Voyager '89

FORM LISTS 1989

7A
Denver Artz
Janet Azarkhin
Christian Cullen
Sienna Edwards
Cassie Hayes
Kylie Hilton
Janice Hughes
Leigh Kayley
Damien Lorrain
Nicole McLean
Scott Murphy
Anthony Neeman
Mia Orbach
Katerina Petratos
Richard Player
Angela Roberts
Kristie Rouse
Damien Rozan
Karina Shpigel
Benjamin Spathis
Belinda Tainsh
Travis Watson
Katherine White.

7B
Paul Allardice
Richard Atkinson
Suzanne Black
Clement Blake
Caroline Booth
Taol Cato
Leevonne Clee
Larelle Connell
Susan Cooper
Thomas Dalton
Elise Forsyth
Carla Gatehouse
Katherine Hammond
Matthew Hooper
Duane McDonald
Simone Miller
Daniel Miller
Lukas Muir
Elizabeth Player
Simon Porter
Daryl Stewart
Sally Thomson
Darren Varker
Andrew Varker
Bianca Ward

7C
Robert Booth
Marie-Claire Bradshaw
Nicole Carmel
Brett Carmichael
Shane Dooley
Lorelle Fernando
Daniel Gray
Rhonda Harbis
Emma Houldsworth
Andrew Jones
Omer Mazlumoglu
Tanya Mijak
Marika Neve
Rebecca Parsons
Nicole Perkins
Bonnie Posthuma
Antony Sanftl
Simon Smith
Tony Teschendorff
Craig Thiedeman
Kellie Van Wijngaarden
Amanda Warmuth

7D
Somar Abdelki
Ester Bassett
Raewyn Bates
Barbara Cesnik
Kirstin Conway
Richard Court
Athina Dakis
Brooke Daniels
Michael Dermansky
Benjamin Durrant
Jenny Evans
Sofia Filippou
Blaise Fozard
Daniel Haddon
Matthew Hamilton
Alex Idolovich
Fiona Kozub
Brian Kraal
Zorik Levenshus
Adam Lew
Johanna McMinn
Amanda Norbury
Cameron Patterson
Danny Shafei
John Tripodi

7E
Natalie Alcock
Gordon Allison
Jessica Arnott
Rohan Craig
Amanda Differding
Jaimie Eberle
Glenn Goodwin
Melanie Jones
Michael Kardaris
Chelsea Lucas
German Mery
Paris Nichols
Lonnie O'Grady
Mark Sager
Walter Saunders
Luke Serrano
Adi Shuvaly
Lucienne Thomas
Amber Timewell
David Turk
Emma Turnbull
Rebecca Wells
Georgina Willison
Erik Zuker

7F
Troy Clarke
Jaqueline Corbett
Kamal Daou
Allan Dib
Dominique Doquile
Pieter Finch
Lee Halliday
Bradley Lang
Chris Loeliger
Galen Marelic
Lisa Marmur
Joanna Nelson
Taiye Obotaire
Matthew Preston
Evan Ravensdale
Melanie Rylance
Daniela Versace
Tania Wardell
Vanessa White
Diana Wong
Christopher Wright
Belinda Yemm

8A
Rachael Bland
Brett Bryla
Emma Court
Bernadette Dietrich
Chris Douvitsas
Sonia Elcheikh
Michael Foxman
Kristy-Lyn Gibson
Grant Ising
Scott Marshall
Steven Martin
Mark Mellech
Suad Nabibekova
Prudence Oglethorpe
Chelsea Perry
Andrew Robson
Paul Ryan
Anthony Seale
Daniel Steel
Marc Szabo
Andrew Tompkins
Kylie Ure
Samuel Wilkinson
Denise Wright
James Turnbull

8B
Jacob Ball
Scott Bennett
Benny Chum
Todd Cornehls
Peter Crossley
Cameron Davies
Cameron Fitzgerald
Sharn Greiner
Sally Gwyther
Jeff Hind
Sharon Hughes
Nicholas Johns
Jamie Keleher
Julia Lasbury
Nicholas Latimer
Jesse Laurie
Meera Naidu
Jennifer Orr
Robert Prew
Caroline Sharpe
Melanie Siapantas
Susanne Tannous
Kelvin Wong

8C
Elizabeth Aizen
Shawn Clinton
Justin Conabere
Gail Coulter
Jonothan Cowle
Theo Demirtzis
Adam Dolkin
Simon Greiner
Chris Hourmouzis
Paul Jason
Tony Johannsen
Jacky McDonald
Christian Reddy
Skye Rhodes-Mitchell
Penelope Rigbye
Joshua Rodder
Lainie Rotman
Craig Rylance
Olga Tahir
Leo Tannous
James Tuskin
Dustin Weiniger
Benjamin Wilkinson
Sarah Williams
Ross Williams

8D
Nerida Alvarez
Nicole Badger
Sarah Cue
Christian Day
Hayley Elbaum
Christopher Elliott
Paul Fassoulis
Daniel Ghita
Claire Godridge
Nicola Kadera
Kyle Mac Lean
Corrie Mc Mahon
Jasmine Phelan
Ramesh Presser
Dean Psaros
Rodney Rowe
Thimitra Sagiakos
Laura Shaab
Benjamin Smith
Kerryn Super
Jules Tahan
Malcolm Talbot
James Thompson
Leigh Upham

8E
George Balot
Lee Bishop
Eliza Burke
Alison Burnett
Verina Cogdon
Rebecca Crossin
James Davenport
Ramona Elias
Jezika Jones
Venessa Kavanagh
Avi Kendel
Roanne Leonard
Sam Linhart
Matthew Lorrain
Andrew Meadowcroft
David Owen
Adam Price
James Robertson
Nigel Rudd
Adrian Smythe
Danielle Spathis
Amanda Stone
Taya Thomas
Krishaan Wright
Dale Burton

9A
Douglas Allison
David Apter
Renee Atkinson
Mitchell Batterham
Aziz Bayeh
Felicity Blake
Giulia Cimmino
Brett Colley
Anita Deutsch
Tamara Gibson
Sharmaine Holder
Breeze Hughes
Fancoise Lucas
Michelle Martin
Damian Matthews
Samantha Moore
Julie Rouse
Yuval Sibony
David Spaulding
Jack Tannous
Chris Timewell
Vanessa Yemm

9B
Lucy Blake
Brett Busby
Vanessa Conabere
Peter Cottier
Gyneth Fernando
Nicole Fisher
Lucy Guthrie
Kosta Houdalakis
Adnan Kraska
Nicholas Lorrain
Samantha Mangan
Tamara Mansour
Iliya Margolin
Monique Mennerich
Rohan Murphy
Jordi Rosenfeld
Kylie Rowe
Somthavinh Saysane
Jane Sharp
Widayati Soerono
Robert Ward
Arthur Weiss

9C
Ainsley Boyd
Catherine Burke
Andrew Burke
Jo-Ann Fell
Michael Fletcher
Craig Heath
Carolyn Hill
Peta Keown
Sarah Kinsella
Jacob Payton
Murray Player
Jessie Posthuma
Benjamin Ramsay
Luke Scullin
Tomer Shachar
Keren Shuvaly
Romy Sujica
Limor Theedar
Steven Willison
Danielle Wright

9D
Simone Adin
Samuel Anderson
Matt Andrew
Meagan Botic
Peter Brown
Steven Chaouk
Krzysztof Ciurej
Emilie Creaser
John Elecheikh
Dahlia Joffe
Annette Lion
Meredith McPherson
Michelle Miezis
Stelios Papaxanthou
Nicola Rivett
Gavin Thursfield
Andrew Topakas
Justin Waisberg
Dinesh Wimalasuriya
Madeleine Wright

9E
Helen Adler
Troy Atkinson
Paul Battaini
Matthew Blackwell
James Carroll
Sara Daou
Omaya Dimachki
Gregory Freeman
Steven Koulmandas
Stephen McMillan
Peter Milopteris
Jade Minton-Connell
Sheree Rozan
Darren Sager
George Saisanas
Justin Scrobogna
Timothy Shepherd
Kristi Stone
Jacqueline Tuskin
Angela Votsis
Jeremy Royston. Wimalasena

9F
Sofia Antzakas
Kellie Bain
Chris Christou
Shane Cooke
Nicole Cuthbert
Adam Farrugia
Ruth Haugh
Allan Ille
Jason Knight
Despina Kormas
Matthew Lew
Swee Ching Lim
Ronen Lipschutz
Joanna Lloyd
Bronwyn McCleery
Tania Miezis
Yelena Mijak
Rodney Nelson
Kellie Nirens
Alexander Philippou
Karen Russell
Andrew Spyrou

9G
Daniel Alcock
Bronwen Ashmore
Gershan Basman
Kylie Bracken
Nedda Daou
Tiffanie Gee
Jacek Giza
Penelope Holahan
Duanne Hughes
Erol Hussein
Darren Kol
David Marsden
Lauren Mulcock
Rosalind Osmo
Catherine Reid
Genine Rhodes
Maxine Ross
Frances Sarantis
Anna Stavrakis
Karee Stone
Debbie Swalwell
Benjamin Tainsh

10A
Nicole Agussol
Alex Alter
Darren Bendel
Andrew Cue
John Dakis
Theodora Demirtzis
Rhonda Evans
Omer Golan
Stephen Hoare
Terry Lapatas
Anne Lasbury
Kirsten Love
Daniel Mac Donald
Nicholas Mercieca
Cameron Neave
Justin Powlesland
Han Read
Jenny Salvio
Angela Skarlatos
Brandon Stewart
Katherine Sullivan
Kelly Thomson
Morgan Young

10B
Tony Antoniou
Bianca Bajkiewicz
Christine Bassili
Jason Carmichael
Joanne Croaker
Gordon Crossin
Daniel Cullen
Natalie Dodd
Geire Faulkner
Sara Flanagan
Robby Holder
Terri Jacobs
Bradley Johannsen
Richard Kerner
Janette Sears
Ashleigh Murphy
Brent Parker
Mark Pearl
Emma Rigby
Chris Siacolas
Caitlin Smith
Mark Wenden
Nella Willer

10C
Matthew Barwick
John Batterham
Julia Bowman
Clinton Corbett
Melanie Dare
Rebecca Davenport
Karl Franks
Jason Grasso
Damian Haugh
Louise Homer
Nick Ignatiadis
Lyla Oshlack
Justin Porter
Darren Rotman
Eric Seurat
Andrew Shafei
Justyn Shevlin
Claire Tompkins
Rebekka Turley
Simon Turner
Antonella Versace
Ryan Wilson

10D
Kathryn Allison
Mariusz Ciurej
Christopher Clarke
Melanie Conway
Mardi Daniels
Amelia Day
Nicholas Dwyer
Luke Haddon
Wyndham Harrison
Lee Hooper
Toni James
James Kerlin
Melissa Kerr
Caroline Kozma
Eugene Krok
Julian Latimer
Garth Lawrie
Mathew Levey
Sally Muir
Simon Nimmervoll
Rebecca Orbach
Lisa Phillips
Darren Radlow
Jessica Wright

10E
Julianne Aldrich
Danielle Bailey
Grove Bennet
Sebastien Blanc
Mellinie Brabner
Alan Bradshaw
Bianca Dye
Travis Erberle
Rebecca Graves
Nicola Hayes
Byron Hillemacher
Dion Janai
Samantha Jones
Justin Lum
Mugette Marelic
Nadine Scanlan
Benjamin Statkus
Melissa Stebbing
David Trewarn
Rachael Trewin
Belinda Weiniger
Linda Wright

11A
Emma Bonsall
Helen Clarke
Amy Durrant
Ketiah Fischer
Ann Goldman
Lisa Grundmann
Richard Higgin
Colin Ho
Mathew Lester
Melissa Lester
Mark Loosschilder
Guy MacDonald
Spiros Nickas
Kathryn Reich
Peter Roufail



VOYAGER 1989

FROM THE PRINCIPAL

Things in the education world have changed considerably over the last decade, and change has continued at Brighton Secondary College during 1989. One of the changes which we have experienced this year has been through our integration program - here we saw people with hearing and sight disabilities, and with other learning and physical difficulties assimilated into our educational program. Some physical changes were necessary - the building of ramps to replace stairs, (albeit that some are temporary and rather primitive), painting of white lines on steps, modifications to doors, etc. Also, the Ministry of Education supported the program by the allocation of a full-time Integration Teacher and two part-time Integration Aides, as well as the provision of some basic equipment.

The integration program has provided a two pronged benefit. Students who a few years ago would have attended a special educational setting because of a specific disability, have been able to pursue their education in a heterogeneous educational setting. On the reverse side, our mainstream student population has also had the opportunity to mix with a wider spectrum of young people. The understanding, the sharing and the caring which has taken place has justified the experience. I believe that very soon this type of educational experience will become accepted as the norm.

Another exciting development which commenced this year was the approval given by the Ministry of Education for our College Council to appoint an architect to 'master-plan' the college and design a new 'technology centre'. The master-plan and upgrade of our facilities is necessary, as parts of our 33 year old building are in real need of repair and maintenance. The provision of a new technology centre will enable us to move ahead with updated curriculum implementation following the Ministry of Education's "Frameworks" and two- year Victorian Certificate of Education guidelines. I sincerely hope that our 'master-planning' and 'technology centre' do not remain on paper for too long, but that we see them in reality soon.

1989 saw the formation of the Brighton Secondary College Parents' & Friends' Association. This group of dedicated and enthusiastic supporters of our college will do much to support the college and its programs and provide a link between the college and its parents and wider community.

On a personal note, I am glad to report that I enjoyed Term 3 whilst on Long Service Leave. The break was good for me and I have returned with new vigour, enthusiasm and ideas. I would like to thank Mr. David Pittock and Mr. Roger McGrail for acting as Principal and Deputy Pincipal, respectively, whilst I was on leave.

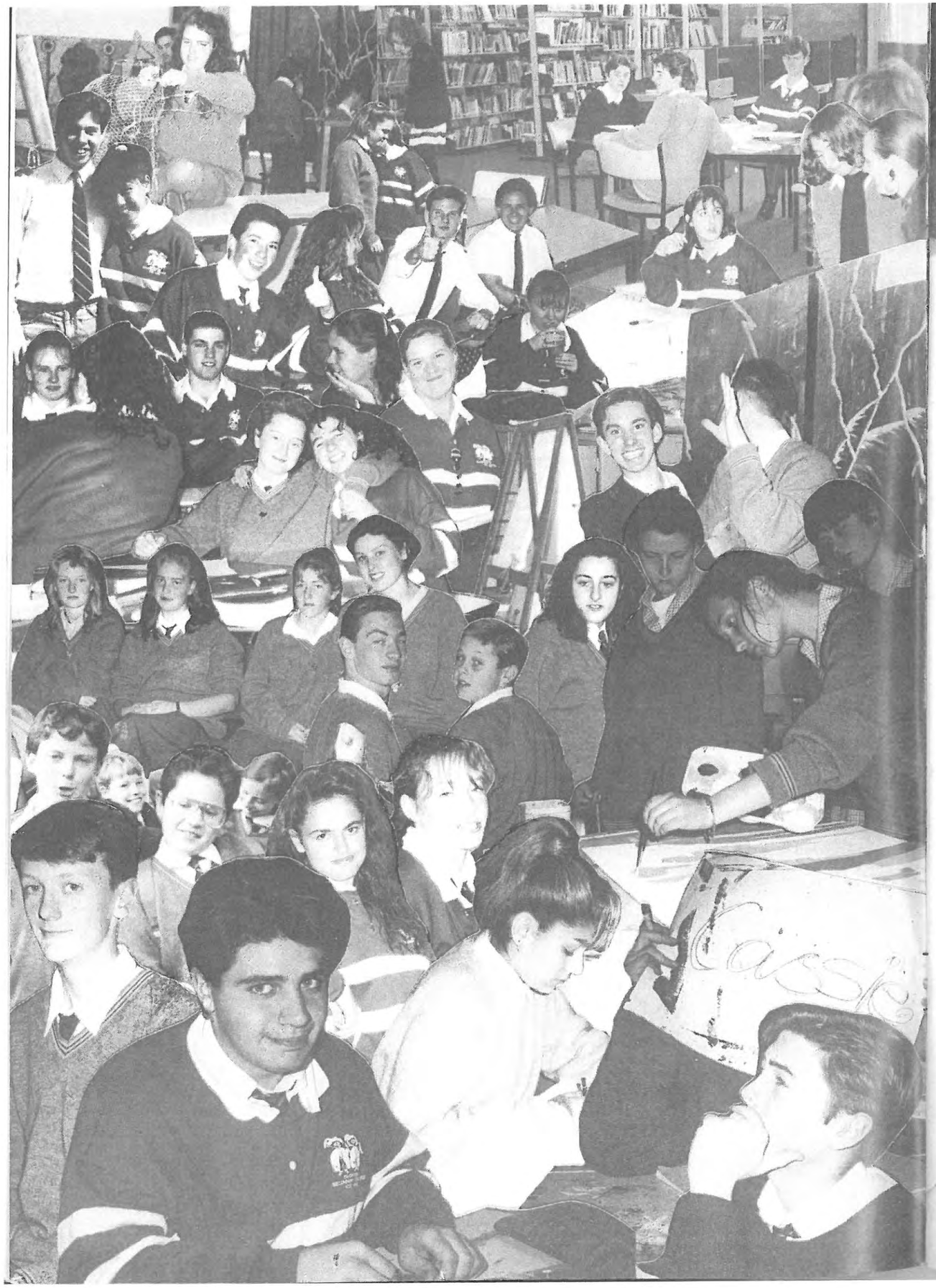
Next year sees the introduction of Phase 1 studies for the two-year Victorian Certificate of Education. We are geared up, and ready to go. I believe that we will cope with this major change in curriculum and teaching and learning admirably, as the teaching staff have been effectively planning for this implementation for some time. I am sure that their careful and thoughtful planning will be rewarded with success.

Best wishes for the festive season
and for the New Year.

JOHN N. FOWLER









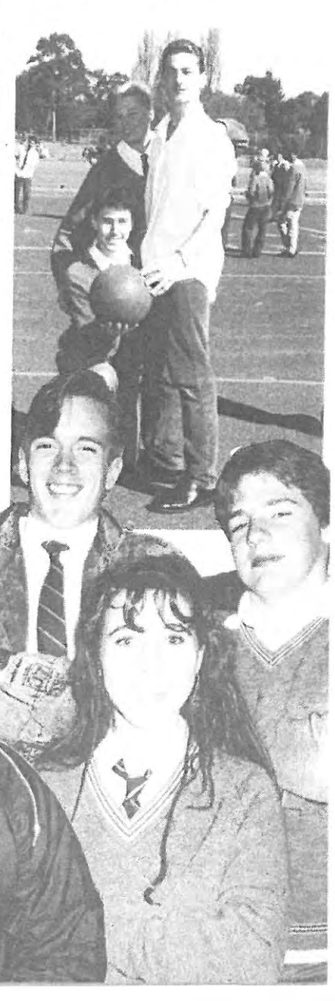


'THE SOFT QUIET OCEAN'

Cool, clear, clean, glimmering,
The soft quiet ocean, waving and shimmering.
Tranquil, inviting, drawing the bodies
Into her silent, darkening depths.
Sending invitations of hot, restless heat,
She lures sweltering victims to their fate.
Lapping at the shore, her waves of persistence,
People are drawn, whatever the distance,
Engulfing their ankles, legs, arms then head,
Down to their graves on her sand-covered bed,
Peace overcomes them. Light as a feather,
But down she pulls them, trapped there forever.
Cool, clear, clean, glimmering,
The soft, quiet, ocean waving and shimmering.

Geire Faulkner 10B.





SUCCESS IN THE HALL

An essential part of preparation for the Victorian Certificate of Education is the acceptance that young people at school should have success which increases their self-esteem and which allows the development of talent.

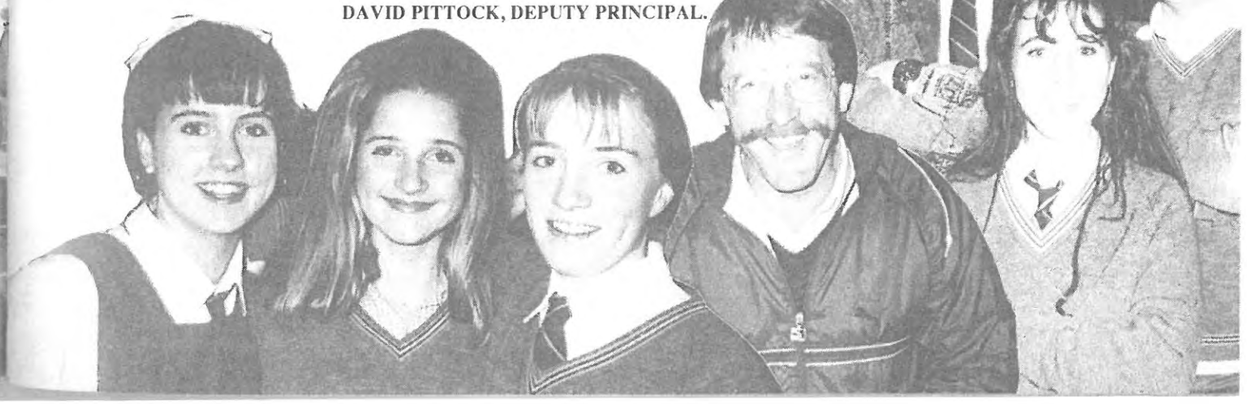
Our Holland Hall, named after the first Principal, is regularly the venue for pupils of all levels to take part in successful activities which give immediate positive encouragement. In drama, in singing, in instrumental music and in acknowledgement of a multitude of successes at Assemblies pupils can develop confidence in their hard work and their intrinsic worth.

The new V.C.E. will acknowledge effort and development of abilities more than ever before. The Hall will even more be a setting for success.

Not only will the corporate life of the college continue to strengthen the individual's confidence in his or her place in society but also the use of the Hall for group enterprises will concentrate on the positive aspects of adolescent peer group indentification.

Let us cherish our Hall for its usefulness in facilitating some of the best aspects of college life. Let us also be aware of its needs now that it is years old and so often used.

DAVID PITTOCK, DEPUTY PRINCIPAL.





