

THE FORTIAN 1988



1988





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THE EDITOR

The year has been an exciting, challenging and rewarding one as the magazine shows one and all. Thank you to the contributors and to Mrs Preece and all the Ancillary Staff for their help, labour and encouragement.

Jane Levi (English Department)

The Staff Photo



THE STAFF OF 1988

FRONT ROW: Mr. S. Scheduling, Mrs. J. Allman, Mr. J. Deeble, Mr. J. Buckingham, Mrs. B. Jago, Mr. T. Glebe, Mrs. C. Preece (P), Mr. B. Leonard (D.P.), Mr. H. Sturm, Mr. A. Suthers, Mrs. M. Davidsohn, Mr. R. Higgins, Mr. R. Riches.

SECOND ROW: Ms. V. Chiplin, Miss A. Draper, Mrs. L. Gallagher, Mrs. H. McLaughlin, Mrs. L. Fox, Mrs. J. Palmer, Ms. S. Stark, Mrs. J. Newell, Miss G. McInnes, Mrs. I. Nicholson, Mrs. M. Stamoulos, Ms. S. Spry, Mrs. M. Gamble, Ms. J. Levi.

THIRD ROW: Ms. L. Trevini, Ms. M. Currie, Mrs. J. Wright, Ms. M. Johanson, Mrs. S. Honeywill, Mrs. M. Watts, Mrs. J. Summers, Ms. M. Ireland, Ms. R. Paice, Ms. M. Hosking, Mrs. S. Allen, Mrs. M. Patten, Miss K. Smith, Ms. L. Jocelyn, Ms. C. Davis.

FOURTH ROW: Miss C. Kelleway, Mrs. L. Pendleton, Mr. C. Moynham, Ms. S. Frith, Ms. J. Waters, Mr. H. Jones, Mr. B. Palmer, Mr. K. Duce, Mr. S. Okamoto, Miss S. Clarke, Mrs. A. Kelly, Mr. S. Yalichev, Ms. P. Bresnahan.

FIFTH ROW: Mr. P. Bartier, Mr. T. Wilson, Mr. P. Tribe, Mr. T. Jurd, Mr. G. Osland, Mr. K. Ambler, Mr. R. Studdert, Mr. J. Bates, Mr. B. Fraser, Mr. D. Brace, Mr. P. Fischer, Miss M. Lawlor.

SIXTH ROW: Mr. M. Docking, Mr. W. Griffith, Mr. M. Trufonovic, Mr. B. Haggerman, Mr. P. Tibbles, Mr. R. Baker, Mr. P. Canty, Mr. B. Babic, Mr. R. Hayes, Ms. L. Gilbert.

The Staff of 1988

Physical Education

Smith, K.
Wilson, A.

Deputy Principal

Leonard, B.

Social Science

Sturm, H.
Baker, R.
Docking, M.
Draper, A.
Duce, K.
Fischer, P.
Griffith, W.
Ireland, M.
Johanson, M.

English

Buckingham, J.
Crawford, B.
Frith, S.
Gilbert, L.
Honeywill, S.
Hosking, M.
Kelleway, C.
Levi, J.
Studdert, R.
Tribe, P.

Art

Buckland, F.
Smith, K.
Smith, S.

Librarian

Chiplin, V.

Industrial Arts

Deeble, J.
Fraser, B.
Oweis, N.
Osland, G.

Home Economics

Miller, T.
Hewett, A.
Palmer, J.

Counsellor

Scheding, S.

History

Glebe, T.
Bresnahan, P.
Browne, M.
Jago, B.
Jones, H.
Tibbles, P.
Trevini, L.

Careers

Canty, P.

Languages

Jennings, N.
Allman, J.
Summers, J.
McLachlan, H.
Stark, S.
Yalichev, S.

Mathematics

Riches, R.
BeEVERS, L.
Hagerman, B.
Hayes, R.
Jurd, T.
McInnes, G.
Paice, R.
Palmer, B.
Spry, S.
Stamoulos, M.

Music

Suthers, A.
Clark, S.
Davis, C.

Science

Higgins, R.
Ambler, K.
Bartier, P.
Bates, J.
Brace, D.
Joslyn, L.
Lawlor, M.
Moynham, C.
Waters, J.

Our Visitors from Japan

The year 1988 was a particularly eventful one for Japanese Studies at Fort Street and saw a deepening of the relationship established between our school and Eifuku High School in Tokyo. During February, Mr Seiji Okamoto, an exchange teacher from Tokyo, spent a month at Fort Street teaching Japanese language and culture to both senior and junior classes. Students were impressed by Mr Okamoto's enthusiasm and expertise.

During the last week of June, the school was visited by an extremely energetic and enthusiastic crew despatched by Tokyo Asahi Television. Fort Street was one of four schools chosen worldwide for a series of documentaries on the attitudes, aspirations and lifestyles of junior high school students. The other three schools were selected in Japan, the Soviet Union and the United States. The documentaries included individual interviews with students, classroom scenes, aspects of this year's athletics carnival and an on-the-spot action report of the students' strike — an event practically unimaginable in Japan.

In early August, Fort Street was ably represented by a number of Year 9 students at two separate functions related to Australia-Japan cultural exchanges. On the 2nd August, Sun-Jae An, Janette Cho, Inge Teiwes, Tuan Nguy, Marc Rajah and Peter Murray were invited to the Department of Education by the Australia-Japan Society of N.S.W. to meet a delegation of young Japanese visitors. After formal speeches and an exchange of gifts, the participants took a ferry to Taronga Zoo where they were able to observe the popular pandas among other exotic animals. Our representatives thoroughly appreciated their experience of what they described as "... a wonderful and joyous day". They were warmly commended by the Australia-Japan Society "... for their behaviour and bearing on this very important occasion". Some very beautiful and dainty dolls were presented to Fort Street by the Japanese delegation and will be placed on permanent display in the school library.

From the 5th-7th August, Anna Williamson and Hetty Foyle represented Fort Street at the annual Japanese Language Camp held at the Narmaroo Conference Centre in Lane Cove National Park. Participants in the camp came from various schools where the Japanese language is currently being taught. Anna and Hetty took part in activities such as Origami, kit-making, calligraphy, paper-making and sport. They enjoyed a traditional Japanese lunch, rode on the local paddle-steamer and saw a karate demonstration.

Among the most interesting and rewarding events of 1988 was the inaugural visit to Sydney by a Japanese delegation from Eifuku High School, our sister school in Tokyo. The visiting delegation included 26 students, chosen from hundreds of applicants by means of a special test. It was led by the school Principal, Mr Hakuta and two staff members, Mr Yamaguchi and Mr Kagaya. Notwithstanding a few minor problems, the visit proved to be a resounding success and a useful cross-cultural contact. The Japanese visitors came with a positive desire to experience various aspects of life in Sydney and were given an extremely warm and enthusiastic welcome by Fort Street students, teachers and parents.

Grateful thanks are extended to Fort Street parents for their kindness and co-operation in offering homestays for our visitors. The opportunity to enjoy an informal family atmosphere was an extremely important part of the whole experience. Many thanks also to Mr Sturm and Mr Glebe for their expertise in arranging a varied program of activities and excursions. Gratitude must also be expressed to the Home Science staff and the Student Council for the excellent lunches they provided. Thanks to all the staff members for their generous assistance and participation in providing homestays, golf tournaments, skiing opportunities and general entertainment. Among the activities organised for our visitors was a walking tour around Sydney's historical sites complete with expert commentary by Mr Glebe, a day-trip to the Blue Mountains organised by Mr Sturm and a two-day excursion to Geroa led by Mr Sturm, Mrs McLachlan and Mr Baker. There was also an excellent fashion parade which included an appearance by four Eifuku girls wearing splendid kimonos. During the official welcoming assembly, Peter Meric gave a fine performance on the Shakuhachi, an event much appreciated by the visitors. Led by Mr Suthers, the school orchestra played an excellent rendition of the Japanese National Anthem. On the final day the violin section of the orchestra played a sad and tender tune of farewell which was probably among the most moving music ever heard in the school hall. A very competent speech in English was delivered on behalf of the Eifuku students by Noriko Watanabe.

Judging by the fond lachrymose farewell at the airport some excellent friendships were the result of a busy and eventful week. A return visit to Eifuku High School is planned for next year. There will certainly be other groups coming from Tokyo in future years.

Serge Yalichev with the co-operation of Tuan Nguy,
Janette Cho, Sun-Jae An, Anna Williamson, Hetty Foyle.



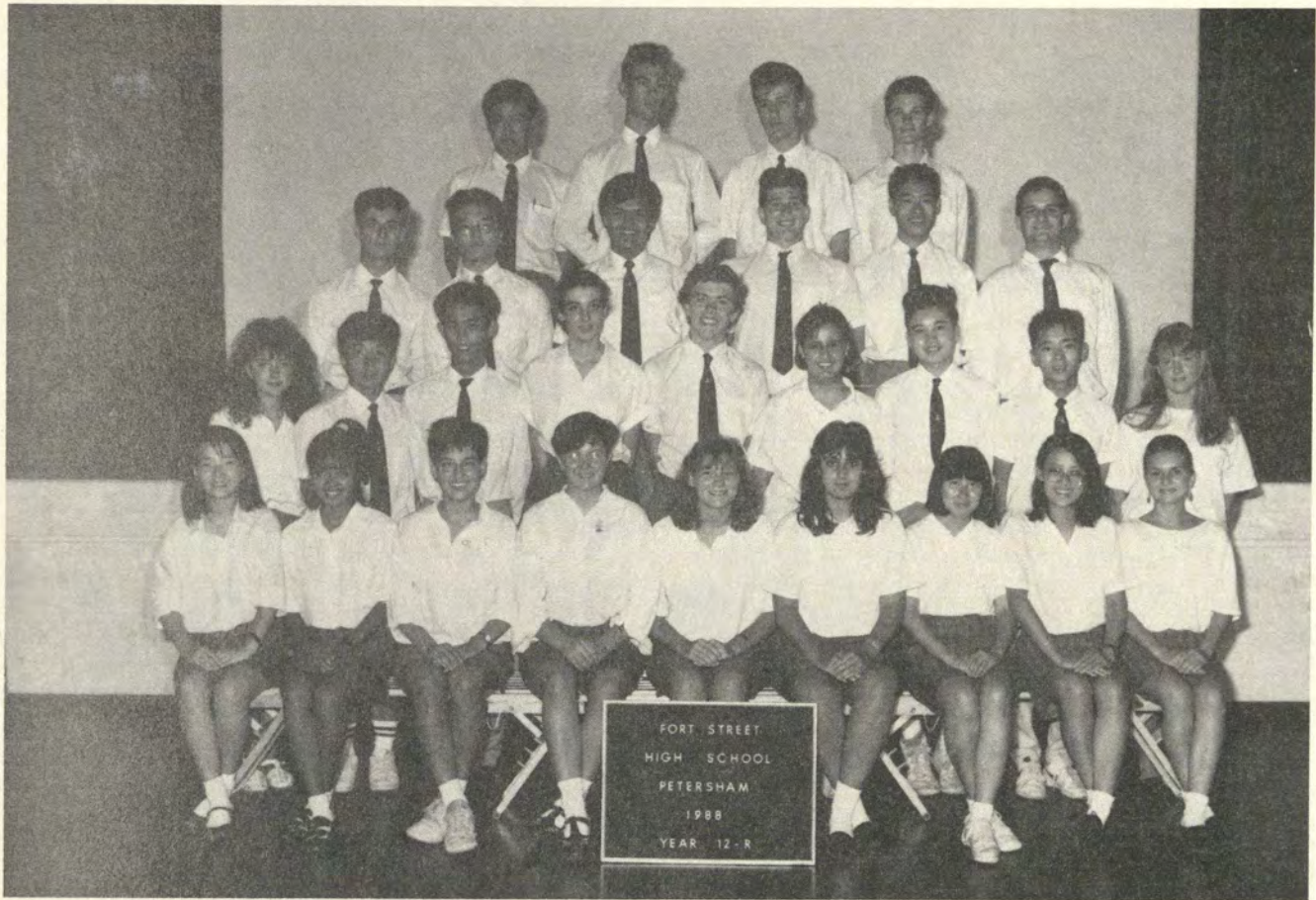






Year 12 Roll Classes







The Mock Trials

A mock trial is held in a similar fashion to that of a debate. There are two teams of six, each given a part to carry out the proceedings of a case issued by the Law Society of New South Wales. One team, usually the home team, is the prosecution or plaintiff (depending on whether it is a criminal or civil case) and the other (or visiting team) is the defence. The six members of the team are given parts such as 1st Barrister, 2nd Barrister, Witness I, Witness II, Solicitor and Court Clerk. Each member is marked, using a point system of 1-5, on their performance of their role during the trial which they carried out. The marks or points are then tallied at the end to find the actual winners of the 'Mock Trial'. A magistrate hears the case and marks the participants. The magistrate then gives his/her verdict of the legal trial and tells the winner of the actual 'mock trial' proceed to the next round.

The members of the Fort Street High School mock trial team are: Elizabeth Brbot, Julia Cummins, John Doyle, Louise Gillett, Richard Tan and Lisa Morris. Ms Anne Draper is our supervising teacher and cheer squad. We also have a 'coach', Mr Glass, who is a solicitor with "Maurice, Isaacs and Glass". We greatly appreciate all of the time and effort both Ms Draper and Mr Glass put in, for we wouldn't have achieved as well without their help, advice and support.

Our team competed in six mock trials this year. They were: The preliminary round held in February against Leichhardt High. It was a home game for us so we were the plaintiff in a civil case claiming \$3,500.00 for damages. The case was judged that each party took part in the incident and thus we were awarded half of the amount claimed and we won the actual "mock trial".

Next we started the actual Knockout Competition with Round 1 held in March against St Patrick's College of Strathfield at Strathfield. The case was a civil action. We, the defence, were claiming \$1,720.00. Once the case was carried out the magistrate stated that the defence (us) had won the case and were to be awarded the claimed amount. We also won the actual "mock trial" and proceeded with hopes of survival, to Round 2.

Round 2 was against De la Salle Boys' School of Ashfield and a home game for us, thus we were the prosecution for

a criminal case. The charge was taking and driving a conveyance vehicle without the consent of the owner. The Defendant was acquitted by the magistrate, but we were victorious in the actual "Mock Trial". Much to our joy, we were to proceed to the third round.

Round 3 was against Santa Sabina of Strathfield and we were warned that they were very good. Our team was the defence as the case was conducted at their school. The defendant (whom we were representing) was charged with assault. Although we had presented facts to lodge some 'doubt' in the magistrate's mind, he found the defendant guilty as charged. Even though we had lost the case, the magistrate found that we had won the actual "Mock Trial" within the point system by 2 marks.

This victory left us as winners of our division.

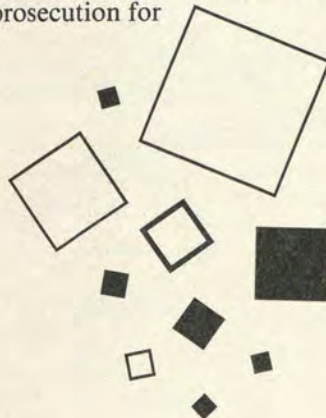
The next Round, Round 4 was against Tara Anglican School for Girls of North Parramatta. It was held at school, this time we were the plaintiff claiming the loss of a Silver Shadow Rolls Royce that had been stolen from a parking station. We won the case and were awarded the amount of \$40,000. We also won the "Mock Trial" and were to face Sydney Grammar in the fifth round.

The case for Round 5 was a criminal charge of malicious wounding and we were the defence. Our client was acquitted of the charge even though both of our witnesses had previous criminal records. Although we won the case, the judge thought that we had not picked up enough of the points of Law that we could have, and thus found Sydney Grammar the winners of the actual "Mock Trial" and they were to proceed onto the next round.

Lisa Morris — Year 11

I would like to add my congratulations to the Mock Trial team. They have been enthusiastic and very capable. I know we have some wonderful legal minds in the offing. The students have been a delight to coach and have been wonderful ambassadors for the school. I'm very proud to have been associated with the team.

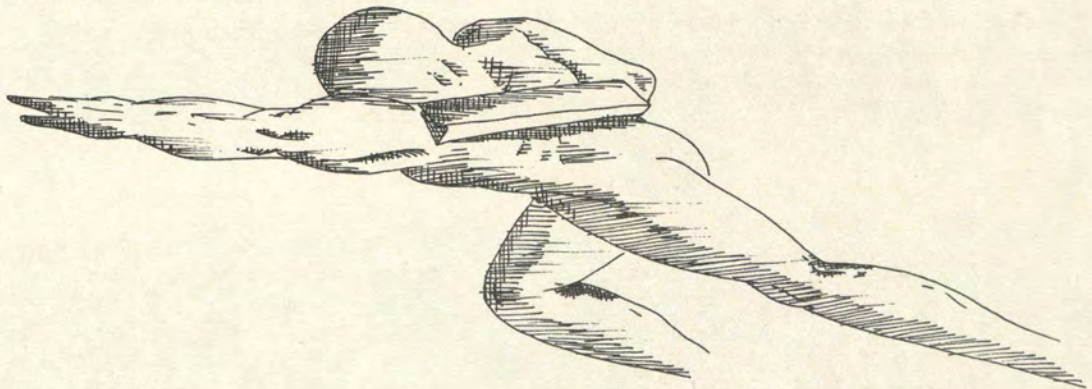
Anne Draper





THE MOCK TRIAL TEAM
FRONT ROW: John Doyle, Elizabeth Brbot, Miss Anne Draper, Lisa Morris, Richard Tan.
SECOND ROW: Louise Gillett, Julia Cummins.

Jim Shuck



Young Achievers

Young Achievers is a programme designed to help Year 11 students gain a first hand understanding of free enterprise — the values, the freedom, the responsibilities and especially the rewards. In Young Achievers, groups of about twenty Year 11 from a number of different schools interact and operate a business for twenty-eight weeks.

I was introduced to the programme by our over-zealous Careers Adviser. Thinking I was thus consigned to selling jelly beans to tightwads in the playground for the term of my natural school career, I naturally dragged along a friend. It is a drowning woman's prerogative to grab onto anyone she likes and pull him down with her.

Actually, my first company meeting was not too bad. YA WHO, as the company was called, was sponsored by the State Bank (that oh so opulent building at Martin Place with the gold plated Executive Suites). At these meetings, while munching on the well-known atrocities that McDonald's claims to be hamburgers, I clawed my way to the top — yes, I became the Managing Director. (The friend I dragged only became Production Director). If only reality were this easy.

To my immense relief, we were not going to sell jelly beans. We decided to be completely innovative and original like one of the companies before us — we were going to produce a Celebrities Cookbook. (For you, not \$20, not \$10, not \$8, not even \$5. But \$3.99! (I'm crazy. At this price, it's a giveaway).

In order to do this we had to con celebrities to send in recipes of their secret cravings. We told Leo Schofield that by contributing to our cookbook he is one step closer to being Minister of Food and Wine Appreciation. We told Bob Hawke that he was one step closer to being President. But what to tell the inexplicable happening called Doug Mulray ... that he would be one step closer to being human.

(And if you buy the cookbook, you will become the world authority on Dawn Fraser's unique and much acclaimed secret family recipe for barbecued chicken and its accompanying astoundingly creative mixture of Colonel Sanders herbs and spices. This cookbook will also get rid of your acne, give you high grades, make you popular with the opposite sex, solve the world's energy crises, bring you closer to God, and more for just \$3.99).

It was a pleasurable venture. Fringe benefits forced themselves on us from time to time. We were supplied with limitless drinks and munchies for our meetings, despite

much vocal protest. Then there was that luncheon at Centrepoint. Finally, there was also the launch of our Book, where we rubbed shoulders of the rich and the merely famous.

It was not, of course, all play. We worked hard, selling our 1,000 cookbooks. We even won the first prize at the Young Achievers' Trade Fair without resorting to bribery. We qualified as a Blue Chip company which means that we did not become bankrupt and in actual fact made money. Of all 200 Young Achievement companies in the state, we were the second most successful and hence will "reap our rewards" by having dinner at Doyles as a commiseration prize.

On the whole, the programme was a complete success and I thoroughly recommend it to all. Just keep in mind that what you achieve is up to you — or how good you are at bribery!

Trang Dang — Year 11

The Model

The light is shining and moving
wherever I,
I in the spotlight
care
to move.

I turn, my flowing skirts
sweep the polished floor
they are skirts of fabric
so delicate,
so fine,
so beautiful
and they turn
with me,

Hastily,
I change my garments
for a new display.
The crowds are staring at me with
fierce looks.

Jealousy written all over
their faces

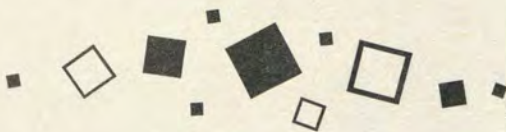
Head Held high I
catstep, feeling
wonderful.

I hear the applause of my proud mother —
oh no! yelling, how
EMBARRASSING.

As she apologises to the manager of David Jones,
she tells me to get
the clothes off
and

Return them to their racks ...

Louise Buckingham — Year 7



Our Fashion Show

In July this year the Textiles and Design students of Fort Street High held their Annual Fashion Parade. The night focused on the theme "Anything Goes".

The garments ranged from Year 8 skirts, Year 9 leisure and knitwear to Year 10 Theatre Arts and formal wear, Year 11 tailored outfits and Year 12 calico creations.

These garments were all constructed by the students themselves, with varying degrees of difficulty. Some students used commercial patterns whilst others designed their own.

One of the highlights was Year 12 - 3 Unit Theatre Arts section with their tribute to the stars. These characters

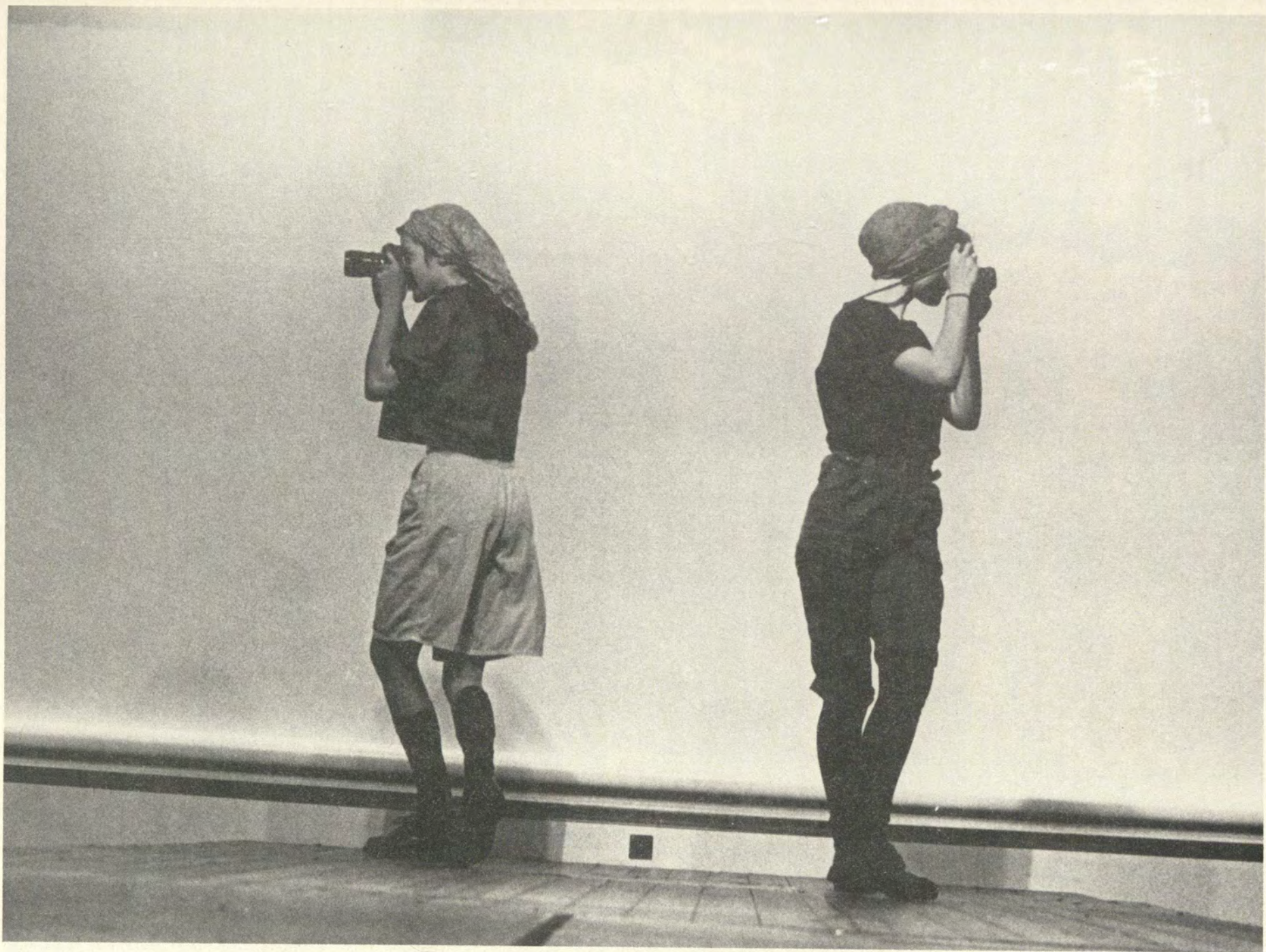
ranged from Scarlet O'Hara to Shirley Temple and from Carmen Miranda to Morticia Adams.

