

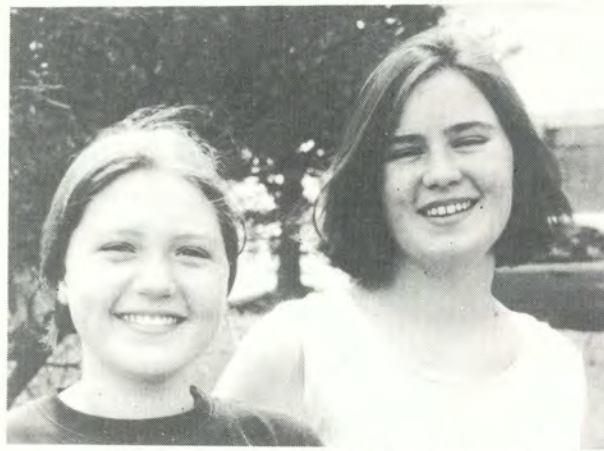
THE FORTIAN

1994





Mr Docking



Tessa Lunney Fionnuala Browne



Bonnie Kyung



Owen Macindoe Robbie Morris



Ms Stimpson



Sally Buckingham Jennifer Alker Emma Finnerty

Mark Ridyard



Clio Gates-Foale Ingrid Lane Nick Fritchley Wendy Morris



Luke Mitchell Jenny Parkes
Joshua Watson Anna Valpiani
Steve Milce Travis Nippard Rod Smith
Thea Greenwood Mitchell McMahon

Anastasia Stathakis Helen Karoutzos



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Once again we thank Sarah Patterson for her typing of the Mercurius and the Fortian.

We would also like to thank our Publishers, Eureka Press.

Special thanks are due to Ms Page for her huge effort as layout expert for the Fortian, to Patricia Yam, Claire Wallace, Rebecca McIntyre, Kit Morrell and Fionnula Browne who also assisted enormously, and to other members of the Fortian Committee including Andrew Scott, Kate Doutney, Jemaine Hui, Bernadette Hehea, Mary Kim, Sue Jun, Thi Luc and others from Year 10.

Teachers in charge were Ms Davis and Ms Page.

Front Cover :	Alex Carter	Year 12	Major Work
Back Cover :	Stephanie Holding	Year 12	Major Work

From the Principal's Desk

1994 has been a year of high student achievement at Fort Street. The year began on a high with the release of the H.S.C. and T.E.R. results gained by the Year 12 students of 1993 - an outstanding overall result for so many of our students. This journal records many of the high points of student year 1994 at the school. I will only add that the scope of the activities of the students and teachers of this school is amazing, although often they can cause confusion and headaches in administration. However, I am glad that so many of our students are becoming involved in whatever opportunities the school can provide - I want every student to feel that they are succeeding in at least one part of their life at Fort Street.

If this school is to continue with its endeavour to provide a significant, broad-based, educational experience for students of academic ability and enthusiasm, then it must retain its integrity. This has always been a school for those who care about themselves and those around them, and those who are prepared to share their abilities and experiences with others. At a time when so much self-centred activity and selfish attitudes abound in society, this community should accept a responsibility for preparing society's leaders of to-morrow; leaders who have experienced a responsibility for each other, and a concern to be true to themselves. The integrity of the real student is shown by accepting the challenge to learn and to practice for the sake of being educated.

I am afraid there are too many members of our community who are asking "what's in it for me?" before making a commitment for the life of the school to flourish. If we lose our belief in the cause of education, and each member of the school loses his or her integrity as a student, parent or teacher and a responsible member of society, then this school has lost its identity. This school does not exist solely to produce outstanding students as judged by an external measurement called a TERTIARY ENTRANCE RANK; it exists to develop sensible and sensitive people who care about the corporate welfare of the school society, and are prepared to be part of the whole team that is Fort Street. They have the right to earn and be given the respect of others, and the responsibility to contribute to and to share in the achievements of all members of the school body, no matter what the field of endeavour.

The school's integrity has been examined several times this year in regard to its curriculum, the preparation of its students and the provision of accommodation. We have tried to maintain a stance of equity within the bounds of regulations in all issues and in most situations the integrity of the school has prevailed.

I commend the Fortian 1994 to you as the record of a year in a school of integrity and social responsibility. I seek the support of every member of the school community in maintaining these standards.

B. J. Leonard
Acting Principal

Polly Wedlock Year 12 Mixed Media



The P & C Report

The P & C continued to provide a forum for parents to discuss topical issues during 1994. Guest speakers included Catherine Hoekman from the University of N.S.W. regarding Gifted and Talented children and Ken Williams from the ABC Science Unit on future directions in the media and broadcasting. Discussion of the process and outcomes of the Quality Assurance Review conducted at the school during the year occupied several meetings. We are indebted to Janet Howse for acting as parent representative on the committee. A particularly interesting talk was given by Mr Shin'Ichi Hatano on the differences he had experienced between Japanese and N.S.W. schools.

Three important achievements for the year were the grounds project, trivia night and the establishment of a School Council.

The grounds project is now a reality with a contract let and bulldozers at work. However much hard work was needed to get the plans approved by Council because of misinformed local resident's opposition.

A steering committee representing parents, students and staff was appointed and had the Constitution of our School Council approved at a public meeting. The inaugural Council will be appointed next year. Our thanks to Marilyn Bocking for her sterling effort in chairing the steering committee.

The trivia night proved that we can have a successful social event without needing the localised community enjoyed by other schools. We raised three thousand dollars for the grounds development project.

Progress has been made on the shorter project of the building fund but disappointingly no final decision on this matter has been reached.

A new project for music facilities under Kilgour block was adopted for the building fund this year.

The usual P & C initiatives continued throughout the year - the IMP, the welcome to some new parents, participation on various school committees and the canteen. A new manager of the canteen came and went and was replaced by stalwart Leslie Dare, temporarily at first, but now on a permanent basis. Turnover has been maintained but the profitability has dropped, hopefully to be restored next year.



Rebecca McIntyre

Talia Gill, Kirsty Lowe, Felicity Kelly,
Mia Offord

J. Corney
President

Some Fortian Committee

Speech Day

Friday, 11th March 1994, saw Fortians gather at the Sydney Town Hall to honour the Fortians of 1993. Some twenty three Fortians achieved in the magical top one thousand students in the State. Felix Ho was Dux of Year 12, 1993.

The school was addressed by Professor Cliff Turney (Fortian 1949), Professor of Education, University of Sydney, while other Fortians such as Warren Selle, Peter Dixon and Ron Horan, were joined by John Corney and June Lunsman of the P&C to present the awards.

A wonderful moment occurred when Dr. Clarice Kennedy (1924-1929) awarded the Prize for Senior Sportswoman of the Year to Taryn Woods, a multi-talented sportswoman. Taryn represented Australia at the Women's Waterpolo World Championships 1993 and it was a fitting tribute for her to receive her awards from Clarice Kennedy whose star shone so brightly in the world of Athletics in the 1920's and 1930's at State, Australian, and at the International Level in the British Empire Games of 1938.

Jeremy Green of Year 11 ably assisted Mr. Buckingham as Master of Ceremonies throughout the proceedings, while Ms. Trevini and Ms. Paice ensured that the right Prizes were ready and waiting for presentation. The musicians and choral groups once again earned enthusiastic applause for their marvellous contributions to Speech Day. The Vote of Thanks, Year 12, 1993, was delivered by Shunanda Wallace and David Roche-Turner with just the right touches of humour and sincerity in just the right places. Thanks to Mr. Brace, without whose help nothing would have arrived at the Town Hall or been returned to the school in good order.

Speech Day is very much a team effort and I sincerely thank all those who helped make the day such a success.

T. Glebe - Speech Day Co-Ordinator



Many will tell you that Fort Street High School's Speech Day 1994 began at 10.00am, 11th March 1994. This is not strictly true. In fact, work leading up to this year's speech day, just as a Speech Day from any previous year, began many months before this date and, like Speech Days have always been (for at least as long as I've been at Fort Street, and I daresay for longer), this activity climaxed about two days before the big day in panic and partial despair on the part of the organisers.

However, most will know that Fort Street is a school with a great grounding in tradition and, as is customary, we somehow managed to pull off the show without a hitch - despite much discussion later of notes off-key and various mispronunciations.

It would seem unnecessary to detail what happened at our Speech Day, seeing that all of you were supposed to be there. However, in the light of the number of my friends who decided not to show up, perhaps a brief outline of events would be enlightening to those who were "sick" or unavoidably detained.

Speech Day 1994 displayed for us the breadth of talent we have at Fort Street, with awards for sport and school service as well as academic achievement. The most outstanding display of academic achievement may have been the 1993 Year 12 duxes, Felix Ho and Louise Buckingham, who collective honour list seemed to fill up a whole page on its own. We heard various anecdotes on the subject of education, both his own and his education of others, from our guest speaker, Professor C. Turney, a Fortian of 1949, and now Professor of Education at Sydney University. The Principal, Mr Carrol, made an intriguing and slightly controversial speech about education policy, and we were played to by almost every school music ensemble there is.

Speech Day is always good in reminding us just how lucky we are and, of course, I can't finish this report without that immortal phrase: "An enjoyable day was had by all."

Claire Wallace - Year 10



1993 - YEAR 12

1. FELIX HO The Ada Partridge Prize for Dux; The 1925-29 Girls' Prize for The Best Student entering The Faculty of Law; The L.S. Goddard Prize for the Best Student studying Mathematics at University; the Frederick Bridges Memorial Prize for French (3-Unit); the Judy Levi Memorial Prize for Modern Languages; The Prize for Science 4-Unit (5th in the State).
2. LOUISE BUCKINGHAM The A.J. Kilgour Prize for Proficiency; The Killeen Memorial Prize for The Best Student proceeding to the University of Sydney; the C.H. Harrison Memorial Prize for English (3-Unit); The Herbert Percival Williams Memorial Prize for the H.S.C. question on Shakespeare; The Annie Turner Prize for English and History; The Evelyn McEwan Rowe Prize for Ancient History (3-Unit) (8th in the State); The Prize for Visual Arts (3-Unit).
3. ROBERT CHAN The Fanny Cohen Prize for 3rd in the H.S.C.; The John Hunter Prize for the Best Student entering the Faculty of Medicine at Sydney University; The Herman Black Prize for Japanese (3-Unit).
4. JESSICA MURTY The Kilpatrick Memorial Prize for The Best Student entering the Faculty of Economics at Sydney University; The Social Science Department Prize for Economics (2-Unit); The Fortian Prize for Outstanding Achievement in the H.S.C. Ancient History (2-Unit) (10th in the State).
5. ANTONELLA EMMI The Emily Cruise Prize for Modern History (3-Unit); The Prize for Mathematics (2-Unit).
6. BENJAMIN PHILLIPS The Dr William Gailey Prize for Biology; The Prize for Legal Studies (2-Unit).
7. THERESA LAM The Ron Smith Prize for The Best Student entering the Faculty of Dentistry; The Prize for Engineering Science (3-Unit).
8. MADELEINE LYONS The John Henry and Glad Hopman Prize for The Best Student studying Engineering at University.
9. ELLEN QUOY The James Baxendale Prize for English.
10. JEFFREY LUM The D.J. Austin Prize for Mathematics (4-Unit).
11. JESSE MCNICOLL The Weston Memorial Prize for Mathematics

1993 HSC FORTIAN AWARDS

FELIX HO
 LOUISE BUCKINGHAM
 ROBERT CHAN
 JEFFREY LUM
 ANTONELLA EMMI
 BENJAMIN PHILLIPS
 CATHERINE DUNG
 ROBERT KENNEDY
 JESSE MCNICOLL
 KATE ROWE
 VIVIAN LAU
 CLAIRE EDWARDES
 ELLEN QUOY
 THERESA LAM
 MAGDALENA MIRONOWICZ
 JESSICA MURTY
 STEPHEN ONG
 CHIA CHING LAI
 BEN HUTCHINSON
 XUAN HUYNH
 WILLIAM KU
 DAVID ROCHE-TURNER
 ILINCA FURDUI

1993 SPECIAL AWARDS

1. HOLLY LYONS The Rona Sanford Pepper Prize for Service.
2. SHUNANDA WALLACE The C.H. Christmas Prize for Scholarship and Service.
3. FELIX HO The Old Boys' Union Prize for Scholarship and Service; The School Prize for Debating; The Caltex Best All-Rounder Award.
4. ALICE DALLOW The John Hills Memorial Prize for Leadership and Service.
5. JEREMY GREEN The Major L.H. Sender Memorial Prize for School Service.
6. JOSH SZEPS The Ladies Committee Prize for School Service.
7. ANTONELLA EMMI The Raymond and Frank Evatt Memorial Prize for Australian History.
8. CLAIRE EDWARDES The Raymond Sly Memorial Prize for Music.
9. ANNA PERTIERRA The Val Lembit Prize for Drama.
10. DONOVAN STONE The David Anthony Open Prize for Contribution to Music.
11. AMANDA SPILSBURY The Linnet Girls' Choir Prize.
12. SIMONE KELLY The School Prize for Consistent Service to the S.R.C.
13. MAGDALENA MIRONOWICZ The Reuben F. Scarf Prize for Commitment.
14. LEBINH TU Young Achievement Australia Prize for 1993.
15. FELICITY KELLY Fortian Commendation for Service.
16. ESME FISHER Fortian Commendation for Service.
17. BETH STEVENS Fortian Commendation for Service.
18. NATHAN ARCHIBALD Fortian Commendation for Service.

SPORT PRIZES

DANIEL CHAKAROVSKI The Johnson Memorial Prize for Senior Sportsman.

TARYN WOODS The Jan Stephenson Prize for Senior Sportswoman; The Prize for The Most Outstanding Girl in Swimming; The Sports Pit Prize for Outstanding Achievement in Any One Sport (waterpolo); C.H.S. Blue.

1993 YEAR 11

1. PATRICIA YAM The Lilian Whiteoak Prize for Dux; The Prize for 4-Unit Science; The Prize for Economics; Certificate for English and Mathematics (3-Unit).

YEAR 10

1. JOANNA CRAWFORD The Judge Renshaw Prize for Dux; The Major-General Fewtrell Prize for English and History; Certificates for English, Mathematics/Science and Commerce.

YEAR 9

1. DALYA KOCH The Fortian Prize for Dux; The Prize for Computer Studies; Certificates for English, Science and German.

YEAR 8

1. LISA WONG The Fortian Prize for Dux; The Dr William Gailey Prize for Proficiency in Science; The Prize for Mathematics; Certificates for History and Japanese.

YEAR 7

1. NATASHA FONG The Alma Hamilton Prize for Dux; The Class Prize for 70.

Archives report The Fortian Union

This year has, once again, seen Fortians remember their school as the archives once more acquired quite a selection of memorabilia. These included a 1923 Department of Education letter admitting Walter Madgwick to the Boys High School, a project of Jenolan Caves written by Joan Scott in c.1946, a copy of the Life History of Gladys Eileen Ranyard (nee Clifford) who entered the "school on the hill" in 1912.

The school also acquired the ABC video tapes concerning Flight Lieutenant R.H. Small who was shot down over Normandy during the D-Day Invasion of 6th June 1944. These particular videos helped to re-establish the links with a Fortian who participated in one of the great moments in History.

On Wednesday, 30th November 1994, Dr. Clarice Kennedy, Fortian 1924-29, proudly wearing her 1938 Commonwealth Games blazer, presented the school with her numerous medals and cups won during her brilliant athletics career in which she represented not only her school and State, but also Australia. Dr. Kennedy returned to her books at the age of 61 to study for her B.A. degree, went on to take her M.Sc.(Hons) at 74 and at the age of 83 her Ph.D., which she received from Michael Kirby, Fortian and Chancellor of Macquarie University. Truly a remarkable woman and an inspiration to all Fortians.

Once again I would like to express my thanks on behalf of the school to Mr. Ron Horan who continues on his untiring quest to ensure that the archives of Fort Street are brought up to date and that the treasured memorabilia are kept in good order.

T. Glebe

Throughout the year Mr. Warren Selle, President, convened meetings of a small band of tried and true Fortians. Peter Dixon, Secretary, conscientiously records the weighty deliberations concerning the welfare of the school and the ways and means of making current Fortians more aware of the very strong Union whose function it is to help them maintain their links with the school and the traditions of Fort Street High.

Already the Union's Committee Members are well down the track in developing ideas to celebrate the sesqui-centenary of the school in 1999 and George Jaksic's keen business sense and experience in the business world have proven to be invaluable in focussing the Committee's endeavours.

The Fortian Union's Annual Dinner was held once again at the Golden Gate Hotel, Sydney, on Friday 21st October, when over 200 guests arrived to celebrate their reunion. The members were increased substantially by the Girls of '64 to '69 celebrating their 25th year. The gathering was addressed by Val Stewart.

The Girls of '64 were brought together by the enormous efforts of Committee Member, Denise Hurst and friends.

Also, during the year, the centenary of the Old Boys' Union was celebrated in the school hall and Mr. Ron Horan produced a magnificent tribute to this wonderful organisation.

The Committee celebrated the year's activities with a quiet dinner at Leichhardt and its Members are eagerly looking forward to another great year in 1995.

T. Glebe - Head Teacher History



Mr. Glebe, Ms Kennedy
Mr Leonard, Mr Jaksic
Ms Horan, Mr Horan

How to write a report capturing the full significance, value and pleasure of the Department of Energy High School Honours (DOE-HSH) Program at Berkeley, San Francisco? It is not an easy task. Two weeks after arriving back in Australia it is still a blur of dreamlike memories, and I have to pinch myself to prove it wasn't just that: a fanciful dream. But most dreams don't get this good - two weeks working on the frontier of biological knowledge; coming out of a bleak winter into ever-pleasant San Francisco; lectures by leading scientists including a Nobel Laureate; and, of course, meeting young people with the same interests as myself from across the US and the world. I first came to know of the DOE programs from a student who attended the same program last year. On the motto that *you've got to be in it to win it*, I obtained an application from Sydney Uni and, after a large amount of research and last minute rush, submitted my entry, including essay, marks and references. Gaining one of the eight places was extremely pleasing, and having the choice of all the DOE-HSH programs, I immediately selected Berkeley as the area I was most interested in. Several months later, myself and Luke Eckersley, the other Australian who chose Berkeley, were on our way.

The structure of the program was two weeks of fairly intensive work in the field of genetics and microbiology, including lectures, extensive and advanced laboratory work, and field trips to scientific institutes around San Francisco. At night activities in the same field were organised.

The lectures were given at Laurence Berkeley Laboratories lecture theatre. They included a panel of three scientists to answer questions, Dr. Sylvia Spengler on the Human Genome Project and Dr. Jeff O'Neil from Calgene. These were educational. The other three lectures were, for me, something special. Dr. Marian Diamond was fascinating on the subject of the brain and how it changes physically as we age and learn. Dr. Mina Bissell enlightened us on the significance of intercellular relationships in cancer research and cell differentiation. Last, but BY NO MEANS least, came Dr. Glen Seaborg. The eighty-one year old Nobel Laureate was nothing short of inspirational on the development of the Periodic Table, with his wit, warmth and obvious passion for life, and science bridging what should have been a massive generation gap.

Seven afternoons of the camp were spent in the labs of the University of California, Berkeley. For Luke and myself, these were perhaps the best part of the entire camp. The level of equipment and knowledge available far surpassed anything available in Australian schools. Performing actual experiments with DNA - restricting, cutting and rearranging - increased my enthusiasm for the field a great deal. Theory is no substitute for hands-on experience. The labs were well taught, relevant and challenging. We

were also given the opportunity to perform our own experiment at the end of the two weeks; something never possible in schools. During the evening, other activities were undertaken. These included a team-work promoting problem to be solved, the DNA conference, in which the 69 students were split into six factions (eg industry, environment), and each had to present the situation in genetics through the eyes of that faction. This promoted team work and healthy debate. Recombinant paper plasmids was a good way of physically representing the recombination of DNA in an easy to understand manner.

Although this might seem like a lot of time spent sitting in laboratories, lecture theatres, or group work, in reality plenty of time was spent on field trips. California Academy of Science and its amazing planetarium, dinosaurs and marine life; the San Francisco Exploratorium's hands-on science; Chiron Industries commercial genetics and Drakes Beach with its earthquake effected "white cliffs of Dover" all were worthwhile and educational activities.

The field trips were also good because they gave us foreigners a chance to play the awed tourists. Extra was given over to seeing a few of the sights. We also managed to see Pier 39 and China Town (courtesy of a late plane trip to LA). Actually, it wasn't necessary to go to any particular places to feel like a tourist. The culture shock was much more pronounced than I expected, with different accents, food and driving laws providing a valuable learning experience. The most valuable cultural experience, however, was undoubtedly the people.

When talking of the people, we must not forget the counsellors and high school teachers from across the USA who give up time in summer for these programs. They act as parents to 69 big kids, and I was as sorry to leave them as I was to leave the program. What I really was sad about, however, was leaving the new found friends from across the globe. Out of the 69 students on the HSH program, there were two Aussies, two French, two Japanese, a Scot, German, Mexican, and five Puerta Ricans, not to mention 55 Americans including at least one from each state. Apart from Dr. Seaborg and the labs, the other students on the program were the best part of the camp. It is amazing that people from across the globe can be so similar. In two weeks of living in a close-knit community, I, and everyone, developed close friendships. These friendships, of future scientists from around the world, are essential to the positive future of science. A network of contacts - through university, into research - these friendships built in so short a time and yet so strong, will help carry the world genetics further than ever possible while each country worked separately, in competition. Perhaps these friendships can carry the hope of a brighter future for our planet.

PATRICIA YAM VISITS UC
BERKELEY CALIFORNIA TERM 3 1994

Debating 1994

Another eventful year for Fort Street Debaters. This year the school, once again entered teams in the Commonwealth Bank Junior (Ben Spies-Butcher, Andrew Scott, Anna Clarke, Katrina Morris and Simon Rowe - Year 10) Karl Cramp (Josh Szepts, Eleanor Hobley, Chris Makris and Craig Foley) and Hume-Barbour / E.S.U. (Alice Dallow, Claire Dawson, Anna Lunnsmann, Tim Chan) debating competitions.

Both our Year 10 and Year 11 teams won their respective zone competitions. Especial thanks to Mr K. Ambler for coaching our Year 11 team to success this year.

Fort Street was also involved in the Plain English Speaking public speaking competition, held at St Andrew's Cathedral School this year. Josh Szepts and Eleanor Hobley, both from year 11 each delivered a prepared speech of ten minutes in duration on a current affairs issue drawn from the pages of the Sydney Morning Herald, the main sponsor of the competition. Having survived this experience they were then subjected to a three minute impromptu speech. Both Josh and Eleanor are to be commended for their performances.

Following in the footsteps of Felix Ho and Eleanor Hobley, Ben Spies-Butcher was chosen as a member of the Year 10 Metropolitan East Debating Team which competed in the State finals, held at Nambucca Heads this year. Congratulations Ben!

Finally a special mention concerning the Year 8 Fortians (Claudine Lyons, Clare Britton, Cameron Maxwell and Jim Kalotheros) who competed in the Janene Best Memorial Cup at Hurlstone Agriculture High School. The team spent nearly two weeks in intensive preparation of three topics for the day and although they won their first round were knocked out in the second. Despite this, their performance was excellent and promises great things for their future.

M. Hosking



Josh Szepts Chris Makris
Craig Foley Eleanor Hobley



Lachlan Delaney Year 7 Painting



Mr Jurd, Kate Van Stavaren, Mr Ambler



Sharon Walder, Melissa Jackson, Sacha Stelzer

Year 12 Report

After looking after Year 12 for six years from 1989-1994, I must admit to feelings of nostalgia as I write this report. Year 12 were the first of the "new" Fortians as they came to the school after boundary restrictions and sibling rights were abolished; 180 arrived on that first day, 43 were to leave for various reasons over the years, and 187 sat for their HSC in November this year.

My association with them has been tiring, exciting, frustrating, but ultimately happy and rewarding. I can truly say that I knew each and every one of them and really grew to enjoy their company as they came into my staffroom so often. I was proud of their academic achievements but I was also proud of their growth as individuals. They embodied all of the values that Fort Street stands for, especially that of the individual within the wider community.

I have also come to know many of their parents over the years and it was wonderful to combine together to hold the first Fort Street Graduation Ceremony, such an unqualified success and enjoyable evening.

Their HSC results are bound to be fantastic and I feel confident that they will join the ranks of truly memorable Year 12 groups. Goodbye and Good Luck Year 12.

Lyn Trevini

Year 12 Student Adviser



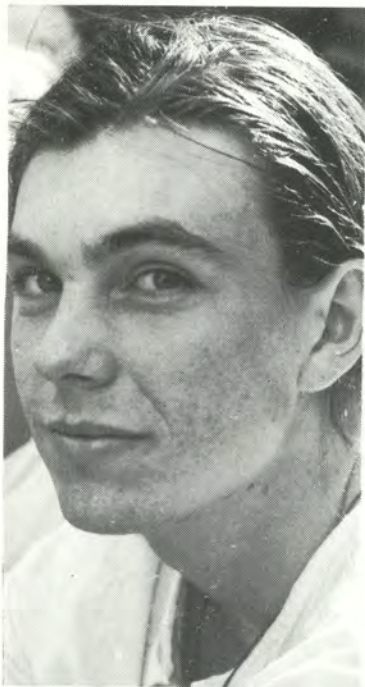
Simon Fitzpatrick, Leighton Aurelius, David Aurelius



Tai Phan, Elwin Lian, Ben Russell, Hai Khuat, Teresa Tam, David Tchou, Jason Lee



Most of the Year 12 4 Unit Science Class



Michael Wilkinson



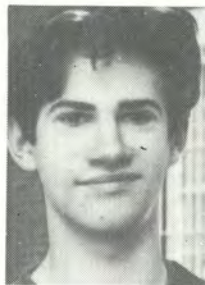
Magnolia Sutcliffe, Simone Solomon, Lynda Body, Claire Dawson



Emma Finnerty, Emily Christian, Simon Fitzpatrick, Catherine Pruscino, Lynda Reid



Richard Banh



Alex Outhred



Jennifer Alker, Emma Finnerty, Cathy Jones, Sally Buckingham, Louise Ciciriello, Catherine Pruscino, Jessica Schuman



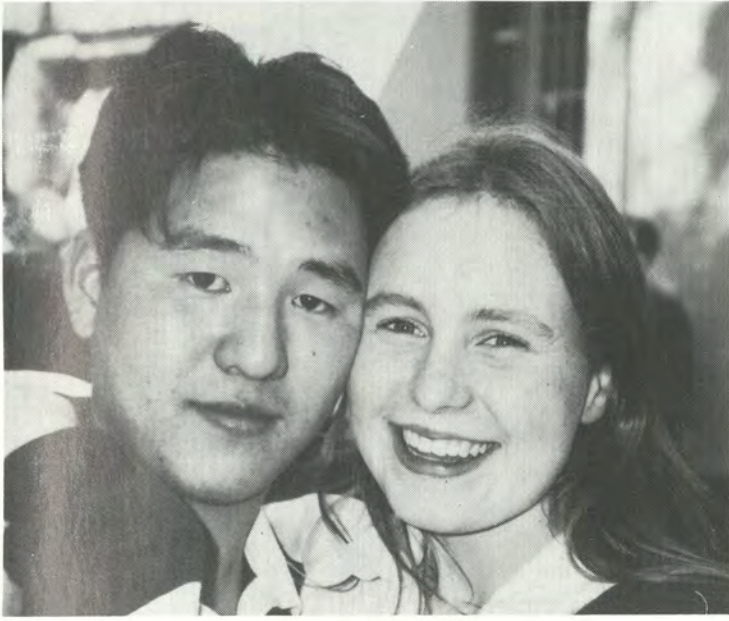
Faris Kirmani, Mosaddeque Hossain



Esme Fisher



My-Chan Do, Thao Huynh, Helen Yee, Hui Teh



Luke Lee, Alice Dallow



Katalin Grubits, Margo Slaven

Year 12



Tim Chapman, Ben Russell, Andrew Murray, Jeremy Green



Anna Rigg, Adam Brown



Catherine Chang, Simone Solomon



Anastasia Stathakis, Margarita Karamitros, Helen Karoutzos

Year 11



Jenny Van Dyke



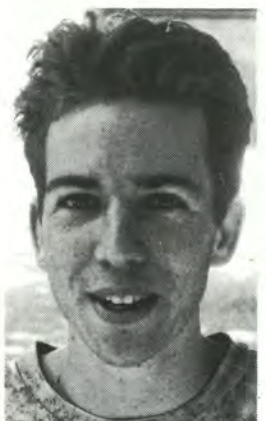
Andrew Hall



Lin Lin Lee



Shannon Early



Gabriel Hingley

Year 11 began 1994 confronted with two years of senior study and having the dubious honour of being the first group to study under the new Pathway guidelines. After having "carefully" chosen their senior courses late in Year 10, there were many who had a change of heart and came pleading for a "change in subject" form.

In time, everyone settled into their three terms of preliminary courses, faced with frequent "assessment" tasks and a final examination at the end of Term 3 - all to be satisfactorily completed to allow progression to HSC course work in Term 4. Of course, this progression presented the students with another round of subject choices - what 2-units to drop and what 3-units to take up. And again, after carefully choosing their courses, there was a number of changes of mind.

Term 4 presented the students, for the first time, with free periods on their timetables due to discontinued courses. This allowed the school to establish the Independent Learning Centre which enabled the students, under supervision, to begin 3-unit work. This centre, after some initial hurdles, has been a tremendous success and the supervising teachers have been most impressed with the behaviour, work effort and commitment of the students.

The year culminated in the PD Camp. Three days of recreation, socialising and, most importantly, personal development, at the Elanora Heights Conference Centre. Seminars and lectures were presented on AIDS, adolescent health and sexual issues, driver safety and responsibilities, and study skills.

The year has gone well for the majority of students with some outstanding academic, sporting, debating and musical performances. There are many students who deserve mention but congratulations must go to Anosha Yazdabadi who came first in the Year in both the Half-yearly and Yearly examinations, and also to Craig Ovenden and Toby Vidler who both won exchange scholarships to Germany for the Christmas holidays.

I have thoroughly enjoyed working with Year 11 as their Year Adviser. They are a wonderful group of young people who have developed from timid Year 7's to talented and responsible senior students. I wish them the greatest success for the rest of their HSC studies.