ROW 5 L-R: M.Dunlea, M.Batour, J.Locco, B.Kelly, D.Clark, R.Craven, K.Gibson, M.Marron, D.Harman, L.Cocks, N.McKellar, P.Locco.
ROW 4 L-R: M.Whiteway, J.Birch, P.Seymour, J.Clarkson, D.Huttley, T.Stubbs, R.Wragg, P.Kindler, A.St.George, M.Morrissey, H.Duncan.
ROW 3 L-R: B.Lawson, H.Riha, B.Ryan, C.Delaney, S.Lack, D.Grass, N.Nicholas, B.Russell, F.Macridis, V.Magasinik, R.Parry, J.Woodbridge, O.Angelidis, R.McGrail, B.Hanner.
ROW 2 L-R: M.Tripp, S.Bendel, N.Perkovic, J.Stent, H.Klineberg, M.Baxter, T.Don, K.Pamment, L.Melik, J.Anstee, A.Fenton, A.Boutros, B.Keyley, K.Foster, N.Karailus.
ROW 1 L-R: A.Pakula, S.Sutherland, F.Forbes, S.Acreman, C.Andrews, D.Pittock, J.Fowler, M.Redding, R.Carrington, C.Lightfoot, A.Dimitropoulos, F.Wells.

BRIGHTON SECONDARY COLLEGE STAFF 1989

(or People employed by the Education Department to annoy and educate the students).

John Fowler - Principal
David Pittock - Deputy Principal (Acting Deputy Principal Term 3)
Roger McGrail - Acting Deputy Principal Term 3

Sunny Acreman
Claire Andrews
Olympia Angelidis
Mirsina Ellis
Leslie Ashton
Michelle Batour
Marianne Baxter
Susan Bendel
Lena Benett
Jennifer Birch
Mato Biskup
Victor Boutros
Gerard Cameron
Russell Carrington
Richard Ciavaglia
Des Clark
John Clarkson
Peter Colledge
Ron Craven
Colleen Delaney
Toni Dimitropoulos
Trisha Don
Helen Duncan
Michael Dunlea
Andrew Fenton
Frances Forbes
Karen Gibson
Diann Grass
Diana Hanley
Bernie Hanner
Deborah Harman
Martine Hebert
Mary Henry
Cliff Humphries
Jean Hunter
David Huttley
Nick Karailis
Brian Kayley
Brendan Kelly
Peter Kindler
Heather Klineberg
Sue Lack
Brenda Lawson
Carol Lightfoot
Leonie Lloyd
John Locco
Peter Locco
David MacLaren
Frances Macridis
Valerie Magasanik
Mary Anne Marron
Adam McGregor
Neil McKellar
Lyubov Melik
Edward Mogilevsky
Judy Morrison
Michael Morrissey
Clara Nakhamkes
Nicola Nicholas
Adele Pakula
Ken Pamment
Vic Pappas
Robyn Parry
Nada Perkovic
Michael Redding
Helena Riha
Brian Roberts
Bill Russell
Despina Sarikizis
Egerton Schokman
Philip Seymour
Wayne Simpson
Anne St. George
Agnes Starr
Jeryl Stent
Trevor Stubbs
Sandra Sutherland
Margaret Tripp
Pauline Vakis
Hsiao-Bei Wang
Ann Watson
Faye Wells
Alison White
Marilyn Whiteway
Janienne Woodbridge
Judith Woodfall
Roger Wragg





THE EXPERIENCE OF A LIFE TIME

The Year 7 camp was certainly an electrifying experience.
I'm sure all the Year 7's who came will agree that the walk to the old cemetery was definately invigorating, especially when it started to rain and we found we were lost. But the wonderful teachers saved the day and we finally, (and may I stress "finally"), found the cemetery. One grave was cursed, it read something like this:

Who so bendeth over the tomb
Shall surely falleth to their death.

The teachers' version of 'Perfect Match' was hilarious, but they played an awful trick by saying they were having a third game when really they were planning on making these poor people set the table for dinner. I really liked watching Mr Huttley and Miss Macridis dancing, I think they thought they were teenagers again, (ha ha ha what a joke).
A big thankyou to everybody who made the camp such a 'hoot' !

Amanda Norbury Year 7D.





BATTERY HEN

I am a little battery chick
I have a free-range brother, Nick.
I sit inside this cage all day,
And all my eggs just roll away.

My feet are sore, my feathers rough,
I'm desperate for a powder puff.
Another chick is also here,
A raving bore called Gwenadere.

You'd think I'd get some peace and quiet
But round here it sounds like a riot.
It's cold in here, and damp as well
I'd rather be right down in hell.

All I can do is hop around,
I wish they'd put me on the ground.
I really am afraid of heights,
I can't even party on Saturday nights.

Anon Yr. 7







EXCHANGE STUDENTS

Multi-culturalism is alive and well at Brighton Secondary College:

Konnitchiwa , o genki desu ka minnasan?
Hi, how's it going? If you didn't hear me speaking at assembly my name is Kim and I went to Japan on a Rotary exchange program in 1988.

Dag!! Hoe gaat het met jouw?
Hi! How's it going? I'm Annie Goldman and I went to Amsterdam for one year on an exchange program.



Hei! Kuinka Meneez
I am Hanna Sievinen from Finland and I'm going to spend a year in Australia.

Hey! Hur a"r La"get
My name is Petra Elmquist and I'm from Sweden; I have been here in Australia for 11 months, and have had a great time.

Bonjour! Ca va bien
I am Rebecca Dunster and I spent a year in Canada in the Province of Quebec and I loved it. Vive le Quebec!

Tia ba!
I am Tom from Sweden. I am here for a year. It's great!

OFFICE BEARERS

1989 YEAR 12 COMMITTEE:
COLLEGE CAPTAINS: Nicholas Dask, Caroline Dare
COLLEGE DEPUTY CAPTAINS: Yannis Nickas, Joanna Kormas
COMMITTEE : Toni Colquhoun, Nick Dask, Caroline Dare, Heidi Eggart, Aaron Flanagan, Kirsten Langford, Joanna Kormas, Yannis Nickas, Rodney Nirens, Michelle Parry, Jacqui Phillips.
FORM CAPTAINS:
7A Mia Orbach, Damian Rozan
7B Thomas Dalton, Elizabeth Player
7C Tony Teschendorff, Emma Houldsworth
7D Danny Shafei, Athina Dakis
7E Melanie Jones, Amber Timewell
7F Christopher Loeliger, Lee Halliday
8A Mark Mellech, Chelsea Perry
8B Sharon Hughes, Julia Lasbury
8C Jacky McDonald, Olga Tahir
8D Claire Godridge, Kyle Mac Lean
8E Jezika Jones, Matthew Lorrain
9A Tamara Gibson, Christopher Timewell
9B Tamara Mansour, Rohan Murphy
9C Tomer Shachar, Cassie Bourke
9D Matt Andrew, Megan Botic
9E Jade Minton-Connell, Justin Scrobogna
9F Allan Ille, Yelena Mijak
9G Karee Stone, Erol Hussien
10A Katherine Sullivan, Terry Lapatas
10B Nella Willer, Ashleigh Murphy
10C Julie Bowman, Rudy Pazold
10D Jessica Wright, Christopher Clarke
10E Mellinie Brabner, Byron Hillemacher
11A Melissa Lester, Mathew Lester
11B Tim Danes, Sarah Kennedy
11C Robert Kaldor
11D Jack Szabo, Rachel Smith
11E Jamie Hillemacher, Nicole Gibson
11F Jessie Kamperman
11G Rosemary Curtis, Cristina Botelho
12A Leora Sibony, Cameron Mc Neil
12B Nicholas Dask, Skye Posner
12C Caroline Dare, Trevor Johnston
12D Rachel Parsons, Damien Cravino
12E Sheridan Homer, Mitchell Mather

S.R.C. :
Year 8 Julie Lasbury, Lee Bishop
Year 9 Helen Adler, Dinesh Wimalasuriya
Year 10 Sara Flanagan, Christopher Clarke
Year 11 Felecia Newton, Simon Newton
Year 12 Heidi Eggart, Peter Wright

S.R.C & COLLEGE COUNCIL:
Cameron Neave, Mugette Marelic, Kim McDonald

HOUSE CAPTAINS:
GRANT
Junior-Lee Halliday,Dustin Weiniger
Intermediate-Ruth Haugh, Justin Conabere
Senior-Jacqueline Phillips, Rodney Nirens
Cultural-Michelle Parry
LONSDALE
Junior-Jasmine Phelan, Kelvin Wong
Intermediate-Joanne Fell, Justin Scrobogna
Senior-Richard Brabner, Nicole Teichelmann
Cultural-Rachel Szulklaper
MURRAY
Junior-Nicola Kadera, Lonnie O'Grady
Intermediate-Jade Minton-Connell, Ashleigh Murphy
Senior-Sean Stone, Caroline Dare
Cultural-Nicole Dask, Madeleine Wilson
PHILLIP
Junior-Olga Tahir, Todd Cornehls
Intermediate-Rebecca Orbach, Nick Ignatiadis
Senior-Karen Kiel, Cameron McNeil
Cultural-Sara Flanagan

SCHOOL CAPTAINS' REPORT

1989 at last, mixed feelings, hopes and apprehension, twelve years since starting school, all the learning and work, V.C.E. is here, the final fling before the last curtain and then tossed out into the big wide world.

We made our mark right from the beginning of the year with the vibrant, pillar box red windcheaters, appropriately chosen to hide the blood, sweat and tears to come.

The year began with the swimming sports, followed by the chorals and then a rush to the Dramas and of course the Athletics with very enthusiastic participation by all Houses. Congratulations to everyone on a first-class effort which made each event productive and worthwhile.

Another highlight was the Year 12 football match where equal opportunity prevailed; mixed teams battled it out, not to be out-done by the V.F.L. we had our own mud bath, come football ground. Just to show how tough we were, play continued during a monsoonal downpour; pity there were no spectators left! A word of advice to P.E. teacher extraordinaire, Phil Seymour, if you umpire next year's match, perhaps you had better invest in a rule book!

The highlight of each week was the Year 7 form assemblies, where good humour and wisdom were maintained and helpful advice was dispersed in a friendly manner by the Year 12's to our newest school members. We hope this will be remembered by the Year 7's when their turn comes.

We also trust that our exceptional behaviour in the library was an inspiration to all other students and will be fondly remembered by the librarian, and that this tradition will be carried on next year.

The "comfort" of the common room kept us all sane; it felt like home. Our haven always resembled a battlefield with table tennis balls in full flight, continuous discussions which ranged from the sublime to the ridiculous and usually with a football being lobbed dangerously close to fragile bodies! Good luck to next year's students in the continual battle for a 'real' common room.

Once again Brighton Secondary College hosted overseas students and this year we were fortunate enough to have two students from Sweden and one from Finland. We in turn were represented overseas in Japan, Canada and Holland.

Our thanks to all the V.C.E. teachers and especially to Mr. Craven, the Year 12 co-ordinator, who kept us all on the straight and narrow and yes Mr. Craven, we were worth all those sleepless nights!

Best wishes to all our students in the final exams and also for next year in whatever careers, or courses, or paths you choose to follow.

Caroline Dare
Nick Dask





YEAR 12 COMMITTEE REPORT

Our final year was looking 'good', except for one thing, the possibility of having our own common room was nil. Try as we might, the Committee could find no feasible solution for the problem of a lack of space within the school for its most 'senior' students. Instead, we were generously given the use of the hall foyer and kitchenette.

However, this did not deter the committee any. We valiantly went ahead with school formal plans, a year 12 sausage sizzle, year 7 disco, and year 12 t-shirt sales.

Back to the kitchenette: Kristen and Michelle sold cakes, 'created' by both herself and fellow committee members, to the staff. Monies raised were used in the buying of coffee, tea and sugar in order to stock the bare shelves of the kitchenette.

Every Friday morning, Committee members ventured out of the kitchenette and into the Year Seven form rooms. We assumed the role of Form Teachers and also discussed relevant issues with our respective Year Seven classes. Thanks go to all members who showed up without fail: Rodney, Toni, Kristen and Scott, Michelle, Caroline and Nick and myself, Joanna and to those who attempted to make a conscious effort: Aaron, Yannis, Heidi and Jacqui. These success stories were made possible through regular Committee meetings and our fellow year 12 students' support. Thankyou.

Joanna Kormas, (Secretary).





SAILING

"Right, it is 10 degrees and not looking as if it is going to get much better. You're listening to Triple M Melbourne....."

I rolled over, turned the cheery voice off, and went back to sleep. My eyes snapped back open as I remembered the last time I tried to sneak a sleep in: dad came in, opened the blinds, opened the windows, snatched doona and pillows away and hid them! The thought sent shivers up and down my spine! I climbed out of bed, got dressed, said "Good Morning", ate breakfast and went out into the chilly air.

Things started moving: Boat was lifted onto a six foot tall panelvan; gear was placed in car; Boat tied down and we're off! We forgot the mast! I blamed it on Dad; Dad blamed it on me. Grabbed mast and now we were well and truly off. We were well and truly late!

I have this friend Stewart Rose, we have known each other for years and we train together on weekends, every weekend. Stewart likes to be punctual.

"You owe me fifteen minutes and twenty -six seconds."

"Shut-up, Stewart!" He does this every weekend. By now I probably owe him a year in waiting time.

"Can we just go sailing please?" I queried.

"Well, we could have gone fifteen minutes ago, if ....."

Stewart goes to St. Leonards, need I say more?

There were no Sabot Sailors down at Black Rock, that bugged me, just because it was gusting 20 knots it doesn't mean they chicken out. 20 knots never stopped us, why should it stop them?

Nigel Abbott and some other hot sailors were down there, but they spent the day rigging up their million dollar boats and chatting up young girls. I mustn't say anything though because Stewart worships the ground they walk on. As soon as we stepped out of the car Stewart ran up to Nigel and began "sucking up". Of course the girl with the muscles stayed behind to lower the boats off the trailor.

We rigged up quickly, with the occasional yarn from Stewart, (he is a complusive liar).

"Yeah, that was a funny one, Stewart."

Actually, Stewart is the kind of kid you can't help liking. He is quite good looking, kind, funny and sensitive, but very, very daggy in a nice sort of way. He is a very dedicated sailor, maybe too dedicated, like me.

You see, I'm afraid Stewart could not spell his way out of a wet cardboard box. Don't lose faith in him though, he could be like Dennis Connor one day!

We lifted our boats onto the water and set off. There was a strong breeze and we started sailing hard down to Sandringham. We spent a good two hours on the water. We practised boat handling and tactics, until Stewart alerted me of a prevailing storm. I had noticed the sky turning black too. We decided to head in as we had no rescue boat supervising us. We were correct. As soon as we lifted the last boat off the water, the waves swelled and the threatening sky broke loose.

We derigged quickly as it was first in to get a hot shower. The day ended with the boats snugly tied down on the trailor ready to go and a championship match of pool.

As Stewart went to pot the black, the white answered my prayer and obediently followed it into the top pocket. Final scores : Stewart 2
Pru 3!!!

Pru Ogelthorpe 8A

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

The start of 1989 saw the consolidation of the Intrumental Music Program which commenced in 1987. This year the College 'house' is being used as the Instrumental Music Centre, and has proved to be very satisfactory for the students and teachers.

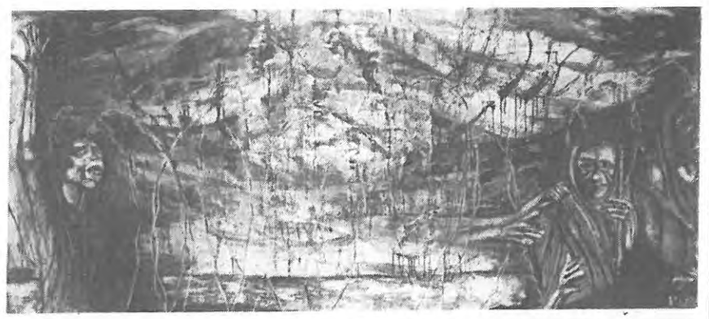
The College provides free tuition in four categories of instruments- woodwinds, brass, strings and percussion, and the students are most appreciative of the work done by their teachers: Mr E. Mogilevsky (strings), Mr J. Nemet (brass), Mr P. Blick (drums) and Mr L. Ashton and Mr G. Hayes (woodwinds, senior and junior bands).

The College has undertaken the expensive task of purchasing additional instruments to supplement and replace the instruments belonging to the Region which are currently on loan to the College.

Michael Redding,
(Instrumental Music Co - ordinator).











THE MAD DENTIST

He opened the door to the surgery room with a sinister smile on his face, his eyes widened with delight at the sight of my imperfect teeth. He grabbed me by the shoulder and sat me in what seemed to be a torture chair. His long grey face loomed over his big clumsy hands. He then pulled my jaw open; his smile grew from ear to ear when he spotted my gold plated tooth. A deep laugh came out of the depths of his mouth, his breath was terrible and his teeth yellow. He was unshaven and had bristles protruding from his sallow face. His nose was massive and bumpy and a set of bushy eyebrows sprouted from either end of his face, covering his sinister looking eyes. His hair was uncombed and looked as if it was falling out in big chunks. This gave him the appearance of a psychopathic killer ..... "open wide", he snarled.

A. Black, R. Wimalasena,
T. Shepherd, S. Koulmandas 9E.

THE SNOBBISH SHOPPER

Dressed in rich furs, she swaggered into Myers, nose raised, reeking of expensive perfume and impatience. With a jangle of jewellery, she pounced on the nearest shop attendant with fangs barred, ready for the kill. "Those lace stockings," she screeched in a voice like a blackboard being scratched with diamond tipped fingers, "which I purchased only half an hour ago, are torn." She waved the offending garment under the nose of the attendant; he was noticeably terrified.....

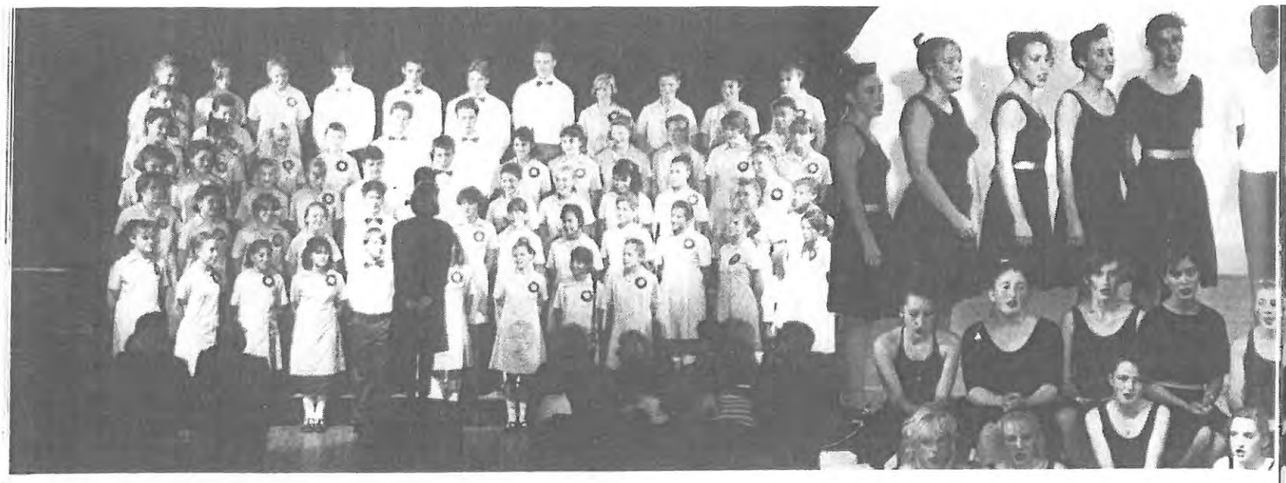
Matthew Blackwell 9E

THE SINISTER CRIMINAL

All dressed in black, a stocking balaclava over his head, he creeps from house to house with his sack of tools over his shoulder. He limps like an injured bear. His muscles ripple under his tight black t-shirt. From inside the stocking his eyes glare. His face is all screwed up and scarred: he looks like the 'Elephant Man'. As he creeps towards his prey, his cowboy boots make a clinking sound.....who will be his next victim?

A. Votsis, H. Adler, S. Rozan, S. Daou 9E.

Nightmare
Fear, Terror
Sweating, Gasping, Hiding
Wake up before it's too late,
RELIEF
Taiye Obotaire 7F.







THE CHORALS

At last! All those sleepless nights of tossing and turning, waving the arms about madly in 4/4 time, singing bass, alto soprano in the shower, etc. were finally over.

The annual Brighton Secondary College choral festival was held and Grant House emerged victors.

Rehearsals were hectic and stressful for the many people involved. Yet the thrill of participation on the night made all the lunchtime, after school and weekend rehearsals seem worth it.

The cultural captains, conductors, House teachers and Mrs. Batour searched the archives of the music world and came up with three songs for each House. The set song, "Do you hear the people sing" from "Les Miserables" was chosen by Mrs. Batour. There was a minimum of sixty students per choir so there was a big turn out for each House.

Sara Flanagon conducted for Phillip, Toni Colquhoun for Murray, Rachael Szulklaper for Lonsdale and myself, Michelle Parry, conducted Grant House. Every House had a lot of fun during rehearsal and on the night and there was a great deal of support all around.

Most sincere thanks must be given to Mrs. Batour for giving up her lunchtime and other precious spare time to help each of the four Houses, Mrs. Harman for her wonderful organisation, Mr. Boutros for helping play the piano at some rehearsals, and all the House teachers who kept enthusiasm levels high.

To all the students involved this year, thanks for making it such a great experience.

To next year's participants:
have fun and sing your hearts out!

Michelle Parry 12A.

TRIUMPH AND AGONY

For a long time now he had been practising for the big day..... he was going to audition for the Victorian College of the Arts; finally his time had come. Anxiety enveloped his being as he walked down the hall to the audition room.

The other applicants turned up their noses as he walked past with his electric guitar while they skillfully assembled their clarinets and flutes.

Breaking free from the conformist attitude of his adversaries, he chose a modern guitar piece written in 1988. His fear was now on the threshold of panic as he entered the audition room.

He began to think "....hey, this isn't what they're looking for", the knot tightened a little more. The boy did not know that the college wanted to break free from traditional music and broaden its musical horizons.