An unexpected item involved the Japanese students from Eifuku High School in Tokyo who paraded their Kimonos to Japanese pop music, to the delight of the audience.

We would like to thank all the Textile and Design staff for their time and effort in organizing the parade and special thanks to Mrs Palmer, who returned from Maternity Leave to offer her expertise.

Yvonne Lutowsky — Year 11









Year 11 Roll Classes







The Report of the Student Council

The newly-reconstituted Student Representative Council elected in March 1987, as well as having some great successes, naturally spent a lot of time and energy in "finding its feet" and gaining acceptance from the staff. The effort paid off when we were allowed to be involved in the 1987 School Development Day. In October, the Year 12's left and a new executive was elected. For a number of reasons, most importantly, the declining attendance of year 12's after June-July due to H.S.C. pressures and the necessity of holding separate year 7 elections at about the same time, we decided to continue to present Council until July 1988 and run Councils from July to July thereafter. The 1987-88 S.R.C. therefore came into being with

- Shawn Whelan (yr 12 1988) as Chairperson,
- Tove Warren (yr 11) as Vice-Chairperson
- Rosie Fisher (yr 9) as Secretary (later Patrick Connor yr 9)
- Shawn Toohey (yr 9) as Treasurer.

The 1987-88 S.R.C. was a great success. Due to exams etc., little could be done in November-December, but we got off to a great start in 1988 with a full-day meeting in week 2, term 1. We discussed the range of issues we could or should be involved in; set up a definite structure of general meetings and interest groups (committees to act on specific issues); and generally re-inspired ourselves. The success of this long and demanding day was exemplary of the goodwill and co-operation which enabled our meetings to become more and more successful as the year went on.

The list of our successful activities from February to July 1988 would take up most of a page. Some of the more important were: the extremely successful Drama Night, organised by the S.R.C. Drama Committee (proof that small groups can work well!); involvement in school uniform policy discussions; and the collection of almost 200 Bicentennial Medallions from students who felt they could not support the Bicentennial "festival" in the light of Aboriginal history and the continuing struggle of the indigenous people of this land for justice. It tends to be taken for granted that the S.R.C. will organise school dances, but credit should be given to the people who worked so hard on the Dance Committee (including other interested students as well as S.R.C. representatives). The success of school dances enabled the S.R.C. to contribute \$2000 towards a new P.A. system which has been installed in the hall. The skills we have learned during the year have been and will continue to be very useful to us.

1988 saw the election of a Liberal government in NSW, which immediately brought in an education policy which took teachers and students by surprise, to put it mildly. "Outrage" and "anger" were words commonly heard during the year from many people. The Student Council organised a lunchtime meeting attended by over 300 students, who resolved to have a one period stop-work letter writing session the following week. This was immensely successful in promoting both discussion among students (it should be noted here that teachers made a point of not being involved, and it was left to SRC representatives to clarify any questions from the students, with the information we had gathered). The ongoing organisation of action

over the education issue was then put in the hands of a number of students, who have continued to involve large numbers of Fortians in demonstrations and other activities — proving once again that Fortians do care and are prepared to do something about the issues affecting them. The Student Council has maintained a strong and independent position of supporting quality education, which we see as requiring more teachers, not fewer; more freedom to choose subjects, not less; and more money for education overall.

During the year we had a lot of contact with staff, particularly with Mr Browne who continued to be enthusiastic and supportive as our staff contact person. Thanks must also go to Mrs Preece and Mr Leonard, the principal and deputy, who were also very encouraging and supportive of the Student Council and most of its activities. The year saw the role of the Student Council growing, as it should, to fulfil its aim of providing direct student representation in the decision-making processes within the school, and hopefully this will continue with the 1988-9 Student Council.

I haven't even attempted to name all of the people who helped make the 87-88 Council the success it was — most of the members fit this description. I believe that their efforts have helped to make Fort Street a better school and have enriched the great tradition of students being more than just study machines.

Shawn Whelan
Year 12

Student Council Members

SENIOR GIRLS:

Cassie McCULLAGH
Sharon SWANSON
Catriona TAYLOR

YEAR 9 GIRLS:
Rosie FISHER
Mia GARLICK
Julie KIM

YEAR 8 BOYS:

Ben DUKE
Jamie MOORE
Kenneth SOO

YEAR 10 GIRLS:
Anne COLQUHOUN
Saran DELING
Robin DARNLEY
Robin HERON
Raelene MATEJKA
Olivia WESLEY-SMITH

YEAR 9 BOYS:

Patrick CONNOR
Amos SZEPS
Sam TOOHEY

YEAR 11 GIRLS:

Julia CUMMINS
Louise GILLETT
Lisa MORRIS
Kirsty THOMSON

YEAR 8 GIRLS:
Alice DE BOOS
Beth DELANEY
Karin QUINN

SENIOR BOYS:

Gavin DARBYSHIRE
Rob HILLIARD
Shawn WHELAN
Mark WRIGHT

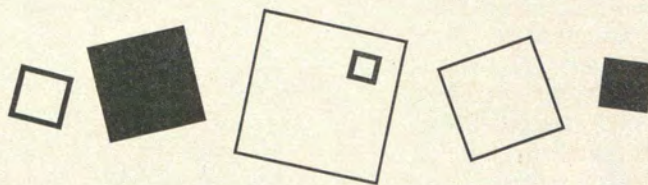
YEAR 11 BOYS:

Michael HARDING
Alfred HIATT
Ben LEE
Anthony MOORE
Gerard NICOL
Tove WARREN



SCHOOL COUNCIL

FRONT ROW: Anne Colquhoun, Karina Quinn, Julie Kim, Alice De Boos, Kirsty Thomson, Tove Warren, Lisa Morris, Beth Delaney.
SECOND ROW: Ben Lee, Ben Duke, Shann Whelan, Mia Garlick, Julia Cummins, Louise Gillett, Olivia Wesley-Smith, Jamie Moore, Sam Toohey.
THIRD ROW: Kenneth Soo, Anthony Moore, Michael Harding, Gerard Nicol, Mark Wright, Rob Hilliard, Amos Szeps, Gavin Darbyshire.



Student Welfare

As Head Teacher whose responsibility is Student Welfare, I co-ordinate and implement programs concerning welfare of students, in order to ensure a happy and safe environment. Since this is a new appointment for this school, I have had much support from the present Welfare Committee, the Principal, the Deputy, the Counsellor and the Student Advisors, with whom I have regular contact.

The Student Welfare meetings are attended by this group of dedicated people who share their concern for the well-being of students and by other teachers who wish to come, to discuss particular problems.

The Personal Development Classes are attended by students in Years 7, 8 and 9. The aim of this program is the development in students of a sense of dignity and worth and a greater awareness of personal and social responsibility for their actions and decisions. These are important aims for any teacher, but the P.D. teacher will work to improve skills such as communication, stress management, coping with emotions and peer pressure, as well as giving recognition to students' values as a basis for making decisions. The benefits of these programs are limited by the short amount of time available and it is hoped the programs will develop into all years in the near future.

At the beginning of Term II, four teachers, including myself and one parent, attended a three-day course on Preventative Drug Education, the last day of which was an opportunity to examine the needs of the school and to work out a plan of action. We recently met again, to prepare for the presentation of the Student Welfare Policy for the September Staff Meeting. Our Guest Speaker was Mrs Maureen Bell, the Student Welfare and Drug Education Consultant for the region. At the October meeting, Mr Steve Scheduling will talk about assisting "under-achievers" and I will outline the existing welfare network at the school and how it can be used effectively.

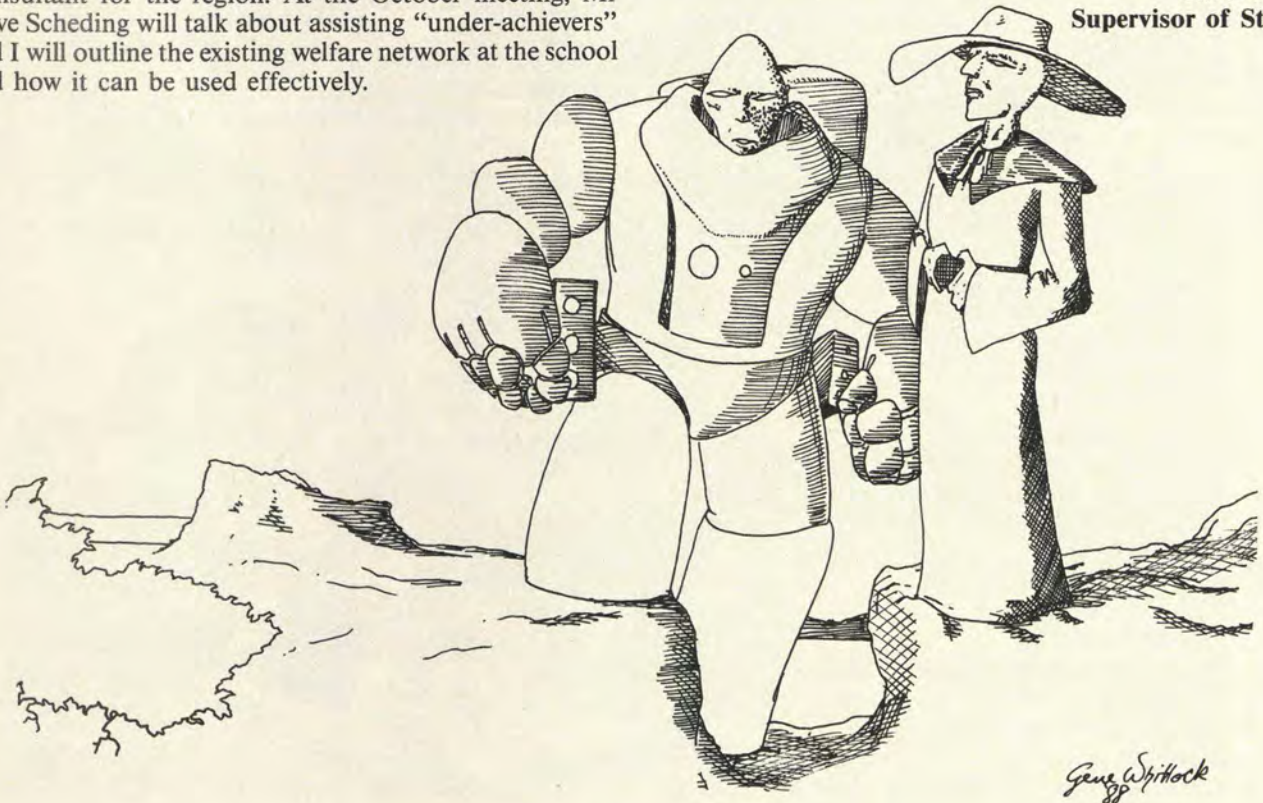
Other programs include Special Health Days for Year 10, planned for November, and the Peer Support Program. Dr Ross McLeod of the Forest Lodge Child Health Centre, offered a survey to Year 10 students to determine their main areas of concern. The main theme of Dr McLeod's segment will be how to stay healthy and avoid the pitfalls which can lead to disease. The Family Planning Association will also be involved during these days, offering a program on Responsibility in Relationships which has been well received at other schools. These programs are normally offered in the framework of a continuing P.D. program. Although this Year 10 has not had the advantage of such a program, it is expected that the Health Days will be beneficial for these students.

The Peer Support Program, involving Years 7 and 10 was run this year by Mrs Christine Davis, the Year 7 Student Advisor, and will continue in 1989 with Years 7 and 11. I am optimistic that as I become more accurately informed of the needs of students at Fort Street, I will be able to initiate additional programs tailored to meet these needs.

When the clinic is not full of influenza victims, I am available to students to discuss problems related to their well-being at school and to refer them when appropriate to others who can help. I have had great enjoyment working amongst these students, most of whom are responsive and aware but I do not ignore the fact that there are problems and I am keen to do whatever is possible to alleviate these and to prevent small problems from becoming insurmountable.

Let us keep working *together* for the welfare of our students.

Janet Allman
Supervisor of Students



Work Experience

Thanks to the co-operation of over 240 employers, 165 year ten students and Year Ten teachers at school, the 1988 work experience program was a great success. The favourable responses of students was reflected in the 86% of student assignments handed in within one week of returning to school.

Students were happy to receive their employer reports and discuss many issues arising from the program.

Approximately

- * 72% of employer reports were received;
- * 40% of students indicated they would like to complete another week of work experience during the week December 4-8, 1989;
- * 60% of students used their own initiative in locating a position;
- * 100% of parents who responded to the questionnaire wish to see the program continue;
- * Many areas proved popular. As in past years, science, journalism, vet science, fashion, nursing, teaching child care and the media proved to be the most popular.

1988 saw the introduction of a Fort Street work experience certificate to those students who have: organised and completed work experience satisfactorily, completed a work experience assignment and prepared a document folder. Approximately 2/3 of year ten are eligible for this certificate.

Teachers of Year 10 are supportive of the program and see the two week period of August 14-25, 1989 as a suitable time to run the program again.

In conclusion I would like to thank the year ten teachers for their assistance and co-operation in 1988. The following staff assisted greatly by co-ordinating employer information within their faculty:

English - Ms J Levi; History - Mr M Browne; Science - Mr P Bartier; Maths - Mr B Palmer; S. Science - Mr M Docking; Languages - Ms J Allman; P.E. - Ms K Smith; I. Arts - Mr G Osland; Art - Ms S Smith and Ms K Smith; H. Science - Ms A Hewett.

Phil Canty, Careers Adviser



Nature

The wind blowing,
The trees rustling,
The clouds moving,
The possum hustling,
This is Nature.

A frog croaking,
The ants working,
The kookaburra laughing,
The kangaroo lurking,
This is Australian Nature.

Platon Theodoris — Year 8

Students Alive!

1988 has been an exciting year for the Christian body at school. We are beginning to see the real power of God move among us. Jesus is coming alive in a way that many of us had never dreamt of. He is changing people, changing lives, and doing a pretty good job of it. Many students at the school can now actually testify.

"Jesus is real. He loves me. He has given me peace". When we first began many of us had no idea what knowing Jesus personally was about. Some thought Christianity was a doctrine to live by, something that gives one mental stability in the chaos of life. Instead we find that it is a living relationship in which God can talk to us, heal us and fulfill his promises. That is, he gives us peace, joy, happiness etc. — fulfillment right now!! All this because we dared to ask if Jesus was for real.

To meet the increasing desire to know Jesus we have the original ISCF meeting as well as the more recently established "Students Alive" (a Pentecostal group) and other meetings in between. Everyone is welcome to come along and find out more at any time.

Ameshri Naidoo — Year 11



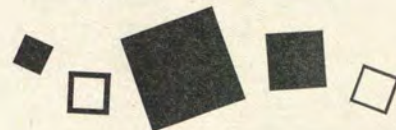
Yellow Balloons!

Watch them floating
bobbing and swaying
Green clothes and yellow balloons

See them burst
Bang, pop
Ha, ha, I laugh at the little boy who cries
What do they say?
"Credit Union"
Who wants one? them, weirdos

Someone let go
Wow, up in the air
A yellow balloon among the clouds

Alex McDonald — Year 8





Mr Browne, Mr Glebe and Fortians with Mrs Papandreaous (Greece's "First Lady").

... And the beat goes on ...

Music in 1988

It certainly has been one bumper-sized good year for Fort Street's Music Department. Both teachers and students involved in music have been bursting with energy, enthusiasm, devotion and talent. We have made the world aware of our existence and are now a force to be reckoned with. Unfortunately, industrial action (or inaction to be precise) has shattered our dreams of a tour of Lesotho and Somaliland but we have put all that behind us. Music is, after all, an integral component of the hammer and chisel that Fort Street carves out its reputation.

The chamber ensemble remains a highly skilled company. Over the past few years it has handled Handel, managed Mendelssohn and Mozart, battled with Bach and Beethoven and coped with Corelli. It was the star of this year's instrumental festival, overpowering stiff competition including the 1000 member recorder group and the ta-less tap dancers. At the moment, it consists of strings, flutes and clarinets, but there are plans to get a drummer and possibly some bagpipes or accordians.

This standard of excellence has been emulated by the vocal ensemble. The highlight of this year was the Choral Concert, in which the ensemble gave a performance to be proud of in the face of ferocious opposition. Yes, indeed, our super sopranos, amorable altos, terrific tenors and beaut basses blew the others off the court and have added one more to their list of dazzling performances.

The jazz band has become one of the best jazz bands at the school. Each member of the group is remarkably talented. They genuinely wooed the crowds at Speech Day and the art show and look to devoting their lifespan to maintaining this standard.

One of the teachers in the music department has made a major breakthrough in the field of educational research. The disease of students being totally worn out on Thursday and Friday afternoons has been proven cureable by providing students with a nice, hot cup of tea. It is hoped that other teachers in other faculties will follow this warm-hearted example.

Attempts to divide the chamber ensemble have failed for the most part, but thanks to dynamic enthusiasm, a small clarinet group has been conceived and have put in a string of performances, including a television appearance and provision of the elevator music for drama night.

On the subject of elevator music, the chamber ensemble and the jazz band put in a big effort for the art show held at Fort Street this year. Opening night was a success, but on the second day, the performers outnumbered the audience by a three-to-one ratio. The wind section of the CE also added a new dimension to this year's parent-teacher nights.

You all saw the amazing effort given by this faculty at Speech Day, as has been given at every Speech Day and is part of Fort Street's tradition of excellence. 1989 Speech Day promises to be something special for lovers of daggy music.

So, it certainly has been a spiffing year, and all those involved in musical activities are satisfied that in their own little way, they have helped to make this world of ours a better place to live in. For music is a vital slice of the educational pie, and "when one stops learning, one stops living".

Anthony Moore, Year 11



The School Band

The School's Band Programme began in 1986 and has since grown to include an Intermediate Band of thirty seven players and a Training Band of forty-eight players. Next year a new band will be recruited from the incoming Year 7 students, and our first Training String Ensemble will be recruited from Years 7 and 8. By recruiting every year the School Music Department will eventually have three Concert Bands (Training, Intermediate and Advanced), three String Ensembles (Training, Intermediate and Advanced), a Stage Band and a Symphony Orchestra, in addition to those ensembles already in operation. We now have a tutorial staff of ten with specialist lessons available on all wind, brass and percussion instruments as well as guitar.

The Bands perform once or twice a term at a variety of occasions, including: concerts for local primary schools, concerts for parents and Speech Day. In August we performed in the N.S.W. School Band Festival and received a "good" rating. On December 8th, we will be holding our Annual Christmas Concert where Band Awards will be made to individual students for their contribution to the ensemble.

The Band Parents' Auxiliary has worked very hard this year raising the money required for music and instruments in addition to providing supper at our functions. These efforts are very much appreciated by both the students and myself for without the contribution of parents the programme would not be able to function.

Planning for next year is well underway for a band camp where students will have the opportunity to spend a weekend playing music and socialising. I am also planning a more diverse performance programme within the local community. Thanks to band members, their parents and the school for their support this year and I'm looking forward to a great year in 1989.

Susan Clarke — Band Director



Members of the Choir and some of our musicians.

Successful Scientists

Science Major Work

In 1987 the Science department introduced the requirement for years 7-10 students to submit a major work. The topics set were based upon the N.S.W. Science Teachers' Association Talent Search Competition. This allowed any student who so desired, to enter their major work in State and National competitions.

The topics were divided into six categories. These were working models, posters, photographic essays, video production, original research and creative writing. The diversity of the topics allows the students to display particular skills and abilities they may have and to apply these to science work in a way that they may not have the opportunity to do in a classroom situation.

The concept of the major work was met with mixed emotion by the students. Many thrust themselves head long into ambitious projects, whilst others watched and waited for divine inspiration.

The standard of the work submitted was in some cases startling. Students displayed abilities ranging from electronic wizardry to artistic genius. A number of the major works were entered into the Talent Search competition where some gained fitting rewards. Justin Playford took first prize in the State for his photographic essay on heat, and Trang Dang and Narelle Grant took first and second prize respectively for their science based children's stories. Along with this a number of students received encouragement awards.

Encouraged by the success of 1987 the science major work has sprung into life again in '88. Many of the projects have already been submitted and again some are going into the Talent Search competition. Included in these are working models of hydro electrical plants, ferris wheels, house alarm systems and grain mills, original research projects on many interesting topics and some extremely clever children's books.

While it is again anticipated that some of the work will gain prizes, this is a secondary consideration of the major work idea. It is hoped that each student who took part in the project will have found it to be a novel and valuable experience in Science.

Peter Bartier (Science Teacher)

Science Competition

In 1987, 180 Fort Street students from years 7 to 10 entered into the University of N.S.W. Science Competition. Excellent results were achieved particularly in Years 7 and 8 where a number of students gained placings in the top 1% in the State. Michael Cahill of year 7 went one better and achieved the prize for coming first in the State in year 7.

In 1988, 250 students entered the Science Competition which was held in mid August and at this stage the students are still waiting in anticipation for their results to come back from the University.

Peter Bartier (Science Teacher)



Our Art Show

The Art Show was held from 29 April to 1 May, and in spite of the worst efforts of the weather, must be considered a great success. Over 350 works of art were exhibited, including paintings, ceramics, jewellery, sculpture and knit-ware. In addition, art and textile works by Fort Street students were displayed. The opening night was attended by about 250 people, who enjoyed a champagne supper and heard Mr Neville Wran officially open the exhibition. On Friday night and throughout Saturday visitors to the show were entertained by student music groups — a string ensemble, a jazz band, and flute & clarinet groups. The crowd on Friday night had an enjoyable evening inspecting (and buying) the art, and also looking over the display of memorabilia in the Fortian Room. Saturday's torrents no doubt kept many away, but numbers picked up a little on Sunday. Although the figures are not yet finalised, it appears that we sold about \$15,500 worth of art, the com-

mission on which will amount to several thousand dollars. In addition, the raffle of a Kevin Best painting, Opening Night, door entry, and refreshment sales raised another few thousand dollars. The winner of the raffle was Mr Colwell.

The mounting and running of the Art Show was a combined effort of several dozen parents and friends, with the help of a considerable number of Fort Street students and some staff members. The contributions of students as musicians, waiters, kitchen workers, afternoon tea servers, car park attendants, and other general helpers played an important part in the success of the show. Together with those who helped sell raffle tickets they have our hearty thanks for their willingness to support their school.

It was generally agreed by all who attended that the Art Show was an artistic and social plus. With better weather, and the experience we gained this year, it is hoped to make the 1989 Art Show even better.

