

The artwork is a painting of a person with dark hair in a bun, wearing a purple top, seen from behind. They are looking out of a window. Outside the window, there is a white dove in flight, a balcony with a red railing, and a large, colorful flower arrangement hanging from the side. The sky is blue with white clouds.

HUME CITY COUNCIL

Young People's Stories of Resilience and Creativity: A Hume Anthology 2022



Front cover design

Look out for freedom in Lockdown
Maryam Zuhair (Age 15)
Penola Catholic College





Acknowledgment of traditional custodians

Hume City Council recognises the rich Aboriginal heritage within the municipality and acknowledges the Wurundjeri Woi-wurrung, which includes the Gunung-Willam-Balluk clan, as the Traditional Custodians of this land. Council embraces Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander living cultures as a vital part of Australia's identity and recognises, celebrates, and pays respect to the existing family members of the Wurundjeri Woi-wurrung and to Elders past, present and future.

Acknowledgment of contribution to *Young People's Stories of Resilience and Creativity: A Hume Anthology 2022*.

Council would like to thank all the young people who contributed their amazing artwork, poems, and stories to this year's anthology.

This year's anthology would not be possible without the support of our local primary and secondary schools including:

- Aitken College
- Greenvale Secondary College
- Gladstone Park Secondary
- Hume Anglican Grammar
- Kolbe Catholic College
- Kangan TAFE Institute
- Penola Catholic College
- Salesian College
- St Mary's Coptic Orthodox College
- Sunbury Downs College

We would also like to thank all of the parents/carers for supporting your young people in their creative endeavours.



Mayor's Message

I am delighted to launch the inaugural *Hume Youth Anthology 2022*. The works in this anthology serve as an inspiration to us all, and we thank all the parents, carers and schools who supported their young people this year to showcase their artworks; and most of all thank the young people that submitted their work in 2022.

Young people were invited to submit a drawing, poem, short story, comic, painting, or photograph that reflected their experiences, hopes, and challenges over the COVID pandemic encompassing the theme of resilience and creativity.

The creative pieces in this anthology are testimony to the resilience that young people have shown over the past two years. They showcase their hopes, passions and challenges over this time, highlighting the varied ways that young people coped with the challenges of the last two years.

Young People's Stories of Resilience and Creativity: A Hume Anthology was inspired by the voices and ideas of Hume young people during consultations in 2021 to inform the development of the *Connect & Thrive: A Plan for Young People in Hume 2022-2026*.

Young people, families and the community highlighted the need for young people's achievements to be recognised and celebrated. In addition, young people voiced the need for us to recognise that they are the experts in

their own lives and have the contemporary, real-world knowledge and experience of issues and opportunities impacting them and their communities.

This anthology project will be delivered annually and will provide a unique opportunity for young people aged 6 to 24 years to showcase their amazing talents and creativity.

Enjoy this anthology, and thank you to everyone who contributed.

Cr Joseph Haweil
Mayor of Hume City



Picture for resilience

Antonio Marcus (Age 5), St Mary's Coptic Orthodox College

No Superheroes look alike



Author: Karlos Marcus

No Superheroes Look Alike

It all began in 1983 where young Jack splinter commenced big school. When he first was greeted by his tall slim teacher, he wished his big school experience was going to be nothing like his preschool days.

During his first period while the students were introducing themselves and discussing about what they love to do as a hobby, Jack instantly felt excluded and different! He felt a huge urge to weep as he was praying big school children will have more in common with him.

Finally, after three painful hours Jack indulged in a well-deserved lunch. He felt extremely excited to make friends. Jack gathered all his strength to approach his peers to play. As soon as Jack spoke and listened to the children talk and act, he realized it was going to be an utterly and long painful year.

Even though he was told and felt that he was different and didn't have a chance he always got back up. At last, the year came to an end and Jack felt excited for a fresh start with a different teacher and fellow classmates. Sadly, that wasn't the case either! he began blaming himself for raising his hopes too high.

Finally, that year came to an end. Now in grade two he learnt his lesson in not raising his hopes for a better school experience. Surprising, he was wrong! Jack was so overjoyed to be wrong! He began jumping for joy. Although the students were not yet accepting, he had the best teacher ever! Mrs Ebony.

She tested him to his limits without outcasting him within the class. It was an enjoyable year for Jack, even though his social experience wasn't any different his learning experience was like no other!

