

VOYAGER '95



Miller



1995 VOYAGER PRODUCTION

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PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

It always surprises and dismays me when I consider how recently (it seems to be) I sat down to write my last column for Voyager. The year seems to slip by so quickly.

1995 has been a year of huge change for BSC. After years of putting up with deteriorating school buildings, this year we have been able to renovate our college. All the necessary repair works have been carried out, the college has been painted and re-carpeted. We have built a new entrance to the school and improved our foyer and office, put new furniture in all the classrooms, improved the lighting in the corridors and built a new canteen and sheltered eating area for all students. All this was done while classes continued. As it has been fairly hectic with students and tradesmen all working together on one site.

The other major change was in the curriculum. This year are all our middle

school students undertook a new elective program and all reports are that it has been very successful. Nearly 70 units of study are available for middle school students to choose from with the aim being to provide a wide range of studies to cover all the interests of our students.

Next year, 1996, I hope will be a year of consolidation when we are all able to enjoy the benefits of the changes that have occurred. I hope all our students have a successful 1995 and, in particular, our Year 12's who have had such a difficult but important year. I also want to acknowledge here the efforts of our staff who have worked so hard, in difficult circumstances this year, to achieve the best possible results for our students.

My best wishes to staff and to all our college community for a safe and pleasant holiday and I look forward to a more sedate year next year.

Philip Shirrefs
Principal



ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

How does one adapt from a small inner suburban Multicultural Secondary College to a medium size traditional Neighbourhood school? Quickly! At the start of 1995 I looked forward with excitement to the challenge of a new position.

After three terms I hold a number of strong impressions about Brighton.

- ♦ The importance of a sense of tradition.
- ♦ The value of having a supportive parent and community group.
- ♦ The belief that all students have the right to learn in a stimulating and safe environment.

My work has provided me with many positive experiences and a change to interact with some fantastic students and I look forward to getting to know the student body better and to a variety of experiences in 1996.

Many thanks to the students, staff and parents who have warmly accepted me into the school's community.

Linda Ward
Assistant Principal.



ACTING ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

I would like to commend our College community on their enthusiastic involvement during 1995. Bravo to our parents, students and teachers!

This is most evident in the development of Schools of the Future Charter, the implementation of the Middle School course structure and programs, the continued success of our students in the Debating Program and in Interschool Sport, the developing links with

our neighbouring primary schools and the big increase in our Year 7 enrolments next year, the strong staff support for the new Sport Education program in 1996 and in gaining First Aid qualifications, and the way in which our teachers and students have coped with the disruptions of the building renovations. The College has much to look back on with real satisfaction as 1995 draws to a close.

Michael Redding
Acting Assistant Principal

SCHOOL AND SPORTING CAPTAINS

COLLEGE CAPTAINS

Captains Torie Nimmervoll Allan Harris
Vice Captains Ebony Morrison Joshua Flavell

YEAR 12 COMMITTEE

Torie Nimmervoll Allan Harris
 Ebony Morrison Joshua Flavell
 Anita Bates Justin Miller
 Freyja McFarlane Francis Presser
 Chiangir Guneysu Randa Chebbo

FORM CAPTAINS

12A Evi Filippou Justin Miller
 12B Aphra Heron Ciaran Grogan
 12C Joanne Leonard Lisa Patterson
 12D Torie Nimmervoll Joshua Flavell
 12E Penelope Ward George Christopoulos

11A Peta Jenkin Christian Bell
 11B Georgia Timewell John Christou
 11C Yana Kletsel Wayne Benton
 11D Marianna Malkin James Fletcher
 11E Renee Marouff David Basin

10A Becky Ford Panos Nickas
 10B Rebecca Eastman -Hill Manolis Dimou
 10C Carmen Jordan Dolan McMath
 10D Ilona Gold Zinos Charalambous

9A Elizabeth Fletcher Troy Garth
 9B Genelle Grant Ben Dunn
 9C Robert McKendrick Tal Nemshiz
 9D Victoria Carlino Jarrod Watson
 9E Jeanette Peace Dylan Jones

8A Samantha Higgins Nathan Dunn
 8B Laura Harrington Ari Nirens
 8C Olivia Pudney Jammie Feretzanis
 8D Greer Boucher Bolade Aiyelokun
 8E Nicole Healy Mark D'Angelo

7A Rebecca Giles Leighton Stevenson
 7B Bianca Martin Nick Kais
 7C Matess Liston Danny Podolsky
 7D Sarah Friswell Jim Dimou



DEBATING Ebony Morrison (captain)

HALL CREW Richard Westney (head of hall crew)

HOUSE CAPTAINS

LONSDALE

Senior: Anita Bates Joshua Flavell
 Intermediate: Renda Helal Anthony Reid
 Junior: Amanda Alvarez Nick Timewell
 Cultural Captain: Radha Naidu

PHILLIP

Senior: Penny Ward Danny Sherman
 Intermediate: Julie Warren-Smith Jason Ridgeway
 Junior: Diana Ruditser Shane McBerth
 Cultural Captain: Anna Williams

MURRAY

Senior: Jane Thompson Allan Harris
 Intermediate: Carmen Jordan Leigh Ireson
 Junior: Briohny Kucher James Boyd
 Cultural Captain: Glen Ford

GRANT

Senior: Torie Nimmervoll Chiangir Guneysu
 Intermediate: Bernadette Muleta Dolan McMath
 Junior: Laura Harrington Sigmund Malter
 Cultural Captain: Randa Chebbo

STUDENT REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

Year 12 Torie Nimmervoll Allan Harris
 Year 11 Dorit Gross Simon Altman
 Year 10 Celina Day Joel Chibert
 Year 9 Clare Haugh Ben Dunn
 Year 8 Sally Howard Jonathon Attwell
 Year 7 Laura Irving Adam Green
 Elliot Hirschfield

Office Bearers:

President: Joel Chibert
 Vice President: Lucy Heathcote
 Secretary: Celina Day
 Treasurer: Simon Altman

Education Committee Representatives:

Dorit Gross
 Simon Altman

College Council Representatives:

Joel Chibert
 Simon Altman



SCHOOL CAPTAIN'S REPORT

It seems only yesterday, when Torie Nimmervoll and Allan Harris were elected to the role of School Captains, and Ebony Morrison and Josh Flavell were assigned Vice Captains. It was a tortuous affair, undergoing an interview, one which every final nominee for Year 12 Committee had to endure. First fumbling the door-knob to the conference room, then entering to a panel of four stern towering giants; Mr Shirrefs, Ms Ward, Mr Pappas and Mrs Baxter. Each asked a question and each question was answered in a babbling of nerves. All ends well. The final Year 12 Committee consisted of the four captains, with Freyja MacFarlane, Justin Miller, Francis Presser, Randa Chebbo, Anita Bates and Chiangir Guneyusu, all providing huge support.

Our first gargantuan task was the face lift of the Year 12 Common Room, where a majority of the year level worked as one, signing their mark on the school. The creativity of the students blossomed (who said there is no such thing as a green fridge!) The Common Room seemed to flood into discussion during each committee meeting, as there always seemed to be some catastrophe taking place, from the lack of coffee supplies, to rotting 'pig's heads' in the fridge (Thanks Leon!)

Thanks to Randa and Chiangir for their organisation of the Year 12 Footy Tipping Comp, which seemed to be a great success and Randa and Anita for preparing the Year 12 T-shirts to be presented at the end of the year, a token of our years at Brighton Secondary College.

Full preparation is in process for the final 'Event' of the year, allowing us to end in a blast of fireworks.

It has been a memorable end to our years of high school, with fond memories of our close bonded friendships, which seemed to have intensified in the last year.

We wish our fellow Year 12 classmates the best of luck for the future. Keep in touch!

Thanks to those teachers who became our second parents and strengthened us in our weaknesses.

Especially thanks to Mr Pappas, Mrs Baxter and Ms Dimitropoulos.

Torie Nimmervoll 12D

YEAR 12 CO-ORDINATOR'S REPORT

The 'Long and Winding Road' seemed a very apt description of what lay ahead for one hundred and three Year 12 students attending their VCE study camp in February. Some were determined and travelled confidently along the freeway, whilst others had to negotiate many detours before arriving at their destination. To quote Aunt Augusta in Travels with my Aunt 'It is the journey which is important, not the arrival'. Never-the-less many students have worked hard to achieve their goals and have involved themselves positively and constructively in all activities.

'Participation' is the key word that immediately comes to mind when describing this group of students. Whether it be debating, performing, academic achievement, sports or student representation, the individuals of Year 12 have consistently excelled beyond all my expectations. They have provided support and encouragement for each other and have worked collectively together as a team to rise successfully to the challenges posed by the VCE.

As the year draws to an end, I would like to express my thanks on behalf of all the students to the committed and dedicated staff involved with Year 12. These professionals have worked tirelessly and with enthusiasm to help all students under their care to realise their full potential.

Although it has been a demanding and at times extremely stressful year, I have felt privileged to have coordinated a group of students who have given so much of their time, effort and hearts to Brighton Secondary College. Best wishes, prosperity and happiness for the future and as all of you enter the 'real' world keep in mind the musical question posed by the late Jimi Hendrix 'Are you experienced?'. Suck the marrow out of life and live it to its fullest.

Vic Pappas
Year 12 Co-ordinator



CAMP MANYUNG - YEAR 12



By the time we hit year 12 we should know better than to judge a book by its cover. But alas, when Pap's lips linked study and camp together one word came to our minds....Help!! Rules and regulation were set and what seemed a hectic timetable was lightly touched on (how could we survive two nights with Pap?) We 'knew' we were being thrown on a bus heading to hell.

We met outside the hall at 9am with a hint of excitement in the air. Sunglasses covered the already drowsy eyes of a select group who stumbled in together. After a short trip we found ourselves being allocated to cabins. Free time was the first activity for the day and the study myth was uncovered. We were really there for fun.

However, fun didn't illuminate lectures. On the first night we were lucky enough to receive an insight into English units 3 & 4. The chief examiner of English gave as many helpful hints as to what to expect in the exam and, more importantly, how to approach it.

Free time beckoned us to the beach where those of us who forgot our bathers found ourselves swimming fully clothed.

Night left us with two choices: an extremely 'entertaining' video on the risks involved with sex or, listening to the guys jam in the rec room.

Day Two began before the crack of dawn as a group of 'boys' used their immaturity to their full potential. Somehow they got their hands on the megaphone and decided to beat the rooster at his job. At least the swimmers were awake for their 7am swim (with the dolphins).

The day involved being divided into three groups in order to attend three workshops. The first workshop taught us the correct way of getting through our CATS, 'Eighteenth's', and the less life threatening work in year 12. Workshop two found Mr Pappas and Ms Boulton showing us the best way to handle the skin on a banana and also taught the guys what to check for in their sleeping bags. The third workshop left about ten of us standing on a match box, falling off logs and trying our hardest to walk in the same pair of shoes.

The day would not have been complete without the student-teacher volleyball

match. Of course the students were victorious!!!!!!

The day lectures comprised of John Kilner, from the AGE education unit delivering a marvellous speech referring to his life as a journalist in conjunction with our issues CAT, followed by a trio of psychologists who ended our night of 'study' by going over different stress management techniques (did any one see a flower?).

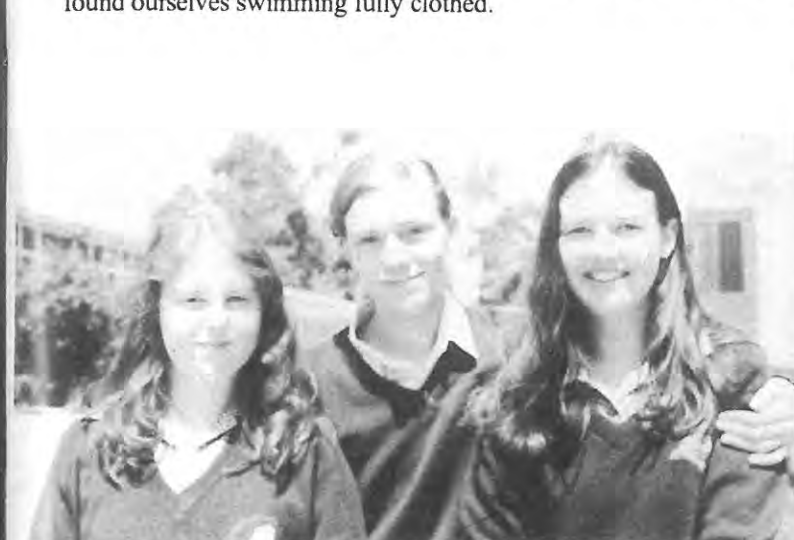
Darkness fell and we found ourselves stretching curfew while singing songs around a camp fire and listening to tapes in the rec room.

Our final day involved watching a group of budding young athletes spin circles with tennis racquets on their fore heads. We were also fortunate enough to learn some truths about VCE from two previous students lucky enough to live to tell the tale.

Sadly we found ourselves climbing on board the buses.

All in all I found camp most enjoyable and I must thank all the teachers involved for giving up their time to join us.

Anna Williams 12D



YEAR 11 CO-ORDINATOR'S REPORT

The year began rather overwhelmingly. We were thrown from the timid, easy going life of Year 10, where HOMEWORK was a word we heard regularly but completed rarely, to the wild and brutal life of VCE; the life of work requirements, assessment tasks and of course, the dreaded communication project. Nick Bailey's organisation of the Girls football competition was most memorable. The team was seen to be a neat collection of pretty and dainty girls from Years 11 and 12. But once they slipped on those footy shorts and positioned on the field, they starred.

Marcia Kennedy could easily be mistaken for Tony Liberatore, with Sophia Siapantas putting Peter Matera to shame. This incredible effort resulted in a victory over arch rivals McKinnon.

The other memorable project was the Year 11 Formal; a night of entertainment and enjoyment. A highlight of the night was driving to Ormond Hall, through the city, in a limo, all dressed up and royally waving to the less fortunate walking the streets.

Year 11 participation in the school drama was impressive for the sight of traditionally chauvinistic Year 11 males so successfully performing in a disturbing play about female abuse.

Finally, those two spare periods on Wednesday afternoon need a mention. If not for such a saviour, coping with Year 11 would have been hell.

Looking forward to the fun, easy going life of Year 12, filled with free periods and the key to the Common Room.

Peter Kindler

Year 11 Co-ordinator (with a little bit of help from Marianna Malkin 11D).

EXPERIENCE 900

The day was pleasantly warm; the sky was covered in a blanket of the purest blue. As I was slipping into my skin tight wet suit I felt like a banana enveloping itself into an impenetrable thick skin. I could hear the faint rumbling of the Jet-Ski engines in the background. The urge to plunge into the water was increasing as the seconds went by. No one in my path was going to stop me from reaching the water with my Jet-Ski.

After wrapping myself in the tight lycra body suit I anxiously backed the Jet-Ski down the steep, slippery boat ramp. This was the first test to pass in order to enter the water. All the experienced drivers know that this ramp was no ordinary boat ramp. Its sides are filled with loose mud and the floor is choked with slimy, green seaweed. It is your enemy and if the ramp victorious over you, you are sent into the water trapped in your own metal coffin.

Knowing that this ramp could so easily claim another victim I cautiously eased the brakes and let the wheels roll their way down. With great respect for the ramp I tried not to skid on the slippery seaweed. I then applied the hand break and placed the gear in park. As I made my way towards the water I realised how tepid it was. In the past few days the sun has had enough time to heat up the bay and made my emotions stir up inside of me. I hurriedly released the Jet Ski from its resting place, the trailer, and set it free to float in the water the way it naturally would. Slowly and cautiously I stepped up towards my car door and opened it only to be shocked by the heat that had intensified in the cockpit of the car. I crawled into the green house like car and drove off without becoming a victim of the dreaded ramp.

The time had come for me to board my craft and to ignite the motor into an explosive start. I reached for the lanyard key and wedged it into the kill switch. With just one hit to the start button the engine sprang to life with a tremendous roar. The seat beneath my legs was vibrating from the explosions off the power plant beneath it. With trembling hands I reached for the throttle and squeezed it as one would when extracting juice from a fresh lemon. The 150 kilograms of thrust threw my head backwards and left my stomach 50 meters behind me. It was not long before I came to my senses and felt as though all my internal organs were once again in place. As soon as my confidence on the water grew stronger I forced the handle bars of the Jet-Ski with all my might to the left and quickly manoeuvred towards the left. The required amount of strength and balance to stay on the craft was above and beyond most ordinary people's ability, but I had been training for this moment both physically and mentally. With one turn to the left another one followed to the right and so on. I began to stir the calm glass water surrounding me. A jet of white water penetrated the air at a thousand miles an hour making a mess of the water it left behind.

A quick glance behind me revealed a frightening picture: three other jet-skis, two Yamaha and one Sea Doo were quickly catching up to me and swallowing my wake. These are among the finest craft in the market and they were dare devils putting up a challenge, but I was on the Kawasaki 900 Zxi. I had an awesome 100hp power plant under my seat with just enough fibreglass to keep it afloat and I wasn't going to be put to shame by these other fine jets. They were hastily narrowing the gap between us. I revealed my power and manoeuvrability by making some quick turns that stunned the other riders. At times I was so close to the water that the craft, the water and I merged to become as one. It was not long before the others caved in and crawled on all four. I was victorious today and the bay belonged solely to me. With one more full squeeze on the trigger I made my way back to the beach where three other jet-skis riders were preparing their speeches of respect in honour for the 900 Zxi.

Asaf Weis 11D



YEAR 10 LEVEL CO-ORDINATOR'S REPORT

This year saw the introduction of the school's Middle School Elective system. Reaction from students was generally favourable and they readily adapted to this new system and its greater student choice. It was pleasing to note the ease with which students accepted classes composed of both Year 9 and Year 10 students.

One of the major benefits of the elective system was that it was possible for some students to commence their VCE studies whilst still in Year 10. Thirteen students did so in subjects ranging from Psychology, General Mathematics, Information Technology and Biology. Congratulations to these students and to all other Year 10 students who pursued and achieved academic excellence.

Congratulations also to all the students who involved themselves in the extracurricular activities that the school offers.

- ◆ Many students performed well in the athletics and swimming competitions whilst there was a pleasing number of Year 10 students participating in the chorals.
- ◆ The debating team of Belinda Richardson, Dale Sanfil and Becky Ford made it through to the Octo Finals, making them one of the top 16 debating teams in the state.
- ◆ Leigh Ireson, Rebecca McMillan, Shona Harrington, Renda Helal and Melinda Marek impressed with their roles in Standard Operating Procedure, the school play.
- ◆ Joel Chibert as SRC President and Celina Day as SRC Secretary fulfilled their duties in a conscientious and responsible manner organising fund raising activities and other activities of benefit to the school.

One event unique to the Year 10 level is the opportunity to participate in Work Experience during the last week of term 3. This opportunity was accepted with enthusiasm by many students and they involved themselves in many differing situations. It was pleasing to hear favourable comments from both student's employers and from their various teachers who visited them at work during this week.

Finally, I would like to thank all Year 10 students for their efforts this year. They are a fine group of young people and I wish them well in their future studies.

Gerard Cameron

Year 10 Co-ordinator

BLACK

'Nigger!' The voice sliced through the still air piercing his heart. The boy shook with fear as he tried to press himself further into the cold stone wall.

He was hardly ten years old yet his terrified eyes showed the pain and suffering of his tortured past. The source of the boy's terror paced the dark room in a fit of pure rage. His master was like a demon, evil radiating from him, striking at any unfortunate slave that dared oppose him.

The gaze from his snake-like eyes cut through the air, pinning him against the wall.

The boy ceased trembling. His frail tormented body refused to obey him anymore. He struggled with all his will not to meet the stare of his master, but he was weak, finally yielding to the inhuman creature that stood before him. His master's eyes burned into his skull, intruding into the secluded depths of his mind.

The boy attempted to tear himself away from the torture of his master's accusing glare. The demonic eyes held him fast, probing every inch, every dark hidden crevice until he found the concealed guilt he was searching for.

A merciless grin slowly spread over his malevolent features like glacial ice splitting to reveal sinister depths. The boy realised he had not disobeyed his master yet he knew his master hardly needed an excuse for the punishment. It gave him sadistic pleasure to beat his slave. The boy's uneasy, nervous glance shifted swiftly to the whip that lay like a coiled snake on a far wooden bench.

The master could almost smell the fear which surrounded the petrified boy as he walked with deliberate slowness towards the whip, watching with twisted satisfaction as with each steady step, the boy cringed and huddled further into the shadowy depths of the still room.

All that could be heard was the continuous sharp thud as boot hit stone, echoing painfully through the boy's mind. It seemed like an eternity to the boy who had turned half mad with fear, frothing at the mouth like a crazed animal.

His master finally reached for the whip, caressing it, stalling even longer to further torment the boy. He acted like an animal teasing its prey before going in for the kill. He slowly advanced on the terrified boy, twisting the end of the whip with the tips of his fingers. His shadow

loomed over the shivering figure huddled in a tight ball in the corner. In one blurred motion, the whip rose in the air and cracked down sharply on the boy's shoulders.

