

Voyager 1999

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Principal's Report



Nationally we head towards a referendum on the Republic, which gives us the opportunity to reflect on who we are what we are and what we wish to become. It has been interesting hearing the opinion of our students on this topic; they see no relevance of the British Crown to themselves or their lives. The outcome of this poll will give school considerable material for debate in the next twelve months.

come to expect 1999 has been yet another busy and interesting year. The 1998 school year closed at our Annual Presentation Night at Moorabbin Town Hall. Vitali Korol was awarded School Dux, and was presented with his award as part of the celebrations. Our 1998 VCE students gained a 99% pass rate with 95% gaining first round offers to tertiary institutions. Congratulations to all Year 12 students for their outstanding efforts. Mr Keith Davidson has once again agreed to continue as President of College Council, with Mrs Debbie Grunelkee filling the role of Vice President. With such fine leadership, Council has continued to do an excellent job leading the college community. Heather McKillop and Ari Spivak were elected to the position of College Captains. Ari, unfortunately left school early in the year, and was replaced by Kenneth Galbraith. Heather and Kenneth have proven themselves as outstanding Captains.

On the staffing front we welcomed Ms Eri Tomita (LOTE-Japanese), Mr Houlihan (Physical Education & Year 7 Coordinator), and Mr Denver De Kretser (Mathematics/Science). Mr Peter Mangold joined us as our new Chaplain and Mrs Jepson joined us from Glen Eira. Ms Kafka replaced Mr Dunlea, and has been a welcome addition to the college. We welcomed back Mrs Carlson, Mr Sutton and Mrs Cameron. Mrs King retired at the start of the year. Mr Dunlea, Mr Redding and Mr Wragg all finished their teaching careers during the year. Mr Ackroyd and Mrs Rothwell joined our integration staff.

In 1998, we instituted Annual Bursary Awards. The inaugural winners will be recorded in history as the first ever winners of awards that we trust will be on going. Congratulations to: Ashley Rose, winner of the Corporate Consulting Group Bursary; Sally Rickard, winner of the Wilson Pride-Brighton Bursary; Kirsty Galbraith, winner of the Brighton High School Ex-Students Association Bursary; Lauren Ashworth, winner of the AMC Bursary; Jane O'Connor, winner of the Robert Lane Honda Bursary. The college Community appreciates the support it is receiving from these local Companies, who are prepared to reward our students, while at the same time helping parents defray some of the costs of education.

During the year we were awarded a \$20,000 Federal grant towards the development of a Federation Amphitheatre. We look forward to this and other exciting developments that are currently under negotiation, especially the new synthetic surface multi-purpose sports field that is expected to open in 2000.

I wish our 1999 Year 12 students a fond farewell and extend to them every good wish for a happy, successful and fulfilling life. I trust that your years at Brighton Secondary College have prepared you fully for the years ahead.

To all staff at the college I offer my sincere thanks for your continued hard work as we tackled the challenges that were in 1999. To the College Council, Parents and Friends and Friends of Music, I once again thank you for your ongoing support.

Julie Podbury

Assistant Principal's Report



During the year I have often reflected on what makes our College the unique, vibrant and dynamic community that it is. In seeking answers to this question, I present a number of aspects of our college life which makes us stand out. Once again our College has run a hectic extra curricular program. Starting off with the Year Twelve study skills camp at Mt Martha which was closely followed by the Year Seven camp at Anglesea and then the record breaking House swimming sports all held before the end of February.

This year our unprecedented demand for the camps program continued. In following terms, the Athletics sports involved an unprecedentedly large number of students and resulted in a win to Lonsdale. Four camps were held: the Year Nine to Tasmania, Year Eight to Mt. Buller and two overseas trips, one to New Caledonia and the other to our sister school, Tokaname- Kita in Japan.

Throughout the Year we have offered our students and parent a range of programs to cater for their individual needs, interests and skills. Included in this, the Bayside Youth forum and the Tournament of the Minds, for students in year seven to ten. For the year seven parents we again ran the TRI program, to give our new parents a helping hand in their at times complex journey through secondary college. Working with boys was again run for the year seven students with the highlight being Go Karting at the Oakleigh Center.

As part of our ongoing commitment to the Turning the Tide program the year Eight and Nine students were presented a range of speakers and workshops on drug education, harm minimisation and communication skills.

Culturally the highlight of each year is the House Choral held at the Moorabbin Town Hall at the end of March. Again a packed audience actively supported their house and we marvelled at the range of voices. This year has again been a successful year for our debaters, competing in the district competition. In August, the Night of Instrumental music was held, show-casing a range of talented music students across all our year levels. In September the final sphere of our cultural program was concluded with the College drama presenting, a modern version of the Greek tragedy "Lysistrata".

The most innovative of the programs introduced this year has been the Year 10 community service program. In a society where we continue to think only of our selves, and continue to support the theories of economic rationalism ahead of social justice issues, offering programs such as this allow us to redress this imbalance.

In tandem with this program the College was accepted into the Victorian Youth Development program, specifically the Coast Guard Cadets. The year nine and ten students enthusiastically received both programs.

To all the members of the College Community I wish you a happy and safe holiday and look forward to returning in the year 2000!

Linda Ward

S.R.C. Report

by Kirsty Galbraith, SRC President

This year the Student Representative Council have accomplished quite a lot and have received much gratitude from members both inside and outside of the school community.

Each year the SRC holds four casual days which profits various organisations. This year the States School Relief Fund, the Brighton Benevolence Society as well as the BSC Drama and Art departments benefited from these fund raising efforts.

The SRC also sponsored two children with disabilities to participate in the 3AK Variety Club Christmas appeal. We also organised a tree planting day along the Hampton Foreshore. Forty students from the college participated in the event, which assisted the Australian Trust for Conservation Volunteers.

The SRC also ran the canteen for the BSC production of *Lysistrata*, which was a huge success.

The Red Cross Door Knock Appeal was a major event for the SRC, and we also organised the school's participation in National Bandanna Day.

As you can see, the SRC has had a very busy 1999. A big thank you to all SRC members for the huge effort they have put in. We hope to have just as much fun and impact in 2000!

S.R.C. Members

Year Twelve - Heather McKillop, Kenneth Galbraith

Year Eleven - Alana Arratoon, Melissa Erwin, Rachel Morgan, Tanya Volfman

Year Ten - Marni Basto, Serena Cottle, Kirsty Galbraith, Bass Hobson

Year Nine - Darcie Shannon, Addie Tallarida, Jeanette Volfman

Year Eight - Valery Arkhipov, Ashlee Davis, Julia Decaria, Tyeli Hannah

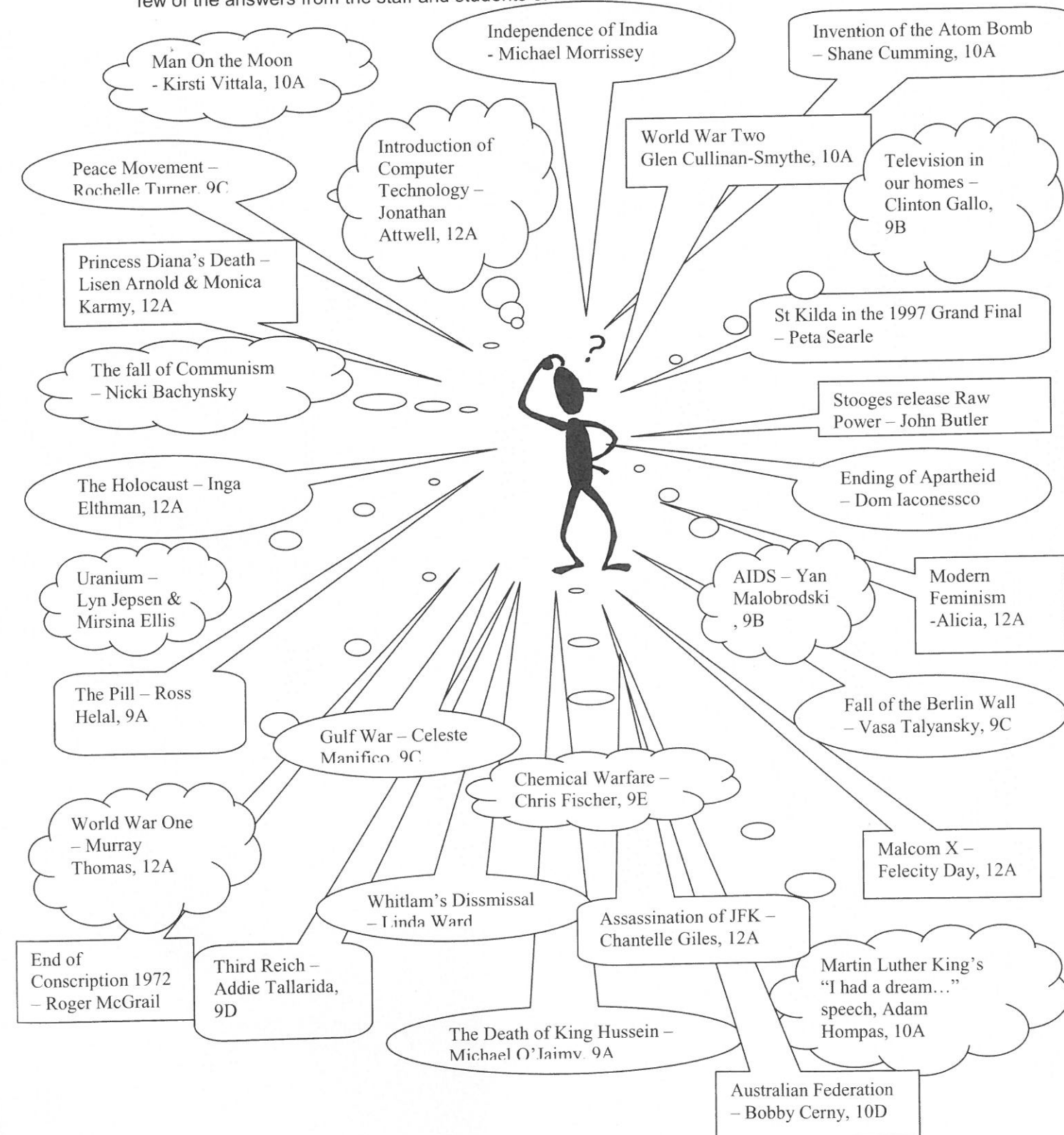
Year Seven - Greg Del Greco, Alycia Lemerle, Arturo Tallarida

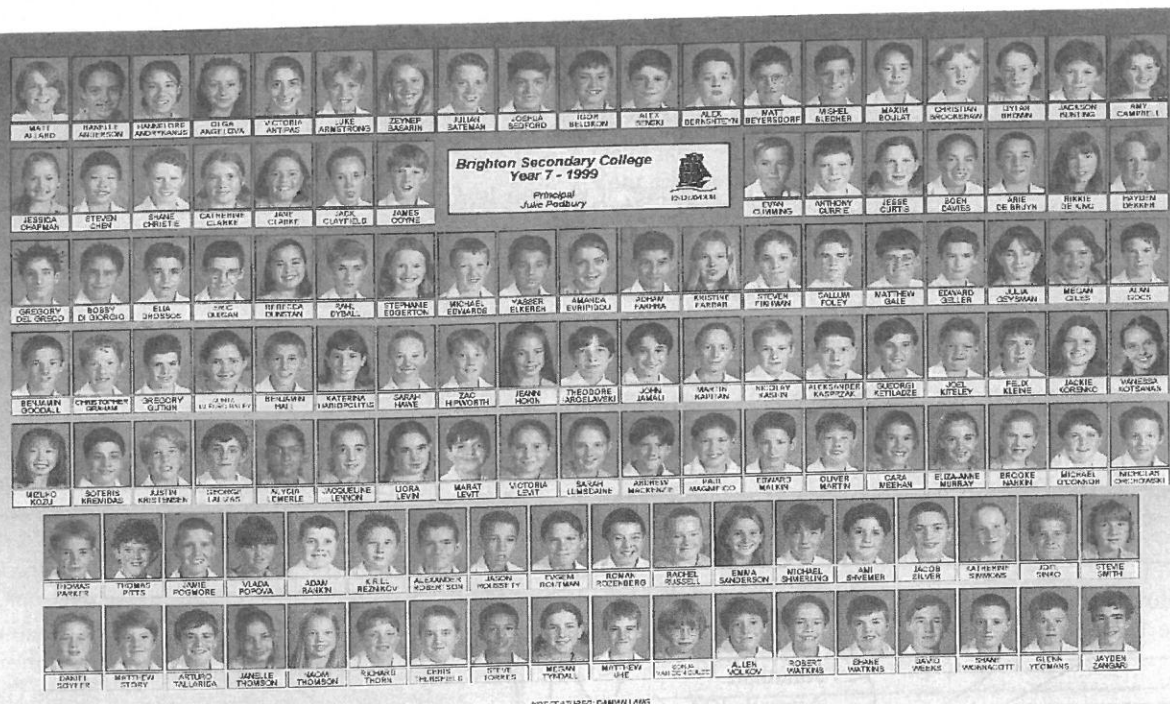


Most Influential Moments of the Twentieth Century

As the Twentieth Century draws to a close, it is time to look back on what has undeniably been an eventful hundred years! From the Russian Revolution, to the glamour of the golden age of Hollywood, to the horrors of the recent Kosovo Crisis, the events of the Twentieth Century have shaped the world in which we live today.

And so we ask, what was the most influential moment of the Twentieth Century? Here are a few of the answers from the staff and students of BSC...





YOU AND I

Do you remember when, we used to spend every moment of every day together? When we used to laugh at our mistakes, and cry with relief. Do you remember when, life was so easy? When we didn't have a care in the world, when we didn't need to speak to be heard. You and I were always best friends. Through the good and the bad. Sometimes together, sometimes apart. Do you remember the way you'd look at me and would be able to read my thoughts like a book. Like a book that never ends. Do you remember the times that we would back-stab anyone who even glanced at us wrongly or made a false move. The way we used to call each other names although we never even realized we were doing it. Do you remember the time when we dreamt we could fly. Just like a pair of eagles and look down on the world below. Life was easy back then, until we started to grow. We became more independent and took more pride in ourselves. The way we walked, the way we looked, the way we talked. We set off down a path, a path that would lead us to our goals, a path that was called life. And little did we know off this path. We knew one thing was certain.....Not

all our results would turn out a success. Even though we had matured a little we still had our laughs and cries. Like that period of time we went through, where we would call everyone stupid names and wouldn't give a toss what they would call us back. Do you remember when we had just finished Primary school and weren't able to tell if our tears were for joy or sorrow.

That was when we changed, you and I. We started seeing less of the people that we had grown up with for the past seven years. And it was like a whole part of us had vanished. But you and I still hung together. Do you remember the time when we got drunk at Joanna's party? The time when we had a food fight in Grade 2? The time when I laughed so hard during swimming that I almost drowned? These are all great memories of the past that will remain with us forever, just like a second shadow. But last of all do you remember that time back in prep when we first met? I looked at you and you looked at me, and from that moment on I have never looked at you differently. You see Em, you are my best friend and for that I thank you. Because without you I wouldn't be where I am now.

Dedicated to Emma Sanderson. By Stephanie Edgerton. 7BW



SECRET COVE

The ride was bumpy that day of my birthday, as we sailed across the road in the back of a Ministry Of Works truck. It was hot, but that's nothing out of the ordinary in Tonga. My shirt was sticking to my back but I didn't mind, I was used to it.

We reached the Cove and ran through the long grass and down the steep, narrow path that led to what looked like the Grand Canyon. It was a big wall that went all the way around the beautiful enclosed cove.

We started by jumping off the wall (which happened to be about three meters high) and falling through the air and landing on the soft sand which felt like stone when we hit it from that height. Luckily we had our towels to soften the blow.

After that we had marshmallows, so beautiful when cooked in the fire. They looked pretty disgusting until we put them in our mouths. The mushy taste, so delicious that we went through six packets of them. After that we had the party food. Sausage rolls, party pies, fizzy drinks and of course lollies.



Feeling so full and satisfied we ran to the clear, sparkling water and had a swim to cool down. It started off as cooling down but gradually it became jumping off a two meter high stone wall into the water. My friend James did a belly whaker and when he came out his stomach was as red as a tomato. When we saw James' stomach we thought it was time to do something else, so we tried to explore.

