

Commission

1980

FORTIAN COMMITTEE

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Editor's Note

The first thing to note is that I am not really the editor, Danielle Olsen is.

When I was volunteered for this job I had no idea you would find me at midnight on the first Wednesday of the September holidays crouching over a Macintosh computer waiting fearfully lest we had lost, again, the articles on skateboarding on page 29.

The victories in producing this year's edition of the magazine have been both small, like that one, and large. We have begged, pleaded with, annoyed, enraged, bullied, offended and coerced a large number of people and been helped willingly by an equally large and diverse group.

For me its been fascinating. Whilst the word outstanding is one of the epithets I don't trust when applied to students, Danielle Olsen and Kirsti Samuels have helped to erode that prejudice. Danielle's capacity for, among other things, public relations and Kirsti's determination are indomitable. Dennis Cohen's typing skills and Eugene Whitlock's drawings should also be mentioned in dispatches. Without their good temper and bad jokes the siege might have felt endless.

Thank you, too, to the rest of the committee particularly Catherine Burnheim, who, had she not been in Japan, we presume would have been with us.

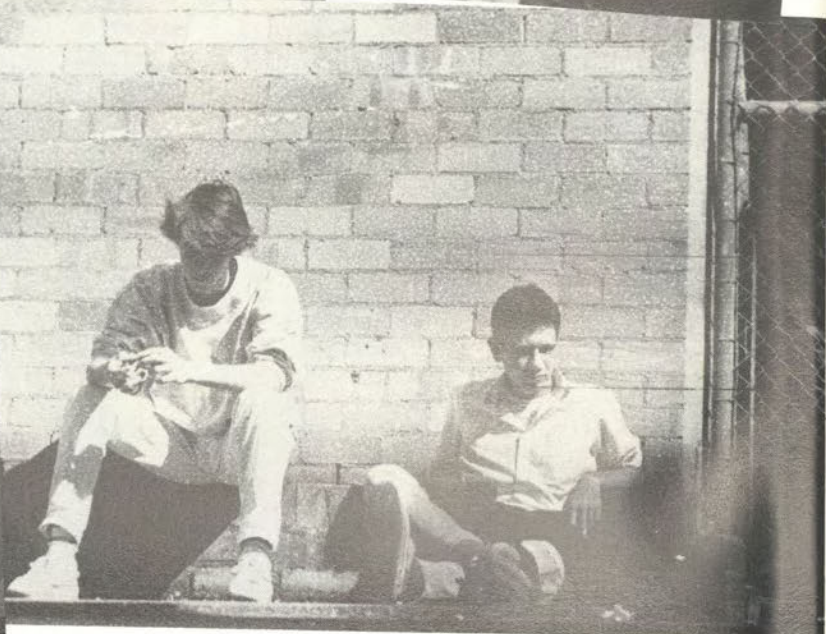
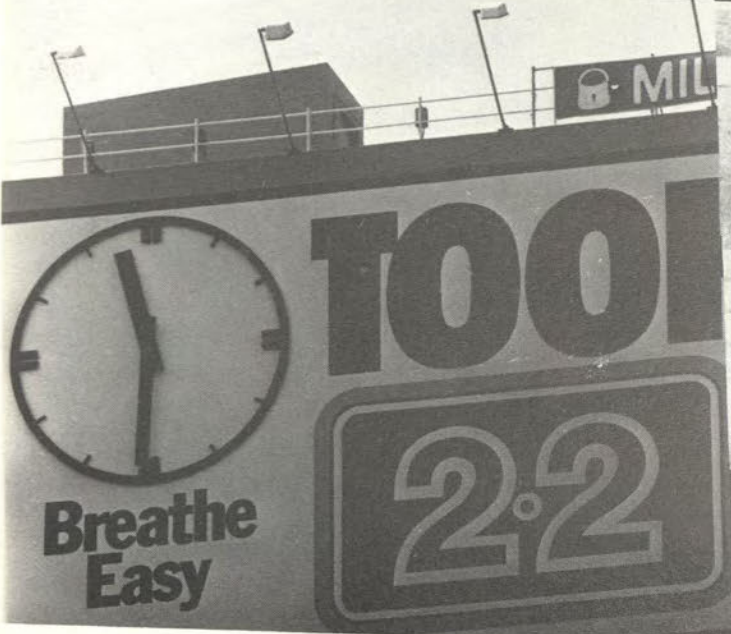
Kyrsty Macdonald

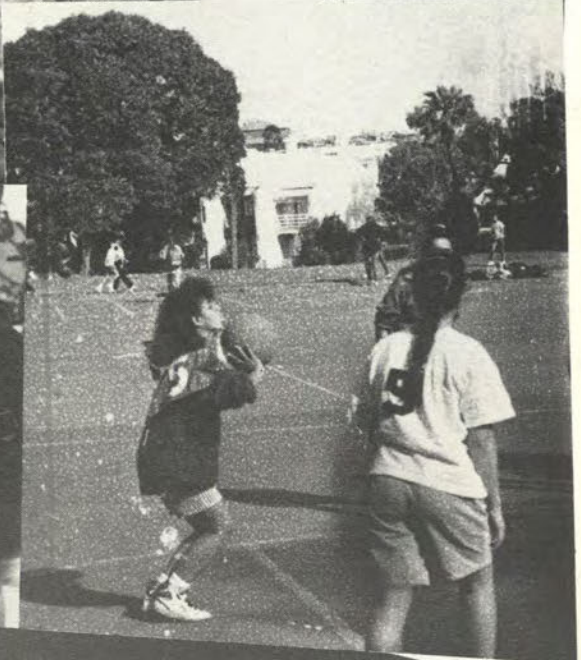
Formation

1989









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TERM I

February:

Ancient History
Excursion History
Excursions
Art Excursions
Swimming Carnival.
Electronics Excursion
Asian Studies Excursion
Regional Music Meeting
Senior Girls Basketball
KO

March :

English Excursion.
History Excursion
Open Boys Basketball
French Excursion
Zone Swimming Carnival
Speech Day Rehearsals.
Speech Day.
Senior Girls Softball KO
Engineering Science
Excursion Commerce
Excursions
Open Boys Basketball
Careers Visit
School Photo Day.
Biology Excursion
Regional Swimming
Carnival Yr 12 Debate .

TERM II

April :

Regional Volleyball
Trials Geography
Excursion CHS Swimming
Carnival Music Rehearsal
Excursion Yr 10 P. D Day
Yr 11 P. D Day Textiles
Excursion Careers
Symposium
Drama Excursion
Geography Field Study
Yr 10 Debate
Yr 11 Debate
Commerce/History
Excursion School Cross
Country Carnival Open
Boys Basketball Textiles
Excursion
French Excursion Girls
Engineering Seminar Year
7 Welfare Day Regional
Rugby Trials Music
Auditions, Music Concert
Yr 10 Debate
Zone Cross Country
Carnival
Geography Excursion, 3
days
Boys/Girls Regional
Touch German Excursion
Yr 12 of '88 meet Yr 12
'89 Film Australia
interviews.
Yr 11 Debate
English Excursion

June :

Yr 7 for Archives Activity
Yr 12 Debate
Yr 11 Debate German
Excursion Regional Girls
Soccer Trials Science
Competition Regional
Cross Country

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

1989 has been a long year with both highs and lows. The high have come, as they so often do, from the students. Our impressive Higher School Certificate results, my recent trip with thirty students to Eifuku in Japan and the production of this magazine are tangible examples of the vigour and talent of staff and students.

The "Fortian", including colour photographs, has been written, drawn, type-set and designed within the school. The committee set out to do something impressive and here it is- a huge effort in co-ordination by a quite outstanding group.

In a wider context, the education system is undergoing profound changes in accordance with Government initiatives to ensure that it can respond to the needs of the community and the "economic imperative". The removal of zoning boundaries, the establishment of technology high schools and more selective schools have given parents extra choice and diversity. On the other hand, these wide-ranging changes are a cause for anxiety to those affected. Teachers are despondent and believe their hard work and commitment is not valued.

Sponsorship and economic partnerships may provide extra funding for educational initiatives but the real hope for the future lies with our students. After all, they are tomorrow's leaders.

Carole Preece



HSC RESULTS

The school was delighted with the HSC Results. Being the 6th most successful school at the HSC Exam is great news, indicating much hard work and dedication from students and teachers. Those whose results were in the top 500 of the State brought lustre to the school's reputation. Congratulations to them all, especially:

Leigh Sanderson, Mark Wright, Tram Anh Bui
Shawn Whelan, Malcolm Gillies, Murray Gibbons,
Damon Keen, Temogen Hield, Irina Protopescu,
Lydia Ng and Nick Karkanidas. Leigh Sanderson
came 4th in the State, which is an incredible
achievement. Overall, one third of our students
gained 400 marks or higher, putting them in the top
7% of the State.

OBITUARY

Fortians were saddened to learn of the death of Mary Pickard, Deputy Principal of Fort Street Girls' and the of Fort Street High from 29th March, 1975 until 5th May, 1978.

At Mary's wish, her family is arranging the donation of books from her personal library to Fort St as a tangible reminder of the affection which Mary Pickard, the last Deputy-Principal of Fort Street Girls' High and the first Deputy Principal of Fort Street High had for Fortians and Fort Street.
E. Rowe.

TERM 3July:

Athletics Carnival Zone
 Athletics Carnival
 School Assembly (Bastille Day, Aboriginal Day)
 Year 9 P.D Seminar
 Music Excursion.
 Yr 12 Biology Excursion
 Home Science Excursion
 Band to Muswellbrook.
 Maths Excursions
 Debate - host to ACT vs QLD
 Yr 7 Drama Nights. Yr 11 Geography, Broken Hill

August:

Boys State KO Volleyball
 Maths Competition
 School Certificate
 History "Looking Back"
 Education Week.
 Trial HSC begins
 Regional Athletics
 Girls' Open Volleyball Final
 Yr 10 Work Experience begins

Yr 8 Commerce Excursion (Powerhouse)
 Yr 7 ABC Concert
 School Musicale
 Musica Viva

September:

Yr 12 Music Performances
 Yr 8 English (Phillip St)
 Yr 12 Physics (Lucas Heights)
 Fashion Parade "Jump Rope for Heart" Yr 8
 Yr 8 P.D. Day

TERM 4October

Class teaching stops, Yr 12
 Gala Day
 Geography Excursion
 Asian Studies Excursion
 Geography Excursion to Dubbo
 Science Excursion

November

Asian Studies Excursion
 Chemistry Excursion
 Biology Excursion
 Christmas Concert

December

Health Seminar
 Last Day for Yr 10

LAST DAY OF SCHOOL

The first edition of the Fortian made its appearance at the school on the morning of Monday, 7 August 1899, the month of the School's celebration of its Golden Jubilee. The little 6 x 3 inch paper was printed by the boys themselves, heralding great things. Not only were the events of the school's activities to be recorded therein ever after - but the word 'Fortian', invented by a master on the staff, Joseph Finney, the paper's first editor, came to acquire an even more significant meaning than the name of the treasured magazine. Ever since that first Monday, the journal has appeared at its regular scheduled time (or slightly irregularly thereafter), varied as these times were, over the years. The origin of the magazine is very different from what one might imagine. It is indeed a story of the cart coming before the horse. A friend made presentation of two or three pounds of type to the pupil Fred Conway, and he for some months had been printing a tiny paper at home, called the "Pymble News", on a little wooden home-made press. It occurred to the young lad that perhaps a paper for Fort Street would be a more worthwhile undertaking. He with his classmate Walford mentioned their plans to Mr Turner, the headmaster, who at once saw the value of the suggestion, but thought the paper should be a school paper owned by the School. So type, case and a real machine were purchased to produce the first number.

RON HORAN

The Fortian.

Faber set Case Quisque Fortuna.

Vol. 1, No. 1, Model School, Aug. 7th. '99 Price $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

EDITORIAL.

Vol. 1, No. 1, of 'The Fortian.' The name speaks for itself: 'The Fortian' is for the School, of the School, and by the School. Therefore, boys and girls, sharpen your literary wits, get your pens ready, and help the editor to maintain an interesting and creditable journal. It will be published the first Monday in each month, six pages, price $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

'The Fortian' is the latest arrival at the School and comes both as scholar and teacher. As scholar it asks for enrolment amongst you, solely upon the value of its 'reading.' It is young but will quickly learn; and this is the first Public School, we believe, that it has ever attended.

As a teacher it ranks higher than the best teacher in the school; and yet is of less value than the youngest pupil teacher. It has already many friends at the school; hence, in all

"First
 Fortian
 ...August
 1899"



THE ANNUAL ART SHOW SAW A LARGE NUMBER OF PROFESSIONALS EXHIBIT IN THE SCHOOL HALL...





DOPS.

FORT STREET HIGH
SCHOOL

EXTRAMURALS

HEY WATCH THE CAPS!

QUISHODO - I HAVE A HUNCH ABOUT THAT NAME!

MEOW

CAM BOOTH 1989

REPORT FROM THE STUDENT REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

1988/89 has been a turbulent year in the NSW School System.

Communication between schools was increased as student bodies met to discuss the changes that the government was making to the education system. Discussion was extensive on the subjects of selective schools, the pupil to teacher ratio, other approved subject courses and the changes to the Higher School Certificate. Students were even able to meet with the Premier, The Minister for Education and the Shadow Minister for Education. I was fortunate enough to meet with the Carrick Commission into Education with two other students. The Commission, in fact, spent more time talking to the students than any other interest group. It was encouraging to see that they were so interested in the opinions of students. Every school this year will decide on its "Fair Discipline Code" for which students have been surveyed.

Another major concern for students was (and still is) the environment. The SRC last year initiated paper re-cycling within the school, which is working. It also bought a video camera and this year made a \$1000 contribution to the Library. Financial support has also been given to activities in Drama and Sport.

After six years at Fort Street I can see how much potential to succeed there is amongst the student body, also it is possible to see how vital it is to tap this energy and ability, so that the school and more importantly, the students can benefit from it. We should have pride in ourselves as students and help each other to seize all opportunities. Goodbye,

Julia Cumins
PRESIDENT, S.C.

" I'LL KEEPS ON WAITING "

Late in 1988 the Student Council suggested that the school sponsor two young boys overseas, through the CCF. The response was overwhelming. Two donation collections were carried out during assemblies, where both students and teachers sacrificed their lunch money for a day. The collections in total, raised in excess of four hundred dollars.

Since then we have received information and letters of thanks from both boys. The first boy was born in Africa, on 16.3.79 and just like all of us he has a special number that he can remember or forget at his own pleasure. This case 122 goes by the name of Amidou Yoakare and helps out around the house by collecting food for the chickens and picking corn.

Although not such a bright spark in his early years of school, (he repeated first grade), we are told he is growing well and he and his family are benefiting greatly from the project set up by our donations.

Our next case 519 Sponsorship 083417, comes from the Philippines. Unfortunately we have few details about him but here is his last letter to us:

Dear Sponser,

Hi! how are you? Hoping you're in good condition. As of me fine and my family. Sponser How I wish we could see each other, (if he only knew how many hands he would have to shake!) I miss you very much. Sponser I'm so thankful for your help. hope that it will continue for next year. Sponser, hope you can give to me your little time to response my letter. I'll keeps on waiting. Regards to your family. May God bless you all. Your sponsered child Mikko Bawign

We should feel proud of ourselves and remember to keep spare change in our pockets for the next collection. Many thanks to everyone.

Saran Deling, Student Council.

MOCK TRIALS

A group of hunger-ravaged Year 10 and 11 students huddle 'round a plate of jatz bici's and dip, waiting anxiously for a cup of steaming coffee. We have sacrificed our already too few hours of leisure time in the pursuit of what? The honour? The prestige? No! For the food associated with being a Mock Trial member perhaps.

The 'Mock Trial' is a pretend court case. Two aspiring high school teams meet on common ground and argue their position, be it defence or prosecution, in order to prove the innocence or guilt of a particular victim. The result an enthralling expose of riveting tension.

The actual case to be determined is invented by the Law Society of New South Wales, who organize the event each year. The purpose of the mock trial is to give students experience in court procedure and for "legalites" of the future to get a grasp of "reality".

We, the Fort Street team of 1989 consisted of Barristers; Elliot Hyde, Theresa Lim, Emily Oates, John Doyle, Solicitors; Richard Tan, Michelle Shameem, Witnesses; Cassie Young, Yvette Lopez, Vivienne Cebola, James Tunggal., Court Assistants; Dennis Miralis, Sarah Forsyth. For each trial, only 2 barristers, 1 solicitor, 2 witnesses and 1 court assistant are needed.(The members not directly involved provide an enthusiastic cheer squad).

For advice on legal matters and for aid in overcoming our nervousness, paranoia and other neurotic symptoms, we turn to our coach, Mr Glass, a practicing solicitor with Maurice, Isaacs and Glass. As well, Ms Draper takes on the

multi-functional role of supervisor, organizer, chauffeur, feeder and optimist.

All details down, the trials begin. In February we bravely take on the preliminary round designed to polish our performance before the knock out competition. The case involves a shoplifting charge (a form of larceny) and we act for the defence. To cut it short, we play Drummoyne Boys High and win decisively.

Round 1 is played against Ashfield Boys High, a home game for us. We are the plaintiff for a second shoplifting charge. We fight whole-heartedly, wait with baited breath and find we have again "won the mock". Although we lose the case -- since the two are decided separately. Confidence begins to pinken our well-nourished features.

Round 2 dawns This is to determine whether or not our client (we are to defend) has been the cause of a traffic accident through negligence. We are to play St Catherines.

We enter the strange surroundings, are fed and then are escorted to a basement classroom to wait, while our opponents (taking their time), put the finishing type-written touches to their notes. We then enter the court-room (alias a library).....

It is enough to say, that although our witnesses have created a difficult climate (one was drunk at the time of the accident) and, although our Barrister, solicitor and court assistants perform to stunning perfection, we lose both the case and mock trial by a mere 12 points.

We are told, however, that we all show great promise and all in all a great time is had by all (cliche, cliche) and thanks to everyone involved.

Emily Oates.





HOW TO IDENTIFY A TYPICAL FORT ST. MEATHEAD.

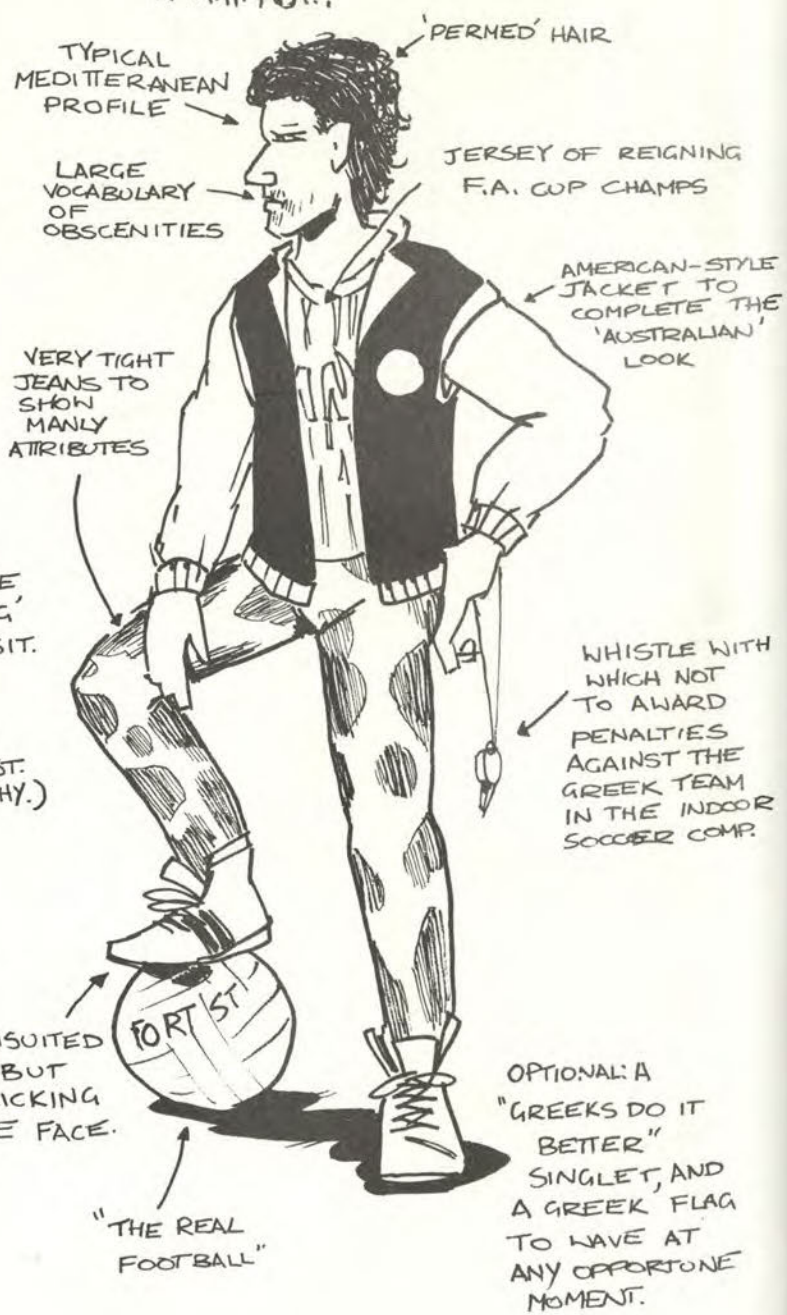
THERE ARE TWO TYPES OF FORT ST. MEATHEADS:

THE AUSTRALIAN MEATHEAD...

(A.K.A. A RUGBY PLAYER)

-AND-

THE EUROPEAN / MEDITERRANEAN MEATHEAD...



LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION...

DRAMA NIGHT

by Stephanie Holding Yr7



It all started in term two,
When all us Year Sevens had nothing to do.
Mr Tibbles put a sign on the staff room door
Which read "Drama Auditions- come at lunch
not before".
So at lunch we filed into the hall
Expecting it to be quite a bore.
But, to our delight and our surprise
We had quite a time, which "Sir" had devised.
He then sat and thought and planned and plotted
And worked out to which play we would each be
allotted.
For the next term we rehearsed and rehearsed
'Til drama night came- from which we feared the
worst.
So we got onto stage with our knocking knees,
And our chattering teeth, trying to look at ease.
We performed the plays for which we had
practiced so long,
A group of girls even did a dance to a song.
Although a couple of actors mucked up their
play,
The audience loved it anyway.
Then it was all over- we handed out flowers
To the directors who helped us in their spare
hours.
Then we went to the dungeons to celebrate,
Some had brought food, which we hungrily ate.
We were all very happy, but we had to go
'Cause we were very tired
'Specially after the show.

KISSING SOUND EFFECTS...MANIAC KILLER

by Kristy Parker & Blaise Lyons.

Lights, camera, action...the year seven Dance Club were about to make their stage debut, when someone realized that the cassette for their dance had gone through the wash the previous night. But that didn't hold back determined Fortians. They went out and danced superbly with scratching and cackling in the background (it was an interesting special effect!)

With a stunning backdrop and magnificent costumes, and make-up, the night was under way....

Play number one, "Death", was a Woody Allen drama about the hunt

for a maniac killer. This was followed by "Percy, Prince of the Pomegranate", a story of identical triplets - Percy, Percky and Pency. It was about then when half of the props began to either disappear or fall apart, but the show had to go on.

After a relaxing intermission, the actors came on for a grand finale. The last two plays, "The Crimson Stain" (with a chicken playing Sherlock Holmes) and "Captain Tonne Saves The Day", written by Anna Hobly and Kate Duke of Year 7, wound up the night.

The audience was thoroughly entertained and the crew and cast members were pleased with their performances. We wish to thank Mr. Tibbles for his wonderful support and direction (and kissing sound effects). With year 10 directors and a yr 10 and yr 8 production team, the night was enjoyable for all. We hope the next drama night will be an even bigger success.

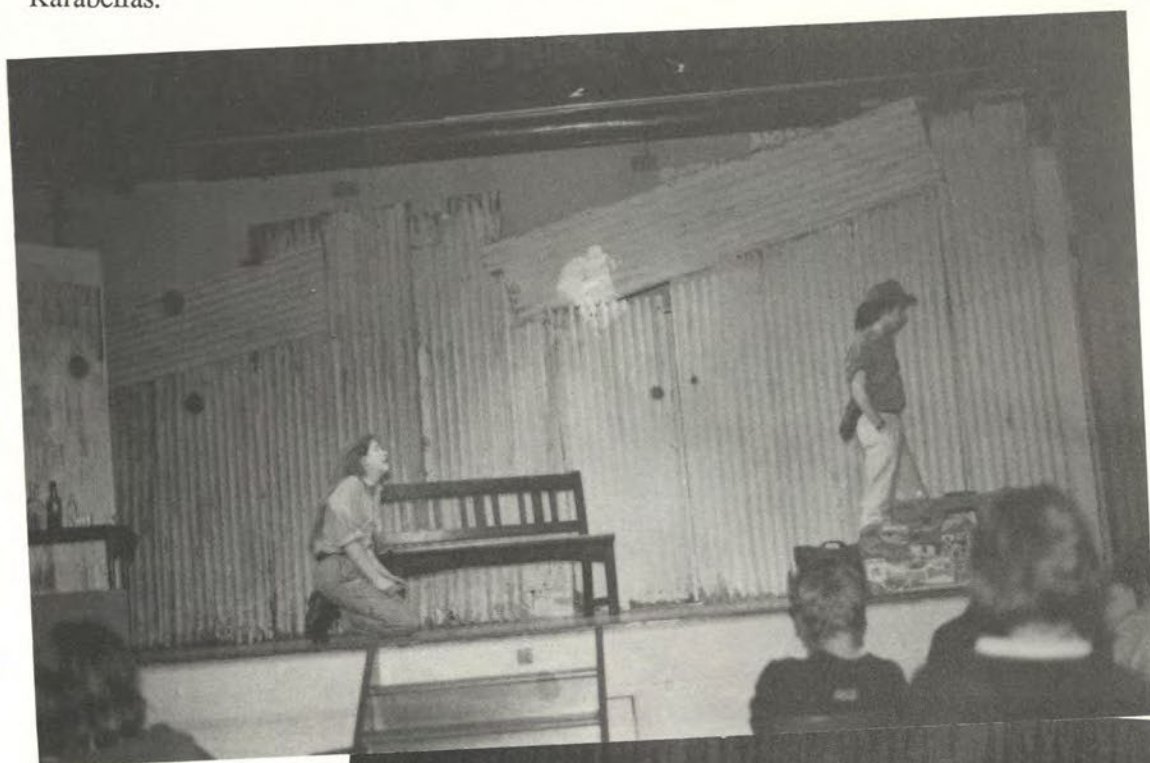
"Culture dribbled from the school hall, those two nights in September. Humanity fell silent and the spectacle began..."

Question: A "heavy" drama about life...er, life um...and well life!
Written by Suman Seth
Directed by Jenny Robertson and Mishayla Webber

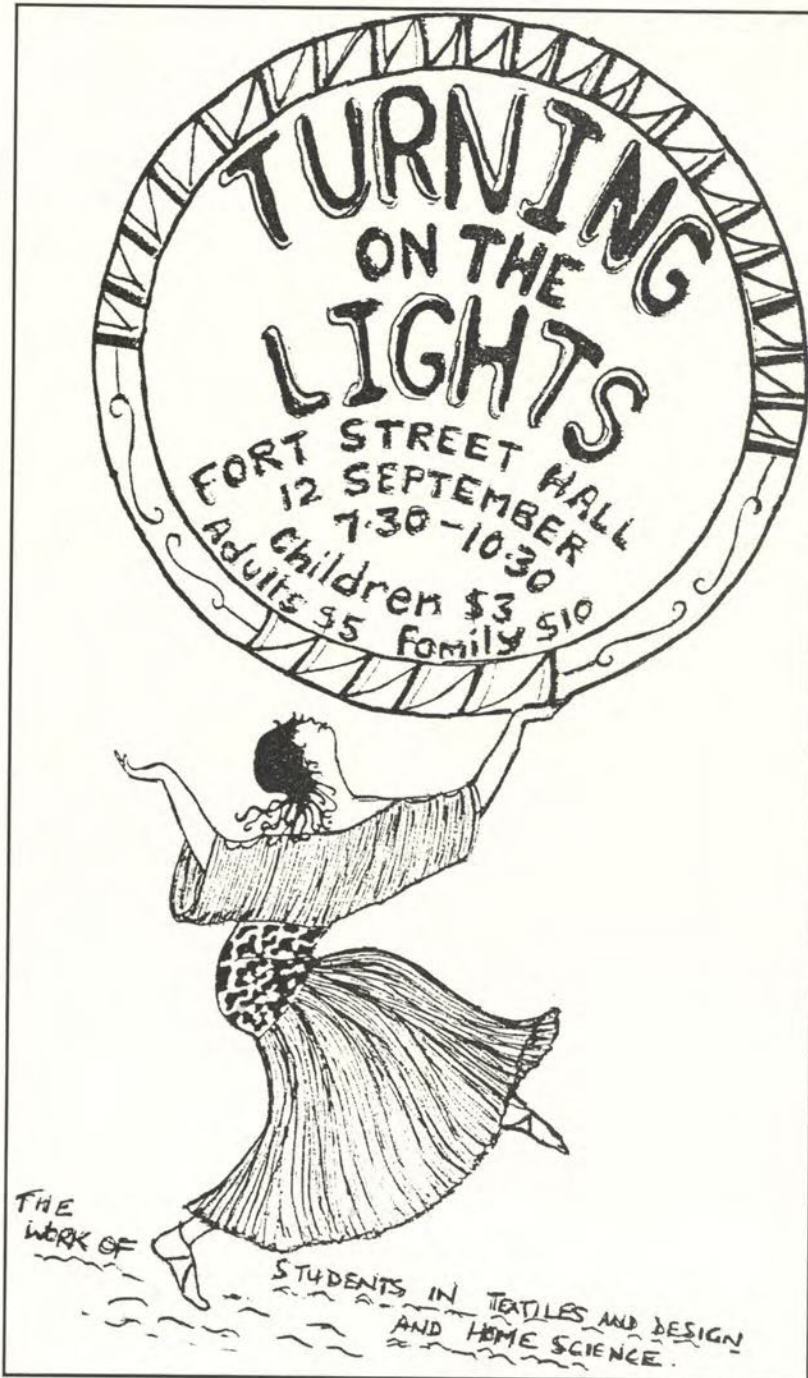
Down And Out In El De Kalababa: A theatrical cabaret, complete with chorus girl, tap dancer, super hero, passionate love scenes and all this in an airport waiting room.
Written and Directed by Gene Witlock and Terry Karabellas.

The Seventh Facet Of Almondism: Almonds, Chopsticks, Sex, a Chicken Suit AND the meaning of life.
Written by James Lennane
Directed by Gia Nghi Phung and Kyla Slaven.

101 Ways To Kill Gertrude: Jocks, Jokes, Jerks, Yuppies, Yobs and a car crash.
Written by Blaise Lyons, Mia Garlick, Anna Williamson and Susheela Peres de Costa
Directed by Astrid Tuktens and Elizabeth Trigg.







BATMANGO & ROCKMELON

by Ben Hutchinson.