Jack learnt he needed to show resilience and perseverance in order to reach his true potential and learnt that he didn't need to have the same things in common as his peers, while its okay to be different and stand out because not all superheroes look alike and its boring to be like everyone else and most importantly there is and will only be one of us!

THE END

No Superheroes Look Alike (drawing & short story)

Karlos Marcus (Age 9), St Mary's Coptic Orthodox College

End world war

End world war
Why do we fight
If we can have peace
And make our world bright

So what if we're different
No one's the same
Can we just have peace
Then there'll be no one to blame

Just live in peace
Trust me it's not hard
It'll make our world better
It's like having a guard

End of War

Monica Salama (poem) (Age 11), St Mary's Coptic Orthodox College



Hope

Noah Iskander (Age 7), St Mary's Coptic Orthodox College

Patricia's Story

By Patricia Saloumi

Hello my name is Patricia Saloumi I am 10 years old. I came to Australia 5 years ago. I was born in Syria and stayed there for 5 years. The reason why my family and I moved to Australia was because when I was little the war happened.

I heard bombs that made the floor shake I was terrified and I saw dead people on the floor and blood everywhere .I was so scared I could not sleep. The war was so bad my aunty's husband lost his eye. When I was little I was at childcare my parents were at work and suddenly a bomb blasted right next to my childcare my mum heard that and rushed to see if I was fine. All those that started the war did not want to end it.My sister was born. And my parents made a hard decision to leave everything behind even my mum's family and friends and moved to Australia.Why we chose Australia is because my parents knew that Australia was a country that had freedom and was safe to live in.

Of course our life wasn't easy. We didn't know one word in English but we went through it and worked together as a family.Life taught me to never give up .

So here we are my mum works as a Migration Liaison . My dad is a Baker and my sister and I are in a wonderful school. We all love Australia and I always thank God for his help.

Patricia's Story (story)

Patricia Saloumi (Age 10), St Mary's Coptic Orthodox College

Haiku Poem / Spring

Spring is in the air.
Flowers bloom sky high right now.
Spring is the best thing.



Spring (Haiku Poem)

Ryan Yousifany (Age 9), St Mary's Coptic Orthodox College

Covid 19

COVID 19
STUCK TO THE SCREEN
TURNING TO A TEEN
NOT MUCH INFORMATION BECAUSE I'M LEARNING FROM A
SCREEN!

FROM THE TOP WEARING SCHOOL UNIFORM
FROM THE BOTTOM WEARING PYJAMA JEANS
BY ALL MEANS SCHOOL AIN'T NO FUN ANYMORE
IT'S JUST A LEARNING MACHINE!

AFTER SCHOOL I TAKE A NAP
THEN I HAVE A DREAM
THAT MY FACE IS GLUED TO A SCREEN!

Covid 19 (Poem)

Thomas Soliman (Age 12), St Mary's Coptic Orthodox College

Netflix

IT'S AS ADDICTING AS SMOKING
MY POPCORN LEAVES ME CHOKING
MY MOUTH IS WORN OUT
BUT I DO NOT DOUBT

IT'S AS EXCITING AS A GENDER REVEAL
IF I'M SAD, IT LEAVES ME HEALED
IT'S SO FUNNY, I LAUGH SO HARD
I CANNOT BE BOTHERED TO PLAY IN THE YARD

IT HAS A LOT OF JUMP SCARES
BUT I TRY TO STAY PREPARED
IT'S VERY COMFORTING WHEN I LAY IN BED
I OBVIOUSLY DON'T THINK OF MY FUTURE AHEAD

