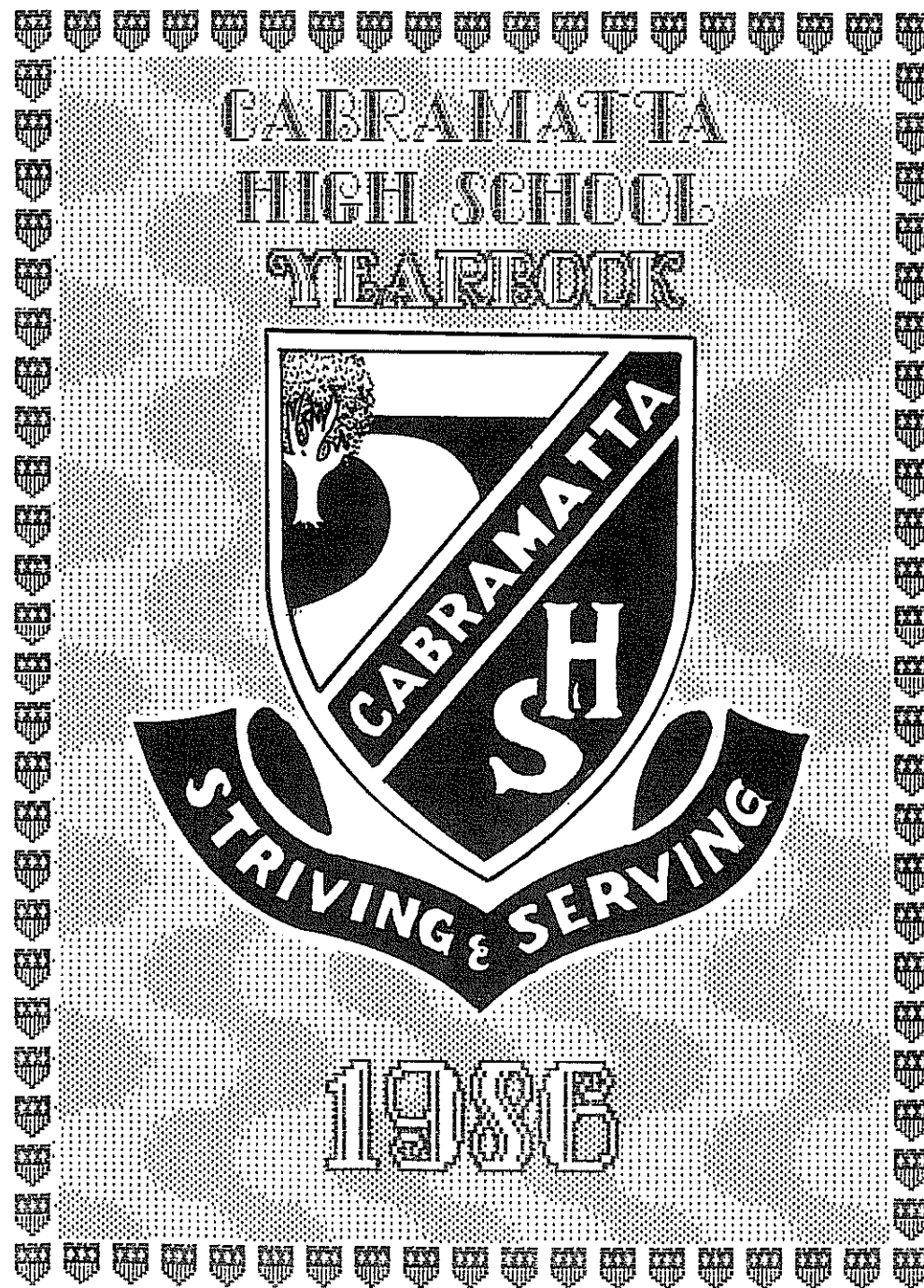


Editorial

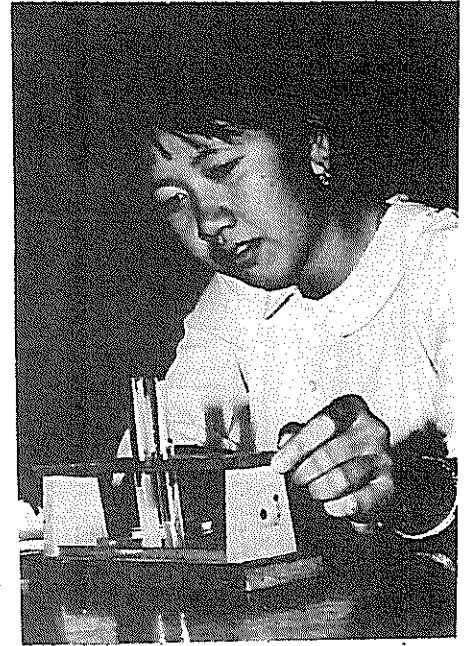
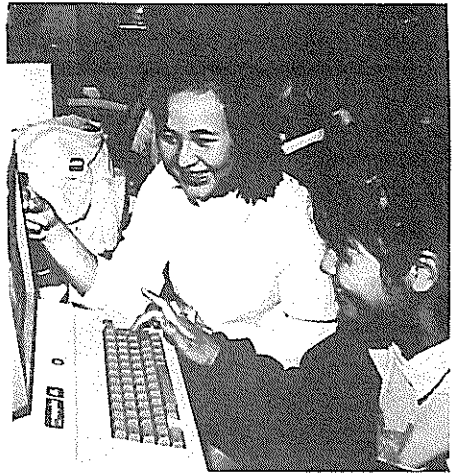
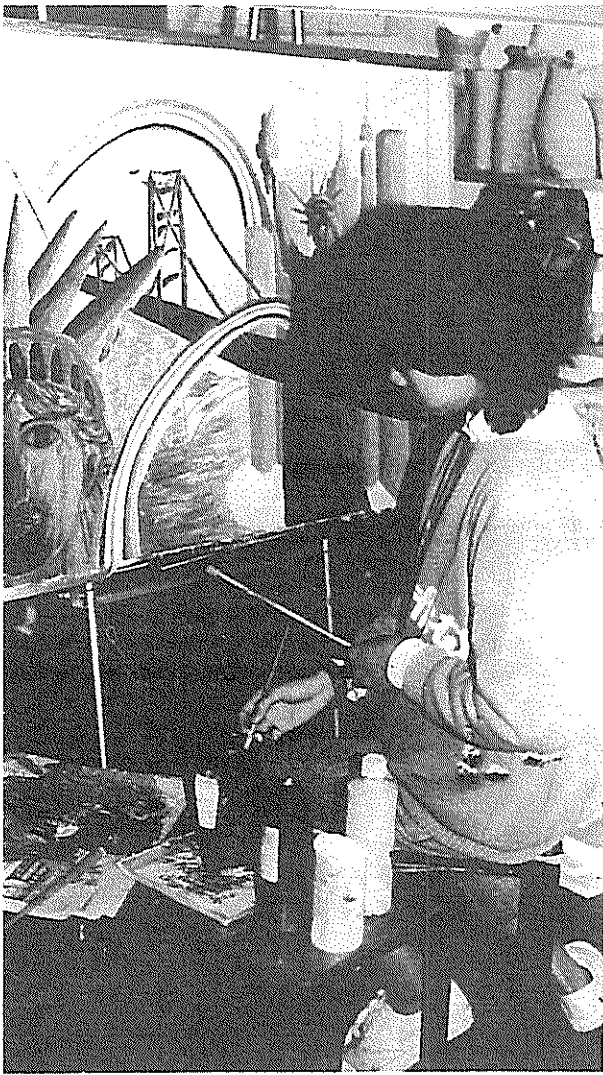
The 1986 Cabramatta High School Yearbook is a new approach to presenting the events of the year at the school. We have attempted to picture as many people and activities at the school in the 1986 school year as possible. Students written and visual works are also presented. We hope you enjoy the book and the many memories it represents, now and in future years.

Publication Details

Editors: J. Lawrence & L. Corradi
 Photographers: D. McEwan, J. Lawrence
 and the students of years 11 and 12
 Mentor, Sage, and Man behind the
 scenes: R. Whelan



A DAY AT CABRAMATTA HIGH



FORWARD

At the end of each year some 200 pupils leave our school. We hope that most leave with memories of friends, teachers and events that they consider worth retaining. This Year book should help to keep alive some of those memories and to revive others. For those who remain this Year book should be a reminder of 1986 and an encouragement to be an active contributor to a bigger and better Year Book in 1987.

B. J. LOADER
Principal.

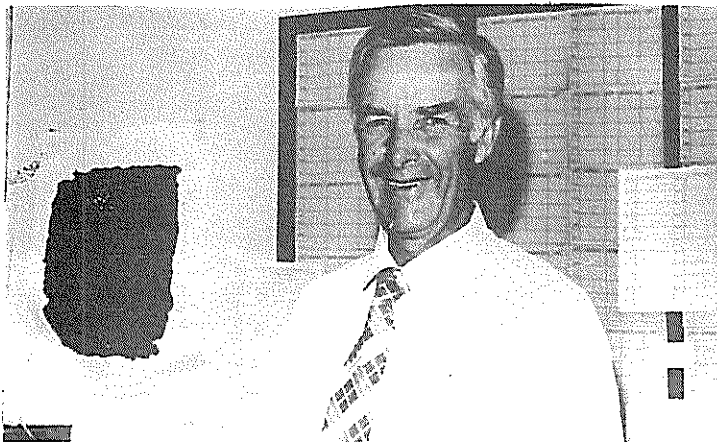
PRINCIPAL

B. Loader, Principal



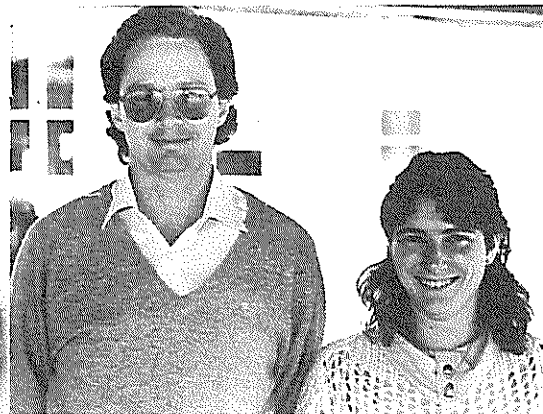
DEPUTY

I. Castell-Brown



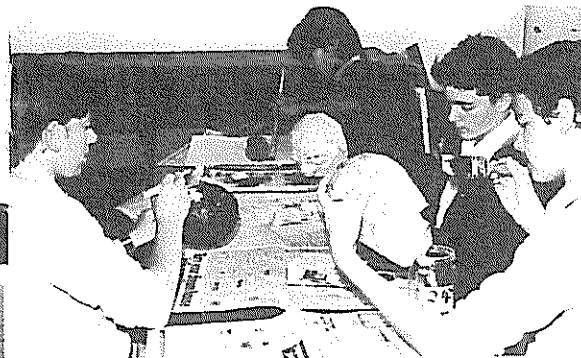
Art Staff: S. Yousef, D. Melis, P. Royston, J. O'Donnell, R. Elliot, H. Kirsten
Music Staff S. Gailey, R. Elliot

ART & MUSIC



Lunch-time music practice on the synthesizers

Modeling heads in paper mache



Kite making



Year 7 drawing lesson



English Staff: Back Row- D. Ikonomos, I. Owens, D. Schmidt, L. Corradi, C. Byrne Front Row- C. Muir, A. Gardner, L. Baker, I. Hallinan, D. Levi, Having Fallen on the floor- D. Strasiotto (absent- D. Fairservice, S. Freeman, L. Rowney)

ENGLISH

Ms. Muir's Year 10 class dramatizing To Kill a Mockingbird

Students in Mr. Byrne's Year 10 English class making a video movie.



Home Science Staff: Front Row- I. Bovington, B. Bechard, R. Pye Back Row W. Fletcher, E. Blackwell, B. Leaven

HOME SCIENCE

Year 10 Home Science Students in the A. G. L. Gas Bake Off Contest Semi-finalists



the sewing lesson

Home Science Students' Considering the details

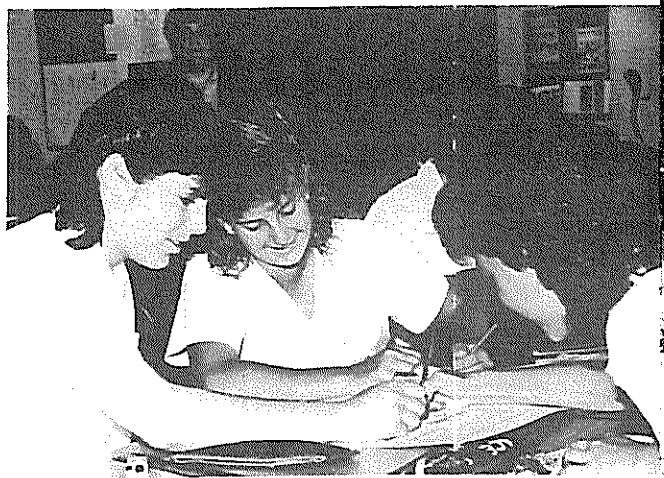


History: Front Row B. Atherton, K. Murphy, P. Buchanan Second Row, K. Chapman, H. Huzzar, W. Smythe, Back Row G. Robinson, G. Taylor

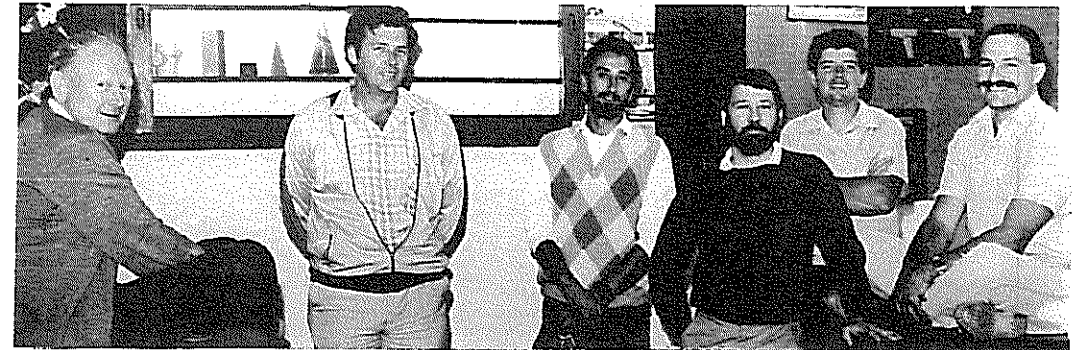
HISTORY



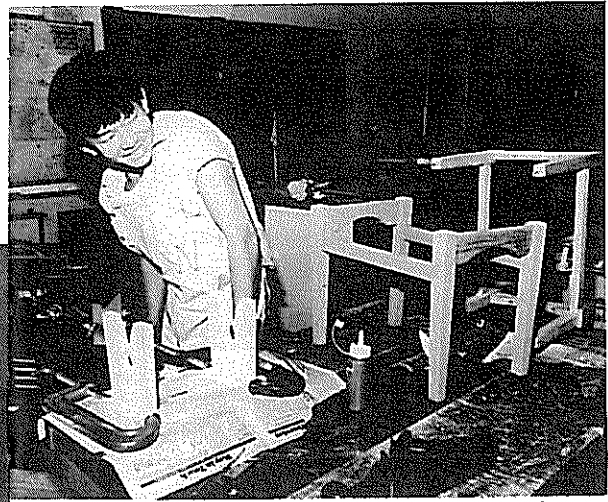
Group work on a history project.



Considering the details in a history project.



Industrial Arts Staff: A. Birkett, G. Beaton, P. Dettino, P. Spasich, J. Zybrands, P. Thompson.

