

mock-up

BoekieBoekie presents the eleventh edition of the stArt Award; the illustration award for debutants.

WHAT?

A place of honour in BoekieBoekie and a check for:

The work of the country winners

and the (inter)national nominees will be published in #100: Naar de maan.

WHEN?

You can submit your work until **January 15**st **2016**.

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For art academy students and debutants illustrators*

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BoekieBoekie wants:

Reward: € 750 and...

<mark>upcomin</mark>g drawing talent.

a place of honor in BoekieBoekie.

*If you graduated before

1 August 2011, then you are no
longer a debutant according to
the rules, and cannot participate.

WHERE

- March 19th: Presentation in Kunsthal, Rotterdam, Netherlands
- April 4th 7th: Presentation at the International Children's Book Fair Bologna, Italy

DO IT

Sign up* via the webshop at startaward.org.

Registration fee:

- **•** € 19,95 (individual)
- **◆** € 190 (group max, 15 people)

HOW?

You can compete in the stArt Award by making a minimum of five illustrations for The Amazing Adventures of Jules Verne.

The 11th edition of the stArt Award is being organised in multiple countries. Each country has its own edition. Twenty nominees from each country will have a chance to be included in the international top-10.

The stArt Award-competition package consists of:

- Jules Verne pdf with texts to illustrate and inspiring and practical tips.
- ◆ The BoekieBoekie-sketchbook.



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Dates 2016

January 15th closing date

February 15th - nominees presented on Facebook for the Audiance Award

March 19th

 Presentation in Kunsthal, Rotterdam, Netherlands

April 4th - 7th • Presentation at the International Children's Book Fair Bologna, Italy

The assignment

Make at least five illustrations by one or more texts of your choose.

Selection criteria

- What the jury will consider: • Are the illustrations made for the readers of BoekieBoekie: children from 8 to 13 years old.
- Do the illustration and the text fit together and strengthen each other.
- Is the work accessible, contemporary, and recognizable for children.
- Does the illustrator have their own style/ hand-writing and style of visual language
- ullet Note: if you graduated before August $1^{
 m st}$ 2011, then you are no longer a debutant illustrator, according to the rules, and may not participate.

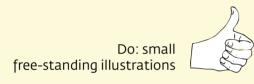
- single page: 285 x 210 mm (portrait)
- double page (spread): 285 x 420 mm (landscape)

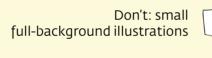
- If you illustration runs through the text, please take legibility into account.
- If your illustration fills the page, or runs to the border, give your illustration a 5mm border. This will be cut-off after printing.
- Read the instructions before entering the contest (see following pages).

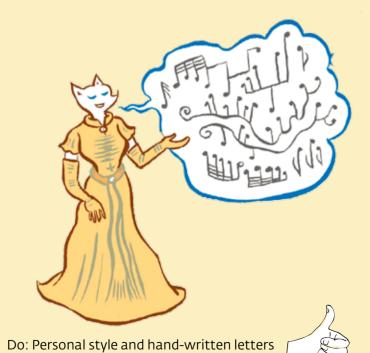
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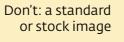




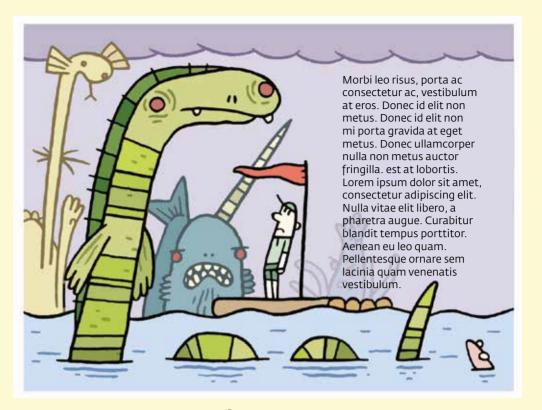


and titles: fits with BoekieBoekie.

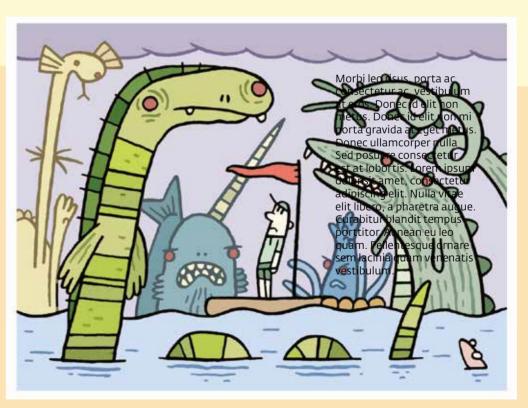




















Instructions

To enter the stArt Award contest, you need to complete the following three assignments, creating at least five illustrations.

Assignment 1

One spot illustration: make a drawing of Jules Verne's rocket to the moon.

Assignment 2

Three spot illustrations to accompany one or several of the texts

Assignment 3

One full-page illustration to accompany one of the texts.

NB: Some of the texts may be used for both assignments 2 and 3

- Each text has an indication of the number of available pages and how many illustrations you can make for it.
- See BoekieBoekie's With Alice in Wonderland sketch book for many inspiring examples.
- Hint: You need not read all of Jules Verne's books!



