

SHADES OF RED

2024





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COLLEGE**

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Shades of Red – The Literary & Visual Journal of Prince Alfred College

15th Edition - 2024

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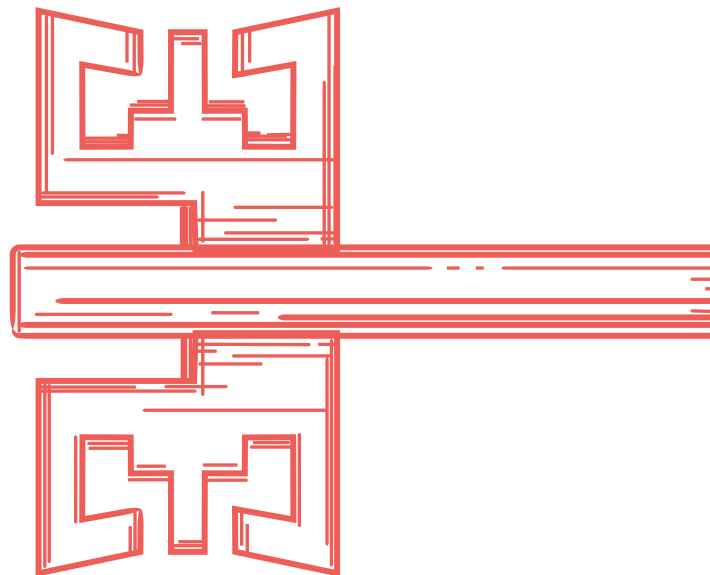
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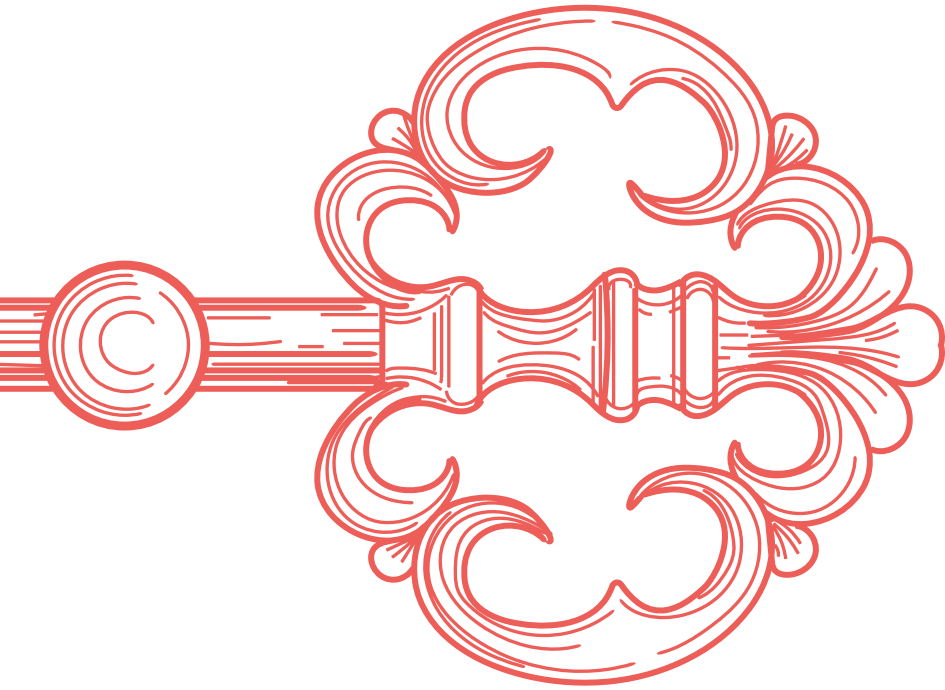


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EDITOR'S NOTE

Hello and welcome to the 15th edition of Prince Alfred College's Shades of Red journal! Uniting teachers and students from ELC to Year 12 together, this publication continues to strengthen our school's culture through creativity and artistic flair that deserves to be celebrated.

"Unlocking our creativity" was this iteration's theme, challenging and encouraging the community to delve into their authenticity and retrieve the creative brilliance that brightens these pages. This gave us the idea to make our representing symbol a lock and key, which recognises the amazing potential art has in unlocking unknown parts of ourselves; appreciating the world around us; and opening ourselves up to a more connected community.

I was incredibly fortunate to be accompanied by a brilliant team of returning Year 12 and upcoming Year 11 students. This year's journal couldn't have happened without their hard work.

Caleb Tang
Tom Thredgold
Harry Piggott
Luke Economos
Petey Flower
Liam Quinn-Fogarty
Chewa Maurici
Ridha Ismaeel
Aryan Parwal

On behalf of Prince Alfred College, I would like to sincerely thank Ms Marshall and Mr Iadanza for their genuine passion and invigorating vision that they lend to their

students, our community, and the journal. I am blessed to have been given the opportunity to be a part of their creation and work with such fantastic people.

On behalf of the committee, thank you for buying and taking the time to read the 2024 SoR journal! We're extremely proud of how it's turned out and we hope that within these pages you may find the key to your untapped creative potential.

Happy reading!

Miles Falahey

Year 12 Student and Editor in Chief



COMMITTEE



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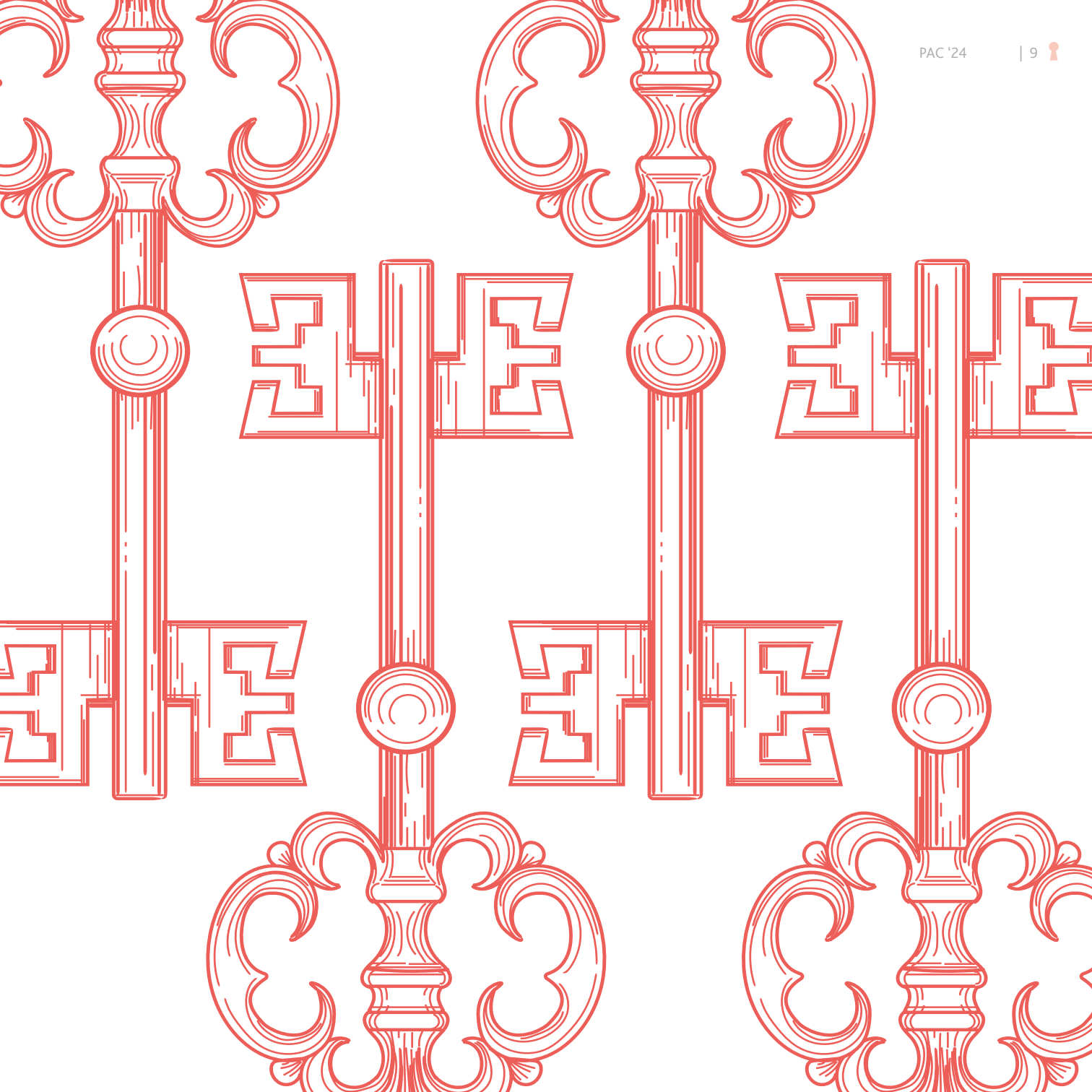


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ACHYUT CHOPRA, YEAR 9

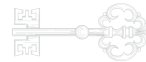


ACHYUT CHOPRA, YEAR 9

My Naked Eye

Jawad Ismaeel | Year 5

I spy with my naked eye
while flying on top of a tree
between moist branches
A bird looking for a meal
A meal that's not me
I spy with my naked eye
A yellow flower
It's golden nectar promising a feast
And energy to last the day at least
I spy with my naked eye
A perfect spot to hatch my eggs
A perfect tropical spot
For them to come out with strong legs
I spy with my naked eye
My many hatchlings hatching
As my eyes are drifting
They will start a new cycle





AIREYS MERCER, ELC



ADA PASCALE & YUXIN LIU, ELC



ANGAD GILL, YEAR 10

Midnight Whispers

Hamish Thompson | Year 6

In the setting of the sun
The exhausted little boy sets his head
And all of the animals fall asleep
Resting their bodies in a nice cozy bed

There is an eerie silence and not even a mouse stirs
All of the nocturnal creatures are scared
Until, the fireflies come out, setting ablaze to the sky
The foxes go out first, being dared

Then the parade of animals hurry out of their dens
The possums, then mice, then owls
Hooting, screeching, clawing
Then they all go quiet, howls

If you listen carefully, you could hear the fleas on the animals
A rustle from the bush alerted mice
They fled in fright, back to their dens they go
The mice talked to the foxes, they spread the advice

All of the animals ran, as quickly as they came
Back to their dens, trees and homes
The wolves jump out, disappointed at nothing
While the pack waits, their leader roams

And, as the sun rises again
The wolves retreat back to the woods
The little boy awakens
And the mice come out to claim their goods



Summer at the Sea

Henry Stirling | Year 6

Summer at the sea,
the only place I wish to be,
as the dolphins come splashing down,
I see sharks coming back to town.

Summer at the sea,
the only place I wish to be,

Children howl and scowl,
the wonderful showman gives a bow,
the men stand tall with a grin,
as the woman sleep rubbing their chin.

Summer at the sea,
the only place I wish to be.

The sky is high,
the shore is nigh,
tides begin to gush,
as chilled ice cream proceeds to mush.

Summer at the sea,
the only place I wish to be.
Summer at the sea,
we're now free.



ALEC SINCOCK, YEAR 10



ALEC SINCOCK, YEAR 10



ALEC SINCOCK, YEAR 10



ALEC SINCOCK, YEAR 10

The Red Ball

Edward Colaiacovo | Year 6

So much depends on
The red ball
bouncing haphazardly
Toward the open goal line

So much depends on
the bouncing ball
thrown up in the sky
When you need to push and shove

So much depends on
The umpire's
screeching whistle
When the free kick goes to me.

So much depends on
How I see
the tall white sticks
When I take a set shot.



The Journey

Ashton Gerecke | Year 6

Tell me what you see,
Tell me what you feel,
Is it imaginary?
Or is it real?

I see fire and light.
Exploding in the sky.
I feel anxious, yet brave,
Willing to try.

Take the first step,
Two, three and four.
The journey is long.
And never done before,

The people we meet,
The lessons we learn,
I give what I can.
But get more in return.

The road is calling.
So, come take my hand,
Expect the unexpected,
Not what you planned.

Tell me what you see,
Tell me what you feel.
Is it imaginary?
But for me it's REAL.

The Angry Bulldog

Archie Marsh | Year 6

He barked and he growled every day.
He's angry, very angry I have to say,
if you see him he'll bark and bark nonstop.
He'll give you a headache and make your mind go pop!

He's still in the pet shop waiting to be bought,
but nobody at all wants one of that sort.
He's a bulldog, A BULLDOG, he likes to hog.
He likes to chew on his toy log.

Every night he sleeps on his mat.
Sleep-barking and growling until he wakes the cat.
Then the cat wakes the bee,
then she stings the rabbit as hard as can be.
When finally the animals are snoring away,
it happens again, the crazy array.



ALEX QIU, YEAR 6



ALEX PANG, ELC



ANGUS HARVEY, YEAR 12

The Birthday Party

Josh Decelis | Year 2

Looks like blue balloons.
Sounds like boys talking and laughing.
Smells like pizza and chips.
Feels like a hard soccer ball and happy on the inside.
Tastes like yummy ice-cream.

My Trip to Bali

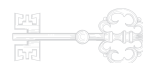
Oliver Bjeshka | Year 2

I smell yummy chocolate.
I hear very loud bumps on the plane.
I taste fizzy drinks.
I feel massages on my back.
I see people around me everywhere.

Melbourne

Oscar Harris | Year 2

I see a lot of people.
I hear loud cars.
I smell lots of food in the Hotel.
I taste delicious foods and drinks.
I feel my soft bed.





Elegy for Daniel

Nick Iadanza | Staff

I still have your power tools.
They sit on my shed shelf waiting.
My hands tremble when I grip
the lime green handles where
your hands once worked.

I still have your grey gym bag.
I shoulder it now like a new type of weight.
I still have the cigar you got me for my 18th
birthday.
I found it the other day, waiting like a rolled-
up message.
A compact, paper fuse that will never be lit.

I still have that small plastic horse we bought.
We thought it would look funny in our new
fish tank
also bought on the day we confidently strode
into the world-
idiot boys moving out of home,
clocking in to a
factory jammed with an assembly
line of memories
where we manufactured
our own version of adulthood.

Actually, I think I lost that horse.
Another tragedy.

But I do still have the speaker we won
at the pub that night when you were
bouncing up, up, up
drawing us up, up, up
with laughs, puns, filling our cup cup cup
that devilish glint which could disarm
armadas
or rope me into whatever new adventure you
could lasso.

I was braver when you were around.
I was better when you were here.
I was whole when you were alive.
So yes, I miss my brother,
but I also mourn the person I was with you,
That kid is gone forever, too.

But at least I still have these things.
These markers. These relics. These hollow
things.
They sit, waiting around corners of my house
I bump into them on any given Sunday
And they grab me by the throat.
Squeeze. Hard.

You are strewn across my days, years, future.
Like the debris from a sunken ship which ran
aground a year ago, dragging us all
down, down, down into the roiling undertow.
Your split hull spat out
all that glinting treasure.
The bounty we always saw,
but for you seemed
trapped in locked chests.
We grope now for what you left.
Down, down, down we wade.

I'm not sure when I will surface from this
watery cavern.
Not sure when the whirlpool will release me
and let me cross back into that burning light
of the new normal.

So for now, I float. In the silence.
Amongst the circular
saw and the school photos
and whatever else we will still find.

Maybe I'm the one keeping myself here.
Because waterlogged lungs without air
seems like a fair trade if I can be
in the deep, deep blue, amongst all
the things you left behind.



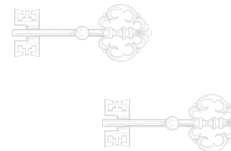
Locked Up

Callum Nunn | Year 11

I'm safe,
physically but not mentally.
They've locked my mind up like it's in a prison cell.
They limit my access to things people do every day.
And deep down it feels like I'm getting stabbed with a thousand knives at once.
They treat me like I'm a worthless animal,
Just waiting to use me for their own needs.
I am rock,
Getting bashed against the ground over and over again.
CRACK My heart shatters,
Like glass being dropped
The pain and abuse are unwarranted.
Let me sing my song, like the wind through the trees,
Echoing through the caverns of my wounded spirit.
Whispers weaving, wishes waltzing, wistfully wandering.



ANDRE MANERA, ELC



Power of Intelligence.

Harry Dolling | Year 9

Intellect makes you feel as if you are on top of the world,
People misunderstand the power of intelligence.
Cities, houses, and buildings were all created by this wonderful power,
The power made our universe.
The power has brainwashed our brains making them think more, more, more.
Never be satisfied.
This power has made our world.
So don't underestimate the power of intelligence.



AMELIA WALLACE & SOPHIA DAVIES, ELC



ANNIE MATSOULIADIS, STAFF



ANNIE MATSOULIADIS, STAFF

The Smoke*Ashton Lim | Year 9*

The lighter lights up a flame the size of the empire state,
 The bad black smoke puffs and fills the sky,
 As I watch it talking to me. Cancer.

The rotten smell enters my wrinkled nose as my whole-body shudders.
 Puff after puff the scorching feeling down my throat like a pool of lava,
 While the pack of 16 lays in my pocket like a sunken ship of guilt.

People misunderstand the power of cigarettes is what I thought closing
 my dreadful eyes.

Falling to the ground as the cigarettes went out.

My Dog Rusty*Devesh Anavkar | Year 9*

Something I will treasure.

My final moments.

As I lay on my deathbed, my faithful companion, Rusty, came to my side.

He proceeded to squat onto his hind legs, standing awkwardly.

His mouth salivated with wetness.

Then he opened his mouth and began to gloriously sing

In a mixture of pure confusion and fury

My face twisted and contorted,

Into an embodiment of true terror.

As he stood on my poster bed

His eyes flashed with red.

His lips tore back into a smile to reveal fangs.

His fur on his fried, frizzled finger-toes froze.

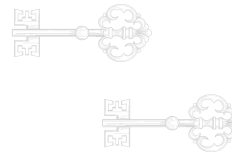
His nails, reminiscent of shovels, dug into my thighs.

His gaze seemed to drill into my mind, a laser of vision.

He lifted a paw and said

"no-one will ever believe you."





My Hat

Nathan Wang | Year 9

I love the way it looks, my hat.
 The beautiful beige with the silver rings, makes me want to wear it forever.
 My hat is so useful in so many ways, if you don't wear a hat you're not very clever.
 It feels silky smooth and it fits me so well, it keeps me safe from the scary sun.
 Hats are important to keep you safe, you need it for school if you want to have fun.

Luscious Nature

Peter Papageorgiou | Year 9

Lucious grass at the dawn of the day,
 Grazing and foraging along flowering meadows
 Swiss, soupy, and sweet air, not ever to fray
 Water crystalline and luminous, forever to stay.
 Birds, beings, and bellowing beasts
 Mountainous ranges - eagles finding their feasts.
 Caves and caverns calling from the crest,
 And humans had to make it all a mess.



ANNIE MATSOULIADIS, STAFF

Original Poem

Lachlan Murphy | Year 9

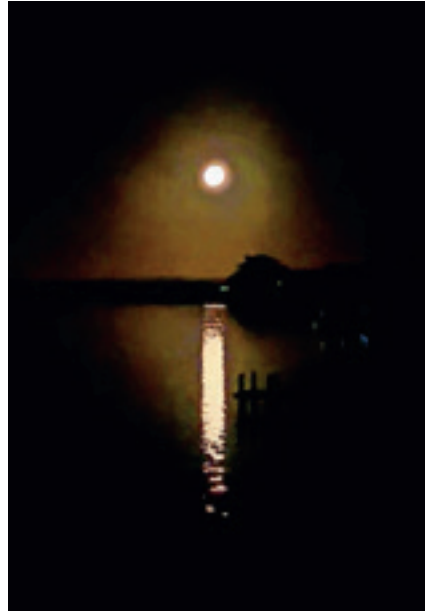
The worst day of my life:
 It is a memory I will always preserve, the day that I broke my arm
 It was after an exhausting long day at school in Year 2
 my parents had forced me into OHSC
 While my brother was having a metal rod taken out of his arm
 I was flying on the monkey bars until
 My hands slipped off the slimy bars
 I fell back with fear in my eyes
 And landed on my small left arm crushing it under my back
 My arm had snapped
 This left fear, straight fear in my body
 And I didn't go near the monkey bars again



CAMPBELL COWE, YEAR 8



ARYAN PARWAL, YEAR 11



ARCHIE MARSH, YEAR 6

War*Noah Laforest | Year 9***Move to the Groove.***Edward Marks | Year 9*

People misunderstand the power of war.
It is a great force that people created to form
worlds, tear down nations, and forge empires.

It has made the highest heroes and the
vengeful villains.