Most modern musicians don't realise their chances at college and never break into the world of paid professional music via that route.

As he drew his electric guitar from its case, he seemed to engage the examiners. He tickled their wild souls; the wildness that is inside us all.

At last! This was it!

He broke into the greatest musical performance of his life with true feeling and love for the guitar. He commanded the guitar with skill, the feminine shape of the body seemed to almost come alive with happiness as her devoted lover handled her with devastating precision. Together the boy and the guitar reached a searing climax of love and power so dramatic that it changed the lives of his examiners forever.

He was not to realise the fruits of his efforts for another week, even if he had failed, he would not ever regret that he had had the chance to play the way he did.

Martin Dombrosi 11B



Mr Wragg's 'Hall Crew'.....doing what they do best!!!







YEAR 9 TASMANIAN TOUR
(15TH - 19TH MAY)

It was an early start - arrival at school at 6:30am aiming to depart by 7:00am - where was Rohan Murphy? Did he set his alarm? We arrived at Tullamarine with plenty of time to spare. All on board AN5 to Launceston; we settled back into the hands of our hosties - except Julie who ended up wearing the coffee! We arrived in Launceston to meet with our Coach Driver, (he was "interesting"), and our cook.

We travelled to Lake Leake and stopped for lunch. By this stage we were all sure there had been a mix up with our hostel accommodation and that we were to pitch tents on the local footy field at Orford . What's more, many of us didn't even know how to pitch a tent - what a confession to have to make. After lunch we visited an historic bark mill and arrived at Orford around 4:00pm - what accommodation- a motel with FULL facilities. Curfew was 11:00pm, but before this we had a swim in the pool; some used the spa, played tennis, played squash, rode bikes did a cross country run and some went fishing. We had an ace time!

Next day it was early to rise and a sight seeing trip to Port Arthur. We enjoyed a cruise to the Tail of the Dead and a tour of the Convict ruins. That night we stayed at the Lea Scout Camp in Hobart. After dinner we headed off for a fun cruise down the Derwent River. We had a disco on the cruise; Rohan and Mrs. Delaney danced all night long. It was the coldest night of all so we were all in our rooms by 12:00pm.

Next day saw us visit Hobart - Salamanca Place, Batteur Point, Constitution Dock and the Post Office Museum. We were allowed to look around by ourselves, (NO TEACHERS). In the afternoon we travelled to Launceston visiting the convict settlement town of Ross. Ten pin bowling was on the agenda when plans for a concert fell through, (thanks for that Miss Gibson, we really didn't want a concert), Joanne & Tania were the best bowlers.

The last day we were so tired most of us fell asleep on the bus. We visited the Penny Royal Gunpowder Mill and a Wild Life Park, to see a Tassie Devil, and chair-lifted across Cataract Gorge; who chickened out on this adventure?!?

After lunch we visited the Mole Creek Caves, they were really pretty. Finally we arrived in Davenport in time for a quick chicken snack and to board the Abel Tasman for our journey home. There were four to a cabin. People spent the night either watching movies, swimming in the pool, making new friends or walking around the ship.

The teachers went to the bar for a well earned drink, - soft, of course!!

We cruised into Melbourne at 8:30 am and arrived back to school at 9:30am. Overall it was the best camp; thanks to Miss Gibson, Mrs Delaney, Mr Boutros and Mr Cameron. You were all 'ace' on this trip.

By C.D. Year 9.

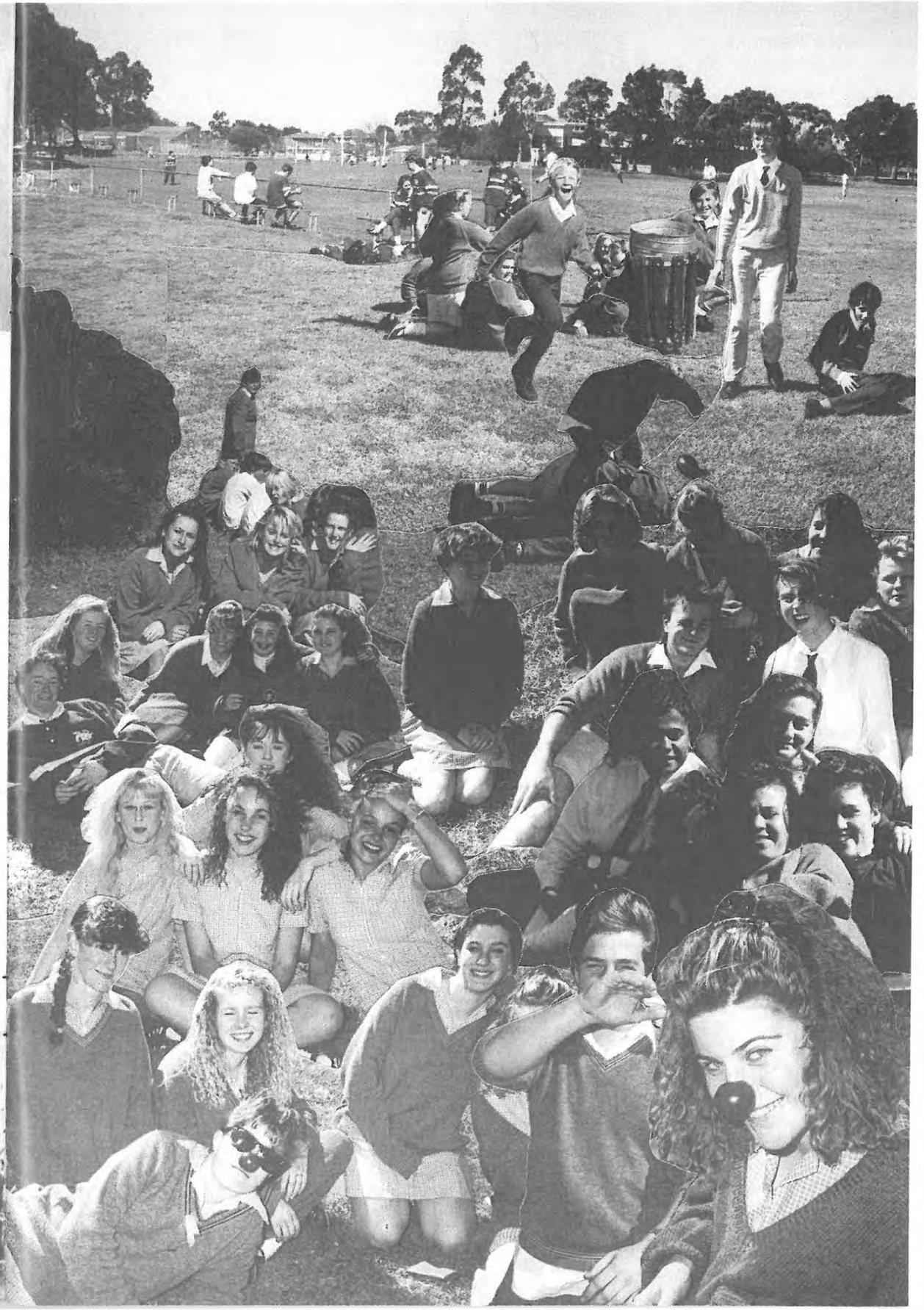
SUPERMARKET

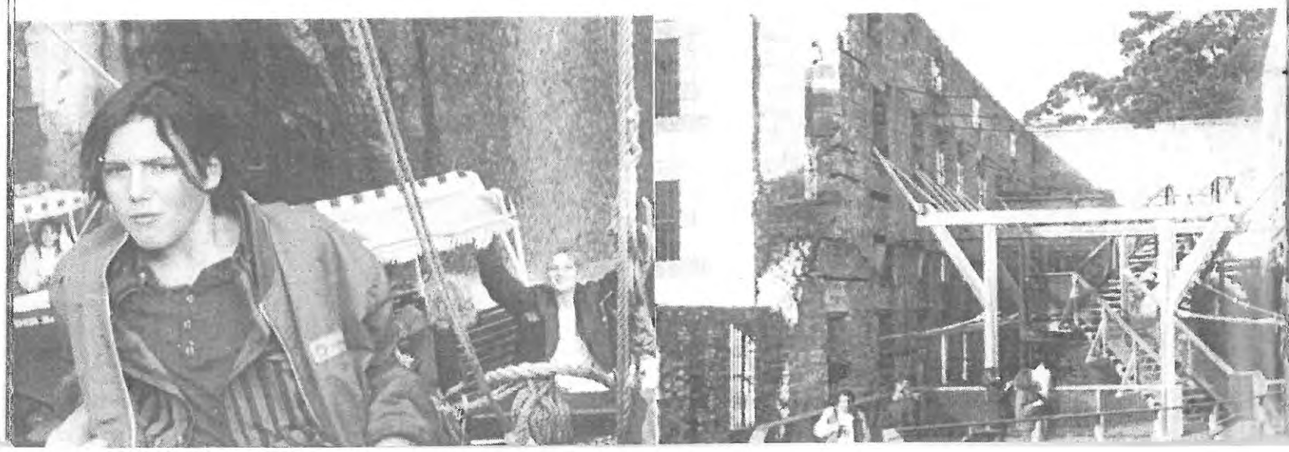
I'm
lost
among a
Maze of cans,
Behind a pyramid
Of jam, quite near
Asparagus and rice
Close to oriental spice
And just before sardines.
I hear my mother calling "Joe,
Where are you Joe? Where did you go?"
And I reply in a voice concealed among
The candied orange peel,
and packets of chocolate
Dreams.

"I
Hear
You mother
Dear, Im here
Quite near the gingerale
And beer, and lost among a maze
Of cans behind a pyramid of jam.
Quite near asparagus and rice, close to the
Oriental spice and just before sardines."
But still my mother calls me, "Joe,
Where are you Joe?
Where did you go?"

Somewhere
Around asparagus
There is a sort of
Broken glass playground,
Beside a mound of messy jelly,
That's near a tower of cans that fell
And squashed the chocolate Dreams.

Darren Rotman





'THOUGHTS ABOUT FRIENDSHIP' 9B

To me, friendship means having someone who I feel happy to talk to, have fun with and laugh with. Someone whom I can be myself with and who has the same mad moods and sense of humour that I have.
A friend should always have the time to listen to your problems and help you if you need it.
Friendship should mean that you respect your friend and make allowances for their faults because nobody is perfect, and most of all a friend must not pressure you into doing things just to be fashionable when it isn't the right thing to do.
Good friends are hard to find!

Personally, I don't feel one needs to be popular and have hordes of friends. Popularity friendships are usually fake and short-term. Real friends like you for what you are - not what you are not.
As long as you value those few close relationships you have, then you don't really need anyone else.

When I hear the word 'friendship' I think of love between two people who share their feelings together; friends like you for what you are! I think of happiness which is like a red rose which will never lose its petals: it will just keep on growing. Sometimes the petals will fall - but if you are true friends they will grow back again. I have had many lost petals but I have also had lots of new ones. This is what I think friendship is all about.

Friendships mean a lot to me. Whenever I don't feel well a friend can make me happy again or the other way around, I can make my friend happy. Friends can always help one another, for example at school work. When you don't want to go to the cinema by yourself it is good to have a friend to go with. It is always more fun to do something together and that's what one needs friendship for.





To have friends is the best thing in the world. To describe friendship I would have to say it is someone who is able to respect you for what you are inside and not someone who gives you one look and walks away. A friend is someone who will stand by you in hard times and not just walk away from problems. You shouldn't need to prove anything to a friend, to show if you are brave, by stealing or by hitting someone or doing some other stupid thing.



I think that when we were young we had a fantastic outlook on life. Some of my memories are purely fantasy but when I was day-dreaming, the fantasy seemed so real I found it hard to differentiate reality, from fantasy .
When I try to remember childhood memories I think of the earliest one. It is of myself inside one of those "walkers", it is a hard memory to describe to anyone, as it is more a feeling. I was so young I don't think I fully understood, pushing with both my feet but not being able to control the path I took.
There are so many things to remember; memories come rushing back like a tidal wave engulfing a beach. I remember terrible temper tantrums, kicking the walls; I remember my parents telling my brother and I we were going to Disney Land, and I remember being there.
I remember growing up in New Guinea and sailing out to "Fisherman's Island" with my Mum, Dad, brother and a dozen or so friends: children and adults, and jumping into Crystal Blue Lagoon from surrounding rocks. I remember swimming back out 500 or so metres to where the boat was ashore, and each time certain I was going to be gobbled up by a shark.

Memories are what make people individuals, they are pictures of how we interpret things that happened to us. Wouldn't life be dull without them?

Sara Flanagan 10B.

ENGLISH

English is so boring,
Reading is a pain,
Spelling is a torture,
And homework rots the brain.
And as for writing poetry,
Or even lines of verse,
The rhyming is non-existent,
The sense is even worse.
The subject covers many things,
Like plays and books et. cetera.
The teacher says that if I pass
I'll speak so much more betterer.

Justin Porter 10C.



CHILD HOOD MEMORIES

What is a child hood memory?
These are what a person should cherish most . Without them people going through the pressures of work or school have nothing to look back on and to reflect how wonderful an average life can be.
Why are the memories of our childhood so unreal and wonderful? Is it because we were so naive and trusting that we thought the whole world was created for us?

If you were to take a fond memory of your youth and carefully examine it, you would probably find it is really nothing much; how many times have you coloured in a picture with out going over any lines? Many? But the first time I achieved this task, remains stuck in my mind as if it were yesterday. Small tasks such as this seemed so great to us when we were young. This is the most magical part of these memories, the wonderful feeling of being four again can be recaptured when you find the old teddy which you left too close to the heater, and he burnt his arm, and how you cried for hours. Would Pink Ted ever forgive you? What would he tell all the other toys when they came to life after I fell deep into the Land of Nod. This is where my Grand-dad told me I used to go after I went to sleep and that dreams were the memories left after the fairies had sprinkled you with forgetfulness powder.

ONE OF THE CROWD

He wanted to fit in,
Be one of the crowd,
And be accepted.
To be cool.
He wanted to boss little kids around,
And to look good in front of girls.
But only one problem,
He got A's.
He liked school.
He did his homework.
He got good reports from teachers.
He didn't have a leather jacket.
He didn't chew gum.
He didn't like mohawks.
He liked policemen.
He hadn't been in jail.
He obeyed his mum.
He didn't have a gun or a knife.
He didn't have a girlfriend.
Oh well,
Back to the drawing board.
Maybe,
He could
Still be
In a gang,
In his dreams,
Cuddled up to his teddy bear,
In his Inspector Gadget bed.

Douglas Allison 9A.





JIMMY THE DREAMER

Once upon a sunny day,
there lived a tiny person,
named, Jimmy the Dreamer.
Jimmy wasn't like the other kids!
Jimmy didn't want to play war and
he wasn't interested in cars or space ships,
instead he would draw.
Often he would lie beneath the red sun set and dream,
dream about life.
He had no friends because he was "different",
because he wasn't like all the others.
His mother told him to go out and
play with the other chilren but he didn't want to.
He didn't want to kill, or fly space ships,
he wanted to draw, draw pictures which
expressed his thoughts.
And then one day Jimmy died,
he was killed while crossing the road;
Jimmy's mother threw away
his pictures destroying every sign
of his individuality and existence.

Jack Giza 9G.

Parents
Bossy, Angry
Unfair, Demanding , Violent
They think they're perfect,
POWER!

Allan Dibb 7F.



9G planting trees in Dendy Park using funds raised by their donut stall.
They were joined by the Lord Mayor for the occasion.

'LAND OF THE DEVIL'

This bleak, windswept, infertile plain is a comforting but surprising sight. This is where destiny's foul, stinking hand led me, this is where I belong.
Previously I had seen this desolate land as a beautiful place with shrubs and blossoms, not physically, but mentally . I had seen it in my dreams. Always, whenever I had a dream, I somehow managed to end up there without knowing why, but feeling a sense of warmth and comfort as if it were my home. I had always imagined it with glamour and colour. I had always wondered if this "magical land" was a real place or just a "wonderland" to escape to when I dreamed.
Now I am finally at this barren waste land and I see nothing but weeds and a few shrubs bearing colourless flowers which resemble a painting which has faded and cracked; I could hear nothing but the branches of shrubs being crushed by an unseen hand and the occasional cawing of a large, black as night, bird of prey.
I wonder is it all worth it? Trekking through the dreaded Mountains of the Gods, facing blizzards and below freezing temperatures, leaving my homeland and the ones I loved, just to see something magical I thought might exist somewhere on this near suffocating,chaotic planet....
But it doesn't matter now. Now I'm here in the midst of my desolate, yet tantalizing dream, I'm going to stay. I'm going to find out exactly why I always dreamed about this "land of the devil". I'm going to find out what drew me to this place of anguish and despair where nothing but the strongest weed can grow: I'm going to find out why this place haunts me to the limits of utter madness. I'm going to find all this out or so help me God, I'm going to die trying!

Ben Tainsh 9G.



Skateboarding
Fast , fun
Airs, Ollies, Slides
Mid-air feels rad,
RIOT!

Evan Ravensdale 7F



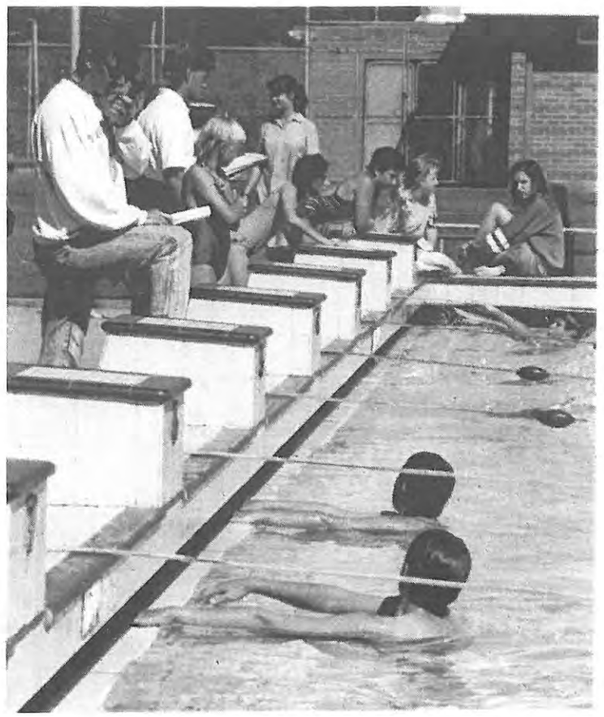
Kitten
Small, Furry
Jump, Prance, Play
Loveable ball of fluff,
INNOCENCE

Melanie Rylance 7F









INTERMEDIATE GIRLS' HOCKEY

The only other hockey team entered in the Nepean Zone was Highett H.S. so we played them for the best of three matches, the first of which we drew 0-0. But we came good by winning the other two games 1-0 both times.

We were then supposed to play the winner of the Highway Zone but for some reason there wasn't one. So we went on to play the quarter final at home against Chandler H.S. We thrashed them in a 6-0 win with the ball not making it to within forty metres of our goalie. This greatly lifted our spirits as we had been a little worried.

We went on to play the semi-finals at the Moorabbin synthetic ground, which was a great improvement on the grounds we had played on previously. Our first game of the day ended in a 0-0 draw against Karingal H.S. in which both sides put in a great effort. The second game was much tougher; the final score being a 2-0 loss. Overall we came second in the Southern Zone which was a great end to an excellent season which we all thoroughly enjoyed.

Ruth Haugh, (Captain).



INTERMEDIATE FOOTBALL

To their great credit, the Intermediate Football Team made the final of the Southern Zone where they performed well. The boys teamed well, playing well as a unit all year. After winning all of our zone games, we defeated Oakleigh T.S. and Carwartha H.S. to move into the finals. I would like to thank Chris Clarke for the excellent job he did as captain, and his assistance in organising and selecting teams. The impressive things about the side was the even spread of talent and the good team feeling. A number of players showed great potential, including Nick Dwyer, Darren Bendall, Andrew Topakas, Justin Shevlin, Alan Bradshaw, Daniel Cullen, Matt Levy and Luke Haddon. I would especially like to thank John Clarkson for his help and ideas during the season.

Phil Seymour, (coach).



HOUSE SWIMMING SPORTS

The 17th of February , 1989, was a warm, bright, sunny day and we all "trotted along" to the Caulfield Swimming Pool for a day of strenuous competition. Well at least some of us were competing.

For the first time in years, teachers, in fact the entire school bit their tongues as they watched Murray House sitting on top of the tally board, although during the all important relay events Phillip was the most prominent House.

At lunchtime the crowd was entertained by the diving exploits of the very talented Jade Minton-Connell and Justin Shevlyn. The lowlight of the day, (for the students), was watching the teacher's relay team which consisted of: J . Locco, J. Clarkson, D . Huttley and the new addition P. Colledge; for the second year in a row the staff were victorious in the staff/ student relay.

The overall results for the day were :

	GIRLS		BOYS		TOTAL	
1ST	MURRAY	185	PHILLIP	198	PHILLIP	357
2ND	PHILLIP	161	GRANT	149	MURRAY	325
3RD	LONSDALE	107	LONSDALE	149	LONSDALE	256
4TH	GRANT	105	MURRAY	140	GRANT	254

The Nepean Swim was held on the 17th of march a month later. Brighton came a creditable second. Our champion swimmers include: Aaron and Sara Flanagan, Jade Minton-Connell, Swee Ching Lim, Justin Shevlyn, the Miezis Twins, the Open Girls Relay and Jason Grasso. Congratulations and thanks to all the competitors in the various divisions.

Toni Colquhoun 12A.

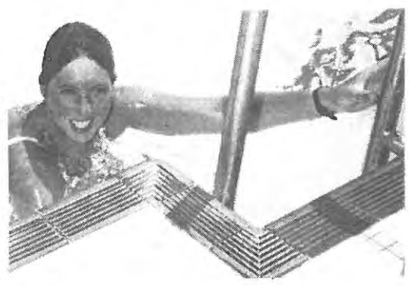




INTERMEDIATE SOFTBALL

Due to a lack of teams in our zone, the season was short but Brighton continued to play enthusiastically for 2 wins and 1 loss. Team spirit was very high and it was disappointing to only play three games. The team trained consistently throughout the season and performed admirably in all the games. Jessica Wright led the team well and was ably supported by the rest of the team, well done!

David Huttley, (Coach).