The amazing adventures of Jules Verne



From the Earth to the Moon

- ◆ To the Moon!
- Commando Dog Satellite and the Journey to Dwarf Planet Pluto



Five Weeks in a Balloon

- Floating Slowly
- ◆ Five Weeks in a Balloon
- He collected the world



A Journey to the Center of the Earth

- ◆ Deeper = older
- A Journey to the Centre of Myself
- **◆** Low

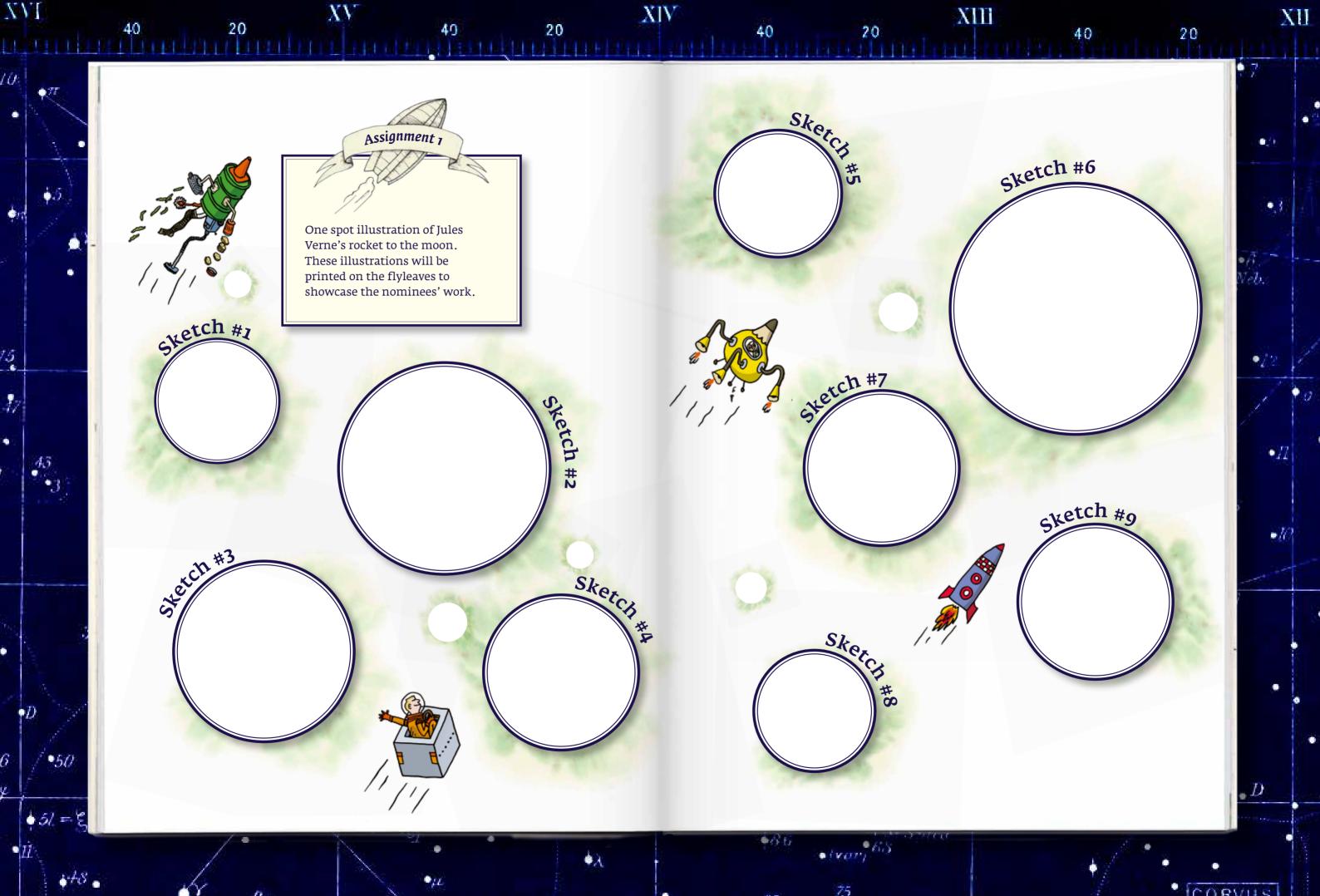


Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea

- ◆ Thirty Nine Nautical Miles per Word
- The Kraken
- Mobilis in Mobile

Affikas Crefium
Onenfes Cyremia, mft
VRBES fit Ceroma
Acra Dionia
Acra Epidarum
Alexandria Erythia

Amftelodami





Handwritten title

Assignment 2:

- ◆ Three or more spot illustrations
- ◆ Four pages available

Assignment 3:

◆ One full-page illustration*

*If your illustration fills the page, or runs to the border, give your illustration a 5mm border. This will be cut-off after printing.

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When peace broke out in America
                                                                                The soldiers had nothing to do.
                                                                             They got bored without battles, and missed
                                                                           all the fighting and hullabaloo.
                                                                       They yearned for the gun smoke and noise.
                                                                      Their life Without Violence Was dull.
                                                                    Even though some had lost both their legs,
                                                                  an arm, or the back of their skull.
                                                              The men thought with wistful nostalgia
                                                             of the roar of their cannons and guns.
                                                           of the roar of their cannons and guns.

The cannon had just been invented.
                                                         The roaring had only begun.
                                                     So they founded their very own Chro
                                                   a place they could moan and complain.
                                                 They wanted to shoot of their canhous.

They wanted to shoot of their canhous.

They wanted to shoot of their canhous.
                                               The peace was too much of a strain.
                                           Then one blessed day came the news:
                                          their president wanted a gun,
                                       a megalarge cannon to shoot
                                      three men to the moon, just for fun.
                                  Calculations and studies were made
                                Professors and experts joined in
                              to work out the power you need
                             in the void, and the oxygen.
                         People all over the world
                       Sent money to fund the new venture,
                     hoping to go down in history
                   as part of this epic adventure!
               They built a huge ball from the lightest
             of Metals that money could buy.
            With six billion litres of petrol
         they felt sure it would reach the sky.
      Three men went on board, and two dogs,
    Inree men went un vousin and low of supplies.
 But No blans had been wade for tetnining

with a plans had been wade for tetnining

which was the standard of subplies.
by the time that they said their goodbyes.
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The window below their feet in the floor, brought the earth into sight. It looked like a silvery crescent There were rockets, designed for the spaceship a moon in the pitch-blackest night. to land once they would have arrived. But as for the journey back home They slept for a bit, till the dogs The Crew would be left high and dry. got hungry and started to bark The dog Satellite had a head wound. they'd forgotten the beasts in the dark. The men in the ball were aware of the fact, but said nothing out loud. So they fed all the chickens and dogs, They couldn't go back now because and breakfasted handsomely too. they were famous all over the world. The food would have lasted a year. What was more, they had all they could want the Water a forthight or two. for a comfortable life in their ship. Three beds, a couch and a stove, Sadly, when checking on Satellite they found he had died of his wound. and wine to last them the trip. Now he and Diana the bitch They were lying stretched out on their peds Would never have pups on the moon. at the moment the countdown began. The fuse was lit, and the Cannon They opened a window a moment, The fuse was inc, and the cannon off with an ear-splitting bang. to throw the dog out into space. YOU CAN'T really keep a Cadaver But inside the ball they heard nothing. When sharing so tiny a place. Had they left, or were they still there? There is of course no way of knowing What happened next, was pure logic: because there was no air outside, if you can't see and can't hear. the ship and the dog's flattened body Numb, they lay there in the darkness, Mew at the same speed, side by side. till one of them said: I have found They'd flown eighteen hours when at last the reason we can't hear a thing. They arrived at the moon in their ball. We're travelling faster than sound: It looked like a face full of freckles The ship had four windows, they took not what they'd expected at all. the panels from one to look out. Where would they land, on a mountain? And saw all the constellations And the planets and stars round about. Or perhaps in a valley or dales And would they be stuck there for ever, But what was that, 200 ming through space; or get home again, safe and well? An asteroid, just over there! It Whizzed up towards them and phewi And would they find moon men and women Missed them by only a hair. living in small lunar towns? Would they be friendly and open. would they be Trienouv and open, when the spaceship touched down? They opened the other blinds too and there, high above, was the moon; Who would seize power after landing? if all went according to plan Which converse months also landings they would land on its surface quite soon. But Most of all: Would they be able to go home, or were they marooned?

