

Young Australian Art & Writers' Awards 2009



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Den L. Scheer

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Celebrating the Artistic and Literary Talents of Children



Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

Children's Charity Network wishes to extend its gratitude to the following patrons and ambassadors for their contribution and support in 2009:



Geoff Handbury AO
Organisation Patron

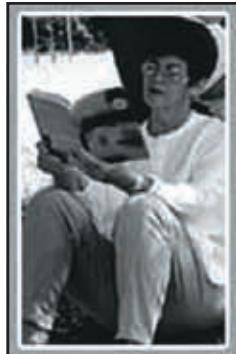


Lady Potter AC
Young at Art Patron

Ambassadors

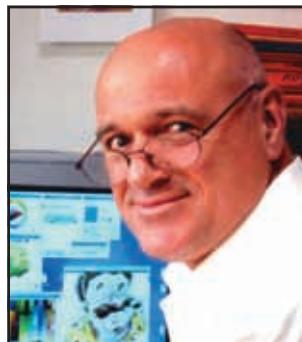


Krista Bell



Lorraine Wilson

Young at Art Selection Committee



Craig Smith



Anna Ciddor



Meredith Costain



Christi Valentine-Anderson



Marjory Gardner



Paul Collins



Libby Hathorn



Children's Charity Network

Creating Chances for Children

Young Australian Art & Writers' Awards 2009

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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

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 CBC 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.

Professor Peter Blamey PhD

Is the Assistant Director of The Bionic Ear Institute, from 2009. Director America Hears Inc, from 2008. Advisor Dynamic Hearing Pty Ltd, from 2008. Managing Director Australia Hears Pty Ltd, from 2007. Professorial Fellow in the Department of Otolaryngology The University of Melbourne, from 2002. He is a Graduate of Australian Institute of Company Directors.

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
- Professor Margot Hillel OAM – 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

- Prof Peter Blamey (chair)
- Dr Elaine Saunders
- Louise Bartlett
- Rob Leonard
- Peter Strong
- Umesh Sharma
- Andrew Aston
- Neelam Nirjanan
- Rebecca Quinn



Young at Art

Committee Members

- Mr Craig Smith (Chair), Judge
- Mrs Marjorie Gardner, Judge
- Ms Christi Valentine-Anderson, Judge
- Mr Rob Leonard
- 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



TRAIN
TRAK



The Five Mile Press

Perpetual
3M



- 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



2009 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

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

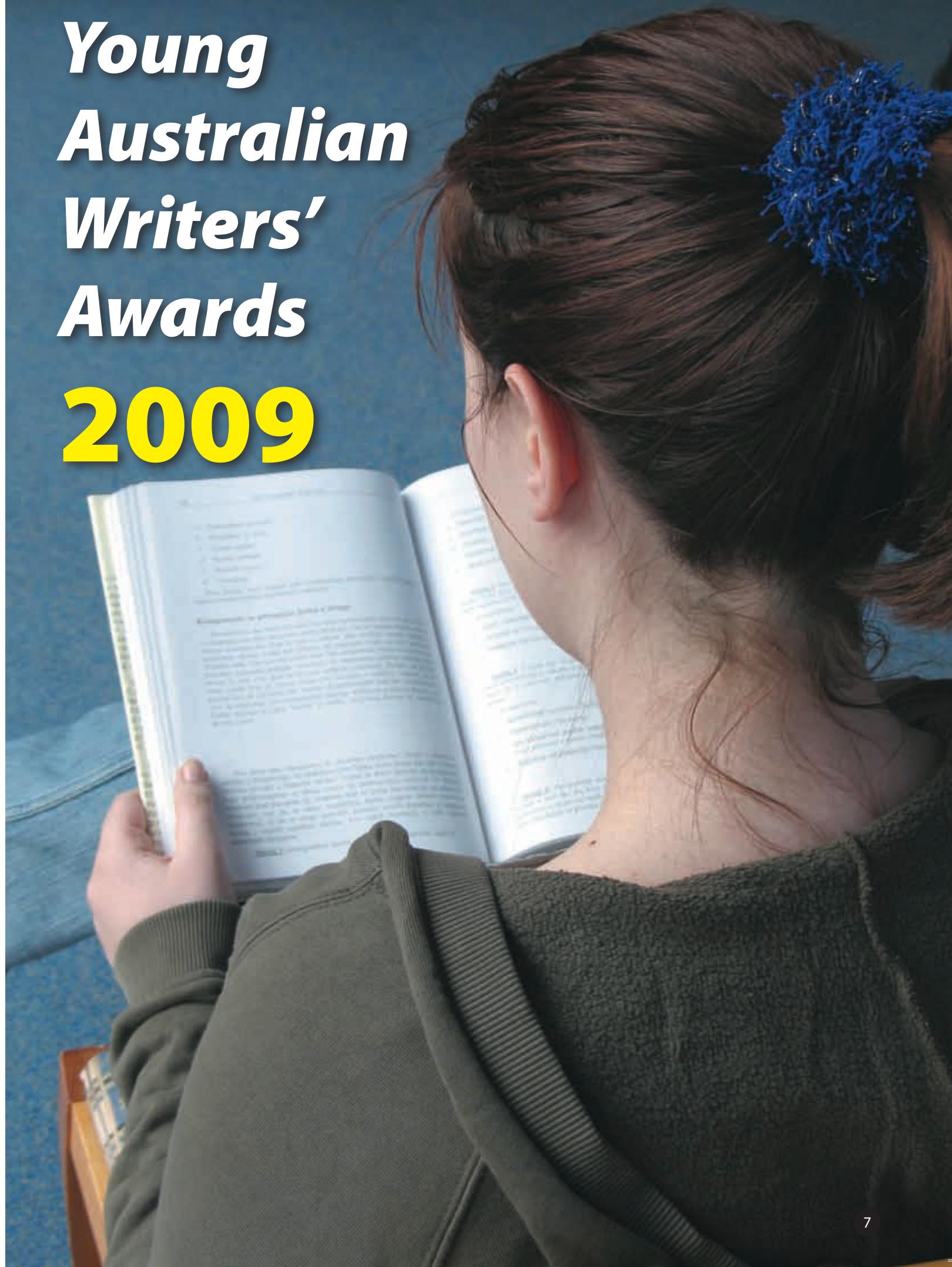
Learn to write with clarity & purpose.

