

PARKWOOD SECONDARY COLLEGE



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## FROM THE TOP

As we storm through another year, towards the year 2000, we see Parkwood Secondary College going through a rapid transformation. Having risen from the threat of closure and merger at the end of 1996, we see the College now beginning to make a significant educational statement in the local community.

Our Year 7 enrolment for 1997 reached an eight year high and prospects for sustained growth in enrolment look good. The year 7 group came from more than 20 primary schools and show indications that the future of Parkwood is in very good hands. But numbers are only one matter. It is the quality of work that goes on in the College. As usual, the VCE results reflect the tradition of excellence at Parkwood. Students have been exposed to a very comprehensive program, as good as, if not better than, most other colleges. Outstanding work continues to be done by students in the fields of public speaking and penmanship. A turn around in sporting results has also been achieved. Successes have been realised in sports such as hockey, due to student and staff commitment. We have seen, in 1997, all students at Years 7 and 8 undertaking a weekly program of sport.

Having come from very humble beginnings in 1996, the Music Program has really blossomed in 1997 with such things as the Choir, various orchestras and bands and generally an enormously increased level of student participation in music.

The student leadership program attracted unprecedented interest during the election process and the College has been well served by its student leaders in the Houses and the Peer Support leaders. A magnificent initiative this year has been the World Vision Program in which students in the Houses raised money to sponsor three children in under-developed countries.

Students at Parkwood have, for a long time, had the opportunity to study VCE and out-of-school courses such as TAFE programs. This has again been a prominent feature in 1998 with students working in the Hospitality and Retail fields in particular.

The College has once again been tremendously well served by the parents of our students. Especially successful activities such as the Trivia Night and the Festival have raised much needed funds that have been allocated to the purchase of computers. We find ourselves with an outstanding ratio of computers to students. Further development will take place in 1998. Of course the College Council again has been at the helm in guiding the College along. A very dedicated group

of parents and staff have supported Parkwood in policy development and the management of the outstanding facilities.

To the VCE group of 1997, you have been outstanding in your approach and application to work and your academic results will bear testament to your effort. All members of the College community wish you well in your future pursuits. To the continuing students, the commitment is to provide you with access to the best. In return the College asks for your application to work, thus giving yourself a real chance to develop as fully functioning citizens equipped with skills learnt at Parkwood.

I wish to offer particular thanks to all staff who have applied themselves so hard in their teaching of the students and in enhancing Parkwood's reputation in this district as a provider of excellent education. I wish to thank the group of students who, under the able leadership of Mr. Chai, have produced this Annual Magazine.

**Martin Culkin**  
Principal





## 'HOGIE' MOVES ON

Ever since 1990 Parkwood Secondary College has had the pleasure of having Mr Hogendoorn as our Vice Principal. He has taught many students in his time at Parkwood, and has seen many V.C.E students go out into the working world or Tertiary education. He has assisted at many school activities and on School Council and Parent Community Association. As Vice Principal he has the role of sharing jokes, making sure that the place was runs smoothly. During our interview with Mr Hogendoorn, he told me one of the most embarrassing times during teaching was when he did a science experiment and it exploded in his face. He also admitted to smoking once during his school days, but got busted by his father. Mr Hogendoorn also used to upset the music teacher by singing out of tune, naughty boy. Poor Mr Hogendoorn was a victim of bully s.

Mr Hogendoorn was born in Holland, is married with two children, his wife is a teacher. His two children thought it was great to have parents as teachers but as the years went by they found it embarrassing. Mr Hogendoorn hopes to travel the world when he retires, (which will not be for a long time.) Now it is time to farewell Mr Hogendoorn, known to us as 'Hogie' as he takes up his new position

as Principal of Monash Secondary College. He is looking forward to teaching at this school.

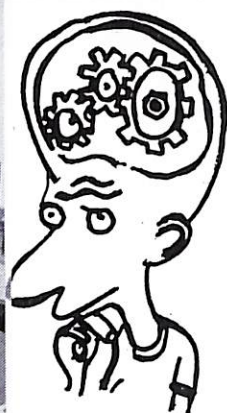
Monash Secondary College has many different nationalities and he is looking forward to their International Food Days.

Mr Hogendoorn has been teaching for 27 years at many different schools including Chadstone Secondary College, Oakleigh High, Doveton, Wheeler High and Scoresby Secondary College where he first met Mr Chai and Mr Moxey. When we interviewed Mr Hogendoorn he commented on the students at Parkwood by saying they were the best group of students he has had the pleasure of teaching.

We will miss you, 'Hogie', and all hope your new school will be a great school.

Good luck and all the best.

by Karen Owen  
and  
Lauren Harvey



### THE 1997 PRODUCTION CREW



## Parkwood Diary of Events for 1997

### FEBRUARY

- 12 Year 7 Camp
- 13 Inter-School Senior Cricket
- 19 VCE Information night

### MARCH

- 3 Swimming sports
- 7 Year 8 inter-school sport
- 10 Labour Day holiday
- 11 Group diving
- 14 Group swimming
- Year 12 Geography Excursion
- 18 Inter-school Intermediate Cricket
- PCA meeting
- 19 Inter-School Intermediate Cricket
- 20 School Photographs
- 24 Inter-School Round Robin
- 25 Year 10 Immunization
- 26 Athletic Sports
- 28 Good Friday
- 31 Easter Monday

### APRIL

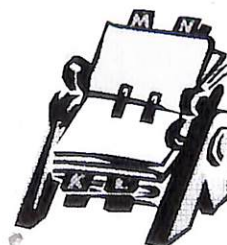
- 1 School Resumes
- 4 Interim Reports
- 28 Term 2 commences

### MAY

- 1 Parent/ Teacher interviews Yrs. 7, 11, 12
- 9 Staff Professional Development Day
- Student Free Day
- 10 Year 11 Debutante Ball
- 14 Cross Country
- 15 Winter senior round robin
- 21 Year 7 Information Night
- 28 VCE Art Studio Art Excursion
- 30 Year 8 Round Robin

### JUNE

- 2 Intermediate Cross Country
- 4 Year 7 Round Robin
- 6 Year 8 Round Robin



- 9 Queen's Birthday Holiday
- 17 General Assessment Task (GAT) Units 3&4
- 23 Report Writing Day - Student Free Day
- 24&25 Music and Movement Performance
- 27 End of Term 2

### JULY

- 14 Term 3 Commences
- 29 Westpac Maths Competition
- Year 10 Excursion to Pentridge Gaol

### AUGUST

- 12 Careers Expedition
- 13 Year 10 information evening
- 23 Trivia night

### SEPTEMBER

- 8 Year 7 excursion - Cruise and Rialto
- 9 Athletic Sports
- 11&12 School Performance Nights
- 17 1998 Year 7 Parent Meeting
- 19 End of Term 3

### OCTOBER

- 6 Term 4 commences
- 13 Zone Athletics
- 24 Year 12's final day
- 31 Year 12 exams start

### NOVEMBER

- 3 Student Free Day
- 4 Student Free Day (Melbourne Cup)
- 17 Year 12 Valedictory Dinner
- 18 Year 11's Final Day
- 21 Year 11 exams start
- 30 Parkwood Festival

### DECEMBER

- 1-6 Year 9&10 B.O.E.C. Camp
- 8&9 1998 Year 7 Orientation Day
- 10 Year 10 Last day for 1997
- 18 Years 7-9 Last day for 1997





Andrew Leaumont was placed third in the Victorian Little Athletics Championships in 1996 and in 1997.

**How old were you when you started Little Athletics?**

"I joined the Little Athletics in Croydon in the under 7's age group at the age of 6."

**What club are you competing at now?**

"I have been competing at Ringwood for the past 2 years because I am now too old for Little Aths."

**How often and howlong do you have to train?**

"I train twice a week. Tuesday and Thursday nights for about an hour each time."

**What were your achievements for this year?**

"Well, in March this year. I ran 2 minutes and 7 seconds in the 800 metres for the Victorian Championship. I broke Paul Cleary's 800 metre record. He ran in the 1996 Atlanta Olympics. I also broke a 400 metre record in 53 seconds and came 4th. In a relay, my team got 3 bronze medals and 4 silver medals at the state level. I also broke some high jump records this year."

**Do you play any other sports?**

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I do. I play football at Park Orchards and I have played for a couple of representative teams."

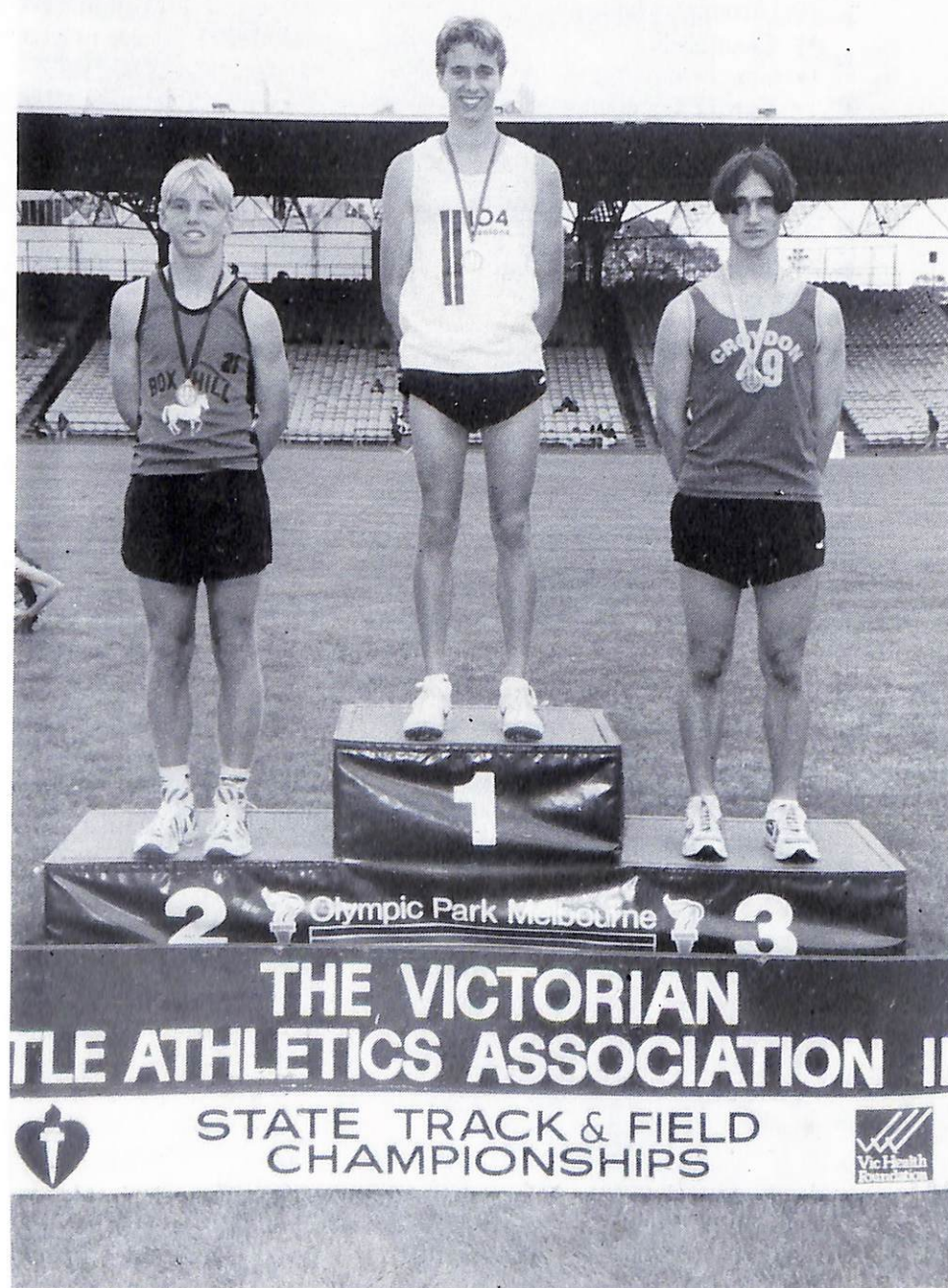
**Are you the only runner in your family?**

"Yes, no one in the family does any athletics"

Well, Andrew, you've really done well so far. Keep up that fantastic work. We hope to see you running for Australia in the next olympics.

By Alison Crawford.

# Andrew Leaumont



## THOMAS WALTERS:SKEET SHOOTING

Thomas Walters started skeet shooting when he was only 12 years old and has been shooting ever since.

He competed for Victoria in the National Skeet Shooting titles at Cecle Park Clay Target Club.

With Thomas' shooting skill, Victoria came fourth. There were just three competitors in the junior team, and even though Thomas was too modest to say it, it looked like the team was winning. Thomas is so good that he

competes against much older shooters and still ends up winning on many an occasion.

There was a 100-target event on the day of the national competition. The judges take the best of the six junior scores over 200 targets to form the Australian team. Thomas succeeded in getting into the team with an outstanding score of 185 out of 200.

Thomas has been shooting skeet at the Melbourne Gun

Club for about two years. Already he is showing that there might be a future in the sport.

Clay target shooting is a fun and enjoyable recreational sport recommended to anyone who is interested in skeet shooting.

If this sounds like your sport, come down to the Melbourne Gun Club at the end of Victoria Road in Lilydale to have a look.

by Tracey Owen

## SUMMER

The sun rises with a golden touch as it shines among the trees, with a warm breeze. The thick creamy sunscreen drips off my arm slowly while the sun pants down on me.

The foaming of the ocean crashes and splashes against the rocks. Appearing from behind white fluffy clouds the crispy sun burns as the trees are slowly dying.

The sound of rolling thunder burst down with tiny droplets of rain. Slowly they drip one by one on the leaves.

The tired red sun goes down behind the horizon. As I try to get to sleep the movement of the curtains sway with a hasty wind. I struggle in my bed with the stifling heat, tangling PJ's and soggy clinging sheets. Restless sleep.

by Aimie Hallows



## YEAR SEVEN CAMP

At every year seven camp, different students come back with different memories. Some people remember the food others remember the weather. Here are some memories of this year's year seven camp by Bobby Evans.

Day 1:

When I arrived at school I stood around for a while, then I got on the bus. I was along trip to Wilson's Prom, and so I talked to my friends and drew pictures. When we got there we walked 7 kilometres to the camp. We stopped along the way and had something to eat. It was late in the afternoon when we got there and we were all tired. When we put up our tents about 3 fell down while people were inside. We had tea, talked for a while, then went to our tents. We stayed up and talked well past midnight and Mr. Byrne was really angry.

Day 2:

We got up and had breakfast and played around for a while. Then we got on the bus and went down to Tidal River. We went for a long walk then had lunch. We went swimming in the river and the water was bright yellow. When we got back we lazed around talking and then we had dinner. It looked lovely but it was the most disgusting meal I have ever had. After dinner we went down the beach and looked at the stars. Then we went back to the camp and sung weird songs and had some people sing. Then we went to bed. We stayed up past midnight again and my tent got in trouble for having a burping contest and waking everyone up.

Day 3:

We got up, talked for a while then had breakfast. After that we packed up our clothes and our tents, which took ages. Then we got on the bus and went home. We were all tired and happy to be home.



### Camp Rumbug

I thought that Camp Rumbug was quite good. We did quite a few activities. We walked up a mountain. It took about two to three hours to get there. When we stopped we met a guide and he showed us how to get there. We got to camp by walking along the bay for four hours. Many of us were sun burnt. I thought the food was good. We also went swimming in Tidal River. Over all the camp was great. I would give it a score of 8 out of 10.

By Sean Page.



## A LESSON ON ANTARCTICA

On Monday the 20th of October, Mr Allan Parker came to talk to the year sevens about his amazing expeditions to an Antarctica. Mr Parker has been to Antarctica forty-two times.

Antarctica is the fifth largest continent and is bigger than the U.S.A. It is a dry, and cold place where it never rains. It only snows. The coldest temperature ever recorded at Antarctica is - 89.6 degrees Celsius.

Ice bergs are free floating chunks of glaciers, generally dome shaped and can be up to 90% bigger than they appear from the surface. Ice bergs are continuously moving. They are giant pieces of ice which have fallen off the side of the land.

Mr. Parker also talked to us about the different animals found there. These animals included: seals, penguins, fish and whales.

I found the most interesting and learnt much about a place that I didn't really know about. His talk was very educational and I think Mr. Parker is an amazing man.

I wish to congratulate Mr. Parker for being awarded the Polar medal for his service in Australian Antarctic Exploration.

By Bronwyn Doig



In periods three and four on Monday, 20th October, Mr. Parker came to talk to the Year sevens students about Antarctica. Mr. Parker has lived and worked there for many years.

He has led many tours there too. He told us about the types of clothing they wear when they are outside, the animals that live there and the threats to them. He also told us what it like is to live down there where winters can be as cold as -40 degrees Celsius.

We saw a slide show of penguins, seals, whales and diagrams showing facts about them. After that, there was a tape of different sounds of animals. He explained to us how and why people get down there.

At the end, he invited two students to get dressed up. Emily Craig and Sean Paige were volunteers who got dressed up in the sorts of clothes people wear in the Antarctic region.

by Ceridwen Sharpe

On a Monday in October Mr. Alan Parker came to talk to the year 7's about Antarctica.

Mr. Parker had been to Antarctica 40 times.

He showed us all of the special clothing that you have to wear, when you go to Antarctica.

He talked about all the of the animals that live there, they are seals, penguins, birds and whales. He said that all species of whales, except the Minke whale are totally protected. The nations that hunt the whale are the USSR and Japan.

He told us what all the animals that live there, eat, when and where they breed and how they survive in the freezing climate.

Mr. Parker also told us how icebergs and pack ice form.

I really enjoyed Mr. Parker's talk.

By Ben Brown



On Monday the 20th Alan Parker came to school to teach the year sevens about Antarctica. Alan has been to Antarctica 42 times and he is going again this summer. For his work in Australia's Antarctic territory he has recently received a medal. Then he showed some slides of things he has seen in Antarctica. Here are some of the things he told them:

Antarctica is twice the size of the USA. Antarctica sea water is fresh water. He also showed them what you wear when you are working outside. Many thanks to Alan for coming and sharing his Antarctic experiences with them.

by Rohan Impey





## Parkwood Up In Lights

The curtain remained drawn as the cast and crew ran around backstage frantically setting-up for the year's most important performing event. After months of practising and rehearsing, the night was finally here. We now had the opportunity to show the audience how much dedication had actually been put into it.

Make-up was plastered onto all of the performers' faces and the sparkling costumes slipped into.

Anxiously awaiting to present their item, the band themselves gripped their instruments and sat patiently, hidden behind the orange curtain separating them from the anticipating audience.

The backstage crew pulled the cord and the curtain opened. Miss

Fitzgerald approached the stage and began conducting the band. Music filled the auditorium and the catchy tunes had the whole audience bopping along.

During the band items, the choir waited in the aisles for their chance to blast the audience with their a'capella item, Alleluia.

The second half of the show, 'Rhythm, Harmony and Melody' had the audience in fits of laughter, teary eyed and even shocked. Melody, played by Ngaire Cook, was accompanied by the dancers as she was tucked inside a rose and then born into the world.

Melody, trying to earn her wings, set off on her journey. Along the way she came across Prince Rhythm, played by Ben Gilson, and her guardian Harmony, played by Laura Buckland.

protected Melody from evil - the dancers. Miss Kempton's choreography created a dark and gloomy atmosphere with the help of the back stage crew moving in black screens and concealing everything in.

