



PARKWOOD '88



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I HATE MONDAYS

I woke up this morning,
Stretching and yawning,
I look at the time
It was quarter past nine.

To school I run as fast as I could,
When I got to the office,
There Mrs. Hare stood.

I didn't have a note
So Mrs. Hare wrote,
"Late to school, missed the bell,
Got out of bed and ran like hell".
My teacher was amused at the note,
She told me to sit down and take off my coat.

Went for a fag,
Between periods one and two,
Got caught by the teacher,
Throwing it in the loo.
Got marched to the office once again,
It was now a quarter past ten.

Mrs. Hare sat at her desk,
Rolling her eyes
And wearing her good green vest.

She told me off,
I started to cry.
Because when she pointed her finger,
It went straight in my eye.

After the lecture,
I went to my class
Hoping the teacher wouldn't ask for a pass.

Second period was a breeze,
I made it through with ease.
But recess was bad,
Cause someone made me mad.

My locker had been tipped,
By a little year 8,
Who thought he was great.
For period three
Our teacher was away,
So in the courtyard all period,
we stayed.

Our teacher came in period four,
And said to everyone get out the door.

Someone had rung the school that day,
And at quarter past twelve,
The school was going to blow away.

We sat on the oval,
For an hour and a half,
Waiting for the school to split in half.

Halfway through lunch,
It started to rain.
Went to my locker,
It had been tipped again.

"It was the same kid", someone said,
So I went up to him,
And I punched him in the head.

I terrorized the kid until he balled,
Fifteen minutes later,
Back to the office I was called.

I wish I was home in bed,
Because now the school rules are being read.

No fighting, No smoking, no being late to school,
It's the third time today you've broken the rules.

Forgot my P.E. gear,
God I wish it wasn't me.
I tried on some shorts, that were too big.
Then Mrs. Douglas made me do a jig.

My shorts fell down to my knees,
You'll never know how much I got teased!

Sixth period was even better, I was handed a detention
letter.

Five minutes of Science to go,
Bumped into the table and stubbed my toe.
At that moment I swore like hell,
And Miss Tedesco kept me in after the bell.

She let me go at quarter past four,
I stormed out of the classroom
And slammed the door.

Walked to my locker,
Dropped my bag with a thud,
Only to see it landed on my thumb.

I grabbed my bag and ran down the track,
Tripped on a stone and landed on my back.

I couldn't believe I'd had such a bad day,
But then again it was a typical Monday!

Simon Powell 7C

EDITORIAL CREDIT

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Ms. Lowery
Ms. Kempton
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Rachael Swift
Simon Rayko
Mark Rieschieck

LAYOUT:

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Mr. Moxey
Mr. Chai
Kim Leach
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Samantha Dove
Amanda Boyne
Melissa Rennie
Dean Carlton
Rachael Swift

Thanks to all teachers and students
who contributed to "Parkwood 88"



PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

I took up the position of Principal of Parkwood High School with a positive impression of the school and all who are part of it. During the year this impression has been constantly reinforced as I met with students and observed them daily in their attitude to their work and their general demeanour. I have taken many visitors around the school and we have many trades people working around the place, all of whom have made positive comments about the students and the atmosphere of Parkwood.

Students have excelled themselves once again in all areas of the Curriculum — The Westpac Mathematics Competition, Melbourne University Mathematics Competition and the Mathematics Talent Quest; the Esso Australian Schools Science Competition and the Talent Search; The Goethe Poetry Reading Competition and the National German Poster Competition; the Art Display in "Impressions '88"; as well as various sporting achievements. Our English Faculty also organised

S.R.C. REPORT '88

At the beginning of the year, the S.R.C. set several goals which we hoped to achieve. These included the S.R.C. fete, concerts, free dress days, lunchtime sports equipment and canteen assistants to provide a better service for the students at the canteen.

The S.R.C. began the year with a seminar held by the Ringwood School Support Centre at "Mirrabooka". This aimed to teach us to run and organise effective meetings and to make proper and efficient decisions.

One of the most notable achievements of this year has been the lunchtime sports equipment. After several surveys and discussions on how it should be run, it was finally begun late in term three. We can now lend out footballs, cricket bats, gridirons, tennis balls, etc. for the students to use.

The synthesizer bought by the S.R.C. is hopefully, the first stage in developing a better music department at our school. It has been one of our most notable expenses, costing close to \$1000.

The fete form competition, held to encourage more student participation was also organized by the S.R.C. This was quite successful in gaining more student interest and will hopefully be run next year, so start thinking now.

Finally a noticeboard was placed in the library window so that interested students are able to find out what their elected representatives are doing for them. We hope that people will continue to use this facility in the future.

Lindsay Strachan

a Public Speaking Competition and made Penmanship Awards. Credit was also brought to the school by the involvement of students and staff in the EON FM Rock 'n Roll Eisteddford. Such opportunities have been given to students to extend themselves and display their talents.

I congratulate students for their involvement in such activities, I also commend those students who may not have such particular talents but who have done their best within the framework of the school.

I give special thanks to the teaching staff of Parkwood for their industry, professionalism and concern for the students. The demands made on them are constant and I certainly appreciate their efforts.

I am especially grateful to our administrative staff for the personal assistance given to me in a time when so much more responsibility has been given to schools as a result of the restructuring of the Ministry. The contribution made by members of our ancillary staff to the success of our curriculum and welfare of our students is worthy of praise and I acknowledge this. Thanks are also given to our cleaning and maintenance staff who also had to adjust to different expectations.

On behalf of the school community I acknowledge the work done by Mrs. Dixon, our Canteen Manageress, and all the mothers who have volunteered their time to ensure an excellent service for our staff and students.

To parents who have worked tirelessly for Parkwood High School as members of School Council and the Parkwood High Club, I commend your contribution and thank you for your support. A final thank you to those who supported our Working Bee and Fete and assisted staff in other ways.

May we all look back on 1988 and build on the good that was achieved, putting our mistakes behind us. May we all make a concerted effort to work together for the betterment of our students in 1989.



STAFF LIST 1988

- | | |
|---------------|--------------------|
| Ms. O'Connell | Mr. Maile |
| Mr. Waugh | Mr. Mee |
| Mr. Beale | Mr. Moxey |
| Mr. Bischof | Mrs. Nicholls |
| Mrs. Blythman | Ms. Nanfra |
| Mr. Byrne | Mrs. Nutter |
| Mr. Chai | Mr. Oakley |
| Mr. Cock | Mr. O'Connor |
| Mrs. Cohen | Mrs. Olsen |
| Mr. Davis | Mrs. Osbourne |
| Mr. DeGroot | Mr. Paolacci |
| Mr. Dipnall | Mrs. Pergl |
| Mr. Djoneff | Mrs. Price |
| Mrs. Douglass | Mrs. Quinn |
| Mrs. Fell | Mrs. Ramm |
| Mr. Fisch | Ms. Rickard |
| Ms. Giffard | Mr. Roberts |
| Mr. Gorman | Mrs. Rowlands |
| Mrs. Hare | Mr. Rowlands |
| Mrs. Harmer | Mr. Sayers |
| Mr. Hartigan | Ms. Sebire |
| Mr. Hartwick | Mrs. Stubbs |
| Mrs. Hayes | Mr. Sykes |
| Mrs. Henwood | Mrs. Tarrant |
| Mr. Hicks | Ms. Tedesco |
| Mrs. Hudson | Mr. Thomas |
| Mrs. Isaacs | Ms. Thomas |
| Ms. Keenan | Mr. Tiller, Graeme |
| Ms. Kempton | Mr. Van Cuylenberg |
| Ms. Lowery | Ms. Vidra |
| Mr. Luke | Mrs. Williams |
| Mrs. McDonald | Mrs. Willis |
| Mr. MacDonald | Mr. Zymunt |

LIBRARY STAFF

- Miss Fiona Keenan
 Mr. Michael Byrne
 Mrs. Ann Hayes (0, 4)
 Mrs. Q. Ramm

LAB. TECHNICIAN

- Ms. Jenny Morris

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC ASSISTANTS

- Mr. Ken Macdonald
 Mr. Mark Dipnall

LIBRARY TECHNICIAN

- Mrs. Wilma Thompson

SICK BAY AIDE

- Mrs. Margaret Cameron

INTEGRATION AIDES

- Mrs. Cheryl Trevena
 Ms. Rhonda Neal

OFFICE STAFF

- Mrs. Margaret Holt
 Bursar
 Mrs. Margo Zappulla
 Mrs. Sue Datson

SCHOOL CLEANERS

- Mr. Alan Huxley
 Mr. Syd Chapman
 Mr. Bryan Clemance
 Mr. Warren Millar
 Mrs. Pat Mackieson
 Ms. Julia Jeffries

HOME ECONOMICS ASSISTANTS

- Mrs. Deanna Sheedy
 Mrs. Jenny Fitzgerald

GARDNER/HANDYMAN

- Mr. Vic Val

CANTEEN MANAGERESS

- Mrs. Diane Dixon



ROCK CLIMBING

On the 13th of October the Year 11 P.E. class participated in a afternoon of abseiling and rock climbing. But it was not the familiar type of rock face or cliff, it was a wooden wall mounted on the back of a trailer. Beginning the climb was the easy part, except for those who had long finger nails.

The abseiling down the back of the wall was also not too bad, but when we attempted to run down the wall facing the ground, that first step off the top of the platform at an angle of 90 degrees was not my idea of fun. For me to begin the run down the vertical slope took an enormous amount of persuading but I was not the only one who took second thoughts of wanting to go down when it was too late to get back up. Mrs. Fell had some trouble keeping her feet in contact with the wall. Mr. Moxey also thought some ——— words. Mr. Oakley also had a go at climbing the wall.

Next P.E. lesson we watched the video which was taken on the day. It resulted in some laughs, except on the occasion when the grass or the sky was the major feature on the screen.

Anita Thomas 11A

WORK IS AN EXPERIENCE

Karen Dukes recently spent two weeks at Employment magazine for a stint of work experience. Here is her report.

My main emotion was that of fear. I was waiting for the bus on the first day of my Work Experience. It wasn't fear of the Work Experience itself, but fear of missing the bus or train and not getting there on time. I was really glad that I had had an interview at the Employment Magazine offices or I think I would have been even more scared. When I arrived the fun really started.

It was fairly early in the morning and only about three people had arrived. I hadn't met any of them at the interview, and they didn't know who I was or what I was doing there either. One of them vaguely remembered Donna who had arranged my visit, mentioning something about it, but that was all. Still, they were all very friendly while we waited, and finally someone arrived who knew what was going on. And so I started Work Experience.

By the end of day I knew I had been given a choice job. I was given time in each of the sections so that I could see the whole operation at work from Telemarketing, where the adds are booked, to the final stage of sticking them on to the layout pages, ready to be sent for printing.

I think the best part of work experience was to see how all the sections inter-acted to get the magazine out on time each week, and the problems involved in each area.

I spent quite some time in the administrative section. Contrary to popular belief, I didn't sharpen any pencils, but helped with the subscription and information packs.

I worked with Telemarketing, listening to how they presented themselves and the company over the phone, and writing up bookings and copy changes for the advertisements.

The typesetting team was an interesting group to work with. I was shown how to operate a Mackintosh computer, and used the Pagemaker program to make up each advertisement attractively.

Bronwen, a journalist, gave me tips on how to write articles, and I had to write a couple of paragraphs about a report on unemployment.

One of the most exciting things I did was to accompany Ken, the Photographer, and Tony, the Art Director, on a photography trip to get the front cover for the next magazine. Listening to them idly talk about things such as perspective and various lighting effects taught me far more than our photography teacher ever did, or ever could have done.

I learnt a lot from two weeks I was working, about what type of career I would like to look into and maybe more importantly, those I definitely didn't want to pursue. Experiencing actually getting up in the morning, braving peak hour traffic on the trains and buses, working a full day, and then coming back home again was sometimes a bit much, but I got the feel of what it would be like to work full-time every day. I really enjoyed Work Experience and I think everyone should have the opportunity to do it, as it was really valuable. And getting paid was great!



IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF ...

Mrs. Fell didn't immitate synchronized swimmers,
 Mr. Chai suddenly made us work in history,
 Mr. Oakley didn't dictate at the speed of light,
 Mr. Luke wasn't such an excellent artist (ha! ha!)
 Mrs. Rowlands didn't ask Jahn if his locker was learn-
 ing German,
 Mr. DeGroot wasn't so obsessed with GRAMMA,
 Mr. Sykes didn't say "right, turn to the back of your
 books."
 Mr. Luke didn't say "stand up, thanks, now take a
 seat,"
 Natalie didn't laugh like a wounded boar,
 Adam didn't set fire extinguishers off in English,
 Jahn didn't hate all the girls,
 All the girls didn't hate Jahn,
 Scott and Nick didn't pick on Andrea and Kate,
OUR FORM DIDN'T GET ON SO WELL!