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Then, for a while, they were weightless.
                                                                        Then an oxygen tank sprang a leak.
                                                                      They danced with drunken abandon,
                                                                    though their outlook was really quite bleak.
                                                                 The dog joined in with the dancing
                                                                and the chickens were everywhere.
                                                              But the leak was discovered and mended
                                                            just before they had run out of air.
                                                        The moon looked huge through the glass
                                                       as they peered at a mountaintop
                                                     and at craters and hills, till they noticed:
                                                    they had suddenly come to a stop!
                                                After a while, they discovered
                                              After a while they alscovered and round.
                                             They had a great view of its far side
                                           but would now never reach the ground.
                                        It was all that asteroid's fault
                                     it had probably knocked them off track.
                                    They would just keep circling for ever
                                  and never get there or get back.
                               All they had left were the rockets.
                             They fired them, and in a wink
                           they started them, and in a willk

so they started to move they were flying
                         like a flash through the infinite ink.
                      But not to the moon! Back to earth!
                    Helpi Was that good or bad news?
                  They were falling! They'd fall to their deaths!
                 They were falling! Iney a fall to their aeaths.

They wish hadn't come true!
             Don't worry, it all ended well
            They happened to come down at sed.
          And somebody happened to find them,
         And all of them still in one piece.
     Acentury later, men went
   to the moon but this time for real.
 Edutastici Lyondht nothing can peat
Jules Verne's fantastical talei
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Commando Dog Satellite and the Journey to Dwarf Planet Pluto

A chapter from From the Earth to the Moon, retold by Hermine Landvreugd

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Two dogs went along on the first manned space voyage to dwarf planet Pluto. Astronaut Brisbane had got them from the pound, for company: Diana the prize poodle and Satellite the elite commando dog.

At the launch of the home-made projectile a contraption made of aluminium sheets, tropical hardwood, rubber bands and one hundred and fifty rolls extra sticky duct tape - Satellite was propelled through the capsule with enormous force and smashed against the jumble of beams on the ceiling. His tongue lolled out of his mouth, and he was missing a lower tooth, though he was still wearing his army beret. Astronaut Brisbane put his hand to Satellite's chest. 'Dead as a doornail.' he said aloud to himself. There was nothing for it but to throw the dog out of the window. Brisbane shoved Satellite out of the round window and closed it again lickety-split. Drawing all the bolts, click-clack, shut tight quickly so as not to let too much oxygen escape from the capsule. Astronaut Brisbane didn't notice that the red

Astronaut Brisbane didn't notice that the red paisley handkerchief around the dog's neck got caught in the window. And Satellite wasn't dead

at all, only stunned! He came round slowly, the sweet scent of rare Mongolian gunpowder which had been used for the launch - tickling his nose. The smell still clung to the spaceship. A simple human like Brisbane would never have detected it, Satellite thought, but I did, because I'm an incredibly expensive elite dog, comparable, in human terms, to a Navy SEAL. He loved thinking about things he was better at than others - it always put him in a good mood, and he hummed a tune. Despite hanging by a tiny corner of a red handkerchief, 367,000 km above the earth. What was Brisbane thinking when he got that prize poodle from the pound? She's useless, except for sitting still while the dog trimmer is busy clipping that silly pompon on the top of her tail. And anyway, her front teeth are much too large. All of a sudden, Satellite felt his bowels contract, as if he needed to poo. Get a grip, Satellite! You're a commando dog, a Green

→ Handwritten title
→ Three or more spot illustrations
→ Four pages available

Beret, they are fearless, he told himself. Narrowing his eyes to slits, he squinted down to earth. It looked smaller than the head of a drawing pin. If I fell down now, he thought, no one, absolutely no one, would see me. Satellite clawed at the window with his front paw. It left exactly five scratches, one for each of his nails. But the space glass was 59.34 cm thick, and Brisbane didn't hear him. Brisbane had run over to the other side of the spacecraft and was peering through a copper telescope on a side table. His mouth agape in admiration. Diane was standing next to him, wagging her daft tail. They must have been seeing something extraordinary: Pluto's spectacular tallest mountain, at least five kilometres high. Time for action, Commando Satellite! Satellite said to himself. His only chance was to gnaw through the handkerchief, clamber on top of the spacecraft and climb back inside the vehicle through the chimney. Satellite wasn't even

sure that 'vehicle' was proper English. He'd have to look it up in the Oxford English Dictionary later. Using his razor-sharp fangs, he ripped the handkerchief in one go. He pressed his highly trained, athletic gun dog body against the cold aluminium surface and dug his nails into the gap between two thin wooden planks. In his enthusiasm to finish the space craft, Brisbane had done a rather sloppy job. The hull was full of cracks, screws sticking out and crookedly sawn planks. Just like grips on a climbing wall. Satellite's heart beat an irregular tattoo, his hairy, rugged chest heaved wildly. Don't think, climb. His hind paw slipped on a smooth plate. He broke a claw on a weld. He grazed the skin of his belly on the splintery hardwood. He was puffing and panting heavily, but he just had to make it to the chimney! But what was that strange, sharp smell? Satellite sniffed again. Could it be? Yes, dammit, he was smelling his own cold sweat! Finally, he reached the wooden

chimney. Victory! Once a commando, always a commando, Satellite thought as he squeezed his commando bum into the chimney. It got stuck on a strip of extra strong duct tape. Pluto is a dwarf planet. That means it's not big enough to push other celestial bodies out of its orbit. As a result, all kinds of things are orbiting Pluto: dwarf moons, tiny asteroids, minuscule pieces of space rubble and miniature black holes. Just as Satellite was trying to wriggle his backside into the chimney, a black hole came whizzing past, the size of a two seater sofa. Satellite instantly knew what it was, having seen several of them on YouTube. He could feel it coming, his fur was standing on end from the terrible chill that comes from black holes. And they are hollow, because they're made of antimatter - which is matter with a negative charge, a bit like mathematical numbers below zero. An ice-cold dark-cloud monster that sucks up and devours everything: you're gone in a flash, disintegrated into electrons, ions and other teensy-weensy minuscule particles; you

disappear, you're swallowed up, never to be seen again. Satellite could feel its cold force pull at his ears, as if someone were pointing an industrial-strength Nilfisk vacuum cleaner at his head. He tried to wriggle further down the chimney. 'Help!' he shouted. 'I'm up here, help' But the sound of his voice was smothered by the narrow hardwood chimney. And the chilly, hollow monster was pulling him up again. Tugging and jerking at him, almost teasingly.

'Help!' Satellite called out, 'S.O.S.! S.O.S.!'
He'd picked that up at the Elite Commando Dog
Academy, it was another word for 'help!'
Diana pricked up her ears. She turned away
from the spectacular Plutonian mountain top
and peered around the space capsule. She was
sure she heard something, but what? And what
was that, sticking out of the ceiling above the
fireplace? It looked like - no, it was - a light
brown dog's tail!

