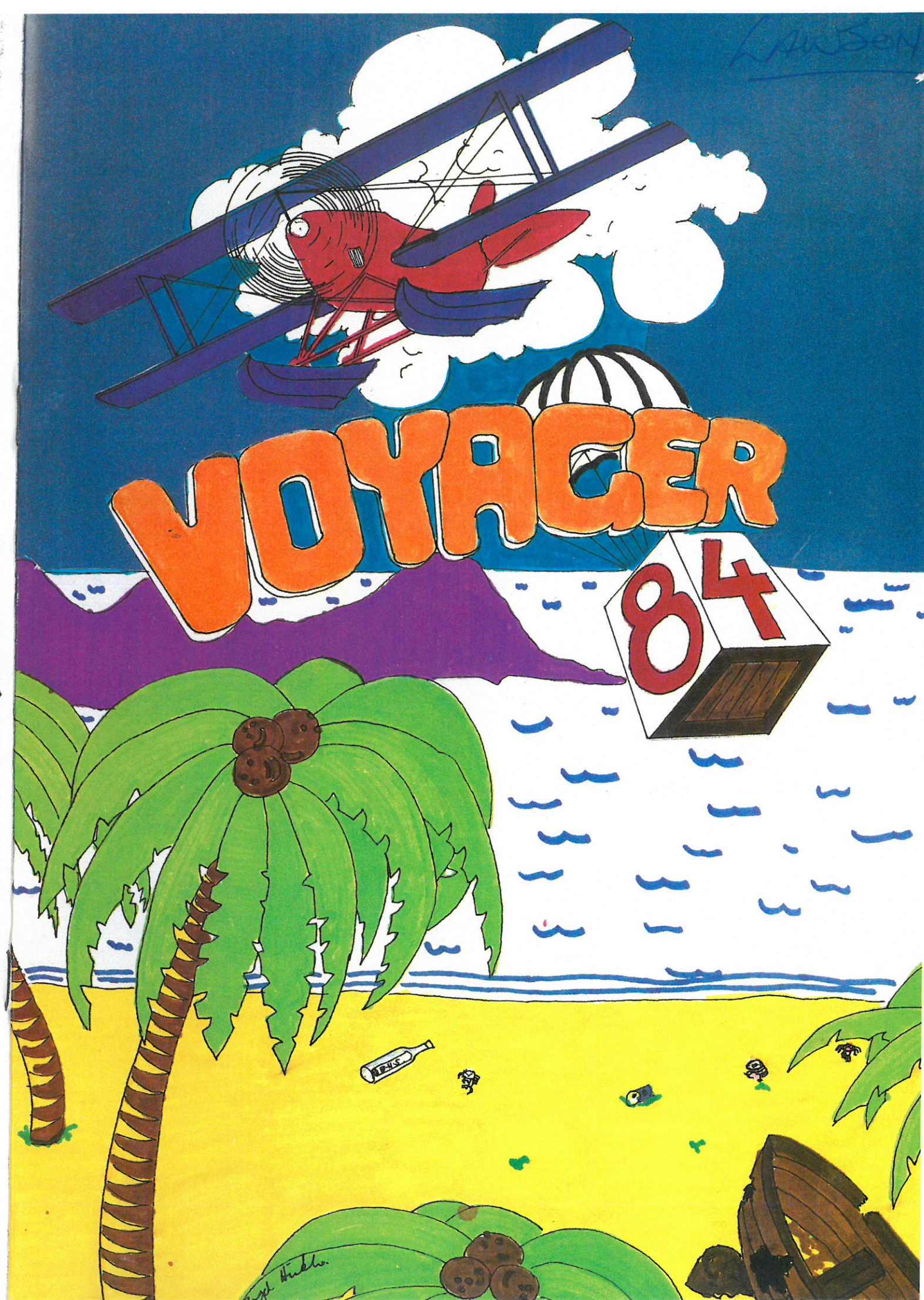


AUTOGRAPH

Lawson

**RAP
SHOW**



FORM LIST

YEAR 7A
DARE,C.
DENION,L.
GEORGAKOPOULOS,B.
HANBY,N.
HATZIOUDIS,R.
KORVAS,J.
LANGFORD,K.
MILES,K.
NG,M.
OLSEN,S.
ROBINSON,P.
WHITEHEAD,L.
BONSALL,B.
COTTER,M.
JOHNSON,T.
KING,P.
NICKAS,Y.
OWEN,R.
PEITY,M.
FULLAR,R.
SHEPHERD,M.
TAIAROA,T.
VOISIS,C.

YEAR 7B.
ANLEZARK,M.
DAVENPORT,E.
EGGART,H.
GIDDINGS,T.
KAPLAN,S.
KIMBLE,S.
NARRAMORE,S.
NEWTON,F.
NG,M.
PARSONS,R.
ROBSON,S.
WILLING,S.
ASPINALL,L.
DYMOND,P.
FLAVAGAN,A.
GODFREY,A.
JOWZY,S.
JOYCE,A.
KALFOGLOU,O.
LEE-SIEERE,S.
LYNCH,A.
O'NEILL,W.
STEWART,R.
VERSACE,J.

YEAR 7C.
ALDRICH,C.
BULLER,P.
CREASER,K.
FRANKLIN,E.
JERVICS,S.
MIZERA,V.
PIERCE,M.
RILEY,K.
SLIM,R.
WADE,S.
WILSON,M.
BAMFORD,A.

BIGNELL,B.
BUCKI,K.
CROKER,S.
DEFLIPPIS,V.
DOWD,N.
GLASSBOROW,J.
HALLIDAY,A.
HATZIS,M.
HOLDER,R.
MACDONALD,G.
SMIT,B.
SADLER,B.

YEAR 7D
BLACK,R.
DUNSTER,R.
GEE,C.
HENDRIKSE,C.
KALOPOUSIS,H.
KRANZ,D.
MARTIN,A.
ROSTITER,M.
TOMPKINS,K.
TWIRY,C.
WILSON,L.
COPPA,V.
EASTWOOD,B.
HOLSMAN,J.
JOHNSON,C.
KOZMA,R.
MAXEY,A.
OGBOURNE,G.
OLSZANKA,M.
PETERS,P.
SANGER,M.
SIMS,J.

YEAR 7E
COLQUHOUN,T.
GRAHAM,S.
HOMER,S.
KEATING,D.
MALONEY,S.
MARGOLIN,N.
PARRY,M.
PAYTON,E.
RAMSDALE,D.
RYAN,C.
SANDERS,K.
SLATER,J.
ANDERSON,S.
BARTON,D.
BURKE,D.
COGDON,M.
CROKER,S.
KARRA,J.
KUHLMANN,A.
LEIGH,J.
MICAHIZZI,S.
NICOLPOULOS,J.
NOPPER,D.
RUNDALL,S.
SCANLON,J.

YEAR 8A
BAKER,T.
BANNERMAN,M.

CEICHANOWSKI,S.
CLARKE,J.
DALTON,R.
ISENG,S.
HAYES,K.
KHOO,S.
YOUNG,S.
BASIC,E.
BRISTOL,K.
CAMPELL,R.
CHRISTOU,S.
COLLINS,D.
FALK,M.

FISCHER,T.
JONES,A.
KELIMAN,R.
KENNEDY,S.
LINDSAY,D.
MCTIGUE,J.
MICHELIC,P.
SWANN,G.

YEAR 8B
ADLEM,R.
BATSON,R.
BYRNE,C.
KINFELIA,L.
MCLEOD,K.
MERCURI,G.
RAMPLING,M.
TODD,K.
VENN,J.
WEBB,A.
BENDEL,A.
BLACKMORE,T.
COMES,D.
CRAVINO,D.
DARDIS,P.
DAVIS,M.
HATZIOUDIS,C.
ISING,J.
MALPAS,G.
NEVE,C.
NICHOLSON,A.
STEWART,J.
WEST,L.

YEAR 8C
ANDREWS,A.
BANKS,M.
BLIGH,A.
CAMILLERI,A.
CHRISTODOULOU,E.
DEMIRIZIS,G.
FALL,L.
MCILRE,L.
PITARIDAKIS,S.
STONE,L.
CARLEDGE,D.
CLAFFEY,D.
COLLINS,J.
DAVENPORT,T.
FRASER,C.
GERDAN,A.
GREER,T.
HUGHES,C.
KARNAROS,N.

KAY,C.
IAPATAS,F.
LEWIS,D.
LONGHURST,A.
MCNACHY,M.
MOHSENI,J.

YEAR 8D
AFFERI,T.
ANASTASIOU,N.
BARTON,A.
DIBBLE,F.
HAMMOND,T.
HIGGINSON,S.
NELSON,K.
SAMLAND,L.
SELL,G.
BRISTOW,L.
KELLY,P.
KREBS,R.
LACK,G.
LOOSCHILDER,A.
POLY,C.
RABL,L.
RUSSELL,M.
ST. CLAIR,C.
SMITH,C.
TAYLOR,P.
TISHLER,G.
WITHALL,A.

YEAR 8E
BISPING,S.
CAMERON,J.
CHINN,J.
CHOI,S.
DAVIS,N.
DESCUSA,M.
MISTON-CONNELL,B.
SELBY,P.
VAN ES,K.
WALLACE,S.
ANCOS,S.
BOVANO,A.
BUCKLAND,D.
CANAVAN,R.
CLEMENIS,M.
FERGUSON,T.
FRYMAN,S.
GAUDIN,M.
HYNES,A.
LENIZIOS,N.
LONG,M.
MCNEIL,C.
VOLAND,D.
WALLACE,J.

YEAR 8F
HUMPHREYS,L.
JOHNSTON,M.
MCDONALD,K.
MARCOFF,E.
MILLS,N.
PHILLIPS,J.
READ,B.
SIMS,K.

TWIRY,L.
WILSON,K.
ALEXOPOULOS,T.
BROWN,A.
BURGRAF,A.
CLAFFEY,S.
HASSALL,D.
KALATZIDIS,K.
KENNEDY,D.
MILLER,C.
NEWTON,S.
RENFREE,R.
SAMPSON,K.
SEEBERG,K.
SMIT,R.
WALKER,A.
WALTERS,C.

YEAR 9A
ASPINALL,L.
BARNARD,D.
CAR,V.
CROKER,D.
FOSTER-DAVIES,S.
FURMAN,A.
GISSING,L.
GORMAN,K.
HUSKIN,T.
MALCOLM,L.
NARRAMORE,J.
OAKMAN,B.
PETERS,K.
AFFERI,P.
ANDERSON,A.
EXELL,T.
GALANPOULOS,N.
LANDER,M.
MCDONALD,L.
CEHLMANN,J.
PAIKIN,D.
PHILIPPOU,N.
SHAW,M.
WARD,J.
WILCOX,P.

YEAR 9B
BECOVIAN,I.
BUCKI,W.
EMMETT,J.
KENIGSTEIN,S.
KORVAS,R.
MCHEDRAN,S.
RAYNER,J.
SALVIO,B.
SLEIGH,S.
SMITH,E.
TANNER,J.
ADAMS,T.
DAW,M.
HADDON,S.

HOFFER,C.
KALABOUKAS,C.
LEWIS,S.
LYNCH,D.
MCCONCHIE,I.
RYAN,R.

YEAR 9C

BELL,A.
BOOTH,K.
CURL,F.
CUTHBERT,T.
EGGART,A.
KERR,E.
KREBS,S.
MAXEY,A.
RICCO,T.
SAYASANE,C.
VAN MEGHELEN,T.
WATERHOUSE,C.
WRIGHT,H.
CHRISTODOULOU,N.
COUTLER,B.
ELLIS,H.
FOSTER,P.
GEORGAKOPOULOS,E.
HUGHES,G.
KARRA,A.
MARTIN,N.
RADEMACHER,C.
SAWICZ,L.
ZYGURAKIS,D.

YEAR 9D
ABEWARDENE,M.
BEDNAREK,T.
CHOI,W.
FEINBERG,E.
GEORGAKOPOULOS,S.
HOWAT,M.
MOROSOLI,T.
ORR,C.
PARLAPANIS,T.
PITARIDAKIS,E.
RUSSIS,E.
SALSANAS,C.
STEFANATO,E.
ANDERSON,P.
ANDERSON,W.
BAILEY,M.
BARBOUR,G.
FOO,F.
HITCHINS,B.
MCKIGGAN,D.
OWEN,C.
SAYERS,J.
SKINNER,M.

SEAMER,G.
SWAN,H.
VAN WILNGARDEN,P.
WILLIAMS,B.

VAGAS,J.
YOUNG,K.



PRINCIPALS'S NOTE

This year in my role as Acting Principal of this dynamic organization, I have learned an enormous amount about the forces operating in such a large organization. About 840 people make up the staff and student community of Brighton High each day. I have been impressed at how often the tensions among this diverse collection of people are resolved in a reasonable, considerate and unselfish way. A significant factor in the harmony of the institution is the professional approach of the whole staff, ancillary, maintenance, teaching; because of their much larger number, of great importance is the attitude of the pupils. Most students come to school with values of which their families can be proud. Despite the sensational stories of breakdown of standards our pupils show that values of fair play, achievement of excellence and concern for others are still being lovingly taught to children by the example of their families.

Learning by example at home is basic in character formation; in the same way learning by participation in responsible democratic decision making at school is basic preparation for good citizenship. This year there have been significant developments in pupil participation in decisions. I will do all I can to foster such development in my continuing work in the school.

I have been proud to work as Principal this year and I shall continue to be pleased to serve the school. A particular satisfaction has been working with the new School Council which I believe deserves the gratitude of the whole school community for its many achievements.

DAVID PITTOCK,
ACTING PRINCIPAL, 1984.

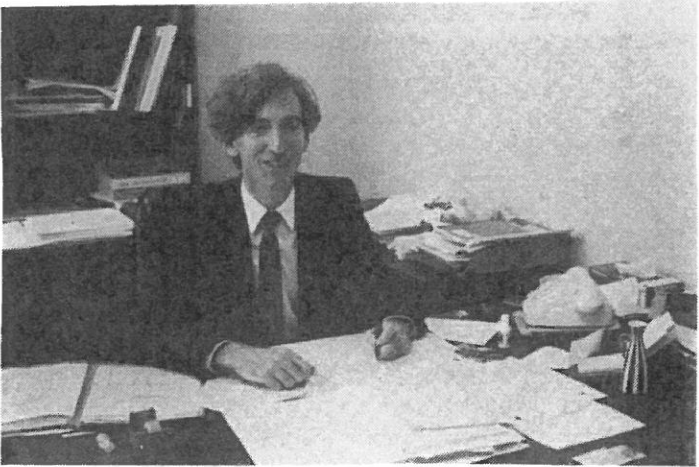
DEPUTY PRINCIPAL'S NOTE

Being the temporary occupant of the Deputy Principal's office at Brighton High School is always a stimulating and interesting experience; 1984 has not been an exception.

I have found this close contact with teachers; parents and students in a variety of circumstances has reaffirmed my belief that Brighton High School has many excellent qualities which we should all work together to maintain and develop. The establishment of the S.R.C. and the responsible way which it has operated, along with the development of P.E.P., are two features of the year which have been most notable in developing these excellent qualities.

I hope this process of change and growth will continue in the positive spirit which has emerged during 1984.

I would like to express special thanks to all of those members of the school community who have been so helpful in assisting me to perform my duties this year, with a special tribute to the Year 9 students who have acted as daily monitors.



D.Clarke Acting Deputy Principal

NOTE:

VOYAGER '84 was prepared with the help of the following people:

Photographs and Layout: Jane Wright

Layout: Kathy Palamberis, Saskia Werner, Rosemarie McKenzie, Peter Rickman, Jamie McKeon.

Word Processing: Year 11 Typing Class

Staff: Mrs M. Baxter, Mr. M. Morrissey, Ms. A. White

Drawings: Boyd Hicklin, Robert Higginson, Philip Butterworth, Steven Sarris.

VALETE

Mr. P.A.O'Brien did not return from Long Service Leave. He retired on July 3rd. At an afternoon tea held in his honour by the School Council his conscientious caring leadership of the school was stressed by speakers.

After twenty years of service Mrs. Vera Kaplonyi has retired. Her dedication to excellence has inspired pupils and her contribution to foreign language teaching at Brighton High School was enormous. She will be greatly missed.



YEAR 12 COMMITTEE REPORT

When the thirteen lucky students were eventually chosen to wear the esteemed badges of the Year Twelve Committee, we set about trying to maintain previously high standards in an attempt to make our last year at Brighton High as smooth as possible.

The few and far between meetings with Mr. Pittock were enjoyed immensely by all present, as indicated by the chocolate biscuits and orange juice devoured by all of us.

Because of the year passing as quickly as it did, a few projects did not get off the ground, such as the students football match and crazy sports day, although the teachers versus students softball match did take place, with the students reigning supreme.

We managed to build up a strong rapport with "our" year sevens, closing the gap between the juniors and seniors of the school, by holding weekly form assemblies. This was no easy task when you were constantly being squirted with water pistols or your head was being used for target practice by sling shot pellets, while the guilty parties sat smiling innocently.

The discos we conducted for year seven and eight students were both entertaining and exhausting. Judging by the pleas for more, all participants enjoyed the night. An abundance of chips and left over goodies from supper were eyed greedily, by us, the senior students, hoping to stash some away in our common room for later.

With a little help from the S.R.C., we were able to hold Brighton High School's first ever, annual, colours day. This was another successful venture, with all students in assigned Year Level colours and teachers in school uniform. From this day we managed to raise \$118.00 for the Multiple Sclerosis Foundation.

The usual thankyou speeches were made at the end of Monday morning assemblies, this time in alphabetical order, so that no fights would break out in the foyers as to whose turn it was. Each person prayed that the person in front of him would turn up, which, in some cases, did not happen. Some "bungles" were made as tongues tangled in mouths, or names of speakers were momentarily forgotten. It is amazing to see how many of us look like "stunned mullets" when standing on the stage singing Advance Australia Fair.

Last, but not least, arrangements have been made for our final get together - a formal dinner at Tudor Court to mark the end of an era at Brighton High school, and the beginning of new careers in tertiary institutions or the work force.

In finishing, all members of the Year Twelve Committee would sincerely like to thank Mr. Pittock, Mr. Clark, Mrs. Lightfoot, Mr. Allen, the teaching staff and fellow students for all the support they have given us throughout the year.

We would also like to wish the student body and staff the best of luck for 1985 and urge future Year Twelve students to "Hang in There!"

Best wishes.