Warren Griffith - Year Adviser



Sharmilla Peres Da Costa
who won a Scholarship to Hong Kong



Samantha Allen



Laura Beale

Year 11



Alex Crosby Felicity Kelly Louise Mayne Alex McDonald



Joseph Dickinson



Melanie Tooher



Sophie Long

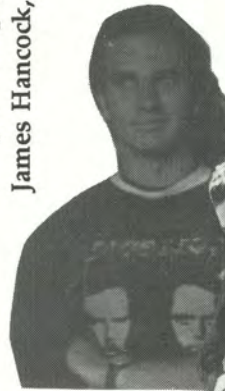


Mia Offord,
Amy Critchley



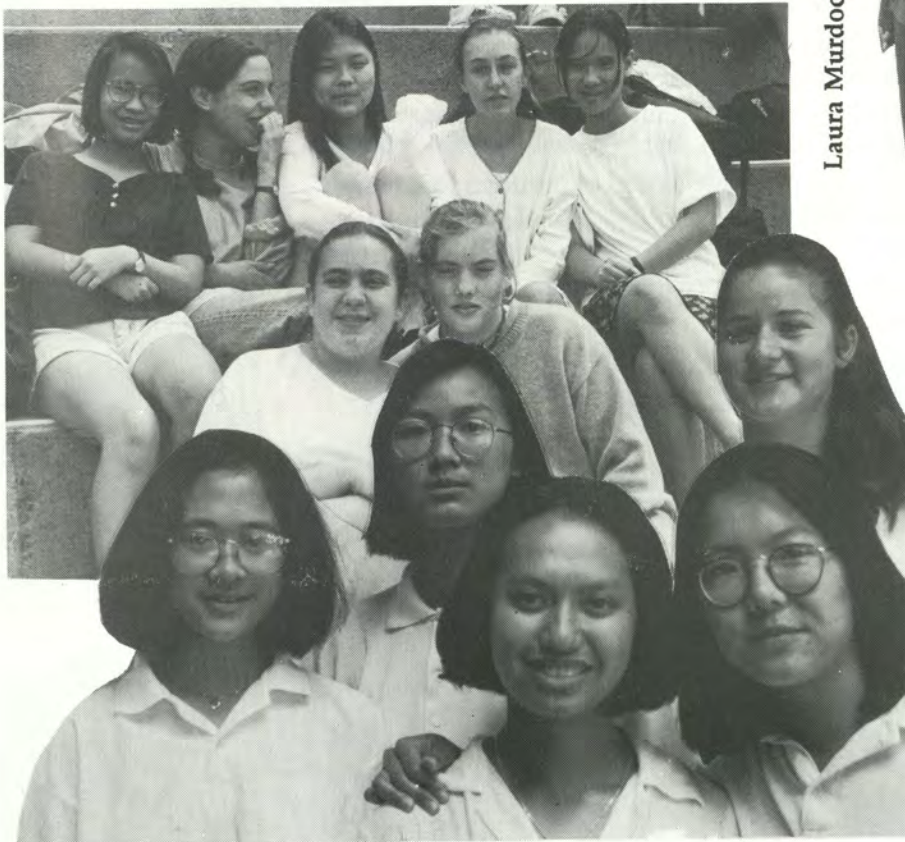
Stephen Quoy

Dougal Phillips,
James Hancock,



Phillip Mylecharane

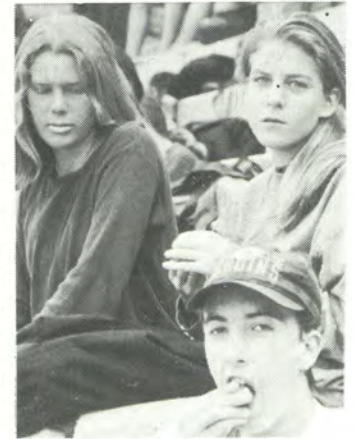
Melissa Mui Natalie Lammis Vicki Lee
Djcynta Holden Melinda Mui Annette Schneider Tammy Howe



Laura Murdoch



Tali Gill Kirsty Lowe



Daniel White

Joshua Pyke



Brenden Turner and Eifuku friend



Aileen de Pena Judy Liao Ai Linh Phu Jenny Ip Leonie Smallwood

Year 10

1994 has been a bumper year for Year 10. They are an incredibly talented group with great character and personality. The women in our group have excelled in many areas. Maria Kwiatowski's tennis achievements in Europe amazed us. Amy Chloran's diving was stupendous. Anna, Hanna, Thi and Jemima made the Herald for their writing. Hanna and Belinda walked against want. Our S.R.C. representatives were industrious but none more so than Rosie Malcolm who managed to mix a busy academic and sporting program with modelling hairstyles at Darling Harbour. Don't forget Dalya's picture in the paper taken when she was doing work experience in the Department of Agriculture at Sydney University. The boys were no less prominent. In sport Year 10 filled many positions in grade teams, notably rugby, but the indoor soccer win over the Year 12's was the most memorable. Down 0 - 5 they won 6 - 5 over the unfit old guys of Year 12. The team consisted of Ewan and Stewart McDonald, Sat Siva, Nathan McLachlan, Michael Correa, Tim Sinclair, Nathan Quinlan and Ben Day Roche.

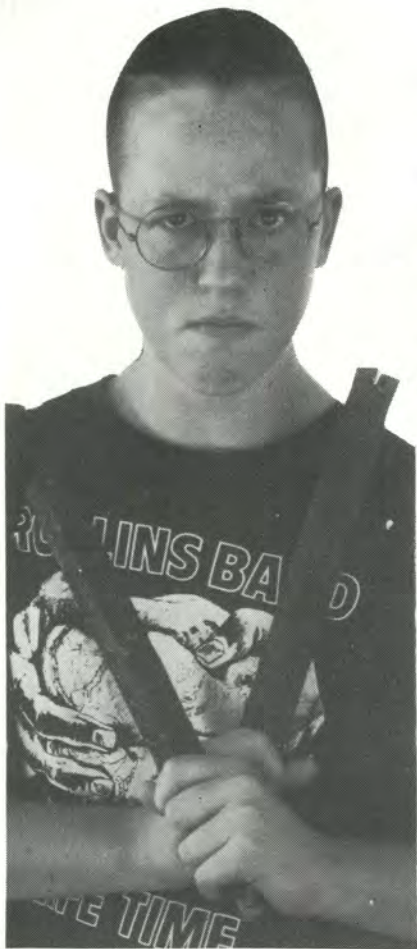
'Gasping' was a major performing arts success for which Year 10 received great acclaim. Many others were involved in Amnesty, Legacy, Girls Discussion and 40 hour famine.

The teachers who went to the Social Science Canberra Camp complimented us. I'm glad they took an extra teacher (named Thomas Scott) and is Lake Burley Griffin cold in winter? Ask Simon Allen. The terrific response to the Peer Support Camp was great. It is typical of our form that they give their time and energy to helping others.

My thanks go to the Formal committee for their tireless work organising The Social event of the Year on the Harbour. The pictures looked great. Just one request "Please can I go next time?" Thanks.

Tim Jurd Year 10 Coordinator.

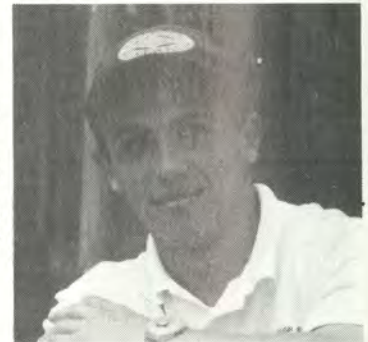
Georgina Braham Leah Williams Emma Quine



Michael Solomon



Belinda Tooher



Tanya Lau



Amy Baxter



Rosie Malcolm



Year 10

Millicent Chu



Kate Edwards, Hanna Torsch Amy Lawson, Rosie Malcolm



Pooja Chowdhary

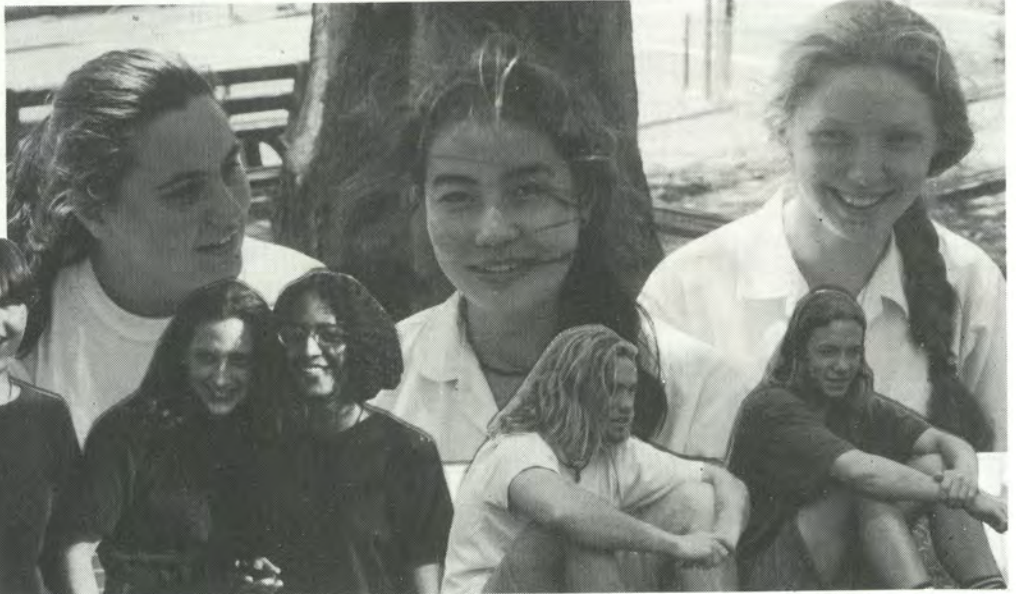


Haely Cho, Mingshan Sim



Mary Kirkness, Michelle Bland

Kate Doutney, Anna Choy, Katrina Morris



Ben Day-Roche
Nathan Quinlan

Fleur Beaupert, Alex Schlensky, Jemima Mowbray

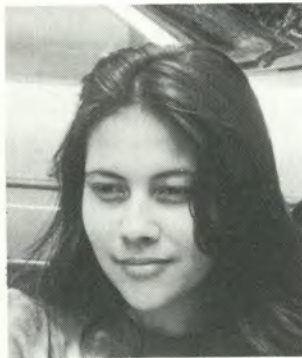
Tom Scott

Fred Lunsmann

Katie Goodwin



Sue Jun



Bernadette Hehea



Dalja Koch

Wen Choi



Rebecca Wu Shani Mandal

Mary Kim

Swati Johri



Year 9 Report

This year, Year 9 were privileged enough to go to Vidiot. Sarah, Alex and Gareth were the contestants. Sarah came out victorious, winning in the end, but of course, Alex and Gareth did not embarrass themselves in the least!

Another highlight of our year was the Maths is Fun Day at Australia's Wonderland. Some of the braver (or stupider) people went on the Demon, while the others opted for tamer rides such as Boo Boo's Balloons.

Mr. Grecki's French classes were overjoyed at the prospect of finally having an out of school excursion, our first one ever! Mr. Grecki was kind/crazy enough to take us all out to a French restaurant. Needless to say, we enjoyed ourselves immensely, if not for the food, then for the gossip.

The Geography students showed their adventurous side whilst on the camp to the Snowy Mountains, where they put on their hiking boots and climbed Mt. Kosciusko. They came back looking slightly worse for wear!

Year 9 History went on a most exciting excursion to the National Maritime Museum where we visited an exhibition of the Mary Rose, one of Henry VIII's ships that got away (i.e. it sunk).

I am sure all Year 9 students are really looking forward to our School Certificate next year! All that extra work, joy, oh joy! Oh well, at least we have our Formal to look forward to.

Nicolle Lane & Kate Matarese - Year 9



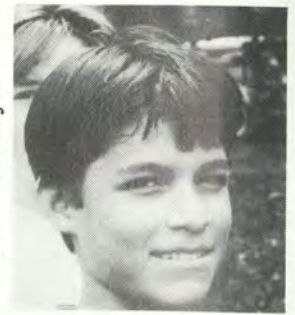
Tessa Boer Ma Sarah Lyford



Heidi Wendon



Daniel Montoya



Patrick Stanton



Mayet Costello



year 9 basketball
Erin Dickson, Katie Bird,
Billy Jean Sia,
Holly Fisher,
Nicola Patterson,
Vythehi Elango
Lucy Quinn,
Brooke Harrison,
Tessa Boer Ma



Brooke Harrison, Lucy Quinn,
Lucy Buchanan



Fiona Parsons, Zoe Pyke, Sarah Tran



Vythehi Elango ,Alicia Koh,

Arani Chandraparan

Year 9



Beth Steven



Emma Keogh, Kate Michie



yr 9 volleyball
James Russell Wills, Joshua Hey-Cunningham,
Chris Hayward,
Minh Ngo, Long Nguyen, Peter Stewart,
Dale Leong, Frank Sainsbury

Arani Chandraparan, Alicia Koh,
Juliette Ra, Shiyo Hayashi,
Monica Ng, Lisa Wong, Suzanne Vo

Year 8



Vanessa Owens



Kit Morrell



Daniel Tan



Jenny Thai

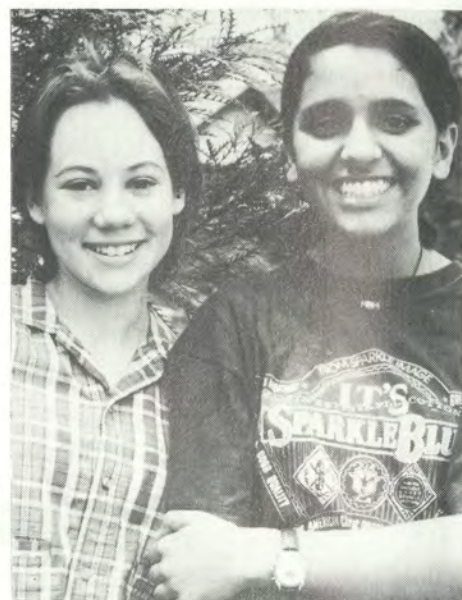
Tania Lambert
Suzanne Kim
Tennile Noach



Shirley Tran



Nick Prohovnick

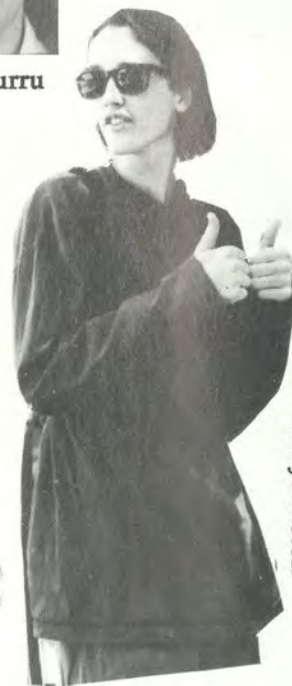


Tiffany Malins

Binny Batra



Renata Murru



Kit Johnston

Year 8 had a relatively incident-free year, most students finally settling into the hectic pace of a selective high school. Some, however, are still finding it difficult to come to terms with the importance of home study and self-motivation.

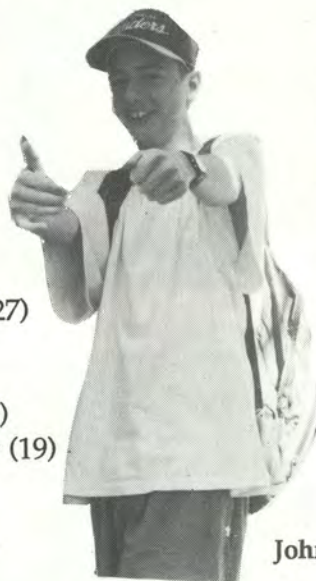
The most important event of Year 8 was the choice of electives for 1995. The introduction of a third elective opened up the curriculum, allowing students the opportunity to pursue additional interests. The breakdown of elective choices is as follows:

Compulsory Element:

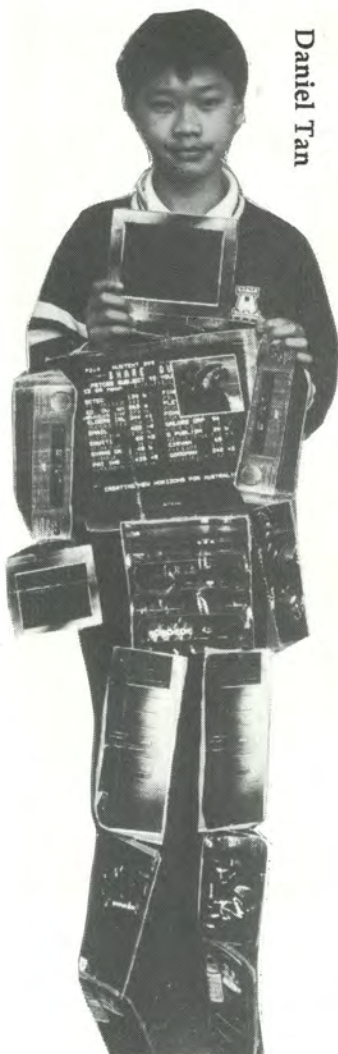
History (111)
Geography (66)

Electives:

Commerce (85)
Visual Arts (68)
Computers (59)
French (33)
German (29)
Wood Technics (27)
Japanese (26)
Electronics (24)
Asian Studies (23)
Food Technology (19)
Music (17)
Latin (9)



John Murray





Jenny Parkes



Jasmine Stark



Naomi De Costa



Jenny Gittins



Clio Gates-foale

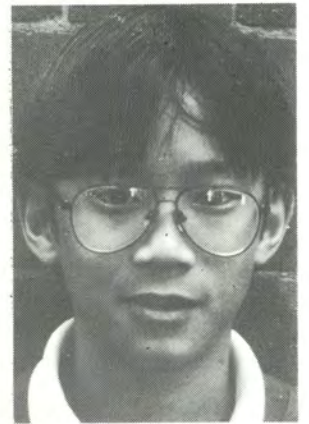


David Wall

James Findlay



Andrew Cram



Brian Bahari



Claire Britton



Georgina Davidson



Thea Greenwood



Anna Valpiani



Pricilla Wong

Kate Toupein



Katrina Goh



Ernest Chan

Alex Ustaszewski
Chris Stabback

Krish Mandal
Peter Verzi



Year 8



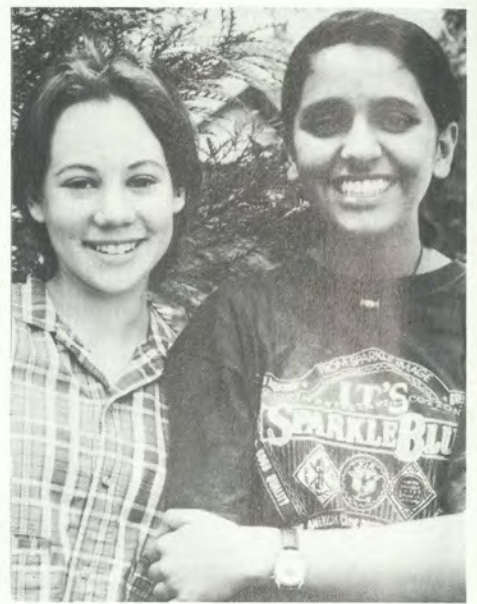
Vanessa Owens



Shirley Tran



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Kit Morrell

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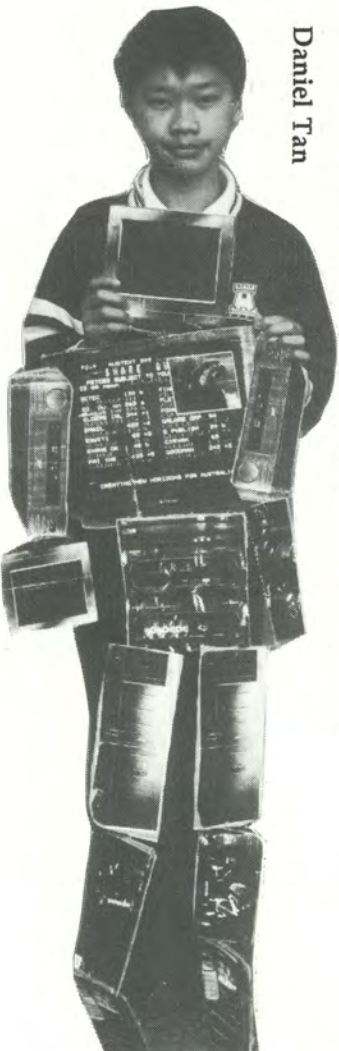
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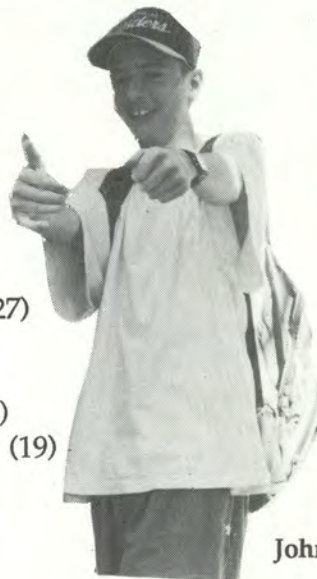
Renata Murru



Daniel Tan



Kit Johnston



John Murray



Jenny Thai

- Tania Lambert
- Suzanne Kim
- Tennile Noach





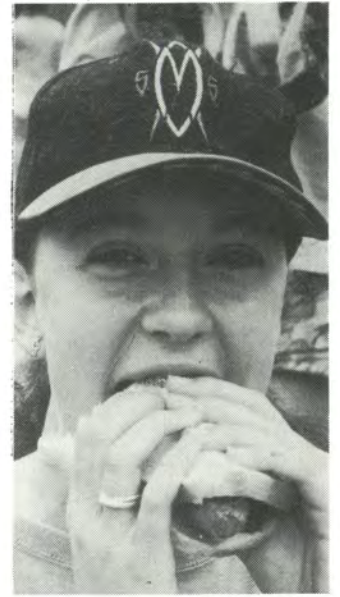
Jenny Parkes



Jasmine Stark



Naomi De Costa



Jenny Gittins



Clio Gates-foale

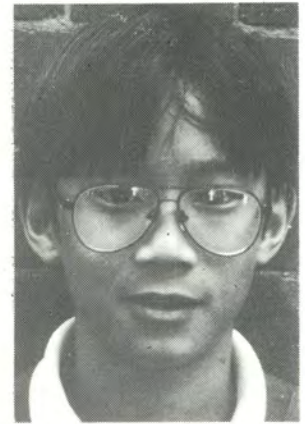


David Wall

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Georgina Davidson



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Pricilla Wong

Kate Toupein



Katrina Goh



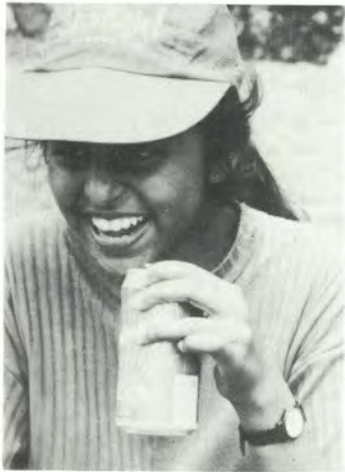
Ernest Chan

Alex Ustaszewski
Chris Stabback

Krish Mandal
Peter Verzi



Year 7



Thurka Kuhan



Alex Hill Peter Hartley

Year 7's first year at Fort Street High School rapidly draws to an end.

Year 7 can be a year full of traumas and problems as students move from primary school to high school. Old friends left behind, new friends to be made, new subjects, and new teachers. Yet, for most of Year 7, their first year at Fort Street has been relatively free of problems and most have made the transition to high school very well.

It has been an interesting year watching the students settle in and start to develop into Fortians.

Undoubtedly the high point for any Year 7 student is the Year 7 Camp, and this year was no exception. We all spent three fun-filled days in the delightful Blue Mountains. No one got lost on the bushwalks. Each meal was an exotic delight.

I hope you all have a good holiday and I'll see you ready to work towards a 1995 that is even better than your 1994.

Glenn Tippett - Year 7 Adviser



Sophie Richards



Alice Mah



**Dylan Reiseger Leigh Lovey-Gung
Danny Ford Adrian Thomas**



Zoe Rodwell Amanda Nurse Nana Frishling



Dianne Beatty Suzanne Cartwright Santhi Chalasani Nancy Chan

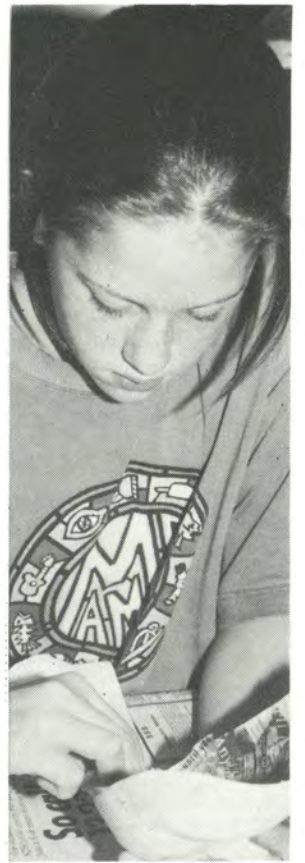


Rachel Stein-Holmes, Effie Klippan,

Caroline Malcolm, Nicole Talmacs



Stewart Minhinnett



Nicole Balsarini



Stephen Clyne yr 7 lineo cut



Kate Van Dyke, Lilly Fang



Minh Phan



Anna Kim

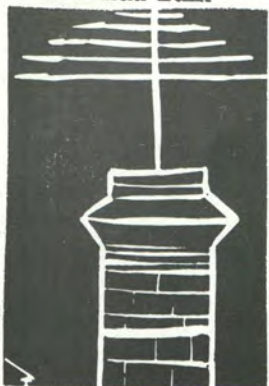
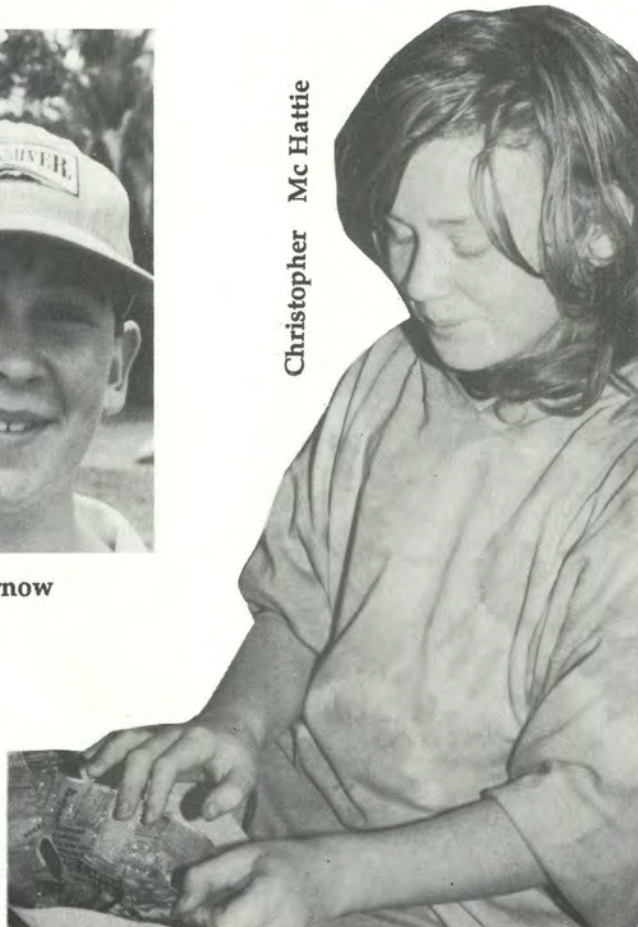


Belinda Lum

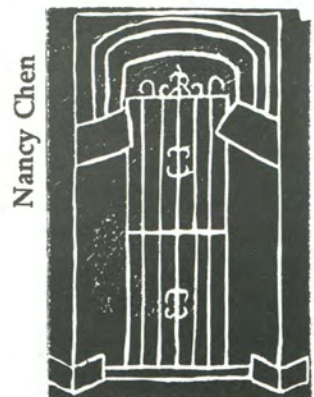


Nick Curnow

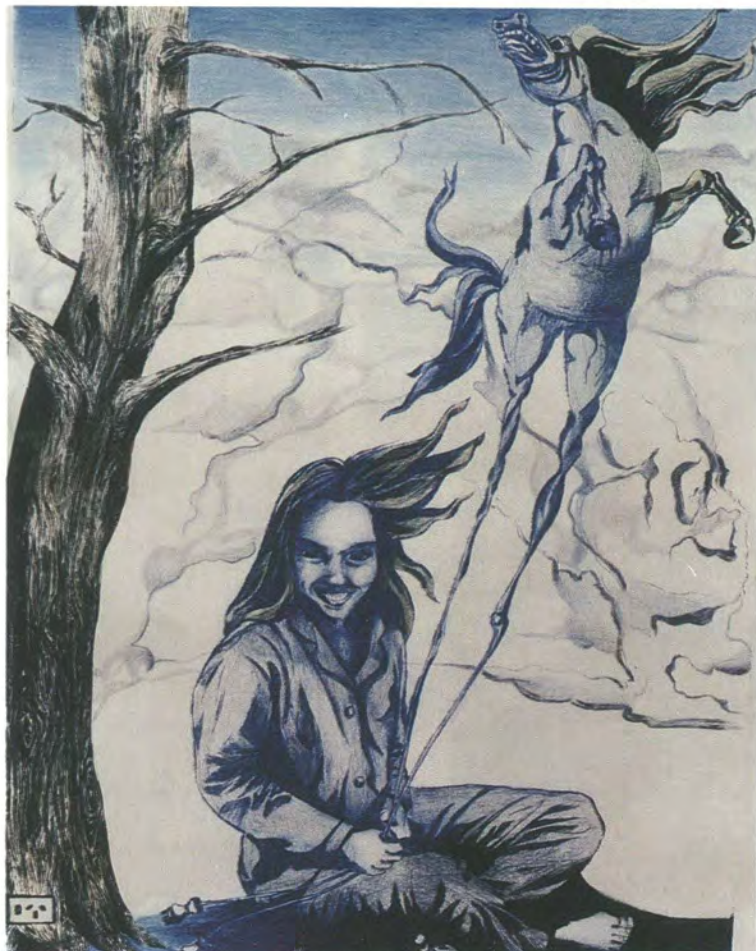
Christopher Mc Hattie



Lynn Dang yr 7 lineo cut



Nancy Chen

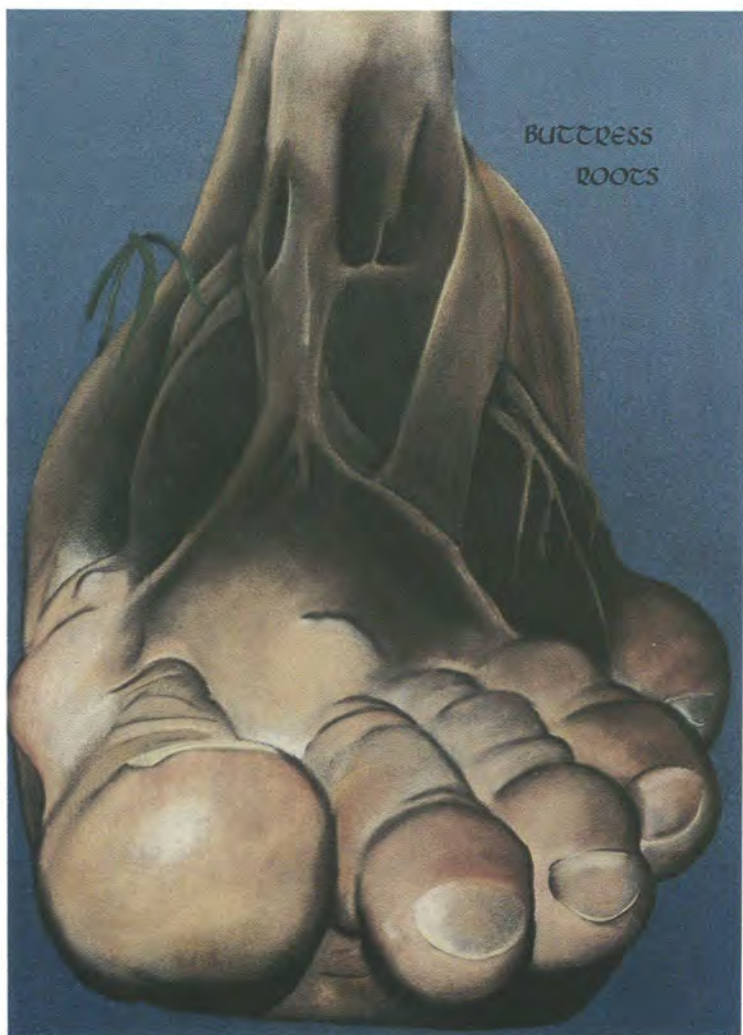


Ali Crosby Yr 11 - Etching

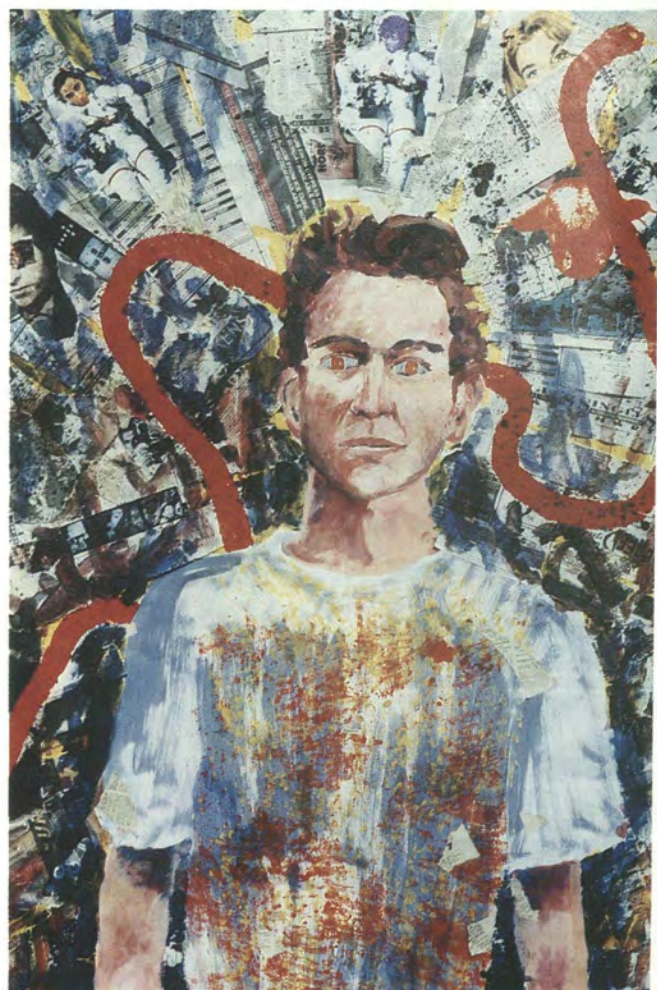


Sally Buckingham Yr 12 - Mixed Media

Hui Teh Yr 12 - Drawing



Gabriel Hingley Yr 11 - Mixed Media





Steven Quoy Yr 11 - Etching



Bok-kyung Yoon Yr 12 - Mixed Media



Aletha McHalick Yr 10

Kelly Ngai - The *Sydney Morning Herald's* Young Writer of the Year

THE SUMMONING

Rick hated waiting and he did it badly. I, with closed eyes on the couch, tried to ignore him. But with the slap of arctic air ushered in with his friends, I evicted any naive hopes of sleep. He had refrained from mentioning to his now dining parents and myself that friends were invading tonight. I sighed and sat up. Two of the boys greeted me but, in a bad mood, I stalked out to the back porch, hoping they'd do something quiet rather than be themselves.

