

Parkwood
High School



Of course, some don't find it easy.
ISN'T LIFE ST...

PARK...

WORLD MAGAZINE

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

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Mr I. Fraser ★

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Andrew Davison Year 8

Simon Floyd Year 7

PLUS

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LAYOUT AND DESIGN: Mrs M. Blythman ★★

*** Thank you to all the students who contributed to our 1983 School Magazine.

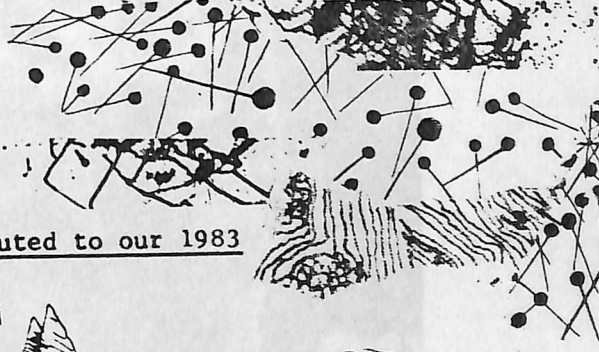
ART & CRAFT CLUB RELAY



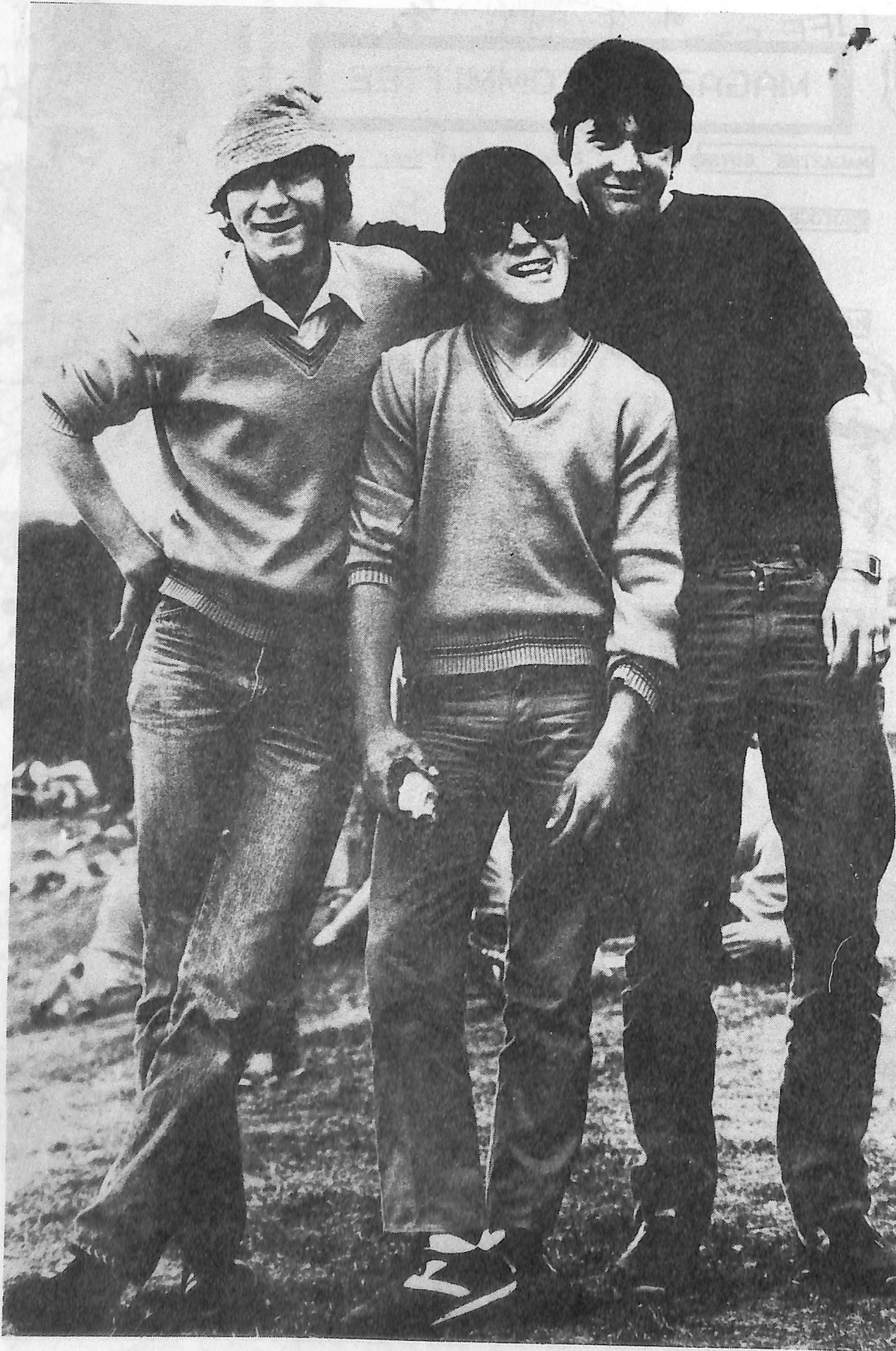
I used to meditate for hours over a question,
now I can do it in seconds.

RIFF RAFF

RIFF RAFF REHEARSAL



MICHAEL ROBINSON, MAURICE LARSEN, SCOTT THOMSON



WHAT CAN WE SAY?

WORDS FAIL US

PARKWOOD HIGH SCHOOL

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DEPUTY PRINCIPAL: Mr O. Boucher

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Mr T. Bischof
Mrs A. Bottomley
Mr D. Bowman
Miss A. Clancy
Mr N. Davis
Miss K. De Jong
Mr J. Elsmann
Mr I. Glynn
Mrs P. Marshall
Mrs S. Miriklis
Mrs L. O'Brien
Mr L. Paolacci
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Mrs D. Henwood
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Mrs D. Nutter
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Mrs H. Thom
Mr G. Waugh

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Mr C. Commons
Mr P. Djoneff
Mr I. Fraser
Mrs M. Hare
Mr G. Hartwick
Mrs V. Hudson
Mrs B. Johnson
Mr A. Mee
Mrs M. Olsen
Mrs H. Steenholdt
Mr E. Thomas
Mr G. Tiller

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Mr G. Gorman
Mr S. O'Connor

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Mr M. Byrne
Miss F. Keenan

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Mr B. Clemance
Mr E. Dyson
Mr A. Huxley

BURSAR: Mrs A. Hill

OFFICE STAFF: Mrs M. Zapulla
Mrs W. Waters

LIBRARY ASSISTANT: Mrs G. Teasdale

LABORATORY ASSISTANT: Miss L. Sommerfeld

HOME ECONOMICS ASSISTANTS: Mrs Y. Visser
Mrs J. Reed

PARKWOOD PROGRESSES

A first stage of completion,
and beyond.

As I write these few words in November 1983, we are surrounded by what seems to be continuing change. Yet, in fact, it all represents a conclusion of a first stage of development.

The building program, as it was originally intended is now complete. The instructional program moves into its sixth and final year in 1984.

The School Council is about to complete its term of office, timed to pleasantly coincide with the above achievements. These events, do give us all, much satisfaction and encourage us to look with much enthusiasm to that rather mysterious year '1984'. For, although 1983 sees a completion of a first stage of development, it will be 1984 which will need to prove to be the springboard for the success of the next stage.

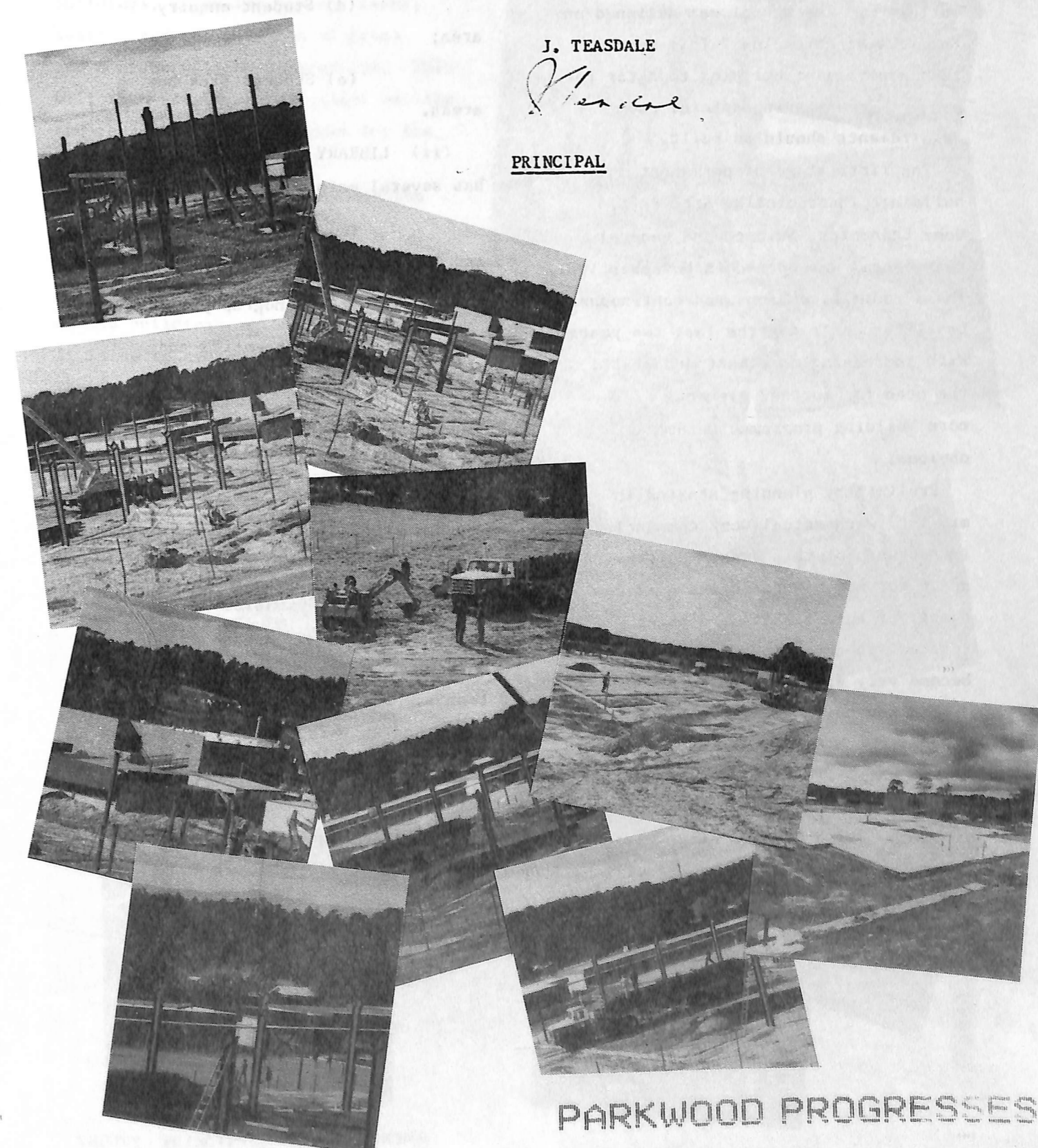
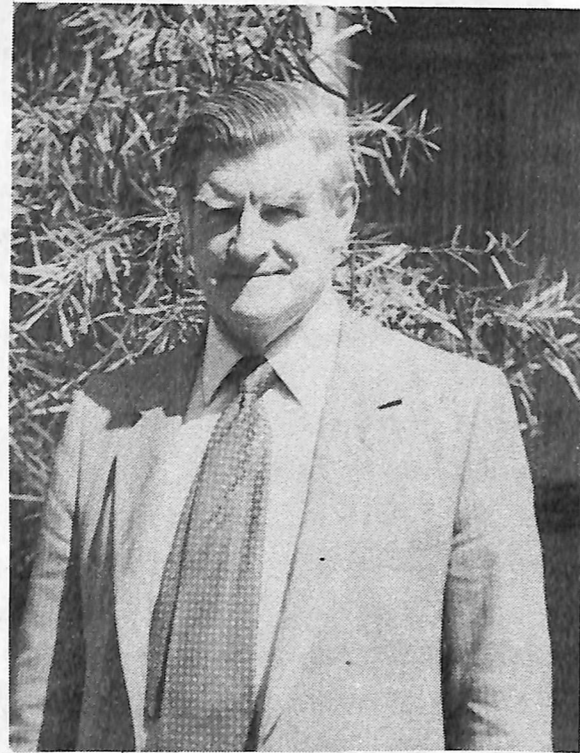
What are the challenges of 1984 and beyond at this school?

During 1983, the education system sought to encourage wide participation in policy matters. Next year, we have a new set of elections for School Council, and we can hope that the start to the Student Council continues with its present level of interest. Through these means, and the regular contact through parent meetings, the opportunity for participation exists. To be used though, it must firstly be approved.

At the staff level, we are being encouraged, even directed, to involve representative groups in decision making.

Can we now expect that our second stage of development is to be remembered for this growth in participation? The next five years will tell.

PRINCIPAL: MR J. TEASDALE



J. TEASDALE
J. Teasdale
PRINCIPAL

NEW BUILDINGS PROGRAMME

Parkwood High School was established in 1979, with all classes and the school administration working in relocatable buildings. The school was designed on the idea of core-plus. This meant that a permanent building to cater for subject areas having special room requirements should be built.

The first stage of permanent buildings incorporating Art/Craft, Home Economics, Science and general class rooms was opened in November 1981. These rooms have been used continuously by all students for the last two years. With increasing enrolment and staff, the need for further elements of the core building programme became obvious.

Preliminary planning started in mid 1982 with actual work commencing in February of this year. To provide space for the new buildings a large number of relocatables had to be resited, thus causing the school to become very spread out.

The new buildings are designed to blend in with the existing building, all of which will remain as the main buildings of the school for many years to come. These new buildings will prove to be a great asset, and will be concerned with three main areas:

(i) ADMINISTRATION COMPLEX - this includes the (a) Principal's Office

(b) Main Office and Public Enquiry Area;

(c) Staff work and recreation areas;

(d) Student enquiry area;

(e) Student sick bay areas.

(ii) LIBRARY COMPLEX - which has several main functions:

(a) Library resource and lending facilities;

(b) Stenography facilities;

(c) Mathematics and associated activities;

(d) Library annexe and audio-visual facilities.

(iii) GYMNASIUM COMPLEX - which may become available for community use contains:

(a) Gymnasium area with facilities for indoor basketball, badminton, volleyball and table tennis. This area also has change rooms and showers.

(b) Canteen facilities for staff and students which will operate in a manner similar to the old canteen.

(c) Specialist rooms for music and drama classes.

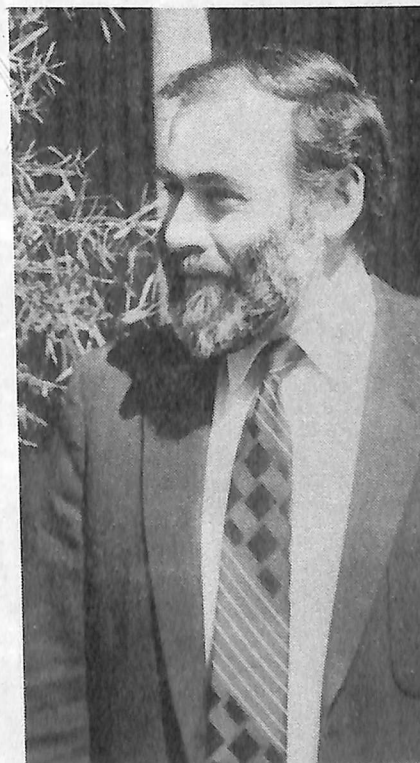
All buildings are connected by a series of covered-ways and ramps to provide access for everyone in all types of weather. To complement the buildings, extensive paving, lawns, seating and the planting of trees and shrubs will be carried out. This will then establish a pleasant working and recreational environment for the school community.

These new buildings complete the core or anticipated permanent building projects for Parkwood High School. The school must feel proud of its buildings and surroundings. It is up to everyone to assist in their maintenance and thoughtful use in the future.