Hayden Aspinall	Dean Oehlmann
Chris Bavage	Leah Fritzlaff
Steven Bellamy	Rachael Israel
James Dooley	Marion Miller
Robin Dunn	Heather Wilson
George Georgiou	Kim Van Wijngaarden
Adam McLennan	

SCHOOL CAPTAINS' REPORT

DATE: 1984

TIME: Is passing

PLACE: Brighton High School

SCENE: With bloodshot eyes from sleepless nights, fevered, panic stricken students scurry around the common room trying desperately to organise six years of painstaking work into an orderly, comprehensive filing system to be stored in the dark recesses of the brain, (for some a much more laborious task than for others!)

Well.....here we are! The H.M.A.S. Endeavour is nearing its port, where most of the tired and worn H.S.C. students will disembark to pursue their chosen careers. Our year of H.S.C. has been as pleasurable and rewarding as it has been hard and demanding. A strong bond has been formed between us, uniting us in a common goal.....to pass H.S.C.

This year has seen the introduction of the S.R.C. (Student Representative Council). This council, (with its carefully drawn up constitution) has laid the foundations for future changes and activities for the benefit of the students. We wish all future S.R.C. members the best of luck in their on going activities.

This year again we have been fortunate to have the presence of seven Asian students who have shared in our experiences, ones we hope they will not forget. We have also had a mature (???) aged student (sorry Robin, we don't really mean it.....or do we?) who has enriched our dull days with his stimulating presence and conversation.

The scene in the common room was at times like walking straight into the front of World War three. Those curious enough to open the door to find out what all the noise was about would promptly be "bashed" in the face with a cushion, and yes, that table tennis table which has been the scene for many conquests throughout the years, is still standing! (no thanks to Matthew or Hurstie, who have had many a battle over who won the point!).

Our desperate attempts to gather money together to buy an urn and coffee for the coming winter, were rewarded when the Mothers' Club kindly donated one for our use. Unfortunately it was unable to cope with the strain of Year 12 students

all wanting their recess and lunchtime doses of caffeine. We also hold those people who watched Mr Ed on the television each morning before school (no names mentioned) responsible for it blowing the picture tube just prior to the Olympics. You're lucky it was fixed in time!

Well we had better finish up now, as we could continue for the next few pages. For us this has certainly been one year we will never forget. It has offered us many opportunities and has been a most valuable experience. The year has been full of fun and excitement. We would like to thank all of our fellow Year 12's and the committee for their continued support throughout the year. Finally we would like to thank Mr Pittock, Mr Clark, Mrs Lightfoot and all of the teaching staff for their continued help and guidance throughout our schooling years at Brighton High, and we would like to wish the future Year 12's and school captains of 1985 the best of luck in their studies. Keep smiling.....

LEAH FRITSLAFF
GEORGE GEORGIOU



Leah Fritzlaff

George Georgiou



DEPUTY SCHOOL CAPTAINS

Dean Oehlmann

Marion Miller

THE SRC AT BRIGHTON HIGH SCHOOL

This year has been an exciting one for Brighton High students as they witnessed the forming of the Student Representative Council (S.R.C). The council was elected democratically with each student in the school entitled to two votes- one for female, one for male- in their particular level. This format was decided on by a committee of students whose job it was to determine the structure of the S.R.C

The S.R.C elected, within themselves, a president, secretary and treasurer, to administer the day by day running of the S.R.C. Meetings are held on a regular basis and student items of business are discussed.

This being our first year a lot of time has been spent on procedural matters and developing sound foundations for future S.R.C's.

A great deal of time has been spent on drawing up a constitution and establishing our own bank account. Also forming sub-committees to investigate various areas eg-

PEP
S.R.C cluster representations
Student paper
constitution
Student Forums
Ground Improvements

Representatives have attended regular cluster meetings with other schools to discuss common matters of interest. We also conducted a regional cluster meeting at Brighton which was most successful.

The S.R.C have achieved several breakthroughs according to student request. For example some of the S.R.C's achievements have been:-

- locks on the girls' toilet doors.
- an organized disco was held for the Yr.8 students.
- white shirts were accepted as part of the girls' winter uniform.
- girls are now allowed in the hall crew.
- a colour day was held to raise money for the M.S. fund.
- grey gloves and grey scarfs are now part of the school uniform.
- grey cords were put forward to the council as part of the school uniform but unfortunately it was rejected.
- the "out of bounds" area was reviewed.

Overall, this year has been a year of consolidating the sound base for future S.R.C's. There have been good communications and co-operation between administration, the principal, students and staff which has allowed the S.R.C to run smoothly and efficiently.

Julian Dimsey, Margaret McLeod



S.R.C. COMMITTEE



Kathy Ricco S.R.C. President

S.R.C PRESIDENT'S REPORT

CONGRATULATIONS SRC - 1984
KEEP THE GOOD WORK UP!

1984 is really a very special year, as it is the first year that an SRC has successfully been introduced to BHS. With patience, co-operation and importantly, dedication, we have actually succeeded in making those interested students' past attempts finally "concrete". We are recognised as a responsible and effective body, as representative of the students. As long as students continue to be interested in curriculum, policies and issues which concern them, I'm sure the readiness to contribute will flourish in the future.

My greatest hope, as President of the SRC, has been that I would be able to reminisce on the activities of our Council and say, "Well, we have certainly accomplished something". Although I believe our SRC has a great deal of learning and room for improvement, in

terms of consistent attendance and meeting agenda, I feel its accomplishments have been enormous. The work and initiative involved in establishing our "constitution" for instance is certainly an achievement worth boasting about!!

All SRC representatives deserve credit for their terrific contributions and "hard work", especially those whose efforts included working in sub-committees in addition to formal SRC meeting. A special thank-you must also be expressed to the School Council, staff, mother's club, and in particular our School Principal Mr Pittock, for their co-operation and support.

The contributions Mr Allen has made towards our SRC this year are "priceless"... Without his guidance and faith in us, I'm sure we wouldn't have 'turned out' nearly as organised, enthusiastic and successful as we have.

These thank-you's seem to be endless. However, another is well deserved for our secretary Jonathan for his "impressive minutes" and correspondence that was kept diligently throughout the year. Finally to all our fellow students for their suggestions and faith in us. Hopefully next year's SRC will continue the good work and feel rewarded as much as I. Good luck for 1985!!

Kathy Ricco
(President)
SOCIAL SERVICE

How generously many students have supported social service this year. Particular mention must be made of the very commendable efforts of 7B, 8A, 8B, 8F, 9E and 10F. A variety of charities been selected by the various classes for their support during the year, the most popular recipients being Foster Parents, Odyssey House and the Children's Protection Society.

B. Lawson

Social Service Monitors

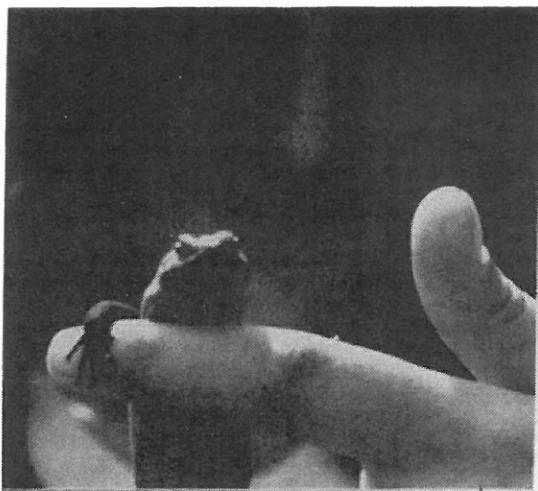
- Joanna Kormas, Mark Cottier
- Heidi Eggart, Aaron Flanagan
- Guy MacDonald, Simone Wade
- Lisa Wilson, Grant Ogbourne
- Donna Ransoala, Emma Rayton
- Margaret Bannerman, Mark Falk
- Adam Nicholson, Claudia Byrne
- Angela Blight, Eva Christodoulou
- Susan Higginson, Felicity Dibble

- Sarah Bisping
- Jacqueline Phillips, Karen Sims
- Matthew Lander, Justin Oehlmann
- Danny Lynch, Judy Emmett
- Nigel Martin, Ann-Maree Maxey
- Sophia Georgakopoulos
Douglas McKiggan
- Emma Hirst
- Brett Parry, Rachel Kelly
- Rebecca Isaachsen, Stan Kalfoglou
- Paul Durnall
- Kate McAliece
- Con Katos, Margarida Cardosa
- Colin Anyos
- Simon Ball
- Wilson Chan
- Lara Goloubkin
- Cheryl McDonald
- Stewart Richards, Genevieve Read
- Andrew Wierzbicki
- Kerri Vernon, George Georgiou
- Lisa Borner
- Shirlene Dark

FORM CAPTAINS

CAPTAIN VICE-CAPTAIN

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 12A George Georgiou | Kerrie Vernon |
| B Steven Bellamy | Susie Liberman |
| C Andrew Kerr | Cathy Ricco |
| D Lilianna Coppa | Rachel Israel |
| 11A Tony Antzakis | Lisa Barton |
| B Rohan Forbes | Lara Goloubkin |
| C Robert Lander | Nicole Keating |
| D Stewart Richards | Genevieve Read |
| E Andrew Wierzbicki | Melissa Van-Mechelen |
| 10A Jamie McKeown | Stephanie Simms |
| B Chris Kane | Suzanne Hyland |
| C William Chum | Fiona Rutelle |
| D Cameron Jones | Melissa Thompson |
| E Julian Dimsey | Nicole Seuret |
| 9A David Patkin | Vicki Car |
| B Rodney Ryan | Irene Bedoviru |
| C Leon Sawicz | Elizabeth Kerr |
| D Chris Owen | Winnie Choi |
| E Dawson Forbes | Susan Oldfield |
| F Cameron Brabner | Trudi McKindley |
| 8A Alister Jones | Margaret Bannerman |
| B Mark Davis | Rosalina Batson |
| C Christopher Kay | Linda McLure |
| D Andrew Withall | Natalie Anastasiou |
| E Adam Hynes | Suzie Choi |
| F Cameron Miller | Belinda Read |
| 7A Mark Cottier | Joanna Kormas |
| B Odysseas Kalfoglou | Samantha Willing |
| C Brent Bignall | Michelle Pierce |
| D Jason Sims | Rachel Black |
| E Scott Rundell | Donna Ramsdale |



COONAWARRA CATTLE STATION

The Year 7 camp to Coonawarra Cattle Station was conducted from the 2nd to the 6th of April, with 85 students and 6 staff attending.

The camp is situated in Coonawarra Station in a small valley surrounded by forests. For cabin space there was a long building with nine cabins either side; one side for girls and the other for boys. Each cabin contained three sets of bunks and space for clothing.

Throughout the week we were entertained with many activities and excursions. Some of the activities at the Cattle Station were: Flying Fox, Football, Hiking, Cricket, Night Hikes, Exploring, Berry picking and other sports. Some of the excursions were: A ten mile hike to see the Den of Nargan, watching cows being rounded-up and vaccinated, and Agate rock hunting.

The dining room and entertainment area were combined to form a large hall. One end of the hall had a ping-pong table and piano, the other end was the eating area. The hall also had a large open fire place in the centre of one wall. The food menu was varied with breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper. We were given rest periods to do what we wanted.

When we first arrived at the camp some people had trouble adjusting to the camp, however towards the end people had settled in satisfactorily and enjoyed themselves.

by Lisa Wilson and Danielle Kranz 7D



Year 9 camp at Daylesford

Monday morning at last! No one could wait until the buses arrived to take us to Daylesford. At last everyone was aboard with twelve of us in a mini bus. It was a long and boring journey but time passed quickly for we were singing, playing games and talking to the bus driver. For lunch we stopped at a picnic place just out of Daylesford. Whilst waiting for our lunch Mrs Delaney took us for a walk, up and down cliffs. People were risking their lives as they climbed trees and looked over the side of the monstrous cliffs. The walk up the last cliff was extremely tiring and we all thought that we would end up carrying Mrs Delaney.

Finally, after a lovely lunch we were back in the buses, shivering, for it was so cold. It was a fifteen minute journey to the Boomerang Ranch which was where we were staying. Everyone jumped off the buses with a look of amazement on their faces. "It looks just like a country town", some people said. There were bars and saloons etc. but unfortunately instead of walking in and grabbing a cold beer all you could grab was a pool cue or a table tennis bat, for they were recreation rooms. We were shown to our rooms, and there were not enough beds for all the girls but we managed to squeeze in. We were split into three groups: A,B,C and group after group went horse riding. We were allocated a horse which we were responsible for, for the whole week.

After dinner we had a choice of either going for a walk, or watching a video. The first night most people went on the walk. Everyone was singing and very happy until we were lost. We were in the bush for approximately two hours all freezing cold. Lights had to be out by 10.30 and after the teachers had said goodnight and checked that all lights were out both boys and girls gave the teachers a bit of trouble. We had toothpaste and pillow fights and sneaked into each other's rooms until we were caught.



We were woken up at approximately 7 o'clock because breakfast was at 8.00am every morning. Dinner was at 6.00 everynight and everyone had to take it in turns to be on kitchen duty which meant washing dishes and waitressing. Most waitresses were given a hard time, bossed around and not even tipped.

During dinner, "Unusual Awards" were made. There were awards made for the noisiest table, the messiest room, sexiest underpants and many other ridiculous things.

On Thursday we went to Sovereign Hill and spent the morning there; unfortunately doing work. For lunch we went to the Eureka Stockade then off to look at the blow hole. From there we walked the one and a half hours back to the Ranch, moaning and groaning all the way for it was all up hill.

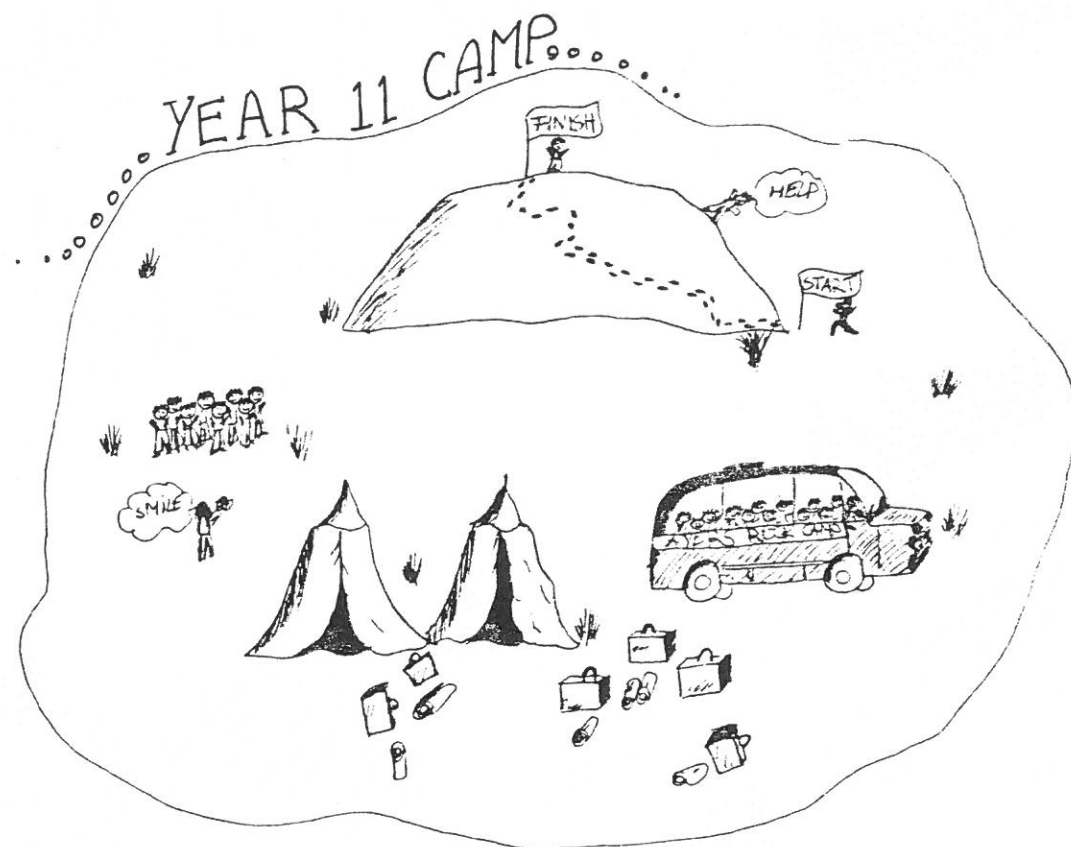
There were plenty of things to do in our spare time: ping pong, billiards and competitions to participate in. Teachers got on well with almost all the students and joined in on most activities.

Most people fell asleep as soon as we were out of Daylesford. When we were in the city our mini bus lost the other bus therefore we had to direct our bus out of the city's maze of streets and traffic jams. Having discussed the camp with many year 9 students I found that most of them enjoyed themselves and already some students have organised to go back with their families.

On behalf of year 9, I would like to thank Miss Egan for arranging the camp and all of the teachers who came up to the Ranch with us; it was greatly appreciated by all of us.

Emma Hirst 9E





THE ROCK IN THE MIDDLE OF AUSTRALIA

"There it is! There it is!" My eyes flew open and I leaned forward, craning my neck for a better view. Excited voices chattered all around me - "Wow! Isn't it huge!" "It looks fantastic!" "I can't believe we're going to climb that thing!" I couldn't believe it either; we were in the middle of Australia and tomorrow we'd be climbing Ayers Rock.

It loomed larger and larger as the bus bumped along the red dirt track, and I just couldn't take my eyes off it. It seemed unreal, this huge red monolith rising suddenly out of the nothingness of the desert. Magical. Mystical. No wonder the Aborigines had been fascinated by it for centuries! I felt as if it had cast a spell and was drawing the bus inexorably onwards until we reached its base.

It was only when we jumped out of the bus and the cool evening air touched us that the spell was broken and everyone started talking again. "Look how steep it is!" "It looks difficult to climb," "At least there are chains to hold," "Yes-thank goodness!"

We watched for about thirty minutes as the Rock put on its evening performance, changing from bright red to orange and finally to a dark brown colour.

"It's time to go", the bus driver told us, and we reluctantly turned away and climbed back into the bus for the drive back to the Yulara camping complex.

Yulara was surrounded by large sand dunes which cut off the view of the Rock, so it wasn't until we were on the road next morning that we saw the Rock again. And once more I got the feeling that even if we wanted to we couldn't turn back. The Rock was challenging us, it was almost saying, "Look at me-I've stood here for millions of years. Do you really think you can conquer me?"

Standing at the bottom and looking at the long, hard climb ahead of me, I was unsure that I could do it, but fifty gruelling, sweaty minutes later I reached the top. I had conquered Ayers Rock!