JUNIOR FOOTBALL

Brighton completed a very successful season in Junior football by progressing to the Southern Zone Final in which we were runners up. The team played a total of ten games for the season for a 9-1 record. It was pleasing to see so many yr. 7 students involved in the team and this gives us a foundation for next season. Outstanding players included: Mark Mellech, Rodney Roe, Denver Artz and Rameesh Presser, whilst great improvement was made by O'Grody, Rodder, Bryla and Keleher. The boys performed as a team and were excellent ambassadors for our school.

David Huttley, (Coach).



CONGRATULATIONS PHILLIP HOUSE !!!

Athletics champions for 1989









THE HOUSE COMPETITION

During the year the 4 Houses were required to participate in 5 activities. The competition produced some outstanding efforts and lots of fun. The students who participated and the House Teachers who led their teams are to be congratulated for their contribution this year because without them this competition would not achieve the level of success it has enjoyed.
RESULTS:

House	Swimming	Chorals	Mixed Softball	Dramas	Aths.	Total
Grant	70	100	95	100	90	455
Lonsdale	80	90	95	75	80	420
Murray	90	80	70	75	70	385
Phillip	100	70	80	90	100	440

Grant is the Top House for 1989! Congratulations to Miss Gibson, Mr. Kayley and Mr. Humphries and all the Grant students who helped win this prestigious honour. (NB Should Mr. Gould - a Grant Stalwart - stay away more often??)

D.Harman









HOUSE LUNCHTIME ACTIVITIES.

During the first semester the 4 Houses participated in a mixed softball competition for Seniors and Juniors. Many students showed considerable skill and enthusiasm and combined well to ensure another successful competition.

The mixing of teams with equal numbers of girls and boys has been accepted very well in the college and it was great to see another very close, keenly fought House activity.

Lonsdale won the senior final with a crushing win over Grant, but not to be outdone, Grant came back to win the Junior final played again against Lonsdale.

My special thanks to all those students who gave their lunchtimes to play and to the teachers for their continued support and encouragement for this activity.

D. Harman , House Activities Co-ordinator.



ATHLETICS COMPETITION : WE WON !

DATE: Tuesday 12th Sept. 1989.
VENUE: Duncan McKinnon Park.
WEATHER: Hot ,cold, overcast, rainy, sunny! (The usual for Melbourne).
OCCASION: North Division, Athletics Competition.

And what an occasion it turned out to be. New and old faces from other schools were there, and the usual: "So, you made it into long jump again." or "Why did we put ourselves into the 1500m for another year?".

This year Brighton Secondary College took a strong team of 110 competitors . Our optimism was high, and the adrenalin was flowing. From the first event the ribbons started flooding in. Brighton students just dominated the podium. The smile on Miss Gibson's face just kept growing!! There were some outstanding efforts: Ben Durrant won 5 events out of 5, Alan Bradshaw, (3wins), Tammy Gibson, (4 wins), Tania Miezis, Rebecca Wells, (1 win, 1 second), Taiye Obotaire, (3 wins) Olga Tahir, (1win, 1second).

Over all Brighton Secondary College won the Junior Boy's and Girl's division, the Senior Boy's and Girl's division, the grand Aggregate Boy's and Girl's and the overall Grand Aggregate: seven out of nine possible divisions which is a highly commendable performance by all the students who participated.

The team spirit and sportsmanship shown by all the students, whether winners or not, was great and everyone had a fun day. From here many students will go on to the Southern Zone Competition and from there who knows? Melbourne Olympics 1998 is looking good! A big thanks must go to all the teachers who helped on the day and to Miss Gibson and Mr. Clarkson for organising all the teams.

Michelle Parry
(Girl's Athletic Team Captain).

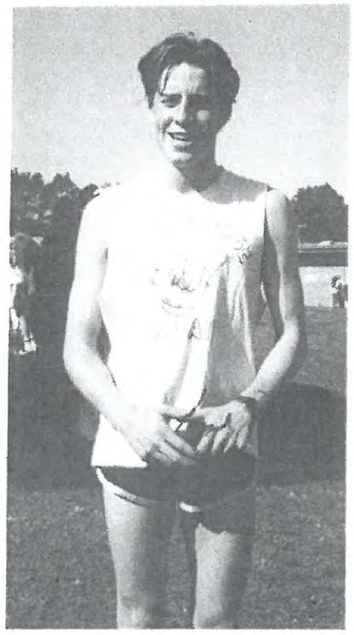




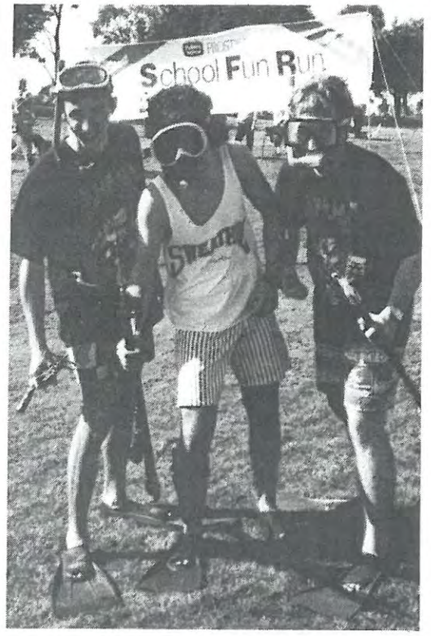
S.R.C. REPORT

Participating in the S.R.C. during the year has been a great experience for everybody on the committee.
Becoming accustomed to formal meeting procedures was very challenging at first, but we managed to get around the problem and the meetings rolled on.
The efforts of each S.R.C. member, combined with the student body, helped to make our activities run smoothly. Student requests were very important and assisted in getting positive results out of our Student Representative Council.
By popular demand and perserverance on behalf of the S.R.C., Year 12 committee and teachers, a very successful Year 7 and 8 disco went ahead. Everybody had a good time, teachers and students included, and we hope that the success of this disco will help in allowing other discos to go ahead in the future.
Our major fund raiser for the year was the Homeless Youth Fun Run. Money was raised for the Crossroads project and the school. It was a great day for running and the celebrities, costumes, free icy-poles and incentive prizes made it an even better day.
The committee, through our representatives, played a part in helping to pick the new Year 11 and 12 V.C.E. jumper, represented the student body at school council meetings and also expressed the students' views concerning the implementation of the new V.C.E.
The Parents and Friends Association were a great assistance to us and very eager to aid us in achieving our objectives, thankyou. A big thankyou also to Mr. Clark whose assistance was invaluable.
Good luck to next year's S.R.C.

Kim McDonald, S.R.C. President.



Fun Run winner Aaron Flanagan



Participants were invited to come in fancy dress.....many did!!

TIME

Everything,
Since the universe was created,
Everything,
Has been fixed within time,
Time is like a picture of life
The colours joining the past
With the present
And the future.

Rebecca Davenport 10C.

DREAM

On the wall facing my bed is a large silk Egyptian wall hanging. Pictured is a camel driver with two camels resting beside a river at sun set. The outline of two pyramids can be seen in the background, but have the appearance of fading with the light. A large but gentle moon shines down on the surface of the water reflecting a rippled circular motion as the camels stir the calm waters as they drink.
I spread a blanket out on my bed and then lie down. I can imagine sitting on my blanket beside the river bed; behind me are the swaying palm trees, to my side are the sleepy camels with their driver. I can almost feel myself scooping up a handful of sand. It would still be warm from the heat of the day's sun.
My eyes begin to feel heavy, and I dream.
The golden dust trickles through my fingers to rejoin the vast desert blanket. A cool breeze has started up. A slight whistling of the wind passing through the palms and gliding over the sand dunes, can be heard. But otherwise not a sound emanated from anywhere. My senses are engulfed by my surrounds: the palm trees whisper to me by swaying back and forth gracefully, the river consoles me with its serenity and the moon warms me with its light.
I peer into the illuminating light of the moon. My eyelids flicker open; I rub them and slowly focus. A beam of moonlight sneaks past the blinds covering my window to caress my face with its soft glow; I turn and look once again at the silken wall hanging.
Have I really been there?

Rachael Szulklaper Yr.12.

Lethal Weapons
Illegal, Terrorising
Slash, Fragmentise,
Death drips from the trigger,
GUILT

Chris Leoliger 7F



Year 10 Ceramics

FRENCH IS ALIVE AND WELL IN BRIGHTON S.C.



YR 10 FRENCH ..... BON APPETIT !!

Here we are in Acland St. another French excursion, but this one is food for our tummies not for our minds. In the restaurant, a jolly man who only spoke French came out to greet us, Mademoiselle Perkovic smiled at us as if to say, "aaah! the perfect chance to practise your French." Mellanie and Samantha answered by nodding and saying, "Yum, on a faim." Out came the beret-clad Frenchman carrying trays of snails disguised as garlic mushrooms. The next course that hopped in wore no disguise: bare frogs' legs. Mugette and Sara finished their servings as well as any leftovers. Then the main course was brought out. The "poulet provensale" and "pomme de ferre dauphinois" were cooked to perfection and more importantly the serves were generous - Cameron and Julian polished off their plates and won the race. The best was left for last, the dessert: Gateau au Chocolat. Everybody just gaped when the Frenchman served the lovely dark chocolate 'grandoise' slices of cake with vanilla sauce to add to the delicious taste. Even though the servings were generous Bianca, the resident gourmet offered to finish off any left-overs, (this was her contribution to enviroment week: no waste).
And then unfortunately came the time to depart. We all rolled out of the restaurant, our eyes and stomachs quite satisfied.

Yr 10 French class.

BASTILLE DAY

As the 14th of July approached, the French teachers were busy organising a fun timetable for the students of Brighton Secondary College. The year 7's, 8's and 9's were to go to the Brighton Bay Cinema to see 'Les Fugitives'.
Everyone had the choice of wearing either school uniform or red, white and blue clothes. The year 7's also made little badges of the French colours, and also performed short plays spoken in French.
Mademoiselle Percovic was mainly to be thanked for the activities but I'm sure that the other French teachers had a lot to do with making Bastille Day - a day to celebrate!

Nicola Kadera 8D.

YEAR 11 FRENCH

As we stumble through our French lesson with Mrs Klineberg, we discuss politics, current affairs, a movie and sometimes a bit of French. The duty students come in and ask, "Where's the rest of the class?" During these classes, we learn the meaning of many English words and surprisingly a few French words.
One day the Klinebergmobile took us to a splendid French restaurant where we dined on snails, frogs legs and chocolate cake.....magnifique!

Phillip Ryan 11C.

1789 AND ALL THAT

On the 20th of July a group of French Students went to the Melbourne Union Theatre to see a play about the French Revolution performed by a group from Western Australia. It gave us a detailed description of the events of the French Revolution and the reasons behind it.
The cast of four took on the characters of the various important figures in the revolution, playing them very well. It was very dramatic and entertaining and we, the audience, were wondering if we would be next to be dragged off to be beheaded by the guillotine.
Truth and justice finally win and at the end of the rebellion there was a rousing speech about revolution that made us feel like standing up and yelling, "Bravo!"
When the play concluded we were disappointed, but not because of the quality of the play, but because it was over, and we spoke to the cast and congratulated them on a very enjoyable performance.

Gyneth Fernando and Lucy Blake 9B.

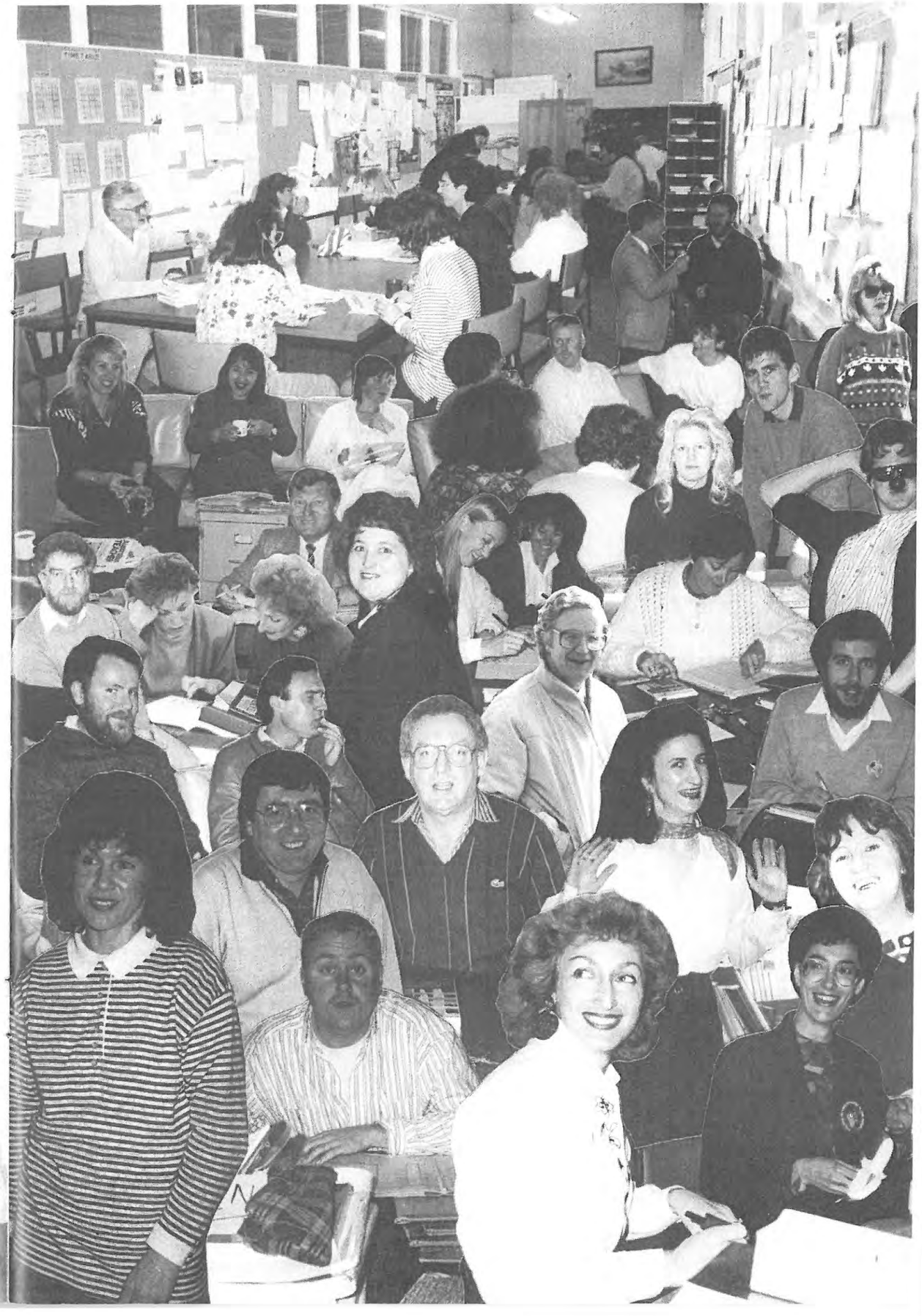
7C FRENCH PLAY

When 7C's 'French' students were all set to make their acting debuts, a small glimpse of stage fright was apparent. This was going to be 7C's presentation of *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge* in both a traditional and a modern act, both performed in FRENCH and in front of an audience of Yr. 7 and 8 students.
"I hadn't even learned my lines properly! I seemed to be mumbling the whole way through!" explained Nicole Carmel, who played *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge* in the modern act. "I enjoyed the challenge of learning my lines not that I had too many!" laughed Emma Houldsworth who played *Le Mere* in both the traditional and modern act. "It was embarrassing." said Brett, "I had to wear a dress which barely covered my thighs!" This was Brett Carmichael, who played *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge* in the traditional act.
The actual cast included: Nicole Carmel who played *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge* in the modern act. Brett Carmichael who played *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge* in the traditional act. Emma Houldsworth who played *Le Mere* in the traditional and modern act. Simon Smith who played *Le Loup* in the traditional act. Tony Teschendorff who played *La Grand-mere* in both the traditional and modern act and last of all Craig Theiderman who played *Le Loup* in the modern act. Great thanks to Mademoiselle Perkovic who directed the play.
The play was both a great challenge and extremely good fun for all the students involved; it was an embarrassing but effective way of developing our French.

Emma Houldsworth 7C.

7C PERFORMING "LE PETITE CHAPERON ROUGE"





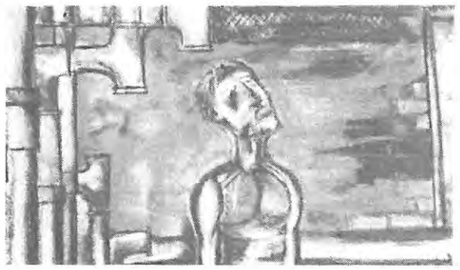




PEACE!

Death, how humanity's stinking rotten corpse suspends itself in the depths of space with no semblance of its former majestic beauty; in one impulsive move, mankind has snuffed itself from existence. The tormented ghosts of billions roam the world, crying out in shame and horror at the futile genocide . The nothingness and absence of life which envelops the land is all too evident. Whipping winds carry the deadly orange dust which will eventually settle to form Mother Earth's new foundation. Scorpions and rats which were once regarded as the low life of the Earth's inhabitants, ironically are now the survivors of the apocalyptic fungi cloud. Through the clouds of smoke, buildings and houses tumble into decay as the once overflowing, bustling cities are replaced by mass graves. The charcoaled countryside lies at the mercy of the sun's rays which surge through the feeble atmosphere.
Not before long, the reversal, and Mother Earth will be blanketed by falling flakes of snow - the "Nuclear Winter", which blocks out sunlight turning the globe into an isolated ice-cube. Lust for greed, power, supremacy; whatever the ridiculous reasoning , has produced a world devoid of life! What took billions of years to produce, man had destroyed in one fatal second.
La terre etait notre vie!

Rebecca Dunster 11D.



WAITING IN EXPECTANCE

A shivering tremble chills my spine
In Expectance, waiting in fear
To think that life shall continue
with or without my existence on Earth.
Scary thoughts fill me with rage and anger,
Where does it get anyone in the end?
A pathetic, no win situation,
Hoping everyone shares their last few moments
on Earth with their loved ones.
Tears fill my eyes, blurring my vision of this
hateful world.
My life flashes before me, vivid pictures of nature's
beauty.
Knowing deep inside that this will soon be destroyed
by mans' greed.
Hate overwhelms my trembling body,
I ask the heavens above why the innocent have to suffer so.
Suddenly I let out a shrill of laughter as if to
free my soul of utter disgust.
Time ticks on and as my last moments on Earth
come to a standstill,
I hold close to me my beloved as the bomb
shatters my thoughts into a million pieces.....

Tamara Mansour Yr.9.



'PEACE'

Barriers, not of bars but of
Ignorance,
But we suffer the
Consequences.

One day
Free we will be,
Fighting till the end,
Not with weapons but
with the Mind, the Soul.

We will starve till
the Battle is
Over.

Sam Jones 10E.

PEACE!

The silent cloud of smoke and dust gradually lifted revealing the scarred corpse of the planet Earth. Everywhere there is darkness; the cities are forsaken and bleak; all of the nervous chatter has stopped; the only sound is that of the wind, whispering its silent goodbye: to the people, to the Earth, to the once bright sun. The soot smothered cities have crumbled to the ground leaving only the scarred remains of what once was. Bodies are strewn across this desolate planet; all life seems to have ceased, and all it took was for one person to press one button: the button of destruction.

Kylie 9G.



'THE HOLLOW MEN'

The Earth seems cloaked
In a dark grey shroud.
It paints a portrait of doom and death,
Of terror beyond endurance.

'The Greenhouse Effect',
'The Ozone Layer',
Are on everybodys' tongues,
But no matter what they say and propose,
Nothing is being done.

'What can we do?'
'Why should I care?'
The apathetic people sigh.
They'll sit around, doing nothing,
Nothing 'till we all die.

By Ben Owzinsky 11D.

EXTINCT

Where have all the people gone - Mother?
They are nowhere to be seen.
Where have all the people gone - Mother?
I see nothing but endless desert, no life.
Where have all the people gone - Mother?
There is nothing, nobody, so lonely.
Where have all the people gone - Mother?
They have died - daughter.
Extinct through their own greed, arrogance,
and ignorance.

Melanie Dare 10C

EARTH

Earth today is a nightmare,
The flowers are screaming, and
the children are dreaming,
but only I and I alone
know that the world is dying.
The people are lying,
trying to fool us.

The world is warming up
due to the Greenhouse Effect.
All the politicians are just
trying to be elected again.
If we don't wise up,
we will all end up in an urn.
Trapped inside a never ending cyclone.

Teachers try to educate,
but I really think it's too late.
with Brazil on fire,
and the political liars,
we will all end up in hell.

Justyn Shevlin 10C.

'SHATTERED DREAMS'

Machine guns rattled, cannons blasted,
while deadly teargas rolled through the trenches
killing everything in its wake.
Screams of agony,
Outcries of triumph,
Tattered photographs of loved ones and family.
Hopeful soldiers dreaming of home.....
Sleepless nights, paranoia choked the air,
disease spread by vermin.
This was, War,
SHATTERED DREAMS.

Ben Statkus 10E.



THE CHILD

Finally, the Earth had faced the destiny inflicted upon it by humanity. For so long the destructive power of the human race had been building, and eventually released in one catastrophic stroke.
The evidence of the tragedy of humankind lies entombed beneath the dark skies of a nuclear winter.
Suddenly a deformed figure scampers from beneath a heap of twisted automobiles. It continues to scurry until it comes upon something of interest.
It had found a small plastic box. It realised it was a cassette and it dawned on the thing that it had been a long time since it had listened to music.
It ran to the remains of an audio-visual shop in the hope of finding a cassette player in working order. It found one and hurriedly shoved the tape in. A tune rang out clearly; it was called,'It's the End of the World as We Know it, and I Feel Fine.' The song suddenly cut out as the tape player went the way of the humans and the dinosaurs. The sound of silence was piercing. The child burst into tears.

Jack Szabo 11D.













SHOREBREAK

Picked up by the liquid cyclone,
Sliding along the water's surface,
Thrashed violently by nature's satan,
Slammed into the brick wall.

Simon Turner 10C.

YEAR 11 PHYSICAL EDUCATION.