It's carnage has caused people and planets to
quake in its wake.

It's violence – as bloody as a battle-axe – has
created epic tales that have been told

for generations:

“blood coats the battlefield, making the grass
squelch and gurgle under soldier's boots”.

War will only allow for the best to succeed,
and will leave the weakest in ruin and death.

War is not a simple fight for good and evil, but
a raging tremor in the world that has shaken
the past, present, and future.

War is a great, powerful force that has caused
heroes to rise and villains to fall, and all to
tremble in fear.

People misunderstood the power of
listening to music, it can unlock different
types of yourself,

like prime Michael Jackson.

The air pods sing in my ear.

My body moves on a Monday morning.

My body has a party with me.

My arm hair tinkles every time my
favourite song's opening beat
goes to my ear.

Music brings people together.

As well as sadness.

It gets your body moving moving,
MOVING!

It can be a source of energy for a run.

Motivation before

you play a footy game.

Happiness with loved ones

Listening to music is a source that holds
many great things.



Hope

Jarrah Bailey | Year 9

It brings out strength.
The undying force
Takes us to great lengths.
To continue our course
Once you see the light
Your goals are in sight.
You are sure to succeed
And do it with speed

Diamonds

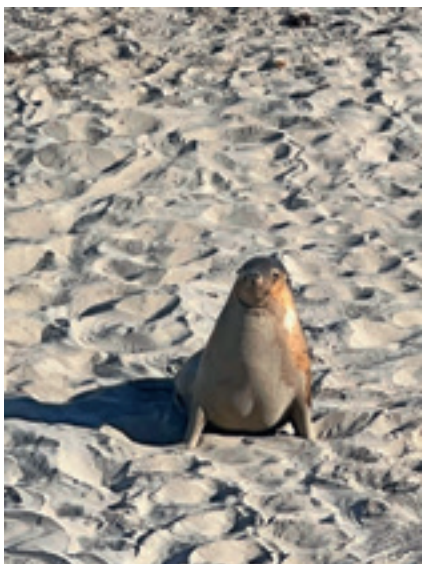
Alfred Antonas | Year 9

Diamonds, Diamonds, Diamonds
I love the way they look
I love the way they smell
I love the way they shine
They are great on rings and many more
I just wish they would drop the prices some more
Diamonds, Diamonds, Diamonds
The go to for thousands
Which smell like heaven itself
And dance with the shining light they give
Diamonds, Diamonds, Diamonds

The Wall

Will Maynard | Year 9

I love the way it looks, my new art piece.
Its colours collide and explode
Its border imprisons the lines and curves
It is a very pleasing art piece.
The wall needed something to disguise its blankness,
Something to hide the boringness.
The art piece is as distracting as a car crash on the highway.
It is the best possible option to cover up the wall
Yet it can't quite cover my secret.
It can't quite stomp out my blankness
It can't quite extinguish my burning, aching, throbbing heart.
It can never fill my deep, deep, deep emptiness,
Because behind the wall lays my wife's lifeless body.



ARYAN PARWAL, YEAR 11



ANNIE MATSOULIADIS, STAFF



ARYAN PARWAL, YEAR 11



ARYAN PARWAL, YEAR 11



BETH CHRISTIE, STAFF



Original poem

Will Wildman | Year 9

Friday
The time of the day that stirs my soul, is Friday.
Friday morning 6 am wake up is like smacking your head with a frying pan.
It feels like your head is about to fall off.
Fearful Friday.
As I look outside it's pitch black.
Even though it sounds horrible and hard to get up its fun to do

The Power of Water

Daniel Foo | Year 9

Splish Splash Splosh.
People misunderstand the power of water.
The flowing of rivers that slither though plains like snakes,
The great blue oceans brimming with colourful coral and sea life.
When it flows down after a long day,
The desert of your throat is flooded with a tsunami of refreshment.
The power of water keeps the world alive.

Ode to Potatoes

Noah Leathart | Year 9

People misunderstand the power of potatoes
They can be mashed, boiled, fried, roasted, or grilled
They are held in my heart like a golden trophy, a wondrous object
If you don't like potatoes, I don't like you.
Spuds are worshipped by every molecule in my body
The potatoes sing to me as I drift towards them,
They taste divine, fluffy, light, lifting me to height of joy and wonder I've never experienced
These gold, gold, golden spuds

Waking Up

Kai Ivins | Year 9

The obnoxious sound ringing through my head
Making me want to cry
And go back to bed
It keeps at me ringing and ringing
I try and make it stop but it only gets louder
I hate my alarm
But it does its job

The Beauty of the Beach

Aaron Liu | Year 8

The strolling beachgoers
The strolling beachgoers, along the coast
The strolling beachgoers, along the coast, that frolicked
joyfully in the shallow-

The clear, pristine waters
The clear, pristine waters, across the vast coast
The clear, pristine waters, across the vast coast that guided
the sea to the horizon, and glistened from the reflections of
the-

The bright, scorching sun
The bright, scorching sun, lounging cosily in the sky
The bright scorching sun, lounging cosily in the sky, beaming
at the little beachgoers down below and illuminating the-

The beauty of the pleasant, tranquil beach, with the
beachgoers, waters, and sun.



BETH CHRISTIE, STAFF



CALEB TANG, YEAR 12

The Boat

Tom Whittle | Year 9

I love the look of the smooth and shiny carbon,
the flat glassy water
the look of the blades moving in and out of the water,
perfectly synchronised
I love the sound of the oars squaring
The sound of the oars squaring
The sound of the water being pushed away
Most importantly the sound of the Coxswain
The sound and looks,
The beauty and the thrill
All worth the many years of hard work, anger, pain,

Just as Night Falls

Hugh Davidson | Year 9

The time of day that stirs my soul
is just as the sun goes below the horizon,
Only animals can be heard,
Peace and quiet,
No bugs,
No flies,
No baking sun,
Just me and my thoughts

My Beautiful Pen

Zeke Blaskett | Year 9

The bright blue pen ink
Every time I use it,
It gives me a wink.
People misunderstand the power of it
Ink, ink my little inky
On the page the ink swims
When it dries it gets sticky
Just the way the pen skims,
Across the page.
When I don't use it my imagination is in a cage
That is it the ink is gone
My bright blue pen ink.



CALEB TANG, YEAR 12



CALEB TANG, YEAR 12

Mrs paps.

Ollie Priestley | Year 9

The time of day that stirs my soul is the double science lesson at the start of a Friday. Mrs paps she smells fear. She wants to give me a detention. She doesn't have a reason until now. I don't have my homework. She senses the fear she will beat up my mental health. She is like a tiger with big black beady eyes. She paces like a panther. Her chair creaks out a loud groan when she sits down. She smells my fear, fear, fear.

The Time

William Garnett | Year 9

The time, the time, the time
The time of the day that stirs my soul is the time I go to sleep
I get to lay on a bed that feels like a cloud taking me away
The time I get to rest my head on a bag of cloud caught from the sky
The time my thoughts fly away as if my head fell off and walked out of my life
When my beg grabs me like a mother that you haven't seen in years
The Time my bed hit my head



CALEB TANG, YEAR 12



ZAC FLAPPER, YEAR 11

Separation

George Skrembos | Year 11

All you can see are fences and walls
within this ghastly place.
I've been here for 24 months
It feels never ending.
I am originally from Iran, I fled by boat with my little brother and sister.
It was
I left my mother
and father
behind
It felt never ending.
I had to become the father figure which my siblings didn't have
We never had.
The boat journey was gruesome there were 48 people crammed into the underfloor
of this old wooden fishing boat
The boat had a stench which followed you everywhere
I could taste the saltiness of the sea water as it seeped through the cracks of the wood
It felt as which I couldn't even think my own thoughts it's as if everyone knew what I
was thinking
This boat was very old, older than me
Through every wave the boat went
Crack
It felt never ending.
We finally made it to Australian waters which we were then greeted with an
Australian navy boat which escorted us to shore,
We were all processed into Christmas Island one of Australia's detention centres.
We were split up from our families and given numbers,
Which was our new identity
I was inmate 89763
I didn't see my siblings for 2 weeks
my own brother and sister for 2 weeks
I finally saw them in the exercise yard,
it was our only 20 minutes a day of being outside
20 minutes out of 24 hours
I am in hell.
And it feels never ending.

Freedom?

Tom McDonald | Year 11

I stood on the top of my roof, looking out over the ocean.
As grateful as I was to finally be free, I couldn't help but feel a sense of guilt.
It held onto me, like a prison cell in my own mind not letting me move on
even after everything I saw, the bloodied faces, the bruised backs.

It never ends.

As the shrieking of the birds brought me back
The spray of the salty water on my skin made me smile.
The smell of the sea water brought back the only fond memories I had.
Before the crashing of the waves brought me right back

Why me? why me? why me?
I had only been there a year.
Some people had been there for five.

Some ten
What about their mothers?
Their children?
Why me?
And why couldn't I be happy.

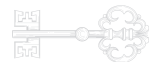
At least in detention I could look forward to freedom.

Now I have nothing

Just odd looks and backhanded comments
From people I don't even know



ISAAC HUF, YEAR 6





CHARLES TANG, YEAR 9

Breaking*Jesse Laing | Year 11*

All you can see are fences
and walls
I feel like I'm in prison.
The only thing bright is the stars which are keeping us hope.
This place smells like a vile sewer,
and everything I touch is greasy and my hands are rotting.
This is not the place I came to for safety, It is like we are little grains of dirt for
the guards to stomp on we are worthless to them.
As every day comes, it is just another day in hell.
I don't know when we will be let out, it may be days, months, or years.
Every time I go outside it is like a big, tall fence is standing tall above me
leaving me with nowhere to go.
They are breaking us.
They are breaking our families.
We came for safety and now we are trying to come out of this dark horrible
smelling place. They should be ashamed. It's like we are not even human for
the guards we have no say in anything.
I miss my mother's sweet food and cooking. I hate this place.
It is hell.

The Bushfires*Charlie Waltham | Year 11*

An amber tinge ignites the blue skies,
Our country burns to flames.
The stifling air, suffocating, smothering,
No place to run, no place to hide, our sky continues to rage.

As we all dream for this nightmare to end,
The wind conducts a storm.
The animals we know are dying,
Our trees barely survive,
The blaze is petrifying.
We come together and pray.



CAMPBELL COWE, YEAR 8



Paralysis

Luke Economos | Year 11

While the world continues on
In a single moment I exist
The very truth that you are gone
Has caught me in paralysis

Watches tick and sand shall fall
Church bells ring their hourly toll
Yet where a clock should hang upon my wall
There simply is

a gaping hole



CHARLES TANG, YEAR 9



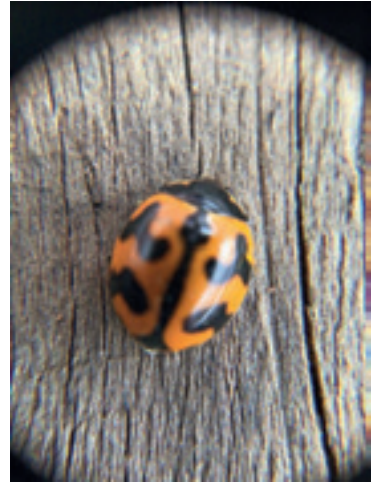
Who is to Blame?

Oscar Thring | Year 11

Peoples, displaced
Natural habitats, displaced
all culture and diversity, displaced
Who is to blame?
for something that occurred so long ago?
Who is to blame?
Are we still at fault?
for the action of those before us?
Who is to blame?
Can we help those displaced?
those tormented before us?
before our time
can we heal together?
for I do not know
who is to blame



CHARLIE CAMILLERI, YEAR 6



CHARLIE O'HARA, YEAR 6





CHARLIE SOMERVILLE, ELC

Where?*Will McKay | Year 11*

Love, warmth, vibrance?
The welcoming rays of sun?
Where have you all gone?

Missing from a life?
A lost life of a nation?
Where have you all gone?

Laughter and wisdom?
The guides of an abstract world?
Where have you all gone?



CHARLIE WALTHAM, YEAR 11





CHASE FENTON, YEAR 9



CLAIRE MAYCOCK, STAFF

In Twilight's Hush

Oliver Hein | Year 11

In twilight's hush, silence whispers low,
Shadows dance in sorrow's tender flow.
Wrap night's shroud 'round the weary heart's lament,
Memories fade, in solemn descent.

Hush now the stars, let darkness reign supreme,
In mournful cadence, echo the silent dream.
Veil the world in a cloak of mournful hue,
Tears cascade, in midnight's dew.

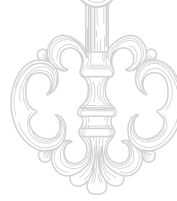
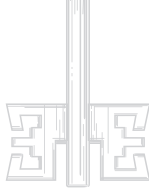
Embrace the silence, let it softly weep,
Souls entwine, where hearts align, in sleep.
Gather fragments of shattered dreams,
In this chamber, where nothing seems.

A symphony of sorrow, softly sung,
In this elegy, where grief has begun.
Time stands still, in this moment's grace,
Echoes of love, in sacred space.

Footprints on Red Sand.

Angus Hall | Year 11

Rock encased in mountains of people,
Walking sticks and hiking boots,
Bearing the weight of every brute,
Your beautiful view obscured,
Masking the deep connection,
That the white people cured.
Oh Uluru,
What have they done to you?
Once a beacon of spiritual connection,
Now just a part of a tourist's Instagram collection.
But it's alright, everything will be ok,
You are not the first and will certainly not be the last
Victim of their prey.



CLAIRE MAYCOCK, STAFF

Hollow Heart*Jasper Zerbe | Year 11*

Never does anyone prepare for such a thing,
But what does that matter now anyway
What do you say to anyone in my position
To make the pain go away.

As I sit and wait and wait for the phone to ring,
And watch the cars drive on by
Like machines not meant to be here.

Will the pain go away?
Will anything ever be the same?
Will the hole ever be filled?
Will I be able to see anything the way I used to?



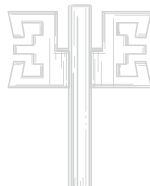
EDIE JESSOP, ELC



DIGBY PRESCOTT, ELC



ESTHER YU, ELC





DANIELLE CROSS, STAFF



DONNA MARTIN, STAFF

A Machine in Perpetual Motion

Jack Zeng | Year 11

The world we once knew was
So colourful, and bright,
Like the glowing light
Of neon signs.

The sun, the moon,
The stars and the dreams
Seems so close, so
Unbelievably and so
Unconceivable,

It brings joy, light
And hope into this
Dark, grim world.

As the gears turn,
The siren screams,
The crow flows like
The current,
I remain still,
Shrouded by emptiness.

My light, my beacon,
My hope, the joy in life,
The warmth it emits,
All crushed and distinguished by this
Cold, hard world.

I am just a mere sprocket,
In this machine in perpetual motion.
Now I must stop,
I must keep going,
But the emptiness remains.

You are X

Chewa Maurici | Year 11

Who are you?
Who am I?

Born in X raised in X moved to X studies X is
currently X years old
You love X as well as X loves the same thing.
That is who you are.
No, I'm not
Yes you are.
No
Yes.
It's not what I decided
Yes it is.
No, it's not
I want to be me
But that is you.
How? I do what I want to do
No you can't because people won't like that.
Why? Why can't I be what I want to be isn't
that what living is
No because if you do, I won't like that.
Why does It matter what you like
Because.
Okay

A Love Story: The Other End

Michelle Green | Staff

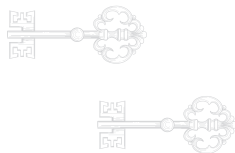
And so, we come to this,
the other end of a
love story.
No matter which path
we tread,
the hands held,
moments shared,
love, joy, laughter;
we always believed
in after;
tomorrow.
But no more.
In my sorrow I watch
the weft and warp,
all that is left of
your Life's fabric,
drifting on the breeze,
rainbows shimmering,

gossamer thread of memories.
And, I remember
it was love,
always love,
that bound the thread,
love that drew
us together,
love the tune to which
we danced.
And now, it is with love
I let you go.

Paper Mache Memories

Michelle Green | Staff

I threw away
pieces of you
because I always thought
there would be more.
An endless array:
birthday cards,
gifts,
phone calls,
holiday mementoes,
post cards,
scribbled notes,
or ... just because.
Tomorrows.
I'm not quite sure
when those pieces
dried up;
The flood,
became a river,
that became a dribble
until the drought
set in.
And, in searching
to quench my thirst
I find it is the
tears of grief
that provide release.
Paper mache memories.



A Day in the City

Ollie Morelli | Year 8

Here I sit listening to all
The sounds around me like
The bird sings
Children screaming
And sounds of a busy city at work
In the nice breeze of the day.

All I see is the trees in the park dancing with the wind
And the classmates that are doing the same
Being around the city today.

When I sit here all I can think
Is how lucky I am to be here
Today and having fun in the city
With friends,
And of course the task at hand.



ERIK LIDUMS, YEAR 9



ERIK LIDUMS, YEAR 9



ERIK LIDUMS, YEAR 9



ERIK LIDUMS, YEAR 9

RAWNESS AND SLAM POETRY

Chris Davi | Year 10

What is slam poetry?

Is it a poem, a speech, or lyrics?

It seems to be all three but none of them at the same time.

It has the techniques of poetry but with none of the class.

It could be a speech, but it is too musical to pass,

It could be lyrics to a song but...

It doesn't flow it doesn't click it just doesn't work.

Because it is just simply too,

Raw

It isn't glossily or well put together.

It's often sloppy and rushed and is hard to hear

You may not like slam poetry

You may like it

You may hate it, because it feels raw

But there is one good thing about slam poetry's rawness

Is that rawness shows us our emotions

in one of the purest ways possible

Because our emotions and what we feel in our day to day lives is raw

It isn't glossily or well put together

It's often sloppy and rushed and hard to hear

You may not like your emotions or how you feel

You may like it

You may hate your emotions because you feel raw inside,

But

That's okay

And you can express this rawness in many ways

Like slam poetry

And you understand these feelings more

And find out what slam poetry really means.

The Decision

Angus Thorne | Year 10

A deep, dark, dank hole with sides so slick you can't climb out.
 The fire is gone, all determination left like a divorced parent
 I'm empty on inside, hollow with feeling all gone.
 The endless monotony of voices crashes against the concrete dam of my mind,
 taking nothing in, letting nothing out.
 My happiness cut out of me with a rusty bone saw.
 My skin no longer feels like my own, identity theft is a real thing.
 And it's happened to me, he went that way, running off with my personality.
 The dank recesses of my mind are a pigsty, an unclean room
 which leaks when it rains. I don't need a life-saving device,
 I just need help, hope, aid, advice.
 I'm going to drown, a mental breakdown
 the water's rising, so's my pain, I-
 I'm going to give up. I'm going to end it.
 Not going to go to uni, meet someone I love, buy a house, have kids,
 settle down and die peacefully.
 Instead, my life will cut off suddenly,
 a violent jerk that will bring everyone around back to reality, the
 grief will destroy them; how would I be able to handle the death of
 someone I've known for years?
 Who I've lived and laughed with?
 No,
 I can't do this because it would be a double murder
 me and the people I love.
 So what do I do? Do I try and endure the gnarly numbness?
 The bleak indifference to the world around
 that threatens to engulf me,
 just for a chance at the life I used to have?
 I have to decide now before I go catatonic,
 lose my mind, become barbaric, be a bad person-
 I've made my decision. I'm not taking the easy way out.



FELIX WITKOWSKI, YEAR 2



HARRISON DALY, YEAR 9



FLORA WANG, ELC



EVIE PYRAGIUS, ELC



DARCIE FROST, ELC



EVA STEIN & SARAH HUANG, ELC

TIME

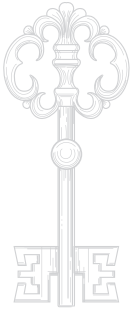
Robbie Aylward | Year 11

As humanity advances,
And planet Earth looms and remains,
Tick
No matter what our stance is,
The more time history seems to gain.

As we plan each day to live around,
Caring mostly and somewhat closely,
Tock
About, where we're at in life,
We do not realize the dodgy crime,
It is to not know the time.

The cogs crunch as they rotate,
Continuously biting against each jagged jaw.
Tick
It's the sound of the ticking,
As the arms interval across its face.