A scream of agony filled the room, breaking the silence. Blood seeped from the wound on the boy's back, dripping down onto the stone floor. The whip cracked down again and again, slicing the boy's back into a mass of blood and flesh. Suddenly the whip stopped, and was placed carefully on a nearby bench.

In the corner lay a motionless figure, hardly recognisable as human. The master dragged the boy to his feet and threw him into the centre of the room. 'Clean this room, Nigger!' were the last words he uttered before turning sharply and leaving the room, slamming the door forcefully behind him. The sound of a key turning in the lock was the only noise heard in the otherwise silent room.

The boy slowly and painfully dragged himself upright and over to the bucket and mop resting in the opposite corner of the room. Every movement he made caused him extreme suffering. He longed to rest for a moment and nurse his aching back and shoulders, but he knew that his master would severely punish him if he did. He crawled on his hands and knees back to the blood-splattered corner, dragging the heavy bucket behind him. Kneeling in his own blood, he began to clean the walls and floor. The dried blood on his back cracked whenever he bent over to clean the floor.

Finally the painstaking task ended, and the stones were the same dull grey colour they had always been. The boy drew himself up and closed his weary eyes. He wondered if the torture would ever end, and if his people would ever be truly free. He sent a silent prayer to God, asking for freedom and peace as he had done every day since his enslavement. He then rested his head against the wall and treasured this rare moment he had to himself.

Deandra Burrows 10A





YEAR 9 CO-ORDINATOR'S REPORT

The new Middle School Program was introduced at the start of 1995 for both Years 9 & 10. The 115 Year 9 students had selected their individual 7 units for semester one in December '94 and the group were ready to tackle their Year 9 studies. It was a challenge for both teachers and students of Year 9 to quickly settle into their new system, but by the end of Semester One, students were familiar with it and were working well. Semester Two selections proceeded in May. Overall the 1995 school year went well for Year 9's at Brighton Secondary College. Students' progress was generally very good, all gradually becoming more responsible for completion of classwork and the setting up of homestudy programs.

Many keen students won awards in the Academic and Sporting areas and gained recognition for this. The Year 9 debaters are to be particularly commended. The Year 9/10 Camp to Tasmania was very successful as was the concurrent camp to Rubicon.

In all 1995 was a very successful year for the Year 9 group at BSC.

Robert Jasciewicz
Year 9 Co-ordinator



LOOKING BACK

Well, looking back now I see that I was lucky. Not just lucky but stupid; to try that in the first place was silly of me. My name is Rusty Turner and I love to surf anywhere, anytime. I live for it! Well, my story starts in Hawaii where I live, which is good because it has great surf spots and warm weather. OK. Back to the story.

The week when the incident happened was a particularly good week. I received a letter from work saying I had two weeks of paid vacation that I had not used yet. I decided that I would now use it. I packed my bags for a surf trip to the south side of Hawaii, for that's where the best and biggest surf breaks were - Waimia Bay.

When I got to the beach it was very crowded except for one spot over near some rocks. The waves were the biggest I had ever seen, ever dreamt of. I asked a local about it and he said that the break is called Devil's Rock and the rocks underneath are like razors. But it seemed so safe. The warning that was given by the local was ringing in the back of my head as I started my journey to the break.

When I made it behind the waves my heart was beating at an exciting rate. I noticed a buoy about 70 meters in front of me but I didn't worry too much and then stood up. The wave grew bigger and bigger until it drained most of the water from in front of me, leaving the jagged rocks exposed and shining in the sunlight. The wave then started to break from the left and with the huge wave behind me and the rocks in front of me I had nowhere to bail out. Suddenly the wave dumped, I was airborne and I knew I was going to be crushed on the rocks. Then BANG. I was wrapped around what I thought was a rock but when the wave subsided it turned out to be the buoy. I was hurt badly but if I had hit the rocks I would have been killed. So looking back I guess I was very, very lucky.

Nick Timewell 8D

BUSHFIRE

Sweeping through the bush, an unstoppable force, a vengeful monster, incinerating everything in its path. A pitiful scream is let out by a defenceless koala as it is enveloped by flames. Smoke billows into the air as though from a steam train and menacing flames roar like a lion. The immense heat is a furnace, roasting everything in its path. The flames stretch for miles, stopping for no one, faster than the wind. They are an unforgiving force; once enveloped there is no escape. Wombats scamper for their lives, propelled by an inner fear deeper than the sea. Destruction is left in its wake.

Everything is black, the bush floor is littered with the carcasses of animals. Lifeless charred trees now dominate this scene of desolation.

Sean Sandilands 8E

GRAND PRIX

Grand Prix,
Who needs it?
Noise, noise, noise,
That's all there will be.
It's damaging our environment,
which we all need to save.
Ban it,
And we'll all be brave.

Joanne Ravensdale 7A

YEAR 8 CO-ORDINATOR'S REPORT

Once the school settled down we found that many students are making excellent progress in their studies, with several students making fine contributions to activities outside the classroom. The first indication was the school camp to Bogong Village. Over 91 students attended. It was also a credit to the students to see high levels of participation in the Chorals, Debating teams, Athletics, Swimming sports, Inter-school sports competitions, Charity fun run and the English, Maths and Science Competitions. Congratulations for all those who succeeded and gained excellent results. The cross-country ski trip was another successful one. The students should all be thanked for their co-operation and participation.

This is the third year that I have chosen to work with a great group of students. I would like to thank Ms Anna Lake for all her support and hard work in helping as Junior Co-ordinator.

Rob Ivory
Year 8 Co-ordinator

THE TORNADO

Alone, I paddled with all the strength my aching arms could muster against the raging winds. My frail craft faced the massive tornado which was tearing across the ocean towards me. The salty water stung my eyes. I looked again: the eye of the tornado sucked and spewed water from all sides. The beast was screaming my name. Its whirling arms reached for me. Hail was stinging my face but this was no ordinary hail, it was like meteors of ice with the force of torpedoes exploding under water. I paddled harder but it was as if an invisible wall was forcing me back. My life flashed before me in strobe-like images. I sensed my fate: I lay down on the floor of the dinghy, closed my eyes and allowed the inevitable to happen.

Mark D'Angelo 8E

SURFING

Dingalinga-linga-ling. The harsh sound of my beloved alarm clock sounds the first shrill cry to start the day's surfing. My sweaty feet stick to the cheap lino and I struggle down the steep staircase. At the deserted breakfast table I hurriedly gulp down some sugary cereal with a glass of ice, sweet orange and passionfruit juice which I made in the blender.

I slip into my wetsuit, grab my board, and I'm off in a search to fulfil my undying passion.

The beach is only a stone's throw away. I frantically strap on my leg rope and I'm in! A splendid, inexplicable feeling rushes through my body and then centres itself in my stomach. I enthusiastically paddle out to where there are two more fellow surfers waiting to catch freedom. I wait patiently until I see a massive set, and then the excitement begins to build again. The gentle lapping of the light green water steadily begins to stop as it is sucked back towards the beckoning wave.

I start to paddle. I feel the back of my board rise as I jump to my feet. I fly down the waves like a Porsche gone ballistic and carve the green water like a knife through butter. It feels as though there is a tornado blowing into my face such is the immense speed I am travelling at as I 'bottom turn' the huge green beast. I drag my hand in the water as I cling to the wall of the wave. I can almost hear the adrenalin pumping through my body as I trim the wonderous wave.

And then it happens. The roof of the wave begins to close in and the bottom begins to steepen. As I become engulfed in the massive tube, something magical happens: all the blues and greens of the sea swirl into one and I feel as though a series of explosions are taking place within me. A natural high. Kaboom! The wave behind me begins to break, causing millions of particles of water to speed straight into me, giving my board an amazing extra burst of speed before finally, but inevitably, dying into nothingness.

As I paddle back out, for a split second it seems as though I can still hear the adrenalin pumping, but as I look around, I realise it is the other surfers hooting my victory. This is where I belong!

Bryan Glover 8E

DENTIST

Drill, drill,
Feeling ill,
Hold on tight,
Because you might,
Need a filling,
Even if,
You are not willing!
Cathy Barker 8A



SPECIES OF DEATH

We must like killing things,
We must think it's really fun.
We're killing off our mammals,
Soon we will be the only ones.

Leighton Stevenson 7A



YEAR 7 CAMP

We arrived at Anglesea Recreational Lodge very excited and were instantly gathered together to be told what we would be doing over the next three days. Then off to the dorms to choose our room-mates and unpack.

In next to no time, Miss Ellis blew her whistle (a sound we were going to hear many times in the next three days) to summon us to the barbecue area to eat our lunch.

Then we started our 'short walk' to the canoes. About 45 minutes later we arrived at the river to be allocated a canoe, either a 2, 3, or 4 seater. We paddled after each other for a while, passing under or over the bridges and getting stuck in reeds. But the best thing was that everyone had fun, even the ones that fell in a couple of times. On our way back to camp the teachers let us buy hot food to warm us up.

After we had showered we heard that whistle again and YIPPEE we were going to have an Easter Egg hunt. When it was over we had dinner of lasagna and potatoes followed by apple crumble. After the duty groups had cleaned up, we had tabloid sports. We played backwards tunnel ball, fashion parade, knee ball bounce - which Mrs Hunter was being really tough on - and chair walk. We had supper and then watched Sister Act.

It was rise and shine at 8am.

After breakfast we made our way to the beach to be taught surfing. We were all given a wet suit and surf board and taught how to use the board in the water and how to stand up. Many did actually stand up, but all had fun. When we got back to camp, again it was a race for the showers.



After lunch we had three activities: rock climbing, which was really easy; ropes course, which was difficult in parts; and last but not least, the more challenging, TV viewing and practising our skits for the concert that night.

After our dinner of roast chicken, potatoes, carrots and peas followed by strawberry mousse, it was time for our skits. Some were really funny and Miss Nic's impersonation of Red Simon's judging was great. After this we had supper, watched Adam's Family Values on video, then off to bed.

It was early for us campers to have breakfast, pack up, have room inspection, then be homeward bound. On the way we visited Surf World in Torquay and Water World in Geelong, where we got to go on the giant water slide. We had lunch, then boarded the bus for BSC. We arrived half an hour early. As we all waited by the fence reminiscing about the great time we'd had, one by one mums and dads came to collect their children.

Katherine Yerondais 7C

YEAR 7 CO-ORDINATOR'S REPORT

1995 began enthusiastically with much support from students and their families on the Year 7 Supper night. The annual orientation camp to Anglesea - Youth, Sport and Recreation Centre received similar support. Generally, behaviour was excellent and enjoyment was high. The students participated in a wide range of activities (ie, Surfing, Canoeing, Ropes Course, Rock Climbing, Table Tennis, Tabloid Sports, Indoor and Outdoor games) which helped foster many new friendships. Success and satisfaction in a wide variety of school activities has been evident. I thank the Year 7 students and teachers for such a productive year. I must also thank the junior administrator, Mrs Lake, the Year 8 co-ordinator, Mr Ivory and my form teachers, Mr Iaconesso, Mr Morrissey, Mrs Hunter and Ms Nicholas who have played such a supportive role for our students. Once again it has been an interesting and enjoyable Year for me. I wish the Year 7 students continued success in Year 8.

Mirsina Ellis
Year 7 Co-ordinator



INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

The Instrumental Music Program has become established in its new surrounds. The College House is used most days for music lessons and the portable is frequently converted into Band or Choral rehearsal space.

The Concert Band began the year performing for the launch of the local Red Cross Shield Appeal. It was a sweltering day and the students had to cope with the afternoon sun in their eyes while performing. The cool refreshments following were welcome and the saga of Ms Gardner turning the bus around in the car park made the occasion memorable.

The climax of Term 2 was our concert, 'An Evening of Instrumental Music.' This has become an annual event and the standard of items were considerably higher this year. Small group items such as flute and cello trio, brass ensemble, jazz group, guitar duo, string duets and vocal items made up the bulk of the program with some bigger items by the Concert bands demonstrating how much the program has grown over the years.

The South-Eastern Regional Concert was held at the Melbourne Concert Hall in Term 3. A select number of our students participated in this event by giving up three Sundays to rehearse. We also had a vocal selection performing in the Foyer before the concert. It was an exciting opportunity for the students to be involved in such a prestigious event.

The Concert Band in Term 3 and 4 combined with several other local Secondary Schools to rehearse and perform at each school and local Shopping centres. This gave students the opportunity to play in a large ensemble which is not always possible at each school. It was also a good opportunity for students to mix with students from other schools and to experience different conductors.

Term 4 is always a busy time for the Music Program, with students practicing for their solo performance exams. After such hard work the students have fun participating in numerous playouts to local primary schools, shopping centres and Ripponlea Gardens. By Presentation Night students are usually in excellent form and ready for the summer holidays.

Gayle Gardner
Music Co-ordinator

MUSIC SUPPORT NETWORK

The Music Support Network has continued to help the Music Program grow through its support in fundraising and the preparation of refreshments for our concerts.

In Term 1 we raised approximately \$750 from a film night at the Classic Cinema. We saw a film which had a little bit of everything, including Brad Pitt (so the girls say!).

The Support Network is also organising a Music Trivia Night early in December which is expected to be lots of fun and will hopefully raise more funds. Money raised throughout 1995 will be used to buy some much needed new equipment for 1996.

Gayle Gardner
Music Co-ordinator



INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC ELECTIVE

1995 saw dedication, hard work and a lot of fun in the Instrumental Music elective. Our jazz group from last year expanded and performed at the Evening of Instrumental Music and at Junior Assembly. We analysed music in depth to help our musical knowledge and to help our own compositions.

The school's music computer allowed us to compose songs and helped to build our aural training. It is hoped the class continues next year as part of our VCE, and for other students coming up in lower years.

Becky Ford 10A



DEBATING D.A.V.

Debating continues to go from strength to strength. In this, our third year participating in the inter-school competition (Brighton Region of the Debating Association of Victoria), our teams have again achieved outstanding success. Seven teams debated furiously against some strong competition from the surrounding schools, on topics ranging from the serious ('Euthanasia'), to the amusing ('That Brandon is better than Bart'). The A-grade and C-grade teams finished on top of the 'ladder', the B-grade and D-grade teams dropping only one debate each to finish second. The A-grade team were outstandingly successful, reaching the quarter finals, which placed them in the top eight in the state, and the sole remaining Government School. The C-grade team is also to be congratulated on reaching the Octo-Finals, placing them in the top sixteen in the State, again the sole remaining Government School at this level. The teams were delighted to receive recognition and

A-Grade (Year 12) -	Ebony Morrison (Captain) Francis Presser Frejya McFarlane Joanna McMinn Joshua Flavell Rebecca Van Cuylenberg
B-Grade (Year 11) -	Jowita Modzelewski Belinda Christie Bea Dubinsky Melissa Sanfil Tanya Richardson Melissa Estomino
C-Grade (Year 10) -	Becky Ford Dale Sanfil Belinda Richardson Gina Ravensdale Danielle Presser Rebecca Hiscock Celina Day Julie Warren-Smith

ROTARY COMPETITION

In our second year in this competition our team achieved tremendous success, reaching the semi-finals, after five tough rounds in a knock-out series. The 'perfumed steamrollers', as the girls christened themselves, defeated Lauriston, St Michaels, Mentone Girls and Kilvington, to finally meet their nemesis in St Bedes in the semi-final. It was a great competition and great fun heading off to Monash University where the series was conducted. It was the post-mortems conducted after these evening sessions which provided the most hilarity. The Oakleigh Rotarians were so impressed with our girls that they named Ebony Morrison as speaker of the series; she received a university book voucher worth \$300.

The team consisted of:

Ebony Morrison
Frejya McFarlane
Francis Presser
Belinda Christie
Melissa Sanfil



support from Mr Alan Stockdale, our local member for Brighton, who contacted them, wishing them all the best. This stunning achievement reflects the enthusiasm, commitment and skills of our debaters. Hopefully all the debaters will continue into the next level in 1996, and we wish our A-grade debaters every success when debating at university level.

Ebony Morrison (A-grade) is to be congratulated on winning the Swannie Award for the best A-grade debater, not just in the Brighton Region, but also in the State! Chris Gartner (D-grade) is also to be congratulated on winning the award as the top D-grade speaker in the Brighton Region. Students who debated at inter-school level this year were:

D-Grade (Years 9+8) -	Chris Gartner Laura Harrington Anna McFarlane Lucy Heathcote Lisa Smith Ben Dunn Andrew Dunn Jarrod McEwan Gulsham Price Hannah Levy
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HOUSE COMPETITION

This is the third year of our resurrected House competition and the interest and participation has been staggering. More than 60 students took part in this year's competition, a round robin conducted over three weeks, culminating in the finals at both levels. Topics included 'That zoos should be closed', 'That technology is ruling the world' and 'That there is life outside the Milky Way'. Phillip and Grant contested the Year 7 final, Lonsdale and Murray the Year 8 final. The competition ended with a barbecue for all those who participated. A BIG thank you to all of the C-grade and D-grade debaters who coached the teams, and the B-grade debaters who adjudicated. As a consequence of the interest shown there will be several more teams entering the inter-school competition next year.

Brenda Lawson
English and Debating Co-ordinator



DEBATING

'Point of information!' Contrary to popular belief, the best policy is not always to 'Speak when spoken to.' The Brighton Secondary College debaters will tell you that after many years of being indoctrinated into the belief that we should 'Sit down...shut up...be quiet...settle down' and the like, there is another way!

As Debating Captain this year it has been an exhilarating experience to watch our younger students learning and growing in their debating skills. It has been an amusing experience to watch them experimenting in some cases too.

While our success as a school speaks for itself, and in the local community it has spoken loudly, the more fulfilling successes have been within individuals. Over the year the debating circle has expanded, and - would you believe? - become noisier. Most importantly, a large group of students have become more aware of the world around them - a life skill just as important as maths, sport or geography. Congratulations to everybody who took part in a debate - the winners, the best speakers, and importantly those who made the effort to give it a go.

It is our firm belief that a few awards were missing this year, and so may I present....
The 'Debating Director - Stage Mother' award - Brenda Lawson.
The 'This is the way to do it' award - Mike Redding.
The 'You are all insane and driving me insane too' award - Nicola Nicholas.
The 'And then they said this' award - Jowita.
The 'Chocolate cake metaphor' award - The Dunn twins.
The 'We haven't got a speech to bless ourselves with' award - Most of the D-grade team.
The 'Fanatic' award - tied between the McFarlanes.
The 'We've got a grip on pornography' award - Gina Ravensdale.
The 'Charmer' award - Jarrod McEwen.
The 'Cynic' award - Becky Ford.
The 'Despot' award - Lucy Heathcote.
The 'Twelfth man' award - Josh Flavell.
The 'Mr Suave' award - Chris Gartner.
The 'Incorruptible' award - Johanna McMinn.
The 'killer smile and best memory' award - Francis Presser.
The 'tin-pot prima donna' award - yours truly.

And many, many, more...

I have truly enjoyed debating with Brighton Secondary over the last three years, and this year in particular has been a wonderful learning experience! The A-grade team managed to drum a portion of 'teamwork' into my head, a concept ably demonstrated by our younger peers.

Thanks again to all of our parents, teachers and friends. Debaters are often accused of being eccentric, of squeezing round pegs into square holes. In rebuttal,

'All of us are lying in the gutter,
Some of us are looking at the stars'

OSCAR WILDE

Ebony Morrison 12D
Debating Captain



On behalf of all the debaters, the very warmest and sincere thanks go to our coaches who worked as, or even, harder than we did. In particular to our debating co-ordinator (and networker) Mrs Brenda Lawson and to Mr Mike Redding (who tried his interfering best to write our speeches).



STUDENT WELFARE REPORT

Student Welfare has a high priority at our college. The administration and staff are committed to maintaining and developing a safe and nurturing environment for all students. Student welfare is seen as a whole school concern and is reflected by the friendly and caring relationship that staff have with students. The school is continually evaluating and improving the curriculum and student welfare programs.

As Student Welfare Co-ordinator I am part of a team that includes Subject and Form Teachers, Co-ordinators, Chaplain Administration, Integration and Visiting Teachers and Guidance Officer. This team approach makes it possible to respond quickly and effectively to the individual needs of students, families and Teachers.

The development and implementation of whole-school student welfare programs is a priority for the student welfare team. During this year we have successfully implemented new programs which have provided support and new challenges to a large number of our students. The Short-term Support Group Program and the School Community Involvement Program are two good examples of such programs of this.

On a personal note, I have found my role as Student Welfare Co-ordinator both demanding and rewarding. My two priorities have been to be accessible and to represent the interests of all students to the best of my ability.

SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

It is very pleasing to report that our students gave generously to social service. During the year donations were made to a wide range of charities and other organisations as the following list shows:

Royal Children's Hospital
Red Cross
Salvation Army
RSPCA
Brighton Benevolent Society
Guide Dogs of Victoria
Legacy
Greenpeace
Lady Nell Seeing Eye Dog Assoc.
Amnesty International

In the great majority of cases representatives of the organisations listed above spoke to the students during school assemblies before donations can be collected.