Kerryn Flatt 11B

Staff 1984

Principal- P.A.O'Brien
Acting Principal- David Pittock
Acting Deputy Principal- Desmond Clarke

Absalom R.	Lawson B.
Anstee J.	Lightfoot C.
Allen T.	Locco P.
Batour M.	Lynch V.
Baxter M.	Mackie G.
Bell J.	Macridis F.
Benjamin M.	McKeown C.
Breen G.	McGrail R.
Carrington R.	McMahon J.
Ciavaglia R.	Millership C.
Craven R.	Morrison J.
Delaney C.	Morrissey M.
Dunlea M.	Nakhamkes C.
Egan B.	Nicholas N.
Forbes F.	Ohotin T.
Fortune S.	Page D.
Frank G.	Pakula A.
Frydman L.	Pamment K.
Geddes A.	Rankine D.
Gibson K.	Ray C.
Gould R.	Redding M.
Granat A.	Russell L.
Grebler B.	Smethurst N.
Gul H.	Tan T.
Harman D.	Tonkin P.
Hulme M.	Timion L.
Humphries C.	Weber B.
Ironmonger J.	White A.
Kaplonyi V.	Wilson P.
Kemp G.	Wragg R.
Kindler P.	Itinerant Musicians
Klineberg H.	Grigoryan E.
Kriksciunas E.	Nemet J.
Lack S.	West M.



YEAR 12 COMMITTEE



Office Staff

Teacher Aides

Mrs. Doolan B.
Mrs. Hillyear C.
Mrs. Reynolds A.

Galak K.
Newman S.
Woodfall J.

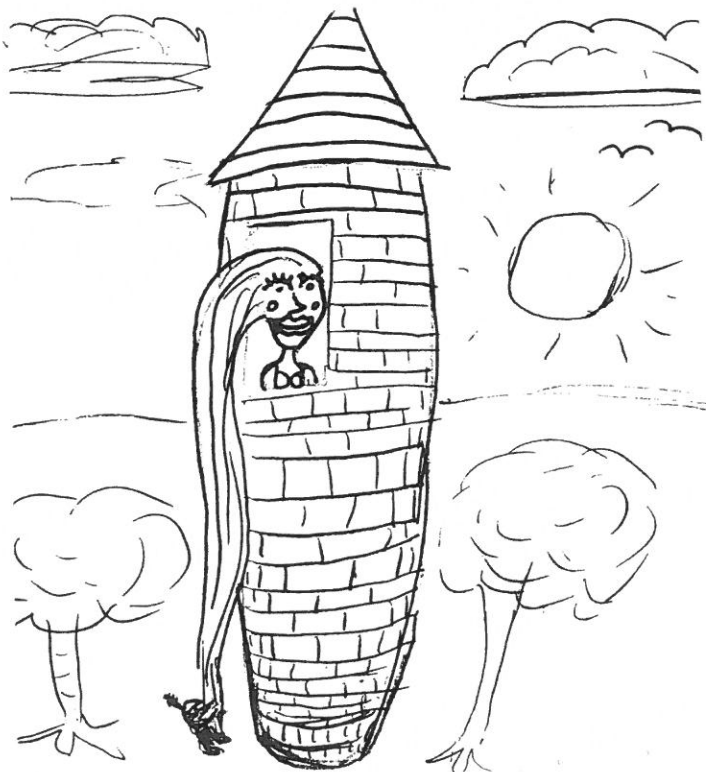


There was a wee lass named Rapunzel,
Whose hair was tied in a bundle
She was locked in a tower,
Without enough power
To break from the clutches,
Of the evil Duke and Duchess.

So she sat down and sewed away,
Pretty soon it was around mid-day.
There came a knight on his mount,
Radiant and shining, he gave a shout-

She let down her locks,
Then he took off his socks,
And clambered up through her twists and
twirls,
Finally he reached the very last curls.

JOANNA KORMAS 7A



You see them splashing all day long,
Never stopping to see what's wrong,
Or even if the time is right
To Groom themselves before first light.
No I've never seen them stop
Swimming and floating and showing off.
I wonder what they'd do without
Those useful flippers to flap about,
Yes, those graceful creatures we find in
the zoo.

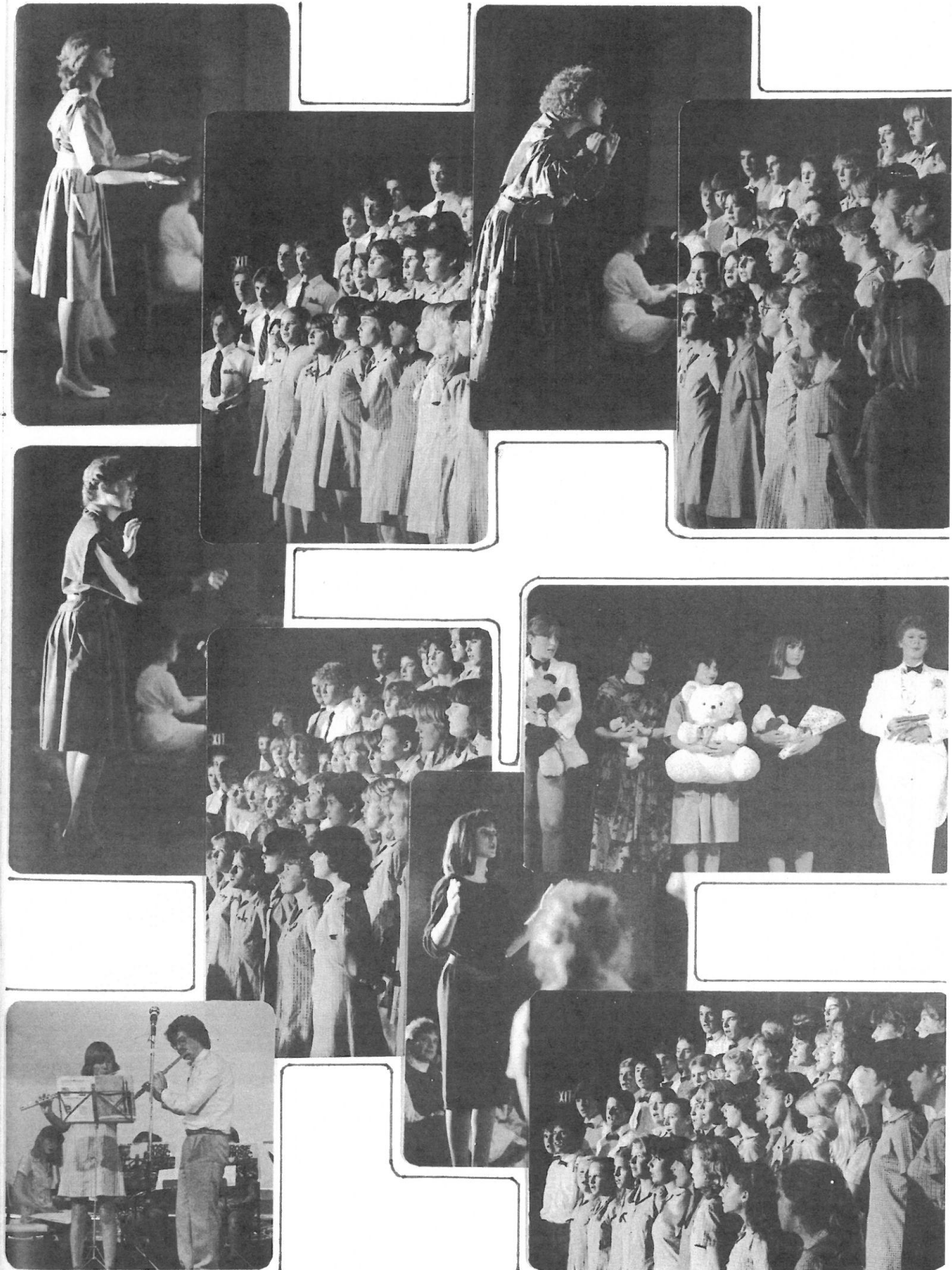
I think it's so cruel to murder these
pups,
And I know you do too.
But there's really nothing we can do.

A NONSENSE POEM

The DJ spins the platter, the kids stop
their chatter,
They sing along with my groovy lyrics,
all the girls in hysterics.

"The record's tops", says DJ Ron,
spinning in 92.3 Eon,
Everyone's off to the record shop,
To buy me (the record) 'coz I'm the tops!

By David Lewis



CHORAL FESTIVAL

On the 3rd of May this year, the annual Brighton High Choral Festival was held, and what a night it was. For many weeks prior to this event conductresses and their respective choirs slaved over song sheets in various class rooms around the school.

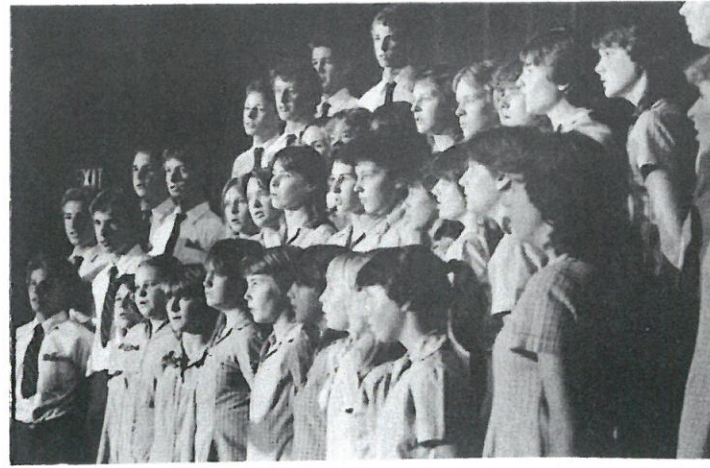
After each choir member received their song sheets they were given strict orders to learn the words (whether they knew the tune or not!) and to bring the sheets to each rehearsal which inevitably didn't occur. In the first few practices complete chaos reigned within each room until Mrs. Batour, each choir's one and only saviour, appeared to remould the out-of-tune drivel into a coherent use of parts and voices.

The conductresses, Helena Leigh (Grant House), Dina Sokolowicz (Lonsdale House), Karin Van Twest (Phillip House) and Genevieve Read (Murray House) should all be highly congratulated for the tremendous effort and dedication they showed towards bringing their choirs into top form for the all important night. Only these girls and others who have previously filled this position (like myself) know the difficulty involved in trying to control a group of around fifty students ranging from year 7 to 12 and getting each one enthusiastically involved in the singing of the songs, whether they liked them or not.

The set song chosen for this year was "My Lord", a negro spiritual, which was a start to each performance. Grant House chose to sing "Joshua Fought The Battle of Jericho" and "Both Sides Now"; Lonsdale decided upon "Bohemian Rhapsody" and "Perhaps Love"; Phillip arranged "Looking Through The Eyes Of Love" and "Memory" and finally Murray with "The Lion Sleeps Tonight" and "Tonight".

At the end of the night the adjudicator made the announcement everyone wanted to hear. The winner's trophy went to a much deserving Phillip House and was accepted by Karin Van Twest. Murray House came second with Grant House third and Lonsdale fourth.

Before this announcement was made, the Special Choir presented the spectacular "Black and White" Review which must have been the best and most attractive performance they have ever produced. The girls looked immaculate in superb white tail coats, black leotards,



stockings and bow ties. Our boys looked extremely handsome in black tails and bow ties.

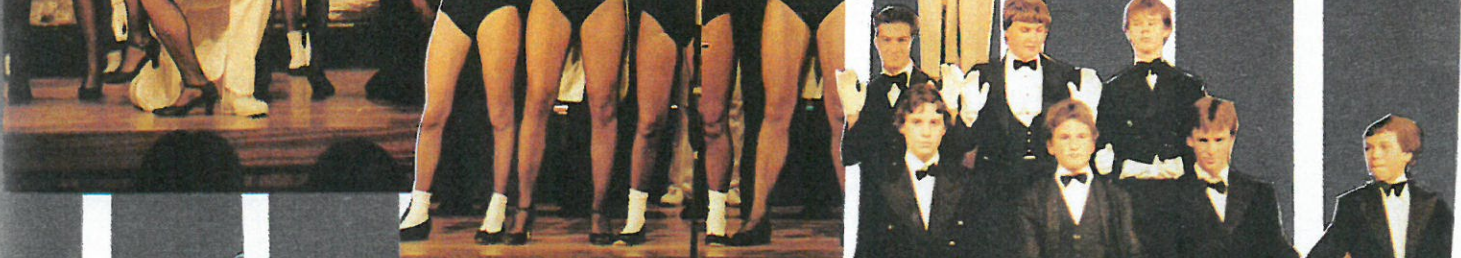
Their songs included "Alexander's Rag Time Band", "Swanee", "Camptown Races", "The Robert E. Lee", "Beautiful Dreamer" and many more including a moving version of "Old Man River" led by our own Mr. Cliff Humphries. This performance could not have been of such a commendable standard without the sheer dedication of Mrs. Batour. Not only does Mrs. Batour choose and teach the songs, she also choreographs all the dance steps involved and teaches them to us, which is not an easy task.

Many of us including myself have been part of the Special Choir for the past four years and the time we have spent as part of the choir and with Mrs. Batour have been some of the most happy and joyous periods of our school life.

Most of those who saw our performance may recall a very stunned and deeply touched Mrs. Batour at the very end of the night when the Special Choir took to the stage again to perform a tribute to Mrs. Batour's rendition of "The Way We Were". Mrs. Batour was leaving for long service leave in term two and this song was our tribute and thank you to a wonderful lady for the dedication, caring and love shown to us throughout our time with her in the best way we knew how—with a song.

Like all other year 12 members of the choir I will miss the time I spent on stage. But we can always return to see our successors perform each year and have many fond and happy memories to recall of our time in the spotlight.

MARION MILLER 12D



The air was almost Monday.Morning hovered uncertainly,and in the terrace the wakening people stretch their fingers and wait for the sun to meet the tree-tops.In the streets a figure waits,watchful,wistful,grey in the morning light and a light wind prevails,alone waits for the day.

Little boys,their egos in their ties,off to learn what today will teach.A paternal beam,and "I gave him a good education".People earn a living,it's all a matter of application,just apply yourself,perform it daily,and lo your little knowledge wins you comfort,comfortable wage,comfortable suburb,happiness and an electric toothbrush.

Wisdom skates round in little circles,some she misses,others slowly catch her,growing daily,every moment adding her knowledge.They chase her as she circles and sometimes reach out to touch her sleeve.Wisdom plays her little games and loves to tease the man in the street.Some are happy some are not,and she leaves them to their own dull routine jobs.

The playground contains children with dirty kneess but with a clean hanky,and it bubbles with monkey bars and melodrama.Wisdom,greener now,doodles with the fingerpaint.Bubble blowing infants chase their magic balls of light but cannot hold them.She watches as they play around her skirt and for a moment touch her skirt and for a moment touch her hand with understanding.

On she skates through the school and leans to rest on a pillar watching all

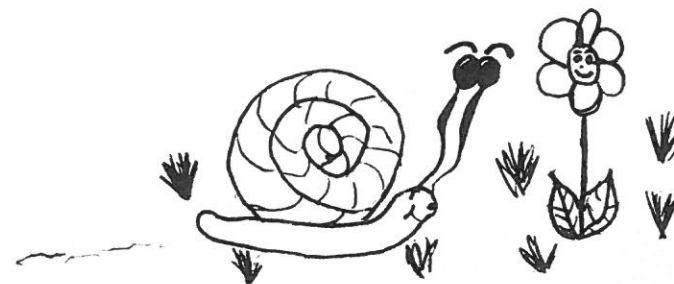
sorts doing P.E. in the school yard.Life,two, three, think, two, three, discuss, two, three,know.Sheltered from the world, they draw on their experiences, they play hide and seek with her, some seek more , some hide, they take their mind's eye from the ball and so miss and blunder past. Their knowledge grows, and some go with it. Wisdom prods their understanding, feeling for her way and sometimes surprised by half forgotten thought, their well trained minds may find her lurking there, then dustily forgot to look. Saddened, Wisdom drops a faded clue and so continues. Here in the council-funded shade, a gardener sits and watches Wisdom play. He understands some of what she knows and learned for himself. What not to whistle when, and what he finds he tells the plants, who nod and die without learning. Wisdom has failed here. He knows the children, hears the gossip, watches while his son plays with the figures and Wisdom is understanding, his education continues. The leaves slowly melt into the city lights. Home they go after hours of play.

Sleep, and a time to make ready for more of Wisdom's influences in the coming day. Wisdom too needs a rest and she slowly sinks back to wherever she came from. A busy day ahead; many schools and enquiring minds to visit. Although a long way off she hopes she can finish her job and so relax in her well earned retirement.

by Andrew Kerr

He slides along
After the rain
Taking his time.
Leaving his sparkling silver trail behind
His shell is crisp and fragile
Decorated with black and brown intricate designs
His grey body poking out from the shell
Is cold and wet.
His long antennas wave in the air
Helping him feel his way along.

*** By Linda McLure ***
8C



POEM

I'm sitting here all alone,
Watching waves roll in.
The sun is going down again,
And night is nearly in.

The sun hides behind the hills,
Seagulls fly away once more.
Silence comes once again,
To the lonely seaside shore.

By Donna Jenkins
9f.

*** Description ***

Pollution

It's a little dirty creature
That runs around the town
Rubbishes our rivers
Makes our trees hang down
Makes our parks all smelly
Our buildings once were clean
So was the air,
Boy that CREATURES mean

*** By Tom Davenport ***

Conformity Blues

In early days the Plague was Rife
And death was every day news
But in this mechanised modern life
Everybody's got the Conformity Blues

Nothing like the plagues today
That caused such havoc in a familiar way
You've heard of starvation and death I'm sure
Well this disease my friend also causes war

It starts at an early age
When life is young and fresh
Dressed in clothes that are all the rage
You go to face life's tests

Duplicates, clones, mirror like
Walking together side by side
Posing on a motorbike
Thinking same thoughts with identical minds

It causes people to conceive ideas
That their lives should be run entirely
by peers
If you're tough and act so cool
You're chosen unwillingly, sometimes, to rule

So when life begins to get you down
Set your feet upon the ground
Stand up tall and shout out loud
"I'll take no note of this conformist crowd."

By Craig Dixon 9E





Through The Looking Glass

By Louise Carroll

Stage Play by Mrs McDonald

Another Year, Another fantasy...But this time victory for Lonsdale.

