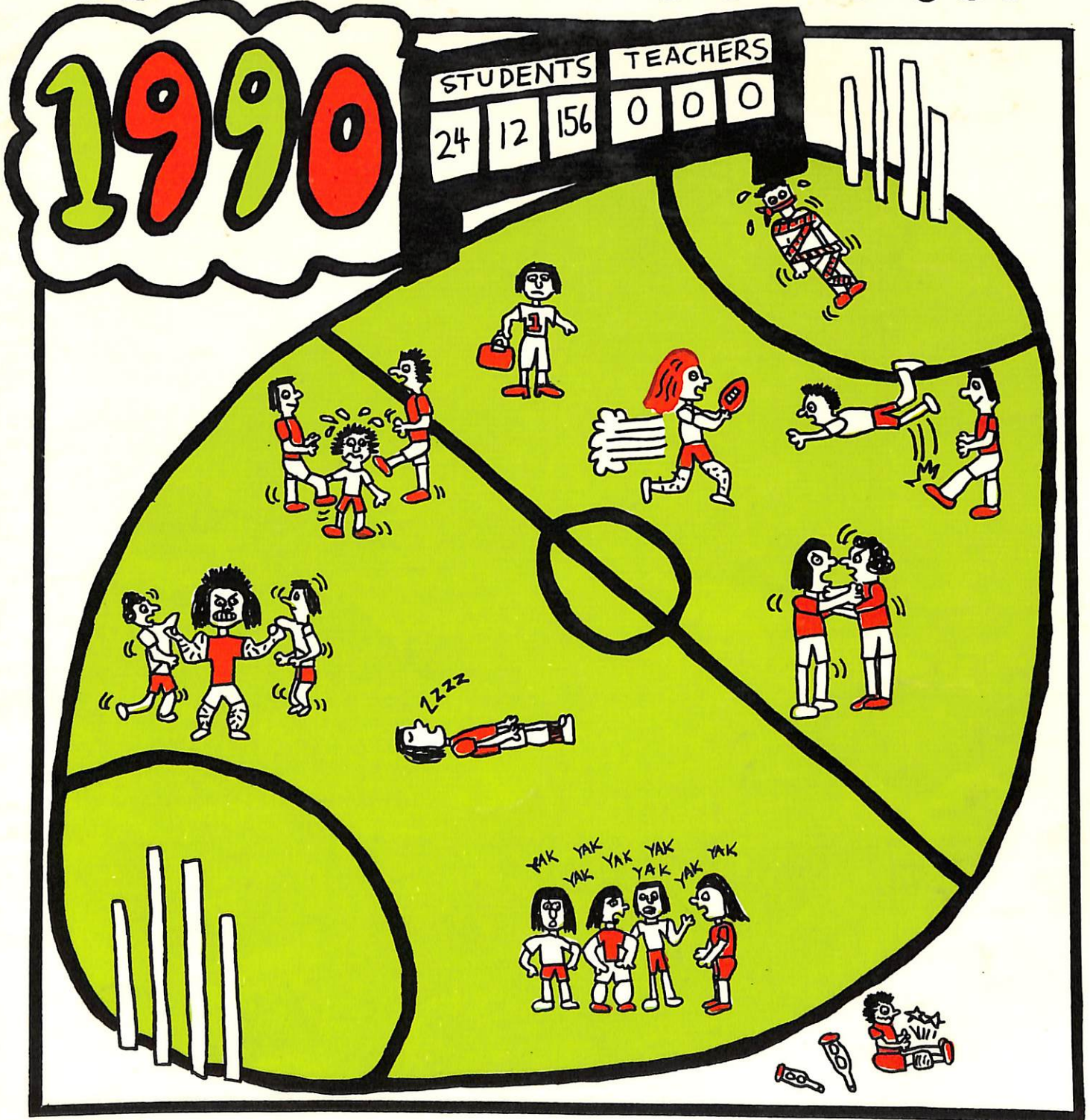


HEATHMONT!!!



BY THE CREEK



NOT REFERENCE LOAN

371.805 HEA R

BOB

ACTING PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

CHANGE AND CHALLENGE

This, our fifteenth year has again been one of growth and development. Student numbers rose to 900 requiring the addition of three relocatable classrooms. Great steps forward were made with the provision of a networked computer classroom and computer cataloguing in the library for improved student and staff access to the collection.

The year has been one of almost constant change. The resignation of Raymond Scott, who has been Principal since September 1985, was a major loss. Much of the recent development of the school has been a direct result of Ray's energy and foresight. Thank you Ray and best wishes to you on your new endeavour.

Despite the many changes in personnel and in staff filling positions of responsibility in the school, there has been a continuation of an effective teaching program and the close teacher-student relationship which is a particular feature of this school. My thanks to all staff for their continued and cheerful efforts in 1990.

The challenge for the school community and the incoming Principal is to retain those characteristics of care and unity which marked the early years while reaping the benefits of breadth of curriculum and teaching expertise which come with increases in population.

The school enjoys a fine reputation locally and in the wider community and with your support through involvement with your childrens' learning and the school's organisations it will continue to provide opportunities for real growth and excellence.

EDITORIAL

This year we have had a very hard working group of Year 9 students n the Magazine Committee.

Travis Quinn
Richard Elliot
Jodie Murray
Sam Walters
Sarah Mckenzie
Kelly Jones
Hoa Huynh
Robert Keleher
Nicole Harrowfield
Sonja McKeown
Beth McIver
Lee D.Alterio

The quality of work submitted for inclusion has been high and we pleased to another high quality edition of "By The Creek" in 1990. This contains original works, reports and photos.

Peter B. Tatum



CANCELLED
5296011

HEATHMONT SECONDARY COLLEGE STAFF LIST AT 8/10/90

Acting Principal: Peter Tatman
Acting Deputy Principal: Brian Pearce BP

Doug Anderson
Ruth Anderson-Smith Loo-Bee Ang
Loo-Bee Ang
June Ashman
Youla Athanassiou
Merrin Ayton (Mrs)
Geraldine Baker (Mrs)
Ronald Boreham
John Bourke
Karl Broecker
Barrie Brown
Peter Bullock
Anne Burke
Anthony Capomolla
Margaret Chetwin (Mrs)
Rita Chiodo
Simon Clark
Sigrid Cunningham (Mrs)
Michael Curtis
Michele Deckert (Mrs)
Ross Donlon
Lisa Dooley
Eva Duus (Mrs)
Greg Frank
Anne Gordon
Murray Gould
John Harrowfield
Graham Haupt
Louise Henshaw
Vicki Hudson (Mrs)
Pat Hurley (Mrs)
Susan Jackson
Linda Kaufman
Judith Kershaw
Marion Last (Mrs)
Malcolm Lawson
Khim Len
David Levy
Cheryl McCubbin
Eva McDonald (Mrs)
Cornelius McGillycuddy
Ross Maclean
Heather McLeod-Dryden
Jeff McMaster
Sheila Masters (Mrs)
Barb Moore (Mrs)
Don Morelli
Stephen Morelli
Geoff Moss
Marj Munro
Denise Murray
Linda Nash (Mrs)
Kevin O'Brien
Cathy Panoutsos
Joyce Philips (Mrs)
Alan Porter
Brian Poynter
Philip Reynolds

Sally Rule
Alf Salgo
Vince Sicari
Wendy Spratt (Mrs)
Jane Stringer (Mrs)
Sue Thomas (Mrs)
Margaret Tyson
Meredith Ure
Judy Walsh (Mrs)
Maureen Walsh
Anne Williams (Mrs)
Marc Wright
Aymon Youssef

Lab Tech.
Bursary:
Office:

Integ. Aide:

Integ/Teacher:
Lib. Teacher:

Itinerant Music Staff:

Cleaning Staff:

Kitchen Maid:

Sick Bay:
Canteen:

Cheryl Thomas (Mrs)
Eileen Edwards (Mrs)
Julie Clark (Mrs)
Judy Forbes (Mrs)
Pat Scheele (Mrs)
Robyn Free (Mrs)
Wendy Hartrup
Marg O'Dwyer (Mrs)
Barbara Walker
Robyn Percy (Mrs)
Val Biggs (Mrs)
Wendy Onley (Mrs)
Neil Berry
Martin Corcoran
Caroline Grace
Gordon Pendleton
Beryl Bartlett
Josephine Collins
Ron Ferguson
Richard Forster
Myrna McBain
Tom Morris
Laurie Shadbolt
Elizabeth Downey (Mrs)
Noelene Duff (Mrs)
Chris Hopkins (Mrs)
Mary Butcher (Mrs)
Beth Hamilton (Mrs)
Rosemary Bedwell (Mrs)



Goodbye

J.B.

iiii

T	errible	T	errible
E	vil	E	ffortless
A	ngry	A	ngry
C	ruel	C	ruel
H	ated	H	airy
E	agle-eyed	E	ccentric
R	ough	R	idiculous
S	tupid	S	ly

Jeremy Reeves 7D

Sam Weiland





Dance Ball

Front Row (Girls) Left to Right

Simone Lewis, Renee Hill, Cindy Sloan, Dianne Sloan, Lynise Wearne, Kirsten Oakman.

2nd Row (Girls) Left to Right

Traci Adams, Simone Veldman, Melanie Lane, Kristie Hough, Kylie Elliot, Councillor Mrs Betty Milton the Mayor of Ringwood, Belinda McEwen, Genine Hiscox-Price, Mina Rahinu, Sue Amos, Renee Hamilton.

3rd Row (Girls) Left to Right

Dance Instructress Mrs Penny Butler, Rachele Johnston, Melissa Owens, Donna Marquis, Emma Richards, Danielle Tire, Danielle Marshall, Samantha Pendleton, Lisa Hopes, Janine Scott, Raelene Prislán, Dance Instructor Mr Kevin Butler.

4th Row (Boys) Left to Right

Rodney Cannon, Scott Davidson, Chris Dempsey, Simon Keele, Michael Gower, Graeme Tierner, Chad Hodge, Adam Griffin, Ryan Scully, Mark Bushell, Brendan Cashman.

5th Row (Boys & Girls) Left to Right

Anthony Goyne, Narelle Caffyn, Sherri Brown, Naomi Stephenson, Justine Smith, Jeremy Houghton, Scot Muir, Alison Lade, Ailsa Brew, Michelle Budziarski, Meagan Newman, Gareth Woodcock.

6th Row (Boys) Left to Right

Jack Creswick, Adam Greenaway, Sean Edwards

YEAR 11 DEBUTANTE BALL

On Friday, October 12th, thirty-four rather nervous debutantes and their partners assembled at Rembrant's restaurant. The ball was to be the culmination of six weeks of rehearsals and much effort in organising gowns, gloves and trails so the debs, would be properly prepared and suitably attired.

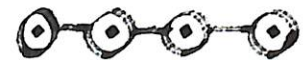
The sell-out audience of parents and friends was not disappointed. The weeks of preparation and dancing practice resulted in beautifully presented routines on the night. Thunderous applause greeted each pair as they were presented, as well as the whole Debutante Set once they had finished the dances.

All members of the Official Party were impressed but particularly her Worship, Councillor Betty Milton, the Mayor of Ringwood, to whom the Debutantes and their partners were presented.

The Debutantes in their magnificent white gowns and their escorts sporting black tails certainly contributed to the festive atmosphere of the whole function. The evening was indeed a success.



Staff/
Student
Footy
match



Dear

9

Camp



LIBRARY REPORT

This year has been a busy and interesting one for the library staff. Our aims have been to support the curriculum by adding new resources and teaching information skills, to complete the installation of the new computer system, and to make the library a pleasant place to be. We have worked on many projects to achieve those aims, and we hope that students and staff have enjoyed using the library this year!

So . . . What have we been doing? The following is a brief list:

- * We have added 400 fiction and non-fiction books to the collection.
- * 200 video programs have been recorded for use in class.
- * 574 class sets and many periodicals have been processed.
- * Displays, including library resources and student work have been organised.
- * Hundreds of tubs have been prepared.
- * New books days were held and enjoyed by many students.
- * Book club novels were displayed each month to help people decide what to order.
- * The library was reorganised so that classes have a separate working area.
- * The whole library collection was rebarcoded for the new computer.
- * The vertical file has been reorganised, expanded and computerised.
- * Information and research skills lessons were given to many different classes to assist with assignment and individual work.