Melody also came across people trying to sell her roses, milk, strawberries and knives. A sly cat, played by Jess Salmon, wickedly tried to sell her false wings.

Eventually, Melody earns her wings and lives happily ever after, with Prince Rhythm.

The production was over all a very successful event with no great disasters and hopefully next year we can look forward to an even grander production!

By Lauren Crowe and Amiee Donald



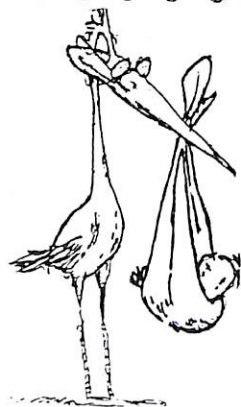
## Performance Workshop

In the middle of the year, music and dance students were able to display what they had learnt. We put on a display combining dancing, the school band and choir. There were also individual performances by dancers, singers and musicians, who were gutsy enough to get up on stage in front of everyone.

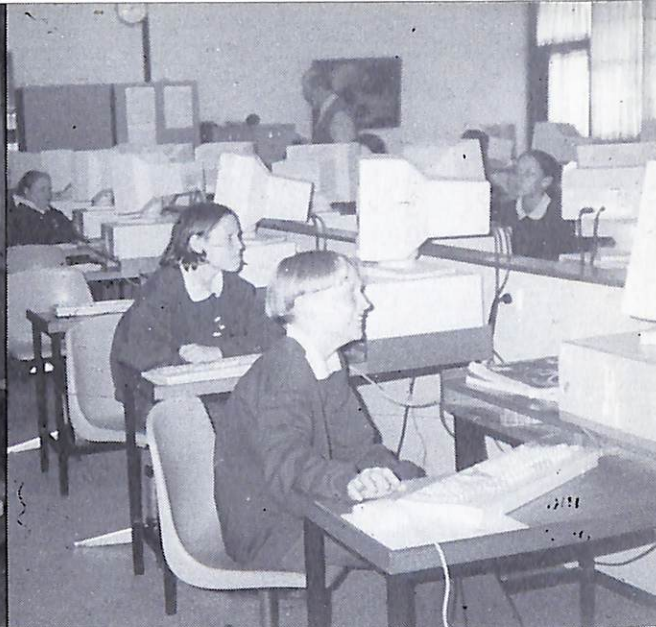
We had enormous help from teachers and students. Mr. Culkin and Mrs. Henwood helped at the main desk collecting money. Mr. Byrne, Ms. Fitz, Ms. Kempton and Mr. Djoneff helped to set up seats and

instruments, saving a lot of time and was done well. There was also help from students showing people where to sit and setting things up too. It was a very enjoyable night, and it seemed the audience also thought so.

By EJ Kirby and Rachael Griffith







## WORK AND PLAY



**Band name:** Racamandas

**Members :** Jason K ( bass ), Andrew L (drums ), Daniel G (guitar ) and various singers.

**When did you form?**

"Um, hang on, about two months ago."

**What do you play ?**

" Alternative, grunge, punk rock, what else ? Classical, indie, hip hop, rap ! Just kidding. "

**What bands are you into ?**

" Marilyn Manson, Nine Inch Nails, Pink Floyd, Sound Garden, Korn, well that's all our t-shirts ! "

**Do you write your own songs ?**

" Yes, but we don't name them ! "

**What are your inspirations ?**

" Other bands ! "

**Band Name:** Not decided. Oh, how about "Namallea"?

**Members:** Kara E. (vocalist), Patrick M. (guitarist), Jason K. (bass). No drummer yet!

**When did you form?** Umm, about two weeks before Battle of the Bands! Oh, about one week before!

**What kind of music do you play?** We play whatever we darn well feel like!

**What Band are you into?** Kara loves the Spice Girls, the Doors, Sidewinder, Nirvana, Marilyn Manson, Mr. Blonde, Even, Magic Dirt, Shihad and Jebediah.

**Do you guys write your own songs?** Yeah, all the time! But we haven't named them yet!

**Where do you get your inspiration from?** Mind altering illegal substance!

**Who writes your songs?** It's a team effort! Also with the help of God!

## BATTLE OF THE BANDS

**Band Name:** Derision

**Members:** Reegan W.(drums, backing vocals), Ash S.(lead guitar), Steven H.(vocals, rhythm guitar), Joel C.(bass).

**When did you form?**

"Halfway through year 8. We've been playing ever since."

**What kind of music do you play?**

"Bit of grunge...actually we don't like to limit ourselves to labels (chuckle chuckle).

**What bands are you in to?**

"Smashing Pumpkins, Something For Kate, Kiss, Greenday, Jebediah, Pearl Jam, Nine Inch Nails."

**Do you guys make your own songs?**

"Yeah, we all pitch in. All we ever play is our own stuff!"

**Where do you get your inspiration?**

"Icy poles, sunsets, in bed, the roof, sitting in my room rocking back and forth reading 'War and Peace' and Joel is a big inspiration!"

**Who writes most of the songs?**

"Steven and Ash write the music and Reegan and Steve write the lyrics"

Derision have played at a pub in Clifton Hills. They said, "It went well and this drunk guy who looked like Anthony from the Chilly Peppers was jumping around to the music. Oh yeah we're going on a world tour and our support acts are The Ringwood Police Band and Sting"

By Krystel Hallows

**Band Name:** Anemia

**Members:** Lachlan Neal(bass), Mark D.(drums), Steven H.(guitar).

**When did you form?**

"We formed in year 7 but really started halfway through year 8."

**What kind of music do you play?**

"Punk, grunge, rock, thrash, alternative, pop. That's about it."

**What bands are you in to?**

"Led Zeppelin, Nirvana, Something For Kate, The Beatles, Regurgitator and Jebediah"

**Do you guys write your own songs?**

"We write all of our own songs, such as: Leirdutemps, Live, Venacova, Jesus unfinished"

**Where do you get your inspiration?**

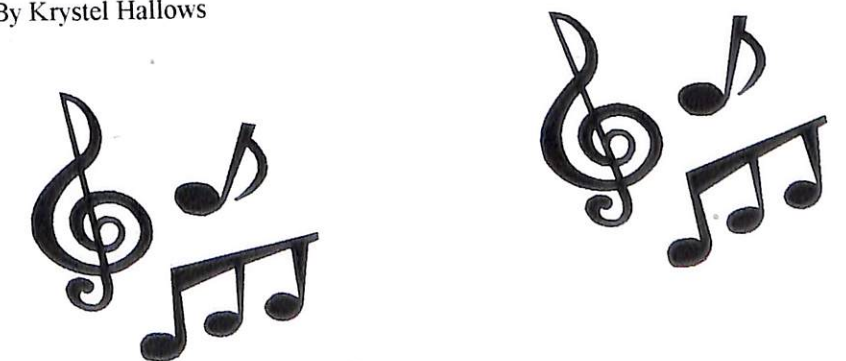
"Everyday life, if we're drunk, just kidding. Sometimes what people say. Other bands and the innocence, sadness and burden of living"

**Who writes most of the songs?**

"We all chip in and Ben Gillson, our second guitarist who left, used to write a lot of our songs."

Anemia are playing live gigs and are recording an album which will be released in the underground in about 2 months. Anemia told me that this interview was mostly lies and not to take any notice!

By Krystel Hallows.





## WORK EXPERIENCE

### The Wonga Park Community Cottage

**Monday 28th April 1997**

I arrived at work at around 9:10am and no-one was there. After about five minutes of waiting Linda arrived and we went inside. We talked for a while and she showed me around the cottage. After that I made up some flyers on the computer advertising the different courses available through the cottage. I went to the shops and bought milk for the cottage then I went home. It was an alright first day, I was really nervous but fortunately that went away fast.

**Wednesday 30th April 1997**

Got to work late today (Linda told me to come a little later so I wasn't waiting alone in the morning). Don came in today. He is a seventy year old man who comes every Wednesday to help out but when he's here he doesn't get much work done, instead he talks! But anyway, he is trying to organise a bus trip to the national wool museum, but unfortunately no-one has enrolled yet, but there is still another week.

**Friday 2nd May 1997**

Today was a short day (9:15-12:30) so we didn't get much done. Linda is trying to organise some pinboards so I can decorate them. I started making a sign on the computer.

**Tuesday 6th May 1997**

Today the vegetarian cooking class was on, and only one woman needed creche, but there wasn't enough kids to run it so Linda said we would take care of the seven months old baby called Connor. So I looked after Connor all by myself. He was great for a while but soon he began to scream and scream. It was awful! I called Linda on the intercom but she didn't have much luck either and the mother ended up taking Connor to the class with her. After class I was allowed to taste the food and it was delicious!

**Thursday 8th May 1997**

Linda had a meeting and I had to stay in the office and take phone calls and get money. I also was given the responsibility to balance the books. I worked on the pinboards all day and everyone said they looked good. I jammed the photocopier today....I knew I had to muck up some time. I thought I had broken it, but Linda came over and pulled it apart. It was easily fixed.

By Laura Fisher.



## Journal Reflections of Work Experience

Work experience was quite enjoyable, once the initial nervousness and tiredness had worn off.

It provided me with an insight into the outer world of the work force. It is so hard to imagine what it's like for someone to do a job for the rest of his life when everything seems so repetitious and endless.

The weariness that I felt was the worst I have ever experienced. It seems that over the last two weeks I have done more than ever.

Now I can understand the irritability that my dad must feel when he has to work long hours as I have experienced it as well.

However much I liked this job, I don't think I could handle it as a fulltime career. But it did bring certain skills into my life that I would never have used.

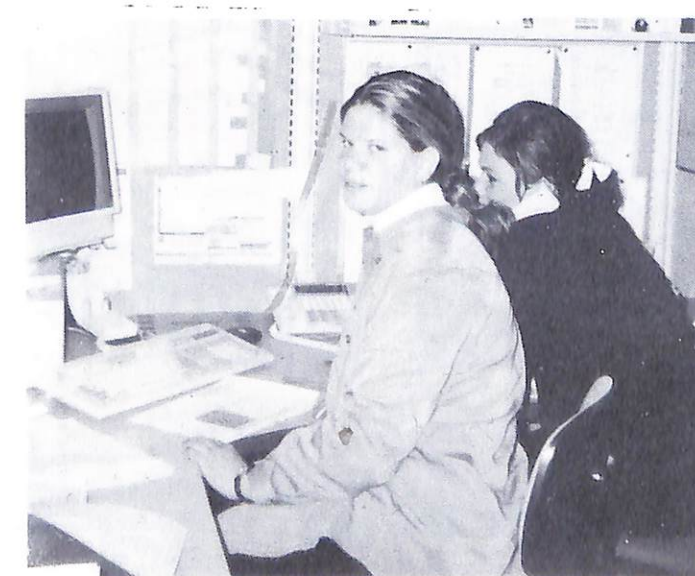
by Lauren Basilone



### Melbourne Zoo

During the two weeks of Work Experience I worked at the Melbourne Zoo. I helped out in the Australian Native Mammals section, feeding the Koalas, Kangaroos, Wallabies, Wombats, Echidnas and a range of other native animals. I was responsible for cleaning out their enclosures. Overall, it was a good learning experience. The major drawback was having to get up at 5 o'clock each morning.

By Ian Crawford



## WORK EXPERIENCE

### Science Works

I spent a week of my Work Experience at Science Works. It was interesting to see the types of things that are kept there, such as the supercomputer like the one used in Jurassic Park, and other specialised equipment of which the uses were extraordinary. I was able to see the whole place as I worked. The departments I worked in included Education, Information, Engineering and Security.

By Luke Stevens

### The office environment.

During the two weeks of work experience we worked in the industrial area of Notting Hill. Elizabeth's tasks included photocopying, faxing, opening mail, sorting and posting cheques and typing letters.

Lisa did basically the same thing but also sent some time answering phones and laminating.

They both made some mistakes but agreed it was a fun experience and we thank Mrs. Macdonald for organising it.

By Lisa Tan & Elisabeth Young





## PENTRIDGE PRISON VISIT

On Tuesday the 29<sup>th</sup>, year 10 "you and the law" students went on an excursion to the now closed Pentridge Prison. We left at 10:45 and after about 45 minutes arrived at Pentridge. After standing in the cold we were admitted into the gaol where we met our guide Peter. Peter gave us a short explanation on the tour that would take place.

On the way to the visiting yard we passed horrific razor wire fences and the bluestone wall, beyond which was known as "no man's land". He told us stories of prison escapees who had been shot there during their escape attempts. The visiting yard was big enough to hold about 50 prisoners and there was no privacy and no closed spaces. The prisoner's who were allowed visitors had to wear special overalls which could not be undone as did some of the visitors to prevent the smuggling of drugs, weapons and so on.

The next section of the prison we were taken to was J division. J division was the section for the criminals who had shown good behavior regardless of the crime they had committed. The cells in J division were larger, lighter and more privacy was allowed. They were equip-ped with toilets, sinks and showers and they had reasonable bedding. After touring J division we were escorted to A division.

A division was the original female prison built in 1860. But in 1871 women were sent to the back of the old Melbourne gaol. By the 20<sup>th</sup> century male prisoners

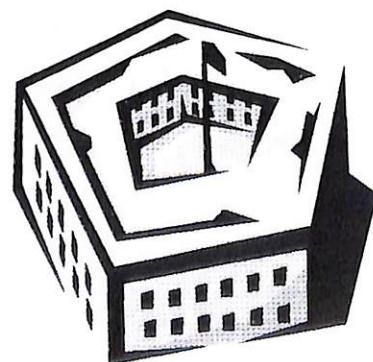
were allowed to associate with each other. Peter told unbelievable stories about prisoners who shared cells killing their room mate and then ruthlessly stuffing them under the bed and then when the body was discovered denying any-thing about it. We went through A division and then we followed Peter into H division. We were told of H division's notorious history and its famous prisoners. Peter had a slight fascination for Chopper Reed as his stories mostly ended up coming back to him. H division was created in the 1950's for prisoners who needed maximum security for either their own protection or the protection of others.

Directly joined on to H division, were the labour yards where prisoners serving as sentence of solitary confinement, segregation or hard labour occupied their time. The rooms were bare and heavily guarded even though this was so, a prison officer was brutally bashed by a prisoner who had managed to smuggle a pillowcase of weights into the labour lard. The film about Ronald Ryan, the last man in Victoria to be hanged was filmed in H division.

The exercise yards were our next destination these were exposed concrete areas with little shelter from the elements. The place where Ronald Ryan tried to escape over the walls was marked. Targets were sown on to the prisoners clothing to make it easy target for prison officers if they escaped.

B division was like the other divisions with writing on the walls, which depicted hopelessness, obscenities and despair. Prisoners in B division shared cells. There was a bakery and kitchen upstairs. After the fire at Fairlea women's prison in 1982, 40 female prisoners were transferred to B division for 4 years. Apparently the women caused havoc among the male prison officers by running around with their tops off. After that we made a hurried exit out of the freezing cold into the warm bus and back to school.

By Lisa Tan and Lauren Basilone



## ADVENTUROUS GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIPS

Once again year 11 geographers set forth in search of practical knowledge to be gathered on the exciting, stimulating geography fieldtrips conducted during the study of the unit "Changing Environments".

During first term, students studied coastal dynamics of Port Phillip Bay. It took a great deal of persuasion by the caring Mrs. Hardy to stop her students, who were really seeking first hand experience of erosion down the steep slopes of Red Bluff, to be satisfied with watching it form a safer distance, rather than actually contributing to the problem!

Again students, over keen to seek knowledge, were not satisfied with simply viewing the dune systems of Seaford at normal height. David Gates stood on Dylan Morgan's shoulders, together with Mark Nadz, somewhere on top again to view the primary and secondary dunes. Lucky there was a soft, sandy landing!

Term three saw these most practical students, clipboard in hand and armed with a camera in hand, go out to investigate contrasts in living conditions between Collingwood and Kew.

Several students were most interested in photographing the pawn shop in Smith Street, Collingwood. Pity about the mix up in the spelling!

On a more serious note, students really did see a contrast between their own life with its comfortable housing and the living

conditions of the High Rise Housing Commission as they saw the view from the twentieth floor of the Perry Street flats.

Students enjoyed free time at the Boulevard, Kew, as they and others enjoyed their lunch by the river.

Gasps of amazement could be heard as the excursion bus quickly traveled past the prestigious private schools of Kew. However, unanimous relief was felt by Parkwood students that they did not have to wear the uniforms of those schools! Parkwood's uniform was by far superior!

A good and informative time was had by all!



### Point Nepean N.P. & Cape Schanck

On the 18th of November a year 9 geography class went on a field trip to Point Nepean N.P. and Cape Schanck.

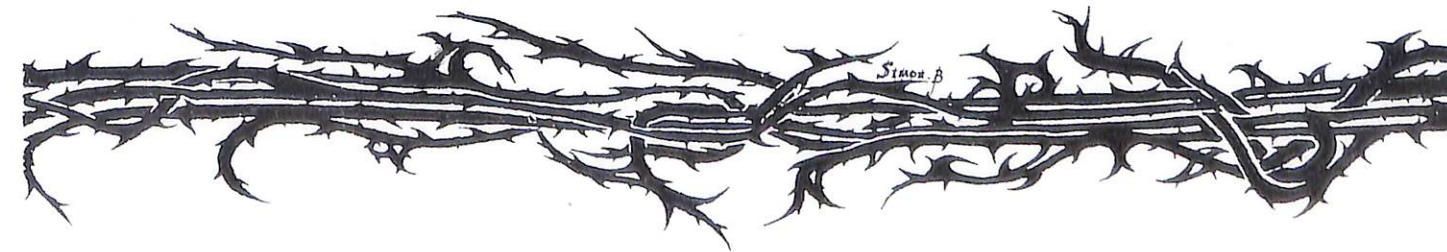
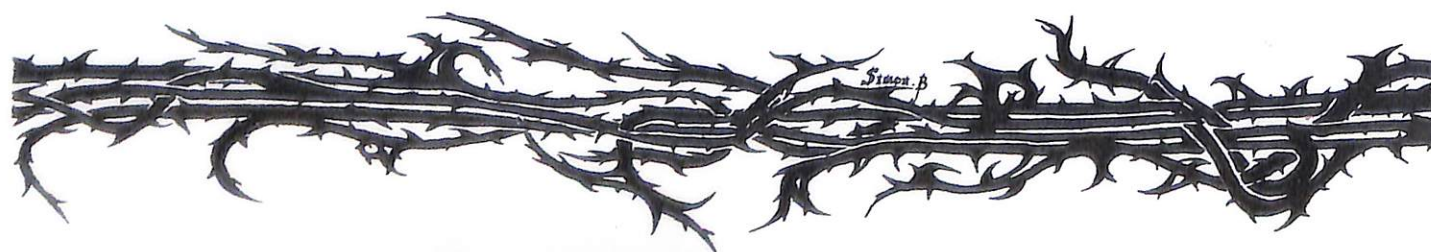
Point Nepean N.P. is about one and a half hours from Ringwood on the Mornington Peninsula. (Mr. Sayers driving is definitely another story!)

Point Nepean N.P. was established in the 1850's, it was once a quarantine station. It was also used in World War 1 and 2 as a military base to protect the city from unwanted visitors.

The Cape Schanck coastline is the only headland of its type within easy reach of Melbourne. It has fantastic views and lots of black pebbles that are volcanic rocks from thousands of years ago.

All up we got back at 4:30 with some handy knowledge about Cape Schanck and Point Nepean. The day was good fun and well worth the visit.

By Amanda Rippon.