With a late start I chose the cast and we lauched into rehearsals quickly. The cast consisted of a mixture of young and old, experienced and inexperienced. We held lunchtime, after school and, later, Sunday rehearsals. Some of the cast always turned up (Thank you Lisa, Rachael and Tony.) some turned up occasionally and one was rarely sighted!

Hours were spent in the woodwork room with Mr Allen making colourful sets. A crew of "artists" painted the backdrop and costumes were gradually obtained.

The play seemed to be coming together. Our first (and only) full lighting and sound rehearsal was the afternoon before the performance, and last minute sound effects were made up by Sibylle and Vicki.

The "Big Night" came, panic, nerves and excitement filled N 11, make-up and hair spray were stacked on as I gave the cast last words of advice.

It was all over in 20 minutes and we sat back and watched the musical. Then the adjudicator announced that Elizabeth Goloubkin (our Red Queen) had won best actress. This was her sixth year she has participated in Lonsdale Plays and the second time she has received this award. Congratulations Elizabeth, and thanks from Lonsdale.

Finally, to my surprise, it was announced that we had won! The cast, stage hands and all that had been associated with the production felt all their efforts had been worthwhile.

Lonsdale would like to thank Mr Allen for all his help and encouragement and the other staff who were involved. We would also like to thank Mrs McDonald for writing the script for us.

Ann Wright.



CAST

Alice - Lisa Barton
Red Queen - Elizabeth Goloubkin
Humpty Dumpty - Rachael Hughes
White King - Arden Godfrey
White Knight - Tony Roberts
Red Knight - Guy Malpaz
White Queen - Caroline Blight
Haigha - Elouise Kukovec
Hatta - Neill Dunmore

Stage Hands: Sybylle Kuhlmann
Vicki Selby

House Teachers: Mr Allen
Miss Nicholas



"TAKE CARE ANNE"

After two nerve wrecking weeks, a play was found. The only problem then, was that we had to get a cast. After many threats, and alot of begging we finally had a full cast.

Then came rehearsals at lunch-time and after school although I never managed to have the whole cast there at the same time, until the night.

We were the first house which didn't help the nerves, plus we'd only been through the whole play once without stopping. But, I'm pleased to say that the cast performed well and hopefully enjoyed themselves.

After all the work that had been put into getting the play ready, it was all over in a minute. But it was an experience that I highly recommend.

I would like to thank Mr. Morrissey and Miss. Russell and especially Megan for all their help and support. My thanks also to all those who helped.

By Jane Humphreys
Producer.

Cast in order of appearance:

Susan Woodly	Melissa Nelson
Anne Hillman	Nicole-
	Van Wijngaarden
Freddie Hillman	Chris St. Clair
Freddie's Girlfriends	Nicola Mills
	Jacki Phillips
	Linda McLure
Horace Bounce	Cameron Jones
Martha Hillman	Kathy Todd
Don Meeker	Mathew Lander
Clara Meeker	Jenny Todd
Barton Hillman	Robert Mills

PRODUCER: Jane Humphreys

"PHILLIP HOUSE DRAMAS"

Well this year I had the honour of being producer of the dramas for the best house in the school, "PHILLIP HOUSE". It was an experience I enjoyed and won't forget. But before any play could be put on I had to search through books and books and more books of plays to find one I liked and one that had a suitable cast number to suit Phillip House's hundreds of enthusiastic future logie winning actors. I finally got a play I liked "QUEER STREET", with a cast of six people.

I picked my cast and we were off...practising at lunch times, after school, in the weekend and occasionally during class.

I was lucky to have a cast of enthusiastic people and they turned up to most rehearsals.

It didn't dawn on me until about two weeks before hand that the dramas were going to go on and then it was a mad rush to get props, costumes and do last minute adjustments to the play.

Then came the first night of Dramas and then the second, - the night Phillip House was to perform. Everything went wonderfully, better than any rehearsal - no blunders and the audience even laughed at the funnies. Well during the next half hour I had never bitten my finger nails so much, I was so nervous (along with the other three producers, I bet). Well we finally had to go up on stage and the awards for best actor, actress, producer etc were given. Then the winning house.....it was Lonsdale. Yep we had come last again but Grant House was VERY lucky to beat us to position three by ONE point. Being a producer was an enjoyable experience for me and I would recommend it greatly to anyone who wants to take it on in the future.

I would like to thank my cast who did a great job in making the play enjoyable to produce and entertaining to watch.

I would also like to thank the other three producers for their co-operation and help.

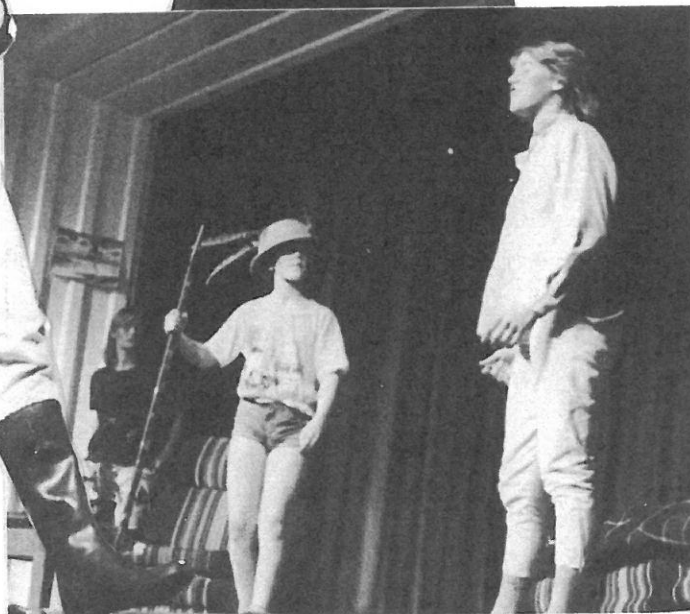
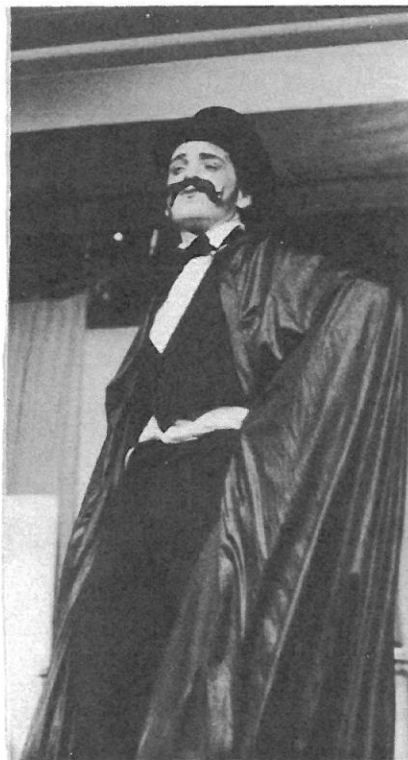
Finally I would like to thank Mrs Anstee, Mr Allan, Miss Russell and Mr Redding for all of their help.

By Rosemarie McKenzie.

Cast in order of appearance:

Bill Hart	James Ising
Liza Hart	Leanne Kinsella
Edith Hart	Rosalinda Batson
Albert Smith	Margaret McLeod
Joe Smart	Con Hatzoudis
Detective	Kellie Wilson

PRODUCER: Rosemarie McKenzie



Murray

"We didn't win!"

The intrepid explorer, Higginson McTigue, bundles his way through yet another year's festivities.

"Ah", says he. "Producing for these confounded drama festivals is so full of difficult decisions; such as who is the Producer?"

So there we were....but exactly where is there?

Whilst indulging in unseemly practices outside a staffroom, he was confronted by a crumpled sheet of yellowing parchment, which later turned out to be the script, handed in his General Direction. (For the benefit of regular "Voyager" subscribers, General Direction is in fact no relation whatsoever to General Disapproval - see 1983 issue).

"Ah", he ponders. "Haven't I seen this somewhere before with a different name and a Rajah's Ruby?"

The Principal greeted this highly original piece of literature with a delighted exclamation: "Oh, yes, I did the play at school!"

So there we were (again). Four weeks, four out of five pages of script, and Peter Ashkar's eyelashes to boot. The Jungle Drums beat out a call to Vagabonds Anonymous, and shortly all the pygmies were clamouring for parts. A cast was assembled, rather in the fashion of Frankenstein's Monster, and Higginson McTigue stood back and surveyed this monster with an aghast grimace.

"Hmhmhmhm, looks familiar....."

The ancient manuscript was carefully couriered into the "Kid-Glove-Care" of Mr Morrissey before it crumbled into dust.

"Ahhhhhh.....(ad lib to fade)... I did this play at school."

Scripts were promptly issued and lost.

Rehearsals were called...and called...and by this time the cast was as follows:

Robert Higginson - ever dependable
Jonathan McTigue - late, but ever dependable

Peter Ashkar - who?

The Incredible Keating Sisters:

Nicole - suave, sophisticated and noisy
and Danielle - so sweet and innocent that cast iron would melt in her mouth

Jeremy McTigue - was he a spaceman or a suit of armour-doesn't matter, the dress rehearsal was the first time we saw him.

and Paul Dunmall as Jackson the Invisible Butler.

After a pep-talk from a certain member of the school hierarchy (who, incidentally, had also done the play at school), we were informed that our traditional salute to the audience for the dress rehearsal was not required this year.

And so the Big Night arrived.

No sooner had Sir Robert Philpotts commenced his strut across the stage, complete with ringmaster's outfit, the "forbidden pillow", and that hair, then it all seemed to be over.

The adjudicator informed us that our play was not entirely appropriate, and even though it was a satire of a melodrama, it lacked somewhat in the elusive quality of originality that was so notable in the other plays. Besides which, she had also done it at school.

Well, at least the valetudenarians enjoyed it, though Higginson McTigue has not yet received any offers of gratitude from Murray House. In lieu of their thanks He would like to express his gratitude in several General Directions.

Firstly, many thanks to Miss Russell. To BHS's answer to the A-Team ("Guru" Wragg, Peter Rickman, John Clark...etc) for their non-existent sound work but excellent lighting.

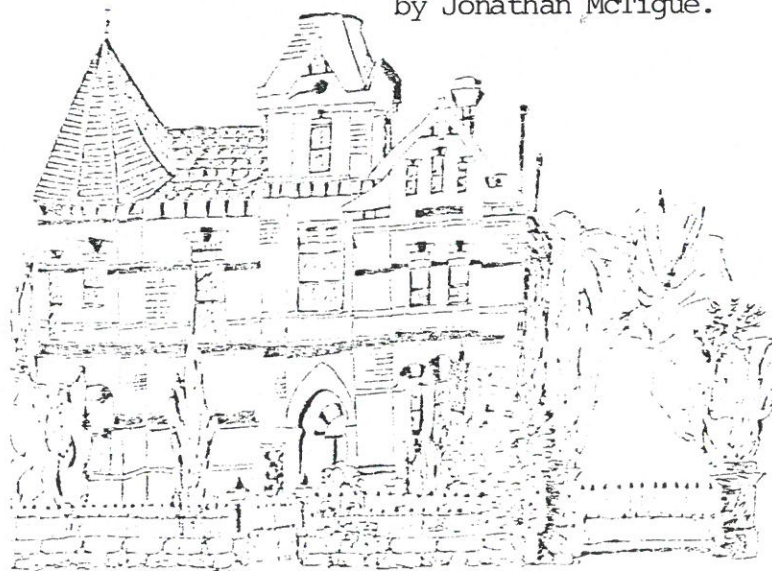
Also many thanks to Eoghan "Van Gough" McColl, the Ever Effervescent Julie Hall and the Patient Robert Vidas for painting his sets.

Mrs Judy Butterworth was presented with a script and a desperate plea for her musicianship, and she responded with benign tolerance. Many thanks to her.

And, of course, Peter, who perfected it third time around, and got best actor for our troubles.

Well, from Higginson McTigue in his testimonial year, it's Goodbye Cruel World.

by Jonathan McTigue.



The Musical



During second term, Mrs. Batour took a well earned long service leave, and the position of music teacher was taken over by Miss Tanya Ohotin.

Both the Yr. 9 and 10 music students were very eager to put on a musical performance, and Miss Ohotin came up with a wide range of musical items for us to choose from. The Year 9's presented various songs from 1940's musicals, "Nothing Like a Dame", "Wash That Man" and an interesting treatment of "Honey Bun", with the boys looking very provocative in their grass skirts. Viki Carr and Alison Bell captivated the audience with their duet of "A Couple of Swells". Ingrid Bakker, Emma Hirst and Sue Oldfield sang "I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy" and yours truly (Both of us) sang "Anything You Can Do", which recieved polite applause.

The Year 10's did a selection of songs from musicals of 1950's vintage. We were treated to a sparkling rendition of "I can't say No" by Elizabeth Cooper. Julie-Anna Batson showed her style in "Hernando's Hide Away" and Jonathan McTigue sang "Oh what a Beautiful Morning" like it's never been sung before.

Unfortunately we were deprived of a beautiful duet "Hopelessly Devoted to you" by Peter Ashkar and Melissa Gates, due to lack of suitable accompaniment, which was a great loss to the audience.

The rather original finale of "You're the one that I want" from "Grease", with Paul Mowson's band "Kazont" playing a lively accompaniment capped off a very enjoyable night's entertainment.

Everyone who was involved in the show had a great time doing it, and thanks must go to Miss Ohotin for her hard work. Also thanks to Mr. Wragg and the hall crew for the lighting/sound work, and Mr. Morrissey who worked very hard on the organization and the ticket sales.

Anne Butterworth

Jonathan McTigue

THE DOOMSDAY CLOCK

Man has been here less than a minute on the clock of evolution. Father Time and Mother Nature debate on whether he ought to go or stay, before their safe-keep is destroyed.

Mother Nature was close to harmful migraine, for the argument had been raging since they could remember (and boy, that's a long time!) She wanted Man to go because it is her job to see that the Earth's flora and fauna run smoothly. Her scales of nature balance was weighed down to one side: Man's side. "Look what that stupid man has done to my treasure!"

Father Time knew well what was happening. Man had broken away from his control of time, his evolution and progress was a hundred times faster than the nearest one in line, the dinosaurs. But he believed, Man will die out like the dinosaurs did when Mother Nature gave a twist in the natural order of life.

"I know, but that's your problem, he's under your control."

"My control! How can I control him until you control his time?"

Father Time didn't answer. "Well?"

Mother Nature blurted out. "In 55 seconds, he's taken over the world and my control on nature is giving way to him, and once it's his then we might as well forget about good ol' earth."

"I know that," said Father Time sadly. "But he controls half the time as well, his clock is unbelievable, it's so fast, everything happens like it was instantaneous, cars, houses, civilization itself. Look at the Doomsday Clock." Father Time pointed a glowing finger towards a red clock which showed 11.58 "That's how close they are, to 'Pouf!'" he clapped his hands. "12 o'clock and he's a goner."

"I know but it's been sitting on 11.58 for yonks."

"Yeah, that's the bad thing about that clock, it's one I don't own, it's man's, and he controls it. I must say he's done a mighty good job of keeping it stable for such an unstable being." He broke off and peered through the giant looking glass that was their eye to the Earth. "Why don't you give a twist of nature and fizz hair cut like you did to the dinosaur?"

"Can't"

"Why not?"

"You know the rules. I have to get

permission from God. After all man's his brainchild, he wouldn't hear of it."

"Well does he know what his little brainchild has done to his creation?"

"He knows all too well."

"Why doesn't he do something about it?"

"He has too much faith in him. Man I mean, he believes man will reform himself, but that will take time"

"There isn't much time," Father Time murmured hotly.

"I know, you're just going to make it, aren't you?"

"How often do I have to tell you? I can't make it, I only control it. Time isn't a creation it exists and surrounds the whole universe and everything inside and outside of it. It's there, and always will be. Man is the first creation that has broken the scale"

"Okay then. What are we going to do?"

"Well, have you asked God?"

"Umm? Oh, you mean about twisting the nature balance?" Father Time nodded.

"Ten times, and everytime he says the same thing. You know, what I just said, man will reform himself, but it will take time."

"Gee. I reckon he's a bit shortsighted."

"Well we've got to come up with something to convince him."

Mother Nature moved over to the looking glass. "I know, why don't you go up to Him and explain all this time scale business, like you told me."

"I did once, and He told me He knew all about it, and you know what He said?"

"I don't need to guess."

"Yep."

Suddenly there was a loud click and the Doomsday Clock started moving, it was 11:58 and 27 seconds and gaining time.

"Ah, ha." Father Time bellowed. "That damn fool man's done it. It's nearly the end. Soon.... Pouf!" he clapped his hands again.

Mother Nature smiled a bit, then her face turned to horror. "Quick stop it."

"What? Why?"

"My treasure, it will be gone, I'll be out of a job. Stop it!"

"How can I? Remember the Doomsday clock is his clock, not mine."

Mother Nature looked at the Doomsday Clock. A red light began flashing and a buzzer resonated across the heavens. It was 11.59 and 5 seconds.

"Quick, to God!"

"What? I want to stay here and enjoy the spectacle, it'll be a change from the usual drag on T.V."

"Come on." She pulled his arm and dragged him out to their golden chariot, pulled by four Pegasuses. They jumped in and charged off. On earth that night there were a lot of freak thunderstorms.

As they rode across the heavens Father Time looked at his wrist watch, a replica of the Doomsday Clock. "Thirty seconds to go." It took two seconds to get to God's palace, they thrust their way through the melee of Angels and Deities making ready for the end of the world. Actually they were preparing to leave the earth.

They finally reached God sitting on his throne, the Master Astronomer was by his side, they were looking at star charts. "God, My Holy One," blurted Mother Nature trying to catch her breath.

"Yes," He said calmly.

"You know what's happening?"

"I sure do."

"Well? Aren't you going to do anything about it?"

"Nope."

"But I thought you loved that planet."

"I do, but there's no use intervening in man's affairs. I've been making preparations to move across the skies and start all over again. We've failed here but we'll learn from our mistakes."

"I don't believe you," Father Time said suspiciously.

"I'm not joking."

"I suppose you're not, you never do."

"Well, where are we going?"

"Master Astronomer here says there is a good planet to start on orbiting Alpha Centauri, it's not far and it's primarily similar to earth, only a little bigger."

Father Time looked at his watch. By god, we'd better get moving. One second left."

"We are moving," God said coolly.

Father Time and Mother Nature looked at the large looking glass over God's throne. Earth was rapidly diminishing into a speck. Little flashes of orange and red dotted the planet. Then it was gone. Man's domination has ended and Father Time and Mother Nature end as well



to start anew.

"Say old chap," said Father Time, turning to God, "are we going to create man again?"

"Yep."

Father Time and Mother Nature looked at each other, shocked.

