

SHADES OF RED

2020



A LITERARY &
VISUAL JOURNAL



**PRINCE
ALFRED
COLLEGE**

23 Dequetteville Terrace
Kent Town SA 5067
+61 8 8334 1200
enquiries@pac.edu.au
www.pac.edu.au

Shades of Red – The Literary & Visual Journal of Prince Alfred College
11th Edition - 2020

@ Copyright 2020 Prince Alfred College. All rights reserved

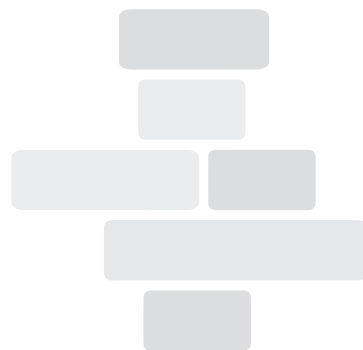
All work (written, artwork, design & photography) in this publication
remains the intellectual property of the creating authors of Prince
Alfred College. This does not apply if otherwise indicated.



Designed and printed by:

openbook howden
print & design

2-14 Paul Street St Marys SA 5042
T 08 8124 0000 F 08 8277 2354
openbookhowden.com.au



SHADES OF RED

2020

EDITOR'S NOTE

As the inaugural Editor in Chief of *Shades of Red* it was an exciting undertaking for me to compose this year's Editor's Note.

Shades of Red had an uncertain start for 2020, with the struggles presented by Covid-19, like most aspects of our co-curricular life at the College. However, by the early stages of the year we were all determined to come together to produce a 2020 edition regardless of the restrictions, or challenges presented to us. Every year we have had a tradition of devising a theme or motif to represent the tone of the journal for that particular global climate. Notable examples have been the telephone, polaroid photograph or last year's celebratory party popper. For this year, we decided to go for something a little different, and attempt to focus on unity, bound by students' poetry, photography and artwork in times of uncertainty and dissonance. We decided on the humble red brick to act as the theme for this year's journal– with each individual brick representing the unique creativity contributed by each boy, amongst

a diverse range of ages and backgrounds. These bricks would then, in our minds, forge to create a path, ultimately a culmination of a broad collection of thoughtful, creative offerings. The idea is that each individual brick is necessary in creating the path that directs us further forward in our unified vision. And at such a tumultuous time, here's to a unified vision of cohesion, support and healing.

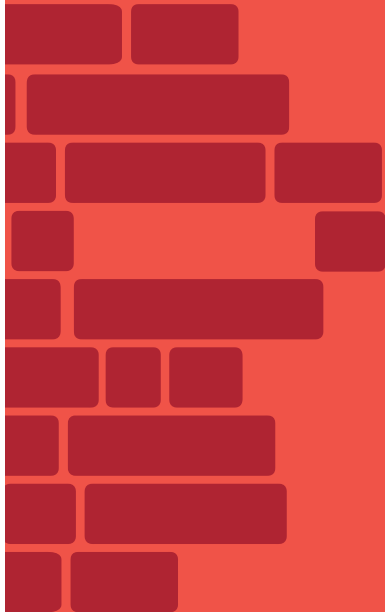
We have been highly fortunate this year to have a such a dedicated committee, who have helped direct the path of the journal this year, so a big thank you to:

Hugo Jordan
Henry Gerard
Patrick Singleton
Ethan Hayes
Rojan Joshi
Josh Lasscock
Charlie Griffin
Henry Nind
Dhwarakesh Rajaram
Bailey Lock

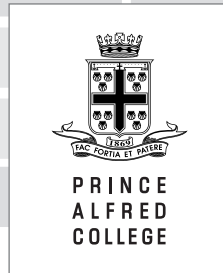
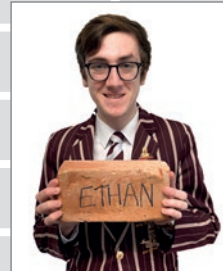
It is important that in a single sex institution such as Prince Alfred College, all boys have the option to express themselves creatively to show their own maturity within the arts – challenging popular perceptions of masculinity and the ability for young men to express themselves emotionally through their own creativity. So, thank you to the dedication of Ms Marshall and Mr Iadanza for your constant support and guidance. Thank you to the students for a diverse range of strong and emotionally mature submissions. Thank you to the wider Prince's community – and thank you to Headmaster Bradley Fenner.

We the committee are so thankful to everyone who makes this possible, and to continue working on something we all love.

Daniel Mills
Editor in Chief
Shades of Red 2020



COMMITTEE



CONTENTS

Sam Vartuli Year 10	10	Lu Zhang Year 12	26	Dhwarakesh Rajaram Year 11	42
Josh Clifton Year 10	10	Max Matheson Year 8	27	Ewelina GebSKI ELC	42
Harry Burgess Year 10	10	Luca Bacon Year 8	27	Benji Lagos and Eddie Taintey Year 2	42
Alex Nind Year 12	11	Samuel Savage ELC	27	Molly Opie ELC	43
Edward Tyson Year 12	11	Angus Gniel Year 11	28	Jett Wauchope ELC	43
Alexander Titus Year 12	11	Harry Matthias Year 11	29	Preston Fah ELC	43
Sebastian Veronese Year 6	13	Wilfrid Ramsey Year 11	29	Braheem Abraham Year 10	44
Aiden Le Year 12	13	Nathan Thomas Year 8	29	Andy Venning Year 4	44
Tristen Unerkov Year 9	13	Luke Stevens Year 9	30	Hugo Parisi Year 11	45
Hugo Evans Year 8	13	Josh Clifton Year 10	30	Tom Dolling Year 8	45
Vivaan Sood Year 7	13	Sam Desmazures Year 8	30	Jude Band Year 11	45
Angus Catt Year 9	14	Sam Desmazures Year 8	31	James Tye Year 9	46
Dylan Holland Year 11	14	Vivaan Sood Year 7	31	Jonathan McKay Year 9	46
Katrina Evitts Staff	14	James Williams Year 9	31	Mason O'Callaghan Year 9	46
Beth Christie Staff	15	Dhwarakesh Rajaram Year 11	31	Aiden Le Year 12	46
Fred Hassell Year 6	15	Hugo Knight Year 8	32	William Raeside Year 2	47
Thomas Reuel Year 9	15	Nicholas Aretzis Year 11	32	Charlie Mitchell Year 9	47
Ethan Hayes Year 12	16	Reuel Thomas Year 9	32	Finn Koutsoukos Year 9	47
Peter Moutos Year 11	16	Will McKay Year 8	33	Charlie Griffin Year 11	47
Zac Grice Year 5	17	Nathan Thomas Year 8	33	Henry Pontifex Year 9	48
Angus Russell Year 12	17	Gracie Greco ELC	33	Gill Wakelin Year 7	48
William Maynard Year 5	17	Dhwarakesh Rajaram Year 11	33	Tim Gibbons Year 9	48
Zaine Norman-Brown Year 12	18	Angwin Room ELC	34	Zach Gentile Year 6	49
Angus Catt Year 9	18	Arjun Dosanji Year 8	34	Ethan Bald Year 11	49
Zac Flapper Year 7	18	Luke Stevens Year 9	35	Zaine Norman-Brown Year 12	49
Zach Henderson Year 7	19	Edward Priddle Year 11	35	Lu Zhang Year 12	50
Vivaan Sood Year 7	19	Henry Gerard Year 12	36	Fraser White Year 11	50
Edmund Black Year 12	19	Emily Anderson ELC	36	Thomas Williams Year 11	51
William Swanson Year 9	20	Paul Gaganis Year 4	36	Nathan Thomas Year 8	52
Solomon Musster Year 12	20	Oliver Smith Year 7	37	Lucas Romaldi Year 8	52
Charlie Griffin Year 11	20	Hamish Searles Year 9	37	Myles McEwen Year 11	52
Jasper Roberts Year 12	20	Ben McArthur Year 7	38	Oscar Gerlach Year 2	52
Archie McEwen Year 9	21	Zac Flapper Year 7	38	Daniel Mills Year 12	53
Ethan Hayes Year 12	21	Edward Tyson Year 12	38	Connor Mills Year 9	53
Oscar Pledge Year 11	21	Sebastian Roccisano Year 6	39	Apollon Velonakis Year 7	53
Cameron Jaksic Year 9	22	Julian Dawson Year 6	39	Tom Roberts Year 9	54
Birgit Zhao ELC	22	Remy Worthington Year 6	39	Will Kleeman Year 9	54
George Marks Year 8	22	Oscar England Year 9	40	Charlie Siemer Year 8	54
Henry Burgess Year 7	23	Harriet Harper ELC	40	Zaine Norman-Brown Year 12	54
	24	Vasili Papageorgiou Year 10	40	Mark Wilde Staff	55
	24	Daniel Mills Year 12	41	Phil Noble Staff	56
	24	Ned Davies Year 8	41	Angus Harvery Year 8	56
	25	Alex Sterenberg Year 9	41	Anne Melbourne Staff	56
	25	Zach Henderson Year 7	41	Angus Phillips Year 8	57
	25	Peter Waters Staff	42	Angus Harvey Year 8	57

Alex Nind Year 12	57	Tarun Kamath Year 10	75	Tyrell Sgroi Year 11	93
Ben McArthur Year 7	58	Philip Sruhan Year 2	75	Ben Cockburn Year 11	93
Myles McEwen Year 11	58	Thomas David Year 4	75	Janine Fitzhenry Staff	94
Henry Cleland Year 11	59	Oliver Elesio Year 12	76	Ned Parsons Year 10	95
Rojan Joshi Year 12	59	Myles McEwen Year 11	76	Myles McEwen Year 11	95
Angus Phillips Year 8	59	Ethan Liu Year 9	77	Daniel Mills Year 12	96
Jack Hodby Year 9	60	James Dobbins Year 3	77	Hunter Greenwood Year 9	96
Hugo Deere Year 9	60	Noah Coghlan Year 9	77	Josh Lesicar Year 12	97
Archie Fletcher Year 12	60	George Atmadja-Sharp Year 11	77	Ethan Hayes Year 12	97
Campbell Cowe Year 4	61	Mark Bailey Staff	78	Sam McKenzie Year 11	97
Sam Gibbs Year 12	61	Pat Singleton Year 12	78	Edison West Year 11	98
Harry Hoffman Year 3	61	Ruel Thomas Year 9	78	Will Davey Year 8	98
Hugo Jordan Year 12	62	Matthew Economos Year 9	79	Max Thomas Year 9	98
James MacDonald Year 12	62	Zac Vivian Year 11	80	Jayden Yue Year 5	98
Hugo Jordan Year 12	62	Nick Iadanza Staff	81	Myles McEwen Year 11	98
Harry Grandioso Year 5	62	Max Biggs Year 12	82	Will Pontifex Year 12	99
Michelle Green Staff	63	Jack Stockman Year 9	83	Pat Liebich Year 12	99
Max Schulz Year 9	63	Aaron Tranter Year 9	83	Harry Burgess Year 10	100
Ben Spitty Year 9	63	Christian Ingman Year 9	83	Max Buggins Year 12	100
Lu Zhang Year 12	64	Julian Dawson Year 6	83	Felix Song ELC	100
Miles Falahey Year 8	64	Nathan Thomas Year 8	84	Oliver Hong ELC	101
Seb Parisi Year 9	64	Harvey Yates ELC	84	Oscar Chapple Year 11	101
Louis Dawson Year 8	65	Mead Room ELC	84	Oscar Sanders Year 11	101
Sam Lombardo Year 9	65	Isabel Bourlotos ELC	85	Patrick Fernia Year 10	102
Matthew O'Leary Year 9	65	Kevin Gao Year 6	85	Patrick McGavin Year 11	102
Harry Russell Year 12	66	Toby Munt Year 5	85	Oliver Gasparin Year 12	102
Anne Melbourne Staff	66	Cameron Benecke Year 10	86	James McDonald Year 4	102
Michelle Fragomeni Staff	67	Jaxon Dell'Oro Year 12	86	Noah Burton-Howard Year 4	103
Bailey Lock Year 11	67	Henry Gerard Year 12	86	Ben Evans Staff	103
Tarun Kamath Year 10	68	Rojan Joshi Year 12	87	Anne Melbourne Staff	103
Aiden Le Year 12	69	Katrina Evitts Staff	87	Beth Christie Staff	104
Aidan Pullino Year 8	69	Sandy Childs Year 9	88	Patrick Singleton Year 12	105
Fred Hassell Year 6	70	William Benecke Year 9	88	Angus Bennett Year 9	106
Max Gordon Year 9	70	Jonathan Scobie Staff	88	Henry Nind Year 11	106
Kyle Gambling Year 9	70	Luke Kilic Year 9	88	Hayden Longbottom Year 9	107
Rex Catford Year 9	71	Will Benecke Year 9	89	Melody Marshall Staff	107
Hugo Shaw Year 6	71	Max Benecke Year 4	89	Hugo Jordan Year 12	107
Alexander Titus Year 12	71	Matthew Benecke Year 7	89	Phil Noble Staff	108
Seb Lennon Year 7	72	Mitchell Thiele Year 12	90	Pat Singleton Year 12	109
William Wheaton Year 11	73	Apollon Velonakis Year 7	90	Hugo Kelly Year 12	109
Leon Thorne Year 4	73	Eddie Gerard Year 9	91	Janine Fitzhenry Staff	111
Sam Desmazures Year 8	73	Vivaan Sood Year 7	91	Mark Delloro Staff	111
Sam Read Year 10	74	Sam Read Year 10	91	Melody Marshall Staff	111
Mark Bailey Staff	74	Jack Thredgold Year 12	92		
Henry Gerard Year 12	75	Christopher Richards Staff	92		



Nature Daring Sam Vartuli | Year 10

A lone daisy standing out in the open
 The wind pushing against its side to lean
 Its colours flowering,
 But will it ever dare to dream?
 A dead willow tree, swaying to and fro
 Many can't count the years its seen
 It stands here now all tall and grey
 But did it ever dare to dream?
 A bird sits on a branch
 Its colours bright and green
 Chirping loudly, ready
 To dare to dream
 An old man sits in his chair and thinks
 Thinking of how many years it's been
 When he was allowed to
 dare to dream
 I sit here now all young and bold
 Quick and keen
 But now it's my turn
 To dare to dream

Time Josh Clifton | Year 10

Humanity is what they want you to see
 But rigorous they truly are
 It is an open secret that;
 In time, they will come to
 Peel the moisture from thy mouth
 For so little, they bare
 How oblivious you are
 A blinded mind
 How very fortunate
 With the rain cradling –
 At your back, unfaltering
 Undeniably beautiful thus far
 Freedom has a cost,
 Participation is a gift
 Waste not;
 Any time
 To fathom this
 For time is scarce

Difference Harry Burgess | Year 10

Don't get me started on
 People who put awareness posts on their Instagram stories
 If you actually want to spread awareness
 Don't put it on your story
 Clicking really fast
 But just sitting on your arse
 People are out there striving
 for a difference
 Trying
 to seek assistance
 Whilst the waste you're giving off
 Is threatening human existence
 But for that rare instance
 Where you actually go the distance,

Thankyou



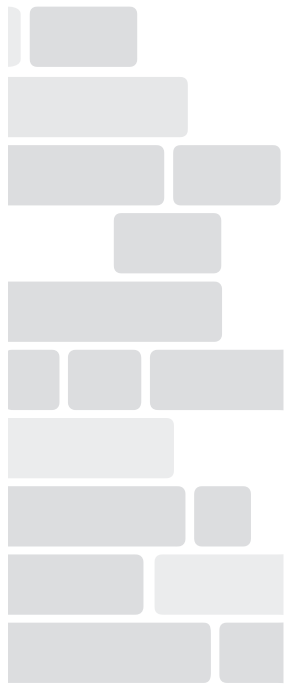
Alex Nind | Year 12

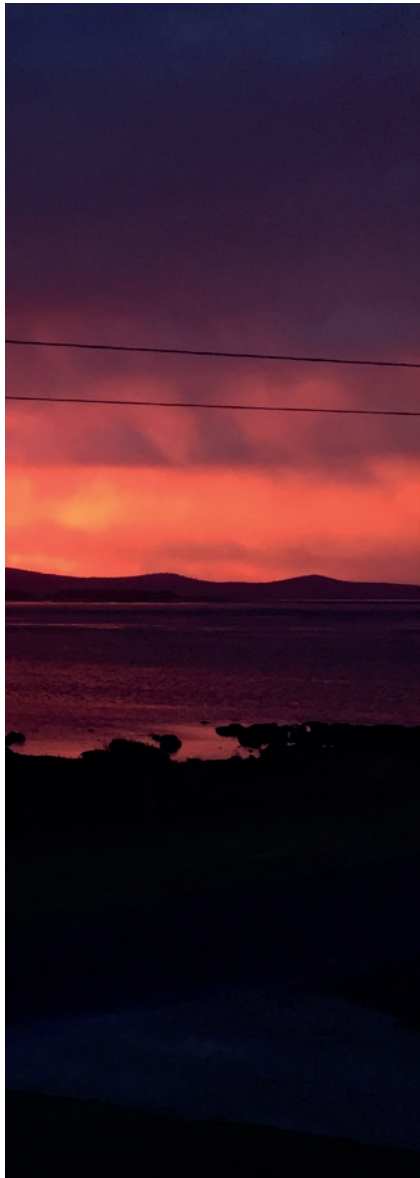


Alexander Titus | Year 12



Edward Tyson | Year 12





Sebastian Veronese | Year 6

Two Stars Aiden Le | Year 12

A gentle star lay dim amongst the cosmos,
 Passing through space in twirling osmose
 Resting, existing in the darkness of time,
 The sights of the universe lay vivid in its mind
 Amongst the deep abyss; this limbo of a void,
 Another star passes by; fiery and vibrant, oh boy!
 Like a will-o'-the-wisp, it catches the star's eye,
 Its enigmatic hues; impossible to deny
 This fiery star; how it radiates intrigue,
 Its scarlet soma; such a frivolous deity
 A glowing being amongst the dismal darkness,
 A beacon of hope in a land so starless
 As it whizzes by, into the optimism of night,
 The gentle star follows; shining ever more bright

Moving faster and faster; it merely wishes to know,
 Of this fiery star; why it glows and glows
 But wandering now, at the speed of light,
 The gentle star, can no longer see the night
 It's gaze set solely on the alluring apparition,
 Beguiled by its charm; a zealous mission

Achieving its pursuit; the eye of the crown jewel,
 The gentle star all but fathoms; it is a sheer fool
 As it were; the fiery star was just a fiery star,
 Its aura so near; yet infinitely far
 This once glowing trance; gone as it came,
 Left a harsh hellish hollow; shrouded in shame
 For this event of life; an awakening catharsis,
 That the gentle star; would appreciate the darkness

Cobblestone Tristen Unerkov | Year 9

The stone town fell silent
 The dirt streets now at rest
 A foggy landscape is revealed by
 The early winter sun

The mortars fastened
 Grey uniforms load the shells
 Sealed and angled
 Fire! Called the troops

The eerie whistle closes in
 The matte projectile carries burden
 The innocent town stands,
 Still, awaiting

It devastates,
 Disintegrates,
 The home once known to many
 An ashy wreckage

The tension was great
 The feud was climaxed
 Surrender was long gone
 Retreat had begun

Untitled Hugo Evans | Year 8

Sitting home alone
 playing games in the corner
 I am quite lonely



My (Dead) Country
Vivaan Sood | Year 7

I weep for my lost county
 a lifeless desolate plain.
 We're used to smelling the scent of life,
 now I am all alone
 where once the sky was blue and bright,
 is now a pit of skulls.
 A sad and scary cemetery,
 a morgue reeking of death
 I miss you and your enticing prime,
 with extravagant wildlife
 Until we came and wrecked it
 and ravaged on like monsters.
 We did not realise the importance
 until we lost it all
 and now we cry till we can't no more.
 We know that all is lost...
 A beautiful bush land
 with fauna great and small.
 It used to be so colourful
 until we wrecked it all.
 I wish I could go back in time,
 I would change our fate.
 and we would not be drowning
 in a flood of our own tears

Black Lives
Angus Catt | Year 9

American culture, stomachs churning
 No time for the park and rec
 Around the globe buildings burning
 Why is there a cop on the neck?