Scene 2 Act 1:

Curtain opens. Two offices are set up. One is the Police Station. The other is Fruit Cave. Sergeant and Private are in the police station with the Sergeant on the phone. Batmango and Rockmelon are in the Fruit Cave playing chess.

Sergeant : What! another sighting of Mean Mac Mars Bar and the "Junkfood"?

Private : This is terrible, they're taking over the world!

Sgt : I'll send someone to investigate right away. (Hangs up)

-Pea, get me the fruit phone. Pea exits and returns with banana (the fruit phone). Sgt rings up Batmango (perhaps theme song: nan a nan a nan a Batmango).

Sgt : Hello, Batmango?

Batmango: Yes Sergeant Spinach, what's up?

Sgt : Bad news, the "Junkfoods" are back in town.

Batmango: That's not good, how serious are they?

Batmango: I'll be right there. (Both hang up) - Quick Rockmelon, to the fruit mobile!!

(Batmango and Rockmelon exit. Curtain closes).

A small extract from the world premiere of Batmango and Rockmelon .

WILD...FASHION...CRAZY...FASHION...DARING...FAS





SPORT

ATHLETICS CARNIVAL

As we know the Athletics Carnival was a victim of Sydney's wet winter and was postponed because of the closure of Sydney University's playing fields on two occasions. A carnival with a reduced range of events was eventually held at Henson Park two days prior to the Zone Carnival. The following students won the Age Championship Trophies in their respective Age divisions.

17 + Yrs	Damon Cook	Kimberly Eggleton
16 Yrs	Dalley Robinson	Kristen Klumpsch
15 Yrs	Malcolm Green	Kylie Eggleton
14 Yrs	Ben Robinson	Taryn Woods
13 Yrs	Max Hobeck	Stephanie Holding
12 Yrs	Neil Pradham	Le Binh Tu

BLIGH ZONE CARNIVAL

Over a hundred students participated and we again had a great deal of success (we came second overall in both the Boys and Girls point scores) Neil Pradham (Yr 7) was successful in winning the 12 Yrs age Championship.

REGIONAL CARNIVAL

Oscar Park. Neil Pradham, Rodney Jennings, Samson Fangaloka and Mary Fien were selected for the metropolitan team to compete in the CHS Championships.

SWIMMING CARNIVAL RESULTS

The School Carnival was held in February at Drummoyne Pool in brilliant sunshine (for a change).

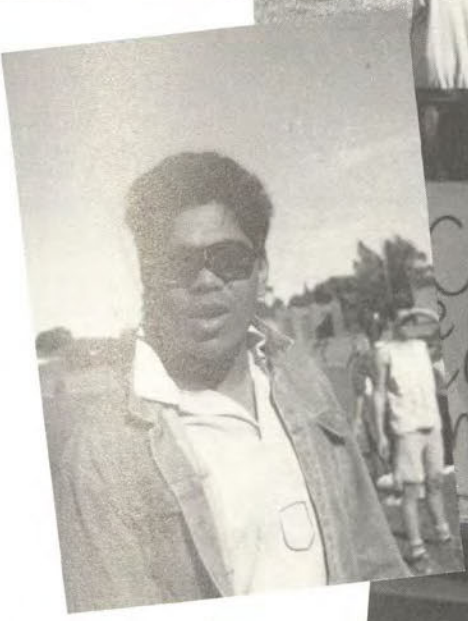
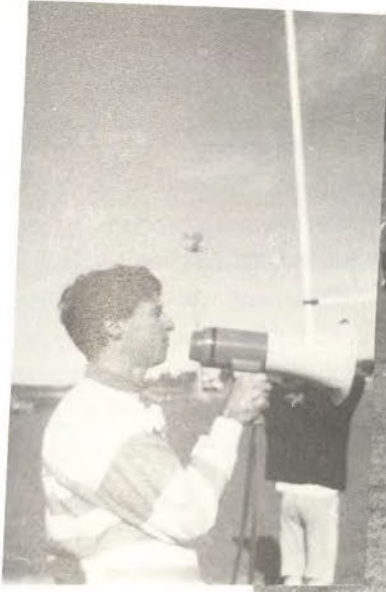
The participation level was high and it was good to see a few different faces on the blocks. There were some outstanding performances on the day and Fort Street's prospects in the swimming pool are looking good for many years to come.

The following students were the Age Champions for 1989:

12 yrs	Emma Finnerty	Jonathon Pollard
13 yrs	Bronwyn Englaro	David Aurelius
14 yrs	Taryn Woods	Daniel Williams
15 yrs	Rebecca Jenner	Nugyen Farrenc
16 yrs	Claire Archibald	Hun Kim
17 yrs	Meryl Geribo	Marc Englaro

These students and many more went on to represent the school at the Bligh Zone Carnival - which Fort Street won.

David Aurelius and Marc Englaro went on to represent Metropolitan East at the State Swimming Carnival.



BASKETBALL

BOYS:

1989 saw Fort Street field its strongest Open Boys Basketball team yet. In the State Knockout competition we easily accounted for Maroubra Bay in the qualifying round, convincingly defeated Newtown in a "physical" Round One match, and managed to come from behind and defeat Cleveland, in an extremely physical match, by seven points in Round Two. However, Round Three saw us defeated by Randwick Boys, who were clearly the better side. Although disappointed, we were justifiably proud we had advanced to Round Three as it was a first for Fort Street.

BOYS' TEAM

Matthew "Willie" Wilson
Eugene "Huge Euge" Lau
Jeremy "Jazza" Kothe
Michael "I Can't See the Ring" Harding
Ben "Benny" Maclaine
Dinh "Dini" Muguen
Victor "The Predictor" Leung
"Jazzie" Jeff Lai
Johnnie "Why Do We Have To Run" Bracic
John "I've Got A New Move" Ko
Dennis "I Shoot Better Without My Glasses" Miralis

GIRLS:

After our great win last year, (against arch rivals Petersham Girls in the grand final), the team suffered a let down with the loss of our first match to Petersham Girls (28 - 26). We then went on to lose against the gigantic Enmore. Finally, we grabbed our first win from Marrickville, later defeating Dulwich Hill, a close game of 17 - 16. Great effort has been made by all players, especially the Year 10's who have had to put up with occasional outbursts of year 11 temper tantrums. Many thanks to Miss Smith and Ben Maclaine, for the many hours and patience spent down at the gym on Monday afternoons. We are sure all of this training will continue to improve our game skills and sportsmanship.

Raelene Matejka and Bernadetta No Yr 11



"Winning is not everything-not that we were bad or anything- just unlucky..."

OPEN SOCCER

We started off a bit wet - missing four weeks due to the spell of bad weather. "With hope in our hearts and wings on our heels...etc" our season got under way. Sparks were flying and the tension - so thick we could not see - was plainly evident as we were pitted against Dulwich Hill (eventual winners of the comp).

It was our first big match of the season. Crowds of up to three people lined the fence as the teams ran on. From our goal keeper, Greg Matsin (the smallest) to our striker, Johny Reja, we were a "soccer team". Even though we lost (winning is not everything - not that we were bad or anything - just unlucky), we picked up the pieces and strung together a run of good results. Our team was strong, from the back to the forwards (not to mention Greg), and just narrowly missed out in the semi-finals.

"Crowds of up to three people lined the fence..."

WATERPOLO

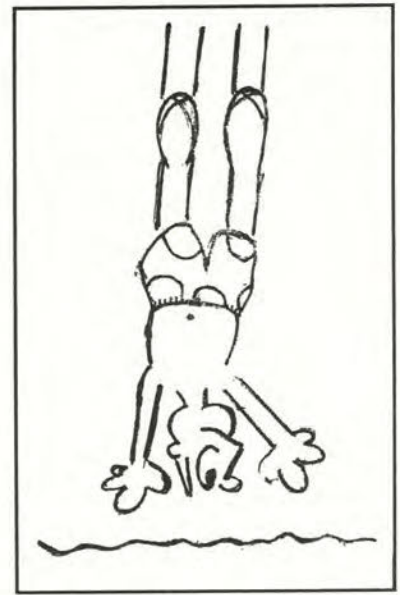
Over the last few years the number of teams competing in the Bligh Zone waterpolo competition has steadily decreased. This is very unfortunate because it resulted in a competition this last season consisting of only four teams; two Fort Street teams, a Glebe team and a Newtown team.

The standard of play was not particularly high either as a result of the Newtown and Glebe teams consisting almost entirely of members of the defunct junior competition. This is a real pity, for there is great potential in the area and a little more enthusiasm from other schools and people from our school, would go a long way.

The fact that we won every game we did play, indicates that Fort Street has two teams with a future ahead.

I hope that in the future there will be more enthusiasm and sportsmanship on the part of our players. We can then look forward to producing first class competition and a first class team.

Marc Englaro



TOUCH FOOTBALL

The girls' Open Touch Football team was very successful in the first term of grade sport, achieving such scores as 12-2 and 6-0. We lost only one game, and eventually became joint-premiers with Glebe High School. Unfortunately in the Second Round we were knocked out by a very strong St George team.

Karen Ellis Yr 10 and Tresna Stiles Yr 11

GIRLS' TEAM

Amelia Ratu

Rosemary Kos

Tresna Stiles

Karen Ellis

Kylie Eggleton

Michelle Smart

Larissa Stanle

Jane Etherington

Emma Flamer-Caldera



VOLLEYBALL

Under the guidance of such dedicated individuals as Mr Jurd and Mr Bartier, Volleyball at Fort Street is flowing nicely. Our two super coaches, were the cause of changing something which was dismal initially into something stupendous. This is in no way an overstatement. The will and the spirit which overwhelms the team are rare qualities almost impossible to find in another sport in an academically oriented school such as Fort Street. With the many enthusiastic senior and junior players and the experienced help from the coaches, it could be said that volleyball at Fort Street is at the start of a "Golden Era". A special thanks goes to Sae Jin Kwon, Nguyen Farrenc and San Jae An for their consistent support on the sidelines. They have given tremendous psychological boost to the team with their sensational vocal efforts during matches. Full marks to the coaches and all players!!

Hun Kim Yr 11

GIRLS' TEAM

Glenda Park

San Jae An

Mi Sun Choi

Sun Hee Choi

Kate James

Hyun Joo Ku

Haeran Park

Kristina Lacis

Vicky Mullin

Wilasimee Ariyamethe

BOYS' TEAM

Joe Kang

Sae Yoon Kwon

Jin Man Kim

Hun Kim

Samson Fangaloka

Anthony Boukouvala

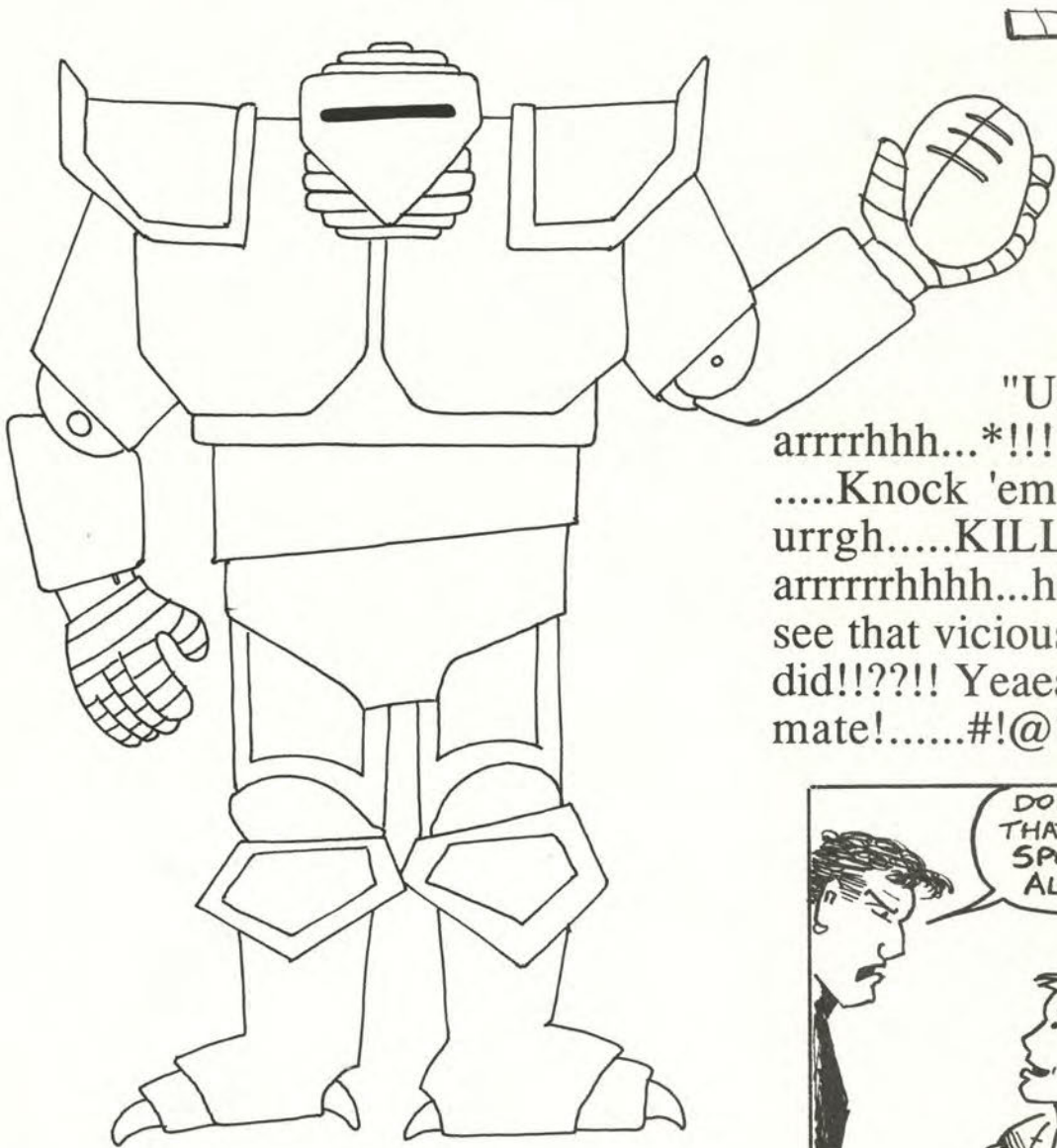
Nguyen Ferrenc

Sae Jin Kwon

Jeffery No

Mark Mains

We dedicate this article to all our rugby freak friends,(no offence intended)...



THUGBY

"Urrgh....mmm...
arrrrhhh...*!!!??\$*&@...yuh..
.....Knock 'em dead ...
urrgh.....KILL.
arrrrrrhhhh...huurgh... D'ya
see that vicious tackle I
did!?!?! Yeaeaeah
mate!.....#!@?oath!"



FROM SWEDEN WITH LOVE

When the aeroplane took off, it was not only from Mascot Airport, Sydney, Australia, but also from my unique exchange student year abroad. With mixed feelings I looked out through the little square window, seeing Australia and my year going further and further away. There was so much I was leaving behind, but on the other hand so much waiting for me back home.

Sometimes I miss Australia and everything it means to me, very much. At those moments I take out my photos of all those strange, exciting, remarkable and different things, faces and places, I have seen and met, and just sit down and remember. I hope that I will one day go back and see it all again.

It is a very nice feeling, to know that I have friends at the other side of the world. 'Nothing makes the earth seem so spacious as to have friends at a distance'.

Love and thank you

Pernille Hansson

Exchange student 1989.





"THEY'RE HOPELESS BUT GEE THEY'RE A NICE BUNCH..."

Without doubt 1989 has been a big year in the land of the test tube. On the morning of Tuesday Jan 31, the science staff assembled in the staff-room. The six weeks of seemingly eternal torture was finally over. The staff were psyched up, pumped up, for a huge year of science. The team was strong despite the loss of Ms. Lawlor.

The burettes were full, the microscopes focussed, and the micrometers zeroed. Everything was in readiness for that moment of bliss when the students arrived. Period one, day one, was no let down. Joy for students and teachers both.

By day four a problem was being recognized. As Il Duce Higgins called the role it became clear that Metherell T. , Dr. , had failed to supply Ms. Lawlor's replacement. Shame, Terry Metherell, shame. Panic set in. Classes on the balconies. Classes in the corridors. Doom seemed inevitable. Fortunately Higgins R. remained as cool as the other side of the pillow. He took the team into the shed and gave an inspirational pep talk. The science staff lifted themselves and rose to levels previously considered superhuman. Joslyn L. offered to take 38 periods a week, Ambler K. took classes of 117 students, Waters J. planned to teach straight through every lunch time, Bartier P. vowed to come to school. The crisis in the short term had been averted, but a new member of staff was desperately required.

Only days later a bright star was seen in the Eastern sky. Below the star following its journey was observed Preece C. , Leonard B.

and that little red headed man from maths, who is so often seen in their company, all bearing gifts. It was in this circumstance that Madigan D. entered the Fort Street Science staff. The new Messiah was exactly what the Doctor (Metherell) ordered. O. K. so his only science training was six weeks spent with a chemistry set in Minda Boys Home, but as he had had vast experience working in the great opera halls of the world, this would be a doddle.

". . . His only science training was six weeks spent with a chemistry set in Minda Boys Home. "

With this problem resolved the science department could get back to ordinary early year teething. As with every year in the past 40 at Fort St. , this year there was a horde of students banging on the staff-room door trying to change into Mr. Moynham's classes. Their reasons were many and varied:

ANDREW BOVARD: "He's the only person I can relate to. "

DANIEL STORY: "He talks my language. "

AMESHRI NAIDOO: " He's my sort of guy. "

TOM DONALD: "I love his jokes."

GILES GORMAN: "I don't get his jokes. "

YOON CHONG KIM: "Talk about laughs. "

SUN HEE CHO: " Chris who?"

JACQUELINE TRUONG: "He's a true gentlemen. "

BRENDON GRIBBLE: "Yeah. His jokes are just like mine. "

POLLY McDONALD: "I need him. I can't learn without him. "

Once this problem was resolved the year started to race by. Science Competitions, talent searches, excursions, the march toward the big one that Year 12 were spending two years preparing for (yes, the formal), Mr. Brace strapping everything that moved and massaging everything that didn't, Mr. Bates quietly discussing their problems with the wrong-doers in his class.

Tests being set, tests being passed, tests being failed, assignments being submitted, assignments not being submitted. It was on again and weren't we all having fun.

The year has passed so quickly and now we prepare to farewell the best Fort Street Year 12 since the days of our fathers' fathers' fathers. They are a lovely group.

Last year's Year 12 achieved excellent science results and this year's should be no similarity. They're hopeless, but gee, they're a nice bunch.

Apparently I have now lost all 12 points on my poetic licence and face disqualification, thus I must shortly conclude this article. We are now begrudgingly preparing for the end of year break and already beginning to get excited about 1990. We will see you there.

Peter Bartier (B. S. League; Dip teach Volleyball;)

Blotch

How ya doin' lovees?

We're having a great time. We're sitting in Longreach (Qld) caravan park, in a little pink house with 3 beds, a stove, fridge and cupboards. How's school?

()
GOOD

()
O.K.

()
BAD

Right now it's Sunday at about 1.30p.m. - We woke up an hour ago -- had ice cream and coke for breakfast. Now we're watching a B-Grade Knight of the Round Table type movie!

The touring is great - we meet so many people, play to so many different faces. Last week we did 10 gigs in 5 days - very exhausting as we have to pack and unpack the truck for each gig! Ben got sick towards the end of the week. So now we've got 3 days off. We've done no homework whatsoever.

We've been playing places where there have been 500 people screaming, then the next night four people

throwing fruit at us. At Blackwater there was a proper cheer for us at the end - not just clapping but YEAHing!

It's convinced me that this is what I want to do with my life - I want to play music to people - make people dance, thrash around, have a good time!

It's been a real shock to my upbringing this tour. It's questioned a lot of my early ideals. Like the people with us have all been in gaol - we play to crooks. I'm seeing a whole new world - a vicious world. Out here in the country, violence is rife, every girl over 13 has a baby - especially the Aboriginal girls - and most of those are to relatives.

Drunkenness is everywhere - Yobs rule out here - it's disgusting but real and living. We live such a protected existence in precious little Balmain. I feel disgustingly spoiled - these kids couldn't afford a guitar in their wildest dreams - enough gloom and doom!

We are really having a great time. See you in 7 weeks.

Tommy Stinson
STU!





Here is Miss Chadwick. She has clapped and tapped her way into the rhythmic heart of Fort Street.

Without the Yr 7 vocal contributions Assemblies would be even duller affairs.



And here is the life-sized dishwasher 7-0 created for the Musical Evening.



If you forget to bring your own recorder you have to use one of the "leprous" recorders from the dreaded red basket.



Dishwashers, Inspector Gadget, Yarrageh, Leprous Recorders and Folk Music (Arghh!)- that was the music for Fort St this year.

While Yr 7 had "a taste of just about everything imaginable in music" Yr 8 spent their time "Jazzin' Around"- at the Musicale they played their own variations of "Inspector Gadget". Yr 9 worked on early scales and European Folk Tunes in 5/4 and 7/8 times (arrgh!) and followed this with African music and film music. Yr 10 got serious and dived straight into intensive study of 20th Century music- which can best be summed up by Ross Edwards new percussion Concerto, "Yarrageh". Which brings us to Yr 11 and Yr 12 . Well Yr 12 has been prodded and prompted and pushed by Miss Davis towards their final Swan Song and Yr11 divided their time between strumming on guitars and their electives.

"A movin' and groovin' year..."

So altogether it has been a "movin' and groovin'" year for the Music Department who cruised on back to the 60's and 70's and had a good old bop at the "Psychedelia Dance". This helped lower the cost of a tour to Muswellbrook, which both the Advanced and Intermediate Bands went on. This was a great success as was the rest of the instrumental music program, run by Miss Clarke, where the number of students involved has grown to over 150.

Performance opportunities are always welcome, so if you would like one of our groups to play at a fete or function then please drop us a line at the school.

WANTED: New members for the Vocal Ensemble
Male students particularly welcome!



"LITTLE DID THEY KNOW WHAT WAS AHEAD OF THEM..."

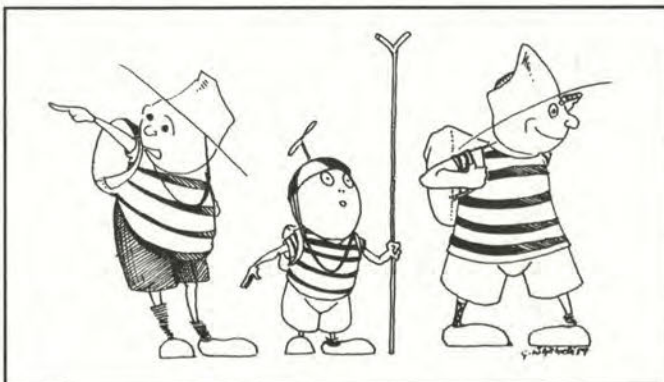
YEAR 11

It was 7.15 on the morning of Monday 31 July 1989 when Central was hit by the Year 11 Geography students (half asleep), and our luggage, preparing for the epic 16 hour trip ahead of us. Yes, you guessed it, we were on our way to Broken Hill. The train trip was long and tiring but we were kept fully entertained by the five mouths, (they know who they are). We traveled on the XPT to Orange before changing onto the rickety old Silver City Comet which looked like something that had been picked up at a garage sale. Anyway we eventually arrived at Menindee before being transported to Kinchega National Park where we were to spend the next two nights. Little did we know what was ahead of us.

The next week proved to be educational and entertaining. Some of the expeditions that had been organized were a visit to Menindee Lake Scheme, as well as Kinchega National Park and Silverton, a small ghost town. We were given lectures by numerous people, including the Ranger at Kinchega, the owner of a sheep station and the man who runs Fowlers Gap (a University of N.S.W. Research Station). We stayed at Fowlers Gap for two nights. We also went on a desert hike. We walked up mountains, along a dry desert stream and across arid lands. Although it was hot and tiring the unusual beauty of the wildlife kept us going until our BBQ lunch. After the hike, the bus picked us up to take us back to Fowlers Gap. On the way we were bogged twice but thanks to the guys and their scrub experience we managed to get out.

The last night that we were at Broken Hill, the teachers let us out on the town for the evening to buy our dinner before we crashed out at 11p.m. to wake up at 2a.m. The train left Broken Hill at 4.10a.m!! The camp was a great success. Everyone helped with the cooking and dishes and co-operated very well. The accommodation was quite basic, yet pleasant, considering the circumstances. Everyone worked hard, learnt an awful lot and had an exciting and interesting time. Thanks to everyone who was involved. We will all probably look back at this camp and have very happy memories.

Kimberley Eggleton and Genevieve Magarey.



YEAR 7.

DAY 1: At 9 o'clock we all met at Central Station. After getting our names marked off, we headed for the platform.

On the train we squeezed ourselves between our bags and each other. We were off to Fitzroy Falls. After sharing out various lollies and such, the trip was underway. It was hard to try and have fun when Constable Baker was booking us every few minutes for noise pollution. All in all it was quite a good trip. We got off at Mittagong Station and crowded onto two buses for some more bottom breaking travelling.

We got off at the historic town of Berrima to have lunch. While eating, the teachers, miss Johannson, Mr Docking and Mr Baker, handed out our year seven geography camp diary booklet with several exercises and information. Our next stop was a sheep farm. We looked at several sheep wools, knitted garments and machines. Next a dairy farm. It was good if you like manure, cows, milk and mud.

After the two farms we were finally off to our camp-site, sore, battered and bruised but all this disappeared once we were settled in. Mr Baker told us various rules and regulations and then we were shown to our lodges. The lodges were nice but the beds were uncomfortable and the bathroom smelt of disinfectant. After settling in, choosing and making our beds, we were all set for dinner. We were all starving, everything we ate was canned but the food was okay.

After dinner we had a quiz asking various questions about towns and places. This was very boring and unnecessary, for we had done it all in Berrima. Next was a movie about killer cockroaches, that was turned off after five minutes because everybody left. We went to sleep (well that's what the teachers thought).

"It was good if you like manure, cows, milk and mud."

DAY 2

Wakey Wakey! We all got up and had a breakfast of pancakes. We all hoped it was better than the dinner. To walk off our breakfast, we all walked to Fitzroy Falls and completed some more boring exercises from our diaries.

We got back from the bushwalk and had free time which was a relief after bushwalking.

Dinner was next and then our talent quest where certain things had to be cancelled halfway through, that put the teachers in a bad mood.

DAY 3

Unfortunately we woke up to a breakfast of baked beans or spaghetti on toast. Then we were off on another bushwalk. Finally we had to clean out the camp-site. It was a hard job even only after three days. Everything simply stunk but a few litres of disinfectant did the job. After cleaning, packing and lunch, we gathered our things and got on the buses. What a good camp.

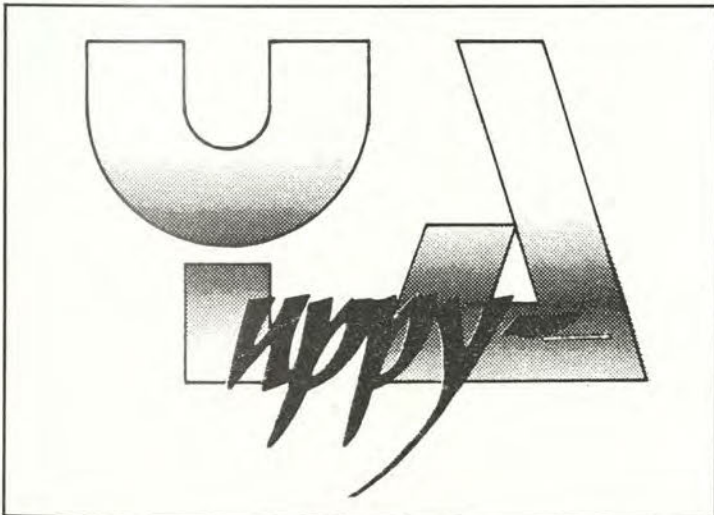
Author Unknown (just as well because they would have been shot!)

WHY Y.A.?

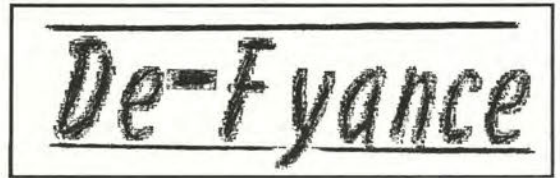
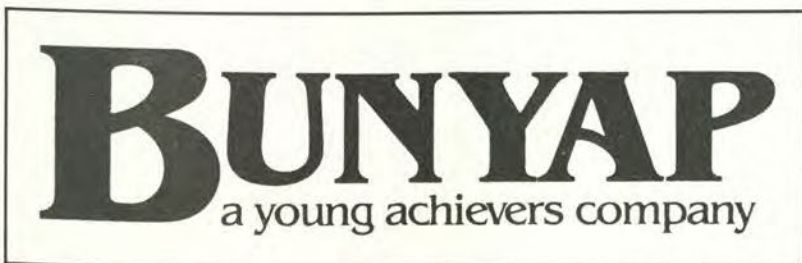
" *MCs Kutex Kleo : Mike dominating Queen*
Here to promote a new arrival
That's on the scene
Displaying versatility, style, innovation
Wrap and ribbon and a magic bow sensation."



YOUNG ACHIEVEMENT is an economic education programme, guided by business, in which high school students organize and manage their own companies. The students learn about business by producing and selling products to the general public.



Young Achievement is a non-profit organization. Companies are formed in March and liquidate in September. For the fifth consecutive year, Fort Street has been involved in the programme. This year, twenty-three Year 11 students from Fort Street participated in seven Young Achievement ventures: Bunyip, De-fyance, Fewtchya Products, Latoya, Yashmak and Yuppy-A. There were five Fort Street students in the Yuppy-A Company, including myself. My company opted for the stationery business. We produced an emergency wrapping kit which we named The Wrap Pak. Components of the kit were purchased separately in bulk and we assembled the kit ourselves.



For our labour we were paid wages at the rate of fifty cents an hour (certainly not in the proximity of the award wage, so you can abandon any capitalist myths attached to the letters - Y.A.). One of the highlights of the Young Achievement programme is the Trade Fair. This year, the Trade Fair was held at the Convention Centre, Darling Harbour. For Yuppy-A, the Trade Fair had our marketing department on its toes! Our promotions included costumes, an original graffiti piece for the store sign and a rap song performed by two professional rap singers.



The beginning of the song is featured above. All in all Young Achievers; like business, is fun, partly hard work and always challenging. To all who have the opportunity to be part of a Young Achievement venture, I recommend you take up the challenge. Best wishes and have a lot of fun! My Hang Trinh, Yr 11.



Angry residents force rink demolition



The Rise And Fall Of The Bowl by Leon Bowles

Late last year, 1988, Leichhardt Council erected a concrete skateboard bowl in Annandale. This came after more than three years of campaigning by a motley group of skaters and parents, including Fort St students Adam Newell (Yr 12) and Saran Deling (Yr 11). I did not become involved until destruction was threatened.

