

S H A D E S

O F

R E D

WHERE

YOUR

IDEAS

FIT

20

21



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ALFRED
COLLEGE**

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12th Edition - 2021

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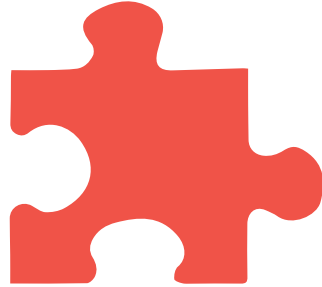
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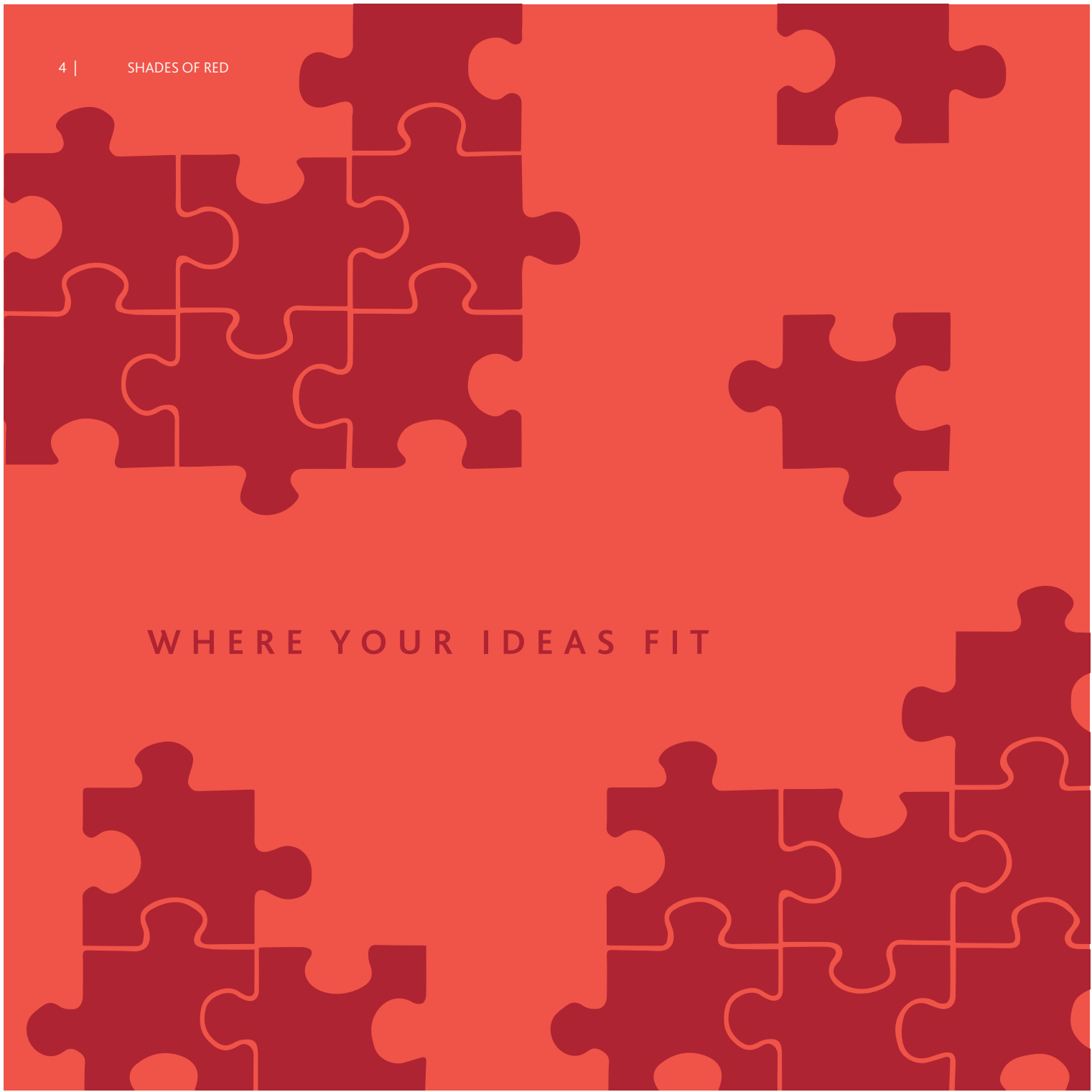
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SHADES OF RED
2021

WHERE YOUR IDEAS FIT



EDITOR'S NOTE

In this year of the unexpected and unforeseeable, it has been my honour to be the *Shades of Red* Editor-In-Chief in what is our twelfth year of publishing the journal.

In a first for the journal, this year the committee members were selected from a larger range of students, with both Year 11 and 10 students given the opportunity to apply to join the returning Year 12 students. This has allowed the committee to grow into a greatly unified and diverse cohort, with greater representation from the college and its young, aspiring English students. This year we were able to devise our unique theme for the journal, selecting a symbolic red puzzle piece as the motif of the publication. From first observation, the puzzle piece may seem a mere piece of jagged card with no meaning; however, to us, it carries far more significance. The puzzle piece represents the potential in each of us, as we are able to be involved in something far larger than ourselves. Each submission has its own unique and important measure in the journal's publication. Just like this year's slogan, "Shades of Red: where your ideas fit," we have been privileged to accept

a large range of unique, creative entries, which have all been appreciated, internalised and understood in their own sophisticated way. Each piece has rightfully earned its place within the publication.

This year's devoted and hardworking committee have sacrificed much of their own time to contribute to the publication of our great journal, so my gratitude extends to the following boys:

Bailey Lock
 Dhwarakesh Rajaram
 Henry Nind
 Myles McEwen
 Tarun Kamath
 Patrick Femia
 Will Biggs
 Oscar England
 Archie McEwen
 Eddie Gerard

Moreover, having the opportunity to culminate the products of the creativity and imagination of the boys of this great school is not only a privilege, but an extremely

important opportunity. We produce a literal hard-copy example proving just why the stigmas surrounding a boy's inability to participate in self-expression through creativity is so inherently false. It is such an inspiring opportunity I have had the honour to lead. So, for that, I also extend my thanks to Ms Marshall and Mr Iadanza, for their commitment to establishing and upholding the production of this publication. To all those within the Princes Community who have contributed through their submissions, to Headmaster Bradley Fenner, for your ongoing whole-hearted support of this journal - we thank you.

We the committee, could not be more excited or proud of this publication and we once again thank all those who have made it possible. We hope you enjoy it as much as we do.

Charlie Griffin
 Shades of Red 2021: Editor-in-Chief



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Untitled
Angus Hawkins | Year 11

I'm sorry I made her flee.
 How was I to know?
 She crept up behind me,
 like an old swooping crow.

I may have loved that shirt,
 so very very much.
 But please understand it hurt,
 when I couldn't get a touch.

Why do they dislike me?
 Is it because I am not strong?
 I should have been a guarantee.
 As I am right, and they are wrong.

I worked and tried so hard,
 all football season long.
 But now I am scarred,
 and clearly can't play all along.

I'm sorry for striking Kathy,
 It was all a mistake.
 I just wasn't very happy,
 with some of my classmates.

Stolen Faces
Ryan Schwarz | Year 11

I am myself but myself is many
 From a tree of no seeds
 But saplings aplenty.
 Breath is given
 But life is driven
 For I am a stolen face.

One of many, many of one.
 From the edge of town
 Thrown into a sullen gown.
 Grown in a prison of carpeted floors
 And looming, lordly ornate doors.
 For I am a stolen face.

A life of lies, a lie for a life.
 From secrets in top drawers
 To love found in bookstores.
 A frantic grasp for light
 That can fend off the night.
 For I am a stolen face.

It was a soul they seek,
 For a life they can reap.
 Now our lives are burning,
 But the world keeps turning.
 For I am a stolen face.

Nature's Trail
Julian Hyde-Kelly | Year 9

Powdery snow, a pillow
 Air diminishing whilst ascending
 Standing higher than a kite
 Stirring clouds, living the dream
 Several minutes, mortals must descend

Birds of paradise permanently perspiring
 Flowing streams cleansing the earth
 Jaguars dominate the ground.
 Harpy eagles rule the canopy
 Green carpet invites animals to roam

Oxygen is no more, a parallel world
 A colourful jungle screaming with life
 11,000 meters below, little dare to go
 Some have evolved to cope, most have not

Though trying to conceal their imprint
 Rustling, rattling and rambunctious
 Mankind interrupt the locals
 Humans thieving souls, no effort
 Species mourning over their loss

Cracked dirt where sand is not
 Oasis' injecting one with hope
 Riches under ruins, longing
 The clever ones thrive
 The true ancient survivors.





Eddie Gerard | Year 10



L-R: Will Biggs | Year 11





Deep in the Trenches Hugh Czuchwicki | Year 9

Boom bang, smoke in the air
screaming in the background
metal bullets flying everywhere
Help! Help! Beware.

Blood squirting out like a water fountain,
dirt falling from above,
like a waterfall the soldiers will never be able to
experience.
Filling the trenches, quick let's run...

NO MAN LEFT BEHIND.
Human lives lost for little to no gain
only pain. Why do this?
Soaking wet.

Got trench foot no time to stop
we must continue or another will
take our place.
In a no-good place.

Family's left devastated from just one letter
and all they get to commemorate is a pension.
As one will take over his role
and his family will be left devastated as well like most.

What's the Point? Lachie Dickens | Year 11

It is quiet, too quiet,
The countryside is bland,
Alone in the private,
No one around and,
Time to self-reflect,
Special time for self-respect.

This is the part where you run away,
To get away for some freedom,
To leave the inevitability of slaughter,
Although I am a carer that needs them,
To be happy and fulfil life,
If I leave, I would be in strife.

My life is set out for me,
There is a process to be followed,
There is no fee,
Just a hollowed system with a destined end,
Where you make, care for, then lose your friend.

Sleeplessness Danielle Cross | Staff

Round and round
Up and down
My thoughts swirl
Mixing as they twist
Changing as they go
Forming
Reforming
Their shapes constantly change
A kaleidoscope of anxiety





Dylan James | Year 9

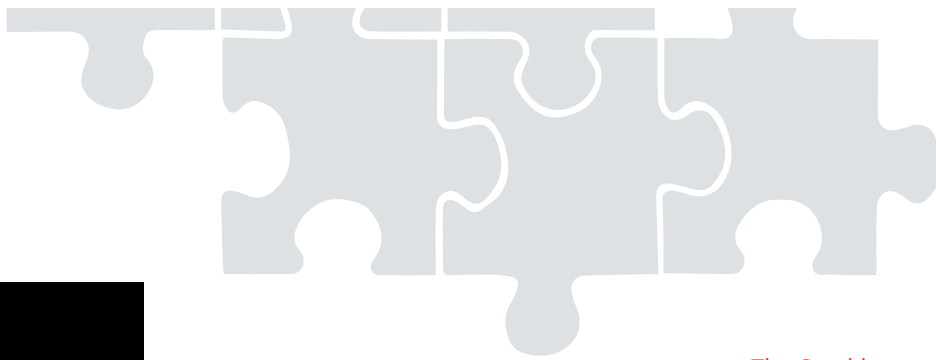


Tom Turnbull | Year 9



Miles Falahey | Year 9





The Mangroves of Black Oil and Grass Samarbir Singh | Year 7

Lying carelessly in the city street,
Aboard a busy fleet,
Hard black grass like bitumen near the mangrove,
The new world they created interwoven,
They are all against the black heritage, thus
What have they done to us?
Lying on our old seas and lands is now black oil and
grass,
Polluting our rivers is the oleaginous liquid, alas
The feeling of dismay, they hope shall pass,
Where the mangrove should be in open plains,
Now only committed to searching their ancestors'
remains,
The red dirt, the same colour as the blood that spilt,
Giving each mangrove a burden of guilt.

The sun, now, which used to be a gleaming pearl,
Is covered by a cloudy whirl,
Equal to nothing but animals,
Yet the mangroves, are of course irrationals,
Restless and stripped,
Of their dignity, to still be whipped,
Whose listless hell is expressed,
Its hopelessness continues to rest.

Where once dreamtime stories were promoted,
Now lies a mangrove demoted,
Municipal whites, to see you thus,
What did you do to us?

The Gamble Louis Dawson | Year 9

The barren land sweeps across the horizon,
Like a dirty carpet rolled down a hill,
He had lost the gamble,
And now was no time to ramble,

He woke early to the dark sky,
He wasn't a very sensible guy,
But he put one foot in front of the other,
He thought of his father and mother,

And ran.

The heat, a burning oven searing his skin,
The car, a big black beetle behind him,
He passed hills and canyons,
Rivers and valleys,

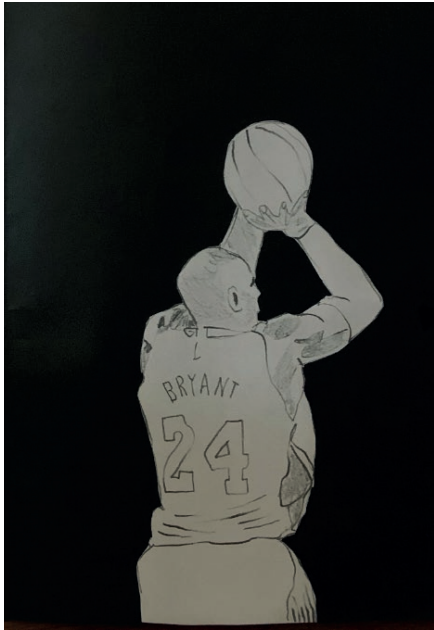
And still he ran.

The photographic landscape swept across him,
As he reached the end,
Beauty he couldn't comprehend,
Had flooded into him.

Orient Temples Samarbir Singh | Year 7

A place of long faith,
Travelling to hot outbacks,
The orient of peace.

Loki Bown | Year 5



Laura Pascale | Staff



Paloma Iadanza | ELC



Untitled Athan Harlaftis | Year 7

Crash, Bang, Dead
The car sped up
It was faster than the flash
No one saw it pass
It was gone in a dash
It took the corner sharp
It skid off track
It smashed into the rails
They needed the emergency pack
The crash was huge
The driver was dead
May he rest in peace
The old man said

Dangerous Touch Mack Taylor | Year 9

All objects now become easy to trace.
He sits there with a cheesy grin stuck to his face.
He has the Midas touch, everything gold.
He was given this gift, so he does what he is told.
He sits there, with his yellow grin.
While eating out of a corn kernel tin.
In one hand is his pure gold blade,
In the other is a peach cascade

The Blackout Louie Montgomery | Year 9

The match light hissing back,
Bright, blistering burning candle dripping as
time goes on.
Lighting up the room as they were still on,
The shadow next to me, feeling as if being
followed.