Being black can cause pain,
 Everywhere should show respect
 Protesting in the wet rain
 Now is the time to reflect

I know this is a tough time
 Black lives matter
 But we can all climb
 This is the time to chatter

We shall draw a barricade
 Floyd is always in our souls
 This has been happening for decades
 We protest as a whole

We shall show courage
 We shall rewrite
 I am an encourager
 I am going to fight

There is more to us underneath
 Racism doesn't belong
 I can't breathe
 Together we're strong

Suburbia
Dylan Holland | Year 11

Faux Grecian façade underneath
 red tile roof
 Ionic columns next to a
 grey sedan
 Steely straight bones
 under the marble skin
 How it's always been done
 if it 'aint broke don't fix it
 Money changes hands while
 thoughts change minds
 Green clouds spread overhead
 and greens the minds underneath
 Pithy aphorisms on message boards
 pipe quickly into open minds
 Not just hypocritical
 but also, highly critical
 Better to conform than
 discomfort oneself
 Smoke spreads through homes
 world on fire
 Better stop the money
 from burning

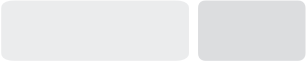




Katrina Eytts | Staff

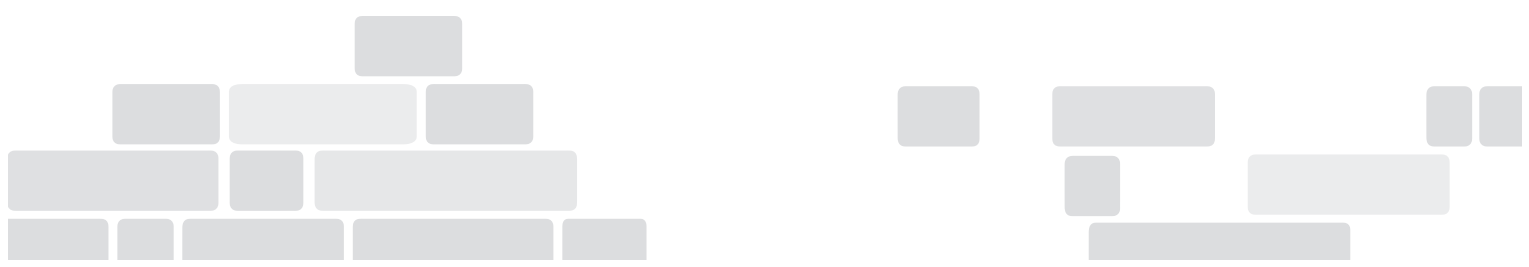


Beth Christie | Staff





Fred Hassell | Year 6



Bliss

Thomas Reuel | Year 9

My feet met the water,
I took a breath and stepped in.
The water was cold and motionless,
perfect for a hot summer's day.
Who wouldn't want that?
Floating to the top, I opened my eyes
and witnessed the bustling canopy,
woken to the sharp reality
that I have exams.

Those thoughts dissipate through
soft luxurious marshmallows
floating through the sky.
But it is time to focus
on the present moment,
soon, it too,
will be gone.

But I want this to endure
till time itself becomes obscure,
till the end of Sunday,
and till summer's sun sets far away.

Amphibian

Ethan Hayes | Year 12

Hop, hop, hop,
you delicate little thing,
for not one skip could you foresee
what the world would bring.
You thought it was the way,
the way I told you was right,
but you stopped just now,
have you seen the light?
I thought this was what you wanted.
What you wished, you told me you desire.
How then, oh, just why
would you toss my gift into the fire?
Was it not too dark?
My stark shriek to you: 'hark'?
On your back drips the history
of the places which you forewent,
And now you cast me
As merely an event.
Why can't you see me anymore?
Why can't you hear my whispers?
What box opened, who spoke,
what did you do?
But you stare into the green sky now, breathe,
not a worry in the world.
One little pad in the sea centre,
by now I should have had you stay curled.
But is that even possible for you now,
You delicate little thing?
To begin your trek back up the river wreck,
who knows what that'll bring.

Environmental Melt

Peter Moutos | Year 11

Grey fracture lines of
Environmental distress
Glaciers spit a wisp of ice
Cloud marble rising
Black glacial veins tracing
Our anguish



Zac Girice | Year 5



Angus Russell | Year 12



William Maynard | Year 5



Zaine Norman-Brown | Year 12



Days
Angus Catt | Year 9

As the days go,
Get more and more closer

As the days go,
I wish, I hope

As the days go,
Closer to fulfilling my dream

As the days go,
The more dead I get inside

As the days go,
The more Mondays I have to go to

As the days go,
We get to the last day

The wait is over
Finally, no more days to go

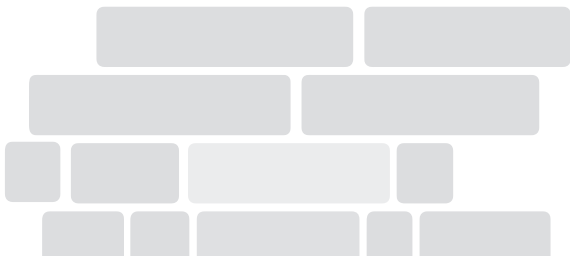
Writing a Poem
Zac Flapper | Year 7

Writing a poem is hard,
For inspiration you search near and far,
Until you find,
The perfect line,
Writing a poem is hard
After you write the perfect stanza,
You need create more in a similar manner,
It's hard to know what to do,
Or which words that you should stick to
When you complete that,
You get trapped in a fjord,
That's also known as being bored,
It really is an awful place,
Where you can't even picture your face
As soon as you finally climb out,
You take stock,
And realise you have writer's block,
You don't know what goes here or there,
With clouds of doubt floating everywhere
After that you begin to question,
If your poem even needs to rhyme,
But surely one that doesn't would be utterly ridiculous...
Writing a poem is hard,
For inspiration you search near and far,
Until you find,
The perfect line,
Writing a poem is hard.

Australia, and What We Really Are
Zach Henderson | Year 7

Australia
The home of crazy animals,
Blaring heat,
And outstanding views,
The home of bogans,
Ready and equipment,
A snag in their hand,
The home of streets,
Lined with art,
Outback's full of animals,
And cities filled with people,
The home of beautiful beaches,
And annoying flies,
The home of weird climate
And funny sayings,
And prawns on the barbie.
Although some may see it,
As the home of drunks,
White people
Who invaded the land,
People who stole,
And took the children away,
And made convicts do their work,

Not for a penny.
But we have changed,
We are not who we used to be,
We are a country
United and free,
We are the home,
Of you and me



My Country's History Vivaan Sood | Year 7

They were ruthless,
They only meant harm,
They massacred our old ones,
they locked the middle ages
and stole the youngest ones.
They tried to whitewash them.
They made them their own.
The children's bodies were not chained up,
their mind was still caged.
The ghosts thought we were inhumane,
That we acted like a troop of monkeys

But what they didn't realise
Was that they were the real killers,
The murders, the assassins, the criminals
They were the real savages.
They treated us like parasites,
Like we stole their land.
And now they celebrate the day the first ghosts came
As if it was peaceful,
They act like nothing has happened and now they feel bad,
But they do nothing,
It is only words
Their actions say that we were the real crooks
"We say sorry" is what they said to us.
But what did that do? Did it bring the dead back?
Did it undo the harm that can never be undone?
Nothing they did, could bring back our culture.
Then you hear the destruction.
Our artefacts, been blown up for what?
Just for money, nothing else.
This just proves to us that
They don't give two hoots
About our culture and our history.
We are treated with contempt and disgust
But we are the ones who are dying.
They think that our culture can be replaced by money
And is practically lifeless
They killed us, they slayed us
It is only a matter of time till we rise.
And rise high we will, come back in our glory.
We will make our land ours again.

The Killing Edmund Black | Year 12

For some people, the killing was
unconscionable, and those people were quick to
condemn the
killing. But they were quicker still in condemning
the response to the killing. They couldn't understand
how such a response was justified,
even in the face of the killing's unconscionability. For them, the killing
paled in comparison to the response. They
only saw the riots; the
looting. They could talk about shooting as much as they liked:
it meant nothing. Their rhymes were
covered up, their reasons were ignored, and
everyone should burn down buildings.

The House Hidden Among the Hills William Swanson | Year 9

There is a house which is hidden among the frosted hills,
Separated from the loud world.
Cold and sharp, the season is changing,
no longer summer
as the winter wind flows in

whistling, shouting, awakening the once dormant house,
now ready for the soon to be day,
cold and chilling as the day starts to slowly warm
pulling back the veil of clouds to let the sunshine upon the beauty,
that is the house hidden among the hills

this oasis, unknown to prying eyes, is my home,
separate, away from the world.
hidden.





Charlie Griffin | Year 11



Jasper Roberts | Year 12



Solomon Musster | Year 12



Jasper Roberts | Year 12

Sweat

Archie McEwen | Year 9

Dear those who love the word sweat,
 When the human body exceeds a temperature of 37.0 degrees
 We begin to perspire, diaphoresis, hidrosis,
 Desire for a prior feeling of coolness
 And the sweat lies on our skin as we wish no one would notice
 That we're so hot our body has to help us
 We're sweating.

When humans are born, we are constantly taught
 By our parents and our teachers and our culture
 That it's good to work hard and hard to be good
 And what we could be... is ultimately what we should
 Work hard they say.
 Work hard

The musicians who get high backstage
 And smash their guitars in a hyped-up rage
 Are the ones we don't call nerds.
 But the musicians that practise for hours at home
 Alone with a metronome and musical chromosomes
 They're nerds. Band kids who are loners. Sweats.

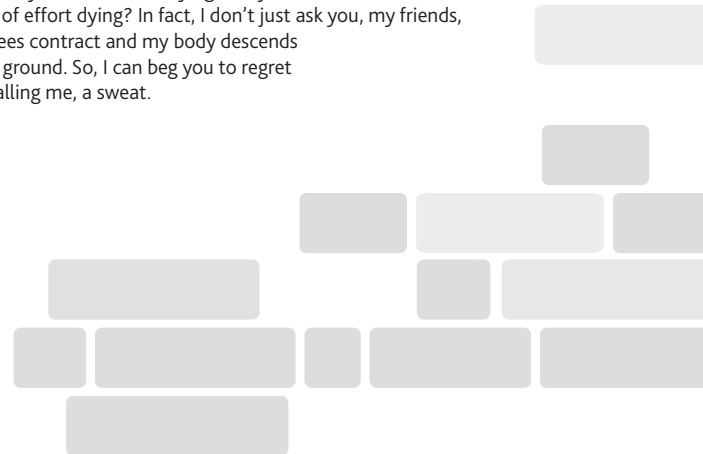
We respect highly of the men who put man on moon
 And those who will develop a Corona vaccine soon
 But they work hard. They were the kids
 who spent time figuring a rhyme to remember tan, cos or sine
 And found the hypotenuse when $a = 5$ and $b = 9$
 And ultimately got an A on the test
 because they studied, they studied hard
 So, it confuses me when in this the year 2020

I walk down a corridor as the students are plenty
 And am asked: "did you do the work?"
 I dwindle and wonder on the spot
 As their mouths crinkle and bear a smirk
 "I did" I say, "have you done it yet?"
 "Of course not Archie, I'm not a sweat!"

Why is it such a problem that I like to try?
 Why is it that you deny your ability to apply and satisfy?
 Why is it that as someone who works hard,
 I am an outlier?
 Is it formed from my lonely desire to be successful and higher?
 I work hard. So, should you.
 Let's not push those who do not, and punish those who do
 I want to live in a world where effort is celebrated
 Not where I am rewarded by feeling deflated, negated,
 Like I am a person who has been miscreated.
 But don't kill the word, it is scientifically natural to sweat
 Because no one who I've ever met is dead set

On being unsuccessful
 In life

So I ask you, those who adore
 And seem to love that word that I ignore
 Why? Why do disbelief in trying? Why is
 A love of effort dying? In fact, I don't just ask you, my friends,
 My knees contract and my body descends
 To the ground. So, I can beg you to regret
 Ever calling me, a sweat.



The Activist Ethan Hayes | Year 12

Day to day we toss around this word
'active,' pretending we know
its ins-and-outs and its ups-and-
downs.

People say 'break the standards' to one
and another and then it becomes the standard
to break the standard,
but that's just way too standard for me.
For really, we have no agency, we
live in fear of tiny little particles we cannot see,
that will make us cough and wheeze and squeeze
the life of humanity.

While we vow to protect our insides, we
neglect to reflect upon how they really
matter to us, like a compass that keeps
pointing towards the self but we don't notice.
So walk down the park with me,
and be scorned for your lack of act, your
forbear of care. Now watch them and smile,
notice your difference amongst this whole wide world,
for we're not the ones posting black squares for the world
to see, then turning round in disgust at their neighbour,
adding no better human to the cause.

We add justice, we add morality,
we tell someone they're not funny,
we live for what the activist really does,
to do something themselves.
We're no marshals, we're privates and we
privately make our addition, for enough
additions can make a multiplication,
and with that, we get power,
and with that, we can make a change.

Lift Your Game Oscar Pledge | Year 11

Times become easier.
After days become hours, hours merely
breaths.
No time to live, no time to look.
Between these fading moments,
When one is shaped and moulded.
What to be, what to become.
Influenced by others,
Compared to the ideal in society.
Their hands under our skin,
Crawling like spiders or slithering like snakes.
They creep up the neck,
Constricting the breath.
The tides of language are no longer welcome.
Yet we must speak clear, act wise,
Walk with our heads to the sky and chest out,
Hair off the face, look sharp.

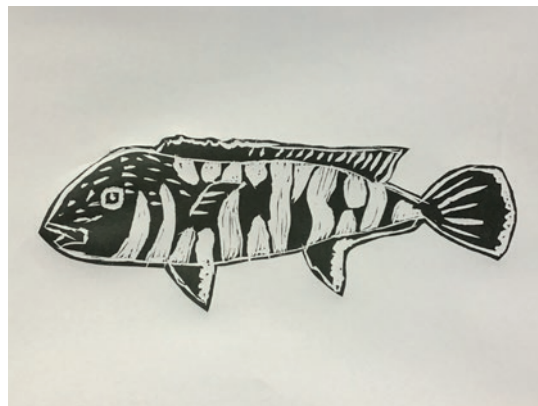
I will find my way.

Communication Cameron Jaksic | Year 9

The up-turned phone,
an inaudible distressed voice
crackles
through,
the orange dim light emanated in the dark.
Mouth put up to the phone,
repetitious pleading met with
no response,
communication adrift,
connection cut,
hope lost.



Birgit Zhao | ELC



Henry Burgess | Year 7



George Marks | Year 8



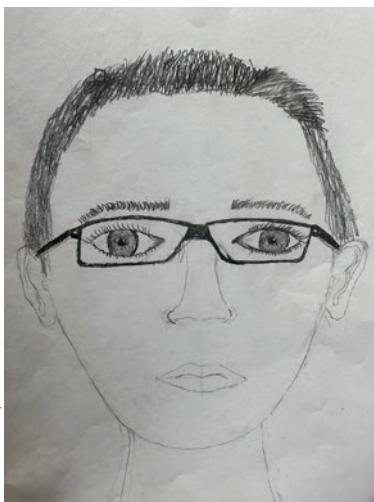


Lu Zhang | Year 12

Max Matheson | Year 8



Luca Bacon | Year 8



Samuel Savage | ELC

The Lone Penguin By Angus Gniel | Year 11

Penguins have always fascinated me,
a cute little flightless bird that lives
far from any human civilisation.
As a kid the idea of being a penguin
would freeze over any other thoughts I had
until I found out how cold their habitats were.
Not only that but how much time they spent together.
Penguins huddle grouped in packs,
using each other for warmth.
Penguins rely on each other to thrive and survive
yet I would rather sit silent on my own iceberg,
keeping myself company because sometimes that's
all you need.