Hoped in vain. It took less time than last time to open their bottles and light their cigarettes. The six of them wallowed in the wolf-packish invincibility of youth. "My dad caught me smoking last night."

"Mad?"

"Yeah, but, you know."

"Will your parents smell the smoke, man?"

"Nope." Rick looked like the caterpillar in *Alice in Wonderland*. "They'll think it's their own. Mum'll blame Dad, Dad'll reciprocate - "

"Oooh, that's a very long word boys and girls. Did we write that one down?"

"You can write now, Webb" I told you hands were capable of more than ... one thing." They chuckled, feeling coarse banter to be the prerogative of teenage boys. The jokes became cruder with more hooting in between, until finally they all pounded the table, laughing at nothing.

No prize for predicting the course of the night. Rick would extract his dope with deliberate casualness, the cue for them to troop outside. A small fire would be lit, and six boys flying higher than helium-winged angels would sing together like boy scouts whose image they shied away from.

From the porch, I was an ignored chaperone. The air was so crisp it might have shattered on contact with boiling water. So, they lit a fire. Years ago, the same scene might have been played out just here. Youths performing some ancient rite of manhood, perhaps. The hiccupping fire-glow. Lightened, shadowed faces. Winter's wind played their hair like

thousands of marionette strings. But there was something in that darkness, that night. It pressed down on us. Something which stopped them from warbling until sober, they swapped ghost stories instead. I, being what I am, pay these stories more respect than they realise. But tonight, they were genuinely trying to scare each other.

Peter brought it all close to home with "My sister and her friends talked to a ghost once." Webb threw a bottle at him. "No man, I swear, sometimes I believe all that ouija board stuff. Ever seen *The First Power?* *Candyman?*"

"Leave skid marks on your shorts, Pete?"

"Never by a movie."

"I've heard too much stuff for it to be all crap." Peter smiled tightly. "It's not just a scientist's world." Webb whistled the *Twilight Zone* theme music. But I felt my hair rising, and sensed the boys become entangled in the drama of the supernatural. Something pressed closer.

"My mum always told me never to get mixed up in that stuff," said Rick. "I'd just get unlucky and call in a demon."

"Yeah, well your mum watches too many movies." Jack's comment was almost a challenge. And Rick accepted it.

"Yeah."

The wind dropped. Some presence hovered over the boys.

"Belief is the strongest thing in the world." said Gary. They stared at him. This was not their imagine-if-we-pissed-in-the-holy-water Gary.

"Like with vampires, it's not the cross that scares them. It's the belief you channel through it."

"Where'd you hear this, Gary?" asked Amos.

"I can't remember."

"So what's your point?" A pause. And in all their minds breathed a whisper. Do it. *Believe...*

"You saying we could believe a ghost down? Is that it?" Webb was always the pusher. Then, a caress each one thought was imagined. *Believe...*

"Maybe..."

As an outsider, but more with an animal's sense,

I knew it wasn't just chemicals influencing them. Something had stopped the wind and kept me still in apprehension. *Don't talk. Just believe...*

They switched their gaze to the flames. Fire crackle retreated, the silence was thick. It throbbed with their breaths, it was all they heard. Do you *believe*? No one said yes. No one said anything. *Call me. Believe in me...*

Craving the fire's warmth, they shuffled closer. Rick grabbed a bottle but his weight, or something else, cracked it. Blood pooled at the gash. Hypnotised by its beauty, Rick raised his hand to show the others. And the world slowed as we watched a single scarlet drop splash into the fire. A line had been crossed. Yes...

Only I saw night shadows pool into the fire. And take shape. *Believe, my sons. I am coming.* It was no ghost. It was a god. *Call me...* Tall, beautiful, invisible to the boys. But they felt his presence. Long hair, volatile like the flames at his feet, appearing, vanishing. With feline sharpness I saw he was not made in the image of these boys. No navel, for he was not born of a mother. Naked, he stretched. Graceful, fluid. A god of virile youths, of blood, of belief. Turning to me, he smiled. Black teeth of a black god. Evil. Alive. He beckoned me and I hissed, breaking the silence. Amos pulled his eyes from the fire to look at me.

"Rick, your cat, man." I crouched. Bristled fur, flexed claws.

Come here, little one...

I hissed again, but shivered.

"Your cat knows something."

Hush... believe...

"We all do."

Summon me...

"Don't you feel it?"

Believe...

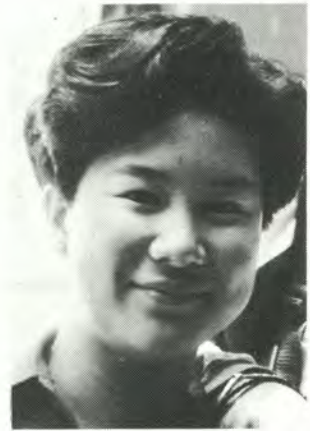
"What're we doing?"

I shrieked and leapt from the porch, jumped the fence and ran. I heard a scream. His voice. Was it triumph upon entrance? On it went. Defeat of lost belief? I prayed so. I prayed the boys were safe, I was not returning. Jumping down a curb, smelling for anything familiar, I

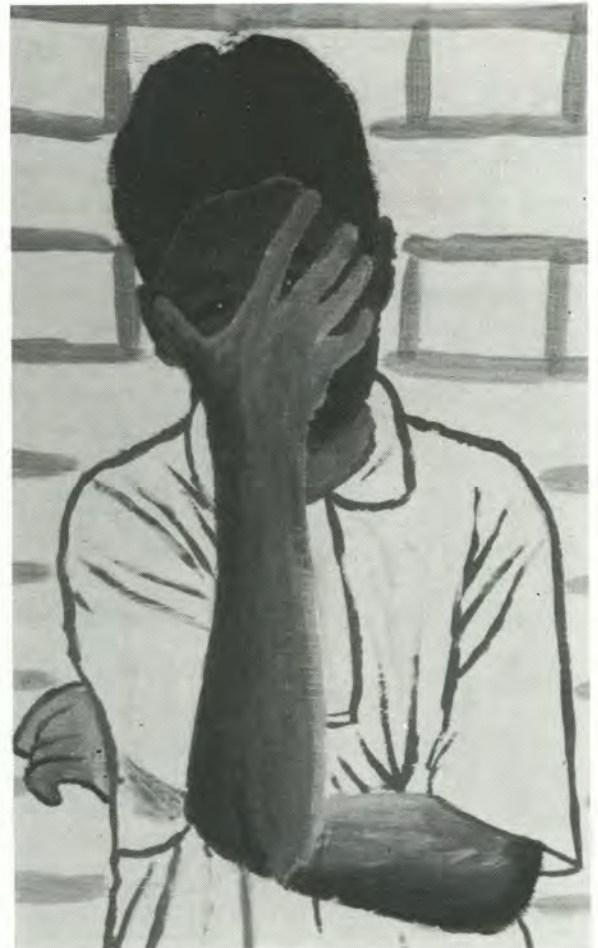
relaxed a little. His scream had ceased. I felt a breeze. Then... I heard. A laugh, a maniacal laugh that shrieked over the blaring horn of the car, somehow guiding the bright, white lights which met me.

Yes...

Kelly Ngai



Kelly Ngai



painting

Paul Saciri Yr 8

White Nights

Once upon a time it was a dark and stormy night. A group of fools were restless, so they donned their home-made gowns and hats and went looking for fun. They found it, on the edge of town. Hidden smiles. Carrying torches, they made a stately procession up Keller Street. What can we hear? The crunch of gravel, the air sizzling with animosity, and the interest of a hooded figure holding a scythe.

The girl who worked for the Byrnes stopped her three young children. What can we hear? The drop of a pin. What do we see? The whites of the children's eyes, so very white with reflected torchlight dancing on their surfaces. The Byrnes' girl stopped breathing as she focussed on the leader of the pack pointing a finger at her. He said "We just want to talk to that boy there." With shameful relief, she realised it was the young man behind her whom they wanted. That finger pointed at him like Death's own, promising more than the skeletal one might have. What can he do? He ran.

He beat them to the woods. The shouts behind him were taunting but he remained speechless. All he heard was the pounding of his bare, brown feet and the blood rocketing through his ears. Stretch those legs, work them. What can we see? Breath like smoke on the chill of woods. He didn't feel the temperature. Sweat still rose to his skin, pearly and trickled into his eyes, onto his tongue. He can taste it. Taste the salt, my boy. Taste the fear.

His feet were cut, but he tried not to feel them. He had to make it to the road. What does he remember? Long ago soft, safe, summer days ... defiance, so easy when you're fishing ... meandering ... such brave thoughts ...

He tripped. Scrabbling to his feet he looked back only once at the torches. Devils in angels' clothing. He wondered why they didn't tire and tried to keep the same condition in his own adrenalin-pumped body. The road, there it was. He emerged from the bushes to be met by the bright, flaring eyes of a dragon. The devils inside, dressed like ghosts, wound down the windows to shout questions for which he had no answer. Oh Lord, he had to head back into the woods. What can we hear? Car doors slamming, running, chasing, the quick brown fox ran from the crazy dogs.

Breath was ragged and stung his throat, tore his lungs. His leg muscles were so tightly knotted that if he stopped in this cold, unfriendly darkness they would set like stone. Run, duck, keep moving. Shouts to the left, like a moth he headed right. His eyelids were peeled back, as were his lips, exposing the porcelain-white teeth to the night. Fear, his now strange, loyal companion. Fear, let us not be afraid,

help us be strong. Oh God, protect Momma and the boys. Run, damn you, run. Don't let them take you. Won't do Momma no good to get strung up like some worthless chicken thief. Don't want to get lynched. Oh Lord, help me.

A tree root, in cruel jest, reached up to catch his ankle and he went sprawling, cutting himself and moaning. A warm wetness spread through his light trousers. Squeezing the sweat from his eyes, he hauled himself up to run again. You can feel the fear. Touch it. Tears mingled with blood on muddy cheeks, traced tracks, and he'd never been so alive. What does he feel? A cramp in his left side, the exquisite turning of a dull, muffled knife. They were breathing down his back, an ignorant, volcanic wind. Can you see them? They were everywhere like the fog. Wraiths, weaving through the shadows, weaving the shadows. They were coming. God, end this. Burning lungs. Harsh, sweet breath. Can you feel it? Dear Jesus, they were coming. Help me Father, they're coming. Help me Father, let me go.

Whiteness stepped out from behind a tree and swung - a metre long ash slugger into his gut.

He'd heard that the bat had been signed by ... that bat was not a friend - any more.

The air whooshed out of him, left nothing to cry out with.

They spoke to him - and - the pain shot up between his legs. If not for the rough hands holding him he would have - collapsed.

A fist clutched his black hair and yanked back his head

Showed those fallen angels - coming.

The fire showed in their eyes, though they were no more than - soulless holes in white hoods. Sweet Jesus

No more tears ran. Can you sense his silence? He could make no - sound.

"Hey there," said the leader. Recognise him? Judge Bridges' son.

"Why'd you run? We just want to settle something and then - play. You like to play? Let's have some fun with our little - nigger."

He didn't open his eyes any more. Fear decided to let him rest. And he saw the Lord coming to fetch him.

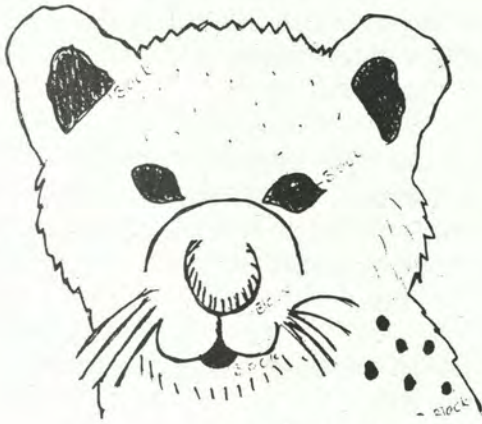
It was a dark and stormy morning. Slate-grey, moody clouds from here to nowhere. Can you see that big tree just off the Howe farm? You can. Hear those ancient, creaking boughs. Touch the bare, brown feet. Smell the violence. Taste sadness. Know Death. Feel ... pity. The boy's body swung there.

Happily ever after.

HIS LIFE (NOT THEIRS)

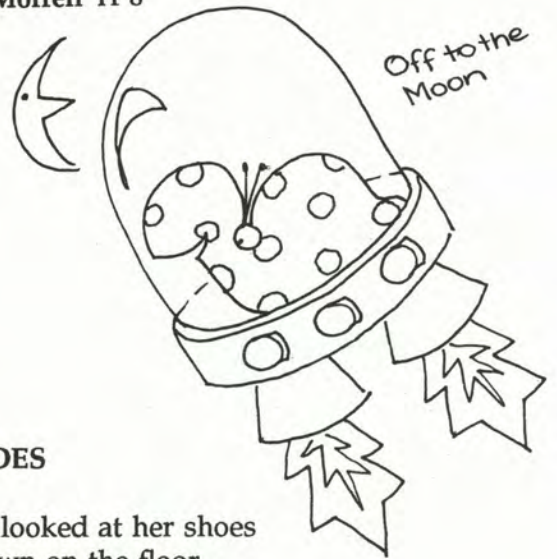
They said he was too young to leave
But I knew it wasn't true
They said he made no fulfillment
But who were they to judge?
They told him he was wasting time
That he would not succeed
But he worked on,
He was determined,
He never gave up
He left with happiness in his heart
And regardless of what they believe
I know, he lived his life.

Yada Treesukosol - Year 10



Patricia Quach Yr 7

Kit Morrell Yr 8



SHOES

She looked at her shoes
Strewn on the floor
And suddenly filled with fear,
For they stared up at her
With their gaping wide mouths
Setting her mind into gear.

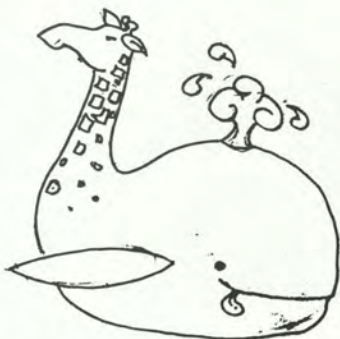
What if her shoes
Were not really that
But angels of gory death?
If she put her feet
Inside their mouths
She would feel their evil breath.

So right then she vowed
With her hand on her heart
Never to wear shoes again
But then she thought
Of the cold ground outside
And thought "Stuff it, I'll cope with the pain."

Kate Doutney - Year 10

Jonathon Ehsari Yr 10

drawing



Kit Morrell Yr 8

TWO WEEKS WITH THE QUEEN

I love the scent of Hospitals,
The antiseptic smell,
But beware of Colin Mudford
Or your life'll turn to hell.

He's visiting his brother,
By the name of Luke,
Who's been rushed in cause of illness
And he's just about to puke.

So Colin's off to England,
His parents forced him there.
He's staying with his cousin,
Who has dandruff in his hair.

Colin picked the lock did he,
Off to see the Queen,
To borrow her best doctor,
But she could not be seen.

So Colin sought a doctor,
The best that he could find,
But a chance to save his brother Luke
Was bitterly denied.

Whilst Colin Mudford's crying,
A person comes along.
He asks him what is on his mind,
He asks him what is wrong.

They introduced each other,
The person's name is Ted.
His lover Griff has got A.I.D.S.
And is gonna soon be dead.

Ted and Griff became his friends,
Visiting each other,
But Colin had another thought,
A thought about his brother.

Colin tries to run away,
His brother's life in doubt,
And when his cousin Al hears this
He totally freaks out!

Back to Sydney Colin went,
Having overcome his thoughts.
"You're crazy, you're a lunatic!"
His cousin Al retorts.

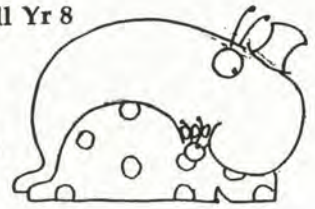
So Colin's life returns to norm,
His family life restored.
Except for his poor brother Luke,
Who's lying in the ward.

**Lachlan Delaney, Chris Ong,
Alex Hill.**



Tim Chapman Yr 12 etching

Caprice - A Tale of Two Cats



There's a new cat next door... I suppose I should go and say hello... He's young... Young cats always interest me... Don't know why... I was young once myself. Geeze, it's a long time ago now, '76 I was born, which makes me... Shucks, 18. Yuck, I'm getting old... The old brain doesn't work as it used to and my ticker's a bit funny... Still, no matter, every dog has its day, Yeah, I've had my fun.

11/11/94

Arrived a couple of days ago; flat chat. Nice house, garden. Have not met neighbours, well one, but that doesn't count. He's a dog. He didn't tell me much of use, only that my other neighbour's a cat and that we should have a lot to talk about. Haven't seen him though, I guess he's inside. What's he like? I want to know.

It's nice to see young neighbours again... I can sit for hours watching him play... Just like me I guess... Honestly, I should grow up... My legs are stiff nowadays, I prefer to sit rather than stand... What a change from my tender years... Seeing that young one charging after leaves... Ambushing them... Swatting down the red swirling clouds... Once I did that... It felt right to run... It is not right to not run with the others.

19/11/94

Autumn. It's wonderful to have big trees in my yard again. Oh, the battles one can have with leaves. Bliss comes with Autumn, it is a joy to race the yard. Up and down. Up and down I go, then stop to drink from the green water of the pond, then start again.

You should see the little man next door... Caprice is his name... When he drinks from the pond, his little pink nose turns the prettiest shade of green... He wrestled the hose yesterday... He got so tied up in it he had to mew for his human to come and get him out... That's when I heard his name... Caprice... Isn't it pretty.

23/11/94

A frog came to the pond today. He sat for a while and then went to get his girlfriend. When they returned, I had an urge to try frog and lunged for them. They took a leap (the biggest leap I ever saw) and flew through the air to the pond. I flew too. The pond was dark and

green and slushy but I caught those frogs, jolly good frogs they were too.

Caprice has a taste for frogs... Isn't that sweet?... I wonder if Caprice has tried goldfish... What a delicacy... Of course though, he must know how to catch them properly... I should show him... Grow up, you old fogey! Speak the truth. You're a basket case and shouldn't leave the house... Oh I am glad Caprice likes frogs.

24/11/94

More frogs! But who cares now, I'm into mice. Stalking mice is great fun and the leaves are great to hide behind. They rustle a bit though. I have only caught one mouse so far but who cares. It could have been one hundred.

Last night on the roof Caprice met a large rat... You should have heard him shriek... Then he contained himself and started to stalk it... But oh, what a miscalculation he made... When he pounced he flew straight off the roof... Mind you, the first time I stalked one... Oh, never mind about me.

27/11/94

The trees are almost bare now and the frogs are uncontrollable. They are flocking to the pond in droves. I have my work cut out for me keeping them at bay; I am in excellent physical condition but my coat has green tinges. Still, it is fun and, though I haven't told my human, I really don't need the dinner she provides... In fact, I have enough frogs for her dinner too! I will store the spares on the door mat and hope she gets the hint.

The cold seeps through my fur more and more as I grow older... So different from my tender years... Why! On a snowy winters day I could sit placidly on the birdbath waiting for all those cheeky tits for hours... Not get cold either... I might add... Still... Enough!... Little Caprice is growing more confident on the tall trees that have sprouted for decades in his yard... He has now got the confidence for a slow stalk of a bird on some of the broader branches... All those skills a cat has to develop and to think... I once had them all.

30/11/94

When my neighbour (the dog) left for his walk this morning, I decided that I would explore his yard. Once I was safely installed in there, a

paradise opened before me. A brand new hunting ground! I searched for my first prey but found nothing. Only beetles and flies. I guess that all animals have grown wary of the dog and moved to safer havens. Come to think of it, my garden is better in every way. To start with, it's mine, so no cheeky dog can come and chase me out of the flower beds and secondly, my human doesn't sweep up the leaves, so they too are great sources of entertainment. Still, if I ever get bored, there is the other garden, the one belonging to the cat who never comes out. What a spoil-sport. Why?

I rarely leave the house any more... What a crazy hunting ground it must be outside... I really should invite Caprice in to play there but no... I hold back... Don't ask me why... Then he'll know I've been spying and anyway... What would a sprightly young thing like he want to do with an old fogey who has nothing but memories from a time long gone.

3/12/94

Winter. I guess you could say it's official. Winter is another season of fun. It puts a totally different perspective on the word 'Game'. Games in winter include: chasing snowflakes, annoying birds looking for food, rolling in the snow, digging for mice, and climbing trees to glance over the foreign countryside, shining white carpet, fresh from the cleaners spanning the landscape. Still, no snow games yet. The snow is holding back.

Winter this year is different... It is bleak... I crouch by the heater but cannot get warm... The only thing that warms me is watching Caprice caper in his yard... I once did the same thing, wading through snow drifts up to my neck.... Oh, I was never so warm... The first snow fell yesterday and Caprice danced the day away... If I could I would do the same thing but deep inside I know that not even a snow drift could warm me.... Is this the price cats have to pay for living to 18?

8/12/94

Snow snow snow. Halleluia! The pond is frozen over, the frogs are no longer. The mice are fat, sleepy and slow and great for the perfect snack. Every snow game above-mentioned is in use and my days are never dull. Dear, one feels such an explorer when one treads deep into the snow; the world is unknown and every step is

a risk. Indeed it is. You wouldn't believe how easy it is to tumble into a ditch without knowing it until it is too late.

Caprice is so happy capering in the snow... He takes great relish in playing games involving the snow in every way... He reminds me too much of myself... I played many games like that, and many I would take delight in showing him... But no, my time has run out... Never again shall I romp in the snow as Caprice does, and never again will I feel the snow under my paws... My cold overwhelms me, I do not move, just crouch by the heater with my memories.

10/12/94

The cat next door died yesterday, so the dog next door told me. I asked him why the cat never left the house, the dog explained that the cat was 18 and crippled with arthritis. He could barely move. I shudder to think that one day that may happen to me. I think if I could not run, feel the snow under my paws, eat my own kill, I would surely die. Life would be too sad to live. I wonder if he thought the same?

Caprice-After-Note

Caprice is both a song to life and a tribute to death. It is set in the Northern Hemisphere as the winters there can be much sharper and colder with higher snowfall and a greater number of deciduous trees than the Southern Hemisphere. This is necessary as the cold symbolises old age, and winter, death.

Nicola Phillips - Year 7



Nicola Phillips Yr 7 showing her prize presentation for writing by Taronga Park Zoo



THE ENDLESS CIRCLE

There was so much love between us
That it was like a dream come true.
Then the lies and deceit started and the hurt
Became inevitably obvious.
Where did all the peace and happiness fly to?
Where was the respect and love you felt for me?
Yet through the pain and shattered dreams
I know that I still love you.

Innocence is my weakness
And I don't understand why
You persist on such cruelty
You engage me in constant tests
And try to search me for hidden secrets.
What more can I tell you
When I have shared all my heart with you
Given up my friends for you and tried my best
To satisfy your every desire.
Yet through the tears and fake smile
I know that I still need you.

You stand there and you smile
I feel your insincerity radiate from you
I have cried my anger and pain away
And my heart is hard and bitter
Ready to tell you that it is over
Then you look at me that way
And you tell me you are sorry
You tell me that I am the only one
And you hold me and you kiss me
I am under your spell again.
Because through your magical air
I know that I still miss you.

Yesterday was too much though
Even my hardened heart
Refused to hold ground and my weakness
Ran through me and dominated
Your lies and testing surfaced once again
Endeavouring to rule me
The obsession you hold with the past
Makes you such a cruel person
And I a pitiful victim.
This time I know your ways
And realised your strategies
I am ready to claim my heart back
Take control of my life
This time I will reject your apologies
So that I can be proud to be me.

My life is going well now
Peace and laughter is prominent
Sunshine has replaced the stormy weather
The nights are cool and quiet
And each day the birds outside sing for me
Their sweet lullabies
My dull hair now shines and my skin radiates
But the warmth that I had lost from my soul
Has never returned to me
Gone is the pain and heartache
Only remaining is the dark lonely scar.

Time passes
I grow older
Mature and wise
Then one day you return
The skies blacken and thunder begins to roll...

Leman Huynh - Year 12

Christie Jeung Yr 8

self portrait



I IMAGINE

Imagine this sunset moment's town
 something else is around,
 Beside the cars and the buses
 And this blank page where my pen flicks.

Outside the street I see no moon
 But something in the alley
 in the dark abyss,
 Is creating a shadow on the street.

Masked, quiet as a statue,
 A person's eyes look around,
 Weary as they are,
 Searching for the beloved lamb.

Standing beside the alley wall,
 No sound, no movement.
 He waited for the offering
 Patient as he would wait a lover.

Still no sound.
 The widening pupils and the
 Sudden glare in his eyes.
 As the thing he waited for came nearby.

A sudden aroma of rawness,
 He strikes his victim with a knife,
 The town is filled with a single scream,
 Mingled with the dripping blood.

My page is filled.

Tim Hu - Year 10

AMBITION

All my life,
 I have been climbing a cliff.

From the beginning, nothing was easy.
 At every footstep, the rocks were unstable.
 At any moment, I could fall, and never be seen again.
 Failure snaps at my heels,
 As I scramble towards impossible heights.

Some days,
 It seems that the cliff is less steep,
 Perhaps I am nearly at the top,
 No.
 There is a long way to go.

One day, I will reach the top of the cliff.
 Maybe then I will be able to see forever.
 Maybe then I will know all there is to know.
 Maybe then I will hurl myself into the canyon below.

Claire Wallace - Year 10

Heart & A Half

Walking through Life
 A Heart and a half in my pocket
 And stop
 Troubled by their weight
 And hold them in my hand
 Shiver at the thought
 The sought of this whole heart
 Throbs for me, deceived by half

Whole heart in my pocket
 Half heart in my hand
 And stop
 Troubled by its place
 And hold them in my hand
 Tremble from the thought
 The thought I could forget
 A whole heart bought for half

Resolve to lay his down
 Bright heavy heart
 To restore my own
 And in the conversion
 Slip from my hands
 And shatter
 Cloaked hands in red
 Hearts on the ground

Shards intermingle
 Levitate without their weight
 And stop
 Watch as hearts restore
 And bend to pick mine up
 Shocked by its cast
 Faint tin heart
 A half-heart, though in whole

His heart beats loud
 Bright as before
 In the dust
 And stop
 Turn mine over
 And find one bright spot
 Where whole hearts gave easily
 Swelled to give some more

Anna Choy - Year 10



ARIN.

YOU'RE

I

Don't you know the end is here?
 Your tumbling tomb is cold and sheer.
 Your marble gown's a white veneer
 That clings like plastic, ear to ear.

II

Don't you know the day is done?
 The howling of the night's begun.
 You'd shine or pale if you could hear
 Whilst, pearly, waiting for the sun.

III

But tied in linen like a steer
 spinning, turning, immobile. Worm are
 twisting like a knife or sneer.
 Burning close as any star
 In daytime.
 Your eyes are closed.

Zacha Rosen - Year 12

YOU'RE

A mischevious sprite,
 Safe by your master's side
 Powerful in your love and laughter
 Beguiled by your mistress' smiles.
 Happiest performing
 In the dark of night
 When the new moon rises like
 A silver goddess ascending her
 Throne in the sky.
 Twilight is your hour,
 The place between sleeping and waking
 Where anything is possible,
 Is your domain.
 A sweet yet gallant fellow
 There never was your match.

Puck, Robin Goodfellow,
 That `Merry wanderer of the night'
 How I lov'st thee.

Cinnamon Nippard Year 12



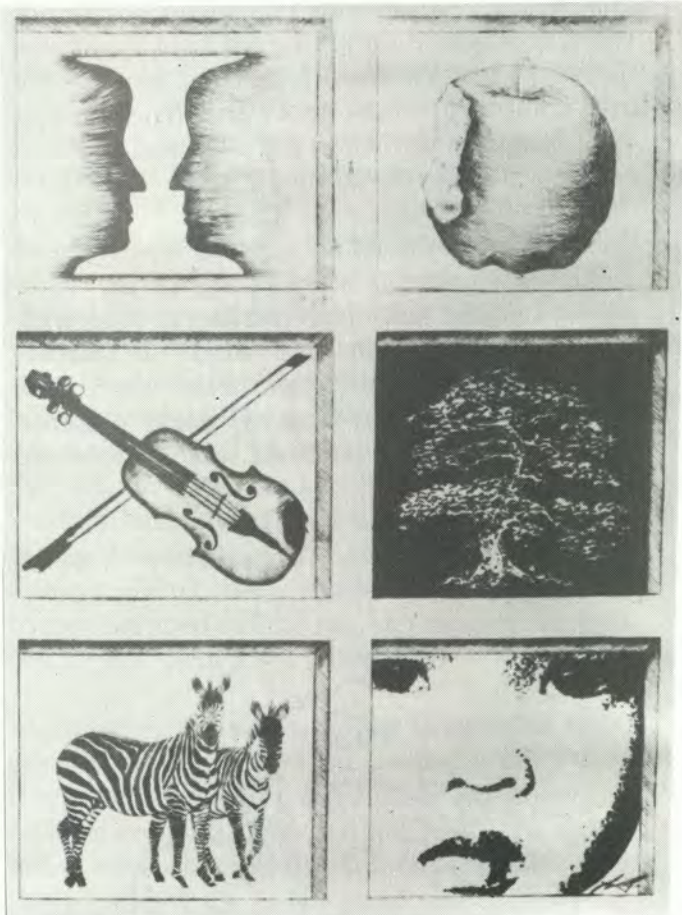
Kit Morrell Yr 8

A YOU'RE POEM, I GUESS

Surprise, white and blue
 Liquid craving rounded you.
 Un, deux, trois, red?
 Grace lying back on the
 Benches flat, raised, staight?
 Dive on the sickened
 boat while martinis speak
 from you to the Crillion.