The sound of dice,
And the bickering of banter,
Lights return,
Wishing it will continue.

Starving Heart Wilfred Ramsey | Year 12

Do people care?
They ask me how I am
Do they want to know?
I wouldn't.
I'm nothing. To them
I am no more than a plain
lone bird frequenting a rotten log.
If I was to die, like a ship to sea
My starving heart will be fulfilled.

The Dream of Victory Athan Harlaftis | Year 7

Sweat was dripping down my face
The road ahead was a blur
I needed to tie my shoe lace
But I couldn't cos' of her

She was right on my tail
I couldn't give up now
I really could not fail
I couldn't lose like a clown

I could see the finish line
It was at the edge of the park
First and second will be fine
I ran past a dog bark

I slip and fall
My race was over after all

The Rainforest Blaze Samuel Commons | Year 8

Splish!
Splash!
Went the water that was as clear as a jellyfish,
The flowers smelt like fresh perfume,
The grass was as soft as silk,
The trees were like a colourful as a rainbow.
Birds were singing melodiously,
The sun was rising,
For a new day was here,
Which would bring new memories.
The trees were like a luscious green pool,
Inviting us to come,
Then all of a sudden,
Bang!
Sizzle!
The fires started.
They spread quickly throughout the forest,
Turning everything to black ash,
For it could not be tamed,
As it was already inflamed.
Crackle!
Snap!
Crackle!
The fire was enormous,
Enough to light the whole world with fire,
But the fire fighters were working hard,
Yet too much was already charred.
Finally,
When there seemed to be no hope,
The fires got under control,
And the rainforest,
Slowly but surely started growing back.

The Pandemic Max Thomas | Year 10

Like the rabid dog of Maycomb
It penetrates the conscience of minds
Flooding livelihoods and hospital beds
Unable to be silenced by the rifle

The year changes over
Health workers hungover
Drunk on the promises of Morrison's might
Vaccines no priority, first to curry night

India, Pakistan, choking on air
Whilst Scotty from marketing simply don't care
He'll head to the church and offer his prayer
But no, god forbid, don't hand out welfare

Lockdown carries on, as do the cries
Of aged-care workers and nurses
Louder than shrieks of the mockingbird
This virus cannot be killed

I turn on Sky News, it's Dictator Dan
Don't trust him I hear, he's a big evil man
Bolt and Jones peck at the minds of the weak
Yelling they're right, for their skin's white and bleak

As the hate, the debate, and the testing lines wait
There's a continual abate of the slowing dose rate
Division, screaming and blame all ensues
United we stand, but on a shortening fuse

Endlessly pecking the minds of the weary
Trapped in a box of isolation
The pandemic has no end

Thirst

Owen Chen | Year 8

Thirst
 The only thing keeping me from stopping
 The only thing keeping me from giving up
 The only thing keeping me from surrendering my life
 A feeling worse than death
 That teases at my desperate hold on life
 Like a predator slowly toying with its prey
 That tells me I'll never make it
 It claws at my parched throat
 Sets my mouth on fire
 Like lighting a torch aflame
 It's the only sensation that I need to rid of myself
 Slowly dying will only make it worse
 My body screams for me to stop
 But I can't
 Not until my need is filled
 I look across the barren wasteland that meets my eye
 That exists solely of sand and dirt
 But wait!
 I hear the SLISH SLOSH of a liquid and discover the source
 Discarding my shoes
 I race towards the heavenly oasis like a madman
 A fiery heat engulfs my feet
 But I don't care
 Not when I have what I need
 How I miss the water I so often took for granted!
 SPLASH! The water feels like floating on a cloud, as light as a feather
 The sweet taste of it soothes my cracked lips
 My thirst is no more

Feeling Iambic

Emily Beattie | Staff

What flowers should we pick, to craft nosegays, sprays
 Which surge, or softly splay out wide their leaves?
 What grey-green, faded background canvas frays,
 Through which rich ochre, crimson, scarlet, weaves?
 We slave to seek rare and elusive feet,
 Bewitching ear and brightening mind's shine;
 Yet bland and base notes underscore the sweet,
 The bouquet blending balance, rounding wine.
 Rare thesaurus blooms, etiolating,
 Extravagant and lilting, lure and focus,
 Yet lesser, humbler leaves are foliating,
 The focal point of constancy, its locus.
 When picking out your flowers, keep in hand,
 The of, the but, the a, the to, the and.

Death at My Door

Aidan Foo | Year 8

My time has come to accept defeat
 Even after all these years that I have been able to enjoy
 I thought I could outrun it, beat it, but now it feels bittersweet
 I just feel like an insignificant playboy
 Money means nothing to me
 Nor the fame, glory, or wealth
 Cause I am withering like a dying old tree
 All that matters to me now is my health
 Up until this point, I always thought I was the best
 Being the fastest, strongest, and smartest
 But now I am about to enter a slumber into eternal rest
 And I'm the only one left, because I have lived the longest
 Lying here on my deathbed, I start to wonder
 What it's going to be like, going down under





Angus Rikard-Bell | Year 10



Angus Rikard-Bell | Year 10



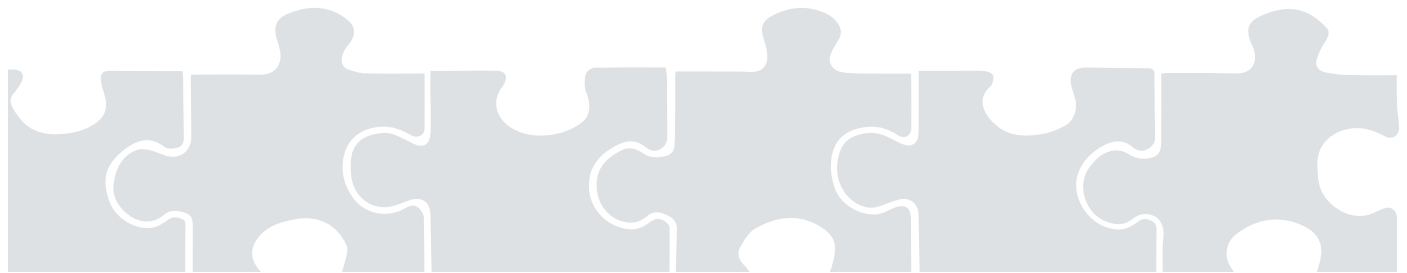
Max Thomas | Year 10



Max Thomas | Year 10



Henry Belcher | Year 10



The Beauty We Don't See Sam Pheasant | Year 8

Nature
It surrounds us,
In the sky, sun, snow.
Through the river that knocks at our doors,
Heard in a lightning strike, the crash, the boom
The elegance of it all
But where else has this beauty gone?
The dandelions that shone like the sun,
The trees that stood a million miles tall,
My memories are fading
What was once here now gone
Trees chopped down,
Our actions taking its toll,
It's in the past now
So, I cherish what I get,
I cherish the dolphins singing
The waves rolling up on the shore,
The poppies dancing on the fresh, green grass,
And the birds laughing in the sky,
The beauty we don't see might be gone,
But nature isn't-
It surrounds us

Too Many Flowers Xander Green | Year 8

There are many different flowers
Like Aconitum, Alchemilla and Astrantia
But that is only 3! There are over 400,000!
There is Astilbe, Helenium, Honeysuckle and Anthurium
Rondeletia, Rock Rose, Rose of Sharon and Rudbeckia.
That's a lot now let's keep going:
There are Pansies, Peonies, Pelargonium, Peace Lily
Thunbergia, Tiger Flower, Trollius and Triteleia
As well as Water Lilies, Watsonia, Weigela and Wedelia
Candytuft are extremely pretty to as well as
Nemesia, Ipheion uniflorum.
These are many different flowers but there are many, many, many more
They all dance and play in the wind
I don't have time to tell them all, but here are a few more:
Baby's Breath, Bachelor's Button, Balloon Flower, Bergenia
Finally Saponaria, Scabiosa as well as Scaevola.

Reflections and Recollections Lachlan Hill | Year 12

Like birds and bees we mingle in the trees
free from all the issues that plagued you and me
below us flounder the catches of our troubles
whipping around the cauldron in their own little bubble
while they pick at our feet
seeing them so, makes me so glad that we did indeed meet





Outback Louie Montgomery | Year 9

At peace
Far past human existence
Standing still on red turf,
The sun shines like a new penny.

Now how could I leave?
The beauty of the outback
The turquoise light that touches us all.

Light Hamish Colby | Year 9

All is dark without
without, nothing can glow
if seized, all is to shrivel and degrade
a cursed reality one would not know
without this aspect of the universe
like the depth of a sink-hole
or a deep dark crack
the turquoise moss growing on a pole
how is all this around us
just a world from a pair of eyes
could anything truly be real?
Without a beam of sharp insight
Lighting up a picture in your eyes
light.
It creates, bends, glows
shows what is truly a gift but a surprise

The Smoking Beast Lachlan Spitty | Year 8

Sneakily snaking into the sky,
A blazing inferno that spits out smoke,

Engulfing everything,
Removing every trace of life.
The trees are screaming,
And are wheezing for a final breath,
Like a Beast, it devours its prey,
They are powerless to their inevitable fate.
Some victims try to escape,
The monster pursues its prey,
It gains ground on the target,
As the brute seizes its final sufferer.
Once the beast has finished its massacre,

All that is left is the dark,
The desolate land,
The remains of once alive trees.
As it seems all hope is lost,
A defiant sprout,
Like a final rebellion,
There is still hope.

Imagine Dragon Tom Thredgold | Year 9

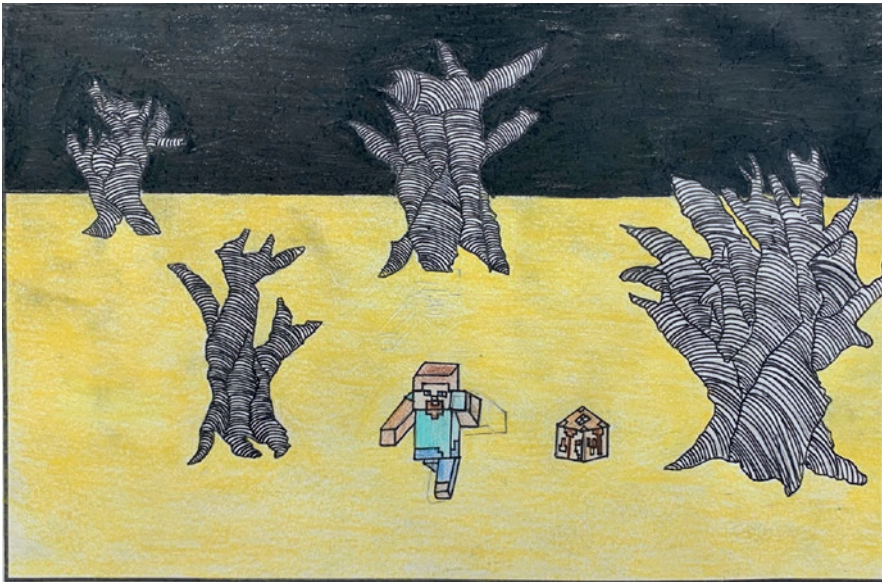
A mauve portal on the horizon.
flames spit and sizzle
a purple dragon roaring above the cloud.
The mood ring read happy.
It was a mauve dream
A feeling unmatched to any other.
How now I have my story.



Oscar Di Matteo | Year 7



Gabriel Yeo | Year 7



Julian Dawson | Year 7

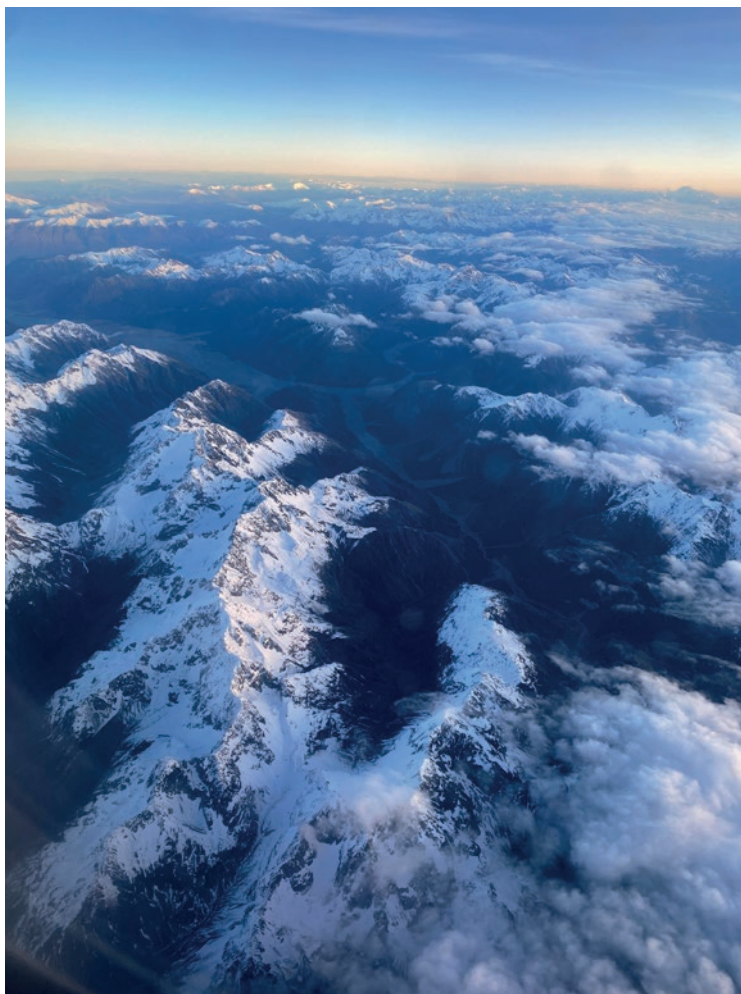




Charlie Fassina | Year 7



Charlie Griffin | Year 12



Sebastian Jordan | Year 10

The Sun and the Moon Oliver Smith | Year 8

The Sun and the Moon
Tweet tweet! In the early morning
Sitting on the horizon
The pretty perfect pink sun
on the horizon, it gives off
light rays of all colours
Then as the people wake
The bright yellow beams down
And makes the day the day
Until the afternoon
then I the beautiful, valiant moon rise
And ignite the night sky
With all of my friends
The stars

The leaders of their kingdoms
As beautiful as diamonds
and my light is soft as marshmallows
I show my beautiful face
I am a lullaby to put those to sleep
My vibrant light gently fades away,
Then turns to a bright, black.
And the fresh scent of the night
Comes to life with a bittersweet taste.
The twinkles of the stars
The gleam of the sun
Sitting on the horizon
now I wait another day
it feels like a million years
until the night

I will wait another day and then again shine bright.

