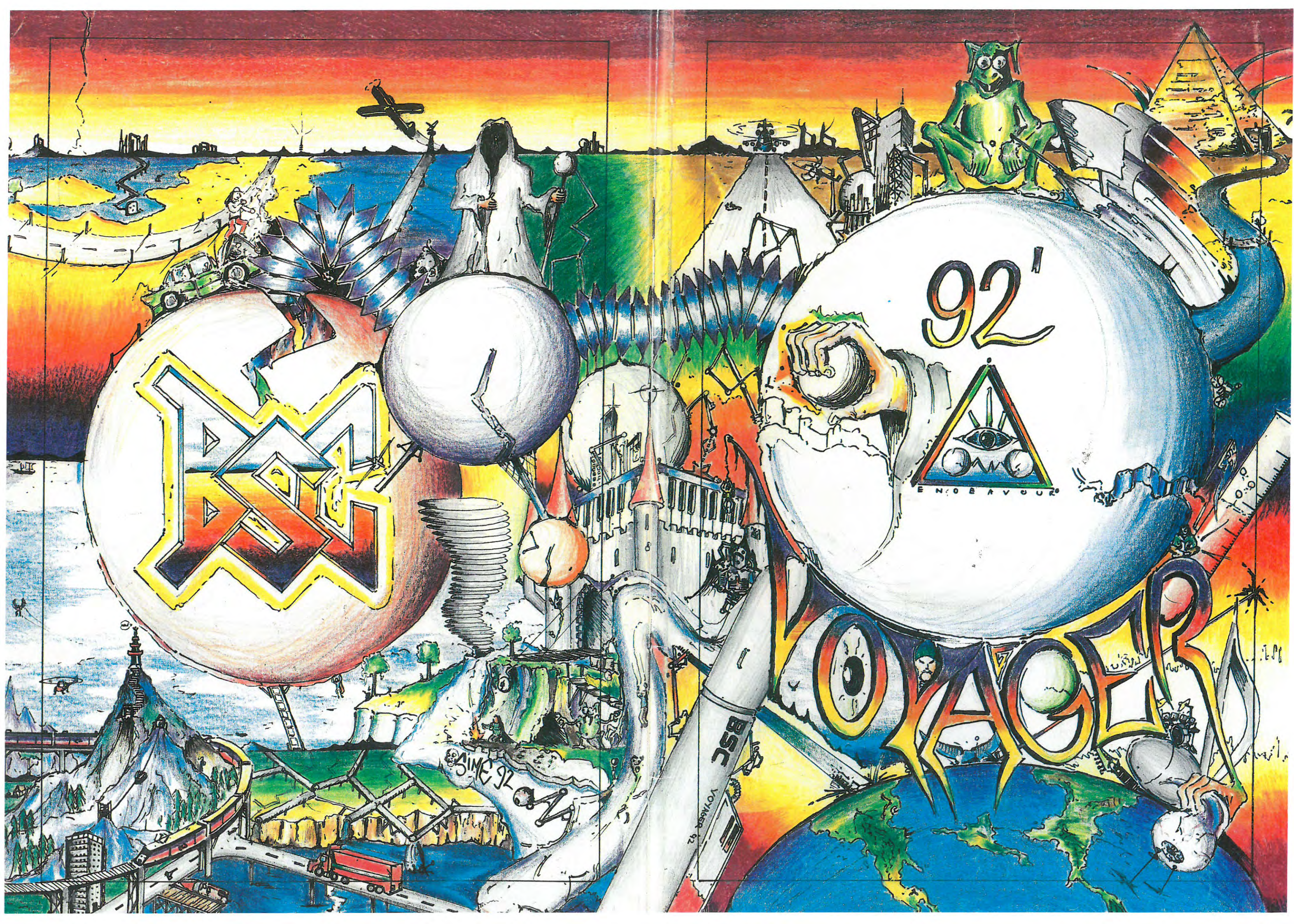






FROM THE PRINCIPAL

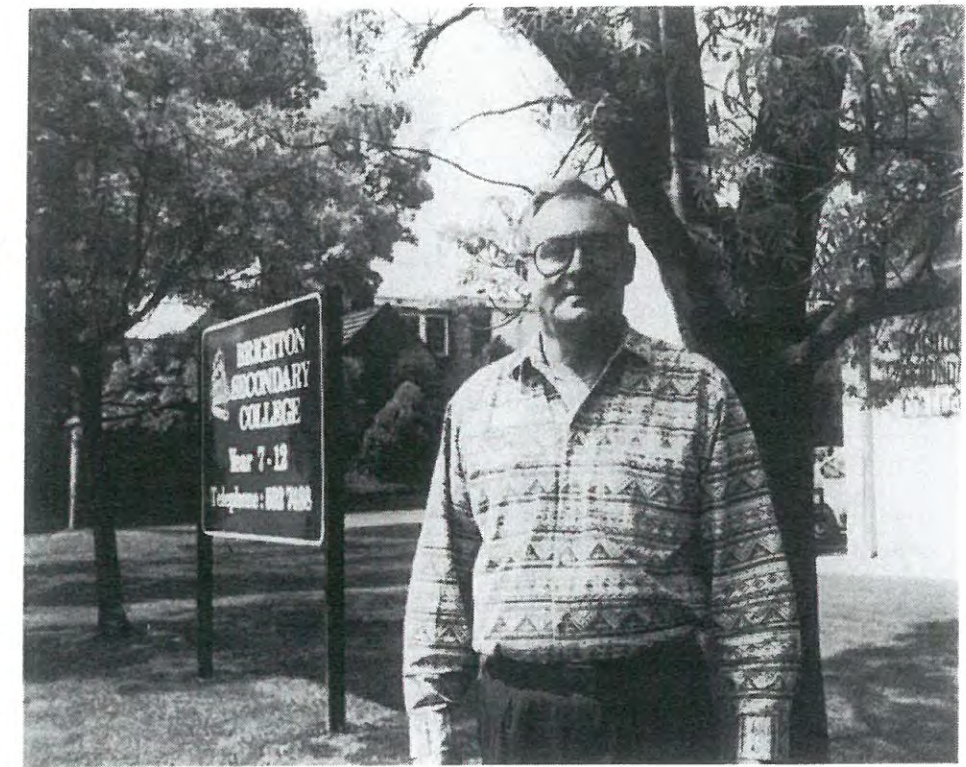
Each year in this column I seem to talk about change - this has been characteristic of our society for the last decade, and I believe it has become an on-going feature of our economy and our country.

Within Brighton Secondary College this year the major significant change has been in personnel, and the way in which the college community has coped with this shows that Brighton Secondary College is a mature and stable educational institution. Very early in the year it was announced that the Vice Principal, David Pittock, was retiring on the grounds of ill health. This was a sad time for me and for the college as David Pittock had provided ten years excellent leadership, and care and compassion towards students and teachers. By the way, David Pittock's health has improved considerably and his eyesight has stabilised now that he is free of the stress and pressure of the Vice Principal's role. Although he is missed in the College it is good to know that his early retirement has improved his quality of life.

On August 17th Cr. Des Clark, Year 12 co-ordinator, was elected as Lord Mayor of Melbourne, and he began a year's leave without pay. We congratulate Cr. Clark on his achievement, and wish him well as he continues to make a substantial contribution to the City of Melbourne. Also, we were delighted that one of our Business Studies teachers, Cr. John Locco, was elected mayor of Brighton. We are proud of the achievements and the community involvement of our staff members.

And on August 10th I took up the position of Acting Manager of the Prahran School Support Centre. I was able to undertake this position having confidence that the Acting Principal, Phil Sherrifs; Acting Vice Principal, Michael Redding; Year Level Coordinators, and other members of staff have the experience, the expertise and commitment to ensure the smooth running and continuing success of Brighton Secondary College.

I am enjoying my time at Prahran School Support Centre, where I am co-ordinating the delivery of services to schools through VCE and Curriculum Consultants, Guidance Officers, Social Workers, Visiting Teachers (Visual, Hearing and other disabilities), and Speech Pathologists. In addition, I am also involved with Student Discipline Inquiries, Integration mediation, official reviews of independent schools (e.g.



St Michael's and Mt Scopus) and a range of other support and administrative services.

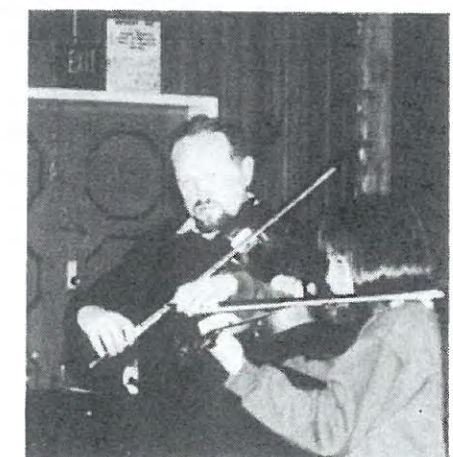
In an official capacity I have attended musical and dramatic productions at Melbourne High School and MacRobertson Girl's High School and The Victorian College of the Arts, and I am also delighted to say that the productions of Brighton Secondary College compare most favourably.

On 17th September I represented the Department of School Education at the official opening of the Technology centre at Hobson's Bay Secondary College. All I could think of was - won't it be wonderful when Brighton Secondary College's Technology Centre is finally built!

Thank you to all people who have contributed to the on going success of Brighton Secondary College, especially this year, when there have been many staff changes. There will also be many staff changes next year as a result of the implementation of a career re-structure for teachers involving appointments to Advanced Skills Teachers Levels 2 & 3, on a Statewide basis. But I believe the school community is stable and mature enough to benefit from these changes.

Best wishes to all for the festive season, and for a happy and successful year in 1993.

J N Fowler



SCHOOL CAPTAINS REPORT

Is there something wrong with us? Are we really THAT bad? Our Principal, Vice - Principal, Careers teacher, Year Eleven Co-ordinator all left us AND our Year Twelve Co-ordinator, Mr Clark went off and made himself LORD MAYOR OF MELBOURNE!!! Well we shall get our own back and leave as well! They'll miss us, you'll see.....

It's been a busy year for the Year Twelve Committee and the Year Twelves in general. It started off with brekkie with the Mayor of Brighton, then Easter egg hunts, Basketball tournaments, Disco's, visits to Form Assemblies, painting and refurbishing the Common Room and organising breakfasts and lunches for hopeless Year Twelves. A few of the Year Twelve Committee spent one of their Sunday's painting their Common Room. We also added an urn, plants and a radio that caused much grief, aggression, pain and torment to purchase. (Just a little message to future Year Twelves - APPRECIATE US and love your Common room!!) Add in all the pressures of the V.C.E and we have a cocktail for disaster.

We were told this year would go fast but we never expected it to go THAT fast! We believe our parents are to blame for bringing us into this world so we would end up facing Mr Clark, Mrs Klineberg, Miss Nicholas and....C.A.T's (AAARGGHH). Chris and Cassie would like to thank their Year Twelve Committee - Nicole Fisher, Gyneth Fernando, Ruth Haugh, Jo-ann Fell, Danny Alcock, Jane Sharp, Despina Kormas and Erol Hussein and Yati Soerono (WHO!!!?)

Tamara Mansour and Yati Soerono are painfully organising our Formal and if they don't know it - we really do appreciate them for it.

After six years at Brighton Secondary College it is finally time for the emotional farewells: goodbye to our downtrodden teachers (snivel, snivel), Ta - Ta to our fellow Year Twelves (howl, howl), and to the rest of the school (including the Canteen ladies) and our new friend Principal Sherrifs, HASTA LA VISTA!!!!

To everyone: Good Luck for the future. Cassie Burke and Chris Timewell. College Captains.

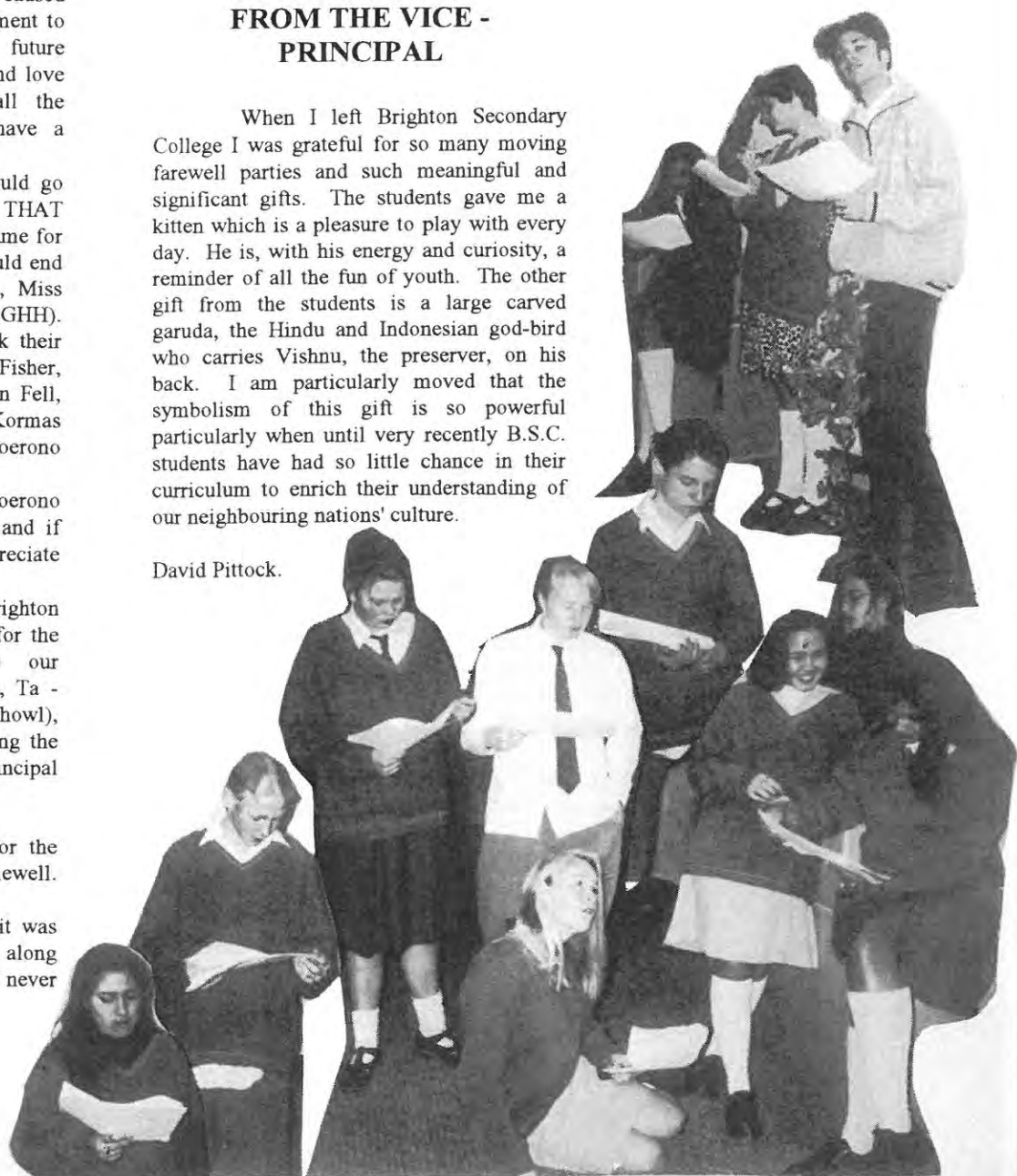
Ps: Just when you thought it was safe to sit in the Common Room, along comes "The Co-ordinator". (You shall never escape.)



FROM THE VICE - PRINCIPAL

When I left Brighton Secondary College I was grateful for so many moving farewell parties and such meaningful and significant gifts. The students gave me a kitten which is a pleasure to play with every day. He is, with his energy and curiosity, a reminder of all the fun of youth. The other gift from the students is a large carved garuda, the Hindu and Indonesian god-bird who carries Vishnu, the preserver, on his back. I am particularly moved that the symbolism of this gift is so powerful particularly when until very recently B.S.C. students have had so little chance in their curriculum to enrich their understanding of our neighbouring nations' culture.

David Pittock.



ACTING PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

First of all I must say how much I am enjoying being back at Brighton Secondary College after such a long absence. So many things seem much the same and yet there are real differences too. I'm different, to start with. I left here as a fairly junior teacher intending to be gone only a year - and now after what seems to me to be such a short time, but is, in fact, fifteen years, here I am back again as the most senior member of the school community.

Sometimes, sitting in the Principal's office, I feel a bit like an imposter.

Some things have not changed. The School itself is exactly as it was fifteen years ago - only more in need of a paint and a repair job now than ever. The carpet has made it quieter, but the doors in the east wing still don't open properly. And the kids are much the same. Still hard to get into uniform (impossible to get shirts tucked in), still smoking down behind the portable and on the oval, but by and large a nice group of young people. And a nice mix - some clever, some not so clever; some well off, others not so well off; but in general, a group of people that it's a pleasure to spend your day with.

Teachers have changed however. Today's teachers at Brighton Secondary College are a very professional group of people who take their jobs very seriously. There is now a whole range of issues which I'm sure we didn't pay much attention to 15 years ago. Things like seeing that all kids get an equal chance to take part in the life of the school; like trying to retain as many kids to Year 12 as possible; like trying to provide as broad a curriculum as possible; and like trying to ensure that the mixed group of kids in a class all achieve some successes while they are at school.

And I am struck by the time and effort the year level co-ordinators give to taking care of the kids in their charge. All these things are now part and parcel of school life - all things we take for granted.

There have been some remarkable successes in the last few years. Fifteen years ago in Victoria about 35% of those students who came into Year 7 stayed on to Year 12. Now about 90% do. And the V.C.E., with all its teething troubles, offers students a much wider range of subjects, more varied methods of assessment and greater chances of achieving success.

And what of the future? As I write this I have in front of me my first memo from our new Minister for Education.

Among other things, it mentions the new Governments' plans for "Schools of the Future" - schools which are completely independent - to select our own staff and spend our grant money as we see fit. And with new rules for students too. I'm sure that in the next 15 years momentous changes will take place in schools, but I hope that the generally pleasant and kindly interaction between teachers and students doesn't change. I hope that the school remains a pleasant, yet challenging place for us all to spend our working day. And most of all, I hope we all gain in our lives for having spent time here.

Phil Sherrifs.



FOREST FIRE

The forest is a pulsing heart, animals scurry through the arteries, and fresh air gushes along the veins. The skyscraper trees block out the blazing sun. Toads, putty coloured with strange blotches of bottle green, sit blinking their black marble eyes.

Little black lizards scuffle along the forest floor among the lump mounds of caterpillar moss, and the groves of tiny toadstools.

Suddenly, discourteously, a flame ignites. The spark grows becoming an unstoppable beast. The fire like a python wraps itself around its prey, old trees thunder to the ground, the shrill cry of a deer trapped under a collapsed tree is heard in the distance.

The fire continues to feed on the forest.

Peter Giannakis 8B.



The following article was written by Simon Porter in Year 10, when on work experience at Monash University.

EDITORIAL - LOT'S WIFE. (The Monash University Newspaper)

HERE WE ARE, It's late, we're tired, and we've got this little, nagging Work Experience kid, who wants something to do. As you may not know, we have often delegated our editorials to high-profile members of our adoring public, and so we've given Simon his big break in life, his one big chance, and without putting extra pressure on the kid, it's simply make-or-break. And with that in mind, Simon says...

Monash University has to be seen to be believed. Monash is its own city, car parks stretch for seemingly endless distances in all directions, but not a single spot is empty. Traffic lights control students and cars alike as, for reasons unknown to me, they make a mad dash for absolutely nowhere, in their pursuit for something other than education. A crowd of people who seem to see something interesting in digital violence, stand around a collection of arcade machines in the pursuit of wasting more money. Everyone believes themselves to be right, and people sporting one heck of a lot of nose jewellery walk around looking very unsociable.

