



THE FORTIAN COMMITTEE

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 Natalie Cumming
 Kelly Dann
 Madeleine Doyle
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 Editor: -Miss Macdonald



Editors Note

The Fortian this time moved closer to home, mine. Katie Fisher, Madeleine Doyle and Catherine Duong (as well as Lucy and Tinny and Alys Martin for a day) moved into the living room. Finn O'Keefe and Miss Katsiaris crouched over a Macintosh in another corner, Louisa made trouble and I worried.

So here it is. Yet again I've learnt a lot - mostly about people and much of it nice, although reliability needs more practise. Certainly the one person who has displayed talent and grit above and far beyond any 3% pay rise, no-one is ever going to give her, is Miss Katsiaris. It appears as well as being a wonderful child actress, she's a dab hand at layout. Without her there would be no magazine and June Lunsman again this year must be thanked for her laser printer.

Miss Macdonald

Firstly, if I had been more organised we might have been able to afford the \$3 000 needed for coloured pages. I don't think I was a good co-ordinator, since I've got about as much organisational skills as a lemon. I spent a lot of time losing Katie's typing, scoffing chocolate biscuits and playing hairdressers with five year old Louisa.

Ms Katsiaris and Finn should be commended for resisting the temptation to throw our computer out the nearest window.

Special thanks to Miss McDonald for letting us partially demolish her house in the holidays.

I now know I don't want a future career in publishing.

M.

FORT STREET HIGH SCHOOL CALENDAR 1991.

TERM 1	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
Week 1 29-1-91	PUBLIC HOLIDAY	BEGIN TERM I			X FINAL DATE YR 12 SUBJECT CHANGE.
1-2-91					
Week 2 4-2-91	YR 7 CLASSES				P.C. - REGIONAL MEETING
8-2-91		EXECUTIVE		FACULTY	
Week 3 11-2-91			YR 7/8 DANCE P.C. MEETING		X ZONE DIVING.
15-2-91		EXECUTIVE		COMMITTEE	
Week 4 18-2-91	YR 12 PROBATION STUDENTS REVIEW	EXECUTIVE - MANAGEMENT P.M.		YR 12 BING ASS.	SCHOOL SWIMMING CARNIVAL
22-2-91			YR 11 BOS MEETING 7-8 P.M.	FACULTY	
Week 5 25-2-91	ASSEMBLY		YR 7 PARENTS NIGHT.		X
1-3-91	REGIONAL SWIMMING BOYS TENNIS	EXECUTIVE		STAFF	YR 12 BOS MEETING 6-7 P.M.
Week 6 4-3-91	YR 9 HIST P/B	YR 12 HSC MEETING			SCHOOL SPEECH DAY
8-3-91		ZONE SWIMMING CARNIVAL	YR 10 BOS MEETING 7-8 P.M.	FACULTY	
Week 7 11-3-91	SCHOOL PHOTOGRAPHS		YR 10 HISTORY		X
15-3-91		EXECUTIVE	P.C. MEETING	COMMITTEE	REGIONAL SWIMMING.
Week 8 18-3-91	IMP. MEETING		RELIGIOUS LIFE DEMONSTR.		ASSEMBLY.
22-3-91				FACULTY	
Week 9 25-3-91			YR 12 INCREASE OF UNITS.	X GOOD FRIDAY	
28-3-91		EXECUTIVE	STAFF.	END TERM I	
Week				PERM STAFF PAY	X CASUAL STAFF PAY FORMS

FORT STREET HIGH SCHOOL CALENDAR 1991.

TERM 2	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
Week 1 8-4-91	Year 12 EXAMS				ADV. READING CHS SWIMMING STAFF MEETING
12-4-91	6:15 FORTIAN EXECUTIVE	P.C. MEETING			
Week 2 15-4-91	Year 12 EXAMS				SCHOOL DEVELOPMENT DAY
19-4-91	Year 9 GEOG CAMP ADV. READING	YR 9 HISTORY PER 1-2 MUSIC COUNCIL 730			ADV. READING CLUSTER MEETING FACULTY
Week 3 22-4-91	ADV. READING	C.D. VISIT	YR 8 SURVEY	ANZAC DAY	X SCHOOLS IN P.A.R.L. REGIONAL CONF.
26-4-91	SCHOOLS IN P.A.R.L. CLUSTER CONF.				
Week 4 29-4-91	ADV. READING		Year 7 F.C.R YR 12 REPORTS		YR 11 ENTERPRISE (AUST. RALLY) ADV. READING COMMITTEE
3-5-91					ZONE SPORT PRINCIPALS. SCHOOLS IN P.A.R.L. STATE CONF.
Week 5 6-5-91	ADV. READING	SCHOOL ASSEMBLY	YEAR 9 REPORTS		SCHOOL CROSS COUNTRY ADV. READING FACULTY
10-5-91		EXECUTIVE	P.C. MEETING		DRAFT SENIOR HANDBOOK DUE YEAR 8 REPORTS
Week 6 13-5-91	Year 11 1/2 Yearly EXAMS				
17-5-91					STAFF MEETING
Week 7 20-5-91	Year 11 EXAMS of 7 SCOLIOSIS SENIOR HANDBOOK TO YEAR 10		Year 7 T, I CAMP PARENT/TEACHER NIGHT 8, 9, 12		
24-5-91		EXECUTIVE	YR 12 ENGLISH EXC. - P.M.		FACULTY
Week 8 27-5-91	YR 7 SCOLIOSIS		Year 10 TRIAL REP. TESTS		YEAR 11 REPORTS
31-5-91					COMMITTEE
Week 9 3-6-91		SCIENCE COMPETITION		YEAR 7 REPORTS	CLUSTER MEETING
7-6-91		EXECUTIVE		FACULTY	
Week 10 10-6-91	QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY	Year 8 GEOG. CAMP NSW TRAVEL CONF.			YEAR 10 REPORTS
14-6-91			P.C. MEETING		STAFF MEETING
Week 11 17-6-91			HSC ORAL TIMETABLE		X FINAL DATE S.C. MATHS CHANGES
21-6-91		EXECUTIVE		FACULTY	
Week 12 24-6-91	PARENT/TEACHER NIGHT 7, 10, 11.		SELECTIVE H.S. TESTING	SCHOOL ATHLETICS CARNIVAL	FINAL DATE YR 11 SUBJECT CHANGES
28-6-91					EXECUTIVE MINUTES - R. SMITH / G. OSLAND Y.C. PERM PAY FORMS

FORT STREET HIGH SCHOOL CALENDAR 1991.

TERM 3	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
Week 1 15-7-91	Assessment of Handbk out to YR 11 YR 10 Subject Choices for 1992 finalized	Zone Athletics	Zone Athletics	YR 9 P.D.	
19-7-91		EXECUTIVE MEETING		STAFF MEETING	
Week 2 22-7-91	YR 8 MATHS Asses. MATHS	NAT (Hans Quiz) 6-7 7P-12		YR 9 P.D. (MATHS) YR 12 AC Student EX. (AIRWAY)	Final call for HSC Music entries
26-7-91				FACULTY	
Week 3 29-7-91	ARKBOR DAY	WEST PAC MATHS CONF	YR 10 MATHS TEST Science 9:15-11:15 English 12:45-2:45	YR 10 SPEAKERS TEST Maths 9:15-11:15	Final call for HSC Major Art Works
2-8-91	BOOK WEEK	EXECUTIVE MEETING		YR 8 SENIOR	YR 8 SENIOR
Week 4 5-8-91			Regional Athletics	ASSEMBLY - 10:30	HSC Major Art to Board
9-8-91	EDUCATION WEEK	MUSICALS 7:30 P.M.	YR 10 CAMP	SSA + HIS DRY ENGINEERS	
Week 5 12-8-91	YR 10 WORK EXP (2 WEEKS)				
16-8-91	YR 12 TRIAL HSC				
Week 6 19-8-91	YR 10 WORK EXP		P.C. MEETING (HSC)	FACULTY	
23-8-91	YR 12 TRIAL HSC		YR 8 FIELD REP		
Week 7 26-8-91	HSC Lang Oral/Panel Exams			COMMITTEE	
30-8-91	YR 11 Subject choices for 1992 HSC TIMETABLE OUT		Christian Life Sem		
Week 8 2-9-91	HSC Lang Oral/Panel Exams	HSC (BOARD) 8:15-11:15			LEGACY DAY.
6-9-91	HSC (A. Major) MATHS completed				ART SHOW - SAT/SUN
Week 9 9-9-91	HSC Lang Oral/Panel Exams		YR 11 LINGUISTIC RUN	YR 11 MATHS EXAMS	
13-9-91	HSC (A. Major) MATHS completed				
Week 10 16-9-91	HSC Lang Oral/Panel Exams		P.C. (Scholes/Schools)	COMMITTEE	
20-9-91	HSC (A. Major) MATHS completed				Carolina Life Sem.
Week 11 23-9-91	YR 9 HILL END	P. GARDEN			Final date for Yr 10 subject changes
27-9-91				FACULTY	

FORT STREET HIGH SCHOOL CALENDAR 1991.

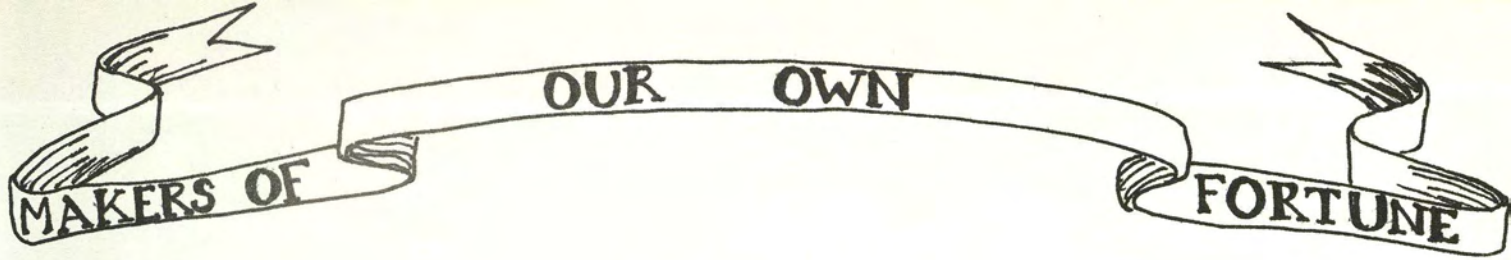
TERM 4	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
Week 1 14-10-91	YR 11 ENTRIES		YR 10 EXAMS		YR 12 LEAVE
18-10-91				COMMITTEE	PARTIAL DINNER
Week 2 21-10-91	YR 10 EXAMS				
25-10-91	STUVAC BEGINS			U.N. DAY	
Week 3 28-10-91	HSC MUSIC ORAL EXAMS	EXECUTIVE	UNIVERSITY OF TOWNS DAY	STAFF MEETING	
1-11-91		HSC EXAMS BEGIN			
Week 4 6-11-91	HSC EXAMS				
8-11-91	YR 11 EXAMS				
Week 5 11-11-91	HSC EXAMS				
15-11-91	YR 11 EXAMS				YR 12 RINKS TO STUMP
Week 6 18-11-91	HSC EXAMS		P.C. MEETING	STAFF	
22-11-91	YR 9 EXAMS				
Week 7 25-11-91	BOS YR 9 EXAMS				
29-11-91					
Week 8 2-12-91	YR 11 SCIENCE PRACT. EXAMS	HSC TIMETABLE OPEN			
6-12-91	REVIEW OF ASSESSMENTS CLOSE				
Week 9 9-12-91	SCHOOL APPROX 20% School Reviews Start				
13-12-91			P.C. MEETING	FACULTY	

NB No P.C. meeting in July.
YR 10 S.C. HANDBOOK 1992 - needs assessment policy statements from faculties.

13/1/92 HSC results out

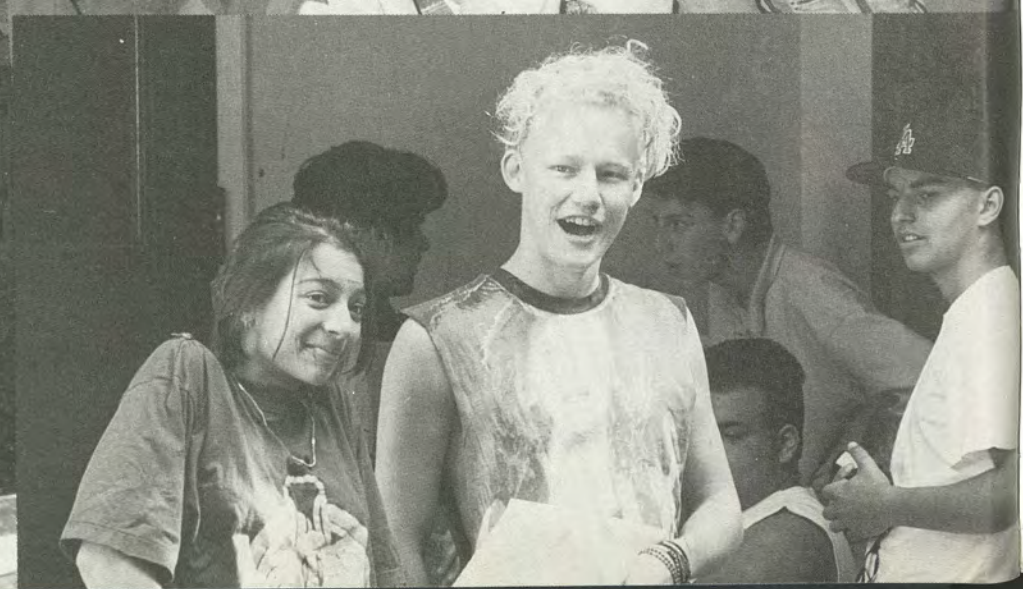
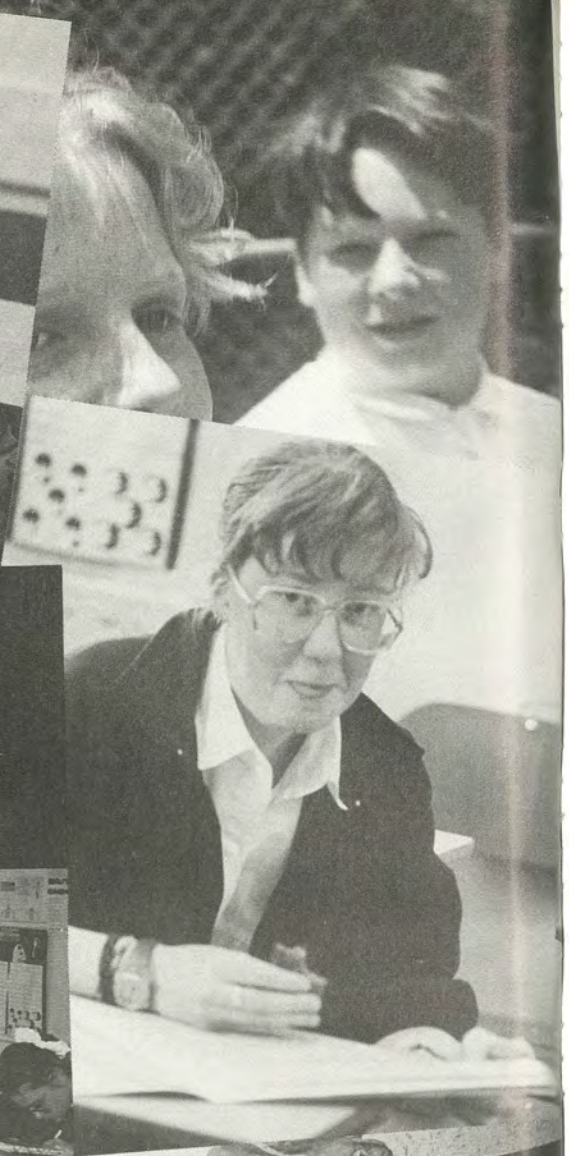
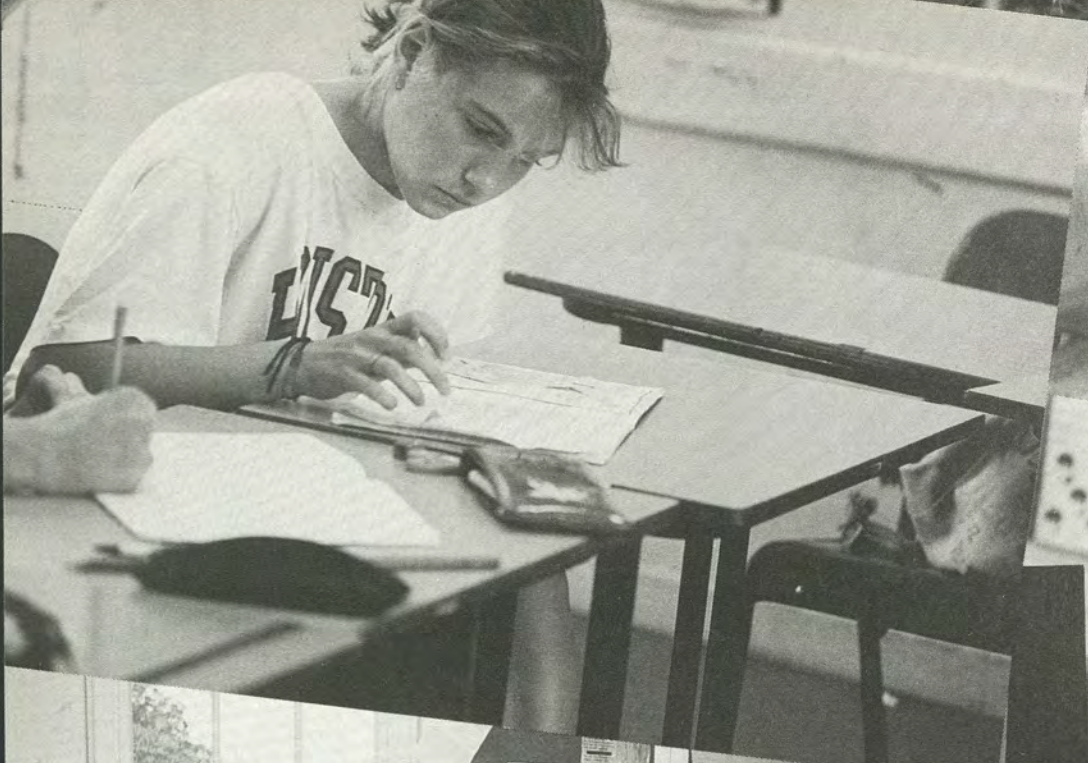


FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE



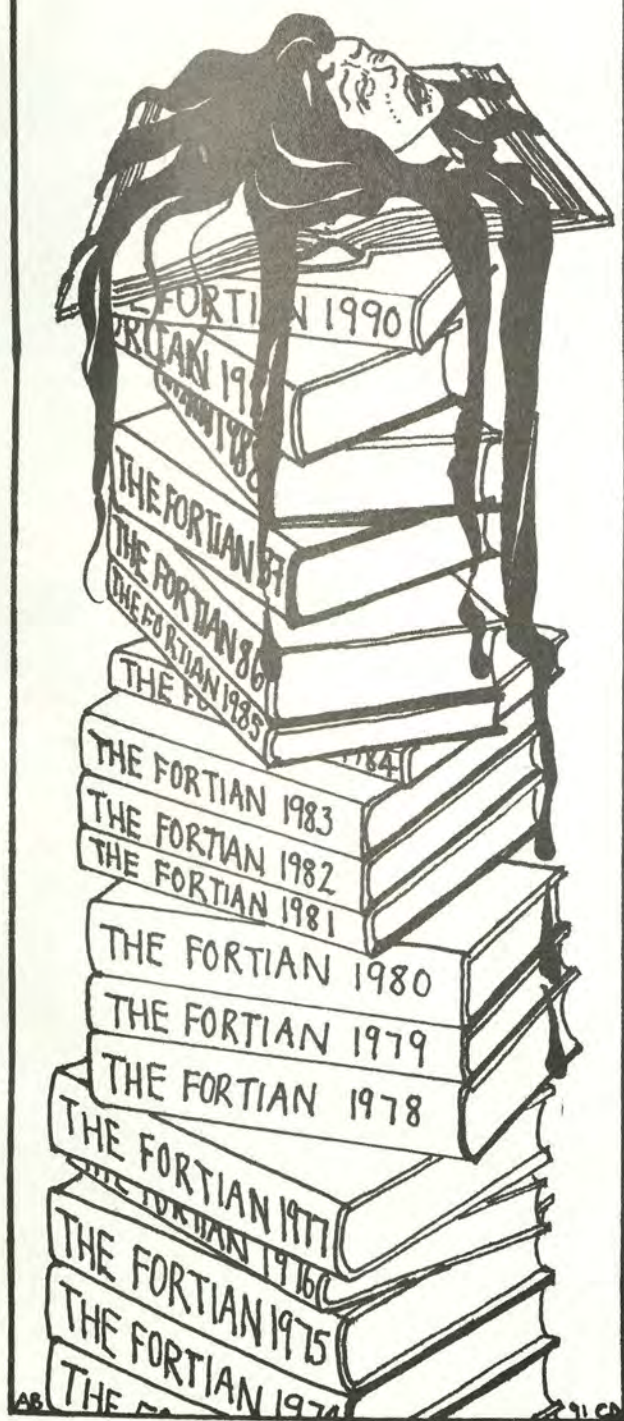
MAKERS OF OUR OWN FORTUNE

A decorative banner with a wavy, ribbon-like appearance. The text "MAKERS OF" is on the left, "OUR OWN" is in the middle, and "FORTUNE" is on the right. The banner has a slight curve and ends in pointed, ribbon-like tails.



THE FORTIAN MAGAZINE

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PRINCIPALS REPORT

While educational and administrative changes within the system continued apace in 1992, the school proceeded steadily and successfully.

Being blessed with able students brings great responsibility as well as joy. The students brings great responsibility as well as joy. The students achieved admirably in academic sporting and cultural endeavours. Results in the H.S.C., Mathematics and Science competition have been excellent. In our first foray into the "Tournament of Minds" Competition we came third in the State. I am grateful to staff for this fine effort.

Thanks to the hardwork and skill of our ancillary staff, we have made considerable progress with the OASIS system of computer-assisted programs in administrative, finance and library.

I wish to thank the entire school community who have worked with dedication and effort to further the aims of Fort Street Highschool. The Parents and Citizens' association, our Student Council and the Canteen have given much and I am sure that all personnel will continue to work vigorously and co-operatively for the betterment of the school.

Barole Preece



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LAWS OF FORT STREET

Remember Murphy's Law - If Anything Can Go Wrong It Will.

School :

- * There is no need to understand or find relevance in what you've been taught, especially if you can regurgitate it on paper twice a year.
- * The teacher will always call you up for plagiarism after you helped a friend with their homework.
- * It's okay to skip classes you don't like, especially if you've been seeing the counsellor!
- * You'll always get a lower mark than the person who copied your assignment.

Roll Call :

- * You'll always be accused of faking a signature when you hand in a real one.
- * The roll is marked every morning before school, especially after the bell for first period has gone
- * Your roll call teacher always takes the class you hate, especially the one you'd love to wag

Skiping School :

- * Dental appointments during school time are fine unless you've had ten in one year and all on Tuesday afternoons.
- * Room 4 is always full of people who've forgotten their money or gear for sport, particularly the ones who just happen to have an assignment, due next morning, with them to work on.
- * Your Sport teacher happens to teach the subject you skipped fourth period .

Teachers :

- * **Buckingham's Law** ; Nobody notices the big errors, particularly if they're written in running writing.
- * **Burrell's Law** ; No one will notice if you sit in a coffee shop during class time, especially if the whole class is with you.
- * **Hayes' Law**; It doesn't matter if nobody understands what you are talking about, you can ask the formula in the exam.
- * **Brown's Law**; Smoking isn't against school policy if life is stressful.
- * **Leonard's Law**; If you didn't do something then you were definitely thinking about doing it.
- * **Ambler's Law** ; No one notices you're late if you do it all the time. Uniform is not revolting / uncomfortable / expensive for people who don't have to wear it..
- * **Year Twelve Axiom**;
No matter how well you perform your job a superior will always modify the results.
- * **Year Eleven Axiom**; Nothing is impossible for someone who doesn't have to do it themselves.
- * **The Department Of Education**; There is never time to do it right but there is always time to do it again.

Student Council

The 1991 Student Representative Council continued to make important contributions to the school community.

Student Representatives assisted the P&C and staff to organise and set up student displays and refreshments at parent teacher nights and help host the art show.

However, the Student Councils activities extended beyond these simple services as we were able to hold two very successful school dances. These were not only opportunities for students to enjoy themselves, but also for students to display their musical talents as young bands played to a great response including "Black Lotus" who went on to achieve 2nd place at the annual Balmain Battle of the Bands.

The S.R.C. dangerously involved itself for the first time in the affairs of young loves and sweethearts throughout the school-establishing a rose delivery service on Valentine's Day. This was very successful and saw the blossoming of many new and beautiful relationships.

Easter was also enlivened by the mysterious appearance of the Easter Bunny who distributed chocolate eggs throughout the school. The students nutritional requirements were greatly supplemented by the unfortunate discovery of a few tiny maggots in the eggs.

The Student Council sent two representatives; Holly Lyons and Ingrid Smith to attend the Metropolitan East Cluster Camp. Not only were they representing our school, but also learning valuable communication and meeting skills which will help future student councillors.

This Student Council held the inaugural Fort Street Student Council Afternoon Tea, which saw representatives of both state and private schools attend together for the first time helping to break down the long established segregation of these schools.

The school environment continued to be a primary concern of the Council. We planted another five native trees as part of the Marrickville Council's environment plan which we were happy to participate in.

After the 445 school special service had been terminated due to the unfortunate behaviour of some of our students, the S.R.C. was able to negotiate with State Transit to re-establish the bus route.

Ingrid Smith organised a group of students to participate in the 40 hour famine. This extended our commitment to famine relief, as we continue to sponsor two children from Africa and the Phillipines.

The recently elected student council with Platon Theodoris as it's chairperson will continue to add to the impressive list of achievements, under the helpful guidance of it's coordinator, Mr Browne. We wish them all the best in the coming year.

Blaise Lyons and Sam Toohey

1990 / 1991 STUDENT COUNCIL

Year 11 :	Sam Toohey Blaise Lyons	Simone Parsons Nik Rawson	Jamie Lachs Rosie Fisher	Kirsty Chestnutt Darcy Eunson-Cottle
Year 10 :	Platon Theodoris Caine Stewart	Siew Fong Yiap Helena Alexandrakis	Tom Oates Beth Delaney	Louise Kuo Justin Lees
Year 9 :	Robert Kennedy Luis Balaha	Ingrid Smith Holly Lyons	Simone Kelly Ollie Supit	
Year 8 :	Jeremy Green Hai Khuat	Alice Dallow Simone Solomon	Joel Ma Stephanie Holding	
Year 7 :	Josh Szeps Burt Sigsworth	Felicity Kelly Bridget Mc Manus	Sharm Peres da Costa Gareth Kemp	

THE YEAR IN REVIEW

January 16-The US (and a few other countries) launch Operation Desert Storm in order to "liberate Kuwait:" from the evil clutches of Sadsam Hussein.

The school year begins on January 29-the one day Fortians come to school in uniform.

February 27-The Iraqi forces withdraw from Kuwait,setting alight over 500 oilfields as they go.The Allies claim total victory but so does Iraq.Official death toll-Iraq 25-50 thousand;Allies about 300,most of which were killed by "friendly fire".

Twin Peaks hits Australia.

March 26-Yet another predictable year at the Oscars.The all-American boy,Kevin"Bigger than Ben Hur" Costner's movie, Dances with Wolves was nominated for 12 Oscars and won 7.Kevin Costner won the award for Best Director ,but lost out to Jeremy Irons(Reversal of Fortune) for Best Actor.Kathy Bates won the award for best Actress for her portrayal of a psychopathic fan in Misery

April -millions of Kurds leave their homes in Iraq in an attempt to escape Saddam Hussein's persecution,while the world sat back and watched.

Yr 9 goes on a Geography Camp.

May-Bangladesh experiences it's worst cyclone in 20 years.125,000 people died and 10 million were left homeless.

The school holds a cross country carnival.

June 4-Paul Keating is banished to the backbench after losing the challenge for the leadership of the ALP John Kerin becomes the new treasurer.

Tim Anderson was acquitted of the Hilton bombing.

Kermit is re-elected Premier of NSW.

The school is excavated but no school spirit is found.

Yugoslavia begins to break up and an unofficial civil war ensues.

July 5-World renowned heart surgeon Dr Victor Chang. is shot dead in a Mosman street.

There was a cease-fire in Yugoslavia.....and the fighting continued.

August 22-The beginning of the end of Communism in the Soviet Union after a failed attempt by hardliners within the Communist Party to depose their leader Mikhail Gorbachov.

There is a cease-fire in Yugoslavia.....and the fighting continues.

Year 10 go on 2 weeks Work Experience.

September 30-Terry Metherell resigns from the Liberal Party on ideological grounds.

There is fighting in Yugoslavia..... and the fighting continues.

PREDICTIONS

October-there will be a cease-fire in Yugoslavia.....and the fighting continues.

November-the Recession that had to happen becomes the Depression that could never happen.

December-the oilfields continue to burn in Kuwait.The Kuwaiti's have a Black Christmas while the rest of the world has a white one.

Catherine Dung Yr10

SAVE THE EARTH

Choose one of the six Save the Earth pledges and make sure you carry it out.

I pledge.....

Energy-I will use 10% less gas and/or electricity at home at home during the next year.Governments should agree to reduce carbon dioxide emissions from the burning of fossil fuels by 20% within 15 years.

Debt-I will write to my bank manager urging the banks to write off debts owed by poorer countries.Governments of rich countries should agree to cancel debts owed them by poor nations.

Transport-I will try to cut my car mileage by 25% this year.I will walk,cycle or use public transport wherever possible.Governments should agree to promote investment in public transport systems.

Recycling-I will help organise recycling at work ,at school,or where I live.Governments should agree to double the amount of paper ,glass,metal, and plastic that is recycled.

Forests-I will plant 10 trees this autumn and look after them until they can survive unaided.Governments should commit themselves to new policies to protect the forests.

Acting Locally-I will increase the amount of time or money I give to environmental and development organizations.Governments should endorse the work of these organisations and work more closely with them.



Fort Street High School

Annual Speech Day

8 MARCH, 1991



The Town Hall was being refurbished so we didn't go to the city like we usually do, we stayed home. Then, because our hall doesn't fit everyone in in elegant comfort, years 11 and 12 were allowed to use the time to study! This meant that they didn't hear what turned out to be a particularly enthralling speech day spiel from an old girl, Mary Kostakidis, who's gone on and done well. If you'd heard her speak you'd know why.

"Mrs. Preece, Ladies and Gentlemen, Girls and Boys. I'm delighted to be with you today. Speech Day is always an opportunity to celebrate the school spirit, to commemorate your participation in school life throughout the school year and your achievement.

For some, it's also a time to look ahead of life beyond school, and separate from an institution that has formed such a large part of your lives for so long.

But it's a separation without loss because the legacy of this institution remains with you for the rest of your life.

Fort St has always been a school that one felt great pride to be associated with because of its high standard of achievement. But the context of that achievement, the principals that guide it, are what I think has characterised the school at all times. In that sense this school has always been a pioneer.

I don't think the word multiculturalism had even been coined when I was at school, but the school practiced its own version of cultural pluralism in a way that placed it ahead of its time.

On the one hand the school demanded incredible self discipline, application and intellectual rigour: "It is imperative", the principal, Mrs. Rowe would commence each assembly, and close with "The onus is on you".

Issues such as race and gender seemed to be side-stepped completely and, for many students, did not prove impediments in later life. The Rowe ethos had a lot to answer for: I call it, Setting the Agenda, where you determine the currency of a transaction. An active rather than reactive *modus operandi*. This approach fastened a strong sense of self and a strong sense of control over ones own life, and also encouraged individuality.

