

# Dorothea Mackellar Poetry Awards 2016

optional  
theme

Waiting . . .



**NATIONAL PRESENTATION CEREMONY**

# Be Inspired!



Welcome to the 32nd National Presentation edition of poetry by prize winners in the 2016 Dorothea Mackellar Poetry Awards for school children.

This year's entries and the judges' selections are testament again to the months of hard work by school students, their teachers and parents across the country. At a time when literary and creative writing are the focus of discussion, the committee has been delighted by a phenomenal response - a 13.7% increase in entries, the best in eight years.

It is also a reflection of the efforts of our dedicated committee of volunteers and our munificent sponsors. Our patrons, pictured below, have also done much to promote the awards in the national arena and are as convinced as we are that poetry is, and should remain, a critical part of student endeavours and school curricula.

The feedback we receive from schools about the benefits of poetry writing is vindication itself. We hear stories of past winners whose career compasses have changed dramatically following success in our awards; of newly arrived Australians whose entries gave them confidence to succeed; of shy, struggling students whose poetic efforts propelled them on a literary path; and of others who simply grew from the recognition of the Dorothea Mackellar Poetry Awards.

Poetry can focus thought, free the mind and heart and provide a haven from the stresses of our fast, crazy world. It is a dance with words and sometimes a solution to challenges. To the writers of those 11,766 poems submitted this year, we salute you.

## Our Patrons



**PROFESSOR PETER SHERGOLD AC**  
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# Judges' Reports



## SOPHIE MASSON

### PRIMARY CATEGORIES JUDGE

Poetry is such a wonderfully diverse art. It can be about the biggest things or the smallest; it can speak of people or animals, nature or philosophy, joy or sorrow; focus on big philosophical questions or small delightful details. It's not just in theme that it can be so diverse but in form and language and patterning of sound. Whether it's rhyming or free verse, ode or rap, haiku or ballad or a myriad of other forms, the rhythm of poetry is the rhythm of the human heart and the beat of our lives in the world we all share.

The young poets whose work I've been privileged to read as a judge of the Dorothea Mackellar Poetry Awards have shown that wonderful diversity in full bloom. It's been a mammoth task, of course, reading thousands of poems, but as a glimpse into the lives of young Australians, it has been unparalleled. From snapshots of ordinary life to large social issues, and everything in between, these young people have created a rich national tapestry of thought, feeling, observation, and passion. Oh, and humour, too, a quicksilver thread of playfulness amongst the deep warm tones of more serious subjects! It's wonderful to see so many young people from across Australia and from all sorts of backgrounds so enthusiastically taking part in what has to be the biggest celebration of the art of poetry in the whole country. And wonderful too to see how encouraged they are in expressing themselves by teachers and parents throughout the nation.

The poems I chose as winners, runners-up, highly commended and commended displayed that diversity fully, but added to that a sense of poetic pitch and balance, a sensitivity to the music of poetry and an originality of concept which might be expressed in any number of different ways: whether in form or theme or simply an unusual way of looking at something, or an observation that was out of the ordinary. I love to be surprised by poetry, and that was something that caught my eye in each of the poems I selected.

Warmest congratulations to all the winners and commended entrants! Thank you to everyone who entered, and to the adults who encouraged you. And many thanks to the tireless people of the Dorothea Mackellar Poetry Awards committee and staff, who do so much to keep the pleasure of poetry alive for young Australians.



## STEPHEN WHITESIDE

### SECONDARY CATEGORIES JUDGE

It was a great privilege to be able to judge the secondary school entries to the Dorothea Mackellar Poetry Awards this year.

As expected, many were of a very high quality. Indeed, I venture to suggest that the best poems were of a standard that few adults could match.

The judging process caused me to reflect a great deal on what constitutes a good poem. Increasingly, I have come to believe it is a matter of striking a balance between the 'head' and the 'heart'. Some poems were very powerful emotionally, but tended to ramble a little - too much 'heart' and not enough 'head'. Others were tightly structured and well crafted, but didn't really say very much - too much 'head' and not enough 'heart'. The best poems were both powerful emotionally and well crafted.

I remained very conscious throughout the judging process that I was judging the poems as poems, not as political statements, philosophical treatises, or anything else. Yes, these could all constitute the elements of a good poem, but could never be enough in themselves. I might feel great sympathy for the writer of the poem and their depiction of a terrible plight they were suffering, but ultimately, all that really mattered was the poem, not the poet.