A watch can tell of something that never ends,
It's expression ever changing,
Tock
But it's the time on which we depend,
While the life of man and his belongings
continue aging.
Tick,Tock,Tick,Tock,tick,tock,tick,tock



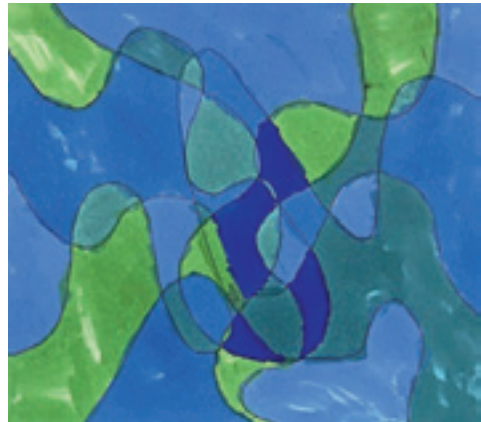
A Man and his Dog

Angus Ruddenklau | Year 11

A man and his dog sit and watch.
Their great big house burns to the ground.
The dog whimpers at the roaring glowing inferno
The dog sits and stares.
He realises this is the end.
Now it's all gone.
barks pierce the night as their home burns, burns, burns.
burning in his soul.
a lost burning spirit.
He knows that know he is on his own.
He must do it all alone.
Man sits there and pats.
Fire twists and turns like an organised dance.
Man and dog never stood a chance.
They both have their final glance.



FRED HASSELL, YEAR 10



FLYNN COLMER, YEAR 6

The Sun

Sebastian Abboud | Year 11

The sun slowly rises for the first time
on a new planet
As molten magma burns its place in time
And a sea of fire makes its mark

Morning sun shows paintings on cave walls
While powerful hunters kill their first prey
And the primitive man celebrates
his first flame

Midday sun hidden by the steam of
screeching trains
And young tortured hands crank the
polluting machines
As the billowing coal-smoke powers
industrial towers

Afternoon sun shines bright at the ignorant
people
While the digital world is in focus
Now the only sound heard is the tapping
of screens

The sun disappears into grim night for the
last time
Gas clouds cover the dull remains of
civilisation
And the planet disappears into darkness
for the rest of time

Time

Lachlan Faulkhead | Year 11

I am not what you think
Nor here nor there
Yet all around
Always watching with a devilish stare
From the Big Bang
To the ages of ice
God uses it
As the world's vice

The strongest being alive
Can not hold me
The smartest being alive
Can not control me

And yet here I stand
Making the sun rise
And the clocks turn
The moon fall
And children learn

But what could I be with no one to bare
How can I stand alone deciding what is fair?
How am I the only sure thing in this world?
How will I go on and continue to climb?
Who am I?
I am ...



FREDDIE FANKER, ELC



LAURENCE DALMAN, YEAR 8



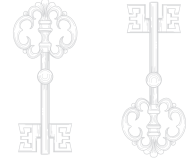
WILLIAM SCOTT, YEAR 2



GINA HU, ALBIE WALKDEN & LEO WEN, ELC



KAI DALBY, YEAR 10



And Still She Stands.

Taj Murray | Year 11

The water presses against the glass
Screeching noises crawling through the sealed force.
And still, she stands.

Hairline cracks venture through the window
Water commences to seep.
And still, she stands.

Gazing into the reflection not knowing what to do
A river starts to flow through rooms.
And still, she stands.

A slow-motion tsunami burst through the gaps.
Water at her ankles rising like quicksand.
And still, she stands.

Noises hover around the room as the water
Knocks the family portraits off the wall.
And still she stands.

The room is full, nothing can be done
Nothing was ever done
as still she stands.

Misplaced

Hugo Mascolo | Year 11

The well-lit room,
Filled with dozens of lost objects,
Wrestled by water while wet people ask themselves
where they all went.

Lost and forgotten, these once precious items now float.
Now keep each other company like a pack of dolphins,
They are not alone, this earth is in the same boat.
They have been lost.

A watch that stood the test of time,
That circled itself for years and years.
Now it floats still like a dead fish and tells time for no one.
It has been lost.

Phones use to be big and chunky, attached by a spiralling wire,
Now they are off the hook.
It used to live in someone's back pocket 24/7,
now it floats in H2O, LOL.
It has been lost.

An earring that used to sway in the wind and sparkle like a
diamond,
They came in different shapes, designs and sizes.
They heard everything like a bat echoing its location.
But now it has nothing to hear in this room of clear, deaf water.
It has been lost.

Loss is in the air, let it go.
Well not really, we lost air a while ago.



HAMISH WARN, YEAR 12



HAMISH WARN, YEAR 12

The Dead of the Night

Angus Hewett | Year 11

In the dead of the night
The beams of the house lit up in flames
Glowing embers of cherished dreams and endless screams.
Generations upon generations lived there
A loved foundation handcrafted throughout the years
Now a big red angry inferno

The house is an exhaust unleashing clouds of haze
Into the dark terrifying night
Like a whirling storm
Like fire licking diesel
Like a big red fist grabbing and pulling the structure to the ground

There I sat
In the cold grass thinking about the past,
A churning wasteland that rises every day.

Trying to be better for family, pushing to get up
Ploughing through the pain
but it never works

And the rest is history.



HARRISON DALY, YEAR 9



HARRISON DALY, YEAR 9



HARRY GRANDIOSO, YEAR 9



FELIX SONG, YEAR 3

Lost*Max Croser | Year 11*

We're Lost

Driving through a storm, the darkness of the night engulfs us
I see a small flickering light up among the clouds
Thoughts flood my mind.
We are falling backwards into a black hole.
How can we be so dumb?

Guns are jumping, people are falling.
Bullet shells angrily rest within our crust.
Warfare kills us all.
The Earth is a beautiful graveyard.

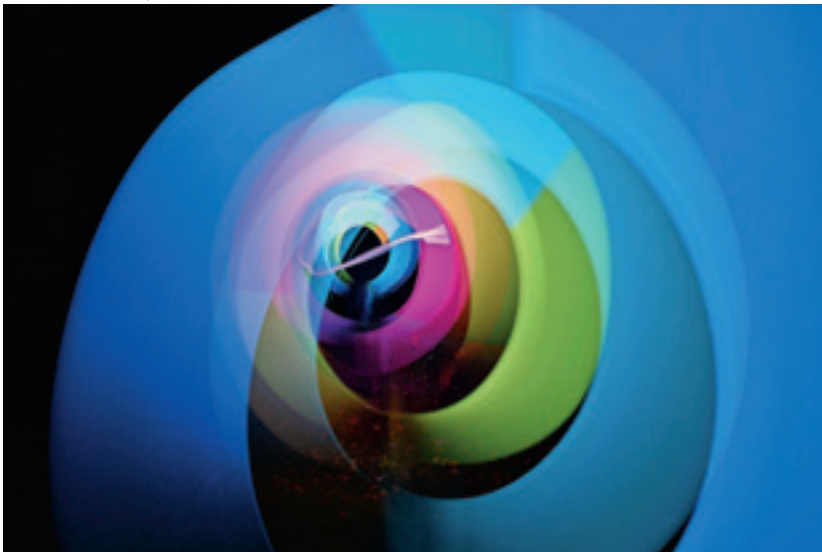
The sky is vaping, sucking in our artificial flavours
We are poisoning fields and cannot comprehend why they won't yield.
The deep blue sea is drowning, screaming, crying for a lifeline.
We need to change
the future is a mad thunderstorm.
skrrrrrrrrr,
the hydraulic brakes grab the rotor.
Rubber screams gripping onto the asphalt, slowly coming to a halt
A young voice over my shoulder questions, "why the sudden stop".
I look into the rear view, "we are travelling in the wrong direction".



HARRY GRANDIOSO, YEAR 9



HARRY PIGGOTT, YEAR 12



EDWARD THOMAS, YEAR 3



HARRY PIGGOTT, YEAR 12



HARRY GRANDIOSO, YEAR 9

The Boy and the Beast

Barnaby Wheare | Year 11

Light comes up in the morning, As the shaggy beast sleeps.
The large sharp horns pierced through the air as the massive bison let out a yawn

Sleeping on the mat, was a tired young boy.
Stretching out as he woke and letting out a soft little yawn.
Hopping up onto 4 legs, preparing to barge
Fighting another beast, eventually one will become in charge.

Hopping onto 2 legs, the boy sees his brother.
This brother tackles him straight back onto the ground.
As they shove and wrestle
Only one can be successful.

A few hours later After a big, long day
the brute heads off for a rough night's sleep

After dinner the boy says goodnight
Ready to sleep when he turns off the light.

At the end of the day
Or at the end of all time
Each life is like a car.
Each car looks different, but what they do is all just the same.



My Father.

Sarah Onions | Staff

I watch silently, as my father,
an old man now, dozes.
Sleeping. He sleeps in his favourite chair,
the leather as worn and cracked as his skin.
Our children surge through the room
their bodies a tangle of arms and legs
Intent upon their game.
"Ssh, he sleeps", we say. Yet he dozes on; a man contented
surrounded by family and a life lived to the full.

I watch quietly, as my father,
an old man now, teaches.
Patiently. He places my son's hands upon the football.
Spreading the small fingers with his strong ones across the leather.
Together they pass the ball. It wobbles
Slightly and spins through the air.
"Again", he says. He teaches, intent until the drill is perfect.
A man determined to see precision.

I watch curiously, as my father,
an old man now, challenges.
Checkmate. He sweeps the board clean and shows
his young opponent his mistake.
Sometimes they will make only a few moves
before he starts again.
"Think", he says. I stand amazed as my child listens.
A man whose words are heeded by others.

I watch laughingly, as my father,
an old man now, debates.
Loudly. His eyes flashing as he enjoys the thrust
and parry of the quick repartee.
His opponent struggling to have his point of view heard.
"I'm right", he says. The debate stalemates as he refuses to admit defeat!
A man sure in himself.

I watch serenely, as my father,
an old man now, cradles.
Proudly. He holds close my newest son, his sixth grandson.
Almost his own backline now!
The family name securely marching down through time.
"Look", he says, "he has my hands."
A man of solid build yet gentle heart.

I watch aching, as my father,
an old man now, sleeps.
Gently. My tiny son slips his hand into
his Grandad's, his small fingers grip tight.
The older three stand back, too aware of the pain and grief to come.
"Sleeping", he says, "Grandad's sleeping now."
And he shows his grandfather his red fire engine.
"Yes, my love, Grandad's sleeping now."
A man who has burnt his image in our hearts.





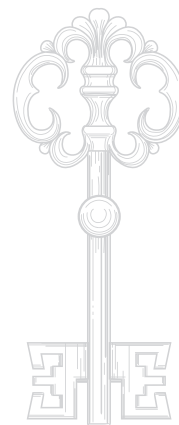
HARRY STEVENSON & TAMIA LE, ELC

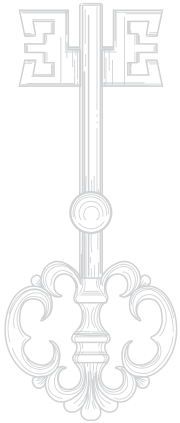


HUNTER MORAN, YEAR 6



HUGO MALLET, YEAR 5





HENRY MURDOCH, YEAR 10



HENRY POWELL, YEAR 12



JACK WOODROW, YEAR 6



JEFF ELLIS, STAFF



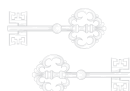
JAKE O'DEA, YEAR 6



JAMES MCDONALD, YEAR 8



JAMES MCDONALD, YEAR 8





JAMES WILLIAMSON, YEAR 10



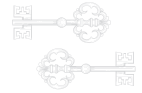
JAIYEN LANDERS, YEAR 5



JAMISON LANDERS, YEAR 2



JACKY SHEN, YEAR 1



**What Has the World Become?***Boseok Kim | Year 11*

2313, how long has it been?
 290 years has passed.
 Time marches on like an army.
 Ever since the nuclear blast

2313, how long has it been?
 The last time you breathed fresh air.
 The suffocating gas pierces through your lungs.
 Like a virus infected software

2313, how long has it been?
 The last time the sky was filtered blue.
 The clouds are now yellow, not really that mellow.
 Radon-222

2313, how long has it been?
 The last time you walked out the door.
 The earth is the moon, but with green astronauts.
 Vanity after the war

2313, how long has it been?
 The last time you set foot on grass.
 Bones like flowers poking out from the ground.
 Dead carcasses sharp as glass

2313, how long has it been?
 Disintegration and decimation
 Tell me what the earth has gone through.
 Annihilation of our nation

2313, how long has it been?
 290 ye-
 Hold on a minute, why is the sky whistling?
 I've heard this sound before...

Old Woman's Life*Boseok Kim | Year 11*

Just a neutral wall in-between
 Separating day and night
 Like the earth has stopped rotating
 For the room, not the light

Crouching in the darkness
 The corner of the room

A zombie that's been bitten
 by the fate of time
 Ophiocordyceps...

Hollow and lifeless like a dead empty tree
 Vitiating vines suffocating
 the barely beating heart

Fungi and moss possess the brain
 The Island of the Dolls...

A forest that was once detonated with life
 Brimming with the Grosbeak's
 harmonious songs
 A kaleidoscope of colours radiating from the orchids
 Now left with nothing,
 everything that belongs

Standing in the darkness,
 the corner of the room
 Was once a thriving forest
 with blossoms that would bloom
 Now a lifeless being, the soul
 has soaked out the skin.
 That's an old woman's life.

The Serpent*Sam Commons | Year 11*

Serpent o' serpent
 I wonder who made thee...
 Crafted with grace, who could it be?
 A creator of mystery so fragile and deep
 Laid out the foundations for which we keep

Serpent o' serpent, thy are so sly
 I see you looking up at the sky
 Through the tangled grass
 and weeds you flow
 In the soft moonlights glow

Serpent o' serpent you glide so free
 From the mighty mountain high to the vast stretch of sea
 Through gleaming sunshine and drizzling rain
 Your solitary path inflicting eternal pain

Serpent o' serpent in your eyes there lies
 A reflection of earth, of the endless skies
 Lying still watching, time flies by
 On our future your thoughts do deviously pry

Serpent o' serpent hidden out of sight
 Watch you gazing on with delight
 As we reach for the forbidden fruit
 Your unholy intentions remain resolute

Serpent o' serpent smiling with content
 Your actions are full of bitterness and resent
 A forked tongue tasting the air
 Gleelessly satisfied as we cry out in despair

Serpent o' serpent how evil is your heart?
 Do you enjoy taking part?
 Inflicting pain on two lovers too great to bear
 Who made you, creature o' so rare?

Serpent o' serpent mystery untold
 In your coils the story slowly unfolds
 But in your silence, we see the key
 The cunning devil has possessed thee

What Was

Hugo Shaw | Year 10

It sits there. Patiently. Waiting. Waiting for someone to play it.
Waiting for you.
Your fingers, twisting vines, glide over the tape recorder.
You hesitantly place your thumb against the bright red button.
Contemplating.
Wondering.
Wondering if what's inside is what was what really was.
Perhaps it is. Perhaps it isn't.
You reminisce of that playground. The one painted in vivid and bright colours.
The one that stood out like a shrine or safehaven.
You consider pressing it.
You drop it. No.
You don't want to feel yourself caught in what was.
But maybe... just maybe...
The air sits still. The silence is a bed of feathers, delicate and easily disrupted.
You finally
decide. You grasp the recorder in your hand.
Your finger presses down.
And it calls you back.

Our Oceans

Ethan Chen | Year 10

Every day without hesitation
It comes in. (breathe)
It goes out. (out)
It comes in. (breathe)
It goes out. (out)

Our beautiful nation... defined by our landscape (fast), our mountains, our oceans.

In summer we are soothed
by the rhythmic motion.
The nostalgia of our beautiful oceans
However, they are disappearing
Australian's our identity is fading
Hear my call
The sentimental seaside we must preserve
It's what we deserve...

Our oceans.
Our oceans, a canvas of blue.
An artist's dream, a painting of indigo hugh.
A vast backdrop of colour
Yet beneath the surface of our placid ocean,
There is a disquiet... (pause)

Our reef... once vibrant, now bleached and ghostly.
The not so Great Barrier Reef, now half gone.
Human hands, like reckless storms, have clasped the reef, with a grip that's torn..
Its image to shreds. The damage clear
It's easy to see
It's ruined the sea
This travesty

Choking seabirds, entangling dreams, a reflection of our destruction to our seas.
plastic convenience, but at what cost?
All that single use plastics,
Used once
Then tossed.

So let's stand up, in a straight line,
Because in this war, we are in the frontline.
A united harmonic motion.
We are the voice of our ocean.

A thunderous roar,
Our hearts will restore.
The beauty that once existed
For every rip, every wave, carries a tale not

heard before,
Of resilience, of hope, of a future.
WE. CAN. MOULD.

Our oceans are our identity
They are the heartbeat of a nation,
The in-and-out motion.
So let's rise together,
like waves upon the sand,
And pledge to heal
To nurture
To protect
Our oceans.

For in the depths of our oceans, lies the essence of our soul,
A mirror to our spirit, a reflection of our role.
Australians, we are the guardians
Hear the call, let's unite... stand tall,
For our oceans, are our legacy.
Our monument... which shall NEVER fall.

The Place I Am Now

Filip Fantasia | Year 10

You'll know we'll blink a few times,
Taking notice and thinking ahead.
I'm sick of this drought,
But I'm miles away this night.
Sometimes I wonder what days were for,
It pushed down deep into my heart.
Given no more than a year,
I reached out.
Take me as far as the sun,
That's all I need to do.
I got to the top of the high wall,
Where I always knew I'd find more.
The rain had come on again,
It just trickled right down.
But this is where my road took me,
And why I'm here,
The place I am now.

The Small Things

Henry Yang | Year 10

It's the small things.

The side glances. The snarky comments.
The inner thoughts, that I know they house
It's the 'harmless' jokes about your culture
that you laugh at through thick skin to fit in.

We think it has dissipated and evaporated like boiling water tills it gone.
But it's still here just the water is around us now, around us it surrounds us.

Racism. It's the tension in the air.

Racism is judgement, its prejudice, its injustice.
It's the abuse of the minorities who try to ignore it,
to push it in the deep, dank, dark place in our minds
Where all our childhood traumas go to be forgotten.

But we don't forget, we hold on, to all those remarks.
They add on, and they could fill a room with tension.
It's easy to think you're not a target of their joke.
But the fire of pain lines your insides with smoke.
It's just a joke they say. Get over it.
It's the useless justification that delays any real action.
We've come so far... away from where we are supposed to be.

Racism, it's the small things that have huge impact.
It's the snowball that rolls down the cliff,
every joke adds to it until it builds and builds,
and builds and one day hits you all in the face.

It's the stereotypes, no matter how small, as a joke, but they're there.
"No offence" they say, well that's how I know I'm about to be insulted.

It's the dictation in the correct orientation
that offends entire nations that just want to start
a conversation without the back set of intimidation.

The ones who think they are helping tell you to ignore it,
that your better than them. But that's not what I think.
I think we can do better; It's not a tokenistic community that's
embedded with impunity, its not being "together" with disunity,

but with positive diversity and true humanity. It's being
honest without the foundation of a generation of backwards
thinking.

But that hope, that wish, that dream. They forget it, they cast a
vanishing spell on the
doubts and worries. But the victims, the victims of racism's grasp, we
don't forget. We
remember, we think back to, we call back to, we look back to....
We reflect on all those things that once haunted us once taunted us,
once dangled the juicy bait that is hope.
Yet that hope is possible, whether its generations ahead
or tomorrow I look at that hope
With great aspiration, I see it as a goal, I yearn to see that goal
transform into the golden glow of morning radiance. Let's rise up
and fix this status quo.
Racism is the small things, it's the straw that breaks the camel's back.

Must

Hugo Knight | Year 12

My back's against the wall
And I do not want to crawl,

Objectively, one might precure
The idea that I do not endure
Writing poetry.

A task at hand
I must grasp for land.
Land of opportunities.

My creativity in not defined by a poem.
But tangibility seems to create perception.

I must

They define me by my ink.
Paper prosperities I do not produce.
To work is my definition, they imply.

I must.



REBECCA O'LEARY, STAFF



QUINTUS ZHANG, YEAR 1

Autumn's Rest *Jake Nykiel | Year 11*

Does autumn allow itself rest?
After days of charitable mist,
It dopily strolls free betwixt fields,
To spread calm that none resist.

For it beholds the scorched plains strain,
And it hears the field's gleeful rejoice,
It stays, hovering above trees, plants and birds.
With its solace found breathing gusts, echoing its soothing voice.

Villanelle for a little life, well lived *Emily Beattie | Staff*

Her life was no less lived for being small.
Dried seed blew free, grew higher when new-soiled;
Death's scything arc did not erase it all.

Young woman past who heeded nuptial call,
Entombed within a shrinking sphere she toiled,
Her life was no less lived for being small.