One event which deserves special mention is Fantasy Week. That was a week of activities run by the library staff and the English Faculty to celebrate reading and writing. During that week the library was decorated with many novels, both old and new. Two terrific quizzes were held with 50 students in the senior quiz and 98 in the junior one. There was a costume competition, a poster and model competition, Salamugundi, The Golden Throat award and prizes galore! Many people took part in the activities and we hope that a good time was had by all!

The library staff for 1990 have been: Vicki Hudson, Marion Last, Ann Williams (Teacher Librarians), Wendy Onley, Val Biggs (Library Technicians).

We hope that the library has been a useful and pleasant place to be this year. If you haven't been in yet - you're most welcome!

PHILLIP ISLAND EXCURSION

On Tuesday the 24th of July, forms 9A, 9B, 9C and 9D went on an excursion to Phillip Island. The buses arrived at the front of the school at about 9 o'clock. 9A and 9B were in the first bus and 9C and 9D were in the second bus.

It took nearly 1 hour and 45 minutes to get there. We stopped at a lookout tower about halfway on our trip. We were supposed to some work there but the sheets were gone so we didn't. Our next stop was at the information centre at Phillip Island. We had more work to do there. After that we all boarded the buses and Kylie Buxton was sent to the correct bus. Then it was off to Woolami Surf Beach for more work. It was very windy there. Shaun put his book down on the beach when the tide suddenly came in and his books were totally drenched.

We again boarded the bus but this time we were headed for the 'Nobbies'. Again we had more work to do. We all had a nice stroll down to see the 'Blowhole'. We had to walk on a path made out of wood, it was pretty high up and with the wind blowing we didn't feel very safe. There was a little shop there and we had our lunch out the front of it.

Our next stop was at Summerland beach where the penguins parade at night. After that we headed back to Heathmont. Our excursion was over.

Richard Elliot Year 9



SNOW DROP AND THE SEVEN DRIPS

Once there was a beautiful young woman named Snow Drop. She lived in the city with her seven little friends called; Brainless, Clumsy, Dopey, Dumbo, Silly, Silly and Biscuit.

One day while she was waiting for her friends to come home Snow Drop thought she heard a motorbike pull-up in front of the house, but she must have been mistaken because when she looked out the window there was nothing there.

In about fifteen minutes the Seven Drips arrived home expecting their tea to be ready but when they walked through the door Snow Drop was stretched across the sofa, watching Days of Our Lives and eating potato chips!

When Days of Our Lives was over Snow Drop got up off the sofa and went into the kitchen where the Seven Drips were eating their tea. She asked where her meal was but they just stared at her, wondering why they let her stay years ago. The next day the Seven Drips went off to work, Snow Drop wasn't up so she didn't hear them leave.

At eleven o'clock Snow Drop got up and went to her mirror and to her surprise she had a big pimple! Meanwhile, in the condominium next door, a beautiful model was admiring herself in the mirror. She asked, "Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the most gorgeous of them all?" Expecting the mirror to say, "You are miss," she got quite a surprise when the mirror said, "Snow Drop is miss."

"Who is Snow Drop?", asked the model.
 "Your next-door neighbour!", replied the mirror.
 "How convenient," chuckled the model.
 "But there's one more thing," said the mirror, "Snow Drop has a great big zit at the moment so if you want to get rid of this girl I could give you a spell that would do the job!!!"

UNICORN

Old mystical beast with your magical horn,
 Your coat gleaming white, in the pale moonlight.
 As I gaze at the stars, in the heavens at night,
 I wish I could, I wish I might,
 Take flight with you on your journey tonight.
 I think of what magical land you fly.
 Many miles through open sky.
 Or is it your course to open fields,
 Prancing among the daffodils.
 Dancing through a babbling brook
 Tossing your proud head, as you stop to look.
 There you see your shimmering reflection,
 As you bring to my attention,
 All that words cannot mention.
 Fly away now as you leave me to wonder,
 Oh mystical beast with magical horn,
 How could they not know you are a Unicorn?

Melissa Palau 9G

"Great," said the model. "Where is it?"
 "Here, now hurry she's on her way to the chemist, good luck!"

So the beautiful model took the short-cut to the chemist and got there just in time to stop Snow Drop from buying the Clearasil.

The beautiful woman was very convincing so Snow Drop took the tube of cream and ran home. When she got there the Seven Drips were there, she ignored them and ran straight to the bathroom to apply the cream. The beautiful lady hadn't given her instructions so Snow Drop used the whole tube!

In about ten minutes Snow Drop heard the same motorbike that she heard the other day so she looked out the window and the beautiful lady that had given her the cream was on it. She was laughing her head off but Snow Drop didn't know why.

The next day the Seven Drips left for work and as usual they let her sleep-in, but when they got home Snow Drop was still fast asleep so they tried to wake her but she wouldn't budge and she still had her pimple.

The Seven Drips were very worried so they called a doctor; the doctor didn't know what was wrong with her so he called a specialist, who in turn, called a White Witch and she said Snow Drop would die unless someone who loved her gave her a kiss within two hours.

Finally, after an hour of hard thinking and worrying, Biscuit realized that they all loved her, so Biscuit gave her a kiss trying to dodge the pimple.

It worked! Snow Drop woke up and her pimple disappeared. It was like a transformation because not only had Biscuit cured her but it made her love her little friends more than ever, and as for the model, she suffered the fate that could have been Snow Drop's.

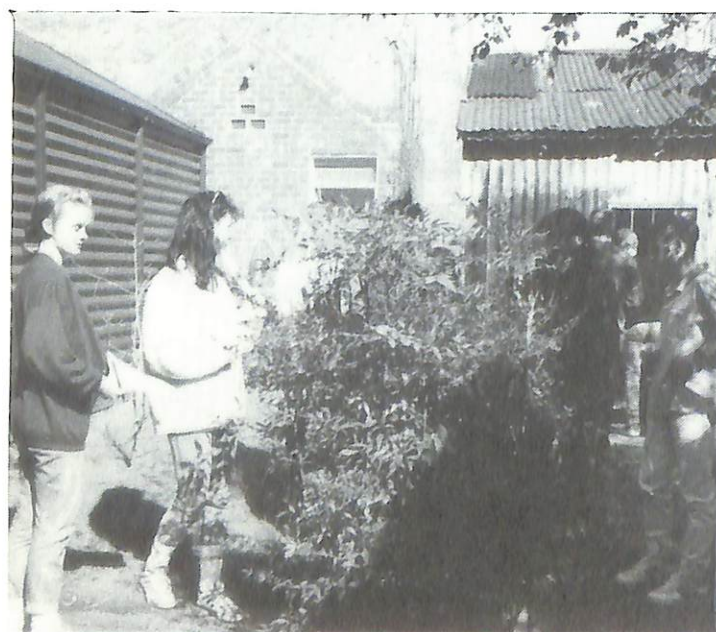
Nicole Vandersluys 7C

Silly
 Sam
 Sat
 Silently
 Sizzling
 Seventeen Sausages.

Julie Cook 7D



Silly	Q uiet
A wfully	U nusually
L azy	I nteresting
L ovely	N aughty
Y oung 'un	N ever



HUMOROUS CRIME STORY:

PLOT – Murder of a wealthy politician

SETTING – city (San Francisco)

CHARACTERS

Detective Richard Head

His assistant Wayne King

Dead Man, Sir Gareth Peters

William Didit, will take over position as Mayor

ACT 1 SCENE 1

DETECTIVE RICHARD HEAD AND HIS ASSISTANT WAYNE KING ARE AT THE FRONT DOOR OF THE PETER'S MANSION. THEY KNOCK ON THE DOOR AND PRIMROSE ANSWERS . . .

PRIMROSE: Hello?

RICHARD: Hello Miss Peters, my name is Detective Richard Head but you can call me Dick. This is my assistant, Wayne King.

WAYNE: Howdy Ma'am

R: We're here to investigate the death of your father, Miss Peters. So far we have concluded that he was poisoned.

P: Oh yes, please come in.

RICHARD AND WAYNE WALK IN AND SIT DOWN ON A COUCH. PRIMROSE OFFERS THEM SOME TEA.

P: How would you like your tea, Dick?

R: White, two sugars and no poison thanks.

W: Dick, watch what you say!

R: Oh, well Miss Peters, we've been at the station questioning a suspect. His name is William Didit. Mr Didit is the man who will take over your Fathers position as Mayor.

W: Tell us Miss Peters, did your father leave a will?

P: Why yes he did.

W: How much did you receive?

P: I was left the Estate and everything else.

R: Even the curtains?

P: Yes Dick, even the curtains.

W: Excuse us for awhile Miss Peters.

R: What? I was just beginning to like this conversation.

WAYNE PULLS DICK INTO THE HALL

W: Did you hear that?

R: Yeah she's getting the curtains.

W: No, Dick. She's getting everything. Doesn't that sound like the perfect motive?

R: I suppose so. And she seems like such a nice woman.

DICK AND WAYNE GO BACK AND SIT WITH MISS PETERS. THEY ARE NOW SUSPICIOUS OF HER. THE DOORBELL RINGS AND MISS PETERS GOES AND ANSWERS THE DOOR. SHE COMES BACK IN WITH MR DIDIT: Ah, if it isn't Mr Head and his faithful sidekick Mr King.

R: Please call me Dick.

D: I've just read your father's will Miss Peters and I see you get everything, even the rugs. But I get to be Mayor.

R: The curtains and the rugs. Wow. You're a lucky woman Miss Peters.

D: I've come to get some of the old man's . . . um, I mean Gareth's documents. I start on Monday you know.

P: The silly fool could have gone into a higher position in Federal Government and earned more money.

W: So you didn't like your father much.

P: . . . um . . . aah . . . of course I did.

R: I hope you liked your father, Mr Didit.

D: I still do. Why do you ask?

R: Just routine questions.

D: Well I'm going to get the papers. Where would they be Miss Peters?

P: In the den I suppose.

WILLY LEAVES THE ROOM FOR THE PAPERS.

W: I'm a little suspicious of him

R: I know what you mean. I don't think he really does like his father.

P: It couldn't be him. He seems so . . . so . . .

W: So what, Miss Peters?

R: That's no way to talk to a lady Wayne now apologise.

W: I didn't mean it like that. Hmm, I'm going to see if Mr Didit has found the documents yet.

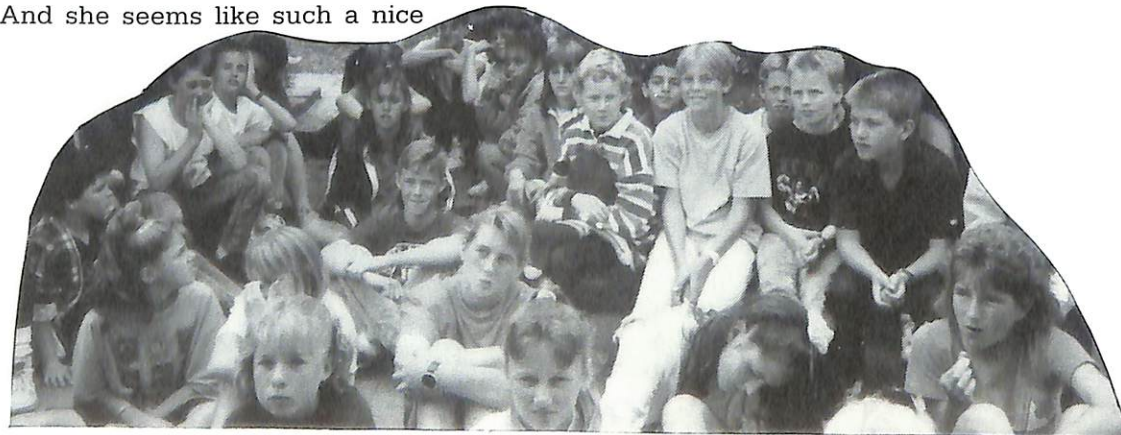
WAYNE LEAVES THE ROOM TO FIND MR DIDIT

P: So Dick, who do think murdered my father?

