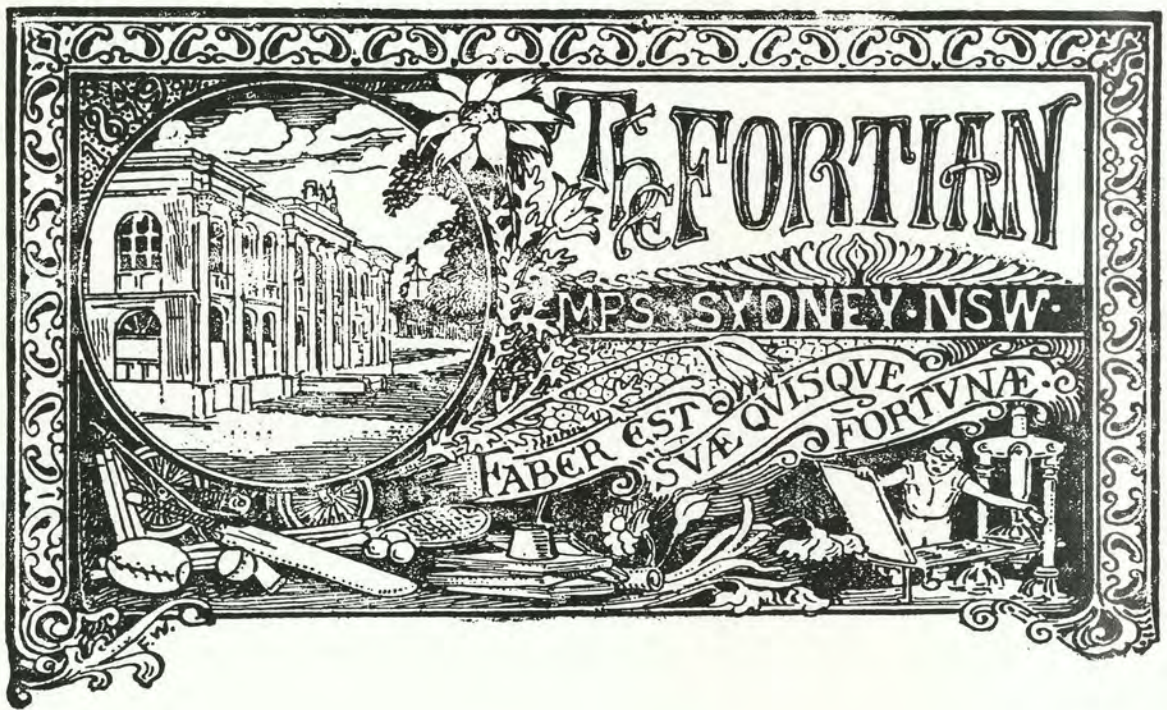


the  
**Fortian**

**1995**





# • FORTIAN COMMITTEE •

- FIONNUALA BROWNE
  - GRACE CHEUNG
  - SÉAMUS GERAGHTY
  - NICOLLE LANE
  - TESSA LUNNEY
  - KATE MATARESE
  - CLAUDIA MILLS
  - VANESSA OWENS
  - FIONA PARSONS
  - ZOË PYKE
  - SARAH TRAN
  - SUE JUN
  - KIT MORRELL
  - SASCHA MORRELL
  - DALYA KOCH
  - MICHAEL ZANARDO
- & Ms DAVIS



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# PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

At a re-union of the boys of 1954, one of the memories was of 'the oval that never was'. Forty years is a long time to wait and see the first sod turned, but that is what happened last year. The grounds development project has now produced the school with a fine playing field, basketball courts, a new cricket practice facility, a paved car park and beautifully landscaped areas for passive enjoyment. Students at Fort Street can now enjoy excellent facilities in a pleasant, green oasis in the inner city where luncheon can be taken in the shade of magnificent trees far from the hectic bustle of Parramatta Road.

This bustle has also become something of a minor irritant now that the Taverner's Hill Footbridge has been completed. A much needed facility, this structure is destined to become a landmark feature of Parramatta Road as it joins the old brewery building and the 'school on the hill' as part of the Leichardt/Marrickville landscape.

The site and reputation of the school also saw us earmarked for another major innovation in 1995. The university of NSW and Sydney Electricity approached us with a proposal to jointly develop an experiment in the solar generation of electricity. Fort Street was proud to be the first school to undertake such a project.

1995 also saw a further step in community participation, witnessing the first year of operation of the School Council. Representing all sections of our school community, parents, P&C, staff, ex-students, the Council should become a significant feature of decision-making for the future.

The successes of the school are well documented elsewhere in this publication but

here I wish to note the exceptional performance of our 1994 HSC candidacy. Patricia Yam and Damon Young excelled with perfect TER scores. Feel then, for Liang Joo Leow whose score of 99.95 would have made him Dux of at least the two previous years, but saw him into third place this time!

The year bought it moments for pause and reflection. All were deeply saddened by the death of staff member Gail Salmon who succumbed after a long battle with cancer. We reflected, too, when Bruce Leonard announced his retirement after a distinguished career of service to students. I wish to record my personal deep gratitude to Bruce for his months as Principal when my own health was in question, and for his continued personal support through a period of trauma.

We reflected, too, on the wisdom of planners as the third runway opened and turned Sydney Airport into a one runway operation with a consequent increase in aircraft movements and noise over our school. Unfortunately we are fifty metres outside the noise reduction program's zone!

To reflect on 1995 is to reflect on achievements and tasks accomplished. To be satisfied is not to be complacent however. There is much still to be done and challenges to meet. Fort Street will move into 1996 with the same spirit and determination to excel that has marked its history to date. A school with a student population of the quality of ours, can do no less!

**Lee Carroll - Principal**



1995 promised well and lived up to the promise. We returned in the glow of the superb 1994 HSC results and the certain knowledge that the redesigned grounds would be completed soon. The 'soon' proved to be Term 2, but even without the new field, Term 1 was enjoyable: a great swimming carnival at a new venue (Ashfield); the awe of Speech Day when two 100 TER scorers were present; and myriad camps and excursions.

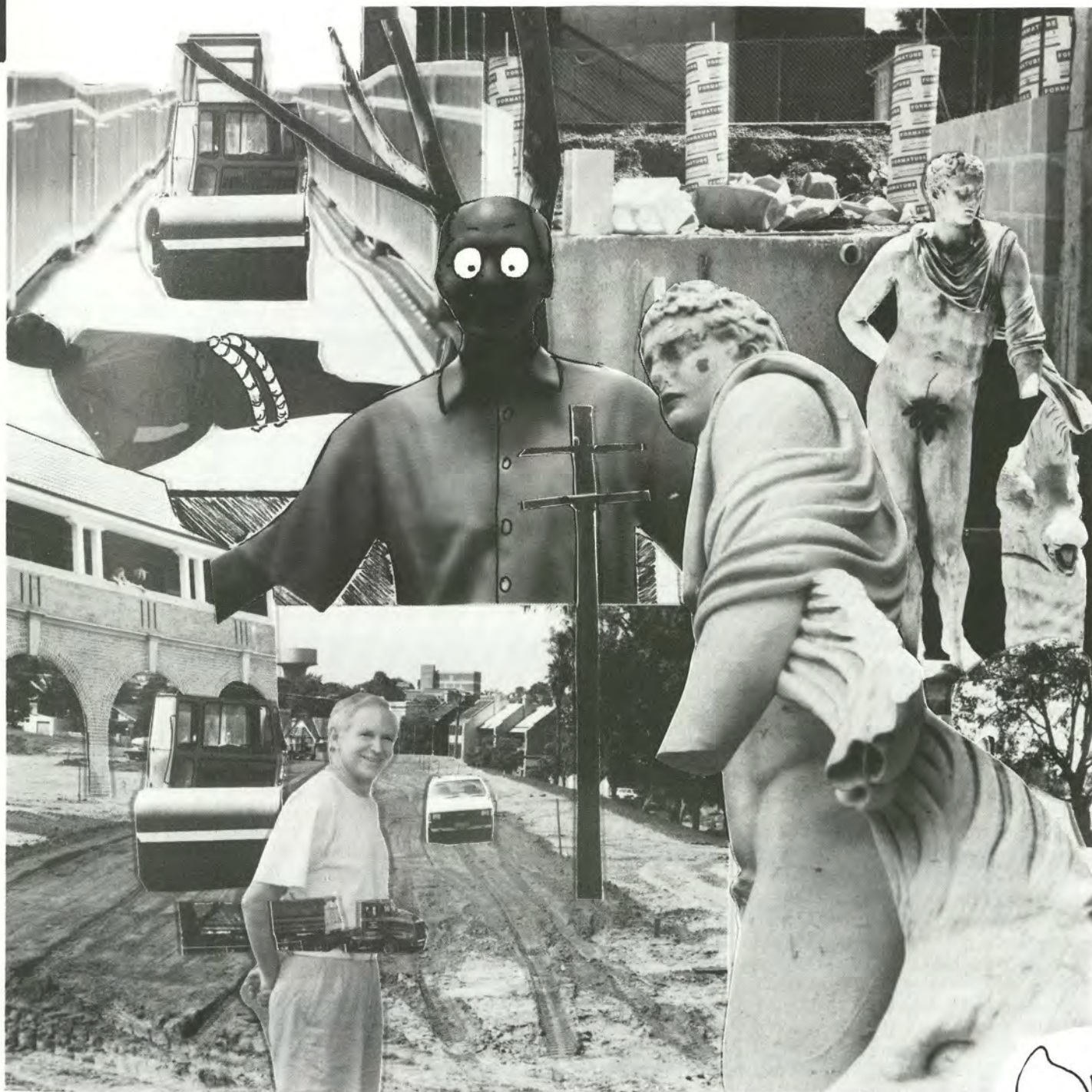
Term 2 was really good too. The field was finished but couldn't be used yet; a wonderful venue (the Olympic site) for the Athletics carnival; two Drama nights on two separate occasions; and myriad camps and excursions.

In Term 3 we had a field that could be used, but only to sit on; a bridge in progress; a Musicale Evening; a Trivia night; a Year 12 'Flop' which made fun of the field; and myriad camps and excursions.

We were blessed in Term 4 with a field that could be run on; a foot bridge that removed the challenge of Parramatta Road; a Solar Power Grid that was the source of all electricity for half of room 27; an IMP concert that broke new ground in the field of cabaret; a Christmas Concert Spectacular; and myriad camps and excursions.

Somehow, along the way, we fitted in lessons and exams.

**John Buckingham Acting Deputy Principal**





# Programme

## 1994 HSC FORTIANS UNION AWARDS

PATRICIA YAM  
 DAMON YOUNG  
 LIANG-JOO LEOW  
 TAI AHN PHAN  
 SONYA SCEATS  
 LYNDA BODY  
 CALVIN HSIEH  
 RICHARD BANH  
 MOSADDEQUE HOSSAIN  
 FERAZ AZHAR  
 CATHERINE CHANG  
 ALICE DALLOW  
 KATALIN GRUBITS  
 VAN HUYNH  
 KELLY NGAI  
 EUI-SUK SHIN

THAO HUYNH  
 DANIEL HO  
 DEANA MITCHELL  
 CHABRIOL COLEBATCH  
 JIN JIN WOON  
 CHRISTIAN BALANZA  
 HAI KHUAT  
 FARIS KIRMANI  
 SHUMANE HUI  
 DIVYA SRIRAM  
 ADRIAN CHIODO  
 ALEX CARTER

## 1994 – YEAR 12

- PATRICIA YAM** The A.J. Kilgour Prize for Dux (aeq.); The Laurence Goddard Prize for the Best Student studying Mathematics at University; The D.J. Austin Prize for Mathematics (4-Unit); The Social Science Department Prize for Economics (2-Unit)(2nd in the State); The Prize for Science (4-Unit) (1st in the State); The Constance Frith Memorial Prize for The Best Student proceeding to The University of New South Wales (aeq.); The Prize for English (2-Unit).
- DAMON YOUNG** The A.J. Kilgour Prize for Dux (aeq.); The Charles Harrison Memorial Prize for English (3-Unit) (1st in the State); The Frederick Bridges Memorial Prize for French (3-Unit)(4th in the State); The Judy Levi Memorial Prize for Modern Languages; The Constance Frith Memorial Prize for The Best Student proceeding to The University of New South Wales (aeq.).
- LIANG JOO LEOW** The Fanny Cohen Prize for 3rd in the HSC (aeq.); The John Hunter Prize for The Best Student entering the Faculty of Medicine (aeq.); The Dr J.J.C. Bradfield Prize for Physics (1st in the State; (aeq.); The Prize for Engineering Science (3-Unit); The Prize for Computer Studies (2-Unit) (2nd in the State); 1st in the State Bahasa Indonesia/Malaysia 2-Unit.
- TAI AHN PHAN** The Fanny Cohen Prize for 3rd in the HSC (aeq.); The John Hunter Prize for The Best Student entering the Faculty of Medicine (aeq.); The Dr. J.J.C. Bradfield Prize for Physics (1st in the State; (aeq.); The Alma Puxley Prize for Chemistry; The Prize for Japanese (2-Unit).
- SONYA SCEATS** The 1925-29 Girls' Prize for The Best Student entering the Faculty of Law; The Evelyn McEwan Rowe Prize for Ancient History (3-Unit) (7th in the State); The Annie Turner Prize for English and History; The Thomas Cook Prize for General Studies (7th in the State); The Prize for English (2-Unit General); The Prize for Food Technology (1st in the State).
- KELLY NGAI** The Herbert Percival Williams Memorial Prize for the H.S.C. Question on Shakespeare; the Kate O'Shaughnessy Prize for writing in any category; The Prize for Ancient History (2-Unit).
- CATHERINE CHANG** The Francis Killeen Memorial Prize for The Best Student proceeding to The University of Sydney; The Harold Jones Prize for Modern History (2-Unit).
- CHRISTIAN BALANZA** The Kilpatrick Memorial Prize for The Best Student entering the Faculty of Economics at Sydney University.
- EUI-SUK SHIN** The Ron Smith Memorial Prize for The Best Student entering the Faculty of Dentistry.

- KATALIN GRUBITS** The John Henry and Glad Hopman Prize for The Best Student studying Engineering at University.
- ALICE DALLOW** The Emily Cruise Prize for Modern History (3-Unit).
- TIM CHAPMAN** The Dr William Gailey Prize for Biology; The Prize for Visual Arts (3-Unit).
- ALEX JURKIW** The Ron Horan Prize for German (3-Unit).
- ADRIAN CHIODO** The Frederick Burtenshaw Prize for Latin (3-Unit).
- NANCY FORD** The Hermann Black Prize for Japanese (3-Unit).
- NICHOLAS ALLEN** The Bertram Stevens Prize for Economics (3-Unit).
- DANIEL HO** The Joseph Taylor Memorial Prize for Geography (3-Unit).
- MOSADDEQUE HOSSAIN** The Social Science Department Prize for Geography (2-Unit).
- POLLY WEDLOCK** The Olga Sangwell Prize for Music (3-Unit).
- SIMON FITZPATRICK** The Prize for Mathematics (2-Unit); The Prize for Latin (2-Unit).
- CHABRIOL COLEBATCH** The Prize for French (2-Unit).
- DEANA MITCHELL** The Prize for Legal Studies (3-Unit) (6th in the State).
- LYNDA BODY** The Fortian Prize for Outstanding Achievement in the HSC Legal Studies (3-Unit) (7th in the State).
- RICHARD BANH** The Prize for Legal Studies (2-Unit) (5th in the State).
- VAN HUYNH** The Fortian Union Prize for Outstanding Achievement in the HSC Legal Studies (2-Unit) (6th in the State).
- BOK-KYUNG YOON** The Prize for Visual Arts (2-Unit).
- CINNAMON LEE** The Prize for Food Technology (2-Unit).
- ANDREW LANE** The Prize for Music Course 1.
- LYNDA REID** The Prize for Italian Z.
- ADAM BROWN** The Prize for Industrial Technology.
- EMILY CHRISTIAN** The Prize for Applied Studies.

## 1994 – SPECIAL AWARDS

- FELICITY KELLY** The Rona Sanford Pepper Prize for Service.
- ALICE DALLOW** The Charles Christmas Prize for Scholarship and Service; The Raymond and Frank Evatt Memorial Prize for Australian History; The Elizabeth Cayzer Prize for the President of the S.R.C.
- NATHAN ARCHIBALD** The Old Boys' Union Prize for Scholarship and Service.
- CHRIS MAKRIS** The John Hills Memorial Prize for Leadership and Service.
- JOSH SZEPS** The Major Isador Sender Memorial Prize for School Service.
- ROSIE MALCOLM** The Ladies Committee Prize for School Service.
- DANIEL WHAITE** The Elsie Ferguson Memorial Prize for Consistent Service to the S.R.C.
- MAGNOLIA SUTCLIFFE** The Raymond Sly Memorial Prize for Music.
- AMANDA SPILSBURY** The David Anthony Prize for Contribution to Music.
- DONOVAN STONE** The Instrumental Music Programme Prize.
- NAOMI de COSTA** The Val Lembit Prize for Drama.
- CLAIRE DAWSON** The Phillip, David and Robert Lindsay Prize for Debating.
- JEREMY GREEN** The Caltex Best All-Rounder Award.
- RACHEL WELSH** The Reuben F Scarf Prize for Commitment.
- SORUBAN KANIPATHIPILLAI** The Young Achievement Australian Prize.
- AMBER ROBINSON** The Liberty Jools Prize for Originality in the Arts.
- ALYS MARTIN** The Girls of 1964-69 Prize for Commitment to the School Community.
- PHILLIP BLACKFORD** The Boys of 1950-54 Prize for Commitment to the School Community.
- BEN SPIES-BUTCHER** Fortians Union Commendation for Service.
- KENYA WILKINS** Fortians Union Commendation for Service.



## 1994 — YEAR 11

1. **ANOSHA YAZDABADI** The Lilian Whiteoak Prize for Dux; The Prize for Legal Studies; Certificates for English, Mathematics (3 Unit), Physics and Economics.
2. **JOANNA CRAWFORD** The Lodge Fortian Prize for General Proficiency; Certificates for Modern History and Legal Studies.
3. **MINH VU HUA** The David Verco Prize for Mathematics (3 Unit); the P&C Association Prize for Physics; Certificate for Chemistry.
4. **ANDELYS ALLEN** The Old Girls' Literacy Circle Prize for English.
5. **ALEXANDRA CROSBY** The James Baxendale Prize for Proficiency in English; Certificate for 4-Unit Science. Certificate for Visual Arts.
6. **ALISTAIR FREY** The Elvie Selle Prize for Chemistry.
7. **LAURA BEALE** The Dr William Gailey Prize for Biology; Certificate for Modern History.
8. **HELEN SUN** The Warren Peck Prize for Modern History; Certificates for English and General Studies.
9. **RICHARD LUONG** The Catherine, Janet and Pauline Calver Prize for Geography.
10. **JAMES HANCOCK** The Institute of Engineers, Sydney Division, Prize for Engineering Science; The Prize for Industrial Technology; Certificate for Mathematics (2-Unit).
11. **MIA OFFORD** The Prize for Visual Arts; Certificates for English and Biology.
12. **CAROLINA PANCZYNA** The Prize for Mathematics (2-Unit); The Prize for Ancient History; Certificate for Biology.
13. **ANDRES OLAVE** The Prize for 4-Unit Science.

## 1994 — YEAR 10

1. **DALYA KOCH** The Judge Redshaw Prize for Dux; The Joseph Taylor Memorial Prize for Geography; The Prize for German; Certificates for Science and Computer Studies.
2. **REBECCA MCINTYRE** The Molly Thornhill Prize for General Proficiency; The Dr William Gailey Prize for Proficiency in Science; The Prize for Commerce; Certificates for English, Mathematics and Technical Drawing.
3. **JEFFREY CASTRO** The Emily Mouldsdale Prize for Science; The Prize for Mathematics; The Prize for Electronics Technics; The Prize for Technical Drawing.
4. **JAMES BARKUS** The James Baxendale Memorial Prize for English.
5. **BEN SPIES-BUTCHER** The Dr George Mackaness Prize for History.
6. **JEMAIN HUI** The Major General Fewtrell Prize for English and History; Certificate for English.
7. **NATALIE CHAN** The Prize for Japanese; The Prize for Music; Certificate for Mathematics and Science.
8. **ANNA CHOY** The Prize for Latin; Certificates for English and French.
9. **VANESSA TRAN** The Prize for Visual Arts; Certificates for English and Commerce.
10. **FLEUR BEAUPERT** The Prize for French; Certificate for Latin.
11. **MINERVA SIASAT** The Prize for Computer Studies.
12. **NATHAN MCLACHLAN** The Prize for Wood Technics.

## 1994 - YEAR 9

1. **NATHAN GEE** The 1994 Year 12 Prize for Dux; The Prize for Commerce; The Prize for Computer Studies; Certificates for Mathematics and Science.
2. **NICOLLE LANE** The James Baxendale Memorial Prize for English.
3. **ANDREW MONK** The Dr William Gailey Prize for Science.
4. **THANH-LOI NGO** The Prize for Mathematics; Certificate for French.
5. **MAYET COSTELLO** The Prize for History; The Prize for Wood Technics.
6. **LISA WONG** The Prize for Geography; Certificates for Science and Commerce.
7. **ANNA CEGUERRA** The Prize for French; Certificates for History and Commerce.
8. **ANDREW WATSON** The Prize for German.
9. **KATIE BIRD** The Prize for Latin; Certificate for History.
10. **SHIYO HAYASHI** The Prize for Japanese; Certificate for Science.
11. **GARETH EDWARDS** The Prize for Electronics Technics.
12. **DANNY VIEIRA** The Prize for Technical Drawing.
13. **ALICIA KOH** The Prize for Music.

## 1994 — YEAR 8

1. **JENNY THAI** The Fortians Union Prize for Dux; The James Baxendale Memorial Prize for English; The Bishop Kirkby Prize for History; The Dr William Gailey Prize for Proficiency in Science; The Prize for Mathematics; The Prize for French; Certificates for Geography and Visual Arts.
2. **TANIA LAMBERT** The Dr J. Bradfield Prize for Science; The Prize for German; Certificates for English, Geography, Visual Arts and Design & Technology.
3. **NATASHA FONG** The Prize for Geography; Certificates for Mathematics, Science and Japanese.
4. **KINGSTON SOO** The Prize for Latin; Certificate for English.
5. **JEREMY WEE** The Prize for Japanese; Certificate for History.

## 1994 — YEAR 7

1. **GRACE BROWN** The Alma Hamilton Prize for Dux; The Bishop Kirkby Prize for Australian History; The Class Prize for 7F.
2. **JACK TEIWES** The James Baxendale Memorial Prize for English; The Major General Fewtrell Prize for English and History; The Class Prize for 7I.
3. **AARON KOH** The Dr William Gailey Prize for Science.

## THE CLASS PRIZES FOR YEAR 7

- 7F **IRENE CHEUNG**  
 7O **SARAH JOHNSON**  
**LAILA ENGLE**  
 7R **MIRIAM MAFESSANTI**  
**ALICE MAH**  
 7T **PATRICIA QUACH**  
**NICCOLA PHILLIPS**  
 7I **JUSTIN TSUEI**

## 1994 SPORTS PRIZES

1. **DANIEL WHAITE** The Johnson Memorial Prize for Senior Sportsman.
2. **LISA GOUDIE** The Jan Stephenson Prize for Senior Sportswoman.
3. **LISA COLLINS** The Jan Stephenson Prize for Junior Sportswoman; The Most Outstanding Girl in Cross Country.
4. **NATHAN MCLACHLAN** The Johnson Memorial Prize for Junior Sportsman.
5. **MARIA KWIATKOWSKI** The Sports Pit Prize for Outstanding Achievement in any one sport.
6. **NATHANIEL HOWSE** The Fort Street Rugby Club Prize for Junior Rugby Player of the Year.
7. **NICHOLAS ALLEN** The Most Outstanding Boy in Swimming.
8. **EMMA KEOGH** The Most Outstanding Girl in Swimming.
9. **BEN DAY ROCHE** The Most Outstanding Boy in Cross Country.
10. **NATHAN QUINLAN** The Most Outstanding Boy in Athletics.
11. **ANNA CLARK** The Most Outstanding Girl in Athletics.

## 1994 AUSTRALIAN STUDENTS' PRIZE

- PATRICIA YAM**  
**DAMON YOUNG**  
**LIANG JOO LEOW**  
**TAI AHN PHAN**  
**SONYA SCEATS**

## 1994 PREMIER'S PRIZE

- PATRICIA YAM (MEDAL)**  
**DAMON YOUNG (MEDAL)**  
**LIANG JOO LEOW**  
**TAI AHN PHAN**  
**SONYA SCEATS**





## FORT STREET SPEECH DAY ADDRESS - 10 MARCH 1995

I am both honoured and delighted to be here with you today as guest speaker for the Annual Fort Street Speech Day. As an Old Fortian myself, I feel great pride in the academic achievements of the students of this school - a school which has maintained and continued to strengthen the tradition of academic excellence.

Although I am an Old Fortian and have proudly worn that "label" throughout my life, I feel very ashamed to admit that despite good intentions, until late last year, I had very little contact with the School or with its former staff and students. Admittedly, the School as it is today, bears no physical resemblance to the one that I was most fortunate to attend, with its historic buildings and enviable position on Observatory Hill.

While we did not appreciate it at the time, we lived through a period when dramatic changes in the character and shape of the city were taking place. We all watched as the Opera House unfolded before our eyes and took shape as one of the most spectacular buildings of our time. All around us, skyscrapers were "sprouting" out of the ground and towering over us. Amidst all of this growth and change, a small group of teachers was getting on with the "simple task" of trying to mould a group of young girls into future citizens, who each in her own way, would be able to play some small role in the development of her community.

All of the fond memories of my school days came back to me late last year when with great excitement and anticipation, I attended the 25 Year Reunion of my class. It was amazing how, within a few minutes, a group of around a hundred "mature" women suddenly turned into a bunch of giggling school girls and 25 long years just melted away as we each recounted our memories of Fort Street.

In spite of all the options that were placed before us, I was amazed to discover how many of the girls from my class still went on to pursue the so-called "traditionally female" (but equally worthwhile) careers and how few took up the challenge of "non-traditional" options. Coming from a Greek background with conservative Greek parents, it is perhaps a wonder that I was one of the few girls in the latter group. For this, I have my parents to thank for always encouraging both my sister and myself just as much as my two brothers, to consider all our options and to take on anything that we wanted. It was, therefore, quite a surprise in my first week at University to find that out of the 200 odd students enrolled in courses such as Chemical Engineering, Industrial Chemistry, Mining Engineering and so on, I was only one of a few female students in my lecture group.

My undergraduate years at UNSW were the years of the

Vietnam War and conscription (which was a great incentive for the boys to work hard and pass so as not to end up in the Army). They were also the years of the birth of the Women's Movement, with Germaine Greer and other feminists telling women to take control of their lives and to take on new roles in a "man's world". I must admit that I could not really understand what all the fuss was about. Perhaps I was naive, but I always believed that women **did** control their lives and **were** free to make their own choices.

A number of positive things **did** come out of the Women's Movement however - it did help to speed up reforms and changes in the workplace for the benefit of all - men as well as women. We all seem to forget that women's issues (such as equal pay, child care and family leave provisions), benefit both men and women equally - we are all on the same team after all, with a common goal towards a better society and a prosperous future for our children.

In the midst of all of the upheaval of the 70's, with student demonstrations, sit-ins and war moratorium, some of us just struggled on with our studies and battled with the uncertainties and fears of not having made the right choice of course and career. These are feelings that I am re-living this year as my eldest son is embarking upon his first year at University and I am sure that a number of you here today from last year's Year 12 are experiencing the same uncertainties.

Many students with high expectations about their chosen course become quickly disenchanted when they find that many of the subjects they have to take fall a little short of being exciting and inspiring. What has to be remembered, however, is that before we can go on to study Homer and Shakespeare, we must first learn to read; before we can design the world's best space shuttle, we must first learn basic physics and mechanics.

It was not until I completed my degree and began my PhD research in molten salt electrolysis (of all things), that I was convinced that I had made the right choice. Like many other girls who thought that the most exciting opportunities for us lay in the cosmetics industry, I quickly realised that the really fascinating fields were, in fact, areas like metal extraction, batteries, corrosion prevention. What was essential however, was that whatever I chose to work on, could potentially benefit the environment, our society or our country's economic development. We scientists and engineers may not enjoy the same financial rewards or social status of other professions such as lawyers and accountants, but what we can take great pride and satisfaction in however, is the fact that we are helping to produce something that will benefit our nation and perhaps even the future of our planet. And we women who have just happened to end up in such "non-traditional" careers, are not feminists trying to force ourselves into a "man's world", but a small and growing group that is fortunate enough to be doing something that we love.



In my case, it was almost by accident, that more than ten years ago, I stumbled upon the idea that it might be possible to store large amounts of solar, wind or other energy in large tanks of vanadium solutions. With a lot of hard work and a great deal of good luck, what started with a small project involving one Honours Project student (a girl, by the way) has led to one of the most promising energy storage systems currently under development. The vanadium redox battery that we have developed at UNSW (with a small but highly motivated and committed team of scientists and engineers) has now been licensed to a Thai company that is commercially developing it for use in Solar Houses throughout South-East Asia, as well as to a large Japanese group. A consortium set up by Mitsubishi Chemicals and a Japanese power corporation is now spending millions of dollars a year to scale up the technology for storing off-peak electricity in power stations as well as for solar energy storage.

For several years we have also been promoting the concept of using the vanadium battery in electric vehicles where the vanadium solutions could be pumped into the tanks of the vehicle at special re-fuelling stations in much the same way that we currently fill our tanks with petrol. The used vanadium solutions could be drained into underground tanks and recharged with off-peak electricity overnight. Since the solutions are never used up, but are re-used indefinitely, there are no waste disposal problems as with other types of batteries. For years we have been trying to get an Australian company to take on the vanadium battery and develop it for electric vehicles. For years we have had to face the disappointments experienced by many other Australian scientists who in frustration, have been forced to sell their ideas and inventions to overseas companies. On many occasions I have also been tempted to do the same, but fortunately my stubbornness may have paid off. I am happy to say that we are currently negotiating with an Australian group to develop the battery for use in buses and trucks in the first instance and with further research and development to move into electric cars.

Finally, I would like to add that by choosing to have a career, women do not have to sacrifice the most important thing in life, which is a family. Many women still believe that they must choose one or the other, or at least postpone having a family until they are established in their career. Fortunately, I was stubborn enough to want both at the same time. While it has not always been easy, I was most fortunate to have a husband who has been prepared to share all of the responsibilities equally, and with the help of dedicated and devoted parents who have looked after our three boys while they were growing up, we have found that all of our sacrifices have been worthwhile.

So to all of you young ladies here today, let me advise you never to accept the "victim" mentality which is often advocated by the feminists, but to take a positive view of your contribution and only ask to be treated

equally, not specially. And to you young men, please do not be intimidated by those extremists who are trying to undermine your confidence. You too have rights to be treated equally, so stand up for those rights. Hopefully, by the time you all finish school and University, you will all be able to go out into the world knowing that men and women are partners, working together towards a better society and are not opponents, competing against each other for the benefit of no-one.

**Maria Skyllas-Kazacos**

## SPEECH DAY 1995

Speech Day, Friday 10th March, 1995, will go down in the annals of Fort Street High School as the "longest day". Fortians young and old endured the proceedings with great fortitude as the clock ticked on past the three hours and twenty minutes mark.

Mr. Buckingham opened the proceedings with a tirade against the aircraft noise, now as much part of the Fort Street scene since the opening of the so-called "third runway".

For the first time we had two Principals report, Mr. Carroll, who had been on extended sick leave since late 1994, presented a short but stirring statement about the state of the school the great opportunities that a school such as Fort Street offers. Then Mr. Leonard, Acting Principal examined the state of education in New South Wales today.