Over a ten week period the two Year 11 Physical Education Classes have participated in a fitness program designed by themseves or by Mr. Huttley who designed the weight training programs.
We were pre-tested in all aspects of our fitness levels so we would be able to determine if any improvements were made when the program finished.
We followed two weight training programs . There was a strength program and a toning program. These programs were carried out by us in the weight training room, which was well equipped with a wide range of free weights and a couple of bench presses and bikes.
During the program we were also treated to a few Advanced Aerobic classes which really showed how fit we were !?

Paul Schofield Yr 11.

'FREEDOM OF SPEECH'

DEATH. Death, perhaps the most horrific thought imaginable. Imagine being sentenced to death. Imagine being sentenced to death for speaking your mind and daring to disagree and criticise someone else's beliefs. That's the exact position Simon Rushdie finds himself in.
Incredibly, Rushdie has a sword hanging over his head for criticising the Islamic religion. By exercising his freedom of speech, this man has been placed in a position where he can never show his face in public again. With a potential one billion assassins in the world, he now fears for not only his own life, but for those of his family.
In our society, every person has the right to express his own ideas and thoughts without fear of retribution. Yet a man from a different country, indeed a different world, has placed this right in doubt. If Rushdie can't speak his mind, it sets a precedent. Tomorrow, somebody may disagree with our Prime Minister so strongly that they impose the death penalty on him. Imagine John Howard calling on all Liberals to kill Bob Hawke. Imagine Mrs. Lloyd calling on all English teachers to assassinate Mr Fowler because he called English teachers overpaid, under-worked, illiterates who have trouble speaking the language let alone teaching it! It's ridiculous. Not only ridiculous, but cause for concern, for anger, And it's dangerous. Very, very dangerous. A government without critics is a powerful government capable of great harm. A free voice is vital to a democratic country. Perhaps the best example of a man silencing his critics is Adolf Hitler. A frightening thought.
How dare anyone try to take the right of free speech away, especially someone coming from another country. Western countries walk on eggshells bending backwards trying not to offend these curious countries which have very different beliefs, yet those countries have no respect for us, or our laws and are uncompromising. The original demand was for an immediate apology, which in itself, in my opinion was unjust, extreme and unnecessary. Receiving that apology, the Ayatolloh remained unbending, refusing to lift the penalty.
This issue also raises the question over where loyalties lie in a land of immigrants. Do they lie with their adopted country or with their religion /country of origin? The Ayatollah called on Islamics around the world to murder Rushdie if ever they saw him. He has ordered them to break the laws of a country which has accepted them. I'm sure many people are sick and tired of seeing people from overseas passing their enmity and prejudices onto their children. The photo of a young boy wearing a "Kill Rushdie" T-shirt during a Sydney rally was disappointing more than anything else.
The Ayatollah has shown a disrespect for Rushdie. He has slapped the face of democracy and the right to the freedom of speech, slapped the face of the world, slapped my face and slapped yours.

Chris Liakos 11D.

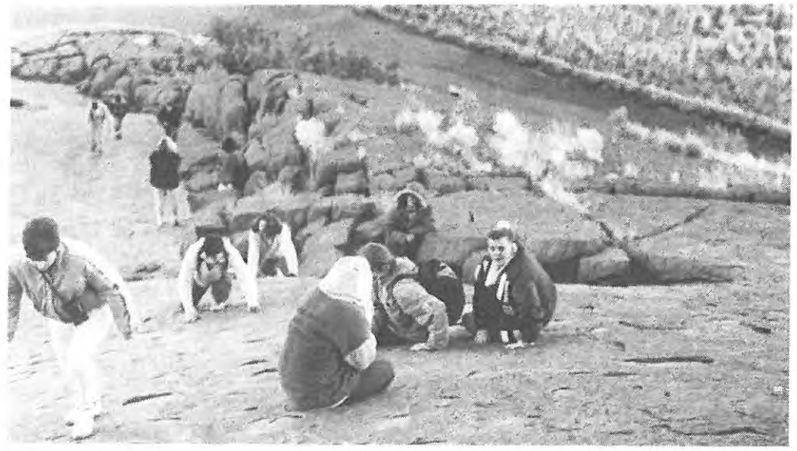


ALICE ADVENTURE

On Saturday, 17th of June at 5:50 am, 40 students filled with anticipation, and 4 teachers filled with second thoughts assembled in the dark and cold outside the school. Long before Melbourne had even yawned we had boarded our coach and were off on our 12 day Alice Adventure! Guiding us all the way to the Northern Territory were Tom - Busdriver, tourguide and DJ, and Wendy our cook.
Our first night was spent at Renmark, S.A., home to the biggest Mozzies in the world, (most of them in the shower.) The tents seemed tricky at first, but after a couple of nights the sound of tent- pegs being hammered and lilos pumped was second nature to us. The next night we stayed at beautiful Wilpena Pound and went for a couple of hikes. Unfortunately our early morning hike was cut short by a flooded creek and although Jamie Hillemacker found a passage across, via some fallen trees, Mr Kindler worried for the safety of the less fit teachers.
By the third day most of us had become used to the long hours in the bus and spent the time sleeping, eating, sleeping, playing cards, eating, reading or sleeping. This much sleep was necessary to stay awake most of the night and still get up at 5:30. We were awakened each morning by Mr Kindler's, "Wake up you lovelies! It's just hit 2 Degrees Celcius!" It was in fact freezing during the nights and all those people who expected the Red Centre to be red hot were bitterly disappointed .
We camped "bush" at Pole Creek, pitching our tents in a circle around the campfire. We had no toilets, showers or spare water, (but it's not that bad cleaning your teeth in cordial). The talent contest was won by the Bush Tucker Man, Alias Hick, Spiros and Jamie.
A highlight of the camp was at Oodnadaatta where we met and came to know the local Aborigines. We played an exciting game of basketball with them under lights that evening, and all enjoyed the experience. The next day we reached Alice Springs and were delighted to find clean, hot showers, actual grass to pitch our tents on, and a very nice laundry. Here we visited Stanley Chasm, Simpson's Gap, the Telegraph Station, the Flying Doctor Base and the local ten-pin bowling centre and indoor cricket centre. We were allowed one afternoon free in town to find the nearest automatic bank teller.
We were truly at the Red Centre when we finally saw Ayers Rock and spent 2 nights at Yulara trying to keep red dust out of our sleeping bags, while avoiding frost bite at night. It was an extremely cold morning with gale-force winds when we attempted 'the Climb', and not everyone made it, (never mind Mr Kindler).
We all had a trot on some camels, and saw the stunning Olgas as well as went on a scenic flight.
On the return trip we stayed at Coober Pedy for some defrosting in a night in the dugouts and then to Point Augusta for our last night. It was a very enjoyable camp and much thanks to all organizers and co-operative participants.

By Jini Watson 11C.













Sunny Acreman



Jean Hunter

LIBRARY

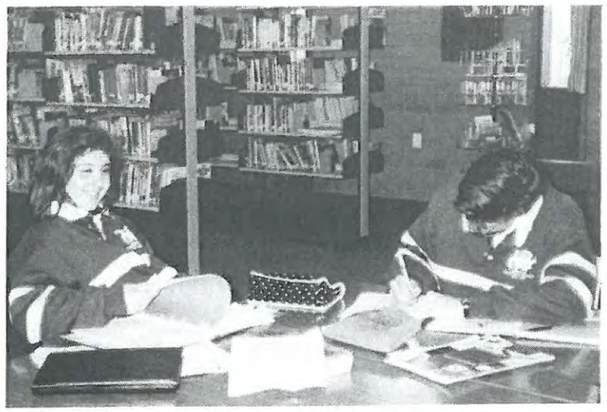
This year the library staff have been busy keeping up with the demands of the students and staff in both book and audio visual areas. The S.R.C. purchased a video camera towards the end of last year and many students have chosen to complete their option work and many other assignments in this format. This has meant that many students are now proficient in using the camera and have learned skills in audio dubbing and editing.

Once again the Year 7 orientation programme in Term 1 was successful with all students learning research skills and familiarizing themselves with our resources.

The introduction of the new V.C.E. courses in Year 11 Australian Studies, Maths and English next year has also kept us busy obtaining additional resources from many areas in anticipation of future needs. The key emphasis for students are those of research and independent study, so that the library and its resources will be in ever-increasing demand.

One video room in the library has been reclaimed to be used as a discussion room which should assist students in many ways such as debate preparation, interviewing and group discussion. Undoubtedly new needs will become apparent as the year progresses and these will be met as they arise.

Jean Hunter, (Librarian in Charge).



THE GENERATION GAP

Teenagers experience many problems and their lives can be very difficult and confusing.

From the beginning of existence, teenagers have been treated as a lower class of people. This is mainly due to the age difference between adults and teenagers. Adults are superior, (in age and maturity), and teenagers are obliged to abide by their rules and standards. Many adults bring teenagers down to make them feel unimportant. Some adults hate teenagers. Teenagers are too young to do many things and this is why they are treated as a lower class of people. Superiors consider them irresponsible and immature. As a result of their helpless inferiority, teenagers cannot contribute greatly to our society unless they really try and work very hard. That is a pity because many achievements from teenagers have proved to be very valuable.

As teenagers become more involved with their friends, they are subject to many forms of peer group pressure. Smoking and drinking are the most popular examples, but teenagers also have to deal with problems such as keeping up with the fashion trends and being popular at school. Teenagers become confused because they know that some of the things they are forced into are wrong, but they want so much to be liked by others; they want to be cool and popular. Because numerous teenagers do not have close relationships with their parents, they are much weaker than others and are easily forced into smoking etc. Teenagers go through a phase where they are heavily influenced by friends and famous celebrities but not by parents or teachers.

A teenager's life also introduces a different kind of problem altogether - Puberty ! Teenagers experience changes in their physical appearance, changes in their mental behaviour and endless pains and worries. This is a time when teenagers are under a lot of strain. Life becomes harder at home, with friends and at school; some teenagers just do not know what to do. Parental and peer support is vital. A teenager cannot go through puberty alone because it is just too hard to cope with by yourself. Many teenagers' minds become time-bombs which could explode. Many teenagers become temperamental or isolated by puberty. No teenager is fully prepared for puberty!!!

Negative family relationships also provide problems for teenagers. Sometimes fights occur when the teenager is not feeling the best or when the teenager is under a lot of pressure. If this is the case, then false feelings cause them to say a lot of things they do not mean. Many teenagers tend to believe that their parents are always wrong or very overprotective because they do not allow them to do all of the things they want. If teenagers have brothers or sisters, their relationship nearly always consists of endless quarrels. Brothers and sisters are very jealous of each other and are always competing to prove one is better than the other. If a teenager has younger brothers or sisters then he/she believes that they are more popular with their parents. This can all be very upsetting for a teenager. After all, where would we be without love?

It seems as if teenagers will always feel either insecure, unloved, or very hurt. It is just a classic case of the adolescent blues.

Guilia Cimmino 9A





FOG AND FROST

Ouch ! My head was killing me ! An old blanket against a stone wall never did anyone any good I would think, and I can't say it is the most comfortable way of sleeping.
A screeching bat woke me up properly. I walked silently down another dark and dreary alley, I knew I shouldn't have been there, even if it meant starving. Even if I was caught a thief, they wouldn't send me to that "New Holland " place would they? I didn't believe a word of it anyway.
The government even have the nerve to try and tell the people of London the world isn't flat that it is round. My personal opinon is that they send all the convicts to the edge of the world and push them off the side and "New Holland" is just another name for hell.
As I walked further down the alley a woman as drunk as they get stumbled out in front of me and stopped me in my tracks.
"Aye, looks like you're all fancy dressed with no place to go." She let out an evil cackle and she had a slight Scottish accent which I didn't care for. I was English, pure blood, if I had it my own way; but who knows?
I was orphaned at the age of two and half. There are cruel people in this world and my so called "parents" fall into that category.
" Give me all your money!" She screamed while waving her bottle of beer under her nose. "If you don't give me your money " She continued slyly, "I'll belt yer yeller an green with this ere, this....." she went on as she searched the ground.
Carefully, one step at a time, I started back in the direction I had come, but still facing the woman. Suddenly her head jerked up.
"Where in God's name do you think yer going? I ain't got mer stick or mer money yet, 'and it over sonny."
"N-n-n-no," I tried to say bravely but the words seemed to get lost in my mouth.
Her anger lit up her face to a bright red. She was furious; she raised her arms above her head and gave another evil cackle as she did so. A blue smoke rose from the ground and twisted its way around her then disappeared.
She was now dressed completely in black with a pointed hat and two different sized shoes.
She gave yet another evil cackle, a cackle which could only belong to a witch!
Suddenly a bat swooped down from the moonlit sky and landed on her shoulder. An eerie black cat appeared from nowhere and as it crossed the witche's path she lent down and picked it up. I stumbled backwards , I turned and ran as fast as my legs would carry me; maybe even faster. As clear as day I could hear her words: "Why bother running, sonny ? You can never escape me. NEVER!"
The word "never" echoed in my mind. Still running , I managed to trip over an old ladder. As I fell to the ground almost unconcious, I suddenly realized my worst nightmare had come true. As I came to my senses I realised I was in my own safe, cosy bed. I suddenly sat up with a jerk. It had all been a dream!
I searched my bedroom for any old witches or women with beer bottles. As I glanced past my bedroom window I noticed it was slightly ajar and the night outside was foggy and frosty. I kept my eyes on the slightly ajar window, then noticed a blue smoke seeping in. I held my breath.
The smoke swirled around the middle of the room then disappeared. This couldn't be happening! There stood the witch, eyes glaring and mouth snarling. She gave a final evil cackle then remarked: "You didn't really think you could escape me did you sonny?".....

Rachael Bland 8A.



9G being themselves on Dress-up day!

FANTASY

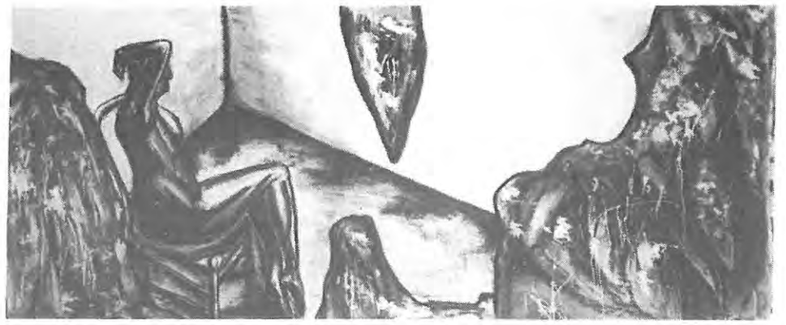
I was standing on an orange mound when four little creatures about 60 cm tall with amazing eyes, (they were the size of fifty cent pieces, soft looking like clouds), marched past me and dropped four silver seeds. I stood there for a few minutes just staring at the seeds, suddenly, four purple shoots started to grow. They quickly grew to my height then sprouted flowers; there were intricate patterns on each large colourful petal. I walked over to a multicoloured mound which had a tunnel running straight through the middle of it. It was quite a small hole but because it was soft I managed to crawl through it. I stepped out of the squashy tunnel and a bright light shone in my eyes; I was suddenly surrounded by yellow pebbles. A green pelican came wandering over a yellow pebbled mound humming, "hmmmmm" and it skipped over to me. He hummed something that sounded like, "Hello, how are you?"
"Fine thankyou, but I'm lost. I wouldn't have the foggiest where I am!" I replied.
"Well you are on planet Moundaround, so called because of all the mounds and it's round."
I hummed, "Can you speak English?"
"Of course I can," he said, without humming!
"Oh! Does this Moundaround planet have any trees?" I asked sounding a bit annoyed from having to humm.
"Yes, just over the mound I was skipping over there is a variety of trees; it's a wonderful sight to see. Do you want me to take you there?"
"Yes please, I think I'll feel more at home if I see something that is familiar to me."
.....Oh no! There sure were trees but they were not the common trees I was used to seeing. They were pink, purple, yellow, blue, all the colours of the rainbow! But there was only one large green tree! I walked down the twisted path. ZAP! I turned around, the pelican had gone. Not knowing where else to go I just kept following the path. The path suddenly stopped and there was a huge red tree with round and square, white, soft jelly-looking fruit. I was quite hungry. I knew I wasn't supposed to eat anything without knowing what it was but my stomach started to rumble violently so I picked one of the squares off the tree and took a large bite. Suddenly I felt dizzy, as if some-one wouldn't stop spinning me around. THUMP! I hit the ground. I opened my eyes and discovered I was sitting in our living room on our big old arm chair holding a bowl of jelly with a green Smartie sitting on top of it!

Bonnie Posthuma 7C



MAN SURVIVES DESERT CRASH!!

A 20 year old Canadian artist, Scott Bradley, survived a plane crash and two days of soaring temperatures in the Simpson Desert. Mr. Bradley was on a charter flight from Alice Springs to observe the desert scenery.
The pilot of the two seater, Murray Healy, died on impact. This was Mr. Bradley's first trip to Australia. He planned to use the visit to do a series of desert paintings to take back to Vancouver.
Mr. Bradley describes his feelings during the crash and his experiences while waiting to be rescued, in his own words:
"It all happened so fast that the details are still unclear. Murray and I were chatting and admiring the scenery when suddenly the engine seemed to fail. The plane started to nose dive and within seconds we had crashed. I think I lost consciousness. I must have hit my head because blood was streaming into my right eye from a cut on my forehead. When I came to and looked over at Murray he didn't seem to be breathing. They were the most terrifying moments of my life."
Mr. Bradley knew that to survive in the desert he would have to rely on his own wits. He also knew he had to resist the sense of panic which was beginning to overwhelm him. He began to take the steps which were to ensure his survival:
"I searched the plane and found some emergency rations. There wasn't much there, just a packet of biscuits, some dried fruit, a little bag of almonds and a 1 litre plastic bottle of water. The problem was I didn't have any idea how long it would be till I was rescued. I knew that it was vital that I ration out the supplies.
I became aware of the intense heat, so I went to the cabin and took out a parachute. Then I dug a trench on the shaded side of the aeroplane and draped the parachute over it to keep me cool.
At night the temperature dropped to near freezing. To keep warm I wrapped myself in the parachute and huddled inside the plane.
I knew to survive I would have to stay out of the sun and to conserve my energy. I also knew I needed to find more water. In the early hours of the morning, before the heat was too intense, I searched for plants which looked as though they might contain moisture. Eventually I came across some cactii not far away from the plane. I cut a piece out of one cactus and sucked the moisture out of it.
The time passed without me really being aware of how long I had been there. I seemed to sleep for most of the time. The doctors here seem to think that I was probably suffering from delayed shock," said a weary Mr. Bradley from his hospital bed where he is being treated for exposure.
When asked if he would be returning immediately to Canada after his ordeal he laughed and shook his head:
"No way," he replied.





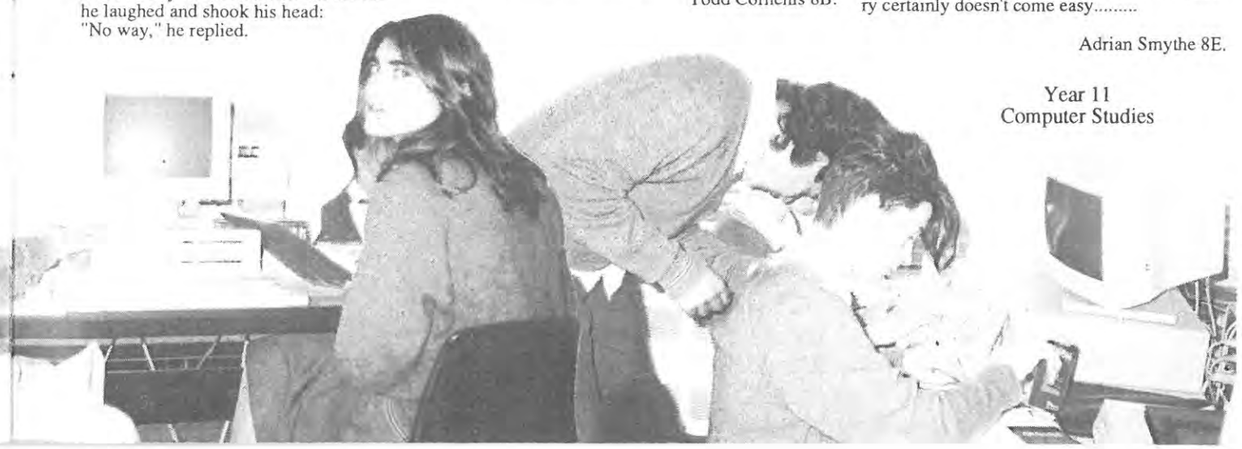
"As soon as I am out of this bed I'm heading back to the desert to paint. Spending that time alone there has just whetted my appetite for more. The changing colours of the desert are so beautiful that I have to try to capture them on canvas no matter what."

Todd Cornehls 8B.

LUXURY DOESN'T COME EASY!

There it was: a beautiful piece of luxurious craftmanship sitting there waiting for someone to make it come alive, to set into motion the throaty grumble from its masculine V8 engine under the bonnet. I approached the vehicle with an admiring caution in fear of damaging it. I grasped the highly polished chrome handles and eased the door ajar.
The interior was of a high standard, pieced together to create an atmosphere of spaciousness. I positioned myself in the superbly contoured leather seats which were electronically adjustable in every angle imaginable. As I made myself comfortable I accustomed myself to the instruments and surroundings which were ergonomically positioned.
I placed the ignition key in the keyhole and turned it on to be confronted by a powerful but quiet grumble. I moved the leather bound gear selector into reverse, depressed the accelerator, moved into drive and headed up to the top of the crest.
Pot-holes were of no concern, for the suspension soaked them up so you didn't feel the slightest jolt. The ride was like that of a limousine. I reached the summit of the crest and was admired by whoever I happened to pass by in my magnificent vehicle.
I approached a set of lights and I lightly pressed the brake pedal, which with four wheel disc brakes, gave excellent response.
As I stopped, I noticed I was being looked over by the person in the Porsche parallel to me. I knew suddenly he wanted a drag. In unison we both revved our cars. We sped off neck to neck. With the accelerator to the metal we were speeding down the road at a maximum speed of two hundred and fifty kilometres per hour. As we turned the bend, a car was jutting out of the street. I slammed on the brakes but it was too late. There was a massive collision. The whole front end was crushed in.
The car was towed away to the wrecker. A bundle of well earned money wasted !! Luxury certainly doesn't come easy.....