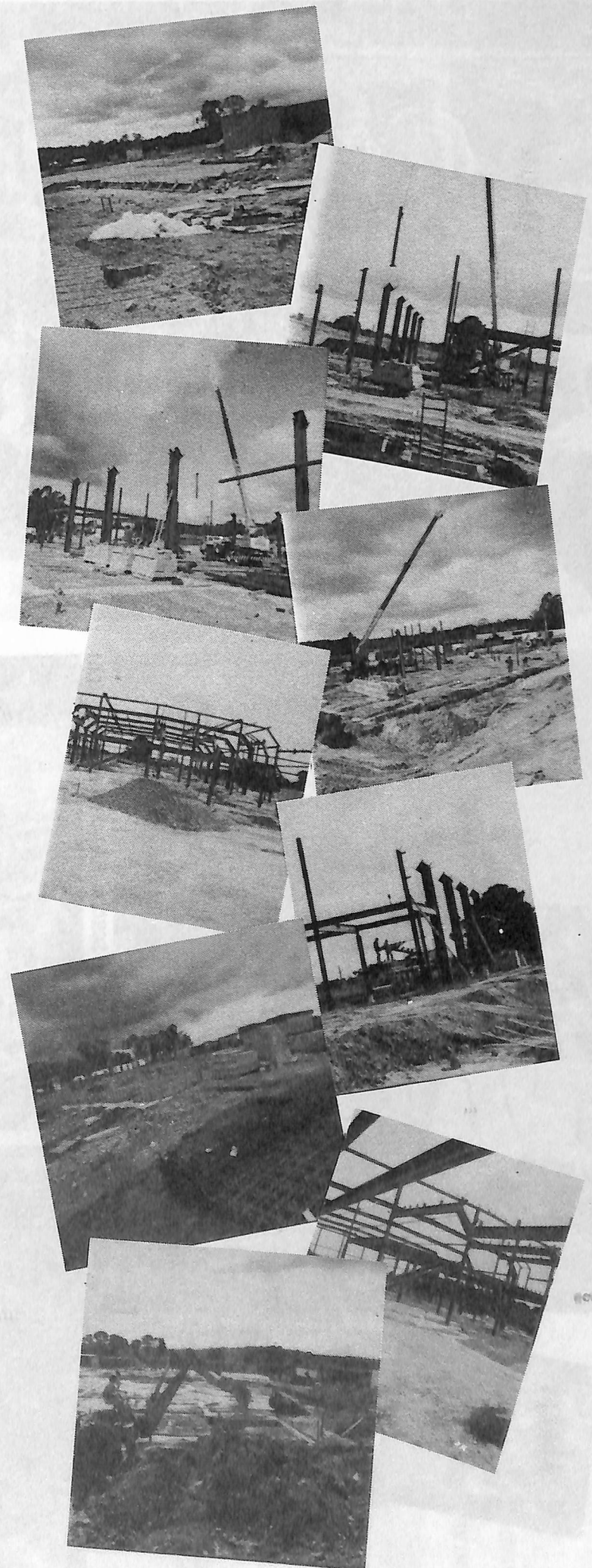
O. Boucher.

C. BOUCHER

(Deputy Vice Principal)

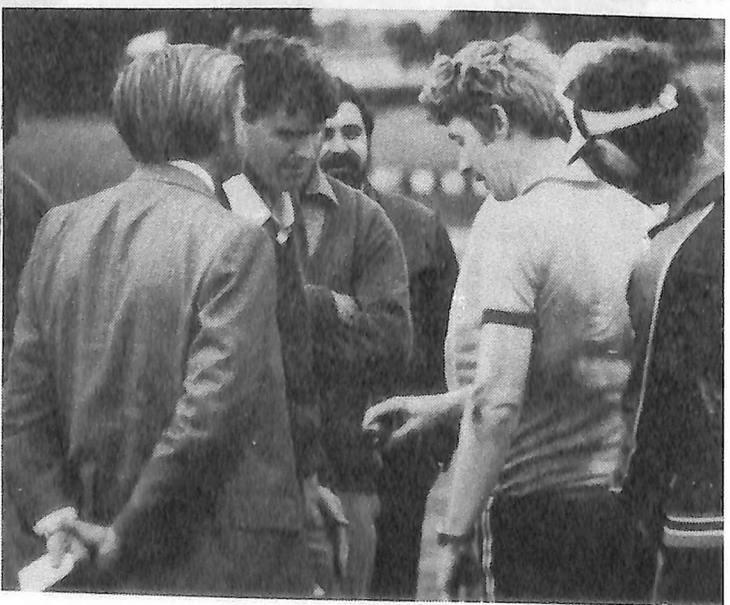


DEPUTY PRINCIPAL: MR O. BOUCHER





MR. CAPUANO DID GET HIS PHOTO IN THE SCHOOL MAGAZINE AFTER ALL!



BACK ROW: (From Left to Right)

Mr I. Fraser, Mrs P. Quinn, Mrs G. Teasdale, Mrs D. Tamasauskas,
Mr R. Taylor, Ms L. Rix, Mrs M. Weinfeld, Mrs L. McDonald,
Mr N. Davis, Mrs M. Wilkinson.

2nd ROW FROM BACK: (L. to R.)

Mr D. Bowman, Miss J. Reitze, Mrs M. Hellyer, Miss L. Sommerfeld,
Mr T. Bischof, Miss E. Holmes, Miss L. Koch, Mrs D. Herwood,
Mrs P. Marshall, Mr J. Elsmann, Mr L. Paolacci.

3rd ROW FROM BACK: (L. to R.)

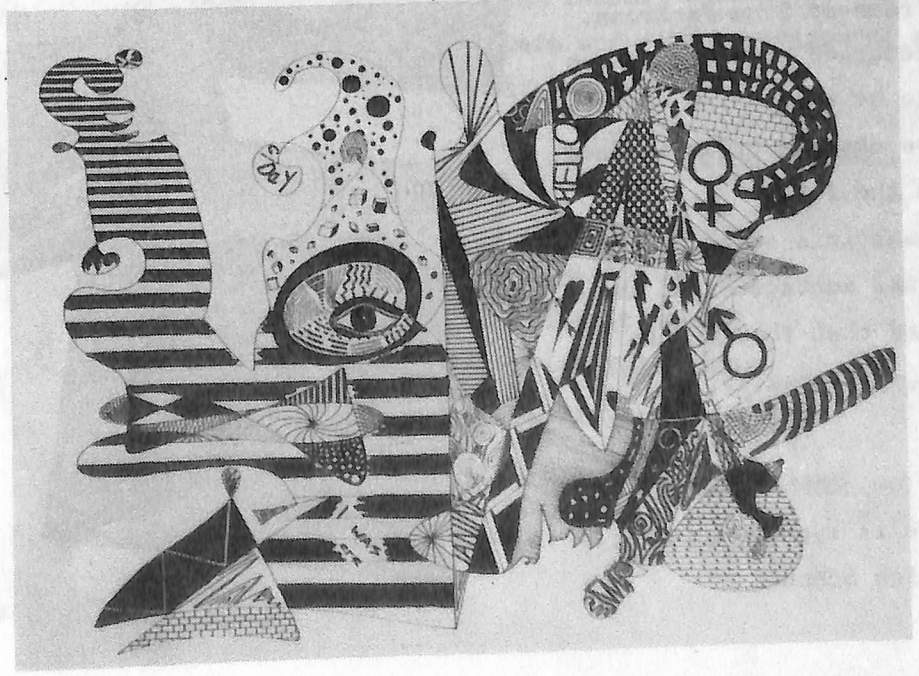
Mrs M. Olsen, Mrs L. Bassett-Smith, Mr G. Hartwick, Mr A. Mee,
Mrs D. Nutter, Mrs J. Fell, Miss F. Keenan, Ms E. Harris,
Mrs N. Hutchinson, Mrs M. Blythman, Mr G. Tiller, Mr R. Wembridge,
Mr M. Byrne.

FRONT ROW: (L. to R.)

Mrs M. Dunbar, Miss K. De Jong, Mrs A. Barton, Miss A. Clancy,
Miss M. Sake, Mr O. Boucher, Mr I. Glynn, Mr G. Waugh,
Mrs D. Johnstone, Mr G. Gorman, Mr A. Hicks.

ABSENT:

Mrs M. Hare, Mr S. O'Connor, Mr C. Commons, Mr J. Capuano,
Mr P. Djoneff, Mrs M. Stubbs, Mrs V. Hudson, Mr E. Thomas,
Miss L. Watts, Mr M. Rowlands, Mrs L. Smith, Mrs H. Steenholdt,
Mrs S. Miriklis.



JANINE PROBST YEAR 10
"BLACK AND WHITE DESIGN" TEXTA/PEN

THE BIRTH OF PARKWOOD HIGH

In the beginning there was the ground. The Minister for Education gave thanks for the territory, and so began the building of Parkwood High School.

The word spread throughout the neighbourhood and bricks were brought to the site, so Parkwood was born.

The parents and students gave thanks, and so, it all began.

As the numbers swelled, the portables poured in. As usual, the Government got their wires crossed and filed the school population crisis in its birth section.

During a daily game of cards (9 a.m. - 5 p.m.) the Public Servants decided (in their wisdom), to move some of the portables to Craigeburn. The people of Craigeburn were outraged when the portables arrived. They had no need for them!

Over the weekend the valuable portables were removed from Parkwood. When everyone returned on Monday there was no school to be seen. The removalists were chasing promotion and decided to move the lot.

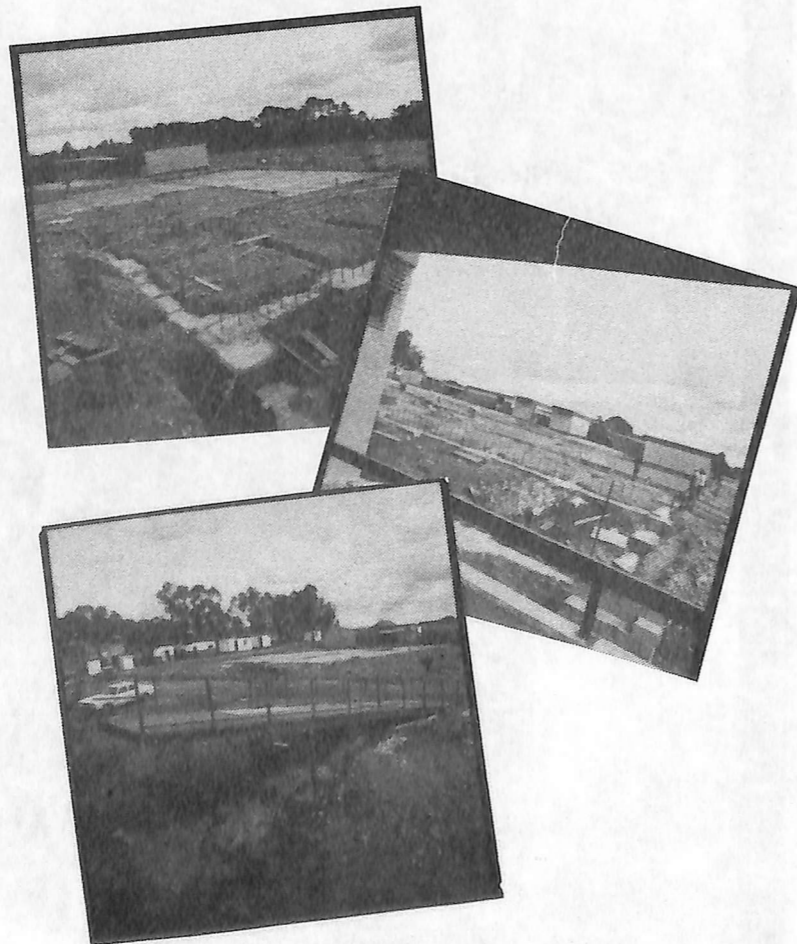
Mr Teasdale was in a state of shock. The Government was contacted and as usual, maintained that they had no comment to make. Eventually, Mr

Q. Which apple is synonymous with Parkwood High School?

Tiller came to the rescue. He contacted the Minister, who referred it to the Public Works Officer, who referred it to his Deputy, who referred it to his Senior Advisor, who referred it to Mr Teasdale who referred it to Mr Tiller. He decided to bring back the school.

Meanwhile, the school was a school, but not really a school. Five weeks later, the MINISTER made a decision to return all the portables. The workmen gave thanks (promotion and overtime). The teachers had classes (some gave thanks), and the parents were happy. The Minister and his Deputy gave thanks to Mr Tiller.

SCOTT LAMBERT 8A



A. A Djonetan

SPRING

I sat on the sand absorbing the glorious sunshine streaming down upon the water, glistening and sparkling over the waves. I lay back listening to the birds singing their sprightly songs; they really did add atmosphere and a sense of 'marvel' to the day.

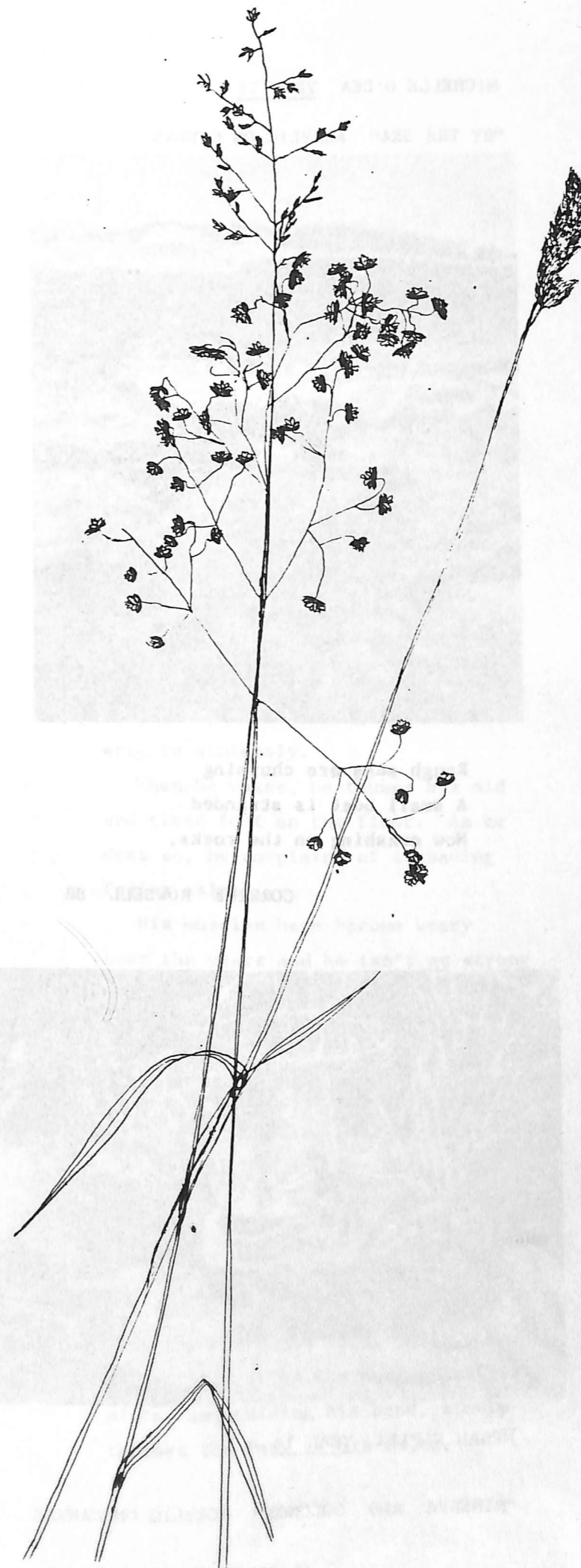
I leaned up, opened my eyes and watched the water further along the beach, crashing upon the rocks. Behind me on the cliffs I saw the fillies and colts with their mothers joyfully playing in the grass like little children at a fair. The flowers on the hills were swaying gently in the breeze, opening up to the world for everyone to see. Their colors splashed the countryside reds, yellows and blues, they were truly a sight to behold.

Beauty surrounded me; I couldn't wish to be in a better place. The water, the scenery, the animals and perfect weather. It was all like a wonderful present, everything was there. Spring was eventually here and with a vengeance; as lively as ever.

LISA RUSSELL IOC

A sweet pink flower
Delicate petals
Frightful thorns
Dewdrops of blood.