We went all the way around the mountain to only discover nothing. All it was, was a big rock going around and around until it came back to where it had started. We decided to go around to the other side and what we saw was a sight! It was a cove only smaller than the one we were in but the water was pure and blue and there was the reflection of the sun on such an angle that there was a great beam of light going across the water. The sight was breath taking.

We stayed there for a few hours until it was time for us to go home. We dropped all my friends off one by one, and then came back to our own. Later that evening while I was in bed I thought about the cove and what a great day I had had, and the thought that that little cove we had found could be my own special place. My own Secret Cove.

By Tom Pitts. 7BW



SURVIVAL DICTIONARY

By Theodore Jaroslavski, 7BW

Locker noun. (Lock-ker) A place to express yourself with stickers and posters.

Pencil Case noun. (pen-sell kay-se) A place to keep you arsenal.

Principle noun. (prean-cible) The head vampire.

Pen noun. (pear-n) A small long tube used for stabbing enemies.

Homework noun. (hoam-sere-ke) Work to be done in class.

Learning verb. (lure-ing) a stage in one's life when the brain goes through a painful information accumulation.

Project noun. (pro-jack-te) 1. A piece of work to be researched on a given topic. 2. A total waste of time to stop you from doing what you want.

Student noun. (stew-dent) A creature abused by all.

Suspension noun. (sus-pen-tion) If you are lucky enough to get one, you'll miss a few days of school.

Uniform noun. (you-knee-form) Another severe punishment for learning.

Calculator noun. (cal-que-later) Cheating devise for maths tests.

Classwork noun. (class-were-ke) Work to be done at home.

Elastic Band noun. (I-as-stick-band) Weapons to flick at teachers.

Desk noun. (des-ke) Gum disposal unit.

Diary noun. (die-ary) 1. A book to write down assignments and due dates. 2. A book to draw pictures in during boring oral reports.

Workbook noun. (were-ke-book) An A4 size book with many pages used as paper for passing notes.

Year 7 Report

by Justin Houlihan, Year 7 Coordinator

It has been a busy year for Year Seven with a range of exciting activities throughout the semester. The transition from Grade Six to Year Seven was made easier with the help of our homeroom teachers Ms Searle, Ms Nicolas, Mr Morrissey, Mrs Hunter and Mrs Welch.

Our camp at Angelsea early in Term One was a great opportunity to meet and get to know unfamiliar faces. The camp was definitely a highlight of the year with many students participating in activities like surfing, canoeing and rock-climbing.

Other highlights included the *Working with Boys* program conducted by Mr Mangold and Mrs Kleinberg. This program educated the students on the implications of bullying and the benefit of getting along. Our Peer Support program also assisted in the transition from Primary School.

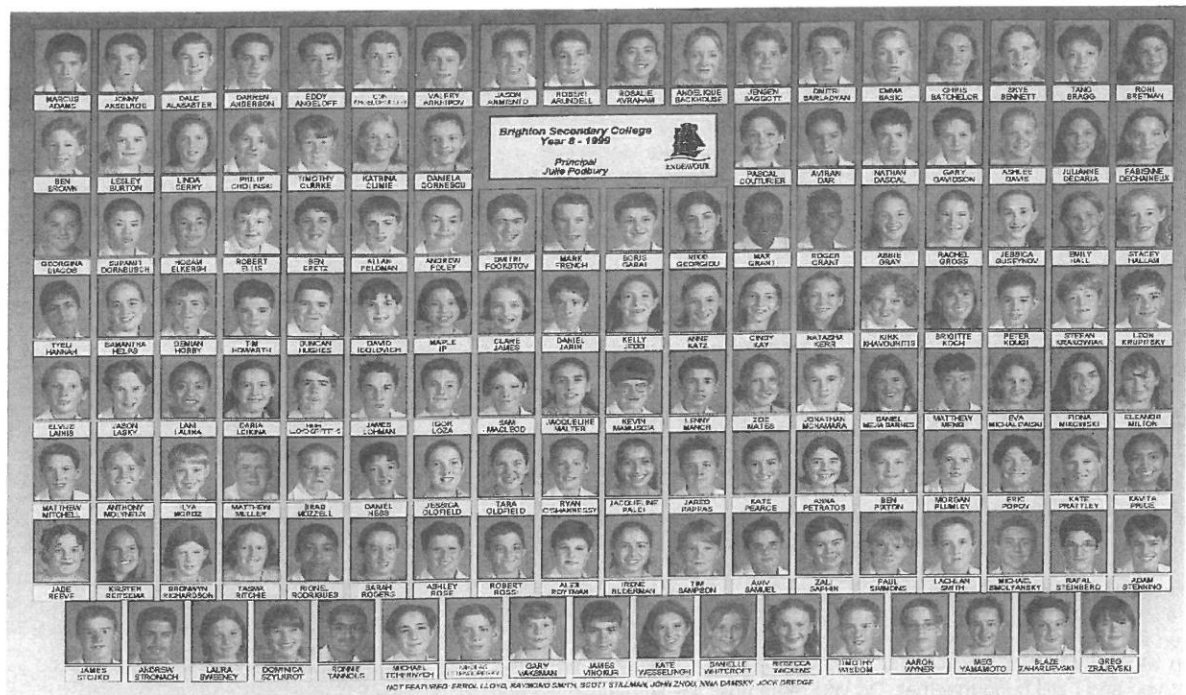
Many Year Seven students have been involved with extra-curricular activities. Some excellent results were achieved in the Maths, English, Science and Geography competitions. Many Year Seven students are also involved in the BSC Training Band and have represented the school in a number of sporting events achieving excellent results at the zones and even winning state titles!

Certain mention must be made of the following Year Seven students for their outstanding achievements:

Katherine Simmons for representing Australia in the National Junior Wheelchair Games in Perth, and receiving medals in swimming and field events. Matthew Story for representing the Australian Youth Choir in New York and London, Alan Gocs for his third place in the under-14's state diving titles and Boeh Davies for smashing several records at BSC athletics.

I wish all 1999 Year Seven students every success in 2000 and beyond!





Year 8 Ski Camp

by Julie DeCaria

Buzzzz, alarms go off at 2:30 in the morning to get ready for the long trip to Mt Buller. Everyone having to be at school at 3:30, and the bus leaving at 4 with or without us. By the time we got there it was finally starting to get light out. Trying to get all the skies and everything figured out was a bit difficult, but finally we were ready to board the bus again and be on our way for another hour up the mountain. It got pretty scary going up the mountain, and some of the corners looked fairly sharp to me! Up the top of the mountain it was really cold and windy – everyone and everything froze. We had to wear certain hats so we would be easily found if we got lost. Well, some stranger comes up to one of us to inquire if we are from “one of those special schools”.

Going back down the mountain was quite a trip, with everyone feeling slightly ill. The hotel wasn't bad either – we didn't really pay much attention, as after being up all day we were all soon fast asleep. The next day was colder and windier, but still fun. At the last hour, we decided to indulge in the wonders of a snowball fight.

After an exhausting but exciting few days, we eventually made it back to Brighton. After our return home we all went straight to bed. Well, at least I did.



Year 8 Report

by Helen Riha, Year 8 Coordinator

Our large group has returned to the north corridor to complete their second year of junior school. After the pressures of last year's transition our Year Eight's enjoyed a relaxed and confident start in a familiar environment this year.

I have also returned to the north corridor junior office to continue my involvement with the same group of students I got to know so well last year. I have found my 'second year' experience very rewarding. It has been a unique relationship that has to allow for times good and ... not so good; for times of laughter and fun, also plentiful rebuke, even some anger, a lot of encouragement along the way.

I would like to thank the other two members of our junior management team for working so closely together and for being a great support to each other: Ms Loro, our junior administrator, and Mr Houlihan, our Year Seven coordinator.

I have watched with satisfaction that a large number of our students took part in all House events. They competed enthusiastically in the Swimming sports, athletics and the Chorals. I am very proud of their participation in the English, Maths, Science and Geography.

On of the highlights of the year is the ski camp to Mt Buller. Forty students embraced the opportunity for a four day trip: the first challenge, of course, the 4:30am start!

Year Eight's have entered another exciting phase as they familiarize themselves with our middle school elective program. Later in the year all students select from a wide range of units of study. Good luck with your choices and all the best for your end of 1999 results!



SAD

I've lost my sense of smell,
No longer shall I be able
To breathe in the wonderful scent
Of fresh breakfast in the morning
Will never again smell the
Flowers as they bloom in the spring.
I won't know what perfume or
Deodorant to wear when I go out.
I feel stripped of a natural gift,
Like a dog without a tail.
What hostile deed have I committed?
Too dense this depravation?
I am a strict vegetarian and a naturalist.
I am economically conscious and try
Not to waste resources.
What ever did I do?

HUMOROUS

I've lost my sense of smell. No
Kidding I can't smell a damn thing,
Not even my gym shoes which make
Paint come off walls.
I s'pose it ain't a bad thing.
Now I don't have to be a perfume
tester for my sister or be lured to the
kitchen by yummy smells.
I can't smell dog do either. That gives
Me the upper hand on Brute, the dog
You don't wanna know why I have the
upper hand
By Zali Saphin. 8F

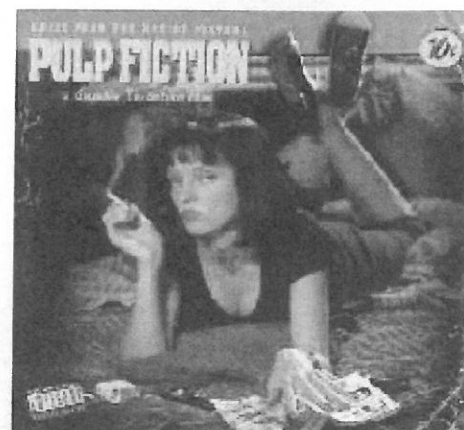
Top 10 Films of the 90's

Pulp Fiction
Star Wars: The Phantom Menace
Schindler's List
Saving Private Ryan
Trainspotting
Austin Powers: The spy who shagged me
Baz Luhrmann's Romeo + Juliet
Forrest Gump
Scream



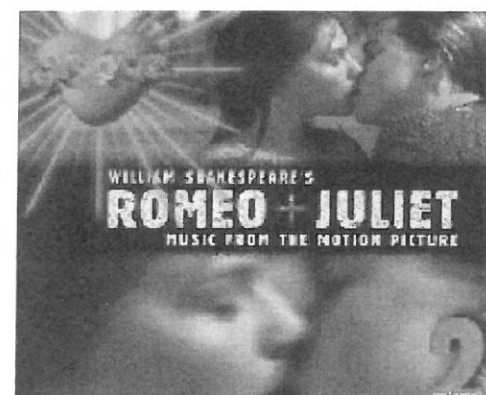
Top 10 Dance/R&B Songs of the 90's

Let me show you - Camisara
Repeated Love - A.T.G.O.C
Regulate - Nat Dogg & Warren G
California Love - 2PAC feat Dre
Till I come (9PM) - ATB
Beachball- Nailn & Caine
No Scrubs- T.L.C
Fight for your right- Beastie Boys
Jakie-B.Z feat. Joanne
Changes-2PAC



Top 11 Rock/Alternative Songs of the 90's

Enter Sandman - Metallica
Freak - Silverchair
Got the life - Korn
Come out and play - Offspring
Good Riddance - Green Day
Prisoner of society - The Living End
Lightning crashes - Live
No Aphrodisiac - The Whitlams
Grace - Jeff Buckley
One - U2
So What - Metallica



What's Hot

-Independent films
-1999 Year 12's
-Austin Powers: The spy who shagged me
-Cargo pants
-South Park
-Dawson's Creek
-Ryan Philippe
-Natural
-Sarah Michelle-Geller
-Jennifer Lopez
-Alternative music
-Flats
-Mobile phones
-Guys with spiky hair
-2000's

What's Not

-Blockbuster flicks
-1998 Year 12's
-TITANIC
-Pedel pushers
-The Simpsons
-Melrose Place
-Leonardo Dicaprio
-Silicone
-Tori Spelling
-Mariah Carey
-Top 40
-Platforms
-Beepers
-Guys with long hair
-1980's



POEM

How do I reveal my feelings without wanting to cry?
Thinking about my life and learning how to say good-bye.
Sometimes the world can seem so busy and full,
while inside I'm screaming-the outside remains cool.
Loving so much and then having to let go,
crying at night as I turn to and fro.
A hug from a friend makes me smile,
but that re-assurance only lasts a while.
Sometimes I feel all alone,
as I quietly sit in my room at home.
I wish all my negativity would just stop,
but when I close my eyes tears start to drop.
So the fears of life I'll take in my stride,
While inside my true feelings will always hide.
I'll continue to live like everyone else,
and learn to deal with my emotions all by myself.
By Jackey Swiecicki. 10A



LOVE

Love has a powerful force without ever being able to be held or touched. It is a feeling that comes from within, engulfing your mind, body and soul. It is a complete feeling of devotion of ones self in hope of reciprocation.
It is a feeling everybody has experienced, from which completely different explanations or descriptions of it emerge. It is the feeling that separates them, whether it be numerous people or one single person from everyone and everything else. Love comes in many forms, it is felt not just towards people but often towards sentimental objects.
It is this feeling that makes giddy school girls' hearts race and turn around blushing when 'he' walks past or talks to them. It is this same feeling that contradicts itself by the same girls wanting 'him' to look at them, in hope of the ever talked about moment, when their eyes meet and the surrounding world stays still.
It is what dreams are made of, what makes people gaze out of windows and watch the wind blow and it is what makes people look and wish upon stars. In reverse it is also keeping secrets quiet for fear of rejection.
It is the feeling not only felt between lovers but also by parent to child and brother to sister. It's the feeling that makes parents run in before trucks in order to save their child. It is what makes a toddler ring '000' and conduct a mature conversation with the operator, when their mother is lying motionless on the floor.
It is the feeling that brings that brings soldiers home, the feeling that makes the family or widow of the lost one grieve. It is what an artist feels towards their paintings, a poet and author towards their work. It is what a homeless beggar feels towards food and warmth and what a lonely, old man of eighty-five years feels towards his dog.
It is this same feeling that brings upon hate, jealousy and many unanswerable questions. Is one person only allowed to love one other person? Can another person love someone's husband or wife? If someone is hurt by another, does the love once felt for them change to hate? If so, does this mean their initial love was never strong enough?
Love unites everyone world wide, not by loving each other and every person inhabiting the Earth, but by the knowledge that everyone loves someone and someone loves them in return. It joins everyone no matter what skin color, religion, sex or race by enabling them to share a common bond, no matter what their previous experiences are. No other feeling is felt simultaneously world wide.
By Lauren Arundell. 10A



WINTER

My hands clenched, my toes stiff,
this winter will get the better of me.
My life young, this rhythmic gift,
it is cold but I still dance for eternity.
The world is cold, but my heart is warm,
my fire is my beat.
The wind is strong, this angry storm,
I'm dancing in the street.
My body's cold, but I'm embraced,
by the one I truly love.
The heater's on but it feels a waste,
when my soulmate is my glove.
The cold reduces. The sun is fighting-
for it's time in the sun with me.
The warm takes over, people start enjoying,
the meaning of family.

I find the grass and I plant my feet,
For the feeling of the natural ground.
I listen for the people with life in the street,
it is such a beautiful sound.
I think of things that I regret from the past,
that couldn't be defined with one letter.
I hope and pray that my warmth will last,
cause things can only get better.



By Kirsi Viitala. 10A





Year 9 Tasmania Camp

by Darcie Shannon

Tasmania '99 was a camp to remember. Whilst some discovered a newfound interest in eyeliner, others experimented with wearing women's underwear.

We travelled to our destination upon the Spirit of Tasmania, inside spacious luxury cabins. Once aboard, the students explored the games room, pool, deck and 'cinema', whilst the teachers attempted to supervise.

It was widely felt that the Swansea Bark Mill was by far the highlight of the camp and many were disappointed that we did not have longer to inspect the enthralling exhibits!

During our travels around Tasmania we visited many blowholes, none of which were actually blowing. We visited the Cadbury Chocolate Factory, where we were instructed to consume as much chocolate as humanly possible.

Many people knew of the recent Port Arthur tragedy, however we were taught during our trip to the area of its history as a home to convicts. We explored a 'dumb cell', a room in which many prisoners were psychologically tortured.