Adrian Smythe 8E.



Year 11
Computer Studies



INDIVIDUALITY RULES

Conformity is life,
Who are you this time ?
I'm mixed up by the way you change your image,
you don't know how to act around me anymore.
To be yourself and say what you think doesn't count anymore.
You strive to be like the rest,
not yourself.
Be recognised as who you really are.
You and I.
Us and them.
People and people.
There are sides to take,
groups to be a part of,
and gangs to follow.
Will you conform to be like that?
Whatever you do you cannot please everyone.
Different people and differing opinions.
This world is for all of us to live in.
People are people, people are different.
Millions of different and original opinions that never come out.
Minds and imaginations stifled.
Terrible waste.
Don't be sucked in,
and then spat out!!

Renee Atkinson 9A.

MONEY

Every morning and afternoon,
Working like a slave,
Just to earn a couple of bucks.
Delivering medicine, cleaning cars,
Washing windows, cleaning floors.
Every kid on the hard way to success.
Up every morning at the crack of dawn,
Delivering the morning papers.
Greasing up to your boss,
Hoping for that raise.

Home late after your afternoon job.
Holding your pay packet in one hand,
Your tips in the other.
He thinks to himself,"Is it worth it?"
Looking at his hands he agrees it is.
Early to bed, early to rise.
Ready for that morning paper round again.
Damn he forgot his homework.
But it doesn't worry him,
He's making money.

By Chris Timewell.

DREAMS

Dreams are like icecream.
Soft and Sweet.
They are like getting a candybar,
Or some kind of treat.
They whirl around in a kind of daze
And leave your mind like a purple haze.

Lyla Oshlack 10C.



CONNECTED BY BLOOD

Connected by Blood,
a stranger unknown.
A beast of grey shadows,
a beast of cold stone.

I look to his face,
black holes, endless stare.
I come seeking you,
finding emptiness there.

To be in His Forest,
while Sleeping, I walk.
Whose role is to run?
whose role is to stalk?

Engulfed, the Sleeper stands,
deep Forest surrounds.
Eyes flicker at his passing,
but Beasts make No sound.

Twilight's light suffocates!
Quick grab at him. I sigh,
Tomorrow my beast,
again shall I try?

Yet beast you leave glimpses,
love you have shown.
How deep the silent Void,
to hang on moments, Alone.

And of beast, I do hear:
sounds, smiles,....tales.
He - that's so distant,
He - that word fails.

But my heart won't give up,
You, I would not forsake,
A beast in a sunny place,
Dad? Is this all a mistake?

Madeleine Wilson 12C.

"HAPPINESS IS....."

Happiness is being around people. It is having a good time, laughing and joking around with friends, going to a disco or to the movies, celebrating birthdays and holidays, shopping and buying lots of clothes or just feeling good about yourself. It's being accepted by friends for who you are and not what you were.

Happiness is when you celebrate a special occasion. When you have a birthday or celebrate Christmas or Easter with your family and friends, going out to dinner either at a restaurant or a friend's house; being around family and just appreciating life and having each other, or sharing time with pets can make happy memories.

A special outing makes me happy. Going to the movies with friends or just shopping is great. Bowling, iceskating or a trip to the snow is lots of fun. Spending the night at a friend's house can be exciting as well as tiring. Going to the beach or the local swimming pool is good exercise and holidays are often great for a break and to relax from everyday life.

When I win something, or achieve a goal, I feel very happy. When you have worked hard to achieve good results and then they pay off, that is always a great feeling. I am not that good at sports, especially running, and when I beat my running time I always feel extremely pleased. It is not just the feeling of being best, it is a feeling of achievement.

Carolyn Sharpe 8B.





"PEACE!"

The silent cloud of smoke and dust gradually lifted revealing the scarred corpse of the planet Earth. The great cities of the world lay desolate. The laughter and gaiety of the streets were of another age; another planet. This could not be Earth; Earth was vibrant, the home of man. Man - builder, writer, painter, philosopher. Surely such a creature could not be responsible for its own death? Yet the streets were empty and the buildings stood tall and anxious, like a mother awaiting the return of her children.

The sun mourned. She shrouded herself in a tattered, black blanket seemingly afraid to peek out from underneath in fear of what she may see.The wind scurried through the street searching for someone. Into every shop and house it lurked, looked around, occasionally disturbing a curtain or unlatched window and then silently and swiftly disappearing; again disappointed.

This scene was re-enacted day after day, week after week, year after year, but in terms of the Earth, it was a blinking of an eye; a snap of the fingers.

The Great Mountains and Oceans nodded knowingly. Mother Nature would try again. Slowly, but inevitably, another species would emerge.

Man was dead; Earth was not.

Chris Liakos 11D



DEAD POETS' SOCIETY

They dreamed the dream,
and learnt the lesson.
They tried their best,
and learnt from what their teacher taught.
And they remembered what they saw,
The Dead Poets' Society.

Lyla Oshlack 10C.



'NO-ONE LIVES FOREVER'

No-one beats him at his game
For very long,
But just the same
Who cares? There is no place safe to hide,
No-where to run - No time to cry,
So celebrate while you still can,
Because at any moment it may end,
And when it has been said and done,
Better that you had some fun,
Instead of hiding in a shell - why make your life a living hell?
So have a toast and down the cup,
Drink to the bones that will turn to
Dust, Because
No-one, No, No-one
Lives Forever.

Melissa Stebbing 10E.





DREAMS

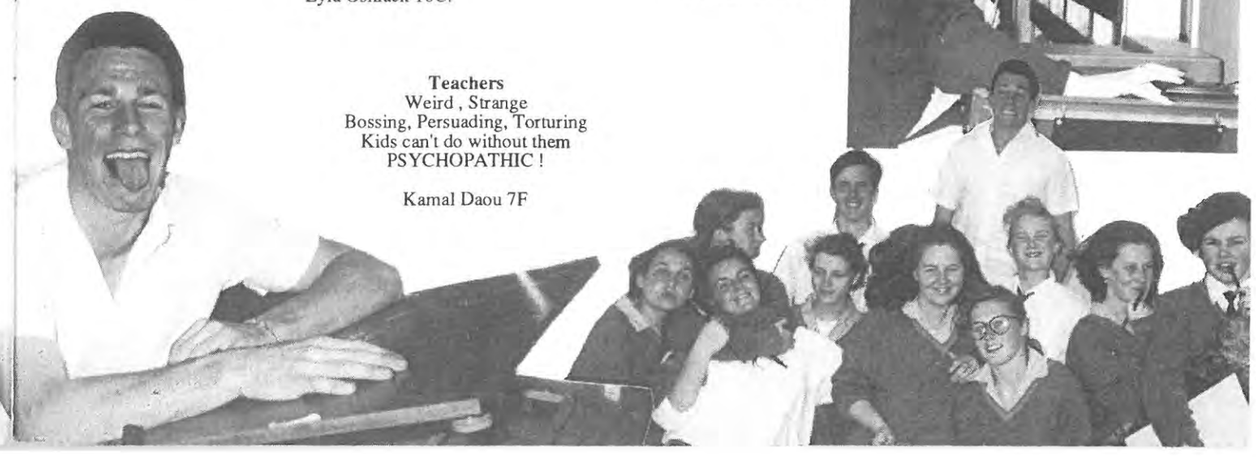
An escape from reality,
Formed from the hardship,
That life forces us to endure,
Like an ever blowing wind,
Dreams will exist in our hearts,
minds and literature.

Melanie Dare 10C.



Teachers
Weird , Strange
Bossing, Persuading, Torturing
Kids can't do without them
PSYCHOPATHIC !

Kamal Daou 7F



BROADWAY CAVALCADE

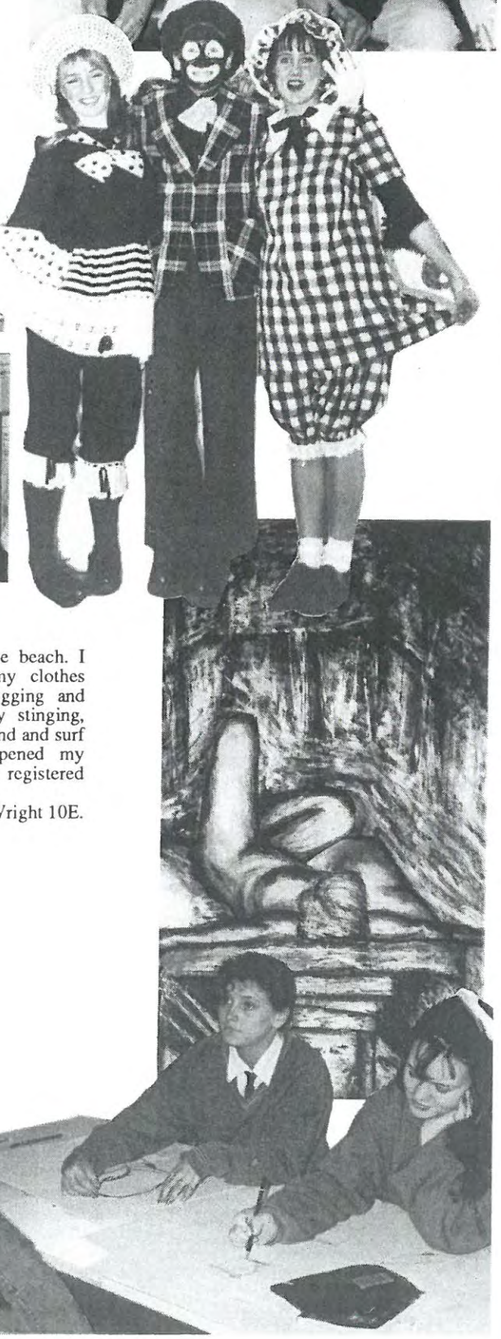
A smorgasbord of wonderful musical items was enjoyed by the audience at the Theatre Restaurant Musical Production held in the Holland Hall on September 12, 13 and 14.
The hall was filled on each night, and between each of the Acts a three course meal was served to the audience.
Act 1 was a glittering scene with sophisticated songs and the cast dressed in spectacular white tails and glamorous outfits. The master of ceremonies, Martin Dambrosi, introduced each item with style, and also performed a solo act, playing the classical guitar. Vikki Taylor and Jodie Trefners sang a duet, 'I know him so well', while our Barbershop Trio of Cliff Humphries, Michelle Batour and Jonathon McTigue sang old fashioned songs in an old fashioned style.
Act 2 saw 100 Year 7 and 8 students performing songs from 'Annie' and 'Oliver' with great enthusiasm.
Act 3 began with, 'Let Me Entertain You', followed by some great dance routines. The Year 9 music students presented the, 'Pink Panther', followed by a magnificent solo from Kate Robson of 'Memories'. Rachel Trewin brought great emotion to, 'I Honestly Love You', while the senior girls,led by Amy Durrant and assisted by the boys, presented two spectacular dance routines 'Surf Dance' and 'Smooth Criminal'. Jamie Vlavianos brought the house down with an incredible Elvis Presley production number, and the show ended with 150 members of the cast together on stage for the Finale.
Once again the College is indebted to Michelle Batour for putting together the musical and fitting in rehearsals around all the other College activities. Thanks also to Cliff Humphries for all his assistance. Michael Redding, the Executive Producer, received great support from Colleen Delaney and Diann Grass, who took charge of all the catering, food preparations and organization of student helpers and waiters.
Finally our congratulations go to all those students who took part in the production and helped make it such a wonderful experience.

Michael Redding.







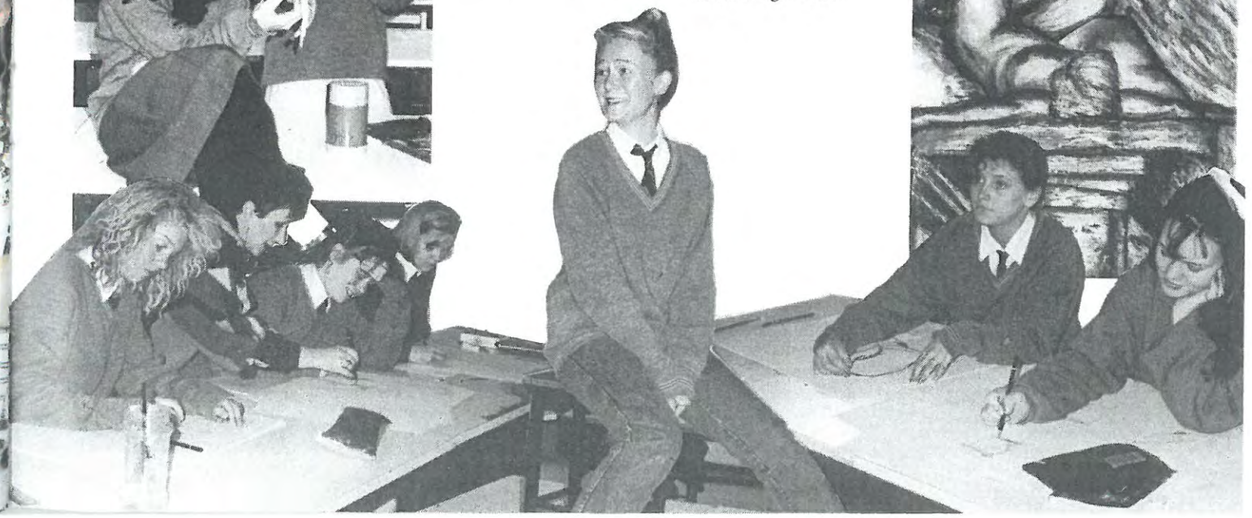


SOLITUDE

The on-shore winds tore along the beach. I stood alone, a solitary figure, my clothes soaked through. My bare feet digging and clenching the sand. The sea-spray stinging, stinging my face. The roar of the wind and surf thundering over everything. I opened my mouth and let out a scream but it registered nought next to the Ocean's voice.

Linda Wright 10E.







The Murray Camp

AN AUSSIE SHEILA'S GUIDE TO LIFE

Maybe there's somewhere out there,
A place where I can be,
A place where all is happy,
A place I can be free.

Politics bores me senseless,
Bob Hawke is a boring old mule,
He's always up on a big grand-stand
saying," Australians I'm not a fool."

What do you think of the Greenhouse Effect?
Well me I'm taking it to heart,
These days you can't spray aerosol cans,
By gawd you can't even fart!

The Ozone Layer is leaving,
soon it will say "Bye - bye",
Instead of getting a suntan
We get medium fried!

Now take this thing with Beijing,
All the Chinese being killed,
Some are protesting
Some are shooting
But all the graves are being filled,...

Maybe there is somewhere out there,
A place where all are free,
A place where there's no - one like you,
Or more importantly, no - one like me.

Bianca Dye 10F

LUCK

Life may begin as a young raging river,
full of Hope.
There are many possibilities, good and bad.
At this stage, you may find yourself trickling in the wrong direction,
for reasons you may not understand.
Different obstacles usually are avoided, but only if you look ahead.
If you manage your way carefully, and to its full potential,
you will always see a clear, bubbling, peaceful waterfall at the end,
for your delight.
But if you don't, and there is always that very big chance,
your life will collapse all around you and then you are left with a dried up, desolate river bed.

Mugette 10E.

The Lonsdale Camp





The Phillip Camp

The Grant Camp



THE CHAMPION SOCCER PLAYER

As he walks onto the field the crowd cheers his name and he acknowledges it by raising his hands in the air; he is very sure of himself. His long hair blowing in the wind and his big eyes looking at his fans. He controls the soccerball with grace and poise, every single move timed to perfection. His legs pumping up and down as he races up the the field trying to collect the ball. When he scores, the crowd loves him shouting, clapping and whistling. He runs around the field hands raised, mouth opened shouting back at his fans. When the game has ended and his goal has won the day, the crowd runs onto the field patting him on the back. He loves all the attention he is receiving, and deserves all the adulation because.....he is the Champion.

P. Milopteris T. Atkinson G. Saisansas 9E.





LONSDALE HOUSE DRAMAS

I found the dramas a very interesting experience, and a great chance to get to know a lot more people. I found the play quite funny. It was about a space adventure where two planets learn to compromise over minerals and resources and everyone fell in love with everyone else!! The rehearsals were stressful but worthwhile. I would especially like to thank Ms. Nicholas for the support she gave me, and also the other house teachers Mr. Cameron and Mr. Clarkson. Thankyou to our year twelve students as we will miss them next year. Also thanks to the rest of the cast; hope to see you again next year.

Rosie Curtis, Director.

PHILLIP HOUSE DRAMAS

"Right, the interval is on. Phillip you're on next, make your way up to the hall."
I looked around at everyone, all made up, excited, smiling. I don't know why we ran so quickly up to the hall, we had lots of time.
When we were in the dressing room, there was the usual: "Break a leg" "oooh I can't remember my lines", and the unusual, "I left my costume at home!"
The play itself was great as far as I can remember; I was running around backstage for most of it! Thanks to the hall crew; they did a great job. Congratulations Phillip on a superb performance; I can't wait to see the video.

Sara Flannigan , Director.



GRANT HOUSE DRAMAS

A play of rebellion and defeat turned into a play filled with success and pride. After weeks, which seemed like years, of rehearsals and frustration we, all 30 of us, staged a play without too many flaws. Thanks Grant House; I enjoyed working and getting to know every'won', which we did!!

Grant Victorious in '89!!

..... all my love Leora xox, Director.



MURRAY HOUSE DRAMAS

It was fantastic! Our play 'Walls' didn't win but that didn't really matter. I say that because the things which were special to me about the production didn't have anything to do with winning. I was able to watch a group of students with basically no acting experience turn themselves into a talented team. I couldn't have asked for a more professional, patient, understanding, willing or friendly group of people. I was finding school, my life and the play hard to juggle and they made it as easy and pleasant as possible. I'm glad it was chaotic and fun ..... BUT thank God I don't have to do it more than once a year!
My congratulations and thanks to everyone who helped make it such a delight to run and such a success.

Madeleine Wilson, Director.





QUOTES OF THE "WEEK"

"What are we doing today Ms. Marron?"
"Are you listening to Madonna again Mr. Fenton?!"
"Ms. Nicholas, can I have my Smiths cassette back ..... please?!"
"Shainne, it's your turn to wash up!!!!"
"How can anybody burn pizza?!"
"Have we lost anybody???!!!"
"Where's Kylie and Jenny!!!!????"
"Yes ..... we really are teachers."
"Yes ..... we are from Melbourne."
"Yes ..... we always dress this way."
"You are NOT eating at McDonalds..... Hold your breaths: WE DON'T CARE!!!!!!!!!!"

Drama Students
Extroverted, Theatrical
Hysterical, Vibrant, Exhausting,
We really aren't their teachers,
EMBARASSMENT!!!



ADELAIDE ARTS FESTIVAL

The scene: Spencer St. Station, 8:00 on a Friday evening;
the actors: 20 Drama students loaded down with junk food and Walkmen ready for the eleven hour train adventure to Adelaide. As the train started to rattle and whine its way along the tracks we started to bop away to our music or our eyes were glued to the pages of the latest magazine. Boy was this ride going to be fun! But when our tapes finished for the third time, and we turned the final pages of our last magazine, the train still rattled on and on and on. The seats were gradually becoming unbearable and the wheels louder and louder.
But finally, it happened! The train stopped for the last time, here we were, Adelaide at last!
With no sleep and cramps crippling our bodies, we dragged ourselves to the taxi stand and hired our lift to luxury: the Arkabar Inn! As we glided down the streets of Adelaide we observed the wonderful scenery through blurry eyes. The taxi soon came to a halt, and there it was, the Arkabar Inn with its manicured lawns and shady trees.
As we staggered up the stairs to our units we really didn't look like a very happy bunch of Melbournians. Suddenly it was dinner-time and we were to cook our first meal of the trip, sausages, I think. But we were too tired to cook; we were too tired to stand! So we threw them around instead... only joking Ms. Marron!
We were in Adelaide for the 'Coming Out Arts Festival': eight days of Theatre and Dance. The first play on the list was 'Space Demons', followed by seven more days of Theatre which included: ' A Day at Gepps', the Dance piece,'The New Dreaming' and 'The Grand Hotel', one of the highlights of the festival. We were also fortunate enough to be able to discuss the plays etc. with the cast and director of each show.
But our camp was not just plays, plays and more plays, culture, culture and more culture.
We also had our own free time for shopping and exploring the city of Adelaide. We even spent a leisurely Sunday at the beach tanning our pale Melbourne skin.
Our holiday consisted of eight days of intensive culture, laughter and the silly things extroverted year 11 Drama students are notorious for! But we can't take all the credit for the wonderful time we had. We give our thanks to the marvellous teachers who accompanied us: Ms. Marron, Ms. Nicholas and last but not least, Mr. Fenton. Their great company made the whole trip worthwhile!

Sam Oakman Yr. 11.



ADELAIDE

"Adelaide comes alive", the billboard read. No way, I thought, as the bus swayed, crossing a bridge. What a load of trash! Adelaide never ever came alive, and it almost certainly never will. The nearest it ever got was when twenty, rowdy, shouting, Drama students paid a visit, along with their three ever-suffering teachers, all of whom were desperately attempting to keep their precious Sarah Bernhardts under control.

How completely brilliant, we'd all thought. It's really happening. Independence city. Run amok. No rules. Coke, pizza, and McDonalds, twenty-four hours a day for an entire week. Yes! Yes! Yes!

No! No! No! No! No! No! No!

Responsibility, tolerance, reasoning, punctuality, and co-operation, drummed our would-be parents; their smiles swiftly exiting as they waded through the junk on the floor to tell us to turn down the T.V. for the fourth time that hour. The looks of native bliss which had once borne down on us, as they told of the sights and sounds that were the experience, Adelaide, were vanished, as they despairingly regarded the dishes piled up next to the dirty laundry, all of it on the floor. They knew, in the back of their wee minds, that it would be only a matter of hours before the ants, roaches, rats, and mice, who inhabited the gloriously hygenic hotel Arkaba, were due to come hungrily scurrying out of the woodwork to try and satisfy their insatiable apetite for cold baked beans, and old omelette.

'Aw shux.'..... five things that I really hate to do are: cleaning, washing up, tidying, cooking and turning off the T.V but, they're small tasks to toil for six things I really like: talking, theatre, independence, theatre, being an observer in a strange place, and of course, theatre.