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*** are 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.

Young Australian Writers' Awards

2009





LITTLE STAR



HE CYCLES past my house each day but he does not smile or wave at me any more. He just keeps his eyes avidly concentrated on the cobbles ahead of him. I sit at the top of the stairs waiting for him but knowing deep down that he will not look at me the way he used to.

The small star that I must wear sewn onto my sleeve changes everything. Before the little star he would stop and wave at me. I would run down the stairs and walk beside him as he slowly cycled around the cobbled lanes. We would often end up at the small park on the other side of the village, sitting under the shade of the broad trees. Conversation flowed effortlessly as it had from the very first day I had moved here. As of that day, we shared a friendship that I believed was indestructible. Now it has been burnt to the ground by hate and prejudice. My family, and others like us, have been isolated from society. Our friends are no longer permitted to speak to us or us to them.

I do not want to go back inside, even though it has been over two hours since he cycled past. I cannot bear to watch my mother pack up our life into small boxes and suitcases. I know we do not have a choice, leave this town or be forced into a concentration camp. I sigh and lift myself up from the

top step. I take one last look down the street and realise that he is not going to return. I make my way down the hall and turn into my bedroom which is empty but for a stack of boxes. I walk over to one of the boxes and open it. I lift out a photograph of my family. My father smiles warmly into the lens, my mother is laughing, I am smiling meekly and my sister is grinning.

My mother walks in behind me and folds her arms around my shoulders. I turn and rest my head on her chest. She begins to tremble and we cry. We weep for the loss of that happiness. I drop the photograph and we begin to rock backwards and forwards, trying to comfort each other. The star on my sleeve glows like a red hot beacon, burning my skin, branding me like a prisoner.

★★★

I wake up and my mother's arms are still wound tightly around me. It is 3.45am but I hear a car approaching outside. My mother stirs and sits bolt upright when the sound of a car door slams. Her eyes are large with fear as heavy footsteps are heard making their way up the staircase. A knock at the door and my mother silently rises. She gestures for me to



Little Star (Cont'd)



remain silent and cautiously asks who is there. I hear my father's voice answer in reply and a surge of relief rushes through my body. I realise what is happening and hastily reach for my carry bag. My mother and I rush from the house. I see my father, whose face has aged since I last saw him, holding my sister in his arms as she sleeps. I gaze into his tired eyes and see the fear and exhaustion that his strong face is desperately trying to hide. I feel a hand on my shoulder and my mother gently pushes me into the awaiting car.

There is a girl waiting for us in the car. Her face is stained red with tears and her expression is a perfect reflection of dread. My mother is sitting next to me and whispering comforting words in my ear. I glance out the window and spy a familiar boy watching me from his upstairs bedroom. I begin to cry and wave at him. He cries too but turns and closes the curtains behind him. The light turns off, causing the lane to plunge into sudden darkness. The car slowly begins to move away and approaches a corner. I look out the side window and sigh as tears roll uncontrollably down my face. I see his bike and the staircase to my home. I nestle into my mother and say a silent goodbye to the life that I so loved.

*By Ashleigh Maihi, Year 10,
Castle Hill High School, CASTLE HILL – NSW*

2009 Young Australian Writers' Awards

Shane Warne Literary Award

Best Short Story from a Secondary School

Awarded to

Caitlyn Lightner

Westminster School, Marion, SA
for

Gold in the Woods

Gold in the Woods

FOR A wood so moderate at a glimpse, the routes and trails twisting around trees and brush seemed more extensive than was physically possible. And, in spite of the menacing grey clouds looming outside, the deeper recesses of the forest were radiating an almost unethical life. Birds twittered, leaves whistled, and he could swear that something was twinkling merrily in a patch of shrubbery an arm's length away. Treading carefully, so as not to disrupt the serenity, the boy felt his way further into the emerald depths, hands grazing the airy mosses on the tree trunks and entwining themselves in the

leafy tendrils brushing tenderly at his unruly dark hair. Slightly abashed by the contrast he created with his pale yellow top and tattered blue jeans, Jem could feel his feet slowing and gradually hardening until he was Marble – a statue amongst the quiet trees.

Only his eyes moved then – green as the haze in this magical place, and only ceasing their rapid excavation to linger on a

Cont'd...

Gold in the Woods (Cont'd.)

spring gurgling happily to his left. Upon seeing it, the marble melted away and his footfalls began to rustle the deciduous carpet as the pool inched closer.

It was glorious; a soft, pale cerulean hue, and the surface sparkled like diamonds, only broken when the occasional koi would poke its head through and whiff at the woody taste of the forest. Once it had its fill, the fiery orange head would disappear again, to be replaced by the sparkling blue. A smile broke his statue-face, and a chill dragged down the length of his spine as a distinct giggle shattered the silence. Disrupting the pattern of soft, graceful movement, his head snapped around as he searched accusingly for the source of the disruption. Unless, of course, he'd imagined it. Mother always said that he needed to pull his head out of the clouds.

And so it was hardly reluctant that he let his focus divert back to the spring. He had grown accustomed to the comments regarding his attention span, and paid them no heed.

