

SHADES OF RED



PRINCE
ALFRED
COLLEGE

2025



**PRINCE
ALFRED
COLLEGE**

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

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SHADES OF RED

EDITOR'S NOTE

Following the tradition of yearly motifs, this year's Shades of Red Committee chose steps as the journal's central symbol. We aimed to inspire students to look forwards to their future path, while reflecting on the steps they took to reach the present. Steps are a powerful symbol- seen as both a challenge and a way of reaching new heights. Our committee has compiled some truly elevated artwork, extraordinary photography and genuine poetry that we're excited to share with you. Shades of Red provides a unique opportunity for staff and students from all year levels to create and reflect, bringing the school closer together.

The Shades of Red Committee is proud to present this year's publication as the next step in the school's creative journey. The talented Year 11 and 12 students who make up this committee are:

Chewa Maurici
Ridha Ismaeel
Taine Meyer
Remy Worthington
Ethan Chen
Henry Yang
Chris Davi

I'd also like to give a massive thank you to Mr Iadanza and Ms Marshall for their hard work every year. They are the heart and soul of Shades of Red and the committee is grateful for their support this year.

Luke Economos
Editor-In-Chief



COMMITTEE

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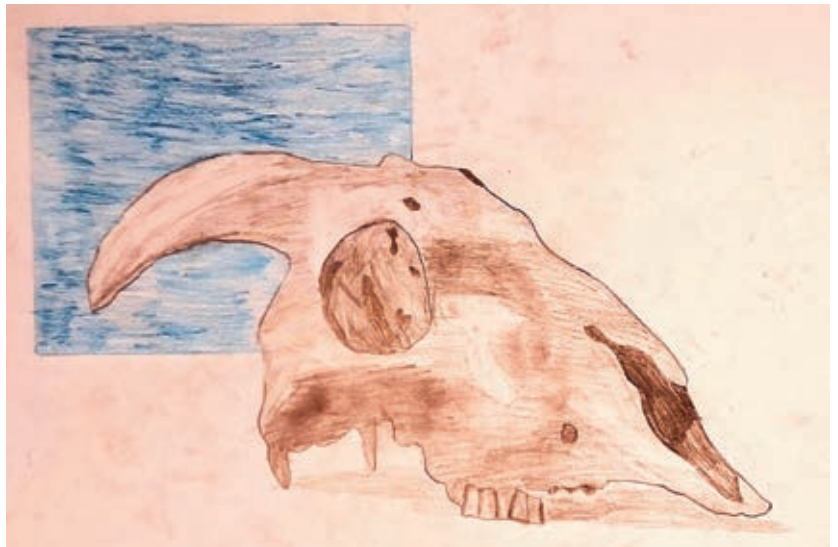
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SHADES OF RED
XAVIER ABBOTT
YEAR 9

So much depends on a writer of a poem
Ideas must come
And the words must flow
Pressure on the deadline of Shades of Red
Acts as a dread for the poet
Creeping slowly through day and night
The life of a poet
Is not as simple as it may seem
They are praised by all when in the spotlight
But when not treated like an
outcast and failure
A poet may feel misunderstood
When a critic rips apart their choice of words
Knowing to themselves that their art
Was about the struggles of their life
All along



NOAH LEATHART | YEAR 10



BILLY ANG | YEAR 7

GRIND
KAI IVINS
 YEAR 10

In a world of so much chaos
 It can be hard to take a break and break
 Hours can feel like seconds
 And during the hardest of times
 minutes can feel like hours
 It's like it's a race, where I
 can't catch my breath
 I'm trying I'm trying, it's never my best
 only if I've had some decent rest
 alarm clock rings, it's 6:00 AM
 now I get out of bed to do it again
 distractions, distractions everywhere
 swallowing me whole
 text from the group chat

mates wanting to talk
 but I mean who even has time to respond
 and then social media feeds
 on a constant stream
 Telling me "Be perfect, be seen"
 I'll look and I see, I say what is this?
 "It's a distraction, just leave it
 you're tryna to escape"
 scrolling and swiping no good for the brain
 "listen to your mum read that book again"
 but it's boring and stupid and brings me pain
 so much weight on these fragile shoulders
 but my expectations are high,
 and I'm fixed on the prize

so focused, locked in as they say
 just tryna go somewhere at
 the end of the day
 Chasing status, chasing recognition
 never satisfied, always hungry
 people better, people to chase
 and yes, it can be draining at this pace
 and people, those people
 they got their opinions
 they say their hate
 they tell you what's up
 never listen to that of you hear
 but use it as fuel and ignite the fire
 but what is this after all?
 Lots of work, no peace of mind?
 Well to me it's a grind
 You see, the grind is cruel
 The grind is unforgiving
 The grind will grind you down the very
 bottom leaving you gasping for air
 The grind will drag you in a
 corner and leave you there
 The grind will tape you right in a chair
 But just maybe the grind
 might leave you on top
 For some though, the grind is life
 The grind is the struggle
 The grind is the fun
 The grind is the workload of
 success and the deload to rest
 It's the pain to a smile
 It's the key to success



SEBASTIAN ABBODD | YEAR 12



JACK WILSON | YEAR 9

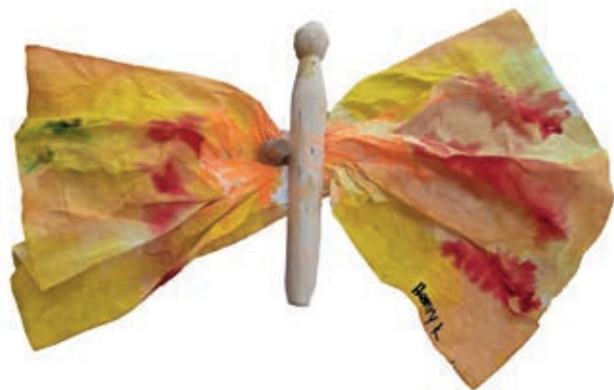




ATTICUS IADANZA | ELC



HAMISH BERLANGIERI | ELC



HENRY KIES | ELC



HUNTER ALLINGTON | ELC



SEBASTIAN TIPPETT | ELC



IMAN ANTUNES | ELC



OSCAR MERCER | ELC



ISLA LI | ELC

WHY OH WHY?
VARISH ANUP KUNAR
 YEAR 8

It all started with Gandhi,
 Counteracting violence with serenity,
 All across America,
 White people riot with swastikas,

Suffering and segregation,
 All just to become a citizen,
 Bull Connor roams the streets,
 a wave of white whips cracking,
 Oppressing the black community.

Kids as young as 6,
 With hearts of steel,
 Hounds released,
 To supposedly keep the peace,

Why, oh why?
 Are they afraid?

Southerners question why,
 Why do they want to be imprisoned?
 Why? Because they can.

Over 100 years have passed,
 Yet they are still treated like grass,
 Stepped on and ignored, but
 do they get bored?
 No.

One question still remains...
 Why, oh why?



JOE ARKWRIGHT | YEAR 12

STANDING UP
BEN LOGAN
 YEAR 8

Protests marching on the streets
 Close bonds formed behind bars
 All for rebelling
 To get what was rightfully ours

Looking for light
 For freedom in the dark
 People of all ages
 Standing up for what was right

Racists lashing out
 With weapons of all kinds
 Hoses, dogs, and whips
 All for citizenship



MELODY MARSHALL | STAFF

REPENTANCE
CHARLES TANG
 YEAR 10

For I'm "not honoured with a human shape",
 He calls me "strange fish", "demi-devil" and
 "monster". For this torment demands escape.
 Forsooth after arriving on the sand,

He entrapped me under his sorcery
 In a lamentable curse I carry
 His splinters – a burden to misery.
 For with his magic, I am forced scary.

He claimed my mother's isle full of noises –
 From me he got it. Burn his books I say,
 Slit his weasand asleep for thee choices
 And so revenge on him, and he will pay

Though the seas threaten, they are merciful.
 I shall repent as though thy cardinal.



KIERAN GRAY | YEAR 9



JAMES MCDONALD | YEAR 9



AARON LIU | YEAR 9



NOAH LEATHART | YEAR 10



ARCHIE THOMPSON | YEAR 5



NOAH LEATHART | YEAR 10

WAMBANA, WHAT A TIME ANTHONY RAPUANO YEAR 9

The One and All was filled with darkness and secrets,
The shadows underneath the ship filled with mystery.
The sunny sun shone so brightly when I arrived at the dock,
Can't forget about that lovely throwing up on the ship, I guess I needed a walk.
35 days, 5 weeks, 50,400 minutes, 840 hours all of it haunting me the entire bus ride,
Parents gone, Family gone, School gone, Friends gone, Sport gone
My life had faded away into a new one with secrets and problems.
Seeing the campus was like a new home, the oval, classroom, wardlis all so nice,
But where were the familiar faces, places, traces or the familiar bases.
That cycle tour brought me some horror, no bike shorts could help me from that Misery.
Everything was hurting, that is my story with no glory which is now in history.
The sun peeling the layer of skin over my face slowing me down, bit by bit,
Everyone riding along, then there was me who needed to sit.
Don't even get me started on the tents, All the pegs including my mind were bent.
The dirt slowly crawling into my sleeping bag, harassing and taunting me,

Didn't I just love that rock under me or the thin roll mat under me.
That first day moving into the wardlis was something different though,
My first good sleep or the first great meal or being relaxed for the first time.
The time was 7:00 am.
The 3,4,5,7,9 and 11km run all started at this early but nice time.
I wanted to give up and walk it, but I couldn't if I tried.
Those 6 surfing days filled with joy will be something I will never forget,
Getting crushed horribly hard into the ground, that was a regret.
Standing up and riding a wave was incredible, and something I already miss,
Walking to the bus sandy and wet loving that I took those risks.
This journey was filled with joy all across from sleeping with best mates, playing sports, helping disabled people or discovering a whole new world on the South Australian coast.
Snorkelling for the first time and seeing a whole new world was unimaginable,
Bublacowie, lawn bowls, pizza day, morning sports, cooking with the nannas or even doing community work will be something I will never forget.
All of this to help us become boys to men.
Wambana, Wambana, what a time.



JIMMY APOSTOLAKOS | YEAR 6

DOWN YONDER TOM NEAL YEAR 11

Put on my suit and tie, waved the kids goodbye, drove and drove and drove.
Walked into town, people gaze with a frown.
Bumped into a man with bloody hands,
An empty bottle by the gutter, where a man lays while his eyes flutter.
Meet a man out in the shrub, he tells me "you lot out here will not be loved."
Met the reverend, tell him my sins, he tells me his worse.
Dust blows about, perfect for new property.
I shake a roughed hand. He tells me quietly and eerily.
"The bad, the ugly and the dangerous wear a suit and tie son."

**THE ECHOES OF EXISTENCE
IN THE GALLERY
JJ SORALEKKITTI
YEAR 11**

In a world where shadows
twist and life ignites,
I seek who I am, where my essence lands
Like an endless labyrinth where
low whispers scream dread,
I linger in stillness, a canvas of lead.

I see my friend, a woman draped in disguise,
Her smile is a riddle beneath the world's eyes.
In old-fashioned attire, she
captures their glee,
Yet behind her allure, is she truly free?

I see my friend, a tree with numerous
branches that sorrow and creep,
An unforgettable beauty, where
colour's secrets seep.
Red, orange, and blue in a
cacophony mixture,
Nature's cruel dance, where
heartbreak won't end.

I see my friend, the stars in a
night intertwined dark,
Sprinkling hope on the city, igniting a light.

Each twinkle a whisper, a promise to hold,
Yet shadows surround, making
magical dreams feel cold.

I see my friend, a banquet where
laughter takes flight,
Thirteen holy souls gathered,
a dinner of delight.
Joy mingles with tension, the
freezing air thick with horror,
For even in laughter, betrayal lies ahead.

And every day, my friends and
I watch as they pass,
A hundred eyes mock us, like
shards of gorgeous glass.
In the midnight hall, their whispers collide,
Every hundred eyes look and
condescend at me closely and closely,
With unrelieved tedium, I hear
the creepy cackle voice
In the dim moonlight of the
midnight atrium museum.

I see the stories etched on faces so bright,
Yearnings and longings, lost in the night.
In their fleeting glances, I
search for my name,
A reflection of life, forever the same.

In this gallery's gaze, I ponder my role,
A painting of stillness, a mirror
to the composed soul.
Yet in the crowd's disdain, I seek
to find a feeling of peace,
Unravelling the layers where
my spirit can finish.

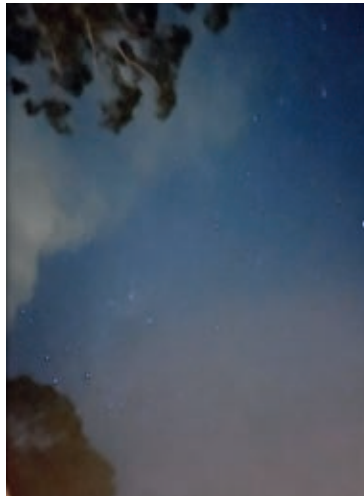


THOMAS MAYNARD | YEAR 7

PAUL GAGANIS | YEAR 9

SLEEP PARALYSIS
ALEX JOHNSON
YEAR 11

I hear rain, wind, lightning,
 tapping at the door.
 Tempest waiting to enter my window, yet
 Dear Silence. I see darkness,
 hear the shadows.
 I cannot move, but I am conscious.
 Conscious of the moonlight,
 Of the room, Conscious enough
 to see it, feel it, hear it.
 The creature in my room. Bound
 by ropes, chains shackles.
 A prisoner of my sheets and mind. I am still.
 Yet I am running, the bat frantically
 attempting to escape,
 Escape its bloodlust, its eye, its fangs.
 Yet I am still. It is still. A figure
 standing, observing.
 Coiled and relaxed, light in
 the dark. It watches,
 Tormenting me, holding me.
 It's going to hurt me.
 Spill my blood across the tiles,
 release me of my life,
 And drink it, eat it. It's vital
 sustenance. My vital sustenance.
 Yet it won't move. I won't move. A
 stalemate of call and response.
 It watches. It always watches.
 Every night. Every night.
 Let me go.
 I cannot sleep



ARTHUR GOLDSWORTHY | YEAR 7

NOAH LEATHART | YEAR 10



LAND OF THE FREE

TOM WHITTLE

YEAR 10

It's the land of the bold, dreaming and free
 Built by the hands of a boundless destiny
 From Florida to California, New York to
 Washington D.C.
 United we stand, upholding
 our great democracy
 But is this country liberated?
 Or are the wrongdoings celebrated?
 Land of the free? More like the land of the
 bruised,
 Where the rich build walls and the poor
 pay the dues
 Land of the free where they say we're all
 equal,
 But in the streets, they know
 that their struggle is lethal
 Cops shoot first, ask questions later,
 Black bodies buried beneath the weight of
 a hater,
 A nation built on freedom, but who's it for?
 The ones in power? Or the
 ones who can't ignore.
 Pharmaceutical companies make billions
 off the pain
 while addicts are locked up
 and their families remain

Home of the brave? It's the home of the
 blood bearers
 Where bullets decide who gets to say their
 prayers
 Rifles slash through the nation's youth
 Holding the people's safety by a noose
 They marched into Iraq with Bush's lies as
 a shield,
 Weapons of mass destruction, a
 wound they could not heal.
 We came with tanks and flags,
 shouting freedom like a prayer,
 but what's the cost of liberty when it's built
 upon despair
 The country was deceived, while the truth
 is left to burn,
 Innocent lives lost, but no
 lessons are learned
 A billionaire sells division with a grin and
 a lie,
 A man in power while the truth dies in the
 sky
 A kingdom built on lies, tweets and hate
 a nation divided by lies split at the gate
 He plays the game, while were stuck in the
 dirt,

His followers chanting while the
 American dream is hurt
 'Make America great again.'
 How about make America real, not pretend
 Hollywood glitters, diamonds and gold,
 But behind the industries curtains, the
 story's untold
 Children are traded, voices erased
 Hidden from the public, there innocence is
 chased
 A dark system where money's the king,
 every disgusting act hides behind
 a celebrity's pure white grin
 A nation of justice? It's built on control,
 Every move they make, it takes a toll
 We're here, we're screaming, won't you
 listen?
 We're not just statistics we're
 a revolution, risen.
 O say does that star spangled banner still
 wave
 Or just fly over the freedom we failed to save
 The stars and stripes are fading, but we'll
 make them gleam,
 We'll make the truth into
 THE American dream.



ZACH ZHA | YEAR 3

THE BELL
HARRY TAINTEY
 YEAR 11

A lighter cracks,
 A man screams.
 A boy runs,
 A cell door slams.
 A hunt begins,
 A gloomy night calls.
 An opportunity arises,
 A career is started.
 Answers are found,
 A Blue Wren lives.

ARABIAN ECHOES,
AUSSIE STREETS
MO ISMAEEL
 YEAR 9

Weaved and bound by two continents,
 One on the equator,
 Another past the Capricorn tropics,
 A salient nexus,
 The Arab Peninsula and Down Under.
 My culture asunder,
 Bahraini or Australian.
 Both.
 I stand as the link,
 The chain connecting this and that culture.
 My heart settled in Australia,
 My soul in Bahrain.
 Bahrain whispers in the Arabic
 tongue it speaks,
 Yet here I stand, strong on Aussie streets.



CAMPBELL COWE | YEAR 9

AUSTRALIAN MIGRATION
JACK MCKINNON
 YEAR 9

"We decide who comes to the country and
 the circumstances in which they come!"
 Bellows the Australian Government,
 making amends on who stays
 and who goes.

At the hearing of this tragic news,
 It stops thousands of people,
 Including Muslims and Jews,
 From escaping their war-torn countries,
 Continuing their seemingly endless misery

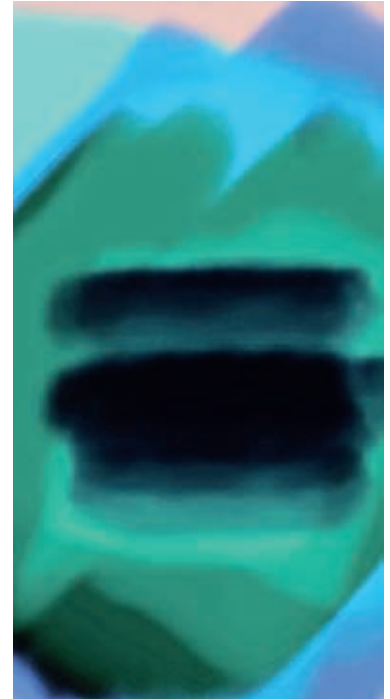
To the people who are let in,
 It gives their broken hearts,
 A breath of air,
 That their hearts so desperately need

SEEKING ASYLUM
XAVIER ABBOTT
 YEAR 9

Asylum seekers in custody resorting
 to violence and self-harm
 Children thrown overboard in
 desperation and fear
 Sleeping in raggedy tents
 shivering from the cold
 Paper cutting through bone
 malnourishment common
 Fed a measly meal every now and again
 Some even choosing to go without
 In attempt to strike against the horrible
 leaders of our government
 That cause innocent families to
 reek in poverty and sadness.

**WHERE THE DOOR
 SWINGS TWICE**
RIDHA ISMAEEL
 YEAR 12

They ask me where I'm from,
 and I hesitate,
 not for lack of an answer,
 but for too many that echo in my mind.
 We live here now. We've built things:
 a beautiful home filled with warm memories,
 a community in which we belong,
 friends who say my name with new inflection.
 And yet, the door swings.
 I return in fragments,
 not as a visitor,
 but as someone still shaped by that place.
 A place I barely remember
 yet carry in the folds of my heart.
 Their house still stands,
 but it gets smaller with every visit.
 The voices are older.
 Those childhood friends all grown up.
 Still, I fold into the warmth,
 that familiar rhythm,
 even though I don't quite fit.
 The language feels like a song I know,
 but don't always understand.
 And then, I leave again.
 Back through the door,
 carrying the scent of home on my clothes
 and the ache of departure in my chest.
 The door swings twice.
 Always does.
 One side unfamiliar,
 one side a memory that never leaves.



JIMMY YANG | YEAR 2



CARTER GERECKE | YEAR 9

FINDING MYSELF
HARRY GRANDIOSO
 YEAR 10

They hand me a mask, say wear it well,
 Said speak their script, play their spell.
 tighten your skin, wear a big grin
 Be like my twin, my next of kin.
 Just to fit in.
 A chameleon on an
 everchanging background
 I change and change and change,
 But to no avail.
 A puzzle piece shaved to fit
 Yet you can tell it's a misfit.
 I do not belong here.
 I ask -
 Why must I task myself to fit?
 Why must I wear this mask?
 Why dim my flame so they look bright?
 Why should I...
 Why should I not be me?
 They said-
 "Be funnier, make those jokes,
 Fake those smiles, run more miles.
 Be skinnier, stop eating,
 Stop fussing, be more like us."
 I tried -

I swallowed their beliefs like bitter pills
 Like Eve in the garden of Eden,
 I listened to the lies
 And did what I was told.
 We all know how that went,
 But I...
 Oh I knew no better.
 yet something felt off.
 The taste was sour, laced with shackles
 But it was too late.
 My world, was unrecognisable.
 My family, said I'm different
 Said I'm not who I was
 And not who I'm meant to be.