We arrived in Hobart and, much to the disgust of many, we discovered that Tasmania is months behind with episodes of *Dawson's Creek*. Our second last day we were allocated time to shop in the city and later found time to take in a movie.

During our flight home, many campaigned for their right to be issued a colouring book. Overall, the camp was a great success and enjoyed by all.



Year 9 Report

by Anne Lake, Year 9 Coordinator

"Tuck your shirt in!", "Where's your tie?", "Those are not school shoes.", "Get a move on - you're already late for class!" - and so the day begins.

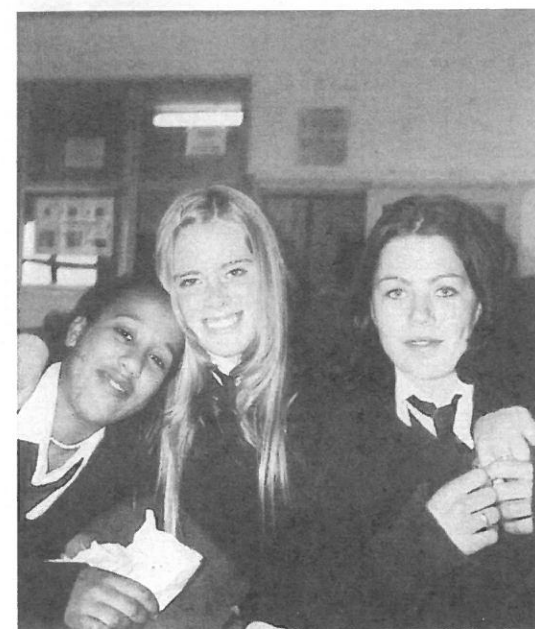
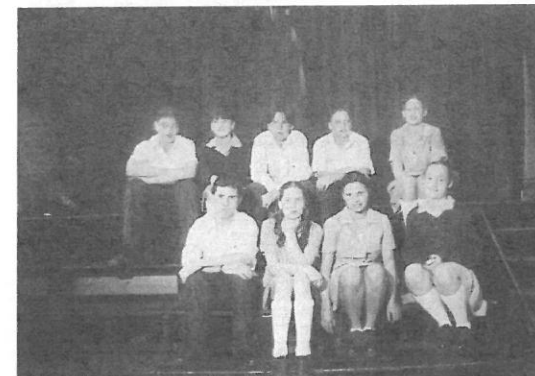
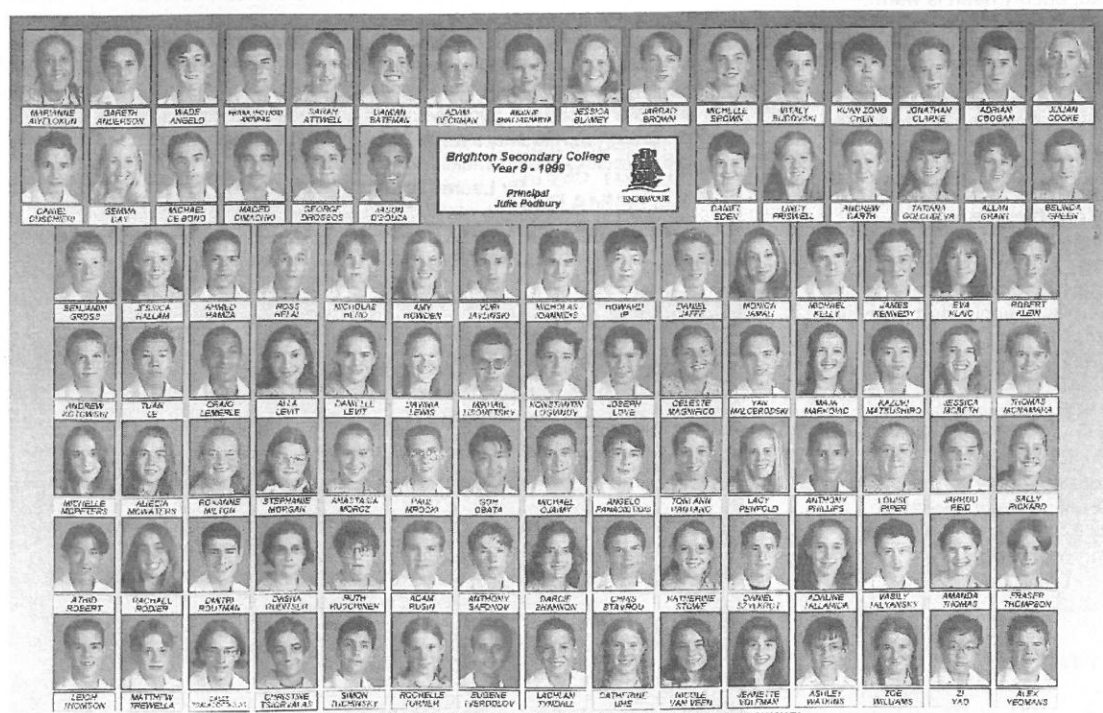
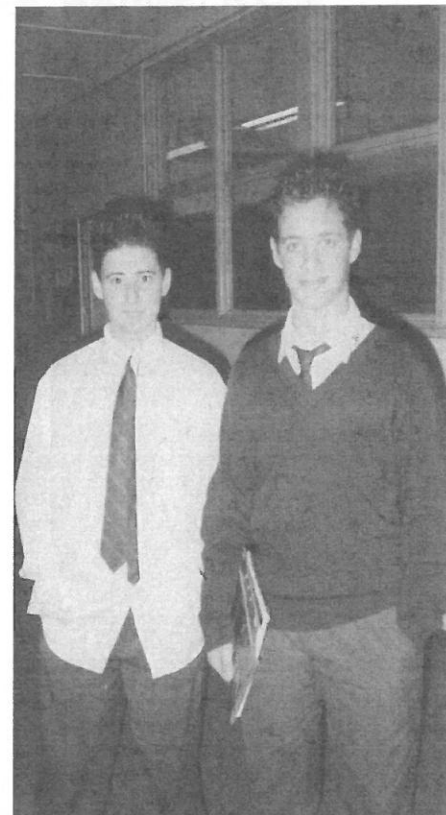
Yet, despite the above 1999's Year Nine was a bubbly, social, enthusiastic group that took up the challenges presented to them and endeavoured to participate in all aspects of College life.

The Year Nine camp to Tasmania was one of the most successful and enjoyable camps I have ever participated in. All had a great time - teachers as well as students!

It is clear that this group will maintain the excellent academic standard set by Brighton Secondary College, many already setting themselves some challenging goals by taking up the opportunity to complete some VCE subjects whilst in Year Ten.

It has been a pleasure to be associated with this friendly, cheerful group of young people, and I wish them all success for the future.

Many thanks to all the teachers of Year Nine, their guidance and concern has been appreciated. Special thanks to Mr Hanner, the Middle School Manager for his continual support.



WINTER IN VENICE

I walk along the crowded streets.

The fur coats and the smell of cigarette smoke waft into my face.

The cold, crisp air wraps itself around my body.

The water rises and splashes over the path.

It's calm, dark and very green.

The mist stretches toward the ground, trying to touch it.

The air is clear, no cars, quiet, smooth air.

Espresso is everywhere, shops are all warm and cosy.

Domes break the light grey sky.

People start to use the trellises, the water too high on the path now.

Children laugh and play, running along.

Pigeons fly and beg for peanuts, they head for window sills.

A fire cracker goes off, bang!

A vaporetto toots by, then a fishing boat.

St. Marcos Square is very busy.

By Sam Smith. 9.D

Year 10 Report

by Rob Jasiewicz, Year 10 Coordinator

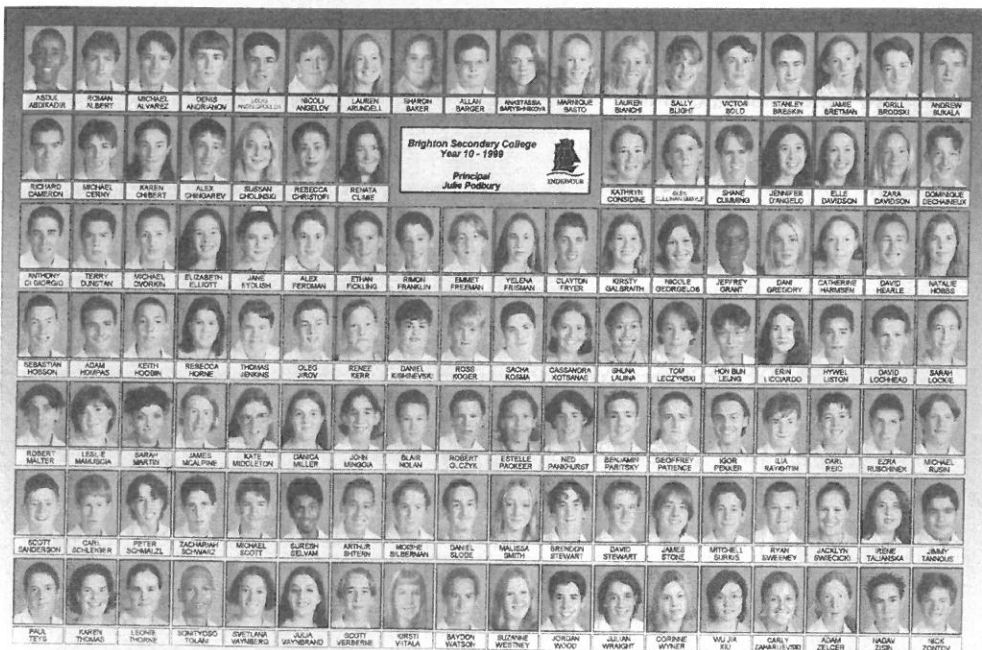
1999's Year Ten group demonstrated a preparedness to improve their image as a group throughout the year. Term One saw an involvement in an afternoon lecture series where a range of guest speakers addressed a variety of life skill topics.

In Terms Two and Three the level was introduced to the new Community Service Program which placed each student in a setting which required them to contribute their time and energy to some community experience. Feedback from this program reflected that our Year Ten students were achieving great things for themselves as well as their school.

At the conclusion of Term Two all students participated in individual Work Experience placements. The evaluation reports by students and teachers alike illustrated to worthy efforts put in by all involved.

Terms Three and Four witnessed the group having to make serious decisions regarding selection for their senior years of study. Many sought advice and career counseling to assist in this important decision making process.

Overall it was gratifying to see Year Ten develop, preparing to take on the challenges presented by senior studies.



Year 10 Mt Stirling Camp

by Kirsty Galbraith

On Thursday March 18th, 13 eager Year Tens and two teachers hopped on a bus to Mt Stirling. Little did we know what lay ahead of us!

We arrived at Mt Stirling and started a half-hour hike up the mountain to the camp site. If we were exhausted from this, how were we going to handle a whole day of hiking?

That night we pitched our tents, enjoyed hot drinks with the help of our stoves and billies and chatted. We woke to the most beautiful morning, everyone wishing they had taken the advice of the teachers and gotten more sleep.

We walked up the mountain all morning, stopping occasionally to catch our breath, tell a joke or two and have a snack. By lunch-time we arrived at the summit. The view was spectacular!

We then began walking down the mountain, passing through snow gums and filling the time singing "100 Bottles of Beer on the Wall". After a long walk we arrived at our second camp site. The girls decided to take a refreshing bath in one of the streams, and great screams were heard as they plunged into the not so warm water. That night was filled with ghost stories and the boys chasing wild cows. It was all fun and games until the cows began chasing them back!

By the time we arrived back at school the next day we were all exhausted and in need of a bath. A big thank you to Mr Ivory and Mr Brennan!

The Question

As Theo rose to refill his glass, his thoughts turned inevitably to the question that so many others had asked recently, and he wondered how such a subject had risen to prominence in so short a time. Theo was an average looking man, at High School he had often been teased, so he had grown up to feel quite unloved by his peers. His parents had been poor, and he had been brought up to respect his elders. His father had only ever beaten him twice in his life.

He was also brought up to respect the law, so in all the time he had been in government he had been law abiding. He himself wondered why he was being allowed into parliament. He had been to university and studied politics and had passed, just. Life had been simultaneously cruel and kind to him and he was only forty, just beginning to go bald, with a nose that seemed to enlarge when he spoke in parliament. His eyes were dark brown and he had been brought up in an aboriginal community. He was the only Aboriginal to win the place of PM.

Most people didn't realise the strain of being PM. Theo thought it was hell just being in Canberra. "Sir, your meeting with the press is due to start in another half hour. Sir?" The man stood in the doorway as Theo lifted himself out of his chair. "Yes, what do you want?" "Are you alright sir?"

His normally strained face was leaking signs of joy. The man stepped back as the PM fell to the ground and fainted. When he came to, men in suits surrounded him. He heard voices, "Look, I think he's coming round..." He slumped back into unconsciousness. He woke in a hospital bed with what he assumed to be doctors around him. "What... Where am I?" he asked them in his own tongue.

The question he was going to be asked in the press conference popped into his mind and he shook his head to clear it. He sat up in bed and tried to rise, but a large hand stopped him. He shook his head even harder. Having studied the effects certain drugs could have, Theo knew he must be hallucinating. He thought he must have been injected with morphine. He looked down at his arm and as he did, he fell heavily to the ground.

At the press conference the PM, Mr Theo J Norson certainly looked healthier than he had in the hospital bed after he had to be strapped down due to his insistence on the existence of a giant hand attempting to prevent his escape. He began speaking to the crowd, answering questions left, right, centre. Then the question he had been dreading was asked. A rather young looking brunette whom he guessed to be in her late-twenties or early-thirties asked it. The question was asked in the manner of someone asking about the weather. He deliberated whether or not he should answer it, and then responded with a simple, "No Comment!" Then he left the room.

He stood by the cabinet in his office and poured himself a shot of whisky. He gulped it down in the manner he had been taught. He stalked over to his desk and pulled out some paperwork. He then set it out on the desk. He sank into his chair and slowly felt the cool leather warm to his body. He addressed a letter to someone in his hometown.

Dear Mother and Father, I am getting sick and tired of all this governmental crap and am planning to resign as I have had some rather personal questions asked about me. Best regards, Theo.

Two days later he resigned from government. He was on his way back home when the train he was on collided with another. The country was told the tragic news that the PM was in hospital suffering from head injuries, a broken hip and pelvis. He also a broken leg and was in severe shock.

The journalist who had been interviewing with others came in, sat on a chair and asked him one question. He started answering it and before he knew it she had kissed him on the cheek and walked out smiling. She now had the answer. She decided against giving out the information that his condition was terminal, and walked out into the rain.

Two weeks later the PM died. His family was at his funeral and his father stood there, strong and proud, refusing to cry. His mother was the same. It wasn't until they got home that they wept in each other's arms. His letter had arrived, with the answer to the question from the young journalist attached. The answer went as follows, *Yes, I am dying. Yes, I hate this job. No, the question never existed.*

Glen Cullinan-Smythe, 10A



The Negative Aspects Of Life

As I sit,
I listen,
to the shit which entombs me,
and as I do,
I think to myself,
should I stop caring?
Blissful ignorance,
knowledgeable hate



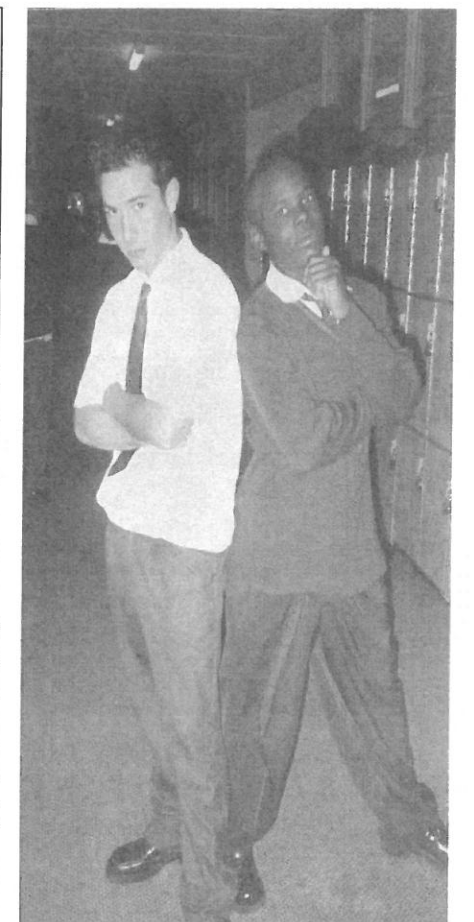
The clones are rambling on,
which frustrates me.
Frustrations which I have to control,
I try to.
How can they be so excessively stupid?