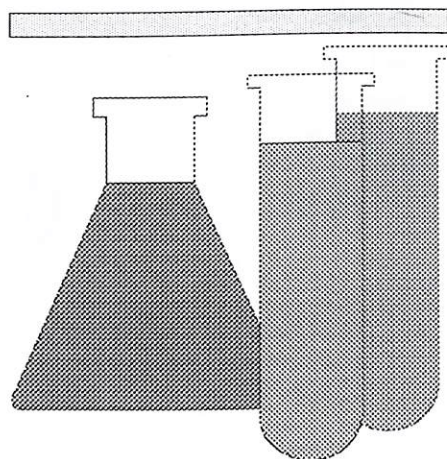


# CHEMISTRY IN THE KITCHEN

Try these fun chemistry experiments for yourself at home

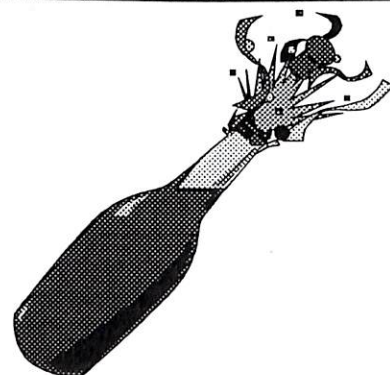
## An Explosive Fizz in Your Mouth

Place a teaspoon full of bicarbonate of soda with a teaspoon of citric acid in a glass. Add one teaspoon of sugar to improve the taste. Try eating this mixture. What does it taste like?



## Red Cabbage Indicator

Add some red cabbage leaves to a pan. Add enough water to cover the cabbage. Bring to the boil and allow to boil for a further 15 minutes. Strain away the leaves and keep the liquid solution. This is your red cabbage indicator. Pour some of the indicator onto small samples of the following acids: vinegar, lemon juice and then onto the following bases: Baking soda, soap detergent. What happens to the indicator's colour?



## Smoking and Glowing in the Dark

Tear the striking strip off the side of a matchbox and burn it on a saucer. A brown stain remains on the saucer. This is the element red phosphorus. Rub your index finger in it, then rub your index finger against your thumb. It should smoke from the friction because it is oxidizing in the air. In the dark you will even see the glow of the oxidation.

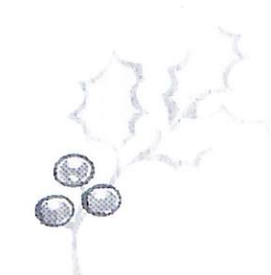


## Bubbles

Place a spoon full of bicarbonate of soda into a glass. Pour about 50ml of vinegar into the glass. What happens?

Trish Tedesco  
Science Co-ordinator, 1997

# Home Economics Cake Decorating





# AUSTRALIAN MATHEMATICS COMPETITION

In August 120 Parkwood students took part in the Australian Mathematics Competitions. This competition is the largest Maths competition in the world, with well over 500,000 students competing in Australia and overseas.

This year our students were awarded 1 medal, 1 prize, 1 high distinction, 14 distinctions, and 68 credits - an excellent result once again for the school.

The award winners were:

**Medal:** Doran Moppert, Year 12

**Prize:** Micaela Kemn, Year 7

**High Distinction:** Sarah Haythorne, Year 8

**Distinctions:** Year 7 Sam Bickford, Emily Craig, Leigh Holland, Chris Tapai, Benita Clark, Li Liu.

Year 8 Michael Hughes, Michael Napl, Peter Watterson.

Year 9 Andrea Digby, Casey Fitzpatrick.

Year 10 Lisa Tan.

Year 12 Chris Leung, Lachlan Fuller.

**Credits:** Year 7 Julie Tan, Glen Kalwig, Robert Evans, Joanne Parton, Mark Hewitt, Nicholas Dyke, Carley Jellett, Michelle Wootton, Cerise Clark, Megan Romeo, Greg Walters, Melissa Grigg, Ceridwen Sharpe, Amanda Bartlett, Roman Impey, Steven Darsie, Timothy McLeod.

Year 8 Marika Verwey, Lauren Phillips, Katie Nuthall, Chelsea Hutchinson, Cameron Gow, Brooke Wendt, Sam Griffith, Fiona Read, Emily Russell, Matthew McMahon, Meagan Fox.

Year 9 Dean Fallon, Steven Hewitt, Jarrod Murtagh, Leoma Dyke, Jessica Steuten, Jaymie Carroll, Tom Austin, Ashley Douglas, Melinda Phang, Steven Urbano, Lauree Brewster, Ben Gillson, Jennifer Doherty, Leanne Wootton, Bree Tapper, Kim Nihill.

Year 10 Joanna Steuten, Betha Hill, Andrew Leaumont, Kelly Morrison, Bryan Wan, Evelyn Hannah, Luke Stevens, E.J Kirby.

Year 11 Anthony Hickling, Phillip Lawrence, Ryan Standish, Rebecca Hill.

Year 12 Ryan Lea, Adam Beardall, Brett McNeill, Wesley Moore, David Goodrem, Ian Doherty, Natasha Kikic, David Sweeting, Julie Anderson, Paul Muller, Micheal Fitzgerald, Daniel Bradd.

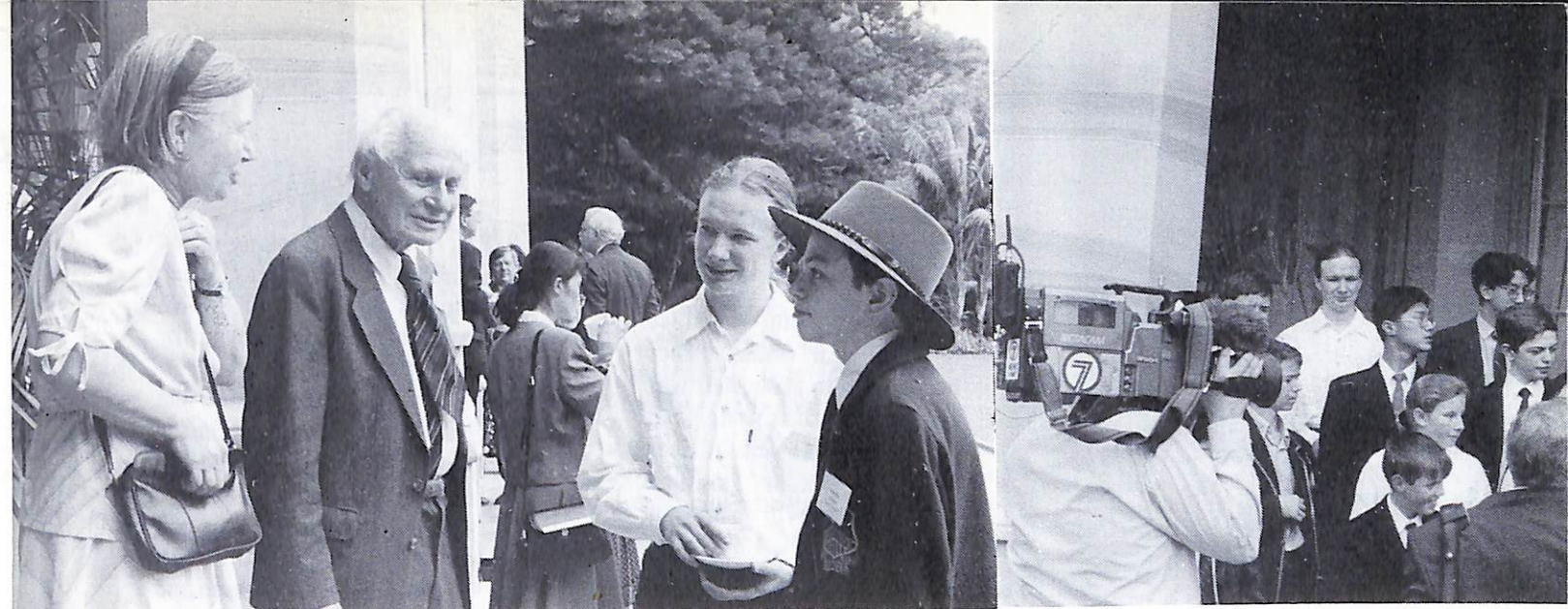
Prizes are awarded to students in the top 0.3%, High Distinctions in the top 2%, Distinctions in the top 15% and Credits in the top 50%.

## Australian Maths Competitions Medallist - Doran Moppert

Medals are awarded to students whose results are outstanding at both State and international level.

This year only 42 medals were awarded, and one of our students, Doran Moppert, was successful in gaining one of these. Doran was the only senior student in Victoria from either the Government or Private school systems to be awarded a medal.

During his exams, Doran was flown to Sydney where he was presented with his medal by the Governor of New South Wales. A fantastic effort Doran - Well done.



## DORAN MOPPERT: NUMBER MAN

Year 12 student at Parkwood Secondary College, Doran Moppert, is one of five Victorian students to win a medal for outstanding achievement in the Australian Mathematics Competition (AMC).

Doran, 17, was presented with his medal at Government House in Sydney in November.

Mathematics Co-ordinator at Parkwood, Mr. Peter Djoneff, said that Doran

had been part of the College's Mathematics Acceleration Program since Year 8.

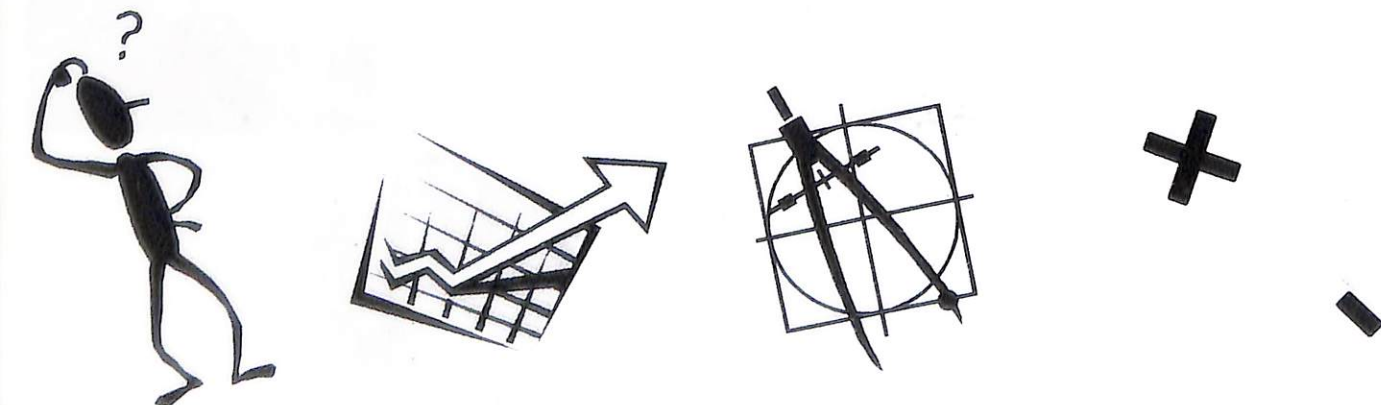
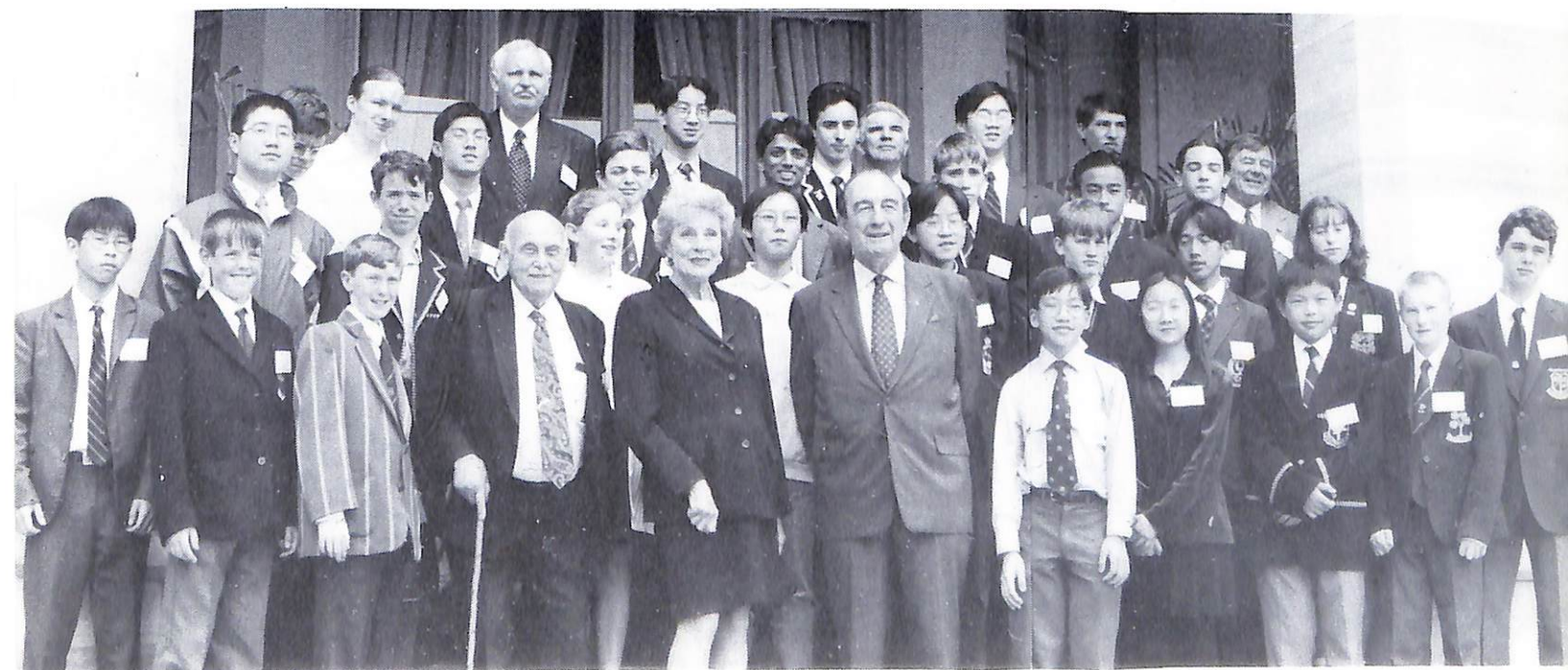
According to Mr. Djoneff, Doran "is an outstanding student right across the board."

The annual competition, held in July, involved students sitting a 90-minute multiple choice examination.

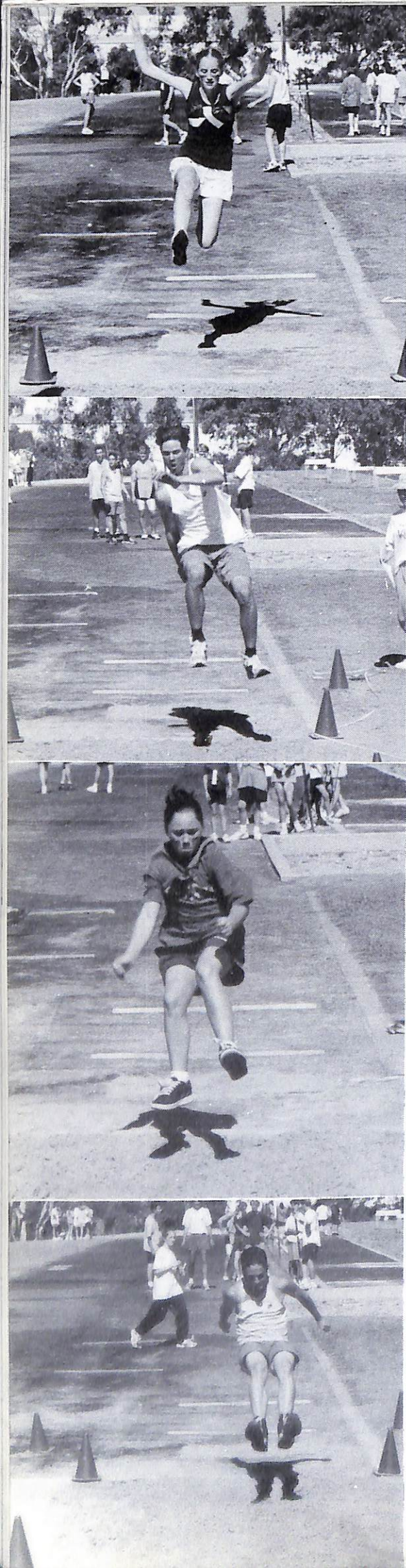
As a medallist, Doran will have the opportunity to train for the Australian Mathematics Olympiad team.

Professor Peter Taylor, the Executive Director of the AMC, said that there were 530,000 students representing 32 countries in the competition this year. Only 42 students were being awarded medals. He concluded that "It's the biggest competition of its kind in the world."

Doran (1st, Back Row) with National and International winners at Government House in Sydney







## WAR GAME

A Year 9 German class has been studying German movies and books. The subject being examined is called War Game. They had to read to about half way through and then write what their thoughts were if they were in similar position. Here's what War Game is about:

"Based on a true episode, Michael Foreman's story does for World War I what his award-winning *War Boy* did for World War II: he shows young readers what war was like. Accurate in every detail, *War Game* is the moving story of the soldiers who lived and died, and how, one Christmas Day, they broke all the rules and played a game of soccer in the area between the trenches and the barbed wire."

## WAR GAME

Hi, I'm a soldier - it's Christmas - and I'm a soldier. I have a gun, and some boots - my boots are dirty, I can't cry, my face will freeze. Will got drunk from snow and peed in my bag. I miss my cat, I miss my TV there's a German with a tree - I think - I don't know - I don't care - I can't see properly. Jeffery thinks he has a goat, he named him Sampson - It keeps his spirits up at least.

I look up at the stars at night, and talk to god, he told me the meaning of life last night - but got quite affended when I cracked up laughing. Then he spat on me - either that or I wet myself, either way - I am very scared.

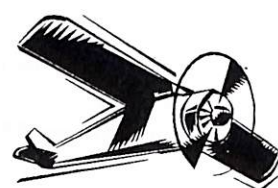
By Simon Brown

## WAR GAME

I am thinking of my family. I miss my clean clothes but I have grown used to my plain, dirty, army uniform.

The food tastes like rubbish, if we ever get any. I wish I had never joined the army, I hate killing. I am feeling sick because of the smell of rotting, dead bodies. I miss my life back home and my old friends.

By Simon Parker



## WAR GAME

I am thinking of my family and friends back home and how the Germans are probably thinking of the same thing. I wish the whole war would just end and we could all go home. Bill is crying now - many of us are crying.

I love Christmas back home, we all would go out and pick a Christmas tree then bring it home and decorate it. Then Mama would cook up a big traditional English roast and the whole family would sit down and eat together. Afterwards we would open our presents one by one and everyone would clap and cheer.

Thinking of such things sends a warm thought throughout my body. Living here is a big change from what I am used to. Here I only have one jacket to protect me from the rain, hail and snow. I hope it ends soon so I can go home to my family and enjoy Christmas.

By Casey Fitzpatrick

# School Sports

## INTERMEDIATE GIRLS HOCKEY

After two cancellations, the date was finally set for the showdown. We piled into the waiting buses which would take us to the Doncaster Hockey Ground.

Although the weather was unpleasant, every member participated and played really well.

Parkwood competed in three games and decisively won all of them.

The scores were:

4—0  
5—0  
10—0

We then proceeded to play in the Zone Finals which we unfortunately lost despite our best effort.

Many thanks to Mrs. McLachlan who gave up many of her lunchtimes to coach us so magnificently.