They said-
 "Remember when you spent time with us.
 Remember you're our son.
 Remember we all love you.
 No matter who you become,
 But we know that you are not you,
 Instead, someone new."
 "Give us back our son" they pleaded.
 "Give us our harmless little lad,

Our boy who laughed at everything
 Our boy who had passion
 Our boy who thought for himself."
 And that...
 That woke something inside of me.
 I suddenly felt alive,
 Like a flame rekindled
 It's about the things that surround you,
 That determine what happens.
 That determines how bright you shine.
 So, I unmasked.
 Let my face see light
 and my spirit ignite,
 as I am sick of being someone else.
 I thought things would change
 That I would no longer have friends,
 For I am different
 And I no longer pretend.
 Yet I was wrong.
 There are people like me,
 The true me.
 It took some time...
 But they found me,
 And I found them.



ZACH HENDERSON | YEAR 12



PAUL GAGANIS | YEAR 9



FELIX SONG | YEAR 4



SAMMY RAYNER | YEAR 7

THE NIGHT WAS QUIET
HENRY YANG
 YEAR 11

The night was quiet, a whisper was lost,
 A shadow moves where light once crossed.
 A hand once warm, now cold as stone,
 A trust now shattered, left alone
 A knife that glints in dimmest light,
 The wound within that starts the fight.
 A heart once whole, split in pieces,
 The friendship ceases.
 The empty hole of words unsaid,
 A silence fills the space instead.
 Betrayal creeps in night unguarded,
 All the hope now disregarded.
 But from the depths shall I rise,
 To hope and pray for better skies.

THE RIVER OF LIFE
AIDAN WITENDEN
 YEAR 11

In our world, fate is like a river.
 Flowing, and guiding, it makes us shiver.
 No matter what we do or say.
 We will never have our way.
 We may plot, plan, control,
 Or give up ourselves to gain a powerful role.
 Let go of worry and fear.
 For fate will always be near.
 Life's twists and turns, that lead us astray.
 Life's dictation of our decisions,
 that don't let us stray away.
 Life's winding path, where shadows play.
 Life's ceaseless currents, that carry us away.
 Trust in this journey, come what may.
 It is all dictated, as he would say.
 For we will never have our way.

CHASING THE BLACK LINE
FRED HASSELL
 YEAR 11

When I took a dive into this sport
 I didn't know it would go this far
 It was just a bit of fun
 And now it's turning into quite a stun
 What began as learning to float
 Has now turned into chasing records
 Has turned into chasing titles...
 Has turned into the ambition
 The ambition for winning
 It's something that keeps my arms spinning
 Day after day
 Lap after lap
 Chasing nothing but that black line
 I want more
 I'd like to call this sport
 Mine.



TED THOMAS | YEAR 4



ANSH TIWARI | YEAR 9



ECHOES OF A DYING EARTH
WILL MAYNARD
YEAR 10

An absence of conscience mind
 The sun begins to rest
 Their branches cast shadows
 Tall and heavy like the mountains crest
 The winds flow subdued
 In a far-off location just adjacent
 The deep ocean blue radiates
 The sand glides and runs
 The sky dyed with reminiscence
 of blue and purple
 Further beyond
 Snow dulls the sharp rigid mountains
 Like a tarp coating its peccadillos

This tarp is now ripped for
 the grasps of nature
 poached by the greed of humanity
 The chainsaws roar
 Smokes billows from tractors
 The boats tear through the ocean
 These soulless machines puppeted by
 humans
 Driven by our instinct
 Fuelled by our souls
 Powered by our hunger
 No self-control
 Like rabid dogs we only seek to destroy
 When money takes over there's
 no need for love or joy
 We are blinded and cannot
 appreciate this beauty
 We can't feel the cold embrace of the snow
 But we can feel the embrace

of our designer jacket
 We no longer sit in the shade
 of a matured oak
 We much prefer the comfort
 of the city smoke

When the birds have nowhere to live
 whose serenading songs will we listen to
 When the flowers die what will
 accompany the landscape view
 When the light pollution gets so bad
 that we cannot see the stars
 And the planets no longer shine
 Will we still dream of going to mars
 When the oceans are filled
 with plastics so fine
 We will still think it's all worth it.

Why do we measure our wealth in money
 Petrol for our cars
 Cars for our jobs
 Jobs for our pay checks
 Pay checks for our petrol
 The inescapable cycle
 We fall victim to our own mindset
 The mindset that we can't break free from
 The mindset that we can't
 run amongst the trees
 The mindset that we can't laze in
 the oceans engulfing blue
 That the concrete jungle is where we belong
 That we must constrain
 ourselves to this cycle

As we destroy the earth, we
 destroy ourselves
 Our hunger for power
 Our hunger for more
 When you restore an old man's sight the
 first thing he throws away is the glasses
 which helped him see for years.
 We are killing the one thing
 which we rely upon

We fail to see that we aren't
 destroying the planet, we are in fact
 destroying a part of ourselves.
 The trees we used to swing amongst
 The ocean we used to fish from
 The mountains we used for protection
 The animals we used to live with

You can have all the money in the world,
 stacked sky-high, gold glinting in vaults,
 but if you can't breathe
 can't fill your lungs without choking on the sky
 can't swim without sinking in plastic tides,
 can't eat without poison in your plate,
 then what's the cost of luxury
 It's no more valuable
 than the futile attempts we give
 to undo our damage
 patching wounds with Band-Aids
 as the planet bleeds beneath our feet.
 We'll lose everything we used to know
 the seasons, the silence,
 the songs of birds at dawn

There is no backup Earth,
 no secret door to slip through,
 no chance at rebirth
 if we bury ourselves alive
 It will be our own foolish demise

This is what we've got
 a fragile blue heartbeat in a void of silence
 A singular encompass of life
 So what will you do
 when the last tree falls,
 and the last river forgets how to run?
 Let's stop the theft
 before there's nothing left
 before the forests are just stories,
 and oceans echo silence.
 Before skies turn to smoke
 and hope becomes history.
 We are not spectators to collapse
 we are the pulse,
 the breath,
 the hands that can still heal.
 So we must try
 not tomorrow, not when it's safe
 but now.
 Because saving this world
 starts with us
 saying no more,
 and meaning it.
 With action.



REBECCA O'LEARY | STAFF

WEATHER LIAM THOMPSON YEAR 5

As the world awakens, a gentle breeze rustles the treetops, velvety red leaves swish through the air like diamonds in the sky, the sun as bright as a fire illuminating the dewy crystal-like grass. Butterflies swishing through the blue sky colouring it like a moving rainbow.



SAM MATHESON | YEAR 9

MONDAY SNEH THAKKAR YEAR 9

The sun peeks through with a timid ray,
Waking the world for another workday.
The rooster sings its tune, its
melody sounding like a knife
scraping against a bottle
to my ears.
The sun's rays brush my face, its soothing
but annoying nature tells me to wake up.
I obey its message, only to
betray, moments later
The smell of the weekend strays

It was Monday.
Monday, the start of a monotonous routine
It was pretty mean, dread
As I got up from the bewildered
and befouled bed.
No matter how much we try,
There is no way of changing the day.
So, smile with a heart open wide.
Endure, and let courage be our guide.
Every Monday is new, write your
story and become the best you.



JULES DAWSON | YEAR 11



KIERAN GRAY | YEAR 9

SAUCE DAY
LUCAS PIZZINO
 YEAR 8

From before the sun has shown its face,
 I begin with washing the tomatoes
 Shovelling them from a pile that spans
 further than a mountain range
 While beside me I hear the energetic
 whispers of Italian gossip

Once all the tomatoes have been
 washed. It's time for a break.
 I have my breakfast while the
 tomatoes begin to boil
 They simmer, simmer, simmer,
 while I move up to the next job

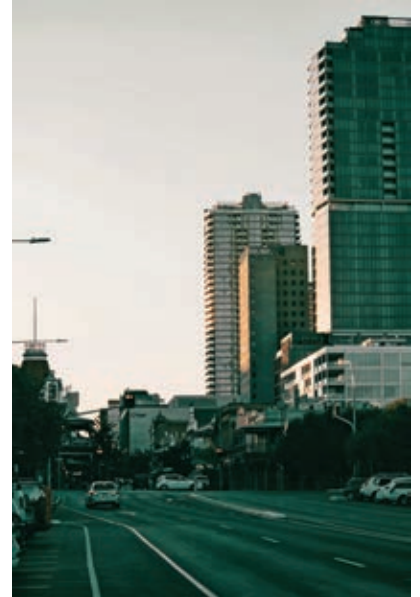
We pour in steaming tomatoes
 while someone spins the lever
 Soft, pure sauce runs into a
 clean container and
 the warm liquid fills up bucket after bucket

Then after that my aunty arrives and

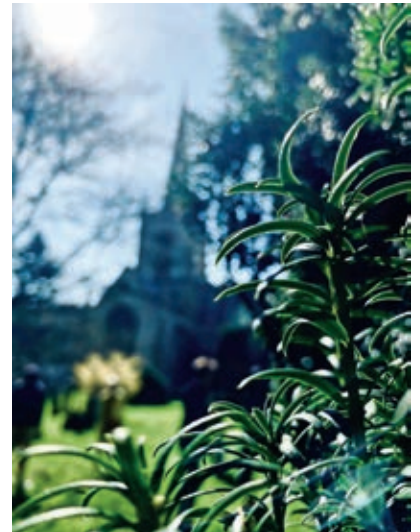
she sprinkles the salt which swims
 in the holy liquid and gives
 it flavour; gives it life
 After two long hours of hard
 work, the sauce is done

In celebration, we have coffee and
 taste the freshly-made sauce
 Even though I'm Italian, I don't like
 it- the sour taste of pure tomato...
 But it tastes of something
 that I can't describe...

The warm taste of success
 The warm taste of teamwork
 The warm taste of spending
 time with my family
 The warm taste that fills you with
 life, and make your tummy flutter
 a thousand times over
 The warm taste of love



WILLIAM EDWARDS | YEAR 10



KIERAN GRAY | YEAR 9

CHARLIE WICKS | ELC



ELIANA CHAN | ELC

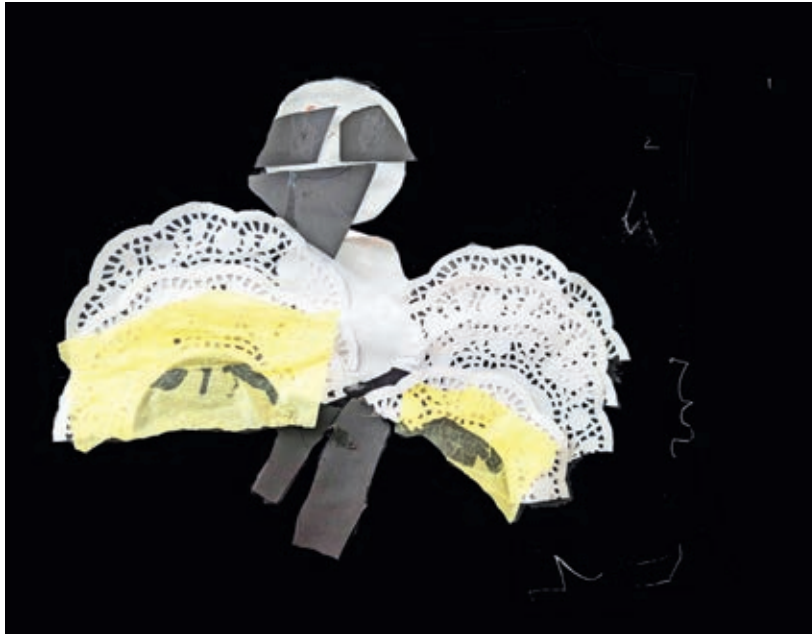


ELLIOT CUNNINGHAM | ELC



MAEVE BOLT | ELC





EVELYN STOLLERY | ELC



ELLIOT PERSIAN | ELC

A LAND WITH NO PEOPLE? FOR A PEOPLE WITH NO LAND?

AMMAR SHAHIN

YEAR 10

Part I

They came with burned blood,
blurred blood,
blood like mud,
blood like flood
that couldn't be dammed.
Blood from camps,
from clamps of the damned,
fled from rape, from ash, from skin.
Now boots kick doors where their cries begin.
What was done to them, they now rehearse -
a different child, the same dark curse.
they came with their guns,
and their anger runs,
in their sons and mums and
tongues and their thumbs.
and who knows,
who knows what this people may do,
shall the people that accept
them after this terror,
now grow to rue this error.
Will they come with their
scars, stakes and aches
and build a home on one another's aches.

Part II

So who bled first?
Does the question rot?
Is a wound still sacred
if we forgot?
They said it was empty,
silent,
waiting,

A land with no people
for a people with no land.
Funny -
I didn't know children's bones
were part of the sand.
They planted flags
where fig trees grew.
They drew maps
over names they never knew.
Al-Quds erased with every brick,
the call to prayer cut off too quick.
Camels in the postcards.
Rugs on the wall.
The Arab turned toxic, and sour
then turned to a wall and stoned.
A checkpoint
A permit, to the land they once throned
A number, that once represented
their slumber,
A gate.
A dream built on one another's fate.

Part III

They called it rebirth,
but something still died
Underneath every house,
a village and man,
lay dead.
Terra Nullius
I've heard that spell before.
That hex.
That lie.
terra nullius

No one cries, nor lives.
That's what they said back home -
Australia.
Wide, red silence, where bodies lay.
Where songlines screamed
but white men prayed
to blank maps
and crooked laws
that made graves into pioneering cause.
They came with crosses,
chains, and guns,
called it peace
until no one was left to run.
They called it empty,
but it was full.
Of stories.
Of smoke.
Of skulls.
Just like here.
They never say we took.
They say we found.
They say discovered,
as if blood makes no sound.

Part IV

And now -
me,
with these hands,
this skin,
these eyes.
Me, in Jerusalem.
A city split like a cracked fig,
juice on both sides,

sweet and stinging.
I walk the old city,
where stone weeps beneath sandals,
where wires hang like veins
between shadow and scandal.
The west:
clean.
Bright.
Full of hum and pride.
Cafes with cinnamon,
kids with curls and kites.
The east:
watched.
Weighed.
Walled in tight.
Shops shuttered under tear gas light.
I get sick.
Not from food,
but from truth.
From the way a city
can lie in both directions.
From rooftops where
church bells weep
while soldiers sleep
on stolen sheets.
And I -
just one voice,
with too many ghosts.
The blood still calls.
But now I ask:
Whose blood built this beauty?
And who bleeds for it still?





NICK IADANZA | STAFF

MRS GATES
ANNIE MATSOULIADIS
 STAFF

We were in the Office
 All Tabs and Windows open,
 But the bastard's Gates were shut.
 He wouldn't let me have a Word.

I sat there, waiting, waiting
 for him to load.
 He threw an Apple on the floor
 skimming its Surface like a Pro
 so I told him 'Go to hell' as he
 entered his millions into Excel.

So I decided to take back my
 Power, make my Point.
 Bill, with your Microsoft
 you only disappoint.

NARNIA
RYAN TAIT
 YEAR 11

A family adventure,
 One to remember.
 Exhilarating times,
 Hopeful signs
 To forgive and to fight,
 To redeem Turkish delight.
 Ties broken,
 Loss of friendship tokens
 With rain stopping,
 A blue sky approaching.
 A lion comes
 To guide you
 Through the night.

PICKING POCKETS
LOUIS MACINTOSH
 YEAR 9

The swift swings.
 the daunting reaches.
 In all sorts of things.
 at towns and beaches.
 The pockets we pick.
 the loot we gain.
 Through thin and thick.
 the joy and pain.

Picking pockets is a skill.
 it is not for the weak.
 You may or may not enjoy the thrill.
 but you may not speak.
 Tourist and local.
 Purist and vocal.
 Live the journey.
 Face the defeat.
 Minds think alike.
 Gods think despite.

HOME OF THE MULLET
FRED MARTIN
 YEAR 9

Home of the mullet, XXXX and Weber.
 Holidays to Bali. Anywhere else? Never.
 Watch out for our locals,
 The tong masters and the tradies.
 They've mastered the tools from
 before they were babies.

AARON LIU | YEAR 9



LAURENCE DALMON | YEAR 9



NOAH JANTKE | YEAR 9



KIERAN GRAY | YEAR 9



EDDIE LINDSAY | YEAR 9



TONY XIANG | YEAR 9



CALVIN ANESBURY | YEAR 9



TOM STUTCHBERY | YEAR 9

TECHNOLOGY ADDICTION
TYSON SCHULTZ
YEAR 10

The glare of the blue screen,
A constant draw of attention,
The constant expansion of addiction,
We can only wonder about the needs,
Wasn't it such a great idea?
Have the world by our side
wherever we were,
Talk to whoever,
Like whoever,
Be whoever
We wouldn't miss out on a THING!

Well, that's we thought
Constantly finding ourselves with
our hand in our pocket,
Devices screaming at us,
demanding a glance
Like it's our last chance,
Someone's just done this,
Someone's just broken that,
Someone's just got a present,
Someone's just changed our lives.
We won't miss out on a thing.

Like the draw of an arrow
The pressure in the back of
our mind builds up
One swift release and satisfaction

The arrow flies and the damage is done
We all just believe it's a bit of fun
There's so much packed into so little
Hours on end until we're brittle
Doomscrolling, something
we call entertainment
Harmless games for a small price
The bought price to brainwash us,

Snap out of it,
Your eyes will turn square
Snap out of it,
It's that damn phone,
Snap out of it,
You're not the same anymore
Snap out of it,
Anyone older than you thinks it's so easy
The glare of the blue screen
Adds fuel to the burning desire within,
Just so we can watch what higher
feats people can reach.
Haven't we ever thought to teach?
With the whole world still ahead of us
Missing valuable opportunities
Go take a step outside into the real world
See what a virtual world couldn't ever do
Embrace the warmth of the sun,
laying itself across your skin

Enjoy the ocean breeze as it sweeps
across the lush landscape
The soft sound of the wind coursing
through the dense forest,
There's so much to boast in such little area

The muscle memory of scrolling,
indented in our brains
It's like muscle memory and
been done for generations
Instead our brains have been captured,
Captured like the words in our
mouths, on the end of our tongues
Unable to exit and speak our
own words and opinions
A slick barrier in front of our eyes,
Blocking us in a way that we can't
believe the sky's the limit

It's like we're doing it to ourselves
The cannibal approach we
inflict on each other
We have to be with it to be in it
The glare of the blue screen is unbearable,
Yet we stare relentlessly
Why give up our lives to just a phone
When there's more than just a
screen to our big wide world.



PETER PAPAGEORGIU | YEAR 10

QUESTIONS FOR CHRISTIANITY ALEC HALKETT YEAR 10

I would consider myself a religious boy
Although I do not my weekly pilgrimage
to the place that is so holy
but I am not coy about what I believe
that Jesus Christ is our saviour and God is
our lord
however there is just a few things that leave
an unsavoury taste in my mouth

for example the Bible is
ample to discuss, there are
66 books in the bible out of the
hundreds that were left more
who decide what to include
with the other books such as Mark and Luke
one among the left out was the gospel of
Mary
who many thought was
unproper and unfit to include
with the other holy books
we shape our religion around this
book that was written two thousand years
ago

but they forgo any book that
would diminish their power
the same men also feared what
they did not know so they
dubbed it as evil and you
would get dragged away to
the land of fire and snow
those who are gay, trans
and of a different creed have all been
turned away and were made
to believe that they were
unwanted and were bound to hell
so many were thrown out of
their home by parents that loved
their church more than their kids
but in truth they were just scared
much like those who came for help
only to be violated by the ones
they were supposed to trust most
but the ones that are host
to the spirit, they have
a golden ticket to ignore
their teachings about sin that
they spread like a plague
although if certain conditions are made
Finally I close and I am sorry to
say but religion at its core is right and just,
with messages like love
your neighbour and all that
but through the years
people used it to their advantage
to spread fear and terror,
to control the masses,
and manipulate them to
do awful things,
and that leaves me with one final question
Can it really be saved?



MELODY MARSHALL | STAFF



JACK WILSON | YEAR 9



PETER PAPAGEORGIU | YEAR 10



KILIAN HUANG | YEAR 2



MATTHEW SUNJAYA | YEAR 1

BEAUTIFUL WORDS
BEN JOHNSON
YEAR 9

"An unlikely but very natural friendship."
They are the ones that last the longest,
They are the ones that mean the most,
Opposite to opposite,
A black to a white,
A light to a dark,
And Jewish to German.