Friends don't always understand you,
they push and shove you into situations you can't prepare for
and you just have to say no.
I'm like an iceberg
mostly covered by the icy water that blocks my feelings from
the outside world
but saying no isn't always what people want to hear
excuses and lies that are skewed to help your friend understand.
This logic applies to me on a regular basis
friends asking me to catch up in crowded and clogged areas
and most of the time my answers consist of 'busy',
'can't make it' or
'got something on'.
After some time,
these excuses go too far. They start asking questions
and begin to forget you.
Sometimes no is just the best answer.

Humans need entertainment,
entertainment comes in different shapes and sizes,
though friends and family or outings and events
but some people entertain themselves through their thoughts and voices.
Floating aimlessly on iceberg like a lonely penguin
trying to find his way
in this crazy world filled to the brim
with awkward and confusing interactions
with people you don't necessarily want to talk to.

I often stare blacking and to the outside world.
That's all it looks like to the outside world.
But to me, there's a swirl of activity like rapids in my head.
I escape to this place when I'm alone
it's a place of peace away from
the hustle and bustle of everyday life
and it's easy to get lost in the forest of my mind
but it's home at least for a little while
until I awake to the daunting reality that is everyday life.

So next time my phone buzzes to a notification
about going out catching up or even just relaxing with some friends,
I want to at least have the courage
to tell them how I really feel,
tell them exactly what's on my mind at the time.
Having the ability to float away from the comfort of my own room
and out into the unknown iceberg of my city
facing the fears head on.



Harry Matthias | Year 11



Wilfrid Ramsey | Year 11



Nathan Thomas | Year 8

Flask Luke Stevens | Year 9

Smooth metallic contraption,
Emptiness within
Thrust into darkness
With every sip,
Absorbed
Bland and basic;
Selling of the soul.
A fractured form.

Darkness Josh Clifton | Year 10

Waiting in darkness
knowing not when light shall come
To
Glimmer brightly, shining through, the void of night
Spilling over the horizon
He can see it now,
The intense blazing light
Painting the black sky
Flowing across the blank canvas
Down
Flooding the plain
Embracing the glowing sunlight,
The flowers fell, bathing in the morning sun
He could feel the warmth radiating across his skin
As the memory faded
Darkness
Still lingering
Waiting in darkness
Waiting till dawn
For years,
And his dream became his fears
In his mind, a living nightmare,
As he was unaware
Everywhere was warfare
Caused by the despair,
Affecting the welfare
Which was declared
In need of due care
So, he roamed elsewhere
Seeking a land of care
Where saffrons grew, in warm air
And as he left
He turned right
One last time, to see the flowers
And realised
Time makes you bolder
Cause even children get older

The Fire. Sam Desmazures | Year 8

Dead brown leaves swirl
Hot winds blow
The hair on my skin tingles
It's not looking good I know
The clouds are growing
But are empty of rain
The rumbling thunder is foreboding
The land is too dry again
I look out over the scrub
My heart – it stills
I see a huge lightning strike
I see smoke up in the hills
I run to tell Dad
But he already knows
He looks at me and shakes his head
As the hot winds, they blow
Dad races to the CFS truck
As captain he always goes
I worry as I wait
The fire is now a fierce glow
For days on end they fight
Faces blackened, eyes tired
The backburning won the battle
The CFS I have always admired
Yet again we are safe
With Dad back home I feel relief
The Ngarrindjeri with their firestick farming
Got it right, he says with true belief
We need to regularly burn the scrub
We need to do it right
We need to remember the old ways
So that we can all sleep easy at night



Dhwarakesh Rajaram | Year 11 (All the same artist)

The Dry Sam Desmazures | Year 8

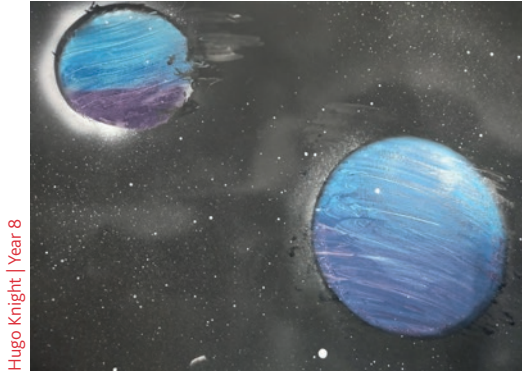
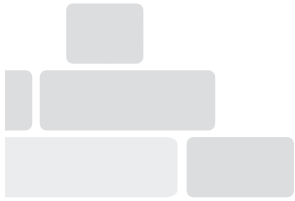
The dust is everywhere.
 The tanks are dry.
 The grass in the paddocks is brown and it crunches under my boots.
 The sky is empty.
 The air is hot.
 The sun is burning.
 Like it has always done.
 Is the climate changing?
 Or is it just climate cycle?
 I don't know.
 The breeze is now gentle.
 The clouds are building up.
 The air is cooling down.
 The black cockies are screeching.
 They know that it will rain.
 Like it has always done.
 Is the climate changing?
 Or is it just climate cycle?
 I don't know.

I Wish Vivaan Sood | Year 7

Oh, imagine if soaring raised above cloud and
 supersonic galloping was the norm. I wish I
 could transform at will. A flash after thinking of
 creatures, I am one with them. The best of
 shared worlds to be mine. I wish I could shape
 shift.
 Such remarkable wistful power.

Burning Desire James Williams | Year 9

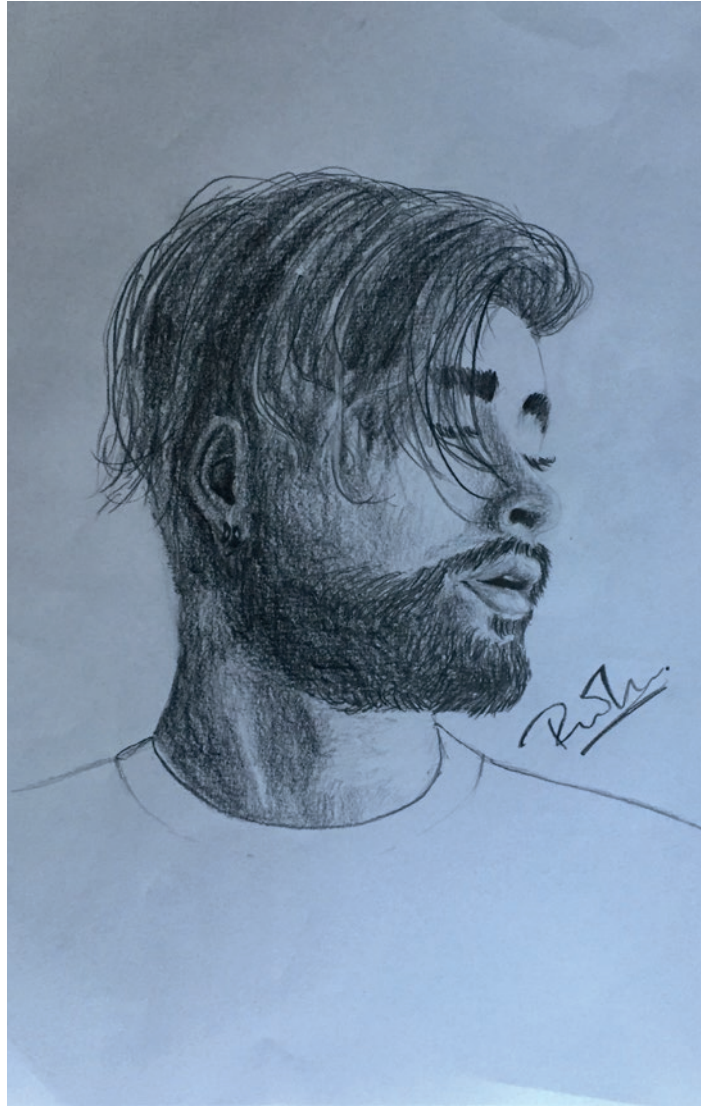
The great bringer of death
 The toxic addiction
 Decaying your lungs, dissipating into a cloud
 of ash
 It angers you when you try to escape,
 But nevertheless, always catches you again
 And when it catches you for the last time,
 Into the embers you will fall



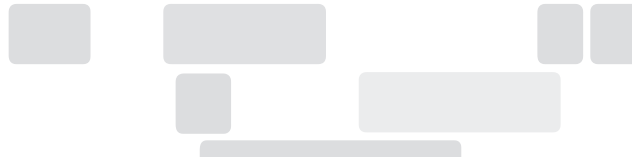
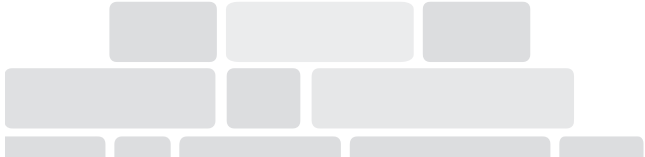
Hugo Knight | Year 8



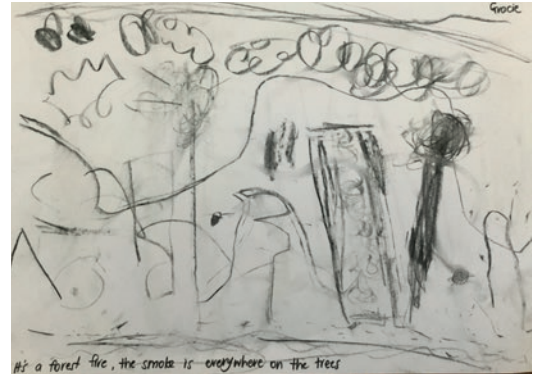
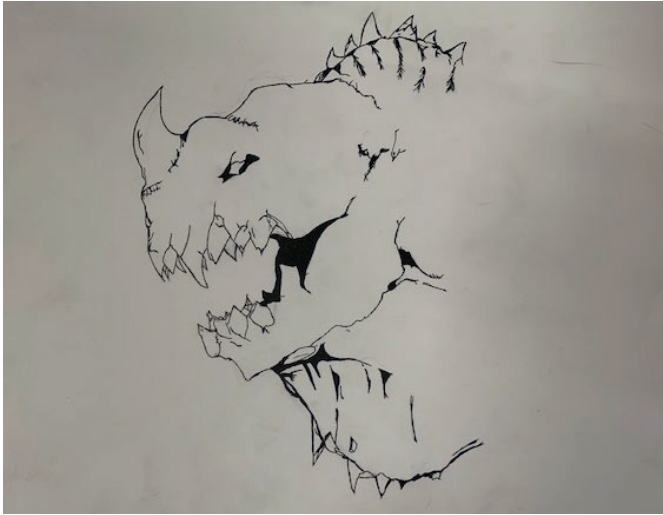
Nicholas Aretzis | Year 11



Reuel Thomas | Year 9



Will McKay | Year 8



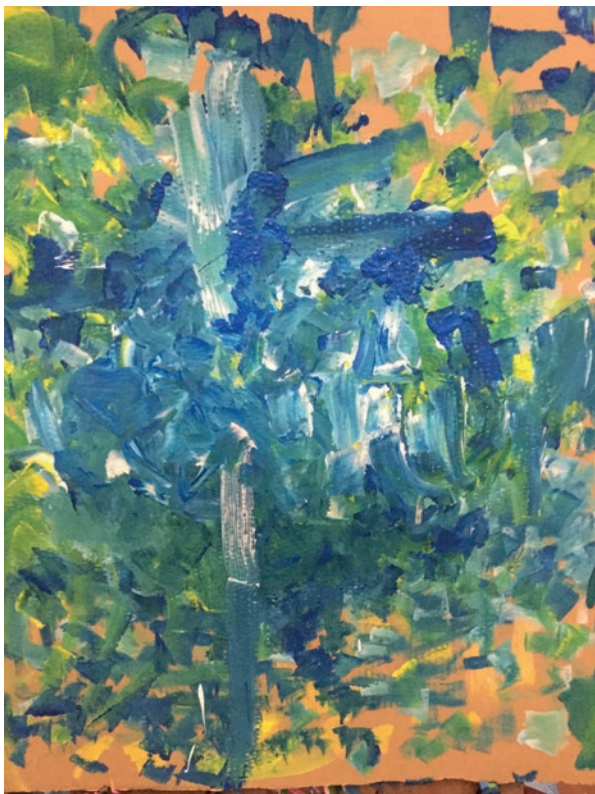
Grace Greco | ELC



Nathan Thomas | Year 8



Dhwarakesh Rajaram | Year 11



Angwin Room | ELC



Arjun Dosanjhi | Year 8

Comfort Zone

Luke Stevens | Year 9

Isolation. Surrounded by what is known,
 Contained within the light,
 Contained within the comfort of one's thoughts
 Overlooking all, from your throne.

Confined within four walls,
 Four walls keeping sanity in,
 Four walls keeping insanity out.
 An attempt, to retain
 The sanctuary one feels, in identified terrain,
 But nothing like that, can ever be maintained.

The firm hand of the unknown
 Clutching, gripping, tearing
 You away from what is known
 Sent drifting,
 away from your home.
 Cast away into new experiences,
 Forced to face new challenges, alone.
 Anxiety shredding
 you
 into
 pieces,
 This all-consuming darkness,
 Sending you spiralling into speculation
 Questioning your very ability
 Your every ability.

Why?
 On display,
 Fumbling around in the darkness,
 Searching for success.
 Alarm bells sounding with every move made,
 With every step taken.
 Why?
 Intentionally step forward
 Into the depths, of the unknown.

Because, a step forward
 Is the only way to move,
 To progress,
 To move from one place, to the next:
 Are those walls bricks or bars?
 Are they protecting you
 Or holding you back?
 Thinking that
 You owned those walls,
 But those walls, owned you.

Because, as one moves,
 From one room to another,
 Sinking,
 Into the darkness
 Past each doorway,
 Fumbling around;
 You always find, the light switch.
 Battery



Edward Priddle | Year 11



Emily Anderson | ELC



Paul Gaganis | Year 4

Modern Pilgrim Henry Gerard | Year 12

King William Road, midnight.
 The cool, stagnant air runs thick at this hour, imposing a natural veil.
 As I await pick-up, a striking realisation is bestowed upon me.
 The city of churches lacks illumination at times when natural means fail,
 The flickering streetlamps cannot bare the load of the free.
 Symphonies of silence echo down the empty path, followed by my footsteps.
 Anxiously I trod further, unknowingly leading a trail for those to follow.
 A suburban jungle canopy consumes the city, imprisoning souls at their doorsteps.
 For those who crave a lifting of the veil, perhaps it's time we look out the window.
 Moonlight is my only accomplice throughout my solo crusade,
 The sheer scale of such an object tugs at my desire for more.
 How can tangible beauty exist so far out of my reach?
 As my walk continues, ahead of me, a feminine figure breaks into frame.
 A beautiful sound eases tension within the air, a song of seemingly divine origin.
 Her barely visible white dress catches against the moonlight, demanding my gaze.
 However, as fast as she appears, her disappearance follows.
 The mysterious singing figure retreating into the safety of the fog.
 I am alone now, as my legs begin to give in, I decide to sit and wait.
 I peer up at what is above, although the dense air masks the details of what lies above.
 As my observance continues, I imagine the woman in white being somewhere in the clouds above.
 No longer can I see myself think, as an infatuation with this angelic figure distorts my conscience.
 If only her hand was to emerge from above, guiding me on the path which I so desire,
 leading me to where I will feel whole.
 I stop.
 It is time to go home.

The Ghosts Who Stole Me. Oliver Smith | Year 7

The lovely people who nurture me,
take care of me, respect me.
I repay them with food, with life.
we live in perfect harmony

Ghosts set foot upon me,
they claim me to be theirs,
what can I do? I can't fight back.
It is a battle; we have no chance.

I begin to watch my owners
be uncontrollably tortured.
I wish I could do something,
but I have no power.

They didn't even respect the owners,
they called me 'no man's land'
You could obviously see I belonged to
Aboriginals,
they loved me, took care of me.

My owners were taken from me
they had no voice.
they would have lost their children
they had no other choice.

Europeans apparently own me.
I know they don't,
they hurt me, use me,
treat me like a monster.

I am the land that used to be loved.
I enjoyed life while I had it,
I loved my owners
now they're gone.

It's because of Terra Nullius.

The Importance of Relatives Hamish Searles | Year 9

Sadness.

When you see them fall,
You just want to pick them back up but no.
You start to bawl.

Sadness.

The tears start to fall even though you don't want to show but no.
You know it's going to be slow to grow but eventually you will once again glow.

Sadness,

The tears keep falling.

They are like lightning, unexpected and uncontrollable.

You think back and realise what's important,

The memories.

The good times and the bad,

The times at the beach,

Or the time she watched your third grade speech,

What is sadness.

We define it as feeling down or unhappy in response to grief,

But you don't know the true meaning unless you experience the disbelief of losing one so
special and so close,

that you can't cope,

grief is like gravity.

An unstoppable force which is always bringing you down... down... down

Sadness.

These people have been there all of your life,

You start to remember their mellow voice,

And their soft hazel hair,

How her smile brought you joys,

And how she was always aware when you felt despair.

It's good to be sad and sad to feel good

These feelings.

You want to go back to your youth

But it's impossible, you have to stay at adulthood.

Sadness,

People don't realise the importance of love ones until it's too late.

It could be your classmate, best mate or soul mate,

Just don't leave it to the last minute

Go give them a hug or a kiss,

Say sorry, thankyou or just make them feel bliss.