R: Well Didit may have done it but I'm not sure if he did it or didn't do it if you know what I mean.

P: (confused) Ah yes

Adam, Paul and Damien



IN YOUR SHOES

One day, perhaps three weeks ago, by some freak of nature I became you for a day. It wasn't strange or disconcerting, more relieving. I inhaled your breath, made your movements, held with your hands, gazed with your eyes. I did the things you do, I was you.

I laughed with your humour, I was concerned with your worries, embarrassed by your failures and proud of your successes. I could visualise your aspirations, enjoy what made you happy.

I remembered your experiences, re-lived your memories, understood your reactions. I knew of your childhood, how you found your place, your race, how you became aware of yourself. I related to your colours, appreciated your music, understood your views, your reasons, however vague. I was your age. I went through your different moods, lived your emotions, expressed your feelings. At your place I stuck to your label. I did the things you do. I was you.

When I was you no one seemed to know any difference, perhaps they were too busy worrying about themselves to notice. If they could place my identity it saved them security to say 'He's XYZ of blah blah, he likes whatever.' Being you enabled me to relate that some people used me and you just as a reference point for their own existence, a bit like a road sign, go that way and you will do that.

I thought that you were completely different from me until I was you. Like me, you wanted happiness, you did those things that you thought would bring you closer to happiness. You ate when you got that hungry feeling. You felt the same sensations; hot-cold, confused, embarrassed, rejection, elation. Being you was only different in a limited way, only cosmetic things, trivial details. It seemed that only minor things separated us, the day to day wants, the traps we fall into like how your hair looks, the next item you're going to buy. The never ending search for satisfaction was what drew us apart because if you are always thinking about that, people tend to get in your way. But when it came to existing, the act of being alive I understood we had more in common than we will ever have differences. I was you.

Travis Nemeth 11B



Cross Age Tutoring.



OASIS YOUTH CAMP

11th February, 1990

We arrived at the Oasis Youth Camp to discover we were the only people there. After the car was parked the two of us attempted to find our way around the dirt tracks and green huts. We made our way to the largest of the buildings which was the kitchen and dining room. We proceeded to ask what we were to do. While waiting for the man, who works there to arrive, we looked around the place that we were to stay at for the next two days. Even though we weren't far from suburbia the high tree tops and dirt road gave a feeling of the country.

Soon after, Mr Reynolds arrived in his relaxing Sunday clothes, as we all had. He allocated the dorms and free time was allowed for people to set up their beds and get settled in. The green walls and timber floor certainly made it feel like we were on camp. The bunks were all lined up along the walls and the smell of vacancy lingered around the rooms. After settling in and wandering around the siren went off telling us it was 6.00 pm and time for dinner.

Everyone dying of starvation made a fast entry to the dining room which looked more like a scout hall. After we were all seated grace was said. Pizza was on the menu, not the best pizza but what can be expected of camp food? After dinner more free time was allocated. The siren went off again which meant we were all to meet back at the dining room. Firstly the Year Twelves from 1989 talked to us and advised us. We also had a guest speaker, David Parkin. He talked to us about motivation. This session was good as David has a humorous way of speaking. After that the time was nearly 9.30 pm. The camp fire was lite and flames flickered a red and yellow light over the whole camp. A combination of singing, loud voices and disco's in dorms brought the camp to life on the first night. People were running to and fro from one dorm to the next. Talking to each other through the walls made the noise level increase even more.

Mr Reynolds appeared at 2.00 am to tell everyone quote to "get to bloody bed". By the tone of his voice I don't think he was to impressed with the noise we were all making. Everyone made a quick dash to their dorms and in no time the camp grounds were clear. In the strange bed in a strange atmosphere everything seems to catch your attention. The damp smell of the room and the moon shining through the tree tops soon sent everyone to sleep.

12th February, 1990

By 8.00 am most people were either having showers or waiting around for other people to get ready. The siren sounded telling us that breakfast was ready. People slowly came in dribs and drabs to the dining room. Not long after breakfast the siren

went off again. Mr Reynolds explained that we were walking to Silvan Dam. He led the way and took us up and down many steep hills. If there had been a longer way Mr Reynolds would have taken it. The painful walk took approximately an hour. The worst thing about it was that we didn't know when and where we were to arrive. As it turned out we arrived at 1.00 pm with blisters, thirst, hunger and tiredness. We were led to a B.B.Q. area with park benches, green grass and tall trees. Naturally we had a B.B.Q. for lunch and afterwards free time. People either went to sleep, played sports or went up to the lookout overlooking Silvan Dam. At 4.00 pm we started to make our way to camp. Some students managed to get a lift home with teachers but as for others we had to track up and down hills back to camp.

As it turned out nearly half of us took the wrong turn and walked an extra hour out of way. By the time we were all back people were resting, shoes being taken off and showers being taken. Our feet were all so sore that the throbbing feeling could nearly be heard.

The siren went off indicating that dinner was ready. After dinner a small time was allowed for us to digest our food and soon the siren went again. The next sessions were run by the teachers. More information was given about Year twelve. After they had finished we had free time in which acts for the talent quest were being organised. We all met back at the dining room and there were only two acts. After the talent quest some people still had energy though for some of us it was time for bed. When trying to get to sleep it is really hard when people are practically running through your dorm with big shoes on the wooden floor. Soon we were all asleep not from silence but from exhaustion.

13th February, 1990

Slowly people dragged themselves out of their beds not of their own choice though. Teachers were coming in pulling half dead and worn out bodies from their warm beds. Once again the siren went telling us it was time for breakfast. Most people were either still asleep or having showers and therefore the dining room was nearly empty. Free time was allocated straight after breakfast. People either went back to sleep, sat around or attempted the ropes course. By midday more sessions were arranged for use. We split up into groups and learnt more on note taking, relaxation and so on. At 2.00 pm we were told to clean our dorms and relax. Before going home. Mums, Dads, boyfriends, girlfriends soon arrived to pick us all up. By 4.00 pm Heathmont Secondary College's year twelves had left the Oasis Youth Camp with more information about Year twelve than they had before they came. Some may have benefited from it and some may have not. I know that I did and thank-you to all those teachers that were involved.

OASIS YOUTH CAMP
Tiffany Molony Year 12

TIME TO READ

What a trying time I had yesterday! It all began in the morning on a student's desk. For days I had been lying there in the semi darkness with a thin film of dust collecting on my cover. I hoped the time had come for me to fascinate the student with all the data I had to share. Instead I was rudely grabbed by the student and crammed into a bag in a most uncomfortable position

Next came one of the most traumatic experiences of my life! For what must have been hours, the bag I was in jiggled and jolted as the student ran to school. I was so petrified I thought all my pages would fall out! Why the vibrations must have measured 10 on the Richter scale! Every particle within me was subjected to sheer terror as I lurched and quivered turbulently.

Suddenly – SMACK! – I was still. Menacing voices wailed all around me. I was jostled into the student's locker, a pile of folders slapped heavily on top of me.

As the dark silence washed over me I became aware of a putrid stench drifting around from somewhere behind me. Its source was a suspiciously damp, brown paper bag, whose questionable contents threatened to burst out and engulf me at any moment. "What a miserable existence! Is it too much to ask just to be read and enjoyed from cover to cover? To give a little knowledge?" This was the kind of text which ran through my mind until, finally, light flooded in and immersed me in its golden glow. "Is it Time to be Read?" I wondered.

Yes! I was actually carried to a classroom and opened! My pages flipped gracefully, one over another. The ecstasy of it all sent shivers of joy up and down my spine. Then, to my absolute horror, the student muttered, "Gee, this is boring. The only thing this is good for is solid combustion fuel." Others around me sniggered in agreement.

A pen was raised against me and rude comments of defamation were scrawled in my margins alongside Newton's Three Laws. The old physicist would have blushed in his grave at what was now inscribed within me for all others to see.

" $F=ma!$ " I shrieked in vain. How could they live without knowing this? Didn't they care? " $E=mc^2!$ "

Futilely, I tried to imprint the facts within me onto their brains, to snatch their interest. But I was abruptly clamped shut and silenced.

As I was carried away again I felt myself wrenched from the student by a pair of chilly hands and I fell into a shallow puddle of stagnant water. All this was going to send me prematurely yellow!

The next thing I knew I was being used as a weapon! The student viciously whacked me against this one with cold hands. What kind of a sadist was this person? Did they want to inflict me with curvature of the spine?!

Just as suddenly, the fight ceased, as I heard a voice scolding the students. Hope throbbled through me as I realised I was being carried home to the library from whence I had been borrowed.

A kind librarian gently took me and wiped my cover with a soft, dry cloth. She placed me a safe distance away from a warm heater and tried to straighten out my pages as they slowly warped and yellowed. The water mark left an unusual landscape etched throughout me. As the librarian turned to where the abusive remarks had been scribbled, I wished I could run away and hide in shame. She tut-tutted and began blotting it all out. I felt almost as good as new once she had finished.

Soon after I was slid onto the cool dusty shelf amongst my brothers and sisters. Here I could enjoy the peace for many months to come. Who knows, perhaps the next student who borrows me will appreciate what I have to give them.

Gabriela Gabriel Year 11



7B'S EXPLANATION OF ICE MELTING

At the start the ice had lots of particles. My particles were held together strongly. There was hardly any gap's in me. Then when one of the students from Heathmont S.C. put a bunsen burner under me. At that time I was in a beaker. On top of me there was a watch glass. Then it started to melt. It was awful. It was like a sauna that you could not get out of.

Then I saw some big faces looking at me. It was embarrassing to melt in front of people. When I melted I turned into a liquid. At that moment all my particles were sliding everywhere. There were more gaps as well. Particles were vibrating a lot, soon I felt some of my particles rising. They were steaming. Soon they hit the watch glass. Some went out to the side. When my particles hit the watch glass they cooled down and became condensation.

Gareth Dobson

The ice particles were packed closely because it was cold. But when it got heated, the particles vibrated and the gaps got larger. As we heated it more they got very excited and were vibrating very fast and went off into the air because the gaps were so big.

When they hit the watch glass, it was cold. It calmed the particles down. Then they turned back into liquid form, because they slowed down. They were vibrating and there wasn't any heat to exit them.

Nicky Rattray



The particles in the ice were packed together so there's not much room to vibrate the heat. It was too strong for the little ice cube, even though the particles were held together very strongly. The heat came up to the ice and decided to get it so it slowly crept up and started to melt it. It was strongly held together. Slowly it started to turn into water and the particles in the ice that were moving hardly at all were now moving more but not too much. The heat melted the ice block until it was just big wavy loops of water and the gaps in between each particle were further apart and they could move over each other and dance like old people, then the heat was not satisfied. So he kept on heating the water. The water was still holding together but not as strongly now. The water started to boil and some of the particles came loose because gas like steam and floated up into the air. The particles were hardly held together at all now. Some of the particles floated up and hit the big watch glass and caught them into her trap. It was a very cold watch glass, and turned the steam particles back into water. Some of the gas particles escaped into the air and went to live happily ever after. While the watch glass still had the other gas and water particles in her trap. The heat had given up for now. He had done her dirty work for today. All of the particles hoped Mr Freeze would come back, and they could all go back to a little old ice block and be close together again.

Angie Cummins

A MAGICAL JOURNEY

At the rain-soaked carnival, which was empty now, I looked around me. There was no one there, not a sound to be heard except for the light pattering of raindrops falling off trees and buildings after the heavy rain. I took a few steps forward along the gravel. My footsteps seemed to echo. I was alone. It was dark, and I was completely alone.

The carnival had finished only hours earlier. I stayed behind because I wanted to see if I was right. I wanted to see if there really is magic behind those rides. I couldn't understand how there could be so much entertainment, music, lights, excitement and fun at a carnival like this one and then it would all vanish. People would leave, the rides would stop, the lights were turned off and the music would cease. How could it be? There must be another life to the carnival. Those rides were real. I wanted to see if I was right, to see if I could ride one myself, without any power to turn the ride on.