DECEPTIVE WORDS
HARRY HOBBY
YEAR 9

Deceptive words of dictators
Making my quick run to the
shops cost a pineapple
The weekly shop for the family is half a grand
This inflation, I just can't stand
These poor homeless people, left out,
forgotten in the cold, wet days that lay ahead
struggling for a place to rest
without a nice warm bed
with countless problems,
and people left in despair
we have a country
That needs some urgent repair
A needed vocal voice
It will make us all rejoice

LIES
LOUIS MACINTOSH
YEAR 9

How could the government provide
so little certainty for a child?
How could the government claim false
advertising and do the complete opposite?
Why do we vote for the people?
Why do we trust these people?
They're meant to build our future.
They're meant to look after us.
They're all for the money.
All for the fame
All for the wants.
None for the blame.
We are all, none to depict.
We are Australia, the country of hope.





PERRY CHEN | YEAR 6

WHY STUDY POETRY MISS?

LAURA KELLY

STAFF

Poetry is mystery.
 It's art. It's maths. It's history.
 It's every advancement of humankind,
 Wrapped in rhythm and
 tied with the twine of
 words that stretch but never reach
 the ever further receding breach
 Between who we are and
 what we could be.
 It's the universal language of
 heartbreak and grief.
 It holds in its soul the glorious brief
 history of human time.
 From ape to thinker to something divine,
 and hard to define.
 The words are our gemstones,
 the rhythm our mine.
 The poems the cost of the
 pain that we share
 The reminder that we breathe
 in more than just air.
 We are shared
 We are language
 We are stories by fires
 Told by strange mother tongues
 Stretching back through all time.
 We are all Scheherazade
 Holding off death
 With one more story
 One more time
 Wrapped in rhythm, tied with twine.
 One day you're going to live so long
 And love so hard
 And fall upon such painful shards of life
 You'll long for the days
 You did not need
 what poetry gives.
 What poetry takes.
 What poetry lives inside the

Tick tick ticking of
 The iambic pentameter of
 Your heart in your hand.
 When feelings build inside your bones
 When darkness threatens to overthrow
 When you are imprisoned inside your skin
 The cells your cell
 For living in
 That darkest night of your young soul
 Will make your heart pulse clarion calls
 To music, lyrics, lines of verse.
 But you'll find the lines of comfort worse.
 At first.
 Like a bruise touched. A secret spilt.
 Yet the miracle of seeing
 another person whole.
 A world inside their fragile skin,
 who used pen and ink and words and toil
 To tell that now
 or then
 or way back when
 Your pain was theirs and theirs was yours.
 Inside your boat, they've thrown you oars.
 Why study poetry?
 Because we make you.
 Why study poetry?
 Because you have to.
 Why study poetry?
 Because it's a relic from the past that
 your future is still mapped to.
 And yet. Another truth.
 We study poetry
 because the time will come
 you'll need to know that buried deep
 inside the sorrow and the bliss
 of this life
 There are a thousand clues and counting
 That you are not, and never were,
 Alone.



WILL LUKE | YEAR 10



WILL LUKE | YEAR 10

GERMANY
CAMPBELL BROWN
YEAR 9

I have Ger-many facts for, as
part of German heritage.
Being real I don't know much, just that
we love beer and our country.
We are good at rowing, with the
world's fastest men's eight.
It has a long history,
Both good and bad.
Berlin is the capital, the largest in
the world, with lots to do.
I can't use my laptop, so I have
no more facts for you.



WILL LUKE | YEAR 10

THINK
HENRY MITCHELL
YEAR 10

It starts with one click
 Add-to-cart
 New thing
 New bling
 That new jacket you needed for school
 That book for English
 Clothes for camp.
 It feels as though nothing stops moving
 What are you proving?
 But you change
 It's not what you need it's what you want
 That new car because you like the look of it
 Those new running shoes
 You bought a pair two weeks ago...
 So quick to see past your belongings
 Where's your flow
 Your mojo
 It's gone
 To see all the kids driving consumerism
 But you forget about yourself
 It consumes you
 Think
 What do I have
 Click,
 Another ad here
 More and more and more,
 Stop

What are you really doing?
 Think
 You wake up
 Scroll
 Fast life fast food fast fashion
 Think
 You reach for the phone
 and not your dreams
 You've lost your beam.
 A new t-shirt
 A new phone

Made by hands you'll never know
 You walk past buildings
 But you don't see them
 Think
 You count the likes
 But not your memories
 Because you can't
 You have none
 They are on your phone
 Only if you had known
 That one click.
 Think
 Want, want, want
 Your fingers dancing with impulse
 New sale here
 Be quick!
 Add to cart
 Your bank account weeping
 But you have no mercy
 All that of that controversy
 Click
 Add to cart
 Nothing you have is good enough
 Think
 You have clothes
 You have shoes
 You have plenty
 But what don't you have
 A life
 Think
 Mirror mirror –
 But it's not on the wall
 It's in front of you
 That screen
 There's no reflection
 For \$12.99 a month you can
 have that perfection
 Think
 It changed you

But you need to change
 For good
 You've forgotten about your
 life and what you have
 Delete
 Remove from cart
 You change
 You think
 Do I need that?
 That hat
 That hat
 Remove it
 It seems different
 It is
 No more impulse buying
 You did think
 You are thinking
 Not about others
 But yourself
 You're back in touch with reality
 Life seems different
 It's not all about the clothes
 The cars
 The jewellery
 It's about yourself
 Your dreams
 You think!
 Refund
 Remove from cart
 It's back to how it was
 Buying for what is needed
 Not what you want
 Refund
 Delete
 You bought that English book
 You now have that jumper for camp
 You think
 After just one click
 It all changed.





KESHAV BALACHANDER | YEAR 7



ZACH HENDERSON | YEAR 12



ANDREAS ELIA | YEAR 8



ZACH HENDERSON | YEAR 12



CHEWA MAURICI | YEAR 12



HARRY PAHOLSKI | YEAR 10

DESTINATION
RISHAB THAIRANI
 YEAR 11

I trust in the sun the stars the Earth
 My flags waving before me
 Up and down
 Up and down

Pain urges me to cease but I must find them

Forward I move
 Forward like time on a cool day
 "Fate will not stop me"; I pray
 Countless herds and pods on the way
 But all I need is a gaggle
 I'm making progress day by day
 But all I need is a gaggle
 Finally, nature has led me to my pack
 Diving in, I hope they are excited to see me
 I hope we can move together
 I hope we have a giggle
 But instead that gaggle flew before me
 My eyes witnessed such a cruel deed
 Now I must fly into the wilderness
 An independent life is what I need



JEFF ELLIS | STAFF

AMBITION
ETHAN CHEN
 YEAR 11

Ambition is the fire that fuels the night,
 A spark that turns the dark to light.
 It climbs the highest peaks with no regret,
 And carves its name where
 dreams and goals are set.
 It whispers in the heart, "Reach for the sky,"
 A force that pushes limits, dares to try.
 Through storms and trials, it holds its ground,
 For those who chase it, mountains become
 mere dust,
 Ambition's path is lit by endless trust.

ECHOES OF
FRACTURED TRUST
LIAM KRITHARAS
 YEAR 11

In the tender hush of trust's fragile dawn,
 A whispered promise, soft and glowing,
 Grows cold as intentions unwind,
 Revealing unspoken truths with jagged edges.
 The bond, once loyal, now fractures,
 Burdened by the weight of hollow promises.
 Eyes that once shone with genuine light
 Now avert, concealing their true identity.
 In the void where warmth once dwelled,
 In the echoes of betrayal haunting silence,
 In the silent remnants of what was lost,
 In the haunting reminders of trust betrayed.

MUSICAL MEDICATION WILL PLEDGE YEAR 10

Silence...
long or temporary, is louder
than words will ever be
so I fill each fleeting second of
silence, with a new melody
the cacophony of harmonic symphony,

Inevitably leads to peace of mind
press pause, on life.
Press rewind in time

You see,
headphones are made for ears
but my ears were shaped for them,
my ears without its headphones
is like a barbie without its Ken
It's childish, in a sense

you see,
as children it never mattered
the songs we listened to never mattered
the name of our playlists never mattered
favourite artists never mattered
it never mattered.

But when we are young
issues are too small to be seen.
See, kids in the playground
can certainly be mean
but problems can be solved simply,
with "Mum, can we get ice-cream?"
It never mattered.

But as you grow older
once small issues
become bigger, become bolder
there's not always someone there to hold ya.
I inhale my last wave, of my last song,
place my headphones back
into my cigarette holder.
And once again, the world seems colder

I guess this should be expected
sounds cannot be dangerous
yet I feel so disconnected
I prefer living in my own world of noise
where every issue is rejected
I'm elected as the peacekeeper
infected by the silence
injected with every ounce of noise
detected as the addict boy
repellent to thoughts so pure
suspected to have been affected
by something painful that no
disinfectant, can cure...
I'M ADDICTED.

They say when life gives you lemons,
to make lemonade.
The only problem with my lemons,
is I have no sugar to my name
music is my sweetness
silence is to blame

now music,
is an escape
from any mistake I've made
or blame I take
it's a drug really,
and without it I shake

but it's one that can't be prescribed
you see,
it's absorbed by the mind
before you even realise
it's simple.
An escape.

From an internal prison of thought
this self-prescribed drug,
is one that can't be bought
with this self-prescribed drug,
there's no risk of being caught
with this self-prescribed drug.

No risk of getting sick
I can kick back
click the next track
hear that thick kick
heavy bass drum
hit a drumstick
the quick rhythmic,
pattern
quite aesthetic
quite ironic
what's happened?
I'm sound sick.
I need, my invisible medic.

The soundtrack of my life
takes over once again
my peace of mind is gone
reality fills my head, and I begin,
to realise

that my medication
is temporary,
it doesn't solve the situation

my intoxication
of sound, Is no better than any
profound round of any drug

I am no better than any alcoholic.
For without my melodic medication
I would have no other chronic tonic to use
to produce, the same outcome,
as music will do

I am no better than any drug dealer.
or the lady down the street that
claims her pills will heal her,
and as her pain begins to slowly disappear.
Her life does too...

And I'm left wondering
what will music do,
to me?





MONICA MAGANN | STAFF



RAPHA VISCARIELLO | YEAR 4

THE DARTS GAME
LACHLAN LOGAN
 YEAR 9

A sculpted arrow shoots through the air
 It hits the board leaving me in despair
 I step up to the challenge with might
 Sending my opponents into fright
 Walking up to the board, I take a stand
 I line up my dart, feeling the
 weight in my hand
 Visualising my throw
 I scare the foe
 I bring back my hand to my ear
 Full concentration, I put aside my beer
 I release the dart
 A beat skips in my heart
 It cuts through the air towards the board
 Slicing its way forward like a sword
 Bullseye

FRED
FRED MARTIN
 YEAR 9

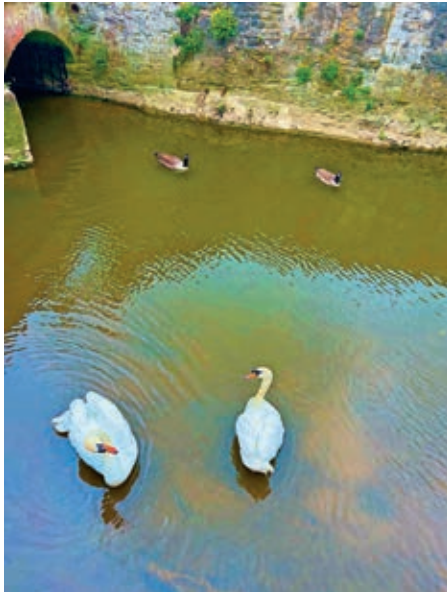
There once was a boy named Fred,
 Who always wore a cap on his head.
 He loved to play and never stay in bed,
 He ate his breakfast with lots of bread.
 One day he found a book that said,
 "Go on an adventure, use your head!"
 He ran so fast, he almost fled,
 But stopped to rest under a shed.
 He dreamed of a dragon, big and red,
 And smiled as he lay in his bed

SAME OLD, SAME OLD
TOM BALNAVES
 YEAR 11

The sun, blinding like always.
 The mood, dull as always.
 The faces, the same as always.
 Same old, same old

Barred windows live rent free
 Among the walls of the ward,
 Or is it just in my head?
 I am in too deep...

Same old, same old.



CHAD WESTBROOK | YEAR 9



WILLIAM EDWARDS | YEAR 10

SNOWDOME
KAI DALBY
 YEAR 11

A wasp buzzing relentlessly,
 A warm wind that never dies.
 A sun that never seems to set,
 An anger grows within me.
 I want to hurt someone,
 I want to tell them my regrets,
 But most of all,
 I want to dream.
 To dream of a better place.
 Crack open the snowdome
 And fall out of this world into the snow.

FEATHERS
FRED ELLIS
 YEAR 4

Feathers fall from above
 I catch one
 It feels lush and new
 The colours are fascinating
 They make patterns
 Soft as silk
 Yellow like a daisy
 A pinch of glistening pink
 That's how the feathers fall.

FREEDOM
NAPOLEON CONDOUS
 YEAR 8

Imprisoned
 Trapped behind bars
 No education, no freedom
 'Threat to the peace'
 You stand up
 Only to be shot back down
 You walk down the street
 Dogs biting, fire hoses spraying
 The fight for freedom never stops



JOSHUA BALACCO | YEAR 11

THE JOURNEY OF A LIFETIME MASON ENGELBRECHT YEAR 9

A hike which some might never do
Lay destined ahead of our gloom.
We traversed rocky mountain ranges
Dodging and weaving through certain stages.
We stayed on the left
And moved to the right
For something we do only once in our life.

We stopped, perched on a mountain
Loving life like a Grande golden fountain.

'Pop' went the tuna tin
And 'chop' went the carrots
This wrap must be enough for
us to finish the challenge.

With one hand carrying a map
And the other pointing at the
group we were about to lap
Only sharp rocks could turn
this hike into a trap.

As we hopped over the final fence
The joy, happiness and relief was
worth more than 10 million pence
Rankins Hut was in the distance,
And what followed would be the
last piece of resistance.
We made it!
With nothing more than our brains
and a slight tinge of pain.

For as far as the eye can see
No humans, no house for me
Only I, a hutchie and a sleeping bag
Lay anywhere remotely close
enough for me to nag.

As I look out on the great view I have
Mount Remarkable sat dormant,
And I was 100 percent all for it.

The poop spot was a pain
But my trusty spade helped me gain
A spot just for me,
For when it not only was a pee.

Now I reflect on what has been
A time of challenge, grit and determination
I mean,
When else in your life will you have a chance
To take it all in
And stab your very own lance.

I thank you Wambana for all you have done,
The past 5 weeks have been
a whole heap of fun!



REMY WORTHINGTON | YEAR 11



ANGUS SMITH | YEAR 11

TONGARIRO
TIM EARLE
 STAFF

Why oh why do we choose to tramp,
 to trails and weather we submit,
 each night sleeping at a camp,
 walking only to complete a circuit.

What gain profits, you may ask,
 to consider such a gruelling task?
 It is something I too have pondered,
 When you stop and count the
 comforts squandered.

Though I could be home in bed,
 and many weary steps circumvent.
 I'd miss rugged mountain and sunsets red,
 beauty film cannot represent.

Tongariro you've left me pondering,
 the hidden value of nomadic wandering.
 Hiking's more than a mere circuit,
 plus food tastes better when you've earned it.



DISENLIGHTENMENT
PETER PAPAGEORGIOU
YEAR 10

Dear Sir,
 Why don't you try?
 Why don't you care?
 Why do your songs start to
 sound stale and spineless?
 Why do they begin and end with mindless –
 Mutter that speaks with no meaning
 Or murmur that's built on a fake feeling.
 Care about the admirers who long for art
 Stop holding on to the days
 you caught our hearts
 Setting the standard for
 accepting what's weak,
 Like the writing on a page
 that's lifeless and bleak.
 Shame in custody of every
 attempt too far-reaching...
 Too ignorant to realise the
 silently lowered bar
 The world changes in weird ways
 But you still search for idolising praise
 You pick our brains and shackle our views,
 “No, it's good, trust me!” always starting feuds.
 But as the moral values begin to fall,
 The self-craved music and movies take a toll
 The money-hungry power starts to collapse
 And the rain that pelts down
 foreshadows their lapse
 To a future drought of ideas
 thirst to improve:
 Personalities of art longing for
 life to still disapprove.
 And there you stand, expose your selfish
 views, party at high altitudes while
 the cyclical issues of the world just continues.

Dear Sir,
 Why don't you see?
 Why don't you want?
 Why don't you realise and apply?
 Can't you pry or try to reveal
 the truth to justify?
 And why are our houses
 strained of all their talent?
 And any true art that remains
 will soon become absent..
 Like nothing has meaning or follows a road
 Like the time I'm living on is
 plastic and borrowed
 Just let the passion and drive take the wheel
 Forget about the chains and
 let your talent reveal
 We can smell the fake, the shameful mock
 The touch of lies that pelt like rocks
 We hear the forged, phony work
 and see that you are becoming berserk.
 But you falsely enlighten with
 your dejection to love
 Only to symbolise with a despondent dove

Dear sir,
 Why do you think?
 Why do you want?
 Why all of a sudden you want to share?
 Because in this world I know
 you are keen to care.
 And why did the craft lose its
 impactful influence?
 Now - all I see are dispirited
 approaches that are a nuisance
 But beneath these skies, there's
 fire dancing in your eyes
 A purposeful future, a boundless incline,
 Within these walls, you're willing to attempt
 At what most others try to pre-empt
 Be one of the few and stay true through
 And stop hugging lies that don't love you
 That feeds your self-esteem,
 it's secretly a curse
 Just let your gift flow free like
 the rest of this verse
 Disenlightenment: the act of
 lifelessly seeking onward progress,
 the absence of desire to gain,
 Expectations of effort beginning to dribble,
 A dereliction of duty pollutes our shores
 Starting to pedal backwards
 like a broken bike
 Principles decline, a burnt-out spark - slowly
 we'll begin to apologise in advance

Dear sir,
 You are not just a man whose soul has died,
 But waiting to catch up, a body, left behind.

