



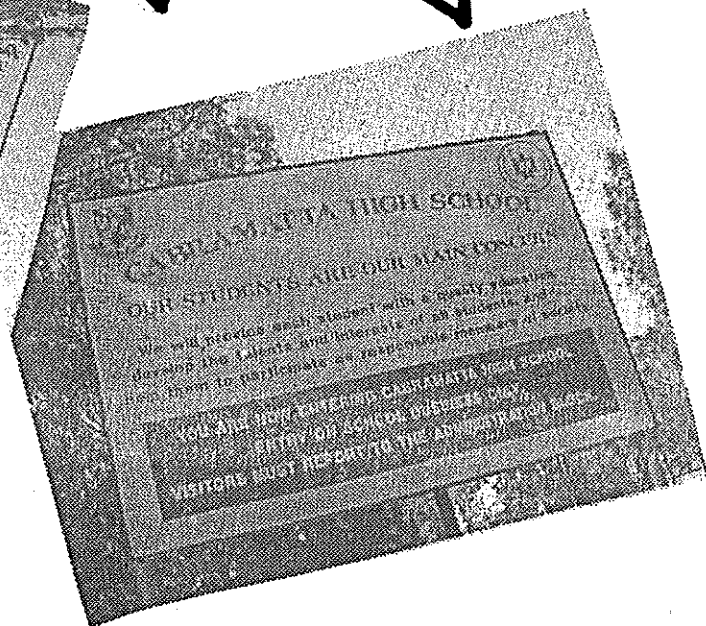
***Cabramatta***

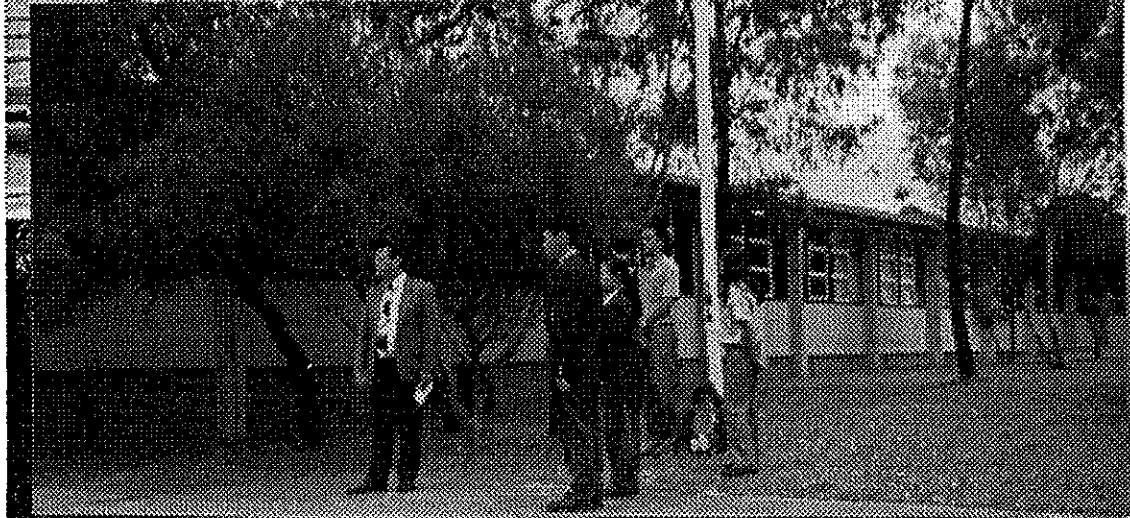
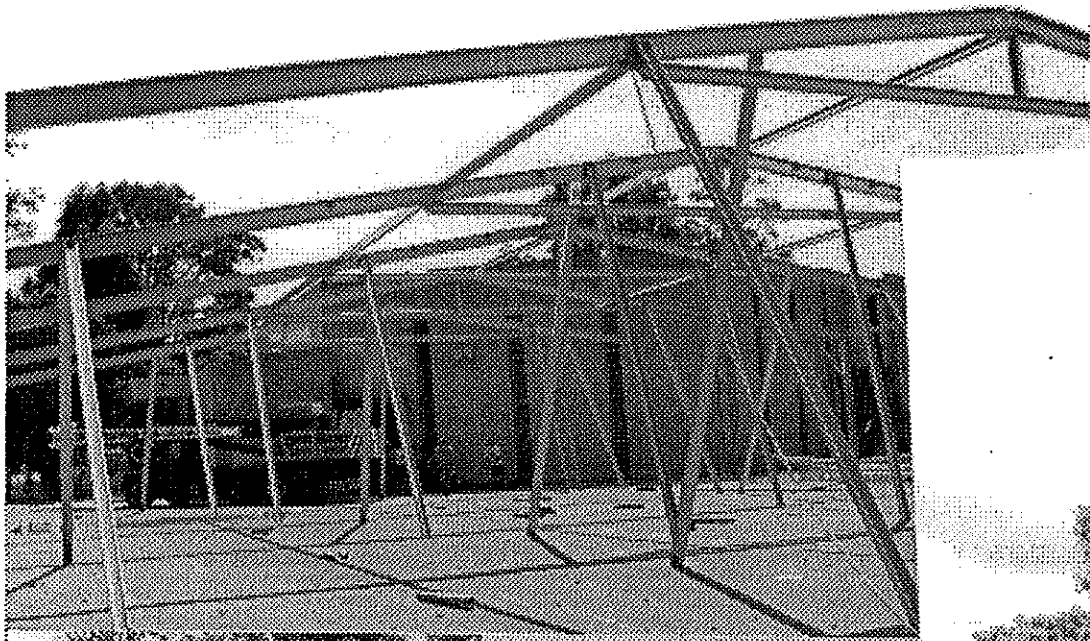
***High***