Finally, congratulations to all Parkwood Hockey Team members who are Joanne Clarke, Hayley Crump, Kate Price, Casey Fitzpatrick, Andrea Digby, Carly Tromp, Kim Nihill, Kim Tingate, Michelle Murchie, Kelly Smythe, Bree Tapper, Amanda Filluel, Toni Pinches and Kara Evans.

We look forward to a winning performance in 1998!

## SWIMMING

Once the buses were loaded, the students and teachers were ready to head towards Doncaster Swimming Pool where Parkwood's annual swimming carnival takes place. Slowly as the day progressed, race after race, the score tally rose.

At the end of the day of intense competition, Colman and Falconer were outswam by Milne.

All participants worked well. Congratulations to all those who went on to swim in the Zone finals. Thank you to all teachers and students for making the day a success!

by Karen Owens

## ATHLETICS

It started with the bus ride to Knox Athletics Track. It seemed to take forever to get there.

Parkwood started off competing rather timidly. We managed to get a couple of thirds, fourths and even some lasts! Then things hotted up. Richard Unwin came a blinding first in the 100 metres!

For the rest of the day, Parkwood varied in results. Outstanding achievements were made by Richard Unwin, Andrew Leumont, Hayley Crump, Sarah Poynton, Sam Bremner and Jason Fern. At the end of the day, relay scores were posted up. Apart from the odd confusion, Parkwood had a respectable result.

The final placing:

1. Ringwood  
2. Croydon  
3. Norwood  
4. Heathmont  
5. Maroondah  
6. Parkwood

by Kara Evans

## BASKETBALL

On the 14th of August, both boys and girls intermediate basketball teams journeyed to Knox Basketball Stadium in Boronia to compete in the round robin.

Unfortunately, the boys failed to win a match though they did put in a great effort.

The team consisted of Brett Buckland, Chris Arundal, Barry Ball, Ben Morrison, Steven Urbano and Mitchell Craig.

Special thanks to David Arundal and Kirstie Dench for coaching.

The girls did better by winning one game which was against Heathmont. A good all-round performance was put in by the team.

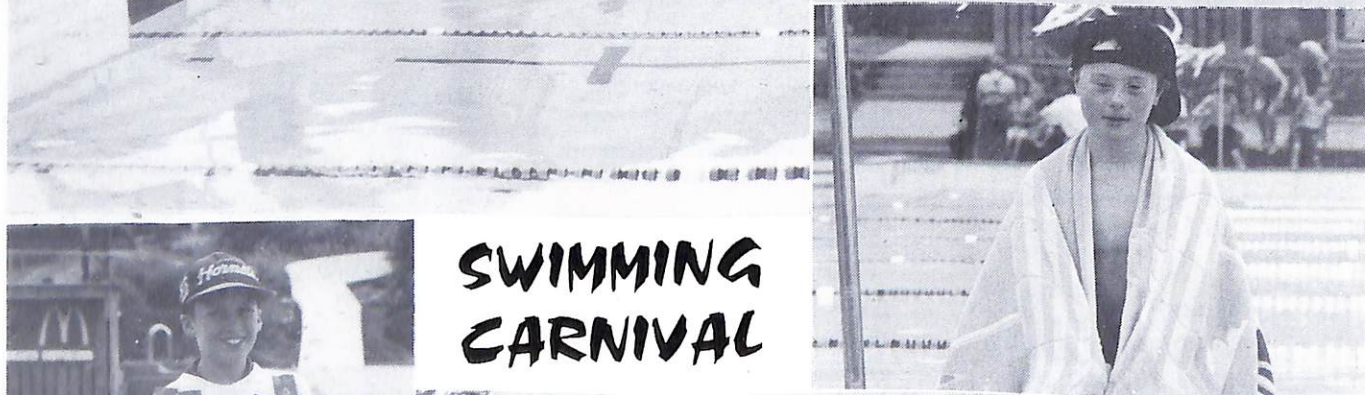
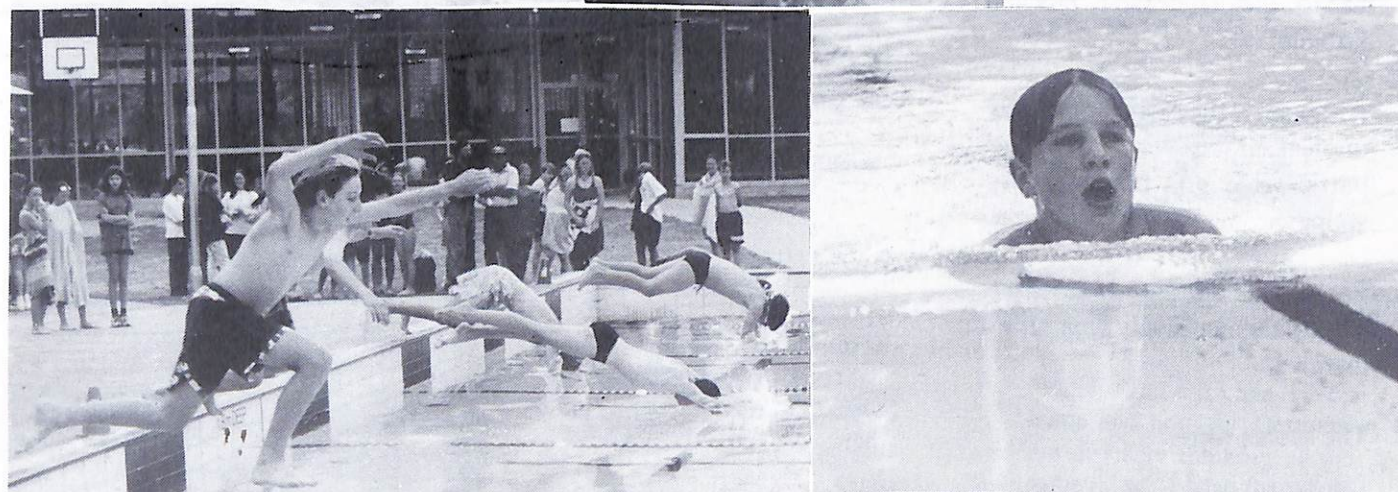
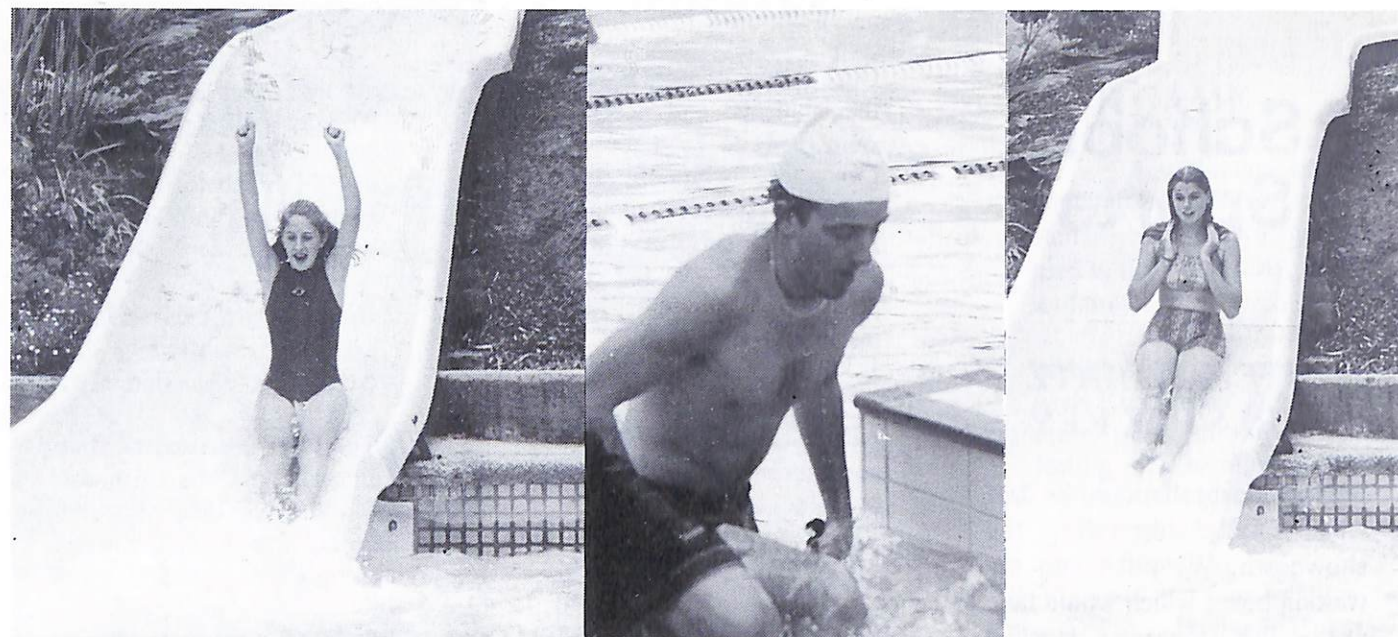
The team members were Carlie Dungen, Amanda Rippon, Amice Donald, Sarah Poynton, Lauren Maybus, Brooke Clarke, Rachael Griffith, Renee Dunn and Kylie Blyth.

Finally, thanks go to Karen Owen for scoring and Mr. Scott for coaching.

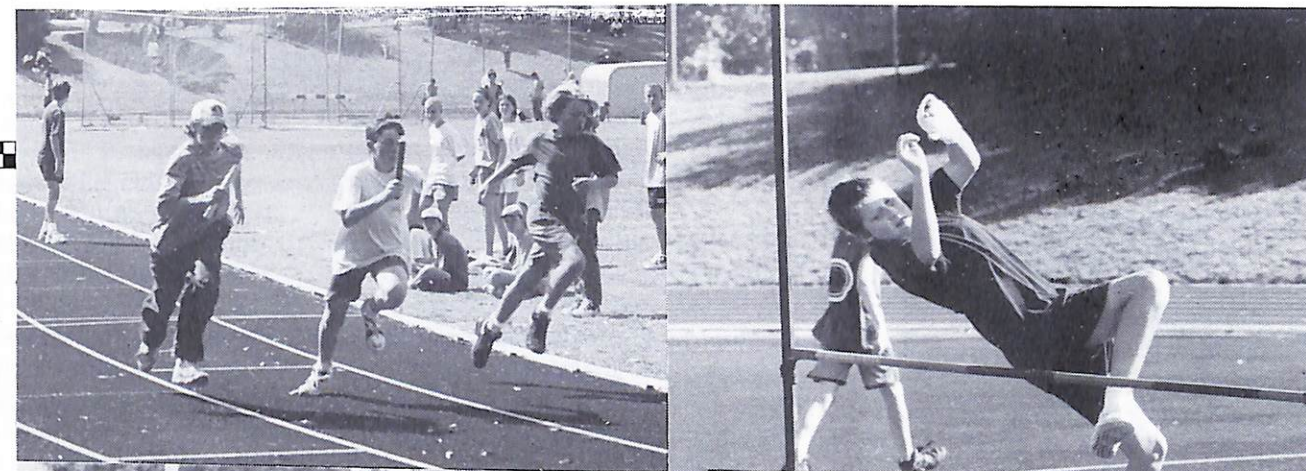
by Ben Morrison and Greg Coutts







# SWIMMING CARNIVAL



# ATHLETIC SPORTS





## THE BOOK

My eyes are bright,  
And ready for a fright,  
I turn the page,  
With excitement and fear,  
Hoping that the end is near.

Sweat trickles down my head,  
While the killer leaves everyone for dead,  
The sky is pitch black,  
And my eyes are getting slack.

I must read to the end,  
But I have school to attend,  
I put the book down,  
But only with a frown,  
I close my eyes and go to sleep,  
Knowing that my book will keep.

Krystel Hallows



### Old Shoes

Stiff.  
Silent.  
Unmoving until.....  
A veil of coldness enshrouds my body.  
Nope, it's gone now.  
But still wondering if it will return.  
Should I hide?  
These places are always hushed.  
Another sombre figure shuffles down the cold stone aisle,  
with shoes that barely covered his feet.  
He stole a quick glance in my direction and continued on  
to find his own black hole.  
Do we share the same kismet?  
If this is an omen, then I should realise it now and after my  
ways.  
But why do we all seek this solitude in our darkest  
moments?  
Is it because we are away from judgemental eyes?  
Or can we escape reality?  
But why did I come here?  
I should be with everyone, shining brightly.  
But they aren't facing the truth either.

Creeping, Creeping.

Deeper and Deeper into my black hole.  
I should face reality.  
But I can't

by Cassie Bannard

## SILENCE

Imagine suddenly having  
to live a life of complete  
silence. It becomes a matter  
of having to adapt, you  
don't get a choice. It would  
be so easy just to give up  
your life and depend on  
others, but I'm not going to  
let myself do that.

The once simple act of  
verbal communication is  
gone. The hardest part  
would have to be being  
approached either by a  
stranger or an old friend and  
trying to get across to them  
that you are deaf, and then  
seeing them walk away. To  
be treated normally is hard  
for people to do, I think.

It is important not to give  
up your job or hobbies.  
Staying independent is im-  
portant to me. I think you  
just have to get out there,  
feel comfortable on the  
streets, get your confidence  
back. Don't let yourself  
become afraid.

When you lose your  
sense of hearing, other  
senses, like your sense of  
sight, become more aware.  
You can't hear a car coming  
anymore when you cross a  
street or walk past a  
driveway. You need to look  
and beware of what's  
around you. You may be at  
home alone and not hear a  
knock at the door or even a  
smoke alarm, go off. If  
someone was to come to my  
door, the bell turns on a  
flashing light instead of  
making a noise. Things like  
that help to make life easier.  
In the case of a fire, again I  
wouldn't hear the alarm go  
off. I would have to rely on  
my sense of smell and sight  
to detect danger.

People may see dis-  
ability as being a dis-  
advantage when it can be

easily turned into an  
advantage. I find myself  
doing things I wouldn't  
normally do if I could hear  
properly. Instead of talking  
on the phone I write letters.  
A library of books have  
replaced my radio. Big  
changes don't need to be  
made, just lots of little ones.

When you walk past  
people on the street, they  
don't know you're deaf.  
This is good in a way  
because they don't look at  
you sympathetically as  
maybe they would if you  
had a physical disability.

The importance of a  
sense can only be measured  
once it has been lost. It's  
too easy just to give up even  
though it is possible to live  
a normal life.

By Kelly Morrison



### SATURDAY

Woke up this morning  
shower was being used  
could not stop yawning  
started getting confused

Breakfast time  
toast again—who likes  
living with grumpy old me?

Had my shower  
was brushing my hair  
with great power.  
Thinking what I should wear

Was walking to the corner  
looking at the dirt  
and the farmer  
then I saw Bert

In the bus  
talking to Gus  
my little sister was making a fuss

Got to school what a day  
I'm a fool—It's Saturday!

by Jessica Hanson

## Thoughts

Thinking.  
Thinking of what others  
think of you.

Thinking that something  
is wrong with you.

Sitting there, by yourself  
having others laugh at you  
and tease you. It is really  
frightening. The thought  
that everybody hates you  
comes into your head. You  
think to yourself.

"Why is this happening to  
me? Why not someone  
else?"

Your self-esteem sud-  
denly disappears. Some-  
times the thought of not  
living would be better than  
thinking of those people  
who have made your life so  
bad. People who would not  
give a damn if you were  
dead.

At sometime in their life  
everyone needs a friend.  
Sometimes your friends that  
you thought would be there  
for you if you needed them,  
are gone. All of them have  
gone because of something  
you have done to someone.  
Someone you thought no  
one really cared about, but  
deep down in their hearts,  
always have. No one thinks  
of your feelings, only of the  
one who has been hurt by  
you. She is in tears.

Often you sit in a place  
where no one else goes just  
sitting.

Thinking.  
Every one is led by one  
person. One person who  
wants to make your life a  
misery. Every one else  
thinks she is a nice person,  
bitchy at times, but nice.  
You ask her,  
"Why do you hate me?"  
She throws all these  
reasons at your face and you  
think to yourself,  
"Is this really what others  
think of me, or are you just

saying that to make me feel  
even worse?"

You look back on the days  
when you thought you were  
friends with her but you  
realise she was just using  
you to make herself more  
powerful, as if she is in  
control of you.

You look to the future,  
hoping things will be  
different, that your real  
friends will come out and  
help you fix your problem.  
The problem that you don't  
know about. Hoping they  
might be strong enough to  
tell you what it is.

One friend that listened to  
you is a distant picture in  
your mind. She is never  
there when she is most  
needed.

Someone.

Someone to talk to is all  
you really need to make  
everything better. Some one  
to help put every thing back  
how it used to be.

No one listens to you and  
that is what is really  
breaking your life into tiny  
pieces.

By Ceridwen Sharpe

## DREAMS

What to do, where to go,  
Should I follow my dreams,  
Or open another door.

What to do, where to go,  
Float them down the streams,  
Or beat the flow.

How can I tell which direction to go?  
So many paths, so little clues,  
An endless crossword. Oh, I know!  
No point to blow a fuse....

Just follow your dreams,  
And mend all of the seams!

Lauren Crowe



### The Faded Garden

As I step outside I  
am greeted with brown oak  
trees, with not a single leaf  
on them. It is not autumn yet  
so I assume they are dead.  
There is one small gnome,  
with his colours faded from  
the rain. The grass, once  
lush and green, is now brown  
and dead. The many  
beautiful roses that were here  
once, have died long ago.  
This garden was so colourful  
and pleasant. All the roses  
were blooming and the  
garden came to life. She'd  
let us play hide and seek  
behind the big oaks, and  
we'd loving doing that, as  
there were so many hiding  
places.

The only colour in  
this garden now is a few light  
pink roses, which are a  
contrast to the rest of the  
garden, as if they don't  
belong here. They grow on  
top of a corpse that was  
buried there ages ago. That  
corpse is my mother's. She  
used to love gardening and  
this was her garden. When I  
was young, she once told me  
that if she ever died, we were  
to bury her some place she  
loved. So we buried her  
here. When she died, her  
garden died too.

Nobody can  
remember planting the roses  
that grow on top of her  
corpse. It's like my mum's  
kindness and strength is  
showing through these roses  
and making them grow. I  
have to go.

Goodbye mum. Rest  
in peace.

Julie Tan







## The stupid, fat, warty parents and the beautiful young girl

Thunder rolled around the hills and the rain soaked everything in the little valley as the forks of lightning pierced the dark sky. With the flashes of light came the flickered visions of the old house at the top of the hill. Silhouetted against the grey clouds the huge house struggled in the ferocious storm.

There was a storm brewing inside too. The girl stormed out of the room as the fat, warty, blimp sat at the table wiping the remains of her dinner off his face. Water dripped down his chin and he struggled to mop it all up. The steam from his ears and the heat from his blood pressure could have dried it alone though. His scrawny little wife sat beside him in shock.

The slam of the tower door broke the awkward silence as the girl locked herself in her room. Slumped on her bed she screamed out the one window into the night. Even in her own room she felt like a prisoner. Clutching the bars on the window, she shook them violently trying to break out of her own home. Of course they would never let her go out, it was far too dangerous for their liking. So many cars and strange people on the streets these days, they'd say.

"How would you know. You've lived here for the last 6 years without even venturing outside because you are too much of a coward," she would say.

At that instant the door burst open and the two

warty blimps stood in the doorway.

"Why won't you let me go out just once?" said the girl.

"It's too dangerous, we don't want you to go outside", they replied.

She pleaded with them for nearly half an hour but they wouldn't budge. They just locked her in the tower and left.