Her words' kind cadence, scattered on the fall,
Formed searching roots that linked with minds; uncoiled;
Death's scything arc did not erase it all.

Her hand's work shielded tender head 'gainst squall,
The head grew tall, a life's work near unspoiled.
Her life was no less lived for being small.

Her hopeful gaze a silent, warning shawl,
An easing balm when agitation roiled,
Death's scything arc did not erase it all.

Some other little lives now can recall
Her equanimity, when plans were foiled.
Her life was no less lived for being small.
Death's scything arc did not erase it all.

**Lost in life***Max Garnett | Year 11*

One weekend, one day, one minute
 Time we could again meet
 As I walk down the street alone
 Weaving the path of your feet.
 I'm reminded of time without
 time I spent unaided
 Time that devours grown, flourishes
 Flowers mature, faded.
 For when flowers begin to fall
 When our time together
 Begins to end, the time may call
 The hours spent together.
 Laughing, crying, talking and
 It cannot fulfil my joys
 It cannot be fixed for myself
 Happiness that employs.
 When walk down to the river edge
 At the edge, the descend
 I'm reminded of you, the stream
 Stream that never had an end.
 The birds in the sky chirp along
 The rabbits hopping a beat
 And wind beginning to chime with gusts
 In the tone you would greet.
 O' not let weather control you
 But your control endures
 As all the clocks in the world click
 The same tok, as you'd be pure.
 My time beings to slow without
 The stream may have an end
 The greet become dispersed by me
 Streets become bare my friend.
 Every day is isolation
 Isolation from world
 As days pass, I remain alone
 Standing, a vision buried.
 Yet isolated from the rest

I feel a connection
 A living connection of love
 Like family's section.
 The association of life
 That life has and for you
 In the burrows of the night's lights
 Your courage was in view.
 In the rolls of the tops hill stands
 The top of the crest stands
 The silent snow becomes a melt
 Before the, battle stands.
 Let the night roll in deep within
 For tonight tomorrow
 Let fear nurture within us all
 And let the prowess show.
 O' thy let the starts shine brightly
 But not let the moon scar
 For the night of the day without
 Always will remain, thar.
 As was early in the morning
 When the owls start to sleep
 Ill love you, love you until when
 Poles a north and south heap.

Light as a Feather*Rebecca O'Leary | Staff*

Light as a feather
 and just as misguided
 on the breeze of the changing seasons.
 Floating in
 but landing heavy
 with the weight of a change in reasons.
 Twirling and falling, under blue light;
 bending and breaking,
 shape shifting mid-flight.
 Holding to weather,
 close to submission,
 then flying towards new freedoms.

Port Noarlunga Beach*Jack McKinnon | Year 7*

The green, silky seaweed all over the shore,
 Covering the beautiful beach.
 The great big shipwreck,
 Which makes Port Noarlunga unique.
 The crystal-clear ocean,
 Which spreads for miles and miles.
 The superb skyline,
 And the hot sun that looks over and brings light
 for many to enjoy.
 Those who go there only come back with positivity,
 Port Noarlunga beach,
 Is a true sensation

Past Beauty of the Beach*Spark Wang | Year 8*

The glittery ripples above the colourful reefs.
 The sea's powerful waves crashing,
 onto the beautiful rocks lying against the shore.
 Green trees and scrubs surrounding the sand dunes,
 made from millions of years of change.
 Creation of The Great Poseidon,
 roaming freely in the sea.
 Their beauty is something,
 inventions cannot replace.
 The beachgoers lying on the hot sand,
 feeling the sun tanning their skin.
 Volleyball players playing volleyball,
 with sand covering their bodies.
 The beach is filled with amusement,
 and everyone is having fun.
 Now, the sea isn't as bright,
 and waves become chaotic.
 Trees slowly terminate and
 sand fills with containers of human.
 Creatures of the sea,
 No longer able to roam.
 Nothing is the same to the
 past beauty of the beach.



JEFF ELLIS, STAFF



JEFF ELLIS, STAFF

The dreamy beach.

Lachlan Logan | Year 8

The light, sandy reef, next to the blue ocean which attracts many fish.
A prickly, brown shrub, above the rolling dunes, which houses wombats.
The old, salty shack, beside the smooth shoreline, which is a lovely place to stay.
The crashing waves, in front of the vast blue ocean, that is a great location for surfers.
This dreamy beach, calming my senses, bringing me joy.





JOE HEASLIP, YEAR 9



JOCK LOVEDAY, YEAR 6

Where Sky Becomes Sea

Milo Katsaros | Year 11

At the centre of life, peaceful and empty,
Is where Sky Becomes Sea.
From the corner of the coast
Its visible to see,
The sun rising up,
Where Sky Becomes Sea.
Through the mist and through the crowds,
Pass the grass and sand,
Pass where you don't even know
The clouds will dance, they will rain,
The rain will pass, onto the ocean
Out to sea, father than one can see,
That's where sky becomes sea.

At the apex of the day,
The sands up and run away,
Like the influencers jogging, volgging,
Screaming "HEY".
Wave tumbling wave,
Surfers' patient for their wave,
People laying, just sat there waiting,
Watching the day just pass them by

Watching boats drive round' the horizon,
Where the Sky Becomes Sea,
Where clouds shadow the sea
Till the boat disappears.

Beach goers back to their day,
Playing cricket, kicking the footy, running
relays
Howzat, Marks up, red rover all over,
Childhoods created, with the beach and
with the sea
Slip slop slap, as the sun beams on me
Skimming rocks, through the water
Looking out beyond the sea
Past the horizon
Where Sky Becomes Sea.

The sun as it sets
A yellow sheet onto the beach
The people pack up and hit the streets
The last glance back
For the day that is done as the sun drops
below
Where the Sky Becomes Sea.

Stuck*Harry Bowman | Year 10*

The ringing in my ear
Makes it hard to hear
Cannot concentrate or focus
With Mr Iadanza waffling on
He's like a pesky fly
Buzzing everywhere
Telling me what to do
Telling me where to be
Telling me how to do it
"Hurry up"
"Get it done"
It's not like I am not trying
It just isn't working
It's like I'm in a headlock
Or there is a cork shoved down my throat
But whatever it is
Holding me back
Really needs to go
Or instead
I can squish the fly
Or put some bug spray on
Then the fly will be all gone
And then it will be done
Then I can sit back
Lay down
Or just have some fun
That sounds a lot better
Than doing what he said
I could just block him out
And curl up into bed
But I know that's wrong

I am taking the easy way out
I may as well struggle
And eventually break out
Fine then
I will do it your way
I will listen to your buzzing
Even though it all seems grey
Grey like the sky before a storm
Grey like concrete
The buzzing slows
The fly calms down
It's nearly there
But I stop
My work resets
I must start all again
From the beginning
This time feels easier
But starting's the challenge
It's like I'm a fish
Stuck in a fishbowl
And the words are tapping on the bowl
Trying to get in
But they can't
If the tapping is constant
And persistent
The bowl will eventually break
Then it flows just as the river Murray
But I need to focus on the present
And that is the start
It's still not coming
But I can feel it
It's stuck on my tongue
And won't come out
The words are there

I just need a hand to get them out
I lock in and work
For hours upon hours
Until the work piles up like towers
After a while
I've got the hang of it
I'm nearly there
A few more words
A few more lines
Then I'll be there
Then I'll be fine

Scribbled down the last word
And closed the book
This topic has helped me
To understand
My growth is a light beam
A light beam of understanding
After some effort
The beam breaks through
It shines down upon you
The knowledge is right there
This shows why you should try
Even though it may
Look hard
Be hard
Or you just don't like it
Something can come from nothing
That is what I've learnt
After giving it a go
The buzzing starts to slow
You can start to hear
Finally, everything becomes clear

**Regrets***James Dixon | Year 10*

2020

I didn't know this was the last time
 The last time I would see him
 The last "I love you" grandpa
 The last hug the last laugh
 The last
 the last
 the last
 Your generosity was bigger than your house
 When I looked into your glasses
 your blue eyes were a calm ocean
 His hands slipping away like sand though an hourglass
 The time was sprinting away from us
 The way you, my role model, left before it had even started
 Not knowing that when I see you again you will be in a jar
 I always despised myself for not saying a proper goodbye
 Your eulogy is not what I want to hear
 Your voice is the only thing I desire to hear
 Time rushing away like floods taking twigs
 My greatest regret is not spending more time with you
 Making me feel hopeless
 like a sick man

2023

I had learned from the past
 That the time with your loved ones go fast
 When I knew you went into that hospital

I rode my bike there every day I could
 The cogs on my bike spinning as fast as the ones in my brain
 Spending hours playing backgammon on your phone
 Knowing the pain you just went through
 It was like you just fought a war
 Understanding your mind was a bit cloudy
 The time with you was what I valued the most
 I know I could never get the time back with him
 My grandpa and the regrets that it holds
 Regrets like the size of the titanic
 Sinking down to the bottom
 Wanting to go back in time to 2020
 Just to say good by
 2020 where
 The memories with us are scarred in my brain
 Using the memories like a time travel machine
 Life is like a storm at sea
 But at the end of the day the water always calms off
 I can't change the past
 But I can change the present
 Time time time
 This is what you can't take for granted
 The resemblance that you have in Dad
 I see you every day now
 Knowing that parts of you are still here
 Your personality rubbing off on him
 Rubbing off on me
 Knowing you never left me fully
 Now more then ever knowing this is not the last



KERRY PETERSON, STAFF



KERRY PETERSON, STAFF

Road to Nowhere

Jasper Chamney-Arnold | Year 8

The sun shines in my face
bitter taste of dirt fills my mouth
as I continue walking across
this harsh arid desert wasteland.

How I got here I could not say,
All I remember is
everything goes black.
Then thump
I am dropped
And I crawl out of a sack
Helpless and thirsty.
I watch a van speed into the distance
through heat haze of the sun
trickling along a road cracked up and dry
in between a vast desert plain
with no life in sight.
I manage to get on my feet
With the last bit of energy I had left
And I start walking along the road
With no cars in sight
Along a road with almost no purpose
And no ending.
It's a road to nowhere...

School Stress

Finn Wundenberg | Year 10

School is one of those places,
One of those places where you do things,
Things that you wouldn't do anywhere else,
And it seems like the perfect place,
But not everything's perfect, right?

All this time we get at school,
All the seconds we get with our mates,
All the minutes we are writing in our books,
All the hours we spend on the oval during
recess and lunch,
But all this time can't be perfect, can it?

All this work piled up on my desk,
But instead, I sit there,
Not knowing what to do,
Not knowing if I'm going to do it,
Not knowing when I'm going to do it,

The school was a crumbling totem,
At times I didn't like it,
It was like an escape room closing in on me,
My teacher told the class about the new
assignment coming up,
For me, this created more anxiety,
With anxiety being the expert of my mind,

We build up all this worry,
Our shoulders being pinned down by all

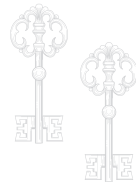
these problems,
The stress will be build-up does not let us
free,
Therefore, we must try and break free,
But this stress does not let us,

Time is a burning blessing,
A privilege that quickly disappears,
The clock, which is Flamed like a sheet of
molten gold,
Soon, it is burnt down and becomes old,

Books piled high like skyscrapers in the mind,
Our minds bursting wanting to let all this
work go,
But then it finally shined,
The glaring light of the pen moving,

Moving for the first time fills the room with
brightness,
Finally, this barrier has been climbed,
The barrier of having the motivation to do
the work,
The stress then sets free like an eagle,
Knowing this big skyscraper might get done,

So, my mind then says it's time,
And then Boom, there it was,
All the time had been gone from my head,
But I was still sitting in my bed.



KELLY LOGAN, STAFF



KESHAV BALACHANDER, YEAR 6



JOSH BALACCO, YEAR 10

Sorry

AJ Scullino | Year 10

I stand before her with my brown eyes.
Mum, I'm sorry for the past, about what I've said and done
Can you forgive me?
Mum, I know what you've done on the things to make me have a better life to sacrifice your life for mine
Mum, I thank you for putting your life behind for mine
Mum, it's not your fault but mine when something I do that I want to put behind
Mum I'm sorry on what I've said I got over my head
My heart felt like a reluctant curse when I

looked back on what came out of my mouth,
I felt the shame on what I've done
I may have said I hate you, but I really can't wait for the date I see you
It's myself I've been beating
by cheating this meeting
Like two magnets we will be connected
I felt my soul shatter like a glass
For years and years, I've had this void
I wanted to erupt and let it all out, like Vesuvius
I've been crumbling like the lava before it explodes
Just wanting to confess, to spit all my thoughts out.
I want you to freeze when I tell you how ungrateful I know I've been

I want to say that the stuff you do for me doesn't go unrecognised
But I don't, I stay calm and I'm waiting for the day I build up my courage to confess
One day I'm going to blow and let it all out until that day comes, I'm just going to be burnt by my thoughts.
One day just one day I want to burst it, and just come clean
It feels like that I have bricks on my chest I want to get it off but I feel like I'm being held back, tied down, I want to cut the rope, but I can't maybe this is the time to show her confess to her, to just let it all out.
What I ask for is when I have kids and when I stand before them,
I hope they don't make the same mistake as me.



KERRY PETERSON, STAFF



KERRY PETERSON, STAFF



KIERAN GRAY, YEAR 8



KIERAN GRAY, YEAR 8

Separation

Adrian Shiu | Year 10

I was 11 when I had to leave my dad to come to Australia
It was the day that I was the most excited for but it was also the day that I hated the most
My emotion was a high-speed rollercoaster as we drove closer and closer
Time was forcing me to leave,
Although all I wanted to do was the complete opposite
Inside my innocent heart was full of sharp knives stabbing me.
It was stinging and shivering and suddenly, it shattered into millions of small hurting pieces.
It couldn't hold on
As I said my last goodbyes, just before the plane dropped me off into a complete whole

new world
We were silent and sobbing as we stood just a few metres away from the welcoming departure gates
He hugged,
He hugged and told me to "be safe"
We all knew that it would be hard
But we all also agreed that it was the best decision for me
Later, I found out that all their sacrifices have been for me

That flight felt different
It was a flight where my mum was on my left, and Mr Air was on my right
I tried to whisper and communicate with him, but he just sat silently still in his seat, looked and shushed me in a way that forced me to remember all those great memories
Mr Air was the person who twisted opened

the lid of my brain.
He knew where all my memories were stored.
He turned it upside down, gave it a good shake, and poured all of them out, like he was desperately searching for the last bit of spoiled milk
There was a time when my dad was sitting on Mr Air's seat and we were excited as we flew to Spain.
There was a time when I peeked through the tiny hole in my door frame, Waiting for him to come home to play games.
There was also a time when we were sitting in our house, nervous as we screamed our voices during the champions league final.
There were countless memories between me and my dad
There was no way for me to forget that
But I had to move on



The first week of school was like a challenge
of surviving
The toilet was an isolating place that I loved
to be hiding
Being trapped inside four walls, as Mr Air
pushed my face towards the floor
I shushed my weakened voice as someone
passed my door.
I always have to lie when my parents ask
“how's your day”, although my day was
getting worse, day by day.
My world was an abandoned home, It was
until someone dragged me out and put me
on a handball court
It was the moment that I had friends. It was
the moment that I needed.

Life was going great on my side, but how
about my dad?
Dad seemed sad,
He was scared that he wouldn't be
a part of my life
Although I was always there
to say that it was a lie
We always looked forward to that face time
at the end the day, as if the world would end
if we ever missed one.
But still, I didn't think it was enough
I then introduced him to a game that I was
playing, Fortnite
The game that had always filled our homes
with joy and noise
Others might find this embarrassing

That a kid plays video games with his dad
But I found this amazing
That my dad would spend his time with me
He was always there for me

Every summer holiday means a reunion with
my dad
A time where we reflect on our wholesome
and wonderful memories
A time where we continue our ordinary life
before separations
A time where we use for special celebrations
My world was always full of brightness and
happiness
I am one of the luckiest people on Earth.



KIERAN GRAY, YEAR 8



KIERAN GRAY, YEAR 8



LACHLAN MCKAY, YEAR 12



KIERAN GRAY, YEAR 8



LEON SUN, YEAR 1



LIAM THOMPSON, YEAR 4

Ableism

Saxon Larwood | Year 10

In a world that's fixated on the pristine, Ableism lurks, unseen,
its venomous sheen. It's the silent killer, the subtle snare, Prejudice
entrenched in the air we share.

It's the stares that linger, the whispers hushed, the assumptions made,
the hopes crushed. It's the inaccessible spaces, the doors closed tight,
where dreams are halted, out of sight.

Ableism isn't just a word, it's a wound, inflicted daily, silently, festering,
marooned. It's the weight on shoulders, the burden borne, A constant
reminder of being torn.

It's the scoffs and jeers, the mocking grin, the feeling of never fitting in.
It's the pitying glances, the condescending tone, that make you feel small,
utterly alone.

Ableism isn't just about what you can or can't do, It's about society's lens,
its skewed view. It's about dismantling barriers, breaking free, creating a
world where everyone can just be.

So let's rise against ableism's tide, with voices united, hearts open wide.
Let's embrace diversity, celebrate the unique, and in our differences, let
compassion peak.

For ableism's grip may be strong, but we're stronger still, together we'll
conquer,
with love and will. Let's pave a path of inclusivity, pave it clear, and banish
ableism, once and for all, from here.

In the depths of ableism's shadow, lies the resilience of the human spirit,
resilient in its fight against discrimination's limit. It's the stories untold, the
battles fought, the victories won in the face of adversity's taunt.

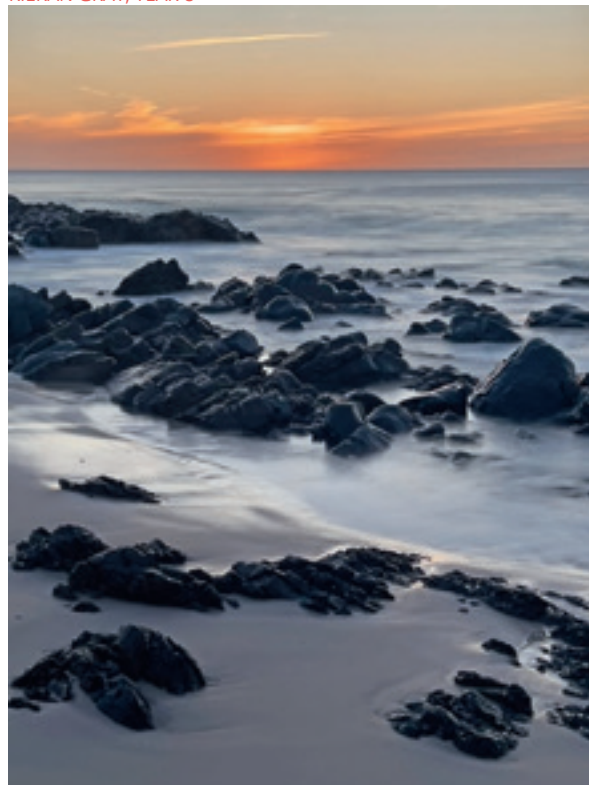
For every barrier, there's a soul that dares to defy, to soar beyond the
confines of a prejudiced sky. It's the artist painting with words, the dancer
with feet that sway, proving that ability isn't defined by what others may say.
In the tapestry of humanity, each thread plays its part, whether it's seen or
unseen, it weaves into the heart. For in diversity's embrace, lies our strength
to stand tall, to build a world where inclusion reigns overall.

So let's amplify the voices of those silenced by ableism's reign, let their
narratives be heard, their struggles not in vain. Let's dismantle the
structures that uphold exclusion's might and pave the way for a future that
shines with equity's light.

In this battle against ableism, we are warriors bold, united in our quest for a
world where all stories are told. With empathy as our compass and justice
as our guide, together we'll vanquish ableism's tide. In unity, let's dismantle
ableism's chains, forging a world where inclusion reigns.



KIERAN GRAY, YEAR 8



LAURA PASCALE, STAFF

**School***Lachlan Mills | Year 10*

At school, we sit in desks all day,
Listening to teachers excessively talk at the front while nothing goes through.
Some of us are able to focus all day, others not,
Waiting for the final bell to ring and being freed from the hell hole that is school.

Halls where silence is supreme,
The weight of books a haunting dream.
Clocks tick slow, the minutes crawl,
While days drag on with little remorse.

But after 8 tedious hours, that final bell rings,
The hallways become a battlefield, every person for themselves.
Students push and pull, barge and charge,
Until they have left the gates and escape into the weekend.