***School***

***Magazine***

***1998***





## *Principal's Report*



Congratulations to all those involved in the production of yet another excellent magazine. This magazine contains faculty reports, year advisors' reports, photos and other articles that record a very successful 1998.

A school magazine also provides the opportunity to display students' talents through various articles. I would encourage students to continue to support their school magazine.

I am sure that in the years ahead you will cherish this and other magazines, and look back with fond memories of your years at Cabramatta High School..







### PRINCIPAL

KIDD (11) MR G.

### DEPUTY PRINCIPALS

DALY (15) MR J.  
SKENE (14) MR C.

### ADMINISTRATION

\*BARKER (19) MRS P.  
\*DURACK (31) MR P.

### ENGLISH.ESL (18)

\*JOSTSONS MRS C.  
\*KRISTOVSKIS MS V.  
BEADEN MRS C.  
GAUCI MRS M.  
HINTON MS E.  
IKONOMOS MS D.  
MENZIES MS J.  
OWENS MR I.  
KINTOMINAS(CO-ORD) MS J.  
DAVIS MS L.  
GOODEN MRS J.  
JACKSON MR R.  
NGUYEN MS L.  
SHEKAR MS G.  
WIGHTON MRS V.

### MATHEMATICS (30)

\*TEMPLETON (Rel) MS F.  
CHARBINE MS E.  
CONSTANTINIDIS MS P.  
KONARSKI MS H.  
KUROVSKY MS N.  
LING MRS T.  
MASTELLONE MRS V.  
NGUYEN MS H.  
RUBESSA MR H.

### LIBRARY (24)

\*BEUZEVILLE MR P.

### CAREERS (21)

OZERS MS L.

### SCIENCE (23)

\*MOLYNEUX MR K.  
GEMMELL MRS P.  
KURUVILLA MS E.  
LE MR M.  
SHANKAR MS S.  
TEMPLETON MRS S.  
VELAYUTHAM MR K.  
SINGH MS R.

### HUMAN SOCIETY AND ITS ENVIRONMENT (22)

\*STEINMETZ MR J.  
ERSKINE MR L.  
MISHRA MS S.  
NEWBOLD MR D.  
PACHO MS I.  
PHUNG MS C.  
RYAN MS L.  
TRELOAR-LISTER MRS L.  
NATH MS A.  
MORROW MR S.

### LANGUAGES (26)

\*KENNY MR R.  
DANG MS K.  
NGUYEN MS L.  
QI MS S.  
SOLOMON MR C.  
NESBITT MS G.

### TAS - INDUST. ARTS (16)

\*KIRK MR R.  
McEWAN MR D.  
O'FLYNN MR B.  
PULHAM MR V.  
VENKATAYA MR J.  
PODESCHWA MR C.

### TAS - HOME ECON. (16)

\*LAWLESS MS M.  
HAND MS N.  
PERIK MS B.  
WEST MS M.

### HEALTH STUDIES (29)

\*ALLEN MS R.  
ARENAS MR D.  
BLANCH MS J.  
CONROY MR J.  
McELIGOTT MRS J.  
LEE TE YEUNG MRS J.  
RADISIC MR M.  
O'SHANNESSEY MS C.

### CREATIVE ARTS (27)

\*WILSON (21) MR E.  
CHATZAKOS MS C.  
GAILEY MR S.  
YEOMANS MS L.