Shut up and shop.
That's exactly what they do.

I'm not much better,
but I try to be.

To write about all the negative aspects-
would be an impossibility.
There are not enough trees to provide me.
And in doing so I would add to the list.

By Kelly Burns. 10F



Senior Girls Basketball

With most of our girls progressing from the intermediate to the seniors this year, they had some tough competition to face! However, not only did they defeat Parkdale, whom they had stumbled against last year in the first zone preliminary final, they also won all their games by a higher margin than any other team. After winning the title of district champions our girls progressed to the second zone preliminary final. Despite loosing to Carwatha College, they displayed fantastic skill and enthusiasm, going one step further than last year. We look forward to our girls making it to the zones in 2000!



Senior Girls Soccer

by Chantelle Giles and Felicity Day

Year Eleven and Twelve female students competed in the round robin soccer held at Sandringham Secondary College. BSC girls drew their first match against Mentone Girls 1-1. We then annihilated all other opposition up until the final match against South Oakleigh Secondary College, which once again came to a draw.

Senior Girls Hockey

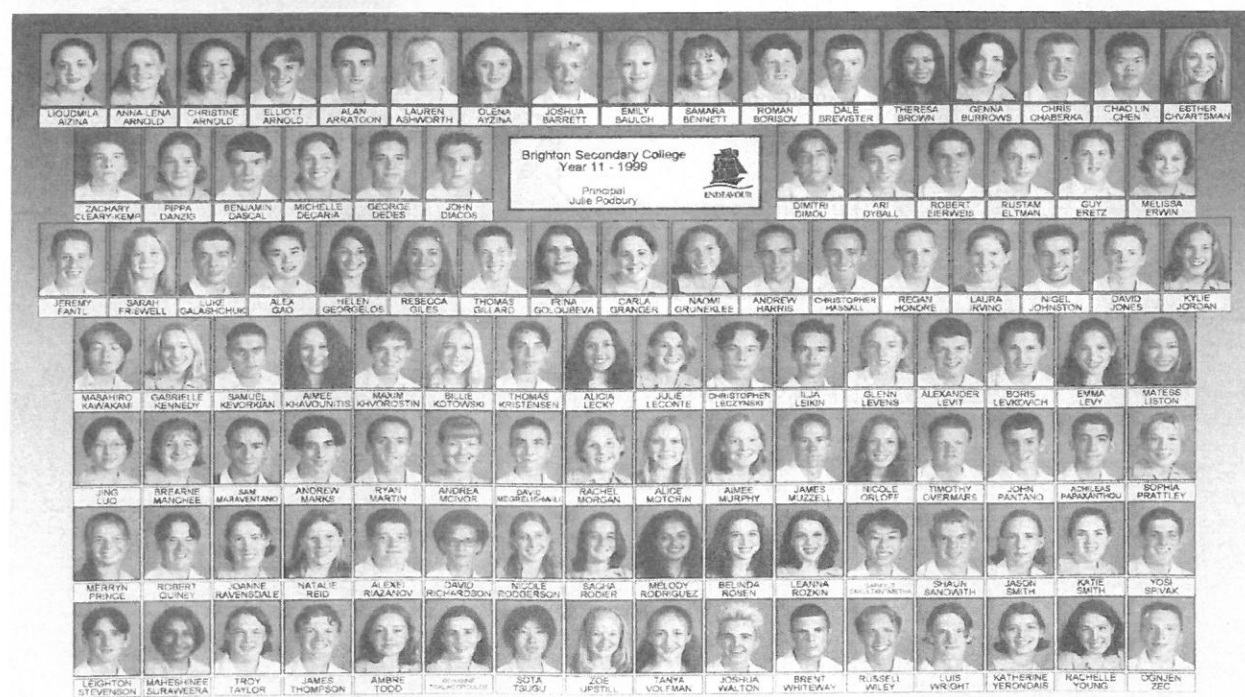
by Erin Clarke, Sports Captain

On a very cold morning the senior girl's hockey team departed for a round competition. After the initial problem of there being no toilets, they began their first game against Mordialloc Chelsea with much enthusiasm, resulting in a win. They then led the second game until Sandringham scored two goals making the final score 2-1 in their favor. The third game was interesting with much skill being displayed on the field. Unfortunately we lost this game, but managed to pick ourselves up to win the next. Well done to all the girls.

Year 11 Report

by Olympia Angelidis, Year 11 Coordinator

1999 has flown! The year for me as Year Eleven coordinator has been a thoroughly enjoyable one. Yes, it is challenging at times, nevertheless, the positives outweigh the negatives. This year has seen a change in the number of subjects available to Year Eleven students, with their current allotment consisting of six subjects. This arrangement has proven to have worked well. Our VET students have also managed to successfully combine their VET commitments together with their VCE. Year Eleven also took part in a leadership program which explained goal-setting and team work. The majority of students appeared to have gained from the experience. The year is drawing to a close and many of our students are already setting their sights on next year. The career counseling sessions also proved to be of benefit to the majority of students. Their thoughtful selection of subjects for next year was impressive. I wish the Year Eleven's a restful break, thank them for making my job enjoyable and rewarding and I look forward to seeing their program next year.



Year 12 Report

by Margaret Tripp, Year 12 Coordinator

It is as we farewell our Year Twelve's we remember them as they entered the school in Year Seven and reflect on the way they have matured into responsible, interdependent young adults.

This year we saw the Year Twelve's have, for the first time, a resource study centre. Apart from having an area to socialize in, they also have a study area equipped with computers to assist their studies. Soon we noticed the phrase 'we have a free' disappear from their speech to be replaced with 'we have a study period'. So proud were they of this new facility that they raised money to buy framed motivational prints.

In the second week of the year the students attended a study skills camp at Mt Eliza. Apart from the valuable information to help them gain their personal best from their VCE, they had the opportunity to tackle some physically demanding and daring activities that stressed the importance of team work and cooperation.

Then it was back to school to settle into the year's work. Most have involved themselves widely in the extra-curricular activities whilst keeping up with their studies.

Many students have worked extremely hard to achieve excellent results and I take this opportunity to wish them well in the future.

I encourage them to follow their dreams, broaden their horizons and to always remember that in life the way we treat and respect one another measures our success.

Camp Manyung

by Sophie Christopoulos

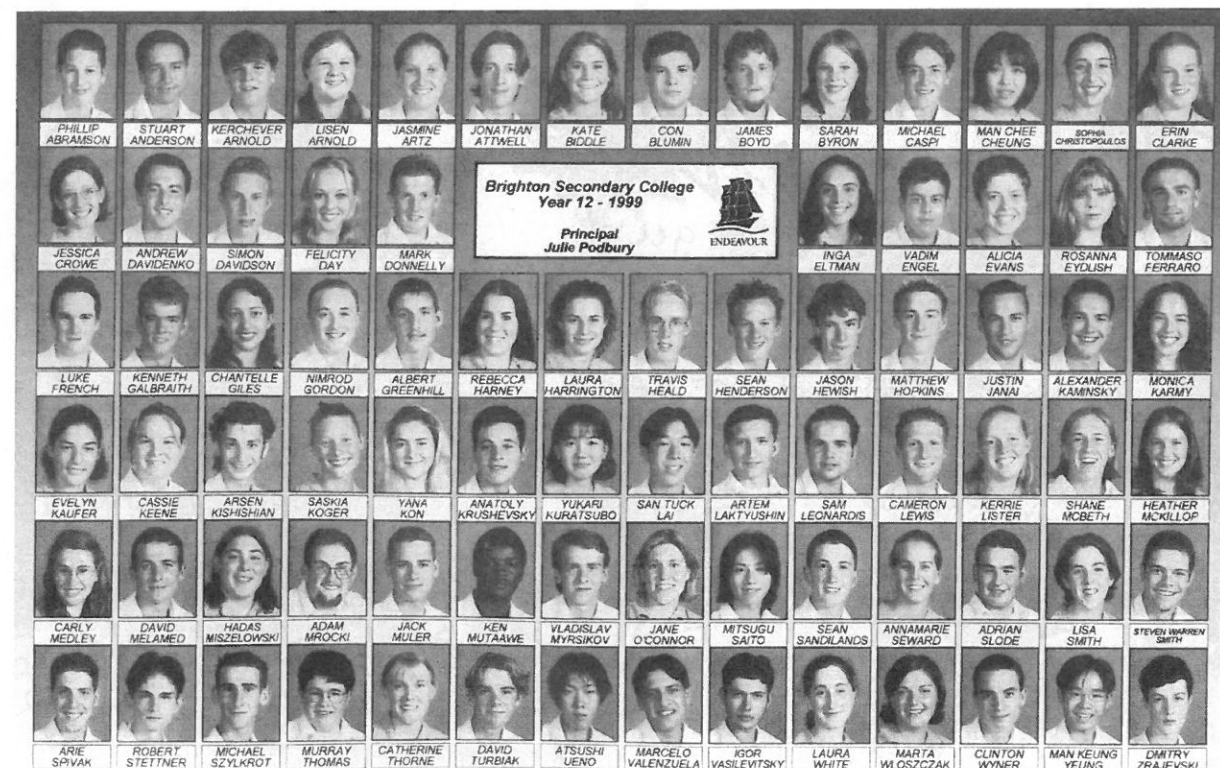
On Wednesday the 3rd of February all year Twelve students departed BSC for a three day orientation camp at Camp Manyung.

We did not know what was expected of us. We assumed that our camp would be full of fun - three days of freedom. To our disappointment we had to sit through several lectures - and not short ones either. However, to our astonishment they weren't so bad, in fact, some were rather interesting.

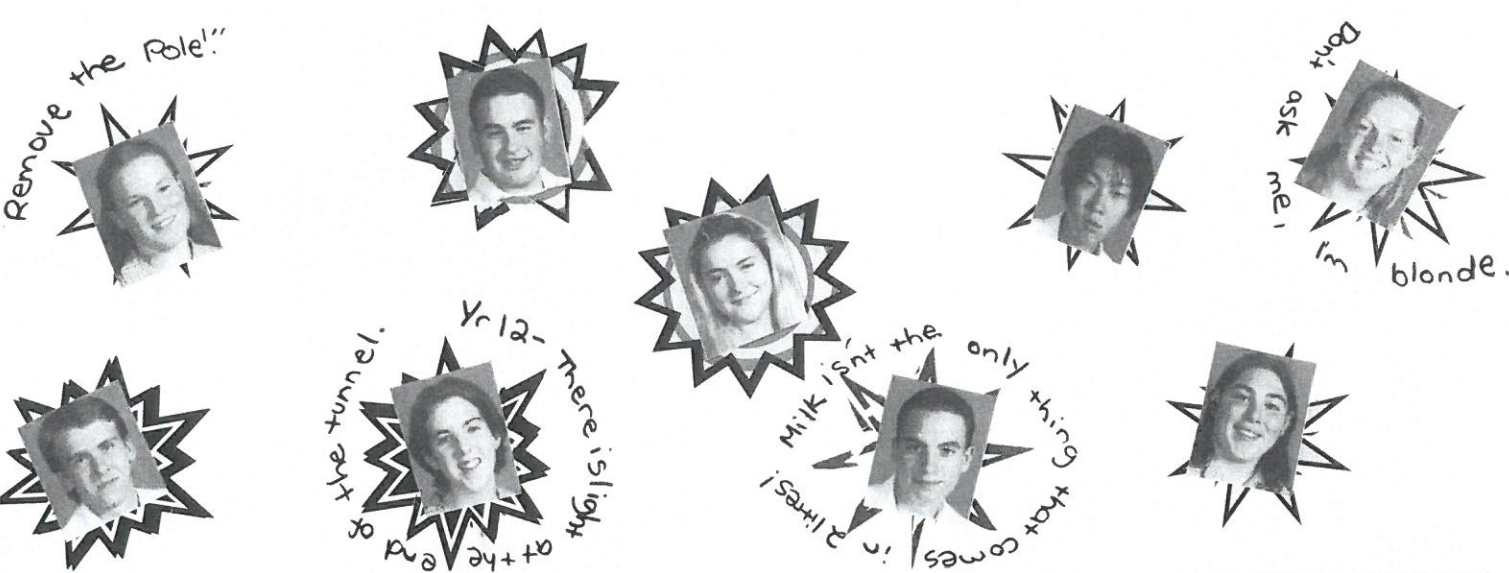
Now for the fun and exciting moments of the camp:

We participated in a number of group activities such as the high and low ropes course. The low ropes course required a lot of teamwork, which was what the camp was all about. The high ropes were all about confidence and trust. Congratulations to those students who bravely attempted the "leap of faith". Congratulations also to Mrs Tripp who joined us in our leap. Other group activities included raft building and canoeing.

Camp was a good start to the year. It taught us to cope with the stress and pressures that we were about to face. Year Twelve had finally hit us.



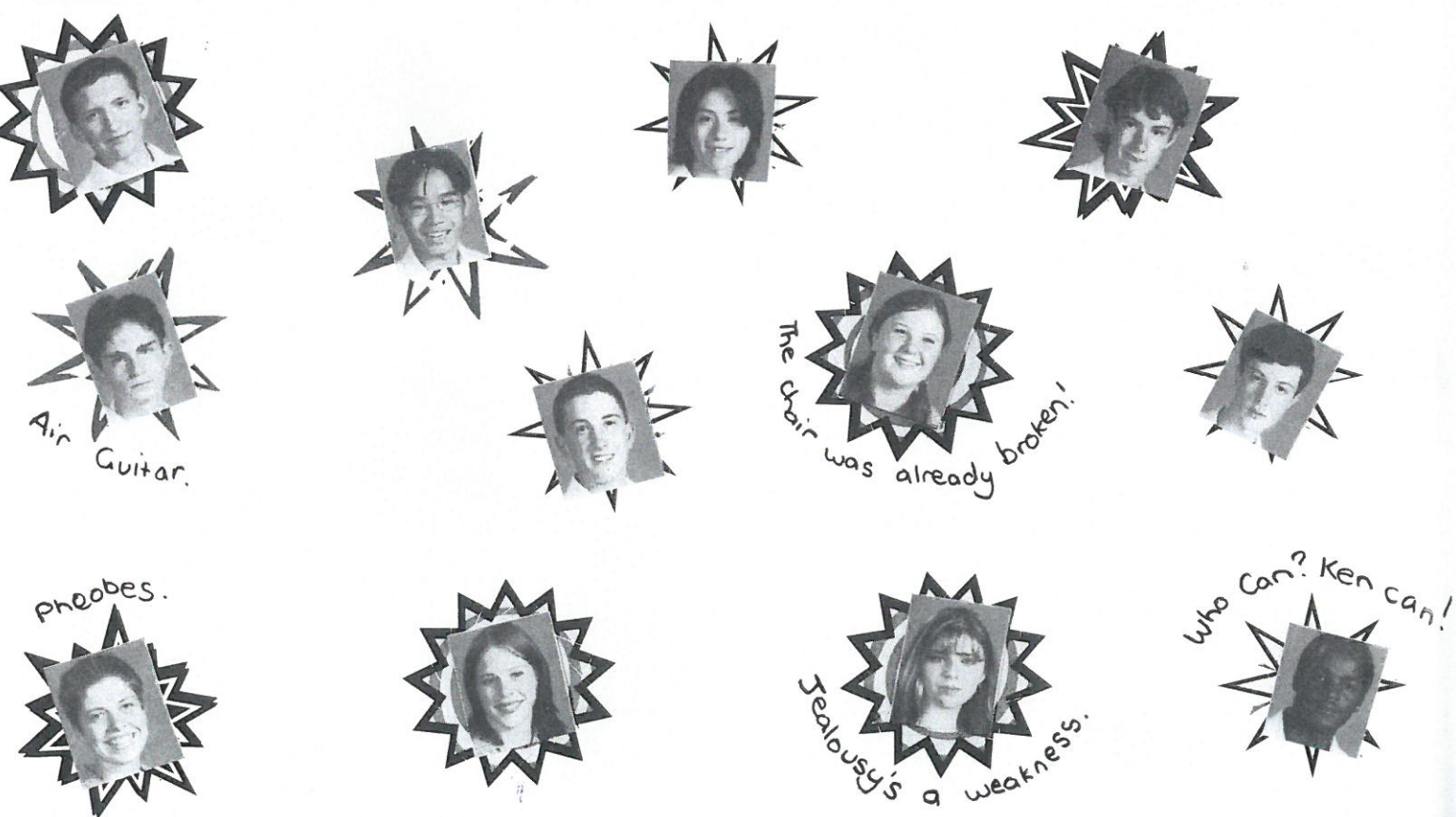
NOT FEATURED: SERGEI BELOKAMEN, JAMES SCARF



Year 12 Teacher's Comments

Ms Andrews - Shhh...please. Quiet please...
Ms Baxter - Get your books out.
Mr Dekretser - Ok, Ok, Ok... Girls, take a seat.
Mr Distasio - Who is up for target practice?
Mr Dunley - Now, the notion of this is...
Ms Fukunaga - Konnichiwa!
Mr Hanner - I'll be back in a moment... Sorry, I took so long. I was chasing up a year nine.
Mr Hill - Mmmm... Should I wear my Winnie-the-Pooh tie today?
Mr Humphries - I'll be back in five minutes.
Mr Ivory - Do you mind?
Mr Jasiewicz - Cars, mobiles, sex - what more do you need?