Inevitably, I found myself being drawn to poems that had positive, or at least open endings. Poems that ended very sadly were difficult to reward.

I was also most impressed by poets who managed to avoid self-pity, no matter how difficult the circumstances being described. In tandem with this was the notion of the poet seeing perspectives other than their own. Many poets considered only their own point of view. While this is perfectly legitimate, it does not necessarily make for great poetry. What the reader is looking for is some ability on behalf of the poet to transcend adversity, and express a point of view or shape a philosophy that has universal value. This is extremely difficult to achieve, but a few highly talented poets did most definitely manage to pull it off.

I wish to congratulate all the poets for their enthusiasm and courage in entering this vast national poetry competition, and helping to make it the great institution it undoubtedly is.

# Dingo

Gold and white dingo running in the wild  
Through the bush and across the desert  
Jumping over fallen logs, under the hot sun  
Shining down on Australia.

Wild dingo, skinny dingo, panting dingo,  
Running under the sun, looking for food,  
Snakes and lizards, joeys and dead birds,  
He jumps on little animals and  
Eats them up, they taste good!

Wild dingo, little bit fat dingo,  
'Cause he's got food in his tummy,  
Lies down under the gum tree  
To cool down and rest.  
Dingo.



**LOWER PRIMARY WINNER**

*Esha Jabbal*

**ST STEPHEN'S SCHOOL | TAPPING WA**

## **JUDGE'S COMMENT**

A wonderful poem: lively, colourful language that really makes you see and 'feel' the dingo with very good use of verbs and adjectives, great rhythm and sound-patterning. Congratulations, Esha!



## Waiting

Waiting...  
For a leaf to fall  
A flower to unfold  
For a butterfly to emerge  
Trees to change  
Seeds to sprout  
Eggs to hatch.

Waiting...  
For a new tooth  
My birthday to arrive  
Chocolate cake to cook  
Butter to melt  
Kettle to whistle  
To know the ending to a story.

Waiting...  
For my dad to finish work  
To count less sheep  
To reach the highest branch  
To ride the longest roller coaster  
To be able to fly  
To grow up.

### LOWER PRIMARY RUNNER UP

Josephine Fahey

MGS - GRIMWADE HOUSE | CAULFIELD VIC

#### JUDGE'S COMMENT

A very effective and perfectly-pitched exploration of the 'waiting' theme, with clever use of rhythm and line-patterning as well as nice touches of humour and great observation. Congratulations, Josephine!



## Mountains

Misty folds of mountains,  
Over thirsting desert plains.  
Stretching fields of evergreen,  
Longing for the rain.

The gentle pitter-patter,  
Of the water calm and still.  
Falls gently down into  
Every crevice, every hill.

Thick foliage of sewing,  
Thread fastened through its veins.  
Creaming froth of minty icebergs,  
Intricately untamed.

To travel with a mountain,  
Over slope and every stream.  
To follow in its footsteps,  
And find the world pristine.

**UPPER PRIMARY WINNER**

*Faye Chang*

**PYMBLE LADIES' COLLEGE | PYMBLE NSW**

### **JUDGE'S COMMENT**

Absolutely beautiful poem, great patterning and graceful rhythm, lovely imagery, and a perfect last verse.  
And a great tribute to the spirit of Dorothea Mackellar's poems too. Congratulations, Faye!



Ann

Hands like prunes that grasp you tightly,  
A beaming smile whenever she sees you,  
Old as the earth, old as the temple of Delphi,  
And sometimes dotty.  
Singing my song all day long  
*Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do,*  
I hold her tight and search her eyes.

We take her down to tea,  
And she tells me (in a little whisper),  
“standing by the door was my mother’s old flame (a stranger).  
In a big box he had my wedding present:  
a splendid silver tea service...  
*I’m half-crazy all for the love of you.*

She used to live in a Oncler’s house,  
A maze of vines and antique memories.  
Now she lives in an old folk’s home,  
A big white concrete block that smells of  
hand sanitiser and old clothes and powdered potato  
*It won’t be a stylish ...carriage.*

We push her down the street.  
“Your father got lost in David Jones,  
they called on the loud speaker:  
‘Would the mother of the little boy  
in the yellow shirt and blue trousers  
please come to lost property?’”  
*I can’t afford a ...marriage.*

Sitting in her wheelchair she talks of  
Marron in the mud:  
“My father would catch the Marron in Trean Brook,  
Mother would pop them in a pot.”  
Ann lends me a book: a Poirot or Miss Marple,  
favourite mysteries from a thousand years ago.  
*But you’ll look sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for two.*

She’s always scared of little Joey’s Dino shirt,  
And she’ll always laugh when we laugh,  
And she’ll always tell of the wireless and waiting for the Japanese,  
And she’ll always sing over and over and over again:  
*Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do.*  
I hold her hand and smile.