SCHOOL COMMUNITY INVOLVEMENT PROGRAM

This year our college joined the School Community Involvement Program (SCIP) co-ordinated by the Red Cross. At the time of writing thirty of our students are involved in the Elanora Home Volunteer Program. There is much to recommend local community involvement by our students and next year the program will be extended.

SRC REPORT

This year I had the pleasure of working with the Student Representative Council. Their input in the college policy making process was invaluable and their efforts in organising/assisting with various college functions/activities was appreciated by all, especially fellow students.

Next year an SRC Office will be established and this will enable the SRC to carry out their role even more effectively.

Finally, I would like to thank the following members of the SRC for their efforts during this year, a special thanks goes to the SRC president Joel Chibert 10D and secretary Celina Day 10D who carried out their role in a most effective manner.

Dom Iaconesso
Student Welfare Co-ordinator

1995 SRC MEMBERS

Allan Harris 12D
Torie Nimmervoll 12D
Simon Altman 11D
Dorit Gross 11C
Joel Chibert 10D
Celina Day 10D
Claire Haugh 9E
Lucy Heathcote 9E
Jonathan Atwell 8A
Anna Marie Seward 8A
Laura Irving 7A
Chris Hassall 7A



VALE

GEORGE ELCHEIKH

On the 28th of December 1994 a fellow student by the name of George Elcheikh passed away. George was a very gentle, sensitive, and kind person. When someone needed a hand, George was always there to help.

On the 22nd of March 1995, Miss Esther James (chaplain) and fellow students (John, Asaf, Renee and Rani) and friends got together and organised a memorial service for our friend George Porgie and planted a tree in his name at the front of the school. At the memorial, there were a couple of speeches read out by Mr Phillip Shireffs, Mr Anthony Distasio and one of George's friends, John Christou, whose speech made many laugh and cry at the same time. George was admired and respected by many teachers and students and now he's gone though not forgotten; his friends will always treasure the fun, happy, and sad times we all shared with him throughout the years.

Renee Marouff & Rani Gangaiya.

CURRICULUM REPORT

Curriculum development has been an active process at the College this year.

Program development has occurred across Years 9 and 10, the Middle School, with the introduction of a wide range of studies from which students are asked to select. Over two years students design and follow a course which is balanced across the 8 learning areas. With the introduction of work requirements and assessment tasks students know what is expected of them and can organise their study and homework program to successfully complete each semester of work. Assessment tasks allow students to strive for excellence and the results enable them to gauge their progress and performance.

The VCE course provided a wide range of courses to students with special support offered through the VCE administrator, year level coordinators and careers councillor. Subject teachers gave much out of class time helping students complete work requirements and CAT projects.

Junior school courses gave our young students a healthy and varied diet of the curriculum offerings to be found later in the middle and senior school.

A new development for implementation in 1996 will be the PASE (sport) program. Teachers are currently attending many out of school in-service programs to improve their skills and knowledge in preparation for this.

Of special note are two programs initiated in 1995 to support student learning.

Firstly, Numeracy, Literacy and teaching methods were a focus of teacher in-service activity. The benefits from this work will flow through to all students in the college.

The CSF (Curriculum and Standards Framework) program is the second area receiving much attention. Courses are being adjusted to incorporate the common learning outcomes of this government program.

Parents and students wishing to find out more details about the curriculum are asked to consult the junior, middle and senior school handbooks or contact the college directly.

Warren Fineburg
Curriculum Coordinator

THE ULTIMATE EXPERIENCE

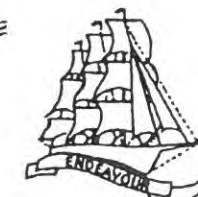
I remember sitting, waiting in anticipation for the final act of the night. It was the only reason I went. We sat and listened to the second last performer for so long, it seemed as if it would never end. Finally, after some forty minutes had passed, they came out, all three members at the same time. The crowd cheered and they acknowledged us.

Almost an hour of playing seemed like minutes. The crowd roared again as they left the stage. The performance had touched me and I knew it would not leave me easily. Then I remembered I had to play myself, soon, too soon.

Tonight was the night. I ran around frantically looking for my teacher. If he didn't turn up the act would be ruined. I found him and we looked at the program - we were the last act, ironic really. We stepped up on stage and I positioned the instrument as I looked into a sea of faces. 'Let's do it', I said to my teacher as he started to play softly. As the tune progressed, so did my playing. Every note was sounding the way I wanted it to and the musical climax was incredible. I was lost in the music, feeling every note I hit, every cymbal that crashed. The song ended and a roar came from the crowd.

When you get this adrenaline rush, your head fills with music and you think your hands are on fire, you know you've reached it - the ultimate experience.

Becky Ford 10A



RWANDA

There was a dead, black baby lying in the middle of the road. Lying there, dead, in the middle of the goddamn dirt road. Sullied, and trampled as dead as Dickens's doornail, but with more dignity than any of the zombies filing past with flies in their eyes. It was a sentinel that baby, some sort of sign. But it held no meaning, just an empty symbol in this theatre of fools.

The day I saw a woman, a scared refugee kick a dead black baby from her path, I knew there was no God. She just kicked it, like an excrement that sullied the journey. A journey so sullied that the only thing that could draw attention from the human road, as it pressed relentlessly forward, was the trial of blood that followed.

Rwanda: the nadir of the 20th century, symbolising how far man has retracted towards the original sin.

Nothing could have prepared me for the reality of the liar. I was a Roman Catholic, but Sodom and Gomorrah was an inadequate brief.

Fires burned, surrounded by the tortured souls of purgatory, formerly people, now refugees. How many of them had clean hands? It no longer mattered. The Age of the Common Man had produced 'Hell on Earth'.

At first, my faith was my saviour. It kept me alive. Time became irrelevant, as we strove to do anything, anything at all. We were only bloody humans, members of the same race that had landed man on the moon, and set the Garden of Eden on fire with diseased blood.

There was no relief, death thrived on the feast of sinners. It was like being cast into a pile of dung, with frenzied, engorged flies feeding until they died grinning.

Bodies, devoid of life, bodies infected with cholera, which spread like a plague. Bodies so underfed they eventually burst at the stomach. Bodies, breathing but with no soul. Bodies, copulating madly, snatching pleasure before death found them. Bodies, flung into mass graves with no ceremony. Shallow graves without a single flower.

After a week, I had no more tears. Only cool hands with which to soothe. There was so little water, and so many parched throats and crying wounds.....

I kept telling myself that there was a reason. Searching for any explanation, but my faith was melting. Who could look to such a pissed off God for salvation?

I prayed. I prayed until it was all I could do not to take the Lord's name in

vain. My God, I tried so hard! There was not even a Gethsemane, no hope, no dope, no mountain of salvation. Long after the floods, the fires had come.

Worst of all, there was no time. It had stopped. From blood red dawn to fire pink dusk into the blackest midnights man has ever known, the wailing lasted.

I held out, for a long time. We tried, in our makeshift tents, where we caught an hour of fitful sleep. Yet, it was sin that sustained us, as if we dared HIM to do so anymore to make it worse. No Heavens tumbled around my ears when I sought solace in the arms of a man who was not my husband.

I endured my last 30 lashes, wore a crown of thorns, passed every test imaginable, until I saw a dead black baby, lying in the middle of the road. It was a beacon, and I knew, that if there ever was a Jesus, He still lay entombed. There was no resurrection. I took my crucifix and threw it in a pile of choleric waste.

I got sent home, expelled from the furnace that had become my reality. Another raped believer who had witnessed a fox devouring the sacrificial lamb, while our Shepherd slept.

On the long flight home, I didn't stare at the clouds as curtains, hoping for a vision of heaven. Nor did I think Christian thoughts, not even once. I swore. Every loquacious, obscene unutterable word I had ever heard went through my mind, I swore like a trooper, who had seen his flag burn.

Home. Family. Church.

Did they immediately recognise the infidel in their midst? No. I was counselled, treated as a missionary martyr, not a heretic in their fold.

Slowly, the black baby faded, another time, another place. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD, I SHALL NOT WANT. With the help of the parish I refound my faith.

OUR FATHER.....

I don't watch the news, read the paper, pay any attention to my desert hallucinations. I am a mother, a wife, a bride of our Lord.

THY DAMNATION SLUMBERETH NOT.

I paid 30 pieces of silver for thy holy communion.

Ebony Morrison 12D



LOTE REPORT

1995 has been another busy year filled with excursions, visitors and many pleasant experiences for those involved with the LOTE program at Brighton Secondary College.

Other students have made contact with their LOTE culture through penfriends. Many of our French students have established a connection with students in Paris. Although the initial contact was slow to start, letters are being exchanged now with increasing regularity.

For students of Japanese the exchange of letters, as well as phone calls, continues a friendship started with a week's stay by a shy visitor from Japan. Many of our 7 families who hosted a student from Tokoname in 1994 have maintained contact.

The most pleasing feature of the second visit by students from Tokonamekita Senior High School in Japan's Aichi Prefecture was the number of families who again volunteered to host another student in 1995. They all said how rewarding and happy these visits are.

In 1995 the group of visitors more than doubled to more than 15, providing considerable Japanese presence within the school during the first week in August. Students attended regular school classes, as well as participating in a special program of events which included a trip to Victoria Market, a Yarra River Cruise a presentation night at Pizza Hut, a visit to Gardenvale Primary School and a variety of sporting activities. The AFL may have gained a few converts to 'Aussie Rules' with their generous allocation of free tickets to our visitors - some of whom attended several matches!

The results of the 1995 Homestay, encouraged two of our students to explore their exchange opportunities. Both Dale and Kim should benefit greatly from their trips to Japan.

Our heartfelt thanks and appreciation go to those families who shared their homes with our Japanese visitors and showed them the sights of Melbourne. Without their support these visits cannot succeed!

This year we have also been fortunate to have Ms Fukunaga as an asset in all of our classes.

Vera Hilton

LOTE Co-ordinator.

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

On Wednesday the 6th of September the Year 9 French class (and 2 Year 10 students) went to see a performance of 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame' at Christ Church, South Yarra. We had to get there first. We had arranged to take the bus to the train station, but Mr Clarkson's fabulous memory failed us! He double booked the bus! So, we crammed into Mrs Klineberg's car and headed for the station.

We caught the train to South Yarra. After lunch at La Porchetta, we headed for the church. The atmosphere was authentic, with a very small audience. The performance began. There was great acting, fantastic costumes and a colourful set. The story took a while to get going, but full marks go to the actors who made the performance enjoyable.

Jarrold McKewen & Claire Haugh



FRENCH RESTAURANT EXCURSION

On April the 5th, two classes went to lunch at 'Daniel Gerard' in Acland Street.

We were treated to either Quiche Lorraine or an onion dish called Tarte a l'Oignon, as an entree. We then had the chance to try Escargots but not many of us dared. Main course was either Poulet basquaise (chicken in a sauce), or Boeuf bourguignon (beef casserole). After all that, there was a side salad and potatoes in a creamy sauce - gratin dauphinois available.

Although we were all extremely full, we still had room for dessert! It was difficult to choose between Gateau au Chocolat, which is a flourless chocolate cake in a custard like sauce or the rich Creme Caramel. After thanking our hosts Jean-Pierre and Pascale, we rolled or waddled back to the bus with Mrs Klineberg complaining about how many kilos she'll put on after overindulging.

Claire Haugh & Anna MacFarlane 9





SPORTS ACTIVITIES

Alongside the House Sports Competitions, the College has participated in the Moorabbin District Sports. Teams were fielded in most events and students had the opportunity of competing in 3 sports teams over the year, as well as in the inter-school swimming, athletics and cross country events. Special mention must be made of the year 8 boys who were successful in football, hockey and squash and progressed to the next round of competition. The outstanding inter-school performance of the year was the double success by Georgia Timewell in athletics. She was placed first in the State Finals in both U17 Discus and Shot put, Cailin West reached the State Final in the U21 Girls Hurdles, Kylie Jordan reached the State Final in: U14 Cross Country. Leigh Ireson competed in U16 Backstroke in the State Finals. Well done, a fine effort!

HOUSE COMPETITIONS

The annual competitions between the Houses continue to be a strong feature at Brighton Secondary College. This year competition took place in Swimming, Athletics, Chorals and Junior Debating. In 1995 Lonsdale has dominated the competition and is again the champion House. The competition has received wide support from students and staff and special thanks is due to the House Teachers and House Captains. The House Athletics Competition was held in May this year and was most successful - the result of superb weather conditions, the enthusiasm of students, especially the senior girls and the support staff who acted as officials. The House Debating Competition held in October was keenly contested with over 50 students from years 7 and 8 participating for the first time in debating. We hope that most of these students will continue into the Inter-School Competition in 1996. Well done!

INTER SCHOOL CHESS

Participation in the Inter-school Chess competition was resumed after some years. The team competed successfully in 5 of its 6 matches and the captain, Michael Kagan, went through the series undefeated.

Team - Michael Kagan (Captain)
Igor Vasilevitsky
Jonathan Attwell
Arkadi Djouracv

Kathleen King
Co-curriculum Co-ordinator



HOUSE SWIMMING CARNIVAL



MURRAY HOUSE

Firstly, it was great to see the great turnout at this year's swimming sports; it was far greater than I have ever seen in recent years. From a House Captain's perspective, Murray house put up a great performance which all members should be proud of. The close proximity of all the scores showed the talent and commitment of all the houses and it heightened the competition between them. I would like to congratulate Lonsdale House for a hard fought contest and indeed to all the other houses for making the swimming sports a fun, worthwhile day in 1995.

Allan Harris 12D

PHILLIP HOUSE

The participation in this year's swimming carnival was somewhat lower than previous years, I must say.

Anyway, many enthusiastic and eager competitors participated to either receive a point for their house or to qualify for the inter-school round.

Unfortunately this year Phillip were low on numbers, and the end result (4th place) was disappointing.

The year 12's who turned up to compete in their last year at B.S.C enjoyed the day - with many surprising results.

Well done to all those Phillip contributors. Phillip will certainly be in the running for first place at the athletics.

See you on the track!!

Penny Ward 12E

LONSDALE HOUSE

I would like to take this opportunity to show our appreciation for the overwhelming turn out of the Lonsdale supporters, and participants.

Due to the help of everyone, it turned out to be a very exciting and fun-filled event, with triumphs in numerous races. Everybody showed a healthy team spirit, and we commend the efforts of Mr Clarkson for his constant enthusiasm.

Congratulations and thank-you to all the participants in Lonsdale, because without you, we wouldn't have gained the result which we did: FIRST.

THANK-YOU!!

Francis Presser 12D

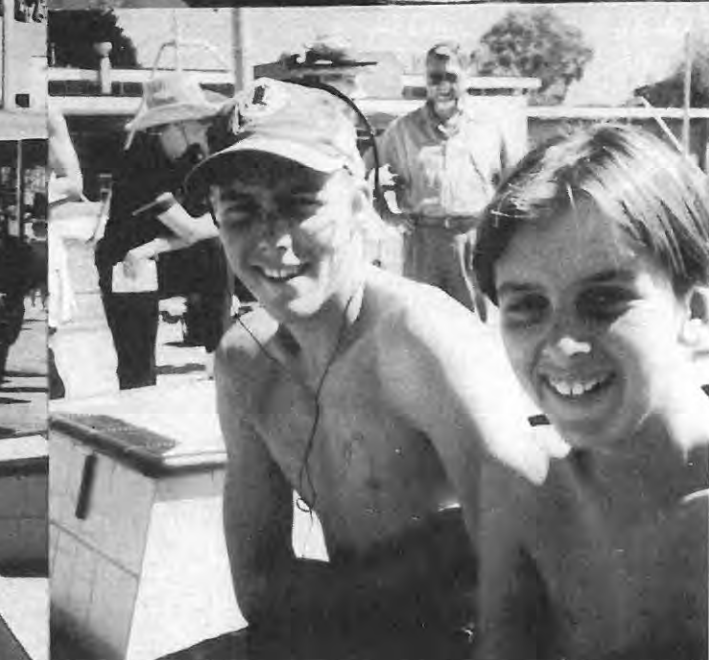
GRANT HOUSE

I would like to thank all the Grant participants who made it a really exciting day. Seeing everyone dressed in purple and showing the Grant spirit was great.

It was a disappointment being disqualified from winning the house event, but we should still be proud of our effort in attaining second position. Thanks to Ms Angelidis and Ms Dimitropoulos for their support.

The hugest thanks goes to Sarah Bell of year 11 for her fine effort for our house; she contributed hugely to our score.

Torie Nimmervol 12D



HOUSE ATHLETICS CARNIVAL

PHILLIP

As each year at Brighton Secondary College goes by, we are left with memories of events and occasions which we look back on and say 'hey! I was there!' We are very fortunate at Brighton to have the extra-curricular activities that we do, the chorals, swimming sports, dramas, debating and more. For most students the inter-house athletics is the most exciting competition of the group, as it gives people the opportunity to support their house, compete against their peers and most of all, get the day off school.

In recent years, due to many reasons the athletics have been emotion charged, in 1995 there was no exception. The amount of people who showed their colours any which way they could, really uplifted the competitors and the crowds.

In conclusion, Lonsdale must be congratulated as well as their captains for their win, commiserations to the other Houses, there is always next year.

Lets hope in the following years crowds will grow, as will the people who help clean up! GO PHILLIP!

Danny Sherman 11E

LONSDALE

A great turn-out by most students combined with good weather contributed to a great day at the House Athletics. The senior students efforts to add some colour to the event with some outstanding dress sense did wondrous things for the House spirit, while a combined effort by the junior, intermediate and senior Lonsdale athletes made for another great victory. Thanks to all teachers and students who participated.

Anita Bates 12D & Josh Flavell 12D

GRANT

The members of Grant house displayed great skill and commitment. Thanks to all those who participated; it was great fun. It was good to see different age groups combining into the community labelled as Brighton Secondary College. A fine effort. Better luck next year Grant.

Torie Nimmervoll 12D



SENIOR GIRL'S SOCCER

The six weeks of training (under the guidance of Dawn & Shaun) had come down to this. It was the big day. The first ever girl's soccer team. As we walked to Dendy Park, there was a feeling of excitement and optimism. Our first game was against Mentone Girls. The excitement and optimism soon turned into fear. They were trounced 8-0.

The second game was against McKinnon. This game was closer. It was more of a struggle. The girls seemed more relaxed on the field. The breakthrough. We had scored, thanks to a great shot by Marisa Nicolacopoulos. The game finished 1-0. The girls were over the moon, jumping and screaming. They had won. Our last game was against South Oakleigh. This game ended up in a 5-2 defeat to Brighton. The score did not indicate the toughness of the game. Once again Marisa scored 2 goals.

At the end of the final game the girls celebrated their success by jumping into the mud. Overall, it was a great day. The girls learned about soccer and had great fun, which is the main thing.

Outstanding performances:

Marisa Nicolacopoulos
Naomi Kimpton (goal keeper)
Nora Tannous

All the girls tried their hearts out as was evident from their success.

George Christopoulos 12E

SENIOR GIRL'S NETBALL

Our A and B netball teams contested the Round Robin held at Duncan McKinnon with fervour. Most players had limited knowledge of the game and rules (stepping-Aphra!!) but dramatically improved. However our determination and enthusiasm could not overcome well drilled and organised opposition teams.

Thanks to Camilla for contributing those useful tips and providing enthusiastic support.

The day was full of laughs and provided a break from the monotony of school, thankfully the bus arrived to save us from further dehydration after five hard games of netball. Hands up those who suffered pain for the ensuing days! It was all well worth it.

Penny Ward 12E



'STANDARD OPERATING PROCEDURE'

Performance Review

Walking hesitantly into a small, dimly lit auditorium, through black foreboding curtains draped from the high ceiling, one instantaneously apprehends the dynamism of darkness, dependency and malevolence of what one is about to witness in the form of a production aptly titled, **'Standard Operating Procedure.'**

As one foot follows the other, one's sight progressively becomes accustomed to the black figures sparsely situated on the main acting area, converged in a rhythm of focused control, each one revealing a part of their character. The sound one's ears open up to, is that of wind and chimes, and as one is seated, they are able to survey their surroundings of melancholy.

The audience pours in through the mouth of the den, incredulously walking across the stage, through the silent activity of the actors around them. Once all are seated, darkness falls around the stage, swallowing all its inhabitants.

Contiguously, all is serene, until a light is cast upon a woman, entangled in a silent scream. Her scream is voiced - an impregnable, shrill shriek. Its repetition increases in fervour and intensity, as does her pain and discomfort. As the cry reaches its pinnacle - a man's howl is perceived. And for an instant, man and woman are entwined in a desperate struggle for the hindrance of their pain. An amalgamation of both sexes - however...only for an instant.

Workshopped and written by the drama company, 'The Fools Gallery' in 1981, **Standard Operating Procedure** was first performed by Brighton Secondary College in 1990. It was unfortunately considered too controversial to be produced at school, so the venue was instead, an out-of-school locality. However in the year of 1995, we, as Brighton Secondary College students, have had the privilege to workshop and perform some of the most powerful and gripping pieces of theatre ever written.