After a brief interlude with the 1812 Overture, our Guest Speaker, Professor Maria Skyllas-Kazacos (Fortian 1969) delivered the address. .

Recognition of Fortian achievements then proceeded to fill out the Program. Twenty eight Year 12, 1994, students received Fortian Awards for the outstanding achievement of being placed in the top 1% of the State in the HSC. Numerous other highly significant awards were presented, including the Premier's Medal to Damon Young and Patricia Yam for scoring the perfect T.E.R. of 100. Both of these students also filled the position of Dux for 1994.

This year we were fortunate to have a large number of Endowed Prizes for the first time. Among these was the Liberty Jools Prize for Originality in the Arts, presented by her mother in remembrance of one of our more recent Fortian (1991), who was tragically killed in an accident in January this year while hiking in the mountains of Bolivia.

Towards the end of the Program, Mr. John Corney, President of the P&C, presented Mrs. Carol Preece, Principal 1984-92, with her portrait which will now be hung in the school amongst portraits of other fine Principals who have led Fort Street High School. Jeremy Green and Esme Fisher came forward to give the Vote of Thanks from Year 12, 1994. The assembled Fortians sang Advance Australia Fair and as the official party left the stage.

My thanks to all members of staff and to the choir and musicians who helped make Speech Day, 1995, such a great occasion.

**T. Glebe - Speech Day Co-ordinator**





# S.R.C. REPORT

This year has been an exciting one for the Fort Street S.R.C., with the rejuvenation of it as an active part of the school life. Hopefully, this will continue into 1996 with the leadership of the new Year 11's, although it will be with great sadness that we bid farewell to this year's President, Rosie Malcolm, and the S.R.C. Executive made up of Year 11's.

The S.R.C. began the year with a camp in which last year's Year 11's gave talks on leadership, motivation and goals. In first term we organised Valentine's Day roses, a fine Fort street tradition, and sold about 250 roses, raising approx. \$150. Our fund raising was highly successful in the first half of the year, as we also held a cake stall and a sausage sizzle, both raising about \$200 each. Some of this money was spent on a Year 7/8 dance to introduce the Year 7's into Fort street life, which was a fun night for everyone.

One of the largest achievements that the S.R.C. has had this year was a Seniors' Dance. Although it doesn't sound spectacular, it had been at least two years since the S.R.C. has had the co-ordination and the organisational skills, as well as the co-operation and trust of the staff, to be able to organise a dance. We are all very proud that we got it all together and that it was a fun and enjoyable night with a DJ and a band providing entertainment and spectacular lights.

Another big achievement this year is the betterment of S.R.C. publicity, with a drop in the waste of art supplies as we are now using simple black and white A4 size posters. We have also attempted to start a re-cycling program but, unfortunately, it has not yet been implemented. This is something we will continue to pursue.

Another project in waiting is the introduction of an S.R.C. sponsored prize on Speech Day. This will probably be a non-academic and non-sport prize but we are yet to decide its exact nature.

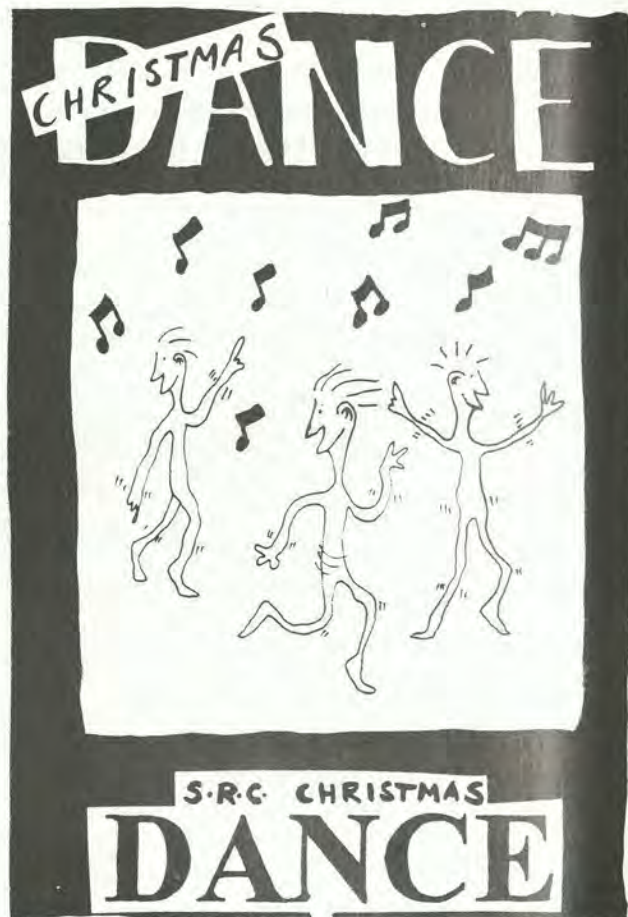
In the second half of 1995, the S.R.C. had two of its members, Wendy Morrison and Claudine Lyons, voted into the School Council. We hope that this will give the students a greater say on the running of the school. The Basketball Comp. was also a project completed by the S.R.C. Over twenty teams joined up and it was a great success. Every team got to play at least two games, giving everyone a good game.

1995 also marked the last year at Fort Street for Mrs. Jago who has worked tirelessly and energetically for as long as anyone can remember. The S.R.C. was very disappointed at the Department of Education's decision to transfer her. As a result, the S.R.C. sent a letter of protest to the NSW Minister for Education, Mr. Aquilina, as a show of our regret at his department's decision. We also regret that Mr. Gedge has also been transferred. The S.R.C. strongly rejects the reduction of teachers and administration staff within the school and we will continue to voice our protests about it.

Finally, the S.R.C. organised a Christmas Dance which turned out well, giving the students an enjoyable way to end the 1995 school year.

The S.R.C. hopes to maintain its good relationship with the school community in 1996 and will continue to be "Working for You".

Anna Clark & Hanna Thorsch





# HYSTERIA HITS FORT STREET

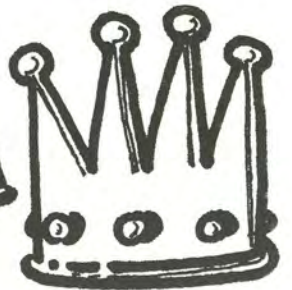
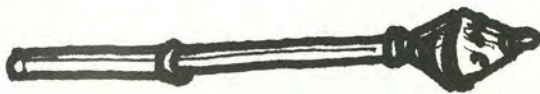
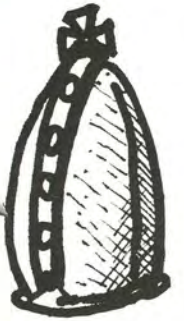


Fort Street High School, June 30th 1995; pandemonium broke out at a school assembly. One thousand school students took to their feet to cheer on a local hero; there was clapping, shouting, waving, laughter and more than a couple of tears. Suddenly, as if on cue, the whole school spontaneously burst into cries of 'ALL HAIL THE KING !!!'

What happened here? Is Elvis still alive? Did Pearl Jam come to Fort Street? Has Paul Keating been made president of Australia? Has hell frozen over? No! On this day, all Fortians came together to say goodbye to one of our best loved mentors, Mr. Leonard, who was retiring as deputy principal.

For 8 years Mr. Leonard was the champion of all our causes -- always kind, caring and willing to battle with the department whenever necessary. No problem was ever too big for Mr. Leonard, who always believed in the greatness of Fort Street and was very dedicated to making it better. A great many programs and ideas owe their foundation to Mr Leonard, and the fact that a student body as diverse as Fort Street's could exist in relative harmony was often the result of his endeavours. Mr. Leonard's goodbye was, in some ways, both happy and sad; while we would all miss his contribution to the school, Fortians joined together to thank Mr. Leonard for all his hard work over the years, and to wish him the best on a well deserved retirement.

Claire Wallace, Year 11.





# ARCHIVES REPORT

"Australia Remembers, 1945-1995" has been indeed a worthy theme for all Australians in this the fiftieth anniversary of the end of World War II and it is a theme which Mr. Ron Horan, our ex-Deputy Principal, took very much to heart. If you would care to stroll through the main foyer outside the Principal's Office you would see a fascinating display of archival material concerning Fortians. The display entitled "In Search of Fortian Veterans" is part of an on-going project of Mr. Horan's as he tries to gather information concerning Fortians who served their country. If you have any information at all concerning such Fortians, would you please contact Mr. Glebe at school as we would like to develop as comprehensive a project as possible.

Archives is always a fascinating task in a school such as Fort Street. Earlier this year Film Australia contacted me for information about Doc. Evatt (Herbert Vere Evatt). In October I was invited to attend the Preview of "Doc", a Film Australia documentary on Doc. Evatt's career which was launched by Justice Michael Kirby (Fortian) at Parliament House. Also, in February of this year, a Mrs. Garner of Queensland presented the school with the fife which her father played in the school's Fife Band in the 1890's. We also received a video from the ABC concerning Flight Lieutenant R.H. Small who was killed in action over Normandy on D-Day, 6th June, 1944. These are only a few items of the memorabilia we have received this year.

Letters, diaries, school books, blazers, are all part of an Archivist's dream and the more we hear from Fortians or their relatives, the richer the school becomes. Please do not hesitate to contact me at school if you have any items which you might care to pass on.

**T. Glebe - Archives Officer**



**PATRICIA YAM** The A.J. Kilgour Prize for Dux (aeq.); The Laurence Goddard Prize for the Best Student studying Mathematics at University; The D.J. Austin Prize for Mathematics (4-Unit); The Social Science Department Prize for Economics (2-Unit)(2nd in the State); The Prize for Science (4-Unit) (1st in the State); The Constance Frith Memorial Prize for The Best Student proceeding to The University of New South Wales (aeq.); The Prize for English (2-Unit).

**DAMON YOUNG** The A.J. Kilgour Prize for Dux (aeq.); The Charles Harrison Memorial Prize for English (3-Unit) (1st in the State); The Frederick Bridges Memorial Prize for French (3-Unit)(4th in the State); The Judy Levi Memorial Prize for Modern Languages; The Constance Frith Memorial Prize for The Best Student proceeding to The University of New South Wales (aeq.).



## THE FORTIANS UNION

Another year has gone by as the small but dedicated Committee focus their attentions increasingly on the school's Sesqui-Centenary celebrations, due to take place in 1999. It might seem a long way off, but there is much to be done, and if any Fortian feels that he or she would like to offer their services in helping to make this an outstanding occasion, please contact Mr. Glebe at school.

Once again, the Fortians' Dinner was held at the Golden Gate Plaza. It is a delightful venue, very close to Central Station and although numbers were down a little on last year's outstanding evening, the night of Friday 20th October was one to remember. Josh Szeps and Pippa Travers, Year 12, 1995, were this year's guests and both gave an interesting and amusing insight into the school as it is in 1995.

Members of the Committee welcomed the outgoing Year 12 students to the Union as part of the leaving ceremony which is rapidly becoming a school tradition. Mr. Warren Griffiths, Year 12 Adviser, has nurtured these Fortians since Year 7 and parents' comments were most favourable as they saw their children as part of the school in this, their last year.

**T.R. Glebe - For the Committee**



# P&C REPORT



P & C meetings are venues for parents to find out what is meant to be happening at school and occasionally for finding out what is happening. A peer support group for parents of adolescents! Whilst the meetings were not the highlight of our 1995 social calendars they were frequently informative and helpful. The input from the Student Representative Council was appreciated as was that from staff members Tim Jurd and Phil Canty for special presentations, Bruce Leonard and Lee Carroll as Principal and John Buckingham as Deputy for the whole year.

The school is now able to enjoy the benefits of several projects undertaken by the P & C and the school over recent years. The first major stage of the grounds development is completed and will be in use next year. Hopefully this will encourage greater participation in healthy physical activity as well as pride in the school because it makes teachers and students pleased to be there. The pedestrian footbridge is an achievement which will improve the safety of students but which never should have required the injuries and more than a decade of lobbying that it did. The next project being undertaken to improve the physical amenity of the school is the conversion of under used areas in the Kilgour block into additional learning spaces urgently required following the removal of demountable classrooms from the school during the long vacations last year. Funds for this will come from our Building Fund as well as from Canteen profits. Detailed plans are being drawn up and tenders will be called early in 1996. We are hopeful that additional donations to the Building Fund will enable this to be completed in 1996.

Our main source of funds is the Canteen which has had an excellent year with Lesley Dare and her team of workers. Cathy Rushton orchestrated the second annual trivia night which was the social highlight of the year. A big thankyou to these people as well as to the parents who have made the IMP and other committees work during the year.

The School Council was established during the year but it is a little early to report on how its operation will impact on the role of the P & C. The parent meetings should remain the forum for parent discussion of the educational directions for the school and for providing support for us in our roles as parents of Fort Street students.

Carolyn Allen





# *Year 12 Farewell Ceremony Address.*

Hi, Good Evening, I am a parent.

I thought that by keeping a low profile for six years and by providing 'behind the scenes' support; 'fame' would pass me by.

Not to be! Here I am, scaring myself to death - exposed.

I would like to speak for a few moments about the graduating Year 12 students, their school and we parents.

It's a time of such change for us all - particularly these young folk - there are so many mixed feelings. But it's also been a really happy six years for these Fort Street students.

I'd like to say some words about TRUST and OPTIMISM. It may seem surprising to those who know me that these were my first sentiments in response to being asked to speak tonight, but I really believe it's the time to trust; especially now on the eve of our kids leaving school, doing exams and launching into the world.

Firstly, it's a time to have trust and faith in our parenting efforts to date. Presumably our parenting has been undertaken with lashings of goodwill and to the best of our abilities; we'll know we've given our offspring their best chance to develop into adults.

WE'VE DONE OUR BEST, so it really is time to stop 'moving and shaking'; to let go of our control, to relax and to trust our kids - not to let go of our love and support, but to trust our kids.

What do we want for these young adults? Did many of us get to choose our careers? We do, I'm sure, all want what we perceive to be better for our children. So if we feel we've 'sold out' - we probably want our kids to have integrity; if we were 'late starters' - we'd like to usher them along. If we've trudged to work for 20 years - we'd like our kids to be imbued with passion and idealism. Perhaps if we've been creative, we want our offspring to have structure in their lives. The reality is these young people have their own time line. They deserve this; to find their own fulfilment and to make their own mistakes.

We must trust the process. The stereotypical youth of 1995 is portrayed as a bit of a 'headbanger', scruffy, festering, sullen youths destined perhaps to a life of

unreached potential. The complete opposite is true of the Fort Street kids. I observe kids that are jolly, perceptive and intelligent; kids that work hard, are responsible and generally interesting people. They may argue too much or drive too fast, but the kids I see, think through their problems, indeed many have supported each other in hard times. I've observed my daughter and some of her friends deal with adversity and emerge strengthened from the experience. This is true education. Sometimes the world doesn't stop for the 'trial' or the H.S.C. How can we help but trust youths' such as these?

The school, I think, can share the credit with the parents; we can't take it all.

Please let me thank, at this time, the teaching staff of Fort Street High, to whom we've entrusted our children's schooling for the last six years. You've 'soldiered' away; a most unthanked and unacknowledged group of professionals. Given these times of political and administrative uncertainty adding to your pressure, you've done a truly admirable job. Thank you.

I remember at the frenzied time of 'getting in to Fort Street', the main attributes my husband and I looked for in a school were social and intellectual peers (a mixture from all over Sydney); a school where learning and scholarship were valued and provision of opportunity and guidance rather than 'spoon-feeding'. We haven't been disappointed. The school has provided these.

Guiding young people to autonomy is what it is all about. May I say a very special thanks to Warren Griffith. I know the students have always felt you have their absolute best interest at heart and that they could freely harass you with their concerns at any time. Thank you Warren for your genuine interest in our children.

Most importantly, a message to the Year 12 graduands. Trust in a belief in yourselves. Even if the trial has not been your best shot, you all have it in you. You have time. Go for it!

Go forward with humour, hard work and most of all, faith and trust in yourself! Thanks.

**Yvette Moore**



## YEAR 7

I would like to give my congratulation to all year 7 students, they have been a wonderful group of students to have participated in the school and for me to have in my care. The year has proven to be a delightful one, the students have assimilated themselves in the rigours of high school, have formed new and exciting friendships and been praised by staff throughout the year who have come in contact with them.

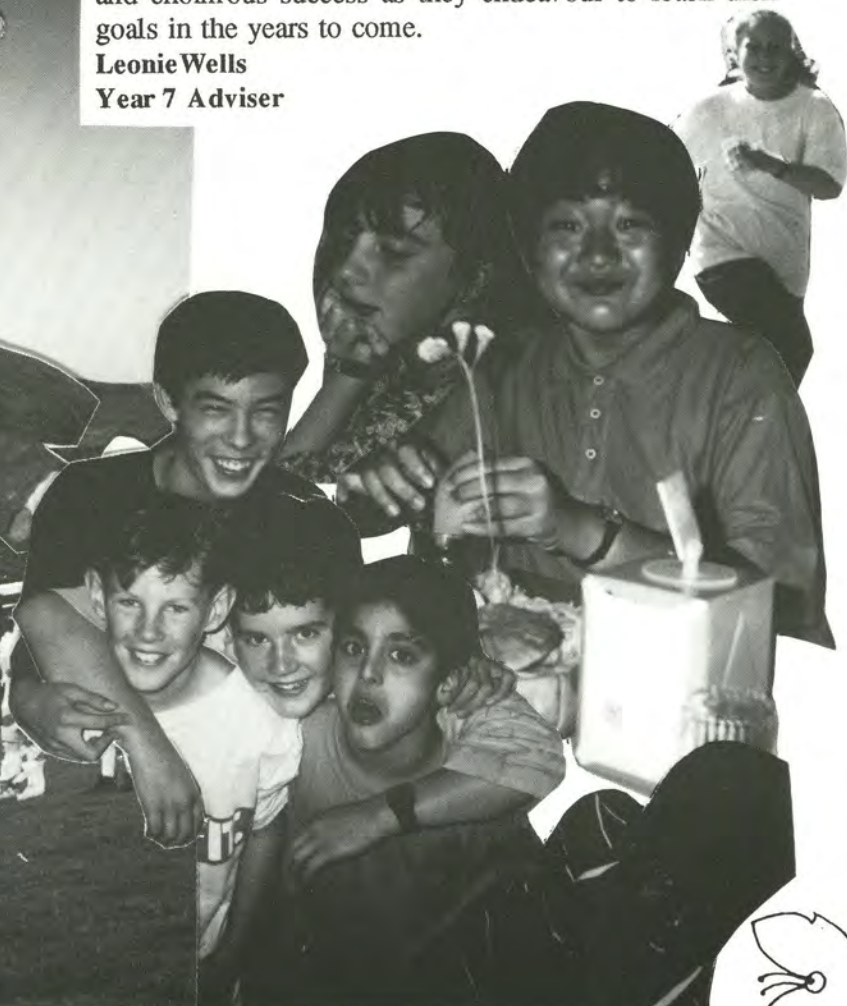
It is always difficult to begin the transition into high school, the requirements are often so different from primary school, however this year 7 has completed it with success. I have lost track of the number of times teachers have commented to me of their politeness, enthusiasm and school spirit.

I have been impressed by their creativity, their willingness to achieve, to improve their work, to seek out alternatives and apply themselves to the task at hand, assimilating the information and getting on with the work. I have also been overwhelmed by the friendship offered by many students, their comradeship to each other and the maturity they displayed in many of their activities.

For me it has been a wonderful and exciting challenge to be part of this Year 7 group being a Year Adviser. I have acquired many new skills as I progressed throughout the year, but most importantly I have enjoyed working with such a delightful group of students.

I wish all the year 7 students the best in future years and enormous success as they endeavour to reach their goals in the years to come.

**Leonie Wells**  
Year 7 Adviser





Let's begin with a tired, useless boring, cliché - 'Well, at least we survived.'

I hate that. Why does everyone always feel the need to say something like that? I mean, what did they expect to happen? Did they think that they were slowly being consumed by death at this school. It is conventional, stereotypical openings like these which make people want to... So I will begin, instead by saying 'This year, I along with year seven, went to school.'

Admittedly, dull, flat lifeless. But at least devoid of that cheesy corn so readily dished out by crowd-pleasing report writers aiming all thrusters at lack of originality, utter boredom, and longwinded, archaic clichés like 'Well at least we survived.' So wholesomely congenial, and excessively, relentlessly avuncular. What a friendly, happy, allegedly amusing way to degrade a perfectly normal, albeit boring, year of life.

Instead of attempting to forge some polyester fable of torture and slavery, instead of moulding some fabricated tale of joys and utter mental stimulation, I think I will abandon the sinister lure of bitter humour and sarcasm, and shed the cloak of the cynic, and attempt to tell you what we actually did this year.

In all truth, camp wasn't that bad. Some people may find that remark unjustified. Perhaps some found the food physically and mentally disturbing, but then again, food is always a matter of taste (oh haha I'm so witty look at me woopeedoo). But accommodation was decent, if a little bland, activities mildly entertaining - at least bearable, and cutlery sterile. Some activities were fun, although others may find this debatable. And - here is an incredible revelation - we survived!

Peer Support was not good. Everyone knows that. But there is no need for us to go about mooning and crooning to ourselves in self pity. The year elevens had to endure just as much as we did. They had to feign an interest in what we were doing - which is more than I can say for some/all year sevens. What we learned in Peer Support was probably beneficial, even though we probably all learned that stuff last year, and the year before, and the year before, and if we didn't we didn't care anyway.

But, at least we got out of class! (this is intentionally a 'witty' addition to add distaste and conventionalism).

Many students have become involved in institutions such as the band and orchestra, which gives them an opportunity to play in an ensemble, something which some primary schools don't offer, but most do. And as much as many students may depreciate what they have been taught in class, if they listened they probably noticed something in their results.

Activities. Well, as more senior years were allowed to select their activity for the last week and a half of school in 1995, year seven was understandably unimpressed when they were assigned to swimming. But, despite many unpleasanties, it wasn't so bad. We were probably physically benefited. And I didn't know CPR. Now I do. And some non-swimmers are now amateur swimmers, whether or not they appreciate it.

Despite the fact that many Year Eights were not entirely partial to us (despite the fact that they were year sevens just the last year) Year Seven was OK. It was just school. And school is pretty unremarkable.

And just remember - at least we survived!

YEAR  
7  
Jive Along...

Groover  
A Year Seven. ^  
Maybe it was Sascha Morrell,  
Maybe not - I have said  
too much already!!!





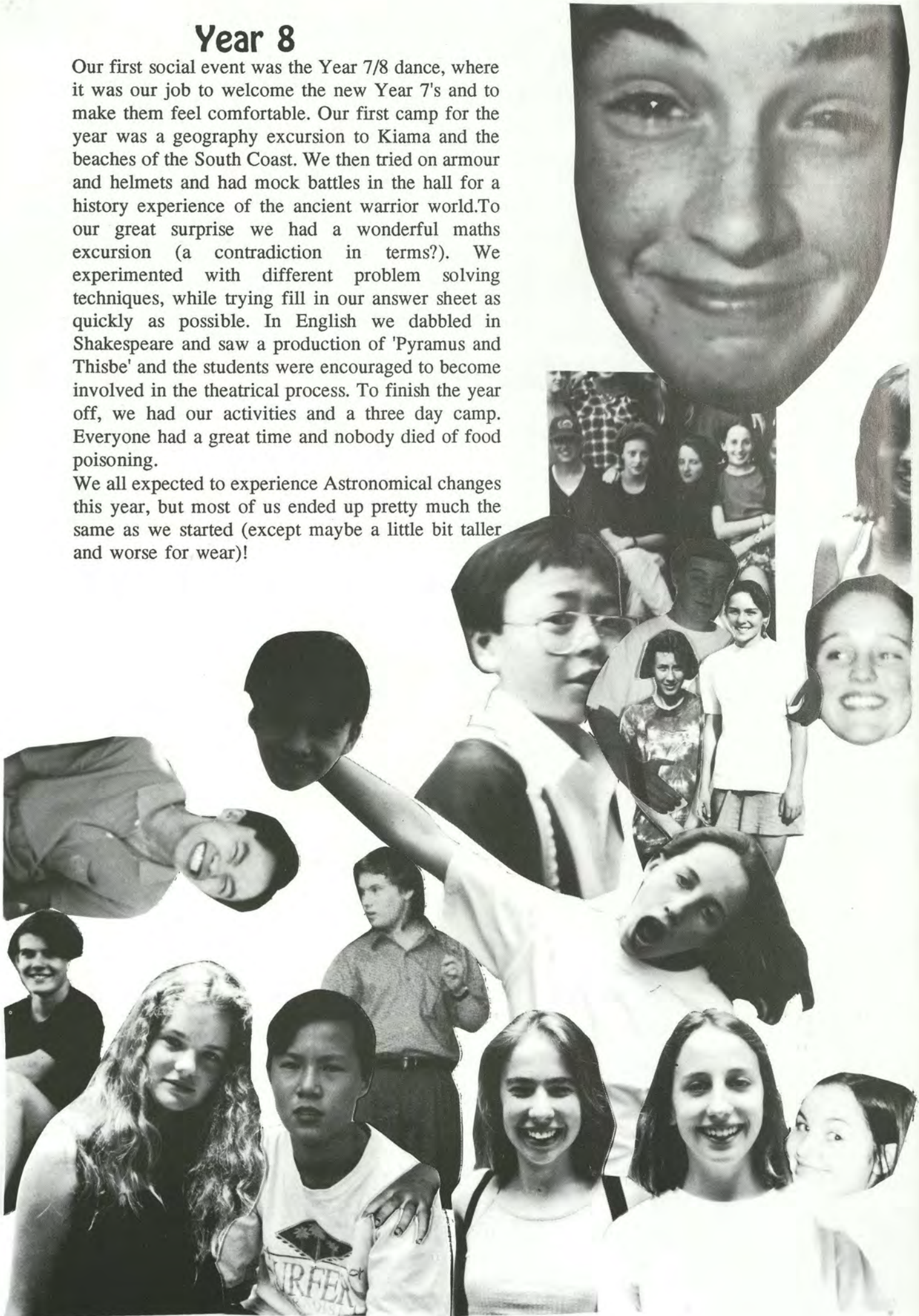




## Year 8

Our first social event was the Year 7/8 dance, where it was our job to welcome the new Year 7's and to make them feel comfortable. Our first camp for the year was a geography excursion to Kiama and the beaches of the South Coast. We then tried on armour and helmets and had mock battles in the hall for a history experience of the ancient warrior world. To our great surprise we had a wonderful maths excursion (a contradiction in terms?). We experimented with different problem solving techniques, while trying fill in our answer sheet as quickly as possible. In English we dabbled in Shakespeare and saw a production of 'Pyramus and Thisbe' and the students were encouraged to become involved in the theatrical process. To finish the year off, we had our activities and a three day camp. Everyone had a great time and nobody died of food poisoning.

We all expected to experience Astronomical changes this year, but most of us ended up pretty much the same as we started (except maybe a little bit taller and worse for wear)!

















## Year 10 Report

With anxiety bubbles happily gurgling away in our stomachs, we began the year.

The first few months of the year were taken up with nothing other than preparation for our "big" year ahead. In other words, aside from our usual classes, nothing much went on.

In May, however, after a long wait, we ventured off on our first camp of the year to - wait for it - Canberra, Land of Parliament. For three days our lives were a seemingly endless whirl of parliament, parliament and more parliament, but somehow we still managed to have fun.

Trials! Moderators! School Certificate! These were the words that consumed our lives in the few weeks leading up to our School Certificate. Anyway, enough said, we're sure that this is a period that Year 10 would much rather forget.

After a much needed, it short, break, we came back to school with the promise of another camp. This one prepared us for the ever important task of Peer Support Leadership. Unfortunately, only thirty of the almost eighty students who participated in the camp were able to continue with the program due to the limited number of places.

The two weeks directly following the camp were taken up with Work Experience. During this time the students of Year 10 ventured into a wide spectrum of possible careers such as child care and development, law, medicine, research, engineering, and a myriad of others.

Finally, after a long wait, it was time - time for our formal, that is. The result of much flogging of chocolates and tremendous work by the formal committee was a wonderful night, and one which Year 10 will never forget.

Sadly, the end of the year signifies to us something more than just holidays because we have to say goodbye to many of our friends who are leaving us to start at new schools. We will, however, be welcoming thirty new students to our year in '96.