The second time an echoing cry reverberated through the wood, he was on his feet. The reason being that he knew his mind wouldn't be so naughty, but also because the sound didn't stop. It would crescendo and drop, trill and sing, but never stopped. Not until Jeremy laid eyes on him.

Him, standing nobly within arm's reach, and with a troupe of mice and rabbits following at his hooves. Him, with the smile sculpted from pearls, with the honey eyes so lush he was certain they'd start dripping sumptuous nectar.

As he ogled, he'd hardly noticed the strong, leathery gold hand that had clasped his shoulder. Every inch of his bare arms and torso was radiating a living, pulsating aura of warmth and comfort. And where his spine tapered off into a glossy coat of muscle and sinew, every crevice and contour became smooth and sculpted to build a body that echoed the strength of the trees, the serenity in the forest, and the untapped power of the scene itself.

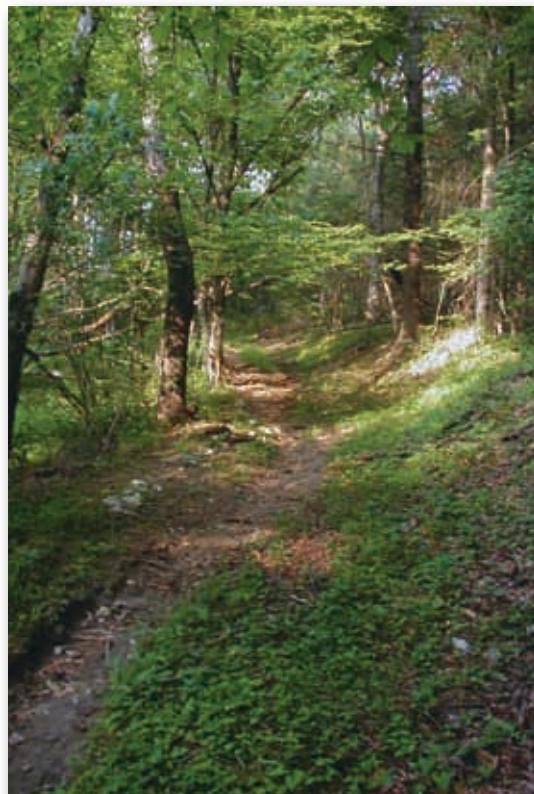
So utterly entranced, and so fascinated with the reality of the situation, Jem had also failed to notice that the singing pan pipes had fallen silent, and were now hanging in His hand. It was hard to believe that a tool so plain in comparison to the beast that wielded it, could have borne a melody so lovely. Breaking the trance, he tore his eyes away from the curving shoulders of the centaur's equine half and forced himself to

focus on His molten gold eyes. Hardly surprised by how dry his throat had become, he gulped for air and clutched at the hem of his shirt, feeling like much like one of the tiny koi in the presence of a great marlin.

"Jeremy."

It wasn't a greeting, but a mixture of one and a commanding statement. His knees buckled and a shudder rocked his body as He spoke again.

"Jeremy, it's time to go home."



Minutes later and he was frozen again – again he was Marble, and very much in awe of the towering creature that had dropped him so effortlessly onto His back. The same curving shoulders were shifting and leaping beneath his legs, and the bountiful waves of gleaming raven hair tenderly grazing his cheeks.

The ride was silent, despite the fact that the centaur's footfalls should have thundered through the vast woods. Jeremy spent most of it listening to his own chest rising and falling with raspy gasps, and watching the muscles of the human half tense and twitch with an anxiety he couldn't place.

"Aurum?"

Another tingle touched his spine. The taste of His name on the boy's tongue felt bewitching, and he let it roll in his mouth before acknowledging the attention he was now receiving.

"Thank you, Aurum."

The centaur dazzled him with another smile, and thereto further ignited the boy's curiosity. Looking wildly about for another topic of conversation, his gaze rested on a familiar pink bloom.

"Snapdragons..." he gasped, recognising the feathery petals. "They're just like the ones from Mum's garden." Prepared to ask how it was that the flowers were able to grow in such a dense forest, his breath caught as he spotted a break in the trees that created a window of sunlight, each ray catching on powdery particles in the air and making them glitter. Clutching at his chest, Jem returned to marvelling the intense beauty of the wood as Aurum began to speak.

Gold in the Woods (Cont'd.)

"Lovely, are they not? The snapdragons are the only dragons around here, though. Dragonflies tend to stick to the outskirts, and" – *a toothy dragon snarls fiercely at a brave silver knight, both figures frozen on the page of a book* – "the fire-breathing ones keep to the mountain ranges."

Still awed by the flashback interrupting Aurum's explanation, Jeremy forced a meek grunt in response as he checked himself over. He was still very solid, like his Marble, and so dismissed the images.

"Can you smell that Jeremy? I think I just caught scent of" – *make sure you're home before dinner* – "your mother's cooking."

Nodding weakly in response, Jem released the puffs of air that had collected in his chest in a single, defeated huff. His fingers grasping at a velvety frond hanging limply from one of the majestic willows, he strained to hear the hissing of the – *a tiny, remote controlled motor boat zipping from bank to bank* – river. Aurum was right, they were getting close.

And no matter how hard he wished, no matter how tightly he latched himself onto the centaur, the breaking sunlight grew closer and closer until he could see a veranda in the distance. Choking back a quiet sob, he turned hastily to take in the marvels one last – *everything comes to an end; both the good and bad* – time. Ruefully clambering off of the steed, he met His gaze with a heavy heart. In a moment, he found himself locked in the centaur's grasp, with Aurum's hot breath tickling his ears with its sweet perfume.

"I'm glad you came, Jeremy. And I'm so glad you could enjoy my home, and enjoy it for the trees and the rocks and the life. I'm so blessed."

