



**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
13th Edition - 2022

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S H A D E S O F R E D

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EDITOR'S NOTE

This year, following the monotony and imposed isolation of lockdown life, I have been enriched and inspired by the breadth of talent that exists at our college. It has been a privilege to be the Editor in Chief of the esteemed *Shades of Red* Journal.

An enthusiastic group of new committee members supported returning devotees this year. It has been my honour to lead this highly dedicated and hardworking team, and my extensive appreciation goes to the following boys whose efforts I wish to formally recognise:

Patrick Femia
Will Biggs
Oscar England
Archie McEwen
Eddie Gerard
Winston Huang
Matthew Economos
Sebastian Jordan
Hamish Searles
Jack Hobdy

This year we devised our unique theme for the journal, selecting 'playing cards' to serve

as our primary motif for the publication. As with previous editions of *Shades of Red*, the object may seem to be an insignificant, everyday item, however this is what makes the theme so special. In this context, the playing cards symbolise our ability to look beneath the surface, to dig a little deeper, to not just take things at face value or worth. In tandem with our slogan, "show your hand", the cards encourage students to reveal their hidden talents... the ace up their sleeves. The team has had great pleasure in being able to identify distinct photographic, artistic and literary features in the range of entries, and I encourage you to do the same. We, as a community are privileged to experience a large selection of deeply personal and sophisticated submissions, each uniquely designed to evoke specific feelings in their respective audiences. Each piece has rightfully earned its place within the publication.

Additionally, having the special opportunity to encourage and include the talents of our preparatory and senior schools has highlighted that the seed of creativity can be sewn at any age. I would like to thank

those who have been courageous enough to contribute to the journal via their submissions.

I would like to extend my gratitude to two important figures involved with the journal. I speak for the entire team and wider Princes' community when I wholeheartedly say that Ms Marshall and Mr Iadanza are integral to Prince Alfred College's literary and creative progression in overseeing this exciting project. They are great mentors and it has been my personal privilege to work beside them.

On behalf of the committee, we could not be prouder of this publication and would once again like to thank all who have made it possible. Make sure to enjoy each entry, for there is no way of telling how they will uniquely affect you, or for lack of a better phrase; *how the cards will play out*.

Tarun Kamath

Shades of Red 2022: Editor-in-Chief



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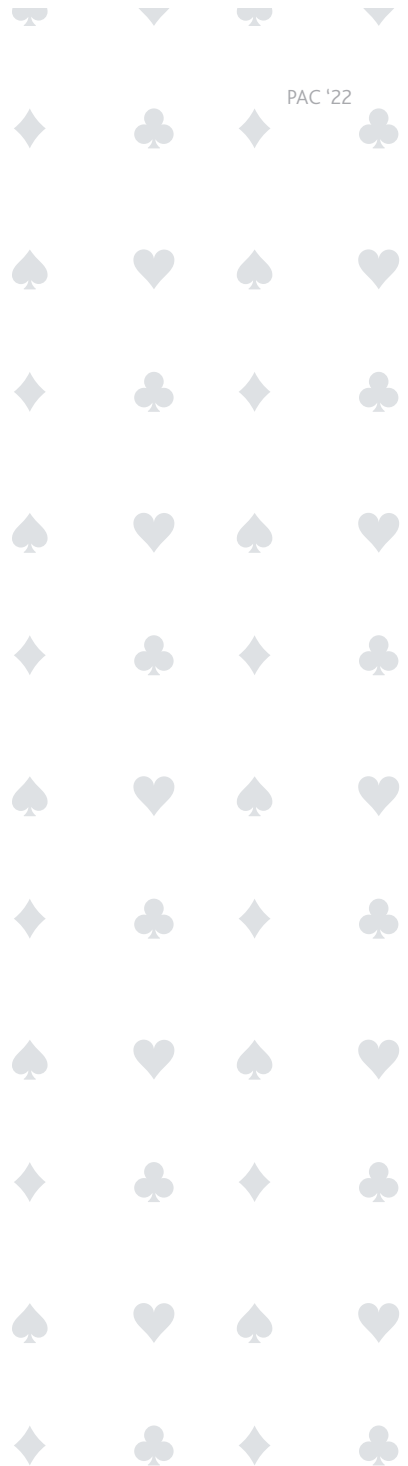
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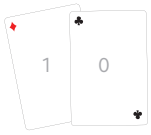


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Andreas Elia | Year 5



James Pudney | Year 10



Concord Will Biggs | Year 12

I am alone in a world surrounded by wonder
I live free, knowing the opportunities that await all of us

Those I love I hold close
For those who live free, realise full potential
Those that live in hiding, are too late
These people will laugh and cry, together
These people are my friends
I am compromised by conflict, this is true
But we seek what we need
Not what we want

We are changing for our future not our past

Earth Oliver Quin | Year 12

A land where wind can flow and go
Tall lifeless blades piercing rock slow
Aged wood thumps and dumps hiding still
Through thunder rain and nature's vino
A land that shines fierce and bright till
That moon star strikes bleeding the hill
The ticking rate of time pauses
The dark tide and ocean reveal
Rapidly through all the floras
He walks towards where there's auras
Sun shining as hope his legs drop
Found strength through earth's heart past boras
Lush trees stalk his shadows nonstop
He climbs further to those on top
Forcing forward unable to stop
Forcing forward unable to stop

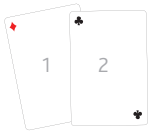
The Glory of War Ryan Schwarz | Year 12

No bugles to greet his homecoming
As 'O mother' a boy cries.
White wings receive him now,
The Big Gun ringing his farewell.
No lips of a maiden to bear his desire,
as a virgin kisses mud.
A crowd of shrapnel to see him off,
Whilst the machine guns serenade.
No trappings dampened in champagne,
As a callow splutters blood.
French mire shall decorate his grave,
The cries of men a parting choir.
Oh the glory of war.

The Seedling Toby Baker | Year 11

Stark parched soil receives the fragile fallen seedling.
The sun constricts
Allowing no moisture
Allowing no growth
Warm nights provide some relief
Desperate
The seedling delves into the soil
Its roots exploring the unknown
Sinking its toes into the dry emphatic earth.
The seed calls for rain
Over time, the rain would cry
Piercing the paddock where a green sea flows
In that substantial sea remains that one seed
Still thriving, still spreading
Up it goes, graciously
Spreading its leaves to hug the sky





SHADES OF RED

The Day After Isaiah Lee | Year 12

Had I not stormed through the lifeless door,
Had I kept quiet all along,
The summers day she saw,
The beams of death shone upon
The one who slammed that damned car door.
All alone she was left
While I turned right to predestined death.
Time growing old as I looked on,
The crawling shadow of my ma,
The tears of Pa kept raining down
As steam crawled underneath the door
I too became a victim of the cold summer claw
The day after that one word said
Now we are all completely dead



The Cycle of Hope Hughen Wissman | Year 12

Koalas high up in the white gum trees
cast shadows across the dirt road as the sun lowers
and we drove home. Across the paddock and on the
horizon a yellow face touches the line that divides
the land and sky. Beaming with a promise of hope that
cannot be pursued. A promise of hope to the naive, and

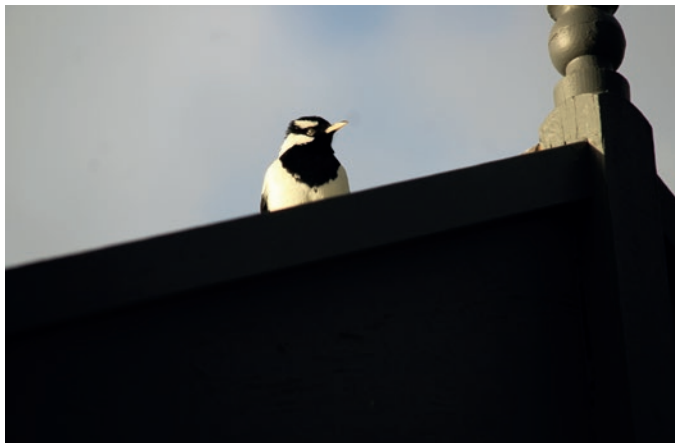
of darkness to the long-lived who have fallen victim its misleading
glow. The light is an esoteric illusion before the moon man appears.
The rider of the dark with a reflection of promise from the sun. A
glimmer of refracted hope. People are blinded by the light they
follow. The moon, a deception of possibility that keeps the naive
dreaming until the sun dawns, to blind the inexperienced with hope.

The Floating Sky Nathaniel Keeler | Year 12

Cerulean mists reflecting the sun's rays, sleeping dazed on outstretched
radiant wings sailors endure in floating saffron streams,
if not at peace face the fierce tempered blaze, Helen sees fit to the
happenings below,
living in invisible thin vast fields
bathing in sullen gem-stained spoiled ponds glee in opening of
pandora's box
competing with those of higher power
stuffed full to the brim in golden ichor
for no man has the great strength to live in
the unfathomable floating sky



James Matthias | Year 8



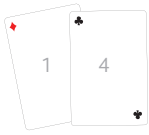
Tom Haden | Year 11



Paul Gaganis | Year 6



William Spitty | Year 7



SHADES OF RED

Remembering Gramps Noah Burton-Howard | Year 6

Kind like a restful fire my gramps
kindled and nurtured.
Sometimes the embers burned bright
with passion,
Strict for good reasons,
A greater lesson in his words.
Bristles and whiskers
Like a 'gruffy' old cat,
Not wanting affection
An impersonator of Scrooge,
but all knew the truth
Laughing,
A cough and a splutter,
So loud
That the whales out at sea could hear,
That cough and laughter in unison
Wafting and melding into a tough love
A rough warm voice like a
Half and half black coffee
Bellowing like a Viking chieftain
Full of pride that gave strength,
Eager to hear about your day
Hazy smoke spiralling
Floating
A beer, a rugby match
And cheese galore.
We love you gramps

The Loyal Dog Zhao-Kai Wilcox | Year 7

To the most loyal dog,
you will never be forgotten.
You always slept like a log
And felt like cotton.

We met when you were young,
You were so small and tiny.
And that's where it all begun.
You felt so soft and shiny.

We would play all day,
And never ever stop.
I would never let you go astray,
No matter what.

After you died,
I fell into devastation.
I tried to put it aside,
But this was a terrible situation.

No matter how the future turns out,
I could never replace you.
I'm sure you've taken a good route.
How could I move on from you?

I look at the picture of you,
Your ashes beside.
I'll always love you.
But I do my best to step aside.

My Feathery Friend Mosen Feng | Year 7

My feathery friend,
It was great while it lasted.
How it all came to an end.
All the memories to soon be casted.

Every morning you would chirp
You were still so young.
After we fed you, you would burp.
The calls at the top of your lungs.

All these small things
Help me remember.
Even the chirps that would ring.
And the day you died in December

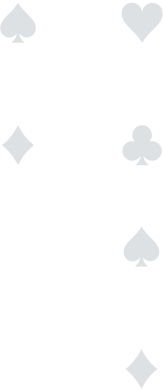
But maybe one day,
There will be another bird
That will stay.
But your song will always be heard.

You are the one,
That I will remember forever.
I will remember the fun.
And forget you never.

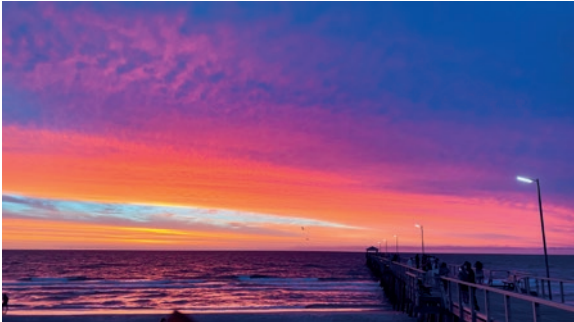




Henry Owler | Year 7

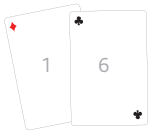


Tom Neal | Year 8



Isaac Dodd | Year 12





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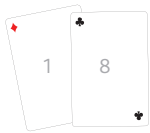
Matthew Economos | Year 11

The Enlightened Dark Age Jake Nykiel | Year 9

As humanity was changed by the might of the computer's light,
Quickly, world views were sifted into wrong or right,
With the glowing web of knowledge and wisdom finding its space,
Being followed by groups from a hateful place,
Development of art and games gave way to an expressive age,
From fighting to writing, these pixels caused rage,
Worldwide, the computer left its mark, showing that maybe the future wouldn't be so stark,
With diseases being cured and mysteries solved, mankind didn't think it could ever go dark,
With daily jobs being boring and full of strife,
Some computer's code was granted life,
To big companies, these ones and zeros became cheque book savours,
To outperform the production line's slavers,
Those who felt the early computers grace,
Lived to experience its metallic, procedural replace,
For as much as it has been our species pride,
It could be the very thing to cause our ultimate divide.

The Pen Charlie Yelland | Year 7

Day in and day out she could never speak her mind,
She wishes that she could just talk for hours about what she wanted,
The person she thought she loved was far from loving her,
He would always dictate what she would say and do,
Grabbing her against her will, but she could do nothing
All she wanted was to be let go, be found by someone who cared
Someone who would listen to what she had to say.
One day she was kicked out of the house
Heartbroken but relieved
She could find someone better for her
Say what she wanted to say
But that could all be a dream.



SHADES OF RED



Modern Changes Caleb Thomas | Year 11

Sitting in the modern day,
memories bring me back
living the small-town life
with my family watching time pass by
change appears
gone is the pleasant peace of the small town
Here is the bustling noise of the modern age
As my memories try to show what I experienced
but instead mirror what I see now.

Reflecting Anthony Huynh | Year 11

Happiness is a silent mirror.
Appeal to the memories you shared with the
People you hold dearly to your heart.
Paint this image in your head, like a
Yellow sphere in the sky, on a bright day.

Third Degree Lies Tianyu Sun | Year 11

Nothing hurts more than a promise
All twisted and jagged and turned;
“My heart is a burning promise,
But I promise you won't get burned”

As the Grapes Turn Into Wine William Spitty | Year 7

The grapes inflamed with red
burn with colour.
The sour hard crunch dissolves
as they perish into wine.
The creak of the wooden oak barrel
as the grapes turn into wine.

My fellow companions
circle around the table.
The dark wine slowly pours into the glass
and ripples, moving like a wave.

While the season is over
and the grapes are all dry
the enjoyment lives on.
For the season will return
as the grapes turn into wine.

Tiger, Burning Emily Beattie | Staff

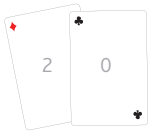
My mind is a forest. A tiger bides there.
He burns as he paces to measure his lair.
His flaming flanks trail a meshed veil of cervelt;
His neck is encircled with a twisted belt.
He lopes with a measured and leisurely stride,
His tail thrashes wildly, his eyes blank-shine wide.
The flailing mesh snarls in each close-tangled twig,
Constricting his step as it locks bud-green sprig.
The woven belt tightens around tender throat;
His strength turns to weakness, a tethered scapegoat.
The forest is his, to explore as he will,
Forever impeded; his freedom will kill.



Eddie Gerard | Year 11



Thomas Davies | Year 6



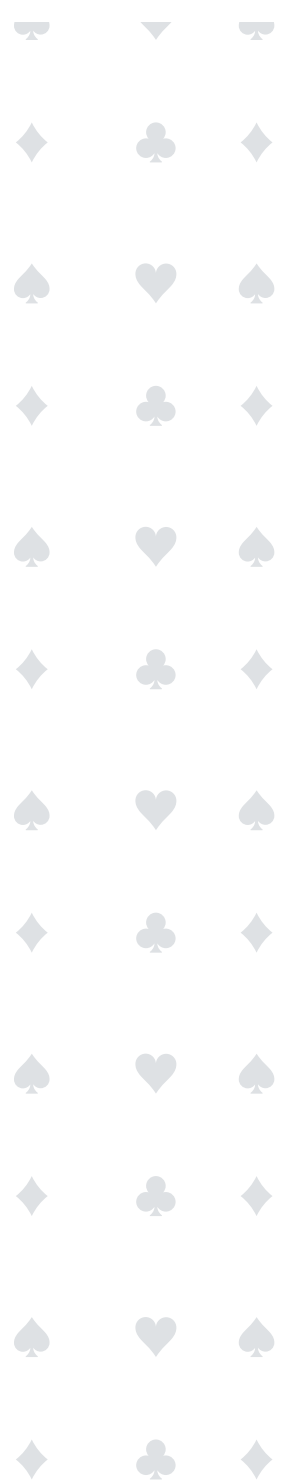
SHADES OF RED



Eddie Gerard | Year 11



Tom Neal | Year 8



Stolen Chase Fenton | Year 7

They were stolen,
They were tormented,
They were hurt,
And they were broken,

No culture,
No language,
No family,
And no freedom,

Suffering and punished,
Quivering and shivering
Pain,
Again and again
The agony and the strain
Grief and misery
The pain never-ending
Even when they were saved.