Kate Matarese  
Nicolle Lane





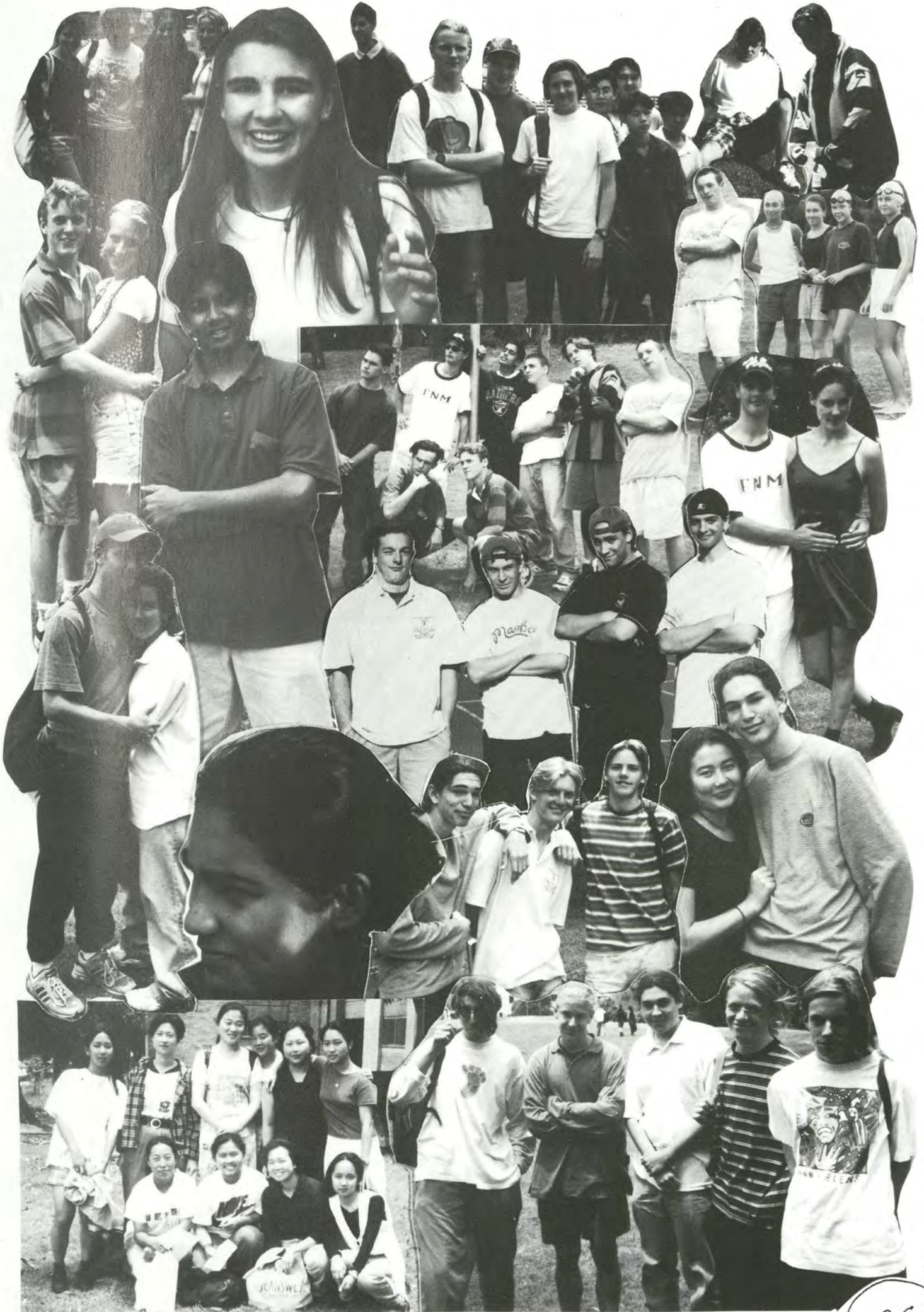




# Year 11





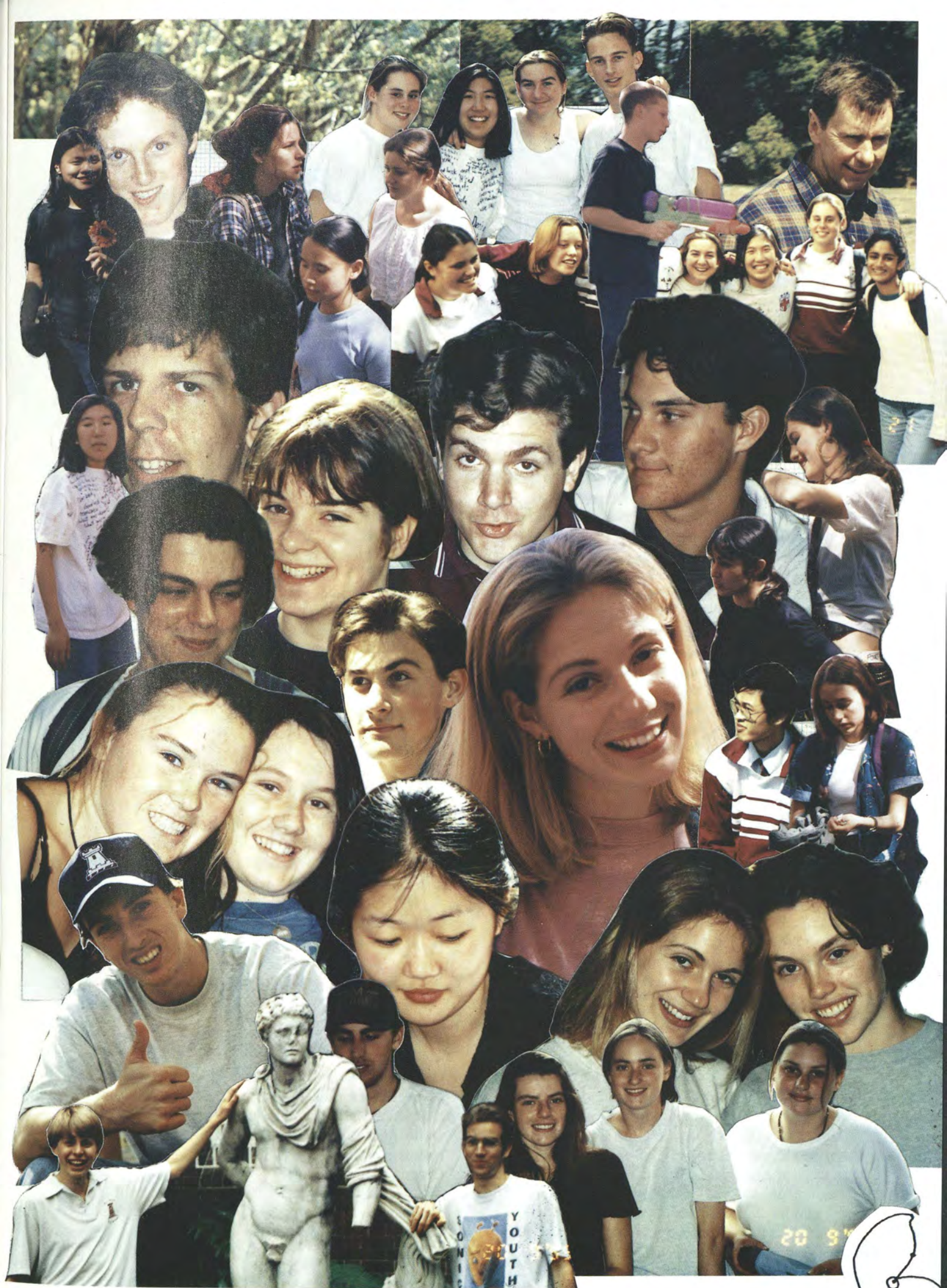




# Year Twelve









# Mummy



James and Ruth Barton walked up the hard-packed earth drive to the door of the farmhouse. It was perched atop a hill, surrounded by pastures, lying fallow, and weed filled. The last rays of the fading sun threw dim shadows through the leaves of the cedars above, over the white-washed walls of the farm house. A quiet stillness had come to the house with the cool evening, and the only sounds to be heard were those of insects, and their voices. 'Jim', said Ruth, 'I still think we should find our own home, or at least have called first before invading.'

'Why?' her husband replied. 'I haven't been home for so long. I know Mum would love to have us. And it's a beautiful house, with plenty of that open space you're always crying out for.'

'It's not that I don't like the house, Darling, but sharing a house with your husband's mother isn't very ... Romantic.' James smiled. 'We've been married three months and you're still on about romance.' he said fondly. 'We'll have a perfect time here.' He knocked on the front door.

A minute passed, and there was not reply. Ruth looked at him questioningly. James shrugged, and fumbled in the pocket of his jeans for a key. He drew it out, and inserted it into the lock. It turned stiffly, and the door was open. 'It's possible that she's out, or on holidays somewhere.'

'I think we should have called. What will she do when she comes home and finds people living in her house?'

'Not just anyone, though. Anyway, it will be my house, soon enough.'

Ruth frowned. 'Charming way to talk about your mother,' was her sarcastic comment. 'If that's the way you feel about her, they why do you want to live here?'

Her baiting went unrewarded. James dashed at her playfully. 'Come on in. I'll be down in a second to show you around. I'm going to the loo.'

Ruth shook her head as her husband ascended the stairs. 'He's so ... Casual.'

James crossed the landing to the door to the bathroom. I remember this house so well, he thought, as he opened the door. He was greeted by a curious smell, reminiscent of a compost bin, and vaguely sweet. He entered, turning on the light. Then he saw the bathtub.

In it lay the remains of what was once a human being. Now it was a mass of decomposed flesh, and bones, reposing in a shallow, putrid soup of stagnant water, discoloured with decaying flesh, its surface scattered with dust, and drowned insects. One arm was extended over the edge of the tube. This was slightly better preserved, though mould-covered as an Egyptian Mummy. Its fingers were clawed as if clutching at something.

James fell to his knees before it, in his horror not noticing the jabs of pain as he impacted with the hard tiled floor.

'My God!' he cried out, in the husky tones of pure, revolted shock. He looked away, but the image of the bath still lingered in his mind's eyes.

A few minutes later, he had recovered sufficiently to allow him to rise, somewhat shakily to his feet. He stumbled across the landing, and staggered down the stairs.

Ruth waited at the bottom. 'What is it?' she cried. 'What's the matter?' Her lower lip trembled with concern.

James sagged against the wall, eyes tightly closed in grieved remembrance. 'Good God! Oh, Mother, alone all those years, and not once did I call on you, or say "Merry Christmas", or check that you were well.'

Ruth took him by the should, and shook him hard. 'What is it?' she demanded anxiously.

James' eyes opened. 'My Mother,' he rasped, fighting to pass words by the swelling lump in his throat. 'Dead in the bathtub. Oh, Lord!'

Ruth stared at him, then closed her eyes, and uttered a prayer. 'Oh James!' she said, and started up stairs.

Of Necessity, James caught at her to stop her. 'No, Ruth, Darling. Don't go up there. She's not ... Fresh.'

It was morning at last; the horrible, sleepless night had ended for James and Ruth Barton. However, for James, the blanket of darkness of the previous night had not yet risen from his soul. He stood still as if carved in stone in the kitchen. Ruth stood by him, touching his arm, and trying to get him to respond.

'She was an old woman,' she said with a sigh. 'Maybe she had heart attack. It's not your fault. Don't punish yourself. You're only making this harder.' She shook her head woefully. 'At least find out how, and when, she passed-on first.'

The property to the left of the Barton home, James knew, was that of his mother's long time friend Shelley Matthews. Now he and Ruth stood at her front door. He was still subdued, but had recovered his faculties a little.

He knocked on the door. Shortly, a woman came to answer it. James recognised her at once as Shelley, though she was much older than when he last saw her. 'Hello Mrs Matthews,' He said soberly. 'I'm sorry to trouble you, but I was wondering if you knew where Cynthia Barton ... Went?'

The woman looked puzzled. 'Cynthia? She's still here. She moved into town, but we're still good friends. Come on through, she's in the kitchen.'

**Kit Morrell Year 9**



# Nightwalk

The light of the moon drifted in and out of the swiftly moving clouds that raced through the sky. The streets were black, a sort of inky colour which made them seem very quiet and safe. The girl walks through them, her mind not on where she is going, because it is a route she travels three nights a week and every morning, thinking of her day. Images flash through her mind, and one remain as the others fade.

The girl smiles to herself as she remembers him, the way he looks at her. His obvious attraction didn't put her off, as it often had with other boys, instead it made her feel beautiful. She cringed as she remembered the last guy she'd let herself fall for. His stinging comments heard from a friend who heard it from a friend of his, had left her hurting more than she knew it was possible to hurt over someone. Yet she still kept up the facade, she was still nice to him. It was though in a way she realised that it was her who had fallen so completely in love with a person she had invented in her mind, he actually hadn't been much of a part of it at all. Although this realisation made her feel like a fool, it was comforting. She wraps her arms around herself, the chilly night was beginning to pick at her clothes. Inexplicably, she suddenly feels overwhelmingly large and conspicuous in the empty streets. Searching for a distraction, she thinks of her friends, and how much they mean to her. Caught up in her imaginings, she walks on towards her home.

The night air grows a darker shade of dirty black. To the solitary girl walking home, the night seems to take on an air of menace. She quickens her pace, but it is difficult because her downward descent has finished, and the road slopes upwards. The shadows flicker on the walls of the passing houses. The girl feels scared and it makes her angry because she hates feeling weak. The street lights are getting further apart and the trees growing closer. She looks at the tunnel of darkness ahead of her and strengthens her resolve to be strong. Flashes of warnings make themselves heard in her head, from somewhere deep inside her she hears her mother's worried voice 'I worry about you, you do too much.' She keeps walking, her head held high, looking for any possible danger.

A girl enters a tunnel of trees that stretch their way up half a dark hill. The silence grows more oppressive as a single car swishes past, its tail lights casting twisted shadows on the walls of the tall houses and trees. The wind shuffles past, leaving an echo in the air of the trees rustling. Down by the water a ferry pulls up, making waves rush through the previously still water. A



stream of people cascade out of it, high heels clacking on the pavement and the sounds of footsteps spreading out into the slowly rising night. As the people gradually disappear the calm returns, only to be disturbed by another car which rolls down the road, turns around and speeds off into the night. And somewhere in the distance a police siren wails.

In the silent, dark city the people sleep. And in one dark, messy bedroom a boy is lying awake, thinking of a girl who will never come home.

Hanna Thorsch

## Down and Out in the City

Down grey, dusty streets you walk,  
Hyperdermic needles point you to hell.  
Closer and Closer; The Dude,  
He can't fix you, but he'll make it well.

The streets are empty  
Beware of Dogs!  
Your heart is empty  
Beware of Dogs!

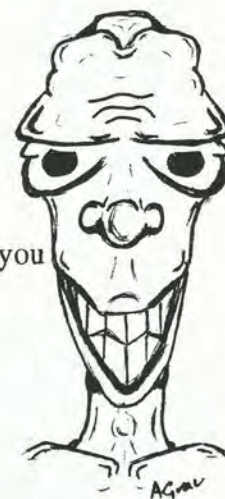
Alone in the mob  
No one to care, no one to heal,  
No one to tell  
The poverty you feel.

You're a friend of the streets  
But the streets aren't a friend of you  
Cold, hungry, soul-drying,  
The streets are who you turn to.

Don't let them find you crying  
Beware of Dogs!  
Or you'll find yourself dying  
Beware of Dogs!

One Drop, just one drop  
You thirst  
You'd murder and rape  
Just to go first.

And the streets wind on and on  
Before you know it  
Your mind is gone.  
And no one cares  
And no one sees  
But, they care and watch  
Your Black Heart Bleed!  
Tudor Protopescu - Year 10







Gabriel Hingley





# HELMET FREEDOM

Don't get me wrong. I believe people should wear helmets on motorbikes. I'd always wear one. But the other day I suddenly realised how little freedom we've really got here in an apparently free society. Yeah, I know that sounds like leftie sixties hippy talk, man, but, like, everyone goes through phases, you dig? Should motorcyclists really be forced by law to wear helmets? They're not hurting anyone other than themselves. I mean, sure, you'd have to be an idiotic leftie sixties hippy not to wear a helmet on a motorbike, but should the law really have the right to enforce that?

Sometimes people just want the freedom to do as they please, but they're not allowed. The law is restricting their freedom to ride bare-headed so that an accident won't restrict their freedom to live. It feels like we're being forced into wearing helmets, just so that we won't be forced into injury. Either way you're being forced into something, whether it's a helmet or a wheelchair. Shouldn't you have the freedom to decide on what risks you want to take?

All these know-all's tell me I'm hardly going to have much freedom if I'm in a wheelchair for the rest of my life and so if I want freedom I have to wear a helmet. But what if I want the freedom not to wear a helmet? Well then I can't have it, because it's against the law. So what kind of freedom is that? They take away my freedom so that I can have freedom. How kind of them. They claim that the laws are only protecting me, but they're only protecting me... from myself. I don't need protecting from myself: I am myself. I'd never hurt Me -- I don't want Me to get hurt. I like Me far too much for that.

The law forces me to wear a helmet so that I won't be forced into injury. Isn't that just a tad hypocritical? They're taking away just as much of my freedom as some injuries would. I mean, shouldn't I be able to choose what form of freedom I want? Why is it up to the law to decide? They say I have to give up my helmet freedom to get health freedom. Why aren't I allowed to choose? What if I'd rather risk the freedom of my health so I can have the freedom of riding bare-headed?

Some people want their heads to be exposed to fresh air, to wind, to scenery.....and if that means that their heads are also exposed to lorries, then so be it. If, while exposing my head, I accidentally lose it, then that's a pity, but why aren't I allowed to take that risk? Why should they be allowed to tell me that I'd rather be cooped up in a helmet than run the risk of having no head? I mean, what's the point in having a head if it spends all its time stuffed up in a house or a car or a helmet? It keeps your glasses up, I know. But every good head should also feel the wind in its hair now and then. God knows, I'd like to keep my head roughly hair-side up on top of my shoulders, but at least I ought to have the freedom to choose just how I want to manage that.

But I don't have that freedom. Because it's the law to wear a helmet. "The Law".

The law is made up by a bunch of fat politicians in loafers and Jaguars, they have no idea. They let you drive up to the shops in a 12 litre 4-wheel drive which has never seen an unpaved road in its life and is so polluting that its exhaust makes pedestrians sicker than any motorcycle accident victim has every been, so that you can buy a packet of cigarettes, which the government knows kills 1,000 times more people every year than motorcycles do. But they don't let you hop on a bike and pop up to the bank to donate money to the Homeless Children's Fund unless you shove a great helmet over your head, which consequently means that you're not allowed to enter the bank so you can't cash in your money and the homeless children have no Christmas.

I mean, really, the helmet question is a valid one. You're allowed to cough and splutter your way to death by shoving half a kilo of tar into your lungs every year, but you're not allowed to enjoy the fresh air on a motorbike. Of course, if we lived in a dictatorship where EVERYTHING bad for you was outlawed, I wouldn't be criticising the government in this way because the situation wouldn't be so hypocritical..... and, of course, because I'd probably mysteriously disappear if I did. But that's beside the point.

See, the only part of the body we really need helmets for is smokers' mouths. So, instead of stopping the ground from hitting you in the head, it stops the cigarette from hitting you in the mouth, which is a far deadlier situation to be in anyway. It makes much more sense to enforce some kind of smoker's lip-fastening mouth helmet than the conventional rider's helmet. It would stop people from indulging in what is a far more dangerous pastime than riding without a helmet could ever be. In fact, taking up motorcycling all day, every day, could well save many smokers' lives, because there's no harder place to light up than while you're flying down the freeway on a bike. If smokers just stopped doing such dangerous stuff like smoking and could make themselves settle down to safer pastimes like feeding goldfish or riding motorbikes bare-headed, then their chances of survival would dramatically increase.

Of course, the most important compulsory helmet of all would be one which is secured over the hands of the fat law-makers with Jaguars whenever they come up with a stupid idea like making helmets compulsory. That way they wouldn't be able to write it into the statutes so it would never become law and we would all be able to make our own choices about how to live our lives.

Pretty cool leftie sixties hippy stuff, huh?

Josh Szeps - Year 12





## CHRISTIAN

I cried when you left Christian. I didn't want to, but the tears just kept falling. They were beyond my control.

I still remember the day you came. It was a misty morning but I couldn't see the mist, rather I felt the wet dew at my feet.

You came running up to me. I could tell you had ran by your pounding footsteps and heavy breathing.

"Hell" you had said.

I couldn't answer so I kept walking.

"My name's Christian."

Christian. What a pretty name.

"It's a lovely morning for a walk in the park, isn't it?"

Do you come here with you dog every day?"

Yes.

But I didn't tell him that. I sense him becoming uncomfortable.

"Well, I'll see you tomorrow then."

I could hear his pounding footsteps as he ran away.

The next morning I heard a series of wolf whistles as I walked by.

"Hey, remember me? It's Christian."

I could tell he wasn't alone. I heard laughter and sensed the presence of many people.

"What's your name?" he queried.

I didn't say.

"You seem awfully quiet," he continued. "Is it my friends? Are they making you uncomfortable? Would you like them to go away?"

Still no answer.

### Hesitation

"Would you like me to go away?" he whispered.

I walked on.

I could only hear the pitter patter of my dog's soft footsteps in time with mine. I could tell Christian hadn't followed.

I could imagine him standing there, confused, frustrated. I could imagine what his friends were saying.

*"... man, don't worry about her. She's only a girl. There'll be others."*

The illusions were so vivid, I could hear my images of the boy's jeering at me.

*"What a bitch man. ... little snob. What's her problem? Aren't we good enough for her? She could've at least have said something, even if it was only push off..."*

However, I could not imagine Christian amongst that huddle of boys. I could only imagine him standing ar... quiet... thoughtful.

I wondered what he looked like.

Are humans really great beings? Is the world really as pretty as they say?

The next morning I heard a different step in time with mine. It was not the pitter patter of my dog's feet but rather the squeak of worn out sneakers.

It followed me all the way. Around the park, past the corner store. It followed me by my side, all the way, round the curb, down my street, all the while saying nothing.

Nothing needed to be said.

I knew it was Christian.

The next morning I heard a gentle rustling - not of leaves but rather of paper. I felt a strong presence blocking my pathway.

"Hi," Christian said. "I hope you like these. They're for you. They were the reddest roses I could find. I'm not much of an expert on flowers but the lady said that roses meant affection...she said that you give it to the one you love and..."

Now his voice dropped off to a whisper. A whisper so soft, so filled with fear that it was barely audible.

".....and I really like you. I think you're...you're...really beautiful..."

Then the whisper died.

### Silence

I wanted to reach for the roses - but where were they?

I wanted to tell him I liked him - but I didn't know how to say it.

### Silence

After a while I could hear Christian's footsteps fading away.

The next morning I heard footsteps by my side.

"I'm sorry to have bothered you." Then the footsteps were gone.

They weren't there the next day, nor the next.....

From then on only my dog has walked with me in the mornings.

He walked me all the way.

He walked me around the park, past the corner store.

He followed me by my side.

Past the curb, down my street, through the doors and into my house.

He had no need to say sorry, he had no need to say goodbye, and he never had any need to leave me. He was someone who would always be there - be there for me till my dying day.

But I still think about you Christian. I think about you



all the time.

At night when I sleep, when I shut my senses from the world, I can never manage to shut you out.

"You're always there. I can always hear your footsteps, fading... fading... and that's when I attempt the impossible. That's when I dream about a world I've never seen, voices I've never heard.

I dream of what I perceive as a hall, as people, as light. I dream I can see you through the crowd. You waltz over and hold my hands and that's when I begin to dance.

We glide through the hall and the crowds of people, as you kiss me and whisper in my ear that you promise to stay.

I feel joy with a sudden surge of pain, knowing that when the night is gone, I'll still be dancing in the dark.

It's an age old question that people ask "If a tree fell in a forest and there was no-one around to see it fall, would it still make a sound?"

This is the question I ask "How do I say sorry, Christian,, when I can't even say goodbye?"

## From your children

How do we explain ourselves?

We are those who care those who have not been sucked into that vast, desolate landscape of youth.

We are proud to be us and to be happy being with each other.

We are not quiet in our expressions of sadness, frustration and this makes us real.

Without each other are we lost ; we have not yet had a chance to test it. But I think we would be, I know we would ; be.

Love. Do we love each other? Yes. Not unconditionally but with passion.

Our loyalties are scattered, we are ourselves and together we are everything.

The anthem of our youth is unity. So though we live apart, divided as we are, always in our minds, we are entwined.

Hanna Thorsch



## Untitled

Simple reason of my defense  
(cannot know) the lies you tell  
And told to force

What simple truths  
Still whole by reason  
But stained with false  
perceptions.

My simple reason  
Disturbed and disturbs  
the stillness of unfathomable depths.  
Such depths as they were,  
So dark to clasp these  
Soiled words so close  
So deep to keep these  
memories floating down  
forever

An eternity,  
Who knew the swiftness of  
infinity?

To cheat the years a life  
a promise  
and marr a forever  
With a finite  
Keep close  
but do not overstep these  
hollow boundaries

They turn to the touch  
and ensue the ceaseless  
Circling of people around  
Each other  
Should we all wear signs?

Perhaps, since we can no longer  
read symbols

-Anonymous.



# Breakers

We used to live by the seashore

I remember how we used to run down to the water in the summertime, me and my sisters, wearing nothing but the skin on our backs. The we would race out to play in the waves, whilst the sea and spume danced about us. I remember the blue of the ocean, and how I used to chase the waves, up and down the beach, until I panted and laughed, and let the water claim me.

My father Tom had a great love for the beach. He used to tell us stories, about the waves and their magic, and when we sat on his knee we would listen and believe.

I too shared his love. I had a childish wonder about the great blue. In the heat of midsummer when we could race down to play in the shallows, or in the winter storms, when the cold southern winds beat up the heaving waters into tall frosty peaks, mountains for mermaids to climb, I would watch the shore.

Unlike my sisters, I never feared the sea. It was my friend; we never fought. Sometimes she would bring me presents, pretty novelties, delicate pink shells and weeds for me to hang about my neck. Sometimes the sea would wash up curious things - old fish and crabs - the poor little people of the ocean who had been betrayed by the waters, or by the birds in the sky. These creatures fascinated me. I collected them, and made little graves in the sand. The sea would come again to take them, although I would never understand why.

I was always extremely curious about things, and what made them work, I was constantly asking and asking, wanting to know why, to know more. Sometimes my older sister Jen grew impatient with me, and sent me outside to dig and tunnel in the sand. I used to be confused when she sent me away, for I had only wanted to learn.

Jen liked very little about the sea. She was

always shy about her swimmers, and always shrank away when the tide was high. But I would never hide from the waters I so loved. I laughed at the pounding surf on the sand, and, with, my mother holding my hand, all the while, I walked out so that the waters could swirl about my waist. The sand and salt sticking to my legs would make them sting and ache, but I didn't mind. I loved to sit in the big metal tub as my mother rinsed the sand from my hair, and then wrapped me in the big white towel we only used for baths. Once she made me a necklace from a shell I had picked up

from the shore, a rough crescent of pinks and whites small enough to fit my hand. She tied it onto a string for me, so that I could wear it about my neck. I have worn it always.

It was even better when the tide was low, and I could go out and fossick in the calm, clear waters. Sometimes, my younger sister would come too,

and we'd hunt amongst the pebbles until we uncovered some treasure - a starfish, or maybe an urchin buried under the stones. When it was shallow the rock-pools lay bare and undisturbed, we were free to go and watch the fish that were trapped there, and the limpets clinging steadfast to the barnacled rocks. Jen always wore shoes, but I would go barefoot, allowing the rocks to cut me, and the salt to sting my tiny feet. It was all part of the sea game. I was young; I wanted to play.

Sometimes the small fish died in the pools and I'd ask my mummy why. She said it was because the sun cooked all their little insides, like when we boiled the potatoes for supper. Then I asked her if the fish were like potatoes.

Daddy told me that the only vegetables living in the sea were the sea cucumbers. He seemed to think that was funny. I asked him if I could have some on my salad, and he said that I'd only get a sore tummy. Another day he showed me one. I never wanted to eat





one again, but I always wondered why people called them cucumbers.

Once the sea went wild, and raced up the beach. Everybody was panicking, and shut all the doors and windows, so that the sea could not visit us. That was the only time in my life that I cried. I sat down on the floor, and told them that the sea was my friend, and that I wanted to ask it inside. They all became angry with me. I could see the foam licking under the door, but it didn't come far in. Daddy scared it away.

The next day the sea had gone home again, and I was allowed to play. I didn't talk to my sisters. I was too angry. They had frightened the sea away, when it had come to play. I sat in the water at the shore, and sang to the ocean, while I drew little rivulets in the sand where the water could trickle in. I tried to lead the water up the beach, but it was too scared. It would never run to our door again.

That was the last storm we ever saw on our beach. Soon afterwards, we heard that an oil tanker had been wrecked just off the coast. Mummy and Daddy looked very tired, and I remember the huge sign they put up outside our door. It said something about our house, with some numbers, but I couldn't read, then. At night, my parents stayed up late in the kitchen, worrying over some papers they had. Finally, they told Jen and me that we were going to have to move away from my friend the beach. They told me that it was going to die, and that we would all be going away the next day. I wailed and screamed as they packed the car, but I didn't cry.

I didn't want to leave, I wanted to stay with the blue sea I loved.

The next morning I woke at dawn, and hurried down in my pyjamas to the sand. But when I looked out to the horizon, the sea was all grey and brown, clouded with swirls of oil. The fish and the urchins in the rock-pools lay dead in their beds of darkened weed, and the whole world which had so inspired my dreams was shrouded in dark cloud, black water, and the sickly smell of oil. I left the reek and the horror behind, and headed angrily, sadly, back to the house.

That afternoon we said goodbye to our house on the coast.

We don't live by the sea anymore. Our house lies in the smoggy, smelly city, where the only birds are the scrawny pigeons that strut and croon in the alleys, and the only urchins are the street urchins.

I came back to visit my beach.

The house has been demolished, and where it was stands a patch of weeds. The white sands have gone, and the rock-pools are still and stagnant. Sewerage is pumped to the ocean from concrete tubes

that run cruelly across crushed dunes.

My world has died. My friend is gone. Where I had my shells, I now see only broken glass and bottle tops. This is not my home, anymore.

The sea is ugly, an expanse of grey that stretches out to the horizon. I walk out onto a long finger of tortured rock, past dried pools and the graves of lost creatures. I stand at the end of the country, where the land meets the sea. I try to imagine my old world, where this wasteland now lies.

I try to visualise our house on the coast. I try to see the footprints I left in the sand here, over so many years.

But I can't.

I want to splash in the cool, crisp waters, and run out into the white surf dancing with my sisters.

I take the sea shell from around my neck and clasp it in my palm; hold it to my ear. I can hear the sound of the sea, not this strange, unfamiliar sea, but my sea. She is singing from inside her old shell.

Her last shell.

A gull cries overhead.

Sascha Morrell Year Seven

⊙  
The light begins to dim,  
in the globe that is who  
I am not sure,  
it pours above the rim,  
no one asks if I want more.  
Twist and turn and spin,  
dive through the needle's eye  
to strike the empty tin,  
nothing is spilled, no need to cry.  
See the colours grow,  
you may feel it deep inside  
a place I cannot go  
there is nowhere to hide.  
The train is passing by,  
a station that is not me  
a ticket I cannot buy,  
the trip is no longer free.

-Anon.

⊙





## UNSUCCESSFUL LAST WORDS

When my aunt was young, her parents started getting worried when she was nearing two years old. Why? Because she hadn't said a word. They were quite worried when she didn't cry but, as the doctors found nothing wrong with her, they told her parents not to worry and that everything would happen in good time. Well, my aunt never did speak, not until the moment before she died.

In her life, and maybe at this moment I should say that her name was Karen, anyway, in Karen's life there were many special moments when you'd think she'd be bursting to speak, but she never showed a sign of doing so. In a way, she spoke with her eyes and facial expressions. You could always tell when she was angry, even if you hadn't met her before. She just got this horrible look in her eyes, which made her feel like the guiltiest person alive. She did use her mouth though, well obviously for eating, but she smiled with an absolutely brilliant smile when she was terrifically happy, like when she received a red bike for her birthday. Though she would have preferred yellow as that was known to be her favourite colour!

My aunt got along well in a normal school (as her parents realised that she would have loathed being in a school for the disabled) and people knew and liked her. Well, it was pretty hard to make enemies in her condition! Karen could do written work perfectly well and this was how she made one enemy. The only problem was that the enemy was more powerful. She was the casual teacher, Miss Carlingford. As Karen's usual teacher was on maternity leave, Miss Carlingford had taken over. Karen was writing a note to one of her friends, Harold, and the teacher caught her. This was particularly bad, because as any normal child, Karen was poking fun at ... Miss Carlingford, the teacher. Miss Carlingford had a particular likeness to a duck, and that is just what Karen had stated in the note. The relevance of Miss Carlingford comes later in the story.

Karen learnt to type very well because when she was twelve and three-quarters, she received a typewriter - mostly so as she could communicate without getting writer's cramp! She was always a very lively person, even at an elderly age, as she always did exercises and took a walk around the block regularly. That is, until her little Scottish terrier died. She'd had Ben (the terrier) for as long as she could remember (but that was partly

because she was losing her memory). So, of course, she mourned when he died of a heart condition. This is where Miss Carlingford comes back into the story. It turned out that Miss Carlingford had resigned from her job as a part time teacher to become, in her own business, an animal burier. So when Karen booked in Ben, her ex-teacher recognised her name, and having an excellent memory, remembered who Karen had insulted and made fun of and gave Ben a less than dignified funeral. This upset Karen very much, and later that year, while her family was gathered around her, she spoke. Her family all fainted as she said "I shan't die 'til I get Miss Carlingford back." And then, of course, she dropped dead.

Sarah Steel - Year 7





## THE DATE

The neon colours of the movie theatres glow with mechanical luminescence while the biting cold wind whispers through the narrow gaps in the buildings. Buses pull up in a screech of brakes and a flashing of lights. The doors sigh, they are flung open and people stream out like liquid.

I see the boy standing, arms folded, across his chest in a way that shouts "Don't touch me!" to the world. In my mind's eye I see his bus trip, his solitary figure in the back of the bus, the black earplugs glued to his ears. He stands on the cement pavement while the dirt under his feet doesn't touch him and I know that what he sees cannot be what I see. His eyes light up and suddenly he has life and movement, his defences dropped and forgotten.

I see the girl walking, hips swinging, lips open. Her hair is blown by the wind and it calls out to be worshipped, it shines like gold in the dull light. She smiles, her white teeth gleam in the reflected lights of the cars and I see the erasing of the mind, the will to live for every second and forget about the future, while her past catches up with her. Her heartbeat quickens as she sees him, he fills her world with his existence.

Shallow greetings. They are both embarrassed, yet he feels this is a weakness more than she does. He is more aggressive, his comments escaping violently like the hissing of steam. The scenery changes around them and they enter the park, the trees a dark green in the dusky night. In the trees, fairy lights twinkle.