She lay on the hard stones and listened to the wind howling through the trees outside, and she longed to be out there. Not once had the girl being outside because her parents were too scared to go out themselves and too cruel to let her experience a normal life.

Just as she was thinking about how to escape, there was an almighty crash and a lightning bolt hit the roof of the house. Most of the roof crumpled and the walls collapsed under the pressure. The blimps ran outside into the rain but forgot about their daughter whom they had locked in the tower because they'd said it was safer. Now she was stuck in the tower, which had toppled over when the roof collapsed. The girl crawled out from under the rubble and ran out of the house. The blimps were so happy to see her and they were so sorry they had locked her inside.

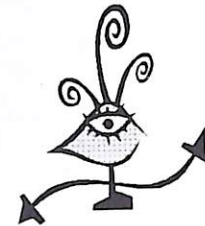
"We thought you would be safe inside."

"I'm never going inside the house again, I'll live in a tent out here if I have to," she said.

The parents realised how stupid they had been and pleaded with the girl to

accept their apology. They let her go out whenever she wanted and everyone lived happily ever after.

By Kim Gibson



### THE DAY

It is a wet, wintry June morning. As I look out the window of my bedroom, I see the trees, the plants, they look so sad, so lifeless. Just like the trees are saying.

'Save me! Save me now!'

I look to see if anything is happening around the court. Nothing, absolutely nothing. I can't believe it. I have lived here for fourteen years and not once have I looked out and seen nothing, nothing such as no pets, no cars, no anything. It is so dark and lonely. It is like someone has got hold of a black sheet and is holding it over the sky. As I look at the gutters of the house next door, I see them flowing over with leaves and mud, a gale wind picks up shaking the branches of the trees then all of a sudden rain spits at me as to say go away. Go do something else. Dad's trailer is sitting in the driveway filling ever so slowly with the wet rain, what an awful day.

By Jarrod Panther

### 2155 AD

A magical, futuristic BOOM! landed me smack bang in the heart of the year 2155. Bizarre and worrying feelings ran through my quivering body like a rapid gushing river. Energy-powered soaring cars sliced the misty air, young men and women strolled at ease on their journey to work, while in the town centre, food stores became a frenzy. Swarms of people lined up to enjoy a hot breakfast consisting of bacon, eggs, toast and powdered milk drinks were being sunk down at a furious rate. Massive industrial factories pumped extensive volumes of harmful waste into the depressing drab sky. The sky was No Man's Land. **NOTHING** lived. **NOTHING** moved. **NOTHING** spoke. No birds, no sunshine, **NOTHING**.

This was certain to depress me for rest of the day until ... I discovered a small yet noticeable bulge inside the pocket of my shabby overcoat. Unassurably I lowered my hand inside the deep pocket and I slowly grasped the small bundle. I cautiously extracted the object out of my pocket and observed the compact roll of money. I quickly removed the tight elastic band and glanced at the shiny silver notes, immediately knowing they were completely different to notes back in my time. The notes were in near perfect condition and had metaphysical patterns printed upon them. Straight away I had an intense urge for food and set off marching down the main street.

I soon came in contact with the nearest food store and purchase a hot and steaming bowl of stew, I saw many people

consuming this meat so I tried it ..... bad move! the meat tasted off and if I'm not mistaken the vegetables were rotten. I even found shavings of steel sitting in the bottom of the bowl! You could certainly say I was unimpressed.

"After that I looked in a few clothing stores and noticed that the style of clothes were very thick and heavy. This was to prevent as many skin irritations as possible occurring as the pollution was extreme.

I walked into a number of halls and nearby pubs and discovered that entertainment here was very much a part of peoples lives. Live music and comedy routines were very widespread among corner pubs and main halls. The public always seemed to relate to entertainment. It seemed to be a marvellous way to relax and enjoy an evening with friends. One of the biggest problems here was the transport, I waited almost an hour for a train to pick me up at a station. That was pretty bad compared to about 20 minutes back home. One day in the future was a pretty hard slog, minutes seemed like hours, hours seemed like days, days seemed like weeks. I expected the future to be a little more advanced than back home. I could remember back to when I was in year 9 we had to write an essay on the future. It's nothing like I expected.

By Lachlan Neal



My life just doesn't feel the same

We used to be happy, him and I. At times I thought I hated him, but now I miss him so. We had fun. We would stick up for each other. He could come up with some kind of different game every second. He always had a big smile and joyful face. He was so ecstatic, so cheerful that at times I just wanted to kill him.

I regret it. Now I sit with him, sometimes for hours. I try, but I just can't look at his face. If I do, I get scared. He doesn't look like himself. I get angry, so angry I feel frustrated. I ask myself, Why did god do this? No one knows. I look at him. He is so pale, like his face has been painted on. Even though he has scars and bruises all over his face he looks peaceful. So peaceful. As though he doesn't know what's going to happen to him.

At time I see him breathing, but it is my imagination. Now he is going, going forever. Never coming back. I could feel cold wet tears running down my cheeks.... Goodbye.

By Cerise Clark





## RUN FOR YOUR LIFE

I was breathing hard, my chest hurt. I knew it was out there some where. After seeing what it did to the animals and the rest of my crew, vivid images kept creeping into my mind. I knew the creature was looking for me and would not stop until it found me. Silence was everywhere, it made me feel safe yet nervous at the same time. I heard a noise. Quickly spinning around it appeared to me. I started running like never before. It was too fast, I still ran like the wind. Looking around at it I did not see the fallen tree. I came down hard. The pain was incredible, it could get me now. I wanted to kill it, get it back for all the lives it had taken. Hearing the island rumble, I looked to the mountain and saw smoke. I then knew the only way to kill it.

LAVA!

Making my way up the mountain, I had no choice but to limp for the pain was still great, each small step brought tears to my eyes. The island shook and the smoke was more severe. It choked up my lungs and made my eyes water. Finally, at the top, I could not see or breathe properly, but still managed to make noises like a wounded animal. I knew it would take the bait sooner or later. The creature was unsure, wondering why I gave up so easily I guess, but it soon came. I felt its black pit. I heard a screech, a sense of relief came over me yet a fear of the end. I knew would not survive.

By Simone Loughnane

## ONE DAY

That day will always stick out in my mind. The pain, though, has diminished. No longer would there be tears to form in my damaged tear ducts. It's just a memory, some-thing that happened long ago and cannot be changed just something to reflect upon. There should be no regrets in life and no 'what ifs...' what happens, happens and you just have to deal with it.

When I first lost my sight, I was afraid to go out, scared that I would be run over by a car. After a while I grew more confidence in my dog, Sally. Now Sally and I make frequent trips around shops and other places. Sally is a golden Labrador, not that colour matters to me. She could be purple with pink polka dots and I would love her all the same. That's one up side of being blind you don't judge people on how they look or dress. You listen to them and what they have to say and then decide whether you like them or not.

My hearing has improved immensely since the accident. I can tell people's voices apart, as that is the only way I have of identifying people. At intersections can tell which set of ticks are for which crossing which is very important. Music has been enhanced for me. I notice very subtle changes in the music that I hadn't noticed when I was able to see.

Many of us, I think, take the ability to see very lightly. We always rush from place to place person to person, never stopping to examine

anything in detail. I was one of those people. There are many things that I would have stayed longer and examined if I had known it would be my last time. The last thing that I really paid attention to was the ocean. It was a hot summers' day and I was just watching the waves roll in one after the other. That is now one of my favorite memories.

One thing I really miss is colour and light. Imagine closing your eyes and never opening them again, darkness gets really boring after a while. Never will I see changes anymore. To me my daughter is still a knee high four-year old. In reality she has her own four-year-old and is quite a bit taller than I. People say she looks like me when I was younger but I want to see her for my self. I am still that young woman with full coloured hair, even though I'm told it has turned grey.

I'm still living in the 1960's where there are no such things as CDs; computers are as big as a house and TV is still black and white. I will never see all the new gadgets in this world but I can hear the improved quality of sound, taste the new foods that are being brought to Australia every day, feel new materials and different clothes patterns and smell fragrances that are around. And since I can do these things I consider myself lucky.

By Lisa Tan

The old Victorian mansion sits high upon the hill, as it has for many years. I cannot believe it's still here after all this time. I slowly walk up the steps, holding onto the cobweb covered rail. I remember how I used to bound up the steps, two at a time. I enter the house, and brush the cobwebs from my wrinkled face. All at once, lost memories come back to me. The tall, spiral staircase, the old grandfather clock.....

I shudder, and pull my woollen jumper round me tight. But something tells me that I'm not only cold. I look cautiously up at the staircase.

I can almost see a figure of my little sister, Eva,

## Broken Heart

sleepwalking in her dreams, standing at the top of the staircase, and then falling, failing.

I try to shake the horrible thought out of my mind. An incredible force pulls me towards the staircase. I don't want to go up there, but something tells me I should. I climb the stairs slowly, making sure to hold onto the rail.

Up the top, it is dead silent. My eyes cast upon a door, Eva's bedroom. I push the heavy door open. I remember this room so much. I reach out and touch the faded blue bedspread. I remember when Eva used to jump on the bed and try to touch the ceiling.

A familiar looking photo-graph catches my eye. I pick it up. The frame is cracked and chipped, but I barely notice as I stare at the black and white photo Eva is standing in front of the house and next to her is me. I can hardly recognize myself. Was I ever that young?

The small photo gently slips from my wrinkled fingers and crashes to the ground, breaking the glass. I nearly cry. I'm not here to break Eva's things. I turn to leave. I take one last look at my sister's bedroom. "I'm sorry I broke the photo, Eva," I whisper softly. But now I guess we are even. I left Eva with a broken photo, and Eva left me with a broken heart.

By Sara McNeil



## The Junk Yard

*I can smell the rusty scrap heaps,  
the towering piles of old scrap metal  
The noise of the wind blowing  
through an old pipe.  
I can see algae sitting in a puddle  
on and old indented car roof.  
The sight of an old metal barrel  
rolling in the wind.  
The sound of a squawking bird on an old  
metal chimney, stuck in a pile of rubbish.  
The leaves that fall off the huge oak trees,  
blow across the junk yard.  
Hearing the sound of an old rusty chime  
hanging from a tree.  
The huge pile of old car tyres look like a  
mountain in the setting sun.  
The sound of the gate keeper's radio,  
the faint music can hardly be heard.  
The wind blows the algae across the puddle,  
an old fan starts to spin,  
a tumble weed blows across the ground.*

*It's such an interesting place  
But it's time to go.*

By Jordan Huelsebusch

## The Garden

As I walk through the garden,  
I look around at all the colorful flowers.  
I sit down on my dad's old swing,  
the one he used to play on when he was  
younger.  
I wonder why birds fly?  
Why? I asked myself over and over again.  
As I watched the birds flutter around in circles.  
It became windy, the trees started swaying,  
back and forth.  
It started to rain.  
I ran inside, I watched the rain pour down on  
the flowers,  
as the dirt and grass turned to mush.  
I'm thirty years older now.  
As I watch my children,  
play on the swing, the one I used to play on.  
I remember all the fun times I had in that  
garden,  
with my granddad and my own father,  
even myself.  
Now I'm a father.

By Amanda Bartlett



## PENMANSHIP AWARDS

### Highly Commended Awards

Junior: Fiona Read  
Senior: Andrew Stait  
Peter Malley  
Becky Fisher

JUNIOR WINNER - Cassie Bannard

RUNNER UP - Stacey Hannah

DEATH OF A VAGRANT

Still.  
Silent.  
Unmoving until.....  
A veil of coldness enshrouds my body.  
Nope, it's gone now.  
But still wondering if it will return.  
Should I hide?  
These places are always hushed.  
Another sombre figure shuffles down the cold  
stone aisle, with shoes that barely  
covered his feet.  
He stole a quick glance in my direction and  
continued on to find his own black hole.

JUNIOR WINNER - Sarah Haythorne

INSATIABLE

There are some things in life that once  
you've lost them you can never get them back or  
replace them.

Love is One.  
Innocence is another  
Childhood is a third

He took her innocence away. He took  
her childhood away by turning it into a time of  
pain and misery. He also took away an element  
of love. She loved him and trusted him. Never  
again would she feel that way towards him.

Night.  
Dark and Silent.  
That is when he would come to steal.  
To quench his insatiable thirst.  
To use her to satisfy himself.  
To shatter her world.

He.  
He, who would laugh with her.  
Comfort her.  
Shield her and love her.  
He, who she had looked up to with great  
admiration.  
He, who now penetrates her mind.

She.  
She, a sweet innocent girl.  
She, her life shattered by the man she once saw  
as a hero.  
So kind and caring.  
Until he took away the life she loved and

Do we share the same kismet?  
If it is an omen, then I should realise it now and  
after my ways.  
But why do we all seek this solitude in our  
darkest moments?  
Is it because we are away from judgmental eyes?  
Or can we escape reality?  
But why did I come here?  
I should be with everyone else, shining brightly.  
But they aren't facing the truth either.  
Creeping, Creeping  
Deeper and Deeper into my black hole.  
I should face reality. But I can't

replaced it with one of fearful anticipation  
He ruled her world.  
He was so powerful against her.  
She was frightened of him and he knew this and  
took advantage of it.  
He changed her world forever.  
She would carry this with her for the rest of her  
life. Carry like a huge, dark shadow. Unable to  
escape.

Nights that were peaceful.  
Nights filled with endless dreams of happiness,  
changes the night were she would lie in the  
dark.  
Awake and alone.  
Waiting.  
Waiting for that unforgettable smell  
His alcoholic aroma, yet made sickly sweet with  
aftershave.  
Knowing.  
Gripping the bed with fear.  
Knowing.  
Not being able to do anything about it.  
Knowing.  
Knowing he would soon come.  
Alert and listening for sounds.  
Sounds of footsteps, often staggered.  
Coming towards her.  
Coming.  
Again.  
And again.

## PENMANSHIP AWARDS

INTERMEDIATE WINNER - Lauren Basilone

RUNNER UP - Jessica Salmon

Breathing the Moods

My heart has broken and fallen into the ocean.  
It watched me with blue eyes as it sank to the  
bottom. Now nobody can find it, it hides under  
my capsized boat, while my friends are getting  
further away; like shore lights after the night  
has carried their brightness away.

Now all the days are rain with the  
clouds melting and sliding into the seas, and all  
the nights are bitter dreams, though still my eyes  
won't close. I can see how weary you are from  
my insomnia, but please understand me, all I  
want is a place safe from circumstance and the  
hundreds of thoughts in my head. I want to bury  
the world in a crystal garden, then create it  
again in my room; contained, vague and without  
harm.

But when I open up my eyes in the  
morning, and the early light brings the sounds  
from miles away I can hear your eyes wandering

under the depths of the sea. But I don't want  
you to drift away, like the lilies I drowned there  
yesterday, it's so easy to slip away, like the  
thoughts I left there last week. Don't disappear  
when the shore lines in my eyes and I sail to  
find it in my ship of regrets. If you give me my  
way I'll take a trip with you to Haiti, just  
promise my friends will remember who I was,  
when I go out there to look for them. All I want  
is to see them again, I don't think I'll ever see  
them again.

So I left their eyes back in Venice, but  
you make me so jealous. That's all I ever see  
driving on the freeway, driving down your way,  
on the freeway. Don't try to save them, they  
sank with my ship when the sun went down,  
they're trying to find my heart down there.

So jealous it's dangerous.

It's dangerous.

SENIOR WINNER - Doran Moppert

RUNNER UP - Jade Wood

Night

The grass underfoot is damp and cold, failing to  
properly to cover the hard earth. The air is cold,  
and everything is bathed in a dim but stark  
bluish light, given off by the moon which is  
visible only as a haze of illuminated cloud in the  
sky. A light shining against the back of a  
curtain of clouds, hiding us from the sight of the  
stars. Hiding our homes, our beings and our  
midnight-hour deeds from observation by  
whatever may lie beyond.

The curtain of cloud doesn't move, but  
dark silhouettes of treetops are dancing slowly,  
rhythmically but violently before it. The wind  
which leads them in their dance whispers  
urgently through their branches, carrying with it  
the mysterious anonymous calls of night  
animals. The wind is cold and apparently hard,  
stealing what warmth it can from any exposed  
skin, before careening recklessly towards  
whatever future the night may hold for it.

The animals, too, are restless. They  
can be heard stirring in the vegetation. They  
can be heard, but they can't be seen. Only  
vaguely shifting images of branches can be seen,  
and even these are uncertain enough to call for a  
second look - a second look to confirm that what  
was seen was actually seen, and not just an  
illusion. Vaguely shifting, indefinite images.  
Highlighted in blue.

The smell confirms this restlessness,  
suggesting a hint of electricity on the air. As the  
wind shifts it irregularly brings samples of the  
scent given off by trees and grasses. No sooner  
is a smell recognised than it is replaced by  
another, even more delicate and fleeting than  
the last.

Sight and smell are uncertain, hearing  
is definite. Only the numbing cold is definite  
enough that it can be said, 'yes, that is so.'





## ENTERTAINMENT REVIEWS

### SPICE GIRL REVIEW

The English pop sensation, Spice Girls, have copped a lot of flack since their debut album was released.

Everything from what they sing about to what they wear, has been challenged and disputed by people around the world.

The girls with attitude Geri, Emma, Mel C, Victoria and Mel B have got a message. . . Girl Power rules!

Songs such as 2 becomes 1 which is about safe sex and Wannabe a tongue-in-cheek girl power song which have raced up the world charts, have got messages. They are not just sassy love songs!

Spice Girls have signed to a lucrative deal with Pepsi to endorse the drink. Recently, they released their own deodorant Spice with Impulse.

So what's next for these five talented singers? A movie! 'Spiceworld, The movie' is soon to open all-round Australia.

Reviewed by Kara Evans.

### CONCERT REVIEW

On the 25th of September, at Monash University, Chislow Hall, 'Bush', a grunge band appeared for what was a fantastic event. The band walked out on stage to a anxious crowd. The first song being 'A Tendency to Start Fires' set the crowd moshing furiously. The support band played to the crowd was Manic Suede, but no one cared, they wanted to see their idols step out onto the stage. After hours of sweat and tears, Bush left the stage... but, not for good.

After 15 minutes of chanting "We want Bush " they reappeared for the last time. Gavin Rossdale, the lead singer remained cool and calm all night. The drummer, Robin Goodridge is one of the most talented percussionists I have ever heard and all four make a fantastic band who gave a fantastic performance, one that won't leave the minds of many for a long time.

By Tracey Owen

### 'INHALED' CD REVIEW

With the likes of Blur, Faith No More, Ben Folds Five, Shihad, Sidewinder, Supergrass, Local H, Chemical Brothers, Sncaker Pimps, Placbo, Radiohead and Radish, this CD is extremely powerful.

Well known songs such as Ashes to Ashes, Paranoid Android and Song 2, highlight the already smooth songs. Watch out for Shihad and Sidewinder, two inquisitive bands.

Overall, an outstanding collection of songs.

Reviewed by Kara Evans.