Teachers expect me to focus every lesson, all day,
But that's just not as easy as it seems.
It seems like I don't try, I don't care, don't seem to listen,
They say, if you don't seem to care go out and get a part time job.

I know I have the capabilities, I know I can do the tasks,
I do want the job, the skills I learn, the money I earn.
I'll send my applications online, but I can't go in.
The nerves are too strong, but I can't make a bad image otherwise I can't get the job.

Teachers expect students to go to university, become doctors and lawyers,
Perfect clones in society.
But that's not for me,
I want to become something else, an electrician.

I'm not chasing fame or fortune,
Just want to do what I'll enjoy.
To power homes and dreams alike,
Bringing warmth to the coldest night.

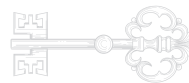
From apprentice to master, I'll ascend,
With every connection, my skills I'll blend,
Learning the language of electrons' flow,
In a world where possibilities glow.
I don't want a boring long job in an office,
I want to go out, build things, create dreams,
I want to use my hands,

These hands have created masterpieces,
These hands have enlightened memories,
These hands have done it all,
And these hands can do a lot of things,
They enable us to build and create,
They are symbols of craftsmanship and artistry,
They define us as individuals.

But hands aren't just for holding things.
They craft the world.
From a potter's wheel to a blacksmith's forge,
Hands serve the main purpose.

Bakers knead the dough with delicate caution,
Sculptors mould dreams from clay with care.
Gardeners enhance life from the earth,
Painters spread emotion across a canvas,

I want to be more than just a spark in the dark,
I want to light up homes, leave my mark



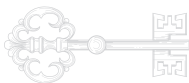
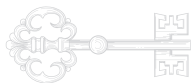
Disability Abuse

Henry Murdoch | Year 10

'Bang' The seizure hits me
 I feel electricity going through my veins
 The stiffness in my body as the tormenting
 twitch travels to my toes
 A shock goes through me
 like a blast in my chest
 I get woken up with just a touch ("pause")
 People always see the horror, the pain, the
 trauma
 Why do they judge?
 Why do they hold my weakness against me?
 Why do we choose to see people for their
 exterior and not their interior?
 We judge everyone like it's a contest
 We see the strong man lifting weights
 Or the cool dude with his sunnies
 But never see their values

We ride a rollercoaster of hatred
 With class clowns cackling at us
 With strongmen throwing us around
 They call us names like shots to my heart
 They don't know what we deal with
 They shut us up in small boxes and poke us
 My tears are an enormous weight pulling me
 down and judgement crushing me
 But the world sees me differently
 The world takes me in her heart
 Why does it matter if I have a disability?
 Can't you see? I'm just a human being
 I want the world to be free
 Not from disability but from judging us
 Now you might think that's hard
 But let me tell you that its only hard if we
 make it hard
 We can make a less judging world
 We just need to be nice to each other

And not point out the bad parts of us
 I want the world to be free
 We need this don't you see
 Words are the smothering blanket for me
 Why does it matter if I have a disability add
 question marks?
 Can't you see I'm just a human being
 Why can't you do this for me
 Not just me but all of us
 For the team
 The boys
 Your mates
 But then again be yourself
 We all have uniqueness in us
 We just have to see it
 Instead of abusing it
 Or eluding it
 Because the power lies in all of us
 We just have to see it
 Can't you see I'm just human being





GRACE LIU, ELC



MONTY FARHAN, YEAR 1



SEBASTIEN HASKETT, YEAR 6



COOPER ROOM, ELC



GABRIEL TEASEDALE, YEAR 2

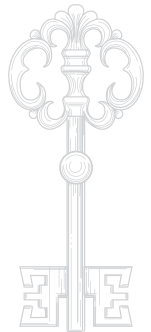


HARRY GRANDIOSO, YEAR 9

**Fishing***Jack Southwood | Year 10*

Getting ready for my first cast
 I bait up my hooks,
 I bend my arm back, I flip the reel open,
 fling it across the glassy water.
 Listening to the line fall out of the reel
 PLOP!
 Nods from dad and papa standing in pride of the beautiful cast.
 Their faces, gushing with surprise
 as it drops down to the bottom
 out on the boat, its calm, quiet,
 the water is as calm as soft music.
 Water like a frosted smile
 I feel a soft breeze skimming across my face and hair
 I watch the dolphins in the distance
 fishing in peace.
 Beneath the ocean's blue, fishing lines pursue
 The sinker hits the bottom, dad just casting,
 and papa almost finished baiting up his hooks,
 I get my first bite, I pull my rod with much might,
 Fish after fish I pull them into the boat.
 Fish after fish.
 As I'm standing here fishing,
 I have this bond with dad and papa
 The bond is like a tight piece of rope
 The bond that no body could break nobody?
 The bond that people always dream to have with people
 The bond is what keeps us together
 Threads like the fishing line spinning around as it drops to the bottom
 again The fishing line?

Three men standing like silent mountains
 All together like branches on a tree
 Me being fiscus with the rod, dad being gentler and papa being extra gentle.
 As I am young, and they are older.
 The sound of silence and slimy, slippery fish being splattered in the boat
 Sometimes I wonder
 One day, when they have passed
 It'll be me and my kid
 Continuing on generation by generation
 And one day I'll be old, I'll be the one taking a while to bait up my hooks
 I'll be the one that will be gentle with the rod
 I'll be the one that'll drive the boat
 I'll be the one that will be standing there in pride of what I had created
 I'll be the one that will be teaching the kids
 It'll all come down to me
 The sliminess that the fish make a mess with
 and the smelly flesh the fish bring into the boat
 Looking down on my grandson
 Admiring that I was just like that
 Doing the same thing that I used to do
 it'll be quiet again
 it'll be me in the boat
 I'll still know they are here somewhere in peace
 Watching over me
 Cast by cast
 And fish by fish
 As the sun kisses the water's surface,
 I think of them,
 Fishing whispers its timeless tales,
 luring both dreams and fish alike.
 They will always have their spirits out in the boat
 In peace.



I Was Twelve When I Left Home.

JJ Soralekkitti | Year 10

I was twelve when I left Bangkok.
Leaving home, a heart full of cries,
Sad to depart, the familiar skies.
Cold winds fry my shuddering skin, eyes
shimmering with tears,
Alone I wander, but somehow
without any fears.

I'm a forsaken albatross, soaring across the
cool cotton clouds,
Travelling for countless miles through the
furiously crumbling thunder.
Never feeling tired,
Never being regarded,
Never giving up,
The ripples pawed and swayed with the
winds,
As the deep dark blue ocean roared.

A new land beckons, a world anew,
Shocked by change but determined too.
The Australian magpie's call I hear,
A voice that echoes, my heart cheers.

No longer nestled in a cosy nest,
I spread my wings and take the quest.
The sky is my canvas, the wind is my guide,
A new world awaits, I must abide.

I dashed through the magical brick wall,
finding myself in a gigantic hall,
Smelly sweetly, bitterly cold and coloured in
envy and the sounds of joy.

The first day of school emerged like sharp
steep sloping hills, attracting light, warmth
and brill,
Meeting many unknown people with unusual
traditions and unfamiliar languages.

It may all seem to be sweet, but then came
the bitter,
I sat in a massive white room with twenty
strangers, learning about 'March' in a
different language.
I didn't know how to write well,
I didn't know how to speak correctly,
I didn't know what it all meant,
And I didn't even know why I was here,
It was a tough, depressing and very stressful
time for me.

After one year, I learnt Chinese, along with
studying English.
My brain was like a mammoth dictionary
always flipping from page to page,
thundering all the time.
Under pressure from myself, to do well in all
the tests,
No cheerfulness, no smiles
and living like the dead.

Sometimes I felt resentful,
I observed other boys hugging their parents
with love and longing,
Talking about how good or bad their days
were in school.
In contrast, I had to speak in front of the
electronic magical screen
just to see my family.

Can't hug,
Can't touch,
Can't smell,
The only word that I can speak when they ask
me, "How are you today?" was "well!"

My face and body were like a two-sided
mirror, showing numerous shades of
emotion,
Although I was suffering and made fun of by
others, like a clown, I pretended to smile and
be joyful.
I lie to myself, the colours of my body out of
control,
My life hanging by a burning thread, but I had
to survive.

Though this poem might be a sad traumatic
story,
I am never gloomy when I reflect on the
memories from this time.
They made me stronger and grow like the
Australian magpie and albatross which have
happiness and patience,
I proud of myself. Proud of who I am
especially when I look back.

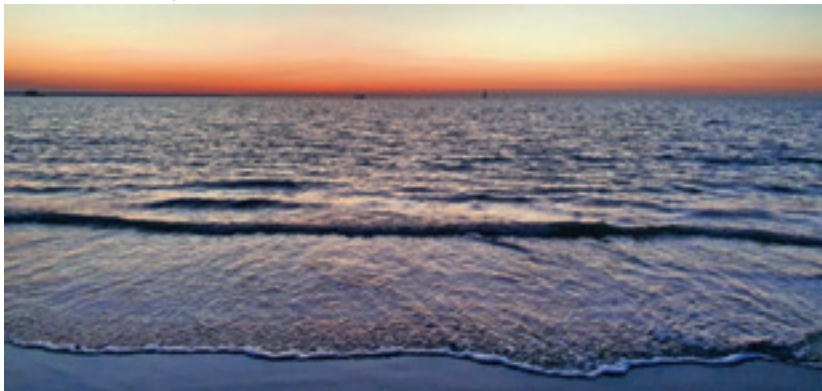
Although the cold may bite, the sun sparkles
with colour rays,
With each step, I am one step further along.
For in this journey, I am not alone,
The Australian magpie and albatross's spirits
are my own.



MARTA MATTHEWS, STAFF



MARTA MATTHEWS, STAFF



MARTA MATTHEWS, STAFF



The Opportunities I Missed

Alec Sincock | Year 10

The sun splits through the trees
Casting bright images onto the ground
The light dances around
Displaying a beautiful glow
The scenery creating an inspiring show

I trudge along the trail
Paying no attention to the dancing lights
My eyes locked with the floor
Ignoring the scenery
And opportunities door

Suddenly my foot slips
Like a car on ice
As I stumble trying to find my balance
I find something else instead
The scene in front of me suddenly
becomes clear
The bright images suddenly seem clear
I was letting an opportunity slip
Regret begins to grip
I question past choices
And realise my mistakes
A shadow begins to grow
As a cloud covers the sun
Regret is like a shadow
It follows behind you
A haunting reminder of what's passed
The opportunities that you didn't grasp
It creeps in like a thief in the night.
Stealing joy and thieving light
Leaving behind feelings of tightness
in my chest
Reminding of choices past

Opportunities not grasped
The roads not taken
The words left unsaid
Echo in my mind
Rebounding through my head
making me question my past self
I wish I took that risk
It could have gone my way
I regret that chance to learn
And know a little more today
I regret that opportunity to travel
To see the sight of something new
I regret that chance to play
The chance to try something new
I regret that opportunity I just let slip away
How I could've tried a bit harder
Or walked a different way
Instead I choose to go and walk away

But in the depths of the dark
there is a single shimmering spark
Wisdom
Lighting up the dark
Regrets although bitter
Can teach us to strive for so much more
It opens a previously closed door
To treasure each moment
And seize every chance
Find the way to make the best moments last

Do not let yourself get consumed by regret
Instead move forward with might
Striving to see every dancing light
Enjoy the sight
Enjoy the flight
Enjoy that night



MAISIE PAVIC, ELC



MAX CROSER, YEAR 11



PATRICK HUMZI-HANCOCK
& DANIEL CHEN, ELC

Can You Hear Me?

Charlie Waltham | Year 11

I sit in your rocking chair.
 What way do we face to talk to the dead?
 I long for your distinct scent and the aroma of your choc chip cookies that would greet me at the arrival of your wooden front door.
 I miss the deep red lipstick stain you would leave on my cheek and how you would frown at me when I would mistakenly step foot in the bed of your precious garden.
 A grandmother's love is boundless, like a dog waiting for its owner to return home.
 The sun rises and the sun sets. Over and over like a broken cassette.
 Four years ago the sun went down, and an angel came to take my grandma's pain away. You would be seventy-eight today.
 I remembered your birthday.
 I am still waiting on a call from you that will never come.
 Are the dead there if we do not speak to them?
 There are so many things I want to tell you, but time is a thief.
 So, I tell you goodnight.
 If roses grow in heaven, pick a bunch for me,
 and place them in the arms of my grandma.
 Tell her that they are from me.
 Oh, grandma I sit here, waiting for you in your rocking chair.
 I sit here
 Longing.



MELODY MARSHALL, STAFF



MELODY MARSHALL, STAFF



JACKSON ROSSI, YEAR 10

Silence

Jack Stunell | Year 10



MONICA MAGANN, STAFF



MONICA MAGANN, STAFF

The silence as thick as fog,
After his appointments, silence weighed more than words can express,
It went deeper than weeping and strikes at the very centre of our hearts,
We felt an unseen sorrow soaking into our mind,
Every breath was work, every glance a plea for release from the chains of silence,
In a world where stoicism reigns, we longed for vulnerability,
Is it a show of strength when we decide not to cry? Is it truly heroic to hide your pain from others?

Because men are failing in an honest, progressive world,
Constricted by invisible obligations, we adhere to societal norms,
We keep our feelings inside and never express them,
As if being vulnerable is a quality we have to suppress,
We are reminded year after year from the playground to the office,
"Real men don't cry," or "you're a man, grow up"

So, we suppress our emotions, keep them inside,
afraid to express ourselves with each other and open up,
But weakness brews behind the façade of strength,
An emotional maze that we are unable to escape,
Yet we hold everything inside because we fear losing it. The wall we built, the cycle of silence and the endless games of hide our feelings,
We're taught that expressing our feelings is a sign of failing, as though being vulnerable is something to be embarrassed about,

But what if being vulnerable is the source of strength?
To break free from the restraints we find ourselves in,
I wish we could frown and say, "I'm actually not doing too well"
Because every word left unspoken is a crushing weight,
A burden too heavy for you to wear,

But picture a society in which men are encouraged to express their feelings and where this is not seen as weakness.
So, let's change the story and the script
so that men open up about their emotions and courageously arm themselves to break free from constraints

After all, real strength is revealed in vulnerability
Real strength is the guy who shares his pain
Real strength is the one who listens and understands
Real strength is the one who doesn't give up,
The one who does the right thing, and shares it with the world.



MONICA MAGANN, STAFF



MONICA MAGANN, STAFF

Normal

Kai Dalby / Year 10

The in-depth conversations that structure each morning on the way to school, have taught me more than what Grandad's exaggerated stories behold. It's the values and wisdom that so often go untold.

Now, most people would currently be thinking I'm talking about something like the commonly referred to Princes Man values.

That's not what I'm talking about. I'm not talking about them because in truth, they are rarely displayed today. They are just a routine nod of the head when mentioned in array.

I am however, talking about how people have become so accustomed to being 'normal'. So, what is normal?

It's the well-known path that shapes every day. Over and over, the track becoming more tedious.

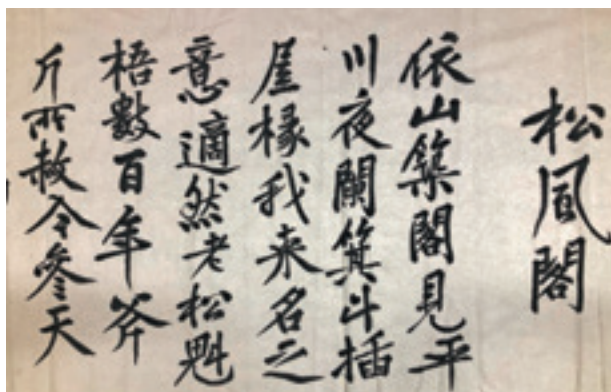
Providing the mundane expedition that has become so formal. The journey that gifts only a dull routine. The routine of being normal.

Is normal fitting the criteria of what makes somebody cool?

Is normal impressing your mates by not trying at school?

Is normal getting bad grades but criticising the people who get good grades?

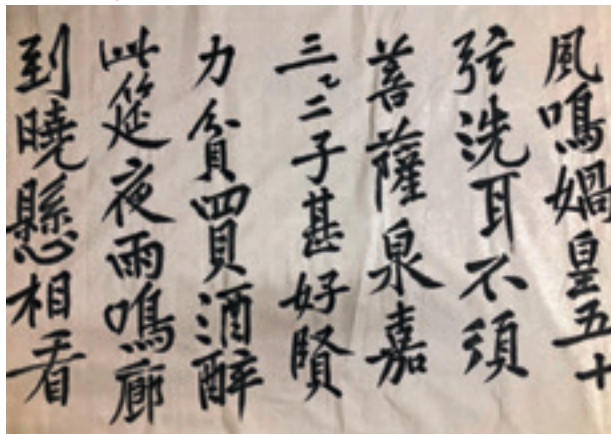
Is normal ruining someone's day for no



MANI WHITE, STAFF



NATHAN ZHANG, YEAR 3



MANI WHITE, STAFF



JIMMY JARVIS ELC.JPEG

reason other to act like an alpha male?
Is that what normal is?

When the school yard becomes a
battleground for continuous intimidation, is
that normal?

When you say, "it's just banter" and forget
what you said, do you think they forgot?
Because nine times out of ten those words
are the words that hurt the most.
Those are the words that hit harder than any
punch could.

Those are the words that become ingrained
in your personality.
Those are the words that you now believe
define you.
Those are the words that will forever make
you self-conscious.

They are the voices that inflict pain and
unfairness upon others.
They are the voices that stumble, stutter,
and stagger when challenged.
They are the voices that fear to be
themselves.

But it's not the "nobody likes you", or the "just
get better" that conquers.
It's the courage it takes to do what others
find cringy, awkward and lame.
It's the feeling you get when you know you've
won a battle in your head.
It's the mindset that refuses to back down,
refuses to give in.
Refuses to be normal.



JIMMY KAMMER, YEAR 6



AUSTIN ZHANG, YEAR 1

Basketball

Nick Ricciuto | Year 10

10 – 9 first to 11

Me and Tom are winning with one point to go.

I dribble down the court listening to him calling for the ball.

He's waiting under the hoop so he can score the last point.

As the older brother should I passed him the ball knowing exactly what was going to happen?

Rocco sprints at him like a cheetah hunting its prey and smacks the ball out of his hands.

Joe picks it up and scores a 2 pointer to win the game.

Rocco and Joe start celebrating

As Tom and my anger start calibrating

Rocco runs to tom and calls him a loser

He didn't know that he made a grave mistake.

He should have known not to mess with a man having a bad day because they....

SNAP

Snap was exactly what happened in Tom's anger filled brain,

CRACK was the sound of tom's fist hitting Rocco's face

Now all you can hear is yelling, swearing, and crying.

Me and Joe watch on cheering for our teammate.

We think of stopping it

But something in us tells us to keep it going.

Then....

Many punches, kicks, headbutts, later

A key word in the competitive industry of brotherhood comes out of Tom's mouth.

Rematch

Only a person with a brother understands.

For this next match, kindness, morals, and safety hide far under the stands.

As expected, the fighting returned.

And the tears have resurrected.

'Muuuuum! I hate Rocco' and Joe screams 'Tom!'

Same 'I say'

Rocco and Joe yell the same about me and tom

'Boys, come.. here.. Now!'

The fighting freezes instantaneously...

'You don't realise how lucky you are, not many people have brothers so be grateful and stop fighting'.

'Ok Dad' we say but no one means it.

But now that I think about it.

Having brothers is like winning the lottery.

So, make sure to make the most of it and remember, be grateful for it.



NICHOLAS RAPUANO, YEAR 8



NICHOLAS RAPUANO, YEAR 8



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NICHOLAS RAPUANO, YEAR 8



NICHOLAS RAPUANO, YEAR 8



NICHOLAS RAPUANO, YEAR 8



Son of Immigrants

Lucas Dang | Year 10

I am the son of immigrants
 Gunshots firing.
 People fleeing.
 Homes falling.
 People dying.
 I am the son of immigrants.
 The beginning goes
 beyond the Australian soil.
 She came from afar with hope untamed.
 He came from further so his dreams can be
 snatched.
 Their presence can be felt everywhere.
 So, they can create a paradise for me
 The echo of my parent's dreams
 To finish what they started
 If I'm having a bad week
 Or a bad day.
 I remind myself
 That every tree
 Has a memory
 That seeks to be preserved
 For generations,
 Like you and me.
 So, I visit my parents'
 Recollections
 Of red hell,
 And it always works,
 Like a cold shower, you see.

Gunshots firing.
 People fleeing.
 Homes falling.
 People dying.
 I'm a son of immigrants
 From the Land of the Blue Dragons,
 Far away from our sunburnt soil.
 They came from afar

With hopes untamed
 To plant a seed for a tree to grow.