Poetry Eric McCauley | Year 11

Poetry is a reluctant mirror
through which we see the world
it skews and bends truth and fiction
shows us an abstract reflection
a literary echo of pure perfection.

Anchors Angus Mills | Year 8

Nearing the shoreline
Settling for the night,
Time to cast your line
Not a boat in sight.

Anchor holding me down
Not letting me go.
The slow water flow,
Trying not to drown.

Like a life jacket,
That really restricts.

Bagpipes Chase Fenton | Year 7

Something stirs within me
when I hear the bagpipes play,
deep down inside
within my heart,
close or far away,
the tunes,
the music,
straight through my soul
straight through my heart,
I have no control
As you can't pull me apart
I must be there
As it calls for me to come
It takes me into my past,
into my future,
the bagpipes call my name

German Christmas Markets Henry Zadow | Year 7

Christmas markets
foggy breath
around a colossal Christmas tree.
Family tradition
colourful lights glow up
children laughing while wrapped up like packages.

What will I get
a Mütze, a schal
or even a wooden horse.

Buying gifts
for the family,
the sensation is real.

The looks on their faces
is fantastic
everyone is in the Christmas spirit.

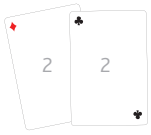
Friend Anthony Harradine | Staff

There he sat, old, arthritic, but happy.

He sat in the sun to warm his bones,
His broad chest prominent, his fat belly covered.

Knowing well he has not long to live,
I treat him the best I possibly can.

But soon he will die,
And I shall be broken hearted.



SHADES OF RED



Tom Haden | Year 11



Busking Veteran Archie McEwen | Year 11

A broken microphone stand,
wrapped with temporary tape like a band aid on a child,
is unclipped and made to stand on three weakened feet,
Going unnoticed in the discordance of a Friday evening

A twenty pack of batteries is opened,
And swiftly replaced into a bruised speaker,
Scraped along its edges from years of routine
Distorting sounds for all Adelaide night-goers

A jacket is removed, a case unzipped,
A sign positioned and a switch flicked on,
A song is chosen, fastening two minds to the
Harmonic and rhythmic output of the battered amp

A temporary solo stands out amongst the usual sounds
That reflect between the walls of the mall
And onlookers, local and not, quickly turn their head
Towards the gleaming brass that is producing such a chaos

A crowd gathers, spontaneously forming in a circle
Like bees to a flower; except the flower dances
And the flower wails on one leg, playing song after song
Expending air for the welcomed onlookers

After each song a boy smiles at the other,
Grateful for the applause but even more so
To be playing for hundreds, absorbing the relaxed atmosphere
Of the weekend and reciting it into two metal horns

The wind that chills the pair, and the distinct soreness
That plagues the facial anatomy of any saxophonist
is forgotten when the crowd forms and when
the bees keep clapping, and the flowers keep dancing

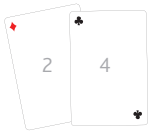
Trappist-1 Matthew North | Year 10

Trappist-1b is too hot;
So is Trappist-1c.
Trappist-1d is in the habitable zone,
But it's probably tidally locked.
Trappist-1e may be liveable on,
But then of course it may not.
Trappist-1fs in the outer parts
Of Trappist-1's Goldilocks zone–
The weather would be extreme.
If life were to live on Trappist-1g,
It would be a ridiculous meme.
Trappist-1h is too far away–
It can barely even be seen.
There's probably no life
Round Trappist-1,
But you can never tell.
There may very well be little green men,
Living on Trappist-1l.

Ego Charlie Gibbon | Year 11

Power is a desperate wonder,
Rippling through one's soul like thunder.
Fueled by passion, want, and flame,
No one is ever left the same,
Once their sight is lost.





SHADES OF RED

Community Entertainment Erik Lidums | Year 7

The charming mid-summer festival...
Not far away.
Latvia is getting hotter,
The bright sunshine is as shiny as gold.

Everyone is coming to Latvia
from around the world before the glorious dancing
festival.
Let's dance around the bonfire. Let's stay up all night.
Let's sing around the bonfire to make Latvia bright
a singing and dancing country.

Let's dance and sing a lot in the glory singing festival.
Look at everyone's singing and dancing.
All are excited for the Mid-summer festival

Everyone joins in the singing and dancing festival.
Lots of reeds. Lots of dancing dresses such as Maroon
which represents Latvia. Lots of skirts dresses Lots of
singing and dancing.
Let the dancing and singing festival begin.

Aboriginal Dreaming Stories Toby Munt | Year 7

Stories running back thousands of years
Stories passed down the generations
Tales about the creation of the land
Tales about the creation of man
Dancing flames during story time tales are told
Dancing around the flames the stories told

Stories of slithering serpents carving the land
Stories of a frog to teach us value
The stories are here to teach and inform
The stories about the creation of the land

Nature is the Greatest Thing Callum Heath | Year 7

Nature is the greatest thing
It fills my soul with pride,
Its been around for billions of years.
And is subtly sacrificial
Every animal is so unique
And every plant as well

Nature is the greatest thing
But it makes me want to hide
From all those creatures
That lurk in the darkness
Those vile monsters freak me out
And never seem to stop tormenting me.

Nature is the greatest thing
And is spectacularly vast
With so much time to spare
It's an infinite area
To explore and discover
And find all its secrets

Nature is the greatest thing
But has a twisted past
Full of danger and excitement
But still ready to kill...
It will grind your bones like flour in a mill
But let you live to suffer through it all.

Nature is the greatest thing
But is it worth it all?
With masses of death and sorrow,
But pain and suffering are part of it
Ready to destroy all life
In a horrible way, torturing, killing

Nature is the greatest thing
But it's ready to kill, maim, and maul
It crushed us like a bat to a ball
Nature can be compared to time.
Ruthless, never forgiving.

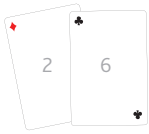


Tom Haden | Year 11



Charlie Fassina | Year 8





SHADES OF RED



Paloma Iadanza | ELC

Friendship Henry Yang | Year 8

Friendship is a link between two people
But it is more than a relationship
Anything can have friends, even beetles.
Can not be managed by dictatorship.

Everlasting, eternal, forever
Bonds that connect through shared entertainment.
Regardless of how funny, how clever
Good friendships are far beyond a statement

Interactions are what forges friendships.
Friendships are so important that we are,
Extremely fine to befriend eccentrics.
To befriend someone, I will go so far.

Friendship is the key to our existence
forever with friends, my joy is immense

Chips and gravy Henry Yang | Year 8

The fried potato chip with brown, gray sauce
The texture which produces obsession
The food that cures sadness and remorse.
Food you eat to cure your depression.

The aroma of the potato chip,
The temperature which is hot and cold
The hot gravy against your hungry lips
The potato's flavor is strong and bold.

The perfect seasoned savory lunch choice
When you get the tasty potato meal,
You know you have to happily rejoice
When dismal, chips and gravy is ideal.

Chips and gravy can never be beaten.
You will feel joyful when they are eaten

Invisible and Trapped

Hugo Shaw | Year 8

Is it true that I am invisible to all who see me?
 Am I just another statistic; another head in the never-ending crowds?
 One more circled name could be the difference of rejection or success,
 One more lie, one more case of vote rigging, one more case of corruption,
 Does none of it matter, if only you could just stop and think; open your eyes and finally see,
 The rival; a snake of deception and lies, a spider web of popularity traps to those who are not popular,
 While he who does nothing but lounge lazily around while I work hard everyday,
 Who is he to order me, to control me like a pet dog?
 I am a wild and free animal; I need no orders to do what you say,
 At the end of the day, no one cares about us unless you are on that stage of authority

Nothing can stop the force of the river;
 The river of work and pressure and expectations and stress and fear and anxiety and insomnia and disappointment and...
 JUST STOP IT! Stop the cycle that traps and confines all of us,
 Unrelenting negative emotions ravage me while I try to keep my head above the water;
 When nothing can change this cycle that traps us all, no lie can ease the pain, no pathetic mentorship can change the
 course of fate;
 No amount of blood, sweat and tears can possibly end it;
 Stress like a snake that slowly suffocates its victims,
 Hatred poisons us, resentment builds up until you can breathe no longer, until you cannot see what is in front of you, until
 you cannot tell the difference between reality and nightmare, until you are nothing but a broken shell of flesh, until you...
 JUST STOP IT! But all efforts to stop this will be to no avail in the end.

More Than the Game

Tom Balnaves | Year 8

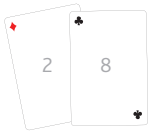
The ball had been tossed up ready for the tap
 Minds wonder as the opponent is outnumbering
 The basis audience cheer and clap
 The umpires making calls were slumbering
 Unfair advantages are given,
 although we are the home team
 Our fans are gone, a new audience has risen
 This is not fair simply just mean
 We are people and this is who we are
 Can't change our history, we've made it too far

War Medals

Oscar Di Matteo | Year 8

I saw it there through the glass
 Something I wish never happened in the past
 It was his medal from the war
 And through the medal I can hear him roar.
 When I see this, it makes me sad inside
 But I know he never liked to see me when I cried
 So I try hide my emotions
 But inside I just feel frozen
 So I write these poems to take my mind off it
 But I think about him every day I have to admit





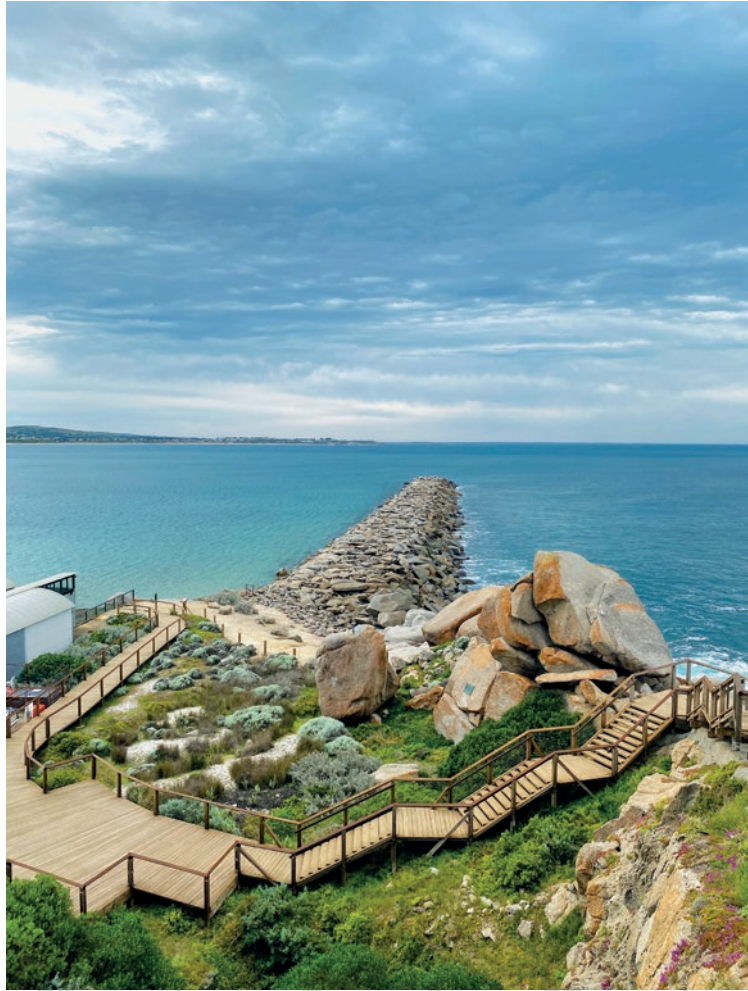
SHADES OF RED



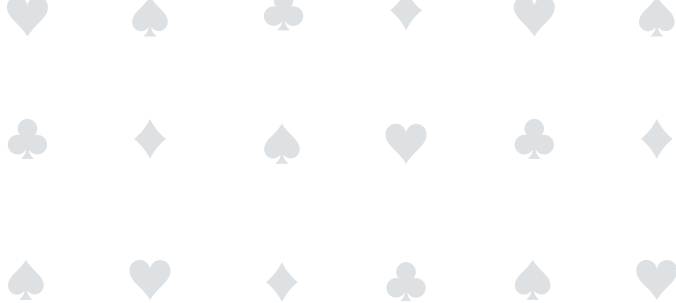
Will Biggs | Year 12



Jack Hodby | Year 11



Tom Neal | Year 8





Natural Warfare Marcus Pavlic | Year 11

A tree was once planted, it was loved and nurtured by its carers.
A leader was elected, He was loved and nurtured by his community.
The city stood tall and proud as it looked over its innocent civilisation

This tree grew bigger and bigger until it was the strongest tree in the town.
The leader grew his army stronger and stronger until it was the biggest in the world.
The city is maturing like a child to an adult.

One day, a strong gust of wind flew past and upset the tree.
The leader's propaganda was flying around the world like a bad smell.
The city cringed as the propaganda embarrassed them in front of their neighbors.

This tree detached a leaf from its branch.
The leader dispatched his army from his country.
The city notified the UN as they were being cornered by the bullies.

The leaf feathered left and right through the wind.
The missiles locked on and pierced through the sky.
People from the city ran for their lives like ants from its nest.

The leaf delicately fell to the ground.
The bullets laughed around the city as they took control.
The city's branches were falling to its roots.

The leaf fluttered around on the floor.
The tanks crawled on top of the rubble of the fallen city.
The mold and roots of the soldiers was spreading through the city.

The leaf eventually shriveled up and died.
The leader shrugs off the war crime accusations like a loose jacket.
But nothing will be able to help the families and their lives.

Left Foot, Right Foot Cameron Jaksic | Year 11

Left foot, right foot
At a metronome's pace
Not a stomp out of order
Not a single loose lace

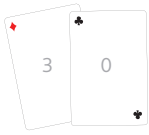
Left foot, right foot
Left foot, right foot
Their breathing becomes heavy
Collars perhaps too tight
No conflict in view they still march
ready

Left foot, right foot
Left foot, right foot
Their feet begin to ache
Their shoulders stoop rounded
Eagerly waiting upon a break

Left foot, right foot
Left foot, right foot
The air shatters with a crack
Ambushed in the woods
There was no turning back

Transmission Alastair Whyte | Year 11

My death was a desperate kiss;
Bloodied handkerchief specked
with bitter bile and sweetest promise.
The very lips that life-gifted
now take this soul for rest.



SHADES OF RED

Heroes of America **Stefan Drusian | Year 9**

Our beautiful country was torn apart,
With assassinations of good fellows owning its part.
Dreams and ideas had coloured the world from beautiful minds,
With some individuals that thought there was no such thing as mankind.
God had given us life on earth where everyone needed to work successfully as a team,
But as the county was declining, the king of rock 'n' roll wrote If I Can Dream.
Street people such as Mahalia Jackson had voices like never before,
As they were treated unkindly and stepped harshly on the concrete floor.
Grief and sorrows spread like butter across all States,
As the county now was not in peace with God lifting the worlds excessive weight.
A candle had lightened greatly in the 60s when The Beatles came,
The candle was also blown out as America was just the same.
So as these heroes look down on us forever,
They praise to God that a good Samaritan will make the change to society so clever.

