



PENS *Against* **POVERTY!**

ANNOUNCEMENT OF WINNING ENTRIES



About Pens Against Poverty

The Pens Against Poverty Schools Writing Competition encourages schools, teachers, and students to become educated in the important issues of poverty and homelessness within our communities in Australia, while nurturing brave young voices through creative writing.

This year's theme, *Voices for Change*, attracted hundreds of entries from schools across the country. Anglicare Australia is delighted to announce this year's winners.

Honouring Our Winners

The winning entries will be honoured at this year's Pens Against Poverty Awards Ceremony. Ordinarily held during Anti-Poverty Week, this year's ceremony will be held later this year in Canberra.

Years 3 and 4: Poetry

Winner: **Imagine a World**
Chloe Ma
Pymble Ladies' College

Imagine a world,
Where people have enough money,
to have excellent education,
to have food and water,
it really is great.
But, we don't have it.
We, have a world,
where people suffer,
and I want to change this.

A lot of people,
only have less than \$2 a day.
A lot of people,
have to make hard, hard decisions,
to live.

Remember that,
everyone has a voice,
and even the smallest change,
can help.
Everyone should be bouncing with glee.
After we,
change the world.

Highly Commended: My Life

Nick Chalmers

Emmaus Christian School

My life is at a point where it is hopeless
I feel like nothing
I am left out with everything around me
My parents dying

I am living in this school with everyone
Everyone pushing
I am getting weaker as everything goes
Most things slowing

Someone coming up to me and taking me
Flashing in my eyes
I am feeling hope coming through my body
I am much more wise

My life has been given back by the kindness
Starting to feel good
Feeling fresh, beautiful and new life again
Back with special mood

Years 5 and 6: Poetry

Winner: Hope
 Avi Jain
 Canberra Grammar School

A crop
In the harsh winter of Poverty
A shield
For those who live on the streets
Some nourishment
For those whose stomachs feel hollow
Determination
For those who are about to give up

Hope
A roof
For those who need shelter from storm
Legs
For those who can't stand up
A job
For those who don't have money

Hope
A voice for change

Highly Commended: To Change the World

Chloe Shires

Pymble Ladies' College

We need a voice
To stand up and say
We have no choice

The world is dying
Our hope is too
To spark it again
We need all of you

We say we will help
But we never do
We lie to ourselves
And the whole world too

We are never too small
To do something right
Together we can do it
Unite and fight

One is only brave
When they try to make change
Do something right
So we are not ashamed

We have all done our share
Of harming our home
Take responsibility of our actions
We won't fight alone

So give your voice
To save this place
Just one little action
Can change our fate

Years 7 and 8: Poetry

Winner: Longing for a Home
 Sophia Haggarty
 Belconnen High School

Alone on the streets
At night it gives you the creeps
Stuck gum, stuck to everything
There's only ever nice weather in spring

He's been camping on the streets
He's daily donations is \$7 to the highest in can reach
When he eats scraps he its eat very fast
He is to hungry for leftovers to last

The man is a disappointment to many people
But it's not what he wants, all he wants is to be equal
Every car that drives by looks at him like they want to shout.
Even the shadows are pushing him out

The concrete is his bed which is never warm
The cold is like the corridor outside your dorm
Being nice to these people will make there day more sunny
Yay! Will they yell when they receive some money

Highly Commended: The Life of a Gladiator

Zoe Downing

Australian Christian College Southlands

In the night as the stars hang limp in the sky,
their twinkle no more than an eerie glow.
Trees no longer move with the rhythm of the wind,
Their dance, no more than a waltz in the cold.

In the night, the melodic chirruping of the birds die.
The wail of infants too soft to be heard
their howl no more than a whisper .
The moon, it's dappled elegance fading of light
Her song, to which no one listened

In the night, as harsh and the cold arrive
Don't worry my sweet dear, don't put up a fight
You are safe for now from the darkness and the night.
Where you are vulnerable and afraid in the night

Years 9 and 10: Poetry

Winner: **What About Tomorrow**
 Nia Ludik
 Australian Christian College

Last night was frost ridden, freezing all the stars,
I asked Papa "What about tomorrow? All the water's so far."
Early morning yet daybreaks are all the same,
Breathing down my neck the chilling air left unchanged.
Mama in the house with no rooms to call its own,
Cooking what rations are left in our humble little home.
The nearest clean water miles and miles more away,
So, we collect water from the dirty stream that's always here to stay.

What we have is meagre and rarely no more,
Any more is meagre and a reflection of us, the poor.
We survived another day which is longer than many,
The sun falls and fire crackles become my bedtime symphony.
But then I ask Mama when I'm huddle on the floor,
"What about tomorrow? We don't have much more."

The sun rises and brings a sense of dread,
Papa must go far off and work for food so we can be fed.
He'll be travelling far and still hasn't shaken his cold,
What if he collapses since he is becoming rather old?

The sun's glow cloaked in the hill's shadow,
The night singing crickets begin humming quite slow.
Papa is back with enough food to feed us for a few days,
A short-lived triumph as Papa will have to go soon, I say.
The heat of the day fading into the chills of the night,
Watching the dancing of the little fire light.
Mama and Papa fast asleep,
So, I whisper "What about tomorrow? If I lose them, I will certainly weep."
No real future in sight besides this very same life,
The idea that I'll be stuck here for good stabs my heart like a knife.

Everything is meagre and rarely no more,
Any more is meagre and a reflection of us, the poor.
So, what about tomorrow? Well, what I know for sure,
Is that I'll be here, not daring to dream about more.

Highly Commended: Voices of Change

Olivia Goncalves

Woodcroft College

System, schedules, routines, they're not supposed to change, the same story recurring forever

That's how I liked it, that's how it was, until one day it changed, and I didn't expect it at all

everyone said bye, some see you later, but I didn't want to tell them goodbye not now, not ever

The voice is my head that was very rarely there, continued to hide, so insignificant, so small

I'd been on a plane before but nothing like this, we didn't have a ticket back this was a one way trip

I tried to understand, this was for my future but I didn't want change, I wasn't ready to grow

My feet were planted on this unfamiliar land, my new home and my stuff already shipped

The once small voice now louder, screaming at me telling me to not give up and to not let go

From the weather to people to food, everything so different but it wasn't that bad, not one bit

My family all wanted me to be happy and I was starting to think that maybe I can be I didn't know id meet all these people, each with their own story and I kind of loved it

The voice inside me although still wary decided to give a change to this big new family

I might move on but I'll never forget, for this new home I love, however still think is strange

It is a place of wonders and place of opportunity, a paradise in my eyes, hate it I could never

It might have taken time and plenty of fear but over the pains and hardships I learned to love change

change meant excitement, change meant growth, change meant id never be alone not now, not ever

So now the voice continues to share with me, guide me, telling me to always seek the unknown

And from what I've learned; change can only be reached at the end of my comfort zone.