After all of the experiences today, Jem had hardly expected the centaur to be the thankful one. Still mystified by His sudden epiphany, the boy watched timidly as the towering creature reached up to pull a shining silver something from his hair, releasing a thick lock of rich black curls that hung beside his delicate gold cheeks. With both of his quivering hands now clasped in Aurum's soothing grip, the boy licked at his dry lips as he fumbled over his words.

"You showed me something miraculous today, and my only wish", he added, running a thumb over the intricate flowers

lining the curve of the glistening silver comb, "is that I might be able to share it". His cheeks flushed as he finished blurting out the words, and pressed his face further into the strong, warm hand that cradled his chin. The honey-sweet puffs of breath moved from his ear to his hair as – *a father's lips crushing themselves against his head as the little boy awoke to a hearty 'good morning'* – a pair of warm, soft lips tenderly grazed his forehead. The hand moved from its supportive stance beside his cheek, one finger lingering to swipe at the impregnated tear that had started its descent down his face. Feeling the centaur's glittering smile, one of his own finally cracked the statue-face and he turned, without once looking back.

– *our little secret, kiddo* –

It was hard not to squint at the transition from the glittering green woods to the harsh, unfiltered sunlight. As he crossed the backyard, clutching the silver comb so tightly that the petals of the dainty flowers and the gleaming prongs dug into his palms, familiar sights began to take shape. A slender book bound with fake leather sat on the glass table, the ruby-eyed dragon staring grimly from the cover. A remote controlled power boat perched amongst the grass, the shiny white plastic in the late-afternoon sun. And in the window, he could see his mother setting a table for two; even at a distance her eyes were sullen and sunken, a shadowy paleness touching her cheeks. The screen door easily gave way at his touch, and at its creaking

the tired woman offered a hollow, strained smile. Moving instinctively to stand behind the chair she'd seated herself in, he went to put a comforting arm around her shoulder only to find himself noting how dull and lifeless her dark hair was. Pulling a thick lock away from her face, he found the silver comb in his hand and ran it through the curtain before entwining it with the handful he'd taken out from her eyes. Stepping back, he watched with a newfound wonder as her hair, her complexion, and the gloomy room itself seemed – *snapdragons in the summer* – to bloom.

By Caitlyn Lightner

Year 11

Westminster School

MARION – SA

Teacher: Shelda Rathmann



2009 Young Australian Writers' Awards

Dymocks Literary Award Best Short Story from a Primary School

Awarded to

Blake Lovely

Curl Curl North Public School, NSW

for

Gold in the Woods

DYMOCKS
BOOKSELLERS

Memories

CRYSTAL River, forever a home.

Rain pelts down on the small tin roof. Sally Jane sits quietly in her wooden rocking chair. It is early in the morning and the first rays of orange and yellow are just beginning to paint themselves in the sky. She listens to the harsh rain outside, letting it make a gentle hum in her head. Her face, wrinkled like a wilted petal, is weakened with tiredness, and as her eyelids drooped, she slipped into a deep sleep...

Suddenly she was in the Crystal River. The gleaming sun was shining down on the bright green trees, which were slowly swaying with the gentle breeze. She watched the peaceful town, and began to walk towards the river. It was as transparent as ever, and the golden rays illuminated the river with light. She looked down, into the cool, clear depths as fish swam past and she could almost feel their carelessness, as she knew that there was nothing to fear in the Crystal River. As the fish swam off she saw her six-year-old face looking back at her. No wrinkles or lines. She began to drift off in thought when all of a sudden the river went dark.

A grey shadow began to smother its way over the town. She looked up and saw that the sky had gone grey and lightning had started booming over the vast landscape. A jolt of fear surged through her body. The happiness and joy that she had been feeling had now evaporated into thin air. She looked behind herself to find that everything had gone. The cemetery had been dug up, leaving torn up, dead grass. The houses, which had once stood so tall, had been bulldozed and moved, leaving bits and pieces of wood and bricks, strewn all over the valley. The trees, which had been home to many of the native animals, had been cut down and demolished.

The colourful valley was now dark and unforgiving. The wind swirled around her in a mocking way.



As if to tell her that she had lost. There always had to be a winner and a loser. Only it was in violent whispers, rushing past her ears. A flash of lightning blinded her for a moment, and when she was able to see again she found herself above the valley. The water was almost overflowing over the top of the valley. She couldn't pull her eyes away from the sight, she was transfixed, her eyes staring, glaring. A damp hand touched her on the back and she managed to pull her eyes away to turn around. Behind her were her parents, looking at her with a hopeless and miserable expression. Then her mother spoke, in a hoarse whisper.

'You have to let go, Sally Jane.'

She desperately tried to reply. She opened her mouth but no sound came out.

Suddenly she was falling, falling into eternal darkness. Her heart was beating out of her chest. It hurt so much, so much...

When she looked down she looked at her hands. They were beginning to wrinkle. The lines becoming more prominent every second, until her eyes drifted open. She released a long and anguished sigh.

Sally Jane was back in her cottage, ninety-three years old.

She had promised to herself that she wouldn't dream about Crystal River any more. She knew that she couldn't bring back the past. Nor change it. But she couldn't help wishing.

It wasn't the same.

Crystal River, forever a home.

*By Blake Lovely
Year 6, Curl Curl North Public School,
NORTH CURL CURL – NSW*

2009 Young Australian Writers' Awards

The Five Mile Press Literary Award

Best Poetry from a Secondary School

Awarded to

Elizabeth Waldron

Newtown High School of the Performing Arts, Newtown NSW
for

Olivia's Opal



The Five Mile Press

Olivia's Opal

When queens wore wire petticoats
And princes scaled their spires
A princess slept, curled up like stone
Through darkest hours.