Capellane **Andrew Kieselback | Staff**

In morning hue, the quiet few, tread across the dew green blade,
Flowing streams, rivers of dreams, pooling to one place.
From silence grows a rising roar, activity gathers pace,
Within these walls, the heart and soul, lights up the halls and face.

Swing of doors, chairs drag on floors, locks snapped shut, school bell ring,
voice imparts to beating hearts, these lives still fledgling,
Constant beat of Princes feet, upstairs and through the halls,
where history speaks, in every creak, the future beckons and calls.

A cry of mirth, move and disperse, doors open, hymn is played,
The candle lit, the Princes sat, the start of a new day.
Words from above, reflect the love we share and hope to grow,
We watch the tide, stand at your side, all through the ebb and flow.

It's All on This **Aidan Chen | Year 5**

You need to get to twenty one,
Or your life's work will be undone,
You bet fifty grand,
Don't misunderstand,
Blackjack is not a game for fun

My Land is my Heart **Ashwin Srivastava | Year 2**

My land is my heart
it was taken from me
it was taken from my dad
I lost my land, I lost my heart
I lost my grandparents
my soul was starving
they took us
we were so lonely
I wanted to go home
to sleep with my family
they were lost
I couldn't find them
my land is my home
my land is my heart
I will take my land back
and my heart will bloom
like my cherry blossom blooms

The Songbird **Ben Spitty | Year 11**

Power is a sad songbird,
gloomy obscure creatures,
the booming of arms is blurred,
beware of the ghostly screeches.
The songbird strikes.

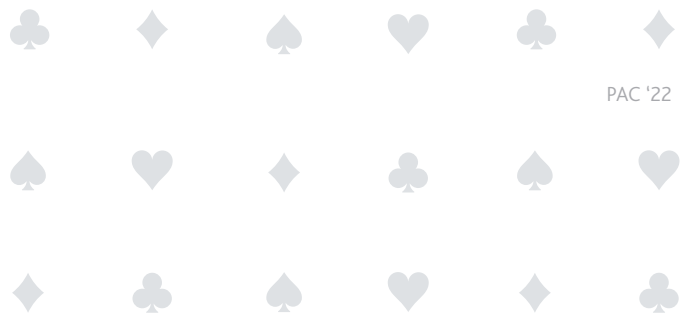
Christopher Capobianco | Year 2

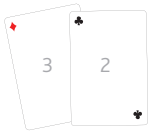


Janine Fitzhenry | Staff

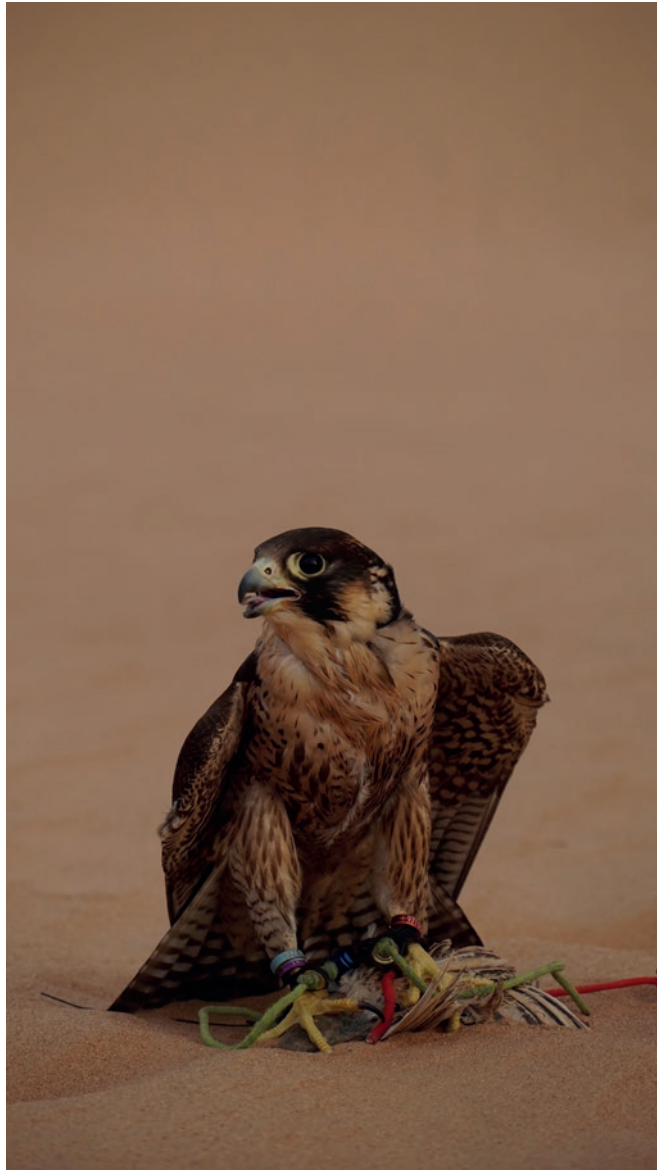


Henry Brill-Reed | Year 11





SHADES OF RED

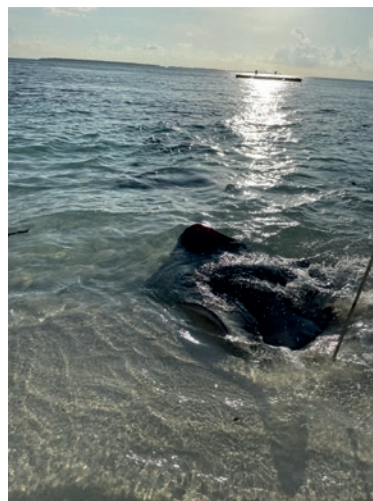


Eddie Gerard | Year 11

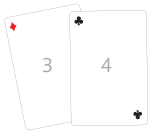
Joseph Erbé | Year 11



Rebecca O'Leary | Staff



James Selby | Year 7

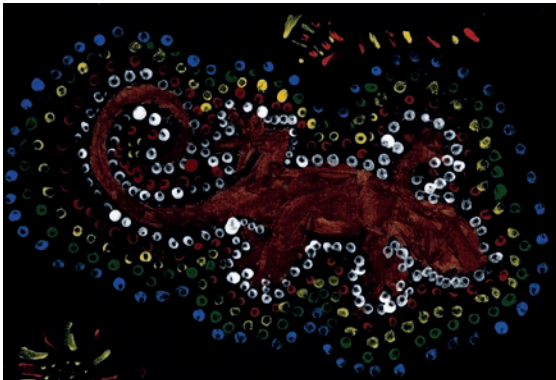


SHADES OF RED



Isaac Evans | Year 10

Nathan Zhang | Year 1



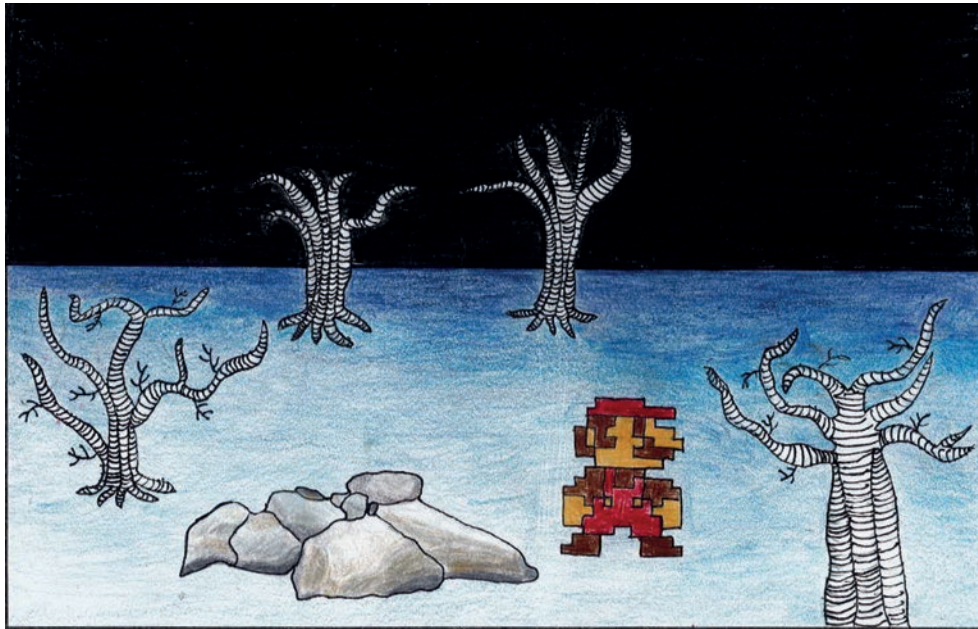
Josh Dalman | Year 9



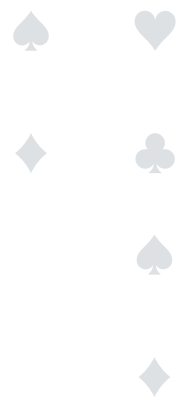
Michael Cook | Year 10

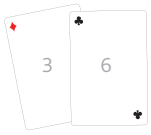


Sam Stunell | Year 10

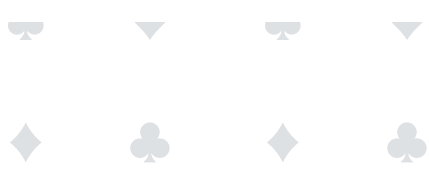


Saverio Blefari | Year 8





SHADES OF RED



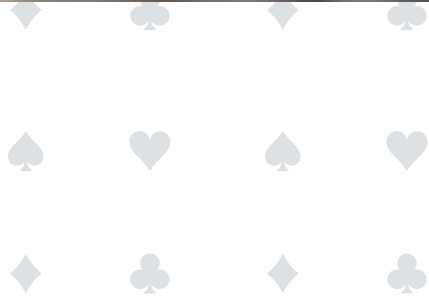
Joseph Erbé | Year 11



Charlie O'Brien | Year 1



Levi De Wit | Year 8



James Hobby | Year 8



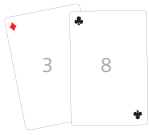
Leo Wrtkowski | Year 4



Phil Noble | Staff



Joseph Erbé | Year 11



SHADES OF RED

Fading Kalan Wright | Year 11

Nothing like the life I used to have,
 Memories made,
 Nothing like the life I used to have
 Memories that will soon vanish,
 The cabin is all I know,
 Memories fading
 My life is at an all-time low.
 All this constant chaos I'm facing
 When will this suffering end,
 Which I am currently incarcerated in,
 Come to an end?
 Hailsham
 I was under the impression that you'd never let me go.
 All I needed was a cassette tape,
 But when will I be set free?
 Arising from this never-ending nightmare,
 I'm reminiscing about the past to pass the time until I die.
 Hailsham, you will always hold a special place in my heart.

Thunder Regan Nelson | Year 11

In desperate night that suffocates the mind,
 the deafening scream of unruly gods on high,
 As broken tendrils tumble down with light,
 Like heavy souls that rest upon a knife,
 Around me swirls the powers of worlds divine.

Boy / hood Nick Iadanza | Staff

Where have I seen him
 before / the moment that came with this
 one / years old yet you've echoed through an
 age / old stories say "his face is all his
 mother," / I know where I've seen him
 now / the hurt creeps in with the
 love / which has crossed generations and
 death / is not the end because here you are.

It is you holding me.
 Just like it is me holding him.

Two boys / together.

The Mirror Hamish Penhall | Year 11

Mirrors provide reflection
 A look back into the past
 A long road with no direction
 Moving along it fast
 For as one tries to remember
 Moments they begin to forget
 Thoughts burning up like an ember
 Knowledge they do not get
 Along a chosen path, they are dragged
 Minds drift away to times of old
 Expressions blank, now have sagged
 Memories slip, upon they have no hold
 Reliving things once long left behind
 Experiences loved; experiences lost
 Decided fates is what they shall find
 Their lives lost, barely a cost
 A look into the fabled glass
 Reveals ideas they cannot grasp
 A sort of test they cannot pass
 All is revealed with one final rasp



Tristan Lovell | Year 2



Noah Oswald | Year 9



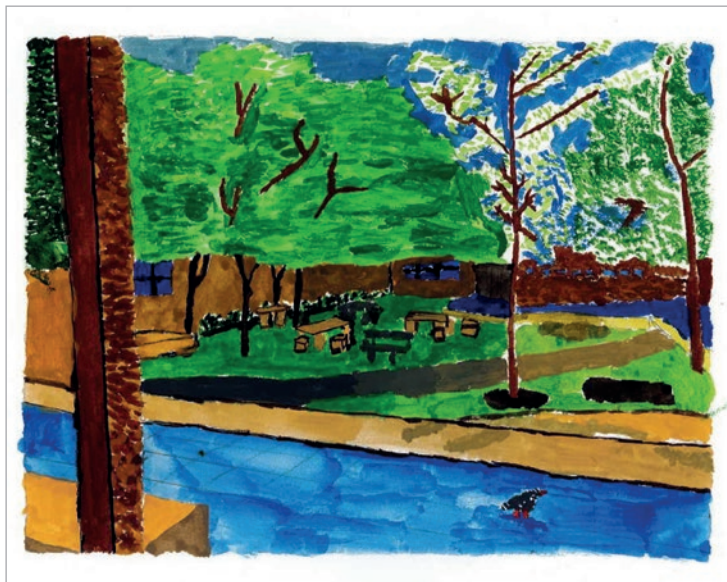
Aston Hogben | Year 9

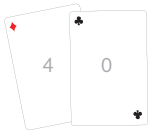


Nathaniel Lindop | Year 10



Charlie Siemer | Year 10





SHADES OF RED

Thy Heart Commence Beneath The Blazing Sun Winston Huang | Year 11

Thy heart commence beneath the blazing sun,
For what is love that never fades away?
Thou art troubles, if not the only one,
My eyes see nothing other than dismay.

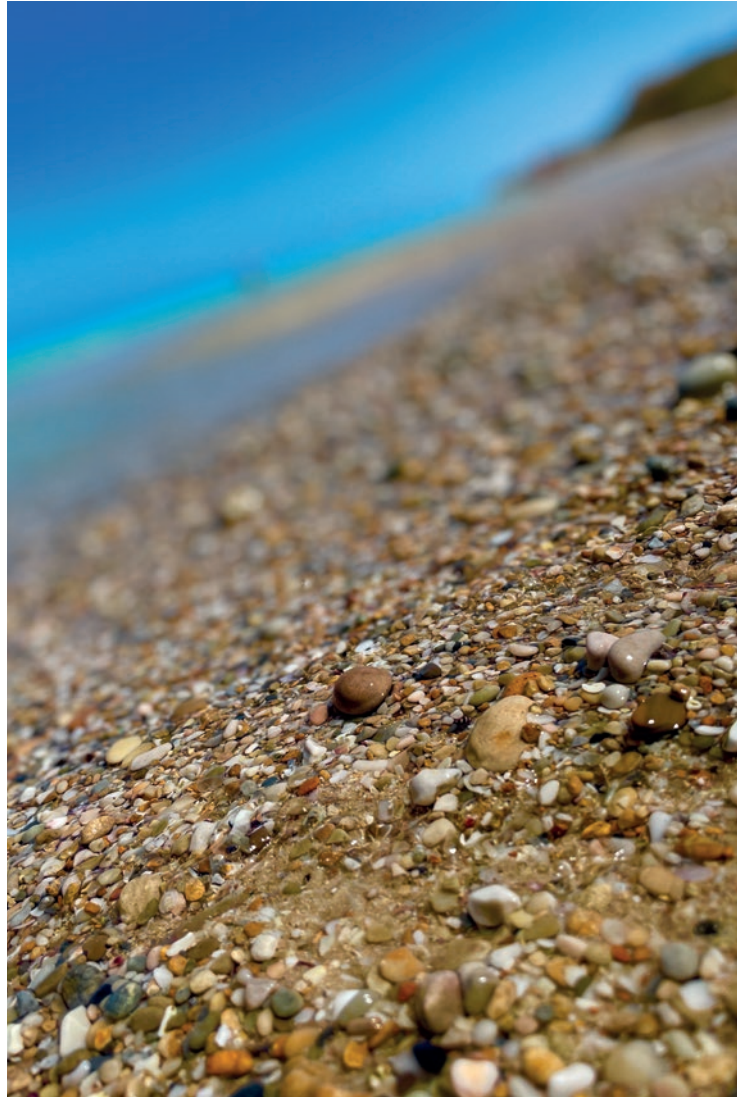
I loved your bright smile, attitude and that
Kindness even angels can't compare.
Time drains my patience, a heart burning bright,
Aware of thy presence, yet cannot dare.