AS INTERESTING AS A NON FICTION BOOK

BUT IT STILL LEAVES ME SHOOK
IT'S AS ADVENTUROUS AS A MOUNTAIN HIKE
OBVIOUSLY I DO NOT DISLIKE

HOURS AND HOURS I ENJOYED
I THEN REALISED I'M UNEMPLOYED
BUT I DO NOT REGRET
EVEN THOUGH I AM IN DEBT

WATCHING NETFLIX EVERYDAY
EVEN ON CHRISTMAS DAY
NONSTOP JOKES AND SCARY SCENES
I WILL NOT STOP BY ALL MEANS

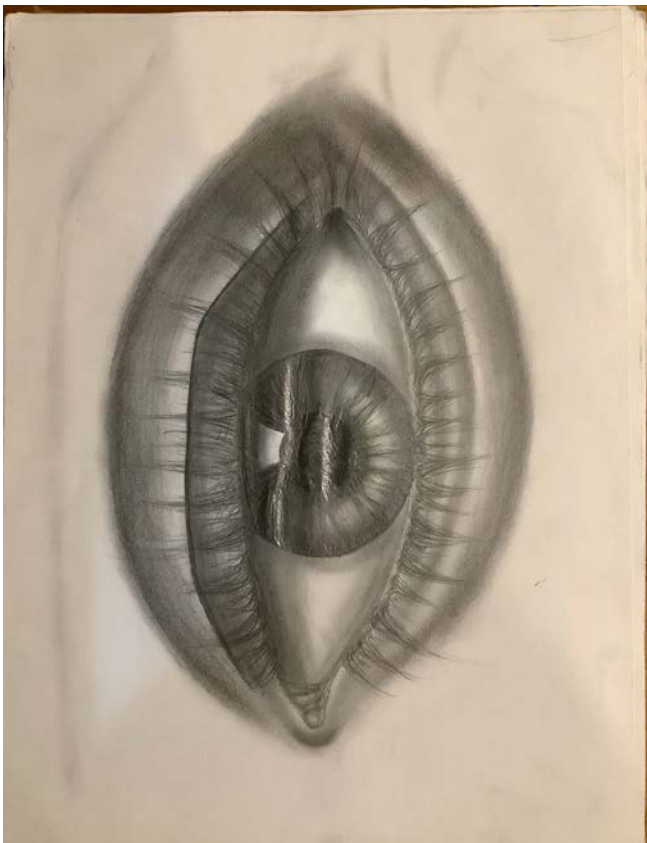
NEW MOVIES EVERY WEEK
YAY, YAY, YAY I SHRIEK
THE PIXELS OF THE MOVIE, PLAYING IN MY HEAD
EVERYONE THINKING I'M A BONEHEAD

1 MONTH SUBSCRIPTION
WORTH IT SINCE
IT'S SUCH AN ADDICTION
:)

-THOMAS SOLIMAN

Netflix (Poem)

Thomas Soliman (Age 12), St Mary's Coptic Orthodox College



B&W Portraits

Abigail Yacoub (Age 14), St Mary's Coptic Orthodox College



Electric Thoughts

Alexandria Rosewall-Davison (Age 15), Sunbury Downs College



Untitled

Aliyah Ball (Age 16), Sunbury



The Six Candles

Anagha Cheeroth (Age 16), Hume Anglican Grammar



Face in Lockdown

Arshpreet Kaur (Age 14), Hume Anglican Grammar



Changing through the Seasons

Berra Akyildiz (Age 13), Greenvale Secondary College



The power of Positivity (left), Vegito Breaking Limit (right)