For example, although golf was certainly not a girls' sport at the time, Jan Stephenson, who was a year ahead of me seemed to spend an awful lot of time hitting those little balls into holes. In an environment where the maths master was inspired equally by the philosophy of mathematics and his Jaguars (a different one for each day of the week), a geography teacher left of Karl Marx, a German teacher who could yodel, and a dance teacher whose ethereal being wandered through the school like a

malevolent fairy, fretting that none of us could walk properly let alone do anything really inspiring with our bodies, there was not one dominant, entitled, threatening and exclusive cultural paradigm to which one had to conform.

Years later, when the rest of Australia was catching up with multiculturalism, and I'd become for my sins the public face of SBS, I found my ethnicity all of a sudden became a source of tenacious attention. After dealing with "how does it feel being a woman reading the news", the remaining challenging questions put to me were, do I still go to church, do I paint red eggs at Easter, and, do I still live at home??

Well, I try to address these burning personal questions, by using them as an opportunity to explore these issues which are in fact quite universal, though mythology and literature.

Painting red eggs is a bit of pagan aberration in the Greek Orthodox religion. It's reminiscent of the polytheism of the ancient Greeks, whose religion explained the darker side of human beings, and why the world was such a violent place: It was ruled by many Gods who all had very different personalities. They had very human weaknesses- greed, hubris, lust, jealousy, and because of these weaknesses they clashed. The ancient Greeks had many stories that described family tensions too, such as the God who ate his own children for fear of being superseded, and Oedipus who lent his name to a complex.

The Issues raised in these stories are the sort that have concerned writers, the chroniclers of culture, throughout history. I can think of no better account of how we leave home, and our attitude towards elderly parents, than Shakespeare's tragedy King Lear, which chronicles the humiliation and loss of dignity that can occur, in transfer of power, from one generation to the next, as the later seeks to deprive the former of its capacity to risk. Lear, forced with a demand by his daughters to give up his now unnecessary entourage of soldiers, implores, "O reason not the need! Our barest beggars are in the poorest thing superfluous." And Lear's insistence on extracting from his daughter, Cordelia, exactly what he wanted in exactly the manner he wanted it, led to a sorry end indeed for them both.

But what has Shakespeare, one of the world's greatest poets, got to do with news, the land of the ten second grab in a half minute story? Television news and current affairs (to use a Phillip Adams' metaphor) can pass off a turd as a chocolate éclair, when the emphasis is on slick presentation, (fortunately he was referring to one of our competitors).

Well, television also uses words, and sometimes even deals with the same issues. As a linguist, what we communicate and how we communicate it has always been of interest to me. And there is appeal

for me in working for a service that attempts to provide a global and analytical perspective. Control over one's own life, and active participation in determining the direction of the society we live in, cannot be achieved without access to information. Information is power, and much depends on the way it is communicated. The choice of language makes an enormous difference to the message that is conveyed. The concept of objectivity becomes complex indeed when one person's terrorist is another person's freedom fighter, or when in a conflict such as the Gulf War, one side's information is the other side's propaganda.

Some of you are young enough for this to have been the first war you have had to come to terms with in some way. War, which has always been brutal and part of humanity's darkest hours, has become more devastating with the means of mass destruction now available to us. Some of the rhetoric has been around since time immemorial. If I could take you back to Shakespeare, who had quite a lot to say about politics, war and leadership.

Henry V asks the Archbishop of Canterbury whether he can justifiably declare war on France:

"...Take heed on how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war;
We charge you in the name of God take heed.
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood,...

we will hear, note, and believe in heart
That what you speak is your conscience washed
As pure as sin with Baptism."

But this was a time when the leaders who made the decisions actually led their soldiers onto the battlefields. If you haven't seen Kenneth Branagh's film version of Henry V, I urge you to do so - it is a remarkable film. The interpretation is honest in that we are not spared the brutality of the battlefield.

One of the disturbing aspects of the Gulf War was the way in which it was reported. First, its Orwellian launch on television, with a city lighting up, some reported "like a Christmas tree". We then watched events unfold in the manner of a video game. And the terminology will be fresh in your memories: a "campaign" conducted by "thousands of sorties" in the "theatre of operations". These sorties "softened up the enemy" and "smart bombs" caused "negligible collateral damage" because of their "surgical precision".

The good news is we won the war. The bad news is we incinerated about 100 000 people.

For many, the language of 1991, is more chilling because it attempts to alienate us from our own feelings. Our actions are sanitised, our feelings deadened, our conscience lighter. As if killing or being killed is devoid of emotion. 21 year old Martin Ferguson was killed by "friendly fire". The poem he'd sent to his mother in the days preceding his death was published in last week's Herald, and I'd like to read you the last few lines:

"..But questions will be asked - that's a must,
All about the land of dust.
The answers you know but cannot say,
Because of the horrors that haunt you each day.

So what we tell them is where to look...

It's on page 21 of the history book."

Pulitzer Prize winning journalist and veteran battlefield correspondent, CNN's Peter Arnett, who was for some time the only foreign correspondent reporting out of Baghdad, has been accused by some sections of the US public, administration, and media, of being unpatriotic for simply reporting what he saw.

So the media too is polarised in its views about whether notions of patriotism or support for our troops should influence reporting.

Peter Smark recently reminded us in his column of Lloyd George's World war I dictum, which was that the public must not and cannot know what is going on, for if it did it would not support it. An attitude that sits a little uncomfortably with our notion of democracy. Do we wish to be absolved of responsibility?

The use of alienating language devoid of any reality is not a new aspect of war rhetoric. And in talking to you about language, I've not even touched on pictures, or music for that matter. How appropriate are promotional clips that combine punchy pictures of the war machine with exciting music? How accurately does it represent the reality of what is occurring?

In a world where many of our problems are compounded, many would argue caused, by feelings of alienation, we have to be wary of dehumanising processes that manipulate our feelings and our conscience and can result in us having less control over our lives.

I suppose it's all a little reminiscent of "the onus is on you". Shakespeare put it a little differently. One of my favourite lines from Henry V is delivered in his attempt to kiss Catherine of France. Shocked she protests "Il n'est pas la coutume de France" (it is not the custom), to which Henry replies, "We are the makers of manners, Kate".

You will be the makers of manners.

Many of you will have seen the brilliant film "Dead Poet's Society", which drew heavily on the inspiration of American poets, H.D. Thoreau and Walt Whitman. When you leave this institution, much of it will be with you for the rest of your lives. Whitman had a lot to say about who we are, our sources of inspiration and vitality, and the legacies we carry. To him then, the last word: "So I contradict myself?

Very well then, I contradict myself,
(I am large, I contain multitudes)....

If you want me again look for me under your boot soles.

You will hardly know who I am or what I mean,
But I shall bid good health to you nevertheless,
And filter and fibre your blood.

Failing to reach me at first keep encouraged,
Missing me one place search another,
I stop somewhere waiting for you."

(Leaves of Grass, Song of Myself)

Programme

1990 – YEAR 12

PROCESSIONAL:

Introit (Adam Tran, Year 12)

Gaudeamus Igitur (Trad.)

SCHOOL:

Come Let the Strains Resound (Trad)

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT:

Mrs C. Preece, B.A., Dip. Ed.

SCHOOL FORTET:

Violin Concerto in A Minor (J.S. Bach)

GUEST SPEAKER:

Mary Kostakidis

THE ADVANCE BAND:

King of the Road (R. Miller)

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES:

Special Prizes

Sports Prizes

Years 12 and 11

SCHOOL FORTET:

Eine Kleine Nachtmusik (Mozart)

ACTING PRESIDENT, PARENTS AND CITIZENS

ASSOCIATION:

Mr W. Thompson

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES:

Years 10 and 9

JAZZ TRIO

Sunny (Bob Hebb)

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES:

Years 8 and 7

THE ADVANCE BAND:

New York, New York (J. Kander)

VOTE OF THANKS:

Kyla Slaven

Leon Bowles

GUESTS AND SCHOOL:

Advance Australia Fair

RECESSIONAL:

Trumpet Voluntary (J. Clarke)

1990 SPECIAL PRIZES

1. ANNE COLQUHOUN: The Rona Sanford-Pepper Prize for Service.
2. DANIELLE OLSEN: The C.H. Christmas Prize for Scholarship and Service.
3. TOM DONALD: The Old Boys' Union Prize for Scholarship and Service.
4. SAM TOOHEY: The John Hills Memorial Prize for Leadership and Service.
5. ROSIE FISHER: The Major I.H. Sender Memorial Prize for School Service.
6. MARIA CUK: The Ladies' Committee Prize for School Service.
7. LEON BOWLES: The Raymond and Frank Evatt Memorial Prize for Australian History.
8. DANIELA TERRUSO: The Raymond Sly Memorial Prize for Music.
9. CATHERINE BURNHEIM: The Val Lembit Prize for Debating.
10. PAMELA LIN: The Fortian Prize for Young Achievers.
11. BLAISE LYONS: The Fortian Prize for contribution to the School Magazine.
12. SUMAN SETH: The Fortian Prize for contribution to the School Magazine.
13. KEVIN MAN: The Fortian Prize for contribution to Music.
14. FELIX HO: The Fortian Prize for contribution to the School.
15. ARTHUR HOULI IS: The Fortian Prize for Excellence in Art.
16. KATE JAMES: The Caltex Best All-Rounder Award.
17. PATRICK LESSLIE: The Scarf Prize for Quiet Achievement.
18. NELSON DA SILVA: Certificate for School Service.
19. CAINE STEWART: Certificate for School Service.
20. PLATON THEODORAKIS: Certificate for School Service.

1990 H.S.C. FORTIAN AWARDS

MURAT DIZDAR
KIRSTI SAMUELS
LI MING LIN
MICHELLE SHAMEEN

JULIA BROTHERTON
WYMAN KWONG
DANIELLE OLSEN
INANCH MEHMET

1. MURAT DIZDAR: The A.J. Kilgour Prize for Dux; the Killeen Memorial Prize for the best student proceeding to the University of Sydney; The Kilpatrick Memorial Prize for the best student entering The Faculty of Economics at Sydney University; the 1925-29 Girls' Prize for the best student entering The Faculty of Law; the James Baxendale Memorial Prize for English (2 Unit); the Sir Bertram Stevens Prize for Economics (3 Unit) (2nd in the State); The Joseph Taylor Memorial Prize for Geography (3 Unit) (1st in the State).

2. KIRSTI SAMUELS: The Ada Partridge Prize for Proficiency; the Frederick Bridges Memorial Prize for French (3 Unit) (8th in the State); the Judy Levi Memorial Prize for the best student in Modern Languages.

3. LI MING LIN: The John Hunter Memorial Prize for the best student entering the Faculty of Medicine at Sydney University; the D.J. Austen Prize for Mathematics (4 Unit); The Dr. J.J.C. Bradfield Prize for Physics.

4. THAVENDRAN PATHER: The L.S. Goddard Prize for the best student studying Mathematics at University; the Weston Memorial Prize for Mathematics (3 Unit); the Social Science Department Prize for Geography (2 Unit).

5. SARA HO: The Ron Smith Memorial Prize for the best student entering the Faculty of Dentistry at Sydney University.

6. JULIA BROTHERTON: the C.H. Harrison Memorial Prize for English (3 Unit); the Annie E. Turner Prize for English and History; the Prize for Mathematics (2 Unit); the Fortian Prize for Outstanding Achievement in H.S.C. Ancient History (3 Unit) (equal 9th in the State).

7. LEON BOWLES: The Emily Cruise Prize for Modern History; the Evelyn McEwan Rowe Prize for Ancient History (3 Unit) (equal 9th in the State).

8. MORGAN POLLARD: The Herbert Percival Williams Memorial Prize for the H.S.C. question on Shakespeare.

9. EUGENE WHITLOCK: The F.L. Burtenshaw Prize for Latin.

10. TOSCHA BLENKINSOP: The Harold R. Jones Prize for Modern History (2 Unit).

11. KRISTIAN BROCKMANN: The A.M. Puxley Prize for Chemistry.

12. KATARZYNA ZIOLKOWSKA: The Dr William G. Gailey Prize for Biology.

13. DANIELA TERRUSO: The Olga Sangwell Prize for Music (3 Unit).

14. GIA NGHI PHUNG: The Herman Black Prize for Japanese (3 Unit).

15. KYLA SLAVEN: The Thomas Cooke Memorial Prize for General Studies (7th in the State).

16. JACQUELINE TRUONG: the Fortian Prize for Outstanding Achievement in H.S.C. French (2 Unit) (8th in the State).

17. JESSE FINK: The Prize for Visual Arts (3 Unit).

18. MY HANG TRINH: The Social Science Department Prize for Economics (2 Unit).

19. WYMAN KWONG: The Prize for Engineering Science (3 Unit) (10th in State).

20. BRONWEN STEVENSON: The Prize for Home Science (3 Unit).

21. VASOULLA IOANNOU: The Prize for Textiles and Design (3 Unit).

22. REBECCA DAVIDSON: The Prize for English (2 Unit General)

23. PATRICIA ZAGARELLA: The Prize for Italian Z.

24. BEN QUINN: The Prize for Music (2 Unit Course 1).

1990 – YEAR 11

1. SUNG HE LEE: The Lillian G. Whiteoak Prize for Dux; the David Verco Prize for Mathematics (3 Unit); the P. & C. Association Prize for Physics; the Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize for English; the Elvie Selle Prize for Chemistry; the Prize for Engineering Science.

2. XAN PHUNG: The Lodge Fortian Prize for General Proficiency; Certificates for English, Physics, Engineering Science and General Studies.

3. SUMAN SETH: the James Baxendale Memorial Prize for Proficiency in English; the Prize for Latin; Certificates for Mathematics (3 Unit) and General Studies.

4. **SIMONE PARSONS:** The Warren Peck Prize for Modern History.
5. **VIVIENNE CEBOLA:** The C.R. Johnson Prize for Economics.
6. **JENNY ROBERTSON:** The Dr William G. Gailey Prize for Biology.
7. **ROBERT CUMMINS:** The Catherine, Janet and Pauline Calver Prize for Geography.
8. **KATHERINE JEFFREYS:** The Prize for German; the Prize for Mathematics (2 Unit); Certificates for English and French.
9. **DENNIS MIRALIS:** The Prize for Ancient History; Certificates for Mathematics (2 Unit) and Modern History.
10. **CLAIRE SALINAS:** The Prize for French; Certificates for Modern History and Latin.
11. **TUAN NGUY:** The Prize for Japanese; Certificates for English and Mathematics (3 Unit).
12. **LISA BLAKENEY:** The Prize for Visual Arts; Certificate for Textiles and Design.
13. **JASPER ROWE:** The Prize for Electronics Technology.
14. **ADAM TRAN:** The Prize for Music.
15. **MARY CHAN:** The Prize for Textiles and Design.
16. **INGE TEIWES:** The Prize for Legal Studies (O.A.S.); Certificates for Chemistry and Economics.
17. **TIEN DO:** Certificates for Ancient History, Chemistry and Physics.
18. **BLAISE LYONS:** Certificates for English and Modern History.
19. **GARRY RICH:** Certificates for English and Ancient History.
20. **MICHAEL SOO:** Certificates for Mathematics (3 Unit) and Engineering Science.
21. **TUAN TRUONG:** Certificates for Mathematics (3 Unit) and Chemistry.
22. **MIA GARLICK:** Certificates for Ancient History and German.
23. **JULIAN GRIFFITH:** Certificate for English.
24. **ROMI SLAVEN:** Certificate for English.
25. **BEN ROBINSON:** Certificate for English.
26. **JAMES TUNGAAL:** Certificate for Mathematics (3 Unit).
27. **JOCELYN HARGRAVE:** Certificate for Mathematics (2 Unit).
28. **NINA McENNALLY:** Certificate for Mathematics (2 unit).
29. **CUONG CAO:** Certificate for Physics.
30. **ASKIN ASLAN:** Certificate for Biology.
31. **PATRICK CONNOR:** Certificate for Biology.
32. **DUNCAN BOND:** Certificate for Biology.
33. **ANNA WILLIAMSON:** Certificate for Economics.
34. **CASSIE YOUNG:** Certificate for Economics.
35. **SAM TOOHEY:** Certificate for Geography.
36. **SIMON TAYLOR:** Certificate for Geography.
37. **SUN JAE AN:** Certificate for Japanese.
38. **TOM HESPE:** Certificate for Music.
39. **HELEN CAMPBELL:** Certificate for Music.
40. **JACEK LIPIEC:** Certificate for Industrial Technology.
4. **JANELLE GIBB:** The James Baxendale Memorial Prize for English; Certificate for History.
5. **KENNETH SOO:** The Miss Mouldsdale Prize for Science; Certificate for Japanese.
6. **NATASHA LANE:** The Dulwich Hill Rotary Club Prize for the Winner of the N.S.W. Science Talent Search Competition; Certificate for History.
7. **LOUISE KUO:** The Prize for Art; Certificates for English and Geography.
8. **MICHAEL CAHILL:** The Prize for Electronics; Certificate for Science.
9. **QUOC YUNG NGO:** The Prize for Commerce; Certificate for Geography.
10. **ALEX WOLFSON:** The Prize for Asian Social Studies.
11. **MARIA CUK:** The Prize for French.
12. **HELENA ALEXANDRAKIS:** The Prize for German.
13. **KATHRYN MAYNE:** The Prize for Home Science.
14. **KEVIN MAN:** The Prize for Music.
15. **ROSS WAINWRIGHT:** The Prize for Wood Technology.
16. **SARAH WATERWORTH:** The Prize for Textiles and Design.
17. **NED CURTHOYS:** The Prize for Latin.
18. **DANAE NATSIS:** Certificates for Mathematics and Art.
19. **DARBY TO:** Certificates for Science and Commerce.
20. **DINA BOUNTOPOULOS:** Certificate for English.
21. **MADELEINE DOYLE:** Certificate for English.
22. **VALENTYNA JURKIW:** Certificate for English.
23. **SIMON ETHERINGTON:** Certificate for Mathematics.
24. **KHANH DAI LAM:** Certificate for Mathematics.
25. **KATHARINE MADGWICK:** Certificate for Mathematics.
26. **SARAH STANBRIDGE:** Certificate for Mathematics.
27. **AMITABHA DAS:** Certificate for Science.
28. **DU THANG HUYNH:** Certificate for Science.
29. **JASMINE CLEMENT:** Certificate for History.
30. **NATALIE FU:** Certificate for History.
31. **DOUG LI:** Certificate for Geography.
32. **CLAIRE DIESENDORF:** Certificate for Asian Social Studies.
33. **HAE RAN SONG:** Certificate for French.
34. **JACOB GORMAN:** Certificate for German.
35. **HYUN JOO KU:** Certificate for Japanese.
36. **MALCOLM GREEN:** Certificate for Latin.
37. **BERNARD PFEIL:** Certificate for Music.
38. **MUHUNTHAN KANAGARATNAM:** Certificate for Electronics Technology.
39. **STEVE TADIC:** Certificate for Wood Technology.
40. **JEFFREY KU:** Certificate for Technical Drawing.
41. **LAM NGUYEN:** Certificate for Technical Drawing.
42. **SABRINA MACRI:** Certificate for Home Science.
43. **BETH DELANEY:** Certificate for Textiles and Design.

1990 – YEAR 10

1. **SIEW FONG YIAP:** The Judge Samuel Redshaw Prize for Dux; the Dr George Mackaness Prize for History; the Major-General A.C. Fewtrell Memorial Prize for English and History; the Prize for Japanese; the Prize for Mathematics; Certificates for English, Science and Commerce.
2. **VU NGUYEN:** The Molly Thornhill Prize for General Proficiency; the Joseph Taylor Memorial Prize for Geography; the Prize for Technical Drawing; Certificates for English, Science and Commerce.
3. **PAUL MAC:** The Dr William G. Gailey Prize for Proficiency in Science; Certificates for Mathematics, Geography and Commerce.

1990 – YEAR 9

1. **ELLEN QUOY:** The Fortian Prize for Dux; the Prize for Mathematics; the Prize for Commerce; the Prize for German; Certificates for Science and History.
2. **CATHERINE DUNG:** The Bishop Kirkby Prize for Australian History; the Prize for Art; the Prize for Asian Social Studies.
3. **FELIX HO:** The Dr William G. Gailey Prize for Science; the Prize for Music; Certificate for Geography.
4. **NATASHA YETTON:** The James Baxendale Memorial Prize for English; Certificates for Mathematics and Japanese.

5. **STEPHEN ONG:** The Prize for Geography; Certificate for Commerce.
6. **JEFFREY LUM:** The Prize for Japanese; Certificate for Mathematics.
7. **JEM RICHARDSON:** The Prize for Electronic Technics; Certificates for Science and English.
8. **GEORGINA TARRANT:** The Prize for Latin; Certificate for German.
9. **MAGDALENA MIRONOWICZ:** The Prize for Technical Drawing; Certificate for English.
10. **ANTONELLA EMMI:** The Prize for Textiles and Design; Certificate for English.
11. **KATE ROWE:** The Prize for French.
12. **MADELEINE LYONS:** The Prize for Home Science
13. **LEO COUACAUD:** The Prize for Wood Technics.
14. **CORIN THROSBY:** Certificates for English, History and Geography.
15. **EDWARD BROOKTON:** Certificates for Mathematics and Science.
16. **KATRINA STILES:** Certificates for Science and Home Science.
17. **CLAIRE EDWARDES:** Certificates for Asian Social Studies and Music.
18. **LOUISE BUCKINGHAM:** Certificate for English.
19. **KERRI GIBBONS:** Certificate for English.
20. **BEN HUTCHINSON:** Certificate for Mathematics.
21. **CHIA CHING LAI:** Certificate for Mathematics.
22. **ILINCA FURDUI:** Certificate for Science.
23. **RANI RANJAN:** Certificate for Science.
24. **MIMMETTE ROLDAN:** Certificate for History.
25. **JAMES KONG:** Certificate for History.
26. **LUIS BATALHA:** Certificate for Geography.
27. **HANH HUYNH:** Certificate for Commerce.
28. **SARAH BEAK:** Certificate for Art.
29. **MAU NGHI PHUNG:** Certificate for Art.
30. **MARY LEE:** Certificate for Japanese.
31. **MI HEE LEE:** Certificate for Japanese.
32. **WAIMEI LEE:** Certificate for Electronics Technics.
33. **PAUL BEJARANO:** Certificate for Wood Technics.
34. **JESSIE McNICOLL:** Certificate for Technical Drawing.
35. **EDDIE YEUNG:** Certificate for Technical Drawing.
36. **ERIKA KLIMPSCH:** Certificate for Textiles and Design.
37. **ASHE BINNO:** Certificate for French.

1990 – YEAR 8

1. **PATRICIA YAM:** The Fortian Prize for Dux; the Prize for Mathematics; the Prize for Asian Social Studies; the Prize for Commerce; the Prize for Geography; Certificates for Science and Japanese.
2. **CATHARINE PRUSCINO:** The James Baxendale Memorial Prize for English; Certificates for Science, History, Commerce, Geography and French.
3. **CATHERINE CHANG:** The Bishop Kirkby Prize for History; Certificates for English, Mathematics and Art.
4. **WAI-YEE MARY CHOW:** The Dr J.J.C. Bradfield Prize for Science; Certificate for Commerce.
5. **THAO HUYNH:** The Dr William G. Gailey Prize for Proficiency in Science; Certificates for Mathematics, Science, Japanese, Commerce and Technical Drawing.
6. **MAURO GRASSI:** The Prize for German; the Prize for Japanese; Certificates for Mathematics, Science, Commerce and Geography.
7. **LE BINH TU:** The Prize for Latin; the Prize for Technics.
8. **DAMON YOUNG:** The Prize for French; Certificates for Asian Studies and Music.

9. **VIVIAN MA:** The Prize for Music.
10. **SUNETHRA DE MEL:** The Prize for Home Science.
11. **JOSEPH YOO:** The Prize for Technical Drawing.
12. **DANIEL HO:** Certificates for Mathematics, Science and Geography.
13. **TAI PHAN:** Certificates for Mathematics and Science.
14. **VAN LA:** Certificates for English and History.
15. **ALICE DALLOW:** Certificate for English.
16. **ELIZABETH HOOD:** Certificate for English.
17. **ANNA LUNSMANN:** Certificate for English.
18. **MAGNOLIA SUTCLIFFE:** Certificate for English.
19. **ROWENA BLEWITT:** Certificate for History.
20. **SUWANA WATT:** Certificate for History.
21. **JAYLEEN DIAZ:** Certificate for History.
22. **ADAM BROWN:** Certificate for Art.
23. **STEPHANIE HOLDING:** Certificate for Art.
24. **CINNAMON NIPPARD:** Certificate for Art.
25. **NELL PEGUM:** Certificate for Art.
26. **HELEN YEE:** Certificate for Music.
27. **THARANGA DE MEL:** Certificate for German.
28. **RICHARD BANH:** Certificate for Technical Drawing.
29. **ANGELO THEODORATOS:** Certificate for Technical Drawing.
30. **TIM CHAPMAN:** Certificate for Technics.
31. **LONG NGUYEN:** Certificate for Technics.
32. **OSCAR PARK:** Certificate for Technics.
33. **LISA POWELL:** Certificate for Home Science.
34. **DEREK MALLER:** Certificate for Latin.

1990 – YEAR 7

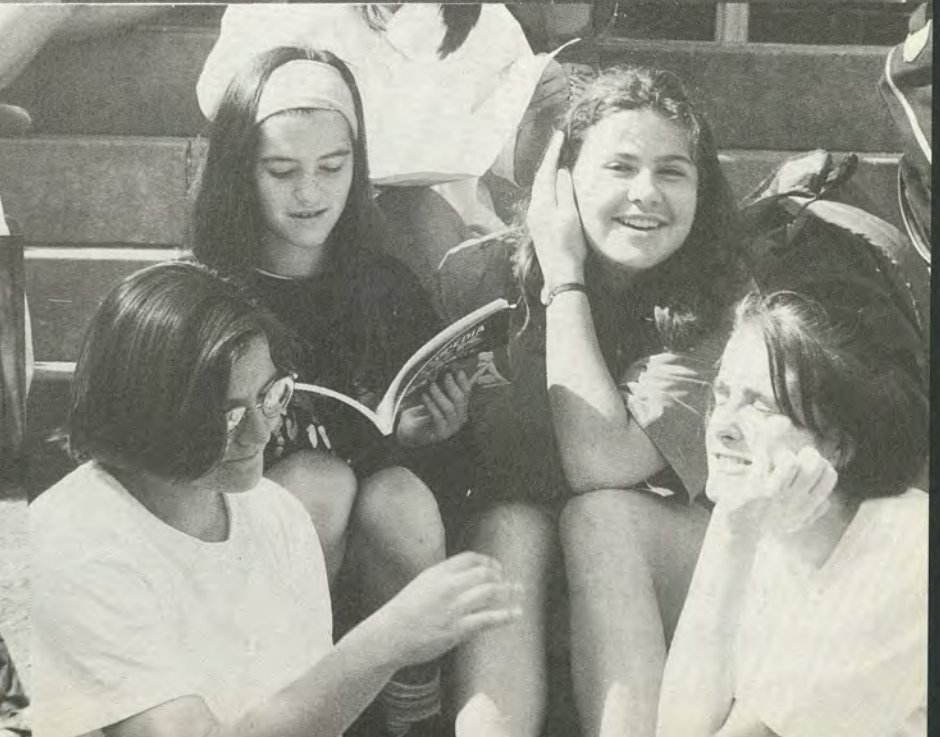
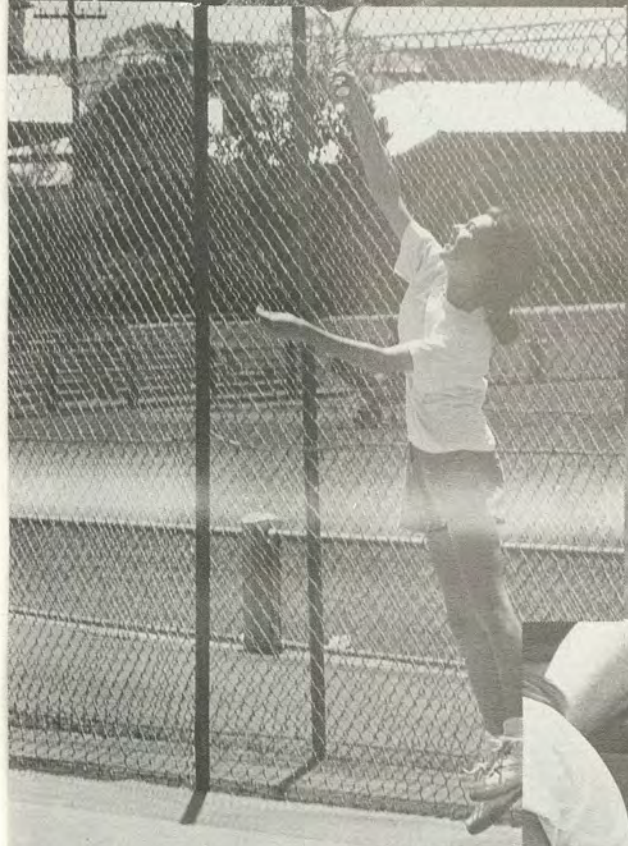
1. **JANE VAN VLIET:** The Alma Hamilton Prize for Dux; the Class Prize for 7-A.
2. **AILEEN DE LA PENA:** The James Baxendale Memorial Prize for English; the Class Prize for 7-0.
3. **HUGH MYERS:** The Major-General A.C. Fewtrell Prize for English and History.
4. **MELANIE BISHOP:** The Dr William G. Gailey Prize for Science; the Class Prize for 7-F.

THE CLASS PRIZES FOR YEAR 7

- 7-F **JOANNA CRAWFORD**
 7-O **OLIVIA DUN**
 7-R **DENISE LEANFORE**
ELEANOR HOBLEY
 7-T **ZAVIK MISHOR**
RICHARD LUONG
 7-I **HELEN SUN**
KAROLINA PANCZYNA
 7-A **ANOSHA YAZDABADI**

1990 — SPORTS PRIZES

1. **SAMSON FANGALOKA:** The Johnson Memorial Prize for Senior Sportsman.
2. **KIMBERLEY EGGLETON:** The Jan Stephenson Prize for Senior Sportswoman.
3. **DAVID AURELIUS:** The Johnson Memorial Prize for Junior Sportsman.
4. **TARYN WOODS:** The Jan Stephenson Prize for Junior Sportswoman.
5. **ROSS WAINWRIGHT:** The Fort Street Rugby Club Prize for Junior Rugby Player of the Year.



TOURNAMENT OF MINDS

Last year Fort Street came third in its category of the Tournament of Minds competition. This year the most annoying result of all, we came second in our category, Language/Literature. Perhaps next time . . .

Our team consisted of Ben Spies-Butcher and Nicholas Tesoriero from Year 7, Amanda Jarrett and Tristan Kemp from Year 8, and Simone Solomon, Lebinh Tu and Patricia Yam from Year 9.

Students had to do a short time problem involving quick, creative thinking a long term problem involving the writing and performance of a mystery-murder story, with lots of conditions attached such as the use of alliteration. It was an exciting day at the University of N.S.W. on 15th September with over 140 schools participating.

Many thanks to the 50 students who formed teams in second term and competed to choose a final team to represent Fort Street, and to Mrs. Tu who was happy for the team to spend a day practising at her home.

Mr Jennings



DEBATING

We have had five teams in five competitions this year and all have done very well.

In the *Hume Barber Competition*, our Yr 12 team won the Regional final. In the *Senior Commonwealth* another Yr 12 team reached the Zone Final. Our Yr 11 team won the Zone Final and were very unlucky to lose in the second round of the Regional Final of the *Karl Kramp Competition*. A Yr 11 team won the school's section of the *Debating Marathon* at Sydney University early in the year. In the *Junior Commonwealth Competition*, our Yr 10 team reached the Zone Final in which they were narrowly defeated.

The adjudicators were very impressed with Magdalena Mironowicz from the Yr 10 team choosing her to try out for the Junior Commonwealth Cup Team for the Met East Region. In the *Plain English Speaking Award* this year, Patrick Connor represented the school and did very well to reach the Regional Final.