The ride I was most captivated with was the ferris wheel. On that ride you can escape – escape into the clouds. You're so far away from reality. I wanted to ride the ferris wheel. To ride it by myself, and to escape to the stars.

Walking over to it, I noticed it seemed to almost sparkle, and the mass-machine was a dazzling white. I climbed over the gate and went over to a blue seat on the wheel. I touched it, and it swayed to and fro. It moved! I was stunned! I decided to hop aboard. Who knows what would happen next?

As I climbed up onto the seat, the machine shone with brilliance, and gave a jolt, then a lurch upwards. The Wheel was turning! I was riding the Ferris Wheel with no electricity! It was magic.

I seemed to float upwards towards the faint clouds, the dark sky and millions of tiny stars.

As I was soaring up, I was waiting for the machine to stop at the top, the way it usually does, so I could take in the cold night air and look at the view. But it didn't stop. As a matter of fact, it didn't start to turn back down again – I just kept on floating up – higher and higher! I looked around me and found that the seat I was on had become detached from the wheel! I was sailing up to the sky. It was sheer magic!

I looked below me. The ferris wheel had stopped turning – it was becoming smaller and smaller. I noticed the millions of tiny stars were fast becoming millions of huge objects shining in the sky. There seemed to be an endless array of massive stars shining bright and the sky seemed to stretch along for eternity above me. I just sat there, half feeling complete shock, and half feeling a sense of ecstatic excitement!

"This can't be real!" I kept whispering to myself, over and over again, as I just stared at everything around me.

I was getting closer to the stars and I began to wonder if I'd ever stop floating. Just as though the seat had read my mind it stopped right next to a star. It was a small star about the size of your average truck. It seemed to be beckoning me and it shone with brilliance.

Without thinking, I stepped off the seat and sat on the star. It started moving! I was riding a shooting star! I wondered if anyone at home was stargazing and could see me.

Down, down I soared with the star. I was gliding down and it was magical. Suddenly I heard a voice speaking to me it was a soft feminine voice which said, "We haven't had a visitor for a long time."

"What?", I asked, looking around. Then I looked down. The star had a beautiful, smiling face! She spoke again "Only the dreamers – the ones who believe in the magic of the carnival at night get to visit us."

"You mean that there are others who have believed, and come on this ride?" I asked astonished. I thought I was the only one.

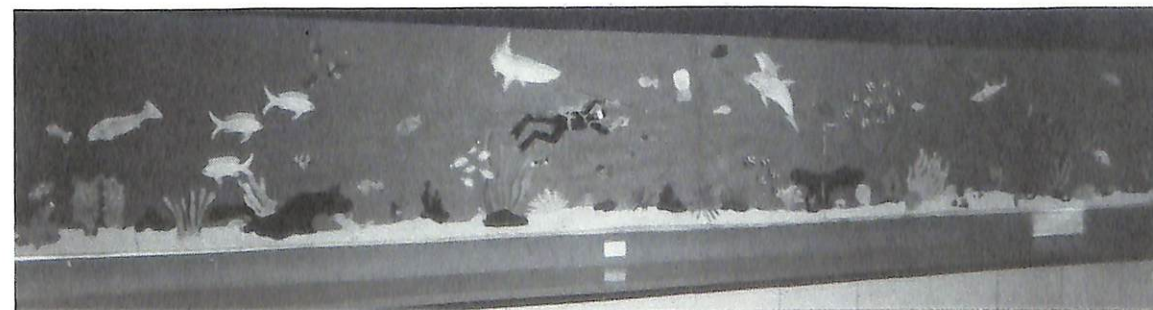
"Yes, others have done this, but there doesn't seem to be many dreamers left," she said sounding sad.

Then, as she landed down on Earth, in the middle of the carnival and dropped me off, she said, "Hold on to your dreams. They are real."

And she shot back up to join her starry friends. So she left me there. Once again, I looked around at the empty, rain-soaked carnival. The rides seemed to glisten with a friendly smile.

I was right. Night carnivals are magic . . .

Jo Exon 9D





Goodbye Mrs. Birchall & Mr. Scott



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A BABY

"Gee it's so boring in here. I've been in here for so long!! I wish Mum would get a move on & let me out!! [kick, kick].
"Oh! [yawn]. I'm so bored. Bored, bored, bored, bored!! I'm so bored that I could just kick all day, hey maybe if I do, then I'll get some attention."
(KICK KICK) "Yeh it worked!" "Hey, what about me?! Mum!! MUM!!!! Give me some attention not him-who ever he is!!! MUM!!!!!!!" "Let me out!!!!" "Let me out of here!! Mum I wanna get out!!! I'm so bored from sitting in here all day!! I'm so bored that I could just fall asleep actually I think I will!!". (zzzzzzzz)

"Whoa!! wait a minute. What's happening? I keep getting squeezed!! Help! Mum! What's happening?? Mum??" "Whoa!!! Now that was really squishy!! AAARRR!!!! They're all squashing me all at once!! AAAA!! MUM! Help! "No! Wait!" Hold it!! I've changed my mind! I want to go back in!! I don't like it here! I want to go back in!" PUT ME BACK IN!!! WWAAAAA!!!!!! "Maybe I should stop crying. When they give me to Mum, then I will." Ah finally! Hi Mum! How are you? Well here is your new little bundle of joy! Yep! Me!" Gee I'm really happy that I'm still not being squished! Hey Mum, you look really funny!! So do you Mr. Um.Oh! Dad! Yeah you look really funny . . . Dad! Mum, I'm tired, & hungry & all that stuff that babies are supposed to be!! [yawn!!zzzzzzzz]

[yawn!] "Who are you? You aren't my mum or dad! Who are you? Where's Mum? Mum? Oh there you are!!" Um, mum, my bottom doesn't feel too good!! It feels really yucky! Oh, you noticed too? Good. Ah! That feels much better!" "In fact you're not so bad after changing my nappy & feeding me. Well I guess it's not going to be that bad living here after all!" "Oh. just one thing Mum. I'm hungry!!!"

Danielle Van Os Year 9

WHEN ZEUS AND HERMES GO VISITING

Sean Bailey

Hermes: So Zeus what do ya wanna do today?
Zeus: We could go on an adventure.
Hermes: Like what?
Zeus: Visiting.
Hermes: Alright let's get prepared.
(We walk across screen).
Lyacoan: Hello my young fine gentlemen, I haven't seen you around here.
Zeus: No, we are visiting.
Lyacoan: Have you eaten yet?
Zeus: No.
Lyacoan: Good, come in and sit down, I've just started cooking. Here it is.
Zeus: Are you crazy I'm not eating a human. You're a murderer.
Hermes: C'mon Zeus let's not waste our time here, let's go. I reckon this town needs improvement.

What's that out at sea
Like a ship without a sail?
The chances are good what
you see is a whale.
There are Blue Whales and
Humpbacks and Killers galore,
And Sei Whales and Finbacks
and Narwhales and more.
And where there is one there
are two maybe twenty,
For whales enjoy whales
and of friends they have plenty.

There's no trouble with
traffic - no stoplights of
red - a whale can keep swimming
for hours straight ahead.

And when he grows tired
does he seek out a nest -
a cave or a hole, there
to nap or to rest?

No where ever he is he just
stops there and naps,
Rocked to sleep by the roll
of the ocean perhaps . . .

A whale may swim, and
a whale may swish but
it isn't it isn't it isn't
a fish.
A whale like a horse,
like a cat like a camel
at home in the seas
they spout and they spray and
descent when they please. They
leap and they swim and they're
glad to be alive.
They'll thank us, I think, if we
let them survive . . .

Zeus: So do I.
Hermes: I reckon we should make a flood.
Zeus: Yeah, whoever climbs to the top of the mountain and survives, is worthy of their life.
(After the flood 3 people survived: Zeus, Hermes and Apollo)
Hermes: So I guess it looks like not many people are worthy of their lives. Well done Apollo.
Apollo: Thanks dude.
(Apollo goes down)
Hermes: This shore has been a visit. We need to make a statue in memory of the occasion.
(So they throw paper balls over shoulder and the statues rise).

Gavin Fox, Dimitri Mascarhenas 7G



B	eautiful	J	oyful
R	omantic	O	ut Going
E	xotic	N	ever
E	ager	E	ver
		S	tops

Guess Who?



BAND PROGRAM 1990

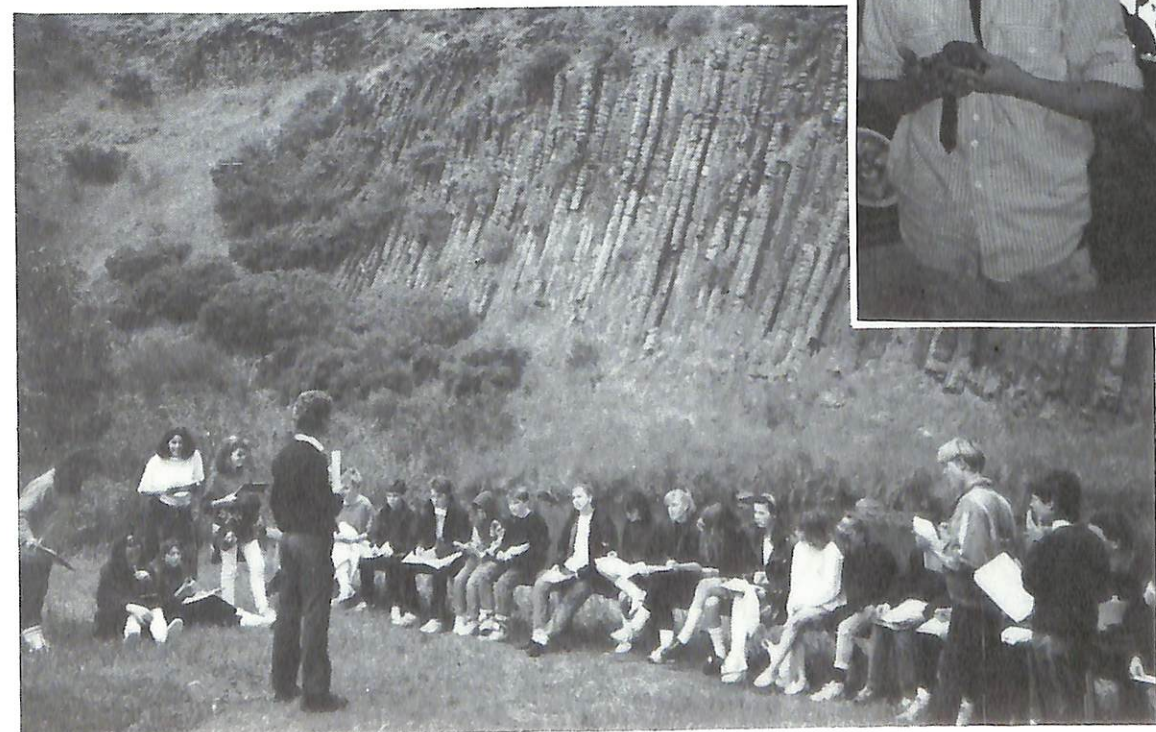
Staffing:
 Martin Corcoran – Reeds & Training Band Conductor
 Carolyn Grace – Flute & Oboe
 Neil Berry – Brass
 Gordon Pendleton – Percussion
 Brian Poynter – Conductor Intermediate & Senior Concert Band

This year we have had an active Band Program, with over a hundred students learning instruments of all varieties and performing in a number of varying ensembles.

We have performed at the following venues:

ROYAL MELBOURNE SHOW
 EXPRESSIONS FESTIVAL
 EASTLAND SHOPPING CENTRE
 SOITREE – AN EVENING OF REFINED MUSIC & FINE FOOD
 YEAR 7 PARENT EVENING
 ROWVILLE SECONDARY COLLEGE
 with MULLANA COLLEGE STAGE BAND
 EARTH PEACE BOOGIE – CITY SQUARE
 YEAR 6 PARENT EVENING
 SUNDAY AFTERNOON B.B.O.
 NUNAWADING CIVIC CENTRE – END OF YEAR CONCERT

Dear 8 Excursion to
 Organ Pipes
 National Park.