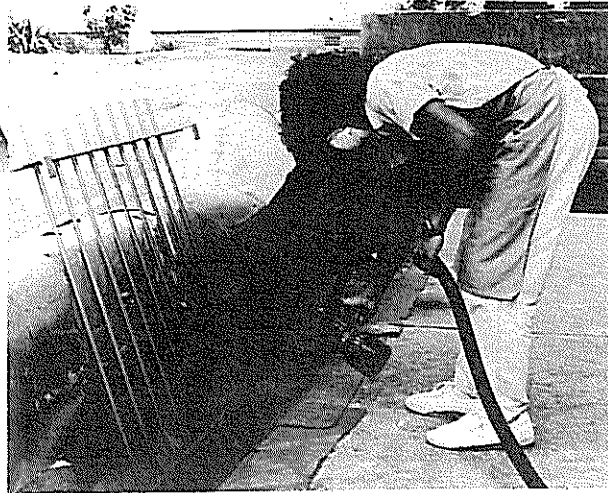


Putting the squeeze on a step stool in Mr. Zygy's class.



Correcting a drafting project

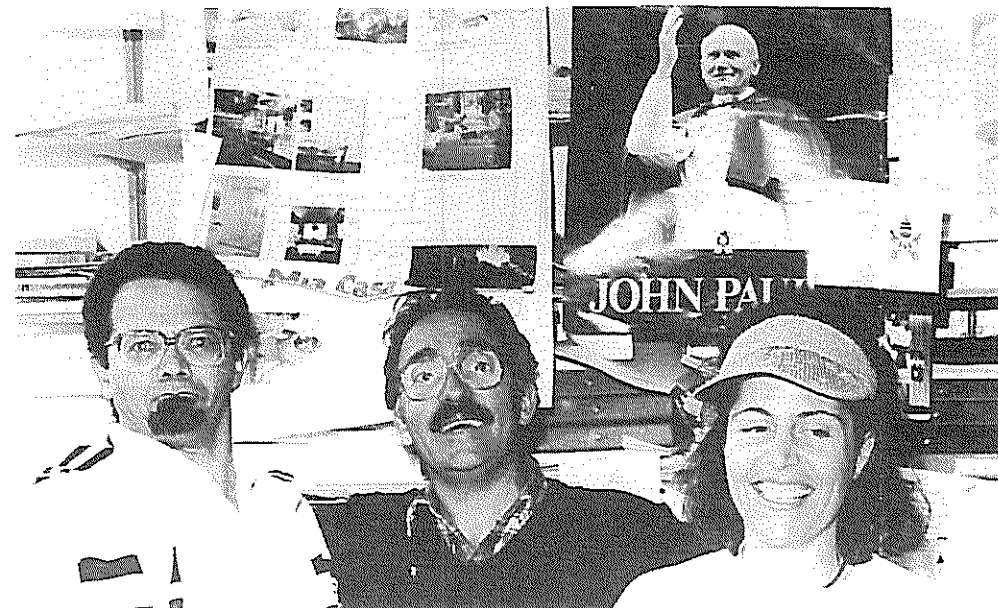
INDUSTRIAL ARTS



Spray painting security screens for the school.

LANGUAGES

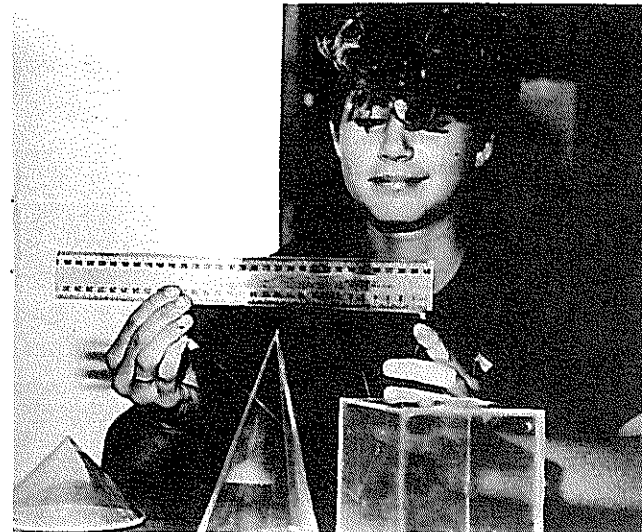
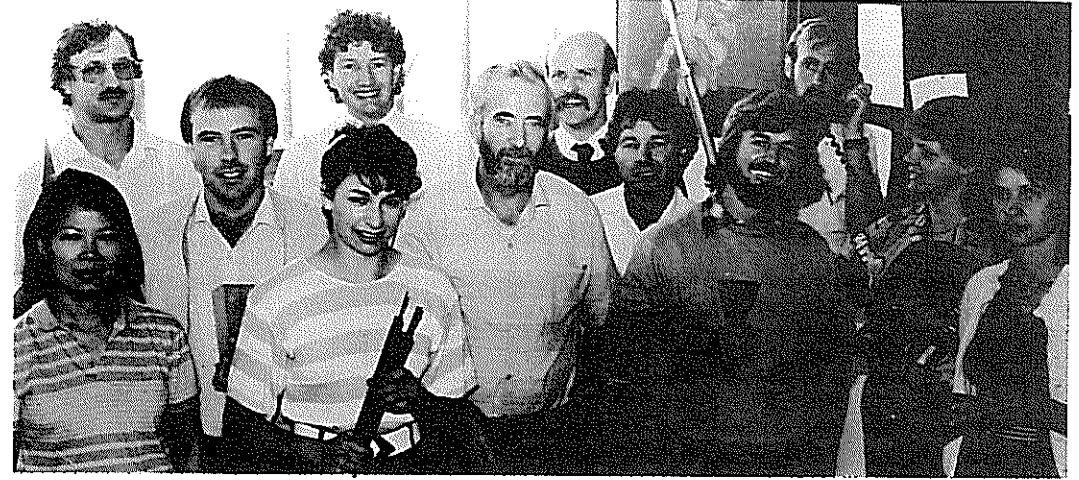
Language & E.S.L. Staff: A. Sabir, A. Cho, A. Andronicos, S. Romano, A. Bettington, R. Kenny.



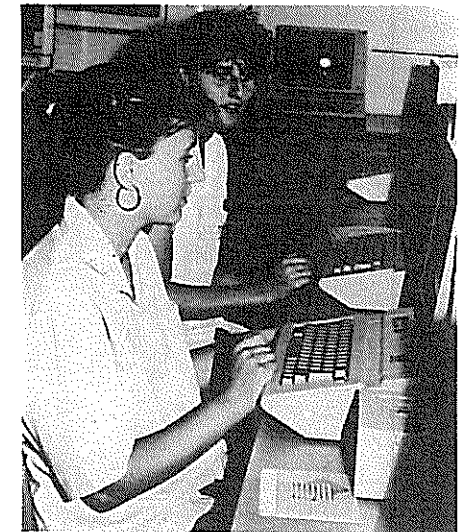
His Holiness, Pope John Paul II with Saints P. Wagner, A. Fanelli, and A. Bettington

MATHEMATICS

Mathematics Staff: Front Row- T. Ling, J. Deluca, P. McGee, R. Phillips, N. Kurousky, R. Collini Back Row- H. Rubessa, R. Rowland, G. Powers, L. Quamby, R. Breckenridge, G. Scott (absent- P. Constantinidis, C. Cook)



Measuring models makes maths magic.



10 Goto Computer Lab: run Program

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Physical Education Staff: B. McVernon, L. Wallister, D. McEwan, J. Welton, P. Durack. (absent- J. Parker & G. Jones)



SCIENCE

Al Grassby learns about the language based science projects

Learning chemistry from a master.



Year 9 students doing a colorimetric analysis.



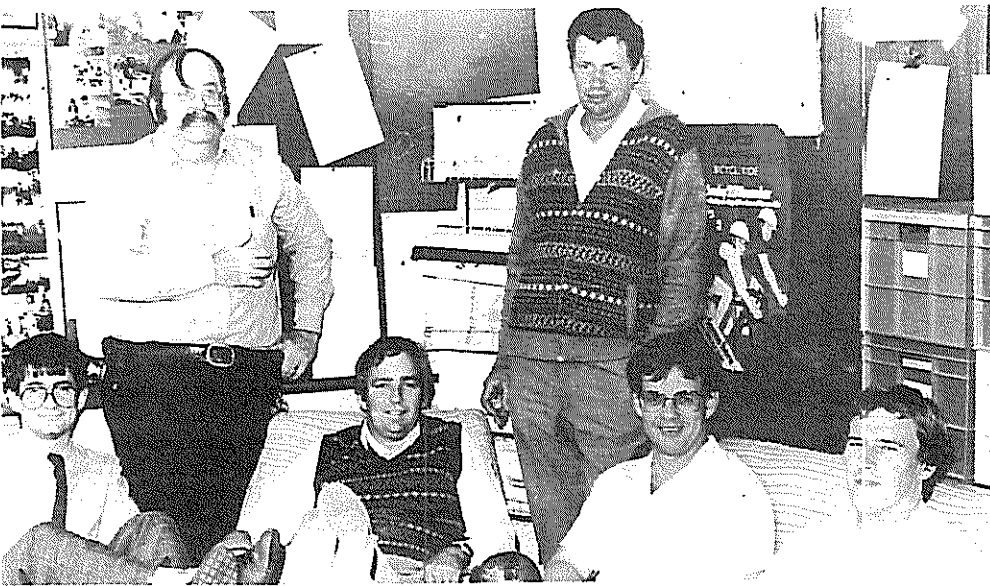
Science Staff: Front Row- C. Borg, P. Bright, R. Abdullah, E. Cling, R. Poli, S. McDonald Back Row- P. Hayes, D. Ricketts, J. Sciberras, P. Morgan, P. Rosewall, K Molyneaux, K. Velayutham (absent- P. Harris)



Basketball Stars



Al Grassby visits the fitness lab.



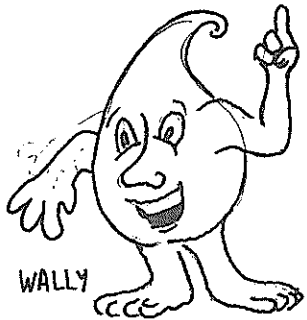
Social Science Staff: Seated - G. Martin, J. Knox, W. Wagner, P. Jackson, Standing, (& about to fall over), J. Lawrence, N. Thompson (Absent- Wally)

SOCIAL SCIENCES

In Wall's Corner - O. Sinden, D. Rees, S. Tobolov, R. Whelan



Geography Students measuring distances between cities.



Library Staff: P. Martin, M. Lee, F. Kristofferson

LIBRARY



Peter Lee- Bi-lingual Support Person

CLEANERS 15

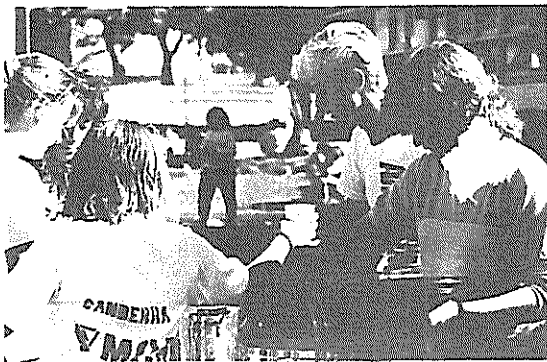
Cleaning Staff (professors of Mopology) V. Kunze, H. Malkus, N. McNamara, E. Roberts, N. McMillan, I. Terbizan, M Woodland, A. Ida





Canteen Staff: Front Row E. Mirfin, L. Taylor Back Row- P. Farnham, V. Watson

C.S.S.



C.S.S. members running a sausage stand at the sports carnival
C.S.S. members collecting money for one of their many causes.



ANCILLARY STAFF

Front Row: K. Bru, L. Mulhall, J. Engelbrecht, K. Mychael, F. Kristofferson, N. Bridges, M. Maher: Back Row: R. Cassar, R. Byrnes, P. Bright, B. Stewart, P. Martin, M. Hull, B. Leavey.

GENERAL ASSISTANTS



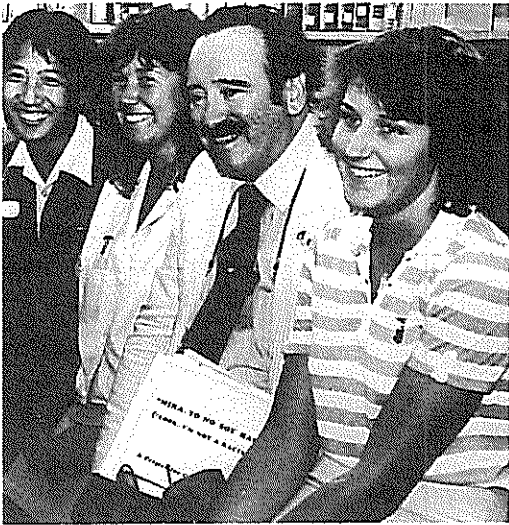
General Assistants
Dominic Leonello and Paul Donatiello



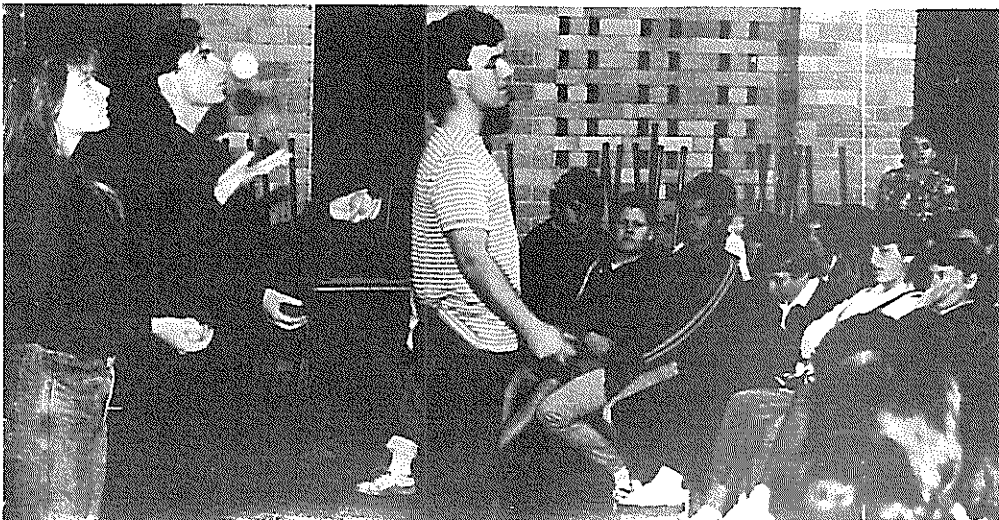
THE EVENTS OF 1986 AT CABRAMATTA HIGH

John Waide, retired as Principal of Cabramatta High School in 1985.

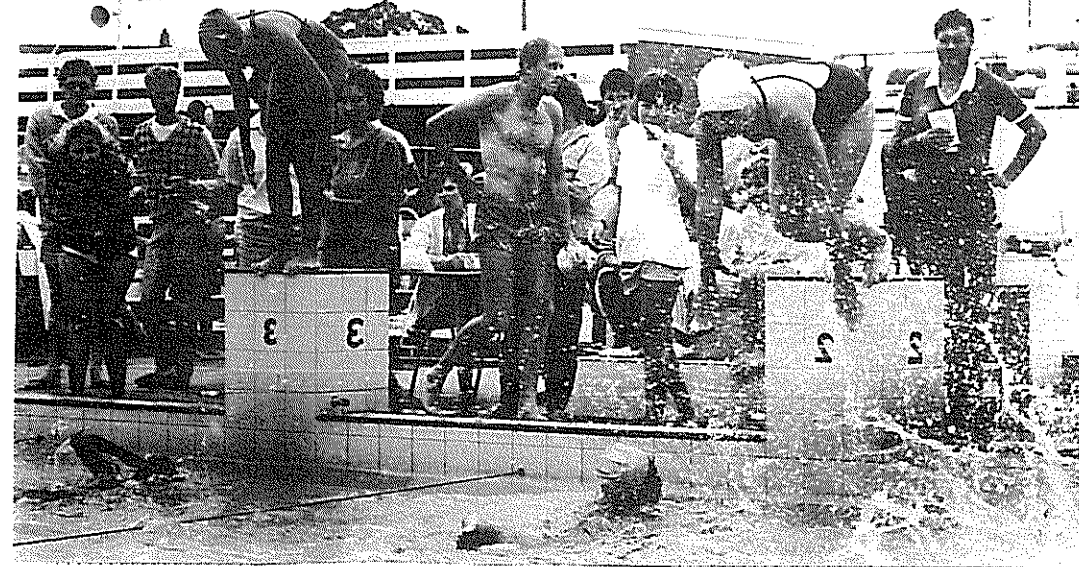
School Captain Mangkone Sananikone and Vice Captains, Amanda Clews and Audrey Alekna were presented to Al Grassby when he visited the school.