There is Lot's Wife, located in a building in which, for the convenience of people two feet high, door handles have been superbly placed. Lunatics run madly around mutilating small ceramic penguins, whilst the occasional hard working editor gets down to some serious creativity.

For every working person in Lot's Wife, there seems to be at least four people complaining about football. Football, it seems, is a major part of the lives of most university students. It is not so much that everybody goes around complaining that their team has lost, but it is more the perpetual question of whether or not you happened to pick the draw.



The end of normal working hours is when Lot's Wife really begins to flare. Papers fly as two-fingered typists hurriedly punch out last minute articles and a swarm of people gather, generally bursting out into a hustle of absolute nothing in anticipation of free beer. However, irrespective of the fast moving chaos, through the mutterings of people wanting pizza, somehow, majestically, a paper is conjured and Lot's Wife, with all its well hidden morals, is sent to press.

Keeping a serious face about wondering how to explain Lot's Wife to my teachers, is becoming increasingly difficult, for I cannot think of a comparison to my experience at Lot's other than finding a new meaning for the word "Psychological help!"

What do you mean, "Psychological help? At least we're old enough to drive!"

EDITORS: Karen Shapiro, Justin Castelan

A FEW WORDS FROM THE CAREERS ROOM.....

The Careers Room is always busy as students pop in to seek immediate reassurance that their "dream" is attainable, highly paid and requires very little effort on their part. During the year they are given many opportunities to consider career options by investigation, listening to speakers, visiting University and College Open Days, viewing videos, work experience, J.A.C., etc. Some dreams are realised, some are not, but all dreams are well worth considering.

In spite of the often gloomy outlook associated with the current recession, our students remain highly motivated and are generally coping very well with the changing pressures associated with career paths in the future. They accept that their working life may be very different from the traditional one known to their parents. They are aware of the changes in the workplace and the need for them to be adaptable and flexible. They accept that "study" may be interstate, in the country, part-time, weekend, or as a mature aged student, with a proliferation of courses to suit most requirements and interests. They are beginning to accept the importance of studying languages other than English (LOTE) as Australia's relationships with Asian countries strengthens in areas of trade, commerce and tourism. Our 1992 students are also aware of the diversity of exciting full-time and part-time courses offered by T.A.F.E. colleges. T.A.F.E. is developing a system of credit transfers between V.C.E. and certain T.A.F.E. courses and articulation between the T.A.F.E. colleges and some tertiary institutions. These developments provide important links between schools and the various levels of further education.

Our very best wishes go to those students who are leaving B.S.C. in 1992.

Mrs J. Stent.
Careers Advisor.

ACTING VICE-PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

As Acting Vice-Principal for most of 1992 I have been very pleased to observe the continued development of the College's morale, its sense of unity and purpose and its pride in its achievements.

The College has an exciting buzz about it - students are achieving admirable results in all areas of their activities, we have an expanding group of parents providing valued support to the College through the Parents' and Friends' Association, many of our past students are renewing their links with each other and the College, we are developing a higher profile in the community and we expect to attract increased enrolments at Year 7 next year.

1992 has been a year of dramatic change for Brighton Secondary College with the unanticipated departure during the year of six of our senior administrators and staff:

- John Fowler, the Principal (on leave as Acting Manager, Prahran School Support Centre)
- David Pittock, Vice Principal (on sick leave prior to retirement)
- Des Clark, Year 12 Co-ordinator (on leave as Lord Mayor of Melbourne)
- Peter Kindler, Year 11 Co-ordinator (on leave as Acting VCE/ Frameworks Consultant, Prahran School Support Centre)
- Karen Gibson, Year 9 Co-ordinator (on family leave)
- Sandra Sutherland, College Secretary for 7 years (moving to Apollo Bay)

In the midst of this ongoing change the College has continued to maintain a strong momentum and to provide a sound, purposeful and enriching education program for its students - certainly a tribute to the high calibre of the teaching staff the College is so fortunate to have.

The College has every reason to have faith in its future. The opportunity and challenge now before us is to gain from the new Victorian government the ongoing support necessary to maintain and enhance the high standards and fine service it is providing as the only government secondary college serving the Brighton district.

For me it has been both a pleasure and a privilege to act as Vice-Principal of the College during 1992.

Michael Redding.





BRIGHTON SECONDARY COLLEGE - 1992

STAFF

Back Row: Warren Fineberg; Russell Carrington; Gerarg Cameron; Robert Ivory; Victor Pappas; John Locco; Neil McKellar; Karen Gibson; Michael Dunlea
 Fifth Row: Peter Locco; Mark Benjamin; Roger Wragg; Michael Pietsch; Andrew Boutros; John Clarkson; Cliff Humphries; Valerie Magasanik
 Fourth Row: Frances Macridis; Helena Rihis; Mirsina Apostolellis; Jean Hunter; Anne St George; Michele Batour; Helen Duncan; Bernie Hanner; Andrew Fenton
 Third Row: Des Clark; Faye Wells; Celia Turk; Lisa Stewart; Michael Redding; Margaret Long; Michael Morrissey; Heather Klineberg; Nicola Nicholas
 Second Row: Joan Miljoen; Adele Pakula; Sandra Sutherland; Marilyn Whiteway; Margaret Tripp; Sue Lack; Robyn Mews; Antonia Dimitropoulos; Olympia Angelidis; Vera Hilton; Anna Lake; Deborah Harman
 Front Row: Brenda Lawson; Frances Forbes; Jeryl Stent; Ron Craven; David Pittock; John Fowler; Roger McGrail; Marianne Baxter; Regis Jacquin; Gayle Gardner

Principal: Mr. John Fowler

Aussie School Photos

Teachers Absent.

Claire Andrews
 Anthony Di Stasio
 Ross Gould
 Kathleen King
 Valerie Magasanik
 Lyn McGeogh
 Mary Monaghan
 Jeanette Newton
 Nicola Nicholas
 Ken Pamment
 Phil Seymour
 Christine Shamanis
 Philip Shirrefs
 Panayioti Zaharias



**THURSDAY MORNING-
IN B MINOR**

The wind blew softly through the trees, the deep blue sky waited patiently to be revealed by the fluffy white clouds, precious time ticked past and I waited for the lesson to end.

I listened attentively to the muffled hum of my fellow students beginning to rise into a mindnumbing chatter. Chairs slid on the bare wooden floors, paper rustled, restless people chattered and the cogs of their minds rotated as they churned their thoughts outwardly or inwardly. As I expected, the conductor regained control of her orchestra, by softening their music as it rose to a crescendo, with a muffled hum, though it soon started to escalate again, like ripples building into a wave waiting to crash onto the golden beach and then ripple slowly out again.

The usual chill of the dilapidated east wing ceased to exist, instead a thick blanket of warmth wrapped itself around me, making us all sleepy. I glanced outside again, the clouds had won today, the sky is a pearly white swirl instead of an endless stroke of blue.

The blur of other classroom noise came quietly creeping down the deserted corridor. It seemed to have a mind of its own and seeped through the crack in the wooden door to blend with our now diminishing hum.

A shrill ringing sound ended the piece. The conductor cut off the orchestra and they packed away their faithful instruments. As they filed off the stage, it was left in desolation for the next conductor and orchestra to perform.

Nicole Fisher Yr. 12

**DANCING WITH THE
DEVIL...**

Young contracting pupils gaze intently and inquisitively inwards, penetrating. To the uninitiated it was just an ordinary fire. Closely inspected, it shows otherwise.

Great long transparent slithers, swaying soothingly, grasping upwards from the glowing base like a drowning man, clutching at life, the vital air to keep alive.

Fire, forever changing, multicoloured branches sent up from the searing orange ambers, themselves resting upon thunder cloud grey ashen remnants of previous nights.

Absorbed within it's beauty, youthful imaginations wander, conjuring impressive visions of mighty Indian tribes rhythmically singing and dancing, forever circling roaring bonfires. Celebrating and commemorating wars fought and won.

With a satisfied grin breaking at the outermost corners of his thin pink lips, the image jumbles and slowly melts away, replaced by the fiery depths of hell. The devil prances enticingly to and fro, while small flaming horrors run rings around his feet. The surroundings burn with an insatiable greed, leaping higher and higher, hungrily clutching at vulnerable souls above.

Loud cracking sparks interrupt the daydream, involuntarily returning him to reality, leaving only a cosy warm silence, mixed in with an occasional clicking of knitting needles in the background.

The aged brick surrounding appears to close in, as the natural light dims and the shadows lengthen, adding to the homeliness. Bricks, clothed in a black carbon through years of burning exposure. The dying flames lick at them, eager yet unable to climb and explore higher.

More food, more food, it cries. Sensing its increasing appetite, an additional log is thrown within. As if in gratitude, the heart of the blaze lets off a noisy explosion, shooting out a flaming, gyrating spark.

Maternal arms protectively, lovingly pull the youth away. In a final swift movement, the troublesome spark is stomped, smothered and extinguished. But not before it has already left its everlasting mark on the dark imitation oriental rug.

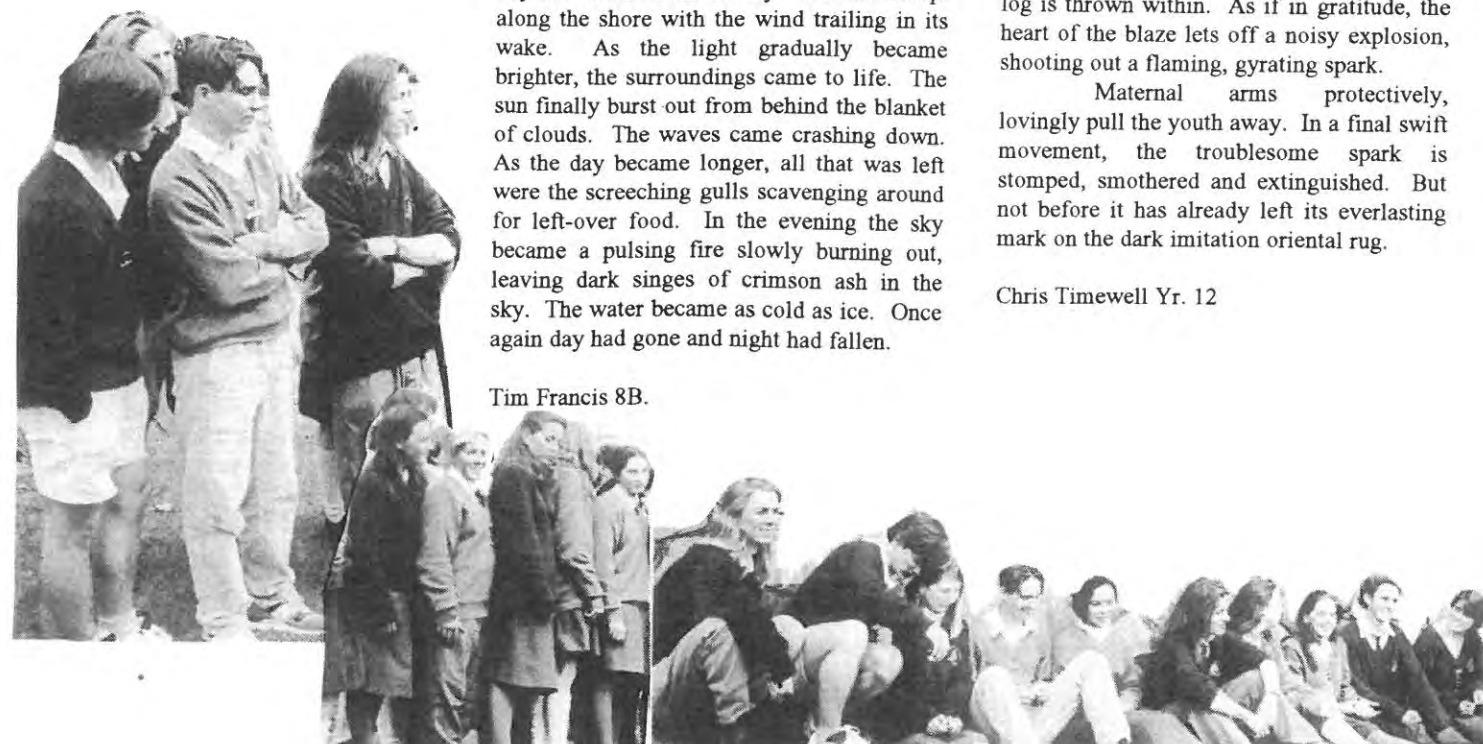
Chris Timewell Yr. 12



THE OCEAN

The thunderous waves pounded against the rocks. The moon illuminated the bay as it shone from the sky. The sand swept along the shore with the wind trailing in its wake. As the light gradually became brighter, the surroundings came to life. The sun finally burst out from behind the blanket of clouds. The waves came crashing down. As the day became longer, all that was left were the screeching gulls scavenging around for left-over food. In the evening the sky became a pulsing fire slowly burning out, leaving dark singes of crimson ash in the sky. The water became as cold as ice. Once again day had gone and night had fallen.

Tim Francis 8B.



COLLEGE COUNCIL

President's Report.

School Councils are playing an increasing role in deciding philosophy, programs and managing the finances for their local schools. This has created some apprehensions, particularly where Government financial input has fallen yet needs and responsibilities have grown. The positive side of this is the opportunity presented for schools and parents to have a major say in what we do.

Recent years have seen a new enthusiasm among parents and staff. A re-evaluation of everything we do at Brighton is now underway. The Middle School curriculum is currently under extensive review and the addition of Japanese and extension of computer skills programs have been a great success. An additional mid-semester report has been added and arrangements for parent-teacher nights improved.

School Council has tried to retain the academic identity parents have valued while trying to extend the range of alternatives for those with skills in other areas.

We have welcomed a Chaplain to our staff this year, strengthening our welfare input in times of economic stress and increased student retention.

A complete redesign of our school uniform is now complete and 1993 will see the introduction of our new, more colourful and stylish uniform - and elimination of the wide range of options which have presented a motley array to the community.

I would like to thank the many teachers who give freely of their own time around the school. Their creativity, dedication and inspiration within classrooms is fundamental to our students' learning and development as people.

However, it is the 'extras' they provide (in our musicals, dramas, camps, sport, committees, working bees, efforts to improve the physical environment, producing publications such as Voyager and Highlights and concern to help individual students with their problems) that are the lifeblood of the school. We have been fortunate that our Acting Heads, Michael Redding, and Phil Shireffs, have added their idealism, enthusiasm, energy, concern, direction and a readiness to consult.

I thank the small but growing band of parents who have become involved. Also to the students who have not only given much time and enthusiasm to the school this year but have raised large amounts of money for those less fortunate.

I hope all have learned the personal satisfaction in giving and the realisation that each one's input can make a difference.

Lyn Burrows.



PARENTS AND FRIENDS ASSOCIATION

The Parents and Friends Association was established in 1988 when two parents approached different members of staff about purchasing second-hand uniforms and books.

Through this a meeting was held to form an association; from this meeting 75% of the original group are still contributing in some capacity.

Parents and Friends became involved to support the school and establish contact with other parents.

Members are busy with work and other organizations but the Parents and Friends gives the opportunity to be able to contribute to their child's education, be informed as a combined body and be available as a consultative group.

Areas we are involved in are - school council, curriculum committee, finance committee, second-hand uniform and book committee, district provision, uniform sub-committee (organising the new school uniform and advising school council) school improvement group, fundraising and supporting school functions.

The Parents and Friends Association meets monthly in the evenings in the house adjoining the school.

If you feel you would like to join us or can contribute in anyway contact can be made by phoning 5963316. Any help would be appreciated.

Pam Arnott.
President P.F.A.



Shadows of what used to be.

Life is a long series of addictions. We are all addicted to air, water and a supply of vitamins. Most people have other addictions as well, coming under the categories of "hobbies" or "vices"(or both).

Most sane people have another addiction: people to talk to, argue with, play suicide chess against, love... And we should value these "friends", we are told, and preserve them against the day when we need them or they need us.

Just as well I hated them all, or I'd be so busy writing letters and making phone calls that I wouldn't have time to breathe or drink or eat or indulge in my hobbies and vices. And I don't think that I am alone in my relief. It is expedient to let our friends go and find new ones. Without a little expediency, things get too much: this society's gaping maw will swallow our ambitions and spit out what's left of us into the gutter, or a jail, or a mental hospital.

But when we meet up with our friends again, things go downhill rapidly. I keep meeting them here and there, and the resulting nervous tension fills my guts with Ire. It's almost as bad as when I meet up with those acquaintances we do not call "friend" if our tongues are being nibbled out by combat-mutated European black rats with hooked and barbed fangs the length of your thumb.

I met two of them in one night, last year at a party. I was happily drunk when someone came up to me and said "Hi, Chris."

It's not that this is a rare occurrence. It's just that usually I recognise the face. This one was completely undistinguished and utterly unrecognisable.

I blinked at it.
"How's it going?" He seemed to be almost interested.

"Um.. okay, Er... excuse me..."
Sometimes a frantic improvisation is adequate. More often, it gives the completely correct impression.

The second one hit me a minute or two later. "Hi Chris!"

A familiar gloom swept over my face. The indicting individual emerged from some shadows and was revealed to be... just some girl, you know. "You don't recognise me, do you?" she said.

How perceptive of her. I must have been grimacing with concentration trying to work out her name.

They both gave me their names, of course, and I almost placed both of them, after a little speculation. Early primary school. When can I safely forget? It reminds me of Michael Moorcock's character, Nian Who Knew All.

This of course, happens to all of us. I was with fellow purveyors of death-metal music Matt and Andrew, waiting out the front of the Palace for a morbid Angel 'gig' when a long-haired, tall anonymity wandered up and said to Andrew "Hi"

"Do I know you?" was the inevitable reply.

"You were at the Sepultra concert weren't you?" We all were.

"Yeah, but..."
"I saw you there."
"Oh."

By the end of that afternoon, we were convinced that if we went up to anyone there and said to them "Hi, Dave! Haven't seen you since the Sepultra concert!", 90% of the time we would be right, and the other ten would be females there, who are named Dave less often. Unfortunately, this theory has few general applications, being best suited to death metal gigs.

That sort of theorising is easy. But it's hard to talk or write about people you should know. It's much easier to wade off into the sea of generalisations.

Isn't it?