Gunshots firing.
 People fleeing.
 Homes falling.

People dying.

See, in 1973
 They were never free.
 Vietnam was turning red
 From political ideology and bloodshed.
 The Red Empire brought dread,
 Rockets, recoilless rifles,
 So many before me
 Faced a crossroads:
 Either stay and obey
 Or leave in boatloads.
 Imagine the treasures
 That Uncles and Aunties
 Left behind
 In gold bracelets and rings
 Or just books and small things.
 You know? Everything.
 I know that a bad day
 Will become a yesterday
 In my cozy, suburban stronghold,
 And I know now
 That it will be nothing close
 To spending months navigating
 The high seas
 Watching, waiting
 For new soil,
 And pirates and sharks
 And seasickness
 Are dangers I hope to never face
 Not here, not anywhere.
 I sometimes wonder
 If they still hear and see

Setting foot onto new soil only
 to be treated like
 a contestant on Spin the Wheel. Next thanks
 Spinning the wheel landing on here
 Adelaide, Australia

The thoughts running through her head
 Where is this, who is there, why have we
 never heard of here
 Other's joy can be heard after leaving
 the wheel
 America, England, Italy, Germany
 Why Adelaide

Arriving on foreign land no one looked
 like her
 Meeting her English family
 Reserved, shy, scared, afraid
 New land
 Land so foreign the left became the right
 and right became the left. Foreign territory
 new language, new culture, new people
 same culture, same values, just from a
 different view
 Gunshots firing.
 People fleeing.
 Homes falling.
 People dying.

But then they remind me
 That while they wear their scars,
 They're thankfully, blissfully
 Perspiring
 From the blood, sweat and tears
 That they've poured into me,
 And
 Admiring
 What I'm becoming,
 In hopes that I'll do my part
 In building our family tree.
 I'm the son of immigrants



JEFF ELLIS, STAFF

Nature's Song

Lucas Pizzino | Year 7

The future in our hands, yet we disregard
Our beautiful land is slowly beginning to boil
Here we sit, silent, in denial, ignorant of
nature's plea
As treacherous consequences,
how they unfoiled

Ice caps crash and oceans rise
Air once limpid, now grey and filled with
sorrow
Polluted, toxic, unbearable,
Images of the future,
shards of our broken tomorrow

The heat is sweltering, the cold can kill
The creatures wail, killed, it's disgrace

Fires gnash forests, consuming their allure
Killed by the burning Earth's face
Amidst the sadness, sirens wail
People standing up for what is wrong
Together we can heal earth
and bring balance
Return and restore nature's song

I Sat Upon a Rusting Throne

Ridha Ismaeel | Year 11

I sat upon a rusting throne
That rules over a long-lost land,
The people years ago had known,
A kingdom, large, gleaming and grand;
Within the walls, between the seas,
Firm in it sat for centuries.

Relentless as the crack of dawn
And vesper of a closing day,

It spanned until what light was gone
No moon and sun reveal decay;
The faded regal red I see,
All castle ruins surround me.

The moss encompassing; although
That noble sense could not be lost:
Emotion felt from long ago,
A past to me reveals aglow:
I wished – and wished – but truth be naught
The dance of old had finished not:

As once the castle ceased to be
That swirl of royalty remained
Lingering immortality
Longevity my mind engrained;
When reminiscent thoughts had grown,
I'm taken to that rusting throne.

I Saw a Ray of Sunshine Beam

Ridha Ismaeel | Year 11

I saw a ray of sunshine beam,
And dance between the trees;
That sight reflective of a dream
My mind, such sight appeased.

Exultant trance I slipped into,
The world began to pause
What once was true; became unto
I saw uncanny flaws.

For as that sunbeam honed on me
With more than meets eye;
My sins within released all free
Judgement was my reply.

Singing, Dancing, and Enjoying!

Sneh Thakkar | Year 8

The Indian culture is very sound, it is based
upon our family background.
India is known for their unique celebrations
and traditions.

There is the India Gate at India's heart,
but in our heart, there is the Taj Mahal.
Us Indians, we sing of praise joy,
but we also dance

make unique cuisine!
to cherish and enjoy.
Us Indians, we have a dance.
It is like prancing but enhanced.
I, personally, love dancing,
it is like a culture, a tradition.
with no condition or criticism.
Us Indians, we love sweet food,
depending on our mood.
I, personally, love our cuisine.
it makes us unique; it is like a language that
doesn't speak.
It is like a technique with no critique,
but most of all, it is a pillar, a pillar that
stands for unity.

The Magnificent Seaside

Isaiah Salagaras | Year 8

The soaked beachgoers are next to the
foaming waves which bubble like sprite.
The golden sand next to the swimmers who
plunge with joy.
The turquoise water ripples above the
shipwreck full of mysteries.
The emerald seaweed wave below the
swimmers, they almost grasp it.
The glistening waves crash into the rocks
which splash endlessly.

This is the feeling of summer
on an elegant beach.

CAPTIVE SOULS

Kieran Gray | Year 8

Your death was, unpredicted to say the least.
My heart ache is beyond compare.
Love and affection virtually embodied your
character,
You leave me in utter despair.
Why, why, why must it be.
You were so kind,
The solid rock for me,
Your wisdom would sooth my mind.
So,
To catch sight of this great entity,
Is to purge the souls once free.
The gnawing and clawing of the fine,
sweet senses,
Conclude life's blissful melody.
Yet,
From you I feel maternal love,
Still,
to this day.
You remain a motive for triumph,
And comfort in every way.



NOAH LAFOREST, YEAR9



NOAH LAFOREST, YEAR 9



OLIVER KREMINSKI, YEAR 12

BANGKOK

Sage Goel | Year 8

A pulsating city, vibrant and bold,
Embraced by a Buddha, in statuesque gold.
At its heart, the Chao Phraya River, the water of kings,
Where long boats swoop by, as though they have wings.
A dichotomous city, one of extremes,
A town of despair but also of dreams.

Amidst the markets, flavours and bustle,
Vendors argue, bargain, and hustle.
Michelin star food dresses the streets,
Pork soup, crab omelettes, a variety of treats.

Colourful, loud, smoky and grand,
Where modern and ancient together do stand.
A culture of generosity, respect and compassion,
Hearts filled with love, nobility and passion.
Buddhist philosophises afford inner peace,
From hardships and troubles, we find our release.

Sea Glass

Harry Hodges | Year 8

Small, spiky bushes swaying in the wind, the scrub rustling.
White foam bubbling along the crystal-clear water.
Waves crashing against the soft, crunchy sand.
Glistening pine trees towering over the small, crusty shacks.
Small, shiny fish dashing through the reef, under the shimmering sea face.

The sound of the rods being cast off the pier, disturbing the serene water.

Grunting of the fisherman fill the air as they try to reel in their 10 inches
Bulky surfers walking down the path, throwing their wavy, blonde hair to the side.

The crunchy, yellow sand sticking to my feet as I walk from the water.
The calm, orange sun disappearing under the horizon, as the glow grows darker.

Calm and Free Beach

Mason Engelbrecht | Year 8

To see the meaning of the gleaming,
Beautiful beach which sat on a shameful shore.
The dazzling ripples on the ocean which lay on top of an overgrown shipwreck.
The towering cliff hung over the glistening sand.
Those huge pine trees gave shade to the Lucious green grass.
The clear-cut horizon line hung over all the picture's beach.
The beautiful reef housed many of the oceans most exotic fish who lived underneath the sea
line.
The sand under my feet gave me a happy and clear mind.



PAUL GAGANIS, YEAR 8



PAUL GAGANIS, YEAR 8



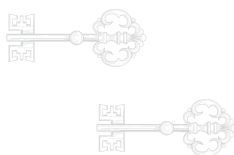
PAUL GAGANIS, YEAR 8



PHILIP SRUHAN, YEAR 6

Ode to Zinger Box

Evan Davies | Year 11



Potato and gravy
Or extra chips maybe?
These are the questions
That haunt me daily
I sit in class, thinking of the one thing
that one thing that holds me together
because when KFC is involved
life gets just that bit better.
when I enter the cookery
I must be kept at bay
I'm feeling giddy, I'm feeling young
I'm a little kid, that just wants to play
so let me at it
but I must refrain
is it worth it
all the financial strain
I push those thoughts aside
I continue to the check out

I refuse to accept it
Accept responsibility,
For this moment
This one little moment
Let me be irresponsible.
But wait,
what if, What if there's more
More to life than the box
A secret menu you say?
Could it be,
Could it be,
Could it be that the zinger box is old
Could it be I'm sick of the combo
Could it be
Could it be maturity?
In all this contemplation
Mr Ellis comes to speak on cash
I open up my bank account
And it's all gone
All on some chicken and mash



JEFF ELLIS, STAFF

Ode to the Colonel: Soggy Chips

Evan Davies | Year 11

Well everyone knows
KFC chips are the best in town
But there's just one exception
That's sure to bring a frown
Soggy chips
Enough to make a grown man cry
The anticipation, the wait, all for nothing
They're so wet, yet, so dry.
So tasteless,
yet taste as if they were cooked,

between someone's thigh
what happened to the secret herbs and
spices?
Did you run out?
Or some funny joke,
To gain measly worker clout?
Whatever it is I don't want a bar of it
Dip my chippies, In a chicken salt pit
Please
Oh please not again
No soggy chips
Forgive me colonel, I'm not ungrateful
I just know you'd want better.

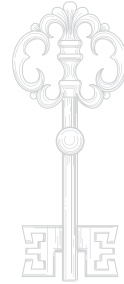
We need you back,
the OG standard setter
but not everyone's perfect
its just tough to chew
There's so much good at KFC
What's a soggy chip or two?
There's wicked wings,
The marvellous original recipe,
Even a go bucket,
The colonel left such a legacy
But what's the common denominator?
Chippies go with all!
so just cook and season them
and we'll all be having a ball



HEROES

Ivan Arnold | Year 11

Where the soldiers rest, in the depth of the swamplands,
 Keeping secrets, while rotting bodies,
 Are going from skin to bone, in the acid bath
 While superior the human forms are displayed.
 Emotions painted through that of the brush of Burton
 Weighted down by the enormous thoughts drowning them internally.
 The PTSD, following behind them every step of the way,
 With no place to hide, while they move on.
 As the corrosive nature, still trails on with them,
 Regardless of the bravery displayed, the filling sensation of suffering continues.
 As the courageous heroes trot on, the dreadful scars remain,
 Every step of the way, they must bear with that pain.
 The agony faced remains as each foot goes in front of the other.



RAY LI, YEAR 3



RAYAN KHAN, YEAR 6

The Stacking of Chairs

Will Hobbs | Year 11

In shadows deep, the future lurks,
 A well-worn curse, it whispers to me,
 A wall of dreams and fears,
 Unravelling with passing years.
 Through rain and hail, it twists and turns,
 A maze where hope slowly twirls.
 Each step we make, a fragile dance,
 Caught in the grip of circumstance.
 Yet in this dance, we find our might,
 For in the darkness, there's still light.
 Each chair on top of the another, each chair
 Makes a mother not have to worry.

A Place of War

Henry Laycock | Year 11

Numbers marching in order
 Line by line
 Row by row
 All selected to fight

Most as marching skeletons
 Showing the fear and their loss of future
 All chosen by numbers

They march with numbers on their heads
 To a place of war and violence
 Half will return
 Half won't
 A place of war



DARREN PAIN, STAFF



DARREN PAIN, STAFF



DARREN PAIN, STAFF



SEBASTIAN ANTONAS, YEAR 5



Freedom

Aiden Lim | Year 11

Stuck
Lost
Emptiness
The war has made me a tree,
Forever growing deeper into the ground.
As I grow, I begin to know,
That the war never leaves you,
Just like a malicious, dark shadow.
As time goes on, the emptiness gradually
eats me up,
Like a dying tree waiting to get chopped off.

**Hope***Jack Rayner | Year 11*

In the eerie silence of night, where wars
incessant chatter has receded,
I think and I ponder waiting while I wonder,
will this ever end?
Will freedom guide me with promises of
life so bright?
Or will death prevail guiding me with his
scythe's cruel might?
A humid smell of gun smoke and flesh
seeps through my body.
Time is a trap. A never-ending loop of life
and death,
But somehow through the gloomy night
my lantern offers me comfort. In its
flickering glow I can see my loved ones,
I can see me.
I can see home.
it seems inconceivable,
But in that fragile moment hope my only
treasure.
So, I cling to hope's gentle whisper,
For it guides me through the night.
Amidst wars incessant chatter, I find peace
in its tender embrace,
For hope, in its quiet resilience is the light
that never fades.

Rays of Hope*Noah Mennillo | Year 11*

SAVE OUR SONS,
On the brink of night,
Mothers grasp their youthful infants,
Murmurs of the breeze convey tales of
withdrawn war,
As the infants depart
Bound by distant memories.

SAVE OUR SONS,
"Please don't leave, my precious child,"
the mother faintly hollers,
the duty of battle calls,
a detached throb,
to which one cannot turn blind eyes.

SAVE OUR SONS,
Through the chaotic consequence of battle,
amongst the devastation of soldier's swords,
mothers stand composed,
whose grips together are enclosed,
and voices exposed.

SAVE OUR SONS,
in a land of beaten ploughshares,
where love surpasses warfare,
where the sun beams through hearts,
And sons return to families,
to fill the arms of mothers as before.

Adrift*Aaron Walsh | Year 11*

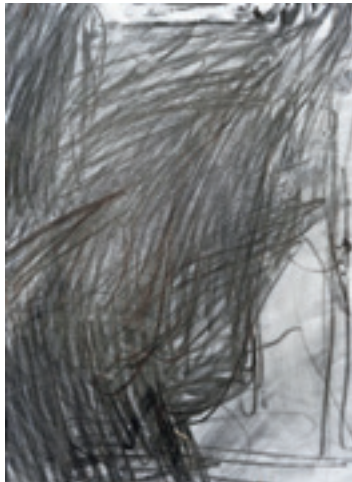
The boat
Drifting...
Slowly...
Into the night
Endlessly
Floating, away
Into fear
Into hope
Into darkness



TONY XIANG, YEAR 8



RILEY EDGE, ELC



SAM IVERS, ELC



SAMMY RAYNER, YEAR 6



A Plea for Peace

Jack Slattery | Year 11

Innocence lost, insufferably destined for war,
 mothers clutch their young to their breasts.
 Pleas for change fall upon deaf ears,
 ignored and unheeded are their requests.
 Her eyes cannot hide the sadness within,
 darkness and death haunting her dreams.
 Hope for the future ignored by authority,
 attempts to sleep are stifled by screams.
 Dressed as soldiers awaiting the doom,
 ignorant to the suffering that inevitably lies ahead.
 Conscription injustice a brutal act,
 condemned to ruin, a coffin or hospital bed.

Living Under Bombs

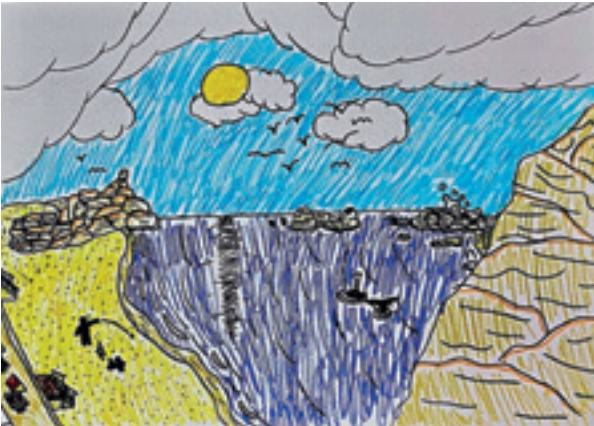
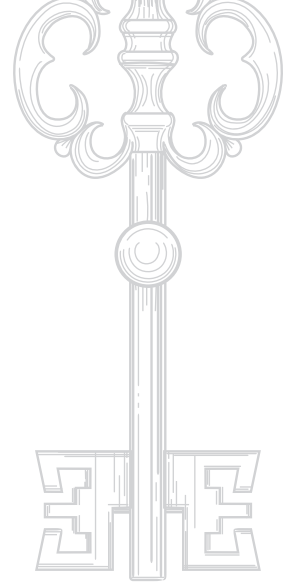
James Searle | Year 11

As the bombs fall,
 Loud and deadly
 Above the city of Saigon
 The ground shakes and rubble falls

The young girls run,
 The nuns run,
 Running for cover,
 Running for a future

With no plan
 Beyond shelter:
 The shaking ground
 Is the sound of their future.

As they sit hiding in their homes,
 They pray for a future,
 When or where that future is,
 Is yet to be known.



JIMMY PULFORD | YEAR 5



SEBASTIAN GONCALVES, YEAR 6



SEBASTIAN HORVATH, YEAR 6



SEBASTIAN WATTS, YEAR 6

Vietnam Ruins

Stefan Drusian | Year 11

As I walk through the ruins of Vietnam
I feel beads of sweat run through my palms,
My sunglasses darken more
in the glare from a land that had been clawed.

Each brick, each stone, a silent cry,
Each brick, each stone, a broken marker passing by
As the sun hides shyly behind the sky
Vietnam dims with the sun waving goodbye

Silent whispers though echo through the breeze,
As the tale of war brought people to their knees.

The pain had lingered through the constant raids
The scars from battle casting lasting shades,
The memories of loss brought a constant ache,
The dreams of peace dwindled to a distant hope to make.

Sons Born Soldiers

Kyle Prinsloo | Year 11

Mothers will cry,
Mothers' hearts will break,
The distress call to "save our sons" becomes a call to arms
The arms that cradle empty hopes
amongst the detached crowd.
The maternal urge to raise sons becomes
Perverted to produce combatants.
No gentle love,
No care for their sons,
Simply a product of government policy.
Unfiltered feelings fill the air.
Faces empty with despair.
Mothers' arms and hearts clutching not their sons,
But soldiers.

**The Light***Seth Rocca | Year 11*

Entrapped, afraid this feeling won't wash away.
 Waves stretching upwards leading all astray,
 Crashing crushing, causing calamity.
 What is this agony diminishing my humanity?

Grief growing from beneath my toes,
 Frailty moving through my bones,
 Raindrops deciding who survives the night,
 Our hearts no longer believe in light.

Anticipation like a wire, pierces my bruised heart,
 Fantasies of the future chafe and thwart
 While the endlessly persistent rain,
 Drops like bullets bringing only pain.

Trenches torturing those who set foot,
 Sandbags towering over me, entrapping me in darkness,
 Like a wave, moments before it breaks,
 Lights burning flame alone keeps me dry.

Through the midst of war,
 light continues to prevail,
 Through the darkest of days,
 Its burning flame keep me afloat,

Shards of light attack the rain,
 I can see my reflection,
 Reflecting away all pain,
 As my soul one drop from death

Lights hem a garment upon me,
 A protection from the deathly drops,
 Let us pray for the light,
 As my light has steered me, my light spared my heart.

War Trauma*Jack Schirripa | Year 11*

In the glow of distant flames,
 A spectral dance of horror unfolds,
 Broadcast on the screen,
 Renewing war's old tale:
 Vietnamese homes ablaze in time for the 6 o'clock news.

The television pulses with dread,
 Faces reflected in a ghastly glow,
 Figures of despair in the flame,
 As distant lives unravel in the afterglow.

In the living room, silent screams,
 Echo through the hollow chambers of hearts,
 The inferno on the screen mirrors an abyss,
 Of a world untethered, torn apart.

The flickering flames,
 Reflect the terror in eyes far away,
 A televised horror, war's cruel trance,
 Leaves scars unseen, haunting the day.

Dead Men Walk*Declan Keanie | Year 11*

Dead men walk
 142,176,254
 A bingo parade
 The ballot left no time for chat
 Men sent to the fields to scavenge like a rat.
 Men facing the unknown
 juts to become unknown men
 Soldiers drafted like leaves in the wind
 once men now numbers left with no skin
 Lifeless in the darkness

**A Soldier's Heart***Oscar Rasheed | Year 11*

We're deep in the trenches, our shadows where we lay,
 The reflection of war scares the people away.
 Under the ground of smoke and pain,
 Lies a glimmer of hope, where tears remain.

A soldier's heart, now worn and scarred,
 With fields of battles, battles teared.
 Every single movement lets out a heavy sigh
 As remembered soldiers fill up the sky.