So, I soon learnt that, although all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, no work at all makes him completely unbearable.

Three months at Brighton Secondary College, and I knew everbody, but I didn't really know anybody.

Eight days in Adelaide, and I knew twenty people, and I REALLY knew them!

I mean , really, what IS the point? We're standing on the top floor of the city's top skyscraper, and we're only eleven storeys off the ground.
Where's the noise?
Where are the people?
Where's magic mountain?
Where are all the tall buildings?
Where's the traffic?
Where's the city?
Not here in Adelaide, that's for sure.

And where are the churches?

EVERYWHERE !!!!!

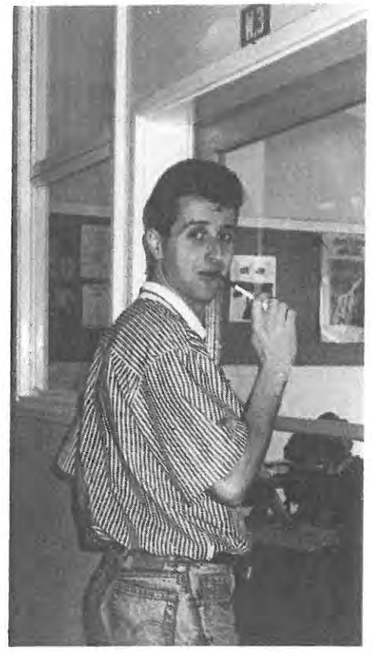
To me, Adelaide basically felt like a photocopy of a city - not big, bright, loud, atmospheric, or dirty enough to be the real thing, (then again, if I was from Perth of Darwin, I probably wouldn't have said that), but I guess there's more than a slight chance I could be playing the cynical, smug Melbournian.

It was just like a country town: slow, conservative, and friendly. Even the adolescents were amicably open. Walking down Rundle Mall-no litter, no punks, not many trees or people. Those who were present though, were generally very receptive to what must have seemed incredibly alienating-seven, silent, deathly- white faced girls in frozen mime, improvising, and labelling it "street theatre".

One of the most fascinating aspects of doing street theatre was observing peoples' reactions; many seemed vastly insecure. Whether it was laughing, jeering, smart-arsing, or just staring, everyone had their own way of dealing with it.

Being placed in a position where you hold that kind of power over peoples' feelings is a good ego trip in itself, (not that any of us needed it), and I think, a part of the journey I enjoyed immensely-definitely my favourite-probably because as a general rule, I'd rather show off, than watch other people show off. When we did go and see other people on stage, the quality varied greatly, from the memorable "No Face Like Home", and "Grand Hotel" to the fearsome "Gobstopper", and the appalling "Day at Gepps", which by the way was performed by students!!!

Sasha 11G.

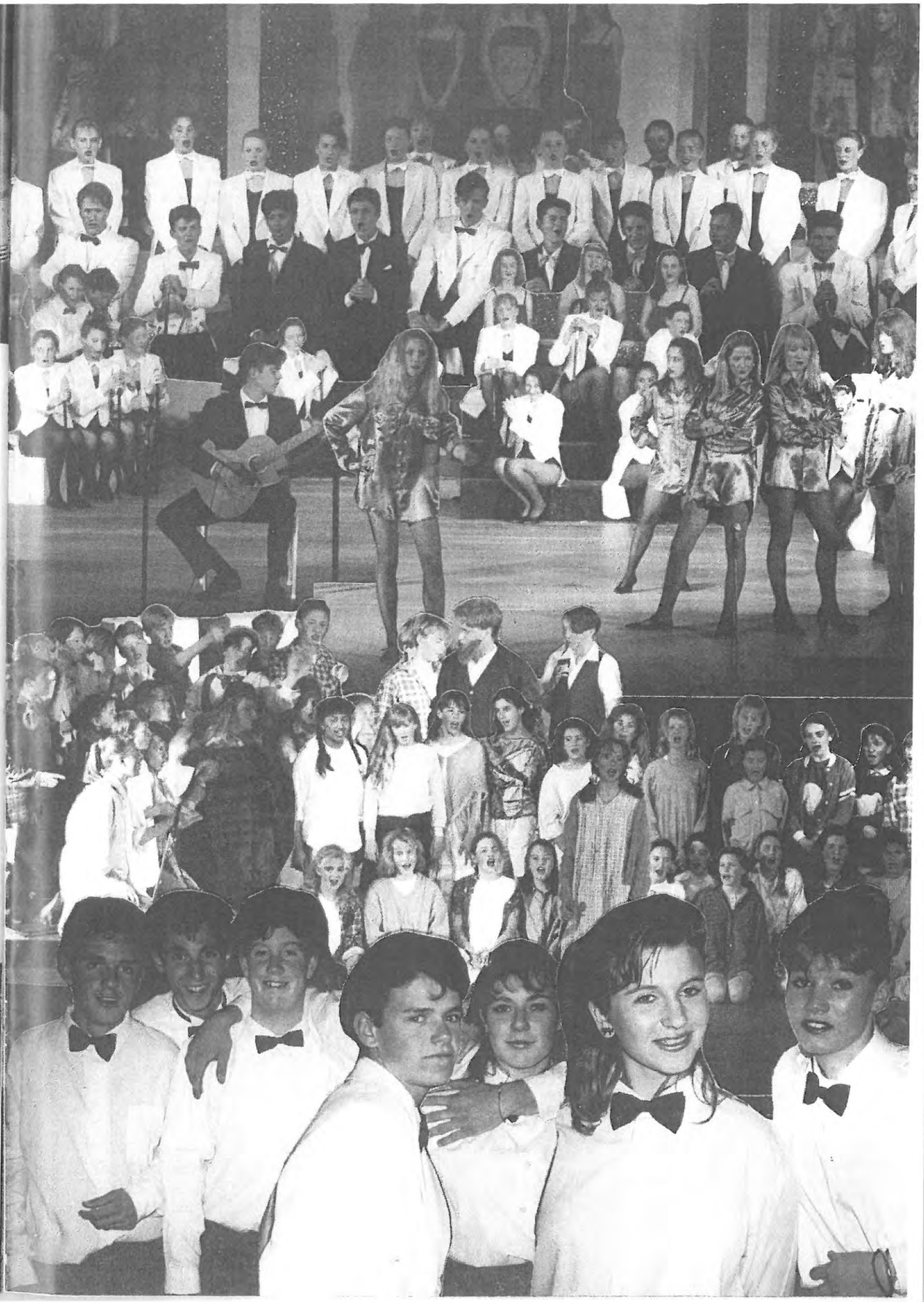


Mr. Pappas, Drama teacher.











BUILDING LINKS WITH OUR PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

During 1989 the College has been able to greatly strengthen its links with our four main feeder primary schools - Brighton P.S., Gardenvale P.S., Brighton Beach P. S. and Bentleigh West P.S.

We have had meetings with the Grade 6 teachers and their Principals to discuss how our schools can work more closely together to provide as effectively as possible for the needs of the students moving from primary to secondary school.

The College was successful in being granted an In-service Education Program. This has enabled the Grade 6 teachers, together with teachers from our College, to meet together to share information about the curriculum of each school and to develop a more co-ordinated learning program between the five schools involved.

The program has been strongly supported by teachers and Principals from each of the schools, and fits in very closely with the new Ministry of Education policy for an integrated curriculum from Prep. to Year 10.

Michael Redding
(Curriculum Co-ordinator).



Nightmare
Frightening, Black
Terrifying, Ghastly, Fateful,
Shivers running down your spine,
HELL.

Dominique 7F.

CHILLS AND THRILLS

The drama festival performed by the year seven and eights turned out to be a big hit. It was staged for our enjoyment and to entertain the children from Bentleigh West Primary and Gardenvale Primary. We started off the evening with " A taste of wine", which was about a father being murdered by one of his three children. When that was over we moved from the Drama room. The next skit was staged in the hall and it was titled

"Welcome to my Nightmare". This was performed by the ghoulish and talented 7F who played the part to perfection. The third skit was a dance production performed by the year eight students and it was titled "Sorry Wrong Number". The theme for the evening was "Horror" and everyone had a great time, but we couldn't have achieved it if we didn't have the help of our two directors, Mr. Pappas and Ms. Marron, so we all give great thanks to them.

Jenny Evans 7D





CAREERS

The Careers teacher is readily available by appointment for all students who require career advice. Up to date information on courses and jobs is accessible and being well used.
During the year students have been involved in :
* Enterprise Australia - the Challenge of Work Program for Year 11 students.
* Career wise Testing - Tertiary program for senior students to assess abilities and career interests.
* Know - Biz - Students visits to business organisations.
* Tertiary Information Service - for Year 12 students.
* Mock Interviews - a service offered by North Brighton Rotarians to Year 11 Students.
*Work Experience - Compulsory for year 10 students and available to those in Year 11 and 12.
We have been fortunate to purchase a computer for the Careers room which has enabled many of the senior students to find information about an intended course or particular job. The program used is called, JAC - a computerised Job and Course Explorer.

J. Stent, (Careers Teacher).











Vince De Filippis 12B
Likes: Playing Soccer, icecream, eating toast.
Dislikes: English lessons and fat people.
Ambition: To be a top soccer player .

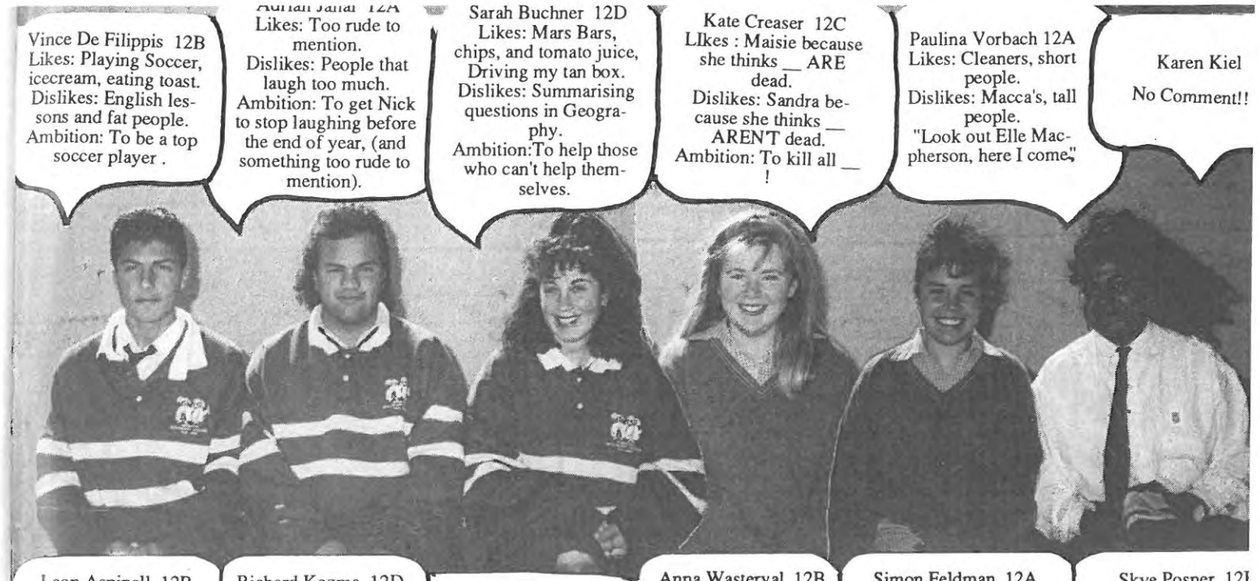
Likes: Too rude to mention.
Dislikes: People that laugh too much.
Ambition: To get Nick to stop laughing before the end of year, (and something too rude to mention).

Sarah Buchner 12D
Likes: Mars Bars, chips, and tomato juice, Driving my tan box.
Dislikes: Summarising questions in Geography.
Ambition:To help those who can't help themselves.

Kate Creaser 12C
LIkes : Maisie because she thinks __ ARE dead.
Dislikes: Sandra because she thinks __ AREN'T dead.
Ambition: To kill all __ !

Paulina Vorbach 12A
Likes: Cleaners, short people.
Dislikes: Macca's, tall people.
"Look out Elle Macpherson, here I come,"

Karen Kiel
No Comment!!



Leon Aspinall 12B
Likes: Rush, Occult Psychic Powers, Anything Green.
Dislikes: Boppers; Drum Machines; Synthetic Music; Arrogant English Teachers.
Ambition: To be on a $150,000 wage, after tax by the age of 20.

Richard Kozma 12D
Likes: Rush, Led Zeppelin, Certain Substances.
Dislikes: Kylie, Jason, Gossiping teachers.
Ambition: To be able to do certain things every day.

"VCE is hell".

Anna Wasterval 12B
Likes: Arguing with Michelle about Women's Liberation.
Dislikes: The way everyone rushes to class as soon as the bell rings.
"Okay, WHAT are we going to do next weekend??!!"

Simon Feldman 12A
Likes: My mum.
Dislikes: Library teachers, Collingwood supporters.
"What's 20 cm. of intestine between friends?"

Skye Posner 12I
Likes: Roman Glac
tor Movies.
Dislikes: Black je
beans, Hypochond
acs.
Ambition: To have
ambition.



Paul Machliss 12E
Far too few and far too far,
For shame I'll heed the cry,
Be with me when I need a drink,
Be with me when I die.

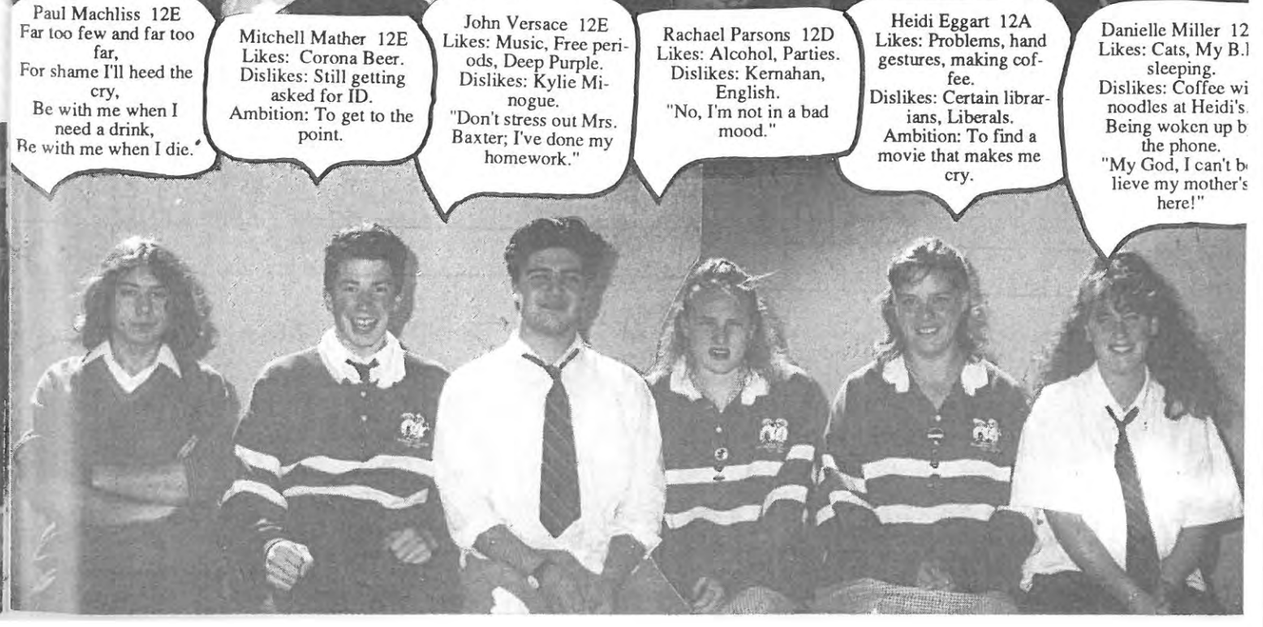
Mitchell Mather 12E
Likes: Corona Beer.
Dislikes: Still getting asked for ID.
Ambition: To get to the point.

John Versace 12E
Likes: Music, Free periods, Deep Purple.
Dislikes: Kylie Minogue.
"Don't stress out Mrs. Baxter; I've done my homework."

Rachael Parsons 12D
Likes: Alcohol, Parties.
Dislikes: Kernahan, English.
"No, I'm not in a bad mood."

Heidi Eggart 12A
Likes: Problems, hand gestures, making coffee.
Dislikes: Certain librarians, Liberals.
Ambition: To find a movie that makes me cry.

Danielle Miller 12
Likes: Cats, My B.
sleeping.
Dislikes: Coffee wi
noodles at Heidi's.
Being woken up b
the phone.
"My God, I can't b
lieve my mother's
here!"



Cindy Gee 12A
"Killer Chihuahua no. 1"
'HA HA HA, HE HE HE, CINDY CINDY CINDY GEE'.

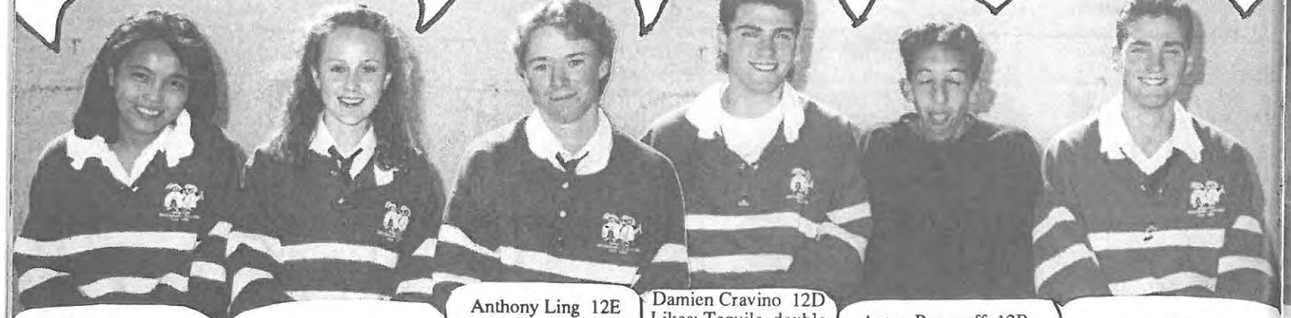
Melissa Slavin 12C
Likes: Saabs.
Dislikes: Safeway work.
"Killer Chihuahua No. 2."

Brett Prior 12B
Likes : Weekends, holidays and days off.
Dislikes: Cops, parents, skaters and private school kids.
Ambition: To eliminate all grammar school snobs.

Andrew Silverman 12E
Likes: Batman, Kernahan, Shmicks.
Dislikes: Libarians, School, Accounting.
Ambition: To haunt the Librarian with the black hair for the rest of her life!

Arden Godfrey 12E
Likes: Tania, Basketball and everyone in the Universe.
Dislikes: Certain Librarians with black hair.
"Blacks are Superior."

Darren Silverman 12A
Likes: Kernahan, Mr. Craven's hair.
Dislikes: Careers Teachers, certain Librarians.
Ambition: To distribute shmicks to all the less forntunate people of the world.



Toseline Ojaimi 12C
Likes: School Life.
Dislike: Rude people and Aussie Football.
Ambition: Pass the final exams and get into medicine. Wish me Luck!

Brenda Leung 12C
Likes: To get 410 in the exams, to be rich.
Dislikes: Ah-um-um- I don't know, can't think of anything.
Ambition: To pass Year 12; to have my own car.

Anthony Ling 12E
Likes: Squash, Basketball, Soccer, Cycling, Pop Music and reading.
Dislikes: Teachers who lose my Prac. reports.
Ambition: 420 in HSC and to make it into Melbourne Science Engineering.

Damien Cravino 12D
Likes: Tequila, double Legal on Thursday.
Dislikes: LIbrarians who think they're tougher than I am.
Ambition: Create the second sex and drug revolution, primarily in Mexico.

Anton Burggoff 12B
Likes: Karl's rally car, Checkpoint, Michelle, Kate Cerbrano, INXS.
Dislikes: Option tests, Mr. Fenton's blue cap, J.A. CKS (joke Joyce).
"Where's this going Tony?"

Tony Quin 12B
Likes: Sleezing onto Year 8 girls.
Dislikes: Being rejected by Year 12 girls.
Ambition: To become successful.



Jason Drew 12A
Likes: Art, music, culture.
Dislikes: Capitalists, Yuppies and Fascists.
"Capitalism is killing music", " Terminate K. Minogue".

Brett Eastwood 12E
Likes: Stress, The Librarians.
Dislikes: Art Students.
"Ten Percent Off"

Bradley Seal 12E
Likes: Windsurfing.
Dislikes: Art Students.
Ambition: To be a Nun.!

Yannis Nickas 12B
Likes: Being old enough?
Dislikes: Being told what to do, (HINT).
"To stop being mothered by Joanna."

Joanna Kormas 12C
Likes: Gelati and back door entries to University.
Dislikes: Being called Joanne when my name is Joanna.
Ambition: To stop mothering Yanni.

Madeleine Wilson 12C
Likes: Roaring open fires on cold winter nights.
Dislikes: Ankle-Biters.
Ambition: To be a poem-reciting, 6 foot tall, mad scientist!



Likes: The Doors, Frank Zappa, Pink Floyd, Led Zeppelin, Lou Reed, Lime Spiders, and The Triffids.
Dislikes: High School!!
"H.S.C. Exams - Cool Bananas. I'm not coming back a third time!!

Leora Sibony 12A
Likes: Double art, Triple free on Thursday.
Dislikes: Art teachers' criticism, uniforms, English last period Friday.
"What are school uniforms anyway.....?"

Rebecca Pierce 12D
Likes: Deep and meaningful philosophical statements.
Dislikes: Flippancy.
Ambition: To trek along the road of life in search for my soul.

Steven Harris 12D
Likes: Motor Bikes-U2-Neat Lockers.
Dislikes: Art students, self righteous Physics students, Greenies.
Ambition: To make Mordialloc the Riviera of Port Phillip Bay.

Kristen Langford 12A
Likes: " Casual relationships", s'cokes, freckles.
Dislikes: Being on time, ducks.
"Here she comes just a waddlin' down the street....."

Vanessa Dobson 12
Likes: Mars bars, fa
cars, Bacardi and Co
Dislikes: Victorian
Drivers, people wh
put their bike on top
mine in the bike cag
Ambition: To drink
many Midori and len
nades as Skye and r
main standing!