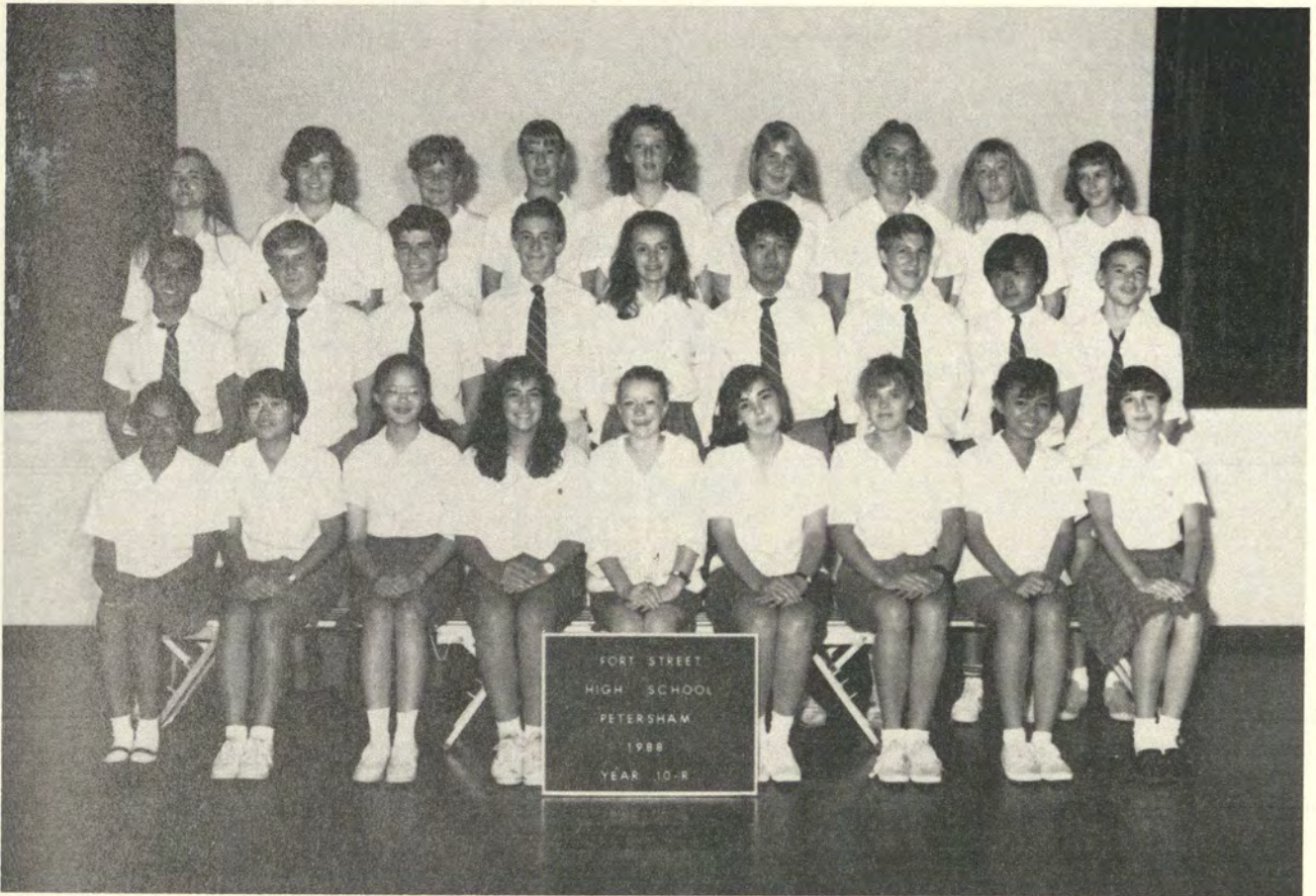




Avvo Sept. 88

Year 10 Roll Classes







Hello from the Fortians Union

1988 has been an exciting year for the Ex-Student's Union. Our luncheon, held on Saturday 26th March, was a great success. On March 7th many former Fortians attended Speech Day at Sydney Town Hall, Justice Trevor Morling was Guest Speaker. The Annual General Meeting held on Wednesday, 30th March 1988, was attended by fewer Fortians than we would have hoped for, but an energetic committee was elected including some recent School leavers, David Kelly and Russell Johnson, who left Fort Street in 1983.

The Committee was pleased when approached by David and Russell on behalf of the Fort Street Rugby Team to assist by providing the team with jerseys. We wish the team success in the 1989 season.

The Union has also been very conscious of the significant part we play in the history of education in N.S.W. Fort Street High, established as The Model School in 1849, 139 years ago and over the years our students have been the greatest advertisement for the success of the School. Fort Street has set the example for Educators like Harold Wyndham. Politicians like Wran, Kerr, Barton and Spender. Poets like A.D. Hope, fine sportsmen like Jan Stephenson, all striving for excellence in their chosen careers. The Legal Profession includes Justice Michael Kirby, John Bryson, Noel Hemmings and Trevor Morling. The records of many of these great Fortians are held in our Archives and we hope to preserve these for the future.

Our Annual Dinner will be held on October 21st, at the Coronation Club, Burwood. Over 150 former students, with large groups from 1968 and 1948 attending. The Guest Speaker, Rona Sanford-Pepper, was school Captain of F.S.G.H.S. in 1953. Rona is Senior Scientific officer in the Immunohaematology Department of the Australian Red Cross Society. Rona is well known to all who attend Speech Days as the presenter of the Rona Sanford-Pepper Prize for School Service.

The Committee has arranged a function to be held on Saturday April 15, 1989 at the School to celebrate 140 years of Fort Street. We hope the evening will be a great success and invite Fortians Past and Present to attend this important event in the history of Fort Street High School.

Finally, best wishes to all who are sitting for examinations and best wishes for future careers.

**Denice Hurst — President, Fortians Union
on behalf of the Management Committee.**

The Year 11 Geography Camp

On the afternoon of Sunday 19th June, 40 year 11 Geography students assembled at Central Station to depart an epic 18 hour train journey to Broken Hill. After a night of sleeping (or trying to) with someone's foot in your face, and/or bag on your head, not to mention Jonathan's ... we arrived in the city of Broken Hill.

It was 8.00 a.m. in the morning, we were loaded onto a bus and taken on a tour of the city.

Some of the expeditions, lectures, tours that were organised for the next 7 days included:-

- A lecture by the Mayor of Broken Hill, Mr Black
- Silverton, a GHOST TOWN
- Mundi Mundi Plain — where Mad Max II was filmed
- A sheep station/pig farm
- Fowlers Creek
- We went on a Desert Hike
- Mootwingee National Park — the most beautiful scenery in the area, with red rocks painted with Aboriginal Art
- A visit to Broken Hill High's rendition of the musical "GREASE" where even Mr Sturm found it hard not to JIVE
- Kinchega National Park
- Menindee
- The Menindee Lakes Scheme — which supplies the area with water
- A Lecture by a Soil Conservationist

As you can see, our days and nights were filled with educational BLISS, but it was not always a "Picnic". We also had to:-

- Get up at 4.00 a.m. one morning (it was 2°C)
- Walk up mountains, along gorges and across arid land for 3 days
- move "house" as it were, three times
- and worked for over fourteen hours a day for seven days

We stayed in the University of New South Wales station at Fowler's Gap for the first three nights and then we stayed at the Broken Hill Police Boys' Club and Kinchega National Park for one night each. The facilities provided by these places were basic although they all at least provided shelter for us from the cold nights. We greatly appreciate the managers of the respective places for letting us stay there. Over the whole eight days great hospitality was extended to all of us by the whole community, and we greatly acknowledge and appreciate this.

We would also like to thank Mr Sturm for organising the trip (even the 50 page work booklet) and accompanying us on the trip and Ms Johanson for accompanying us and for feeding us on the budget that she was given. We thank Mr Griffith for accompanying us, especially on such short notice, and Mr Baker for organising the accommodation even though he couldn't find the courage to come.

A GREAT time was had by all, and the camp will supply everyone (even the teachers) with happy memories.

Gerard Nicol & Lisa Morris — Year 11



Debating

1988 Karl Cramp and Commonwealth Bank Debating Competitions

Few would like to think of Fort Street as a school of mediocre debating teams, but the results of the Karl Cramp and Commonwealth Bank debating competitions suggest just that. After promising starts, both teams failed in the early rounds of competition in their zones. The Commonwealth Bank team of Tim Booth (Yr 12), Leigh Sanderson (Yr 12), Alfred Hiatt (Yr 11) and Kalina Koloff (Yr 9) won easily against Auburn Girls, but then lost to Moriah College arguing "That Good Intentions have ruined our Prison System". In our last debate against Homebush Boys we lost a close decision arguing against the proposition "That Darling Harbour is Australia's Wonderland".

The Karl Cramp (Yr 11) debaters fared slightly better. Julia Crummins, Katerina Lawergren, Alfred Hiatt and Jane Nguyen won easily against Strathfield South and Hurstville Boys but again lost in a bizarre adjudication to Kingsgrove. Topics in this competition ranged from "That Conservation impedes Progress" to "That Australia's Future lies with Tourism".

Thanks to Ms Hosking, Ms Kellaway and Ms Honeywill.

Alfred Hiatt — Year 11

Year 10 Debating

The Year 10 Debating team was fairly successful in the Commonwealth Bank Cup Competition, progressing to the Zone semi finals, where we were knocked out by Belmore Boys' High. This year was the first time the team, consisting of first speaker Julia Brotherton, second speaker Tico Taussig-Rubbo, third speaker Catherine Burnheim and fourth speakers (rotating) — Miriam Corris, Anne Colquhoun and Tom Clarke, had debated Randwick Boys' High and Sydney Girls' High (the third debate against Cleveland Street High was forfeited), winning narrowly both times. We were impressed by the standard of competition and thoroughly enjoyed all the debates. Throughout the year all members of the team were active in the Debating Club.

**Catherine Burnheim and
Julia Brotherton — Year 10**

Year 12 — Hume Barbour Debating

What can I say? The team of Leigh Sanderson, Shawn Whelan, Edwina Throsby and Tim Booth showed finesse, style, panache — and the killer instinct necessary for good debating. After accounting for Tempe H.S. in a close clash, we destroyed a valiant, but inexperienced Marrickville H.S. team, before meeting Concord High. Two years ago, Concord had defeated us in a regional semi-final, but we made no mistake this time. Thus fortified, we met the current holders of the Hume Barbour Cup; Sydney Boys' High. Although we attacked from the beginning, the debate was eventually awarded to Sydney. We would like to thank all of the teachers who have helped us throughout the year, and have enjoyed our time debating at Fort Street, which is the main thing (although I would rather have lost to any primary school than Sydney, mmph grrph ...).

**Tim Booth
Year 12**



Ode to a PCW

(Personal Computer/Wordprocessor)

My fingers ache, and technology pains

My thoughts, as though a wall I had headbanged,

Or as if I'd blown out my deadened brains

One minute past, my life — be hanged!

'Tis not through envy of thy brilliant screen,

But being too caught up in thy great speed,

That thou, expensive machine on the desk,

With tiny letters green

Of up and lower case which seem to breed,

While thou type-set assignments grotesque.

O, for an old fashioned typewriter, that hath been

Kept a long age in the depths of my room,

Having black letters round, not square and green,

Whose "advanced technology" doesn't forecast
my doom!

O, for a typewriter with normal paper roll,

Full of the true, the clever ingenuity

With manual operated shift and space,

As in the days of ole;

That I might type with speed and clarity,

And with it fade away from your glaring green face.

Fade far away, and bid thee "Adieu",

I wave to your printer and face of green

And as I leave, I doubt I'll miss you —

Is that "Thank goodness!" printed across your screen!?!

Leigh Sanderson — Year 12





The Year 12 Debating Team — Tim, Shawn, Edwina and Leigh.

Our Drama Spectacle

This year we staged a Drama Spectacle. It was unique in that it was primarily the work of dedicated students, and the creations symbolised Fort Street's continuing Performing Arts talent.

The Drama Committee, drawn from the Student Council, was formed at the beginning of the year at a casual meeting of enthusiastic students and teachers. Julia Cummins (Yr 11), Tove Warren (Yr 11), Kirsty Thomson (Yr 11), Ben Lee (Yr 11), and Rosie Fischer (Yr 9), formed the Committee and set about selecting plays, actors, set designers, directors and all the other people needed to produce such a performance. Mr Tibbles and Mr Studdert were our mentors.

Behind any production are months of hard work, building and painting the set, early morning and late afternoon rehearsals, organising the costumes and make-up, props, lighting, sound, programs and tickets, to mention only a few chores. We would therefore like to thank Mr Ambler and his crew for the lighting and sound; Claire Sullivan and Lisa Morris and their crew for the costumes and make-up; Daria O'Neill and her crew for the props and stage management; Abram Powell for designing the set, and he and his crew for building and painting it; Lucy Byrne and Kate Stephens for the ticket sales; Sam Toohey and the other Student Councillors for providing the refreshments and Julia Cummins, the producer, who was responsible for its co-ordination, not to mention the actors and directors for their time, dedication, and enthusiasm.

Drama Night consisted of four one act plays. The first play was a fun play called *Inside A Kid's Head* which was directed by Helen Konstantelos of Year 9 and Rob Hilliard of Year 12 and was performed by actors from Years Seven and Eight. It was a funny and amusing fantasy about the dreams and life of a young boy and set the tone for the rest of the evening.

The second play was Act 2 of Alan Ackbourn's hilarious play *Absurd Person Singular*, directed by Amber Elen-Forbat and assisted by Daria O'Neill, both of Year 11. All agreed that the actors were excellent and everyone involved should be congratulated on a wonderful event. The play involved the interaction of three couples, thrown together at a Christmas party and their subsequent misadventures in the kitchen of one couple's house.

The third play whose author wished to remain anonymous, was called *They Alone Know* and was directed by Tove Warren of Year 11 assisted by Catherine Burnheim of Year 10. It was a confusing play, confusing because it had no plot, though this lack of plot didn't disadvantage the play. Rather it kept the audience alert, interested, and on the edge of their seats, waiting for the ultimate meaning and purpose of the play. The acting was again excellent, and was assisted by the direction, props and lighting.

After the interval, the final play began. This was a Tom Stoppard play called *The Real Inspector Hound*. This play was a parody of a drawing room murder mystery. It was also a classic case of split identities, meaning the audience struggled at times to grasp who was who, where, why, and how. This was the longest play of the few and provided a suitable climax to an enjoyable evening.

All in all, the two nights were a great success and all those involved enjoyed and gained much from the experience.

The Drama Committee raised over a thousand dollars from the night and the Student Council voted that these funds should go towards buying a video camera for the school. Congratulations to everyone involved!

Julia Cummins and Tove Warren — Year 11

Ode to Othello

Thou still unrivalled vision of eloquence,
Thou foster child of gullibility and war,
Shakespearean character, who canst express
a flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme.

What blackened beast bleats within thy shape?
of twisted mind and tortured spirit
In Venice and the dales of Cyprus?
What man or goat are you? What reason loth?
What seething passion lies within? What wild chaos?

Heard lies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter still, therefore, honest Iago, sing sweetly on
Not to Desdemona's ear but more endeared
Enshave the Moor! Pervert good will!

Fair Desdemona, betwixt the bedsheets bare
thou whilst never star in soapies —
for never canst thou speak in hate — yet do not grieve
Forever wilt thou love and perhaps meet Angel Clare

Murray Gibbons — Year 12











Poet's Corner

"Farewell Ms Morey and Ms Verne"

At old Fort Street School, where talent's the rule,
Andrea and Ros are quite stunning.
Outstanding are they, and they both like a play,
And in one case at least that's not punning.

For Ros as you know, puts on a good show.
The oldies remember "Pygamlion",
Some moments of grief met "The Skin of our Teeth",
But the "Love" thing this year was plain sailing.

She's a lovable soul, as she plays out a role,
Telling a story with mirth and emotion.
Her language, it's true, will turn your ear blue,
But I'm touched by her honest devotion.

Now it's Andrea's turn, let's analyse Verne!
She's talented, vital, no boaster.
Her room's always neat, no graffiti on the seats,
And the wall's always covered in posters.

The kids love her smile, try to capture her style,
In their process writing's fine tuning,
She encourages them lots, in a publication called *TOPPS*,
Yet on weekends finds time for ballooning.

Though it's not of my choosing, it's two greats we're losing,
So it may sound a bit like sedition,
To suggest that two blokes, might replace these two soaks
And sign their names on my E.O. petition.

John Buckingham (Head Teacher, English)
(a refined version for publication)

Tribute to Tennessee Williams

Tom likens his family
To a glass menagerie —
Poor Laura, she's a unicorn
(Her "stuffed-up" leg its tiny horn)
Amanda's just a bit pedantic
She wants to stop Tom's night time antics.
She wants her son to comb his hair,
She tells her son he doesn't care.
She's nagging her poor son to death
She'll wish and talk till her last breath!
And Laura, who's a trifle shy
Her mother says "bring home a guy"!
So brother Tom brings home a friend
Who drives poor Laura round the bend.
He's not as sensitive as he's smart,
He's gone and broke poor Laura's heart!
Amanda, now, is in a fuss
The "family" is all a muss
And Tom? well he decides he'd rather
Follow in the footsteps of his father.
So he leaves his family on the shelf
He thinks he'll go and find himself.

Adrienna Patrick — Year 10

Ode on a Grecian Nose

Thou still unravished chamber of congestion,
Thou foster child of sniffles and kerchiefs
O nasal passage, who canst not breathe
A flowery perfume more sweet than our rhyme
What hair-fringed nostril haunts about thy mucus?
What gristle and bone? What struggle to breathe?
What red capillaries? What struggle to breathe?

Smelt fragrances are sweet, but those unsmelt
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft incense, waft on.
Not to the sensual nose, but, more endeared
Waft to the spirit breezes of no smell.
Fair lip, beneath the nose, thou canst be clear
Thy face, nor ever can that nose be clear
Forever wilt thou sniff, and in Kleenex blow!

O Attic shape! Fair proboscis! with brede
Of oily skin and ostrils overblown,
With divine profile and the sodden hankie;
When old age shall this countenance waste
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other wrinkles
Beauty is truth, truth beauty — that is all
Ye nose on earth, and all ye need to nose.

**Melanie Bray and
Tram Bui — Year 12**



“The Lord of the Flies” Rap

Take an island somewhere in the deep blue ocean and
 the story of “The Lord of the Flies” is in motion.
 Take a handful of boys and throw them in,
 And our story is nearly ready to begin.
 The conch, symbolic of power and good,
 Made everybody come, cause he understood.
 Let’s start with Ralph, with a head of gold,
 Who was kind and good, as we’ve been told.
 Jack was the devil in disguise,
 With Firey hair and satanic eyes.
 He was the leader of all things bad,
 He always wanted what he never had.

Hit the road Jack, and don’t you come back
 NO MORE, NO MORE, NO MORE, NO MORE,
 Hit the road Jack and don’t you come back
 NO MORE. WHAT YOU SAY?

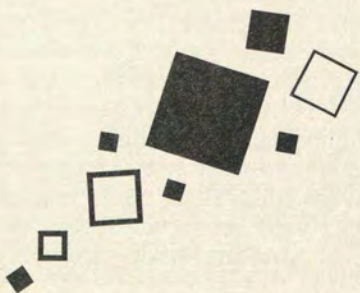
There was a beastie, boys were scared,
 Simon was the only one who dared.
 To find the reason for their fear,
 Then found out it was all up here! (POINT TO HEAD)
 Piggy was the smart one, he had brains,
 He wore sleek glasses with sexy frames.
 Intelligence was what Piggy was about,
 Only Ralph believed without a doubt.
 Piggy’s specs were used to light the fire
 And the boys would watch as the flames grew higher.

The fire was hot, Ralph was too,
 (TOO HOT) Believe it or not.

A sailor came with his navy flares,
 Reacting with the children’s stares,
 He took them to the adult world, to do,
 All the things they were accustomed to.

So, this end our little story
 Of freedom, power, hope and glory.

Written and performed by:
Nicolle Chisholm, Shanel Cameron,
Toscha Blenkinsop, Lucie Booker,
Sofie Costa, Jessamy Walker — Year 10



Integrated (the Link-Parent)

There is the parent, trapped between culture
 and freedom,
 Clinging to the old traditions
 Feasts, family and friends, exotic food
 and beach sunrises.
 But still coping with the good old
 Australian way of life —
 the rugby, swimming, towering eucalypts
 and the friendly household fly.
 Communicating and understanding
 the native tongue,
 But trying to learn and improve
 from their children
 this exciting new language.
 A challenge.

Wendy Yen — Year 10



Ode on a Garbage Can

Thou still unemptied tin of refuse
 Thou foster child of waste and garbage.
 Litter collector, who canst thus express,
 A rubbishy tale more sweetly than this page.
 What worthless legend haunts about thy shape
 Of trash or treasure, or of both
 In back lanes or on the footpaths
 What debris or jewels are there? What riches loth?
 What priceless stuff? What effort to scrape?
 What food and wine? What pennies from above?

Who are these coming to the feast?
 To what green garbage can, O mysterious men,
 Lead’st thou that mouse following thy heels,
 And all her family with their clan?
 What wooden bench in Hyde Park or Belmore,
 Or crevices in a dark, dinghy alley,
 Is emptied of this folk, this early morn?
 And, wooden bench, thy seat for now
 Will empty be; and not a soul to sit on thee
 Until thy tenant tonight returns.

O Motor vehicle! Fair attitude! A truck
 of garbage collectors emptying away,
 The household rubbish and other muck;
 Thou, silent form, dost ask the mice to stay
 As to the garbage truck, thou wish it depart
 When thou are emptied of this waste,
 The men in “stubbies” and short-sleeved T-shirts
 Enemy to mice, to whom thou say’st
 One man’s trash is another’s treasure — that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Daisy Tan — Year 12

Sport in 1988

Swimming

The School Swimming Carnival was held at Drummoyne Pool on Tuesday 16th February between a mixture of sun and rain. Attendance was excellent considering the poor conditions and a number of records were broken on the day. Our fine record at swimming and waterpolo was exemplified by some very close tussles in the water.

CHAMPION HOUSE: Barton

AGE CHAMPIONS

12 years	William Hird	Bronwyn Englaro
13 years	Daniel Williams	Taryn Woods
14 years	Nguyen Farrenc	Rebecca Jenner
15 years	Amos Szeps/ Hun Kim	Belinda Gibson
16 years	Dinh Nguyen	Mary Fien
17 years	Marc Englaro	Jodie Gibson/ Liz Weekes

Despite the tough competition at Zone level this year, Bronwyn, Taryn, Belinda, Mary, Mark, Jodie, Liz, Meryl Geribo and Andrew Thompson made it through to the Regional Carnival.

Cross Country

This year, for the first time, a school cross country carnival was held at Centennial Park. The weather, the BBQ and the atmosphere generated by some excellent performances made this day a magnificent success.

CHAMPION HOUSE: Mawson

AGE CHAMPIONS

12 years	Paul Bejarano	Emma Flamer-Caldera
13 years	Ryan Dare	Taryn Woods
14 years	Ben Weekes	Kylei Eggleton
15 years	Silas Mylechrane	Belinda Gibson
16 years	Andrew Thompson	Mary Fien
17 years	Ben MacLaine	Emma Puchert

These students, along with 60 others, went on to represent Fort Street at the Blich Zone Carnival where we finished in 3rd place overall. Thank you to all students who participated in this gruelling event.

Special congratulations to Mary Fien who went on to win the Zone, Metropolitan East and CHS 16 years Championship.

Athletics

The School Athletics Carnival was held at Sydney University on Tuesday 28th June and was again characterised by a lack of competitors in the senior age groups. This, combined with organisational difficulties, at the University, detracted somewhat from the spirit of the day. Congratulations to all those who competed and to the successful athletes below.

CHAMPION HOUSE: Barton

AGE CHAMPIONS

12 years	Tim Lee	Emma Flamer-Caldera
13 years	Matthew Grant	Taryn Woods
14 years	Malcolm Green	Kylie Eggleton
15 years	Tony Chow	Kristen Klimpsch
16 years	Dinh Nguyen	Mary Fien
17 years	Tim Hornibrook	Shona Snedden

Congratulations to Mary Fien who represented the School with distinction in winning the 16 years Zone, Regional and NSW CHS 1500 metres, the Regional 3000 metres and was runner up in the NSW CHS 3000 metres. Also to Shona Snedden who won the 17 years High Jump at the Zone, Regional and NSW CHS Carnivals.

Wednesday Sport

The School once again competed in the traditional range of team sports offered each week by the Blich Zone Sports CHS Association. With the new 4 term year, this now comprises 2 short summer competitions and an extended 19 week winter competition. Fort Street was once again one of the leading schools in the Zone.

Our Girls had a particularly successful year in the Summer competition winning the Open Netball Division 1 and 2, the Year 9 Netball, Open Softball, Junior Tennis and Girls Waterpolo. Our senior girls waterpolo team competed in the boys competition and won on a countback against our senior boys after drawing in the Final. The Year 8 Netball team were defeated in the Final. Our boys' teams were successful in the Junior Squash and Junior Waterpolo competitions.

Fort Street had mixed success in winter sport which took up most of terms 2 and 3. The girls were again successful winning the Open Basketball (Div 2) and Volleyball, the Senior Tennis and Senior Soccer Competitions. The boys won the Blich Zone Senior Squash Final and were runners up in the Senior Tennis. Our Rugby teams once again competed in the Phillip Zone competition with mixed success. The 14 years team performed well throughout only to lose to Randwick in the grand final, the 15 years were finalists in the Randwick Rugby Sevens whilst the Opens struggled due to indifferent form and poor player commitment.



A special thank you to all the teachers who volunteered to take grade sport teams and spent many hours in training and preparation. Your efforts are truly appreciated.

In addition, many students took part in recreational sports organised by the School. These included aikido, aerobics, fitness, golf, gymnastics, ice skating, kung fu, lawn bowls, rowing, squash, swimming, table tennis, tennis and ten pin bowling.

The Year 7 sport programme sees students compete in a range of in-school activities including Basketball, Netball, Touch Football, Softball, Cricket, Volleyball and Swimming. The skills and knowledge acquired through these activities are put into practise on Gala Days which sees our Year 7 students competing against other Schools in Bligh Zone over two days in terms 2 and 4.

Knockout Competitions

Fort Street has once again been a keen competitor in a range of both State and District Knockout competitions. The School participated in both girls and boys competitions in Basketball, Volleyball, Soccer, Waterpolo, Squash, Tennis, Touch Football as well as girls Netball and Softball and boys Rugby Union, Rugby League and Cricket. Our Volleyball and Waterpolo teams were by far our most successful, however, improvement was apparent in other sports.