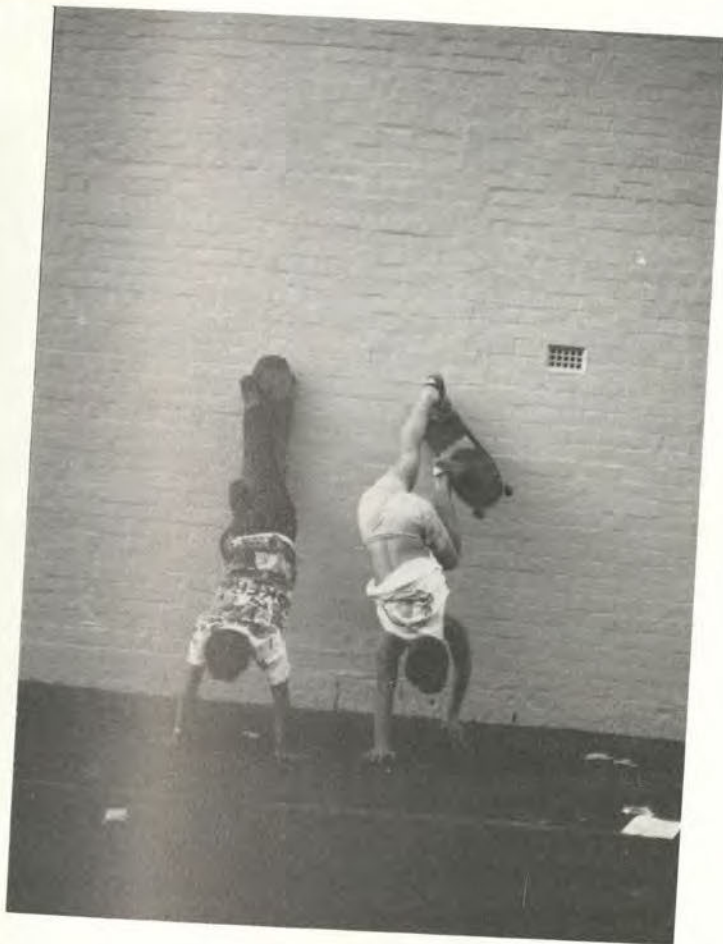
The newly built bowl was "sessioned" by many skaters, often creating quite hazardous collisions, for about three months before the complaints started. Most of these were about noise or rubbish. Many were quite legitimate since the Council, in its usual efficient way, had not only put the bowl in the wrong place, but also had not installed bins, fences or bubblers. However most of these problems could quite easily have been solved with the Council's co-operation.

**Rink is
wrecked**

Facing page: Leon and Saran "Walking the wall"
Top right: "Flying high" with Kristian
Bottom right: Saran !!

This was obviously too much to ask although overwhelming support from the public was shown at numerous public and council meetings. Also the cause received full support from all the members of Annandale Police Station and Dawn Fraser, the State M.P. After a six to five vote in the Council on three separate occasions for the removal of the bowl, reality had to be faced. Six people complaining and the bungling of the Council caused the waste of approximately \$70,000. This cost included the demolition. The bowl was ripped up on Tuesday the 9th of May, after a futile struggle by many people to save it. Now attention has been turned to working for new skateboard facilities, this time in the right place. At a recent Council meeting, attended by a number of Fort St students, plans were made for the possible construction of facilities in Balmain and Glebe. So hopefully by the time this article is printed the skateboarding population will be off the streets again.





CURBS Emil Fuscaldo, Yr 9

Slap a curb fast and hard. Feel it. Curbs are not easy. Be in control. Wear a hat. Appear larger than life. Move with your head up. Don't look down. Friends will be amazed. Know what you're looking for. You've seen them. Maybe ignored them. Painted curbs that stand alone, those are the best.

The move is a slappie. Both axles slap against the painted handicap zone. Slappie to layback to ollie to 180 re-entry to fakie. Slappies rule. The faster the better. Mock vert tricks. Don't be afraid to look stupid. Heads will turn in annoyance. Don't hang around.

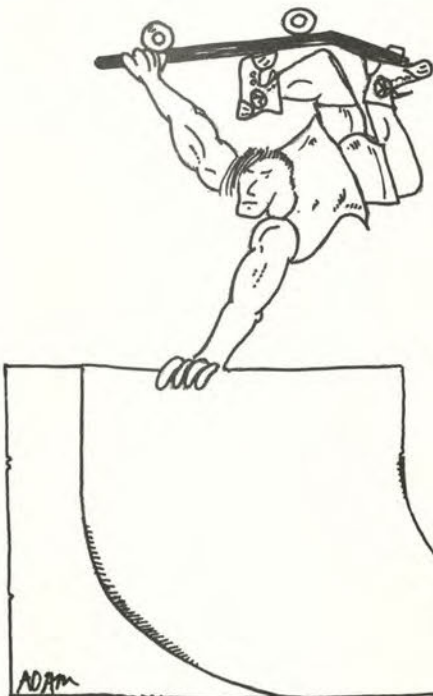
Sometimes you will run across the security forces. Move on. Make a scene and they will remember you. They'll grow tired of you. Then it's ticket time. Know more than one spot. Keep the scene alive by skating at night. Challenge yourself. Your style and speed reflect your skill. Be creative.

RAMP RIOT

by Emil Fuscaldo, Yr 9

It was a beautiful day. There I was, just me and my skate, skating down the road, when out of the corner of my eye I saw it. It was stupendous. A nine and one half foot of vertical and coping like you have never seen. I went and investigated the ramp, there were five or six guys riding it. I couldn't actually see them, but I noticed Terry, my next door neighbour, talking to the other guys. There was a hole in the fence, so I crept through it. Once they saw me Terry yelled down and invited me to skate with them. I put my pads on and started the climb up to the top of the ramp. I launched myself onto the ramp at high speed and started my run with a boardslide then a gay twist, ollie to tail, backside air, air walk, one foot backside air then to finish a grapefruit grind. Next to go was Terry who started his run with an indy body jar, stalefish, air

to lean 360 fakie, salad grinds, indy fakies, blunts, indy revert, and he finished with a stalefish to tail. What a run. Then Christian dropped in to start his run but he was skating with an injured ankle, which ruined his style but he still managed to pull boardsides, christ airs, ollie disaster, smith grinds, and some very big airs. The next guy to have his run was Danny. Danny was only twelve years old but still performed the trick of the day which was half a cab nosepick. To perform this trick you have to spin the board round 360 degrees and in the front axle balancing the back of the board upright. So you can see why it was the trick of the day. It was getting dark so we decided to call it a day. But I can still remember Danny's half cab to nosepick.



QUOTABLE QUOTES.

"Women are feminists and men are sexist."
-Female Year 11 art student

Ms Levi to Yr 10 class: "Kirsten's doing Year 12 work."

Student: "Why aren't they doing it themselves?"

Sympathy quote of the year - Mr Higgins to Josh Martin

"WHAT are you talking about?????"

"In the Catholic Church there are stages - priests, the pope etc . In the Anglican Church there is just God and Jesus and He's a bit of a hard act to follow."

- Ms Macdonald on the book of Revelations

"Sex is life, really." - Ms Gilbert

"With temptation I always found that the best thing is to give in."

- Mr Jennings on romance

"In other words -the thing is reversible and when it is reversed, it is called the other thing." -Mr.Madigan

Mr Webb on the subject of man landing on the moon - "I remember it was very scary, you never knew what could jump out from behind one of those bushes."

"You think that's irresponsible? I'll show you irresponsible!"

- Year 11 art student holding razor blade

Miss Spry to Class " Okay, We'll go through part E now"

Gene Whitlock "Party!!"

"This is an announcement to say that there will be an announcement in two minutes"

-Mr. Leonard

"Jones or whoever the Minister for whatever" -Ms Johanson

".... but don't you dare quote me on this" -Mr Madigan

"To make a fossil it takes millions of years, but we're going to make some today." -Miss Armstrong

"I AM GOD!" -Mr Jones

"Don't ask questions" - Ms Paice

"Stand in two straight curves, you louts!" - Mr Sturm.

"Those who can, do. Those who can't, teach." -Mr Moynham

"Having Mr Moynham for Electricity is a shocking experience." - Mr Bartier

Class(referring to blackboard):"What onearth is that supposed to say?"

Mr Buckingham:"Well at least I can read it!"

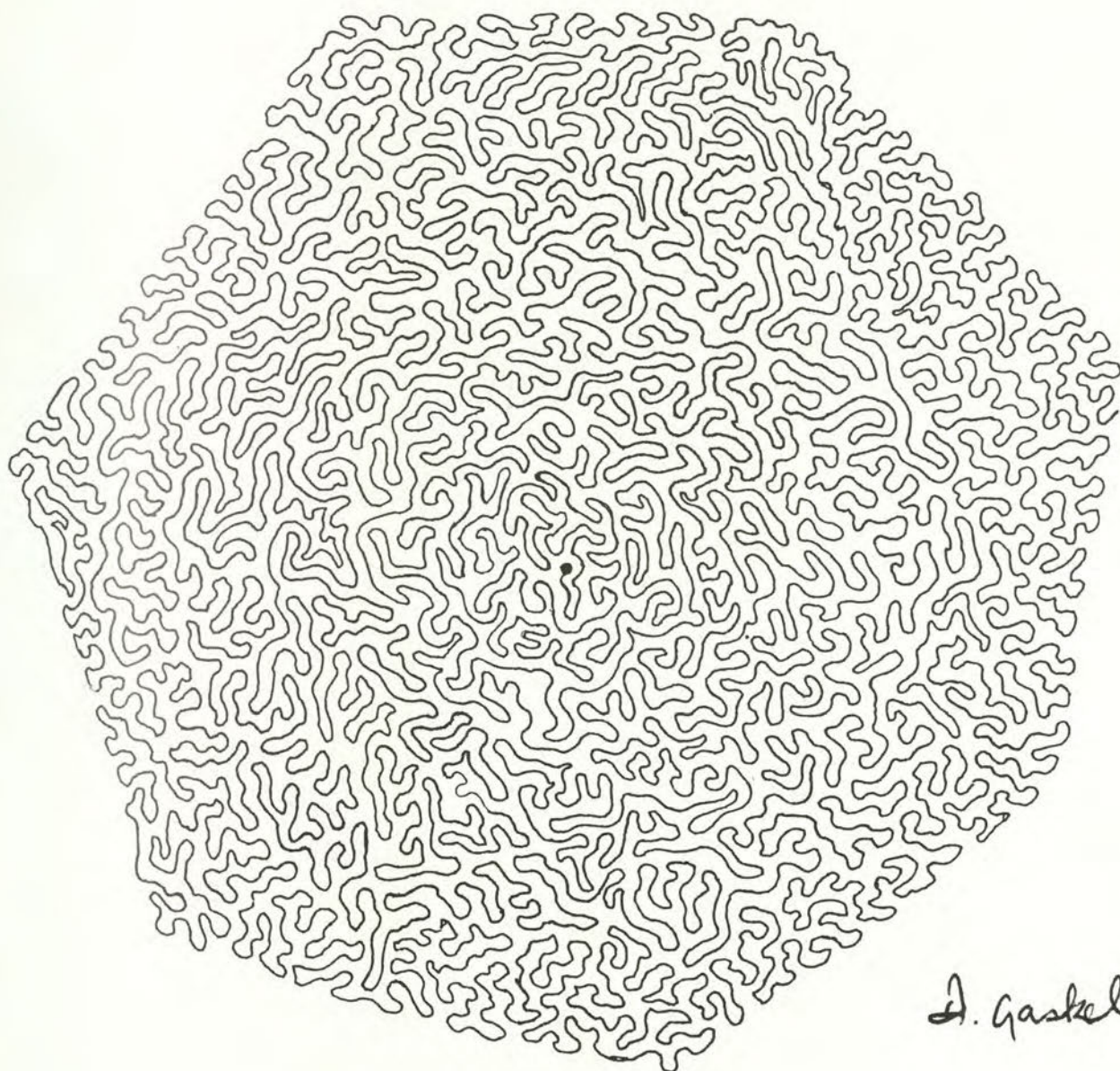
Mr Madigan:"Look at the paper, not at me!"

Ms Levi:"Sorry I'm late."

Class:"We know - your car broke down."



????PUZZLED????



A. Gaskell

CAN YOU GET THERE FROM HERE?



REVIEW 1989

by Dennis Cohen.

January 20th. George Herbert Walker Bush became the 41st President of the USA. A crowd of 140,000 invited guests and 50,000 gate crashers watched the ceremony on a windy cold day.

January 1989 it rained and a plane crashed.

February 22nd. The 31st Annual Grammy Awards were presented. Best album of the year: George Michael's "Faith." Best song: "Don't Worry Be Happy" by Bobby McFerrin.

February 1989 it rained and a plane crashed.

Hazel Hawke had a "facial tuck" after her hubby admitted to fooling around.

March 29. "Rain Man" won the Oscar for best actor (Dustin Hoffman), director, picture and original screen play. In the fight for best actress, Jodie Foster came out on top for playing a rape victim in "The Accused".

March 1989 it rained and a plane crashed.

April 15th. 95 British soccer supporters were killed and 200 injured when several thousand late-arriving fans surged into stands at a semi-final match. Many of the dead were teenagers, the youngest being only ten years old.

May 1989 it rained and a plane crashed.

June 3rd. Iran's supreme religious and political leader, Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, died at 11:49pm. Khomeini was buried amongst scenes of frenzied chaos in which the Ayatollah's corpse had to be rescued by helicopter.

1989 was a washout, it rained nearly every week, all week. At one stage it had rained 16 weekends straight. While Australia had the big wet, England had the big heat wave, with the thermometer reaching the mid 30's.

June 1989 it rained and a plane crashed.

1989 saw Australian cricket captain, Alan Border bring the Ashes back to Australia. In a historic clash, everyone tipped England to win, but Border and his boys won four out of six and drew the other two. All in all the English cricket fans were shown how the Aussies play cricket.

4th of June in Tiananmen Square saw a bloody massacre in which thousands of innocent pro-democracy students were gunned down.

25th Anniversary of the Beatles arriving in Oz. The most successful rock group in the world, landed in Kingsford-Smith Airport, Sydney, on Friday 12th June 1964. The Fab Four, as they were known, consisted of Paul McCartney, John Lennon, George Harrison and Ringo Starr.

July 1989 it rained and a plane crashed.

14th July 1789. "Le Bicentenaire". The scene was a little village in France, where townsfolk set upon the Place de la Bastille, screaming "Liberty, Egalite, Fraternite". This was brilliantly commemorated by the wonderful Year 8 French students.

1989 at the movies: Among the favourites were, "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade", the new "Batman" movie, (starring Micheal Keaton as Batman and Jack Nicholson as the Joker), and of course "Dead Poets Society."

August 1989 Pilot's Strike. Tourist industry crumbles.

August 1989 it rained, BUT a plane didn't crash because there were no planes flying!

24th September. The Winfield Cup runners-up were the Balmain Tigers.

The top-selling book for 1989 was Salman Rushdie's "Satanic Verses". Muslim people thought it was blasphemous and called for Rushdie's murder.

PREDICTIONS:

October 1989. Malcolm Fraser finds his trousers.

November 1989. Japanese create first inner-city golf course at Centennial Park.
Batman marries Robin.

December 1989. The anti-discrimination board insists that there be a "Mother Christmas".

Changing face of China

by Gia Nghi Phung Yr11

Part I

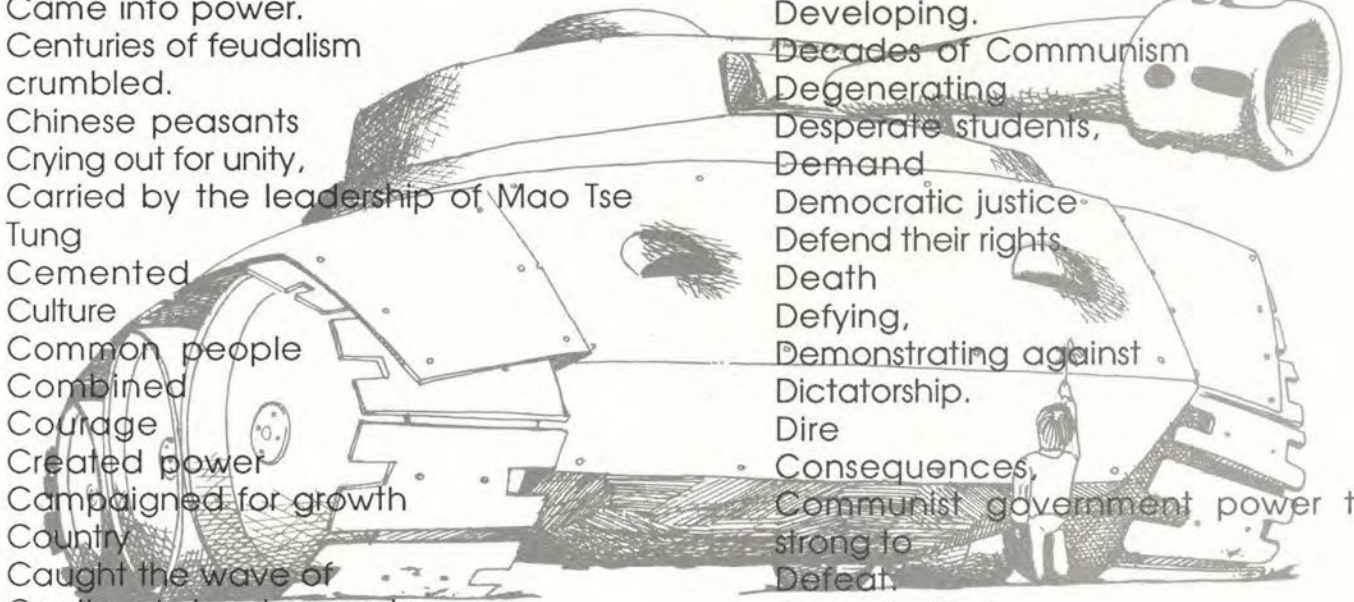
China

Changing face in 1949,
Communism
Came into power.
Centuries of feudalism
crumbled.
Chinese peasants
Crying out for unity,
Carried by the leadership of Mao Tse
Tung
Cemented
Culture
Common people
Combined
Courage
Created power
Campaigned for growth
Country
Caught the wave of
Continual developments
Children, adults, people
Changed the face of
China in 1949.

Part II

China

Changing face in 1989
Democracy,
Developing.
Decades of Communism
Degenerating
Desperate students,
Demand
Democratic justice
Defend their rights
Death
Defying,
Demonstrating against
Dictatorship.
Dire
Consequences,
Communist government power too
strong to
Defeat.
Dying students
Cannot withstand the tanks, but
Continue to fight
Caught
Captured, students - people
Censored...



THE TIANANMEN SQUARE MASSACRE

We want to write about an event that affected us and all the students of Fort Street very deeply.

On Saturday 20th May 1989, the students of China gathered peacefully in Tiananmen Square, to demand greater democracy and an end to government corruption. However, on Sunday 4th June, their protest, which began as a peaceful one, became one of the bloodiest scenes in China's history. Troops from the People's Liberation Army forced many of the protesters to back away from Tiananmen Square, firing on the unarmed students and killing between 1000 - 4000.

Although the determined students fought back by halting traffic, burning public transport vehicles and on occasions, hurling petrol bombs at the troops, they did not succeed in overpowering the troops. They then began to sing their National Anthem, in the hope that the Army would be touched by their peaceful attitude and cease fighting. During this time, news poured out to the rest of the world telling of the brutal war between China's communist government and the protesters in Tiananmen Square. Disgusted by the selfish irresponsibility of China's

Government, the World's political leaders and citizens gave their support to the students by pressuring China's Government to achieve a more peaceful resolution, and to stop the secret executions of protest leaders, but to no avail. Instead the Chinese leaders accused the foreign press of inventing the story of the attacks, all in a desperate attempt to hide the killings from the rest of the world.

Fort Street students also gave the students in China their support by signing a petition which was sent to the Chinese students.

Veronica Zec and Mau Nghi Phung.



REFLECTION ON SOCIETY

Thao Nguyen

As we are fast approaching another century, 2000 and beyond, we ought to reflect on society's achievements and features during the last 90 years or so.

Firstly let us look proudly at our achievements. Albert Einstein gave science a new dimension with his theory of relativity. The National Aeronautical Space Agency or (NASA) sent astronaut Neil Armstrong onto the moon on July 20, 1969, a feat which a few years earlier was thought of as a fantasy dream. Dr Christian Barnard performed the first heart transplant operation in Capetown, South Africa, which was one of many significant advances in medical science.

On the bleak side, we had two major wars, the 1st and 2nd, not to mention Korea and Vietnam. We also saw the emergence of Communism in 1917 with the successful Russian Revolution. Communism can be (and is) ruthless and blood thirsty. This characteristic was demonstrated very vividly on international television on June 4 with the crushing of unarmed students in Tiananmen Square, Beijing by the now infamous 27th People's Liberation Army armed with automatic assault rifles and powerful menacing tanks.

However our biggest failure was no doubt the invention of the nuclear warhead, thanks to Mr Nobel. This started an arms race between the United States and the

Soviet Union. At this moment there are several more countries which are armed with the deadly weapon. We say it is a deadly weapon as we all know what it is capable of doing. Just ask "survivors" of Hiroshima or Nagasaki. That was done by a hydrogen bomb, a scaled version of today's artillery. With the ever-increasing French nuclear testing in the Pacific and the installation of an American base at Pine Gap, Australia is living dangerously close to destruction. The sad twist of the matter is that Australia cannot afford to say 'NO' to Pine Gap or stop mining uranium as they are sources of income which stabilize the ailing Australian economy, legitimized by the legacy of the leaders in Canberra. We can only hope that Mr Bush and Mr Gorbechev, the two men who run the show in world politics, have a bit of sense and try not to start a nuclear war. We live on regardless and in optimism.

Home

*I love a skin cancer country,
A land of sewerage drains,
Of dreaded alcohol dangers,
Of whores and sweeping AIDS
I love her politicians,
As corrupt as they can be,
The forest gone forever,
This deadened land for me*

Andrew Murray and Luke Metcalfe Yr7

1989 a year in an age of information.

We in Sydney remained informed, or so we thought, through headlines thick and fast about sky-rocketing interest rates, leadership challenges, royal scandals and the global crisis.

Newspaper headlines on the global crisis, like other headlines, soon disappeared with the paper on which they were printed. The Greenhouse Effect, Deforestation, Chemical Waste, Sydney's Beaches; all catch-cries! When the hype died away we were left with a healthy regard for the merits of recycling, and a clear conscience... The problem, however, remained. And remains. You and I are part of it. how can we have a clear conscience in the face of vanishing rainforests and 450 million starving people, 200 million malaria sufferers and the incessant ooze of radioactive waste and oil spills and carcinogenic chemical by-products, and 2 billion people living without fresh water, and endangered wildlife species?

Social conditioning, '89 style, has put our Collective Conscience up for sale. We all watched the "TV Special on The Environment" and heard the Prime Minister promise us a billion trees, and we all let this

be the answer to the moral dilemma which is stripping us of our Collective Conscience. It's the wrong answer. Some of us phoned in for the price of a local call. A few wrote letters to politicians. But very few let their values or ecologically unsound behaviour change. While the TV specials had good advice and aroused interest, I felt that listening to a Mass Media Mogul talk about the environment was rather like listening to Gaddafi talk about peace, or Bond talk about the welfare state. We begin to notice hypocrisy and capitalism and "democracy" eroding our Collective Conscience and placing us in a global crisis of our own creation, which worsens even when the media lose interest.

At Fort Street we recycle waste paper and subscribe to Habitat Magazine, we have environmentalist guest speakers like Keith Muir and we send delegates to environmental cluster meetings, but we're far from having a clear conscience ... or a Collective Conscience. So we're actively involving ourselves in things that will make us part of the solution, not part of the problem.

We hope to organize an Environment Day soon which will see real trees

planted. Trees which will green our school (and make air for our children). The Day will also help to nurture community awareness, and teach us all a thing or two about tree planting and keeping our school clean and ecologically sound. The SRC's three main areas of environmental commitment are: Education, Communication, and Direct Action. Having 1 Environment Day (and thus 364 Not-Environment Days) is, of course, well ... in the words of Edmund Burke 'Nobody made a greater mistake than he who would do nothing because he could do only a little.' We have done a little. We are doing more.

I remind you that the Fort Street school community is an integral part of Gaia (the living planet), as are politicians, football players and conservationists. We must join the last minute struggle to regerminate our Collective Conscience and togetherness.

Without togetherness, we may fail.

Gaia may fail.

For the earth,

Joshua Martin.



ODE TO A WILLOW

by Richard Tan

Nature's statue of supple strength,
Small soft flowers are your bloom
And through my eye, without a catkin;
With long soft hair of silk, your seeds,
Brushed by the wind's phallangeal loom,
You sit where water flows like mead.

Kindled by the evening zephyr
Which sways your auburn flames at sunset,
I'm filled with the wine of your warmth
Which stays, a verve I can't forget.

O willow with your whisper sweet,
Take me to your land so luscious,
Bliss is but ephemeral gold;
So while I'm there, I shall be meek
And listen to the tales of old
Of hunters and collectors.

O compound shape! Fair complexion! with truth:
Though tears of time may flow,
There lies in space, a moment
Where all things good will never go,
Somewhere in time where we have our place,
Where but to earn sands is to have it, spent; Thou know'st
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty' - that is all
Ye grow on earth, and all ye seeds do grow.

HOW HIP ARE YOU?

1. Your shoes are:
 a) Doc Martins.
 b) Reeboks.
 c) Velcro sneakers.
 d) Shiny school shoes.

2. Where in the school are you never, ever seen?
 a) in the library.
 b) down in the valley.
 c) in a classroom.
 d) in the office.

3. What do you give your friends for birthday presents?
 a) computer games.
 b) huge bunches of flowers.
 c) records.
 d) nothing.

4. You are never without:
 a) the latest 12".
 b) your calculator.
 c) a bulging folder of S.R.C. notes.
 d) a packet of cigarettes.

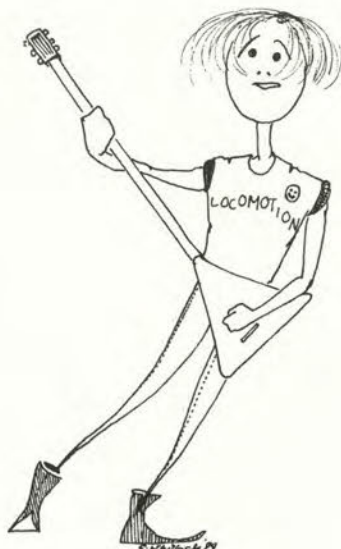
5. You drink:
 a) Pepsi.
 b) Real coffee.
 c) Mineral Water.
 d) Tarino.

6. You play:
 a) pool.
 b) volleyball.
 c) basketball.
 d) rugby.

7. You live:
 a) in Balmain.
 b) anywhere else.

8. How many of the following do you recognize?

Andy Warhol	Billy Bragg
Peter Garret	Jon-Paul Gaultier
Nineh Cherry	Tim Ritchie
Che Guevara	Pee Wee Herman
Robert Smith	Wolverine



9. The plastic bag you carry is:
 a) Sportsgirl.
 b) grotty white supermarket.
 c) Grace Brothers.
 d) Red Eye Records.

10. Your jeans are:
 a) Levis.
 b) anything else.

11. Could you write an essay on your opinion on the "Batman" question? ('60's series vs '89 movie)
 a) Yes.
 b) No.

12. What do you eat for breakfast?
 a) Co-co Pops.
 b) Muesli.
 c) Coffee.
 d) a packet of cigarettes.

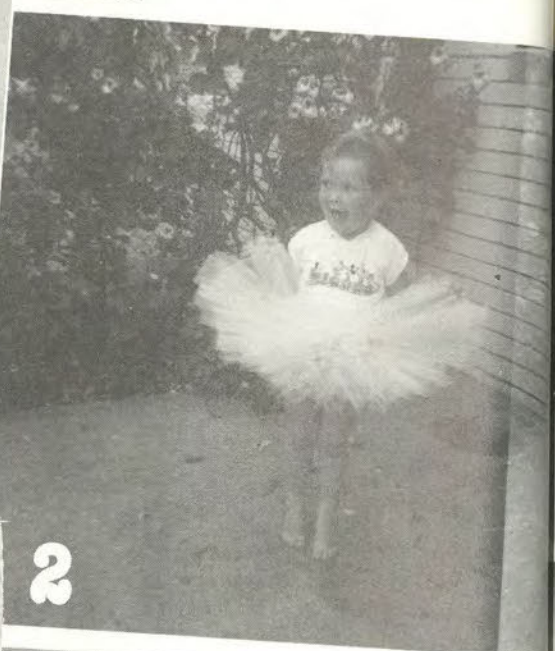
13. What did you do on Saturday night?
 a) Watched "21 Jumpstreet".
 b) studied.
 c) went to a dance party at the Hordern.
 d) went to a party with a few mates.

14. Can you:
 a) vogue dance?
 b) open a C.D. case?
 c) put on a condom?
 d) drink canteen coffee at 8a.m?
 e) make up a plausible excuse for spending your double maths period in the toilets?
 f) support 3kg of jewellery on your arms and not collapse?

Catherine Burnheim
 FOR YOUR HIP SCORE TURN TO
 THE INSIDE OF THE BACK
 COVER!!!!

WHO'S WHO?

1



2



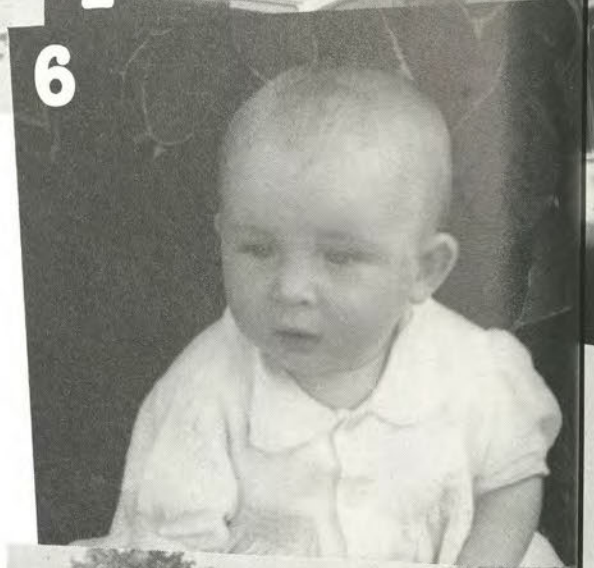
3



4



5



6



8



10



13



11



12



14



17



15



16

See inside back cover for answers.

STUDENTS ALIVE...

Sanctus, Do-mi-nus, De-us, Sa-ba-oth....

And so begins the twice weekly meetings of Students Alive?

Not quite.

Firstly, what is STUDENTS ALIVE?

Many have heard the name bandied around with terms like 'cult', 'bible-bashers' and 'nuts'. (I can almost hear the affirmations now.) Quite simply, we're a group of (Pentecostal) Christians who come together because we love fun and getting closer to God.

Pentecostals are so named after the day of Pentecost (2000 years ago). A mighty wind filled the place the disciples were in and what seemed to be tongues of fire came to rest on their heads. They were "filled with the Holy Spirit" and began to speak in languages previously unknown to them. We believe it because we have already experienced it (minus the wind and the fire). We have also found that, as with the twelve disciples, the presence of God in our lives has given us love, peace and joy.

Religion is a set of rules that makes sure you do the right thing, and if you fail, boy, do you feel guilty! What we're on about is a relationship with God.