Bilal Al Mansoury (Age 13), Greenvale Secondary College



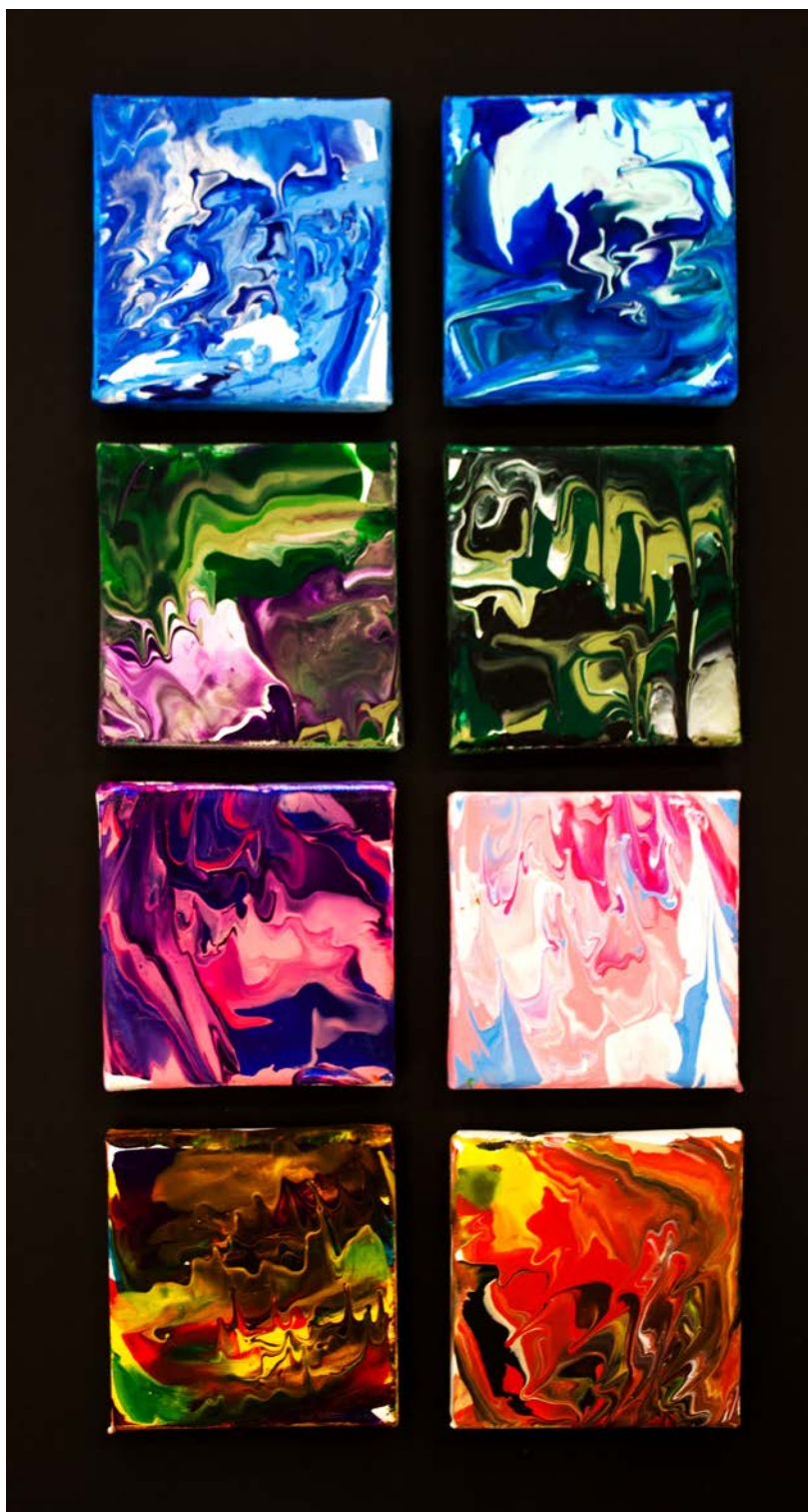
Untitled

Chantal Elfranji (Age 13), St Mary's Coptic Orthodox College



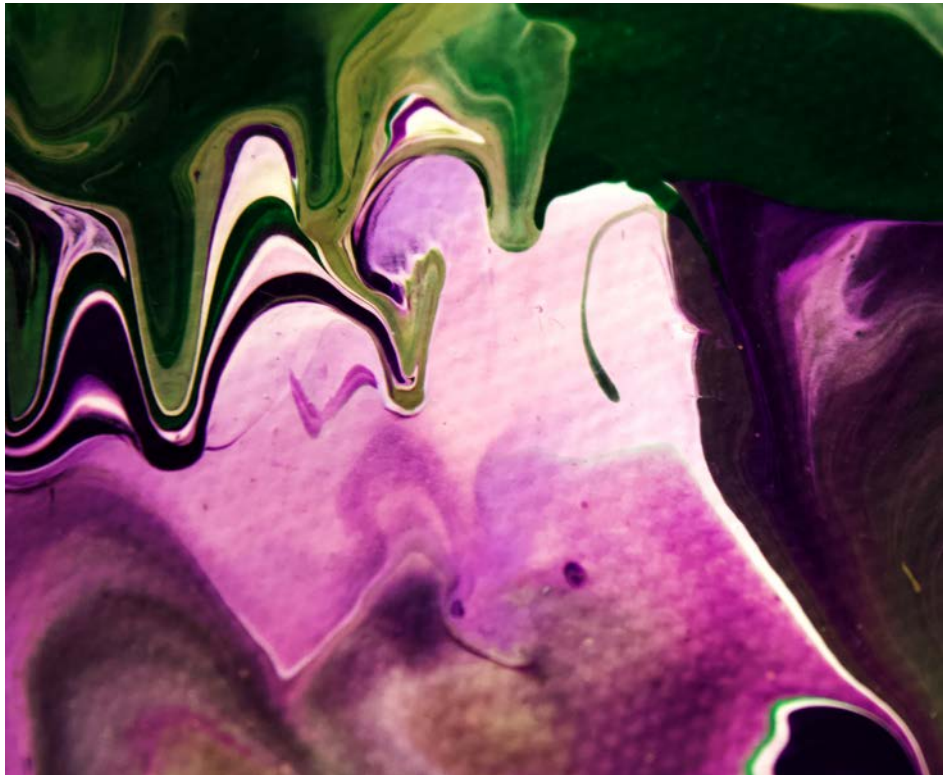
Mixed Emotions

Eliz Atik (Age 13), Greenvale Secondary College



Mixed Emotions

Eliz Atik (Age 13), Greenvale Secondary College



Mixed Emotions

Eliz Atik (Age 13), Greenvale Secondary College



St.Mary's Coptic orthodoxy college
"It is better to give than to receive"