Kimberly Leach 10F

THE ROCK AND ROLL EISTEDFORD PRESENTED BY EON FM 1988

The Auditions

Fifty potential dancers piled into C1 and C2 for the Rock and Roll Eistedford audition. Everyone was enthusiastic and very nervous hoping to gain the part as a dancer or actor. As a result of the audition twenty dancers and twelve actors were chosen to perform and compete at the Royal Melbourne Show Grounds. Each and every talented participant was informed of the hard work and enjoyment they had ahead of them for the next six weeks . . . yes six weeks.

The majority of them (other schools) had up to a whole year of rehearsal behind them. This was a huge challenge for us to learn a six minute routine in such a small period of time. The range of experience among the dancers and actors was varied, but proved to be a success, as we all worked well together as a team.

The Show Grounds

The nerves mounted as we entered the complex and saw the stage and our competition. It was now clearly illustrated how much money other schools spent (up to \$9000) Parkwood donated two hundred dollars and although this was a small amount in comparison, to other schools, and obvious that our stage set up was not as good or professional as the others we worked well with what we had.

Finally after about four hours waiting, rehearsing and nail-biting it was now our turn to show the judges and audience how it was done PARKWOD HIGH SCHOOL STYLE. Everyone performed to their best capability whilst the audience was captivated, laughing with our characters and enjoying the presentation as much as the Parkwood performers.

After viewing our competition our hopes for a place were drowned. We knew we'd done our best but sometimes your best, is just not enough.

Four days later we were informed that we had won the award of "most TALENTED NEW SCHOOL OF 1988" and were asked to perform as guests (to the open show) at the grand final at the Sports Entertainment Centre the next day.

The Final Performance

It was obvious to us that our hard work had paid off. We were only hours away from being televised Australia wide. We were rapt. After all, not everyone gets to perform at the Sports and Entertainment Centre. The feeling was indescribable once on that stage, with 1000's of eyes watching US! They announced Parkwood, the "best new school" and the adrenalin pumped. Once again we strutted our stuff to our best ability. We all owed many thanks to Miss Kempton for arranging and co-ordinating the whole thing, the idea of the Get Smart, Addams Family and B and R was original by the staff at EON FM.

Our thanks also goes to Mrs. Douglas and Mr. Van Cuylenberg as well as make-up and back stage crew. Without these people we would not have been able to perform.

Mel and Age



RINGWOOD ROTARY ALL SCHOOL EXHIBITION

Parkwood High participated in the Ringwood Rotary-sponsored Art/Craft Exhibition held at Target Square in June. The other participating schools were Heathmont High, Ringwood High, Norwood High and Tintern Grammar.

Together with Ringwood Tech, Parkwood produced a series of photographs depicting the human and architectural appears of Ringwood.

The successful exhibits were later flown to Ringwood, Hampshire, for an exhibition. In exchange, schools in their city would mount an exhibition of students Art/Craft work in the local Ringwood participating schools in the near future.

The school wishes to thank Mr. D. Sanderson and Kodak Australia for sponsoring our exhibits.

J. Chai



POSTER DESIGN WINNERS

Congratulations to three German students — Alison Rowe, year 9, Anita Weiss and Rachel McGrotty of year 11 for winning \$20 each for their posters in the National Poster Competition during National Languages Week. Rachel's poster not only won at State level, but also came third in the National level of the competition, for which she won another \$20. WELL DONE, GIRLS!



CONGRATULATIONS TO PAST STUDENTS

We offer our congratulations to two former Parkwood High School students, Shelley and Wendy O'Donnell, who have been selected in the Australian Netball team for the Bicentennial World Youth Cup Series in Canberra. Good luck to you both in your sporting achievements.

THE SILENT STALKER

Through the dark, cool waters of the Atlantic it swam, at depths so great not even the rays of the harsh, white Northern Hemisphere sun could penetrate.

It glided through the water alone, with the constant knowledge that it was the predator and not the prey. Its body, sparkling and new, powered through the dark, icy reaches of the ocean. It did not turn or stop. It swam on straight.

On the surface of the Atlantic, a convoy ploughed through the choppy waves, heading home, trying to reach the shore. The captain looked around frantically, but saw nothing. Presuming it was safe the convoy continued on its way. But from the bowels of the ocean rose a solitary figure and from just below the surface it spied its target, moving on unaware. It moved closer until it was within range. Then it attacked. Emitted from its body was a single rod of destruction. It also sped on quietly and unseen. There was an explosion and a violent leaning of metal. But all the attackers saw was a mine, a ship in the convoy slowly submerging and off it jumped objects, ablaze. Soon the killer dived again into the oceans depths as the other ships searched for their hunter. But they were too late, for as silently as it came, it had gone. Another victorious operation finished — the U-boat sped home.

Andrew Hawworth 10A



MEMORY

I thought of you today, and we danced across open fields where the grasses swayed as if they were one. We flew above dense forests where the sun's shimmering fingers cannot reach. We shifted with the sands of an ocean beach and the sea sparkled with your tears. Ancient cliffs rose eternally upwards, sculptured by the withered fingers of the sea.

They echoed with your voice.

We played as we had done when we were blonde and innocent. Oblivious to the choking grasp of time. We climbed the gnarled oak and tried to touch the hovering, ivory clouds.

Then someone spoke and shattered my dream. I looked into a fragment of you and I could only see what I thought you used to be.

And as I place flowers on the stone of what used to be, the grass wavers in a single motion and you glide past my grieving eyes.

Lynne Peters 10F

GUNDIWINDI

YEAR 7 CAMP — GUNDAWINDI

When you have to leave your old familiar school after you've been top dog, starting a new school can be really scary. And what better way of settling into it and to get to know everyone than to have an orientation camp!

Whilst on their camp at Gundawindi, they did many activities including: kite making, face painting and life-be-in-it games like tug-of-war and they had an earth ball. They went on a night hike, on a flying fox and a rope course.

The bedding area was a good set up with the girls in one large room and the boys in cabins of 4 to 6. Some nights, Mrs. Douglas and Mrs. Fell helped make everyone sleep with relaxation classes.

Luckily the weather was hot, so they spent most of the time outdoors. The nights were pretty cold but they were provided with hot chocolate and biscuits for supper.

On one night, they had a concert with many acts like Heavy Metal and reading out plays. The teachers also joined in.

One of the walks they went on was to Silvan Dam. The camp was a great success and is definitely a must for next year.

YEAR 7 CAMP

Camp Gundawindi. On the 24th of February 7C and E On the 22nd of February 1988 7A, B and D headed for the camp which was located in Wandin.

The bus trip was great because everybody was so excited and eager to make new friends. When we arrived Miss Lowery had a talk to everybody about the rules.

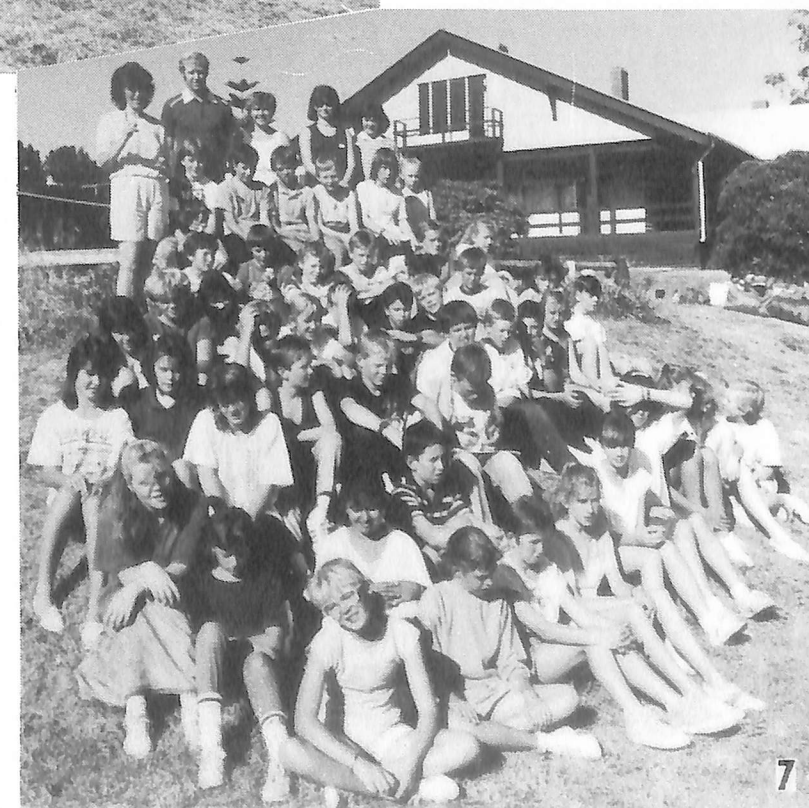
On the camp there were many activities like kite making, rope courses and volleyball court.

Most of the kids there made new friends and some new romances blossomed.

The food wasn't too crash hot but nobody starved because all the kids had brought along lollies.

Everybody who went on the camp, would like to thank Miss Lowery and Miss Douglas for organising everything.

Mark Taylor 7C





CANBERRA

THE CANBERRA SONG

Written and performed 26/5/88

It's a long way to flipping Canberra
 It's a long way to go,
 It's a long way to dripping Canberra
 On the wettest bus we know,
 Don't know why we came here
 The bathrooms are too small
 It's cold and cramped and the bus is freezing cold
 But we don't blame Norm at all.

It's a long way to flipping Canberra
 And a good chance for friends
 Now there's Bradley and there's Allison
 Who cuddle closer round the bends
 We don't know about "Mrs. Vanston"
 Whilst Mark continues to stare
 About Michelle and Matthew and Sarah and Glen,
 Well really, who cares.

It's a long way to sunny Canberra
 But our time is drawing nigh
 It's a beaut view from Mt. Ainslie
 And Jack Thompson made us sigh
 Mr. Maile had to show his licence
 To prove he's not that old
 Mr. Moxey snuck off quietly
 Before his age was told.
 The cook's from Wangaratta
 And we'll drop her off there soon
 Her sweet and sour chicken
 Has corroded all our spoons
 Norm and Don have done a great job
 Even seeing dead end roads
 They've been full of information
 Just ask Normie, he knows.

Now it's goodbye Telecom Tower, farewell water fall
 It's a long way back to Melbourne, but we've all had
 a ball.

(Written one evening for the staff contribution to an impromptu concert. Sung to "It's a Long Way to Tipperary".)

Written by: Mr. Maile
 Performed by: Mr. Chai
 Mr. Moxey
 Mr. Maile
 Miss Kempton
 and ... "Animal" ...

(As to the characters and events mentioned in this song, if you don't understand, ask someone who went.)



Amanda Boyne 9B

Day One

On Monday, 23rd of May, 87 Year Nine students arrived at school at 7.45 a.m. to board the bus and leave for Canberra at 8.00 a.m. Our first stop for the day was for lunch. We stopped in Albury/Wodonga at the Ettamogah Pub where some people bought souvenirs and others bought their lunch. We boarded the bus again and kept travelling. Our next stop was at Gundagai for a toilet stop and to see The Dog on the Tucker Box. We finally arrived at the Canberra Motor Village at approximately 7.30 p.m. We found our luggage then settled into our cabins while tea was being cooked.

Day Two

After breakfast, at about 8.00 a.m., we set off on our first trip of the day. We went to Regatta Point to see the Canberra planning display. We saw how Canberra was designed and built by Mr. Burley Griffin. After our visit here, we split into two groups. One group went to the new Parliament House and were allowed to walk around by themselves, while the other group went on a scenic cruise of Lake Burley Griffin. After this we went to the War Memorial for the afternoon. At about 4.30 p.m., we travelled to the National Institute of Sport and had a guided tour of most sections of the Institute and saw them training. After tea we all went to see Crocodile Dundee II which we all enjoyed.

Day Three

Today our first visit for the day was to the National Library of Australia where we listened to a speech and then had a quick look around before having to board the bus again to travel to the High Court of Australia and then after that, to the Australian National Gallery, where we were allowed to look around until lunchtime. After lunch, we visited the Indonesian Cultural Centre, and then we had a guided tour and speech at the National Film and Sound Archives. We next went for an arranged visit to Parliament House, where we observed a Question Time Session. After tea, we went on a night lights tour of Canberra and went up to the Mt. Ainslie Lookout.

Day Four

On our last day in Canberra, our first visit was to the Royal Australian Mint where we saw the different stages of the minting process and could buy all different coins. Next we went to the Telecom Tower for an audio visual and a view of Canberra. We visited Mt. Stromlo Observatory and Nature Reserve. For the next couple of hours, we had free time to go shopping at Belconnen Shopping Centre. Later on in the afternoon, we visited Parliament House and had afternoon tea with our local Federal member of parliament.

Day Five

We had breakfast at 6.00 a.m. and left at about 6.45 a.m. We retraced our journey back to Melbourne and arrived back at school at about 5.45 p.m.