### Mr Blonde CD Review

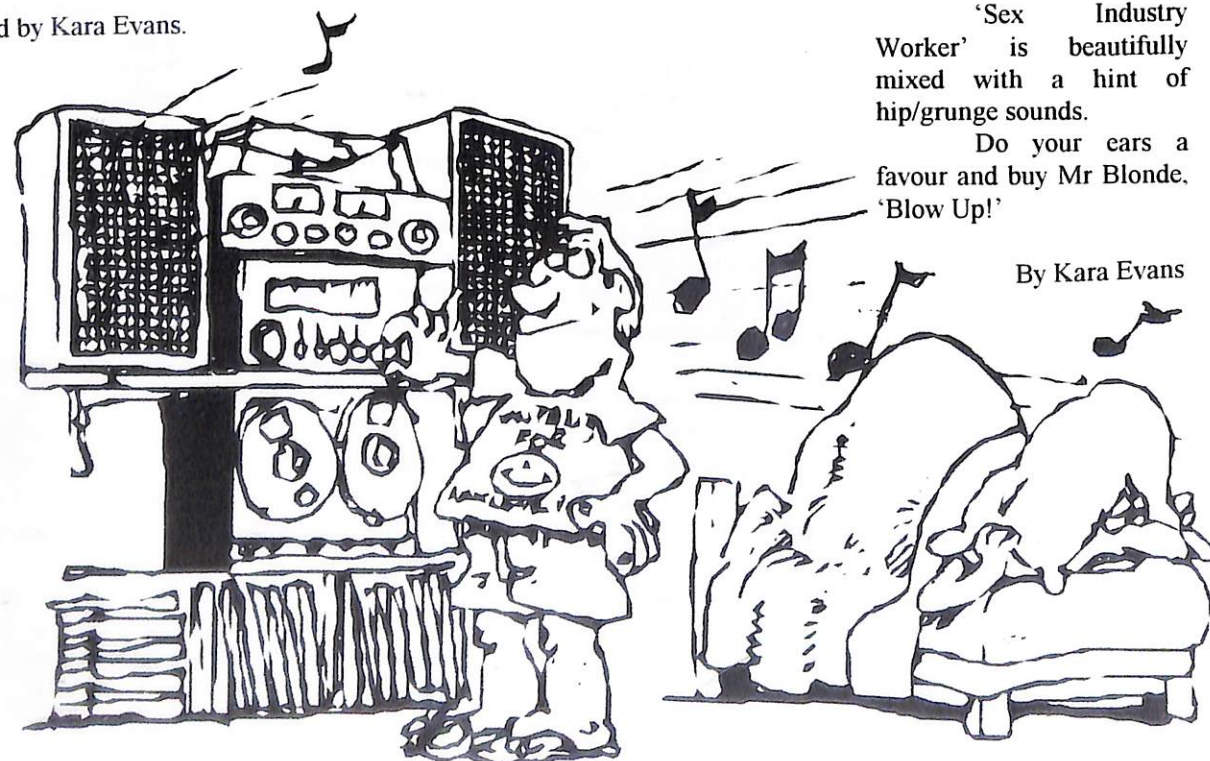
Mr Blonde's latest CD, 'Blow Up' is a wonderfully compiled collection of boppy yet sophisticated soul-music. It is music to your ears!

The four piece band has two guitarists, a bass and drum player. 'Heaven' the third track is outstanding!

'Sex Industry Worker' is beautifully mixed with a hint of hip/grunge sounds.

Do your ears a favour and buy Mr Blonde, 'Blow Up!'

By Kara Evans



## Culture and Morality

The outcome of a burglar being caught by the police is good because no matter what the reason, they should not get away with breaking and entering. If it was a classmate who broke into someone's house I would still call the police. Just because I know him/her doesn't make it right to commit crimes. If a classmate were breaking into my house I would still tell on them and probably not speak to them again. I think the responsibility should go to the victim to turn him/her in or else the classmate will just do it again to other people until he/she gets caught and probably end up in jail.

The quotation, "For evil to flourish only requires good people to do nothing" is totally wrong. It is not up to good people to do something to stop crime, it is up to the people who commit the crimes not to commit them in the first place.

Homelessness is a culture and morality problem. Marriage breakdowns and divorce mean that family life can be filled with problems and arguments, and youth leave home thinking this will solve the problem as well. Also drugs are a large part of the problem as well. This means that homeless people can turn to crime in desperation of getting drugs or just in pure starvation.

The majority of peer pressure is bad but in some cases it can be good. Some of the good things that peer pressure can do is to encourage competition and can be responsible for making people join in activities such as music

group or sports club. Some bad effects of peer pressure can be to make a person do things that are harmful "just to be one of the gang", such as using drugs and alcohol or destroying property. For some people to be involved like this is a way to escape the problems and issues of life but the problems are always there.

Usually people know when something is wrong so the good parts of peer pressure like friendships and encouragement of a talent can be shared and the bad parts should be avoided.

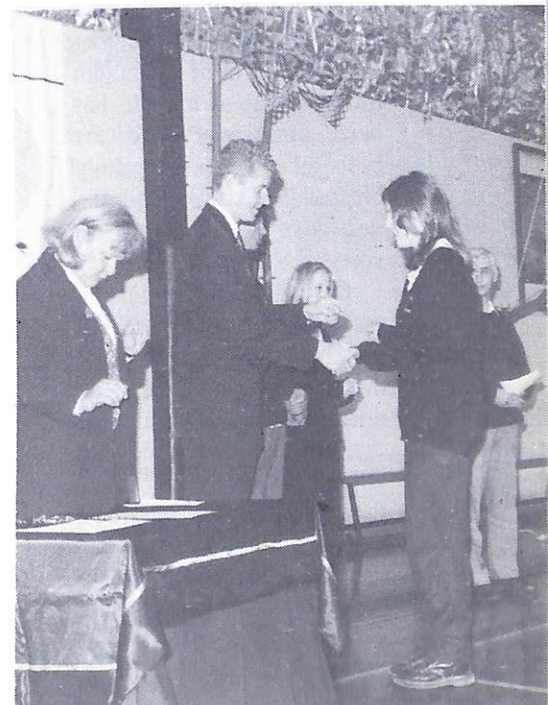
There are certain values in society that the majority for people can agree on; things like not committing a serious crime eg. murder and rape. Of course there will always be a majority who have no problem with committing these crimes but most of our society would find violent crimes disgusting. Our society is now a very multi-cultural one and no matter what country or culture people came from, there are basic acceptable standards which the majority of society agrees on. I want to live in a society with the highest values of freedom, caring for others, obeying laws that are for the good of the majority and not using violence as a means of dealing with problems.

Although we live in a Western society, we are becoming more and more multi-cultural and have a lot of people living here from many nations such as India, Japan and China. Foods, customs books and products are coming into our country all the time. I think seeing all of these

different things and learning about customs of other countries we might understand how and why we think differently about some things.

By Ian Crawford

**First prize**  
*Neighbourhood Watch*  
(Ringwood Sub. District)  
Essay Competition - 1997





## Public Speaking Competition

My Dearest Ben,

I know that I look asleep. That you think I'll wake up soon and groan in agony as I have regularly over the past 3 months. It's not going to happen. I have chosen the easy way out. Perhaps I am weak but I'm guessing you think I'm incredibly brave and happy. Ben, my love for you is so deep within me that I know it will not die when I do. The passion, desire and utmost trust is embedded in my soul and I pray that you will remember this spirit of mine. Although the last year of my life has been amazingly hard for both of us, I feel truly blessed that I have spent the last days of my life with you.

Before I go further let me just assure you that I did not check out in any pain or discomfort. I took an unearthly amount of pills that were supposed to relieve my pain. I'm expected that they've done a pretty good job. I hope that I've fallen asleep in a barely conscious daze and drifted off into my slumber. I am reasonably sure this is the way I went for I have planned and researched for the past month now.

I'm sorry that you have to find me. Perhaps it would be easier for you if you had been told that I was gone. But maybe it will help you cope to actually see me in such peace. I don't know.

This tranquil place is the end of an eight-month roller coaster ride. Remember January, honey, when we thought I was in remission. Those were wasted celebrations. The cancer just lay dormant for a while and by the time all my symptoms

returned it was too late. The disease was spreading to my mind. My mind, you see, is the most important thing to me. For I can see you in it. I can recognize how deep my love for you is. The fact that I cry from joy when I'm with you is something that I have dreaded losing in all the time we have been together. So before my mind goes I thought my body should.

You and mum have watched me slowly try to go. I couldn't allow you to see anymore, so I just quickened my fate. It has probably been harder for my mother out-living her daughter and harder for you to deal with my illness, than it has been for myself. There are drugs that can ease a little of my confusion, but my loved ones are left to watch desperately. I know that, that helplessness will never leave you.

Mum hasn't slept for weeks...She natters to me every minute she's with me to keep my morale up. She styles the scarf around my head, she feeds me through a straw. She tries to be strong but I know that the disease is killing her almost as much as me.

And you? Your eyes are always swollen, you hardly hear, you no longer see your mates, and you haven't laughed in nearly 5 months. You do smile now and then. But it feels like you're smiling at me with sympathy and perhaps a little pity. Which is what I fear most; being pitied by you. I cannot live with the shame and humiliation that pity brings. I am starting to feel sorry for myself.

I have to be fed, have my bed sheets changed, I need enemas nearly every day. I can't even fluff a pillow by myself.

I don't want you to have to keep trying. Trying everyday to cope. And hoping. Hoping for an unattainable wish.

I will be judged by the church, by our friends and by people who only know my name, for dying with my dignity. I do not expect you to defend me.

They think a girl of 18 is not old enough to make a life threatening decision such as this. That I shouldn't be 'playing god'. When you have seen the things I've witnessed in palliative care it doesn't matter how old I am. Because I've viewed more sorrow and heartbreak than most people.

Children of barely 4 years are being dosed up on morphine 10 times the amount that an adult could bear to handle. The scent of death lingers around each ward, the echoes of crying fill the halls and the nurses wear fake smiles, but underneath their hearts are grim. There isn't a worse place on earth.

It is all well and good for someone to say that this Palliative Care provides physical and physiological comfort but the fact is kindness from others and pain relieving drugs cannot help. I shouldn't say that. It cannot cure. Medicine has some terrible limitations.

The treatment I was given, for instance.

Chemotherapy is worse than the disease. They pump you full of poison to kill the cancer but the poison kills everything else.

Remember how I would fall asleep in your arms, retching and moaning. I would throw up more than I'd eaten in a week. It is the most horrific and demoralizing way to combat an illness. For it created more pain for me than it alleviated.

You promised you would take me to the Northern Territory when this pain got too bad. So they could euthanise me. I was stupid to think that this was even remotely possible. My medical expenses are so high, we could not afford to even go there and the waiting list is longer than twice my life expectancy. If it was legal in every state then you could've held my hand as I said these things to you and you could have watched my eyes close gently and sigh with satisfaction when the job was done. If only this dream was tangible. You and my family could get the help that you so rightfully deserve.

If you are ever in the position to fight for the legalization of Voluntary Active Euthanasia, please do. Maybe if it were an option I would not be sitting up in bed at midnight, writing and listening to our song, and thinking of whom I used to be, all alone.

The girl you love was active and beautiful. She would laugh and smile and make you do the same. She had long flowing hair and full rosy lips. She had an incredible desire to make you think she was perfect. for you. She was not frail. She was not withered and white all over. She did not have the darkest of black circles under her eyes. Her skin didn't smell of chemicals, her lips weren't shriveled and dry, her ribs

didn't protrude from her emaciated body. She wasn't so sick that she wet the bed at night or had to eat baby food. She didn't have track marks from drips and blood transfusions.

I have become this - I am not whom you love.

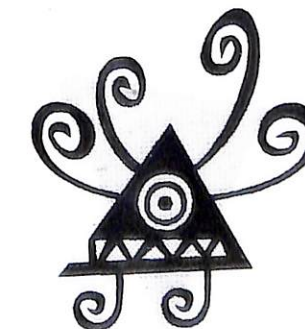
So I have thought about this long and hard. I was reassured that I was doing the right thing when something happened between you and I. Ben you saw me with no hair. I have never felt more disgusted and utterly lost than when you walked in my room. The look on your face was totally unguarded. Your eyes widened and filled with tears. As we wept together for my loss, I decided. Perhaps recalling that moment will give you some understanding of my reasons. I believe that you could also feel my pain and I pray that my death, although sad, will bring you some relief. Please continue to visit my mother and brother as I believe that your strength together will keep my spirit within each of you.

Keep my memory alive, Ben. Your grief will fade with the recognition of my existence-and our love.

A letter like this...what more can I say?

Voluntary Active Euthanasia.

By Jade Wood



## Public Speaking

### Junior

#### Highly Commended

Micaela Kemm  
Amanda Schooth  
Emily Russel  
Lauren Neilly  
Sarah Haythorne

#### Runner Up

Cara Macri  
Michael Napl

#### Winner

Stacey Hannah

### Intermediate

#### Runner up

Simon Brown

#### Winners

Lauren Crowe  
Leanne Wootton

### Senior

#### Runner up

Brendan Filleul

#### Winners

Jade Wood  
Alana Bruce



## It's a Dog's Life

Hi, my names Toto and I'm head of the family at 3 Kyle Place Croydon Nth. The problem is that the rest of the family don't actually realise that I am in charge. I let them know on subtle ways such as doing my 'tough guy' growling act but nobody seems to take much notice. I consider myself vastly superior to my offsider, Rosie this cat. Rosie and I get along quite well but do occasionally go into battle over tasty morsels of food that are up for grabs. My 'thing is sausages'- woe betide anyone who comes anywhere near me when I've managed to secure a large juicy pork sausage- it's open war.

Anyway, as I said, I'm head of the household, that is Mum, Dad, Francesca and Susie and of course Rosie. They're all okay although Mum gets a bit grumpy with me now and then when I come in with wet paws, actually I know perfectly well that I'm supposed to wipe my paws on the mat, but I can't be bothered so I just give her that 'I'm only a poor little doggie' look. I've got a whole repertoire of looks. Ranging from my 'I don't feel well' look to my 'I'm brave enough to take on anyone' look. I use them to suit the moment.

Most of my days are spent doing pretty much what I please- I get a bit bored now and then so I do a spot of digging or a bit of bird chasing. I'm most envious of Rosie's ability to escape from the garden by squeezing through the

bottom of the gate when all I can do is stick my nose under. I get really dagged off sometimes because Rosie rubs my nose in it by sitting behind the gate looking at me, knowing full well I can't get out. Sometimes though, when Dad's cleaning the car at the front, he lets me out for a quick belt around the court and I do a quiet wee up each tree to mark my territory and let everyone know that "Toto waz' ear."

I guess my life's pretty uneventful really. I'm nearly twelve years old so I'm no spring chicken, although I can keep up with the best of them when we go walkies. You should see my little old legs- they go like the clappers. I reckon I'll live until I'm at least thirty-five. I love my walks, there's so much to see and I get a real buzz. Mum sometimes sneaks out without me and says she's walking too far. What a joke- I can last the distance with anyone.

If I have to pick my favourite family member, it would probably have been Dad- after all he's the one that feeds me. I'd starve to death if I waited for Fran and Susie to take pity on me and open the can. They don't think anyone else needs to eat although to feed their own faces!

Well, that's it really, a day in a life of Toto the Great. I can't complain, it really is a good life.

by Susie Cant



## DRIFTING

There it goes, floating towards the sunset. On its merry mission, its own way, its own destiny. I watch it go, drifting, drifting away.

In the distance, I see it. So tiny, so small. Only a speck amongst everything else. I watch it go, drifting, drifting away.

The sun has set. The moon appears, stars begin to shine. It continues on, trying to find its destiny. Trying to find its way. I silently watch it go, drifting, drifting away.

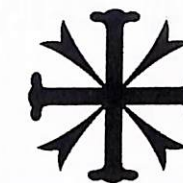
Rough seas, dark nights, and cold days go by. But that doesn't matter. Silently floating, silently drifting, drifting away.

Across the breeze I hear it. Splashing amongst the waves. Floating and drifting, drifting away.

Far away, across the sea it sails. Not giving up, not failing. It continues on drifting, drifting away. Its gone. Gone forever.

Found its own way, found its destiny. But yet I still see it, drifting, drifting away.

By Cara Macri



## TRAPPED

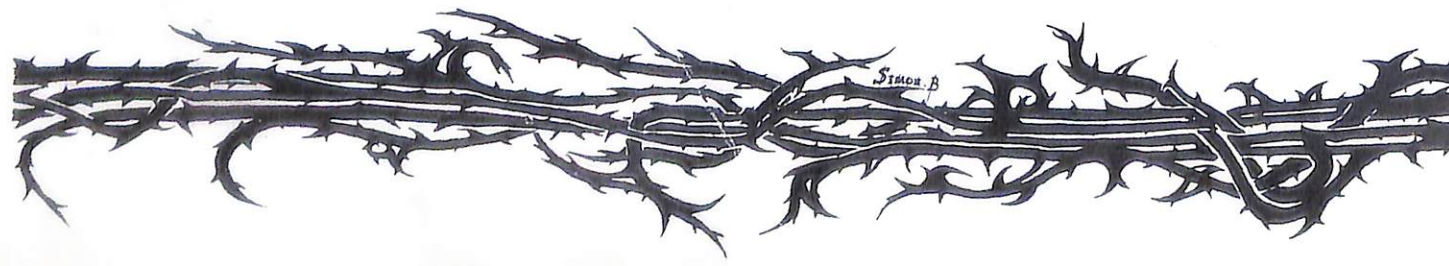
Trapped behind the iron cages of a zoo; lost in a world full of tourists and their glaring eyes; caught in a world of neglect. The sun rises and another day begins. The weary animals awake to a curious crowd. The expression on those animals' faces, as they are confronted by the ones that supposedly care, the ones that deprive them; and it is that care that will kill them, are enshrouded with gloom. What maybe called food is soon thrown at them and they are forced to eat it. It is always "do this" and "do that." By now these animals should know how to behave.

At night, the entrance gates are locked. Everyone leaves the animals to sleep as another weary day is ahead. But, they don't sleep. It is much like a meeting. Every animal roars and howls from its cage. A riot has begun. It is about time that this shelter of cruelty comes to an end. The animals gather to form a working group, against the carers, Meg, Harry and Jon, who are murderers. The leader of our group Liam the lion is the king of the jungle, who cares for all. He is the wise one; he sees all sides but agrees that the carers should taste exactly what they deserve. Every animal here tonight wants revenge and soon, they will get it. Only one animal disagrees with our plan for freedom- Ted the tortoise who should be wise but is plain stupid. He has no idea what is happening, he's too slow, it's like he's human.

Liam has spent much time thinking of how to avenge these carers. One dark night, an all mighty roar is heard. He has found an answer. To rid of them, the evil humans, must be trapped. The animals would have to dig under the iron bars and out to create a full scale riot. Of course rebelling is the answer; it is too strict, too much work and no play; life is dull.

The animals, in the dead of the night, dig a little and hide the escape route during light. One hot night, the animals reach concrete; they are free!!! The carers, too hot to supervise the animals, sit back and relax. The leader has spoken and the animals move fast. The lobby is filled with animals sick of imprisonment. They move towards the houses. The alarm sounds and they have succeeded. That riot has now begun. The carers jump to their feet and move outside. The animals are waiting. Slowly, they move in on the carers, enclosing them who are now trapped and frightened. How does it feel? The carers lost, the animals won what is rightfully theirs. It is wrong to watch every move, every breath and say, what is and what is not. The animals gained their freedom and no longer have to live in fear.

by Tracey Owen





# MR. MOXEY'S LONG SERVICE LEAVE

Mr. Moxey's long service leave trip was primarily to see his brother in Ontario, and to take in the sights of London and Paris.

Enroute to Canada, he stopped off in Honolulu where he visited the USS Arizona / Pearl Harbour Memorial. It was certainly moving thinking of the 1100 sailors still entombed in the sunken wreck.

The flight from Hawaii to Toronto Airport was uneventful. He was met by his brother who drove him home.