"But this time you two will control him, his evolution will be in accordance to our time and his balance with nature will be equal. This time we will not let him go as we did with him on earth. He was a gamble in the beginning, but I wanted to see what he would be like. Now I know."

"Won't you control him?"

"Oh no, I've had enough, besides, you'll enjoy it. Of course don't be afraid to come up and ask me for advice. I'll always be here."

Father Time and Mother Nature turned and left with lifted spirits. Mother Nature's migraine symptoms passed and all headaches erased among the others. They turned to each other and said out aloud, "Alpha Centauri, here we come!"

***** THE END *****

--- by BRUCE MUTARD Yr 11 ---



A Victim of Innocence

The day was mild in temperature, the wind delicate and refreshing. I felt vibrant, full of energy. My bicycle and I trudge this same journey twice a day. We were partners with perfect balance. We could pursue our task blindfolded.

My body refused to register any sense of pain or exhaustion. My bicycle and I carved into those hills like a machine designed for labourous duties. It is worth reaching the top of the hill, for the journey down is absolutely magical. The wind sings as we "woosh" along, taking control of my hair. The rubber of my partner's tyres, were warm and tender. There were no complaints implied by my partner as we glided along the stretch of gravel with ease and dedication. We were a team...

I say, "Hello", to the mailman, and the lady walking her dog as we go down. I learn the skills and necessity of lawn mowing. I count the garbage bins deposited outside each home. Over the other side of the street, some men are fixing the road. I smell the hot tar and try to cover my ears, for the noise of their machinery is so intense.

Suddenly, grieving thoughts pondered through my mind. A black bird had swooped low and come into contact with the spokes of my bicycle. I was afraid that the little feathered beauty was certainly separated from life by an unbridgeable gulf. I heaved on the brakes, to stop my partner and I disrespectfully casting it upon the stone and rubble.

I wept with criminal occupation. Why had my partner and I failed; our act a disaster. We had forfeited the life of a helpless being, and could do nothing to compensate it.

I picked up death. Held it gently and sympathetically in my palm. It was a plain, common black bird, yet it was so harmless and beautiful. Its features so simple and impressive. The sun that peaked through the feathery cotton wool clouds, concentrated warmly on its dark colouring.

Still caressing it gently, I moved toward my bicycle and advanced homeward to prepare for the burial of the "innocent little creature".....

By Kathy Ricco

"My Most Terrifying Experience."

"Goodbye", my parents said to me as they walked out the front door. They were going out to dinner and leaving me at home. I wasn't too crazy on being left at home by myself with nothing on television except "Halloween", "Halloween II" and "Halloween III" - on different channels at the same time!

I let my dog inside and he immediately settled himself on the couch.

"A bit of security", I thought to myself. "But I suppose he wouldn't lift a paw if I was being murdered."

At that moment the strange music of "Halloween III" sang out through the T.V. The film began with an old man running away from a pack of crazy robots. They eventually caught up with him but I didn't see what happened because I was hiding behind a cushion. All I could hear was a blood curdling scream.

"This is enough", I thought to myself, so I decided to go to bed and forget about the film. I shouldn't be too terrified because I only saw about two minutes of it.

I put the dog outside and brushed my teeth. I went to bed reading "The Plague Dogs." by Richard Adams.

Suddenly my reading lamp went out. So did the clock-radio. I sat up and looked at the hall light. It had gone out as well.

"Oh my God!" I said to myself.

Then something happened. Something that made my face turn white and my hair stand on end. The window rattled and opened. My stomach turned over and I started shaking all over. I slowly lay down and half hid myself in my doona. Whoever it was touched me on the shoulder and spoke in a familiar voice. I turned around and heaved a sigh of relief. It was only my father.

There was a blackout all over the suburb so my parents came home early. My father had forgotten his house key so he had to climb in through the window to get in.

By Andrew Lynch, Year 7B.

GHOSTS OR ILLUSIONS??

Ahhh! Mordenkainen grimaced with pain as the nightmare of agony monotonously continued with its unbearable force. The surgeons and qualified specialists looked on with astonishment caught in a devastatingly hopeless situation. They gathered around with their equipment gleaming from the unbroken stream of light pouring mercilessly in through the rows of windows. The group gazed, as if transfixed, at the doomed body. There is nothing within the realms of possibility that could preserve his life. Astonishment and horror gripped every face and twisted every mind as they watched the tormented figure. His body was burnt beyond repair and was scarcely recognizable as one of a human. No one could imagine what horrific being could contort any life form in the degree to which this one had. Its technology was that of a far superior race to ours. It seemed our life was doomed.

It was a non-descript day which greeted Mordenkainen. There was nothing extraordinary about it. It just seemed to be another day in his life when he burst out of his underground hut to thoroughly examine the morning's pleasures. The sun was tirelessly glowing, relentlessly casting shadows behind everything uncaring for its thoughts. A cool breeze sprang up to unexpectedly bring some relief from the soaring heat. It was unusual to have a cool breeze here in summer as usually the sun was constantly beating down, the temperatures blistering and never any relief, so no one questioned the welcomed breeze. It was a good day for working as the temperatures had dropped slightly so Mordenkainen's brother decided to go to the woodlands while the breeze lasted. Little did he realize what catastrophies this breeze was to bring. He trotted contentedly into the woods in search of a certain substance with which he could keep his space craft protected and in working condition.

Meanwhile Mordenkainen was supervising his personal robot as it mechanically cleaned his stationary hypopool (a kind of space ship). As he was lazily sitting there the cool breeze became quite gusty and with it there was a piercing cry that echoed around in his head bouncing 'round and 'round until it had gone. But the sound of that voice remained in his head. It somehow reminded him of someone else. Someone close! Mordenkainen's perky little brother was never to show his cheeky round face or set his chubby feet inside their usually cheerful house again. This



made Mordenkainen make his decision that he would pay his undivided attention to revenge his brother, no matter what the cost.

He crept stealthily around the woods, the breeze still following it seemed. He was determined to uncover the mystery surrounding his brother. He stopped to rest letting the cool breeze fan his heavily tanned face. His gun was at hand and his hypopool was within easy reach if there was any real sign of danger. He looked around again and the breeze suddenly grew stronger catching him off guard. As he stared into the emptiness a figure appeared faintly and then disappeared just as mysteriously as it had come. It came again for much longer this time and he got a good look at it. It was smallish and had big eyes. It had slimy skin and was all wrinkly, then it faded again before he knew it. Next time it came, it came in a whole group, all staring at him, unmoved. Then he saw his brother amongst them. He lashed out at them by opening fire with his laser beam gun but that was no match for their weaponry. He was hit and he seemed to be burning. He collapsed to the ground barely conscious. As he was lying he felt the breeze surge once more and then completely died as everything else seemed to also. The rest was a blurr in his mind but he couldn't forget the burning that gripped his body.

His body tightened once more before it finally relaxed, being released from the pressure. The tension seemed to ease a bit in the room as the worried onlookers turned away wondering what to expect. Then a breeze, like a draft floated through the room and the faint outline of two figures appeared. The people queried what they saw but soon the draft stopped and the figures faded. And with them went Mordenkainen's body.

Kathy Todd 8B

SPORT'S REPORT

GIRLS NETBALL

Senior:

Brighton 23 defeated Elwood 16
Brighton 21 defeated Highett 3
Won Nepean group, defeated in Southern
Finals. Better players : A.Smith
I.O'Neal N.Hough.

Intermediate:

Elwood 21 defeated Brighton 20
Brighton 18 defeated Highett 9
Better players: K.Todd and L.Twirdy.



ATHLETICS. HOUSE

Girls Results Grant 315
Lonsdale 279
Phillip 295 1/2
Murray 173 1/2

Boys Results Grant 374
Lonsdale 303
Phillip 277
Murray 208

Final Results Grant 689
Lonsdale 582
Phillip 572 1/2
Murray 381 1/2

ATHLETICS. BOYS

Outstanding performances

S.Croaker U/13 H.J 400 100 200 800m
A.Nicholson U/14 H.J 100 200
J.Sparks U/16 T.J 1500m
G.Seamer U/15 1500m Hurdles
R.Block U/17 Jav. Dis Sh.Put. 800
G.Georgio OPEN 400 200 800

The above competed in the Southern Zone
Athletics Sports with Richard Block
progressing to the all High.

Outstanding performances were by

N.Hanby U/13 1500 U/13 400m
U/13 800 200
C.Byrne U/14 H.J. U/14 L.J.
200
P. Alexopoulos U/16 H.J. U/16 100 200
N.Hough U/17 Jav Discus
Hurdles
N.Mayo U/17 L.J. U/17 100
G.Smith U/16 L.J Sh.Put DIS
G.Reid U/17 200
K.VanWijngaarden OPEN T.Jump 100 200 400
These outstanding Athletes went on to
compete at Southern Zone with Claudia
Byrne progressing to All High.

HOUSE SWIMMING

Results

Girls Lonsdale 191
Grant 127
Murray 108
Phillip 64
Boys Murray 165
Lonsdale 131
Phillip 111
Grant 106
Grand Agg. Lonsdale 322
Murray 273
Grant 233
Phillip 180

Better performances were by

N.Mercuri Open 200 Freestyle
T.Colquhoun U/14 free Back
C.Gates Open back butterfly

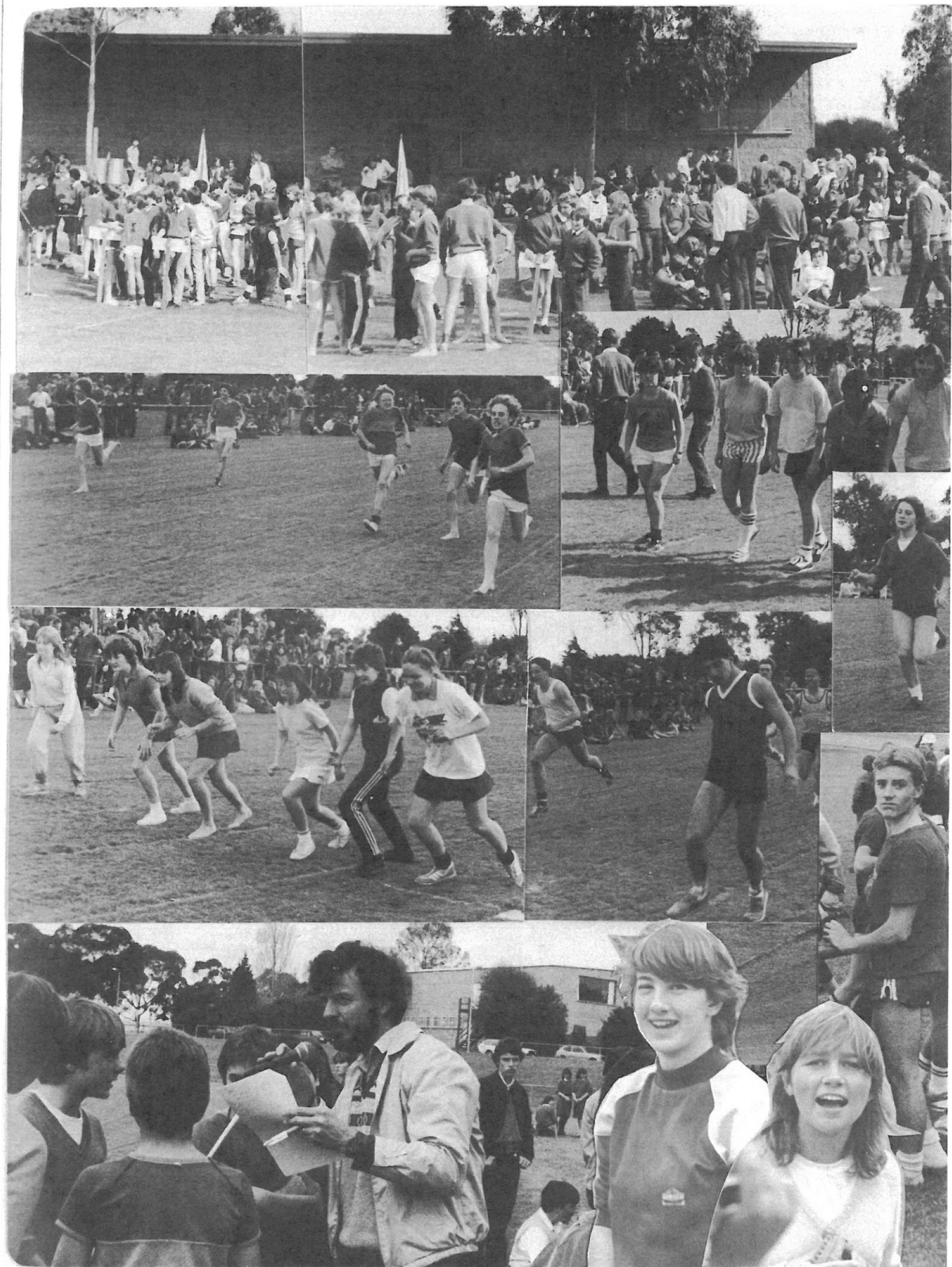
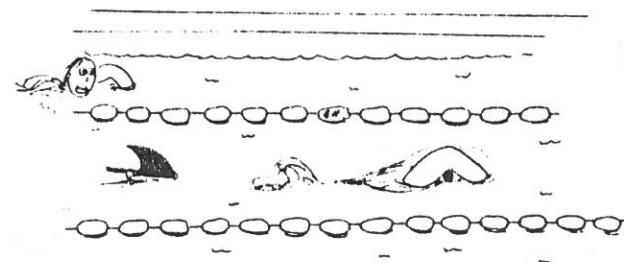
SWIMMING

Boys

Better performances were given by
C.Bennett U/13 Breaststroke
Backstroke

A.Flanagan U/14 Breaststroke
Backstroke Butterfly
T.Excell Freestyle Breaststroke
Butterfly
J.Excell Freestyle Breaststroke
Butterfly

The school team competed not nearly as
well as previous years and came second.



BOYS CRICKET

Senior

Brighton H.S. 99 defeated Beaumaris 98
Hampton H.S. 8 for 120 defeated Brighton
9 for 120

Better players M.Sparks J.McTigue
G.Gerdan S.Richards

Intermediate Defeated by Beaumaris and
Highett in close games.



FOOTBALL

Senior

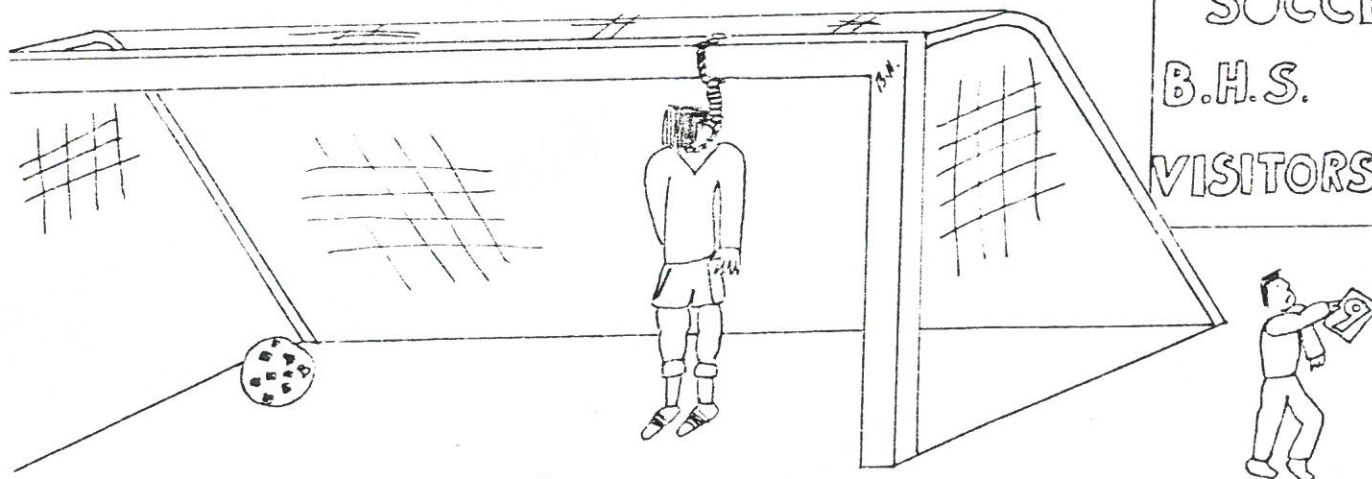
Brighton 15-15 defeated Hampton 6-8
Brighton 13-8 defeated Elwood 9-7
Highett 11-11 defeated Brighton 9-11

Better players for the season were
R.Block G.Georiou A.McLennan N.Page
and S.Richards.

Intermediate

Hampton 15-8 defeated Brighton 10-7
Brighton 32-13 defeated Elwood 2-1
Brighton 21-15 defeated Highett 2-2
Brighton 13-18 defeated Beaumaris 10-11

Better players for the season were
W.Anderson A Bonanno J. Sayers and
H.Swan



BOY'S SOCCER

Senior:

Brighton 5 defeated Hampton 0
Brighton 1 drew Elwood 1
Brighton 20 defeated Highett 1
Brighton 12 defeated Beaumaris 2
Caulfield 2 defeated Brighton 1
Better players for the season were
N.Bobolas G.Gerdon and M.Sparks.

BASKETBALL BOYS

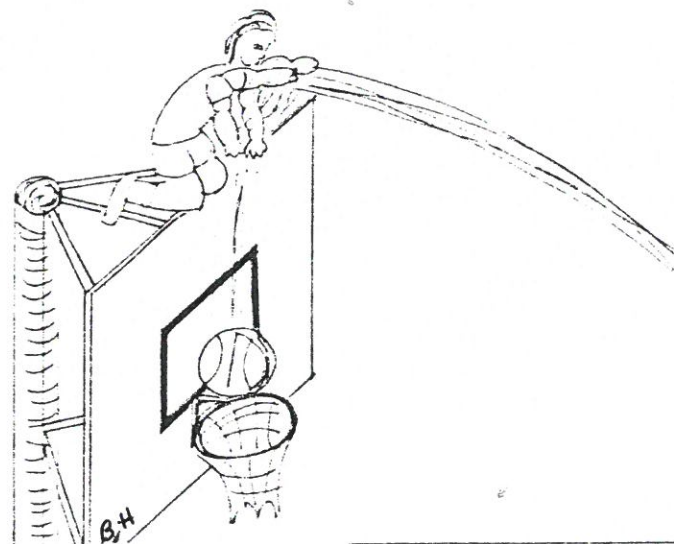
Senior

Brighton 80 defeated Hampton 10
Elwood 31 defeated Brighton 19
Brighton 25 defeated Highett 24
Brighton 32 defeated Beaumaris 28
Brighton 31 defeated Caulfield 30
During the competition C.Short and
C.Bavage played well.