Grandpa Alfie Truman | Year 9

The snowflakes glistened into my eyes, surrounded by family.
Feeling weightless, in the home of the Swiss Alps.
Life was good, it couldn't get better.
Waking up with the glistening sun shining in my face.
Little did I know, the storm was coming, very fast.

My sisters were over the Italian border.
Snowed in, literally under the weather.
I needed a way out, a person to talk to.
Had to act tough like a saddle of leather.
With only the men of the family talking.

We said our last goodbye holding the tear in my eye.
Giving a squeezing hug having all the memories.
Remembering the glistening light shining from the snow.
Thinking back there were more memories than remembered.



A Dark Day Angus Phillips | Year 9

A young man sits on the edge of a pond, water like a mirror,
he looks in the pond and all that stares back is his reflection.
He looks around and sees some bright rainbow-colored lorikeet dancing in the clear water
it splashes around sending ripples across the entire lake.
He watches as the bird then moves away and rummages for worms like a robber rummaging through someone else's draws.
The bird then swoops up to its high nest in one bound of its colorful wings.
It gives the worm to its chick so it can live another day.
The mother leaves to find another worm, the chick falls, it plummets, it hits the ground.
The boy doesn't hear anything, it doesn't affect him, it's just something in the background
He would most likely have never of known about it if he hadn't had been out there that day
He comes to the conclusion that it must be a normal part of nature and continues on
He then shifts his view to the water and notices a spider in the water, but it's struggling
It sinks under and the boy considers trying to save it
But then concludes that it must have been it's time,
and the boy who will become a man understands that his time will come too...
someday

Things Change Marco Wirth | Year 8

Blue skies shining,
The sun is burning like a roaring fire.
Nature encompassing the surrounding area.
Peaceful as always, the fields may be, but a sense of danger builds up like the electricity
before lightning.
The wind starts to whistle and the trees start to dance in the new haze of hellish anarchy.
From a distance the first sign of impurity forms on the bittersweet horizon.
A tempest raging like a bull builds speed boldly barrelling, bumping its way through the hills.
Clouds as dark as ash seem to swallow all the remaining life. In the skies
Rain seems to flood the ground, drowning out the beautiful flowers that lay there before.
Trees uprooted and rivers overflown, it seems to calm.
The winds die down and the clouds seem to lighten.
The sun reappears mocking the former peaceful land now ruined
What used to have no wrongs now struggled to find a right.
However, through the tarnish the last sliver of life shines brightly
A flower blooming as bright as the sun above.



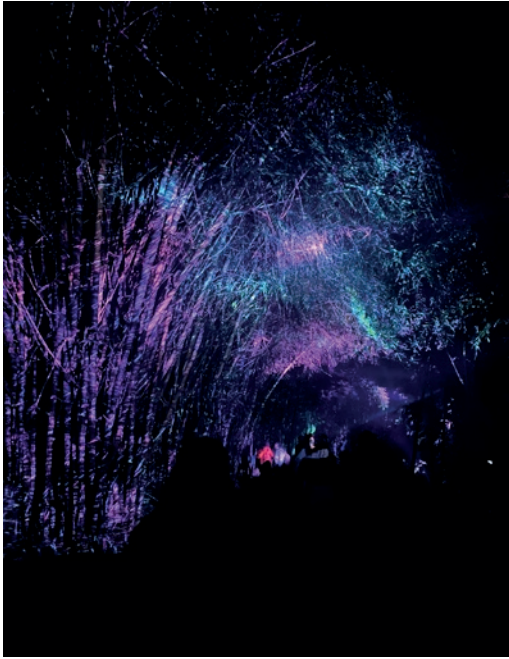
All art: Eric Luksch | Year 12





Don Bui | Year 10





Don Bui | Year 10



Charlie Fassina | Year 7



Aiden Pullino | Year 9





Arlo Brierley | ELC



Kyrie Halloran | ELC

Memoirs Vasili Papageorgiou | Year 11

Memories are fragile
They are the contents of our lifestyle
The older they become, the more value they embrace
Even if the people that helped make them, had to escape
Escape like lightning leaves the earth
An escape that will forever hurt
Some memories bright, others dark
But it is these memories who make the people we are
As the road narrows and the shadow grows darker
The reminiscences we hold, push us to go farther
Although we finally understand all will come to an end
It is these memories we grasp, that help us to mend
As several tears, salty, run slowly down the smooth side of my face
The salt these memories have brought is all I can taste
These times of the past grow stronger and fonder
It is only once they're gone, that we wish they lasted for longer
Perhaps they were taken for granted, but regardless
This is part of life, where these memories only help us see through our blindness

A Sea of White

Henry Pontifex | Year 10

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 you're light and free again.

We start innovating, progressing, developing, but the reef is deteriorating.
Earths warming up like a furnace and it's just getting hotter and hotter and hotter.
The oceans' 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 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 they're 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.

Backwards

Mick Mercorella | Year 12

I want to live like this,
But I want to die.

The leftover brown paint spilt over the crystal-clear cloth, sitting atop the table.
Having as much use as me, will last just as long.

Like the pot that simmers the soup, I too am puzzled.
Beyond heating and cooling -in and out- what am I?

The disease is like trees, yet is beautiful in nature.

Chester Ellery | Year 10



Duke Zhang | Year 10



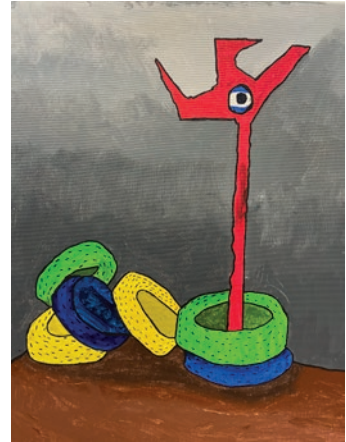
Reuel Thomas | Year 10



Archie MacMahon | Year 9



Patrick Femia | Year 11



Finn Koutsoukos | Year 10





Human Nature Lachlan Day | Year 11

The pond sits still covered by lily pads
 The grass grasps their shoes like a mother hugging its son
 I look across the plains as the sun starts to drop, it makes me sad
 As I realise, they will soon be under 6 feet of dirt that will weigh
 a tonne

The forest trees sway aside above the burly
 I feel a gust of wind brush my ears
 Their youth has been stripped so early
 They will regret not enjoying the times, they should have had
 with their peers

The frogs rejoice on a floor of floating logs
 The dragonfly swings across the water with urgency
 I wish they had turned their cogs
 And realised that their fate was no comparison to an emergency

The flies travel with an extreme sense of caution
 The swaying trees drip with ice cold condensation
 At least they are able to understand they have no option
 But they are unable to understand the gravity of the situation

The sun glows through the transparent leaf
 And butterfly's float across the still water
 When they are gone no one will share a sense of grief
 When they are gone, I will remember
 I was the one who taught her

My Identity Is Not My Own Will Biggs | Year 11

I'm living a life running from the truth
 Committing no wrongs until my inevitable death
 Learning from others to live an identical life
 My identity is not my own

These endless walls control me
 Holding me like a puppet
 Left alone in my mind like a cloud in the sky
 Which I cherish and dread

My friends hold as many secrets as the strangers I walk past
 Owls that are impossible to read
 I tell the truth only when they are ready to hear it
 My identity is not my own

I'm a feeble fly in this whirlwind
 I land where I'm told
 Constantly feeling like a carton of milk
 Just waiting to expire

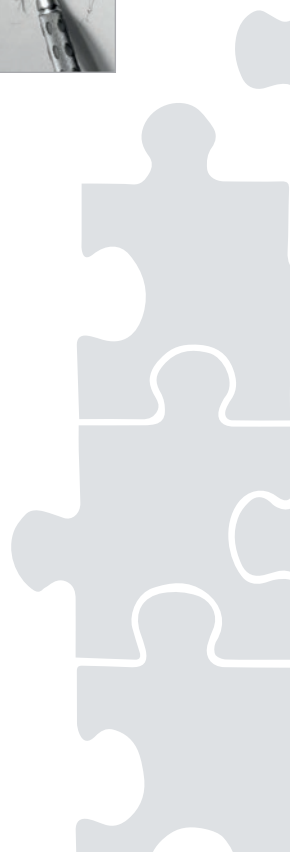
My future's end is closer than ever
 But that's the case for everyone, clone no clone
 At least I know for sure mine is soon
 These organs aren't mine

My identity is not my own





All art: Dhwarakesh Rajaram | Year 12



Nature's Unreality Samarbir Singh | Year 7

Nature's beauty envisioned within,
A feeling arrives from self indeed,
The power of a renewed realm wherein,
A break from the ambiguous noise, perceived
To be a powerful environment,
The mother of earth goes by many names,
The future of this world is confounding,
Whether Gaia or Tellus it has many claims.

This unreal realm is ever unique
The quietness that is imagined to be,
The outer world, like a disturbing leak,
If this world was true, we would be free.

As the dreary, restless present complies,
I scream to nature my final goodbyes.

The Truth of Rain Fraser Newman | Year 9

Gulls screaming at the top of their lungs,
Waves crashing like a great symphony,
Children climbing up the jetty rungs,
Sounds upon sounds in a cacophony.
Entering the spray at a blistering pace,
Kids squealing like a freight train,
Everything for them is an important race,
Before they discover the incoming rain.

Rain that doesn't care for anyone,
Sweeping the sands like a broom,
Making people realise their day is done,
Running back to cars that have no room.
Rain that makes the area damp,
Sending everyone back up the ramp.



Henry Pontifex | Year 10

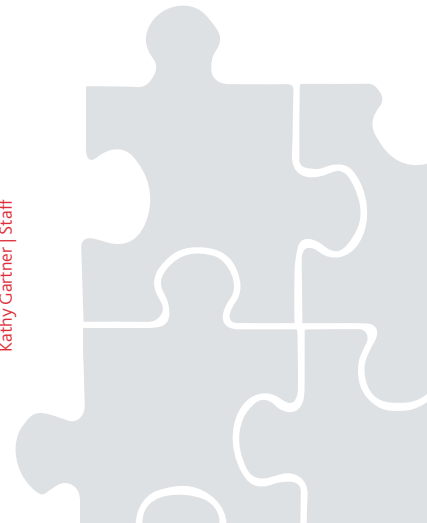
Remy Worthington | Year 7



Christopher Richards | Staff



Kathy Gartner | Staff



For What It's Worth
Angus Brill Reed | Year 11

My message takes flight at last
 But regret I feel in the highest branches
 Silence meanders through the leaves
 That detach and dance,
 Before they fall

My message, now hollow
 'Twas selfish, without compassion
 An innocent friend now wounded
 One who never hurt me

Had I only not frightened her
 May life be not as it is
 For now, all seems to be broken
 Only she can repair, replenish

Do I deserve forgiveness?
 My friend, alas, I feel only your shadow
 Shall guilt now plague my mind?
 Be eternity?

No future is there to yearn for
 You were all I had
 The trunk is now wilting
 Desolating vacuoles

On A Summer's Day
Taine Meyer | Year 7

It was a warm mid-February day,
 The welcoming sun peered through the trees.
 Each blade of grass swaying in the cool breeze.
 It was just you and I,
 Hand in hand as our eyes connect,
 unbreakable.
 Our thoughts entangled in each others,
 Oh, how I wish I could relive that day forever.



Sebastian Jordan | Year 10

Reflection
Joshua Clifton | Year 11

It's not onerous to remember
 blades of grass winnowing
 across the warm spring glow
 light smoothly flowing
 drowning the lush meadow
 that melancholy September

It's not onerous to remember
 the evening sun slipping under tedium
 lubricated by a yearning for change
 with reality as its medium
 aching to exchange
 for an extinguished ember

It is not effortless to accept
 life's hyperopia
 the things closest to you
 furthest out of reach;
 intended for loss
 but stubbornly kept

The Final Flicker
Henry Allen | Year 9

Rich sand,
 A sunset full of haze,
 The sunset makes everyone gaze
 Skies of orange, pink, and baby blue

Waves Waves
 Of blue dancing
 Where the sun fades. right below the bloom

The gold sea floor, that meets the seashore
 The burning flame as shiny as gold.
 The old sun I think we're done,
 please don't ruin the fun
 As the sun sets away
 The fun goes away

And all that's left is the final flicker...

Outback Joe Grundy | Year 9

The scorching red dirt lays waiting for some shade,
There is no green anywhere for the animals are in despair
The burning hot sun scalds the grass causing it to fade,
The searing hot sun rays beam down without care.

Rusty fences smile at the sky with a bored posture,
The landscape rests quiet and silent,
The creatures wait for nightfall for the cool air,
But for now, they convene in the shady cracks.
And rest in the dead hollow trees.

Predators prowl like hunters tracking their prey,
Their thin red coats covered in dust blend in,
Their sun-dried paws sink in the crusty soil,
It pants now thirsty for water, his temp boils.

The temperature cools and so does the air,
Small creatures now hunt for food like scavengers,
They are free from the heat.
And free to
Roam!

Misty Moss Hugh Dunn | Year 9

From the misty moss to
the grassy sands
you can hear nervous loud bands
and thousands of clapping hands.
Remote controlled people
screaming give us a sequel.
Cheesy grin thrown in the bin
amongst all the sin



Euphoric Piano Samarbir Singh | Year 7

Soft and melodious,
Euphoria is created,
Immersed keys combine.