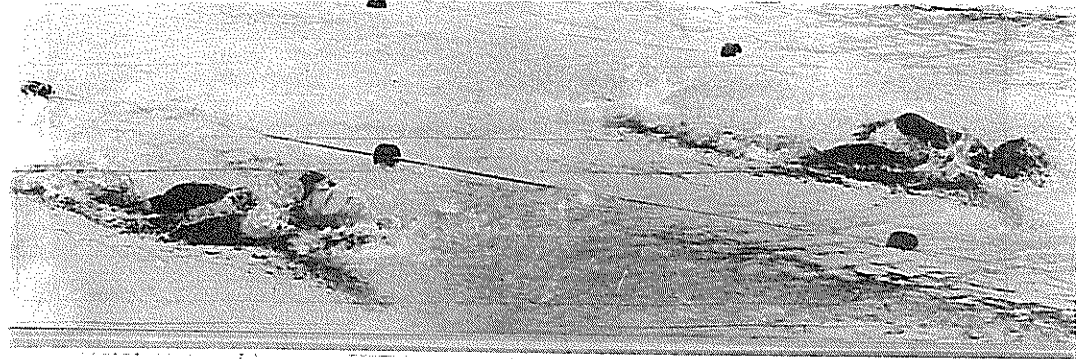
Dramatizing drug dependence for Year 8.



SWIMMING CARNIVAL



The relays at the swimming carnival.



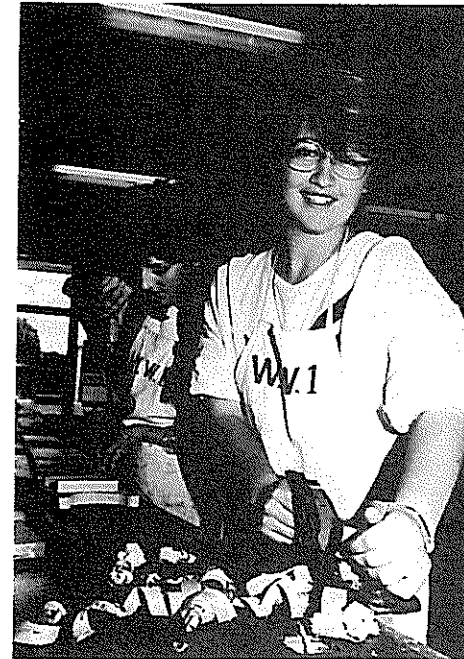
Girls free style



The Age Champions of the Swimming Carnival.

A collage of 11 black and white photographs by Year 11 students. The photos include: a roof with wooden slats; a person on a staircase; a person climbing a tree; a close-up of a textured surface; a person writing on a chalkboard; a vertical sign reading 'CABRAMATA'; a person behind a metal fence; a horizontal sign reading 'YEAR 11 PHOTO GALLERY'; a person behind a metal fence; a vertical sign reading 'HIGHSCHOOL'; and a close-up of a textured surface.

Chemistry, physics, and the sciences are well within the skills and interests of many girls.



Girls using their carpentry skills.



Girls learned about surveying from a professional surveyor.

OPEN TO AGE CHAMPIONS SWIMMING AND ATHLETICS



Swimming

Girls

12 Years Patricia White
13 Years Paula Maples
14 Years Lisa Stephanic
15 Years Maree Connell
16 Years Samantha Renwick
Open Justine Lind

Boys

Nam Phan
Ngim Yeak
Heeng Ung
Paul Kleynjan
Pieter Kleynjan
Craig Smith

Athletics

Girls

12 Years Phan Dang
13 Years Konsavan Laosy
14 Years Nevenka Brclin
15 Years Branka Curic
16 Years Lisa Gower
open Audrey Alekna

Boys

Danny Gow
Steven Lu
Jimmy Tran
Tony Telisman
Simon Kayabouth
Mangkone Sananikone

BEST AND FAIREST IN SUMMER SPORT



Best and fairest Summer

Boys

Softball

Senior 1 Michelle Humes
Senior 2 Lisa Gower
Junior 1 Nicole Bonnyman
Junior 2 Karen Hovenden
Junior 3 Sue Kayabouth

Squash

Senior Angela Kovacevic
Junior Amy Phounsavath

Table Tennis

Senior Binh Thuy Chien
Junior Konsavan Laosy

Volleyball

Senior 1 Lisa Smith
Senior 2 Slavica Stenancovic
Senior 3 Zvezdana Lakic
Senior 4 Bozana Jovanovic
Junior 1 Linda Tan
Junior 2 Ngoc Le
Junior 3 Hong Bick Doan
Junior 4 Kim Sieng Tor

Baseball

Senior 1 Bo Ung
Senior 2 Tan Lo
Junior 1 Hung Tran
Junior 2 Norineath Poau

Basketball

Senior 1 Ury Popov
Senior 2 Kevin Phimmasane
Senior 3 Keota Sirimanatham
Senior 4 Ung Tuong Thai
Junior 1 Trung Lam
Junior 2 Sarath Douch
Junior 4 Steven Lam

Cricket

Senior 1 Peter Vitvitski
Junior 1 Anourack Bounpraseuth
Junior 2 Craig Holland

Squash

Junior Ronny Guido

Table Tennis

Senior Duc Tien Pham
Junior Stephan Lu

Touch Football

Senior Mark Harris
Junior Huynh Van Huynh

BEST AND FAIREST IN WINTER SPORT



Girls

Netball

Senior 1 Sandra White
Senior 2 Michele Humes
Senior 3 Nicole Full
Senior 4 Janelle McDonald
Junior 1 Lin Tran
Junior 2 Terry Ann McCall
Junior 3 Ngoc Le
Junior 4 Khanh Luu

Basketball

Senior 1 Rosa Blagojevic
Senior Sengkeo Soukhavoug
Junior 1 Konsavan Laosy
Junior 2 Na Ly Ung
Junior 3 Tam Nguyen

Soccer

Senior Katrina Alexander
Junior Nicole Bonnyman

Hockey

Senior Jodie Shaw

Squash

Senior Lisa Tomlin
Junior Michelle Maullin

Table Tennis

Senior Dong Ha Do
Junior Diana Chanthalusy

Boys

Soccer

Senior 1 Milan Blagojevic
Senior 2 Hugo Portan
Senior 3 Darren Lapich
Junior 1 Trung Lam
Junior 2 Cristian Salazara
Junior 3 Maurizio Lapa

Rugby League

Senior 3 Arthur Sanchez
Junior 1 Huynh Van Huynh
Junior 2 Steve Lu
Junior 3 Jason Souter

Table Tennis

Senior Heng Chea

Volleyball

Senior 1 Khan Sayaloune
Senior 2 Bo Ung
Senior 3 Sinh Ham
Junior 1 Hang Lay
Junior 2 Quan Duc Dao
Junior 3 Son Duong
Junior 4 Hang Lieng Ung

Hockey

Senior Chris Lowe
Junior Kazim Bakan

Squash

Senior Glenn Tomlin
Junior Stephan Pietra

ATHLETICS CARNIVAL

Straining in the long jump.

Will he make it over the bar?

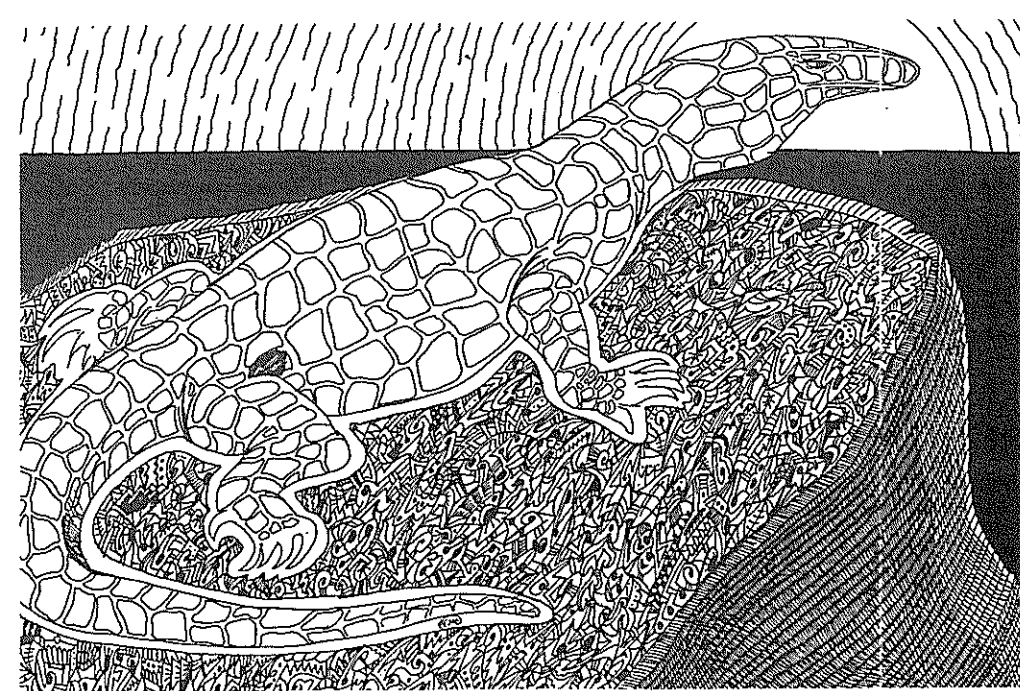


25



Staff-student tug 'o war. The staff did not cheat, much.

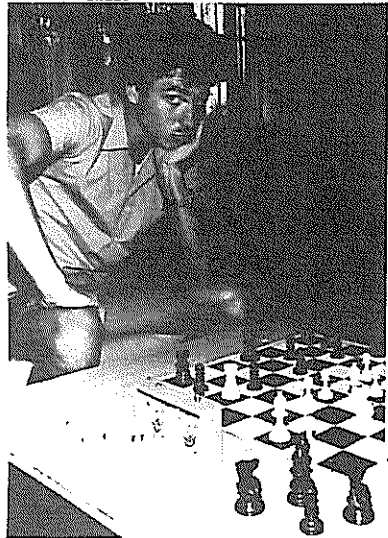
The 50 meter dash



ABORIGINAL DAY

CHESS CLUB

Thirty Cabramatta Staff and Students do battle against a chess master at once.



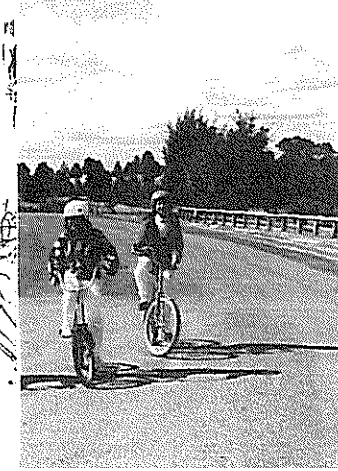
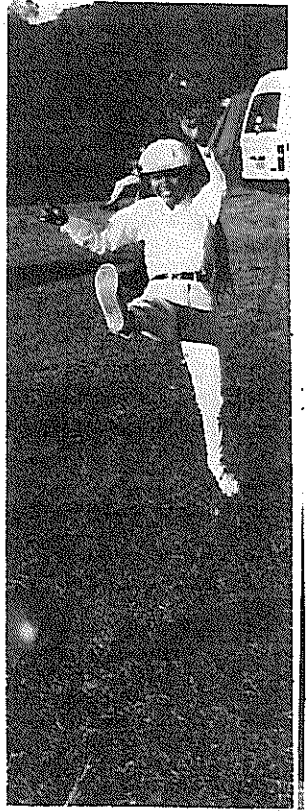
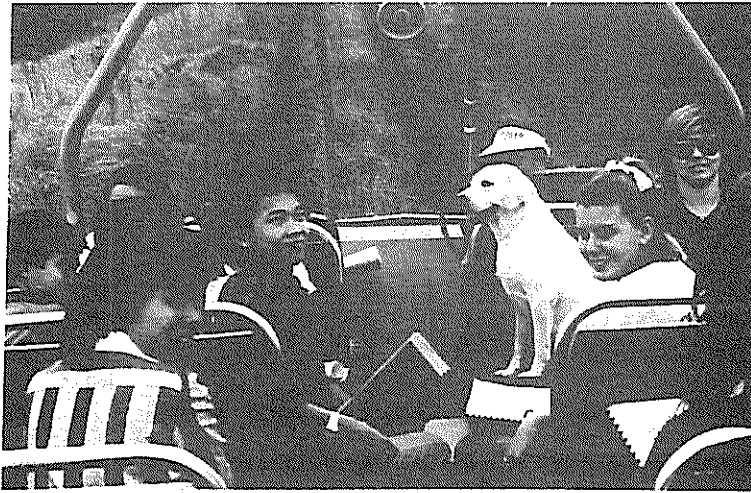
Studying a move and worrying about a maths test.

The Police Public Relations Group was one of many groups to visit the school.



BUSH SCHOOL

Bush School was one of many P.E.P. D.S.P. Programs at Cabramatta that allowed students to explore new horizons. There were several Bush School excursions this year. They taught to gether the skills and disciplines of many departments around the school in a well rounded program of study, recreation and social development. For many students it was the high point of the school year. Year 10 Travelled to a south coast and investigated farms, beaches and the near by regions. Year 9 travelled to Dubbo to live on a wheat sheep property and study farms, plants, and other animals at the Western Plains Zoo. Year 8 travelled to Hill End to look for gold and study an old gold mining settlement.



INTERNATIONAL DAY



SERBIA

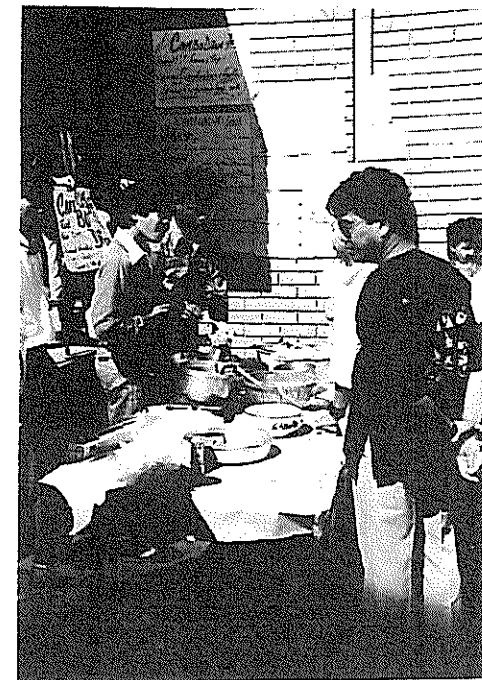


The Italian dance group brought the excitement of country dancing in Italy. Domanic abandoned his tractor to steal the show.