THE CENTRE

CENTRAL AUSTRALIA — GROUP 2

Day 1 — Stacey Aslangul chosen for security check — a possible terrorist?

Jodi Hopkins drops all her films during the security check.

Ted Egan — Well anyone can eat pie crusts and doughnuts after GREASY BIGGINS — "The Rock called Ulura" — well done.

Day 2 — Nigel Law — The country's test bus packer — where does it all go?

Overnight at Glen Helen Gorge — the boys will never make the Australian Boys Choir!

Does anyone know the official end of the school chant? Nigel knows the unofficial end.

Day 3 — Camel rides — dust, dirt, squeals and dung! Who rigged the Bingo Game, Mrs. Fell?

Showers and toilets — YUK.

Days 4, 5 6 — Yulara and Ulura.

Our table quotes —

Christian — When asked to clean out the still glowing embers of a fire said, "I'll do it with this piece of cardboard."

Dana — On being told that there were only two TV stations in the N.T. and one was the ABC, "God! Who would want to live here?!"

Kerry — On family members — I have sisters; they are all girls you know!

The Climb — First stop — Chicken Rock, even then the buses and people looked like toys.

The Chain — they crawled, they pulled, they strode out — old, young, middleaged.

Do not do anything silly! Remember the plaques of the dead people!

Where in the Coke Machine and the Post Box at the top! Mr. Hartigan knows where to find 2 cents.

The Flight — Kim and Stacey — a very pale shade of olive.

Miss Giffard asks for "devine help" as the plane takes off.

Disaster — Richard's P.A. system breaks down — NO COMMENT.

The Olgas — Unbelievable and beautiful.
 Night Entertainment — "Take it off, Ben."
 Motor Bikes or Toilet! — "Natalie."

Day 7 — The Bush Camp —

John McCurdy's Bleeding Walls" kept us up all night.
 Bret Tucker — Pancake king — must have had secret ingredients.

Shovels, creek beds, frickled bottoms and dead horses.
 How can you wash, etc., on two cups of water?

Day 8 — Coober Pedy — The Pits!

Stacey has a surprise party — Sweet Sixteen!
 Spaghetti Bolognaise for 50!

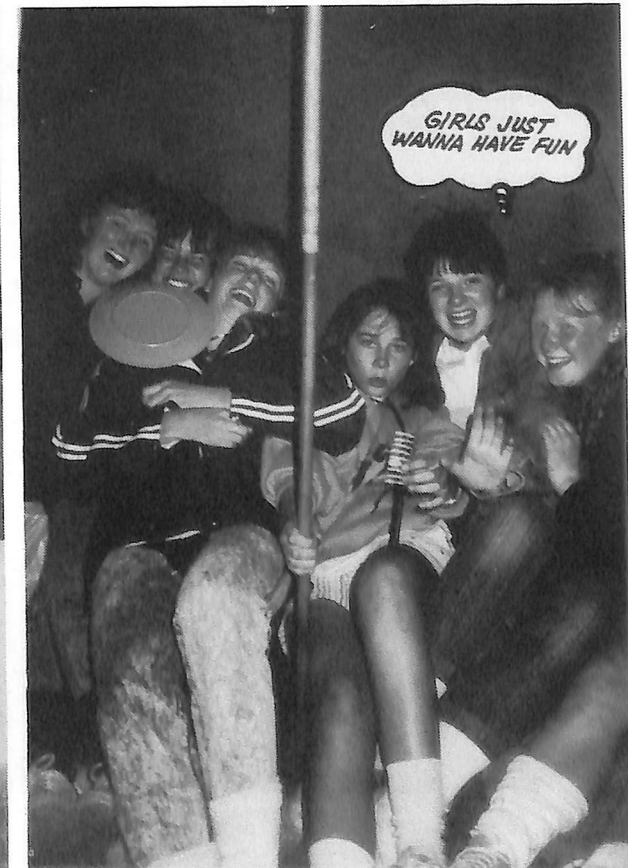
Who were the two star watchers in the bush?
 J and C?

Day 9 — A long boring drive to Renmark.

Day 10 — Hooray! Back in Victoria — who's winning the footy?!

6 Dead Ants at Sea Lake.

All arrived home 6.45 p.m. — First stop home?
 NO McDONALDS!



EXPO '88

QUEENSLAND TOUR (BUS TWO)

Everyone arrived at Parkwood with their luggage and parents, anxiously waiting for the coach to come or at least turn up. When it came we all said goodbye to our parents who at the same time were telling us to be good and to behave. Finally after the luggage was on and we all got on the coach, we were off to a place that was unfamiliar to most of us.

We travelled to West Wyalong to get to Parkes where we stayed overnight. The next day we went to the CSIRO Radio Observatory at Parkes and this was all about the structure and evolution of the universe, then we went to the Western Plains Zoo, also in Parkes. This had animals from countries like Europe, Australia and Africa. After these we travelled to Moree to camp overnight.

Day three was mainly travelling to Urangan so we would be closer to get the Fraser Flyer to Fraser Island.

Day four we got the Fraser Flyer, a boat, to get to Fraser Island and on the boat with our tour was a family reunion and it was very squashy. When we got to the island we had to unload our luggage and carry it across the sand banks that took each of us three trips at the most.

Then we loaded up the four-wheel drives and we were on our way to Dundubarra on Fraser Island. The drive took us about an hour and it was bumpy, with one four-wheel drive to stall and stop. That night we went for a walk on the beach, crossing small fresh water streams and seeing a dead snake. In the morning we packed everything up, went for a walk through the caravan park and ended up to what seemed to be a desert and after we loaded the four-wheel drives we saw the Maheno Shipwreck that has been there for years. After this we went back to where the Fraser Flyer had dropped us off and as we walked across the sand banks, we sank as it had previously been raining. When we got back to Urangan we unloaded the boat and put our luggage in the coach to travel to Caloundra for a night's sleep.

Day six was one day we all were looking forward to as we were going to EXPO '88'. We arrived at Expo at eleven thirty a.m. and it was packed full, but we got in pretty fast as we were a school group.

Expo was fantastic, except one problem was the waiting in line for a certain pavillion, such as Canada or New Zealand as they were popular. Most of us went on the monorail first to see where everything was because there was so much. We spent the whole day at Expo and saw the fireworks display at ten o'clock p.m. After this tiring day of walking and standing we went to Beenligh and stayed at the Police Boy's Club. The next day we got up earlier to get to Expo at ten a.m. so we could see more pavillions and shows that might be on such as lunchtime parades. Again we saw the fireworks as we stayed the whole day at Expo again. After the second day at Expo we travelled to the Gold Coast to stay at Treasure Island caravan park for two nights.

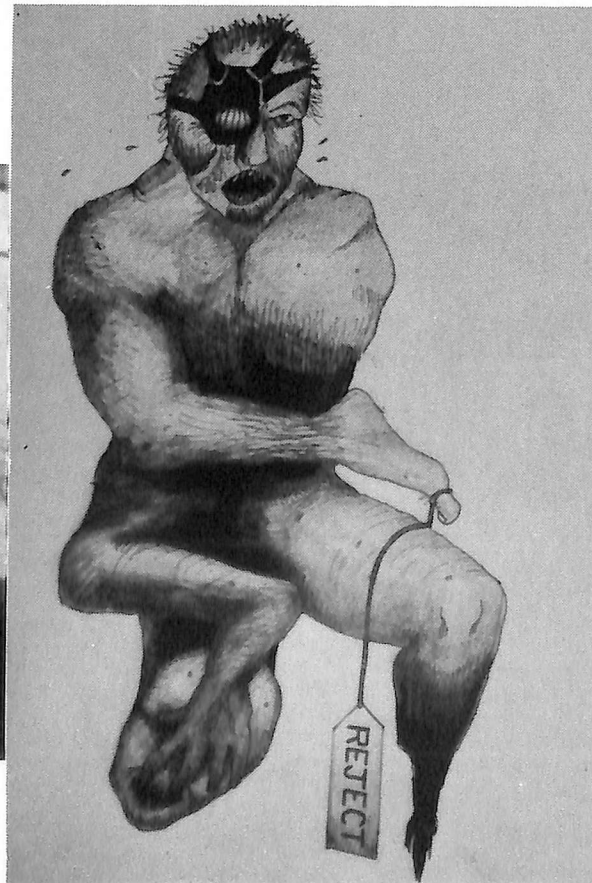
Day eight was when we were going to Seaworld and the Currumbin Bird Sanctuary. Seaworld was good and the bird sanctuary was alright. We had a choice during our stay at seaworld, we could stay until five o'clock or go shopping, most of us went shopping to get more money. That night the teachers organized an outing to a place called Grundy's, this was an amusement centre, but we went in style, in fact we went to Grundy's in limousines we had hired, this was fun.

Finally the day was coming to an end and so was the tour as there was only one day to go. We spent the last day at Expo going into pavillions we had not seen before as there are so many from so many countries, then we headed off to the airport.

We got to the Brisbane airport and to our surprise we saw Mark Mitchell and Glenn Robins from the "Comedy Company" and Alex Papps from "Home and Away". We all got out to get their autographs. At last our plane came and we boarded ready to go home. We arrived in Melbourne safely and arrived at Parkwood tired.

One thing about this tour is that everyone got to meet new people and become friends. Even the teachers, Mr. Cock, Mr. Moxey, Mrs. Henwood and Mrs. Blytheman joined in and acted like us teenagers, but they were great.

Cathy Bates 10C



THE SEA

As the frothy water lapped over and over again, she watched and thought about the dead seaweed floating, twisting and turning in the rays of the sunlight.

It drifted closer and closer, looking like a giant ant with blotches of orange, brown and green, the contrast mixed with the surroundings, and the girl. This girl had olive skin with jet black hair. Her navy blue eyes sparkled in the sunlight, which shadowed over her.

The soft, but coarse grains of sand twisted and twirled on the top of the elephant shaped sand dune. Heading towards the water they fell to the ground, as the cool breeze slowly disappeared into the summer sky.

That was the end of all movement and sound, except for the slow and soft sounding reaction of the sea.

The pale blue water shaped itself gracefully as it came crashing towards her.

The girl ran towards the sea in her red bathers, toppling over shells and rocks. She dove into the deep sea, wondering what would be on the floor of the other world.

She swam further and further out in the steady sea. Swimming past the boundaries marked by the bright, orange flags, she swallowed a deep breath of air. The diving under water towards the bottom of the deep, blue sea.

Staring at the coral, she recognised the texture and the little bumps. The pastel coloured coral had been eaten away by the under water bacteria.

Nothing can help this, it is about to die, going to die, and will die.

She swam further on, passing a school of fish with brightly coloured bodies. Their scaly skin was all colours, purple, red, pink, yellow and blue, with beautiful, sparkling fins.

Losing here breath, she floated quickly to the surface of the water. She wiped the water from her eyes and flicked back her hair.

She began to float towards the shore on her back.

Watching the cloud in the sky, she felt like she should have grabbed at it and swallowed it. Feeling lonely in the sky, and feeling lonely in the water.

The girl had reached the shore, and had reached her feelings.

As she lifted the little weight she had a crab crawled slowly and clumsily past her. Her instincts told her to pick it up and throw it back into the water.

Her hand slowly shifted towards the tiny crab. But at the last minute, her hand was forced to stop.

The girl was happy now. She had thrown away her grief, and felt something for others.

Rita Baldacchino 7C

AFTER A WAR

Once this was called New York. But now all he could see was the crumbled rubble of all the gleaming rubble of all the gleaming creations which once stood there in glory. Now it is different. People lay dead, contorted in pain. He made his way to the remains of his school. All the fence was smashed down. He noticed, as he walked over the rubble, the school looked different, it was bare. He walked to his old form room, number 12. His desk was broken. There was a charred chair behind the desk. His project, the one he had done earlier, caught his eye. The project was on Christopher Columbus, the Spanish explorer. It was ripped down the middle. Walking over the rubble he left the site of his old class, grieved by the destruction of his memories.

He heard a noise. It was very faint. He couldn't quite make out what it was. Down the street he went, following the noise. There was graffiti on the shop walls, a few pictures but mostly gibberish. He made his way down the street towards the old city, past the milk bar that he used to visit. As he moved past the window he saw rats running along the shelves. The noise grew and grew. It was near, now he started to run. He came to the remains of the old music shop; it was very loud now. He ran into the remains of the shop.

It was an old gramophone.

P. Newnham 7C

WHEN I WOKE UP I WAS A DOG

It was a cold wintery night. I tossed and turned in my bed. The next morning when I woke up I felt different. My bed felt softer. I felt hot. My watch was on so I looked at the time. It was 8.20. My arm was all furry. I went to get out of bed. I just fell to the floor. I had turned into a dog. A collie with golden brown hair and a white front. I went down to mum because I thought I was going crazy. In the kitchen mum said, "How did you get in? Go on scat. Get out!"

I tried to tell her that it was me, but instead I just barked in a deep tone. Mum pestered me out the door with a straw broom then slammed the door in my face. I couldn't get back inside so I went for a walk.