You never know, it could just be your last chance.

Because Death is random.

Death is strange.

Life is death

And life can change.



Zac Flapper | Year 7

Ben McArthur | Year 7



Edward Tyson | Year 12



Sebastian
Roccisano |
Year 6



Remy Worthington | Year 6



Julian Dawson | Year 6

Corruption Oscar England | Year 9

A cold reflection,
Heavy in its nature,
A red and white world,
Smashing with pride,
Biggs or smalls,
It rolls the same way,
Black or white.
It rolls the same way.
No one is different.



Harriet Harper | ELC

Planet Earth Vasili Papageorgiou | Year 10

Sit back and relax, feel the waves wash over your back in the melting sun. Looking at the clouds reflecting all the pinks and blues, over the blooming hill, echoing fresh noise of chirps and crickets. Listen to the trickling of the slow water over the smooth rocks. Feel warm wind brush your face with your eyes closed, enjoying the radiating warmth, and the soothing crackling of a log fire. Smell the lavender particles filter through your nose. Or sit and admire the shimmering spray of a waterfall smoothly crashing into the water of a sky-kissed lake. Sunlight dancing through the vapour and rainbows jumping through every droplet. Listen to the pitter patter of the rain, against a tin roof, inside a warm home, drifting to sleep, soon to wake to the singing of birds and the blissful rays of the morning sun...

By melting the ice caps, the world's oceans will rise.
Then the land will collapse, right in front of our eyes.
Take out oil and coal, soon there's nothing left.
The things that we value, it would only be fair to call theft.
Take the fish from the seas, they'll soon become extinct.
Destroy the rainforest trees, with disaster we're linked.
Forests being destroyed, which give us life, of intelligence we're devoid, we live to cause strife.
Choosing money over matter is totally insane.
While our planet we batter, from responsibility we abstain.
Our problem is now we've gone too far.
Mother Nature we cannot withstand.
Human behaviour is frankly bizarre.
On Earth she's in total command.
Our demise has begun now we can't go back,
Our mistakes are coming home to birth.
It's the human race that's now under attack,
we are destroying the planet earth.

The Reimagined Death of Christ (and me, the protagonist) Daniel Mills | Year 12

I rest on a worn, wooden cross –
My dry eyes look at the sun, still high in
space -
The smooth orange filled sky,
Makes me forget where I am.
I don't realise the nails,
Not in my hands, but my heart.
Nails, orange like the smooth sky,
Holding me affixed to the wood.
There is no crown, no trail in the ground -
Instead the light touches my face.
I feel calm.
But, oh they're so distant now.
The smell of roses replaced,
By the sand in the ground.
My hands hold nothing now –
Are you smiling or frowning?
I cannot tell.
Your distant figure replaced by the dimly
lit horizon.
The sun is lower now.
I notice the nails, deep in my heart.
And for the first time I feel the pain.
Rusty, piercing, affixing me.
darkness begins to fill the sky
And I'm back where I was.
Darkness, darkness, darkness – o' the joy
in nothing.
Your figure is gone now, and all I can
remember is your flowing
Flowing brown hair. Or maybe even
blonde.
The sun begins to disappear.
It will not come again;
Oh, how I'll long to see it again –
Oh, how I'll long to see you again.

Poetry Ned Davies | Year 8

I love a sunburnt country
A land where pride is gained
From glowing golden fields
To sweeping red dirt plains
From mustering sheep and cattle
We band together for the drought
We feel the lands connection
Because that's what we're about
There is no place like home
Where we all support the Blues
Where the stars have an incredible glow
Where we're all stuck like glue

Procrastinating... Alex Sterenberg | Year 9

Don't know where to start
I'll do it later
I'll do it soon
Sometime around noon

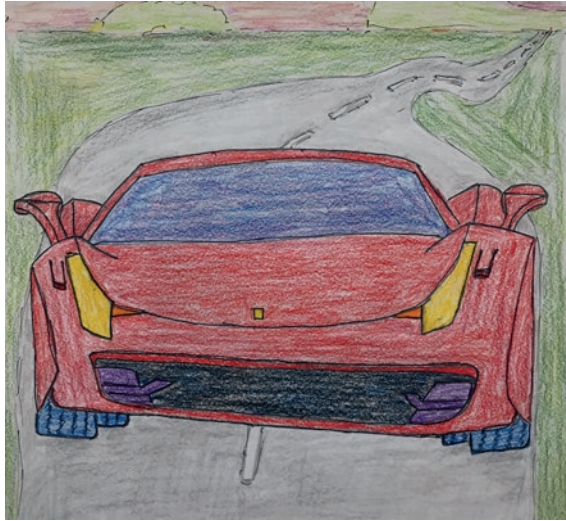
I'll just delay it
I'll postpone it
I'll just wait
I've already got too much on my plate

In short time
It won't be long
Any minute now
I just don't know how

This isn't an excuse
Maybe just a bad habit
I'll just get it done
And then my phone buzzes...

What's Left of my Country Zach Henderson | Year 7

A fire burnt country
a land of black smoke
of blazing orange walls
of sacrificed lives
far horizons of what used to be
the dark blue sea, now coloured slate
the terror and screams
a land of lost faith.
Core of the fire
land of dusted black
fire, droughts and famine
people fight back,
over thirsty paddocks
animals, lifeless and cold
the filmy vein of fires
that makes everything look gold.
A strong hearted country
a hope still in the air
to all who sacrificed their lives
you will be evoked,
though right now
my country may not be the best
we will fight back
and it will go back to the way it used to be
oh, my great country.



Peter Waters | Staff



Ewelina Gebiski | ELC



Dhwarakesh Rajaram | Year 11

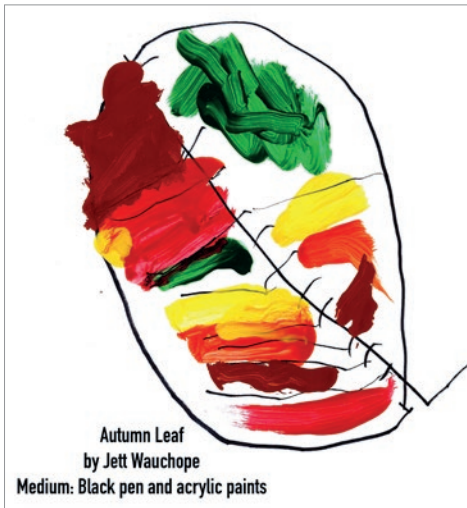


Benji Lagos and Eddie Taintey | Year 2





Molly Opie | ELC



Jett Wauchope | ELC

Autumn Leaf
by Jett Wauchope
Medium: Black pen and acrylic paints



Preston Fah | ELC

Oh, How the Flowers Cried Braheem Abraham | Year 10

Field of white flowers separated by perfect symmetry all waved in perfect harmony almost as if they are all one of the same
 Hundreds of millions perhaps even billions yet all move the same way
 All neighbours to each-other. They share the same land.
 They have magnificent eyes, excellent ears and sacred mouths
 Yet all remain unused for decades
 Sealed shut by an imaginary curse that plagues them all
 Hundreds of millions perhaps even billions yet not one has ever broken the curse
 Yet in the middle of the pack a streak of crimson runs across a very few specific flowers.

They are contaminated by precious yet poisonous scarlet
 They circle a man.

The spot where he lay is now the grave of a flower
 He's a miserable young fool

Yet smarter and happier than all the flowers
 They just don't know it yet

He pleads and begs for ears

All ears fall upon him, but none listen

Deaf to all words that they don't want to hear

They all smile and comfort him

He cries

For

One

To

Listen

The man has broken

Snapped and has exited sanity they think

Snapped and entered reality

They ignore him now

Lost cause

He regains his composure

He steadies himself

Stands up straight

"You'll see. One day"

"God save you all"

The deathly hallows of a gun ricochets through the fields
 Leaving a harrowing echo as the bullet is implanted through
 the head of the man

The crimson streaks stain the white flowers furthermore

They all turn and grief

Oh, how the flowers cried

Only the ones with the crimson stains see it.

They turn to people

Miserable fools

They beg and plead

For someone...

Just to listen.

Once.

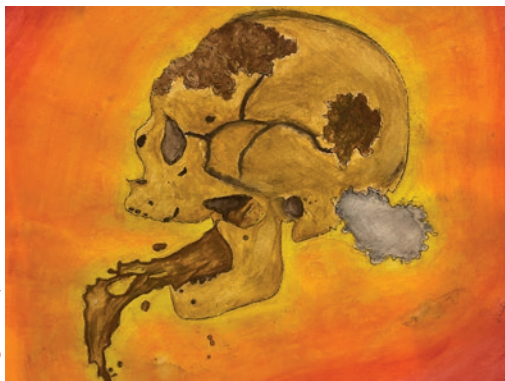
Oh, how they cried.



Andy Venning | Year 4



Jude Band | Year 11



Hugo Parisi | Year 11



Tom Dolling | Year 8



Aiden Le | Year 12

These Days
James Tye | Year 9

A photo of two people
A moment frozen in time
A celebration, captured within its borders
Two people dressed up; united together
Old forsaken memories that may be forgotten,
and found again

Ornament
Jonathan McKay | Year 9

Its cold shell sits on the shelf,
Overseeing all that happens.
Years upon years of sitting, waiting.
Heavy on the shelf of unforgiving forgetfulness.
Dated as time moves on,
its ceramic body grows old.

Burning
Mason O'Callaghan | Year 9

As the light darkens in the room
the candle flickers
with the bright orange flame
lighting the whole space with joy
the wax burns and melts
The candle is slowly extinguished.



Charlie Griffin | Year 11

Dragons William Raeside | Year 2

Destroying the kingdom to crumbs.
Raining burning lava.
Attracting lightning bolts.
Going to erupt with anger.
On the most gigantic volcano ever.
No one knows if they will survive.
So everyone thinks they will become extinct.

What am I? Charlie Mitchell | Year 9

Glass, transparent,
Empty. I am simple,
Boring, but fragile.
Markings and scratches make me unique.
I am curved, cylinder like.
Residue grips my walls, surrounds my borders.
What am I, but an empty vessel?

Finn Koutsoukos | Year 9

Positive and negative,
Electricity flowing through its current,
Powering things til abandoned, emptied,
Black and bronze and even silver,
Used until deserted.

A Sea of White

Henry Pontifex | Year 9

(Gasp) (Splosh) Green, red, yellow, orange coral
 Swaying peacefully like the tree tops on a breezy day,
 With thousands of fish and turtles drifting around calmly,
 Softly like no one's watching tourists everywhere taking
 In the wonder, the beauty of our own Great Barrier Reef.
 All your feelings, thoughts, problems swim away with the
 fish and your light and free again. We start innovating,
 progressing, developing but the reef is deteriorating.
 Earth's warming up like a furnace and it's just getting
 hotter and hotter and hotter. The ocean's getting warmer
 because of us, not the innocent fish, turtles, dolphins.
 No matter what we're doing for our earth - it's too late, way too late.
 The ocean, the reef and the sea life are screaming for help,
 But no one's answering, no one's standing up, no one's helping.
 The reef needs you, it's begging and crying for you,
 you to need to start helping! Let's turn back the clock,
 let's bind together and do something bigger than us
 Just imagine you're losing your home but you have no idea why,
 Losing your life, your family, but you have no idea why,
 Losing your food, joy and peace - but you have no idea why.
 What could you do but just hope that the people with the power help you
 Years go on and we are still on the unrelenting train delaying the disembark,
 Our wonder, Australia's wonder is shrinking at an alarming rate.
 We must get off this train, please, help nature not our colourless cities.
 The fish aren't begging their dying, we've given up on them,
 we've prioritised human comfort (Gasp) (Splosh)
 White, nothing but white, no fish – nothing, just a sea of white,
 It's too late.

Untitled

Gill Wakelin | Year 7

Aussie Friday night
 Betts has taken flight
 Footy's back on the menu
 No fans at the venue
 Coronavirus is past
 Carlton still last
 Bulldogs starting to crack
 Teagues got the sack
 Crows supporters out at three quarter time
 Their fans having a whine
 Port at their peak
 Burgoyne didn't get a week
 Blonde not looking good on Sidney Stack
 Footy's back

Falling Colours

Tim Gibbons | Year 9

Falling colours all around, everywhere you look
 Twirling though the air like a graceful breeze.
 The carpet they created that made their own
 nook
 The beautiful, tall living creatures we call trees.

Each leaf different in its own way
 As they choose when and where to leave up
 so high.
 Some let the wind take them astray
 But they all must learn to say goodbye.

Red, yellow, orange and brown
 Like tiny balls of fire falling from the sky.
 Although they may want to be renown
 Eventually they must wither and die.



Zach Centile | Year 6



Ethan Bald | Year 11



Zaine Norman-Brown | Year 12



Lu Zhang | Year 12 (Both by same artist)

Thinking Fraser White | Year 11

I was thinking about applying for my American Visa the other day
But then I checked the news and saw what they were saying

I saw how America is burning down
and they are all rioting and destroying the town

It's got me thinking about if I really want to go there
Because the way it's looking, I'll be heading nowhere

Guns and bullets
I'm not talking about Tom Brady's arm and throws

Guns and bullets
Worse than any violence you could ever know

The land of the free as alive as ever
But how it is now, did they expect this? Never.

They allowed the guns to be for self-protection
But they started to abuse it making their own collections

Now with the violence in the streets it started with punches and whacks
Now the first thing they say when there's beef is to go get the straps

Now not all of USA is a part of this disaster
But the whole country needs to be put in a plaster

As I sit back here and reflect on my words
The violence needs to fly away like some birds

I'm thinking about how can I help this problem
A way that I can help the city to blossom

But the only idea I can think of,
is to put down the guns and learn to love.

Do I really want to go there and risk my life?
Nah, I'll probably just stay here and be out of strife

Fermented Thomas Williams | Year 11

The fermenting of a deep depression
 Threw me under
 Muffled reality struck with thunder,
 Sudden shocks and panic attacks
 Sent me back
 To where the mistakes were made
 Stuck in my ways
 Stuck in the pain
 Chest bleeding. I'm like mouldy fruit being squeezed
 The blank walls scream at me, doorways breathe on me
 ceiling stealing sunlight from my eyes
 People in the street just pass me by
 Night-time, the cold keeps me company
 Slumped in the bed staring into the deep sea
 Hoping to find land
 Alone, I'm a one-man band

"Please don't react when I tell you, Mother"

The fermenting of a deep depression
 Threw me under
 Muffled reality struck
 And my world shook
 Hiding in the closet my sanity is what it took

Well she just looked sad
 The rest of the drive was quiet
 Talking would only incite violence
 She caught me
 Blood rushed to my face
 Looked red like a ripe apple
 once was of her eye
 That fear will ferment into a feeling too hard to face

Looking at peace through a noose.
 Loose now but every time someone finds out my truth
 It tightens. I'm an ant these feeling are titans
 Bright lights blind my eyes
 can't breathe, can't see
 Stuck at sea without a sail
 Hail and rain hit my hollow ribs as I wonder what it cost
 my people had to hide remember. The Holocaust.
 I'm more of a man than you
 all you ever had to do was just live
 I'm a fruit to you,
 nothing can get through to you

I didn't know myself
 I had to find a time to be alone.
 Work on my mental health
 While everyone else was sleeping
 I was deeply thinking

Things get better and worse, In a blink
 The only thing that doesn't change is how much people think
 the stubborn mentality of society
 subverted. Mentally I adapted.
 Inverted. Never been heard
 I grew from the hurt
 Hurlled out. Born turned out.
 Look how I turned out.
 I didn't inherit this perspective
 It wasn't genetics
 It's from oppression
 The fermenting of a lesson
 The fermenting of a perspective
 The fermenting of a fruit
 Fine wine but not for you.

The Storm

Nathan Thomas | Year 8

A night that's filled with murk and gloom.
 The ground, it senses creeping dread.
 The uneasy waters, the weakness of land
 The chatter of teeth, and nails that are bitten.
 A pebble rolls.
 When suddenly, lightning strikes, boulders come down
 And the raging sea grabs the cliff, yanks it down free.
 The tempest, the furious storm, roars with much wrath
 And makes the rocks and the stones rumble with fright.
 With agony trees scream from bites of the gale,
 And the storm and the waves bring destruction to earth.

This night of tragedy never stops true,
 Like a mad dog with an old shoe.

Rainforest

Lucas Romaldi | Year 8

The dense and sombre forest
 Hides the lush and thick plants
 Majestic trees the size of skyscrapers
 The guardians of the forest, the keepers of the life

The sun glistens through the gaps of the rainforest
 And uncovers the secrets that lie beneath
 Mist flying around from the crystal-like waterfall
 That shines with the power from the sun

The Leaves as green as leprechauns
 So luscious and satisfying in the way they blow in the wind
 The rainforest, so special and sacred
 Never to be replaced

Switched

Myles McEwen | Year 11

Rusted, dark, lone.
 A face faded on its edges, damaged, expressionless.
 His eyes, covered in tears, revealed a dark, struggling self-hatred.

He hated the feeling of intimacy and cried violently.
 His overwhelming sadness blinded his smile,
 Silently, anxiously.

Disgusted by who he was,
 His thoughts disappeared like the sound of thunder.

The man, the room, the chair,
 His clothes, hair, face,
 Now completely horrified.
 Closer to the screen, gradually reaching towards him.
 Suddenly . . . darkness.

Anxiously waiting for his decision to let me take over;
 I revealed the face he had wished he had . . .