I suppose this is the kind of article you'd expect from a person born and bred on the Bible belt of South U.S.A. Wrong again! This is one person who diligently and some-times angrily pointed out all that was wrong with Christianity and Christians (bunch of know-it-alls). This person desired rather to get a bit of culture by learning about her native Hindu religion (I was intrigued by the philosophy and the colourful ceremonies). All was well until: Mistake No 1 - giving in to laziness and curiosity. Not wanting to walk down and up so many stairs before and after lunch, I decided to join my "slightly strange" friends (understatement of the century!), on their weekly pilgrimage to Room 21. Why?

The afore mentioned laziness as well as a desire to find out what on earth they did in there.

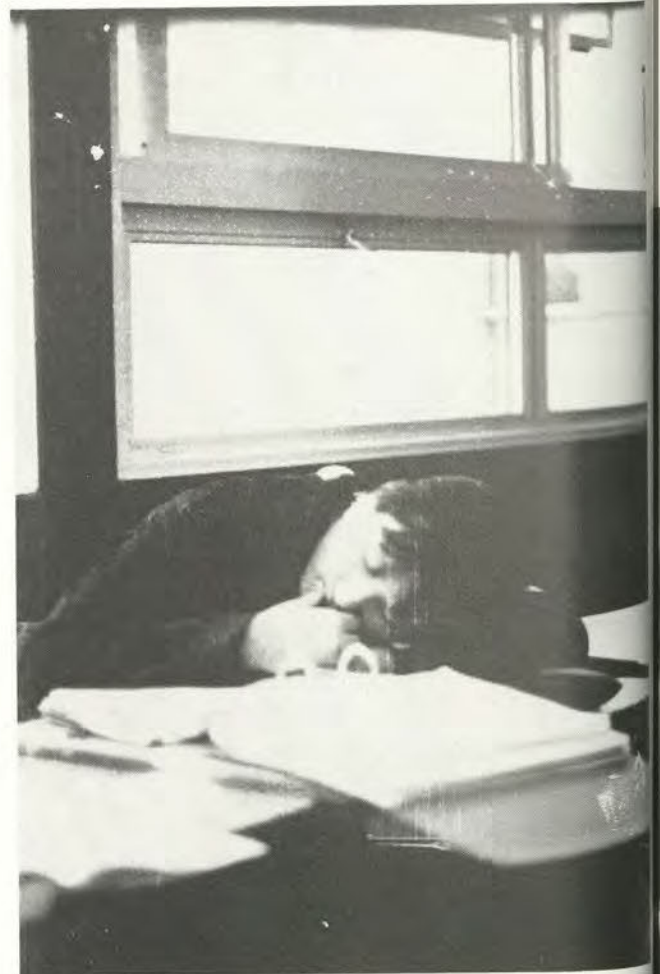
Two steps into that room and that was the end of my life as I knew it then. The room had only a few (about 6) people in it, but the peace and the power just flooded over me. No one spoke to me, but I could hardly stop myself crying.

It was the first of my beautiful experiences of God. Mistake No 2 - calling on the name of Jesus - He showed me how real he was!

Jesus says: "Come to me, all of you who are tired from carrying heavy loads and I will give you rest....."

For the yoke I will give you is easy, and the load I will put on you is light." Matthew 12:28,30. Ameshri Naidoo, Yr 12

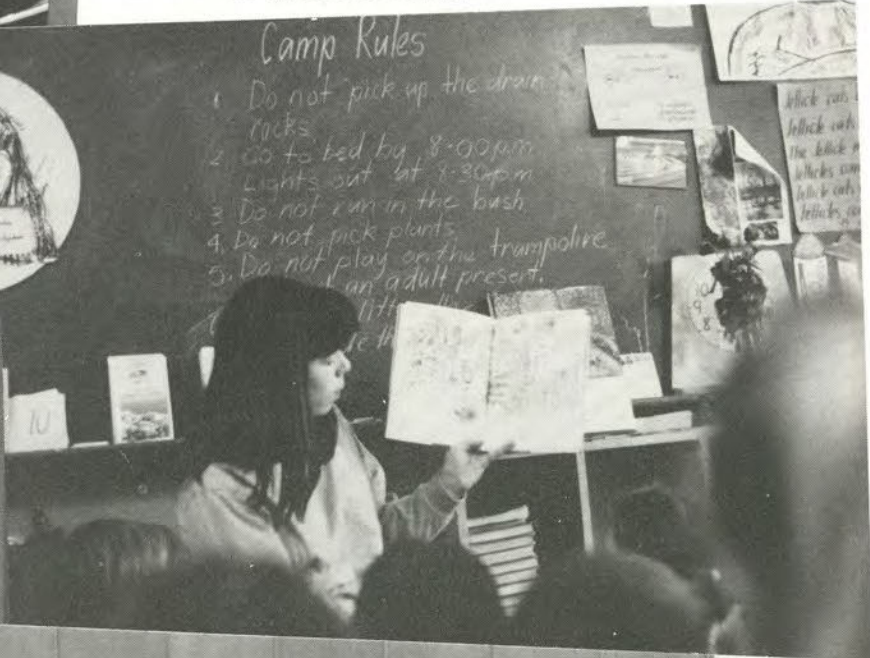
AND STUDENTS DEAD



YEAR 10 WORK EXPERIENCE

This year's work experience in Year 10 has taken the number of weeks of work experience run since 1983 to over 1,650. Next year will bring the number to over 2,000 weeks!! This program has established itself as an exciting extra curricula activity offering students many opportunities in the real world. Although limited in what they can actually do, especially in professional areas, students who intend to interview for career developments such as the Co-op program at NSW Uni, the Chancellor's Scholarships at Sydney Uni and other programs that involve students being selected, not merely by a tertiary entrance score, will find their experiences essential. The most popular areas proved to be: journalism, law, teaching, computers, engineering and film.

Phil Canty, Careers Adviser



日本 Japan

Eifuku High School. Does the name ring a bell? You've heard about it, met the students, maybe even written to them; on the 15th September 1989 we went there for two and a half weeks. Over 1100 senior high school students literally cheered us on as we made our way to their stage at our welcoming assembly. After speeches from the Eifuku principal Mr Hakuta, Mrs Preece, Mr Yalichev and Catherine Burnheim, we attended classes at Eifuku. Each class had roughly 50 students who smothered us with questions, photo sessions and general hysteria. They were all amazed at any attempt we made to speak Japanese, and we found their English equally amazing. In the days following this, we toured some very picturesque areas near Tokyo, with our new Eifuku friends and learnt more about life at Eifuku High. We were lucky enough to see the annual Eifuku Festival which was run over 2 days. There, we discovered that music

was an important part of the student's school and social life. Bands performed nonstop for the 2 days and during this time each class transformed their classrooms into discos, cafes, dating services, mazes and other activities. At the end of the festival the 3rd years (Year 12) put together a show equivalent to the Flop. Mr and Mrs Fort St awards were taken out by Robin Darnley and Anna Williamson (Congratulations!).

This trip included a four night stay in Kyoto, from where we made daily excursions using the bullet train. A day was spent in Nara, visiting the great Buddha; Himeji, where we saw a great castle; and Hiroshima. In Hiroshima we visited the Atomic Dome - the precise point at which the atomic bomb exploded, thereby more or less marking the end of World War Two. The Hiroshima museum gave us an horrific insight into the immediate effects the bombs had on life in Hiroshima, and consequently made you think about how much Japan has changed since this

incident. It was a very disturbing part of the trip.

When we returned to our hosts in Tokyo, we went to Disneyland, had a day of sports against Eifuku, and another day was spent free with our host families.

The morning of our last day was spent trying out the Japanese art of calligraphy writing, before facing yet another full assembly, this time as a farewell. Mrs Preece thanked and farewelled Eifuku before some of our students and Mr Yalichev gave demonstrations of Aikido, Karate and Judo. Alice Byrne and I gave a final goodbye speech on behalf of the Fort Street Students, and we gave Mr and Miss Eifuku gifts as a token of friendship.

The trip was a success - thanks to the organizers of the trip, the students and staff of Eifuku, and most importantly, our host families and the friends we made, who made the trip so hospitable and enjoyable.

Eifuku is a great sister-school, NE!
Tristin Norwell Yr 11





It is very difficult to focus and condense all our impressions of Japan. Many images push themselves forward. Foaming, crashing ice white waterfalls. A screaming guitar intro by one of the Eifuku students. Taking off shoes before entering almost any building. Rainbow streets of pouring, flashing lights in the Ginza. A huge, serene Buddha. Neat, clean, tick-tock efficiency trains. Ugly industrial landscapes. Bicycles. Trying to teach my billet to pronounce "light" differently from "right". Two shaven-headed monks taking snaps of each other outside a temple. Thickly greened mountains jumping steeply from rice-paddy flats. Portable CD players. Glowing vending machines for everything-- batteries, drinks, beer. Tatami mats. Noodles. Four or five people together making sukiyaki on gas hot plates in the centre of a table. Washing all over in big dishes of water before easing, millimetre by millimetre, into boiling hot baths. Convincing earnest, steak offering hosts that we really did want to eat Japanese food. Empathy and shared experience deeper than language. A song called "Rinda Rinda". Gigantic pieces of luscious fruit for exorbitant prices. Sleek baseball players and impossibly fat sumo wrestlers on the television. Bizarre T.V. commercials. On the first day, the Eifuku school captain rolling onto stage in a white denim jacket, baseball cap in his back pocket, welcoming us without pretention. Black and yellow bamboo gates where the rail lines cross the narrow, medieval streets. Canals with posses of fat, relaxed carp, sitting faced upstream, staying even with an occasional flick of their tail. Choruses of "Ohayoo" in the mornings at school. Happy, curious faces. English-Japanese dictionaries always close at hand. Hurtling through dark tunnels on the Shinkansen. Piles of tacky souvenirs. Bowing and more bowing. Inevitable phrases- "valuable cultural exchange". Washing hanging from every balcony of every match-box flat in every huge tower.

Bitter green tea and sickly sweet tea ceremony cakes. Pornographic comics freely on sale. Soft grey skies. Towering, U shaped scaffolds of mesh full of enthusiastic, cramped golfers. Delight at finding a toilet marked "Western Style". Our ultra-polite tour guide hanging on grimly around hair pin bends while trying to explain the characters for entrance and exit. Every bus, train and taxi driver wearing crisp white gloves. The clash and glitter of the rows of machines in Pachinko parlours. Big, pushing, determined crowds of people in the city by day and big, wandering, strolling crowds of people by night. Everyone carefully dressed. Uniforms. Teachers lecturing to classes of 50 or more. Everywhere the Japanese seem genuinely warm, interested, generous, but often reserved, behind a wall of politeness. A hollow, empty feeling as the plane left the ground-- not exactly sadness, more like loss.

Catherine Burnheim Yr 11

*20th September, 1989 - A Progress Report.
G'day from the Land of the Rising Sun. Everyone is still alive. Japanese students certainly do not spend 24 hours a day studying. You will be happy to know that some of them behave just as badly as Fort St kids. Several romances have blossomed across the language barrier. I name no names. About 90% of the Japanese girls seem to be in love with Tristin. All in all, we wish you all were here and were having a ball.*



WINTER

by Louise Buckingham Yr 8

The demon of winter is stripping the trees,
Shredding their skin, blowing cold breeze.
Biting all people with teeth of pure ice.
Making them shiver, a freezing entice.

Painting the sky a hazy grey,
Reflecting below a cold world's dismay.
Plucking some leaves off some trees, leaving others green,
Creating a really uneven scene.

People are lured to winter's great hall,
On his bed of snow, with skies, they fall
Numbing our flesh with his power to freeze,
Purple hands, white limbs, rough black seas.

So cold is his heart, he has no pity.
Chilled mornings, cold people are what he calls pretty.

MEMORABILIA

by Jessica Post Yr 9

The girl was alone in the house. It was a bitterly cold day, a day of grey clouds racing across a dull sky, driven onwards by buffeting winds. The others in her household envied her position, warm and safe from the cruel world outside. Sickness has its uses, she thought as she looked briefly out at the storm before turning away again.

She wandered the house by herself - she loved being alone here. In a family of four children, she was the eldest and had little privacy. But today, she thought, today I could do anything here, I could run through the house naked, play music at full volume, make six cakes and eat them all myself Anything....

Her travels brought her to the kitchen and she stood for a while, looking at the new notice board above the refrigerator. There were few recent photographs of the family pinned to it, it was mainly blank. She grew dissatisfied as she looked at it, thinking to herself that it should be crammed, flooding over with photos, old and new.

She decided to rectify what was to her an eyesore, and she went out to the cupboard in the living room in which all films and negatives were kept. I have not looked here for years, she thought.

She began to pull out the yellow Kodak envelopes and went flipping through their contents, smiling and blushing and groaning as she remembered where or when or how they had been taken. The first few envelopes were recent and she pulled out several to pin up. Then she kept on going through them, digging deeper into the drawer.

As she went on however she began to wonder who the people in

pictures were, began to have a look on the back for labels of places and names. At first she thought maybe it was that she did not know them and then she would look at the back and realize it was her best friend of primary school, or her late grandmother or the family's old pet dog. She went further and further back, spreading photos all over the floor, searching for things. What? She did not know. Frantically looking for lost memories, she began to cry when she looked into the pictures and saw only seeming strangers, people forgotten. What use, she thought, what use in making a bond of friendship when they only turn into memories, crumbling to dust under the pressure of time? Where were her solid contacts in this fast moving world? I have none, she thought.

And because she was alone in the house, because she was free to do whatever she chose, with no one near to direct her attention to the shining, living future, because she saw only the dead forgotten past and grieved for it, it was because of these things that, when the people did return to the silent house, they found only her lone cold body, and they grieved for her.

THE LAST SURVIVOR

by Erica Tukdens

The photo frame fell from her shaking hands, the glass cracking on the wet step she was standing on. The old yellowed photograph was soon spotted with rain. Her frail, weary body emitted a long sigh as she sank down to the ground. The old woman stretched her thin pale hand out and grasped the photo, salvaging it from the

spring storm. She stared down at the picture of past, the rain falling, forgotten, for it was not important. The faces, faces that would never again laugh, cry, never to do anything but peer at her up out of the photo.

"Hitler. The name flew into her mind with fear".

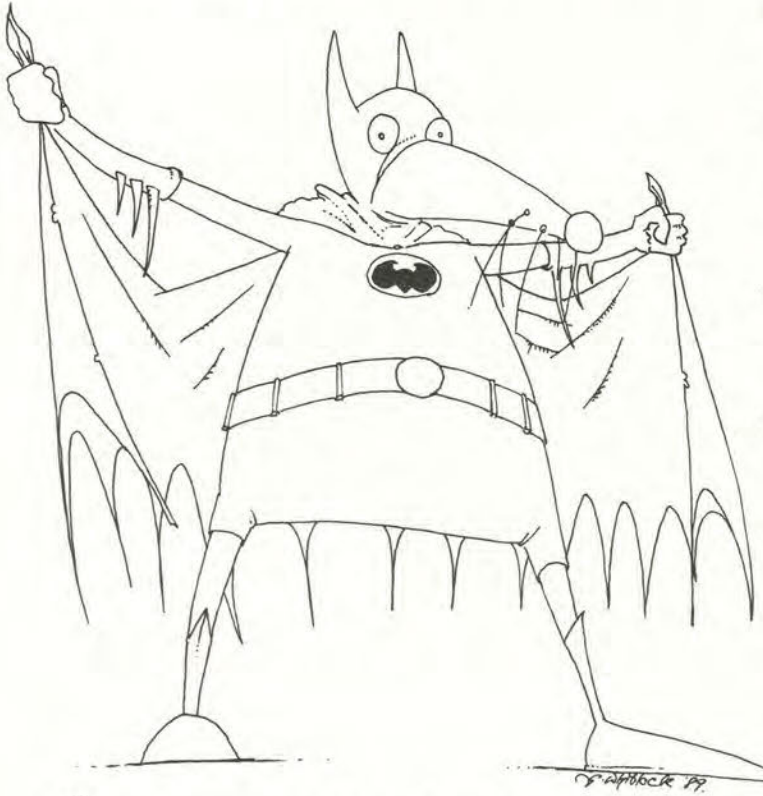
The face of a young woman, head held high, was the only one left -- she was the only one left. Hitler. The name flew into her mind with fear, hatred. She spat on the ground, just at the thought of that tyrannical maniac who had killed her whole family, except her, just for being Jewish. For years she had hidden in attics, cellars, been a fugitive in her own land. A family of so many, too big to hide, as they soon found out. The Gestapo caught up with them, but she managed to escape somehow. She had managed to cross into France, then England. From there she came by boat to Australia, and settled down. Jobs took her around New South Wales, meeting new people, but when she retired, she was alone once more on a small farm in the middle of nowhere.

"What's the point," she thought, "of going on when I'm the only one left? Why don't I just give up? Why be alone for the rest of my life?" The answer to her questions came at once. Because he would win. If she chose to die because of what he had done, he would win. The whole family would be gone, she must go on. She knew people from her younger days, she didn't have to be alone. If she was strong, and kept the family spirit alive, SHE would win. Hitler would be truly beaten, dead in hell, where he belongs.

Jessica Murty, Vanessa Mordaunt and Kym Leong
Yr 8 proudly present:

THE DEAD RATS SOCIETY

Ratman and Rodent



Out of the sewer came a new breed of hero.

They were short, they were fat and above all they had a serious hair problem.

On Garbage Night, a rustling could be heard from their underground rat cave and out of the shadows came the sound of wheels grinding on the footpath. There was a screech and the ratboard came hurtling out of the sewerage pipe.

It started like any other normal night for our hairy heroes, Ratman and Rodent. The moon was beaming down as they made their way to the local pub, "The Dead Cat!"

"Wait Rodent!" Rat said, "Something wrong, I feel it in my whiskers!"

"I think I know what you mean, Rat!" Rodent agreed, as he noticed Rat's whiskers giving off electric sparks!

"Something's wrong in Gerbil City!" Rat said worriedly. Something WAS wrong in Gerbil City. Very wrong!

As they entered the pub something was wrong, very wrong. They had entered a trap. "I think we've walked into a trap, Rodent, we're standing on a piece of cheese!" Rat said.

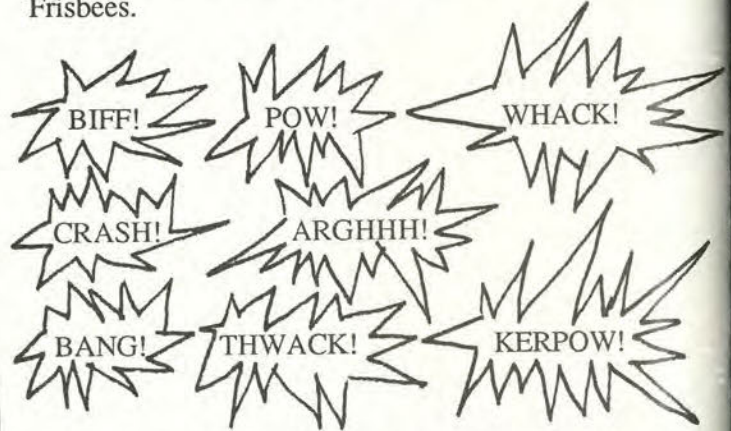
"I think you're right Rat..." Rodent agreed, "We are standing on a piece of cheese, I wonder what type of cheese?"

"It's cheddar!" Rat said gasping.

"Of course it's cheddar, it's the cheese I mean when I say cheese!" Rodent said.

"Never mind that now Rodent, we have to fight crime!" Just at that moment there came a wicked peal of laughter. They came face to face with Housewifewoman, their worst enemy. She moved towards them brandishing a broom and a carving knife. She laughed again in their faces. She had really bad breath. "This calls for action!" Rat said importantly, "Okay Rodent get out your weapons!"

Quickly and skilfully they jumped off the mousetrap, swinging their iron tipped tails and flashing their rat Frisbees.



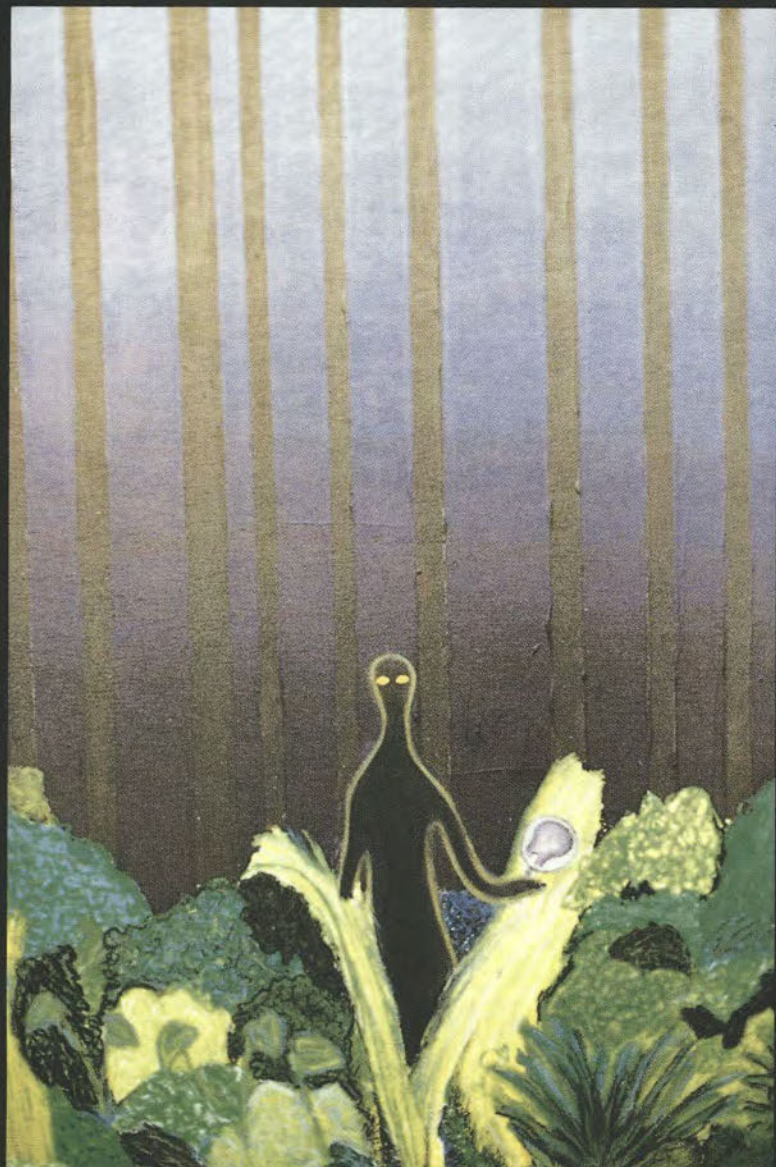
And soon only Housewifewoman remained, Ratman and Rodent had escaped. All of her evil servants had been killed by herself, (an accident of course). With her rollers ruined and her apron torn, angrily she screamed, "I'll get you next time, Ratman, next time!" With that she jumped onto her high powered vacuum cleaner and zoomed off into the rising sun.

"Well Rodent, once again Gerbil City is safe from the evil Housewifewoman and her terrible henchmen, I think we deserve a beer!" They drank to their victory and got themselves hopelessly drunk and had a terrible hangover in the morning.





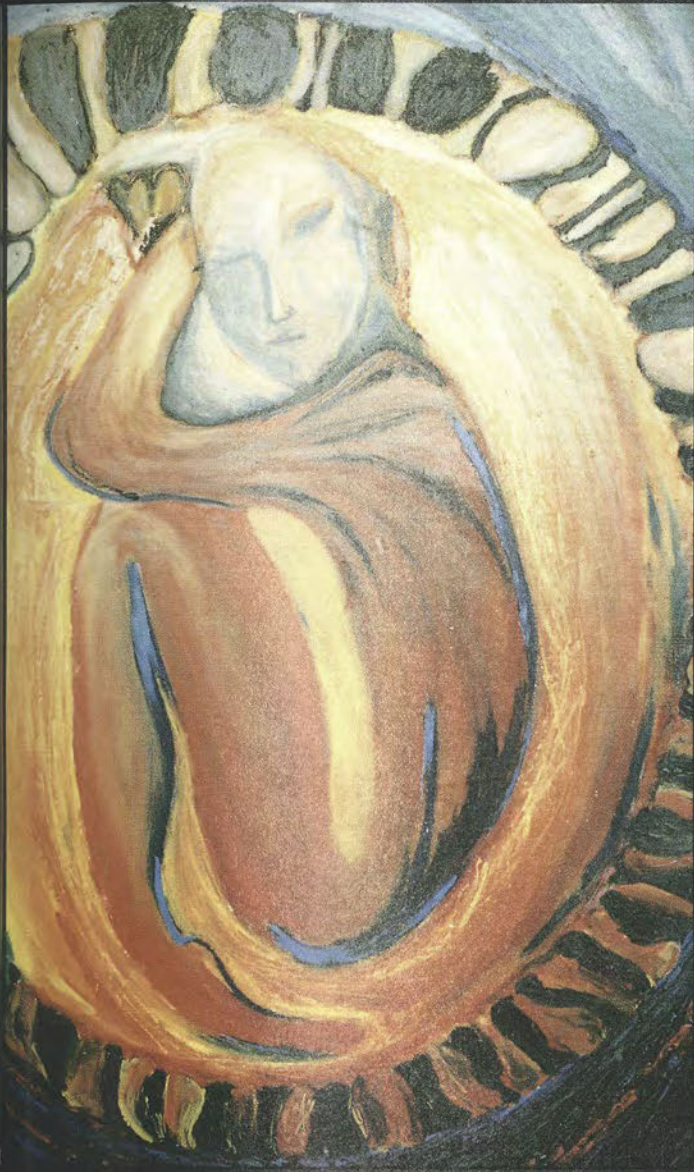
◀ Sage Bronk



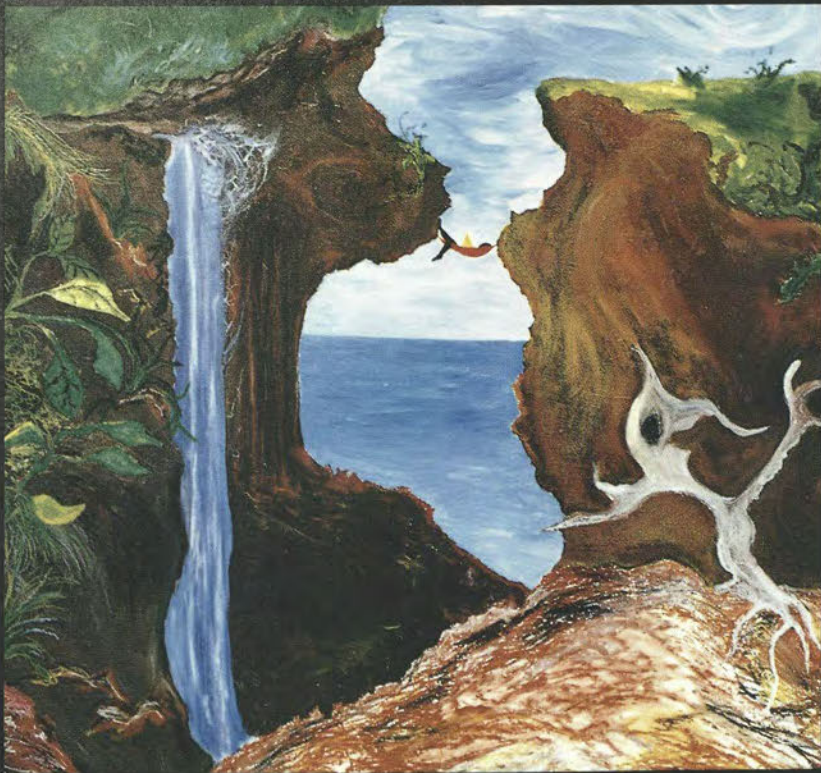
Louise K



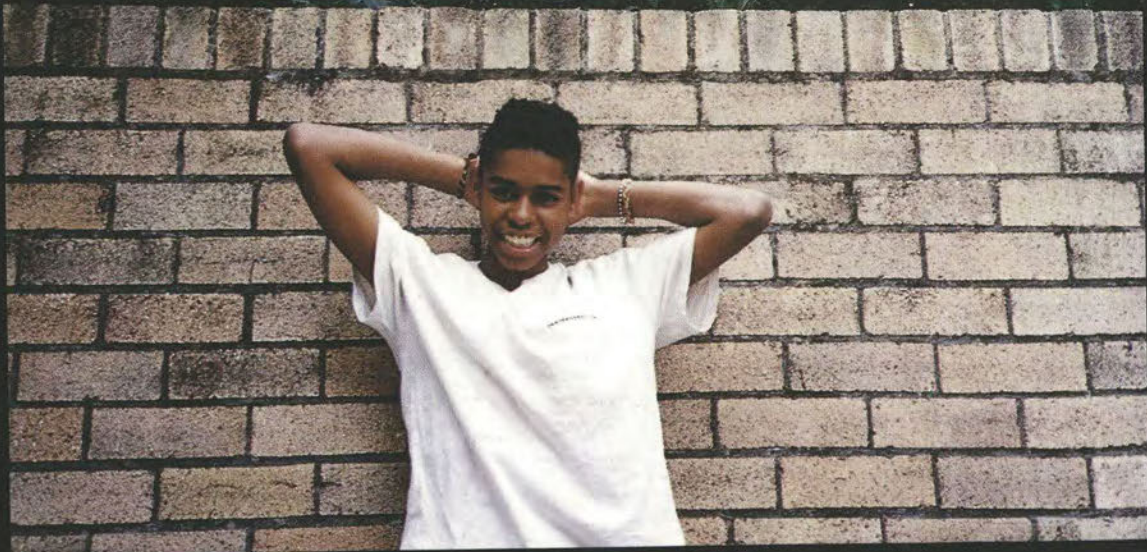
Anna Sorden ▶



▼ Sun Hee Cho



◀ Kate Fisher



Vengeance

by Turvey To and Morgan Pollard

The feverish wail rose to a crescendo as the man writhed spasmodically, limbs flailing wildly about. The stone slabs of the crypt's walls seemed to vibrate and the ever present rats, terrified, cowered in their crannies. The body was now thrashing about wildly, repeatedly bashing one hand against the stone, breaking the bones and tearing the skin and muscle. The exorcist stood stock still and continued his chants regardless of the forceful gusts of stale wind which brought odours of decay. Suddenly a ghastly phantasm arose from the dried husk whose life had been sucked mercilessly away. Waves of palpable terror assaulted those who stood within; each fought down their feelings of revulsion. The remaining sizzling flesh and bone smouldered as the apparition dissipated. A vortex, carrion-scented, tore through the crypt leaving behind it a deathly silence.

The setting sun played beams of vermilion upon the clouds as an old grave digger hurriedly climbed out of a freshly dug grave. His thoughts wandered to his wife at home cooking his meal, and his children playing happily in the yard. He threw his pick and shovel into the grave and began to trudge wearily homeward.