Knowing Africa ab-out, arounded,
 Smoothed, polished in glass or diamond.
 Travel-teaching-tribal-beating.
 Lunching on always, liquid
 invitations misunderstood in black water
 Back to young to old Never!
 Always, ideals for lusting left
 Then you left me instructed, hungry.

Chris Miller



Linn Linn Lee Yr 11

The Horror Story Manteau Bride

"*Something old...*" This house, its history, both are extensive and lavish. There are many rooms, many paintings, and much to be coveted. This mansion has the air of a dwelling kept tidy for visitors. Its rooms are filled perpetually with a sky blue light that swings into the room through the curtainless windows. It is a house for displays and polite, empty talk.

My fiance strongly resembles past Manteaus, especially a certain great grandfather. This, a little, floral-printed, Ladies' Guild lady tells me. He has that Manteau charm. She smiles at me and reminds me again that my bouquet is just outside the door on the hall table. As her excited, busy old presence leaves the room, she says, "He married a pretty young thing to..."

"*Something new...*" This dress, it is constrictive, heavy, full and creamy white. There are many layers to the skirt and I wonder if my husband-to-be likes such things. My hair is black, freshly washed and falls to my shoulders. It is so dark against my face, reflected in a new mirror. The same reflection, a different frame. I twist the hair up and pin it fast, with agitated hands.

"*Something borrowed...*" This ring, visibly too small and fashioned for another. It is ostentatious with its single, ample diamond. It is impossible to remove and I am always aware of its grasp. My flesh throbs about this part of the disguise. Momentarily I consider my twin sister. Back to our shared flat, to a mirrored bathroom reverberating with "Top 40" songs. My sister, preparing for her date, lying in the bath, singing, washing her black hair. All my planning and my final action, reflected in those mirrors, to Infinity. I held her head under the water, sat on her and waited until she stopped struggling. In that room I dyed my hair and slipped into her carefully ironed clothes. Finally, I gazed at my reflection on the wall and in the waters of that cold bath I saw the same face, and the same black frame, but still, below the water. With her ring, tight on my finger, I left the flat as my twin and dined with her wealthy fiance.

Brian Bahari Yr 8



"*Something blue...*" The bouquet. Blue roses. All Manteau brides carry blue roses in their bridal bouquets. The same blue of the air that I savour as the old lady bustles me through the halls to the family chapel.

As I walk up the aisle, I see him standing below the stained glass church window. The sisters, Mary and Martha, greet Jesus. All around a blue, heady rose perfume fills the air. I take my vows, spotlighted under the red light streaming through Martha's robe. "I do" and he slips his arm around my waist and kisses me with lips miserly and cold. I close my eyes and suppose he has a definite nummular scent.

During the reception I sit opposite a painting of a Manteau bride. Over the top of my wine goblet I study her. Her hairline is pale with ugly blonde regrowth. Her hands are clasped conspicuously in her lap and show her ring to be too tight. A false blue ray plays pretence with her smile. My husband stands above me and proposes a toast.

Anna Choy - Year 10



Kit Morrell Yr 8

Small Things

It was such a small thing really. A tiny, wrinkled person with bailing fists that wailed and cried out against the cold, hard world. They placed it in her arms and she gazed down into the little face. Even then, when motherhood and love should have socked her a mighty blow to the face, Jean felt nothing.

Who was this little stranger that yelled ten inches away? Was this her baby - was she meant to love it?

People told her it would come in time, that over-whelming, ever-conquering love of a mother for her child and then everything would be alright, peaches and cream. But *they* weren't there in the small hours of the morning, when it cried to be fed, cried to be changed and cried and cried and cried. No-one was there, just her and this creature that demanded no end. She tried, she really did. But everything seemed hazy now, people talked in eerie tones that she couldn't understand, nothing seemed right and nothing made sense. She hoped and prayed and hoped and prayed some more.

Around her the walls started shrinking, moving silently and determinedly inwards. She imagined them closing in, heartlessly crushing her limbs and body to a ready-to-fry Jean-pancake. Sometimes she wished it would happen just like that, then everything would be alright. But then the *thing* would holler again and she'd be jerked out of her daze by that intrusive sound. There was no escape, she should give up on escape and face up to reality. Wiping her eyes, she'd go off and fix the bottle - ever the dutiful mother-robot. Sometimes she'd notice the dust, the garbage on the floor and, when she worked up enough courage to look in the mirror, she would see a vision of hell-knotted hair, bleary eyes and the ever-present grime. Sometimes she actually cared, other times it didn't really matter than much. Her friends stopped calling by. Her mother stopped calling up. Jean just stopped.

Meanwhile, the walls moved inward on well-greased workings.

It was such a small thing really. Somehow the endless crying had fuzzed her brain, she didn't know what she was doing anymore. The only thing going through her mind was quiet.

Stop the baby crying and everything will be alright. The sound comes out of the mouth. Close the mouth. Simple.

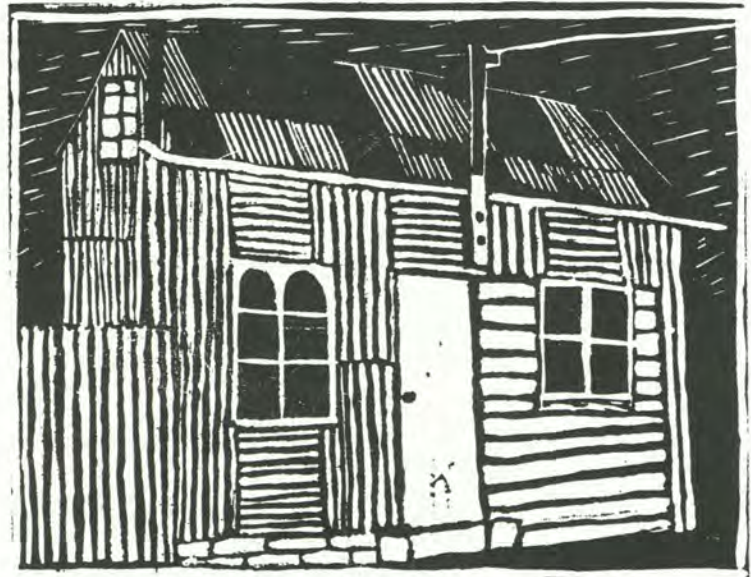
That was her reasoning at the time. The pillow felt unusually soft and fragile in her hands as she clutched it in the nursery, and she hardly realised she was holding it until it was covering the thing in the cradle. Suddenly its kicking must have got through to her as Jean suddenly snapped out of her trance and the weight of her actions hit her with full force. The thing - her baby - wasn't moving.

She flung the pillow aside and snatched the tiny body out of the cradle. She did everything she could think of - shook it, hugged it, rocked it and, finally, held it over her shoulder and patted it. All of a sudden, the walls were rushing inwards and Jean saw where her life could have gone and did go. But then her baby started crying (that sweet sound!) and Jean watched the walls recede. Her baby was alive! She hugged it close, weeping and laughing simultaneously. And she was alive, not dead as she had been pretending for the past four months. And where there is life there is hope.

In the cradle, her baby smiled. *Smiled*. But what struck Jean the most was that it was at her.

It was such a small thing really. But it was enough.

Rebecca McIntyre



Julia Kang Yr 9

lin^o cut

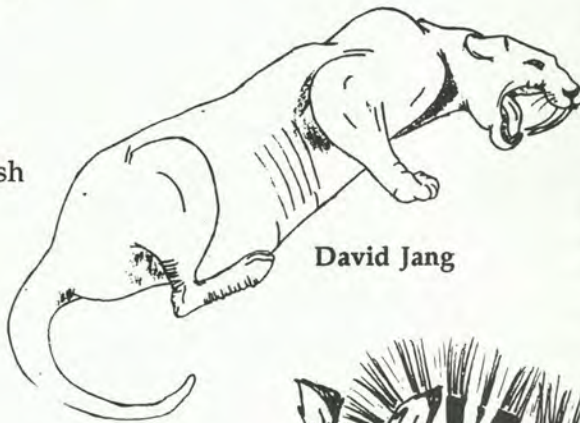
All through your life you climb upon the stairs -
 Falling down and rising up;
 Weighing the good against the bad;
 Judging what is right in you and wrong in others.
 Struggling to be above the others
 Who also climb the stairs.
 Mocking those who leave the stairs or never climb.
 Then you reach the top at last,
 And turn to see your fate,
 then to find that the stairs lead you nowhere.

Lisa Foley - Year 9

THE FISH

I do indeed wish
 I were a fish
 Instead
 A big fat fish
 I wish, I wish
 Blub,
 Blub
 Blub
 Blub
 Blub
 Blub
 Blub

Sylvie Ellsmore
 Year 10



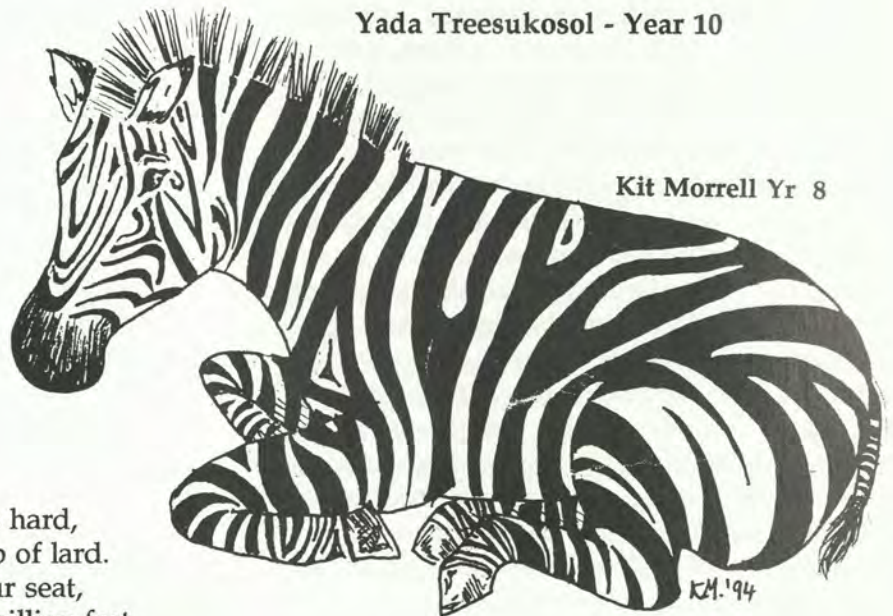
David Jang

DIFFERENT WORLDS

Large sized wardrobes,
 Lined with clothes
 Each garment sewn with style
 A dressing table lined with jewels
 An elegant phone from which to dial
 A magnificent house with carpeted stairs
 On which lead to the rooms above
 Neatly trimmed lawns and shady trees
 The home of nests of doves

A cramped up room
 On a noisy block
 Cracks on the filthy walls
 Police sirens wailing at night
 Gangs tampering with the law
 Take-away dinners and frozen meals
 Adults coming home late
 Single parents trying to get
 Some food on the plate

Yada Treesukosol - Year 10



Kit Morrell Yr 8

SCHOOL DAYS

Getting on the bus in the morning is hard,
 The person in front of you's a fat tub of lard.
 People scream at you to give up your seat,
 As your bag is trampled over by a million feet.
 After a few years, you're finally at your stop,
 You push through all the people and off the bus
 you hop.
 Roll call's a complete mess, your teacher's really late,
 What's first period? It's a big debate?
 Two hours till recess. However do you last?
 Till a fifteen minute break which goes by really fast.
 Fourth and fifth period, you're almost fast asleep,
 Till the teacher says you've got a test, your friends
 begin to weep.
 Lunch is a God-send, time for a REAL break,
 But come 1:10, you won't try to stay awake.
 Your teacher doesn't show, the boys destroy the room,
 Then at next period, off you all zoom.
 It's finally eighth period, you thought it'd never end,
 Be sure to come tomorrow to be driven round the bend.

Margaret Chi - Year 7

PUNCTURE

As the hole in the ozone layer enlarges
 Causes become apparent.....
 C.F.C.'s,
 Methane,
 CO₂
 They are produced
 Faster than the rate of their damage.
 The temperature of the sea will soar,
 Higher than a bird will ever.
 Like butter in a frying pan
 The skins of the world will sizzle.

Lachlan Delaney - 70

The Garden



The light is fading as the woman stands at the doorway watching the last rays of daylight sinking low over the green sea that stretches out in front of her. The walls that bound the garden are lost in the greenery, and it feels as though it goes on forever. She watches as the birds wing their way down to the myriad of trees, calling to their young and their mates. She sighs, a sigh that seems to come from somewhere deep inside her, and watches the wind blow the trees, as in her mind's eye she sees the ripples on the surface of the water of the pond, at the end of the garden. This is her garden, her paradise.

Its tranquillity has always made her feel uplifted. The moment she stepped past the front of the verandah and down the steps, she felt like she was entering another world. As a child she had spent hours in the garden, until her mother had called her to help in the house, and she had dragged herself from her paradise, longingly gazing back. Her mother had loved the garden too, for her it was also the only place she felt free.

She tried to think about something else, to rid herself of the longing in her heart for the days when her mother had been alive. The garden was her memory keeper, it was the only real part of her left. Without it her life may have never existed, she did not define it any more. The garden keeps her memories. Memories of her mother who had died only six months ago, an empty vessel, her mind already deteriorated so much that she did not remember her only child. That emptiness in her eyes, so in a way she had already died before her heart stopped. People had told her it was for the best, friends had comforted her after the funeral, and when she tried to tell them her sorrow had started when she had seen that look in her mother's eyes, they simply hushed her and looked at each other over her head. Over her feelings.

And then he had come. Right when she was at her lowest. And he had picked her up, not by helping her, but by giving her someone else to look after. Him. Just when she'd needed time to herself, he'd been there, demanding, insistent. He'd said he loved her, but how could he when he couldn't even love himself? His unemployment led to drinking, and soon he was drunk every night. Like he was now, inside, and she was out here, in the garden, safe. Until

he called for her.

She shivered and wrapped her coat tightly around her shoulders, squeezing the tears from the corner of her eyes. The sun's rays were gone, the garden bathed in blackness, the shadows of the trees causing patterns on the lawn. The previously warm breeze now turned chilly, and with dread she realised that soon she'd have to go inside. He didn't like it out here, and that made it more of a haven than it had ever been. Occasionally he'd make cold remarks about building a pool after they were married, and watch the agony rise in her face, with cold-blooded satisfaction. Not that she stopped him. Or even said anything. She just smiled faintly and ached inside. For the first time she realised there were worse things than being dead.

She shook her head violently, as if trying to dislodge the pain inside it. She couldn't think like this, wouldn't think like this. It was just what he would want. Him. She realised her hands were shaking violently, and she tried to stop them. But her body had gone out of her control, and before she knew it she was crying, desperately trying to hold back the tears that streamed down her hollow cheeks. Him, how he had used her! Wrung her dry until she could no longer stand it, until even her fear was weak and useless. And that's what it had been! Fear! Not strength as she had tried to tell herself, but cold, cruel fear that had stolen into her heart, like a thief, like him. And he had stood there and known, known that she feared him, known that she was hurting, dying, inside of her. Her whole body racked with her painful and hateful sobs, and her hair became mingled in the salty tears.

The woman stood there, in the darkness of the verandah, crying with a mournful wailing which chilled the heart. She was so engrossed in her grief that she did not notice the figure in the half-light of the doorway into the house. It was a man.

In the darkness of the garden, a tremor ran through the earth. The garden stirred.

The woman stiffens as she hears the crunch of footsteps on the wooden verandah. The moon shifts from behind a cloud and for a brief moment her face is illuminated by its brilliant light. In her eyes shines a powerful force, it could be love, it could be hate. For that one moment, she stands there, and the world stops. Then, as suddenly as it appeared, the moon vanishes behind a cloud and the woman turns

and runs noiselessly into the garden, not looking back. Her fleeing figure seems to disappear into the garden, and there is no sign of her as the man swears and staggers out of the doorway and down the verandah steps. He calls out to her, his voice echoing in the still air of the night. He squints, and tries to discern the darkness in the garden. But the blackness does not clear for him, and the garden remains a mass of black holes and uncertain shapes. Shivering very slightly, he stumbles his way to the verandah, and sits, waiting for his fiance to return.

And he still waits.

Hannah Torsch Year 10

Haely Cho Yr 10 drawing



Alex Gray Yr 9 lino print



BARRACUDA BILL

It was down in south-east Queensland, where the fishies are much longer,
Near the tiny town of Murgon, at the creek of Lower Wonga
Where people came from far and wide to try with rod and reel,
But Barracuda Bill had come to make himself a meal.

Now Bill he was a fisherman, as you may well have guessed
He'd fish anywhere, at anytime, to prove he was the best.
From Cooper's Creek to Wollongong, or even Castlemaine,
He's fished in every creek and river that you'd care to name.

So up strode Bill to the fishing store one bright, warm summer's day,
He bought a line and a pound of prawns and said he was there to stay.
He found himself a cosy spot on the banks of the Mary River
And he threaded his bait, and sat down to wait, for the line to start to quiver.

There'd been a lot of rain that year; the creek it was very full,
But as he stood admiring it a most tremendous pull
Swept him from the riverbank, and as he gave a shriek
He plummeted headfirst into the dirty, swollen creek.

He was dragged around the creek three times by the big Murray Cod,
All credit to his courage, for he still did clutch the rod.
Until that sneaky fish, as they were entering the dock
Braked very, very sharply, and Bill smashed into a rock.

Now Bill's head has a big lump, and it still feels very sore,
And after that adventure, well, old Bill don't fish no more.
He sits on his verandah, and up until this very day
Tells anyone who'll listen of the fish that got away.

James Lane Year 7

Devoted Memories

Dammit!

Cloak's caught in the rail again. I reach over and lift it off the hook. Mental note: *After I gain the presidential seat, my first priority will be to clean the State jails.*

I shift across from my drab surroundings, over to the other side of the sombre concrete steps.

I feel nervous.

My trembling fingers can hardly keep a hold on the vivid array of petunias bunched up in my sweaty palms. They say patience is a virtue. I cannot disagree.

The last time I waited for my father was as a boy on the steps outside the all-night supermart.

"Son," he had breathed on me in his usual beer stench, "I want you to wait here for me. Understand? Don't leave this place, I'll be back, I promise. I love you, kid. Hear me? I'll be back. I promise I won't let you down this time son. I promise I won't!"

He had laid his arms around my shoulder, something I can never remember him doing. His azure eyes showed shades of grey, somewhat with a distant sorrow. It was then that I knew he was not coming back.

He reached over and ruffled my hair - dad's sign of affection.

"See you, son." Those were the last words before the night engulfed him and his loafing buddies. I sat on the front steps and waited. Darkness was sinking in and the night sky was ablaze with shimmering stars.

Before long I dozed off, to be woken throughout the night by the slosh of passing cars. *Dad's coming back* I told myself. *I know he will, I know he will. He won't let me down. He won't. I know he won't.*

I started counting the stars to fight back my drooping eyelids. It was then I realised I hadn't had my dinner. I felt my stomach wall collapsing. I counted what change I had left.

Good. Enough for a burger and a thick shake. I got up and purchased my dinner at the diner opposite. Wrapping the burger carefully, I brought it back to my step and placed it gently on my lap. When dad comes back, I'll share it with him. With that thought in mind I drifted off to dreamland.

I awoke to a gentle tapping on my shoulders.

"Dad?"

It was a woman. A blanket had been wrapped

around me during the night and my burger lay crushed on the sidewalk. My eyes began to sting.

"Don't cry, dear." the lady said. "We'll get you another one."

But I couldn't stop.

Dad had told me once that it was sissy to cry. That boys who cried never grew up to be real men. But I didn't care. I didn't care if I grew up to be the biggest pussy in the world, there was no stopping me.

The lady wrapped her arms around me and I wept for the rest of the morning.

I was to learn later that the very night he left me, dad had gotten drunk in a pub and got into a fight with one of the bouncers, before pulling a gun on him.

He pleaded guilty to all charges on the basis of temporary insanity. He went through strict counselling before society put him behind bars for twenty years.

So I waited for a chance to visit him in jail. At first they were unsure, insisting that in his condition my dad was not fit to associate with society. After endless nights bunking outside the prison warden's room, he finally consented to let me have an hour with my father.

But to no avail.

The concrete was hard and the cells were cold and empty. The doctor diagnosed me as having serious bronchitis from all my nights camping outside the prison warden's door.

I was sent straight to hospital and assigned with foster parents to look after me.

One night I woke to a loud commotion somewhere inside the hospital walls.

A nurse dashed in, grabbed me and transferred me to the highest floor. She locked me in a storeroom and whispered "It's alright. Just be quiet now."

I stayed there, in the dark, not daring to move. I blinked and saw the night sky ablaze with stars - a lonely kid on the steps of a corner store...

I fell asleep to the steady rhythm of the night.

"Kid, kid! Where's my kid?"...

"Doctor, hold him."....

"...where's my kid?"

"...we need extra men, this one's strong."

"Son, son! Where's my boy?"...

"...He's getting free..."

"...WHERE'S MY BOY?"

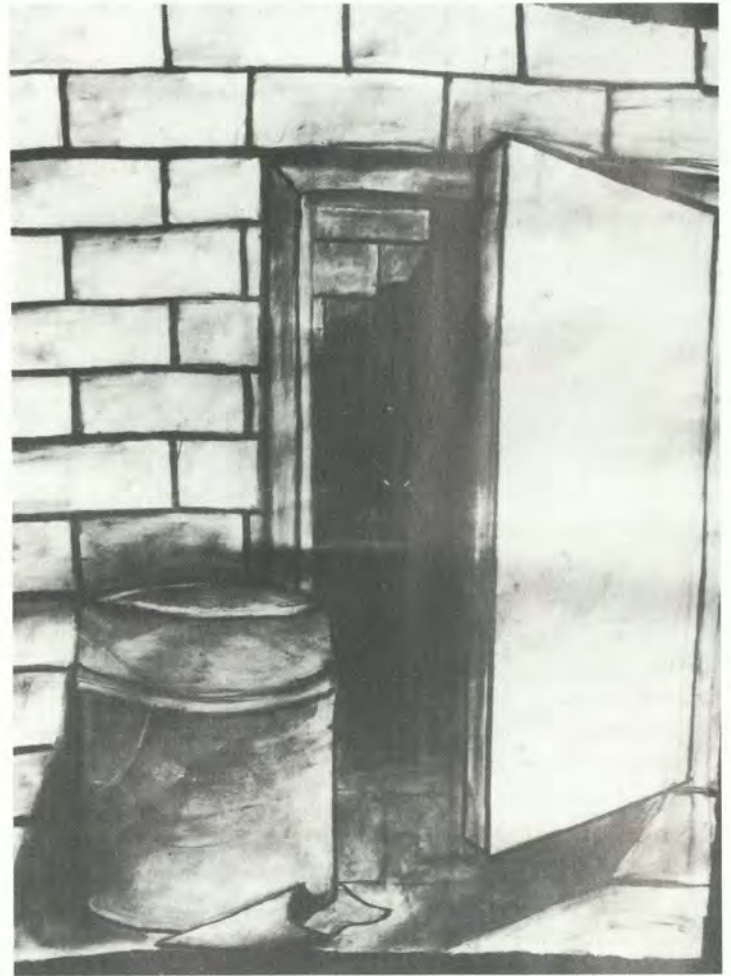
When I got better I made another attempt at visiting dad. It was but a mere waste of time.

My father had been deported to a higher security jail in another State. It was in my best interest, I was told, to break all contact with him. I would not listen. He was my father. He was the only thing I had left in the world after mum said goodbye. I began to wait.

Today is the day of his release. Footsteps sounded on the pavement before they stopped in front of where I was sitting. "Dr. Goldman?" "Yes ma'm." "My name is Lily. I'm one of the officers who work here. I'm afraid to report that your father hung himself last night. We found him this morning with a noose around his neck... Dr. Goldman, are you OK?" I picked up a crumpled package which lay beside me on the sidewalk. "This is for you Lily." "What is it, Doctor?" "It's a burger from Jukebox Diner." A solitary teardrop slid off my cheek. Dammit! He had let me down again.

Thi Luc - Year 10

Simon Allen yr 10 drawing



James Findlay yr 8 painting

THE FIGHT

An argument will always become a fight, providing the tensions run high enough. The prodding barbs launched would invariably find a nerve, the bitchy, callous jibes would meet their mark. A brief and inconsequential argument boils over the teacup's brim, burning like acid.

How is one to know when enough is enough? When the ebb and flow of insults flying to and fro like tennis balls over a net suddenly becomes quiet; when the only sound is the racing beat of your own heart; when the look of hurt in another's eyes tells you that you've gone too far; what then? No half-hearted apology will erase from mind the verbal atrocities, the deadly truths already fallen from your mouth.

No thoughtless stranger's misdeeds could hurt as the derision of a friend. Only they could know the pain, and yet, only they could inflict it. My eyes will water, but the game is played to win. Smile and twist the knife.

Claire Wallace - Year 10

Hollow, hiding.
reach out, it's gone,
Snatched away.

The cane she holds,
Supporting her weak side breaks,
The strain too great to take anymore.

Fate knocks thrice on the door,
Boom, boom, boom;
"You've had it easy for too long."

"Your time for pain has come;
Let the flowers wither under your gaze,
May the sweet singing bird run away scared."

"This is your curse,
May you never
hide behind your mask again."

"Kindness and caring, Bah!
You are a leach,
Let salt rain upon you."

"Forever let the pain continue
You deserve that
For all you have caused."

"That is your pay,
No apologies,
Too late."

She quivers,
Seeing he speaks only the truth.
A pain shafts like a fast stab.

The time has begun.

Katrina Morris - Year 10



Natalie Lammas Yr 11
etching

Darkness

Five hundred metres from my home,
Along an empty but well-lit street,
I cautiously pick my way,
Along the uneven footpath,
Hurrying from street lamp to street lamp,
And turning in fear
At the occasional passing of a car.

In between street lamps,
In bushes only knee high,
I see faces, menacing spectres,
Each one a monstrous and twisted entity,
Ready to spring from hiding,
To creep silently up behind me,
Take a knife and stab me,
Then speedily depart,
Or twistedly wait,
While I bleed to death.

But, as I take each step,
As more and more of the road unfurls,
And I meet no such murdering foe,
I grow calm;
Yet moments later find myself stifling a scream,
As a glowing-eyed cat bolts across the path.

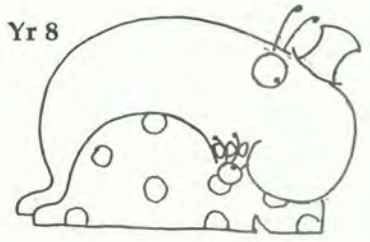
Why am I so tortured by my own imagination?
News reports tell of women,
Mugged, bashed, raped,
Left lying in a gutter,
Slowly dying,
For the bus-fare in her pocket,
For some twisted macho dare,
Or for some bizarre act of conquest.

In every respect,
And despite my wish for freedom,
I have already lost;
Every night I walk along a dark street,
My fear,
And the fear of women everywhere,
Is their trophy.
Heads they win,
Tails we lose.
Free the night,
Walk without fear,
Darkness is a prison,
And only light from within will break the barriers.

Claire Wallace - Year 10

Stranded

Kit Morrell Yr 8



Taylor, a young man, fresh out of the country's top university and working for one of the country's most prestigious firms.

Nothing could be better. He lived in the house he grew up in with his widowed mother and, besides beginning a successful career, had a circle of wonderful friends.

However, now he sat in the middle of the room in his house. The scents of herbs and enchanting aromas floating through the air, he was relaxed.

All the exhaustion escaped, leaving him feeling refreshed and somewhat in control. He let his mind wander to all the events that had led to this, he rekindled memories and released tension.

Taylor had driven home one evening after work and parked the car in the driveway. His mother's car was not in the garage as it normally was, and the house was empty. Usually, he came home to be greeted by his mother, so since she was not at home he looked for a note his mother may have left to indicate her whereabouts, but failed to find one.

He began to worry, so he made a few phone calls without much news. It was not until he received a phone call that he knew where his mother was.

Taylor started his car again and made his way to the nearby hospital where his mother lay helplessly struggling for her life. The doctor explained the frail state Taylor's mother was in and the injury that the car accident had caused; but Taylor merely nodded numbly, staring at his mother's tired face, weathered from the many years she had lived.

He awoke the next morning by her bedside, in the previous day's clothes. He felt worn out and exhausted; looking up to the bed where his mother had lain the previous evening, he saw nothing but an empty bed.

The doctors and nurses soothingly told him that his mother had passed away early in the morning, the last few moments had been painless for her, they gave their sympathies but he lacked emotion. When all the necessary arrangements were made he drove back home and parked in the empty driveway, turned the key in the door and walked into the empty house. How strange it felt - for as long as he could remember this house had been for happiness and fond memories and now it felt empty and bare. Taylor dialled the number to

his office and explained his situation, he asked for a few days off work to sort things out. They were very understanding and gave their sympathies but, like at the hospital, Taylor felt numb, as if it were not real.

He rang his mother's sisters to break the news to them. Once all the arrangements were made he slid down into the sofa in front of the blank television and sobbed. It suddenly seemed real - he would never see his mother again, never hear her voice, never have her greet him when he returned from work. She was gone forever. Deep down he wished she was still there for him.

Yada Treesukosol - Year 10

Georgina Braham Yr 10 drawing



ANONYMITY

One day,
Bravely, I thought,
I wrote.
Disposable pen, on
Disposable paper,
Disposable words, of a
Disposable poem;
Written now,
And as soon forgotten:
Disposable plaques
To proudly inscribe
My name upon.
But nothing solid,
Nothing permanent,
Nothing relevant.
Then, I saw,
My words were not
Near enough to me
To hurt.
I could fear no spite -
Its stinging bite
Would wound words
So superficial -
Not worth their own ink,
Not even part of me.

I now shun such cheap,
Plastic sentiment,
As I once so keenly inscribed
My name upon.
Too few words of significance
Fall off the end of my pen
To sacrifice in pride's clutter -
And so it is,
I share my thoughts,
But not my name.

Anon.



Priscilla Wong Yr 8 painting

Ben Lashbrook Yr 8 ceramic sculpture



EMPTY

Tick; tock; tick; tock.
The sound of the large grandfather clock is the only sound that penetrates the musty air in the sitting room of the large Victorian house. The house sits atop a hill, overlooking the rest of the town like royalty looking down on its subjects. There was a time when the house had been full of people - music and laughter filling the air. But that time is over, the house is a menacing figure, feared by the townspeople. She sits in the high backed chair, her eyes blurred from staring straight in front of her for relentless days. She has stopped crying, thinking and feeling, after one final battle with the emptiness she has been fighting for years. The room is filled with photographs and souvenirs of the life she used to live. But that life ended in scandal, and she was forced into seclusion. Now she has no one. No children, grandchildren, parents, siblings or lovers. No friends. She is alone in a house haunted by ghosts of the past. Her only contact with the rest of the world is through the delivery boy. But he only talks to her to collect his pay, and even then he can't look her in the eye. But now she has given up. Given up fighting the tears; given up fighting the memories; given up fighting the anger. Given up fighting the loneliness. She doesn't eat, she doesn't sleep, she doesn't think. She just sits - the emptiness filling her body. The town has forgotten her - the delivery boy long since given up. And there she sits. She can feel the emptiness running through her veins, she can feel it in her bones, mind and soul. Until the emptiness engulfs her, and she is no more.