Brisbane, who had become obsessed with the shiny mountain top, must have said to himself:

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let's open a window and stick the telescope out of it. Drawing back the bolt, he opened the round window, and whoosh, out he went, at break-neck speed, along with his telescope, hup, two, three. He didn't even have time to be surprised, let alone scream. He instantly disappeared into the black hole, and was split into nano-ions, io-ions and electrons; mercilessly swallowed up, toodleoo, never to be seen again. At that moment, the force pulling at Satellite was diminished by about a third. Lightning-quick and without hesitation, Diana jumped on the side table and leapt up, sinking her large front teeth into Satellite's tail. That shifted him. And crashbangwallop, the commando dog fell down the chimney, exactly on the soft, round, woollen Persian hearth-rug. There was a bald patch on his bum and lower back where the extra sticky duct tape had been. Overjoyed,

Satellite blissfully curled up on the warm carpet. Diana looked after him during the rest of the journey around Pluto, which took another whole week on auto pilot. Close up, her front teeth didn't actually look that large or coarse, Satellite decided, but quite elegant. And the imprints Diana's teeth had left on his tail were a badge of honour. He knew the Elite Commando Dog Academy did not accept women in those days, but Diana would have been a first-rate student.

The space capsule returned safely back to earth, and the same day, Satellite and Diana bought a double dog basket with a red and pink tiger print at IKEA together. And Satellite, a hopeless romantic at heart, bought a box of scented candles. Neither of them felt sorry that Brisbane had been swallowed up, because they hardly knew him, and they lived happily ever after.

Floating Slowly

My name is Ferguson, hello, and here's my trusty servant, Joe. My good friend, Mr Kennedy completes our ballooning crew of three.

The hydrogen-filled balloon will take us floating over forest and lake and in the process carry us all from Zanzibar to Senegal.

We've loaded carefully weighed supplies of hydrogen, bullets, coffee and pies, cured meat, tea and pemmican, brandy, my compass and Kennedy's gun.

In April, eighteen sixty-two, we take to the sky, huzza and adieu. Haul up the anchor, we're off, toodle-pip, the Victoria's going on a trip!

Wherever we float by overhead brutal attempts on our lives are made.

Is that thing up there the moon?

Or evil gods in a balloon?

Looking down at the virgin land,
I map the continent by hand.
Kennedy, meanwhile, hunts our meal,
elephant trunk as tender as veal.

Rocks full of gold in a quarry pit Joe goes mad at the sight of it.
He throws them all in the car, but then
we're too heavy - out they go again.

The wind drops, all the water's gone, parched, we're saved by a storm later on.
Joe hurls himself into Lake Chad, but we gain height, so it's not all bad.

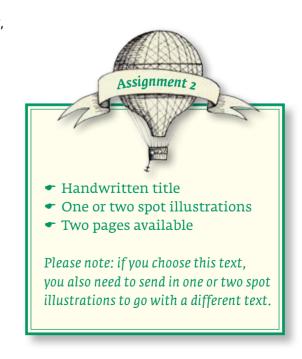
We wave Timbuktu goodbye from our carno one has ever come this far! We're plagued by locusts and condors now, We've fixed a gas leak, but still go down.

Unbuckle the straps, the car has to go if you don't want to drop in the river below! The balloon's enclosed by a giant net; grab it, quick, or you'll get wet.

We watch the airship disappear in the stream, but we are here, on Senegal soil and out of harm's way. I know just what the headlines will say:

Surveying Africa, Ferguson
Spends Five Weeks in a Balloon.
Read our exclusive first-hand account,
of how he crossed the continent.

Bianca Boer





Handwritten title

Assignment 2:

- ◆ Three or more spot illustrations
- Four pages available

Assignment 3:

One full-page illustration*

*If your illustration fills the page, or runs to the border, give your illustration a 5mm border. This will be cut-off after printing.

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Five Weeks in a Balloon

Retold by Frank Gunning

My master, the famous Dr. Samuel Ferguson, says that everyone will travel by air in the future. He also says that Africa will one day be the heart of our civilisation.

But the Africa I saw, looking down from our majestic balloon the Victoria, the Africa of the year 1862 is wild and untouched, full of wild animals and savage tribes, full of an unearthly beauty and danger. Mighty waterfalls plunge from colossal rocks, hippopotamuses and manatees peacefully share a pool with bloodthirsty crocodiles; plundering grey, black and yellow elephants leave a trail of devastation behind them on their way through the forests. In some places, the ground is covered with gold nuggets. Don't you believe me? Let the Victoria find her way in the shimmering sunlight. Let the anchor dangle until it catches in one of the highest branches of a fig tree. But be on your guard when the Victoria gently cradles you to sleep in her wicker car. For at night, hordes of monkeys with rabid faces and froth-covered teeth will attack you. The balloon floats over the rainforest, where the oil palm grows tall and the kapok tree blossoms bloodred, until suddenly all that beauty has vanished and there is nothing, nothing but a sea of sand, sand, sand: no plants, no people, no animals. Not a drop of water; thirst. Thirst is a terrible

thing. But not only that, but the constant desert view, stretching monotonously into eternity, gets to you too, sucking your soul dry of all joy. The air quivers and ripples between the glowing sand and immeasurably wide blue sky. Gasping for breath, you yearn for a breeze to carry your balloon away, for water in your parched throat; wind and water, wind and water.

There were three of us. My master had invited his friend Dick Kennedy along. Dick Kennedy may be an obstinate Scotsman, my master said, but he was brave, he had an 'iron constitution' and his aim was as sharp as my eagle eye: he could split a bullet on the edge of a knife at one hundred and fifty feet. In the desert, however, that Scotsman is wasting away at your feet. 'O land of thirst and drought, land of desperation!' he cries, writhing, and gnawing his fists, while Dr. Ferguson casts a desperate look at the horizon and declares in a hoarse voice that people with an 'iron constitution' suffer the most. My master Dr. Ferguson is a top-notch scientist, high above such simples souls like me, but I did have my doubts about

that iron constitution. You watch Kennedy take a mouthful of sand and immediately spit it out again. 'Damned! It's salt water!' he raves. Even if you dumped all the gold you've amassed during your journey and the balloon rose if there's no wind, it wouldn't get you further by a metre. Only half a pint of water left, and just as you want to take a sip, an iron fist grips your leg. Dick Kennedy is begging: 'A drink, a drink.' It's more than you can bear. Weeping, you hand him the bottle, which the poor wretch finishes in a single gulp. The next day he is so ashamed, he wants to do himself in. You wrestle him to the ground to protect him from himself, when at that moment, Dr. Ferguson cries, 'the Simoom!' He points to the horizon, which seems to be heaving like a raging sea. The Simoom! A storm is brewing! Regaining your senses, you help each other aboard. 'Throw out ballast!' Ferguson shouts. You throw - alas! - part of your treasure over board, and the balloon rises. Taking hold of the airship, the raging storm whisks you out of that

hell. When the storm subsides, your master discovers a colourful oasis of green and water and life, where Kennedy makes short work of a couple of lions who want to have you for breakfast. Yes, he certainly is a good shot! And then you drink, and drink, and drink. You don't believe me? Africa... you'd better believe it. People with holes in their earlobes that have been stretched so far your whole head would fit through them. Men with fake paunches strapped to their bellies to look wealthy. Women wearing nothing but a rag tied around their waists, their stately, shiny black bodies each at least a handbreadth taller than Dick Kennedy, smoking large black pipes. Warriors chasing after you, trying to shoot the Victoria out of the air because they take it for an airborne monster. But then our magnificent Victoria sailing by must have been a sight to behold! In one village we were revered as gods, because they thought we had brought the moon down from the sky - but when the real moon rose, they felt cheated and chased us