Standard Operating Procedure is the depiction of the mistreatment women have been subjected to, throughout history. The script's obtrusive, barbaric honesty in its tale of the depotism of women, is its unyielding strength; dealing with foot-binding - **'I hobble on dead putrid flesh...'**, the burning of widows - **'Now let me burn...'**, clitoridectomy - **'Blood oozes from the wound...'**, the witch trials - **'Millions, tortured and burned. Twenty shillings...'**, the rape of women through

war - **'We are told it's just part of everyday routine...'**, the battle with anorexia - **'My bones pressed sharply into the mattress...'**, gang rape - **'The ten or fifteen drunks dragged Tralala...and yanked off her clothes...'**, and the prosecution rape victims face though they are, **'not the one on trial.'**

The tale of man's authority over women begins with his fascination with the foot's eroticism, and ends with the harsh degradation against women in the act of rape.

These themes were an indication of the maturity and empathy the cast members would have to apply to all rehearsals, not only through their characters, but to their fellow cast members.

The first act of the production, confronts the audience with themes that few could relate to, and some even found difficult to comprehend - such is the depth and vigour of the script. However, the second act was able to involve the audience's personal thoughts and views on such matters that are evident in our society today, such as anorexia or rape.

The play can be described as 'Theatre of Cruelty', a notion which is supposed to 'assault the senses' of the audience; also utilising the concept of 'Epic Theatre' which is understood to influence the audience in such a way, that they are left to contemplate their own views and values. This, I am certain, was the effect on the audience after witnessing **Standard Operating Procedure**.

The performance styles were, fundamentally, anti-naturalism. However, this included absurdity and pathos (the two Psychiatrists and the Doll Girl), theatre of cruelty (the slashing of the pumpkin), clowning (the two men and women in scene seven), theatrical story-telling (Prince Charming and the Ugly Stepsisters), the use of narrator (the woman on the swing, or the fairy-tale narrator at the beginning), and the episodic (the Medic's description combined with the Soldier Guard's, of the rape and murder of a young girl).

Symbolism, however, has been cast as the predominant style; and its attribution to the piece is unmistakably evident. The issues, values and what has essentially wanted to be conveyed to the audience, are all represented through images, sound, music, objects, movement and colour.

It was apparent that the leading female roles were eminently affected by their own

emotional feelings towards the strong themes in the play, predominantly Torie Nimmervoll's portrayal of the Woman/Victim in the closing scene. The strong use of the 'Stanislavski' technique of acting was apparent; particularly echoing though the scream of, **'I'm not the one on trial!'**

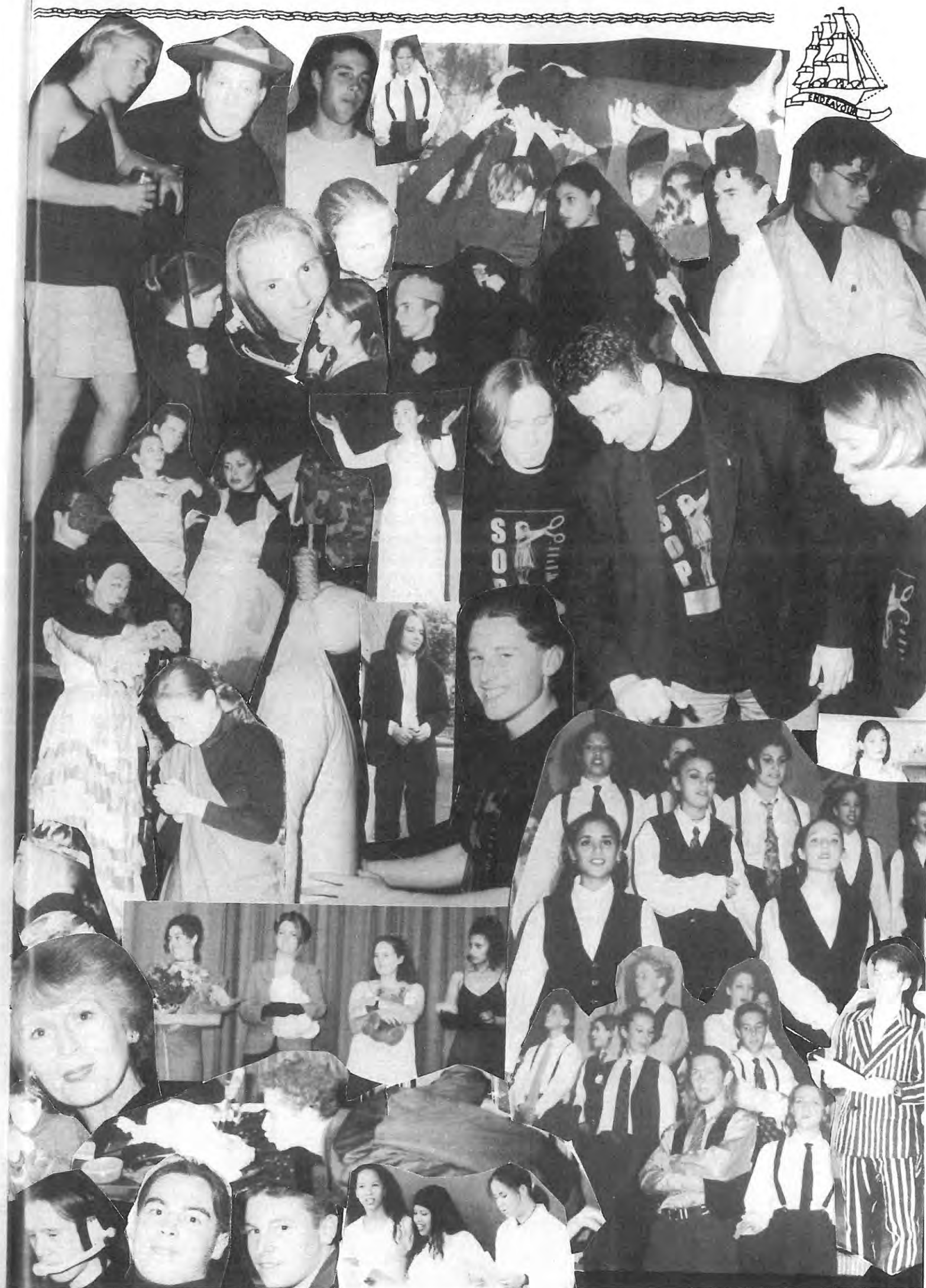
Another was Ebony Morrison and her anguished crawl across the stage. Her wails of suffering were felt by the audience, and their apprehension evident - Would she make it to the rostrum? And as she cries out to her mother, her voice tremulously quavering, **'Mother... Mother...Mother maims me. I learn the lesson well...'**

The script which was used for the final performance, had been edited somewhat, in the interests of the school and the risk the principal had created when he permitted the play to be produced and directed by the school's drama teachers: Vic Pappas and Colleen Burke. Also added into the original text, was an additional scene - the anorexia scene, written by Pappas. Both directors, Pappas and Burke believe that this play was intended, **'...to extend and deepen their (the cast's) understanding of self in relationship to the wider society...the students felt that Standard Operating Procedure would challenge them as individuals and allow them to utilise their dramatic skills to communicate a range of human experience.'**

Challenge them, it did. However, their battle was a successful one, victorious on all fronts, and Pappas and Burke can be delighted with the outcome of their interpretation of characters, lighting, costume and direction.

Standard Operating Procedure, was heralded as the most professional, emotionally intense, and well-produced piece of theatre the school has ever performed. It will no doubt be remembered by the students involved, as one of the finest theatrical accomplishments they will ever immerse themselves in. All involved, should be congratulated on the professionalism, maturity, and dramatic talent that was maintained throughout the entire production.

Jane Thompson 12D





CHORALS

LONSDALE CHOIR

When I first took on the job as Cultural Captain I didn't know what to expect. Through the whole rehearsal stage I was surprised at how enthusiastic everyone was, which made things easier. Every member of the choir was very responsive to all my needs and showed dedication to Lonsdale House which gave us our final result..... WE WON!

Thank-you very much for showing me that all the hard work was worth it!

Radha Naidu 12B

GRANT CHOIR

Congratulations to Grant House choir for being so dedicated, supportive and perfect on the night. Your efforts were well rewarded with a win/draw for the first time in Choral's history. So not only did we win, but we made history. Being Cultural Captain was a great honour, but the job did not go without its hassles. We got frustrated, bored, tired and excited but we made it in the end.

Thanks to everyone for being so supportive, we made it a double on the night and it was thanks to everyone involved. One last note of thanks to all the other Houses because without them there would be no competition, and to Mrs Batour and Mrs King for their hard work.

Randa Chebbo 12D

MURRAY CHOIR

After all the hiccups in actually finding a cultural captain, Murray finally found a conductor, 24 hours before we walked on stage.

Considering the situation Murray House was placed in, there was still a great amount of commitment, for which I thank everyone. You all tried very hard and were great on the night and that's what matters the most.

Jane Thompson 12D



PHILLIP CHOIR

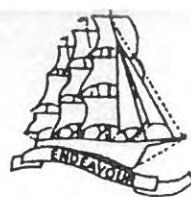
Unlike Jane, my nerves had been mounting up for quite some time. I often unleashed my anger on those whose co-operation lacked perfection (and some who co-operated unconditionally - sorry Jo). As for the guys, what guys? Yes we had guys (a hint for next year - bribes work!) But guys who look great on stage don't sound great when their mouths are closed. At least their teeth showed when told to SMILE. I feel that I should take a few words to thank John, Pawel, George & Danny for not only turning up but for mastering the art of henchmen at rehearsals.

A few hints for next year's conductors:

- ◆ Bribes work!
- ◆ It helps to get the music sheets.
- ◆ Make sure you can get the music sheets.
- ◆ Ask for money on day one.
- ◆ No matter how many people you have on your list only expect a handful to show up.
- ◆ And if you're having the after party; don't leave pink chalk lying around!
- ◆ Finally, be organised.

Thanks guys, for a great effort!
Winning isn't everything!

Anna Williams 12D



SMOG

It's foggy this morning,
No sun shining down,
It's dark and cold,
All around,
The sun comes out,
But the fog,
Stays around.
So maybe it's not
Fog but smog,
From the factories,
cars, trucks and buses.
It's hard to breathe,
From all the fumes,
I hope the wind will,
Come soon.
And blow it all away,
To become a sunny
Nice day.

Mathew Boyle 7A



THE BALANCE

The earth is delicate,
Extremely fragile.
It does not fit
With our wasteful lifestyle.
We can't keep going,
We have to stop now,
And repair all the damage..
But how?

Ari Dyball 7A



DEATH

As quiet as a mouse,
As deep as a black hole,
As relaxing as soft music,
Then you see the light,
Death.

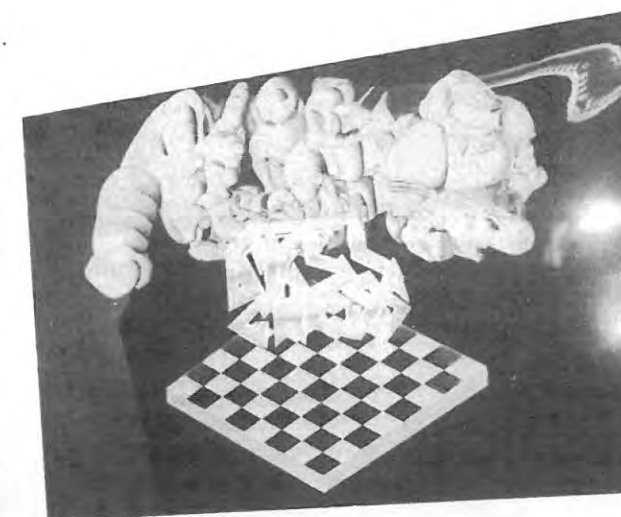
Amanda Alvarez 8E



WICKED CLOWN

Teeth as sharp as arrows,
Hair of curly black,
Nails like a razor,
Waiting to attack,
Wicked Clown.

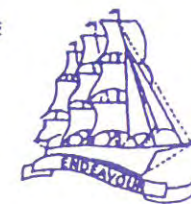
Jasmine Artz 8E



SPIDER

Black as the night,
Hairy like a man's underarm,
Dangerous like a march fly,
Searching for its prey,
Spider.

Aimee Khavounitis 7D



ART CAMP AT DAYLESFORD SUNDAY, 5TH MARCH to WEDNESDAY, 8TH MARCH

We, the senior art students, left early Sunday morning jam packed into a tiny, shrinking bus known as the Magic School bus. The year 12 'artists' were Joshua Flavell, Dom Kekich, Magda Stakowski, Ellina Lapovok, Jane Thompson, Justin Miller, Nicolle Gavel, Matthew Bracken, Torie Nimmervoll, Leon Stagliano, Ciaran Grogan, Richelle Butlin, Naomi Kimpton and Josephine Cetinic. Budding Year 11 'artists' were Adam Reed, Jessica Whiteside and Peta Jenkin.

We begun drawing at the 'Deep Spring' watering hole, home of the original Deep Spring mineral water. We were accompanied by a symphony of March Flies (how appropriate for March) and were bombarded by their menacing flitter/flutter. On Sunday night we saw an inspirational video on Brett Whitely, being interviewed in his Sydney studio.....what a blast. Next morning off to the Covent Gallery, which houses the most extensive range of art work outside a public gallery. There were oil paintings, water colours, photographs and sculptures. Tried to write a little on what we saw and saw more and more and more.....

Lunched at Lake Jubilee and drew, drew then watercoloured our way back to the 'Ranch'.

Monday night we saw the first Surrealist movie ever made, 'The Andalusian Dog' starring Salvador Dali as the ant.....very strange but refreshing for a 1929 film.

Tuesday morning, up and about into the magic bus to the Ballarat Fine Art Gallery. We had an extended tour of the Australian collection of the late 19th and 20th century painting. Then 'Vida-the Printmaker' explained how print making works, that lino can be used for other things than flooring. We were also amused by the American tourist who also joined in and asked questions. After lunch at Lake Wendouree we made our way back to the Gallery, that is, all except Torie who was bowled over by one of Ballarat's fine gentlemen. Torie quietly recovered. We then listened to Yvonne (the Gallery Director) talk on 'conversation on artworks' and also saw the setting up procedures for the upcoming 'Lindsay' exhibition.

We drove back to the Ranch stopping in at Creswick for a fantastic drawing session. Arrived back to the Ranch only to find 'Our Sacred Heart Girls from Geelong' had moved us out to the far

reaches of the camp site. That night, the last night, we drew 'exquisite corpses' just as the Surrealists had done before us in Paris of the 1920's. There were some very strange birds and animals.

Afterwards we drew portraits 'by candlelight and kept drawing and drawing until 1.00 in the morning.

Next morning, tired and amazed that it was already Wednesday, we drove off to Lake Daylesford for one last session. Mr Hanner and Mr Karailis got their caffeine fix at the Lake House and before we knew it we were on our way back to Brighton Secondary College. Did it all go so fast? It is really over.....again..... for another year!

Thanks for making it a great camp!

Written by 'one who should know better'.

Bernie Hanner
Art Co-ordinator

THE RELEVANCE OF ART

Education is essential for the understanding and propagation of a culture. In art it is necessary to be taught the basics, before advanced methods can be fully understood. Artists, in my belief, are philosophers, transmitting complex ideas they perceive through the universal language of sight.

When viewing a painting, the artist's feelings, vision or intention is conveyed without tying the viewer up in a web of linguistics. This allows for scholars and laymen alike to understand the artist's concept more readily. This method of relating ideas of considerable complexity has been employed by humans since the dawn of history. Cave painting could be classed as the first written form of communication.

In the past, art was highly prized as a means of relaxation, historical recording and as a religious tool, as in the saturation of sculptures, paintings and frescos that grace the walls and ceilings of the great religious institutions.

Artists are born with a gift to see the beauty and tranquillity in everything, and their labours have for a long time been valued for their purifying effect on the human soul.

During the last century, industrial and technological advancement has accelerated human lives to such a fast rate that much of our understanding of our place within our environment has been lost. Little time is allowed to reflect on the beauty and

peace of nature and as a result, mankind has lost its connection with the soil.

Because of artist's intuitive understanding of this situation, it was reflected in their work. Art changed direction with the emergence of a group called the Impressionists in the mid to late nineteenth centuries. The Impressionist, and latter movements, changed the institutional techniques to more expressive forms of painting.

Their reason for doing so was to attack society's institutionalised perceptions and rebel against the path art was headed.

Many of modern art's prime art movements, such as the Cubist, Fauvist and Abstract Expressionist styles, deviated so much from accepted styles that immense controversy erupted. Controversy became a beneficial form of advertising for the artist's cause. The mass public viewed these works and after some initial bewilderment came to appreciate each consecutive movement in its turn. The following generations of artists came to value the power of controversy and used it to further their aims.

The last decade has witnessed no new dominating style because all styles appear to have already been explored. When modern day art students view last century's art away from the context of the time that work was conceived, its meaning is not relevant, but only holds historical importance.

As a result, this has led to art becoming more a decorative craft, intentionally devoid of meaning or purpose. Purpose or meaning is seen as a threat to the artist's integrity.

There must be a resurgence in realism and fundamentals of the craft of painting to regain clarity of the artistic endeavour.

Ciaran Grogan 12B



Josh Flavell 12D



Ellina Lapovok 12C



Justin Miller 12A



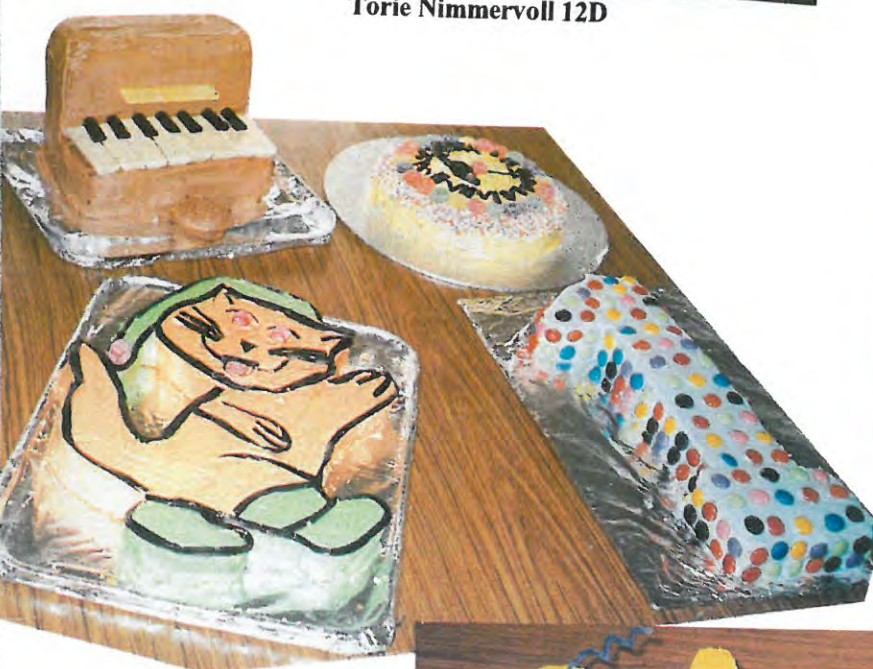
Torie Nimmervoll 12D



Nicolle Gavel 12E



Deane Barnes 11E



One - Cliff Pierez 10B
Train - Susan Holloway 10D



Cat - Artemis Papaxanthou 10B
Plano - Mana Ho 10B
Clock - Claire Haugh 9E

TO DIE FOR

She pinched it vigorously between her fingers and felt the slimy inner walls slide against each other. It repulsed her. She grabbed frantically at the other side to see if it was as disgusting as the other. Nauseated by the sensations of touch she tasted the vile aroma of vomit at the back of her throat. She stared down at what she clutched obsessively in her clawed digits and saw her belly button staring up at her with mock innocence. Her stomach heaved and grumbled and she ripped her hands away from her starving abdomen.

It had been over a month since the plan had become routine. The little diet she had endeavoured upon had developed into an intricate art of starvation. Day in and day out the system proceeded and soon it was the only thing that had any real importance. The scales seemed to be corroding from their constant usage and the 'right' weight seemed to never appear. She would stand on those scales, teetering precariously from side to side on feeble legs, watching with anxious anticipation as the numbers wobbled around the determining line. She had witnessed the numbers decrease, grim satisfaction overcoming her bleak misery each time she conquered another kilogram. 56, 51, 47, 45...The ideal weight was obviously unattainable, there was always more that could be lost. The momentum she was absorbed in gave her a bizarre exhilaration, this obsession gave her a means to an end: to achieve results one must suffer. Beauty means pain.

Avoiding food had become so easy. In the initial week she had been so preoccupied with hunger pains that she didn't even have a chance to actually think about food. Her body cried out for nutrition, but through her ignorance soon the cries faded and the first element in her task was completed. She didn't need to eat now. If she didn't feel hungry, then why get fat for no reason?