With astonishing speed, a thick, damp mist enshrouded the grave yard. Wondering at this phenomenon, the old man felt his way forward. He could now just only see his hand before his face, and his heart was arrested as a malevolent snigger floated from behind him out of the fog. Galvanized by fear, he plunged headlong, groping wildly for a means of escape. He felt rather than saw the yawning chasm as it appeared at his feet. He received tactile impressions of jagged cliffs below his plummeting body, amplified immensely by his numbed and terrified consciousness. Within a few minutes, the strange mist dissolved, revealing the bloodied body of the grave digger in his own freshly dug grave. His back was arched, the red point of his pick protruding through his abdomen, his facial features

cleaved from the skull. Sightless pupils began to burn with undeathly vigour, the prostrate body began to twitch.

The exorcist broke the wax seal, revealing a pristinely white parchment. Upon it, illuminated archaically read:

'I require thy services, Godspeaker.

Be at Cramlington grave yard, Tuesday eve.'

Chilling eddies whistled, scurrying between the cracked and mossy tombstones. The exorcist shivered as he strode purposefully, searching for the anonymous. His actions betrayed little anxiety, although he wondered what lay in store for him this night. He knew he was a supernaturalist of the highest order and was supremely confident of his abilities.

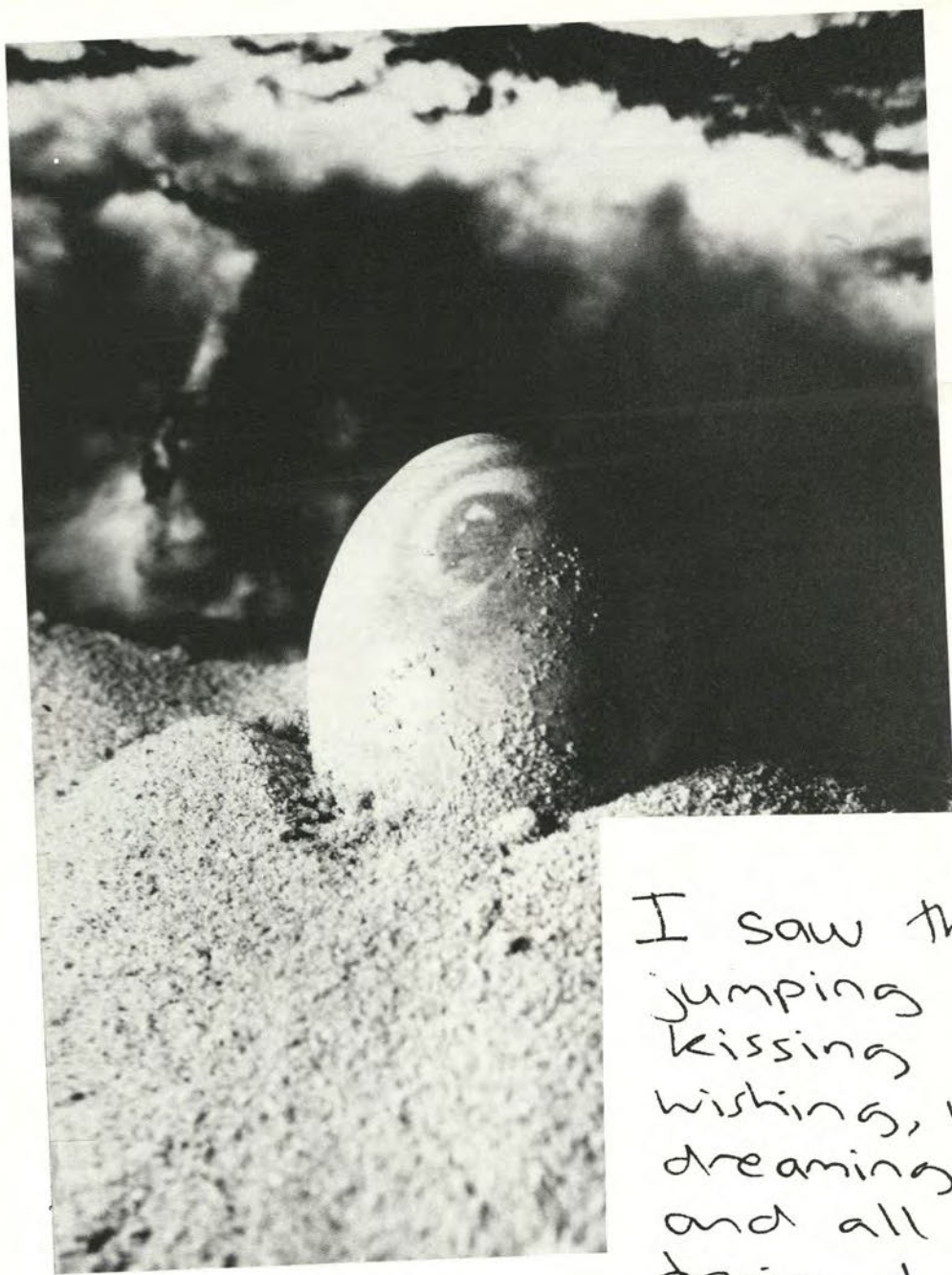
The crescent moon emerged from the facade of cumuli, glinting off his holy crucifix. Bats chattering overhead, the exorcist also heard creatures scampering in the darkness. At that instant he felt an icy coldness envelop his senses. On a premonition of danger, he whirled, facing a bent old man enshrouded in mist. As he drew closer, he realized what he saw-- a face devoid of even the minute vestiges of humanity. Congealed blood spotted those hateful glowing orbs, a vicious keen smile, death-frozen upon the face. Flesh, ragged, crimson hued, trailed from his abdomen. His hair was matted by hardened pus and splinters of bone arrayed his skull like coral.

The exorcist recovered his composure quickly, suppressing waves of horror that threatened to burst a fearful dam deep inside. Briefly the clearing filled with the formal rising and falling cadences of holy prayer. The ghoul, recognizing his danger, advanced. They locked hands, claws clamping upon trembling flesh. The exorcist's chants rippled endlessly from his tongue, a rhythmic litany reverberating through the ghoul's psychic defences. His shouting became hoarse, strained as he battled to save his soul. Then he faltered, and

the ghoul broke free, smoke issuing from his body, chest heaving like bellows, eyes fixed with loathing. The exorcist shouted, one word to which the ghoul groaned, caught between mystic forces. The exorcist stumbled wearily, making his escape. Never had he encountered such strength, resolve, determination; a force indefatigable in its will to avenge itself. The exorcist was pushed to the limits of his endurance, physical and mental. The strain threatened to hurl him into the precipitous pits of insanity.

Hearing the shuffling step and feeling the fetid breath on his neck, he turned, and bolted down the game trail. Trees flew past, his vision had a dream-like quality. He imagined horrors lurked behind every tree, occupied every shadow, waiting to tear away his sanity with their hideousness.

Without a moment's notice he found himself pawing clods of earth out of the ground. Looking back over his shoulder, he saw the shambling form of undead slow to a standstill, dribbling mucus as it snorted with uncontrollable evil mirth at seeing it's previous tormentor reduced to a crippled, babbling idiot. The exorcist, deathly pale, tried to pull himself backwards, away from the nightmare creature. With all his might, he inched back, but, realizing that his foot had been caught in something, he tried to see through the orange autumn leaves clothing the earth. The dull glint of the hidden steel mantrap shone through the scarlet shreds of leather boot and flesh that had once been his foot. At the sight of the pieces of crushed tibia and ankle cartilage, claws of pain ripped through his body like a white hot-poker searing something corporeal. His mind now snapped into a totally deranged state as he threw back his head and screamed. In the woodlands, white wolves howled as the scent of a fresh corpse laced their quivering nostrils.



Julia Brotherton

I saw the shadows
jumping and colliding
kissing, telling,
wishing, washing,
dreaming, dying
and all of them
trying to frighten me
But I remained
unperturbed,
hastening away into
the sunlight, leaving
such remnants of
humanity firmly behind
me.

Except for my own
shadow -
which follows me
in silence.

Conspiring maliciously,
no doubt.



WORLD PEACE

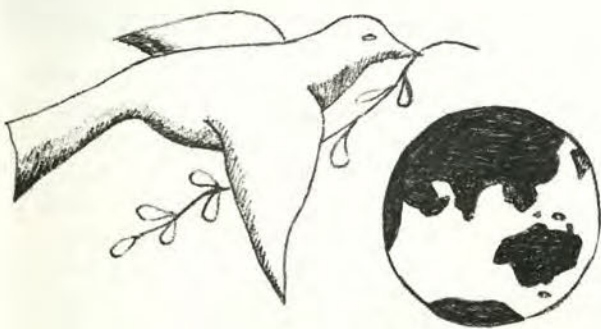
by Wendy Yen Yr 11

The world is in turmoil, but have no fear,
One thing is for certain, and is very clear.
World Peace exists, through love and joy,
In the hearts of man, woman, girl and boy.
"What is world peace?", you may ask,
Spreading the word is an enduring task.
Sharing with millions in every nation,
The wondrous gift of communication.

To cease firing in battles, and compromise,
Stop violence and warfare, is always wise.
To desperately help the people in need.
But one may not consider it as merely a good deed.
It is our duty as a human on Earth,
To help others enjoy life, and to bring out self worth.
Some may feel afraid and alone,
Their lives resembling a crushed ice-cream cone.
Assisting them through their time of sorrow,
Being able to realize, there is always tomorrow.

The issue of environment plays an important role,
Thanks to humans, it may have taken its toll.
However, this problem may be solved as well,
As we change the world, only time will tell.
Let animals be, they're content on their own,
It is not as if they are out on loan.
Which means we treat them, with all due respect,
Animals are precious creatures, we must protect.
This also applies to all plants in the land.
Without the beauty of plants, we'd be living on sand.

As one can see, world peace is a must.
It is all a matter of friendship and trust.
From the cake of love, we must all take a piece
To encourage happiness and world peace.



The Biggest Fish I Ever Caught.

by Aleksandar Kurcubic

Just the other day, I went fishing and I was there for about ten years. Well that's what it seemed like. Suddenly I hooked a massive fish. It was about ten metres long. It was so long that it almost swallowed the fishing rod. I don't know how it got attached to the hook, you should probably have a hook that was about the size of the fishing rod itself for that size of fish. But hook it did.

Then it started to swim out to sea, with me water-skiing barefoot right behind it. I could have sworn it was faster than a speedboat. It turned around and started going berserk until it finally hit the shore and beached itself.

I had to call a crane to take it to my house but I wasn't sure that it would fit in my backyard. I went to the nearest army base and borrowed a flame thrower to cook the massive fish. It took a long time to prepare it because I had to use a lawn-mower to scale it and one of those bulldozers with claws to bone it.

I practically had to call all of my friends and all the people who helped me to get the fish to this stage, such as the Westpac rescue helicopter squad, Victor mowers and garden appliances, Mini-Skips for the crane and the 1st Cavalry Division for the flame thrower, to eat the fish.

It took a couple of days to eat and after a while there was nothing left except the head. The flies quickly gathered around it and it started to stink so badly that the whole suburb could smell it. The council eventually came around and booked me for a couple of thousand bucks for excessive smell and disturbing the peace.

HARDSHIP

by Thomas Lin Yr 7

When my dad was four, World War II was still on. There were bombing raids every day and his parents had to carry him to hide in bomb shelters. He was small and thought it was a pretty sight. When he was five, China took Taiwan (my country) and said it was theirs. When my dad was six, Taiwan started to fight China because they didn't care about the Taiwanese and just wanted their money. When he was seven, the fighting stopped and my dad started primary school. He came second in his class once. When he was thirteen, he started high school. After one year of high school, his parents ran out of money, so he didn't go to school any more. His parents wanted him to get an education, so they paid a tutor with other people to teach him, but he was only learning one subject. After one more year he went into training as a wood carver. He didn't pay any money for the training, but had to do jobs for free. He slept and ate there and got ten dollars a month. But that was in those times, and in Taiwan.

A DRAMATIC ADVENTURE...



RAMQUIN:

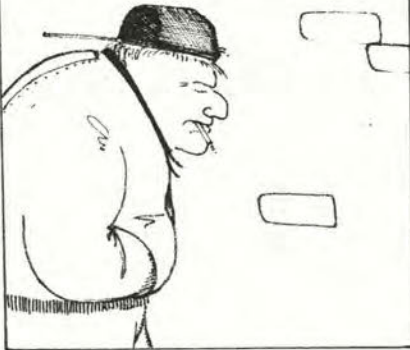
ON THE STREET.

ART & STORY
GENE WHITLOCK.

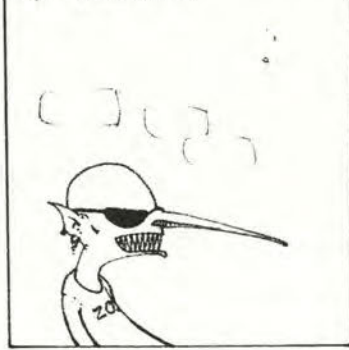
WITHIN THE CITY
THERE ARE
MANY AMBULANT SOULS...



MOST ARE HUMAN...



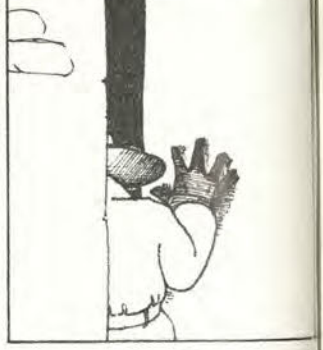
OR AT LEAST PASS
AS HUMAN...



BUT THERE ARE A
FEW WHO DO NOT...



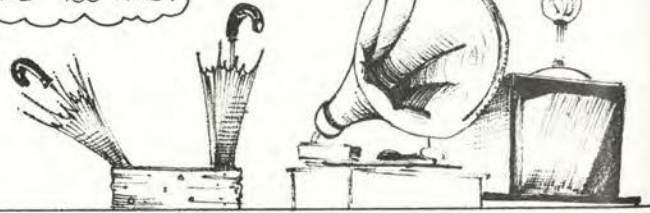
THESE FEW TEND TO
BE TRANSITORIES...



...ADVENTURERS,
PENGUINS!



WELL RAMQUIN,
OL' BOY...
HERE YOU ARE.



BUT... THE PROBLEM IS
WHERE AM I?



OH WOW!
A TUNNEL...



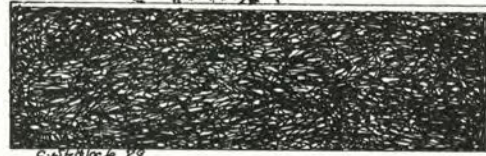
I SWEAR I
SHOULD HAVE
KEPT THAT
GREGORIES!



THIS COULD BE
LIKE AN ADVENTURE!



AN ADVENTURE
INDEED!
BUT IS OUR HE
WALKING INTO TROU
COM



Gene Whitlock 19.

OTHELLO by Jeremy Kothe Yr 12

She left her dad to be with him,
Be-wifed Othello on a whim.
But as his tales her heart did sway,
She came to love him anyway.
She swore an oath they'd never part,
And signed unto him all her heart.

He loved her back, or so they say,
May have until this very day,
If not the evil Iago felt,
Emelia's heart for him did melt.
For rumour had it they were lovers,
Dancing hard beneath the covers.

Neglected at promotion time,
Iago felt he'd passed his prime.
To reach up higher in the faction,
He'd need to take some direct action,
And so he roped Roderigo's will,
To set himself up for the kill.

Brabatio called Othello in,
Accused him of a dreadful sin.
But all the senate loved Othello,
Confirmed him a faultless fellow,
And sent him on a naval mission,
To beat the Turks into submission.

Thus the action shifts its core,
And washes up on Cyprus' shore.
Storms have sunk the bad guy's ships,
And smashed them into little bits.
Our hero, though, is safe and sound,
He has his two feet on the ground.

Iago's plans have started now
The audience know what, but how?
He seems to have the honest touch,
The others trust him too much.
He sets up Des and Cassio,
So it will seem she loves him so.

Desdemona states her love,
Othello is her big black dove.
They wrap their arms round one-
another,

GOD WHAT A MUSHY SCENE!!!

That night the married pair retire,
To warm themselves with passion fire,
But 'fore the final act is done,
Othello's called to Iago's fun.
It seems that Cassio has been drinking,
Othello fires him without thinking.

Iago weaves his careful plot,
And fills Othello's mind with rot,
Pushing here, suggesting there,
He makes Othello of Cass aware.
At first, Othello does ignore him,
But jealousy begins to win.

Othello then begins to see,
Small things that do unsettle he.
A little hankie soon takes on,
The final proof of courts anon.
So he resolves to blow his trumpet,
And put an end unto the strumpet.

After dark he pins her down,
On wedding sheets, in wedding gown.
Locks the doors and goes to bed,
She holds her breath, her face turns red,
He finishes her off with a pillow,
And silences the crying willow.

And they live happily ever after.

PORPHYRIAS'S STORY

by Susheela Peres de Costa Yr 10

I fled the banquet early tonight,
Quietly so no-one would know.
And away, to my lover I took flight,
The storm tormenting me as though
a warning. Yet on I did go.
Anticipation as I felt,
When bravely battling through the storm,
was cheering. My frozen limbs did melt
and spread all over - a glowing warm
when I saw, silhouetted, my lover's form.
I entered the cottage, sheltered at last,
and the grate 'till a cheery flame
danced. I let my hair unfast
and softly, softly called his name.
And fretted when no answer came.
His arm I drew about my waist
And on my shoulder, laid his head
with my hair caressing and my gown unlaced
There still was not a word he said.
I wish I'd left his thoughts unread,
But I didn't and all along I knew
by the manic gleam in his maniacal eye
Precisely what he planned to do
I did not resist. I know not why
But then, I truly wanted to die.



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BLUE DREAMS

by Siobhan MacKay Yr 9

I sat huddled in the corner of the room. My thoughts crowding around me.

I wondered who was paying. If someone was at all. If I wanted something, would they give it to me? They. Who were they? Would they wear white coats and prescribe pills?

I reached for the razor, kissed it, lifted my arm and slashed downwards. There was no pain, only a cool rush of blood. I sat, eyes closed, listening to the drip, drip of blood hitting the floor. They couldn't save me this time.

The room is large and rectangular. It has a bunk low to the ground and a small window with bars at the end. There is thick pile carpet, a light shade of blue. The walls are white and smooth, not padded. Maybe I don't need a padded cell? There's also a small toilet cubicle near the door.

Mealtimes are at 9.00, 1.00 and 5.00. Every morning we shave. No razors. And every afternoon we have an hour session with a psychiatrist. We are allowed supplies and after our first month we have an hour each day out side.

I wish the walls were blue. Children feel secure in blue. I have fond memories of my childhood. I wish I were a child. There is nothing to keep you depressed as a child. I spend most of my time on the carpet. I sleep, think and write there. I spend the rest of my time on the bunk looking out of the window at the sky.

At our table the food is cut up and we are given forks. No knives. I was hoping to steal one, there might be magnetic beams, but there's no need to worry now. The food here is delicious. Every thing here is not as I expected.

My psychiatrist is Dr. Willis. I use the time to my advantage and asked for paints, pencils, paper and for my clothes to be dyed blue. I thought there might be some queries into the last request, but no-one said anything. I hope I get them soon.

The rope felt rough against my bare hands. I meditated over the rope for a few minutes whilst I contemplated death. The tree was high. No risk of being able to reach the ground. I threw the rope upwards, made a noose, stood on a log, put it around my neck and kicked.

My supplies arrived today and when they did I looked extremely charming in my blue attire. I got straight to work. I have often been complimented on my works of art. I started on the far wall using a dark blue paint. The walls will look great when I'm finished. Blue. Blue's great. The colour of nature, the sea. The sky.

Today the nurse cut me while shaving. It was the second closest time I've ever been to death. It was bliss. I didn't even feel the pain. I hope it happens again but deeper.

Every time I look at the far wall I think of the sea. The smell of salt. The feel of cool water. It really looks great but I'm out of paint.

Dr. Willis always asks me questions. It's none of his business what I do anyway. I wish he'd leave me alone. I only tolerate it because I imagine the experience to be like death. The passover from life to Heaven or Hell. When I get there I will rejoice.

I love the night. It's full of death.

I've finished the second wall. It looks better than the first. It reminds me of the sky. The question is what to do with the third wall. I think I'll just paint it plain blue.

NIGHTSHADE

by Richard Tan Yr 11

She exhaled a ribbon of smoke into the chill night air;
To passing men, she would beckon with legs and lingerie;
Though young, just picked, wilted was her petalled heart,
Trampled in sheath-lined alleys and motels.

Her hair glistened no longer in the moonlight
But hung,
Without body
Crinkled and clenched by vice
Which she smoked, sipped and snorted.

A finger stroked and soothed the
Pipe-track on her arm,
Being careful not to bore
The inch-long nails into the pierced vein.
The Lady-of-the-Night smiled.

A cold wind blew through her
And she shuddered in her mini
Then took another drag from Cigarette
Whose tip beacons in the dark alley.



Obscure

Here I am
and nobody knows
Within these four walls
the still air dances
I remain
Time
Passes me by
and nobody knows

but the little hands of the clock in the hall
and the little hands are going
Tick tock tick tock

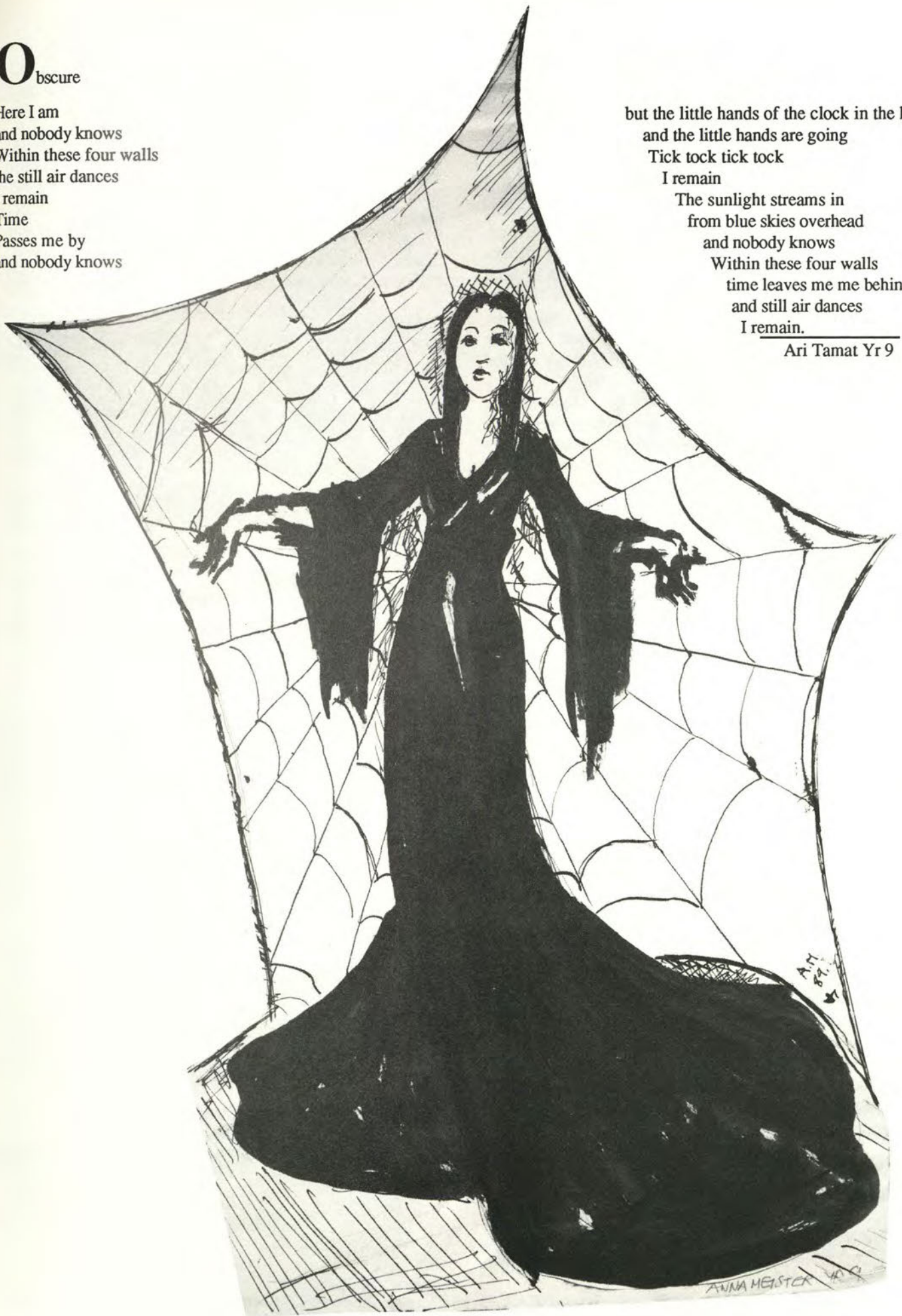
I remain

The sunlight streams in
from blue skies overhead
and nobody knows

Within these four walls
time leaves me me behind
and still air dances

I remain.

Ari Tamat Yr 9



This Place

by Mia Garlick Yr 10

It's been a place that's very special to me. I've been spending my holidays there for many years, just enjoying the peacefulness and tranquillity. As a young child I never really understood the delicate balance that made my enjoyment possible, but I could always rely on it to be exactly the same the next summer when I would spend more holidays watching the beach change as it was swallowed up by high tide or exposed by low tide. Watching all the wrens chatting to each other and goannas flicking their tongues over the sand in search of food. At night the possums would take over and cautiously come down to accept the food we offered them.

Each year, as I grew older, there would be a slight change: not as many possums; millions of bluebottles; more sand on the beach or the water would be rougher due to storms out to sea. These changes, however, were all part of Nature, it made some holidays more memorable than others.

Slowly I grew older and realized the ingenuity of the jigsaw - puzzle that I had loved for so long. It seemed that Nature led me further into her secret with each visit.

Like the time I saw an echidna stumbling across my path. It made me feel special. All my appreciation and excitement rose up through me as a broad smile showed on my face. These little incidents gave me a protective feel for this place. I wanted all people to come and feel the splendour of seeing Nature naturally. Not behind bars or in a special park but by pure chance.

It was last summer.

I was walking along the track to a favourite beach when I saw three trees with large gashes in their sides. There was a surveyors peg in the ground, around which was tied orange plastic.

Horror. Fear. Anger. Helplessness.

How can I explain it to you? Something I loved, that had watched me grow from a toddler to a teenager. Every time I walked along that track, the trees whispered to me, telling me all their secrets. There was no tension only peace. Now only a peg, tape and gash and a glimpse of what could be the future flashed before my eyes.

Susie sits there cracking gum. God, she thinks, will we never get there?

Billy is asleep and Jenny is poking him trying to wake him up. The car is humid. A fly buzzes hopelessly around and around the car.

Mum, in a cotton dress, is dishevelled, fanning herself repeatedly.

Dad's got sweat pouring off him, hands on the wheel, breathing heavily. He's not concentrating on the road, only on the long line of cars in front of him.

The locals stare at them. These crazy city people who "escape" to the coast every summer with the rest of the city, trying to "get away from it all" yet have every modern convenience.

All I want's a tan and a bloody boyfriend, sulks Susie.

"Mum," whines Jenny. "When will we get there?"

"Soon."

"How soon?"

"Soon."

"When we get there will they have built the bathroom on," Jenny continues. "I hate having to track through all that bush with all those terrible THINGS in it. I won't have to do that will I?"

Silence.

Jenny leans forward and pokes Mum and then Dad.

"Shut up Jenny," retorts Dad.

Dissatisfied, Jenny jabs Billy.

"Yeow!" he screams. "What'd ya do that for?"

"Cause I wanted to!"

"Yeah well take this," he lunges at her, she screams and shoves him back into Susie.

"Watch it!"

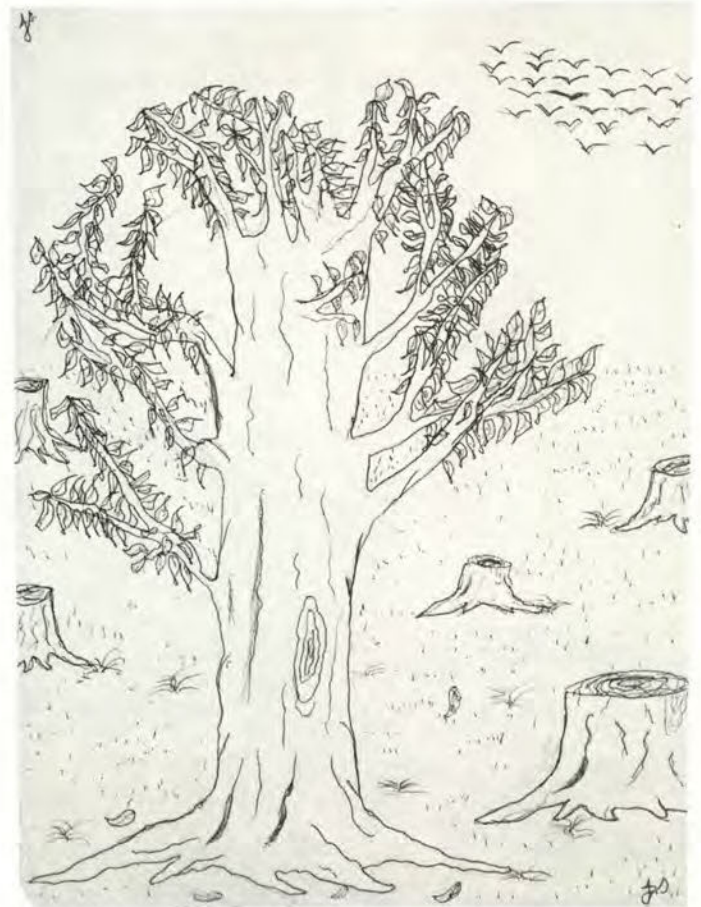
God, she thought, it's gonna be another bloody summer. Same old video parlours, same old pin ball arcade. Having to walk through all that jungle just to get to the beach where all the cute guys hang out. And then there was that girl who stayed in the next house. The house looked like it was falling down, no T.V., no microwave, not even a stereo! Christ she was weird.

Always raving on about the environment and how humans were destroying the place. Pity there wasn't someone better she could talk to.

Bugger parents, thought Susie as she tramped up and down the driveway. Always there to tell you what you can't do. Never what you can do. Actually they did tell you what you could do it just was never what you wanted.

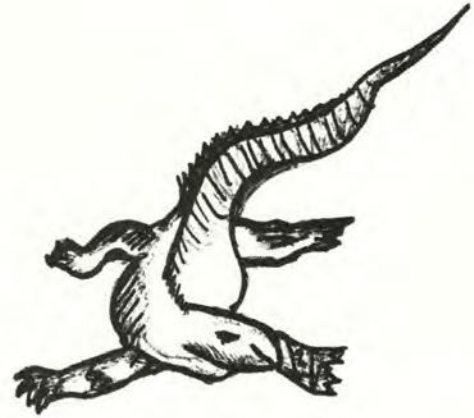
Bugger parents, thought Susie again.

"Hello."