An old lady came up to me and said, "Hello, are you lost? You're very beautiful".

She gave me a quick pat, but she smelt a bit so I kept on walking. I looked up. There was a big clock. The time read 9.00.

Across the road was a school. I went and had a look. The bell rang and the kids came running out the doors and filling up the playgrounds. Some kids started to throw stones at me so I snarled at them until they ran into the headmaster's office. I saw the headmaster on the phone. I thought nothing of it. I went and sat down under a tree at the front of the school trying to forget I was a dog.

A van pulled up in front of the school with "City Pound" written on the front. Two men got out and came closer and closer to me. I wondered what they were doing and before I knew it I was locked in the back of the van getting a very bumpy ride. When the van stopped one of the men put a collar and a lead on me and took me into a building where I could hear the yelping of other dogs. He then struck me into a small cage.

A week later a man with a white coat came to me with a needle and was just about to put it in me when I heard a familiar voice say, "Mark, Mark come on, get up or you'll be late for school!"

Mark Rieschieck 9B



OLD FRIENDS

The rain patters down on the roof; there is a sense of security in the sound. The warmth from the fire banishes any thoughts or feelings of coldness or want. Upon the dirty walls, shadows perform weird corroborees. It is not frightening, only comfortable.

In this room are many memories, some haunting my mind, others captured and placed in frames or upon the window sill. Everyone of them tells a story, of sunny days, precious moments, spare time. Each one represents in some way, past events of my life.

The rain still falls.

A portrait of my grandfather frowns down at me, the only way I can remember him. Yet, he looks contented to hang there on the wall, watching.

A photograph of small children, I am one of them, catches my eye, and instantly laughter and the clatter of footsteps intrudes the silence, a forgotten memory dug up. Smiling from the small table, is a picture of my mother, hair caught in the wind, eyes laughing. It sets off another recollection; this time of when I fell down the stairs. She had tried not to laugh.

The rain has weakened.

An old, battered armchair sits squat in front of the fire; arms stretched out for warmth. Its legs are scratched from years of carelessness.

Delicate, fragile-looking roses pattern themselves upon worn material, faded in the uncertain light. It too has shared times with me. Many tears have fallen on the fabric, many times has the cushion been hugged. Happy afternoons and lonely nights I have spent in that armchair. An upright piano stands in the corner of the room, unseen except for the light dancing on the dulled oak. My fingers trail over the yellowed keys as snatches of a childhood song roams through my mind.

Time has been released and so too have the memories that lurk unknown in my mind, until a reminder sets them free. The reminder and memory are reunited, like old friends.

And so has time. It is as still as the old clock that adorns the mantelpiece; like the aqua seas on a summer day. There is no sign of life, no tick or gentle swell, nothing.

Only silence.

But although you cannot see them, those memories are there, like old friends.

Sam Bensch 9G



INDESCRIBABLE PAIN

The mean, the nasty, the cruel and unkind,
The hurtful, the selfish, the malicious of mind.
Every each one of them all gawk and stare,
They have no concept of the pain he must bear.

They think him no better than a sewer rat,
They stare with the eyes of a deadly black cat.
Every each one of them all gawk and stare,
They have no concept of the pain he must bear.

His pain isn't physical, no not at all,
It's deep down inside him, behind a brick wall.
Every each one of them gawk and stare,
They have no concept of the pain he must bear.

His disease has left his body all out of proportion,
And people think they must approach him with caution.
Every each one of them gawk and stare,
They have no concept of the pain he must bear.

His legs are shaped differently, so too is his face,
His hip bone is disjointed and way out of place.
Every each one of them gawk and stare,
They have no concept of the pain he must bear.

His hands are abnormally large and hang far below,
Yet inside he's just waiting to be accepted and wanting to grow.
Every each one of them all gawk and stare.

Kimberly Leach 10F



IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME IF...

Steve read his novels
Matches did his homework
Tania didn't whinge
Bonnie didn't laugh
Sean and Nova didn't fight
Sean and Nova didn't grope
Jo was an Aussie
Carts wasn't cuddly
Matches stopped singing
Sam Clarke slouched
Kellie couldn't dance
Jodie wasn't sporty
Natalie wasn't perfect
Steve was still steelo
Jodi's hair stayed one colour
Chook had red hair
Adri and Angela could be separated
Paul didn't get a detention
Cam didn't break the window
Matt didn't break his tooth
Judy didn't fall in the mud (again)
Simon didn't have a permanent growth
Stuart and Steve didn't think they were part of WWF
(Demolition)
V.C.E. 1988 WEREN'T SO SLACK!!

Anonymous Year 12

THE CRYSTAL WINE GLASS (I)

As the dew was setting in, three dark figures crossed the lawn to the side of the house. The occupants had left fifteen minutes before. The figures entered through the side door, casting light shadows as they moved from room to room. They were professional; they didn't need to speak as they separated into different rooms. After a while came the sound of glass through the kitchen to the laundry, but still the cat slept on peacefully, unaware of what was going on only two rooms away.

The cat finally roused as a crystal glass shattered on the floor. There were no voices, no shuffling of feet, but the cat knew something was wrong. As it moved silently through the rooms after the slight scent of man, a cold sensation came over her and every hair on her body stood up. Opposite the cat, in the semi-dark room, was a dark figure with sparkling things in his hands. A second figure came into the room so quietly that she decided to hide herself and watch. The robbers were not aware of their silent watcher as they were distressed anyway. One of the priceless goblets smashed and their third box for the glasses was packed the wrong way. For the cat there was a tense moment. By this time a third figure entered. They stood still, looking around the room but the sun now was completely down. The room had become quite dark, making the cat look like a vase. At last they picked up the boxes, walked nimbly through the house and over the lawns.

It was not for awhile that the cat moved. She stalked into the adjoining room where the two figures had appeared and made for the glittering pile on the floor — the last of the goblets in the room.

Ben Palich 10A

"SO WHY ARE YOU WEARING THE SIGN"

Many students of 10C, including myself, could probably never remember how many times we were asked that question on the second of November this year. People spotted three different types of cardboard signs around our necks held up clumsily by pieces of string. There would be one saying, "I WAS ASSASSINATED BY THE JAPANESE ARMY". Another read, "I COULDN'T COPE WITH THE MANCHURIAN CRISIS". Yet another boldly proclaimed, "I SURVIVED THE MANCHURIAN CRISIS".

It's no wonder that one of us was stopped every five minutes and asked "what the hell's going on?" So we would indulge in the story of how, in Mr. Maile's history class, we had to write a political letter to the U.S.A. Foreign Secretary, explaining why Japanese troops were in Northern China (Manchuria), and what we (the Japanese) intended to do about getting out. The letters were judged by Mr. Maile in all his wisdom. Proceedings went like this: If someone said the army was pulling out, they were assassinated by the Japanese Army who didn't like this, and they had to wear a sign saying so. If they didn't say the army was pulling out, they offended the Yank and had to wear one saying they couldn't cope. The few who survived wore one saying they did that too.

Mr. Maile, himself, wore one saying: "I JUDGED THE MANCHURIAN CRISIS."

Simple, eh?

John McCurdy 10C

THAT FIRST TIME

For months you struggle to find the confidence needed and instead you revert back to a crawler. Too embarrassed and unsure to seek assistance or advice, you turn the idea over in your mind until the very thought of actually 'doing it' makes you sick. You become angry and hurt as you know many others are doing it and yet you can't even reach first base. Suddenly something inside you clicks and you realise you have to do it soon or you'll get old.

The big moment arrives and the tension amounts. You wonder if everyone gets nervous for their first time or whether you're just an incredibly unstable baby. Sadly you don't live up to your expectations and you fail miserably, making a total muck-up of the whole event. Your only wish is that the ground would open up and swallow you, relieving you from your painful embarrassment.

Hours, days, weeks pass before you even contemplate the idea again. Finally you collect your shattered pride and go about rebuilding what's left of your confidence. You decide to give it another go, and to your surprise you succeed. Congratulations! You've done it! You've conquered the simple art of walking! Now if you could only get rid of that damn nappy!

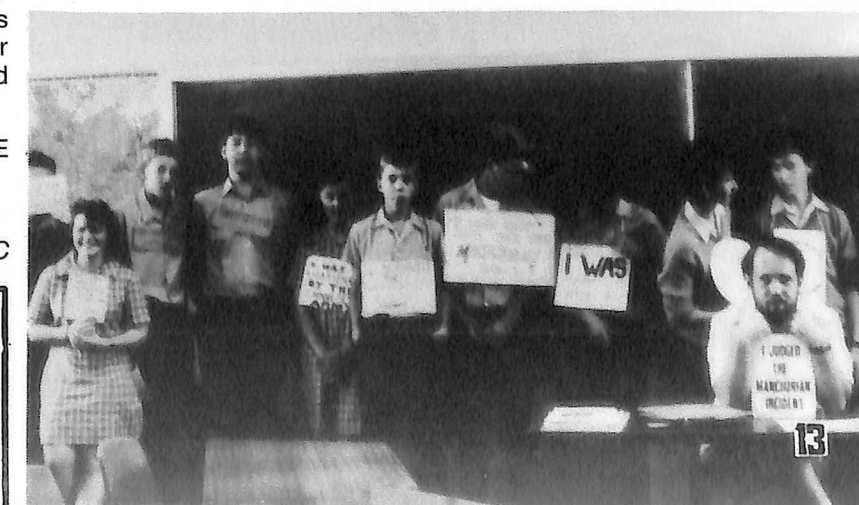
Kimberly Leach 10F

UNTITLED

As the night crept in, so had the platoon. Quietly, cautiously, they stalked the tropical forest of Vietnam, each man alert for the elusive Vietcong. Not one man knew what would become of this tour or of his life or his friends. In the surrounding forest were millions of soldiers as the killing fields of the Vietnam war. As the platoon sank into the darkness of the valley the Vietcong were to be waiting for them to walk into their trap. No American knew what the valley would be holding for them. As the platoon steadily walked along the forest floor, Vietcongs were on the hillside, ready.

Then the firing started. The noise echoed through the forest. They were out-numbered and the Vietcong were advancing fast. Many turned to run as their only hope of survival, but were unmercifully gunned down. One man, badly wounded, crawled back beyond the firing range of the Vietcong, and lay silent in a damp dilapidated fox hole, listening to the distressing sound of echoing fire. Then it unexpectedly ceased. The forest was silent. The man's heart beat faster, his adrenalin flowing for he was in intense pain, bleeding internally at an immense rate. There was no sign of any American for they had had commands to leave directly and not to loose any more soldiers. But for some the commands came too late. He was once a hero for protecting the American way of life but now, a statistic of the war which America lost.

Chris Avery 10A



THE FOG

The window is fogged with my breath, so I wipe it away. But it makes no difference, it smears and distorts the shapes and figures on the other side.

The night sky is invisible, the stars and moon have disappeared and there is nothing to see.

Except . . .

Something swirls in amongst the dark trees and houses, blurring them and making them indistinct.

They are drowning, forever drowning . . .

The fog has settled.

Now, all is a haze, portraying my confused thoughts and emotions. Everything is running together, inside and outside.

Someone or thing is moving.

A tall man, with a long, flowing beard, silver in the night, is walking towards the window, his feet shrouded by the mist. His cloak shows all my hazy thoughts, all the snatched ideas I've thought, from the moment of my existence to now.

The fog has engulfed everything in sight. The silence is deafening. I too am being engulfed. Everything is indistinguishable.

The quietness of the night is torturing me; why is everything submitting to the fog, allowing it to wrap its misty arms around them and envelope them forever?

Frustrated, I bang the window with my fist, wanting to warn the outside world of what the soft whispers and promises really are.

I cannot see or hear any sight or sound of struggle.

There is no expression in the face opposite mine.

It is not my face.

Or is it? I move, slightly, but the face does not move. I smile, but it doesn't. I frown, but it remains the same.

It is not my face.

It is the face of a child; a young girl who stares at me with blank eyes, eyes that are pools of blue, but hold no water, no tears, no emotions . . . Her hair falls away from her shoulders and sweeps the mist, swirling it into circles of confusion. Her dress is made of mist, or so it seems, as I cannot tell where it ends and meets the ground. Her pale skin makes one think of cold, unfeeling stone. Perhaps she is a beautiful statue come to life.

She shrugs, an insignificant shrug, but I notice.

Gone.

She is gone.

I wish to follow.

Stepping up to the window, I press my hands to the glass. It disappears like ice in fire, melting at the touch of my hands.

On the other side of this fragile barrier, exists all that frightens me, possessed by my subconscious mind.

The thought is wiped away by the beckoning of the fog. I put my foot through the pane and feel it sink into nothing. The hovering mist wipes away all fears, doubts and feeling from my entire being.

There is a sound.

It is my scream.