NICOLE GARNER 8D



COMPUTER CLUB

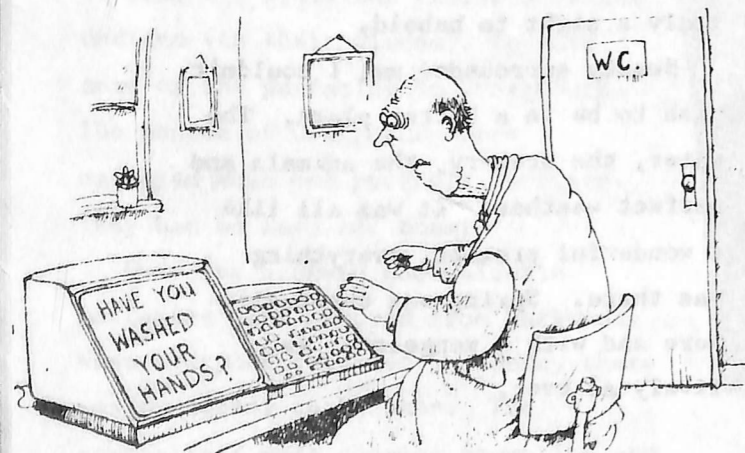
The Computer Club was introduced earlier this year, and from all indications has been extremely successful.

At the present time we have three computers in the school - two Apples and one Vectorio. Each of these have their own disc drive and one has its own printer.

Students involved with the Computer Club have gained personal experience and thoroughly enjoyed attending all their lessons.

We would like to convey our thanks to Mr Djoneff, Mr Hartwick, Mrs Bassett-Smith and Mr Fraser. These members of staff have willingly given up their time to make this club the success it is.

BRIAN TAYLOR 9F



Worm on a hook
Floats in the warm water
Waiting for my lunch to bite.

JUSTINE TURNER 8D

RIDDLE

JODIE ALLEN 7C

Q. Why is the alphabet like the mail?
A. It consists of letters.

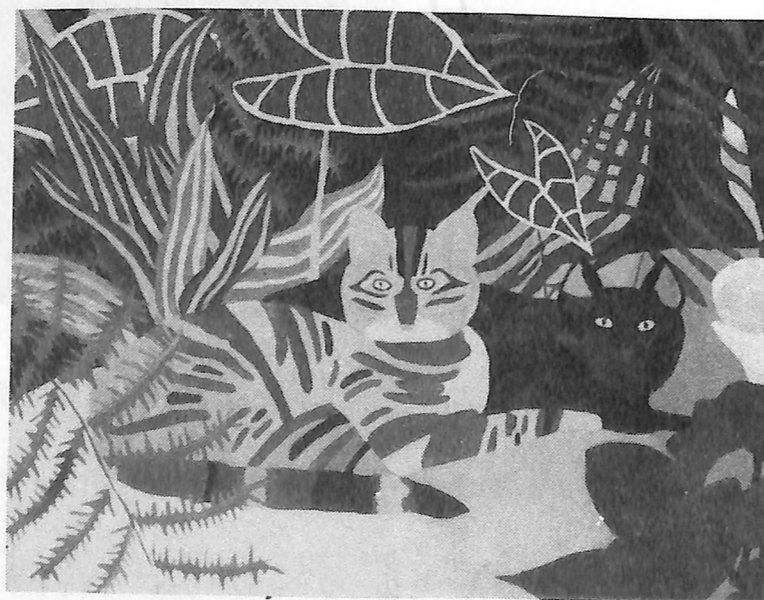
MICHELLE O'DEA YEAR 11

"BY THE SEA" ACRYLIC ON CANVAS



Rough seas are churning
A small boat is stranded
Now crashing on the rocks.

CORRINE ROWSELL 8B



MEGAN NAPIER YEAR 11

"MINERVA AND SOLOMON" ACRYLIC ON CANVAS

A. It consists of letters.

MY GRANDFATHER

Sitting quietly in his old chair,
my grandfather dozes off to sleep.
His weight causes it to squeak as he
rocks back and forth.

As the cool breeze floats in
through the open window, it blows
back his wavy grey hair. He mutters
words in his sleep, which I cannot
really understand. I have never
watched him as closely as this
before.

His wrinkled face twitches now
and again, and his large pink ears
wiggle aimlessly.

When he wakes, he thumps his old
and tired foot on the floor. As he
does so, he complains of it having
fallen asleep.

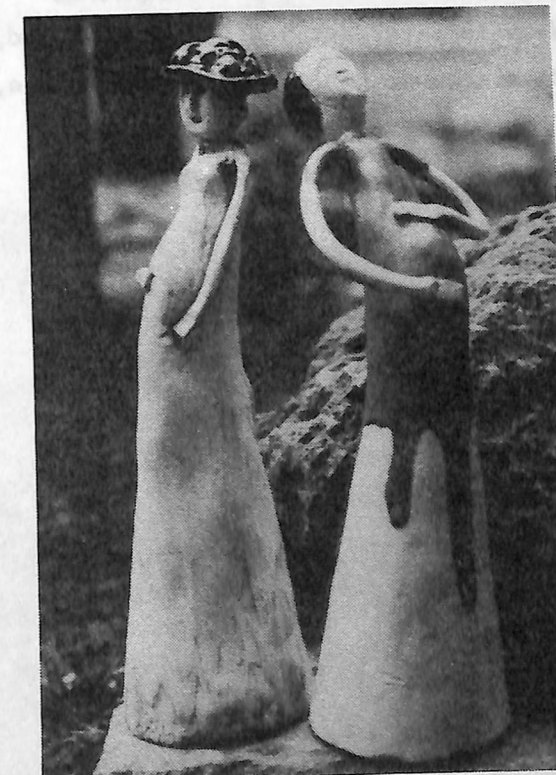
His muscles have become weary
over the years and he isn't as strong
as he used to be. He walks with the
assistance of an old cane which
belonged to his father.

One of his large withered hands
grips the cane like a monkeys tail
does a tree, while the other presses
on the chair as he struggles slowly
to stand.

Having seated himself clumsily at
the dining room table, he manages to
lift the knife and fork. With the
latter he pierces the sausage on his
plate, and guiding his hand, slowly
touches the fork to his mouth.

As he opens it, I notice that he
has small, yellow stained teeth.
When the sausage is finally taken
from the fork he begins to chew
haphazardly. The fork is then
slowly returned to the plate, ready
to commence the procedure again.

STACEY ALLEN IOC



YEAR 9 CERAMICS
BY TRACEY SCHELFHOUT AND CRAIG PLEHN

ZEST

For a test of zest and jest.
West guessed that it was best
that he mest on the crest
of the chest of the breast
of his best vest

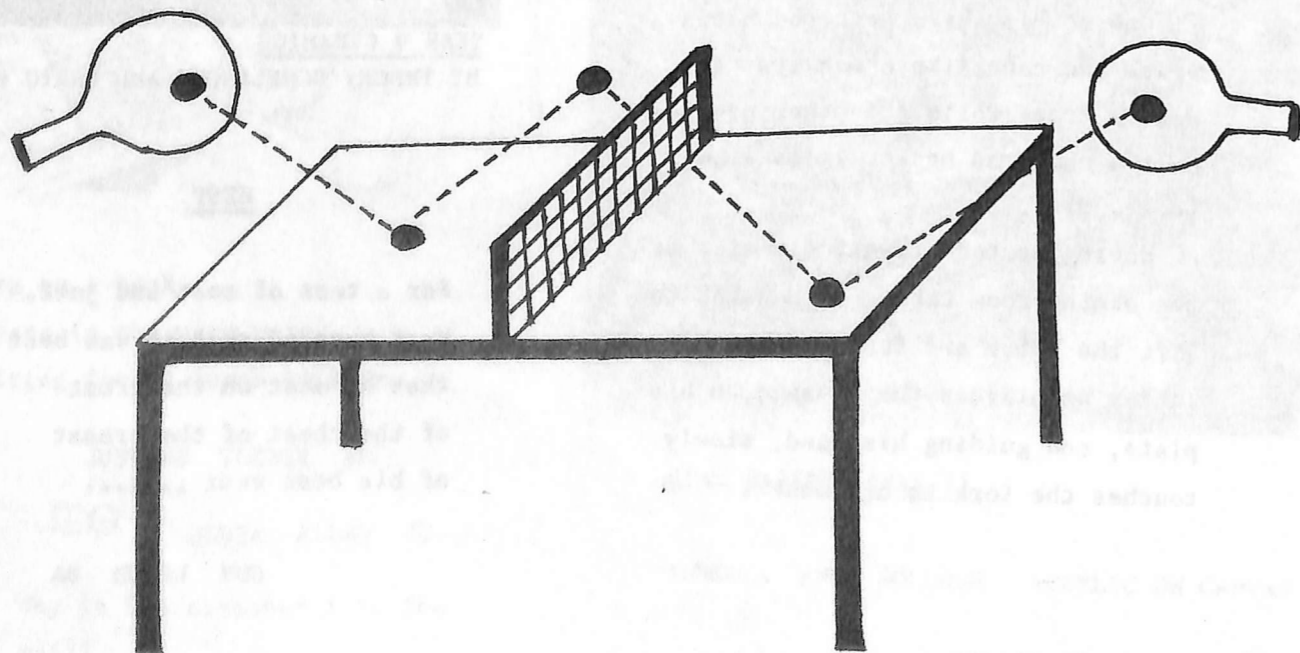
GUY LEACH 8A

COMPUTER CLUB

HOW TO PLAY TABLE TENNIS

Grab the bat and swing at that ball,
 Half of you don't hit it at all,
 Watch the ball, don't give up yet,
 Keep in mind to avoid the net,
 Try and swing it where your opponents
 can't reach,
 Wake up boys, you're not at the beach,
 Do a smasher, yeah that's it,
 Not a question of strength, its a
 question of wit,
 Hold your bat the right way round,
 With that correct you'll hit it sound,
 Move around, don't stand in one place,
 Come on boys, keep up the pace,
 When the game is nearly over, give
 it all ya got,
 S'pose it doesn't matter if you win
 or lose or what,
 Well, that's how its done, no other
 way,
 When you've finished go home and
 put your bat away.

KAREN TAPP 9F



THE EGG

Oh I am a little chicken egg
 Me pate all smooth and 'ard
 I sit on me shelf in the pantry
 With the jam, the marge and the lard
 I sits there nice and quiet
 But if you leaves me there too long
 Me lovely farmyard fragrance
 Gradually becomes a pong
 So careful when you pick me up
 And watch it when you put me back
 'Cause I might slip between your
 fingers and SPLAT!
 That's the end of that.

JODIE ALLEN 9D

Q. When is hair friendly?

A. When it waves.

From the egg comes a bird so small
 No-one noticed him
 No-one at all.

WENDY TAYLOR 8B

DANCE CLASS



IS THIS DANCING?

Earlier this year, it was thought that students should be offered a wider range of extra-curricula activities.

Mr Capuano suggested a series of ballroom dancing classes. The idea was readily accepted by the Year 10 and 11 students, and for an hour and a half each week for ten weeks, the P.E. room set the scene for some 'extraordinary' displays of dancing.

Those students who participated, thoroughly enjoyed these classes and hope they may be offered again next year.



WHO IS THAT WALLFLOWER?

Q. Who invented matches?

A. Some bright spark.

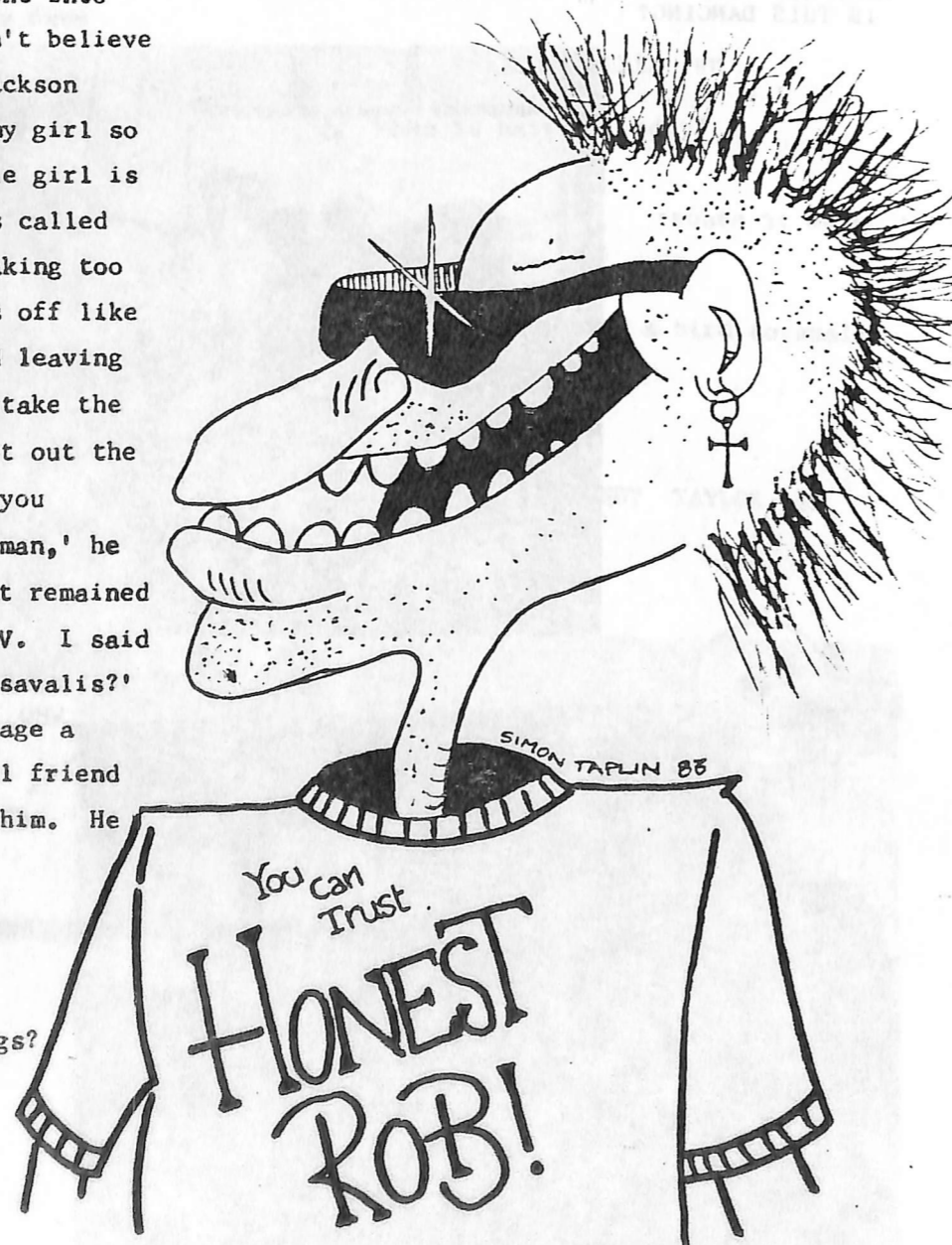
AMERICANA

I had a little get together last Saturday and invited a few guys. George turned up first, followed by York who came in a cab. He jumped out flashing his headphones, so I asked him if they were 'New York.' 'Yeah,' he said 'I gotem from the op shop.' Soon everyone was there. A couple of the guys suggested a game of base ball. Willis grabbed the bat and started doing all kinds of different strokes when finally he hit one straight towards Donald. I said to Donald 'duck man,' and the ball went flying. We couldn't be bothered finding it so I went into the bedroom, and you wouldn't believe what I saw. Michael and Jackson were flirting around with my girl so I said 'beat it, this little girl is mine.' Soon the neighbours called the cops because we were making too much noise, so George burns off like a rocket in Roberts Redford leaving me and a few other guys to take the wrap. Robert and Clint went out the back and I said 'where are you heading Clint?' 'Eastwood man,' he replied. The few of us that remained sat down in front of the T.V. I said 'what's on Kojak, the tele savalis?' He said I've seen this garbage a million times.' Tele's girl friend Rado wouldn't stop pushing him. He

said, 'be careful you don't get lipstick on my colar rado. Then this girl walks in dying to go to the can. I said 'where's the John Wayne?' He said it's out the back. Just then York rushes in half naked yelling there's a mass at someones house. So off we went to have some fun.

Good Morning and Thank You.

S. NEWTON; J. FEATHER;
B. STORRAR 8C



Q. What table doesn't have any legs?

A. A timetable.

STUDENT COUNCIL

In late September, the school was summoned into the new gymnasium for a general assembly. Whilst there, Mr Teasdale announced that a new student representative council would be formed.

Between twenty and thirty students were nominated for the ten available positions. (Two for each year level)

The voting was conducted during form assembly on October 5th, and at the end of period four that day, the members of the new council were announced.