Sitting on a secluded bench, he draws a slim cigarette out of his pocket and lights it. The smoke curls upwards, pale against the darkness, and the sounds of the city fade for him as he holds it in then breathes out slowly. She watches him, and when he offers it to her, repeats the procedure. For a moment they stare out at the trees without speaking.

They talk. He tells stories of his exploits with feigned casualness, his eyes shifty and eager. She smiles, her skin pale and listless in the twilight, and her eyes cold and empty. Their murky silhouettes are small and insignificant against the trees which wave in the wind, and behind them the city is dwarfed by the black expanse of the ocean. They mean nothing, their conversation devoid of true meaning, their lives already wasted. Wrapped up in their own worlds they exclude all that is beautiful and natural, happy. They do not understand happiness. He smiles, and looks at her, but is not smiling at her. The talk has stopped, the night is still, the twinkling of the fairy lights caught in time. They look at each other in silence, but they are not looking at each other.

He sees his family, his mother, the fights, the blame,

the money. He sees his father, his dominating career, his inability to see what his son is, what he has become. He sees his sister, living in the same house as him but not in the same world, her private school education highlighting with painful clarity the roughness of his existence. He sees the last four years of his life, his descent into high school, the drunkenness, the thefts, the violence. He sees his friends, their beliefs, their code of behaviour, their unspoken rules. He sees the lies that are his thoughts and the insincerities that are his feelings. All that he knows are the rules, and it is these that he follows as he gazes at her slim figure, a shadow in the darkness.

She sees, not the youth in front of her, his raw lust not concealed by the lack of light, but her pain, its appearance that of her own face. She sees the distance between her and her family, their inability to create for her happiness that lasts, that could sustain her. She sees the fake shell of her life, the meaningless routines of school and home only barely sustained by the occasional cheap thrills. The dangerous stunts, the experiments with drugs, boys. She sees all this, but she does not understand it. She wakes up in the morning, her cheeks damp against a crumpled up pillow, and still she does not know, cannot know, what makes her so hollow and empty. She sees the look on the face of the boy in front of her and inwardly cringes as she bends forward to touch his lips.

There is a sound, barely perceptible, but it rings out in the stillness of the moment. Their eyes meet. Loud voices, feet thumping on the pavement. The deep tones of boys who are almost men in form. The clink of bottles and the smell of cigarettes. The air is alive with youth, not vibrant and passionate, but raw and powerful, violent and ugly. The words they speak make cuts in the fineness of the dusk, ripping the tranquil wind apart with their mouths, destroying the beauty that surrounds them without touching it, by simply speaking. They are invaders, crashing through the false intimacy of the couples' seclusion like primitive hunters, seeking prey. Their hair is slick under the fairy lights and their faces blank and cold. They see the two teenagers, their eyes rushing like water onto the chest of the girl, and down her legs. The hands of the boy at her side break out in sweat. There is a silence.

Too late I see their futures, the sudden drop of the earth, the black, black hole that stretches away into a bottomless chasm. Too late I see the glint of the moon on the blade, too late I see the blond hair covered in blood.

Too late I hear the scream. **Hanna Thorsch - Year 11**





# PRISONERS OF THE CLOCKS

Tick, tick, tick, goes the clock. It is 4.00 a.m. The bedclothes lie discarded at the bottom of the bed, and I shiver. Only half asleep, I know that soon, all too soon, it will be time to get up. The clock tells me so, tick, tick, tick. Even now I tense at the thought: I cannot escape the day -- it dribbles into being just as my frantically held shards of night, serenity, and peace, slip through my fingers, soon to be replaced with a shinier, gaudier reality. The day brings no peril, only the inevitability do I dread; tick, tick, tick.

Tick, tick, tick, goes the clock. One hundred and eighty grim faces await the return of the second hand, to be accompanied by the damning words: "You may now begin." The tick, tick, tick of the clock is briefly muffled by the rustle of paper and the tap of one hundred and eighty pens moving in unison. How many perfectly lacquered ambitions are granted or denied by each penstroke? Still, the ticking continues. Soon, however, each tick gains a new urgency, and the rhythm accelerates, like a merry-go-round horse freed from its moorings. The race is over, the frantic pace is lost, tickety, tickety, tick.

Tick, tick, tick goes the clock. It is an unseasonably cold day, but a crowd has gathered around the gruesome deed; clean and politically correct but still as medieval as ever, the people flock together for the execution. A clock on the wall announces nine o'clock; the prisoner is escorted out of his cell to the gallows. As the trapdoor opens a last, personal thought on the death of the innocent; tick, tick, tic... and no more.

Tick, tick, tick goes the clock. The room is brightly lit, fluorescent light filling every corner, as pervasive as the stress, sweat and cigarette smoke which belong to the ten or so figures crowded around t.v. sets at one end. The ticking of the clock slows almost to a stop as millions of people throughout the world chant together: "Ten! Nine! Eight! Seven! Six! Five! Four! Three! Two! One! WE HAVE LIFT OFF!" The millions cheer with an unknown vigour, the stress dissipates, time starts again, tick, tick, tick.

Tick, tick, tick bleats the wrist watch. The watch's startled owner spills his coffee when he sees the time, staring belligerently up at him, daring him to ignore his unbendable parameters. Damn! Racing from the house, bolting down the street just in time to see the bus approaching on the wrong side of the road -- quickly weighing up the risks: risk to longevity or risk to livelihood? Decision made, the fateful dash across the road -- the semi-trailer this time the perpetrator of

time's villainy. Crushed, lifeless against the road, the ticking is unheeded by its former servant -- tick, tick, tick.

TICK! TICK! TICK! Screams every clock, through the whole world. TICK! Every stroke pounds against the brain, the dizzy, drowning drone inflicts deafness and insanity across the land. Other, more urgent noises are left unheard: the cry of a million hungry babies, the agonies of a million dying soldiers, the sorrows of a million suicidal adolescents, or the voice of a lone, lost child, the calm crooning of a prophet, a saint, or a lunatic. The world turns at an unchanging rate, the days and nights come and go, the humans scurry from one corner to another, occasionally pausing for a break before they succumb to exhaustion. The clocks tick on, the image of order which we strive to create in a chaotic world; where the bonds holding us to our fragile conventions will inevitably strangle us. The rhythm of a pounding heart which will unexpectedly stop, in the same way, tick, tick, tick, goes the clock, pacemaker of civilisation's heart.

Tick, tick, tick, went the clock on the wall. Dismantled, I wondered if I had somehow let the time get away. Did it seep through the screw holes I had lately undone? Had I liberated time by dissecting its gaoler? Oh, joyful act, that time could fly freely without the constraint of hours, minutes, seconds! Yet, in a twitch of death, tick, tick, and finally, tick went my clock, before I (somewhat brutally) smashed it on the floor. It made very little noise after that.

Tick, tick, tick whispers the clock as I fretfully sleep, disturbedly tossing and turning in the knowledge that tomorrow is nearly here. The ticking grows louder, and is finally replaced by the ringing of a bell which tells me that, horror of horrors, it's time for the action to begin. And I'm running late, if I can trust my clock. Is it plotting against me? It smiles knowingly -- tick, tick, tick.

Claire Wallace - Year 11





# The Neptune's Queen

I can go down to the pier when across the bay the dawn is breaking  
And sit upon the soaked and sodden timbers of the plank  
And lean my head against the ropes, strained and squeaking,  
That tether the *Neptune's Queen* to the bank.

*It is early in the morning  
And the Neptune's Queen is yearning  
To be away.*

When the sun has risen up above the island in the harbour  
The men will come to where the ship lies floating on the swell  
They'll come aboard, we'll loose the ropes,  
We'll lose the plank and bid our wives farewell.

*It is early in the morning  
And the Neptune's Queen is yearning  
To be away.*

Aboard our ship we'll toss upon the waves for close a month or maybe two  
To the land of bounty just beyond the Line  
And fill our ship with cargo, spice, and gold and cloth and new  
Yarns to tell to pass away the time.

*It is early in the morning  
And the Neptune's Queen is yearning  
To be away.*

Then northwards we will head once more, back towards our homeland's shore  
Where women will watch as we pull into port,  
Aboard the *Neptune's Queen*, well-laden, each man a Conqueror  
Of the perilous sea we crossed for what we sought.

*It is early in the morning  
And the Neptune's Queen is yearning  
To be away.*



Kit Morrell Year 9





## Nightwalk

The light of the moon drifted in and out of the swiftly moving clouds that raced through the sky. The streets were black, a sort of inky colour which made them seem very quiet and safe. The girl walks through them, her mind not on where she is going, because it is a route she travels three nights a week and every morning, thinking of her day. Images flash through her mind, and one remain as the others fade.

The girl smiles to herself as she remembers him, the way he looks at her. His obvious attraction didn't put her off, as it often had with other boys, instead it made her feel beautiful. She cringed as she remembered the last guy she'd let herself fall for. His stinging comments heard from a friend who heard it from a friend of his, had left her hurting more than she knew it was possible to hurt over someone. Yet she still kept up the facade, she was still nice to him. It was though in a way she realised that it was her who had fallen so completely in love with a person she had invented in her mind, he actually hadn't been much of a part of it at all. Although this realisation made her feel like a fool, it was comforting. She wraps her arms around herself, the chilly night was beginning to pick at her clothes. Inexplicably, she suddenly feels overwhelmingly large and conspicuous in the empty streets. Searching for a distraction, she thinks of her friends, and how much they mean to her. Caught up in her imaginings, she walks on towards her home.

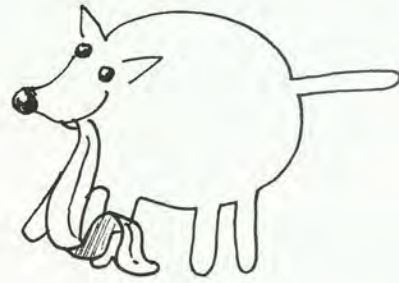
The night air grows a darker shade of dirty black. To the solitary girl walking home, the night seems to take on an air of menace. She quickens her pace, but it is difficult because her downward descent has finished, and the road slopes upwards. The shadows flicker on the walls of the passing houses. The girl feels scared and it makes her angry because she hates feeling weak. The street lights are getting further apart and the trees growing closer. She looks at the tunnel of darkness ahead of her and strengthens her resolve to be strong. Flashes of warnings make themselves heard in her head, from somewhere deep inside her she hears her mothers worried voice 'I worry about you, you do too much.' She keeps walking, her head held high, looking for any possible danger.

A girl enters a tunnel of trees that stretch their way up half a dark hill. The silence grows more oppressive as a single car swishes past, its tail lights casting twisted shadows on the walls of the tall houses and trees. The wind shuffles past, leaving an echo in the air of the trees rustling. Down by the water a ferry pulls up, making waves rush through the previously still water. A

stream of people cascade out of it, high heels clacking on the pavement and the sounds of footsteps spreading out into the slowly rising night. As the people gradually disappear the calm returns, only to be disturbed by another car which rolls down the road, turns around and speeds off into the night. And somewhere in the distance a police siren wails.

In the silent, dark city the people sleep. And in one dark, messy bedroom a boy is lying awake, thinking of a girl who will never come home.

Hanna Thorsch



### the Monster in my Closet

The deepened red of sunset  
Sky dying in the light,  
Emptiness is creeping,  
but we are not alone;  
the shadows know their places  
crevices shout us down;  
The rays slink into darkness,  
as blackness screams its warning  
wide-eyed, sleepy children,  
beneath the covers  
of the beds;  
Safe but not seen,  
Sleeping,  
alone,  
together,  
again.

-Harris, Julia, Heidi  
YR 10



# DOMICILE

"Cock-a-doodle-doo" the rooster shrieked its usual morning greeting, which wouldn't have been so bad if it had not been late evening. My friends saw the brick sail from my window, striking the rooster, sending it down in one foul swoop, no pun intended. I think my friends are getting restless and I have noted signs of terror in their eyes when I come into their room at feeding time, but maybe it's just the food. I treat them well, the room is well ventilated and their movement is in no way restricted. So, overall, I would say they were happy.

Occasionally, I hear their hushed voices discussing methods of escape. Such silly stories really, they have wonderful imaginations. I'm proud to be their friend. Regarding the matter of escape, they know better, or at least they should. There was that incident with the middle-aged male, but the situation was soon remedied. In fact, the whole scenario was rather amusing.

It was a chilly morning in May, no, it was more nippy than chilly. It was cold enough to see my breath come out as steam (I love that don't you?), but I still had some feeling left in my toes. So, basically it was cold. I had just woken up without the aid of my now dearly departed rooster (who tasted wonderful with steamed carrots and a light seasoning, might I add). I could hear my friends chattering among themselves, more hair-brained schemes about freedom. I lay there laughing to myself, enjoying their feeling of despair and hopelessness. I have on occasions let them out in the paddock for a run around, unfortunately one found a hole in the fence and tried to escape. I shot her in the head. Needless to say, I have not let them out since but the meat was rather succulent and it kept well in the freezer.

Anyway, on this fateful morning, along with the chatter, I could hear evidence of some badly hidden activity. I got up to investigate only to find the two older males hunched over some strange object that they had torn from a piece of furniture. The older of the two swung the object at my face, the rusty nails tore through my skin and, for a few brief seconds, I was in pure agony. While blinded with pain, the male scampered past me and into the hall. The fool, he was totally disoriented and it did not take long to find him again. I called out to him, cooing a sweet request that he come back. He made a dash for the door, so I grabbed the nearest axe and swung it at his neck. His head hit the floor with a thump and, of course, his body soon followed. His eyes had glazed over and I found them quite enchanting. I still have them in a jar somewhere, exactly where I don't know. Feeling some unresolved hostility between the two of us, I thought we could use a heart to heart. I held his heart for a while, sending it mental images of the pity and remorse

I felt for him, after all I did not want to kill him, but there was something missing. I replaced the heart and picked up the body and placed it on the seat in front of me. Still something was missing. The head. You cannot imagine the trouble I had trying to keep the head on. Finally after exhausting a roll of sticky tape and several other implements, his head sat comfortably stapled to his neck. I told him that I was very disappointed in his actions and that it struck me personally. Was it something I had said or done? I thought I had been a great friend, I assumed they were all happy. He did not answer. I implored that he tell me what I was doing wrong, I found myself shaking him, until I realised that his head was coming dangerously close to ripping away from the staples. Exhausted from the effort, I dragged him back into the room with the others, he could explain it to them, I was much too tired. Judging from their shrieks, I think they understood perfectly.

Since then I have made a point of being extra nice to my friends, asking for their input regarding their living standards, but they don't talk to me any more. We never really conversed in the usual manner, but they do not even plead for freedom any more. I am beginning to feel very alone, which was my reason for moving to the farm in the first place. There would be others there to talk to, my doctor said it would be beneficial. She was wrong. My new friends were not at first happy about being locked up, but they would have left otherwise. I may go into town and make new friends if I have to, then bring them to the farm for a visit. Perhaps I will stop in to see the doctor and give her an update on my progress.

Incidentally, I left the body in the room a bit longer than intended and finally the smell forced me to bury him in the paddock, that is after I removed his eyes.

**Bernadette Hehea**





## *A Memory*

Close your eyes and you will find yourself there. It is not cold, though there is a cool breeze blowing from the south, which makes you shiver slightly - just ever so slightly as the water drying on your skin tingles in the sweet blasts of breeze. The sky is such a clear blue that you believe it must be painted (perhaps in watercolour). The grass beneath you, making your arms and legs itch, is a vibrant green (too strong for water colour, maybe an oil based paint). There are trees around you but they don't block out the sun. You can feel the heat and see the orange fire behind your closed eyelids. There is a faint smell of something, you're not quite sure what, but it smells healthy, not sweet - so sickly you can't breathe, rather the smell of a hot sweaty body just dipped in cool water. Nearby to where you lie there is a picnic laid out. A mat for the food. A mat for the people. There are people. They are close, but so far away from your thoughts that you don't notice them, except as a silent presence. Nearby to where you lie there is also a river. It looks cool, and sweet tasting. The water is a clear brown from far away, but clear glass when you hold it in your hands.

Close your eyes and you will find yourself there. You are now in the water. You dip your body, then your head under the water, and as you come back up, out of the water, you feel clean. Across from you stands your sister, she splashes water at you and you cry out in surprise. You'd disappear under the water to escape her attack. You swim hard, pulling back on the water, feeling your body glide. You stay beneath the water until you feel your lungs might burst, and the air that fills your lungs when you do return from under the water tastes pure.

Close your eyes and you will find yourself there. You are on your way back from the river. The car is stuffy inside, and old beat up bus. Your towel is wrapped around your small frame. A huge towel, it makes you feel warm as you cuddle inside the softness. You lay your head down on the side of the bus door and try to sleep - you feel so tired, your head so heavy. But your head keeps jumping and keeping you awake, so instead you try to dream. Outside the window the scene changes. Mountains turn to houses, trees to lampposts, wild

grass to lawns, And then slowly you dream. And then slowly you sleep.

Close your eyes and you will find yourself there. You are home, and your father tries to wake you up. Your eyelids feel so heavy, you just can't seem to open them. The awkward position your body is in, twisted and cramped because of the armrest jutting from the car door and the just too short window sill, seems the most comfortable position in the world. You mutter something at your father as he picks up your dirty shoes and your limp body, and carries you inside. But you seem to mould to his arms, the perfect size, your head nestled on his shoulder. Then you are in your room, your bed. The light cotton blanket is pulled up over your body, it reaches to your neck. You feel a light kiss on your forehead, and faraway you hear your father say goodnight. Then another kiss, now on your cheek, and you hear the soft murmur of sweet comfort from your mother. You feel warm and safe and then you slowly sleep.

Jemima Mowbray Year 11



WELL THE LOCATION IS EXCELLENT, BUT THE GARDEN COULD DO WITH A LITTLE WORK.

Charles Peters



## Grey Blue

The sky was bleak.

The foam of the sea formed into tiny crested peaks slapping gently onto the bank. It was low tide, and strangely calm, but there was a misty promise of rain on the horizon.

We had dragged the boat down to shore, and now we sat, leaning against her peeling green hull, contemplating the wind and weather.

'It'll be alright Bill., I reckon.' I said at length.

Bill was silent, and shrugged absently, for it seemed he was enraptured by the rugged cliff face above us.

'Hey Bill!' I said, and knocked him playfully in the arm. He snapped around, and I took a step back; Bill was a heavy, broad man, and the thought of a conflict with him was not a pleasant one.

'I dunno, Len.' he said slowly. 'I can smell the rain. Maybe we should stay in today.'

'What - after we've dragged the boat down an' all? You've gotta be kidding. It's flat as a tack out there.'

'I'm the skipper.'

I frowned. 'Well look here then, we'll have a bite, and see if that grey's gonna clear up a bit. Or whatever.'

'Alright. Let's get us some lunch 'n a drink or something.'

We did have some lunch, and maybe a couple of drinks I think. In our entranced state we didn't notice the blackness creeping like a dark blanket over the ocean.

We thought we might give the day a little longer to brew, so, as the tide washed up over the mooring post, and sloshed over our towels and equipment, we barely worried. Feeling lofty, I ran back to get the esky, and Bill laughed as our food was swept away by the now surging currents. The armies of white riders marched up the beach. The spreading wet swarmed busily across the bay.

Leaving the scene behind, we walked out along the shore, until the dry sand had all been smothered, and the cold foam bubbled up over the tops of our boots. We raided the eski, and sat down on a fallen boulder, up to our waists in water.

Our drinks had extra froth that day, and the sea spitted up at us, inviting danger, and yet giving only wonder. Salt encrusted our faces and hair, and the warmth sweated out of us, to leave dampness and cold.

We were kept warm by our idle banter, until our wildness grew, and it seemed the whole day was a comedy played out for our benefit. Bill saw an old fish bobbing on the water surface.

'Oh wow.' I said. 'Gotta be old, that one.'

Bill picked it out of the rip, and held it up for me to see. Sea worms had made their tunnels in its side, and its scales hung limp and soft, from the salt water or something.

'Sick huh Bill?' I said. 'Pretty much anyway.'

'Nah, it should be alright, if we leave it for a bit.'

I don't know what we were doing, because the eski was empty, and we let it drop, so that the waves carried it away. Salt from the stained air was burning in our throats, and turned to fire in our eyes. Torrents of rain spattered onto the waist deep water around us, and we grinned in the face of the crashing surf, sweeping in from the horizon.

The boat had been loosed from its holdings, and it drifted towards us. Rain and salt water had mingled in its bottom, and it was pretty obvious that there was a hole in it somewhere. Not that it mattered.

We weren't going to die or anything.

Bill was laughing throatily, like a walrus, 'though there was nothing real' funny about it. But I think I was laughing too.

The echoes of the thunder groaned solidly up in the black sky.

It was Bill who found the hole, a great gouge in the wood where the end tipped into the water.

'Look - oh wow - the old girls getting a dunking.' I snickered.

'Yeah Len.' he grinned widely, rocked nauseously. 'Wanna take her out?'

'You're the skipper.' I mocked.

It took us a while to get each other into the boat. As we sat, the water began to trickle in. I tried to stop myself laughing. It was pretty funny though. And Bill was crying.

I hit him round the head to fix him up, and then he was laughing too.

The water heaved around us, splattering our faces with spume, and the crash of new waves breaking was deafening, yet somehow dreamy, and outworldish. Salt sprayed, the seas fume was enchanting.

Water from the leak sloshed around our shins now.

Bill stopped laughing, and looked around to where the hole was. It was wierd - our own boat filling in on us.

'Y'know what?' said Bill, swaying. 'I reckon' this boat's got a hole in it.'

I think we already knew that.

'Doesn't matter.' I grinned at him. But Bill seemed to have some wits left.

'What, we're just gonna drift out here till - you know...' he waved his arms drunkenly, rocking the boat.

'Sed it doesn't matter.'

'We could drown!' he screamed.

'That's OK.' I said, giving us a push out to sea. 'I can fly.'

The white surf broke around us, and we were surrounded by a blinding torrent as the boat spun and rocked, forgetting all tomorrows, shearing away in a mist of - beauty and freedom; all the way down to the pearly sand.

Sascha Morrell, 7T





Walking is not my passion. Somehow I always end up doing it - strolling along a dark alley late at night, or moving from one bus stop to another until I find myself too close to home to bother catching one. Walking is monotonous and tiring, but relaxing ( like swimming ). I don't usually walk with anyone. No one ever walks with me. I always walk alone. Not by choice, but through circumstance.

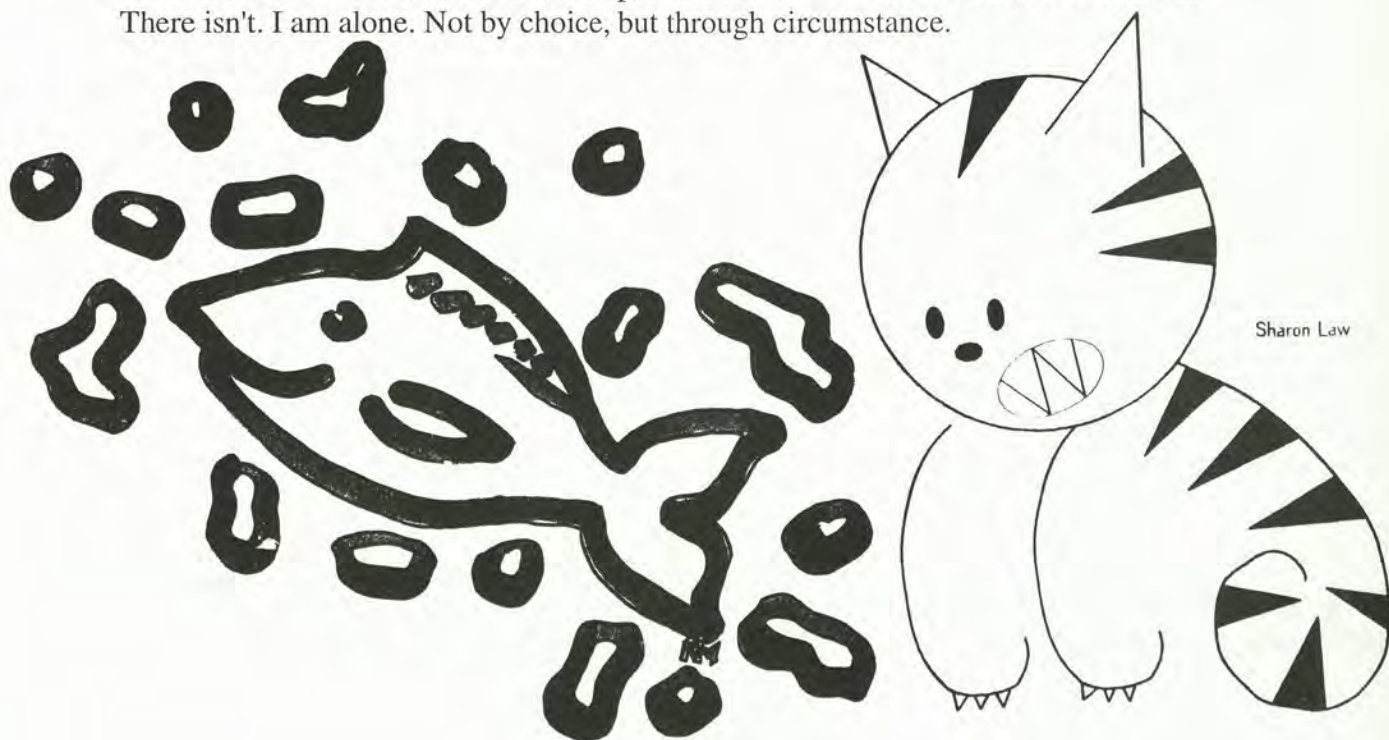
The movie was good, but I always say that. I am too confused to have an opinion. As I was leaving I bowed my head from the crowds, wishing that my solitude was not so embarrassing. I am not the type to see a movie alone. All my friends, who can be counted on a butcher's left hand, were busy. So for the second time in as many weekends, I saw a movie by myself. Not by choice, but through circumstance.

As I walked, I dreamt of flying. There are things on this earth much more amazing than one person flying. I could imagine the sensation, but I would not lift off the ground, no matter how hard I tried. I was held to the world by the burden of my woes - destined to walk, forever. Destined to belong with everyone else, even though I didn't fit in. It is horrible being different. I am different. I think too much. Not by choice, but through circumstance.

I found myself outside her house. I shouldn't have been there but part of me wanted to see if her excuse was genuine. The other, wiser part of me knew that it made no difference where she was or what she was doing, she wasn't with me and that is what counts. She is special. I hardly know her and yet I am infatuated. She keeps me clinging to an impossible dream, a romance that in reality would never be true. I am always searching for this perfection. I only want to be part of my dream, nothing else, and my dream is a fantasy that this world cannot offer me. I strive for a goal that will never be fulfilled - not with her, not with anybody. That doesn't change the truth. I till like her and will for a long time. Not by choice, but through circumstance.

I passed two lovers. I was interrupting them. I was strange, different. I have never shared that experience with anybody. I probably never will. I finally got to the gate, feet aching. There were flowers on the doorstep. I dreamt they were for me. They weren't I was only fooling myself, thinking that someone would go to that sort of trouble for me. I have never received love - at least not the love I want. The exchange of love is a mirage on the horizon. As I get closer, it disappears. Not by choice, But through circumstance.

Here I am, writing. The house is quiet and I have no one to share this with other than an unresponsive machine. I think of the brutality of life. I wonder who I am. I look for the inner strength that keeps me going, and when I don't find it, I wonder what does. I wish there was someone special I could be intimate with, on both levels. There isn't. I am alone. Not by choice, but through circumstance.





# The Happen House

*This is almost a true story ...*

*This house and its murals were in the next street to ours in Boston where we lived during my second year. The burnt house featured largely in my imagination at that time and the title The Happen House comes from my own name for the house when repeatedly I asked my Grandmother ...*

*'I wonder what happened?'*

About fifteen years ago a painter of little renown lived in a very large old house. It had been in his family for years, even before the busy highway was built on its very doorstep. The painter felt compelled to live in it all the same despite the noise of the traffic.

His art was not liked by the public even though he had highly acclaimed painters in his ancestry. His predecessors' art had been happy and depicted peace and prosperity, his work on the other hand was full of twisted and devilish images, harshly accented with lurid and sickening colours. The artist always painted scenes of suffering, war, torture, and hell. His paintings began to appear everywhere around Boston, graffitied on walls and cars. Unfortunately, the police could never catch him in the act and thus could take no action against the 'artist' without proof.

One day, an ambitious young businessman visited the painter's house, offering to buy it for a very high price so he could level the house and turn it into a roadside fast food restaurant. Normally the executive would not have approached the strange painter but his estate was the only plot of land on the edge of the freeway with adequately large grounds.

The painter flew into a maniacal rage and viciously attacked the young businessman, driving him out of the house and onto the road, nearly causing him to collide with an approaching lorry. The bewildered man caught a taxi to a police station and had the deranged painter charged with assault and demanded his immediate arrest. The police arrived at the house soon after, but before they had even parked their car the painter began to hurl flaming cans of methylated spirits and paint from atop his balcony. One of the cans hit the car's petrol tank, igniting the fuel and causing the vehicles to explode.

The fire brigade arrived much later having been hindered by traffic congestion caused by the burning police car. When they finally arrived they found that the house itself was ablaze. The inferno, as detectives later discovered, was caused by hundreds of buckets of paint and thinner being set alight in the basement. By the time the firemen had extinguished the blaze the house had been badly burned, and little more than the unstable structure remained. The psychotic painter had been burned alive in his own house.

Several weeks later the same young businessman bought the land as no one else wanted it, for obvious reasons. So, one day he came to the site with two workmen to sift through the debris and salvage anything of the slightest value before clearing the remains of the house away. As they cautiously entered the ruin, they noticed something gleaming in the dark house. As the trio moved closer they discovered that it was the morning light reflecting off a brand new open tin of paint. There were several more lined up around the charred corner formed by what used to be the staircase, and, like the first, they were all opened and new.

Then they heard a soft, wet, slapping sound coming from the what used to be the passage that led down to the basement. They walked down the unstable remains of the stairs into the pitch black storage area and switched on their torches. A paint brush, hovering in the air completely unsupported, was putting the finishing touches on a huge mural of such an unholy, ghoulish nature that I need not elaborate upon the gruesome details.

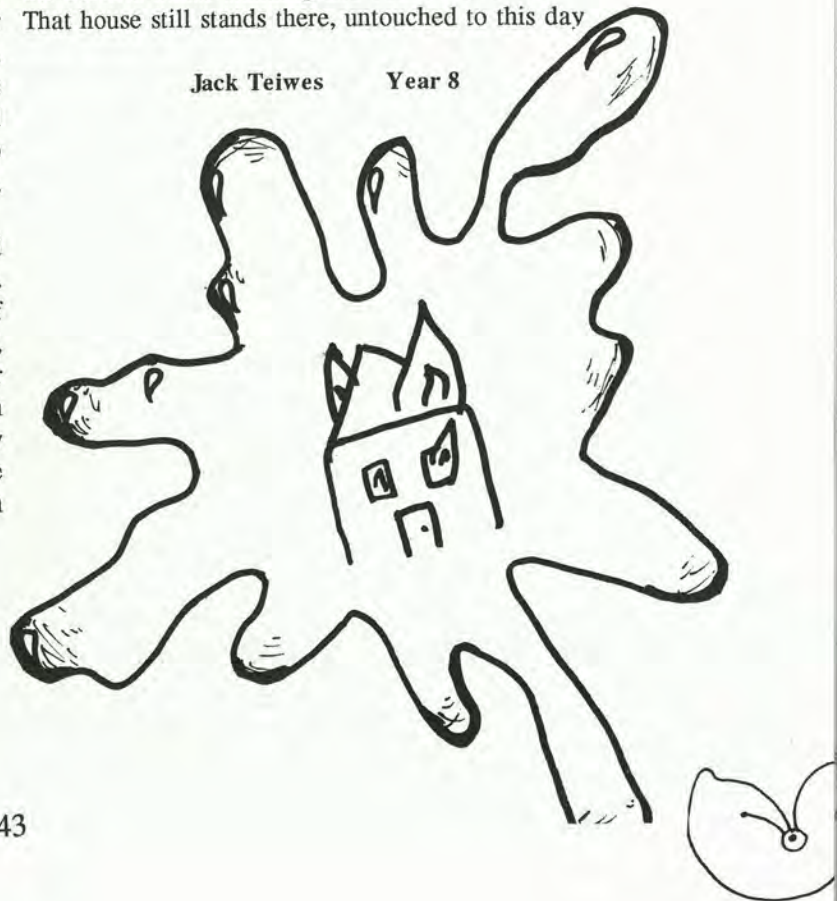
As the young tycoon and his hard hat men stood frozen in terror, the brush dropped to the ash-covered ground and two paint tins rose into the air. The tins hurled their contents at the three petrified men, turning them into colourful, surreal statues.