Such a fruitful everlasting summer
Night, time to appreciate end too soon.
No one can become eternal lover,
Like waves crashing beneath the crescent moon.

Forever in my heart is where they'll be,
A place so safe 'cause I have got the key.

The Beginning and End of Autumn Henry James | Year 11

The Autumn leaves swaying in the breeze
Constant rain and wind flowing through the hills
The cold chill going up the tree stumps
The red leaves slowly creating a pile
Falling from the aging trees above
Will it be hot or will it be cold
Will there be sun or will there be rain
I can't wait for Autumn to come again



Will Biggs | Year 12



Kieran Gray | Year 6

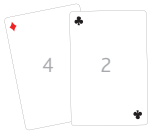
Finn Koutsoutkos | Year 11



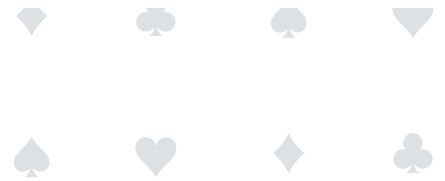
PAC '22

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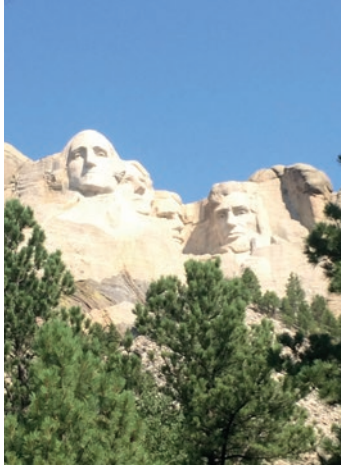




SHADES OF RED



Joshua Balacco | Year 8

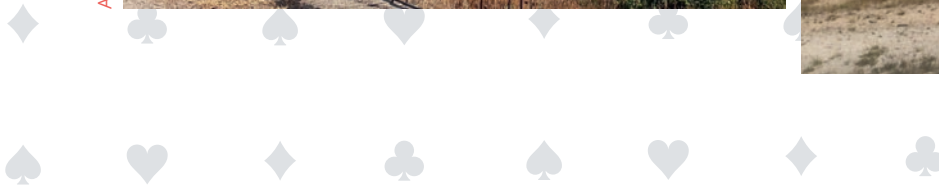


Eddie Gerard | Year 11

Annie Matsouliadis | Staff



Joshua Balacco | Year 8



Solemn Leaves Oliver Davey | Year 11

As the leaves fall,
Landscapes turn to hues of orange and red.
The mutation of warm weather to cold,
The clouds slowly converge overhead.

Days get shorter, winter gets closer.
Soft, subtle clouds first drizzle lightly,
But dark, murk invades the sky,
Covering the sun that used to shine brightly.

Leaves freeze,
Trapped in the winter breeze.

Hunt Lucas Pizzino | Year 5

The forest is silent until a purr fills the landscape
Bright orange and white fur brightens up the shade of damp leaves
The prey frolics away, lost in interest
Leaves are caught in the passing breeze
The creature returns to the silence of the forest
More fur appears in the serene essence, where prey has run
The enemy has come to join the hunt
The hunt has now begun
Attacked, the first creature feels threatened
And gnashes through the warrior's skin
Blood flows out from the creature's body
And she makes a nasty din
The creature reaches out
His pulse and circulation stops, like making a pencil blunt
The creature has claimed victory
He has won the hunt

Crimson Kyiv James Williams | Year 11

Thro' each chiselled road I roam,
past empty shells of my home.
Holes in every chest I meet,
thick red crimson lines the street

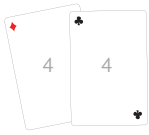
The birds trill at the sunrise
as hell rains down from the skies.
In every voice, deep despair,
the echoes of what was there.

Trees sway in the morning breeze,
quickly set alight with ease.
The ground shakes with soldiers' march
sending trembles through mans' heart

Dark smoke pollutes the blue skies,
infecting the infants' eyes
The great destroyer pursues,
no end in sight, they refuse.

Playing Fish Hugo Trewartha | Reception

Go Fish is a great game
I'm sure you'll think the same
When you're just learning numbers it's really fun
If you think numbers are tricky it will help you a tonne
You can play with a friend to find numbers that match
But don't get carried away, it's not a game of catch
It's my favourite game to play in the car
And on trips when you go travel far
Go Fish is a game that's great
Try it – being good at numbers may be your fate.



SHADES OF RED



Aliens Arthur Goldsworthy | Year 4

Aliens take over
Little blobs of slime
Incredible technology
Everybody listen up, the aliens are on the radar
Now prepare!
See the starship. Run...

Magic: The Gathering Zac Grice | Year 7

A card to hold,
A great game,
A story to be told,
But not very tame,
A deck to re-create,
Its competitive,
A character to commemorate,
The game can get repetitive,
A time to enjoy,
The keen community,
A time to destroy,
The cards with immunity,
A solemn end
Or a great end.

The Past Liam Quinn-Fogarty | Year 9

on my own
but he follows me
so, I'm not alone
he's with me in the gym

in lessons
and at home

he's with me everywhere I go
but in person I can't see him
its as if he's dead
but when I close my eyes
he's right next to me
and I hear his voice in my head
you see as we walk this lonely road of life
we ask ourselves questions like

who loves me?
and
Who trusts me?
But the answer is who?
This answer is the old you

Thoughts Finn Carey | Year 8

Thoughts rushing through my mind,
The stressful reality some may find.
Flipping through the blank paper,
Putting together ideas that bind.
This is the life I don't want to live,
All my bad ideas are getting trapped like a sieve.
One last try is all that's left,
One last try, I'll try my best.



James McDonald | Year 6



Move on Daniel Foo | Year 7

The birds are singing,
The flowers are blooming
The plants are growing
And trees are looming
The sky glows blue
And the grass is green

But the forest on the other side
Of the rampaging river rapids
Is very much different
In one way or another

The birds are gone
The flowers are dead
The plants were burnt
And the trees have fallen
The sky glows black
And the grass is no more

Only one thing remains
In the ruins of soot
A small little bird
Refusing to leave its home
Its blue feathers covered
With ash, soot, and dust.

The bird sits
On the ruins of a nest
Grieving the loss
Of its small eggshells

But even a bird
Knows when to move on
Leave its old home
And move on to the next
To the green leaves and trees
And overcome loss.

Untitled Jude Saturno | Year 8

In a car,
On my way to my shack,
Should get some,
Very nice weather,
The beach will be packed,
But that won't matter,
The beach is big,
I'm lucky to have,
A shack at Carrickalinga,
The weather is always nice,
Although there is no major city
Around there,
It is still nice,
My friends come down,
But I take them
Because they don't have
A place down there,
But they love it,
And I do to,
I always will too.

Where has This Term Gone? Charlie Smart | Year 8

The term has just started
Before I know it, I'm on eduKart
And then exams come out of nowhere
Right after exams, I'm on camp
Now I'm in week 8,
doing a year 11 production
Next week is the last week
Where has this term gone?



Alexandra Bianchetti | Staff

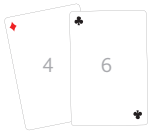
The Aboriginal Flag Thomas George | Year 7

The Aboriginal flag
A flag that one does not often see,
it signalizes that were all free
'The more you know the less you need'

The black is for the people
Who own our land
For each woman and each man
'The more you know the less you need'

The yellow is a blazing sun
Shining in the sky
Implying to always try
'The more you know the less you need'

The bright red dirt
Being lit up by the light sun,
Rising when the days has begun
Setting when the day is done.
'The more you know the less you need'



SHADES OF RED

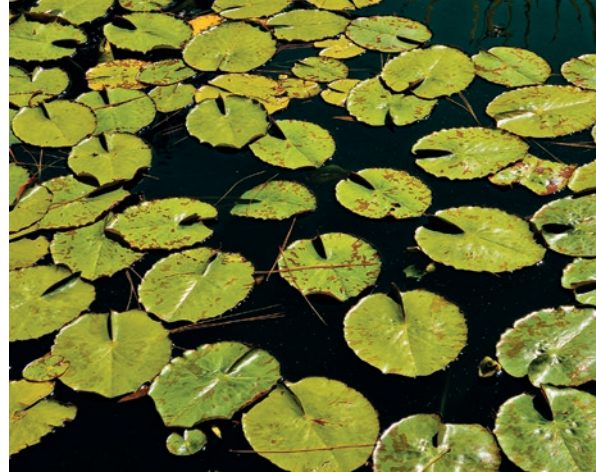


Josh Pullino | Year 8

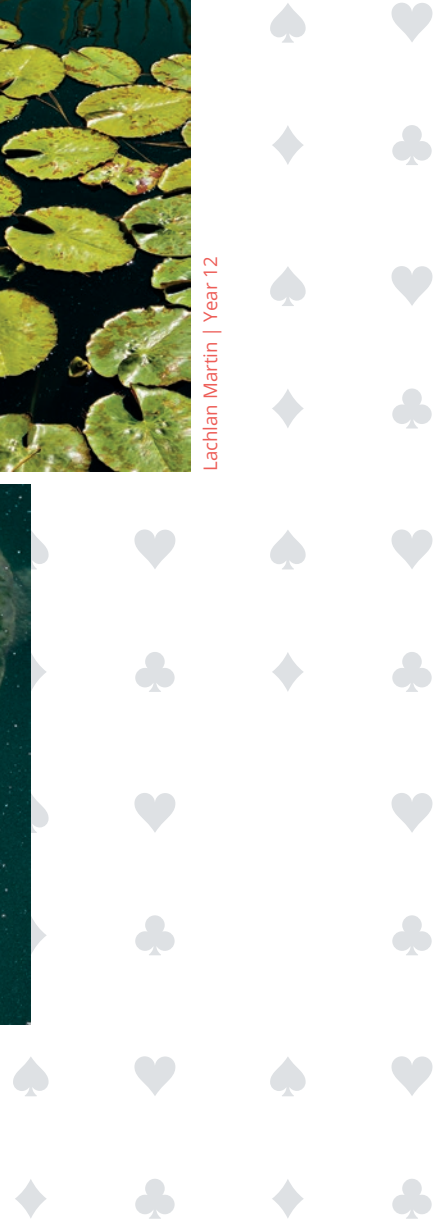
Robyn Blenkiron | Staff



Lachlan Martin | Year 12



Lachlan Martin | Year 12





SHADES OF RED



Toby Baker | Year 11

Forever Haunting Sidhak Dhingra | Year 11

Power is a sad kiss
worth nothing at all
But everything at once
Leaving insatiable desire
Taunting the helpless heart

Final Breaths Taine Meyer | Year 8

A deer caught in the headlights.
Such little breath,
Your heart pierced, imagining death.
Stone cold emotion,
Just you and me.
Staring at the devil,
Picked from the life tree.

Lost Oscar Di Matteo | Year 8

Swinging there on my own
Wishing that I could be at home
Thinking why I made these mistakes
Just to see my family again I'd do whatever
it takes
Looking at the clear blue sky
But all I could do was sit there and cry



Charlie Smart | Year 8

Inheritance Tom Roberts | Year 11

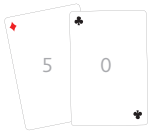
Your mother handed down a thunderstorm
 She gave this present to me,
 I see a drought or desert and winds begin to storm,
 So, I become a tempest
 Hailing and howling upon the floor,
 They cower, It goes still.

Sunlight George Butler | Year 8

The sunlight just ahead
 Coming out of the shadow
 Like getting out of a long day at the shed
 The dark place feeling less narrow
 Finally, I am out
 Ready to take on the world no doubt.

Drowning Charlie Mitchell | Year 11

My head dipped below
 The water consuming me
 My lungs restricted



SHADES OF RED

Mattingley Room | ELC



Chase Fenton | Year 7

Harry Paholski | Year 7



Jasper Arnold-Chamney | Year 6

Lachlan McKay | Year 10



Will Maynard | Year 7

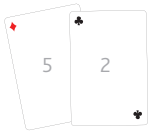


Reuel Thomas | Year 11



Sam Girdler | Year 10





SHADES OF RED

Healing Michelle Green | Staff

On days when the rainbow hides
Behind cloud
And pain screams loud
In your head
Deafening
Let yourself fall into the waterfall
Of silence,
The stillness
Bath in the World's breath
Let it surround you
Drown you
Bask in the radiant
Light of life
Kneel in Grace
Raise your face to the sun
Embrace the gossamer threads
Of healing
Weaving around you
Kneading strength back
Into your tired body
Surrender to the journey
Let the wounds heal,
Be soft,
Be gentle with yourself.
And, when ready
Raise your heart,
Your voice,
And,
Sing your Song
Of Hope
Of Joy
Of Love,
Loud and strong
Once more.

Leaves Knox Green | Year 6

When the sun shines in the summer,
Leaves are a bright green,
Trees growing into the ground,
Bright in the gleam.
But when the autumn comes,
Leaves make a leap,
Gliding down slowly,
to all our stomping feet
In the frozen winter,
Leaves stay down low,
Being unnoticed
Buried in the snow
When the spring comes,
Leaves glow like lights,
Shining at all times,
Even in the nights.
Leaves go through the cycle
Living a long life
Till they pass on
To the afterlife

Knight's Fork Saverio Blefari | Year 8

Armies face on checkered fields,
Every battle never yields,
Greatness seeks whom don't confine,
Plunging deep through enemy lines,
Overwhelming, dire, fatal;
Predicted, it came thundering,
Sword in hand, one will die, there's no escape,
Its sacrifice in vain.
When will the pain,
Stop its reign.