Dinner was the only meal that anyone would be there to see her consumption of food, or lack thereof. She would pick restlessly at her food, rearranging the contents on the plate and keeping the family occupied with idle conversations. She would leave the table and scrape her plate into the bin with no one the wiser.

Her full length mirror was an enemy that had to be faced. For hours she would stand in front of it, staring hollowly at her shadow-like reflection through sunken eyes. The image in the mirror reflected a tired unhealthy husk of a person, but she still saw ominous rolls of fat avalanching

over her body. Her breasts had turned into tiny, empty sacks, hanging limply from her chest. The skin across her stomach was stretched tightly over her protruding hips. Knees, elbows and collar bone stuck out menacingly from under her skin, their sharp jabs acting as wards against fat.

When she slept at night, she could feel her spine curve awkwardly on the mattress. She couldn't lie comfortably on her side as it was too hard to balance on just her ribs and hips. Sleep was a desired state, one that hung irresistibly out of reach.

Guilt played an overwhelming part in this act of self-masochism. Any time a morsel of food escaped her guard and entered her body, she was consumed with guilt. She became close friends with her reflection in the toilet bowl; it seemed to be the only one that was doing something right. If she couldn't starve herself properly, she would have to resort to her other options. And the daily trips to the lavatory became another comfortable aspect of her routine. It also meant that she could have the occasional binge and could make up for it later on.

She exercised frantically, just in case any fat could survive the starvation. Sit-ups, push-ups and throwing-up had become such natural actions and responses in her life, that her over-all existence and identity hinged incredibly on her performance of this self-appointed task.

Life as the normal girl she had been was now an alien memory, as though she was remembering someone else. She couldn't understand how people could be so carefree and happy when it took so much effort to keep up to standard. She toiled twenty four hours a day plus overtime to be thin, yet some people were joyous all the time and made no effort at all. She despised these people. She watched them fill their mouths bite after bite, she watched them swallow. She would imagine all the fat cells in those mouthfuls accumulate on their bodies, and her dry lips would stretch over her teeth in a twisted smile because she knew what was happening.

She would buy her magazines every month without fail and stare at the long-legged beauties flaunting their perfect body parts in clothes most women could only dream of wearing. She would rarely read the articles, but would just gaze at the women who were lucky enough to live in those bodies.

So on and on she spun on a merry-go-round of self-induced misery. The cycle

continued. She knew the routine well, and since no one seemed to notice how thin she was, she presumed she wasn't thin enough. She knew she would not stop, she wasn't perfect. And besides, what harm could losing another kilo make?

Freya McFarlane 12D

THINK ABOUT IT!

What is wrong with us these days?

Nothing is ever enough.

We are pushing things to the limit.

Acting as though we are all so tough.

We never think about the dying people,
The hungry or the homeless,
We try and fold them behind the darkness,
We only think of ourselves.

Our world was once so beautiful,
Peaceful and nice,
Now take a look at it,
And for everything there is a price.

Stop treating each other like dirt,
Or like nothing for that matter,
Try to stop all the pain and hurt,
And we again could have a peaceful earth.

If we don't come to our senses soon,
It may just be the end.

It hurts me to say,
But that's what may happen my friend.

Jasmine Artz 8E



SHIPWRECK

Screams of despair filled the air as men and women were swept off the deck into the crashing waves. Chaos surrounded me as blind panic drove me to the life boats. I tried to jump on one of them but someone pushed me off. I fell into the dangerous waters and tried to keep my head above the waves. The cries of the drowning filled my ears and sent spikes of terror through me. The sea was full of debris and wreckage from the ship's broken side. I clung to a piece in my attempt to escape from the destruction. Slowly the ship went down until nothing could be seen except the drowning men desperately trying to remain afloat. I held on to my piece of wood until I grew tired and blackness overtook me.

I woke up with the sun beating down on my bare arms and legs, drying the tattered remains which were once fine clothes. I lay on damp sand, waves were softly lapping against my feet. I felt at ease until I remembered what had happened and I sat up in terror, wondering where I was and if I was the only survivor. How long would it take for someone to rescue me? Would I be here all my life? I walked around the island gathering food to eat. It was then that I saw a boat skirting the shores of the island. I ran to the boat and waved my hands above my head trying to catch its attention. It saw me!

Genna Burrows 7C



THE FIRE

Hundreds of lifeless, black shapes, stud the ground. Children were whimpering like little puppy dogs, wanting their food. A boom as loud as a volcano erupting thunders. More screams of pain, sounding like the squeals of animals in a slaughter house fill the air. The stench is horrifying. A wall finally collapses, the fierce flames stealing its strength. The burning wall falls on the black bodies, crushing them like ants. The faint squeals of sirens rushing towards the scene can be heard. The heat is becoming intense, a giant monster, trying to melt everything in its path. The squeals grow louder, blurs of red appear, men are running in all directions with snake like hoses. Suddenly, an avalanche of cold water, smothers the fiery monster.

Christie Brookes 8E

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

As creepy as a coffin,
As cold as a winter day,
As dark as the strike of midnight,
A home to the ghosts that roam,
The Haunted House.

Sarah Friswell 7D

LIBRARY

As silent as a grave,
As quiet as a mouse,
As large as a house,
Filled with books,
Library.

Naomi Gruneklee 7D

RIVER

Raging like a storm,
Peaceful as the dead,
Changing like a human,
Gushing from the earth,
River.

Jim Round 7D

THE BALLOON

Rising like the sun,
As yellow as the moon,
Light as a feather,
Reaching for the stars,
The Balloon.

Rebecca Colcott 8E

THE OCEAN

Soft and soothing,
Waves come crashing,
As clear as glass,
Never ending,
The Ocean.

Sarah Byron 8E

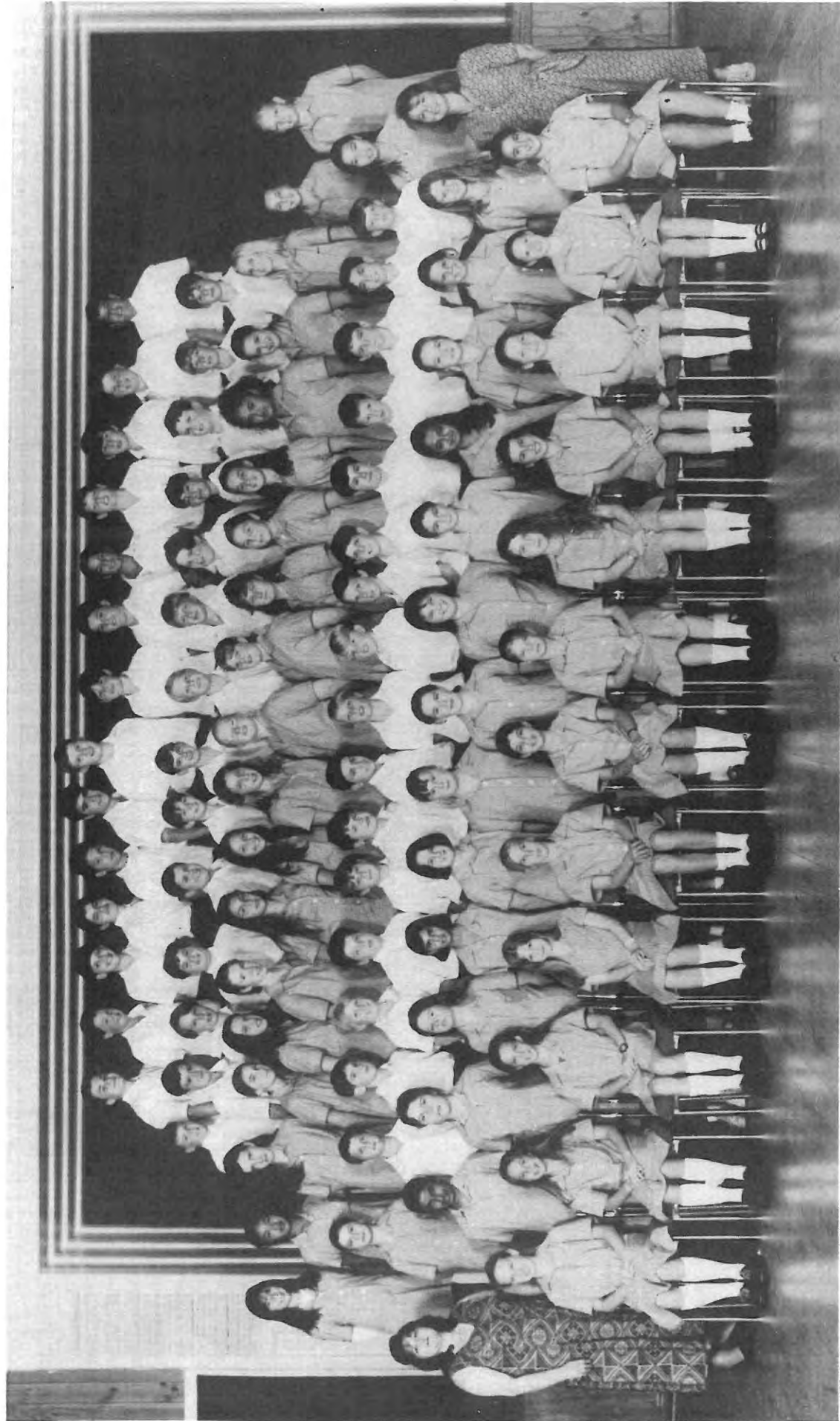
THINGS ARE WRONG

The foam in the sea,
The air that we breathe,
The things that we use,
The food that we chew,
The cars that we drive,
The people we like,
The ones that go fight,
The nations at war,
The peace on the shore,
We're starting to freeze,
Get rid of the heat,
The greenhouse effect,
The things that we store,
They'll soon all be gone,
We're doing things wrong.

Leighton Stevenson 7A

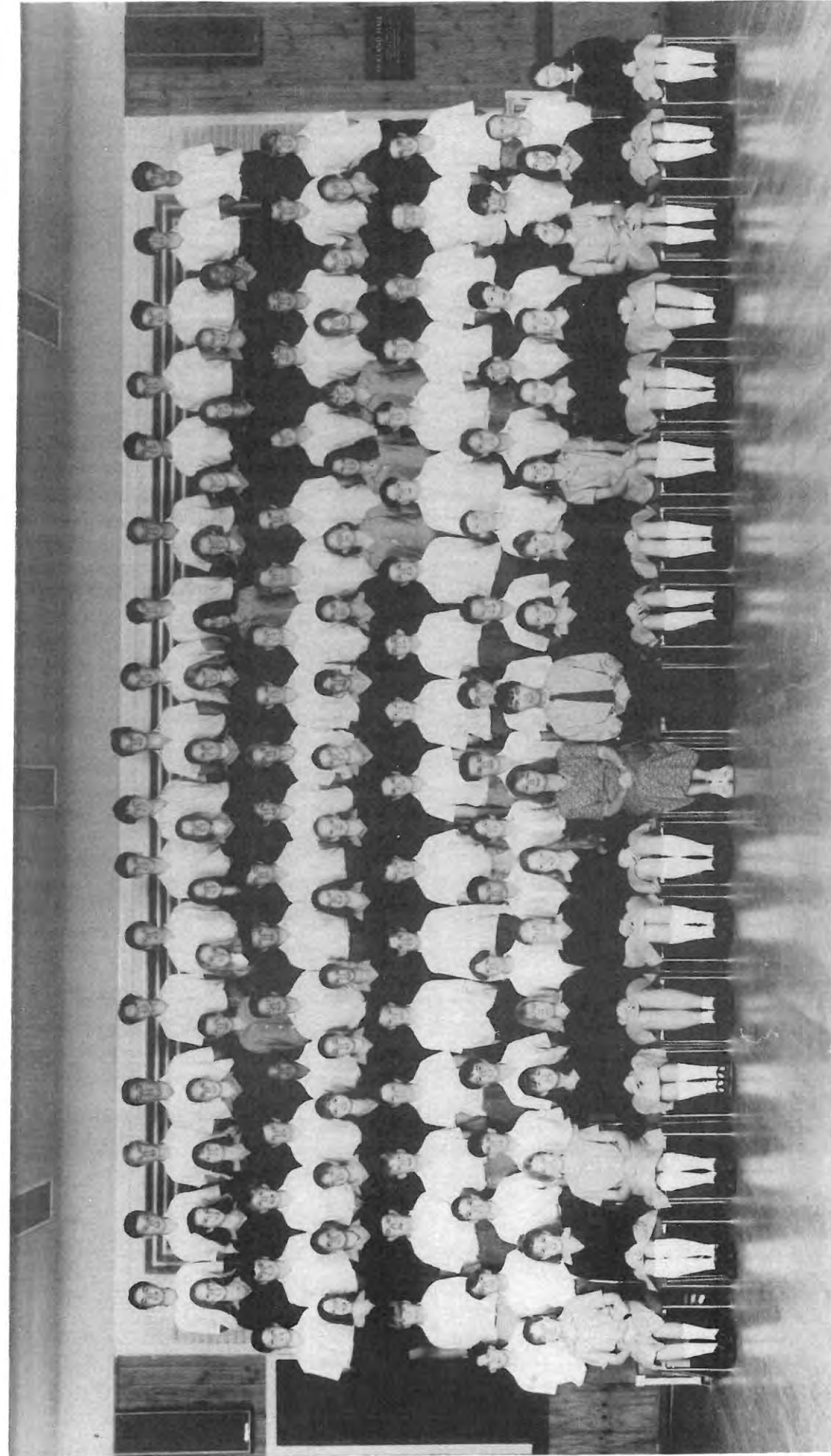


BRIGHTON SECONDARY COLLEGE - YEAR 7 - 1995



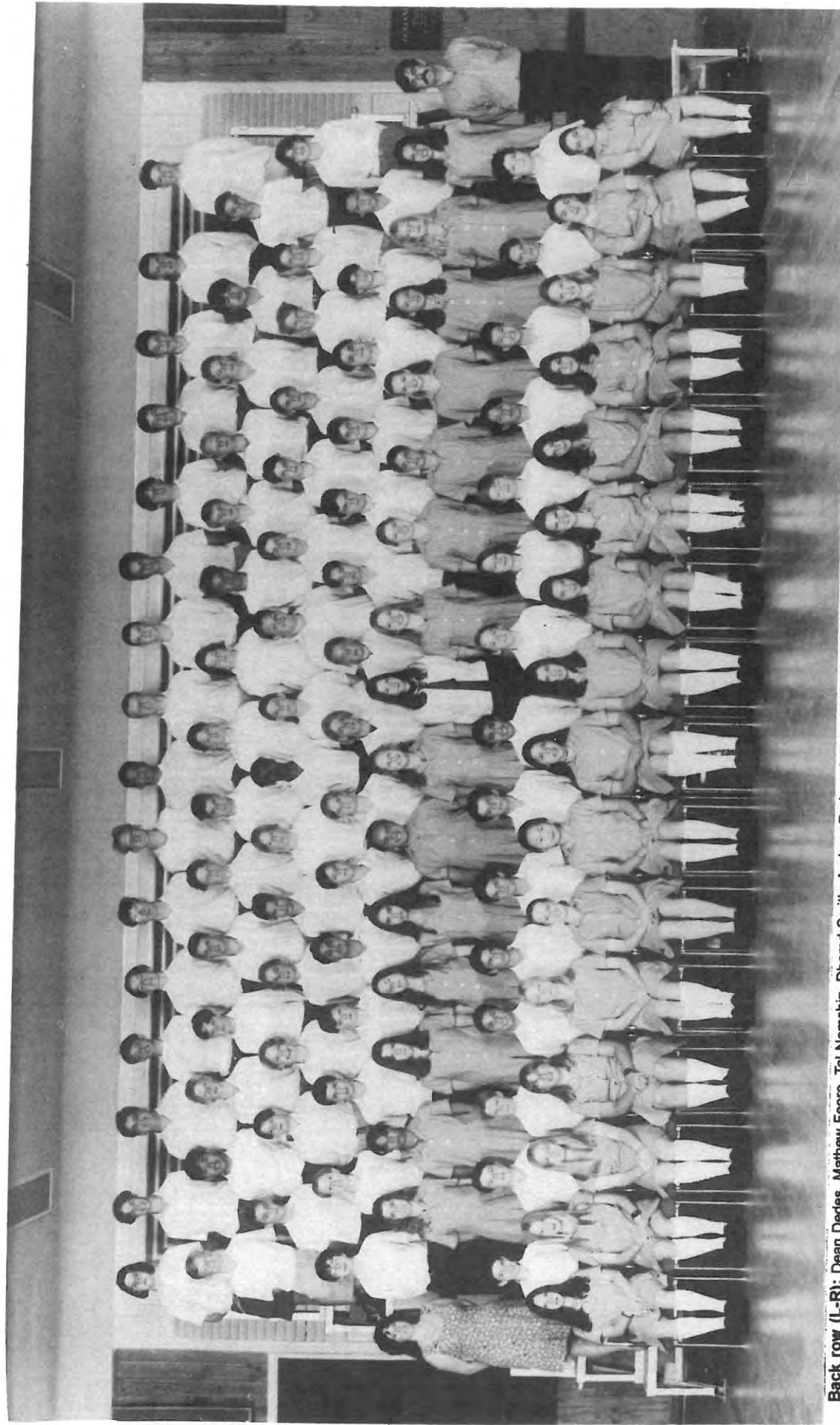
Back row (L-R): Arthur Shisman, Shane Rottier, Alex Levit, David Khalif, David Richardson, Jamie Mermingas, Angus Spence, Jim Round, George Dedes, Chris Vazirianis, Thomas Gillard, Robert Eierweis, Matt Boyle, Jim Dimou. **5th row:** Adam Green, Chris Hassael, Victor Pflug, Fred Kishinevski, Elliot Hirschfeld, Ari Dyball, Josh Walton, Sean Green, Chris Chaberk, Ben Ross, Archie Papaxanthou, Guy Eretz, James Muzzell, John Diacos. **4th row:** Esther Chvartsman, Nan Fuangfoo, Genna Burrows, Kate Wilson, Leanna Rozkin, Joanne Ravensdale, Helen Georgelos, Bianca Martin, Nicole Rodgerson, Lauren Ashworth, Laura Irving, Breame Manchee, Rachel Morgan, Sacha Rodier, Theresa Brown, Melissa Erwin, Billie Kotowski, Nancy Kay, Amy Limpyer. **3rd row:** Inna Golubeva, Lewis Marnell, Leighton Stevenson, Thomas Binks, Alexei Riazanov, Danny Podolsky, Ruslan Kogan, Nick Kais, Russell Wiley, Glen Levens, Neil Cameron, Yosi Spivak, Boris Shneyder, Sean Lawson, Luke Davis, David Megrelishvili, David Jones, Mates Liston. **2nd row:** Miss M. Ellis, Uma Suraweera, Veronica Volkov, Lauren Kelly, Kylie De Silva, Roxanne Islacopoulos, Danielle Quick, Rachelle Young, Samara Bennett, Leah Seymour, Melody Rodrigues, Pippa Danzig, Emily Jones, Kristin Hohmuth, Mrs A. Lake. **Front row:** Aimee Khavounitis, Michelle Barnett, Nicole Orloff, Sarah Friswell, Kylie Jordan, Katherine Yerondais, Merryn Prince, Belinda Rosen, Alica Lecky, Dina Boyarovsky, Naomi Gruneklee, Rebecca Giles. **Absent:** Amanda Hartman, Maia Kalinina, Olga Levina, Natalie Reid, Nigel Foo, Katie Smith.