A True Masterpiece Daniel Bergamin | Year 9

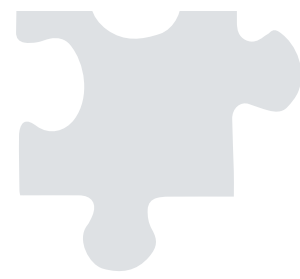
Across the tops
Of the highest trees,
Atop the weary mountains –
Through the valleys, around the trees.
Peaceful, pleasant, picturesque.

With the ebb and flow of the breeze
Flowing across the lakes.
Briefly pausing to caress the trees
Into a gentle swaying rhythm.

Moving to a beat
That stays in the forest moving with the animals' feet
As they sing a song so sweet-
It makes you think
Why do we not take care of this place of total beauty and peace?

Why do we live in cities on the dirty streets?
Never wanting to venture to where the rivers meet
The streams, the fish bringing that feeling of peace.
Why don't we look up from our phones and experience nature?
A true masterpiece.





Patrick Femia | Year 11





All art: Dhwarakesh Rajaram | Year 12



Freedom

Vivaan Sood | Year 8

Cold, dark and miserable
 I am on my way to death
 But to get to the freedom
 You must pass through the harshest prison
 I feel the cold dew-drenched grass tickle my toes,
 as I stop to take a breath, the pain starts to sink
 Even the smell of manure cannot awaken me from my continuous stupor
 I see a small glimmer of light
 At the end of the endless tunnel
 I run, to finish the pain that this life holds
 Ignoring my cramps,
 Ignoring my gashes,
 Running.
 Splat! I faceplant before I realise,
 Tasting my blood in my mouth
 I stop and wonder whether death is the solution
 I turn around and try to live my life again
 But there was no point, no use
 My life was a lie, just like many others
 I do not know why I went down this dark hole
 but I know I will never return.
 I want to scream
 I want to cry
 I want to cut
 I want to die
 There is no one to save me,
 I am alone, left to the terrors
 I look for someone to liberate me
 But I am alone.
 I guess hell is my home now

Vessel

Isaac Dodd | Year 11

It's happened again,
 It comes in waves,
 Roaring, crashing, consuming,
 Flooding sacred memories held so dear,
 Above all sun-bleached and mighty,
 Rising above chaotic waves, battered and bruised,
 A mighty ship stands proud,
 But try as it may,
 It cannot escape the deep, dark, depths,
 Consumers of all,
 One storm is all it takes,
 Darkness,
 Sinking deeper and deeper,
 Silence,
 The deafening sound of silence,
 Reminiscent of old times,
 Time spent together as one,
 Engulfed in laughter,
 Shaping the ever-changing journeys
 No more,
 Somewhere, high up, far away,
 A mighty ship stands proud,
 Battered and bruised from past adventure,
 Sailing further and further into nothingness

Scammer

Joe Grundy | Year 9

The phone rattles like a snake
 screen reads unknown
 I pick it up
 a man is yapping,
 He was a robber coming to steal
 I lift my finger and hover over the button
 A pest I don't have time for
 I gently push the button,
 He's
 Gone.



Completion Vasilis Michalakis | Year 11

It's a dark pristine place,

My luggage is strapped onto a vehicle nearing the end of its journey,
My breathing resembling that of an arduous journey in steep altitude,
Fog piles in the road ahead as childhood memories invigorate me,

Nowhere to stop,
Nowhere to go,

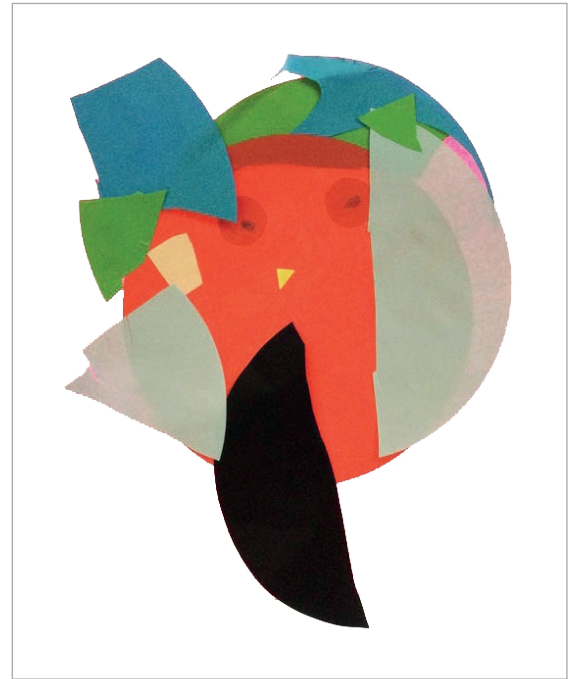
I feel my eyes falling into my head while gazing into the ceiling,
The bloody bandages stiffen me like the stranded boat,

Full of rust,

Deep in a bright blue shallow bay,
A thin seam of light scatters across the bed,
Light reaches out with a hand in front of me,
I now see a pale white canvas,

Empty like my creative soul after two gallery submissions,
I am now left like the state of my remaining art,

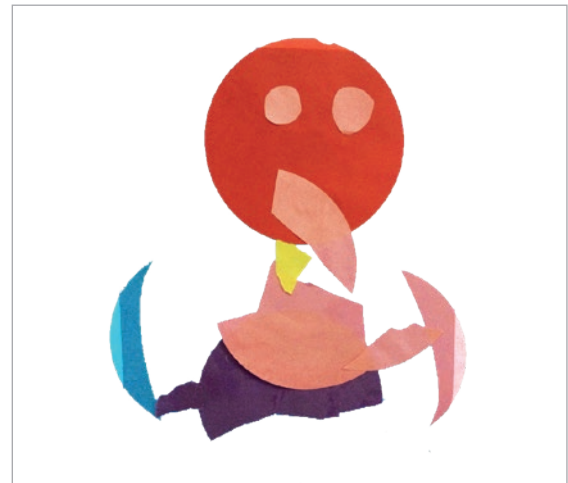
Torn apart,
Slowly losing control,
As I am just a clone,
All alone,
My purpose is now complete.



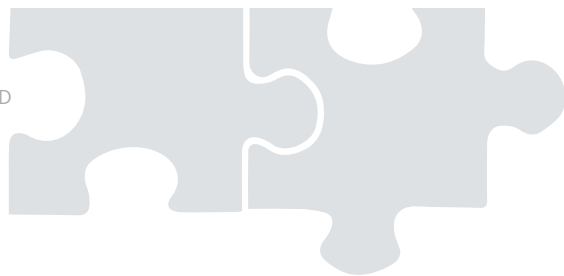
Evie Themistocleous | ELC

Snow Flynn Colmer | Year 3

Winter time has come upon us
The frosty mist surrounds the streets
While the crackling of the fire fills the air with
smoke
The children run and play
bundle up
and rest and drink
hot cocoa in the snow.



Leo Williamson | ELC



X Marks the Spot Josh Venning | Year 12

One day my dad picked me up from school early
It was a good thing because I got the day off
A big smile on such a small face
I pads. Missing school. A lazy day ahead
But my smile was about to disappear
just like the broken glass of my childhood
Sitting on my bed my dad said
“There’s been an accident,”
Then he said the name.
My best friend.

We were like two brothers, but not like Cain and Abel.
the world tore us apart
I can’t even say his name.
The sour words still laying on my tongue
I can still imagine the crash.
The skid marks dent the road like a warped X
Because X marks the spot where they took their last breath
The upturned metal screaming in pain
The flashing lights of help. Too late.
The broken glass scattered, a shattered heart in disbelief.
Nothing else mattered.

The way I feel about it can’t be explained.
Every time I was asked about that fateful day it was a
Arrow being shot through me.
Like a bullseye leaving a scar
I was just a small boy but a large target.
I didn’t know how to deal with the pain

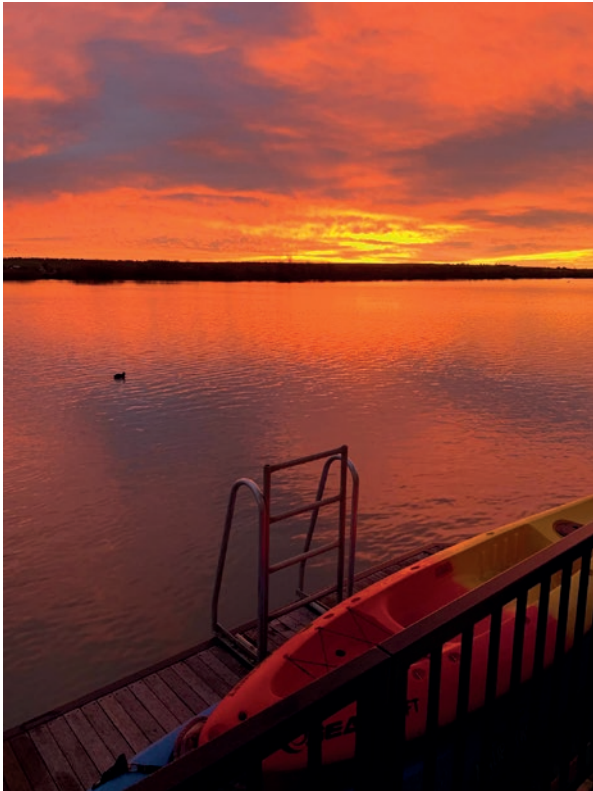
So I pretended not to feel it,
And I pushed it down
Into a bottomless pit of even bigger pain.
It took a piece of our friendship away with it.

But why did my dad wait so long to tell me
Was it because I was a child?
There I was a little boy
Sitting in disbelief.
But now I’m a man.
And how did I get through it?
The memories.
The positives.

I used to carry a suitcase of grief with me,
full of sad and mad thoughts.
It weighed me down. Bad.
But the case seemed to only get lighter
When the memories and positives were clear.
It began to get lighter and lighter
5 years later, I found the good in what happened.

You know what they say, you don’t know
what you truly have until it’s gone.
An innocent child turned upside down,
but grew into a heartfelt man.
Now I proudly say his name;
My mate. Jacko.
I love you bro.





Luke Kijic | Year 10



Joseph Erbe | Year 10

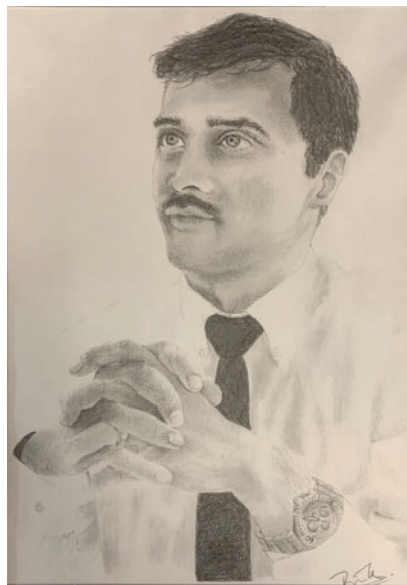


Jasper Hill | Year 9



Monica Magann | Staff

Monica Magann | Staff



Reuel Thomas | Year 10



Visiting W14 Chris Mcguire | Staff

A Wilde masterpiece
Shining light where hath not shone
With chips and gravy.

The camelia buds
From down by the science labs
Promise of springtime

Once a Survivor
Now looking to the future
With baby in tow

Proud Protea, an
ode to motherland, loving
her Chelsea mornings

laughing heartily
her desk messier than mine
Leading the young troops

Joyous as ever
Eating a bowl of eggshells
Just six weeks to go

The Mind Taine Meyer | Year 7

Overwhelmed by thoughts,
So many feelings erupt.
Love, lust and despair.

Tommy Henry De Keulenaer | Year 11

The cold ghostly mist hovering over the football pitch,
The cool air infects the players with sluggish muscles propelling them forwards to the ball, the sharp, thin Grass causing the players to itch,
After they stumble, fumble and fall,

The players are hustling,
The girls are conversing over the introduction to Tommy's behaviour,
His mystery of the tantrums is puzzling,
A carer from Hailsham: Kathy revealing to be his saviour,

Tommy, Tommy, Tommy when will you learn?
So far, your favourite shirt is perfectly clean,
On the football pitch with a cut and a grass burn,
Out there with great intent and so keen,

As I uncovered the dystopian aspect of this novel, nothing ends well.
Just like the rising tension of the pathetic fallacy shown,
When the tantrums begin it is as if Tommy is now placed under a spell,
Could your real self be different from your clone?

The blood vigorously pumping,
To ensure your body's warm for sprinting,
Similar to the blood spilling out through the 'donations' clumping,
Which will inevitably massacre the innocent Hailsham printings.

Calming Forest Jesse McMahon | Year 9

The green light seeps through the treetops
Like speckles on the forest floor
A sinkhole filled with turquoise water,
Birds chirp. Rain hits.
Moss covered trees, everywhere you can see,
Calm falls upon me,
A natural disaster turned into a thriving ecosystem.