UPPER PRIMARY RUNNER UP

*Daisy Millpark*

CASULA PUBLIC SCHOOL | CASULA NSW

JUDGE’S COMMENT

Excellent poem, touching and with so much understanding. Deft use of form and repetition, vivid language and good rhythm. Congratulations, Daisy!

# Waiting

Waiting and  
Time, what are they? What do  
they mean? They  
but they are  
are like an  
a clock, both  
and both can  
Waiting and  
-sented by a  
the older they  
they've lived and  
waited. Waiting  
are the start  
12  
11  
10  
9  
8  
7  
6  
5  
4  
3  
2  
1  
are a lot alike  
different. They  
hourglass and  
represent time,  
represent waiting.  
time can be repre-  
person as well,  
are, the longer  
the more they've  
and time they  
and the end of  
everything. Forever the spectator  
of life.



ASSISTED LEARNING PRIMARY WINNER

*Manni Doar*

YARRALUMLA PRIMARY SCHOOL | YARRALUMLA ACT

## JUDGE'S COMMENT

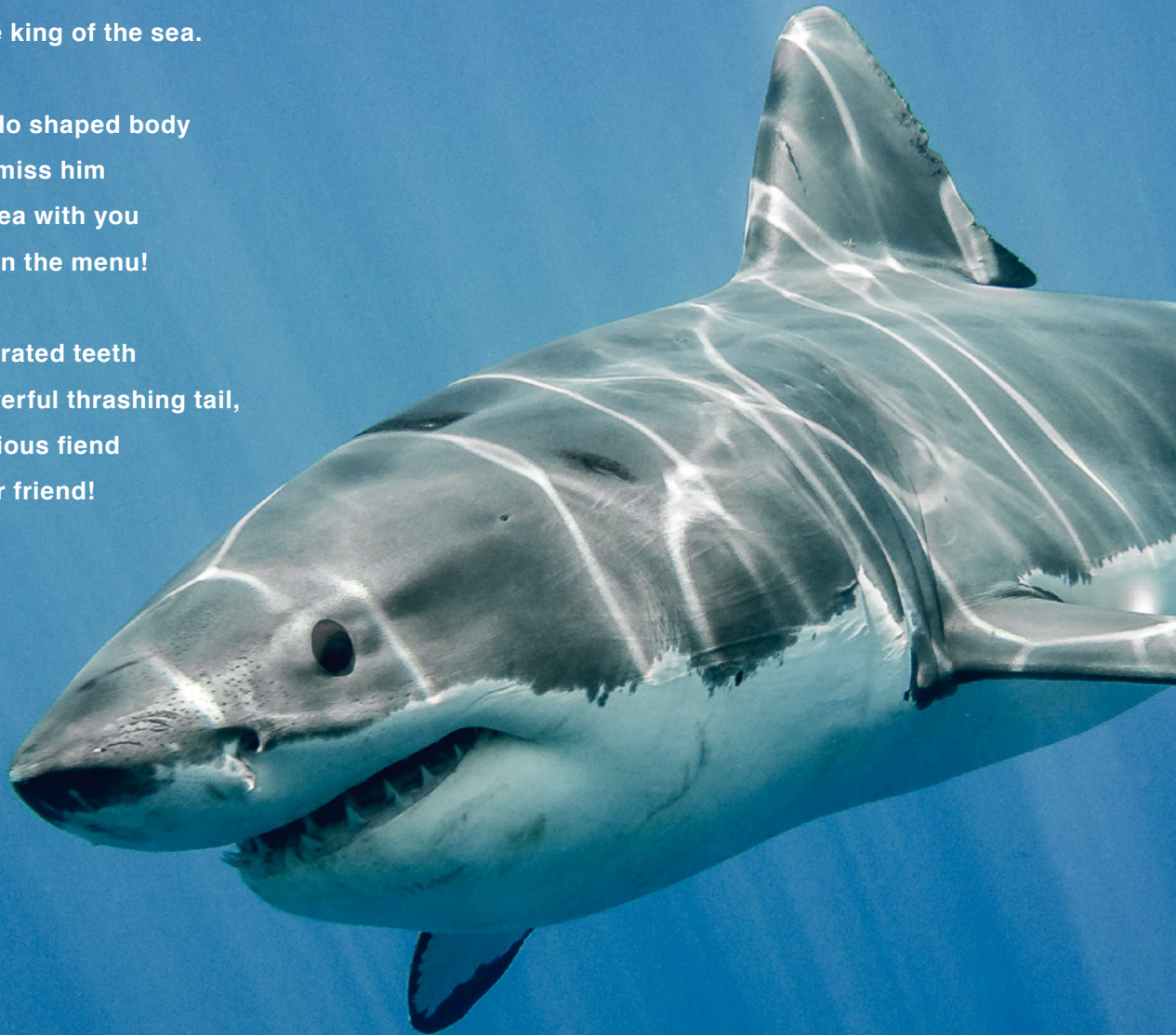
Very clever poem, original both in form and language, philosophical and well-observed.  
Congratulations, Manni!