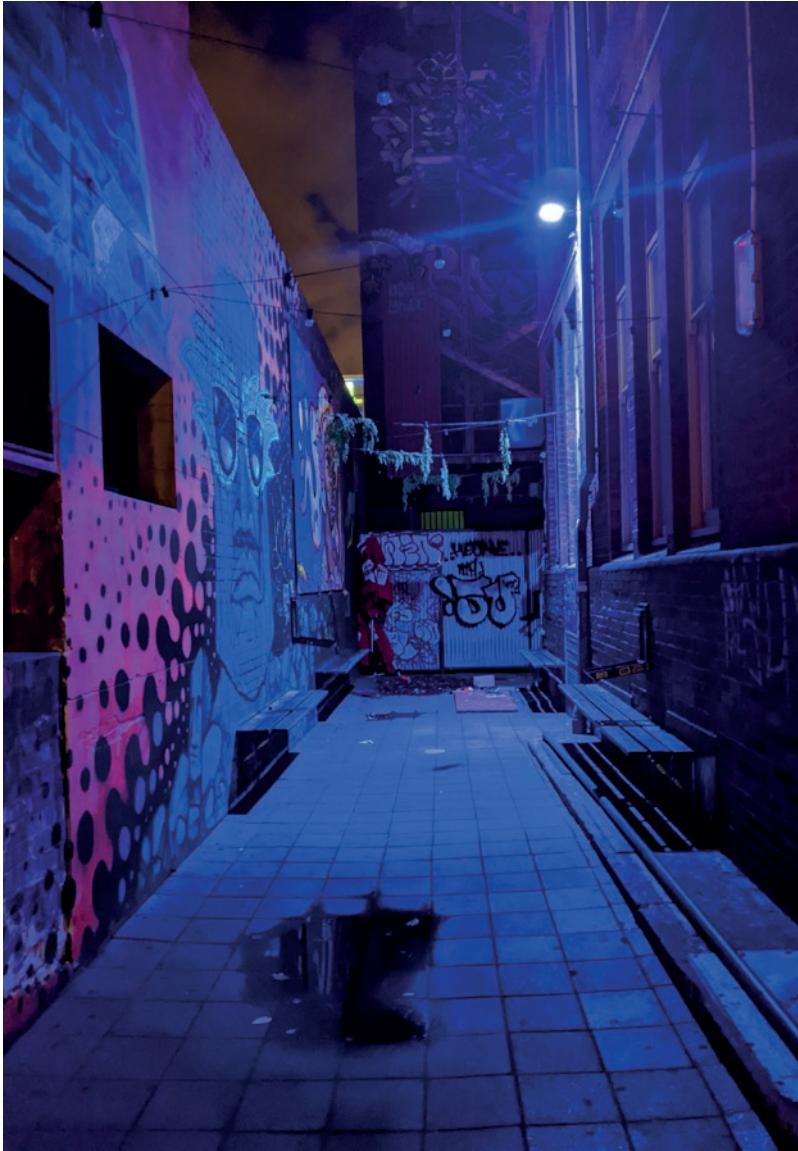
A match by his side.
 My entire life . . . in his head.

...

Volcano

Oscar Gerlach | Year 2

I was hiking.
 When I looked up, I saw a volcano.
 It burst into the sky.
 We ran down from the mountain.
 But it was too late.
 People were screaming. Cars were speeding. Lava was spreading.
 It happened extremely fast.
 Lava was burning the houses down.
 There was so much smoke.
 Even people were melting.



Daniel Mills | Year 12

The Night Connor Mills | Year 9

The night is young, the night is dark
As young as newborn child, as dark as coal
And in the sky
A large light
Big and bright
Out the corner of our eye
Giving us warmth and hope

Through the dark skies above
There is another shine and glimmer of hope,
in the darkness
The sparkle that is in the sky
The star up there
Spreading like a wildfire
The glimmer of faith
Is poking its head out

Now when you are in a dark spot
just like the night
remember to keep hope and faith
and there will be light in every situation

The Vast Plains of Australia Apollon Velonakis | Year 7

The outlandish plains.
Sweeping across the horizon.
The amber golden sun.
Glinting in the meadow.
Farm animals alike.
Trotting and grazing.
The stormy clouds
Stooping over the landscape.
The animals, the scenery and the absolute
beauty.
The vast, barren lands of Australia.

The Night Tom Roberts | Year 9

The inky blackness of the seas,
As I stare out on the water
The moon once bright,
Now barely alight
Almost as if underwater,

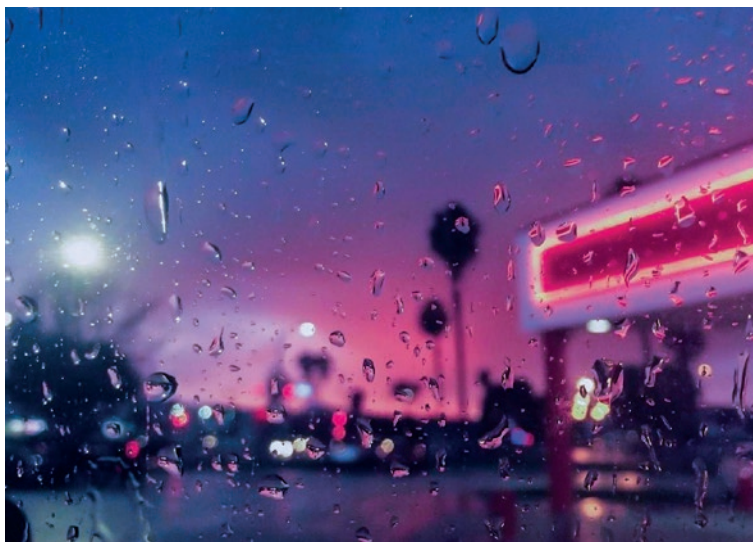
The sea once smooth with sheen
Now speaks of a deep secret within
As the waves crash against the rocks
I look down upon my feet,
The rocks once kind and gentle,
Now wolves ready to kill,
As the waves crash against them they howl,
Oh, what a thrill,

And yet as those rocky wolves,
had just begun their hunt,
I had finished mine long ago
and to now hide my prize
Many women had said,
"This man has a golden heart"
But right now I could not see that,
As I lifted his leaden arms
And as I lifted his head,
I smelt his deathly odour,

I had tied some rocks upon his legs,
And waited half the night,
Until the moon was covered,
Within the dark black night

As I threw the body off the rocks,
The ocean came up to meet him,
Swallowing him up whole
As he disappeared in the darkness,

I knew no-one would come to look here,
As I knew not where I was myself,
And yet I felt no remorse,
As I knew my brother would not be missed



Zaine Norman-Brown | Year 12

The Decaying Ocean Will Kleeman | Year 9

Oh ocean. Oh ocean
What timeless being designed yourself?
What heavy hand shaped your depths?
Your sunset is an unknown beauty.
Who was it that fashioned your salty scent?
Your chilly winds at dawn
What brushstroke designed your joyous art?

Oh ocean, oh ocean
Who forged your delicate dancing waves?
Who moulded your rich golden sand?
Your plentiful sunsets, nature smiling back at us.
Who conceived your blaring voice?
The seagulls squawk.
The whales cry.

Oh ocean, oh ocean
Who will free from the savagery of mankind?
What shield will defend your ancient kingdom?

A Little Rain Falls Charlie Siemer | Year 8

A soft patter of rain
Breaks the silence of the night
The water falls across the plain

Through the cracks the water falls
Slowly falling through the earth,
New plant growth and nature calls

A little seed starts to grow
With soft fists it moves the soil
Once out it puts on quite a show

Little by little it grows it grows
Up into the sky a tree it grows
Then dropping its seeds for more to grow

iChild Mark Wilde | Staff

To begin with it was boxed and bubble-wrapped hardware,
then at its launch, its lungs were filled with MacBook Air
and its first noise was a start-up chime
and its body clock was configured to Screen Time.
The MacDoctor detached its cord and it floated, wireless, free,
and its doting parents christened it with an Apple ID.
And its eyeballs were startled into Super Retina display screens
and when put to sleep, were washed by gentle waves of iDreams.
It was breast-fed on electricity,
weaned with a rechargeable battery.
And the iChild's iBrain had the very latest Intel core.
So it craved to *do* more, *see* more, *know* more
so it thumbed and scrolled through the App Store
and found everything it needed in order to thrive:
it downloaded the crawl app,
the walk app, the talk app
and it's very first Word was Office 365. For Mac.
And the iChild opened Pages and learnt to read
and everyone marvelled at its processing speed.
And the iChild learnt to count through Apple Trade-in:
iPhone 3G, iPhone 4, iPhone 5, all the way up to X
but that, for now, was as far as it could.
Xr? Who knows, maybe for Christmas if it promised to be good.

And the iChild started iSchool,
excelled in each of its subjects,
signed up for an IT management project,
watched Mac tutorials to succeed in it,
sought Apple Support when it needed it,
had Apple Values instilled in it,
left iSchool fully qualified, officially Apple Certified.

And after iSchool the iChild hung out with its iMates,
went out at night checking for up-dates,
experimented with its own System Preferences,
forged its own identity, its sub-culture references.

And finally the iChild settled down,
installed itself iWorks, found itself an iFriend,
upgraded it to an iSpouse,
saved up for an iHouse with Apple accessories,

brought out new versions of itself: iKids.

It was living the dream, the iLife.
And every second of its iLife was a photo opportunity not to be missed
'cause if it wasn't captured on iPhone, it didn't exist.

But even its own Apple Watch Series 4 with electrical heart sensor
and re-engineered Digital Crown with haptic feedback
couldn't slow time down.

The iChild tried to reboot itself during moments of mid-life crisis,
came down with OS X systemitis.

Its sense of hearing went in its iBeats.

Some of its hardware became obsolete.

It found itself trouble-shooting more and more often,
sensed its ambient lighting starting to soften.

And in old age it reported beach balls spinning before its eyeballs,
admitted its memory wasn't quite what it was.

So, it was ushered into Apple Care

where they carried out tests on its software.

But the smile on its Finder icon changed to sad;

it contracted a virus, became unresponsive, crashed.

They closed its eyes, then laid it out in a second-generation iCoffin,
– aluminium, Space Gray with white Apple-logo.

And at its iFuneral there wasn't a dry eye in the iChurch.

They played its favourite songs from its iTunes playlist.

Eulogies paid tribute to its visual simplicity,

its compatibility, called it 'user-friendly',

and the iPriest reassured the iMourners

that the iChild was still alive; that it was only iDead.

It had been saved, uploaded to the iCloud where it
was archived; still accessible.

But some thought this impossible.

And from somewhere called the Real World
swarmed these sceptics.

They gate-crashed, seized power,

armed themselves with hammers, shovels, crowbars, picks.

They dug up the dirt, exhumed it, lifted the lid

and proved exactly what they'd always known before:

that the iChild

was simply worm food,

rotten

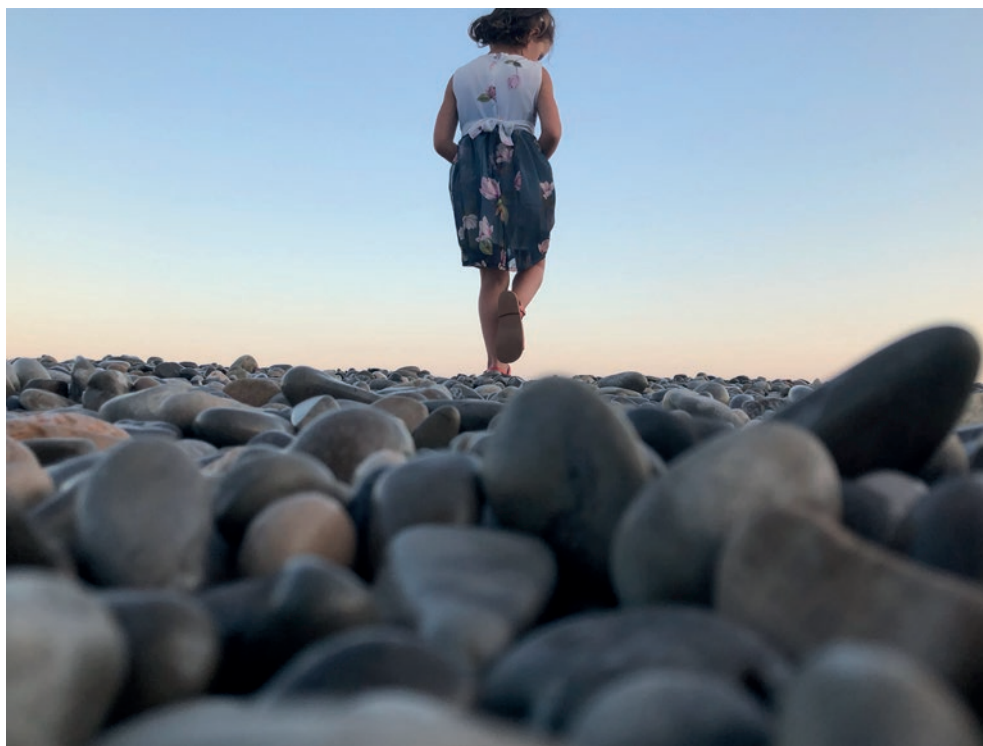
to the core.



Phil Noble | Staff



Angus Harvery | Year 8



Anne Melbourne | Staff



Angus Harvey | Year 8



Angus Phillips | Year 8



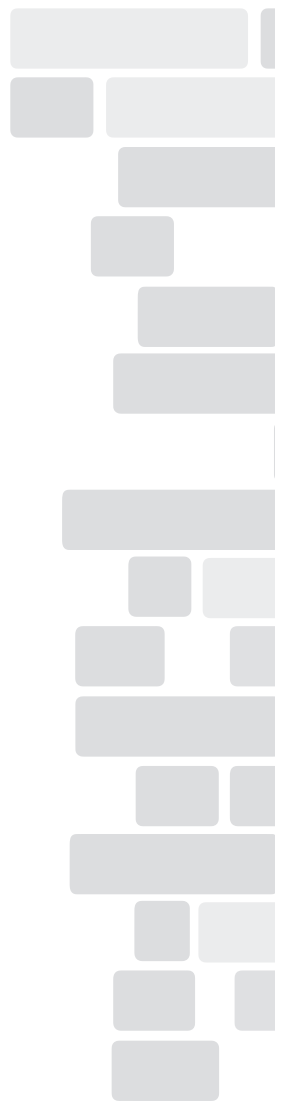
Alex Nind | Year 12



Ben McArthur | Year 7



Myles McEwen | Year 11



I Still Don't Know the Way Henry Cleland | Year 11

The focus on being better every day
The time I put in place to be better.
The inspiration I look for in everything.
The time I put in place to train or work as hard as I can so I can have a future,
Because if I procrastinate even once It feels like I'm letting myself down
and I lose a chance in the future to be successful.

And people ask why I didn't go out to that party.

People don't see me putting in the time training every morning and night,
Not having a second to think, why am I doing this?
why do I spend three hours a day training to be faster? Stronger?
Why do I spend seven hours a day at school trying to be smarter
Why do I turn down a good time for some homework?

'Hard work pays off'
'Respect isn't given, it's earned'
'Don't limit your challenge, challenge your limits'
'Never regret a day in your life. Good days give you
happiness and bad days give you experience'
'When you feel like stopping, think about why you started'
'I have failed over and over again and that is why I succeed'
'If it doesn't challenge you, it won't change you'
'No one saves us but ourselves. No one can and no one may.
We ourselves must walk the path'

Some people ask why I seem quiet. It is because I'm thinking about my future.
How to get better, how to challenge myself, thinking about the next hurdle.
I wish I knew what my future will be, and if it is good?

I can't be a failure.

Sometimes I wish I didn't have talent for sport,
because it sometimes feels like that is all I am good for.
If I could trade my sporting capabilities and mentality for
being the smartest kid in the world, would I?
Am I going down the right path to success?
I wish I had my passion back for a sport,
because I now know what it takes to get the most out of myself
and push myself to the limit. I know how to train. I know how to eat.
I know how to mentally prepare myself. But I still don't know the way.

Pressure from family
Pressure from friends
Pressure from society
Pressure for a future

Ode to Eugenie Rojan Joshi | Year 12

How often have you danced into my dreams?
Igniting fires that burn like passions deep;
Headfirst, my mind is pushed to such extremes –
In truth, you keep my nights bereft of sleep.
Such distant seas that lay between us turn
Each fleeting moment shared into my rafts,
No bridges span the strait for which we yearn –
Does such a hull produce a ship that lasts?
Pourtant, alors, it seems to me that since
I think and dote on thee, your sweet caress
Can live on in my soul – I am convinced.
Lo, thus, with great aplomb I will profess:
On gloomy nights within my sights you are;
Like stars, love's light does luster from afar.

The Forgotten Extinction Angus Phillips | Year 8

The Earth, a blank, blue canvas
Waiting for someone, something to make their move
But one took the daunting task
Could it do what none had done before?

How long would it take?
How little it would be know?
How large the effect could be?
The mass extinction that would be to follow

Like filling up the ocean with an eye drop
Drop by drop, and day by day, one at a time
They form a new hope for the rest,
Now able to take a breath of air

Two billion years have passed, now a billion years ago
Extinction came for those who couldn't cope
They changed the world for centuries to come
Gave life to us and many more to come

The City That Never Sleeps Jack Hodby | Year 9

New York, New York, no one ever stood still,
The neon lights and people round me whirled.
And oh those passers-by with steadfast will,
All of them thinking 'I must change the world'.

And there's a forest dropped inside it all,
Where carriages with costumed horses pranced.
Plus, joyful pine trees that grew and loomed tall,
Rays of sun shining through the branches danced.

But Christmas time is when you've got to go,
There are nutcrackers behind each windowpane,
Who thought that the department stores could glow,
With skyscrapers dressed up like candy canes.

Its magic made it hard to say goodbye,
But still its beauty sparkles in my eye.