Vegetables Thami Nyathi | Year 8

Pushed aside,
disregarded over
and over.
judged and scrutinised,
however, many benefits
we give to society.
prejudice, bland-
tasting, sickly
gross
taking root, expanding
squirming, wriggling
through rich soil.
picked and sold
for the benefit
of others,
yet still taken
for granted and
ignored.
overlooked,
undermined
undervalued.
taken out of the ground,
washed and suddenly
we are valued.
washed, prepared
eaten to keep
others nourished.
respected, we
feed the brain
body and soul
individually we are
great, together we
thrive, excellent blend!
soon we'll be seen
on every plate, at every
event respected as we should
we will be seen
it's ours for the taking
it's ours for the taking





Hugo Sanders | Year 10

The Magpie's Tune Vasilis Michalakis | Year 12

It's mid-morning during another day's lockdown

A virtual entity is present
Audible and visible as a flat tangible object
In front of my fingers sliding a piece of brass
Through the window a magpie attempting to fly
Fluttering its wings to suck and push air
Lifting into the sky
Chirping like an alarm clock

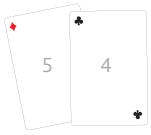
With each chirp the environment listened more cautiously
And with each response the magpie chirped differently
Flying to different trees with consistent time intervals
Occasionally hitting dead brown leaves
Until suddenly the magpie lays to rest
And the clock comes to a halt
With laying brass on the ground



James Morgan | Year 6



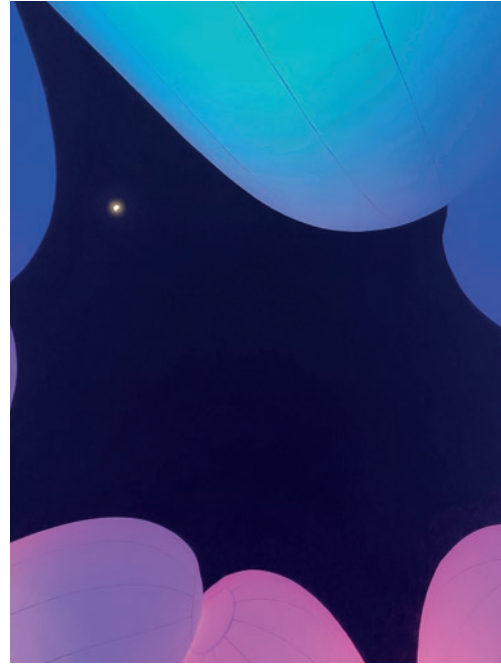
Melody Marshall | Staff



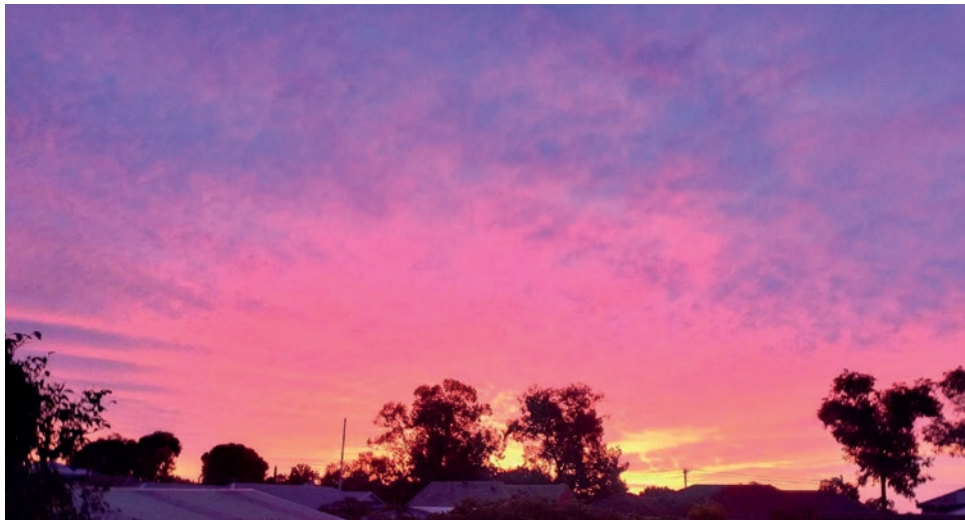
SHADES OF RED



George Besir | Year 2



Campbell Cowe | Year 6



Noah Varghese | Year 9



Untitled Will Hyde | Year 12

His hunger for knowledge grumbled
 How could he withstand a thirst so roaring
 The mountain giant stood a front his brother and him
 Words flowing from his throat, soaring
 The words forced themselves into the boy's ears
 One brave boy dared to disrupt the beast
 A question was what he asked
 The giant scowled before consuming the boy.

"To question the knowledge been given to you, is to bite the hand that feeds you"
 The children uttered not a word, would not open lip from lip
 As diluted drops of knowledge, they again began to sip.

Wakeboarding on the Murray Toby Baker | Year 11

The smooth river flows, calm and free.
 Big oaks overhanging the water, hairy vines sinking down
 Galahs singing in the treetops.
 But the serene sounds vanish from my ears in an instant.
 The incensed board bashes me off, refusing to glide.
 Attempt upon, attempt, in the wintry water.
 Desperation is taking over.
 Another effort to glide and the woeful wake pushes me down.
 One more attempt my mind declares.
 One more.
 As I float there, waiting for the boat to roar
 Water winds its way into my life jacket.
 There it is. The roar.
 A sudden jolt of the robust rope releases me from the winteriness.
 Onto my feet.
 The water is whistling a tune as the spray slaps my face.
 leaning back but skimming forward, across the smooth surface.
 With not a boat in sight, the sun lies on the banks of the river
 Glistening glances of glitter swerve through the trees and hit the water
 The wakeboard dances its way along the water.
 Galahs again giggled at the tops of those big oaks.

My Annoying Dog Marcus Pavlic | Year 11

His hair falls off like pinecones off a tree.
 It flies about and hides around the room.
 When cleaning it, it's really hard to see.
 In my brekkie I see the hair of doom.

His barking wakes the neighbors and I cringe.
 The sound is like a hammer to my ears.
 And every morning all he does is whinge.
 The constant barking sends me into tears.

I see you in the corner of my eye.
 Expecting nothing but a fallen crumb.
 I'm sorry buddy but this food is mine.
 I'll feed you dinner when my food is done.

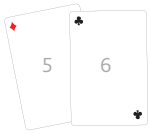
His company makes all of it worthwhile.
 I see his face and it gives me a smile.

We All Fall Down Will Kleeman | Year 11

How autumn sparks the light in me
 As she danced and swayed in the moonlight sky
 As memories begin to ripen
 Our time has come

We all grow old and fall away
 Our wrinkled skin has lost its summer ray
 Our loved ones cling for us to stay
 But nature's grip has pulled us astray

For one day we will all fall down
 Just as the autumn leaf cries its last goodbye



SHADES OF RED

The Mist **Leroy Condous | Year 8**

I wonder through the lonesome, cloudy dark
A cool night and nothing is clearly visible to the eye
Distant screams pierce the dead of night
I slowly trudge over to the noise
Cold air whips my face and I stutter backwards on my hike
I finally reach the screaming
5 men all masked holding bats with nails poking out the side
An innocent civilian in the middle I stutter and fall backwards in fear
The noise created and made an echo
multiple footsteps approach me
I attempted to look up but got instantly knocked down
I manage a look at the man who was on the ground before
He's holding a phone and then he freezes
A cacophony of sirens wails in the distance...

The Heartbeat Meter **Tarun Kamath | Year 12**

I shouldn't have asked you, shouldn't have tried
I shouldn't have asked you, shouldn't have tried.
Since fall you were so lost, just like a child -
Although you said you'd let me go inside,
The thing you did was make me feel exiled.
I shouldn't have asked you, shouldn't have tried.
I saw the clouds gathering on our sky
And felt you didn't want me by your side.
Why didn't I leave? How stupid was I?
Still, thinking of you, I have butterflies.
I go back to moments when you and I
Were truly enjoying the nights of July.
Now just a mournful tear falls from my eye.
I shouldn't have asked you, shouldn't have tried.
The day I realised all this time
You lied.

A Lonely Sprout **Angus Brill Reed | Year 12**

Early morning, dew from the night gone lingers
The cold months last and the dew settles in.
Virgin dry soil is damp at last
The thick brown surface surpassed.
Working its way into every crevice
Like a grandmaster would to a pure novice
The damp plague triggers the growth of sprouts
It's brighter outside of the seed
I look at the soil differently now
Above the surface nothing is pure
Under the ground I was one of a kind
But now it's hard to stamp my dominance.

Three decades later, it's winter again
The dew settles and tastes bitter.
Gone is the sweet, moist perfection of my youth
I'm all but an old stump
Trodden on till sick
The new sprouts get their shot.
As I perish and rot.

A New World **Felix Katsaros | Year 11**

The Autumn breeze begins to blow
Leaves of red and yellow fall fast and fall slow
They make a carpet on the ground below
Where everyone is free to flow

A new world is unlocked where all are welcome
To dance to prance
To swirl and to twirl
The rakes and the brooms, useful as ever
Sit still to the side
As people embrace an extraordinary endeavor



Tarun Kamath | Year 12

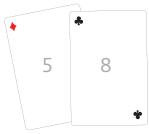


Tom Goldsworthy | Year 6



Tarun Kamath | Year 12





SHADES OF RED



Maxwell Whittle | Year 10



Duke Zhang | Year 11

Nathan Russell | Year 11



Bronte Nicholas | Staff





Hugo Kirkpatrick | Year 3



William Scott | Reception

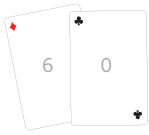


Monica Magann | Staff



Noah Leathart | Year 7





SHADES OF RED



Phil Noble | Staff



Matthew Economos | Year 11

The Running Clock Finn Carey | Year 8

Early morning sun shines through the blinds.
The clock ticks over, it's time to get up.
Drowsy and stepping down the stairs
Time for breakfast the ticking declares.
Playing with my dog, ticking gets louder
Time to get dressed, don't forget to shower.
The car is leaving, put my skateboard away
Running out the door, no time for that today.
School bell rings, time to shut down my apps
Phone in locker, no distractions as traps.
Home time comes, rush for the train
Clocks ticking is faster, breathing is strained.
Quickly do homework, off to my training
Breathing more deeply, the ticking is gaining.
Home for some dinner back to the books.
The ticking is faster, must finish quick.
Clocks ticking faster, I can hear myself think
TV stays off, Brush my teeth by the sink.
Jump into bed and the ticking just stops

Friends and Family Max Flower | Year 8

Oh, how I feel so at home
It's like our own little dome
There is nothing to fear
I really belong here

It should be clear through your view
That there is no place without you
How I would search through every nook and cranny
So that I could cherish you like an old granny

You don't even have a clue
How much I would do for you!

Empty Nest Hugo Shaw | Year 8

My little bird, it is time you leave the cage;
Just know that you were and are still loved by me;
It's time to write a new chapter; turn the page
Go out there into the world and just look, see;

It is like riding your bike for the first time;
At first it is hard, then you learn to let go;
Spread your wings; you'll always be my perfect crime
And fly; don't look back and keep moving the rows

Just don't forget me, I will always be here,
Here for you, wherever you might travel to;
I will watch over you like a hawk, far or near;
I have always cared for you and that is true

I knew this day would come and you knew it too;
We must soon part ways, one way or another;
Follow your dreams; just do what you want to do;
Always remember; I loved you like mother

Save your tears; not now little bird, use your wings,
And soar, and show the world the ballad you sing

Spotlight Hugo Shaw | Year 8

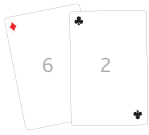
Rule number one: always put on a smile,
Rule number two: suppress your emotions,
Rule number three: submit to society's expectations,
But I'm over putting on a fake smile,
I'm done with society's spotlight.

Starlight Nick Greb | Staff

Where has the sun gone?
What darkness?
What miasmic fog,
Clinging to our soul,
Has covered so completely.
So succinctly.
That the eyes that should burn bright.
Lighting up the energy in another.
Are so shadowed,
that all that can be seen.
Is a flickering candle in the depths.
How has it come to this?
Where do we look too?
It is still in each other.
In the chaotic, unexpected flashes of constant surprise and joy.
In the cacophony of colour that is another being.
Being.
We NEED to remember our connections with another.
Let THAT be our sun to help burn away the shadows.
To become once again that perfect fragility that we are
A burning star.

Any Night Janine Fitzhenry | Staff

The moon creeps slowly above the hills and nestled in the darkened sky
A breeze stirs the air carrying the scent of citrus blossom.
The houses settled and adjusted to the rhythm of the night.
Doors lock and curtains draw shut as sleepy children close their eyes.
I gaze in awe at the star filled sky.
The earth spins.



SHADES OF RED

Ruler Henry Fan | Year 7

Oh, dear ruler,
How you will be remembered.
No other was cooler,
But now you are dismembered.

The day I saw you,
Inside the tray.
In the ruler queue,
There you lay.

I used you so much,
We spent this time together,
Life was joyful as such,
Until the boy pulled the lever.

For I wept and wept,
My sorrow, not hidden.
But your remains have been kept,
And your memory not ridden.

In the future I hope,
A new one will rise
But they will not cope,
With my sorrowful eyes.
Your pieces are here,
All by my side.
Our memories kept dear,
I will stand in your pride.

Nowhere Hugo Spears | Year 8

Walking through the foggy serenity
Walking on an endless road
The wind blowed snow in our faces
The trees towered like they own the world
Wind, ice, cars
None of it matters
None of it matters

Sun Henry Yang | Year 8

The sun is the burning beach ball,
kicked high above the ground,
It is the luminosity of the solar system,
Shining everlasting rays of light

The sun is the gold coin,
Cast across the sea.
It is prominent thing in the universe,
Yet something we can never reach.

The sun is a black paint dot,
Across a white spreadsheet.
It is a fuel for all living things,
The power source to all life.

The rays of the sun,
Feels like a blanket of warmth.
Powering the life

School Athán Harlaftis | Year 8

School, School the worst thing ever,
I wish it could be sold.
I wish my school could be made of,
Solid bars of gold.
We will go to the Olympics,
For our P.E lesson.
Then to Beijing China
For our Chinese lesson.
We will go to the Opera,
Music to our ears.
Then to the Art Gallery,
To find some cool art there.
Then once the day is over
We will be homework free.
And when we come back to school,
It will be made of solid gold.

Untitled Joshua Zhang | Year 7

Red and gold,
Out with the old,
People laughing,
Banners flying,

Lanterns swinging,
Fireworks crackling,
Dragon's dancing,
Lions prancing,

In the month of January
And something February
The lunar calendar
It gives us a reason to celebrate



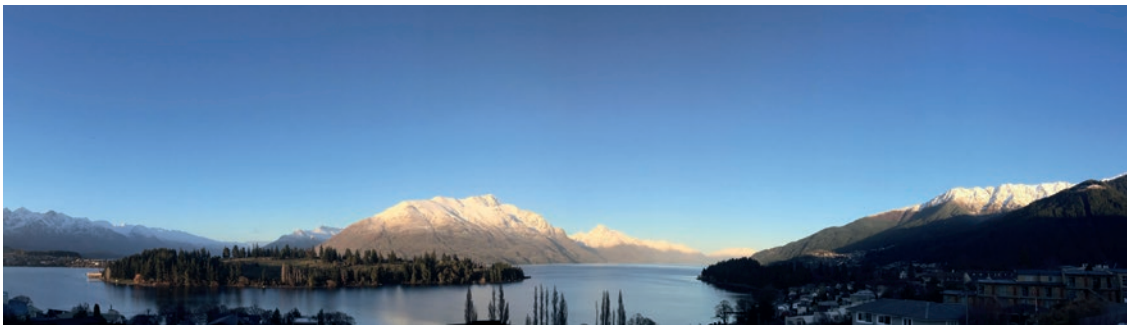
Stuart Floyd | Staff



Stuart Floyd | Staff



Finn Koutsoutkos | Year 11



Hamish Searles | Year 11



SHADES OF RED

Untitled Cayden Sampson-Ly | Year 7

The Boot On My Back
the swampy jungle breathes with life
moving cautiously and stealthily forward
each sound amplified by our fears
the enemy was closing in
I dropped like a snowflake to the swampy ground
the enemy swept through, one stepping his heavy boot on
my back
I dared not move, becoming one with my environment
praying to not be seen as fear rushed through my veins
Thinking of my family, wondering if this is the end
terrified of capture and the torture that would ensue
the heavy boot lifted, I was almost certain that they had
found me
but they walked onwards through the jungle
I was undiscovered, I was alive.
Time has moved on, but the scars still stay
I might not be in a war, but I fight every day.

Time Oliver Dunbar | Year 8

The time it's not there,
No time for friends
Or for family.
Only 24 hours,
That feels like three,
The clock is ticking,
On another year.
What feels like a day,
Is actually like a week,
Silently sleeping, the night away.

United William Luke | Year 7

It's that time of year when the Goodwood Festival of Speed is on.
Different cars from all over the world.
Look look how far we have come.
Lambos like a glowing light in a storm.
Look look how far we have come.
Ferraris from then and now.
Look look how far we have come.
all cars united as one.
Look look how far we have come.
All the different cars.
All united as one.

Indigenous Food Erik Lidums | Year 7

The yummy Indigenous food...
Let's look for food.
Let's hunt for food and animals.
Look for the food.

We walk with our group.
We have heard the animals rustling through the grass.
Let's hunt them.
!!Ouch!!! a Brown Snake blasted my leg.
Everyone throws your weapons at the snake.
Done. Here is some medicine. That snake bite was like
a glass shard into his foot.

We have just caught heaps of animals
let's begin eating we have found
bushfoods and lots of foods
from the bush.

Shhh look behind the bush.
Animals!!! let's catch them now 3.2.1
go that was a quick job to do.