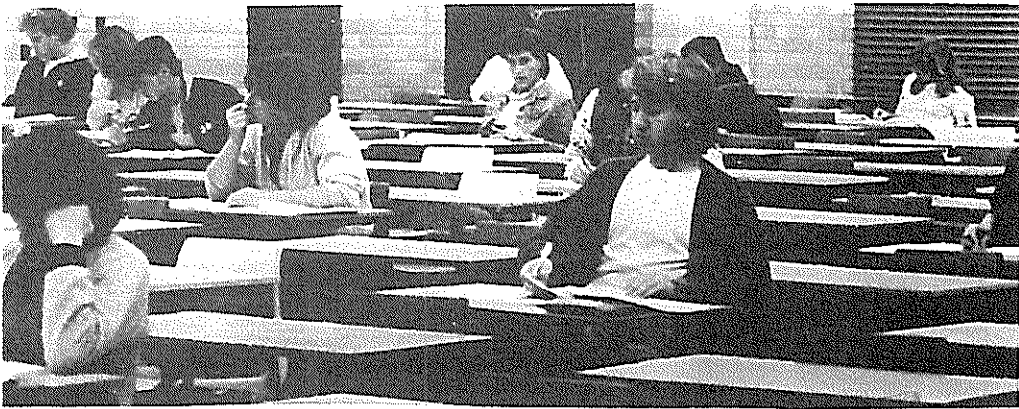
The formal and graceful dances of southeast Asia were presented.

Vietnamese students dance in remembrance of their homeland.

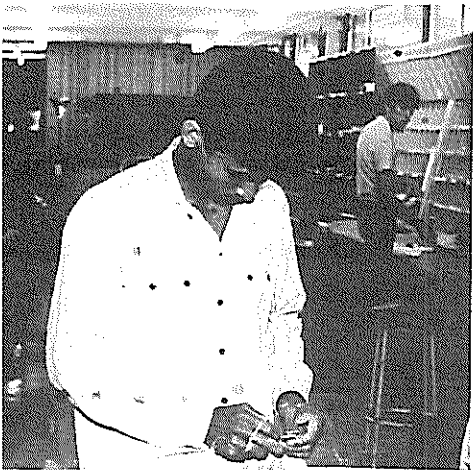


Asian, North American, and European delicacies tempted many students, staff and visitors.

The International Banquet in Home Science. Lots of yummy European and Asian cuisine.



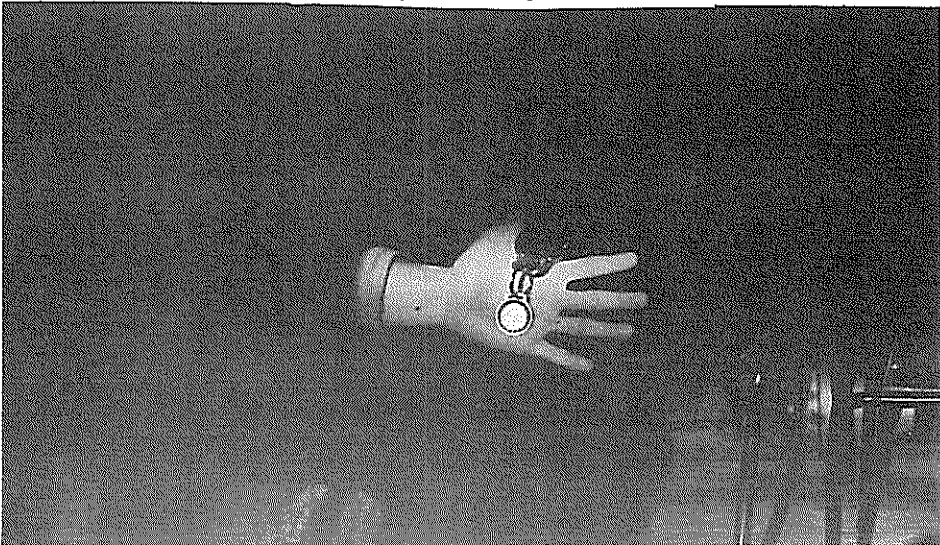
Exams for years 11 and 12 were a terrifying experience for some Cabramatta students.



Year 10 students had many interesting jobs in the shops and factories around Cabramatta as part of the work experience program.



The school year seems to go so fast.



I.L.U. STUDENTS & STAFF



CLASS: R. GAFFEY & E. KLEITMAN FRONT ROW: K. NON, S. ROJAS, I. TIAMU, H.T. NGO, V.T. DANG, D. SACPRASITH.
SECOND ROW: MISS GAFFEY, T.V. NGUYEN, H. CLARIADA, V. LOUK, D. SACPRASITH, D. SACPRASITH, B. NON, I. CARU, T. CHAU, MISS KLEITMAN.



CLASS: NABILA RIZKALLA'S FRONT ROW: V.T. DANG, M. DIAZ, A. WONG, G. LUKIC, L. GAO, L. YU, S. VORNG.
SECOND ROW: H. BANH, O. AN, P. OLMO, B. NON, S. VORNG, H. RIZKALLA.



CLASS: A. GACIC FRONT ROW: V. GAO, S. LI, T.M. LE, I. TIAMU, L.M. LE.
SECOND ROW: H. BANH, P.T. TA, D.H. DANG, M.A. OLMO, Y. AN, MISS GACIC.

THE WRITTEN WORD

WHEN LOVE DIES

The dark and creepy palace
Reminds people of
The story of the princess
Who died because of love.
It was one stormy night
When all of this happened.
Her beloved came to her room
And told her he loved her no more,
That there was someone new.
She broke down in bitter tears,
And cried that whole night long.
She felt that it was no use living,
So she committed suicide.
She took a rope and hung herself
And died that very instant.
Now, even though her body's buried
Her spirit's still alive.
And every night she flies around
In search of another love.

By Yen Tran, Year 9.

PEOPLE

People live, people die
Children laugh, babies cry.
Daddies yell, mummies scream
All the world is such a scene.

By Thuy Tran, Year 7.

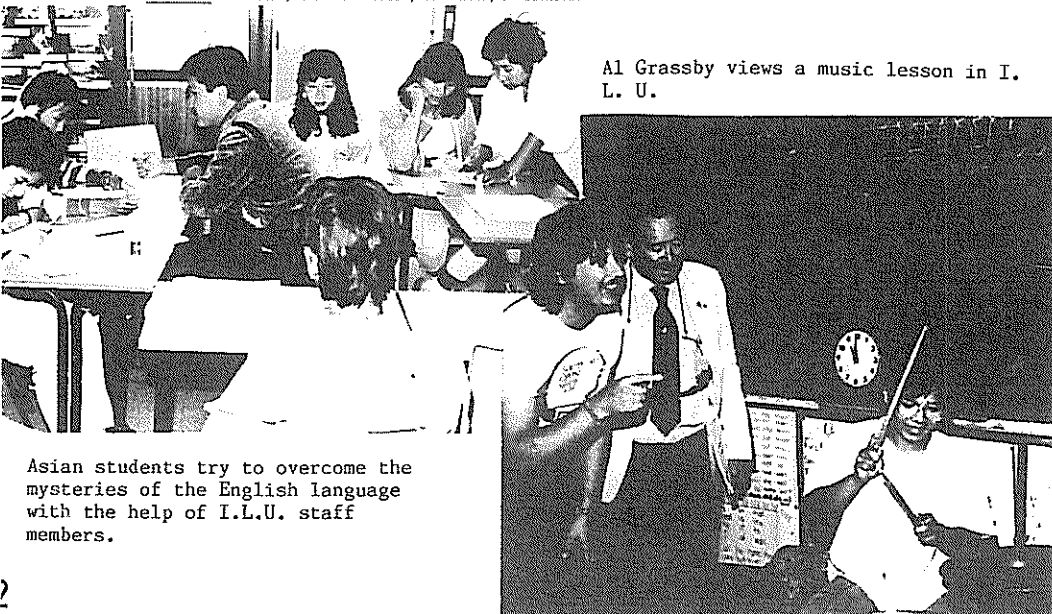


CLASS: JOHN GRIERSON FRONT ROW: T.T. TRAN, Z. LIU, O.B. NGUYEN, M. WADZYNSKA, Y. SONG, L.K. VU, N.T. TRAN.
SECOND ROW: MR. GRIERSON, C.P. KROSS, S. PHANSAVAN, C. CHENSANAT, D. MALKUS, Y. PHANSAVAN, C. KORN, S. LONG.

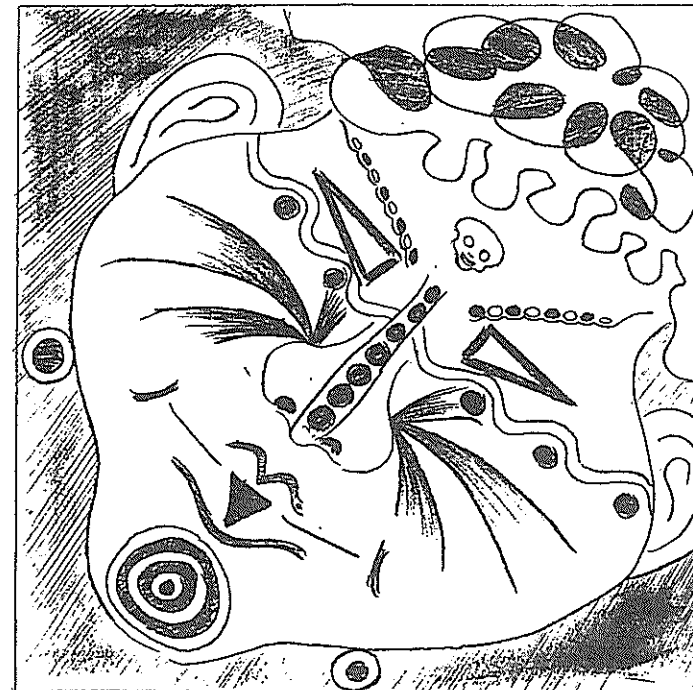


CLASS: N. CARRUTH FRONT ROW: M.T. TRUONG, H. BOUALYWATH, S. SOUER, MR. CARRUTH, P.T. DU, T. LIU, D.B.T. NGUYEN.
SECOND ROW: A. GACIC, G. SOCA, S.H. KORN, I. MUOLLO, T. HONG, K. HINH, H. BANH.
THIRD ROW: G. ZHOU, L.C. VAN NGUYEN, T.H. KIAT, D. ZIVKOVIC.

Al Grassby views a music lesson in I. L. U.



Asian students try to overcome the mysteries of the English language with the help of I.L.U. staff members.



Ban Lee



ORANGE

ello, I'm an orange.
 am huge and big.
 e day a man picked me from a tree,
 th all the other oranges,
 en he sorted me out.
 was the biggest one of the group.
 en a truck came by and took me away
 d delivered me to the supermarket.
 e following day a girl came by
 d picked me up.
 e bought me home and
 ddenly she ate me!

By Tuan Quoc Tran, Year 8.



AIR

ere is brown hair, there is red hair,
 ere is long hair, there is thick hair.
 ere is bald hair, there is baby hair.
 t takes ages to grow.)
 ere is fluffy hair which makes you tall.
 ere is yellow, green and orange hair.
 ere is white hair which looks like snow,
 t the hair I like best, is my hair.

By Trinh My Phan, Year 7.



ION

Trees
 Sway, die
 Green, brown, beautiful
 Bushes.

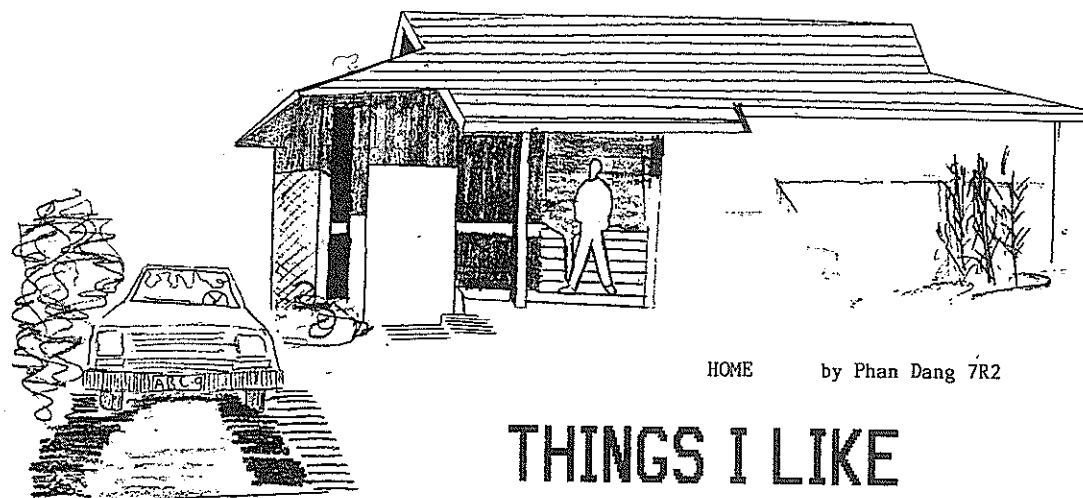
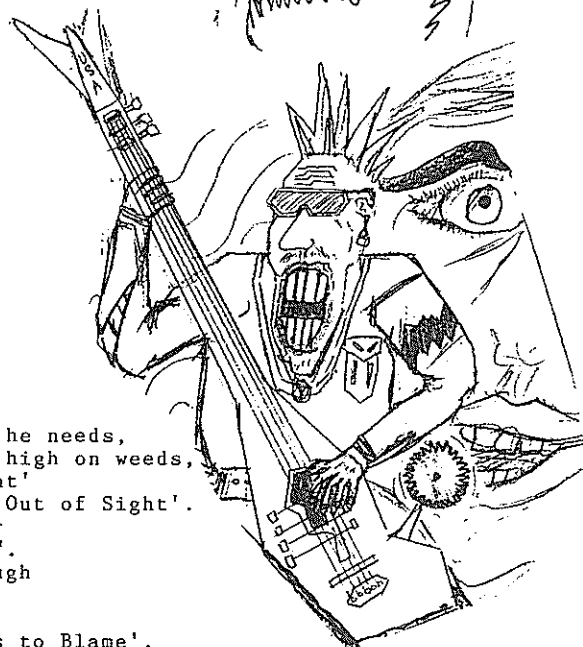
Boats
 Speed, glide
 White, big, long
 Flotilla.

By Ronald Cifala, Year 7.

POPSTARS

ile Michael Hutchence gets what he needs,
 il, from the 'Young Ones', gets high on weeds,
 -Barge sings 'Rhythm of the Night'
 e Models are 'Out of Mind' and 'Out of Sight'.
 ile Madonna is another pretender
 Bowie is an "Absolute Beginner".
 d while everything else gets rough
 lly Ocean just 'Gets Tough'.
 d amid all this confusion
 ward Jones still says 'No-one is to Blame'.

By Cathy Lesniewski, Year 8.



HOME by Phan Dang 7R2

THINGS I LIKE

I like to see the sun set
 On evenings that are best,
 And feel the wind whirl past me
 With an Autumn breeze.

I like to hear birds sing,
 The sweet song of the spring.
 I like to hear the leaves crackle
 When I tramp them with my feet.

I like to feel the cool ice,
 When it melts into my mouth,
 And the carpet that's ever so smooth,
 When I touch it with my hand.

By Kim Nguyen, Year 8.

ON A COOL DAY

Sun light shone on blue sea,
 As you can see with your eyes.
 Morning began, the sand filled with wind
 Blowing the sea on a cool day.

No one is to say
 That morning always stays
 On a cool day.
 With this always, I can stay forever.

There's nothing else I can do,
 Only promise to be there
 In the early morning.
 Walking there beside the seashore
 On a cool day.

By Khamson Philalack, Year 8.



MURDER AT COOLING JUNCTION

Paul was in the middle of a deep dream when the most annoying instrument disturbed him.

"Buzz! Buzz! Buzz..z!"

He reached his right hand out and searched for the off-button, it was six p.m. In an hour's time Paul would be meeting the gorgeous Susan at Cooling Junction.