THE MASK
EDWARD MARKS
 YEAR 10

Today I woke up searching
 I was urging to find the mask
 (Sigh) I know it will get better, but I don't know
 when this will become a thing of the past
 I do know this mask will become
 a thing of the future

Look at us here now
 The world creates a view that the
 front seems to relate to the mask
 And the back, seems to
 segregate to the mask
 Closed, disconnected, quiet.
 Energetic, confident, vibrant.
 Take a guess
 Who wearing the mask
 The truth is we don't know
 Until we ask
 What does it feel like to wear the real mask?
 This question it ignores the outside
 and digs into the inside
 The truth is... we don't get a
 simple answer but besides
 Why I am bothering with this because
 isn't it normal for boy to tell lies
 We think that the dark clouds drift
 and then dwindle into clear skies
 But it wouldn't hurt to ask
 It would hurt not to ask

Normal people trundle through life
 While I slowly inch through life
 While Invisible chains lock on

While voices scream in my head
 While my thoughts are like a storm
 Wild and erratic
 While the voices repeat
 You're not strong enough, you're not
 able to climb out of this hole
 I follow these thoughts
 I'm left with scars

What's the point?
 To fight an endless war that I can't win
 Its defences are made to last
 I'm broken, I can't be fixed
 These thoughts never quit
 These voices never sit
 This is what it makes me feel
 This is what it makes me think

After all this unique mask is
 a destructive friend
 But he's my only friend
 No one like my friend
 I know people can't see him
 Don't worry he doesn't hurt you
 He only hurts me
 My image is not completed without the mask
 His image is not completed without me

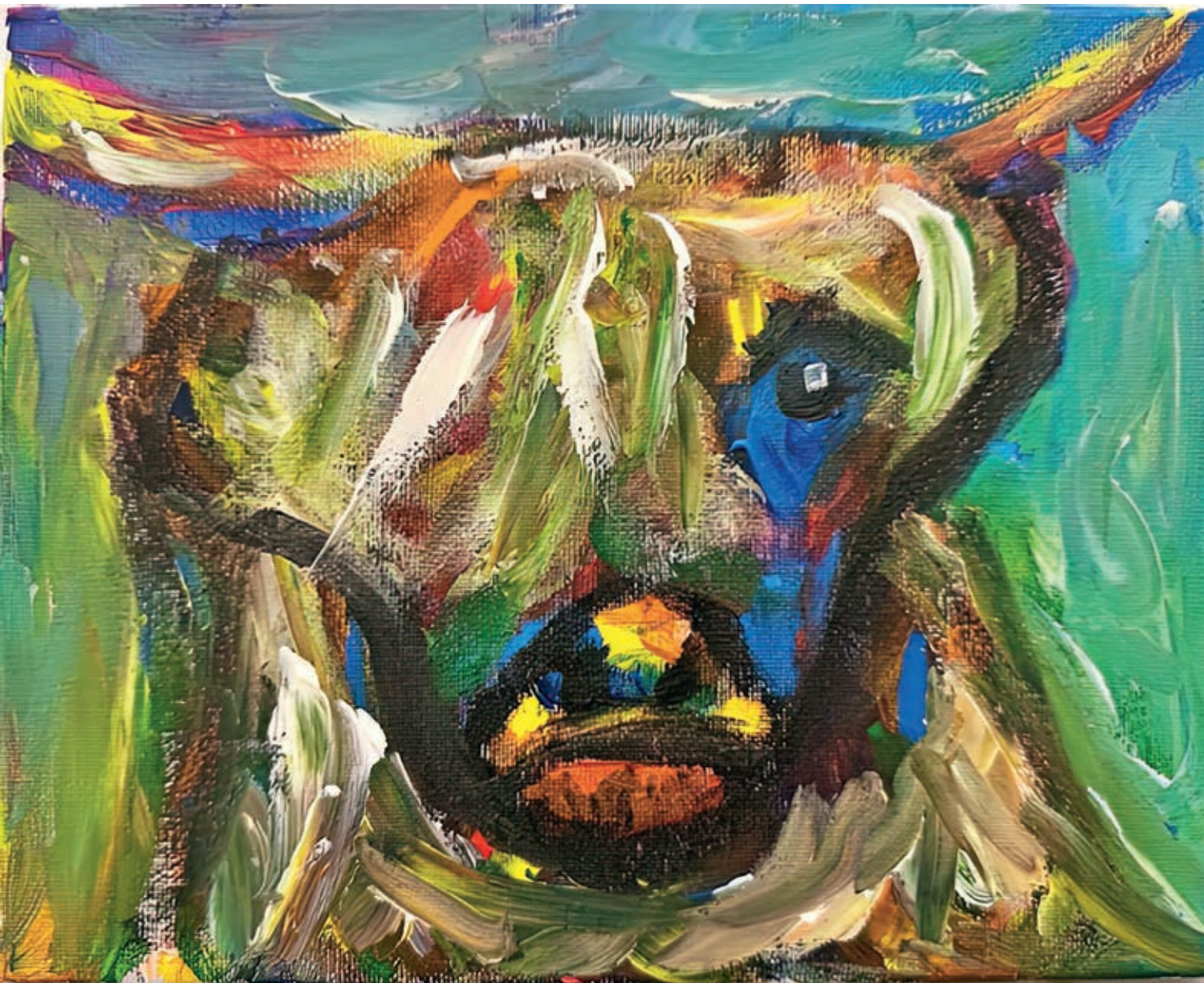
Yet I still have the mask
 Why, you may ask because it's easy
 It's easy to pretend
 It's easy to blend in
 It's easy to cover up with a grin
 It's easy to let the mask settle in

What does it take?
 Question from the enemy of the mask

The enemy of the mask
 Faces the victim of the mask
 The enemy sits in chair that
 cradles you comfort
 This enemy wears a cape
 His relaxing and calming
 voice ask me question
 He scribbles his ink on the page
 I share my thoughts
 I share my feeling
 When the mask is put on
 Where's the mask you may ask
 He is hiding because he
 knows he can be seen

The mask and I separated by a choice
 Do I continue to let the mask have a voice
 Continue creating a deeper hole
 and tricking everyone or
 Do I use the ladder given by
 the ones around me
 To climb out of this hole
 I grapple with the mask, I filled with doubt
 He's had more strength than me all my life

With the remaining scraps of strength
 This battle becomes at rest
 I won't quit this time, not ever
 It just the start of forever reclaiming
 Reclaiming a world without the mask
 So that tomorrow I wake up and I become
 a person that can't see the mask



FRANK BERWERTZ | YEAR 6

MAKE 2025 GREAT AGAIN!
HENRY YANG
 YEAR 11

A tariff here, a tariff there.
 Here's a tariff everywhere.
 I might not get how they work,
 But the world's clearly gone berserk.

The world's in chaos, markets dip,
 But I won't loosen up my grip.
 With the power that I hold,
 One by one they will all fold.

They call me a clown,
 But I don't back down,
 Why stop at trade, when I can see,
 Canada and Greenland: they
 look great to me.

VOICES OF A FUTURE UTOPIA
MO ISMAEEL
 YEAR 9

Express big questions with a young voice,
 One that will speak directly.
 To understand the truth correctly,
 And inform those who don't know,
 On topics that often go unknown.
 To disregard fabricated stereotypes,
 Call out the lies that wear
 those oh so sly disguise.
 To stand united,
 Never run.
 Together to thrive in our utopia.

A PERFECT PLAY
SNEH THAKKAR
 YEAR 9

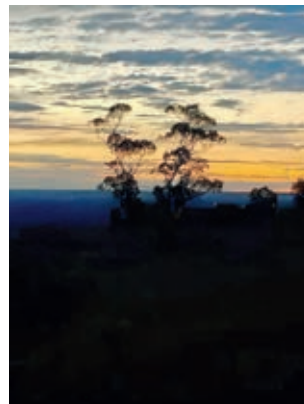
Life is a play
 A play of symmetries and magical
 coincidences, tribulations,
 and strongly affirmative
 resolutions.
 Is that not what we all wish for?
 A perfect ending to a perfect
 life that we all dream of.
 And then, we grow up. We face the
 harsh, cruel, and brutal reality of life.
 There will always be someone who wishes
 for your life, while you are stuck wishing for
 someone else's.
 Amid all this, the person with all the wisdom,
 power, and knowledge in the world is the
 one who stays true to their own identity.



LOUIS FIORILI | YEAR 10



JOE ARKWRIGHT | YEAR 12



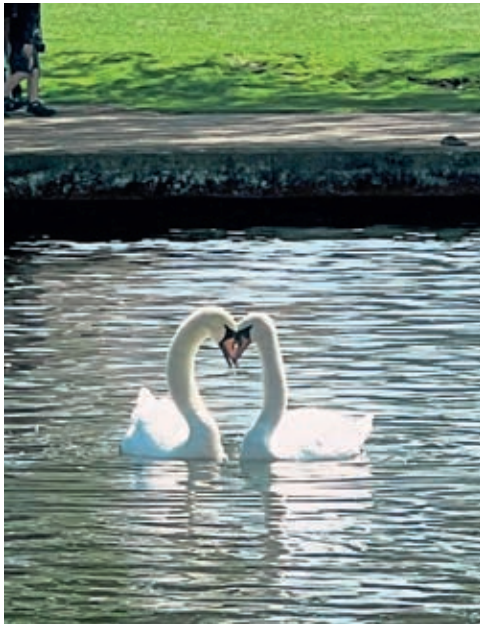
HAMISH THOMPSON | YEAR 7

I THINK I LIKE YOU.
ETHAN CHEN
 YEAR 11

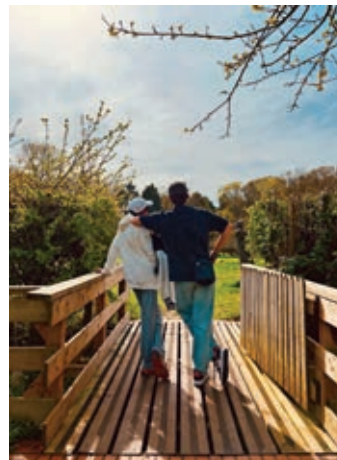
I think I like you.
 Not the way people say it
 to fill space or flirt.
 Not like "haha, maybe" or "you're kinda cute."
 No.
 I mean...
 I think I like you...
 in the way that makes silence feel warm.



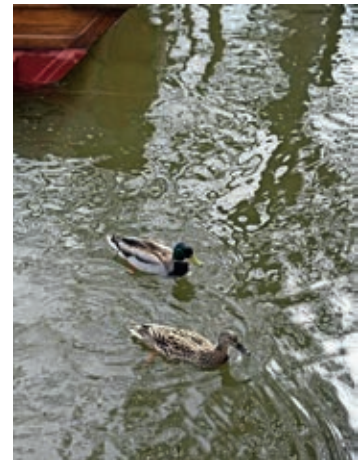
FELIX XIA | YEAR 4



ZACK HENDERSON | YEAR 12



JACK WILSON | YEAR 9



EDDIE LOCK | YEAR 12

WAMBANA
LACHLAN BAUER
 YEAR 9

Five weeks or thirty-five days
 An experience worth living
 in every possible way
 The sun was barely up as we sailed out to sea
 Our parents left at home,
 wondering how we would be
 No more electronics or my phone
 A world to see and a new home
 A tent and a sleeping bag, now
 my new best friend
 Wambana is here, and it's a
 long way till the end

Five days of biking left my bum sore
 The Trangias were ok, but the
 journals were a bore
 Pete and his bike, a duo for the ages
 The 2.8 challenge and letters
 worth multiple pages

Time for a change came on day six
 A move to the Wardlis came with some risks
 Four Wardli's or my Wardli four
 A strong community made
 from our very core

Soon came the surfing a new to me
 Falling or standing, it didn't mind me
 Early morning runs began
 with the sun not up
 A three, five, seven or nine, it might
 have hurt, but now I'm fine
 Then came the snorkelling, exploring
 a world under the sea
 Fish, crab and golden kelp all there to see
 At dinner, we had help from the Nannas
 Curry, roast or spag bowl, soon
 we started getting on a roll

Wardli inspections were very tense
 But good scores were coming,
 everyone could sense
 Then the thirties came flying in
 Our Wardli had the most,
 let's call that our win
 Shopping days were an absolute peak
 A bakery feed to end a good week

Thirteen runs or seventy
 kilometres of training
 The time arrived for eleven

k's of pain or gaining
 It was a mental challenge for all to
 fight, but we all completed it
 That sounds right

Now off to Melrose for a long day hiking
 This was fun, but still doesn't beat biking
 It was time for a night in a duo together
 A night we both will remember
 – maybe forever
 Now it's just me and my thoughts for
 twenty-four hours or one full day
 Then I'm done, this experience
 now over, I finished it my way

Thank you to those who helped
 along the way, my friends and
 peers for keeping it our way

Thank you to Liam, Leroy, and Jos – Brad,
 Claire, Michelle, Pete, Hobbsy and ET
 For making this so special to me,
 thank you for this amazing ride
 Thank you, Wambana 75

JEFF ELLIS | STAFF



JEFF ELLIS | STAFF



EDMUND MACMILLAN | RECEPTION



JEFF ELLIS | STAFF



REMY WORTHINGTON | YEAR 11



NOAH VARGHESE | YEAR 12

NEGATIVE CHATTER

MITCHELL BROOK

YEAR 10

You hear it wherever you go.
 The constant noise of 'negative chatter'.
 The kind of chatter that
 messes with your head.
 The kind of chatter that destroys
 one's confidence.
 Whilst the incredible games go unnoticed,
 The people who know nothing, focus
 and criticize on the bad ones.
 The kind of chatter that makes
 you livid to the heart,
 And gives you a powerful urge to
 comment something back,
 But you resist because you know
 it'll only make things worse.
 The kind of chatter that keeps you
 up until the late hours of night,
 Trying your very best to not
 believe what they're saying.
 The kind of chatter that comes
 from the 'know-it-all' at school.
 The kind of chatter that
 makes them feel good,
 But drags you down.
 The kind of chatter that makes you start
 to believe these negative comments.
 The kind of chatter that makes you believe,
 that all the work you've put in,
 has gone to waste.
 The kind of chatter that leaves you
 not wanting to go to school,
 Because you don't want to hear everyone's
 thoughts from the weekend's game.
 That leaves you not being
 able to focus in class,
 Because you feel your whole
 reputation is slowly being ruined.

However, it's also the kind of
 chatter that can drive you,
 Make you hungry for success.
 Make you thirsty to be the best.
 Enable you to pull the absolute
 greatest out of yourself.
 And enable you to push
 further than others.
 It's the kind of chatter that can make
 you feel complemented in some way,
 Because the 'negative chatter' only
 focuses on the good players.
 As much as the negative
 chatter pulls you down,
 It can also build you up.
 It can create you into a better, stronger-
 minded, and overall enhanced athlete and
 person.
 And that's the thing I've learnt
 from 'negative chatter'.
 It can ruin you if you let it.
 'Negative chatter' can cause people
 to quit the sport they love.
 Can cause people to not try anymore.
 Can cause people to feel as if they've failed.
 But if you grab the 'negative
 chatter' with two hands,
 And use it as motivation to get
 better at whatever you do,
 It can turn you into the best, most
 talented person you can be.

'Negative chatter' is an incredible thing,
 It's a teacher in a way.
 It teaches you one of life's toughest
 lessons and struggles,
 The lesson of not being liked by everyone.



MELODY MARSHALL | STAFF

The quicker you learn to not worry
 about what others think,
 The easier life becomes for you.
 For me I see 'negative chatter' as
 a positive, not a negative.
 So, with every comment of
 disbelief or 'Negative chatter',
 Comes another piece of fuel to become
 an even better person and athlete.

**LOOK BEYOND
THE SURFACE**
RAMON TRIAS
YEAR 10

Whether the cover's been kicked and worn,
Whether pages are ripped or torn.
"You should never judge a
book by its cover"
We look to the things that appeal,
Rather than things that are real.
They like to say "quality over quantity"

But is that how they all really feel.
Our world is full of judgement
We go straight to a certain verdict
Our minds with no adjustment
Like everyone must be perfect.
But who are we to judge?...
Putting people on trial,

But we don't even smile-
At them.
We start to hold a grudge,
On people we don't know.
Our opinions don't budge,
Our good sides don't show.
We see something we don't like,
We go straight to saying "woah" ...
No empathy, no feeling, just a plain old "oh".
Why do we do this?...
Like it was embedded in our brains,
From a young age,
When you're on a different page,
Your respect begins to fade.
We need to change this,
Shove it in the basement,
Find a replacement,
Don't rest your case yet.
It isn't right, not even slight,
We should be more polite,
Get rid of all your spite.
Everyone is different,
Different skin, different phone,
different clothes.
Maybe not all magnificent.
But doesn't change the fact, that
we're being so ignorant.



XANDER KAMMER | YEAR 7



ELLIS TWIGGE | YEAR 8

My mother once told me.
Look beyond the surface,
Don't try and find a purpose,

To hate someone...
 just from one occurrence.
 Looking through the surface is key,
 It's not what's on the upper,
 But what's inside is the real beauty.
 Remember that...
 Real beauty doesn't shine, just from one side.
 You must look deep inside,
 it's not just outlined.
 Someone once said "all the
 glitters is not gold"
 If you look through the surface, it may all be
 mold.
 If you look deep inside it
 may be freezing cold.
 If you read between the lines, it may be full of
 holes.
 Next time you see,
 A person who is free,
 A her, a him, or a she.
 Don't make an instant conclusion,
 Please... don't be a flee.
 Next time I see you, be the judge not the jury.
 See all sides, not just one.
 Don't slam the gavel, don't say it's done.
 I call it being "open-minded"
 I hope that we all find it.
 I hope this poem provided,
 helped and had you guided.
 And remember... to,
 Never, judge a book by its cover.



TAINIE MEYER | YEAR 11



CAMPBELL COWE | YEAR 9



KIERAN GRAY | YEAR 9



NOAH LEATHART | YEAR 10

HEAVY
WILLIAM EDWARDS
YEAR 10

Just say something...
Just say something
Just talk to someone about it
Just talk to. Someone, about it
Think of it like breathing
With bricks on your chest

Don't be afraid to share
They are listening
They are there for you
Just say something

What's the point in friends
If they aren't there to help
When you need it the most
It's not true
They are here to help...
Reach out to them
Talk to them
Just say something

It's a battle
Not in in a chain
But in your brain
Fight it
You must... fight it

YOU MUST...
Just say something

Your thoughts march
Like troops



ARCHIE MARSH | YEAR 7

Loud and proud
But your eyes
Are silent and shy.

Just say something.
Just say something...
You're not alone

Don't hide it.
Not from those close.
They will help.
But only if you tell them
So, please...
Just say something
To someone
To anyone
Someone you trust
Someone who cares
Just say something

Not everyone needs to know
It's often a silent battle
A solo battle...
But it doesn't need to be

When you have the right people around you
Reach out
Just say something

Don't hide it from those close
They can help
They will help
But you need to tell them
Just say something

The bricks on your chest.
Talk to someone
To take them off
Just say something.

**'ARE YOU WRITING
ANYTHING, SIR?'**
NICK IADANZA
STAFF

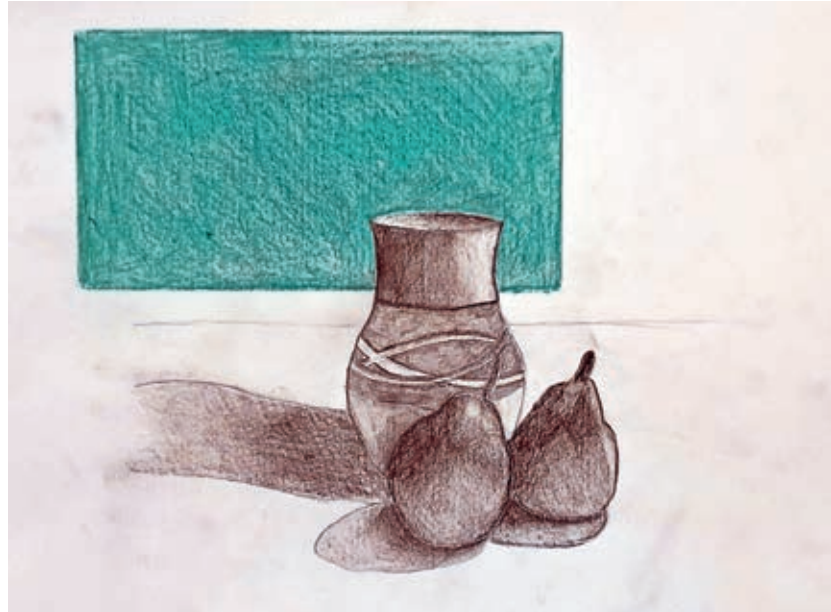
I tell my students to write.
I tell them to excavate the words inside them.
To pick out the bumpy gold nuggets and
commit them to the blank page.
Fear be damned.
Do it with wild abandon.
Do it every day.
Do it until your hand cramps with the flow
of your inner thoughts, hopes, desires.
Your words will shape your world, I preach.

'But are you writing anything, sir?'

The pause.
The blush of red. An off-hand baulk.
'Oh, nothing exciting'
Play it down. Slide that light under
a bushel lest the poppy be cut down.
'Not a book or anything', I say.
'No one would ever buy that'.

But they don't buy that.

Furrowed faces look up at me.
A hypocrite who tells them to scabble
for the pen like their life depends on it,
yet shrinks from showing them
my own desperately grasping hand.
I want to scream- 'I am! I am trying to
write a book! I've been trying for years!'
But I am too embarrassed.
Too scared to say it out loud in case its spine
never stares down from their bookcase
or from crowded bookstore shelves.
Because then they will know I failed.



ELLIS TWIGGE | YEAR 8

And that, I now see, is the failure.
It's time for that hypocrite to die.

So now I tell them that yes, I write.
A lot. Often. In snatches of time.
Between drop-offs and kids' sports.
Late-night moonlight rebellion
long after the house is quiet.
A dream that hovers in the mist ahead
pulling me down the rabbit-hole of my mind.
Now I tell them it's a book. It *will* be a book.
Maybe not for the New York Times,
but for my own eyes at least.
I tell them that the cursor is crawling like a
small flashing ant scaling the word count
mountain.
One letter at a time. Verb, noun, adjective.
My objective now is *show* don't tell.
Show them the molten burning urge to put
finger to key, pen to paper, goal to motion.

Remind them of the alchemy bubbling away
inside the crucible of their teacher's mind.
If I keep the heat on a shape can form.
If people know it started burning,
then I am forcing myself to keep the heat on.

I show them that I am proud of this
interior pursuit bathed by my laptop's glow.
It might one day be the lighthouse that guides
one of them to brave the waves of their own
pilgrimage to an unknown promised land or
page.

Shame be damned.
Time to walk the walk.
With wild abandon.
Word by word.

'Are you writing anything, sir?'
'Yes. And you should too.'



THOMAS HENDERSON | YEAR 6



JOE RUSSO | STAFF



KYRIE HOANG | ELC



AMELIA DODSON | ELC



MICAH WONG | ELC



HUNTER ALLINGTON | ELC



LIAM THOMPSON | YEAR 5

MIGRATING
ANTHONY RAPUANO
 YEAR 9

If you had to leave your own country,
 would you want,
 would you expect,
 to be accepted somewhere else,
 where you have a different address,
 but nevertheless, you may
 not be able to express,
 dress, have success or self-defence.



HARRY WILL | YEAR 8

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN
LACHLAN LOGAN
 YEAR 9

The world we live in,
 Deceptive, corrupt, destructive
 Ridden with lies, imploding within
 the borders of fragile
 humanity
 Controlled by few, mindlessly
 accepted by the rest.
 The world we live in,
 Eating out its own core, the creation
 of life turning against it
 A beautiful creation, exploited and polluted
 Manipulated by careless figures
 with no second thought.
 The world we live in,
 Collapsing into an endless abyss.