Sam Bensch 9G

EXAMINATION

The room was enveloped in silence and devoid activity. The white linoleum tiling shone under a glossy pool of light refracted from a rectangular bulb, high above. A contortion of shadowy slashes from a nearby venetian blind strained his pale, elongated cheekbones, which protruded outwards. A stringy network of aqua veins bulged from his wiry hands which shook involuntarily. In one hand a dense cloud of residual nicotine arose from a narrow white shaft, as he inhales, watching the blood red embers at its end dance, and smoulder. The other hand grasped a shiny piece of cardboard, with the number three rudely inscribed in thick red pen. His frail anorexic skeleton displayed a variety of bones, as he was stripped to the waist; his naked flesh was littered with clusters of auburn pubic growth.

His eyes were transfixed on the huge maple door which stood in front of him. Bold, black lettering embroidered the words "EXAMS IN PROGRESS. WAIT FOR YOUR NUMBER TO BE ANNOUNCED". The repetitive thud of his cardiac muscle echoed, within the vacant obtuse walls, the continual pulsation was an indication of nerves.

With a sudden rustic squeak, the huge maple door swung open on its decaying hinges. A young boy, no more than twelve years of age stood motionless in the door's murky shadow. His face was drained of emotion, his hazel eyes were an empty void of nothingness. Gradually, thin droplets of salted tears stained his robust cheeks, engraving contorted trails of moisture all over his face. Both pairs of eyes met simultaneously: the boy had obviously failed.

The stare was abruptly severed as the loudspeaker squealed and crackled with interference. A cold voice directed that number three enter the examination room. His throat was now choked with the acceleration of his heart pulsating faster and faster. He rose, extinguishing the smouldering shaft unconsciously. White hot ash lay smudged upon the linoleum tiling, nicotine and tar burnt freely, polluting the floor, in an odorous stench. He walked across the room and was swallowed by the maple doors rectangular bulk.

The auditorium was as barren and vacant as the waiting room. The finely polished floor was splattered with blotches of shimmering beads of light, extending from an array of light bulbs littering the ceiling. A single desk sat in the middle of the auditorium; upon it lay a notebook and an ordinary H.B. greylead pencil. He planted his wiry frame on the chair. The same obtuse voice echoes throughout the auditorium instructing him to commence the examination.

Thick bands of perspiration began to run down his pale forehead, as the stub of his pencil punctured a collage of words on the white cartridge. The rhythmic pounding of his heartbeat became synchronized with his hand as he wrote in a spasm of movement and fear. Paragraph after paragraph, words spewed from the grey leads muzzle producing a battery of full stops, commas, exclamation marks and semi-colons.

The sudden crackle of the loudspeaker made him panic, as the silence was broken by the same harsh voice, telling him to stop. His papers were gathered. He sat there, motionless, awaiting the examiner's verdict anxiously. The verdict was then given: "We have collated and tallied your results. It is our duty to inform you that you have failed your examination". There was a long monotonous silence, before the voice was heard again saying, "Would you like your termination public — or private?"

Sean Albers 12A

BUT WHERE HAS GRANDMA GONE?

As I reached the block of flats with my mother beside me I knew that we were going to see grandma. I raced up the stairs with excitement. No. 56, No. 57, No. 58, No. 59. I walked down the corridor puffing and panting. I could tell which flat grandma lived in, as I had been there so many times before. Besides my mum and my dad, my grandma was very special to me. When I was little she used to take me to the park to feed the ducks and to play on the swings.

I stood in front of the door while my mother was still coming down the hall. I knocked, no one answered. By now my mum had walked up and was now standing behind me, I could feel her warm soft hands as they touched my shoulders.

"Grandma has gone", my mother said. I turned to face her. She was crying. I turned to face the door.

"But why has grandma gone?" I felt a sharp pain in my back and I felt sick in the tummy. My mother didn't answer. By now I knew grandma had died, but I didn't want to believe she was gone. As mother and I walked home neither of us talked. When we reached home I ran up to my room, tears in my eyes. In the quietness of the house I could hear my mother crying down stairs. I knew grandma had gone but I just couldn't accept it. I knew I never would.

Anonymous

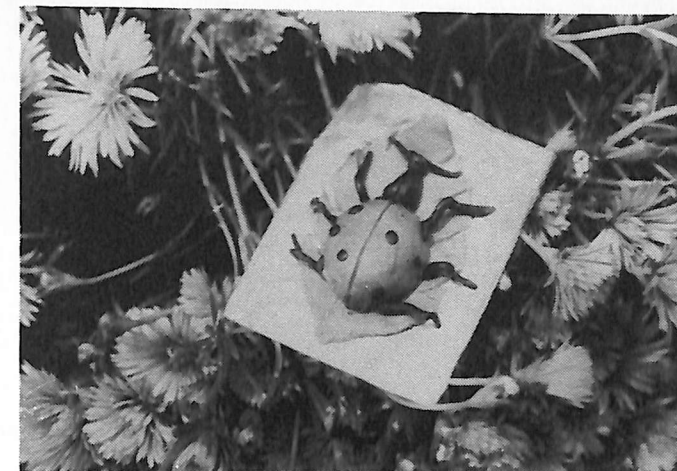
NIGHT GAMES

A solitary figure crept stealthily through the shadows, dodging or cowering from any threatening signs that would disturb the nightly game. Often others followed, but tonight he was alone. Although the night was clear and the street lights shone telling beams into the buried corners of the darkness, the figure was concealed from view. He had become one with his surroundings, and travelled as an extension of the movements of the night.

His clothes were simple and faded black, and clung to his body whilst he prowled the streets. His face remained expressionless, revealing little about himself or his work during the night. He moved with confidence and assurance although the fear of capture wafted around his work. He was like a wild animal running desperately from captivity, and yet continuing to live without fear. He was a loner, and yet part of the night's blackness. Unlike most he found comfort in the dark empty streets and the dying old trams and worked on injecting life into the forgotten parts of the city.

To him it was like a game of hide and seek, cat and mouse, predator and prey, but the stakes were higher. The figure was running to avoid capture, and the chase wouldn't end until morning. His only weapon was a jet of bright colors striking the walls of buildings and claiming them for his own. Every night the same battle continued and every night there was no victor.

Nova Weetman 12A



LONELINESS

The searching headlights of a passing car would catch a fleeting glimpse of a profile, alone in the encompassing darkness. His eyes, dark and brooding looked out into a world he thought of as his antagonist; hateful and mocking.

His emotionless face gives you the impression of a person who has seen much ugliness and sadness and has buried it all.

If his eyes had reflected a sense of inner tranquility you most certainly would have considered him handsome, but all that was mirrored there was the dangerous mixture of animosity and apathy.

As he slowly moved out from the dimness of the decaying doorstep and into the yellow of the street light you would, if you were quick, have seen the glint of his defence against the world: the steel flick knife.

His muscular body slumped against the graffiti covered wall, the small of his back and his slightly bent legs taking the weight of his body.

After gazing almost reverently at his knife, turning it slowly, from one side to another letting the cold hardness of the steel catch the light, he flicked the blade down and put the knife back in his faded blue-jeans pocket.

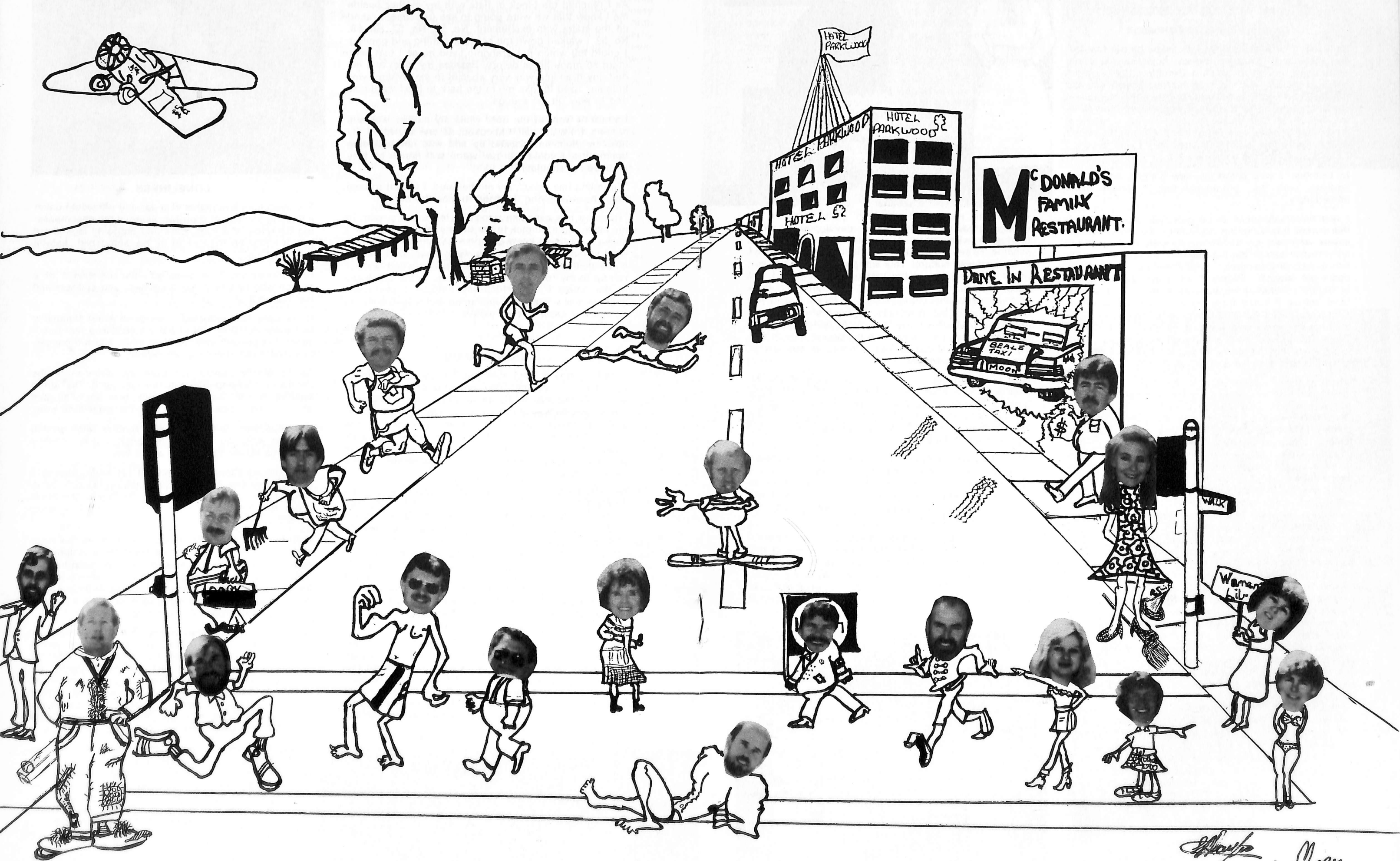
With the wall as his backdrop, the street as the stage and the muddy yellow street lamp his spotlight you watch the 'play' of this sad and lonely character; the hood. Look more closely at this boy past his leather jacket, his careless stance and the potentially deadly flick knife, he portrays the image of the aloof youth disgusted and tired with the world.

His masterful portrayal of his character is done so convincingly that the actor, the hood on the street, starts to believe in his own performance. Without the necessary love, kindness and understanding for the major part of his life, has turned him into an auto-man, unable to give or receive love, functioning without emotion. Instead, he uses his accumulated 'street-wise' knowledge, fighting mentally as well as physically for survival in the wilderness known as 'the streets'.

He is always alone. Every night he waits and watches in the darkness. Later, much later he will walk away, a solitary figure into that menacing darkness away from the backdrop and his personal spotlight with the unescapable facade of the tough and rugged hood perfectly intact. He moves away from the 'theatre', always taking his familiar character with him, his personal loneliness buried deep inside him, never seen on the surface.

Narelle Wallace 12A





Mark Rescheck
Mark Rescheck

GERMAN

GERMAN-AUSTRALIAN EXCHANGE

Bavaria Comes to Parkwood

Last year, my German class was asked by our teacher Mrs. Rowlands to consider an Australian-German exchange program in which a German student would come to Victoria and live with his/her host family for ten weeks in February to April, and then the Australian student would go to Bavaria, Germany and stay with the family of that same student for ten weeks in November to January. I approached my parents about it and after some lengthy discussions, it was decided I could apply for the exchange.

In October, I was given my new sister's name and address, with the instructions that I should write immediately.

I was extremely lucky to be selected, as I was told there were fifty Victorian applicants, and only twenty-seven were accepted. We exchanged two or three letters each before the big day — February 12th, 7.15 a.m. I was very nervous, I kept thinking, "What if we don't get along?" "What if we can't communicate properly?" "What if we hate each other?" It would have helped if I had have known some of the other Australian exchange students at this stage. I'm sure they felt the same way. But despite the anxiety, I met Tanja Kucharovic, the German exchange student who was to live with my family for ten weeks. It turned out to be the best ten weeks of my life!