The Volleyball teams coached by Mr Jurd and Mr Bartier were our most successful participants in 1988. The boys were defeated in the state quarter finals. The girls won the Regional Competition and featured in the State Finals Series at the EG Whitlam Sports Centre. They defeated Blaney and Toronto High Schools in the preliminary games before being narrowly defeated in the semi finals by Baulkham Hills. They are now set to participate in the Australian Schools' Carnival in Canberra in December. Both teams also competed in a number of weekend carnivals including the NSW V.A. Schools' Cup at the State Sports Centre with success in addition to these performances. Congratulations to all players and their respective coaches.

Our Basketball teams coached by Ms Smith and Mr Brace showed future promise before being defeated in round 2 (boys) by Kingsgrove and round 3 (girls) by Gynea who were eventually regional champions. Our girls squash and tennis teams reached the regional semi-finals and quarter-finals respectively whilst the boys tennis were beaten in round 2 and the squash went down to Randwick in the regional quarter-finals. Thanks to Mr Glebe, Mr Baker, Ms Honeywill and Mr Osland who were involved with the preparation and organisation of these teams. Both senior soccer teams (coached by Mr Wilson and Mr Palmer) were defeated by strong opponents in 2nd round fixtures. The 15 years boys team under the guidance of Mr Duce were defeated in a third round match of the Bill Turner Cup against Randwick. The girls also represented the School in carnivals outside of school time. The softball team were coached by an enthusiastic Ms Stamoulos but were defeated by the eventual Regional winners (Woolooware) in round 2.

Both our waterpolo teams were once again very successful in their respective competitions. They boys, coached

by Mr Fraser, were defeated by Randwick in round 3 whilst Mr Palmer's girls showed tremendous early form reaching the final 8 in the State before losing narrowly in the quarter-finals to the eventual winners, Kirrawee High. The Girls Touch Football and Netball teams, coached by a busy Ms Smith, lost their 3rd round matches to Woolooware (8-7 in extra time) and Strathfield Girls respectively. The School was also successfully represented in the NSW Schools' Fencing Competition State Knockout.

Our Rugby teams coached by Mr Baker, Mr Tibbles and Mr Docking, competed in a wide range of competitions with mixed success. The Opens travelled to Canberra to compete in the ACT Schools' Knockout, played in the Drummoynne and Randwick Rugby Sevens, were defeated in the first round of the University Shield by Enmore and the Waratah Shield by Asquith. We were also defeated by St Pats Strathfield in the Wests Schools' Rugby Challenge and by Randwick in the inaugural Ansett Rugby Challenge Cup. The 15 years made the final of the Randwick Rugby Sevens and were narrowly defeated by North Sydney Boys in the Buchan Shield competition. The 1987 School team combined to play for the Petersham club and won the Walker Club and the prospect of a world tour promise to make 1989 a much more successful year.

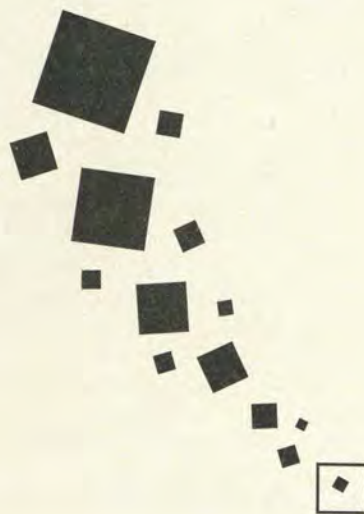
Fort Street also played a host of international matches against visiting schools. Thanks to all the people who were involved in the organisation and billeting of students from the following New Zealand Schools:-

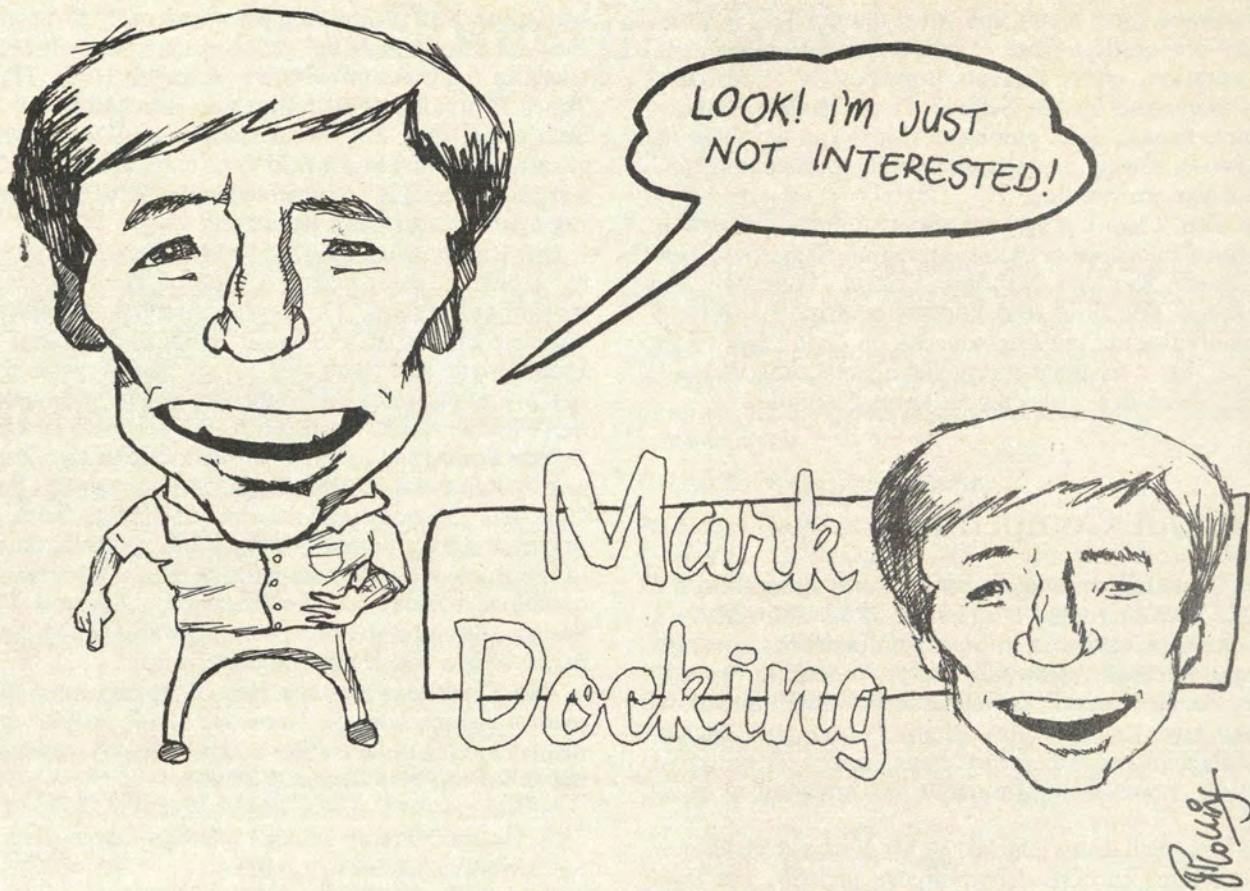
- Manawatu College, Foxton (Netball, Rugby)
- Hauraki Plains College (Netball, Rugby)
- Waiuku College (Rugby)
- Te Puke High School (Netball)
- Whangarei College (Netball)

A very enjoyable volleyball game was also organised for both our boys and girls teams against our Japanese sister School, Eifuku College.

Finally, thank you to all students and teachers who participated in the sports knockout programme during the year. Congratulations to the numerous students who represented the School, Bligh Zone, the Region and the State with distinction. We look forward to your continued involvement in, and enjoyment of sport in the coming year.

Karen Smith/Mark Docking
Sport Co-Ordinators





Success in Sport

Sporting Honours — Regional and State Representatives

Year 12	Rebel Bissaker	NSW CHS Waterpolo Firsts Regional Waterpolo
	Melanie Bray	Regional Gymnastics
	Steven Georgakis	Australian Junior Socceroos
	Kylie Goulding	Regional Volleyball
	Tim Hornibrook	NSW Schools' Rugby First XV NSW CHS Rugby First XV Central Metropolitan Rugby
	Brendan Kelly	Central Metropolitan Rugby League
	Bronwyn Mackintosh	Regional Touch Football
	Graham Moore	Regional Athletics
	Shona Snedden	Regional and CHS Athletics 17 years High Jump Champion
	Lisa Zullo	Regional Squash

Year 11 Sun He Cho
Marc Englaro
Mary Fien

Meryl Geribo

Adrian Lowe

Philip Samanek

Liz Weekes

Year 10 Vassoulla Iannou
Hun Kim
Sae Yoon Kwon
Mark Mains
Andrew Thompson

Year 9 Samson Fangaloka

Year 8 Tarne Maylor

Regional Volleyball
Regional Swimming
Regional/CHS Cross
Country 16 years
Champion
Regional/CHS
Athletics 16 years
1500m Champion
NSW CHS Athletics
3000m R/U
Regional/NSW CHS
Soccer
2 World Records at the
Amputee Olympics
Central Metropolitan
Rugby
Regional Waterpolo
Regional Squash
Regional Volleyball
Regional Volleyball
Regional Volleyball
Regional Swimming/
Athletics
15 yrs Met East Rugby
League
Regional Squash





Success in Sport for Bronwyn, Tim, Shona and Steven of Year 12.



GIRLS' WATER POLO

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Katherine Wild, Polly McDonald, Olivia Wesley-Smith, Jennifer Gerrie, Rebel Bissaker, Jodie Gibson, Merryl Geribo, Taryn Woods, Niki Frampton.

SECOND ROW: (L to R) Rebecca Davidson, Rebecca Jenner, Bronwyn Mackintosh, Elizabeth Weekes, Belinda Gibson, Mary Fien, Jamie Newland.

Open Boys' Grade Tennis

This year, Fort Street's representatives in the Open Boys Grade Tennis competition were: Alfred Hiatt, Michael Harding, Dinh Nguyen, Jeremy Kothe and David Ioannidis. The same team had previously made it to two consecutive finals only to be beaten by Newtown Boys (the champions for four years running) each time. This year, though, we had extra incentive to win, as this was our last chance to win the title, all being Year 11 students.

After doing well in the two round-robin series, we found ourselves in the semi-finals facing Enmore, the minor premiers. A convincing performance saw us through to the finals, where we met, of course, Newtown Boys. We lost by two sets to one.

Our thanks, however, still go to Mr Osland, who assisted us in our achievements over the three years we were together.

In addition to our normal competition, Fort Street competed in a state-wide knock-out competition. The team for this consisted of: Daniel Kang, Temigen Heild, Dwayne Wheeler and David Ioannidis.

Our school had never progressed further than the qualifying round before, so Mr Osland was much delighted when we beat Cleveland Street High by eight sets to love. Due to an unlucky draw, we then came up against one of last year's finalists, a team from the Sutherland region.

In a 'hard-fought' match, lasting over three and a half hours, we were defeated, but proud of our efforts.

It was a great season.

**David Ioannidis and
Jeremy Kothe — Year 11**



Volleyball at Fort Street

In 1988 there has been over 100 students participating in grade and knockout volleyball with many good results.

The Open girls 1 team comprising students from year 9 to 12 had a successful year, making the semi-finals in the State Knockout Competition and remaining undefeated in the Wednesday afternoon Grade sport competition. The Open Girls 2 team who did not have the benefit of any senior students competed against senior teams in the Grade sport competition and performed very well. The improvement in all of the year 10 girls augers well for a good year in '89.

The Open boys who had reached the semi-finals in the 1987 State Knockout, had a surprise loss in a regional round to Cleveland St. High. The year 10 contingent (and Juan) played on in the Grade sport and ran second in this competition against senior opposition. This result along with the height, strength and enthusiasm in the team suggests that Mr. Jurd has them primed for an all out assault on the State Knockout come the new year.

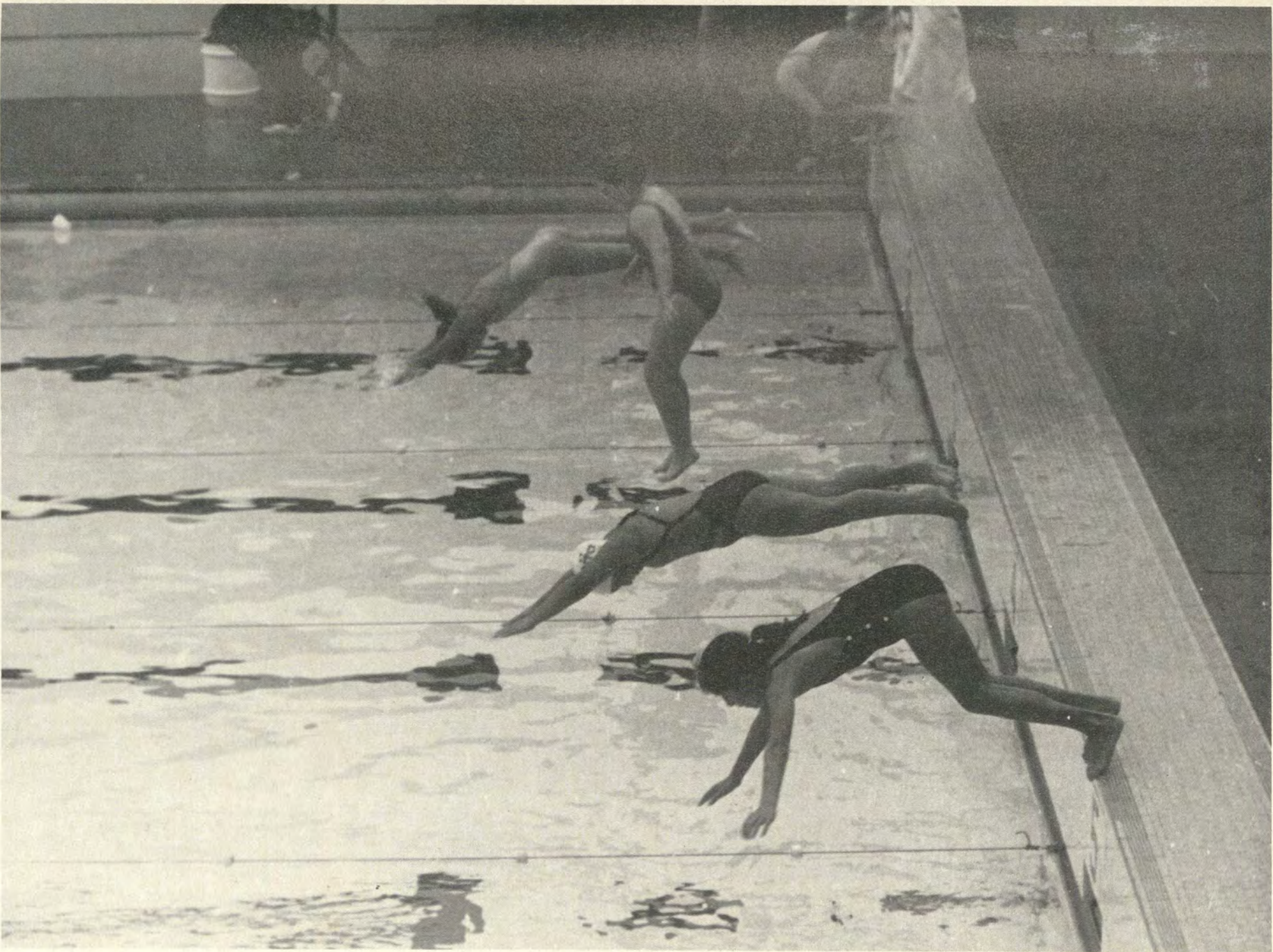
The Year 8 volleyballers were a real success story this year. With over 50 Grade sport competitors from the boys and the girls in the year. The boys' teams running first and second, and the girls making the semi-finals, big things are expected from next year's Year 9.

On the representative scene Fort Street was well represented. Hun Kim, Mark Mains, Sae Yoon Kwon, Kylie Goulding and Sun Hee Cho represented at regional level, Jin Man Kim, Arthur Houllis, Olga Rounnis and Kristina Laus represented Bligh Zone and Kristen Daghish represented N.S.W. under 19.

It was a successful year for volleyball at Fort Street, but more importantly it was an enjoyable year and hopefully 1989 will be no different.

Peter Bartier













A Decade On ...

Fort Street in the seventies was a fun, yet challenging place to be. My first day there in February 1973 was the start of a period of my life which I thoroughly enjoyed and from which I would draw much more than just a level of scholastic ability, but life skills, character development and social knowledge and understanding that has been of tremendous, indeed invaluable assistance to me since.

That February day was hot, but nonetheless this enthusiastic lad, and around 130 others (there were no girls then) dutifully turned up to be enrolled. Everyone presented with polished black leather shoes, grey shorts and school socks, white shirts and blazers for us to melt away in! Some had even been silly enough to turn up with ties that had, but not for very long, tags on the back of them, thanks to the "initiation rights" of second formers upon the newcomers.

The first teacher I met was a rather rotund English master called Mr McCallion, who was working closely with the Special Maser a very slightly built, Mr Mahony. The morning had not gone long before these two were dubbed Laurel and Hardy. Mr Mahony had the distinct pleasure of chairing the new boys assembly, indeed he had the pleasure of chairing the following 200 odd assemblies that I attended. He asked the school to "All rise for the official party" (which he said at every assembly religiously) and once the Principal and others had taken their seats, proceeded to detail some Latin gibberish to us about people making their own fortunes.

So commenced six years of my life which, without fear or favour, have been the best of my 27 years of life. I loved high school and I was proud to be at Fort Street. It provided a myriad of experiences, some exhilarating, the majority most enjoyable with only a select minority of disappointments. I was once described in a school report as having "a mature sense of humour", which I did my level best to develop at every available opportunity. This humour involved such diverse activities as (performed by others and observed by me) —

- (1) Filling "undesirable" students bags with bricks.
- (2) Placing concentrated dishwasher liquid in fountains and toilets.
- (3) Disconnecting the electric school bell.
- (4) Physically removing mini minor cars (teachers) and placing them *in* the memorial hall.
- (5) Being a spectator at the schools first and only streak (and unclad lunchtime romp by a male student through 500 other students, mostly female, and most definitely *not* performed by me!)

Much of this and other humour was dependent on a wonderful institution known as "the free period". Indeed it was your duty as you progressed from one form to another to improve your free period ratio, so as to be involved in personal study, the performing of admirable tasks for teachers and plotting and/or executing "humour" around the school.

The female student teacher would always draw the very best from the creative talents of all my contemporary fun makers. This involved sending the lady into the wrong classrooms, to ensure, that when she got to the right room

that half the class had "gone to the library" and that it would take a quarter of the remainder of the lesson to bring the other half back.

With the remaining quarter it was their responsibility to get the student as far away from current work as was possible, so that when the quarter who had gone to the library, came back, to report discovering that the other half had now "gone to a P.E. session", that they could commence an argument on what we were really doing, which was even further removed from the first quarters fabrication. This quarter then full of diligence for a full classroom would go to the P.E. session, of course to find and report back that the other half had now gone back to the library. Confused, so was the teacher and, hey presto, an instant free period and an improvement in the ratio.

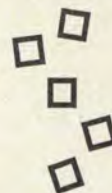
This play worked well, except for one occasion, when we pushed one young female student teacher to tears, which I must say was wrong. Indeed the then deputy, one Ronald J. Horan, thought so as well, and lined up the entire class along the corridor and commenced the dispense four cuts of the cane to each of us. Well not all of us for there was still half the class gravitating somewhere between "the library and a P.E. session". There was even a little humour in the caning, as some of us boys were good six footers, which necessitated Ronald Horan standing and then falling from a chair to cane one boy.

The school dances cannot go without a mention, as indeed the fact that the girls arrived from Observatory Hill in 1975, for the express purpose of having term school dances. Fifth Form was the time to be responsible for the organization of these social events and I can say that we put on some very good ones during 1977. We felt to lend atmosphere to the occasion of the second term gala that a smoke machine would be great. Unfortunately such was not available, but coloured smoke bombs were and these were purchased. Let me assure you that smoke bombs can rapidly fill the memorial hall and even more rapidly ensure the exiting of everyone from it!

Humorous incidents did form part of my time at Fort Street, but to draw from another comment in a report "utilises the many and varied opportunities available" truly sums up for me what a wonderful institution Fort Street has been and will continue to be into the future.

In the decade now that has transpired since Fort Street, many of my schoolmates and I have gone on to successfully transform school time knowledge and aspirations into meaningful, successful careers and personal lives.

Further we retain a wonderful sense of the ridiculous, which is often necessary in today's stressful world.



Robert Wood

(now working as a Management Consultant in Business Loss Control specialising in occupational health, safety and rehabilitation).

Maia Pizina



Each a Part of Me.
Martinyung
11.8.88



Mrs Preece, with our guest speaker at Speech Day, Mr Justice Trevor Morling (a Fortian).

Year 9 Roll Classes







FORT STREET
HIGH SCHOOL
PETERSHAM
1988
YEAR 9-1



FORT STREET
HIGH SCHOOL
PETERSHAM
1988
YEAR 9-A

Story Time

Action Farce 5

Chapter One — A word from the Authors

Hello.

Chapter Two — An explanation

Hello again. Those of you in the audience who are wondering why there is no Action Farce 4, the answer is so blatantly obvious that it took some of the great literary minds of the 20th century (well, me really) to figure it out: I couldn't be bothered. Over the years, Tim and I have, through our work become increasingly intimate with you. Our feelings of selfless pragmatism has given way to the cosy familiarity of nausea. But let us now become increasingly intimate. Sit down, loosen your tie, pour yourself a drink. Ours is a large Rock and Rye. Pour it carefully on the page. Aaah, that's better.

Chapter Three — A further explanation

Now see here. Writing is hard work, I mean I don't even get paid to write this ... So, if you wish to send us a LARGE Token of your appreciation, send cash, money orders, jewellery, gold ingots and priceless art treasures to: THE SAVE ACTION FARCE FIGHTING FUND c/o THE EXPLOITATION MULTIMEDIA GROUP INC. THE PEOPLE'S REVOLUTIONARY YACHT SOMEWHERE OFF THE BAHAMAS

Naturally we are an interdenominational company, we'll accept Pounds, Deutschmarks, Yet and US Dollars, oh an American Express is almost never welcome. Finally if it's not too much please mark all packages; "TRACTOR PARTS, FOR EXPORT ONLY" and we'll do the rest. Thank you.

Chapter Four — The good bit

For those of you new to Action Farce adventures, another explanation is due, perspective if you like. Stand three feet away from the book and shout the story out very loudly in a silly voice. There. Now in Action Farce 4, we left out heroes, led by Sir Harrap Snodgrass KCBG (Knight Commander of the Bar and Grill) embroiled in such a vicious, evil, heinous and wicked plot that it defies all explanation. Now just because I haven't written Action Farce 4 doesn't mean no Action Farce 5, it's just that a few minor features like characters and a plot have had to be omitted. So at this point, a little history of Action Farce is due. "Alright?" (in a silly voice)

"Yeah, alright" (in an even sillier voice)

"Great"

"Solid"

(This passage is kindly reprinted from the book "How to Win Friends and Influence People by Talking to Yourself in a Silly Voice" by the Author. Available for \$28.95 from Explantation Press).

Action Farce. Those brave men who kept the world safe for (repeat while humming a patriotic air) TRUTH, DEMOCRACY, LIBERTY, ORANGE FLAVOURED CANDY BARS, CUP CAKES and GOOD MUSIC RADIO STATIONS. Those brave selfless men who help old ladies across the road, who are the scourge of inept villains everywhere, righters of wrongs, fighting to put the Great

back into Great Britain and the vice back into Vice-President. These men, who have no plot, no substance, nothing. Gentle reader, it is these desperate heroes whom in their darkest hour turn to YOU for help, if YOU have any of these qualities, wit, a sense of humour, are clinically insane, very gullible and willing to work long hours for no pay (or any combination of the above) the Action Farce needs you! The Author is holding a Save Action Farce Write-a-Thon. If you have any really funny Action Farce episodes, send them into us at our forwarding address with a 50 Australian Dollar (or its cash equivalent) entry fee, and a signed disclaimer renouncing all rights to any money we make, and you could win BIG PRIZES. Each entry receives a 25 dollar re-imbusement and the chance to PAY US half your regular income over the next 20 years.

"City at Dawn. The sound of a thousand skin-heads, helicopters landing. Men running from doorway to doorway, rifles, hand grenades. The attack goes in, gunfire, smoke, shouting, running, clearing the building room by room until it is secured. The final pocket of resistance, hands raised, trembling, quivering prisoners, shattered. And that's just applying for the dole".

Action Farce, Tough, Dangerous, Desperate, Out of a job in ACTION FARCE, THE MOTION PICTURE.

So dear reader, we reach the end. You've all been a grand audience, and so from the Author to all our near and dear friends from over the years, we say a big 'TA'.

Scott Martin — Year 12

In Our Time

In our time ...

Strangers cry frustrated tears
Collecting souls on a plate
Years raining down the harvest of memory,
Lost people in a lost world, unknown.