Overwhelmed Hugo Deere | Year 9

Sitting on the shore
Cold waves roll up, then back, then up, then back
Swish swash
I ponder my life whilst sitting there
Dark thoughts festered inside
Suddenly the waves seem inviting
As if they are calling to me
I get up to my feet
Begin to wander to the shore
Soft sand under my feet
Warm water lapping on my toes
I realize how tired I am
I wade deeper
And deeper
Until I am fully submerged
The water comforts me
As if telling me to let go
I let go



Archie Fletcher | Year 12



Campbell Cowe | Year 4



Harry Hoffman | Year 3



Sam Gibbs | Year 12



Hugo Jordan | Year 12



Hugo Jordan | Year 12



James MacDonald | Year 12



Harry Grandioso | Year 5

Lost Shoes Michelle Green | Staff

It was the shoes that got me the most.
 Lost somewhere in a nightmare day
 of hospital to hospital therapies:
 chemo, radio, MRI, blood transfusion.
 Bare feet noticed amidst the
 confusion.
 Little feet peeping out,
 young four-year-old feet,
 sun brown,
 soft,
 tender,
 Immune now to aging,
 immune to callous', bunions.
 Little feet wading in the ocean's
 ebb and flow of life.
 Nightmare day fades.
 Memories linger of
 patterned footprints in the sand.
 I stand in silent goodbye,
 tears prick,
 drowning in waves of grief.
 Little feet,
 sun brown,
 tender,
 forever four-years-old.
 Empty shoes lost ...
 footprint patterns kissed softly away
 by the ocean.

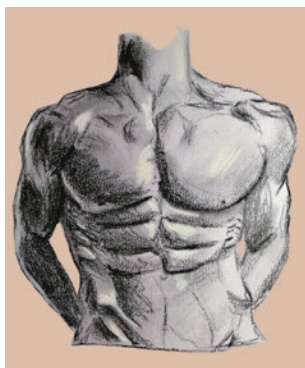
Winter Max Schulz | Year 9

Snow covering roads.
 The sound of birds singing soft.
 Another winter.

No Monarchs Ben Spitty | Year 9

Incubated in the royal womb,
 Raised in a royal family,
 The power ever so easily placed in front of you
 But when will someone come down to reality?
 All this 'airtime' given
 For what? A new dress?
 The Royal Granddaughter's wedding got cancelled
 Well, so did everyone else's, so suck it up princess.
 Interesting enough,
 We watch blood pure as pearls,
 We ignore homeless infants suffering on the streets
 While the dirty 8th in line pursues young girls.
 All these purposeless articles
 With a significance factor of zero.
 We have current affairs about Harry dressing as a Nazi,
 Meanwhile soldiers are fighting in war, our true heroes.
 Guard for what I question?
 To protect the riches in which very few bask?
 Lavish gold expense, a rolling red carpet and royal fine dining
 While there are the starving who require attention, it's not a big ask.
 Animals innocent existence shot down by the royals,
 Our future king Elmer Fudd hunting for wabbits.
 Animal rights are irrelevant, insignificant and inconsequential,
 It's time to change Elmer and Co's poor habits.
 Yet the Queen's corgi fetish funded by the working class,
 Our millions and millions and millions of dollars.
 It's like us... the people are more insignificant to the queen's precious pooches,
 And all of this for more corgi Instagram followers.
 All the sipping snacking and scoffing,
 Caviar, beef wellington, oysters, white truffles, moose cheese, bluefin tuna, Scottish lobster,
 Ethical Foie gras, Japanese wagyu steaks, a blissful bacon and egg breakfast every morning.
 Time for drinks, Champagne, sparkling white wine, gin, and for the late-night beverage, port, and to
 Finish the dinner party; a fragrant earl grey tea
 Meanwhile during the delectable dinner, people, starving line up at a homeless soup kitchen.
 Where does the desire for greedy undeserved authority come from?
 Humanity is thirsty to receive the pleasure of power.
 The world is an unfair place which demands a leader who's no fool,
 Supremacy served lukewarm on a platter, that society shouldn't devour.

Lu Zhang | Year 12



Lu Zhang | Year 12



Miles Falahey | Year 8

Everyone Thought Seb Parisi | Year 9

It was the 11th of March 1945
 Scurrying through the thick sludge of the alps,
 Not knowing what is lurking above the clouds.
 Ropes and harnesses freezing to the max,
 As white puff turned to ice.
 As the peak was in sight
 We all heard a rumble,
 And when we looked up
 It all started to tumble.
 Before it hit us
 We all closed our eyes,
 3 souls to my left and 3 souls to my right...
 I opened my eyes.
 Looking down and seeing them fade into the white mist.
 All falling like a ragdoll
 Realising there was nothing between me and 5000 metres
 I looked up and saw no connection to the mountain side
 Not knowing I was one of the victims,
 Until I hit the ground.

As the owls hummed
 in the pitch black,
 The night went fast.
 The clock ticked through the morning
 Until I was woken by a nurse,
 My 20-year-old self was wise enough to say "I'm ok"
 Until I looked in the bathroom mirror and saw the utter age
 75 years had gone in a flash,
 Understanding no one else in the accident had made it
 I felt lucky
 But I still thought to myself
 Did this really happen?

The Fire

Louis Dawson | Year 8

The fire dances like burning rage,
It is like a tiger let out of its cage,
I cannot control this blundering beast,
I cannot stop its hunting feast,

This animal consumes the land,
This rage no one can command,
Turning towns and cities black,
We cannot withstand this beasts attack,

We fight and fight but cannot resist,
people from afar proceed to assist,
fighting a fire is a group endeavour,
the fire seems to burn for ever,

In the end there's nothing here
No homes, no trees not even fear
On ourselves we must depend
Everyone must start again

The Poppy

Sam Lombardo | Year 9

A red poppy blooms
Burning hot with love and war
No longer needed

Enslavement

Matthew O'Leary | Year 9

Colors of euphoria await me ahead,
Flashing and buzzing calling me forwards,
Reserves of coinage built up over months,
Spinning and circling patterns unmatched.

From pocket reached coins received from the counter,
Through the slot, speeding down, clicking, clacking,
It sounds against the steel until it reaches its goal,
The lever sits in awaitance for grasping of one's hand.

The lever cranked down, the slots start to circle over,
Again, and again without any success. Too far in.
Luck is all that's needed, with this much invested
Turning back is not a possibility, just even out, then take leave.

Hand once again goes to pocket, but no result comes around,
Money has dried out, drought following its place,
How could this happen? Home seems unattainable,
To have spent one's kinfolk college funds and lose it to this.

He's panicking, freezing up like a mannequin. Mind spinning.
The once euphoric lights became a depressing array of abyssal figures,
Tormenting through a nightmare, no place to go, no place of comfort,
An insignificant figure taken over by addiction ready to leave this world.

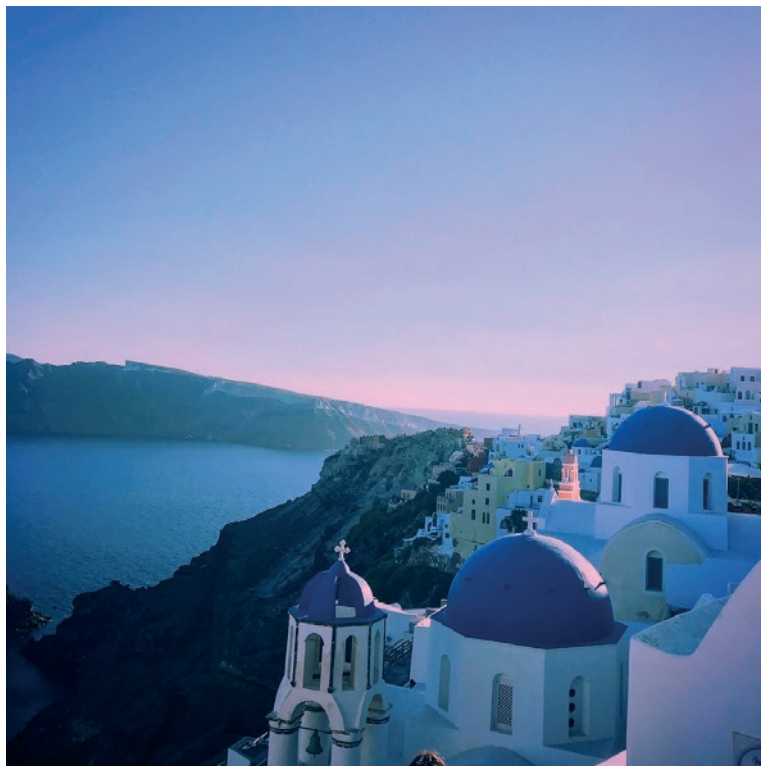
Acid blurring my vision disabling my senses, bouncers kick to the ground,
Lying in the cold winter of a black alley, blood coughed out onto the pavement,
The spinning decelerates down developing into darkness, heart thumps turn to taps,
The dam cracks and tears leak through with last words "I'm sorry my son."



Harry Russell | Year 12



Anne Melbourne | Staff



Michelle Fragomeni | Staff



Bailey Lock | Year 11

When- Wambana
Tarun Kamath | Year 10

(An adaptation of Rudyard Kipling's 'If')
When you can sail across the seas,
Leaving all things behind you,
Missing loved ones who call your name from the horizon,
Knowing that not all will miss you.

When you can sit through long stretches of road,
Curious about what challenges are yet to be faced
And reach your destination neither overwhelmed or underwhelmed,
Ready to see through this journey and home of five weeks.

When you are met with people of authority,
Yet can still name them as friends
And eat food that you are grateful for
But moreover for the hands that prepared it.

When you can run in the early hours of the day
And still recover quick enough for the next morning
Or run until the final second strikes the limit
And be okay with your crew of early morning.

When you are made to live with others,
Whose names you have barely uttered before
And present their idiosyncrasies before them and the crowd
Yet also be prepared to receive jabs and blows to your ego.

When you can budget quantity over luxury
And account for others as equal
Or cook for those who have cooked for you
And show them new worlds of flavour, culture and cuisine.

When you can pack a sack,
Whose weight will overcome you
And carry it over stretches of land,
Guided only by others and the compass.

When you can read drawings,
That offer no words
But can still show you the way
And compare the typographical to reality.

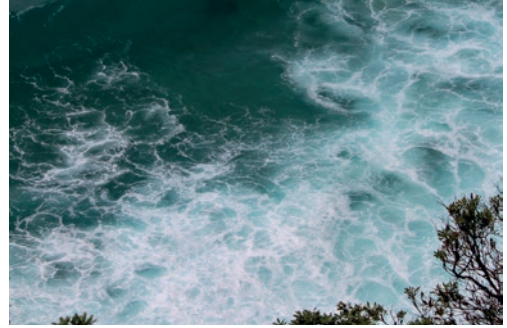
When you can finally reach a place,
Whose barren land offers you soothing comfort
And plant your pegs to cast shelter
That will protect you through the night.
When you can bear the cold rain
And the unforgiving environment
Or recall happy memories,
Whose warmth raises you by mere degrees

When you can see improvements to your health
And be happy to look at the person in the mirror
Or notice changes of behaviour,
By finding the glimmer of positivity in a sea of negativity

When you can finish the quest,
Untroubled by the inevitable regrets that come along with it.
You see my son, it is not a matter of if,
Young man! It is a matter of when.



Aiden Le | Year 12



Aidan Pullino | Year 8



Aidan Pullino | Year 8

Day and Night Fred Hassell | Year 6

A beautiful day is so full of light,
A time full of darkness is a time we call night.
The sound of bustle from cars all around,
Peace and quiet, no longer the background.
The earth spins on its axis, 24 hours a day.

The half facing the sun is a time we have some
fun,
The half that is facing away,
Is when we are done for the day.

Day by day,
Night by night,
Burnt from the sun,
And frozen at midnight.

Nightmares sneaking into my bed,
Living life over in my head.
In them, someone running after me,
Let me go, let me be free.

Daydreaming, daydreaming,
The noisy rivers streaming.
Exotic birds chirping,
And chocolate milkshakes slurping.

Staring up at the sky,
What a beautiful shade of blue.
There is just one big question...
What can I do?

Oh, it's been a wonderful day,
I found a cool new game to play.
But now it's time to go to bed,
Time to rest my exhausted head.

Not Sure Max Gordon | Year 9

Alone, lying on the warm sand
my heart starts to sink as the sun gets lost
behind the waves,
the soft sky slowly starts to fill up with orange as I lay there,
each day becoming the same as the next,
alone I lie on the cold earthy sand as it becomes
dark,
alone, listening to the waves as they crash
mind lost in the deep dark sky,
the world finally quiet

The Matterhorn Kyle Gambling | Year 9

Trekking for days through the rough wilderness
White snow blinding you as it reflects light
No trees no water just snow
You see jagged mountains in the distance

You continue,
Seeing a small animal dead in the snow
Seems to be a small rabbit
You move on

The highest peak
In sight
You rush up
You reach the top

You see a mountain far away peaking higher
You sigh, get down and start moving towards it

Motorbike Ways Rex Catford | Year 9

Riding free through the dirt
Mud and grass sailing across the sun
Cornering left and right and finding the right spot
Motor running racing revving across the plains

Swerving, skidding bash plate bashing
Wrist moving fast finger on the double
The smell of burnt fuel and floating dust
Tires like a work horse never at rest

Moving along the ground like a cheetah in a chase
Suspension shocking speeds around the ground
Air up and free wheels moving freely
Over the jump and the next hump

Air intake breathing and heaving, breathing
water splashing and splashing in the puddle beside
covering the ground like a weed, fast
riding free running, racing, revving



Alexander Titus | Year 12

The Midnight Cat Hugo Shaw | Year 6

The moonlight shone upon the city,
Nestled in peace and harmony.
One cat stood alone and wandered the lonely streets,
Looking for something to consume; a feast.
Nothing could parallel the beauty of the feline,
Its graceful movements and the reflection of the moon on its fur; a silver shine.
It licked its lips with anticipation, sniffing the air,
And at last, it found what it wanted, with a hint of hair...
A delicious dead squirrel, spilling with simplicity!



Seb Lemmon | Year 7



William Wheaton |
Year 11



Leon Thorne | Year 4



Sam Desmazures | Year 8

Foggy Eyes

Sam Read | Year 10

As we raise our prestige in education we all have our own crosses to bear.
For some more then others, and I pity the man who would weigh down that cross with his own.
Shambling down the rocky road with weight unbearable, how dare you?
You think it right to weigh people down with your own sufferings and your own debacles.

How dare you.

The wind does not blow for one man and one man only, it is for all of us to utilise

No man alone leads a country so why should you have the right alone to do this.

you may think yourself alone or not there of a part of such men but some may be so surprised

But for those who do not care about what words they fling or what cannons they fire.

Just know that for all your misspoken words you tear a piece of people

Many people fall into darkness with no hand to hold the torch.

What makes you have the right to do that.

Your hostility towards people, even to your own kin.

What gives you the right?

Shambling down that road cross has come to bear a brunt of woes.

For some have seen the curtains and I still shed hope that there be no other.

Never to bear such ferocity as any other, or such hatred shed by man as you.

Sling the man who holds the sling upon his coddled rock. Tear his hands and relieve him of his head these are the viscous cries of those who find the man or men who would cause such harm.

Before such words fall on ears again, envisage such actions one may take to relieve themselves of those hated chats.

And think of the blade covered with the man's life and what you have caused.

Shambling down the road my cross has become too heavy to bear
I leave you now on sombre words and hope for you contemplate this.

Unplugged

Mark Bailey | Staff

Cool water twisting
A whistling kite calls above
My mobile buzzes

Parenthood

Mark Bailey | Staff

Late nights without the healing of a sleep
Continue on throughout the months and years
A cry for help – no need for clocks to beep
I drag myself awake to tend their tears

The arguments and fights continue on
Whilst I stand in the middle as the ref
And try to turn the screams into a song
And mend the wounds the fighting now has left

The bills mound up with every year they grow
The schools, the toys, the doctors and the rest
Like water through a sieve, our wages flow
And though we make mistakes we do our best

But every night I kiss them with a smile
For they're the ones who make it all worthwhile

Main Character Henry Gerard | Year 12

Never would I have imagined to be cast in such an extensive role.
 A main character in yours.
 Yet an afterthought in mine.
 A memory that is easily repressed,
 Yet impossible to forget.
 I am blessed with a head full of conviction
 However, I seem to lack the diction,
 To truly express,
 Or to even confess,
 The attachment that remains,
 An irremovable stain.
 Trapped within the polarisation,
 Accepting two opposing facts as truth,
 Oh, how George would be disappointed,
 Another soul barred by doublethink.
 The way forward is unclear, untrodden and unknown.
 To me, by me, for me.
 Along for the ride we go,
 All passengers within vehicle of time.

Whiteboard Tarun Kamath | Year 10

I start fresh for a new day, although my scars have still not faded.
 My tattoos tell a story I do not like to tell.
 I'm outdated, unused and worthless.
 I'm not as advanced as the others.
 Sitting dusty in the classroom.
 People do not know of what lies behind me, they just look at my front.
 I'm ready for my fate; a cold marker pen rubbing hard on me.
 I'm ready for my fate; sickly chemicals ready to distort me and disguise me.
 I'm ready for my fate; squeaking and screeching and squealing
 I'm lonely but that is how they see me.
 Cleaned and reused for decades as some sort of an eternal hell!
 I'm lonely but they just see a blank surface,
 Unready to start again.



Philip Sruhan | Year 2



Thomas David | Year 4



Oliver Elesio | Year 12



Myles McEwen | Year 11

Technology Ethan Liu | Year 9

Robots, machines, computers, phones, and other tech

Always evolving, year after year after year, never stopping
They're only just getting started, still thousands of years to go

It's become part of our everyday life, over the last hundred years
At school, at work, at the shops, they're used everywhere
They help workers do work, sometimes doing it for them.

Calls and facetimes with distant relatives, possible through them
Powerful programs made, that go beyond human capabilities
The invention of the crane, relieved many from back-breaking work
Replaced humans with them for dangerous jobs, lives saved

Artificial intelligence created; they can now think for themselves
Machines now able to work faster than a factory worker
Will they help us with jobs or take them from us?