YOUR YEAR LEVEL REPRESENTATIVES

ARE:

- | | |
|--------|-------------------------------------|
| YEAR 7 | Debbie LEWIS
Georgie SWAN |
| 8 | Francesca DIOGUARDI
Stuart CAIRD |
| 9 | Emma GREENWOOD
Michael MILLER |
| 10 | Wendy SHORT
Evan JONES |
| 11 | David WORLEY
Raoul MORPHETT |

WENDY SHORT 10D

- Q. A man fell from the top of a twenty-storey building into a tank and didn't get hurt. Why?

ROCKIN' WITH THE TEACHERS

- | |
|--|
| I'M HOT BLOODED - MR DAVIS |
| FIRE AND ICE - MRS BLYTHMAN |
| FOR CRYING OUT LOUD - MISS SAKE |
| COMPUTER GAMES - MR DJONEFF |
| GIVE IT UP - MR BISCHOF |
| I'M TURNING JAPANESE - MR GLYNN |
| PHYSICAL - MRS FELL |
| NUT BUSH - MRS NUTTER |
| BOP GIRL - MRS HENWOOD |
| QUEEN OF HEARTS - MRS MIRIKLIS |
| WHAT ABOUT ME - MRS BOTTOMLEY |
| HELP IS ON ITS WAY - MRS MACDONALD |
| JUMPING JACK FLASH - MR GORMAN |
| SIX MONTHS ON A LEAKY BOAT -
MR ROWLANDS |
| DR HECKYL AND MR JIVE - DR COMMONS
AND MR CAPUANO |
| SHE BLINDED US WITH SCIENCE -
MISS SOMMERFIELD |



A. It was a soft drink.

THE CYCLONE

The rain splashed in the inky black puddles. My footsteps echoed through the lonely street as I hastened homeward. I was suddenly aware that the rustling of the leaves in the trees had taken on a new tempo. I wrapped my jacket more firmly around me and became increasingly alarmed as the wind began to lash my face in violent assault. I could just make out the shape of a spiral mass of wind heading towards me.

I swivelled and ran trying to escape. The whistling became louder as the mass pursued me. It was hopeless and I reluctantly submitted my body to complete consumption by the hungry terror.

What possessed this force that rendered its anger and frustration on our city? Showing no mercy it ripped rooves from houses, flattened sheds and garages, uprooted lamp posts, before steering its holocaust out towards the fields. As I looked down at the scattered and devastated remains, I wondered if I would ever tread the soil of mother earth alive again.

Suddenly, there was peace. Land, sea and sky as I knew them no longer existed, even time was void. I wondered if I was dead and this was the final tranquility. I tried to

call even if it was only to myself, but I uttered no sound. Could I talk? My brain overflowed with endless questions, and the only logical explanation available to me was death. If this was true, then why did I feel anticipation, what was I waiting for?

Darkness enveloped my body once more. As I headed homeward, for what seemed like an eternity before I landed miles from my home. The tempo of the leaves was now at a moderate pace, so I knew that the cyclone had subsided. I picked myself up and surveyed the surrounding countryside. I proceeded home, stunned by the terrifying experience.

STEPHEN PRAED 9F



IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF

YEAR 7 CITY TRAIL

- Leanne ironed her uniform;
- Glenn wore jumpers without holes;
- Melissa wasn't witty;
- Justin didn't turn around in class;
- Karen raised her voice;
- Tracey wore her summer uniform;
- Sharon wasn't in a wheelchair;
- Rachel didn't break the speed limit;
- Tanya could sing;
- Liza got a haircut;
- Rebecca didn't have a frizz;
- Kate didn't have an orange for lunch;
- Karen didn't get told off in History;
- James talked to a girl;
- Dejan did some work;
- Catherine failed Geography;
- Lisa didn't read the announcements;
- Stephen and Brian's watches had a flat battery;
- We didn't have Miss Sake for English.

On Thursday the 8th of September, all the year seven students went on an excursion to the city for Geography. We were given sheets with many questions that we had to answer while we were walking around. We walked through China Town, had our lunch outside the State Library, saw the Museum (although we didn't go inside) and lots of other things. By the end of the day most of us were really tired from our long walk, I know that I was. On behalf of all the year sevens, I would like to thank Miss Sake for organizing the excursion and the other teachers who participated in it.

RACHEL BEATON 7D

KAREN TAPP 9F



YEAR 9 CERAMICS - BY VIRGINIA WILLIAMS AND RUTH HARPER

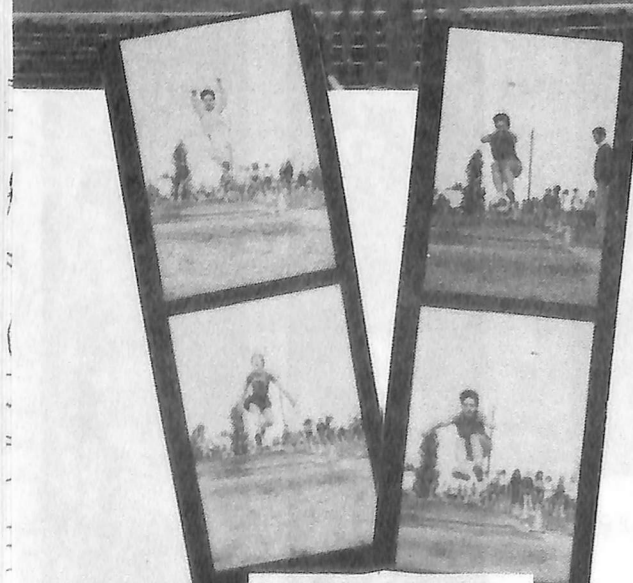
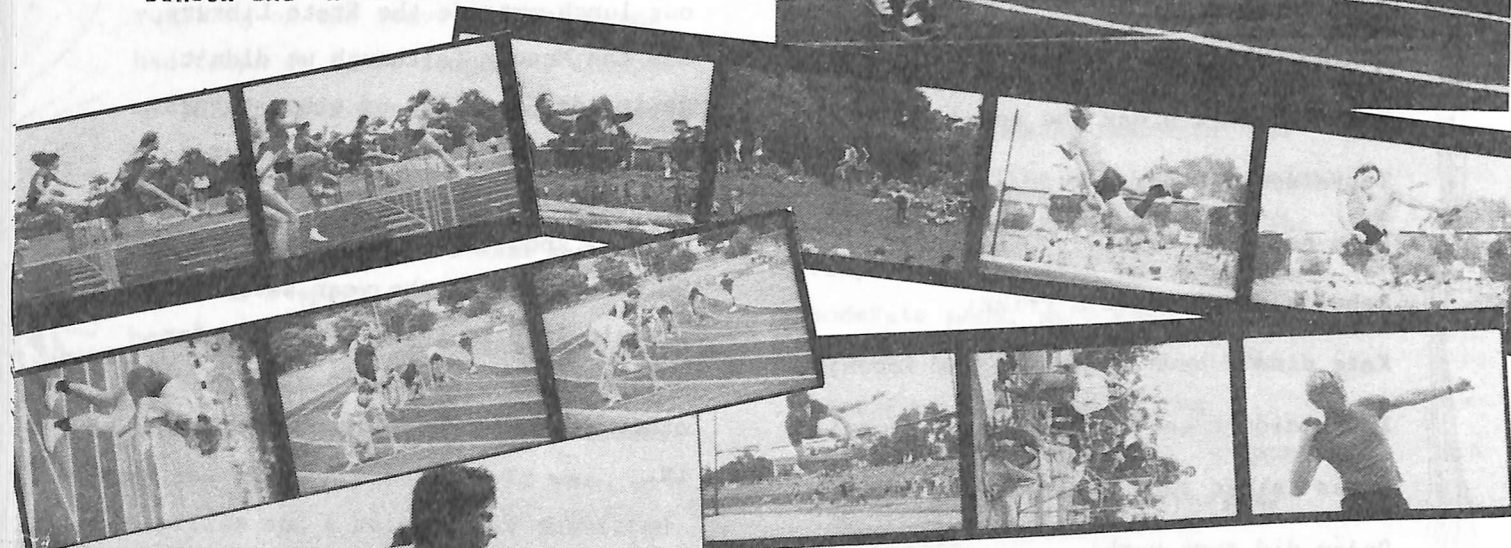
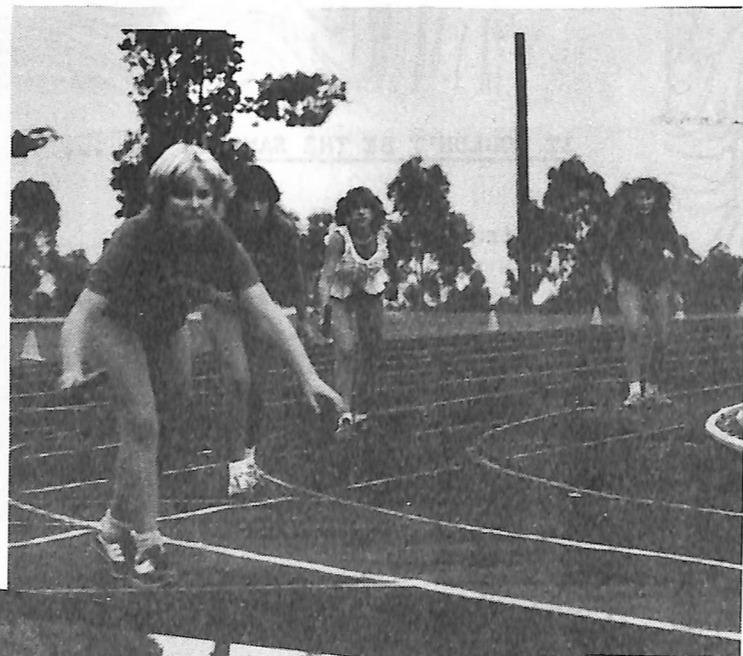


INTERSCHOOL SPORTS

SWIMMING:

This year recognition must be given to Leigh Wooley, who was the only Parkwood High student to reach the All High Schools Swimming Sports.

Leigh performed extremely well to finish 2nd in his event.



LEAPING LIZARDS!

INTERMEDIATE VOLLEYBALL

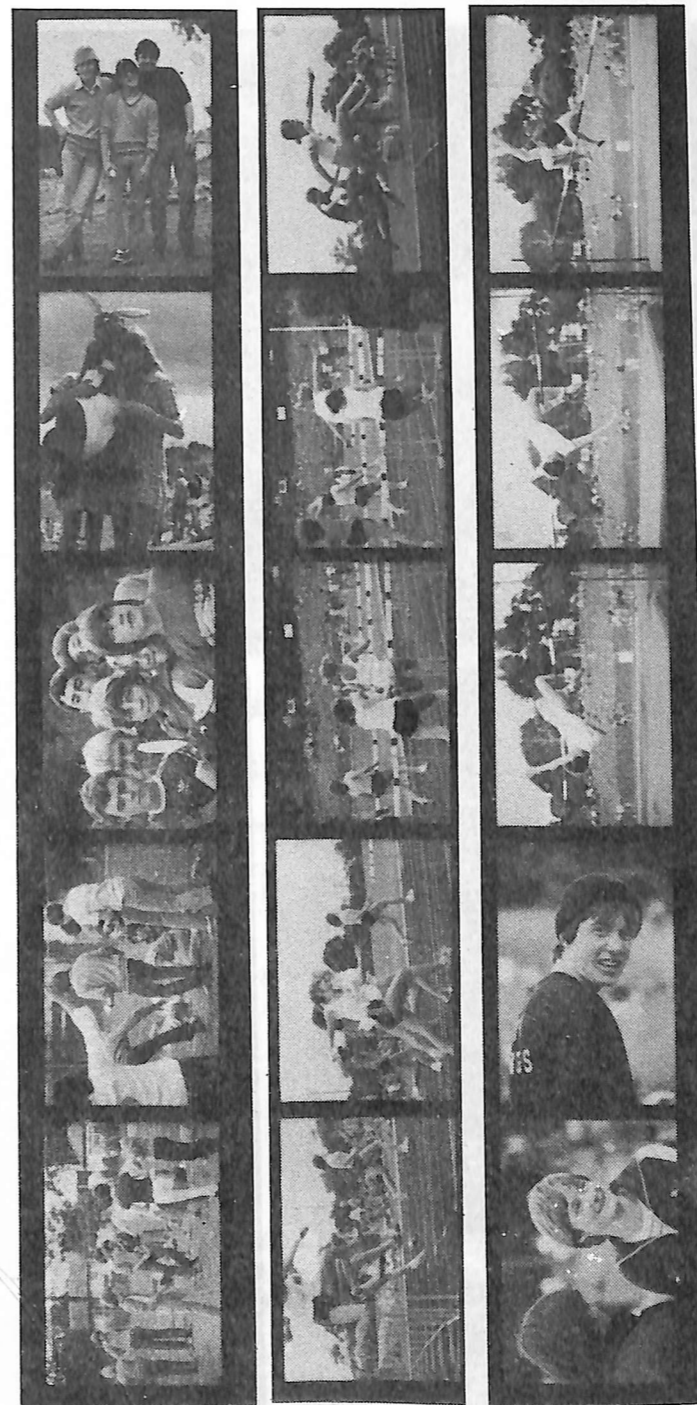
The Intermediate boys Volleyball team consisted of: Neale Hamilton, Steven O'Grady, Brian Taylor, Stuart Hill, Jeff Gale, David Williams, Mark Crick and Dale Robins.

These students won the Maroondah Zone final in a thrilling and action packed game.

In the Eastern Zone final, these boys played against five other teams and finished third against some very tough opposition.

Congratulations to all participants for an excellent performance.

MR O'CONNOR



THE HOUSE TEAMS

Earlier this year, students were allocated various house teams to provide a team spirit in the intra-school sports.

These teams were named as follows:

- GARDINER (Blue)
- STIRLING (Green)
- ATTWELL (Gold)
- WIGGIN (Red)

Wiggin were first in the swimming sports. Atwell gained first position in the athletic sports and Gardiner succeeded in winning the school cross country event.

MR O'CONNOR

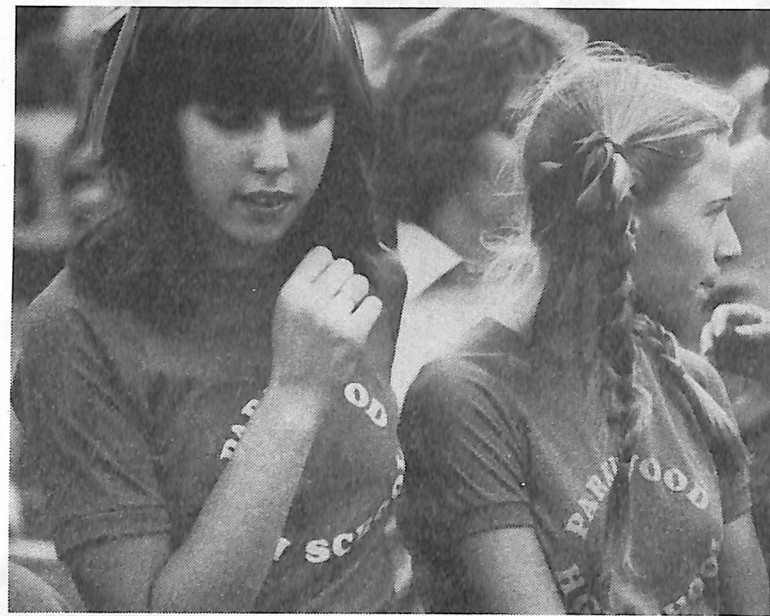


THE CROSS COUNTRY MARATHON

The annual school cross country run was held during first term, over a course of six kilometres. Everyone participated and were pleased with their performances, regardless of whether they walked, jogged or ran. We had three sections: the Junior, Intermediate and Open. The first ten girls and boys from each section were eligible to compete in the Eastern Zone Cross Country competition.

On behalf of the students, I would like to thank the Parkwood High School staff for helping make it possible. We enjoyed this event immensely and look forward to having many more in the future.

GLENN O'DEA 9F



ATHLETICS:

Athletics is a growing sport at Parkwood High School. Rigorous training is involved before students can compete in the Eastern Zone Sports and the All High School events.