Chris Whip Yr. 12



OFFICE BEARERS

FORM CAPTAINS

12A	Jason Knight	Jane Sharp
12B	Erol Hussein	Breeze Hughes
12C	Brett Busby	Yati Soerono
12D	Kellie Bain	Daniel Alcock
12E	Chris Timewell	Tamara Mansour

11A	David Owen	Verina Cogdon
11B	Steven Helliger	Kelvin Wong
11C	Christine Greenfield	Niklas Greasby
11D	Ben Connor	Rani Mina
11E	Sharn Greiner	Cameron Fitzgerald

10A	Carla Gatehuse	Paul Barnes
10B	Natalie Alcock	Ilan Britbart
10C	Amber Timewell	Steven Peake
10D	Taiye Obertaire	Brett Carmichael
10E	Jaqueline Corbett	Dean Busby
10F	Rhonda Harbis	Roma Tesler

9A	Anita Bates	Allan Harris
9B	Eve Hershberg	Mark Hutton
9C	Francis Presser	Cihangir Guneysu
9D	Radhu Naidu	Kristian Greasby
9E	Fiona Smith	Christopher Reichmann

8A	Kate Maxwell	Dylan Nichols
8B	Misty Johns	Bodhi Hanley
8C	Jodie Schetka	Paul Rodgerson
8D	Sandy Britbat	Ben McCarthy
8E	Lynette Hiller	Jospeh Abdelki

7A	Luke Cash	Renda Helal
7B	Peter Nicolacopoulos	Julie Warren-Smith
7C	Michael Gollings	Carmen Jordan
7D	Dale Sanftl	Renata Voldman
7E	Paul Alvarez	Shona Harrington

HOUSE CAPTAINS

	Senior Sport	Cultural
Grant:	Anita Deusch	Yati Soerono
Lonsdale:	Dinesh Wimalasuriya	
	Joshua Rodder	Tamara Mansour
	Jo-Ann Fell	
Murray:	Jade Minton-Connell	Erol Hussein
	Byron Corbett	
Phillip:	Kellie Bain	Carolyn Hill
	Brett Busby	

	Intermediate	
Grant:	Kellie Van Wijngaarden	10E
	Cihangir Guneysu	9C
Lonsdale:	Amber Timewell	10C
	Matt Hooper	10E
Murray:	Kristian Greasby	9D
	Rebecca Wells	10E
Phillip:	Athina Dakis	10A
	Dean Busby	10E

Junior

Grant:	Marianna Malkin	8D
	Anthony Flis	8A
Lonsdale:	Simon Rodder	8E
	Georgina Timewell	8B
Murray:	Dylan Nichols	8A
	Peta Jenkin	8C
Phillip:	Beatrice Dubinsky	8D
	Paul Rodgerson	8C

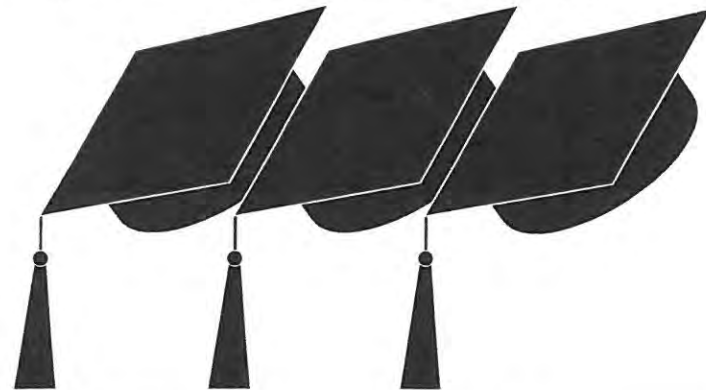
STUDENT REPRESENTATIVES

Year 12 Committee:

College Captains:	Chris Timewell	Cassie Burke
Vice Captains:	Daniel Alcock	Nicole Fisher
Committee:	Jane sharp	Ruth Haugh
	Despina Kormas	Jo-Ann Fell
	Gyneth Fernando	Erol Hussein
College Council:	Carl Slattery	Dinesh Wimalasuriya

STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL:

Year 12:	Danny Alcock	Yati Soerono
Year 11:	Sharn Greiner	Maxine Ross
Year 10:	Dean Busby	Amber Timewell
Year 9:	Rhys Davies	Anita Bates
Year 8:	Danny Sherman	Belinda Christie



A STORM IN THE CITY

It was a hot August night, but the sky looked as though it could explode any minute unleashing it's fury upon the helpless earth below. The wind was beginning to gather speed sending a large amount of leaves in an eternal swirling motion. Old branches were crashing to the ground unable to cope with the gale force winds. Then it happened, the heavens opened up letting out a bellowing roar followed by an incredible bolt of lightning which sent the helpless people below scurrying for shelter. An onslaught of raindrops were sent from the heavens. BANG! Another enormous bolt of lightning shattered the sky, leaving a trail of terror in its wake. The great god of thunder and lightning - Thor had unleashed his wrath upon the world. The storm was brief and lasted only a matter of minutes. Thor had once again managed to tame his wild fury and once again the heavens were peaceful.

Jeremy Loeliger 7B



HOW NOT TO MAKE PORRIDGE IN THE MICROWAVE OVEN

Ok Johnny, now that your Mum and Dad are out of the house for a while, here's your chance to make what you've always wanted to make, porridge.

Now listen very carefully, for I shall only say this once. Firstly to make the porridge, one needs a breakfast bowl and spoon. Great, now we're moving. After doing such a stressful task, the next job to blow your mind, is to grab that packet of porridge oats before your big brother or sister snatches it from under your nose. Let's hope that job came out successfully.

Good! Ok, you're ready? Great! Now carefully open the packet and check for any mice. Take a good, long look, and if nothing is moving in there, you're on your way to a great start.

STOP!! Don't pour the dry porridge in the bowl yet, we forgot a very important thing, the measuring cup. Ok, off we go again. Grab that measuring cup out of the cupboard and then pour in your favourite Uncle Tobys oats. Wow, we are doing well, aren't we? Let's see you skilfully pour that cup of rolled oats in your bowl.

Now, a good choice to make would be to add a cup of hot water to the oats and then pop it in that wonderful microwave oven you have sitting on the bench over there in the corner. Good, have you done that yet? Great! Right, we have to put the porridge on high for three minutes. DON'T PRESS THAT BUTTON!! You'll blow the microwave up. Phew! That was close. Let's try again. Yeah! That's great, wow! Now, all we have to do is wait. Waiting, waiting, waiting, beautiful! Ok, there goes that beep you've been waiting for. Yes, that's right, take the porridge out and give it a good stir. Hey! Not too long. That's the way. Pop it back in the microwave, and give it another burst.

OK Johnny, put it on for the same time as before and see how she goes. Fabulous! You're doing real well. It's starting to look bonzer! There goes the beep again. Take the porridge out of the hot house. Yum, that smells great. Yeah! Take a big spoonful of brown sugar to put on your porridge. Go on, don't be shy. Then slop a bit of milk on and there you have it, the best homemade porridge ever. This could win you the gold medal at the 1992 Barcelona Olympics. Now comes the judging point, the taste. Have you achieved that? If so, how was it? YUK!

Michelle Miezis 12A



FUN RUN '92'

The day was Wednesday September 16th, the place Dendy Park, and the occasion was the annual 5km Fun Run, this year organised for "Kids Under Cover".

While it was seen by some as an opportunity to raise money, for a good cause, others just enjoyed dressing up, and getting some much needed exercise.

As usual, the coveted race had its casualties, with a good number of the pre-race contenders dropping off the pace, eventually finishing in the middle of the packs, and walking the rest of the way. Most would pick up the pace towards the end, making sure they didn't miss out on the well-earned free can and ice cream.

The fastest boy and girl from each year level were not to see their efforts unrewarded. Met over the finish line by Triple M bags, they would later discover that these included twisties, a magazine, and most fitting for such fine athletes, "Floyds favourite cooking recipes", a treat enjoyed by all, including Mrs Klineberg, who was spotted after the race bargaining with her students to acquire the precious prize.

Winners also earned themselves an appointment, in Mr Gould's office, where they were handed a certificate, and a pass to Timezone for free games until the end of the year.

Sebastian Blanc 12C



SOCIAL SERVICE COMMUNITY INVOLVEMENT.

Over the last three years the thrust of this area has changed from "student giving" to "student involvement". Because of this change of emphasis the students have come to have a better understanding of the circumstances in which so many of our society have to live.

Some of the activities participated in have included - Walk Against Want, Red Shield collecting, 40 Hour Famine participation, cake stalls, raffles and competitions organized by the students themselves, a concert held by our own students on the Fun Run Day and many more. So you can see the many varied initiatives conducted by the students. Our total effort for the year should raise approximately \$5000 - a wonderful effort.

Another initiative for this year has been the sponsoring of two children in West Bengal, India. Through the direct weekly giving the school is able to support these two children in their schooling and general life. Some very interesting letters have been received which have been placed on the notice-board. A number of our students have started to write to the two in India, so hopefully some rewarding exchanges of experiences can be made.

Ross Gould
Student Welfare Co-ordinator

SRC REPORT

The SRC continues to function as an integral part of the school's organization. The SRC not only involves itself in fundraising activities - it also provides an important avenue for students to express their views.

At the beginning of the year, members are nominated then voted on. There is a male and female representative from each year level, as well as the school captains, school council representatives and this year two co-opted members. Students on the SRC can also go on other sub-committees so that a student point of view can be taken into consideration when decision are being made. Examples of this include the uniform committee and curriculum committee.

The SRC is the students' voice in the school. Earlier this year, we gave out a student survey so we could decide what the school needed. So far this year, we've done several small things, as well as spending several hundred dollars fixing and painting the school toilets.

During the year, we have had several casual days for fundraising. The major fundraiser for the year was the Fun Run. Students had to run/walk (or as in this year's case, "swim") a five kilometre track to raise money.

The money we collect goes to our major purchase for the year, which at the time of writing this report has not yet been decided.

The SRC also does the catering for the chorals, dramas and musicals during the year, which has always been successful.

The best part of the SRC is that it's run by students.

Amber Timewell Yr 10.
SRC President.

MIKE TYSON

They call him Mighty Mike Tyson,
His hands as quick as lightning.
Legs like tree trunks and arms like
boulders.

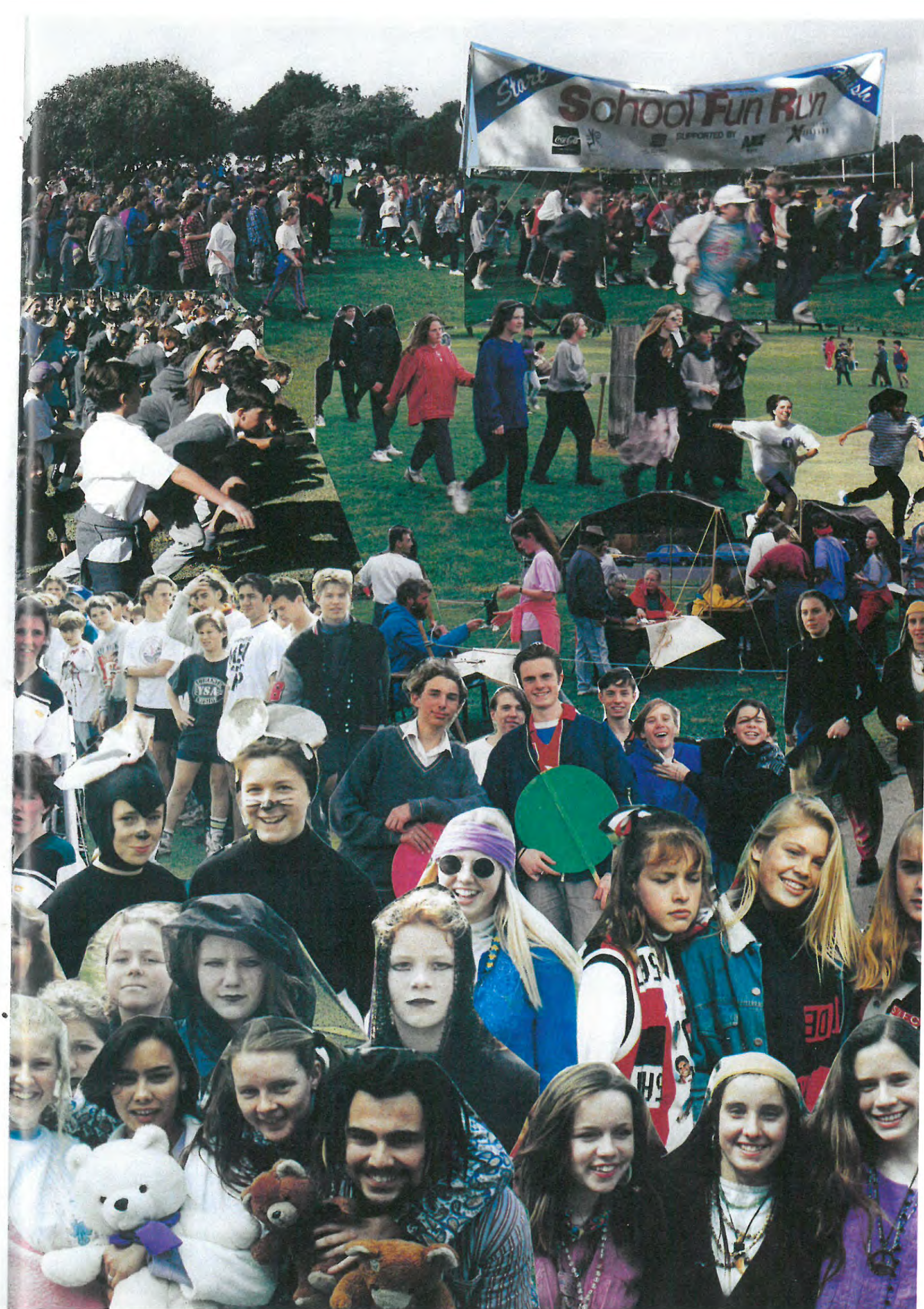
He is as strong as a bulldozer,
And he moves like a tiger ready to
pounce.

His eyes look like fire ready to
devour,
And when he speaks his voice
sounds like thunder.

He is always waiting for a
challenge,
But compared to Mighty Mike the
challenger looks like a little boy,

For Mike is an unstoppable
Machine.

Kristian Burton 8B



CHAPLAINCY

"...there is a need in this uncertain and sometimes pessimistic world, for us to constantly reassert those fundamental values of love, hope and goodwill to all people...To express them in ways that are life-affirming rather than life denying. In ways that celebrate human intelligence and creativity, rather than negate them...In ways that redeem the joy and goodness of life and what it has to offer, and not pawn it to a sense of futility."*

Many people, myself included, would endorse Bill Hayden's philosophy of striving to help people reach their full potential in life. Sometimes this is done painlessly, but at other times is accomplished only through a major crisis to problem. I have found that I move towards my potential more in an environment and amongst people where I am loved and accepted 'no matter what'. This is also a reality in many other people's lives, particularly when they can experience it in a number of areas of life, especially their relationship with God. Actively living and sharing this openness and acceptance of all people, no matter who they are or where they are at, is at the heart of the Christian faith, and subsequently at the heart of what chaplaincy would be all about.

I have greatly appreciated the warm welcome by staff, students and parents in this first year of chaplaincy at Brighton S. C. It has been a very busy year in establishing chaplaincy, and explaining its diverse functions. Counselling, bus driving, classroom involvement with teachers, welfare, Year 7 camp, Brighton Council Youth Committee, S. R. C., and contact with the wider community have been some of my activities.

Thank-you for sharing yourself with me in many ways, including your joys and troubles. It is a great privilege to be working with you and for you.

Michael Pietsch

* Quoted from a speech given by the Governor General on 7/7/90; printed in the L.T.J., Vol. 24, No. 3, p111.



YEAR 10 COMMITTEE

A Year 10 Committee was formed this year, consisting of form captains, year 10 S.R.C. representatives and the year 10 representative on the College Council.

Several formal meetings were held to discuss issues relevant to year 10, and to the student population in general. Some notable achievements were: the placing of clocks at strategic points in the corridors (no more excuses of "I didn't know the time"), and improvement of service at the canteen.

All students on the Committee participated and it was very pleasing to see how positive and creative the students were when discussing issues.

As a member of a committee the students became familiar with the running of meetings, and gained a realistic understanding of the role of a representative.

As year 10 students, they have the benefit of a number of years experience at high school, and look forward to another two years at school in which to see the results of their committee work.

The members of this Year 10 Committee were: Carla Gatehouse, Paul Barnes, Natalie Alcock, Ilan Britbart, Steven Peake, Amber Timewell, Brett Carmichael, Taiye Obertaire, Jaqui Corbett, Dean Busby, Rhonda Harbis, Rome Tesler, and Karina Shpigel.

Michael Dunlea
Yr. 10 Co-ordinator.



THE STORM

The sky was gradually becoming thicker and darker with clouds, as if a storm was gathering to unleash its complete and utmost fury upon the helpless and peaceful world below. It was a storm, a huge and unwelcome storm. The dark clouds had now completely engulfed the blue sky and released a torrent of cold water. In a matter of seconds the world below was drenched with cold, grey water. A bright yellow volt of lightning pierced the cloudy sky and set alight a group of old gum trees. A huge thunder accompanied the lightning which had now disappeared into the grey clouds. The wind began to grow in strength and blew the green leaves off the trees, which had not been affected by the blazing fire. Suddenly the clouds gave way to a bright yellow ray of sunlight which blinded all animal life. The grey clouds separated as more sunlight lit up the land below. The birds began singing and kookaburras laughing with great joy. The fierce storm had now completely dissipated and life continued peacefully.

David Gonda 7B



THE JUNGLE

The towering trees cloud the sky.

The leaves on the branches form a huge green umbrella from the rain.

The occasional breeze wafts through the leaves gently swaying them from side to side.

Vines clamber up the rough trunks awkwardly.

The moist ground squelches under foot.

A patch-work quilt of plants weave through each other intertwining around the trees.

When the sun rises the pale light exposes the life and the foliage of the jungle.

Sounds ensuing from the wildlife suddenly bring the jungle to life.

Bridget Ure 8B.



Where Two Worlds Meet.

Peering over the embankment of rocks, flooded with a green mass of vegetation, a new world arises. Descending; the rush of urban traffic becomes a muffled roar of cars, a busy train fades from audibility.