Will we see a repeat of an industrial revolution?
Millions of jobs lost, due to technology evolution

In the near future, could there be an industrial evolution?

Sunny Day James Dobbins | Year 3

Sunny day.

Some running, Some building, Some swimming,
All having fun.
Some tall, some small.
The sky is blue, the weather is good, the sun is out and bright,
All is right.

The birds are singing beautiful tunes.
The seagulls are stealing.
All is right. It is now night.

Selfish Thoughts Noah Coghlan | Year 9

As the perpetual pondering of my desires,
Escapes and returns through my feet and toes,
Submerging me deeper into my sins of greed,
I gaze into the reflection of my narcissistic need.

Ripples of confusion tremble across the vague water,
Shaped by the distant breeze of my selfish thoughts.
I hope to glance into the blurriness of blue bliss,
Only to see thrashing waves sheltering the peace.

A wave of sudden insight arose beyond the horizon,
Striking me down below the surface of my selfish needs.
The murky thoughts of my desires taken away,
I see the entirety of the ocean and knowing it's not just me.

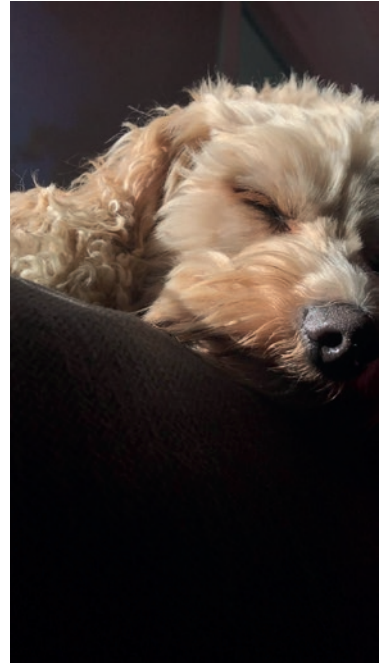
Submerged under the surface, I feel at ease.
Allowing me to make my choices with precise clarity.
Atop the surface of the selfish troubles and greed,
The distant breeze of my need's drifts by unheeded.

Conclusion George Atmadja-Sharp | Year 11

A conclusion is finality.
The point in the story we desire.
A story's resolution.
Our need for the tale to be rounded off smoothly.
Except for cliff-hangers....



Mark Bailey | Staff



Pat Singleton | Year 12



Ruel Thomas | Year 9

Twenty Twenty

Matthew Economos | Year 9

With 20/20 perfect vision I look forwards a new year, a new decade.
 In 2020, my new year's resolution is that I want to
 Be rich,
 Be famous,
 Be a star.

Remote in hand I switch on the TV.
 What do I see?
 Click!
 Australia and all its land is scorched
 Thousands of koalas put to the torch.
 Click!
 An inferno sweeping the country in a flash
 Lives crashed, jobs slashed, fourteen-hundred homes burned down to ash.
 Click!

I'm burning up, but not from the fire but a fever,
 The corona virus sweeping the world, a grim reaper
 Click!
 Quarantine is the only way to fight this!
 And put a stop to this global crisis.
 Click!
 Self-isolation and avoiding the street.
 The poor people just scraping to make ends meet.
 Click!

People all over the world screaming, taking a knee.
 The murder of an innocent black man. That's what I see!
 Click!
 A nation filled with white supremacy, on the outside they look great
 but inside is only mediocrity,
 Oh, the hypocrisy. And hideously we see a nation chained down by
 idiocy.
 Click!
 And George Floyd pinned to the floor.
 Now we have riots, the beginning of a civil war.
 Click!
 The smoke spreading through my lungs like a virus
 "I can't breathe"
 The racism spreading through the world like a virus
 "I can't breathe"
 Locked away in our homes as they burn down.
 The smoke strangling my lungs. falling to my knees, for 8 minutes
 and 46 seconds
 Click!
 Black or White it shouldn't matter
 The fires, the virus, the racism, the riots,
 The world burns up like a firecracker

But quickly we forget about the past.
 And I wonder if these messages to humanity will last
 In 2021, my new year's resolution, I want to-
 Have peace

Am I a Country Boy? Zac Vivian | Year 11

Am I a country boy?
 I live on a flat where me being me is okay,
 the way that I act or what I do doesn't bother anyone around me
 I also live in a place where I am confined like a prison.
 Restricted to walking on concrete paths
 I live in a place where I feel like I should
 I also live where crowds of people lining the streets is the normal way of living
 When I'm in the country the way we do things is to just breathe fresh air
 When I'm in the country it's a never-ending road to freedom
 Feeling this freedom is who I am
 But In the city it's a constant lockdown until the weekend

Weekends consist of bumping shoulders and breathing fumes
 I hear a constant ringing in my ears
 I wonder what the person has done to be chased by the cops.
 The ringing slows down then speeds back up
 within seconds and traps me back into this box
 Driving through the hills back to my box, part of me that is excited
 Maybe it's the mates that I have made in this box
 Maybe it's the different way of living
 Maybe it's the fact that I'm leaving my family
 When really, it's the way I make it feel
 The clash with teachers when I'm locked in that box
 Could the restricted activity be good for me...?
 Could being locked in a box help me...?
 Maybe it could
 Maybe I'm here for a reason

I am here for a reason
 I am being locked in this box for my family
 I was sent here to learn more about myself
 To learn how strong I really am, how far I will really go to succeed
 I was sent here to boost my knowledge about the way others live
 I was sent here for an education to boost my confidence, a chance of succeeding
 In the country I only know one way and that's the country way
 In the country I don't know what else is going on around the world
 My way is the country way... or maybe it is the city way?
 Do I want to know the country way or do I want to make my family proud
 and learn more about life?
 Having a proud family or going with my heart
 Maybe I can do both?
 Maybe I can make my parents proud by going with my heart?
 Maybe I can make them proud *then* go with my heart?
 Really, I don't know
 It's my nose and eyes that will be guiding me through this
 and take me to the right path
 Am I a country boy. Nah, I'm both.
 This is the way I need to go and the way that is good for me
 I am a country, city boy!



Nick Iadanza | Staff

Woman Song Nick Iadanza | Staff

I heard her at the piano the other day.
The music ebbed beneath the door
and drifted into the midday air.
A stolen moment caught
like a shaft of light pricking through a keyhole.
A talent she tucks behind a shroud
'It's nothing special', she says,
Nose crinkled, head tilted.
The humble refrain.

All the while, strong fingers command keys.
Thumbprints melt to ivory.
Her smile pulls at the recollections of
crescendos, scales, staccatos.
Every sound finds its legs and stands. They linger in the air
like euphonic fruit so real I could reach out,
pluck their bulging bodies
and taste their tune on my tongue. A generational gift.
A gem honed by melodies that meander through her
mind's eye.

She turns to me.
Smiles a coy smile.
I have peered under her skin.
Shy, she stops playing.
But the music beats on.
It lives in the space around her.
The way the sunlight chimes in her hair like a gilded hymn.
Notes unspool like ribbons in the comings and goings of
her everyday.
Crystal blue sounds brim in her whirlpool eyes.
Her laugh, a youthful tune. Her step, a simple cadence.
She is an entire silent symphony among life's crash and bash.

I caught her at the piano again the other day
This time, two tiny hands followed hers
Sat on her lap, they traced a mother's rhythm.
Off-key notes mixed with her melody.
I marvelled at this new arrangement
And the song she's been gifting her every day.
The grace and the grandeur.
Her opus.
Her woman song.



Max Biggs | Year 12

Home

Jack Stockman | Year 9

On Sunday I drove back home
 The road snaking through the bright green hills
 To go to help my dad
 On the John Deere 9RX tractor
 Like a green, tall dinosaur dragging its meal
 And completed the paddock seeding.
 Then we went shooting kangaroos
 The gunshot echoed blowing the birds out of their homes
 Time to lock up the guns
 Time to pack my bags
 Time to say goodbye
 As time blows me out of my home

Coonawarra

Aaron Tranter | Year 9

On Sunday I drove to our wonderful winery
 my second home
 fields of dark green

but it was really cold and windy
 and I got wet
 the rain hit my head like sharp little rocks

It didn't stop me riding around
 and around
 and around
 on my red Honda 250
 through all the vineyards
 chasing kangaroos
 wombats
 and my freedom

Ski

Christian Ingman | Year 9

On Sundays I plough through the cold, fluffy snow
 I weave in and out
 of the swinging trees
 straight back down to the lifts
 and back up
 again
 and again
 and again
 where I'm greeted by
 an abundance of white
 snow reminds me of an ocean of cold water
 my snow is my getaway

The Gap in our World

Julian Dawson | Year 6

Covered in clothes,
 I watch in sadness as the wind blows.
 Full with delicious foods, waving dishes with ease,
 Running out the restaurant as he shows me the fees.

Drinking and drinking until water no longer tastes nice,
 Craving water is a fool's paradise.
 Getting more and more until I run out of things to desire,
 Scraping a year's savings for just one new car tyre,

Rolling my eyes at my expensive new pet,
 No Christmas for me because of my debt.
 Scattered across my house my costly things are,
 Nothing to play with apart from my car.

Nathan Thomas | Year 8



Harvey Yates | ELC



Mead Room | ELC

Isabel Bourlotots | ELC



Toby Munt | Year 5



Kevin Cao | Year 6



Jaxon Dell'Oro | Year 12



Cameron Benecke | Year 10



Henry Gerard | Year 12



Rojan Joshi | Year 12



Katrina Evitts | Staff

Cricket Sandy Childs | Year 9

Dry, yellow-green
It can be moist when it's raining or early in the morning.
The cricket pitch is dry grass
but so much more than that,
It's excitement, possibility, adventure.
Cricket has been in my life
Since I was little,
Since I can remember

The Sun William Benecke | Year 9

The Staggering sun slowly rises in the sky
As beautiful as a pearl glimmering down on the animals below
The animals running around together like a family
The wind whistling and running past the animals
The sun's reflection glimmering down onto the sea
as underneath many wonders and mysteries wait to be explored.

The animals roaming the plains
as the blankets of clouds fly away
showing the diamond floating behind.
The sun sets spreading an orange blanket throughout the sky
As darkness swallows.

We Take for Granted the Ease with Which We Breathe Jonathan Scobie | Staff

We take for granted the ease with which we breathe,
Easily fixated on what we lack.
Change moves us ever onward from beneath.

While the innocent is born with milk teeth,
And experience bites its tongue looking back,
We take for granted the ease with which we breathe.

Nature meanwhile takes its sword from out the sheath,
A one-hundred-year blight putting us on the rack.
Change moves us ever onward from beneath.

Anxiety takes hold as cities seethe,
But social distancing gives us the knack.
We take for granted the ease with which we breathe.

Under masks I imagine gritted teeth
At slogans showing that the spin is back.
Change moves us ever onward from beneath.

Pelion on Ossa becomes George Floyd's wreath
As both the best and worst all dress in black.
We can no longer presume the ease with which all breathe.
Change must move us onward from beneath.

Imagination Luke Kilic | Year 9

I see the oval shape
Wondering what it is
It is gold and old with engravings
The chain slightly rusted
Crazy patterns on the outside
But what on the inside
Is it a trap, jewellery, more patterns, something special or nothing?
It's whatever you want it to be
Imagination is endless



Will Benecke |
Year 9



Matthew Benecke | Year 7



Max Benecke | Year 4



Apollon Velonakis | Year 7



Mitchell Thiele | Year 12



Apollon Velonakis | Year 7

Peace Elimination Eddie Gerard | Year 9

The whistling of an anonymous attack
showering down silent obliteration
humble unobtrusive citizens in pain
a continuous loud pulsation
of bucketing bombs and toxic rain

watching friends disintegrate into stained shadows on the walls
weak innocent screams echoing from afar
lost in the sounds of the blasts
watching their feared faces fading away
suddenly skies turned blindingly white
it was like a million camera flashes at once

darkness drained the white light in the sky
hobbling outside to the sprinkled glass and musty debris
people engulfed in flames like houses nearby
eerily quiet fulfilled with dead space
lifeless vultures crying out to fly

flashbacks to previous concord
injured sprawled over the scorched wasteland
goodwill is grand
peace is priceless
peace is progress

I am Vivaan Sood | Year 7

I am
I am this
I am the place that I used to be in my prime
I am the dive that used to shout colours alive
I am the stretch that the sun had bleached my heart
I am the abandoned home of generations seen depart
I am
I am this
I am now the white existing dead lifeless skeleton
I am now this state thanks to the many who act like foolish simpleton
I am now the shattered ecological landfill
I am now rejected and neglected and this was not part of our deal
I am
I am this
I am this who will be erased from that great list
I am this who will be drowned out by your ignorant resist
I am this who will be fighting for survival
I am this who will be nothing with you as my rival
I am this who will be gone

Sacred Place Sam Read | Year 10

We stand at this sanctuary, your eternal haven.
The route you took many times, down these dusty roads.
Upon this place we see what you saw.
We hear what you heard.
We feel what you felt.
This land of yellow flowers once was your home, now at last again.
Waiting up here, looking over this place.
Known by so many, time that we all share.
Your foresight of the beauty that beholds us now.
May the yellow flowers embrace you, as we celebrate your life.
Returned to your sanctuary, be at peace.



Jack Thredgold | Year 12



Christopher Richards | Staff

A World of Questions Tyrell Sgroi | Year 11

A small broken frame above my desk at home;
holds a photo which could tell thousands of stories
that I don't know... about my mum.
Four people. A loss that leaves us with only three.
I often get asked about her when I meet new people,
questions I don't have answers to.
I was too afraid to ask questions because I didn't want to
know what I could've had.
So, I just push them to the side.
my brain feels like a fool, but my heart tells me to not worry.

But I ask myself again
What else am I running from?

Black, yellow and red.
People, protector and land.
I stand under the Aboriginal flag feeling unconnected.
The higher the flag sits, the further away I feel from my
culture.
I pull the flag poles ropes down;
each time I pull the rope I learn something new.
Little things, like an emoji that represents my people?
There isn't one.
But hey, if you want a policeman a green frog or even a
unicorn I can find you that!
You can get a mythical creature, but I... I don't feature.

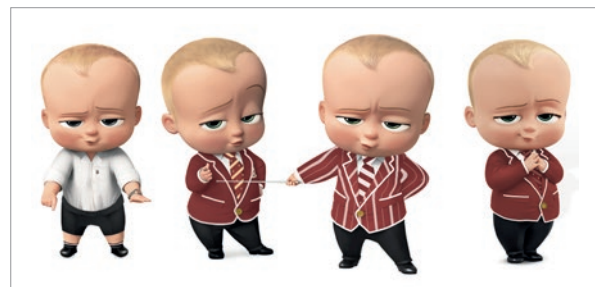
Questions about me? I don't like them.
Why should I, no one cared when I was younger
why would they now?
Thoughts like that, I'm not sure if it's me telling myself that
or it's my brain keeping my feelings locked up.
You know I love riding my bike, when I'm done with it,
I lock it away to keep it safe.
When my ancestors stopped working,
they got told they were chained up to keep so they were safe.
The clanking of rusty shackles eerily rings through my brain.

I think about the past treatment of Aboriginal people
and tell myself it's time to stand up for my mob.
but constantly feel like the little flagpole ropes are slowly
tying my voice up.
Maybe it's telling me that people won't like what I say,
so again, I don't say a word.

But what if people are wanting to hear me?
Could she have taught me how to overcome this?

My dad told me things about my mum,
she moved from New Zealand at a young age with her family.
A superwoman both physically and mentally,
she said what needed to be said.
Maybe this is what I needed my mum for,
maybe she could've taught me to speak my mind.
Now is the time for me to finally learn about the questions I
don't have answers to,
be proud of my culture and voice my opinions.

I now sit with the flag wrapped around me
With a world of new understandings.



The Gift
Janine Fitzhenry | Staff

Out of the pandemic we have been given a gift.
The fast pace of life carried us along so quickly that we were not actually present.
Going from fast to slow has allowed us to notice more.
But, stopping allows us to be fully present, to simply breathe and be.
Which allows us to be kinder to ourselves and each other.
It also reawakens all of our senses and quietens our minds.

We can be present in ourselves and with the people we care about:
To hear a small catch in a voice or an infectious giggle, to see the freckle on a nose or the depth of colour in someone's eyes. To really feel the hugs and kisses. To smell the coffee brewing or garlic simmering and to savour the taste of our bounty of food. To know the sanctuary of our home and garden. To listen to the exquisiteness of music.

We can be present in our work:
To give it our full attention, to enjoy the interactions and the tasks and responsibility we have. To feel a satisfaction as we do our work well. To appreciate all that it develops in us and provides for us.

We can be present with nature:
To hear the song of the birds, to smell the rain as it touches the soil, to truly see the beauty of trees, the spider in its web and to feel the wind and the sunshine on our face.

We can be present and proactive with the bigger picture:
Showing that we care about our fellow humans, particularly those less fortunate. Respecting every living thing and looking after our environment and our mother Earth.

Stopping connects us to who and where we are, who we love and what we have and do. It gives us time to notice what we have been racing past and taking for granted. It gives a gift of purer vision and the windfall is a new sense of gratitude.

And so, we now have a choice.
As we reflect, we can redefine our priorities. What will we retain?
How can we continue to be present and appreciate this gift we have been given?
We can make it a priority and unwaveringly make time for what is most important.
And then... just do it.