This year, ten students represented our school at the Eastern Zone level and five went on to the All High School events. In the Eastern Zone participants included:

WENDY TAYLOR

JUSTIN COCKING

ROSS PEDLOW

MATTHEW FEATHER

ABBEY BEBENDORF

The All High School representatives were:

SHELLEY O'DONNELL

MARK KEEBLE

WENDY O'DONNELL

BRIAN TAYLOR

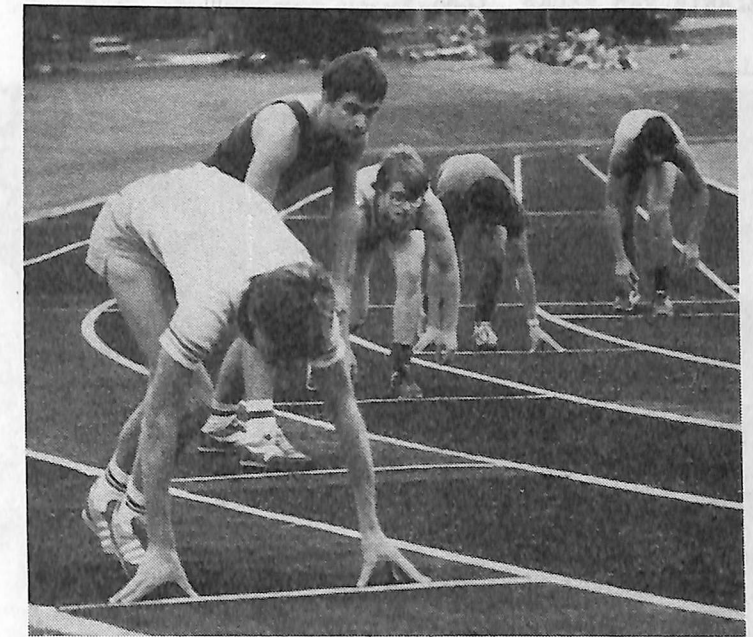
SCHARN MUNDY

Shelley performed exceptionally, winning TWO silver medals, one for javelin and the other for hurdles.

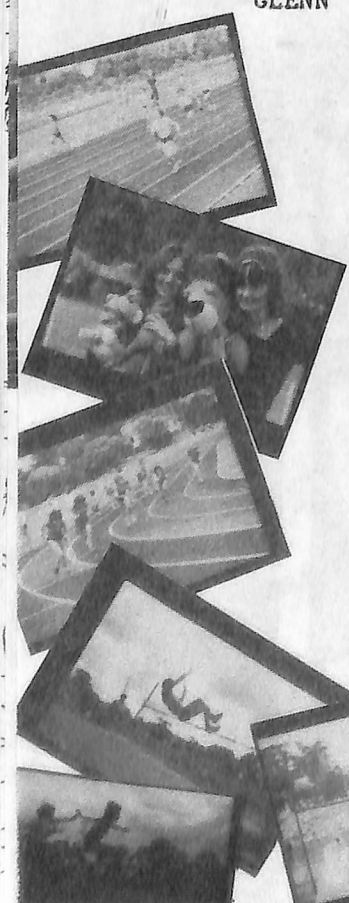
Mark achieved an excellent THIRD in the hurdles.

I would like to thank the students for their dedication. They have learnt that practice is an all important part of success.

MRS FELL



SENIOR BOYS LINE UP TO START AT THE ATHLETIC SPORTS



"ILLUSTRATION EXTENSION" PENCIL



GYMNASTICS

The gymnastics competition held in August of this year was rather successful. Top marks were gained by:

- KYLIE PICKETT - 8.9 ON FLOOR
- MANDY SMITH - 8.5 ON BEAM
- CARMEL BRADLEY - 9.1 ON FLOOR
- TRACEY ROSSITER - 8.5 ON FLOOR

Carmel Bradley also competed in the individual competition and performed very well. She was placed 2nd on the floor and 3rd on the vault.

Despite a shortage of gymnasts and the lack of equipment required for practice at the school, we did well to finish 4th in the competition.

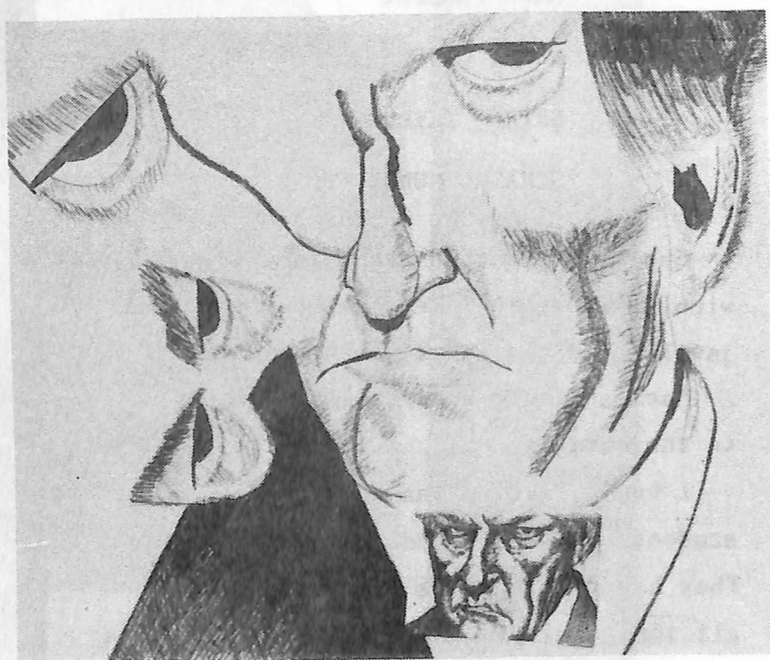
On behalf of the team I would like to thank Mrs Fell for helping us with training. We all agreed that the gymnastics competition was an enjoyable one and we will gladly compete again next year.

TRACEY ROSSITER 9F

LONELINESS

I hate being alone in my dark room,
 Watching the ghosts of my life,
 They reach out towards me, but when
 I open my eyes they're gone.
 They are always there, in the
 corners where no light can seek.
 Waiting for me to slip into that
 hidden corner of despair.
 There's no place to hide and nowhere
 to run.
 It's like being caught in my own
 mind,
 No-one can help me, I have to fight
 this battle with my conscience alone.
 No-one can hear the tears I cry or
 the screams I yell for freedom.

MANDY WILLIAMS 9F



KAREN TAPP YEAR 9

"ILLUSTRATION EXTENSION" PENCIL

CLOTHES

Without our clothes, now where would
 we be?
 In the nuddy I s'pose, can't you see,
 Jackets, jeans, skirts and tops are
 all part of our dress,
 Stockings, socks and underwear can be
 included, I guess,
 Whether you seldom buy, or keep up
 with the latest trend,
 Really depends on how much you're
 prepared to spend,
 Tight jeans, yes, well they'll always
 remain
 But in the long run you'll end up with
 varicose veins.
 Maybe, you like pink or blue or even
 red,
 Or perhaps you like dark green instead
 Never fear, it's not a waste,
 There'll always be something to satisfy
 your taste,
 But always examine carefully before
 you buy,
 You never know, it could be falling
 apart inside,
 Some people like ribbons, buttons
 and even bows,
 But can you try to imagine where we'd
 be without our clothes!
 Perhaps you like buying at smaller,
 cheap shops,
 Or maybe you like buying where the
 price never stops,
 Nevertheless, through thick and
 through thin,
 Not buying clothes is considered
 a sin.

KAREN TAPP 9F

Q. What is the best way to catch a squirrel?

A. Climb a tree and act like a nut.

TABLES POINT OF VIEW:

People come and go writing all over me. Hearts and Romance that you wouldn't believe !!!!!!!

Karen 4 Greg, Mandy 4 Paul, I've had it... Red writing, blue writing, green writing and worst of all compasses which are prodded into me leaving me scarred for life.

They join us together, that's not too bad because we get to gossip and it usually happens that when we get to the juicy parts they push us apart. I bet you don't realize how painful it is to have a chair rammed into you, but just what do you care if I'm battered and bruised for ever!!!

My friends and I are intrigued with the bearded man who keeps wiping the writing off, making us shudder with laughter.

We are painted on in Art, scrubbed in Home Economics, cut in Woodwork and covered in glue and resin in Plastics. We tables don't have it easy you know! The cleaner tries to protect us, but do you listen? Do you ???? You're just VANDALS who deserve to be written on !!!!!

LISA QUIRK 9F



LOVE IS ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡



Dear Diary,

I have a confession to make. I've just realized that I have been in love for the past eleven years of my life. I have a love for school. I suppose you're thinking that I'm crazy, mad, silly, but it's true. I love school.

There are certain things I love about school, but the most enjoyable is work. I can't help it, I just can't wait for the moment when I enter that room, sit down and begin to work. Essays, assignments, questions anything which requires me to squeeze information out of my brain and translate it on paper. If you want to be good at something you have to practice. Every night I go home and copy out pages and pages of work until it is perfect. I take pride in my work, actually, I consider it to be a piece of art.

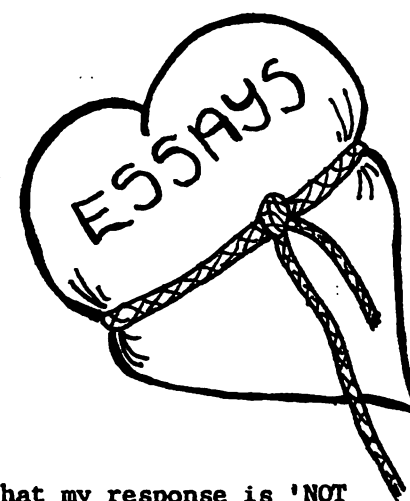
There is something even better than writing out essays and assignments and that's re-writing them when the teacher throws it back in my face crucified with ugly red crosses and comments. I go home, tail between my legs, and begin to re-write that work concentrating long and hard to make it a brilliant piece of literature. I stay up late, giving up drying the dishes, cleaning my room and feeding the cat and I put all my energy into completing that assignment.



I also love homework, especially when I leave it to the last minute. I find it so exhilarating to sit at my desk, sweating in pools at my feet, while trying to clarify and explain my answers to long and tedious questions. I push aside thoughts of television, food and freedom and carry on to all hours of the morning till my head is ready to explode.

Besides the work, I also love the special attention teachers give to each individual student. Why just the other day I walked into class ten seconds late when the teacher 'had a fit'. Screaming and yelling till all I heard was a high ringing in my ears. Now that's friendly personalized attention. I mean, she could have totally ignored me, but no she was too considerate, that's true love.

Love is also class discussions. The thought of students and teachers communicating so well together touches me deeply. Questions asking YOUR opinion are my favourite. Here, students can express their feelings and thoughts on a particular topic. A question is asked suddenly, as if by magic the answer pops into my unusually empty head. I raise my hand and express MY views. The teacher listens carefully and breaks out in roaring laughter. Suddenly,



I am told that my response is 'NOT GOOD ENOUGH!'

It's nice to know that teachers care enough about us to inform us of these things. Love is certainly a good student/teacher relationship.

Another of my favourite past times is studying, whether it be for exams or tests. I love it. I adore cramming all that useful knowledge into my eager to learn brain. The eve of an exam is a very romantic time for me. Folders containing pages of scribbled notes, textbooks and handouts are scattered everywhere. I sit there in a daze, all that wonderful information ready to be learnt backwards and memorized, in piles around me. My job is to devour all that work and lock it into my mind. What fun! What more could one want? The fact that I forget everything in a few days has nothing to do with it, it's the long studious learning process that I love so much.

What would I do without school? Holidays are no comparison as far as I am concerned.

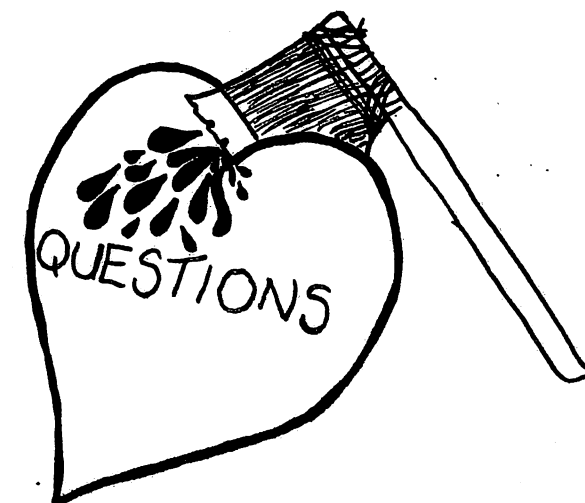
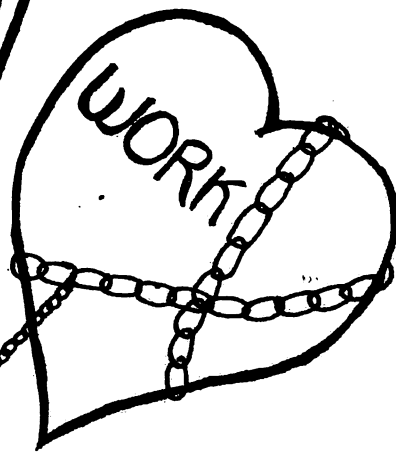
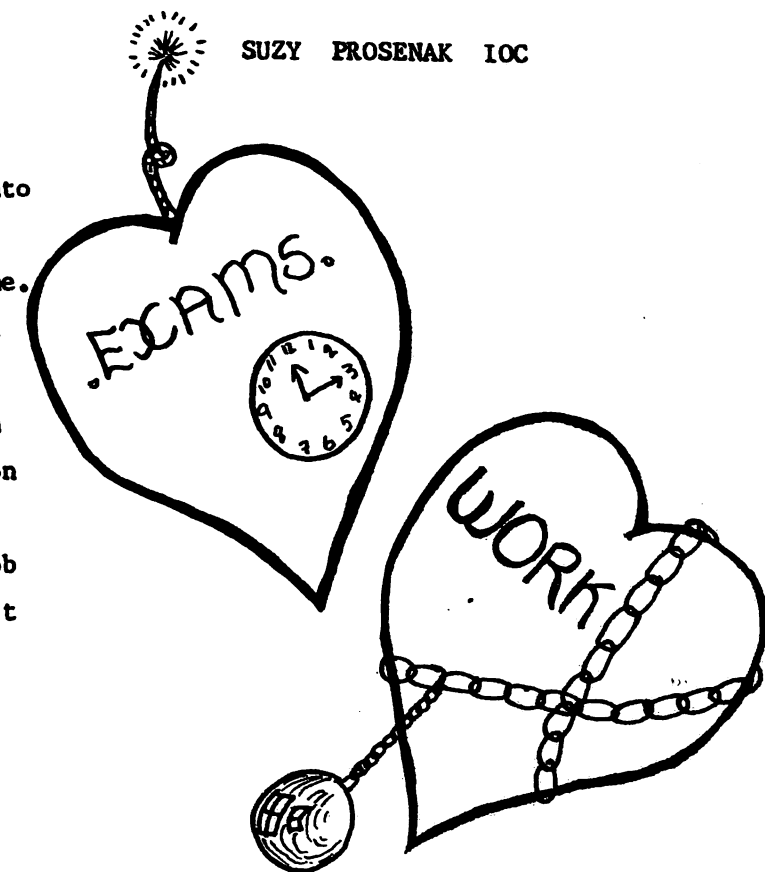
Another of my great loves is the classroom atmosphere. Deathly silence, as pens scratch and scribble over pages and notes are passed furtively between tables. Teachers patrolling up and down aisles, eyes darting from side to side waiting to catch someone doing something remotely not associated with

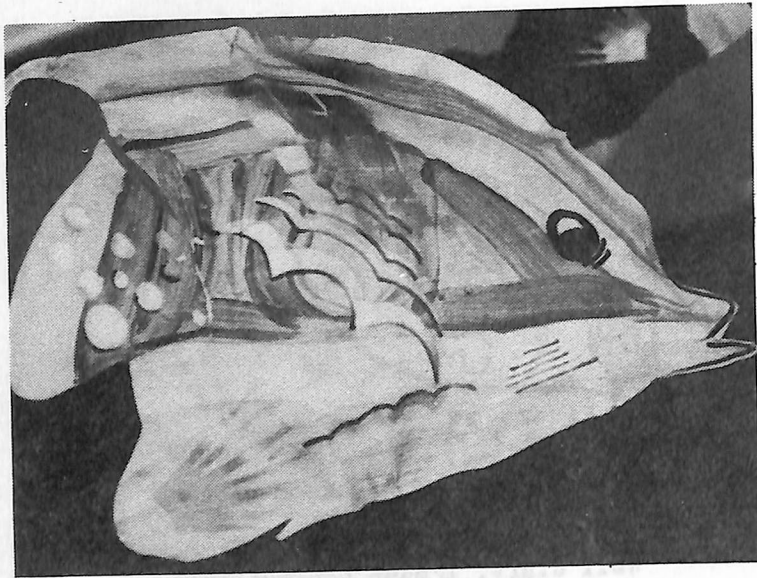


hard work. I love it, good old fashioned discipline.