# The Great White Shark

He's a wanted thief  
A master of murder  
He's bold, brave and free  
He's is the king of the sea.

The torpedo shaped body  
You can't miss him  
If he had tea with you  
You'd be on the menu!

Sharp, serrated teeth  
And a powerful thrashing tail,  
This ferocious fiend  
Is not your friend!



**ASSISTED LEARNING PRIMARY RUNNER UP**

*Isabella Burns*

**REDEEMER BAPTIST SCHOOL | NORTH PARRAMATTA NSW**

## **JUDGE'S COMMENT**

Evocative and lively poem that expresses both the impressive power and the menace of the great white.  
Congratulations, Isabella!

# Exquisite Evocation

My mind dances on the tongues of grand memories,  
Warped and confused by growing teenage stubbornness,  
But still cherishes with indebted gratitude,  
All Tasmania has shared with me.

Tasmanian Devils prowl the luscious forests of Cradle Mountain,  
Screaming winds hurl fists at orange autumn fagus,  
Cobalt blue lakes shiver waiting for the coming storm,  
And the sky weeps bringing snow to revive the land.

Cerulean skies beam emotions on a turquoise ocean,  
Ivory white sands imitate an expanse of cotton,  
A labyrinth of coastal scrub cradles Wineglass Bay,  
Garrisoned by a succession of monumental mountains.

The Bay of Fires is a tangled riot of colour,  
Granite rocks stained with vibrant hues of tangerine orange,  
Mysterious dark lagoons infused with button grass tannins,  
Towering waves crashing with fury on wind plagued beaches.

The Spirit of Tasmania docks in an obscurely lonely town,  
Encircled by coral red soil and abundantly lavish farms,  
Infant waves take their first steps on the Bluff's shores,  
Observed by Devonport's sentinel red and white lighthouse,  
Sheltering an abundance of ancient Aboriginal carvings.

Salamanca Market swallows swarming tourists,  
Mt Wellington blankets a mystifying veil over Hobart,  
Fishing boats are rocked to sleep by the gentle swell at the wharf,  
As cars and buses run across the towering Tasman Bridge,  
And sandstone buildings whisper memories throughout the city.

The echoes of murderous convicts taunt visitors,  
While twisted trees dance and sing on mist shrouded hills,  
And native wildlife feasts in the sanctuary of such magnificence.  
The perplexing waters of the bay shudder over terrible monstrosities,  
Some fresh with fiery pain; others forgotten centuries ago,  
Endless beauty and dark memories are all that remain of Port Arthur.

This alluring island home has nurtured my childhood.  
And given me the courage to explore the world.

**JUNIOR SECONDARY WINNER**

*Sarah Jaeger*

**SOMERVILLE HOUSE | SOUTH BRISBANE QLD**

## JUDGE'S COMMENT

An utterly, utterly gorgeous poem.  
I am still to read it aloud from start to finish without my voice cracking towards the end.