After Mr. Moxey recovered, his brother drove him to the Niagara Falls - words cannot describe the effect this awesome spectacle has on a person. Two and a half million litres of water per second pass over the falls on the border of Canada and the USA.

The brothers crossed the border in the USA and travelled around New York State and shopped in the city of Buffalo. An interesting place to visit but not to live in, and certainly not to walk around in after dark. Far more impressive and similar to Australian lifestyle was Toronto, with its world famous CN Tower and Skydome Basketball Stadium. The two-minute elevator ride to the viewing platform of the CN Tower does not prepare one for the marvellous view of the city, Toronto Islands and Lake Ontario. One particularly frightening experience was standing on the glass floor and appearing to 'float on air' 1800 feet above the ground.

There were many youngsters jumping up and down trying to break the glass - it certainly takes much more force and intelligence to do so.

People Mr. Moxey met were intrigued by his Aussie accent - it seemed to him that Australian tourists in Canada were a rarity.

His next stop, after an 8-hour flight, was seven days in London. On his first day he watched a rehearsal of the annual trooping of the colour near Buckingham Palace and was fortunate to meet a retired Londoner, Mr. Fred Reeves, who volunteered to show Mr. Moxey the sights of London. Over the next six days they visited St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, Towers of London and other places to numerous to mention. Mr. Moxey was indebted a friend of Miss Fitzgerald's - Mr. Paschal Conroy - who offered him the run of his house during his London visit.

Flying over the English Channel, he wondered what Paris had in store for him. He ended up in a youth hostel - it was certainly a contrast to the life he was used to. He found the Parisians rather unhelpful and at times rather arrogant, but the sights of Paris made up for that. Climbing the Eiffel Tower among other things are memories he will treasure forever.

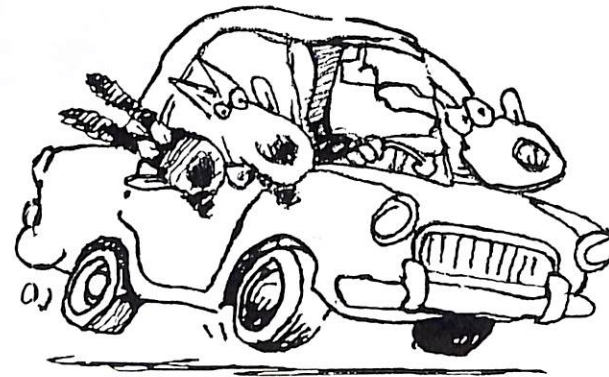
Mr. Moxey's last sight of Paris Airport was a group of heavily armed soldiers and police officers who were walking through

the lines of passengers as the latter boarded the aircraft bound for Hong Kong.

Three hours were spent in Hong Kong after his 8-hour flight from Paris. The best thing Mr. Moxey heard for days was a QANTAS steward bidding him "G'day, mate!" as he boarded the flight for Melbourne.

After a taxi trip home, a warm greeting from his wife and kids, a couple of Four'n'Twenties with sauce and a Fosters, it was great to be back in Australia!

By Steven Hewitt



## Science Report

On Monday the 17th of November the year seven students went to the zoo for a science excursion.

Every student was given a booklet. We had to answer simple questions regarding some of the less popular animals like the Ocelot and the South American Tapir. We attended the Zoo School where we could learn, see and touch animals such as frogs, lizards, turtles, and some very large pythons that our zoo keeper, Anne, could not reach. Thank goodness for that!

While we were at the Zoo School, there was a tawny frog mouth that did not move a muscle the whole time we were there. When it came time to hold the green-tree frogs, the tawny frog kept a close eye on him.

There was a turtle named Shelly which wasn't as slow as everyone thought. Before we left, the male dragon, Spike, performed a mating signal, that looked a lot like head-banging, to the female dragon. She just ignored him.

We left the Zoo School and went our separate ways. Our group went to the Reptile House. We saw two turtles mating. It was so cute we just had to get a photo. Those who saw the elephants were lucky because the male had a sore foot and the female kept him company. They only came out in the afternoon.

Before we left the zoo to travel home, we saw a tiger catch a bird and eat it in front of us. Yuk!

Unfortunately, we got home a little late so some people like ourselves missed their buses.

All in all everyone had a great time.

By Carley Jellet and Karen Luscombe. Yr. 7.



## Science Report

Science this year has been a great surprise to the year 7's. We have many enjoyable lessons with Mr. G. Djoneff, including a lesson of static electricity, learning about acids and bases, learning about animals in ecology and classifying living things. In our learning of classifying living things, we had a trip to the zoo and learnt about animals and their lives. Each topic we have done has taught everyone a lot about life and its nature. Our favourite topic that we have done this year was static electricity. We made Teresa Germano's long, thick, brown hair stand up on end! It was a wizzer! Mr Djoneff has been a great teacher and has taught us how to break test tubes! We can't believe that he passed University. Just kidding!

By Amanda Chooth, Amanda Bartlett and Bronwyn Doig. Yr. 7





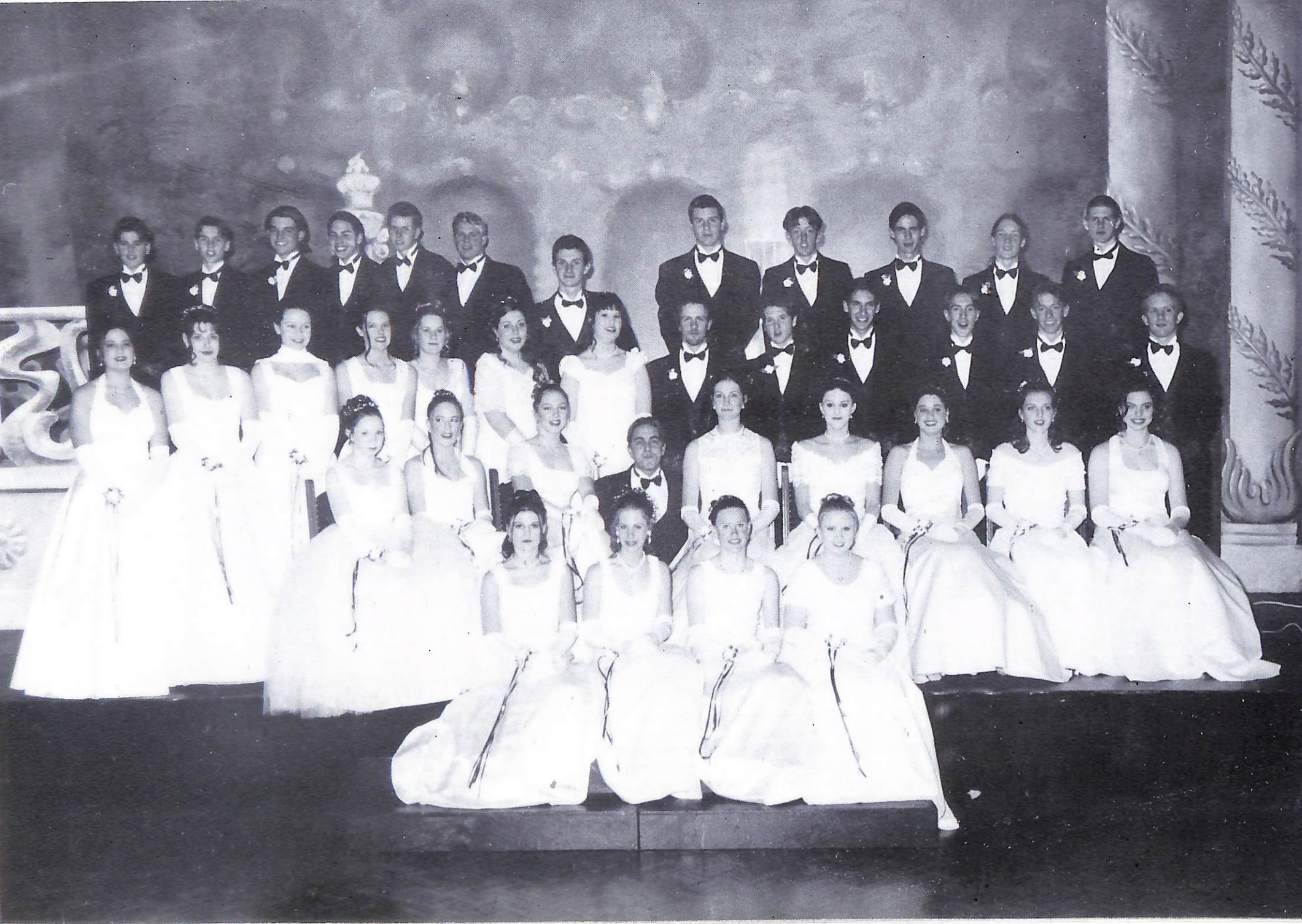
# DEBUTANTE BALL 1997



Kate Gillson  
Megan Russell  
Megan Phillips  
Jaclyn Gow  
Katrina Jones  
Kate Walters  
Kate Burgo  
Kathryn Murchie  
Sally McGuinness  
Susie Cant  
Nichole Bell  
Nichole Wilson  
Sarah Donald  
Rebecca Hill  
Sarah Condie  
Emily Banks  
Trudi Williams  
Diana Jamison  
Cassie Scammel

Tim Myles  
Justin White  
Luke Siwek  
Tavis Cook  
Luke Pingham  
James Wilson  
Matt Anderson  
Geoff Smith  
Chris Bradd  
Adam Billings  
Ash Forde  
David Gates  
Harley Taylor  
Phillip Lawrence  
Paul Aubert  
Oliver Kass  
Sam Bremner  
Dallas Roberts  
Stuart Dunk







## PARKWOOD SECONDARY COLLEGE STUDENTS 1997

**TARRANT SECONDARY COLLEGE STUDENTS 1977**

ALSO Raymond, ANDERSON Jessica, ANDERSON Julie, ANDERSON Matt, ARUNDEL Chris, ARUNDEL David, AUSTIN Sarah, AUSTIN Thomas, BAKER Emma-Kate, BALDACCHINO Luke, BALDACCHINO Nathan, BALL Barry, BANKS Emily, BANNARD Cassie, BANNARD Shayne, BASILONE Lauren, BEARDALL Adam, BELL Gillian, BELL Nicola, BELL Nicole, BENNETT Rhys, BENNETTS Brendan, BENNETTS Lyndal, BENZING Stefanie, BICKERTON Haley, BICKFORD Sam, BIGGS Tara, BINGHAM Stuart, BIRD Nathan, BISHOP Lauren, here's the first Wally, BLOOMFIELD Korin, BLYTH Kylie-Anne, BONNETT Jodie, BOSCHEN Janine, BRADD Daniel, BREMNER Sam, BREWSTER Lauree, BRINCAT Shane, BROCKHUS Jason, BROUWER Justin, BROWN Alicia, BROWN Anthony, BROWN Benjamin, BROWN Deane, BROWN Jason, BROWN Simon, BROWNING Amanda, BROWNING Katrina, BRUCE Alana, BRYANT Daniel, BRYANT Teagan, BUCKLAND Brett, BUCKLAND Laura, BURGO Kate, BURGO Tenille, BURKE Bradley, CALVETT Debbie, CAMPBELL Hollie, CANT Susie, CARRODUS Natalie, CARROLL Jaymie, CARTWRIGHT Adam, CHATELIER Evan, CHATELIER Joel, CHELLEW Robert, CHIRCOP Paul, CHRISTENSEN Alisa, CIURLEO John, CLARK Benita, CLARK Brooke, CLARK Cerise, CLARK Joanne, CLARK Michelle, CLARK Shane, CLARKSON Ashley, CLARKSON Louisa, CLEMENS Scott, COOK Belinda, COOK Ewan, COOK Jaime, COOK Ngaire, COOK Philippa, COOK Tristan, COUTTS Greg, CRAIG Emily, CRAIG Mitchell, CRAWFORD Alison, CRAWFORD Ian, CROWE Lauren, CRUMP Blair, CRUMP Hayley, CUCE Nicki, CURTAIN Mandi, CURTAIN Tamara, D'AMICO Christopher, DARGIE Steven, DAVIS Shaun, DEAN Kristie, DENCH Kirstie, DENT Amanda, DIGBY Andrea, DIGBY Kylie, DILLEY Emma, DILLEY Paul, DI MASCIO Melissa, DIXON Crystal, DOHERTY Ian, DOHERTY Jenny, DOLAN Hayley, DOIG Bronwyn, DOLPHIN Melissa, DOLPHIN Tim, DONALD Amice, DONALD Sarah, DOUGLAS Ashley, DOUGLASS Jillian, DOWN Jarrod, DREZGA Mark, DUNGEN Carrie, here's the second Wally, DUNGEN Erin, DUNK Stuart, DUNKLEY-SMITH Allison, FALLON Dean, FARRUGIA Hayley, FEARN Jason, FEARN Nathan, FILLEUL Amanda, EATON Daniel, EATON Mark, ELLIOTT Rebecca, EVANS Kara, EVANS Robert, FAIRBROTHER Lisa, FALLON Dean, FARRUGIA Hayley, FEARN Jason, FEARN Nathan, FILLEUL Amanda, FILLEUL Brendan, FISHER Becky, FISHER Laura, FISHER Paul, FISHER Sam, FITZGERALD Michael, FITZPATRICK Casey, FITZPATRICK Hayley, FOX Megan, FRYER Christopher, FULLER Lachlan, GALES Chris, GARRATT Kylie, GATES David, GATES Mark, GAVEN Ragina, GERMANO Teresa, GIANOPOULOS David, here's Wally, GIBSON Kim, GILLSON Ben, GILLSON Kate, GOODREM David, GOODWIN Richard, GOW Cameron, GOW Jaclyn, GRIFFITH Sam, GRIFFITH Rachel, GULLAN Aaron, HADDON Lisa, HALLOWS Aimie, HALLOWS Krystal, HANNAH Evelyn, HANNAH Stacey, HANSON Jessica, HARRIS Lachlan, HARRISON Joshua, HARTLY Amy, HARTLY Dale, HARVEY Lauren, HASSAN Greg, HAYTHORNE Sarah, HENDERSON Katie, HEWITT Mark, HEWITT Steven, HEWITT Wayne, HICKLING Anthony, HICKS Brendan, HICKS Marissa, HILL Ashley, HILL Betha, HILL Jessica, HILL Rebecca, HOF Elyse, HOOD Amanda, HOLLAND Leigh, HOWSON Andrew, HUELSEBUSCH Jordan, HUGHES Micheal, HUTCHINSON Chelsea, HUTCHINSON Tammi, IMPEY Rohan, JACGUNG Lindsay, JAMISON Diana, JANSE Lisa, JARMAN Matt, JELLETT Carly, JELLETT Nathan, JENNINGS Amy, JENNINGS Daniel, JENNINGS Trevor, JINETTE Kelly, JINETTE Ryan, JONES Katrina, JURG Luke, KALWIG Glen, KEMM Micaela, KENNEDY Courtney, KENNEDY Melissa, KENNEDY Renee, KIERNAN Karen, KIKIC Natasha, KIRBY Emily-Jo, KIRBY Thomas, KLINGE Jessica, KLOET Chantelle, KRUGER Glen, KRUGER Marissa, KYLE Jason, KYLE Matt, LIARD Shane, LAWRENCE Phillip, LAWRENCE Scott, LEA Ryan, LEAMONT Andrew, LEAMONT Daryn, LEUNG Chris, LEWIS Chris, LEWIS Glen, MOORE Brad, MOORE Katie, MOORE Scott, MOORE Wesley, MOPPERT Doren, MORGAN Dylan, MORRIS David, MORRISBY Rachel, MORRISON Ben, MORRISON Emma, MORRISON Kelly, MORRISSEY Laura, MULLER Paul, MURCHIE Kathryn, MURCHIE Michelle, MURRAY Megan, MURTAGH Jarrod, MYLES Kristy, MYLES Tim, NADZ Julia, NADZ Mark, NAPL Michael, NEAL Lachlan, NEIL David, NEIL Meagan, NEILLY Lauren, NEUMAN Daniel, NIHILL Kim, NUTHALL Katie, NYE Renee, ONG Cherie, OPRAY Eliese, OWEN Karen, OWEN Tracey, PAGE Sean, PANTHER Jarrod, PARKER Simon, PARKER Tim, PARTON Joanne, PASPA Lys, PENNY Nicole, PHANG Melinda, PHILLIPS Kieran, PHILLIPS Lauren, PHILLIPS Mark, PHILLIPS Megan, PINCHES Toni, PINGHAM Luke, PLANT Justin, POTTS Matthew, POYNTON Sarah, here's Wally, PRATTEN Adrian, PRATTEN Morgan, PRICE Kate, PRITCHARD Bree, READ Fiona, REEKA Marcus, RELF Meagan, RELF Nathan, RIPPON Amanda, ROBERTS Dallas, ROBERTS Kyle, ROMEO Megan, SALMON Rhys, SANTILLI Bryan, SANTILLI Trevor, SAVAGE Kathryn, SAVAGE Rachel, SAVAGE Hayley, RUSSELL Emily, RUSSELL Megan, RYAN Melissa, SALMON Jess, SALMON Paul, SALMON Rhys, SANTILLI Bryan, SANTILLI Trevor, SAVAGE Kathryn, SAVAGE Rachel, SAVAGE Hayley, RUSSELL Emily, RUSSELL Megan, RYAN Melissa, SALMON Jess, SALMON Paul, SALMON Rhys, SANTILLI Bryan, SANTILLI Trevor, SAVAGE Kathryn, SAVAGE Rachel, SAVAGE Hayley, TERZIOSKI Simon, THIELE Tamara, THOMAS Aaron, THOMAS Jessie, THOMPSON Miranda, THRESHER Rachel, TIMMERS Trevor, TINGATE Kim, TINKLER Rebecca, TOFT Ashley, TOFT Terzioski Simon, THIELE Tamara, THOMAS Aaron, THOMAS Jessie, THOMPSON Miranda, THRESHER Rachel, TIMMERS Trevor, TINGATE Kim, TINKLER Rebecca, TOFT Ashley, TOFT Terzioski Simon, TURK Sylvia, TUTT Erin, UNWIN Richard, URBANO Anna, URBANO Steven, VALERI Bianca, VAN PROOYEN Chris, VERCELES Carlo, VERWAY Marika, WALKER Mathew, TROMP Carly, TURK Sylvia, TUTT Erin, UNWIN Richard, URBANO Anna, URBANO Steven, VALERI Bianca, VAN PROOYEN Chris, VERCELES Carlo, VERWAY Marika, WALKER Kim, WALSHAM Ben, WALSHAM Melinda, WALTERS Gregory, WALTERS Kate, WALTERS Thomas, WAN Bryan, WATTERSON Peter, WENDT Brooke, WEST Charlotte, WHITE Andrew, WHITE David, WHITE Justin, WILLIAMS Melanie, WILLIAMS Trudi, WILSON Anthony, WILSON Shane, WILTON Terry, WOOD Anthony, WOOD Jade, WOOD Regan, WOOTTON Leanne, WOOTTON Michelle, YOUNG Daniel, YOUNG Elizabeth.

Can you find yourself as well as the five Wally s?