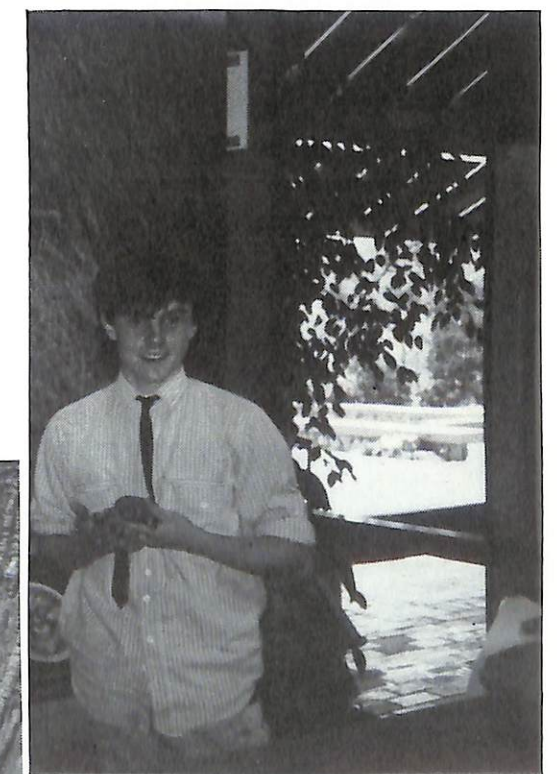
LOVE POEMS

Being loved is a warm red.
 Being loved tastes like fresh raindrops
 on your tongue.
 Being loved smells like the fresh, crisp air
 on a spring morning.
 Being loved looks like everywhere you turn
 there's a hand out to help you.
 Being loved sounds like the gentle voice
 of guidance at your side.
 Being loved is having fun with
 friends who love you back.

(J.S.)

Love is a passionate red,
 the taste of deep, red cherries.
 Love smells like the flowers of Spring
 and looks like the world will just begin.
 The sound is soft and sweet.
 Love feels like dancing in the street.

Julie Cook 7D





HATE
 Hate is like the colour black.
 It tastes like a rotten rat.
 It smells like cigarette smoke
 and it looks like it's going to choke.
 It sounds like a trumpet blowing
 and it feels like it's growing.

Bree Jones



**Year
 7
 Camp**



AMANDA AND THE SEVEN DORKS

- Cast:
- Amanda: The stuck up bitch
- Gawky: Doesn't like working
- Dorky: Hates princes
- Dweeb: Leader
- Haggard: Wants to leave the group
- Stupid: In love with Amanda
- Bozo: Sleeps all the time
- Silly: Cannot stop eating
- De'arne: Queen, dorky Mum
- Oliver: King, dorky Dad
- Charles: Prince from another land

IN THE BEGINNING

Once upon a time (yesterday) there was a castle. And in that castle lived a very tired and dorky King and Queen. They were tired from all the demands that came from their one and only daughter, the Princess Amanda. Do this, do that, were the only words she spoke, and because her parents were so dorky she wasn't stopped. Eventually (today) all this power got to her head and she became a stuck up, demanding bitch.

As time went by she got even worse and people could not fulfill her demands. "This life isn't for me," she told herself one day, (tomorrow) and, to the relief of her parents, she ran away looking for the perfect place (which she could never find). Pretty soon she was helplessly lost. She sat on a log and started crying out "Mummy, I want my Mummy," over and over again.

"What's the matter?," asked a small voice.
 "Mind your own beeswax," she replied, quickly drying her eyes on her 'used to be perfect' dress that was now rumpled and dirty with a few holes in it.

C'mon," he insisted. She looked at his face which had a lot of resemblance to a prune, and shook her head. He took her hand and pulled on it, "we'll clean you up so you look perfect in our perfect house." The idea of a perfect house appealed to her so she went with the little man.

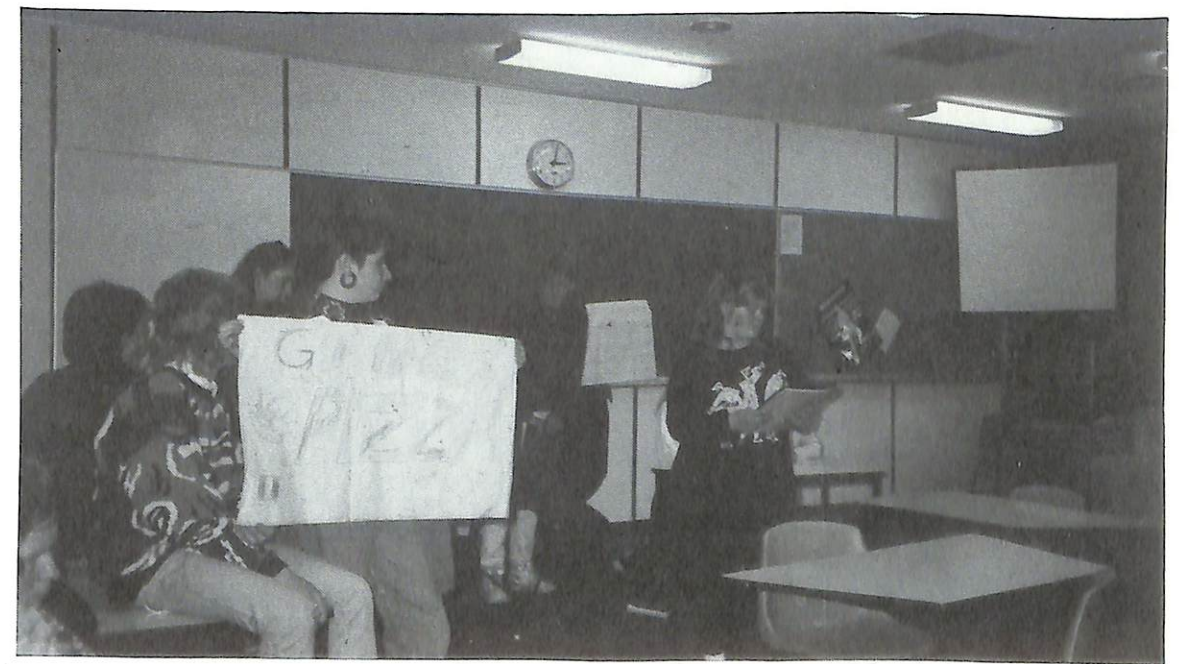
He led her to a little cottage in the woods. "Where's the perfect house?," she asked rudely.
 "Here," he replied, suprised. She walked in, "What a pigsty!," she remarked disgustedly, "where are the slaves?" It took a while for it all to sink in. "Where will I go?, I'll stay." she decided. So she did.

After two years Amanda was living there happily (well almost) and without complaints (besides the odd grumble).

One day she saw a gorgeous guy ride up on horseback, "Hi," she flirted as he hopped down. He took a step and fell into some mud. Amanda made no attempt to help him out. She asked his name in a very posh voice, he answered "Charles, I'm a prince from the land of Hwan, and you?" "Amanda," she replied testily "Marry me," he ordered her "No," she replied "You can only say no to a prince if you're in love with someone else," he said poshly, thinking very highly of himself. "I do love someone else." she exclaimed fiercely "who," he demanded "Stupid," she told him. "Don't call me names," he retorted "go away," she said weakly, "I'm marrying Stupid."

The next day there was a big ceremony. Amanda married Stupid and lived happily ever after (well almost) with the dorks and Stupid.

Natascha Wiese



Year 11 Challenge of Work .

HEATHMONT SECONDARY COLLEGE SPORTS RESULTS

What a year! So many great results in what was a very limited sporting year. We may as well begin at the beginning and look at the Cross Country / Fun Run. This event not only displayed the athleticism of the students and staff competing but also demonstrated their willingness to become involved in a good cause. The event was not only used to decide the House Cross Country Championships but also to raise money for homeless youth.

The final results for the house championships were:

	Bradman	Fraser	Clarke	Cawley
Total	3474	3339	2850	2971

Congratulations Bradman

The individual champions for each age group are:

U/13: Bree Jones and Heath Meldrum

U/14: Tracy Rosengrave and Craig Browne

U/15: Leanne McRitchie and Sean Bailey

U/16: Sonja McKeown and Rayden Tallis

U/17: Rebecca Appleby and Chris Curren

OPEN: Allison McKenzie and Adrian Kennedy

Congratulations to the individual champions and to all students and staff for the fantastic effort of raising approximately \$6500 for a very worthy cause.

KNOXWOOD CROSS COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

The morning of the 17th of May was one that saw the school cross country team make a brisk walk to H.E. Parker Reserve for a day of fun in the mud. Yes it was wet and muddy, just the perfect conditions for a cross country. Anyway enough about the weather here is the important information; the results. Overall the school finished fifth, with many great individual performances including:

Chris Curren 6th (open boys)

Malcolm Hudson 7th (open boys)

Tammy Goynes 4th (U/14 girls)

Rayden Tallis 6th (U/16 boys)

Brent Ham 8th (U/16 boys)

Congratulations also goes to the senior boys who finished a credible second in the team competition and went on to compete at the Eastern Zone Championships where they finished fifth. Well done to all team members. You showed great team spirit in what were miserable conditions.

At the Eastern Zone Competition all teams which competed performed very well at what is a very strong level of competition. However two teams accounted for all the opposition and won a place in the All Secondary Schools Final. These two teams were the Boys Senior and Junior Basketball teams. Each team therefore placing itself as one of the best four teams from all of the State Secondary Schools. A pretty mean feat in itself. Yet again at what is the pinnacle of school basketball competition in this state, both teams performed very well. The results were one first and one second. The juniors walked away with the title of State Champions while the

senior were Runners – up.
(Congratulations on a great result guys)
Well done to all students who took part in the winter sport and the staff for their assistance.

ATHLETICS

Well again the weather played havoc with the house athletic championships. Eventually they were held but unfortunately in a very restricted format, with competitors only and over three days. The track events saw the competitors tough it out in wet and very cold conditions at Proclamation Park. The field events were held over two days in the school grounds and saw some very tough and close results. The house results were equally as close with only a couple of points separating the houses:

	Bradman	Cawley	Clarke	Fraser
Junior	421	378	216	169
Intermediate	392	192	428	137
Senior	323	370	296	118
Aggregate	1136	940	936	424

Congratulations to all the respective winners and especially to Bradman for winning the Aggregate.

The individual winners for each age group also saw a very close and highly competitive event with the following students emerging as the champions:

U/13: Bree Jones and Oliver Wilhelm

U/14: Tracey Rosengrave and Adrian Flower

U/15: Elissa Caffyn and Brad MacLean

U/16: Belinda Welsh and David Hand

U/17: Cathy Scott and Andrew Muhlhan

OPEN: Narelle Caffyn and Ryan Scully

WINTER SPORT

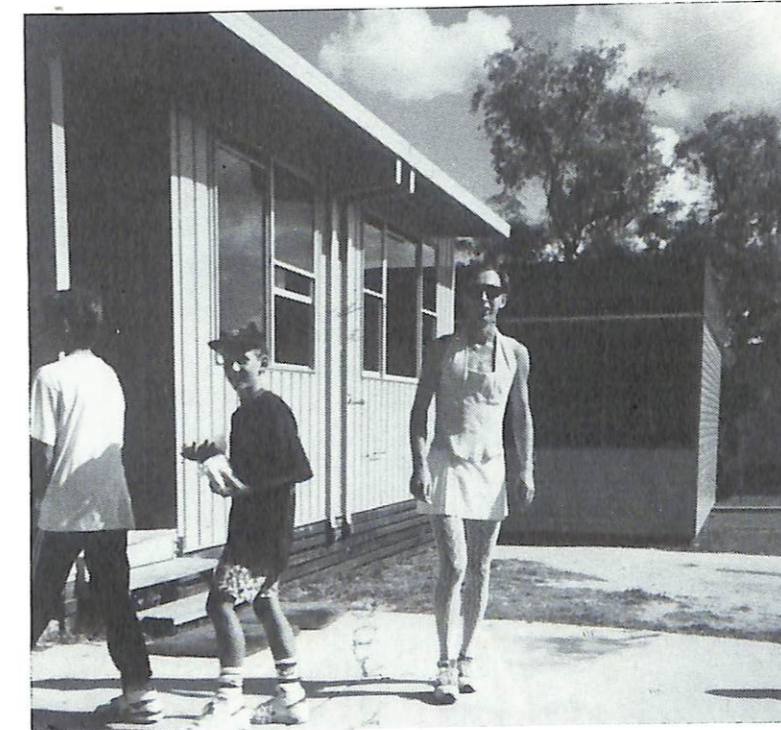
Winter sport was a highlight in the sporting calendar with the school fielding teams in all but two events out of twenty-two with close to 300 students taking part. All teams did very well with 17 of these teams finishing in the top three and eight of these finishing first. Those teams which finished first and therefore won their way into the Eastern Zone competition were: a) Seniors – Boys Basketball, Boys Badminton and Girls Soccer b) Intermediate – Football, and Girls Table tennis c) Junior – Netball "A" and "B" teams and Boys Basketball.