BRIGHTON SECONDARY COLLEGE - YEAR 8 - 1995



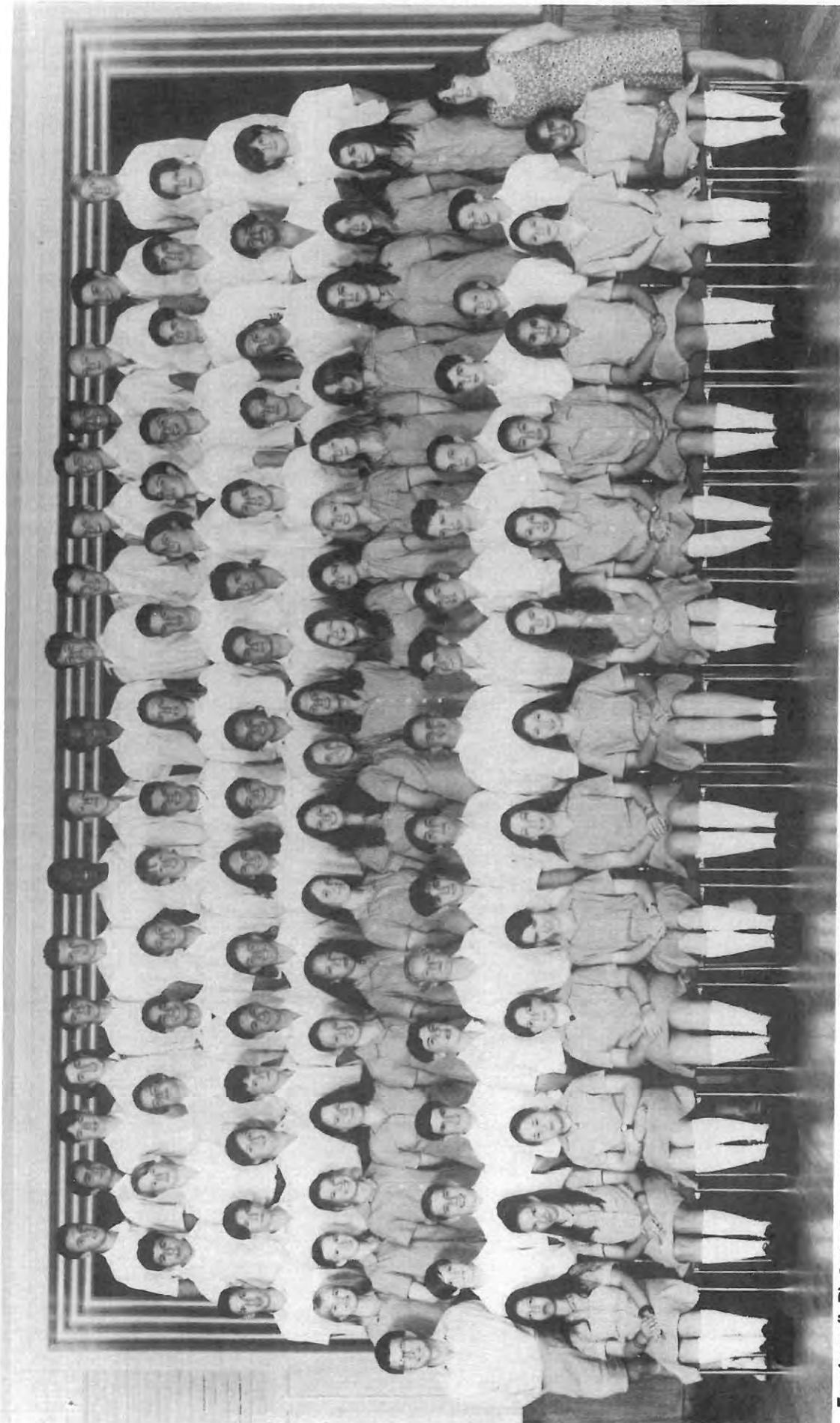
Back row (L-R): Sasha Kaminsky, Robert Welch, Travis Heald, Chris Constantinescu, Michael Artemenko, James Boyd, Tim Osners, Cameron Lewis, Arsen Kishishian, Broderick Reeder, David Williams, Sar Maraventano, Chris Gartner, Nigel Johnston, Igor Vasilevsky, Jonathan Attwell, Marcelo Torres. **6th row:** Jessica Rogers, Lisa Smith, Amee Billings, Carol Caldwell, Julia Kogan, Olivia Pudney, Catherine Barker, Andre McIvor, Jaemine Artz, Peta Hyrons, Diana Rudister, Leah Purvis, Chelsea Johnson, Samantha Higgins, Annamaria Seward, Ann Fuanloo. **5th row:** Anatoly Krushevsy, Igor Shisman, Simon Davidson, Mark Leithead, Bolade Aiyelokum, Nicholas Timewell, Tom Lakyushin, David Hartman, Ian Paczensky, Bryan Glover, Kenneth Galbraith, Andrew Ireson, Jaya Bull, Luke French, Cameron Scott, Nathan Kaplan, Dean Giannakis, Natha Tsvlin, Ari Nirens. **4th row:** Sarah Bryon, Sarah Cash, Michelle Holder, Elizabeth Mann, Olga Komm, Julia Pat, Carly Medley, Felicity Day, Jane O'Connor, Chantelle Giles, Nicole Thiedeman, Rebecca Colcott, Brohn Kucher, Sally Howard, Anna Boryslawski, Camilla McKewen, Amanda Alvarez. **3rd row:** Travis Grabert, Adam Mrocki, Sean Henderson, David McKillop, Clinton Marshall, Brad Pallot, Jonathan Raven, Jack Muler, Chri McCallum, Robert Stetner, Steven Warren Smith, Steven Hughes, Abram de Bruyn, Anthony Casamento, Jammie Feretzanis, Tim Overmars, Andrew Charalambous. **2nd row:** Justin Janai, Lazarus Siapantias, Clinto Wyner, Michael Szykrot, Andrew Davidenko, Jason Kille, Stuart Anderson, Sean Sandilands, Tom Ferraro, Nathan Dunn, Jonathan Breuer, Mathew Hopkins, Eddy Sannay, Mark D'Angelo, Phillip Abramson, Philli Hughes, Shane McBeth. **Front row:** Jessica Grace, Laura Harrington, Saskia Koger, Hie Cing Hii, Catherine Thome, Hannah Levy, Courtney Gregory, Mrs Lake, Mr Ivory, Christie Miller, Catherine Kotova, Merind Eastman-Hills, Monica Karmy, Greer Boucher, Magdalena Carrasco, Sophie Christopoulos, Heather McKillop. **Absent:** Jarah Lazzaro, Vadim Engel, Eduardo Barrichello.

BRIGHTON SECONDARY COLLEGE - YEAR 9 - 1995



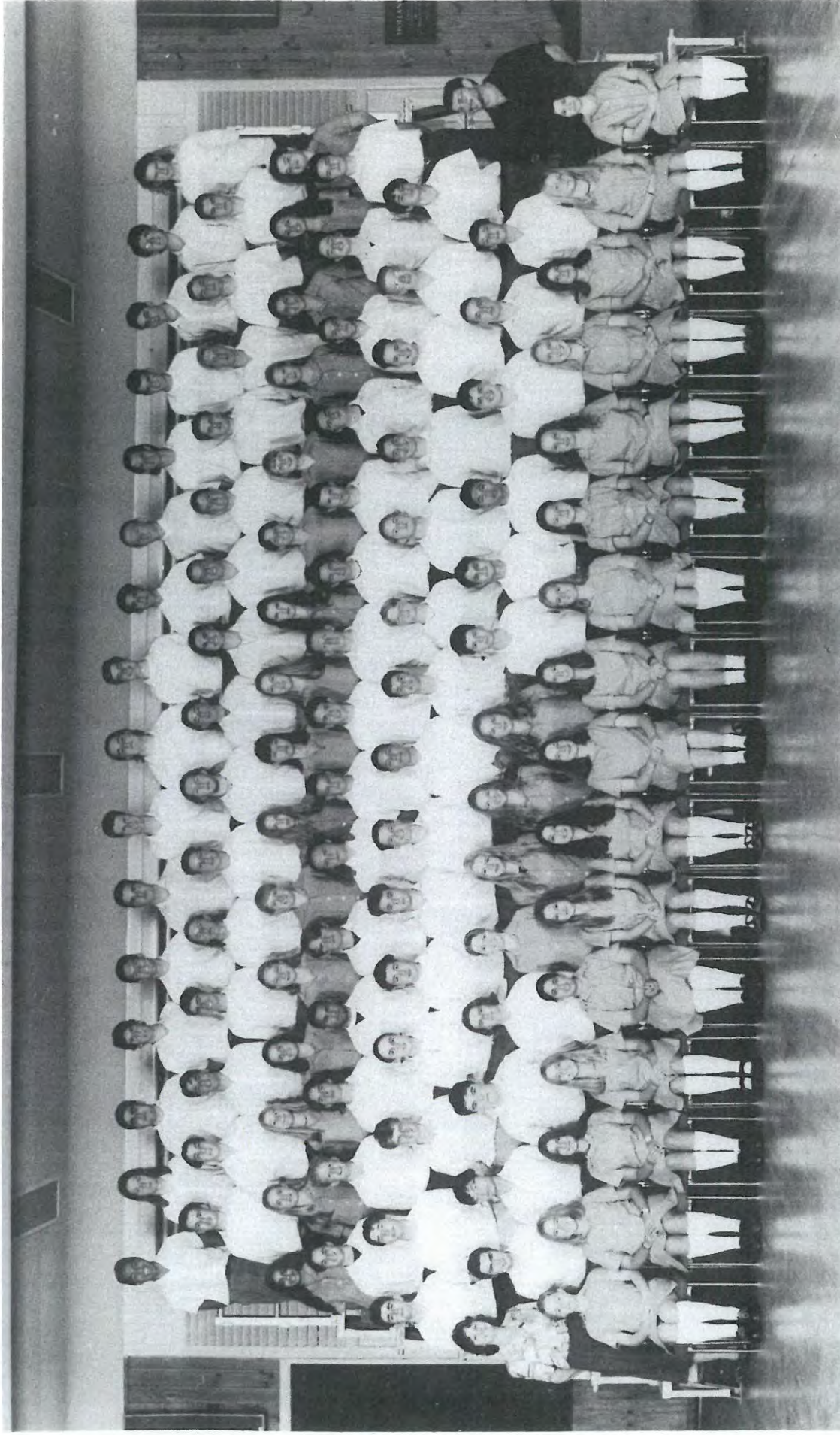
Back row (L-R): Dean Dedes, Mathew Feore, Tal Nemshiz, Dhamd Smith, Andrew Barker, James Bell, Kane Ralph, Danya Obotair, Scott MacDonald, Ben Jamieson, Glen Kanevsky, Shane Bankier, Iliia Medvedev, Daniel Urbach, Luke Comehls, Steven Mellech. **6th row:** Robert McKendrick, Anum Sochirin, Scott Sager, William Murphy, Giuseppe Di Giorgio, Peter Overmars, Michael Rodgerson, David Thompson, James Whiteside, Lincoln Dacy, Tom Dredge, Ben Muzzel, Troy Garth, Joe Zhou, Chris Gillies. **5th row:** Roscoe Tsalacopoulos, Philip Watters, Lincoln McCorm, Jarrod Wattson, Jade Ballis, Christian Strickland, Godfrey Koch, Dean Weiniger, Simon Ingberg, Leigh Proffitt, Arie Spivalk, Craig Hornsby, Paul Forkes, Trent Collie, Tony Dal Cengio. **4th row:** Sigmund Malter, Shane Levens, Vladislav Djouraaen, Sean King, Gulshan Price, Andrew Dunn, Mathew Green, Steven Kemp, Dylan Jones, Nicholas Lim, Jeffrey Freestone, Ben Dunn, George Tarnous, Justin Wright, Conan Daley. **3rd row:** Ms. Osman, Bernadette Muleta, Michelle Dudley, Danielle Plunkett, Anna Mac Farlane, Kerani Martin, Dianne Tom, Lyndal Hartley, Amber Hopkins, Meaghan Copeland, Lucy Heathcote, Pauline Stavakis, Carly Conabere, Victoria Carlino, Brooke Tissear, Tiffany Wareing, Mr Jasiewicz. **2nd row:** Aaron Reichwald, Dmitry Profus, Craig Brookshaw, Alex De Filippis, James Yerondais, Sanko Pita, Dinko Pita, Alan Brown, Mark Orchard, Jarrod McKewen, Joel Briglia, David Zuker, Ben Loh, Kane Boyd, Robert Shoykhet. **Front row:** Bianca Bretman, Jeanette Peace, Emma Smith, Shonelle Delphin, Elizabeth Fletcher, Christine Mc Cormack, Jessica Cen, Genelle Grant, Daisy Kotlyar, Tanis Owler, Claire Haugh, Kelly Tuck, Neslihan Guneyusu, Erica Hazen, Hadas Miszelowski, Tracey Blume. **Absent:** Michelle Golub, Sandra Kais, Leman Crowe, Artha Doyle, Peta Hewett, Yoel Goberman, Steven Hanley, Peter Pritchard, Jim Lacey.

BRIGHTON SECONDARY COLLEGE - YEAR 10 - 1995



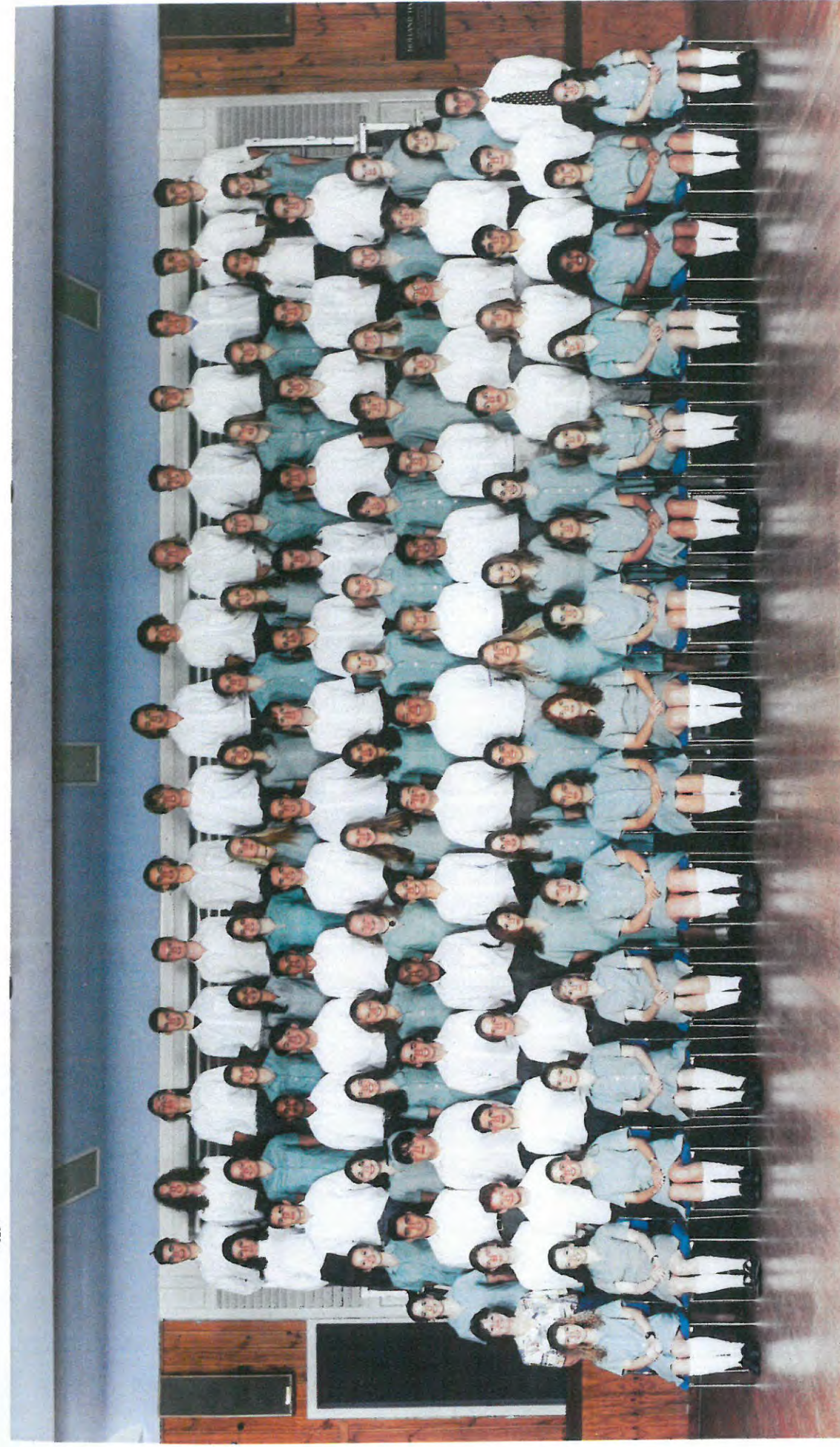
Front row (L-R): Corine Packeer, Nicole Birch, Vanessa Lim, Danielle Agussol, Becky Ford, Artemis Papaxanthou, Melinda Marek, Renata Voldman, Susan Holloway, Mana Ho, Renda Helal, Rebecca McMillan, Mary-Anne Leonard. **2nd row:** Mr Cameron, Aaron Gruneklee, Dale Sanfti, Tim Howard, Adrian Lazar Adler, Jesse Heron, Zinos Charalambous, Byron Pakula, Nathan Ujvari, Rodd Blutman, Chris Friswell, Michael Abramson, Andrew Sapir, Michael Goldberg, Jason Ridgeway, Vova Ringer, Miss Osman. **3rd row:** Veronica Murovanchik, Sally Kay, Rebecca Eastman-Hills, Rebecca Hiscok, Louise Arundell, Belinda Richardson, Elise Halloran, Danielle Presser, Michelle Colquhoun, Carmen Jordan, Gina Ravensdale, Celina Day, Deandra Burrows, Frances Blake, Ashli Yeter, Julie Warren-Smith, Ilona Gold. **4th row:** Simon Lew, Stas Demb, Oleg Taradas, Marc Toyb, Michael Murphy, Hilton Clarke, Richard Akselrod, Peter Nicolacopoulos, Joshua Stokes, Panos Nickas, Dimitry Ortenberg, Maksim Ilin, Alex Verdians, Ben Deutsch, Patrick Ferraro, David Chapman. **5th row:** Andrew Roufail, Tabori Harbott, Haywood Reddy, George Tarnvakis, Paul Alvarez, Dolan McMath, Riccardo D'Alanno, Luke Pryde, Michael Podolsky, Eli Eretz, Ben Smith, Igor Rozkin, Damien Reid, Alan Henderson, Andrew Irving, Joel Chibert, Manolis Dimou, Johan Jonsson, Ryan Shovelar, Phillip Benton, McCallum, Dimitri Kotliar, Paul Kaitrch, Cliff Piercez, Leigh Ireson, Daylan Pierez, Simon Famer. **6th row:** Igor Profus, Kiran McInnes, Peter Weinzett, Ashley McCallum, Dimitri Kotliar, Paul Kaitrch, Cliff Piercez, Leigh Ireson, Daylan Pierez, Simon Famer. **Absent:** Peter Abel, Sam Bonanno, Julie Flack, Jonas Manelli, Rachel McMahon, Nicholas Vary.

BRIGHTON SECONDARY COLLEGE - YEAR 11 - 1995



Back row (L-R): Niko Lauina, Ben Mc Carthy, John Christou, Sylvain Manso, James Fletcher, Sergei Pritoula, David Roberts, Cayne Snowden, Steven Porritt, Stephen Arias, Daniel Mc Ivor, Timmon Owlter, Adam Vitollis, David Alexandrou, Oleg Bendetsky, Ben Mc Conchie. **6th row:** Matthew Fowler, Bodhi Hanley, Peter Giannakis, Scott Hearle, Andrew Gaul, Nick Bailey, Chris Bell, Matt O'Neill, Alex West, Tim Francis, Wayne Benton, Jason Kraan, Rohan Pallot, Gavin Rhodes, Dean Barnes. **5th row:** Rani Gangulya, Melissa Sarfii, Jane Allardice, Georgia Timewell, Jowita Modzelewski, Sarah Bell, Andrea Ayerbe, Mariko Ando, Bronwyn Thomas, Nicole Colquhoun, Dorit Gross, Belinda Christie, Skye Coleman, Penny Spyrour, Marina Wareing, Renee Marouff. **4th row:** Aaron Hornsby, Josh Hannaford, Ivan Cvim, Ken Stuart, Andrew Lamb, Quentin Morcom, Bengson Ward, Brent Hardy, Mark Coghill, Michael Dawes, Jeff Marchiandi, Andrew Teschendorff, Clinton Tuck, Matt Lush, Michael Kagan. **3rd row:** Eric Engel, Bill Christopoulos, Shaun Prince, Simon Altman, David Basin, Max Biller, Damien Shaw, Anthony Flis, Asaf Weis, Tim Brookshaw, Kalman Polak, Danny Sherman, Allon Dinor, Craig McDonnell, Adam Reed. **2nd row:** Mrs Marye Baxter, Andrew Blume, Qiang Li, Brendan Hodder, Raul Precupas, Kylie Stevenson, Jacqueline Scott, Jessica Whiteside, Peta Jenkin, Arkadi Djuraev, Arseni Malinovich, Agung Sochirln, David Gould, Nic Skjonnemand, Roman Surkis, Mr Peter Kindler. **Front row:** Megan Estominho, Sophie Siapantias, Renee Yerondais, Misty Johns, Pauline Frank, Marcia Kennedy, Bea Dubinsky, Tambllyn Marshall, Ianessa Cameron, Beverly Hughes, Illana Zuker, Marianna Malkin, Lynette Hillen, Bridget Ure, Melissa Estominho, Diana Vaynbrand. **Absent:** Ben Collins, Yana Kletse, Emma Takerei, Andrea Davies, Dallas Walhi.