Intermediate

Brighton 44 defeated Hampton 16
Brighton 18 defeated Elwood 16
Brighton 52 defeated Highett 3
Brighton 74 defeated Beaumaris 10
Brighton won the Nepean Basketball.
This team played in the Southern Final
being defeated by a much bigger and
better side.

Best players for the competition M.Daw
D.Collins and S.Fischer.



SOCCER
B.H.S. @
VISITORS. 28



Everything has its beauty, but not
Everyone sees it

He sat in the middle of a slight sloping stretch of rocks, back to the wind and facing the ocean. The small bay where Jeremy came to sit and watch and think was hardly an ocean but Jeremy liked to call it that. To him it was an ocean that led to places far away, the places he had only heard about.

Jeremy came to sit by his ocean quite alot, he liked the sounds, the wind, the chill. He felt at ease with the sea, and he loved it and in the winter after school he would come and sit; sometimes to think, to sort out a problem, often he would be confused or baffled and would come to the sea to ask himself why.

Most of the time, Jeremy just came to watch and listen. As he sat on his rock-a smooth one this time, for he always sat on a different rock each time-he imagined he would think of different things on each different rock.

Today he just wanted to watch-no thoughts. Often he felt that it would be a shame to think while he was following the waves and ripples he was disappointing his ocean, spoiling his senses with thought. So he watched the ocean, recording in his mind each wave that turned into a ripple and the hurling and whistling of the wind which came with it.

The sky was one mass of dark greyness, there were smaller, whiter clouds beneath the grey sheet above them. Jeremy loved the winter, he imagined wonderful adventures that went on beneath the sea and he marvelled at the conversations he heard between the dusty clouds and the deep grey, green ocean.

He knew of people's thoughts about the sea; he had heard his friends say they hated the cold and the rough ocean that went with it, they had said it was like it was an angry foe at one step closer it would devour you and leave you for the sharks.

But Jeremy disagreed strongly with his notion; he felt that when the sea was

rough it was happy, jolly, no one dared to brave it when it was "rough and dangerous" and so that was why Jeremy thought the ocean was happy-because it was alone;as he was.

So Jeremy watched his happy ocean and felt happy himself, he knew the ocean was beautiful; he could see all its beauty in its waves, the perfect roundness of the waves, the long line they made with the shore, the soft, cotton wool like whites on the tops of the waves as they came tumbling down onto the sand and rocks. Jeremy saw beauty also in the contrasts of the rough texture of the ocean and the smoothness of the sky with only a few soft, fluffy, apotheoses.

Although he never really meant to think while he watched, he always managed to drift into some line of thought; although he was not angry with himself because his line of thought was not neglecting his ocean.

However, his thoughts were interrupted; a voice called from above. "Hey, Squibble," (for his name was Dibble). Jeremy recognized the voice and turned around in acknowledgment of his call. He saw the two boys, both of his age; one he knew as a colleague from school, wearing his uniform of shorts and a jumper, bothering only to remove his tie; the other took Jeremy's attention, as he was wearing a fancy emblazoned jacket and bright green trousers. Both had their hands in their pockets as they looked down at him.

"What are you doing?" said his friend, trying to be serious. They started to stumble their way down to him; Jeremy refrained from answering until they were able to hear him speak.

"Watching my-the sea," he stated simply. His friends laughed a little. "Why?"

"Because I like to, I come here alot." His friends became restless, wanting to know more.

"Well come on," insisted the stranger.

"Well I come here to watch the ocean-"

"The 'ocean', ha, hardly an ocean-more like a pond!" With this statement the boys laughed until tears came to

their eyes. Jeremy was not laughing. He wanted to explain in a way they could understand.

"Well, you know how you reckon that Cynthia girl is beautiful, well I-"

"You mean you come here to watch the 'beautiful ocean'," his friends began to laugh uncontrollably. Jeremy's friend then joked, with difficulty, as he was overwhelmed with laughter.

"You mean you're 'In love with the ocean!'" he said emphatically.

Jeremy gave up, he turned away. The boys also turned and walked away and their taunting laughter echoed all around him.

But he wasn't sad or ashamed, he felt warm and protected with the sloping rocks and the security of his ocean.

by Saskia Werner.



*** AGGRAVATING "SPECKIES" ***

"Don't do that! You're not allowed" He shouted at me, "You were fouled" Except I think that it is fair, So I pretend he isn't there. I fly high above the pack And then I feel a fist go whack. I turn and hit him in the face, Now here comes the fighting race. There's punches here and punches there, Now they come from everywhere. My friends call out, "These two for rumbles" I shove him over, down he tumbles. Then we go back to our game, Only to feel a little lame. All in front my friends will lark, But I will fly and take a mark. I accidentally hit his head, Now his face goes very red. I see his anger, I defend, Now it starts all over again.

--- Julian Halsman ---

THE MOON

The Moon used to be a mystery.
Full of romance and intrigue.
We used to gaze and wonder,
is it really made of cheese?

But then our minds decided to go on,
To broaden our way of thinking.
We looked upon our previous thoughts
As silly, without an inkling.

Further and further we advanced,
Until eventually it came.
The first man landed on the moon.
Now those first thoughts seemed insane.

Of rock not cheese it was made.
But they say they knew it all along,
That only kids believed that sort of rot.
Of course they were never wrong.

Well I know for sure that when I was a kid,
I believed in that "rot" as they say.
Back then I could see the man in the moon.
And I wish they'd left it that way.

By KATHY TODD 8B.

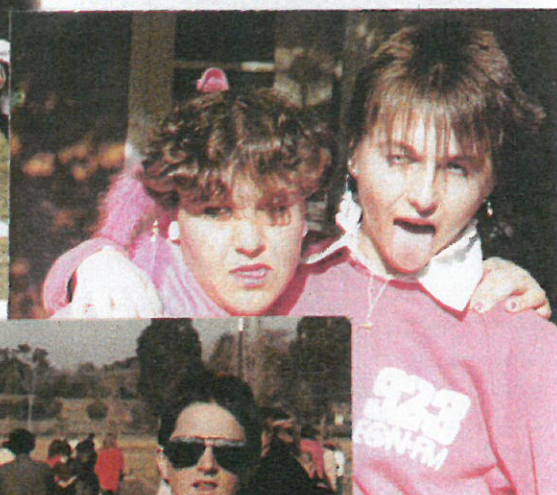
I went to the moon.
In the month of June.
Now its November.
Almost December.
I hope I can get home soon.

There once was a man named Spoon.
Who decided he'd go to the moon.
Oh no! Alas.
He ran out of gas.
So he floated home on a balloon.

Tom wanted to go to the moon.
To see if it was made out of Coon.
When he got there he laughed.
It was made out of Kraft.
So he ate his way home with a spoon.

The plane crashed, I was marooned.
On a place that looked like the moon.
When I turned my head,
I saw a sign that read,
Three miles to the nearest Saloon.

ANONYMOUS.



COLOUR
DAY



84'



BRIGHTON HIGH'S COLOURS DAY

"Bye," I screamed and slammed the car door. I sprinted across the car park to the door leading through to the East Corridor and stopped dead. My mouth dropped and my eyes bulged, all I could utter was, "Oh my God". In front of me was a six foot white rabbit, walking up the corridor was a pink haired tutu clad girl and on my right was a girl still in her dressing gown clutching a teddy bear. This sight was totally unexpected and quite a shock to the system.

Friday the 27th of July had been declared "Colours Day" at Brighton High School. This meant that each year level was allocated a colour to adorn them for the day - the year 7's in blue, year 8's in black, year 9's in red, year 10's in yellow, year 11's in pink and the year 12's in white. Each person was charged twenty cents for not wearing their year's colours. The money was to go as a donation to the Multiple Sclerosis society.

There were no limitations as to what extent or how bizarre a person could go-and it showed. Being a member of the year 12 committee, I had to take a year 7 form assembly. It was impossible to keep them quiet for even a few minutes and all attempts were shattered when three boys over six feet tall strolled through the door in white sheet togas asking for donations for the poor.

For the first day this year the cold drab greyness of our educational attire was no where to be seen-except for some of the teachers. They had been asked to wear the full school uniform. Only the Form Co-ordinators, who were supposed to wear their form level colour, were excluded from what most teachers primarily thought to be a rather frightful and degrading ritual. But for the student body this must have been the highlight of the day.

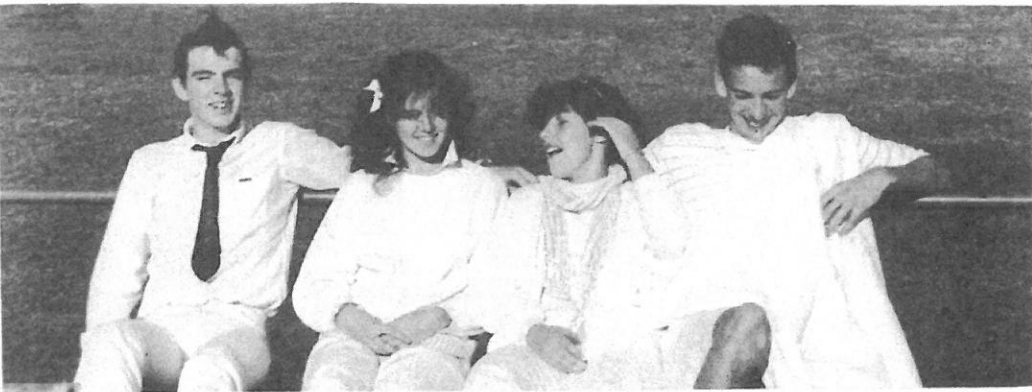
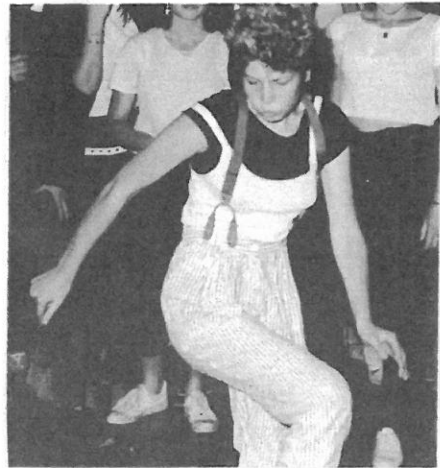
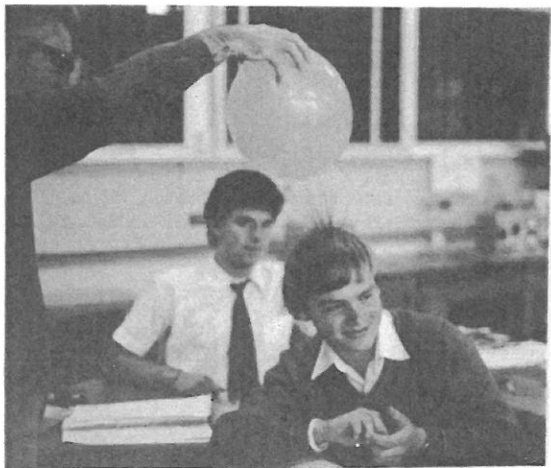
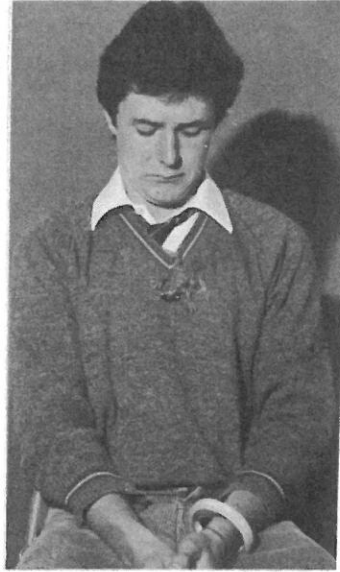
Screams of laughter echoed throughout the corridors at the sight of the more mature and sophisticated members of our school brought back to the dreaded school days, but it must be admitted by all that they looked terrific and had the student "image" down to a "T".

Mrs. Pakula with her shirt hanging out below her jumper, socks over stockings, a pair of finger-less gloves and hair relatively untouched, asked if she was trendy enough. Miss Nicholas plaited a small piece of her hair, tied a bright red elastic to it and then proceeded to dissolve my English Literature lesson by sticking her bright pink bubble gum on the end of her pencil and leaving it there for the remainder of the lesson and the remainder of the day. Mr Tonkin looked more like a year nine student than a learned maths teacher.

The trophy (if there had been one) for the most imaginative effort would have had to go to none other than Mr Gould. He startled people where ever he went and was also very much in character in his full length, tight fitting, Devil's suit of glittering red, complete with tail, horns and a black pitch fork painted on the back of his cape. He confidently strutted from class to class, books in hand and tail swinging behind.

The waves of multi-colour floated through the corridors. Patches of pink, yellow, white, with fleeting blue streaks flying through and blotches of grey spattered in between, jostled their way through the day. This day was a most welcome break in the monotony of school life and was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone involved. But what really made the day worth while was the knowledge that we had raised \$118 for the multiple sclerosis society.

Marion Miller, Year 12



RAPPERS

The blokes at school are forming crews,
Extra, Extra read all the great news,
They've started to dance,
It looks cool you know,
So everyone decided to have a go!

One day a RAP fight was on,
Ground Effects vs. Transverse Reaction.
It was a big attraction.
The music blared as each member took
his turn
to show his skill,
Head Spin, Body Wave, Turtle, Donkey Kick,
it's unreal.

This bloke they call him MASTER ACE,
Was in the circle burning up the place,
The moves he was doing just couldn't be
beat!
because it was just a SUPER HUMAN FEAT!

His brother was a breaker,
He was a cool dood,
Until he got into a dancing mood,
This pair they were just unbeatable,
To go up against them, you just had to
be a FOOL!

Then into the circle came this bloke, BOB
If you like you can call him ROB!
His ticking and locking were out of
sight,
He was just doing everything right!

Then his partner Jewls,
Who liked to up rock it,
Was spinning on his hand,
and then doing WINDMILL,
YOU JUST CAN'T KNOCK IT!!!

That was the end of the rap fight,
Everybody went away,
But you don't have to worry,
They'll be back another day.
So if you're in a crew your lucky,
'cause to dance like these guys you're
ACE,
If you want to see these RAPPERS,
Then the CITY SQUARE'S THE PLACE.....

By Stewart Richards



The darkened skies had disappeared
leaving nothing but misty fog, and there,
far in the distance like magic merging
higher and higher into the misty far
skies, stood a towering mountain. Across
many valleys and peaks was a beautiful
blanket of cream white snow to match the
enormous mountain peaks. It all seemed
alive as the mountain sent howling winds
snapping and crushing around me.
Suddenly I snapped out of my daydream
without a slight second of emotion as I
gulped in the fresh icy air and set forth
on my destination. Many hours had passed
but still, despite the freezing wind and
ever changing pictures before me, I still
pushed on. Exhaustion was attacking me
like a lion on his prey as endless
obstacles followed me on my journey.

Suddenly my feet stumbled backwards,
I felt fear all around me. The ground
shook before me, groaning rumbling echoes
warned me to take cover. Then suddenly,
shattering the silence, before my eyes,
appeared a massive crevice, sinking deep
down into the mountain's core.

The last drops of snow scuttled over
the edge sacrificing themselves down the
horrible crevice. Looking over the
edge I could see nothing but gleaming
silvery ice walls as I watched the last
drops of snow melting away as the icy
breeze fluttered them downward. Raising
my head I then moved back from the
crevice, it seemed impossible to cross.
Then an idea came to my head - I would
build a bridge. Hours had passed and I
was exhausted but I had crossed the
crevice. More dangers were to come on
the journey, every second I was risking
my life, then finally after many hours of
treacherous climbing, I made my way to
the top.

There on the peak I seemed to be on
top of the world looking down into the
mist which skipped across the sky and
faded into the stretching depths of
heaven. All around me were snow - white
clouds and the screaming wind leapt by
biting at my rugged climbing gear and
trying to pull me off the side. I
couldn't waste my precious time for dawn
was turning into dusk and I had to start
the long trek home across the treacherous
land.

by Alex Kuhlman 7E

Mr Morrissey :English. Has anyone looked at this book...at least the front cover?!!

Mr Pamment: English. Now this reminds me of...way back in...

Mr Kindler: English. You know what I mean.

Miss Nicholas: English Literature. Got it?!...MMM!!

Mrs Baxter: Legal Studies. Jon! Are you in this class? If not, get out.

Mrs Lightfoot: Economics. Look Year 12. You're not going to crack up.

Mr Locco: Applied Maths. Anyone got a calculator??

Miss Macridis: Pure Maths. Don't touch my car!

Mr Carrington: Politics. I'm not excited.

Miss Hulme: General Maths. Can you appreciate this, if not, just accept it.

Mr Gould: Australian History. O.K. Trendsetters...I wear my sunglasses at night.

Mrs Delaney: Human Development and Society. Do you want to share the joke??

Miss McKeown: Chemistry. Obe Gobe Depthy, Garble, Bizzo, just a few words to help you pass H.S.C.

Miss Lynch: Physics. Obviously...

Mr Craven: Accounting. I'm not chauvanistic; it just sounds like it.

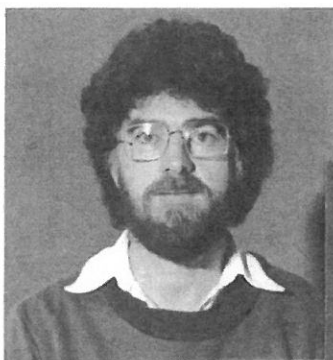
Mrs Anstee: Biology. What the heck, I hate Biology anyway.

Mrs Timion: Art. Who ever thought of early morning classes?!!

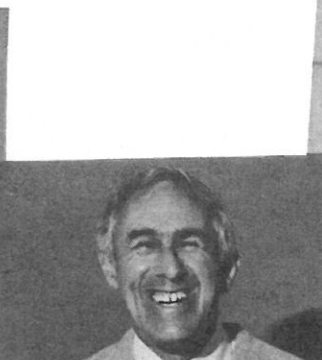
Mrs Kaplonyi: French. If you haven't done your homework you're just sitting there polluting the air.

Mrs Kriksciunas: German. Don't ask why, it's just like that.