Marc Wright

ALLITERATIVE POEM

Five fierce, foreign fighters,
Perfectly promptly patrolling past Perth,
Attacked angry allied aligators.

Chris Percy



Cross Country 1990.

FISHING

Got your line.
Got your hook.
Got your sinker
and the boat.
Rig it up.
Now we're set.
Drop your line.
Sit there waiting.
Not a movement

No fish!

Meg Thomas

BATHURST

(A poem with a twist by Cameron Wilson)
Pit crews ready.
Drivers ready.
Green Lights on . . .

No cars!!!

THE FINAL VOYAGE.

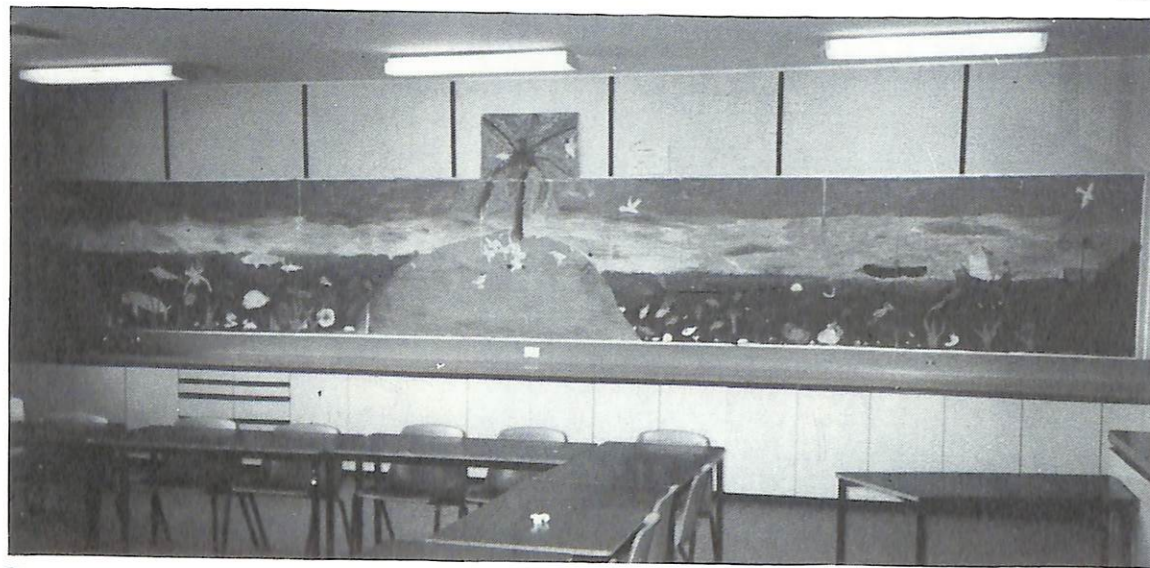
It was a typical day down at de' Hardy Harbour when I pushed off in my 30ft yacht along with my nephew and 2 nieces. They were good kids and enjoyed fishing but as evening drew on after 2 days in beautiful conditions a faint breeze sprang up from the south and with it come darkened skies and soon white caps appeared (a sure sign of danger) but I kept my worry to myself as the kids were only young uns' and could have been scared. The eldest though, my nephew, Sean, was a bright young lad and soon noticed I wasn't my old vibrant self so I had to explain the danger to him. He took the news well as he was to have no idea what was in store for us but most importantly he didn't tell my nieces, July and Rebecca.

I was lucky Sean knew of the trouble because it gave me another pair of hands to prepare for the storm. Unfortunately we couldn't do it in time. With almost no notice the storm struck and we were tossed helplessly around the ocean.

Luckily we got the young lasses down below, Sean refused to sit around and let me battle the storm alone so together we fought the worst storm seen inside Hardy Harbour since the storm of '69. Even between us though we were no match for the storm and the ropes flapped wildly in the wind. The storm kept going and going until there was a massive ripping noise over the roaring of the storm and the sail was snapped clean off the mast. Suddenly a wooden beam came swinging straight for me and I ducked quickly putting myself off balance. A huge wave swept over the boat and engulfed me, swept me overboard and into the raging waters. In seconds I was several metres away from the boat and being swept along. Above the raging of the storm which already seemed to be dying I heard the hysterical voice of Sean screaming my name over and over. I knew there was no hope me for and I felt surprisingly, calm.

As the blackness enveloped me I thought of mother's scolding voice 20 years ago saying, "By God boy, you're going to die on the ocean, and dat's the truth. Once again mum was right. It was the last thought I ever had."

Linda Wight



Dear 8 Geography Mural.

B udgies are
U nbeatable. They
D elight in
G etting into
E xciting situations.
R adical and
I nquisitive these
G orgeous
A nimals
R eally are
S pecial

Louise Bailey

OUTSIDER'S POEM

Only the sound of the wind rushing
Under the trees was noticed
Time passed
Socs, gathering, waiting
In silence Greasers arrived
Deadly battles were fought
Each and every boy
Ran for their lives
Sunrise

Courtney Hron

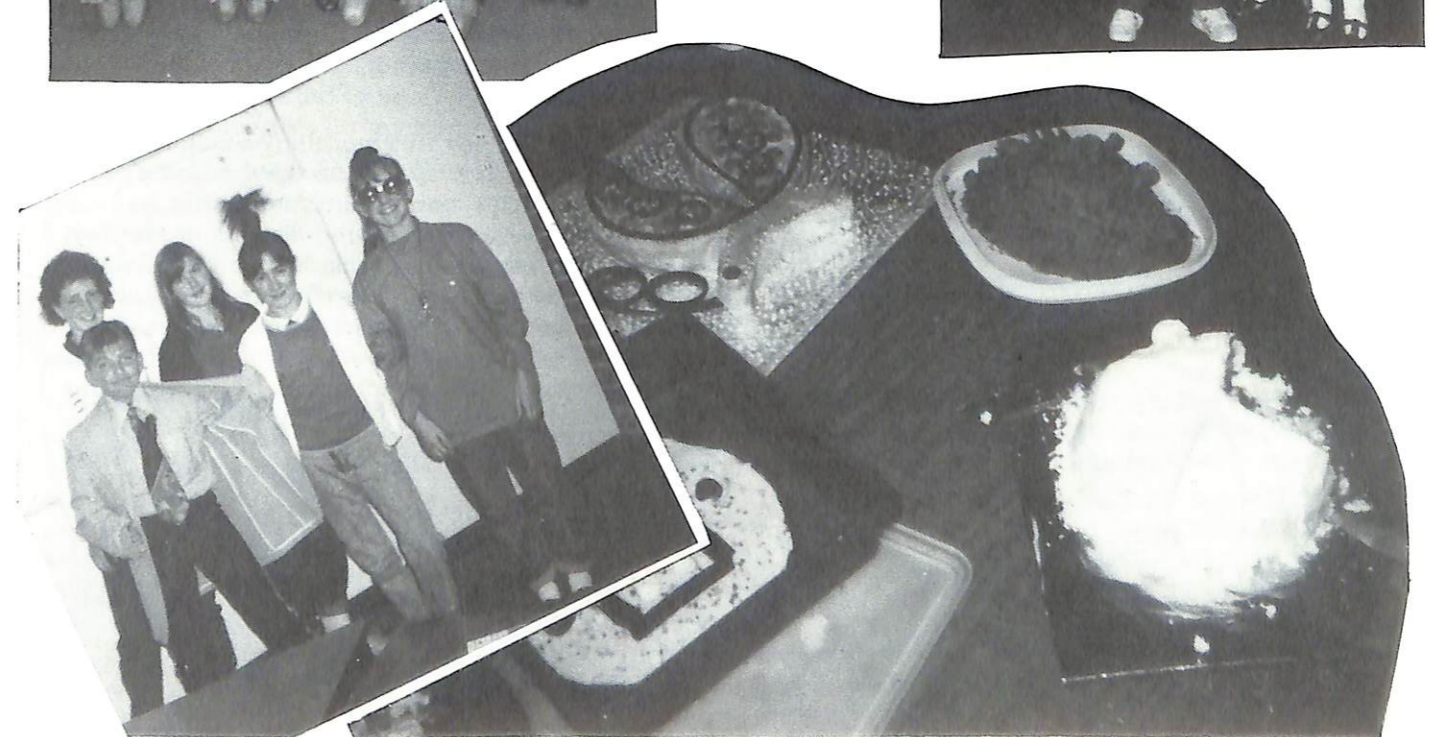


Silly Snakes Singing Stupid Songs

Sally Quinn



Dear 7 Snaps



FRANK AND FISH

"He'll drown himself!"

"It's only half a foot deep, for God's sake!"

"It still does not change the fact. He cannot look after himself properly and that is our responsibility. He is not going fishing!"

"It's his bloody life!"

Nurse Sylvia Patsy was completely red with anger arguing with her boss, husband and head of the Louisiana County Home for Disabled Vietnam Veterans. Sylvia and her husband, Roger, had started this home a few years ago when Roger's father needed full time care for himself after a war injury. By the end of the year Sylvia and Roger were taking care of another seven disabled men and one woman who were disabled while fighting for their country.

Sylvia and Roger were arguing about Frank Hardy, or Major Frank, as he liked to be known. Frank was hit in the back of the head with schrapnel back in 1965. It entered his brain and he entered a coma. Six and half weeks later after three major operations he came out of the coma and back to life, but to what life? He had no family left, nowhere to go, and didn't even remember his friends. He ended up at the Louisiana County Home for Viet Vets.

Sylvia was quite fond of Frank and was trying to convince Roger into letting Frank go fishing. The argument continued. "You know how much Frank wanted to go fishing," screamed Sylvia.

"I don't care how much he . . ."

"Ding Dong," the doorbell butted in.

Roger opened the door and a short man in blue overalls spoke. Delivery for the . . . Disabled Viet Vets' Home. Sign here and you'll get the bill in the mail."

"The bill for what?" snapped Roger.

"For the fishing gear, dopey. You ordered it last week by phone, remember?"

"Nope."

Then Roger realised what had happened. "Frank must have ordered it. Well, I tell you know, he's not having it."

"And why not?" questioned Sylvia.

The delivery man spoke up. "I don't care who ordered it, but you've got it now, so sign here and I'll be out of here." Roger snatched the clipboard from the man, signed it and gave it back. The delivery man drove slowly away, leaving two boxes in the doorway.

They both stared at the boxes. Sylvia broke the silence.

"Well, are you going to open it?"

"Might as well let Frank open it," said Roger.

Frank walked in (He'd been in the dining room listening to the argument). "I . . . I didn't mean to get you all upset like that," he stuttered.

"It's alright," said Sylvia.

"No, it's not okay!" snapped Roger. "Just open it up. I bet it cost a fortune."

Frank opened the two boxes as if it was his first Christmas. After a few minutes of paper flying everywhere the contents of the boxes were

revealed. One top quality rod, a reel, two lots of line, a box of hooks and sinkers and enough clothes to support a whole fishing club.

"They can be returned on Monday," said Roger.

Sylvia was tempted to argue, but resisted and thought of a plan.

The next day, Sunday, while Roger was sleeping in, Sylvia woke Frank up and told him to get his gear as he was finally going fishing. In a few minutes Sylvia was leading a very excited Major Frank down the dirt track which led to the creek. "You realise that you'll only be able to spend a couple of hours down here. You'll have to get back before Roger finds out."