Kate Doutney - Year 10

Jackie

When the wind blew sprightly through the trees, dancing with them, playfully tickling the underside of their leaves, Jackie would have a good day.

The cats didn't appreciate this wind, it made them irritated and restless. But Jackie loved it. In the morning when she was inside, she could forget about her mother, crying in the next room, forget about the smells that came from that room.

She loved to listen to the moans and wails as the wind roared through the small gap between the high apartment blocks. She liked to imagine that the sound was a harmony sung just for her and she would be lulled to sleep.

In the afternoon she would pull her mother out of the apartment and they would take the lift down to the small park that was there for all the other single mothers from the apartment block. She would chase the wind. Wishing that she could catch it, just once. She would laugh and run and her mother would smile back at her, happy for her joy. Jackie would feel pleased that she had made her mother laugh - her mother who almost never laughed.

Sometimes together they would walk down to the bay, and would watch what the wind did to the waves. Watch as it teased them and cajoled them until they became so angry they would pound against the shore and crash against the rocks and roar back at the wind.

When she got too cold she would tug on her mother's hand and they would walk up to the chicken shop where the smell of hot chips would warm her up, and her mother would order a hot chocolate for them to share.

When they got home, Jackie would fall asleep, exhausted. She didn't notice when her mother left their apartment.

But when the wind was still, and the trees grew thirsty and the leaves went limp, then Jackie would have a bad day.

The cats would lounge outside on the pavement. They would purr as passers-by stroked them and murmured praise.

Inside the apartment it would grow stuffy and hot. Jackie would roam the room moodily, picking up discarded playthings then moving on as soon as they became dull again. She would chase after cockroaches, then, when one came

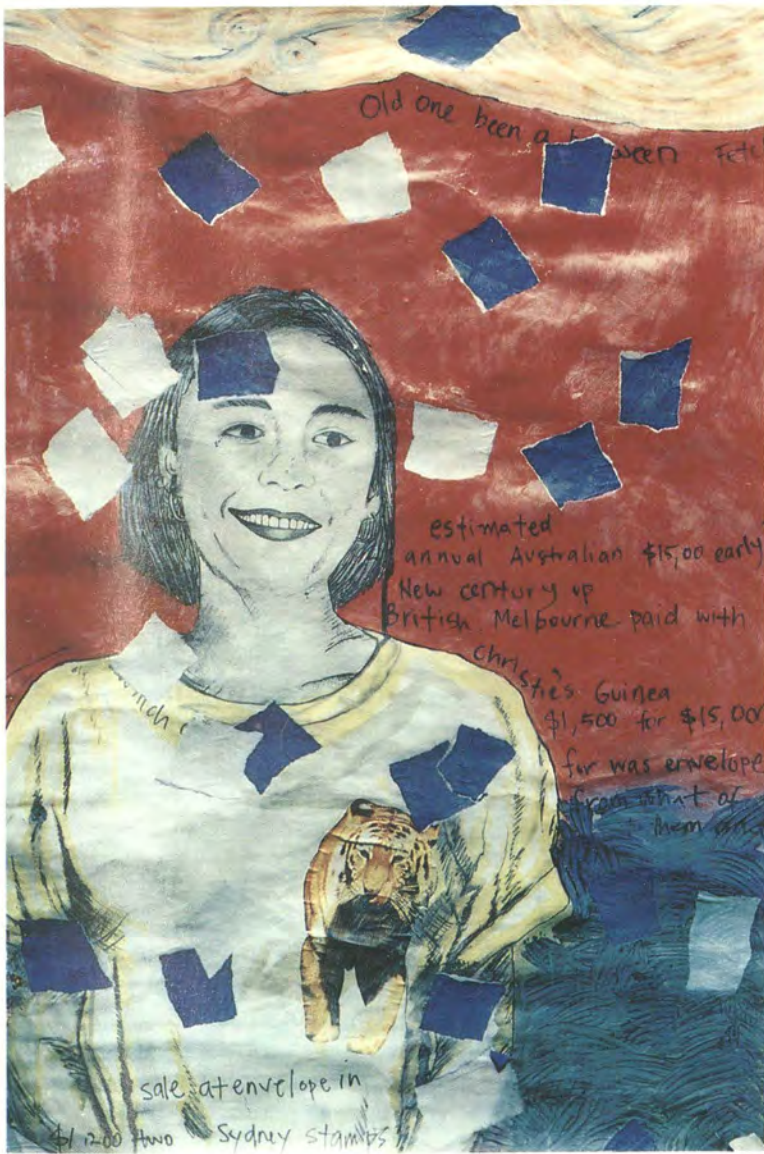
too near to her she would run off screaming. After a while her mother would appear from the small bathroom in which she had locked herself for the morning. An acrid smell would float out, which made Jackie's eyes sting and her mouth feel dry. Jackie would watch as her mother moved to one side of the room where a cheap mirror hung on the wall. She would watch the reflection, fascinated, as the woman in the mirror changed. Then cry when she smelt the familiar sickly sweet scent that meant her mother was leaving.

As the door closed she would sink. Down onto the floor, or the bed, or one of the many pieces of dirty clothing strewn across the room. She would close her eyes and imagine the wind was singing to her, humming its soft sad melody. She would awaken on the bed, the room dark and still. Beside her mother would lie, snoring loudly and smelling of old sweat and beer. Slowly, Jackie would fall back to sleep, crying softly to herself.

Jemima Mowbray - Year 10

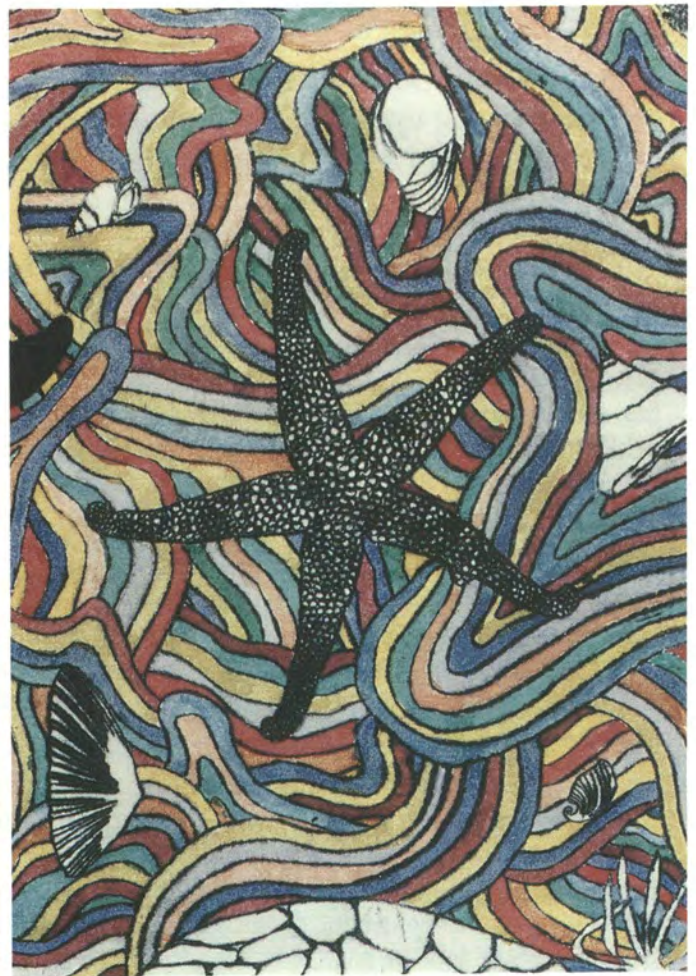
Anna Rigg yr 12 painting





Corrinne Uren Yr 10 - Etching

Frewan Lam Yr 7 - Painting



Mia Offord Yr 11 - Mixed Media

Laura Murdoch Yr 11 - Etching



Plead insanity
and you shall hear the ticking of a clock,
see the glowing eyes of a cat in the darkness which is night
and feel the soft touch, the caress of the wind on your face
and neck
tendrils of hair brush your skin
while in your mind the abyss yawns wide, far below,
infinite in disguise, possibility and taste.

Plead insanity,
for surely the sweet scent of summer warms the winter air
while roses wilt in vases of glass and crystal,
dying,
not with grace, but with the sure, quick step of a man,
the consistency of your pulse -
the withering is all
whoever heard of ripeness?

Plead insanity
for the words left unsaid, repeat ever after
and it seems that conscience truly does make cowards of us all
my head spins slowly staying firmly on my neck and shoulders
O' the lying,
the cheating,
the loving -
the bleeding
the living goddamnit
the living
and so I, for all your words of comfort, of love, encouragement and
understanding, burn slowly under those of chastisement, of rebuke
and disappointment
I lower my head, bring up my knees and wish
myself away from here

I dream of the darkness
sometimes I see your face
but you look through me
while I am emptied of emotion

When I open my eyes and lift my head
I find that I am still here
everything is as it was
I sit in the light
your are not here beside me
and through my emptiness
I feel a vague sense of disappointment

...reality...

I sigh and continue writing
in the vain hope that I will
somehow weave other worlds,
using the words at my disposal
by rights I should disappear
yet this illusion is not mine,
this illusion will not lend itself to me

thus I am caught
bound, and gagged
by my thoughts
oblivious to the outside world

I am here
and though you are not,
still I desire to learn your name
to call you
to hear you answer
and I don't know who you are

just plead insanity...

Cinnamon Nippard - Year 12

Science Fiction is worthwhile

'Science Fiction is rubbish': this statement, if not in so many words, is often put to the world of Science Fiction (SF) readers and viewers as either a fact or a question. Since its start, oh so long ago, SF has grown immensely, sometimes its meaning is lost and it gets passed off as something else. The fact that there are several types of SF adds to the confusion as the types mingle. SF is for a much wider audience than some think, as the definition grows fainter. SF is also a source of inventiveness and philosophy. Sound intriguing? I intend to convince you that SF is **not** an inferior form of literature.

The definition of SF has diminished in clarity over time, the defining rule in its most simple and obeyed form is a fictitious concept based on some scientific principle or theory, be it writing, screenplay, visuals or philosophy it must have this rule ticked to be classified as SF.

SF is divided into a few basic types or forms, here are the main ones:

Exploring fact: a piece involving the extended possibility of some existing principle, usually set in the future, such as space travel and the wonders of modern science in realms of weaponry or medicine.

Exploring theories: similar to the latter but with one exception - that the speculations are based on theories with little to none of evidence behind them, they include the likes of time travel and fantastic alien life.

Philosophy: similar to 'theories'. Philosophy uses deep and meaningful explanations on ideas and obscure concepts somehow related to science or the extra-terrestrial.

SF has always, and now more often than before, been mixed in its 'types', *Doctor Who* for instance is a combination of extended facts and theories, *Star Trek* is a mixture of all three.

One important issue of SF is its wide audience. As the types of SF get more mingled it becomes less recognised for what it really is and some critics often are unaware that some SF is closer to them than they know. By the rule that anything based on a scientific principle is SF, many things we don't think of as such are indeed SF. Old favourite cartoons like *Astroboy*, *Transformers*, *Captain Planet* and the like are technically SF; improbable comic book characters like *Spider Man* and *Superman* are technically SF; raucous comedies like *Mork and Mindy* and *The Hitch Hikers' Guide to the Galaxy* would qualify as SF. Something for older audiences like *Frankenstein* is also SF. surely something with such a broad spectrum is a good thing? Something on such a wide scale of entertainment is worthwhile?

One criticism that is often posed is that SF often includes excessive violence and low-grade humour; this is undeniably true as, according to the rule, just about all complaints and examples are technically SF,

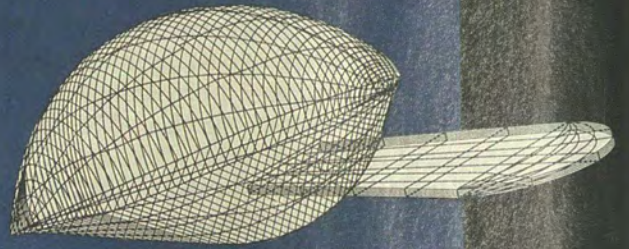
though the respectable SF-lover views them as nothing more than hybrids trying to pass off as part of the big SF family. Although some action movies like *The Alien Trilogy* and the *Terminator series* are undeniably enjoyable to a large audience, as are comedies like *Spaceballs* and the *Back to the Future* trilogy, these all are really for their own sake and are supported by weak principles. The way the public consumes incessantly, lowers the standards, especially with violence. Eventually come blockbusters filled with such gratuitous, graphic, unimaginative, pornographic garbage that results in the likes of the *Predator* and the *Robocop* series. Believe me, all these movies are good for is raking in the millions and leaving video rental staff perplexed as whether to classify them as Action, Thriller, Horror, or even forbid, SF!

Another factor of SF is fantasy. As SF delves ever deeper into the philosophical and improbable concepts of the supernatural and that of other dimensions and realities, it becomes more like fantasy and Tolkienesque ideas. One striking example is the once immensely popular *Masters of the Universe* action figures, cartoon and comic series, more commonly known as *He-Man*. This children's action story contained a very substantial element of SF with gadgets, spaceships and laser guns. Yet the primary force and story line was that of magic, with sorcerers, tyrants and barbarian and troll-like inhabitants. When a live-action film was made, it was classified as SF. A role playing game titled *Shadowrun* is set in the dark urban future. Although it has more than its fair share of Cyborgs, hi-tech weapons and vehicles and potent drugs, the game also features a slew of dwarves, orcs, trolls, elves and no end of other fantasy creatures. So surely something so creative and versatile than can enter realms of other quality literature is not a waste of time?

And, finally, it is that some people 'dislike' SF simply because they do not understand it due to lack of familiarity with SF? Most quality SF is deep with subtle meaning and many thoughtful and well educated fans of *Star Trek* and *Doctor Who* have kept these television series running for over twenty years. So, forget the garbage blockbusters, SF, be it philosophical, possible, probable, or fantastic, is worth your while if you just give it a chance. So, the next time you are in a library and you see an Isaac Asimov, or in your video rentals and glimpse a *Star Trek The Next Generation*, borrow it, enjoy and understand!

Jack Teiwes - Year 7

Adam Brown Yr 12



Bok-kyung Yoon Yr 12



Adam Brown Yr 12

C O L O U R

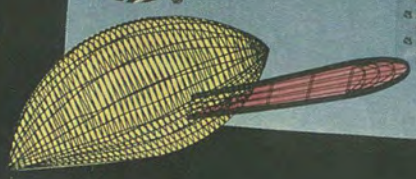
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TRIMBERS



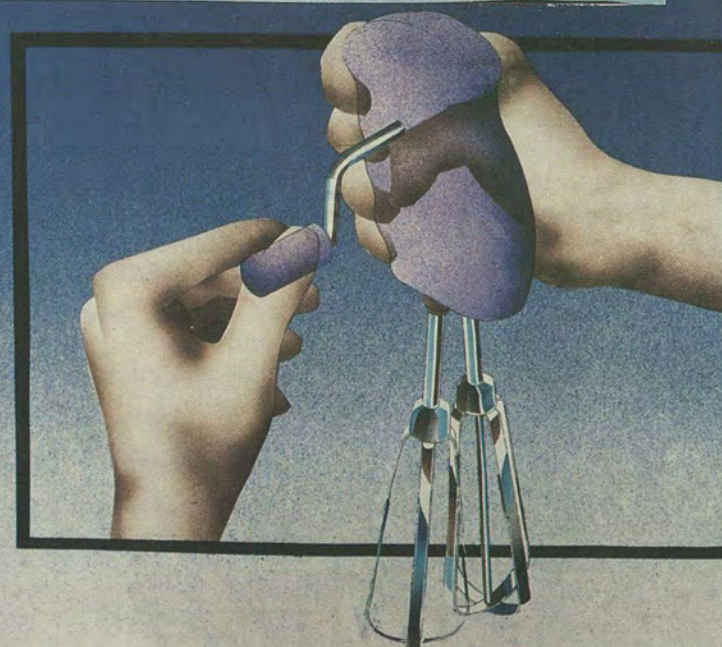
When you see a trimmer, you're likely to jump and Tremblers are extremely versatile lures, able to be worked, jigged and cast to a host of fish species. Tremblers have accounted for: Kingfish, Striped Bass, and off the bottom, Muskellunge, white perch and shad. Martin White Tail, Giant Trevally when cast to coral bottoms, Kingfish from deep ocean reefs and also when trawled. Calientes, used to entice stingrays, Barracuda when jugged and cast along the mangroves, and a long story. By now you should gather that Tremblers are indispensable in most tackle boxes.

- All Tremblers are:
- 1. Made of a high injection molded plastic that can withstand attacks from such heavy hitters as Dogfish, Shark, Spanish Mackerel and Striped Bass, so they will stay up to any other fish.
 - 2. Sturdily built with the strongest triple or double hooks available.
 - 3. So bloody noisy they would literally wake the dead. Rattles to assure they're in salt water!
 - 4. Built around a one piece metal frame that ensures that even if the lure is crushed, you will still be in contact with the fish.



Mark McLaren Yr 12

Design and Technology





James Hancock Yr 11 - Mixed Media



Mathew Want Yr 10 - Etching

Andrew Hall Yr 11 - Mixed Media



Polly Wedlock Yr 12 - Painting



The CRA National Science Summer School 1994

Although I was warned, I never believed that the National Science Summer School (NSSS) could have such an impact on my life. NSSS has enhanced my study of science as well as influencing me personally.

NSSS has a system of "buddies" whereby everyone is paired off into buddies and you look after each other during the two weeks of NSSS. As soon as I found out who my buddy was, we phoned and wrote to each other. As well as billeting my buddy for one night in Sydney before leaving for Canberra, I also billeted a student from Perth and a student from New Zealand. Upon arriving in Canberra, we were all given personal introductions, and the program began with activities, like a picnic, designed to get everyone to know each other. As the two weeks progressed, time appeared to go faster and faster.

Being in the physics/astronomy group named Galileo, I was exposed to many different facets of both fields. Our activities mainly constituted of visits to the Research School of Physical Sciences and Engineering at the Australian National University's (ANU's) Institute of Advanced Studies. In plasma physics, we studied the magnetic confinement of plasma in toroidal devices and its applications in nuclear fusion. I was exposed to lasers and their applications for the first time, including their use in slowing atoms down to only a fraction above absolute zero and their use in an alternate form of nuclear fusion. The potential of lasers in guiding light has applications in photonics, which may one day supersede electronics.

Some of the highlights of the two weeks was the lecture and interactive program given by CRA Exploration, the visit to the Earth Sciences Department, and the night-time visit to use the telescope at the Mount Stromlo Observatory. The Research School of Earth Sciences introduced many of us to geophysics and geochemistry, both of which proved to be extremely interesting and stimulating. The CRA Exploration Research and Information Group provided an entertaining, interactive, and stimulating presentation on the use of physics in mineral exploration and the techniques used in mineral exploration. The talk given by CRA Exploration was very useful in showing some of the applications of physics to the "real world".

At Mount Stromlo, we were able to ask many questions about the nature of the universe, quasars, stellar evolution, and cosmology, as well as view a globular cluster and the Orion Nebular through the Oddie Telescope.

The program offered by NSSS was broad and covered the students' areas of interest. The science that we saw gave us the opportunity to see how the science we learnt at school could be applied. More importantly, it gave us the chance to see what scientists actually did in their jobs. This was a significant factor in helping us decide what careers we wanted in the future, with the opportunity to talk to scientists about their careers and the research with which they were involved in.

There were opportunities offered to us that we would not normally have received, such as being able to use lasers and telescopes. We had access to equipment that could not be found in our schools, and thus could perform different and varied experiments.

The student staff were very adept, and one of the things they did was to present a seminar on communication, which included body-language and verbal communication. Combined with the five-minute talks we then gave and the mock job interviews, I felt that my communication skills have vastly improved. The five-minute talks were video-taped so that a few days later, we could watch them and learn from our mistakes.

Forums on topics like the future of science in Australia, sustainable energy, the environment, the use of animals in scientific research and the responsibility that scientists have, were very informative and at times quite heated. There was always a vast array of opinions and interesting facts from all the participants. The forums allowed everyone to express their opinion to intelligent people who were also of a scientific nature.

The arrangement of the students into the activity groups allowed us to mix with people with similar interests. Many people had interesting knowledge on a subject that they loved, and the sharing of everyone's knowledge and experiences benefited and interested all. With both my activity group and my floor in the residences, I developed a close group of friends.

The NSSS was made complete by the evening activities arranged for us. They were

hilarious times and times where friends could be made away from the scientific scene. The bush dance and disco were excellent for meeting new people, and there was nothing like ice skating to get everyone laughing watching everyone else, including myself, slip and fall down.

There were two formal dinners. One was the Rotary Dinner, and the other was the CRA Science Dinner. Both were absolutely enjoyable. Professor Sir Gustav Nossal spoke at the Rotary Dinner, and gave the audience an insight into the latest developments in medical research and Australia's performance in the field of medical research. All of what he spoke about in immunology was new to me, and I learnt much from his captivating speech. The myth that Australia did not perform well in science was dispelled, since, for example, Australia was leading in the research for a cure for malaria. The CRA Science Dinner gave us the chance to mix with scientists that were still doing their doctorate's degree and scientists that were well established. This was extremely helpful because we could talk to them about the research they were doing and what influenced the career choice that they made.

Two weeks away from my family made me more self dependent and at the same time, more caring and concerned for the welfare of other people. Even now, I am still developing in a process that was catalysed by NSSS. At the beginning, we were in an environment where no one knew who you were, and you did not know anyone, so it led me to be who I really was, and not be whom my friends from home thought I should be or what everyone else expected that I should be. The friends I made will be friends forever. After attending the NSSS I am more knowledgeable about science, more interested in science, and thus a more motivated person.

The group of young people who arrived back in Sydney on Saturday, 15th January were different to those that had left two weeks ago. Perhaps we were more educated, more aware of science, more responsible, more caring, or more aware of life, but the tears we all shed at the end were those of sadness and love and we all had a warm fuzzy feeling in our hearts, and an unforgettable experience in our minds.

Patricia Yam Year 12

Amnesty International

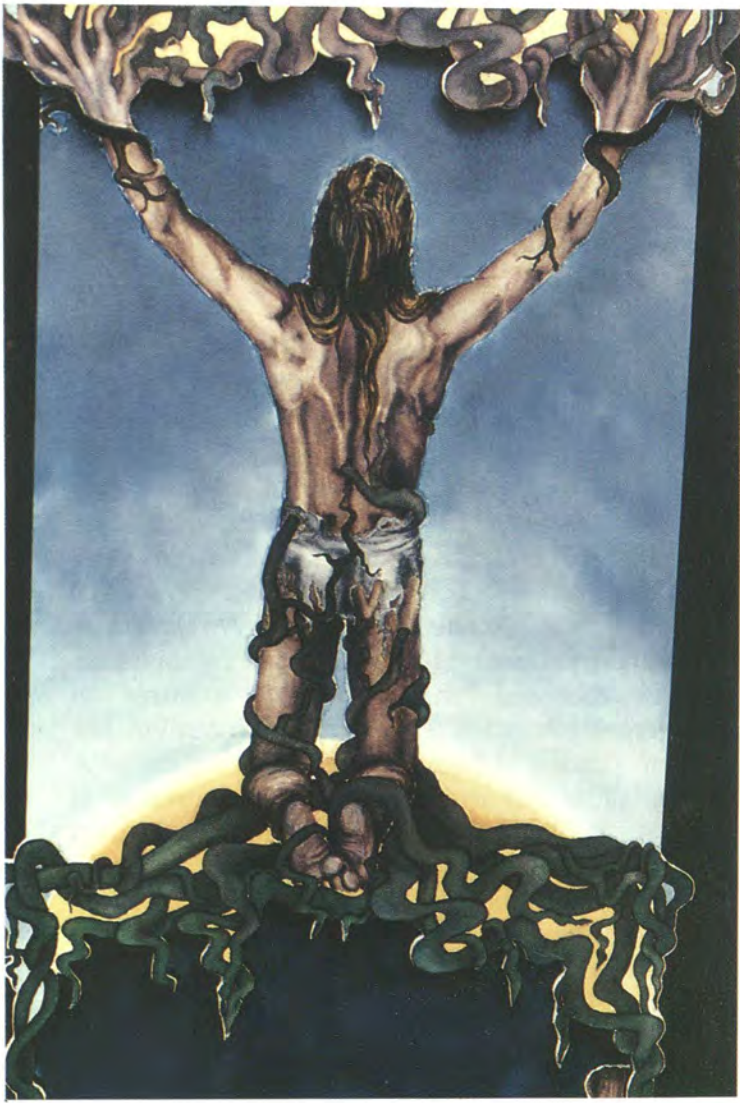
Amnesty International members meet every week in K15. A.I. is a grass roots organisation which works for people who have been imprisoned tortured or killed because of their political or religious beliefs, colour or race. We write letters to governments asking about the welfare of these people and reminding them of the U.N. Declaration of Human Rights. Our group works on Urgent Actions, which are cases needing immediate action, so our letter writing varies according to needs. We have written over 300 letters this year. We have also watched various videos on human rights issues and discussed the situations existing in different countries. This year our attention has been drawn especially to East Timor. A number of our members have been present at various rallies and marches supporting human rights in East Timor.

We have been involved in organising school fundraising for Rwanda - the school raised \$1,200 which we gave to CARE. We also participated in Candle Day where Fort Street raised \$4900 to help A.I. The cost of research into Amnesty cases is met only by its members and funds raised on Candle Day. This is the only way we can ensure our independence and integrity.

Everybody is welcome to attend any of our meetings.

Ms Davis

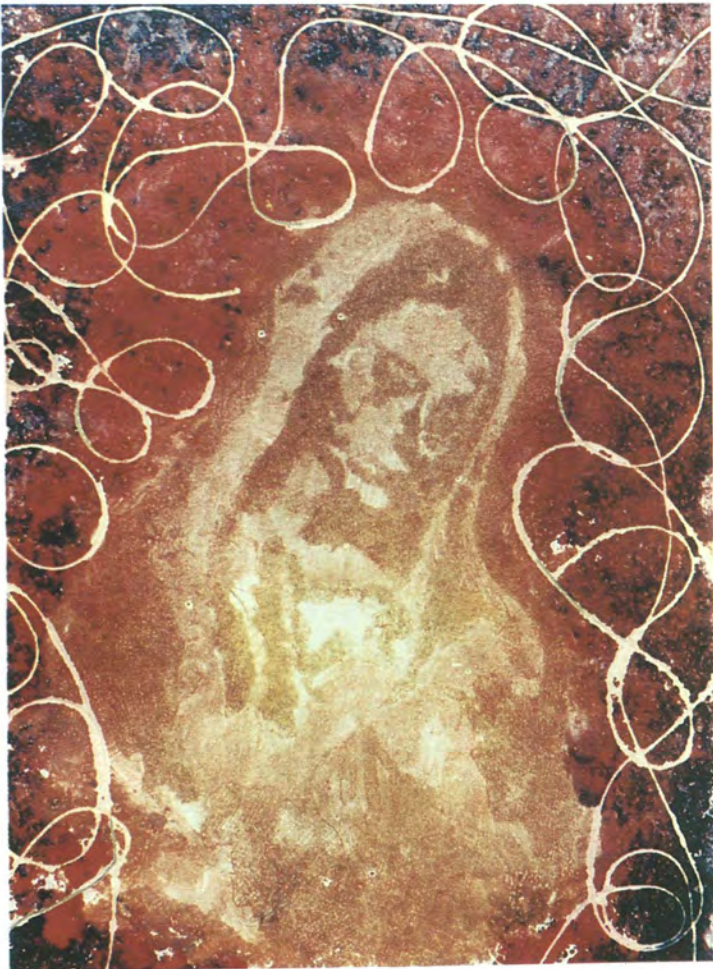
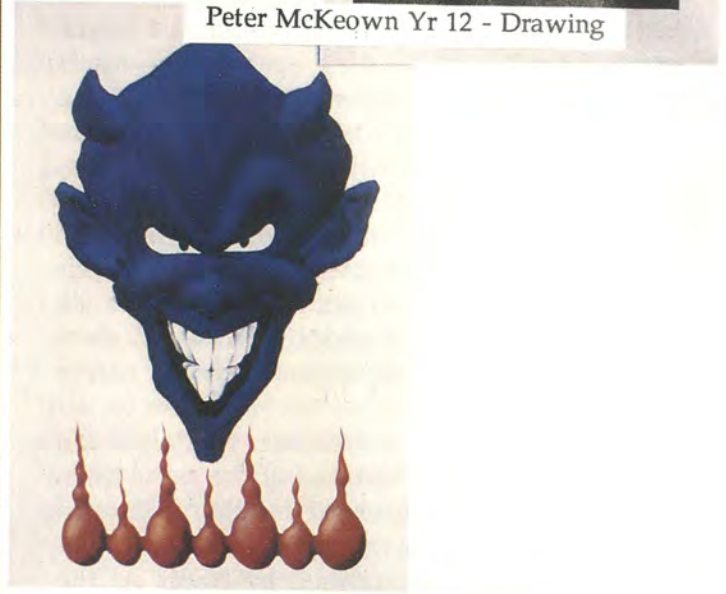




Cinnamon Lee Yr 12 - Painting (detail)



Peter McKeown Yr 12 - Drawing



Georgina Braham Yr 10 - Etching



Hui Teh Yr 12 - Ceramic (selected for "Art Express" exhibition)

Green Group

During 1994 a group of Fortians, mainly from Years 7, 8, 9 and 10, met regularly. Each has a common goal - to make Fort Street High School (and the planet as a whole) a safer and better place.

At the Fort Street Open Day the Green Group organised an interesting, awareness-raising and successful stand. We exhibited posters sent to us by Green Peace. We sold biodynamically produced apples and apple juice and beautifully crafted cards made from all recycled products. Pure cotton T-shirts were provided at cost, by the parents of Grace of Year 8. Using these T-shirts Wendy, Mary, Bernadette and Adam of Year 10 worked very hard for many days, screen printing catchy logos such as *Think Globally, Act Locally* and *Take the Toys from the Boys* (which accompanied an image of nuclear weapons).

The Green Group will soon purchase several books on the environment and associated issues for the school library. We are planning to conduct a student and teacher survey regarding issues that affect Fort Street directly. We shall invite some guest speakers for school assemblies from groups such as *Friends of the Earth*, *Greenpeace* and *The Wilderness Society*. The group would like to initiate recycling of paper and aluminium cans.

Anyone is welcome to become part of the Green Group. Our aim is to raise awareness of environmental issues among both the school and parent bodies.

Jane Levi - Co-ordinator, Green Group



Adam Brown yr 12 drawing



Kate Toupein yr 8 painting

Mock Trial Report

Earlier this year, three Year 11 teams competed in an inter-school Mock Trial Competition. We took on three different schools in three rounds.

In the first case, Fort Street represented the defendant on charges of theft against the prosecution represented by Dulwich Hill High. Fort Street took out the first round, winning the case for the defence. Our second team competed in a civil case in which Fort Street represented the plaintiff, who was suing for damages for an unfair dismissal hearing, against Sydney Grammar School who represented the defendant. Our second team also won their case, and was able to regain the plaintiff's job.

Unfortunately, Fort Street's third team lost their case for the defendant, a supermarket which was being sued by the plaintiff, represented by St. Brigadines College, Randwick, over a spillage on the supermarket floor on which the plaintiff slipped.

The loss by the third team effectively knocked Fort Street out of the competition.