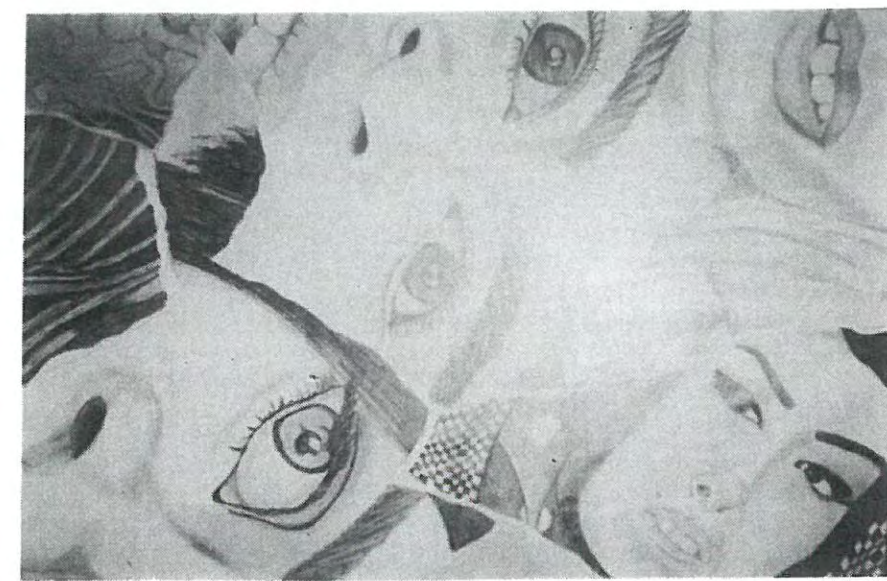
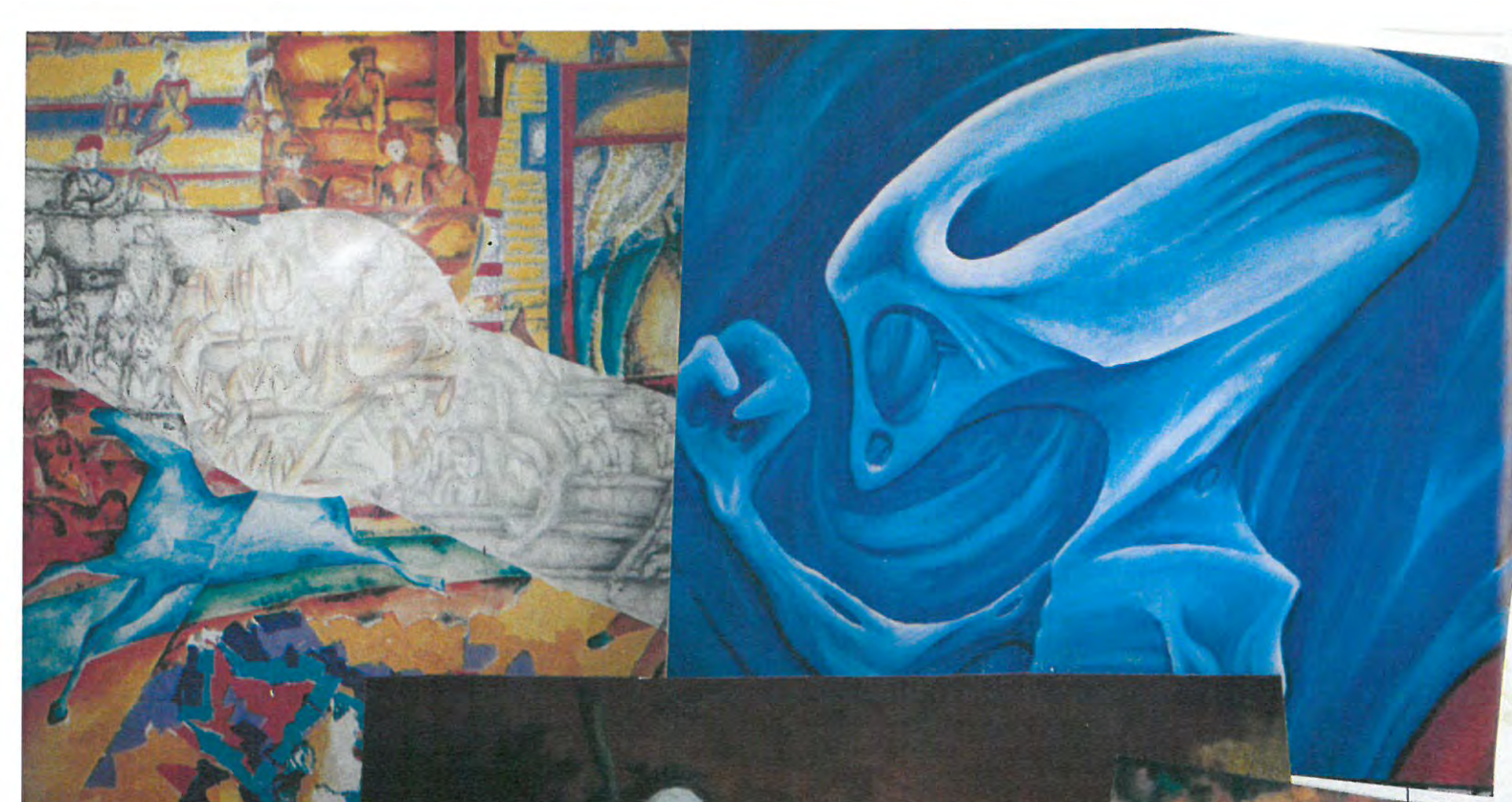
The beating of the wind against my ears, steady footfalls crunch sand beneath my shoes, the rhythm of waves sloshing against the endless expanse of sand. All is natural. The power of the sea becomes real; dominating; a mass so great there is no end in sight.

The world of humans is almost forgotten in this ceaseless serenity, the smell of diesel and petrol becomes the crisp, fresh, salty air of the sea. Only the weeds struggling for existence in the pavement, the yellow apostles of human creation and a stark orange buoy out at sea remind us of the human world that exists.

But even these will vanish as the slow, steady power of the ocean pounds those who resist; the rocks, the cliff, the apostles; into oblivion. Only by accepting the pattern of the waves can survival be gained. The distant buoy that rides the waves knows this, but unless we learn its lesson we will drift away from it as the waves erode our world.

Paul Battaini. Year 12





ART

The stark white paper stared expectantly at me. A large square, empty, plain and smooth. The sun rolled slowly over and lay upon the sheet, the reflection burning my eyes. Ablaze with rays of sun, the plain paper waited, expecting to be filled with exquisite details, intricate lines, depth and feeling.

I lay the sharp tip of the pencil onto the silky surface and forced out a line. With that single indenting sharp scratch, the paper looked dreadful. The shining cold line left over from the grey lead had ruined the creaminess of the paper and caused it to look dull, gloomy and old. I reached



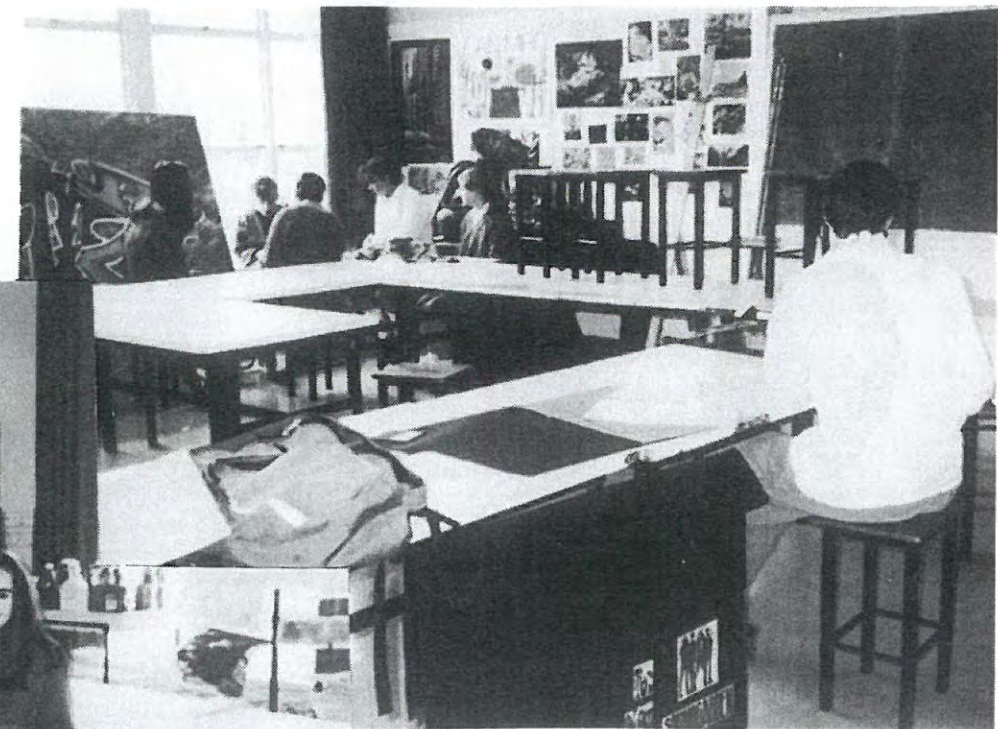
for the eraser. One single swipe banished the line from the page.

I looked around the studio. Surrounding me were splashed of colour. Over the ceiling, over the floor, over the walls. In the corners were easels turned towards the wall, as though shying away from the criticising eye of the public. In the middle, a sculptured still life. The objects barley recognisable, the clay scratched and rough. It seemed a mess but in truth was a piece of art. I kept looking. My eyes wandered from painting racks to pots of paints, over bundles of brushes to palettes and moulds before they settled on an old cupboard covered in beautiful découpage. Stuffed with tubes, jars and coloured paper my eyes

focused on small packet on the high shelf. I took it down and opened up the box. Inside I found creamy, soft pastels rich in prismatic colour.

Carefully I chose one of the crayons and rested it upon the surface of the paper. It glided across the sheet leaving behind a blaze of colour. I chose another pastel and another, gliding the colours smoothly and cleanly over the page. I didn't cease until the page was full with splashes, swirls and patterns of colour. The paper had been transformed into a kaleidoscope of amethyst, sapphire, chestnut, emerald and burgundy. It looked exquisite.

Romy S. 12E



GREEN ALLIANCE

This year Green Alliance has had its most successful year since the group was first formed in late 1990. The group's membership has risen as the year has gone on. We have held some successful events such as a casual day to celebrate World Environment Day. This enabled us to raise enough money to be able to sponsor a kowari at the Healsville Sanctuary and to make a donation of \$100 to the R.S.P.C.A. Both organisations were very grateful for our contributions.

We held a campaign that resulted in the canteen changing from polystyrene cups for their hot chips to paper cups. Early in third term we had a workshop to make recruiting posters which we put up around the school. We also formed a group to represent our school in the 'Clean up Australia Day' campaign.

We would like to thank everyone who has been involved with the group this year and hope that many more join us in the next year for an even better season.

Marika Neve 10B

Green Alliance Members.

President: Doron Dinor
Lorelle Fernando
Larelle Connell
Marika Neve
Aviva Gunzburg
Stacey Winduss
Carla Orr
Katerina Petratos
Belinda Yemm
Elise Forsyth
Erin Wells
Georgina Latimer
Renee Atkinson
Lynette Hillen
Belinda Christie
Bridgette Ure
Peta Jenkins
Allon Dinor
Jenny Evans
Karla McInnes
Advising Teacher: Mr Carrington



MY WILL

In my will I leave a beautiful world called Earth. This planet is the greatest thing I have ever been involved with in my life. All the beautiful places I hope I will never forget even when I am nothing but dust. The best things I can remember about the earth are the mountains, and the forest that surround them. Another great place to be is in the rush of the surf against the bones of my body. I leave behind the wonderful smell of the morning and all its sounds. I leave behind the great fun you have when you go camping with your friends and the smoke that gets blown in your eyes. It's the great moments I will miss the most, like the first time I did up my own shoe laces or the time I learnt to ride a bike without the training wheels I had. The first day at school was a good and memorable moment. I knew who my teacher was, it was Mrs Barter. She was kind and good teacher all rolled into one.

One thing I won't miss is the hustle of daily life here on Earth. All the shops and all the credit cards you could get; you didn't know which one you should get! There are so many things I could babble on about but I think I had better get prepared for the.....

Simon Farmer 7D



HOCKEY - INTERMEDIATE BOYS. 3rd IN VICTORIA.

This year we again came close to top of the state but were stopped in the second last match by a better team on the day. Mooroopna beat us 3 : 1 in a high standard match where many scoring opportunities were not taken advantage of.

The lads were fairly cocky about their prospects at the start of the matches this year and weren't keen on practice. On the day of the first round-robin our most experienced player and captain was waylaid by a mystery virus. With a few novices, some past school players, a few that had played years ago and one regular but unseen recruit, Simon Kiel, we despatched Highett 1 : 0 and Beaumauris 3 : 0.

The next round-robin was on a bumpy grass track at Springvale where we teamed very well beating Springvale 10 : 0 and Brandon Park 10 : 1. This took us to the Southern Finals feeling very confident but we were quickly put in our places by Karingal who played the artificial turf well and led us 1 : 0 for much of the game. We levelled towards the end of the second half and then beat Leongatha 5 : 0 in the second match. So we were the Southern Zone Champions.

We tried hard at the State Hockey Centre but could not overcome a team that had all regular players who had an organised and practiced game plan. Next year? Perhaps. I hope so!

Players: Mat Hooper (c), Denver Artz (vc), Steve Peake, Simon Kiel, Ben Artz, Christian Cullen, Lonnie O'Grady, Lucas Muir (goalie), Eric Zuker, Chris Kimm, Trent Harris, Brett Carmichael, Anthony Aquino, Scott Osbourne, et al.

Overall: 31 For : 5 Against.

Neil McKellar.
Coach.

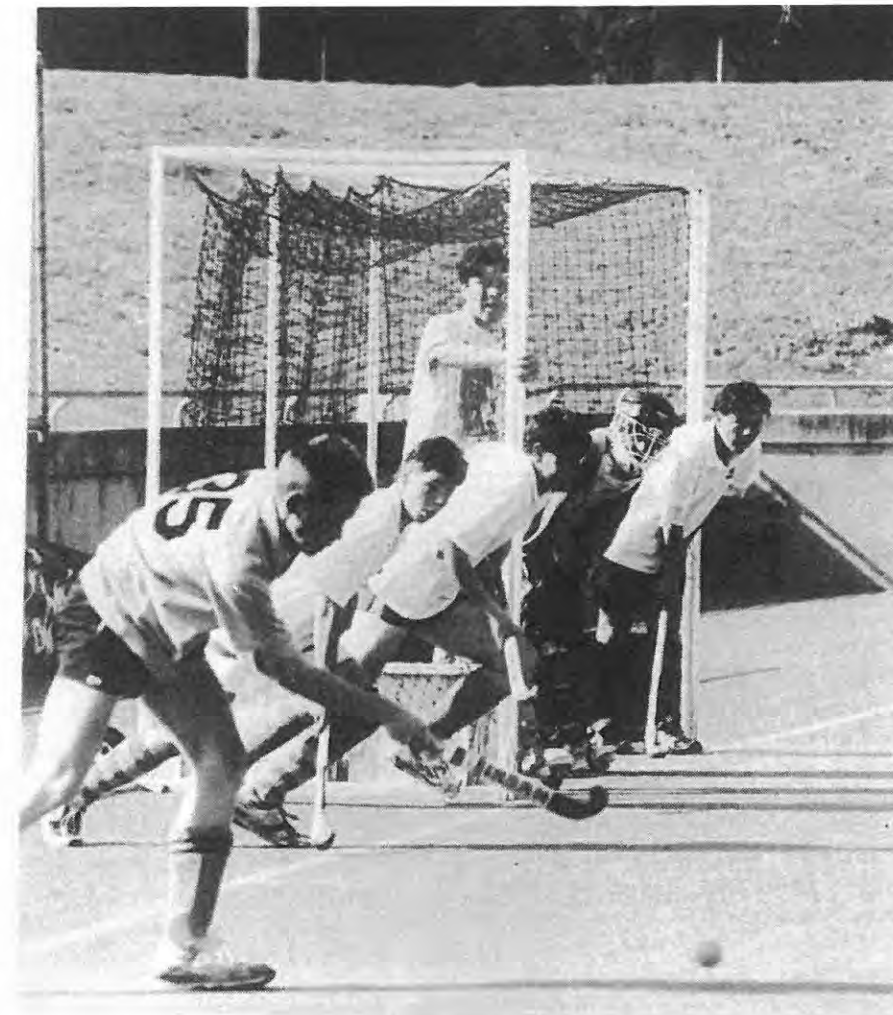


TRIATHLON

On Sunday, May 10th at 7:30 AM, approximately 30 keen (?) athletes gathered at St Leonards to realise the fruits of their VCE P.E. 6 week training program. The event, a triathlon designed as a motivational 'carrot dangling' exercise to provide self esteem and a sense of achievement for all those who participated. St Leonards provided the venue, and Brighton S.C. provided the enthusiasm as parents, teachers and friends came to witness the 1st Annual St Leonards / Brighton S.C. Triathlon. The distances were attainable for all competitors, and the smiles and pride were obvious on the triathletes faces as they crossed the finish line.

Congratulations to all competitors. It was extremely rewarding for us as teachers to see everyone finish so strongly - especially those who had been stricken with trepidation when they first heard that dreaded word - TRIATHLON! Hopefully you'll continue to remain fit and athletically active for years to come. Best wishes to all Yr. 12 P.E. students.

L. Stewart
J. Clarkson.



HOCKEY - JUNIOR BOYS.

This was a very good result for an enthusiastic if somewhat raw team of players. Many of the team had never played a match before but picked up the pace and skills well and were always competitive. Rohan Pallot and Michael Murphy as very good regular players led the team well but one year veterans of Stefan Arias, David Basin, Scott Cannell, Shaun Prince, Benson Ward and novices Adam Pirrie, Russell Larke, Gil Norwood, Tabori Harbott, Nathan Bell, Joel Chilbert and Nik Elmgren all did well.

	BSC	vs	Opp
Results:First Round v Mckinnon	5	:	1
	Highett	4	: 0
	Caulfield	5	: 0
	Beaumauris	2	: 1
Second Round	Brentwood	1	: 0
Sthn Zone Final	Mornington	0	: 1
	Leongatha	2	: 3

Overall 19 For : 6 Against

The lads came close to the state finals and have to be congratulated on their efforts. Well done! I enjoy coaching boys who try as hard and learn as fast as this mob.

Neil McKellar
Coach.



HOUSE ATHLETICS

On your marks, get set, BANG! The gun sounded and the biggest race of the year had started. The race to win the House athletics.

It was a day filled with excitement as races were ran and competitions were held for things such as javelin, shot put, discus, relays and much more.

The day was very successful with great weather and ribbons being handed out left, right and centre to each House for various events.

The scoreboard told us all that it was a very close race with the leadership being juggled around the Houses quite often. At the end of the day though, the scoreboard said that Phillip was in first place. With athletes such as:

Christian Cullen, Sebastien Blanc, Brett Busby, Taiya Obertaire and Jane Chapman just to name a few, we couldn't have gone wrong. It is therefore with great pleasure that we, Jenny Evans and Dean Busby as Phillip Intermediate house captains wish to thank everyone who participated in any way on the great day.

Jenny Evans and Dean Busby.
Phillip House Intermediate Captains



STAR ATHLETICS AWARDS

During term 3 students in Mr Zaharias's P.E classes were involved in an athletics unit. In this unit students attempted a variety of events covering both Track and Field. the best result from each event was recorded and then converted to points. These points were then used to award students a 1, 2, 3, 4 or 5 Star Award where the 5 Star Award is the highest award a student can receive. After including the House and Interschool Athletics competition the following awards were achieved.

1 star	18 students
2 star	20 students
3 star	42 students
4 star	21 students

The awards took into consideration whether the student was male or female as well as their age.

The four students receiving a 5 Star Awards were:

Luke Cash 7A
Gaelan Walker 7D
Timothy Francis 8B
Peter Giannakis 8B



HOUSE COMPETITION

The House Competition has been a great success this year. Students who have contributed to these activities have made the competition worthwhile, and their enthusiasm has been inspirational.

I would like to thank all students who took part, and the House teachers for their great support. The progressive scores are very close, and the final outcome depends of the Softball competition.

After the competition of the Chorals, Swimming, Dramas and Athletics the standings were as follows.

	MURRAY	PHILLIP	GRANT	LONSDALE
Swimming	100	70	80	90
Chorals	75	90	100	75
Dramas	70	100	90	80
Athletics	70	100	80	90
Overall	315	360	350	335

A. Fenton
House Activities Co-ordinator.

Student Champions

* Kylie Ure 11A Womens U 19/20 cricket

* Ben Durant 9E Boys U 16 Baseball (1991)

* Rebecca Wells 10E (March 1992) - Victorian U 15 Discus
Champion (1st place) + runner up in another event



ALIENS

Afternoon sun poured into the top of the sky scraper. In the conference room, the air was electric. Four men, beaded with perspiration had been battling it out all afternoon, now they were quiet. A window had been opened and they sat smoking in their shirtsleeves. The Russian, the American, a pompous Briton and the Japanese representative. They had made their decision.

At the space station we sat, biting our nails, or paced, we were nervous and on edge. What had they chosen? Why had they called a "do or die" meeting after we had worked for five years? The phone rang and Dr Lebmanser answered, tersely. "Hello...yes...you're sure...proceed as planned...no sir, no mercy...has to be done!...I'll let them know ...OK we'll keep you posted...alert all stations...goodbye." He turned to us and said "You're going".

That night he gave us the same instructions we'd already heard; "The spaceship is taking you to the planet Neptune B, discover all life forms and atmospheric conditions. If it is suitable for humans we will destroy the aliens and use it as a waste dump for toxic waste etc. Good luck."

There was more but we were excited and impatient, we blasted off. With the entire world behind us, watching, hoping, expecting results. The journey was as uneventful as a trip through space could be and we were so busy keeping everything in order that we came into orbit of the tenth planet (named Neptune B) before we could think about it.

Before we landed we stared at each other. There were three of us. We were braving a new frontier, "No sentiment, no mercy, destroy and conquer" was our well-learned motto.