In our time of sadness, we stand alone;
Stricken down in our prime,
Separated in our torment
Before we can utter a word of comfort,
A phrase of normality.

In our time of dying, hands rise from every gutter,
Waiting, hoping to drag us down,
To caress our heads with flaming tongues,
Lash our eyes with grotesque claws,
Scorch our ears with hellfire.
Chain our minds to hindsight,
Bind our wounds with acid sheets,
Cripple us with hate, torch us with anger,
Suckle us with lies, yes I know it's true;

In our time of gladness, I will be sad,
Consumed with guilt, riddled with remorse,
Tallying the dead, tending to the pyres:
Yes I have seen Hell's gate opened,
I have seen it in your eyes.

Pimples Pimples!!

Sue stared at the TV. A pimple remover commercial was on. "Try our new pimple remover and we guarantee you will get rid of those dreaded pimples in five days!"

"That's what they ALWAYS say, "Sue thought to herself, "they never work in five days, they work in five months more likely!" She was a typical fourteen year old, except that she had a pimple problem. In her class, the girls were extremely fussy about good looks, and they always competed with each other as to see who got the least pimples. Sue was always teased for having "more than five pimples on her face". She had around ten, (so she liked to think so) and the girls in her class always called her a "pimple head" and "zitface" and all that sort of names. Sometimes she felt like getting a face-lift or use dynamite to blow the pimples right off her face. But just as Sue was getting used to all this stuff, her mother ruined it all.

"Gee Sue, your face is getting so "rocky" that I reckon we can have a skiing holiday on your face instead of the Snowys this year!" her mother giggled.

"It's not funny! Sue snapped, and faster than a speeding bullet she ran into her room and banged the door behind her. "I wish I could die!" Sue said as she was crying on the bed, "I thought at school it was bad enough, now even my mother ... BOO HOO ..."

It was seven o'clock when she started feeling hungry and thirsty after an hour of continuous crying. But she decided to go on a hunger strike until her mother would apologize to her and buy her a tube of pimple cream. But her mother would not apologize for she thought that she was too narrow minded and could not even take a small joke.

After two hours, Sue could not take it anymore and gave up. She was the one who ended up apologizing. Days passed by, and they both started to forget about it.

When the holidays finally came, the family went skiing on the Snowy Mountains. Time passed quickly, and the holidays were over before Sue was prepared to go to school. (But who is?!) When she got back, she discovered that the other girls had been eating so much fatty food and junk food that now they have the most pimples and miraculously Sue had the least, and now Sue is the queen of the "ELPMIP" club. ("Pimple" spelt backwards).

Felix Ho — Year 7

Slightly Strange

Arthur Daley was 35, out of work and very slightly strange. He was taller than what is considered a proper height. He had a nose that was almost but not quite exactly unsuited to his face and was slightly more than naturally intelligent. All this came together to make him weird in an indescribable way.

He worked in an advertising agency, writing slogans for products that almost always went bankrupt. Like "Snappy Wappy breakfast cereal. The cereal you'd eat only if you were starving to death. "He earned about \$350 a week which irritated most of his friends.

Well actually it didn't irritate his friends 'cause he didn't have any. This was probably due to the fact that when you sat next to him you felt a kind of sympathetic depression. Add to this the fact that he wasn't particularly interesting

in the first place and you got a guy who wasn't exactly likeable.

To put it simply Arthur Daley was a misfit. Unlike many misfits, though he couldn't be locked up, there was nothing actually dangerous or even definitely strange about him.

On the day of 15 January 1988, Arthur was feeling even more depressed than usual. His feelings of Dejection and rejection were running rampant. It was for this reason that he asked his boss if he could stay at home. His boss agreed, saying "yes, if you work the time off later". So Daley left.

That night Arthur Daley had a divine visitation. The Archangel Gabriel descended from Heaven.

"Mr. Daley?" the archangel asked in a slightly harrassed tone.

"Yes" replied Arthur, for want of a better word to say.

"Mr. A. Daley?"

"Yes".

There's been an absolutely ghastly mistake I'm afraid. You are in the wrong universe.

This is not normal night-time conversation, so it is no wonder that it took Arthur a while to reply. However he finally managed with: "What?"

"Yes, you were born in the wrong place at the wrong time. So any feelings you are having aren't paranoia, you really are different. I came to tell you that if you wish you may go to the other universe.

"I do" said Arthur.

"You're sure?" said Gabriel.

"Yes".

"Absolutely sure?"

"Yes".

"So you don't want to stay here?"

"No" said Arthur patiently and emphatically "I definitely wish to leave this place".

"O.K." said the Archangel. He waved his hands, muttered a quick prayer and there was a blinding flash. Arthur Daley knew no more. Arthur Daley, in fact was no more.

It seems that Arthur Daley Jnr. was destined to die at the age of 33 in the parallel universe. So his death was 2 years overdue. He agreed to his own death.

Suman Seth — Year 9

The Big "S & H"!

Studying and holidays don't
really go that well,
How can you be in Heaven
When really you're in Hell?
While sunbaking on the Adriatic
Doing actively 54,
And after doing Science there's
Geography and more,
You wake in the morning, there are
two weeks left to go,
You've worked your little brain
off,
It's just about to blow,
And still you haven't finished
what you really must get done,
You're hoping for a miracle but
Still it hasn't come.

Beth Delaney — Year 8

Love's Tidal Wave

Yet Another 'Tameflame' Production

A seamy story of forbidden love, smouldering passion and motorbikes, set in New York, South America, Egypt, Casablanca and Italy, (well, sort of ...). They travelled the world for the sake of Love's Tidal Wave.

CHAPTER ONE

"Dolores! Can I borrow your lipstick?" called out Rosa, the dancer who was on after Dolores.

"Sure, Rosa", replied Dolores del Passionata, her rich black hair gleaming like licorice as she combed it.

* * * * *

The slow beat of the music began, in another of the endless grotulent nightclubs that Dolores danced in. This one was just the same as all the others — the low lights, the smoke-filled haze, the sound of ice clinking eternally in the endless stream of tequila, lemon and salt.

Dolores began to move slowly, the tiniest suggestion of her hips indicating to all that here was a real woman.

The music became faster as she shook, rattled and rolled, (*hey man, we're cool!*) in a sinuous, sensual, sensuous, slithe, seamy, sexy soulful way.

All of a sudden her eyes were grasped by HIS. She gazed into the unplumbed depths of his eyes, and seemed to be seeing into the very depths of his innermost soul. She felt her heart throb and palpitate. Every nerve tingled in appreciation of his masculine-ness, and her dancing reflected her deep-rooted longing for this man.

Meanwhile, Randy Hardman, the daredevil motorcycle rider, his passing interest in Rosa completely gone, was entranced by this dancer — this sultry Spanish beauty who was undulating towards him.

"Who's that?" he asked Rosa breathlessly.

"Damn!" thought Rosa. "Not another string to Dolores' bow". Then she spoke and admitted grudgingly "That's Dolores del Passionata".

When the music finished, Dolores was in front of him, and Rosa sidled off. Driven wild by this newly-inspired intense lustful passionate desire, Randy stood up, and with an inarticulate sigh they enveloped each other in a haze of secuality. (*Yes, we know it's a bit vague, but this is "The Fortian" after all.*)

His kiss was so powerful, potent and puissant (*we had to look it up too*), that she was intoxicated. It must be added however that she was slightly intoxicated by the tequila, lemon and salt on his breath.

"Oh my God", he said horsely. "I love you".

CHAPTER TWO

By now, the reader must have guessed that Randy Hardman is tall, dark, and stunningly handsome, with steely grey eyes. Of course, he has big strong powerful shoulders, a muscular chest and firm, athletic thighs. The reader must have also realised that a peak of perfection such as Randy Hardman cannot exist.

CHAPTER THREE

A few days later, Dolores was on her way to the club. Randy was to meet her there. They had spent three days on a cloud of heavenly ecstasy. (*We're still going for the soft-focus approach ...*).

She was walking through a dark alley. The night was cold, windy, dark, damp and thoroughly nasty, just like the four huge thugs who jumped out at her. Before she had time to scream, they had gagged her, thrown a hessian bag over her head, and carried her off on their big, strong, masculine shoulders. (*Pip says, 'Calm down Jess, these are the bad guys!'*) Sickeningly she knew that her day of doom had arrived. Would she ever see her darling Randy again, the man whose image now dominated her mind, her soul, her heart and her body?

It was impossible to struggle against those shoulders. In her blindfolded state, she tried to fight, but to no avail. For what seemed like an eternity she was forced from one evil-smelling place to another, a sense of impending destruction gradually overtaking her. Soon she realised they had taken her on board a ship.

Now her blindfold was taken off. She found herself in a room full of other attractive women, all of whom looked as seedy as she felt. She spoke to the woman next to her, and learnt the horrifying truth — these men were specialists in stocking harems.

CHAPTER FOUR

Randy Hardman was extremely and extraordinarily perplexed when Dolores failed to come to her seedy nightclub. What had happened to his one, his only love? The woman who had captured his mind, as well as his loins! He waited for hours, but she did not come. Concerned, he went to her flat. Her flatmate said she had left three hours ago for work. A terrible feeling of awesome dread came over him. Day after day he failed to find any trace of her. He felt himself to be falling sickeningly into a whirlpool of despair. He felt too clearly his hopeless powerlessness — he was paralysed, stymied, bewildered ... How could he help her now?

CHAPTER FIVE

Dolores was in the middle of the Moroccan marketplace — it was dusty, it was sultry, it was crowded with people, and an unbelievable smell arose from the masses. There was no hope of escape. The women were chained together, the hot sun making the chains more uncomfortable. Men with guns stood behind them.

Dolores watched with growing horror as one by one the women were taken up onto an auctioning block and sold to the highest bidder, as if they were cattle. (*Original simile, eh folks? Come to think of it, cattle have feelings too! Did you know that it has been scientifically proven that ... oh, never mind.*)

Soon Dolores' turn came. Her dress was torn and gaped open in many places, her flesh gleaming through the grimy garment. A stir of excitement went through the crowd. The bidding began. It rose higher and higher, until only two competitors were left. One was a Moroccan prince's representative, a non-descript Arab. The other was a wealthy oil merchant who was fat, sweaty and balding. The price rose, but it finally became too high for the oil merchant. She now 'belonged' to this mysterious Moroccan Prince. (*Gosh! The story's getting really exciting now, isn't it? Or have I read this somewhere before?*)

CHAPTER SIX

She was taken to the Prince's Palace.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The servants bathed her in asses' milk, combed out her long locks of luxurious hair, and dressed her in exotic green robes, which set off her green eyes. Her mind raced with thoughts of escape. But it was, at the moment, impossible.

Soon some guards came in and took her, her veils floating revealingly around her, to a large room, which contained the other members of the harem.

She wandered to the edge of a delicate ornamental pool and sat down, gazing sorrowfully into the water. She had never felt so alone. Tears gathered in her green eyes like the emeralds in her jewellery box and dropped down unheeded into the moonlit waters. Her one thought was of Randy, of her longing for him, of the frenzied anxiety that he must be feeling about her.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Dolores breathed a sigh of relief as the Prince chose his favourite instead of her. She was safe, at least for this one night.

CHAPTER NINE

As she wandered through the moonlit gardens, she was transfixed by a quivering javelin! (*Jess says — 'Come on Pip, we can't kill her off now, we're just getting to the good bit.'*) She was transfixed by the familiar roar of her love's motorbike. It came closer, closer ... She trembled, her every nerve quivered with hope and anticipation.

The noise grew even louder until it deafened her. Then suddenly the gleaming machine hurtled over the wall, unfortunately without him on it. (*Pip says, 'Really, Jess, he's the hero coming to rescue his love!'*) O.K. He was on it. *Sigh.* The bike landed just in front of her.

"Randy!" she cried, in heavenly bliss, throwing her arms around him.

"Darling!" was his only vocal response, as he enveloped her in his strong, manly, virile, masculine arms and drew her close to him.

"Climb on, sweetheart", he yelled, above the roar of the throbbing machine.

Her heart soared as they drove around the garden three times. (*We don't know why they did this either!*) He then directed the powerful machine up and over the wall, while kissing Dolores passionately. (*We find this pretty impressive, don't you?*)

By this time the guards had vaguely realised what was going on, and they fired a few shots after them, but to no avail.

CHAPTER TEN

Later that night, wrapped in a delirious, delicious, delectable embrace, they exchanged vows of eternal love.

"Oh, Randy", she whispered softly, "Te Adoro. You are my hero, my Adonis, my Hercules, my Tarzan ..."

"Dolores ..." he began, but was engulfed by Love's Tidal Wave.

THE END

Philippa Stevens
Jessica McGowan
— Year 12

SYMPHONY OF LOVE

It was the first day of term at the Saint Christopher College for Young Ladies and Gentlemen, as the sun glistened down on the lush meadows and picturesque gardens contained in the grounds of the most exclusive school in the country. Today also happened to be the day that a new member of staff was to be acquired by the Music Department, a day that Fiona Waterworth would remember forever.

Pierre La Coste's cream Mercedes-Benz came to an abrupt halt at the main entrance to the school, almost colliding with Fiona and Timothy Fortesque-Jones, as they chased each other carelessly across the driveway. Little did they all know, their paths would soon cross, in a different way.

Pierre had decided to take the vacant position at the school, so he could live a quiet, peaceful life away from his past. After coming to England he bought an extravagantly priced country manor situated in a town just south of London. This was surprising because he had apparently emigrated to look for a job.

The first lesson had begun and Fiona had Music, with her new teacher, (after Mr. Smith, had taken leave, and had gone to Europe for a holiday), who was yet to be revealed. The class was to start with cello practice and so they were tuning their instruments and warming up. Fiona, who was the finest cellist in the school, playing in the London Youth Orchestra, began with the Shostakovich.

Pierre was suddenly aware of the most beautiful melody he had ever heard, wafting out of the open doorway to his left. He entered the room and was surprised to find seven girls seated in a circle playing their cellos vigorously. One of the girls struck him as being particularly beautiful. She was wearing the blue tartan skirt and white blouse that made up the school uniform with what appeared to be a blue sapphire stud earring, shining like a winking eye from her left earlobe. Her golden hip-length hair flowed over her right shoulder, and was tied at the back of her head by a green pony-tail band. Blue-grey eyes complimented her Cleopatra nose, perfect pink lips and unblemished skin. He was devastated.

Hearing the teacher enter the room, Fiona looked up and into the deepest violet eyes she had ever seen. So entrapped in a web of utter and forlorn love was she, that her cello almost missed a beat. She moved her fingers and bow with the most intricate skill, as the music piece worked its way up to a climax, all the time her eyes never parting from Pierre's. Her fingers began to tingle and turn numb. "Oh, no don't fail me now" she thought.

By this time the rest of the class had stopped playing and were just watching intensely at the finesse of this girl.

Playing faster, faster, the music seemed to dance around the room. Artist, instrument working as one, the last bar was insight. The last note was strung when Fiona collapsed over her cello in a bundle of glory and achievement. Breathing in short pants, she was completely exhausted and remained crouched over her instrument.

Pierre began to applaud, and the rest of the class followed, all standing, cheering and complimenting her. Fiona stood up, with one of her strings in hand, she bowed explaining "Sir, I appear to have broken by G-String". She raised her head, her face the colour of a pink rose.

Andrew Bovard — Year 10

The war started two weeks ago. I have a feeling this will be the last. Everyone knows they are going to die. I have taken to vandalism for some excitement near the end of my life. I am just about to go out and spray in the tunnels. It is safe to do that now that there are no trains. I packed my spray cans in my backpack and started walking towards town. The city is deserted now except for a few vandals. Everyone has gone to rural areas in hope to survive the war. *Russian Mig 27's* are overhead the end is near. I went down the stairs to Town Hall station. It had been locked but I had found a small tunnel into the station. As I was walking through the tunnels I heard bombs being dropped. The ground started shaking and a rafter fell down on me.

I woke feeling dizzy and hungry. No wonder as I had been unconscious for a week. It was pitch black but I knew where I was. I headed up towards the city. I moved the corrugated iron blacking the entrance.

Everywhere was just dirt with fireballs bursting out of the ground. The air smelt like rotten eggs. The only sound was the fireballs exploding. It was very hot and hard to breathe.

The nuclear contamination had passed away. This meant I would not have to worry about contamination. The city underground was safe but most of that had been blocked off. If I stayed where I was I would die of starvation so I had to get away. This means I need transport. I will break into the QVB car park and take an unclaimed car. When in the car park I saw a pretty new 4WD. I hopped in (all cars in the car park are left unlocked) and drove through the barricade. I had to go somewhere, but where? All the landscape was destroyed and I didn't know where I was. I headed west using the car's compass, hoping I would find an unaffected valley. I have been driving for three days now. I am very hungry and lonely. I haven't talked to someone for a month. I wondered if my family were still alive. They were going to Palm Valley near Alice Springs. To get there I would have to cross the Simpson desert. So far I have survived by recycling my waste products. I was so bored and lonely and the landscape was all the same. I doubt I'll notice the Simpson desert when I come to it. Then suddenly there was a railway track that was not destroyed with a building next to it.

Inside the building there was a train/car with a full tank of petrol. I searched and found a pantry full of food. I had my first decent feed for a week. I got my new car on the tracks and drove off. I had food supplies for a week. Two days later I had reached Alice Springs. Nothing was destroyed but everyone was dead from poisoning. I had no doubt I was the only person left now. Then I saw smoke ahead. Could someone else be alive? I hopped in the car and headed towards the smoke. When I got there I couldn't believe what I saw.

There was a valley that was unaffected with huts down the bottom. I couldn't believe it. For months I had been so lonely now here were other people. I rushed down into the valley. I was astonished to find the huts empty. I thought there were people. The smoke was a hut burning in the heat. Still, I had a place to live. The people who owned the huts never came back. So I spent the rest of my life in that valley as lonely as can be.

Paul Melville — Year 8

The Duelling Enigma

Incidents in life are often difficult to fathom. Certain phenomena could appear extremely inexplicable but are actually obvious. Illogicalities arise because trivial facts go unnoticed. A prime example was the gruelling duel between the Randall brothers, John and Jim, in 1883.

John and Jim was identical twins. Other than the scar which marred John's forehead, it was exceedingly difficult to tell them apart. Appearances, habits and behaviour replicated one another too closely.

The two brothers were the Worthington Bank robbers. They had reputations for being cunning, audacious and ruthless. Which were all true. At the Worthington Bank robbery they gunned down eight bystanders.

Their relationship was close until one day they both fell in love with the same pulchritudinous girl. Neither could win the maiden's affection. Thus for men of such temperament, only one solution was possible ... A duel. Winning meant the possession of the damsel's hand, while losing to say the very least was fatal.

Picture the duel carefully now. The brothers were standing back to back as had countless antagonists before them. They marched and wheeled at the count of one: Ten, nine, eight ... At the count of one, they twirled around and fired simultaneously. The two shots sounded as one. Serendipitiously the brothers discovered that they were not killed let alone scratched. They confessed to having shot to kill, yet neither one was touched. It was indeed a perplexing conundrum. The pistols were checked and found to be in perfect working order. The bullets were not duds, anyone could kill, yet strangely the spent ones could not be located. A long and exhaustive search was conducted for the spent bullets, in the duelling area and the vicinity. The surrounding trees were carefully examined, the ground was thoroughly combed and every move in the duel was painstakingly reconstructed but to no avail ... The bullets had vanished!

The intense trauma arising from the duel led to the psychological disintegration of the twins, they went insane. For the rest of their lives, they had to be confined to an asylum.

Now that all the facts have been put forward to us it is no great feat to deduce what had actually happened. Let us guess ...

**By Thomas Lacey, Khanh Dai Lam
and Paul Mac — Year 8**

John Jones

John Jones was an unknown kid. In almost every class he was in the darkest corner of the room. At lunch and recess he just disappeared. He didn't care. At least he didn't have to worry about being called on. Then, one day, he won about \$1,000,000 in the lottery. As soon as people knew about it, he was everyone's friend. Even the detention teacher liked him! Then, he lost all his money in the share crash of '87. The next day, he was unknown again. All except a boy named Joe Bloggs. Then he knew he had a friend.

Gavin Tung — Year 7

Hope ...

The night closed in around me and the wind chilled me to the core of my soul. The cigarette, another cruel reminder of you had burned down to the filter — I flicked it away in much the same manner as you did to me. I stamped my foot in anger — No! That's not what you had done was it? I asked myself this question over and over as I trudged down to the dock. I lit another cigarette and watched the huge ships slip quietly out into the harbour. A deep shuddering breath racked my body and tears as salty as the inky ocean ran slowly down my face and into my gasping mouth. I turned away from the laughing couple as they walked up from the ferry so that they would not see my anguish. I turned back again and glared at the other people walking quickly past. I started hurling abuse at the passers by until they were out of sight. I stood silently contemplating what to do next. The confusion that I felt was like no other emotion I had ever felt before — it was mixed with anger, bitterness and jealousy — and I could feel it about to erupt. Yet I had no outlet for it to come bursting out of. I knew if I found no release, it would soon rip me apart. I cast about for something to abuse — anything at all. My anger welled up in me and my fists clenched and my face contorted into a grim parody of a smile, my bitterness poured out my mouth as I stood erect with my head tilted back and let out a scream of rage and anguish which rolled out across the waves and came back to me in the form of an echo. The cigarette startled me from my descent into enraged agony by burning my palm. With a yell of surprise I flung it from my hand and leapt backwards. Again my anger was set to burst forth once more, when I saw where my cigarette had landed. Next to a flower. A flower growing by itself. A flower which was thorny and hard, yet had bloomed red it seemed, just for me.

It was a rose.

Kristian Boehringer, — Year 11

Italy & Australia's Shell

When in Italy you realize Australia's
just a shell,
Trapped inside tradition that
forever will be held
it is practical to have a carpet
when the temperature's 35?
And curtains without shutters
so the sun burns you,

Inside!

In England it's alright, a
country cold and wet, or the
Arctic, where you barely see the
sun rise up or set,
But Australia let's be practical,
We're bright, but have no idea,
How to keep our houses cool
In the summer when it's clear.

Beth Delaney — Year 8

The Sea

The sea is a huge, great arm,
Lace cuffs in frothy white,
Sweeping up sand and rocks,
Throwing them back at night.

Fingers rippling calmly,
Shaking droplets off in a spray,
Flicking pebbles like marbles,
Rubbing and smoothing glass all day.

Clutching children from the shore
Dropping them far beyond,
Sometimes pushing them back again,
Sometimes holding on.

Scratching patterns on the sand,
With fingernails of grey,
Grudgingly slipping off its rings,
These are the shells we see on the bay.

Changing the height of the sand,
Re-modelling rocks and mounds,
Thundering punching noises are drowned out,
By the whooshing and gurgling sound.

A steadily, sweeping elbow,
Soaking the yellow grit,
Quietly, so quietly splashing
Splish, Splash, Splot, Split.

An ever changing wardrobe,
Sleeves of mauve, green, grey,
Black is the favoured colour,
When the night comes out to play.

The arm is so powerful,
It punches and smacks,
It will dunk and make trouble,
For a heart it lacks.

The Awakening

I look up at the sun
I blink,
I squint,
I shade my eyes
before I
look away.
I am lying on
the beach.
The water
is now crystal.
The sand
is now golden.
The sky
is now turquoise.
My mother says she's glad
that I've
finally
taken off
my sunglasses.

Louise Buckingham — Year 7

IN TROUBLE

"Just get outta my life!" yelled Joe. His real name was Johansen Sebastian Winifred Bartholemew Cyril Fred, but everyone called him Joe.

"With pleasure!" yelled back his Dad. Joe stormed out of the house. He had only gone about half-way down the block when he received another screaming at: old Mrs Baters (everybody called her Batears) leaned out her window and called out to him; "You young whippersnappers, always yelling and carrying on. Not like they used to!"

"Shutup, Batears!" yelled back Joe. When he saw the barrel of a sawn-off shotgun, he ran. Upon reaching the corner and turning to his right, he came face-to-face with a large, burly Salvation Army officer.

"Been disturbing old ladies then, have ya?" he asked.

"I-uh-she-ah-um?" muttered Joe.

"Have ya? I could have ya booked for that!"

"Can't anyone leave me alone!?" he cried and ran off to the left, screaming something very abusive and mean about "dumb salvos!"

"Slow down, son. No need to run. What were you screaming about "dumb salvos" back there?" asked the police officer he just ran into.

"Just get outta my life!" he cried, and continued to run down Arthur Street, screaming something even more abusive and mean about "dumb cops". Joe had just got to the junction of Young Street and was having a rest when he heard the high-pitched whine of police sirens and a squad of about six paddywagons were approaching. They stopped a few metres away from Joe and over 30 constables were leaving the vehicles and running over to the youngster screaming something (yes, believe it or not) even MORE abusive and mean about "dum kids!!!"

Joe, realising the predicament he was in, grabbed the nearest ten-speed racer and began peddling furiously.

"Hey stupid! Before we book you for stealing private property, try undoing the main chain first!" one of the cops yelled.