All those who participated in the Mock Trial Competition thoroughly enjoyed the experience. Not only does it give you a chance to pretend you are a big shot lawyer, but you do get the chance to meet the real thing. Local magistrates, solicitors and barristers give up their precious time to be a part of this great Program. So for all those budding young legal eagles, or even if you just want to have fun and meet new people, Mock Trials are for you.

Thanks to the Social Science staff for giving up their time to organise the Mock Trials and to Jeremy Glass, a solicitor, who gives up valuable time each year to coach the Fort Street High Mock Trial Team.

Tamara Howe - Year 11

Computer Studies Report

One day I was working on the Time Travellers' Internet and was surprised and delighted to find the following report by time traveller, Blaise Pascal. To computing students Blaise Pascal is credited as the person who built the first mechanical calculator in 1642. This was an early forerunner of the modern computer. Blaise reports as follows:

"My investigation of electronic computers in the late 20th century took me to the Great South Land, Australia. There I came across the computer rooms at Fort Street High School in the Sydney suburb of Petersham. Since new IBM compatible computers were installed in the second half of 1993, computing has certainly grown as a subject area. In 1994 Fort Street had one Year 12 2-unit class taught by Mr. Hayes, two Year 11 2-unit classes taught by Mr. Fraser and Mr. Hayes, two Year 11 1-unit classes taught by Ms. Paice and Ms. Kozłowska, two Year 10 classes taught by Mr. Hayes and Mr. Fraser, and two Year 9 classes taught by Mr. Osland and Mr. Fraser. In addition, Years 7 and 8 Design and Technology and senior Electronics classes have been taught in the computer rooms by Ms. Wells, Mr. Duggan and Mr. B. Fraser, the other Mr. Fraser. In addition to exercise on Microsoft Works, developed in 1993 for word-processing, databases and spreadsheets, students have also been using Wordperfect for desktop publishing, Excel for spreadsheets with look-up tables and macros and Autosketch. Students have also been writing programs using Qbasic. Mr. Hayes also took his students to the Sydney Morning Herald offices so that they might see the application of computers to producing a newspaper. In the office, the ancillary staff are becoming quite expert in computing, being able to produce certificates, brochures, letters and financial reports on computer. The school has purchased four laptop computers for staff to take home so that they may prepare lessons and do administrative tasks away from school. The laptop computers are also useful for sporting carnivals.

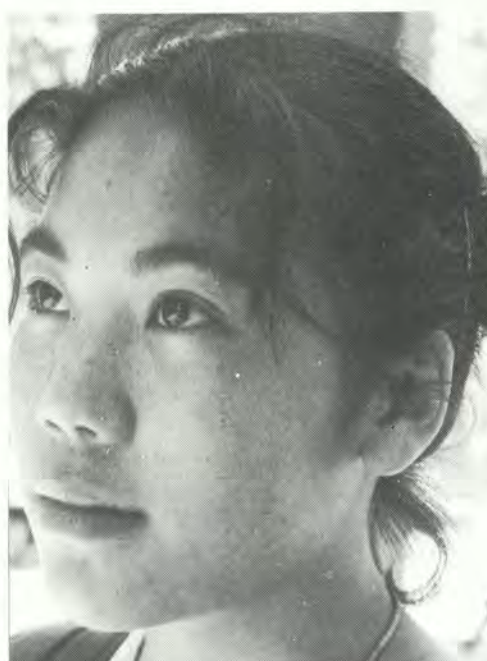
It is something magnificent to enter the computer room to see and hear the quiet buzz of a computer class. Some students can't wait to log onto their work station and proceed with their work. Computing Studies teachers are kept busy continuing to upgrade their skills and prepare work for the students.

1995 will be an interesting year for computing at Fort Street High School. There will be two 2-unit Year 12 classes from which some students will do further work in computing as 3-unit candidates for the HSC. Year 11 will have a single 2-unit, while there will continue to be two classes in each of Years 9 and 10. I shall look forward to hopping back in my time machine to see more of computing at Fort Street."

H.Fraser



Oscar Park



Amy Leantore



Michelle Sabatie

SRC Report

Fort Street Representative Council has been very productive this year, with its major success being the Open Day held in May. With the co-operation of the whole school, the many activities, in particular the "Dunking Machine", displayed the school spirit and were thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. Co-operation by the SRC in the drawing up of the school building plans saw student input placed in the renovations of the school.

A range of other minor activities were also completed with the dedication of their SRC members who have expended much of their time and effort for the benefit of the student body. Thanks to Mr Browne and all other staff for their continuous support throughout the year. With a new Student Council a range of new programs are underway and we are looking forward to an even more productive year with more activities which aim to improve the school's atmosphere and its facilities.

In Week 2 of Term One, the SRC has a camp planned, where all the plans for the coming year will be finalised as well as developing leadership qualities for all members.



Democracy in Action!



Back Row: Hanna Torsch, Arion McNicoll, Ewan McDonald, Patrick Stanton, Rosie Malcom, Daniel Whaite, Anna Clark, Gareth Kemp, Murray Coleman,

Third Row: Hugh McNeil, Rachel Stein-Holmes, Amy Lawson, Amy Critchley, Michael Browne, Felicity Kelly, Mustafa Karaoglou, Thomas Moliterno

Second Row: Wendy, David, Claudine, Fabian, Laila, Jenny, Gomez, Julian, Nicki, James, Kate, Sarah, Kirren

SPORTS REPORT

1994 has been a very successful year for Fort Street High on the sporting fields. We have improved our performances in the Annual Carnivals and Grade Sport Competitions. As the biggest school in the Northern Suburbs Zone, we have finally started to dominate in the sporting arena as we should. However, next year it may not be as easy, with a Handicap Point Score System being introduced to give the smaller schools a better chance to keep up with us.

I still think, with commitment from all our students, we can continue to be as successful. The main reason we took out the Zone Athletics Carnival for the second year in a row was because we had athletes in every event! All our training before and after school is paying off! This year we had a record number of students represent the Zone and Region at CHS Level. The next step in our Success Plan is now underway with the new Grounds Construction having commenced and due for completion by the end of first term. We will now have the facilities to match our improving sporting abilities. The new grounds will include a rugby/athletics oval, tennis courts, basketball/netball courts, cricket nets, and volleyball courts. These, together with our top class Gymnasium, will help path the way for Fort Street's dominance towards 2000.

Our new Sport Search Fitness Test enables students to match their physical attributes and sport preferences with potential sport suitability. This Program is part of the National Talent Search - which will endeavour to provide the opportunity for students to trial for a place in a talent program for the Sydney 2000 Olympics. It is possible that there are students at our school who have what it takes to make it to the Sydney 2000 Olympic Games. Many of these students may not have been aware of their ability, but Sport Search can help identify and foster this talent. The Sporting Results highlighted in this report will give you some idea of the talent that we have hidden at Fort Street High School.



ATHLETICS

Fort Street's Athletics Team has become even stronger this year. Many students have trained throughout the year and have performed exceptionally well. It was the first year we have held our Carnival at the Homebush International Athletic Stadium, and it was a huge success! We had our greatest roll call ever, and many school records were broken. Unfortunately, one of our star athletes - Ben Day-Roche - was injured in the 100m, but his hip is completely better now and his tennis did not suffer. Some of the age divisions were very competitive, and the Age Champions only won by a few points. The very deserving Age Champions were:

	Boys	Girls
12 Years	Thomas Scott	Alex McGuirk
13 Years	Darren Ma	Leila Engle
14 Years	John Quilter	Lisa Collins
15 Years	Andrew Watson	Mayet Costella
16 Years	Nathan Quinlan	Anna Clark
17 Years	Daniel Whaite	Lisa Goudie

The Zone Carnival was held on the 21st and 22nd June at Homebush Bay. Fort Street had a very strong battle with Marsden High School. Even though I was confident we were the more talented team, it was very nerve racking as the final point score was tallied. We won by 7 points, which was from a terrific effort by our students. I would like to congratulate every single athlete who participated in an event, it was a marvellous effort. We are really going to have to pull out a big one next year as Marsden will have an advantage over us in the Handicapped System as they have a smaller enrolment.

Our Athletics Team also competed in the Moove Games for the first time this year. We won the Metropolitan North Regional Moove Cup heat, and then competed for the title of NSW High Schools Team Title at the Sydney International Athletic Centre. Our dedicated athletes put in time and effort during a period of exams and assessments to compete in this event. They finished a very creditable eight and everyone had a great time.



Mr Millward, Mr Jurd, Ms Millward



SWIMMING

We started the year with our Annual Swimming Carnival. The house spirit was alive again with the four houses being well represented in and out of the pool. A few school records were broken and the Fort Street Team was very strong for Zone.

Next year's Swimming Carnival is going to have a change of venue. Unfortunately, the New Olympic Park Aquatic Centre is too expensive and we have settled for Ashfield Pool. This pool has much better shelter from the sun and is more central for our students. We hope to see more parents and spectators at next year's Carnival.

The Final Carnival results were:

1st	BLUE	698
2nd	YELLOW	390
3rd	GREEN	386
4th	RED	367

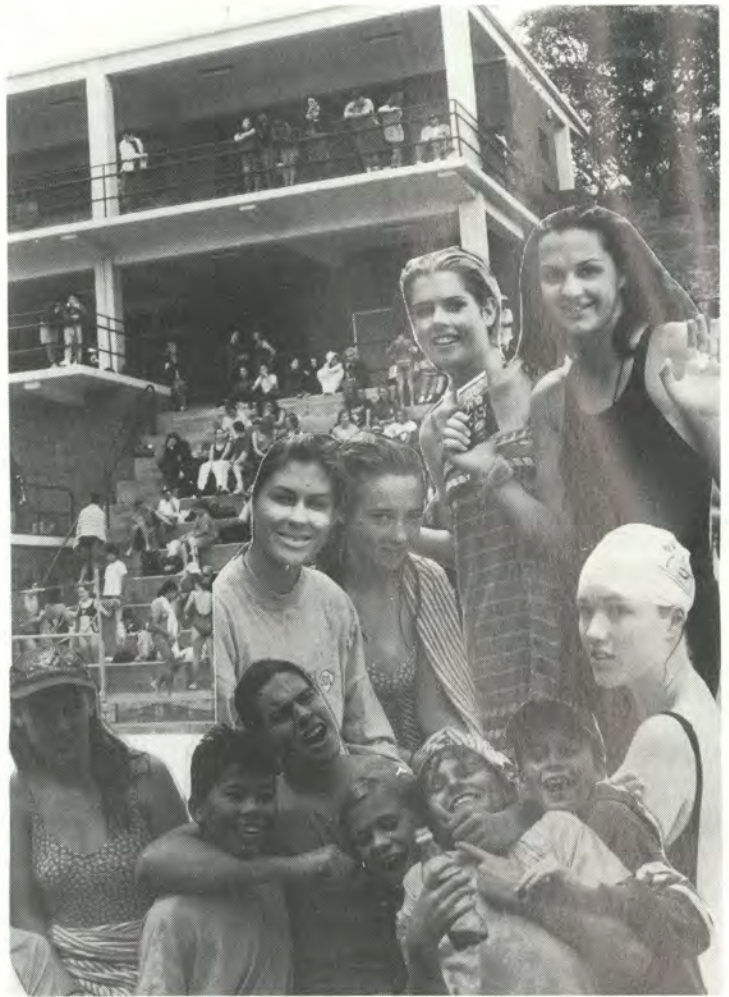
Age Champions:	Boys	Girls
12 Years	Peter Glavas	Nicole Talmacs
13 Years	Daniel Tan	Sarah Johnson
14 Years	Robbie Austen	Sarah Wood
15 Years	Ewan McDonald	Emma Keogh
16 Years	Simon Allen	Ali Crosby
17 Years	David Aurelius	Pippa Travers

Our school team competed very well at the Zone Carnival and finished a very close 4th (1552) behind Concord (2124), Hunters Hill (1988), and Marsden (1602).

Our students were a real credit to the school and evoked a feeling of positive school spirit. We had some outstanding individual and team performances. Our 17+ Boys Individual Medley Relay Team broke the existing Zone Record by an amazing 6 seconds - David Aurelius, Leighton Aurelius, Joseph Dickson and Nick Allen, comprised the team.

The following students represented the Zone at the Regional Swimming Carnival.

Jessica Schuman	Joseph Dickson
Nick Allen	Ali Crosby
David Aurelius	Simon Allen
Leighton Aurelius	Tamara Talmacs
Sally Buckingham	Amy Lawson
Ewan McDonald	Pippa Travers
Belinda Selwood	Sarah Wood



FUN RUN

The final Sporting Event for 1994 was the Annual School Fun Run for Years 7, 8 and 9. The Fun Run conducted in aid of CANTEEN (Teenagers with Cancer) raised \$5600 and provided an opportunity for serious runners and serious fundraisers to test themselves. Robert Choy of Year 7 raised \$208, to top individual effort.

The Year Champion runners were:

Year 7 Sarah Johnson, Steven Huang, Min Phan.

Year 8 Lisa Collins, Jose Argueta

Year 9 Brooke Richards, Andrew Watson.

Congratulations Fort Street students on a very successful year. Let's do it again next year!



Sarah Johnson



Jose Argueta

GRADE SPORT

Fort Street High has performed very well in Grade Sport this year. Thank you to all those students who have represented the School and given it their best. Unfortunately, we have not filled a couple of teams this summer, which will have to change next year or the variety of Recreational Sports will not be offered. The Open Girls Cricket Team won the 1993/94 Summer Season, but sadly there was no competition for them this year.

Our Girls Tennis Teams shone through in the Winter Competition - winning the Zone B and 15 Years Divisions. Four of our tennis players also competed in the Marrickville Tennis Tournament - Sarah Johnson, Carly Bedford, Amy Lawson, and Maria Kwiatkowski were the winners of the Competition and, thanks to their efforts, won a prize of \$2000 for the school.



Brooke Richards



Boys Open Touch Football

SPORTS HALL OF FAME

Australian Representatives

Amy Cloran - Diving (3rd in Springboard)

State Representatives

Daniel Whaite	-	Rugby Union
Nathan McLachlan	-	Rugby Union
Lisa Collins	-	Soccer
Michelle Summerville	-	Softball
Maria Kwiatkowski	-	Tennis
Nathan Quinlan	-	Indoor Soccer

Regional Representatives

Nicola Patterson	-	Soccer
Magnolia Sutcliffe	-	Cricket
Michelle Summerville	-	Cricket
Emma Keogh	-	Waterpolo
Lisa Collins	-	Cross Country, Athletics
Daniel Whaite	-	Athletics
Nathan Quinlan	-	Athletics
Alex Barreto	-	Athletics
Neil Pradham	-	Athletics
Tim Chapman	-	Athletics
Lisa Goudie	-	Athletics
Smrithi Siva	-	Athletics
Lynda Body	-	Athletics
Louise Mayne	-	Athletics
Angela Kontominas	-	Athletics
Kirstie Lowe	-	Athletics
Anna Clarke	-	Athletics
Rose Malcolm	-	Athletics
Natasha Bloom	-	Diving



Amy Cloran Diving



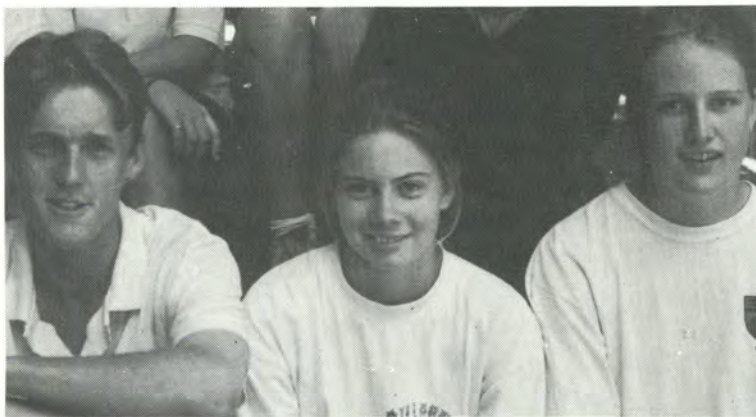
Ailie Davidson



Lisa Collins Cross Country,



Emma Keogh Waterpolo



Nathan McLachlan

Lisa Collins

Anna Clarke



Rose Malcolm

GALA DAY

On 15th August, Year 7 students participated in a Gala Day Sport Competition. We participated in Netball, Soccer, Softball, Hockey, and Touch Football. We had been training for these sports in our Sport afternoons and were ready for some tough competition from Balmain, Hunters Hill, and Concord. There were some excellent results, particularly from the Softball, Hockey, and Soccer matches. It was a very tight competition, with Fort Street coming 2nd overall.

The 1994/95 Summer Competition is going extremely well. If it wasn't for Year 10 Work Experience and some camps which took students away on Tuesday, quite a few of our teams would be leading the competition. The 15 year old boys Volleyball Team has yet to be defeated. Good Luck to all these teams next year.

A big thank you to all the staff who spent a great deal of their time coaching our teams this year.

Jacinta Jacobs - Sports Co-Ordinator

CROSS COUNTRY

The School Cross Country Carnival ran very smoothly thanks to the numerous students and staff who helped with the organisation. Year 7 had some outstanding talent which looks good for the future. Lisa Collins had the fastest girls' time of the day and she went on to be Zone Age Champion and a Regional Representative at the State Carnival. Angus Cameron had the fastest boys' time and he went on to represent the Zone at the Region.

Our other age champions were:

	Girls	Boys
12 Years	Alex McGuirk	Luke McMahon
13 Years	Sarah Johnson	Luke Mitchell
14 Years	Lisa Collins	Andrew Cram
15 Years	Hannah Wolfson	Andrew Watson
16 Years	Anna Clark	Ben Day Roche
17 Years	Lisa Goudie	Angus Cameron

The Fort Street Team competed exceptionally well at the Zone Carnival. The girls won the point score for the first time, and we were placed third overall. This is our best result ever, and all runners should be congratulated for their efforts. Lisa Collins and Nathan McLachlan were Zone Champions, and we had some other very good placings.



Cross Country Winners

Lisa Goudie, Louise Mayne, Daniello Floro Rosie Malcolm, Anna Clark, Murray Coleman, Angus Cameron, Ms Jacobs, Smithri Siva, Angela Kontominas, Amy Lawson, Amy Leanfore, Katie Goodwin, Nicola Patterson, Nathan McLachlan, Daniel Whaite, Nathan Quinlan, Emma Keogh, Andrew Watson, Sarah Johnson, Naomi Stanley, Laila Engels, Emma Brockway, Ms Clarice Kennedy.



Zone Swimming Team
 Emma Keogh, Sarah Wood,
 Belinda Selwood, Ewan McDonald,
 Kate Edwards, Tamara Talmacs,
 Amy Chloran, Joseph Dickson,
 Amy Lawson, Pippa Travis

Mathematics Report

Here we are, yet again, at that dreaded time of the year when all I want to do is prepare for my exams in Mathematics and Mr. Solomons has asked me to write the Fortian report. How could I say no! The Mathematics Faculty have always come to my assistance when I have needed that little extra help in solving those brain-teasing, not to mention frustrating problems.

For those students new to the school, let me introduce myself. I am Ada Lovelace of Year 11, I think, or is it Year 12, now that it is November? It sounds as though I am confused; but so are the rest of Year 11. I have decided to do 4-unit Mathematics for my HSC because I know it will allow my creative intelligence to reign free.

The beginning of the year started on a high note when volunteers were asked to compete in the Mathematics Challenge 1994. Thirty-four students from Years 7, 8, 9 and 10 participated in the stage. Fifteen students received excellent, merit and achievement awards. My good friend, Jeffrey Castro, produced an outstanding solution to the "Marble Frame" problem. The next stage was the Mathematics Enrichment 1994. Eighty-three students supplied solutions to problems over the period between April and October. The solutions that the students produced were of an extremely high standard. I was personally asked to evaluate some of the solutions and I was impressed by the resourcefulness of the students. The Australian Mathematics Competition 1994 attracted 792 competitors. Although some believed that they were press-ganged into the event, every student surely must have felt extremely exhilarated by the challenge the competition posed. I would like to thank on behalf of all my fellow students, the school for contributing \$1 for every student who entered. The Regional Manager of Westpac, Mr. Schweitzer, officially started the competition at exactly 9.00am in the Hall where all the Year 7 students had been waiting with great anticipation. The school gained 8 prizes, 285 distinctions and 344 credits. An outstanding level of achievement especially amongst the Year 7's.

The students at the school celebrated Mathematics Week 1994 by entering a competition designed and co-ordinated by Mrs. Beevers using the digits in the year 1994. The response was so overwhelming that the Mathematics staff decided to award prizes to fifty-four entrants. Prizes, donated by local businesses, were only small tokens of appreciation for the students' excellent and resourceful work.

The pilgrimage to the University of NSW's Oatley Campus has become an annual event for a privileged few of Year 9 students. This year, escorted by the talented and enthusiastic Mrs. Stamoulos, Gaurav Mathur, Vythehi Elango, Ned Molesworth, Dylan Benhan and Annie Liao, represented Fort Street at the Talented Year 9 Mathematics Day in June. Like their predecessors, they came back triumphant. They were placed fourth overall and returned with a graphic calculator to add to the collection started by the first group of Year 9 students in 1992. Although the events were similar to previous years, the competition was no less zealous with a slight air of collegiality.

The Year 8 students were blessed twice this year. They were exposed to the usual in-house excursion called *The World of Maths*. In my day it was titled *the Magic of Maths*. I still get a buzz of excitement remembering those wonderful experiments and problem-solving scenarios; yes, with concrete materials. The joy that those Year 8 students had was painted on their faces as they left the hall. The Darling Harbour Aquarium was the venue for their second excursion. Although the weather may have dampened their spirits, their willingness to work and complete the Excursion assignment was a credit to the vigilance of the teachers. Rumours that some Year 8's were to be volunteered to count the number of teeth of shark from inside the tank proved false, to the disappointment of some of their cohorts.

The Year 9 students travelled to Wonderland to enjoy and appreciate Mathematics and its applications to the Real World. Although a cellular phone was needed last year, the trusty government buses proved comfortable and reliable... not to mention the access to a radio service if required. The weather was bleak, but the will to complete the workbooks was beyond belief, especially when it meant screaming, nauseous and horrifying ideas.

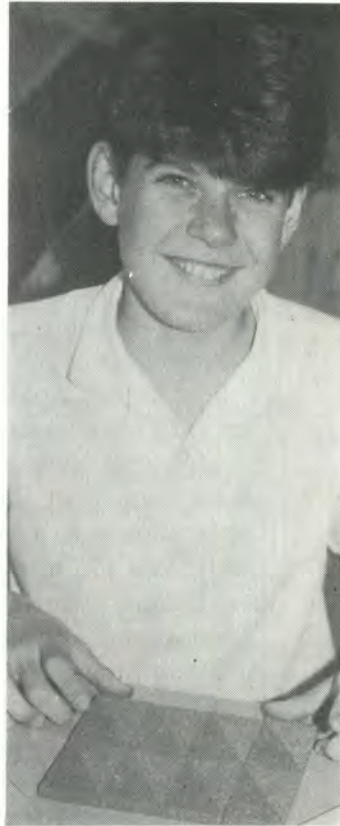
I wish to thank on behalf of all my fellow students the mathematics staff who, over the past year, have ensured that each lesson is filled with discovery and enjoyment, and that we are thoroughly occupied when we are at home. Finally, while typing this report on the Mathematics Faculty computer, I overheard some real gossip. Mr. Solomons is leaving at the end of the year to take up a new position. Will this mean this is my last Fortian Report? You will have to wait until Fortian 1995.

Ada Lovelace - Year 11

History 1994



Sophie Richards



Andrew Mc Gibbon

Maths is Fun



Niccola Phillips

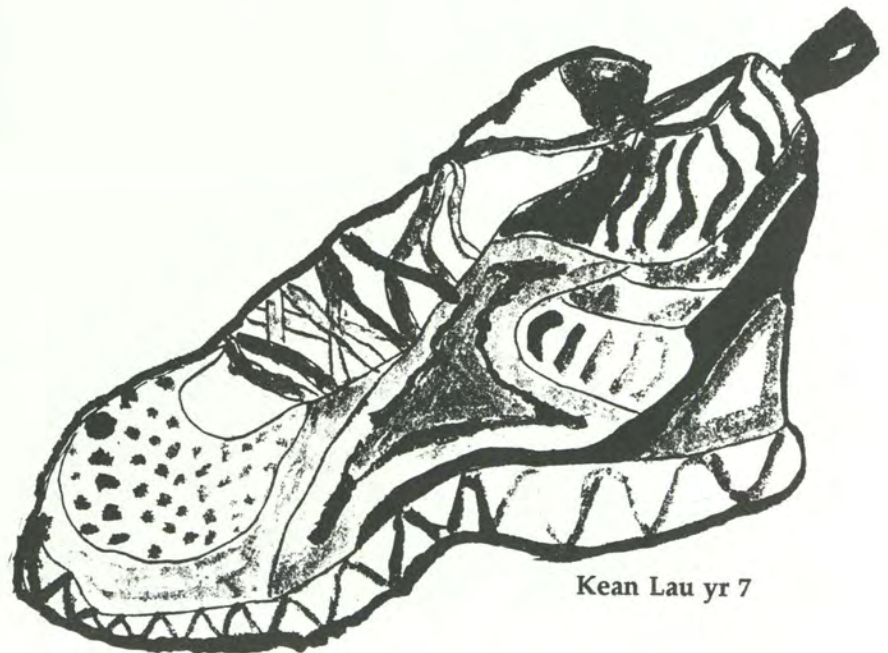
What a fascinating and exciting year 1994 has been for Historians at Fort Street High. Both Juniors and Seniors have been launched into new focus areas of the new History Syllabus. Despite a desperate shortage of text books and resources, the History staff have struggled valiantly to ensure that students have the best our limited financial resources can provide. A new Ancient History Syllabus was lobbed on us just one year after new courses for Years 7, 8 & 9 were introduced.

Peter Lee of "Looking Back" invaded the school and transported the Year 8 Historians back into the ancient worlds of the Greeks and Romans, while Year 9 suffered the "slings and arrows" of life in Medieval times. Year 7 students of Australian History were exposed to a wide range of experiences including Burnum Burnum, Old Sydney Town, a day's sailing on the Bounty, and a dramatisation of events surrounding the Myall Creek Massacre.

This year I left the History Faculty in the very capable hands of Ms. Trevini while I took some eight weeks leave. During my absence, members of the History Faculty undertook the very arduous tasks associated with finalising requirements for the Higher School Certificate and the School Certificate, and I sincerely thank Ms. Trevini and all members of the Faculty for their grand efforts.

1995 will see further changes being made in senior Ancient and Modern History courses as well as the introduction of a totally new Year 10 History course. Our students are truly inspired by the outstanding results achieved in the 1993 HSC by Louise Buckingham (8th in the State, Ancient History 3U), and Jessica Murty (10th in the State, Ancient History 2U).

T. Glebe - Head Teacher History



Kean Lau yr 7

Rugby Report

Rugby First XV 1994

There was a vast improvement in the standard of Rugby in the school over the past 12 months. The First XV went from last in the Competition to narrowly lose an exciting Grand Final to Malvina 22-21; the U/15's also performed well throughout before losing narrowly to Marsden; and the Year 7 and 8's showed the depth of talent in the school with their match against Brighton Grammar from Melbourne.

The First XV were ably led by Captain Nick Allen and our other Year 12 stars Tim Chapman, Jeremy Green, Ben Russell, Andrew Murray and Neil Pradham. The side competed in the Zone Competition, the Waratah Shield, the annual Grenfell Sevens, and provided the basis for the Cavaliers representative side that toured New Zealand in June. A nucleus of younger players competed with Western Suburbs in the weekend competition which provided an ongoing basis for improvement in the school side. It was pleasing to see a positive change in attitude from the previous year and a willingness to be involved in training and coaching sessions. Thank you to Ian Chapman for his assistance as Manager during the year. This provided the basis for a very enjoyable and successful year.

Radestocks Restaurant at Leichhardt announced

a sponsorship of next year's side and hosted the Presentation Dinner the day after the Grand Final. Congratulations to the following students who were successful in winning this year's awards:

Best and Fairest	Tim Chapman
Most Valuable Player	Jeremy Green
Most Improved	Ben Presland
Best Back/Captain	Nick Allen

The side also produced a host of representative players with Nick Allen, Tim Chapman, Nathan McLachlan, Burt Sigsworth and Daniel Whaite being chosen to represent Northern Suburbs at the NSW CHS Inter Regional Carnival. Nathan and Daniel were later chosen in the NSW CHS Development Squad to undertake a tour of South Africa in June 1995.

Twelve Fort Street players have also been selected to take part in the Petersham U/17 Tour of Japan, Wales, England and Ireland in April 1995.

Congratulations to all players on their efforts over the past season and best of luck in the coming season.



Nathan McLachlan



Daniel Whaite

Girl's Discussion Group

Girls Discussion Group this year has been an enriching experience for all involved. Girls Discussion is an affirmative action group, who meet in A1 each Thursday lunch to discuss the latest developments in feminism.

It is presided over by Ms Joslyn, a member of the science staff, who gives up a lot of her time to help us and to find topics for discussions (ie newspaper clippings). Thanks Ms Joslyn.

Not many posters have been put up this year, a fact which pains us greatly. But student organisation was, surprise, surprise, not all encompassing, and in reality had many large square holes through which all plans for posters fell.

This year Girl's Discussion Group gained its first male member, Craig Foley. Craig lends a balance to the scale in conversations and helps us to keep our perspective. The total membership of the group fluctuates with each session, depending on prior commitments individual people may have - eg sport, debating, etc.

All in all, the existence of the Girl's Discussion group demonstrates the advantages available to Fort Street High students.

Lisa Foley Year 9

Social Science Report

The Social Science faculty this year has had both achievements and changes. The achievements via our talented students have been 5 distinctions for Year 12 students who participated in the Mobil "Australian Economy" competition, 10 High Distinctions in a Statewide Geography skills competition in Year 9, and a success for Year 11 Legal Studies in the Mock Trial competition.

Our talented staff achieved too - Mr Millward had a successful and enjoyable New Zealand ski trip with 30 students; Mr Docking organised a joint venture to N.Z. for a schools visit based on sporting competitions and some sightseeing, Mr Griffith and Ms Ireland tackled Mt Kosciusko with 50 Year 9 Geography students (and reached the top !), Mr Griffith and Ms Johanson with 35 Year 11 Geographers studied and survived the Shoalhaven Catchment and Mr Millward became a father !!! The most significant changes were the inclusion of our new member of staff Ms Kozlowska - welcome; the implementation of the new Geography Syllabus (Stage 5) into Year 9; carpeting of the staff-room (at last); no more pigeons in K 24 and hopefully no more leaks in the staffroom.

You can see that we incorporate both our social and science based skills in our faculty. We look forward to another great year in 1995.

M. Johansen



Belinda Conway, Elizabeth Mole,
Natalie Lammas, Djygynta Holden,
Ms Joslyn, Amanda Nurse,
Craig Foley, Denim Francis

ENGLISH REPORT

For the English Department, 1994 has been a very good year: we returned to generally pleasing 1993 HSC results, and have reason to believe the 1994 crop will produce results that will bring us at least as much pleasure. Normal extra activities such as debating, drama and writing competitions have been undertaken with even increased enthusiasm. I'll summarise some of these activities briefly.

As usual, our inter-school debating teams brought credit on themselves and the school:

Year 12 were runners-up in their zone;

Year 11 won their zone;

Year 10 won their zone and Ben Spies-Butcher was selected for the Metropolitan East team to compete in the state-wide Commonwealth Bank Junior Debating Competition.

Year 8 are entered in the Janene Bess Debating Competition for Selective High Schools. This competition will take place late in November.

Year 7 had their first taste of public debating in Room 25 on Open Day.