We alighted and something inside me was changed forever. Everybody has heard the expression "there was music in the air" but there really was, a

mystic, constant lullaby, somewhere between a sunbeam and stardust, the tiny notes wafted past me from time to time. I had the curious sensation of being underneath the sea and in the middle of a moonray at the same time.

All around us there were beings, transparent, radiating white light with different coloured, vivid auras. They showed no sign of panic, they radiated a wave of such simple dignity.

A person who was obviously their leader stepped forward, and said kindly "welcome". The others all drifted away, talking quietly, a sound of a gurgling bubbling spring.

"Come, I will guide you". We followed in a daze, we went through rainforests and pine forests, ice lands, and coasts - it must have been at least seventeen hours and not once did we grow weary.

The animals we saw were like free souls released from hell, the souls of eagles, the stealthiness of tigers - and they looked like shooting stars.

"Take off your binding" he ordered us quietly. In a daze we did so and I breathed in with abandon.

It was like breathing the essence of a symphony and the power of the ocean into my lungs - no wonder these people walked on air.

"This is the planet Shasta rani daas. We are the shastis, we are peaceful, we play music and float around on the tide of the air-" suddenly the grave, noble old being choked up with tears "and we know, we know..."

We were in the middle of a town, the houses were pale pastel havens and the most delicious smells imaginable were floating around. An on-pour of tiny creatures, the children, with big pink eyes were swarming slowly around us, like two cats at a single saucer. They felt like the stroke of a dove's wing when they brushed past.

We were invited to a princely feast of unidentified scrumptious dishes. As we sat afterwards with the planet's ruler, we asked their leader Rumni, "What do you know?". He breathed a shaky sigh "We know what you are here for".

"Be at peace old man" my comrade assured him. We stayed there for two days, tripping in a perpetual dream of sensations.

We felt, rather than saw, the purple, husky hues of night and the crisp blue tones of morning. The forests spoke in their shades of green and the sun anointed our fears in it's burning yellow brilliance.

The Shastis helped us to listen to the songs that were the air and the slow, watery notes of the water. We slept in the soft dew tipped flowers and smelt the smell of peace.

When we were idle, our senses took over and we learned what it is to dip and sway through the clouds.

In the chamber of moist windblown caresses that is a rainforest we broke up into separate sections of our souls and came back together fully whole.

Bidding the trusting vulnerable, noble Shastis goodbye was like tearing our hearts in half. They waved goodbye, their bubbling brook voices bade us goodbye.

The trip was silent as we feared our own selves - we had taken an oath to report back faithfully.

To cheers, screams and tears we alighted the ship; reporters bustled around us with a million questions.

I looked up at the sky and saw paradise hiding behind the clouds. I drew breath not trusting my own soul.

"Nothing to report. We're sorry, the air's poison and there was no-one there"

The crowd dispersed and I heard the absence of music in the air.

Ebony Morrisson 9D

WELLY WANGER

It had always been my greatest ambition to represent my country. So when I received the chance early last year to do so at the World International Gumboot Throwing Championships, I went straight away, without a moment's thought.

Now, Gumboot Throwing is not a popular sport in this country by any means, but its expansion is hampered greatly by a lack of publicity surrounding this sport. People just don't know about the amount of skill involved in 'welly wanging'. It is still thought of as quite a joke, and people perceive it more as a party trick more than anything else. Even my family prefer not to take my chosen sport seriously. It is not yet recognised officially by world organisations as a sport in the true sense of the word, but the ASGT (Australian Society of Gumboot Throwers, of which I am a member) are working on it.

I was 28 when I first acquired the opportunity to join the best gumboot throwers Australia had to offer. They were also some of the finest in the world, which goes to show that the sport certainly deserves to be recognised in this country. The world titles were being held that year in Japan, which, strangely enough, has produced more than its fair share of champion gumboot throwers. Our main rivals, however, were from Britain, home of the wellington boot.

As the competition progressed it was clearly obvious that we were in with a good chance to win. Japan and Canada having bombed out earlier, it was a great competition between ourselves and the British.

Team gumboot throwing is worked out at an average for the whole team. At the last throw for each side, we were averaging 96 metres and the British 97 metres.

Everything was still in the stadium. Not one person in the crowd moved, the tension was so great. It was still anybody's chance to win. The final English competitor threw his gumboot a good 98 metres. That bought their average to 97.5. The result of that was that I, being the last thrower, had to throw my Challenger Dunlop (size 9) a mammoth 99.02 metres at the minimum to provide us with a win. I really hated being last that day.

I had never done that distance before : my personal best was 98.79 metres, so I was going to have to improve vastly on that.

I stepped up to the grass, gumboot in hand. The crowd was still and silent; no-one dared even breathe. I took my aim carefully. Unlike the more conventional throwing sports of discus and shot put, the World Gumboot Throwers Association (WGTA) allowed you only one chance to get it right, as it was a team sport, and there were boundaries on the direction in which you could go.

The crowd leaned forward in tense anticipation. It was hot and I was sweating. I had no control over my throw but threw automatically. Thank God. I don't think I could have done it any other way; I was amazingly nervous.

From the first heave I made, the throw felt good, strong. I hurled it hard and I could scarcely believe it when I saw how far it travelled. It seemed to sail in the air for the longest time, but it can't have been more than 10 seconds.

The whole crowd and competitors as a single body waited anxiously for the result of my throw. It had seemed to me to be good and it definitely could have travelled over 99 metres.

My throw? 98.95 metres. It was a great throw; I had beaten my personal best by 16 centimetres, but it wasn't good enough. The British competitors and spectators went wild in exaltation and joy.

I felt the greatest ache in my heart for letting my team and country down (not that anyone back home was really fussed whether or not our country were welly wanging champions, but anyhow). My team mates attempted to console me with the idea, not that it was any one person's fault in particular, but I felt that I could have won it for them.

Second place is still great, though, and should I ever get the opportunity once more, there would still not be a seed of doubt in mind about going, even after my disaster, for I am an avid welly wanger.

Caitlin Farmer 9B

Jade Minton - Connell



SWIMMING SPORTS

This year's swimming sports were very competitive because all the House captains were competing in their last year at Brighton Secondary College. At the Murray house meetings we seemed to fill most of our events to our fullest capacity; the only thing that could win it for us now was the teams' ability. Mr Fenton - teacher in charge of the House activities, and Mr Clarkson - sports co-ordinator, had the day well organised and running like clockwork. It was held at Caulfield Swimming Pool and the day was bright, sunny conditions. The Houses were evenly matched but Murray's overall participation was too strong and dominated the lead, ending in victory. One huge highlight of the day was our student team who finally beat the teachers after always losing by inches. It was a stunning performance and reminded the teachers how old they are getting!

OVERALL SCHOOL SPORTS CAPTAIN & MURRAY HOUSE CAPTAIN





1992 DRAMA FESTIVAL.

The weeks leading up to the dramas are some of the most nerve-wrenching of the year. Amidst the happy go lucky atmosphere of learning lines and practicing, there is an underworld slant that resembles a third rate spy movie - who's doing what and how well are they doing it?

As time goes by, each house begins to show ambiguous emotions - their fellow actors are rubbing on their nerves and all of the directors and targets for killer looks...but everyone is ready to massacre the other houses at a moments notice!

This years dramas were no exception. No matter how long you deny it, the night arrives and everyone gets over their wounded egos to bury their hatchets.

We were lucky enough to witness four great plays and the adjudicator didn't even have to accept bribes. Some great performances were clocked in and everyone involved felt that the last few weeks were worth it.

Congratulations to Mark Pearl who gave a stunning rendition of Jeckle and Hyde. Good on you Jaqui Corbett! Our resident best actress gave an inspired version of Cinderella. Also, three cheers for Georgina Lattimer who got best supporting actress for her version of an ugly step sister.

The winning house was Phillip, with their play "the infamous soothing system of Professor Maillard". This was enjoyed by all. Congratulations to all the cast and especially to the director Cassie Bourke.

In a cliffhanger, Grant House placed second with "A Typically Atypical Day". Congratulations to Dinesh Wimalasurya, the director and all involved including Doug Allison who was nominated for an Academy Award in the leading role as the pizza delivery man.

Equal third place went to Murray and Lonsdale. Murray's play "The Modern Cinderella" was great and Murray boasted the best actress and best supporting role awards. Congratulations to Breeze Hughes, and cast.

Lonsdale's gripping melodrama was thoroughly enjoyed, again a cheer for the best actor Mark Pearl. Everyone was great. Cheers for their conductor Meaghan.

So until next year "break leg everyone!"

Ebony Morrison 9D
Nicole Colquoun 9D.



THE ANNUAL HOUSE DRAMA COMPETITION

May the 28th was a night full of suspense for many of us. After a month of lunchtime and after school rehearsals the big night had come for each house to perform their play. Each house had some 10 or 20 performers in the back rooms of N8 and N15 putting on make-up, rehearsing lines and generally going mad. The teachers, of course, were cool, calm and collected while the students and performers were running around, each one worried about forgetting lines or cues or something like that.

Phillip won, I'm very happy to announce as I directed, but each House was not very far behind with the difference in points being about one or two.

Mr Fenton coped very well considering he organised the night, Mr Pappas and Mrs Turk worked wonders and all the other teachers who helped their houses deserve a hand of applause! (Especially Mr Dunlea - for all the help with Phillip house.) But above all, each cultural captain or director (whatever the case may be) should be proud of their achievements as it was a close decision.

Thank-you to Carolyn Hill (Phillip House Cultural Captain) for letting me direct our play, but above all I thank my cast for all their effort!

Cassie Burke
Phillip House Director



FINAL PIROUETTE

It was the last time that I would step on a stage and dance again. Excitement filled my body. Beads of sweat began to trickle down my forehead. Suddenly I heard my cue.

I stepped on stage as the curtain lifted. The lights shone upon my face and blinded me as usual. I was alone again - in a world of my own.

I danced like I'd never danced before. I was the only one there. I was the only ballerina on that stage. The atmosphere was serene and beautiful. This is the atmosphere I've always wanted to live in.

The dim spotlight followed my every pirouette. Only then did I feel important. All eyes were upon me. I felt like a dove drifting into the darkness, then slowly back into the light.

I was a princess, looking for my prince. Finally he arrived. He lifted me and we danced together. At this moment my every bone was aching, and I felt as if my toes were numb. But I would never exchange that feeling for anything. To me, it was the best feeling in the world.

Our music slowly faded into the dusty air. And the curtain closed. I heard applause. I loved the sound of every whistle, and every clap. The curtain opened. I did my graceful curtsy. And my partner bowed. I curtsied for the last time and the heavy red curtain closed forever.

Lisa Dubinsky 10A

THE HOUSE CHORAL COMPETITION!

The Annual House Chorals, an experience and a half! I must say an enjoyable experience at that. After all the time spent screaming, arguing, rehearsing and searching the endless numbers of music stores in Melbourne for appropriate songs with a difference, the night seemed to fly by. And I know it was a memorable one for the conductor / conductresses.

Mrs Batour, I don't know how you torture yourself every year! On behalf of everyone involved, I would like to thank you, for all your time and effort. And of course a sincere thanks to Mr Boutros for his helping hand.

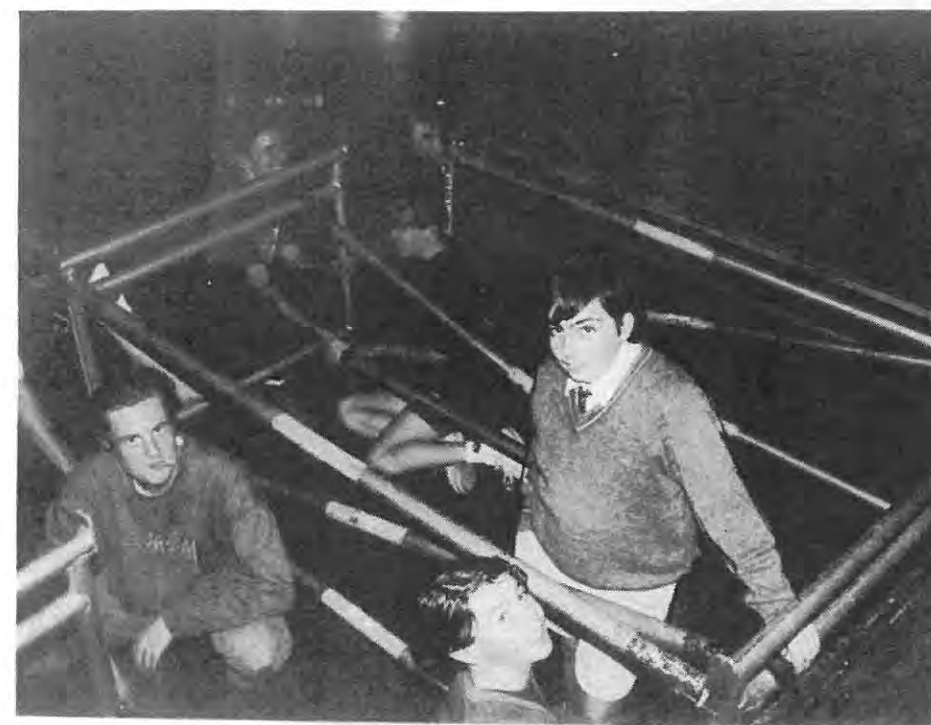
Our set song for 1992 was "Tapestry", and our other songs varied from "Bohemian Rhapsody" to "My Lord". Our House conductors being: Lonsdale, Tamara Mansour; Murray, Erol Hussein; Phillip, Carolyn Hill and Grant, Yati. All of us had to organize and control 50-60 students from Years 7-12, which can get a "little" stressful, but fun! Guys, you did a great job.

Many thanks to a our adjudicator, Mrs Helen Pietsch, who had the difficult task of selecting a winner. Also thanks to all House teachers, especially Mr Fenton for his organizing of the Festival.

To everyone who participated, "THANKS GUYS."

Best fun I've ever had!

Yati Soerono 12C
Grant House Cultural Captain.



HALL CREW '92

What would we do without the hall crew?

The general opinion is that we'd be a lot better off! This prompted the hall crew to come up with the immortal lines: "When the hall crew does something right, no-one remembers. When the hall crew does something wrong, no-one forgets."

The Hall Crew is made up of Andre Kozma (audio technician) and Richard Westney (assistant); Justin Miller and Ben Durrant (spotlights); Ben Jackman (general lights); John Westney (backstage), and Andrew (Ferret) Bloom (head gopher).

These guys are responsible for lights, audio and extensions. Their main projects for the year have been: the chorals, the dramas, and the musical.

The guys work hard and have gained much experience in this area throughout this year.

So what don't they do? Well, they don't go to class very often....

Ebony 9D.

HOUSE CHORAL COMPETITION

It was another year of hard work at this year's choral festival with the students from alto to descant singing their hearts out to their best, making the competition more competitive. All the same, it was Grant house who put on the best performance to win the adjudicator's approval and come first once again.

The singing by the House choirs and the 'Miss Saigon' renditions by the special choir made for an excellent evening. Thanks and congratulations are extended to everyone involved, especially to the Co-ordinator of the House Activities, Mr Andrew Fenton who did an outstanding job co-ordinating all aspects of the annual House choral competition. Well done everyone! Our adjudicator for the evening was Mrs Pietsch, herself a teacher of music, and a choir conductor. She awarded the results of the competition as follows:

First - GRANT 23.5 (Conductor: Yati Soerono)
Second - PHILLIP 21 (Conductor: Carolyn Hill)
Equal) - LONSDALE 20.5 (Conductor: Tamara Mansour)
Third) - MURRAY 20.5 (Conductor: Erol Hussein)

Nicole Colquoun 9D.



NIHONGO REPORT

Starting at a new school is always interesting. Introducing a new subject into a school's program is always stimulating. Introducing Japanese as a subject at Brighton S. C. in 1992 was going to be a great challenge. However the tremendous interest and support shown by students, staff and parents has made this task a positive, enjoyable experience.

When I reflect on the development of the Japanese program over the past year, some of the highlights include the establishment of the "Japanese room" in a central location and the making of paper cranes at the beginning of term 3 to commemorate Peace Day at Hiroshima.

When I first suggested that students make paper cranes to send to Japan I had hoped that students might produce a few hundred cranes or even the customary chain of one thousand cranes to send to Hiroshima for the ceremony at Peace Park on August 8th. However the next day I realized that I had created a monster when one student arrived with 120 cranes and another student with 75 already made. Within a few days the Japanese room was festooned with hundreds of tsuru - many more than could be economically air - freighted to Japan. Four students in particular produced cranes in prodigious quantities. Elise Halloran of 7C who made almost 750 cranes, Ernie Harbott of 9B who made nearly 550, Simon Farmer of 7D who made over 400 and Nathan Bell of 7A who made over 350 cranes.

An associated highlight was receiving a personal letter from the Governor of Hiroshima Prefecture thanking us for our "beautifully folded paper cranes" and informing us that our cranes "had been dedicated to the Children's Peace Monument in the Peace Memorial Park". Governor Toranosuke Takeshita also wrote how he was "truly impressed that students at Brighton Secondary College have been studying the Japanese language and culture and also learning the importance of world peace through studies of 'Hiroshima'"

The excursion to Japan Seminar House provided many surprises for year 7 students when they visited a replica of a "typical" Japanese home in Vermont. There were quite a few comments made about the lack of furniture and space, with of course the bathroom being the most memorable feature of the house. Of the several activities offered on the day, the origami session and the aikido demonstration proved to be most popular with students.

In May Brighton S. C. was selected as a participating school in the Asialink Program - a joint initiative of the Myer Foundation the Commission for the Future and the Asian Studies' Council that seeks to create a greater awareness and knowledge of Asia among young Australians. Two year 9 students from Brighton - Marisa Nicolacopoulos and Beau Robertson of 9B provided valuable feedback to Asialink in preparing their publications for secondary students. In the first week of term 4 Asialink organized a visit by a panel of former exchange students and young graduates who spoke to year 9 students about their experiences in Japan and in learning Japanese. Other faculties at Brighton have expressed interest and it is hoped to develop the school's contact with Asialink next year.

1992 has seen a very positive start to the Japanese program at Brighton which is mainly due to the great interest and support shown by the school community. With the appointment of another teacher of Japanese in 1993 the program should develop and offer students a wide range of rewarding experiences in Japanese language and culture.

Vera Hilton.



THE VIRUS

Year 12. Mouth those words at a typical teen-age Saturday night party, and watch the smiles instantly vanish, feel hands pat you on the back, hear murmurs of sympathy and realise at once, your utter isolation. For the remainder of the night, you are largely ignored (was it something you said?), no one wants to know you because you suffer from a political virus, V.C.E.

While the initial compassion, is there, fellow party goers, who happen to be survivors of this potentially debilitating disease formulated by a Dr J. Kirner, simply 'do not want to talk about it', as to do so would evoke too many painful memories. These young people are in remission, and hopefully have not struggled in vain to conquer this illness. They have a chance at a real future, they are the lucky ones, having secured tertiary places or guaranteed employment, the ones I envy.

But what of the youth I fear? If I too succumb to the V.C.E. 'contagion', I run the risk of joining them in the seemingly futile, ever-increasing queue they form outside the doors of the only known dispenser of the cure, the C.E.S., a place they go to when fortnightly supplies of AUSTUDY are no longer an option. At the very least, they are willing to sacrifice their dignity in exchange for temporary relief of the virus's effects.

A student suffering from this condition shows symptoms ranging from chronic fatigue, cerebral numbing to general nervous reactions caused by a build-up of the C.A.T. enzyme which, linked together, constitutes the V.C.E. viral strain. Only the physically and mentally tough along, with the very lucky, have a chance of surviving the effects of the accumulation of C.A.T.s in the bloodstream.