Ben McArthur | Year 8



Will Kleeman | Year 10

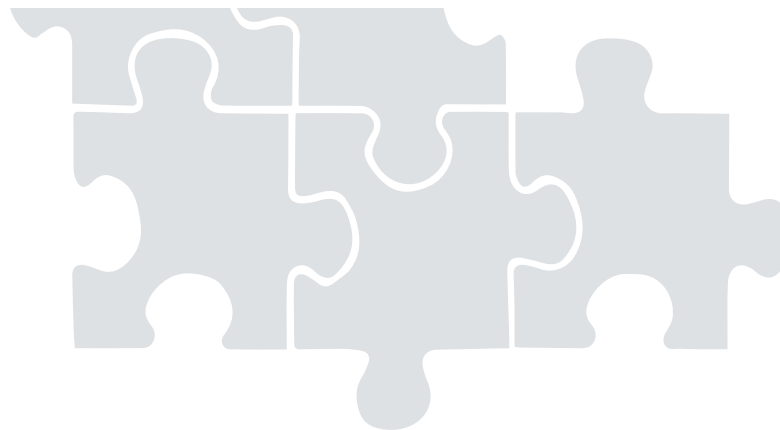


Henry Pontifex | Year 10



All photos: Myles McEwen | Year 12





The Game I Love
Julian Dawson | Year 7

It is thrilling from the first whistle to the final siren,
A gift given to us from our descendants
The game of football I very much love

I love the kicking, the handballing, the goals from greats like Byron
How it is like poetry in motion,
It is thrilling from the first whistle to the final siren

It makes me feel happy, like a flying dove
When my team climbs the mountaintop and holds the cup
The game of football I very much love

And after the game with good ol' Roaming Brian
Who chats to the players about their amazing feats,
It is thrilling from the first whistle to the final siren

But then comes the times when the going gets tough,
When coaches are on the hot seat and powerhouse teams can't win
The game of football I very much love

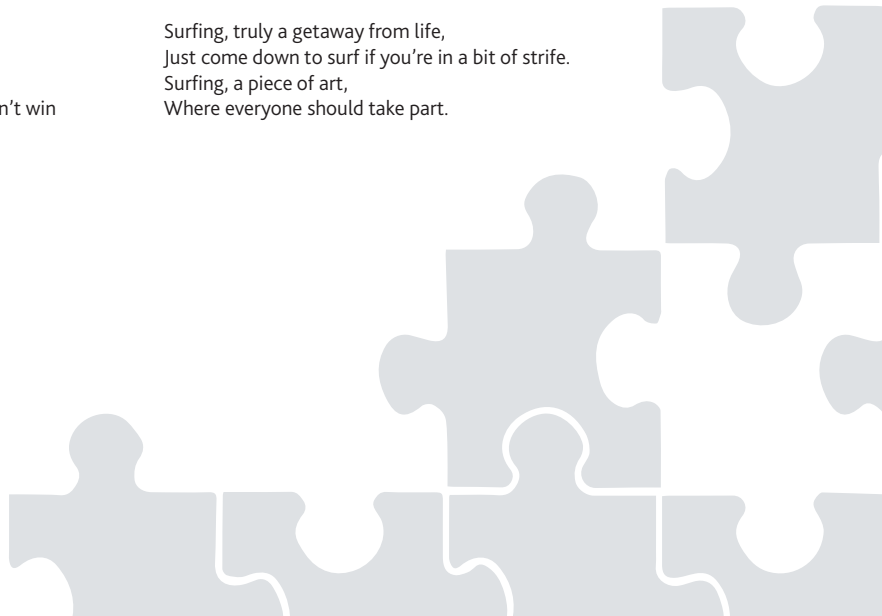
Nobody beats Lyon, Simon or Eisen,
Who can kick a torp from fifty or fend someone off
It is thrilling from the first whistle to the final siren

Getaway From Life
Mack Taylor | Year 9

A getaway from life.
To feel the bitter coldness of the ocean water,
Flowing around your body.
The fragile board glides along the face of water.
The wreck less wonderful waves reach out to me,
Creating elegance in the water.
They crumble like an avalanche.

In the summer the beaches are super crowded,
When all the surfboards come out to get pounded.
In the winter the experiences are just as good,
I take out the 7'0 board as hard as firewood.
The boards all waxed up, fuller than a dixie cup.

Surfing, truly a getaway from life,
Just come down to surf if you're in a bit of strife.
Surfing, a piece of art,
Where everyone should take part.



Kathy Gartner | Staff



Bonnie Dawson | Staff



Melody Marshall | Staff





Ben McArthur | Year 8

24 Forever
Loki Bown | Year 5

Black is the grief for the champion that was lost,
Purple for the Lakers who suffered a great cost.
Yellow for the jersey draped over the chair,
Gold for the trophies he won fair and square.
Blue for the tears that the whole world shed,
Red for the passion with which he led.
The world lost a global sporting giant,
Rest in peace to the great Kobe Bryant.

Sapiosexual
Fred Sands | Year 12

What do they want to fill their head?
Is it straight from the pot or the bowls
of a bird that pecks at the dregs?
Should the food for thought be filtered
through the bowls of fox or suckled
from an ever filling pot?

God's Gift
Athán Harlaftis | Year 7

The rain crying down
It's a lovely gift from above,
It's the tears of God



Josh Gregg | Staff

Double Homicide Oliver Smart | Year 12

Blood smeared like paint on the window
A black bird, a crow squeals outside
He didn't want any trouble

A beige coat limps through the splintered door frame
"I think the man who did it went that way, I'm not sure"
"I'd prefer the truth"

Fishmonger Mitch Searle | Year 12

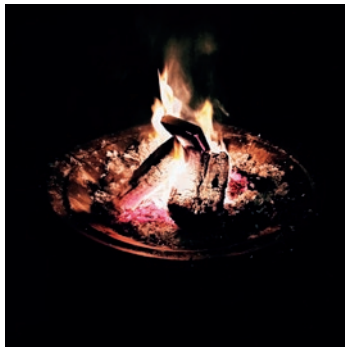
I walked down the street thinking I might get inspired
It was the opposite.
There's a new fishmonger in town,
Rocking his raincoat with swagger.
He takes people's attention away from me! Come get your fish!
He wouldn't even need an umbrella in a rainforest.
Oh well, you know, that's how it goes
When you're not fun to look at.



Noah Varghese | Year 8



Anish Thairami | Year 10



Athan Harlaffis | Year 7



Zac Flapper | Year 8

Athan Harafitis | Year 7



Zach Gentile | Year 7



Bradley Fenner | Staff



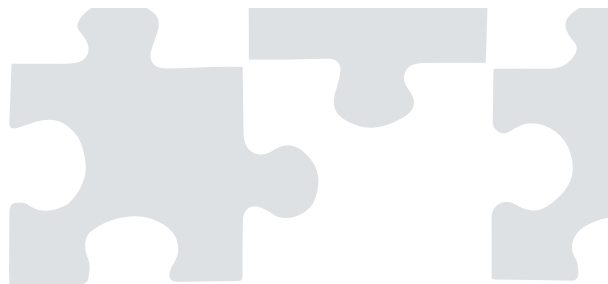
Isia Goodair | ELC



Lucas Wong | ELC



Julian Dawson | Year 7



For One Nick Iadanza | Staff

I had a fall yesterday-
Up to the heavens.
I picked through the clouds
Like a weaverbird pulling
white strands of vapour.
They rancoured in my stomach and
I fell again.
This time back down.
My blood streaked the sky in bright spirals.
I guess I spent too long looking for you
behind the display window of the stars
And all I found was the truth.
A thin soup of grief.
The perfect meal for one.

Flame Flickering Jesse McMahon | Year 9

Light coming from the corner of a cold dark room,
The flame flickers like a person waving to me
The candle is a torch leading me in the right direction.

Warm like a campfire on a cold night,
Candles lead and provide hope for a friend or loved one.
Wax drips like rain drops falling off a tree

The candle is warm
It burns out and the rooms go dark again.

White Walls

Sam Desmazures | Year 9

These walls surround me
Keeping me locked in
But giving me freedom

They keep noises in
And out, but if you shout the sound will be let
out
When the shout gets out
A knock on the door

Who is it for?

Cake by the Candle

Hamish Colby | Year 9

A smiling little cake
On which roaring oven may bake
Today of all days,
As you may place the candles to lay
a ring of statues marks their place
The children roared as it came out
Smile on their face
Cake like a beacon
Of joy in the crowd
People, place, party proud
the flaming rods
delivered to be blown away
Mark the age of whoever's birthday it is today.

Never Let Me Go

Oliver Quin | Year 11

The familiar faint flow of cool air howled through the Hailsham hallway
Where I and the rest of the stampede would barrage up the stairs like sheep
Stomping up to Room 18 again as we usually do each week on this day
Eventually a distant hail of hoofs striking the floor like thunder began to creak
Only to stop once all arrived at the top of the stairway
At the top of the staircase we collided with crow face whose list of features was deep
We were invited into her office, a mysterious hideaway
She examined our organs and shortly after we departed aware if they were weak
Nurse Trisha gave the all okay
Pondering on like sheep through the flock I saw a face that was quite unique
As I was leaving I was approached by a familiar face on this day
A face who was attempting to speak
Concerned for whether or not I should continue on my way
Tommy began to move his cheek
His smile irritated me straight away
It made my smile begin to lose its peak
Soon I realized what he wanted to say
He was only looking to apologise for when he hit me the other week
You have been my friend. That itself is a tremendous thing, is what I thought I'd say
Instead I told him he is holding everyone up as soon we would complete

Life of a Candle

Harry Piggott | Year 9

The candles neck starts to melt
Hot wax dripping like drizzling rain
The flame roars keeping people warm
It is a lighthouse standing tall
Making sure no one crashes like ships in the ocean
A saucer catching the drips like gutters on a house
Once the candles out the light no more
It disappears as the flame melts its core



The Journey of Life Julian Dawson | Year 7

The testing, beautiful journey of life
That begins when you first exit the womb
Always so littered with triumphs and strife
From gracing the Earth and meeting your doom

You begin the centre of attention
As if the Earth revolves around just you
Remember and practice recollection
Because soon the memories shrink to few

Then you grow older and begin to talk
When you speak a word you're quickly revered
Following that you then attempt to walk
You're then shipped off to school to work with peers

Enjoy the days life will soon become hard
You will grow old, falling to the graveyard

A Sun is Born Daniel Thompson | Year 9

The radiant sun glistened in the morning horizon
Birds chirping, waves thundering
A new hope arrived with the sun's awakening.

A mellow warmth, permitted by the sun's presence
Wrapped its arms around me like a hug

The sun continued to blossom in the dusk
Rays beamed down vibrantly, blinding me for a split second

Its journey continues, sitting subtle in the sanguine sky
The end of a story
The sun has risen

The Dry Harry Piggott | Year 9

When the summer hit, along came the heat.
Once we knew, our hearts skipped a beat.
The days only getting angrier boiling over like a pot on a stove,
Spilling all across the land.
It was here.

The green was gone. Trees left to die.
Like a barren wasteland thirsty and dry.
Bushfires are starting
Livestock begins dying
Is it ever going to end?

Hard times like these, a struggle for families.
Some farmers begin going through struggles and bankruptcies.
Life is a sunken shipwreck during the dry
Strangers help out the ones who need it the most
Whether its hay on a truck or a word of good luck
Everyone helps no matter what.
The dry. The worst time in a farmer's life.

Forever Lost at Sea Henry Allen | Year 9

The ocean's mouth is mallard green,
A ship flows adrift down the young waterway,
At the end of the curvy river, the treacherous water
The old man's face full of fear and bitterness.
Stone still, his face turns pale
as he knows his glory isn't gold.
And slowly as his ship's drifts away from home,
not a mauve dream...

No Way Home...





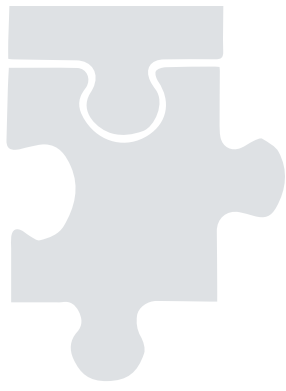
Max Thomas | Year 10

Melrose Oscar England | Year 10

I sit unaccompanied,
although not alone.
a tree oscillates among the horizon,
as a crow sings from a distance.
An unforgiving loneliness,
my imagination wonders and
falls into a sense of anxiety,
deep hills trap my presence,
the crow watches,
I am not free anymore
under the grey skies of Melrose,
I am never alone.

A Friendly Foe Taine Meyer | Year 7

They stand there, so innocent.
With a fake smile.
Kind but arrogant,
Their personality: vile.
Sly and two faced,
An empty mind.
Their original personality, now erased.
A friendship now left behind.
So many tears cried.
Pain and suffering,
To bring back the trust, I tried.
My thoughts are buffering.
Oh dear friend, where have you gone?
Without you I feel forlorn.



Josh Gregg | Staff



Phil Noble | Staff



Phil Noble | Staff



Message

Archie McEwen | Year 10

When you reach a certain age, you start to hear a message,
At first it is small and quiet,
But it soon becomes obsessive

There are four syllables in this expression
Although it is less of a phrase
And more of a question

For me I feared it, preferring silence and space
But from about year nine, it is something
You simply must embrace

Because one day you will be sent a form,
And it will say:
IB or Sace?

Five

Nick Greb | Staff

Do you look up at the night sky?
See the ancient light falling from the heavens?
Reflecting the flicker within the lamp that resides inside.

Do you sit at the edge of the earth?
Feel the caress of the eternal breath?
Filling the ebb and flow that resides inside.

Do you stand in the middle of the maelstrom?
Taste the primordial liquor?
Nourishing the life that resides inside.

Do you lay on the ancient floor?
Listen to her thrum of harmony and discord?
Expanding the existence that resides inside.

Do you dance in embers of an eternal flame?
Smell the fervent heat?
Vigorously imprinting its warmth on that which resides inside.

Do you sense the inexorable steps of time?
Its implacable grace holding you to attest and emerge into showing the world.
That which resides inside.

The Journey Up The Hill

Julian Dawson | Year 7

As we climb the hill
The difficult journey will
Give us perspective

We take a moment
Looking down upon the lights
Of where we call home

We make our descent
Back to the reality
Of our busy lives

Aurora Borealis

Julian Dawson | Year 7

The colourful mist provides shelter to all life,
For a few days of the year,
It bounces all over the atmosphere,
The sky is its canvas

For it is ready to paint,
The beautiful collection of contrasting colours,
It is like you are looking into a kaleidoscope,
This kaleidoscope is the size of the night sky

The galaxy is illuminated,
And its many beautiful stars,
It is a rainbow,
Except there is no leprechaun or golden pot,

What you see is what you got,
Everyone comes out in droves,
To see the picture be painted,
The timeless and unique picture,

Aurora Borealis





Angus Rikard-Bell | Year 10



Myles McEwen | Year 12



Noah Varghese | Year 8



Melody Marshall | Staff





All photos: Myles McEwen | Year 12





Emily Anderson | ELC

Winter's Morning Jonas Knight | Year 3

The frosty aroma ... a thick, foggy sight
Colder and colder
Every time.

The storms
Keep coming.
Over and over,
They will never end

E
V
E
R

That good smell of smoky air

Fires in the house

The taste of baked bread

The smell of bacon breakfast.

It's a Winter's morning



Imprisoned Liam Jurisevic | Year 11

Beat, beat, beat
The heart pumps
And pumps
It screams for the
Longevity of life
Pumping and pumping
In every person
In every personality

Surrounded by walls
High walls for harvesting
Unknown to the children
Conforming to the rules of the institution
Secrets lie within
Hidden amongst them
And inside them
Their purpose, enigmatic, mysterious

An abundance of art
Depicts the souls of the artists
Whose health must be at its optimal level
For their growth, it is said
At its peak
But for what purpose?
Someone else's life,
Clones.