The two workmen grabbed their stunned employed and ran with him out of the house, getting pelted with flying paint tins, brushes and spray cans the whole way out.

The next morning the shaken and dishevelled businessman heard on the radio that the entire burnt out house was covered with freshly painted and very frightening and perverted murals. He immediately cancelled the clearing of the land and decided to leave the horrific house standing and count his losses.

That house still stands there, untouched to this day

Jack Teiwes Year 8





## Fort Street's 1995 trip to Eifuku in Tokyo, Japan

Before I went on this trip with seventeen other Fortians, I didn't know that two weeks could pass so quickly or that so much could happen in so short a period of time.

On September 22, 1995, we left Sydney for Tokyo, Japan to arrive and be greeted by some Eifuku students who were to be our hosts for two weeks and with whom our new friendships would be formed.

Our visit to Eifuku was officially initiated by a Welcoming Assembly. Friendly Eifuku students welcomed us and saw how informal their school life was in comparison to the stereotypical idea of studious, Japanese students. In fact, during classes, they often jumped out of their classroom windows onto a balcony and ran along it to chat to friends in a neighbouring room. It was not only because the Eifuku students were so friendly and that we learnt of their school life first hand that made Eifuku so memorable, we were also exposed to Japanese culture classes. Lessons in Tea Ceremony, Kimono Dressing, Flower Arranging, Calligraphy and Kendo being but a few of the new and unique experiences that we had.

There were also day trips that Eifuku organised for us, to Hakone, a mountainous scenery spot just out of busy Tokyo, to the Tokyo Government Building and Shinjuku, and to DISNEYLAND!

Also, there was the Fort Street group's four day trip out of Tokyo to Koto, Nara, Hiroshima and Himeji: that's right, we travelled through virtually half of Japan in four days. What contributed to making it possible was Japanese famous Bullet trains, which travel at 200-230km/h. We visited temples like the Sanjusangendo, the Nijo Palace, the Kinkakuji, The Atomic Bomb Museum in Hiroshima, the deer park in Nara, the Todaiji Temple, the beautiful Himeji Castle ... and then after all that, we returned to Tokyo.

Our remaining days in Japan were spent in Tokyo, with our hosts and new friends. Waterfalls of tears fell at Narita airport, it was hard to accept the trip had come to an end. Unfortunately, our wishes for the flight to be cancelled or for the sarin gas attack at the airport that would prevent us from leaving, did not come true. The plane ride back was uneventful, unlike the one to Japan when we had our only view of Mt. Fuji. Arriving back to the familiarity of Sydney was small consolation for missing our friends in Japan.

The trip was invaluable, memorable, and heaps of fun. Japan, although we only saw little bits of many aspects of it, is a country truly to appreciate, with its ancient cultures and traditions, and its modern technology all in one place. A sincere big 'Thank you' to Mr Yalichev and Mr Glebe for organising such a successful trip. We all look forward to next year where some of our friends from Eifuku will visit Fort Street.

**Yada Treasukosol and other participants of the 1995 Eifuku Exchange**









## BURNING AT BOTH ENDS

The contractions commence,  
 the child begins its exit into the light.  
 The child opens up its eyes  
 and sees the world, too bright.  
 Eyes hurting, the child cries  
 speaking to all and to none.  
 Mouth wanting, the child hungers  
 for food that never will come.

The child grows, the child talks,  
 The child learns to walk and to run.  
 The child hides, the child lies,  
 and one day the child hefts a gun.

To serve 'the cause', the child  
 obeys the orders of other men.  
 Cocksure, naive, frightened yet bold,  
 fighting for freedom of kin.  
 At war in the hills, at war in the jungle,  
 at war in the plains and the street.  
 Fighting for goals remote to him,  
 against foes he never could meet.  
 The sergeant's call comes, the child  
 obeys as a dog to his master's whim.  
 He enters the fray, his guns voice their roar,  
 his targets fire also at him.  
 The bullet flies,  
 The child dies,  
 His body slumps toward the ground,  
 And before his blind eyes passes a life,  
 one which the child never found.

Slowly the coffin lid arcs to a close,  
 as stricken faces stand by,  
 And all around, the only heard sound  
 is weeping for the children that die.

Stephen Graham - Year 11

If I were to turn  
 in motions slow  
 Catch your gaze in  
 mute understandings  
 If I were to beseech  
 in silent language,  
 Would you understand  
 my intent?  
 I do not want to  
 hold your soul too long  
 I will force my eyes away,  
 else

it carries, to know that you  
 will never know,  
 what I know, never feel  
 never understand  
 Not from lack of trying  
 but because you cannot  
 touch my mind as a fleeting  
 guest,  
 because you are not me  
 (wonder if you recognise  
 my clumsy moves for what  
 they are;  
 If I were to turn  
 in motions slow,  
 fill your vision with thought else  
 If I were to concede  
 to splinter our flawed tool  
 of meanings  
 would you end my pain?  
 -Anon.

Change your stance; I wonder if you know the pain  
 of false realisations. Witness the knowledge of false realisations.

## The Apology

These words, they seem to me  
 as fragile as tiny glass baubles  
 helpless in their transparencies  
 they fumble and stumble through transitions.  
 Mere cells of discomfort,  
 Mere vessels of discontent

These words, they feel to me  
 to be empty as her mothers heart  
 lifeless and loveless, they give voice  
 to nothing, to a numbness unacknowledged.  
 We are not divided, comfort me  
 Every man can not be an island.

These words, they are to me  
 vehicles of sheer pretension,  
 hopeless in their inability to convince,  
 to assure, to gain or to lose, to express true  
 thought or feeling, to hate, to deceive the  
 simplest of fools.

These words, they seem to me  
 as hollow and immaterial gasps between  
 our circling worlds.  
 Between the walls of myself and myself,  
 I wail and seethe  
 I have broken our tool of expression and  
 drowned you in apathy.  
 Mere cells of discomfort  
 Mere vessels of discontent



"Can I get you a coke?" her sister asked.  
"No," the girl replied, her voice full of terror.  
"Juice please."

"I'm not getting you juice. Why don't you want coke?" Her sister's voice had taken on a sinister undertone.

"I just don't" the girl replied hopelessly, but her sister got her one anyway.

"I'll get you a juice next time." her sister said, but the girl knew it was a lie.

The glass sat idle on the desk next to her. Fizzy bubbles were rising to the surface, her sister had just opened a new bottle. Her sister had also put ice in it to make it just the right temperature. It had a good colour and a fine texture.

"Drink me!" cajoled the coke.

"I'll make you feel better" it consoled.

"You need me" it reassured.

The coke was smart. The coke was charming.

The girl had resisted for a long time but now it appeared that she would have to terminate her membership of the most uncool club in town, the All-Brains. If she relented and drank the coke she would have to go out on Friday and Saturday nights! She would have to give up playing chess in the library and hang out down at the canteen!

The canteen!

The place where everyone who was anyone went to be seen. It was the evil heart of the school's social structure and the sworn enemy of all those in the All-Brains. If the girl drank this coke she would become another one of the coca-cola company's victims.

She would have become dependent on caffeine and have to drink it all the time. She would have to throw her home-made lunches in the bin and spend all her money on canteen food instead of Einstein's diaries that could be bought in weekly instalments.

She would have to push her beloved knee high socks down to her ankles! It was just too much! She couldn't do it!

Her small pink hand moved towards the coke to push it away. Her thin bony fingers wrapped around the glass so tight the girl thought it would shatter into a thousand pieces, the coke spilling out on her desk. Her desk. The altar.

The most holiest of holiest places in her world. She couldn't let that happen, but she wasn't in control anymore!

Anything forbidden is viewed in awe and has an allure of its own. The coke was no exception. The glass was dancing dangerously close towards her mouth, her lips wet in anticipation.

"No!" screamed the All-Brains collectively in her head. Their telepathic link with their members stronger than ever in times of need. But it only made her more

determined. The girl had decided she'd had enough of the chains that had weighed her down all these years, she could be whoever she wanted and do whatever she wanted.

She didn't have to hang out at the library or the canteen.

She could do what she'd always wanted - play rugby with the boys on the school's newly acquired oval. She forced her hand to hold the coke up to her eyes. Her eyes undressed the glass and looked admiringly on the tasty liquid inside. She couldn't wait any longer. She guzzled the entire glass of coke down in one gulp.

She could feel it sloshing around her stomach, quenching her deep down desire to be emancipated. Give me liberty or give me death! Her spirit cried. A loud satisfied belch escaped her smiling lips.

This was the life.

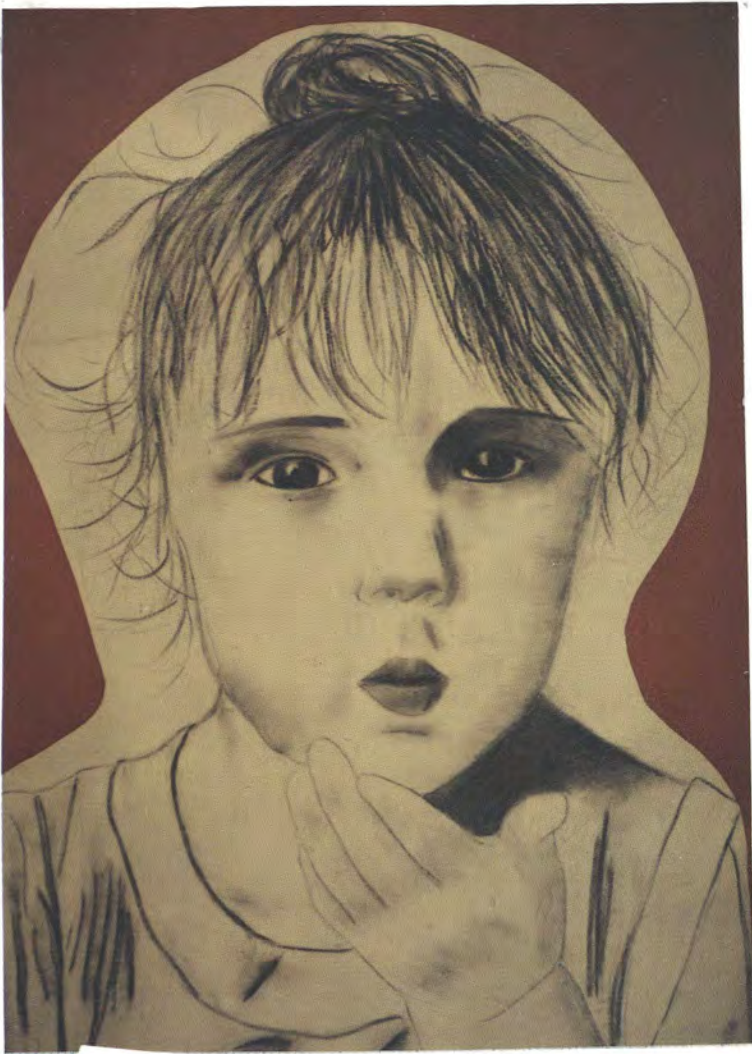
Claudine Lyons

Nobody speaks the TRUTH  
We couch it in formulas  
Entrap it in biases  
Hide it in lies -  
Reveal it never.  
We whisper its mutations  
Create it, and change it  
Alter it with ignorance -  
Cover it with tact.  
Worship its name only -  
Refuse to acknowledge it  
Never admit it -  
Always deny it.  
Base our beliefs on it  
Hate its boldness  
Love its theory  
Try to uphold it, but  
Never would, never could  
Never should  
Speak the Truth.

- Lisa Foley  
y-10







# SENIOR ART WORKS









# Sleep

'Even now as I think about it the tears begin to well up, threatening to spill, overwhelming, down my cheeks, over and over and over again. If I start, I'll never stop. I'll just lose control. Not that I ever had that much in the first place...I wonder how everything can still go on after all that has happened. The birds, the wind, the people - are they totally oblivious to my pain? Everyone just continues as if nothing has happened, but it has! I was always aware of how strong my emotions for her were. Sometimes I'd look at myself and I'd get scared, very scared, that something so strong was housed inside of me. I often wondered what lengths I'd go to for her and I'd come to the conclusion that I'd do anything for her. After all, that's what friends are for, aren't they? But it's too late for any of that now. Because she played on my emotions one time too many, and this time the damage is irreparable. What she's done is just another testimony to the utter pointlessness of it all, and I know that now. The only reward I've ever received for my devotion, my blind faith, my love, is pain. She always told me that she loved me, and I believed her. I guess that's what hurts the most. I yielded to her so completely, trusted her. How could she take advantage of me like that, so easily, without remorse? I gave myself to her, and I thought that she gave herself to me. I thought that she needed me as much as I needed her. Was it all a big lie? I'm so exhausted, I can't take it anymore.

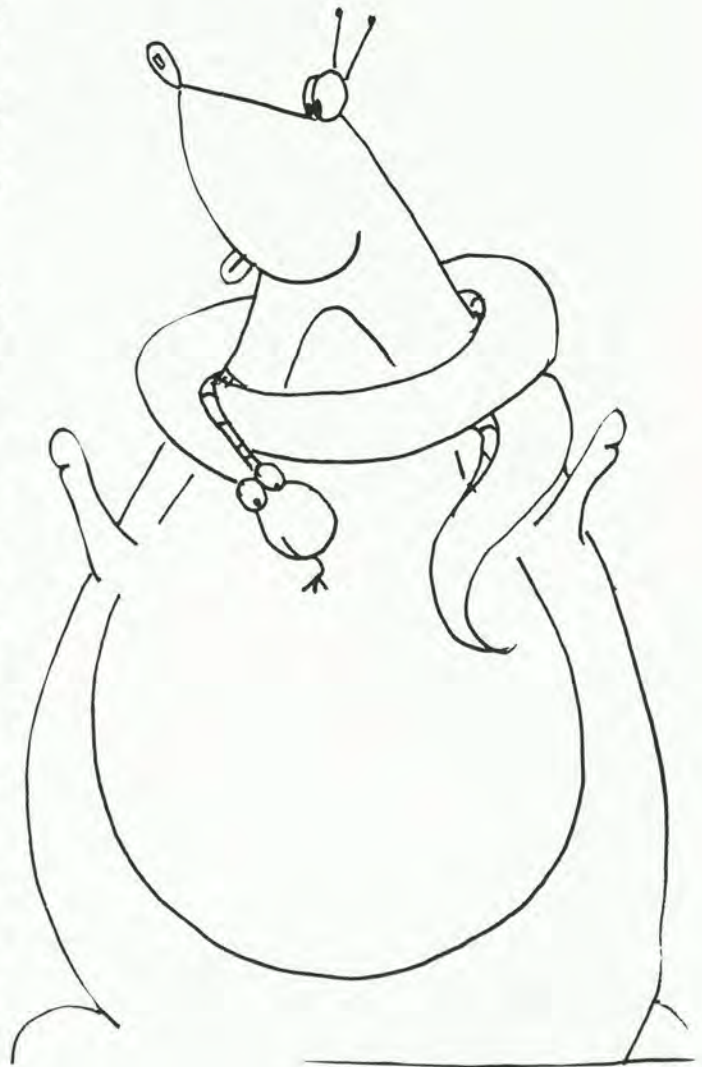
\*\*\*\*\*

The tension of the past weeks no longer mattered - she was going today. "Everything will be fine," she had told me, with one of her radiant smiles that I had grown to love so. Today was a chance for us to fix it all and I was filled with a golden apprehension, an anticipation for the hours of consummate closeness that would inevitably follow. We always were at our best after an argument. But it never happened. I waited for her for hours. I was furious that once again she'd stood me up, but even angrier because I knew that before too long I'd forgive her. I'd give in as I always did, too scared of losing her, of the pain that she would cause me if I didn't. But I couldn't quite bear to leave. I guess I still wanted to believe that there was a reason for her absence, that any second her angelic face would appear from around the corner, begging for forgiveness, but not really needing it. Then I saw them. I think she wanted me to see them, wanted the anguish, the fury, the frustration, to build up inside of me until I became an uncontrollable emotional wreck, my feelings causing me to explode in a fireball of hurt, anger and revenge. She got what she wanted...It was

too much for me, seeing them like that, without a care in the world, as if I didn't even exist. During the past weeks I'd only barely won the battle to control my emotions, now it seemed that all of a sudden they'd taken control of me. What happened next took place too quickly for even me to understand what was going on. I didn't even give her a chance to explain. I was so angry that I could no longer control myself, all the pain of the past few weeks rushed suddenly to the surface. I didn't see the car as I began to push her, all I knew was that I had to exorcise my feelings lest I imploded. I didn't see the car as I pushed her onto the road, both of us screaming. I didn't see the car, but I heard it. Heard the squeal of the brakes. Her screams. My screams. My screams as she fell to the ground in a broken, crumpled heap. Felt the hot tears sting my cheeks with the sudden, painful realisation of what had happened

\*\*\*\*\*

Then I woke up, exhausted.





# Chillisaucebrain

Chillisaucebrain's parents were very cruel. That was why they called him Chillisaucebrain. They knew if they called him Chillisaucebrain that when he was old enough to go to school everyone would tease him about having such a stupid name.

The first day he went to school his teacher asked him what his name was. "Chillisaucebrain," he had said. His teacher told him to stop trying to be so funny and to tell her what his real name was.

"It's Chillisaucebrain," said Chillisaucebrain.

The teacher became cross and told him to go sit in a corner until he was ready to tell her his real name. Chillisaucebrain was very confused and went to sit in the corner.

Chillisaucebrain's parents were cruel, but he didn't know. They had taught him that instead of saying "please" when he wanted something he should say "Give it to me NOW you stupid old poogey!"

So at recess Chillisaucebrain went to the canteen. He waited in line behind the counter until it was his turn, then said "May I have a ham sandwich, give it to me NOW you stupid old poogey!" The canteen woman became very cross and told him to get out of the canteen before she called a teacher. Chillisaucebrain couldn't understand why he had been so kicked out after he had been so polite. He went out into the playground.

"Do you want to play handball?" called some of the children from his class. He went over to them. "What's your name?" they wanted to know.

"Chillisaucebrain," said Chillisaucebrain. The children laughed at him.

"That was a good joke," they said.

Chillisaucebrain didn't know what they were laughing about. He'd only told them his name. He decided not to play handball. He walked away to another part of the playground. It was the part where the bullies hung out. A big mean bully and a bunch of his mates came up to Chillisaucebrain.

"Give me all your money or I'll smash your face in," he leered.

"Don't hurt me, give it to me NOW you stupid old poogey!"

The bully smiled. "You want it now, you'll get it now!" He and his mates beat up poor Chillisaucebrain.

After school he had to walk home. He came in the door and his mother was sitting on the couch. "Be a dear and go to the corner shop for some milk," she said. "Here's some money." she handed him a piece of paper and, being an obedient little boy, he took it and left. She laughed to herself.

Chillisaucebrain took the paper and went to the corner shop. It didn't look like normal money to him, but he knew his mother wouldn't try to get milk for false money.

He couldn't read what was written on the paper, but it said "You're an ugly old bumhead."

Chillisaucebrain went into the corner shop, got some milk from the fridge and handed the paper which read "You're an ugly old bumhead" on it to the shopkeeper. The shopkeeper, who was very sensitive about his age, told Chillisaucebrain to get the hell out of his shop.

"But I just wanted some milk, give it to me NOW you stupid old poogey," said Chillisaucebrain. The shopkeeper got angry. He grabbed Chillisaucebrain by the collar and dragged him out of the shop.

"Don't you dare come back here again!" yelled the shopkeeper. Chillisaucebrain was very confused.

It's twenty years later. Chillisaucebrain was driving home. He had just been fired from his job for calling his boss a stupid old poogey.

He was very tired. He had worked hard at his job and couldn't understand why he had been sacked. He went to ask his boss about it. "Couldn't you tell me why I've been sacked, give it to me NOW you stupid old poogey?"

"As if you don't know! Get out!" yelled his boss. Security escorted him out of the building.

He didn't know why he'd been sacked, and he was confused and upset. He began to cry and slumped forward on the steering wheel. He went through a red light.

A police car pulled him over. "Do you know you went through a red light back there?" asked the officer.

"No," said Chillisaucebrain.

"I'll have to give you a ticket," said the officer.

"But officer, give it to me NOW you stupid old poogey!" The officer looked shocked. "Been drinking sir?"

"No."

"Could I have your name?"

"Chillisaucebrain."

"Right. You're coming to the station."

Three weeks later Chillisaucebrain was in front of the Supreme Court for purgery.

"What's your name?" asked the oldest judge in the court. "Chillisaucebrain."

"You're under oath. Tell the truth!" said the judge angrily. "But I am, Your Honour."

"Do you want to be given a jail sentence?" said the judge, "Because you will if you keep this up. Purgery is a serious crime."

"But Your Honour, could you tell me what I'm supposed to have done, give it to me NOW you stupid old poogey!"

Chillisaucebrain ended up spending the rest of his life in jail. He didn't even know why.

His parents thought it was a great joke. They laughed and laughed. Soon they had another child. She was a beautiful little girl. They named her "Mongooseattackdweeb".

Sam Bowling









## NEW CALEDONIAN ADVENTURE

"Right, boys and girls. Make sure everyone gets on the same bus together! When we get off at the other end, I'll do a headcount. Then we'll go into the supermarket together. Keep close by the teachers at all times!"

Sounds like the excursion from hell, doesn't it? And yet you can see this happening in New Caledonia every school holidays, as Australian school groups spend seven or eight days in the capital, Noumea, marching through the shops in platoon formation and participating in various en masse activities.

Not so for the Fort Street excursions! Part of our aim is to ensure that the kids get enough freedom to be able to explore the foreign culture without leashes, to meet locals in natural settings, to cope with the problems of a foreign language independently, and to have a good holiday. It goes without saying, of course, that rules, curfews and the like, are always in place to guarantee the smooth running of the trip for everyone concerned. I can honestly say that this year's Fort Street group of 25 students excelled themselves in both behaviour and demeanour, and Lyn Trevini and I are proud to have been associated with such a high calibre group.

When we left Sydney on the first Sunday of the holidays, the city was on the verge of experiencing its worst deluge in many months. Who could blame us for smiling when bright blue skies and 30 degree heat greeted us at Tontouta airport? The weather remained thus for the next ten days!

We headed north along the coast to the sleepy hollow of Bourail, where we stopped for lunch. The small local supermarket had not seen such a large crowd since the GI's set up base during WWII. Armed with baguettes, cheese, pate, fruit and mineral water, we took a leisurely lunch in the shade of an old flame tree.

On to Poe Beach Resort, where began the fight for cabins. I had to get out the advanced level maths textbook, to prove

to the kids that a cabin with three single beds could NOT accommodate five people! Exploring, swimming, snorkelling and table-tennis saw out the remainder of day one. After dinner, the hotel pool splashed to the tune of frolicking Fortians.



The next morning the manager of the hotel generously offered to take the kids out on to the reef in his glass-bottom boat. Here they could snorkel to their hearts' content (such an experience in Noumea would have cost them up to \$80!).

Then on to the bus and up to the lookout for a panoramic view of the western beaches and the famous Roche Percee. A short trip to town and we were ready for

some more delicious French fare. Ms. Trevini and I and several students continued to dine a la francaise, but some children had degenerated into drooling fiends, gorging on packets of Tim Tams, buckets of ice-cream and gallons of Fanta. Oh, the shame of it all! Energy renewed, we explored La Roche, discussing both its formation and symbolism in considerable depth, after which we tunnelled through the mountain to arrive at Turtle Beach, isolated but for two cows and a bull. Fearful for the safety of the children, Lyn and I shooed the beasts away.

Our next few days were spent in Noumea. It has to be done, but it's not the most spectacular part of these trips. The kids hit the shops with a vengeance, Jasmine buying up big on French cat and dog food. How would her pets know the difference? One evening the students took the opportunity to improve their language skills by going to see a French movie: "Revenge of the Living Dead" seemed to lose nothing in translation, and certainly got all the kids talking!

The mandatory trip to Amedee Lighthouse Island





was as popular as ever. How some schools have abandoned this in favour of the newer Coral Gardens I will never know. This day trip is an unforgettable buzz. Travis was even lucky enough to be chosen to perform a hip-swivelling dance with one of the Tahitian beauties. Try as I might to attract their attention, no-one wanted to dance with me!

Not many people can say "I've been to Lifou on the ferry" but this was a cruise Fortians would never forget. It was an overnight cruise to the island of Lifou. We were comfortably accommodated on board for the next three nights. The children delighted in playing such games as "How many can we fit into one cabin?" "Who can find the cleanest toilet on the ship?", and "No more deer meat salad for me, thanks".

Our two day visit to Lifou was a real treat. We were welcomed with gifts of leis and native headgear before being taken north to be officially welcomed by one of the island's three Supreme Chiefs. Unfortunately, he was holidaying in Fiji, so the next in line to the throne performed the ceremony, which was solemn and emotion-charged. Inside the chief's sacred hut the customary exchange of gifts was made to consolidate friendship across cultures.

Jokin (or Dokin) is a small cliffside village. By descending a long staircase built into the jagged rocks, we were able to reach the most magnificent turquoise and emerald lagoon. The swimming here was superb. Definitely my favourite spot. The

afternoon visit to the Vanilla Plantation had the children chattering like monkeys, as they followed the track beneath the canopy of this tropical jungle. The owner's promise of seeing two vanilla plants

"mating" was just too much for them! That evening we were treated to a bougna at a nearby beach. For the uninitiated, a bougna is a concoction of meat, tropical fruit and vegetables wrapped in banana leaves and cooked slowly. It personally didn't do much for me, but the kids found it a welcome change from Tim Tams.

Day two took us to Luengoni Beach, described by some brochures as the best in the world. It certainly is pretty close. Its sand is the consistency of icing sugar, and its waters those brilliant colours only seen on postcards. And although our own cameras never seem to do justice to these places, I am pleased to say that I managed to take one snap which is truly of postcard quality. An unexpected barbecue lunch of tropical salads, various meats, including deer meat kebabs, kept the children contented and out of our hair. Four boys braved the 500F fee, the dark and the icy cold, to participate in a cave-snorkelling expedition. Digby, who is now a seasoned traveller to N.C., rated this as his highlight of the entire trip.

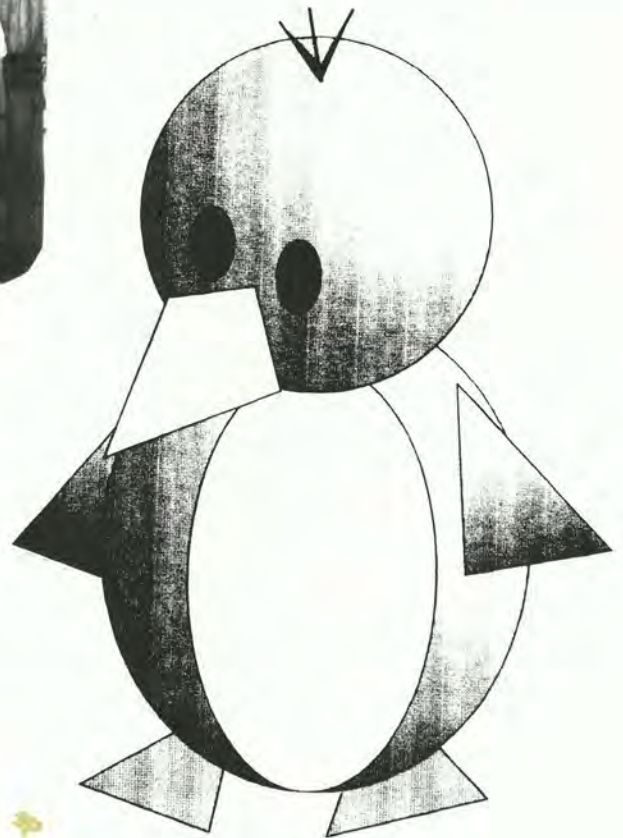
Fort Street bid a spectacular farewell to Lifou by giving a stunning exhibition of ferry jumping that had both tourists and locals spellbound. Chris Hayes astounded with his superb diving and Sarah Lyford's aerial gymnastics were breathtaking. The harbour at Lifou will long remember these exuberant Fortians.

The last day in Noumea gave the kids the opportunity to get rid of their "loose change", by buying all those wonderful souvenirs for their loved ones. Given the high price of food in N.C., if you did score a gift from your child, you should be very grateful: it's not easy for a child deciding between a packet of Tim Tams and a shark's tooth necklace for mum!

And now it's over. This was Fort Street's third trip since 1991, my fourth with a school group, and my eighth in total. This trip was, without reservation, the most exciting and the most rewarding I have been on. The two factors contributing most to the success of this trip were, I believe, the diversity of the itinerary and the quality of the students involved.

Some of the Year 10s have even suggested doing a "one-off" Isle of Pines Escapade next year. Given that it's always been my favourite Pacific paradise, I am sorely tempted. I suppose if there's enough interest...who knows?

Paul Grecki





## NEW ZEALAND SKI TOUR 1995

Fort Street's second New Zealand ski tour left Australian shores on Saturday, 1st July, 1995. It was a cold winter's morning and we assembled at Mascot airport at the very early time of 6.00am. After two hours of group booking chaos, 23 students and Mr. Millward finally waved goodbye to Oz ready for the flight to Christchurch on the west coast of New Zealand. The plane had to be held up (not the first time) to wait for Anasuya to finish her very important duty-free shopping.

We all were taken aback by the breathtaking views of the Southern Alps of NZ from the plane. For many of us it was the first opportunity to see snow, and it appeared as if a white blanket had covered the mountains. We finally arrived in Methven after a 70 minute bus ride and were very impressed by our lodge. Many of us took the opportunity to throw snowballs. We finally passed out in our rooms ignoring Mr. Millward's advice that we would not feel like a 6.30am breakfast.

Struggling out to the bus, many of us were already worse for wear. The bus trip took 40 minutes which involved a very scary but absolutely beautiful, scenic, winding ride up the mountain. We were all fitted out into excellent ski gear and were ready to hit the slopes. For eleven of us it did literally mean hitting the slopes and sometimes that snow was incredibly hard. Whoever said skiing was easy was an idiot. We were graded into ski school groups and all took off into the white yonder.

Over the six days we all improved and many of the learners became very confident on the 'big' slopes. The more advanced had their own races and had to demonstrate olympic standard aerials. The experts were Nick, Lucy and Hugh. The biggest no pain/no gain must go to Seamus who only knew one way, straight down and flat out. He was lucky to survive the period especially since he was given warnings of dangerous skiing by the ski patrol. Who will ever forget the huge episode with his Stimp hat - bad luck Seamus. The most improved would have to be Tim Sinclair who showed real determination and only a little fear. Frank showed real style when he lost it at speed and his skis and he fell downslope at least 100 metres.