By:Emmy Abdo yr 9



WE ALL HAVE EXPERIENCED DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES WHERE WE HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO GIVE AND HELP OTHERS, BUT WE DIDN'T. DID YOU EVER THINK ABOUT YOUR FEELINGS AFTER GETTING OUT OF A SITUATION WITHOUT HELPING? IT IS A GREAT REGRET THAT CAN'T BE SIMPLY EASED BECAUSE YOU WERE NOT A LIFE-CHANGING REASON FOR SOMEONE. GIVING IS BETTER THAN RECEIVING, BECAUSE WHEN YOU GIVE, YOU DRAW A BEAUTIFUL SMILE ON PEOPLE'S FACES. YOU DON'T REALLY NEED TO GIVE MONEY; YOU COULD JUST START BY GIVING OUT SOMETHING SMALL. FROM YOUR POINT OF VIEW, YOU MIGHT THINK THAT THIS SMALL THING WILL NOT MAKE A DIFFERENCE, BUT INDEED; IT WILL. THIS IS BECAUSE TO THEM IT IS A HUGE HELP THAT THEY WILL NEVER FORGET. IN REALITY, SOME PEOPLE COULD CHANGE SOMEONE ELSE'S LIFE BY RESTORING HOPE AND BEING SYMPATHETIC. SOME PEOPLE CHOOSE TO HELP OTHERS WITH MONEY, WHICH IS GREAT AND SUPPORTIVE. THE FEELING YOU HAVE AFTER YOU GIVE AND HELP SOMEBODY IS INDESCRIBABLE. IT CAN'T BE COMPARED TO THE FEELINGS YOU HAVE AFTER YOU RECEIVE.

ALL RELIGIONS AGREE AND SUPPORT THIS SAYING, BECAUSE THIS HOW THE WORLD SHOULD LIVE. IN CHRISTIANITY JESUS PROCLAIMED SAYING:" HE WHO HAS TWO TUNICS, LET HIM GIVE TO HIM WHO HAS NONE; AND HE WHO HAS FOOD, LET HIM DO LIKEWISE." IN THE ISLAMIC BOOK, IT IS WRITTEN:" THOSE WHO IN CHARITY SPEND OF THEIR GOODS BY NIGHT AND BY DAY, IN SECRET AND IN PUBLIC, HAVE THEIR REWARD WITH THEIR LORD: ON THEM SHALL BE NO FEAR, NOR SHALL THEY GRIEVE." IT IS NEVER WRONG TO GIVE, BUT WHAT IS WRONG IS WHEN YOU HAVE THE CHANCE TO HELP AND GIVE SOMEONE AND YOU DON'T HELP THEM. IT IS REALLY DISAPPOINTING TO SEE PEOPLE SEEKING HELP AND SUPPORT IN OUR EXTRAORDINARY WORLD, AND BEING UNABLE TO RECEIVE IT.