Pearls of Wisdom:
Of Year 12 Teachers



Mr. Morrissey



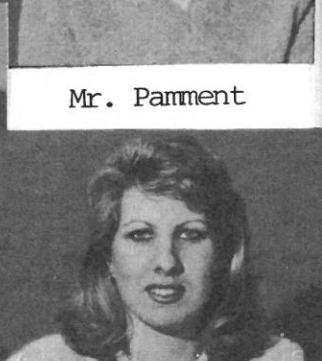
Mr. Pamment



Mrs. Lightfoot



Miss. Nicholas



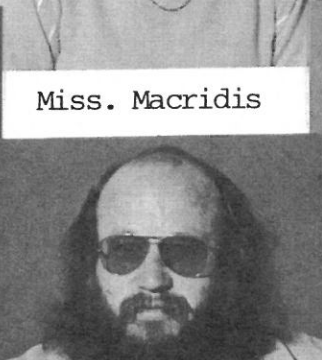
Miss. Macridis



Mrs. Baxter



Mr. Carrington



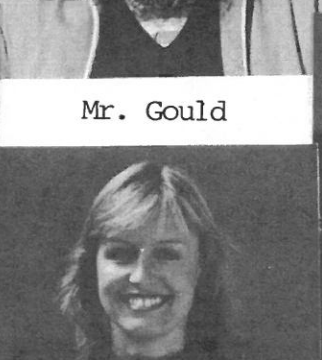
Mr. Gould



Miss. Hulme



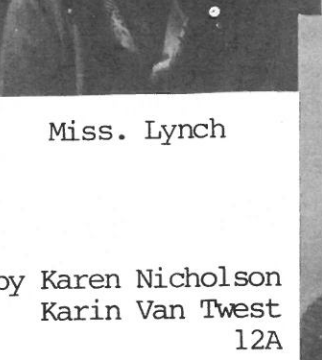
Mrs. Delaney



Miss. McKeown



Mr. Craven



Miss. Lynch



Mrs. Anstee

by Karen Nicholson
Karin Van Twest
12A

ROGUES' GALLERY '84

12 A



GELLER, L.

ATAN, M.

BLIGHT, C.

BRABNER, M.

HUMPHREYS, M.



DIONISSOPOULOS, G.

HYLAND, M.

GEORGIU, C.

LAW, A.

HANBY, W.



NICHOLSON, K.

McLENNAN, K.

SIMMS, N.

SARRIS, S.

RAYNER, J.



NEGLINE, A.

TALBOT, K.

VAN TWEST, K.

WILSON, H.

ZEUG, N.

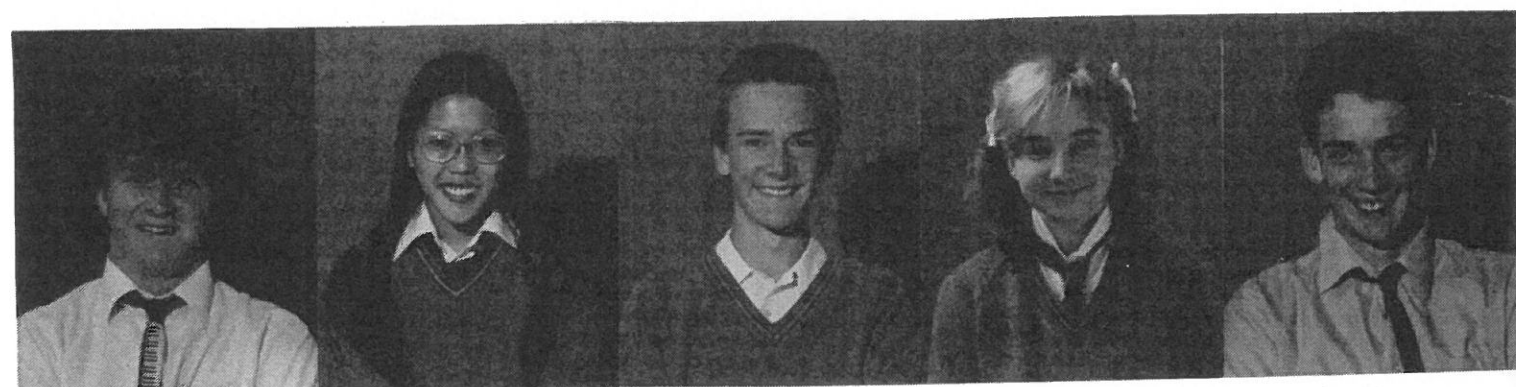
ROGUES' GALLERY '84

CONTINUED.

12 B



BORNER, L. ASPINALL, H. COATES, L. COPPA, L. FRITZLAFF, L.



DENTON, R. GEE, D. HOME, C. GOLOUBKIN, E. SHORT, C.



GRIMWOOD, V. JORGENSEN, A. PIK, C. STAVRAKIS, T. VANWIJNGAARDEN, K.



VINCENT, D.

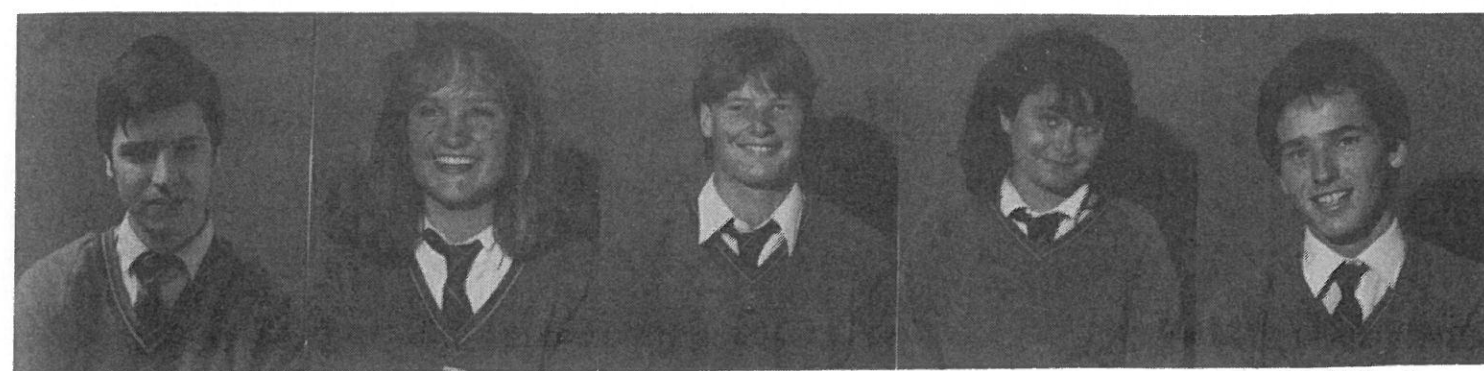
12C



BAUMANN, J. HIGGINSON, R. CHERRY, M.

ROGUES' GALLERY '84

CONTINUED.



HOUDALAKIS, J. RICCO, K. KERR, A. SANTER, K. ROBERTS, A.

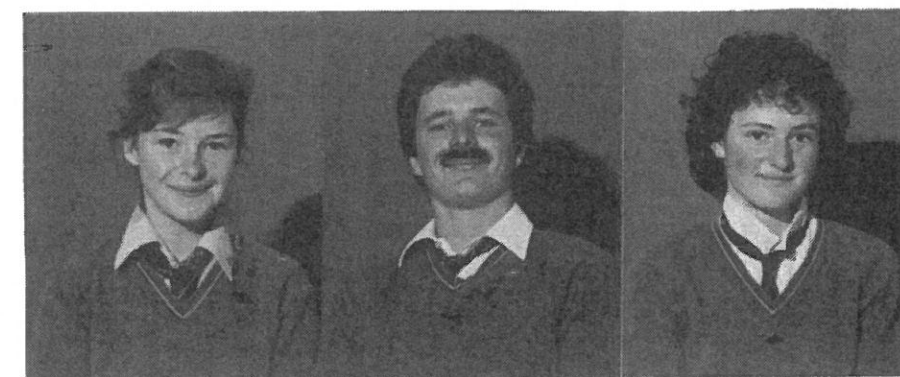


VELAHOUTAKOS, P. TICKLE, D. FISHER, S. REID, J. ISHKAH-ISHAK, N.

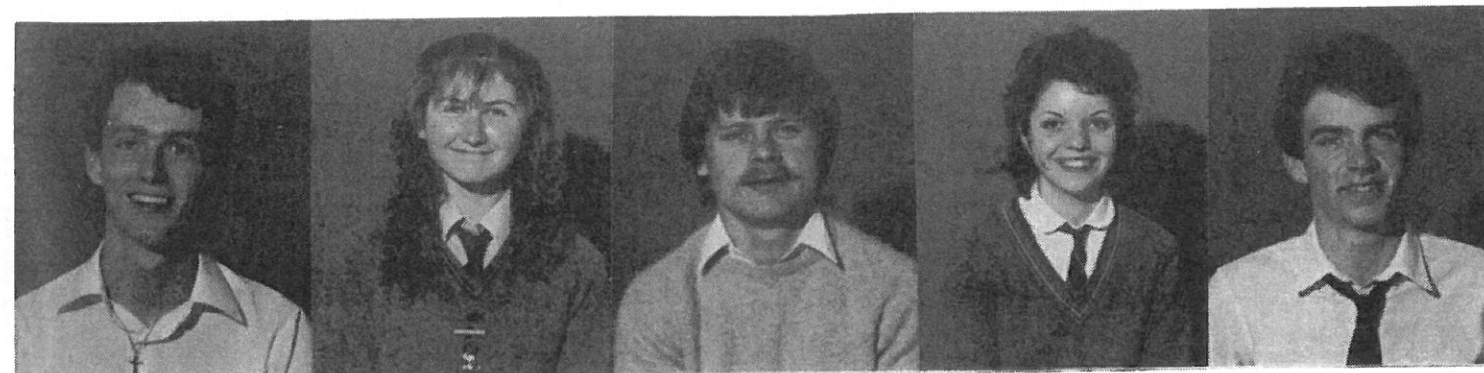


RUSSELL, F.

12D



ARRIGONI, C. BAVAGE, C. COPPA, L.



CROWLEY, P. ISRAEL, R. DUNN, R. KYRIOS, M. HAMILTON, A.

ROGUES' GALLERY

CONTINUED



MILLER, M.

KARAILIS, N.

KUNSEVITSKY, B.

LEGNAGHI, R.

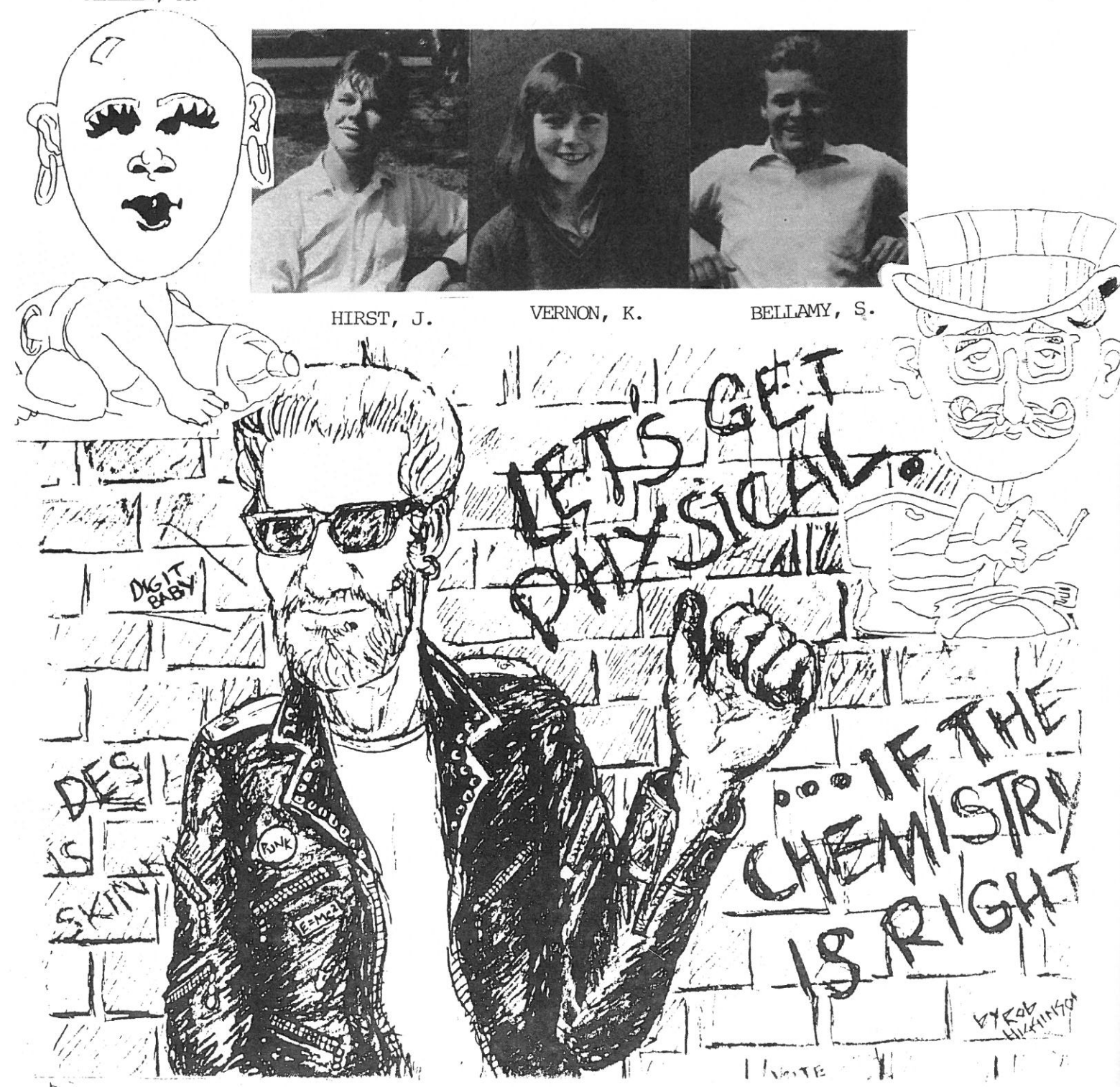
OEHLMANN, D.



HIRST, J.

VERNON, K.

BELLAMY, S.



12A

MAZLAN ATAN:

LIKES: Soups, especially monkey soup.

DISLIKES: Writing what I like.

AMBITION: Stay awake in English.

MATTHEW BRABNER:

L: Beers with the fellows.

D: Hirsty botting smokes, big mouths.

A: To become a butcher.

GEORGE DIONISSOPOULOS:

L: Having a good time.

D: Not having a good time.

A: To be a good person.

GEORGE GEORGIOU:

L: Brighton High, teachers, "sarcasm".

D: Boneheads, Meatheads, Know-alls, Librarians.

A: Doctor or cleaner.

WARWICK HANBY:

L: Dunno.

D: Dunno.

A: Umm Dunno.

JON HIRST:

L: Being late, causing trouble, being a nuisance.

D: Lengthy periods without a drink or smoke.

A: Sell pies at the footy.

ADAM McLENNAN:

L: Football, sun, spending money, ales.

D: Riding to school in the rain, heroes, "The Meatheads".

A: To be a successful nightclub owner.

STEVEN SARRIS:

L: 1957 Chevies, Rockers (Elvis, James Dean).

D: Hhh....Hhhh....Holdens (spit, cough)

A: Join the God Squad and beat up mockies.

CAROLINE BLIGHT:

L: Puddy cats, the pleasures of life!!!

D: Gross people.

A: Be on a soapie and become a household name.

LILIA GELLER:

L: Parties, laughing,

D: Broken love affairs, paranoid people.

A: To be on Perfect Match.

MEGAN HUMPHREYS:

L: Sunny days, Champagne in abundance.

D: Last glass of champagne.

A: To drive the Limo with "P" plates.

MAUREEN HYLAND:

L: Feeling superior over "vegies and blockheads".

D: Sarah's vegie impressions.

A: To resist the vegie/blockhead conversion.

ANNA KALLOPISIS:

L: Disco's, city square, Lygon St, rap, soccer.

D: Heavy metal, mocassins, smoking, yobo's.

A: Own Inflation, form girl's soccer team.

ALEXANDRA LAW:

L: Boy George.

D: People who don't like Boy George.

A: To meet Boy George.

KAREN NICHOLSON:

L: Michael, The Central, being an alcoholic.

D: Double English and Economic lessons, being taught 8 O'clock classes.

A: To let loose on the Oriana while cruising the Fijian Islands.

KERRI VERNON:

L: Disrupting the class.

D: Driving instructors.

A: Find a "honey" on "Perfect Match" and go to Bali.

KARIN VAN TWEST:

L: Escaping from Matt and Nick in Legal.

D: Matt and Nick asking for my notes.

A: Never see Matt and Nick after H.S.C.

NATASHA ZEUG:

L: Lahore, Chrissy Walken.

D: Karachi, Rodney Hogg, Eskies.

A: To holiday with Marilyn in Jamaica.

KAREN TALBOT:

L: Getting higher marks than Dean and Richard in Chemistry.

D: People with lockers above mine who drop books on me.

A: To be Playboy centerfold, to wear contact lenses.

JEUNESSE RAYNER:

L: School uniform when you're not wearing school uniform.

D: Going to school five days a week.

A: Pass H.S.C. so I don't return (Please God?)

NICOLA SIMMS:

L: Licorice, Nutmeg, Cinnamon.

D: Cat abandoners.

A: Rescue all abandoned cats from The Great Ocean Road.

HEATHER WILSON:

L: Giving certain Librarians heaps, St.Kilda and partying

D: Being called Griblett 1, "Wooden spoons" and Mr.A.....

A: To win an argument against Adam, to see St.Kilda win the flag.

12B Comments

OMAR ABDULLAH:

LIKES: Cycling, travelling.

DISLIKES: Smoking, cooking.

AMBITION: To pass H.S.C examination.

HAYDEN ASPINALL:

L: Ronny Reagan, Maggie Thatcher, Joseph Stalin and the C.I.A.

D: Phobias and the person on my left.

A: To be a better 8th day Paradoxial Existentialist.

STEVEN BELLAMY:

L: The cake, Yorkshire Pudding, and Richmond.

D: The finals without Richmond.

A: To be a brickies labourer.