As those who have skied before will know, much of the real action occurs off piste. Our hosts made us feel very welcome and explained that if we conducted ourselves as adults then we would be treated as such. Mr. Millward also added more than his two bob's worth in establishing the ground rules. We all had many games of pool and table tennis. A big highlight was

the evening spa and sauna to help iron out those aches and bruises. There were, of course, the romantic developments, apart from Hugh and Bridie and Frank and Sarah who were married before we left. The most notable was the closeness between Michelle and Jack (although this is a secret). Jack was so overjoyed that he decided to show how manly he was and walk through a glass door. He certainly proved he is very tough if not a little strange. We waited for Mr. Millward's inspection visits and eventually returned to our own beds.

Unfortunately, bad weather prevented us getting up the mountain for two of the days. This actually meant we had a greater range of experiences and a chance to rest our sore legs. One day was spent going out to one of New Zealand's famous shallow, rocky rivers and attacking it in a jet boat. The driver gave us great value by throwing this speed boat towards sharp rocks and steep cliffs, each time bringing loads of screams from the eight people on board. One person conspicuous by his absence was Michael Correa who didn't trust that boat one bit. The other day was a real adventure when we bussed into Christchurch to take in a movie then spent four hours racing go-carts in teams. The racing brought out the competitive streak in many people especially Michael and Mr. Millward.

The worst part of the trip was that it went too quickly. We all totally agree it was the highlight of the year and for some our lives. We strongly recommend it to all who dare to follow in our footsteps. A special thanks to Mr. Millward who both looked after and cared for us.

G. Edwards & S. Wood - Year 10



K.M. '95







# SPORT REPORT

1995 has proven to be another busy year for sporting activities at Fort St. Grade Sport and results have proven that Fort St. not only produce excellent achievements in the classroom. All students and teams showed committment at training and a determination to do their best, which is all that we expect at Fort St. It was also good to see the sportmanship of the students even when placed under difficult and competitive circumstanes. Well Done !



## Northern Suburbs Zone Premiers 1995:

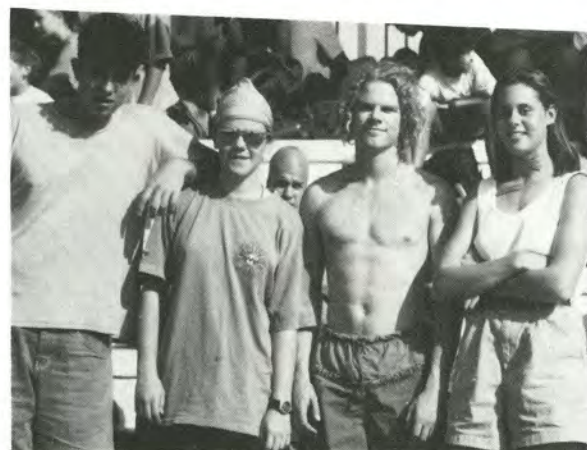
*Summer Competition :* -

- 15's Boys Volleyball
- 15's Boys Cricket
- Open B Boys Touch Football
- Open B Boys Tennis
- Open B Girls Volleyball
- Open B Girls Basketball
- 15's Girls Volleyball

*Winter Competition :* -

- Open Rugby Union
- 15's Girls Hockey
- Open Girls Tennis
- 15's Girls Tennis

There is no doubt that there is talent among us. Thank you to all those students who have represented the school, lets hope it will continue in 1996.





## Swimming

The annual swimming carnival held in February saw the start of the sporting calendar. For the first time, the carnival was held at Ashfield Olympic Pool. Ashfield provided more shelter from the sun and cleaner surroundings that combined with good weather for a great day. The atmosphere in and around the pool by the four houses was great, however, it could be improved by more seniors in attendance. Next year's carnival will be held at the same venue due to this year's success, so we welcome more parents and spectators.

The final carnival results were:

1st	Blue	367
2nd	Green	263
3rd	Gold	236
4th	Red	193

### Age Champions

	Boys	Girls
12	Fergus Beams	Kate Brennan
13	Robert Lawson	Nicole Talmacs
14	Daniel Tan	Sarah Johnson
15	Chris Hayes	Heidi Wenden
16	Daniel Iwata	Emma Keogh
		Eliza Maunsell
17	Joseph Dickson	Pippa Travers

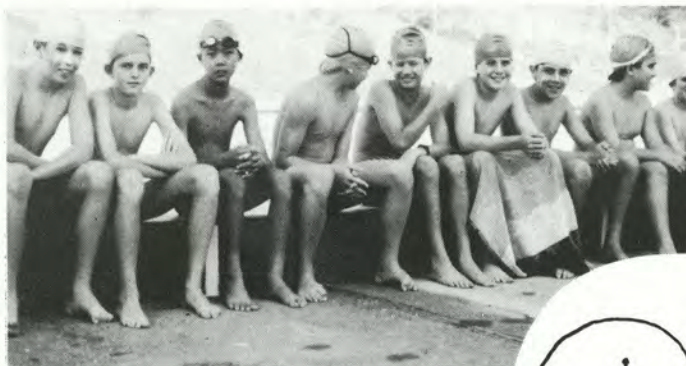
### Records Broken

Fergus Beams, 12yrs	Boys 50m Breaststroke	- 47.16 s
Ewan McDonald, 16yrs	" " "	- 38.02 s
Leigh Louey-Gung, 14yrs	" " Backstroke	- 38.27s
Joseph Dickson, 17 yrs	" " "	- 32.31 sec

The zone carnival at Drummoyne Pool saw the rain pour down, however, this did not deter the Fort Street team. The spirit of the swimmers saw Fort Street come a close 4th behind Concord, Marsden and Malvina.

Fort Street's outstanding individual and team performances saw the following students represented the zone at the regional swimming carnival :-

Simon Allen	Emma Keogh	Fergus Beams	Amy
Lawson	Kate Brennan	Robert Lawson	Amy
Cloran	Eliza Maunsell	Ali Crosby	Pippa
Travers	Joseph Dickson	Daniel Whaite	Daniel
Iwata			





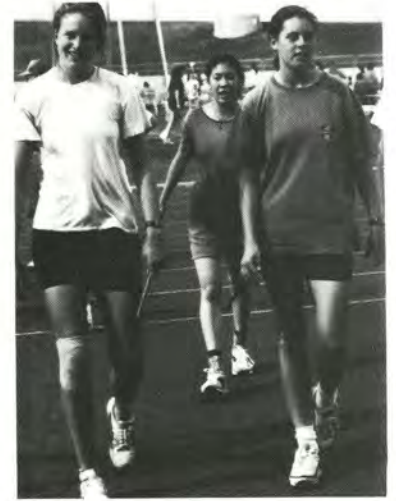


### Athletics

Fort Street once again held its Athletics Carnival at the Homebush International Athletic Stadium due to last year's success. Many students had obviously benefit from the training sessions held by Miss Jacobs as the standard of performance was high. Attendance proved to be much better then that of the swimming as was participation.

#### Age Champions

	Boys	Girls
12	Kevin Pickett	Louise Dumbrell
13	Thomas Smith	Tamara Pearson
14	Darren Ma	Sarah Johnson
15	Beau Reid	Lisa Collins
16	Peter Stewart	Maria Kwiatowski
17	Nathan McLachlan	Anna Clark
		Lisa Gouldie



The zone athletics carnival as with the swimming saw the rain come down. Although this led to bad running conditions, Fort St. was not afraid, with a special mention to Yeoman Yu for his 'never say die' attitude after continual knee problems and cramps. The competition was a very close struggle throughout the two days with Marsden pipping us at the post 2498 to Fort Street 2075.

The following students represented the zone at regional athletics:-

Sarah Johnson, Caroline Malcolm, Clio Gates-Foale, Lisa Collins, Beau Reid, Lucy Buchanan, Emma Keogh, Hannah Wolfson, Amy Lawson, Daniel Floro, Maria Kwiatkowski, Anna Clark, Rose Malcolm, Smirthi Siva, Emma Brockway, Michelle Maning, Jocelinn Kang, Fergu Beams, Allan Logan, Rhys Kearne, Kevin Pickett, Darren Ma, Chris Fitzpatrick, James Denham, David Jenkinson, Hugh O'Neil, Michelle Maning





## Cross Country

The Cross Country was held in May at King George's Park. Thanks to the co-operation of staff and students, it ran smoothly and participation was good. Some very keen year 7's proved themselves as well as many students from higher years demonstrating they still have the aerobic fitness to go the distance.

### Age Champions

	Boys	Girls
12	Kevin Pickett	Beth Deguara
13	Kalon Huett	Tamara Pearson
14	Julian Brattoni	Sarah Johnson
15	Peter Graham	Lisa Collins
16	Hugh O'Neil	Hannah Wolfson
17	Burt Sigsworth	Lisa Goudie

The Fort Street team competed exceptionally well at the zone carnival. Special mentions to Kevin Pickett and Lisa Collins, age zone champions. Congratulations to all runners involved as Fort Street gained some excellent placings.



## Gala Day

14th August. Gala day. T'was the day that some eagerly looked forward to, while others dreaded it as if it were a death sentence: some people just didn't give a damn. It was the only opportunity for year 7 to compete against other schools in the playing of a variety of sports for an entire day. The chosen location was at the rather distant but versatile Meadowbank Park. As we departed to our chosen sports we confronted our opposition with determination and ambition. Ambition to claim victory. But at the end of the day, most of our hopes were totally washed away. After all the hard work and competition of playing (softball, netball, hockey, soccer, touch football) we took refuge at the canteen which was cheap and satisfied our hunger and thirst. We won, we lost, we tied and went home.

By Betty Chan, Mei-Lian Barry, Beth Deguara  
(Yr. 7)





## Amnesty International

*All that Evil needs to prosper is for Good men to do nothing*

On the 20th of October a large group of students from Years 8 and 9 participated in Candle Day - the major fund-raising event for Amnesty International. Amnesty is a non-profit, non-government, international organisation, formed to represent the often voiceless victims of Human Rights abuses - those imprisoned, tortured or disappeared for their non violent beliefs.

Despite the fact that the Year 9's had to return to school early for an English production, we managed to raise about \$8000 for Amnesty.

We also attended a Human Rights Day at Parliament on 7th December. There were many excellent and distinguished speakers such as Professor Colin Tatz and the Director of the Sydney Jewish Museum. Fort Street's presence was even acknowledged by ex-Fortian Justice John Dowd!

Meetings are held every Friday lunch, if a letter is available to be written or an issue to be discussed. This year we have written about two hundred letters to many different countries including Turkey, China, Saudia Arabia and Nigeria.

You are most welcome to drop in, as attendance is often not very good and we would really like to increase our voice of protest.

Libby Davis



Pablo Picasso was an early supporter of the Amnesty International movement, to which he gave this drawing.

## Queen's Trust

During the September holidays, The Queen's Trust ran a National Capital Seminar in Canberra. The seminar was conducted over a week from the 24th - 29th September. The 100 participants were Year 11 students from across Australia from both Government and non-Government schools. The aim of the seminar was to give senior students an insight into the running of the country and to have this message relayed by the participants throughout the country.

The program consisted of a series of talks, discussions and tutorials involving leaders of the country. Among those included were Paul Keating, John Howard, Cheryl Kernot, Bob Brown and a range of academics and public servants. The discussions which followed the talks were lively and tended to concentrate on the issues of the Republic and the Constitution. However, there were a wide range of topics from Mabo to environmentalism and the role of women in politics. But perhaps the most valuable and interesting aspect of the seminar was the cross section of opinions that were represented. The participants were from a great variety of backgrounds, political dispositions and general outlook on life. This, combined with the topics that were discussed, gave an interesting view of the role of politics in Australia, its nature, direction and both its strengths and weaknesses.

What emerged from the seminar was a group of students who had a better appreciation of the system which governed them and a better understanding of different views and attitudes. In a system that prides itself on the power it guarantees the people, it sometimes fails to give them the knowledge, the skills or the avenues to exercise that power. The National Capital Seminar provided one means of making that power more tangible by encouraging active participation in the democratic process, not only at elections, but through every available means. Although there was a depth of information made available about the political system, there was little said about whether this system was the best or most appropriate. Without necessarily opposing the system, it would have been interesting to see arguments both for and against the Western style democracy that we have, especially considering that it is only in recent times that such a system has been accepted, and now only by part of the world. However, the time was stretched as it was, and this may explain the inability to delve into such a complex and controversial subject.

Ben Spies Butcher



# Mock Trial Report

Never before in the history of the universe has Fort Street High School assembled such a fine, upstanding, honest and wholesome group of dynamic individuals collectively known as the 'Fort Street Mock Trial Team'. And for the first time Fort Street was recognised as the unchallenged semi-finalists in the New South Wales competition.

Unfortunately, the monotonous task of frequently defeating some of the 400 skilled but sadly uncompetitive opponents tired Fort Street of success and they chose not to compete in the final for reasons of religious conflict (as Jupiter was in the third quadrant).

The Mock Trial competition was initiated by the Law Society to provide school students with an opportunity to participate in the runnings of the legal system. As well as being marked on their understanding of the law, the students are also graded in their speaking ability, preparation, and mnemonic skills.

On the day, North Sydney Girl's High was the better tem and narrowly defeated. Shame Ben was not able to use his 'golden thread' speech.

The Fort Street tem emphatically denies all allegations made by the Totaliser Agency Board and the Independent Commission Against Corruption that the possible fiscal outcomes of the events of November 2nd in any way influenced the outcome of the competition. Furthermore, Fort Street denies that there is any connection between the Mock Trial team's acquisition of textual materials and appropriate legal equipment for the upcoming '96 competition and the loss of what

has been unilaterally acclaimed as the finest Mock Trial team since Frank (the Ledger) Kerr's first six in 1783.

The members of the team would like to add to the substantial monetary endowments -ha!- lavished upon the team's leader, mentor, and mother figure the irrepressible Mrs Johansen, a special note of thanks for the efforts, time, care, and fashion expertise she provided.

Mr Glass (a man who needs no introduction); coach, instructing solicitor and mafiosy- Godfather to the team is also thanked for his ceaseless efforts.



However, at the end of the day it was all due to the natural brilliance of Inara Gravitis, Arion McNicoll, Ben Spies Butcher, Michelle Echt, Jacob Ruhl, Georgina Braham, Jemima Mowbray, Nick Tessoriero, Alex Schlensky, Michael Solomon, Pooja Chowdhary, and Vanessa Tran. Georgina's sacrifice of wearing uniform (and a beret) above and beyond the call of duty was sincerely appreciated by the team, as was Tam Sinclair's last minute availability.

For all those who shall never forget the legal saga that was 1995, the events of the year will forever be set down in the annals of history.

P.S we will be back!

This report was written, compiled, and presented by impartial observers of the years events and appears in this form subject to alteration at the completion of certain investigations.

-Ben Spies Butcher





# Free Computer Program (yes, Program not Programme!) (Also known as the Computing Report.)

As advertised, you will find your wonderful free computer program following. This program simulates a tennis game. It is written for TurboPascal, but can be easily modified for QBasic. But, first the preamble. In 1995 we have welcomed Mr Chung to our team of elite computer experts. Mr Chung's technical expertise has been invaluable to the whole school. In Years Seven & Eight all students do computing applications such as word-processing, spreadsheets, databases and computer-aided design as part of their Design and Technology course. The D & T team is comprised of Mr Osland, Ms Wells and Mr B. Fraser. There have been two Computing Studies classes in each of Years Nine, Ten & Twelve as well as one in Year Eleven. In Year Twelve, five students formed the first 3 Unit Computing Studies class. The Years 9 to 12 Computing Team is comprised of Mr Chung, Mr Hayes and Mr H. Fraser. Mr H. Fraser has also supervised the Computer Club which has met every second Wednesday lunchtime. We congratulate Dylan Behan for gaining a place in the Information Technology Schools Event (ITSE'96) organised by the Research Foundation for Information Technology within the University of Sydney.

Mr H. Fraser for the Computing Team.

```
program TENNIS;  
uses Wincrt;  
var pointwin,server,receiver:integer;  
    adv:string[20];
```

```
begin  
    server:=0;  
    receiver:=0;  
    repeat  
        writeln('Who won the point? (1. Server, 2. Receiver)');  
        readln(pointwin);  
        if pointwin=1 then  
            begin  
                if server < 30 then  
                    server:=server+15  
                else  
                    if server=30 then  
                        begin  
                            if receiver=40 then  
                                begin  
                                    writeln('deuce');  
                                    server:=server+10;  
                                end  
                            else  
                                server:=server+10;  
                            end  
                        end  
                    else  
                        begin  
                            if (receiver=40) and(adv<>'advantage receiver')and (adv<>'advantage server') then  
                                begin  
                                    adv:='advantage server';  
                                    writeln('advantage server');  
                                end  
                            else  
                                if (receiver=40) and (adv='advantage receiver') then
```

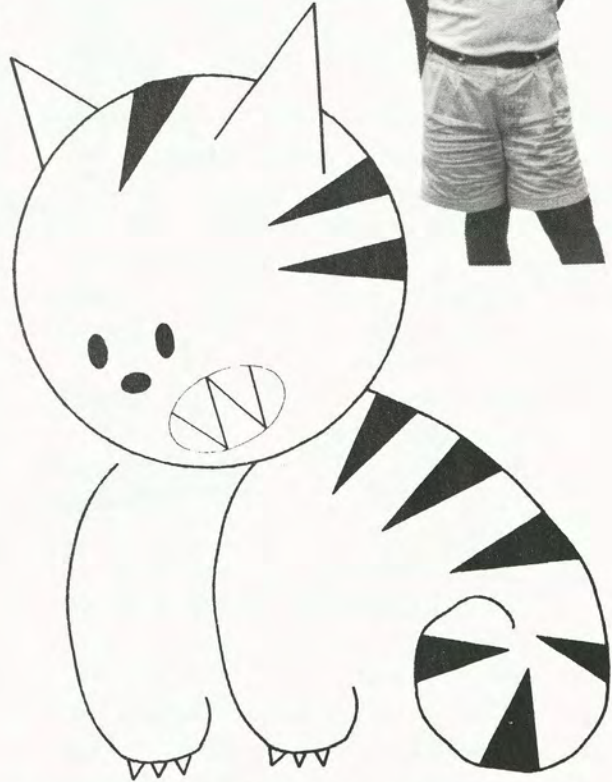




```

        writeln('deuce');
        adv:='0';
    end
else
    begin
        server:=server+10;
        writeln('Game to server');
    end
end;
end
else if pointwin=2 then
begin
    if receiver <30 then
        receiver:=receiver+15
    else
        if receiver=30 then
            begin
                if server=40 then
                    begin
                        writeln('deuce');
                        receiver:=receiver+10;
                    end
                else
                    receiver:=receiver+10;
                end
            end
        else
            begin
                if (server=40) and (adv<>'advantage server') and (adv<>'advantage receiver') then
                    begin
                        adv:='advantage receiver';
                        writeln('advantage receiver');
                    end
                else
                    if (server=40) and (adv='advantage server') then
                        begin
                            writeln('deuce');
                            adv:='0';
                        end
                    else
                        begin
                            receiver:=receiver+10;
                            writeln('Game to receiver');
                        end
                    end
                end
            end;
        end;
        writeln('Score: Server ',server);
        writeln('  Receiver ',receiver);
    until (server=50) or (receiver=50);
end.

```





# Mathematics Report

What a year! So many changes and so many shocks. At the beginning of the year our replacement Head Teacher for David Solomons failed to, show up and Robyn Paice ran the ship all through Term 1. At the end of the Term Tim Jurd was promoted to Head Teacher and Nick Panagos transferred in to take over the vacancy.

Our new member of staff, John Chung, had hardly arrived before he was fixing every computer in the school (and some at staff homes as well!) and teaching a full load of classes as well. He has proved to be an invaluable addition to the staff.

Things started to settle down in Term 2 and our other programs took their correct place in our priorities.

## Enrichment

The following students achieved awards in the Maths Enrichment stage:

<b>Gauss Series</b>	Jonathon Dixon	Yr 9	Excellent
	Andrew Yam	Yr 9	Excellent
	Ricky Chen	Yr 9	Merit
	Ranjit Murali	Yr 9	Merit
	Skandarapan Jayaratnam	Yr 9	Merit
<b>Euler Series</b>	Kit Morrell	Yr 9	Achievement
	Yi Fan Yu	Yr 9	Achievement
	Sarah Johnson	Year 8	
	Gaurav Bhardwaj	Year 8	
	Nikhil Kulkarni	Year 8	
	Alice Mah	Year 8	
	Roger Haddad	Year 7	
	Helen Jin	Year 7	
	Titus Hui	Year 7	
	Kean Lau	Year 8	
	Julian Curiskis	Year 7	
	Keely McNamara	Year 7	
	Kenny Mai	Year 7	
	Sascha Morrell	Year 7	
	Tamara Pearson	Year 7	
	Elaine Chui	Year 7	
	William Dang	Year 7	
	Aleksandra Milovanovic	Year 7	
	David Ng	Year 7	
	Sumudi Jayawardana	Year 7	
Susann Cheung	Year 7		
Veena Rajan	Year 7		

## Australian Maths Competition

The following students achieved prizes in the A.M.C.

Year 7	Hoyan Ngai	134.75
	Elaine Chui	118.50
	Jeffrey See	116.25
	Charles Yeung	115.00
Year 8	Huy Pham	141.25
	Chris McHattie	122.50
Year 9	Jonathon Dixon	121.25

Thanks to organisers Mary Stamouos and Sally Baker.

## Excursions

The maths excursions to Wonderland for Year 9 and World of Maths for Year 8 were great successes and the students were a credit to the school.

## Ms McInnes

As you will read in another article, the faculty has lost one of its greatest assets - Grace McInnes.

Who will correct our mistakes ?

Who will solve our arguments ?

Whither goest the voice of sanity ?

Best wishes from the whole faculty.





## *Instrumental Music Program*

Students again had a busy year under the directorship of Brian Strong and inspired by Phil Harper's enthusiasm in the Bands.

Approximately 100 students were again enrolled in the program and we thank the Year 12's (a particularly talented year) for their input. Some even found the time to continue in the program after Term 1 and some even after the H.S.C!

The events students were involved in were the usual IMP Concert in May, the Musicale, Drama nights, the Yamaha Competition, the 'launching' of the Solar Panels as well as other school commitments.

A new venue was tried for the 3 day Music Camp - the Collaroy Centre - and the students really enjoyed the extra sporting facilities and fresh sea breeze! They actually played music for about 6 hours each day as well. Sorry about the blisters! End of Year Dinner and Concert which proved to be an initiative much enjoyed. It also raised funds to 'spruce up' the appearance of groups when playing in competitions outside school.

We really hope students in the school who are proficient players will come into the IMP in 1996 and give the school the benefit of their talents.

**Juliet Bishop**

**IMP Chairperson**

## *Goodbye Grace McInnes*

We would like this opportunity to say a fond farewell to our colleague, Grace Mc Innes, who is retiring after 21 years of service at Fort St High School.

Grace's exceptional mathematical ability has contributed significantly to the success of her students. She has been particularly valued by the gifted and talented students because of her challenging approach and love of mathematics. Consequently many of her 4 unit students have achieved outstanding results in the H.S.C.

Grace's talent and wealth of experience have been appreciated enormously by her fellow mathematics teachers for whom she has provided generous support. Her interesting travel stories, her sense of humour and her thoughtfulness will also be sadly missed.

We sincerely hope that her future will be a happy one and filled with good times. We thank her for her fine contribution to the school and for her friendship.

**The Mathematics Faculty**

## **Selma Allen**

You know the feeling when the NRMA man arrives and in a trice your car instantly functions, or when the State Emergency Services pluck you from the cliff face at dusk? If you have had these experiences you will have some idea of the way we feel at FSHS about our now retired laboratory assistant Selma Allen.

Selma worked in the science laboratories in Kilgour building for over twenty years until her retirement in term 3 1995. She used her immense skills base to great effect in organising, designing and building many important components of our science teaching program. Selma also worked as first aid officer, developing excellent relationships with the students.

Thank you Selma!

## **Jean McGregor**

Jean McGregor was our lab assistant for two years before she learnt of her illness and tragically died in term 2 1995. Her cheery helpfulness endeared her to both staff and students.

We all loved Jean's sense of humour, her stories of her rural upbringing and her sense of pride in her family. Jean faced her illness with incredible courage. We will all treasure the memory of her school visit during her sickness. Even then her jokes and stories helped us to relax.

Jean McGregor is sadly missed.





# Girls' Discussion Report

Term one of Girls' Discussion was a slow one as Ms Joslyn was absent on long service leave. Lisa, Djycnta and I held the fort (pardon the pun) in her absence and photocopied the articles of interest we wanted to discuss. It was an exercise in persistence and we were all happy when Ms Joslyn returned.

Ms Joslyn came back to us in term 2 with some very good books and a lot of enthusiasm about the women's suffrage movement. Australia was the second country to give women the vote and yet it is only now beginning to recognise the efforts and achievements of the many powerful women who struggled for such basic rights. To look at the political system at the turn of the century, and

the struggle some incredible individuals faced, is an empowering and inspiring thing. And what about the aboriginal vote?...we were shamed to learn that they were denied this basic human right until the 1960's. If you're interested there are some good books in the school library. Can I suggest looking up such women as Vida Goldstein?

Thanks to the P&C grant of \$1000 for feminist books for the school library last year, Girls' Discussion has had a good year of reading. A list of the many feminist fiction, non-fiction and biographical books now available to you could be obtained from Ms Joslyn or the librarians.

You may be aware that the EROS foundation has recently begun lobbying both major political parties to 'reform' pornography laws in the leadup to the federal election. If you weren't - they have - and we've been discussing it. Personally I had not been particularly fervent on the subject until we saw a video of Andrea Dworkin, a famous American anti-pornography campaigner. This woman argues brilliantly that pornography is not a victimless crime, that pornographic actresses are abused

and violated and that the porno film industry exploits the vulnerable. I am convinced.

Girls' Discussion have also discussed the Beijing women's conference, the roles of men and women in the 'Year of Tolerance', the rights of women in Islamic countries, in China and in other 3rd world countries and the issues that young women face, particularly those at this school. We went on an excursion to the State Library to view an exhibition of women's posters and see an exhibit about Australian women writers and artists.

In answer to anyone who wonders why I go religiously to Girls' Discussion - yes of course I am

proud to be a feminist! Feminism does not claim to alienate or to control men. Feminism is about equality between the sexes, it is about empowerment rather than domination in human relationships. It is not an outdated issue, we still have a long way to go.

There are still many young women I know who would not call themselves feminists because they see it as 'radical, lesbian' or worse 'man hating'. Homophobia is unusual at FSHS so this is disappointing, and further we are all very fond of our male group member Craig Foley who is the essence of feminist.

Girls Discussion bids a sad farewell to our year

12 members Jane, Djycnta, Natalie and Craig. We will miss you! Goodluck and lots of hugs and kisses (especially from me).

Girls' Discussion meets every Thursday lunchtime in A2. COME ALONG!

Denim Francis





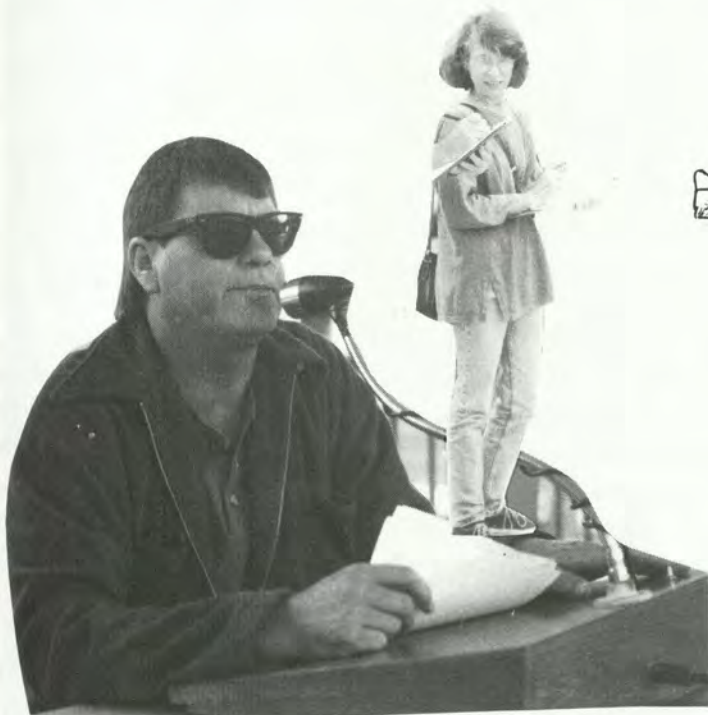
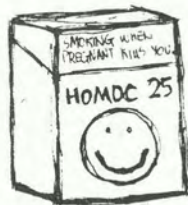
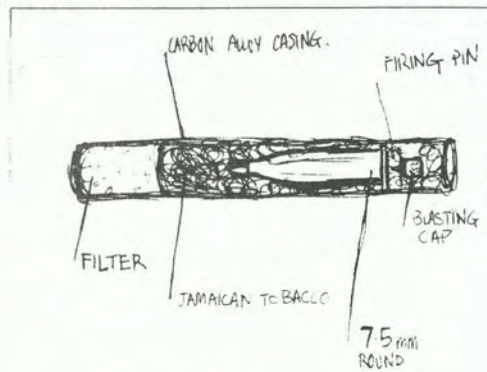
**S & M labs** have developed, with influence from the old "hooked" anti-smoking advertisements (in which the hook appears from the cigarette and grabs the smoker's lip) the latest weapon in the fight against smoking and/or a great party trick, the all new, biodegradable\*...

# Howitzer-O-Matic Deluxe Death Cigarette!

When lit, the Blamco™ gunpowder cap explodes and drives the firing pin into the 7.5mm hollowpoint round, discharging and immolating the offending smoker's head. Good for a laugh and suitable for any occasion, the S&M H.O.M.D.C is the perfect gift for any smoker!

**Warning: keep out of reach of children under 3 years old.**

\*Excludes metal, excludes chemical detonating agent, excludes tobacco, excludes carbon alloy casing, excludes firing pin





## Year 8 Activities Camp - Milson Island

Milson Island Recreation Camp is situated on the Hawkesbury River north of Hornsby. We assembled at the good old place, the beginning and end of every camp, the King of Railways, Central Station, at 9.15 am. After the usual fun filled wait at the station and ride to our destination, we met our glamorous 'Ferry'. Our ferry was small and uncomfortable and the ride was bumpy and wet. An instructor from the Island told us to 'enjoy the bumps'. We wondered what lay ahead!

At the Island our luggage was transported by truck - we had to struggle up the steep hill to the lodges! We had the usual procedure and responsibilities talk from the camp instructor, and then unpacked and settled in. The boys (plus a group of four special girls) were assigned lodge 4 and the rest of the girls were in lodge 3 sharing with a bunch of Primary School students from Albion Park. After our minuscule salad lunch and clean up, and fainting with hunger, we headed off to our first activity - orienteering. Hidden letters at numbered points on four different maps were unjumbled to form a word. As a result, Arnie Burkys and Nicole Babarini (the slowest) had the pleasure of waiting on Josh Avery and Michael Beard (the fastest). Our next activity, Archery, involved blowing up balloons which some of us successfully used as targets. Swimming was cold but fun - we had wrestling competitions in the pool.

After an exhilarating 'games evening', we walked down in the dark to the wharf to go fishing. The moon was bright, round and full, a little spooky, but glittering on the river. As Fortians are not exactly renown for their fishing abilities, nobody caught more than one fish each, but it was fun. At nine thirty the teachers lead us back up the path to get ready for bed - but as they say, 'the night was young'. We did all manage to drop off before morning, but there was a struggle to get up at 7 - 7.30 - .