Lazily he climbed out of bed, paced to the wardrobe, and selected his best suit. He walked over to the mirror to look at his appearance. He looked like a mad, dirty, dangerous, weird fellow. He was rough and unshaven. His hair was thick with grime and dust, hanging loosely in all directions. It looked like a disintegrating doormat! From one ear hung a sinister-looking earring in the form of a dagger. One of his bloodshot eyes was almost completely closed, the eyelid doing a flickering dance. The other glared at him unwaveringly; a dull, mottled crimson.

It wasn't long before he was completely dressed like a real gentleman; ready to leave for the beach. Paul was so excited that he almost forgot to take his pistol with him. Carefully he tucked his precious revolver under his jacket. He always carried it out with him. Finally he emerged on the landing, making a quick check to ensure that the door was well and truly locked.

At Cooling Junction Paul was getting rather impatient. He took another look at his watch. What? Twenty minutes late? He frowned and stood perplexed, wondering "Isn't she coming at all?"

Once more, he scanned the sweeping, seven-kilometre crescent of the promenade. The palms that followed it were now black, spikey silhouettes, flung against the fiery apricot of the evening sky. The great curve of hotels, casinos and apartment frontages, normally white, were now indistinct, swallowed up in the gathering darkness. Here and there illuminated lettering stood out, canary-yellow or azure, against the dark bulk of buildings. MEGRESCO, blazed from the black Byzantine dome of the nearest hotel. The traffic had thickened from five o'clock onwards. The heaving, pitching jade surface of the sea was now tinted with the coppery light of the sinking sun, which in its last blaze of glory, had become a crimson jewel as it slipped beyond the smoky blue hills of the Esterel.

Right down the diminishing length of the promenade Paul looked, examining the figures that were strolling, carefree, swinging along in happy abandon, standing in clusters or sitting like humps on the seats. Then he turned and gazed at the street opposite. No - No sign of her at all!

Now urgency gripped him. In two or three days she was leaving. He didn't have her address or telephone number. A beautiful girl like Susan would attract men wherever she went. If she didn't turn up tonight, he'd have lost her.

He exclaimed in anguish, and paced about, fretting, helpless to do anything.

Anyway, it didn't make sense. Two days ago, when they'd come here and gone down on the pebbly beach just below promenade level, among the rocks, she'd been so eager to meet him again.

"Here on Friday night, don't forget," she'd said when she'd left. "Don't forget! Seven o'clock sharp! Sure huh?"

So why hadn't she come? Not because she hadn't wanted to. He was willing to bet his life on that.

No - something was wrong. Something had happened to stop her. Then something made him look up. There was the familiar sight of her, long brown hair falling loosely over her shoulder. He stopped pacing about and impulsively, sprinted to meet her, delighted; but the expression on her face seemed unfriendly and suspicious.

"Ah!" Paul shouted boisterously. "It's you! Susan! What's wrong? Why are you late? I've been worried about you."

"Nothing's happened," said Susan in an expressionless voice.

Her manner was strange today, she seemed reluctant to talk. Why was she acting so oddly? He stared for a few seconds, wondering. This was so unlike her. What on earth was the matter? Paul was surprised.

"What's happened to you, Susan? Tell me!"

Susan remained silent, uncommunicative and withdrawn. So much so that Paul could hardly believe it was the same person as before.

For several minutes, there was a strained silence. Abruptly Paul looked down to the beach, the sun had already sunk. Last time they had gone there, laughing, joking and enjoying themselves. What a contrast with the present!

"Let's go down to the beach," Paul pleaded. "Please cheer up."

Susan refused however. An annoyed expression appeared on Paul's face, but it lasted for only a few seconds. Something was wrong. What was it? She apparently didn't want to tell him.

For a while longer they just stood there. Suddenly a look of determination appeared on Susan's face.

"Sorry about this," she announced, "but I want us to separate."

The effect of these words was like a thunderbolt. Paul stood motionless, aghast! He wondered if he had heard correctly. What?

"You're - you're kidding," he spluttered.

"I'm not joking," Susan responded.

"But why? Why do you want us to separate?"

"Sorry, but I've made up my mind - it's final. We simply can't keep on seeing each other."

"It's final?" Paul echoed incredulously, in a choked voice.

"Yes, it is."

Paul stood stunned. Sheer disappointment made him speechless. He knew that if she had decided on a course of action, she would carry it out. She was strong-willed. It had to be faced - he was going to lose her.

"Understand?" she questioned.

He shrugged resignedly. "All right," he mumbled, "if that's the way you want it. But I accept this only on one condition - that we say goodbye properly. Let's go out tonight for the last time. To a restaurant, for dinner."

Instead of replying immediately, she lowered her gaze and remained silent, lost in thought for a while. Conflicting emotions could be seen in her face.

Finally she looked up, and nodded slowly.

"All right," she announced. "Let's go out together."

Controlling the surge of elation that rose in him, Paul took her arm. Together they made their way to the bus stop seat and waited for the bus.

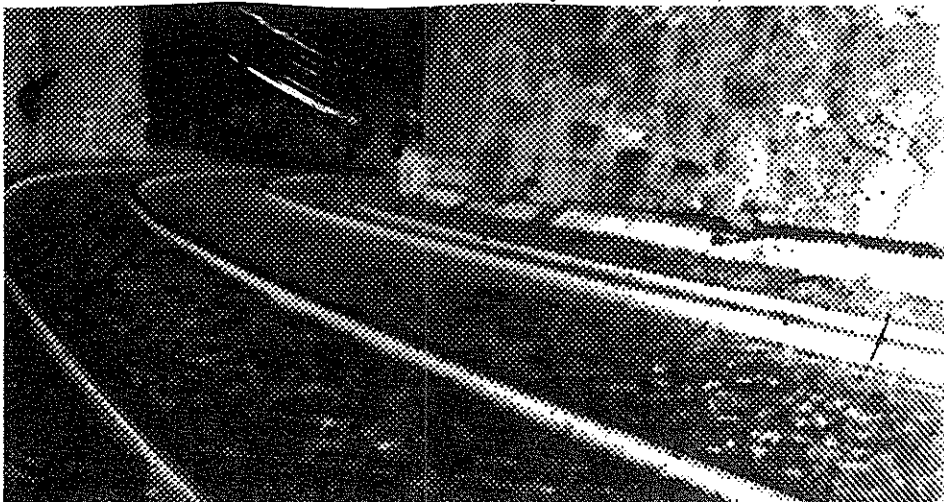
A few minutes later Susan felt a pistol against her back. She was petrified with fear. Her heart started hammering; her palms were moist with perspiration. She was shaky at the knees. There was a cold sensation in the pit of her stomach, then she felt a bullet. Her arms and legs felt as heavy as lead. She was unable to see as everything became blurred. Her head slumped forward on her chest.

"Sorry Susan," Paul murmured. "I had to kill you because you know too much about me. That's why you decided for us to separate, didn't you?"

Early the next morning, when the Sydney Morning Herald newspaper carried headlines of the Murder at Cooling Junction, Paul received a cryptic and characteristic message from Susan.

"Why did you murder me?" it said.

By Binh Chieq, Year 9.



A PEN

I'm a pen, I'm not long or short. I'm not heavy and I'm a friend of all students.

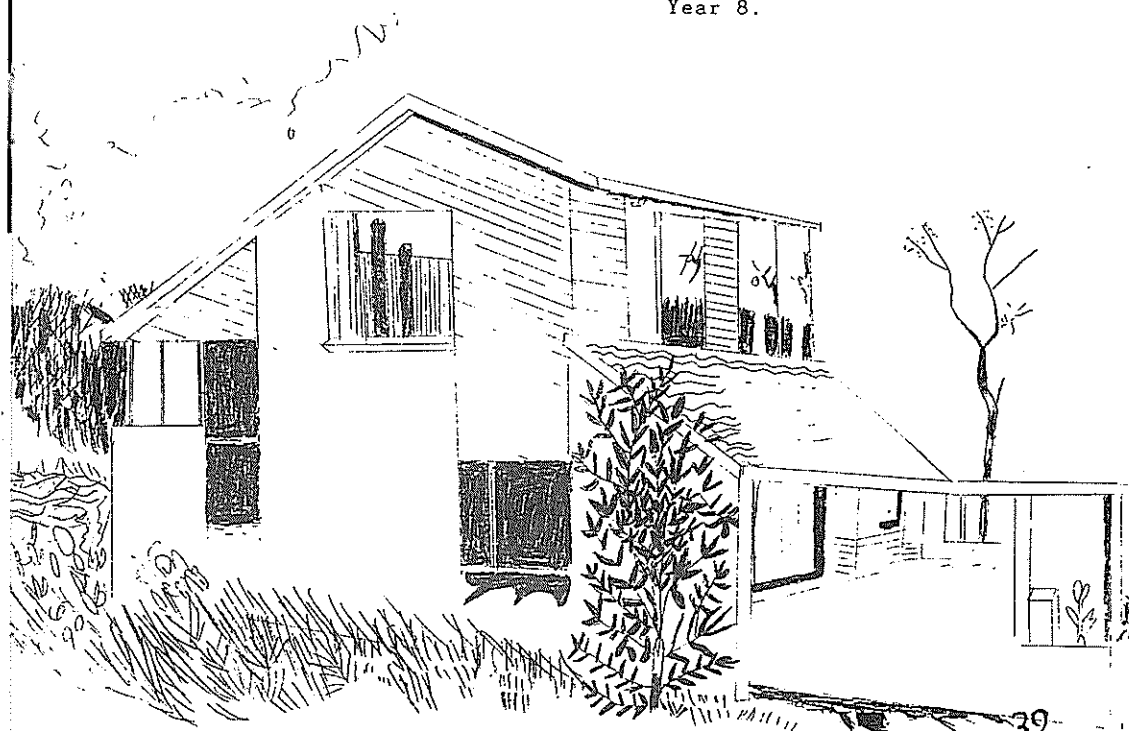
I'm very happy to be a pen and I enjoy my life very much because I always have something to do. I go to school with the students. I have four colours on my body. They are red, blue, black and green and they make me a little more beautiful than other pens. I can communicate how I feel by writing. I help the students to write and draw.

Sometimes I'm very busy because I help students to write stories, often three pages long, in only half an hour. Therefore, I don't stop to have a rest and it makes me very tired. Sometimes I feel angry especially in Maths classes because when students can't do their work they put me in their mouth and they chew me. It hurts a lot, but how can I tell them?

My day begins very early. I wake up at about nine o'clock when they take me out of their pencil case and I sleep at three o'clock when they put me back in. I sleep in a case and sometimes in a box, the case and the box are my bedroom. The students put me and my bedroom into their bag.

I think I will live forever and never die. But I know one day my ink will run out and I will be thrown away and replaced by another. I try my best to help the students with their studies.

By Phuong Thi Nguyen,
Year 8.



TRIBAL DREAMING

It was 7th June, 1825. I was in my room doing some work. When I'd finished I went to the kitchen and told my mum I was going for a walk.

"O.K., but be back before tea. Don't go too far. You're only eight, you know."

I shut the gate and walked out of the little village to the river. I sat down and watched the beautiful, quiet flowing river. I picked up a few rocks and threw them into the water. Suddenly, I smelled smoke. I got up and looked towards the village.

"Oh no!" I screamed "The village!" I could see smoke, and red-orange flames. "Mum, dad," I shouted as I ran. I tripped over on the way and cut my forehead, but I kept running. After a few minutes I reached the village but it was no good. The village was a disaster!

Most of the village was burnt to the ground. I went to my house. It was destroyed; my room was burnt to ashes. I looked around and saw an Aborigine.

"Come with me. I'll look after you." he said in a funny voice.

I stared at him. He was tall, slim and very dark. I slowly walked over to him.

He said in that funny voice again, "Come on, I ain't got all day." He took me to his tribal area. "Are you hungry?" he asked. He got me some bits of meat and I thanked him. I ate it like an animal because I was very hungry.

I was sad because my mum and dad were dead. I walked over to him and said, "What happened to the village?"

"It happened while I was hunting near your village. It was caused by two little boys playing around with a burning stick in a patch of grass. The grass caught fire. It just went up in flames. The people never had a chance, the fire moved too quickly. They were all burnt to death!"

I went to bed and cried myself to sleep. The next day I woke up and looked around for the Aborigine, but he was not in sight. I sat by the fire to keep myself warm and a minute later the warrior tapped me on the shoulder.

"Ahhh!" I screamed. "You scared the living daylights out of me."

"Come on boy" he said in his strange voice. I got up and put my boots on. The warrior said "Come on," again. He got me hunting in the bush. Over the next few months he taught me how to make and throw a spear to hunt with.



We mainly killed Red Kangaroos. When I speared my first kangaroo we took it back to the tribe and had it for lunch.

"Come with me. I want to show you something," he said one day. He took me to a river. It was as clear as the sky and there was a waterfall. We walked up to the waterfall and the warrior disappeared through it. I followed him. The water was cool. At first I couldn't see anything, but as my eyes got used to the light in the cave, I saw that the walls had beautiful pictures painted on them.

"Look, boy, these are the dreams of my relatives. I dreamed you! I knew where to find you. You are part of my dream, my son!" He picked up a rock. "Look on this rock, son! Can you see what is on it?" I looked and saw a painting of myself. He handed the rock to me. "Here, have it."

From that day on I thought of myself as his son. Over the years he taught me his language and how to find other tribal areas. He told me about all the things that had happened in the cave.

"You are my dream - son. When I die, you must care for the cave."

He showed me how to dream in his tribal way and, one night, I dreamed of him hunting a large kangaroo. He cornered it but it attacked him and killed him.

A week later, while I was hunting with him, he cornered a large red kangaroo. His spear missed and before I could help him the kangaroo ripped his stomach open.

I raced over to him, crouched down and he said, "Did you dream this?"

"Yes," I replied.

"The cave" he whispered as he rolled over. He was dead!

A few days later I went to the cave. I studied the paintings on the walls. They were all the different ways the dream people had died. I painted a picture of the red kangaroo killing him.

I went back to the tribe and stayed with them. Many times I dreamt of the old man who had made me a warrior. In my dreaming I also saw a fire and a village burnt to the ground. I saw a boy next to his dead mother. I said to him, "Come with me. I'll look after you. You are my dream-son."

He looked at me strangely, but followed me when I left. When I awoke from my dreaming I knew I, also, would have a dream-son!

"MURDER?"

I looked down at the mass of meat in front of me and thought "Have I done this?"

"Come on Liz", the voices jerked me out of my daydream.

"Cut her up", they all said, waiting to see my reaction and how well I would do it. This had been my first time doing this sort of thing. I picked up the knife and positioned it on the place where her heart had once been, until her captors had ripped it out.

The knife went in cleanly, a cut that left only a small incision in her skin. I pushed it deep inside her body, until I could feel the board underneath. I cut her once again, then stopped, deciding what to hack up next.

"Come on Liz. We're waiting. Get on with it." The voices made me even more nervous. Doing this sort of thing was part of the initiation to get into their damned club. I chose to cut her left thigh. Looking down at the dead body, I grasped the knife harder as it tore into her succulent thigh. I saw her body juices run into the cut. It made me feel terrible to have to do such a thing. She hadn't done a thing to me.

I kept pushing the knife into her body at different places. Then, when the pieces of flesh started to fall off the body, I daintily picked them up and arranged them on my best China plate.

I had to keep going, cutting up this body that hadn't harmed me in any way.

"Hurry, before it gets cold", the others chimed. I looked over at them with a nervous smile.

"Don't take it badly, we're only trying to help", they said, making the knots of fear tighter in my stomach.

I looked back at the body and stabbed it some more. I cut up the rest of the body, starting to enjoy it. When I had arranged the last few pieces on the plate, I asked the rest of the group to sit down. They all sat and looked at the freshly cooked meat with hunger in their eyes, waiting for me to give the signal to dig in.