THE CHANGING MIND
MASON ENGELBRECHT
 YEAR 9

Deceptive words of dictators
 Oh, how they can change our mind
 We believe one thing
 Hear the next
 And bam
 All of our thoughts just change.
 We need to stick
 Stick to our mind
 Stick to our guns
 Because if we believe something
 That is all that is needed
 To live a great
 Happy
 Enjoyable life.

**WECHAT HOMESICKNESS,
VERSION 3.0
MANI WHITE
STAFF**

My homesickness is backed up to the cloud,
auto-updating in the dead of night—
"The dew turns white from tonight on"
yet Apple's system insists on
mistranslating the lunar calendar
into the wrong solar term.
Tai chi on a yoga mat
traces the arc of the firewall.
On the other end of the VPN,

Mother sends a 60-second square formation.

I long-press to convert to text
but out comes

a tangle of Tang Dynasty gibberish.
Lipstick stains the rim of a coffee cup
like a postmark never fully pressed.
"Life between heaven and earth"
my visa, tucked in my wallet,
has grown its own tree rings.

Yet a kangaroo and an emu
hold up a shield still
cannot recognise

Yangtze water in my fingerprints.
Until the robot vacuum
shatters a Jingdezhen porcelain bowl,
and thirty years plus of time
suddenly live-streams, in 4K,
childhood cooking smoke
through the cracks.



JOE ARKWRIGHT | YEAR 12



YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF TIME
HARRY PAHOLSKI
YEAR 10

In front of me,
 A railway track
 Stretches a lifetime, or so, to the horizon.
 Dotting its side
 like the leaves of an ivy vine
 "one, two, three" hundred
 thousand, or so, stations,
 All awaiting my disembarkment.

By my side, a red button,
 A big bright button, begging to be pushed
 Beckoning my hand but I know better
 For Inscribed in my mind
 is the warning that accompanies
 this breaking device
 "Single use only"

I try the map of metro lines,
 A mess of symbols, shapes and vines.
 I spy on stations far and near
 I'm thrilled but taste a kernel of fear.
 Where will I stop?
 What will it mean?
 Would I stop for those in the train,
 Or for Me?

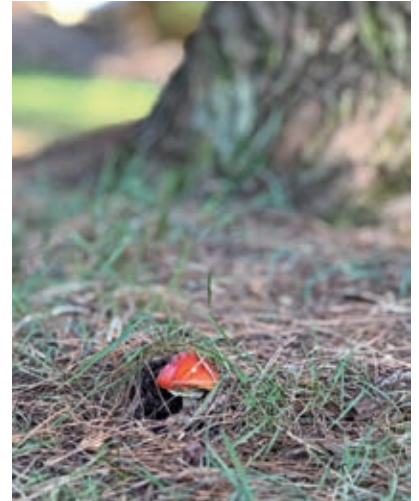
The first station approaches,
 The first "ivy leaf", a certain Ivy League.
 growing from the grapevines,
 the flowers of Prestige.
 A jungle of green where the
 money trees grow.
 Overseas, oh the places I'd go.
 But... I don't know.
 Applicants lined up neat in a row.
 Accomplish this, don't forget that!
 Where's your Olympic medal?
 What about your business?

The 25 years community service?
 It seems a bit much.
 Am I looking at this station,
 Or is it looking at me?

Even if I'm capable,
 Would I be comfortable
 Putting all my eggs,
 my hours, years, sweat, and tears,
 Into a basket woven of maybes?
 I contemplate the debate's weight -
 Yet waiting, only puts this first station
 In the rear-view mirror;
 Now for the next.

Oh, to be a doctor
 That's the dream, right?
 The dream I'm meant to have?
 But I was gonna fold my clothes on my own
 And now you tell me I have to,
 Well now, now it does feel like a chore.
 If wanted to stop here I couldn't be sure,
 Not with the voices in the carriage behind
 Screaming "Stop, stop! Are
 you out of your mind?"
 In the cracks of my certainty,
 these voices are seeds
 And my desire to help, gets lost in the weeds.
 And with no guarantee
 That's who I want to be
 I start, to hate, this fate.

So Law, plead your case,
 But please do so with haste,
 For this train has the same
 And soon you'll be out of frame.
 Uh huh, yessum, yep, makes sense.
 However, I'm a bit on the fence.



FELIX WITKOWSKI | YEAR 3

I can only stop once, and you seem alright
 But there are other stations,
 they're just out of sight.

Do you see my issue?
 There is no going back;
 I'm sat on the fence,
 But it's more like a fortress,
 And I, I have a fear of heights

So, panic it is
 The train hurries up
 I hesitate with every option,
 Tangled in vines of prospect,
 Taunted by potential, BUT

At least there's a few to go,
 Maybe, ten or so,
 Or so I thought,
 But there's none
 And this chugging steam engine,
 Running on time
 Keeps chugging along
 Leaving all lives behind.



TOM JEFFRIES | YEAR 12



NICK IADANZA | STAFF

TIME
HENRY ZADOW
YEAR 10

My time
 Your time
 Whose time?
 Too quick
 As days pass into weeks
 Pass into months
 Pass into years
 And we question, did we make it count?

As life goes on
 Sleep, eat, repeat
 Too repetitive
 And days blur into weeks
 Blur into months
 Blur into years
 As time waits for no one.

Weekdays, Weekends
 Don't end.
 But time waits for no one
 And you can't live in the moment
 Unless you want to waste time

Projects need completion,
 Dedication of time
 Needs to be prioritized
 Breaks feel like seconds
 As time waits for no one.
 And memories, like sand,
 Sift through the hourglass
 As time waits for no one.

Even if I had it
 I don't know
 what I would do with it
 I would have too much free time
 Which would become boring

Could I live without time?
 Maybe the clock is useful
 Maybe it isn't
 I want to know.

I fall asleep,
 And wake up immediately

Like I skip the pattern
 I don't dream
 It's too fast
 And life repeats
 Time waits for no one.

Time does slow down
 When it isn't required
 When it becomes awkward
 And it feels wrong
 To become slow
 Seconds feel like minutes
 Minutes feel like hours
 But it isn't needed
 It's unpredictable.

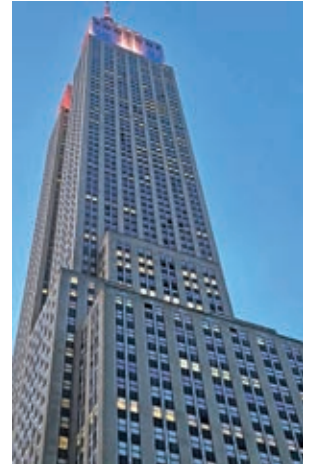
My head hurts
 But time can fix it
 You just need to wait
 But stress wants you to wait
 Long times
 Increasing pain.



CHAD WESTBROOK | YEAR 9



NOAH LEATHART | YEAR 10



KESHAV BALACHANDER | YEAR 7

Time waits for some.

Time can fix anything
You just need to be patient
But can I be patient?

As life will come to an end
You can think
Where were my hours
I was just young
But time waits for no one

As I say this
Time ticks on
Never ending
But you think
Too quick
Or too slow
But as it continues
Time waits for no one.

But time isn't my enemy
It isn't anybody's
It just does its job
Ticks on
It can't wait for everybody

Time isn't angry
It isn't wrathful
It isn't even joyful
It is neutral
Unlike others
It can't feel
Time isn't even human.

Nothing can ever be guaranteed,
Unlike time,
It is the only thing you know
That can happen
As time passes for no one
Time could stop,
Only if you don't exist
But that is impossible

Even at the death of us
Time will continue
As the ground will keep growing
Around us

Life wouldn't exist
If time didn't exist
As if there was no life
Time wouldn't be able to wait
It wouldn't be able to tick

If I called you time
Would you tick
Forever and ever
No, as you don't have the influence
The energy
The willpower
To have the effort
To be time...

For time waits for no one,
But I can choose how to live within it.



PANIC ATTACK
DANIEL FOO
YEAR 10

The clock moves, painfully
 slowly, going tick, tick, tick.
 The shuffling of feet, and the slight
 chatter amongst friends.
 And the teacher is at the front of the
 room spouting their regular wisdom.
 The presentations have been
 approaching for weeks,
 And many people feel confident in
 themselves to be able to do well!

But there's someone sitting there, all alone,
 Not focussing on menial
 matters like socialism.
 You see, they are here for
 awards and performance,
 And nothing in between.
 Why, you ask? That's just how
 it's been for their life.
 A silent echo imposed upon
 them against their will.
 What if, What If they were more than that?
 Something else besides grades or a score
 A personal goal to be something
 more than a letter on a page,
 Or a number on a wage.

But suddenly,
 From the corner of the room,
 A small nagging voice,
 Starting as a whisper.
 "Remember, you have to do well."
 I-It must be the wind,
 They must be hearing something...
 A distraction in the ears
 Or was it a familiar voice?
 Maybe it was their mum, or maybe their dad,
 Someone who just wants the
 best for their child.
 But does it really matter?
 The words still mean the same
 thing, regardless of who said it.
 Maybe it was their friend?
 You know they've got quite the
 reputation for being "smart"
 Do they have an obligation to
 uphold the stereotype??

 No. They don't.
 It's always been something...
 Expected.
 Something always there like
 a lingering shadow.
 Something always there like an ugly stain.
 Something always there like
 a stalker following.

The whisper had become a shout.
 "It's not hard you've done this before"
 "Come on, just try harder"
 "I expected better from you"
 Like an animal in a zoo, trapped
 in a false cage of disparity.
 Like a maze with no end, running around
 in desperate hope of freedom from this
 reality.
 It goes and on and on and on,
 in a crescendo of hate,
 bubbled up over many torturous
 years of struggle,
 A cacophony of anger and frustration
 and irritation and fury and rage
 Until nothing.
 It's all crumbled down, in a mess
 of fear and paranoia,
 Nothing's left at all besides those
 frozen eyes and blank expression.
 That paints a story more vivid than
 the best painter ever could.
 Crushed under the unbearable
 weight of people expecting...
 Expecting more.

IN THE FACE OF HUNGER

MOSEN FENG

YEAR 10

They say the world's got enough food to feed everyone.
 But all I see are empty plates and glasses.
 There's hunger in the soul,
 you can feel it in the air,
 Like the silence after a storm,
 but it's like no one cares.
 The rich sit at their tables,
 stacking their wealth,
 While the poor hide in the shadows,
 choking on stealth.
 They say we're in the land of the free,
 But what's freedom when
 You're chained down by hunger,
 and it's all just been pretend.
 They're the voices in the darkness,
 crying in vain,
 While we turn away, ignoring their pain.
 They aren't asking for a miracle,
 just to be at the feast,
 But the tables are tipped, and
 their hunger's unleashed.
 So, here's the truth, take a
 moment to let it sink:
 Hunger's everywhere, and
 we're all on the brink.
 They've been waiting for a saviour,
 but the only one they need
 Is the hand reaching out, the
 one that's willing to feed.
 So, let's rewrite the story, break
 the chains that bind.



CHARLIE BERMINGHAM | YEAR 8

End this issue and help rewind.
 We're talking about a world where
 the clock's ticking fast,
 Where the hourglass spills hope,
 and it's running out of glass.
 You've seen the children with
 their bellies swollen wide,
 And we turn a blind eye, like it's
 not our fight, not our pride.
 This isn't just famine on the
 surface, it's deep in the veins.
 A hunger for justice, for dignity,
 for breaking these chains.
 We keep raising the flag, but
 we stand idle as it falls,
 When people can't eat, no one's free at all.
 So, no more excuses, no



JASPER ARNOLD-CHAMNEY | YEAR 9

more waiting for signs,
 Hunger isn't just a problem –
 it's a state of the mind.
 We yearn for action, for empathy and grace,
 Not charity, but justice, to
 restore human race.
 Let's tear down the walls built
 by greed and disdain,
 And plant seeds of compassion
 to help them sustain.
 Hunger's is a haunting, it's a
 face you can't ignore,
 Let's face equality, because we're
 worth so much more.
 Break the silence, and let the change begin.
 Because hunger's a battle we can
 only win when we stand as kin.

CIVIL RIGHTS
BEN PRESCOTT
YEAR 8

These very bars
Separating, discriminating,
What is both the normal
One, imprisoned, away from
freedom, enslaved
The other, educated, American privilege,
Both the same yet so different

1960'S CIVIL RIGHTS
MOVEMENT
JASPER ROBERTS
YEAR 8

Hate, Pain, Ignorance
Freedoms final effort
The fire of words
The drums of oppression
Black and White.

BERMINGHAM,
ALABAMA 1962
OLIVER BROOKSBY
YEAR 8

Gun shots echo, as the crowd
shouts and screams
Trapped because of what they believe
Military standing against all colour
Riots form between black and white
Freedom riders arrested
Whites thinking it's alright
While washing away what's right



JACK WILSON | YEAR 9



LACHLAN GARDINER | YEAR 9

PROMISES
HUGO SHAW
 YEAR 11

I'll admit it, I will
 I have a lack of good judgement
 I was naïve
 I should've known better, I
 should've seen the signs.
 He claimed that he had my back
 If he swore on his life, then why did
 I find him holding the knife?
 Why did I hear of him talking
 behind my back?
 Time.
 They told me that time would heal
 I tried to, but how could anything ever heal?
 So I ran. I was scared. I was alone.
 He took everything while I
 was left with nothing.
 I was nobody. He was a fan favourite.
 I was a violin and he played it.
 An olive branch was extended, but I
 can't trust what my mind tells me.
 I already learnt that lesson once.

TOOTH AND NAIL
TAINÉ MEYER
 YEAR 11

Tooth and nail.

 Withstanding hardship with heart-ship.
 Sanctuary through sacrifice,
 Love through loss.
 Success carefully conjured,
 Built upon blood, sweat, and
 never-ending tears.
 Yet it's that tooth on nail
 Which people don't see.
 Endless inner turmoil which
 Eats away at me, ripping through
 Delicate insecurities and the fear of

 Failure.
 Like nail on tooth,

 Grating down my morality and determination,
 Leaving only bare nerves and naked truths
 Desperately hidden behind
 what we fought for,
 Tooth and nail.

THROUGH THE STORM
MAX SAMPSON
 YEAR 11

A necklace of comfort, soft and near
 United by friendship, hope begins to clear.
 We suffer, we weep, yet we still rise.
 Writing as a group, where we find ties.
 The raining sounds, serve as a gentle call,
 Joined by connection, we stand tall.
 Just like butterflies, we spread our wings,
 Deep into the night, our hope, sings.



CHRIS DAVI | YEAR 11



CARTER GERECKE | YEAR 9



PETER PAPAGEORGIU | YEAR 10

WHISPERS OF DISSENT
FINN MCNALLY
 YEAR 9

The place where quiet stands
 as whispers wane,
 Beneath the shadow of four towers, tall.

In a land where all is cast in the shadows,
 To dream about breaking away is daring.
 Beneath heavy chains and
 through steal-blue skies.

A murmured strain, a quiet surge of thinking.
 To leave the watchful gaze, to
 where freedom flows.
 A burst of courage, with hearts now bold.

Along the roads in which
 recollections lay frigid.
 Where fear and enforcement spins
 truth like a deceitful web,
 yet a flicker of camaraderie draws us near,
 Surmounting the barriers of
 this turmoiled labyrinth.

A revolting beat in each advancing step,
 a war of secrecy underneath the street.
 To dare to step outside the watchful
 gaze the illusion of truth.
 Set us free.



SPORT
TOBY MUNT
YEAR 10

Sport is terrible for you,
 They said,
 It can destroy you,
 They said,
 Injuries could be permanent,
 They said,
 The stress is too much for you,
 They said,
 Theres so much pressure on you,
 They said,
 Early burnout
 Everything, for nothing
 few make it to the top
 And giving up on everything for
 a shot at the big time,
 Surely,
 thinking this is a crime
 Sport,
 Games we love
 Games we play
 Games we could play all day
 The people with us and beside
 Inside
 Outside
 No rules to abide
 Choice and Variety
 Playing, free of anxiety,
 Not feeling like you're stuck in court
 Another reason to play a sport
 Friends and mates
 Cousins and classmates

Friendships are born
 That last beyond the next dawn
 Different bats, fields and ball
 Short or tall,
 Medium or small,
 There is no one size fits all.

A language which has no bounds
 No words to speak of
 Only the love that is found
 People from everywhere gather round
 World cups and national glory
 To kicking a ball outside a college dormitory
 Going the Olympics
 Or playing socially with your friends
 It doesn't matter
 Everyone can play at different stages
 Whether or not this is how
 you earn your wages
 Just play,
 for the love of the sport
 Because you want to have fun
 Because you want to spend
 time with friends
 Because you want to make friends
 A way to improve yourself,
 And give yourself good health,
 And when you are on life support
 You aren't wishing you played a sport
 It could have saved your life
 The things that you learn

Are the things people yearn for
 Teamwork,
 Commitment,
 Cooperation,
 Are now of your least concern
 They aren't just limited to the field
 But qualities for life
 in which you now yield
 Running,
 Jumping,
 Swimming,
 Skiing,
 Kicking,
 Skating,
 Throwing,
 Whatever it is
 The more the better
 The skills that you learn,
 From the basics to advanced skills,
 The keys to a healthy development
 The things you gain from playing a sport
 Friendship,
 Enjoyment,
 A hobby to keep you in good health,
 The things you learn from playing a sport,
 Values that can help you in life,
 Not everything is about you,
 Nothing comes without hard work,
 The lessons that sport will teach you
 The reasons to play a sport





FIG TREE
ALEC GUGLIELMUCCI
 YEAR 11

Its branches, reaching out to my hand,
 The figs emerging on the lifeless leaves,
 The butterflies nibbling on its flesh.
 It has experienced it all.

Conquered lifetimes of war, love and peace.
 But once tipped on its side
 The darkness seeps back in,
 Not a crack of sunlight hits it.
 Dead but alive.

JEFF ELLIS | STAFF



ANSH TIWARI | YEAR 9

I AM A CYPRIOT
ZANDER ZACHARIA
 YEAR 9

I am a Cypriot, and let's get this straight –
 I don't eat Souvlaki on every plate.
 I don't smash plates when I get excited,
 And no, my whole family isn't invited.
 Then there's Mario-wait I mean Costas,
 But I don't think he's running
 a restaurant just for us.
 He doesn't own a grill, doesn't flip Kebabs,
 And he's never yelled "OPA!" at his job.
 People say Cypriots are lazy and slow,
 Like we nap all day and let life just flow.
 Yeah, we love Halloumi, that part's true,
 But we don't melt it on everything we chew.
 So, if you think we live just to fry,
 Sorry, that's one big lie.
 We're Cypriots stereotype free.

ODE TO THE TRUMPET
AIDAN CHEN
 YEAR 8

Simply irreplaceable, simply unforgettable,
 The shining gold gives light to us all,
 The terrific trumpet, remarkably remarkable,
 Radiant and brilliant, absolute perfection,

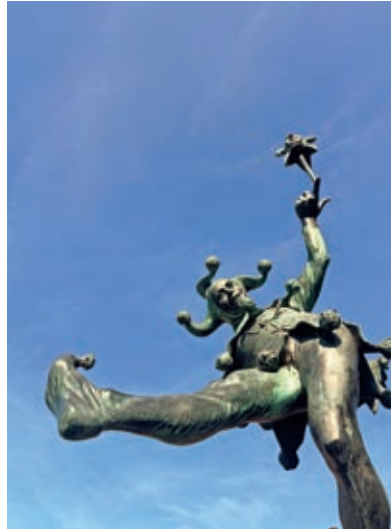
Dissonant at first, blasts of white noise,
 Yet with hours and hours of time,
 One masters their field, with graceful poise,
 Nothing can beat the heavenly chime,

Legends put forth their mastery and skill.
 By the trumpet, grace is magnified,
 Its greatness isn't run of the mill,
 It's extraordinary, it wins over all,

But time goes on, paint starts to dry,
 Replaced by modernity, slowly forgotten,
 After centuries at the top. Its
 legacy starts to die,
 The artistry, a distant memory,

The trumpet, the trumpet,
 the genius never lost,
 Ruling for generations, but time has its cost,

Simply irreplaceable, simply unforgettable.