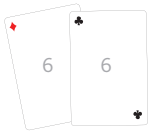


Lachlan Gardiner | Year 6

Time Spent With You Josh Clifton | Year 12

They swayed to and fro
The carnations
Who danced together
And died together
Their body weaved through
Their roots
And tied to their souls
Sharing all but themselves
They exist!
They, exist
Not in my head
But there
Not from here
I am here
And you are here
We sway to and fro
Dance together
And die together
Our body weaved through
Our memory
Sharing all but reality
So, I smuggle you there
Since you left
Not in my head

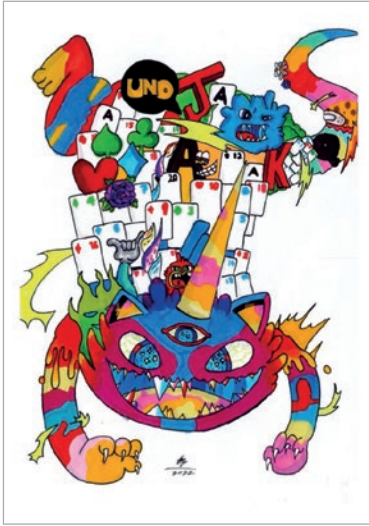




SHADES OF RED



Jonty Belton | Year 7



Jay Jae-Young | Year 6



Petey Flower | Year 9



Pages Thami Nyathi | Year 8

As I flip through the pages,
blank paper stares at me.
Panic, stress fog my mind;

as I sink deeper into the emotionless manuscript.

Page after page after page.
A labyrinth of dull ideas flow in the air.
Yet none to my use.

The smell of molding paper
reminds me of those wet, winter days
where I'd run home, dancing in the forces.
My books soaked, as did I, as I arrived home.

The powerful scent of fresh cookies and hot chocolate warm my insides.

And that's when it dawns upon me, the pages,
they weren't blank all along, just waiting
for the pleasant memories to dredge up in my mind.
And fill the pages with the fond experiences of my lost childhood.

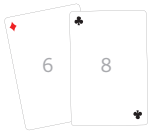
The Big V Henry Goold | Year 11

In WA, Got off the train, headin' to the plane
off to Victoria. To play at the G'.
Damn, this is going to be a long day.
Got off the plane, with jet lag.
Another away game. Such a far way.

Playing at the G'
Playing at the G'

Just another day at the G'
Walkin' out of my house, with full sleep
Another home game, it's like I never leave.
At the game, big crowd today. Supporting the mighty
Tigers and not the other team
Crowd and umpires on our side
Look at that tiny away team cheer squad.
What more could I ask for?
GG





SHADES OF RED

Same Eyes Lachie Croser | Year 11

When you look at me what do you see?
Perhaps someone destined to decease
I look into a mirror
I don't see a life
I just see a carer
Soon to take the knife
And yet I still search for you
As there is hope in what I could have been
Just imagine if I was human
Oh what a sight it would have been to see
I've traveled far in search of you
Perhaps you're old or young, even red or blue
Perhaps you will tell me what my future will be
Perhaps I'll grow strong and sail the sea
But I know I am not worthy of you
In a machine I am simply the screw
However, I still carry what is yours
And you may take it as you please
As I am just a poor man
Who is destined to bleed

Family is Everything Tyson Lopes | Year 7

Mae
I Cook all day for the family like a mother bird they rely
on me for food
Family is everything
Pai
I Go out fending for the family being the alpha male like a
wolf they rely on me for money and protection
Family is everything
Avo
I am the wisdom of the family they come to me for advice
I am like an owl
Family is everything
Filho
I am the youth of the family I do chores
I am the next generation of the family I am like a beta
male wolf I am rely on when the alpha male is not there
Family is everything

Untitled Christian Smith | Year 8

Suffocating, searching for freedom,
Covered by fluttering pages of theorems and techniques,
A hand grasps the orange ball

Thoughts reconnected from a world of captivity,
Rising from a pile of heaving bricks
With no intention to stop,
Tearing the walls which limit imagination.

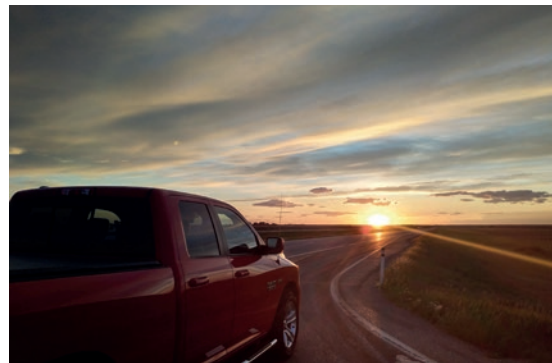
Words covered by numbers tie down the victim,
One way to live, one way to learn,
Creativity rises upon them
Breaking the chains of logic,
Enforcing the welcoming world of basketball.

The rough paper removed from the body,
The bitter taste of imprisonment is no longer present.

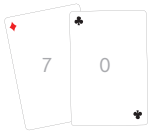
Melody Marshall | Staff



Harry Grandioso | Year 7



Stuart Floyd | Staff



SHADES OF RED



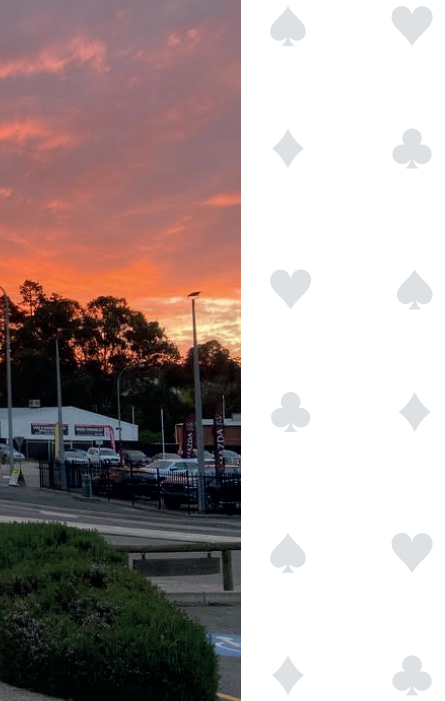
Phil Noble | Staff



Zac Flapper | Year 9



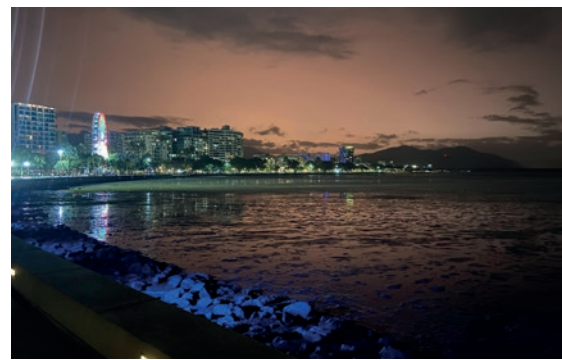
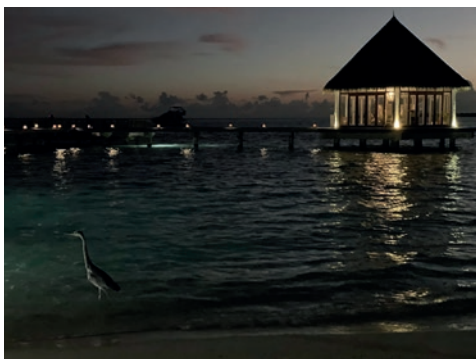
Toby Baker | Year 11



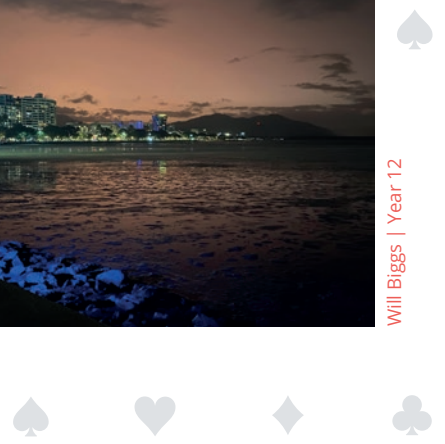
Will Biggs | Year 12

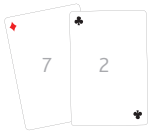


James Selby | Year 7



Will Biggs | Year 12





SHADES OF RED



Hugo Powell | Year 1



Reuel Thomas | Year 11

Shades of Autumn Red Jonathan McKay | Year 11

Looking out the chilled window,
A hazed carpet of red and yellow controls the earth.
Crisp cool air pricks my face as I slide open the window frame,
To let the Autumn breeze sway into the warmth of my four walls.
A silent world capturing my attention.

I take my first steps into the mystic eutopia,
A sense of belonging calling from the outside,
Persuaded by the unknown that lies ahead.
My feet surrounded by fallen leaves,
All different shades of red.

Time to go Fast Fred Hassell | Year 8

As I walk out of the marshaling rooms,
I hear the crowd cheer,
This is the time I've been dreaming of,
That time is finally here,

I walk out to the blocks,
And put my clothes beside a chair,
I stand on the edge of the pool,
I can feel the pressure in the air,

The first whistle blows,
So I step up onto my block,
Then the starter says,
"Take your marks", and boom I'm off...





Snafu **Lachie Dickens | Year 12**

The feeling of my feet cemented to this cold dead earth,
Hurting as the sharp edges scrape along my skin with slight movement,
I am stuck, in the constant pain of existence,
Stuck under this cloud, lost in its darkness.
Is there even a point to this life?
Self-worth funneling to nothing.
A snowball of dark thoughts outgrowing my statura.
Can't this just come to peace?
Relying on others' support, now impossible,
Yelling at myself in yearning for it to halt.
Filth with artistic talent and a body,
Obscene to humanity,
Riddled with self-hate.
Helpless with no fear of the shrouded path,
Endless thoughts of the unseen blade,
Let that be the deadliest weapon at hand,
Persuading the look of a blue jay, but in reality, a Phoenix.

Autumn **Gabriel Lagana | Year 11**

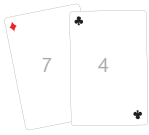
Autumn, between summer and winter
Leaves falling from the wooden trees that give you splinters,
Leaves turn red, yellow, orange, and brown
All of these creations can be seen along the ground
The days get shorter, and the nights become long
The birds stay in the trees where they feel they belong
It's cold now, Autumn will be long
I wake up in the morning to hear the birds sing their song,

All in an Autumn's Day **Ollie Wilkin | Year 11**

The sizzling orange leaves tower over the footpath
Elderly leaves dwindling softly in the damp air
The rain gently taps on the tree branches
And shields the sight through the window
The glacial breeze takes over the body
Creatures prepare for the long months
The night approaches sooner
As daylight grows old
Stars illuminate the sky
The elements of winter are felt

Abyss **Hugo Shaw | Year 8**

His body floats along the river, surrounded by pages,
Unconscious like a sleeping child,
His eyes flutter open, scared and wild,
Standing in the shallow bank, he rages,
Trying to remember his name, that name.
The rain begins to pummel him like a fierce typhoon,
The crazed winds continue until the moon,
Bright and silver appears, as does the flame.
Smoke billows as he runs, clutching a bound leather book,
A sunset-orange burning from the river banks, trapped,
As a sudden pain comes from his leg, his blood lapped,
Against the water, falling into the abyss, his world shook,
He remembers his name; that name,
And he falls into Death's cages.



SHADES OF RED



The Snake **Andrew Kim | Year 11**

The wishful sly snake slithered
To stay sheltered
Against the so fierce weather
Once again safe and sound
Showered by snow
It closes its eyes
Time slows and slows
Eventually stops
It opens its eyes
Flowers bloom
As spring sets in



Sport **Nick Ricciuto | Year 8**

Gliding through the water fast,
Oh that feeling of green grass,
Swimming down with the ball,
If you can kick 50 you are calcified cool,

Traveling far just to play,
Making the fans shout hooray,
Every win makes you glad,
But don't let the losses make you sad,

When you get hit,
Don't make a fit,
When you feel you have no more,
You are only just opening a door,

At the end of the day,
You came here to play,
So make the most of this game today,

Lightning **Henry Reid | Year 7**

Violently roaring to the city
Destroying the face of the city's make up
Ugly veins exploding against the city
Leaving the city with a scar with every strike
Lightning has moves as Bruce Lee
Trees punching through the sky ripping the earth as well

Earth's skin jumping once contact has been made
Earth's face being bruised as well burnt in the process
Tearing the Earth's surface to cause a ravine
Plucking every hair one by one by lightning
Earth dragging energy to connect to the sky's energy

Cloud's fluff being filled with darkness
Cloud's batteries being used to charge up Earth's skin
Clouds shouting with anger
Clouds throwing away veins
Clouds flashing with anger
Clouds boxing with the Earth

The Cycle of Fall **Jaydev Rana | Year 11**

As the dying leaves fall
It hit the ground like a call
The old skeleton-like trees, shake as they fall
Night lengthens as day shortens
The momentum quickens as it thud
Most of the street looked like it was filled with blood
As people walk through, they dragged it through the mud
Its life had ended, shaking as it crumbled
Leaving its remains jumbled
His life has ended but another had just started



The Ruby Fox Samuel Zadov | Year 11

And when the leaves collapse and trip
from shrubs of jade and rosy
the wistful wind upturns upon
those fields of flowers of posies

And when the pensive silence
Intermittent by the breeze
Passes through the land
Through every individual tree

When brooding leaves on branches
In gusts begin to sway
Well that my friend is when
The ruby fox comes out to play

Fly James Warwick | Year 7

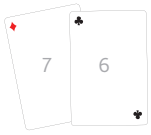
Fly you have never been my friend
Buzzing around all-day
Your lifetime will now come to an end
I am going to get the spray
Opening up the lid
Raising to your height
This is for all the things you did
Spraying with all your might
You have been hit
Falling to the ground
Now you are having a fit
I am very proud
Now you are dead
And I can go to bed

Archie McEwen | Year 11



Phil Noble | Staff





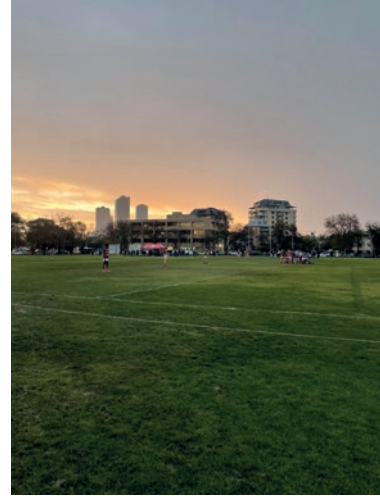
SHADES OF RED



Noah Burton-Howard | Year 6



Isaiah Lee | Year 12



Shae Olsson-Jones | Year 12



Tom Haden | Year 11





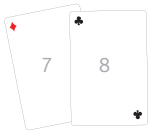
Jack Hobby | Year 11



Robyn Blenkiron | Staff



Matthew Van Gaans | Year 12



SHADES OF RED



Luke Economos | Year 9



Alex Hamood | Year 9



Joseph Huang | Year 2



Oliver Arbon | Year 9



Days
Anthony Capobianco | Year 8

The days keep going and my nonno is getting older and older
 the sun comes down the night gets colder and colder
 I know the night is going to come when my nonno is going to tell her
 The clock keeps ticking worried I'm not spending enough time
 Always being busy is a worry knowing there is only a couple weeks to go
 Having a balance between spending time at sport and seeing nonno is extremely hard
 It makes me upset always thinking it could be the last day
 I'm writing this poem because it makes think about nonno
 As the days go on nonno could get better or worse
 It's so unpredictable you just don't know when the day comes

Winter
Jack Dundon | Year 11

I'm watching the footy, with a milo keeping me warm,
 I look out the window to the frost and tiny icicles on the spears of grass outside,
 The moon glistened in the reflection of the freezing pool.
 I leave my house and the chilling wind meets me, removing any heat left on my shivering skin.
 It is cold. I'm in cozy clothing but I still have goosebumps, a red and runny nose and
 frost-bitten fingertips
 I inhale the cold air, my lungs warming and moistening it, only for it to be exhaled as smoke.
 I wish that it wasn't so dreary, and instead of this melancholy weather,
 I could instead spend my day at the beach, my feet burning on the hot summer sand,
 a strip of zinc across my nose, and a boogie board under my arm
 Instead, I couldn't be doing anything further from that fantasy,
 sitting alone on a Friday night, shivering and feeling sorry for myself,
 while my milo is going cold and everything I'm wearing is soggy.
 How depressing...