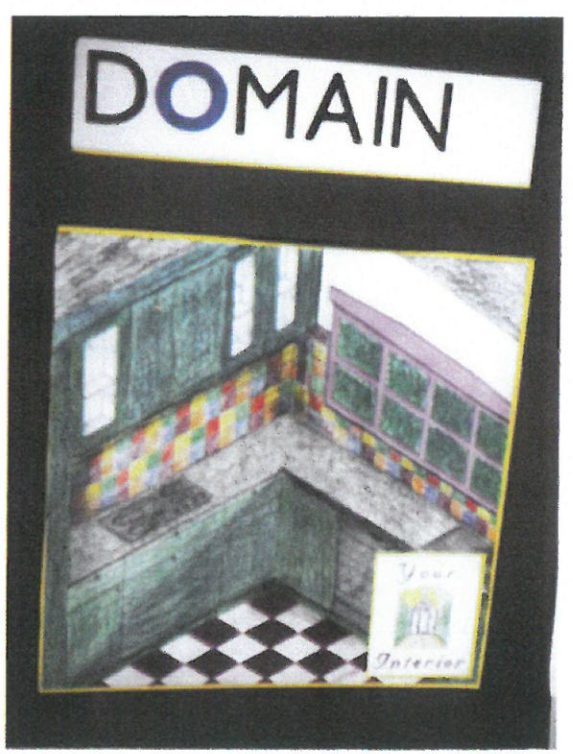
Ms Kafka - No homework tonight - Dawson's is on.
Mr Karailis - Enough about the weekend. Get back to work.
Mr Kindler - Don't give me that brain-dead look.
Mr McGrail - Don't be stupid!
Mr Morrissey - Now, where was I?
Ms Nicholas - It's not 'shows', it's 'highlights'.
Ms Osman - Come see me at recess.
Ms Searle - Nooo... I don't have a washing machine!
Mr Timmerarenos - Validation!
Mrs Tripp - You are now all officially late to form assembly.
Mr Wragg - It's all going to be fine now.
And of course we can't forget...
Mrs Ward - Where are you meant to be?
Mrs Redbury - Now on a more serious note...



Art

by Adele Pakula

Brighton Secondary College offers an extensive selection of Art and Design subjects. At a junior level these consist of art, Visual Communication and Design, ceramics, Metalwork, woodwork and Textiles. These subjects introduce students to the basic skills, which continue to develop at middle and senior levels. At the middle school level students select from a range of subjects within the Art program and are encouraged to develop their own personal style. At VCE level students are focusing on the preparation of folios as part of their entrance into select art and Design courses. The art program aims to achieve a high standard at all levels and instills confidence and appreciation for both practical and theoretical aspects of art.







House Chorals

by Melody Rodriguez, Phillip Vice Cultural Captain

The last BSC Chorals of the millennium was as fabulous and entertaining as ever. Each house gave a fantastic rendition of the set song for the competition, *Joshua fit the Battle of Jericho*, as well as their inspiring additional songs. The winners of the night was the Phillip House Choir conducted by Sophie Christopoulos. Best Conductor went to Laura Harrington.

The audience was entertained for the second half of the night by BSC's own Spice Girls as well as a collection of songs from *Grease* performed by the Year 9, 10 and 11 Music Performance classes. A word of thanks is extended to all those who sacrificed their free time to organise this event. All the participants would like to thank Ms Batour for her patience and help in making us all sound so good!



What do YCO want to change about BSC for the Millennium?

As we approach the next millennium, we look forward to many changes. Some of these changes will be political, some social and some will see the advancement of technology we have not yet dreamt of. However, it will be those changes that relate to our daily lives that will affect most strongly. BSC has always had a strong tradition of encouraging students to make their own changes. Keeping this in mind, we asked the students of the college what changes they would like to see in their school in the next hundred years. Here are only a few of your answers...

Larger variety of subjects

More sports practice

Outdoor Shelter

Gay acceptance

Condom Machines

Less Work

More time for recess

Cleaner toilets and change-rooms

UPDATED SCIENCE EQUIPMENT

LUNCHTIME ACTIVITIES

Air-conditioners

More trees

Better lights and sound system in the Drama room

More emphasis on student responsibility

More school spirit

by Eva Klaic

STUDENT INDIVIDUALITY ENCOURAGED

Drama

by Adrian Spurr

Some very interesting work was undertaken in the first semester by both the Junior and Middle School. In Year Seven there were fine radio plays being written, developed and recorded. Excellent production incorporating the creative use of voice and/or prerecorded sound helped to make the project an enjoyable and often hilarious success. Year Eight had the opportunity to investigate a performance area of their own choice. There were some excellent projects submitted concerning animation, magic, clowning, puppetry as well as the more technical elements of dramatic performance, sound production and lighting.

In the Middle school I had the 'privilege' to work with wonderfully committed and creative students. Investigations into areas of ritual and the use of dance, story and song (and the internet!) to convey important cultural information was responsible for some excellently creative drama. The Middle School semester ended with forays into Shakespeare. The seven ages of man from *As You Like It* and the assassination of Caesar were particularly memorable performances.

The second semester kicked off with Tom Pitts and Callum Foley and myself heading up north to Mildura and beyond to take part in the making of a short movie. Year Eight has had the pleasure of Ms Barnes, a student teacher, bringing a cutting edge Drama practice to the studio, and of course there is the school production of *Lysistrata* directed by Ms Welsh... but more about this in the next issue!



Lysistrata

by Brenda Welsh

With twenty-two enthusiastic Year Eleven Drama students and many others expressing interest in this year's production, I felt compelled to find a script that would satisfy all. *Lysistrata* was one suggestion, but could we attempt a classical, Greek play written in 413BC? While still questioning the suitability of Aristophanes, I saw a small headline in *The Age* "Women Protest Over Sons at War". The article read: *"Women in two towns in southern Serbia continued their street protests yesterday, demanding that their sons be allowed to return home from army service in Kosovo... for the fourth day running, hundreds of mothers, wives and sisters of conscripted soldiers demonstrated..."* The universal theme of *Lysistrata* lives on, peace is something we'd all like to see achieved.

The comic elements and serious theme made the play accessible. Congratulations to everyone who was involved in the production. Every part, no matter how small, displayed a commitment to the drama department. The assistance, cooperation and support that students showed one another was inspirational and helped make *Lysistrata* the success that it was.

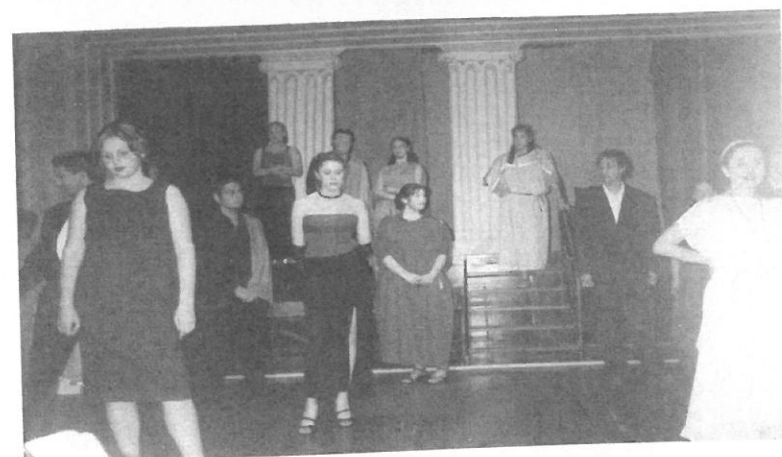
Special thanks to the staff involved, especially Adrian Spurr whose encouragement, understanding and hard work made my job that much easier.

PS David, the chicken is not full of looms!

LYSISTRATA



1999



Library Report

by Janienne Woodbridge, Librarian

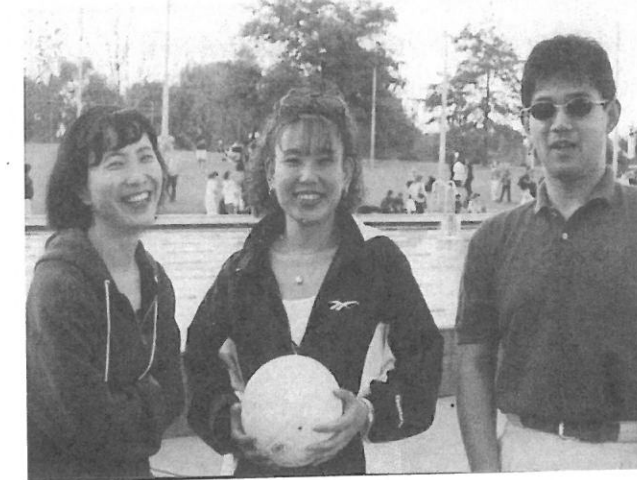
Towards the end of 1998 the library commenced significant structural changes, improving the resource processing area and making it more welcoming in general.

1999 has seen many technological advances with the computer network connected to the Internet. At the end of Term Two a new Library Management software system was installed which enhanced operation levels significantly.

Throughout Terms Two and Three a group of Year Ten students have assisted in the library, helping to access a large quantity of teacher reference books, contributing to displays, deleting outdated resources and completing inventories of videos along with other assorted tasks. Parental assistance in 1999 has also allowed us to add new resources to our collection. Thanks to the generous contributions of the PFA we have been able to update our fiction collection as well as avail ourselves resources which meet the recent changes to the VCE.

We look forward to our second annual Library Trivia Quiz to be held on School Libraries Day. The first quiz proved to be a huge success and we look forward to many eager participants again this year.

Many staff members from within the college assist the BSC library. Thanks are extended to all staff who assisted us throughout the year.



LOTE Report

by Ayako Fukunaga

From the beginning of the year, we had a very exciting LOTE program. Both French and Japanese had native language assistants, Stephanie and Miyazawa Sensei, who assisted with VCE oral practice and some exciting language and cultural activities.

BSC participated in the City of Glen Eira and Ogaki City festival, which was a great success and revealed many surprises, such as Ms Tomita's hidden talent at playing the drums!

Thanks to Ms Kyte, many students were privileged enough to visit New Caledonia for a week. Japanese students had the opportunity to visit Japan for over two weeks, deepening our close relationship with our sister school in Tokoname.

BSC also played host to three French students for one month, and several overseas students from Japan, who made the student body realize that English is not the only language spoken in the world. Thank you to all those students and families who volunteered to host these students.

What a year!



English Report

by Jean Hunter, English Coordinator

This year has once again seen students achieve outstanding results at all year levels. Staff have continued their professional development to ensure a quality curriculum is offered enabling students to not only preform to the best of their ability, but also, to enjoy the subjects content. Some highlights have included:

TONY SOWERSBY

Year 8 students were treated as lively talk by noted cartoonist and comic book extraordinaire Tony Sowersby. Tony was also able to workshop one class of students on drawing technique and character creation, which they later employed in the creation of their own comic books.

MACBETH AND GILBERT GRAPE

Year 11 student also saw a truly entertaining rendition of 'Macbeth', performed by the Flying Bookroom Theatre Company while year 12's saw the film 'What's eating Gilbert Grape' both of which are set texts at each year level.

ENGLISH AS A SECOND LANGUAGE AND INTENSIVE ENGLISH CLASSES

With the establishment of timetabled E.S.L classes at all levels and our overseas students involved in an intensive English program they have all been able to come together and share their wide cultural similarities and differences, ideas and beliefs, interests and friendships. Some of the celebrations and excursions this year included:

- Chinese New Year
- Australian Barbecue
- Dragon Boat Festival
- Sovereign Hill excursion
- Old Melbourne Gaol excursion
- Arts Centre
- Scienceworks
- Historical Melbourne Walks
- Ripponlea Homestead

Whilst enjoying these all students have received specialist tuition in English language and have enjoyed many successes, both academically and socially.

This year the Overseas Students Program has grown. We welcomed seventeen new student and farewelled two. Up until the end of Term 3 we had twenty-four students from eight different countries and tis year, we also had a number of 'temporary students' who visited for one week.



Literacy Matters

by Jean Hunter, Literacy Coordinator

NSW English Competition – All students in Years 7, 9 and 11 demonstrated proficiency in reading and language recently when they competed in the 1999 Australian Schools English Competition.

Making a Difference Program – Many Year 7 and some Year 8 students participated in this program which provides one-to-one intensive introduction. It is a structured program containing reading, comprehension and writing / spelling components. The students involved have progressed exceedingly well and I thank the following Tutors who voluntarily gave up their time to assist these students: Jenny Overmars, Avril Lockhead, Judy Bunn and Gail Lander.

Literacy Aides – this year we have been fortunate enough to employ two part-time Literacy Aides under the Educational Traineeships Scheme. This additional assistance will benefit students experiencing difficulty in literacy.

Homework Help – This program offered to all Year 7 and 8 students who have difficulty establishing regular homework routines. It is conducted twice a week after school, with teaching staff in attendance to offer advice and assistance where necessary.

Graded Reading – Again students involved in the Literacy program, Year 7 English classes, students in Intensive English and ESL classes increased their reading levels with our *Reading Ladders* graded fiction selection. These consist of high interest Penguin readers, Livewire Youth Fiction and Livewire Chillers. Due to the popularity of this program, we have purchased additional sets of both fiction and non-fiction books as well as audiocassettes.

Accelerated Reading – This program was trialed this year and whilst still in its infancy, met with a great deal of success. The books read ranged from advanced 'best seller' fiction to English and Australian classics. A more structured program is currently being developed for next year.

Handwriting Classes – The class is offered to all students and those involved showed improvement, which carried over, into their written class work. I would like to thank Mrs Hughes who ran the program, providing instruction, skills and encouragement to all involved.

SOSE Report

by Dom Iaconesso

1999 has been a challenging year for the SOSE faculty. The introduction of learning technologies has been the major focus with teaching and learning being enhanced by the use of the internet and interactive software, adding interest and enjoyment for all our students. This is an example of how this faculty and the school community are continually striving for a better education for our students.

Students completing SOSE courses have been busy not only with the classroom activities, but also attending excursions. Year Seven visited the Melbourne Royal Botanical Gardens and the Imax theatre, completing valuable fieldwork and learning more about the ancient world with the documentary *Mysteries of Egypt*. Year Eight traveled to a sewage treatment plant and investigated parts of the Mornington coast line, enabling students to gain a practical understanding of sewage and water treatment in Victoria.

Senior and Middle School students also attended a range of other excursions that related to their particular area of study. Year Nine Geography students visited the Royal Melbourne Zoo to study rainforest flora and fauna. The Year Ten Challenges classes attended the Melbourne courts to gain a first hand understanding of our judicial system. Similarly, our VCE students embarked on regular excursions in order to gain a more practical understanding of the issues pertaining to their area of study. The SOSE faculty is committed to providing students with hands-on opportunities to learn about their world, and for this reason excursions and field trips are a key part of our program.

During the year students were also encouraged to extend their learning by participating in SOSE competitions. Ms Ellis continued to successfully organise and run the state-wide geography competition. Congratulations to all who participated and those who received certificates of excellence.