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away. And then there was the night when the air suddenly seemed filled with burning flares: a tribe had approached us unnoticed, set fire to dozens of birds and let them loose to destroy our balloon. Burning birds. You'd think that was as bad as it got. But we saw worse things. A tree filled with skulls: war trophies. Two tribes whose warriors were killing each other off. Mr Kennedy couldn't bear the sight, and shot one of them down. He's a good shot all right. Ultimately, your deeds are what really matters. What would you do? Just as you are floating over an enormous lake, the Victoria is attacked by a flock of gigantic birds of prey with beaks like hedge trimmers . They tear the beautiful outer balloon to shreds with their beaks and claws, and though you dump your water, provisions and - alas! - your remaining gold, she is falling rapidly. One victim is preferable to three. You catch a glimpse of a distant island, and without giving yourself time to think again, you leap overboard. After plunging into the water, you calmly start swimming in that

direction. Above your head, you can see the balloon rising up. Your master is saved, but when at last you reach the island, you're pulled ashore by two natives and taken to a village, where you are soon surrounded by a hollering crowd. Touched and prodded, you are then presented with a feast of rice with sour milk and honey. They dance as they take you to the guest hut. You look glumly at the bones piled high around it. Perhaps they take their adoration so far as to eat up those they adore, served in juicy, roasted chunks with sour milk and honey

You'll never know whether that would have been your fate, however, because that night, the lake bursts its banks and washes the village away. After escaping on a hollow tree trunk, you only start to fully appreciate how wise your master is to cross this continent by air. You sleep in a tree and wake up covered with writhing snakes. You are stung and bitten by thousands of flies and mosquitoes, by ants half an inch long. You walk until your feet are raw,

then you crawl on your bleeding hands and knees. You eat the pith of shrubs. Your whole body is covered in acacia and mimosa thorns. You get stuck in a pool of mud and start to sink, like so many others who did not live to tell the tale. But your clawing hands find something to hold on to, and you manage to drag yourself onto solid ground. Searching the undergrowth, you come across a pen with horses. You decide to borrow one to speed up your journey, and the dawn sees you galloping at full speed, pursued by fifty horsemen in flying burnouses. Your horse, having run all night, collapses under you. Tumbling over the ground, you grab the mane of the horse of your closest pursuer, wring his neck and fling him out of the saddle. But a second pursuer, hunched over his saddle, knife at the ready, has almost caught up with you, and his horse is faster than yours. Just then, a shot rings out and he falls off his horse. You look up, into the grinning face of Kennedy looking over the edge of the Victoria's wicker car. Yes, he certainly is a good shot! They throw you a rope ladder and you grab it without slowing down. At the same moment, a large amount of ballast is dropped and the Victoria shoots up like an arrow. Dangling from the rope ladder, you can see the dumbstruck horsemen staring up at you. Finally, five tempestuous weeks later, there is only one last mountain range to clear. The balloon has become porous, however, and while the mountains loom up ahead, the Victoria is steadily losing height. The last supplies are thrown overboard. The water, the cooking utensils, machines you don't know the names of, conceived by Dr. Ferguson's brilliant brain. The balloon rises, but not enough - you are about to be smashed to bits against a mountain peak. 'The guns! Throw them overboard! We're falling!' Mr Ferguson shouts, but Kennedy clutches his guns as if they were his children. So, since you owe your life to those

guns, you hurl yourself over the side again, this time tied to the car with a rope. Supple as a cat, you land on the rock on all fours, and after the balloon - so much lighter now has safely cleared the mountain top, you climb aboard again. You don't believe me. We were besieged by clouds of millions of grasshoppers. We were towed for over twenty miles by an elephant (the anchor had caught behind one of its tusks). We ate roast trunk with crackers and brandy. We survived the journey and each of us will tell you the same story. Only our beautiful, poor Victoria didn't survive. Just over the mountain peak, a tribe of robbers came after us. They had to watch how we, instructed by my ever-inventive master, cut away the car from under the balloon and were carried across a raging river, hanging from the netting. On the other side, I jumped for the third and last time, now followed by my master and Mr Kennedy, and we landed safely on the river bank. The Victoria, the last of her gas having escaped, disappeared in the stream like a rag, as if her majestic appearance had been nothing but a dream.

(He collected the world) He slipstreamed He wondered He ballooned He pondered He chanced He teamed He danced He begun He won He arrived He sought He shared He strived He dived Jo Pollitt BIG Kids Magazine

He journeyed
He knew
He charted
He blew
He rose
He fell
He trusted
He drifted
He counted
He clouded
He repeated
He defeated
He ascended
He befriended
He navigated
He spun
He dared the sun

He collected the world

He dreamed

He guessed

He planned

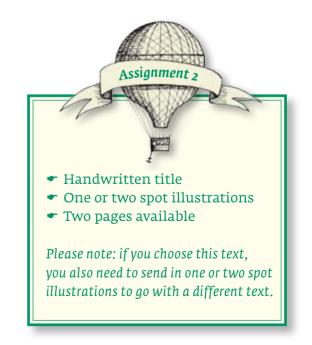
He believed
He sensed
He soared
He prided
He glided
He gathered
He absconded
He waited
He inflated
He flew
He flew
He paced
He raced

He collected the world

He collected the world

He risked He breathed

(Around the world in 80 ways with Jules Verne)



Deeper = older

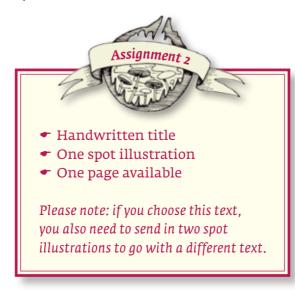
We were geographers climbing down a crater to the heart of Mother Earth. Afraid of heat, of fire, of lava, and the dust we were about to bite.

Had we been archaeologists we would have had a better idea of what to fear.
For they know the timeline of trowel and spade: the deeper the pit the older the bone.

We were geographers who met, one hundred miles below the skin of Mother Earth dwellers of an early, distant past: two dinosaurs fighting, thus alive.