# A Reader

The story  
Entwined its fingers  
With the threads  
Of her mind  
And sucked her  
In

The story  
Enthralled her body  
Captured her senses  
Until all she could  
See, smell, hear, feel, taste  
Were the tear-stained pages  
And the tiers of ink

The story  
Stripped off her flesh  
Drained her veins  
Replaced them with  
Succulent adjectives  
Tender nouns  
The jittering blood of punctuation

The story  
Gouged out her insides  
Disembowelled her  
And stuffed  
Brimful  
Until it gushed out her ears  
Dribbled out her mouth  
Fell in rivulets from her eyelids

The story trickled down her neck  
Pooled in her collarbone  
Flowed around the curve of her  
breast  
Ran along the concave of her waist  
Cascaded down her thigh  
Puddling at her feet  
Engulfing her  
Drowning her

Until the end  
Left her  
Hollow  
Shivering  
Naked  
Exalted

JUNIOR SECONDARY RUNNER UP

*Amie Doan*

HORNSBY GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL | HORNSBY NSW

## JUDGE'S COMMENT

This poet's description of the power of story is positively dripping with powerful imagery.

# *the concrete jungle safari*

*WELCOME TO THE CONCRETE JUNGLE,*  
You're sitting within a  
Wooden tram  
Made with purring,  
Metal-bodied engines.  
Your legs shiver with the desert cold.

In the corner of your eye, you think you spot a dingo.  
But then you blink, and then it's gone.

*Your journey begins.*

*WELCOME TO THE CONCRETE JUNGLE,*  
If you look above, you can see the city edifices glistening -  
Like beads and jewels in the neck of this brick-paved outback.

Does it sometimes feel like a dream?  
Do you sometimes feel the hiss of the rainbow serpents,  
Sliding across sandy linoleum corridors  
As the office vents whisper cold air over your collarbones  
In the language of the spirits?

Totems and paperwork mingle under fluorescent lights.

*WELCOME TO THE CONCRETE JUNGLE,*  
If you look above you will be able to see -  
A sacred bird,  
Gliding, soaring,  
Two engines,  
A propulsion system.  
A lingering scent of  
The past, the present -  
The then and the now.

SENIOR SECONDARY WINNER

*Claire Chua*

PERTH MODERN SCHOOL | SUBIACO WA

*WELCOME TO THE CONCRETE JUNGLE,*

*Oh.*

The dingo is back.

You lean over the metal bars of the tram to get a closer look.

And in these streets you feel

The industry-patented air

Clawing at your cheeks.

Carbon, nitrogen...sulfur.

Toxic.

The creature howls,

Golden fur mirroring the sun's rays.

But you cannot tell if it's a cry of excitement

Or pain.

*(Simply put—you may never know.)*

*WELCOME TO THE CONCRETE JUNGLE,*

Where sacred Jacaranda trees burst

Spewing purple confetti

Over a House of Opera,

And thundering applause.

Down the street the tram goes.

And you notice that

Lean totems line the roads like streetlights...

*Or was it that streetlights lined the road like lean totems?*

And a voice: *THIS HEREBY CONCLUDES THE CONCRETE DESERT SAFARI. WE HOPE YOU ENJOYED THE RIDE.*

\*\*\*

Until your eyes snap open.

You gradually float out of the reverie, and then back into reality. You hear voices, trailing passing figures, shadows; they're walking so fast it's a violent blur that presses into your ribs. People hustle by you, their pallid white uniforms a second skin. But when you look at their eyes, you see...black holes. You rub your eyes. That's when you realise you're standing on a platform of marble and brick and concrete.

Trains hurtle past. There's the clink of metal chewing on metal in a ravenous brawl from the construction site two blocks down. Light refracts on every surface, a chaos of physics and sunbeams. Someone pushes past you, the dusty scent of perfume lingering even as its perpetrator scampers into the crowd, disappearing. You look down. Clutched in your hand is a bag full of papers and projects and words and worries.

But where did the dingo go? Is it gone?

*(Answer: It's not. No one leaves the home that is rightfully theirs.)*

## JUDGE'S COMMENT

I just adore this evocation of ancient Australia within the context of a contemporary urban environment. Fabulous!

# Anchored

The queue meanders through the building,  
Takes a sharp right at the artichokes, then  
Swerves to avoid the stack of cans (70% off! Buy Now!), before  
Tiptoeing meekly past the deli and screeching to a halt,  
Just before it collides with the croissants.