Finally, I would like to thank the following members of the SOSE faculty for their committed and professional approach that resulted in interesting and worthwhile learning experiences for all students undertaking SOSE subjects:

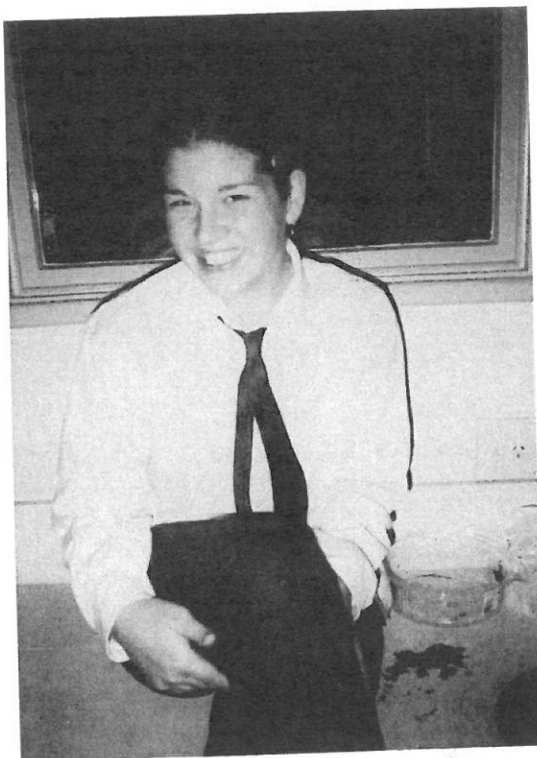
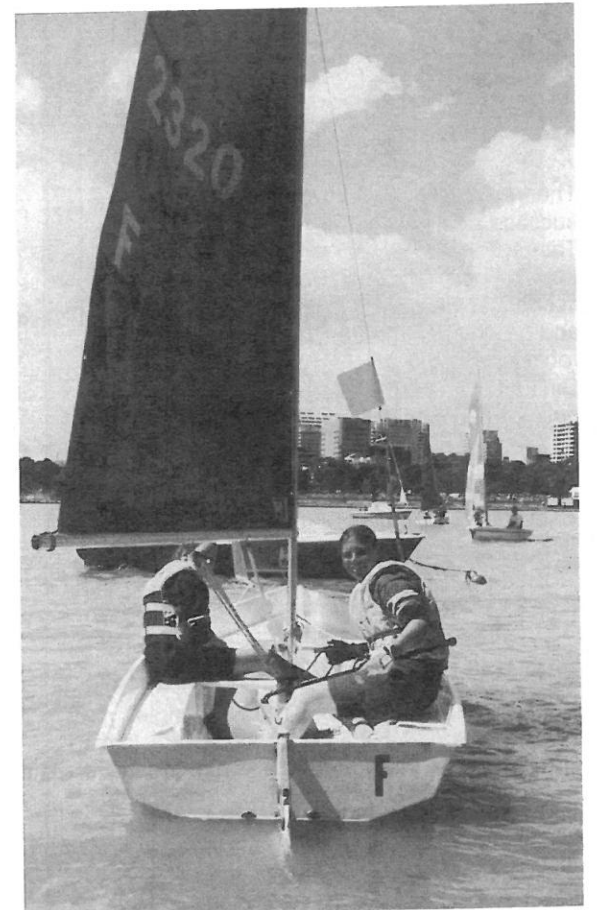
Marnie Baxter, Anthony Di Stasio, Michael Dunlea, Mirsina Ellis, Robert Jasiewicz, Lyn Jepson, Rachel Kafka, Peter Kindler, Brenda Lawson, Michael Morrisey, and Michael Redding.



Coast Guard Cadets

by Kate Middleton

A new youth program has commenced this year with the Australian Volunteer Coast Guard generously passing on their knowledge, teaching students valuable skills. This program includes the Duke of Edinburgh Award (Bronze) which entails various camps and activities. For the duration of Term Two, BSC cadets received professional sailing coaching at the Royal Brighton Yacht Club in the dingy class 'Pacer'.



Year 8 Girls Soccer

Defending their state title, our girls defeated all the teams in the district. They then made the long journey to Koo Wee Rup who we defeated 11 to 0. From here our girls thought they had it easy. Little did they know Patterson River were out for revenge! Nonetheless, the girls made BSC proud with their tremendous effort. Congratulations to those who made it to the zones - it's always harder to defend a title than it is to win it in the first place. Well done. Next year we will regain what we know is ours!

Year 8 Girls Tennis

The Year Eight girls tennis team was the success story of first term. Consisting of Tasma Ritchie, Sarah Rogers, Abbie Fray and Rebecca Wickens, they defeated all schools in the weekly district competitions and progressed through to the district round robin where they finished second to Mentone Girls. It was a great effort for the girls whose only loss in eight schools was to Mentone.

Year 8 Boys Soccer

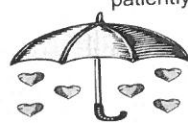
The boys were always going to be a good side. They had a great mix of talent and speed, and with Mr Koogi helping out in the coaching department, their tactics were first rate. Winning convincingly all weekly games, they were scheduled to play Cheltenham whom last year kept them from being State Champions. However, when the Cheltenham game was organised on our curriculum day, the boys became unstuck as some important players felt sleep was more important than helping out their teammates. Although disheartened by an umpire's decision to prematurely call the game to an end and give it to Cheltenham, the boys displayed excellent sportsmanship.



WINTER



Winter is the fall of the hot scorching sun
behind the large unwieldy clouds that blacken the sky's
Winter is the sound of rain belting down
The sound it makes as it strokes the ground
Winter is the time of the year when the night skies are brought to life
with electrifying bolts of lightning and the thumping sounds of thunder
Winter is the time of depression, a time of loneliness
A time where outdoor activities cease to exist
Winter is the sense of being alone
trapped in the barriers of your own home
with nothing to do and nothing to see
but the pouring down rain and strong gusty winds
Winter is the chance to catch up with friends
A get together of mates by the warm fireplace
Winter is the time of illness, a time of staying in bed
with the occasional sneeze and cough here and there
The time of sore throats and flues
which last for days and days on end
until the trusty parents come home from work
and cook up a warm delicious meal which relieves all the sores
Winter is the sense of being barricaded inside
deep in the comfort of you're own home
With nothing to do but sit around
and wait for the awful conditions to settle down
The footy and basketball are left to gather dust
and the bikes remain soaked and unused outside building up rust
The Television is switched off due to the strong winds swaying the
antenna back and forth sending down blurry pictures while the
computer
is no different but just the same
Winter is the time of year when people spend alone inside waiting
patiently for the winter days to fade away and the sun to rise again.

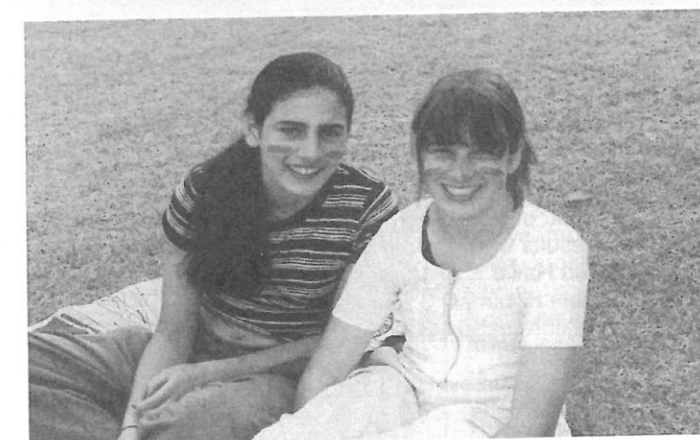


House Swimming Carnival

by Marni Basto

The BSC House Swimming Carnival was held on Wednesday, 24th February. By 9am the sun was beaming after early rain threatening to postpone the event. The annual battle of the houses began with many record breaking performances coming from Richard Cameron, Ryan Martin, Jonathan Atwell, Natalie Reid, Chris Hassall, Eliza-Anne Murray, Matess Liston and Michelle Decaria. Many other great efforts came from a large number of students, including Alan Gocs, who provided a brilliant aerial display in the diving pool. In the end though, it was Lonsdale that pulled through with the final scores being:

Lonsdale	432
Murray	394
Grant	332
Phillip	167



District Swimming

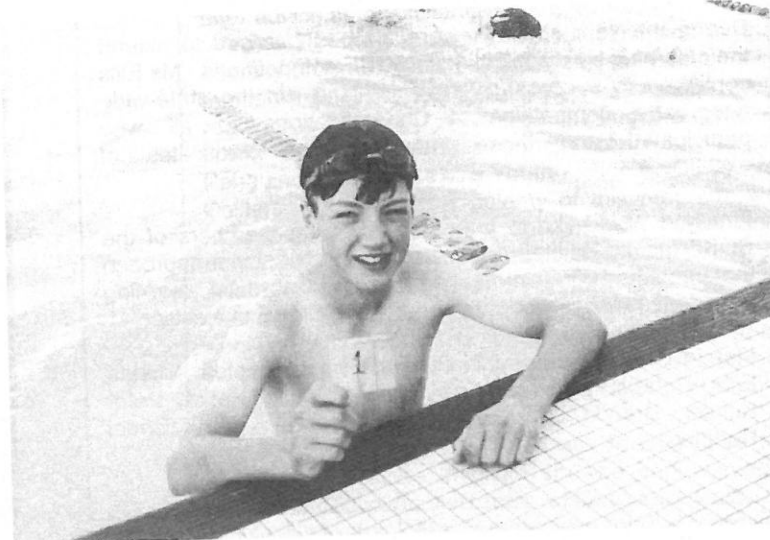
by Marni Basto

With eight schools competing in the District Swimming, Brighton Secondary College put in a great performance with outstanding results from Eliza-Anne Murray and Alan Gocs easily winning the under-14 diving competition. There was also two more record breaking performances from Michelle Decaria.

Michelle and Alan both made it to zone and proceeded to state where Alan finished an outstanding third in Victoria. Michelle, still recovering from the flu, finished forth enabling her to qualify for the Nationals.

Held at MSAC Michelle as usual put in a fantastic effort finishing seventh in Australia in the 50m freestyle race.

CONGRATULATIONS MICHELLE! We're all extremely proud of you!



Equal Opportunity Day

by Erin Clarke, Sports Captain

Earlier this term, an equal opportunity day was organised which reversed stereotypical sporting roles.

Boys in Year Seven competed in a netball team, while the girls proved themselves competitive as a football team. The Year Seven boys eagerly applied their athleticism to the netball court resulting in a great effort of two wins and two losses.

All boys contributed and performed to their best in an attempt to take their team to victory.

On this same day a group of Year 10, 11 and 12 girls set off for a day of football. The majority had never played before, but all were prepared to have some fun and give it a go. Although it took a while to get the hang of the game, after a few matches there was no hesitation from any of our players.

With some brilliant ball skills, great kicking and plenty of aggression BSC girls managed to win the second and last games, narrowly missing the third by only one point. The last game was our most successful with the whole team playing well and displaying much skill. A great day was had by all!

Intermediate Soccer

by Marni Basto

On Wednesday the 16th of June 18 girls from Years Nine and Ten competed in the annual soccer round robin at St George Park. With outstanding performances from Kirsty Gallbraith, Marni Basto, Sarah Lockie, Kate Middleton and Eva Kliac, the team successfully won two games and drew one progressing to the final. Unfortunately BSC did not triumph, but a fantastic effort was put in by all!

Junior District Sport

The Year Seven's have participated well all year. The girls soccer team went undefeated and only missed out progressing through to the next round due to a technicality. This, we hope, will be a good reason for them to seek revenge in 2000! The girls and boys basketball and hockey teams have played strongly this year and like the boys squash team, have endured into Term Three undefeated.

The Year Eight's have had a fantastic year in district sport. The girls tennis and boys and girls soccer teams all progressed through to the district round robins with convincing wins over the weekly schools. Third term also looks promising for girl' hockey and boys basketball.



Cross Country

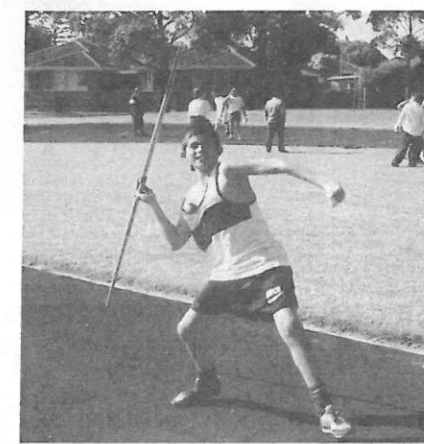
What an outstanding year! At a district level we had 38 competitors out of which six qualified to the zones. Some exceptional results were as follows;

Sarah Have	1 st Place
Eugeni Routman	3 rd Place
Kylie Jordan	3 rd Place
Marni Basto	4 th Place
Karen Chibert	8 th Place
Alycia LeMerle	16 th Place

At the zones, despite the cold and windy conditions BSC ran hot with four out of six competitors reaching the State. This is the most competitors we have had at a state level. Well done! Outstanding results were;

Marni Basto	8 th Place, 11m 40s
Kylie Jordan	8 th Place, 11m 41s
Sarah Have	11 th Place, 11m 30s
Eugeni Routman	18 th Place

Congratulations to Marnie, Kylie, Sarah and Eugeni who all did us proud!



House Athletics

by Lauren Arundell and Carly Zaharijevski

This year competitors in the four houses took part in the annual BSC House Athletics. It was a successful day all round with a large turn out of both competitors and spectators. At the end of the day Lonsdale was victorious with the end results being as follows:

Lonsdale	1176
Murray	1142
Phillip	946
Grant	936

There was great participation and effort by all involved resulting in twelve records being broken. Two were broken by Sarah Have, and single records were broken by E. Routman, M. Brown, C. Angelopolous, A. Coogan, C. Meehan, M. Liston, C. Hassall, E. Clark, M. Basto and B. Hobson. These competitors as well as 74 others will now go onto the next round at the inter-school sports. Good luck to all!



Student Welfare - Approaching the Millennium

by Heather Klineberg, Student Welfare Coordinator

Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school: and whereas, before, out forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill.

Shakespeare, *Henry VI*

There is an extraordinary amount of negativity in today's society. I feel the most important and valuable asset we, as a school community can give our students is to teach them to not only focus on academic results, but on how they can develop the skills to build inner strength and resilience as we approach the new millennium.

I am sick and tired of reading words like depression, separation, suicide, anxiety, grief, homelessness, etc. The negativity is overwhelming. We need to give students a sense of the positive things in life, a sense of self-worth, belonging and hope. Students need to be able to 'bounce back' and be supported not only by their teachers, but also by their parents.

In my three years as Student Welfare Coordinator at this school, I have tried to meet the needs of students, families and school staff in ways which would enhance the well-being and development of many children in our school community.

All members of staff and the school administration have been very supportive, constructive and open to the role of SWC. Although there are times when one has to work in confidence, team spirit and team work is essential.

Last year we completed the IDSES - Individual Drug School Education Strategy and this year have developed our School Drug Policy. All sorts of preventative and enhancement programs have been run throughout the year, having been developed by a team of highly qualified people from the Student Management Team and outside service organisations, ensuring the delivery of a service that can address the diverse issues that arise in today's school setting.

Our college is committed in its belief that young people must feel supported and accepted in the school environment. With the development of positive relationships and feelings of self-worth, students will develop resilience and achieve their goals, not only at school but beyond.



Careers & Vocational Education

by Claire Andrews, Careers/Vet Coordinator

It has been both interesting and busy in the Careers Office this year. We have seen the establishment of the new Careers and VCE Centre, which both senior as well as middle and junior students have access to.

Each term has been busy with a different focus. Term One saw us settling in and beginning to work in the new Centre. Term two was hectic with all Year Ten students going out on Work Experience. We had a variety of interesting work placements for students to visit such as St Vincent's Hospital, architectural firms, computer software development firms and many more. A number of students also gained part-time employment from their Work Experience week.

Term Three had a counselling focus for 1999 and 2000 VCE students, with all being counselled in their course and career selection.

We have had a presentation on available VET courses that we run in conjunction with their organisation, as well as Information Evenings throughout the year. We have also had some visiting speakers for students, with the Moorabbin Flying School proving very popular with the Year Ten boys! Year Eleven took part in a very successful Discovery Day at Monash University, where we sat in on a choice of lectures.

Overall it has been a very busy and interesting year in the Careers/VET Centre.