Thanks to Mr Anderson and particularly Mrs O'Keefe.

PEER SUPPORT

This year Peer Support was re-introduced into Fort St beginning at the end of 1990 with the training of forty Year 10's who were to become the Year 11 leaders in 1991.

Their first task was to assist on Yr 7 Orientation Day. Subsequently the Yr 11 leaders, working in pairs, were attached to one of the 20 Yr 7 groups. They lead their charges through a series of prescribed activities over a period of several weeks. The 40 minute sessions took place once a week during lesson time but sessions were rotated so that students did not miss the same class all the time.

Happily most students could read the elaborate Time Table devised by the Supervisor and did in fact appear at the correct place at the correct time. Both Yr 11's and Yr 7's are to be congratulated as these were only two complaints from teachers and these arose from Time Table problems.

Despite the rushed training given to Yr 11 and the difficulty of re-establishing a program that had been tried before and abandoned, Peer Support did have a measure of success this year and will be continued.

This year the leaders will be trained on a 3 day camp to Grose Valley at the end of October.

Ms J.O'Keefe and Ms M.Katsiaris.



The Girls' Discussion Group

Feminism is not about fat lesbians who hate men.

Feminism is about gaining social, political and economic equality for women.

The Girls Discussion Group is not about sexism against men.

The Girls Discussion Group is about womens' issues.

One of the more controversial of our old boys died this year, Sir John Kerr. This is an extract from Richard Hall's book "The Real John Kerr" (Angus & Robertson 1978) which is interesting in the light it sheds on the school of his time.

John Kerr was picked for the fiercely selective Fort Street Boys' High School, through a system of talent-spotting set up by its legendary headmaster, Alexander James Kilgour.

Fort Street is one of those selective State secondary schools with an influence of Australian Society far out of proportion to the numbers that have passed through their classrooms.

The pages of Fort Street's magazine, *The Fortian*, are filled with headcounts of first and second class honours, university exhibitions, bursaries and prizes. Old Fortians still talk of the *annus mirabilis*, 1929, when every student sitting for the Leaving Certificate passed. The drive for success at all costs made for a harsh regime: boys who were likely to ruin the record were discouraged and dropped out.

One classmate of John Kerr's put it in these words: "There was no love in Fort Street. There was only one explanation for failure. You were lazy. The idea that teachers have to worry about a disturbed family background was unknown. The student worked and succeeded or he was lazy and failed." There was no need for the cane which was unknown at Fort Street. There was detention as a punishment, but too much detention was likely to bring social pressure from prefects and masters, who were reluctant to stay back. Sport, probably because of the desperate drive for academic success, did not assume the importance it did at Sydney High, although in the High-Fort Street clashes there was an element of Fortian jealousy of the older High.

Though picked by Kilgour's talent scouts, John Kerr came to Fort Street under the new headmaster, J.A. Williams, *The Fortian*, in greeting him, said: "We have no doubt that under the guidance of Mr. Williams, Fort Street will lose none of its lustre, but steadily maintain the honour and prestige it now possesses." Kilgour was a hard man to follow; Williams never dominated the school in the way his predecessor had. John Kerr studied hard that year. He came equal first in the class and first in Science and Geography.

Young Kerr stood out in academic results and he stood aloof, quite consciously, from the herd. Those classmates who remember him all agree on this quality. Kerr was not a follower nor did he have a noticeable clique. Over the five years he had few close friends; some of his classmates are stumped to remember even one. From that quality of aloofness, sometimes sardonic, sometimes quizzical, there followed naturally an indifference to team sport. In one of the few contributions to *The Fortian* over his initials, Kerr gently mocked the athletic events which he had successfully evaded at the school picnic: ". . . an excellent athletic programme was run (so they tell me)".

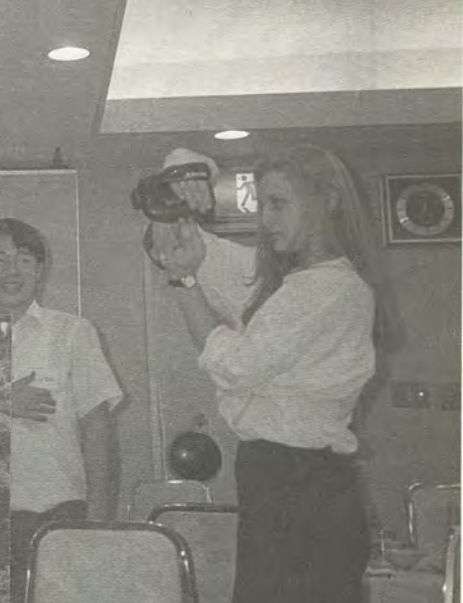
His only concession was to play tennis in a token way to satisfy the authorities. He took to the other main extra-curricular activity, play-acting, very well. Drama was an important part of Fort Street life: each class performed a play, often written by one of the students. Some ex-pupils believe that Kerr wrote the play staged in his second year, in which he stood behind an actor wearing cloak and dagger. *The Fortian* does not confirm or deny his authorship. Despite his high marks in English, John Kerr was not inclined to creative literary effort. His only contributions to the school magazine over five years were the account of the school picnic, a report of the 1930 seniors' farewell dinner and an Empire Day report. He did serve on the magazine's committee, but so did thirteen others. He was, however, a debater representing the school and as vice-captain and prefect in his last year he delivered speeches at set occasions.

Fort Street standards were far removed from overcrowded Birchgrove Public School to which Kerr had previously gone, with its seven teachers for 413 pupils; at Fort Street in 1929 there were thirty-one teachers for 650. The quality was also different. The teachers of the humanities are remembered with respect years later for their competence in their subjects. J.Baxendale, who took Kerr for English in the early years, had a reputation that still survives for his ability to teach literature with imagination. Kerr had a clash with Baxendale over an exercise on Charles Lamb. The bright student was not prepared, and when asked for his exposition, he tried humour: "Sir, Charles Lamb was mad, and his sister was worse." Baxendale was not amused and sent Kerr out to run around the playground for the rest of the lesson. The incident is remembered because it was one very rare occasions when Kerr was unprepared. No one recalls him in detention. He was more popular with the humanities than with the science teachers, despite good results in both groups of subjects. His History teacher, J.B. Moss, told people for many years that Kerr had been one of his best pupils. After his retirement in the 1950s Moss used to frequent courtrooms where Kerr appeared for the pleasure of listening of his old pupil.

It was, by the standards of today, an innocent school. High school boys of the time had very little to do with girls except their sisters. In theory at least, Fort Street boys weren't supposed to talk to girls in the train or tram on the way to school. The tradition for prefects to attend some Fort Street Girls' High School functions was seen as embarrassing and a chore. On the other side, students from Fort Street Girls remember a shared dancing master as the only social link. In the between-wars society contact between young men and women was not encouraged. In any case, pupils were simply working too hard.

Haven't things changed

FORT STREET VISITS EIFUKU



GEOGRAPHY CAMPS



Yet again Fortians put themselves at the mercy of the geography teachers. Destination was Jindabyne in the Snowy Mountains. The geography teachers grinned with pleasure at having a 9.5 hour geography lesson.

On our second day (we spent the entire first day travelling) we conquered Mt. Kosciusko. It was tough going, but with a bit of determination, will and a lot of Mars Bars, we made it! After walking back to the bus at Charlotte's Pass (2 hours walk), we knew our legs would never be the same again.

The third day was highlighted by a refreshing dip at Yarangobilly Caves Thermal Pool. With a year-round temperature of 27 degrees, it was warm. Amazingly there was still enough water for us to swim in after Mr. Baker jumped in. Mr. Griffith entered rather unceremoniously when he was dragged in.

By the time we got back to school (half an hour late) we were thoroughly pooped and almost eager to return to our HOME SWEET HOMES!

Helen Yee Yr. 9

Between the 31st July - 2nd August, I went on a Geography camp with another eighty Year Eight boys and girls from my school.

We went to Gerroa which is on the south coast. The main purpose of this trip was to study more on rain forests and trees. We left by train from Central station at 7.03 and reached Wollongong station at about 8.30am. From there we took a coach to Kiama to see the Blowhole.

After that we went to a rainforest in Minnamurra Falls and we followed the track for approximately one kilometre. We then left for Gerroa. Our accommodation was cabin style (or the equivalent of a two star motel). At night we had a quiz on our day's work and watched the football on television.

On day two we went to Greenpatch for another forest walk to observe the flora. After that we headed for Jervis Bay where we fed some rosellas and king parrots. We spent some time just larking on the beach. In the afternoon we went back to our campsite to spend a quiet evening.

On the last day we had a beach study and saw some dolphins at a far distance away. We were all very excited. This was the best part of the trip so far besides the yummy food. We arrived at Sydney at about 4.00pm. I was tired.

Nicholas Ooi



The Pilgrimage - Pt 8 History Excursion

Thus do I, Patrick Kelly, My Imperial Majesty, take ink and quill to sette downe the course of events of our laudable and moste holye pilgrimage to the Gothic world and the fair city of Sydney. Yet note ye, I speaketh of many, an ere will undertake to self-speak informally.

Glebe the Wise, Magnificent, Excellent, etcetera was waiting for us at the Alpha-Gothic Arbor. "Hearken ye," said he; he said "Parsley is Gharsley. So let this journey begin!" We leapt on our horses with a cheer, and rode for Saint Uni's Holy Place of Versity, the Monastery of Great Knowledge. I observed and absorbed with keen eyne the unique architecture. Two statues of the Blessed Virgin were carved with detail into the front of the building and eight flues littered each rooftop. The Lion and the Unicorn stood prominent below the four large spires, which were thick but intricately carved, with many thin decorations protruding outwards, that they gave the impression of lightness.

Around the walls of the tower, gargoyles glared down at me I looked around the quadrangle, a huge yard consisting of four lawns of grass and four long crossroads betwixt them. The walls and windows around the yard were arched and many grotesque gargoyles were placed above them. I noticed water spouts coming out of their mouths for drainage. I looked upwards, towards the coiled Elizabethan chimneys. Strange, tree-shaped spires struck out across the rooftops, made of the fynest sandstone. A fair vehicle carried us to George Street. to St Andrewes Cathedral. St. Andrew's was not completely reminiscent of the Gothic style. We entered and observed the stained glass windows which were a great feature of the church and

during World War II they were all either boarded up or stored in the blue mountains. The pillars are thick and made of Sydney sandstone and at the front of the church, or back, as it used to be, there are the NSW diocese emblems/shields. In the middle of the church many stars appear on a night-blue background on the ceiling.

With thanks we left the cathedral, emerged into the

"...we proceeded to McDonalds Inn while the others went to Friar Kentuck's..."

sunlight and looked around at the former front of the cathedral. "Let us make like a nose and run" said I to Sir Burt and we proceeded to McDonald's Inn, while the others went to Friar Kentuck's Poultry. McDonald and his serving wenches were more than happy to serve us and we ate a stale meal.

We met up with the other pilgrims. "Let us proceed! (In the existential sense, of course)" did utter Bryan of the Book-Flattened cranium. "Naturally," said Glebe the Infinitely Shrewd, Clever and Gnostic. So we left, right and walked through the wildly cheering populace to Hyde Park, St. Mary's Cathedral was more heavily recessed than St. Andrew's, and the outside windows on the side walls tended towards geometrical bar tracery.

The gargoyles positioned high up on the walls were extremely ugly, and many portrayals of faces or heads were carved into the walls. I heard from the administrator

of the cathedral that in very primitive times there was a practice of knocking off your enemies' heads and putting them on posts of buildings. "Ahem!" shouted Glebe the Astonishing, "a moste small and inconspicuous number of you come in," and so we entered.

"I gasped. Egad! 'Twas magnificent! It was huge and cavernous, of a darkish sandstone nature. Sunlight streamed in through the altar window. As I looked around I could see decorations chiseled in the shape of a shamrock, representing the Trinity. We walked past the confessional booths, passed the marble font, which was barred by two iron gates, and came to stop in the east wing of the cathedral. I looked upwards, past the light-appearing pillars and was astounded to see that the middle ceiling of the cathedral was exactly the same as St. Andrew's. We stepped betwixt the pews and moved across the church to stand before a cast of Michelangelo's PIETA.

We returned outside and waited for the other pilgrims to visit, then each of us mounted our horses and made hast homewards. The journey had ended. Amen.

By Patrick Kelly



OUR SPORTING YEAR

1991 was an historic year for Fort Street High School. We changed from the Bligh Zone and Met East Region to the highly competitive Northern Suburbs Zone and Met North Region. Despite the increase in the standard of competition, as a school we managed to achieve some excellent results in all carnivals and at other Inter-School activities.

Overall we came 5th in the Swimming, Cross Country, and Athletics Carnivals by narrow margins. Our first team results were null and void as the competition continued from 1990. However in Winter we were able to participate in 90% of sports.

The 14's Basketball, Open Boys Soccer and Open Boys Squash were all winners in their competition. Let's hope we achieve similar success in the 91/92 competition. Individually we also had many students represented in the Zone, Region and State.

Two exceptional athletes were also selected in Australian Teams ; Taryn Woods (Year 10) for the Australian Water Polo Team, and Samson Fangaloka (Year 12) in the Australian Schoolboys Rugby Team.

I'm sure next year will see equally impressive results in all events- Look out Hunters Hill !

Fort Street High School Swimming Carnival : Results 1991

AGE CHAMPIONS -

	Girls ;	Boys ;
12 Years	Maria Kwiatkowski	Kurt Rava
13 Years	Mary Kirkness	Simon Allen
14 Years	Pippa Travers	Edward Cram
15 Years	Julie Baracz	David Aurelius
16 Years	Taryn Woods	Christian Ellis
17 Years	Claire Archibald and Beth Delaney	Amos Szeps

The Swimming Carnival

The 1991 Swimming Carnival took place on Friday the 22nd of February at Drummoyne Pool. The weather exceeded all expectations as did the turnout, which was fantastic. Roll call started at 9:00 [on time!] and the races were underway by 9:15. Team spirit was lively and the stands were filled with a magnificent array of colours, Purple, Green, Orange, Blue, Yellow and Red. Everyone was confident that their team would win.

"Who knows what the future will hold, everyone has equal chances" - Gemma Davies

House captains had managed to get together fantastic cheer squads who encouraged the teams. Although many people look at the Swimming Carnival as a chance to get wet or a chance to compete in the "Baby pool crawl", there are many spirited swimmers who blossom during the Swimming Carnival.

This year's Swimming Carnival was a very close one and about half way through the day there was little more than 50 points between all six teams, but during the second half Bannon and Barton streaked ahead and the relays were what was going to determine the winner. In the end Bannon won by just 38 points. Even though the swimmers gain the points, the cheer squad, spectators, teachers and of course the House captains provide team spirit.

The final scores were;

Bannon-553
Barton-515
Mackness-330
Mawson-295
Preston-286
Hunter-240

AGE CHAMPIONS

Girls ;

Boys ;

12 Years M. Kwiatkowski
 13 Years L. Mc Fall
 14 Years L. Goudie
 15 Years B. Curby
 16 Years B. Kwiatkowski
 17 Years K. Eggleton

S. Graham
 Y. Yu
 T. Masters
 I. Mantelli
 T. Oates
 F. Papoutsis



School Athletics Carnival 1991
 HOUSE RESULTS

Barton - 560
 Mackness - 508
 Mawson - 453

4th Hunter - 394
 5th Preston - 392
 6th Bannon - 385

12 Years
 13 Years
 14 Years
 15 Years
 16 Years
 17 Years

CROSS COUNTRY

Results Of School Cross Country

Girls ;

Boys ;

F. Beaupert
 A. Clark
 L. Goudie
 J. Schuman
 L. Stanley
 K. Eggleton

G. Whitehall
 N. Mc Lachlan
 A. Barreto
 M. Hobeck
 J. Whelan
 J. Lachs

ZONE CROSS COUNTRY

After participating in the school Cross Country Carnival and running the same course, our students may have had some advantage. It was certainly the case in the girls where we attained an excellent 2nd position overall. Unfortunately the boys were not so lucky.

Overall Fort Street were successful in obtaining 5th position- an excellent result in this very strong zone.

"Open Boys Soccer—"Enthusiasm Triumphs"

by Garry Rich, Anthony Xydis and Simon Kilazoglou.

On Tuesday the 3rd of September the Open Boys Soccer Team played Malvena 3-1 in the first round, the enthusiastic "Jacques" Mazurkiewicz had the team all fired up for victory. Although facing a hostile crowd at glorious Timbrell Park "Stadium" the team began the game perfectly with goal scored by Jem Richardson in the first minute.

Fort Street continued to dominate play and inevitably the Paul brothers Inca and Eric combined to set up Garry Rich who scored our second goal. Celebrations continued soon after when Inca scored a well deserved goal in the 20th minute.

After an astounding half-time pep talk from "Jacques" Fort Street continued on the attack but were unable to put the ball in the net. Finally in the 51st minute, from an excellent Garry Rich pass, another goal was scored by Danny Charkovski. We missed a penalty in the 58th minute and the game finished 4-0. Our best players were Inca Paul, Garry Rich and Simon Kilazoglou each holding their strategic lines.

The team consisted of ;

G.Matsin, I.Paul, G.Rich, B.Weekes, E.Paul, R.Miloekovic,
J.Richardson, D.Charkovski, A.Kang, B.Livingstone, G.Athanosopolkos,
A.Lyboropoulos, M.Duffy, S.Kilazoglou [captain], S.Mazurkiewicz [coach].



Indoor Soccer

This years Indoor Soccer competition saw twelve teams from various years try to wrestle the title from the defending champions Alco's United. The two week competition saw some excellent as well as amusing soccer which helped to break the monotony of term two.

The competitive preliminary rounds saw four teams emerge as real contenders for the title: Alco's United, Maianbar Magic, Allstars and Redstar. The semi-finals were both close encounters with the Alco's and Redstar emerging victorious. Alco's United managed to retain their title with a 4-0 win. Our thanks to the P.E staff, all the players and the supporters especially Xydis the manager.

BASEBALL AT FORT STREET by Frank Andrews 11 F

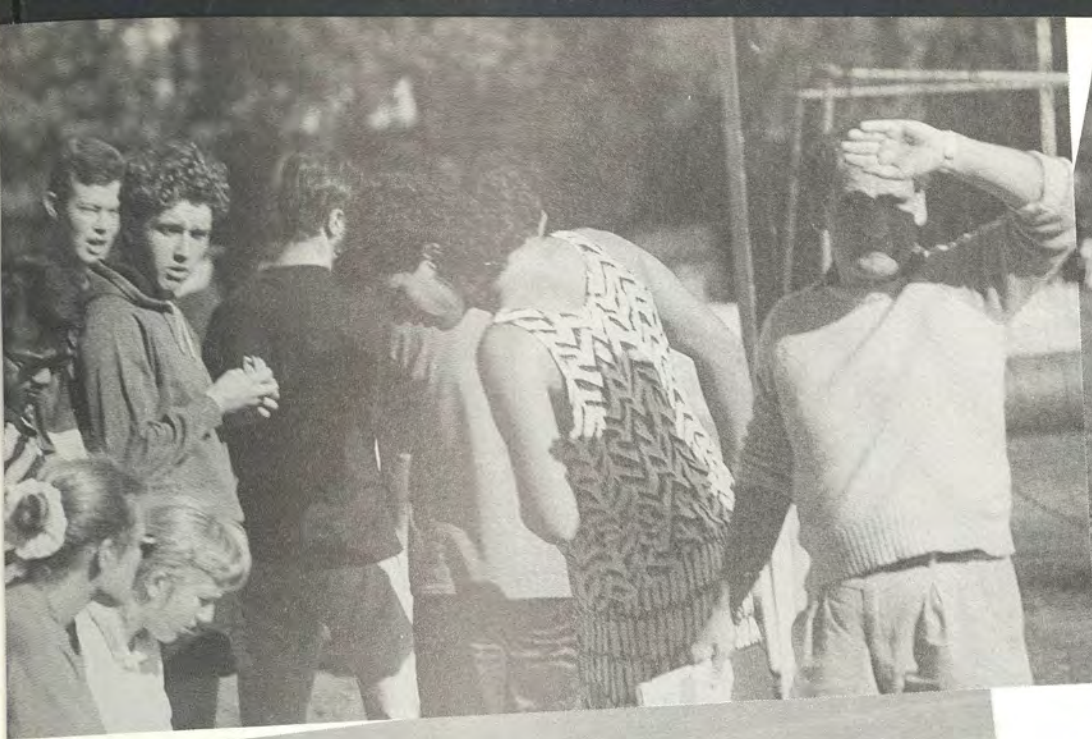
In 1991 the Fort Street Baseball team entered the competition as newcomers to the game. Sure we all played softball for P.E, a few of us even played Baseball last year but the majority of us were new to the game. This made it even more difficult for the zone we're in is one of more competition and a harder challenge. We had entered "The Baseball Zone."

The team consisted of 13 players [mind you not all the players turned up all the time - Bill, Yongtae..] We started the season with a win against Hunters Hill. We were not so lucky in the second and third rounds, we lost against Malvena and Peterboard. We also lost our games in the sixth and eighth rounds which were against Balmain and Malvena. We won games in the fifth and ninth rounds which were both against Concord.

When we met Balmain for the second time we had a draw. This was a good indication for it told us we had improved in our game and we made into the semi-finals where we drew with Malvena 5-5. They were on top of the competition and did not lose one game and only drew one game. In a lot of the games we found ourselves short on time [no thanks to Mr Millward - we could have used the extra 5 minutes sir!] and the games led to a draw.

To sum it all up we started off as quite a pathetic team and we all ended up as though we had all achieved something of importance to be able to get up to the semi-finals. I suppose I'm going to have to thank Mr Millward [Dipper - Quattro Venti Four and Twenty!] for his coaching which was quite pathetic to start with but improved as we all improved.

Thanks Sir.



UNDER 15's RUGBY by Nick Allen.

In 1991 Fort Street changed zones so for the first time we played teams like Hunters Hill, Marsden, Malvina, and Concord. Our 15's team was coached by Mr Leondios and captained by Tony Masters. We were quite a young team and the competition was also tougher than last year.

We lost our first two games and then won two. We also had a lot of injuries which plagued our team [to stars like Jeremy Green and Tony Masters] and the second half of the season didn't go well. So we didn't make it to the semi-finals. However a lot of talented players were found. Neil Pradham, Tony Masters, Andrew Lee and Andrew Murray all showed promise and they will play in the under 15's next year.

We thank Mr Leondios for his time and can hope for greater things in 1992.

Boys Under 15's Waterpolo by T. Leondios (Coach)

The 1991 season has been a memorable one. The team had an extremely successful season, being Undefeated Premiers. This was the first time we played in the new zone. The boys showed brilliant individual skills throughout the season but it was the development of teamwork and the confidence in their ability that was most pleasing.

We played Hunters Hill in the Grand Final and beat them convincingly. Outstanding players were Nick Allen, who played brilliantly in attack, and David Aurelius, displaying slick manoeuvrability through the water.

Finally I would like to congratulate the boys for their fantastic effort.

Non-Grade Squash by Ben Robertson

It's the sport you write about when you have't got a sport to write about. Put in real terms the game consists of two players [usually in the 35-50 demographic] hitting a little black ball with an elongated tennis racquet in a white room reminiscent of my days in the psychiatric ward at Minda Boys Home.

However participants of this "sport" spent more time beating off the Strathfield High girls with their racquets after numerous proposals for a date the following Friday night. Either that or the Year 11 students threatened the junior participants from the school to get off "their" court because they were bigger than themor else!

I don't know who's doing the rundown on Grade Squash for this year's Fortian but I'll bet my Ninja Turtles video you'll get a better understanding of the game from them [and maybe even a few tips on how to pick up some real women!]

15's Boys Basketball by Julian Fine

Over the past two years our 15's boys basketball team has done extremely well. Last year we managed to become Zone champions after defeating Newtown in double overtime, by just two points.

This year however, we lost some of our best players and entered a more difficult Zone. We still did extremely well however and managed to come 3rd after losing to Concord in the semi-final 61 to 7.

Congratulations to the 14's boys team who won their competition. We sure have great up and coming talent.

Our players were;

Cam Ly	Jin Jin Woon
David Tchov	Brendan Haire
Julian Fine	Ka Ho Cheung
Joseph Yoo	Anthony Krinthinakis
Kevin Soo	

Natalie Clark and
June Satracom
Year 9

UNDER 15's NETBALL A

At the beginning of the season many members of the team did not have a significant amount of knowledge about the rules and regulations of netball. Though by the end of it all, due to co-operation and team spirit we had some enjoyable games especially against Concord. Due to lack of training our team did not get very far in the competition. We'd also like to thank Ms. Joslyn and Ms. Davis for their patience and helpful assistance throughout the season and for Ms. Joslyn's great expertise in umpiring our tense and exhilarating games.



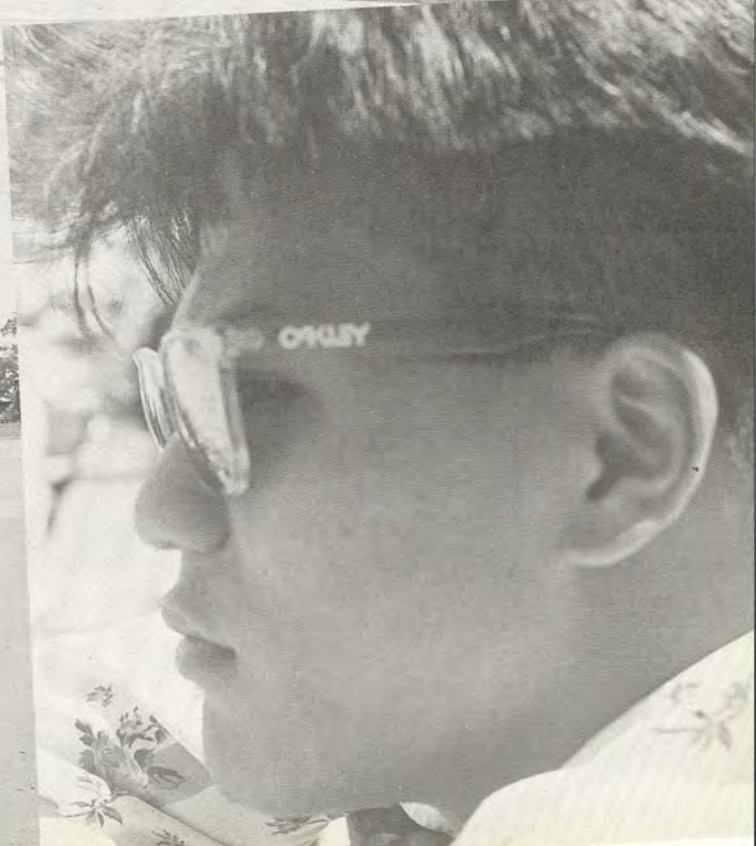
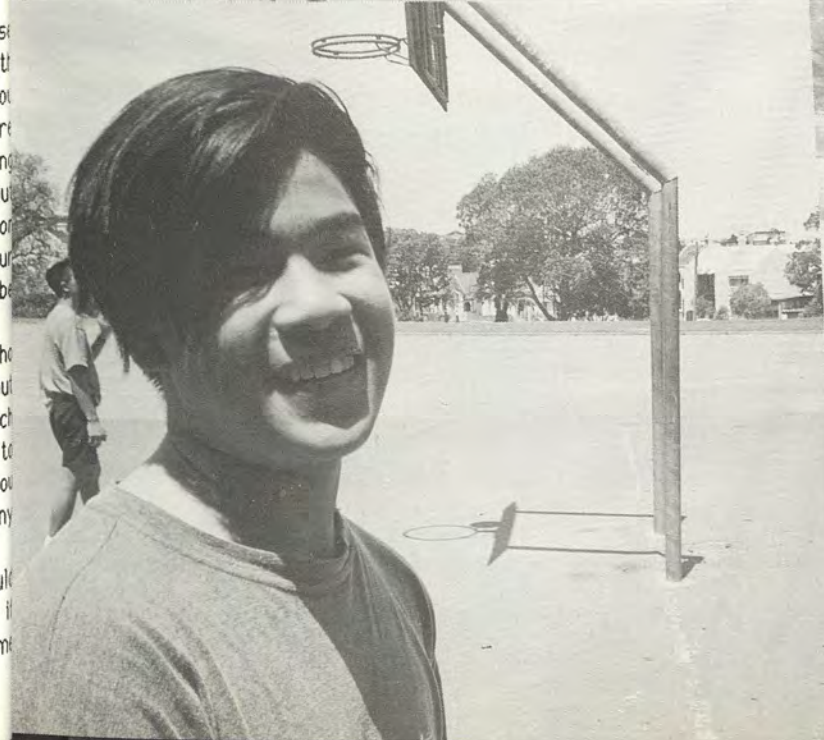
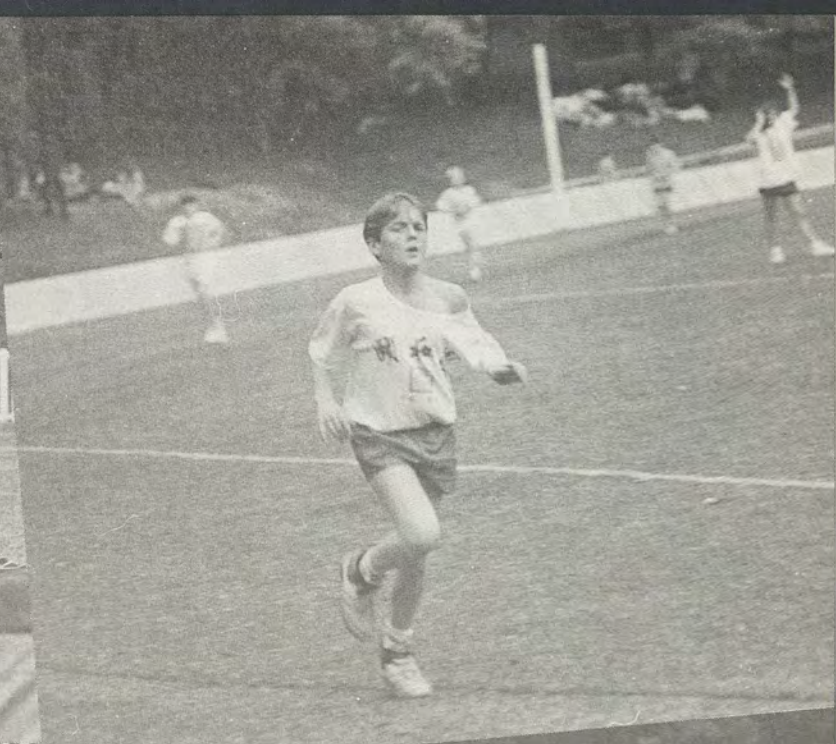
WING CHUN or Kung Fu by Suzana Stankovic 10 I

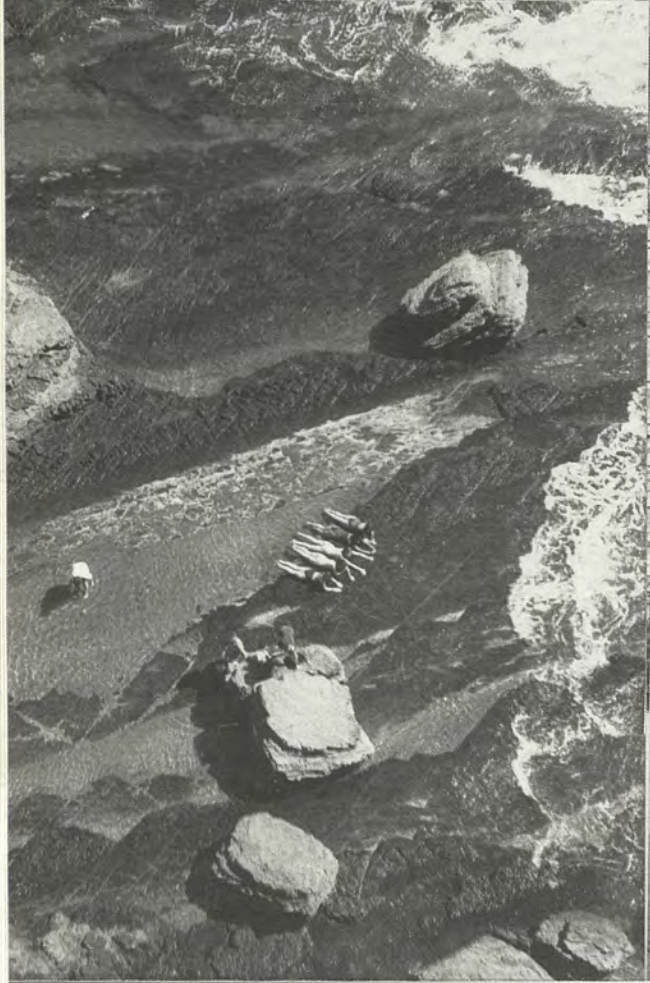
Wing Chun is an ancient Chinese sport first invented by a nun who believed that Karate and the like placed too much stress on brute strength alone.