BRIGHTON SECONDARY COLLEGE - YEAR 12 - 1995



Back row (L-R): Matthew Bracken, Dylan Walton, Paul Kacperkiewicz, Celvin Shovelar, Justin Miller, Andre' Kozma, Marc Reid, Matthew Evans Joshua Presser, Andrew Elliot, Joshua Flavell, Kees de Bruyn, Rohan Marriott, Allan Harris, Justin Kavanagh. **6th row:** Marissa Nicolacopoulos, Linda Nelson, Jane Chapman, Radha Naidu, Eve Herschberg, Freya MacFarlane, Fiona Smith, Julie Forryan, Caitlin West, Lisa Patterson, Yvette Amott, Penny Ward, Magdalena Stankowski, Kym Galpin. **5th row:** Danny Ciurej, Roshan Jayasinghe, Todd Handy, Jason Wilson, Ashley Sampson, John Sears, Daniel Fargher, Igor Gringruz, Glenn Ford, Chiangir Guneyasu, Dominic Kekich, Zachary Szanto, David Swieca. **4th row:** Cassie Simpson, Rebecca Van Cuylenburg, Corinna Burrows, Ebony Morrison, Richelle Butlin, Nicole Gavel, Francis Presser, Ernestine Harbott, Kylie Jenkins, Yukari Mizuhata, Rachel Marlow, Leah Doig, Evi Filippou, Renata Stenzel. **3rd row:** Claire Hutton, Albert Balot, Nir Nemshiz, John Kharitonov, Brendan Koch, Mark Hutton, George Christopoulos, Shaun Foo, Beau Robertson, Lemuel Salinas, Steven Koverdinsky, Richard Westney, Troy Prince, Matthew Salvage, Nora Tannous. **2nd row:** Mrs Marnie Baxter, Benjamin Blackwell, Brendan Freestone, Oren Miszelowski, John Westney, Elina Lapovok, Joanna Mc Minn, Randa Chebbo, Caitlin Farmer, Adele Karmy, Sarah Marsden, Carlos Martinez, Ciaran Grogan, Abby Takla, Leon Stagliano, Mr Vic Pappas. **Front row:** Lily Molkov, Rochelle Miller, Anita Bates, Josephine Cetnic, Janice Hughes, Anna Williams, Shennen Wright, Caroline Christie, Jamie Rubenstein, Aphra Heron, Emma Hyron, Angilee Hughes, Joanne Leonard, Naomi Kimpton, Torie Nimmervoll. **Absent:** Jane Thompson, Esther Goldberg.

Photography by Images Photography, Brighton - Member of Master School Portraits

ALL THAT REMAINS

Delicately poised over a fence-post she stood, gentle radiance emanated from her body. Her slender hands were cupped under her chin. A kittenish smile played across her angelic face, highlighting the gleam of innocence embedded in her stare. Her creamy complexion sparkled, contrasting with the feminine glow embodied within layers of lustrous hair.

An enchantress of the modern world. Never did I imagine that a photo could capture the essence of genuine beauty and grace so naturally.

As I gaze across the table, I recognise the same exquisite features, only now they are masked by the workings of age. The smile that adorns her elegant face remains, radiating warmth and love. As I stare upwards to peer into the depths of her eyes, a sense of shock invades my body. I search frantically. Where is it Grandma? Where is the innocence that beamed from your stare. Where did it go?

While I knew the answer, I tried desperately to deny that my grandparents were involved in that kind of tragedy... a tragedy which engulfed the innocent lives of many. A tragedy unprovoked, though deemed to occur. The genocide of World War Two.

The 'superior race' Hitler intended to create, alienated others like my grandparents. A race deemed not worthy of population on this earth. They were Jews, therefore they must die.

When World War Two broke, my grandmother and four aunts fled in fear from Krakow. As the German Army were looking for young recruits, her brothers were forced to escape to Russia. The three young men crammed onto one motorbike and departed. While all three managed to descend across the border safely, Poldek was taken to the Russian front where inevitably he met his defeat.

During their trek to safety, my grandmother's naivete led her to be persuaded into exchanging her healthy horses for a couple of sick, weak nags. The gypsies who cheated her were another race persecuted due to their identity.

During the panic and chaos which followed, my grandmother lost her aunts. When all hope of safety and freedom had nearly diminished, the distressed damsel was rescued by two humane German pilots who brought her back to her cherished homeland. Due to her attractiveness and charisma, they both fell in love with her. Not knowing her Jewish heritage, she was overwhelmed with gifts of flowers and clear spirits as a token of their affection.

Eventually, my grandparents were forced down into the darkness of the ghetto. No-one held the remotest view on why this was happening. All Jews were forced physically from their homes, laden only with the possessions they could manage to carry. The streets over-flowed with frightening souls, descending cautiously towards the underworld. There was no rush to reach their undeserving destiny.

The ghetto was a festering squalor. Its rancid atmosphere burdened nervous minds, causing immense fear within its residents. Within its oppressive walls, three or four families were confined to one room, each suffocated by the other's presence. Mental torture was delivered upon these victims in abundance. The physical pain was yet to come. The degradation instilled at being driven into such poverty caused frustration. They were all wealthy citizens. What god forsaken sin did they all commit in order to be treated in such an animalistic

way? No-one responded to their cries, and slowly, their anxiety and depression numbed all thoughts and ate away at any hope of salvation.

While everyone persisted in this state of despair, it was reassuring knowing that you were not in a 'death' camp.

Horrible tales of camp life leaked through the congested walls of the ghetto. Hostile cold slabs of metal covered with a scattering of straw replaced beds. Insipid lumps of meal were rationed, not daily, maybe weekly if you were fortunate, but no-one ever was. The torture of survival remained.

The liquidation of the ghettos was their final collapse into purgatory.

Tremendous chaos erupted. Families were separated by segregating the sexes. Blameless people were murdered like animals; *bang bang* you're dead, one bullet to the head. The Nazis ruthlessly wielded their power.

Families, unable to bear the severe realisation of camp life, committed suicide, others scurried like rats into their holes, hiding fearfully from Nazi execution. All were found and mercilessly slaughtered. People were erratic with the terror of camp life as no-one came out alive.

The unrelenting Nazis deprived and robbed the Jews of everything.

Their heads of hair were shaven, gold teeth plucked out and precious jewels ripped off their bearer's necks and hands. Prisoners suitcase and possessions were stolen and received by hundreds of German warehouses who in turn sold them for profit. This process was perceived by the Nazis to be the elimination of identity and equality.

The camp's towering boundaries symbolised the entrance through the gates of hell. Guarding the doorway stands *Cerebus** sporting a fiery vermilion swastika*.

The camp's main passage-way was paved with burial head stones. The Nazis had ravaged all Jewish cemeteries, leaving them desolate. New roads were made to accommodate the transportation of the inferior classes to their deaths. Like cattle to the slaughter house. Any sense of pride or dignity the Jews possessed was eradicated. The Nazis spared nothing. Without an identity you were naked. You became nothing.

After maybe a year (time was insignificant), my grandmother was sent to work in a factory: 'Oscar Schindler's Factory'. Schindler was an outside commander, which meant he remained the property of the camps but was able to resume residence outside its sinister border. He was a noble and charming gentleman, treating his workers with respect.

Working in Schindler's factory remained the only form of liberation for the prisoners of Nazi Germany. Schindler nourished their maltreated bodies with food and provided a certain fatherly comfort. In Schindler's hands they felt safe. In him, they found optimism.

Through Schindler, grandma was able to send her whole family, and life now seemed promising. The final bombshell struck when everyone was to be transported to Auschwitz, the most dreaded camp of all. Death was inevitable.

Loaded aboard trains, like wild beasts, terror was once again instilled, as their plight for redemption was destroyed.

On arrival at Auschwitz, the dehydrated 'animals' stood motionless in the dead night air while soft flakes of snow played over their soiled,

naked bodies. The pungent odour of death was overpowering. It pricked their nostrils and adhered to their sickly skin. What everyone presumed was velvety, fluffy snow was actually corpse ash. Everyone stared above in utter horror, witnessing, as the imposing concrete columns spat out endless puffs of smoke and ash. The rain of death which showed over their bodies suffocated them. They were being smothered by death. The rancid stench was nauseating. But it failed to cease.

They were herded into rooms where all bodily hair was shaven. They were then herded into a large bathing house; above them shower heads covered the ceilings. Everyone knew what was coming. Nervous eyes flashed back and forth, the anxiety was thick: people desperately racking their minds for pleasant memories of times long gone, sustaining them through this horrific ordeal. Others hopelessly soul-searching for an answer to this abhorrent crime. They would not find one. What justification can one possibly give to legitimise the mass murder of an entire race?

The prolonged anticipation within the gas chamber was like burning in Hell. Then it came. It spewed out above them. Screams interrupted the tortured silence. They were being showered... it was pure fresh clean water, not gas. The anticipation and relief in everyone burst forth so forcefully that women and children lay in piles on the saturated concrete floor. They were alive.

Oscar Schindler fulfilled the dreams of the Jewish workers in his factory. Like God himself, he rescued one thousand Jews from the Devil's clutch, including my grandparents. These fortunate people formed the epic of 'Schindler's List'.

As I gaze once again into the serene eyes of my grandmother, I understand why her innocence was lost. Her eyes penetrate mine and discover something else there. I see a reflection of myself, and I realise how far she has journeyed. In light of the loss she encountered during the Holocaust, her strength will always be present. All that remains is the memory.

Francis Presser 12D



CROSSING THE BRIDGE

It took me completely by surprise. After cruising through an uneventful and routine life as a mild-mannered suburban youth, the dramatics proceeding my seventeenth birthday knocked the wind right out of my sails. I had, in all honesty, convinced myself that I was going to navigate safely through the turbulence of adolescent theatrics and into smooth sailing adulthood without a hiccup.

However, fate had a different plan in mind. In the last five months, I have had to confront more change and contemplation than in all my previous seventeen years. Without choice, I was thrust into a situation that would have repercussions on my life's direction and leave behind in me, the first traces of a seasoned grown up. All due to the one unexpected incident.

The unlikely occurrence concluded the simple celebrations for my seventeenth birthday. To acknowledge the passing of another year I had planned to embark upon something a little different with my closest acquaintance at the time, to do something neither of us had tried before to make the day memorable. Although our intention of donating our first sample of blood at the blood bank's city location fell through and we had to settle for a film and some fries, our objectives were still met. The events transcribed on that pleasant spring evening were to form my most vivid memory in seventeen years of life. Some things can never be forgotten, and I will never forget heading home across the footbridge that day.

Looking back, it's hard not to be frustrated by my own ignorance of the situation. The time we spent talking, the hints she dropped, should have alerted me to her cause. The deserted location and the protective shadows of the setting sun that offered a cover, were only circumstances. I sit here and write the words 'closest acquaintance', when in truth she was the best friend I have encountered. Yet, if such a truth be told, how can one comprehend my complete lack of cognisance for the impending event? In contemplating the course of that evening now, I see how clear the signs were, how hard she tried to make me understand, but I let her down. Not once did it register that my friend was suicidal.

It's always been such a delicate issue. I have never believed in it myself. Things happen, but life picks up again, and we learn from each episode, evolving into a stronger, more able person for enduring it. Because I can so confidently detach

myself from the act, I suppose I tend to believe it cannot touch me in any form. I realise that I had denied any association to consequences as serious as suicide. Always playing down the significance of her major mishaps, it was against my usual grain to be such an optimist. Life was often cruel to her, but as her friend, I was doing my best to support her, to get her to look on the bright side, so that I with my limited experience had no time to be the pessimist. The denial was mutual and made detection so hard for a newcomer to this field.

When her body began to protrude dangerously over the bridge railing, I was not alarmed, not even all that shocked considering the degree to which her actions were, on my behalf, unexpected. I was just extraordinarily scared. At the moment when her intentions became apparent to me, a nauseating wave crashed through me and settled in the pit of my stomach. I remember how very clear and protracted the incident seemed and how I was at first disabled by my fear. Yet it was that fear that convinced me to grab her and haul her from the railings, refusing to let go until we stepped off the descending ramp, for if it had not possessed me at that moment my hand could not write as steadily as it does now.

Despite the knowledge that she never ended up on the highway surface with the change that fell from her pockets, it doesn't make the repercussions any easier to deal with. It happened, and nothing could be the same afterwards. No amount of caring or contemplation helps to change that. However, it helped to change me. I did not teeter precariously on the edge of anything physical that evening, but I did fall from familiarity into somewhere I had never been before.

For the same reasons as other friendships wane, ours did so too, dwindling over the Summer as we both evolved from the same incident. These days we casually greet one another as we pass in the corridors. It saddens me to think of how events transpired, but it also pleases me, to see her smiling, and alive.

Ernestine Harbott 12B

CROW

Gliding through the air like a jet,
As black as ebony,
Claws as sharp as blades,
It sees its prey and swoops,
Crow.

Felicity Day 8E





ASTRONAUT

Floating in an eerie world,
Looking down below,
At breathtaking sights,
And strange new worlds,
And wonders to bestow.
The silence started to deceive my mind,
Strange objects began to lurk,
Indescribable monsters,
And mystifying creatures,
I knew I was going berserk!

Cathy Barker 8A

BEN

'As I march along this weary road I am confronted with the tears of a sullen sky. My feet, although cracked and bleeding, continue their heel and toe motion. In front and behind me march many others. It is becoming difficult to distinguish the rivers of mud from the blood. We follow these rivers as they move towards hope, and we know that if we die before our time, at least our blood was successful in its journey for we would die with freedom in our minds.'

This is how I imagine Ben's first memories to be.

I met Ben through my elder sister. He had learnt to adjust to his surroundings and seemed to bear an everlasting smile. Although he was outgoing, there was always a reluctant element about him that refused to share his feelings. It was virtually impossible to get him to open up. It was obvious that there was more to this boy who wore an endless grin. He once told me that he smiled because he was free. He was one of the lucky ones.

Ben was born into the hurricane that was Cambodia. At four years of age his parents placed him in the care of his neighbours who were endeavouring to embark on a journey that would take them out of Cambodia and towards freedom. After miraculously surviving the walk towards freedom, Ben found himself squashed amongst many other refugees on a frail boat, barely large enough to hold its occupants.

Ben arrived in Australia, a frail child sick with malnutrition. This weak little boy knew the bare minimum of his background. 'Ben' is not his real name, it was chosen because it rhymed with his surname. Although he says that he's turning twenty-one this year, he can't be certain. 'Ben' made the transition into adulthood not knowing whether or not his family survived the atrocities that sent him here. All that he can be certain of is that when he left his crumbling home with his

neighbours, he was also leaving a loving mother, father, a brother and three sisters.

'Ben's' Australian upbringing lacked the same security as his walk across Cambodia. He was uncertain as to what would happen next. 'Ben' was placed in foster care, being thrust from one 'mother hen' to another. Just as his mother gave him to another, so did his surrogate parents, one after another.

Three months after I met Ben he was reduced back to that feeble child with no name at the immigration office. He had returned home from school to find that his foster family had gone. Standing in a desolate house, no food, no furniture Ben resorted to something he had fought for so long to avoid - crying. This sixteen year old boy who was just learning to come to terms with not knowing his family had it all thrown back into his face. He was left with no legal guardian, no-one to love or to nurture him.

Old enough now to legally live without a guardian, Ben was placed in a unit for disadvantaged adolescents. The government gave him what money he needed to survive and charities clothed and fed him when desperation became an understatement. Ben was given everything he wanted by people who pitied him. Everything that was, except love.

During the weeks after his ordeal my family took Ben under its wings. Over many meals we discussed the implications of not knowing your family let alone a foster family that cared. Ben felt that part of him was missing. He wanted to know if his family still lived. He wanted a photograph of his mother. Ben spent many nights wondering whether or not his mother and sisters were victims of rape or if his father was ever tortured under suspicion of treason. Many times Ben spoke of the need to discover the truth about his family but it was too expensive for a boy of his position to embark on such a pilgrimage. My father started Ben on his quest to find his parents. Together they wrote letters to embassies, immigration offices and Foreign Affairs. Not once during their quest were they confronted with a positive reply. Ben was told that his mother would first have to send a letter before they could draw connections between the two.

Ben stopped his search for his family in his final year at High School. He decided that if his mother hadn't written by now, she was either dead, or, didn't care.



After graduating, Ben and my sister went their separate ways and so too did his connections with my family. He was accepted into a horticulture course then, except for the occasional phone call, he vanished from our lives.

About a year ago, Dad received a phonecall from Ben. Ben had been informed that a woman believed to be his mother was looking for him. She had been trying to contact him for sixteen years but her letters never made it out of Cambodia. Foreign Affairs was able to match the information given to them by Ben with the information received by this woman searching for her son.

The wait to receive the letter was well worth it. Ben's whole family had miraculously survived. His father had been imprisoned for ten years as a result of some scandalous comment made in the privacy of a group of friends - rewards were paid to accusers. Ben discovered that he would be turning 22 this year and that he was a younger brother. Still unable to pay for the airfare back home Ben is content with the knowledge that his family lives. While visiting them is his primary goal he does not want to move back to Cambodia. He does not know his family and considers himself Australian. He does hope, however, that one day his family and others like them will be granted Australian citizenship and while he realises it is impossible to house the entire refugee population in one country, he hopes that all the people of the world will one day be as free as he is.

Anna Williams 12D





YVETTE ARNOTT
The academics are rigged



ALBERT BALOT
New Year's Eve....Never again!



ANITA BATES
Fallen Angel choir girl



BENJAMIN BLACKWELL
Aren't you being a bit obvious?



MATTHEW BRACKEN
Best dressed in Chicken Town



CORINNA BURROWS
Everyone is older than me



RICHELLE BUTLIN
Where's Angie?



JOSEPHINE CETINIC
Can I hand it in when the bell goes?



JANE CHAPMAN
I didn't see anything!



RANDA CHEBBO
Miss Managing Director
Conductress Extraordinaire



CAROLINE CHRISTIE
I want some diet coke. Heh, heh!



GEORGE CHRISTOPOULOS
Greeks do it better!



DANNY CIUREJ
Let's go to the gym



KEES DE BRUYN
Baboon!



LEAH DOIG
Ken Bruce has gone mad



ANDREW ELLIOTT
I like 'em young!



CAITLIN FARMER
I guess you had to be there



EVI FILIPPOU
Oh, I can't, I've got Greek School



JOSHUA FLAVELL
Gumby's Lovechild



SHAUN FOO
Carlos, get out of my bed,
it's 6.00am!



GLENN FORD
Hendrix's Lovechild



JULIE FORRYAN
Can I sit the other way?



BRENDAN FREESTONE
It just is!



KYM GALPIN
I am 18, I am!!



NICOLLE GAVEL
I'm sooo tired



ESTHER GOLDBERG
The current account and nail file



IGOR GRINGRUZ
I'm not a taxi!



CIARAN GROGAN
Beauty is a word forbidden
from those with impure tongues



CIHANGIR GUNEYSU
I think she saw it!



ERNIE HARBOTT
Just humour me



ALLAN HARRIS
Part-time School Captain



APHRA HERON
Cruisen'



EVE HERSCHBERG
Oh my God! Albert's dead!



ANGIE HUGHES
Finally ready to leave Brighton



JANICE HUGHES
Yes, I do speak



CLARE HUTTON
How funny...lovely...cute!



MARK HUTTON
I'm on a roll!



EMMA HYRONS
Michael, I made it to May



ROSHAN JAYASINGHE
Driver from hell



KYLIE JENKINS
Laryngitis Lady



PAUL KACPERKIEWICZ
So, what's happening tonight?



ADELE KARMY
I think I like him



JUSTIN KAVANAGH
Hick boy



DOMINIC KEKICH
Roller Blades suck



JOHN KHARITONOV
Never raging again



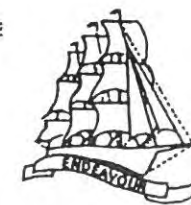
NAOMI KIMPTON
Too short



ELLEN KLEIN
I'm not! It's a holiday



BRENDAN KOCH
Air Time





STEVE KOVERDINSKY
Usual casino schedule



ANDRE KOZMA
What's wrong with it, Mrs Tripp?



ELLINA LAPOVOK
Forget the criteria
I want to do it this way



JOANNE LEONARD
Pray tell



FREYJA MacFARLANE
I see life through a purple haze



ROHAN MARRIOT
One of the boys



SARAH MARSDEN
He's so gorgeous



CARLOS MARTINEZ
Shaun, I've got news for you.
It's not your bed



JOHANNA McMINN
Little Miss Impossible -
I was just expressing my opinion



JUSTIN MILLER
Winona has big brown eyes



ROCHELLE MILLER
I'm the mostest hostess



OREN MISZELOWSKI
Have you seen the latest Van
Damme movie?



LILY MOLKOV
Good things come in
small packages



EBONY MORRISON
Not precocious..... misunderstood



RADHA NAIDU
I'm confused - I don't know
what to do



LINDA NELSON
Shop, party and be merry



NIR NEMSHIZ
I'm talking serious, guys



MARISA NICOLACOPOULOS
No more warehouse, I'll come to school



TORIE NIMMERVOLL
It's all in the eyes



LISA PATTERSON
Bali baby



JOSH PRESSER
Be nice 'cause one day
I'll be rich and influential



FRANCIS PRESSER
No one's perfect, but I come
very close



TROY PRINCE
Army boy



MARC REID
Mmm, what? Yeah, right!