At times, like shadow, darkness came
And held her in captivity
Her fear, her thoughts, her feelings fought
Tranquillity

Her parents loved her, all the same
Despite a deeper dark.
Her many coloured soul revealed
An opal heart

Her heart flashed colours, vivid beats
A constant flare of change
She knew her duty, knew her home
Her heart was strange

She ventured out to seek a home
She had a path to choose
To sacrifice her differences
To pay her dues.

To rid the dark, to find true heart
She journeyed to the sea
And changed her opal heart to pearl
Uneasily

For pearls are colourless and dim
Their light is unsustaining
Their dance is slow, their feelings seem
Unchanging.

The pearl returned, she travelled
To a land among the stars
This world was perfect, cool and sleek;
A looking glass

The princess claimed a diamond heart
But still was not content
Around her, shattered images
Would not relent.



For diamonds are a vanity
And fracture what they see
Reflecting what is really there
Endlessly

The princess missed her coloured soul
That led her vibrant past
And so her opal heart replaced
Shards of glass

"Once more", she thought, "once more I'll try
To shape a better life
I'll choose a ruby for my heart
A compromise"

"For though it's dark, it has a gleam
A self-sustaining glow"
And so she journeyed through the lands
And earth below

But rubies are so secretive
Quick-tempered and deceiving
She felt bewildered, filled with fear
And grieving

"My heart is mine and mine alone,
I'm best when I am me"
And so she fled back to her home,
So welcoming

She saw her image spread before
In reds and greens and blues
Watercolour artistry in
Canvas hues

She saw the artist paint her heart
And suddenly she knew
His heart was filled with coloured flames
Of opal too.

When queens wore wire petticoats
And princes scaled their spires
A princess slept, curled up like stone
Through lustrous hours.

By Elizabeth Waldron, Year 7
Newtown High School
of the Performing Arts
NEWTOWN - NSW
Teacher: Ms Ellis



2009 Young Australian Writers' Awards

Lions Club Literary Award

Best Poetry from a Primary School

Awarded to

Eloise Hirshman

Reddam House, Woollahra, NSW
for

Southern Land



SOUTHERN LAND

Great Southern Land,
Untouched by white man,
Your burning sun,
Guarding your secrets well.

Your pristine mountains and forests,
Shielded by the spirits,
Only marked,
By the symbols of the past.

Your native people,
Give not take,
They cherish the wholesome land,
Just as you treasure their culture.

The streams and rivers,
Long and winding,
Each drop of water,
A memory from the past.

You are a voice of a young child,
You are the career of an elderly man.
You are the ragged clothes of a lonely traveller,
And yet, you are so hard to understand.

You are Australia,
The barren land,
The calling bids,
And a holding hand.

*By Eloise Hirshman
Grade 6, Reddam House
WOOLLAHRA – NSW
Teacher: Mrs Sharon Shapiro*



2009 Young Australian Writers' Awards

Helen Handbury Achievement Award

Awarded to

Ruby Tribe

Aquinas College, East Ringwood, Vic.
for

The Child with No Home

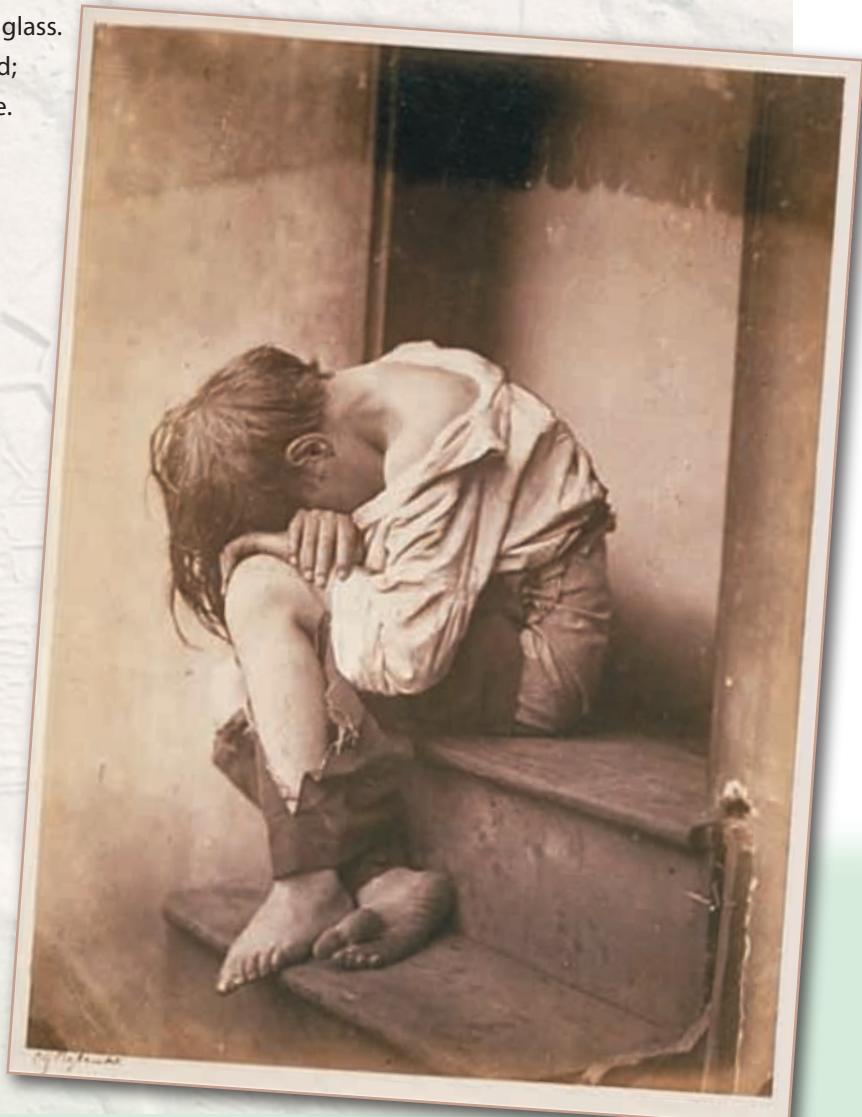
The Child With No Home

While you're asleep in a nice warm bed;
I lie on the grass, trying to rest my head.
While you're at school trying to learn;
I feel the sun's glare, ready to burn.