Therefore Wing Chun is a self-defense sport which makes you utilise the strength you have regardless of how diminutive you may be. Some of the things we learnt were practical [such as effective punching techniques] and useful in case of attack but most were too complicated to remember on the spur of the moment [especially if you're frozen numb with fear] which would be pretty useless in a realistic situation.

We had a mildly sadistic instructor who made us do aerobic workouts [and without proper shoes at that!] if we talked too much and occasionally an instructor seemed to enjoy demonstrating just how much pain you can put a person through with hardly any effort [and boy did it hurt!]

On the whole I'd say that Wing Chun could be used easily in a practical situation only if you study it for an extended period of time, i.e. a year, and are really interested in it.





THE NEW CALEDONIA REPORT

by Emma Pyke (Year 11)

Our group of 21 students and 2 teachers (Mr. Grecki and Ms. Gunsberger) left Sydney airport on Saturday afternoon, 28th September. After months of waiting, the day had finally arrived for our week-long excursion to New Caledonia.

Since we arrived at night, our first impression of our surroundings was of the hotel we stayed in, a few kilometres outside the centre of Noumea, and overlooking the reef enclosed lagoon. The Surf Novotel was a large, international hotel which satisfied both students and teachers alike. One teacher especially pleased with the Casino located in the hotel (until he lost all his money!).

The next day was spent in Noumea, looking around at the shops, which were mainly closed because it was Sunday. However, the day was a useful one because we were able to familiarise ourselves with the city without having to cope with crowds of other tourists as well.

Monday began with breakfast in the hotel, and then, with our bags re-packed, we left Noumea on a two and half hour bus ride up the west coast to the second largest town in New Caledonia, Bourail. On the way, we stopped for a "cultural experience" - the New Zealand War Memorial, which is likely to remain fixed in our minds for years to come.

The hotel we stayed in was 'El Kantara', 7 km out of Bourail. This was a small hotel and we appeared to be the only guests, as Bourail is not exactly the tourist capital of the world. However, life wasn't dull after we met the 'wildlife' of Bourail. For three Year 9 boys, this wildlife was a shark which accompanied them on their swim off the beach near the hotel. These three boys strode manfully into the surf, saw the shark and strode manfully out again, looking rather pale.

Tuesday morning was spent in Bourail, with a visit to the museum, which was opened especially for our group. We all received curious looks from the locals as we wandered down the main street, as they clearly were not used to tourists. That afternoon, a small group of students went on a half hour walk from the hotel up to a lookout called 'Belvedere'. From here, the view out to sea and of the countryside was incredible, and we were in the prime location to take photos of the rest of the group who were below us on the famous Roche Percee, a huge rock perched at the edge of the ocean. While this group tried in vain to reach Turtle Beach through a cave which cut through the cliff, my group succeeded in reaching this isolated beach by climbing down the other side of Belvedere. Being able to swim on a magical tropical beach rarely discovered by tourists made the trek worthwhile.

Thursday was possibly the highlight of our holiday. After 5.45 a.m. wake-up call from the jolly Mr. Grecki, we strolled down the beach to Club Med wharf where we boarded the 'Starship Genesis', an enormous catamaran which took us to Amedee Lighthouse Island, situated at the edge of the reef.

Our day included swimming, snorkelling, Tahitian dancing

(which terrified the Year 8 boys), a trip in a glass-bottomed boat and, of course, climbing the lighthouse itself.

I'm sure this part of the day will remain forever special to Ms. Gunsberger who managed to become locked inside it. Unable to remember the French word for 'help', she was eventually rescued by some German tourists after she had called out in German.

Friday was our last full day in Noumea, and also really the only day when we saw the town completely open and full of people. Although it is definitely not downtown Sydney, the city was busy and crowded. We left New Caledonia the next afternoon, after a fairly uneventful morning of packing and lounging around the hotel.

Our flight home was only spoiled by Mr. Grecki's sulking, because he wasn't invited to the cockpit, as were the students.

We had a great time in New Caledonia (and we spoke French !), and when the next trip is planned, don't hesitate to put your name down. Although.... rumour has it that Mr. Grecki is currently looking at brochures of TAHITI.



GREAT EXPECTATIONS

OR WHAT DO WE EXPECT THE DEPUTY TO BELIEVE TODAY?

Many and varied are the reasons, excuses or yarns that are told to explain why students, mainly Years 10 and 11, are late to school. This is a random sample of Fort Street's imaginations at work, grouped according to the Deputy's mood at the time. How many of these reasons would you believe?

A. THE MUNDANE

1. The bus/train was late (or early)
2. I missed the bus/train (obviously)
3. I slept in (totally unimaginative)
4. There was a traffic jam
5. The bus/train didn't stop
6. The bus/car/train broke down
7. I didn't know I was late

B. OF A MORE FERTILE MIND

1. I had to return the video to the shop
2. I was up all night studying (what?)
3. I had to take my sister/brother to school
4. I'm not late - you rang the bell early
5. We had a family tragedy
6. You wouldn't believe me if I told you
7. I fell asleep on the bus/train
8. I couldn't find socks that matched

C. VERGING ON THE RIDICULOUS

1. My friend lost his bag and I had to help him look for it.
2. My mum cleaned my room and I couldn't find anything
3. My sister locked me in the bathroom
4. Someone changed my alarm clock
5. The pedestrian lights were struck on red
6. The microwave blew up
7. The Devil made me do it
8. The bus driver got lost
9. My parents always say "better late than never"
10. I thought it was Saturday
11. The bloke on the radio said the wrong time
13. I washed my hair and couldn't do a thing with it
14. It's fashionable to be late

D. BEYOND FANTASY INTO THE INCREDIBLE

1. The early bird catches the worms, but I don't like worms.
2. Someone put a big tree in front of the school last night and I went straight past
3. I get lonely at roll call
4. I get Mondayitis on Thursday
5. My mum doesn't believe in daylight saving
6. The inevitable "THEYS" - e.g:
 - They turned off the water
 - They dug up the road
 - They changed the bus/train timetable etc. etc.
7. My stars told me it was going to be a bad day
8. I like to talk to you about myself

3. THE "THIS WILL REALLY TEST HIM OUT" INVENTIONS

1. The milkman didn't come and I had to go out and milk the cow
2. The bus was hijacked by the IRA
3. We're breaking in a new rooster
4. My electric alarm clock got flat batteries
5. My mum cooked a lamb roast for breakfast
6. My mate fell over in the bus and went blind, so I had to take him home
7. We had a power failure in our street and all the electric alarm clocks stopped
8. It's a standard beyond human capacity to maintain

After having to cope with creativity like this so early in the day, is it any wonder the D.P. looks shell-shocked around 9.30am? You will now have to try harder to be believed, or, better still, arrive in time for roll call so we can all save our creativity for the classroom.

D.P. LEONARD



Oracle

Where does the Future lie after Fort Street? Try our very own automatic guaranteed oracle: sketched in impeccable detail by Man Nghi Phung, Year 10; and scripted by our very own clairvoyant. It's easy - just cut out and fold along lines!

cut here

One day someone will say they love you and it won't be your mother.

Your lucky number is **3** which is a pity. Your lucky day is **TUESDAY** which is also a pity.

Someone is going to kiss you in a really weird way.

You are going to have a white wedding and marry 2-46 children between 26 and 32 and live in a house mortgage at 13.5%

You will meet your best friend who is an interesting person of the opposite sex who will tell you how much they are attracted to your best friend. (This will only depress you slightly.)

You will see a beautiful person of the opposite sex across the road and you will walk past them + if you are lucky, they are popular and loved and admired! (Haha! go kiss a pig.)

You are going to gain a lot of very very rich and fabulously successful and beautiful and famous and popular and loved and admired! (Haha! go kiss a pig.)

You will see a beautiful person of the opposite sex across the road and you will walk past them + if you are lucky, they are popular and loved and admired! (Haha! go kiss a pig.)

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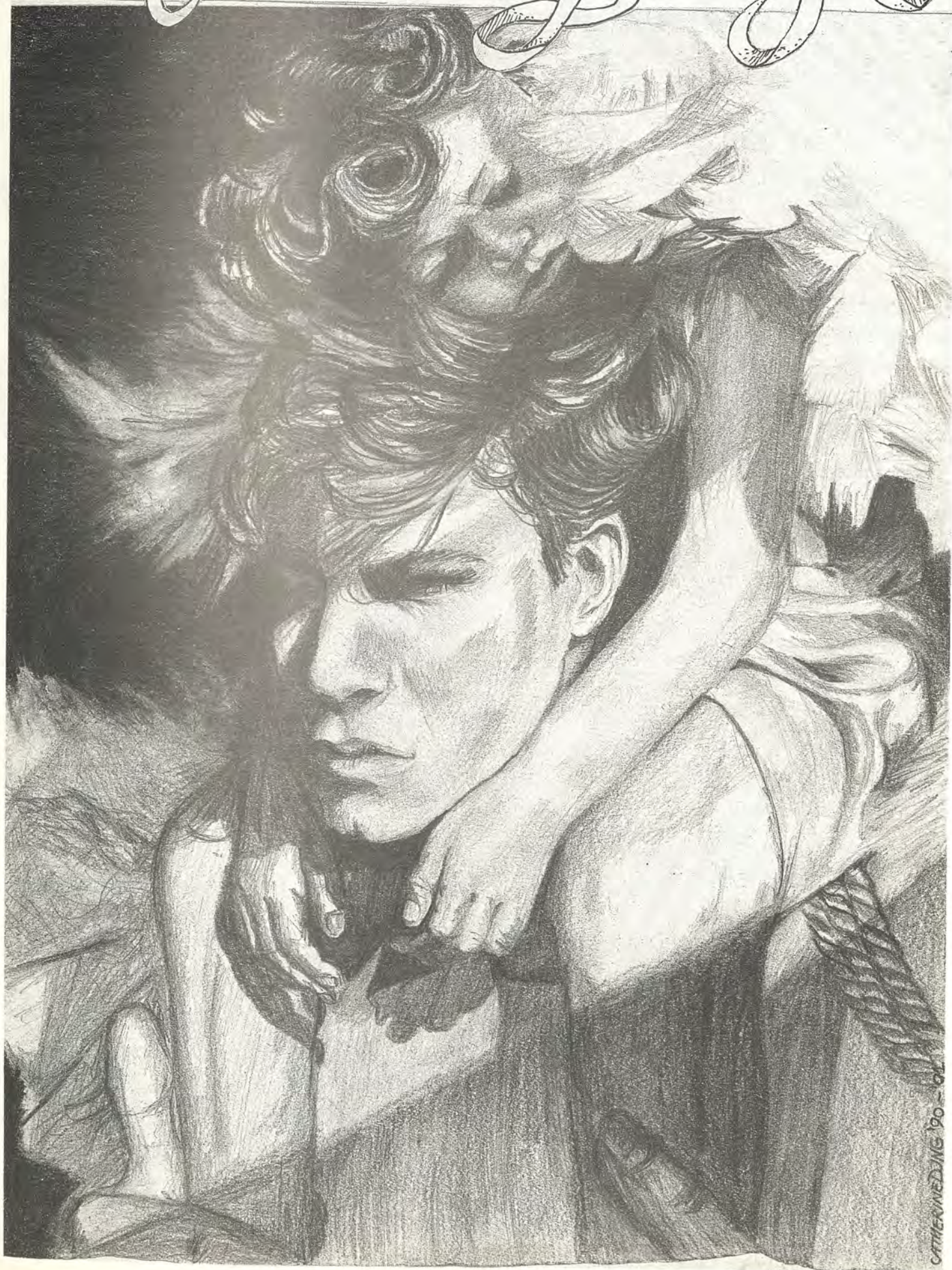
GREEN

BLUE

MOTLEY

MOTLEY

Like many pages



UNDERSTANDING

Their eyes saw,
Their ears heard,

They called it talent,

They didn't read the expression,
The tone,
Or the mood,
They couldn't believe it,
They said it was talent,
All except one,
The one of her dreams,
He stood up,
He called out,
Trying to make them understand,
To tune their aging ears back to the days of youth,
I knew they wouldn't understand,
I shouldn't have done it,
It was all a mistake,
Then he joined me,
We played together,
Our youth uniting,
Forming unspoken words,
Words disguised as music,

Yet they didn't believe,
They didn't want to,
They didn't understand,
Why would they,
Their ears were ringing,
Echoing,
Receiving,
Hearing the loneliest,
The most beautiful,
Yet the saddest song.
It was the saddest they'd ever hear,
Yet no tears fell,
Eyes stared in disbelief,
They thought it was beautiful,
They called it talent,
They didn't love music,
How could they understand,
They had no bonds
They couldn't decipher the message,
The message is fear,
Of loss,
Of love,
Sadness and hate.

Notes rang,
Their ears heard,
Their eyes saw,
Yet still they did not believe,
What does it take?

Anna Lurmann Jr 9

BALLOONS AND MUSKETS

David Roache-Turner Year 10

Up and up I went, borne on the wings of hot air and wind, I watched in awe as the splendour and beauty of Paris spread out beneath me. The sea of faces and waving hands took on less and less form as the balloon rose higher and started to drift east. Over the Seine I drifted. The gaunt form of the Bastille slipped away behind me and even the majesty of the great Notre Dame dwindled as her spires made vain efforts to pluck this unnatural thing from the heavens. Rows and rows of houses, released from their earthly bonds of value and location by the hand of distance; the roads stretching out like many-fingered hands to be suddenly halted by the huge walls that formed Paris's last line of defense: it was over this bastion that my path lay.

Towards the edges of the city the desolation became more apparent. Even from my great height I could hear the roar of the cannon and could see clearly the results of their play. Smoking ruins now marked the locations of what had once been proud residences; pathetic looking bodies lay sprawled near the ruins, patiently awaiting the undertaker's call.

Despite these horrors, what now encumbered my vision was the sight of the wall: a huge thing of grey stone and mortar, mighty in its steadfastness, reaching to the sky as if to obscure my view of what lay beyond. I suddenly became aware of how much I dreaded having to pass this wall. Abominable as siege conditions were in Paris, I felt extremely reluctant to leave the comparative safety of the city. It seemed the prevailing winds were all for the success of my mission, as they carried me inexorably onward. The wall loomed, and abruptly I was over.

The full might of the Prussian Army lay below me; rank upon rank of disciplined fighting men. I felt my bowels stir at the thought of falling into the hands of these people. I had heard the stories of the gauntlets and torture sessions the Prussians seemed to take so much pride in maintaining. I prayed fervently that I would pass quietly overhead without detection. But of course 300 square metres of hot air-filled cloth attracts quite a considerable amount of attention and soon many of the wretched Huns were aiming their muskets at the sky. I could only stare in fascinated terror as the deadly storm of fire erupted along the ground and the lead balls began to fly skyward. Perhaps it was luck, or perhaps a guilty God had at last decided to show mercy; but, miraculously, not a single ball struck home. I could have danced for joy but I consoled myself with a triumphant burst of laughter. There was no way the Huns would get their muskets "powdered and balled" before I was well out of range.

I had laughed too soon. For there he stood: a lone trooper standing firmly on a high bluff less than 200 metres away. At that distance I could see clearly the smile that graced his face before he

raised his piecer into a direct line with my balloon. I perceived every detail in perfect clarity, as if time itself had ceased to be a reality. The soldier stood poised, gargoyle like, for an infinity of milliseconds, as I stared straight down that long, dark barrel. Then the weapon recoiled, flashed, and a second later, boomed.

My heart skipped a beat. Had he missed? The soldier's toothy grin, as I floated past him, told me otherwise. I followed his gaze, and quickly ascertained the source of his satisfaction. His ball had torn into the side of my balloon and rent a large hole from which my precious air was escaping.

Falling into enemy hands was a thought I did not particularly relish. Not only would it be unproductive, not to mention unhealthy, for myself, it would also, through my mission's failure, endanger fair Paris herself. It was imperative I get through to help at all costs.

With these thoughts spurring me on, I sprang into immediate action. Grabbing my "needle and thread" repair pouch, and stuffing it into my belt, I steeled myself; as ready as I would ever be. I clambered onto the rope rigging covering the balloon and began my ascent. I encountered no problems until I hung about a metre from my destination; I made the mistake of looking down. Not one usually prone to vertigo in any sense of the word, I was appalled at the thought of having nothing between me and a thousand odd metre fall but my own strength and a rope not more than 2-centimetres thick. But again I steeled myself and presently I reached my target. The escaping air buffeted me unceasingly; nevertheless, I passed both arms through the rope mesh and set to work. With my mind and hands occupied with my task, I was spared the terrors of having to consider my current predicament. Somehow, heaven only knows how, I managed to get enough of the thread through the tough cloth to effectively stop the airflow. With relief flowing through me, I began to retrace my ascent with great care and deliberation, hand over hand. Soon I was once again in the comparative safety of the basket.

The winds and God were with me, and in but a few short hours, my destination hove into view: the town of Rheims, coronation-place of kings, wherein resided both the hopes and military might of France. My chest filled with pride at the sight of France's great army. I had got through, as a messenger of our great Emperor, Napoleon III. In my delirious joy, I had failed to observe the brewing of one of those flash electrical storms that plague this part of France so at this time of year.

The lightning lashed out. An explosion. Fire. Smoke. Gravity no longer defied. The earth reached out to claim its own. The fall was . . . short.

Look in black water, see what I know
The reflections too dark, you're sinking too low.

Taste the black water, blood on your lips
You chew on your tongue, you've had too many sips.

Take a trip on the boat with no sail
You'll drift with the tide while it's blowing a gale.



When you think of black water, your eyes turn around
Your head starts to hurt from the chaos you've found.

Things lurk in black water, strange emotions of mine
blind, skin-tight monsters, ruling my mind.

We've all got black water somewhere inside
You must calm and cleanse it, more must be denied.

The demon inside you, you can know and control
If you drown in black water and emerge with a soul.

Nigel Mitchell Year 12

CLEARASIL

I was the best looking guy on the block or so the girls told me. My only problem was pimples but Clearasil (pimple cream) helped me so much I had none. One time however when I was fifteen, I had a really big pimple on my nose that Clearasil didn't work for. I used up all my money on pimple creams of all sorts. When I was walking down to the railway station I saw a little packet. While itching my nose I picked it up - it was green with pink polkadots. I looked inside. It had written on the side of a toothpaste container "Gene's PIMPLE CREAM works like magic". I read the instructions. They said - "smear some cream on finger, make sure it's a teaspoon of cream." I put some on my finger. It came out rainbow coloured. I thought - I will put more than a teaspoon on so it will be stronger as my pimple was BIG.



I rubbed it on. My body tingled all over. It was then that I noticed the warning that said any more than a teaspoon would make an extra eye grow on your nose. I swore, I could already feel my extra eye coming out of my nose. I ran home and looked in the mirror. Then I called my six year old brother. He ran out of the room screaming "Aliens are attacking. Quick evacuate!" I thought Oh my God is this really happening? I finally convinced my Mother I wasn't another life form. She said, "My little boy, what happened?" I said, "Don't worry" trying to comfort my Mother when she should be comforting me! My mother got a pin and pricked the eyeball with it. It disappeared. After that I don't know what happened to it but the eyeball had gone . . .

Note from author: That's what he thinks (the eyeball hasn't gone). The eyeball has now re-appeared in his ear!

words and pictures Laura Murdoch Yr 8

THE ACCIDENT

... There was an oval pool of blood on the ground. I watched it creep in all directions, watched its very life spread over the white vinyl floor until I knew it was too late to gather up. Then I called the nurse ...

I clutched my backpack tightly as I walked slowly along the sterile corridor of the hospital. The smell of antiseptic hung everywhere so that I could not escape its overwhelming nauseousness. 208, 207, 206, 205. I was there. Taking a deep breath, I knocked quietly on the door. It was moments before I heard a barely audible "come in." I entered.

The room was dark so that I had trouble adjusting my eyes from the clean whiteness of the corridor. When I did, it was the lank figure of a man that I did not recognise. There was a black stitched line of inflamed skin that ran across his forehead which was bandaged so that his hair was plastered stickily on his face. My gaze moved down to his legs. His legs.

Suddenly I felt all the nausea that had been suppressed by my stomach would abruptly burst out. It was his uplifted eyes that stopped me from showing my repulsion. They were blue, and solid unlike his frame. They possessed a certain glimmer of hope that seemed incredible. Through his eyes, I saw the events open up vividly once again; red blinking lights, red car, red blood. Everything was red. Even the screams were red. Red, hot, and panicky in the cool and calm of the Christmas night. He spoke.

"I didn't think you would be pleased to see me." I gulped. I had not realised I had been breathing so hard. I was about to protest but I did not. It was impossible hiding what my thoughts were from Nathan. He had always possessed a quality of perception into my thoughts. You would never have to tell him that something was bothering you. He would simply know. Even though he lay broken

and helpless in the wheelchair, I knew that he was still aware, still alert to my subtle expressions. Maybe even too much.

I came towards him and placed a hand awkwardly on his shoulder. He shuddered at my touch. I wanted to tell him that he would recover, and that he could continue everything he left before that night. This age-old instinct to protect him from the truth welled up inside me but I could not bring myself to deceive him so. Those things he had left behind had come to pass. Since that night, they were beyond reach of both of us. All I could do was to stand there silently, yet I was screaming inside. You will never be the man you were, I'm sorry but you will never walk again!

Somehow those thoughts were more intense in the silence. I felt that he had heard them as clearly as I thought them, for a small trickle rolled down his cheek. He had confronted the reality. I watched the tear glide over his lips. It seemed to tremble with pain, and with realisation. A fear rose in me. I did not want to see it drop. I did not wish to see the despair explode from it. I turned away.

He grabbed me for he knew I would leave him. The air wavered as our flexed bodies challenged each other. I looked down on him and saw a man that had become a small boy, an unweaned child. Seeing the drip attached to him, I thought of something else - an unborn life still tied to the placenta, helpless and blind. It repulsed me. For a few seconds, we searched each other, tried for the last time to find the missing remnant of our relationship. Nathan seemed almost in pain as he tried with all his strength to open the closed gates to my thoughts. Finding a look in my eyes he had never seen before, he thrust me away and I ran from the room.

I wanted to run forever. It felt good to exert myself and to feel the cold sting in my throat. Through this the pain that dwelled inside me was finally able to translate itself to a physical pain that I could actually feel. I stopped. I heard a panting behind me and I turned in alarm. It was a small boy. He was grubby but his magnificent sea-green eyes outshone everything. In his grubby hands was a photo.

"Ere," he said. "You dropped this."

I took it apprehensively, not looking at it.

"Thank you," I whispered. He smiled innocently and turned away. I then looked at the photo. It had been taken at night. That Christmas night, I had to force myself to look at it again. To the left, sat Nathan, one hand holding a beer can, the other resting on my shoulder. I was not looking at the camera but at Nathan. An expression of disapproval on my white face. His silly smile. His staggered walk. I closed my eyes. Seeing the silly smile he wore, I had a premonition that something was urgent. I had seen the helplessness of a man in him. Helplessness in any man made me feel insecure. It made me see the hopelessness of the order of the world. Seeing Nathan, I saw the doom of every man.

I started to run anxiously back to the hospital. I thought I could hear Nathan calling me. The corridor echoed my steps. I burst into his room. There was an oval pool of blood on the ground . . .

The End

Mau Nghi Phung Yr 10

Helen Yee
Year 9

Sick At Home

Sick at home,
Feeling blue
It's not the sickness
There's nothing to do!
Daytime television
Is such a bore
Anything else would be
considered a chore.
Being alone
is not much fun.
How would it be
being a nun!
I may sound crazy
or even a fool,
But I can't wait
to go back to school!

"Love Please: Long Distance"

Love has to be the wierdest experience, ever. It's frightful really. Not that I have ever been truly, ruley "in love", but I do know what obsession can make you do. I've seen people change from smart, civilized, normal people to totally delinquent psychotics. When you think you're in love, you go all - clammy. Logic, common sense, and mainstream thought go haywire. Some may even breakdown. One minute people are admiring their "love" and the next they will deny their existence. It's totally insane. I know people - including myself - who just stare at their "love". They may have not even spoken to them or tolthem how they feel. It's sad really. It's better to love from a distance, I always say because what you don't have you can't lose. Some "loves" last years, to no avail.

Sounds depressing? I know, I know, but it's happened to all of us. Even you, dear reader! Don't deny it! How about the hours spent roaming your "love's" burrows - work, cafes, shops - you know the ones, or filling a whole desk up with "I love you my 'love'" quotations and then drawing a heart and colouring it red with an arrow through it. Sounds even more depressing doesn't it. One thing I have to say though, the worst part of having these "long distance loves" (even though they may only be less than fifty metres from you), is when you make a fool of yourself in front of them. (Oh No! I hear the reader gasp). Like the time they catch you staring or when you trip and fall right in front of them, or even when you make a false attempt at asking them out yourself. No! I'm busy that night - in

fact - I'm busy every night of the year." - "Tomorrow, sorry I'm re-arranging my sock drawer." Oh the excuses people come up with. You just sink your face into your palms and walk away. How embarrassing. That's when you feel like grabbing the razor blade - but don't do it, don't, don't do it. There is hope. I know a person who after four years of "long distance love" got their particular person. Honest to God. It was a fairy-tale ending. You know, the other person also, had the "long distance love-me". It's just that it took four years for the message to get across. Talk about paying the price of long distance calls.

E N D

Platon Theodoris
Year 11

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SELF-MURDER

1. The Verdict

Voice One: Sentence?

Voice Two: Guilty.

Voice One: Was the decision unanimous?

Voice Two: Unanimous.

Voice One: Take him away.

Murderer: How can I be condemned for my own murder?

2. The Reason:

There exists the common question concerning life: "Why are we here and for what duration?" The answer continually eludes those who seek it, those who attempt to discover the reason to life in order to distinguish dream from insanity.

3. The Story

As the woman entered the room, she gazed upon the furniture which she had selected with her husband. It reflected the emotions which existed at the beginning of the marriage and, dissimilar to many marriages which she had encountered, had been maintained with little difficulty. She caressed the porcelain figurines, the velvet cushions and the smooth surface of the television. All seemed to pronounce a calm, unchanging feeling.

The woman deposited her handbag on the nearest wooden chair and travelled towards her bedroom. In order to reach her bedroom, she walked through a corridor whose lights turned automatically on at seven o'clock and whose carpet silenced a person's footsteps. The woman turned slightly, her progression hindered by a partially filled bookcase and by an ornamental spinning-wheel.

Once she arrived, the woman switched the light on and started to undress. Her movements were methodical: she lowered the zipper of her burgundy skirt and allowed it to slide down her hips, she unbuttoned her blouse and watched it flutter to the ground, she removed her nightdress from the first drawer of her wardrobe and walked towards the bedroom.

Due to the familiarity of the process, the woman remained oblivious to the remainder of the room. She failed to notice the shadow which occupied the far left corner, the difference in silence and the absence of the particular scent belonging to her husband, usually present after his shower. She reached the bathroom, removed her underwear and turned the shower on.

"Kenneth? I have finished my shower and I'm ready." The woman's call was answered by silence. "Kenneth, are you playing games with me? If you are, I wonder where you're hiding." The woman returned to the bedroom. "Are you hiding beneath the bed? No? Help me, Darling, just give me a sign." The woman searched the room, she noticed the shadow though she did not analyse its cause. "Darling, this game is becoming tiresome ... You're not usually like this."

The woman turned in frustration, acknowledging that the night had been destroyed by her husband's peculiar behaviour. She glanced once more towards the shadow, she began to move to investigate it when . . . realisation.

4. Reaction:

The woman scrutinised the discoloured face of her husband with detachment, and once satisfied by her inspection, she reached for her dressing gown and commenced to organise the necessary arrangements. She telephoned 'The Dignified Funeral Parlour' and informed her relatives of her husband's suicide. Each relative arrived as expected in intermittent bursts of concern and sympathy, and the Funeral director's son studied the corpse and eventually removed it.

5. The Memories:

Both the woman and the husband had discovered each other through a mutual friend, they had immediately been attracted and decided to continue seeing one another. As the acquaintance progressed, both accepted the inevitability of marriage. After a short period, the marriage ceremony was organised after which the woman and husband settled down to a companionable life.

6. Conclusion:

The husband waited silently for his sentence whilst the audience surrounded him predicted his future: 'Would he be sentenced to death or would he be reprieved?' The reason for the crime was inconsequential; the crime had been committed thus punishment was required.

As he continued to wait, the husband conducted his own trial. His thoughts performed both as prosecution and defence, allowing him to describe the reason for his suicide and thus what he had desired to accomplish.

'Do you want to know the reason why a person would one day decide to end a life - selfishly? It isn't difficult to find since it isn't concealed beneath any varnishing - a dirty coat mistaken for silk.'

'I found that formality seemed to govern my life: I returned from work each day to a domestically-produced promiscuous wife whereupon words were spoken and gestures made. Achievements were acknowledged between the bathroom and the bed, decisions heard as the covers were overturned. I endured the burden of having created this body, this silent form of convenience until I found myself looking into my mind as I lay above my wife.' The husband opened his eyes.

The audience's whispers were silenced by the judge who presided above the husband.

The Judge: What has the jury found?

Representative: The jury has found that the accused is guilty and thus punishable by law.

The Judge: Death?

The discussion continued in the husband's mind, the prosecution and the defence merging to create an old relic of society, oblivious to the men directing him towards the entrance to his apartment.

A field trip to a whiskey fire and discovery of self-concealed regret and confusion within finding myself to be like a fire without flames as dark and burnt as ashes.

As the first drops of burning delight reached my chest and circulated to the upper cavity's of my skull I caught a faint glimmer of a perspective that suited by comfort in the bottom of the glass.

Life assumed a ridiculous reality of my own design where anything can happen and often does . . . with the bend of an elbow.

Old friends seated and rolling, numerous hugs and insane dances to flames and Tom Waits . . . Music crooning seedy wild vibrations.

Psyched out trips were played by misled clowns who sometimes try too hard and in embarrassment return to being bent.

The fun and games had ended there was no-one else to play so I sat and drank and thought of dreams as flames were blown away.

I thought that I did need what was just another want and realised that I was not the person I perceived in the golden glow reflection and I was only seeing facets of what should have been a sparkling personality.

Nigel Mitchell

Year 12

ADDICTION

Waking from an unfinished dream, I clamber out of bed and carry out the early morning ritual which has become a part of my daily routine for five months now. It is still early morning as I trudge down the dark hallway towards the bathroom, senses still not entirely functional. A familiar transition is made as I step from the carpeted hallway into the tiled bathroom. A sudden sensation of bitter cold ripples through my feet and sends a winter shiver through my system. Instinctively running my hand over the bathroom wall I find the switch. It feels smooth and is almost contoured to the shape of my hand. Quickly flicking the switch, golden light floods the room sending my senses into a frenzy. It takes a few seconds for my eyes to dilate and focus upon my surroundings. The soles of my feet are still numb with cold so I hurriedly move on my arched feet over to the thickly piled bathroom rug. In front of the rug is the bathroom cabinet with a mirror hinged above. Staring into my own bloodshot eyes, the mirror relays a blank look of nothing on my face. This expressionless gaze soon turns into a look of absolute need as I recall why I'm here. It's time for my early morning fix.