A word not heard of
Centuries ago
But now a part of Hailsham
The lie is uncovered.

Nostalgia Charlie Griffin | Year 12

I battle the consistent and overbearing titan of age,
Like a persistent cold that one seems unable to shake.
As time beats like a rhythmic drum,
I find myself replaced and my weaknesses exposed and amplified,
Like the horn of a fisherman's boat.
I knew I was always a fussy eater,
however, with time my palette further depletes,
a lack of substance depletes my will
shreds my eagerness.
I used to laugh at
yet fear
the ideology of a life filled with bore,
Now I reminisce upon those days of joy,
As I recognise and accept that I am now in what I used to dread.

Spectre Eric Luksch | Year 12

The rain pours down heavy and concealing, soothing,
The street busy with washed out frames of fellow ghosts,
Entering my supposed home I remain unseen as I lower my black shield
As people talk and share stories, I withdraw, retreat,
Back to the window,
Back to my fellow spectres,
Hoping that someone will come
Someone who understands
Then he approaches
There you are



Lachlan Osborne | Year 10





Joseph Erbe | Year 10

Requiem for the Broken Dinan Perera | Year 12

Lament –

Who knew that broken souls could die again?
The midnight gasps: we breed these pointless storms.
Sweet orange men crawl helplessly to their end.
We pray. We wish the Devil would reform.

I march behind the fur of the condemned.
It bops and strides and thinks – once just like us.
I see him plead to try and make amends.
But we tread on; creatures we cannot trust.

The man above, he mourns this injustice,
But our exultations do praise the cause.
We stand together to be a witness,
Our empty minds lack sound belief to pause.

A careful gust of wind resists our face,
It shouts and screams aloud through soggy mists.
The blazing flares of life light up the place.
It seems like no one knew why we did this.

I gravely look at him, the hound from hell.
He stares right back, with sorrow and regret.
How could we cage him in that cold, dank cell,
Is something that I never will forget.

Requiem for the Broken Dinan Perera | Year 12

Praise –

The broken men shall sing at his last breath,
but nature shows condolence in his life.
The darkness of our hearts appears by depth,
but this savage was null: a sacrifice.

There was no one that will remember him,
our blinded children jump and cheer with joy,
his oozing flesh pervades all that is grim.
We killed him with the thing we should destroy.

The conscious man was lying on the floor.
His eyes open, seeking heaven above.
Electric shock slowly erodes his core,
But his tattoo of her showed us his love.

I saw us in the mirror: we stand beside the beast.

*The fallen leaves are ominous,
they tatter
tethered to the tainted,
revealing paradoxical hearts.*

*What was once joy, now seemed no more.
Drops of rain grew heavy, slaps on our hearts,
the linen of my uniform tore, peeled from the fabric of cold-hearted
men.
It was a sign; it was an anathema.*

*Crackling sounds radiate from the sky, clear as day,
withering shrubs swayed in misery, exposing our innate anguish.
Its chaos and rage would last for eternity.
Our chaos and rage would last for eternity.
His chaos and rage – never started.*

Requiem for the Broken Dinan Perera | Year 12

Solace –

*He does live on, but we do not,
for we are responsible, for thousands like him,
as their untold stories settle under the rubble. Suppressed of their righteous freedom,
the sacred gift we stole, without remorse.*

*There is some good as he passed on,
for he is free from this possessed land.
Its toxic stench perpetuates the inexorable crumble of our soul,
where we are chained by the system, of backwards men that we serve and die for.*

*Flocks of doves flee, as white clouds abandoned their post.
Our dogs whimpered in fear, like a willowed tree sapped of life.
The strobing streetlight paved the path we needed,
but odour of his blood obstructs our minds.*

*I question my life, those lost foundations that I built.
The orange men line up. One by one, like destiny:
We children laugh and gag at our own guilt,
But I am left blind. I hang above, to show my broken soul.*

Twilight Thoughts Michelle Green | Staff

The champagne is flat,
warm
the cake stale
crumbs trailing
across
what ifs
and could have beens.

Dreams crushed
in a paper cup
of tomorrow.
Light of day
dims into grey,
another night
and
perhaps for a moment
a thought flits,
like twilight,
full of wonder.

If you had
only ...



Kyle Adams | Year 10



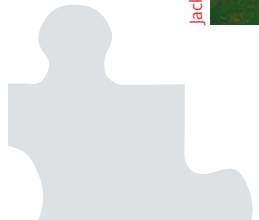
Max Thomas | Year 10



Jack Dundon | Year 10



Archie McEwen | Year 10





Nick Iadanza | Staff

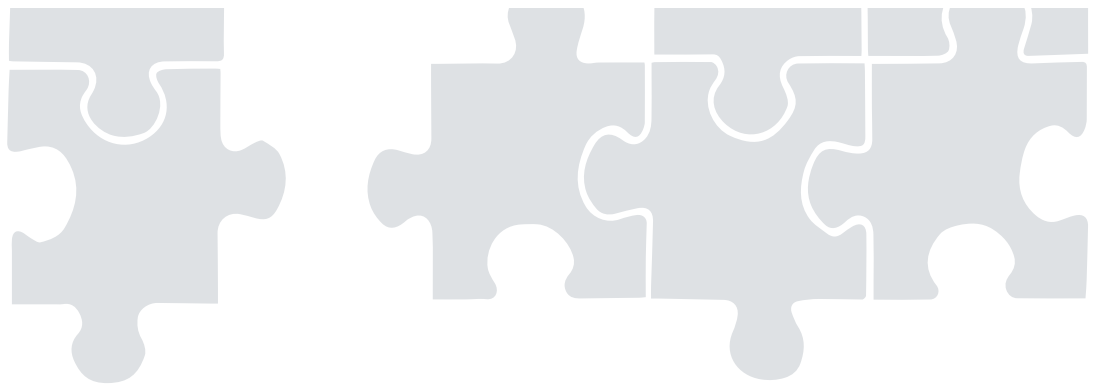


Angus Brill Reed | Year 11



Angus Brill Reed | Year 11



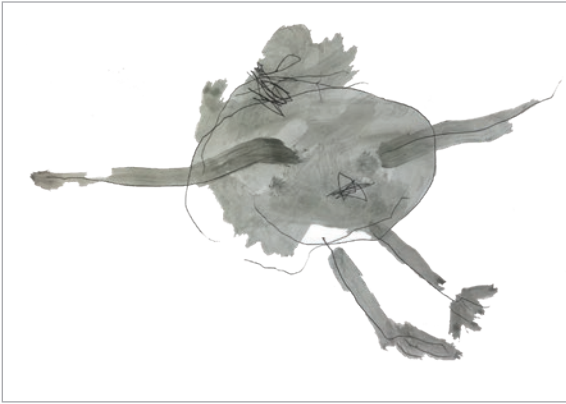


Thomas Williams | Year 12



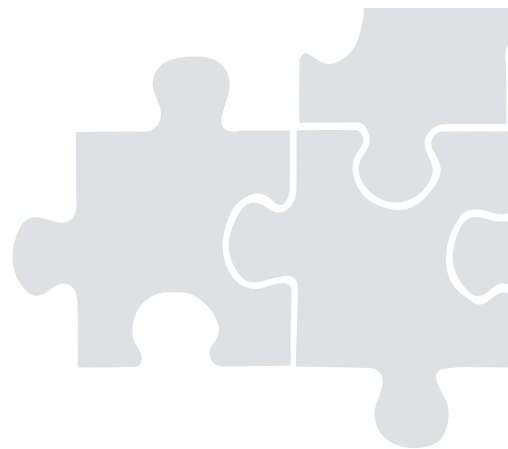
Kathy Gartner | Staff

Edward Roesch | ELC



Oliver Bjeshka | ELC





Max Wickham | ELC

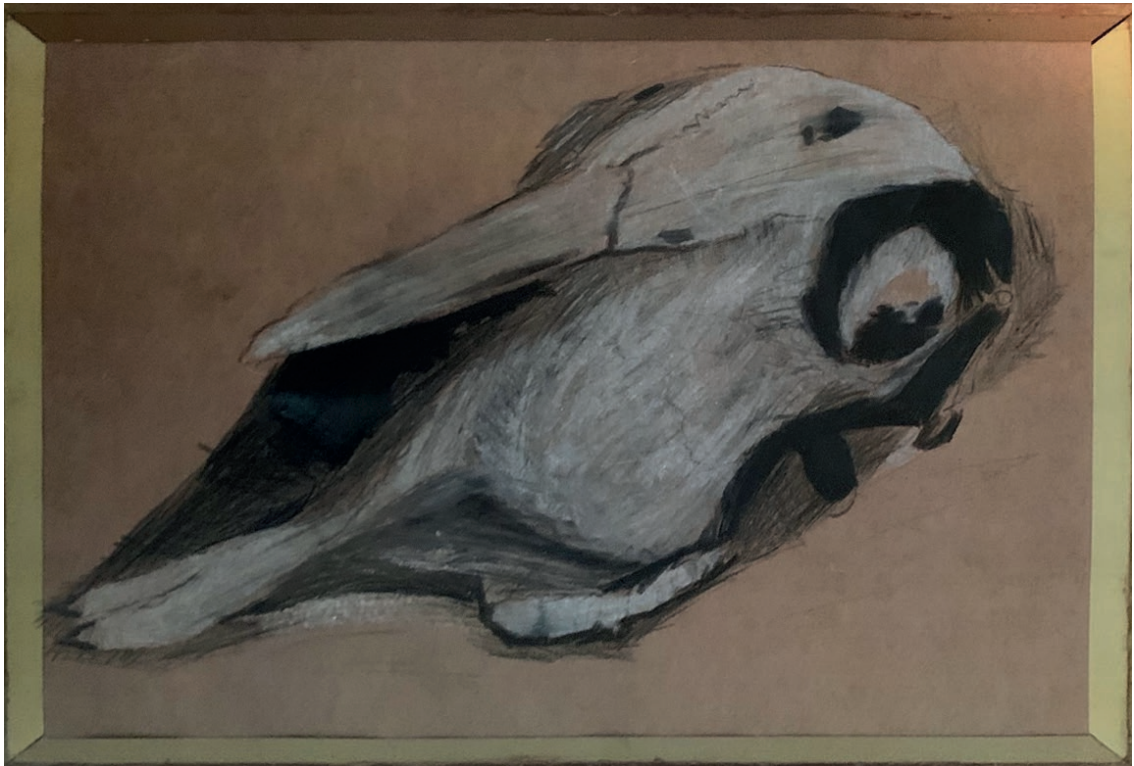
In Plain Sight Henry Nind | Year 12

I try to wrestle free but my hands are tied
Tightly onto the back of a plastic chair
I pull, I push; Nothing.
I hear the crackle of an evil laugh and he rises,
From his throne of façade
"You can do nothing"
I scream but no one hears.
He walks towards the door and puts on his mask
The rustle of his jeans drowning out the nearby cry
My tears fall like a geyser
And the bloody footprints
Are covered by the passers-by
I scream but no one hears.

Together Alex Henchcliffe | Year 12

And we are in
Lights turn on as the footsteps grow louder
The door opens, the party enters but splits
The parents yelling "What a fussy eater you were"
The witted reply gets hurled down from above
"Not true I just didn't like your fish that was draped in red paint"
But the reply is never heard
The distance increasing, The disturbance growing
We are in but not together





Tom Neal | Year 7



Agree
Hugh Dunn | Year 9

Do you agree?
Do I have a choice?
Can I really speak my voice?
I mean you hand me
This agreement
Without a clear understanding
What's the branding?

What is it really?
I don't know it clearly
Not even nearly
Blank board
Test fraud
Mind like a tangled cord

Why is it easy to write about?
Sad things
Bad things
Mad things
And not the rad times
And the glad times
Like I'm happy making these rhymes

Now do I agree?
Will I be free?
What will change if I don't?
If I won't?



Melody Marshall | Staff





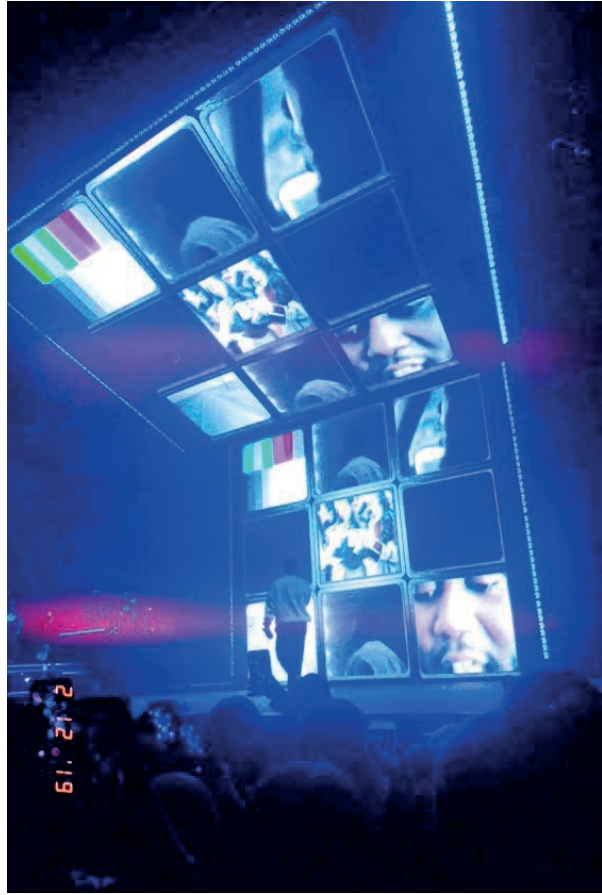
Don Bui | Year 10



Angus Rikard-Bell | Year 10.



Aiden Pullino | Year 9



Tarun Kamath | Year 11



Touch

Emily Beattie | Staff

Can I touch you, trace my hopes across the
Newfoundland of your unbroken skin? As
My mother once trailed her dreams, her plans a
Fractured landscape, turned to Alcatraz
Across my newborn cheek. Can I let curl
Your sweet palm round my thumb? With milky scent
Of life's potential still to come unfur'd,
The linking buds of babbling give vent
Across the world, through culture, time and space.
Cacophony of terrors held at bay, ellipsis
Midst angst and precarity, grows a place...
Three plosive sounds, the darkened world, eclipses.
Your eyes in mine, and mine in yours, I see
A resurrection and a hope in thee.