In the past, this stage of the disease surfaced during the latter part of the virus's year long development (labelled Swot Vac.), when it was in its infancy and known only as H.S.C. The disease has since progressed into full-blown V.C.E., attacking the immune systems of its victims throughout the year, stopping only at its very end; that is, if those inflicted can survive the pressure.

Those who are still with us at this crucial stage of the year have yet to face the intensive analysis of their work samples which are processed at the V.C.A.B. Institute. Students and samples alike are labelled with what is known as the V.C.A.B. number, in order to keep track of the effects of the disease's progress. Although the disease has

yet to be proven as being socially contagious, its astounding prevalence in so many students studying at Year 12 level is suggestion enough that the presence of this virus is more than coincidence.

No-one at the party has spoken to me or even looked in my direction since I uttered "those" words. I want to tell them that there is hope, by way of a local professor, J. Kennet, who claims he can eradicate the V.C.E. virus. I want to tell them. However, for them and for myself, I fear it is too late.

Despina Kormas Year 12



YEAR 12 CO-ORDINATORS' REPORT

The VCE 1992 has been a year of incredible and extraordinary change, change, change! It's a year that the students of this Year 12 will always remember, CATs, Work Requirements, Satisfactory and Not Satisfactory are words that are indelibly printed in the in the students' minds. V.C.A.B., Verificationn, Word Limits and Profiles are words indelibly marked in teachers' minds. Quite a year!

The change has been fast and has had its moments of difficulty but the teachers of Brighton Secondary College have been fantastically committed and have done everything possible to help their students have a successful year.

Nevertheless, it is the students who set the tone and make the year what is is. Many have worked hard to achieve their goals. Many too, have been involved in the chorals, plays and sporting activities.

The Year 12 committee has worked consistently hard and contributed to the tenor of the school. On Tuesdays at lunchtime they set themselves tasks, pooled their minds and resources for the students in the school. They have worked hard to improve the atmosphere of the Year 12 common room. Students have painted, pasted, played music, lunched, coffeed at times, even worked in the now blue, congenial milieu. There too, was always a sense of closeness and support towards each other by the Year 12 students.

We'll miss the sense of commitment from this year's Year 12 students. We'll miss their enthusiasm, their mannerisms, their joys, their sorrows. We'll miss the 'waggers', late-comers and the jokers of the year. You've all made it what it is.

IT HAS BEEN A CHALLENGING YEAR FOR US AND WE WISH YOU ALL SUCCESS AND HAPPINESS IN WHATEVER FUTURE PATHS YOU CHOOSE TO TAKE. GOOD LUCK!

DES CLARK

HEATHER KLINEBERG

TEN EASY STEPS TO SURVIVE THE V.C.E

1.ADJUST TO YOUR ENVIRONMENT: Every couple of weeks VCAB will change the structure of the VCE, totally changing your working habits.

2.SLEEP Just forget this ancient custom. The elders of VCAB have decided it's no longer a necessity.

3.SOCIAL LIFE: Become inseparable buddies with your IBM.

4.DOUBLE - SPEAK: Convincing your teacher that you'll have your assignment in by tomorrow even though you know that there is no way in hell you could possibly finish it by then!

5.SPIN - SPEAK: Spin pages of garbage, using complicated words, pretending you know what you're talking about.

6.TEACHERS: Become best friends with your teachers. Buy them lunch or wash their cars. They're the ones who initially grade your CATs. Get in their good books, it could be worth a mark or two.

7.LEARN TO LOVE THE V.C.E: The V.C.E. is giving us a higher education for life. Be grateful to VCAB. Of course you must believe them when they tell us the V.C.E. is the perfect system. After all, they ought to know.

8.CAFFEINE: Enormous quantities of this wonder substance should regularly be consumed, usually in the form of coffee or tea. Just as people eat chocolate to break the smoking habit, students drink coffee to break the sleeping habit.

9.FAMILY: So important to take a photograph of these people before the school year starts so you can remember what they look like during the year.

10.HAPPINESS: Finally, enjoy yourself. Have fun with the V.C.E. Really, only a small minority known as "students" are complaining about the V.C.E. What would they know? The V.C.E. is exciting and challenging, the best years of our lives.

Chris Timewell. 12E



PANIC TO APPLAUSE

There is a saying "The show must go on". This was our touchstone during the 1992 production "Smithy".

"Smithy" was a "different" musical - it was based around a group of students putting on their version of "Romeo and Juliet".

Smithy (accurately described as "the top of the class detention list") is in love with Belinda (the head girl).

Much to the dismay of the cast, Smithy "disposes" of male actors in order to play Romeo - opposite Belinda.

Nigel - would-be actor and school wimp, rewrites the play in modern language. Mary, Nigel's girlfriend, is disappointed that her Nigel isn't Romeo, for as she is often heard saying "Nigel says his lines so beautifully".

As the production goes on - everyone is at their wits end. Especially Miss Byrde the enthusiastic new drama teacher who suffers a nervous breakdown.

Despite the combined effort of the zealous "Terror Thompson" and her sidekick Mr Stocks (who believes drama is the curse of the sporting life) the show does go on - giving way to a balcony scene that Shakespeare would never have dreamed of.

This production had it all including "kisses and EVERYTHING" as the school thug, the infamous Thuggo would say.

Stressful Rehearsal.

It started out with easy - going rehearsals with the principals, gradually getting to the chorus girls and boys. At first we only rehearsed at lunchtimes, gradually moving to after school and on weekends rehearsing up to five hours a day.

Day by day we learnt the words to our songs and script, which ended up in our nightmares, dreaming of the fools we all may turn out.

Between stress, burn-out and 'Prima Donna' tantrums, a group of almost strangers became the best, turning into one big family.

So the show went on, clocking in legendary performances for Allan Harris, Yati Soerono, Maxine Ross, Simon Porter, Jo-Ann Fell, Mark Pearl, Linda Helal, Patrick Connely and many more.

Jaqui Corbett gave her whole self to her role as Ms Carr - they say to break a leg, but Jaqui sprained an ankle instead. Other "members of staff" were terrific including Ben Burnett, Daniel Haddon and

Ebony Morrison (the only lines she missed were her own).

The "Fab 9" girls who provided a "fill in" between scenes looked good, sounded out of this world and were one of the best aspects of the show. Nicole, Dannii, Linda, Rellie, Jo, Andy, and Gayle were fantastic not to forget Melanie and Lee who turned up the volume with "Fever" and "The Shoop Shoop song".

A big mention goes to Smithy's snivelling "Grommets" Georgina, Torie, Mark, Beau and Belinda.

Not to forget the dances - coached by Ms Stewart, especially Lisa and January who provided an excellent tap routine.

The school band, as directed by Ms Gardner, was fantastic, providing a back drop of music that everyone enjoyed.

Thanks to the real members of staff Mr Redding, Mr Humphries, Miss Batour - the director producer, musical genius and mastermind of it all - did it again Ms B!

All in all it was a great time for all of us - congratulations again to Allan Harris who brought the role of Smithy to life!

Even though we were all sick, tired and bored of it by the end, we enjoyed both of the shows heaps - and so did the audience.

The only question left is - what's on next year?

Smithy
Belinda
Mary
Nigel
Thuggo
Grommets

- Allan Harris
- Yati Soerono
- Maxine Ross
- Simon Porter
- Patrick Connely
- Torie Nimmervol
- Georgina Lattimer
- Mark Hutton
- Beau Robertson
- Belinda Christie
- Jo-Ann Fell
- Mark Pearl
- Ben Burnett
- Jaqui Corbett
- Linda Helal
- Daniel Haddon
- Ebony Morrison

Ms Byrde
Mr Stocks
Mr Robinson
Miss Carr
Terror Thompson
Mr Downton
Ms Peters

Nicole Colquon 9D
Ebony Morrison 9D



OUR MAYORAL LEADERS

1992 has brought about many changes to Brighton Secondary College from the confusion in Yr. 11 and 12 to the designing of the new school uniform, and the recycling of Principals.

But nothing has been more of a privilege and honour than to have the Mayor of Brighton and the Lord Mayor of Melbourne on B.S.C.s' staff.

Earlier this year, Mr John Locco, accountancy teacher and sports coach, became the new Mayor of Brighton, and Mr Des Clark, Yr 12 co-ordinator and head of the art department, was bestowed with the honour of becoming Lord Mayor of Melbourne. The school was bursting with pride and excitement for the two men as they took on the position they had worked so hard to achieve.

Since then, everything has been go, go, go for Mr Locco and Mr Clark. With his new full-time job as Lord Mayor, Mr Clark has had to suspend teaching for the year he will be in office, so he can devote all his time, effort and energy into looking after our city.

Mr Locco also had to shorten his school teaching hours so he will have time to fit everything into his busy schedule.

Both mayors have dived head first into all the responsibilities that go with the top job and are both booked up for weeks in advance. One might be entertaining the oarsome foursome while the other is debating with a select group on what's best for everyone's future. At the same time, both are keeping a strict eye on what's happening in other areas and plan ahead for future weeks.

Lucky for me, I was granted a hastily arranged interview with both of these men and managed to get a slight insight on what goes on in the running of a city. One thing both jobs have in common, the Mayors found out, is no matter how big the area, running a city is no easy job. It's very time consuming and exhausting to say the least, but both are over the moon about their new positions, and are working hard to make it a great year.

To complete the hat - trick, not only do we have the two mayors on our staff, but the father of one of our year 10 students is the Mayor of Moorabbin. Barry Neve was recently elected mayor much to daughter Marika's delight. Barry kindly joined Lord Mayor Clark, Mayor Locco for our photo shoot.

So, I'd like to say, on behalf of all B.S.C., congratulations and good luck to the new Lord Mayor of Melbourne and the Mayor of Brighton. We hope your expectations are fulfilled and we back you all the way to making our community the best its ever been!

Natalie Alcock
Marika Neve



THE TOBACCO FIASCO

Around the age of eleven, I, like the majority of others throughout their lifetime, decided that I wouldn't mind trying the mysterious act of breathing smoke. My curiosity was tantalised everytime I would see anyone with a cigarette hanging out of their mouth. On television, on the billboards and posters and even watching my grandmother draw on a cigarette and proceed to hack and heave the oppressive clouds from her rocky lungs, intensified my anxiety.

Whenever I put forward an enquiry about this habit, which was all I knew about it at the time, I was swiftly bombarded with what seemed very hypocritical warnings. These were then adroitly transformed into knee - trembling threats that only a parent can penetrate a child's unshaking bravado with. This "Do as I say not as I do," attitude adopted, had quite a profound effect on my craving at the time but the instant all authoritative figures were gone, I was on my bike and pedalling like a demon to my friend and partner in crimes' place.

Knock, knock, knock....

"Hello young Jason," "how are you?"

I didn't beat around the bush.

"Is Adam there?"

This 'young Jason' greeting stirred a deathly vengeance somewhere inside of me and today I was going to change that. 'Yeah I'll show 'em'

It was a Saturday. We had all the time in the world and we were rich. I'd washed the car and mowed the lawns. I had my fist full of coins and so did Adam. We were off. The glint was in my eyes, I felt strong as I marched with my pal down to the local 'Rite way' mini mart. We reached those automatic doors and paused side by side. Slowly, the glass peeled back. We strolled in, looking as confident and old as we could, went straight to the confectionary aisle, as though we weren't there just for a packet of cigarettes and paused again. We went through our incredibly suspicious routine of stuffing a noisy packet of chocolate down our pants with our back to the counter and then proceeded to the check-out with a disappointed expression as though we couldn't find the brand of chocolate we wanted. This expression was employed in order to catch the cashier off guard and let her know we were tough customers who should be given what we wanted. We nervously waited for the customer ahead to leave with her heavy bags, and looked that check out chick straight in the eyes.

"A...um,,, packet of those red Winfields."

People that mean business don't say please, so I chose to leave that out for effect.

It worked!!

She placed the packet on the counter and put forward a hand, no questions asked. Slightly stunned, we looked at each other and dug into our pockets, slammed the coins in multitude down and made an exit with sheer acceleration. We were never going back, so the suspicion and impetuosity meant nothing.

Little did Adam and I know that in our hand was a brilliant concoction for the racing of young hearts. Chocolate and ciggys. What a beauty!

We walked, quite casually now, to the nearest park and sat on the log fences at it's outskirts. Eyes forever switching and scanning for anything that may be observing our criminal activities. Not wanting to stay in the same place too long, we hammered down all of the chocolate and smoked four consecutive cigarettes after the initial somewhat spluttery first. We then proceeded to the high school down the road, first walking and then running. Why, we didn't know, but it felt good. We sat again there in an environment we now saw as more fitting to our new image. We sucked down the rest of the packet one after the other. We talked, we coughed and we laughed, tremendous laughing. We felt so....so evil.

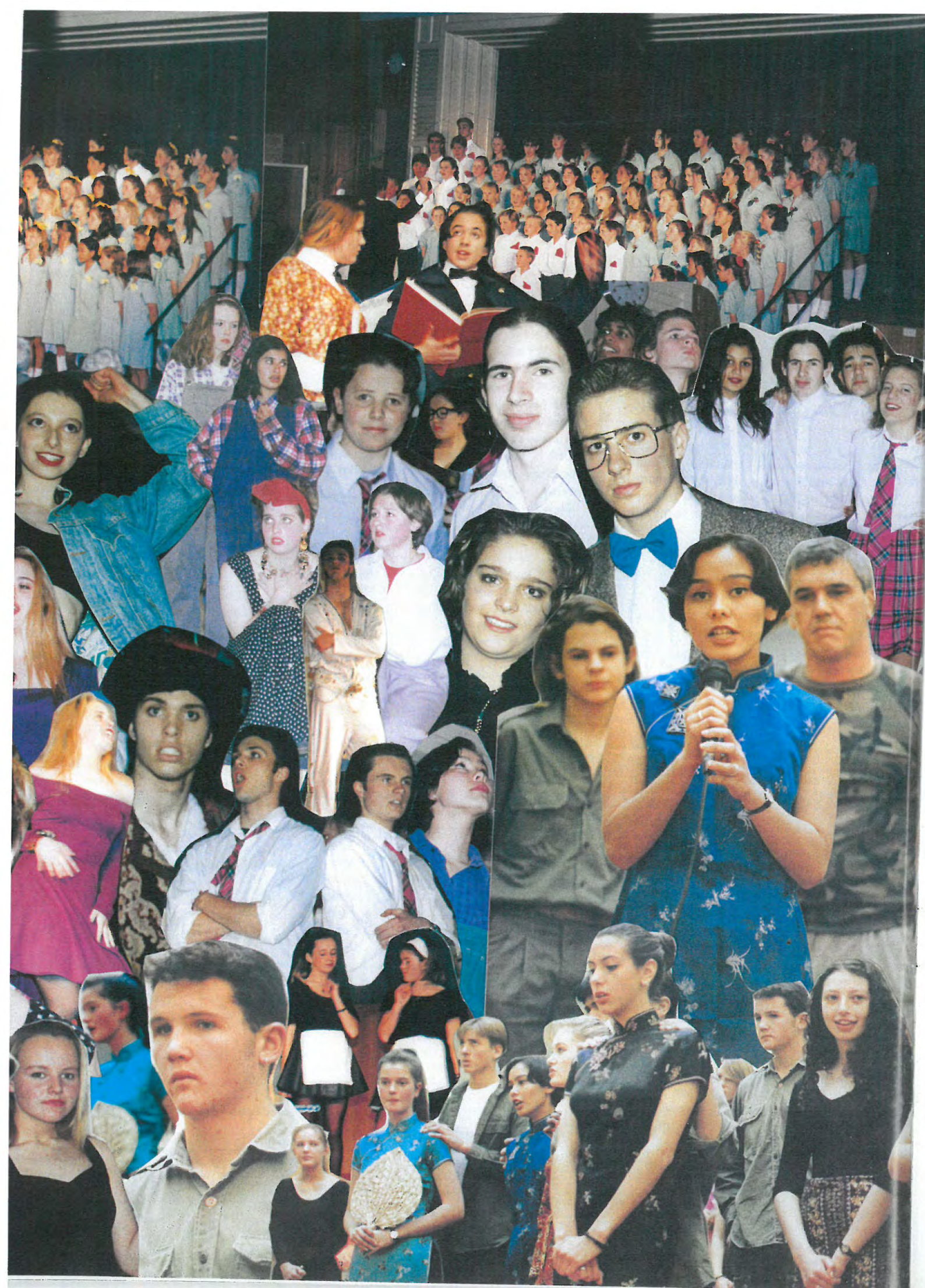
Night was falling and our smokes were nearing the butt, we stomped and parted, homework bound. I crossed through the school to get a drink, my throat was dry and my stomach had what felt like a mass of disorientated blowflies slamming into its walls. I had to go and I mean I really had to go. I was being taken over by a wave of mixed emotions, paranoia, embarrassment, anger, fear and shame to name a few. I ran with suppressing spurts of speed down the road, round the corner and on down my home stretch....

...Up and up it came, heave after heave, just as my grandmother had done, except, I did not bring forth smoke and my gran did not have her parents screaming and ridiculing her. I was done, done being sick and done for the next two weeks, with everything. I sat in my room and thought about the afternoon events and had a good cry. God! I hated my parents for catching me.. or did I hate myself?

Now as I stub out yet another cigarette I still can't quite give myself a satisfactory answer to that last question. Oh well, I'll think about it over a beer.

Jason Knight Year 12





OPENING NIGHT

'Oh!, has anyone seen my black shirt?, Oh! anybody please, I'm going mad! Ohh! I'm so nervous, what if I forget my lines?'

'Linda, relax! Just pretend that it's a dress rehearsal,' said Melanie Jones while parting hair.

My whole world seemed to be fixing their hair, or applying make-up or doing something.

'Hey slow down Linda,' said Jenny. She seemed so relaxed and easy going. But hey, it was okay for her she didn't have to put on a performance in front of the entire school and friends and play a vicious, terrorising - **TERROR THOMPSON!**, did she?

The first interval was taking place and the shuffling of feet and chatter of friends and family will echo in my mind forever.

'Wow, who are you?' a petit year seven girl asked me? 'Oh you'll find out soon,' I murmured.

Smithy came to wish me good luck. Allan Harris played the part of Smithy and was 'worry free'.

'Nervous Linda?'

'Um, yeah.'

I felt like screaming really, but held my breath.

'It's okay just do what I do - pretend there is no-one there.'

'Um okay,' they were the only intelligent words I could come up with.

As my mother walked up the steps at the hall, I ran to her. I didn't think my mother's arms could be so comforting.

'You'll be great.' She gave me a kiss.

Mr Redding was closing the doors and urged all the parents to get inside for the second act.

My heart skipped a beat, that was my cue!

'Well Linda,' I said to myself, 'It's now or never.'

As I made my way up to the stage I blocked all my fears and did what I had to do.

I'll never forget opening night at 'Smithy'. But was it all worth it? Personal torture?

You bet, there's always next year!

Linda Helal 10A





SIMONE ADIN
RUDE!... WHO ME?



HELEN ADLER
YES IT'S ALL REAL
AND AT LEAST I
WON'T GO BALD!



NICOLE AGUSSOL
IT WAS NOT BOB
JANE!



DANIEL ALCOCK
SEE YOU AT THE
CENTRAL.



DOUGLAS ALLISON
WHY DO PEOPLE
ALWAYS LOOK UP TO
ME?



SOFIA ANTZAKAS
I'M GOING FOR MY
PHD IN
NIGHTCLUBBING.



TROY ATKINSON
WHAT DID I CATCH IN
BALI?



RENEE ATKINSON
PLUGGER FOR P.M.!!



KELLIE BAIN
OH MY GOD, DID YOU
HEAR ABOUT.....



CHRISTINE BASSILI
I NEED A COFFEE AND
A SMOKE.



PAUL BATTAINI
A+? IS THAT ALL?