I grasped a breast of the hot meat. This is what the others had been waiting for. They all attacked the assorted pieces and tore into the flesh.

"Mmmm...great Liz.." they all agreed as I grabbed another piece. I was glad it had turned out; after all, it was my very first time at cooking and cutting; a chicken....

By Sabine Lettich, Year 10.

KING BANTAM

I tucked him securely under my arm, unlatched the gate, closed it behind me and trotted across the yards towards our back door. Unfortunately, I kicked an empty tin can and the noise spoiled the surprise I was preparing to give them. The bantam squawked and Mum heard it.

"Tom, come inside, we have been waiting for tea. What have you got with you?"

A sudden shock of thunder struck my heart. I felt my body trembling a little. Although I had always been very strong and tough, I had never done anything like stealing a rooster before. It sent a chill down my spine. I couldn't resist now, I had to face the music. Slowly, I moved toward the front door and opened it. All of a sudden, I felt like a prisoner, or an outer space creature coming to visit earth, carrying a rooster under my arm. I spoke no word, just looked shyly at them.



"Well my boy, earned your living already eh! and just where did you get that ugly looking thing?" Mum asked sarcastically.

"No Mum, it is not ugly, it is the most beautiful thing I've ever had. He is the king!" I replied, resisting her words.

Dad jumped in. "Just how did you get it son? Did you steal it?"

The sound of his words was almost enough to make me confess everything, but luckily he didn't continue, otherwise I might have exposed every detail.

"Oh no, Dad, I saw him in one of the yards and I just climbed over the fence and caught him!"

"So it is stealing after all! Do you know who owns that! How would you feel if your bantam was stolen?" But of course, no-one was going to steal my bantam. I would always keep an eye on her.

"I would kill any thief if I caught him." I replied proudly.

"Now, since you can say that, what do you think the owners of that rooster would say?" Mum asked me seriously.

"No Mum, they wouldn't notice it anyway, there are plenty of them around." Oh no! I had just been tricked. How stupid I was to speak without thinking.

"Plenty of them around! Tom, tell me the truth. Where did you get it? Or you won't have any tea tonight or breakfast tomorrow, either!"

To tell you the truth, I could have gone without tea and breakfast. It was not too difficult to find some substitute to eat, but she was my mother.

"I mean the Zoo, Mum" I said.

"So you stole it from the Zoo, I suppose you'd even have the guts to steal an elephant!" Mum said angrily.

"I don't want an elephant. I just want a rooster like this one. Mickey said we needed a rooster for the bantam." Mickey looked hard at me but Dad cut in.

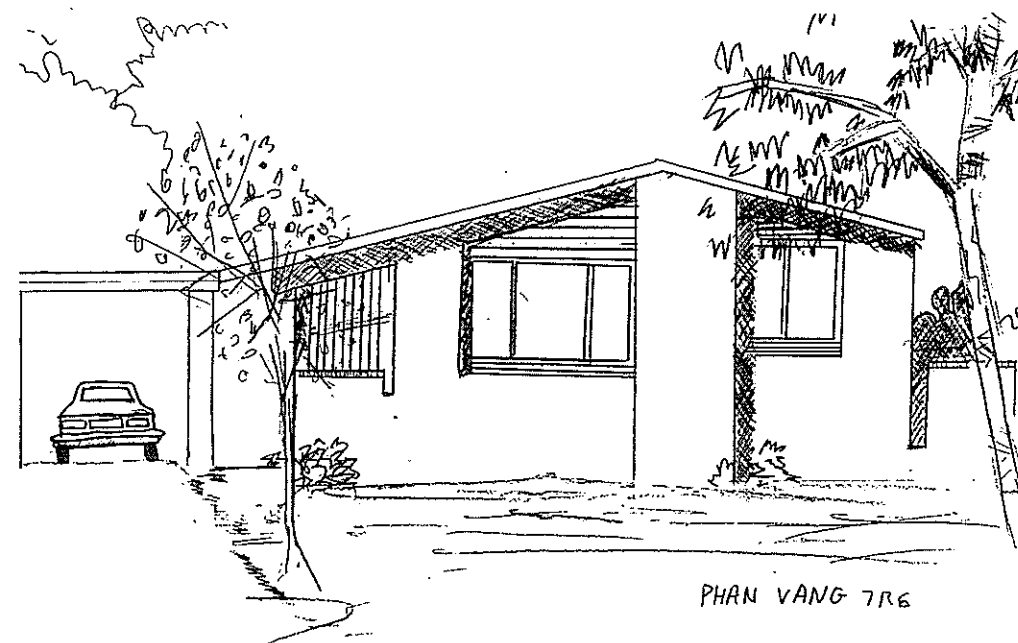
"Mickey didn't tell you to steal it. Anyway, it must be returned!"

Suddenly, I began to beg. "Please Dad, let me keep him. And it is already dark outside, I can't go back now anyway!"

"No Tom, you return it first thing tomorrow morning or I shall" Mum interrupted. "All right, go now and have your tea, Tom."

I walked out silently, thinking of a possible way to retain the rooster, but I could think of nothing at present. I was so stupid to have kicked the can; but how did it get there in the first place yes, it was the same one I'd used to get worms for the bantam that afternoon and it was the same one that ruined me.

By Kim Geak Tan, Year 12.



IT HAPPENED ON SUNDAY

It happened on a Sunday,
The end of a hectic week.
It's heat was felt all over,
And the earth was left so bleak.

Who was the madman
Who pressed the end of our nation
To bits of innocent flesh,
All smothered in radiation?

We were a lucky country,
With Hawke upon his nest.
No nuclear threats or bases -
He thought he knew what's best.

Until the day it emerged,
It's mushroom cloud alive,
Flashing lights and smoke ablaze,
Life could not survive.

Aggression once surrounded us,
But life was so unfair,
Everyone was forgotten
In a realm that didn't care.

It came,
It leered,
Tears filled our eyes,
We were never warned!
It took us by surprise.

Our epoch could never exist again,
We couldn't handle the strain.
A face will never beam again,
For there had been so much pain.

But now the entire world
Is totally deserted,
From killers, rapists, thieves,
To the sick and the perverted.

The hungry, the poor,
The black and the white,
All live now in peace and harmony.
The world now is free of weapons,
Darkness encloses the streets
Of Ireland and Beirut,
As terrorists are put to sleep.

Aggression once surrounded us,
But the battle now is over
And in silence the world retreats.
The truth that was once hidden
Is now revealed complete.



Medium Cool Tinh Binh Year 12

By Sally Neradovsky, Year 11.

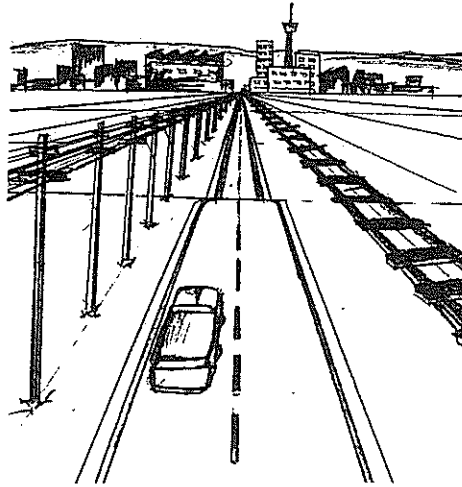
THE NIGHT

As I stood there, alone in the night
I could see the million stars
shining in the dark blue sky
blazing silver, serene,
hanging above the dull rooftops
out of all this fuss, anxiety
out of all these petty cares
trembling and flashing
pinpoints of white fire.

The moon has a magic, a glamour
bathing the scene
in splendour
casting a soft light
like snow over the dreary expanses,
conferring enchantment,
renewing the scene.

The cold isolation,
the cheerless yawning emptiness,
the vast expanse of asphalt at my feet,
a cold desert.

A burning sphere of silvery light
stirs deep discontent in me.
I turn impatiently away,
not wanting to see them,
the monotonous, known town houses
blocky, square,
dead.



BUN LE

By Liza Nguyen, Year 10.



FEAR IN THE WORLD

Out in the emptiness of space
In a corner of the never-ending,
There is a dying race.
They were once a prosperous kind,
But they are kind no more.
They have turned to evil ways
And for them there's no way back.

No outsiders are to blame
For the destruction is by them.
Even though they wish to say
That they won't die that way,
We will all die the same.

The greed for power and domination
Has entered all the nations,
And what was built by generations
Will be destroyed by an ambition.

For they are playing a fatal game
With the future of our race,
And what we want doesn't count
We are just not within their sight.
They are blinded by the reason
That will only bring them treason.

The end is near
And we but fear.
We, the people that want to live,
We, the people that want peace,
We, the people that will cease.

By Manuel Delgado, Year 11.

SOME DAY

Some day,
I may
Pack my bag and run away.
Some day
I may
..... But not today.

Some night,
I might
Slip away in the moonlight.
I might
Some night
..... But not tonight.

Some night,
Some day,
I might,
I may,
..... But right now I think I'll stay.

By Dung Ton, Year 10.



Personalities

Phonsavanm Phichit
Year 12

SCHOOL

The assignments are due,
but none are done.
The days are long,
and never fun.
I ask myself, what is it all for?

They say it's your future,
and hard study will prevail.
But it's us in the hot-spot,
with our backs against the rail.

The desire to go out,
nearly drives you insane.
When you know there's that homework,
and on it is your name.

Teachers are harsh,
and always on your case.
But they're strict for a reason,
because there's no time to waste.

When it is over,
we will look back and say,
That school life was easy,
compared to real life today!

By Brett Kunze, Year 10.

Friends Meng Kang Year 12

Sails Solaris

Ing Lai Year 12



LAND OF DECEPTIONS

Have you ever wondered about the world's future? What it would be like after a nuclear war?

A month ago I bought a beautiful ring from an antique shop. At the time I didn't know of its clairvoyant powers, nor why was it so inexpensive!

Shortly after I started wearing the ring I began having frequent dreams about past events and future ones too. Often when I did things, I'd feel as if I'd seen or done it before. When I tried to predict the result of a particular event, I was often correct.

Dreams of the future are all right as long as they're not ominous; unfortunately it's a fact of life that there's often some bad things in store. Dreams about such events are certainly unpleasant. Imagine having to live through a nightmare twice; once for real! One Friday night, I had the most horrible one of all.

I was sitting in my living room watching T.V. The screen showed an explosion. It was something similar to the A-bomb at Hiroshima but far more horrendous. I started walking into a dark spiralling hall. After what seemed an eternity I came to the open.



The sky was a dull, brownish grey. Everything seemed barren. Not a soul was in sight. The sun was nowhere to be seen, yet I knew it wasn't night.

I kept on walking, a sense of curiosity and panic rising in me. I passed ruins of what used to be apartment buildings. The sensation of death lingered everywhere I went.

Suddenly, I heard some noises. I turned around. To my horror, I saw four cockroaches the size of small cars coming towards me, their hairy legs and dripping saliva clearly visible. At the speed of lightning I was grabbed and everything became dark. It was as if a light switch had been abruptly turned off.

When I was able to see again; I found myself in a large 'room'. The walls were decorated with perverse drawings of humans killing cockroaches on one side, and bloody scenes of cockroaches torturing humans on the other. Two rows of cockroaches were actually standing on their hind legs along both sides of the wide, dark room!

I looked up and saw at the end of the room, a large cockroach sitting on a chair which was decorated with antennae and feathers. I was too shocked for speech. It questioned me in a squeaking, hissing, contorted English voice.

"Whoo are you, alien human pest?"

"....."

"Speak up for I'm the Lord of
Mainens, the greatest creatures
on earth. You disgraceful
beings call us 'cockroaches'.
This is my courtroom and you
are our prisoner."

"Helppp!!!" I called.

"Ahh, noo help will come for you,
for your race has almost dis-
appeared. After the Big Bang
most of you were killed and the
remainder became feasts for us."

"....."

"Speak up, I order! Is this the most intelligent creature on
earth? The one who invented devices for self-destruction,
who considers no other creatures have intelligence? The
creature who would use all methods to be rid of us! We only
wanted to survive! The time has arrived for us to avenge our
persecution; to stand up and make our rightful claim!"

"Oh, mum!"

"Shut up. How dare you insult me? Guards!"

"Ah" I screamed and woke from this awful nightmare,
promising myself that I would destroy the ring.

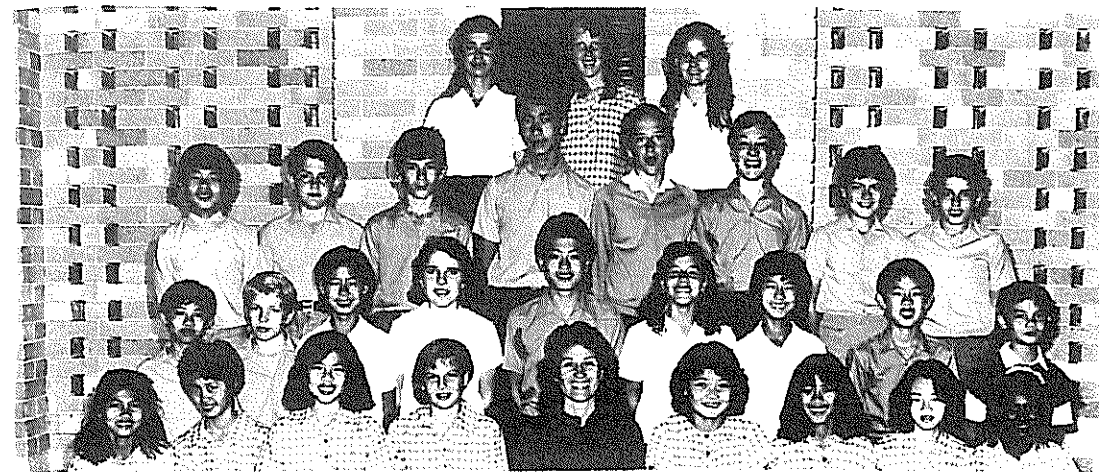
On the following morning I saw an article in the papers:

"COCKROACHES, THE ONLY PROBABLE SURVIVORS AFTER
NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST!"

Had it been a glimpse of the future or only a nightmare?

by Hue Linh Lieu, Year 10

YEAR 7



CLASS: 7R1. FRONT ROW: T.T. NGUYEN, A. ONG, U. TRAN, N. BENJAMIN, MRS. COOK, B.B. LY, S.E. EAR, K. HUYNH, C. RAFFO.
SECOND ROW: A. RAHMAN, P. SCHAEFER, S. LIEU, D. MAJ, S. LU, V. COELHO, H.V. LIEU, R. PONS, C. THUONG.
THIRD ROW: L. CUNG, E. TEZEL, S. CUPAC, C.V. LAM, V. LAUS, M. COHILJ, R. GUIDO, I. SPOUR. FOURTH ROW: M. MATIC, D. COOPER, S. SIMIC.



CLASS: 7R2. FRONT ROW: K. HOLLAND, K. ALEKNA, T. TRAN, N.L. UNG, L. SRISOMBOUNE, P. DANG, L. CHIEN, N.A. PHAM, T. MOUZAKIS.
SECOND ROW: C. HUYNH, P. VONGSAPHAT, M. MARKOVIC, S. LAM, M. JOVANOVIĆ, S. KNEZEVIĆ, R. CROCONO, J. COLLIE, G. SMITH.
THIRD ROW: MR. G. SCOTT, T. THAI, A. PHOUNSAVATH, K.S. TANG, H. JACKSON, J. MLADINOV, Y. OBRADOVIC, K. LAOSY, L.V. TRAN.



CLASS: 7R3. FRONT ROW: E.C. UNG, Y.H. SIV, M.N. TU, H. NGUYEN, MR. RUDESSA, L.C. PHAM, S. CHUNG, N. TRUONG, M. TRAN.
SECOND ROW: M. GORDON, T. NGUYEN, K. USSIA, S. JOVANOVIĆ, D. DELGADO, H.P. THUONG, P. WHITE, P.L. DAIH, T. NOITHONGKHAM, E. LUU.
THIRD ROW: J. PAUL, A. AVRANOVSKI, S. NGO, C. GRIFFITHS, N. YEAK, J. SVOHAKOS, C. KU, D. RACO.