Kookaburras

Nicholas Whyte | Year 8

The kookaburras in the park
They drive my old man mad
It's something I don't understand
To me they don't sound bad
I kind of like it when they laugh
It's such a happy noise
They sound just like the kids at school
A bunch of naughty boys

They're laughing at the teacher and
The class is acting up
Little Jess put a big green frog
Into the teacher's cup
I know why those kookaburras
make my father quite cross
It's because he is a teacher
and used to be the boss!

Nothing at all

Sam Desmazures | Year 9

Her eyes overflow
Tears fall from
Her eyes, every drop a different story,
A different reason to cry
She brushes them away to hide what's inside
The taste of salt is in her mouth
Eyes are blurred
you cannot see,
your mind is foggy

You hear your heart thump like a drum
Words like knives
Cutting your self esteem

Eyes on you, they can see through
Head down to avoid the stares

If you have nothing nice to say,
Say nothing at all.

An Aversion to Poems

Jasper Arnold-Chamney | Year 5

I have an aversion to poems
I wish I had a compulsion for poems.
But no, I have an aversion to poems.
I think I need a diversion to like poems
Oops, I got concussion, now I like poems.



Eric Luksch | Year 12

Grey Matter White Matter Yarra Mickan | Year 9

A young brain
So many different parts
As all work like one
Grey matter. White matter.
One together.

As it grows
Parts grow
White matter the wrong way.
Bonds break, bonds build,
This brain is a war.
Lobe vs lobe
Matter vs matter.

Life has no meaning
Lost, lonely
Sides are grown
Grey, white matter
No longer

Together.

Calm days
Days of pain.
White matter doesn't matter.

Most valuable thing
Forgotten lost
Cerebellum
Memories.

Hope Sam Heuzenroeder | Year 9

When life gets tough you push on through
No matter what happens to you.
It's what us as humans need to do
To move on, learn, change and grow,
To gain understanding of things you now know.

The second you lose hope,
Hope loses you.
Without hope, we are left in the dark
Stuck in an endless void of despair with no
way out.

Hope is like a flashlight
Guiding you through life
The second you lose it
Your left without a light
To guide you through tough times
And find your way when you're lost.

Even in the darkest of times
It's up to you to dig deep within
To muster self-belief and the hope that you
lost.
To guide yourself out of the dark
And pick up where you left off.

Hope is the key to all that you do,
And how you manipulate it is up to you.



Nature's Ticket
Luca Bacon | Year 9

The sun sets upon a gracious land
a land that has experienced down under
The sand filters through my hand
like rain through air.
As the sun falls behind the horizon
a bright pink fills the polluted air
like a light in the dark
the colours fill the sky.
I feel as if I've won the golden ticket
I hear the distant seagulls squealing
I taste the corroding salt in my mouth.
Undeserving of this land,
yet it's still taken for granted.
A picture of nature and peace
portrayed from beauty signed by nature.



Flower Field
Xander Green | Year 8

A sprawling, bright hill
Singing, dancing in the wind
Flowers, everywhere

The Endless Stream
Henry Nind | Year 12

Along the dark river they crawl,
Into the Heart of Darkness alone
Their past left behind forever
And with the crack of a whip, the snap of a bone,
They descend into the eternal abyss



Skies
James Cree | Year 8

Of the sky that we all see
There is much for me to say
The pale blue of the morning
A dark mass of night.
The wispy clouds in the air
An angry bulk of winter storm
Brightest sun
Palest moon
Winking, blinking, twinkling stars



Tarun Kamath | Year 11

Farmer's Life Tom Dolling | Year 9

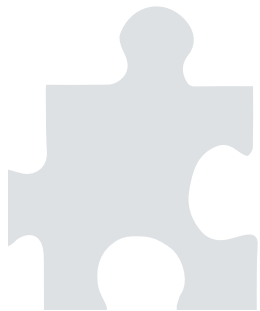
The grains of wheat
And little bits of fertiliser
Get sown into the vast paddock
Just like a thread through a needle.
The grains of wheat sit as still as can be
Waiting for a drizzle of rain to germinate.

While the wheat start growing
A few weeds start to smother the crop
The sprayer crawls through the paddock
Misting the fields with a magical chemical.
Eradicating the weeds like the terminator
They shrivel up and die, the wheat coming to life.

One freezing evening the plants begins to shake
The temperature drops and the grains fall to the earth
A dense cloud of frost hovers over the flats
It was one frosty night giving the plants a fright

Once the wheat is ripe it is right to reap
It marks the start of harvest, the header
Chews through the crop like a dog chomping a bone.
The wheat transported to the waiting silos

The farmer now will slash the paddock.
He then deep rips the paddock
To get ready for next season.



Monotony Milo Kotzee | Year 6

The sun peeked over the trees,
Awakening the busy bees.
The town awoke, and left for work,
In this lonely town called Turk.

The sun at the peak of its trip today,
Above the sparkling bay.
People running around the town,
No longer in their dressing gowns.

The school bells ring,
The children sing,
Family reunited again,
Eating dinner, meat and grain.

The light fades out,
The houses blackout.
The families go to bed,
The stress vanishing from their head.

The trees sway gently in the wind,
The birds settle in the tree bend.
The trees sway in the non-present
light,
Not a sound, not a smell, not a sight.

Now the cycle will happen again,
Again, again and again.
People will go to school and work,
In this lonely town, called Turk.

Now, I See Oliver Arbon | Year 8

As the rooster crows
the raspy screech scratches at my soul
As it echoes over the frosted grass
The ice covers the front yard like a huge blanket

The light dusting of fog
Ascends the stone walls
The light breeze caresses the daisy's petals
The sheep are grazing on the hill
The cows wander freely
I feel calm

Unaware of the sea of flames rapidly approaching
The hungry force quivers like dark magic in the air
The unstable orange tongue licking the hillside like an ice-cream

The leaf turning
From green to grey
The flames seamlessly climb the trunk
A newborn hen waddles cluelessly around her pen
A lamb huddles close to her mother like a magnet
I breathe in slowly feeling my chest expand
Oblivious that it may be one of my last

A sharp crackle and pop as another branch succumb to the inferno

The once lush bush knows drained of life
The raging heat wave roars ever closer
I now see the dark black smoke that blocks the light
I now see the hills yielding to the mighty force of the blaze

I now see the livestock fleeing
The light fog turns to thick black fuel
I feel frightened

The once rolling green hills now a scorched shrub
As I fall to my knees the smoke lacerates my lungs

I had no time to prepare

As I shut my eyes I feel the burning mass swarm my body

I now see the fire.





A Funeral Thought Angus Porter | Year 11

The words ring hollow
"He's in a better place"
A place I cannot see nor
Visit nor touch

And the march of black
Suits dressed up all to see
Not the man we knew
But an embalmed slab of meat

Because once dead
You're dead to me
But some still hold on
For no end but their fear

It's their own fear of death
That makes these marionettes
Dance and dance despite the fact
That they're already dead

The will is read and the
Possessions dispersed
Fiscal gain; joy
Grief the brains ploy

To convince that you
Miss them or feel
Sad and solemn
But it's all a lie

Because when dead we're gone
And you can't hold on
So, enjoy them while they're here
Because it's all we can do.

Nature's Shield Isaac Evans | Year 9

How pleasing the Great Barrier Reef lays
Under a blue blanket of water,
While the sunlight shines in on the fish below
Playing like children on nature's playground,

A constant busy rush of fish some fast, some slow
As coral rests in different shapes, sizes and colours
It's hard and brittle shell weaves into different places
A large shield to protect many.

A refuge for sea life from sawfish
Sea snakes and sharks, dolphins' whales and turtles
A colourful community of coral and fish
As the reef now lays worried and concerned

Worried for what is to come,
As skeletons decay on the battlefield,
The dull grey takes power
Now half of it is gone,

Lying on the edge of defeat.
A place for protection,
A place for refuge,
Slowly fading a w a y

Indulging Book Samarbir Singh | Year 7

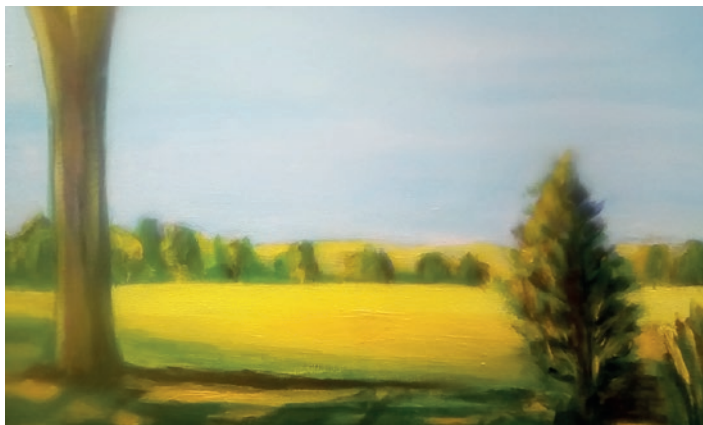
Indulging papers,
One of thousands of phrases,
Tales of vast knowledge.



Never Let Me Go

Seb MacMahon | Year 11

What is this story I have been told?
 What does my future hold?
 Why do I keep hearing whispers?
 My heads tossing and turning, I barely know whisker
 I'm as tired as the wings of a bird
 My brain feels slurred
 I'm told I won't live a normal life
 I cannot be an actor; can I even have a wife?
 Why does she want my artwork and paintings?
 Does she keep them; is there some sort of ratings?
 All of this talk has me scared and nervous
 Is Hailsham some sort of secret service
 I will find out one day as the teachers have promised
 Are the teachers lying and being dishonest?
 I really want to run away
 To somewhere that is warm, sunny and faraway
 I've heard many stories about people that leave
 And all the cruel things they receive
 I guess we will have to wait and see
 There is no guarantee
 Some of us disagree
 I just want to be free



Bronte Nicholas | Staff

Fish

George Cox | Year 12

This most beautiful fish
 The source of sustenance
 The life of one provides the life of many
 A fish mongers' day
 A fussy eater's soup of choice
 A source of sustenance, picked to the bone
 Depleted
 This most beautiful fish



Tautiaga Eteuati | Year 10



Jack Dundon | Year 10



Light Hamish Colby | Year 9

Without, all has darkness
 Within light may remain
 However, is a dark place
 a place in where nothing can glow?
 Lack of a faint shine
 Or a beam of light to truly show
 What is there? What do you know?
 As the sun rises
 Emerges from the edge of the trunk
 The light danced in my retina
 Brightly, blinds before your eyes
 Like a new world
 You can see the dream around you
 Is it real?
 Or just a dream, with a view

A world with life, A beautiful world
 Animals, trees, insects
 How is all this around us
 Just a world from a pair of eyes
 Could anything truly be real?
 Without a beam of sharp insight
 Lighting up a picture in your eyes
 Light,
 It creates, bends, glows
 Shows what is truly a gift but a surprise.

Serengeti Sunset Tom Thredgold | Year 9

A place where the land meets the sky,
 Colours transfer, a chameleon
 The birds glide from tree to tree
 Natures gifts living free
 It's changed, not what it used to be.
 The moon stalks the sun
 it slowly drops like a deflated balloon.
 The smell of freshness now suffocated.
 Once a place filled with nature,
 Now a desecrated lot.
 A lonely lion the shadow doesn't follow.
 The sizzling sun cracks the land.

Untitled Remy Worthington | Year 7

I could smell the fresh air around myself.
 "Do you think it's time Craig?"
 "Wait a bit longer, Remy"
 My uncle said with a smile.
 Aiming a little higher,
 My uncle excitedly whispered, "now."
 Anticipation set myself on fire.
 Sweat fell down my brow.
 The shot rang true and neat.
 "Yes," I squealed with delight.
 And it was a roo that I had beat.
 Tonight, had been a good night.

Championship Game Christian D'Annunzio | Year 9

Sirens ring,
 The game starts.
 A ball is thrown in the air like a bird flying.
 Soon the first half was finished.

I feel motivated to win,
 I see the win in my eye,
 I hear everyone cheering,
 I feel the golden, glistening, glowing cup.
 Hope.
 Hope for the win.

Sirens went off again,
 But then it starts,
 Doubt.
 Doubt that we don't win,
 The fearful, failing, future of losing,
 I fear, as a lion's prey.

20 seconds remaining on the clock.
 The last siren travels through my ears,
 Stress, scared, sadness gloomed upon me...

Fail, lost, the win was missing.

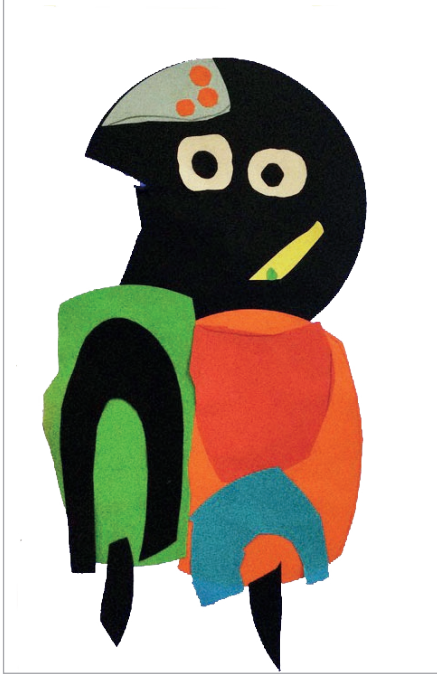


Lachlan Osborne | Year 10





Jeremy Zhao | ELC



Charis En Hui Chan | ELC



Samuel Wilkin | Year 10

Christmas Dinner Kieran Gray | Year 5

The pork crackling like fire
 We looked only to admire
 Oh, what perfection
 Cries my dad with complete satisfaction.
 Cuts like a hot knife through butter
 So perfect you shout out, not mutter
 It strikes you like a drum,
 As all your senses scream,
 There's nothing doleful in this scene
 As guests pull bonbons with glee,
 It looks like a fantastic Christmas to me!

God's Choices Mitch Parker | Year 12

For one to lose touch of their thoughts
 Picking at things they cannot chew
 Swimming with the fish, Agoraphobia swims with me.
 Death to the bone, empty, yet full
 Head heavy and swayed
 Spoken but not heard.
 Vision starts to blur
 Beep. Beep. Beep. Echoing through my head
 Constricted by wires, supposed to save my life they said.