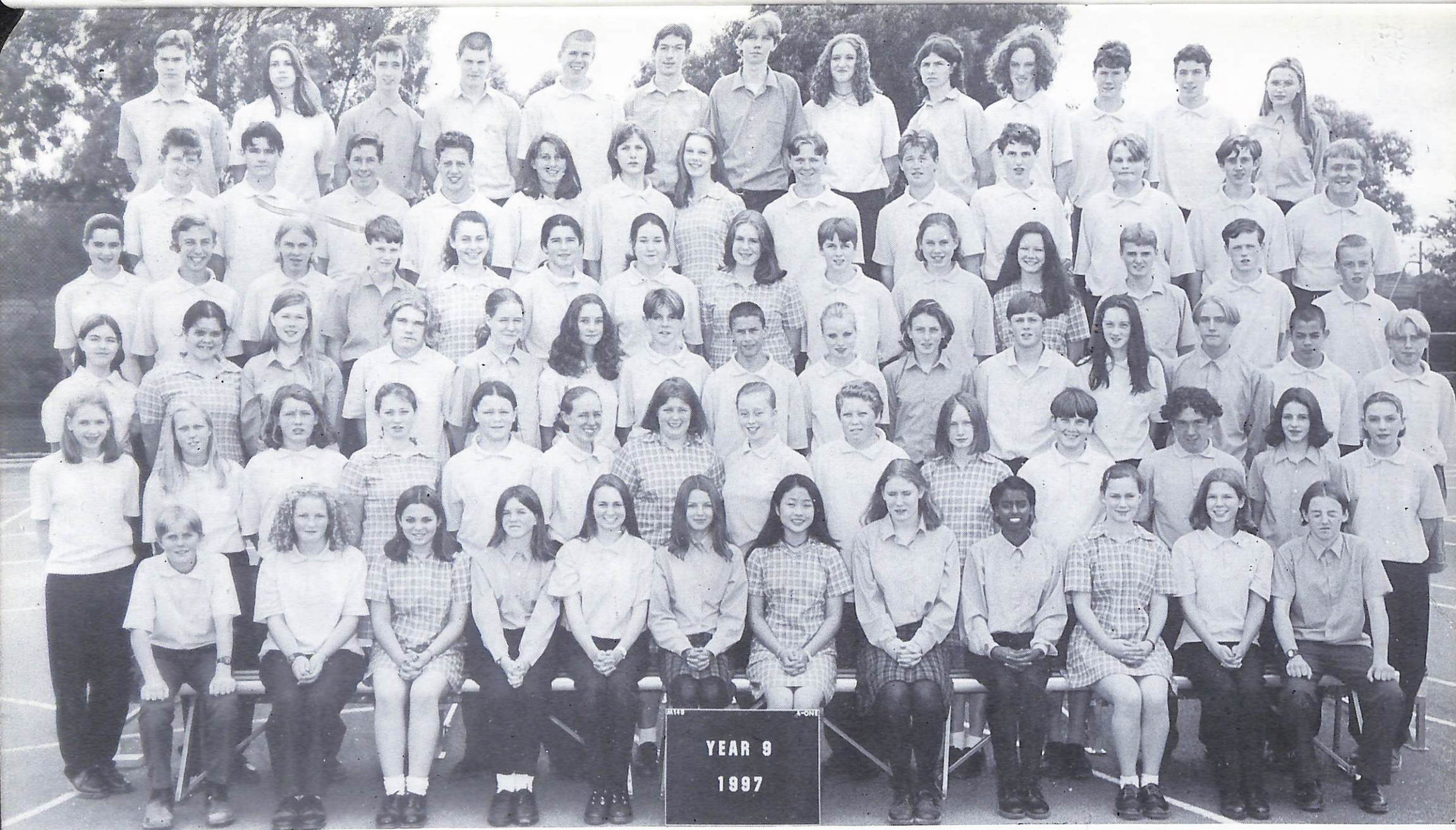
ROW 6: Cerise Clark, Trevor Timmers, Chris Lewis, Steven Dargie, Belinda Syms, Emily Craig, Sarah McNeill, Chris McGrath, Leigh Holland, Rhys Bennett, Stefanie Benzing, Mark Hewitt, Hollie Campbell, Ren Brown, Justin Brouwer, Kylie Taylor.  
 ROW 5: Laura Buckland, Charlotte West, Matthew Potts, Benita Clark, Alicia Dyer, Tara Biggs, Glen Kalwig, Samantha Fisher, Joanne Parton, Melissa Grigg, Ceridwen Sharpe, Robby Evans, Michelle Wootton, David Sutton, Kate McLeod, Crystal Dixon.  
 ROW 4: Sarah Austin, Ben McCoy, Meagan Relf, Michelle Clark, Micheal Rose, Dale Farrugia, Bryan Santilli, Emma Maguire, Julie Tan, Nathan Bird, Ray Alsop, Matthew Mangan, Rebecca Tinkler, Emma Dilley, Ewan Cook, Melissa Ryan.  
 ROW 3: Meagan Neil, Rohan Impey, Courtney Kennedy, Stacey Hannah, Nichola Bell, Teagan Bryant, Evan Chatelier, Carlo Verceles, Luke Jurj, Rhys Salmon, Micaela Kemm, Tammi Hutchison, Tamara Thiele, Tim McLeod, Nicholas Dyke, Amanda Bartlett.  
 ROW 2: Tom Kirby, Sam Bickford, Ashley Hill, Greg Walters, Erin Dungen, Ashley Toft, David Marshall, Chris Tapai, Luke McCoy, Jason Dunnell, Emma-Kate Baker, Bradley Moore, Daniel Bentley, Li Lin, Lindsay Jacquing, Sean Page, Tim Dolphin.  
 FRONT: Lys Paspas, Cara Macri, Katie Henderson, Megan Romeo, Aimie Hallows, Ngaire Cook, Kristie Dean, Jillian Douglass, Zoe Lewis, Karen Luscombe, Jessica Hanson, Teresa Germano, Bronwyn Doig, Chantelle Kloet, Amy Hartley, Marissa Hicks, Carley Jellett.





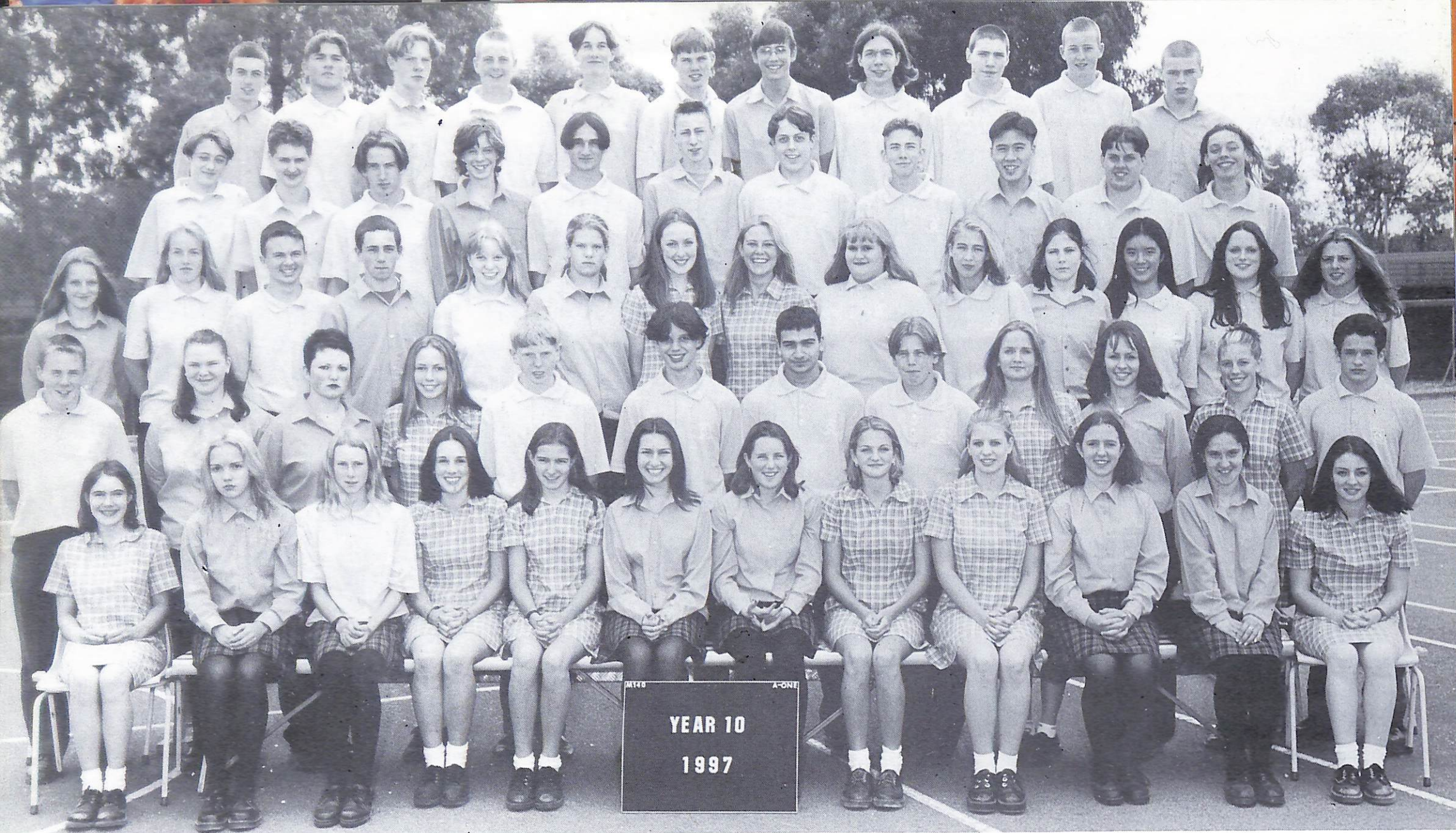
ROW 5: Kathryn Rowell, Michael Napl, David Neil, Peter Watterson, Paul Fisher, David Symons, Daryn Leamont, Scott Moore, Brooke Wendt, Daniel Neumann, Sam Griffith, Adam Roberts, Tenille Burgo.  
 ROW 4: Amy Jennings, Katie Browning, Kimberley Lidgerwood, Lauren Phillips, Kimberley Walker, Emily Russell, Cameron Gow, Dianne Marshall, Jessie Thomas, Bree Pritchard, Lauren Neilly, Claire McLeod, Katie Nuthall.  
 ROW 3: Kristy Myles, Melissa Di Mascio, Marika Verwey, Belinda Rosenhain, Michelle Lidgerwood, Wesley Stone, Lyndal Bennetts, Cassie Bannard, Rachel Savage, Michael Hughes, Julia Nadz, Matthew McMahon, Cherie Ong.  
 ROW 2: Anna Urbano, Melinda Walsham, David Morris, Fiona Read, Mandy Browning, Kyle Roberts, Nicole Penny, Anthony Wilson, Chelsea Hutchinson, Sarah Haythorne, Miranda Thompson, Jarrod Panther, Kieran Phillips.  
 FRONT: Regina Gaven, Dean Standish, Saige Goodwin, Allison Dunkley-Smith, Meagan Fox, Daniel Rose, Kelly Jinnette, Haley Bickerton, Rachel Thresher, Jason Brockhus, Gillian Bell.





ROW 6: Simon Parker, Lauren Maybus, Marc Drezga, Shane Brincat, Mitchell Craig, Terry Wilton, Simon Brown, Carly Tromp, Steven Hewitt, Jaymie Carroll, Jason Brown, Ashley Spurrell, Korin Boomfield.  
 ROW 5: Barry Ball, Daniel Bryant, Matt Jarman, Steven Urbano, Hayley Farrugia, Scott Lawrence, Jessica Fisher, Gregory Coutts, Greg Hassan, Jordan Huelsebusch, Jarrod Murtagh, Ashley Douglas, Mark Gates.  
 ROW 4: Kim Nihill, Mark Eaton, Jason Fearn, David White, Natalie Carrodus, Amanda Rippon, Bree Tapper, Simone Loughnane, Glen Kruger, Amiee Donald, Kelly-Ann Smyth, Dean Fallon, Tom Austin, Ben Morrison.  
 ROW 3: Jessica Steuten, Casey Fitzpatrick, Belinda Cook, Patrick McGoldrick, Hayley Crump, Hayley Dolan, Karen Owen, Paul Chircop, Amanda Filleul, Sarah Poynton, Lachlan Neal, Joanne Clark, Ben Gillson, Mathew Toft, Jeremy Smith.  
 ROW 2: Mandi Curtain, Toni Pinches, Regan Wood, Clarissa Syms, Joel Chatelier, Leoma Dyke, Lauree Brewster, Kate Price, Thomas Walters, Jennifer Doherty, Dale Hartley, Alan Lovett, Kimberley Tingate, Carlie Dunqen.  
 FRONT: Ryan Moloney, Helen Malley, Chantelle Tambllyn, Leanne Wootton, Alison Crawford, Michelle Murchie, Melinda Phang, Lauren Crowe, Krystel Hallows, Kara Evans, Andrea Digby, Ashley Clarkson.





ROW 5: Nathan Relf, Brendan Hicks, James Mason, Joel Strachan, Shaun Davis, Luke Stevens, Andrew White, Jason Kyle, Paul Dilley, Wayne Hewitt, Trevor Santilli.  
 ROW 4: Shayne Bannard, Trevor Jennings, Stuart Bingham, Blair Crump, Andrew Leaumont, Brett Buckland, Rob Chellew, Aaron Thomas, Bryan Wan, Brendan Bennetts, Adam Cartwright.  
 ROW 3: Melissa Dolphin, Kelly Morrison, Ian Crawford, Brian Starkey, Melissa Kennedy, Elizabeth Young, Lisa Haddon, Rachael Griffith, Lauren Bishop, Jaime Cook, Laura Fisher, Lisa Tan, Kylie Lidgerwood, Renee Dunn.  
 ROW 2: Ryan Jinnette, Jessica Klinge, Megan Murray, Hayley Ruckwood, Paul Salmon, John Ciurleo, Mark Nadz, Nathan Jellett, Erin Tule, Karen Matthews, Jessica Salmon, Drew McNally.  
 FRONT: Debbie Calvett, Joanna Steuten, Bethea Hill, Emily-Jo Kirby, Amanda Dent, Michelle Molnar, Brooke Clark, Kim Gibson, Evelyn Hannah, Shauna Scammell, Laura Mastronardi, Lauren Basilone.





ROW 4: Luke Pingnam, Evan Stait, Jaclyn Gow, Ryan Schultz, Todd Murtagh, Ben Walsham, Chris Bradd, Dylan Morgan, Phillip Lawrence, Jason Hill, Shane Laird.  
 ROW 3: David Malley, Matt Anderson, Mark Phillips, Luke Siwek, Tristan Cook, Anthony Hickling, Nathan Fearn, Lucas Spargo, Sam Bremner, Adam Barmby, Dallas Roberts, Justin White, Sarah Donald.  
 ROW 2: Geoff Smith, Kathryn Murchie, Tim Myles, Sara Condie, Ryan Standish, Sally McGuinness, Tracey Owen, David Gates, Susie Cant, Justine Mizzi, Megan Russell, Stuart Dunk, Diana Jamison, Kate Walters.  
 FRONT: Kathryn Memis, Rebecca Hill, Kathryn Savage, Cassie Scammell, Katrina Jones, Nicole Bell, Beckie May, Kate Burgo, Megan Phillips, Kate Gillson, Bianca Valeri, Emily Banks.





ROW 5: Aaron Gullan, Andrew Stait, Wesley Moore, Chris D'Amico, Ian Doherty, Justin Plant, Stuart Moore, Jarrod Down, Lachlan Fuller, Brett McNeill, Richard Unwin, Tony Brown, Daniel Young, Brendan Filleul, Michael Fitzgerald, Marcus Reeka.  
 ROW 4: Christopher Leung, David Goodrem, Peter Malley, Paul Mavin, David Arundel, Matthew Kyle, Wightman Savage, Andrew Middlemast, Brad Burke, Ryan Lea, Daniel Bradd, Kirstie Dench, Becky Fisher, David Sweeting, Chris van Prooyen, Daniel Jennings.  
 ROW 3: Tamara Curtain, David Giannopoulos, Janine Boschen, Sylvia Turk, Anthony Wood, Belinda Luscombe, Doran Moppert, Shane Kennedy, Paul Muller, Mel Maybus, Alicia Brown, Natasha Kikic, Phil Cook, Alisa Christensen, Amanda Hood, Katie Moore.  
 ROW 2: Marissa Kruger, Hayley Fitzpatrick, Nicole Cuce, Renee Kennedy, Adam Beardall, Emma Morrison, Simon Terzioski, Renee Nye, Zoë Upton, Daniel Eaton, Rachel Morrisby.  
 FRONT: Nicholas Fryer, Louisa Clarkson, Natasha Siwek, Kylie Digby, Jo Bonnett, Jade Wood, Carly Strachan, Julie Anderson, Alana Bruce, Christopher Fryer.





ROW 4: Graeme Tiller, Paul Sayers, Steven O'Connor, Stuart Maile, Andrew Bishop, John Moxey, Michael Byrne, Jan Zygmunt, Goerge Djoneff.  
 ROW 3: Lyn Oates, Andrew Hicks, Gillian Oudatje, Tina Teklenberg, Bob Fisch, Margo Walton, Tasos Stathopoulos, Cheryl Kempton, Lorraine Thompson.  
 ROW 2: Ieuan Thomas, Sari Petty, Graeme Waugh, Paula Pikel, Russell Oakley, Peter Djoneff, Quenelda Ramm, Sue Datson, Stacey Kirkpatrick.  
 FRONT: Judy Harmer, Lyn McDonald, Marion Galloway, Martin Culkin (Principal), Bob Hogendoorn (Assistant Principal), Janine Free, Janet Koochew, Dot Henwood.





**EDITORIAL, WORD-PROCESSING AND LAYOUT**

Karen Owen, Lauren Maybus, Amanda Rippon, Kara Evans, Krystal Hallows, Amanda Filleul, Alison Crawford, Hayley Dolan, Jenny Doherty, Steven Hewitt, Lauren Crowe, Amice Donald and Amanda Curtain

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Casey Fitzpatrick, Ben Gillson, Alison Crawford, Krystal Hallows, Lauren Crowe, Amice Donald, Amanda Rippon, Ben Morrison, Greg Coutts, Ashley Spurrell and Mark Drezga

**ILLUSTRATIONS**

Simon Brown, Jordan Huelsebusch, Dale Hartley and Amanda Rippon

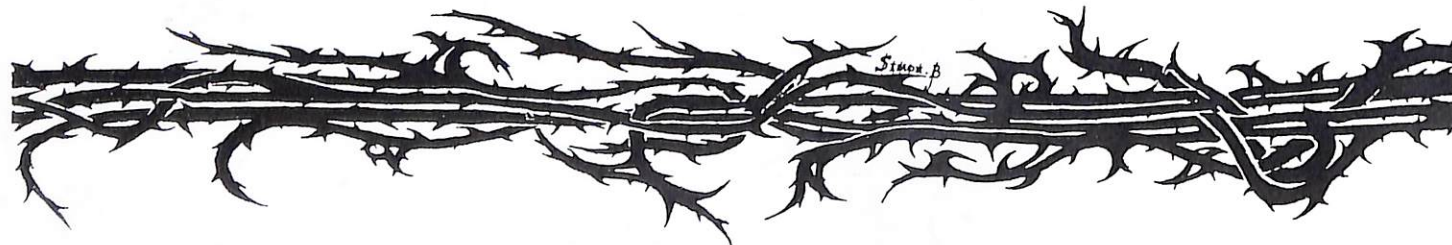
**PHOTOGRAPHY**

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J. Chai



IN RESPECTFUL MEMORY OF  
MRS. WILMA THOMSON,  
A MEMBER OF STAFF,  
FONDLY LOVED AND REMEMBERED  
BY ALL OF US IN THE PARKWOOD COMMUNITY.