Someone carrying a basket of cumquats  
Is arguing wildly on a phone –  
“I don’t see why I should have to demean  
Myself before those monkeys. I can  
Find another job. I’m a star and I’m going to  
Wait until those imbeciles realise it!”

A reply materialises out of the ether,  
Responded to by another flurry of words  
“No, I don’t have to ‘Start somewhere!’ I belong at the top!”  
The line creaks forward, and the deli server glares at him.  
Here she is queen. Silence echoes. The trolleys  
Hold their squeaking and even the crying  
Children know better than to wail.

She’d always wanted to be a hydrographic surveyor.  
When others had decided that they would fly into  
Space, eat ice-cream for tea or fight fires and fiends,  
She’d charted the sand-pit, pretending to be  
Deep beneath the tides, mapping the whorls and  
Peaks of ancient magma, long since coalesced into  
Mountains higher than any above the waves.

But when she had brought home her dreams,  
And prepared to make them real, she was stopped.  
“A hydro-what?! Our family has been slicers of cold meats  
And stuffers of olives for generations! Who cares what’s on  
The ocean floor? Look, just try it. It’s in the blood.”  
The dream drowned and was buried deep.

Now she’s waiting. Perhaps one day she’ll learn  
To love slicing hams (Thin! But not too thin!) or wrapping  
Two hundred and thirty-seven grams of feta.  
Sometimes she fools herself.  
But then she sees a picture of the deepest part of the world,  
The abyss into which her hopes were hurled,  
And her dream is salvaged.

“Just one more day. One more paycheque.”  
Scared to dive into the deep unknown,  
To leave everything behind for marine peaks and troughs.  
Can she dare to leave safe harbours?  
Pull up the anchor of the past?  
And  
Take  
The  
Plunge?

All that was left was an apron and a hairnet.  
All that was taken was a dream  
From its hiding place, unfurled and uncrumpled.  
Stuffed into a rucksack, squeezed in beside Hope,  
Barely leaving room for Regret.  
Her dream must be followed.  
Who knows what’s on the ocean floor?

## SENIOR SECONDARY RUNNER UP

Jordan Yee

ST PETERS LUTHERAN COLLEGE | INDOOROPILLY QLD

### JUDGE’S COMMENT

There is so much to love about this poem - metaphor, humour, adversity and hope.  
The pacing is superb, too. (Thin! But not too thin!). Just love it!

# In my language they call me Ume Ibiegi

(Bird of Paradise)

An army came at dawn,  
Carrying guns and billums,  
Smoke and flame  
Mixed with my jungle clouds.  
My people screamed  
And woke to death.

We have long, slender necks  
With colours of  
Rock black,  
Cockatoo white,  
Bush green,  
Acuri brown,  
Flame red  
All over our bodies.

We have long necks so we can fly.  
My white tail feathers are long and skinny –  
Everybody wants them.  
We used to gather at 4 o'clock,  
Together in the tallest tree, and  
Make one big, loud, noise.

I was angry when I saw they killed my family.  
I could fight back,  
But I am not human.  
Now I fly, flit, flap from tree to tree,  
Finding no one.  
Now I live by myself in the bush  
With my beautiful, colourful feathers.  
At 4 o'clock I am alone;  
I make a sound like a cuckoo in the clock.

In my language they call me Ume Ibiegi,  
But paradise is lost.