It is better to give than to receive

Emmy Abdo (Age 16), St Mary's Coptic Orthodox College



Green Love

Isabell Bilous (Age 17), Aitken College



Overall Control

Isabell Bilous (Age 17), Aitken College



The Beauty Suit

Jia-Zhen Lu (Age 13), Sunbury Downs College



MTN Dew

Laksh Sehgal (Age 15), Kolbe Catholic College



Light and Dark

Leyla Saylik (Age 12), Greenvale Secondary College



Lost and Found

Leyla Saylik (Age 12), Greenvale Secondary College

The forest is thick with vines today,
 Dark shadows dance and tease the light,
 Dewy residue sits on wax-coated leaves.
 The further you trek, the deeper you go,
 The trees whisper to one another,
 Deep, airy sighs to each other,
 In a language spoken by no others,
 For they know to others they owe nothing.
 The grass saps life from the soles of wandering feet,
 While the rough bark from the tree grazes the touch
 Sharpening the sword blade, flint, and steel.
 There is twilight in the space of in-between,
 As sprites and spirits exist in pure delight,
 Fae and foe find ways to pick and choose,
 While howls does the wind throw.
 Mushrooms sprout in the dank darkness,
 Forbidden and invincible in a special light.
 The forest is dark with secrets today,
 Storm clouds brew offshore over the sea cliffs,
 Jagged teeth bare and gnash at stragglers,
 Threatening to swallow and chew.
 Pollen and plant litter lines the beds of decay,
 As the dead grow older and in somewhat a way -
 weary.
 The wafts of demise remind of violability.
 The forest is grey and gloomy today.
 Full of enigmas untold and bound to silence,
 Promises unbroken, yet corroded to the chain
 Like long forgotten, abandoned treasure,
 But we forgot to stop the clock.
 There are thorns and thistles that stand a guard,
 Arms honed and nerves settled to fight.
 The forest anticipates war today.
 Flames lick and lap at the heels of fate,
 As despair seeps through the root system
 And overthrows the stronghold of forest trees.
 Floods of wavering doubt unease the strong-willed,
 Those of strong roots and ossified bones crumble,
 While the prevailing lower and bend a knee,
 The forest is conquered before the fight is began,
 It is fought in a way not forefelt before,
 But it will pick itself up again.
 It will rebuild its systems,
 Reroute its cradles and reinvent the groundworks.
 Muscle memory teaches and refuses to forget,
 While the memories that neglect
 Finds ways to creep into the rings of the solid oak,
 The forest sleeps tonight.

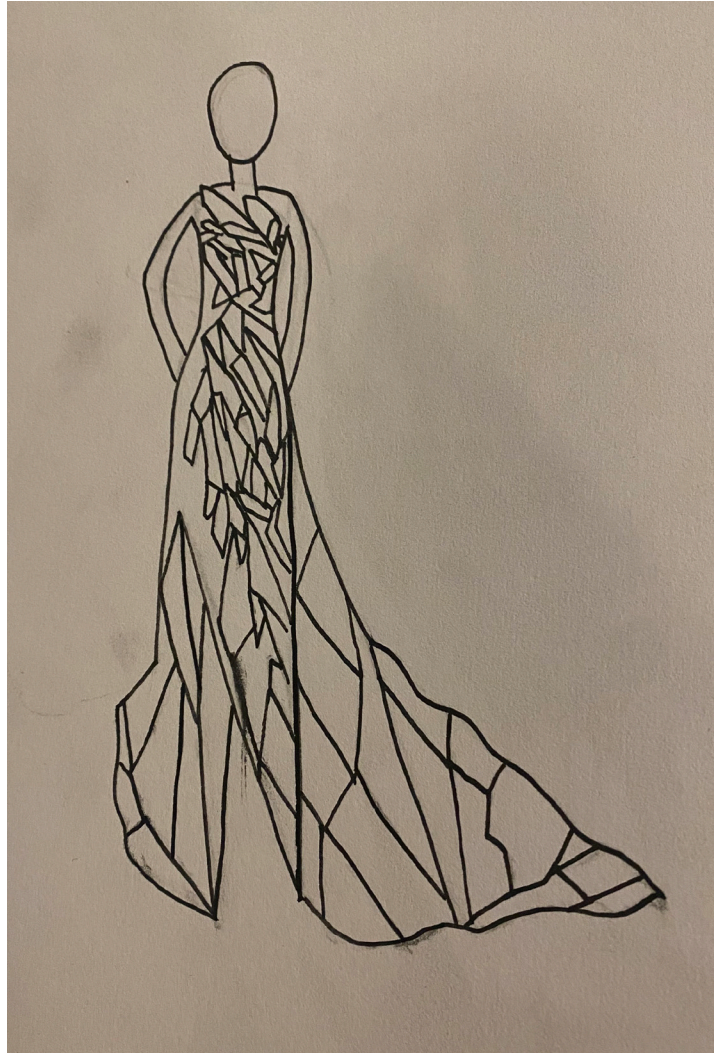
The Forest (Poem)