### SPECIAL EDUCATION (19)

\*SCHEMBRI MR A.  
BRUNERO MS H.  
PRASAD MS S.  
STEFAN MS A.  
THORLEY MRS G.  
CULLEN MS L.  
EA MS A.

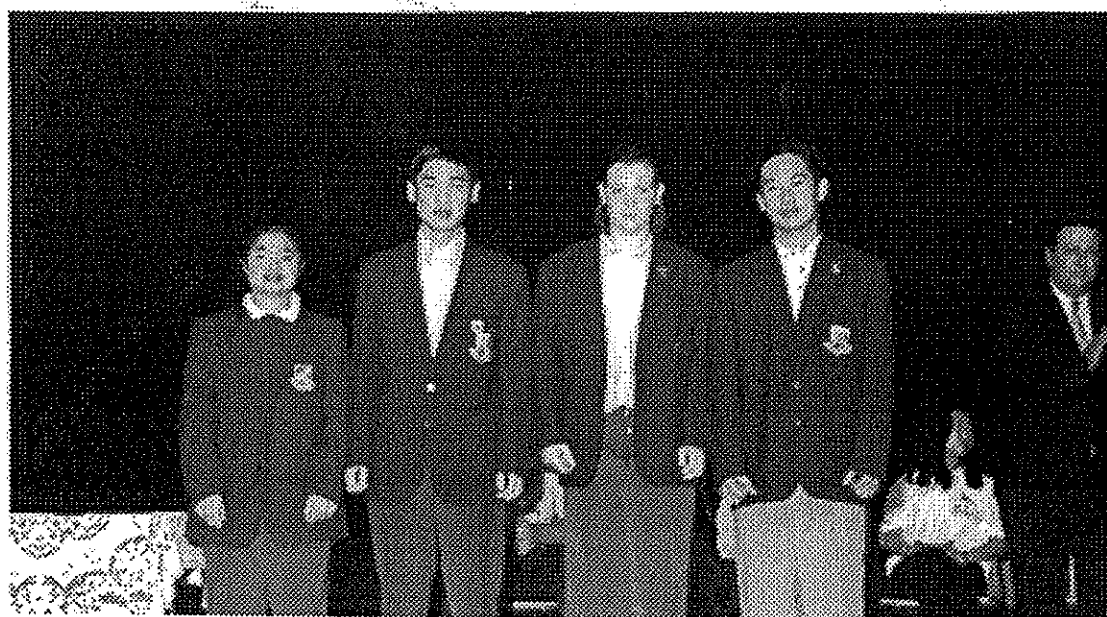
### COUNSELLORS

HANNAGAN (12) MS C.  
MONTGOMERY (12) MR D.  
PICKERING (32) MRS E.

### I.E.C. (32)

\*GAFFEY MS R.  
BUCKLEY MRS N.  
CARRUTH MR N.  
CELKYS MS S.  
FOX MR D.  
KHAMMANA MR K.  
PHOUMIRATH MS S.  
RIZKALLA MRS N.  
SAV MS M.  
SCHMIDT MS B.  
SENTIC MRS A.  
STROUTHOS MS M.  
FINGER MS S.  
GRECI MS P.  
CHANDRA MS V.





### Student Representative Council

So far this year, the SRC have been engaged in a variety of activities, both within the school grounds and for the general community. One such activity that was dealt with was the rising of rubbish and littering problem in the school. The SRC decided to tackle this problem by setting up an Environment Committee, whose primary concern is with making everyone aware of the problem.

Another major task was to delegate the disco committee to organize and co-ordinate any end of term discos. The first one was scheduled for Thursday 2<sup>nd</sup> July.

We also sponsored a World Vision Child, Sokly Voeung who is from Cambodia.

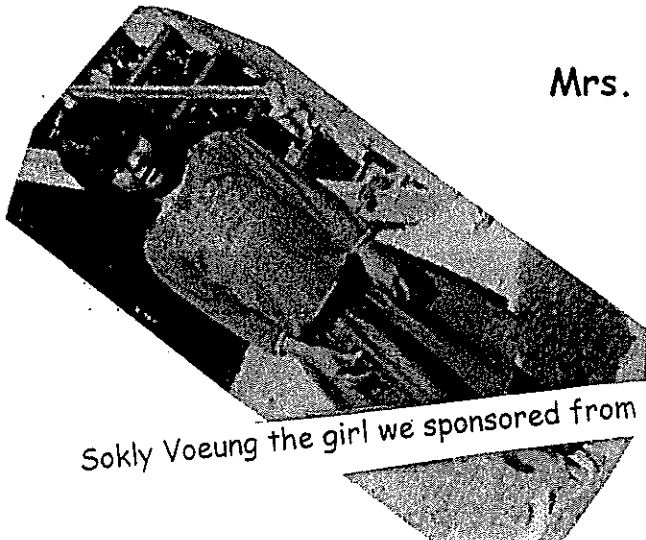
Information regarding Sokly can be seen on the SRC notice board in the canteen. Her photo can be seen also on this page. Students can write to Sokly if they wish and the address can be obtained from the SRC notice board.