**ASSISTED LEARNING SECONDARY WINNER**

*Elvise Ikuo*

**REDEEMER BAPTIST SCHOOL | NORTH PARRAMATTA NSW**

## JUDGE'S COMMENT

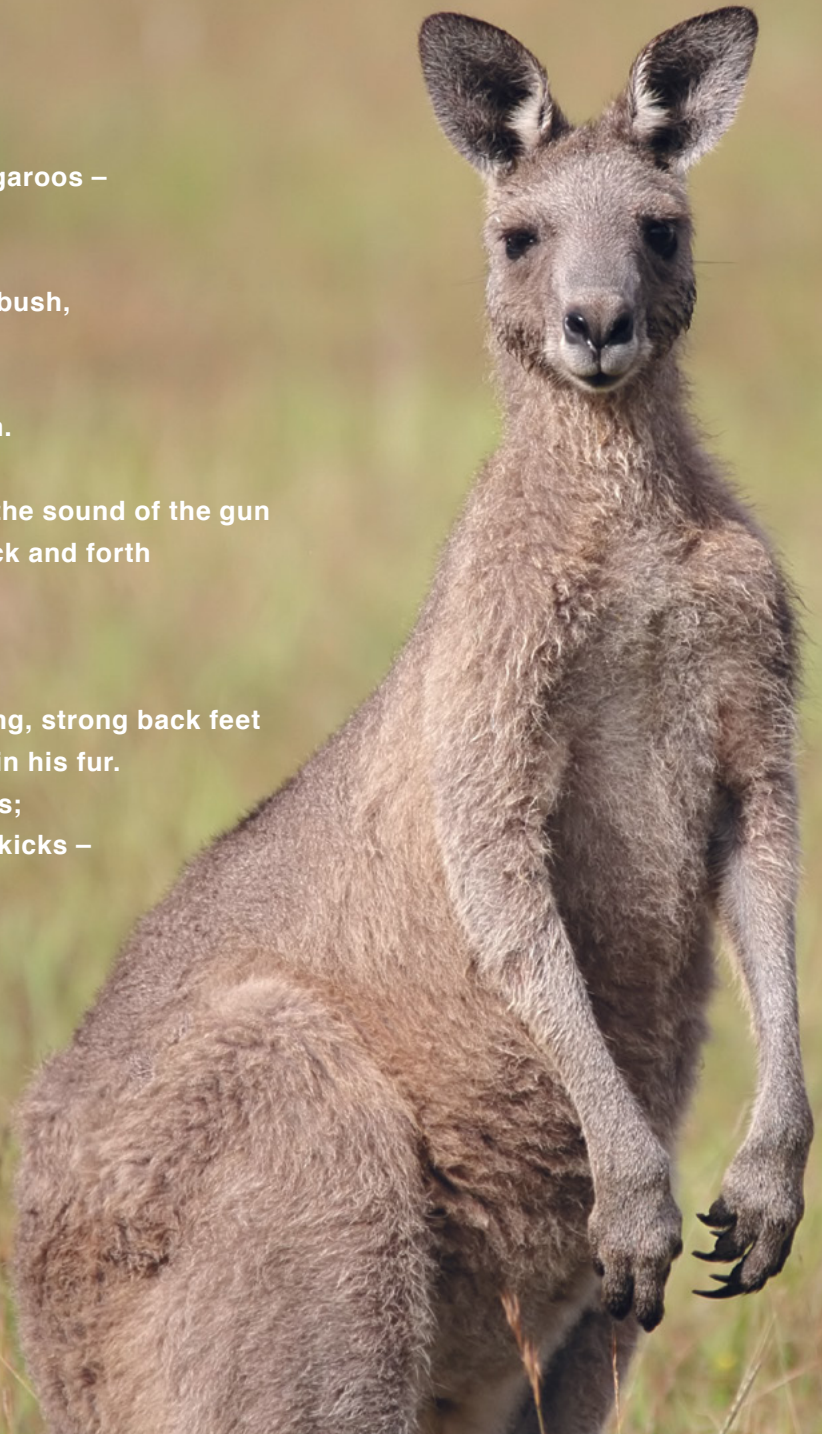
A lament for a beautiful bird under assault. The second verse is especially effective.  
Terrific poem!

# My Kangaroos

We love to find the big, red kangaroos –  
They're good to eat!  
Good to hunt!  
Sometimes we find them in the bush,  
In groups: boys and girls  
Eating grass  
We leave the hunting to the men.

They jump fast when they hear the sound of the gun  
Their fur-trimmed ears flick, back and forth  
Catching long-distance sounds.

They fight a lot  
Striking, slashing with those long, strong back feet  
Old man kangaroo has furrows in his fur.  
Mother kangaroos have pouches;  
Inside the baby moves, sleeps, kicks –  
I think kangaroos are beautiful.



**ASSISTED LEARNING SECONDARY RUNNER UP**

*Telisha Petrick*

**REDEEMER BAPTIST SCHOOL | NORTH PARRAMATTA NSW**

## JUDGE'S COMMENT

I love the detailed observation in this poem, violent as it is. Great work!