CLASS: 7Y1 FRONT ROW: A.T. Tran, S. Fernandez, N. Henein, C. Ramirez, M. Kuravsky, P. Inthapannya, L. Petrovic, K. Shepherd, L. Vuong.
 SECOND ROW: J. Cifala, E. Mrcavac, G. Fitzgerald, P. Tan, B. Doan, F. Sheehan, P. Cao Tan, A. Bounpraseuth, S. Patterson
 THIRD ROW: D. Connell, K. Bakan, H.V. Huynh, V. Chan, S. Morales, M. Stegnjaic, L. Ferreiro, A. Goncalves, S. Khan, M. Repaji



CLASS: 7Y2 FRONT ROW: W. Phan, M.X. Ta, M.Rea, M. Yau, S. o, T. Kumanovska, M. Marceca, K. Luu
 SECOND ROW: P. kalendarian, N. Tha, C.Yang, C. Lay, B. French, N. Poau, M. Luu, T. Ngo, J. Felkin
 THIRD ROW: N. Pham, S. Dacic, H. Pham, S. Sokolov, R. Likoski



CLASS: 7Y3 FRONT ROW: B.S. KO, H.T. TEA, B.L. LY, D.L. TAN, MRS. COOK, L. PAPUSHEVA, L. TRUONG, D. CHANTHALUSY, O.H. HO.
 SECOND ROW: B.L. TRAN, S. CHANTHIVONG, T.T. NGUYEN, T. SAU, S. SIV, N.D. QUAN, M. LAI, R. PEREZ, S.M. NGO.
 THIRD ROW: H.T. TRAN, N. LEAV, N.C. BOU, H. BUSCANAN, D. GOW, T.H. NGUYEN, FOURTH ROW: R. CIFALA, S. JIM, L.M.T. TRAN, V.T. TU, C.O. EAM.



CLASS: 7Y4 FRONT ROW: P. SIVILAY, P. KAYABOUTH, H.T.T. LE, A. BELCASTRO, MISS STEGNJAIC, K.H. OUCH, D. FORRESTER, M. ELLIS.
 SECOND ROW: M.L. VUONG, F. KALEM, A. JOHANSEN, M.L. TRIEU, R. UN, B. ERGEN, G. KOLAY, T. McCALL.
 THIRD ROW: B. SANTAROSSA, D. KOZUL, M. BANICEVIC, C.P. CHEA, D. FASAN, A. WANG, W. MORGAN. FOURTH ROW: A. AXIN, H.L. UNG, G. DOU.



CLASS: 7Y5 FRONT ROW: O.P. CAO, T.T.T. BUI, P. PHAM, T. PHAMTHON, B.N. PHU, T.K. DANG, C. PHONTHAPHANH, M. KHOV, K.L. DU.
 SECOND ROW: P. DONATIello, B. TRAJKOVSKI, J. PICKERING, S. VONGSOUVANH, T. KITTHAVONG, S. KHUN, S. NGO, J. GRIMA,
 R. BANNON. THIRD ROW: P. NAGY, S. ANIKEN, R. CABERA, V. SYLAPRANNY, Y. SIHACHACK.



CLASS: 7Y6 FRONT ROW: P.N. YARNG, M.T. TIEU, M.C. HUYNH, MISS CONSTANTINUS, M. NGO, T.P. MY, M. MAULLIN.
 SECOND ROW: S. BOUALORN, M. VARZIC, M. RACO, I. TESIO, M. WATSON, V. THAI, T. EAP, R. MATYSIAK.
 THIRD ROW: M. ZENOBIO, V.C. BHU, D. MILUSEVIC.

YEAR 8



CLASS: 8M1 FRONT ROW: P. LY, H. PHAN, L. TANG, S. MASSON, MISS KUROVSKY, T.T. LE, A. LU, E. UNG, S. LIM.
SECOND ROW: H. QUACH, T. NGUYEN, K. LUC, K. CHAREUNSY, I. SRISOMBOUNE, T. LY, J. TAYLOR, P. NGUYEN, H.K. CHAU, K.T. SUNG.
THIRD ROW: K. LAI, H. CHAU, S. PIETRA, H. SONG, A. RAHMAN, C. HOLLAND, A. NOTHONGKHAM. FOURTH ROW: K. DANG, B. PHAN, A. DAVY, R. MILJUS.



CLASS: 8M2 FRONT ROW: B. NGUYEN, O. ONGU, J. COSO, S. LONCAR, MRS. COOK, P. MAPLES, T.A. McCALL, B. LE, C. LESNIEWSKI.
SECOND ROW: P. TRAN, M. ROMIC, P. LOFFO, B. ZHOU, H. HENG, H. LAM, S. TELISMAR. THIRD ROW: H. HUYH, T. LAM, W. WANG, A. SAAD, Y. LIN, T. GJORGJEVSKI. FOURTH ROW: S. MANICHANH, T.S. DUONG, J. LIANG, B. MATIC, M. ROMIC.



CLASS: 8M9 FRONT ROW: H. TRAJKOVSKI, L. LOBARINAS, P. YATES, G. TONKIN, D. PEREZ, H. MARTINEZ.
SECOND ROW: K. PASS, M. TONKIN, N. KOVACEVIC, A. OBRADORS, H. TRUONG, Q.N. HINH, P. KHUU.



CLASS: 8M3 FRONT ROW: N. BONNYMAN, K. NGUYEN, K. GOULDER, L. VONGSAPHY, M. RANIERI, J. CONNOR, T. TRAN, M.T. DO.
SECOND ROW: T.P. TRINH, T.O. TRAN, K. PHILLACK, K. WILSON, G. KOSTIC, R. BAZAN, C. LONG, A. LE, P. NGUYEN.
THIRD ROW: K.A. NGUYEN, T.C. CHEN, M. CARRIER. FOURTH ROW: M. JOVANOVIĆ, P. VELEJOVIĆ, B. MILOSEVSKI, B. KRKLJES.



CLASS: 8M4 FRONT ROW: N. NGUYEN, S. CHUNG, T. LE, M. DUONG, MR. RUBESSA, N. DANG, T. LE, L. TAN, Y. CHAO.
SECOND ROW: S.L. NGO, A. TANG, L. CRICRI, N.T. NHAN, C. DELGADO, V. MALKUS, D. HOPWOOD, P. DIEP.
THIRD ROW: J. ARIAS, S. PROTHISAVANOUK, C. SALAZAR, E. LAZARE, T. YANG, H. LAY, H. NGO, S. LANCASTER.



CLASS: 8M5 FRONT ROW: P. PECK, S. JOE, S. NGO, R. FAKHOURY, MRS. CHOLINI, F. AKKUYUN, H.Y. DUONG, G.B. VO, S. KIAO.
SECOND ROW: D. GIBSON, J. IANRUZZELLI, N. LOPROTO, S. TURNER, H. MILADHOVIL, N. STEVANCEVIC, O. WONG, M. REYNOLDS.
THIRD ROW: H. TRAN, L. SHISHIKIN, V. NUNEZ, B. DUNCOMBE, T.H. VOI, W. LUJON, V. MILOSEVSKI, M. BARESC. BACK ROW: S. JONES, P. GAZINOSKI, H.B. HENG.



Front Row- L. Ing, F. Cole, S. Sylapramy, A. Birch, Mr. Phillips, L. Burden, T. Ta, M.L. Eam, K. Tor
 Second Row- I. Jurisic, H.T. Nguyen, M. Dunn, T. Tran, H.T. Triang, Q.N. Tran, V. Laseic, E. Ly, F. Chamaic
 Third Row- D. Zoric, M. Luu, S. Milic, M. Rajrovic

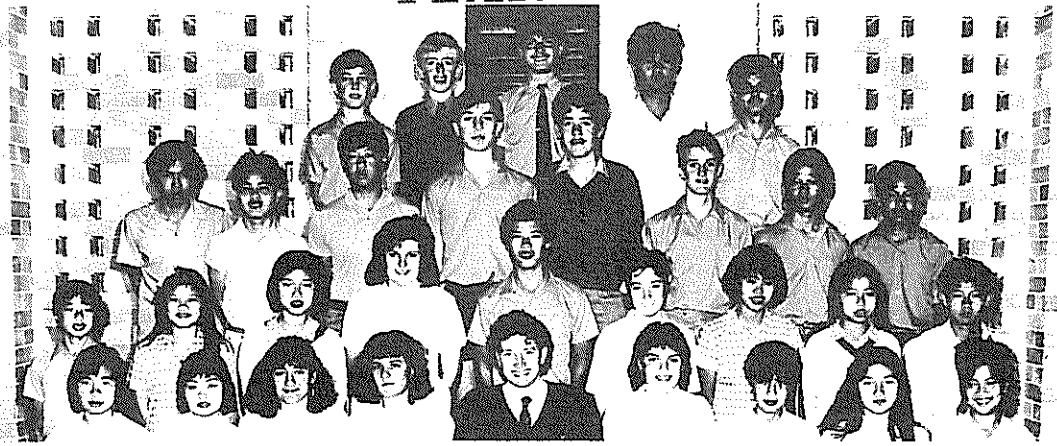


CLASS: 9M1 FRONT ROW: R. DENHAM, J. MLINAR, N. PARASCHIV, MR. SCOTT, S. BORG, L. PEZZUTO, P. KITTIKHOUN.
 SECOND ROW: D. PANNAYE, C. THACH, K. SANDFORD, H. KELLY, B. MIRKOVIC, D. BIORDI, M. LAPA.
 THIRD ROW: T. STOJCEVSKI, R. HAMMOLITE, R. FRASER, D. CONZALEZ, O.H. DU, K.K. NHIEM.



CLASS: 9M2 FRONT ROW: S. MOHY, T. EAP, L.H. LAY, MISS DE LUCA, S.S. NGO, M.H. LU, M. LAI.
 SECOND ROW: Q.D. DAO, S. WIECKE, K. HOVENDEN, M. CUIJANOVIC, K. MERRITT, S. DELGADO, N. SALERNO, A. CALCOPIETRO.
 THIRD ROW: V. COSO, A. ARAVENA, S. NASTAV, P. FERREIRA, S.S. KO, D. CUBA.

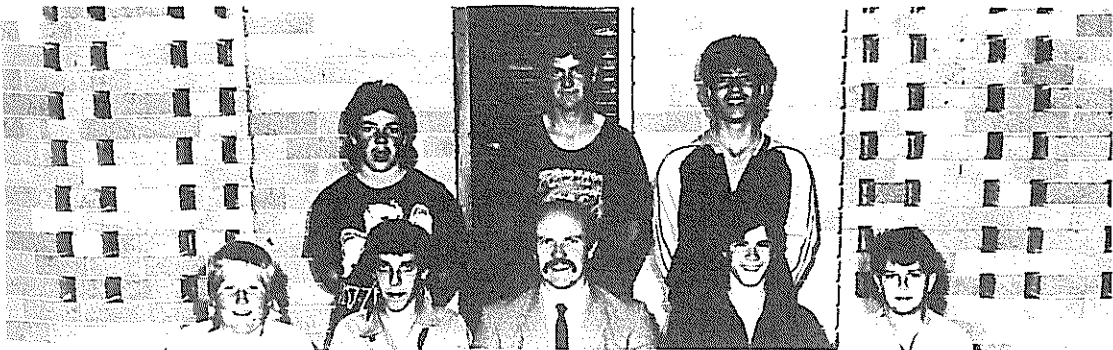
YEAR 9



CLASS: 9M1 FRONT ROW: B.T. CHIEH, S. CHAU, B. JOVANOVIC, S. VRANKOVIC, MR. POWERS, M. CUPAC, H.H. BUI, H.P. HA, D. LAM.
 SECOND ROW: T.T. TON, M.N. GIANG, S. LAOSY, K. GOSLAND, T.D. LO, D. DIMOS, T.B. TRAN, H. H.T. NGUYEN, N.H. CHEA, THIRD ROW: D.H. NGUYEN,
 S. NSKOVIC, R. ODENTHAL, V. HENG, T.K. DANG. FOURTH ROW: M. GREAM, M. MARKOVIC, A. SIMIC, T.L. TIEU, A. SAID, A.K. THAI, K. HUANG, A. PETROVIC,



CLASS: 9M2 FRONT ROW: D.L. DUONG, K. JIW, G. LIN, C. DELGADO, MR. SCOTT, L. KOVACS, K. MCCARTHY, T. FARNHAM, L. TRAN.
 SECOND ROW: A. VARNARONG, S. TELISHAN, V. SPASORSKA, C. SAFETLI, J. CHALMERS, H. BRGIN, A. TALESE, V. LIU, C. CARRENO.
 THIRD ROW: Q. NGO, Q.T. LAM, C.K. CHEA, S. TRUONG, G. SAIKALY, R. CENTELLAS, S.D. MANN, Z. PAPICH. FOURTH ROW: L. ZHANG, H.H. LAI,
 T. FARREL, P. DJURIC, A. ONGU.



CLASS: 9M10 FRONT ROW: P. CHEENAN, V. HARCCEA, S. COMPLIDO, A. GALEA
 SECOND ROW: B. BAHU, H. VERRON, R. ALATI



3: 9M3 FRONT ROW: P. RIVEROS, M. MELLOS, T.L. PHAM, J. COHRIN, MR. RUBESSA, S. RISTEVSKA, K. TAING, S. CHUNG, S. MONY.
ND ROW: V. KORHJAKA, V. TENG, C. PICKERING, L. YANG, Z. LAKIC, R. GALTABIANO, S. SOUKAVONG, P. PICHIT, D. VALENZUELA.
D ROW: V. LOEUNG, S.V. TRAN, G. TOMLIN, D. PARKER, T.U. THAI, J. PETROVIC. FOURTH ROW: S. DJOKIC, H. NGO, G. FARRELL.



3: 9M4 FRONT ROW: K. MOROS, V. CORREA, P. INTAPANYA, J. McDONALD, MRS. COOK, L. BORG, E.QUINTEROS, L. GADY, K. ACOSTA.
ND ROW: R. MORGAN, D. MAULLEN, M. MORANDIN, N. COLE, L. TODOROV, B. BURIC, L. TOMLIN, S. KHUTH, M. FEJ, D. CROSS.
D ROW: T.C. NHAN, T.H. TRI, V.IVANOVIC, D. KOSTIC, P. CORRADI, A. WANG, M. GUMUS, S. CAVALLARO.



3: 9M5 FRONT ROW: A. MOROS, M. RAGO, L. SMITH, M. KASIC, MISS CONSTANTINIDIS, K. ERJAVAC,
SECOND ROW: C. UNG, J. SULTAN, S. ROKANCHEVSKI, D. CLIFFE, T. HEREMINI, N. SKORIC, D. RISTIC, J. RODAO.
THIRD ROW: P. GONZALEZ, G. BENJAMIN, M. PINFOLD, V. RADUNOVIC, A. ZHANG, D. FULL, P. KOVACEVIC, A. LAY.



CLASS: 9M6 FRONT ROW: Y. NGUYEN, P. CHAN, N. KUOVSKI, S. SHOKAJITSUMPHANNE, L. SHISHINKA, M. BARR, B. DAVIDOVIC, B. NGUYEN.
SECOND ROW: D. ILIC, C. WOOD, M. ALLOUCHE, C. YIN, S. STOJAKOVA, S. MILOSEVSKI, D. ZOEIC, H. VATAN, H. QUACH.
THIRD ROW: A. WARNER, R. PERONCHIK, J. MORALES, C. HICKEY.