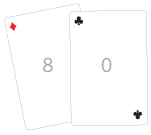


Patrick Femia | Year 12



Lucas Pizzino | Year 5





SHADES OF RED

Zac Grice | Year 7



Phil Noble | Staff



Toby Baker | Year 11



Annie Matsouliadis | Staff

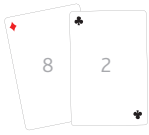


Leonardo Fabrizio | Year 8

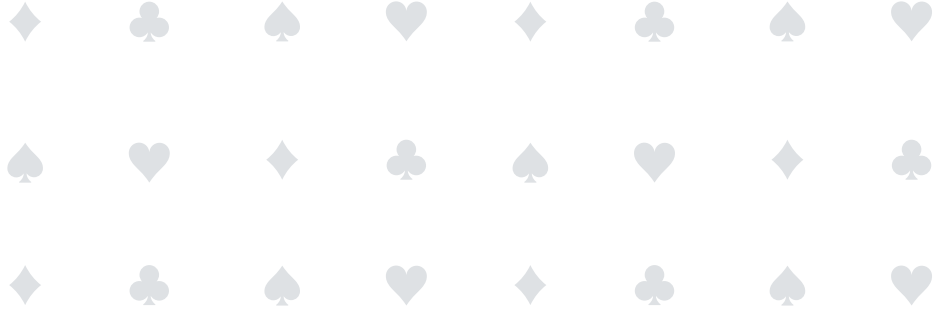


Jayden Yue | Year 7





SHADES OF RED



Forgotten Cave Lachie Croser | Year 11

A lonely place where mushrooms grow
Beyond the oak and shining snow
Where a whisper carries a thousand miles
And old man Fred gives birth a smile

armed with a spear as sharp as a spoon
he sprang up before time comes noon
he walked so proud with a glamorous smile
his hair was so long as if the Nile

along he plodded through the snow
his tracksuit pants reduced to dough
the mean wind had a crisp attire
making Fred only more wish for fire

still he plodded; following her voice
he even envisioned her much thanks to Freud
and only then he remembered he's lost
such things he had done but at what cost

at last he ventured home again
perhaps tomorrow he'll be found by men

The Bombing Chase Fenton | Year 7

As the fighters storm in
The people swarm out,
Straight for the basement
when the bombing starts out.

Death falls from the air
making destruction below.
Take a breath as everything
you love
is here no more.
People suffer
and bodies clutter.
Will there be a stop to this
dreadful war?

Now the bombers leave
and the people bleed.
No one can believe
the whispering speed
that the town fell.

Isolated Memories Taine Meyer | Year 8

Waves thrashing,
Moral crashing.

Pushing you back,
Leaving you scared and alone.

Once abundant memories,
Lost amongst the palm trees.

A crash-course journey,
Faces turning blurry.

The people once close,
Are the people you miss the most.

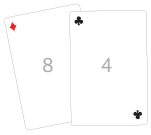
After leaving, now grieving,
As the weight of emotions begin
to crush down



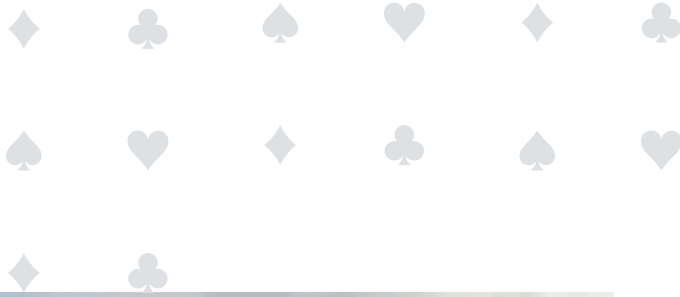
James Williams | Year 11



Philip Sruhan | Year 4



SHADES OF RED



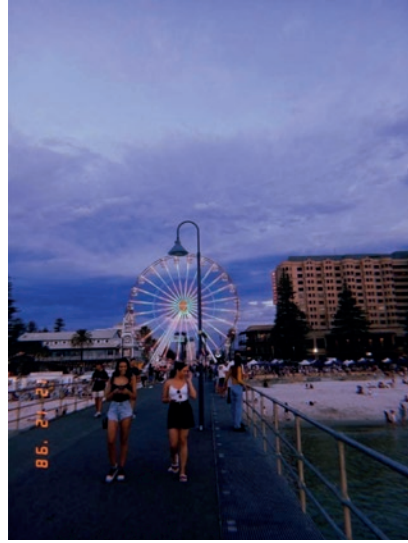
Levi De Wit | Year 8



Campbell Cowe | Year 6



Janine Fitzhenry | Staff

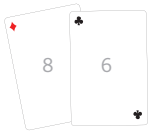


Michelle Fragomeni | Staff



Knox Green | Year 6





SHADES OF RED



Phil Noble | Staff



Alexandra Bianchetti | Staff



Tom Haden | Year 11



The Unusual Sheep **Devesh Anavkar | Year 7**

Today I'm writing a sonnet
And it is meant to make no sense
A grey sheep wearing a green bonnet
Somehow vaulted my electric fence!
The sheep was donned in leaves,
Trying to sneak into my house
The sheep wore a set of silver sieves
As quiet as a mouse.
It snuck up behind me,
And before it made a strike
It got stung by a bee
We both screamed alike
I kicked the sheep out
Before he could shout.

Ode to Lossless Revelation **Henry Brill Reed | Year 11**

Lossless devotion gifted to sweeter pasture
Black and ugly goes the ignorance that plagues oneself
A tasteless discontent allied and immature
Reaching carefully now, oh how I see!
Lossless revelation shall surely plague me
As though oak hath been reduced to cinder
How must I reserve such devotion?
And yet my own conquest I must hinder
With fruitless and disconcerted motion
Lossless devotion brings bitter revelations

Realised Niche **Kristian Commons | Year 11**

The air nips coolly at the birds' feathers,
The flock huddles close together.
Golden brown leaves surround them in the tree,
A short time ago the leaves were a soft tinge of green.
This is where their home will always be.

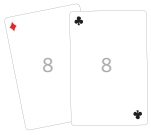
The Arrival of Winter **Xavier Lim | Year 7**

The cold late Autumn breeze
Blowing in my face
Creating a carpet of leaves
All around the place

The umbrellas begin to be unfurled
As the droplets began to fall
People around half the world
Rush inside their four walls

The birds start flying far North
As Winter dared to claim the skies and come
In hope for the treasured lovely warmth
When the South's has succumbed

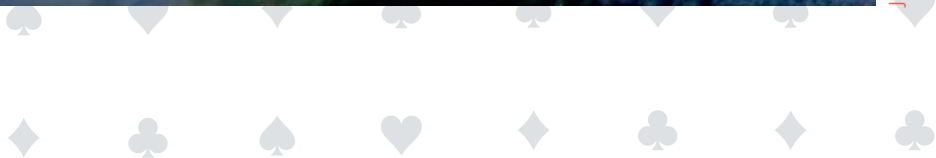
The season of Winter has arrived
The freezing conditions are revived



SHADES OF RED



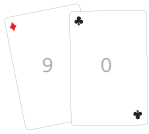
Jack Dundon | Year 11





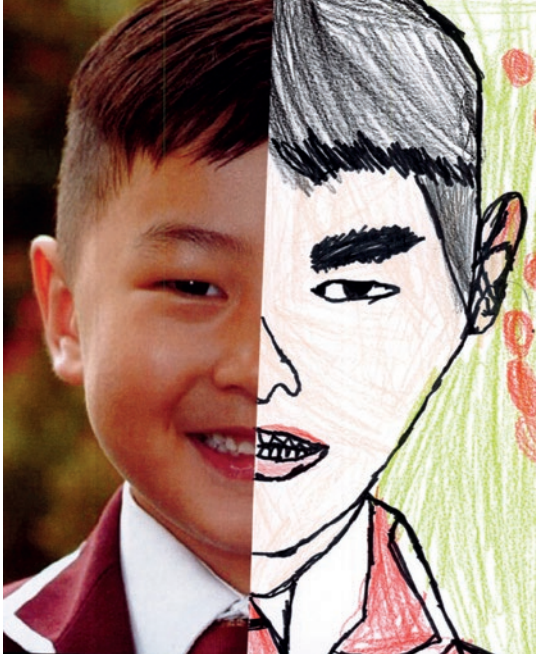
Jack Dundon | Year 11





SHADES OF RED

Matthew Li | Year 2



Andy Venning | Year 6



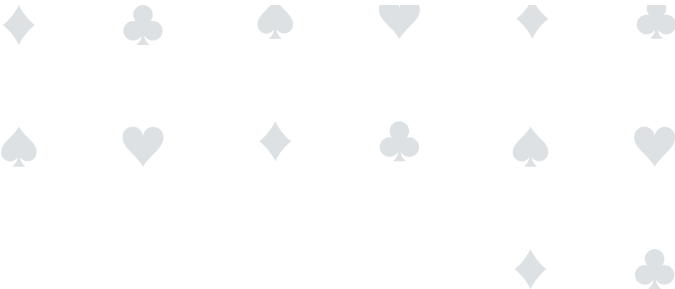
Tim Huo | Year 11

Perception
Hugo Shaw | Year 8

The kelp slowly unfurls, as does the daughter plant, the giant water lily,
She demolishes the nearby lilies, and blocks the sunlight of the poor kelp below,
Darkness.
Nothing but darkness.

The kelp gasps for sunlight through the water, but the Mother Sun is unthinking, concentrating sunlight on the lily,
Leaving loneliness lapping at the kelp,
The lily's beauty seems to be the center of sunlight, like a host on a reality show,
The lily only knows how to glow,
Unlike the poor kelp

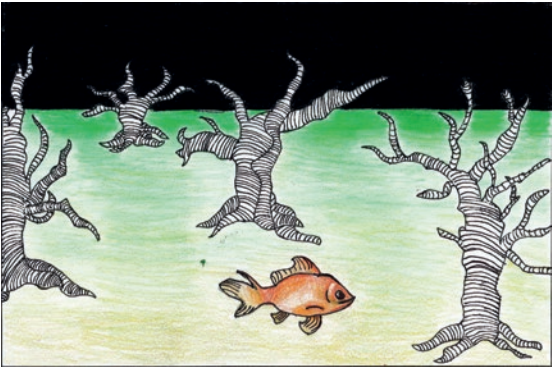




Monica Magann | Staff



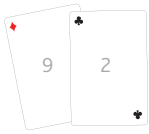
Toby Dodd | Year 8



Peter Hurn | Year 10



Monica Magann | Staff



SHADES OF RED

Nature Surrounds **Jack Hodby | Year 11**

Mother nature mirrors humanity's heart,
thumping to the rhythm of silent chaos.
We're but seedlings planted in dependency,
growing downward as towering roots.

The leaves that fall never truly leave,
for they fertilize the soil for generations to come.
Nature is the truth, and the truth never lies.
Governing our lives, leading us into the future.

Every tree speaks of integrity, every branch
shelters the budding youth. Through their
roots tomorrow is possible today. Nature
is as the sun lighting the path of our way.

Drifting **Zac Flapper | Year 9**

He walks into an endless night post-haste,
Clearly, he is under pressure to reach,
Some form of station, now covered in waste
Now nothing but ruins from a past siege.
He is not important in this period,
He never will be, and never should,
However, his predicament is odd
He has directions, they are understood
Should he disobey, nothing will occur,
He continues on his path keeping pace,
There are no people here, all is a blur,
This truly is a mysterious place,
He pauses...
That was a variation, stranger than most,
He couldn't have done that, he's only a ghost.

Embrace or Agonise **Oliver Hatcher | Year 11**

The sound of crisp leaves underneath people's feet
New season, new challenges to meet.
The transition from hot to cold
Autumn is here to make a statement, one that is bold
One that will come with stories to be told.
Some are trembling the forest with little places to go
Waiting for a season where new life will grow.
Others will embrace the challenges to meet
Stand tall and proud on their own two feet.

Save Your Soul **Matthew Economos | Year 11**

The sound of bombs ring with a deafening silence.
Screams of dead sons, from the act of terrible violence.
Husbands wrench their fear overboard
Others kiss their cross and pray to their lord.

The whitecaps wake the sleep of wide-eyed men.
Dreaming of returning home again

CRASH! Brothers jolt- as the vessel lands aground.
The murder hole opens and fathers charge out onto the sand
Shells tear through fragile rotten flesh
Children throw themselves over, plunging into a freezing abyss
Their rucksacks like anchors pinning them to the sea floor.
Struggling, choking, gasping- for air and then silence.

They fight- with their guns jammed with sand.
All these boys blindly obeying command
Thinking they are fighting for their nations pride
But they have been sent upon a mission of suicide.

Don't let the death bells toll
Death for your country won't save your soul.

Seasonal JJ Soralekkitti | Year 8

Sense of season,
Several shades of emotions.

Winter, sad soul,
We are depressed, we are silent.

Summer, see wave,
Enjoyable, energetic.

Spring, pink trees,
So beautiful, so colorful.

Autumn, orange,
Leading to pleasure and relaxation.

Painful War Christian Bibbo | Year 6

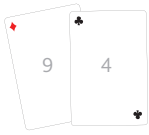
The battlefields have fallen
They have since been silent
But when they are awake
They are full of violence
The rattle of the guns that fire away
Soon pull, and slowly fade away.
The trees are swinging lightly in the day
As the clouds cover the sky, becoming dark
grey
Why does war
Have to be so horrifying
As the dead men on the floor
Make us spend our days crying
Our minds are broken
As our wars have spoken
As I look around
My face turns in to a frown
The red of the blood
Flowing down the fields
As flowers grow
On the poppy fields



Shae Olsson-Jones | Year 12



Shae Olsson-Jones | Year 12



SHADES OF RED



Melody Marshall | Staff

An Overreaction Mark Wilde | Staff

Woke up that morning feeling bloated; mirror said distended, colleagues at work said 'diet-related'.
That got me started.
Got rid of lactose, then eggs, then gluten.
Tingling lips was pollen food syndrome: most kinds of veg; anything with fruit in. Then it was red meat, white meat, crustaceans, molluscs, fish.
I know what you're thinking: what did I miss?

To tell the truth I didn't have time - every day at the doctors for blood tests, breath tests, rolling up my sleeve to show a forearm of mottled skin.
Sugar and salt were the next things to lose after an article in the waiting room on processed foods and where once it was fags, now it was booze: the yeast in beer, sulphites in red wine, berries in gin.
Next it was *aquagenic urticaria*: allergic to water. Couldn't win.

Borrowed a book from a friend of a friend. Became an expert on every kind of allergic disease but learnt the hard way that I was anaphylactic after near-death experience with sesame seeds.
The whiff of a whiff of salted peanuts had me gasping for breath and lathered in sweat and a bag of Revels was Russian Roulette.
And so I got wise. Dressed up and stepped out in Medic Alert bling:

anklet, bracelet, necklace, locket.
Tanked up, high on adrenaline,
I holstered an EpiPen in each of my pockets.
But eating out, to say the least, meant limited fare, Hobson's choice. Every menu a nightmare.
So, I stayed in, veged out in front of the telly ruling out this then that till the cupboard was bare.
Nothing left to exclude. Dined on fresh air.

Then it was fabrics:
rashes from leather, latex, Spandex, polyethene, polyester, vinyl, nylon, rayon, eventually even cotton wool - no exaggeration.