We did all the usual touristy things, much of which I hadn't done before. Tanja's English was excellent and she was a very easy person to get along with. My classmates accepted her at once and settled in very quickly to become part of the class and one of the family. Tanja was my best friend and sister all rolled into one. We did nearly everything together, and sometimes this didn't work out, but overall it was a very happy time — that is up until about a week before Tanja left. Two farewell parties were held during that week, and although it was the first chance I had to meet with and talk to other exchange students, the mood was more sad than happy. The weekend before she left, 18 of her schoolfriends held a surprise Chinese dinner for Tanja at Lee Wah's Chinese Restaurant in North Ringwood. It went off without a hitch and Tanja couldn't believe we had organized this behind her back. On her last day at school, a year 10 assembly was held and Tanja was presented with a Parkwood jumper and flowers. It was an emotional day for my classmates and even Tanja was reduced to tears after it was all over. My turn was yet to come. Despite cultural and other differences, Tanja and I had grown very close. I did not want her to go and she did not want to leave. But on the 22nd of April Tanja left for Germany. I was fortunate enough to have the Anzac-Day weekend to recover and get used to not having Tanja around. Everyone had warmed to Tanja's outgoing nature and it was sad to see her go.

The first thing I missed about Tanja was simply her presence. I was so used to having her around that when she was gone I was very lonely, I wanted to see her again. It was like a member of the family had died a sudden death. Although everyone at school was very supportive, no-one could help repeating Tanja's famous funny little quotes which brought back a few memories. It took some time, but I got settled back into the life I had known before I met Tanja.

the best part is
the farewell parties



Along with making friends with other German exchange students, I have also developed a close friendship with other Australians involved in the scheme. I have made a lifelong friend and experienced a difference in culture. This will continue in Germany and I am sure that at the end of the program I will have a greater understanding of the German culture and language, the German way of thinking and the German way of life. It will also be my first real experience in travel. The thirty-hour flight will be my first time in a plane. I will also have the opportunity to test my own personal resources, without the support of family and close friends.

Now I am playing a waiting game, because on the twelfth of November I leave for Germany. I am really looking forward to it, and it will be good to see a familiar face in such unfamiliar surroundings. I am also busting to see all the photos Tanja took, as I haven't seen them yet.

When I arrive in Germany I will stay in Erlangen, Bavaria. I am looking forward to a European Winter and a white Christmas. I'm a keen skier, so I would love to do some skiing while I'm over there. I will attend Tanja's high school and probably study the same subjects as her.

I have a few apprehensions about my ability to communicate in German, but I have been reassured that it will not be a problem. I think that as November the twelfth draws nearer I will get more excited because it will become more of a reality. I'm only half way through this exchange program, but the best part is yet to come.

Linda Hartman 10F



WATERMAN

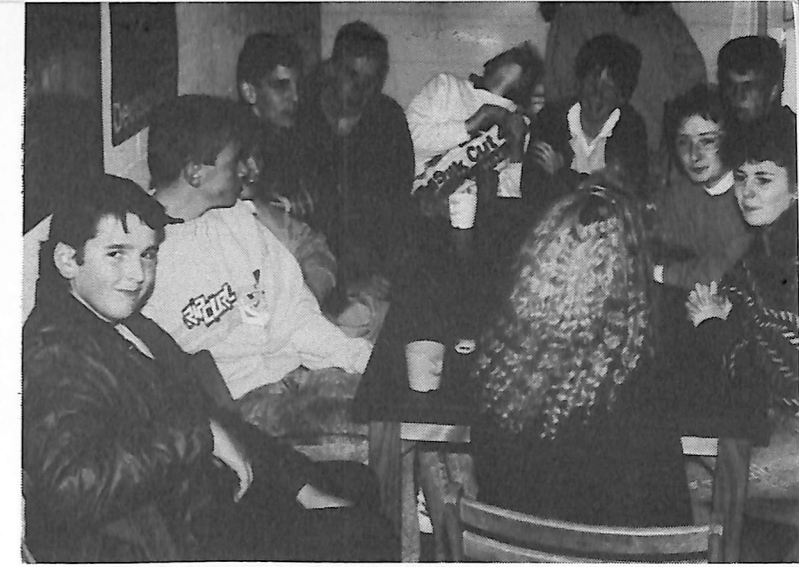
As the sun crept behind the picturesque hills of Monbulk and the day came to an end, so too did the good-given luxury of being able, or should I say allowed to speak English. A group of 76 gullible German students from all over Victoria arrived at Camp Waterman at around 5.30 p.m., only to be subjected to a foreign world, where that wonderful language of English was no longer permitted.

Once sleeping quarters were located and future friends acquainted, tea was served. On completion of a wonderful meal the German fun began as activities and games of all sorts got underway. Soon the time had galloped along to 11.00 p.m. and supper was gratefully consumed by 76 hungry bellies. In typical fashion, after supper was eaten, an extremely well behaved group of teenagers voluntarily went to bed and fell straight to sleep, leaving Camp Waterman and its surrounding area in TOTAL SILENCE. (HA, HA — try telling that one to Frau Rowlands!)

As 7.00 a.m. dawned on a early awake, fully showered and dressed group of people, (WARNING: this girl is a compulsive liar), so too did the prospect of a whole day full of fun, laughter and hard work. The more games and activities played the more friends were made, and the day soon flew straight on into night before one could say, "Deutsch Macht Spass". That Saturday night saw the creation of a spectacular performance not even the English Shakespearian Company could top a German concert. Spectators watched with sheer amazement at the outstanding ability of Parkwood's new professional mime artists who were taking part in the German sing "a" long and many were surprised with our new found dress sense, exhibited in the German plays. (You never know, bright green flares might come back in one day). Before long the concert was finished, much to the displeasure of the capacity packed around whose calls for an encore had to be silenced before the police arrived. In similar fashion to the previous night, bed socks were on, sleeping bags were zipped up, eyes were shut and lights were out at 11.30 p.m. sharp! (Don't make me laugh).

All (?) were showered, dressed and fully refreshed by 8.00 a.m. on Sunday morning and after another lovely breaky the German fun continued. But as the old saying goes — "Time flies when you're having fun", and before we knew it that dreaded time of 2.00 p.m. had arrived and it was time to temporarily say goodbye to not only our new friends, but to our new appreciation and understanding of the wonderful language of GERMAN!

Kimberly Leach 10F



"THE CUCKOO"

Once again students of German in Years 9-12 enjoyed their annual visit to "The Cuckoo" restaurant this year. Students were able to taste a number of authentic German dishes, including Sauerkraut and a variety of freshly baked cakes. A number of students were awarded prizes for correctly completing a quiz and students also enjoyed some German singing and dancing. As always the food and German atmosphere were excellent and everyone who participated, enjoyed the day thoroughly.



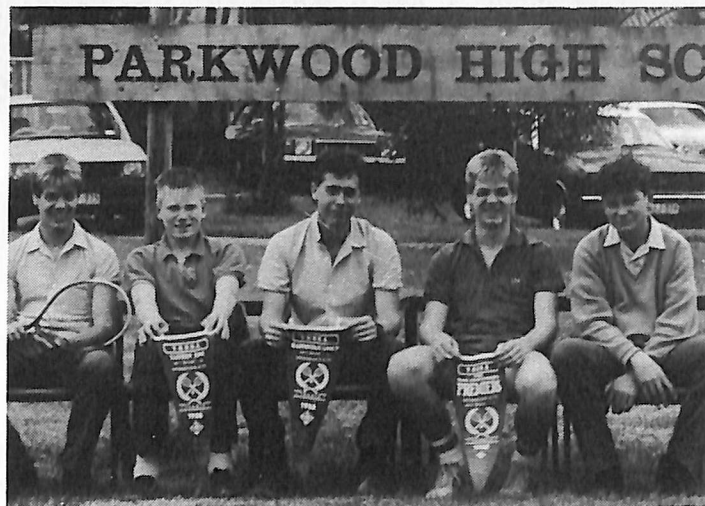
SCHOOL SPORT — RESULTS

COMPETITION: Eastern Zone Swimming Championships.
AGE GROUP: Open.
DATE HELD: 15th April.
VENUE: State Swimming Centre.
COACH:
 Vicki Fry: 1st U16 Backstroke
 Jayne Spencer: 4th U14 Butterfly
 4th U14 Freestyle.

COMPETITION: Eastern Zone Cricket Semi Finals.
AGE GROUP: Intermediate Girls.
DATE HELD: 18th April.
VENUE: Emerald Post Primary School.
COACH: Mr. Gorman.
TEAM MEMBERS: Kim Leach, Meg Boyle, Sam Gerard, Robinne Laurence, Cathy Bates, Daina Burgess, Carly Bourke, Kerri Ann Crippen, Nerissa Rae, Sarah McConchie, Megan Roberts.
RESULTS: Emerald defeated Parkwood.
DETAILS: Score — Emerald 9 for 107; Parkwood 10 for 79.

COMPETITION: Parkwood Athletics Sports.
AGE: All.
DATE HELD: 26/4/88.
VENUE: Reischeicks Reserve, Doncaster.
COACH:
TEAM MEMBERS:
RESULTS: 1st Atwell 734
 2nd Stirling 636
 3rd Gardiner 570
 4th Wiggin 547

COMPETITION: Eastern Zone Tennis Championships.
AGE GROUP: Intermediate Boys.
DATE HELD: 27th April, 1988.
VENUE: Ringwod North Tennis Club.
COACH: Mr. O'Connor.
TEAM MEMBERS: Julius Busch, Adam Gaspero, Ashley Gaspero, Brad Geyer, Peter Hancey, Justin Matt.
RESULTS: Round Robin won 4 out of 4 rounds. Won the Final 4 singles to 0. Played 10 doubles, result already decided — unbeatable.



ATHLETIC SPORTS

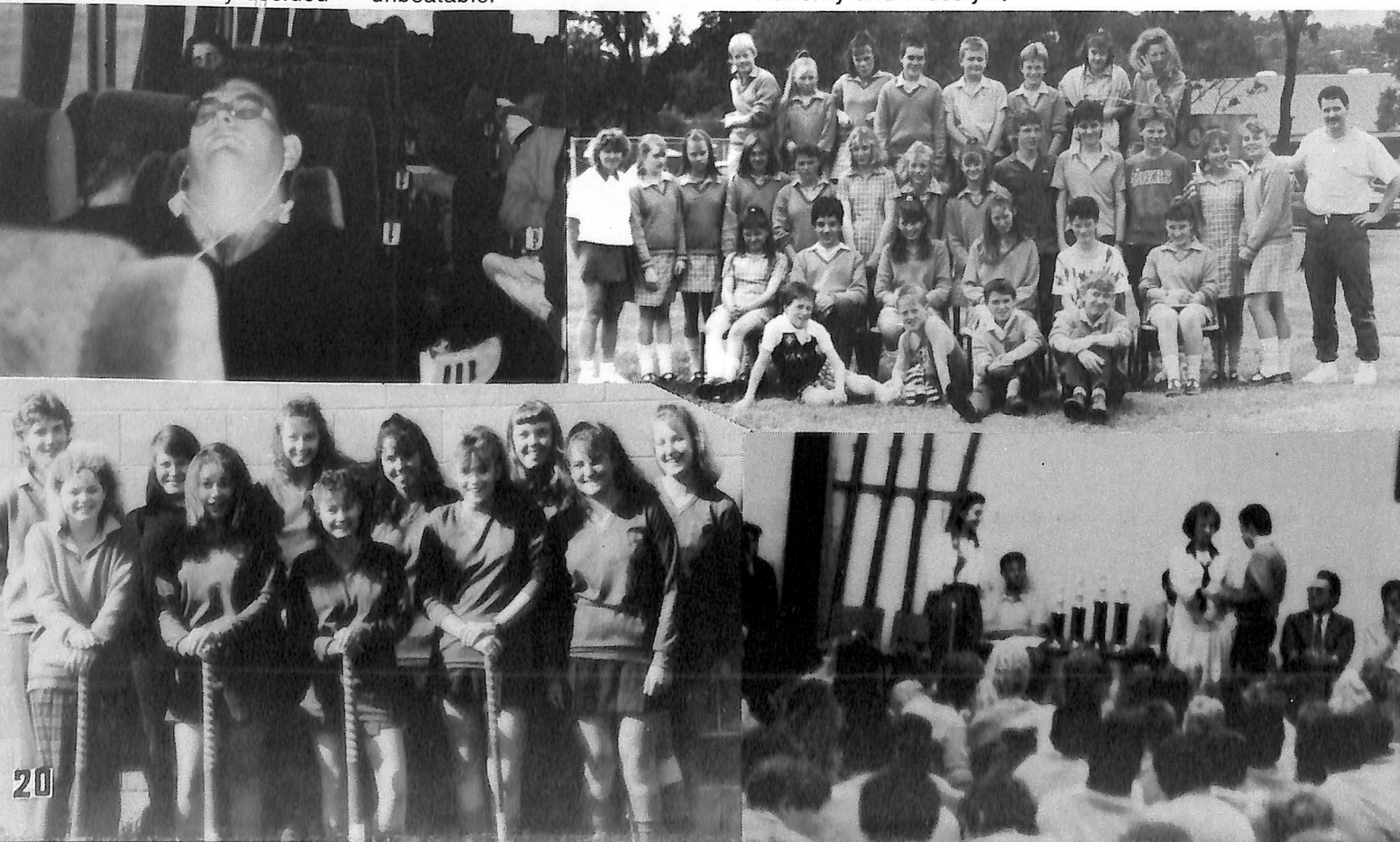
The School Athletics Sports were held on April 26th at Reischeicks Reserve, Doncaster. Despite the weather, the students got into the spirit of the occasion and performed very well. The final results were:

ATWELL	734 points
STIRLING	636 points
GARDINER	547 points

Our Intermediate Girls' Cricket Team reached the Eastern Zone semi-finals. Congratulations to Mr. Gorman and the following team members: Kim Leach, Robinne Laurance, Carly Bourke, Kerri-Ann Crippen, Sarah McCouchie, Meg Boyle, Cathy Bates, Nerissa Rae, Megan Roberts, Samantha Gerard, Daina Burgess.