Louis Harrison (Age 18), Hume Anglican Grammar



Spring Has Arrived

Maeve Hogan (Age 13), Hume Anglican Grammar



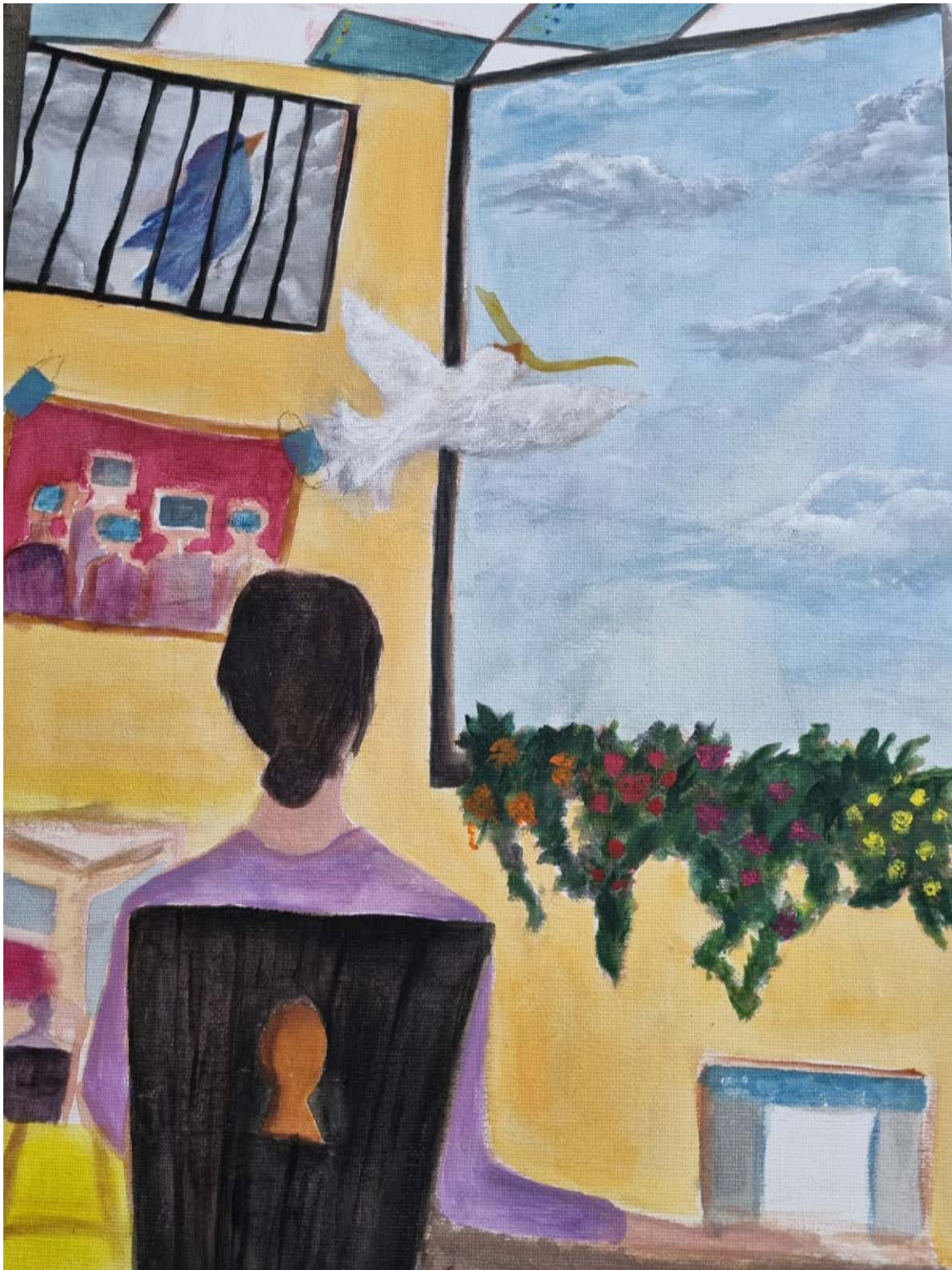
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Malak Kodsí (Age 12), Gladstone Park Secondary College



Natural flowers (top), Fuzzy Cricket Pitch (middle), Mushroom Land (bottom)