For the next few moments my senses become tangled in a dazed blur as my body hungrily awaits the magical fluid. In the rush, my procedures are carried out methodically but with an urge for fulfilment. Cap removed, syringe filled and brought close to tender flesh. Needle ruptures skin and slowly slips into subcutaneous tissue. Syringe held between forefingers, thumb depresses plunger. The liquid drug escapes the confinement of the needle and is injected. Peering into the mirror again I see a new expression, one of utmost pleasure and tranquility. It is now time to get on with the rest of the day - at least as long as my addiction allows me. The day is one of enjoyment and relaxation. It is Saturday, and after a hard-fought win at tennis, I catch up on a much needed rest after a busy week's activities. I reassure myself that if I don't finish my homework today, Sunday is always there to fall back on. In no hurry to complete my work, I spend most of the day writing song lyrics for my band.

That afternoon my addiction has me yearning for a second injection. Sometimes I think my addiction has more of a hold on my life than I do. This time when I open the bathroom cabinet where the

drugs are kept, I am greeted only with empty space. This startles me as only a day ago I had enough to last me at least 3 days. Had I taken more than my usual dosage? I become panic stricken as I acknowledge how great my dependency is. As a nervous churning in the stomach begins, I make my way out of the small bathroom to get some fresh air. I calm down enough to plan my next move. I must make another score before my condition becomes worse. As any hardened drug addict would know, a good quantity of drugs can be picked up off the streets as easily as buying headache relief tablets at the local chemist - as long as they know which streets to go looking for them. As I make my way to the chemist, it is ironic that this is my drug purchasing destination. With the right connections a person can get almost any drug desired. As an insulin dependent diabetic, my doctor's prescription is enough to get my twice daily fix for the rest of my life.

Ben Robertson YR 11

Chris Sotirias Yr 11

The place which I would like to be rather than anywhere else would be back in Primary School, particularly Yr 3.

Yr 3 of Primary School, was probably the only time I have been motivated to wake up in the morning and go to school. The best reason for liking that year, was our teacher, Mr Columbriale. I can honestly say that Mr Columbriale was the best teacher that I have ever had and most of my old classmates that I know from then, share this sentiment. He made learning fun, by using practical ways of teaching.

One moment I will never forget was the day Mr Columbriale taught the class about Horizontal and Vertical lines. Now most teachers in the situation would say that horizontal lines are the same as the horizon, that flat and vertical lines were the opposite. Mr Columbriale not only did this, but asked me to stand up. He then picked me up and asked me to be a line. He then tilted me horizontally and told the class this was horizontal, he then tipped me upside down and told the class this was vertical. As you can imagine the class was in absolute raptures, so you can see that Mr Columbriale had a rather unique and successful way of teaching. He mixed comedy, fun and seriousness.

If only I could return to those days in which we didn't have a care in the world but to play, watch television and listen to Mr Columbriale

THE CAMERA

Hardy Smith and his parents lived on a farm up North in Canada. They led a very normal lifestyle of animal chores and hearty meals. They were rather lonely; Hardy being only fifteen and their only neighbour was a naggy little woman, fifty miles South East.

One day Hardy was walking towards the pigsty for trough-cleaning, when he heard a horribly loud but seemingly distant screech in the air. He thought that it must have been a new jet plane, but as the screeching became louder, he dived under an old, rusty, overturned wheel barrow just in case.

Finally the ear piercing noise ended in a minor earthquake along with the loudest crash and bang you could ever imagine. Two of the sheds collapsed, a part of the barn roof caved in, and every window around was smashed.

The not-so-bright Hardy kept his head squished down in the thick mud for around half an hour before he got up and looked around.

Everything in sight was completely covered in mud at least a foot thick. Luckily the pigs were under shelter and the chicken wire had saved the chickens. It was not so lucky for the cattle however. The thick layers of mud had dried all over them and so they looked exactly like statues.

"Big mess"! Hardy said to himself. "Mum! Dad! There's a big mess"

They all came out and said "Big mess".

Ray, Hardy's Dad went to the car in the barn and started it. It churned and spluttered and threw up and then suddenly blew up.

David Leslie, Yr 8

In the misty hours morning
As the brand new day is forming,
The sun's warm rays are dawning
across the musty sky.

Little eyes are peeping
From bodies long been sleeping,
and the morning dew is weeping
I sit and wonder why.

Why all of those employed
to fill the empty void,
want only to destroy
my mind can only cry.

And nothing breaks the silence
and no-one feels a presence,
And shadows reach the distance
where towering mountains lie.

I lie broken in a dark room
Knowing it will be night soon,
The world will see the full moon
creep across the blackened sky.

And I think of all the good things
Like the birds each day for me
to sing

Then I think of all the bad things
And still I wonder why.

by Tom Oates
Year eleven.

The Owl And The Pussycat (revised edition)

by James Bales 9F

The owl and the pussycat went to sea,
In a beautiful pea-green boat.
The boat was sinking.
The cat was thinking.

"How can I cut this silly owl's throat?"

The owl looked up to the stars above
And sang while the blood poured out.

"O lovely pussycat, O pussycat my love,
What a lovely pussycat you.... Aaahhrrr!!"

As the pussycat gave him a shove.

The pussycat gave chase as the owl threw up
All over the pea-green boat.

He got the mop.

And heard a plop.

As the dead bird began to float.

The beautiful pea-green boat,
Was the pride of the local fleet.
But that night on her own.

The cat dined alone,
With owl-meat for main course, as a treat!

The moral of this story is,
That a cat obeys its instincts
A cat is a cat.

An owl is an owl.

Regardless of what the owl thinks!



"Yes my world is tumbling down, stone by stone, to the ground."
"Please, take out the garbage."

Arbitrary fears and aspirations; losing grip on situations; friction, motion, palpitations; searching hard for lost relations.

Going in circles, going around; stop to sleep so safe and sound; breaking free, no longer bound; another lost, another found.

Trying to leave but no way out; hearing 'I love you' but still in doubt; flourishing like a new bean sprout; dying like a flame gone out.

Another day, I rise and shine; the world I share but all is mine; clutching straws and wasting time.

Leave me alone,

I'll be fine.

ON HIS OWN

He sat quite still, his long skinny neck cocked as he watched a basketball game in progress just five metres away. Long, streaking bodies flashing multitudes of colours across the asphalt, swirling together in a single body. Sitting alone outside the whirlwind, he looked into it with envy and hatred. He turned back to his school bag where a neatly wrapped parcel of tuna sandwiches lay waiting conspiratorial-ly, hastily applying last dabs of odorous perfumes before their outing. He took one and carefully bit into it. Behind him a group of girls walked past chatting incessantly. He caught parts of their conversation, marvelling at the complexity of their lives, awed by their composure and confidence. His life, so dull in comparison, made him sick, almost physically, almost made him want to retch. In a pathetic display of weakness, his stomach spasmed in sympathy with his thoughts. It was at moments like this that he really hated himself. Hated himself with a passion, unparalleled in any other feelings he had.

And still life went on.

Day by day little changed.

Occasionally people, his peers, would speak to him. It was inevitable, he supposed, that through time they would

have to, and in general it was only to ask the time. No-one seemed interested in him otherwise, and he dragged himself about the day with little human contact.

There were many different reasons why he had no friends. Cruel rumours, prejudice, bias. It was not that he avoided friendships, nor that he had kicked any back, but more that it seemed an established aspect of the school's rigid social framework that he remain friendless.

The swirling mass would say that he must want it that way. Nothing could be further from the truth. Deep down all of them knew that. None of them took responsibility for his loneliness. Deep down they knew they were all to blame. But still life went on.

Depression was an ongoing aspect of his life, a doormat from which each new day sprouted. One blustery, grey autumn afternoon something hit him. A way of escaping all his worries, a road to freedom, to happiness, to a new lot of his storm. On a cold Tuesday afternoon a lonely little boy, a nobody, got a strong urge to fly. And did.

A jagged cliff on the coast, rising sharply out of the sea and pulling back across the land.

He jumped and for a minute thought he was falling. But he wasn't. He was flying swooping and diving, soaring like a bird.

And there ahead lay the path, glistening in the sun, clear as could be and waiting for him, beckoning him to come.

Away he flew, from everything he hated, from his old life and into the sunset. Like one of those corny old movies he'd seen so many times. Only it was for real.

And then it ended.

They found his small, withered body hours later, crushed on the rocks below. Case 47348 for the record and only those who had loved him were really sad.

Paramedics and police gathered round, sealing the area off, eyeing the frail corpse with pity. Up above, however, the sky reflected none of the sadness felt below. The storm clouds that had loomed above earlier in the afternoon gave way to a clear blue sky, fierce winds died to a lazy breeze, and as the tide lapped quietly at his boney silver feet the evening sun spread a gentle silver sparkle across the sea.

David Gill Year 11

There were no curtains on the windows, it was unnecessary. When you rise at dawn, the sun is the best alarm clock. Usually, but not always. The day before had been long and full and he was not ready to rise. The light attempted to force its way through the barrier created by his eyelids. It was not however the light that eventually convinced his mind to awaken. The door, which had been closed during the night, slowly opened. A white bearded man wearing a blue, soldier's uniform surveyed the scene before him. Young men lay collapsed in all positions on beds spread around the room. The sergeant took a large wooden stick lying on the ground near the door. He hit its frame three times in rapid succession. Many of the men bolted upright. Other, more exhausted soldiers only just registered the disturbance and awoke, opening their eyes slowly and groaning. The sergeant turned to leave, "Breakfast. Five Minutes."

The food was a sloppy disgusting porridge as usual. They sat on stout wooden benches in the long hall. Peter sat there, absently shovelling what passed for breakfast into his mouth. He remembered the events of the previous day with the clarity of crystal. It has been bright and almost cloudless. They had assembled in the dusty courtyard at the front of the barracks. Their sergeant held a sheet of paper in his hands and started reading from it. Peter was nervous. This was it.

"Christians, 4th division." the white sergeant said in a brisk tone.

His lifelong ambition was to be fulfilled in minutes.

"Danvers, 5th cavalry."

A soldier clicked his feet together and saluted.

"Dunsberg, 8th division."

he would be a soldier serving his country.

"Johnson, 7th cavalry."

Peter was stunned. The 7th cavalry, the unit that all soldiers dreamed of. George Armstrong Custer.... he should salute, definitely. He raised his hand to his forehead. The 7th cavalry, he was a soldier.

"Johnson. Johnson! You can lower your hand now."

The breakfast had been too short for his liking. They filed out of the hall. This was the last time Peter would have to use this room. His belongings were soon packed into his saddle bags. He cleaned and loaded his rifle, placing it with the rest of his things. Peter picked up his hat from the bed and placed it on his head, pulling down on the drawstrings. He then bent down, scooped up the saddle-bags in his arms and walked across the room and out the door.

The horses trampled the prairie-grass beneath their hooves, as they jostled their riders up and down. A long line of mounted soldiers stretching over the rolling hills and the sparkling clear

rivers. In the lead, a man sitting tall and erect. His proudly displayed blond mustache and hair that reached to the base of his neck. This was George Armstrong Custer and his 7th cavalry. Word passed down the column quickly and soon they were galloping forward towards a rise in the grass-covered prairies. Peter slowed as he reached a congregation of soldiers with their horses nervously pacing back and forth.

"Indians", one said to Peter in a hushed voice, pulling at his rifle and laying across the pommel of his saddle. "A small village of 'em. Only eighty. Try not to kill women an' children."

In anticipation, Peter removed his saddle bags. Suddenly a trumpet broke through the hushed whispers.

"Charge!" came the cry from the front of the column. The horses topped the rise and thundered down the slope before them. He could hear the flutes playing Custer's tune and the drums beating behind him. The Indian village was nothing special. The tents were scattered throughout the bare earth before the 7th cavalry.

Indian women scattered before the oncoming horses. The first shot exploded from the column.

A group of Indian warriors rode out from between the teepees releasing arrows into the oncoming horde. More gunshots rang out across the plain. The Indian warriors fell backwards across their mount's rumps, onto the tightly packed dirt. The women sprinted around

the village-turned battlefield gathering up their younger children in their arms. A young boy stood in front of the charging horses, waving his arms at them and spouting gibberish. A soldier beside him fired his gun once more. The boy flew to the ground, dying. They broke formation and scattered among the tents, chasing the fleeing Indians. Peter felt distant, this was not happening to him. Those that he had thought his friends were slaughtering helpless innocents. A red-haired, saber-wielding soldier descended upon a running woman and slashed downward. She fell to the ground. Peter readied his rifle for the first time, aimed and the soldier flew from his horse. Then Peter dismounted and took up the woman in his arms. Her long brown tunic was drenched in blood, it dripped between his fingers. The army was a facade. Under the pretence of self-defence they were killing innocents. The army held nothing for him anymore. The woman was dead in his hands, and the flutes lifted their melody in the background, confirming the identity of the performers of this foul deed.

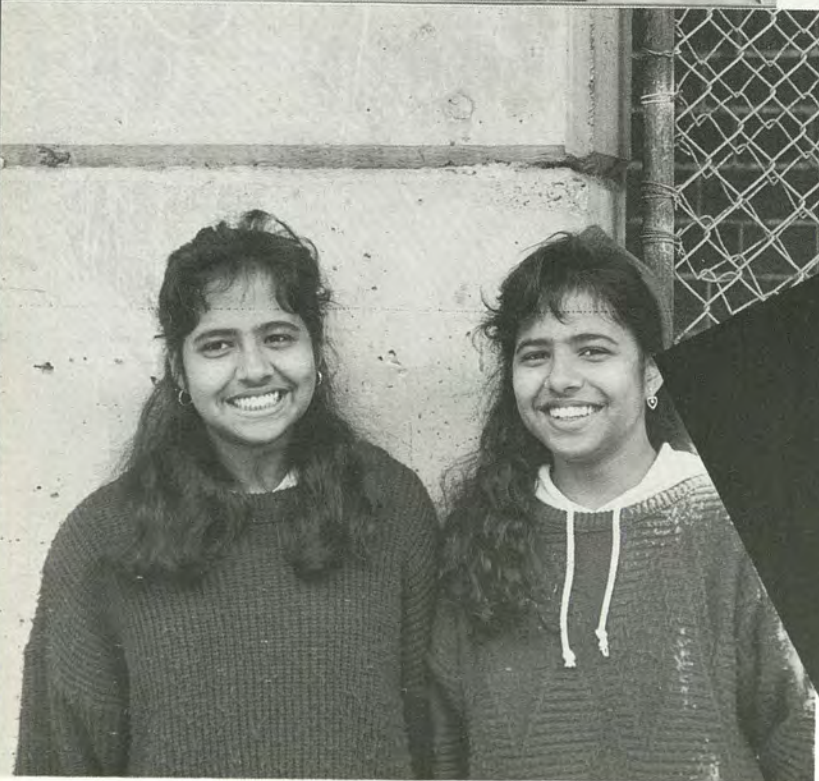
DEATH OF A STRANGER

Zacha Rosen YR 9



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THE SYMBOL BECOMES . . .

Stretching through the sky
Sheltered by the clouds
Where harassment mitigates the sour,
Sweetness seems a vociferous artifice
Lingering behind the perfume
of archaic aftershave.

"Here," the artifice calls, "The dawn
brings new ways to argue."

These words inspire each
Philosopher who dares to say,
"I understand."

Not fearing the response
By the unresolved

The philosopher raises a hand
sound

And cries, "Peace, I have the answer!"

I laugh; winking to the others

In silent commiseration, this man

Becoming the *symbol for rebellion –

Rebellion becoming the symbol

For early retirement.

Jocelyn Hargrave Year 12

JOURNAL PERIOD

All around me quiet reigns

Only broken by the hissing whisper

Or a rattle of a dropped pen

Or the shake of liquid paper

And the turning of a page

The thought on their faces

Read concentration, boredom

and possible confusion

All this occurs

As their pens flow ink.

Occasionally the whispers build
to quiet talking

Then would be heard the reluctant,

Of the teachers (sssh),

Meanwhile I like others

Have my mind blocked

Nothing to write about

Nothing to do

As time ticks by.

Ben Marx Year 8

I FEEL A KNIFE IN MY BACK

I do not like the way I feel.
I want to scream, I want to kill.
I've locked myself in a little cell,
I feel so sick, help me get well.

I want to go, just run away
to somewhere nice, where I can stay,
a little while, till I sort out
What's wrong with me, what life's about.

Why don't they smile or don't they care?
Aren't they the ones who should be there,
for me.

I need someone on land
But I reached out and lost my hand.
They bit it off.

So now I cling to my smoking need
A friend who never lets me down
And yet who always lets me drown,
Like they did.

And they watched, you know,
I saw them smile.

Tinny Hon Year 11

DEATH OF INNOCENCE

The sunlight streamed through the window onto a small hand mirror that redirected the light to illuminate an oval on the floor. It was flawless in shape save for a lethal-looking shadow, caused by the part of the broken mirror which could not reflect the light.

Cigarette smoke wafted to the ceiling. He lay on the bed thinking of his mother who was just a shadow in his past. He longed no more to see her again. He took another drag. The smoke filled his lungs but he could not feel its effect. He could not feel anything any more.

His dream was in acting. The difficulty was funding. He met a man, whose only feature he could recall was a scar on his cheek which gave him the appearance of bearing an evil, unnaturally wide lop-sided grin. He started stealing cars, until the day of the chase that resulted in the accident, six months in a full leg cast and the death of a friend. The grinning man disappeared.

Recently transferred from another location due to an "attitude" problem, he had trouble adjusting to the rules, the law of the jungle. His ignorance

let him into a conflict with the Chief. Any kind of conflict in this place could only be resolved physically; you could not reason with animals. He was lithe and athletic but the odds were not in his favour.

He inhaled the cigarette one last time, and exhaled the smoke, watching it rise to the ceiling again like a lost grey spirit between Heaven and Hell. He sat on the bed and threw the smoking butt into the nearby bin. He removed the cigarette packet and wondered whether to save them for later. Suddenly, he emptied the packet of remaining unused cigarettes in the bin, and disposed of the pack as well.

He picked up the Bible given to him by the Father and began to read it.

Hardly completing a page, he closed the book again. He fell onto his knees and assumed a prayer position. It felt awkward, and guilt crept over him like a mistake which comes back to haunt you. He had not prayed ever since the day he left his mother. Suddenly, a choir of a thousand angels began to sing.

"Carl ...", came a hoarse but feminine voice over the crescendo. It was a familiar voice, made hoarse by years of cigarette smoking. He realised ... it was his mother's voice.

Tears began to well up in his eyes. He had not cried ever since the day he had left his mother. He opened his eyes and stood up, shakily. He dried his eyes - weakness should not be shown. It was time. He was not afraid. His death at the hands of the Chief would only herald release of his soul to Heaven now. He was ready to look into the eyes of death.

Strength returned to his legs and he strode purposefully out of the room. The corridor was dimly lit. All the doors to the rooms were closed. Only the sound of building excitement could be heard from the mess hall at the end of the corridor. He started walking. The sound of his footsteps echoed and seemed to grow as he neared the end of his journey. Each footstep was painful, and he remembered the Chinese water torture; they would bind you to the ground and from a bucket of water above, drip drops of water onto your fore head continuously until each drop would feel like a sledge hammer. His right thigh began to itch. The volume of the singing became unbearable. As he stepped into the mess hall, he became dizzy

from the bright light and the mass of huddled sweaty bodies. He was pushed through the bodies into a roughly circular clearing where only he, and the Chief stood. He regained his

orientation.

The Chief grinned at him. The itch grew in his thigh. He could see the teeth filed down into razor-sharp points. The itch became almost unbearable. The glistening black skin of the Chief strained to hold the mass of muscle beneath. He could bear it no longer. He reached into his right pocket and felt the sharp cold tip which had gnawed his skin. The angels' song ceased. The Chief seeing the opportunity, pounded towards him, snarling and salivating, claws open, about to devour its prey.

It was over in a matter of seconds. As the distance between them closed, the boy removed his hand from his pocket, and no one had seen the object hidden inside. As the bodies collided, there was a sound of crashing flesh and bone. If one had listened closely, they would have also detected the lubricated tearing of glass on skin. The two figures remained motionless under the lamplight for a length of time nobody could remember, standing embraced like long lost brothers. They both tumbled like lovers onto the ground. Someone lifted the boy's body off the Chief's. The lamplight reflected off the bloody shard embedded below the navel into the black skin. Gregorian chanting of death and damnation began.

The cuffs around his wrists reddened the skin, rubbing some off, exposing bare flesh. He could not feel it. The words "guilty" reverberated through his head. It was rumoured that his mother had been chosen to be part of the jury. That was before they discovered any relationship. The sun streamed through the window in the back door of the wagon onto the face of the man opposite, who looked at him with a wide lop-sided grin.

Her silk stocking clad leg slid from the half open door of the limousine. The tall, slim woman pushed her way through the crowds of crazed people. The adoration on their faces terrified her, they looked like wide eyed sharks on a feeding frenzy. They closed in and began to crush her. The bodyguard named Rex made an opening for her in the crowd with his strong arms and his harsh threatening words. He was her lifelong friend and knew of her fear of crowds. While she pushed frantically towards him she could see her front door in sight, camera flashes momentarily blinded her and she stumbled on the front step. After fumbling with her keys for what seemed like an eternity, she slid inside her door and put on the chain with shaking hands.

After leaning on the door for almost a minute she looked down to her feet and saw she was standing on a pile of letters which was progressively growing. She knew most of it would be fan mail and regarded it with little or no interest at all. The letters proclaimed such false love and admiration, even when half the people writing them did not even know her, and if they did probably would not like her much anyway. None of the writers really cared for her.

She was just another passing fad who was soon to fade from existence, well at least her characters were. The people did not want the good old movies any more with classic stars, so she was being written off the scripts, even though now she was more available than ever. If you don't dance, sing, be a comedian, jog three times a day and have your own album or talk show you just did not rate. She knew she was getting old, but many still considered her beautiful. Yes, the fan mail was diminishing as there were just a few old hangers on to her memory and beauty. But did that mean that she too, would diminish and fade from existence? She hoped not.

Her large long lashed eyes searched the room for something and she spotted a three quarter full scotch bottle. As she glided over to the cabinet she picked up the remote switch and aimed at the tape player. Sade came pouring through the speakers with her calm soothing tones.

Her cat came padding down the stairs and trotted over to her, winding around her ankles as she poured herself a drink and decided she had better take the whole bottle with her. She began undressing and tossed the beautiful clothes at random about the room. After collecting her bottle and glass she walked up the winding stairs naked to the bathroom where she showered.

Once in the shower she let all her emotions flow and sobbed loudly while slumped in the bottom of the shower. The water poured over her in waves of heat that added to the crying and gave her a headache. In the shower she could cry and it would echo louder than normal as the acoustics made it sound even better than a sound room. She stood up under the jet of water and then turned it off. The tears stopped almost as immediately with the turn of the tap. She had learnt to harness her emotions from the beginning. On screen

and in the public eye. After towelling herself dry she stood in front of the cabinet and began to laugh at her red and puffy face in the mirror. Then her expression changed from a smile down to a frown when the blurry vision from crying cleared and her wrinkles were revealed. She squinted her eyes and thought "That looks much better"

After standing like that for a while she swung open the cabinet door to reveal a collection of coloured pills. She bit her lip and uncapped one of the bottles. One by one she swallowed the entire bottle washing them down with a mixture of scotch and water. It took almost 10 minutes because she kept coughing and bringing them up again. By the end she was light headed from the scotch alone, and did not feel the pills beginning to take effect.

Eventually she made it to her bedroom, after zigzagging and blundering down the hall where she held the walls for support, she flopped onto her bed. Her eyes closed with a flutter and her fidgeting hands came to a stop. The flame flickered and blew out completely.

After Rex had picked up her things from the studio he made his way to her house the next morning. When he arrived the lights were on, the tape deck ticked relentlessly as it had reached its end and a hungry cat sat howling waiting to be fed. His eyes looked curiously about the apartment as he slowly made his way to her room upstairs, forever cautious for the confrontation of an intruder. When he saw her lying in such an odd position, alarm bells began to ring inside his head. Her ran and pulled the phone onto the bed as he clutched her in his arms. With one hand he dialled the emergency number with the mouthpiece cradled on his shoulder. He knew it would make no difference calling an ambulance but at least he felt like he still had some control, like he was doing something.

He replaced the handset on the phone and began to cry while he held her close. She was his best friend. He heard the siren of the approaching cars in the distance. Masses of reporters would soon be here too. Even a story on an old star was news to them. Scandal. Rex looked down at her as the door burst open and the police and paramedics trooped loudly up the stairs. When they entered the room the picture before them of a large hulking man sobbing while clutching the slumped body of a forgotten star made them stop suddenly and stare. Rex looked up and with painful eyes screamed "Why did she do it?, she had everything. She had the World at her feet."

But what they did not know was that she did not want the world at all. She wanted the World to want her.

Sarah Stanbridge Year 11



WHAT I REALLY WANT...

AT LEAST ABOUT \$200, AND WITH IT, I WOULD BUY THE FOLLOWING:



A \$40 LONG SLEEVED 'BOX DRESS' ✓



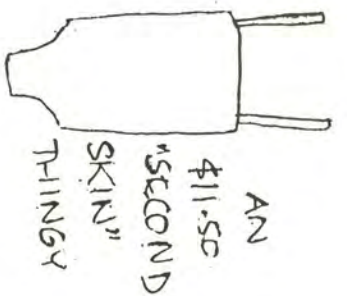
\$10 WORTH OF WAX STRIPPS ✓



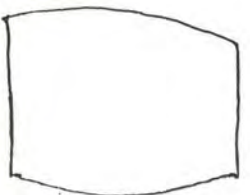
SOME GROOVY \$10 STOCKINGS ✓
THE UNITARD (ON PAGE 17) \$40



A \$20-\$30 BODYSUIT ✓



AN \$11.50 "SECOND SKIN" THINGY



A TIGHT, GREY MINI, \$30-\$40.

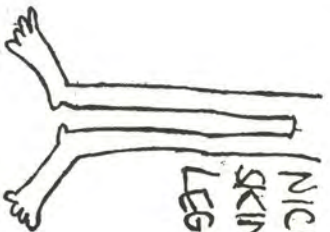


A PAIR OF \$10-\$15 'PIG SOX'



A NEW, BEAUTIFUL HEAD

THE UN-BUYABLE



NICE SKINNY LEGS



A NICE BOTTOM

FOR TO LOVE ME



KIRSTIE LOVE YR 8 ✓



CAFE COLEMAN

I couldn't get to sleep last night, and I fell to thinking about Maggie.

I usually start thinking about her at the cafe. I stare out the window at the past, listening to the purring of my cat Raymond. And still after all this expecting to hear her step behind me, and her cheery greeting: "How's Perry?" in my ear.

It's getting near to fifteen years since she first strode into "Cafe Coleman". It was hot summer's afternoon, and storm-clouds were gathering overhead. I always, behind the counter, wiping the coffee cups clean with a eye on some youngsters who had in the past proved to be trouble makers.

They were keeping me so absorbed that I didn't I liked her instantly. She looked about sixteen or seventeen, and her hair was curly and blonde, in two plaits down each side of her head. She wore overalls - in those six months I never saw her in anything else - and old moccasins with holes in the toes. She ordered coffee, and as she sat drinking it, we got talking.

We got on well from the start. She listened to everything I had to say, and asked me about the cafe and things like that. I found myself telling her about all the trouble I was having keeping my payments up - a confession that I normally would never have made. It was something about the way she looked, staring up at me all innocent-like, through her glasses, that made me want to confide in her.

She told me about how she was staying in a place nearby, and awkwardly told me that she had no family to speak of. We sat there for hours, just getting to know each other, while rain began to beat down on the dry soil outside, and the noise from the restless youngsters grew louder and louder.

Maggie came back the next day, and the next, and soon enough, folks started talking about us. Maybe it seemed that way, but by then me and Maggie had had plenty of time to get to know each other, and we were too close to ever have to worry about falling in love, besides, I was old enough to be her father. We were best mates, though an odd couple if ever there was one, and romance had no place between us. Maggie was always there when I needed her, with a sympathetic smile, and her sharp, aggressive mind. She would seize upon a problem like Raymond seizes a mouse, and worry it until she had the answer. In fact, Maggie gave me Raymond for my forty-eighth birthday, and from that day his likeness sat smiling outside in poster form as Cafe Coleman's symbol.

My problems with the cafe weren't due to lack of customers, the food was considered the best in town. It was just hard for me to make ends meet, what with the rent every month, and tax. My profits from the cafe were mighty slim, and though I could have raised my prices, I never had the heart to. I guess my pride wouldn't let me admit that I was having trouble keeping up. But I couldn't abandon the cafe either - even though I was only renting the place, I still called it my own, and it was part of me.

I hated to think that one day it might all become too much for me, but it was a possibility that I had to face. Maggie didn't like to see me worried about it, but for the first time a solution seemed to escape her, which must have been a new experience.

So I went on, barely scraping by, but still managing to make my payments every month. I didn't mind so much as long as Maggie was with me, because she could always bring a smile to my face, with her stories, and jokes, and almost childlike bossiness. Eventually she persuaded me to raise my prices, and pretty soon I was making a good profit and wondering why I hadn't done it sooner. I was happier than I had ever been, but something inside me said that it would all end. And one day, it did.

I knew the moment she stepped through the door that something was wrong. Her jaunty air was painfully absent, and though she tried to smile, I knew her too well to be taken in. I took her hand, and we just sat there, quiet for a while. Finally she told me what was troubling her.

She said she had to leave town for good, go back to where she belonged, to her own folks. I didn't argue, or ask why she'd lied about her family, because I already knew. I couple of nights before, though I would never have told her, I saw a program about missing children on the television. The photo they used was a couple of years old, but I recognised her. I don't know why Maggie left her parents, but I reckon she saw that news story too, and knew that she had to go back.

I guess I should have been suspicious of someone of her age being on her own, but somehow I always accepted that she was just like me, alone for no reason. Life's like that for some people. They're alone just because that's how they were meant to be. It can be a lonely way to live, and so although I missed her, I'm glad that Maggie had someone to go home to.

These days, I'm happy to sit behind the counter of my cafe, watching the people come and go, getting on with their business. I'm content to be a spectator of the game of life, now, because all I'll ever need to keep me happy is my cafe, my warm, purring cat, and my memories.

Kate Rowe Year 10

THE THOUGHTFUL



ONE

SILENTLY AND CALMLY HE VIEWS THE WORLD GO PAST
AND APPEARS TO BE EXAMINING IT INTENTLY.
YET OF IT, HE KNOWS NOTHING

HE APPEARS TO BE WATCHING THE STATE OF THE WORLD.
LOOKING FAR AND WIDE, NEAR AND NARROW,
YET HE CAN'T SEE A PERSON WALKING IN FRONT OF HIM

HE APPEARS TO BE LISTENING TO WHAT'S BEING
SAID IN THE WORLD.

HEARING EVERY PHRASE, EVERY SPEECH,
EVERY CONVERSATION.

YET HE CAN'T HEAR SOMEBODY YELL HIS NAME
FROM NEARBY.

HIS BODY AND SPIRIT ARE CERTAINLY HERE
EVERYTHING OF HIS APPEARS TO BE EARTHLY.
YET HIS MIND IS IN ANOTHER WORLD.

BY Ben Marx year Eight

Strong stands the Pillars of Safety
And strong stands the Bush.
The Fortress.
The Sanctuary.
Our Home,
Their Home
The Bush.

But the Pillars cannot stand against Progress.
The widening, strengthening, spreading Progress.
The consumption.
The unstoppable suburbia.
The farm.
The thoughtless destruction
It weakens the Bush.

Slowly the Pillars fall.
And with them falls the Bush.
The ever waging battle.
The struggle
The loss.
The terrible victory.
The disappearance.
The Bush.

Our Home.
Their Home.
Gone Forever.
The Bush.