We were geographers and accidental archaeologists. We quickly made our getaway back to the surface and today.

Linda Vogelesang





A Journey to the Centre of Myself

A story by Ilse Bos

It was the summer my parents got divorced.

My brother Arne and I went to stay at Granny Van

Saksen's so my father and mother could look for new
places to live. They were both moving to different
cities. That's how much they wanted to be apart.

'You'll have fun at Granny's, you'll see,' my father said
in the car, playfully punching my shoulder.

I didn't answer, but he was right. I did have fun at Granny's. At least, on the first day.
She played Monopoly with me. And Scrabble.
I read a pile of Donald Duck comic books from 1973. I used up my prepaid phone credit on Instagram in a single night. And then I'd run out of things to do.

Arne had the laptop. He needed it for a geography assignment he had to do during the summer holiday. If he didn't, he would be kept back a year for the second time and he'd be moved to another school.

The laptop belonged to both of us. But school work came first, of course. So Arne spent all day on the laptop in the yellow guest room upstairs. Granny had no idea he was playing Grand Theft

Auto instead of working on his geography project.

I did. But I didn't tell. I had enough to worry about without falling out with my brother, too. Lying in bed in the blue, downstairs guest room, I stared at the grainy paint on the ceiling and thought about the things that worried me.

I decided to number them, then at least I'd know how many there were.

- 1. I had to choose whether to live with my father or mother.
- 2. I would go to secondary school next term.
- 3. If I moved in with my mother, it would be Albertus High School. Arne was there, and Pien would go there too.

- 4. If I moved in with my father, I'd go to Dominicus High School. I didn't know anyone there.
- 5. If my brother didn't pass two maths exams and hand in his geography project, he would have to leave Albertus High School. He'd then have to live with my father and go to Compass Comprehensive.
- 6. I wasn't sure I wanted to live with my mother without Arne. I wasn't sure I wanted to live with my mother at all. She was nice, and she was my mother, but she'd been crying a lot lately.
- 7. I wasn't sure I wanted to live with my father, either. My father had Anneke, his girlfriend. Anneke was nice, she laughed a lot, but she wasn't my mother.
- 8. I couldn't tell whether those were seven different worries or just one very big one.

There was a knock at the door. 'Marit?' my grandmother called from the corridor. 'Are you bored? You can help me with some gardening, if you like.'

I quickly grabbed a book from the shelf above my bed. 'No thanks,' I said, 'I'm reading.'
Granny opened the door. A Journey to the Centre of the Earth, by Jules Verne,' she said. 'Gosh. Your father must have read that thirty times.'

When she was gone, I thumbed through the book. The cover was blue with golden letters, and really old-fashioned. It was all about a secret code and a mad professor and his nephew, who climb down the crater of a volcano to the centre of the earth. Just my dad's cup of tea. He loved treasure maps, quests, secret tunnels and stuff like that. I was about to close the book and go back to staring at the ceiling, when I noticed someone had drawn a circle around two words in pencil, about on page twenty. It was a name: Arne Saknussemm.

At half past midnight, I snapped shut A Journey to the Centre of the Earth. Besides eating, going to the toilet and helping Granny do the dishes, I'd done nothing but read all day. I didn't

understand it myself. I'd never before finished a book that bored me so much. Perhaps it was just the name that kept popping up throughout the story. Arne Saknussemm. When your own brother is called Arne van Saksen, you can't help but go on reading.

I crept upstairs and softly knocked on the door of the yellow room three times. My brother coughed an answer. Our secret signal. Pushing open the door, I saw that he was staring at the ceiling of his room, too. Not at grains of blue paint, but yellow laths. The laptop lay closed on his desk

I showed him the circled name in the book.

'Oh,' Arne said. Nothing else.

I just stood there, still holding the book.

'Is that all?,' Arne asked.

'Are you going to get started on your assignment?' I blurted out.

'I don't know,' Arne said. 'We'll see.' He closed his eyes.

I was already reaching for the doorknob when I heard his bed creak. Arne was sitting upright. 'Who are you moving in with?' he asked. He had twisted his mouth into a grimace, as if to show he couldn't really care less where I'd live. So why did he ask?

'I don't know,' I said. 'We'll see.'

That was mean of me. But dammit, I just felt like being the mean one for a change.

That night, I lay awake again. All because of that stupid book. Whenever I closed my eyes, I felt as if I were walking down a dark passage on my own. Just like Axel, the mad professor's nephew. But if I kept my eyes open, I imagined floating on a blue, subterranean ocean, prehistoric monsters swimming under my raft. I even thought I heard something from below, a faint whistling noise. Like the wind blowing under my bed.

I switched on the lamp on my bedside table. After all, I couldn't very well just lie there all night like a small child, too scared to move, could I?

Taking a deep breath, I put the lamp down on the floor and poked my head under the bed. Nothing. Well, nothing except the shadow of my head on the floor.

There was something funny about the shadow head, it seemed to have bumps on either side of it. I realised they were caused by a raised ledge in the floor.

I lay flat on the floorboards next to my bed

and brushed my hand over them. Sure enough, a ledge. A square in the wooden floor. An oblong hole had been cut into one side, large enough for the tips of my fingers to fit in. The handle of a trapdoor.

Why wasn't I surprised to find a trapdoor underneath my bed? Because I'd been reading that daft book all day, of course.

I lay on the floor, thinking.

I knew it was not a good idea, but if I didn't do it, I wouldn't get a wink of sleep anyway. I dragged the bed to one side, put my fingers into the hole and pulled. It was heavy and creaked like doors do in horror films, but it moved. I lifted the trapdoor.

When it was open all the way, I lay down again and held the bedside lamp over the opening, next to my head.

Gaping depth. That was all I saw. A cold draught stroked my cheek. It smelled earthy and humid. I had to stretch my right arm holding the lamp as far as possible before I detected something that resembled a floor. It was strewn with broken bricks and pieces of timber, and on the edge of the pool of light was a wooden plank with writing on it. What did it say? Holding on to the side of the opening with my left hand, I let myself slide down into it a little further.

Arne, I read as I lost my grip. Sak – what the Sak – Saknussemm.

I heard the plug of the lamp being ripped out of

the wall socket. Then a thud. And then nothing. That night, I went on a long journey. Sinking down into the dark, deeper and deeper. Deeper than I would have thought possible, and then deeper still. It smelled of burnt-out matches, hot asphalt and gas cooker, and just when I thought it would never end, that I would go on sinking for ever, into an impossible depth, for the rest of my life, I started rising again. Rushing upwards at an incredible speed, the world flashing past me, I shot into the air like a rocket, and saw a dazzling light. My father's head was in front of the dazzling light. It was a fluorescent lamp, and my father's head stared at me, looking worried. 'I'm terribly sorry,' I expected him to say. 'I'm sorry I dug that hole under my bed when I was twelve. And I'm sorry about Anneke. I'll get back together with your mother and everything will be all right.' But he didn't say it. He didn't say anything. Except that I was concussed and would have to stay in bed for a week. He did lend me his old laptop, though. I used it to write a geography project on volcanism in the last week of the holidays. My brother got an A* for it. On Monday the 7th of September, I rode my bike to Albertus High School. My brother was

cycling ten metres ahead of me, just enough

so I wouldn't lose my way but no one would

know I was his sister.