Susie looked up. Great! she thought. Here's that weirdo girl.
 "Hi!"
 "What's up?"
 "Mum's being a pain and not letting me go to any other beaches," Susie mumbled.
 "What's wrong with that?"
 "There's nothing to do in this dump!"
 Was the girl blind, Susie wondered.
 "Dump," the girl repeated. "Nothing to do? How blind are you?"
 What was the girl on about?
 "Come with me!" She grabbed Susie's hand.
 One foot in front of the other, continuous walking, just one foot in front of the other. Where was the girl leading her?
 "I came up here this morning," she was saying, "and saw goanna tracks from yesterday so I thought I'd come and follow them later on. Whoops! Quick, duck and be quiet!"
 Susie found herself thrown on the ground. This girl was mad. Susie saw her pointing. Pointing through the leaves at something. Susie saw two snake looking things with four legs walking towards each other, slyly moving their necks. Slowly they stood up on their hind legs and grasped each other and continued to slyly move their bodies.
 Susie was petrified, these horrible creatures. What the hell were they doing? She was going to be sick.
 Susie SCREAMED!
 Through the trees the scream bounced, here - there, it echoed and shrank and echoed again. The goannas, in the middle of their mating, froze, dropped to the ground and in their confusion ran towards Susie.
 All Susie could see was the girl's shocked and angered face staring at her and then the goannas came charging at her. This was all too much. She jumped up and ran. Tearing through the bush. Pulling leaves and branches down as she ran. As she pulled the leaves she was repulsed by their touch. There was something around her, that wanted to hurt her.
 Was it behind her? Where was it? She ran, faster still. She knew she wouldn't be safe until she saw houses and people. Things that reassured her that humans could not be overrun by anything.
 She saw the edge of her garden. The symmetrical, shaped bushes. The lawn, the cement figurines. She was nearly there. Nearly.....SAFE!!! Susie fell down on the grass. Huffing and puffing. Rolling the grass as its freshly cut edges poked at her. It hurt her, but not as much as the bush did. The bush seemed to hold a kind of secret, a superior secret. The bush wanted to hurt her, it was watching her, laughing at her. She hated it!!!
 "Well you're a fat lot of bullshit!"
 Susie looked up. There was that girl.
 "Those poor goannas trying to have a good ol' mate until you come along and scream your flaming head off and then run through the bush tearing at everything and scaring the poor animals away. I should have known better than to take

you along. I should have realized you'd be as soft as the rest of the people who have set up all this suburban eyesore. All you probably want is a suntan and a boyfriend! Take what you want, take the trees, take the land, take the animals home and don't worry about who's going to make the oxygen or where the animals are gong to live. Humans are supposed to have the intelligence so why don't we use it!?! What



happens if all the coast was developed like this? Do you know that the bushland you just screamed your head off in, was the last of the NATURAL bushlands left in NSW and the only one along the NSW coast? Once it is destroyed the whole place will be gone. But all you care about is your tan and your boyfriend."

The girl stormed off.

Susie closed her mouth. What the hell had the girl been on about? Those things she called goannas were running AT her. God knows what those vile things could do. As for the fact that the bush was the last on the NSW coast - GOOD! Maybe when they pulled that down there would be more cute guys and they'd live within walking distance!

I stopped thinking of what the future could be like and found myself staring at the surveyor's peg I grabbed it from the ground, tore the plastic from it and threw it to the ground, covering it with leaves. I know in my heart that this place will eventually be gone if society continues the way it is. I want to fight it but I get a helpless feeling. I know why people chain themselves to trees, it's the most effective way to make the Susies of this world listen and understand. But I'll make them listen. This place will stay as it is and it will be enjoyed by people who will love it as I do!

'F' STREET

by Sacha Vidler Yr 12

We were studying the antics of Cicero, a lawyer and politician of Roman times. It was one of the few topics I enjoyed, yet on that day, it seemed completely meaningless

and shallow. "Why should I know this?" I thought, and, as I stared around the room in my mood of intense pre-HSC disillusionment, a number of things began to depress me. Hung on the walls, and gathering dust on the tops of cupboards were the pathetic (and obviously brief) attempts of teachers to decorate their rooms. Some of it had been there since the beginning of my schooling, and it seemed likely to stay there forever. Was it better than the off-



1

2



white behind it? The huge dust collector grew like a malignant, cubic cancer from the most sickly looking window. It was spattered with decades of unfortunate specks of grime that didn't make it to the escape its vacuum offered.

The floor covering was particularly delightful. Due to their irregular shape, threadbare nature and general sparsity, the carpet tiles looked as though they were once a brood of mangey, flea bitten mongrels that had been squashed outside

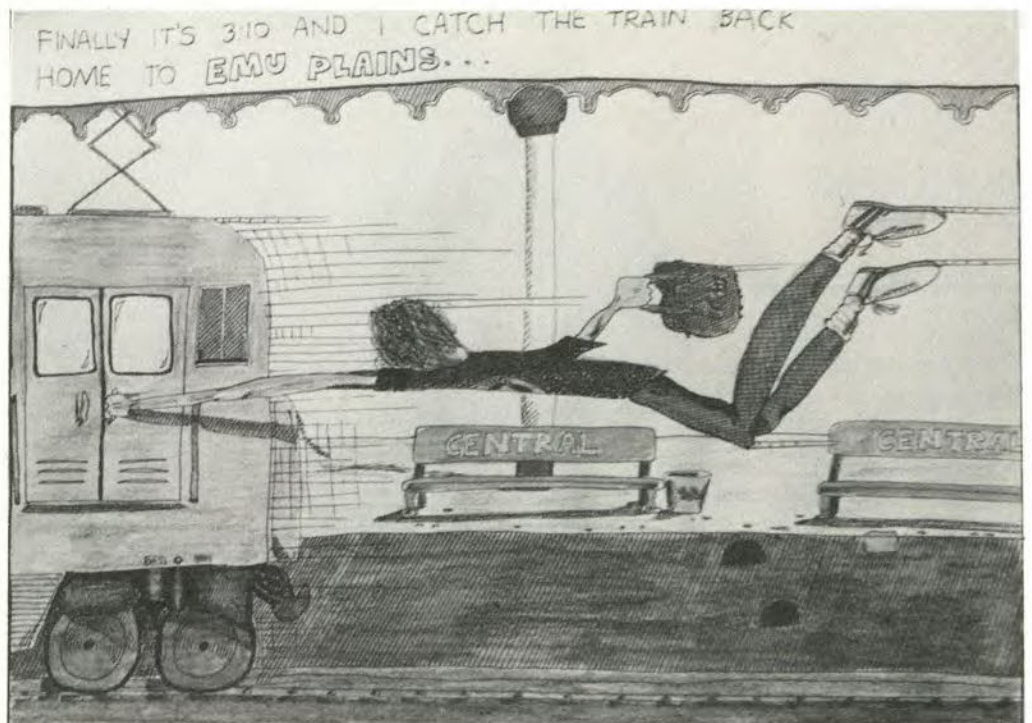
the front gates by a semi-trailer and then picked up by an unscrupulous (if somewhat ghoulish) caretaker. They absorbed enjoyment and radiated gloom.

And it was raining again!!

Hmmm. Am I really in a position to gripe about Fort Street's material, geographical, emotional and aesthetic short-comings? Where are my priorities? Slowly, I have come to the painful realization that there is no school where I would rather be.



3



4

THE LONELY WOLF

by Andrei Voican Yr 10

The aging wolf struggled through the soft, deep snow, which covered the ground like a white blanket. The going was hard, and panting he headed towards the denser forest, where the snow wasn't as deep. The icy wind blew against him with all its might, whistling sharply around his ears, and threatening to push him over. The wolf's bones ached, as he lay in the soft, cold snow, for some rest before pressing on again.

He closed his eyes, and remembered the days when he was young and strong. He was the largest wolf, and led the pack at night, all the way down to the village. It was pitch black, and the air was still; suddenly, out of the darkness would emerge a shadow, trotting lightly out of the woods. Soon another shadow would follow it

, then more. Heads down, they would descend through the hills, stopping to sniff the air and the ground, pricking their ears to listen to the night.

The white wolf pulled himself to his feet with a growl and began struggling once more through the snow, which drained his strength, trying to stop him from reaching the forest. The cold wind was as sharp as a knife, cutting through his white fur, blowing snow and ice in his eyes and nostrils, biting at his ankles. The old wolf fell a few times, but got up and pressed on. He tried to get on top of the snow, and step lightly over it as he used to do before; but his paws would just sink through it, and he would find himself knee-deep. He sat down and took another much needed rest, and again his mind drifted to the days when he was younger.

Sometimes, when the full moon was out and the night sky was cloudless, he would walk to his favourite spot, a knoll overlooking the little mountain village, in the valley below. Everything was bathed in the silver

light of the moon, which beckoned to him mysteriously from the sky, and he would sit on top of the mound, and stare at it. Raising his head, he would give off a long lonely howl, breaking the silence around him. Anxious dogs would bark in response from the village, and it would be a long time before the racket ceased and the stupid dogs went back to sleep again.

It was getting dark, and much colder. The wolf struggled to his feet again, and started to make his way through the snow once more, but his legs grew weaker with every step that he took uphill, even though he had reached the edge of the forest. Fighting desperately to get to a thicket with no snow, the wolf finally collapsed for the last time, and lay amongst the trees, his white fur blending in with the white around him. A gust of wind swept across the evening sky, swaying the tips of the trees, and showering the lonely wolf with soft snow and ice.

To the wolf, they seemed like small white flowers, falling from the sky...

ISOLATION by Tina Collins Yr 12

The Girl walked around on stilts, nine feet tall
no-one blinked an eyelid.

The Girl stood on the corner and screamed
people passed her by.

The Girl walked the park, completely naked
people threw crumbs to the pigeons.

The Girl blew holes through several people
she was locked up and declared insane.

My mother tells me a lot of things about her childhood and days at school which seem to be very different from now. The sort of things she tells me are like the time she got a brand new biro and pencil set for her birthday.

Excited by her new present, on her birthday weekend she did all her homework in biro, not realizing that it was against the rules. On Monday, she went to school with all her homework

done in biro. When the teacher saw she yelled and screamed so much, my mum began to cry, and even now my mum doesn't like bios very much.

Another story is about the time she walked almost a mile down the road from her school to cross over. This annoyed the very self-important road crossing monitor who took it upon himself to run all the way down the road to drag her back to the crossing. Luckily she

kicked and screamed, so he let her go.

Then there was the time mum's mum had a real fad on paw-paw. Now my mother hated paw-paw, but my grandmother made her eat half a paw-paw every day. My mum had one of those old pole beds, so every day she would stuff her paw-paw down the bed poles. Unlike bios, she now likes paw-paw.

Chris Miller Yr 7

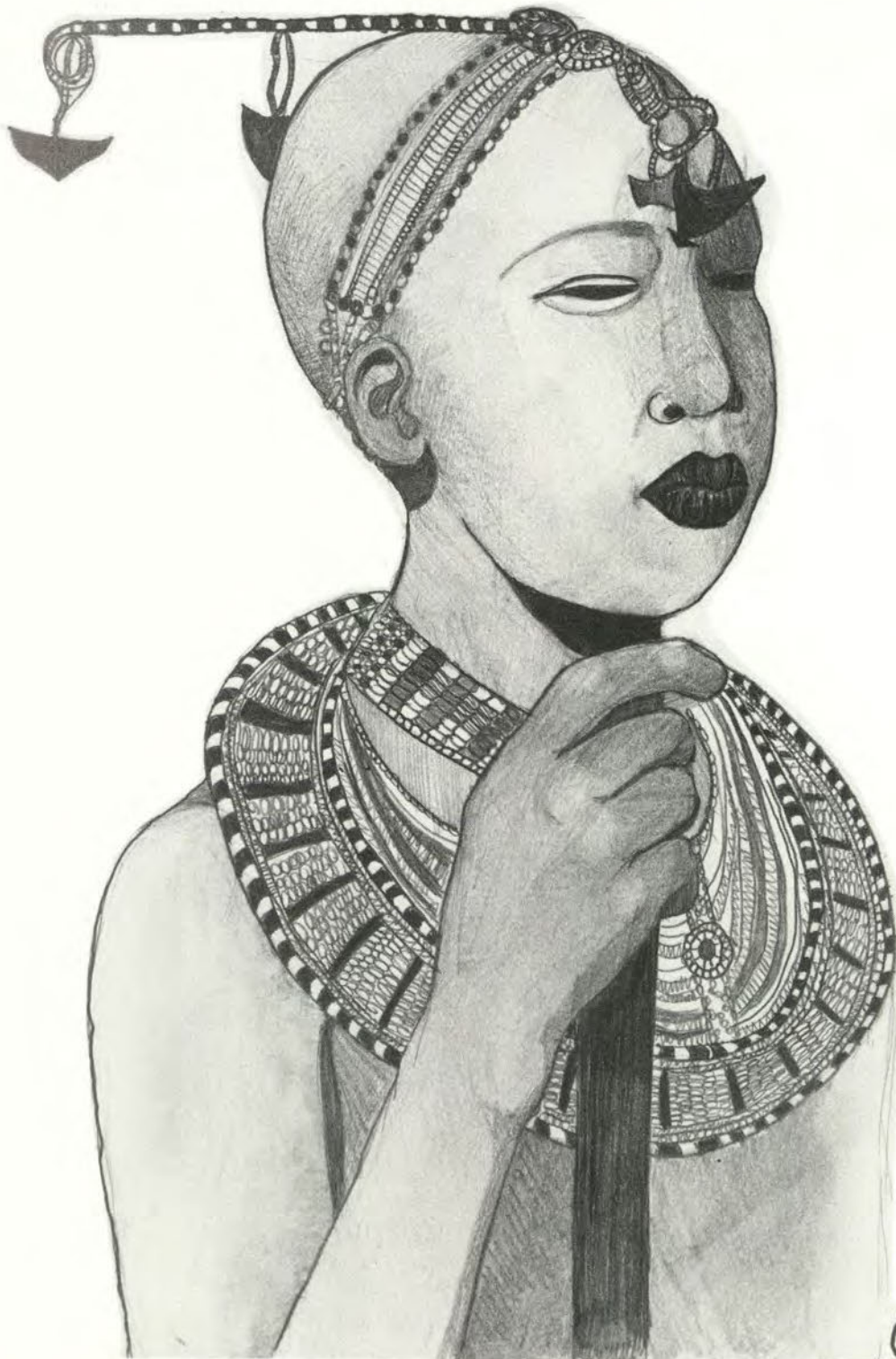
JOURNEY TO AMUN

by Catherine Pruscino Yr 7

As I sailed up the Nile
Hapi's water moved us on,
The wheeling fowl
Honoured our journey south,
Unknowing of our sacred cargo.

The restless heavens
Sent our great sail billowing,
Timbers moaned with plunging oar,
As half a hundred sun-brown torsos
Leaned obedient,
To draw the boat one more span
Nearer to the Valley of the Kings.
The Pharaoh Tutankhamen
A boy of eighteen years,
Anointed with the sacred oils
Shawled in the finest linen

Wearing necklace, bracelet and rings.
His golden mask of death
Gleamed in Amun's grace,
With lapis, carnelian and glass
Serenity lay upon his face.
A trio of gilded timbers
Rested one inside the another,
As the funeral barge moved south
To the Valley of the Kings.

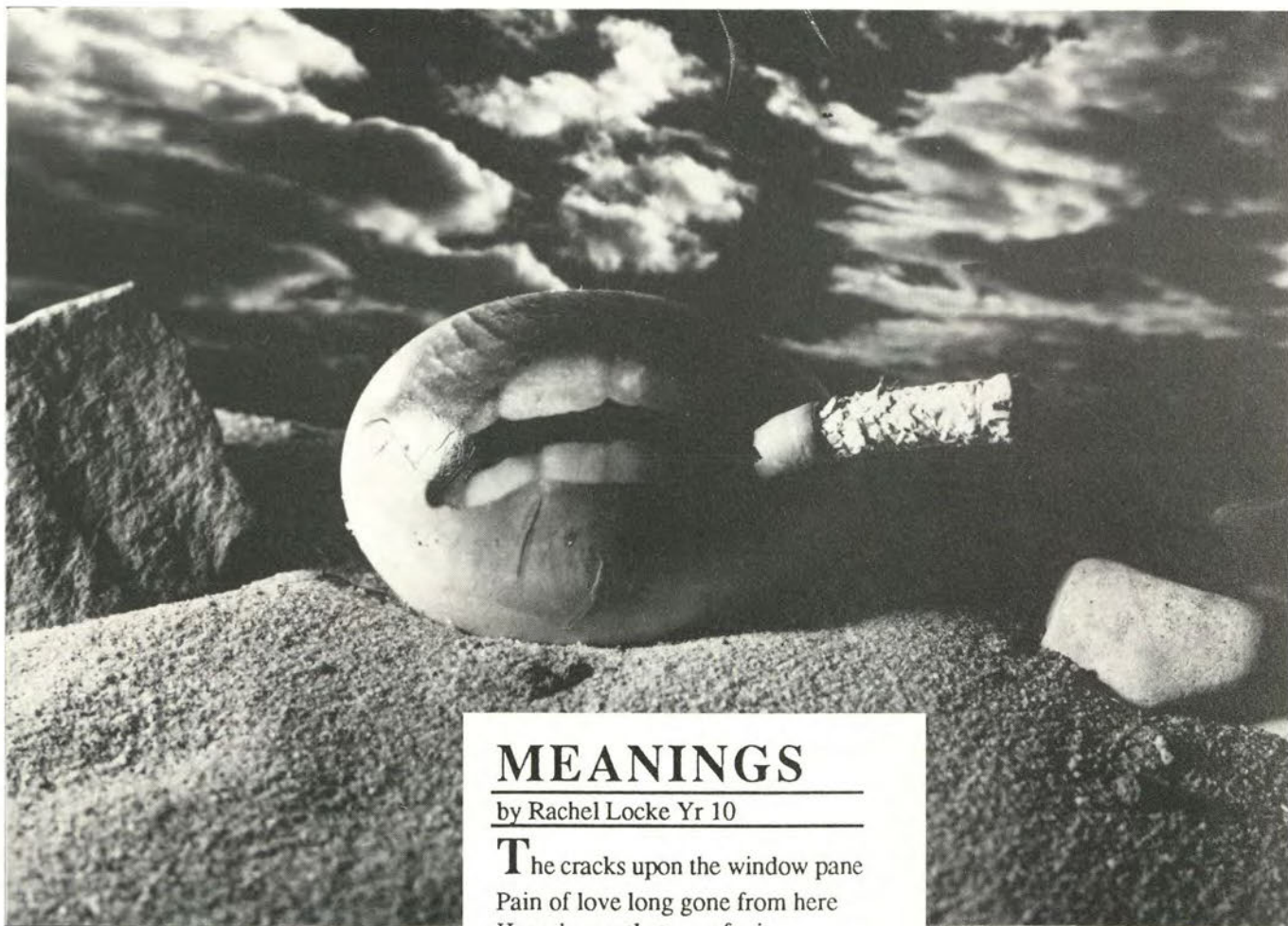


GIANGHI PHUNG '09

WHY?

by Peter Smith Yr 10

Down to the shore of the universe,
In my mind I drifted,
And there I saw infinity,
The universe in all its immensity,
Before me was spread.
Comprehension was unfeasible
...as the Holocaust.
And midst the sanctuary of all life,
the cemetery of all the dead,
I contemplated the ultimate question,
Why?



MEANINGS

by Rachel Locke Yr 10

The cracks upon the window pane
Pain of love long gone from here
Hear the gentle tune of rain
Rein in the passion - maintain control.

Will to seek the truth the whole
Hole, hide me from the eternal lie
Lie down without me - no longer two
Too much to learn, to do, to know
No help from the exalted one
Won my freedom - on my own.

The best of life and love has passed
Past erased by time gone by
Bye my love no longer I mind
Mind, at last, has mastery over heart.

Your Reality Might Be Someone's Dream.

by Tinhquan Nguyen Yr 10

Every morning, from my lounge-room window, I could see an old man (not yet very old, but old) staggering around the corner of our cul-de-sac to the bus stop. As he walked, holding an old brief case in one hand, his body jerked and swayed. He lived not far away from where I lived, in an apartment built for old people who had no family to support them.

One day, I saw a taxi drop him off outside the apartment. He just stood very still and held onto a seat nearby. I watched him and wondered if anything was wrong. The sky began to sprinkle rain and still he stood there. I went out and offered to help him to his house. Even though he couldn't say much I could tell by looking into his eyes that he was glad. He smelt of strong alcohol and his body jerked and swayed as I supported his arm. He was quite heavy, but I managed to help him to his door, and handed him his bunch

of keys, which had previously fallen out of his pocket. He refused to take any further help, so, after making sure his back was supported by the wall, I left him.

Another day, when I was late for my bus to go to school, I saw him crouched up under the bus stop with his old briefcase by his side. Once again, it was raining I wanted to give him my umbrella, but I couldn't because I knew he would not be able to hold it.

I wanted to stop and hold the umbrella for him, but I also wanted to keep going. So I went up and asked him why he didn't take shelter under the roof of the apartment nearby. How stupid I was. I should have known that he couldn't signal the coming bus from there.

I regretted leaving him, knowing the rain would fall. To clear my guilty conscience, I started to look out for him in case he needed other help. I found out that he went to the pub every afternoon, and later, someone would call a taxi for him.

The taxi would drop him off outside the apartment at around 5.20 in the afternoon. At that time, the sky had turned grey, but the street lights were not yet on. The children who were playing so merrily a few hours ago, had already gone home for their tea. I could hear the voices of the characters in "The Mysterious Cities of Gold" and laughter of children as they played in the brightly lit lounge rooms. Further up the cul-de-sac, someone would turn their hi-fi up to full blast. But these daily activities did not interest me. From a distance down the darkening cul-de-sac, I would stand and watch helplessly through blurry eyes a lonely figure as it staggered precariously along the winding path until it finally disappeared into the shadow of the building. This is a world I had just discovered, but could not enter, and would never wish to enter.

Fate had been cruel to leave him in his right state of mind.

Death

by Robert Van Langenberg Yr 10

Death is there, everyone knows it
Death is there, but not everyone accepts it.

It is one of those many human dreams,
Escaping death that is,
Yet no one has fulfilled this fantasy.
They talk about what it would be like,
But no one knows for sure.

People claim they have succeeded in escaping death,
But must we believe everything that we are told?
Sure enough people have been brought back to life by doctors
But they will still die sometime.

Death is there, not everyone accepts it
Death is there, but everyone knows it.

THE SCARIEST NIGHT I EVER SPENT

by Claire Edwards Yr 8

"Where's your essay, Claire? It's already one week late! What happened to it, eh?"

"Well, Miss... It was the night before last. I had awoken suddenly to the noise of a dog howling. It bayed to the moon like a wolf, making a blood

curdling sound which echoed against the bedroom window. As my eyes became accustomed to the dark, I was astonished to see that my room was now full of hairy creatures and animals on the prowl. I pulled the bedcovers over my head and after a minute, I peeped out again. They were

still there. Bigger than giants with large, bright yellow eyes. I looked over to the corner of my room, where my blazer used to be hanging on the back of my chair. I couldn't believe my eyes. It had turned into a maroon creature and was by now crawling creepily around the room.

I turned, hoping to block the creatures from my vision, but as I did I caught a glimpse of the full moon through my window. To my amazement, I saw a long, green, slimy creature emerging from behind the moon. It was cruising through the air, heading straight for me. Suddenly it was outside my window and... I screamed and buried my face in the pillow. I was overtaken by terror. I crawled down, under my bedcovers, too frightened to look.

When I awoke the next morning, I inched my head cautiously out of the covers and looked around my room. My school bag had been moved from the place that I had put it the night before. It was open and had a trail of green slime leading to it. I checked inside and, shock, horror, my fifty page English essay that I had spent hours studiously working over was gone!"



Mourning in London

by Amos Szeps Yr 10

Sharp, violent coughs disturb the thick wheezing of my sleep.

I turn slowly over onto my front only half-conscious. That irritating tickle in my tonsils begins again triggering a new series of coughs and tearing my throat.

I open my eyes.

One nostril is packed solid, the other almost clear.

Over my dry chapped mouth hot saliva I smear.

My head-ache pounds to the beat of my heart.

And there I lie shivering, alone in the dark.

Through the gloom of the small bedroom I can make out a few images.

The large dark wardrobe, the thin crack on the ceiling, the green chequered curtains.

Utter silence prevails but for the buzz of the fridge.

The next attack of coughs get me up.

Through the dim light I stumble, my head dizzy with blood.

And finally to the dresser, on the tissues with a thud.

A build up of pressure is all I get from the blows,

My ears puff to near deafness, and I surrender to my nose.

Off to the white light switch, a journey begins.

I wait for a second with my hand trembling on the switch,

Say goodbye to the crowded darkness,

Flood a new day.

HOMEWORK

by Sarah Clark Yr 7

Our teachers give us homework,
It's what they think we love.
And the homework that they give us,
They give us plenty of.

Sometimes it's Maths or Spelling,
And sometimes Language too.
They even give us Science,
And things to do with glue.

Now wouldn't it be funny
If homework was illegal,
Then I'd have lots and lots of time
To play with my pet Beagle.

FIRE

by Brendan Ward Yr 10

You are a warm inspiration.
Were you invented
Or did you introduce yourself to us?
Perhaps you are the suns' representative
On earth.
Lighting up a circle of my friends faces
Laughing...
In the morning you'll be gone.



THE FINAL NOTE

by Kristine Giese Yr 11

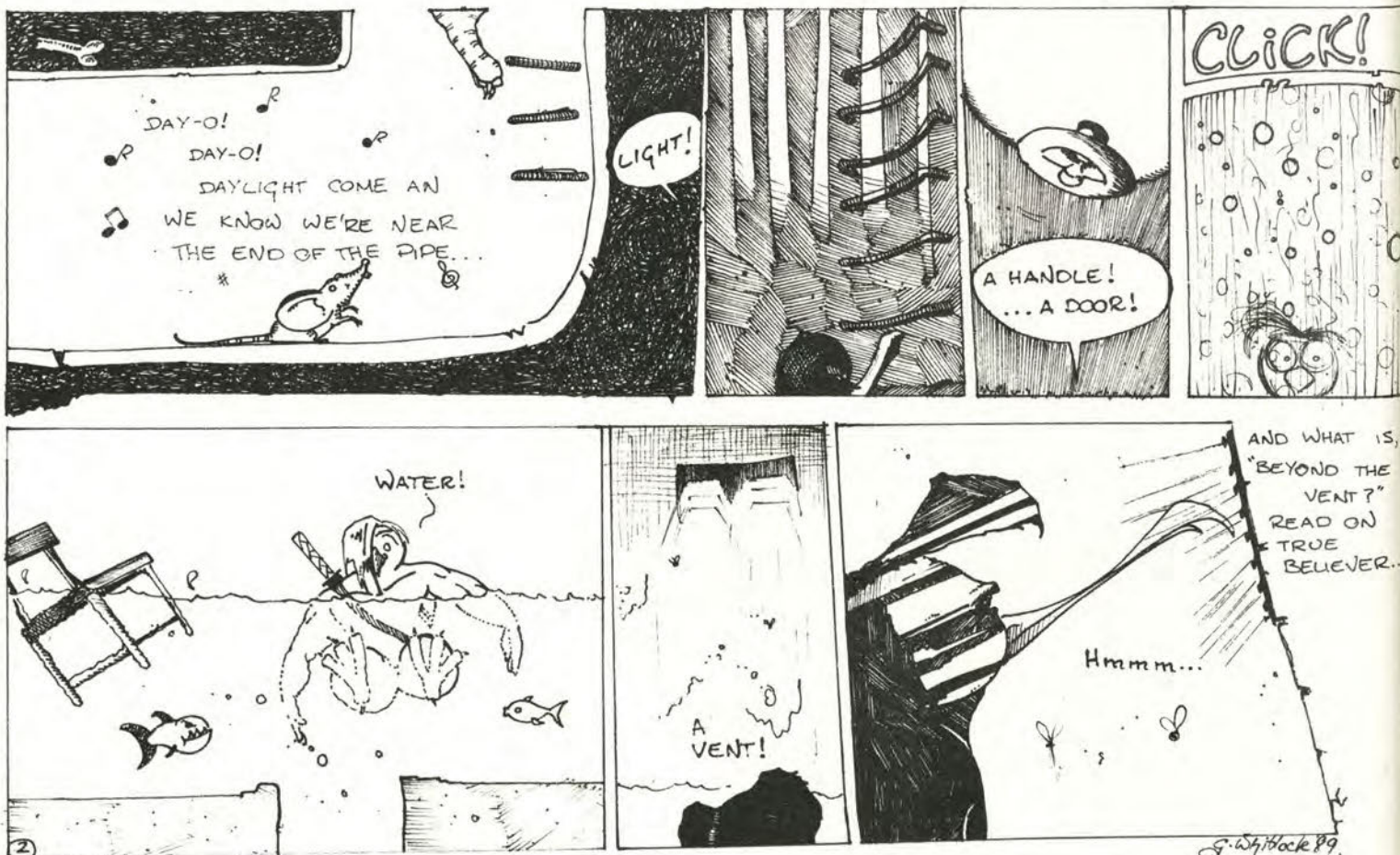
A short note,
Is all that remains.
Hidden by the crystal vase of roses,
On the chestnut table.
Another life taken.
A life which had so many opportunities.
Opportunities which remain unrealized.
Opportunities obscured by
Unnecessary means
And oblivious circumstances.
It came in a clear plastic packet,
So white and appearing so new and pure,
Seemingly a way to escape.
Escape she did,
To another place.
Leaving behind those who cared,
And unanswered questions
Along with feelings of helplessness
Their question: WHY?

UNDER THE LAMPOST

by Lucy Brotherton Yr 9

I look up, it's midnight
It must be about two degrees
I'm cold, it's cold here
on the corner, corner of the street
I watch some people across the street.
They enjoy the night, but they only enjoy the
night because of what they can go home to,
home: warmth, chatter, home.

My home, is no more, I have a house but not a home
I don't go there though, I go here
but here is just my imagination,
It's here but I make it different,
in my mind, in my dreams, the only thing
I have left. On the corner, the corner of the street.



THE WINDOW

by Thomas Nockolds Yr 9

He stood at the top of the stairs with his finger up his nose. He was sure that nobody could see him as it was late in the afternoon and almost everyone had gone home. If only he could get that final hanger on ...AH...got it at last. Now he would see how far he could flick it. With a neat flick he propelled it down the corridor quite a fair way. "Good but not my best", he thought.

Now he considered the stairs. He could really fly down the staircase and there would be nobody to get in his way this afternoon. He stood there thinking about it for some time.

"OK," he said resolutely. "I'll time myself and see how long it takes me to get to the bottom floor." There were four flights of stairs between him and his destination. Pushing off with his right foot he started down the stairs. Taking two steps at a time and keeping his right hand on the bannister 'in case' he made good speed. He finished the first flight of stairs in a few seconds and flew past a window. Down the next flight to the second storey he deftly turned the corner which brought him on his way to the last window he would see in his short race...

Outside, Johnny was playing with his bow and arrow. He placed the end of the arrow on the string and pulled it towards his body but it was taut and it escaped from his grasp before he could aim at his target. The arrow went flying towards the school.

"OOPS!" he said. "Thank god nobody is at the school this late!"

The arrow went smashing through a window in the lower stairwell.