"Darn" muttered Joe as he pulled on the aggressively. Fortunately, the owner of the bike had around four I.Q. points and left the chain lock on the correct combination. Off Joe went, wiping the smile off the constables' faces.

After a few seconds, he had to detour as his way was blocked by a group of very fierce-looking Salvation Army officers.

Moments later, he noticed a police chopper circling above him. He also noticed the deranged-looking pelican flying straight towards the helicopter. He also noticed the raging ball of fire the helicopter exploded into upon contact with the helicopter. Seconds afterwards, hordes of furious bird conservationists were racing after him. And to pile on top of everything else, the police had called in the Army Reserve and S.W.A.T. who were closing in fast. Tank shells exploded around him. A lucky rifle shot nailed his bike, and Joe went flying. He was in a dead end. Hundreds of thousands slowly approached. The pentagon sent in artillery units. The Russians sent in mobile missile launchers. All conservationists, the entire Australian policy force, the Salvation Army, tanks, jets, the four I.Q. owner of the bike (off in the wrong direction), the protection of old ladies association, the list goes on. Suddenly, a parcel dropped from a courier jet to land at Joe's feet. For him. Joe opened hit.

It contained a piece of paper signed by every human being on planet Earth. On the top it said simply:

WE HATE JOE!

Leon Tranter — Year 7

The Bus Was Late ...

Richard sat at the bus stop and looked despairingly down the road. The bus just *had* to be late on an excursion day. It *was* late; 52 minutes, 25.76 seconds late; Richard had been timing it on the new "Bizzy-byte" watch that his mum had given him for his birthday. Wasn't that just the goofiest present he could get? I mean ... wait, A BUS, A BUS!! Richard ran like lightning to the bus stop post and watched the bus promptly whizz past. It was a special.

"Gooeagh-aghhh!!!!" roared Richard. That was *it*. Richard started to walk the 10 kilometres to his school. It was a selective school; and he was just on the edge of the catchment area; and the staff were really strict about late arrivals — and everything was wrong! Richard started muttering to himself.

"Blasted buses, always bleedin' late".

"So spastic!"

"Some morons must run the public transport in Sydney".

Another bus-special zoomed past. Richard realised, with a stone in his stomach, that the specials had been the buses that were meant to be taking him on the excursion to the museum, as that little squirt, Julietta Brintonwick had done something rude out the window as the bus went past.

Richard uttered some phrases that cannot be mentioned in this book.

After several minutes, Richard found himself at a broken traffic light. There was already a traffic jam and Richard did not wish to become *strawberry* jam, so he decided to take the long cut that went round the roads serviced by the broken traffic light. But then again, the short cut was an extra kilometre and he had already walked 8 kilometres, so he strode out into the middle of the road intending to cross and was promptly knocked over by a largish car.

"Yu git eeout ov da waeel!" exclaimed a fierce voice.

"Beg pardon?" replied Richard, still lying on the road.

"Git eeout ov di waeeeee!" said the voice slowly.

Richard started coming to his senses. The voice was that of an Italian cab driver and the car that had knocked him over was the Italian's cab! Richard felt quickly in his pocket; five dollars — he had enough to pay for a trip direct to the museum!

"Um, could I, I mean here's five dollars, straight to the museum please".

"Yu arre a jigger, yu paiy dubbel, yu paiy dubble", said the cab driver.

Richard tried to tell the story of the excursion, but the cab driver wouldn't listen. So, Richard wearily reached into his pocket and, to his surprise, found another five dollars. But why did he have ten dollars in his pockets today? Richard realised with a groan that this was his entrance to the museum fee — that blasted private museum! Why couldn't the excursion just have been to the Sydney museum, at least it was free.

Richard trudged slowly off the road, said good bye to the cab driver (and made a few rather unpleasant comments

to him as well) and the traffic resumed humming, as the obstruction; himself; was gone. Richard muttered to himself until he came to the conclusion that this was all a waste of time and he was simply going to jig school today.

"Yeah, who cares about spazzo school".

Then, Richard saw the two special buses that he had seen before moving slowly through the traffic. A voice from inside the bus could be heard:

"Kiddies, settle down please! The outing to the Reginald Spofforth Private Museum has been cancelled and we will be returning to school and resuming normal school activities..."

School started at five-to-nine at Richard's school.

It was eleven-thirty.

Richard started walking the 8 kilometres back to school.

Robert Kennedy — Year 7

The Purple

He knew the day was going to be strange, he could feel it, a certain dread was spreading all over the Earth. Little did he know that everyone, every single person, felt the same dread, seeping into their souls.

Suddenly it struck him, "Today you will die", his mind said, "Today everything will die!" He tried to fight the feeling, but lost. He got up and looked out the window, then at his bedroom clock in disbelief. It was 8:00am, and the sun was setting!

A long way away, somewhere in England, a highlands farmer walked into his barn and stopped dead with fear. He didn't know that beyond the hills, destruction was coming, what he did know, was that every one of his animals were on the floor, dead, and he to, could feel his heart slowing and his brain dying, as he collapsed. He found that his lips delivered no sound ... and he died, not knowing where he was ... or who he was!

The boy stared and stared, stared at the frantic people, people he knew had no chance of survival. He turned on the Television, it was static. His parents woke up. They called for him, he did not answer. He felt he should not love them anymore, for the fear of hurting himself, he knew they would soon be dead! Faintly he could hear panic stricken voices ... though they were getting softer ... and softer.

The world was quiet now, enveloped in a cloud of blackness. Back in England, the Higher and Lower Classes died as equals, because no one was left to rule.

The Purple had spread to five of the seven continents now, only Australia and Antarctica were left. The boy knew his time was up, he saw the Purple approaching, saw it seeping across the seas, saw it sucking all things from its path and leaving behind it a barren landscape, devoid of life.

He decided to take his own life, not have it taken from him. He went to the kitchen, shut the door and grabbed a lighter. Then he turned on all of the gas stoves and sat in a corner. Half an hour later, he struck the flint.

It was 8:00pm, and the sun was rising, but no one was alive to greet it!

**By A. McDonald, J. Moore
and J. Lees — Year 8**

H.S.C. TEXTS

"Adieu my love,
Parting is such sweet sorrow!"
Says Juliet unto her Romeo as she combs here unwashed
and unruly hair".

"Should I repent me, but once put out thy light
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume"

— Othello talks to himself as he contemplates snuffing the bedroom candle and wondering if a box of Red Heads is at hand in case he needs to again the "former light resotre"

"Flowers turned to stone! "Slessor tells his mates after their 9th schooner.

"Henceforth I shall know
That Nature ne'er deserts the wise and pure,
No plot so narrow, be but Nature there,
No waste so vacant ..."

— Coleridge utters these profound words after answering Nature's call in a lime-tree bower.

"At your side among the graves
I think of death no more"

— Says Harwood after taking her last breath
(*At Mornington*)

"Flabby, bald, labotomized,
he drifted in a sheepish calm"

— Lowell speaks fondly of his old headmaster

By Tram Mai — Year 12

My Dirty Career

My image is that of a dirty germ-spreading pest who thrives on buzzing around food and people. As such, at the sight of me, humans work themselves into a frenzy, waving their arms like propellers, grabbing hold of bright-coloured can and spraying poisonous, lemon-scented gases into the air, in the hope of exterminating me. Others go to the extreme of actually spraying their bodies with these poisonous fumes, the ritual originating in the need for having a good weekend. I have not yet discovered the connection. As such giant industries are dependent on me — Pea Beau, Mortein and Aeroguard — these are my chief enemies — but the link between peas and my species is beyond me. The fact that I occasionally land on a human does not warrant such measures. I only land between flights — a pit stop — that is necessary, something humans can't comprehend being land mammals. Also spreading germs is purely an accidental feature of my activities — when food is not available to me. I must resort to hovering over rubbish bins and the like (something some species of humans are prone to). If all food was left open to us, if humans were willing to share. We would not have to resort to this. All I request is that the human race show a little compassion and a little patience as we try to unravel the mystery of your minds.

Paula Houvardas — Year 12

The Glass Menagerie

by a Feminist

*The Wingfield Apartment was in the heart of the city,
After reading this poem, you'll feel some pity.
The mother, Amanda, just loved to feel young,
She would never stop raving. Boy, did she have
a tongue!*
*There was the daughter, Laura, who suffered from plurosis,
The problem, of which, added to her neurosis.
She'd fall into pieces, especially at school,
It was a shame that Amanda thought she was a fool.
Amanda was a belle, in the days of old,
Though, one fact was certain, her heart was cold,
To Laura's problems, her shyness and nerves,
Amanda was only worried about her front and
her curves.*
*Then, one day, a miracle appeared.
Tom, Laura's brother, brought home someone weird,
Well, not very weird, jut Mr "Nice" Guy, Jim
The mood was just right, to make the lights dim.
Jim, was strangely enthralled by Laura's beauty,
So, he felt, that it was his duty,
To give Laura, one passionate kiss,
Realising, soon after, that he should have given
it a miss.*
*He mentioned his girl, and didn't feel so jolly,
All he could ask her was, if she wanted a lollie.
Laura was devastated, her mind and her soul,
Their love for each other, had taken its toll.
One point to remember, when reading this play,
Laura is the one who has to pay.
If you're deeply in love, and you want to plan,
Whatever you do, don't depend on a man!*

Wendy Yen — Year 10

Ramblings of a Cockroach

There was gloom pervading the house. My great friend Guinevere had just thrown herself off the table, as every well-bred lemming should do — except that she had been determined to break out of the right-wing conservative tradition that decreed she should do as her parents did.

However, the pressure had got to her, it was all too much. She was finally induced to take classes which taught her how to jump properly, in the correctly graceful manner. On their graduation day they gave perfect demonstrations.

Pressure is an interesting idea. I never thought that being a cockroach (or cockerroach as people insist on mispronouncing) would lead to as many hassles as it has. We are pesticided, aerosoled and squashed throughout our entire existence. I mean, how much attention do people pay to a cockroach apart from to kill it, generally in a most undignified manner, not at all suited to our intelligent species.

In general our life consists of scuttlings behind sinks, cupboards and other assorted places where bits and pieces fester in a rather grotulent manner. This, extremely unfortunately has given in reality we take great care and attention over our personal and domestic hygiene.

Looking for food can also be a problem. I suppose one could call it "hunting and gathering" — it is amazing how people eat all over the house.

Recreation also leaves a lot to be desired. I mean has anyone ever wondered why the population of cockroaches seems to be boundless, neverending and all other types and forms of tentology? We have to creep around in the dark, keeping out of sight. What other form of entertainment is there?

However to revert to the contemplation of my scaly marvel, I never thought that people's conception of one would matter so much. However, much to my amazement I find bad habits starting to creep in. I only clean my room once a week instead of once a day. I am getting dirtier and dirtier. And why?

All because people think of me as dirty and disgusting and the pressure is too great.

Philippa Stevens — Year 12

Slug!

My heart pounded
As my fingers felt for the switch,
I screamed.
Something had slithered over my hand
In the darkness. I could not see
the blood,
Which I knew must be there,
Momentarily frozen in fear
I flicked the swit
Light poured over and glistened upon
the walls of the bathroom.
I screamed!
Thousands of slugs were crawling
in military formation
Up the bathroom walls ...
I could almost hear the trumpets blowing ...
thinking quickly
I ran for the salt
No time for guilt
I generously splash the lethal salt
onto the walls, making sure
I get everyone of the bastards.

I am free —
The palpitations cease
I can now brush my teeth!
I catch a glimpse in the mirror
of my face,
Which had sprouted antennae
and turned a murky shade of grey,
And behind me sliding down the walls
A mass of slime and goo,
I could hear their screams of agony
Uncontrollably a psychotic, ironic
laughter erupted from my throat.

Tina Collins — Year 11

Anger

A fiery, red dragon — a whip lashing tail,
In your land of feelings how freely you sail
With your burning, hot breath your flames are sharp,
Piercing our skin to reach our heart.

Do you get your satisfaction from watching our flames
glow bright?

Do you love to see our anger boil right over so we fight?
Do you drop us pellet sof hate and imbed them in our skin?

As a gift of pure, white anger — the kind that's
deep within.

Oh, dragon of anger — the pain you spread,
The regrets and ill-feelings, many wish you were dead.
Oh, dragon of anger, your duty is cruel,
Give up your job — let happiness rule.

Louise Buckingham — Year 7

The Flowers

Upon the clear water lies a pick of choice flowers. They are a thing of beauty. Roses, violets and other things sweet. They smell as fresh as the morning dew. They float peacefully upon the water, occasionally a bee landing on them, inspecting them and they flying off again.

How does such a nice array of flora come to lie in the pond?

The pond where lillies lie, where frogs sleep, where the water is calm and the air is sweet. The countryside is blossoming in the spring, greenery engulfing the landscape. Let not 3 ticks of the little hand ago a giant splash destroyed the placid serenity of the pond.

A young man stood there. A handsome boy with rosy cheeks and rough wavy brown hair. He was perhaps a little under a score. His expression however, was one of grief and suffering.

Next to the young man stood a young woman. A girl with beauty elegance and charm. She was sweet and refined, dressed in a most beautiful garment of pink silk. Yet she also looked far from happy, pure rage clouding her face. She was shouting at the young man vehemently. The young man covered back as she turned on him screaming at her highest pitch.

It was true, the week before, the young man had wined and dined to his heart's delight with another young lady. She too was beautiful and charming. He had been seen by a friend of the young lady in rage. She had siezed on it, as insecure as she was and now was the showdown.

The young lad loved the girl very much. He was her fiance. How dearly he was paying for a night on the town with his cousin. The boy had had enough, in a frenzy of utter fury he threw the beautiful flowers, which he had been holding behind his back, waiting to give to her, into the pond. He then proceeded to tell her exactly who he had dined with. Now it was her turn to look meek. She pleaded his forgiveness, but he looked away. Then he walked off in rage. There on the beautiful, fresh, green grass lay a girl with a broken heart. And there in the pond lay the flowers. So this is the consequence of jealousy.

Ned Curthoys — Year 8

Departure

A small plane droned overhead as the sun rose slowly over the horizon of a new day. The sharp reflections of light on the farm equipment left bright images dancing in the cool morning air.

Napoleon slowly rolled over and slid out of bed, today would be different.

He dressed and strode easily into the farmyard. Dry red dust sprayed about beneath his boots as his masterful gait brought him to the top of a small hill near the farm-gate. He scanned the horizon, and made his way slowly to the rusting machinery that lay, broken, in athe gully before him.

A wrinkled brown hand reached tentatively into the wreckage, and drew out a small alloy case. A click and the case lay open, its shining contents a contrast to the dull grey metal about it.

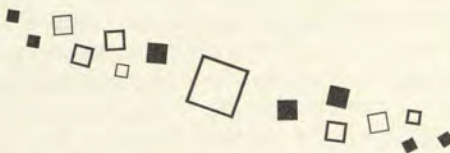
Napoleon held up the golden relic and prayed it still functioned ...

It did, the distress unit began to hum, generating a signal throughout the star-system. A whine pierced the air as the small Dulcian cruiser landed.

Napoleon sat, wondering, in the cabin seats of the ship, he'd always wanted to leave the Earth and its primitive culture, and he contemplated why he hadn't activated the signal earlier. But now he was gone from there and he realized he would miss the farm, the work, the people.

Fifty years is a long time to stay in one place, but to work on the land is a better experience than living with your head in the stars ...

Gene Whitlock — Year 10



Black Rose

She walked through the garden, her silken hair floating after her. Every now and then she bent her lovely figure to sniff an exotic flower.

She was lonely, all alone in this massive estate. She wrinkled the brow of her delicate features as she thought of him, he who had abandoned her.

"I love him", she thought sadly. Suddenly an exquisite and rare black rose brought her out of her thoughts. She bent to sniff its beautiful perfume. Little did this ravishing maiden know that the rose's lovely vapours were extremely poisonous. As she inhaled a mysterious feeling came over her, a sleepy feeling. She hazily drifted to a bench where she lay down.

"Someday", she thought, "someday my beloved will come back to me", as she drifted into comforting oblivion.

Damae Natsis — Year 8

Saved!

I don't know what the time is or if it is night or day. I've been in this cellar for about ten days. At first I thought I would be able to leave here in a while, but the radio people tell me to stay where I am because there is still radiation poisoning outside. So I sit, on my own, in the dark cellar, with barely any food left.

Ten days ago, when the News-Break came on, I was shocked to hear that they had launched the missiles, so I ran to the kitchen and got all the food I could hold, a radio, a kerosene lamp and some kero, a hoard of batteries and my two cats and took them to the little cellar and shut the door, but one of the cats escaped and I could not do anything about it. About five days later, I heard a scratching of the door and a weak "Meow" but I knew if I let the cat in, it would still die and I would also risk my life so I left it.

I have some static when I turn on the radio and then a faint voice of a man talking about his life and if there's anyone out there to make contact with him, but each day the man gets fainter and fainter.

My other cat is quite sick and is lying on the cold floor. I have tried talking to it but it is very weak, it is purring all the time. I have heard that cat purr when they need attention, and often a cat will die purring, so I fear that this cat may soon die.

I do not believe in God either, for if there was a god, than this would surely not have happened. And the world would be happy but I sit here and live the days and nights as they come, which is slowly.

Anything I do, I do under the light of a kerosene lamp and the colour is dull and dry, and the corners scare me because they are dark.

It is very cold, because I have forgotten my blankets. The wind is rushing around and sometimes I hear a lump of rock falling or a beam of wood clattering around and I call for help, but no-one answers. They're probably all dead or with friends in a nice comfortable shelter with yummy food and warm blankets and a fire and electricity, but all I have is a few scraps of food and a dying cat, the only friend I have.

Your eyes can do strange things to you after a while and the flickering shadows look like people dancing and jumping but it's just my eyes and still, I am alone.

Alex McDonald — Year 8

An Intolerable Time

They put me in a large room, painted yellow. Pictures of Pop Stars lined the walls, jostling with bunks propped up by the walls for premium position. Creaking purple cupboards, their doors swinging loosely in the breeze from the open windows showed mounds of tumbled clothing. Suddenly into my view came a large object. Upon close scrutiny I discovered it to be a small child carrying a giraffe who promptly said "Sorry, no vacancies" and disappeared through the nearest door.

What a horribly rude child I thought. I suppose that's how people are indoctrinated into establishments such as this.

My next encounter was at the dinner table. There were numerous food fights going on around and about me, although these promptly desisted at the sound of a stern, authoritarian voice. The Voice was about 55, rather stout, with very bad taste in clothing and a rather pronounced sag in her chin. The Voice delivered a short lecture to us. I can't seem to recollect her words, they were meaningless at the time. The girl beside me nudged me in the ribs and whispered "She's really got it in for us today" I nodded assent and resumed eating.

Bedtime was a strange affair. Nobody knelt beside their beds and said their prayers. Instead the room was filled with flying feathers and shrieking voices. I quailed from this bestial activity and crawled into bed. The shrieks gradually subsided and the room became silent.

Breakfast consisted of stodgy cold porridge and dry toast. I followed the others example of dipping my toast into my porridge, making it slightly more palatable. The Voice droned on again throughout the meal, but failed miserably to arouse a reaction except from the Matron who clapped politely.

The next morning was spent being taught how to fold hospital corners on beds and how to wash the dishes without breaking the crockery. I felt extreme revulsion at having to perform such menial tasks. If only my rich Aunt Esmerelda had left her Will in a conspicuous place, the wretched old harpy. I clutched my Teddy Bear. It was comforting to know that somebody still loved me.

I decided to depart. The situation was intolerable. It was better to go it alone than to be faced with a fate such as this.

I made my exit through the open windows, bidding a last farewell to the yellow room with the overcrowded wardrobes. I furtively crept across the tree studded lawn, dragging my leather suitcase on wheels behind me.

My heart stopped. There was a guard with an alsation patrolling the electrically charged border fence. I was doomed to life existence in Chelmsford Hospital.

Anne Colquhoun — Year 10

Adolescence

Venessa stood at the entrance of her new school. It had been only a week ago when she left her friends, neighbours and primary school to move to Smithville and start again. It had been two weeks since her father left her. She missed him and didn't even want to move but she didn't say so. From then she was in trouble and she knew things just wouldn't get any better. Venessa entered mindlessly and sat in one of the empty seats. Her mother didn't come with her and she felt lonely. Everyone was with someone. But this is high school she said to herself. You have to be independent she kept reminding herself.

The first three periods were a total bore. People looked at her as if she was some dirty pig. She sat in the corner and tried to ignore them. At recess she entered the toilet. The smell was terrible, because everyone was smoking.

"Hey you shrimp come here, how would you like to try something new," a girl in class asked. With that the girl handed a cigarette. Venessa stood there not knowing what to do. She went out and threw the cigarette in the bin. She knew that smoking was out. She felt sick for the rest of

the day. At the last period someone asked what her name was. Venessa. Venessa thought that this was a sign of good luck. But she was wrong for when she told her name the girl cracked up laughing and told others. So by the end of the day the whole class was laughing. She held her tears back and tried to stay calm.

At the bus stop she missed two buses already and when the third bus arrived the crowd roared and pushed. She looked at her watch. She received this watch from her dad on her tenth birthday and it brought back many memories. It was four thirty already. She finally struggled on to the bus but the bus driver told her to get off because the bus was full. She felt like there was no meaning to life.

At home she tried to act normal but it was no use at all. She asked her mother if she could talk to her for a while but of course her mother said she was too busy because of her new job and all. Venessa wanted to talk to someone about her feelings. She felt very confused and she thought nobody cared for her or thought about her.

At dinner-time everyone was quiet. Suddenly her mother shouted at her for not cooking the spaghetti properly. Venessa couldn't stand it any longer. She screamed back, *"Mum! who cooks, does the dishes look after her brother? Just because dad left you don't blame it on me. How do you think I feel."* Tears ran down her face and she felt as if a big piece of lump had gone down her throat. She ran up to her room and cried all night. Nobody cares about how I feel, she thought, they blame me for everything that happens to them. They don't care about me. Venessa stroked her cat and talked to her as if the cat was a person. She thought about what had happened at school. She thought about what others had said about cigarettes and how they said it felt good. I don't care if I get cancer so why not try it and besides Mum doesn't care. She said to herself and with that she dreamt of a queen and king being her real parents.

The next day at breakfast nobody said anything. She arrived at school early. Her brother kept being a pain in the neck and she felt like killing him. When she arrived at school she went to the toilets once more and met the girl again. *"Hi, I'm Venessa. I'll have that cigarette thanks"*. She said. *"Oh, so you've thought about it huh. You can hang around us if you like."* The girl said. Venessa couldn't believe it. She thankfully took the cigarette and held it up to her lips. *"Well, aren't you going to smoke?!"* The girl asked. Venessa blew in it and first she felt sick but then she began to enjoy it.

After school that day she met her friend and since her friend was tall she asked her if she would buy a pack of cigarettes for her. So the girl agreed and she asked for a pack of cigarettes. Just then two policemen came in and caught her. They searched her and found her bus pass which said she was only thirteen. *"It wasn't for me, it was for her!"* she shouted. Venessa just stood there thinking what a friend she was. One of the policemen came and he lead Venessa to the police station.

At the police station Venessa's heart pounded as she waited for her mother and thought about what her mother might say to her. She thought about the day before with her mother, and what she had to say for herself. Just then her mother rushed in and hugged Venessa. Venessa just sobbed and realised how rebellious she had been. She wanted to stay under her mother's hug forever.

At home that night they went out to dinner, just the three of them. They decided to make some agreements, so after dinner, they returned home and held a family discussion. They decided that since her dad left they'll each do extra chores and Venessa's brother promised to try to be good. Venessa told her mother everything that had happened at school and promised never to do anything so stupid. Her mother promised to be more understanding and not blame everything on the kids. The discussion was cheerful and at the end they decided to start again a new family.

Hae-Jin Song — Year 7

The Truth

I could tell you a fairy story but
This, the real one's a bit more gory.
Her name "Snow Shite" made people buy
But it is only an alibi.

They say her skin and teeth were pearly
They say she was a very nice girly.
But what with all the dirt and grit
You could only see a little bit.

She was not like a Princess Bride
She was a bit too short and a bit too wide.
And what's more she was spoilt rotten
"A gown of velvet not of cotton",

Buying every sweet she saw
She couldn't fit even through the door,
Sitting down was quite a fright
She still thought that she was light.

The strange thing was, she was quite strong,
No-one can say that I am wrong.
She'd throw her few suitors over her shoulder
If only they were a bit less bolder.

The Queen paced across the floor
She even headbutted the solid oak door.
She had to decide which was worse
To bill her and kill her, or kill her first.

To bill her first would be shody
And she'd probably say "Over my dead body!"
But to kill her nice and neat
That would be quite a feat ...

Queen had her archer shoot her dead
20 times each in the head.
Snow simply caught them and threw boulders back
You could hear their bones crunch and crack.

Snow hugged the Queen nice and tight
She hugged with all her might
Q's body was so very deflated,
Her head had to be amputated!