While you're in the garden on the fresh green grass;
I stumble on the street, trying to avoid the smashed glass.
While you're cuddling your pet, with eyes so kind;
I avoid the rats, ready to bite from the sewer line.

But worst of all, while you're reading this;
Try to hear my cry.
I'm lying on the ground looking up at the sky;
Ready for death, ready to die.

So heed my words and heed them well;
Next time you want to scream and yell;
Just think of me and my situation,
And maybe then you won't need salvation.



By Ruby Tribe
Year 7
Aquinas College
EAST RINGWOOD – VIC.



2009 Young Australian Writers' Awards

Helen Handbury Literary Award

Awarded to

Juanita Marie Quinlan

Mary McKillop Catholic Primary, Highfields, Qld.
for

My Journey to Nowhere

My Journey

to nowhere

THE ROAD looks so long, but I can't be far now. For days I have slowly plodded along, alone and afraid. I don't really know where I am going but I will know the right place when I get there.

Layla, my teddy, is slumped pathetically in my hand. She looks like I feel. The sparkle is gone from her eyes now. They never used to be glassy and staring. They used to dance. It feels like long ago that we ran around the field, laughing and singing and dancing. It feels like I've forgotten how to laugh and dance, and if I ever sing again it would only be songs of pain and despair that would escape my lips.

I turned around a corner and looked at the next road I would have to conquer. It was long and winding with scraggly bushes down the sides. Like a snake. One that had been lying there for eternity because it has nothing and is nothing to anyone.

I let my shoulders slump and a single tear slides sorrowfully down my cheek. I have to give up. I've been walking for too long now. I wonder if there really is a happy place at the end of my road, and if there is, is it really worth this?

Agony, hurt, lost, alone and afraid don't begin to describe what I feel. The pain is beyond anything, beyond everything.

I sink slowly to the ground. I wish there was someone here to look after me. To order me to stand up and keep walking. Someone I would have to pull myself together for. But there is no one.

I used to hate rules, people telling me what to do, how to eat, how to act, what to believe. Now I would give anything for it. To know what to do would be comforting. It would be easy, straightforward, no guess work involved. Never having to wonder if death would be coming to meet you at the next bend. Not like now. Now I don't know what I'm doing. I'm just muddling through and hoping for the best.

I ran out of food days ago and only have small amounts of water at a time for fear I would run out of that too. I am hungry and tired and just want to lie down and rest and never get up again.

Maybe, when I get to where I'm going, Mum and Dad will be there. Then they'll pull me into their arms and hold me tight and we'll all run through the fields and the sun will shine, really shine, enough to make the cold ball of fear and worry in my stomach go away. Maybe is enough. Who knows, maybe wherever I'm going is right around the next corner.

So I stand up and bravely place one foot forward and resume my journey. My journey to nowhere.

By Juanita Marie Quinlan

Age 12

Mary McKillop Catholic Primary
HIGHFIELDS – QLD.



2009 Young Australian Writers' Awards

ASG Poetry Award

Awarded to

Stephanie Baroudi

Korowa Anglican Girls' School, Glen Iris, Vic.
for

Winter



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WINTER

Drawn in by the deathly whispers
comes she in deepened stir.

Shrill cry of icy bitterness,
naught believes it has occurred.

For yonder times of smile and skin
now buried deep beneath.

The haunting winds flee scurrying creatures
as snow invades the heath.

Tall oaks stripped bare of leaf and twig
though proud, ought not to stand.

Her merciless grip leaves hostile traces,
globe bows down to command.

She swoops and soars, attacks at will,
thunder 'luminates the grey.

She dims the sky with shining wand,
our slumber no delay.

Her wand away and will at hand
she ponders disarray.

Who leaves to let the sun peek out
shall return another day

By Stephanie Baroudi

Age 14

*Korowa Anglican Girls' School
GLEN IRIS – VIC.*

2009 Young Australian Writers' Awards

ASG Short Story Award

Awarded to

Joanne Bui

The Mac.Robertson Girls' High School,
Melbourne, Vic.

for

The Final Movement



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The Final Movement

No one was allowed in.

I told them that he was working on a new piece and didn't want anyone to hear it until he was done. But I didn't know what he was doing.

He keeps the doors shut except when he needs me to clear the room of scrunched up paper or bring him more paper. On these occasions he stands watching silently until I had finished, then he would shut the door. That was how we spent the day.

I used to think about getting him to talk, but I know the reason I was not shut out like everybody else was because I don't ask questions.

"You're too simple, Rueben. Think about what the composer heard, not what you see on the paper", he said.

One evening I was practising in my room when I heard the crashes and bangs quieten down the hall. I hurried to his door and he gestured me to come through. He sat down at the piano.

He started with a sad, sweet theme I had heard for a good few hours four days ago. It continued, rising and falling and then he was raging with it in the bass. It abruptly changed to what would have been a pleasant melody but he leaned in closer to the keys and played with angry, syncopated accents then with louder, shriller accents, like screaming. Before he shut everybody out and was still teaching, he shouted whenever I used force with the piano.

"Are you trying to play the piano?" he had demanded, "Or are you trying to destroy it?"

I didn't know what to do. The piano was screaming. He was smashing the strings. When he finished, he turned to face me for the first time.

"*Ist es nicht schön?*" he said loudly. Is it not beautiful?

I didn't answer.

"I'm leaving. You know what to do with these. Copy and publish."