LORENZO COPPA:
 L: Music.
 D: Thinking of my dislikes.
 A: To get a straight forward concise answer from Mr. Wragg.
 RICHARD DENTON:
 L: Un-Canny X-Men, Beach Parties, Sky Hooks.
 D: Perfect Match, Rap, xxxx Beer, sane people.
 A: To see some-one killed on the A-Team, To be the Pope.
 CAMERON HOME:
 L: Minder, Col Joye, Hill St. Blues, Fertilizing Ferneries.
 D: Americans, Port, Boy George and Marilyn.
 A: To live in a fernery.
 SAPUAN SALIT:
 L: Gardening, Travelling.
 D: Smoking, Joking.
 A: To be a teacher and an engineer.
 CHRISTOPHER SHORT:
 L: Fred Nile, Bruce Ruxton, Simon Townsend.
 D: People who dislike sadism and masochism.
 A: Cleaning street gutters at night.
 LISA BORNER:
 L: Split Enz, good food.
 D: Early morning classes, logical people.
 A: To be logical.
 LAURA COATES:
 L: To winge, To be a griblet.
 D: Being a griblet.
 A: To be queen of the griblets.
 LEAH FRITZLAFF:
 L: Pineapple, Summer, Webster and hugs.
 D: Tickle tortures and falling down drains.
 A: To get into 4th gear and to get out of Southland car park.
 DEBBIE GEE:
 L: Eating chocolates.
 D: Getting pimples, growing fat like....
 A: Not to grow fat like.....to get rid of pimples.
 ELIZABETH GOLOUBKIN:
 It's good manners to refrain from speaking about one self.
 VIVIENNE GRIMWOOD:
 L: 6'5" boy friends with blue eyes.
 D: H.S.C in general and loud mouths in particular.
 A: To leave B.H.S and become sane again.
 ANNETTE JORGENSON:
 L: Leather clad bikies and their equipment.
 D: Optimists, cops, teachers, school and life.
 A: To witness the end of the world before November.
 SUSIE LIBERMAN:
 L: Billy Idol, and "Scruffy".
 D: People who hate Billy Idol.
 A: To marry him!

CAROLYN PIK:
 L: Food, weekends and Volkswagons.
 D: Valiants and accidents when I cause them.
 A: To be a safe driver, find an insurance company to insure me.
 TINA STAVRAKIS:
 L: (sexy) European men with accents.
 D: Slobs and Lit options.
 A: Travel the world.
 KIM VANWIJNGAARDEN:
 L: Being a disruptive influence. Food, Webster, Footscray.
 D: People who say I'm fat. Injuries and dilated pupils.
 A: To be able to decide on one...I can't make up my mind
 DEBRA VINCENT:
 L: Putting my finger in power points.
 D: Applied Maths, teachers and the guys in the back row.
 A: To rid the world of Mr. Locco and his back row students.

12C

ROBERT HIGGINSON:
 LIKES:
 DISLIKES:
 AMBITIONS:
 JIM HOUDALAKIS:
 L: Pink Floyd, Computers
 D: Early morning classes, computer haters.
 A: Become the worlds greatest programmer.
 MOHAMMAD NASIR BIN ISHAK:
 L: Sports, reading, cooking and also sleeping.
 D: People who do not stick to their principles.
 A: To be a happy and wealthy person.
 ANDREW KERR:
 L: Weekends away, Saturday nights, going to co-ed school.
 D: Boneheads, boring times and people, homework.
 A: To get somewhere in life, pass H.S.C. this time.
 FAUDZI MATISA:
 L: Skiing and biking.
 D: Cold weather.
 A: Engineer.
 AHMAD MOHSENI:
 L: Eating, raiding kitchens, being with friends, rock 'n' roll.
 D: Mondays, nerds, some teachers, members of the gay persuasion.
 A: To become an all-out capitalist, dictatorship of the galaxy.
 ANTHONY ROBERTS:
 L: Early morning classes. My teacher very very much.
 D: Pink Floyd, Scyophants.
 A: Be a solicitor in St. Kilda.

DAVID TICKLE:
 L: Holidays, sun, beer, cricket, SUMMER, little boys.
 D: Failing, losing, pain, H.S.C. and lambs-fry.
 A: To get a cigarette of John Hirst.
 JENNIFER BAUMANN:
 L: Patrick and Jennesse's school uniform.
 D: Going to Mr Craven's accounting classes to do work.
 A: To see Mr Kindler fall off his chair during a year 12 English class.
 JOANNE BULL:
 L: Spumante (The whole bottle!) and Robert Redford.
 D: getting told where to go all the time and homework.
 A: To make up a joke that people will laugh at for once!
 MONIQUE CHERRY:
 L: Thursdays, (the last day of my school week)
 D: Tuesdays, (The first day of my school week)
 A: To attend school or my job on time, all the time, not just part time, (and to do homework on my four day weekends.)
 SARAH FISHER
 L: Spaghetti, beach balls, and umbrellas.
 D: Country bumpkins and Maureen's extended four letter vocabulary.
 A: Compete in Olympics, even if it's forisableds.
 FIONA LUSKIN
 L: Being ahead of everybody else, large posteriors, tight jeans.
 D: Capatalistic values.
 A: To become a K.G.B. interrogator, to have a boyfriend.
 JOANNE MARSTON
 L: Air-conditioned elbows, and gory stories.
 D: People who knock my perfectly good jumper.
 A: To have air-conditioned elbows become the latest trend.
 JILLIAN REID
 L: Warm weather, suntanned bodies, and holidays.
 D: Winter in bed without ski socks.
 A: To be Dolly Parton's big sister.
 KATHERINE RICCO
 L: Food, being slim, bikinis, younger men (3 years younger).
 D: Diets.
 A: To lose 4 stone.
 FIONA RUSSELL
 L: St.K.F.C., anything "ockerish" and all "spunks" in general.
 D: People who knock my voice and reckon I'm an "ocker".
 A: To become Trevor Barker's mistress.

KAREN SANTER
 L: The Central and Thursday night-without fail.
 D: Writing out what I like and dislike.
 A: Not to do H.S.C. for a third time.
 PAULINE VELAHOUTAKOS
 L: Nothing and nobody, arguing and criticising.
 D: People arguing with me because I'm always right.
 A: To burp Mr Craven's ties and his sports jacket.

12D Comments

CHRISTOPHER BAVAGE:
 L: Frogs, fast girls.
 D: People who kill frogs.
 A: To save more frogs.
 PAUL CROWLEY:
 L: God.
 D: Being thrown to the Lions.
 A: To convert all 8th day Paradoxial Existentialists.
 JAMES DOOLEY:
 L: Cats, fire places, Tequila Slammers.
 D: Reagonomics, young libs and equal opportunities.
 A: To invent a new game involving math.
 ALEXANDER HAMILTON:
 L: Embarrasing ticklish females.
 D: Holding up walls that are'nt falling down.
 A: To discover the meaning of life in a Bourbon bottle.
 NICHOLAS KARAILIS:
 L: Surf matting, and annoying Kerri and Karin.
 D: Shaving before school, and Macka's sarcasm.
 A: To last a whole footy match without getting dragged.
 BORIS KUNSEVITSKY:
 L: Having obligations of any sort, smoking, alcohol and unfinished options and wife swapping parties.
 D: Girls, cars, bicycles, tropical fish, and hi-fi's.
 A: To get through life in one piece of cake.
 RAMON LEGNAGHI:
 L: Astronomy, Pink Flotd, good food, relativity.
 D: Non-astronomers, politicians, and Volkswagons.
 A: To seek out and discover intelligent life forms in Parliament House.
 NORIZAN SHAHRON:
 L: Sleeping, eating, cartoons - Speedie Gonzales.
 D: Being away from home, being alone.
 A: Having a nice, deep and long sleep after H.S.C.

MEGAT SHARUDDIN:
 L: Sunny weather.
 D: Melbourne's winter.
 A: To live in Darwin.
 CECILIA ARRIGONI:
 L: Killing frogs, Dad's moonshine.
 D: Frogs, after effect of Dad's moonshine.
 A: To kill more flies.
 L: Pink Floyd and Lamborghinis.
 D: 2 month old incomplete German options; and people who tell me to put my collar down.
 A: To walk past Ramon, Mr. Clarke and George G. without having my collar put down.
 RACHAEL ISRAEL
 L: Tripping in Murray dramas, and forgetting lines.
 D: Oh, I forgot!
 A: To remember SOMETHING.
 MARY KYRIOS:
 L: Joan Collins- "Dynasty"
 D: Dallas
 A: To be on "Dynasty"
 MARION MILLER:
 L: to sleep - no matter what subject I'm in!
 D: People who look good in bikinis, and references to me needing mental help.
 A: To become a permanent non-entity of this school by the end of this year - not next!
 DINA SOCOLOWISZ
 L: Robert
 D: Robert, once a month!
 A: First Aussie Female P.M.

The Year 7 Disco

What? Next Monday! You're kidding!
 These were the cries of the stunned Year 12 Committee members as the word speedily spread around the common room. Suddenly, without warning, the date for the Year 7 disco had caught up with us and time was certainly not on our side.

A letter was drafted, typed out, run-off and handed out to approximately 125 excited Year 7 students. Questions were soon fired at us from all angles and at times we needed two pairs of ears and an extra mouth to keep up with their interrogations.

Monday came and the Year 12 committee with some help began the arduous task of decorating the hall. Streamers were draped across the hall at a height we thought destructive little hands couldn't reach. Each balloon was strategically placed and securely fastened down with half a roll of masking-tape.

By the end of lunch time we stood back and admired our work of art.

Before we had time to catch our breath it was 6.15 pm and a group of us were rolling up to the hall dressed as "Punks", with our fingers crossed hoping everything was going as planned. We walked into the hall hoping to be confronted with our Year 12 colleagues and hoping that they looked as ridiculous as we felt. We were startled to see a few individuals in "normal civilian clothing", but they got into the mood of the evening anyway.

The hall was soon filled with screaming little punks pulling down streamers and popping balloons to the beat of the music. We mingled in amongst them and got them all up dancing to the band, and the music blaring from the speakers.

Soon it was announced that drinks would be served in the foyer but before we had time to tell them not to all go at once, the foyer had been bombarded with seventy or so students all with dry mouths and tongues hanging out. The glasses were washed, rinsed and refilled very efficiently and there was only one puddle on the floor.

The dancing went on until the call for supper sent them running for the part of the hall that had been partitioned off. Some amazing acrobatic talent was seen as they rolled, jumped, dived and somersaulted through the legs and over the heads of the Year 12 students who had attempted to form a barricade. The food literally disappeared. They must have put it down their tops and in their pockets because they couldn't have eaten it that quickly! Well, on second thoughts!

The evening had been a great success without anything turning it sour. We all said goodbye to them as they were escorted out the door with their parents and then walked wearily back into the hall.

George and I turned up as usual on Friday morning to take 7E's form assembly. When we asked if they enjoyed the disco the reply seemed unanimous. Everyone started shouting at us. Unreal! Great! Fantastic! Then a voice from the back called out, "When are we having another one?" George and I turned and looked at each other. stunned!

by Leah Fritzlauff.

YEAR 9E
 BAKER, I.
 CHARTERS, L.
 FOSTER, G.
 HARDY, K.
 HIRST, E.
 HOPSON, A.
 MCINTYRE, M.
 MCKENZIE, C.
 MALLAGHAN, S.
 OLDFIELD, S.
 PARKER, N/
 TURNER, S.
 WALTERS, A.
 ARPINI, S.
 BARR, H.
 BALMANN, S.
 DIXON, C.
 FERGUSON, R.
 FORBES, D.
 HENDRIKSE, G.
 MATERIA, A.
 NG, A.
 PANAGIOTARIS, P.
 SERAFINO, M.
 WATSON, T.

YEAR 9F
 BROWN, M.
 BUTTERWORTH, A.
 DOOLEY, T.
 GAULT, R.
 GEE, C.
 GODFREY, M.
 JENKINS, D.
 KAFOA, C.
 KELLY, R.
 LINDBLOM, L.
 MCKINDLEY, T.
 SCOTT, L.
 STUART, V.
 VINCENT, L.
 BLACK, S.
 BRABNER, C.
 FISCHER, S.
 FRANKLIN, D.
 HARITOS, J.
 MCCOLL, G.
 MOHSENI, Z.
 PARRY, B.
 PORCINO, G.
 SMIT, H.
 SIEMAN, J.
 WITIS, J.

YEAR 10A
 BORNER, C.
 BRISTOL, J.
 ISAACHSEN, R.
 KAKOS, M.
 ORR, V.
 PAVIS, R.
 RENYE, G.
 SIMMS, S.
 SIRMAY, A.

BALMANN, C.
 BUTTERWORTH, P.
 COGDON, C.
 COOMBS, D.
 FALK, B.
 FRENCH, S.
 FRICKE, Q.
 KALABOUKAS, J.
 KALFOGLOU, S.
 MCKEON, J.
 MCMAHON, D.
 SENIOR, P.
 SECUD, R.
 VANDERIELY, R.
 WILSON, A.
 WRIGHT, J.

YEAR 10B
 BAISON, J.
 BRISTOW, V.
 BUTLER, J.
 COOPER, E.
 HYLAND, S.
 KARATASIS, V.
 KLEINBLAT, I.
 LAMBERT, R.
 ROCKER, J.
 SELBY, V.
 TOUNIZIOS, M.
 VAGAS, E.
 CLARKE, J.
 DEEVES, N.
 DUNMALL, P.
 HAWKES, J.
 KANE, C.
 MORGAN, S.
 MOUTSOS, N.
 PAVLOU, L.
 RAIZ, T.
 SYMEONIDIS, S.

YEAR 10C
 CANNARD, A.
 DE VINCENTIS, G.
 FEYNBERG, J.
 GARNER, D.
 GATIES, M.
 GOLDFARB, M.
 LEIGH, J.
 McALICE, K.
 PHILLIPSON, M.
 RUSSELL, G.
 RUTIELLE, F.
 SLOAN, R.
 SMITH, R.
 VAN WILNGAARDEN, N.
 CHAN, W.
 CHUM, W.
 DONALDSON, D.
 HUDALAKIS, C.
 MERMINGAS, M.
 RICCO, M.
 SCHEINER, L.
 THOMAS, A.
 WALES, A.
 YATES, A.

YEAR 10D
 CARDOSA, M.
 GOUSIARIS, A.
 GREENFIELD, N.
 HUMPHREYS, J.
 MAYO, N.
 MCKENZIE, R.
 SMITH, G.
 THOMPSON, M.
 WILSON, K.
 WADE, M.
 COATES, J.
 FIKET, I.
 FOLEY, J.
 GILBERISON, B.
 HARDY, K.
 JONES, C.
 KELLY, J.
 KHOO, K.
 MIKSAD, J.
 MILLS, R.
 SIMMONS, M.
 TAYLOR, G.
 WILCOX, J.

YEARS 10E
 CANAVAN, L.
 DARE, L.
 DUESTERHAUS, M.
 JOHNSON, H.
 KUHLMAN, S.
 SEURET, N.
 THOMSON, K.
 VON ZIM HOF, K.
 WRIGHT, A.
 ANKOS, C.
 COOKE, D.
 DIMSEY, J.
 HICKLIN, B.
 ISING, B.
 LANGVAID, G.
 MCCONACHY, S.
 MACDONALD, G.
 NOPPER, B.
 PALAMARA, D.
 TUCHY, R.
 VINAS, E.
 WATERHOUSE, S.
 YEM, A.
 ZOGULAS, A.

YEAR 10F
 ALAXOPOULOS, P.
 FALL, J.
 FODEN, J.
 HATCH, R.
 HILL, A.
 HUGH, N.
 McMAHON, F.
 NELSON, M.
 RABINOVICH, L.
 SCHNEIDER, J.
 SMITH, A.
 VASSALL, L.
 WORTH, N.
 BALL, S.

BARR, C.
 BEARD, T.
 DENTON, J.
 HOME, M.
 McDONALD, A.
 McILRE, S.
 MIZERA, O.
 PRESS, J.
 RICHMAN, P.
 ROHSTEIN, J.

YEAR 11A
 ANAGOSTOU, R.
 ANTONIOU, H.
 BARNARD, G.
 BARTON, L.
 BLAINEW.
 BLANSHARD, J.
 BOGARTIS, N.
 BUCKI, M.
 CHRISTODOULOU, G.
 COATES, K.
 CUNNINGHAM, G.
 ADAMS, D.
 ANIZAKIS, A.
 ARNFIELD, D.
 ASHKAR, P.
 BATTERHAM, P.
 BERRY, M.
 BLOCK, R.
 BOBOLAS, N.
 BOK, P.
 BERGE, A.
 CHAN, W.
 COPE, A.
 COLLINS, S.

YEAR 11B
 DEVINCENTIS, S.
 DEUTSCH, N.
 DUESTERHAUS, M.
 EPIFANO, M.
 FELINER, T.
 FLATT, K.
 GATIES, C.
 GOLUBKIN, L.
 HALL, J.
 HILL, D.
 HOHLIOS, D.
 HUGHES, R.
 ESTORNINHO, J.
 EXELL, J.
 FOIHERRGILL, A.
 FOIHERRGILL, S.
 GERDAN, G.
 HASAS, M.
 HASKIN, D.
 HATZIDIMITRIOU, S.
 HATZIOUDIS, J.
 HERBERT, R.

YEAR 11C
 JOWZY, S.
 KALATZIDIS, T.
 KEATING, N.
 KOL, S.

KREYMBORG, S.
 KUKOME, E.
 LACK, D.
 LONG, H.
 LEVY, L.
 McDONALD, C.
 McNEIL, J.
 KINSELLA, H.
 KONE, P.
 LANDER, R.
 LIGHTWOOD, R.
 MCCOLL, E.
 McTIGUE, J.

YEAR 11D
 MERCURI, N.
 MILJOEN, K.
 MORRIS, B.
 NABB, C.
 NEALE, T.
 OSBORNE, C.
 PALAMERIS, K.
 PRICE, A.
 READ, G.
 REYNOLDS, S.
 ROESTER, K.
 MARICAK, J.
 MIKSAD, M.
 MITCHELL, S.
 MOWSON, P.
 MUIARD, B.
 NANKIN, J.
 PAGE, N.
 PAPAVALILIOU, J.
 RAYNER, R.
 READ, T.
 RICHARDS, S.
 RIGOPoulos, N.

YEAR 11E
 SELBY, P.
 SHAW, K.
 SMITH, E.
 SMITH, T.
 SCORRELL, C.
 TALBOT, R.
 TANNER, V.
 TODD, J.
 VANMEGHELEN, M.
 VELAKULIS, L.
 WAKEFIELD, P.
 WELLSRING, K.
 WERNER, S.
 WEST, R.
 WHITREAD, S.
 WILCOX, S.
 WITHALL, J.
 WRIGHT, J.
 SAMPSON, S.
 SCORRELL, D.
 SPARKS, M.
 SYMEONIDIS, S.
 THOMPSON, M.
 VIDAS, R.
 WHEELER, D.
 WIERZBICKI, A.