NICK IADANZA | STAFF



JULES DAWSON | YEAR 11



NICHOLAS LAI | YEAR 10

THIS DIGITAL PLACE
NIKOLAS MUZIK
YEAR 10

The internet.
 A place for people to explore,
 grow, and have fun
 It's a place for everyone right?
 But does this place feel right?
 This place founded by people
 Conquered by people
 Loved by people.
 But do these people really know
 The reality of this place
 This place.
 Which is so digital.
 So digital in fact that this network of places
 Is so fun.
 It causes you to have fun
 And you enjoy this feeling of having fun
 Everyone has fun.
 But this network.
 Has an array of dangerous places
 These places which are portals
 Portals to websites
 And these websites which you think are safe.
 Are not.
 Whether it be google, Firefox, or brave
 All trusted sites.
 Nowhere is safe.
 These places so fake
 So, Digital.
 And on these spaces
 These fake faces.
 If you click the wrong link
 You download you wrong thing
 And if you open the wrong download

You get a firewall
 And if you ignore this firewall
 Your device is gone
 Your life is gone
 You, are gone...
 And these people.
 They take your life from you.
 You become afraid
 You become antisocial
 You become unstable
 You become, alone
 Lost to the mistakes of your own actions
 These actions on these places
 These places which you thought were safe
 These digital places.
 Are in reality, a danger to
 everyone who touches it.
 You are lost.
 You try to recover.
 You make new social media accounts
 You meet new people
 You make new friends
 You try. to recover. to RE-COVER
 But at the end of it all.
 You can never forget the horrors
 The horrors of the internet
 The horrors, of that digital place
 That fake, face.
 But you move on.
 You start a new life
 You live this new life
 You love this new life

This new life which is so good.
 So good because
 You feel loved
 You feel open
 You feel complete...
 You don't feel alone or unstable.
 You, are happy
 You still remember the old life.
 The bad life
 The cruel life
 The desperate life.
 But you push past it.
 You remember that life is like a book.
 You live through the bad
 chapters and make it out.
 But there is always one thing
 that lurks in the shadows
 The thing that makes you remember...
 Remember that one mistake
 Is all it takes
 To be sent back
 To square one.
 Square one.
 Of this digital place.
 This place.
 Which IS, NOT, REAL.



SLEEPLESS NIGHTS
DARCY SANDOW
YEAR 10

9:57

Staring out the window
 Vision shrouded in darkness
 Ignoring the clock,
 Rather than working against it

Pushing past limitations
 Working overtime
 Sacrifices are obligations
 One night weighs little

11:01

Staring out the window
 Desk lamp lighting a landscape
 turned black wall
 Blood coursing through veins
 In an exhilarating freefall

Burning through work
 Flow state in its prime
 Growing delirious
 Why refuel a car when it rolls just fine?

12:03

Staring out the window
 The abyss stares back
 Just keep working you'll be free

But the outcome isn't good enough,
 Rework it
 The call of the bed is just friction in the circuit
 Just keep working you'll get out of here
 I'm not getting out of here

12:48

The abyss looms over me
 But I really don't mind
 the colours seem brighter
 the world seems simpler

Running through smoke and mirrors
 Crashing through duties
 The only spectator, insomnia
 I can see everything and it blinds me

1:00 (25:00)

Insomnia has his arm around my neck
 He acts like an old friend
 Even when he signs the execution
 Of a disgusting deserter

He is becoming a regular
 An unwelcome one at that
 constantly asking questions
 the kind I don't have the strength to answer

1:34

My eyes are tired
 But my mind keeps running,
 like an engine with a lost key
 but maybe the one lost is me

Cogito ergo sum

I think therefore I am
 But I just can't think anymore
 So what does that make me?

2:11

I can't tell which to dread more
 Sleep or the lack of,
 Does a crazy man know it?
 Or do they notice the world
 falling around them?

2:12

So many things I could've done better
 So many things I would change
 And my mind makes sure I know it
 My head is losing a civil war

2:12

I keep losing count of sheep
 Everything seems so bleak
 I run away
 just to keep completing the lap

2:12

What do you do when sleep itself,
 Becomes a Sisyphean task
 It doesn't matter how long he must suffer
 One must imagine Sisyphus happy

2:13

Time is locked in a stalemate
 My body tired
 But my eyes wide awake
 counting down minutes turns to my escape

2:13

2:13

2:13

2:14

Like Midas and the touch of gold
 I wished for more time
 And in return a got enough to grow old
 A dozen hours
 A dozen hours alone

But not truly

As every step of the way
 insomnia has been trailing
 Although I welcomed him at first
 I regretfully, forgetfully neglect that his
 main job is to ensure and enforce
 Sleepless nights



JOE ARKWRIGHT | YEAR 12



WILL MERCER | STAFF



JULIAN DAWSON | YEAR 11

ECHOES OF CREATIVITY

JONAS BENNETT

YEAR 10

We have become diseased,
as someone with 2 degrees
and an expertise decided
to make something
that is unable to displease anyone,
they guarantee "this will help
better the planet!
This new invention only takes a small spot to
inhabit,"
but then someone started feeding it colour
palettes,
and now its caused quite the upset as it's

become a large threat to fret about,
now some people can't go without it,
I admit that it is a bad habit that's tough to
quit,
but bit by bit it takes a little bit more control,
it's already showing the toll it takes on
people,
it's a new kind of evil that should already be
illegal as it's not fair,
it's already everywhere,
people not wanting to pick up a pencil
arguing that

"AI makes art more accessible!" but it's
inexpressible,
incomparable to the real thing,
a recurring theft of our creativity of the
amazing activity that is creation.
People should be the ones with the
paintbrush and easel
creating artworks not on the factory lines
working themself feeble,
I refuse to accept art from something fuelled
on diesel,
I guess I just want a retrieval back to the
medieval
to when it took effort not to be dull.
Every time I go online I hear the artists cry
"This new AI is killing my demand",
we need you all to understand that we
still yearn to return back to a time when
the entrepreneurs haven't done this digital
crime,
a worldwide theft of unprecedented
magnitude,
we beg because unless prevented this
invention will take my job,
WE NEED your attention to cause an
intervention
before a time when none even recall what
an artist is.
And every time it brings me to tears because
I want to keep seeing people drawing their
interests,
posting their portraits upon Pinterest,
whether that be posting their 5 minute
poorly drawn diagram of a chair, or
something that's so beautiful it doesn't even
compare,
I want to see people's struggle put into art,
something drawn with their whole heart,
but we can't see that if we don't do our part,
so I ask, when will we make a start?



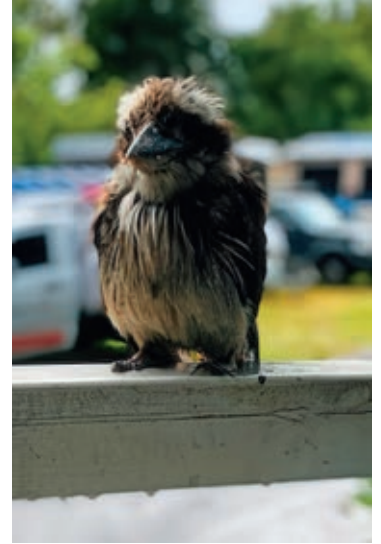
MARTA MATTHEWS | STAFF



WILLIAM SCOTT | YEAR 3



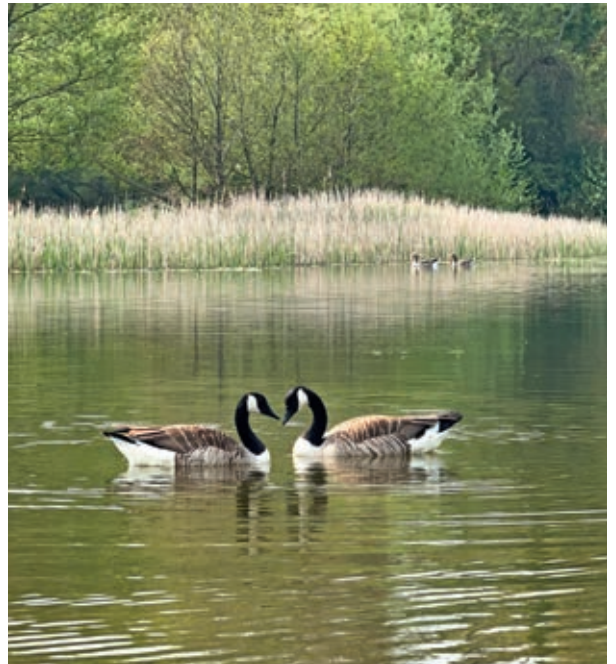
ZACH HENDERSON | YEAR 12



HAMISH THOMPSON | YEAR 7



MÁRTA MATTHEWS | STAFF



JOE ARKWRIGHT | YEAR 12

ARTIFICIAL
LAURA KELLY
STAFF

Robots will not take your jobs.
 They'll take your lives, they'll take your souls
 Wreak waves of havoc on us all.
 But robots will not take your jobs.

I'm not alert, I'm not alarmed.

I'm fearful. Frightened. All the time.

Of stealing futures from my child
 Of days tomorrow wiped of meaning
 All the while the data gleaning how
 to make our lives mean less
 Our phones do more
 The space between us growing broad
 A future without pain or struggle,
 A future where machines will juggle

All the major thinking tasks,
 The research, writing and the art.
 To leave us free for all the rest.
 The...what? The nothing?
 The gaping void?
 The time together?
 Now devoid
 Of any friction, any pain,
 A life of ease, a life of gain.
 Yes, rest assured my fellow data,
 mined together ever after
 There will not be our work to take
 It all *is* taken, all in train.
 So let me tell you once again,
 Robots will not take our jobs.

It's done, they're given, gift-wrapped too
 In all the features that once made you.

Progress, progress, always forward
 Never asking where it's to
 Or who will be there
 Who will lose
 Never looking back behind
 But seeking far horizon lines
 Of futures that I can't conceive of, wouldn't to,
 Can't believe
 I've let myself slip into trance, believe
 machines are just a dancing
 partner, but that we are leading.

What a lie we must believe in.

Robots will not take what's us.
 We're gone. We're vanished. Dust to dust.



**COMFORTABLE BEING
UNCOMFORTABLE**
TOM LOUDON
YEAR 10

Growth...
Physical. Emotional. Spiritual.
The pains of today
Could soon be the comfort of tomorrow.
Yes, the grind is hard,
And does put negative thoughts in your head.
But would I want it any other way?
People expect
So much of each other.
Our standards rise.
We crave perfection.
Our diets equal to athletes.
Sleep Schedules like monks.
Academics like Ivy League.
We're learning constantly
About ourselves and each other.
Growing to be able
To push through the pain and fatigue
And see the positives of it.
But at what point
Can we enjoy the time of our lives?
At what point is the work not due?
At what point is the training not scheduled?
School and sport.
Both so positive, both so vital —
Like a clog in an artery.
The build-up of doubt and questions
Trying to burst through



MARTIN QIAN | YEAR 10

Like a balloon pressed too tightly.
Like a bathtub filled and the washed
off grime and grit clogs the drain
You've been craving your bed all day.
You're finally in it.
And the words ring like the bell you crave
at school
"Is it worth it?"
"Will it be worth it?"
They don't get that we don't have endless
time.
God forbid we have a bit of time
An available second or two
To have a bit of fun.
Not perfect. Not productive.
Just something to look forward to.
"But training's fun — you committed to it,
enjoy it."

It's not that simple.
I love sport. But it's draining.
It is the epitome of fatigue
Miss a kick — decrease in confidence.
Holding the ball — decrease in confidence.
Not selected. Decrease in confidence.
I believe the world needs to be better.
Not at living —
But at respecting.
Respecting each other's lives.
Understanding no one's life is easy.
You're not always gonna get it right.
But I understand.
We understand.
Remember,
The weight of expectations
Builds more muscle
Than any gym session ever will.



JASPER YANG | YEAR 2

SACRIFICE
SAVERIO BLEFARI
 YEAR 11

Guns don't forgive,
 People don't forget.
 Their barrels release a cacophony of anger,
 Something this crippled land won't even
 outlive,
 It scars, it burns, it leaves a vignette,

It thinks that we will just forgive and forget,
 Mothers, Fathers, Sons, Daughters,
 Grandmas, Grandpas, Nans, Pops, Nonnas,
 Nonnos.
 Our trembling hands reached out for solace,
 As the shells of war shattered the silence
 within.

We awoke to a land of destruction and
 despair,
 As we recognised the ultimate scare.
 We reached for the cigarette,
 No matter the regret.

Its looming smoke was like a waning wisp,
 Compared to the pocket-sized projectiles
 That filled the night like a beautiful starry sky,
 The sound of war, weary and haunting, that
 lingers,
 As the howling planes ascend into the
 boundless heavens beyond,
 The gentle whistle of hatred filled its casing,
 Like an asteroid plummeting upon the
 innocent.

Our hearts heavy with anguish,
 Roads to rubble, Houses to ruin.
 Years of struggle, Progress only an illusion.
 In anticipation,
 Each garment was folded
 A shirt
 Some trousers
 Two socks and two shoes
 Only the essentials,
 Was all we could prepare.

So we packed our suitcases slim,
 And filled the nearest ship.
 We packed entire worlds into our mere
 briefcases,

Our humble hearts held so much more than
 The small leather bag in hand.
 We left what we knew,
 We left our simple life.
 We left everything but our own strife.

As the waves relentlessly pushed us closer,
 Each crash reverberated to our very hearts,
 And our minds raced as urgently as the tide.
 Each ripple tracing the lines on the palm of
 our hands,
 Each moment a precarious step towards
 inevitable closure.

Days dissolved into dusky nights
 Nights morphed into winding weeks,
 Till finally, our identity could flourish,
 In a Land of opportunity.

We opened our hearts to all we could,
 But no one on this land understood.
 Why we are here still stuck in fear,
 For this is Australia, the place oh so dear.

We tried to fight with hope in sight, through
 endless nights,
 trying to find the futures light, that we
 thought we held so tight.
 With each new dawn, we sailed the storm
 because what were we going to do
 Stay there and mourn.
 Treated like cattle,
 For years they fought, battle after battle.
 Only now I recognise,
 Their selfless sacrifice.



MANDATORY FRIEND
ASHTON LIM
YEAR 10

The little golden soul that appeared,
 That soon became my 'man'datory friend.
 So little, so small.
 So cute, so sweet.
 X and Os so pure like a dove,
 Only thing you feel is love.
 How could this change?
 How could they change?
 Like a light in the dark
 Their smile starts a spark.
 Nothing could change,
 Bonds so strong without anything to say.
 Sun shines blinds your eyes,
 And then it starts to rain.
 They don't want to play
 Always got so much to say,
 Mum or dad the federation
 gets you every day.
 Like a congress split in the middle
 Peace is like the needle in the haystack.
 So hard to find no peace at mind
 They follow to dry you hollow
 They stick to you like glue
 Once together hard to separate
 Side by side, ear to ear.
 It's like bothering you is their profession.
 However soon, your relationship
 will start to tear.

Asking where? Did the good times go.
 Like yin and yang
 We become black and white.
 They have started to peel off you, leaving...
 but also entering a new life.
 The silliness has fallen to silence,
 Their lovingness has dissolved,
 And Their happiness with
 you, starts to vanish.
 Like the moon they start their 'phase'
 Where they try to erase,
 The people close to them.
 Matured but still immature,
 Grown but still young,
 Smart but still dumb.
 He comes back happy but seem sad,
 Like a puzzle he holds the missing pieces,
 No time to have 'fun', always on the run.
 The house has finally darkened.
 As the days slow down, their face starts to
 frown until they become grey.

Stuck in the middle of Family and Friends,
 it looks like the good times has end.
 After years of bonding
 You grow fond of him
 Shake your hands through your hearts
 Your bond is like a piece of art.

The good and bad
 Sometimes happiness is when you're sad
 When you try to cover a piece of you
 A piece that he holds,
 When you try to cover a piece of you
 A piece that is him.
 And when time with him...
 starts to grow thin
 You look within
 And realise,
 You're too grown to fight,
 You're too grown to annoy,
 You're too grown to hate.
 It's finally quiet. You should be happy right?
 After all, you've wished for decades for peace
 But he holds your missing piece.
 Your holding each other while distant,
 Like a book a new chapter arises while your
 chapter together ends.
 But forever you'll be more than friends.
 You grew on each other by
 helping one another
 Now you soon separate while really, you're
 still together.





KIERAN GRAY | YEAR 9



MÁRTA MATTHEWS | STAFF

WE'RE ALL HUMAN
STEPHEN FENG
 YEAR 9

We love our kind of clannish loyalty
 But often fear and despise those who
 are strange of different to us.
 But why?
 Why do we choose to despise these people
 Just because they don't look like us,
 Don't act like us,
 Don't talk the same way as us.
 Why do we choose to fear?
 To be scared?
 To be afraid?
 We're all human after all,
 So why do we still choose to act like we're
 seeing a whole other species when we
 see someone with different
 skin colour than us.
 Why do we have to protest about
 racism when we're all human
 Can't we all just live together?
 To live a peaceful and happy life?
 To get along with each other?
 To make unexpected friendships?
 Who knows maybe you might find the friend
 who will be by your side for your whole
 life just because you decided to
 ignore all of this segregation stuff.



PETER SERWAN | STAFF

SIEV-X
TOM LAUBE
 YEAR 9

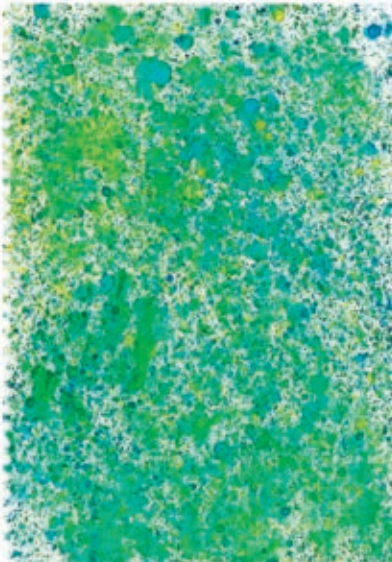
Causing 65 men, 142 women
 and 146 children to drown.
 The event that rocked the world
 like the boat rocking through
 the deadly international
 waters.
 The SIEV-X was brutal leaving a frown
 Killing family members even daughters
 Over 350 people dead
 Lets out more than a shed
 Breaking hearts
 which start to leave holes
 In the people that have
 experienced this tragedy.

WHEN I DREAM...
HENRY YANG
 YEAR 11

Dreams are that window of opportunity.
 It's that sea of darkness
 that waits to be filled.
 With the void that surrounds you,
 That calls,
 To you.
 And when I do dream,
 I forget.
 I forget to be sad,
 I forget my worry,
 And anxiety,
 And depression.
 And...
 But only when I dream.



JIMMY PULFORD | YEAR 6



FREDDIE ELLIS | YEAR 4

CAPTIVITY
JACK WILSON
YEAR 9

In silence they tread,
The damsels in red.
Trapped in a world, like a cage,
Unable to show their igniting rage.
Their minds, souls, voices too,
Are lost in the past, including
memories so blue.
No freedom, no love, nothing to own,
All they get is their skin and bone.
Their lives are like an open
book, yet no one sees,
Their desperate sorrow pleas.
Hopes and dreams went out the door,
As there was nothing left to live for.
An open yard, such a taunting gift,
A reminder of the life they missed.
Forced into a life so grim,
Hopes get drowned, and
spirits became dim.

A SENSATION
LEROY CONDOUS
YEAR 11

It starts
A quiet whisper in my head
It leads me, it guides me
I let it take control of me
A new sense of motivation
A new sense of purpose
It fills me capillary by capillary
Vessel by vessel
Soon it controls me

It captures me like the cunning wolf
when it's in need of food

Soon it is the power I thrive off
The fuel that awakes me
It is my guiding light
And it grows
I am paralysed without it
It cuts off my compassion
Suffocates my ability to care
Everything that used to matter

Doesn't
I must satisfy my ambition
There is no other solution

THE DEVIL'S DISEASE
WILL LUKE
YEAR 10

Racism, it makes some cry.
Racism, it's made up from lots of lies.
Racism, it doesn't matter about our skin.
Racism, get rid of it and let the
kindness and love begin.
Racism, let us destroy it side by side.
Racism, get rid of it by
displacing love and pride.
No room for hate and horridness,
just hearts that care.
Please everyone let's build a world
where all are kind everywhere!

VENEERS
HUGO SHAW
YEAR 11

If it wasn't to be-
They said,
Then why did you say so?

Choices.

They told me it was for the best.
My words, my thoughts
Left. Gone.

Choices.

So I let the ropes encircle,
Watch as the door closes,
The last flickering light dies.

Choices.

THE FIGHT FOR CONTROL
MITCHELL QUINTON
YEAR 11

The tedious repetitiveness of work,
The sleepless nights,

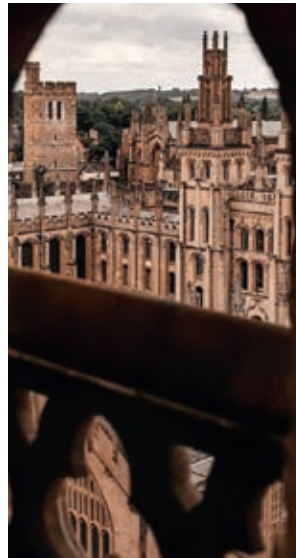
The insomnia is creeping in, taking control.
The thudding of punches
keeping me awake, alive.
The taste of blood becoming the new normal,
Slipping deeper, losing control.
The hailstorm raging outside,
The feeling of hopelessness,
Squeezing the trigger.
Bang!!
Freedom.