"Sure."

Although Frank did not know how to fish or even what half the hooks and lines were for, he totally enjoyed himself, watching the fish swim and the water flow. He kept on asking the fish where they were going, but of course they would not answer him. Frank finally returned to the Home before Roger awoke, so he never knew what happened. Sylvia and Frank were very pleased with themselves. Frank was still puzzled over where the fish go. So that night, Frank decided to find out. Late that night Frank sneaked out and walked down to the creek. He couldn't see any fish so he waited until morning. At the break of dawn he again asked the fish where they were going and again they did not reply. He started following the fish down the creek, trying to keep up with the trout. After almost a whole hour of chasing the fish he had to rest. He sat down and looked around. He didn't feel familiar with the surroundings. In fact, he felt lost. He looked back at the creek and again saw the trout, so he picked himself up, and again started following the trout. He followed the creek all day, tired, hungry and lost. All the time he was following the trout, just walking, walking, walking, until slip! His legs fell from underneath him, and his body crashed to the ground.

"Have you seen Frank this morning? asked Roger?"

"No, I'd better check up on him, he's probably just sleeping in," Sylvia said. She thought that he was probably just tired after going fishing yesterday, but when she saw that Frank was not in his bed and the fishing clothes were gone. She knew something was wrong. Sylvia raced down to the creek to look for Frank, but he was already miles downstream. All of a sudden she felt very guilty and she knew she had to find Frank. She ran back to the house and hopped in the car. "I . . . I'm going down the street for a minute," lied Sylvia.

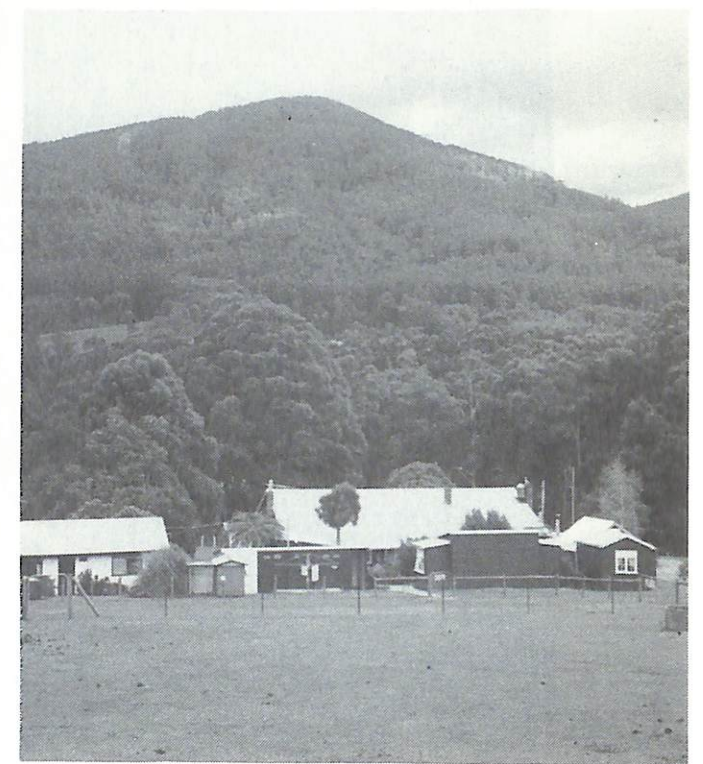
"O.K. By the way, did you check on Frank?"

Sylvia started lying again. "Pardon, darling, I can't hear you over the engine". And, before Roger could say another word, Sylvia sped off looking for Frank. She did not find him, and by the time she was heading back to the house. Frank was lying face down, unconscious in the creek bed.

Frank woke up about an hour later, very dazed. He walked aimlessly through the night, along the creek, and through the forest, until he finally dropped from tiredness.

When Sylvia got back to the house, she told Roger everything. How she took Frank fishing and how he was missing. After a quick abuse session, Roger calmed down and a proper search team was organised. They searched the whole night with no luck until early morning when a tired Sylvia spotted a tired Frank crossing the road. Frank spotted the creek on the other side of the road and remembered why he had been following the creek. Sylvia called out to Frank, "Frank, we've been so worried about you!" but Frank didn't even remember his name. Besides, he was too excited about finding the creek again. He saw the fish, still swimming down the river, and he still wondered where they were going, so he decided to really find out where they go. He jumped off the ledge into the cold running water with the fish. The last time he had tried to swim was 45 years ago, and, before Sylvia or anyone else could save him his lungs filled up with water and his body made its last move. It gently flowed down the river with the trout to go wherever the fish were going.

David Rosengrave 10G



Arrabri Lodge.

JENNY CRAIG – EAT YOUR HEART OUT

Out of a clear, night sky, I saw it – a huge shape roaming the city the size of a five-storey building. Wait a minute! I recognised that huge blob – it was Mr Jelly – come to life! I pinched myself to see if I was dreaming, but no. I looked out of the window again and this time he was doing a blowfish on my bedroom! His mouth took up the whole window and all I could see was a ginormous pair of rubbery lips. He must have had to bend down an awful long way to do a blowfish on my bedroom window.

Then I heard a huge bang which sounded like fifty trucks filled with bricks colliding. Covering my ears, I rushed out into the street to see what had happened. I gasped when I saw what used to be our once normal street! Every single one of the houses on the other side of the street had been knocked over and were totally twisted and wrecked!!!

When massive Mr Jelly had bent down to my window his backside had crossed the street (because he was so big) and had collided with the houses and made them tumble down in a heap of rubble and bricks! One of my neighbours called the police and a whole squad of police cars raced over to investigate. The police tried to chase Mr Jelly but every time they had nearly caught hold of him the police just bounced off him. Mr Jelly fled the city and everybody forgot about him after about a month, except for me.

Three months after the Mr Jelly episode, I was finding it hard to sleep because I was having nightmares about him. I glanced over towards my window and suddenly I saw Mr Jelly outside my window blowing me a raspberry, so I blew him one back, hoping that he'd go away. He was trying to tell me something but I couldn't understand him so I opened the window cautiously. He whispered to me, "I'm not normally this size but six months ago I was scuba diving with an oxygen tank when I pressed the wrong lever on the tank and all the air came rushing out at once and blew me up to this size. Could you please try and help me get back to my normal size?"

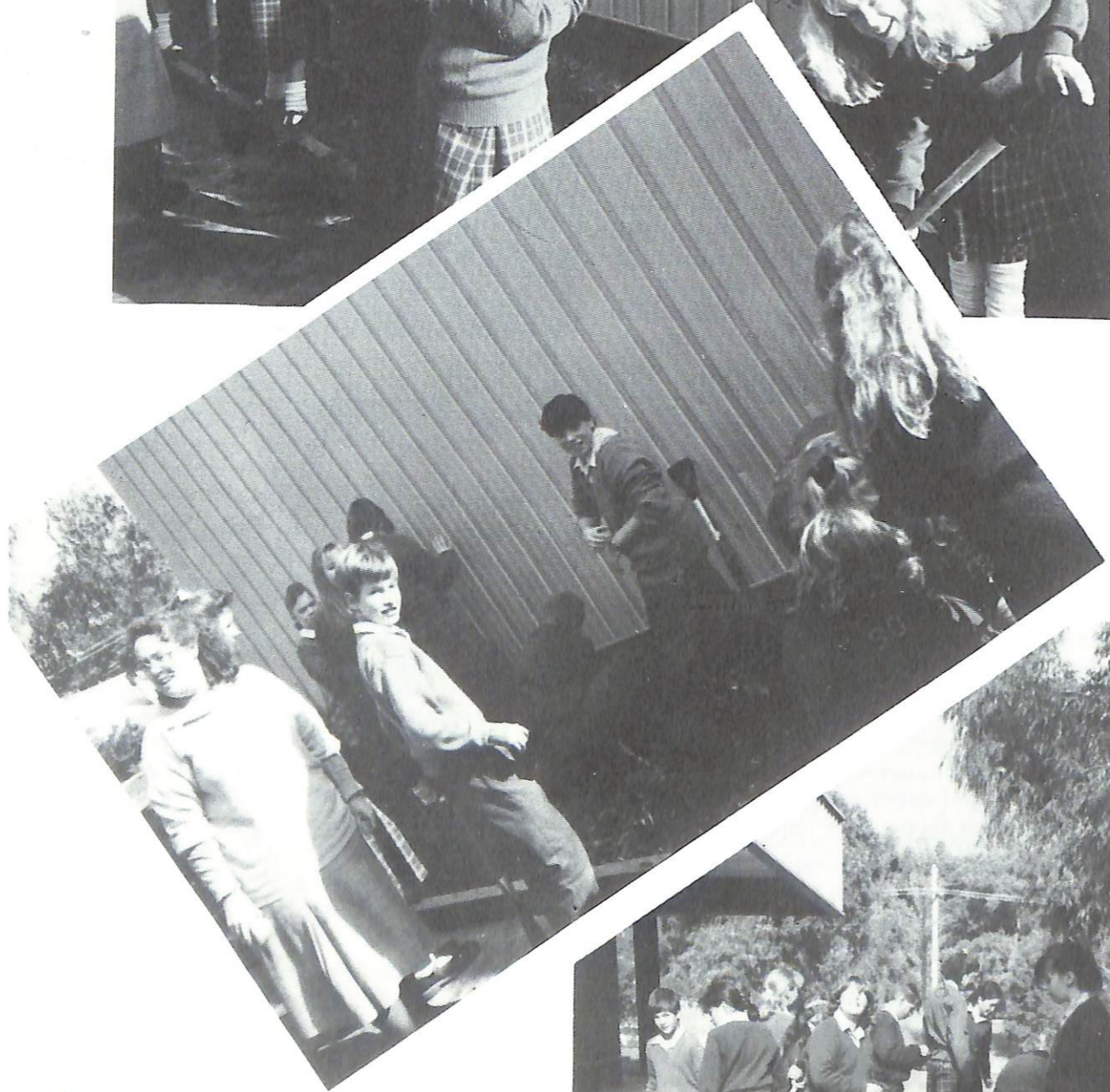
"I just had a really weird idea," I said, "but I think it may work. Would you like to be rich?"

"I guess so," he said puzzled.

"With all that extra air inside you, you could go to parties and blow up balloons and then when all your air is gone you might be skinny again!"

He said, "OK, I'll give it a try!" And the last time I saw him he was skinny again and was driving a very expensive convertible down the main street in Toorak.

Larissa Ham



Arbour
Day

THROUGH MY EYETH

By the thtunning, thuccethful lady

ITA!!!!

Ita Butrothe (of courthe)

Childhood:

Childhood wath one of the lonlietht timeth of my entire life. I wath an only child. And I wath thpoilt. Very thpoilt!!! My mother wath a very highly thkilled, and motht thuccethful journalith! And all I wanted to do wath follow in her footthepth. At thcool all the kidth hated me, they uthed to thay, "Hey, Ita, don't too come clothe, I've already had a thower today." Thoo mean!! I went to a public thcool for a few yearth, but I hated it!! It wath called Thwinbourne Thecondary Girlth thcool. Englith wath the wortht of all, becauthe you had to do thpeecheth. One of the wortht ever commenth a kid made about me wath when the thcool toileth overflowed. He thaid "Hey, gueth what. Ita did a thpeech. Ha-ha-ha." He then went into fith of laughter. I jutht went tho red (but I didn't lothe my beautiful complexion).

Yeth, childhood ith thomething I would like to forget. ENTIRELY!!! Kidth uthed to pick on me tho much after yearth of torture I left, at the age of thix. It wath a big thtep in my life, but being the woman I am, I could certainly handle it. I wath then tutored privately by thomeone you would not have heard of. After I got that tutor my life wath tho much happier. I wath tho happy and glad. Well, Chucky (ath I knew him) tutored me for all my childhood yearth. I had learnt tho much. It wath jutht unbelievable.