Candle Factories Will Hyde | Year 11

Aware, yet oblivious
 Tranquilized by normality
 Alive, without life.

Soul after soul, consecutively sheltered by conformity
 This is the norm; does that make it just?

Thousands of sandcastles made from one bucket.
 The mould that they are all made from cannot define,
 The different grains of sand that each possesses.

Each humble beauty, passively aware of the inevitability,
 The inevitable reality of the wave that will melt them all away.

Raised between beautiful walls upon peaceful fields.
 The congruity of which our guardians speak of our fates is a drug
 Sedated from a young age.

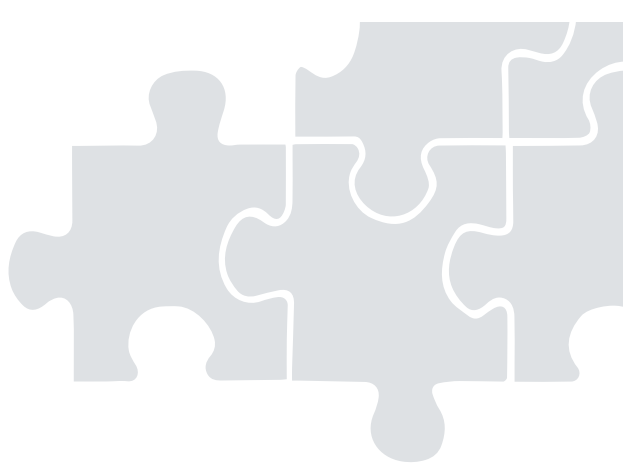
Why does the sky cloud our vision of the stars with blankets of bleak, grey clouds?
 Why do we insist on pretending that we are okay? That we are living?
 Why do we delude ourselves with false aspirations when we know what we are?
 Sombre batteries manufactured to be utilised until our expiration.

Like an endless crop of plants, who when the time comes,
 Will have our fruit stripped from us one by one
 Until we have fulfilled our only purpose.

Like candle factories,
 Producing an incessant stream of single use commodities.
 Our wicks are sacrificed to replenish warmth to strangers,
 Can we ask these people to disregard their desires for warmth?

As we come to terms with our fate, we are engulfed.
 Engulfed with thoughts while unable to think.
 Our minds dull and haggard
 Nothing exists in our heads other than melancholy thoughts.

I have become accustomed to feeling faceless.
 After all, I am nothing, if not a copy.



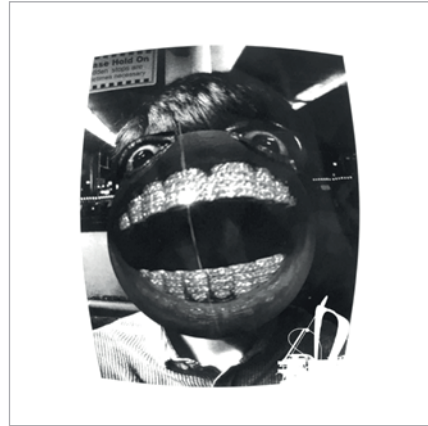


Will Pointon | Year 10

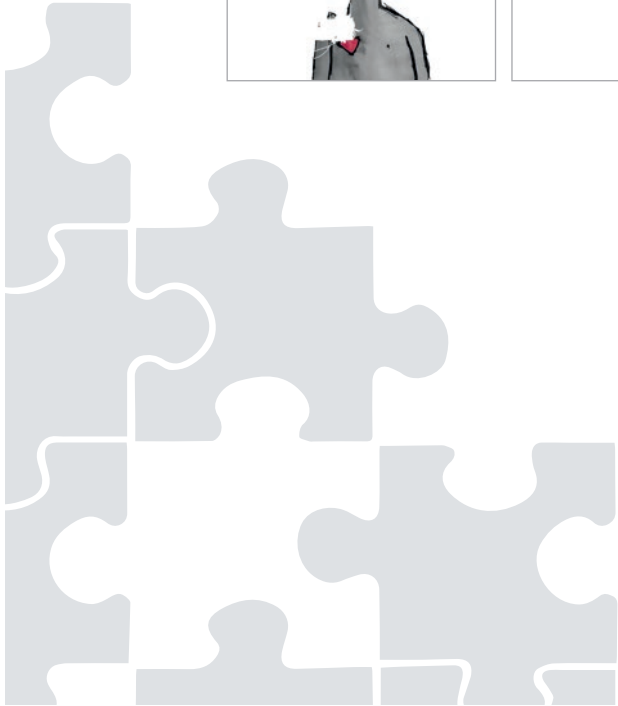


Sebastian Jordan | Year 10





All art: Thomas Williams | Year 12





From a Zoom From A Room Lisa Lacy | Staff

From a Zoom from a room
 We hear Covid means lockdown
 Of school learning
 Of laughter
 Of the streets
 Of outside adventures
 And we quicken hearts, minds, racing, packing, planning,
 emailing, shopping and
 We slow
 to
 still.

For now.

But we are still, not stopped.

For the planning begins and creativity reigns supreme -
 Learning curves steepen and while furrowed brows first deepen
 We adapt, and stretch, and grow and discover
 Together somehow, from a Zoom from a room.

From a Zoom from a room we peer cautiously, unknowing
 Not yet imagining the sharing or the warmth or the growing
 Of shared bonds and experiences
 Of glimpses of home
 Of glimpses into souls
 And through those dark moments,
 And beyond those challenges, those fears.

From a Zoom from a room we continue to learn
 And check on those smiles from a gaggle of screens.
 And we check in on our kin and where spirits are sagging
 We make new efforts to connect where we once might have left lagging
 Our people,
 Our pets,
 Our life,
 Our lifeblood of human webs,
 And we are invigorated,
 And somehow gloriously triumphant,
 With the splendour, of the simplicity, of a Zoom from a room.

And even once the storm breaks
 And screens are retired;
 On return to the presence of our folk,
 Oh what stories are excitedly regaled
 From the adventures of the what and the whom, from a Zoom from a room.



Never To Repeat Tarun Kamath | Year 11

Should you have done this?

Should you have me fed from
your silver scythe and
raised me to idolise facades of Beelzebub?
Once, I was too kind -
I let you bridle Brambles
While you aimed at stealing my Thunder

My love for you unreciprocated.
From the depths of his woodlands,
It was not my fault that the blue polo shirt
Picked me... first.

Why did you have me assimilate with those who teem with
sacrifice?
Your name is stained into my eyes and your
Eyes tell me of your actions, imprinting
on my brain, notifying my kidneys, branding them with guilt,
paralysed from a life-long diuretic...drained.
Walking, Running, Fleeing -I left.

But completion wins. Always.

You should not have done this...
To me.

People Always See The Negatives Jesse McMahon | Year 9

Boom, bang.
Water flies like it was hit with a meteor.
Grey beaches, everywhere you see.

The water as cold as a freezer,
Then I see it.
The underwater volcano.

Bubbles rise and I sense realization,
That it is not as bad as I thought.

A beautiful reef surrounds the disaster,
Fish swim, sharks hunt, coral waves its arms
A red, orange glow from the volcano lights up the reef

People always see the negatives.
If you look below the surface you will find the positives.
A natural disaster turned into a thriving ecosystem.



Mani White | Staff

Openings Mark Foy | Staff

If a flower blossoming
Confides to us its convolute delicate splendours
So exquisitely soft, so subtly hued
Enfolding us in its fragrance, involving us
In its effulgent, ineffable,
Incomparable grace
If a petal's page no inscription bears
Just this is its beauty, unsullied, replete

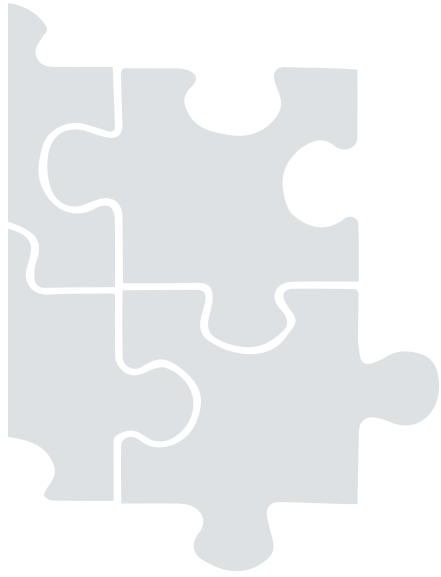
What of a book?
Its intricacies of inscription
Unfolding to us in the parting of its pages
Whole worlds
Of thought, narrative, imagination
Launched out of time on the arc of
Tremendous syntactical conjurations and
invocations

If the sensed glories of a flower
Point to those we trace
In filigree figurations
By thought-fervid fingers
If neither the perfumed
Nor the envisioned world
Need surpass or exclude the other

If efflorescences of mind's, or body's, eye
Entice, entrance us
In worlds we infuse
Or of which we are ourselves the effusion

If the flower writes
Me as the words of its
Beauteous bountiful sentence
And I
These words
We are blossomings, each of each





Janine Fitzhenry | Staff



Matthew Economos | Year 10



Janine Fitzhenry | Staff

Ice Daniel Neve | Year 9

In the arctic, the Antarctic circle howls
Menacingly at snow,
Mountains of rock
Tower and the glass cold glaciers
Illuminate elegantly.

Delicately in the night dark sky
Illuminated by southern lights,
The cracks of the glaciers

D
E
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P
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N,

Before the glacier face begins to **STEEPEN**.

Once elegant now irrelevant
The ice face stands,
Missing a nose and an eye;
It tries to survive, not die

A chilly searing sun
Makes it break sweat
To join the sea and sieve
Itself within weathered wooden wrecks
In burning cold water,
Where the light of day does not
Reach its heart of ice

ADHD Jamie Wagstaff | Year 9

Attempting a task is tough to do,
Constantly Distracted by something new,
A Habit so dreadful to pursue,
The blow of Dopamine pushing through,
People just Assume you're rude.

Despite the blame that comes from you
Don't make life Hard,
As Dumb as a child?
Is it true?

"Don't play with that",
I can't help it...
It's not my fault.
accusations building up,
Oh look, a butterfly!

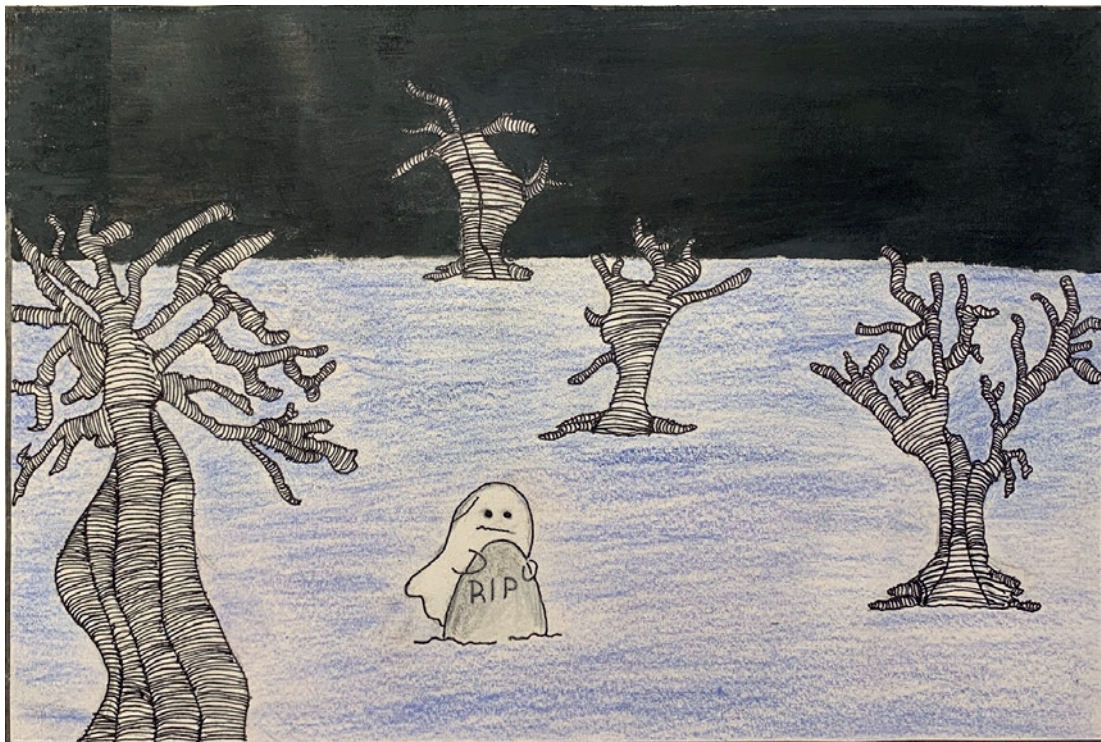
I'm lost.

Zombie Apocalypse Arthur Goldsworthy | Year 3

Zombies are invading
Only seek shelter where there are signs
Maybe you'll survive when it's over
BEWARE people with red eyes are infected
Investigations have started luckily!
Exit the tall buildings.

Avoid the living dead
Pray to God you will survive
Open up the basements
Clear the fields!
Attack them if they're not looking
Lie down and they'll think you're dead
You might survive
Prepare yourselves
See the enemy
Everyone run





Alec Guglielmucci | Year 7



The Void
Jasper Hill | Year 9

I can no longer control my bones.
No feeling, just hearing.
An endless void consumes my body.
I stand defenceless. A soldier with no gun.
Who am I? What am I worth?
Am I just a body with a broken mind?
A bright white light seizes the night.
My mind now taking flight.
I cease falling.
Braced by a hand.
I'm salvaged from the void.
My body now in my command.

Birthday Boy
Henry Nind | Year 12


I will eat my cake
I do not care what you think
It is my birthday.

Laces and Leather
Noah Burton-Howard | Year 5

Worn out like a noble book with a tale to tell,
In the wardrobe's darkest, most neglected corner.
Shaped by travel, abused by the trails of a desire,
for adventure.

An old comfortable friend who was with you from dawn
to dusk.
Neither behind nor in front, always in time with the rhythm
of leaving a print, a trace of where you have been.

A reminder of journeys shaped by exhaustion,
challenges that seemed unbearable,
memories constructed in leather and lace.
Now pull them close,
tie them snug
and endure
another
outing





Mason O'Callaghan | Year 10



Elsie Rayner | ELC



Sofia Lefebvre | ELC



Austin Zhang | ELC