The Intermediate Boys' Tennis Team were undefeated in the Eastern Zone Championships. Congratulations to Mr. O'Connor and the following boys: Julius Busch, Adam Gaspero, Ashley Gaspero, Brad Geyer, Peter Hancey, Justin Matt.

The following girls are to be congratulated for their performance in the Eastern Zone Swimming Championships held at the State Swimming Centre: Vicki Fry: First in U16 Backstroke; Jane Spencer: Fourth in U14 Butterfly and Freestyle.



SCHOOL SPORT — RESULTS

COMPETITION: Cricket.
AGE GROUP: Intermediate Girls.
DATE HELD: Tuesday, 8th March.
 Tuesday, 15th March.
VENUE: Mitcham High School/Norwood High School.
COACH: Mr. Greg Gorman.
TEAM MEMBERS: Kim Leach, Fiona Tourney, Samantha Denman, Robin Laurance, Megan Roberts, Melissa Winters, Sarah McConchie, Daina Burgess, Kerri Crippen, Meg Boyle, Nerissa Rae, Carly Bourke, Cathy Bates, Sam Gerard.
RESULTS: Maroondah Group Winners.
DETAILS: Match 1 Parkwood def. Norwood by 3 runs
 Match 2 Parkwood def. Mitcham by 8 wickets.
FINAL: Match 3 Parkwood def. Norwood by 16 runs.

COMPETITION: Tennis.
AGE GROUP: Intermediate Boys.
DATE HELD: Tuesday, 8th March.
VENUE: East Doncaster.
COACH: Mr. Steven O'Connor.
TEAM MEMBERS: Peter Hancey, Justin Matt, Julius Busch, Brad Geyer, Adam Gaspero, Ashley Gaspero.
RESULTS: Maroondah Group Winners.

COMPETITION: Parkwood Swimming Carnival.
AGE GROUP: All School.
DATE HELD: Thursday, 10th March.
VENUE: Centenary Swimming Pool, Kilsyth.
COACH:
TEAM MEMBERS: House.
RESULTS: 1st Atwell (*) 910
 2nd Wiggin 870
 3rd Gardiner 777
 4th Stirling 757



COMPETITION: Maroondah Group Swimming Championships.
AGE GROUP: U13 — Open.
DATE HELD: Thursday, 24th March.
VENUE: Croydon Pool.
COACH: Staff members accomp. team — Mr. Gorman, Mr. Beale.
TEAM MEMBERS: Jason Clark, Justin Otten, Vicki Fry, Brett Thomas, Elton McLean, Simon Lamb, Steven Wootten, Ben Spencer, Jodie Dieber, Gavin McLean, Trent Taylor, Clinton Harris, Mark Carlton, Cameron O'Donnell, Prue Fisher, Julian Valvo, Daryl Val Krieken, Wayne Hannahan, Shaun Cameron, Martin Benson, Kelly Stevens, Jhaneen Trimble, Adam Millar, Jason Kenny, Leesa Moore, Kim Leach, Miles Wootten, Melisa Bethune, Michelle Washbourne, Dean Carlton, Nerissa Rae, Kerryn Breedon, Paul Newnham, Karrina Place, Sherrin Bishop, Bob Anderson, Nick Fella, Mardy Sme, David Hickling, Kerryn Maloney, Karen Dukes, Mathew Clark, Daniel Mitchell, Claire Miller, Geoff Doherty, David Burgess, Jayne Spencer, Jodie McKee, Lea Hannah, Caroline Williams, Kerrie Price, Carla Bates.
RESULTS: JUNIOR: Parkwood — 3rd
 INTERM.: Parkwood — 5th
 SENIOR: Parkwood — 4th
 OVERALL: Parkwood — 4th
DETAILS: Outstanding performances by:
 Jayne Spencer — 1st U14
 Girls Butterfly — 1st U13
 Girls Freestyle
 Vicki Fry — 1st U16
 Girls Backstroke.

Congratulations to the entire team on achieving our best overall result ever, for the many fine individual and team performances and for the exemplary manner in which they conducted themselves.

SCHOOL SPORT — RESULTS

COMPETITION: Cross Country.
AGE GROUP: Open.
DATE HELD: 10th May.
VENUE: Parkwood High/Quambee Reserve.

INDIVIDUAL RESULTS:

JUNIOR GIRLS

1. Kerryn Breedon
2. Sharon Dooley
3. Chelsey Crane
4. Carolyn Haupt
5. Tennille Merrigan
6. Jody Raunjak

INTERMEDIATE GIRLS

1. Leanne Haupt
2. Megan Roberts
3. Jenny Benham
4. Merrin Hamilton
5. Tania Johnathon
6. Tamara Abbott

SENIOR GIRLS

1. Annabelle Wheeler
2. Kerryn Maloney
3. Karen Nankervis
4. Jodie Allen
5. Robinne Laurence
6. Debbie Sydes

JUNIOR BOYS

1. Chris Laurance
2. Paul Wansley
3. Matthew Denman
4. Clinton Harris
5. Trent Taylor
6. Norton Guilfoyle

INTERMEDIATE BOYS

1. Scott Shade
2. Steven Ray
3. Rohan Cox
4. Geoff Crockett
5. Alan Edwards
6. Brad Geyer

SENIOR BOYS

1. Jamie Roberts
2. Simon Denman
3. Mark Narkerius
4. Scott Bartils
5. Mark Carlton
6. Tim De Bruijne

HOUSE RESULTS:

1st GARDINER	194	points
2nd ATWELL	148	points
3rd STIRLING	103	points
4th WIGGIN	101	points

COMPETITION: Maroondah Group Athletics.
AGE GROUP: U13 to U21.
DATE HELD: 13th and 15th September.
VENUE: Reicheiks Reserve, Doncaster.
COACH: Mrs. Fell.

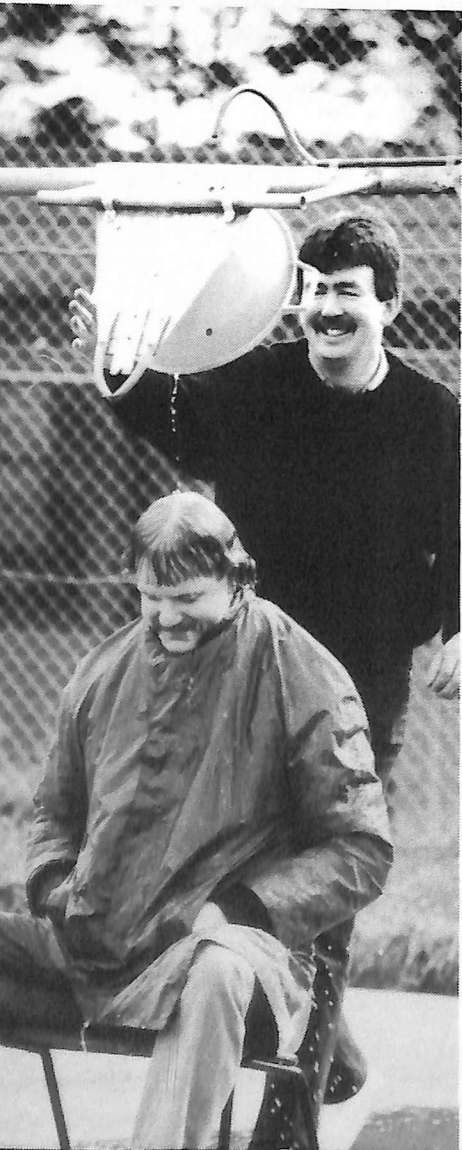
TEAM MEMBERS: Winners and placegetters from Parkwood H.S. Athletics Carnival.

RESULTS: Parkwood — 8th.

DETAILS: Best performances —

- Anita Thomas (1st U17 Javelin)
- Robin Lawrence (1st U17 High Jump)
- Kylie Gartner (1st U15 1500m WALK)
- Miojara Samarobic (2nd U15 1500m Walk)
- Megan Roberts (3rd U15 1500m Walk)
- Geoff Crockett (1st U16 200m)
- Scott Shade (1st U16 1500m).

All of these students represent the Maroondah Group, in the Eastern Zone Finals.



YEAR 12

Back Row: M. Peck, J. Clark, D. Stringer, C. Price, C. James, P. Brookes, G. Chapman, S. Algers, C. Birch.
Fourth Row: S. Mills, K. Moloney, A. Carter, L. Abbott, S. Woolfen, M. Eldridge, J. Allen, S. Cameron.
Third Row: J. Chadwick, P. Walton, L. Moore, C. Bardrick, M. Haldane, S. Donnelly, K. Place, A. Verhayan, E. Le Cras.
Second Row: K. Wall, T. Smith, A.-M. Nealon, S. Dioguard, E. Gallego, K. Hart, S. Billings, J. Bolt, K. Nankervis, J. Carvell.
Front Row: G. Corbett, N. Weetman, A. Wheeler, T. Lim, D. Hemmingsen, S. Floyd, V. Raymant, G. Cam, F. Kruger.
Ground: G. Taurian, A. Stolz, N. Wallace, S. Clarke, K. Gough, N. Pitt, J. Goldsmith, J. Dean.



11A
Back Row: M. Schilling, J. Dang, L. Mackinnon, C. Feeney, J. Barnett, C. O'Donnell, D. Sydes.
Centre Row: R. McGrotty, B. Mole, N. Law, D. Dent, S. Harvey, M. Blueming, J. Carrington, D. Johnson.
Front Row: L. Talmage, T. Robinson, R. Hart, S. Gardini, F. Williams, N. Biggs, C. Afflitto.
Ground: A. Thomas.
Absent: B. Eddington.



11B

Back Row: N. Ferguson, A. Davis, M. Carlton, K. Rae, O. Szanto, T. Hawking, A. Sedgewick.
Centre Row: A. Geyer, M. Busch, J. Olten, A. McGowan, B. Spencer, C. Jaques, T. Carrol, T. Hartley.
Front Row: C. Thomson, S. Whatmar, M. Rose, M. Lawton, B. Matthews, S. Scanlon, M. Van De Voorde.
Ground: A. Munro, W. Chapman.



11C
Back Row: T. Smith, N. Jones, N. Phillips, M. Bult, M. Nankervis, D. Clark, G. Hume.
Centre Row: D. Llewellyn, C. Steel, N. McFarlane, S. Mansell, P. Munch, R. Allan, D. Booth, B. Tucker.
Front Row: J. Rotherham, R. Price, S. Taylor, G. Matthews, M. Bethune, M. Glas, K. Bauer.
Ground: R. Purcell, L. Fisher, M. Davies.



10B
Back Row: J. Cormick, A. Torney, D. Easterby, T. Twitchett, M. Van Den Akker, K. Stephens, M. Anderson.
Centre Row: A. Ratcliff, P. Van Wegberg, J. Hazleton, C. Bolt, T. Kryzwiniski, D. Westman, J. Trevor, D. Fupic.
Front Row: D. Pearman, S. Denman, N. Cameron, T. Gay, M. Wansley, T. Lewis, R. Laurance.
Ground: C. Mitchell, B. Sambevska, V. Smith.



11D
Back Row: S. Gostelow, R. Prentice, M. James, K. O'Donnell, A. Murphy, A. Spencer, N. Sterling.
Centre Row: J. Chiechi, J. Graf, T. Davison, C. Veith, G. Kelly, A. Weiss, P. Eaves, A. Purdon.
Front Row: C. Harvey, M. Benham, S. Fraser, C. Matthews, J. Cowling, D. Wong, G. Fabac.
Ground: M. Lai, S. Sambevska, K. Brain.