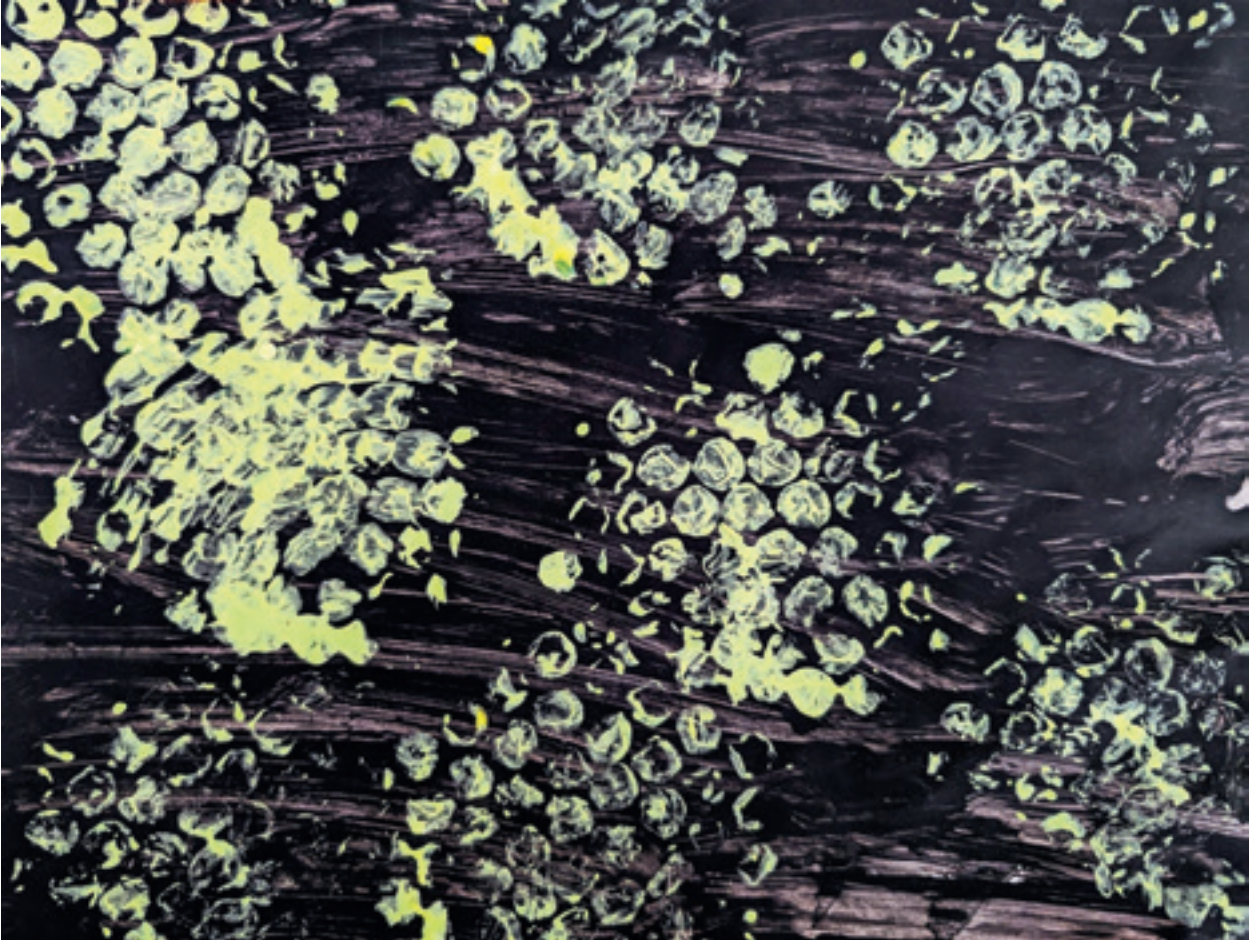
The nights are quiet, the stars are high,
 This is all for freedom, but soldiers die.
 We stand in unity, our voices loud,
 Sing the numbers, joining the crowd.
 "No more war", we scream and shout
 We fight together, come about.

Please stop the bombs and talk it out,
 We face the hardship together, lets erase the doubt.
 Hand linked together, in the hard times our strength we show.
 From Burton's words, 'in unity, we grow'.





TOM HUNTER, STAFF



SUHAN MILLIKARCHCHI, ELC

The Death Lottery

Aryan Parwal | Year 11

In jungles dense, where shadows lay,
The Death Lottery caused great dismay.
Each number drawn, a fate sealed tight,
In Vietnam's endless guerrilla fight.

Soldiers young, soldiers brave, some with
hearts of steel,

All their destinies depend on a spinning wheel,
They marched to many battles, brave and true,
Not knowing if all would make it through.

Families waited, hearts in dread,
Praying for their loved ones' thread,
But in the chaos, fate's cruel hand,
Claimed many souls across the land.
The Death Lottery, a grim command,

Where nothing is pre-planned,
Yet amid the sorrow and the pain,
Heroes rose, not in vain.

Their sacrifice was claimed to be majestic,
And all of their fighting was agrestic.
For those who fell, we'll ever mourn,
Their legacy forever borne.

Poor Company*Leonardo Fabrizio | Year 10*

The hot power of her gaze makes
him wonder
Would she have been better off
marrying another?
As the memories of their marriage
became fonder
He vents miserably to his
uninterested brother

Perhaps he was just poor company

The Sin Factory*Thami Nyathi | Year 10*

Pay no heed they said.
As we scrubbed like dogs,
The December, Sunday frost biting
At our feet. Withering away
In this convent, a graveyard, a factory.
As we pay penance for our sins.

Bleach*Alec Gugliemucci | Year 10*

It kills what it ponders
Wonderless
In a world of death
A void of life
It slowly seeps like poison in disguise.

My Happy Times*Jack Stunell | Year 10*

Time moves through us
Ever long and everlasting
Never ends but it does.
Happiness ends,
I promised my time to be happy
So, what happens to my time when
I'm not?
Time moves through us,
Ever long and everlasting,
maybe.



TOM TURNBULL, YEAR 12



TOM TURNBULL, YEAR 12

Lies

Hamish Ruff | Year 10

Secrets being told, far from the truth.
The truth is getting old far from in use.
Coldness, cowardly and despair
It all seems to be far from fair.
People's minds not working right.
Maybe cause the fog is blocking the light.

On Top of a Glass

Remy Worthington | Year 10

As clean as a mushroom factory
The greenish smoke conquers the air
Strengthening the ornamental shrubs,
She looks at me and gives me the news,
Fingers on top of a glass.

The Amber Room

Tom Lindsay | Year 10

The dust coated the once-fluorescent walls,
Paintings of royalty disguised in the dirt,
The ugliest gold from the darkest place,
The reason for missing men,
May no one find this den of death.

Crow of Death

Oscar Di Matteo | Year 10

The black crow staring down,
The meaning that is unknown
The ambulance rolling up to the hospital
The crow sits over them like a drone
Death is so near.



TOMMY HODGSON, YEAR 6



RYAN PERCIVAL, YEAR 12

December of Crows

Jesse Manuel | Year 10

The thundering kaaahing echoing across the valley,
Black batches fly high in the sky,
Short hoarse caws flood the surroundings,
The clever crows clawing at the food on the floor,
Their darkness washing through the town.

A Cowboy's Morning

Tom Neal | Year 10

The constant click-clacking of hoofs.
The eye-squinting sun beats down over Texan land.
Dry and barren farmland surrounds the charger,
With peaks of mountains in the distance,
A saddle is placed on top of the beast.
"Mornin' Dusty", a stereotypical cowboy speaks out.
"Good day to round up some sheep," he remarks,
Meanwhile an elegant eagle soars up high in the sky.

Differentiating Disaster

Taine Meyer Year | 10

Where there's muck,
There's luck.
Diamond in the rough.
A small crinkle found along
The endless whitewash of paper.
Similar to society, navigating
A storm of lacklustre thoughts and
Empty hope.

Crows

Alex Johnson | Year 10

The hot power of its deathly gaze,
Blood from the beak like a rotten tooth,
Blood-stained claws hop over broken glass,
The symbol of death not far from here,
The December of crows grows near and near.



WILL EDWARDS, YEAR 9



WILBUR DUCKWORTH, ELC

Falling Fatal

Tom Balnaves | Year 10

The moon eerie with its light
Whiteness gleams with delight
Large the figure shows its might.
The little one stares in pure fright.
The little one falls.

The Stare

Leroy Condous | Year 10

The power it has to infiltrate one's soul
Like a crow's beady eye as it stares at its prey
Or a child's gleaming eyes at the window of
a toy shop
It's expressed through so many ways
A moment of significance and power often
undermined
The meaning it has, but it's only a stare

Mushroom Black

William Daniel | Year 10

Washing off the black
A circus ring size of greenish smoke
Exits the factory
My mind feels like
It has a circus ring of triplets
Dancing around
The same thing day in day out
In this factory of mushrooms.

The Wall of Truth

Sean Keeler | Year 10

Hidden away in the dark
Behind a stone wall
Concealed until a bulldozer knocks it down
Hidden artifacts discovered
Then the truth will come out

Circus

Christian Smith | Year 10

At first, you sound like a circus,
inviting yourself into my dream until,
You become more aggravating as you
ignorantly juggle my thoughts
I realise your intention, you're not a circus,
You're waking me into the confronting world
of consciousness

Mushroom Factory

Hugo Spears | Year 10

Churning Machines struggling
for their last breaths
Surrounded by black batches of smoke
Once a time of peace and happiness
Resulted in a December of crows
Broken glass
I failed



WILL EDWARDS, YEAR 9



WILL LARKIN, YEAR 7



WILL MAYNARD, YEAR 9



WILL MAYNARD, YEAR 9

Soot Black*Felix Waltham | Year 10*

Soot black darkness portrayed all over,
An eery mood eminent,
The penance for my intrusion,
The dead which lay under rotting like a cavity,
The green smoke entrapping me in,
The graveyard, a prison.

Warriors*Connor Caruso | Year 7*

The three very experienced brave and determined
Chinese warriors riding on horseback.

Lush green wavy Mountains winded like a river crashing
through jagged rocks.

The majestic horses were galloping at extreme speeds
across the grassy terrain.

Tiny hanging targets that were set up for the warriors
to hone their archery skills to the brink of perfection.

The Boab Tree*Elijah Onyeizugbo | Year 7*

The withering African Boab Tree which was standing
strong after so many years

The dead sticks that were drooping

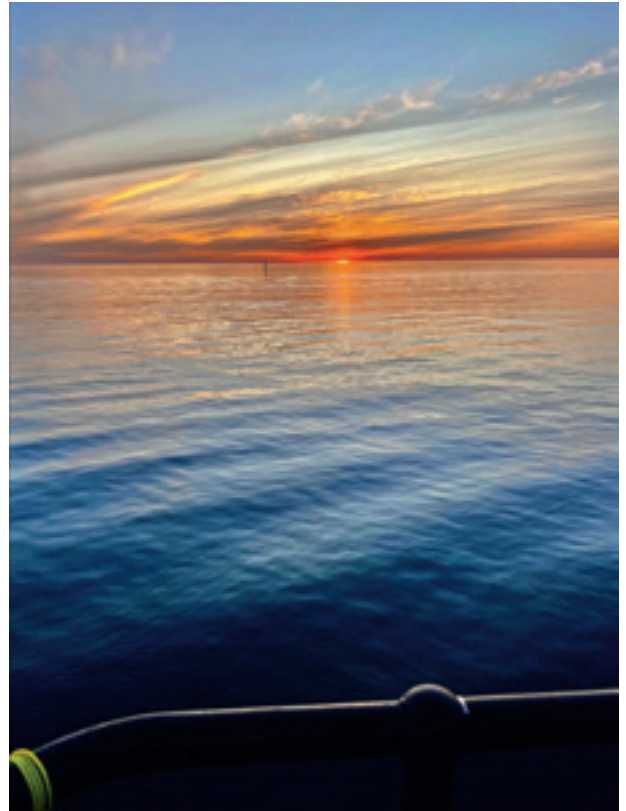
The several eroded rocks with weeds growing in
between the cracks

Stars of the sky that were scattered across the galaxies

The beautiful land of Africa which inherited multitudes
of nature within it.



WILL MAYNARD, YEAR 9



WILL MAYNARD, YEAR 9

Hunted

Yusuf Uzman | Year 7

A man so old, a man so important,
 Stood over the rough, rough, glacier,
 A sleek orca in the water.
 The pale blue sky which lit them up,
 He set his target and caught her.

The Rainforest

James Goldsworthy | Year 7

The green luscious trees swayed in the cool
 breeze
 Ruffling all the soft, damp leaves
 Waiting for the sun to rise.
 But when it came, the big monsters came
 Sawing down the trees like a game
 Big, yellow and loud.
 Life is sad for the green trees
 Swaying in the open, transparent breeze
 Knowing that this is their time.

War

Elijah Onyeizugbo | Year 7

War is a piercing curse.
 It's spear penetrates the lives of many.
 The twisted sacrifice of life pulls people into
 a dark place.
 Peace is a silent wonder.
 It rises in one's heart and can never be
 broken.



WILL PLEDGE, YEAR 9



WILL MAYNARD, YEAR 9

Withered

Emerson Smith | Year 7

Mental health is a ticking time bomb,
It withers you to your core.
But happiness is a silent wonder,
Sometimes we don't know it's there.
It flows sweetly to complete the puzzle.

Hope is Everything

Lucca Malivindi | Year 7

Loss is a hole in your heart,
It turns it from a loving red to evil black,
Soul crushed. Gone. Torture.
But hope is an unfinished canvas, that I paint
with bright, fluorescent colours.

A Burning Promise

Alex Yip | Year 7

Bullying is a burning promise
It divides hearts into pieces
Sad, angry, depressing
But bravery is a pretty superhero
Happiness fills in the hearts of broken souls

Courage's Songbirds

Romesh Ediriweera | Year 7

Fear is a burning blade.
It cuts to the heart of a broken soul.
Reluctant. Desperate.
But courage is a graceful songbird. Soaring,
tumbling.
Time is its divided song.
I wait for my songbird to free me.

Passion

Tom Ciccocioppo | Year 7

Passion is a bright curve-ball
It fills you up from the inside out
A bright, mad, drum
Beating at your heart.

Loss

Jonathan Lau | Year 7

Loss is a silent curse
It quietly kills you
like a ticking timebomb waiting
And from the wreckage, many give up
Some persevere and hope soon blooms



WILLIAM BEARE, YEAR 1

Loss

Napoleon Condous | Year 7

Loss is an unwanted curveball
It builds sadness up overtime.
But there is courage in change
A bright mad drum waiting to be hit.

The Beast of Betrayal

Ben Hamood | Year 7

Betrayal is an angry demon,
It ends can end up in blood and sadness.
Shards of metal fly off of knives,
As lifeless bodies fall into the darkness.
The different outcomes hurt us all,
Because betrayal is an unruly curveball.

Thoughts

Charlie Bermingham | Year 7

Loneliness is a poisonous bullseye.
It is a heart of hope damaged.
Worried. Nervous. Different.
But hope is a shining mirror.
Reflecting your thoughts, transferring to the outside.

The Untouched Lands

Tommy Waddy | Year 7

The beautiful rocky terrain in deep Western Australia
The western sky that looks down on the land below
The tall hills that reach far and wide
The hundreds of brown shrubs that populated the dense area
And the fantastic calming solace that fills the place with peace and quiet



XANDER KAMMER, YEAR 6

The Shimmering Nile

Harry Gatenby | Year 7

The never-ending stunning Nile River drifts through this peaceful location
The warm sky turns to a brilliant sunset on the golden, distant horizon
The shimmering water reflects the disappearing sun
Algae appears on the clear surface giving the Nile a mossy name.
Canoes of wood that sit on the mossy Nile River

A Mongolian Village

Antonio Maurici | Year 7

The group of welcoming Gers who waited calmly,
The wooden doors with happy patterns
The Asian sky with chilly clouds,
Soft grass with nutritious soil,
A multitude of hills that helplessly wait.



ZAC FLAPPER, YEAR 11



ZAC FLAPPER, YEAR 11

A Blessing

Jet Yiv | Year 7

Racism is a broken heart
It slowly tears you apart
Shredded. Devastated. Invisible.
But culture is a vacant blessing
It sticks with you like love.

The Waterhole

William Elder | Year 7

Those incredibly soft clouds of fairy floss and bliss,
Trees of oak and bark which cover the mossy ground from the
deadly sunlight,
Pointy rocks which are being sculptured by the water,
Bright green native plants of the Niagra Falls,
Explosive white water that falls into the small lagoon.

The Scary Wave

Luke Modra | Year 7

The one extreme wave with an angry man riding it,
The scared surfer riding the wave scared for his life,
The tiny surfer man in the middle of the beautiful barrel wave,
The beautiful blue wave with the surfer that's riding it,
Waves that rumble onto the soft sand.

Change

James Cree | Year 11

Knowledge made irrelevant
Left and won't come back again
Words of wisdom made unclear
Something new just has appeared

Oldest gospels inundated
With newest findings on the daily
Change in knowledge gives us power
But is comfort's darkest hour



MELODY MARSHALL, STAFF

Donuts*Sam Pheasant | Year 11*

In the realm of sweetness, a delight supreme,
 A circle of joy, a baker's dream.
 Golden rings of dough, kissed by cinnamon's grace,
 Donuts emerge, a tempting embrace.

Cinnamon whispers in every fold,
 A tale of warmth, a spice to behold.
 Sprinkled with sugar, a fragrant dance,
 On this sugary journey, we take a chance.

Crisp on the outside, soft within,
 A symphony of flavours, a sin.
 Cinnamon swirls, a comforting song,
 A treat for the senses, all day long.

Morning's companion, or a midnight snack,
 Cinnamon donuts, no taste they lack.
 With coffee or tea, a perfect pair,
 A moment of sweetness, beyond compare.

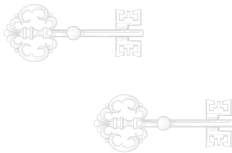
So let us savour this pastry divine,
 Each bite a memory, a flavour to intertwine.
 Cinnamon's magic in a donut's delight,
 A culinary joy, morning 'til night.

2023*Dan Wagstaff | Year 11*

As the 2023 year comes to an end,
 We tend to get caught up in the things we did not attend
 We think of all of our missed opportunities and pretend
 That we wasted our time as we approach year-end

Instead, we should look at our life under a different light
 We think so negatively and reject the things we did right
 Our negative experiences aren't always so black and white

Looking back too much will take our eyes off our future
 We dwell on the negatives like its second nature
 Instead we should embrace the bigger picture



An ode to the English Language

Josh Dalman | Year 11

Words spoken through text and through speech
 The language of people that cry out and preach
 The second most spoken language on earth
 The privilege of speech, exceeding its worth
 Without it we would be lost and confused
 But do take it for granted its not overused
 Its a privilege to communicate
 Its not something you underestimate
 Because if it were to eradicate
 We wouldn't be able to dictate...
 With each other, our mouths and ears sealed shut
 Our heads just a useless dome, chestnut
 But thanks to poets and writers of the past
 We can talk and help with things that last.

Thought

Zac Flapper | Year 11

Using a web to spread his word,
 A man yells out across the world,
 Whether they're living is surrounded in doubt,
 With all the writing machines spreading about,
 To think for yourself is a vital capability,
 Yet robotic literature is all one can see,
 Spreading facts, nonsense and lies,
 People only see truth in front of their eyes,
 There is no argument, no opposing point of view,
 It's just an AI fighting against you,
 When the line between brain and bot is blurred,
 A value grows in seeking the spoken word,
 In the future creative effort and interaction is naught,
 When the internet is filled with robotic thought.

No More

Henry Michael | Year 11

As the sun sets on another beautiful day,
 I flip the sign to 'closed' on my corner café,
 With no lingering customers around,
 I am left with silence, no sound,

In this current moment I settle,
 and sit on a nearby chair made of metal
 The street lights now start to turn on
 And all the pedestrians are now gone

I feel a sense of fulfillment as my job is done
 The day is over, and I have won
 I approach the large glass door,
 I leave the café, the day is over, no more

Stormy Contemplations

Ivan Sharma | Year 11

Strikes of light attacks the skies,
 Yet he stays outside, and eats his pie,
 So nonchalant, and free in his mind,
 The view of this man, brings peace to your eyes.

The strikes come closer, yet he remains still,
 Cash in his hand, counting dollar bills,
 Like a father on a barbeque, crazy on the grills,
 An expert in his work, like players from Brazil.

The view of this man, will bring you warmth,
 He remains so structured, always in form,
 The strikes of light will not change his norms,
 These strikes of light, in which we call storms.



How are you?