Anna Choy Year 7

"Hey, what on earth happened to you, Stephanie?" Kate asked when I finally got to roll call on Monday morning.

"Oh, I broke my arm when we went abseiling at the beginning of the holidays."

"How long will you have to have that thing on for?"

I laughed, "Six weeks. I was in hospital until last night. Pity I didn't break it a week later, another week off school wouldn't go astray."

"I swear, Steph, sometimes you are too outrageous, what on earth happened?"

"I don't know," I said, turning away, "I guess I kind of blacked out or something. The doctor said it happens a lot with events you don't want to remember."

I left roll call, and went to period one - textiles and design. I did the questions we were told to do for theory, and finished half way through the period.

I hated having to lie to Kate. She was my best friend, but I knew the truth would be suicide. Not even Dad knew that he hit us, when he was sober, that is.

I dreaded the day that Dad hit Jessi. She was only two years old, if her bones broke then they probably wouldn't ever heal properly.

People just thought that I was outrageous, and if I didn't succeed, I broke something. I'm surprised that the teachers didn't get suspicious.

The bell rang. Free period. I ran to where I had promised to meet Erica.

"Not again!" Erica screamed when she saw me on the stairs, "I swear, if a cat's got nine lives, you've got ninety!"

Sometimes I couldn't agree with her more.

Two months later the cast was off and my arm was totally healed.

It was eight o'clock. Mum, Jessi and I were watching television after dinner. Dad was at a party farewelling one of his work colleagues. I was just about to put Jessi to bed when I heard a car pull into the drive way.

"Jessi, you want to say goodnight to Daddy?" She nodded, sleepily.

I picked her up and carried her into the hall. Before I rounded the corner I heard the door click shut.

"Daddy!" Jessi squealed in delight. I shuddered as I smelt the thick stench of rum in the air. Dad staggered towards us. I cringed, waiting for the blow to sting my cheek. Jessi screamed. I opened my eyes to see Jessi's cheek burning. I turned to run but Dad had me by the hair. I saw Mum's face, panic stricken in the shadows.

"Hi dear," she said, weakly.

He let out a roar that stung my ears. He released his grip on me and charged her.

With one hand he pinned her to the wall, and with the other he smashed a crystal vase over her face. Mum slumped to the floor,

her eyes all glassy.

"No!" I screamed. Dad looked from me to Mum. Jessi shrank into a corner. Dad turned back to me. He threw me over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. He stomped outside and roughly shoved me into a recycling bin. I was in darkness, I heard a clicking sound, Dad was closing the lid. He must have kicked the bin because suddenly I was tumbling fast.

At the bottom of our garden was a morton bay fig tree with roots stretching out in every direction. Suddenly I stopped rolling and started flying until I must have hit the trunk. I heard a cracking sound and my leg was aching. I heard a crash in the distance. I pulled myself free of the broken bin and half crawled up to the open back door. Just inside the kitchen I found Dad. Unconscious in a chaotic mess of pots and pans, and broken glass.

In the front hall I found Jessi, crying. I called for an ambulance with Jessi in my arms.

"A man got in through the open front door. It was dark. I didn't see his face. My mother was killed and my father, sister and I are hurt."

"O,K," said the operator, "there's an ambulance on its way."

"Thank you" I breathed.

The five minutes it took the ambulances to get there seemed like an eternity.

I now have my driver's license, a second-hand BMW, and a job. I did a correspondence course and am now a secretary for a major law firm in the city. The only thing

which has stopped me leaving is Jessi.

Yesterday Dad handed me a lengthy document, he sat me down, and we talked.

"I know you feel uncomfortable around me, Stephanie," he started, "and I know that Jessi does too, now. I want you to take Jessi and leave. You will be her foster mother. If you sign this paper, it'll be all legal. This job means that you'll have sufficient income to support both of you, and the company has offered you a nice, two bedroom unit in town. Jessi can go to one of the day care centres in town, and then she can go to school next year.

"I'm going to start again. New name, new home, I might even leave the country. I'm going to cure this drinking problem, even if I have to go into an institution."

I signed the papers and kissed Dad good-bye.

This afternoon I'll sign more papers which make the unit mine. Then I'll enrol Jessi in day care.

This afternoon Jessi came to me singing the Madonna song she was named after. She'll be a great singer one day. Yesterday it rained, but tomorrow the sun will shine.

Jenny Vandyke Year 8

DEAR JESSIE

WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE by Maria Kotsiaris

Is it true I've fallen in love ?
Or what would it be like if I really were
What would it be like to get stoned,
To feel high, to let it wear off.
To get into trouble, Get chased out
of the house, If Mum found out.

What would it be like to run away from home
Have nowhere to go to, to starve,
to die in the end.
To know myself inside out,
Not to bother others, to know them inside out.
I wonder what it would be like .

I wonder what it would be like to change
from a female to a male.
Not to have any friends.
to live a life of loneliness.
I wonder what it would be like to get caught
in a massive wave,
To eventually drown.
What colour would I be ?

I wonder what it would be like to be at the centre
of an atomic bomb, to be
covered in cockroaches
To see people dying,
To be the only one left on earth
To have no-one to talk to, I'd think of
dying as well.

What would it be like to have a goal
In life, something to strive for,
something to let the whole world
know I'm good at.
What would it be like to have friends that encourage me,
Instead of me always encouraging them.
I really wonder.

What would it be like to end it all ?
To end my life
To let the devil take me
And burn me in hell.
Or let God take me and live in Paradise.

I wonder what it would be like to
end my self pity.
To put a stop to my self being,

Many of my more than two-faced
Personalities.

I was a Year 8 runner . . .

Year 8. Terrific. Someone to pick on . . . yes . . . but they might bash you up. Then again . . . they might not. Anyhow, this isn't about Year 7, it's about good old Year Eight.

Year Eight started well. OK, so, we had some new additions. But I was fairly unfazed. Except for one thing. This one thing really gets to me. Black stockings with white socks. Yuk. Sorry! I just . . . detest them.

Then came . . . being a runner. OK, so I was put with a lot of people who prefer computers and D & Dragon fantasy books to say, normal things like . . . the opposite sex, icecream and dancing. But that seemed wonderful compared to what was to come.

I was assigned the Kilgour Building. Oh . . . no. The science labs were . . . unavoidable. Moyham introduced me to his class. Member by member. I now know most of Year 10. And their birthdays. And the names of their pets. And their pets birthdays . . . the list goes on. Fortunately, I managed to escape Brace, by sneaking in when his back was turned. Lucky. Mr. Baker looked down at me, Ms. Campisii looked up at me. Both asked why I wasn't wearing school uniform. Long story. Don't ask.

Year 12 are a constant source of worry to me. Am I going to be like that in 4 years time? If they don't have P.H.S.C.T. (Pre Higher School Certificate Tension) then they are rolling about on the grass outside the school. Or necking on the front steps leading up to the office. Or dancing in the upper Kilgour quad. Oh dear. I'm going to have to watch out for that one.

The way teachers dress. Now that is STRANGE.

I'll do the Male teachers first.

Summer uniform: Elderly shirt (must be gross!)

Tiny, tiny shorts (brown, navy blue)

Socks pulled up, folded over (essential)

Brown loafers (or blue)

Bald patch (optional)

Winter uniform: Corduroy pants (brown, navy blue)

Elderly shirt (must be gross)

Brown or blue or pale yellow Gotcha

V-neck jumper

Brown or blue loafers and socks

Bald patch (optional)

Female teachers

Summer uniform ANYTHING AS LONG AS IT CLASHES ! ! ! ! !

Winter uniform ANYTHING AS LONG AS IT CLASHES ! ! ! ! !

There are other things I could write about. The chairswing, ski bunny Year Nines, the smoking in the toilets, teacher patrols or the strange antics of Year 10 or 11 for that matter. I had better go. I'm probably boring you.

Mum is calling me. She wants me to go and kill a chicken for dinner.

Alys Martin. Year you guessed it!8

(some of this is a pack of lies . . . the chook, for instance, but the rest is true.)



My Father

My father was born in 1948 in a small village in Greece. It had been hit by the Germans, so Dad was born in a stable. He went to school in the village. The headmaster was strict and Dad wasn't the best boy. He always back-chatted and hardly did any work, so he was always in deep trouble.

When he was 15 my Dad's older brother and sister left Greece to come to Australia and his other brother was sent off to fight for Greece. Soon it was time for my father to go train to be a soldier too, but my grandfather gave him money and sent him to Australia. Dad was 16 and in Year 10.

The ship they came in wasn't in great shape and they had many troubles due to rough seas and an incompetent captain. They came to Sydney and somehow dad managed to find a job at the wharves with his brother (who'd left the war), and they shared a house in Lewisham.

There was a lot of racism in the 60's and soon Greeks would only talk, walk and be friends with other Greeks. Mingling with other cultures was out of the question. A friend of my Dad's told him of a pretty girl called Maria. In 1972 they were married and had two children, Arthur and me, Helen.

By Helen Karoutzos Yr. 9

My Mother

My mother was born in 1948 on Hong Kong island, Hong Kong. She grew up with her younger sister and together they owned a cat which they used to hide from their mother by hiding it under the great, huge sewing machine.

My mother went to a Chinese primary school, then changed to a Catholic school in Year 4. In sixth grade she sat for a general exam which determined the secondary school she would go to. She got into an English speaking school where every subject was taught in English (except Chinese) and at the conclusion of Form 5 went to teachers college.

During this time my mother's grandfather had already come to Sydney. He influenced my mother to apply to come to Australia for years 11 and 12. She went to boarding school in Woolwich then moved to Neutral Bay to live with an Australian family where she learnt the Australian way of life with it's different customs.

She studied for a B.A at Sydney Uni and joined the University Students Association where she met my father. After four years she graduated with B.A honours and married in 1973.

By Enguang Lee Yr. 9



MY MOTHER IS AN ALIEN

1. My mother is an Alien with four gigantic heads. My mother is an Alien with toenails painted red. She can levitate small objects with the power of her mind. She can levitate small objects or make small people go blind.
2. She has rows of pointed tiny teeth and hair of cast iron. She has rows of tiny pointed teeth and roars louder than a lion.
3. She has swollen legs of purple and arms of purest white. She has swollen legs of purple and she walks around at night
4. I told this to the papers to get my picture in. I told this to the papers And they put me in a bin.

By Andrew Lane Yr. 9



THE EVIL MINES OF THE UNDERWORLD

There was once a tiny 3 foot tall dwarf, white skinned named Scarlet, who owned a bow with arrows which had so much power, he could easily use his bow and arrows aiming at anything and getting it without any ease and killing his enemy within seconds.

Another tiny 3 foot tall dwarf who had brown skin, named Skyscraper lived with Scarlet. Skyscraper was the owner of the Mighty Sword of Wisdom which like Scarlett, with its power he could win any duel.

Scarlet and Skyscraper were the only known survivors in Earthwood Forest. They lived on the highest part of the Forest in a small cavern with a fireplace where they told tales of great antiquity.

Scarlet and Skyscraper always went on adventures all around Earthwood Forest. They had been everywhere, except for the West, towards the Mines of The Furthest Depths of The Underworld. They had never journeyed there before simply of the fact of what they had heard from very powerful wizards passed on to them and every other known dwarf. If they went, they'd be looking for danger and trouble from the evil battles that go on down in the mines. What made them depressed was a lot of dwarves and Scarlet's only relative, his grandfather have been captured for over 20 years and have been treated like slaves, since then by an evil wizard, Kovak. The only 2 brave warriors left in the wilderness put so much fought to it that they decided that they'd take a journey to the evil mines with their powerful weapons and try to bring back their heritage.

Long before they were out of Earthwood Forest, safe and sound which took them 2 days, which felt like a week, they ate off fruit trees and drank out of flowing streams. As they were walking, each few strides they made, was going deeper into the darkness. Very determined to triumph over the evil wizard, they kept pursuing their task.

In three weeks their path was very dark and cold, hardly possible to see anything so Scarlett used his flint and steel and struck sparks into the wadding of a torch to start a glow.

They had journeyed so far that Kovak had spotted the dwarves gradually approaching his lair and so he sent

two of his demon wraith's to get rid of them. The wraiths sneaked up to the dwarves and came flying down at them with two red boiling eyes, wings like bats and with big teeth sticking out, waiting to feed on some human flesh. Scarlet having his weapon in his hands shot an arrow at the wraiths and just in time at the one that attacked Skyscraper. The wraiths blasted to 1000 small fragments at contact with the arrow, making a big explosion that echoed through the mines. Scarlet got knocked half unconscious after a heavy blow to his head when Kovak blasted a very large boulder on him, which left Skyscraper with no choice but to take on the wizard letting his sword take control. Kovak cast a spell which could only be destroyed by the Sword of Wisdom which Kovak didn't know Skyscraper had owned. It was a shadow from the warrior clan which only could be seen by his shadow when light reflected from the Sword of Wisdom. Skyscraper got rid of the shadow with a few bruises and a big cut on his wrist which he bandaged with a cloth he had around his forehead.

Kovak was way too quick for Skyscraper since he just only then finished bandaging his wrist but right up to that very moment Scarlet woke up with his bow and arrow dangling in his hands ready to fire at anything. He put the arrow in place and pulled the arrow back slowly, let go to a direct shot which blew Kovak to pieces in his own lair. They rescued all the dwarves and especially Scarlet's grandfather Patkovsky. They looked forward for the long journey back, blowing up the whole underworld and about 200 white and brown skinned dwarves returned to Earthwood Forest in two and a half months.

When they returned to their natural homes they built a lot of places and they knocked down and built a lot of new homes but most of the dwarves elected Scarlet and Skyscraper as their leaders for the future from their return, they built a castle for the tribe leader. After that day forward they had no more troubles by evil wizards as long as they knew Scarlet and Skyscraper were there.

Ozgur Osluk Year 8

THE CREATION OF MYTHS

Since the dawn of time, when man first crawled out of the primordial slime and sat down to watch television, stories have been used to explain natural phenomena, like rain is when the Queen of the North Wind is cutting up onions for dinner, and lightening is when a globe blows in heaven.

WHY THE TOASTER POPS UP

A long, long time ago, when the world was young, around the early 1950's, Kambrook, the Spirit of the Electric Toaster, tried to kidnap Sunbeam, the Goddess of the Electric Jug and daughter of Westinghouse, God of the Gas Stove and King of the Kitchen appliances.

When Westinghouse saw what Kambrook, the Spirit of the Electric Toaster, was doing he was very angry. "You'll pay for this Kambrook," he said. "You'll pay for this crime and so will all your generations to come."

"Try and catch me," said the cheeky Kambrook, who was really very naughty indeed.

But suddenly, at that moment, Kambrook came to a sudden halt. The electricity men were on strike.

Sunbeam, the Goddess of the Electric Jug, had been saved from being kidnapped. But Westinghouse, Great God of the Gas Stove, had not yet finished with the evil Kambrook.

"Please don't hurt me. I was only joking," the cowardly toaster said.

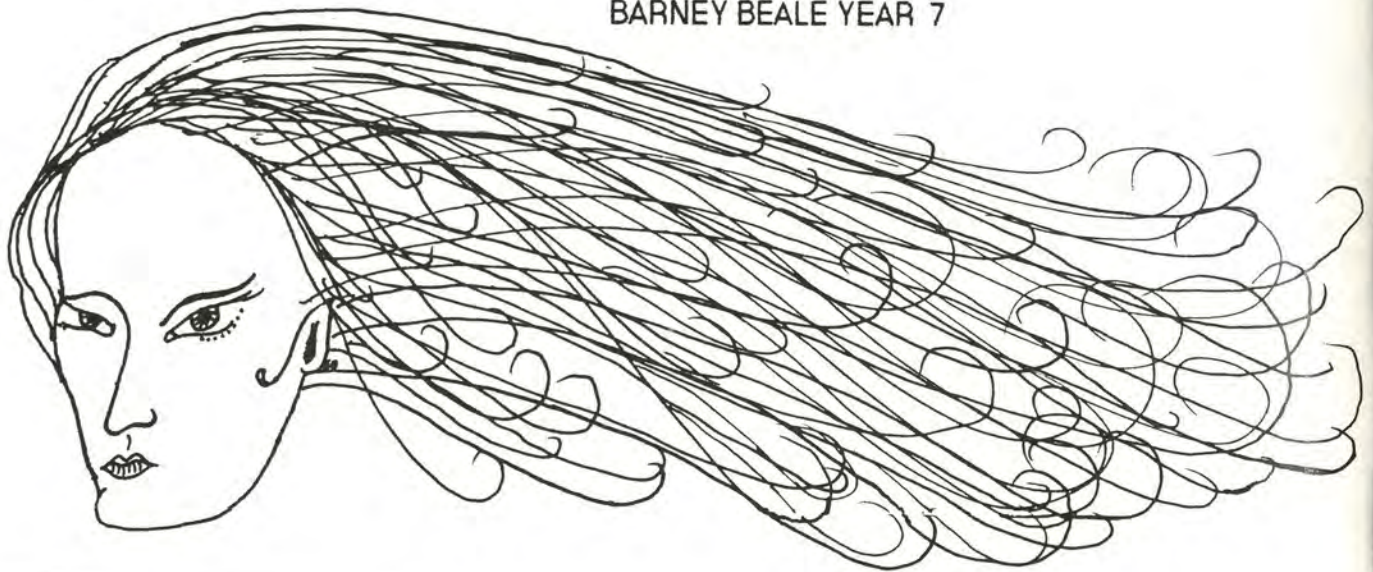
"Oh, I won't hurt you," Westinghouse replied chuckling. "I'm just going to use aversion therapy on you so you can't enjoy being a toaster anymore."

"When we're finished with you, every time someone puts a slice of bread in you, you'll heave, and want to throw up!"

And they did. So that's why the toaster pops up.

Which is really something to think about over breakfast every morning, isn't it?

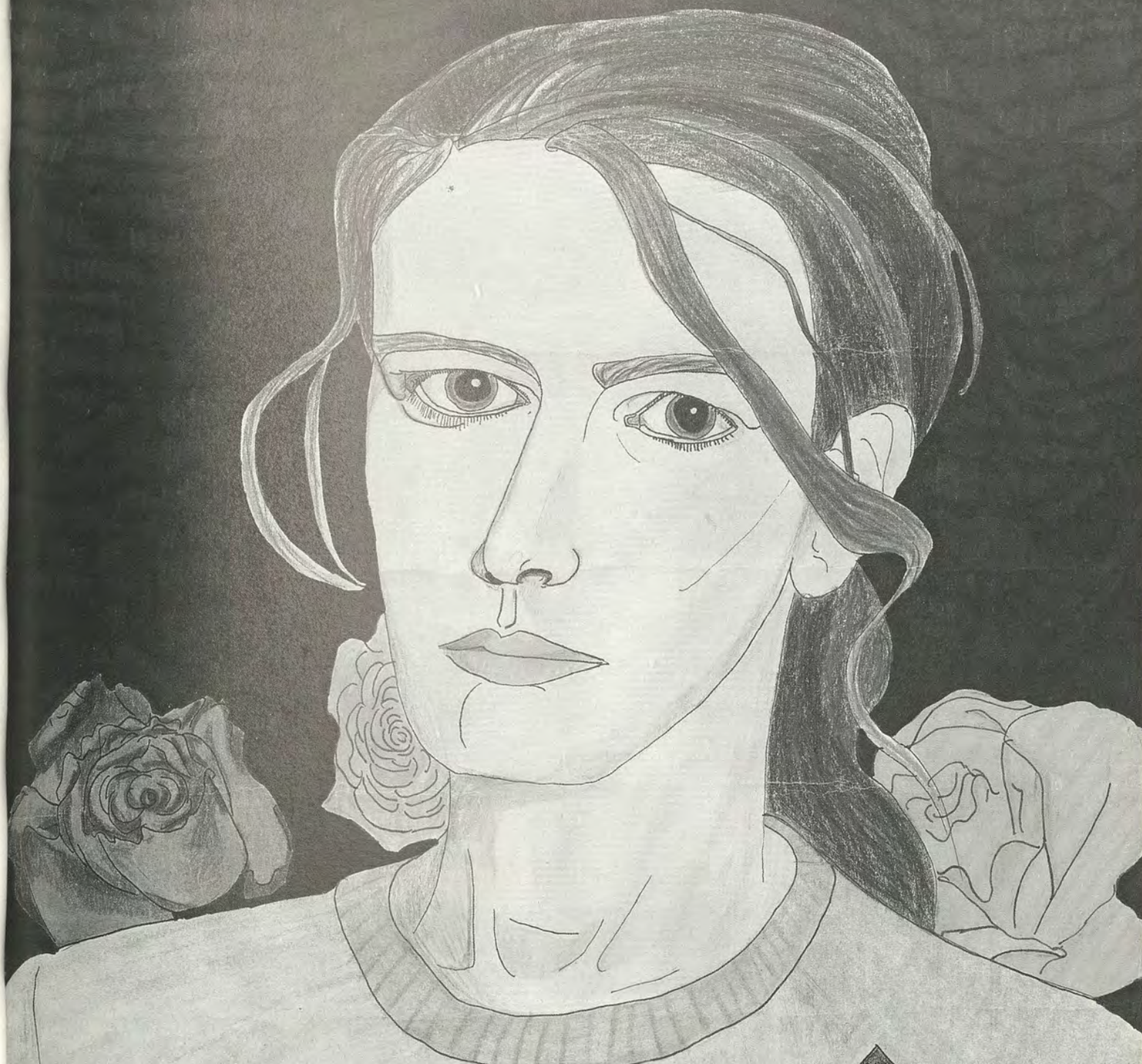
BARNEY BEALE YEAR 7



The Autobiography Of My Hair by Anna Lado Yr9

Even when I was young, about the age of one, I was still completely bald. It was only when I was two years old that my hair started growing. By the age of three my hair was just below my ears. It was when I was four that my hair came out in thin clogged groups with split ends to just below my shoulders. By the age of eight my hair was just below my armpits. Straight black hair with no fringe at all.

My hair used to be tied up in a bun as I frequently studied ballet. My hair usually got trimmed every 6-8 months to get away those split ends. It was only when I was ten that my hair got cut a few inches above my shoulders. I wanted to do something different with my hair so I wanted to have it permed. I was always thinking of how my hair looked when it was permed but I knew that it would not suit me. So I stuck with straight black hair. It took a year for my hair to grow once again. By the time I was twelve I let my hair hang loosely and it was pretty long. I recently got it cut and trimmed a few inches below my shoulders until now it has grown. Still straight and still black with a fringe.



Karina Arden 1991



SLAVE DAY

On Thursday 19th of September in a desperate attempt to get money to give the year 12's lunch the year 11's sold themselves. HS the photographic proof.





FRONT ROW: (L TO R) R. Smith, R. Higgins, R. Gunsberger, G. Osland, B. Jago, B. Leonard, C. Preece, T. Glebe, J. Buckingham, M. Johanson, N. Jennings, H. Webb
SECOND ROW: L. Trevini, L. Joslyn, J. Levi, G. Salmon, S. Allen, A. Kelly, M. Watts, M. Gamble, E. Jamble, V. Chiplin, A. Draper
THIRD ROW: L. Beevers, K. MacDonald, T. Donohoe, C. Hill, K. McGown, Z. Neurath, M. Ireland, S. Stark, C. Wark, A. Woodley, T. Bresnahan, C. Moynham, L. Wells
FOURTH ROW: S. Yalichev, T. Leondios, S. Scheduling, A. Millward, L. Sorban, L. Gilbert, L. Davis, R. Morgan, M. Docking, S. Mazurkiewicz, A. Patselt, R. Hayes
FIFTH ROW: B. Fraser, W. Griffith, K. Ambler, N. Burrell, R. Baker, B. Gedge, B. Hagerman, P. Canty, M. Browne, M. Anderson

Principal: Mrs. Preece

FORT STREET HIGH SCHOOL - STAFF LIST 1991

PRINCIPAL	C. PREECE	DEPUTY PRINCIPAL	B. LEONARD
ENGLISH	J. BUCKINGHAM M. ANDERSON L. GILBERT R. GUNSBERGER M. KATSIARIS L. KELLEY K. MacDONALD R. MORGAN Z. NEURATH J. O'KEEFE C. WARK	SOCIAL SCIENCE	M. JOHANSON R. BAKER N. CAMPISI M. DOCKING A. DRAPER W. GRIFFITH M. IRELAND A. MILLWARD
MATHS	L. BEEVERS H. FRASER B. HAGERMAN R. HAYES T. JONES (SPRY) T. JURD G. McINNES R. PAICE M. STAMOULOS	CAREERS LANGUAGES	P. CANTY N. JENNINGS N. BURRELL P. GRECKI A. PATZELT G. SALMON S. STARK S. YALICHEV
(K. McGOWN)	J. JOHNSON S. SPRY	LIBRARY	V. CHIPLIN
SCIENCE	R. HIGGINS K. AMBLER D. BRACE L. DAVIS C. GASKIN E. JAMBLE L. JOSLYN T. LEONDIOS C. MOYNHAM	INDUSTRIAL ARTS	G. OSLAND B. FRASER J. McMASTER R. SMITH L. WELLS
		HOME ECONOMICS	C. HILL A. WOODLEY
		MUSIC	M. BRADLEY T. DONOHOE A. GEDGE
HISTORY	T. GLEBE P. BRESNAHAN M. BROWNE B. JAGO L. SORBAN L. TREVINI	ART	F. BUCKLAND S. PAGE S. SMITH
		PHYSICAL EDUCATION	S. MAZURKIEWICZ K. SMITH
		COUNSELLOR	S. SCHEDING M. MENDEL

SUBJECT REPORTS

LANGUAGES

GERMAN

Students studying German, especially Seniors, have been very lucky this year in having access to a German "Assistentin", Astrid Patzelt who was appointed to Fort St. for a year to take conversation classes.

We also had Aresa Brand, an exchange student from Hamburg, for eight weeks. At the end of the year Sarah Waterworth (Year 11) will do the reverse in Germany.

Junior students visited a German restaurant, either the Concordia Club, which is a club for German speaking people in Sydney or the Lowenbraukeller in the Rocks. The crazy waiter there decided to play the part of the matador and invited over 50 students to pelt bread at him while he held a chair as protection!

Other interesting excursions included seeing the prize winning German film "Nasty Girl" and being guests of the Goethe Institute in Woollahra.

Mr Jennings

JAPANESE

Students studying Japanese have been lucky this year in having the opportunity to meet various groups of Japanese students visiting Australia. One group, showed our students slides of Japan, exchanged gifts and spent some time chatting in Japanese and English. The second group from Nishio prefecture also spent some time talking to our students about life in Australia and Japan.

We have also been fortunate to have two visiting teachers of Japanese, Mrs. Emiko Foster and Miss Michiyo Asahara, who have really helped our students, particularly the senior groups, to improve their listening and speaking skills.

Another aspect of Japanese life that students of Fort Street have enjoyed learning about is Japanese Food. Year 9 students tried various Japanese dishes on the excursion to the Jooen Restaurant, and also learned how to make Yakitori, skewered chicken, in class. Any students walking past the Japanese room on the days we made Yakitori, were sure to have been envious of the delicious smell of fried marinated chicken coming from our frypans. Year 8 also had the chance to try Japanese food, with a Japanese Obento lunch box, delivered to the school.

Mrs. Salmon

FRENCH

Film francais : Years 8, 9, 10 French recently had the wonderful opportunity to see what is considered a modern classic of French cinema : "Jean de Florette". A few students with a lot more stamina even stayed on to view the delightful sequel : "Manon des Sources". Amazingly, the students thoroughly enjoyed a film containing no violence, no sex and no bad language (that they could understand).

Nouvelle Caledonie : as this is being printed, 21 students, Ms. Gunsberger and Mr. Grecki are thousands of miles away, snorkelling on the magnificent reef of New Caledonia.

Wish you were here!

Mr Grecki

JAPANESE LUNCH

Yr 9 Japanese students went by train to Kings Cross Station and walked to a Japanese restaurant for a taste of Japanese food.

We paid \$11.00 for a soup, an obento, a drink and an ice cream. The obento consisted of rice, yakitori, salty beef, tempura and sushi. Yakitori is chicken, tempura is food fried in a batter mix and everyone knows what sushi is. The sushi which normally has fish, meat, cucumber; was lettuce and mayonnaise. So much for Japanese food! The highlight of the meal was probably the cake or the ice cream which we ate with a teaspoon.

Overall the afternoon was a very enjoyable and valuable experience that I will remember.

Enguang Lee Yr9

MS Johansen has returned as H.T.

OECD - who but Economists know its relevance to us?

Consumerism- what are your rights as buyers of goods and services?

Is it possible for Lianas to grow 50 degrees N of the Equator? Ask a Geographer!

ASIAN SOCIAL STUDIES - Wayang, haiku, terraces, nirvana, NICs, Sitar, Saffron, Satay, Monsoon - all these and more !

Law- Criminal, Family, Environmental -Learn all about this in Legal studies

Shopping centres - where why and how do we shop?

Charisma - we have it? Yes!

In the staffroom you will always find computers, newspapers students and sporting equipment .

Overnight **E**xcursions -Fitzroy Falls, Gerroa, Canberra.

New teacher.Mr Millward-What is his favourite subject and his best sport?

Can we survive KLAs?

Day **E**xcursions-law courts, McDonalds, King Gee.

MATHEMATICS

Dear Marcia,

Thank you very much for your letter describing your American School to me. It must be pretty hard to concentrate on your school work with Security guards, drug sniffing dogs, utzy machine gun totting colour gang members all around you. I can see why you need lots of algebra and geometry to keep your mind off the smog, sex scandals, political corruption, mass murders and other terrible manifestations of a morally bankrupt society. We are lucky to be able to study mathematics.

My school is just as bad as yours. How can I cope with Year 12 students trying to run me over with their cars after school as I walk through the car park or Year 11 students making me buy cakes that taste like sawdust or the two Year 8 girls who follow me around at lunch telling me how much they like the way I eat my sandwich and will I go to the movies with them. If it was not for the forty minutes of intense pleasure I get out of solving quadratic equations and calculating compound interest each day I would go mad. If it was not for the annual maths competition and the challenge of the "problem of the week" I would be an emotional jellyfish.

I was very interested in the description of your teachers, Marcia. The science teacher you have, Mr. Shovel, who, as a member of the Marine Corp. single handed fought off the whole of the North Vietnamese army and consequently saved the world from communism and runs his class like a military operation, sounds a little like one of my teachers. Most of my teachers are not very good except for Maths where

they are all excellent and dedicated professionals. My maths class has had about five different ones this year giving us a rich variety of stimulating problems.

For example, Mrs. Stamoulos gave us this question -

"Allen Bond owes the bank 240 million dollars and pays it back on monthly instalments of \$14.90 with 15%p.a. flat interest charged. How many centuries will it take him to be able to buy his furniture back from his wife?"

Well that's all for now Marcia. Hope to hear from you soon.

Your Pen Friend,
F.Gauss



Voices From The Past by T. Glebe

In June this year it became necessary for repairs to be carried out to the sewerage system in the main quadrangle. Considerable excavation also needed to be done, in the process the brick foundations of the cottage which stood on the site of the main school building were unearthed.

Mr. Smith from the Industrial Arts Department alerted me to the find and together we managed to salvage 6 or 8 bricks from a building which had been demolished to make way for the construction of Fort Street Boys High School buildings. These "finds" have been safely stored away in the Fortian Room.

It is interesting to look back to a report on the official opening of the Boy's High School in August 1916 written in the Fortian of November 1916, where it was noted that the new school was "situated on such a large area of open ground."

In the meantime, the "archives business" is flourishing as we continue to get requests for information from all over Australia.

ART REPORT

YEAR 7 were exposed to screen printing, drawing, collage, ceramics and as a result were thoroughly confused artists.

YEAR 9 made reconstructed clothing outfits, investigated the figure in an urban landscape through sculpture and drew in charcoal.

YEAR 11 experimented, visited the art gallery, were introduced to several women artists they hadn't known about. Saw how images can create stereotypes and investigated Ways of Seeing.

Year 12 visited the art gallery, investigated art theories, saw new art works and established themselves as artists.