He looked at me, as if daring me to speak, to ask him why he was leaving and where he was going. But I only nodded and took the sheets from him. He seemed to struggle for a moment, then clapped me on the shoulder and walked out.

I did what he told me to do. I sat in my room and tried to decipher his notes and indications, neatly copying it onto new lined paper. I picked through the screaming and the anger and tried to make it like how his music was before.

Two weeks later his brother arrived, storming into his room. I hurried to it and the moment I stepped in, a sheaf of paper was shoved in my face. The title read *Heiligenstadt Testament*.

"He sent me his will!"

I regarded him silently.

"Is he not here?"

I shook my head.

"Where did he go?"

"I don't know."

I took the sheaf of paper, looked through it and my eye caught a passage, *I was compelled early to isolate myself, to live in loneliness... and yet it was impossible for me to say to men, "Speak louder, shout, for I am deaf"*.

After his brother left, I returned to my room. Think about what the composer heard. I threw away the copy I had neatly written and laid in front of me new blank sheets.

I wrote in his notes, his chords. I wrote in the forte and the accents and the screaming. When I finished, I wrote in the top right hand corner, 'Ludwig von Beethoven, 1802.'

And it was the music that he never heard.

Written by Joanne Bui, Age 15
The Mac.Robertson Girls' High School
MELBOURNE - 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.

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 and 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.



2010 YOUNG AUSTRALIAN ART AWARDS

Painting



Photography



Drawing



Computer Art

Design by Tanya Rossi
www.logopix.com.au

www.YoungAtArt.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.YoungAtArt.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.



2009

The Young Australian Art Awards

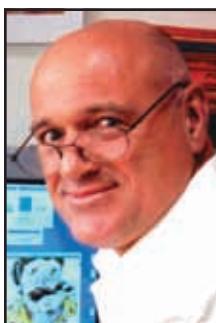
The Young Australian Art Awards were launched at the beginning of 2006. To launch this initiative, the Children's Charity Network distributed promotional posters to all schools in Australia, who were asked to display them in their computer and art rooms. The CCN received an extraordinary number of entries,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



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

2009

Awarded to

Miruna Rizescu

Sacred Heart Girls' College, Oakleigh, Vic.

'The Tear of the Unfaithful'



2009 Young Australian Art Awards

Trust Company Art Award

Painting – Senior

Awarded to

Liam van Deth

Holy Cross College, NSW

'Beneath the Surface'



2009 Young Australian Art Awards

Percy Baxter Trust Art Award

Painting – Middle

**Percy
Baxter
Trust**

Awarded to

Alec Sarian

Wheeler's Hill

Secondary College, Vic.

'The Final Blow'





2009 Young Australian
Art Awards

ASG Art Award

Painting – Junior



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Awarded to

Darcy Waters

Wellers Hill Primary, Qld.

'Tropical Storm in the City'

2009 Young Australian
Art Awards

Lions Club Art Award

Drawing – Senior



Awarded to

Den L Scheer

St. Hilda's College, WA

'Oblivion'



2009 Young Australian Art
Awards

Marc McBride Art Award

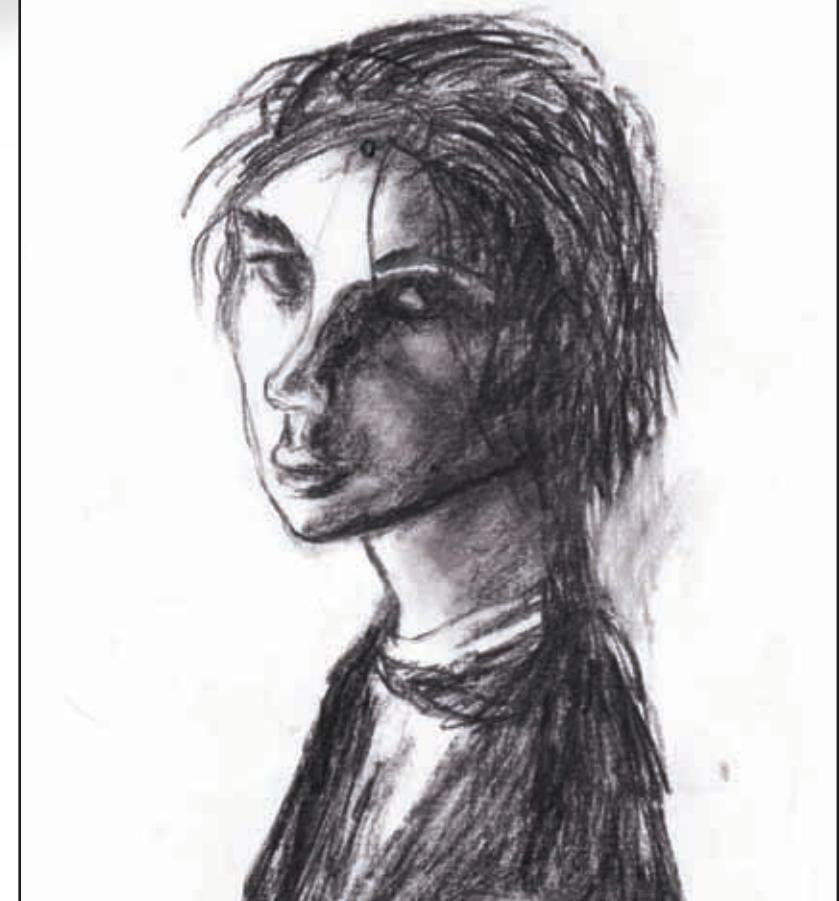
Drawing – Middle

Awarded to

Sneha Baste

Willoughby Girls' High School,
NSW

'Gazing'



2009 Young Australian Art Awards

ASG Art Award

Drawing – Junior



Australian
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SUPPORTING CHILDREN'S EDUCATION



Awarded to

Bryan H Lee

Essex Heights
Primary School, Vic.