Tournament of the Minds

by Darcie Shannon and Addie Tallarida

Adrenaline and excitement pumped through each of the six members of BSC's 1998 team as they took the stage. Eagerly they awaited the moment in which they would perform their solution to the Long Term Problem, and event that had taken eight weeks of commitment, dedication and teamwork to prepare for.

Earlier in the day, the team had solved the Spontaneous Problem, an on the spot riddle told by judges to the competitors with only a short period of time in which to discuss and decide upon a solution. In both the Long Term and Spontaneous Problem, points were awarded to teams who displayed creativity and co-operation in their solution.

The team had been given three possible problems; Language & Literature, Social Science or Maths Engineering, of which they had to choose one to solve and present at the Regional Final. This competition is a nation wide contest, open to both state and private schools.

After all schools had competed, the weekend long Tournament came to an end and the judges were left to decide which team was worthy of first place, and which six teams deserved Tournament Honours. Teams were kept in suspense until the following morning when the results were announced via the Internet. BSC received Honours for their effort, finishing in the top seven out of the 75 schools participating.

Darcie and Addie participated in the 1997 and 1998 Tournament of the Minds, and they are again taking part in the 1999 Tournament together with 26 other students from Years Seven to Nine.



Debating Report

by Lisa Smith, Debating Captain

'Well,' said the Owl, 'the customary procedure in such a case is as follows' 'What does Crustimoney Proseedcake mean?'" said Pooh. 'For I am a bear of Very Little Brain, and long words bother me.'

A.A. Milne, *Winnie-the-Pooh*

Taking a look back at BSC's Debating program this year, we saw the excitement of seven teams from Years Eight to Twelve compete under the auspices on the Debating Association of Victoria (DAV). It was encouraging to see such a large number of enthusiastic junior students join the Debating program. All teams performed well and we had a B-Grade as well as two A-Grade teams go undefeated until the final round of the season, many participants frequently achieving Best Speaker.

I would like to congratulate all the teams which claimed victories, debaters who were awarded Best Speaker and of course, all the students who summoned the effort and initiative to join a team, and by doing so, expand their horizons.

This years the debaters said goodbye to a teacher who has consistently assisted many of the teams, provided confidence and the much needed co-ordination of the program. Mr Redding will be sorely missed by all the debaters. I would like to thank Mr Redding for all his hard work and dedication, and for his part in shaping the success of BSC debaters. I would also like to thank Mrs Lawson who provided much assistance and support for all the teams, in particular B-Grade and A-Grade. Thank you also to Ms Nicholas for coaching the abundant number of 'fresh' D-Grade debaters this year.

As Debating Captain for 1999, I found it most rewarding to watch many students increase their self-confidence, communication skills and their knowledge of the world around them.

So, if you're like Pooh then join a debating team in 2000! Good luck to everyone next year!

Instrumental Music

by Michelle Batour, Instrumental Coordinator

Instrumental music has seen some new faces on our teaching staff. Ms. Tracey Vidiou has joined us to teach Bass instruments, Gayle Garder is now on family leave and she has been replaced by Ms. Megan Waugh – Woodwind instruments and Ms. Marnie Howloun – Woodwind instruments (Flute).

Ms. Michelle Willey (Piano), Mr. Ben Harmsen (Guitar) and Mr. Serge De Lucio (Percussion) are still with us and are producing excellent results. Our Concert Band is now under the direction of Ms. Tracey Vidiou and the Training Band is conducted by Ms. Marnie Howloun and Ms. Megan Waugh.

The efforts of the staff and students were evident in our "Evening of Instrumental Music" where the audience was treated to some fine musical performances from the bands, Ensemble groups and Soloists.

The Concert band and Training band recently participated in "The Bands festival" held at the Robert Blackwood hall – Monash. Performers and conductors were highly praised by the International assessors.

My sincere thanks to the Musical Support Network, Mrs. Sue Lack and to all the staff and students for the dedication and commitment throughout the year.



New Caledonia 1999

by Karen Kyte

As *Voyager* goes to press we are eagerly finishing preparations for our study tour to New Caledonia.

For eight glorious days, September 15-22, we plan to soak up the sun, scenery and ambience of tropical New Caledonia (and practice our French of course!) Thirteen students from years 8-10 and two staff members, Ms Kyte and Mr Houlihan are taking part in this experience.

Students will undertake formal lessons as well as practice their French in everyday situations, in restaurants, shops, the market, banks and so on.

The group will also enjoy a one-day cruise to a tropical atoll complete with snorkeling and viewing of marine life in a glass bottom boat. Another excursion comprises an inland journey to a Melanesian village and native style lunch.

For all involved this will be an unforgettable experience.

Allons – y!

Gifted Education - Select

Entry Acceleration Program

by Roger McGrail, SEAP Coordinator

1999 marked the first year of BSC as an approved provider of select early acceleration - out of only ten such schools in Melbourne. Our very first accelerated Year Seven class of twenty-six is peopled with super keen, eager gifted learners.

The Accelerated Program is designed specifically to cater for the needs of students with above average intellectual skills and creativity. Not all students learn at the same rate. Accelerated learning means that students progress through their years according to their needs, potential and achievements. Acceleration can provide gifted students with both a higher level of work, and the enrichment of different grade levels.

The program differs from mainstream programming by providing:

- a faster paced curriculum,
- The opportunity to work with more abstract, complex and in-depth course material, and
- A learning environment which emphasises similar abilities and interests.

In 2000 BSC will see accelerated classes in both Years Seven and Eight, and this progression will continue as the College becomes a major provider of Gifted Education.

The Select Early Acceleration Program has added a new dimension to courses and curriculum offered at BSC. It not only challenges students in the program, but also other students in the college and the staff teaching the program. The general benefits will be seen in providing a curriculum with enhancement and enrichment programs and a excellent range of educational opportunities.



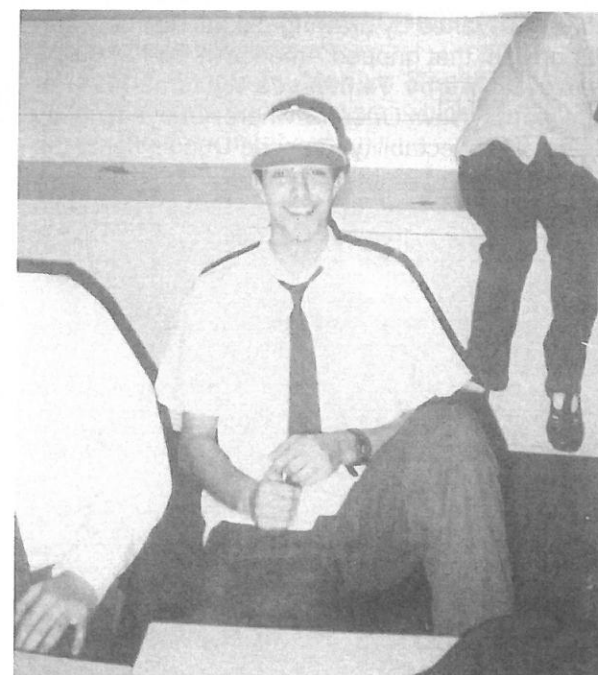
Chaplaincy at BSC

by Peter Mangold

1999 has been an extremely busy and varied year with much time spent representing the local churches and caring for the school community.

Some of the highlights have included assisting house choral groups prepare their items, being involved in the Year Seven camp, working with the Year Ten Community Service program, coaching various teams in Year Seven PACE and of course, working very closely with many individual students providing them with appropriate support.

I always feel a great sense of privilege at being able to listen to the many experiences and concerns that students share. Thank you to those who have allowed me to play a small part in your lives over the course of the year. I look forward to continuing the journey with you in the years ahead.

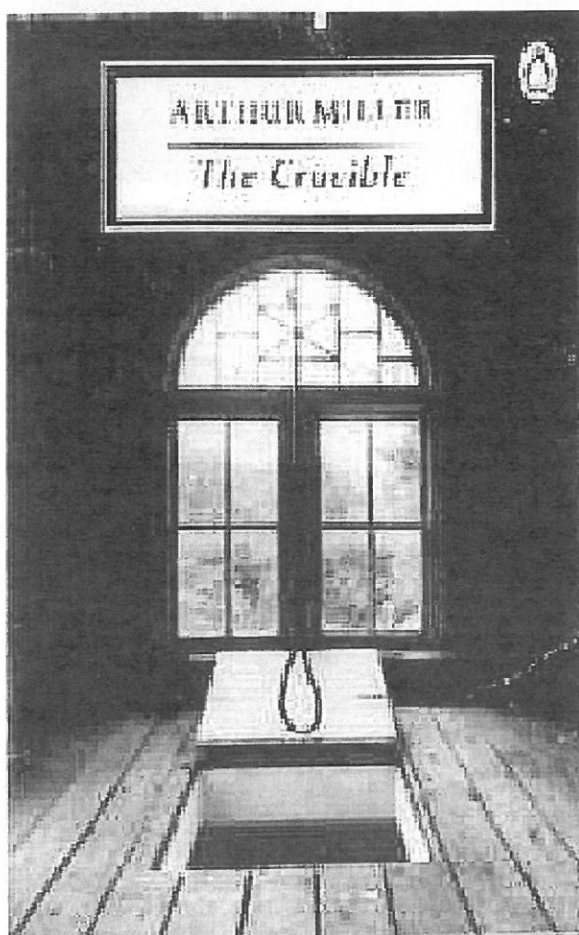


Most Influential Works of the Twentieth Century

SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR



THE SECOND SEX



Literature

Ulysses by James Joyce (1922) – The first modernist novel; stream of consciousness that was banned for many years due to its intimate details.

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich by Alexander Solzhenitsyn (1962) – The memoirs of a man interned in one of Stalin's Gulags.

The Old Man and the Sea by Ernest Hemingway (1952) – Short parable about man's struggle against nature.

The Satanic Verses by Salman Rushdie (1988) – Controversial enough to invoke a Fatwa (sentence of death)

1984 by George Orwell (1949) – The ultimate dystopian vision. Big Brother is watching you.

The Trial by Franz Kafka (1925) – An indictment on bureaucratic government institutions.

To Kill a Mockingbird by Harper Lee (1960) – Classic novel about racial hatred in the American South in the 1930's.

Lord of the Flies by William Golding (1954) – School boys return to basic savagery when they find themselves on a deserted island.

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest by Ken Kesey (1962) – Addresses the questions of authority.

On the Road by Jack Kerouac (1957) – A novel which epitomised the Beat Generation; memoirs of a journey across America.

Catcher in the Rye by JD Salinger (1951) – An adolescent struggle with life in New York.

Grapes of Wrath by John Steinbeck (1939) – A story of rural America during the Depression.

Trainspotting by Irvine Welsh (1993) – An anti-drug interpretation of the modern lower-class world.

The Female Eunuch by Germaine Greer (1970) – A landmark text in the history of the women's movement written by a woman who is still making waves today.

The Crucible by Arthur Miller (1953) – Taking as its basis the Salem witch-hunt of 1692, Miller demonstrates its contemporary social relevance by drawing the parallel between this and the McCarthyism that gripped America in the 1950s.

A Streetcar Named Desire by Tennessee Williams (1947) – A story of a rape set in New Orleans where, buoyed up by desperate fantasies of respectability, Blanche Dubois fights the furies of destitution, insult and madness.

Six Characters in Search of an Author by Luigi Pirandello (1921) – professional actors' failure to convincingly imitate 'real' characters makes for an intriguing variation on the theme of Life vs Art.

The Waste Land by TS Eliot (1922) – A poem whose enjoyment lies in its mystery.

HOWL by Alen Ginsburg (1955) – A poem which recalls "The best minds of a generation destroyed by madness" is part Walt Whitman, part Old Testament hellfire ranting and one-hundred-percent performance art.

The Second Sex by Simone De Beauvoir (1949) – The first landmark in the modern feminist upsurge that transformed perceptions of the social relationship of man and womankind in our times.

Songs

Imagine by John Lennon (1971) – Vocalised the dreams and yearnings of a global peace movement.

Take On Me by A-HA (1985) – The great dance track of the 1980's

Poison by The Prodigy (1994) – A song that influenced a generation of rebellion and endless discontent. As the album states, *music for the jilted generation!*

Smells Like Teen Spirit by Nirvana (1991) – The beginning of grunge teen angst of the 90's.

The Times They Are A Changin' by Bob Dylan (1963) – The ultimate protest song.

Rock Around the Clock by Bill Haley and the Comets (1955) – The beginning of rock n' roll.

Purple Haze by Jimi Hendrix (1967) – The birth of passionate electric guitar.

Light My Fire by the Doors (1967) – Non-conformist, psychedelic rock.

Please, Please Me by the Beatles (1963) – The Beatles' first single.

Piece of My Heart by Janis Joplin (1968) – The first musical expression of female angst.

Supersonic by Oasis (1994) – The commercialisation of British pop.

White Line by Grandmaster Flash (198?) – The birth of rap and dance music.

Sweet Child O' Mine by Guns and Roses (1988) – The Gunners at their best.

Last Goodbye by Jeff Buckley (1994) – Sheer beauty from a genius that left us too early.

Satisfaction by the Rolling Stones (1965) – I can't get no...

Sunday Bloody Sunday by U2 (1983) – Pop and protest collide.

Material Girl by Madonna (1985) – Girl power before the Spice Girls.

Bohemian Rhapsody by Queen (1975) – You only had to have seen *Wayne's World* to know the significance of this song.

Born Slippy by Underworld (1995) – Brought techno to a new audience.

Beautiful People by Marilyn Manson (1998) – In your face individualism which alienated some and drew in others.



Films

The Godfather by Francis Ford Coppola (1972) – The film that began the saga of the Corleone empire. The ultimate mafia film with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino at their finest.

Citizen Kane by Orson Welles (1941) – A dazzling movie debut for Welles, the tale of Charles Foster Kane, a rich young man who decides to build a newspaper empire and in doing so sacrifices his personal high ideals on the altar of yellow journalism.

2001: A Space Odyssey by Stanley Kubrick (1968) – Like most of Kubrick's films, *2001* is a film audiences will be forever questioning.

Pulp Fiction by Quentin Tarantino (1994) – Redefined film for the 90s generation. Mixed humour and violence in an unprecedented manner.

The Graduate by Mike Nichols (1967) – Dustin Hoffman's debut in which he unforgettably inquires, "Are you trying to seduce me Mrs Robinson?"

Gone With the Wind by David O Selznick (1939) – The epic story of love and survival during the American Civil War, which taught generations that "tomorrow is another day".

Casablanca by Michael Curtiz (1943) – Bogart and Bergman face their past in this WWII classic with all the style and flair one can expect from these golden Hollywood stars. "Here's looking at you kid."

Wizard of Oz Victor Fleming (1939) – A colourful journey down the yellow-brick road will keep all its fans forever young at heart.

Psycho by Alfred Hitchcock (1960) – Classic Hitchcock suspense which transformed the modern Horror genre. A shower scene which inspired more fear than any previously.

Jaws by Steven Spielberg (1976) – The soundtrack alone still sends shiver up many a spine.

The Chair

There he was, crouched silently, trembling with fear in the corner, enclosed behind the rigged steel bars of his silent prison cell. The cold temperature of the floor pierced his pale skin. He had been confined within the compounds of the prison for the seven agonizing years that was situated amidst the abandoned hulks of rusted machinery and war torn buildings in the colorless landscape where dark, oily seas beat against a jagged black shore.

He has been isolated from the civilized world of seventeen agonizing years of useless consciousness. Prison life has transformed him from being a young ambitious businessman to an anxious and panic-stricken being.

Today however would be his last day as he is on death row he has maintained he didn't commit, a triple homicide.

The only sign of the outside world that was visible through his cell wall was the rain that cascaded down his minute cell window.

Screams of fear and loneliness were heard from the other inmates as the sound howled the dark hallways of the maximum-security complex.

The sound of the guards' footsteps emerged instigating rioting cheers from the other inmates. The sound echoed through the hallway as the footsteps began to home in towards his cell.

The footsteps came to a halt as two guards armed with a baton and a high-powered machine gun each arrived outside his cell. They were identical in their black double-breasted suits, tall, well built, either expressing any emotion at all but keeping a straight face by working in a place that can make any grown man cry or fear and loneliness.