YEAR 8 drew comics, painted, constructed marvellous gateways, screen printed and made mess. Drew Meleager in charcoal and talked quite a bit.

YEAR 10 discovered surrealism and funny clothes, painted on spaces both LARGE and small, investigated the work of artist as a social critic and that of Frida Kahlo and took some photographs.



ENGLISH

Perhaps the 1991 English Report should just say "see 1990 English Report". As in 1990, it matters little what I write because Ms McDonald and her editors will shorten, condense, abbreviate, truncate, abridge, edit, reduce and summarise it. (I can picture their little eyes glinting already).

What a year in debating! The full report is elsewhere, but it is sufficient to say all teams performed magnificently. Congratulations to all concerned.

Shakespeare and others have been met with regularly throughout the year. All Year 12, 2 unit saw at least one production of Henry 10, Part 1 and some saw as many as four different productions. Most of the Year 12 saw The Crucible. Year 11 saw King Lear; Year 10, Julius Caesar; Year 9, The Merchant of Venice; Year 8, A Midsummer Night's Dream. In December, John Bell's troupe will visit the school with Anthony and Cleopatra.

Thanks again to all those parents who offer and give their assistance to us. Recent assistance

came from Jean Bedford who gave us a rather "with it" video of Twelfth Night, and from Martin Hartcher who gave 8R and Year 11 separately a run-down on Sydney radio.

"But what about real English?" I hear you ask. A quick report card on the four English skills might be useful:

READING - Fort Street students are working well. They consume prodigious quantities of fine literature, particularly Year 9 girls who seek at all times to keep newsagents stands depleted of Dolly.

WRITING - Fort Street students express themselves well in writing, and do so in a unique calligraphy. Year 12 boys are doing nicely in this area - Suman Seth is developing a rather attractive system of Hieroglyphics modelled on the master of the art, Mr. Buckingham.

LISTENING - Fort Street students are very advanced in this skill., They are able to assure their teachers they are listening attentively even when they appear to be reading, writing, talking, scratching,

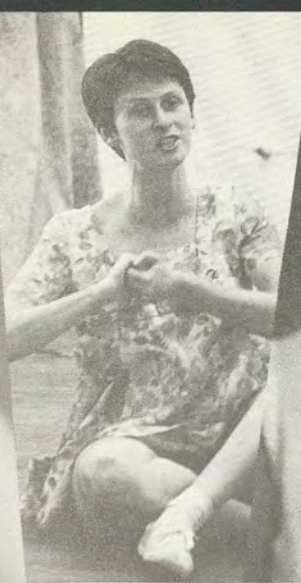
stretching, day-dreaming, yawning, sleeping...

Parents would be aware of a variation on this advanced skill. Students are able to assure parents that while they are doing their homework, they are most assuredly NOT listening to 'Triple M' as it blares in the background.

SPEAKING - Fort Street students have developed an enormous range of sub-skills within this broad category. The arguing skills alluded to under "Debating", are honed on inexperienced teachers silly enough to deliver instructions to them (such as "Please be quiet" or "Please get on with your work"). A much more sophisticated skill that is evolving from the group though is the ability categorically NOT to be speaking whilst two people move lips, nod and shake heads, and whilst words can be heard emanating from their mouths.

It is most satisfying to see Fort Street students making accelerated progress in such advanced skills by their own initiative.

Mr Buckingham



Science

We were delighted to welcome Mr Gaskin from the A.C.T. to replace Mr Madigan, and eventually the Department of School Education sent us Mrs Davis from the nearby Newtown Performing Arts High School to replace Mr Bates. Both of these teachers have added new expertise to the Science Department, and it is particularly pleasing to have a female Physics teacher join the staff, especially one as expert as Mrs Davis. 1991 has been a fast and furious year for students in Science. 415 students entered the Esso Science Competition in June and, as usual, acquitted themselves very well in competition with nearly 106,000 students throughout NSW. 26 students were awarded Certificates of Distinction and three students; Edward Cram of Year 8, and Sasha Curthoys and Gavin Tung of Year 10 were presented with Awards of Excellence at a special ceremony at the University of NSW for achieving the best result in their year for a boy or girl out of six thousand students in our region.

Not to be outdone by this, 69 students took part in the Royal Australian Chemical Institute's National Chemistry Quiz in July. This was the first time Fort Street had made this competition available to all students. The results achieved by Fortians were truly outstanding. Thirty two students from years 8 to 12 achieved High Distinction Awards, while two students; Alistair Frey from Year 8, and Felix Ho from Year 10, achieved 100% scaled scores and thus were awarded special Plaques of Excellence. Alistair and Felix entered the competition in their chronological school year, and also attempted the exam at the next higher level. Congratulations to both these students. Felix Ho received an additional honour as a result of his out-standing effort in the Year 10 exam, by being invited to apply for the Australian Chemistry Olympiad, a course of instruction by University personnel leading to an exam to select the best Chemistry students in Australia to compete in a world-wide Chemistry Olympiad competition. Six Year 11 students have been invited to join the the National Chemistry same program, being in the top 150 students in the quiz.

As usual, a number of our intrepid Year 12 Chemistry students set off to the University of Technology to take part in the National Titration Competition. However, the presence of Vivienne Cebola on the team denied them any chance of winning.

During October it was the turn of Year 11 Physics students to be let loose at Australia's Wonderland for the 'Physics is Fun' day organised by the NSW

Teachers' Association. Rides such as these provide excellent opportunities to study the Physics of Motion in a number of different and exciting ways.

Finally, it is time to extend congratulations to Michael Cahill of Year 11, who has been selected from many applicants to Rotary Clubs throughout Australia, to join with other Science students at the CRA National Science Summer School in Canberra during January, 1992.

Your Friendly Science Teacher



Jeffrey Castro of Year 7 won 2nd prize in the Junior essay section of Science Talent Search for an outstanding description and working model of the heart.

Ben Hutchinson of Year 10, who is very camera shy won a special award in the Senior essay section of the Science Talent Search for an incredible algorithm on Mendelian genetics.

SCIENCE JUMBLE

Alys Martin Yr 8

Mr. Brace, Mr. Higgins, Ms. Joslyn, Mr. Gaskin and Mr. Leondias have all muddled up their timetables. They have all been sorted out, except for one lesson they have each. They teach years 7 - 12. If the lessons they teach are 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 8 Who are they teaching, when and who is teaching?

CLUES

*Mr. Brace teaches year 9

*The teacher who has a lesson period 4, the class he is teaching is 4 years more than the class Ms Jamble is teaching.

*Mr. Gaskin has a class period 5.

*Mr. Brace's class swapped a lesson with year 10, who used to have a class period 4.

*Year 7 has science period 1.

*Mr. Leondias doesn't teach year 8

*Mr. Higgins has a class period 3

*Ms. Joslyn teaches year 7

*Year 12 has a lesson period 4

See answers on the back

CANTEEN NEWS

Success in small business competitions and recommendations from several public health promotion units has led to requests to take part in the formation of a N.S.W. School Canteen Association, talks with hospital dieticians, discussions with P&C groups and taste testing for various food manufacturers.

All of these activities, while time consuming, should lead to a greater awareness and appreciation of the school canteen's role in students' lives. The drawing together of canteen personnel to exchange ideas and push for nutritious food at acceptable prices via the N.S.W. Canteen Association, the input of hospital dieticians with their knowledge of preventative medicine and the recognition by food producers that they can no longer fob off anything to school canteens, will eventually result in a more health conscious student body - better able to make value judgements outside the school environment.

A special thank you must go to ANN RAMSAY, RHONDA KOVAC, FAYE FLINT, LESLEY DARE and PATRICIA, ANGELO AND ANTHONY CROSETTA for willingly giving up their Saturday 18th May to

work as volunteers at the NSW Special Olympics State Athletic Carnival at Narrabeen. With generous donations from our canteen suppliers they were able to hand over \$914 being the profit from the Narrabeen canteen that day to the Special Olympics Committee. 1991 saw the retirement of OLIVE SALLANS after 7 years service in the canteen and it is hoped that even though the recession has had an adverse impact on the canteen we will be able to hand over a sizeable cheque to the P&C body for the benefit of the school community at the end of the year.

Helen Saad



HISTORY

What an incredible time 1991 has been for History students! The monstrous events in the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia and the Middle East have all been avidly followed, discussed and dissected by our young Historians. Many have now fully realised the relevance of our subject in today's world.

Further more immediate relevance was experienced by History students at the numerous excursions organised by the History staff. This Department firmly believes in the educational and social benefits of excursions and if the excitement and enthusiasm of the students involved is any guide, we are firmly on the right track. This year we have been to Hill End, Canberra, sailed on the "Solway Lass" on Sydney Harbour, dressed up in medieval armour at "Looking Back", seen many films "Dances with Wolves" was the highlight, held Ancient Olympic Games with Year Seven and listened to some fascinating guest speakers. Regarding this, the real highlight for Year 12 students was a visit and lively discussion with Dr. David Christian the eminent Soviet Historian who incidentally wrote their main H.S.C. text on Russia! This talk occurred in the week of the failed coup attempt in Moscow. So one can imagine the student's fascination. My sincere thanks to Dr. Christian and Ms. Bresnahan who organised the visit.

At time of writing the new Syllabus for Junior History is being re-written for the tenth time after being rejected by the Curriculum Committee of the Board of Studies. This is disappointing and the History Teachers Association of NSW has expressed its grave concern to the Board of Studies. The new syllabus will now appear in 1992. However the enthusiasm and interest of staff and students for our subject will remain undiminished.

History teachers at Fort Street certainly couldn't be accused of "ivory towerism". The staff is fully involved in a wide range of whole school activities outside the confines of the classroom. Mr. Sorben organises Legacy and other charities. Mrs. Jago is the main administrator of the H.S.C., Mrs. Trevini and Ms. Bresnahan are Form Patrons, Mr. Browne is Student Council Co-ordinator, Mr. Glebe is in charge of Assemblies and Archives and with Mrs. Trevini organises Speech Day.

Finally may I thank all of the staff for their help, support and advice during the period of Mr. Glebe's leave when I have been Acting Head Teacher. We have carried on in the usual fashion - PERISTROIKA not Stalinism.

Michael Browne
Acting Head Teacher
History Department



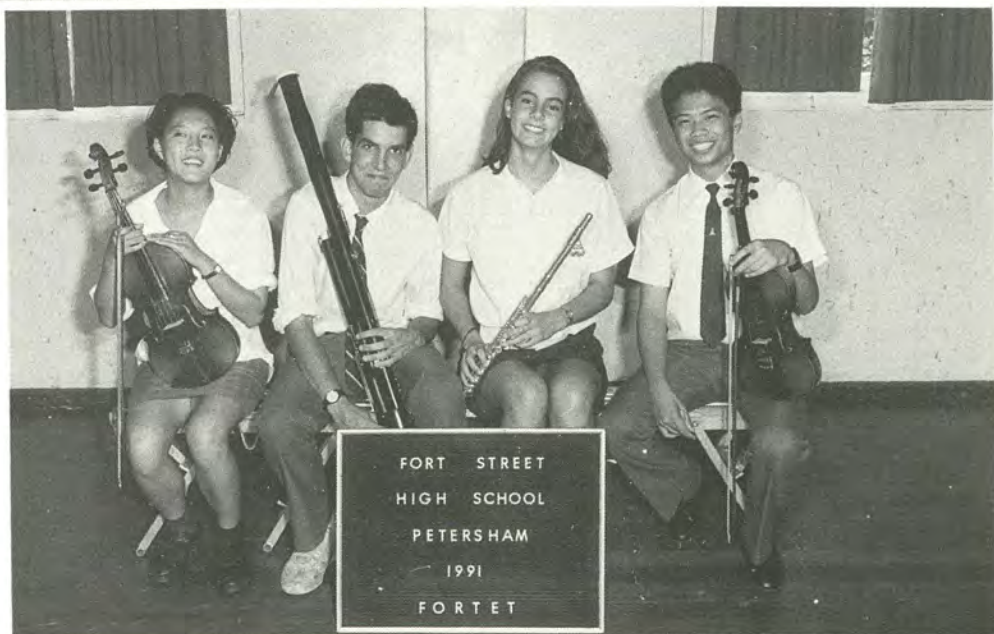
MUSIC

A feature of the Music Department in 1991 was the encouragement of students' initiative and leadership in the formation and development of various music ensembles. These include:

- Vocal Ensemble (Leader : Marija Cuk, Year 11)
- Recorder Consort (Leader : Michael Cahill, Year 11)
- Advanced Flute Quartet (Leader : Felix Ho, Year 10)
- Flute Ensemble (Leader : Melanie Bishop, Year 8)
- Woodwind Ensemble (Leader : Sarah Whitlock, Year 11)
- Senior Rock Group
- Junior Rock Group

Each of the ensembles performed items at the Annual Musicale. The elective music classes also performed at the Annual Musicale on 6th August.

An evening of String Music was presented by the Music Department on 18th September. This featured the students of Mrs. Clarke but some of the wind ensembles provided contrasting items.

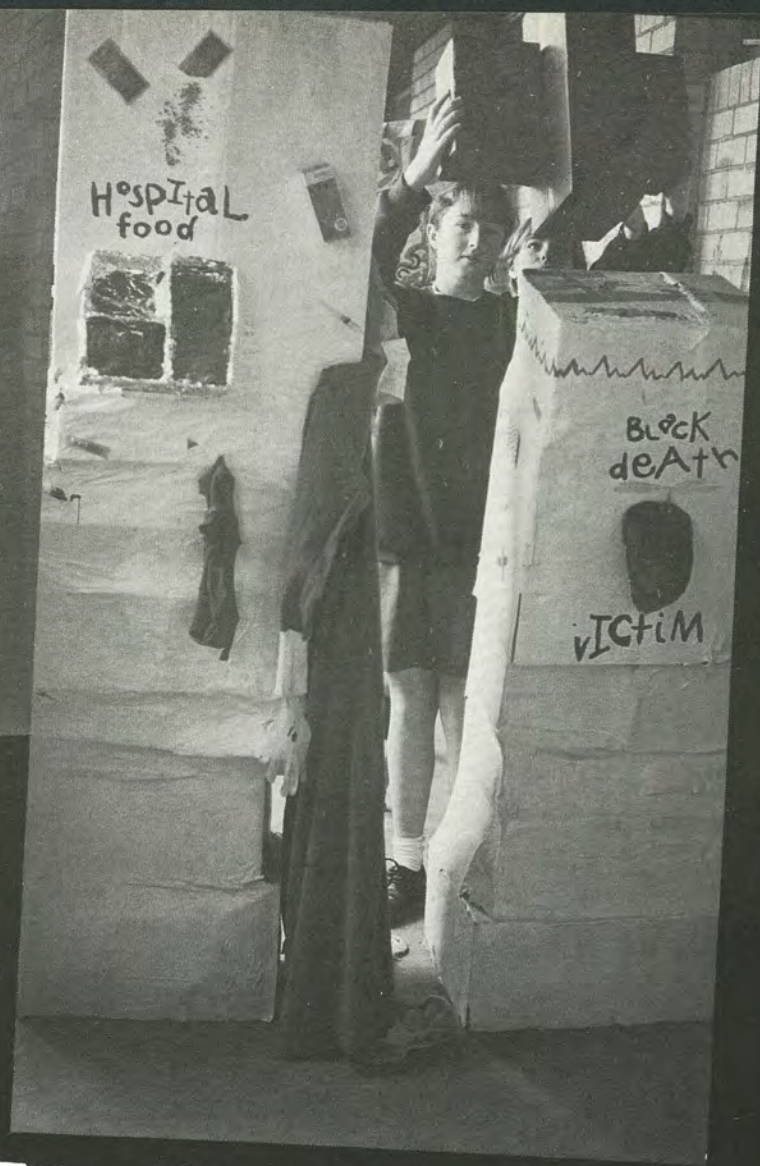




Fort Street High's Art Show

4th Annual Art Show held 6, 7 and 8 September





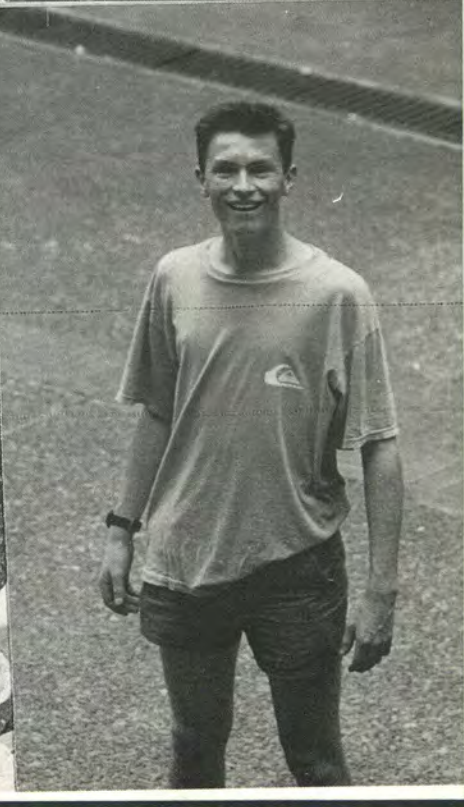
YEAR EIGHT ARTWORKS







YEAR 12





FRONT ROW: (L to R) S. Toohey, J. Lachs, S. Seth, T. Do, M. Tziotis, A. Kang, G. Matson, I. Paul, J. Fong, V. Thu, A. Lim, J. Tungal, D. Khanh, T. Nguy, H. Bui, X. Phung
SECOND ROW: B. Lyons, Y. Lopez, S. Da Costa, A. Kolotouros, A. Leung, T. Nguyen, F. Garnett, C. Singhal, D. Au, M. Webber, P. Gazzard, A. Jang, P. Lin, I. Teiwers, A. Williamson, C. Yee, F. Liew, K. Bryant, H. Foyle, S. Warrener
THIRD ROW: H. Campbell, K. Ellis, C. Salinas, S. Lee, C. Young, J. Robertson, R. Sheret, A. Tuktens, J. Choi, R. Slaven, H. Holtz, J. Kim, K. Bailey, J. Hargrave, M. Garlick, E. Raers, N. Tsavdaridis, T. Nguyen, N. Fox, L. Choi, C. Bulloch, M. Cermak, L. Jools
FOURTH ROW: S. Peres Da Costa, S. Girgis, V. Leong, P. Moreira, J. Rowe, B. Bilalls, A. Sharma, S. McKiernan, G. Fountain, T. Culbert, G. Rich, S. Mylechrane, N. Correa, R. Zvargulis, A. Karoutzos, K. Sypit, R. Bae, P. Ramsey, F. Cummings, D. Farry, S. Balaglow, L. Morris, R. Fisher, H. Konstanlelis
FIFTH ROW: A. Aslin, S. Kilazoglou, A. Volcan, H. Macrae, M. Fairall, A. McKeown, R. Nash, G. Sadler, D. Burn, M. Soo, D. Bond, R. Zangoli, F. Papoutsis, B. Spilsbury, R. Chan, P. Roberts, J. So, J. Lipiec, J. Jiminez, R. Van Langenberg, T. Hespe, H. Truong, C. Cao, S. An
SIXTH ROW: D. Eunson-Cottle, C. Brown, A. Tahtarellis, K. Cruickshank, K. Seale, A. Byrne, S. Parsons, K. Chestnut, C. Archibald, G. Maitland, V. Moran, C. Fricke, V. Cebola, L. Blakeney, Z. Couacaud, S. Arezina, A. Coolie, N. McEnnally, K. Jeffreys, G. Gerzilis, A. Xydis
SEVENTH ROW: S. Taylor, N. Mitchell, D. Cook, N. Tounes, M. Brereton, D. Mouralis, A. Archer, S. Brandt, J. Griffith, B. Robinson, M. Bookalil, L. Thrum, J. Spratt, B. Ward, J. Wickert, T. Vidalis
EIGHTH ROW: M. Lutowski, A. Szeps, P. Murray, A. Polowczyk, M. Brady, R. Cummings, J. Bracic, D. Harrington, J. Wildsoel, D. Clarke, P. Thompson, B. Weekes, S. Fangolaka, R. Milekovic, A. Tran, O. Steven, C. Macris



YEAR 7 - F

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Natalie Chan, Karen Chiu, Sung-Bok Cho, Anna Choy, Rebecca Burn, Anasuya Claff, Millicent Chiu, Pooja Chowdhary, Natasha Blom
SECOND ROW: Adam Badawy, Simon Babetti, Peter Bush, Hamish Clarke, Barney Beale, Wen Shing Choi, Brendon Balogh, Graham Burnell-Jones
THIRD ROW: Fleur Beupert, Peter Bockos, Jeffrey Castro, Simon Allen, Tasco Athanasakopo, Amber Justin
FOURTH ROW: Amy Baxter, Nada Andric, Michelle Bland, Anna Clark, Alice Carter



YEAR 7 - O

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Kathy Dao, Clara Fritchley, Sylvie Elsmore, Kate Doutney, Viet Duong, Inara Gravitis, Sarah Corney
 Kate Edwards, Amy Cloran
SECOND ROW: William Feng, Alvaro Garcia, Scott Creelman, Ban Day-Roche, Michael Correa, Luke Clifton, Stephen
 Graham, Dylan Connerton, Jonathan Ehsani
THIRD ROW: David Denardi, Shaun Greenfield, David Crofts, David Colville, Paul Coe
FOURTH ROW: Michelle Echt, Nikki Fox, Katie Goodwin, Ailie Davidson



YEAR 7 - R

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Sharon Law, Sue Min, Anna Lee, Jemaine Hui, Katherine Lynch, Amy Leanfore, Mary Kirkness,
 Francoise Hong, Amy Lawson
SECOND ROW: Benjamin Hall, John Hall, Raymond Kwok, Rodney Hocking, David Lee, Robert McCarroll, Ewan
 McDonald, Lucas Kolenberg, Andrei Laptev
THIRD ROW: Paul Harvey, Jaime Lawrence, Nathaniel Howse, Mary Kim, Tharah Karunalayah, Timothy Lee, Frederick
 Lunsman
FOURTH ROW: Cindy Hu, Simon Holding, Wendy Hanna, Muz Karaoglu, Maria Kwiatkowski



YEAR 7 - T

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Aletha McHalick, Megan Scott, Katrina Morris, Kriszti Paszti, Jade Redfern, Emma Quine, Michelle Sabatier, Shani Mandal, Beatrice Marett

SECOND ROW: Dinesh Sanmugantha, Warin Nitipaisalku, Andrew McHattie, Nathan Quinlan, Cameron Paulinich, Yuri Schimke, Oliver McDonnel, Andrew Scott, Bodog Olah

THIRD ROW: Guy Moore, Arion McNicoll, Simon Rowe, Hong Nguyen, Kurt Ravn, Thomas Scott, Nathan McLachlan, Stuart McDonald

FOURTH ROW: Jemina Mowbray, Rosemary Malcolm, Luana McFall, Rebecca McIntyre



YEAR 7 - I

FRONT ROW: (L TO R) Rebecca Wu, June Mei, Claire Wallace, Vanessa Tran, Hanna Torsh, Tamara Talmacs, Belinda Sekwood, Nina Vucetic, Yada Treesukosol

SECOND ROW: Linden Ying, Sata Siva, Ben Spies-Butcher, Glenn Whitehall, Vi Tran, Nicholas Tesoriero, Michael Soloman, Timothy Sinclair, Mathew Want

THIRD ROW: James Sterges, Adam Zebrowski, Michael Zanardo, Tanya Stewart, Tan Boon, Nikolas Zelenjak

ABSENTEES: Belinda Tooher



YEAR 8 - F

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Melani Bishop, Cristina Chang, Andelys Allen, Laura Beale, Michelle Boyle, Dianne Anagnos, Sophie Berner, Joanna Crawford, Anna Chau
SECOND ROW: Jye Calder, Edmond Chung, King Chan, Sam Buchanan, Manfred Chiu, Andrew Colquhoun, Sky Churchouse Bryan Alle4rdice
THIRD ROW: Edward Cram, Scott Buchanan, James Brennan, Stuart Clarke, Charles Choy, Phillip Blackford
FOURTH ROW: Milan Cakic, Jodie Burnell-Jones, Samantha Allen, Ssarah Acton, Mark Bulgin



YEAR 8 - O

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Frances Cumming, Mahn Thu Dinh, Naomi Green, Olivia Dun, Bridie Doyle, Talia Gill, Amy Critchley, Alex Fraser
SECOND ROW: Harold Fong, Gabriel Hingley, Duong Diep, Charles Feng, Daniel Di Giusto, James Hancock, Shannon Early, Rafe Dickinson, Aswin Harahap
THIRD ROW: Calvin Ellis, Alistair Frey, Angus Cameron, Neville Fong, Simon Grant, Joseph Dickson, Max El Dik, Andrew Hall
FOURTH ROW: Michael Harvey, Chris Fox, Lisa Goudie, Aileen De La Pena, Sam Guy, Kriss Heimanis, Craig Foley



YEAR 8 - R
 FRONT ROW: (L to R) Djcynta Holden, Linn Linn Lee, Amara Jarratt, Sylvia Kang, Natalie Lammas, Adele Jones, Jenny Ip, Anna Lee, Angela Kontominas
 SECOND ROW: Jung Min Lee, Soruban Kanapathipilli, Prajay Kathirgamanathan, Gareth Kemp, Michael Lawther, Tristan Kemp, Yaroslav Jurkiw, Patrick Kelly
 THIRD ROW: Robert Kerle, Jeffrey Ho, Lam Huynh, Roger Jackson, Andrew Lacek, Sean Habbs, Andrew Hudson, Timothy Jacobs
 FOURTH ROW: Denise Leanfore, Eleanor Hobley, Leonie Kowalenko, Felicity Kelly, Cathy Kim



YEAR 8 - T
 FRONT ROW: (L to R) Laura Murdoch, Melissa Mui, Louise Mayne, Judy Liao, Chris Mavris, Peta McLean, Alex McDonald, Abi Mohan, Melinda Mui
 SECOND ROW:
 Richard Luong, Phillip Mylecharane, Zavic Mishov, James Mayger, Ozgur Ozluk, Ben Marx, Craig Ovenden, Andres Olave, Nicholas Ooi
 THIRD ROW: Kirstie Lowe, Sophie Long, Carla Moore, Alexis Owenson, Britt McManus, Mia Offord, Alys Martin
 FOURTH ROW: Marcus Maller, Hugh Myers, Bruce Naylor, Kivanch Mehmet, Danial McCallum, Thomas Mauch



YEAR 8 - I

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Annette Schneider, Ai Linh Phu, Joanne Pearce, Sharmila Peres Da Costa, Smrithi Siva, Kelly Pickwell, Patrice Polyhron, Helen Sun, Aurali Saavedra
SECOND ROW: Dougal Phillips, Arpit Srivastava, Bilal Rauf, Simon Park, Ben Presland, Aryanto Setiano, Justin Roberts, Chris Sadler, Burt Sigsworth
THIRD ROW: Naomi Roulston, Carolina Panczyna, Ellen Quinn, Joshua Pyke, Emma Parsons, Kirby Stevenson, Tove Parker, Leanne Rich, Jenny Podger



YEAR 8 - A

FRONT ROW: (L TO R) Eileen Vuong, Katrina Yiu, Lisa Watson, Amanda Yee, Pippa Travers, Anosha Yazdabadi, Miriam Webb, Jenny Vandyke, Alice Uribe
SECOND ROW: Jann Westerman, Daniel Wall bank, Brendan Turner, Sean Torstenson, Bennie Wong, Toby Vidler, Michael Villis, David Watson, Cham Tang.
THIRD ROW: Jane Van Vliet, James Suppel, Daniel Whaite, Gary Wong, Jeremy Tung, Josh Szeps, Yeoman Yu, Ratana Thuyin



YEAR 9 - F

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Rowena Bluit, Alex Carter, Sally Buckingham, Kasey Barrett, Catherine Chang, Julie Baracz, Jennifer Alker, Lynette Baloglow, Nerida Brownlee
SECOND ROW: David Baxter, Richard Banh, adam Brown, Tim Chapman, Alex Barreto, Leighton Aurelius, Nathan Archibald, Ferez Azhar, Adam Campano
THIRD ROW: David Aurelius, Ka Ho Cheung, Jason Chiu, Paul Brown, Neeraj Chawla
FOURTH ROW: James Bales, Kylie Burnell-Jones, Sara Beecher, Nick Allen



YEAR 9 - O

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Su De Mel, Jayleen Diaz, My Chan Do, Sarah Clarke, Louise Grigriello, Mary Chow, Natalie Clarke, Maria Getsios, Tara De Mel
SECOND ROW: Alice Dallow, Jessie Guy, Belinda Curby, Claire Dawson, Nathan Clarke, Emma Coombes, Emily Christian, Ruth Corris, Gemma Davies
THIRD ROW: Glenn Gibb, Stephen Fountain, Julian Fine, Esme Fisher, Jeremy Green, Emma Finnerty, Blake Elliott, Sacha Groves, Simon Fitzpatrick



YEAR 9 - R

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Thao Huynh, Van La, Shumane Hui, Maria Kotsiaris, Alexandra Jurkiw, Melissa Jackson, Sheila Karunalayan, Cathy Jones
SECOND ROW: Etem Kumsuz, Anthony Krithinakis, Albert Lam, Daniel Ho, Steven Ha, Hai Khuat, Calvin Hsieh, Andrew Lee, Max Hobeck
THIRD ROW: Elizabeth Hood, Anna Hoble, Margarita Karamitiros, Vanessa Hunter, Helen Karoutzos, Stephanie Hoding, Serene Hong
FOURTH ROW: Peter Kim, Faris Kirmani, Andrew Lane, Mosaddeque Hossain



YEAR 9 - T

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Cinnamon Lee, Deana Mitchell, Jenny Lyell, Anna Lunsmann, Tine Mata, Vivian Ma, Melanie Maxwell, Anna Lado, Alison Legg
SECOND ROW: Jim Mitsou, Vikien Luong, Christopher Lim, Luke Lee, Jason Lee, Peter McKeown, Matthew Lee, Enguang Lee, David Lesslie
THIRD ROW: Ivan Mantelli, Andrew Murray, Mark McLaren, Cam Ly, Johnny Mihail, Luke Metcalfe, Joel Ma, Thomas Lin,
FOURTH ROW: Chris Miller, Sanju Modi, Miranda McCallum, Elwin Liam, Belinda McDonald, Anthony Masters, Derek Maller
ABSENTEES: Keira Newton



YEAR 10 - F

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Rose Chong, Danya Cameron, Nina Carrel, Adele Chalker, Caroline Burke, Sarah Beak, Elizabeth Chang, Tamsin Calder, Sharon Chu

SECOND ROW: Paul Bejarano, Stuart Christie, Sung Ahn, Daniel Chakarouski, Timothy Colquhoun, Evan Brereton, Luis Batalha, Janan Clowes

THIRD ROW: Todd Brown, Maurice Bonotto, Joshua Christian, Peter Brennan, Phillip Agius, Edward Brookton, Nigel Bonney

FOURTH ROW: Asja Binno, Roberto Cooley, Karina Acton, Louise Buckingham, Peita Blundell



YEAR 10 - O

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Angela Giannakopoulos, Bronwyn Englaro, Kerrie Gibbons, Llinca Furdui, Maya Gazzard, Claire Edwardes, Sasha Curthoys, Antonella Emmi, Catherine Dung

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THIRD ROW: David Fernandes, Karin Darcy, Christian Ellis, Natalie Cumming, Luke Folkard



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THIRD ROW: David Fernandes, Karin Darcy, Christian Ellis, Natalie Cumming, Luke Folkard



YEAR 10 - R

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Tuyet Ho, Mihe Lee, Francine Ioannou, Fiona Hall, Lucy Jones, Mary Lee, Simone Kelly, Claudine Lachs, Hanh Huynh

SECOND ROW: Adrian Kirstan, James Kong, Alex Konstantelos, Marcia Gonidellis, Erika Klimpsch, Giselle Jennaway, Sunny Kim, William Ku, Mark Greenway

THIRD ROW: Gary Johnson, Jeremy Gray, Chris Ison, Felix Ho, Robert Kennedy, William Hird