The Staff comfortably defeated the students at the **Open Day Debate**. Topic: *That school days are the best days of our lives*. A full report appears elsewhere, but it is appropriate that Mrs Marcelle Hosking and Mr Ken Ambler be thanked for the time given to preparing these teams.

Drama again featured significantly in 1994. Highlights were excellent productions of *The Iceberg Factory* and *Gaspig* at Drama Night and of *Red Hot Cinders* for Open Day. Open day also gave students the opportunity to act out short scenes from plays being studied, and to recite poetry. Thanks to all involved but particularly to Ms Kyrsty Macdonald for the time and expertise she brings to these productions.

Highlights of our excursion year include:

Year 12 *The Crucible* and *Away* Riverside Theatre

King Lear Opera House.

The Removalists The Studio

Hamlet Belvoir Theatre

Year 11 *Othello* School

Year 10 Shakespeare *Where You Like It* School

Year 9 Shakespeare *Where You Like It* School

Year 8 Shakespeare *Where You Like It* School

Year 7 *Mizery Guts* Opera House

Five Times Dizzy Enmore theatre

Writing competitions continue to attract much activity, although Fort Street students usually are motivated enough to write without the added stimulation of prizes. Although the students are accustomed to recognition from a wide range of competitions, the selection of Kelly Ngai as *The Sydney Morning Herald's Young Writer of the Year* resulted in enormous publicity. While Kelly had the starring role, the talented back-up cast brought us

just as much joy. Highly commended were Anna Clark, Thi Luc, Gemima Mowbray, Zasha Rosen, Jack Teiwes and Hanna Torsh and special recognition was given to twenty-five other entrants. Congratulations go too, to the many students who entered other competitions, but particularly to Grace Brown, Niccola Phillips and Eric Wong who had their literary efforts displayed at the zoo.

We've had fewer "expert" visitors to classes this year, but Paul Le Petit, an editor with *The Telegraph* was a valuable resource to a group of Year 10 who needed to understand the mechanics of putting a newspaper together.

Changes in 1995 are likely to involve new teaching programmes. This will be determined by anticipated syllabus changes that will result from merging the syllabus and the Australia-wide "Profiles".

Ms Rose Gunsberger is leaving Fort Street after four years. The students will miss her erudition and her involvement in their welfare. The English staffroom is losing a cultured and jolly colleague. Best wishes Rose! Who now will lead us in our discussions on Vienna and The Opera?

John Buckingham - Head Teacher, English Department



Cast of "The Iceberg Factory"

Drama Night 1994

"The Iceberg Factory" is the tragic play of a young girl, Beatrice Winters (played by Ingrid Lane), who has climbed the scaffolding in her religious school, and in an attempt by the headmistress to discover the roots of her depression, the audience is shown slices of the past which have contributed to Beatrice's unhappiness.

These incidents include a detention by the school captain during an encounter with eleventh grade girls, Linda Macoby (Amanda Nurse) and Chris Rogers (Claudia Mills), who insult Janine Latrine (supposedly Beatrice's friend) acted and presented extremely well by Caro Malcom, a severe lecture from parents (Erica Valpiani and Jim Kalotheos), and, of course, harsh words from Miss Cartwright aka Iceberg, the demanding, obnoxious woman whose role is taken by Leila Engle, who plays her brilliantly.

The ending which includes a blackout combined with an ear-piercing scream, is brilliant and moving, with all the characters surrounding the body of Beatrice Winter, who has leapt from the scaffolding, and her only true friend, Andy the gardener, closing the play with a simple but effective line.

Other characters in the play include Virginia McGuire (Effie Klippan), Mrs Hartworth (Anna Valpiani), Mr. Kent (Jack Feeres), Jenny Taylor (Rachel Stein-Holmes), Gail Bender (Nikole Talmacs), Amy Watson (Tennille Nosch), Miss Lumley (Thea Greenwood), and Mr. Ford (David Wall).

The director of "The Iceberg Factory", Naomi de Costa, deserves praise for her play, which she has carried off extremely well, and we look forward to more presentations of her work.

"Gasping" is a play by Ben Elton, concerning the corrupt world of power and money-hungry businessmen and businesswomen, and directed by the talented Ben Spies-Butcher, who also plays the company owner, Sir C. Lockheart.

The play is chiefly about the attempt of a businessman, Philip (Michael Solomon), who is trying to make his mark in the corporate world by inventing a new, marketable, feet-sweeping product. The product he comes up with supplies fresh air to its purchaser if turned on, and is approved by Lockheart who removes air

from the outside in order to sell the new product.

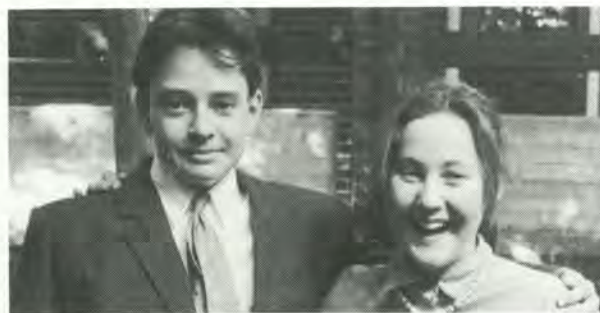
With the help of his young businessman, Sandy, whose role is taken by Simon Rowe (and all his portable phones), Philip approaches Georgina Braham, perfectly cast as the confident, headstrong woman, Kirsten, who has taken romantically to Sandy, and provides a great deal of embarrassment and humiliation to Philip.

The ending of the play is satisfying, with Philip (now disorientated in mind) dismissing the shocked Sandy and Kirsten from the project and deciding to suffocate Lockheart and himself by destroying the product.

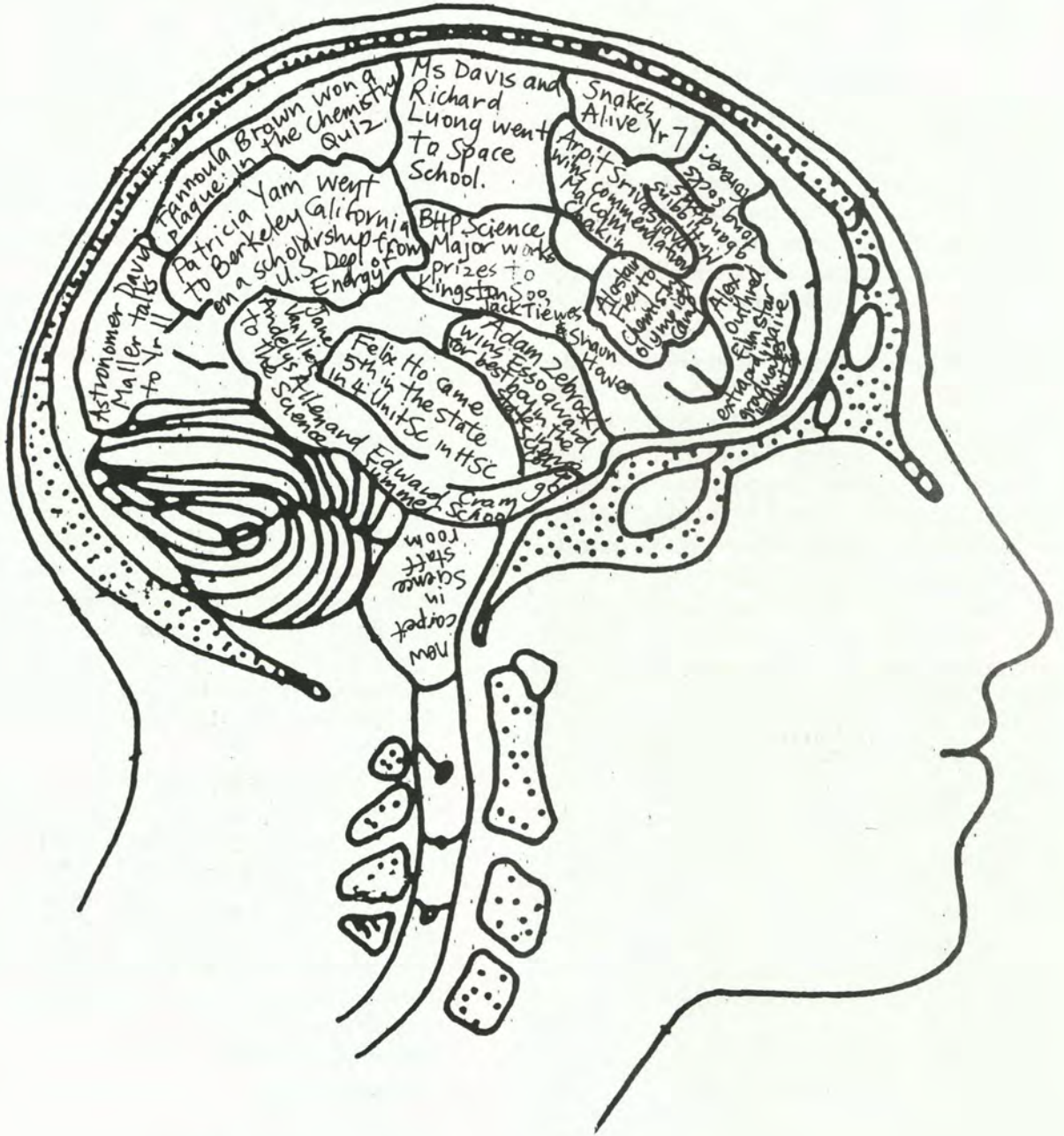
There are wonderful monologues by the very talented Anna Clark as a reporter, Nicholas Tesoriero taking the role of the Minister, Lockheart's personal secretary Miss Hodges, played by Hannah Torsh, and the garrulous Weather Forecaster played by Aletha McHalick. The costumes and props in the play are fantastic, particularly the suits, and the Year 10's involved in this play have managed to make what could have been long and tedious, a humorous and enjoyable play throughout its length, especially with the memorable massage scene where Philip's joints are seemingly disconnected (thanks to Michael Solomon's flexibility and capability to talk simultaneously).

Both the plays were a delight to watch, and could not have been produced had it not been for Ms MacDonald, the directors Naomi de Costa and Ben Spies-Butcher, the Fabulous Lighting Crew consisting of Mr. Ambler, Stephen Graham and Dylan Connerton (Year 10), the jugglers at intermediate break (Clio GatesFoale and friends), the creative (bludge) team Nik Frithcley, Jayda Tham, Crystal Loneragen and Kit Johnston, and everyone else who participated in the making of the plays or sat in the audience.

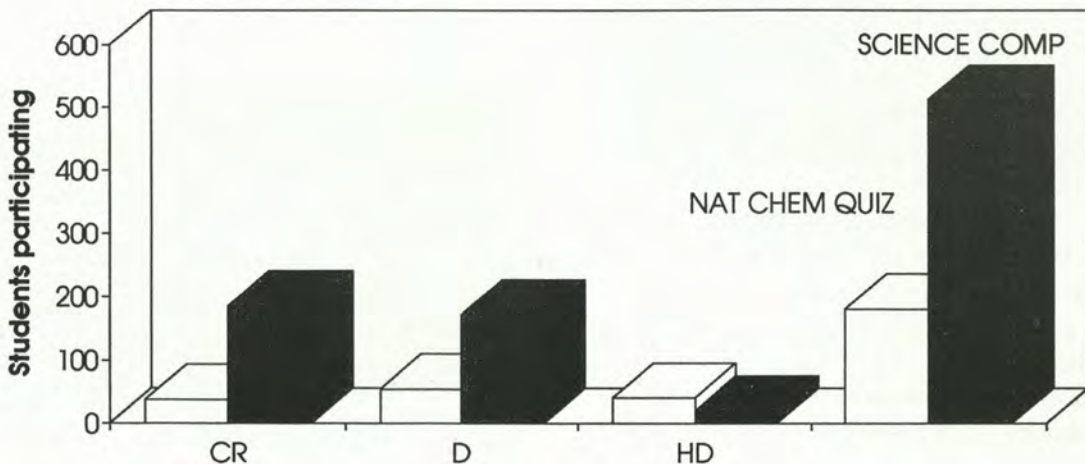
Also, a special thanks to the Year 10's in "Gasping" who managed to act well on the second performance, considering they had just attended a formal the night before.



Science Report



SCIENCE COMPETITIONS 1994



Seimens Science School 1994

Even before I have finished writing this article, I can almost see the labels it may be given - perhaps "techworld" or "dag-o-rama". Who on earth would want to spend three days of their most marvellous summer holidays doing science? Well, fellow Fortians, while the rest of you were watching "Wayne's World" for the umpteenth time, or accruing melanomas at the beach, I was at the Macquarie University's Siemens Science School participating in various experiments and lectures. If this means I have no life, then I wish I had traded mine in years ago.

Over the three day period, I was engaged in activities such as:

Examining various flora (and fauna!) under the microscope.

Using chromatography to separate the pigments in chlorophyll.

Testing various aspects of the water quality in a nearby stream.

Discovering the course of an ancient river by examining patterns in sedimentary rocks.

Visiting a weather station.

Playing "The Weather Game" on a computer, to predict temperature and rainfall in various regions.

Studying light scattering and polarisation, using lasers and polaroid film.

If you think this sounds very complex, you could be right, but friendly instruction was never far away. If you think this sounds boring, either you are not quite right in the head, or you are such a magical scientist that your brain is already rollerblading around the world at the speed of light. One way or another, I cannot recommend the Siemens Science School highly enough; it was an experience I will never forget.

Claire Wallace - Year 10



Jack Teiwes yr. 7 being presented with 3rd prize in the Creative Scientific Writing Competition. This is part of Young Scientist 94 competition sponsored by Macquarie University



Ms Wells



Ms Hosking



Mr Solomons,
Ms Johnson

CHS Athletics Team

Rosie Malcolm, Lisa Goudie, Daniel Whaite, Nathan Quinlan, Angela Kontominas, Anna Clark, Louise Mayne, Smithri Siva, Ms Clarice Kennedy



OUR JAPANESE CONNECTION

For the past ten years Fort Street High School has maintained a relationship with Eifuku High School in Tokyo, Japan. Our sister school relationship (if one may still use the expression these days of politically correct jargon) began as a result of talks between Mr. Neville Wran (an Old Fortian) and the then Governor of Tokyo. The relationship developed rather hesitantly at first with neither side sure of how to proceed. Initial contacts consisted of an exchange of letters between the school principals. Subsequently, a consignment of student artworks arrived from Eifuku and now adorns sections of our school library. Mr. Hart Sturm, a former Head Teacher of the Social Science Department, visited Eifuku and established direct contact with our sister school.

In 1988 the first group of students from Eifuku visited Fort Street and enjoyed family homestays and a program of excursions organised by teachers from our History and Social Science Departments. Since then there have been three more visits from Eifuku on a bi-annual basis, and Fort Street students have thus far made three expeditions to Japan. These exchanges have always proved very successful and have provided a valuable insight into the life and culture of our respective countries. It is pertinent to stress the point that the Fort Street/Eifuku Exchange Program is one involving the whole school and is not confined to students who have chosen to study the Japanese language.

In Japan, secondary schools are divided into junior and senior levels. Thus, a Japanese student will first attend a junior high school for three years, and then study for a further three years in a senior high school, usually situated in a different location. Established on the 1st November 1978, Eifuku High School does not have the history and tradition associated with an old school like Fort Street, but, according to one of its English teachers, the jovial bon-vivant, Mr Takao Endo, Fort Street's long and illustrious educational record provides inspiration and encouragement for those who would like to see Eifuku High School gradually become a famous old school.

Whatever the differences between Eifuku and Fort Street, experience gained during our various exchange trips has shown that, in terms of character, the two schools are highly compatible. By Japanese standards, Eifuku has a relaxed and relatively informal atmosphere with friendly relations between staff and students, particularly at a personal level. Eifuku is not concerned with projecting a rose-tinted image of Japan. Its students are natural and unpretentious and, as a consequence, the atmosphere of Eifuku is quite congenial to our own students, many of whom share the same attributes mentioned above.

In recent times, some Fort Street parents who have kindly provided homestays for our Japanese visitors, have expressed an interest in the character and organisation of Eifuku. The following information is drawn from the Eifuku High School Handbook.

Duration of school year: 230-240 days. There are six school days - Monday to Saturday - with every second Saturday a non-school day (a recent development).

Staff: one Principal and Vice Principal; six Japanese teachers; eight Social Science teachers; six Mathematics teachers; six Health and P.E. teachers; one Art teacher, eight English teachers, two Home Science teachers; five Science teachers plus one laboratory assistant; one librarian; one school nurse; five clerical staff; and two janitors. Other disciplines are listed under part-time teachers. Total staff: 67. Total number of students in 1994: 753 (353 girls and 400 boys).

Some student regulations:

1. Behave in a responsible manner in and out of school.
2. Respect teachers, fellow students and school guests.
3. Contribute to the learning environment positively.
4. No smoking, drinking and "violent or unfair actions".
5. Driving cars or motorcycles to and from school is forbidden.
6. Attending school in holiday time without permission is forbidden. (This would not be a problem for Fort Street students!).
7. "Students should wear a school uniform with our school badge on their left breast."
8. Trinkets like necklaces, earrings and so forth, are forbidden.
9. Students should wear shoes, not sandals.
10. Students should remain on campus during school hours unless provided with a pass by their home-room teacher. (No free periods in coffee shops).

Club Activities

There are 19 cultural (e.g. music, tea ceremony) and 17 sports clubs, each supervised by a staff member. These club activities are normally held after school and most students enrol in one or more clubs.

The Student Council:

The Eifuku SC manages various school events including welcome ceremonies for new students, inter-class sporting activities, the school festival (a school fete where every class organises some event or display) and publishes a Student Council magazine. For those seeking more information, copies of the Eifuku High School Handbook can be made available on request. Next year will see Fort Street's fourth visit to Tokyo (September 1995). May the relationship be a long and lasting one.

Serge Yalichev -Fort Street/Eifuku Exchange Program Co-ordinator

THE FRENCH REPORT

1994 started off positively with the announcement of the previous year's HSC results. Congratulations to Asja Binno who gained second place in the State in 2-unit French. In fact, the entire 2-unit group is to be congratulated: the group's Mean score of 87.03 was the highest for the school and a massive 21.85 points higher than the State Mean. Well done!

At the writing of this article, this year's Year 12 will have just finished their HSC. I wish them every success.

French students contributed to the school's Open Day by selling croissants and hot chocolate. This French fare was so popular that our run lasted only a couple of hours. Not a crumb remained. When you're hot, you're hot!

Film excursions this year include *La Crise*, a much over-rated and fairly boring experience; *Jeux Interdits* (Forbidden Games), a delightful but somewhat sad black and white classic; and *La Gloire de Mon Pere*, which, although slow, offered French that was accessible to most students.

Yours truly revealed his masochistic nature by taking two Year 9 classes and one Year 11 class (three separate occasions) to dinner at our favourite French Restaurant, *L'Ironique*, of Balmain. In spite of some students' reluctance to attempt such difficult French expressions as *la soupe*, everyone enjoyed heaps of yummy French food, and for only \$23. However, most of the broccoli, beans, cauliflower, carrots and zucchini, were left untouched. Since we didn't know the French for "doggy bag", the students couldn't even take them home to put on the next day's school sandwiches.

All French classes have worked particularly well this year. Year 9 has been given the privilege of testing the brand new revision of Tricolore 3 for Year 10. Encore Tricolore has been beautifully updated to 1994 and is in full, living COLOUR. Hopefully, over the next couple of years, this course will be phased into all years. Many students have shown excellence in one or several of the language skills of Listening, Reading, Speaking and Writing. Throughout the year, awards of lollipops, certificates and books have been issued.

First Place in French:

Year 8	Jenny Thai
Year 9	Anna Ceguerra
Year 10	Fleur Beaupert
Year 11	Vicky Lee
Year 12 (2U)	Chabriol Colebatch
Year 12 (3U)	Damon Young

The highlight of 1995 will be our third trip to New Caledonia. Organisation has already commenced, and many students are already saving their money and making deals with their parents. One bright child has even received the promise of percentage payment equivalent to whatever mark he achieves in French at the Half Yearly. Such ingenuity!

Paul Grecki

Eifuku Friends



Some Differences between Japanese and Australian Schools

School life is relaxed!

Japanese school life is basically formal. We have many formal school events. We have an opening ceremony at the beginning of each term. Also we have a closing ceremony at the end of each term. We have an Entrance Ceremony for 1st grade students. Graduation Ceremony, and Farewell Ceremony for transferring staff. We have many ceremonies which are held mainly to encourage students and to foster a sense of purpose and responsibility.

Teachers and students bow to each other at the beginning of each lesson and at the end of each lesson. Before the sports festival, we have a rehearsal of marching. Of course we have some casual events like the school festival, but many events are formal.

By contrast, in Fort Street, there are many interesting and relaxed events like Slave Day, Open Day and the Flop. I sent some pictures of Open Day to the Tokyo School Board. They were surprised to see the pictures in which Mr Carroll was sitting on the dunking machine. Usually Japanese Principals don't join such kind of casual events. This is not good. Being too serious keeps students away. I sent the same pictures to my Principal in Japan. I hope he will change.

Class size is very small!

In Japan there are 40 students in one class. This number is too large. Especially for language teaching. We can't teach speaking in classes of this size. And usually one lesson lasts 50 minutes in Japanese schools. It is not easy to make 40 students concentrate on the class for a whole 50 minutes. I really envy Australian schools.

Students can select subjects!

In Japanese schools we have only a few elective subjects. As for junior high schools, only art is elective. Students can select one subject from fine art, music and calligraphy. The other subjects are all compulsory. In senior high school Year 12 students have some elective subjects mainly for entrance exams. But in Fort street, students can select subjects which they want to study from Year 8 onwards.

I think that Australian schools respect each student's individual desire. For example, when I went to the athletics carnival of Fort Street, I was surprised to learn that students don't have to enter any sport event unless they want to. They have to attend, but they don't have to enter any event. I found this quite amazing. We have the same kind of sporting events in Japanese schools, but usually each student has to enter at least two or three events. There are compulsory events.

Also at the Year 7 Camp, students had a choice of food. For example, they didn't have to eat meat unless they want to. They didn't eat cereals unless

they want to. There were not many kinds of foods, but they still had a choice. In such a case in Japan, fixed menus are provided to students, and teachers will say "To have likes and dislikes is bad. Eat everything."

So I can say each student's inclination is respected in this country. But in Japan, many activities are compulsory because it is a good way of managing school efficiently.

Students don't clean up their school!

Students use their classrooms, so they should clean up their classrooms. Usually in Japanese schools, after the last class, students clean up their classrooms. Students should clean up their own classroom in Fort Street. It is good discipline and it saves money.

Students have much free time.

In Fort Street High School, students can leave school at 3.10pm. Sometimes they have special programs like musical performances or dramas, but not all the time. They have no school on Saturday and Sunday. Also they have 11 weeks school holidays in one year. But Japanese students don't have as much free time as Australian students. They are busy.

One of the factors which makes Japanese students busy is club activities. In Japanese junior or senior high schools, there are various activities like baseball clubs, basketball clubs, cooking clubs, English clubs, and so on. Teachers are in charge of these clubs. We teachers have to prepare for club activities and supervise them. We teachers are busy too. Club activities are not compulsory, but almost all students belong to one of these clubs. Clubs are popular among students. Usually we have club activities almost every day after school for 2 or 3 hours. It depends on each club, but most sports clubs have practice sessions everyday. Even on Saturday and Sunday, we often have practice or actual games. Even during school holidays, many students and teachers come to school for club activities, preparation for school festival, and special lessons for entrance exams. And juku (cram school) is another factor which makes students busy. It is said that there are 20,000 jukus in Japan.

The reason there are so many cram schools in Japan is that entrance examinations are very difficult. It is believed that to get hired by a good company, they should graduate from a good university. And to get into a good university, students should graduate from a good high school. So nowadays, some parents want their child to get into a good elementary school or kindergarten. If they go to a public school, they don't have to take entrance exams to junior high school. But to enter a senior high school, every student must sit for an exam. So, may Year 9 and Year 12 students go to juku after school, on Sunday, or even during school holidays. As you can see, Japanese students are kept very busy.

Shin' Ichi Hatano

Latin Report

Fortian foodies (and their families) UNITE! and produce a scrumptious recipe book.

Latin at Fort Street has continued to thrive and grow with ever present interest in the mammoth linguistic and cultural heritage which Latin and the classics represent.

Year 12 students in their pursuit of Virgil, Cicero and Lucretius for H.S.C. attended the Year 12 Study Day at North Sydney Boy's High and also the Senior Latin Dinner for secondary classics at Riverview, where they were inspired by an address from the Newington Headmaster, an enthusiastic classics scholar. Year 9 and 10 students also attended the Pompeii Exhibition at the Australian Museum which provided a first hand look at the archaeological gift of the Pompeian civilisation and the Vesuvius eruption.

As a result of strong continued parental support for Latin at Fort Street, 1994 has seen the initiation of a Languages Interest Group meeting monthly to foster the ongoing growth of Latin at Fort Street. This group also encompasses the promotion of modern languages available at the school.

Ms D. Fraser

FORTIAN FOODIES (and their families) UNITE!...

and produce a scrumptious recipe book.

During the past year, staff and students alike have frequently stuck their noses into K26 during food technology cooking lessons. "What's that!?" they ask, while rich aromas of garlic, lemon, sesame oil, cumin and similar, scent the air and waft down the corridors. There is never just one source of these exotic smells, since it is Year 8 Food Technology students doing their own choice of dish in answer to a design task in food.

The results of research and imaginative powers of young Fortians in Search of a Feed, have to be seen to be believed. Often, the recipes they have produced are family favourites, like Shubangi's delicately spiced vegetable pilau, or Tudor's Romanian soup. Other recipes are just family success stories of unknown origin. Some of these students are going on to Year 9/10 Food Technology, and some of these recipes will feature in the course.

We know that tastes are changing in response to our richly varied society. Food is a wonderful medium to express culture. For instance, I have found a dish I taught earlier, sweet and sour chicken, to be too unsophisticated - we, as a cultural whole - have moved beyond that. We left that dish a decade ago on the plastic topped tables of the old Chinese diners. Nowadays we can buy Bok Choy and Galangal, feta and pine nuts, tofu and wasabi - the retail trade has kept pace, so we won't be held up that way.

We want your treasured family recipes, sweet and savoury. Where are the lovely noodle recipes from Asia, Pho and Laksa, the beautiful recipes from Central Europe, so rich in their use of vegetables? How do we make Lebanese salads or Greek almond cookies? Who knows how delicious a Forfar Bridie is? Australia has great dishes too! Who has a lamb casserole recipe or knows how to make plum chutney?

To make a good sized Fortian recipe book, a useful fund raiser towards the school's development projects, we are going to need about 70 recipes. Preferably they should be in metric measurements and serve four for about \$10.00, though I would also like a *Special Occasions* section. Please include snippets of information, such as when the dishes were eaten or what you served with them. These make good introductions to the recipes themselves.

It should be a thoroughly enjoyable task testing and sorting them for publication!

Carole Fyfe - Food Technology



Claudia Mills, Tennille Noach,
Amanda Nurse
Jack Teiwes
starring in the "Iceberg Factory"





Dougal Phillips Yr 11 - Mixed Media



Vanessa Tran Yr 10 - Ceramics



Sarah Acton Yr 11 - Etching



Anna Rigg Yr 12 - Painting

Industrial Arts

This year, two of our Year 12 Industrial Technology (Drawing) students, Adam Brown and Mark McLaren, presented Major Works of such extraordinary high standard, that they were asked to display their work in the "DesignTech" Exhibition. This is an annual exhibition which displays work of outstanding quality, in the fields of Industrial Technology and Design and Technology.

Adam Brown designed and drew a Fishing Lure, then graphically presented display and advertising material surrounding that design. He included a model, computer graphics of the modified lure, sales brochures, letter heads and a very detailed folio of research and ideas. It was a very colourful and technically innovative project.

Mark McLaren chose to modify the design of a hand held beater. His folio consisted of research and design ideas into those modifications, detailing and reporting on all aspects of the design process. Mark drew the hand held beater with extraordinary technical drawing skill, displaying; in a variety of graphical concepts, the changes and style of the article.

The exhibits have been selected from all candidates in these courses throughout the state of NSW. The exhibition will tour the State during November and December 1994, then display at the Power House Museum in January and February 1995. It is well worth a visit during the holidays to see the high level of work that Design & Technology students can produce. Congratulations go to Mark, Adam and their teachers, for achieving such fine results.

The new senior Design and Technology syllabus was introduced in 1994 with a class in Year 11, concentrating on the drawing industry. The students learn design and drawing skills, study the structure and operations of industry, as well as producing a major work for the HSC.

The Year 7 and 8 Design and Technology students have enjoyed designing or modifying designs, looking at reasons for choosing shape, construction methods and why certain materials are used. They have worked in the areas of wood, electronics, plastics, drawing and computing. We always try to make the final

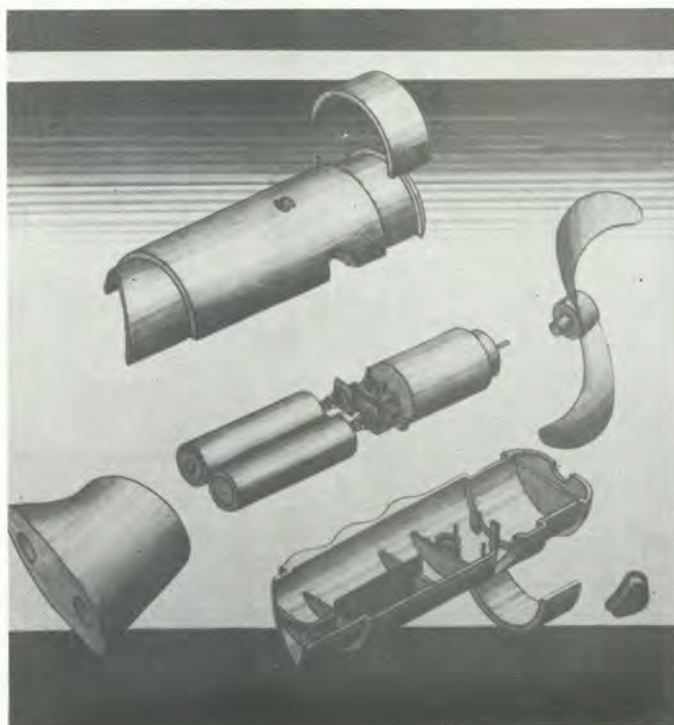
product of the design process a useful practical article of high quality.

The Wood and Electronics Technics students enjoyed their courses and the opportunities it gives them to gain knowledge about cabinetwork and electronics. They are also able to develop practical skills in designing, construction and use of tools; which will prove to be valuable to them throughout their life.

The Year 9 and 10 wood students have designed and constructed such work as bread boxes, stools, coffee tables, pendulum clocks, games/coffee table with built-in chess board, etc. The electronics students design and construct a wide range of projects, including metal detectors; logic probes; alarm modules; LED level displays; counting circuits; electronic games and digital logic circuits. Recently, some of our Yr. 10 students have been experimenting with sensing devices to control movement, direction and speed of small machines. We will be working more in this area of robotics next year.

Our Technical Drawing students continue to produce work of a very high standard. The presentation of, and the expertise shown in their drawing projects, demonstrate the high level of design and drawing skills that our students do develop in two years of TD. The drawing knowledge and skills gained, are an extremely useful acquisition for their future.

Mr. G. Osland - Head Teacher Industrial Arts.



Art Report

Art students were taken to the N.S.W. Art Gallery to see Art Express, and also to the Museum of Contemporary Art to see the Warhol exhibition.