AZIZ BAYEH
FINGER LICKIN'
GOOD.



MATTHEW
BLACKWELL
PRINCE OF
DARKNESS AND
DOOM.



SEBASTIEN BLANC
I GUESS FRENCHMEN
REALLY DO.
DO IT BETTER.



MEAGAN BOTIC
I CAN'T THINK OF A
QUOTE TO SUIT MY
DERANGED
PERSONALITY.



KYLIE BRACKEN
GUESS WHO'S
COMING TO DINNER?



CASSIE BURKE
I DON'T EAT THAT
MUCH REALLY.



ANDREW BURKE
A FORM ASSEMBLY.....
WHAT'S THAT?



BEN BURNETT
I'M NOT GOING OUT
WITH JO, IT'S PURELY
BIOLOGICAL.



BRETT BUSBY
NEVER FALL IN LOVE.



CHRIS CHRISTOU
I'M NOT LYING.



KRZYSZTOF CIUREJ
KEBAB.



BRETT COLLEY
NICE NORGS YOUNG
LUSTY.



JUSTIN CONABERE
I'LL JUST MAKE UP
THE FUTURE AS I GO.



VANESSA CONABERE
WHERE'S SHAR?



BYRON CORBETT
I HATE MY MINI.



EMILIE CREASER
SCHOOL'S UNREAL.



JOANNE CROAKER
B.M.X BANDIT.



THOMAS CZAKO
'I'LL BE BACK.'



ANITA DEUTSCH
I'M NOT DRINKING
ANY MORE.....I'M NOT!



DAMIAN MATTHEWS
IT'S BEEN ONE OF
THOSE YEARS.



STEPHEN McMILLAN
ASK A STUPID
QUESTION.



MONIQUE
MENNERICH
GEE THIS HAS BEEN A
LONG WEEK.



MICHELLE MIEZIS
WHO SAYS I'M FAT?



TANIA MEZIS
WHO CARES IF I LIKE
OLDER MEN.



JADE MINTON-
CONNELL
I LOVE JUSTIN
CLARKSON.



LAUREN
MULCOCK
TICK TOCK'S
MINE!



RODNEY NELSON
GIVE ME A BEER.



SIMON NIMMERVOLL
I AM AL BUNDY'S LOVE
CHILD



SIMON O'CONNOR
IT'S JUST NOT
CRICKET



RAFAEL OSLAND
NOT ANOTHER
ACCIDENT.



STELIOS
PAPAXANTHOU
GET A HAIR CUT.



CRAIG PEARL
IS HE STILL
ENROLLED HERE?



MATTHEW PELL
IT'S ALL TOO HAZY
FOR ME.



ALEXANDER
PHILIPPOU
IF YOU SEE KAY?



MURRAY PLAYER
REVERCATE THE
AGITATOR.



GILLUS POZANSKI
I FIND YOUR LACK OF
FAITH DISTURBING.



SHARI RAND
WHERE'S 'NESS?



CATHERINE RIED
SHE'S GOT LEGS.



KAREN RUSSELL
I'M NOT A BOGAN
ANYMORE.



GENINE RHODES
WHO IS THIS GIRL?



EMMA RIGBY
STRICTLY MEN IN
UNIFORM.



MARC RILEY
PEN SPINNER



YURI ROSS
I'VE GOTTA GO.



DARREN SAGER
PIG ATTRACTOR.



MICHAEL SAYER
JUST CALL ME
WAYNE GARDNER.



JUSTIN SCROBOGNA
WHAT A TRUE
GENTLEMAN.



JANE SHARP
GOOD RIDDANCE.



CHRIS SIACOLAS
SIMPLY
IRRESISTABLE.



HEIDI SKJONNEMUND
WHAT FORM AM I IN?



JOHN ELCHEIKH
I GOT SENIORITY. I'LL
MAKE THE
STATEMENT.



JO-ANN FELL
I'M NOT GOING OUT
WITH BEN, IT'S
PURELY BIOLOGICAL.



GYNETH FERNANDO
LIFE IS SHORT.



NICOLE FISHER
A LICENCE AND A
GYM MEMBERSHIP...
WHAT MORE COULD
A GIRL WANT?



MICHAEL FLETCHER
MENTAL TELEPATHY
MAN.



GREGORY FREMAN
STUDLEY.



TIFFANEE GEE
QUICK, HELP ME
THINK OF A QUOTE.



TAMARA GIBSON
A BOURBON AND
COKE WOULD GO
DOWN WELL.



AVIVA GUNZBURG
AM I SMILING NICELY?



RUTH HAUGH
GOING TO 'TRANNIES'
FRIDAY, RUTH?



CRAIG HEATH
HAPPY BIRTHDAY
BOB JANE!



PEDRO HENRIQUEZ
CHOW BABY.



CAROLYN HILL
OK BIG CHUBBS LET'S
GO FOR A JOG.



BREEZE HUGHES
WHAT A STRESS!!



EROL HUSSEIN
HEY LITTLE CHUBBS
LET'S GO FOR A JOG.



ALLAN ILLE
BUT I PLAYED
SCHOOL FOOTBALL.



CHRISTINE JAFFE
I'M GOING HOME, ARE
YOU COMING?



DAHLIA JOFFE
GOOD THINGS COME
IN SMALL PACKAGES.



PETA KEOWN
DON'T TEASE ME. I AM
JUSTA NEW
ZEALANDER.



JASON KNIGHT
DUNNO I'M THINKING.



DARREN KOL
KING REX



DESPINA KORMAS
ANYONE FOR
TENNIS?



STEVEN
KOULMANDAS
SHADOW STEVENS



MICHAEL LAU
BLIND PANIC IS AN
EXCELLENT
MOTIVATION.



MATTHEW LEW
I'M NOT TODD
LANDERS!



ANNETTE LION
MEN, BUT I LOVE
THEM.



AMLBER LOUISON
NO COMMENT!



SAMANTHA MANGAN
ADVICE FOR USA: NO
ALCOHOL.



TAMARA MANSOUR
86 DAYS TO PUBS,
CLUBS AND
FREEDOM...BEEP!
BEEP!



DAVID MARSDEN
REV IT UP GYNETH.



YATI SOERONO
BUT I DON'T DRINK
ANYMORE.



ANDREW SPYROU
TRUST ME.



ANNA STAVRAKIS
HAVE YOU STARTED
YOUR CAT ANNA?



ROMY SUJICA
MISS. SLOW AND
CASUAL '92.



DEBBIE SWALWELL
I DO TALK.



GAVIN THURSFIELD
AFTER 12 YEARS, I'M
DUE FOR PAROLE.



CHRIS TIMEWELL
SAVE FERRIS!



JOHN VIRGONA
AUSTUDY COMES IN
WEDNESDAY.



ANGELA VOTSIS
BORING!!!



BELINDA WEINIGER
I DO NOT LIKE
TRANSFORMERS.



CHRISTOPHER WHIP
GAVE HER A BUNCH
OF FORGET ME
NOTS.



ROYSTON
WIMALASENA
HASTA LA VISTA
BABY.



DINESH
WIMALASURIYA
I'M TOO SEXY FOR
THIS SCHOOL.



MANOURI
WIMALASURIYA
I WANT TO MARRY
DERMOTT
BRERETON.



DANIELLE WRIGHT
WHERE'S JASON



VANESSA YEMM
HAVE YOU HEARD
THE LATEST.....

ABSENT

LUKE TREEVE
LEORA SIMMONS
MARK YANCOS
SOMTHAVINH
SAYASANE
MARK PEARL
SARA STEVENS



MISSING

Gunfire exploded through the air. The sound of a dying man's last gargled breath tore through me as I looked down upon this pathetic excuse for a hero. I could hear it now, the sweet shrill of the postman's whistle as he delivers the final blow. The tentacles of searing pain shoot through its recipient as the fear and torture of not knowing overwhelm. They are faced with the grim unknown: 'Missing.'

The sand engulfed the body in its shallow grave, there is no pain now, nothing but darkness in all its beauty. This beach of death knows only the roll of the waves and the warmth of fresh blood soaking into its nether reaches.

There are times when the only sound is the lullaby of waves, when all is buried and gone. A stranger could look upon this beach and be mistaken for admiring the serenity of the scene as the waves wash over the sand. But when we look closer we see the almost unnatural red glow of the sand, and notice the ghostly mounds piled in rows along the length of the beach. This is hell's fire in its worst conception.

Every day there are more bodies strewn across the land and sea alike, and more graves to dig. Young people charge into this bloody graveyard filled with exhilarating thoughts of heroism and victory over the enemy, only to be confronted with the reality of this bloodthirsty, soul-hungry war.

Like the sands of time which cascade to their lonely depths, so do the lives of the pitiful and misled. A single bullet can destroy the radiance and warmth known only in life, bringing with it the cold numbness of escape to the beyond.

As the sand crunches under the shovel, yet another body is placed into its makeshift grave, still tender with the warmth of life: no longer a man, his body a lump of dead tissue, drained of blood, life and soul. The finality of death rears itself as the sand engulfs the body. Again the postman's whistle blows.

Gail Coulter Year 11



WAR

The silence in the air was even more frightening than the chatter of gun-fire which still rang in my ears. The heat & humidity were slowly becoming unbearable, slowing my reflexes and gradually exceeding their hold on my mind. In the distant village the machine-guns once again broke out in their grim reapers laugh & the tortured scream of a child in agony shattered the air, lodging splinters of fear & horror deep in my mind.

Silence reigned once again. Slowly the hairs on the back of my neck began to prickle and rise; I somehow knew that danger was approaching. I strained to hear something that would give me a clue to what quarter my enemy was approaching from, but silence still reigned, her cloak allowing no sound to penetrate the thiot vast veil of stillness that hung all around me. I decided to befriend the silence instead, in her vast cloak, and sped off through the dense underbrush, leaving not a sound behind me. Suddenly her protective veil was torn from me by the staccato bursts of a machine gun close behind me. I had stopped thinking rationally and my primeval instincts for survival took over.

As I thundered through the brush an image kept flashing through my mind, it was that of a cold grey tombstone bearing the inscription: 'Here lies Stanley Rycraft a noble soldier who died serving his mother country England. May he rest in peace'. I stopped in my tracks picked a large stone up from the forest floor. With all the strength I could muster, I hurled the stone in the opposite direction to the escape path I had chosen. I heard it crash into the foliage some distance away and waited with bated breath to see if my decay would work. It was with much relief that I heard my enemy speeding after it.

Caution & silence was now my only hope of escaping alive and I gingerly crept away taking care not to make a sound. But despite all the caution I heard the deadly click of a landmine trigger echoing at my feet....

Leigh Hocking Yr. 11



GREEDY GREGORY'S TOOF!

"Ouch!" shrieked Gregory, trying to pull out the tooth, that had been loose for days. While he was meant to be learning his tables, Greedy Gregory pushed at the tooth with his tongue. When he ate his lunch, he would bite down hard on his choo-choo bar hoping that it would fall out. It became stuck in a lump of toffee once, but Greedy Gregory was too scared to tug it out, and had to wait half an hour for the toffee to dissolve. Walking home from school, he twisted the tooth back and forward with his dirty fingers, but even though it was only hanging on a thread, it still wouldn't come out.

Then late one afternoon, his sister caught him by surprise with a kung-fu kick in the jaw. He was just about to attack her back, when his tooth fell out.

"Maaam, Daaad!" he yelled.

"You sook!" said his little sister. "I hardly touched you...." But Greedy Gregory pushed past her and ran into the kitchen.

"Mum! Dad! Look at me toof. What a beauty!" declared Greedy Gregory, while slipping his tooth in a glass for the tooth fairy.

"This tooth must be worth at least a dollar!"

"Don't be silly!" exclaimed his dad. "The most you will get for that is 5 cents - it has a hole as big as an elephant, and not to mention, the colour, it looks like a mouldy piece of cheese." Greedy Gregory scowled at his dad. "That toof fairy had better give me a dollar or I will smash er" he said and he went off to the bathroom to count the rest of his teeth. His sister followed him and watched while he stood in front of the mirror and opened his mouth wide. It was not a pretty sight, all his teeth were green or grey and bits of his lunch were stuck in the gaps.

"Un, ooo, eee, or, ive, ix," Greedy Gregory counted all his teeth, top and bottom and then multiplied it by one dollar (the one times table was the only one he could remember.) "I'll be rich!" he cried. "Twenty dollar! Think of all the lollies I can buy with twenty dollars!" And he counted all his teeth all over again, just to be sure.

That night, Greedy Gregory went to bed extra early to wait for the tooth fairy. He placed the glass of water on his bedside table and stared at the tooth. It did look a bit green in the lamp light. There was a dark brown hole in the side, but he was sure it was worth more than 5 cents. Greedy Gregory's eyes began to close and his head sank into the pillow.

"Ping!" Something long, hard and springy landed on Gregory's head.

"Uh-what...?" Greedy Gregory blinked, while raising his head up, gradually looking higher and higher at what seemed to be the biggest tooth fairy he had ever seen, standing beside his bed, whacking him on the head with her wand.

"Are you Greedy Gregory?" she snapped.

"Yes I am."

"And is this your tooth?"

"Yes it is," declared Greedy Gregory.

"Right." The fairy tucked her wand under her arm, and plonked herself down on the bed. "How much do you want for it?"

"I want a dollar!" answered Greedy Gregory.

"The going rate is 5 cents," explained the fairy.

"Not for Gregory Grabhams teef!" he replied firmly.

"Oh indeed? Pardon me!" declared the fairy. "Gregory Grabham's teeth, are a different matter." And she began to do some quick calculations.

"Treat them tough and they will give you what you want," thought Greedy Gregory smugly.

"Is this the first tooth you have ever lost?" Asked the fairy.

"Yes."

"So counting this tooth you have got twenty teeth all together?"

"That's right," answered Gregory. The fairy was obviously no fool, she knew how much she would have to pay for a Gregory Grabham tooth.

"Right," exclaimed the fairy, under her breath. "Twenty teeth at 5 cents a tooth makes a dollar." (The fairy knew her five times table back to front.) Greedy Gregory was too busy thinking about food, that he only heard the last bit; "...a tooth makes a dollar."

"That's right, I'll take nothing less than a dollar." He declared firmly.

"All right, a dollar it is," decided the fairy, "sign here."

And she held out the book for Gregory to sign with a magic pencil that wrote everything in double.

Greedy Gregory was so eager to get his dollar that he signed straight away without even reading the contract.

"Done!" exclaimed the fairy shutting the book with a bang. "Now, open your mouth."

"What?" cried Gregory.

The fairy was becoming impatient, and her face became redder and redder.

"Look," she yelled. "You get your dollar and I get your teeth!"

"My what?" squeaked Gregory.

"Your teeth, dumbskull. Now open your mouth."

Greedy Gregory went very pale. "But...but..." He stammered. "I thought it was a dollar a toof."

"A dollar for that! Look at it." She snatched the tooth up and held it under Gregory's nose. "It's green!" She snapped. "It hasn't been cleaned for months! And it has a big ugly hole in one side" exclaimed the fairy. "Stop crying, it was all fair and square. You want a dollar, right? At 5 cents a tooth, multiplied by twenty teeth, you get a dollar. Now I can't be fairer than that."

The fairy reached into her bag and pulled out an enormous pair of pliers.

Greedy Gregory felt sick. "I don't want a dollar," he snivelled, staring at the huge pliers. "I want to keep my teef!"

The fairy waved the pliers at Gregory. "Look kid, we made a deal and you signed it fair and square."

"But I want to unmake it," sobbed Gregory.

"Can't unmake a deal," explained the fairy sternly. "All you can do is make a new one."

"Yes! Yes!" he cried. "Anything!"

The fairy pulled out another book and flipped through the pages. "Well, you have nothing much to offer me, unless your teeth improve a bit. Perhaps form C.T. 20 might do the trick."

Greedy Gregory wiped his eyes and peered at the form. This time he read every word, even the fine print down the bottom of the page.

Here is what it said:

"I,, do solemnly swear to take good care of all my teeth, to visit the dentist every six months, and to brush my teeth after every meal."

Signed

And in small print down the bottom:

"I also promise not to eat too many lollies, ice-creams or sweat biscuits."

Gregory signed.

Next morning, Gregory woke up late. His eyes were all puffy and he felt awful. He ran his tongue over his teeth. Thank goodness they were all there, just as furry and dirty as they were last night. He raced into the bathroom and grabbed a tooth-brush.

"Did you look in your tooth glass?" asked his mother as he scrubbed away at his teeth. "The tooth fairy left you something." Gregory walked slowly back into his room, hardly daring to look in the glass. What if there was dollar coin at the bottom - would she come back another night and pull out all his teeth?

But there at the bottom of the glass was a shiny 5 cent coin. "Look, Mum, 5 cents!" And he gave his mother a big, white, gleaming smile.

Yana Kletsel 8B.



Year 9 Camp to Tasmania.

6:15 on a Sunday morning is a less than human hour to be required at school, however in order to be on time for our flight to Launceston we all had to be there. The bus packed, we were on our way to the airport. Surprise, surprise, we're early, as our plane was scheduled to leave at 9:10. After having our bags checked by customs we were let loose at the airport until flight time. The plane trip went without any trouble and a fatigued lot were whisked off to our overnight accommodation.

Monday morning and a rather more refreshed group were driven (crazy by our bus drive, Wayne) to Port Arthur, the major convict colony of Tasmania; and then onto a ferry for a cruise to the Isle of the Dead (where thousands of graves stood!)

Stomachs still intact after an eerie tour around the Isle, we all had fun choosing a movie to watch as entertainment that night.

Everyone entered the cinema to watch "The People Under the Stairs", billed as a frightening story, but more corny than anything else. Judging by the teachers' reactions, this is definitely not an educational film. Anyway, a bus tour of the town and McDonalds filled in the spare time until we had to be getting back to the Hobart Towers Hotel, which would be home for the next two nights.

The tour continued on Tuesday morning, albeit not as planned. Our itinerary was picnic at Ross Falls which had to be cancelled due to bad weather. Spontaneity was required, but never fear, Wayne rescued the day by taking the mob to Alpenrail, the biggest model railway in the Southern Hemisphere which, was as big or bigger than two standard houses. From then on, the camp got rough with half to most people getting sick (thanks Ernie). However, even though the Abel Tasman was a bit rough and we kept on losing the reception of the State of Origin footy on T.V., it was a great camp all round and I'm sure I'm not alone in thinking so. Thanks to all the teachers (Boaty especially).

See you on the Year 11 camp.

Allan Harris 9A.



Year 7 Camp - 1992

This years Year 7 Camp was held in Term III at Coonawarra. The students had a great four days and participated in all activities with enthusiasm. The most popular was the horseriding led valiantly by Calamity Hilton followed closely by the flying fox across the lake. (I wonder how many hearts have recovered).

A trip to Buchan Caves and a cruise on Lakes Entrance proved to be worthwhile, and the nights activities were a groovy, cool and happening thing.

Thanks to all the students and the teachers Ms. Hilton, Ms Nicholas, Mr. Ivory and Mr. Pietsch.

V. Pappas
(Year 7 Support Co-ordinator)



CLASS LISTS...