Gavin Tung — Year 7

The Crawford House

It is remarkable that — though inclined to talk overmuch of myself and my affairs at recess and lunch, and to my personal friends and enemies alike — an autobiographical impulse should only once in my life have been taken possession of me in addressing whoever may be foolish enough to listen.

There not having been a previous time, I have no real need to go into its non-existent details, and can, without further ado, “seize the public button” (as a predecessor once put it) and tell you of my three weeks experience with the room that shall be henceforth known as the “Crawford House”, for reasons which should be obvious to the reader.

In my native school of Fort Street, which was once decayed ruins — ruins of an educational institution — but which is now a flourishing, passionate, unrestricted garden of Eden, as far as educational practices are concerned, making up for what it lacks in organisation with a sensuous, rich and passionate atmosphere. In this veritable paradise, there stands a door, and inscribed upon it, in letters of white upon a black background, precisely one and three quarter inches tall, are the words “Room 3”.

At a quarter past three every Monday afternoon, I enter this room and — though you, the reader may smile, you must not doubt my word — whenever I do so, I am filled with a wondering awe, as I feel a tingle of excitement and romanticism in my spine (not directed at any member of the classroom, may I hastily add), emotions that, being accustomed as I am to patriarchal values, I feel nowhere else.

The windows, though not in reality tinted in any way, let through the sunlight as if it were the soft light of the moon, giving a totally different perspective upon the aspects of fellow companions as compared to that given by the harsh sunlight outside. Also, I have found that if one stares at any particular object — such as the grey waste paper basket in the farthest corner of the room — for any length of time, it too takes on a completely new aspect, the imagination taking over where the realistic nature of the object stops. This quality of matriacism of the room has allowed such classics as “Ode to a Grey Garbage Pail”, and “Ode to an English Teacher” to be written in years previously.

Now, I must tell you, impoverished reader, of the individuals who inhabited this classroom of a Monday afternoon. Approximately fifteen people in all, each one with the individuality of a flower, and yet, paradoxically, a similarity between each.

A rich sense-pervading aroma follows them into the room as they clutch steaming cups of capuccino in their hands, having just come from the English staff room. This sweet incense, which enriches the spirit as one sits down, sometimes forces one to gasp and choke, in an attempt to hold onto the last thread of realistic life, left so far behind. After the senses have been enveloped and numbed, however, one is elevated into a sense of intellectual well-being: all ideas received being blended into a conglomerate of knowledge and literary understanding.

There are some in this group of enlightened individuals who attempt to callously freeze-dry and split up all such thoughts, giving trains of thought such classifications as

“matriarchal”, and “patriarchal”, and try form their own kind of sanity out of whatever is said. They mercilessly demand page numbers, whenever reference is made to whatever literary masterpiece is being discussed.

These weeds, in an otherwise perfect bed of roses, form an unpleasant aspect in the classroom, no matter how long they are looked at under the moonlight.

When one of the roses offers a bud of their knowledge, it is as if one is being nurtured into accepting an idea, and not having it brutally bashed into one, as the almost phallic figures of patriarchal domination seem to enjoy doing. Although all people in the classroom are of roughly the same age, bar only the chief giver of the fruit of knowledge, the aforementioned weeds seem much older — they seem to age very quickly, and to possess no previous vigour, unlike the other flowers of happiness and virtue. Whether these weeds sprang from the footsteps of some paternal figure, perhaps a past headmaster of the school (whose influence crushed individuality, sensuality and happiness), or whether they may have germinated themselves, making their way into matriachal surroundings, we shall not take it upon ourselves to determine. Whatever the case may be, their presence, despite the influence of the sweet moral blossoms around them, only darkens the tale of human frailty and sorrow.

Time Booth, Mungo McCall — Year 12



The Dead Circus

There is nothing more desolate than being alone in an empty circus ground, a place for laughter and fun. But this is where I am now. The red and white striped circus tent still up, but badly torn. The only sign of disaster is the singed ground slowly recovering and growing green.

Alone I wander aimlessly within the grounds, there is no other place for me. There is no one left, but me, alone, by myself.

Other than the tent there is only my caravan left, far enough away from others to escape.

Although it was so long ago I can still smell the fire, the burning and the bodies, I can still hear the terrified screams and astonishment. I can still see my friends, dead; their bodies lying unrecognisable, and taste the fear. Every day and night I relive this horror.

Above me, the sky is light, but faded and dull, and the atmosphere is sad, scared and worn. The dazzling colours, flamboyant happenings and smiles are all gone.

Sometimes I can smell the elephants, the lions, tigers, dogs and the seals, but the memory is fading, erasing itself from the camp grounds, from the minds of the people. But I will always remember.

As I sit on the moist grass a cool breeze blowing my tears away, I hear the coming of another circus. Parading noisily down the main road to the delight of children and adults alike. Have they already forgotten?

Louise Kuo — Year 8

Why the Bee Stings?

In the Dreamtime, only animals and plants were alive. One was Bee, who was yellow and defenceless. She was kind and peace-loving, unlike the other animals, who were cruel and mean. They did not like Bee, and the only reason why they did not kill her, was because she produced delicious golden honey. They used to steal the honey from Bee's hive, and Bee and her babies would starve because Bee could not make enough honey for her family AND the rest of the animals. But poor Bee could not stop the animals. One day Bee felt so tired and so distressed, she cried to the god, Ollawarra.

"Oh Lord! Please give me a way to defend myself. I will do anything in return!" she wailed.

Ollawarra was a good god, and he heard her cries. He told her that it would be a painful procedure to give her such a weapon, and all her children would be able to use it only once, and then they would die. But Bee decided to go through with it.

So Ollawarra began. First, he sharpened two ends of a spear and dipped one end in poison. He then stuck the other end into Bee's back. Secondly, he painted ominous black stripes on her. "There!" he said, and stood back to admire his work.

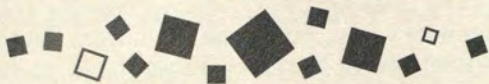
Bee was overjoyed. She went straight back down to her hive and waited for her first victim. Finally, along came Emu.

"I'm going to steal your honey", snarled Emu. But no sooner had he said it, Bee came rushing down, her sting protruding from her body, and stung Emu.

"EEEEEEEEOOOOOOOWWWWWW", shrieked Emu, and ran off and told all the other animals about his experience, so the animals never bothered Bee again.

And that's why when you go anywhere near a bee-hive, the bees will sting you, in fear that you will take their honey.

Corin Throsby — Year 7



Conclusion:

And down by Glebe peninsula where blocks of flats do raise

Their white and balconied battlements on high
Where the Harbour Bridge stands out amidst the grotty Pymont haze

And city lights shine bright in the darkened sky
And where Cg always registers at a rather warm degree
As the clouded windows happily proclaim

Forgotten are calculations of a peanut's enthalpy
While the Canberra Cowgirl her Croyden Colt does tame!
(Dedicated to Antony & Cleopatra)

Amanda Rolfe — Year 12

The Panther

I am dressed in a
khaki suit —
with
gun
in my hands I
bravely
move forward to the
lush
green
jungle
hoping — praying
that I might catch a glimpse of the
fearsome
black
panther.

My mother, bless her heart
waved
her best hanki at me
as I went off
probably towards my
fate.

My mother said that if I succeeded on my mission
she would be extremely
proud
Suddenly the
huge, ferocious, blood-thirsty, terrible, horrible,
monstrous creature has its furry paws
in my
mouth.
Savagely
the animal
tears my mouth
apart
Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!
I scream but
screams do not express
my torturing pain
enough.

I try to fight back
to be brave
but ...
the tears are creeping
into my eyes.

I hear the comforting voice of
my father — he's shouting!
Most probably trying to fend the beast
off!

My eyes are now
clear,
I look around the dentist's room — my mouth
is numb, but my tooth is
finally out!!

Louise Buckingham — Year 7

Short Story

Jessica watched her husband sitting opposite her at the breakfast table. His normal bowl of muesli sat in front of him and the newspaper was folded to one side. He ate his muesli slowly and rhythmically, never missing a beat. Two chews on the right side of his mouth, two on the left, another on the right and he swallowed in gulp, Adam's apple bobbing.

Jessica couldn't help thinking that she'd seen this scene before. The way Lionel ate just seemed to sum up how he was-predictable. She already knew what the routine for tonight would be:

He will ring me from work letting me know he is leaving. Arriving approximately fifteen minutes later. Lionel will change into his squash clothes and go out for a half hour game with the next door neighbour. When he comes back I will have dinner almost ready. There will be time for a shower, which he will take and by the time he gets downstairs to the dining room, dinner will be served up and steaming on the table. I will make polite conversation and he will answer any questions concisely and to the point. After the meal is finished he will work at his desk, doing any accounts or sorting through his papers while I clean up then read or watch the television. Both of us living separate lives in one life.

Jessica sighed inwardly. She wished so much for the young, invigorating Lionel that had bought her flowers, taken her for moonlight swims and had totally won her over with his wild ways. Now he was so, she hated to say it but it was true ... dull. He never noticed her anymore, there were no more declarations of love, not bottles of champagne for breakfast. Her mind ticked over. What he needed was a short sharp shock to remind him that she was still around, that she wasn't to be taken for granted.

She pushed back her chair silently and crept over behind Lionel, slipping her arms around his shoulders.

"Darling", she purred.

"I'm trying to concentrate", he answered passively, not even looking up.

"Of course darling. You know I wouldn't interrupt unless I thought it was important", Jessica's voice was soothing.

"What is it?" Lionel was still uninterested but when she blew on the back of his neck he disentangled himself from her embrace.

"I was just wanting to know exactly what time you're getting home tonight".

"You know what time I usually get home".

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I will be home at the normal time". For the first time he looked straight at her "Why do you want to know?"

"I'm cooking a cheese souffle tonight". Jessica started nervously "And ... and you know they need to be timed precisely. I wouldn't ..."

Lionel had already returned to the newspaper "I'll ring you when I leave work at 6.15".

"Yes darling" Jessica smiled. For once Lionel's reliability would be useful.

At 6.10 Jessica went upstairs and ran a bath. She sprayed her favourite perfume throughout the bathroom and then sat by the phone, waiting for Lionel's call. Sure enough,

he did as he had promised. At 6.15 he rang, letting Jessica he'd be home at 6.30.

Jessica had 15 minutes. She ran to the bathroom, lit the candles that she had put next to the sink, carefully let a letter addressed to Lionel where he would find it and placed the kitchen clock in a position hidden from the door but visible from the bath. She flew down the stairs, slid the souffle in the oven and returned to the bathroom.

Jessica rummaged through the drawers, shoving make-up and medicines to the side until she found what she wanted. The razor blade shone dully in the bright light. Now it was the hard part. She turned off the fluorescent tube lights and by the flames of the candles she proceeded to slash her wrists.

Her arm was shaking as she hacked at the flesh in long, sweeping strokes. Jessica breathed deeply and she almost stopped but she kept telling herself that her marriage depended on it. One wrist was done and bled heavily while her head throbbed. Jessica forgot about the pain pulsating in her arm and violently cut the right wrist. Blood was dripping on the floor but she was laughing now. She had done it and her plan was rolling. Looking at the clock she saw it was 6.28, two minutes before Lionel should walk in.

She lowered herself slowly in the bath and looked up at the clock — 6.29. One more minute and her husband would realise how much he loved her. She lay back, putting her head on the cool porcelain and dunked her wrists in the water. They stung and Jessica winced with pain as the water turned red. She was feeling faint now and her mind couldn't concentrate but focused again when the phone rang. She stared up at the fluorescent hands of the clock and made out 6.30. It was probably her mother or someone. There was no way she could answer it now, Lionel might walk in. Jessica lay back and closed her eyes.

Lionel put the receiver down. "I'll try again to let Jessica know I'll be working late. I hope the cheese souffle won't be burnt".

Kirsten Seale — Year 9

Go Down Softly

When you were young, you came down from the suburbs,
You lost the truth to learn the lies;
All the good words had been said,
All your dogs were dead,
But still you loved the lies
Until they bled you dry.
And you went down softly.

There was no wake,
No burning stake,
No one to weep,
No one to cry,
No reasons why.

When they were young, you were the one,
Their human race had just begun,
You spoke the words they longed to hear,
You were their god,
Their seventh son,
Their only one;
They loved the lies,
And down they fly.

Sandcastles

Down down on the beach at the edge of the land,
Where the ocean begins, where there's water and sand

When the air's full of salt and the sky's full of sun
You will know that the sandcastle reason's begun

The first thing to do is pick the right place,
Not too many people and plenty of space ...

Where a wave is wish-washing its foam on your toes
And packs the sand shiny where ever it goes

You start out together by scooping up sand,
And patting it down with the flat of your hand,
You build up your castle, while squatting for hours,
Making walls and a tunnel and bridge and towers.

And then you go searching along the wide shores
For shells that the waves have swept off the sea's floor.

Then back to your castle so high on the sand
To press in the shells that you hold in your hand.

They're like candy and candles poked into a cake
(But a castle is much more exciting to make!)

You don't need to hurry — you have the whole day
To make towers and tunnels in every which way.

Dig a moat round your castle where water can curl
Look out! There's a wave that is rolling to hurl.

A white swirl of water against a high wall
Look out oh, look out, or your castle will fall!

The charge of the wave, with a woosh and a roar,
Covers the castle and captures the shore.

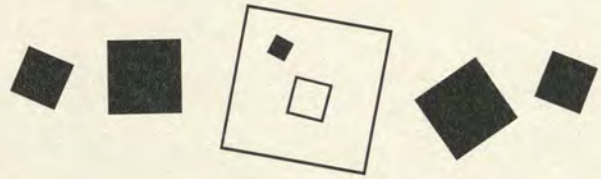
The moat overflows, and the bridges are down
If you've any toy people, watch out or they'll drown.

A tower is crumbling and there goes a wall,
The flag and the flag poles the last thing to fall.

And you wonder while watching it all wash away,
Should you bother to build when you know it can't stay?

But the answer rings clear, as you start a new one,
It's not just the having, it's the building that's fun!

Marcia Gonidellis — Year 7



I Am The Sole Survivor

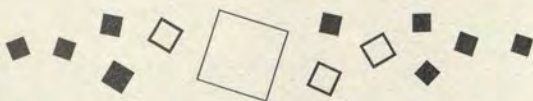
I went down to the basement and fell asleep. After a long time, it seemed, I woke up and went outside. I found bodies in the streets, hanging from windows and doors. The temperature was warmer than before and strange luminous clouds formed. There was a smell of hydrogen in the air. I knew because I knew the smell from school. Also, rotten flesh. It was unbearable and I tried to cover my mouth and nose so that I wouldn't turn into the others. Everything worked as normal, but it seems that the people were the victims of a chemical war. There was a sound of nothingness and life seemed extinct. The light was darker than before.

I felt very scared and tired and I went back to the basement. I felt safe in there because I had an aqua-culture centre in there for living by myself. Aqua-culture is a form of farming where the plants are grown in water solutions in tubs and not in soil. Solar-powered lights are used to substitute sunlight so the plants can produce photosynthesis, the important life-line support. I have an aqua-culture centre in the basement because it was a project for school and now it is important to support me because all food outside is poisonous and all my living can be done inside the basement for the meantime. I tried to come out of the basement for about every month to stretch out because the basement becomes quite cramped for a month. Every month, the air seems fresher and fresher from the oxygen but rotting life gets worse and worse.

After a year, or what I think it is, it is fresh and clean of hydrogen poisoning but I start to clean the place. I bury the rotting people and make the whole horizon flat. This takes about one long year. After this, I built large aqua-centres, thirty storeys high and I produce surplus amounts of food, and I have started growing a rainforest but the only animals so far are small birds and rodents. I have done many wonders "I think to myself", with steam and solar-powered cars, trains and even aeroplanes". While I expand my "civilization", even though it's just me, I often travel over the horizon to see if life has re-emerged, but no signs.

One day I found a sick woman with burn marks on her. I took her in and nursed her. After she was healed, we fell in love. We helped each other and had children. I had a bible and abided by it. It seemed I was Adam and my wife was Eve and the bible was repeated. We lead a happy and cheerful life and we had altogether twenty-four children. Life became enjoyable for me again and it will continue like that for the rest of our lives.

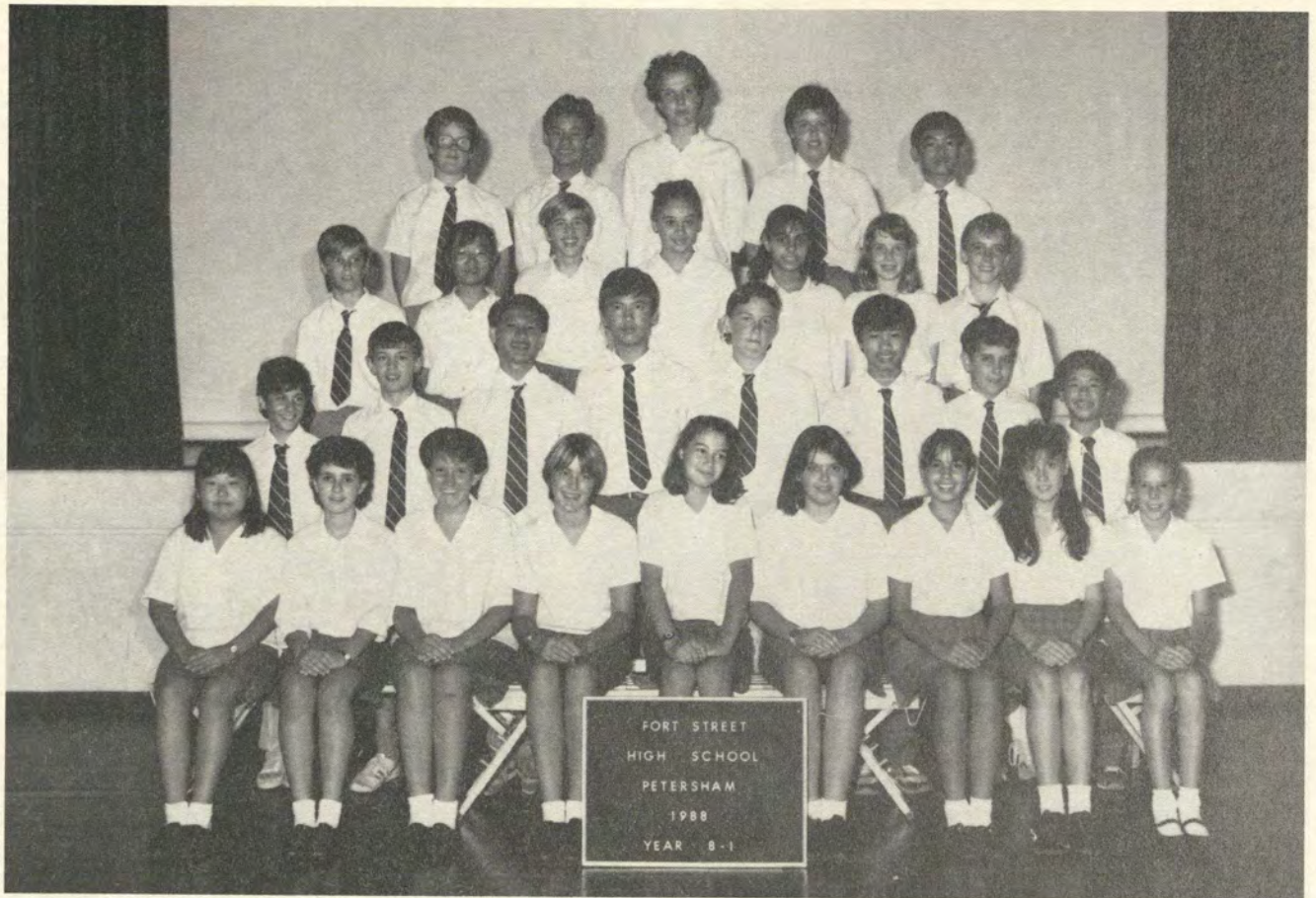
Nikos Marines — Year 8



Year 8 Roll Classes

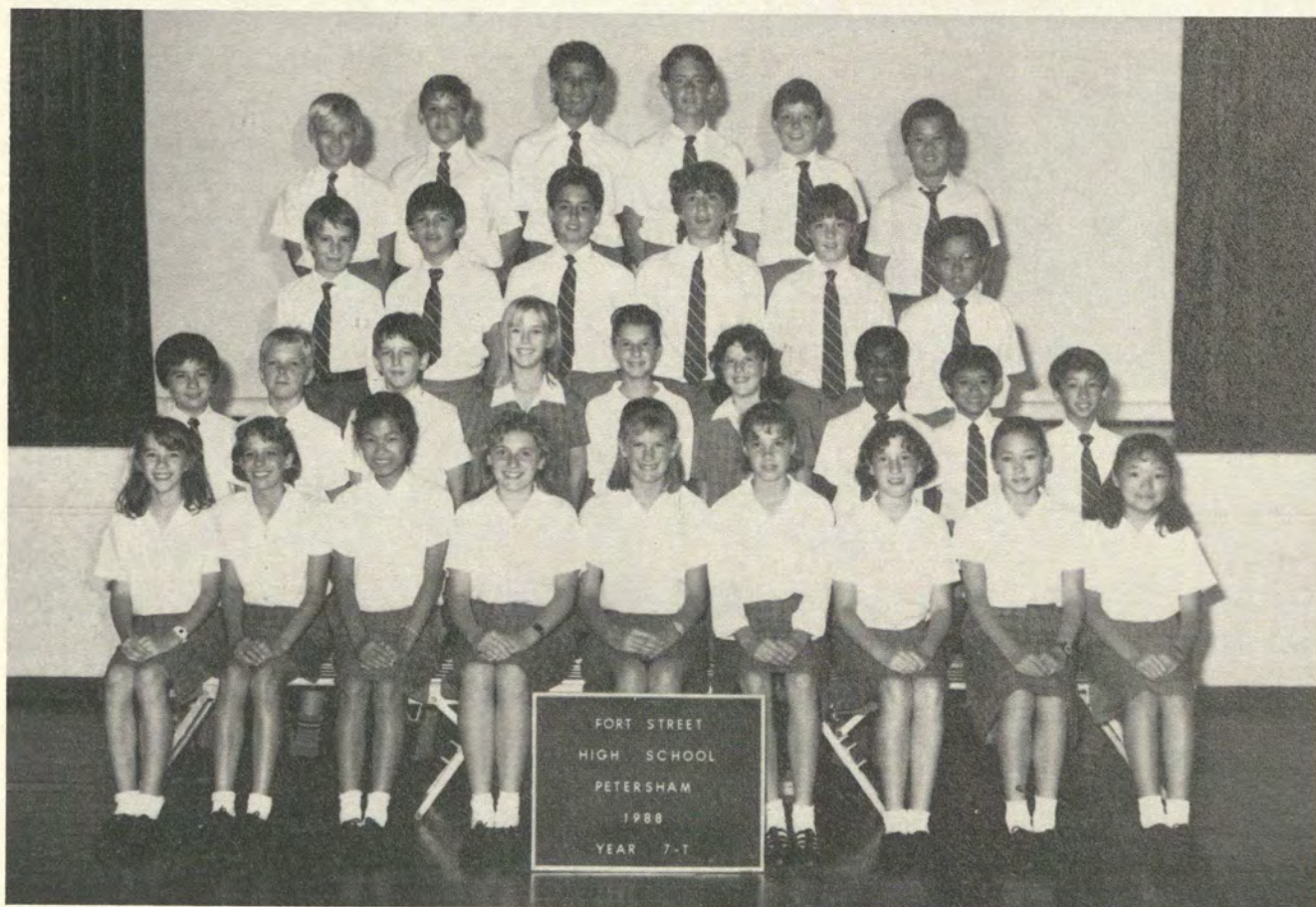






Year 7 Roll Classes







YEAR 12-F

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Melanie Bray, Loredana Angeloni, Mia Chalker, Jane Collingwood, Kate Callaghan, Sophia Anastasiadis, Tram Bui, Rebel Bissaker, Susan Chik.

SECOND ROW: Rachael Connor, Mirsini Ahilas, Megan Crispin, Anna Chow, Heidi Beck, Saffron Bond, Eriko Sakurada.

THIRD ROW: Victor Chau, Christian Bruce, Andrew Baron, Wojciech Czarnocki, Peter Boon, Timothy Booth.

FOURTH ROW: Jason Butcher, James Correa, Matthew Arnett, Steven Csikos, Sean Brushwood, Steven Chung.

YEAR 12-O

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Vicki Hambezos, Karren Gallagher, Rebecca Fyfe, Joan Holcombe, Karen Green, Germana Eckert, Alison Hunter, Natalie Greer, Kylie Goulding.

SECOND ROW: Dimitrios Deligiannis, Temogen Hield, Steven Georgakis, Melissa Gilles, Kate Debus, Kristen Daghish, Rajeev Gupta, Keiran Gallagher, Thai Huynh.