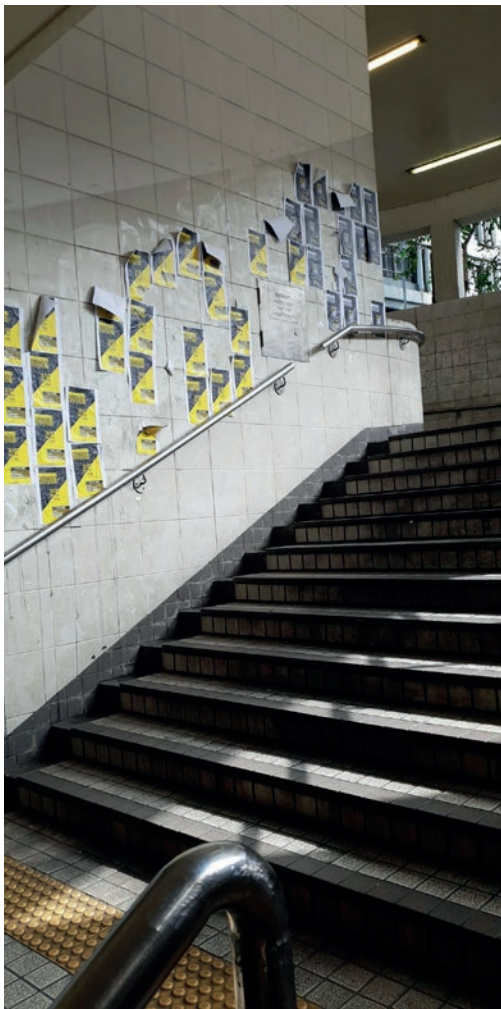
Ned Parsons | Year 10



Ned Parsons | Year 10



Myles McEwen | Year 11



Daniel Mills | Year 12

JPEG Hunter Greenwood | Year 9

Click, Click, Click, Click.

Lens glistening, the refugee moment
passes by, your greedy eyes an onlooking predator.

Click.

Snatch. Moment taken, blinded.
Hauled inward, away from the relentless stream of time,
to a dungeon of confined events, your memory like such a prison.
A prison crammed with depictions, your eternal emblems.
A prison born from a juvenile Galileo.

Click.

The world is in this moment.
Your moment. Trapped in a pixelated void.
Immortalised, one instant forced into a trillion.
Sentenced to the unknown purgatory.
Your idea of torture.

Click.

On this moment you place your pragmatic stamp of approval,
of silent judgement as you revise your systematic opinion towards beauty.
Your stamp of approval, somehow relevant, somehow significant,
Rewarded for your theft.

Click.

You think of yourself as a form of realism in a fake world.
A puppeteer, the world that is not yours you manipulate.
You have come out of touch with the very thing you seek to portray,
A collector, your ruthless obsession drives you to document a spontaneous earth.
To document is to catalogue, to catalogue is to categorise.
What is an earth without spontaneity?
And as the moments file in,
you continue to hoard the one thing that connects you to satisfaction.

Click, Click, Click.

Run Away Josh Lesicar | Year 12

The night sky above me screamed colours of warm purple entrenched in darkness,
But in this darkness, I found deep comfort as I knew what I really longed for.
My obsession, fascination, desire, absolute basic need to nurture and blossom my
Very own absolutely consumed every little bit of me.

However, on the night I thought my dream came true, my inner nightmare awoke.
Gazing up into darkness
My regret, foolishness, hopelessness enriched and scarred my soul. with anguish.
My journey had led me into the dark
And with a dejected attitude I realised that disability cannot be forseen.

I mustered all my strength to escape the shackles that my child bound me by
And as I did my spirit lifted as I once again found the warmth in a world seemingly covered by Darkness.
The rush of blood physically lifted me as I was reminded how it felt to be alive
I was free



Ethan Hayes | Year 12

Red Sam McKenzie | Year 11

Red is the key to the underground, the doomsday of colours.
Prominent and powerful. Red yells and fights and screams and shouts.
When people turn red they blow up and clench their fists, bend their wrists.
Red's irrational, devilish, diabolical, detestable.
Red has horns and challenges humanity by bringing back slavery
Red spills out cuts and grazes after flowing through your body's mazes
Red's the reason you lost your job, red's the reason you missed the first half.
Red makes more red and when you're burning hot.
You're black. Black and dead, if only we never had red.
But red is everything
Devotion and emotion, reason and purpose
Red is him and her and married and parents.
With daughters and sons and nephews and nieces.
Red's looking into each-others' eyes dissolving all problems,
Red's a gift from God that provides belonging among family,
Red roses and red wine represent romance,
Red hearts beating, banging as a result of beauty.
Red's what many people search their whole life for and rarely find.
Red needs to be controlled once ignited
Eating its surrounding with attitude.
Consuming everything as food.
Destruction, demolition, disregarding possession
Red grows and rises, stops at nothing. Red is the robber of life. Takes houses,
takes belongings, takes hearts. Takes lives.



Edison West | Year 11



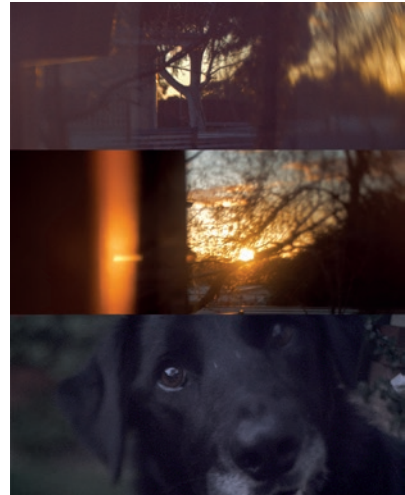
Will Davy | Year 8



Max Thomas | Year 9



Jayden Yue | Year 5



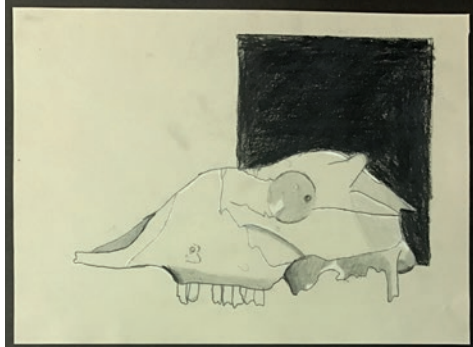
Myles McEwen | Year 11



Will Pontifex | Year 12



Pat Liebich | Year 12



Harry Burgess | Year 10



Max Buggins | Year 12



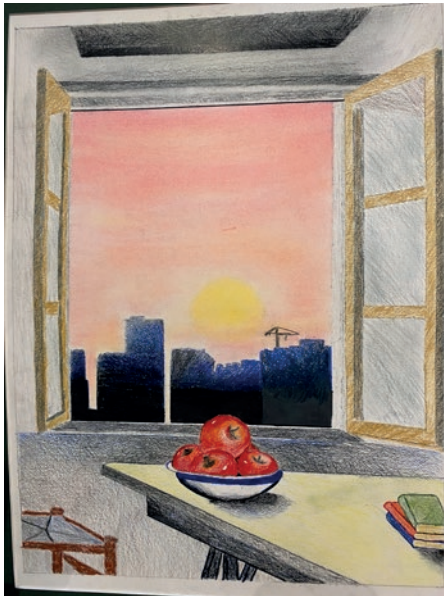
Felix Song | ELC



Oscar Chapple | Year 11



Oliver Hong | ELC



Oscar Sanders | Year 11



Patrick Femia | Year 10



Oliver Gasparin | Year 12



Patrick McGavin | Year 11



James McDonald | Year 4



My Dyslexic Battle Noah Burton-Howard | Year 4

Like a Coke getting opened my brain explodes with thoughts,
then shuts down like the end of an opera.

I'm left feeling down, clueless as to what has just happened.
My focus has evaporated like the steam of my morning tea.

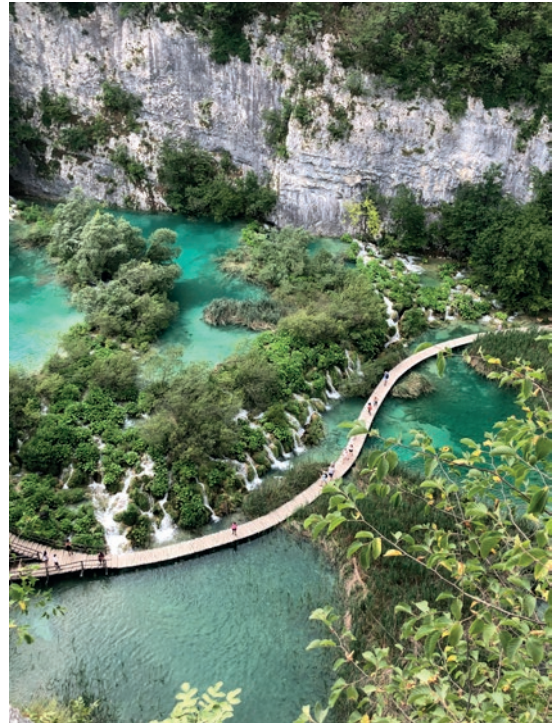
Frustrated, I feel like my brain is manipulating me,
it's like a war that wages on and on.
A conflict that will never end as I struggle to regain power over my brain.

The letters of my work go fuzzy like an old and out of tune TV,
My hands quiver with anticipation for my brain to conceive a truce.
My eyes screw up as I rub them, but it doesn't seem to stop the tension
creeping over me and down my cheeks.

I tap my foot to restart my brain like a defibrillator,
I clutch my pencil so hard I'm scared it's going to break,
I start tapping the pencil quietly and then louder,
I engulf air gasping to get control.

Then my brain admits defeat and hands over my concentration.
It descends back into its rightful place...
Under my control.

This is my dyslexic battle.



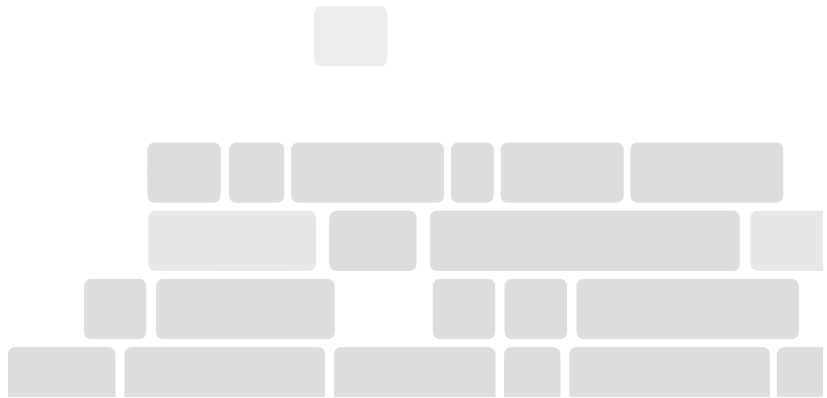
Anne Melbourne | Staff



Ben Evans | Staff



Beth Christie | Staff



Ascension

Patrick Singleton | Year 12

I

Lightning ripped the oak tree apart,
So the man took cover.
His face turned white and unrecognisable,
While his jacket turned into a bright blue colour.

From the base of a hill, he looked up
And saw a stone figure smiling in the rain.
The plaque showed that it was his empire living on
Through an old wrinkled lady with a stern wooden cane.

Buckets of water bashed into the heavy stone walls,
But the foundation remained unfazed.
For it had stood for hundreds of years,
Looking after those nestled into ten-foot graves.

Curves and counter-curves engulfed the exterior,
Creating effortless channels for the never-ending stream.
The Rococo design, in essence, hardened the mansion.
Providing water to every inch, and keeping it sparkling clean.

The crows flew backwards,
And the worms dug deeper.
But his eyes watched the house grow bigger,
And the hill, steeper.

Suddenly, he couldn't move:
Paralysed by the mud.
He tried to fight it.
But it was useless,

For he was engulfed by the flood.

II

Above, the clouds broke open and the
Wind died out. He stepped forward, and
His boot gripped the slope.

He saw the grand windows glide open,
And an old stone smile turned stiff.
The plaque started to peel, and cracks appeared.

Regardless, the flowers bloomed,
And the Robin swooped on the worm.
For it was now, and now it was his turn.

III

The hill flattened out and he picked up his pace.
A once proud mansion now squeezed into a small confined space.

Those curves and counter-curves now choked the old stone walls.
Until now, not even air could wander those long and forgotten halls.

He emptied his lungs and looked around,
And now, it felt like his black, refined moustache was 5 meters off
the ground.

The sun drifted across
While the gentle breeze carried a delicate snow-white dove.

Busy, crazed beetles building something.
Anything.
Whether it was pollinating flowers or trading dead leaves,
Busy, crazed, stealing bark like dirty South London thieves.

Outside, the estate's protector, reduced to dust.
The graves robbed bare, the headstones starting to rust.

In the blink of an eye, he ran to the door.
Tapped it open,
And frantically stole everything that
Ever touched that cold wooden floor.

The Farm
Angus Bennett | Year 9

When I think of the countryside,
I think of the bright glow of the sun
shining on the cereal crops.
The tractors and trucks driving through the yards
a distinct sound
The loud exhaust together with the loud rattle
a 'rrhhhrhrhh' sound.
I mount motorbike to herd the sheep
and chase the kangaroos
While doing so I feel a sense of freedom
I'm not only chasing the animals, but chasing my dreams.
It's the end of the day and the large log bonfire is lit under the shining stars.
It gives off a peaceful vibe
It enlightens my mood

The Puppets
Henry Nind | Year 11

Huddling behind the darkness of anonymity
They lurk in the shadows of comment sections, threads and forums

Shielded by a screen and their incalculable separation
They crouch patiently, waiting for their reinforcements to join the ranks

Their joints croak and clank as they lurch forward
Their wooden hearts beating together, one mind and one spirit

It's not a person who pulls their strings
But an entity, ethical and objectively righteous in the face of all evil

And when the metaphorical clock strikes midnight
They slide on the gloves of morality, and begin their duty, their God-given obligation

The first clicks are merely tranquilizers
Readying the prey for sentencing of the judge, the almighty decider of fate

They are charged with disagreement, the most heinous of crimes
Yet, there's irony...

For it's not the puppets who is strangled by the ropes of suppression, but the master



Hayden Longbottom | Year 9



Melody Marshall | Staff



Hugo Jordan | Year 12

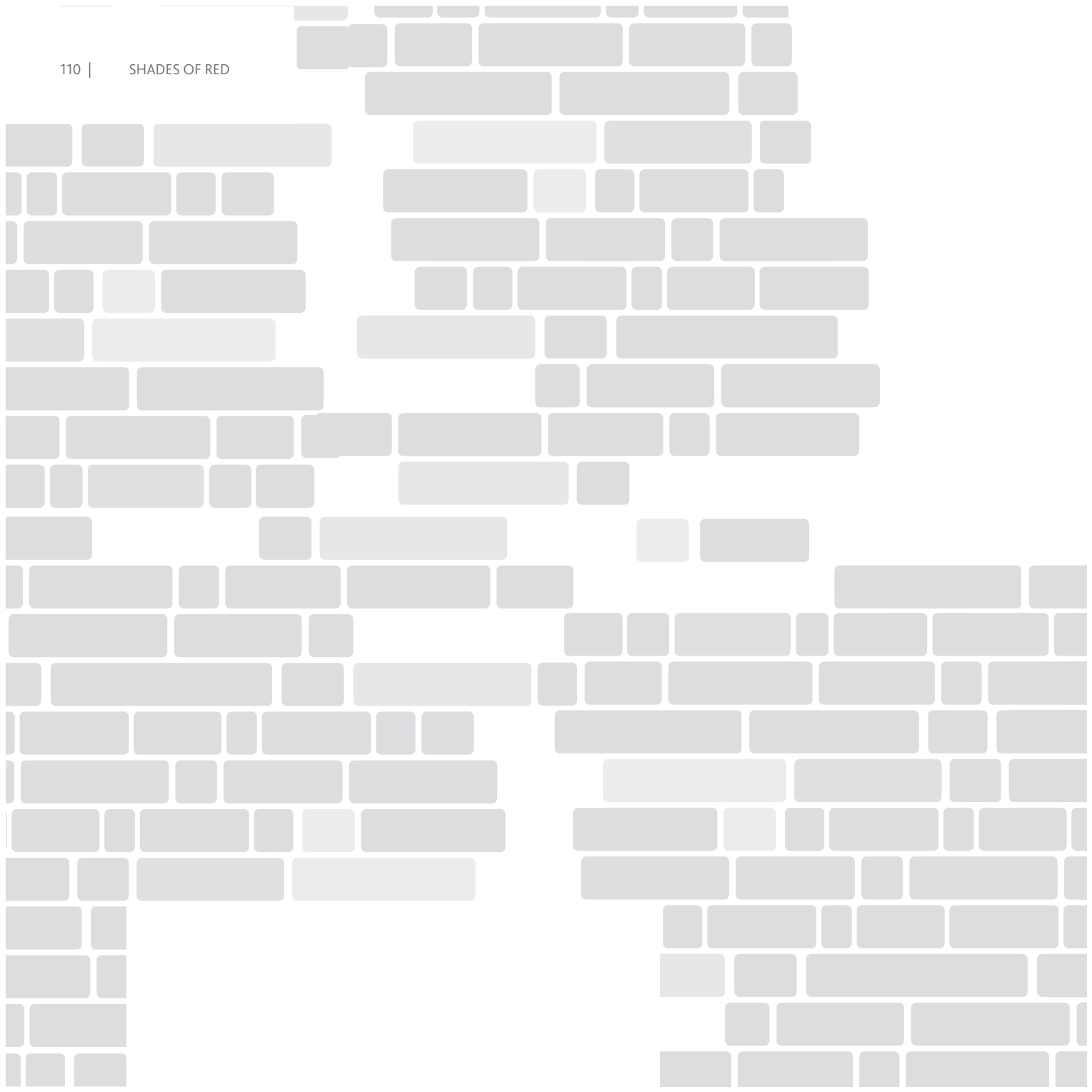


Phil Noble | Staff

Pat Singleton | Year 12



Hugo Kelly | Year 12



Janine Fitzhenry | Staff



Mark Delloro | Staff



Melody Marshall | Staff