FOURTH ROW: Nick Hempton, Ben Hutchinson, Alex Kurcubic, Lewin Jones, Gough Kollias



YEAR 10 - T

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Madeleine Lyons, Tuequan Nguyen, Waimei Lee, Katherine Mercer, Effie Meloucas, Vanessa Mordaunt, Holly Lyons, Elizabeth Magarey, Kym Leong

SECOND ROW: Quang Nguyen, Peter Nguy, Jeffrey Lum, Rodney Mann, James Manning, John Nguyen, Julian Nikakis, Yuki Nakazawa

THIRD ROW: Quoc Nguyen, Algis Lencus, Magda Mironowicz, Jennifer Ogilvie, Jessica Murty, Bennet Livingston, Alex Lyberopoulos



YEAR 10 - I

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Ellen Quoy, Helen Papadopoulos, Rani Ramjan, Maeve Richardson, Mau-Nghi Phung, Dannielle Petrie, Michelle Parker, Kate Rowe, Mimmette Roldan

SECOND ROW: Anna Pertierra, Jem Richardson, Luke Ryan, Lincoln Robinson, Kuveshen Pather, Stephen Ong, David Roach-Turner, Ben Phillips, Hae-Jin Song

THIRD ROW: Adin Pilcer, Sanjay Sridher, Suzana Stankovic, Andrew Parker, Jessica Shuman, Andrew Sadler, Eric Paul



YEAR 10 - A

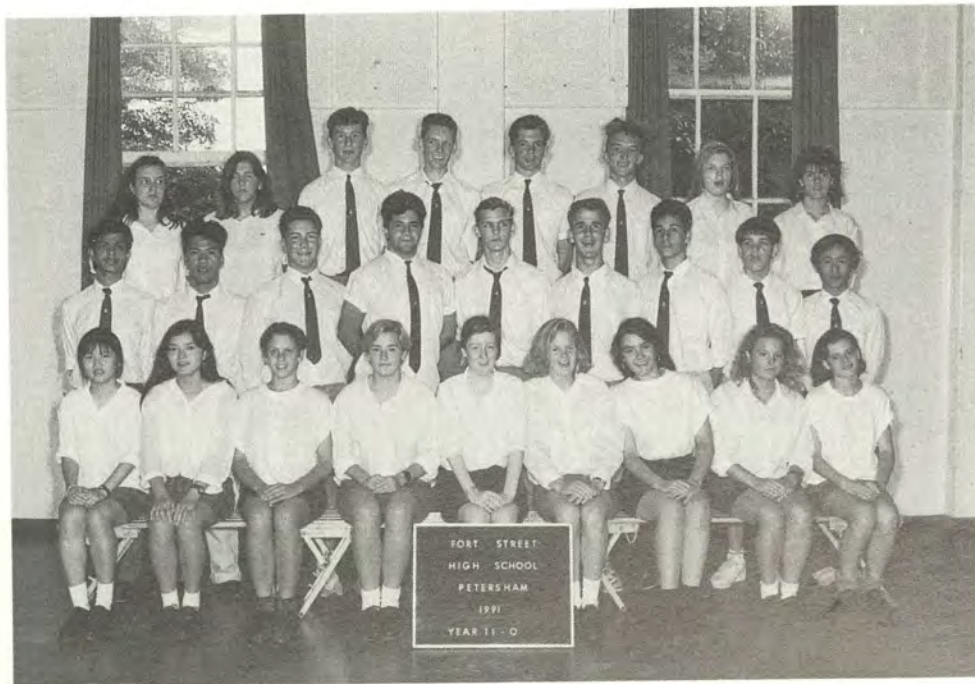
FRONT ROW: (L to R) Theodora Tserdanis, Georgina Tarrant, Christine Stowers, Ashley Steven, Erika Tuktens, Veronika Zec, Katrina Stiles, Sauting Wong, Viet-Chau Tran

SECOND ROW: Gavin Tung, Nicholas Williamson, Michael Tsimnadis, Adam Young, Leon Tranter, Tom Spence, Eddie Yeung, Simon Wood

THIRD ROW: Emily Walton, Taryn Woods, Ilona Zebrowski, Shunanda Wallace, Corin Throsby, Nina Carret

FOURTH ROW: John Tawfik, Siung Tan, Ollie Supit, John Tawadros

ABSENTEES: Phillip Tang, Dudi Sukendar, Natasha Yetton



YEAR 11 - F

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Helena Alexandrakis, Dina Bountopoulos, Shazia Aly, Jacqui Bennett, Josephine D'Agostino, Wilasinee Ariyamethe, Lucy Brotherton, Jane Choi, Shirley Chu
SECOND ROW: Sukhomoy Basu Roy, Manuel Christou, Robert Chan, George Athanasopoulos, Daniel Adams, Edward Curthoys, Nelson Da Silva, Spiro Courtis
THIRD ROW: Marija Cuk, Addy Cobcroft, Sage Bronk, Anna Butler, Angela Benson, Yasmine Clement
FOURTH ROW: David Bruce, Jason Betts, Michael Cahill, Frank Andrews, Sandro Bonanno



YEAR 11 - O

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Thao Duong, Natalie Fu, Claire Diesendorf, Liz Farry, Janelle Gibb, Kylie Eggleton, Tina Gizariotis, Beth Delaney, Jordan Gribble
SECOND ROW: Amitabha Das, Wing Farrenc, Malcolm Green, Steve Giannakouros, Bobby Ferguson, Jacob Gorman, Savvas Giannakis, Alistair Gillies, Anthony Gao
THIRD ROW: Kelly Dann, Katie Fisher, Timothy Haire, David Gill, Ben Duke, Matthew Grant, Madeleine Doyle, Hannah Dawson



YEAR 11 - R

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Sonia Layton, Eun Joo Lee, Valentyna Jurkiw, Marcia Hargas, Deborah Hong, Natasha Lane, Hyun Joo Ku, Ruth Ioannidis, Kaisu Kontkanen

SECOND ROW: Kent Lee, Khanh Dai Lam, Muhunthan Kana-garatnam, Chad Harrington, Sae Jin Kwon, Reza Hasjim, Du Thang Huynh

THIRD ROW: Yong Tai Lee, Jeffrey Ku, David Lai, Thomas Lacek, Meer Jodlovich

FOURTH ROW: Louise Boon-Kuo, Barbara Kwiatowski, Marcelle Jones, Mariana Karagiannakis

ABSENT: Tinny Hon



YEAR 11 - T

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Kaisu Kontkanen, Kathryn Mayne, Lufiani Mulyadi, Tarne Malor, Siobhan Mackay, Claire Lund, Sandra Nam, Jacqui Bennett, Maria Munzone

SECOND ROW: Paul Mac, Aiquoc Nguyen, Ian Leslie, Doug Li, Quoc Yung Ngo, Kevin Mann, Paul Melville, Chinh Mai

THIRD ROW: Kate Madgwick, Asher McLoughlin, Barbara Kwiatkowski, Alex McDonald, Peter Maric, Kristen Melville, Danae Natsis

FOURTH ROW: Douglas Ngai, Alex Lim, Jamie Moore, Justin Lees, Draven Naidoo, Nikos Marinos



YEAR 11 - I

FRONT ROW: (L to R) Hae Ran Song, Maria Rodrigues, Mia Prodigaladad, Leanne Park, Divium Pather, Nardine Rostom, Sandra Oliveira, Belinda Rogan, Jimin Park

SECOND ROW: Hoang Lam Nguyen, Bernard Pfeil, Thomas Nockolds, Tom Oates, James Schofield, Finn O'Keefe, Bao Nguyen, Khua Phu, John Ranieri

THIRD ROW: Michele Smart, Rebekah Nugent, Viola Said, Emma Pyke, Jessica Post, Tanti Oetojo, Saffron Samuels, Tamara Rees, Caroline Shepherd

FOURTH ROW: Benjamin Robertson, Vu Nguyen, Simon Prunster, Teofilo Nobrega, Michael Penny, Thanh Huy Nguyen



YEAR 11 - A

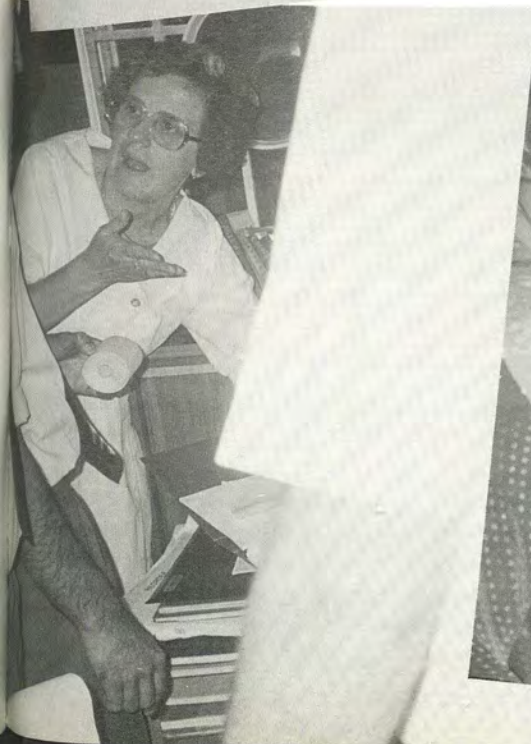
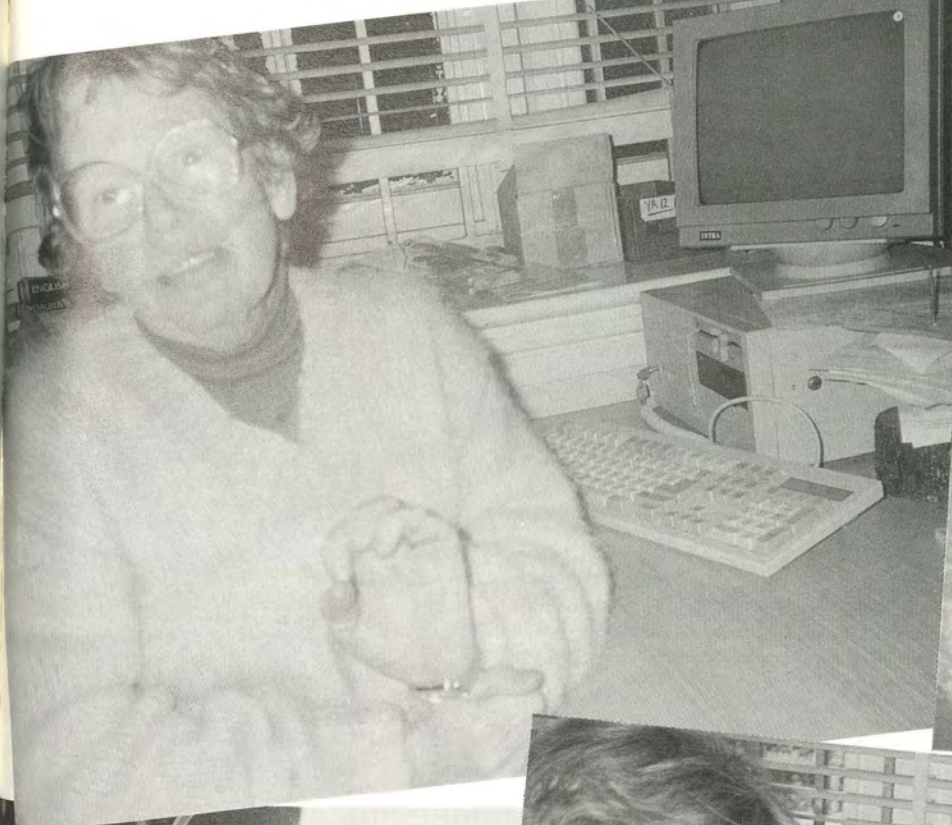
FRONT ROW: (L TO R) Abigail Franquilino, Donna Triantafyllo, Kristen Van Barneveld, Sarah Whitlock, Jodi Stiles, Kelly Spallas, Aicen Tjang, Wendy Wong, Thuy Van Tran

SECOND ROW: Chris Sotrias, Kenneth Soo, Chung Wong, Bill Truong, Platon Theodoris, Erik Young, Darby To, Justin Whalen, Caine Stewart

THIRD ROW: Nga To, Michelle Sorbis, Sarah Stanbridge, Joanna Walton, Vicki Wheeler, Siew Fong Yiap, Larissa Stanley, Sarah Waterworth, Gina Yiannikis

FOURTH ROW: Timmy Tonkin, Steven Wallace, Godwin Tse, Alex Wolfson, Ross Wainwright, Steve Tadic, Nick Sordon

Here are
the faces of
the people
who really
run Fort
Street.



Is Romanus Tempus

Late Edition V Quintus V pages No MMMNXC FIRST PUBLISHED 1000 B.C.

ROME IN RECESSION P2
ECONOMIC GLOOM AND DOOM!



THE POLLS →
WHO WILL BE OUR NEXT RULER? P3



LIONS ROAR WITH AVENGEANCE P4



Soothsayer says "sucked in"

By Stephanus Ougavius,
Political correspondent

The Roman soothsayer was once again correct, predicting and forewarning Caesar of the perils he would face in going to the senate chamber on Sunday, the day on which Caesar was to be crowned king. The soothsayer had uttered many warnings, telling Caesar in vein to "Beware of the Ides of March", however, Caesar dismissed the soothsayer as a dreamer, and set forth to meet his tragic destiny.

As predicted, on Sunday, the soothsayer proved his worth, as it was just yesterday that Caesar was brutally butchered, by a bunch of envious conspirators who, repeatedly thrusting their bloodied daggers into the tender flesh of Caesar, causing his scarlet red blood to spout out of him like a fountain and cascade down his stained white toga.

Despite devastating blows to all parts of his body, Caesar managed to drag himself towards his 'angel' Brutus, however, envy overruled friendship, causing Brutus to literally backstab Caesar unmercifully, leaving Caesar to fall once and for all.

Like the soothsayer, Calpurnia, Caesar's wife, had also foretold that



Scenes at the Senate Chamber

Caesar's life would end if he were to go to the senate chamber on Sunday. When questioned how she also knew about Caesar's death, Calpurnia responded by saying that she had visualised the figure of her husband spouting blood. Having experienced these nightmares, Calpurnia had attempted, with futility, to persuade him to stay at home, to defy Caesar's unyielding fate, however, despite these attempts, destiny got its way.

Anyone would think that two bizarre warnings, as well as recurring prodigies, would be enough to discourage the bravest of men, however, not even three warnings, the third coming from another soothsayer Artemidonis, could dissuade Caesar from his set course on destiny.

One of the most evident factors leading to Caesar's tragic death was his arrogance, ignorance, and condescending attitude. Unlike a rational and intelligent leader, Caesar cynically dismissed the soothsayer, as well as his wife as dreamers despite many warnings of an ill fate from both of them. Caesar's exclusive arrogance and pride overruled his sensibility, causing him to avoid these predictions, and to follow the course leading to his demise.

With the death of Caesar, Octavius Caesar will rise to be our new ruler, however, the question which people will

Continued Page 5

BACKSTABBER BRUTUS



By Bartus Simpsons,
Marcus Brutus is, or was, Caesar's 'angel', until yesterday at the Senate, which witnessed one of the most horrific murders ever.

Continued Page 5



Julius Caesar himself (left) and his "angel", Marcus Brutus (Right)

WEATHER

Metropolitan: Early drizzle. Raining cats and dogs later in the afternoon. Temps: City 10-15. Pollution: What pollution

Sun: Rises Sets

Moon: Sets Rises

Tomorrow: Worse. Raining Lions and Christians, with the odd cat or two. Wednesday: Skies clearing. Thursday: Fine.

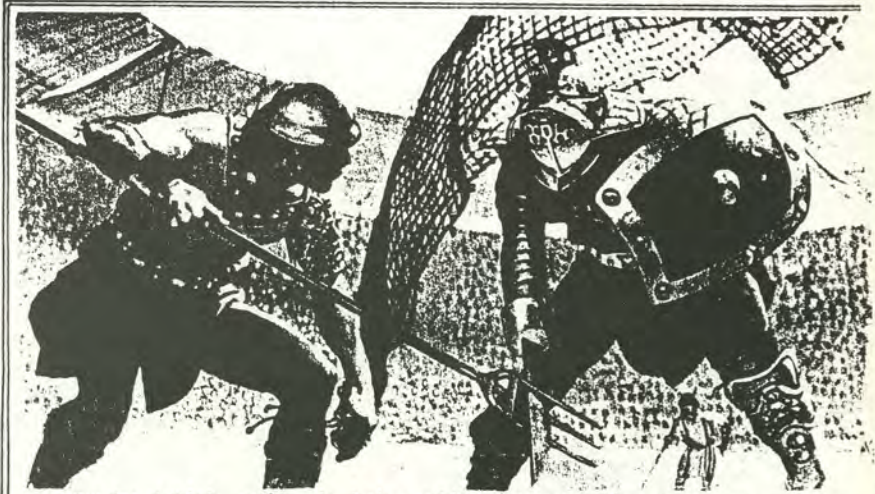
Lions III Christians O

by DARELLUS EASTLAKUS

The lions once again showed their dominance in this seasons Christians/Lions superleague with a crushing display at the colosseum yesterday. A huge capacity crowd of 50 000 was on hand to watch King Leo the lion rack up a hat trick and go straight to the top of the season kills list - he has now disposed of 26 Christians. The season tally now stands at Lions 78, Christians 12 and the lions look to be in an unbeatable position with only six rounds to go.

SEASON KILLS LIST (LIONS)		CHRISTIANS KILLS LIST	
KING LEO	26 *	GEORGIO P.	5
MARMADUKE	24	ELMER STIK	3
GNASHER	16 *	JASON RIGHT	3 *
WALDO	12 *	STEPHEN BANKS	1 *
	78		12

* Still alive - totals can rise next match



Fenechus (on left) in action in last week's first semi-final (which he won)

G.A. Cup

TYSONUS vs FENECHUS

COMPETITOR MATCHUP

	TYSONUS	FENECHUS
AGE:	26	31
WEIGHT:	Very Heavy	Heavy
HEIGHT:	10 Hands	11 Hands
SPEED:	7/10	9/10
STAMINA:	9/10	9/10
POWER:	9/10	10/10

This year's gladiatorial association cup final (G.A.Cup) promises to be the best in years with two crowd favourites winding up against each other for the fight to the death. Jeffus Fenechus is up against Mikus Tysonus at the colosseum today with a capacity crowd of 50 000 expected. This will be Fenechus's last fight whether he wins or loses as after the final he will be retiring from the sport which he has dominated for so long. It is a fairly even match up and one small mistake could decide the match and cost one of the competitors dearly.

Sennus Victorious in Grand Prix

by REXUS MOSSUS

CHAMPIONSHIP STANDINGS

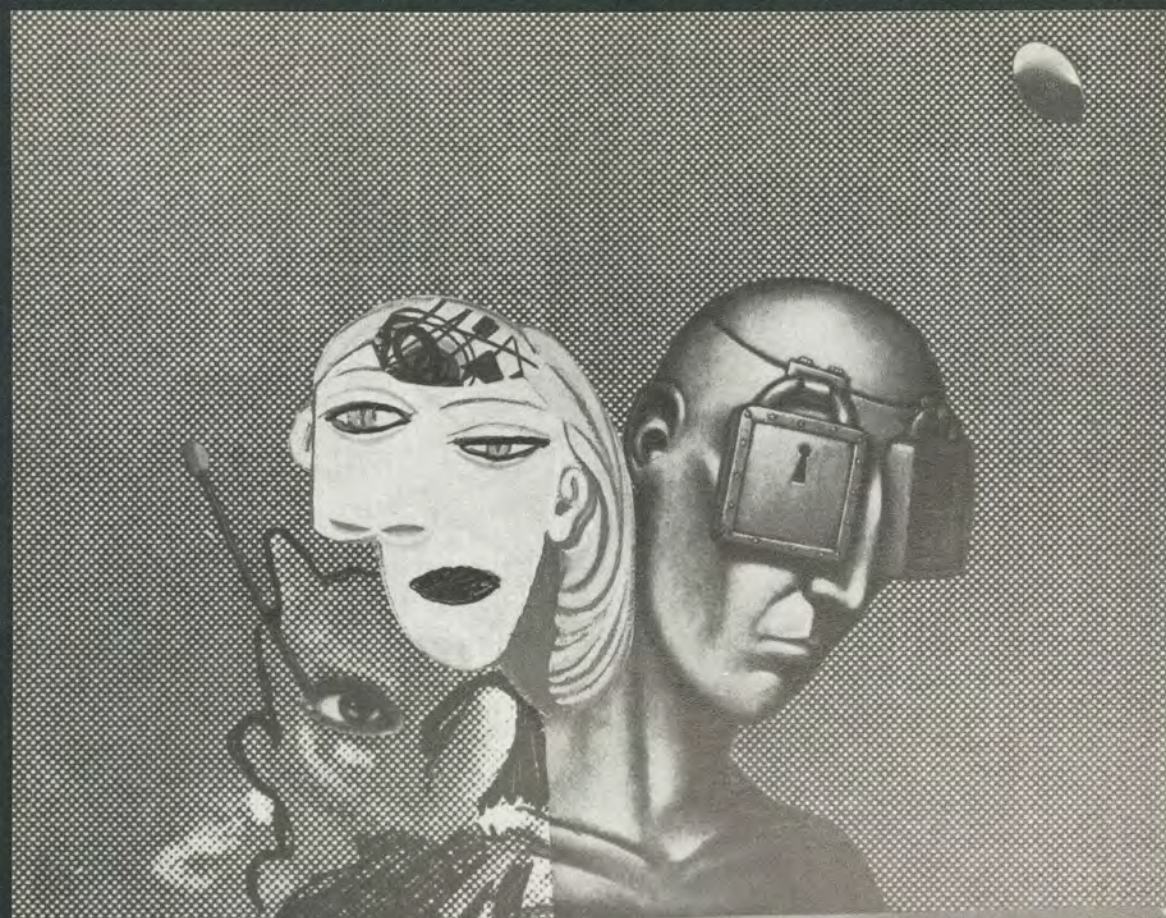
Agertonius Sennus	64
Nigelius Mansellus	31
Allain Proustus	29
Waynus Gardinius	21

◀ Sennus overtakes one of the slower competitors in Saturday's Roman Grand Prix.

Ayertonius Sennus once again won the Roman grand prix with his third victory in as many years on Saturday. A near capacity crowd of 230 000 at the circus Mascinius watched Sennus's chariot blister round the track in record time, leaving his competitors to fight it out for minor placings.

After qualifying first on the grid in Wednesday's official practice session, Sennus never looked back, leading from start to finish. His only stumble in his strides to victory occurred on the 21 st lap, when he was forced to make a pitstop due to a wobbly wheel. Nigelius Masellus came in at second place, followed closely by Alain Proustus. The win is Sennus's fifth of the season and keeps him well clear of the pack at first in the chariots championship.

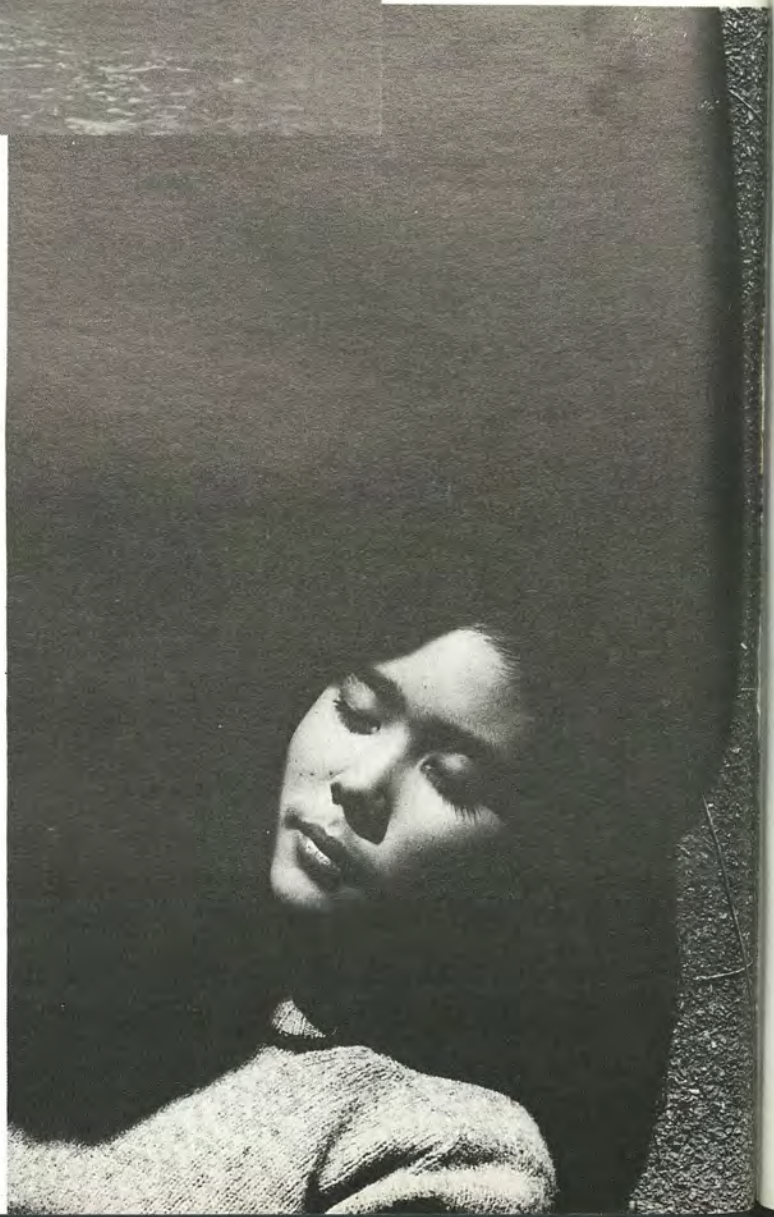




Beyond the blue horizon

caroline burke ^
yr 10

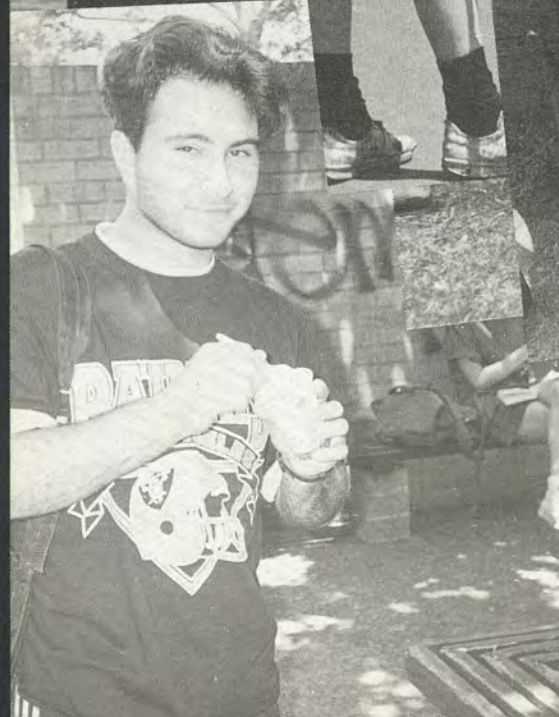
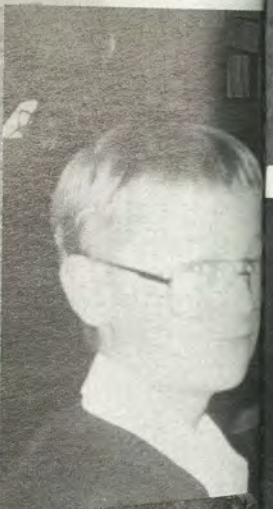
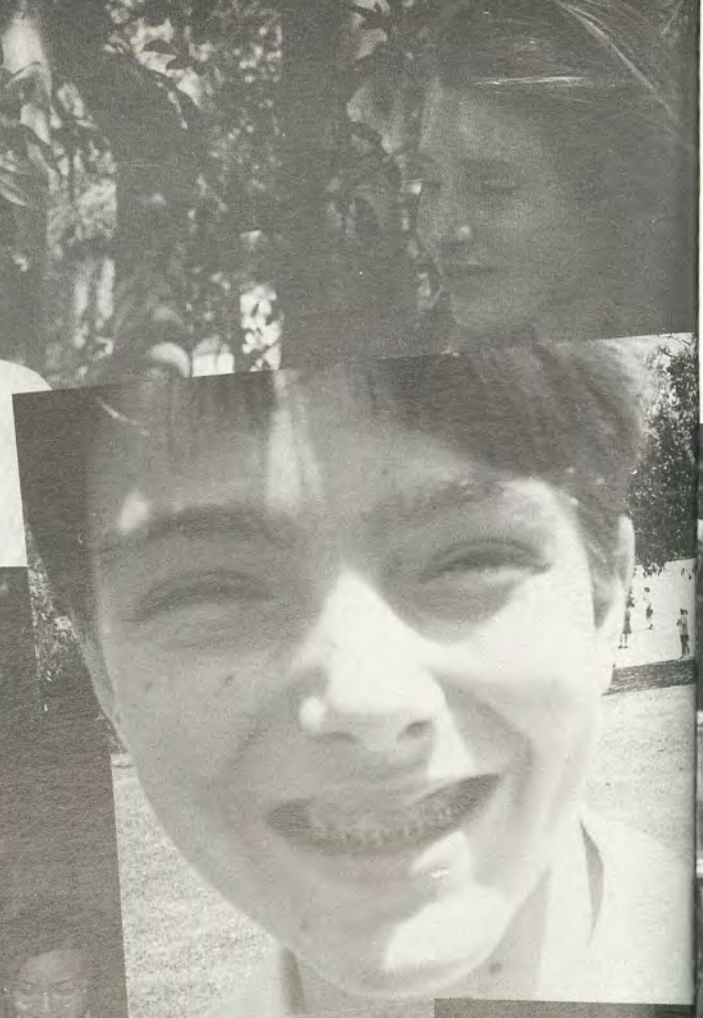
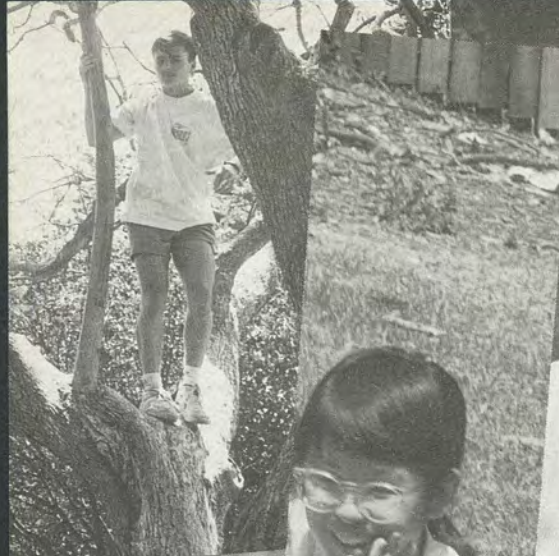
danae natsis »
yr 11





-DEATH-





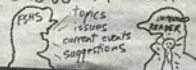
ANSWERS

Mr. Brace teaches year 9, period 2
Mr. Higgins teaches year 11, period 3
Ms. Joslyn teaches year 7, period 1
Ms. Jamble teaches year 8, period 8
Mr. Gaskin teaches year 10, period 5
Mr. Leondias teaches year 12, period 4



Good fortune
Year 12
in your HSC
"All for ONE and
ONE for ALL"
Best wishes
FSHS
Staff
Friends

GOING AROUND THE
BEND
and in General Studies
you blow it all
out



SCIENCE TEXTBOOK RETURN YEAR 12

Please return textbooks
at the conclusion of
each exam to the
K3/K4 Prep Room.

Make sure the number of
the books you return is
the same as that issued
to you.

R. Higgins

YEAR 12 ACHIEVEMENT HISTORY

If you wish to complete LEAVING
PROCEDURES without MASSIVE DELAY

bring all your texts on day of exams

1. In one bundle - securely tied
2. With your name on a piece of paper for quick identification

IAN C. TREVINI