MY FRIEND

by Nina Mcennally

My friend is always there,
and I am never alone.
My friend gives to me generously,
All that my friend owns, I own too.
My friend does anything for me,
My friend does everything for me.
When I am down, my friend lifts me up.
And all my happy moments,
I share them all with my friend.
My friend never leaves my side
Day and night, my friend is always beside me.
And, one day, I shall see my friend,
Face to face.

OOPS... You Goofed!

by Garry Rich Yr 10

Alexander the Great was a fine specimen. His empire stretched from Macedon to India and south into Egypt. The world was his and its inhabitants were his servants. He never goofed.

Or so we all thought! It seems Alexander made one very big mistake which cost him his life. All his wit and courage and power could not eradicate this fatal mistake:

Hephaestion was Alexander's greatest friend, and (as was the fashion) also his lover. He and Alexander were like one person, in two bodies, such was the closeness of their relationship.

On the return journey from India, Hephaestion fell ill. The doctors tried their best to save him but their efforts were in vain, he died. Alexander was so shattered by the loss, that he ordered all but the lowest doctors be put to death.

Three months later Alexander himself fell ill. All the good doctors were dead so nobody could do a thing to help him. He died, the greatest commander the world has ever known, beaten by himself. Yes you goofed Alexander, and you paid for it with your life!

BAA BAA BLACK SHEEP

Sarah Stanbridge Yr 9

Sam was old, very old. He didn't have much in his life but he made a living by working and boarding in the wool shed for Master John. He had one friend and that suited him just fine. Sam didn't look as good as he used to but he had a full head of curly thick hair which was black with grey and very soft. His long beard was the same and hung low, down past his belly. Every day when the season was right he would shear all day long for his meal and board for the rest of the year. Sam loved to hear stories. His father had always told him stories. Now his father was dead, the result of a terrible accident in the wool sheds. Sam could never quite remember what happened on that day. Now his only friend, Jimmy, took his father's place, and Sam didn't mind THAT much at all either. Today Jimmy came early for dinner and he told Sam nursery rhymes.

"BAA BAA BLACK SHEEP HAVE YOU ANY WOOL?"

YES SIR, YES SIR, THREE BAGS FULL.

ONE FOR THE MASTER AND
ONE FOR THE DAME
AND ONE FOR THE LITTLE BOY
WHO LIVES DOWN THE
LANE. "

Sam recognized the rhyme but the words seemed slightly different to what he thought they were.

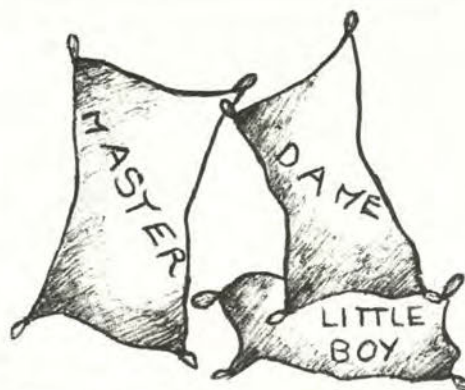
"BAA BAA BLACK SHEEP HAVE YOU ANY WOOL?"

YES SIR, YES SIR, THREE BAGS FULL.

ONE HOLDS THE MASTER AND
ONE HOLDS THE DAME
AND ONE HOLDS THE NOSEY
BOY WHO LIVES DOWN THE
LANE. "

Later that night the Master came and told Sam to leave. He said Sam was

not worth the trouble of a boarder for the amount of work he did. Master John said that maybe he could find someone to take him elsewhere, but Sam didn't want to work anywhere else. He liked his old woolly smelling shed with the sharp old fashioned hand shears hanging on the wall. He turned away from the Master with a red glow of anger and hate in his eyes as he took the hand shears from the wall. He turned around and quickly drew the shears across the Master's throat. As he had approached from behind, the



Master probably didn't even know what hit him. It was very quick and he slowly slumped to the ground wide eyed, pawing at his bleeding throat. Sam stood in amazement as this brought back memories of the war. The Master was such a nasty man he thought. Although lying there all pink and curled up he looked like a new born lamb. Sam scanned the shed for somewhere to hide the limp corpse. He found some wool bags and put the body inside, then did up the zip. "Body Bag" he said aloud and giggled. But he knew that soon the mother sheep would be coming looking for her lamb and he should be ready for her. He put the bag on the loading dock and waited while he sharpened his old shears.

"Oh where is he?" cried Martha.
"He'll be so cross that his dinner is

cold and he'll be simply famished, he's never stayed out this late before. Oh James, did he say where he was going?"

"No madam, but he did say that he had some business to do with Sam first. " "Oh not with that ghastly man that boards at the wool shed! I'll go down and see if he knows where he went. " She said this as she was putting on her gloves, hat, coat and boots. She walked briskly down the pathway towards the big, dark shed. It was a cold night to be out. There was a small light in one of the windows and she tapped on it, calling out to Sam. He let her in and picked up the shears again that he had obviously been sharpening.

I suppose he's not so bad, at least he takes care of the equipment, she thought.

"Ummm. . . I'm here to ask if you have seen Master John as he said he was going to see you", she said.

"Not lately DAME Martha", he said.

"Dame", she said with a laugh.

"And one for the dame", he whispered as he slipped behind her. With a grab and a struggle he sliced her throat. She did not go as quietly as the Master and she ran around with wide eyes like a chicken with its head cut off.

"No wonder the Master didn't like you much. You're a noisy little woman aren't you?"

Sam picked up another wool sack and put her in it. He did up the zip and "laid her down to rest" next to her husband, laughing at this remark as his humour became twisted.

Sam sat down and ceremoniously began sharpening the shears. He heard the footsteps on the gravel path and stood up to the window to see the boy from the kitchen walking briskly towards the shed. Here was Dame Martha's little lap dog coming to see where she was.

"And here comes the little boy who lives down the lane", Sam giggled and stood up to let him in.

OUR STREET

by Anna Lunsmann Yr 7

Our house is beautiful and hidden to the world by four jacaranda trees and a few shrubby bushes and a gum. It's like living in a valley as the street goes down then up and we live in the down bit, where the kookaburras sit on the electric wires and sing to themselves.

There's an Italian lady up the road whose husband died. And a lovely warm lady whose dog I walk. There is

also a grandma whose grand-children live next door to her; they have bikes, skateboards and rollerskates all over their yard. Our yard is big (for Balmain). We have grass and concrete and guinea pigs too! A small block of flats up the road houses mostly young men we don't know. All the kids in our street play cricket on the nature strip across the road every day after school.

Our street was like this 'till 1985. Now it's a noisy racket of bulldozers and jackhammers. They're building houses on the bay, across the road

where I learned to bike ride. Mum still remembers when it was a container terminal, but I don't. They said they would give us a park. One square metre, 411 houses and a whole lot of noise! They told us the houses would blend in, but they stick out like a sore thumb. We protested, but they don't care. So we planted more trees. The noise will be over soon and more people will move in but I don't care. Our street will never be the same again.



When I go to sleep at night, seldom reluctant to encase myself in an alternative reality, I photosynthesis. The sunlight of my hardened soul, entwined with the delicate waters of thought, form a kaleidoscope within. Of these things I am sure you know nothing, for I myself know very little. But dawn is realized when my eyes first shut, for no power, not even the fear you sometimes fling at me, can ever interrupt the incoming tide. The tide itself does turn sometimes, pivoting and laughing loudly but I know that this is merely due to the pull of my moon and its song. You are part of this moon but I confess to taking your part in its actions for granted. I often wonder if you sleep as I do and whether I am part of the moon that sits in your night sky.

The stars play merrily, giggling in near silent whispers tales of understanding and pretence. Still the tide comes in. I'm not exactly sure what happens when the water reaches my sand covered feet, for this I can never remember. I may be tossed and thrown by the sea or merely lifted by its awesome beauty. I just don't know.

JULIA BROTHERTON , YEAR 11

BLACKBIRDS' WINGS ARE FREE..... BUT NOT ME!!!

by Natasha Lane Yr 9

I don't know the day, the date, or why I killed him. Sure I loved her, but nothing is worth this suffering. I guess I was drunk at the time. The thought of her with another man was too much. So I killed, at the time it seemed like the best solution. Never did I think I would end up like this.

The boredom is the worst part. I have counted the fingers on my hands so many times that I often wish there would be eleven to break the monotony. I have been here four long years, every one filled with regret and sorrow. I am serving a life sentence but Warren my mate, (he's also in for murder), reckons I'll be out in about 13 years. I'll be lucky to last another five. I have tried public service (sweeping, gardening and the rest) but the humiliation is too much. Instead I sit in this concrete palace dreaming of freedom.

I often watch birds flying over and landing nearby on the walls, free to come and go as they please. I never noticed them on the other side, as I like to call it. Their freedom and their wings are so graceful. They seem to float in freedom, swimming in the wind, while I drown in self pity and boredom. I often write songs about them but I have no guitar

I miss music. It was my life. I played in a band with Shelley, the girl I mentioned before. She was the singer and I was on the bass. We played in clubs. The pay was bad but we loved it. The things I would do to get back in the band again. I often dream about someone bringing me a cake, not with a file but with my guitar hidden inside. I would have brought it with me but it just happened too fast.

You hear so many stories on the other side about what gaol is like. I used to think it would be one big rage- bludging for a while, getting free food, meeting new people- and when you got bored a cake would appear with a file in it. In one day, filing your way out the next, if only it were that easy. Two guys have started a tunnel. Perhaps one day they'll be lucky but it's not worth the hassle and torture of getting caught. The food is quite good but always cold, and the wardens are too resentful and cruel. Sometimes I wonder if they are machines programmed to maltreat us in any way they see fit. They love to watch us suffering, ready to spring on anything we do wrong. Them and the walls are the only things keeping me from freedom and I hate them for it. Those walls, grey blocks of concrete. Everywhere I look I see walls. I have suggested to the wardens we paint a mural on them but it is no use, they never listen.

Time, time, time. I hate that word, why is there so much of it? The days seem like weeks and the minutes like hours. I wish I could cut it in half. I used to have a watch but watching it tick or thinking of what I was missing out on with every second that went by just aided my depression. It has been stolen now and I am glad of it. Everything is stolen around here. I suspect the wardens are responsible but no-one can build up the courage to confront them.

It is hard being black in here. My inmates treat me alright but the wardens always treat us blacks the worst. They look at me with so much hate that sometimes I feel I will be next. The last person they killed was Ernie Palmer. He lashed out at one in frustration and the next day they bashed him to death then hung him up on the shower with his socks tied around his neck. They used to try and make out that they had actually killed themselves but now it's just a game they play. No-one checks on the circumstances of death. They don't care. We're just a lot of blacks banished from society. Occasionally the press blow it up but they make it so sensational that no-one takes it seriously; they only do it to increase sales.

I know one day I'll get out, dead or alive, but I'm not holding my breath. I have to go out for dinner now. Another day wasted but another day closer to getting out.



The Boy Who Swallowed a Pip

by Elwin Lias Yr 7

I have a story that my grandma told me when I was 4 years old. She told it to me while she baby sat me (Mum and Dad were out working). I remember I used to hang on to Mum (she was the first to leave for work). The story went like this:

"A long, long time ago in China (Grandma was from China) there lived a boy named Wushu. One day he sat outside his grandparent's shop, eating a watermelon. As he was chewing, this boy came along and accidentally bumped into Wushu causing them to swallow the pips!! As Wushu was choking, the boy who bumped into him said, "Sorry, I didn't see you. I hope the fruit-spirit doesn't come along and cause you to grow a watermelon on your head!!"

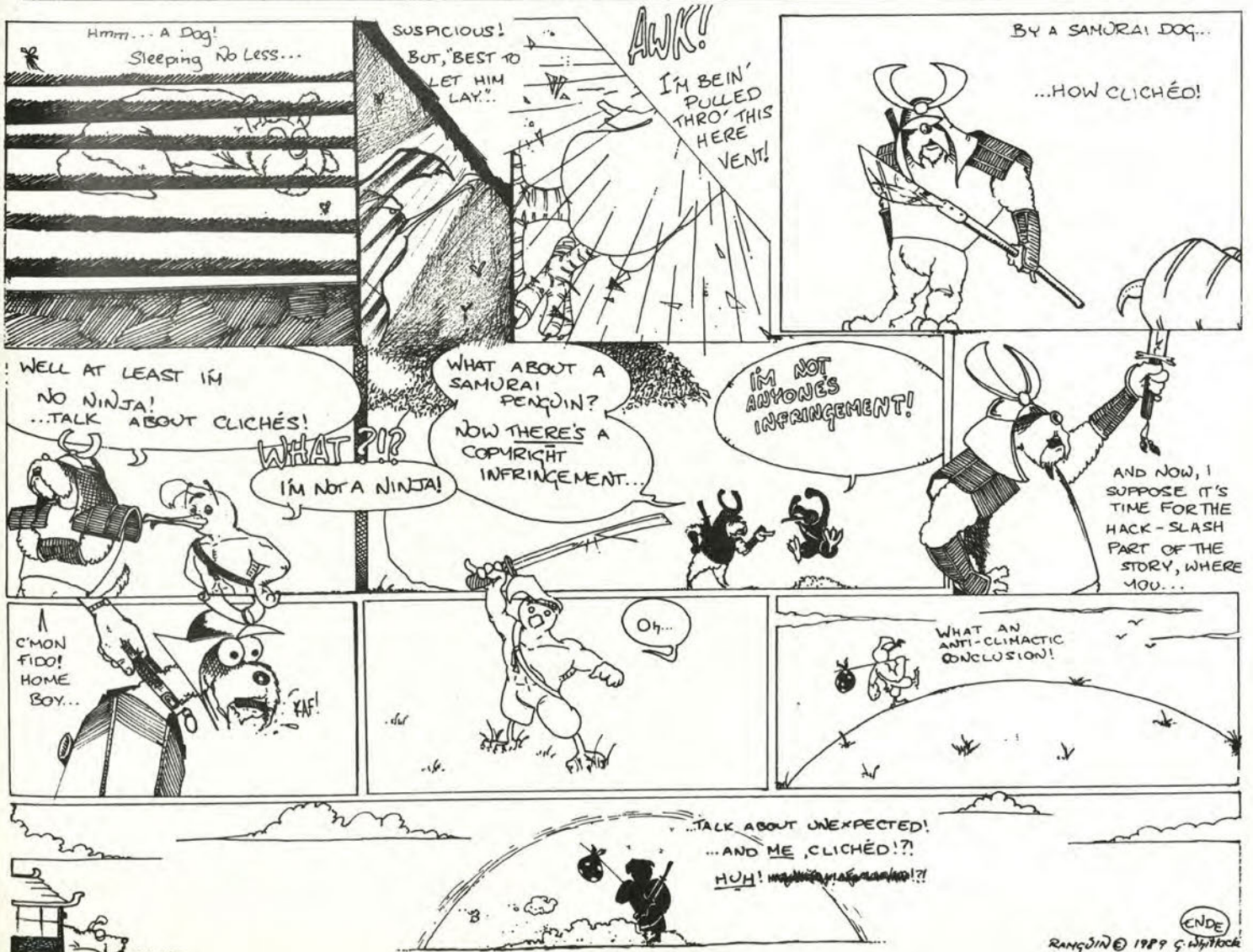
You see, there was a myth about the fruit-spirit; he was a god who looked after the people of China's crops. It was said that if you swallowed a pip, he would make you grow the fruit of whatever you swallowed. Anyway, Wushu was so terrified he started coughing and choking again.

During the next days and weeks Wushu felt around his head, expecting for the worst to happen.

Days passed, then weeks, then months and finally years passed. By now Wushu was a young man. He started to

realize those pips he swallowed were never going to grow into fruits, but he didn't completely lose faith in the fruit-spirit."

Grandma used to tell me this whenever I was upset and it actually calmed me down! She also said that this was a true story but although I always knew that it wasn't true part of me always believed her. I guess the moral of the story was that you have to grow up someday and learn to be independent and realize the facts. Thanks Grandma.



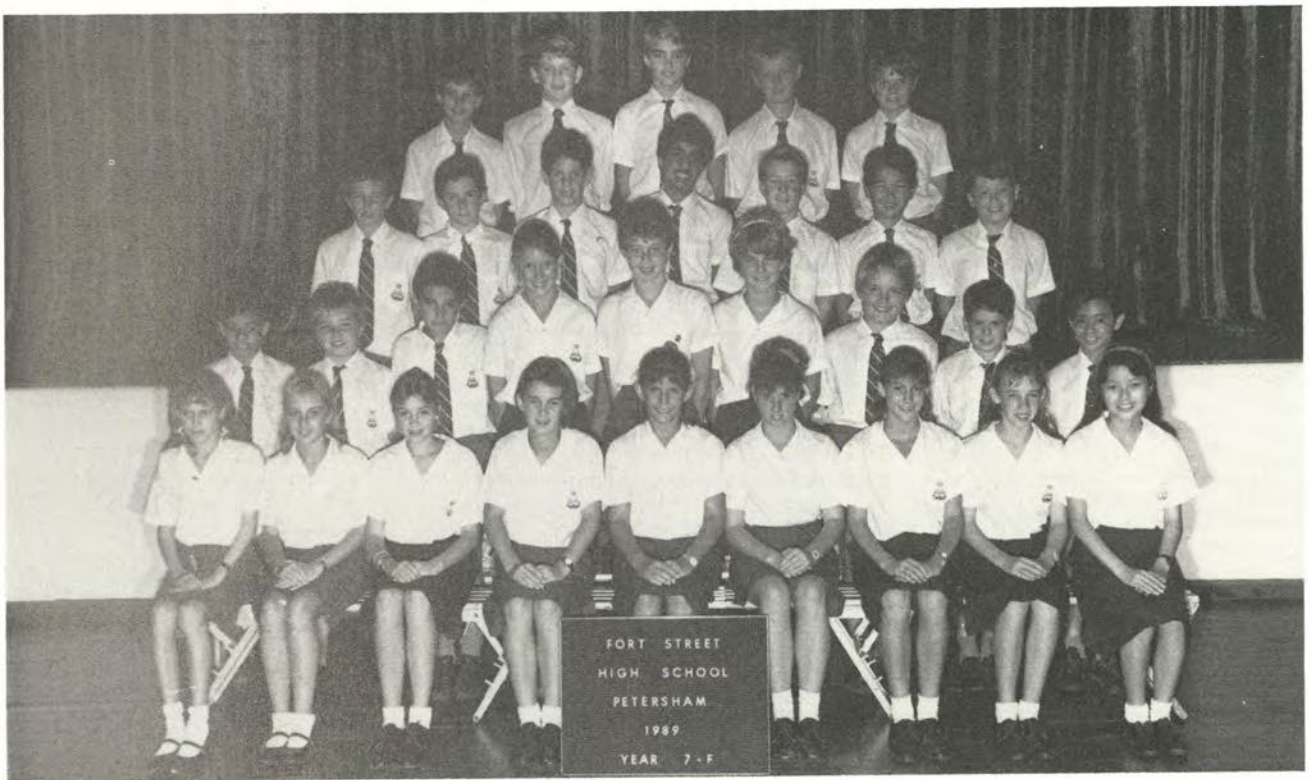


Kylie Dare, Yr 12.

The Awakening

I wake up in a ~~the~~ basement
I'm so hungry, I'm dry.
I must be here sleepwalking,
Mustn't I?
Getting up from my easy chair
Looking for my wife.
Following a trail of crimson spots
That lead into the night.
Suddenly I realize
I see it all through real eyes
These crimson spots are dripping from my hand
And Ahhhhh...
It makes me feel like a man.

Phoebe Cooke and Jasmine Guffond



YEAR 7 - F

1ST ROW: (L to R) Alexandra Carter, Nerida Brownlee, Sara Beccher, Rowena Blewitt, Julie Baracz, Lynette Baloglow, Sally Buckingham, Jennifer Alker, Catherine Chang.

2ND ROW: Feraz Azhar, David Baxter, Alejandro Barreto, Aimee Brown, Kasey Barrett, Kylie Burnell-Jones, Timothy Chapman, Adam Campano, Christian Balanza.

3RD ROW: Paul Raymond Brown, Leighton Aurelius, Paul James Brown, Neeraj Chawla, David Aurelius, Richard Banh, Nathan Archibald.

4TH ROW: James Bales, Nicholas Allen, George Byrne, Steven Bell, Adam Brown.



YEAR 7 - O

1ST ROW: (L to R): Sunethra De Mel, Maria Getsios, My Chan Do, Jessi Guy, Ruth Corris, Louise Ciciriello, Mary Chow, Sarah Clark, Tharanga De Mel.

2ND ROW: Mauro Grassi, Stephen Fountain, Laurence Fagan, Julian Fine, Jason Chiu, Jeremy Green, Sacha Groves, Simon Fitzpatrick, Glenn Gibb.

3RD ROW: Natalie Clark, Belinda Curby, Alice Dallow, Emma Coombes, Emily Christian, Gemma Davies.

4TH ROW: Nathan Clark, Emma Finnerty, Katharine Duke, Claire Dawson.



YEAR 7 - R

1ST ROW: (L to R): Van-Hanh La, Catherine Jones, Serene Hong, Sheila Karunalayan, Leman Huynh, Anna Hobley, Elizabeth Hood, Melissa Jackson, Xuan Thao Huynh.

2ND ROW: Albert Lam, Anthony Krithinakis, Mosaddeque Hossain, Peter Lam, Faris Kirmani, Doan Thai Ho, Calvin Hsieh, Etem Kumsuz.

3RD ROW: Ingrid Knight, Shumane Hui, Stephanie Holding, Margarita Karamitros, Vanessa Hunter, Helen Karoutzos, Maria Kotsiaris, Alexandra Jurkiv.

4TH ROW: Peter Kim, Brendan Haire, Andrew Lane, Hai Khuat, Max Hobeck.



YEAR 7 - T

1ST ROW: (L to R): Cinnamon Lee, Kelly Ngai, Keira Newton, Eletine Mata, Cinnamon Nippard, Vivian Ma, Melanie Maxwell, Miranda McCallum, Deana Mitchell.

2ND ROW: Thomas Lin, Enguang Lee, Anna Lunsmann, Belinda MacDonald, Kirsten Lathwell, Andrew Lee, Christopher Lim.

3RD ROW: Jim Mitsou, Luke Lee, Cam Ly, Ivan Mantelli, Luke Metcalfe, Andrew Murray, David Lesslie, Yong Dee Lee.

4TH ROW: Peter McKeown, Christopher Miller, Elwin Liam, Johnny Kihail, Derek Maller.



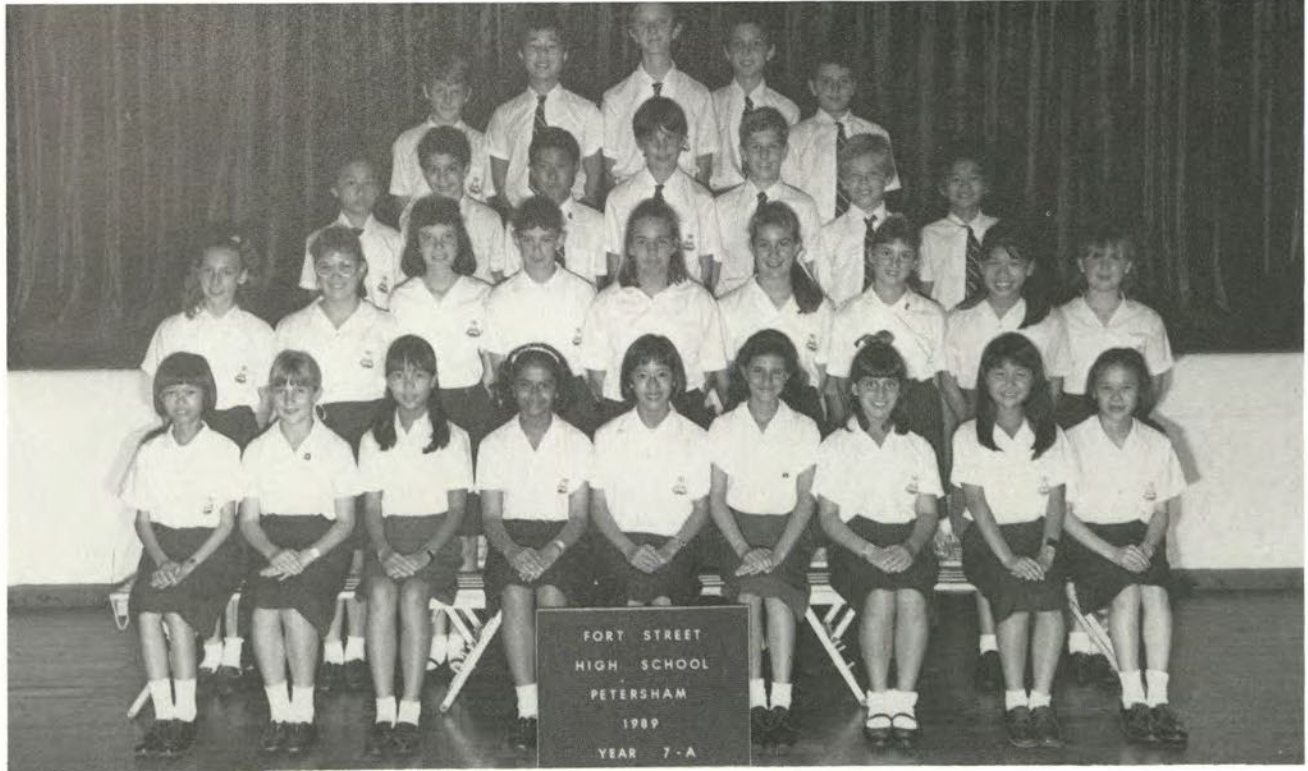
YEAR 7 - I

1ST ROW: (L to R) Anna rigg, Alide Schimke, Eleanor Pegum, Lisa powell, Amber Robinson, Alena Pokorny, Sonya Sceats, June Sartracom, Lynda Reid.

2ND ROW: Tai Phan, Zacha Rosen, Eui-Suk Shin, Torben Ralston, Oscar Park, Andrew Quinn, Christipher Rushton, Ivan Paredes.

3RD ROW: Phillip Ralfe, Carl Schneider, Juergen Petzold, Neil Pradhan, Leshek Pazardior, Benjamin Russell, Alexander Outhred.

4TH ROW: Me-Lee Phang, Maria Panopoulos, Margo Slaven, Catherine Pruscino.



YEAR 7 - A

1ST ROW: (L to R) Patricia Yam, Sacha Stelzer, Teresa Tam Divya Spiram, Le-Binh Tu, Rachel Welsh, Lara Vasarhelyi, Bok-Kyung Yoon, Suwana Watt.

2ND ROW: Sharon Walder, Rebecca Yates, Simone Solomon, Magnolia Sutcliffe, Maraka Zacka, Kate Van Staveren, Anastasia Stathakis, Helen Yee, Amanda Spilsbury.

3RD ROW: Jin Jin Woon, Alex Young, Joseph Yoo, Michael Wilkinson, Stephen Thompson, David Stanaway, David Tchou.

4TH FOW: Abe Worthington, Kevin Soo, Donovan Stone, Damon Young, Angelo Theodoratos.



YEAR 8 - F

1ST ROW: (L to R): Tamsin Calder, Rose Chong, Adele Chalker, Nina Carrel, Asja Binno, Peita Blundell, Elizabeth Chang, Sharon Chu, Danya Cameron.

2ND ROW: Stuart Christie, Sung Ahn, Caroline Burke, Louise Buckingham, Joshua Christian, Karina Acton, Roberta Cooley, Paul Bejarano, Janan Clowes.

3RD ROW: Nigel Bonney, Tim Colquhoun, Evan Breerton, Luis Batalha, Edward Brookton, Daniel Chakarovski.

4TH ROW: Todd Brown, Peter Brennan, Maurice Bonotto, Philip Agius.



YEAR 8 - O

1ST ROW: (L to R): Emma Flamer-Caldera, Maya Gazzard, Jeanne-Vida Douglas, Kerry Gibbons, Sharon Cross, Sasha Curthoys, Stella Galas, Catherine Dung, Angela Giannakipoulos,

2ND ROW: Alexandra Ermoll, Natalie Cumming, Sophie Elen-Forbat, Karin Darcy, Iinca Furdui, Claire Edwardes, Antonella Emmi, Bronwyn Englaro.

3RD ROW: Karl Giese, David Fernandez, Christian Ellis, Daniel Dinich, Tan Do, Michael Frost.

4TH ROW: Geoffrey Dunn, Ryan Dare, Luke Folkard, Matthew Duffy.



YEAR 8 - R

1ST ROW: (L to R): Francine Ioannou, Fiona Hall, Lucy Jones, Simone Kelly, Cludine Lachs, Erika Klimpsch, Alexandra Konstantelos, Mi Hi Lee, Hanh Huynh.

2ND ROW: Mark Greenway, William Ku, Gary Johnson, Felix Ho, Gough Kollias, Timothy Lee, Robert Kennedy, Jeremy Gray, Adrian Kirstan.

3RD ROW: William Hird, Mary Lee, Marcia Gonidellis, Maria Hatzistergos, Angela Kazonis, Sunny Kim, Christopher Ison.

4TH ROW: Nicholas Hempton, Chia Lai, Aleksandar Kurcubic, Lewin Jones, Ben Hutchinson.



YEAR 8 - T

1ST ROW: (L to R): Tue Quan Nguyen, Vanessa Mordaunt, Kym Leong, Katharine Mercer, Simily Newman, Holly Lyons, Effie Meloucas, Vainei Lee, Elizabeth Magarey.

2ND ROW: Peter Nguy, Nicholas Nites, Alex Lyberopulos, Jessica Murty, Magdalena Mironowicz, Jeffrey Lum, Doinic Olsson, Julian Nikakis.

3RD ROW: Yuki Nakazawa, Rodney Mann, James Manning, John Nguyen, Bennett Livingston, Benjamin McNicoll.

4TH ROW: Tan Tai Nguyen, Anthony McDannell, Con Logothetis, Algis Lencus.



YEAR 8 - I

1ST ROW: (L to R): Mimmette Roldan, Louise Salmon, Dannielle Petrie, Kate Rowe, Helen Papadopoulos, Michelle Parker, Concettina Rocca, Mau Nghi Phung, Ellen Quoy.

2ND ROW: Adin Pilcer, Lincoln Robinson, Anna Pertierra, Jessica Schuman, Daniel Rodenburg, Maeve Richardson, Rani Ramjan, Eric Paul, Jem Richardson.

3RD ROW: Luke Ryan, David Roache-Turner, Benjamin Phillips, Leo Polojac, Andrew Parker, Kuveshen Pather, Andrew Sadler, Stephen Ong.



YEAR 8 - A

1ST ROW: (L to R): Emma Whitmore, Natasha Yetton, Corin Throsby, Ilona Zebrowski, Theodora Tserdanis, Erika Tuktens, Katrina Stiles, Georgina Tarrant, Hae-Jin Song.

2ND ROW: Viet-Chau Tran, Shunanda Wallace, Ingrid Smith, Suzana Stankovic, Taryn Woods, Christine Stowers, Emily Walton, Ashley Steven.

3RD ROW: Simon Wood, Dudi Sukendar, Olaf Supit, Michael Zatorski, John Tawadros, Adam Young, Nicolas Williamson, Gavin Tung.