One of the guards entered the cell and handcuffed the prisoners' ankles and wrists as he stood helplessly. There was no escape or nothing he could do to rectify the situation. Meanwhile, the other guard supervised the hallway.

The sound of the footsteps along the rattling from the handcuffs began to emerge as the guards escorted the prisoner through the dark hallway to the electric chair. He sucked up his courage as tears trickled down his pale and malnourished face. Cheers from the other inmates emanated from the dark hallway as he escorted to his death.

The concrete floor of the hallway came to an end as the two guards simultaneously pressed a button that triggered an opening of a door. The three entered a pitch-black room that was suddenly lit up by the flickering of high-powered voltage lights.

His hands restricted by the steel handcuffs began to tremble with fear as the lights revealed an electric chair constructed of steel and wood situated in the middle of the now well lit room, its steel control panel was beside the chair.

Distorted mirrors on the walls surrounded the room. He began to feel ill as his handcuffs were released. The two guards forced his trembling body into the chair. Screams of fear and sadness filled the room. These were his last minutes alive.

There was nothing he could do as his body was overpowered by the combined strength of the two guards. His limbs were once again restrained by the brown leather straps of the electric chair.

The two guards left the room as an elderly lady wearing a black tracksuit strolled slowly into the room towards the control panel. Her narrow face was surfaced by wrinkles, and she displayed no emotion at the prisoner's pleas for help.

Her frail hands operated the buttons on the control panel. Disco lights suddenly flooded the room accompanied by the pulsating sound of Techno music that came through the camouflaged speakers in the room. Beads of sweat covered his hands and forehead like a blanket. He began to feel ravaged with fear as the trembling that in his hands spread like a cancer to the rest of his body.

The high-powered voltage currents of the chair pulsed through his body as he shook violently in the chair. The electrical current came to an end leaving only a lifeless body behind.

By Michael Szykrot, 12A

No Where to go

Keagan looked out the window and watched the rain falling. He looked at his girlfriend passed out in front of the TV. Beside her were two needles. Just moments before he had returned from an appointment at the local clinic, where a young doctor had informed him he was HIV positive. He recalled the doctor's awkward hand gestures and the way his eyes shifted to avoid Keagan's gaze. Keagan guessed it was the guy's first job – there were no good doctors at the clinics – they all had their fancy city practices.

He walked away from the window and headed for the door, putting on his coat and stepping out into the pouring rain. The sky above was a pale grey, with clouds hanging threateningly overhead. Where was he to go? His parents had kicked him out of home when they had found out about the drugs, he had failed Uni, had no money and no job. He put his hands in his pockets and walked to the train station.

Keagan had no idea where he was going and didn't really care where he ended up. He stepped onto the train and sat in the corner next to the window, leaned his head against the glass and watched as the passengers piled on. He felt jealous and angry; angry because of how his life had turned out and jealous that everyone on the train had a perfect life. Most, he was sure, had loving families to go home to, a cosy house and parents who loved them. Keagan, on the other hand had nothing to live for, he was a nobody.

Lately Keagan had thought about doing it. Last week he had tried but he couldn't. A voice in his head told him not to. He felt the tears forming in his eyes; he quickly wiped them away before anyone saw.

The train had come to a standstill and he got up, looking around. He was in an unfamiliar place. He walked outside and headed towards the pay phone. He put 40 cents in and dialled his parents' number. His mum picked up.

"Hello", he began to cry.

"Mum, it's Keagan", there was a silence.

"Keagan... Why are you calling here?" Just then a male voice came to the phone.

"Keagan, I told you never to phone here. You are a disgrace to the..."

He put down the phone and walked down an alley, sat in the corner and cried. It began to rain. He looked around again and put his hands in his pocket and took out a razor blade he had been carrying for a couple of days now. He put it against his arm. He felt the sharp steel of the razor against his brittle skin. He ignored the voice in his head. He placed the blade against his wrist and ran it around until he could see the blood coming. He did the same to the other wrist. The pain was excruciating; he sat back and waited. Slowly his vision became blurred and things around him dulled into darkness. Keagan knew it was happening, he knew that he was dying and he closed his eyes for the last time as the rain came down. Keagan lay there oblivious to the passers by.

As the people walked down the alley, they had no idea that just a few meters away a young man lay with no one but the rats that walked over him.

By Lisen Arnold, 12A

Survival

Her flowing locks reflected the burning red sun
The heat reddened her plump, rosy cheeks
Her favorite floral dress hugged her rounded figure
She was a natural beauty - a trait which would never vanish, until
that infamous September day...

That day came. Joy turned to grief, elation to trauma
Powerful dark shadows watered her then bright, crystal-blue eyes
The dark figures' voices carved a frightening image of an untamed
lion's roar
Their demands were irrational, forceful, terrorising
Her wide smile was nowhere to be seen

They were given only ten minutes
Six-hundred seconds to gather a life's belongings
She dropped to the floor
Her family album pressed firmly against her breast
Mach schnell, the large black figure hollered in a language she did not
know
Fierce words reddened his gaunt face
She was pulled away
The album was left behind

She awoke in darkness and pain
Her legs swelled
She half-smiled
Tears fell down her cold cheeks

An unbearable stench permeated throughout
Children were crying
Women and men moaned
She heard their cries
She felt their pain

Thick wooden doors slid open
The sunlight nearly blinded her
She lost track of time
She witnessed bodies of all sizes
They stumbled out from those box-like carriages

Women and children to the left
Men to the right
Another dark image hovered over, tearing her family apart
Her two brothers and dear father
They were her life
Now they were disappearing
She held back her mother and baby sister
Saving their warm hearts from the infliction of a cold bullet

This was it
She was walking the long road to hell
Surrounded by desolate figures
She told herself to never give up hope

She walked between women of all ages
Ordered to walk in straight lines
Some helplessly gave up their souls
A small child stared blankly into her eyes

They approached the cold brick building
Stocky women reflected rough stones
She was forced to strip down to nothing
Fear and embarrassment
She had never revealed her round curves to anyone - not even her
own mother
She slowly slid her dress strap over her tanned shoulder
Her slow speed earned her several lashings

Women cried in hysterics
Children yelled uncontrollably
Cold water sprayed her body
Her red locks were gone
She looked the same as everyone else

The other side revealed striped, prison-like clothes
She managed some to cover her body
The heavy black boots weighed her feet down
She stumbled to a barrack
Little revealed what lay ahead

The other side revealed striped, prison-like clothes
She managed some to cover her body
The heavy black boots weighed her feet down
She stumbled to a barrack
Little revealed what lay ahead

Scrawny, pale figures lay helpless
She cuddled closely to her mother and sister
She knew she was innocent
She had done nothing wrong

For months she recollected frightful images
Her family was nearly gone
Her mother went missing
Her sister died from gangrene three months later

She weakly lifted a piece of cut mirror to her face
Her cheeks were hollow
Her eyes were sullen
Her smile gone

Suicide attempts haunted her
She stopped longing for little luxuries
Food scavenging was now her forte
She became a feral cat
Fighting for survival

As time passed, her curves disappeared
Loosing weight was always her dream - until now
She longed for her full, healthy figure to return
Something to give extra warmth

Protruding bones sickened her weak body
Bewilderment grew from what she witnessed
Skeletons dragged their fragile frames
Innocent children savaged
Bodies were burnt - dead or alive

The many attempts at ending her life stopped then
Her internal strength grew
She had to live
She couldn't betray her family

She was far from the spring days
Distant from happiness
Darkness had overpowered
Everyone else seemed to lose hope

She prayed for the end
She questioned God
She was angry with mankind

She was twenty
But who was she really?
Forced to become a woman
She was stripped of freedom, growth, maturation
Yet she was still a child

Silence. She woke confused
The remaining figures walked outside
She feared for their lives
However she followed

Americans
Young men rode bravely in green tanks
She collapsed onto the rubble
Her body was retrieved
Her identity was found

She closed her eyes
The gates re-opened
She was to live again
Grief tuned to joy, trauma to elation
She was safe
She was a Jew

By Monica Karmy, 12A

Setting Sun

The setting sun was no more in the clouds of artillery. Nothing but tornadoes of gunfire raged above our sanctuary of the trenches, though this sanctuary was not immune from the wrath of chemical attack and most certainly not the fury of flying bombs that released a blanket of fire and debris over our ravaged bodies. Thinking back to my earlier days I had thought that going off to defend my country was the ultimate honour and respect I could show towards my homeland. But the eternal question still exists in all our minds: what in God's name are we doing here? Are we serving any purpose by killing each other? God put us on this earth to learn and develop, not to destroy and conquer.

How is it that only sixteen months ago I was a lonely carpenter in my small hometown, which has never seen conflict? And now I'm able to operate a standard issue army rifle, which can do more damage in an instant than a broken heart can. I look in the mirror and I can not recognise myself any more, my eyes may deceive me or have I lost my mind completely.

"Go, go, go. Move private, you're not in Kansas any more," said the figure. Screams of pain are not an uncommon thing any more. My eyes are open wide like an alligator's mouth at the pool of blood before me. Bones are airborne like the debris of an exploding shell. Unexpectedly my arm is grabbed by the darkness of the night; I'm pulled like a piece of heavy meat being carried to the slaughterhouse. The darkness swallows me like quicksand. The sky is lit up once again on what was a beautiful night! It reminds me of the fourth of July, when the sky is embraced by thousands of fireworks and looks like a rainbow in the dark at the prime of its youth. But the skies here are only lit up with the colour of blood. Blood is all I have seen in the last few years of this hopeless war.

My face is back in the dirt and my discouraged body is in the trenches once more. Then it hits me; "Are you stupid son? I just saved your heiny from being German schnitzel," said the man.

"Whaaaaat?" I respond.

"Damn corporal, you get your act together or I'll send you to clean toilets for our boys on the front!" said the man, spitting tobacco out of his mouth.

"Yes Sir," I say.

It is still night in the carnage of artillery, however this night seems like the centre of the blazing sun which never ceases to release its rays of light. Sleep is not an option in my situation. I have my Sergeant screaming nothing but profanity at me. With every third word that leaves his mouth a big brown chunk of tobacco is spat from his mouth. It's like watching a mule spitting constantly. On top of that, the blanket of artillery never stops, I swim in the damn stuff.

"Now there corporal, you listen good," said the Sergeant with a husky voice.

"Yes Sir!" I responded.

"I'm tired.....?" He did not finish his sentence.

From the darkness a familiar voice emerges;

"Get down, get down," the voice screamed with persistence.

"Incoming, aghhh.....!"

The body to which the voice belonged fell out of the darkness. Another innocent soul added to the meat grinder of meaningless death. His voice had saved our lives and he had given his for ours so willingly. It was this willingness that kept us grunts together, our binding silent understanding of brotherhood kept our unity alive; no matter what condition we were faced with we were prepared to give our lives for each other. As my mind returned into reality, I saw another bullet ravaged body lying next to my saviour, it was my Sergeant.

The annihilation of artillery rages on into the night, I'm alone again as I always have been. For as long as I can remember, I have been on my own. My father had left my mother and I when I was just learning to walk and my mother had died four years later of unrevealed causes. So I was thrown helplessly into a orphanage home. However I was one of the luckier cases of the system and I was adopted by a nice family. Nevertheless, they had found I did not live up to their moral standards and sent me back only two weeks later.

So here I am fighting a war that has no meaning and giving my life for an unworthy cause. Sixteen months seems like a lifetime down in the trenches. I feel like I have been abandoned again. Every day and night of the last sixteen months is a new nightmare of death and abandonment. I just wish this nightmare would come to a halt and I could return to the life that was one my own. The sounds of shells hitting the ground like hail crashing on the roof of a house. I'm getting sick of this political bickering with has turned into a hot conflict. My perception of what is honourable has begun to alter.

At the start of this my unit conflict had consisted of seven men and our sergeant. But only my buddy Carl and I remain in this muddy and desolate trench. I'm sick of all these visions I'm going to sleep and delve into another nightmare.

The suns rays hit my eyes like never ending bullets and I remember waking up in the middle of the night with my best friend in the whole world choking on his own blood. I slowly get up, my eyes open and before me stands a group of young boys with smiles on their faces, not realising the terror they are about to encounter. The night events return to my mind and I make a pledge to never take another life or involve anyone in taking there own! The boy standing at the front approaches me;

"Private Williams, reporting for duty sir," he says with in an eager voice.

"Williams, go home boy you don't belong here," I reply.

"But sir my orders," Her answers with haste.

"Son, I don't give a rats ass what your orders are, go tell our fair general to shove a gun up his backside and wait for me to pull the trigger," I answer.

"Yes sir. I will relay the message," He responds.

I put on my shirt, pick up my gun, toss my helmet on my head, smile at the group and walk back into the clouds of machine gun fire and pools of blood. The thoughts and visions of the setting sun enslaves my mind, reminding me of the worthless death of my friends in this hopeless conflict.

By Jack Muler, 12 A

Over the weeks preceding the publication of the *Voyager* I noticed a stark decrease in the number of people approaching my desk. Initially I felt slighted. Why was I being avoided? Had I offended? Was there some hidden message in all this that I was not picking up on?

Then, at a staff dinner I found my answer. Sitting quietly at the end of the table I suddenly found myself staring the reason behind this lack of traffic at my desk directly in the face.

"So, how's the magazine going?"

The table fell silent. Up until this moment the topic of the *Voyager* had been carefully avoided, and as the weeks went on, so was I. Whether it was for fear I would accost for assistance or whether it was due to the stress lines that had formed across my brow, I still do not know. I hesitated and thought about it. How was the magazine going?

Ever since I took on the *Voyager*, I have noticed its power - it takes over, without you even knowing. Whether you are collecting articles, typing articles, organising an editorial meeting, meeting with the printer, hounding contributors for articles, looking through the year's artefacts, or whether you're at that final stage when you stare blankly at the screen waiting for articles to appear of their own accord, all you think is *Voyager*.

And all everyone else thinks when they see you is *Voyager*. They sigh when you are about to open your mouth at staff briefing, knowing full well what is coming. They hide when they see you approach to ask where exactly that article is. They walk stealthily around you while you curse the computer for not doing what you told it to!

Staff as well as students have repeatedly asked me, why? Why are you doing the *Voyager*? Are they making you? Is it because you're new? Did you do something wrong? When you explain you volunteered they are already signing the papers to commit you. Staff who have been there before laugh, tell you you're young and you'll grow out of enthusiasm. I hope not.

I hope and pray I never stop putting my hand up and with that, learning from all that putting your hand up enables you to do. Thank you to the many members of staff for their interest and support, and to all contributors for articles both great and small.

This production would never have eventuated if it had not been for the tireless efforts of a small but special group of students who have not only made my job easier, but also far more enjoyable. To Jonathan whose computer expertise saved us all, to Jackey whose authority kept us all in line, to Adam whose questions and answers never fail to put a smile on my face, to Eyal for his good nature and calming influence, to Karen whose photos encapsulated 1999 for us all, and to Julian for his artistic way of looking at life. *Voyager 1999* has been an experience I shall never forget, and has taught me more than I ever thought possible.

Oh - and how did I answer that question posed to me at the staff dinner? I did what I do now. I smiled.

Rachel Kafka



Assistant Editor Report

Finally after many weeks of working on the 1999 issue of *Voyager*, another year has come to an end. As usual 1999 was an event-packed year and I'm sure many of us are looking forward to the holidays. It has been a lot of fun and hard work, but overall working on the *Voyager* was a terrific experience. I would also like to add it's been great working with such a wonderful bunch of people. A special thanks goes out to Ms Kafka, who has helped us enormously to meet our tight deadline.

Jacklyn Swiecicki

Technical Support

The *Voyager* has tested all of our patience and ability. In the end we all stuck together to pull through just before the deadline. We would like to thank Ms Kafka for putting up with our constant winging and arguing. Without her persistence I doubt any of us would have lasted, the might I add short time we had to complete the task. I would personally like to thank Mr Timmerarenos for willingly allowing us to use the computers at any time.

Eyal Gross

Layout Report

During the time that we had to complete the *Voyager*, it got fairly intense and stressful for all of us. Karen and myself only had two periods to accomplish the layout design for the whole magazine that we didn't think would get finished in time. I would personally like to thank Rachel Kafka for the organisation of the *Voyager*, who was right there, getting stressed out with us the whole way. Thanks!

Adam Hompas

Signatures



By Robert Stettner & Tom Laktyushin