10C
Back Row: L. Schelfhout, J. McCurdy, C. McAleese, C. Bates, R. McCandlish, A. Raunjak, C. Basinski.
Centre Row: P. Fisher, J. Plehn, A. Gackenheimer, J. Johnson, S. Manders, J. Koenitz, M. Sullivan, M. Boyle.
Front Row: D. Burgess, L. Strachan, K. Lischke, D. Pearson, S. Bishop, J. Toone, A. Davis.
Ground: K.-A. Crippen, S. Berridge.



10A
Back Row: R. Cooper, V. Fry, D. Ashby, J. Best, D. Fakira, J. Ly, C. Avery.
Centre Row: S. Clark, T. Ward, S. Roberts, S. Richards, B. Palich, G. Bates, P. Cvetovac, M. Benson.
Front Row: L. Argent, E. Miller, C. Wallace, A. Haworth, J. Dieber, D. Greer, D.-A. Nothnagier.
Ground: L. Britt, J. Donnelly.
Absent: K. Edgley.



10D
Back Row: R. Hume, E. Williams, C. Bourne, P. Wasley, S. Gerard, N. Manning, A. Hart.
Centre Row: K. Wijsman, J. Smith, D. Chorley, M. Lyon, A. Doensen, D. Cvetovic, S. Walker, B. Cousins.
Front Row: J. Sanson, C. Curtis, K. Short, B. Clarke, G. Manson, J. Matt, J. King.
Ground: M. Winters.
Absent: T. Gay, T. Pagray, J. Roberts, C. Huggins.



10E
Back Row: K. Salamon, K. Smee, L. Wall, L. Bradley, M. Johnston, J. Sanderson, C. Huggins.
Centre Row: R. Dodwell, T. De Bruijne, C. Edwards, T. Elton, M. Pullen, C. Horn.
Front Row: N. Birch, S. Wendt, M. Washbourne, Z. Ganya, L. Maugeri, C. Ross, L. Manning.
Ground: J. Hopkins.



9B
Back Row: B. Wisniewski, K. Thomas, K. Twitchett, D. Waters, M. Rennie, H. Sehow, S. Neskovska.
Centre Row: M. Langenhorst, M. Rieschieck, M. Roberts, G. Wendt, S. Rayko, F. Torney, J. Valvo, N. Rae.
Front Row: M. Ward, S. Unwin, A. Boyne, M. Wootten, R. Swift, S. Smith, J. Wong.
Absent: J. Scheltus.



10F
Back Row: H. Ly, S. Aslangul, N. Doig, A. Habel, M. Brocker, A. Fallon, K. Dukes.
Centre Row: K. Ross, L. Hartman, N. Balster, J. Srbinov, S. McConchie, K. Leach.
Front Row: L. Peters, S. Scotty, P. Peart, A. Stevens, M. Burgess, S. Goodwin, E.-L. Ward.



9C
Back Row: L. Dang, S. Denman, I. Wisniewski, S. Graf, M. Davison, L. Comben, K. Docwra.
Centre Row: C. White, P. Lewis, P. Feeney, K. Allen, L. Chapman, D. Ash.
Front Row: A. Cooper, D. Birznies, S. Haldane, G. Allan, M. Bingham, A. Berry, M. Pagram.
Ground: K. Nguyen.



9A
Back Row: K. Turton, M. Bunton, A. Long, M. Davis, C. Hoffman, S. Goodwin, C. Reddie.
Centre Row: S. Place, A. Light, R. Chadwick, G. Kear, S. Ray, R. Glide, M. Kettle, M. Portbury.
Front Row: T. Haxby, C. Brookshaw, J. Grove, B. Barnett, S. Dove, B. Geyer, A. Jones.
Ground: Y. Loxton, R. Newman.



9D
Back Row: R. Manning, K. Le Cras, K. Nemson, S. Pratt, J. Ly, A. McKenzie, P. Wisniewski.
Centre Row: A. McGrotty, R. Johnston, A. Law, G. McLean, B. Reid, T. Mackenzie, L. Wilson, A. Nealon.
Front Row: V. Smith, A. Lloyd, N. Parker, J. Lyford, E. Kennedy, A. Edwards, T. Hopkins.
Ground: J. McInnes, L. Lai.



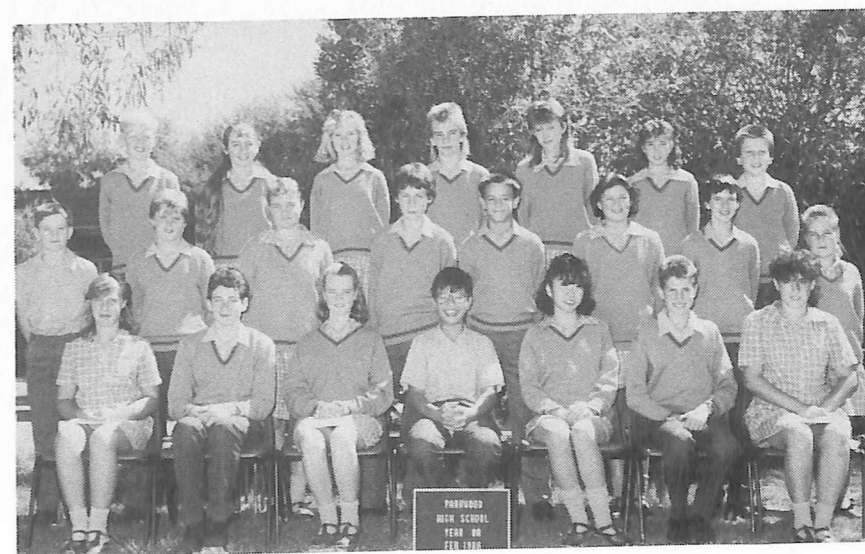
9E
Back Row: S. Ross, M. Washbourne, S. Pearman, D. Roberts, A. Stamp, Y. Hickling, R. Cooper.
Centre Row: B. Thomas, H. Skinner, J. Taylor, S. Shade, R. Van Beveren, W. Harrison, S. Ritchie, B. Horkings.
Front Row: J. Harrop, A. Tamme, D. Ryan, M. Vanston, K. Pickworth, A. Perry, R. Schilling.
Ground: S. Ivanusic.
Absent: T. Pokkinen.



9H
Back Row: D. Fowler, B. Hannah, R. Cox, M. Hamilton, M. Fisher, J. Dreger, W. Hartley.
Centre Row: R. Fawell, F. Diaguardi, P. Gay, M. Linton, L.-A. Cusworth, G. Doherty, L. Haupt, L. Hansch.
Front Row: L. Hume, P. Hancy, N. Elson, N. Jopson, J. Dardell, A. Gaspero, M. Daniel.
Ground: V. Britt, F. Horvath.



9F
Back Row: M. Slater, M. Bishop, S. Wells, S. Stafford, G. Taylor, F. Stirling, C. Jaques.
Centre Row: D. Carlton, A. Thompson, K. Steel, K. Ruck, S. Weiss, S. Wallis, A. Harvey, A. Vlajinic.
Front Row: G. Wood, A. Sedgewick, S. Turk, J. Davidson, J. Wilton, B. Anderson, D. McAleese.
Ground: J. Van Beveren, S. Woolley, K. Rule.



8A
Back Row: J. McLemon, N. Fraser, T. Verhagen, C. Smith, N. Collett, M. Otten, R. Cormick.
Centre Row: D. Gaffke, M. Brocker, K. Collins, B. Langley-Jones, D. Van Krieken, H. Murray, D. Beard, D. Bickerton.
Front Row: S. Brain, D. Waters, K. Veith, D. Tsao, B. Sin, M. Allen, A. Renton.



9G
Back Row: M. Bartlett, B. Jones, S. Bartils, A. Rowe, C. Doyle, G. Gale, S. Christian.
Centre Row: J. Bishop, J. Busch, G. Crockett, S. Champion, A. Bednarz, M. Clark, M. Glendenning, S. Bensch.
Front Row: J. Carroll, A. Gaspero, K. Furzer, S. Brown, J. Trimble, J. Berg, A. Alexander.
Ground: S. Hanrahan, T. Hadley, M. Boschen.



8B
Back Row: E. Horkings, B. McCarthy, D. Hocking, K. De Bruijne, E. McLean, N. Howlett, C. McKenna.
Centre Row: D. Mitchell, K.-A. Kogg, P. Keach, R. Convey, M. Smea, M. Hewitt.
Front Row: G. Munro, T. Ganya, N. Edwards, P. Crockett, N. Cooper, B. Cooper, R. Dempster.



8C
Back Row: T. Johnathon, K. Hodges, M. Salmon, V. Pitt, A. Doig, B. Alexandra, F. Denelen.
Centre Row: K. Goodwin, N. Vlastic, S. Cvetic, N. Pearson, W. Ackers, S. Ward, T. Taylor, S. Dooley.
Front Row: K. Galner, S. Rotherham, G. Butts, S. Gillespie, L. Child, G. Jackson, E. Brookshaw.



8F
Back Row: S. Archibald, D. Dunk, J. Benham, S. Tucker, E. Graf, B. Watson, H. Harrop.
Centre Row: G. Miller, M. Habel, L. Basinski, B. Light, A. Dedman, K. Parrett, A. Miller, N. Booth.
Front Row: V. Nadz, A. Burgess, N. Knox, P. Burgess, J. Varloe, N. Fella, M. Sutton.
Ground: M. Samanovic.
Absent: J. McNee.



8D
Back Row: L. Gilbert, C. Wheeler, A. McConchie, R. Moore, P. Greenslade, N. Sanderson, K. McWilliam.
Centre Row: R. Goldsmith, K. Benwell, S. Smith, S. Banko, F. Knights, A. Dent, C. Forsaith-Hams, J. Krzywinski.
Front Row: B. Bangay, C. Cormack, S. Greenwood, C. Brown, K. Ruduss, C. Laurance, B. Scott.
Ground: S. Sehow.



7A
Back Row: W. Sterling, J. Thynne, M. Selman, J. Davies, J. Spencer, S. Morrow, Binh Nguyen.
Centre Row: K. Dieber, K. Mason, D. Koenitz, C. Crane, T. Merrigan, P. Wansley, C. Miller, S. Bell.
Front Row: A. Bethune, A. McKenzie, C. Slater, J. Kenny, K. Price, C. Danks, G. Robertson.
Ground: M. Bartils, K. Horn, K. Fallon, K. Beardall.



8E
Back Row: M. Wasley, R. Jones, G. Easterby, N. Gullfoyle, R. Salmon, K. Breeden, S. Morrow.
Centre Row: D. Ash, M. Kennedy, S. Bannister, S. Manson, E. Jenkins, T. Abbott, H. Trevithick, S. Springett.
Front Row: M. Stafford, D. Knight, L. Neilson, G. Marriott, T. Brown, J. Riddell, R. Matt.
Ground: A. Samanovic, K. Pyke, O. Belic.



7B
Back Row: M. Brown, G. Ireland, J. Burke, S. Beard, C. Tamlyn, A. Burke, M. Denman.
Centre Row: S. Ryan, A. Moore, L. Hannah, N. Bethune, O. Dzenko, C. Haupt, M. Grove, L. Dukes.
Front Row: K. Stevens, A. McIntosh, J. McKee, G. Pokkinen, A. Cowan-Hackett, A. Mansell, E. Langenhorst.
Ground: A. Pupic, R. Dardel, J. Nankervis.
Absent: S. Barnett.



7C
Back Row: D. Johnson, M. Taylor, M. Cousins, L. Tucker, R. Baldacchino, M. Shearer, R. Kas.
Centre Row: M. Unwin, M. Donnelly, N. Rossiter, J. Dove, S. Lamb, C. Bate, G. Doherty, L. McCandlish.
Front Row: J. Nixon, P. Newman, T. Sutton, D. Wilks, C. Williams, M. Purdon, S. Portbury.
Ground: K. Peters.
Absent: D. Greenwood.



7D
Back Row: T Knight, S. Doyle, J. Zanatta, J. Galatas, K. McKenzie, C. Harris, T. Reid.
Centre Row: B. Spargo, J. Cottee, D. Burgess, A. Van De Voorde, S. Campbell, C. Menzel, S. Marshall, M. Hunt.
Front Row: N. Cowling, C. Ruck, A. Burge, J. Hofstra, L. Bottrell, B. Whatman, A. Raymant.
Ground: S. Kas, D. Carroll, S. Ritchie, K. Taylor.



7E
Back Row: D. Christian, B. Doensen, D. Hickling, M. Kelso, J. Robotham, A. Walton, K. Valvo.
Centre Row: S. MacQuarie, D. Rigogiannis, A. Langley-Jones, S. Kerwin, H. Odermatt, R. Ratcliffe, K. McLemon, M. Quirk.
Front Row: R. Swaney, J. Freitas, A. Szalardi, C. Anderson, D. Tamme, M. Gilmore, K. Brindle.
Ground: B. Harrison, M. Haley, W. Hanrahan, J. Raunjak.
Class Teacher: Mrs. Fell.