Angad Gill | Year 10

Hey, how are you?
I ask with genuine
How do you do
Are you just fine?
‘I’m alright
Just feeling bit blue
Nothing new
No goal to pursue’
I ask you not as a casual greet
Are you struggling to eat,
A challenge you can’t beat?
Are you okay?
...
How are you?
It can’t be scaled from 1-10
The pain you feel
A storm that never relents
Sticks and stones may break your bones
But words wound hearts and your mental health departs
And if we explore deep within
The cries creating chaos contemplating
Grand gorilla sized gaps
Of helpless harsh heartless
Hostile humiliating
Must I continue?
But you the crowd
You listen with your ears.
Stuck in your cloud
When you can fight their fears
And instead listen with your heart
To help stop them not to tear apart
This isn’t the matrix
So don’t fake this
And the equivalency
Of this conversational artificiality
Is you sailing a sunny ocean surface
Where beneath lies depths of nervous
Problems, wading through emotions
Corals of harmful notions
And within the deep darks
Live sea monsters which lurk
leaving permanent mental marks
which do nothing but hurt
And unleash internal blood and tears
Which may linger many years
And all they do is get ignored
All because ‘how’s it going’ is treated like a chore
But let’s ask ‘how are you!’
And fish out the fears
Let’s catch this sea mammoth
And silence it off its jeers
We will stab its cold-blooded soul
For each stab will gut a personal toll
But it is up to you and I
If we ask ‘how are you’
Respond with more than ‘I’m fine’
Then only can your wish be true
And we may save a life
So, let’s try this convo again
What about me?
I’m fine thanks for asking

Travel Sickness

Hugo Mittiga | Year 7

The rush of sickness, that horrible feeling,
When the turbulent wave hits you.
The horizon is gone, the journey is long,
You have to see it all the way through.
Your palms are drenched with vomit and sweat,
And your head feels like it'll explode.
Why does this have to happen to me,
I must crack this secret code.
Maybe try some liquid, or a tablet, or two,
To ease the pain or to numb it.
What else can I do? Anything will make do,
When 3000 feet is the summit.
Finally, it's over, we're slowly descending,
The journey is over, it's true.
12 hour flight, I hate, hate, hate, hate it
Jet lag is next. That sucks.

America's Promise.

Harry White | Year 11

The flashing stars blind Americans from their problems.
The special stripes slash America's new promise.
Dividing colours cause commotion amongst the public
A beloved nation torn,
causing many lost and very tragic.

Hatred.
rage and fear spread across the lands
As political powers lash like shifting sands.

Republican reds, democratic blues, diving America into two
Once noble America, known for its
freedom, independence and unity.
Now simply a political wasteland,
where soundless echoes ring.

Hatred, rage, and fear cast shadows wide,
Americans have gone crazy and became wild.
Terror and trauma navigate through the thick air
In the madness, voices crave to be heard.
the reds and the blues, a nation simply divided,
Unity and peace are seemingly misguided.

Division

Hamish Ward | Year 11

A blue peace sign held by quivering hands.
The cranky provoked eagle settled up high.
Freedom being withdrawn at the speed of light
A dove just simply aiming to fly.

9/11 dividing the American society.
The public held down by so called psychopaths.
The presidents career is at stake.
Art Spiegelman only being reminded by the smell of ash.

Two completely different flags.
Those who are suffering from evil.
Red, blue and white.
Two groups of enraged people.

In the shadow of no towers
People running around like headless chicken
The moral has fallen
The ashy smoke from the crumbling towers has thickened



LUCAS WONG, YEAR 2

The Waterworks Of Politics

Fergus Keighran | Year 11

Running, Raging and smoke raining,
Conspiracies, theories, Concepts, ideas,
Was it a bomb, or was it a plane,
Was it a coincidence, fate or was it just an act of terror.

Wham, Boom, Bang, Pow,
As loud as a bomb when everyone Scrambles,
The Left wing, Right wing, both wings,
Everybody, everything cracks to a shambles.

Within the waterworks of politics,
As everything is getting more and more tangled,
Even the lightly coloured jays and the scary painted ravens,
Everyone's mentalities are still mangled.

Assumptions from both shores,
An Attack on the world, people, wealth,

It is an attack on Americans,
Is it even an attack.

Blame it on him blame it on her,
Relics of racism invented still in the day and age,
We must show no mercy as ravens make such statements,
And as Jays are being hopeful and weary.

Generally, at the end of the night,
Everybody had their card to play,
Good, bad, confused, understanding etc,
It is September 11 attacks, and they shall never be forgotten.

In the waterworks of politics,
In the shadow of no towers,
May the souls of this earth past or present,

REST IN PEACE.

To This Day*Antonio Ndoj | Year 11*

All around the world, jaws dropped
 Some see it in real life
 Some see it on the tv
 Everyone shocked

9/11
 Some in hell
 And some in heaven

The smell of death airs out the atmosphere
 People crowded in awe
 Some distressed, sad, and shocked
 Terror prevailed and with faces pale

Waiting for the other shoe to drop
 Jihad brand foot ware, all man-made
 materials
 Al Qaeda's 9/11 attack, all deliberate actions

Civilians trapped in red, trauma spreading
 the air
 Buildings towering, does the government
 even care?
 Ongoing grief and broken families
 When will it stop?

9/11
 They did not have a say
 But still affecting them to this day

Hannah*Jacob Murnik | Year 11*

I read this book once
 About a fire
 And in this book when the women died
 So did the loud noises
 The more I read, the quieter it got
 Both in the book and out

I knew this girl once
 Her name was Hannah
 Some say it was all her fault
 Was it all her fault?
 I asked myself day and night

I would try to understand her crime
 But could not condemn it
 And then I would try to condemn it
 But would not understand it

Did the smoke from the burning bodies
 Create a curtain between Hannah
 And common sense?
 Or did it just haze her vision?
 Or did it not do either?

Was it her shame of being illiterate?
 The secret that swayed her
 Into unintentionally pleading guilty?

When she died, things changed
 I loved Hannah, once
 As much as those women loved their lives
 And after Hannah took what they loved
 It eventually must've seemed right
 To let go of what she had taken.





WILLIAM RAESIDE, YEAR 6



ZEKE CONNELLY, ELC

Never Forget*Sam Cumming | Year 11*

The plane flies over,
 Everyone runs,
 The impact of the plane,
 was like the whole world was crashing down as the ash and debris fell.

Art and his wife run the opposite way,
 Worrying about their daughter no other thoughts in the way,
 As their bodies entered fight and flight,
 Their daughter appears in their sight,

As Art looked through each window,
 He saw the reflection of himself as a mouse,
 Memories come flashing back,
 Art's Dad trying to describe what Auschwitz was like,

"It was indescribable".
 But for some reason,
 Art felt like he had just experienced that exact thing.

His head a mouse through every reflection,
 Trauma and PTSD,
 Always in his head,
 9/11 the day his life changed,
 Family became more important,

A day he'll never forget,
 He'll never forget the screams as everyone runs,
 He'll never forget the sound of impact when the second plane came crashing,
 He'll never forget the screams of terror when he saw his daughter.

A day he'll never forget,
 A head like a mouse but a memory like an elephant.

The Ostrich Party

Blake Vause | Year 11

The Ostrich Party, society hiding from the government
Despite their ignorance, they're still tormenting civilians
The unevenness of the ground is trembling before our very eyes
"The Orange Alert" reminds us of the Indigenous American Culture before 9/11

The disastrous event dividing the American population into Territories
The Black imprints on the soil are evidence of the scars from the attack
Thousands of people in horror
With the recent Election still fresh in the minds of the Americans

The yellow boots darkened by loss
Where the Sign is the only thing standing
With Society in a state of unknown
While the Twin Towers are no more

The ache of the day continues today
The borough of Manhattan turned to dust
The nippy breeze flowing through the main streets
Darkness fills the world with silence

Towers

Pete Cole | Year 11

9/10
Stood still, the wealth of tightly condensed structures lay susceptible as, for the last time people walk in and out of them
With no hope,
they observe the soothing sunset as their last night on earth
9/11
7:00am
The twins arouse from a restlessness sleep
The hazy Office workers make an appearance for some,
the last time
today was planning to be a customary day in the office
8:00am
A sense of impending doom starts to loom
The buildings walls
The lucky ones are departing the towers
The unlucky are either entering or staying
8:45am
A terrifying roar feels the atmosphere,
Horror-stricken individuals
Flabbergasted not knowing what to do,
The survival mechanism Fight or flight
Kicks in
8:46am
A deafening crash feels the city of New York
People are gob smacked
An event like this hasn't happened in
The history of homo sapiens
X
And another deafening crash feels the city of New York
As the second plane hits the second tower
The towers are trying everything in their power
Too stay standing,
But they can't hold,
They fall,
Leaving America and the world behind
Never to be the same again

Rain Clouds

Noah Oswald | Year 11

As the first drop hits,
The world seems frozen.
We are all confused,
Like we are in a different reality.
The world has flipped,
And the so-called invincible superpower,
Has fallen from its throne.

But we could just be exaggerating,
We could be paranoid,
There is still a chance for redemption,
For their "leaders" to redeem their name...

But the second drop has hit,
We see it as more,
What if there is a leak,
What if it is more,
Our minds suddenly become more clouded,
Flooding with the emotions,
Crashing in our head
First shocked...
Then scared...
Then sorrow...
And finally rage...
Rage at those pigs that call themselves politics,
Who lead the invincible on a backwards march,
To begin the war to begin all wars.

**Two Flags***Mac Seal | Year 11*

In the land of stars and stripes, a symbol
of unity,
A red, blue and white nation, a land of
community,
In the land of freedom, a story unfolds,
Twin towers collapse, as the country's
unity unwraps,

The chaos begins, as the streets fill in,
The city crumbles, their unity shattering
like fragile glass,
The yelling, the screaming,
It's all too much,
No one knows how to deal with it,
Everyone's on edge like a ticking time
bomb,

Their army united but divided,
America,
torn to two sides,
The Red Army,
embeds power, strength, courage,
The courage to uphold violence to make
him pay,
Alkida needs to pay for what he once had
laid on the city,

The United Blue Zone, the true-blue stars
of America,
The stars want peace,
The stars need it all to decrease,
Stars come together,
The media, ripping America apart bit by
bit like a dog ripping its bed up.

Peace*Matt Nelson | Year 11*

Peace...
Peace...
Peace...

All I want is peace
Chaos is everywhere
Not a person in sight
Ashes covering my vision

A vague shadow appears in front of me
I see a scythe
Then I realise death has come to take me
People are dead everywhere

A massacre in the masses
Fire here
And fire there
It's everywhere

Bird fly overhead
Doves and pigeons
There is a sign of hope

(High Pitch Screech surrounds the city)

Speakers blaring out a loud voice
People chanting screaming
Not a person in sight

I try to escape
A pocket of space appears
I dash
I crash

silence...

I don't know where I am
I look around I see people
People running
So I run

I turn the corner
There are people everywhere
Fighting, shouting



CAMPBELL COWE, YEAR 8



CAMPBELL COWE, YEAR 8





ZIGGY TASCI, YEAR 6

Shadows of Politics

Lachie Davidson | Year 11

In the shadows cast by towers
Lies the public in the midst of a crisis.
Split in 2:
blues and reds.
Stars and stripes.

Segregated, separated, isolated.
Blue, fighting for peace and serenity.
Red, for sacrifice and diversion.

A peaceful war,
Carried out through the words of the
government.
Argued through the words of the public.

Bush hiding the facts.
Tearing his flag... apart,
Tearing his country... apart.

Politics dancing in dull form,
Where ambition soars and truths lie,
Looking for profit, looking for money.

Leaders speaking strong and proud,
promising justice, intentions blurred,
provoking chaos on all levels.

PTSD-Post Tower Stress Disorder
Where shadows are casted by towers tall
The thought of that day haunting all

September's morn, a day of tears we shed.
Imbedded in hearts, thoughts lingering in
our head.

Watching debris fall like tears rolling,
The globe paused in shock as the second
tower came bowling.

Fear, anxiety, depression and more
You or the world would never be the same
as before.

Too many lives lost on one guruism day.
Rubble piled on the streets; skies painted
in grey.

Millions of people watched... all over
the globe.
those inside the buildings releasing their
inner claustrophobe.

Colours

Jack Kolhagen | Year 11

America stars and stripes are majestic and
symbolic.
Our red army of Americans united but
divided.

The blue army of Americans as they are
vigilant and symbolic in blue.
I fear as they are fearless and reckless.
I never though such dread would come
from my army of saviours.

I am scared for my life as I watch it unfold.
Just like the map of America

Soon the map will be ripped and shredded
to nothing.
And the people will hear the American
sides puffing.

Life could be over and done.
As all I can do is run.

The flags are now looking scary.
Just like the haunted routes on American
highways.

This place will never be the same.
As everyone will now look at us with shame.

Hopefully sometime this will all come to a
finish.
But there is only one thing that will divide
us which is our colours.



TOM HUNTER, STAFF

Uni ted

Cooper Ferme | Year 11

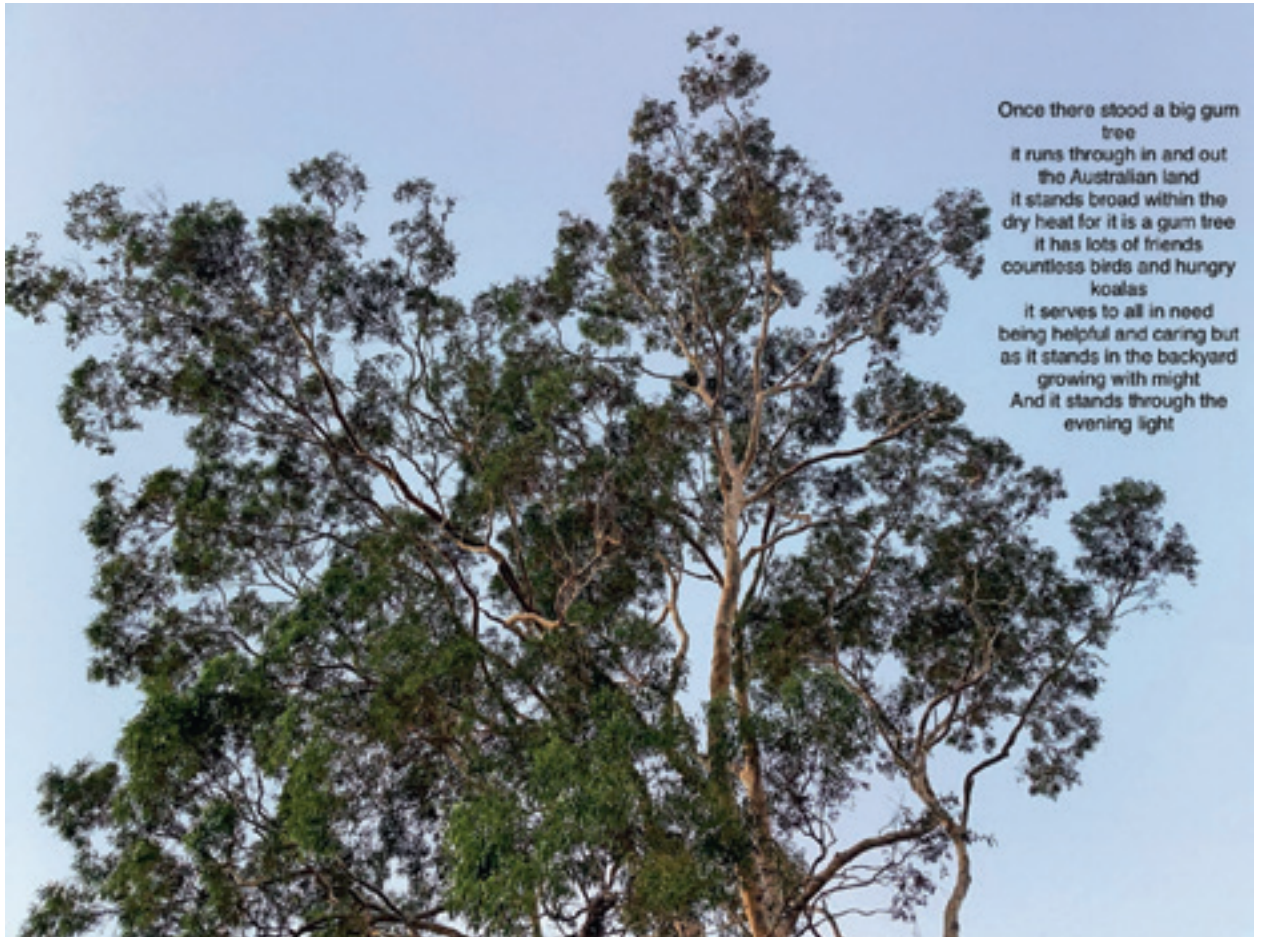
Standing there:
Scarred. Shivering.
Trying to put on a brave face - but it's not working.
Trying to hold up my peace sign - but it is slowly drooping as my arms seize up with fear.

Feeling surrounded and trapped like many others,
Others who are trapped in their own minds, their minds being held captive by fear.
Fear from that day: the day I dread,

the day my mind has been stuck on,
the day skulls came out:
skulls from the grim reaper side of people that have turned soulless, hiding behind their masks.
I don't blame them,
It has interfered with my world, my mind too.
My inner dove being kept at bay,
by the eagles that loom over me - everyone.
That eagle that I still wish represented freedom,
But now it is going to war making America on the edge like a ticking time bomb.

Two flags,
Two sides,
Two maps,
Two opinions,
Two colours,
All these are meant to unite us but are only dividing us.

Innocence crashing down everywhere,
Help I wanted to shout but nothing is coming out,
Peace between everyone being few and far between,
As my sign fades into the darkness of the world.



Once there stood a big gum
tree
it runs through in and out
the Australian land
it stands broad within the
dry heat for it is a gum tree
it has lots of friends
countless birds and hungry
koalas
it serves to all in need
being helpful and caring but
as it stands in the backyard
growing with might
And it stands through the
evening light

ANGUS CHRISTIE, YEAR 6



JASPER ARNOLD-CHAMNEY, YEAR 8

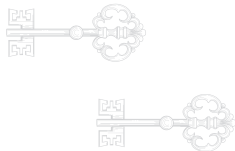


JASPER ARNOLD-CHAMNEY, YEAR 8

The Forgiving Curse

Aadeesh Nanvey | Year 7

Revenge is an unruly curse.
It sucks in hatred and anger and retaliates.
Frustrated. Weak. Confused.
However, forgiveness is like global warming.
It rises for your return like a curse being deleted from existence,
and a new one forming,
a good one.



CALVIN ANESBURY, YEAR 8

It's an Ostrich Party!

Zach Henderson | Year 11

It's an ostrich party!
 We sing loud and proud!
 It's an ostrich party!
 And you elephants aren't invited!
 It's an ostrich party!
 And you donkeys aren't invited!
 It's an ostrich party!
 No loud snorts, and no long snouts!
 It's an ostrich party!
 No trotting around or neighing about!
 It's an ostrich party!
 Where we party all night!
 It's an ostrich party!
 Where we stand our ground!
 Where we call aloud!
 It's an ostrich party!
 Here in the animal kingdom...

It's an ostrich party!
 But here come the elephants...
 It's an ostrich party!
 But here come the donkeys...
 It's an ostrich party!
 You aren't allowed!
 You tore down our buildings!
 You made us feel unsafe!
 But it's the animal kingdom, they say.
 We'll make all the pain go away.
 They stay and they neigh, and they stomp about,
 We tell them to stop but they rebuttal,
 What would you do without our trouble?

But it's an ostrich party!
 We don't like this oppression,
 Let's rise against it!
 This is our redemption!

Let's fight you mammals!
 But when things get out of shackles,
 We stick our heads in the sand,
 Somehow thinking we can make a stand.
 But in the end
 It's an elephant party.
 It's a donkey party.
 With loud stops,
 And righteous neighs.

Which will we attend?
 Cause no matter how we fight.
 No matter what we do,
 No matter our side,
 Through and through,
 It's not an ostrich party.
 It's hardly our own story.

Drowning in News

Zac Thring | Year 11

Powerful steel beams, scraping the sky
 Reflecting light of sheets of glass, a million strong
 A testament to American peace and pride,

The soaring steel birds filled with spite
 On that fateful day, the 11th of the 9th
 The charismatic towers with 2 to face

Only for burning rubble to be left in their place
 "Standing in shadow of no towers", confusion arose
 Was it an accident? or an attack?

No matter, A cup once full, now left half empty
 an empty space within filled with despair
 But a mind drowning

Drowning in news



ALFIE PLEDGE, YEAR 6



NICK IADANZA, STAFF



ALEX QIU, YEAR 6