4TH ROW: Phillip Tang, Tom Spence, John Tawfik, Siung Tan, Michael Tsimnadis, Eddie Yeung, Daniel Williams.



YEAR 9 - F

1ST ROW: (L to R): Nilasinee Ariyamethe, Yasmine Clement, Dina Bountopoulos, Marija Cuk, Jessica Choi, Lucy Brotherton, Jacqueline Bennett, Helena Alexandrakis, Jane Choi.

2ND ROW: Edward Curthoys, Spiros Courtis, Adriene Cobcroft, Anna Butler, Sage Bronk, Angela Benson, Emmunuel Christou, Sukhonoy Basu Roy.

3RD ROW: Daniel Adams, Jackson Chow, Darcy Antunes, Michael Cahill, Robert Chan, Jonathon Beattie.

4TH ROW: Jason Betts, George Athanasououlos, Frank Andrews, Matthew Crosby, Alessandro Bonanno.



YEAR 9 - O

1ST ROW: (L to R): Vicki Giannopoulos, Beth Delaney, Josephine D'Agostino, Hannah Dawson, Claire Diesendorf, Barbara Duncan, Janelle Gibb, Kylie Eggleton, Thao Duong.

2ND ROW: Anthony Gao, Elizabeth Farry, Katie Fisher, Nhuyen Farrenc, Madeleine Doyle, David Gill, Tina Gizariotis, Alistair Gillies, Jordan Gribble.

3RD ROW: Savvas Giannakakis, Malcolm Green, Steve Giannakouras, Jacob Gorman, Benjamin Kuke, Matthew Grant, Emil Fuscaldo, Nelson Da-Silva, Sasa Gocanin.



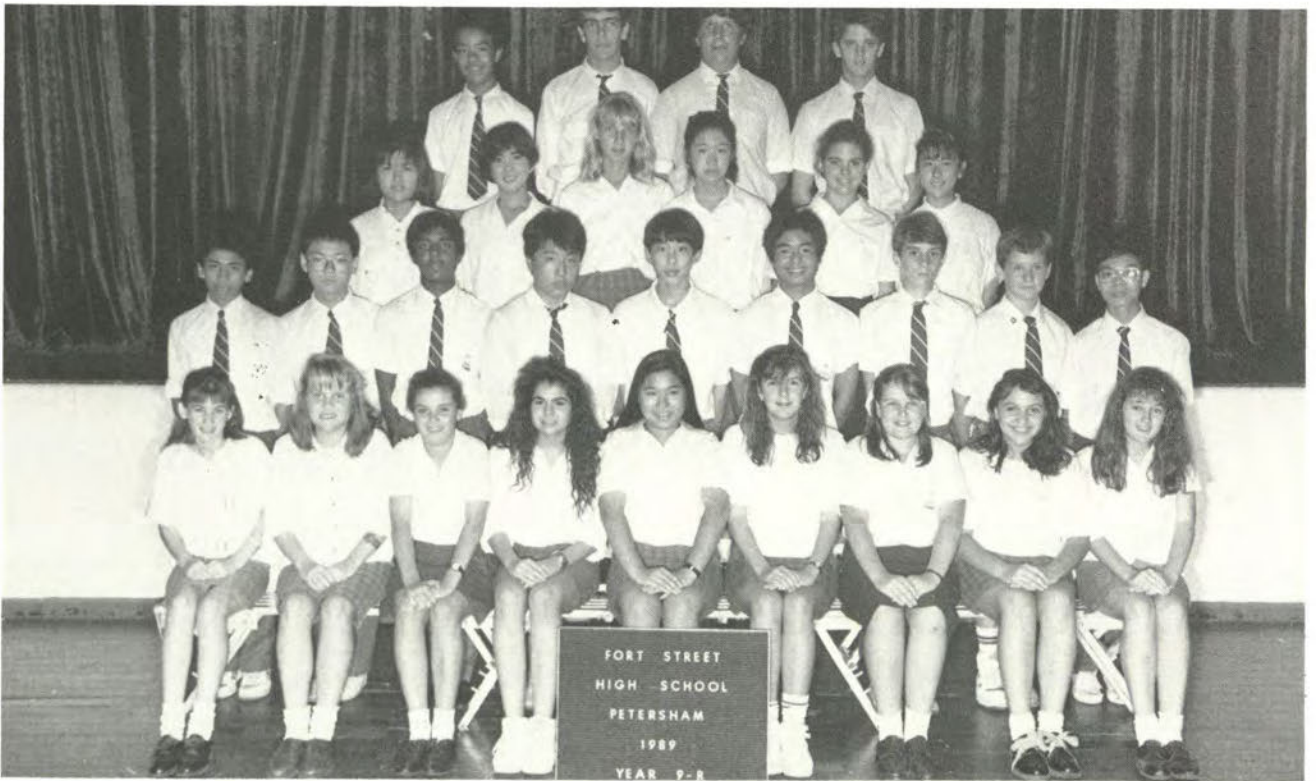
YEAR 9 - R

1ST ROW: (L to R): Ruth Ioannidis, Kaisu Kontkanen, Sonia Layton, Nectaria Keramianakis, Tinny Hon, Mariana Karagiannakis, Marcelle Jones, Marcia Hargous, Natasha Lane.

2ND ROW: Reza Hasjim, Khanh Dai Lam, Muhunthan Kanagaratnam, Sae Jin Kwon, Yong Tai Lee, Nhuyen Bao Huynh, Meer Jodlovich, Tim Haire, Du Thang Huynh.

3RD ROW: Eun Joo Lee, Louise Kuo, Barbara Kwiatkowski, Deborah Hong, Valentyna Jurkiw, Hyun Joo Ku.

4TH ROW: Jeffrey Ku, Rodney Jennings, Thomas Lacek, Chad Harrington.



YEAR 9 - T

1ST ROW: (L to R): Anna Meister, Sandra Nam, Lufiani Mulyadi, Sabrina Macri, Becky Morris, Rebecca Moraitis, Claire Lund, Orit Mishor, Kathryn Mayne.

2ND ROW: Paul Mac, Maria Munzone, Danae Natsis, Kristen Melville, Siobhan Mackay, Kate Madgwick, Tarne Malor, Ian Lesslie,

3RD ROW: Asher McLoughlin, Praven Naidoo, Jamie Moore, Nikos Marions, Paul Melville.



YEAR 9 - I

1ST ROW: (L to R): Michele Smart, Nardine Rostom, Maria Rodrigues, Caroline Shepherd, Rebekah Nugent, Sandra Oliveira, Belinda Rogan, Jimin Park, Hae-Ran Song.

2ND ROW: Bernard Pfeil, Thanh Huy Nhuyen, Thomas Oates, Thomas Nockolds, Vu Huynh Nhuyen, James Schofield, Benjamin Robertson, Aiguoc Dong Nguyen, Hoang Lam Nhuyen.

3RD ROW: Leanne Park, Viola Said, Zoe Lee, Victoria Wheeler, Jessica Post, Rustanti Oetojo, Emma Pyke, Tamara Rees, Jordan Gribble.

4TH ROW: Yung Ngo, Linh Khoa Phu, Simon Prunster, Michael Penny, Teofilo Nobriga.



YEAR 9 - A

1ST ROW: (L to R): Thuy Van Tran, Jodi Stiles, Sarah Waterworth, Siew Fong Yiap, Sarah Stanbridge, Michelle Sourbis, Gina Yiannikis, Aicen Tjang, Nga To.

2ND ROW: Chris Sotirias, Chung Wong, Ross Wainwright, Steve Tadic, Nicholas Sordon, Darby To, Justin Whelan, Caine Stewart.

3RD ROW: Sarah Whitlock, Joanna Walton, Larissa Stanley, Victoria Wheeler, Tanti Oetojo, Zoe Lee, Kelly Spallas.

4TH ROW: Bill Truong, Stephen Wallace, Kwong Chin Tse, Alex Wolfson, Timothy Tonkin, Kenneth Soo.



YEAR 10 - F

1ST ROW: (L to R): Katy Bryant, Sandy Arezina, Vivienne Cibola, Kate Bailey, Dinh Au, Margaret Cermak, Mary Chan, Sun-Jae An, Helen Campbell.

2ND ROW: Morgan Boehringer, Bill Bilalis, Duncan Bond, Mark Brady, Carlie Bulloch, Mark Bookallil, Daniel Burn, Robin Bae, Aidan Archer.

3RD ROW: Steven Baloglow, Alice Byrne, Kirsty Chestnutt, Clare Archibald, Carlie Brown, Lisa Blakeney, Roland Chan.

4TH ROW: Sebastian Brandt, John Bracic, Mark Brereton.



YEAR 10 - O

1ST ROW: (L to R): Frances Garnett, Nicholle Fox, Karen Ellis, Mia Garlick, Lien Choi, Jannete Cho, Pema Gazzard, Stephania Costa.

2ND ROW: Tien Do, Fergus Cumming, Hetty Foyle, Claire Fricke, Sarah Cree, Amanda Cooley, Darcy Eunson-Cottle, James Fong.

3RD ROW: David Farry, Nicolas Correa, Michael Fairall, Dion Clark, Samson Fangaloka, Robert Cummins, Gregory Fountain, Troy Culbert.



YEAR 10 - R

1ST ROW: (L to R): Antonia Kolotouros, Helen Konstantelos, Sally Girgis, Katharine Jeffreys, Kalina Koloff, Sung He Lee, Liberty Jools, Alena Jang, Fui Ping Liew.

2ND ROW: Jaime Lachs, Adrian Kang, Fleur Laurence, Julie Kim, Georgina Gerzilis, John Jimenez, Anthony Lim.

3RD ROW: Van Thu Huynh, Jeff Lai, John Ko, Thomas Hesper, Victor Leong, Simon Kilazoglou.

4TH ROW: Arthur Karoutzos, Matthew Knight, David Harrington, Nicholas Gray, Julian Griffith.



YEAR 10 - T

1ST ROW: (L TO R): Susheela Peres Da Costa, Pamela Lin, Kristy Parker, Nina McEnnally, Blaise Lyons, Rachel Locke, Georgina Panagopoulos, Tinh Quan Nguyen, Yvete Lopez.

2ND ROW: Tuan Nguy, Inca Paul, Mark Mains, Tjhi Thuy Nguyen, Gabrielle Maitland, Simone Parsons, Jacek Lipiec, Stuart McKiernan, Gregory Matsin.

3RD ROW: Silas Mylecharane, Mark Lutowski, Adrian McKeown, Dennis Miralis, Robert Milekovic, Peter Murray, Chris Macris, Pedro Moreira, Richard Nash.



YEAR 10 - I

1ST ROW: (L to R): Suman Seth, Jennifer Robertson, Eva Raes, Romi Slaven, Kirsten Seale Anastasia Tahtirelis, Rebecca Sheret, Charu Singhal, Nhut Xan Phung.

2ND ROW: Oliver Steven, John Soh, Karl Supit, Benjamin Robinson, Peter Smith, Jody Spratt, Peter Roberts, Geoffrey Sadler.

3RD ROW: Paul Ramsay, Gary Rich, Brian Spilsbury, Dalley Robinson, Nicol Ritchie, Simon Taylor, Jasper Rowe.



YEAR 10 - A

1ST ROW: (L to R): Cindy Yee, Elizabeth Trigg, Noola Tsavdaridis, Cassie Young, Astrid Tuktens, Mishayla Webber, Inge Teiwes, Anna Williamson.

2ND ROW: Andrew Walkley, Brendan Ward, Andrei Voican, Benjamin Weekes, Richard Zangoli, Rohin Zvargulis, Tuan Huan Truong, Anthony Xydis, James Tunggal.

3RD ROW: Joseph Wickert, Alexander Wilkinson, Luke Thrum, Peter Thompson, Jason Wilde, Robet Van Langenberg, Samuel Toohey.

4TH ROW: Daniel Walker, Joshua Wildsoet, Adam Tran.



YEAR 11 - F

1ST ROW: (L to R): Jessica Black, Gabrielle McKinnon, Tanina Bombara, [REDACTED], Shanel Cameron, Amy Chalker, Julia Brotherton, Narelle Browne, Melinda Benjamin.

2ND ROW: Jennifer Burge-Lopez, Cameron Booth, Brett Buckley, Catherine Burnheim, Phoebe Black, George Bountopoulos, Anthony Buono, Genevieve Broomam, Nicole Chisolm.

3RD ROW: Theo Athanasopoulos, Leon Bowles, Kristian Brockmann, Anthony Boukouvala, Deanna Byrne, Benjamin Branson, Andrew Bouvard, Christopher Austen, Lyndon Arthurson.



YEAR 11 - O

1ST ROW: (L to R): Rebecca Davidson, Anne Colquhoun, Raquel Gabiola, Phoebe Cooke, Anna Czarnocka, Willow Davoren, Natasha Fiodoroff.

2ND ROW: Dennis Cohen, Miriam Corris, Rebecca Donnison, Pauline Clague, Rebeca Fairall, Elizabeth Crowther, Saran Deling.

3RD ROW: Salvatore Esposito, Stephen Francis, Damon Cook, Robin Darnley, Rory Delaney, Murat Dizdar.

4TH ROW: John Power, Thomas Donald, Brett Cowell, John Doyle.



YEAR 11 - R

1ST ROW: (L to R): Judy Hsieh, Kristina Lacin, Kristine Giese, Alison Hon, Leesa Hay, Deborah Gaskell, Sara Ho, Sukanya Haran.

2ND ROW: Caroline Haswell, Athanasios Houllis, Paul Hurst, Kathryn James, Jennifer Gerrie, Barry Gibb, Hung Huynh, Vassoulla Ioannou.

3RD ROW: Terry Karabelas, Sabesan Kathir, Elliot Hyde, Glen Henderson, Tristan Imber, David Hughes, Brett Holland.



YEAR 11 - T

1ST ROW: (L to R): May Lee, Theresa Lim, Eva Lacek, Raelene Matejka, Kristen Klimpsch, Fiona Lau, Rosemary Kos, Genevieve Magarey.

2ND ROW: Sae-Yoon Kwon, Charles Lake, Garfield Lee, Joshua Martin, Inanch Mehmet, Wyman Kwong, Thao Nguyen.

3RD ROW: Joe Kang, Jin Man Kim, Hun Kim, Dejan Nikolic, Denny Lee, Nicholas Marsh, Alan Leung.



YEAR 11 - I

1ST ROW: (L to R): Glenda Park, Simone Sparkes, Kyla Slaven, Danielle Olsen, Bernadetta No, Kirsti Samuels, Kimberley Eggleton, Emily Oates, Rosemary Chopra.

2ND ROW: Nickolaos Pantelis, Michelle Shaneem, Sarah Forsyth, Karina Pratt, Olga Rounis, Gia Phung, Emily Saunders, Rohan Pinto.

3RD ROW: Aldo Saavedra, Tristin Norwell, Jeffrey No, Stuart Miller, Rajithe Saharasekera, Thavendran Pather, Daniel Shipp, Tu Tin Quach.

4TH ROW: John Powers, Thomas Donald, Benjamin Quinn, Alexios Salouros, Justin Playford, Navesh Perumal, Nazmi Ressay.



YEAR 11 - A

1ST ROW: (L to R): Sofia Costa, Rachel Wilson, Kate Ziolkowska, Nicole Van Barneveld, Caitlyn Wignell, Tresna Stiles, Yung Luong, Jacqueline Troung, Linda Steadman.

2ND ROW: My Hang Trinh, Georgina Mousouleas, Wendy Yen, Daniela Terruso, Sarah Tomsett, Nancy Stosic, Bronwen Stevenson, Patricia Zagarella.

3RD ROW: Turvey To, Mathew Tziotis, Ben Symonds, Matthew Vagulans, Thomas Vidalis, Paul Stathakis, Richard Tan.

4TH ROW: Brett Holland, Andrew Bovard, Andrew Thompson, Leonard Wright, Eugene Whitlock.



YEAR 12 - F

1ST ROW: (L to R): Tina Collins, Karen Dorn, Anna Bryant, Kylie Dare, Anna Bearpark, Sun-Hee Cho, Maria Arvanitis, Kerri Ambler.

2ND ROW: Elizabeth Brbot, Sasha Carrel, Con Boulougouris, Lucy Byrne, Julia Cummins, Juan Collaguazo, Maia Andreasen, Trang Dang.

3RD ROW: Juan Chang, Francesco Cammaroto, Matthew Adams, Jon-Patrick Collins, Tjheofilos Belekas, Alex Cheng.



YEAR 12 - O

1ST ROW: (L to R): Niki Frampton, Merryl Geribo, Penny Gonnidellis, Christine Fotakipoulos, Jodie Gibson, Sophie Gibb, Sibel Goren, Niki Hale.

2ND ROW: Mary Fien, Julia Grazioli, Nikoletta Flampoulidou, Louise Gillett, Christine Gabiola, Margaret Gay, Pernille Hanson, Amber Elen-Forbat.

3RD ROW: Duncan Hau, Bill Giannakopoulos, Daniel Farrenc, Joseph Graffi, Marc Englaro.

4TH ROW: Michael Gregory, Justin Hall, Michael Harding, Brendan Gribble.



YEAR 12 - R

1ST ROW: (L to R): Su Lee, Song Mi Lee, Aileen Lowe, Leola Lachs, Yoon Chong Kim, Hao Hua, Phuong Lieu, Tina Lavrentiou.
 2ND ROW: Christopher Hunt, Benjamin Lee, David Leung, Lily Katsoulis, Katarina Lawergren, George Konstantin, Tarkan Kucukkaya, David Ioannidis.
 3RD ROW: Sean Lee, Alfred Hiatt, Eugene Lau, Jeremy Kothe, James Lennane, Meredith Hyde, Dennis Koustoubardis, Adrian Lowe.



YEAR 12 - T

1ST ROW: (L to R): Darna Milnlow, Ameshri Naidoo, Keri Maylor, Sarah Murphy, Polly McDonald, Yvonne Lutowski, Kara Monro.
 2ND ROW: Thanh Nguyen, Bithia O'Brien, Melissa Morris, Gerard Nicol, Daria O'Neill, Amber Ma, Dung Nguyen.
 3RD ROW: Silvester Molnar, Adam Newall, Branson Pavey, James Murty, Benjamin MacLaine, Bao-Dinh Nguyen-Phuoc.



YEAR 12 - I

1ST ROW: (L to R): Amelia Ratu, Janine Rhodes, Kate Stephens, Tanya Powell, Emma Puchert, Kelli Smith, Anna Sordon, Nicole Steadman, Nadia Pelikis.

2ND ROW: Jason Ratcliff, Daniel Story, Toby Raphael, Christian Phillips, Terry Liberopoulos, James Robertson, Peter Politis, Angelo Softsis, Justin Spratt.

3RD ROW: Julian Reid, George Repeti, Stefan Perunal, Carlo Russo, John Reja, Philip Samanek, Nicholas Puacha, Mathew Ridge.



YEAR 12 - A

1ST ROW: (L to R): Niki Hale, Katherine Wild, Tove Warren, Rachel White, Sunny Wilding, Claire Sullivan, Dimitra Kydis, Lesley Watts, Tanny Tsanis.

2ND ROW: Kirsty Thomson, Aaron Wong, Tom Williams, Elizabeth Weekes, Sacha Vidler, David Young, Celia Wisnoebroto.

3RD ROW: Pietro Tagliano, Phillip Svoronow, Paul Tootell, Matthew Wilson, Julian Thornton, Vy Ta, Dwayne JWheeler.

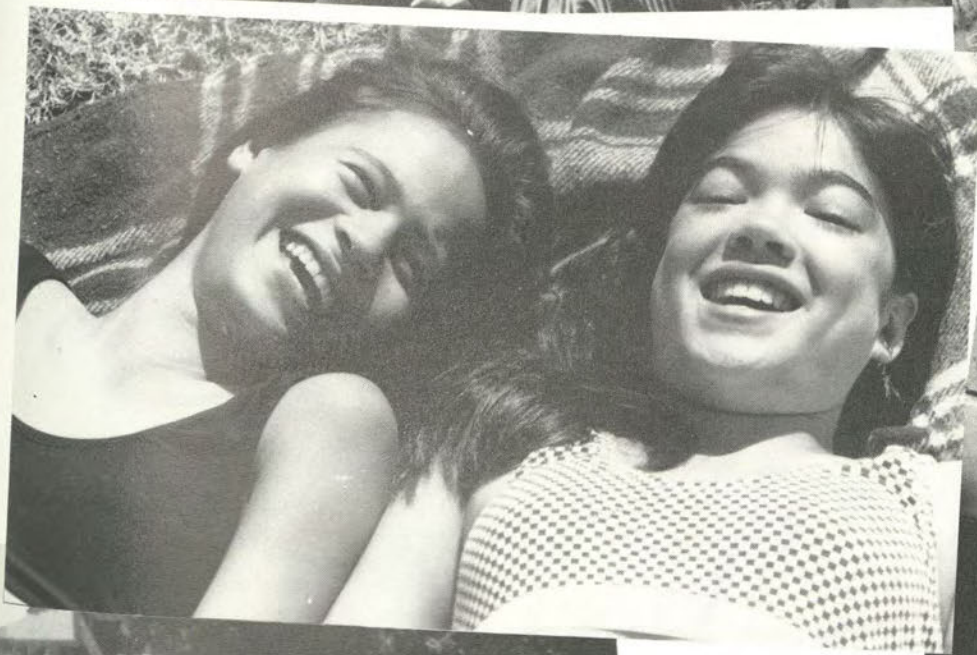
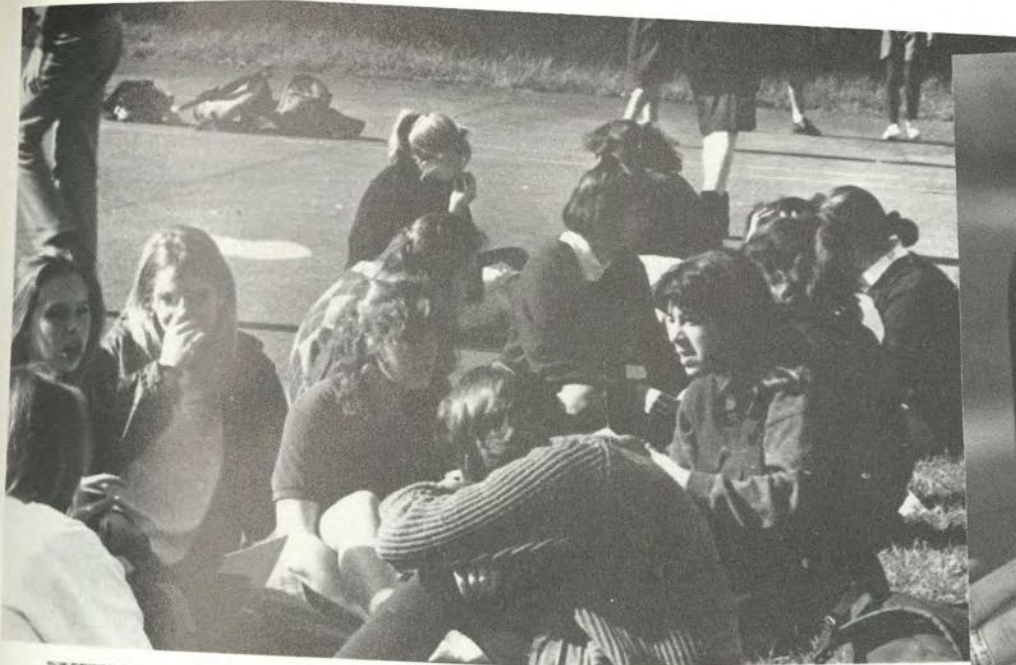


Year 12, 1989.

STAFF - 1989



- FRONT ROW (L to R): N. Jennings, H. Webb, J. Allman, B. Jago, H. Sturm,
R. Higgins, C. Preece, J. Deeble, J. Buckingham,
T. Sime, J. Wright, A. Draper, A. Hewett.
- SECOND ROW (L to R): V. Chiplin, L. Beevers, K. McGirr, G. Salmon,
L. Gallaher, J. King, R. Paice, M. Watts, L. Fox,
S. Stark, C. DAVIS, J. O'Keefe, G. Salmon, F. Buckland.
- THIRD ROW (L to R): I. Nicholson, (), L. Pendleton, K. Smith,
M. Gamble, M. Docking, J. Newell, J. Waters, M. Johanson,
S. Spry, S. Yalichev.
- FOURTH ROW (L to R): P. Bartier, M. Hosking, F. Chadwick, M. Cepperano,
J. Bates, D. Madigan, C. Hill, S. Allen, A. Kelly,
C. Moynham.
- FIFTH ROW (L to R): Z. Neurath, B. Hayes, T. Jurd, M. Ireland, G. Osland,
S. Page, M. Marcuse, M. Browne, P. Fischer.
- SIXTH ROW (L to R): B. Palmer, P. Canty, P. Tibbles, R. Baker, L. Gilbert,
W. Griffith, B. Crawford.
- ABSENT : J. Levi, K. Macdonald, L. Miller, B. Hagerman,
G. McInnes, M. Stamoulos, K. Ambler, D. Brace,
L. Joslyn, T. Glebe, P. Bresnahan, L. Trevini,
S. Scheduling, B. Fraser, J. Palmer, S. Clarke,
S. Smith, B. Leonard.



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Macintosh Hire

Use the Macs at our office to produce your own work.

City Desktop & Graphics run Desktop Publishing & Design courses using Apple Macintoshes.

Applications used include Aldus Pagemaker, Aldus Freehand and Microsoft Word.

Other areas of the course include scanning graphics and text, creating layouts and good design techniques.

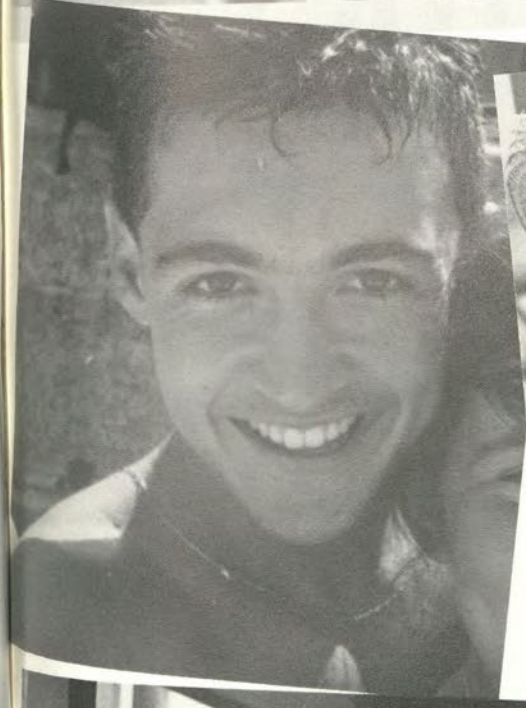
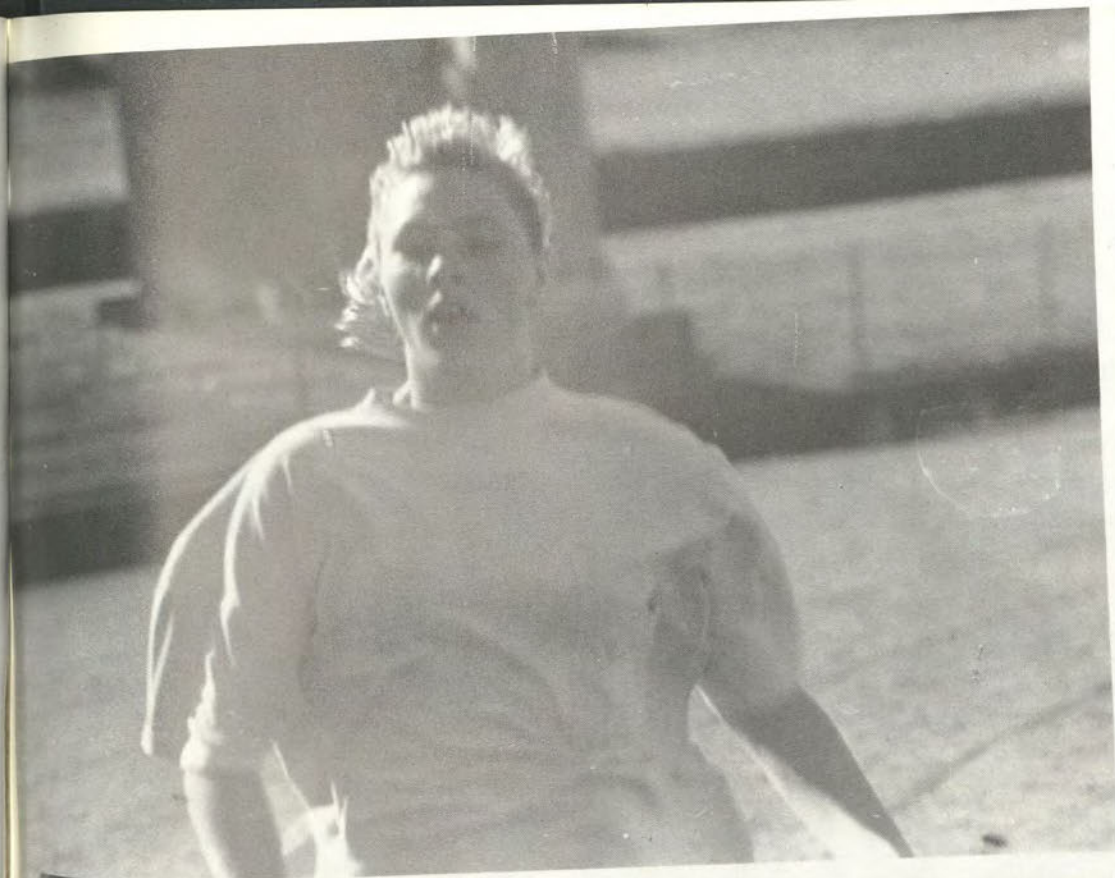
A full course outline is available on request.



CITY DESKTOP & GRAPHICS

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Your hip rating

1. a) 4 b) 3 c) 0 d) 0
2. a) 1 b) 0 c) 3 d) 2
3. a) 0 b) 3 c) 1 d) 0
4. a) 3 b) 3 c) 1 d) 0
5. a) 1 b) 4 c) 3 d) 0
6. a) 5 b) 1 c) 2 d) 0
7. a) 5 b) 0
8. 1 mark for each
9. a) 0 b) 1 c) 2 d) 4
10. a) 5 b) 0
11. a) 5 b) 0
12. a) 0 b) 2 c) 3 d) 5
13. a) 1 b) 0 c) 5 d) 2
14. 1 mark for each.

Under 10: PATHETIC!

10 - 30 : you probably don't care about your image and if you do, it doesn't show.

30 - 50 : nearly, nearly.

Over 50 : very groovy, but not quite "with it" enough to avoid doing this quiz.

Baby photos.

- 1 MR STURM
- 2 MS CHADWICK
- 3 MR BARTIER
- 4 MR JENNINGS
- 5 MISS IRELAND
- 6 MR HIGGINS
- 7 MRS STARK
- 8 MR MOYNHAM
- 9 MS MACDONALD
- 10 MR TIBBLES
- 11 MS JAGO
- 12 MR CANTY
- 13 MR WEBB
- 14 MR YALICHEV
- 15 MR MADIGAN
- 16 MS DAVIS
- 17 MS GILBERT