Low

How low can you sink
my mother shouted
when my father told her
he was in love
with the woman next door

Very low I thought having read Jules Verne

> I saw my father sleeping on Snæfellsjökull That's a volcano in Iceland With Maartje - the woman next door lying next to him

> > Just get lost! my mother shouted and they did

> > > They vanished down the crater of Snæfellsjökull and happily got lost in mud and ashes swallowed up by the ground

They sank into seven seas
They dove down to thousands of depths
Till the depth became hight
and down became up

Stromboli an Italian island

That's how low you can sink
All the way from Snæfellsjökul to Stromboli
My mother didn't know that
But I did
having read Jules Verne

We stayed there Maartje, my father and me

And we lived happily ever lower

Bette Westera

- Handwritten title
- One spot illustration
- One page available

Please note: if you choose this text, you also need to send in two spot illustrations to go with a different text.

Assignment 2



Handwritten title

Assignment 2:

- Three or more spot illustrations
- Three pages available

Assignment 3:

One full-page illustration*

*If your illustration fills the page, or runs to the border, give your illustration a 5mm border. This will be cut-off after printing.

46

Thirty Nine Nautical Miles per Word

This two-volume book has been retold by Marco Kunst in 1307 words. It took Jules Verne about 150,000 words to tell the story. With every word you read, you cover at least 39 nautical miles! How many minutes will this journey take you?

It is the year 1866. Steamers and sailing ships cross the oceans. The sailors, cabin boys and captains come home with strange stories: they've seen whales as large as islands! Others see 'something' streak past, faster than any ship. One day, a ship is pierced at sea: the work of a gigantic swordfish, or a mysterious machine?

Professor Aronnax thinks it was a deep sea monster. Accompanied by his servant Conseil, he embarks the ship sent to track the creature down. The famous whale hunter Ned Land is also on board - no one is better at harpooning whales.

After sailing across the Pacific for a long time, they spot strange lights under the water, swimming (or sailing?) along with the ship.
Thinking it's the monster, the captain orders the crew to attack it - but their bullets are useless.
The ship is rammed, and Professor Aronnax,
Conseil and Ned Land are jolted overboard.
They only just manage to hold on to what they think is the monster's back. But the monster is made of iron; it's a submarine, after all!
From then on they are held prisoner by Captain
Nemo, a sinister man sailing the oceans in

his submarine the Nautilus. He doesn't want anyone to know he exists, so Professor Aronnax, Conseil and Ned Land are doomed to stay with him for ever. But why is Nemo hiding? What is he getting up to in his submarine? Where are they going?

At first, Aronnax doesn't mind having to sail in the magnificent submarine - the boat is full of technical miracles that no one had ever heard of in 1866! He sees countless of nature's miracles on their trip, such as deep sea fish, giant squids, enormous sharks... They go hunting in diving suits, walking through undersea forests. Ned Land, on the other hand, is determined from the start to escape. He feels trapped in the submarine and sees captain Nemo as an enemy. As long as they are at sea, however, escape seems impossible.

One day, the prisoners are locked up in their room and drugged. When they wake up from their deep sleep, they can tell there has been a fight: the helmsman is badly wounded and... dies. They conduct a funeral on the sea bed! What happened? More mysteries...

Continuing their undersea journey, they travel from the Pacific to Japan, in between the Islands of Indonesia and on to the Indian Ocean...

The Nautilus rises to the surface for fresh air every day, and the three friends are allowed on deck to see the sun and the sea. Sometimes, they spot a distant shore, or albatrosses and other seabirds flying overhead. It makes them realise how much they miss civilisation.

Professor Aronnax discovers that Captain Nemo is incredibly rich: he goes around collecting treasures from sunken shipwrecks! What's

more, Aronnax and his friends notice Nemo giving gold to poor rebels. Nemo says the poor are his friends, and he wants to help them.

Once, he even risks his life to save a penniless pearl diver from a shark attack. Is Nemo the Robin Hood of the deep sea?

Sponges, flying fishes, manatees and anemones... They plunge to a depth of five kilometres; seven kilometres; ten; twelve...

The vast pressure of the water makes the boat creak and groan. Professor Aronnax is fascinated to find the black sea bed is completely lifeless.

They sail from the Indian Ocean to the Red Sea, which is still a dead end as the canal to the Mediterranean has yet to be dug. What is Nemo up to? He shows them that the two seas are connected by a dark tunnel running deep beneath the land. The strong current carries them through it to the Mediterranean. Much of the Mediterranean sea bed looks like a ships' graveyard: ships have crossed the sea for thousands of years and there have been many devastating storms in that time, too. They pass through a forest of broken masts, rusty cannons and ships covered in seaweed and coral. Far out at sea, between Italy and Greece, a swimmer appears at the windows of the Nautilus. Nemo knows him, it's Nicolas from Cape Matapan, also known as The Fish! He gives him valuables too, to support his rebellion against the tyrants. They sail on, passing Italy, France and Spain, but never close enough to the shore for Aronnax, Conseil and Ned Land to risk an escape attempt. Aronnax is secretly quite glad, as he is enjoying the trip on the Nautilus -

even if he still does not understand what Nemo wants, who he is and where he comes from... They eventually reach the Atlantic Ocean, where Nemo and Aronnax go for an underwater walk among the ruins of Atlantis, the ancient continent said to have been submerged by the sea and volcanic eruptions thousands of years ago. And the journey continues, at an unprecedented speed... Powered by a mindboggling electric motor, the boat is faster than any steam ship. Their course takes them south, crossing ocean currents and seas of seaweed, and surrounded by millions of fish... past the equator and beyond, until, after sailing thousands of kilometres, they reach the Antarctic Ocean. There, they see sperm whales attack a herd of baleen whales. Ned Land wants to join the hunt with his harpoon, but Nemo

has other plans. He saves the baleen whales by fending off their attackers with the nose of his submarine.

In Jules Verne's time, they didn't know that the South Pole (Antarctica) was actually a continent; Nemo navigates the Nautilus underneath the ice, further and further south, until they eventually reach open water again, a sea that no human has seen before. It seems that the South Pole isn't all that cold after all. In that sea in the ice, they come across a small island with nesting water birds. The tiny islet lies exactly on the south pole, and Nemo is the first human being to reach it.