Canoeing above sharks and Portuguese man-o'-wars enabled us to develop amazing balancing prowess as we headed for Bar Island. We were greeted enthusiastically by a bunch of dogs who had swum with us across the river. After a ten minute study of the ancient graves in the Bar Island cemetery, we headed off for an exhausting return trip. As a reward we had to wash the canoes, life jackets and paddles, store them away and clean up all the rubbish. Then off to some relaxing rock climbing after yet another sumptuous feast. Only a few highly skilled and

privileged climbers reached the top of both the (so-called) easy and difficult courses. Unfortunately for most, these same people had no moral or ethical qualms about gloating to other less fortunate climbers. After a *truly amazing* dance with the Primary School students we played Musical Trivial pursuits. Surprise, surprise, it was won by Arnie Burky, Gomez Braham and Emma Brockway! After another sumptuous supper, we headed off in the dark to a 'haunted house' where we were supplied with a blood curdling tale. The best part was when our guide disappeared with the only torch! Somebody even resorted to holding Mr Millwards arm. A quick check of under the bed and in the shower recess for dead nurses or lurking psychopaths followed our return to the lodges.

Next morning we were lead to a cliff face in a clearing to enjoy abseiling. After a quick lunch to calm some shattered nerves we headed off to the ferries, trains and all that, and most importantly sleep and decent food. Despite all - we would all really like to repeat the experience, so thanks and big hints to all the teachers involved, especially Mr Millward and Ms Heussner.

Irene Cheung and Grace Brown

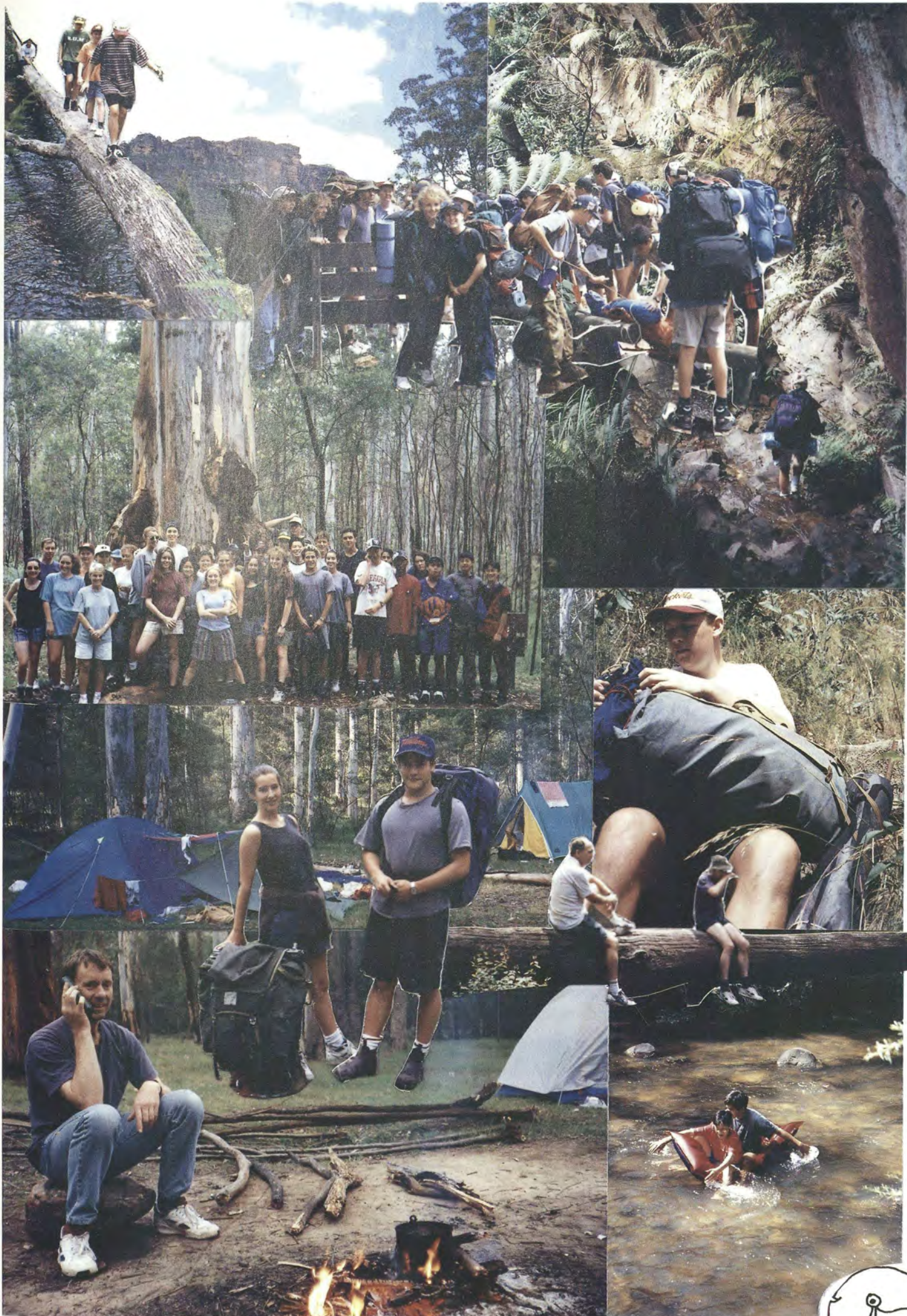


### Hiking camp

Deemed the most challenging of all the activities offered, the hiking camp, or more accurately 3 days of grunting and expletives, turned out to be both enjoyable and rewarding (in hindsight, that is). It really is satisfying to come away from 'just another school camp' having set dozens of personal records, these included: 'Most swear words in three days', 'Sweatiest ever three days', 'Worst swear words in three days', and 'Most threats made on a single teachers life in three days' to name a few. Actually, most of these records were made on the last day, when we hiked out of the valley. If you have ever hiked up a cliff that closely resembles a sky high brick wall, you'll know what I mean. I'm not saying we didn't know it was going to be hard, of course we did, we just found it a bit annoying that for the last 2 hours of the hike, Mr. Griffith insisted that we were almost there!

OK, OK, I apologise, it wasn't that bad, in fact it was quite an experience !!!







# SOCIAL SCIENCES REPORT

1995 has been a year of both highs and lows for the Social Sciences Faculty. We are fortunate in our talented, enthusiastic students and their great achievements especially the outstanding results achieved by our 1994 HSC students - congratulations.

This year, the economists entered the AIESEC competition with many achieving High Distinctions. Arpit Srivastava was ranked second in the State. Year 9 Geography scored brilliantly in a new state wide Geography competition and the Geography Olympiad - well done !

Melanie Bishop (Year 12 Geography) won the Caltax Environmental Award for her outstanding Senior Geography Projects entitled 'The Effects of Rivercats on the Parramatta River'. The current Year 11 Geography students have produced outstanding pieces of research for their S.G.P.'s with a variety of interesting topics such as 'Noise Levels of Luna Park' and 'The Chinese Community of Burwood'. The best S.G.P.'s will be entered for the Arthur Philip Award.

Another high was the success of a group of talented Year 11 students who reached the Semi Finals in the Mock Trial Competition. Over the year they received accolades for their team work, communication skills and lateral thinking. Congratulations.

On the other hand there have been a number of changes. Term 3 began badly with the loss of Mr Docking from the faculty. Mark is sorely missed for his excellence as a teacher, his efficiency and great organisational skills. After considerable searching for a replacement Mrs Simone Taylor came to our rescue. Thank you Simone for your hard work and enthusiasm for the last two terms.

It has been a busy year with the normal excursions which are a vital part of our program. Year 7 visited the Field of Mars Fieldwork Centre, Year 8 went on a camp to Gerroa, Year 9 Geography to the Blue Mountains and Year 10 Geography to Cronulla Beach. Year 9 Commerce visited the Westpac Museum and the Mint, Year 10 went on the cross-faculty excursion to Canberra and Year 9 Asian Studies experienced a wide range of activities as they always do eg the Art Gallery, Chinese Gardens and the Beijing Opera. With the change in the Senior Geography Syllabus

Year 11 participated in a number of one day activities around the city but an overnight excursion is in the pipeline for 1996 to fulfil the mandatory fieldwork component of the Year 12 Syllabus.

The Social Science Staff continues to be involved in a wide range of whole school activities eg sporting activities, student advisers and representatives on various committees. Mr Griffith was much appreciated for his role as a caring, supportive, efficient Year 12 Adviser and Mr Millward has been very busy organising the end of year activities.

In all a very hectic but fruitful and enjoyable time for students and teachers.

Thanks to all the staff for your hard work and commitment throughout 1995.





# Music Faculty Report 1995

The music students of Fort Street have taken an active part in music appreciation this year. In Term 1, "The World's Klang", a Brass ensemble, introduced the students of Year 7 to some of the music of the world.

In Term 2, Year 12 students attended a concert of early music at Saint Pat's, Strathfield with Mrs. Donohoe.

In Term 3, a group of year 10 and 11 music students attended a two day course at the Power House Museum "Soundhouse" with Mr. Gedge. This course introduced the students to composition with the use of sound modules and computers, and gave the students hands on experience.

In Term 4, Year 7 students attended a concert by "Chichitote", a Latin American group.

But the music students did not only listen to music - this year, as usual, the musical contingent of Fort Street has been an extremely active one:

In Term 1 there was much strenuous preparation, which had in fact started late last year, for the school's Annual Speech Day. Musical items included the likes of both The Stage and Concert bands, The Orchestra and many other Vocal and Instrumental Ensembles.

Students were once again very busy in Term 3, getting ready for another old favourite, The Annual Musicale. As usual, the night included school based bands and ensembles and was a great success.

The last big event musically for '95 was The Annual Christmas Concert on December 14, organised not only to give the students a chance to perform, but to encourage the spirit of Christmas. The students are asked to bring a gift as their admission, placed under a Christmas tree in the Hall. These gifts are then collected by The Smith Family and distributed to those in need. The day was a successful one, and as usual, the performance given by the students of Tavemers Hill Infants School was extremely popular.





# Gail Salmon

The August edition of Mercurius reported the passing of Mrs. Gail Salmon. She was forty years old. Mrs. Salmon taught languages here at Fort Street from 1989 until her medical retirement in 1992, specialising in junior and senior Japanese.

Gail Salmon was raised in Wollongong. She attended Corrimal High School where she displayed an early gift for languages - French and German. Her Japanese was to come later at University. At school she excelled not only as a student but also as a sports woman with swimming, athletics and hockey her fortes. She was a NSW State Representative at Hockey while at school, having a reputation as a swift and quite fiercely competitive centre - 'always dangerous in the circle' - to quote a fellow player. She loved scoring goals and scored lots! Her hockey continued at Sydney University (where she played first grade right up until the birth of her first child, a daughter, Shelley). She majored in German and Japanese and entered the teaching profession in 1985. Four years after Shelley came twin daughters, Tessa and Kristel.

Arriving at Fort Street in 1989, she quickly established herself as a teacher of the highest calibre. In the words of Neil Jennings, Head Teacher of Japanese, "Gail brought to the Languages staffroom her intelligence, her straightforward personality and her tolerance. She was respected by students for her command of her subject material and of languages teaching methodology. She set high academic standards but at the same time had an excellent ability to understand and help students with difficulties."

The high point of her teaching at Fort Street came with the HSC in 1991. From her class emerged the top candidate in 3-Unit Japanese in the State as well as the top two candidates in 2-Unit Japanese - quite an achievement! Gail, however, in typical self-effacing manner, always stressed the talent of these students as opposed to the quality of her teaching as the main factor in their success. It is obvious that without fine teaching such talent could not have been realised and brought to fruition. As well, Gail acknowledged the role played by Serge Yalichev in the earlier formative years of these students as crucial to their doing so well.

The adversity which informed Gail's last four years needs to be touched upon. Her daughter, Tessa, was diagnosed with leukaemia and died during bone-marrow transplant in 1992. Concurrent with this terrible event, Gail herself was diagnosed with breast cancer, eventually enduring many episodes of surgery and at least three bouts of chemotherapy

to try to arrest the spread of the disease. As well, Kristel was found to have the same type of leukaemia as her sister. Fortunately her bone-marrow transplant was successful and three years on she continues to thrive in remission. In each case, Gail gave her own bone-marrow to her daughters, it having been found that the bone marrow for all three was miraculously an exact match. Both surviving children, the elder daughter Shelley, who enters high school next year (and who had significant medical problems of her own) and Kristel, are in good health and coping well with the loss of their mother. It is certain that Gail would wish to acknowledge the wonderful role played by the staff of the

Oncology Unit at the, then, Camperdown Children's Hospital, and the care and understanding shown at Haberfield Public School during these periods of great distress and disruption for two brave little girls.

Deepest condolences are extended to Gail's family, ever present and loving during her illness.

The final word belongs to Serge Yalichev, Gail's colleague and fellow teacher of Japanese.

"...she was a much valued member of the Languages Department and interacted with her colleagues with humour, energy and vitality. She would engage in serious discussion or light pleasantries with equal zest. In the face of terrible adversity she demonstrated an awesome strength and determination that kept her active long after many other

people may have abandoned the fight for life in hopeless despair. Her mental and emotional fortitude were such that the rest of us often felt unaware that Gail, always cheerful and positive, was in fact confronted by a devastating personal tragedy. As one who worked with Gail, perhaps most closely of all in the area of Japanese Studies, I can only say that our co-operation and co-existence was perfect, with never a mild disagreement, let alone an argument. In all the years that the subject has been offered at Fort Street, it was no accident that Japanese was at its most popular during the time that Gail worked at our school and this all time popularity was in no small measure a product of her caring, knowledgeable and committed approach. Fort Street has lost a teacher of exceptional quality."

.... and we have lost a woman much loved. She is deeply and sadly missed.

**Ross Morgan**

Postscript: Beginning in 1996, a prize will be endowed in perpetuity in Gail's name for the highest achievement in 2-Unit Japanese by a student at Fort Street in the HSC. A fitting and lasting tribute to Gail Salmon.







# ART REPORT

Another non stop, interesting year for the Art Department, with excursions to Art Express, the Brett Whiteley exhibition, design at the Power House Museum and a harbour cruise with Year 9 taking photographs.

The work produced during the year by students has been creative, exciting and of a high standard. Congratulations to the three Year 12 students who's art major works were short listed for the 1996 Art Express Exhibition. They were Sarah Acton, Gabriel Hingley and James Hancock.

Gabriel Hingley's series of paintings 'perceptions od White Bay' were finally selected for this prestigious event. Art Express is at the New South Wales Art Gallery from January 11 to March and the State Library from February 5th to 10th March 1996. David Jones will also be showing selected works in their department store windows.

ososo  
fatafa  
fa  
bo  
olo bo  
schampa wulla wus sa

I paint because I need to.

I shop therefore I am

DADA

SURREALISTE

WAYS OF SEEING

ART & EVER

ceci n'est pas une pipe

HOT DOG

52



## History Report

1995 started out with a great deal of excitement for year 7 historians as they embarked on an exploratory cruise on board the Bounty and the Svaner. The Bounty on Sydney Harbour today, is of course the replica of that sailing ship aboard which that well known and famous mutiny took place in 1789, while the Svaner is a genuine sailing vessel built in Denmark in 1922. The two hour cruise provides Historians with first hand experiences of how sea-farers of yester-year worked and lived on very small sailing ships for months, even years on end. Unfortunately, it is not possible for Historians to take excursions to Egypt, Greece or China in year 8 or year 9 to view the wonders of Renaissance Italy, Tudor England or the Americas. Yet their studies come alive invariably as students bring in pieces of Papyrus, a Roman Coin or a copy of the American Declaration of Independence which they have obtained while abroad with their parents.

Year 10 and the Senior Historians have a lot more available on their own doorstep and can read diaries and letters of World War I soldiers, including Fortians, or inspect the archaeological dig on the foreshores of Sydney Cove. Year 10 in particular can read the words of that visionary Fortian Dr. Hebert Vere Evatt as he influenced the United Nations towards a more meaningful role in world affairs, or they can ponder the developments of the Cold War and the impact of its demise on today's world through first rate videos or current newspaper and magazines articles. Historians at Fort Street are very much aware that the study of History is a 'hands on' affair and how essential it is in order to answer the etemal question 'Qus Vas Lissus?' that they have a clear understanding of where the world has been.

The History teachers at Fort Street are a very dedicated group of professionals and I thank them once again for their outstanding efforts in making History come alive. Illness and mis-adventure have been unwelcomed aspects of 1995 in addition to these problems we most unfortunately say farewell to Mrs Jago at the end of this year. Mrs Jago came to Fort Street as a Head Teacher, Administrator, in 1985, and gradually became a significant member of the History Department. Mrs Jago is always willing to try new and different approaches to the teaching of History and has become a valuable member of the Faculty in her control and management of excursions for the History Department. A teacher who always has the best interests of her students at heart, we wish her well in her new appointment.



Vale Peter Lee, 1952 - 1995

Just one week before Peter was due to arrive at Fort Street for his annual presentation of Looking Back to ancient and medieval historians, I received the sad news that he had been killed in a terrible accident while en route to a country high school. Peter's group brought History alive to students when they acted as gladiators or medieval knights. He first performed at Fort Street in 1980. Since then, every year, he gave Historians at Fort Street a very unusual range of experiences associated with the ancient and medieval worlds. His contributions to education will be missed very much indeed throughout the State of N.S.W. and especially at Fort Street.

**Terry Glebe** Head Teacher History



## LANGUAGES FACULTY REPORT

The year started off well with the HSC results. Congratulations to Damon Young, who came fourth in the State in 3-unit French in the 1994 HSC Exam.

We welcomed Mr. Carey to our staff to teach Latin. Katja Heyde, from Kiel in Gemany, spent the year with us as our Geman assistant and is, unfortunately, leaving in December to teach in Sweden. Mr. Burrell has accepted a position at St. Patricks, Strathfield.

The Languages Faculty organised two overseas trips this year, one to our sister school in Tokyo and the other to New Caledonia. Both were highly successful for both teachers and students. Many thanks to Mr. Glebe and Mr. Yalichev for organising the Japan trip and to Mr. Grecki and Ms. Trevini for organising the New Caledonia trip.

Mr. Tippett won a vacation study award to Japan. He will spend six weeks studying at Osaka University. Simon Rowe of Year 11 gained a Geman Businessmen's Scholarship to spend eight weeks in Gemany.

1995 was for us a professionally satisfying, happy year.





## Careers Report



The Year 10 work experience program is still proving to be an invaluable program, giving students insights into the world of work and their own futures. The last five years have seen over 1400 organisations used among students. Since 1983 there have been over 3600 weeks of work experience offered to students. 1994 saw the addition of a computer to the careers room. The Jobs and Courses program supplied by the Department of Industrial Relations, Employment, Training and Further Education has proved to be an invaluable resource. Even non computer buffs have been amazed at how easy it has become to access information about jobs and courses.

Other highlights have included a scholarship won by Sharm Peres de Costa valued at \$40,000 to study at the International Baccalaureate in Hong Kong during 1994/5.

This scholarship was also won by Vanessa Tran the following year to the same college during 1995/6. These are two outstanding individual efforts.

A number of Fortians during 1994 were awarded scholarships. Scholarships to the value of \$445,550, in fact! I have included a list of prizewinners for your consideration. If this wasn't enough, Fortians from the class of 1994 rejected scholarships valued at over \$200,000!

### Scholarships

1. Monbusho Scholarship to Japan: \$2,000 per month allowance over 5 years plus aeroplane fare etc. approx. \$120,000

Florence IN, Year 12, 1994.

2. Co-op Scholarship at NSW Uni in Mechanical Engineering: \$9,800 p.a. over 5 years i.e., \$49,000. Katalin GRUBITS, Year 12, 1994.

3. ANU undergraduate scholarship: \$8,000 p.a. over 5 years i.e., \$40,000.

Sonya SCEATS, Year 12, 1994.

4. 2 Accounting Scholarships at UTS: each valued at \$28,800, i.e., \$57,600.

Lara VASARHELYI and Hai KHUAT. Year 12, 1994.

5. Business Information Technology Scholarship at UTS: valued at \$28,350.

Julian FINE, year12, 1994.

6. Alumni Scholarship at Sydney Uni: valued at \$3,000 for 3 years, i.e., \$9,000.

Amber ROBINSON, Year 12, 1994.

7. 2 Australian Students Prizes: valued at \$2,000 each.

Damon YOUNG and Patricia YAM, Year 12, 1994.

8. BHP medal: value \$1,000

Patricia YAM, Year 12, 1994

9. ABB bursary: valued at \$1,000 for 1995 and another for 1996 ( if satisfactory ) along with \$500 for the school and for the students parents, i.e., \$3,000.

Rebecca MCINTYRE, Year 10, 1994.

10. Undergraduate Scholarship at NSW Uni in the Faculty of Biological & Behavioural Sciences: valued at \$3,000 p.a. over 4 years, pending a credit average. Total \$12,000.

Patricia YAM, Year 12, 1994.

11. 2 United World Colleges Scholarships to Hong Kong: \$40,000 each. Total value \$80,000.

1994 winner - Shamila PERES de COSTA, Year 11, 1994.

1995 winner - Vanessa TRAN, Year 11, 1995.

12. Scholarship at NSW Uni: valued at \$500.

Damon YOUNG, Year 12, 1994.

Alex Outhred won the inaugural medical research competition run by the Australian Society for Medical Research and 6 Year 10 students were selected into the Talented Science Students Program run by the Faculty of Agriculture at the University of Sydney during 1994/5.

Well done Stephen Graham, Dalya Koch, Jaime Lawrence, Adam Zebrowski, Jeffrey Castro, Andrew Monk and Leon Moran. Unfortunately Jaime couldn't take part because he got chicken pox.

Another accomplishment was the Young Achievement Australia company, Superiya, winning the Venture of the year competition in 1994. In our tenth year of the program, it was the first time Fortians had been in the company judged best in NSW. This was a team effort by Tamara Howe, Leonie Kowalenko, Soruban Kanapathipillai, Ozgur Ozluk, Olivia Dunn, Edward Cram, Murray Coleman and Gareth Kemp.

The Joint Secodary Schools Tafe courses have established themselves with nieten students being involved in courses between Ultimo, Enmore and Petersham TAFE colleges during 1995. Another 36 students have applied for courses running during 1996 at TAFE campuses at Ultimo, Eora, Petersham, Enmore, Lidcombe, and Meadowbank as part of their HSC.

Jeanette McHugh, MP, member for Grandler has continued to supply copies of the school leavers kit to all Yr 12 students. This booklet contains important information on employment, training, education, financial assistance, and useful addresses and phone numbers.

These are but few highlights of the many activities throughout the past two years. I look forward to reading all about the fine achievements of the Class of 1995 after the HSC results. Time will tell of the scholarships and awards gained by the Class of 1995.

- Phil Canty, Careers Advisor.

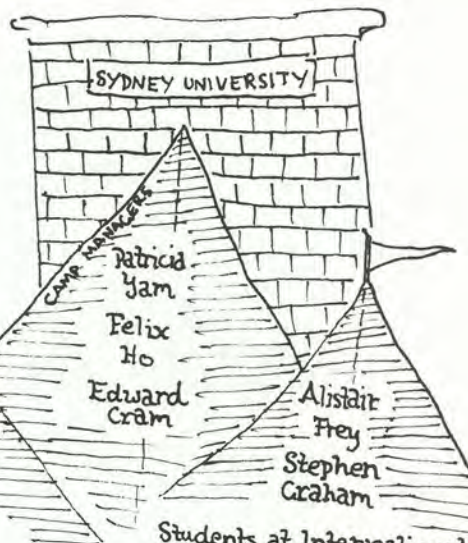




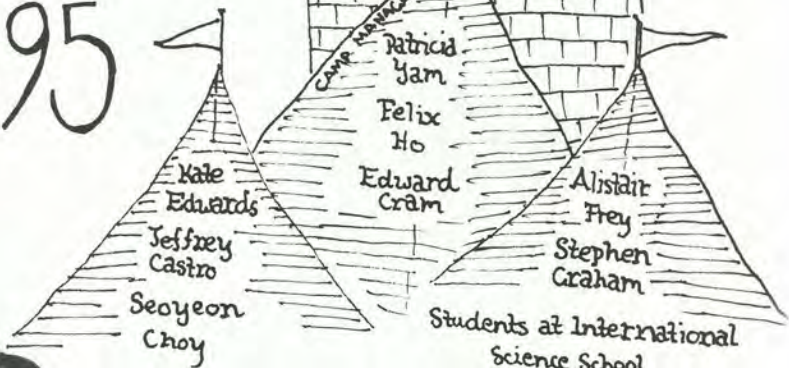
# Science at FORT STREET 1995



"The year started off with a bang!"



Patricia Yam  
1st in 4 Unit  
Science

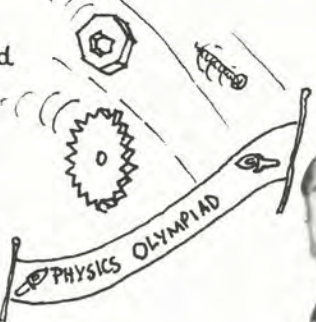


Australian Schools  
Science Competition

Tai Phan  
Liang Joo Low  
equal 1st in  
Physics.

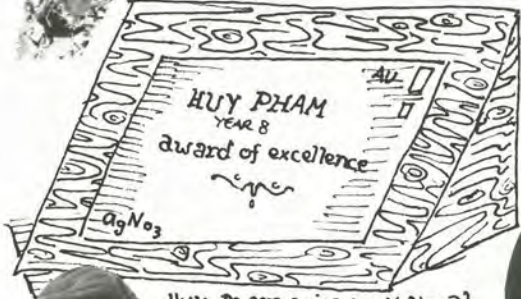


Jeffrey Castro  
wins the  
Malcolm Chaikin  
Prize  
Goes to the  
Physics Olympiad



Junior  
High Distinctions:

- Ker Liang
- Ho-fung Wong
- Robert Lawther
- Marc Ridyard
- Kit Morrell
- Huy Pham
- Timothy Greenfield
- Ji-yong Jeong
- Alexander Ustaszewski
- Adron Koh
- Anna Valpiani



Huy Pham wins the National  
Chemistry Quiz Plaque.

Edward Cram  
Jame Va Viet  
Andelys Allen



Huy Pham wins the National  
Chemistry Quiz Plaque.

International  
Space School



Hot Chips  
at Macquarie Uni



Dalya Koch  
Claire Wallace  
Rebecca McIntyre  
Seoyeon Choy

SASCHA MORRELL TT

Next camp: Canberra, National Youth Forum



## **REPORT ON THE NATIONAL SCIENCE SUMMER SCHOOL 1995**

Early last year my science teacher asked if anyone was interested in applying for the NSSS. Not many people applied from the school as the thought of going to 'school' in the holidays isn't particularly attractive. However, the program is not a school and the change of name to the National Youth Science Forum next year is an excellent way to remove the stigma involved with school and give an indication of what the program is really about. A year before, I had attended the International Science School at Sydney University and wondered if the NSSS would be as rewarding. Although the scientific program was not as intense at the NSSS I felt that the varied activities we participated in made the NSSS a better program overall. In being selected for the school, I went through two interviews. While these interviews were harrowing they, along with the simulated interview at the school, provided me with good experience for any future interviews. After the interviews there was a period of calm, broken only by our orientation evening, held at Macquarie University. This was an occasion where everyone selected by the district met each other and received information from past students.

A day before the school began, my family and I went to the airport to pick up my billet from Western Australia. As he was on an evening flight, he missed out on what would have been the highlight of his trip (to see Sydney, of course) but as we drove home through Kings Cross he got a taste for Sydney anyway. We awoke the next morning at a respectable hour (considering that some people had to get up at 3.00am to arrive in Sydney on time) and arrived at Central Station. I already knew many of the people on the bus from orientation, and in the course of the ride I got to know many others, including the three Canadian students who only stayed for a few days. When we arrived in Canberra we went to set up our rooms. Although the rooms were small, they were adequate, as we were all exhausted by the rigorous program.

For the duration of the school, we were put in a group with each group following a different program. I was in the group Florey and there was a biology theme to our program. The laboratories and sites that we visited included an electron microscopy unit where we got to use both scanning and transmission electron microscopes, different laboratories that were carrying out testing on asthma in rats, and weevil resistant plants, the Research School of Biological Sciences where we were able to be in a room with 50,000 bees they were testing for depth perception, Questacon and Parliament House, where we were allowed access to the House of Representatives. All the visits were as hands-on as possible and this made the program very enjoyable. Also, the people who talked to us explained things clearly and to a correct depth, without bombarding us with facts, and in doing this they transmitted much of their enthusiasm.

The experience has given me an interest in genetics, a field that I had never really noticed before, as the only time I heard about it was in theory lessons at school. Seeing genetic engineering, gene mapping, artificially created mutations and models of synthesised life was of great

assistance in defining for me what a career in genetics offers. The School also reinforced how important a university education is and gave us information on the various scholarships that are available. Something else that I learnt was that scientists do actually have a sense of humour (there is an average of three Gary Larson cartoons on any scientist's door).

Other activities included the Forums, where everyone got to have their say about what they thought on a range of current topics. These allowed us to air our views for all to see and also broadened our minds to what other people think.

In addition, we all took part in the public speaking seminars, practicals, and a role played interview. Despite all this, there was still time for an active social life. Being with people who you know little about, but who all have the same kind of interests, likes, dislikes and aspirations as yourself, leads to making a whole lot of new friends in really quick time. Topics of conversation ranged from cold fusion and faster than light travel to the meaning of life and the correct pronunciation of "castle". Ask a Victorian about that one. Probably the highlight of the social program was the first guest speaker, the Reverend Allan Male. He gave an amazingly inspiration talk that will remain with all of us forever. We all became very close over the two weeks and met many friends who we will surely meet in our travels in life. There were many tears and innumerable hugs on the last day.

Mixing with so many other people who are so confident and sure of themselves meant that all of us came home feeling better about ourselves. Everyone was very open about their thoughts and feelings and a lot was learnt by everyone about other people generally. I am now a lot more confident due to the spontaneous social activities and also the seminars on public speaking, and the role played interview. I also now have a goal, and the motivation to achieve that goal. I was always just going to drift through life and take the path of least resistance, but now I have something to work towards.

There are many wonderful people who helped me to get to the NSSS. I would like to thank my school, Fort Street, which first gave me information about the school, and which also encouraged me to do many extracurricular activities that broaden my horizons. I would like to acknowledge the Rotary Club of Epping, who first selected me and who contributed half the cost of the program. Also, thanks to my parents, who are always there to give me direction when they think I need it. Once at the school, there were many individuals and organisations that made it what it was. The staff were great, as was Dr. Gory, who basically runs the school himself. Thanks to the institutions who allowed us use of their facilities and to all who work there for being an inspiration. Finally, I would like to thank the most exceptional and commendable people there, the other students.

There are very few people I will meet in my life who I will feel as close to as I do to the people who attended the school. The shared experience was wonderful as was the experience of sharing so much.

**Edward Cram**





## ENGLISH REPORT

For the English Department, 1995 was been a productive but exhausting year. It began well with the news of excellent 1994 HSC results. Damon Young should be congratulated for his outstanding efforts, gaining first place in the State in 3-Unit English and winning a scholarship to the UNSW. His achievement is a tribute to both him and the hard work of his teachers. Again, our students have enthusiastically engaged themselves in extra activities: debating, drama, writing competitions and an additional (albeit time-consuming) "Tell A Terrific Tale" competition run in Years 7, 8 and 9.

A veritable feast of drama was again prepared thanks to the tireless efforts of Ms. Macdonald who was responsible for staging two Drama Nights in Terms 1 and 2. Her commitment and dedication to the students is deserving of the highest praise. Over 100 students were actively engaged as directors, cast, crew, props, refreshments and publicity managers. Highlights of the nights were, excellent student productions of:

"Year 9 are Animals", "Tomorrow's World", "Riders to the Sea" and "The Manic Master of Murder".

This year a number of students entered the ICC and STC Young Playwrights Competition. Three students were chosen to attend a workshop run by Paul Thompson at the Wharf Theatre and Damon Young, who also entered a play in the competition, was a runner-up. Sarah Comey was chosen to attend the MetEast Drama Camp at Collaroy and enjoyed herself workshopping stage production and play-building.