The SRC also supported several charities by selling green ribbons on World Environment Day, selling Red Noses on Red Nose Day in support of AIDS.

Another major project was the Motivational Media Production called Light The Torch. This program was considered a success especially for the Senior Students.

Monitoring of the toilets continues and the SRC has now supplied soap dispensers to all toilets as well as a Sanitary Dispenser in one of the girls toilets. It is hoped that these services provided by the SRC are appreciated rather than abused.

Mrs. Templeton



Sokly Voeung the girl we sponsored from World Vision



KWANG YEE, MURRY TUAN PHAM, DEYAN TOSEOSKI, TU QUOC DUONG.

MATTHEW MAYORA, KIM PHENG LIM, VINH HOUI LAM, RIZZY MAHARAJ, MICHAEL CARLYON, NATHALIE TRINH, STEVEN THAI.

MR RODD KENNY, NHAT HAI YEN HUYNH, MEUY SEE, SIY-CHENG TAING, MELICA DRACA, SORIYA KELLY KIM, THANH NGUYEN, SUI LING LI, MRS SOPHIE TEMPLETON.

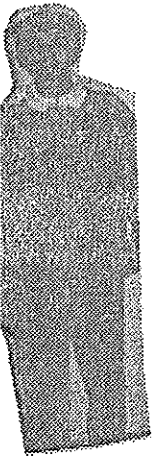
ANNIE CHOKBENGROUN, DALIN VANN, ANGIE DRACA, HUOY LIM, MR GRAHAME KIDD, DAVID YIM, QUOC TUAN DUONG, QUYNH HO, JANNIE LIM.

S R C

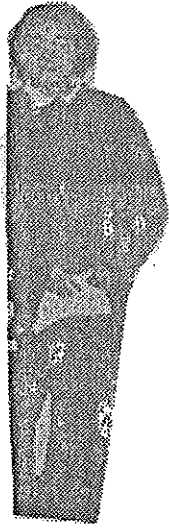
PRINCIPAL: MR GRAHAME KIDD



## Year 7 Advisor Report



1998 has been a very exciting year for the year 7's. Starting Year 7 is a time of many mixed feelings but I'm happy to say the majority of Year 7's have settled into High School very well. Already year sevens have got heavily involved in school life at Cabramatta High School. Many talents of the Year 7 students have been demonstrated through involvement in sporting teams, public speaking, the SRC and the Rock Eistedfodd. After losing so much sporting talent when last years Yr 12 left, it's great to see the likes of Dalin Vann, Sras Lim, Stanco Draca, Gorgi Kvackovska, Karina Gonzalez and Katie Stericker strengthening our sporting teams.