THIRD ROW: Murray Gibbons, Gavin Darbyshire, Nelson Ha, Timothy Hornibrook, Robin Hilliard, Scott Hardiman, Malcolm Gilles.

YEAR 12-R

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Sohi Kang, Grace Lorenzo, Peta Lee, Rachel Kress, Michelle Johnston, Paula Houvardas, Truc Huynh, Grace Leung, Anastasia Konstantelos.

SECOND ROW: Banu Idil, Sae Wook Kwon, Edmund Lo, Joanne Kalivas, Jeffrey Jones, Malamo Loutas, Daniel Kang, Osoo Kwon, Natalie Lay.

THIRD ROW: John Karapatsas, Hyong Joong Kim, Alain Khanh, Brendan Kelly, Arthur Lo, George Korfiatis.

FOURTH ROW: David Lam, Aran Jensen, Nicholas Karkanidas, Damon Keen.

YEAR 12-T

FRONT ROW: Lydia Ng, Michelle Milligan, Alexandra Nittes, Bronwyn Mackintosh, Fiona McLaren, Caitlin McKelvey, Hue My Ngo, Emma Lunn, Tram Mai.

SECOND ROW: Duncan Miller, Jenny Moore, Niki Nikitianos, Joanna Patikas, Cassie McCullagh, Jessica McGowan, Jackie Ntatsopoulos, Sharlene Middler, John Tagliano.

THIRD ROW: Edmund Lo, James Nightingale, James Mathers, Mungo McCall, Dax Neech, Christian Bruce, Mark Micallef.

FOURTH ROW: Roy McCance, Craig Miller, Louis Mavraidis, Scott Martin, Mohammad Mirza, Graham Moore.

YEAR 12-I

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Trude Salat, Tieu-Tieu Phung Le, Christine Xenakis, Joanna Patikas, Shona Snedden, Susinta Oetojo, Amanda Rolfe, Padma Raman, Helene Sarantopoulos.

SECOND ROW: Irina Protopopescu, Sharon Swanson, Jeni Reynolds, Anne-Petra Odijk, Leigh Sanderson, Ingrid Skarbek-Slonka, Tatiana Pentes, Maria Pizzinga, Antoine Pramataris.

THIRD ROW: Sasha Sadler, Alan Shapley, Chris Presland, Tony Radosevic, Hardy Reschke, Anthony Schofield, Michael Rees.

FOURTH ROW: Charles Smith, Peter Oey, Joshua Saunders, Andrew Povolny, Scott Rogers, Richard Salden.

YEAR 12-A

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Devi Trainor, Shona Sneddon, Despina Vasilarea, Philippa Stevens, Louise Sommerville, Sharon Swanson, Christine Xenakis, Lisa Zullo, Daisy Tan.

SECOND ROW: Graeme Thompson, Shawn Whelan, Keir Wallace, Catriona Taylor, Edwina Throsby, Despina Tahtirelis, Matthew Sully, Nathan Toohey, Ian Thomas.

THIRD ROW: Justin Vickers, Craig Ward, Tom Sutton, Jason Yetton, Luke Tollemache, Aravind Viswanth, Peter Stening.

FOURTH ROW: Nick Vukovljak, Mark Wright, Drew Sutton, Rob Hilliard.

YEAR 12-F

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Sun Hee Cho, Karen Dorn, Kylie Dare, Mia Andreasen, Trang Dang, Sasha Carrel, Elizabeth Brbot, Anna Bearpark, Kerri Ambler.

SECOND ROW: Tina Collins, David Edwards, Maria Arvanitis, Sunny Wilding, Anna Bryant, Julia Cummins, Lucy Byrne, Brett Buckley, Amber Ma.

THIRD ROW: Alex Cheng, Frank Daspromonte, Jon-Patrick Collins, Jonathon Austen, Christian Boehringer, Daniel Depre, Con Boulougouris, Juan Chang.

FOURTH ROW: Juan Collaguazo, Theo Belekas, Matthew Adams, Frank Cammaroto, Gerald Gallagher.

YEAR 12-O

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Niki Hale, Julia Grazioli, Sibel Goren, Nikoletta Flampoulidou, Mary Fien, Penny Gonidellis, Merryl Geribo, Niki Frampton, Sally Egan.

SECOND ROW: Barry Gibb, Jodie Gibson, Louise Gillett, Narelle Grant, Michael Harding, Christin Gabiola, Sophie Gibb, Christine Fotakopoulos, Craig Gustafson.

THIRD ROW: Marc Englaro, Bill Giannakopoulos, Michael Gregory, Justin Hall, Brendan Gribble, Joe Graffi, Duncan Hau.

YEAR II-R

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Tue Phuong Lieu, Song-Mi Lee, Hao Hua, Tanny Tsanis, Christine Van Vliet, Christine Fotakopoulos, Niki Hale, Hannah Hilliard, Celia Wisnoebroto.

SECOND ROW: David Ioannidis, David Leung, Lily Katsoulis, Katarina Lawergren, Leola Lachs, Yoon-Chong Kim, Alfred Hiatt, Christopher Hunt.

THIRD ROW: Ben Lee, Sean Lee, Dennis Koustabardis, James Lennane, Meredith Hyde, Wayne Jennings, Jon Hong Kim, Tarkan Kucukkaya.

FOURTH ROW: George Konstantin, Glen Henderson, Jeremy Kothe, Eugene Lau, Danny Farrenc.

YEAR II-T

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Tina Lavrentiou, Aileen Lowe, Bithia O'Brien, Amber Ma, Dung Nguyen, Young-Su Lee, Daria O'Neill, Darna Milmlow, Jane Nguyen.

SECOND ROW: Lisa Morris, Keri Maylor, Ameshri Naidoo, Lisa Oughton, Sarah Murphy, Polly McDonald, Yvonne Lutowski, Natalie Matthews, Kara Monro.

THIRD ROW: Dinh Nguyen, Adam Newall, James Murty, Anthony Moore, Gerald Nicol, Ben MacLaine, Sylvester Molnar, Christian McGahey.

YEAR II-I

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Nadia Pelekis, Simone Sparkes, Diana Sallans, Kelli Smith, Kate Stephens, Tanya Powell, Amelia Ratu, Nicole Steadman, Anna Sordon.

SECOND ROW: Jayson Rapisardi, Peter Politis, Justin Spratt, Jamie Robetson, Emma Puchert, Gerald Gallagher, Jason Ratcliff, Angelo Softsis, Peter Tagliano.

THIRD ROW: Toby Raphael, George Repeti, Carlo Russo, Nicholas Puacha, John Reja, Christian Phillips.

FOURTH ROW: Mathew Ridge, Stefan Perumal, Adrian ross, Dejan Nikolic, Daniel Story.

YEAR II-A

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Sherry Williams, Sunny Wilding, Kirsty Thomson, Tove Warren, Rachel White, Christine Van Vliet, Dimitra Xydis, Celia Wisnoebroto.

SECOND ROW: Aaron Wong, Peter Tagliano, Rachel Troia, Elizabeth Weekes, Katherine Wild, Sacha Vidler, David Young.

THIRD ROW: Ranny Tsanis, Vy Ta, Roy Sykes, Julian Thornton, Paul Tootell, Phillip Svoronos, Tom Williams, Veronica Walshaw.

YEAR 10-F

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Jessica Black, Rosemary Chopra, Patricia Barraclough, Julia Brotherton, Melinda Benjamin, Tanina Bombara, Lucie Booker, Anne Colquhoun, Narelle Brown.

SECOND ROW: Cameron Booth, George Bountopoulos, Jeremy Ambler, Lyndon Arthurson, Phoebe Black, Kristian Brockmann, Andrew Bovard, Christopher Austen, Anthony Buono.

THIRD ROW: Shanel Cameron, Renee Allen-Narker, Nicole Chisolm, Simone Buhler, Catherine Burnheim, Genevieve Broomham, Jennifer Burge-Lopez, Toscha Blenkischop, Amy Chalker.

FOURTH ROW: Theo Athanasopoulos, Steel Addison, Anthony Boukouvala, Arn Bernie, Leon Bowles.

YEAR 10-O

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Janis Fodera, Kimberley Eggleton, Rebecca Davidson, Elizabeth Crowther, Miriam Corris, Rebecca Donnison, Willow Davoren, Sophia Costa, Natasha Fiodoroff.

SECOND ROW: Phoebe Cooke, Pauline Clague, Tony Chow, Paul De Boos, Brett Cowell, Rory Delaney, Anna Czarnocka, Rebecca Fairall.

THIRD ROW: Dennis Cohen, Jesse Fink, Thomas Donald, Stephen Francis, Salvatore Esposito, Thomas Clark, Murat Dizdar.

FOURTH ROW: Nathan Colville, John Doyle, Robin Darnley, Damon Cook, Gerald Gallagher.

YEAR 10-R

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Sukanya Haran, May Lee, Judy Hsieh, Vassoulla Ioannou, Caroline Haswell, Rachel Gabiola, Kristina Lacin, Sara Ho, Bethel Holley.

SECOND ROW: Arthur Houllis, Paul Hurst, David Hughes, Tristan Imber, Medina Halavac, Hun Kim, Elliott Hyde, Hung Huynh, Brett Holland.

THIRD ROW: Deborah Gaskell, Sarah Forsyth, Belinda Gibson, Kristen Klimpsch, Kim Johnson, Kristine Giese, Jennifer Gerrie, Jasmine Guffond, Leesa Hay.

YEAR 10-T

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Sae-Yoon Kwon, Jin-Man Kim, Garfield Lee, Inanch Mehment, Con Moustakis, Denny Lee, Mark Mains, Alan Leung, Joe Kang.

SECOND ROW: Jamee Newland, Genevieve Magarey, Georgina Mousouleas, Yung Luong, Kate James, Raelene Matejka, Eva Lacek, Bernadetta No.

THIRD ROW: Charles Lake, Patrick Lesslie, Santiago Llaverro, Dejan Nikolic, Dennis Khanh, Sanjay Lal.

YEAR 10-I

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Bronwen Stevenson, Kyla Slaven, Karina Pratt, Sarah Presland, Gabrielle McKinnon, Wendy Yen, Michele Shameem, Glenda Park, Melinda Parsons.

SECOND ROW: Rohan Pinto, Rory Smith, Gianghi Phung, Navesh Perumal, Olga Rounis, Dejan Nikolic, Emily Saunders, Jesse Fink, Nick Pantelis.

THIRD ROW: Tin Quach, Gerald Gallagher, Daniel Shipp, Joshua Martin, Alex Salouros, Justin Playford, Stuart Miller, Tristin Norwell, Paul Stathakis.

FOURTH ROW: Jeffrey No, Dalley Robinson, Steven Pullar, Benjamin Quinn, Morgan Pollard, John Power, Thavendran Pather.

YEAR 10-A

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Rosalba Volpe, Jacqueline Truong, Kate Ziolkowski, Olivia Wesley-Smith, Sarah-Jane Tomsett, Tresna Stiles, Rachel Wilson, Patrica Zagerella, My Hang Trinh.

SECOND ROW: Nicholas Towns, Robbie Van Den Braak, Gene Whitlock, Matthew Vagulans, John Power, Richard Tan, Gerald Gallagher, Turvey To.

THIRD ROW: Jessamy Walker, Kirsten Tranter, Caitllyn Wignell, Daniela Terruso, Nancy Stosic, Linda Steadman.

FOURTH ROW: Dalley Robinson, Ben Symonds, Andrew Thompson, Tico Taussig-Rubbo, Mathew Tziotis.

YEAR 9-F

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Margaret Cermak, Katy Bryant, Carlie Bulloch, Kirsty Chestnutt, Carlie Brown, Kate Bailey, Dinh Dinh Au, Mary Chan, Sun-Jae An.

SECOND ROW: Morgan Boehringer, Daniel Burn, Mark Brady, David Anderson, Mark Bookallil, Bill Bilalis, Duncan Bond, Askin Aslan.

THIRD ROW: Aidan Archer, Alice Byrne, Lisa Blakeney, Vivienne Cebola, Clare Archibald, Sandy Arezina, Helen Campbell, Steven Baloglow.

FOURTH ROW: Roland Chan, Sebastian Brandt, Johnny Bracic, Mark Brereton, Robin Bae.

YEAR 9-O

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Kate Cruickshank, Nicholle Fox, Karen Ellis, Zoe Couacaud, Frances Garnett, Janette Cho, Amanda Cooley, Pema Gazzard, Stephania Costa.

SECOND ROW: Tien Do, Troy Culbert, Patrick Connor, Gregory Fountain, Robert Cummins, Michael Fairall, David Farry, Fergus Cumming.

THIRD ROW: Lien Choi, Rebecca Jenner, Mia Garlick, Sarah Cree, Claire Fricke, Gina Gerzilis, Rosie Fisher, Sally Girgis, Hetty Foyle.

FOURTH ROW: James Fong, Samson Fangaloka, Dion Clark, Nicolas Correa, Darcy Eunson-Cottle.

YEAR 9-R

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Barbara Jorden, Alena Jang, Sung He Lee, Katharine Jeffreys, Julie Kim, Sally Girgis, Rebecca Jenner, Antonia Kolotouros, Fui Ping Liew.

SECOND ROW: Liberty Jools, Kalina Koloff, Victor Leong, Nicholas Gray, Matthew Knight, Julian Griffith, Fleur Laurence, Helen Konstantelos.

THIRD ROW: Anthony Lim, Simon Kilazoglou, Arthur Karoutzos, Tom Hesper, Van Thu Huynh, Jaime Lachs.

FOURTH ROW: John Jimenez, Jeff Lai, David Harrington, John Ko, Adrian Kang.

YEAR 9-T

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Tinh Quan Nguyen, Susheela Peres Da Costa, Yvette Lopez, Georgina Panagopoulos, Blaise Lyons, Thi Thuy Nguyen, Pamela Lin, Kristy Parker, Rachel Locke.

SECOND ROW: Greg Matsin, Inca Paul, Pedro Moreira, Richard Nash, Mark Lutowski, Silas Mylecharane, Tuan Nguy.

THIRD ROW: Stuart McKiernan, Jacek Lipiec, Adrian McKeown, Robert Milekovic, Chris Macris, Peter Murray, Nhut Xan Phung.

FOURTH ROW: Nina McEnnally, Simone Parsons, Dennis Miralis, Gabrielle Maitland, Layla Morris.

YEAR 9-I

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Katie Bryant, Vivien Sharrock, Romi Slaven, Anna Tahtirelis, Layla Morris, Vivienne Cebola, Rebecca Sheret, Jennifer Robertson, Charu Singhal.

SECOND ROW: Garry Rich, Suman Seth, Inge Teiwes, Eva Raes, Alice Byrne, Rebecca Jenner, Ari Tamat, Paul Ramsay.

THIRD ROW: Brian Spilsbury, Jody Spratt, Mark Rajah, Amos Szeps, John Soh, Simon Taylor.

FOURTH ROW: Oliver Stevens, Benjamin Robinson, Andrew Polowczyk, Geoffrey Sadler, Peter Roberts.

YEAR 9-A

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Luke Thrum, Alex Wilkinson, Rohin Zvargulis, Richard Zangoli, Adam Tran, Jason Wilde, Stephen Watts, Anthony Xydis, Andrew Walkley.

SECOND ROW: Elizabeth Trigg, Mishayla Webber, Sandra Warrener, Noula Tsadaridis, Astrid Tuktens, Cassie Young, Cindy Yee, Anna Williamson.

THIRD ROW: Robert Van Langenberg, James Tungall, Daniel Walker, Peter Thompson, Hung Troung, Sam Toohey, Joe Wickert.

FOURTH ROW: Ben Weekes, Andrei Voican, Josh Wildsoet, Alex Wolfson, Brendan Ward.

YEAR 8-F

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Wilasinee Armamethe, Helena Alexandrakis, Dina Bountopoulos, Jessica Choi, Sage Bronk, Marija Cuk, Lucy Brotherton, Yasmine Clement, Shirley Chu.

SECOND ROW: Jane Choi, Sukhomoy Basu Roy, Spiros Courtis, Jason Betts, Frank Andrews, Sandro Bonnanno, Emmanuel Christou, Daniel Adams, Jacqueline Bennett.

THIRD ROW: Jonathon Beatie, Robert Chan, Anna Butler, Angela Benson, Jackson Chow, Edward Curthoys.

FOURTH ROW: Jamie Barry, Matthew Crosby, Darcy Antunes, Michael Cahill, George Athanasopoulos.

YEAR 8-O

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Jordan Gribble, Zahia Glazbrook, Thao Duong, Hannah Dawson, Josephine D'Agostino, Beth Delaney, Janelle Gibb, Vicki Giannopoulos, Kylie Eggleton.

SECOND ROW: Alistair Gillies, Elizabeth Farry, Barbara Duncan, Alice Deboos, Madeleine Doyle, Tina Gizariotis, Claire Diesendorf, David Gill.

THIRD ROW: Sasha Gocanin, Savvas Giannakakis, Steven Giannakouros, Emil Fuscaldo, Anthony Gao, Nelson Da-Silva.

FOURTH ROW: Nguyen Farrenc, Ben Duke, Matthew Grant, Malcolm Green, Robert Ferguson.

YEAR 8-R

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Ruth Ioannidis, Kaiso Kontkanen, Marcia Hargous, Tinny Hon, Marcelle Jones, Danielle Kinstler, Nectaria Keramianakis, Valentyna Jurkiw, Natasha Lane.

SECOND ROW: Diego Ibanez, Timothy Haire, Meer Jodlovich, Rodney Jennings, Thomas Lacek, Jeffrey Ku, Yong Tae Lee, Reza Hasjim, Du Thang Huynh.

THIRD ROW: Sonia Layton, Hyun Jao Ku, Louise Kuo, Deborah Hong, Barbara Kwiatkowski, Eun Joo Lee, Mariana Karagiannakis.

FOURTH ROW: Sae Jin Kwon, Chad Harrington, Mathew Hood, Nguyen Bao Huynh, Khanh Dai Lam.

YEAR 8-T

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Maria Munzone, Tarne Malor, Orit Mishor, Sandra Nam, Kristen Melville, Claire Lund, Siobhan Mackay, Kathryn Mayne, Danae Natsis.

SECOND ROW: Ian Lesslie, Lufiani Mulyadi, Adriene Cobcroft, Katherine Madgwick, Sabrina Macric, Becky Morris, Rebecca Moraitis, Zoe Lee, Paul Mac.

THIRD ROW: Peter Meric, Asher McLoughlin, Edwin McCall, Praven Naidoo, Kevin Man, Chinh Mai, Paul Melville.

FOURTH ROW: Nikos Marinos, Stephen Mavay, Jamie Moore, Douglas Ngai, Justin Lees, Alex McDonald.

YEAR 8-I

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Jimin Park, Maria Rodrigues, Tamara Rees, Karina Quinn, Rustanti Oetojo, Rebekah Nugent, Sandra Oliviera, Belinda Rogan, Michele Smart.

SECOND ROW: John Ranieri, Benjamin Robertson, Linh Khoa Phu, Huy Nguyen, Simon Prunster, Ai Quoc Dong Nguyen, Thomas Nockolds, Lam Hoang Nguyen.

THIRD ROW: Bernard Pfeil, Leanne Park, Emma Pyke, Nardine Rostom, Viola Said, Caroline Shepherd, Tom Oates.

FOURTH ROW: James Schofield, Quoc Yung Ngo, Jessica Post, Teofilo Nobrega, Vu Huynh Nguyen.

YEAR 8-A

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Nga To, Joanna Walton, Jodi Stiles, Vicki Wheeler, Sarah Stanbridge, Siew Fong Yiap, Gina Yiannikas, Donna Triantafyllou, Thuy Van Tran.

SECOND ROW: Caine Stewart, Chung Wong, Darby To, Timothy Tomkin, Godwin Tse, Platon Theodoris, Kenneth Soo, Chris Sotirias, Justin Whelan.

THIRD ROW: Hae Ran Song, Sarah Waterworth, Kelly Spallas, Michelle Sourbis, Sarah Whitlock, Larissa Stanley, Aicen Tjang.

FOURTH ROW: Nicholas Sordon, Ross Wainwright, Steve Tadic, Stephen Wallace, Bill Truong.

YEAR 7-F

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Tamsin Calder, Sharon Chu, Peita Blundell, Louise Buckingham, Caroline Burke, Adele Chalker, Roberta Cooley, Fiona Hall, Rose Chong.

SECOND ROW: Paul Bejarano, Stuart Christie, Edward Brookton, Todd Brown, Philip Agius, Nigel Bonney, Daniel Chakarovski, Janan Clowes.

THIRD ROW: Nina Carrel, Natalie Cumming, Elizabeth Chang, Karina Acton, Sharon Cross, Sarah Beak, Danya Cameron.

FOURTH ROW: Sung Hyun Ahn, Peter Brennan, Joshua Christian, Maurice Bonotto, Timothy Colquhoun, Evan Brereton.

YEAR 7-O

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Alexandra Ermoll, Catherine Dung, Sasha Curthoys, Antonella Emmi, Emma Durrans, Asja Binno, Theodora Tserdanis, Mimmette Roldan, Bronwyn Englaro.

SECOND ROW: Geoffrey Dunn, Luis Batalha, Leo Couacaud, Tai Nguyen, Chia Ching Lai, Dudi Sukendar, Eddie Yeung, Hyun Choi.

THIRD ROW: Tue Quan Nguyen, Ira Haryanto, Claire Edwardes, Karin Darcy, Jeanne-Vida Douglas, Tantri Mismail.

FOURTH ROW: Ryan Dare, Mathew Duffy, Alexander Kurcubic, Daniel Dimich, Alex Lyberopoulos.

YEAR 7-R

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Angela Giannakopoulos, Angela Kazonis, Francine Ioannou, Mary Lee, Sunny Kim, Simone Kelly, Maya Gazzard, Stella Galas, Hanh Huynh.

SECOND ROW: Mark Greenway, Robert Kennedy, William Hird, Karl Giese, Lewin Jones, Felix Ho, Christopher Ison, Gary Johnson, Michael Frost.

THIRD ROW: Emma Flamer-Caldera, Kerrie Gibbons, Ilinca Furdui, Maria Hatzistergos, Lucy Jones, Marcia Gonidellis, Jane Etherington.

FOURTH ROW: Jeremy Gray, Ben Hutchinson, Luke Folkard, Nicholas Hempton, David Fernandez.

YEAR 7-T

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Elizabeth Magarey, Katharine Mercer, Kim Leong, Magdalena Mironowicz, Jessica Murty, Holly Lyons, Vanessa Mordaunt, Waimei Lee, Mi He Lee.

SECOND ROW: Yuki Nakazawa, Julian Nikakis, Jesse McNicoll, Erika Klimpsch, Alexandra Konstantelos, Claudine Lachs, Adrian Kirstan, Peter Nguy, Quan Nguyen.

THIRD ROW: Algis Lencus, Con Logothetis, Gough Kollias, Peter Likoudis, Timothy Lee, William Ku.

FOURTH ROW: Rodney Mann, Bennett Livingston, John Tawadros, Anthony McDonnell, James Manning, Jeffrey Lum.

YEAR 7-I

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Mau Nghu Phung, Michelle Parker, Kate Rowe, Anna Pertierra, Natasha Yetton, Maeve Richardson, Danielle Petrie, Louise Salmon, Ellen Quoi.

SECOND ROW: Adin Pilcer, Stephen Ong, Andrew Sadler, Andrew Parker, Daniel Rodenburg, Benjamin Phillips, Nicholas Nittes, Jem Richardson.

THIRD ROW: Eric Paul, Concettina Rocca, Rani Ramjan, Jenny Ogilvie, Jessica Schuman, Kay Pratley, Helen Papadopoulou, Lincoln Robinson.

FOURTH ROW: Luke Ryan, Dominic Olsson, Leo Polojac, Kuveshen Pather, David Roache-Turner.

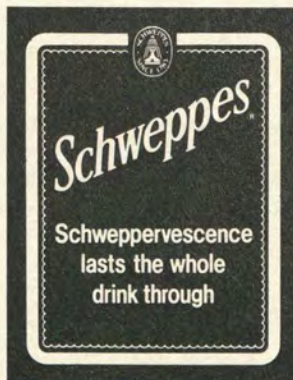
YEAR 7-A

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Emma Whitmore, Veronika Zec, Corin Throsby, Ilona Zebrowski, Hae-Jin Song, Shunanda Wallace, Katrina Stiles, Viet-Chau Tran, Georgina Tarrant.

SECOND ROW: Gavin Tung, Simon Wood, Nicholas Williamson, Michael Tsimnadis, Michael Zatorski, Thomas Spence, Phillip Tang, Daniel Williams.

THIRD ROW: Ashley Stevens, Taryn Woods, Christine Stowers, Suzana Stankovic, Sophie-Elen Forbat, Ingrid Smith, Erika Tuktens.

FOURTH ROW: Adam Young, John Tawfik, Seow Siung Tan, Olaf Supit, Leon Tranter.



Year 12 (1983-1988)