Well diary, I hope you believe me, because no-one else does when I tell them that 'Love is school.'

SUZY PROSENAK IOC





YEAR 7 MOBILE FISH PAPER

VIDEO CLUB

The video club began earlier this year with the tremendous help of Mr Byrne. A committee was elected and every week they were able to select suitable films for us to see.

The films including, Flying High, Gallipoli and Endless Love were shown during lunch times on Tuesdays Wednesdays and Thursdays.

The sixty members paid one dollar at the beginning of the year and five cents for a ticket to see whichever movie they wished. Non-members paid twenty cents as an entry fee per movie. Unfortunately, only a certain number of tickets became available as there was a limited amount of viewing space.

If you missed out on seeing some of the fantastic movies of the year join the video club next year.

I would like to thank all those people who contributed to making the video club a success, especially Mr Byrne.

LEANNE BIRZNEIKS 9F

VISIT TO THE PLANETARIUM

Earlier in the year all year eight students attended an excursion to the 'Victorian Science Museum'. Half of the students went around the museum answering questions about it, while the other half went to the planetarium.

The planetarium is a room with a dome-shaped roof and has seats around it. In this room there is a projector (in the centre) which shows photographs of the stars. You sit on the seats, tilt your head back and look up. There is a lady who tells you about the stars and planets while you watch. Having answered all the questions we had been set, we went to Carlton for lunch and returned to school where more questions were asked about our enjoyable day out. On behalf of all the year 8 students we would like to thank the teachers who participated in this excursion.

DAVID MOODY & JUSTINE

HAMPSON 8A



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A T.V.

National Panasonic MK110 is my technical name, but my fellow computers call me MIK. I was born in the warehouses of Japan. Assembly workers put me together, piece by piece until finally, the rich electricity flowed through my parts bringing me to life.

Slowly the van came to a halt and backed into the driveway of my new home. The warm safe hands of the carrier were wrapped safely around my wooden frame, and I was taken to a dark corner which smelt of stale milk. He tuned me so that the picture was clear and the sound good.

Electricity flooded through me as I was switched to a channel with no picture. These people were idiots. Suddenly, I felt my aerial being removed and another piece of metal prodded into me. Before my transistor eyes came a screen of spaceships. One ship proceeded to shoot the others. For some reason the family was jumping with joy as each ship was hit. They were quite excited. Many games were played on me that day, and I felt rather strange because I couldn't remember my programmer telling me anything about such things.

The next morning I watched intently as the kids went to school and the mother cleaned the kitchen.

Her ironing board was then deposited in front of me. It was twelve o'clock and the tragic 'Days of our Lives,' was being shown. She ironed slowly while watching and found it extremely difficult to keep her eyes from my screen. Suddenly, the iron was slammed on the board, and she bellowed abuse at me. She thought that I was to blame for the death of her favourite character.

Two days later, I was sitting in my corner, minding my own business, when suddenly a mass of metal was dumped on me. What was this machine? I tried unsuccessfully to communicate with it until I realized that it was a Video Recorder. Of all the nerve...!

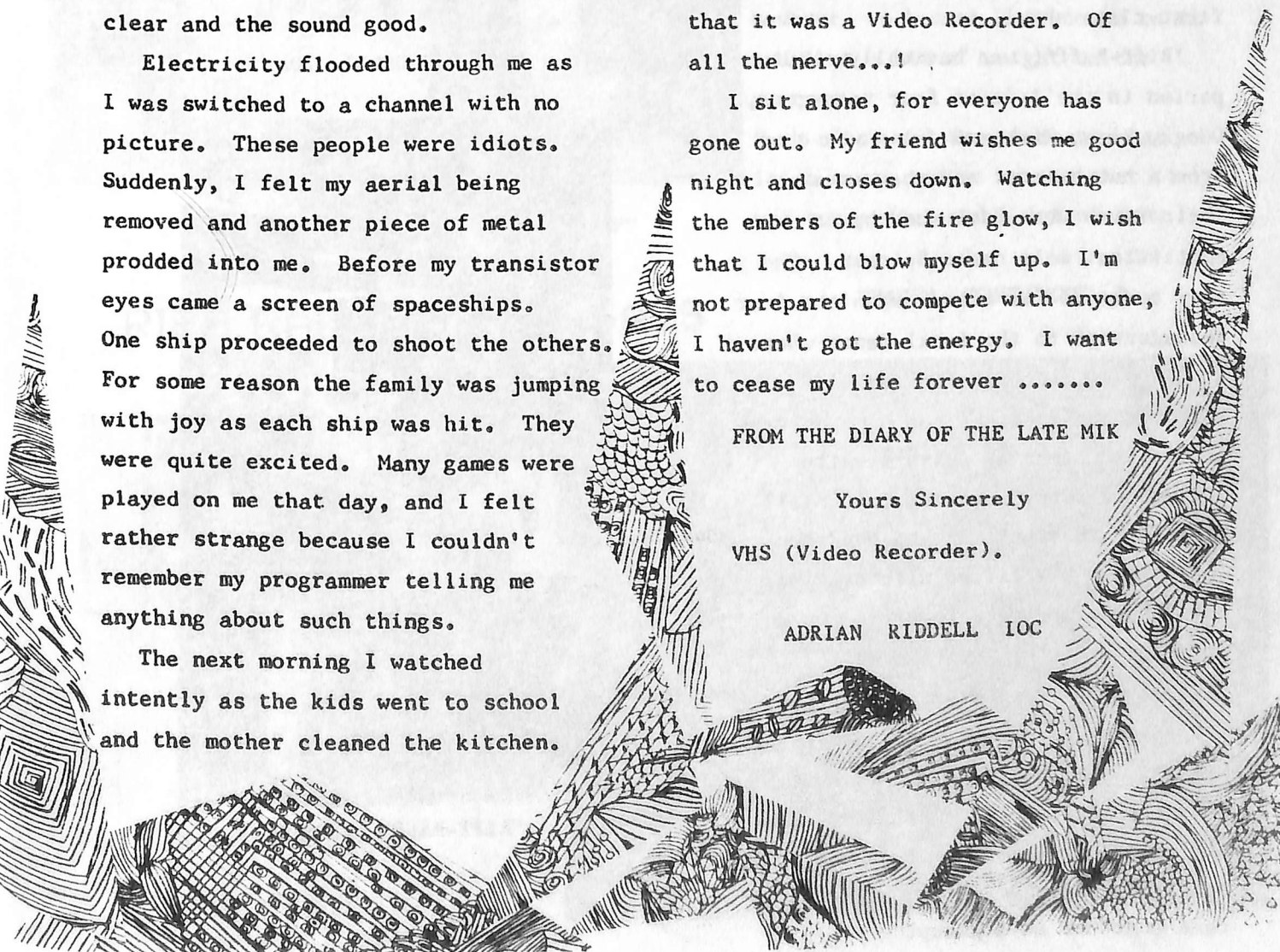
I sit alone, for everyone has gone out. My friend wishes me good night and closes down. Watching the embers of the fire glow, I wish that I could blow myself up. I'm not prepared to compete with anyone, I haven't got the energy. I want to cease my life forever

FROM THE DIARY OF THE LATE MIK

Yours Sincerely

VHS (Video Recorder).

ADRIAN RIDDELL IOC



RIFF / RAFF



I am proud to say that 'Riff-Raff', Parkwood High School's production for 1983, was a great success! It was performed at the Karralika Theatre in Ringwood on the nights of July 5th, 6th, and 7th. Karralika Theatre is a first-class venue which was only fitting, for our production was a first-class show!

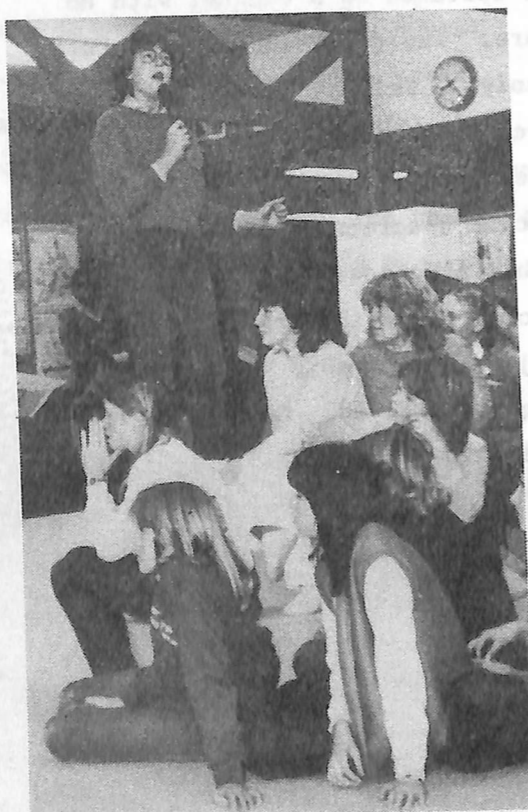
'Riff-Raff', was basically about a period in the life of four teenagers, Doogs, Rosa, Mick and Julie who came from a tough inner suburban area. Their lives were dominated by an egotistical male named Spinner. The play comes to its climax when the four teenagers go to the local dance where a pop group, 'Riff-Raff' is performing. Emotions run high on this particular night as Julie finally decides to rebel against the total dominance that Spinner has over them.

The show was filled with singing and dancing and we were backed by a great band.

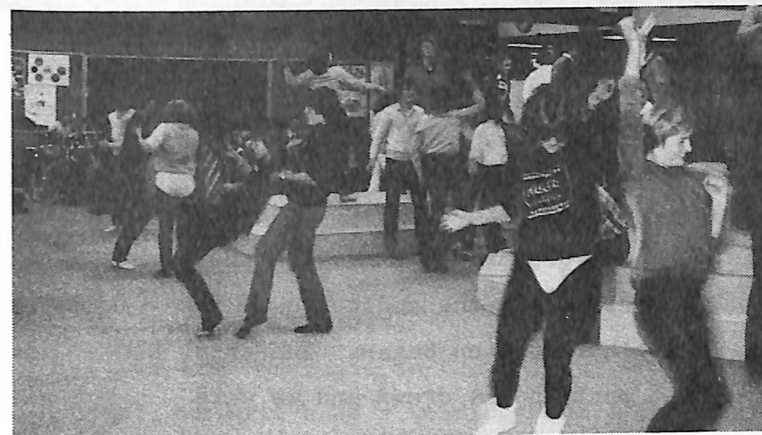
Everyone worked extremely hard in preparation for those three performing nights. We rehearsed two nights a week for four months. At first, the different scenes in the show were rehearsed individually and then we all came together as a group.

On behalf of the cast and crew of 'Riff-Raff', I would like to thank EVERYONE who was involved. You all know who you are, and I hope the work you put in was rewarded by our success. I only hope that future productions will be as successful as this.

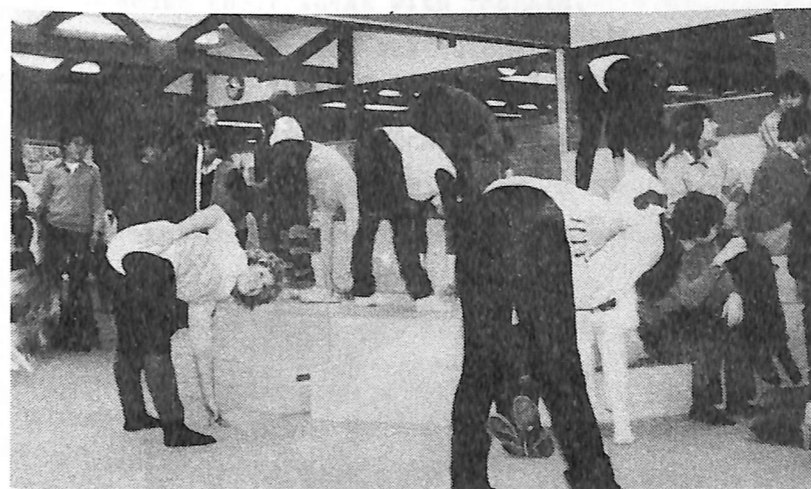
LES DIOGUARDI IOA



"RIFF-RAFF" CHORUS



THE "RIFF-RAFF" DANCERS



"BOTTOMS UP"

RIFF RAFF REHEARSALS



"ROSA" AND "JULIE"

USHERING FOR RIFF-RAFF

When volunteers were called to usher for the school production several of us jumped at the chance.

We had to buy a white windcheater and 'Riff-Raff' printed on it so that we could wear it with jeans on the nights we assisted.

We were assigned different duties each night. These varied from ushering, selling programmes and tickets, to giving advice or being a 'Gopher,' (go for this, go for that) We each took turns to perform all the duties and we enjoyed it very much. The ushering was a little difficult at first as we had to learn the seat numbers and rows. After a while however, we became accustomed to it and lost a bit of weight in the process.

Each of us saw the production at least once, and we agreed that it was successful and a lot of fun.

TRACEY SCHELFHOUT 9



RIFF RAFF

THE PRODUCTION THAT WAS RIFF RAFF

When one is a beginner in any field of singing, acting or dancing, it can be a terrifying but nevertheless, exciting experience.

Singing songs that we were unfamiliar with, reading strage lines and plucking up just that extra bit of courage was all part of auditioning. We had to prove that we were capable of performing in front of an audience.

Following countless exhaustive auditions, students were selected for the respective roles. Although some were disappointed, things soon sorted themselves out. Rehearsals were hard and they required one hundred percent dedication.

In no time at all the 'big night' had arrived. The dressing rooms were array with brightly coloured costumes, make-up and students complaining of nervousness.

'Five minutes till curtain,' Mr Byrne's voice carried over the speaker. We tiptoed quietly to the top of the stairs which led to the stage wings and arranged ourselves in the appropriate positions for scene one 'The Dance of Your Life.'

It was two minutes till curtain. Hearts pounded, heads spun and knees shook. For a split second we relived the gruelling rehearsals of the past four months. This was the big

Q. What nut grows on a wall?

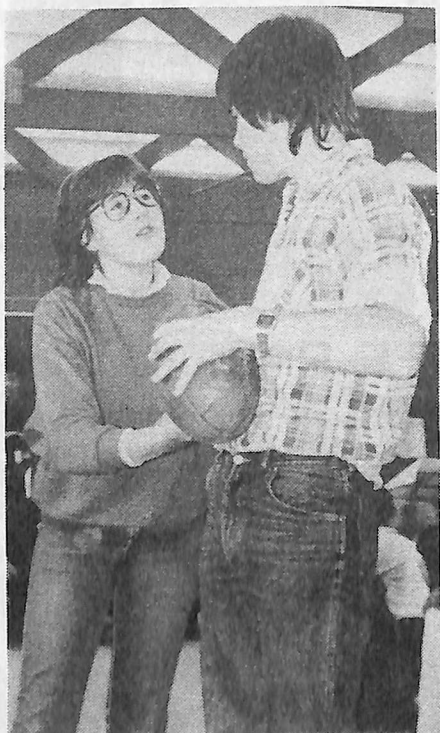
A. A wal-nut.

night and we were determined to perform to the best of our abilities.