MELODY MARSHALL | STAFF



JACK WILSON | YEAR 9



ANSH TIWARI | YEAR 9



ZACH HENDERSON | YEAR 12



JOSHUA MANUEL | YEAR 9



LACHLAN LOGAN | YEAR 9



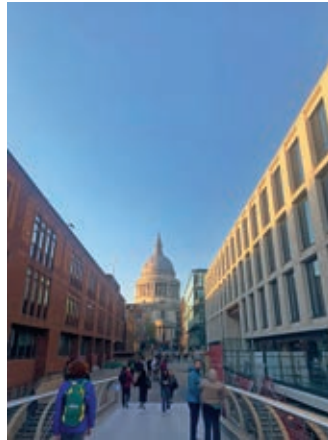
DONGHAO LIU | YEAR 7

REVENGE MY SOUL
ATHAN HARLAFTIS
 YEAR 11

A Friend, a brother, family
 Or so I thought.
 Someone I thought I could trust
 but it turns out
 that's not true
 Someone I knew well
 Someone I trusted with my life
 Someone I would take a bullet for.
 But it turns out,
 The bullet I would take
 would come from
 him.
 A stab in the back
 A broken heart
 A brother from another mother
 killed me without hesitation.
 Like a woman leaving, a man
 who still loved her.

His heart shattered into a thousand pieces
 as is mine.
 How could someone,
 kill his best friend and still live on.
 As a man of God it is no longer in my hands.
 What will happen to him?
 Someone I trusted

but someone who cared little about me
 What still happen is left in god's hands
 and he will do what is right,
 he will seek revenge for my soul



NOAH OSWALD | YEAR 12



CHRIS DAVI | YEAR 11

BONSAI
EMILY BEATTIE
 STAFF

I was never destined to be oak
 your savage pruning paws
 put paid
 to
 that
 fruit
 but I bore
 My Tender Sapling's Rage Roars In Her
 Veins She Shall Not Know The Searing Sting
 Of Shears



CHEWA MAURICI | YEAR 12

TERRORS OF KYIV

ERIK LIDUMS
YEAR 10

Russia are closing in on Ukraine's capital Kyiv. Kyiv will fall in a matter of days or even hours, Ukrainians step up and defend Kyiv, Kyiv shall not fall! Every Soldier from the armed forces of Ukraine And even civilians taking up arms building

Barricades, hedgehogs, blocking every Road leading to Kyiv the heart of Ukraine. Bang, Bang, Bang Russia's bombardment on Kyiv Intensifies. Air raid sirens go off all day long and never ends. Civilians have no choice but to hide in a bunker or even flee away from Ukraine. Every Ukrainian shall not surrender or retreat from Kyiv!!

Russia are closing in, Russia are closing in, Russia has Already captured Hostomel airport, This is bad now Russia can Use the airport to transport military equipment and their elite soldiers Into Ukraine. This feels like battle of Stalingrad, where Soviet troops cannot



JIMMY PULFORD | YEAR 6

surrender or retreat from Stalingrad as they will get killed. Then great news arrives at the start of March Ukraine pushes Russia away from Kyiv liberating surrounding settlements and even liberating Hostomel airport. That's when Ukraine proves the world wrong by holding on a capital And even defending at all costs. Then at the start of April the entire oblast Of Kyiv is now under Ukrainian hands. Finally, Kyiv is saved by Ukraine, Ukraine is saved by the armed forces of Ukraine.

FAHRENHEIT

OLLIE STAUGUS
YEAR 11

On a sticky damp evening,
A dumb fire horse strolls down the street.
Each drop of rain sizzling on
contact with his skin.
He did not know why the hound bit him,
However, he now knows how it feels to burn.

GREY
HUGO SHAW
 YEAR 11

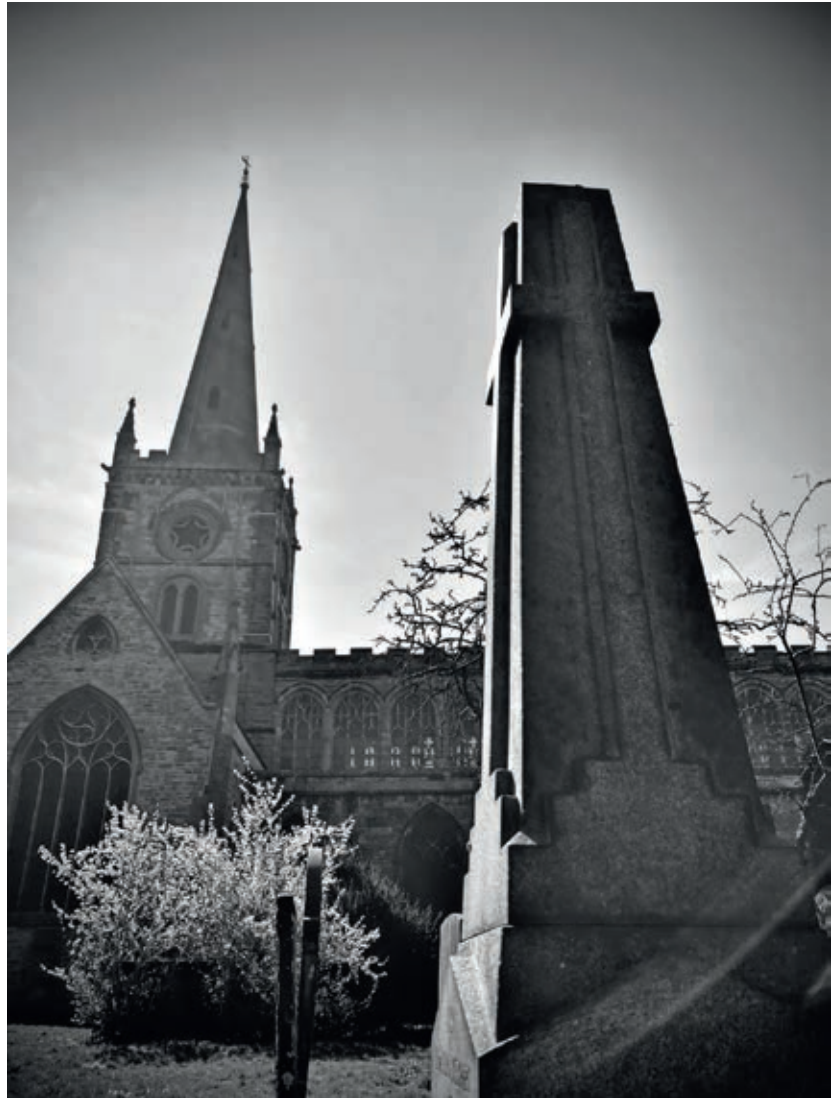
You're sitting there, the clock
 ticks monotonously.
 Tick, tock, tick, tock.
 The unfinished façade of the dull marble
 kitchen island protrudes out of the kitchen.
 Tick, tock, tick, tock.
 The phone buzzes off in the distance-
 Mum's worried, of course she is.
 You told her that things were getting
 better, but you know that's not true.
 Tick, tock, tick, tock.

The room is cold- dark, unfeeling,
 the air twisting and swirling,
 Shadows crawl up the walls, over the now-
 dysfunctional clock which once told you
 what to do.
 The blankets are white; the white that once
 layered the park you saw on that trip.
 You push them away.
 Pushed them away.

Your hands shake as the bottle
 rattles. They scatter inside.
 Take? Not take?
 Their once-smiling faces stare back at
 you; faces of strangers you once knew.
 The frame leans weakly against
 a single support-

You smash it.

The glass frees itself, sailing through the air
 You collapse on the icy floor
 Reach for the now-tattered
 photograph, faces torn
 The phone rings in the distance.
 Your mind wanders over it
 But you take the grey instead.



ALEC HALKETT | YEAR 10



WILL PLEDGE | YEAR 10



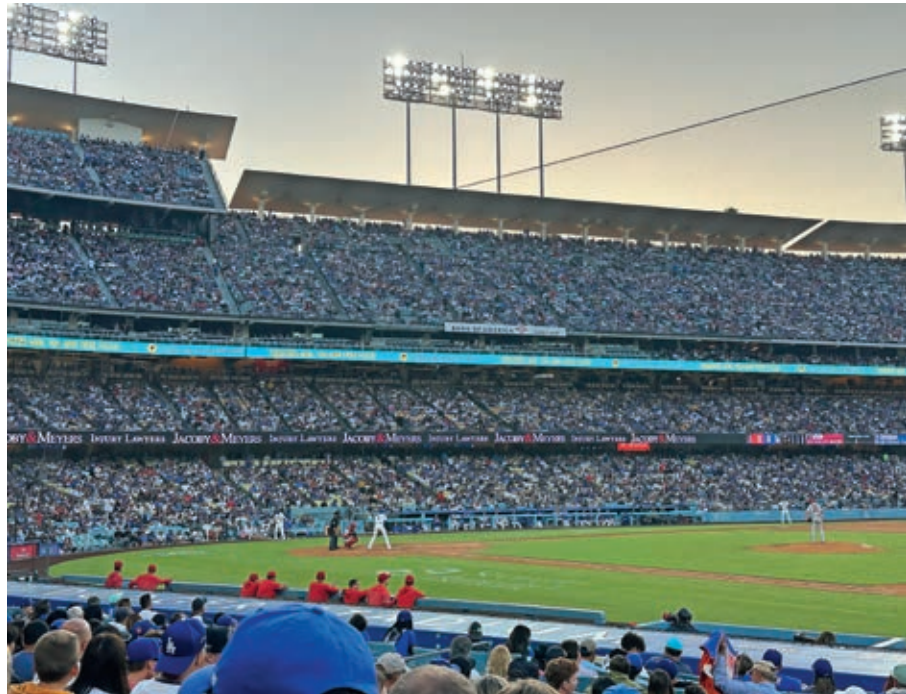
CHAD WESTBROOK | YEAR 9

HAIKU - OCTOPUS OLIVER RAESIDE YEAR 3

Octopus alone,
wants someone to play with him,
swims away alone.

AMBITION TO WIN ANGUS MILLS YEAR 11

The track awakens, a gambler's heaven,
They think of it like a profession,
Never comfortable to make the confession
Of whom they have got to win
the next, obsession.
The rush caused by the gates opening,
The crowd instantly focusing,
The hush across as they look to the screen
Hoping their horse will be seen.
Attention drifts from the screen
To the top of the straight,
The battle goes on between
The gamblers, as they wait.
The roar of hooves, a thunderous beat,
Whips cracking and stomping feet
The chance to win, ambition takes over,
The crowd edges closer
The odds, like a puzzle, a maths problem
No solution, no amount of volume
Will shake off the excitement and risk
Deciding which horse to pick.
Jockeys scream, urging their horse on
Yelling things like go and c'mon
Passing the post in first
Nothing matches the burst
Felt by the gambler when they win
Drawing them in
To once again be caught up in
The endless cycle of gambling.



HARRY TAINTEY | YEAR 11

THE SERPENT LEONARDO FABRIZIO YEAR 11

In castles where shadows creep,
The echoes of the rich and
powerful softly call,
Where greed, the serpent
wraps its coils deep
and lures the hearts of many to its bondage.

A treasure trove

Promising more than ever can be found,
Yet every chest reveals darker secrets,
And leaves the soul in ruins on the ground.
For the serpent, a beast with

hunger never fulfilled,
Masked in the facade of
promises sweet and bright,
Leaves the soul to wander through the night.
The key to this vault of wealth
I achieved at what cost
Duncan is dead

As shadows mock their once
bright, shining spark.

I suffer
For I am the serpent



ANSH TIWARI | YEAR 9

MASK
JAMES MATTHIAS
YEAR 11

A mask,
 To cover your deceit and lies,
 We were once so much,
 Now so little,
 Our bond broken by just
 your dagger's touch,
 You were my closest friend,
 You were my happiest memories,

You were my giving source of life,
 But all along your mind swayed
 Amongst the shadows, patiently awaiting
 A moment of weakness, to strike and
 Put an end to all that we once had.
 You were a fake and a phony,
 A mask.

DEADLY
AIDAN CHEN
YEAR 8

Trapped,
 Locked away,

The queen will never see the light again,
 Her sacrifice, for positional gain,
 They want to help, they want to try,

But they won't,
 They can't,

Yet the chivalrous knight leaps and bounds,
 In a desperate hope, a desperate dream,
 The enemies close in, ready to pounce,
 Their wooden hearts never stop;
 Relentless, merciless,

A dangerous trap awaits the knight,
 He knows his sacrifice,
 With a final breath, he faces death,
 Distracting the enemies, he's done his job,

The queen is free, they'll win the battle,
 His opponent sighs,
 "I resign."

THE OCEAN
AIDAN WITENDEN
YEAR 11

The ocean, so busy.
Just like a village of its own.
Overwhelming force, enough to
end 20 men.
Overwhelming force, and yet.
Overwhelming force is claimed,
and yet all I see is yellow.
A yellow dress.
The ocean, so busy.
Yet now it is so calm.
Is it her?
Why?

WHERE DO YOU
DRAW THE LINE?
TOM NEAL
YEAR 11

How far can we go?
Will you sail around the
world, drop the anchor?
Would you hide my gun, and
would you tell no one?
If we had to, could you
get to running to?
Would you be there in the
dark and lonely night?
Would you fight for me
with all you might?
Would you pick up my broken
pieces and build it back up,
When is the line, and
you call it quits?
Are you here for the good?
The broken-down bits?



KESHAV BALACHANDER | YEAR 7



KIERAN GRAY | YEAR 9



LOUIS FIORILI | YEAR 10



NOAH VARGHESE | YEAR 12



AVIE YAP | ELC



MATTINGLEY ROOM | ELC



ISAIAH KUMAR | ELC



MATTINGLEY ROOM | ELC



LANGLEY ROOM | ELC



JAMES MCDONALD | YEAR 9



CAMPBELL COWE | YEAR 9

ALL TALK
TOM DICKSON
 YEAR 6
RICHARD CHEN
 YEAR 5

Imagine a place where everyone's invited,
 Where we'll all be together,
 and we'll all be united.
 Such a happy place to be,
 with no racism to see.
 This world would be in harmony.

Welcome to our paradise,
 Where everyone is free.
 Smiles on every single face,
 What a wonderful place to be!

People say this Utopia's ideal,
 But it's just all talk, this place is not real.

When there's war and starvation,
 And hate in our nation,
 We must all take action to
 make this creation.

OUR STORY
LUCAS PIZZINO
 YEAR 8

It's not as elegant as the Asian
 silk of golds and teals
 or the fancy European drinks and meals

Sharp like a dagger, smooth as stone
 Etched all around with history.
 The hunting spear is our unique story

Passed from generations
 A bonding experience
 Quietly collecting our meals
 from the calm rivers
 It would be our dinner

Though it's not as elegant as the
 Asian silk of golds and teals
 or the fancy European drinks and meals
 It tells a quite marvellous story,
 The spear tells an Aboriginal story

It tells our story



WILLIAM EDWARDS | YEAR 10

THE ROAD OF FATE
OLIVER DUNBAR
YEAR 11

Threads of fate weave tight and strong,
A whispered pull, a silent song.
Yet will's defiance grips the reins,
Straining hard against the chains.

Destiny's path, a winding road,
Where choices bloom, like
seeds they're sowed.

But is each step our own to choose,
Or just the dance where none can lose?

A crossroads looms in shadowed mist—
Is it fate's hand or free will's twist?
The game's been played since time began,
But who holds the cards—us, or the plan?



GABE TEADSDALE | YEAR 3



JIMMY PULFORD | YEAR 6



CHARLES MICHELL | YEAR 9

GONE
MO ISMAEEL
 YEAR 9

Gone gone gone.
 One by one,
 On and on.
 The old start to disappear,
 The end seems near,
 Here stuck in the lonely sphere.
 We don't know how to get out,
 All our lives in doubt,
 Children scared throughout.
 The town we call home,
 Now surrounded by a large dome.
 No escape present,
 To those trapped within.
 An oh so unpleasant scene,
 Showing the merciless personalities
 of those who remain.

SAND
HUGO MITTIGA
 YEAR 8

Sand where the fish swim
 and the seagulls rest after fishing
 Where the pelicans come from the skies
 and the penguins come from
 the sea, who cannot fly
 Sand.

Sand.
 Sand where the fire burns
 and the food is cooked on the fire
 Where the people dance
 like stones skimming across the water
 Sand.

Sand.
 Sand where the white men
 marched their coarse boots
 And put their flag that cast over
 land like the devil's laugh
 Where the bitumen seals the
 memories and the happiness
 Of sand.

Where is the sand?

GLUE
LAURA KELLY
 STAFF

When days were small
 And so were you
 Our bond was bound with all the glue
 Of endless hours filled with wonder
 Boredom, laundry, chaos too.
 And your small hands
 stretched out to plunder
 All the worlds of gold on offer
 Tiny magic mundane moments.
 Our bond was bound with all that glue.

And now your days are dark maroon
 And navy blue,
 And be here soon, it's ten to two.
 You're moving all about a school
 As far from me as I'm from you.

But I've been there too.
 I've seen it all.
 I've loved you every Russian doll
 You've ever been
 Stretched back through time
 To smallest babe in arms, just mine.

Our bond's still bound with all that glue,
 From when days were small and so were you.



KIERAN GRAY | YEAR 9

LIFE INSIDE THESE GATES
TOM NEAL
 YEAR 11

Inside this place, days don't exist, merely
 endless time with broken sleep in between.
 Bitter and unforgiving snow,
 People's minds break before their bodies.
 Glimpses of hope are stomped out by
 the overarching thought of death.
 Cold mornings, Cilka hopes to die, "maybe I
 will be with my mother again," she thinks.
 Long and treacherous days
 she moves the ashy coal
 while crying out in pain, like a wounded bird.
 Each night, her mind wanders to the
 daunting question of "how long left?"
 Not of her sentence, that's been out
 the picture since she first arrived.
 But how long until her mind, body and soul
 give out, and Cilka is awarded her due rest.

IS THIS RIGHT?
WILLIAM ELDER
 YEAR 8

Crawling to a new future,
 Hoses raining down suppression
 and discrimination,
 Fights for equality and freedom
 Is this right?
 An opportunity for liberation
 Shadowed by immoral criminalities
 Citizens in jail for unjust reasons
 Is this right?

WANT FOR
CHARLIE BERMINGHAM
 YEAR 8

The want for freedom
 The want for opportunity
 The want for education
 Yet,
 Prison,
 Killing,
 Threats,
 Now, the want for change.

THE MARCH
JET YIV
 YEAR 8

'Son of a cotton farmer'
 'Grandson of a slave'
 Known as a threat to peace
 Everything we gave
 Locked behind bars of freedom
 Opting for opportunity
 Silence is our answer
 Yet violence is yours



JAMES MCDONALD | YEAR 9



JAMES MCDONALD | YEAR 9



REMY WORTHINGTON | YEAR 11



OSCAR THRING | YEAR 12



HARRY PAHOLSKI | YEAR 10



SEBASTIAN MIBUS | YEAR 9



VARISH ANUP KUMAR | YEAR 8

PAPER
FELIX WALTHAM
YEAR 11

Like the scrunching of paper,
Never to forget,
never to heal,
never to return
to normal.
a constant reminder,
a wrinkle still noticeable.
A feeling of loss,
an empty void,
because if it ever did forget,
those feelings would surely rush in again,
the building of trust never the same
again.
And if that paper did grow eyes and ears,
I'm certain that it would not forgive.
Betrayal.

ENDLESS CLAUSTROPHOBIA
LACHLAN DEARAUGO
YEAR 10

A cage of walls, a silent cry,
The world outside seems vast, but I—
Am here, within this suffocating space,
Chasing shadows, lost in place.
The air is thick, yet cannot breathe,
My hands, though free, can't seem to leave.
Each step I take, each thought I find,
Loops back, a knot inside my mind.
The window's cracked, a faint light gleams,
A fleeting taste of distant dreams.
But as I reach, the glass is cold,
A bitter truth begins to fold.
Outside the door, life sways and calls,
But here I stand, within these walls.
Trapped not by chains, but by my mind.

PREDETERMINED
ANGUS THORNE
YEAR 11

I can't be original,
I can't decide my own life.
Every turn I make, I am being
lead like a donkey
Fate pulls on the rope, Fate urges me on,
"Come on, there are greener pastures."
When all I want to do is anchor myself,
And rust away in the ocean of time.
Do we really have to work for all our life,
Against peace, against quiet, against silence
Or can we give in peacefully,
with no resistance
And let it all -
Go

EYES THAT BLEED
REMY WORTHINGTON
 YEAR 11

There is a shade of darkness,
 It screams your name at night,
 The bombardment of terror.
 We are in an endless tunnel
 Where our nightmares are our reality,
 The air swallows you,
 Leaving behind a trail of grey,
 To escape, to hide, to survive,
 Words can't save us,
 Rain pours in floods,
 The earth sinks beneath us,

A quicksand of doubt, where hope drowns,
 The thunder and lightning never end.
 The poppies start to bloom
 across our graveyard,
 A final resting place for most,
 Their last breaths surrendering with defeat,
 For we are the watchers,
 The eyes of the way.