BEAU ROBERTSON
You know what they call me?



JAIME RUBENSTEIN
I'm going home. Just point me
in the right direction



LEMUEL SALINAS
I've finally realised that
personality counts



MATTHEW SALVAGE
Bar down



JOHN SEARS
A policeman - that sounds
like a job!



CELVIN SHOVELAR
What do you mean, my
work requirement's late!?



CASSANDRA SIMPSON
Trash Queen!!!



FIONA SMITH
I wanna spill the blood of a yuppy!



LEON STAGLIANO
I'm too sexy for this school!



RENATA STENZEL
All I need is a can of whipped
cream and Elvis!



DAVID SWIECA
Excuse me mate, you Greek?



ZACHARY SZANTO
With a dry, cool wit I can
be an action hero



ABBY TAKLA
I usually don't talk this much.



NORA TANNOUS
No-one told me this was the VCE



JANE THOMPSON
I'm going home



**REBECCA VAN
CUYLENBURG**
Why be difficult when, with a
little effort, I can be impossible?



DYLAN WALTON
Jim Morrison



PENNY WARD
My name's Penny Ward,
people call me Chucky Skinner!



CAITLIN WEST
Cruisin' Groovin'



JOHN WESTNEY
School gets in the way of work



RICHARD WESTNEY
Thats not a problem!



ANNA WILLIAMS
Don't tell me what to do!



JASON WILSON
'Rise and Shine'



SHENNEN WRIGHT
Fine! Just leave me alone





YUKARI MIZUHATA
Exchange student - Returned to Japan



TODD HANDY
Returned to USA in September.



ASHLEY SAMPSON
Vanished!!



DANIEL FARGHER
Transferred to Barton TAFE in June



MAGDA STANSKOWSKI
Exited in July



12A
Blackwell Benjamin
Bracken Matthew
Chapman Jane
Christie Caroline
Ciurej Danny
Farmer Caitlin
Filippou Evi
Foo Shaun
Freestone Brendan
Gringuz Igor
Jenkins Kylie
Martinez Carlos
Miller Justin
Nelson Linda
Nicolacopoulos Marisa
Shovelar Calvin
Smith Fiona
Stagliano Leon
Swieca David
Takla Abby
Westney John
Westney Richard

12B
Balot Albert
De Bruyn Kees
Grogan Ciaran
Harbott Ernie
Heron Aphra
Herschberg Eve
Hughes Janice
Hutton Mark
Karmy Adele
Kavanagh Justin
Kekich Dominic
Marlow Rachael
Marsden Sarah-Ann
Mizuhata Yukari
Molkov Lily
Naidu Radha
Prince Troy
Salvage Matthew
Sampson Ashley
Stankowski Magdalena

12C
Arnott Yvette
Burrows Corinna
Cetinic Josephine
Chapman Bianca
Galpin Kym
Klein Ellen
Lapovok Ellina
Leonard Joanne
Marrion Rohan
Miller Rochelle
Miszelowski Oren
Patterson Lisa
Reid Marc
Salinas Lemuel
Stenzel Renata
Tannous Nora
Van Cuylen Rebecca
West Caitlin

12D
Bates Anita
Chebbo Randa
Fargher Daniel
Flavell Joshua
Forryan Julie
Harris Allan
Hutton Clare
Hyrons Emma
Jayasinghe Roshan
Kacperkiewicz Pawel
MacFarlane Freyja

McMinn Jo
Morrison Ebony
Nimmervoll Torie
Presser Josh
Presser Francis
Szanto Zachary
Thompson Jane
Walton Dylan
Williams Anna

12E
Butlin Richelle
Christopoulos George
Doig Leah
Elliott Andrew
Ford Glenn
Gavel Nicole
Goldberg Esther
Guneyso Cihangir
Handy Todd
Hughes Angie
Khanonov John
Kimpton Naomi
Koch Brendan
Koverdinsky Steve
Kozma Andre
Nemshiz Nir
Robertson Beau
Rubenstein Jamie
Sears John
Simpson Cassandra
Ward Penelope
Wilson Jason
Wright Shennen

11A
Bell Christian
Cameron Ianessa
Cuttriss Melissa
Coghill Michael
Dawes Michael
Dinor Allon
Estornio Melissa
Evans Matt
Hanley Bodhi
Hearle Scott
Jenkin Peta
Johns Misty
Kennedy Marcia
Lush Matthew
Morcom Quentin
Precupas Raul
Reed Adam
Sochirin Agung
Spyrou Penny
Teschendorff Andrew
Thomas Bronwyn
Tuck Clinton
Ure Bridget
Waihi Dallas
Wareing Marina
Whiteside Jessica
Yerondais Renee

11B
Allardice Jane
Altman Simon
Ando Manko
Ayerbe Andrea
Bell Sarah
Christopolous Bill
Christou John
Colquhoun Nicole
D'Alanno Virginia
Estorninho Megan
Flis Anthony
Giannakis Peter
Golonov Andrey
Handy Brent

Hornby Aaron
Kraan Jason
Kreuzpaintner Wolfgang
Li Qiang
Malinovich Arseni
McConchie Ben
Pomir Steven
Prince Shaun
Sanfil Melissa
Spodniewski Roger
Stuart Kenneth
Timewell Georgia

11C
Alexandrou David
Arias Stephen
Benton Wayne
Coleman Skye
Cym Ivan
Davies Andrea
Djouraev Arkadi
Dubinsky Bea
Engel Ernest
Frank Pauline
Gross Dorit
Hillen Lynette
Kletsel Yana
Manso Sylvain
Marshall Tamblin
Morehouse David
Polak Kalman
Roberts David
Scott Jacqueline
Shaw Damien
Siapantas Sophie
Skjonnemaund Nic
Snowden Cayne
Surkis Roman
Takeri Emma
Zuker Ilana

11D
Blume Andrew
Brookshaw Tim
Collins Benjamin
Fletcher James
Francis Tim
Hannaford Josh
Hodder Brendan
Hughes Beverley
Malkin Marianna
McCarthy Benjamin
McDonnell Craig
McIvor Daniel
Owler Timmon
Pritoula Sergei
Rhodes Gavin
Vaynbrand Diana
Ward Bennson
Weis Asaf

11E
Bailey Nicholas
Barnes Dean
Basin David
Bendetsky Oleg
Billar Max
Christie Bellinda
Fowler Matthew
Gangaiya Rani
Gaul Andrew
Gould David
Kagan Michael
Lamb Andrew
Lauina Niko
Marchiandi Jeffrey
Marouff Renee
Modzelewski Jowita

O'Neill Matthew
Pallot Rohan
Sherman Danny
Stevenson Kylie-Jane
Vitoleus Adam
West Alex

10A
Abramson Michael
Burrows Deandra
Ford Becky
Goldberg Michael
Gasonov Dmitri
Halloran Elise
Harbott Tabori
Henderson Allan
Heron Jesse
Hiscock Rebecca
Katrish Paul
Kotlar Dmitri
Leonard Maryanne
Lim Vanessa
Marek Melinda
McCallum Ashley
Nickas Peter
Nicolacopoulos Peter
Orloff Damien
Packeer Corine
Pierz Daiyan
Reddy Haywood
Reid Anthony
Richardson Belinda
Shifferson Roman
Smith Ryan
Ujvari Nathan

10B
Akselrod Richard
Alvarez Paul
Arundell Louise
Blake Frances
Blutman Rodd
D'Alanno Ricardo
Demb Stas
Dimou Manolis
Eastman-Hills Rebecca
Grunklee Aaron
Harrington Shona
Ho Mana
Itin Maksin
Jonsson Johan
Kay Sally
Lazar Adler Adnan
Levin Dmitri
Papaxanthou Artemis
Pierz Cliff
Rozkin Igor
Sanfil Dale
Sapir Andrew
Sklenar George
Sothilingham Gaya
Verdians Alex
Weinzettl Peter
Yeter Ashli

10C
Agussol Danielle
Benton Phillip
Birch Nicole
Burdenjuk Dmitri
Clarke Hilton
Colquhoun Michelle
Deutsch Ben
Helal Renda
Howard Timothy
Ireson Leigh
Jordan Carmen
Khavounitis Kyle

McInnes Kiran
McMath Dorian
McMillin Rebecca
Murovanchik Veronica
Pakula Byron
Podolsky Michael
Ridgway Jason
Roufai Andrew
Shovelar Ryan
Smith Ben
Stokes Joshua
Taradas Oleg
Toyb Mark
Vary Nicholas

10D
Chapman David
Charalambous Zinos
Chibert Joel
Day Celina
Eretz Eli
Farmer Simon
Ferraro Patrick
Flack Julie
Frisswell Christopher
Gold Ilona
Irving Andrew
Lew Simon
Littler Kim
Murphy Michael
Ortenberg Dmitry
Presser Danielle
Profus Igor
Pryde Luke
Ravensdale Gina
Ringer Vova
Tamvakis George
Tsiourvas Marie
Voldman Renata
Walker Corinna
Warren-Smith Julie

9A
Boyd Kane
Brookshaw Craig
Brown Allan
Constantinescu Chris
Dedes Dean
Feore Matthew
Fletcher Elizabeth
Freestone Jeffery
Garth Troy
Golub Michele
Green Matthew
Guneyso Neslihan
Hopkins Amber
Jamieson Ben
Lim Nicholas
MacDonald Scott
Miszelowski Hadas
Morcom Lincoln
Muzzell Benjamin
Overmars Peter
Pritchard Peter
Tissier Brooke
Tuck Kelly
Urbach Daniel



9B

Boyd Michelle
Bretman Bianca
Conabere Carly
Connor Linda-Maree
De Filippis Alex
Doyle Artha
Dunn Andrew
Dunn Ben
Hazen Erica
Hewett Peta
Kanevsky Glen
Kemp Steven
King Sean
MacFarlane Anna
Malter Sigmund
Martin Kereni
Pita Dinko
Pita Sanko
Price Gulshan
Seymour Kieren
Shoykhet Robert
Spivak Arie
Stravrakis Pauline
Wright Justin

9C

Ballis Jade
Bell James
Burrows Michael
Collie Trent
Cornhels Luke
Crowe Lennon
Daley Conan
Gillies Chris
Goberman Yoel
Hanley Steven
Koch Godfrey
Loh Ben
McKendrick Robert
Mellech Steven
Nemshiz Tal
Obotaire Danya
Richards Ronnie
Rodgerson Michael
Tannous George
Weiniger Dean
Yerondais James
Zhou Joe
Zuch Damien
Zuker David

9D

Briglia Joel
Caldwell Rhea-Lyn
Carlino Victoria
Cen Jessica
Copeland Meaghan
Dacy Lincoln
Delphin Shonelle
Di Giorgio Guisepppe
Dredge Tom
Forkes Paul
Kotlyar Daisy
Lacey Jim
Levens Shane
McCormack Christine
Medvedev Ilia
Owler Tanis
Profus Dmitry
Sager Scott
Skewes Guy
Strickland Christian
Thompson David
Tsalacopoulos Roscoe
Watson Jarrod
Watters Phillip
Whiteside James

9E

Bankier Shane
Barker Andrew
Blume Tracey
Dal'Cengio Tony
Djouraev Vladislav
Dudley Michelle
Eydlish Katherine
Haugh Claire
Heathcote Lucy
Ingberg Simon
Jones Dylan
Kais Sandra
McKewen Jarrod
Muleta Bernadette
Murphy William
Orchard Mark
Peace Jeanette
Profitt Leigh
Smith Emma
Smith Dhama
Sochirin Arum
Tom Dianne
Wareing Tiffany

8A

Attwell Jonathon
Barker Catherine
Billing Aimee
Caldwell Carol
Carrasco Magdalena
Charalambous Andrew
Cohen Natalie
Dunn Nathan
Giannakis Dean
Giles Chantelle
Higgins Samantha
Holder Michelle
Hopkins Matthew
Hughes Steven
Kishishian Arsen
Koger Saskia
Mann Elizabeth
McCallum Christopher
Medley Carly
Nicholas David
Overmars Timothy
Pallot Bradley
Pat Julia
Rose Melissa
Scott Cameron
Seward Annamarie
Sothilingham Cowshegan

8B

Artemenko Michael
Barrichello Eduardo
Breuer Jonathon
Duda Laura
Eskinazi Lisa
Galbraith Kenneth
Gartner Christopher
Grace Jessica
Harrington Laura
Hartman David
Hewish Jason
Howard Sally
Hughes Philip
Johnson Chelsea
Krushevsky Anatoly
Levy Hannah
Marshall Clinton
McKillop Heather
McIvor Andrea
Mellado Andrew
Muler Jack
Ninns Ari
Purvis Leah

Shisman Igor
Stettner Robert
Thiedeman Nicole
Tsvilin Nathan
Williams David

8C

Burnham Stacy
Christopoulos Sophia
Constantinescu Chris
Debruyin Abram
Feretzanis Jammie
Gregory Courtney
Heald Travis
Hyrons Peta
Karny Monica
Kille Jason
Komm Olga
Kotova Catherine
Laktyushin Tom
Lezzaro Jarah
Lewis Cameron
Maraventano Sam
Mitchell Christopher
Mrocki Adam
Pudney Olivia
Raven Jonathan
Reeder Broderick
Rogers Jessica
Sanay Ediz
Smith Lisa
Warren-Smith Steven
Wyner Clinton

8D

Abramson Phillip
Aiyelokun Bolade
Boucher Greer
Boyd James
Engel Vadim
Ferraro Thomas
French Luke
Fuangfoo Laddawan
Hii Hie-Cing
Ireson Andrew
Janai Justin
Kaminski Sasha
Kaplan Natan
Kogan Julia
Kucher Brohny
Leithead Mark
McBeth Shane
McKewen Camilla
O'Connor Jane
Ruditsier Diana
Thorne Catherine
Timewell Nicholas
Torres Marcelo
Vasilevitsky Igor
Welch Robert

8E

Alvarez Amanda
Anderson Stuart
Artz Jasmine
Boryslawski Anna
Brookes Christie
Bull Jaya
Byron Sarah
Casamento Anthony
Cash Sarah
Colcott Rebecca
D'Angelo Mark
Davidenko Andrew
Davidson Simon
Day Felicity
Eastman-Hill Merinda
Glover Bryan

Grabert Travis
Henderson Sean
Johnston Nigel
McKillop David
Mellado Lynette
Osmers Tim
Paczensky Ian
Sandilands Sean
Szykrot Michael

7A

Ashworth Lauren
Boyle Matthew
Brown Theresa
Cameron Neil
Danzig Pippa
Dedes George
Diacos John
Dyball Ari
Giles Rebecca
Goloubeva Irina
Green Adam
Hassall Christopher
Irving Laura
Jordan Kylie
Kalinina Maria
Middleton James
Muzzell James
Papaxanthou Achileas
Ravensdale Joanne
Rodriguez Melody
Rosen Belinda
Shneyder Boris
Stevenson Leighton
Vazianis Chris
Volkov Veronica
Walton Joshua

7B

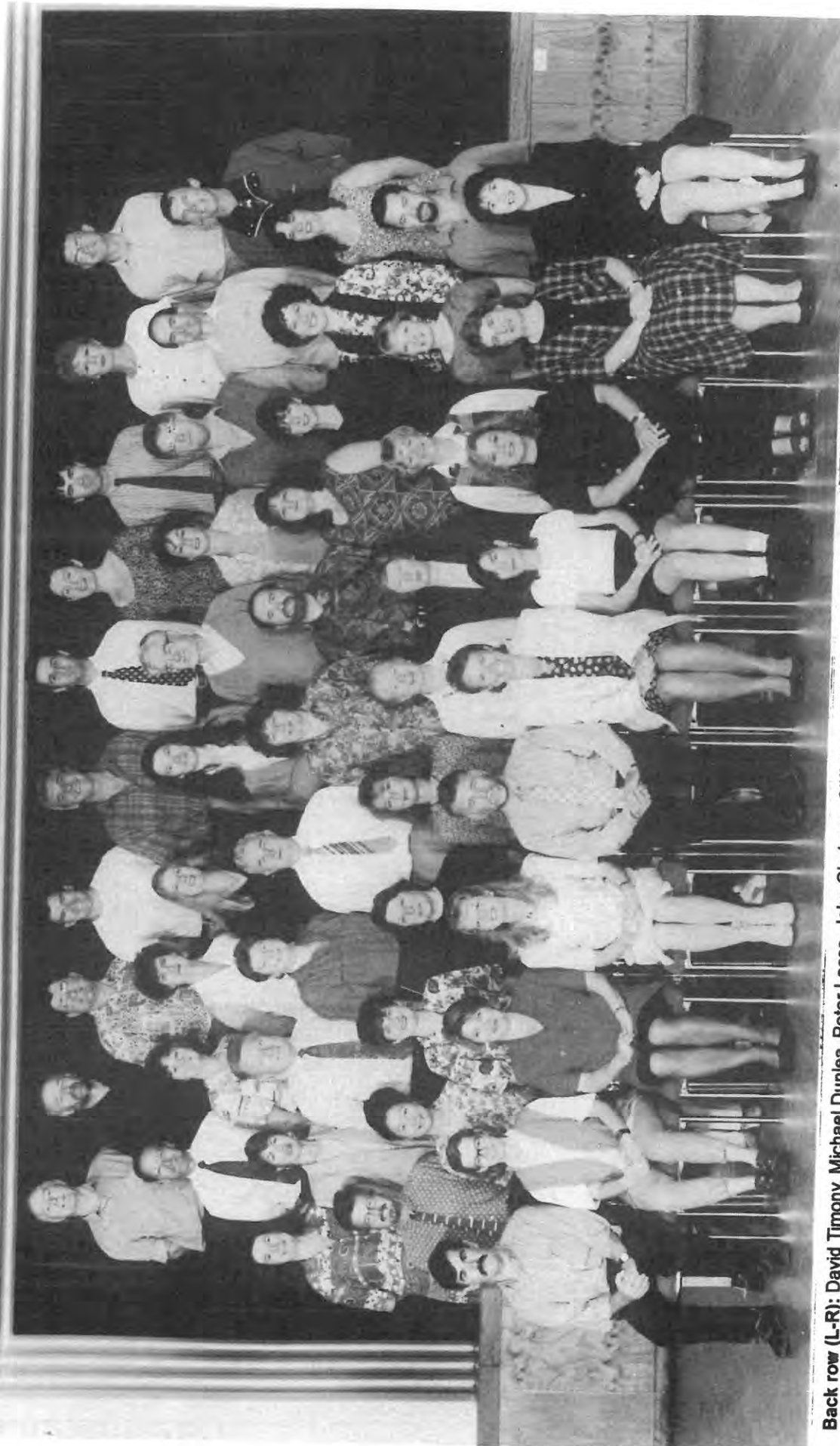
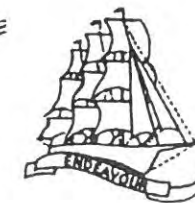
Anderson Dee D
Bardsley Lisa
Barnett Michelle
Boyarsky Dina
Chvartsen Esther
Erwin Melissa
Eydlish Sophia
Foo Nigel
Fuangfoo Nan
Gillard Tom
Hartman Amanda
Hirschfeld Elliot
Hohmuth Kristian
Jones David
Kais Nick
Kogan Ruslan
Lawson Sean
Limpyer Amy
Martin Bianca
Mazur Brandon
Mermungas Jamie
Prince Merryn
Rodier Sacha
Ross Ben
Smith Philip
Spence Angus
Suraweera Uma

7C

Bennett Samara
Burrows Genna
Chabarka Chris
De Silva Kylie
Eierweis Robert
Georgelos Helen
Kelly Lauren
Kishinevski Fred
Levens Glenn
Liston Mates



BRIGHTON SECONDARY COLLEGE - STAFF - 1995



Back row (L-R): David Timony, Michael Dunlea, Peter Locco, John Clarkson, Cliff Humphries, Vic Pappas, Colleen Burke, Robert Ivory, Michele Batour, Gerard Cameron, Tony Harrold.
4th row: Domenico Iaconesso, Marnie Baxter, Anne St George, Brenda Lawson, Pat Gilhooly, Roger Wragg, Heather Klineberg, Michael Morrissey, Clive Wright.
3rd row: Margaret Tripp, Frances Forbes, Michael Redding, Desseree Andrews, Roger McGrail, Carol Boulton, Warren Fineberg, Mirsina Ellis, Nicola Nicholas, Ester James, Sheereen Osman.
2nd row: Bernie Hanner, Sue Lack, Helena Riha, Sue Bendel, Anna Lake, Kathleen King, Anne Gooding, Cheryl Smith, Claire Andrews, Nick Karailis.
Front row: Rob Jasiewicz, Gayle Gardner, Heather Cameron, Jennie Robertson, Philip Shirrets, Linda Ward, Olympia Angelidis, Adele Pakula, Vera Hilton, Antonia Dimitropoulos.
Absent: Anthony Di Stasio, Joan Miljoen, Jenny Dyson, Jean Hunter, Peter Kindler, Jeanette Podolsky, Despina Sarikizis.