The writers and director of Channel 7's "Home and Away" engaged some Year 11 students in the processes and skills involved in writing and putting together a script. So good were some of the students' ideas, that Greg Haddrick had them scripted and incorporated in an episode filmed this year.

An increasing interest in film and video-making has seen two entries submitted this year into the Panasonic Video Competition.

Writing workshops were also conducted for students in the craft of fiction and poetry writing. Ms. Macdonald invited Ann Davis from the Peers Project to run a workshop on poetry writing with a Year 10 class. Currently, five students have had work accepted and published in "Five Bells", an Australian monthly poetry magazine put out by the Poets' Union. Although this year's SMH Young Writers' Competition had fewer entries than last year, two of our students received Highly Commended certificates.

Highlights of our excursions this year include:

Year 12, "King Lear" and "The Removalists" (plus a lecture on the play by Peter Camody).

Year 9, "Gossips from Hell".

Year 8, Bell Shakespeare's "Pyramis & Thisbe".

Year 7, "Two Weeks with the Queen".

Inter-school debating saw our three teams successfully complete and win their individual zones. Congratulations to the Year 12 team: Josh Szeps, Ben Marx, Eleanor Hobley and Craig Foley. Year 11: Ben Spies-Butcher, Andrew Scott, Anna Clark, Simon Rowe and Katrina Morris. Year 10: Sam Bowring, Mayet Costello, Bree Chisolm, Brendan Wilmot and Bridie Rushton. Ben Spies-Butcher is to be congratulated on his participation as the school's representative in the district final of the Plain Speaking Award. His efforts were highly commended by the Committee.

Team coaches, Mrs. Hosking and Mr. Ambler, must also be thanked for their time, energy and patience in preparing our teams for competition.

On the curriculum front, 1995 saw the Board of Studies inform schools of proposed changes to HSC English. It is envisaged that the new course structures will begin in 1998 and will see the introduction of 4-Unit English.

1996 and 1997 are an "interim period" with minimal changes to course structure - the most notable being a reduction in the number of set texts from seven to five in both 2-Unit Related and 2-Unit General. No changes have been made to the 3-Unit course. 1996 will be a year of much discussion and consultation as the Board presents its new proposals to school communities.

Finally, on a personal note, I would sincerely like to thank my colleagues for their hard work and support during my time as Acting Head this year. Thanks must also go to Mr. Morgan, Mr. Fakes, Mr. Strauss (and Ms. Gilbert) who filled in so ably for staff who were on leave.

**Ms. Neurath - Acting Head Teacher English**





# DRAMA REPORT

Junior Drama 1995 was HUGE. So huge, in fact, that it could not all fit in the one showcase, and had to be hosted over two.

The first performance involved the two longest plays in the Junior Drama group. It was hosted by Claudine Lyons and Thea Greenwood on 11th and 12th June. The first play was 'Riders in the Sea', a tale of suffering in an isolated Irish fishing town. Directed by Wendy Hanna, it starred Kate Doutney, Kit Morrell, James Lane and Jessica Gauke. Superbly acted, especially the difficult Irish accents! The second play was 'Year 9 are Animals' directed by Tudor Protopopescu. This was about a young teacher surviving in a rough school. It starred Jack Teiwes, Tessa Lunney, Tennille Noach, Toby Allen, Jenny Parkes and Toby Leon. This play received a sparkling report from Mr Buckingham.

The second showcase kicked off with the Year 7 dancing to *Grease*.

Choreographed by Crystal Loneregan, Holly Fisher, Lucy Buchanan, Lucy Quinn, Brooke Harrison, Emma Keogh and Nicola Patterson, it paved the way for a fun night ahead.

The first play of the night was 'Manic Master of Murder'. Written and directed by Georgina Davidson and Claudine Lyons, it was a comedy about the murder of a schoolgirl. It starred Jacob Stone, Leila Engle, Rachel Stein-Holmes, Steve Milce, Travis Nippard, James Lane, Alan Logan and Sarah Laylor. A very entertaining and amusing play for all.

Next was a series of sketches from the play 'Tomorrows World' written by Ken Method. These were set in the future, posing moral questions about the way we live. These were great as they involved the audience and used a large cast. The sketches were directed by Thea Greenwood, Susan Koboroff, Naomi de Costa and Ingrid Lane. It starred Paul Garrett, James Cibej, Mitchell McMahon, Georgina Morris, Wendy Morrison, Toby Allen, Julia Britton, Mark Smith, Erica Valpiani, Gomez Braham, Sascha Morrell, Effie Klippan, Ben Davis, Anna Brennan, Dylan Behan, Heather Wallace, Sarah Dearie, Naomi de Costa, Tennille Noach, Rachel Jackson, Francisca Gan, My Van Bui, Sarah Steel, Thomas Costa, Ruth Jago, Clara Rolls, Julian Curiskis, Veena Rajah and Joanne Tooler.

Interval entertainment was provided by (the now famous) Clio Gates-Foale and her juggling act. This involved Clio and her brothers performing complex routines, as well as unicycle riding with Nikki Curthoys and James Findlay. Paul Garrett, Jenny Parkes, Luke Ismay, Jamie Cibej and Jamie Cameron helped out backstage. Music was provided by the IMP, with special thanks to Phil Harper and Brian Strong.

All this could not have been possible without the time and effort that Ms Macdonald put in. All the Drama students, I'm sure, are indebted to her and thank her for the work she put in to make these fun nights possible.

Tessa Lunney Year 9





# INDUSTRIAL ARTS DEPARTMENT

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.

The Wood and Electronics Technics students gained valuable skills from 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.

In Wood Technics, the Year 9 and 10 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 Technics 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. This year some of our Yr. 10 students have been experimenting with sensing devices to control movement of small machines, and have built small robotic vehicles.

The Technical Drawing students, through their quality work have demonstrated the high level of design and drawing skills that our students do develop in two years of TD.

This year the TD students have been able to make greater use of our CAD program in drawing on the computers. In November, the students participated in an excursion involving the CAD-CAM project at the Power house Museum. Firstly they were involved in the Laser Link display, then they were given a task to design a chess piece and draw it on a computer via a CAD program. Their design was then manufactured on a CNC lathe in high density wax. The excursion was an excellent opportunity for students to see, first hand, how computer technology, drawing, and manufacturing all fit together.

The drawing knowledge and skills gained in the TD course, are an extremely useful acquisition for their future.

This year, one of our Year 12 Design and Technology students, James Hancock, presented a Major Work for the HSC that was selected to be displayed in the "DesignTech" Exhibition. This is an annual exhibition which displays Design and Technology work of outstanding quality.

James researched, designed and drew a rewind mechanism for audio tapes, then graphically presented display and advertising material surrounding that design. He also included a model, and a very detailed folio of research and ideas.

The exhibition tours the State but will be on display at the Power House Museum in January and February 1996.

Congratulations to James, for a fine achievement.

**Mr. G. Osland**  
Head Teacher of Industrial Arts.







**YEAR 7F**

- Row 4:** Joel Bedford, Piotr Bozym, Thomas Dallow, Nicholas Dixon-Wilmshurst, William Dang.  
**Row 3:** Gaurav Bhardwaj, Mathias Boer-Mah, My-Van Bui, Madhushini Bazil, Elaine Chui, Mei-Lian Barry, Christopher Berry, Julian Curiskis.  
**Row 2:** Thomas Costa, Philip Clare, Daniel Bishton, Fergus Beams, Mark Crocker, Tim Davidson, Bill Au, Cassian Cox, Danny Fairfax.  
**Front:** Julia Britton, Susann Cheung, Margot Allan Georgas, Uma Aggarwal, Kate Brennan, Megan Bootes, Betty Chang, Anna Brennan.



**Year 7O**

- Row 4:** Nicholas Falkinder, Roger Haddad, Robert Lee, Karl Kuepper, Joel Kitson.  
**Row 3:** Titus Hui, Rhys Heame, Marc Howlin, Amber Gee, Verity Gill, Francisca Gan, Kalon Huett, Adam Foley.  
**Row 2:** Peter James, Anthony Howler, Alexis Grivas, Marcus-Hayward, Charles Forester, Thomas Irvine, Peter Hey-Cunningham, Nicholas Forwood, Phong Le.  
**Front:** Beth Deguara, Ruth Jago, Camilla Holt, Kristy Green, Louise Dumbrell, Sarah Deame, Catherine Clark, Sally Gilbert.







**Year 7B**

- Row 4:** Robert Lawson, Michael Lee, Edward Peat, Matthew Paul, Toby Leon.  
**Row 3:** Adrik Kemp, Philip Mayger, Gareth Ivory, Chih-Ping Liao, Nancy Jiang, Keely McNamara, Alan Logan, Jonathon Murty.  
**Row 2:** Matthew Loh, Liam Ovenden, Declan Kuch, Nikhil Kulkarni, Kevin Pickett, Jack Prest, Jundir Liew, Chang Yuan Loh, Sumudu Jayawardana.  
**Front:** Natalie Manning, Shelley Lin, Mary Lentros, Elizabeth Lee, Jocelinn Kang, Holly Malaquin, Helen Jin, Anna McIlwaine.



**Year 7T**

- Row 4:** Tamara Pearson, Christian Lee, Mathew Scott, Giridhar Parameswaran, Zoe Lyon.  
**Row 3:** Vic Khalili, Jeffrey See, David Saba, Ewan McGaughey, Leo Sek, Martin Kurek, John Nguyen, Benn Scott.  
**Row 2:** Nick Osborne, Liam Ryan, Christopher Parris, Peter Paszti, Roxana Chan, Mac Shine, Lee-Shaun Saw, David Ng, Lennard Lopez.  
**Front:** Aleksandra Milovanovic, Thu-Ha Nguyen, Sarah Lalor, Sascha Morrell, Georgina Morris, Veena Rajan, Michelle Roldan, Cecilia Ng.





**Year 7I**

**Row 4:** Ken Scott, Damjan Vlastelica, Ho Tun Wong, Ker Zhang, Jonathon Wang.

**Row 3:** David Vadas, Alex Sinclair, Gavin Smith, Phillip Tehong, William Vuong, Tomme Tsang, Hoyan Ngai, Gonzalo Vilches.

**Row 2:** Zach Wolfson, Dennis Singh, Rui Yi, Maurizio Stefani, Heather Wallace, Mowena Wilkins, Steven Turner, Charles Yeung, James Thai.

**Front:** Clara Rolls, Bethany Siepen, Chamaine Tam, Katrina-Louise Reid, Phoebe Singleton, Sarah Steel, Rebecca Yuen, Cindy Sheu.



**Year 8F**

**Row 4:** Sean Chang, Andrew Bishop, Joshua Avery, Ricky Chen.

**Row 3:** David Arcidiacono, Dylan Calder, Jamie Cameron, Nick Bird, Gomez Braham, Ian Allan, Josh Boerma, Robert Choy.

**Row 2:** Toby Allen, Nicole Balsarini, Amie Burkys, Carly Bedford, Katie Burge-Lopez, Rebecca Carritt, Julian Brattoni.

**Front:** Grace Brown, Nancy Chen, Irene Cheung, Emma Brockway, Suzanne Cartwright, Dianne Beatty, Santhi Chalasani, Margaret Chi.







**Year 8O**

- Row 4:** Benjamin Davis, Lachlan Delaney, Anthony Dumbrell, Stephen Clyne.  
**Row 3:** Terence Chu, Jeb Cole, Danny Ford, Tim Curnick, Stephen Echt, Thomas Holyoake, David Holbeche, Peter Glavas.  
**Row 2:** Alex Hill, Brendan De Conceicao, Timothy Greenfield, Laila Engle, Nicholas Curnow, Peter Hartley, Fabian Diaz.  
**Front:** Nana Frishling, Lily Fang, Lauren Frazer, Sophie Higgins, Jessika Gauke, Lynn Dang, Linda Fernandez, Shelley Bill.



**Year 8B**

- Row 4:** Leigh Louey-Gung, Steven Huang, Filip Kidon, Andrew Kennedy, Christopher James, David Jang.  
**Row 3:** Aaron Koh, Sean Howe, Kean Lau, Effie Klippan, Thurka Kuhan, Robert Lawther, Hazem Hkamis, James Lane.  
**Row 2:** Ben Lau, Johnathon Hwang, Robert Ishak, Paul Keighley, Tom Jackson, Frewen Lam, Yan Lam.  
**Front:** Olivia Kang, Anna Kim, Bonny Kyung, Marnie Innis, Sarah Johnson, Melissa Lim, Anne Lam, Herina Lee.





**Year 8T**

- Row 4:** Nick Lucchinelli, Andrew McKibbin, Adam Murphy, Kenny Main, Benn O'Donnell, Minh Phan, David McHattie, Glenn McLaughlin.
- Row 3:** Huy Pham, Chris McHattie, Vinh Thang Nguyen, Anthony Mihaljek, Charles Peters, Aleksander Akopyan, Stefan Nadolski, Mitchell McMahon.
- Row 2:** Christopher Ong, Luke McMahon, Michelle Lim, A.J. Nurse, Kristy North, Alex McGuirk, Niccola Phillips, Nick Milner, Kelvin Leung.
- Front:** Alice Mah, Belinda Lum, Theresa McSpedden, Korana Musicki, Stephanie Nicholson, Caroline Malcolm, Miriam Mafessanti, Laura McLean.



**Year 8I**

- Row 4:** Jack Teiwes, Sophie Richards, Mark Smith, Tristan Roache-Turner.
- Row 3:** Stephen Weatherall, Kieran Riches, Wallace Stewart, Conrad Richters, Dylan Reiseger, Justin Tsuei, Adrian Thomas, Eric Wong.
- Row 2:** Thomas Smith, Rowan Udell, Naomi Stanley, Zoe Rodwell, Kate Vandyke, Susan Quinn, Rachel Stein-Holmes, Anna Van, Tom Rushton.
- Front:** Hae-Won Song, Patricia Quach, Erica Valpiani, Monica Wong, Moira Williams, Karen Tang, Nicole Talmacs, Claresta Seto.







**Year 9F**

- Row 4:** William Chan, James Denham, Jonathon Dixon, Robert Austen, Andrew Cram.  
**Row 3:** Ben Damon, Timothy Bowen, Nicole Dann, Tiffany Basili, Clare Britton, Fionnuala Browne, Georgina Davidson, Paul Berchtold.  
**Row 2:** Cyrus An, Brian Bahari, Ricky Chen, Yadhav Balagiritharan, Ernest Chan, Nathan Denton, Jose Argueta, Nick Coleman, Calvin Cheung.  
**Front:** Anila Azhar, Grace Cheung, Catherine Bocking, Binny Batra, Naomi De Costa, Fawne Berkutow, Lisa Collins, Amy Cheung.



**Year 9O**

- Row 4:** Yanni Kronenberg, Kit Johnston, Chris Migocki.  
**Row 3:** Alan Kan, David Jenkinson, Susan Koboroff, Clio Gates-Foale, Peter Graham, Chris Hayes, Chris Fitzpatrick.  
**Row 2:** Andrew Johnston, James Findlay, Anthony Jenkin, Kubilay Kocak, Jim Kalotheos, Skandarupam Jayaratnam, Nik Fritchley.  
**Front:** Thea Greenwood, Natasha Fong, Rachel Jackson, Katrina Goh, Lynda Duncan, Ji-Yong Jeong, Leah Hopkinson, Sophia Herscovitch.





**Year 9R**

- Row 4: Brendan McCready, Darren Ma, Krish Mandal, Luke Manderson, Ben Lashbrook, Thomas Molitemo.  
 Row 3: Steve Milce, Tessa Lunney, Claudia Mills, Kit Morrell, Claudine Lyons, Sumita Maharaj, Beum-Soo Lee.  
 Row 2: Justin La Bruna, Kam-Fai Ma, Owen Macindoe, Cameron Maxwell, Yip-Lee Leung, Phil Morgan.  
 Front: Jane Min, Grace Ma, Jenny Lee, Crystal Longergan, Tiffany Malins, Ingrid Lane, Sonya Louey, Jenny Lin.



**Year 9T**

- Row 4: Thomas Richards, Wendy Morrison, Tim Newman, Ben Smith, Jane O'Sullivan, Travis Nippard.  
 Row 3: Mark Notaras, John Murray, Tennille Noach, Frances Quinn, Jenny Parkes, Pippa Scott, Mark Ridyard, Ranji Murali.  
 Row 2: Tully Rosen, Steven Ng, Jonathon Shaw, Paul Saciri, Ben Murphy, Minh Huy Nguyen, Con Perris, James Russell, Nick Prokhovnik.  
 Front: Mary Kim, Vanessa Owens, Jayda Tham, Alexandra Peard, Renata Murru, Prashanthi Nadarajah, Shubangi Ramgopal, Thuy Nguyen.







**Year 9I**

**Row 4:** David Wall, Chris Stabback, Andrew Yam.

**Row 3:** Rod Smith, Mark Stevens, Kate Toupein, Joanne Tooher, Alan Tang, Jasmine Stark, Jeremy Wee, Balya Sriram.

**Row 2:** Andrew Wan, Kingston Soo, Peter Verzi, Daniel Tan, Aleksander Ustaszewski, Joshua Watson, Ned Tillyer, Steven Yee, Robert Trinh.

**Front:** Michelle Summerville, Anna Valpiani, Apeksha Srivastava, Priscilla Wong, Jenny Thai, Hai Tran, Shirley Tran, Keyna Wilkins.



**Year 10F**

**Row 4:** Lani Cummins, Sam Bowring, George Clemens, Daniel Archibald.

**Row 3:** Bree Chisholm, Mayet Costello, Belinda Conway, Erin Dixon, Lucy Buchanan, Katie Bird, Tessa Boer-Mah, Holly Fisher.

**Row 2:** Gareth Edwards, Sheman Cheung, Salvatore Barbagallo, Jamie Cibej, David Bishop, Tae-Ho Choi, Simon Chan, Warren Chan, Dylan Behan.

**Front:** Arani Chandrapavan, Alex Clark, Michelle Cheung, Rebecca Edwards, Nikki Curthoys, Anna Ceguerra, Vythehi Elango, Jessamin Clissold.





**Year 10Q**

- Row 4: Seamus Geraghty, Stephen Harvey, Joshua Hey-Cunningham, Matthew Jones, Chris Lobo,  
 Row 3: Julian Kang, Darren Ho, Emma Keogh, Paul Garrett, Chris Hayward-Jenkins, Nicholus Heffeman, Sarah Lim, Michael Hottinger.  
 Row 2: Daniel Iwata, Alex Gray, George Nguyen, Benjamin Lachs, Liam Hogan, Nathan Gee, Tony Kerle, Luke Ismay, Luke Hall.  
 Front: Shiyo Hayashi, Julitha Harsas, Keely Fitzgerald, Brooke Harrison, Denim Francis, Heidi Hunt, Lisa Foley, Alicia Koh.



**Year 10R**

- Row 4: Ned Molesworth, Digby Mitchell, Leon Moran, Andrew Lovett.  
 Row 3: Azhar Munas, Kenneth Lai, Dale Leong, Gabriel Morphett, Chris Low, Gaurav Mathur, Matthew Lau, Derek Lee.  
 Row 2: Minh Ngo, Asher Livingston, Andrew Monk, Robbie Morris, Eliza Maunsell, James McQuillan, Long Nguyen, Thanh-Loi Ngo, Daniel Montoya.  
 Front: Sythany Leang, Nicolle Lane, Annie Liao, Kate Michie, Kate Matarese, Sarah Lyford, Monica Ng, Elizabeth Mole.







**Year 10T**

- Row 4:** Matthew Peat, Tom O'Neill, Philip O'Sullivan, James Ryan.  
**Row 3:** Hugh O'Neill, Brooke Richards, Daryl Singh, David Sebastian, Tudor Protopopescu, Alex Roberts, Lucy Quinn, Simon Paterson.  
**Row 2:** Raphael Stephens, Sean Read-Thompson, James Russell-Wills, Frank Sainsbury, Michael Slavin, Courtney Siepen, Chris Stefani, Hani Zaitoun, Patrick Stanton.  
**Front:** Billie Jean Sia, Priscilla Wong, Bridie Rushton, Nicola Patterson, Fiona Parsons, Zoe Pyke, Nicole Seeto, Sonia Ramdev.



**Year 10I**

- Row 4:** Peter Stewart, Nicholas Wilcox, Alexander Tomlinson, Aditya Sudarshan.  
**Row 3:** Christie Stone, Danny Vieira, Alex Yuen, George Wang, Aaron Willett, Paul Watson, Andrew Watson, Kristy Welfare.  
**Row 2:** Roald Mafessanti, Juliano Youn, Nick Whiting, Jacob Stone, Peter Von Konigsmark, Jeremy Yuen, Ryan Thompson, Brendan Willmott, Brendan Willendberg.  
**Front:** Sarah Tran, Hannah Wolfson, Sarah Wood, Heidi Wenden, Juliette Ra, Emily Swift, Lisa Wong, Suzanne Vo.





STAFF 1995

- Row 5: S.Hatano, R.Morgan, T.Jurd, B.Fraser, K.Ambler, P.Canty, T. Millward, B.Hageman, N.Burrell, W.Griffith, H.Fraser, M.Docking.
- Row 4: R.Hayes, C.Gaskin, J.Jacobs, T.Leondios, C.Moynham, J.Zurcher, A.Fumari, S.Allen, I.Nicholson, E.Davis, M.Anderson, D.Brace, S.Mazurkiewicz.
- Row 3: J.Levi, S.Yalichev, T.Kozlowska, E.Jamble, M.Hosking, D.Karatasas, V.Chiplin, J.Thomhill, L.Beevers, D.Fraser, H.Young, L.Wells, J.Chung.
- Row 2: L.Trevini, G.Tippett, M.Stamoulos, G.McInnes, M.Watts, R.Soothill, M.Ireland, K.Anderson, K.McGown, K.Johnson, P.Wardell, M.Katsiaris, A.Draper, M.Brewster.
- Front: R.Smith, Z.Neurath, N.Jennings, M.Johanson, B.Jago, B.Leonard, J.Buckingham, R.Paice, T.Glebe, G.Osland, R.Higgins.

*HOW HIP ARE YOU ?*

- 1 What colour is your hair:
  - (a) pink
  - (b) I have no hair
  - (c) multicoloured because of the numerous bleaches and dyes
  - (d) natural
- 2 What do you look for in an ideal partner
  - a) multiple identical personalities
  - (b) eyebrows joined in the middle
  - (c) a clone of David Duchomy
  - (d) nice sets of pecs
3. What is your favourite TV series
  - (a) X-files
  - (b) The Brady Bunch
  - (c) High Tide
  - (d) Party of Five
- 4 Where do you shop most ;
  - (a) Lowes
  - (b) The Markets
  - (c) Pink Soda
  - (d) Vinnies
- 5 What is your favourite type of music;
  - (a) B52's before 'Love Shack'
  - (b) Vanilla Ice
  - (c) X-Files Theme
  - (d) Silverchair
- 6 What magazine do you read;
  - (a) X-Files comics
  - (b) oyster
  - (c) Girlfriend
  - (d) New Idea
- 7 Where do you go after school
  - (a) the Imperial
  - (b) home to study
  - (c) stay where you are- which is usually anywhere but school
  - (d) home to watch your X - files video

*Answers*

1. a)3 b)2 c)4 d)0  
 2. a)2 b)0 c)4 d)3  
 3. a)4 b)3 c)2 d)0  
 4. a)0 b)4 c)2 d)3  
 5. a)3 b)2 c)4 d)0  
 6. a)4 b)3 c)2 d)0  
 7. a)2 b)0 c)3 d)4

If you scored: 21-28 Hippest of the VERY HIP! You're so Cool, the world melts into a puddle of awe at your feet.  
 14-21 Ooh! Just scraped into the Hip, then. Watch out or you might find yourself actually enjoying maian careys Christmas cards  
 0-14 You're not even worthy to do this quiz!







**Year 11F**

**Row 4:** Taso Athanasakopoulos, Simon Allen, Anna Clark, Michelle Bland, Nada Andric, Peter Bockos.

**Row 3:** Rebecca Burn, Amy Baxter, Georgina Braham, Anasuya Claff, Amber Austin, Alice Carter, Karen Chiu.

**Row 2:** Wenshing Choi, Simon Barbetti, James Backus, Peter Bush, Barney Beale, Adam Badaway, Jeffrey Castro.

**Front:** Pooja Chowdhary, Anna Choy, Sung-Bok Cho, Fleur Beaupert, Millicent Chu, Seoyeon Choi, Natasha Blom.



**Year 11O**

**Row 4:** Hamish Clarke, David Crofts, David Colville, Luke Clifton, Paul Harvey, David De Nardi.

**Row 3:** Inara Gravitis, Scott Creelman, Sylvie Ellsmore, Daniela Floro, Wendy Hanna, Bemadette Hanna, Kate Edwards.

**Row 2:** Jonathon Ehsani, Stephen Graham, Craig Conway, Alvaro Garcia, Paul Coe, Dylan Connerton, Michael Correa, Ben Day-Roche.

**Front:** Sarah Comey, Amy Cloran, Kate Doutney, Michelle Echt, Viet Duong, Kathy Dao, Clara Fitchley.





**Year 11R**

- Row 4: Muz Karaoglu, Simon Holding, Nathaniel Howse, Andrei Laptev, Maria Kwiatowski  
 Row 3: Manny Holihan, Kah Gwan Khoo, Jaime Lawrence, Tim Hu, Mary Kim, Arlong Lee, Rodney Hocking, Michael Holihan.  
 Row 2: Mary Kirkness, Raymond Kwok, Tharan Karunalyan, Lucas Kolenberg, Yash Jalpota, David Lee, Amy Leanfore, Timothy Li, Sue Jun.  
 Front: Tanya Lau, Dalya Koch, Jemaine Hui, Cindy Hu, Amy Lawson, Swati Johri, Anna Lee, Francoise Hong.



**Year 11T**

- Row 4: Jemima Mowbray, Cameron Paulinich, Albert Lu, Arion McNicoll, Rose Malcolm, Jack McCarrol.  
 Row 3: Rebecca McIntyre, Dinesh Sanmuganathan, Andrew McHattie, Stewart McDonald, Ewan McDonald, Warin Nitipaisakul, Lydia Natsis.  
 Row 2: Oliver McDonnell, Hong Nguyen, Nathan Quinlan, Fred Lunsmann, Yuri Schimke, Nathan McLachlan, Jakob Ruhl.  
 Front: Emma Quine, Shani Mandal, Michelle Sabatier, Katherine Lynch, Thi Luc, Krisztina Paszti, Katrina Morris, Aletha McHalick.







**Year 11 I**

- Row 4:** Satyajit Siva, Nicholas Tesoriero, Nikolas Zelenjak, Michael Zanardo, Adam Zebrowski, Thomas Scott, Boon Tan.  
**Row 3:** Vi Tran Hung, Megan Scott, Alex Schlensky, Hanna Torsch, Leah Williams, Mingshan Sim, Andrew Scott.  
**Row 2:** Claire Wallace, Tim Sinclair, Ben Spies-Butcher, Michael Solomon, Matthew Want, Linden Ying.  
**Front:** Corinne Uren, Minerva Siasat, Tamara Talmacs, Vanessa Tran, Belinda Tooher, Rebecca Wu, Yada Treesukosol.



**Year 11 A**

- Row 3:** Simson Chu, Edward Kim, Milad Ayoub, Mark Cumow, David Bell, Xenogene Gray, Dennis Ma.  
**Row 2:** Patrick Lee, Basem Morris, Ching-Wem Yong, Stephen Johnston, Wo Ying Fu, Benjamin Yam, Bill Yang, Humphrey Tse.  
**Front:** Elizabeth Nguyen, Jenny Lee, Cindy Chow, Jeanne Jung, Lisa Cheng, Michell Manion, Nada Zaitoun, Christiane Chung.





**Year 12, 1995**

- Front:** Eileen Vuong, Aileen dela Pena, Anna Chau, Anna Lee, Leonie Smallwood, Emalynne Belen, Malene Bhargava, Ai-Linh Phu, Abirame Mohan, Minh Hua, Anosha Yazdabadi, Judy Liao, Katrina Yiu, Minh-Mguyet Nguyen, Mellissa Mui, Thuy Bui, Melinda Mui, Christina Torres.
- Row 2:** Kelly Chu, Helen Sun, Joanne Pearce, Angela Kontominas, Linn Linn Lee, Melanie Bishop, Patrice Polyhron, Jenny Ip, Sita Chopra, Cristina Chang, Olivia Dun, Jane Van Vliet, Andelys Allen, Smrithi Siva, Natalie Lammas, Alex McDonald, Frances Cumming, Carla Williamson, Djcynta Holden, Victoria Lee, Jenny Vandyke, Melanie Tooher, Michelle Boyle, Alice Uribe, Amanda Yee.
- Row 3:** Frances Guest, Richie Diep, Rupert Su, Jung Min Lee, Murray Coleman, Nicholas Ooi, Bilal Rauf, Dougal Phillips, Kivanch Mehmet, Andres Olave, Edmond Chung, Bennie Wong, Michael Quoy, King Chan, Calvin Ellis, Arpit Srivastava, Burt Sigsworth, Sean Torstensson, Cham Tang, Benjamin Marx, Aswin Harahap, Stephen Quoy, Richard Luong.
- Row 4:** Jye Calder, Si-Bin Lim, Mainul Hossain, Dat Truong, Chrisanthe Makris, Cathy Kim, Naomi Roulston, Karolina Panczyna, Naomi Green, Alex Owens, Sarah Acton, Laura Beale, Leanne Rich, Kelly Pickwell, Alysi Martin, Dianne Anagnos, Magdalena Anghel, Amy Critchley, Siriratana Thunyin, Pippa Travers, Manfred Chiu.
- Row 5:** Neville Fong, Gabriel Hingley, Andrew Colquhoun, Robert Curl, James Hancock, Prajayan Kathirgamanathan, Soruban Kanapathipillai, Gary Wong, Marcus Mahler, Maxim Eldik, Rafe Dickinson, Bao Nguyen, Ozgur Ozluk, Michael Harvey, Simon Park, Kriss Heimanis, Yeoman Yu, Michael Villis, Jeffrey Ho, Jeremy Tung, Hun Kim.
- Row 6:** Felicity Kelly, Carla Moore, Denise Leanfore, Jodie Burnell-Jones, Joanna Crawford, Annette Schneider, Tamara Howe, Lisa Goudie, Samantha Allen, Ellen Quinn, Sophie Long, Ali Crosby, Eleanor Hobley, Sylvia Kang, Peta McLean, Amara Jarratt, Leonie Kowalenko, Louise Mayne, Kate Van Staveren, Bridget McManus, Mia Offord, Laura Murdoch, Adele Jones, Tali Gill, Kristie Lowe.
- Row 7:** Josh Szepts, Daniel Wallbank, Phillip Blackford, Stuart Clark, James Mayger, Philip Mylecharane, Joseph Dickson, Daniel Whaite, Josh Pyke, Andrei Sherbam, Toby Vidler, Daniel Di Giusto, Angus Cameron, Craig Foley, Sean Hobbs, Andrew Hudson, Bruce Naylor, Edward Cram, Patrick Kelly, Lam Huynh, Sam Buchanan, Mark Bulgin.
- Row 8:** Charles Choy, Ben Presland, Justin Roberts, Alistair Frey, Thomas Mauch, Tristan Kemp, Hugh Myers, Daniel McCallum, Ben Harrington, Sam Guy, Scott Buchanan, Michael Lawther, Gareth Kemp, Andrew Lacek, Rodrigo Cerda-Salas, Chris Kollias, Shannon Earley, Brendan Turner, David Watson, Milan Cacic, Yaraslav Jurkiw.



**Office Staff**

(from left to right)

Maureen Golds, Irene Nicholson, Heather Young,  
Marjorie Brewster, Janette Levy, Patricia Wardell, Anita Furnari.