Mankaran Singh (Age 13), Hume Anglican Grammar



Look out for Freedom in Lockdown

Maryam Zuhair (Age 15), Penola Catholic College



Steps of Resilience

Maryam Zuhair (Age 15), Penola Catholic College



Golden Light in Darkness

Rihanna Hamra (Age 12), Greenvale Secondary College



Change my State of Mind

Safir Rahman (Age 12), Greenvale Secondary College



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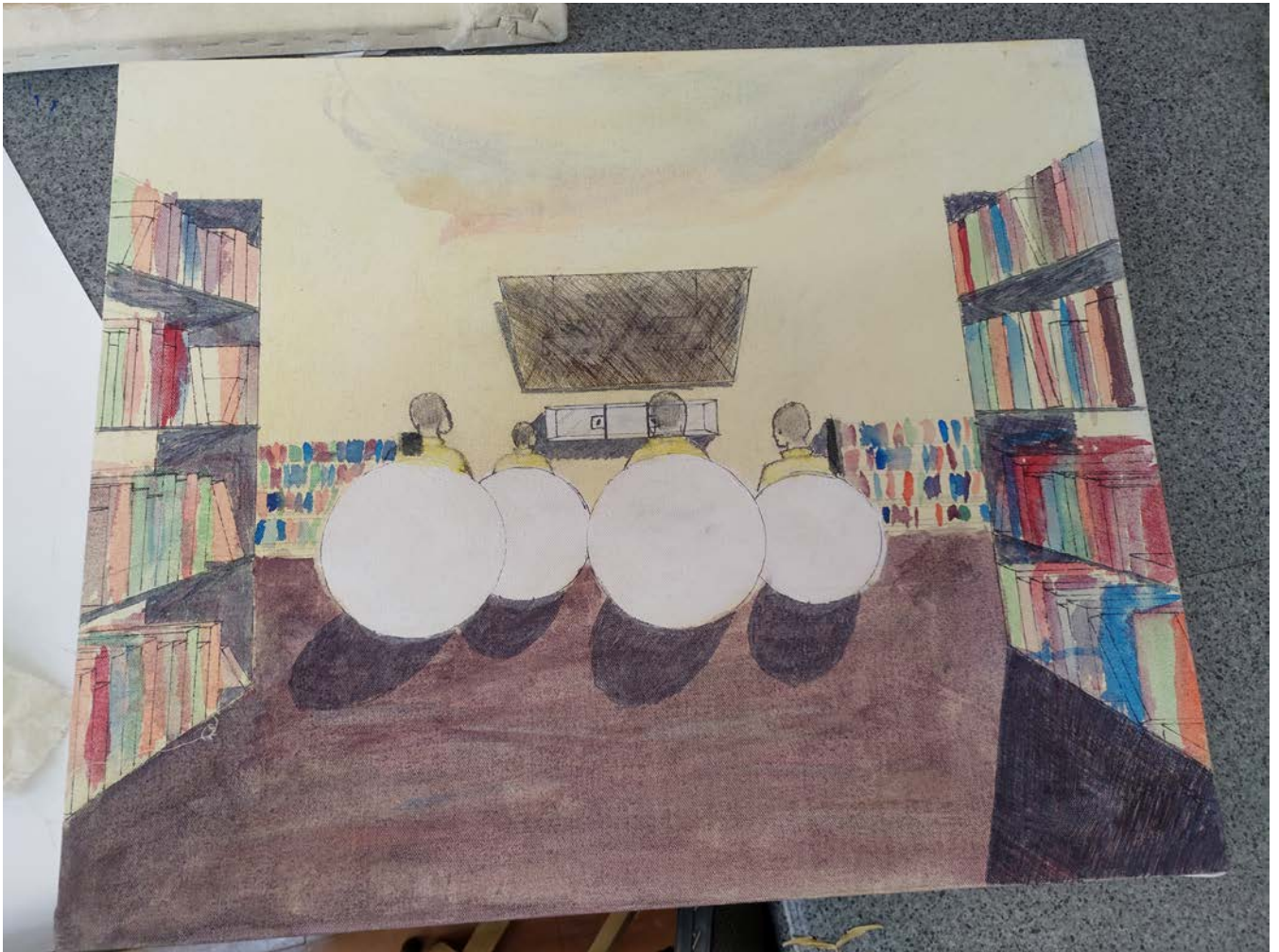
Tharuki Rajapaksha (Age 18), Aitken College

Weavings of the Wheel:

Some people will only be in your life for a little bit, but they will teach you the most important things. Things you never even thought about, but that person won't be there forever. They may come and go, they may be your closet friend before you drift apart, or they may just become another person you pass in the hallway. You can't chase after something always destined to fail, because in the end, the Wheel weaves as the Wheel wills.

Weavings of the Wheel (Poem)

Theo Ziervogel (Age 14), Salesian College



The beginning of a long Hobby

Youhanna Tadros (Age 16), Delahey



The beginning of a long Hobby

Youhanna Tadros (Age 16), Delahey



Photography

Mohammad Azeem Ibrahimi (Age 19), Kangan TAFE Institute

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