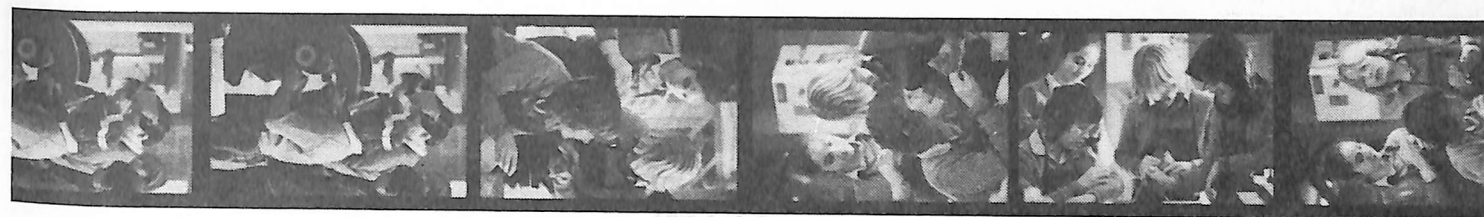
Mr Rowlands half ran, half tiptoed across the stage, 'One minute till curtain folks. Good Luck!' We listened to the last drones of conversation die away as the lights dimmed in the auditorium. The introduction began. Suddenly, the curtain was drawn and we were blinded by flashing lights and music.

Walking down the concrete steps to Dressing Room One, we heaved a sigh of relief. Our worries however, weren't over yet, there were still two nights to go.

JANE MURDOCH 9E



"ROSA" AND "DOGS"



'RONALDS' CAREERS MESSAGE

Next year the careers room will be moving from 'Siberia' (Library Annexe) past the 'Black Hole,' to a parapet in 'C' block.

We are fortunate in that next year, we will have a reading room as well as an interviewing office. Students will be able to come and read about various careers and/or discuss their ideas with 'Ronald.'

It is important that students realise the 'right' job is a misnomer. Several occupations will probably suit their abilities, interests and needs if only they are aware of how many there are.

The careers room ('At McDonalds we've got it all') has information about thousands of jobs and a few hundred courses. All students have to do, is come along and browse through our wide selection. As they learn more about the various jobs that interest them they will be offered the opportunity to trial that particular job during work experience, thereby assessing the degree to which it meets their individual needs.

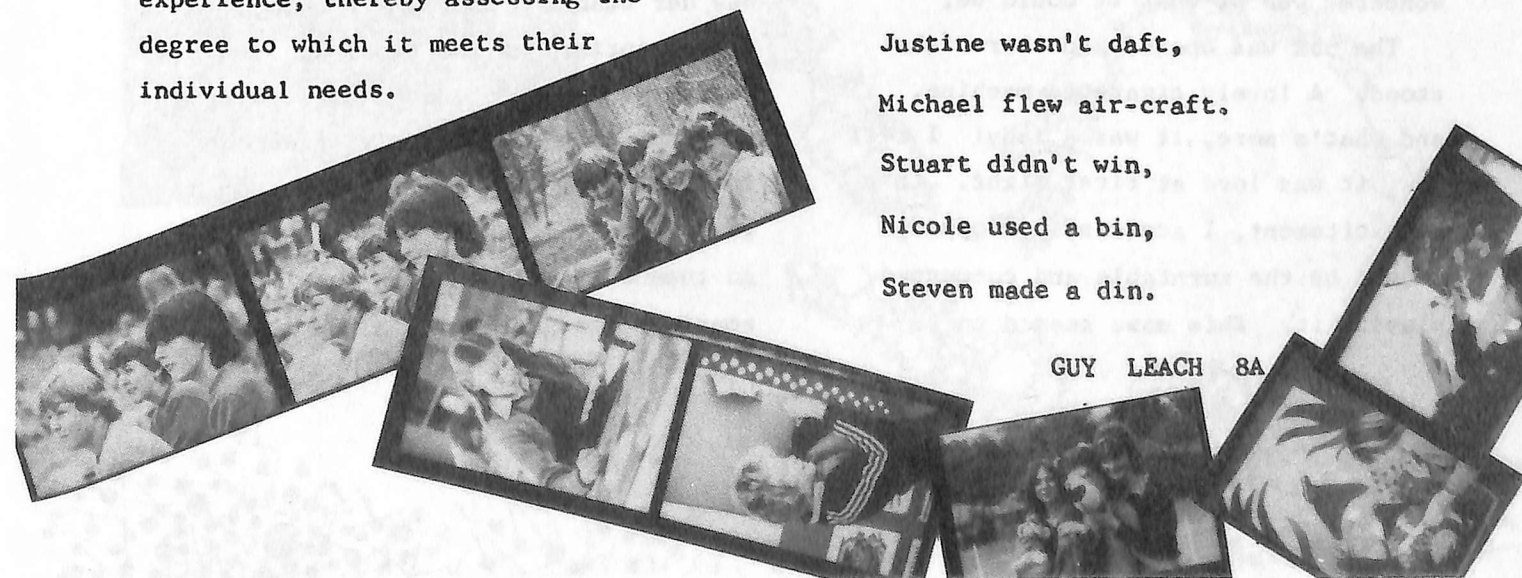
So come along to the careers room, borrow literature and start thinking about 'what you are going to be before you reach H.S.C. See you there.

MRS McDONALD

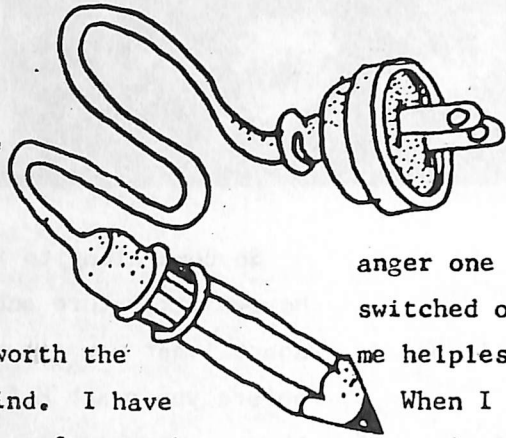
IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF

Guy was fat,
Damian was thin.
Franny didn't chat,
David was dim.
Emma didn't cack,
Helen was slim.
Tiffany didn't gaffe,
My sister wasn't Kim.
Francesca was a giraffe,
Ashby was a pin.
Audrey looked like chaff,
Michelle was in a spin.
Justine wasn't daft,
Michael flew air-craft.
Stuart didn't win,
Nicole used a bin,
Steven made a din.

GUY LEACH 8A



LOVE IS . . .



Love isn't really worth the trouble it takes to find. I have reached this conclusion after weeks of trying unsuccessfully to woo the cigarette machine in the corner. She has practically taken no notice of me, and I have just about given up on her.

It was a Saturday morning, and as yet there were no customers in the bar. I was resting, having spent an exhausting evening belting out nothing but Suzi Quatro and Rolling Stones songs. I'll tell you, Saturday night is no fun for us juke boxes. All this new-fangled music, why can't people choose nice, quiet, slow love songs for me to play? It'd be much better than playing these rock and roll songs all the time. I can't even understand half of them.

Anyway, I was dozing quietly, giving my circuits a well earned rest, when I was rudely interrupted by three men shuffling madly into the room. They were carrying a large box which they placed in the corner opposite me. I wondered who or what it could be.

The box was opened and there 'she' stood. A lovely cigarette machine, and what's more, it was a lady! I tell you, it was love at first sight. In my excitement, I accidentally dropped a record on the turntable and commenced playing it. This move seemed to

anger one of the carriers, so he switched off my power supply leaving me helpless.

When I was switched on again we were alone. I gazed admiringly at her - her brightly lit display of different cigarette brands, her carved front, her polished coin slots.

Eager to make conversation, I played one of my favourite records to try and attract her attention. She made no response, but rather, stood there looking rather bored with everything. At this stage the manager entered and kicked in my speaker, so I promptly switched off. 'Bloody thing,' I heard him mumble as he left the room. He was obviously in a bad mood, but that was no excuse for his actions.

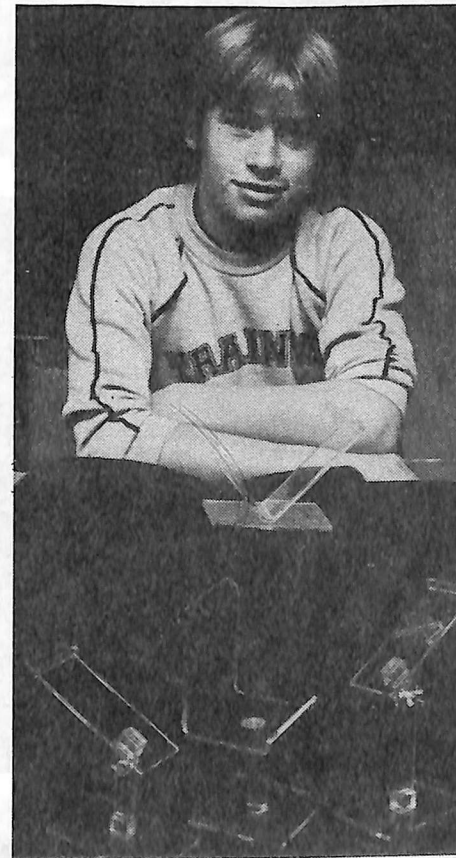
I followed the same procedure for a week, but nothing that I played would attract her attention. She ignored me completely, and I began to wonder if she would ever acknowledge my presence. Finally she did!

Midway through the Beatles 'I Saw Her Standing There,' (I thought it appropriate at the time) she yelled at me. 'For God's sake, will you shut up! You are driving me up the wall with your stupid music. If you don't leave me alone I shall go insane!' I stopped in total amazement and horror. To top it all

off a packet of Marlboro 25's came flying out of her slot at incredible speed and hit me in the face.

Of all the nerve! I had never met such a snob. It was then that I decided that she probably wouldn't have been good enough for me after all. Anyhow, I've heard there's a new Space Invaders machine coming soon ...

SHARON CHAPMAN IOC



MICHAEL NAPIER YEAR 10
ACRYLIC STANDS

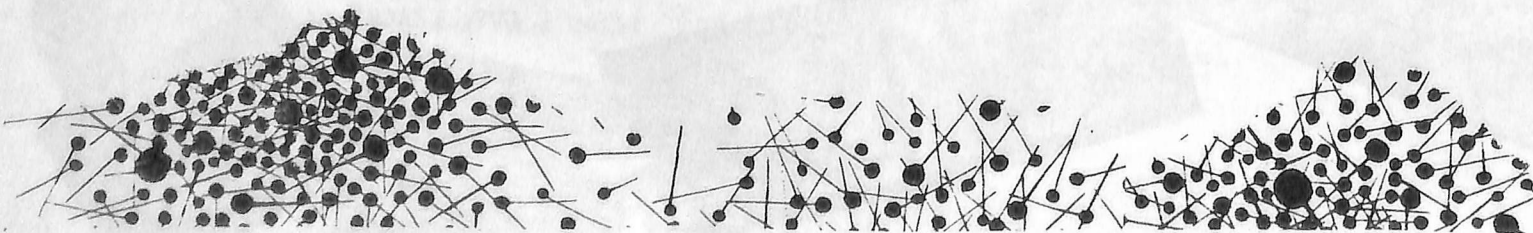
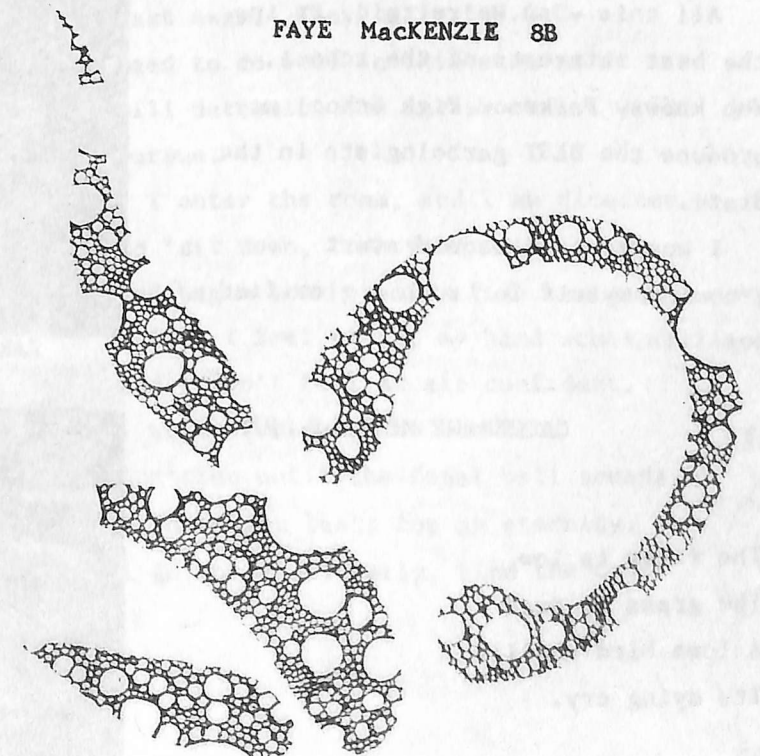
RAIN

I opened my eyes,
And looked up at the rain,
But it dripped in my head,
And flowed into my brain,
So excuse this wild thing I've just said,
I'm just not the same since there's
been rain in my head.
I step very softly,
I walk quite slow,
I can't do a hand-stand,
Or I could overflow,
And all I can hear as I lie in my bed,
Is the slashity-slash of the rain
in my head.

JUSTIN MACLEAN 9F

The snow softly falls
Covering the once green grass
Children play outside.

FAYE MacKENZIE 8B



YARD DUTY



BIN DUTY - WE LOVE IT!

Yard duty is really Exciting, it's Fun, it's Terrific. So what if we stand out like sore thumbs in free dress, we consider ourselves privileged. I mean, no-one else in the school has been entrusted with such demanding responsibilities.

We even get to wear identification badges and rubber gloves which stick to our hands.

We are given barbeque tongs to pick up mouldy apples, disregarded lunches, empty chip packets and

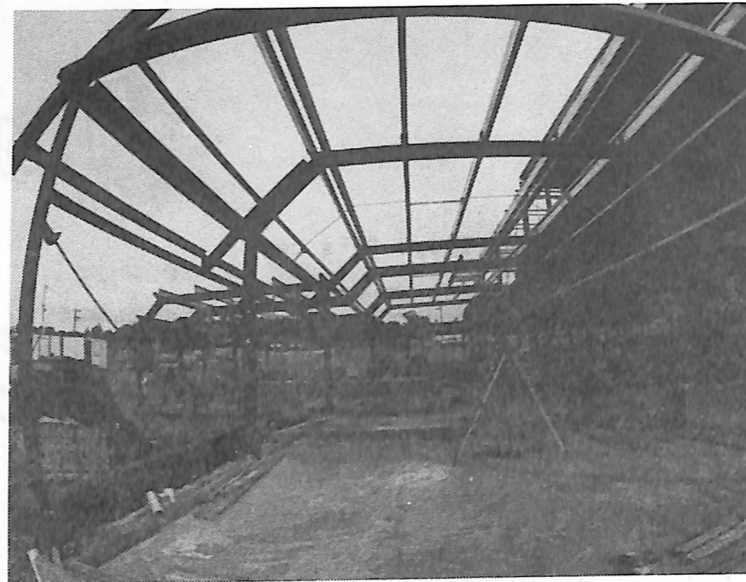
All this - so we're told, is in the best interests of the school. Who knows, Parkwood High School may produce the BEST garbologists in the State.

I wonder if I should start grooming myself for such a glorified position.

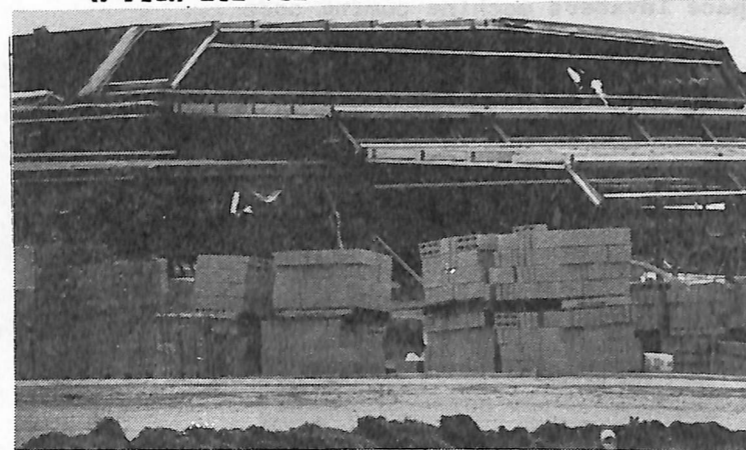
CATHERINE METCALF 9F

The river is low
The grass is dead
A lone bird shrills
Its dying cry.