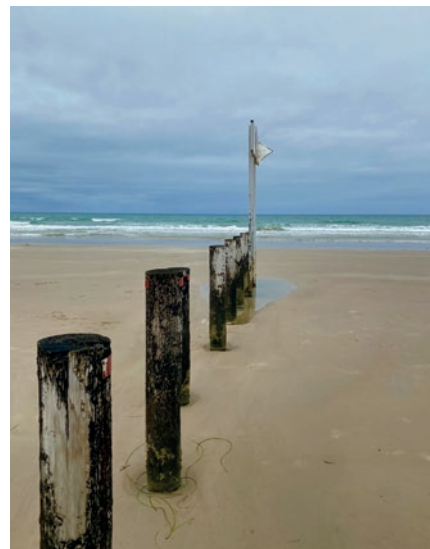


Annie Matsouliadis | Staff



So night-time found me naked, levitating above my own mattress
yet by day, doing the gardening,
fig leaves I seemed to be alright with.
Next it was metal: the ions in nickel and cobalt and chrome.
So I switched from coins to plastic.
Left jewellery in its box.
Turned off my phone.
But then there were problems closer
to home: tight chest, streaming nose, itchy throat - pets had to go.
Damp spores and dust mites were the source of more trouble.
Had to get out. Sold up. Shifted my stuff into a rented iridescent bubble.
Bad move. Dermatitis - inspection found the roof space insulated with soap.
And so, I braced myself for the
seasons outside
where the North Wind's breath had me bristling with hives
and spring brought tears to my blood-shot eyes;
where summer was sunlight, humidity, bees;
and autumn meant ragweed and fallen leaves.
Reached a point where shop windows and
mirrors played havoc with my own reflection
and my very own shadow recoiled
from whatever it fell on.
I reacted to mixtures of water vapour, carbon dioxide,
oxygen, nitrogen, argon - sensitive to the
very air in my lungs, the blood in my veins, the iron in my
blood, the atoms in iron, their protons and
neutrons, their quarks and whatever else is inside me
still left to discover, to name and order, to observe and measure
and in the end, I made the decision
to cut out living and
breathing altogether.
So that's what I've done.

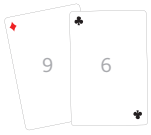
Never felt better.



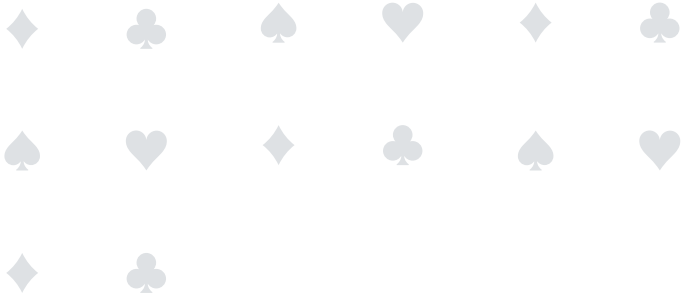
Lisa Clemente | Staff



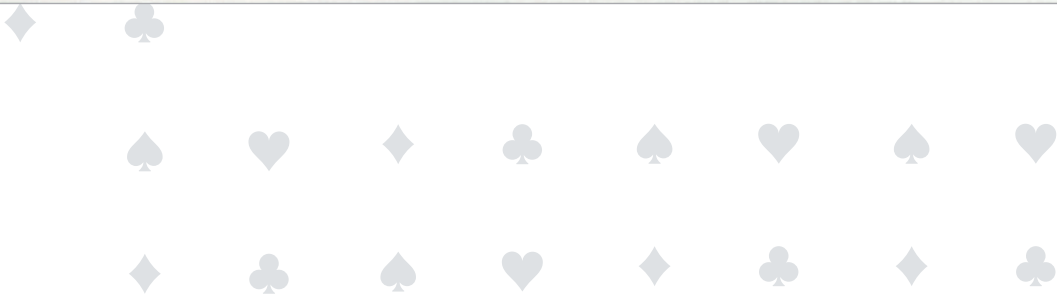
Lisa Clemente | Staff



SHADES OF RED



Sam Wilkin | Year 11



Tim Huo | Year 11

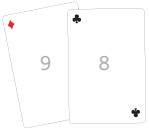


Sam Wilkin | Year 11

Reuel Thomas | Year 11



Will McKay | Year 9



SHADES OF RED

Joshua Balliaco | Year 8



Matthew Economos | Year 11

Yesterday I Wept Alexander Bilyk | Year 12

Yesterday I wept,
 I wept with deep black sorrow.
 To think I wept yesterday feels unusual.
 For it was days ago I felt so encapsulated in love's grasp.
 I may weep now, for as I put pen to paper, I am submitted into thought.
 The thought of someone I've cherished, someone I treasured.
 Someone I have lost. I am not sad now.
 However, my heart still churns
 And twines those fibers of aching pain,
 That sting the sole so deeply as if I were being branded.
 Yesterday I wept, I wept without cessation.

Yesterday I had no concern for in reflection of times lost I was aiding myself.
 Sewing stitches into my own back, and patching holes in my own burnt feet
 For I had walked on ice and tackled flames all just to stand in solitude.
 We had traveled for what had felt like millennium, as friend as lovers and now

We do not.
 For we are now strangers.
 Strangers, with memories

What I Want To Be Anthony Capobianco | Year 8

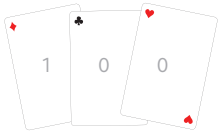
I was only a little girl thinking of what my life could be
 the higher I went up the swing
 The more and more thoughts of what my life could be
 as a little girl with only little knowledge, I didn't know what I wanted to be
 my parents said you're too little to be thinking of what you want to be
 as I got older, I became more Passionate for things that I loved to be.



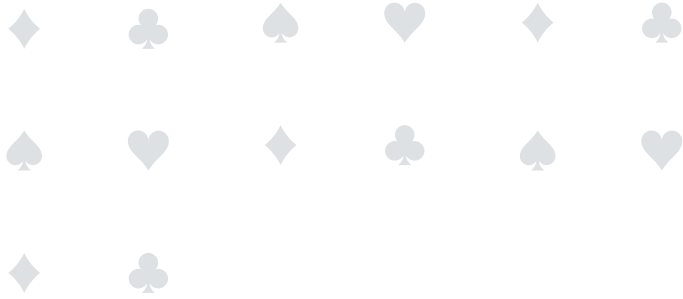
Zac Flapper | Year 9



Philip Sruhan | Year 4



SHADES OF RED



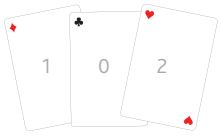
Archie McEwen | Year 11





Mason O'Callaghan | Year 11





SHADES OF RED

Don't Let Them Have It Liam Quinn-Fogarty | Year 9

They want
What they can't have
So don't let them have it.

Because

They only love themselves
All they'll do is
Hurt your mental health

Because
At the end of the day
You make the bed where you lay
and you clean the house where you stay

It's sad
But it's true
No one can love me
Like I love you

War Harrison Daly | Year 7

War gives us challenges,
We do our best,
We never rest,
We do whatever it takes,
To complete our journey.

Everyone calls it torture,
But its experience,
Teachers help us,
They give us work,
But do they do more?

It is almost as bad as being dumb,
But we learn to be the best of the best,
It may be challenging,
But we can overcome it,
Battle is just helping your country.

When we hear gunshots people say "AAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!"
Until they see they got a victory,
Battle is boring and bad,
For them to give us what we want,
We need to reach out.

The teens of war are being called out to base,
But they realise the things they have done are way too great,
They go to the enemy and say sorry,
They accept their apology and there is no more war,
And they go back home to reflect.

School gives us challenges,
we do our best,
we never rest,
we do whatever it takes,
to complete our journey.

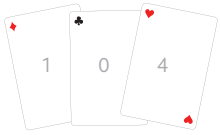




James McDonald | Year 6



Phil Noble | Staff



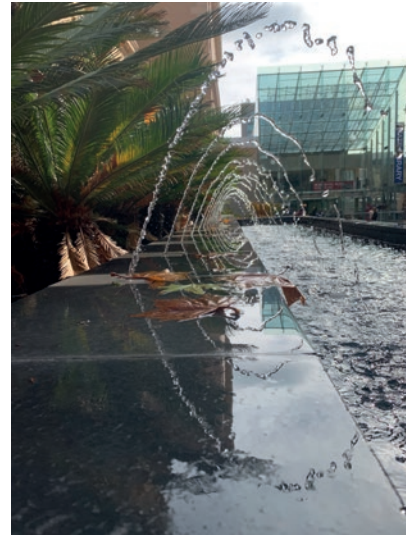
SHADES OF RED



Felix Katsaros | Year 11



Sam Wilkin | Year 11



Oscar Di Matteo | Year 8

Electric Air Darcy Sandow | Year 7

The atmosphere tore open
 Roots came from the sky and started an all-out war on earth
 the white streaks were gun shots
 the glowing aliens started frying the surface
 the air was electric

large repeating booms echoed around the landscape
 the tiny houses were nothing but child's play
 the valley buckled and trembled
 giant beasts bellowed above the clouds
 the lightning was silent and
 deadly

Aboriginal Poem Noah Laforest | Year 7

The gum trees sway in the wind.
 The river gurgles like a baby and splashes against rocks
 while fish leap out of its depths like shiny little bullets.
 And we should know

This land, this land Australia, known only as 'the world' to us.
 We lived, died, hunted and travelled on this land.
 Deserts stretching to the ends of the earth,
 Forests that reach like massive grasping hands up to the sky
 As birds chirp a song of serenity and quietness
 We have known this land for longer than anybody can remember,

Longer than any other historical civilisation,
 Longer than old memories of Rome and Greece and Egypt

We have simply existed,
 here,
 on this land,
 Until

Danish Culture - The Aarhus Food Festival Ollie Swain-Wride | Year 7

Clash, the knives and forks banging
 As they screech on the plate

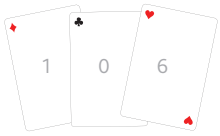
People talking and having fun
 Endless chatter

The kids running around the tables
 Like vultures circling the food

The colourful tents waving in the wind
 Advertising the deliciousness, wafting through the
 breeze

Dancers swaying, hands clapping
 while they drink a chilled akvavit in a single gulp

the tree's leaves floating gently through the breeze
 while the people of Denmark eat their delicious lunch.



SHADES OF RED

Into The Light Marco Pagliarulo | Year 12

My mind has been in the woods

Lost between the bushes, stuck underneath the towering trees,
The gentle leaves above, protecting my innocent thoughts,

I look up and see only rays of sunlight
The bright yellow light is scarce,
I just wish I could reach up and grab it,
As I looked back into the darkness,
Under the shelter of the trees,
A small rabbit hops beneath my knees

Its silky hair brushed my ankles and guided me back to the dark,

To comfort, to blissful ignorance,

While the dying, woeful grass stays stagnant in the wind.

I sit down, back in the dark
Looking at the gleaming rays next to me,
Wanting to step back again.
Into the light.



Louis Floriti | Year 7

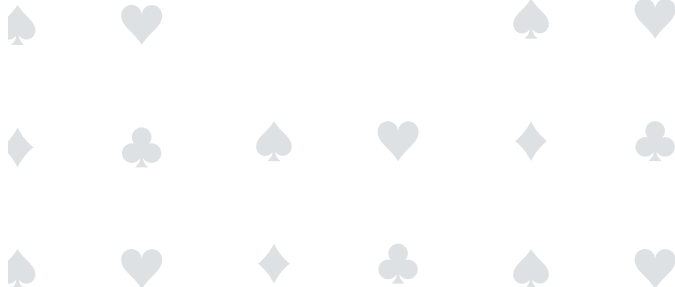
Indigenous Dreaming Stories Henry Zadow | Year 7

Dreaming stories.
Around a bonfire.
Children laughing.
Dreaming stories will make them knowledgeable.

As mothers and fathers narrate
and the fire waves at them
children wave back.

The seats grow high
and the stories fly like birds.
Children lean over to catch them.

A while later.
Finally, they will catch them
And pass them over.
Dreaming stories will make them knowledgeable.





Sebastian Jordan | Year 11



Sebastian Jordan | Year 11



Phil Noble | Staff

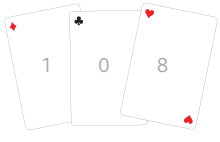


Zac Flapper | Year 9



Sebastian Jordan | Year 11



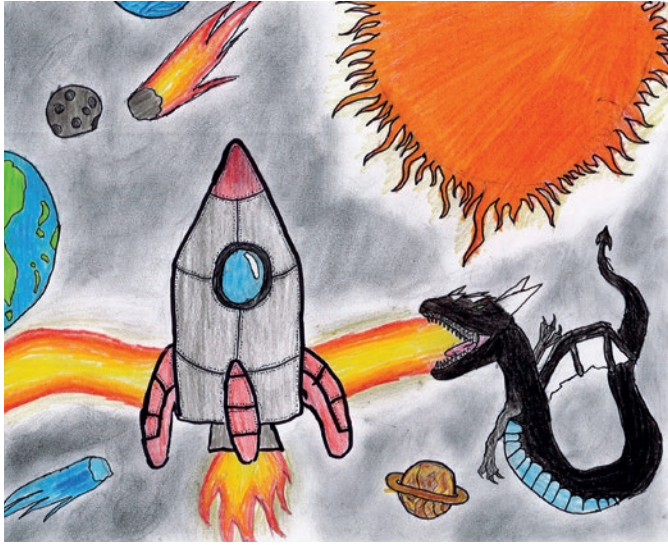


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Jasper Zerbe | Year 9

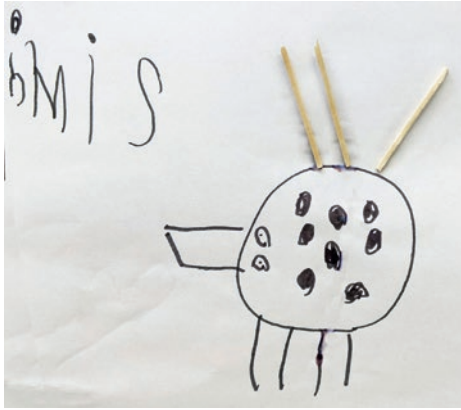
Toby Munt | Year 7



Monica Magann | Staff



Simon Thai | ELC

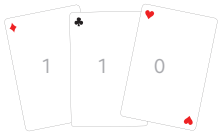


Hugo Kirkpatrick | Year 3

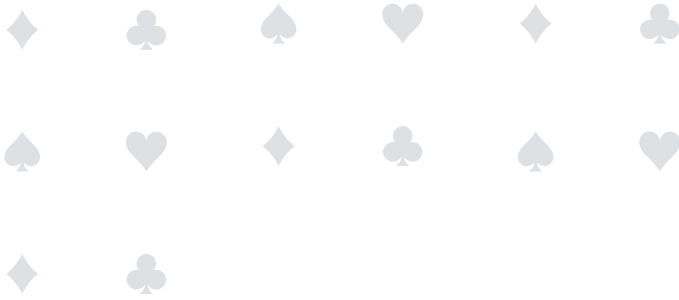
Eddie Sheppard | Year 2



Lucas Wong | Reception



SHADES OF RED



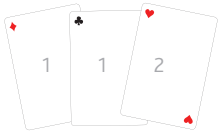
Beth Christie | Staff





Mason O'Callaghan | Year 11





SHADES OF RED

Charlie Denton | ELC



Solomon Richards | ELC

Matilda Dinh | ELC



Ryan Chen | ELC



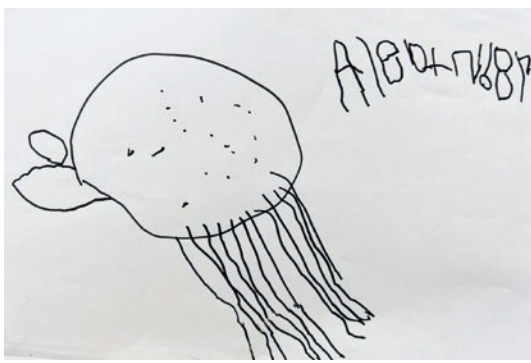
Cooper Room | ELC



Riley Edge | ELC



Alexander Jovicevic | ELC



Ari Mansoori | ELC



Jaxon Lam | ELC



William Buckingham | ELC



Khai Nguyen | ELC



