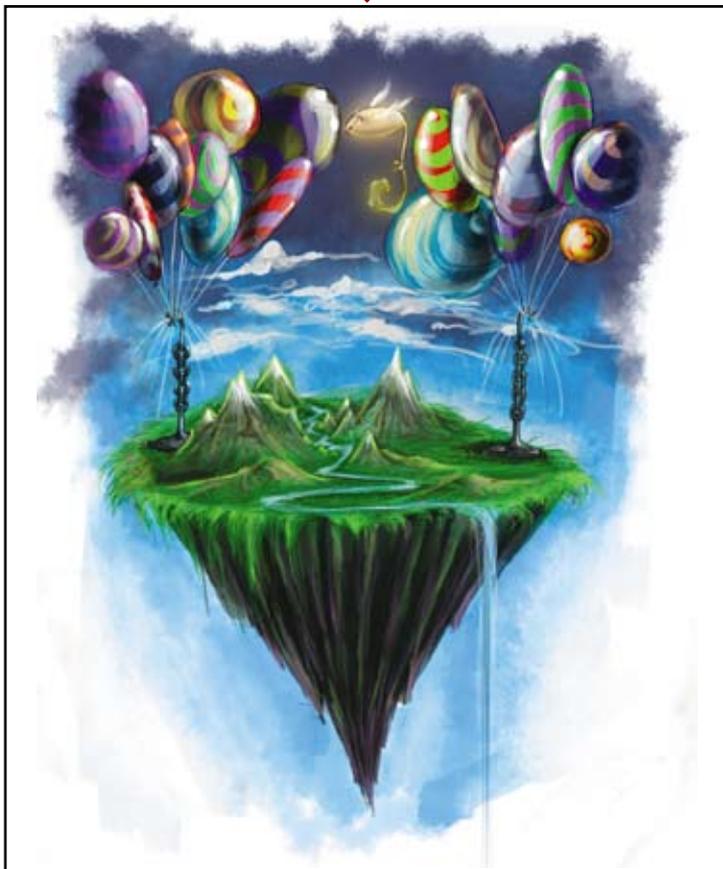


Awarded to

**Susan Li**

Hornsby Girls' High School, NSW

*'Dreamland'*



2008 Young Australian Art Awards  
**Perpetual Trust Art Award**

Computer Art – Middle



Awarded to

**Aanah Nakao**

Lindisfarne Anglican Grammar School, NSW

*'Let's Do the Time Warp Again'*



2008 Young Australian Art Awards



**ASG Art Award**

Computer Art – Junior

Awarded to

**Bridget Green**

Lindisfarne Anglican Grammar School, NSW

*'I'm Thinking'*





2008 Young Australian Art Awards



TRAIN  
TRAK

**Train Trak  
Art Award**  
Photography – Senior

*Awarded to*

**Lauren Basser**

The King David School, Vic.

*'Fishermen'*

2008 Young Australian Art Awards

**Trust Company  
Art Award**

Photography – Middle

*Awarded to*

**Daisy Goodwin**

Lindisfarne Anglican  
Grammar School, NSW

*'Fire Twirls'*



2008 Young Australian Art Awards

**ASG Art Award**

Photography – Junior



Australian  
Scholarships  
Group

SUPPORTING CHILDREN'S EDUCATION

*Awarded to*

**Alison Ommundson**

Arndell Anglican College, Qld.

*'Home Before the Storm'*

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