CLASS: 9M7 FRONT ROW: S. GAZINOSKA, N.T. TRUONG, E. MICHAEL, MRS. LING, A. NAGY, A. KYLE, W. BURNS.
SECOND ROW: L.S. KO, V. DURZI, R. JONES, S. KITTIKHOUN, V.M. TRAN, S. VY.
THIRD ROW: S. BASCUAN, T. PERCOVSKI, D. PHILLIP.



CLASS: 9M8 FRONT ROW: R. STANOJEVIC, J. EUBDEN, D. VRANKOVIC, MRS. CHOLLINI, P. KATABOUTH, B.H. HENG,
K. HANIERI. BACK ROW: L. PARELLA, A. KAJICHOUFU, M. JAJIC, J. TEALCEC, N. ZAPPIA, S.P. RIEH,
H. TRAJKOVSKI, K.V. CHUNG, K. VAKIC.



S: 9M9 FRONT ROW: S. SAUV, R. TAUB, S. HAM, K. POULTNEY, S. HODKINSON, J. URRUTIA, J. BAINO.
SECOND ROW: S. TALAY, W. ALEXANDER, M. JORANOVIC, A. VIDANOVSKI, J. DUNN, G. KOLAY.

YEAR 10



S: 10M10 FRONT ROW: M. FAULKNER, M. STRANGIO, L.F. LUONG, S. KHUN, M. UNG, P. GIAMMARCO.
SECOND ROW: F. BILLITTERI, N. LAY, V. AKGUN, D. CROSS, T. ERGEN, H. KARATAS.



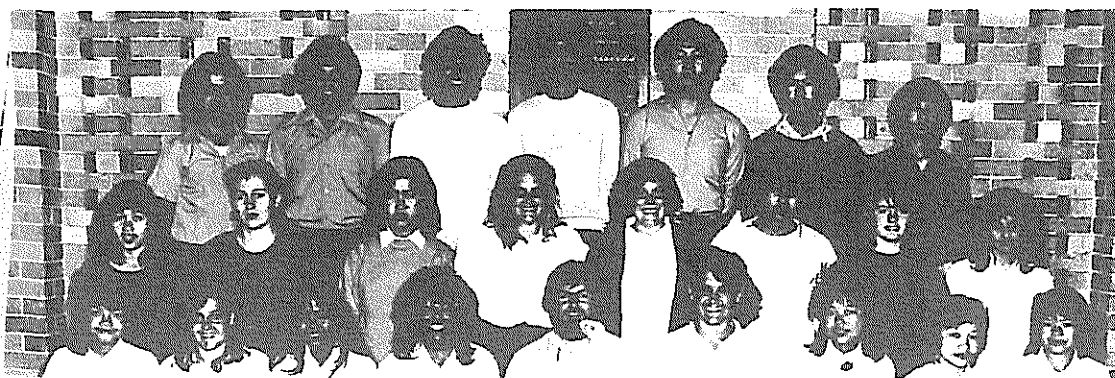
S: 10M9 FRONT ROW: D. LUONG, H.H. TAN, S.H. KO, K.L. HONG, T. CROOKHAM, A. CHONG.
SECOND ROW: L. YATES, A. HANNAN, A. GNJATOVIC, L. WILTON, A. MERRY, M. TODOROVIC, G.H. KHAO.



CLASS: 10M8 FRONT ROW: N.H. TRAN, H. ONG, D. HORVATH, MR. RUBESSA, S. STOJANOVA, Z. IVACHEV, R.N. TANG.
SECOND ROW: R. ALEXANDER, J. LUPPINO, S. JURISIC, P. VITVITSKI, J. WEIGEL, F. MCLEOD.



CLASS: 10M7 FRONT ROW: L. COWER, F. KALEM, M. RAFARACI, MR. SCOTT, R. ALDAO, A. MIRANDA, B. CURIC.
SECOND ROW: A. GONZALEZ, H. HERG, O. BORANBAI, A. RACKETT, S. MILJUSEVIC, P. FAGET, S. STEVANCEVIC.
THIRD ROW: D. LAPICH, L. TURNER, R. LIBERATO, B. SHEARES, J. IVACHOFF, S. HUDSON.



CLASS: 10M6 FRONT ROW: A. BOUNPRASEUTH, L. NATALE, H. YEAN, N. DAVIDOVIC, MR. PHILLIPS, P. HAGLERIO, Z. BOIKOV, T.H. PHAM, B.T. LO.
SECOND ROW: J. HOIG, S. RASIPANOV, K.M. BEAR, S. JAJIC, D. BARDEN, L. NGO, S. KOKOSKA, L. VALENZUELA.
THIRD ROW: G. BAKAN, D. TOWKIH, F. SANCHEZ, A. REAUD, C.H. LAI, T. LAY, H. UNG.



S: 10M5 FRONT ROW: J. RULE, J. SHAW, H. THOMPSON, M. LY, MISS DELUCA, G.S. LIM, K.H. TANG, S. MORALES, V. BUCAREY.
SECOND ROW: T.H. LA, P. JEFFERYS, K. MORGAN, R. LOFFO, L. HANAMIA, K. POPE, A. LUU, S. SOURIGNAVONG.
THIRD ROW: I. OMAC, J. BROWN, O. CELIK, S. PARASCHIU, M. KESER, A. MITCHELL, V.D. NGUYEN.



S: 10M4 FRONT ROW: T.V. LE, M.D. LU, L.S. TRAN, R. LOFFO, L.L. TRAN, N. SKRZYPEK, C. HURT, Z. DIMOS, N.S. KHEAV.
MIDDLE ROW: M. ERIS, H. PORTAN, M. SILVEIRA, T. MITCHELL, S. LETTICH, M. DATTA, N.T. BUI, L.N. NGUYEN.
D. ILIC, P.T. NGUYEN, D. KIDD.



S: 10M3 FRONT ROW: T.D. PHAM, L.T. CHIEN, L. SMITH, MR. POWERS, J. EVANS, R. NOVAK, L. CHRUN.
SECOND ROW: J. WILLIAMS, D. FISHER, G. KOVACEVIC, M. CONNELL, V. PINOSCHI, T. HONG, C. CHAU.
THIRD ROW: T.H. TAN, X. SENGMAHY, S. MILOVANOVIC, I. ASTICA, S. HARDY, C. ANDRES, J. FRESI.

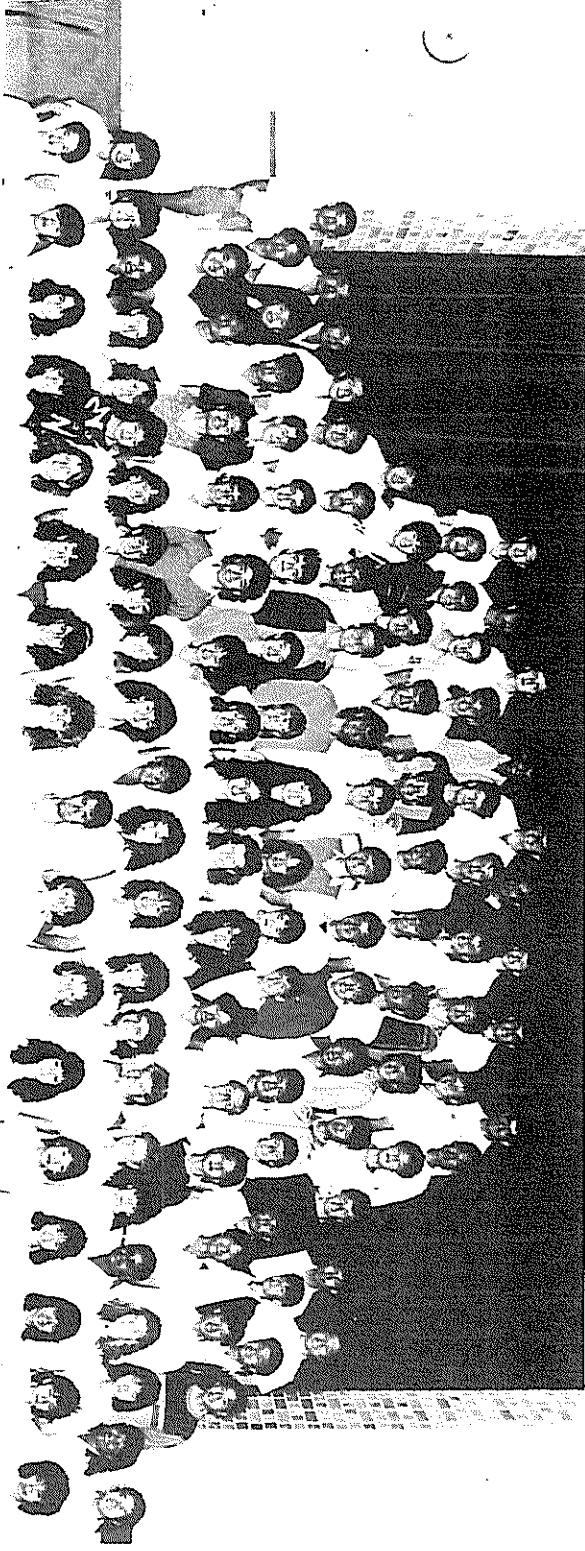


CLASS: 10M2 FRONT ROW: K. HONG, S. SENGMAHY, P. KLOYNJAN, MRS. LING, P. SAKIC, P. CHAING, K. THINMASANG.
SECOND ROW: H.D. DUNG, N.A. THAN, H.T. TUG, L. COELHO, S. RENWICK, S.MOHY, L. ZAPPIA.
THIRD ROW: K. ANDERSON, L. MURRIDGE, C. SMITH, M. RADENKOVIC, T. TELISHAN, B.L. UNG, L. CAMERON.

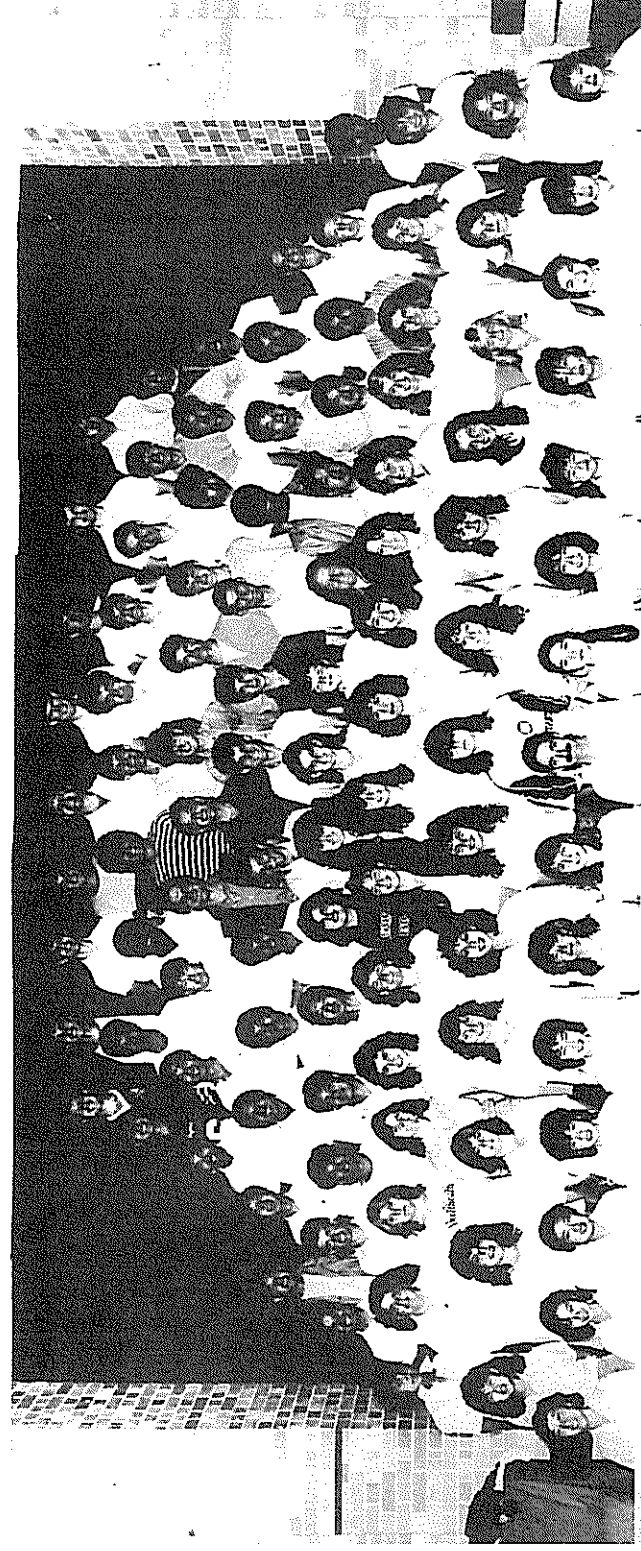


CLASS:10M1 FRONT ROW: K. CHAREUNSY, K. CHAREUNSY, G. LEE, H. QUAN, H. CHUNG, E. YIN, T.D. PHAM, T.RACO.
SECOND ROW: V.T. NGUYEN, T.T. LE, T.P. DANG, H. SOROLOV, H. ZENODIO, H.L. LIEU, S. CRICRI, G. BHALLA, ST. TRUONG.
THIRD ROW: T. NGO, Z. ACHNOVIC, H. SAAD, A. TATARINOW, D. CUPAC, A. ROMIC, T. CHUNG, B. KUNZE.





PLATE



RAZ

FRONT ROW: N.H. HUYNH, S. SOUKHAVONG, H.N. NGUY, S. SITHAKOUL, T.M. LA, R. BLAGOJEVIC, S. IVASTANIN, MR. MORGAN, Z. GAINITSEV, K. INTAKHESONE, A. WOO, A.H. THUONG, M. KHOUPOONGSY, P. OUNEPASEUTH, T.H. TIEU. SECOND ROW: S. WOO, P. LOPEZ, S. SPROHAR, J. HOLTON, S. SCOLARI, J. MARIC, J. ANDRESEK, V. MOSIECZUK, L. NOGUEIRA, S. HARRISON, L. ZIVOJNOVIC, L.M. LAM. THIRD ROW: N. JEREZ, N. ELFOHAGER, K. MATTHEWS, K. CORRIN, V. COLVIN, A. CLEWS, S. COSO, L. REYNOLDS, I. MARAS, C. SAFFHILL, A. ALEKNA, M. SALAZAR, S. SUNJIC, G. ERGEN, K. ALEXANDER, V. VANNAVONG. FOURTH ROW: S. SOUKSAVONG, D. HYSLOP, T.N. NGUYEN, D.A. TIEU, H.S. TON, R. DRAGICEVIC, A. CALIC, S. STEFFAN, D. BRICIN, A. MARKOVITZ, B.V. DANG, N.A. THAI, D.T. NGUYEN, C. FISHER, P. PHICHT, B.V. DANG, N.A. THAI, D.T. NGUYEN, C. FISHER, P. PHICHT, J. KOW, M. SANANIKONE, V.C. NGUYEN, T. CHUI, S. CVETIC, D. OSTOJIC, S. TRIFUNOVIC, K. FARRELLY, Q.T. PHAN, Q. PHIMMISANE, P. PHANOUVONG, J. INZITARI. SIXTH ROW: K. SIRMANOTHAM, V. LO, D. HOPWOOD, S. DJORDJEVIC, F. OMODEI, R. SUTIC, C. SMITH, G. STOJILKOVIC, M. NANTHATHAMMKO, M.H. LUU, H.D. LE. SEVENTH ROW: K. ONAY, K. SAYALOUNE, A. HUMES, L. DELGADO, R. TOMLIN, A. WOELFL, M. LO PRATO, J. MESUTIC, C.N. TANG, T.P. LA. EIGHTH ROW: T. ERGIN, S. ORTAC, J. CHAMAKI, R. D'AMORE, V. MILAZZO, A. CHALMERS, D. RADIVOJEVIC, S. STEFANIC, P. THEPAVONG.