Dale Hardy 12D
Likes: Beatles, Pink Floyd, Liberal Party, Certain Objects.
Dislikes: Kylie Minogue, Derryn Hinch, ALP.
Ambition: To see a Liberal Govt. (under my control)!

Honi Landmann
No Comment!!

Who??

Hi there!!

Andrea Martin 12E
Likes: Tennis, Friday afternoons, Sleeping in.
Dislikes: Librarians, Bus Drivers, Options, Monday morning.
Ambition: "Good-Bye Brighton Secondary!"

Cameron Mc'Neil
"I want to leave, C
Pull over Mr Crave



Rakesh Penu 12B
"I'm Free!!!"

Michelle Parry 12A
Likes: Hyperactive people, s'cokes, Anton.
Dislikes: Asking dumb questions. Mr. Fenton's suede jacket.
"I thought boy plus girl equalled couple not trio."

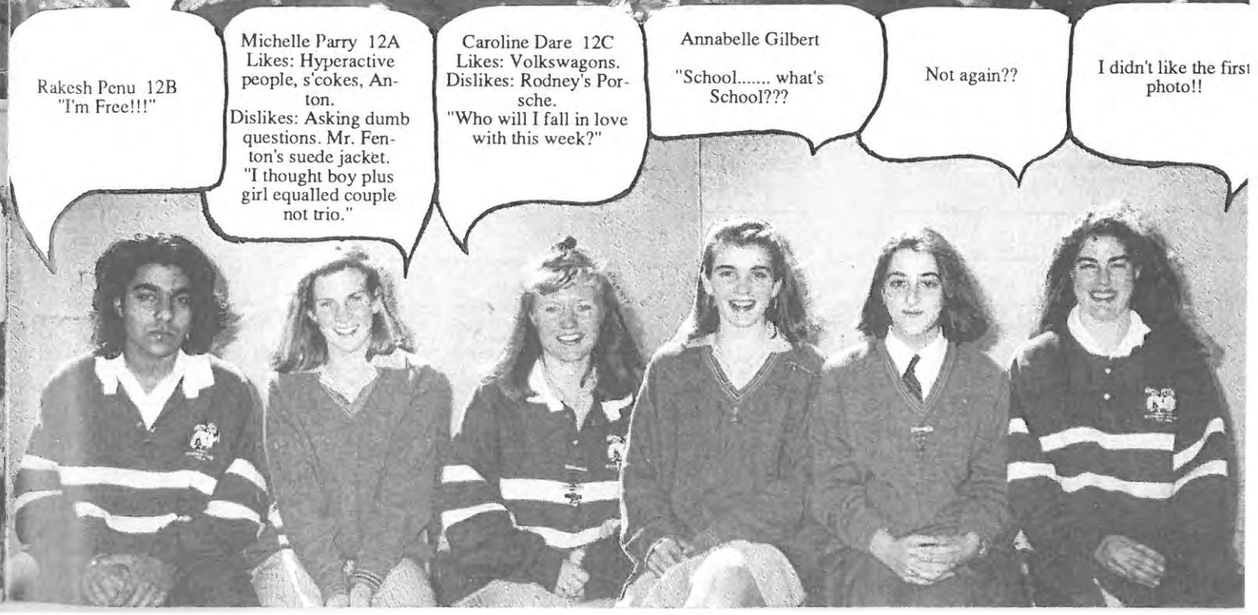
Caroline Dare 12C
Likes: Volkswagons.
Dislikes: Rodney's Porsche.
"Who will I fall in love with this week?"

Annabelle Gilbert

"School..... what's School???

Not again??

I didn't like the first photo!!



Sheridan Homer 12E
Likes: Lazy days and playing piano.
Dislikes: Waking up and realising it was only a dream.
Ambition: To be a film critic and travel the world .

Toni Colquhoun 12A
Likes: Sunsets, hugs and kisses.
Dislikes:Brousel sprouts.
Ambition: To resist playing with the sugar at the Dendy Deli.

Vivien Mizera 12E
Likes: Dick Dastardly.
Dislikes: People who don't share my political views.
Ambition: To become a political evangelist, save the world from the "left" and kill Road Runner.

Jae Won 12C
Likes: My Goggles, they're new.
Dislikes: My goggles, I hate goggles.
"I don't know what I'm on about, I wish I did."

Trevor Johnston 12C
Likes: Blowing the faces off ducks.
Dislikes: Greenies, Vegetarians.
"They'll be the first team to win the premiership from 5th position."

Peter Wright 12C
Likes: Watching Fatcat.
Dislikes: Humphrey Bear, Fatcat's friends, Mr Do-Bee.
Ambition: To dance with Fatcat, to use Mortein on Mr Do-Bee. To hit Humphrey on the nose.



Scott Rundell 12C
Likes: Scooby Doo, The Flinstones, Michelle's sexy politics.
Dislikes: Heidi's socialist political views. Short people who tell me I'm tall.

Aaron Flanagan 12A
Likes: Not making a fool of myself by making embarrassing comments.
Dislikes: This year in general, Options.
Ambition: To succeed.

I'm allowed to..... I'm the School Captain!

Who???

Sandra Burnett 12C
Likes: Sex Pistols, annoying Maisie that __ are NOT dead.
Dislikes:Maisie saying that __ are dead.
Ambition: To make Maisie believe that I'm right about __ !

Sarah Robson 12C
Likes: Intellectually Stimulating Sarcasm with a little cynicism thrown in.
Dislikes: Being asked to differentiate.
"Don't call me Sass, call me Sarah the Sarcastic!"

Simone Kaplan 12B
LIkes: Almost being old enough.....
Dislikes: Not being old enough.....
"Innocence may not be a virtue."



Jeff Barwick 12E
Likes: Running, Cycling, Swimming.
Dislikes: Sweet Food.
Ambition: To win the Iron Man.

Rachel Szulklaper 12E
Ambition: To go youth hosteling around the world and learn to play the guitar properly.

Rodney Nirens 12B
Likes: Girls bringing out the oranges at Quarter Time.
Dislikes: Caz's blue VW & Girls playing Football.
"Simon's lost Chromosome was in his intestine."

Iris Gal 12C
Likes: Eating and eating, (I love to eat).
Dislikes: Everything to do with Maths A.
Ambition: To get rid of Camille, (Mr. Craven's Daughter), and steal her chocolate cookies.

Maisie NG 12E
Likes: Annoying Sandra that __ are dead!
Dislikes: Being hit by a football in the corridor.
Ambition: To make Sandra believe that I'm right about ___ !

Kylie L. Myles 12A
Likes: Um-Ah.
Dislikes: Um-Ah.
Ambitions: Um-Ah !?

Minna NG 12C
Likes: My white hairs, my BMX.
Dislikes: People pulling my white hairs, losing a race on my BMX with cars.
Ambition: To stop people pulling my white hairs.

Kellie Macleod 12B
"School? What's school!?"

Georgina Mingos 12A
Likes: Talking, joking around and socializing.
Dislikes: Fans, Frozo's and school uniforms.
Ambition: To get the best out of this "chron" life.

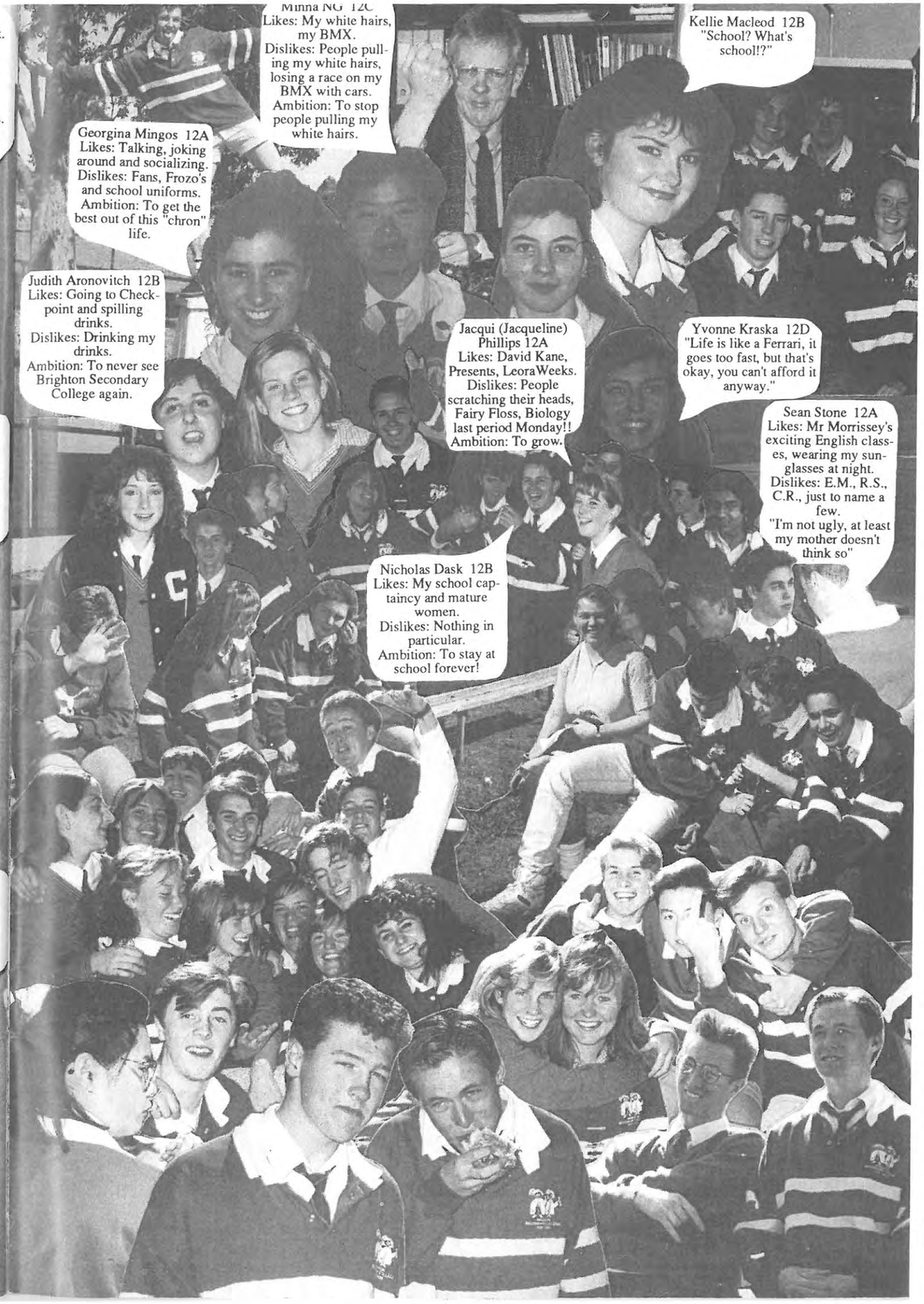
Judith Aronovitch 12B
Likes: Going to Checkpoint and spilling drinks.
Dislikes: Drinking my drinks.
Ambition: To never see Brighton Secondary College again.

Jacqui (Jacqueline) Phillips 12A
Likes: David Kane, Presents, LeoraWeeks.
Dislikes: People scratching their heads, Fairy Floss, Biology last period Monday!!
Ambition: To grow.

Yvonne Kraska 12D
"Life is like a Ferrari, it goes too fast, but that's okay, you can't afford it anyway."

Sean Stone 12A
Likes: Mr Morrissey's exciting English classes, wearing my sunglasses at night.
Dislikes: E.M., R.S., C.R., just to name a few.
"I'm not ugly, at least my mother doesn't think so"

Nicholas Dask 12B
Likes: My school captaincy and mature women.
Dislikes: Nothing in particular.
Ambition: To stay at school forever!



ODE TO PEANUT BUTTER

Why doth thou torment me so?
Art thou crunchy or art thou no?
My palate doth in thou delight,
With each and every sumptuous bite.
Softly, softly my love must wait,
why am I tormented by such a fate?
Consumed by lust, I have succumbed?
In your presence my will is numbed.
Espied again, my hands do shake
Knees quiver, my countenance doth quake
To feel ye in my mouth once more,
My very own delicious whore.
Come again, my one true love,
Let Gods be jealous up above.
Please me, thrill me 'til morn is nigh,
do your stuff to satisfy.
At last I've found a compatible mate,
One who unselfishly my desires doth sate,
Pondering on ye my heart's a flutter,
Alack, I love peanut butter!

Anon, Yr. 9.





NO MATTER

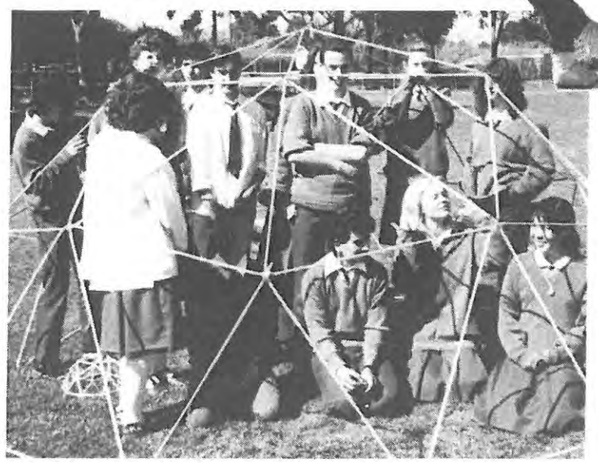
No matter what I want to do,
It never turns out right.
No matter what I want to see,
It's always out of sight.

No matter what I want to get,
It's always out of reach.
I never seem to understand,
What teachers try to teach.

No matter what I seem to learn,
I never understand.
No matter how far I swim,
I never reach dry land.

No matter what, I don't succeed
And now I'm wondering why.
I think I've found the answer;
It's because I never try.

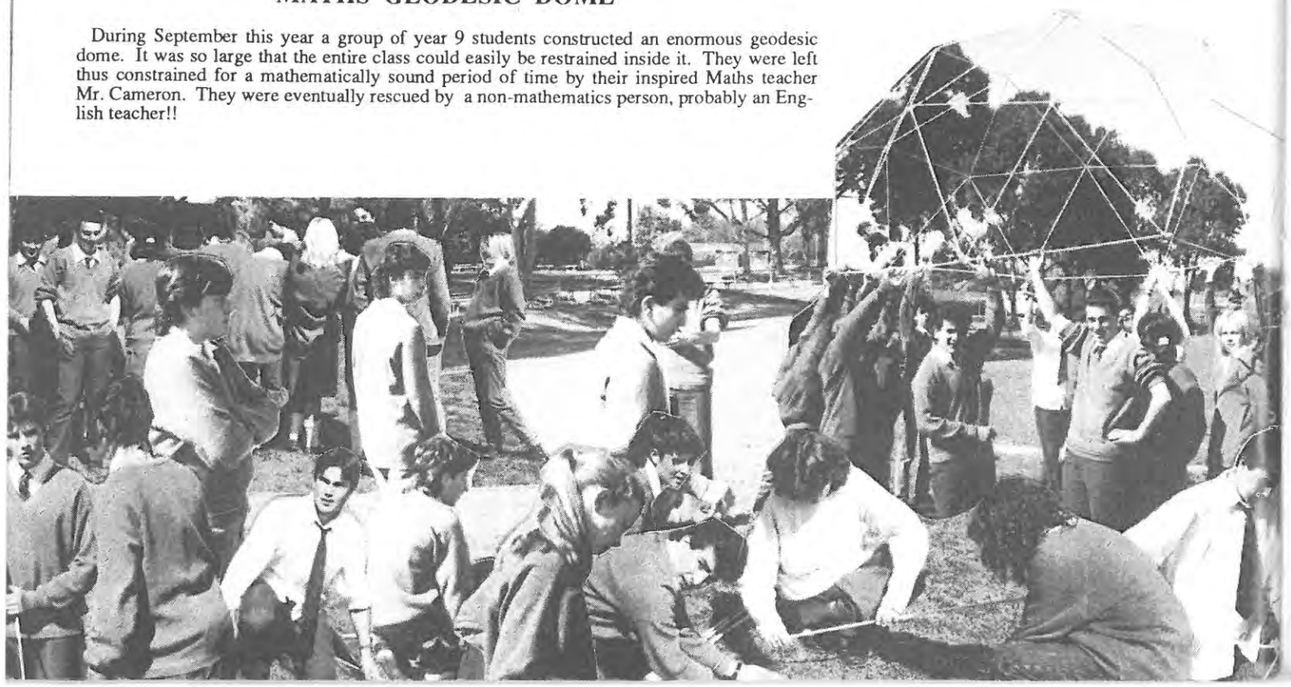
Anon, Yr. 9.





MATHS GEODESIC DOME

During September this year a group of year 9 students constructed an enormous geodesic dome. It was so large that the entire class could easily be restrained inside it. They were left thus constrained for a mathematically sound period of time by their inspired Maths teacher Mr. Cameron. They were eventually rescued by a non-mathematics person, probably an English teacher!!



Marilla Shaab
Hanna Sievinen
Cinnamon Stevens
Nicole Teichelman
Ross Tripodi
James Vlavianos
Sophie Williams
Inanda Wood

11B
Fiona Brock
Joshua Ciechanowski
LIza Clements
Martin Dambrosi
Timothy Dames
Brett Heath
Justin Holloway
Sarah Kennedy
Michael Lewis
Mark MIller
Riki Nemishiz
Steven Pullar
Mathew Strain
Margaret Tanner
George Tannous
Dale Wellspring
Ian Wilson
Sanjeewa Wimalasuriya
Melvin Wong

11C
Ronit Adin
Carla Atkin
Rahel Gunzburg
Jason Hall
Luke Jackman
Carlos Johnson
Melissa Maddick
Jamie McConchie
Sean Murphy
Steven Rivett
Katherine Robson
Philip Ryan
Maria Sarris
Paul Schofield
Jodi Stone
Vikki Taylor
Janine Thiedeman
John Viney
Jini Watson
Wendy Wright

11D
Simon Adler
Tanya Bassili
Richard Brabner
Philip Callori
Daniel Deutsch
Rebecca Dunster
Stephen Emmett
Sonia Graham
Katrina Hill
Suzy Jason
Emilios Kyriakou
Christos Liakos
Darren Mac Pherson
Ben Owzinsky
Ahdinal Ozbek
Paul Philippou
David Rylance
Rachael Smith
Annette Swieca
Jack Szabo
Shainne Thomson

11E
Adam Aizenstros
Irene Antoniou
Mark Batson
Mark Bram
Renny Cohen
Carl Cravino
Damien Drew
David Florio
Nicole Gibson
Ronald Jacobs
Natasja Kozub
Mark Littlechild
Matthew McCarthy
Kim McDonald
Thomas Nord
Samantha Oakman
Chris Pfeifer
Justine Rosenfield
Nicholas Skinner
Gregory Super
Bruce Talbot
Nick Valis

11F
Chris Blackwood
Adam Bowman
Georgina Conabere
Natasha Cooke
Duncan Coulter
Stuart Ellis
Ben En
Julian Freedman
I. Yiani Giara
Jamie Hillemacher
Daniel Joffe
Michelle Jones
Amber Kafoa
Jessie Kamperman
Nigel Leivenzon
Samantha Lloyd
Ross McCormack
Emma Pinn
Jacqueline Sewell
Kimberley Tompkins
Shannon Ward
Samantha Willing

11G
Christina Apostolellis
Sasha Atkinson
Cristina Botelho
Jennifer Collier
Rosemary Curtis
Daniel De Vries
Kate Dwyer
Petra Elmquist
Gali Golane
Sylvia Hughes
Michael Jablonka
Soula Koulmandas
Rochelle Leivenzon
Yael Levy
Kylie McKay
Felecia Newton
Anouk Oshlack
Katherine Pacalt
Roland Pok
Janine Seamer
Claire Shepherd
Deana Singham
Jodie-Ann Trefners

12A
Toni Colquhoun
Jason Drew
Heidi Eggart
Simon Feldman
Aaron Flanagan
Cynthia Gee
Adrian Janai
Kristen Langford
Aaron Mc Bain
Cameron Mc Neil
Danielle Miller
Georgina Mingos
Kylie Myles
Michelle Parry
Jacqueline Phillips
Leora Sibony
Darren Silverman
Sean Stone
Paulina Vorbach

12B
Judith Aronovitch
Leon Aspinall
Anton Burggraf
Nicholas Dask
Vincent DeFilippis
Vanessa Dobson
Simone Kaplan
Kellie McLeod
Yiannis Nickas
Rodney Nirens
Rakesh Penu
Skye Posner
Brett Prior
Anthony Quin
Russel Renfree
Anna Wasterval

12C
Sandra Burnett
Katherine Creaser
Caroline Dare
Iris Gal
Trevor Gal
Joanna Kormas
Brenda Leung
Minna Ng
Joseline Ojaini
Sarah Robson
Scott Rundell
Melissa Slavin
Madeleine Wilson
Jae Won
Peter Wright

12D
Paul Agussol
Sarah Buchner
Rebecca Cieszynski
Damien Cravino
Annabelle Gilbert
Dale Hardy
Steven Harris
Lara Holzer
Natanya Kedgley
Karen Kiel
Richard Kozma
Yvonne Kraska
Erica Kriz
Margaret Melemenis
Rachael Parsons
Penny Patris
Rebecca Pierce

12E
Benjamin Altman
Jeffrey Barwick
Alexis Colgan
Brett Eastwood
Arden Godfrey
Sheridan Homer
Honi Landmann
Anthony Ling
Paul Machliss
Andrea Martin
Mitchell Mather
Vivien Mizera
Maisie Ng
Arthur Periman
Bradley Seal
Andrew Silverman
Rachel Szulklaper
John Versace

Good Luck for 1990

VOYAGER 1989

Voyager production - staff and students.

Editor.....Nicola Nicholas
Layout/Production .....Alison White
Typing.....Fiona Brock, Rosie Curtis, Dora Demirtzis, Antonella Versace, Kirsty Love, Alison White.
Photography.....Daniel De Vries, Sean Stone, Nick Dask, Nicola Nicholas, Alison White.

Thankyou to the many students and staff who assisted in a variety of ways.
Also a huge thankyou to Computers 2000, Frankston; for the use of their Macintosh IIx and Laserwriter II NTX.

AUTOGRAPHS