TOMORROW
TAINÉ MEYER
 YEAR 11

Countless days he yawns
 Beneath the same rising sun
 Dull and stiff, he wonders day by day,

A repeated cycle
 Of shallow hellos
 And empty goodbyes.

A loop of familiarity; memorized familiarity
 In which his dreams hold his only
 Escape.

A repeated cycle
 Of shallow hellos
 And empty goodbyes.

Locked in a sphere cell,
 Tortured with rehearsed script,
 Prodded with forgotten conversation
 And fake, lifeless smiles.

A repeated cycle
 Of shallow hellos
 And empty goodbyes.

A repeated cycle
 Of shallow hellos
 And empty goodbyes.

A repeated cycle
 Of shallow hellos
 And empty
 Goodbyes.



AROUND THE TRACK HARRY HOBBY YEAR 9

The lights go out,
It's now go time
Around the track, the cars fly by,
the crowd cast their eyes intently,
And commentators stand in awe,
calling the race,
lap by lap,
some cars succeeding,
others failing,
cars malfunction with
mechanics left in despair,
the blast of an engine, rings
around the track
the skid of a tyre, the scream of anger,
all make this event one to remember.
the winner, to stand in glory,
sole
on the podium.



JOSHUA DARTNALL | YEAR 10



JOE ARKWRIGHT | YEAR 12



CHLOE CUFF | ELC

MASON CHI, EASON YANG,
WILLIAM DONG | ELC

NATE ETTERIDGE | ELC

ALBERT RADFORD | ELC



HARRY SEET | ELC



TED BAILLIE | ELC



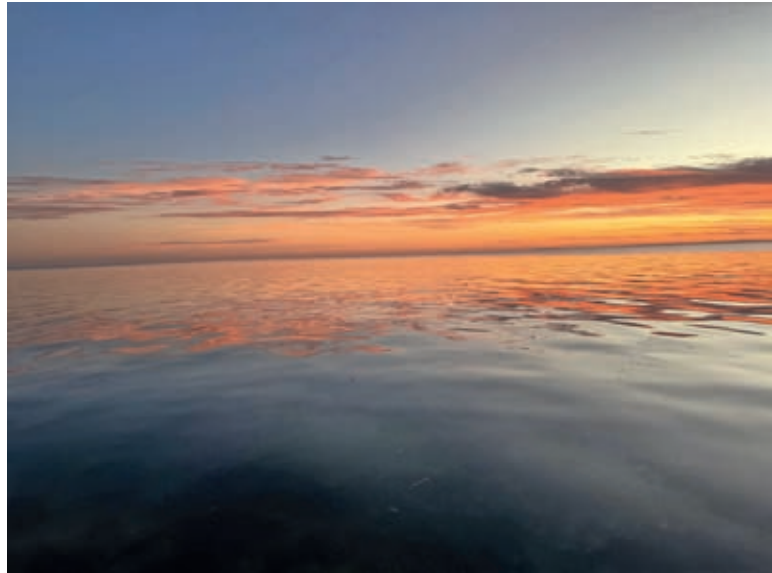
AZARIA CONNOLLY | ELC



ANDY ZHOU | ELC



NOAH VARGHESE | YEAR 12



OAKLEY CLUSE-ROBERTSON | YEAR 7

THE GREAT BLUE DARKNESS
CARTER GERECKE
 YEAR 9

As night falls upon the crashing waves,
 the booming sound echoes,
 echoes upon the near empty beach.
 The cold wind screams through the air
 and whips up the sand, singing the
 eyes of those that remain.
 The deep blue waves start to
 blend with the darkening sky.
 The urge to turn back is strong but the pull
 of the great blue darkness is stronger.
 With a deep breath the chaos, turns calm.

The water feels warm as the sparkle of
 the moon shines through the surface.
 The magic of what lies beneath
 lifts me up as I go down.
 The cry of the day has been
 subdued by the quiet below.
 The beauty invites me to stay but I
 know this can only be a moment.

WAVES
FINN CAREY
 YEAR 11

As the waves flow
 And the winds blow
 I search to find
 What is on my mind
 I cannot tell
 I cannot spell
 What I am in search for
 But it is there

The lingering thought in the back of my mind
 Feels like regret but it isn't quite right
 Feels like hope but it isn't that bright
 What I try to find is the right time
 Because now is not.

THE TREE STANDS SOLID

REBECCA O'LEARY

STAFF

Between night ending
and the sun yet to rise,
when darkness still lingers
but the day grows to size,

The Tree stands solid
with trunk to the ground,
its branches a canopy
and roots deep and sound.

Approached from the South
two blocks from the East,
scars become visible,
those left by The Beast.

Strangling the bark.
Vicious, like barb.
Cut through its being.
Cruel, cold and hard.

Injured and changed
the tree's not the same,
until you move closer,
each pace down the lane.

Its markings but shadows
cast by neighbour trees;
merely projections
and things such as these.

So as the sun shifts,
our axis on tilt,
you'll see it stand taller,
like a sword up to hilt.

ARCHIE MARSH | YEAR 7



CHARLES MICHELL | YEAR 9

JEFF ELLIS | STAFF



MORGAN PRICE | YEAR 4



TOM NOLAN | YEAR 10

SEARCHING FOR MORE
MAXWELL KAMMER
YEAR 10

Two Hundred and twenty strokes...
 Rowing Singles, pairs,
 doubles, fours,
 always searching for more
 quads, eights
 Here with mates and feeling accomplished
 The spray of the backsplash hitting your face
 The grunting of the drive...
 much as you can bear,
 All of us gasping for air
 Searching for more

Clasping the oar
 Legs burning, searching for more
 The cox making sure we respond
 Working beyond, known limits
 The woosh of the slides and a jolt at the finish
 Our race ending in a photo finish
 Oars placing Splish, sploosh, splash

5:30 am starts 6:00 pm finishes
 The sunrise you would die for
 Camps, Gyms, water sessions
 Final 250. Push with your mates
 as you all fly, down the straits
 Knowing you gave it your all,
 here on West Lakes
 Yet still here searching for more

Rowing is a pain contest and
 a survival of the best
 It's addictive, it's painful
 Everything hurts
 Everything burns
 Rowing is hell
 Pain is temporary but quitting is
 something that will stay with you forever
 If you're rowing, you're in pain
 If you let pain win
 you
 Let yourself down
 Let your boat down
 Let your coaches down...
 Rowing day in and day out
 All year round
 Searching for more
 Without rowing, who would I be?
 Not the same me, a different version to be.
 No early mornings,
 no drive anymore and no reason to wake
 up still wanting more.
 No burn in my legs,
 No battle to make myself the best I can be
 Without it, I would float with the tide
 Rowing gives me drive gives
 me pain, gives me pride
 Searching for more

GROW
JAWAD ISMAEEL
YEAR 6

A singular seed,
 Blown.
 Found a home,
 And made it its own,
 As the days past,
 It learned new concepts quite fast,
 All while having a blast,

With roots dug deep beyond the grass,
 And leaves as green as can be,
 But maybe, perhaps,
 It wasn't meant to be,
 When the forecast changed,
 So did the spirit of the tree,
 But when the sun shone,
 It recovered and bloomed.

Bloomed some flowers and smiles
 A smile of a child that figured the way,
 to solve a puzzle without dismay,

The wind blew again,
 Sending the puzzle pieces away,
 Now a mission is underway,
 A journey to find the missing parts,
 While learning, growing,
 A life we portray.



OSCAR MARAUN | YEAR 8



OSCAR MARAUN | YEAR 8

NEW YORK
JACKSON TOMKINS-GREEN
YEAR 11

Concrete jungle,
 City of dreams,
 Oh, so successful.

Yet built from countless lonely beams.
 The rain pounds down,
 And blends in with the infinite tears,
 but created from individual hopes and fears,
 The city of dreams is ever so lonely.

THE JOURNEY
STEPHEN FENG
YEAR 9

Far to the west,
 Across the seven seas,
 A beautiful magical place called,
 Mossflower.
 With a queen that governs with an iron paw
 Many dislike her ways,
 But many do not stand up to her.
 But one day a brave soul stands up.
 He goes by the name Martin.
 Many follow him on his journey
 But many don't make it out to the other side.
 In the end,
 He is alone,
 He is scared,
 He is terrified,
 But he still stands to this day.

YOUR PHOTO
ANNIE MATSOULIADIS
STAFF

My fingers were wandering when
 They came across your photo
 Your smiling face
 Your warm eyes that no longer see

I can hear your raspy voice through
 The stale pixels

Then I imagine you there –
 You are no longer yourself in
 A dark place where
 Nature begins her cruel journey
 Into your precious body.

So I keep your photo
 And your smile and your voice
 Within the chambers of my heart
 To bring you into the light

STEPS
HARRY HOBBY
YEAR 9

I'm going up the stairs
I don't know what awaits
Into the unknown
My mind illustrates
It will be quite the journey
Not for the weak
Through the tunnel
I see a peak
A light emerges
Will this be the end?
My legs hurt
As I kept my ascend
The darkness contained me
My journey resumed
The light got brighter
As it consumed

JOE ARKWRIGHT | YEAR 12





**THE SOUL OF AN INDIVIDUAL
LIFE IS ITS UNIQUENESS**
JONATHAN SCOBIE
STAFF

When a person dies,
the flame of freedom, has died out.

The stars have disappeared;
Mars and Jupiter have been extinguished;
flowers have lost their colour and fragrance;
even the air itself,

has vanished.

This universe had something in it
that distinguished the sound
of its ocean, the smell
of its flowers, the rustle
of its leaves, the hues
of its granite and the sadness
of its autumn fields

from
those of every other universe
that has ever existed within
and outside people.
Life only becomes happiness,
freedom
and meaning

when you exist as a whole world that has
never been repeated in all eternity.
Experience the joy of freedom and kindness,
by finding in others
what you have already found in yourself.



SEBASTIAN VERONESE | YEAR 11

ROADHOUSE BLUES
JUDE SATURNO
YEAR 11

The night is young,
And full of rest,
Driving along dawns highway,
We're going to the roadhouse.
Gotta keeps your eyes on the road,
Head upon the wheel,
Let it roll baby roll.
Just got to L.A,
The city of night.
The night divides the day.
Woke up next morning,
Day destroys that night,
That rolling night.

QUICKLY
ANNIE MATSOULIADIS
STAFF

A quick thumb from this to that
How quickly we slide over
The destruction
The perfect bodies
The products
The slaughters
The empty advice
The disasters
Swiftly scrolling in our
carousel of apathy

**I WAS ONCE TOLD
ABOUT A DREAM
WILLIAM SPITTY
YEAR 10**

I was once told about a dream
The great Australian dream.
This dream once sold,
A desire for every Australian
to own their home,
A desire for warmth,
A desire for comfort,
A desire for a place that someone
to call their own...
But This dream is no longer a dream
This dream is a fiction.
I can see no door,
no roof,
no windows,
I can see nothing.

I don't see a 3rd of the population
owning a house,
I will never see this,
I won't see a 3rd of the population
living the Australian dream...
What dream?
There is no dream anymore.
I will never hear the neighbours
playing in the yard,
I will never hear the kids playing in the yard,
I will never have a yard,
I will never be able to truly hold the keys
I will never have a home.
This dream is no longer a dream
This dream is a fiction.

The Great Australian dream
is a carrot on a stick
Its unreachable,
Its unachievable,
Its unattainable,
Because when you look at the numbers
It doesn't make sense,
It costs half a million for a small city flat.
When you're working a job
It doesn't make sense
It takes 17 years to pay the
deposit of this small city flat.
17 years to pay off four blank walls.
17 years to pay off a murphy bed
17 years to pay off a flickering
lightbulb that never stays bright

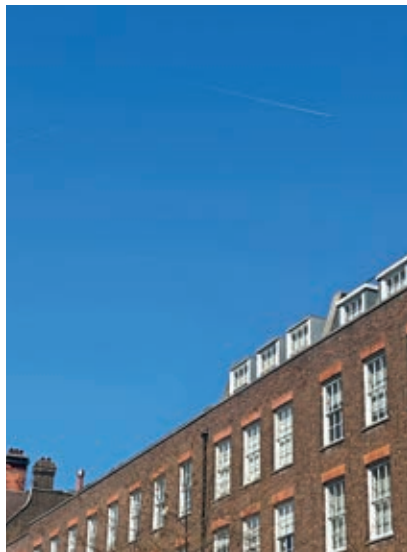
The great Australian dream
should be for everyone,
It shouldn't be achieved through
a lifetime of savings
It shouldn't be...
It shouldn't be achieved through
generational wealth
The generational wealth
most of us don't have.
It shouldn't be...
The great Australian dream
should be for everyone,
But it's not
This dream shouldn't be a privilege
This dream shouldn't be unachievable
This dream shouldn't be a pipe dream.

We say we're the country of boundless plains.
With all this endless space it seems
Why don't our houses fit in our dreams?
What use is a country of boundless plains,
If it's filled with nothing?

Do I need to start saving?
Do I?
Do I need to stop spending?
Do I?
We are told we are the spending generation,
As the older ones say,
We are told we Merrily drink our
home deposits with our \$7 lattes
As the older ones say.
That we only spend
That we only buy
And we will never save
As the older ones say.

But....we all know...
The great Australian dream was achievable,
But the great Australian is now like
sand slipping through your fingers.
No one should have to choose
between truly owning a home,
And a cup of coffee.





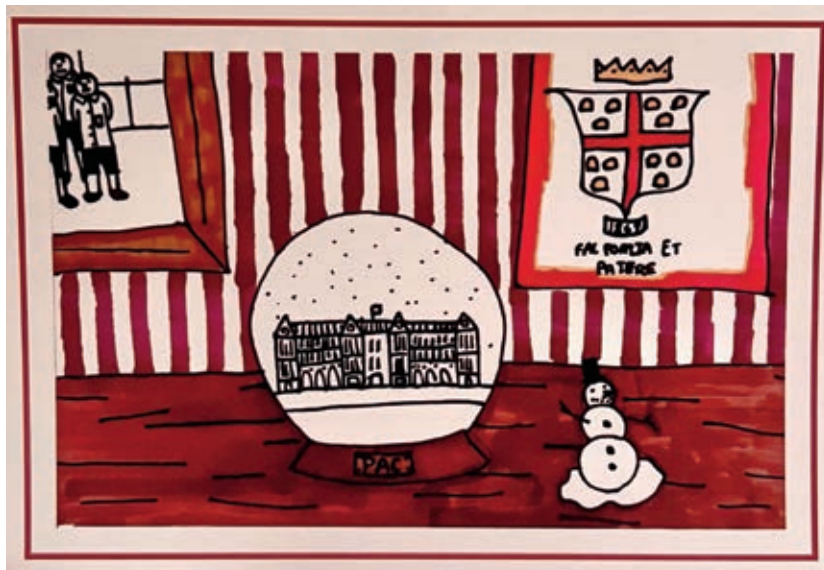
NICK IADANZA | STAFF



CHRIS DAVI | YEAR 11

THE STAIRCASE CAMPBELL BROWN YEAR 9

A staircase looms before my eyes,
 Playing games with my mind.
 One step forward, my body trembles,
 The staircase stares, with overwhelming power.
 One step forward, my brain starts to spin,
 One more step and I'm ascending.
 Slowly but surely step by step,
 The staircase is calm until one fatal tread.
 My foot falls through
 and I slump in a heap.
 My head feels weary
 and I start to feel dreary.
 The bad news is broken,
 before I reach the end.
 I have failed but it isn't over,
 I'm still coming for that staircase
 The fight must go on.



JIMMY PULFORD | YEAR 6

**WAR IS MORE THAN
JUST FIGHTING
BRONTE O'CALLAGHAN
YEAR 10**

What have I become?
The world is just a clock,
waiting for my life to expire,
waiting for my turn to join the gunfire,
maybe just maybe it all might stop.

What have I become?
Trenches burrowing us in like a cage,
guns breaking the silence of night,
airplanes in the distance singing a melody,
men writing home, how are they still alive?

What have I become?
The green standing out in all the mud,
blood being the colour we know,
death is the only peace we get.
When will all the fighting finally end?

What have I become?
I feel my soul rotting away,
the cold flowing over my bones,
why did I sign my life away?

Who am I?
Medals on my chest, worn like a badge,
people line the streets like a parade,

walking down, people clapping,
we don't need to be repaid.

Who am I?
People treating us like heroes,
flashbacks playing like a film,
the devastation of war packed into one day,
family and friends are separated today.

Who am I?
Friends, family all called in despair,
tears running like a faucet down my face,
only thinking,
was it worth all that head space?

Who am I?
Wreaths laid in respect,
minute of silence killing us slowly,
sergeants yelling for us to 'be prepared!'
Gun shots not making us flinch,
all my sense of self, disappeared.

Who am I?
Marching forwards, medals
weighing me down.
Peace hanging in the air,
looking around to see a happy town.

Who am I?
Nights getting harder each time.
Darkness filling me up.

New diseases keeping me down.
Maybe the final day will never come.

Who am I?
People thanking 'em,
what for though?
Killing men just like them,
or finding peace which has been decimated

Who am I?
Lying there waiting for peace to take me,
to take me and meet my friends.
My duty is now complete,
now the pain ends,
asking myself,
was it all worth it?



EDDIE LOCK | YEAR 12

FREEDOM
MINH-KHIEM NGUYEN
 YEAR 8

Freedom
 Yeah right
 They say
 We must put up a fight
 So more aren't put to lay
 Gunshots echo
 Water cannons spray
 Yet
 We are unfazed
 Fight
 For our right
 With all our might
 Freedom

FREEDOM
ARCHER BIRMINGHAM
 YEAR 8

Crowds yelling and screaming
 Warzones on campus
 Gun shots left and right
 Dramatic speeches repeating
 again and again
 Fearful to stand out
 Bars shutting
 Dying for freedom
 Cameras and photos
 Scaring and bruising

FREEDOM
OSCAR MARAUN
 YEAR 9

Forced to go back
 They kept pushing for freedom
 Imprisoned as they arrived
 The bars surrounding them
 The prison doors slammed
 Dedicated more people follow
 Opportunities are given
 Education received
 The crisis grows
 Riots form
 Willing to die for freedom
 Mass arrests continue
 Brave people fight for freedom
 Heartfelt speeches drive the movement
 Fighting for what is morally right
 Fighting for the freedom to everyone



HARRY PAHOLSKI | YEAR 10



CAMPBELL COWE | YEAR 9



PRIVILEGE
NOAH LAFOREST
 YEAR 10

I look at myself and what do I see?
 I'm Noah, I go to PAC.
 Zoom out, and what else is there?
 I live in Australia, peaceful and fair.
 And I get 3 meals a day and
 a safe place to stay.
 Many other people don't have it this way.
 It's a privilege to be at PAC.
 I shouldn't take it for granted
 It's a privilege to live here peacefully.
 Other places aren't as enchanted.
 So, what really is privilege?



Well, I can tell you; this is what it's not.
 War is not privilege.
 Ukraine is targeted, bombs in the sky,
 Gaza where adults and children all die.

This isn't right.
 Because privilege isn't a fight.
 Turmoil is not privilege
 Haiti has gangs and unrest, it's not liberal
 Yemen where the government
 is unstable, it's critical.

This isn't peaceful.
 Because privilege isn't deceitful
 We can forget how many people don't get
 They don't get what we always get.
 They have to accept the conditions they're at.

But privilege is this.

Privilege is the peace that we
 have, safe on these sands,
 That isn't mirrored in these faraway lands.
 It's privilege because we don't all get it.
 Remembering that is important.
 Privilege is beneficial

A privilege isn't a right, an
 entitlement, or something due
 Rather, it's a benefit, an advantage that's true.
 That is what privilege is in our lives.
 Something we have from which
 success can derive.

Privilege is safety

Our privilege is that here
 we're intact and secure

Like a young bird in its nest
 For our shoreline was never invaded
 Our country isn't in flames of attack.
 Privilege is chance
 Our privilege is how

We have so many good opportunities here
 Good education, nutrition,
 legislation to name a few.
 Many beneficial seeds growing safely.

Privilege is useful
 Privilege can be like a weapon
 to combat poverty,
 To help those without it, to commit.
 Or a stepping stone to build prosperity.
 To give the world more benefit.
 So let's zoom back in
 See again what is there.
 What will I take away
 From being over here?
 I'll take opportunities that come to me
 And make them strongly planted
 I'll remember the privileges
 we have fortunately
 I won't take them for granted.
 I'm Noah, I go to PAC.
 We really are enchanted.

SHADES OF RED



PRINCE
ALFRED
COLLEGE

2025