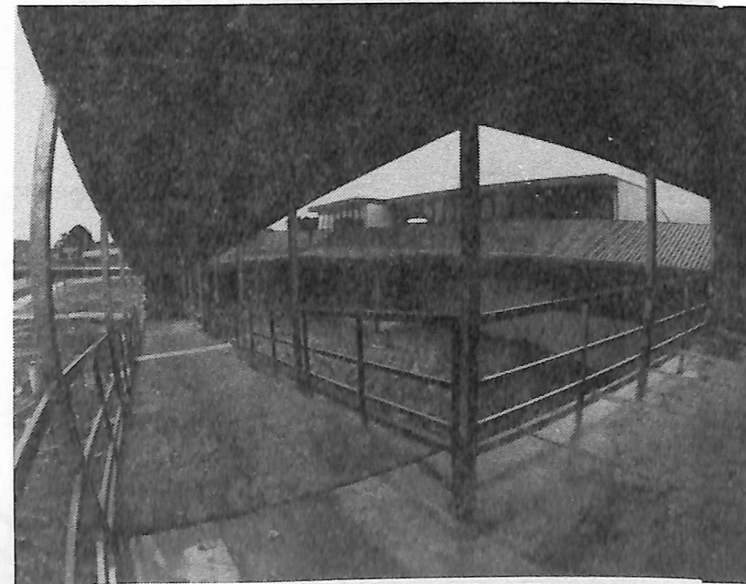
MICHELLE HARVEY 8B



A FISH EYE VIEW OF OUR NEW GYMNASIUM



THE BRICKS ARRIVE AT LAST!



EARLY NOVEMBER 1983. OUR NEW LIBRARY.



ONLY DAYS FOR THE GYMNASIUM AND ADJOINING CLASSROOMS.

ISN'T LIFE STRANGE



and cuddle me.

Isn't life strange? I've just come into this world and some man in a white coat smacks me on the behind. I start crying, I don't know why, but I do. I feel like telling him off because I don't know what I have done wrong. I can't communicate with him anyway, so what's the use? I feel like going back to where I have come from, but I don't remember where that is.

I stop crying, open my eyes and find six or seven people looking and pointing at me. The lady who I'm lying next to (my mother), has tears in her eyes. I think to myself, that I can't be all that bad.

After my ordeal at the hospital I am taken to a place they call 'home.' I have been here a year or two now and nothing spectacular has happened. Just like any two year old I enjoy chewing things, especially match-boxes. My mother catches onto this quickly, so I don't see another one for the next week.

One night my parents are entertaining guests when something catches the corner of my eye. Yes, it is a match-box. I watch my prey carefully and decide to make my move. I get up and approach it with caution when a scream bellows across the room, 'Look! he's walking.' Suddenly everyone approaches me, and they begin to kiss

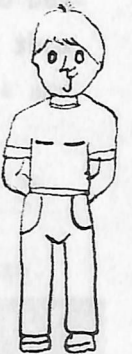
I walk back to my seat and place myself in it. Again I survey the match-box and make a move towards it. I pick it up and chew it. Mother takes the box away and feels around in my mouth for any remaining particles. In an astonished tone she yells 'His first tooth.' Again the same procedure follows, the kissing and the cuddling. I don't know, all over a stupid match-box.

Mum says that I should be excited about going to primary school. I don't see that it's any big deal. She just wants to get me out of the house that's all. After my first day I decide that I will not be dictated to by anyone.

I feel somehow superior now that I am in high school. People seem to respect me because I wear a school uniform. It has taken a long time and I am about to sit for my last exam. They call it H.S.C. I need to do well in this exam as it will determine the career that I will pursue.

I enter the room, and I am directed to 'sit down, turn your paper over and begin your exam.' I do as I am told. I feel tense, my hand aches and I don't feel at all confident. I write furiously on the last question until the final bell sounds.

The night lasts for an eternity. I go to school early, find the table



on the noticeboard and look under 'R'.
Here it is, printed in black and white,
RULE, COLIN - 78%.

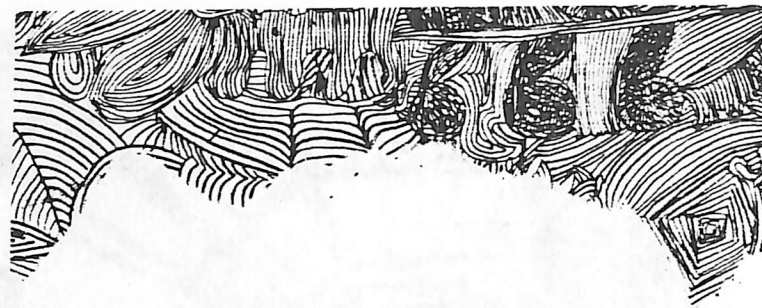
What a long time ago that was. I
am now a manager in an Adidas Sports
Store and the father of two children.
As I look back on my life I realize
how strange it has been, but I'm
thankful that I've had the experience.

Whether it is rewarding, educational,
challenging or strange, it's life, and
you only get one chance to make the
most of it.

COLIN RULE IOC



JAMES GLIDE YEAR 9 A BOTANIC BEAUTY!



STUFF

Bushland, birds, animals and glory,
fit together like an animated story.
For I like these things,
these natural things
And these are the things I like.

Holidays, songs and a moonlit night,
are like angels to my eyes,
betraying my sight.
For I like these things,
these natural things
And these are the things I like.

Stars, water, colours so bright,
bring me happiness like birds in
flight.

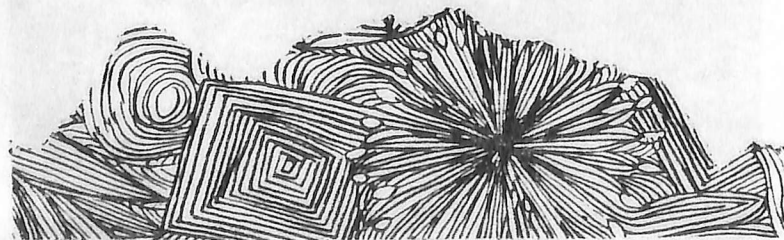
For I like these things,
these natural things.
And these are the things I like.

Bushland, birds, animals and glory,
Holidays, songs and a moonlit night.
Stars, water, colours so bright,
These are the things I like.

MELISSA SMITH 9F

The small worm squirmed
To the open front door
To soak up the sun.

DAVID McCANN 8B



LIFE AT PARKWOOD HIGH SCHOOL

THE SUNSET

The prisoners walked aimlessly
about the exercise yard, in the heat
of the day kicking up clouds of dust
with their heavy boots.

Sentries watched the prisoners
with hawk-like eyes, waiting to
pounce on anyone who breached
regulations.

Suddenly, sentry Boucherhein
witnessed something and came quickly
onto the scene. One of the prisoners
was wearing sneakers, and we knew
that he would be dealt with severely.
I remember the last fella caught
with his sneakers on, hell, when
they'd finished with him he was a
blubbering wreck.

Some prisoners wear their
sneakers purposely to to get General
Teasdale riled. This poor fella
had simply forgotten to bring his
regulation boots with him, and now
he would certainly pay the price.

Boucherhein grabbed him by the
collar and dragged him away. I
looked around me and witnessed the
look of terror on the faces of my
comrades. Poor kid, I hope he makes
it out alive.

Suddenly the bell sounds and we
move off to the locker room to
collect our books for class.

MARK CRICK 9B

Q. What would you call a scared cow?

A. A coward.

A few seagulls were overhead,
I could see them flying freely with
the wind.

The waves rolled in white streams
upon the yellowy gold sand.
They were bringing seaweed onto
the beach, and with every one came
a different sized shell or polished
rock.

I watched the waves roll out in turn.
Each carrying themselves out to the
sunset of gorgeous reds, purples and
yellows.

I sat down and watched it thinking
and dreaming.

If you could imagine a little man
dressed in aqua, with a large
paint brush painting the sunset
ever so carefully, and making sure
every little hint of colour was
exactly where it should be,
Then you would be looking at mother
natures most precious object.

THE SUNSET.

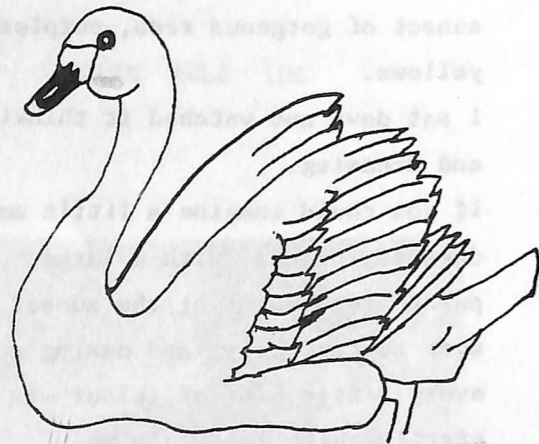
NADJA WRIGHT 8A



THE SWAN

A graceful creature
Gliding, drifting
Like a ghostly ship,
Or a single cloud
In a clear, blue sky.
Where is he going?
What is he doing?
Why is he here?
Why, oh why?

TANYA VANSTON 7D



Yellow and Brown floating
Floating to the ground
Never to live again.

MELINDA MUNROE 8B

Young child feeling warm
Absorbing the bright fires heat
Hides from icy winds.

DEBBIE SEJA 8B

GEORGINA SWAN YEAR 7

"FIGURE DESIGN" ACRYLIC

FLASH-DANCER

The beat pounding fiercely
Slaving under the lights,
Even out in the quiet, damp streets,
the beat is heard throughout the
nights.

She lives for this moment,
Letting go on the floor,
Until the audience,
is screaming for more.

Her wild hair flying,
Eyes sparkling with delight,
She won't give up
not without a fight.

When the music has stopped,
Sweat pours down her brow,
And her heart pounds madly,
But she can't stop - not now.

Maybe some-day she'll fulfill her
dream,
Feeling like a swan,
Dressed in lacey frills and satin,
Then she will belong.

WENDY PETERS 8D



GOSSIP !!!

In February we gained a new
addition to our year level - Mr Stuart
'Romeo' Hill. Since Stuart has been
with us he has broken the hearts of
many a young lady. However, if he
keeps up his present form, he may
find that he will become the not so
proud owner of his own broken heart.

We would like to inform the proud
parents of Mary S. and David W. that
if they've noticed a change for the
better in either of their children,
it isn't a wonder. Romance does
miracles for the soul!!!!

There have been many romances
throughout the year - some ending in
heartbreak which usually follows
puppy love. Dear Parents, your kids
are NOT the angels you think they are!
Evidence you say. Well where can I
begin?

In the beginning there was Cass
and Neale (again) and Mark and Clare,
Michael and Melinda (again), Stuart
and Cass, Stuart and Cathy, Stuart
and Heidi (still trying), Stuart and
Leanne, Stuart and Carmel (who tried
again and again and again), Dawn and
Mark K., Melinda and Andrew, Leanne
and Mark C., Dean B. and Debbie K.,
Sog and Trolley, Stuart and Kylie M.,
Dale and Kylie W., Abbey and Glen
(the same old story again and again
and again), Cass and Neale (again),

Tracey S. and Russell C., Tracey B.
and Mark K To
top all this off Mark Jackson was
seen running into a tree on his bike.
I wonder what he was looking at?????

ANONYMOUS 9F

Sun, my skin tanned
Beside a pool, clear, so blue
Irresistible.

KYLIE TRIMBLE 8B

**IT WOULDN'T BE THE
SAME IF**

We didn't have anything to wish we
didn't have anything of, because you
can't wish for anything if you don't
have anything to wish for. So if
you don't have anything to wish
for how can you wish for anything!
Now everyone has something to wish
for, because if they don't have
something they don't have anything
at all!

Another reason is that if we didn't
have a point when we wanted a point
we could never see the point. But
that's not the point. The point is
that anything can be something and
it's not the same without anything.
Now is my logic logical or is it
not? I wish I knew!!!!

MELISSA SMITH 9F

LIFE AT PARKWOOD HIGH SCHOOL

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MISS CLANCY DIDN'T WEAR FANCY FRILLS

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MR TEASDALE'S FIVE MINUTE TALKS LASTED FIVE MINUTES

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MRS BLYTHMAN DIDN'T SAY 'WITH THE MINIMUM AMOUNT OF FUSS THANK-YOU.'

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF EVERYONE DIDN'T FAIL MISS DE JONG'S TESTS.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MR CAPUANO WORE A SUIT.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MR MEE DIDN'T SAY 'I WANT 100% CONCENTRATION.'

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MISS SAKE SAID 'WHAT'.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MISS CLANCY DIDN'T REFER TO JOE BLOGGS.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF HEATERS WORKED IN WINTER.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MRS BARTON DIDN'T DICTATE EVERYTHING.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MR HICKS LOST HIS TEMPER.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MRS OLSEN HAD A PORSCHE.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF TEACHERS WENT SKIING AND DIDN'T COME BACK WITH BROKEN LEGS.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MR DAVIS GOT HIS HAIR CUT.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MISS SAKE DIDN'T GET WHAT SHE WANTED.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MR COMMONS SAID 'HYDROGEN' INSTEAD OF 'HYGEN'.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MISS SAKE DIDN'T BARRACK FOR CARLTON.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MR TILLER WAS IN CLASS ON TIME.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MRS MCDONALD TAUGHT HISTORY AND NOT CAREERS.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MISS KEENAN DIDN'T THREATEN TO CLOSE THE LIBRARY.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MRS BLYTHMAN DIDN'T MAKE US GET LATE PASSES.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MR BOWMAN DROVE A CAR.

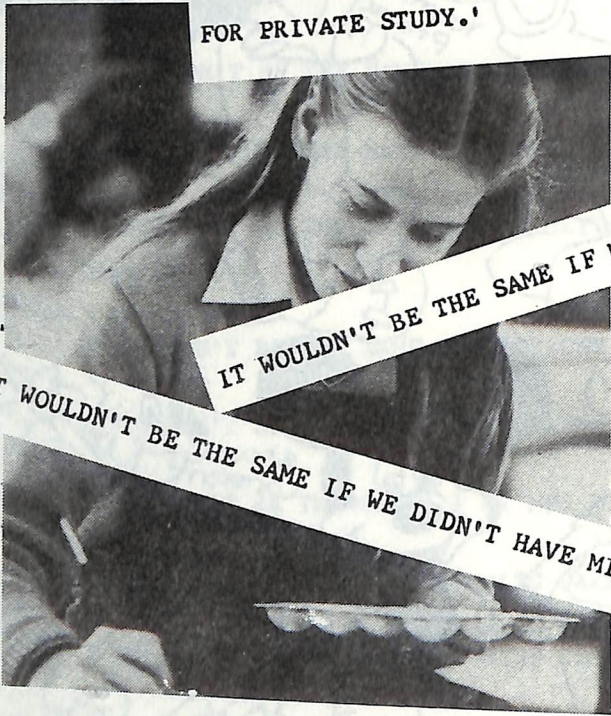
IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MR GLYNN DIDN'T TELL US HOW TO SPELL HIS NAME.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MR BOUCHER DIDN'T GIVE EVERYONE YARD DUTY.



IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MRS BLYTHMAN DIDN'T GO SPEEDING AROUND THE CAR PARK IN HER LITTLE YELLOW SUBMARINE.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MR BOUCHER DIDN'T REMIND US OF OUR 'ADDITIONAL BOOKS FOR PRIVATE STUDY.'



IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MR GLYNN DIDN'T CARRY HIS ORANGE TUB.



IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MISS REITZE DIDN'T WEAR GREEN.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF WE DIDN'T HAVE MISS SAKE TO HELP US IN ENGLISH.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MRS HUDSON DIDN'T GIVE US QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MR HARTWICK TAUGHT SEWING.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MR PAOLACCI DIDN'T GIVE US AN EXTENSION ON OUR ASSIGNMENTS.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MR WEMBRIDGE LET US OUT OF CLASS ON TIME

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MISS SAKE DIDN'T MAKE US WORK HARD.



IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MR O'CONNOR WORE A TIE.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MR BISCHOF STOPPED TRYING TO BE FUNNY.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MISS SAKE DIDN'T LEAVE WORK FOR US TO DO WHEN SHE WAS AWAY.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MR BYRNE WASN'T SUCH A MEDIA MAN.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MISS HARRIS HAD AN AUSTRALIAN ACCENT.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MR TAYLOR DIDN'T SAY 'UMMM.'

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF MR THOMAS DIDN'T MOVE MORE THAN TWO STUDENTS IN ONE LESSON.

Autographs