On their way back, the Nautilus gets trapped under the ice. The submarine is completely stuck, and they can't surface to get fresh air anymore. In their diving suits, they spend several days hacking away at their ice prison, and the Nautilus spouts boiling water to melt the ice. They're almost out of air and starting to suffocate when, in a desperate final attempt, Nemo rams the submarine into the ice... and breaks through it.

Disaster soon strikes again when they are attacked by giant squids. One of them gets its tentacles caught in the boat's propeller. Going outside in diving suits is impossible, the squids are too dangerous. They are forced to the surface, where they fight the animals in the open air. In the terrible, bloody battle, a member of Nemo's crew is killed. The captain is inconsolable.

When Nemo suddenly attacks and sinks a large ship without warning, even Aronnax comes to realise they have to flee - Nemo is not just an eccentric Robin Hood, he is actually dangerous. The entire crew of the sunken ship has drowned! Nemo harbours a deep-rooted

resentment against the rest of humanity. They decide they must flee, but have to wait weeks for an opportunity to steal the dinghy on board, and even then it looks as if they picked the worst time and place for their escape: they end up in a gigantic whirlpool off the Norwegian coast. The infamous Maelstrom, a vortex that swallows up everything in its path! Watching from their tiny boat, they see the Nautilus being gripped by the vortex too, then they lose consciousness and only come round after being saved by local fishermen.

Who Captain Nemo really was and why he did the things he did, never becomes clear... Aronnax and his friends remember him as a mysterious, violent man.

Years later, Jules Verne wrote a very different book, in two volumes: The Mysterious Island. It tells the story of who Captain Nemo was: an immeasurably rich Indian prince. In the nineteenth century, India was ruled by England. Nemo hated the English for it, but couldn't help admiring them too, because they had founded an empire and were scientifically and technologically more advanced than any other nation. As a young man, the Indian prince studied in England and became a brilliant engineer and inventor. But he also became a freedom fighter in India, helping his countrymen rebel against the English. The rebellion was crushed, and his wife and child were murdered in the struggle... Embittered, Nemo turned his back on humanity. He designed his submarine and had it built in the strictest secrecy, then he went to sea, where there are no nations and no exploitation - never to return.

The Kraken

They call me the Kraken Because I like cracking The hulls of their ships in my tentacle's grip.

A monstrous creature lying low, I drift into their fairy tales once a century, I think. They shake and scream when I enter their dreams I scare them to death, I feel it in my ink.

The pitch-black water cradles me in my silent seabed home where they cannot go.

52

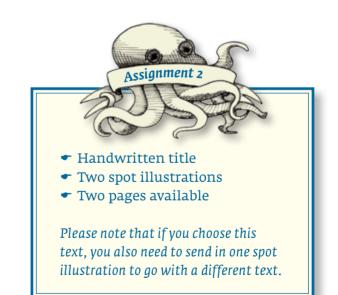
This is how it's always been: them, up high and dry, me, asleep down in the deep. I wouldn't have it any other way.

But an ancient legend goes, a fish of steel turned up one day disturbing my repose. A seaman with no name, no wish of ever going home, he was bitter, full of hate, and sick and tired of the world.

Peering through the porthole he spied one of my eyes: it was larger than his head. 'The Kraken, help!', he cried, and we started fighting. As the story has it he murdered me that day.

I won't spoil their illusion... Here where it is always night, I'm hidden safely out of sight. Waiting patiently until they will all have gone extinct. I can feel it in my ink: tomorrow maybe, or tonight.

Judy Elfferich



Mobilis in Mobile

Join the Nautilus today, deep beneath the ocean spray. Diving down, the submarine seems more like monster than machine.

Nemo is the captain, he would not have it any other way - deep-sea king and treasurer of everything that perishes and sinks down to the bottom of the sea.

Dare you keep him company?

Fighting the horrendous Kraken, hunting sperm whale and lamprey; Icebound now, and fleeing savage cannibals another day.

54

Shipwrecks, coral, treasure-troves, cities sunk in ancient days wait for your discovery.
But are you hunter or the prey when sharks are tugging at your clothes?



- Handwritten title
- Two spot illustrations
- ◆ Two pages available

Please note that if you choose this text, you also need to send in one spot illustration to go with a different text.

Mobilis in mobile*: under and above the waves. Nothing's dull and nothing's grey in this ocean paradise.

> So why are all the tunes he plays always in a minor key? What's the secret Nemo hides, Who or what has made him flee?

> > Mobilis in mobile*.
> > Why did Nemo sail away
> > twenty thousand leagues under the sea?

Gerda De Preter

forks and spoons on board the Nauthus.
55

^{*} Mobilis in mobile means: moving inside a moving thing. This motto of Captain Nemo's was inscribed on the submarine's flag and on all the plates, knives, forks and spoons on board the Nautilus.

Hall of Fame stArt Award: Winners



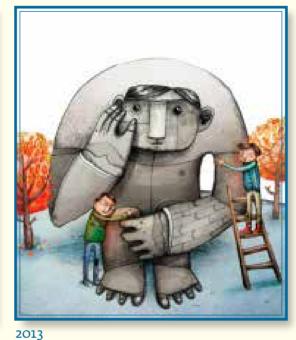
2015
Oona Mäkelä

KASKA, Royal Academy of Fine Arts, Antwerpen (Belgium)



Jesse Strikwerda CABK/ArteZ, Institute of the Arts, Zwolle

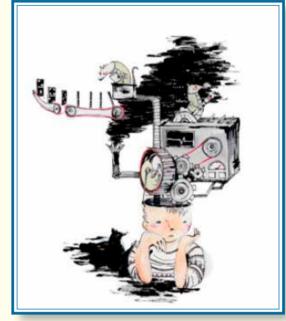
2014



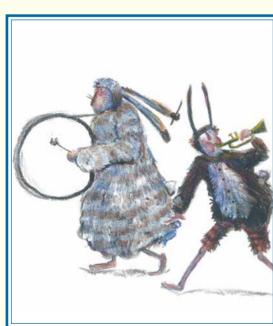
Lea Vervoort
AKV/St. Joost, Breda



Steef Wildenbeest
CABK/ArteZ, Institute of the Arts,
Zwolle



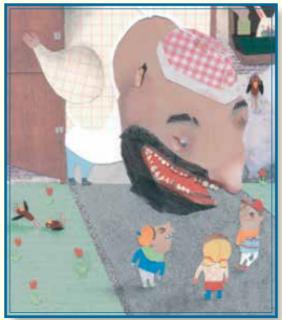
2011 **Merel Cremers** AKV/St-Joost, Den Bosch



Jene Bons
CABK/ArteZ, Institute of the Arts,
Zwolle



2009 **Tinne Driesen**Sint Lucas, University for
Science & Art, Antwerpen (Belgium)



2008
Inge Bogaerts
Sint Lucas, University for
Science & Art, Gent (Belgium)



Jan van Doornspeek
CABK/ArteZ, Institute of the Arts,
Zwolle



2006 **Sünne Walter** Academie MInerva, Groningen