# The Song of Australia

The jingle of the tambourine  
As the beat picks up the pace  
The banging of bendir  
Smiles on the Arabic faces

The plucking of the koto  
As the strings begin to sing  
The whistle of the fue  
A Japanese symphony

I dance with breeze in my hair  
I listen to the song, my heart, the beat  
The eruption of joy and laughter!  
Tap of a tin and the movement of my feet

The cry of the bellowing yidaki  
Under the ring-barked trees  
Eager children listen to the elders  
And their songs of different stories

The quiet, thoughtful strum  
Of the ol' Spanish guitar  
As a time of reflection comes  
Thoughts cascade in my head

I dance with the breeze in my hair  
The eruption of mirth and a happy roar  
The world of music is here  
And we have not left the shore

This is the song of my land  
These are stories we share  
As our hearts beat as one  
Advance Australia Fair



**MULTICULTURAL NSW AWARD WINNER**

*Grace Selim*

**PYMBLE LADIES' COLLEGE | PYMBLE NSW**

## JUDGE'S COMMENT

A lovely and unusual way of telling the story of multicultural Australia in this poem - nicely-pitched and with great musical rhythm as befits its subject. Well done, Grace!

# Schools' Award

## **WINNER – PRIMARY**

Barnier Public School, QUAKERS HILL NSW

## **WINNER – SECONDARY**

Applecross Senior High School, ARDROSS WA

## **COMMENDATIONS**

Bethany Catholic School, WERRIBEE NORTH VIC

Bunbury Primary School, BUNBURY WA

Casula Public School, CASULA NSW

Dubbo School of Distance Education, DUBBO NSW

Griffith Public School, GRIFFITH NSW

Lycée Condorcet The International French School Of Sydney, SYDNEY NSW

Redeemer Baptist School, NORTH PARRAMATTA NSW

Penguin District School, PENGUIN TAS

Perth Modern School, SUBIACO WA

Presbyterian Ladies College, PEPPERMINT GROVE WA

Prouille Catholic Primary School, WAHROONGA NSW

Pymble Ladies' College Junior School, PYMBLE NSW

Tamworth Public School, TAMWORTH NSW

The Friends' School, NORTH HOBART TAS

Sydney Grammar School, PADDINGTON NSW

Waverley Christian College, WANTIRNA SOUTH Campus VIC

Youth Education Centre, CAVAN SA

# With Gratitude



The Society wishes to acknowledge the founder of the Dorothea Mackellar Poetry Awards, the late Mientje Maas OAM and life member, poet and print maker Anne Bell (Knight) who has been instrumental in the growth of this unique national project. Image by Maree Kelly.

## About the Trophies



### Alison Dent

Prize winners in recent years have been presented with highly individual mementoes, designed and crafted by members of the local art community.

Our 2016 prize winners will receive trophies created by Alison Dent, an artist who lives on a property near Gulargambone western NSW. Here she talks about her work.

#### WHEN DID YOU BECOME INTERESTED IN METALWORK, WELDING, SCULPTURE, DESIGN?

I started with a welding course about 15 years ago and it was only a hobby as I was training and competing with my horses and had a part time off farm job, which suited me well. In 2011 due to unforeseen circumstances, I decided to give up the off farm work and spend more time on the sculpture. I had been fortunate to land the job of building the Gulargambone tin galahs at the town entrance which have become quite famous. And so it went on from there.

#### HAVE YOU STUDIED FORMALLY?

No! And I can't draw at all! I fudge my way through things. I think I visualise well! In fact I know I do, as this was a great trait I had when competing in Equestrian events and training for them.

#### SOME OF YOUR COMMISSIONS?

Several vineyards have commissions, and several equestrians have also. There are quite a few private ones.

#### WHERE IS YOUR WORK FOUND?

Because I exhibit at various exhibitions, I am never sure where some of the pieces end up. Walking along Clovelly Beach, one day with my daughter and granddaughter, we were surprised to see one of my pieces on the front of a house overlooking the beach. I recognised this piece immediately, because the purchaser had issued certain requests. However, I had no idea where it had ended up.

#### FAVOURITE MEDIUM?

Steel, scrap metal. It has such a lovely aged look that cannot be created without the help of age. I also, make lights/lamps from beautiful but useless antique pieces.

## 2016 ANTHOLOGY ORDER FORM

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| The Story of Dorothea Mackellar by Adrienne Howley                              |                                    |
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