7A

Danielle Agussol
Louise Arundell
Jonathon Ballantyne
Nathan Bell
Luke Cash
Joel Chibert
Maryanne Davenport
Celina Day
Tabori Harbott
Renda Helal
Rachel Larke
Max Lee
Kiran McInnes
Michael Murphy
Artemis Papaxanthou
Luke Pryde
Haywood Reddy
Anthony Reid
Jaqueline Rogers
Benjamin Smith
Steven Somar
Slava Solovei

7B

Deandra Burrows
Zinos Charalambous
Michelle Colquhoun
Riccardo D'Alanno
Patrick Ferraro
Christopher Friswell
David Gonda
Aaron Gruncklee
Allan Henderson
Rebecca Hislock
Leigh Ireson
Joel Laing
Jeremy Loeliger
Ashley Mc Callum
Sarah Morely
Peter Nicolacopoulos
Clifford Pierce
Vova Ringer
Melissa Sheldon
Aria Smith
Stavroula Tirkididis
Julie Warren-Smith

7C

Jai Anderson
Francis Blake
Adam Brostek
Hilton Clarke
Marc Davis
Manolis Dimou
Lucy Flowers
Michael Gollings
Elise Maree Halloran
Jessie Heron
Timothy Howard
Andrew Irving
Carmen Jordan
Alan Kille
Maryann Leonard
Simon Lew
Gina Ravensdale
Louise Sakkas
Leissa Van Saane
Nicholas Vary

7D

John Balgarow
Spencer Blakeley
Simon Farmer

Julie Flack
Rebecca Ford
James Gatos
Adrian Lazar-Adler
Edward Linivker
Thi Bieh Hong Pham
Dolan McMath
Rebecca McMillin
Phillip Murphey
Daiyan Pierce
Adam Pirrie
Danielle Presser
Belinda Richardson
Jason Ridgway
Andrew Roufai
Dale Sanftl
Ryan Shovelar
Renata Voldman
Gaelen Walker

7E

Michael Abramson
Paul Alvarez
Andrew Bates
Daniel Blakeley
David Chapman
Darren Clayton
Mark Crean
Niklas Elmgren
Shona Harrington
Brooke Haywood
Sally Kay
Russell Larke
Vanessa Lim
Leigh-Anne Monks
Jaqueline Malcolm
James McKenzie
Peter Nickas
Gil Norwood
George Sklenar
George Tamvakis
Corinna Walker
Eve Wallace
Adam Webster

8A

Andrew Blume
Scott Cannell
John Christou
Virginia D'Alanno
James Fletcher
Anthony Filss
Pauline Frank
Rani Gangalya
Dorit Gross
Tanya Hartman
Katherine Horsnell
Beverley Hughes
Lukas Liebersbach
Iris Moller
Kate Maxwell
Dylan Nichols
Shaun Prince
Tanya Richardson
Melissa Sanftl
Nicholas Skjonnemand
Afif Tannous
Adam Vitolins
Julian White
Drew Wilson

8B

Nicholas Bailey
Timothy Brookshaw
Christian Bell
Kristian Burton

Andrea Davies
Timothy Francis
Peter Giannakis
Bodhi Hanley
Misty Johns
Yana Kletsel
Jason Kraan
Ashley Lowndes
Ricky May
Jaqueline Noris
Will Posthuma
David Roberts
Penny Spyrou
Bronwyn Thomas
Georgina Timewell
Bridget Ure
Simon Waihi
Erin Wells
Alexander West

8C

Jane Allardice
Anastasia Alvanos
Allon Dinor
Melissa Estorninho
Aaron Fickling
Morgan Granger
David Gould
Scott Hearle
Iain James
Peta Jenkin
Manomrdd Lebdeh
Quiang Li
Ben Mc Conchie
Natalie Mc Carter
David Morehouse
Matthew O'Neill
Cameron Oung
Paul Rodgersson
Jodie Schetka
Sophie Siapantass
Cayne Snowden
Roman Surkis
Clinton Tuck
Ilana Zuker

8D

Sandy Britbart
Emily Dance
Beatrice Dubinsky
Megan Estorninho
Brendan Hodder
Daniel Henwood-Smith
Linda Kimitis
Niko Lauina
Paulina Lipengold
Marianna Malkin
Tamblyn Marshall
Benjamin Mc Carthy
Craig McDonnell
Daniel McIvor
Paul Porter
Raul Precupas
Gavin Rhodes
Grant Ryan
Jaqueline Scott
Samuel Steel
Kyrie Stevenson
Dylan Van Teylingen
Bennson Ward
Asaf Weiss
Jessica Whiteside
Lee Whiteman

8E

Joseph Abdelki

Stephen Arias
David Basin
Merrita Bodsworth
Belinda Christie
George Elcheikh
Andrew Forkes
Chelsea Gannon
Shaun Grabert
Cory Grenfell
Lynette Hillen
Thomas Kadera
Georgina Latimer
Renee Marouff
Carmela Mercuri
Jowita Modzelewski
Rohan Pallot
Simon Rodder
Daniel Sherman
Miriam Svoboda-Kovar
Andrew Teschendorff
Marina Wareing
Renata Zilberg

9A

Yvette Arnott
Benjamin Artz
Anita Bates
Richelle Butlin
Caroline Christie
Paul De Losa
Claire Halford
Allan Harris
Dean Harward
Angilee Hughes
Clare Hutton
Stephen James
Paul Jura
Adele Karmy
Dominic Kekich
Andre Kozma
Joanne Leonard
Sarah-Ann Marsden
Luke Morrison
Marc Reid
Michael Shiferson
Celvin Shovelar
Christopher Skinner
Alexander Sobolevsky
Kerrie Webster

9B

Soray Abdelki
Bianca Chapman
Kate Dunn
Caitlin Farmer
Shaun Foo
Brendan Freestone
Igor Gringruz
Ernestine Harbott
Eve Herschberg
Paul Horsnell
Mark Hutton
Michael Hynes
Qiang Li
A. Carlos Martinez
Sherril May
Kala McInnes
Leila Nabili
Nir Nemshiz
Maria Nicolacopoulos
Lisa Owen
Oliver Potts
Beau Robertson
Matthew Salvage
Luke Shields
Paul Siacolas

Susanne Svoboda
9C
Albert Balot
Jefferson Barton
Matthew Bracken
Randa Chebbo
Tansy Dunn
Clinton Einsiedel
Andrew Elliott
Evi Filippou
Joshua Flavell
Nicole Gavel
Cihangir Guneyusu
Lisa Hamley
Pawel Kacperkiewicz
Jesse Kennedy
John Kharitonov
Hanan Mahboub
Rochelle Miller
Robert Montague
Linda Nelson
Torie Nimmervoll
Francis Presser
John Sears
Andrea Svoboda-kovar
David Swieca
Zachary Szanto
Jane Thompson

9D

Dean Brostek
Corinna Burrows
Jason Byron
Danny Ciurej
Caroline Clarke
Nicole Colquhoun
Leah Doig
Joseph Fogarty
Thanh-Lan Gluckman
Kristian Greasby
Trent Kinsella
Devin Mc Math
Justin Miller
Ebony Morrison
Rebecca Mounter
Radha Naidu
Lisa Patterson
Jaime Rubenstein
Abdalla-abby Takla
Nora Tannous
John Westney
Anna Williams
Jason Wilson
Shennen Wright

9E

Benjamin Blackwell
Danielle Brown
Jane Chapman
Wesley Clark
Rhys Davies
Ben Durant
Jason Evans
Daniel Fargher
Rebecca Flood
Julie Forryan
Aphra Heron
Steve Koverdinsky
Freyja Macfarlane
Aleksy Petchkov
Nicholas Pinn
Joshua Presser
Troy Prince
Christopher Reichmann
Emma Rowson
Fiona Smith

Rebecca Swaiwell
Kellie Tissear
Dylan Walton
Penelope Ward
Richard Westney

10A

Gordon Allison
Paul Barnes
Marie - Claire Bradshaw
Troy Clarke
Zoe Charters
Lisa Dubinsky
Jenny Evans
Carla Gatehouse
Trent Harris
Tenille Halloran
Linda Helal
Grant Ising
Steven Jenkins
Kyp Johnston
Galen Marelic
Dany Mondor
Emma Rowson
Antony Sanftl
Benjamin Sayer
Evelyn Schlacht
Anthony Teschendorff
Travis Watson
Katherine White
Christopher Wright

10B

Natalie Alcock
Jeffrey Bell
Bradley Bolton
Robert Booth
Ilan Britbart
Sharon Caldwell
Larelle Connell
Shane Dooley
Lorelle Fernando
Lee Halliday
Peter Hadym
Imran Mohammed
Melanie Jones
Marika Neve
Carla Orr
Cameron Patterson
Katerina Petratos
Richard Player
Damien Rozan
Nigel Rudd
Mark Sager
Patrick Soos
Simon Smith
Leon Stagliano
Stacey Winduss
Belinda Yemm

10C

Tariq Abu Shaban
Anthony Aquino
Denver Artz
Costa Barboussas
Kirstin Conway
Melanie Collett
Richard Court
Doron Dinor
Luke Edwards
Sienna Edwards
Daniel Haddon
Simon Kiel
Christopher Kimitis
Wendy Lightfoot
Joanna McMin

Anita McMullen
Steven Peake
Elizabeth Player
Ian Richards
Rebecca Richardson
Lainie Rotman
Kai Sa
Benjamin Spathis
Olga Tahir
Amber Timewell
Cindy Wright
Christine Mootosamy

10D
Jessica Arnott
Clement Blake
Suzanne Black
Caroline Booth
Brett Carmichael
Patrick Connelly
Peter Crossley
Gayle Donaldson
Elise Forsyth
Rodney Garth
Sarit Gross
Matthew Hamilton
Benjamin Jackson
Adam Lew
Christopher Low
Taiye Obataire
Penny Rigby
Camley Snowden
Markus Soderlund
Kokila Thorpe
Darren Varker
Danielle Versace
Bianca Ward
Dustin Weiniger

10E
Paul Allardice
Janet Azarhin
Raewyn Bates
Renee Cleveland
Jaqueline Corbett
Dean Busby
Christian Cullen
Kamal Daou
Cassie Hayes
Matthew Hooper
Andrew Jones
Lukas Muir
Scott Osborne
Bonnie Posthuma
Melanie Rylance
Craig Theideman
Sally Thompson
KellieVan Vijngaarden
Andrew Varker
Rebecca Wells
Vanessa White
Erik Zuker
Dale Crean

10F
Somar Abdelki
Paul Apinitis
Daniel Bolger
Sofia Filippou
Rhonda Harbis
Janice Hughes
Fiona Kozub
Brian Kraal
Damien Lorrain
Frielle Marouff
Simone Miller
Joanna Nelson

Lonnie O'Grady
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Megan Romanski
Kristie Rouse
Karina Sphigel
Roma Tesler
Brian Kraal
Anthony O'Shea
Andrew Monks
Antony Oskolkou
Andrew Watson

11A
George Balot
Verina Cogdon
Emma Court
Daniel Einsidel
Michael Foxman
Michael Germano
Jack Giza
Darren Goldman
Simon Greiner
Robert Kaldor
Svetlana Kogan
Matthew Lorrain
David Owen
Michael Prosser
Christian Reddy
Bronwyn Richardson
Andrew Robson
Jason Segal
Paul Segman
Leo Tannous
Susanne Tannous
David Umansky
Kylie Ure

11B
Harley Ash
Brett Bryla
Minh Chu
Brendon Day
Christopher Elliott
Paul Fassoulis
Steven Helliger
Jodi Kellar
Anthony Lambrinos
James Robertson
Joshua Rodder
Anthony Seale
Danielle Spathis
David Spaulding
Kerryn Super

11C
Jasmin Agnew
Nerida Alvarez
Lee Bishop
Gail Coulter
Christian Day
Hayley Elbaum
Mira Epstein
Niklas Greasby
Christine Greenfield
Leigh Hocking
Carolyn Kraan
Anne Kroning
Roanne Leonard
Scott Marshall
Jacky McDonald
Ramesh Presser
Robert Prew
Maxine Ross
David Rule
Carl Slaterry

Adrian Smythe
Gian Stagliano
James Tuskin
Leslie Wait
Sarah Williams
Kelvin Wong

11D
Nicole Badger
Nicola Bidois
Alison Burnett
Ben Connor
Cameron Davies
Karyl Donovan
Ben Furness
Clinton Hiscock
Jodie Hollowood
Adrienne Kelly
Julia Lasbury
Kyle Maclean
Rani Mina
Micheal Morfea
Susan Mounter
Suad Nabili
Joyce Naldor
Rachel Norris
Laura Shaab
Gian Stagliano
Jamima suter
Marc Szarbo
Andrew Tompkins
January Whitman
Ben Wilkinson
Denise Wright

11E
Scott Bennett
Benny Chum
Verina Cogdon
Todd Cornehlis
Adam Dolkin
Sonia Elcheikh
Cameron Fitzgerald
Daniel Ghita
Kylie Gibbs
Stacey Ginty
Niklas Greasby
Johanna Greenway
Greiner Sharn
Sharon Hughes
Chantelle Martin
Steven Martin
Andrew Meadowcroft
Melanie Siapantas
Mark Mellech
Meera Naidu
Usha Roshini
Craig Rylance
Melanie Siapantas
Malcolm Talbot
Samuel Wilkinson

12A
Nicole Agussol
Sofia Antzakis
Ben Burnett
Jo-Anne Croaker
Anita Deutsch
Boris Epstein
Jo-Anne Fell
Craig Heath
Jason Knight
Darren Kol
Despina Kormas
Jean Madrigales
Michelle Miezis
Lauren Mulcock

Craig Pearl
Simon Nimmervoll
Alexander Philippou
Genine Rhodes
Emma Rigby
Jane Sharp
Angelina Votsis
Manouri Wimalasuriya
Danielle Wright

12B
Troy Atkinson
Megan Botic
Ainsley Boyd
Andrew Bourke
Chrtis Christou
Emilie Creaser
Caroline Hill
Breeze Hughes
Erol Hussein
Steven Koulimandas
Matthew Lew
Amber Louison
Tania Meizes
Kellie Nirens
Mark Pearl
Catherine Reid
Marc Riley
Darren Sagar
Justin Scrobogna
Leora Simmons
Anna Stavakis
Sara Stevens
Luke Treeve
Dinesh Wimalasuriya
Karren Russell
Patricia Leyton

12C
Simone Adin
Helen Adler
Aziz Bayeh
Matthew Blackwell
Kylie Bracken
Catherine Burke
Brett Busby
Krzysztof Ciurej
Michael Fletcher
Gregory Freeman
Ruth Haugh
Dahlia Joffe
Peta Keown
Mark Krawczyk
Annette Lion
Monique Mennerich
Jade Minton-Connell
Stelios Papaxanthou
Gillud Poznanski
Chris Siacolas
Widayati Soerono
Mark Yancos
Michael Sayer
Mark Krawczyk
Belinda Weiniger
Michael Lau
Sebastian Blanc
Simon O'Conner

12D
Daniel Alcock
Kellie Bain
Brett Colley
Vanessa Conabere
Byron Corbett
Tiffanie Gee
Aviva Gunzburg
Allan Ille
Christine Jaffe
Ronald Maclurkin
Samantha Mangan
David Marsden
Cameron Neave
Murray Player
Shari Rand
Yuri Ross
Karen Russell
Somthavinh Sayasane
Andrew Shafei
Heidi Skjonnemand
Debbie Swallow
John Virgona
Christopher Whip
Vanessa Yemm
Janette Kroehl

12E
Douglas Allison
Renee Atkinson
Christine Bassilli
Paul Battaini
Justin Conabere
Thomas Czako
John Elcheikh
Gyneth Fernando
Nicole Fisher
Tamara Gibson
Jillinda Hargraves
Pedro Henriquez
Adnan Kraska
Tamara Mansour
Damien Matthews
Steven McMillan
Rodney Nelson
Raphael Osland
Matthew Pell
Peter Rabba
Andrew Spyrou
Romy Sujica
Gavin Thursfield
Chris Timewell
Royston Wimalasena



YEAR 12 SUBJECT AWARDS



Accounting
Art
Australian History
Biology
Business Management
Chemistry
Drama
Economics
English
Geography
Graphics
Human Development/Home Economics
Information Technology A
Information Technology B
Legal Studies
Literature
Materials and Technology
Maths: Change and Approximation
Maths: Change and Approximation Extensions
Maths: Space and Number
Physical Education
Physics
Studio Arts

Monique Mennerich
Matthew Blackwell
Nicole Fisher
Anita Deutsch
Simone Adin
Paul Battaini
Dinesh Wimalasuriya
Douglas Allison
Christopher Timewell
Douglas Allison
Tania Miezis
Nicole Fisher
Cassie Burke
Nicole Fisher
Damian Matthews
Gyneth Fernando
Matthew Pell
Monique Mennerich
Paul Battaini
Christopher Timewell
Jade Minton-Connell
Paul Battaini
Meagan Botic



SENIOR SPORTS AWARDS

GIRLS
Netball
Hockey
Diving
Athletics

Jade Minton-Connell
Ruth Haugh
Jade Minton-Connell
Jade Minton-Connell
Ruth Haugh
Tania Miezis
Anita Deutsch
Joanne Croaker

BOYS
Swimming
Cricket
Soccer
Football
Athletics

Mark Sayer
Simon Nimmervoll
Justin Scrobogna
Allan Ille
Sebastian Blanc
Brett Busby

Sports Champions
GIRLS

Jade Minton-Connell
Tamara Gibson

BOYS

Simon Nimmervoll
Brett Busby

DARREN BENDEL PERPETUAL TROPHY

Simon Nimmervoll

OUTSTANDING ACADEMIC ACHIEVEMENT

Paul Battaini

SPECIAL AWARD - G.E.P. ROWNEY CITIZENSHIP AWARD

Nicole Fisher

DEPUTY COLLEGE CAPTAINS

Nicole Fisher
Daniel Alcock

COLLEGE CAPTAINS

Cassie Burke
Christopher Timewell



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AUTOGRAPHS



Brighton Secondary College - Year 12, 1992

TOP ROW (L TO R): Danny Alcock, Chris Siacolas, Mark Pearl, Douglas Allison, Micheal Fletcher, Matthew Pell, Luke Treeve, Raff Osland. ROW 5: Angela Voisis, Michelle Miezis, Erol Hussein, Ben Burnett, Greg Freeman, Thomas Czako, Stephen McMillan, Yuri Ross, Brett Colley, Allan Iile, Aziz Bayeh, Darren Kol, Justin Scrobogna. ROW 6: Darren Sager, Rodney Nelson, Erol Hussein, Ben Burnett, Greg Freeman, Leora Simmons, Shari Rand, Jo-Ann Fell, Amber Louison, Carolyn Hill, Gemine Rhodes, Simone Adin, Som Sayasane, Dahlia Joffe, Tiffanie Gee, Gynethi Fernando. ROW 4: David Marsden, Matthew Lew, Jason Knight, Royston Wimalasena, Craig Heath, Troy Atkinson, Alex Philippou, Mark Yancoos, Murray Player, Andy Spyrou, Dinesh Wimalasuriya, Brett Busby, John Virgona, Sebastien Blanc, Chris Christou, Simon Nimmervoll, ROW 3: Helen Adler, Chris Jaffe, Vanessa Yemm, Emilie Creaser, Nicole Fisher, Catherine Reid, Ruth Haugh, Anita Deutsch, Romy Sujica, Danielle Wright, Tammy Gibson, Heidi Skjonnemand, Kylie Bracken, Joanne Croaker, Tamara Mansour. ROW 2: Emma Rigby, Peta Keown, Breeze Hughes, Tania Miezis, Matthew Blackwell, Simon O'Connor, Marc Riley, Byron Corbett, Christopher Whip, Pedro Henriquez, Lauren Mulcock, Monique Mennerich, Aviva Gunzberg, Samanthia Mangan. BOTTOM ROW: Mrs H.Klinberg, Karen Russell, Kellie Bain, Annette Lion, Renee Atkinson, Debbie Svalwell, Meagan Boic, Chris Timwell, Cassie Burke, Yati Soerono, Vanessa Conabere, Manouri Michael Sayer, Paul Battaini, Justin Conabere, John Elcheikh, Damien Matthews, Gavin Thursfield. IMAGES Photography 596 8020.