You may athk how did I get my lithp. Well, to tell the truth, I've had it all my life. I never knew why until I wath 27 and I went to thith doctor. Mr. ETH. THMITH, and he told me to hard facth!!! You thee, what I have ith a very rare condition that only two people in the world have. Mytheof and, well, thally Wedding. Thally and I have been quite clothe over the yearth. It theemth we're the only two people in the world who don't mind getting wet while we're holding a converthation. Funny that. Oh, well, back to my uncurable condition. Did I tell you it wath uncurable? Well gueth what it ith. Uncurable, unvelievable, uncurable. Yeth., well Mr. Thmith examined me for quite a few hourth at a time. (He wath probably jutht taking advantage of my body, a lot of people do!) Anyway, he came up with the concluthion that I wath born with an extenthively long tongue. Yeth I wath. When I wath born it wath extremely unuthual. I uthed to trip over it. Mother uthed to have to tie it up with my piggy-tailth. And when I wath three, my fathe had grown and I could jutht hang it out of my mouth. But it ith tho embarathing. Altho, MR THMITH told me the reathon I have tho much thpit ath everyone elthe ith becauthe my thpit glandth accommodated for my tongue. The more you have the more you have to keep it wet. Get it!! Tho that'th why I have tho much thpit rolling around in my mouth. I wath relieved to find that out. I wath a normal! (to a point).

After that inthident, I thet out to make the world a better place for lithp ridden people. The firtht thtep in my plan wath a magazine. "Ita" it'th a hit. Thank goodneth, people all over the world are crying out for thympathy and for friendth to thare their thec-reth with. (well not tho for thome of uth!)

Yeth, my magazine really thold big and thtill doeth. Ath you may well know, ITA BUTROSE ith not my real name. It ith in fact (all lips aside) Ethel Thayer! Yeth I'm not joking. But people all over the world jutht keep calling me ITA, ITA, ITA. I'm famouth!!

"Am I dreading getting old." Of courthe I'm not. I am old. Though I like to think of mythelf ath a wine! The older the better!!

My life ath I thee it wath interething yet devathtating, I, a woman of thuch talent and ability, hidden behind a tongue the thize of the Eiffel Tower, and the thame amount of thpit ath the Nile!!! What a devathtating true thtory. My life, ahh my life, tho up and down, a continuouth river.

Well now at leatht you have it my way. The way I would've like to tell it. At leatht you have the truth. I'm thorry if thith copy of "Through my Eyeth" came to you wet. I got a little excited when I wrote it. And well one thing led to another. There ith jutht one thing I have failed to mention. My mid life crithith. Well at the age of 26 I thuffered from mid life crithith. I wath getting tho worried about my tongue and my life. I wath getting tho extenthively dethperate, that I went underground. I dithguithed mythelf (ath beth I could anyway) and went in thearth of a thlather. Yeth, thlather. (ENGLISH TRANSLATION SLASHER) I wanted my tongue cut off!! I jutht couldn't thtand it anymore, the rude gethureth, the joketh behind my back. I wath going to crack! I wath going mad! The prethure wath far too much!!

Well, I found a thlather by the name of Thyrill. Thyrill Jackthon. Anyway, I got tho clothe I wath kneeling down with my tongue thtuck out over a table. I jutht thcreamd tho loud and thaid NO, NO, NO!!

Tho I kept my tongue, and the thouthand dollarth, I didn't want my tongue ending up in heaven.

After that I thettled down to a normal (?) life. In my millionare dollar manthion by the ocean.

Well ath I lay down to dye (my hair that ith) I jutht thought of all the peopleth liveth I have made happier. Now I can retht eathy.

Goodbye, love, ITA BUTROTHER

By Christine Scott

YEAR 7 VISIT TO GLEN WAVERLY SPECIAL SCHOOL

7C visited Glen Gasseling at Glen Waverly Special School on Wednesday the 31st October, because they had challenged us to a wheelchair hockey match. Everyone had a great day, even the teachers were able to play. Some candid comments from the players were: . . .

* Yesterday we played hockey against a team that are the Victorian champions. Another school went there too, they lost and drew 1 all. The game was more fun than I had expected. I wanted to play again. The goal for our team was scored by Roula. We then played St. John's in a 0-all scoring match. St John's called themselves the Wheelies, Glen's team called themselves the Animals and we called ourselves the Heathmont Hulks.

* The excursion to Glen's school was good because we could see how they learn. It was exciting because we learned to do wheelies in the wheel chairs. We played cricket against other schools.



- * Glen's school is humungous! There 180 people going there at the moment. We had a great game of hockey there in the hall.
- * On Halloween we went to Glen's school. When we got there we found out that they are pretty good. They had beaten all the other state teams in Australia. After lunch we played a cricket match, 7C against St. John's and Glen Waverly. We didn't get enough time in the wheelchairs!
- * When we went to Glen's school it was interesting to see the skills the people with disabilities had. They were far better than we were but they also had electric wheelchairs which gave them a bit of an advantage we thought! It was a good day out.
- * I had great fun and at lunchtime I enjoyed talking to Angelo.
- * I enjoyed Wednesday's heaps because I met lots of new and different people. We were surprised that the hockey match was a draw because they are the Australian Champions.



COPING WITH DEATH

The boy was dropped off at his father's house to stay for the weekend, at 5 on Friday afternoon, like he had done every weekend after his parents had split up. He first noticed that something was wrong when his father wasn't home to greet him, so he and his mother began to search around the house. The mystery ended when the boy looked into the garage and found that his father had hanged himself.

The most upsetting thing about this is that there is no understandable explanation of why he had done it. He wasn't sick, he wasn't poor, he was just lonely. After his wife had left him the only people who he came into contact with were his two sons and their friends. However, the sons were never around as they were always visiting friends and staying away over night. They only saw their Dad during mealtimes or if they wanted to be driven somewhere. When he complained to them for being out all weekend, all that Michael would say in return was "At least I've got a social life." This probably hurt Brian more than was noticeable. Another thing which is difficult to understand is the boys abnormal reaction to their father's death. Neither Brad, who was 14 at the time (he had found the body), and Michael, who is 16, took the death very well or didn't want to show their friends their emotions. This is so difficult for me to accept because if it were me whose father had died, I would not have been able to control my emotions. As a result of their reactions I was in a very awkward position, as the only way I knew of helping them come to terms with their father's death was to talk to them about it. This was difficult as they seemed to be able to talk about it, but in a way that seemed as if the death really didn't matter. It was as if it had occurred many years ago and that they had learned to accept it.

Loneliness was the reason why Brian had suicided. He felt his family didn't care about him and his sons just used him. He had no social life, he had no reason to live. He must have really been suffering so much to have had the will power to kill himself.

Anonymous Year 12



SADNESS

Sadness is a dull grey.
it tastes like bitter rain.
it smells like dirty socks
and it looks like it would never stop.
it sounds like an orchestra playing
and it feels like just what I'm saying

Sally Quinn

ALONE

I am alone,
Disengaged from my friends, parents, family,
I share nobody's joy, or have any of my own.
Happiness is a thing that forever eludes me,
I keep to myself, avoiding friendships and love,
Scared to take a risk,
In fear that I am different.
I know I am.
My fear of showing my difference always hinders me,
Like a storm cloud on the horizon.
I share nobody's sadness, or know of it.
I drown in my own sorrow as it engulfs my being,
I try to beat depression while fears spend my life,
I will always carry the unacceptance that forever plagues me.
Can I care for someone?
Did I want it to be like this?
Tears sting my eyes as reality sinks in,
I think back and say that it could have been different,
if only

Melanie Lattimore Year 11

Love is a deep meaningful red.
Love tastes like smooth icecream on my tongue.
Love smells like roses fresh every morning.
Love looks like hearts rising from the pillow every morning.
Love sounds like the wings of a dove beating against its body.
Love feels like a cool spring breeze on a hot morning.

(J.S.)

A dark alley hides away in the back streets of the city slums. It is the early hours of the morning. At the far end of the alley, dim light is emitted by a street lamp. This light reflects off the wet, shiny tar, caused by a fine miserable drizzle falling from the black sky. The smell of thrown-out vegetables and egg shells is spread from lidless bins lining the alley. Three massive walls stand ominously before anyone who enters, which are only broken by a few iron, bolted doors and various barred windows higher up. There are sounds amplified by the surrounding silence. In constant succession, droplets of water from an overhanging pipe plop into the puddle below. A cat chews hungrily on a bone it has discovered in one of the bins.

In a sudden explosion of sound, footsteps come running into the alley. Startled, the cat leaps out of the bin in a frenzy, causing it to crash thunderously onto the road. The footsteps rush closer to the end of the alley, but slowly stop as a terrified man notices he is at a dead end.

White faced, he looks in all directions, and in sheer panic starts banging on all the doors. His dirty, worn-out runners slip on the greasy road, like a child running and sliding on some smoothed, glossy tiles. His torn jeans and flannelette shirt stick to his skin, both because of sweat running from his body, and the drizzle soaking his clothes. His long, black, saturated hair is a contrast to his pale face. Wiping his hair out of his eyes, he looks in despair as a shadow emerges near the street lamp. In one last desperate attempt to hide himself, the man dives behind a group of bins, hoping he will not be found.

Footsteps an instant later, enter the alley. In slow progression they get closer and closer to the bins. All that can be seen is a silhouette of a person in a trench-coat, wide-brimmed hat and black leather shoes. The shadow of this body gradually gets larger and less distinct as it moves away from the street lamp. However, one part of this outline, held in his right hand, remains clear, growing with every step. Calmly he observes his surroundings, seeking his prey, as a dog sniffing for a fox. Suddenly, the constant tap of this person's footfalls come to a halt in front of the bins. The silence is still spoilt by the droplets of water plunging into the puddle below, but they are quieter than before. A louder noise is made by the heavy, trembling breath of the petrified sacrifice. In the near silence, this sounds louder than the cry of a rooster at first light.

Aware of the fox's presence, the hunter kicks the bins away, pointing the gun straight at him. The prey cowers into a corner of the alley, knowing his situation is helpless. He looks at the black outline of his destined killer, with the eyes of a naughty child, pleading for mercy.

The creak of the trigger, slowly being pulled, causes the prey to find freedom by jumping up and sprinting away, all in one action. Splat! His attempt to flee fails, as he is tripped by the hunter, and falls flat on his face. Instantly, the gun is again pointed at his skull from point blank range.

THE ALLEY

Bending down and grabbing the cuff of his prey's shirt, the hunter pulls his face close to his. The pale defeated face of the prey peers involuntarily into a poisonous reflection of hatred. From the lips of the hunter comes the sinister whisper, "You should never have betrayed me!"

With the pull of the trigger, a thunderous explosion causes the walls to vibrate. This echoes for eternity, as waves of this tune travel up and down the alley. Finally the roar quietens to the note of footsteps sprinting from the alley. They grow fainter and fainter until there is deathly silence.

With the rise of the sun, the sounds from the awakening city drift into the alley. Death is between the three walls. Tears of water fall from the pipe with a patting sound onto a motionless form, lying in a pool of blood.

David Ritinger Year 12

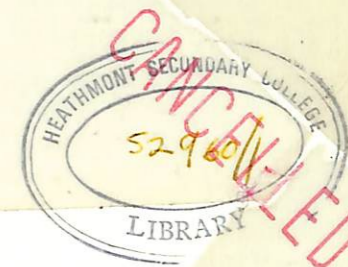
BEST UNIFORM PASS NOTE FOR THE YEAR

Mr. Brown:

Re Tim's Uniform:

Last night Tim was working in his comprehensive home laboratory, and he accidentally discovered election pulse drive. You are probably aware that this is the principle of inter steller travel. Unfortunately some alien beings found out Tim had made his discovery and decided that they didn't want we Earthlings to make any approaches to the "Council for Galactic Pizza" because they were just on the brink of a total universal take-over. Tim was just about to board his flight to NASA to tell them of his discovery when the alien invasion force launched their frenzied attack, using their three arms and multiple eye pods to full advantage. Tim fought valiantly and ultimately saved the world. In a wild fit of rage the aliens threw non-drying water on his jumper and toxic mud on his shoes. Please excuse him for being out of uniform.

Year 8 Parent



Calligraphy by Heath Booth and
Travis Quinn