The Junior classes experienced a wide range of techniques and materials - ceramics, sculpture, printmaking, silk screening, etching and lino, photocopy art and painting as well as an introduction to photography. One Junior class is now able to forge impressionist works quite well. The seniors had a busy year with the new etching press being put to good use. Year 11 work was of an extremely high standard and Mia Offord, Alex McDonald, Linn Linn Lee, Alys Martin, Olivia Dun and Amy Critchley all entered their work in the Portia Geach competition for girls at the S H Irwin Gallery. Fort Street's own Archibald - the prestigious Arniebald portrait competition was held on open day with the people's choice winner being Linn Linn Lee and Brenden Turner the runner up. Kit Morell of Year 8 and Dougal Phillips, James Hancock and Mia Offord of Year 11 designed and printed T shirts that sold well.

Year 12's major works were shown in their annual art display in the Library. They were diverse in their subject matter and choice of materials -from Emily Christian's soft fabric angel figure, to Miranda McCallum and Stephen Fountain's Paper-mache Sculptures, to Sally Buckingham's mixed media work.

Tse-Hui Teh's ceramic sculpture and Tim Chapman's painting have both been short listed for inclusion in Art Express 1995. Activities included an opportunity to make stained glass windows with Ms Thornhill and alternative jewellery with Ms Page.

Ms Buckland



Music Report

1994 was a very busy year for the music students. Performances took place in each term and were well received.

Term 1:

11 March Speech Day
30 March Eddie Quansah (visiting African musician)

Term 2:

26 May Open Day Concert Music student's concert for the children at Taverner's Hill Infants School.

Term 3:

18 July Annual Musicale,
29,31 August Year 12 Recitals,
7 September Incidental music for the Art Show

Term 4:

19 October, State Transit Sydney Schools Performance Week - Senior students entertained the passengers on the Manly ferry.
3 November "Chichitote" (a group of Latin American musicians),
15 December The annual Christmas Concert,

In addition to the school based performances, students took part in regional and state school ensembles.

Alex Owens, Ed Cram, Andrew Lacek



James Findlay, Joshua Watson



The Fort Street Fortet and Jazz ensembles played to audiences on a Sydney Ferry. They were participating in Sydney Ferries 'Schools Performance Week'.

Melinda Mui, Edward Cram, Alys Martin,



Phil Blackford, James Maygar, Andrew Lacek, Ozgur Ozluk.

I.M.P.



Julian Bratton, Amanda Nurse

The Instrument Music Program, which is a separate organisation from the school, organises the music tutorials, a concert band, training band, intermediate band, stage band, orchestra and string group. This year saw the introduction of a new director and conductor of strings and the orchestra, Mr Brian Strong. His leadership has produced some interesting results.

1994 has been a rather big year for IMP members. The Concert Band burst onto the silver screen (...well, SBS Television) in a documentary on the Beatles in Australia, and was highly commended in a competition at Australia's Wonderland. The Stage Band played at Summer Hill's Winter Solstice Festival and had its first paid gig at a Heritage meeting in Petersham Park.

Phil Harper, conductor of Concert Band, Stage Band, etc, has proved his talent even further by being involved in various musicals around Sydney - "A Chorus Line" and "Blood Brothers". We were lucky enough to see a performance of Blood Brothers, and embarrassed Phil by yelling out to him at the end. We were all very impressed.

However most people would agree that the highlight of the IMP year was the Music Camp. For three days the musicians stayed at Naamaroo Conference Centre in Lane Cove where we had an intensive program of music, swimming and no sleep. In fact it was quite surprising how well the red eyed, fatigued Fortians played during the camp. Thanks must be given to Brian Strong, Philip Harper and the parents who run the IMP for making it such an enjoyable year.

Kate Douthey Year 10



Melanie Bishop



Caroline Malcolm



Tim Curnick

Fionnuala Browne, Tessa Boer-mah



Keenah Wilkins



Latin American Band Chichitote



OPEN DAY DEBATE

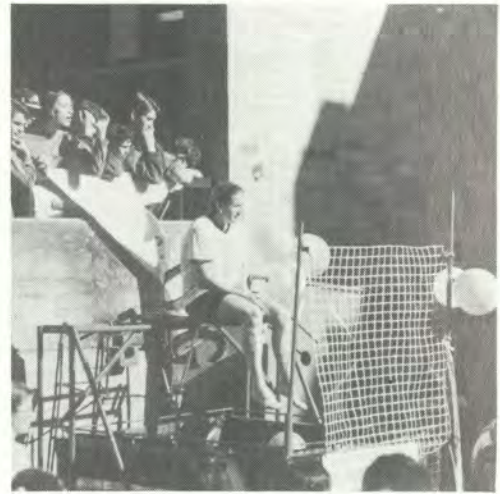
It all started as a challenge. The reward was free lunch at the McDonalds of their choice. How could the students refuse? The topic was *School Days are the Best Days of our Lives*.

On the affirmative team was English teacher and debating coach, Ms. Hoskings; English Head Teacher, Mr. Buckingham; and the School Principal, Mr. Carrol. Their coach was the one and only Mr. Ambler. On the negative team were the notorious Nancy Ford, Josh Szeps and the SRC President, Alice Dallow. Mobs of Fortians and guests hauled themselves into the school hall on that beautiful Open Day afternoon. With generous and whole-hearted enthusiasm, everyone paid their silver coin fee. Mr. Brown and Felicity Kelly were the adjudicators and they listened eagerly to every speaker as they fought for their team's case.

On the affirmative team, the teachers were more than happy to unload the pressures of their long-lived lives upon the attentive audience. Ms. Hoskings attempted to convince everyone that school days were wonderful and fun, that they were all "sex, drugs and rock'n roll." Mr. Buckingham told us how miserable adulthood was, updating us on the aging effects like loss of hair, height and hearing. Mr. Carroll, their speaker, outlined his team's argument and was funnily interrupted by Josh, who pushed in a small crate for him to stand on. He tried, in vain, to convince the unsupporting majority that school days were as good as life would get for the youthful, inexperienced Fortians. He didn't succeed.

Nancy Ford streamed out her points. She was funny, witty and very convincing. Josh Szeps wasn't that bad either. He fantastically refuted the affirmative team. Sometimes becoming a "tad offensive", Josh showed us that other wondrous and potentially "bestest" moments of our lives. Alice Dallow effectively summed up their case, proving to the audience beyond doubt that being a school kid was the total pits.

After over an hour of fiery debating, it was time to announce the victors. The audience clapometer showed a definite swing to the negative team. However, despite the majority favour, the student team was shockingly disqualified by Mr. Brown. This tragedy was felt throughout the audience who showed their feelings through boos and hisses. Overall, the debate had been thoroughly entertaining.



Open Day

Ms Page,

Canteen Report

Throughout the year the canteen has participated in a number of functions, including catering for 500 Tafe Students 'Presentation Night'; two Year 12 Farewell Luncheons, one organised by the Fortian Union the other by Year 11; a Fort Street Old Boys Reunion luncheon and various other morning teas, luncheons and suppers ranging from Peer Support to Student Council.

We celebrated Bastille Day by serving French Onion soup with croutons, quiche and croissants and we bought a Slave from the Year 12 fundraising auction. I must admit James looked quite cute in his apron and was certainly the most popular assistant that day. On one occasion we sold a Canteen Gift Voucher, obviously for The Student who has Everything. Open Day saw the canteen taken over by the P.E. and Languages Departments, where students and teachers sold their fine fare of gourmet foods.

The most popular food this year proved to be the hot savoury macaroni mince, thick vegetable soup, the fresh chicken and lettuce rolls and the ever popular chocolate chip muffins. Then for the visiting Japanese Eifuku students we couldn't keep up with the demand for hash browns.

Apart from all this we managed to run a very efficient canteen thanks to our well trained staff and regular volunteers. Cheryl Newman, Margaret Conway, Leonie Wenden, Lyn Arcidiacono, Sue Cameron and Jan De Nardi.

Volunteers are always needed and most welcome, so if you have some spare time don't hesitate to help us help the students and school.

Unfortunately prices will have to increase in 1995 but this will be kept to a minimum and as usual the quality and quantity will still be part of our great service.

Leslie Dare
Canteen Supervisor

Open Girl's Tennis

Maria Kwiatowski, Michelle Sabatier,

Amanda Yee, Christina Chang,

Amy Lawson Pooja Chowdray

Viet Duong,



Tournament of the Minds

Our Tournament of the Minds Team entered the Maths/Engineering Category. We won our Regional competition with a marvellous construction and a wacky plot for the topic "Wonderful wizardary with wires". We also went very well in the State Finals. Our team consisted of Alex Hill and Lachlan Delaney from Year 7, Andrew Cram, Cameron Maxwell, Tully Rosen and Andrew Yam from Year 8, Kristy Wellfare from Year 9 and the facilitator Ms Davis.

The Tournament of Minds Competition consists of two sections, a short and a long term problem. The short term problem involving quick, creative thinking. The long term problem involved making an electronic game from extremely primitive components, satisfying requirements that would make any sane person quiver. We had six weeks to solve the problem, invent the machine, develop the plot, the play and the sets. The game had to make money for its owners, so we developed a crooked gambling game designed to outrageously favour a Mr Keno type figure.

The State finals were held at Macquarie Uni. We only had three hours to solve the long term problem in which a message had to be sent to a person trapped forty stories above street level. Luckily they provided a couple of balloons, string, paper, straws and coloured paper. Easy!

Andrew Yam



YEAR 7F

ROW 4: Gomez Braham, Andrew Bishop, Joshua Avery, Ricky Chen.

ROW 3: Julian Brattoni, Sean Chang, Emma Brockway, Katie Burge-Lopez, Carly Bedford, Amie Burkys, Toby Allen, Ian Allan.

ROW 2: David Arcidicono, Dylan Calder, Josh Boerma, Nick Bird, Michael Beard, Jamie Cameron, Andrew Abraham, Robert Choy, Robert Ang.

FRONT: Grace Brown, Santhi Chalasani, Rebecca Carrit, Suzanne Cartwright, Dianne Beatty, Nancy Chen, Irene Cheung, Margaret Chi



YEAR 7O

ROW 4: Nick Curnow, Lachlan Delaney, Anthony Dumbrell, Stephen Clyne, Nicholas Crosby.

ROW 3: Alex Hill, Benjamin Davis, Oram Hahn, Laila Engle, Jessika Gauke, Timothy Greenfield, Peter Hartley, Thomas Holyoake.

ROW 2: Jedediah Cole, David Holbeche, Fabian Diaz, Tim Cumick, Brendan De Conceicao, Stephen Echt, Danny Ford, Peter Glavas, Terence Chu.

FRONT: Nana Frishling, Lauren Frazer, Sophie Higgins, Laura Fania, Lynn Dang, Lily Fang, Linda Fernandez, Shelley Gibb.



YEAR 7R

ROW 4: Steven Huang, Christopher James, Andrew Kennedy, Filip Kidon, Leigh Louey-Gung.

ROW 3: David Jang, Robert Ishak, Bonny Kyung, Effie Klippan, Marnie Innis, Paul Keighley, Sean Howe, Hazem Khamis.

ROW 2: Ben Lau, James Lane, Johnathon Hwang, Kean Lau, Aaron Koh, Robert Lawther, Tom Jackson, Frewen Lam, Yan Kit Lam.

FRONT: Anne Lam, Melissa Lim, Sarah Johnson, Thurka Kuhan, Olivia Kang, Rushmia Karim, Anna Kim, Herina Lee.



YEAR 7T

ROW 4: Nicholas Lucchinelli, Minh Phan, Benn O'Donnell, Adam Murphy.

ROW 3: Glenn McLaughlin, David McHattie, Nicola Phillips, Amanda Nurse, Alex McGuirk, Andrew McKibbin, Jeremy Ong

ROW 2: Mitchell McMahon, Chris McHattie, Charles Peters, Luke McMahon, Chris Ong, Nick Milner, Stewart Minhinnett, Stefan Nadolski, Huy Pham.

FRONT: Belinda Lum, Caroline Malcolm, Theresa McSpedden, Korana Musicki, Kristy North, Miriam Mafessanti, Alice Mah, Laura McLean.



YEAR 7I

ROW 4: Susan Quinn, Kate Vandyke, Sophie Richards, Rachel Stein-Holmes.

ROW 3: Anna Van, Rowan Udell, Mark Smith, Jack Teiwes, Dylan Reiseger, Wallace Stewart, Monica Wong, Naomi Stanley.

ROW 2: Stephen Weatherall, Rishyan Sri-Pathma, Conrad Richters, Tom Rushton, Kieran Riches, Thomas Smith, Justin Tsuei, Adrian Thomas, Eric Wong.

FRONT: Hae-Won Song, Erica Valpiani, Karen Tang, Moira Williams, Nicii Talmacs, Zoe Rodwell, Patricia Quach, Claresta Seto.



YEAR 8F

ROW 4: Robbie Austen, Jonathan Dixon, James Denham, William Chan, Paul Berchtold.

ROW 3: Ben Damon, Nicole Dann, Fionnuala Browne, Naomi De Costa, Tiffany Basili, Clare Britton, Andrew Cram, Ricky Chen.

ROW 2: Cyrus An, Nick Coleman, Ernest Chan, Nathan Denton, Timothy Bowen, Yadhaev Balagiritharan, Jose Argueta, Calvin Cheng, Brian Bahari.

FRONT: Lisa Collins, Catherine Bocking, Binny Batra, Georgina Davidson, Fawne Berkutow, Grace Cheung, Amy Cheung, Anila Azhar.



YEAR 8O

ROW 4: Peter Graham, David Jenkinson, Kit Johnston, Chris Hayes.

ROW 3: James Findlay, Jenny Gittins, Jean Hannan, Susan Koboroff, Clio Gates Foale, Lynda Duncan, Rachel Jackson, Nik Fritchley

ROW 2: Skandarupan Javaratnam, Kubilay Kocak, Alan Kan, James Gillam, Chris Fitzpatrick, Jim Kalotheos, Anthony Jenkin.

FRONT: Natasha Fong, Suzanne Ki, Katrina Goh, Sophia Herscovitch, Thea Greenwood, Ji-Yong Jeong, Angeli Gulati, Leah Hopkinson.



YEAR 8R

ROW 4: Darren Ma, Luke Manderson, Krish Mandal, Justin Labruna.

ROW 3: Claudine Lyons, Claudia Mills, Thomas Moliterno, Ben Lashbrook, Tania Lambert, Anges Kwong.

ROW 2: Luke Mitchell, Steve Milce, Owen MacIndoe, Kam Fai Ma, Brendan McCready, Cameron Maxwell, Phil Morgan, Yiplee Leung, Beum Soo Lee.

FRONT: Jenny Lin, Ingrid Lane, Sumita Maharaj, Tessa Lunney, Crystal Lonergan, Tiffany Malins, Grace Ma, Jane Min.



YEAR 8T

- ROW 4: Thomas Richards, Tim Newman, John Quilter, Travis Nippard.
 ROW 3: John Murray, Jane O'Sullivan, Wendy Morrison, Jenny Parkes, Ranjit Murali, Marc Ridyard.
 ROW 2: Con Perris, Ben Murphy, James Russell, Mark Notaras, Beau Reid, Tully Rosen, Paul Saciri, Steven Ng, Nick Prokhovnik.
 FRONT: Vanessa Owens, Alexandra Peard, Kit Morrell, Shubangi Ramgopal, Frances Quinn, Renata Murru, Tennille Noach, Thuy Nguyen.



YEAR 8I

- ROW 4: Jeremy Wee, Alan Tang, Andrew Yam, Ben Smith, Chris Stabback, David Wall, Mark Stevens.
 ROW 3: Rod Smith, Balya Sriram, Phillippa Scott, Jasmine Stark, Joanne Tooher, Apesha Srivastava, Hai Tran, Joshua Watson.
 ROW 2: Andrew Wan, Kingston Soo, Peter Verzi, Ned Tillyer, Aleksander Ustaszewski, Daniel Tan, Jonathon Shaw, Steven Yee, Robert Trinh.
 FRONT: Keyna Wilkins, Shirley Tran, Anna Valpiani, Kate Toupein, Jayda Tham, Jenny Thai, Priscilla Wong, Michelle Summerville.



YEAR 9F

ROW 4: Katie Bird, Lucy Buchanan, Erin Dixon, Mayet Costello, Belinda Conway.

ROW 3: Holly Fisher, David Bishop, George Clemens, Sam Bowring, Lani Cummins, Salv Barbagallo, Bree Chisholm, Alex Clark.

ROW 2: Dylan Behan, Warren Chan, Simon Chan, Tom Brandon, Tae-Ho Choi, Daniel Archibald, Jamie Cibej, Sherman Cheung, Gareth Edwards.

FRONT: Jessamin Clissold, Michelle Cheung, Tessa Boer-Mah, Nikki Curthoys, Vythehi Elango, Anna Ceguerra, Rebecca Edwards, Arani Chandrapavan.



YEAR 9O

ROW 4: Max Gibbeson, Stephen Harvey, Joshua Hey-Cunningham, Matthew Jones.

ROW 3: Darren Ho, Jason Riepen, Brooke Harrison, Emma Keogh, Denim Francis, Paul Garrett, Tony Kerle, Luke Ismay.

ROW 2: Daniel Iwata, Michael Hottinger, Benjamin Lachs, Chris Hayward, Liam Hogan, Nicholus Heffernan, Nathan Gee, Alex Gray, Luke Hall.

FRONT: Shiyo Hayashi, Heidi Hunt, Julia Kang, Bianca Jeffrey, Julitha Harsas, Keely Fitzgerald, Lisa Foley, Alicia Koh.



YEAR 9R

ROW 4: Ned Molesworth, Digby Mitchell, Chris Low.

ROW 3: Long Nguyen, Andrew Lovett, Gabriel Morphet, Eliza Maunsell, Leon Moran, Gaurav Mathur, Matthew Lau, Dale Leong.

ROW 2: Andrew Monk, Robbie Morris, Derek Lee, Azhar Munas, Kenneth Lai, Thanh-Loi Ngo, Asher Livingston, Minh Ngo, Daniel Montoya.

FRONT: Sarah Lyford, Nicolle Lane, Annie Liao, Kate Michie, Sythany Leang, Kate Matarese, Monica Ng, Elizabeth Mole.



YEAR 9T

ROW 4: David Sebastian, Philip O'Sullivan, Tom O'Neill, James Ryan.

ROW 3: Zoe Pyke, Jim Sherringham, Christie Stone, Daryl Singh, Tudor Protopoulos, Lucy Quinn, Matthew Peat, Billie Jean Sia.

ROW 2: Raph Stephens, James Russell-Wills, Courtney Siepen, Simon Paterson, Hugh O'Neill, Michael Slavin, Frank Sainsbury, Sean Read-Thompson, Patrick Stanton.

FRONT: Bridie Rushton, Alex Roberts, Brooke Richards, Nicole Seeto, Nicola Patterson, Kathryn Rae, Fiona Parsons, Sonia Ramdev



YEAR 9I

ROW 4: George Wang, Alex Tomlinson, Peter Stewart, Nicholas Wilcox.

ROW 3: Emily Swift, Andrew Watson, Danny Vieira, Alex Yuen, Paul Watson, Heidi Wenden.

ROW 2: Brendan Willmott, Peter Von Konigsmark, Ryan Thompson, Aditya Sudarshan, Juliano Youn, Jeremy Yuen, Nick Whiting, Chris Stefani, Brendan Willenberg.

FRONT: Kristy Wellfare, Suzanne Vo, Sarah Wood, Hannah Wolfson, Beth Steven, Kylie Whiting, Sarah Tran, Lisa Wong.



YEAR 10F

ROW 5: Nada Andric, Anna Clark, Michelle Bland, Georgina Braham.

ROW 4: Anasuya Claff, Peter Bockos, Luke Clifton, Hamish Clarke, Simon Allen, Taso Athanasakopoulos, Amy Baxter.

ROW 3: Anna Choy, Fleur Beaupert, Rebecca Bum, Amber Austin, Alice Carter, Amy Cloran, Haely Cho.

ROW 2: Wen Shing Choi, Jeffrey Castro, Adam Badaway, Barney Beale, Peter Bush, Simon Barbetti, James Barkus, Graham Burnell-Jones.

FRONT: Pooja Chowdhary, Millicent Chu, Seoyeon Choi, Karen Chiu, Sung-Bok Cho, Natalie Chan, Natasha Blom.



YEAR 10O

ROW 4: Rodney Hocking, David Crofts, Katie Goodwin, Paul Harvey, Paul Coe.
 ROW 3: Kate Doutney, Sylvie Ellsmore, Daniela Floro, Bernadette Hehea, Inara Gravitis, Wendy Hanna, Ailie Davidson.
 ROW 2: Alvaro Garcia, Jonathon Ehsani, Ben Day-Roche, Scott Creelman, Michael Correa, Craig Conway, Dylan Connerton, Yash Jalpta.
 FRONT: Sarah Comey, Swati Johri, Viet Duong, Michelle Echt, Kate Edwards, Kathy Dao, Clara Fritchley.



YEAR 10R

ROW 4: Tim Hu, Muz Karaoglu, Simon Holding, Albert Lu, Nathaniel Howse, Jaime Lawrence, Manny Holihan.
 ROW 3: Sue Jun, Amy Leanfore, Mary Kim, Maria Kwiatkowski, Arlong Lee, Jemaine Hui, Thi Luc.
 ROW 2: Lucas Kolenberg, David Lee, Tharan Karunalayan, Mike Holihan, Kah Gwan Khoo, Andrei Laptev, Timothy Li, Raymond Kwok.
 FRONT: Francoise Hong, Mary Kirkness, Amy Lawson, Cindy Hu, Dalja Koch, Anna Lee, Tanya Lau.



YEAR 10T

ROW 4: Arion McNicoll, Nathan Quinlan, Fred Lunsmann, Cameron Paulinich.

ROW 3: Hong Nguyen, Kriszti Paszti, Jemima Mowbray, Rose Malcolm, Rebecca McIntyre, Robert McCarroll, Ewan McDonald.

ROW 2: Warin Nitipaisalku, Oliver McDonnell, Andrew McHattie, Stewart McDonald, Nathan McLachlan, Bodog Olah, Jakob Ruhl, Dinesh Sanmuganatha.

FRONT: Emma Quine, Katherine Lynch, Katrina Morris, Aletha McHalick, Michelle Sabatier, Lydia Natsis, Shani Mandal.



YEAR 10I

ROW 5: Nikolas Zelenjak, Adam Zebrowski, Michael Zanardo, Boon Tan.

ROW 4: James Sterges, Nicholas Tesoriero, Thomas Scott, Maria Kwiatkowski, Ben Spies-Butcher.

ROW 3: Vanessa Tran, Mingshan Sim, Leah Williams, Hanna Torsh, Ally Schlensky, Corrinne Uren, Claire Wallace.

ROW 2: Vi Hung Tran, Tim Sinclair, Matthew Want, Yuri Schimke, Sat Siva, Mickal Solomon, Andrew Scott, Linden Ying.

FRONT: Rebecca Wu, Belinda Tooher, Megan Scott, Amy Leanfore, Belinda Selwood, Tamara Talmacs, Yada Treesukosol.



YEAR 11F

- ROW 4: Stuart Clark, Edward Cram, Phillip Blackford, Rodrigo Cerda-Salas, Scott Buchanan, Charles Choy, Milan Cacic, Andrew Colquhoun.
 ROW 3: Emalynne Belen, Dianne Anagnos, Laura Beale, Samantha Allen, Jodie Burnell-Jones, Magdalena Anghei, Cristina Chang, Andelys Allen.
 ROW 2: Sky Churchouse, Murray Coleman, Manfred Chiu, Mark Bulgin, Angus Cameron, Sam Buchanan, King Chan, Edmond Chung, Jye Calder.
 FRONT: Kelly Chu, Malene Bhargava, Sita Chopra, Michelle Boyle, Sarah Action, Melanie Bishop, Anna Chau, Thuy Bui.



- ROW 4: Josephn Dickson, Alistair Frey, Sam Guy, Ben Harrington, Craig Foley, Gabriel Hingley.
 ROW 3: Talia Gill, Andrew Hall, Lisa Goudie, Daniel Di Giusto, Sean Hobbs, Alexandra Crosby, Max El Dik, Naomi Green.
 ROW 2: Calvin Ellis, James Hancock, Jeffrey Ho, Shannon Earley, Kriss Heimanis, Rafe Dickinson, Michael Harvey, Neville Fong, Aswin Harahap.
 FRONT: Frances Guest, Frances Cumming, Joanna Crawford, Bidy Doyle, Olivia Dun, Amy Critchley, Thu Dinh, Aileen De La Pena.



YEAR 11R

ROW 4: Andrew Lacek, Gareth Kemp, Michael Lawther, Tristan Kemp, Chris Kollias.

ROW 3: Felicity Kelly, Amara Jarratt, Sylvia Kang, Tamara Howe, Eleanor Hobley, Denise Leanfore, Leonie Kowalenko, Adele Jones.

ROW 2: Hun Kim, Soruban Kanapathipillai, Robert Kerle, Yaroslav Jurkiw, Andrew Hudson, Prajayan Kathirgamanathan, Patrick Kelly Lam Huynh, Jung-Min Lee.

FRONT: Minh Hua, Djcynta Holden, Natalie Lammas, Cathy Kim, Jenny Ip, Minh-Nguyet Nguyen, Angela Kontominas, Anna Lee.



YEAR 11T

ROW 4: Bruce Naylor, Andrew Sherban, Thomas Mauch, Hugh Myers, Daniel McCallum, Sophie Long.

ROW 3: Linn Linn Lee, Louise Mayne, Alys Martin, Laura Murdoch, Peta McLean, Carla Moore, Kirstie Lowe, Victoria Lee.

ROW 2: Kivanch Mehmet, Si-Bin Lim, Philip Mylecharane, Marcus Maller, Bao Nguyen, James Mayger, Andres Olave, Benjamin Marx, Richard Luong.

FRONT: Melissa Mui, Judy Liao, Chris Makris, Mia Offord, Alex McDonald, Bridget McManus, Abi Mohan, Melinda Mui.



YEAR 11I

ROW 4: Josh Pyke, Justin Roberts, Craig Ovenden, Simon Park.
 ROW 3: Ozgur Ozluk, Kelly Pickwell, Annette Schneider, Ellen Quinn, Emma Parsons, Alex Owens, Leanne Rich, Caroline Panczyna.
 ROW 2: Nicholas Ooi, Chris Sadler, Burt Sigsworth, Ben Presland, Michael Quoy, Arpit Srivastava, Bilal Rauf, Dougal Phillips, Stephen Quoy.
 FRONT: Aurali Saavedra, Patrice Polyhron, Jennifer Podger, Joanne Pearce, Naomi Roulston, Smrithi Siva, Ai-Linh Phu, Sharmila Peres Da Costa.



YEAR 11A

ROW 4: Josh Szepe, Toby Vidler, Brendan Turner, Daniel Whaite.
 ROW 3: Helen Sun, Pippa Travers, Siriratana Thunyin, Daniel Wallbank, Gary Wong, Leonie Smallwood, Christina Torres, Amanda Yee
 ROW 2: Cham Tang, Dat Truong, Bennie Wong, Jeremy Tung, Michael Villis, Yeoman Lu, Sean Torstensson, Jann Westermann, Rupert Su.
 FRONT: Alice Uribe, Melanie Tooher, Katrina Yiu, Jane Van Vliet, Carla Williamson, Anosha Yazdabadi, Jenny Vandyke, Eileen Vuog.



YEAR 12, 1994.

- ROW 10: Faris Kirmani, Julian Fine, Leighton Aurelius, Donovan Stone, Damon Young, Guy Hungerford, Gregory Pavlou, Oliver Strickland, Michael Wilkinson, George Byrne, Brendan Haire, Sanju Modi, James Bales, Andrew Lane, Leshek Pazdzior, Kaneran Mudelair, Juergen Petzold, Wilhelmina Van Beers, Helen Yee, Emily Christian, Chabriol Colebatch.
- ROW 9: Alexandra Jurkiw, Anna Lunsmann, Stephanie Holding, Magnolia Sutcliffe, Polly Wedlock, Cinnamon Nippard, Sally Buckingham, Maria Panopoulos, Miranda McCallum, Jessica Schuman, Emma Finnerty, Esme Fisher, Lynda Body, Margo Slaven, Claire Dawson, Alex Durrant.
- ROW 8: Ehab Dimitri, Blake Elliot, Nathan Clark, Nathan Archibald, Peter McKeown, Nicholas Allen, Jeremy Green, Ji-Wan Yoo, Torben Ralston, Max Hobeck, Anthony Terruso, Oscar Park, Sacha Groves, Neil Pradham, Ben Russell, Tim Chapman, Luke Metcalfe, Elwin Lian, Chris Miller.
- ROW 7: Jason Chiu, Jessi Guy, Jennifer Alker, Leman Huynh, Eietine Mata, Catharine Pruscino, Alice Dallow, Kate Van Staveren, Emma Coombes, Lynda Reid, Belinda MacDonald, Serene Hong, Alex Carter, Amber Robinson, Helen Karoutzos, Jessica O'Donnell, Nell Pegum, Simone Solomon, Anastasia Stathakis, Margarita Karamitros.
- ROW 6: Enguang Lee, Jim Mitsou, Derek Maller, Simon Fitzpatrick, Ka-Ho Cheung, Stephen Fountain, Timothy Chan, Adrian Chiodo, John Milhail, Eui-Suk Shin, Alexander Outhred, Carl Schneider, Alex Barreto, Nirmalan Sathiamoorthy, Ivan Paredes, Chris Rushton, Adam Brown, Mark McLaren, Mosaddeque Hossain.
- ROW 5: Sarah Clark, Jenny Lyell, Melanie Maxwell, June Sartracom, Sharon Walder, Berida Brownlee, Anna Rigg, Nancy Ford, Nathasha Canteenwalla, Virginia Lee, Van Huynh, Patricia Yam, Anna Hobley, Beth Hood, Rowena Blewitt, Natalie Clark, Rebecca Yates, Melissa Jackson, Deana Mitchell, An Nguyen.
- ROW 4: Thomas Lin, Daniel Ho, Anthony Krithinakis, Etern Kumsuz, Jin Jin Woon, David Tchou, Angelo Theodoratos, Joel Ma, Zacha Miller-Rosen, Jason Lee, Luke Lee, David Aurelius, Cam Ly, Richard Banh, Kevin Soo, Long Nguyen, Lian-Joo Leow, Calvin Hsieh, Matthew Lee.
- ROW 3: Maria Kotsiaris, Katalin Grubits, Alison Legg, Maria Getsios, Sonya Sceats, Catherine Chang, Florence In, Shumane Hui, Keira Newton, Kelly Ngai, Gemma Davies, Amanda Spilsbury, Cathy Jones, Louise Ciceriello, Ruth Corris, Rachel Welsh, Divya Sriram, Ana Maria Chaves.
- ROW 2: Bok-Kyung Yoon, Sunethra Del Mel, Thao Huynh, Lara Vasarhelyi, Sacha Stelzer, Cinnamon Lee, Anna Lado, Teresa Tam, Lebinh Tu, Van La, My Chan Do, Jenny Har, Tse-Hui Teh, Sheila Karunalayan, Mei-Lin Ford, Jayleen Diaz, Roxanne Buenvenida, Tara De Mel.
- FRONT: Christian Balanza, Christopher Lim, Alvin De La Paz, Vincent Luong, Hai Khuat, Steven Ha, Tai Phan, Ivan Mantelli, David Stanaway, Neeraj Chawla, Alex Young, Mauro Grassi, Andrew Murray, Glenn Gibb, David Rodriguez, Andrew Lee, David Baxter, Feraz Azhar, Adam Campano.

TEACHER: Ms. Lyn Trevini



Autographs



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James Findlay



Ms Ireland Rebecca Yates

Nick Allen Andrew Murray Donovan Stone Tim Chapman



Luke Manderson Nick Coleman



Catherine Chang Maracka Zacka Damon Young Lynda Reid



Mr Leondios