'Animals'



2009 Young Australian Art Awards

Qantas Flight Catering Art Award

Computer Art – Senior



Awarded to
Sahibajot Kaur

Glenwood High School,
NSW

*'Fun Geometry –
Plastic Wrap'*

2009 Young Australian Art Awards

Train Trak Art Award

Computer Art – Middle



TRAIN
T R A K

Awarded to
Tenille Gasu

Home School,
Tas.

'Best Friends'



2009 Young Australian Art Awards

ASG Art Award

Computer Art – Junior



Australian
Scholarships
Group

SUPPORTING CHILDREN'S EDUCATION

Awarded to

Jessica Slattery

Kingswood College, Vic.

'Bondi'



2009 Young Australian Art Awards

Train Trak Art Award

Photography – Senior



TRAIN
T R A K



Awarded to

Daniel J Bornstein

The King David School,
Vic.

'Reflection'



2009 Young Australian Art Awards

**Sentinel Foundation Art Award
Photography – Middle**

Awarded to

Daisy Goodwin

Lindisfarne Anglican Grammar School, NSW

'Blue'

2009 Young Australian Art Awards

ASG Art Award

Photography – Junior



Australian Scholarships Group

SUPPORTING CHILDREN'S EDUCATION

Awarded to

Charli Patullo

Huntly Primary School,
Vic.

'Fiery Skies'



29
08/02/2009

Books FOR Kids

GIVING KIDS IN NEED A CHANCE TO READ



Books for Kids operates on one simple and astounding fact: being read to as a youngster is the foremost predictor of academic success in childhood. If a child can read at grade level by third grade, he or she will continue to read at grade level throughout their academic career.

A child who succeeds in school will remain there, earning a chance at a better job and a better life in the years ahead. A child who lacks early exposure to reading often suffers from low self-esteem, struggles academically, and is at higher risk for substance abuse, teen pregnancy, and delinquency.

Succeeding begins with reading

Children with literacy problems typically come from low-income families, have no books at home, and have caregivers who are not aware of the importance of reading to their children. Yet studies have proven, beyond dispute, that access to age-appropriate books and reading aloud to children are essential to developing language and reading skills.

Books for Kids will place new books into the hands of at-risk children through collaborations with schools, social service agencies, preschools, and early childhood centres.



Our Mission Statement

Guided by the fact that literacy is essential to lifelong success, *Books for Kids* provides new books and develops reading activities that empower at-risk children.

Our goals – who we work with

Serving children from primarily low-income families, *Books for Kids* collaborates with primary schools, tutoring programs, and other preschool programs, libraries, migrant centres, homeless shelters, and teen parenting programs to improve the reading and language skills of at-risk children.

Established Book Distribution network:

Our book distribution network is now in the following locations:

Northern Territory: Darwin, Winnellie

New South Wales: Waverley, Cromer, North Rocks, Canley Vale, Greenacre, Toronto, Cessnock, Woonona, Goulburn, Griffith, Mount Druitt

Victoria: Braybrook, Altona North, Moreland, Mill Park, Mill Park South, Nunawading, Carrum Downs, Melton South

Queensland: Springwood, Merrimac, Kooralbyn, Yarraman, Bundaberg, Woree, Cairns, West Croydon

South Australia: Findon, Marryatville, Oodnadatta

Western Australia: Bassendean, Jarrahdale, Mandurah, Carnamah, Geraldton, South Headland, Rochedale South

We will be working towards increasing the number of book distribution centres over the next year from 40 to 80. Overall we are happy with the progress being made in our first year. We have to date collected and distributed over 24,000 new children's books which were distributed to 12,000 children.

Motivational Reading Events

This year *Books for Kids* ran 120 Motivational Reading Events in our partnered sites along with literary workshops for disadvantaged and at risk children.

Literary Workshops

Literary Workshops for at risk children give rare opportunities to the children in regional and remote areas of Australia, which are in great need of the access to leading Australian children's authors.

Books FOR Kids

GIVING KIDS IN NEED A CHANCE TO READ



As the children who by their remoteness and the lack of major infrastructure available in these areas, are so often forgotten when it comes time to plan and implement major projects, this therefore leaves the children of those areas starved of the opportunity to excel academically in subjects such as literacy.

These Literary Workshops should produce an increase in the literacy levels in children, whilst giving children of these areas the chance to participate in initiatives that will give them a feeling of self worth, therefore increasing their self esteem and confidence. With the level of youth suicide at such a high rate in rural and regional areas this can only be a positive in lowering the number of youth who self destruct through not having an outlet for their feelings of seclusion and worthlessness, by giving them the ability to self express with words.

We use leading children's authors to conduct these Motivational Reading Events.

The outcome of the volunteer links established to support this program

We are pleased that we now have a Victorian state partnership with Lions International, who have come on board to help collect books from our Book Bin distribution.



Leading Authors Paul Collins, Meredith Costain and Krista Bell mentoring students.



Train Trak is a family owned winery. All our wines are produced solely from estate grown, hand picked grapes from our Yarra Glen vineyard.

Train Trak Winery and Zonzo Restaurant, only 50 minutes from Melbourne, are a spacious hideaway among the vines, featuring extensive lawns, amazing panoramic views, highly acclaimed wines and superb Italian cuisine: from antipasti to pasta, roasts, and the best thin crusted wood fired pizzas in the valley.

The perfect place for a sunny afternoon or a rainy day around the fireplace.



DESTINATION YARRA VALLEY - AUSTRALIA

**Wed-Sun, public holidays and by appointment
957 Healesville Yarra Glen Road, Yarra Glen, Victoria**

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www.traintrak.com.au