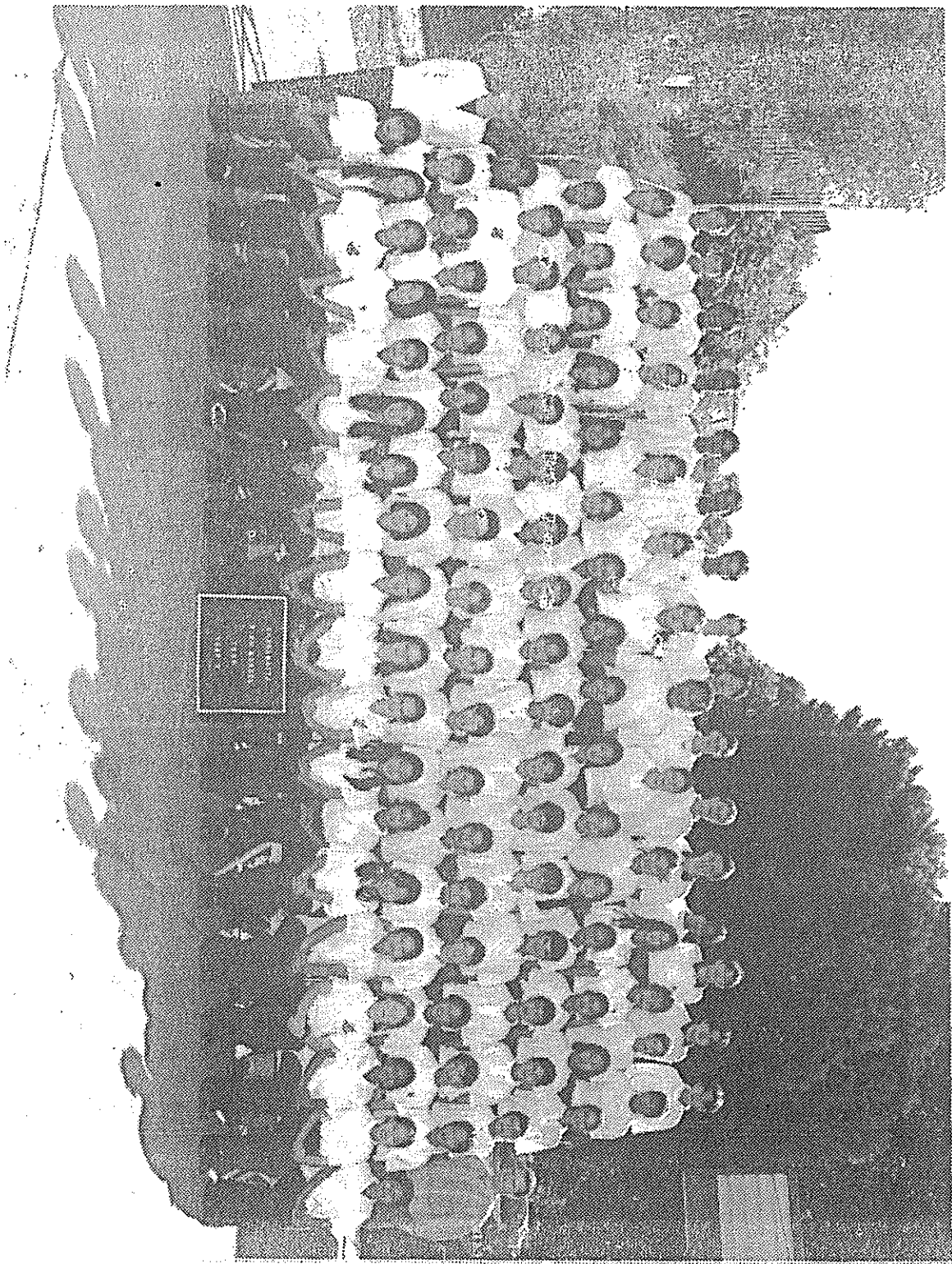


Gladway numbers are very high as to be expected with all the hard working, well behaved students in Year 7. It was also great to see how many awards were given to Year 7 students in our first year assembly which went off extremely well due to the effort put in by our excellent MC's Dalin Vann, Annie Chokkengboun and David Ly.

Keep up the good work, I am looking forward to the years ahead.

Mrs Blanch- Year 7 Year Advisor





## Year 8 - Born to be Great

By the time you read this, you have probably already been to Wonderland.

I hope you had a great day and everything lived up to your expectations, and you survived the Space Probe, Snowy River Rampage, Bush Beast and Pirate Ship! Wonderland- What a legend!!

Also coming up soon is CAMP!! I've been out to Cobbity a few times recently and I can truly say I've never seen the area looking so green and peaceful after the recent rain. There is lots of water in the river so canoeing should be interesting.....

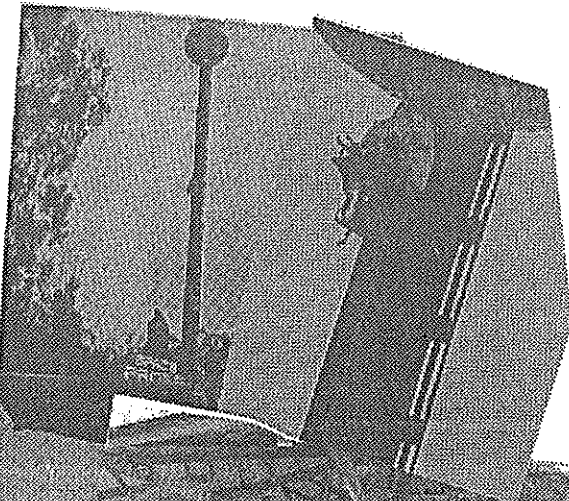
We have negotiated a special package with Teen Ranch (the place we're going to) so I can now tell you some of the activities you will be doing:

- SWIMMING
- CANOEING
- BUSH WALKING
- HORSE RIDING
- HORSECARE
- BASKETBALL
- TENNIS
- VOLLEYBALL

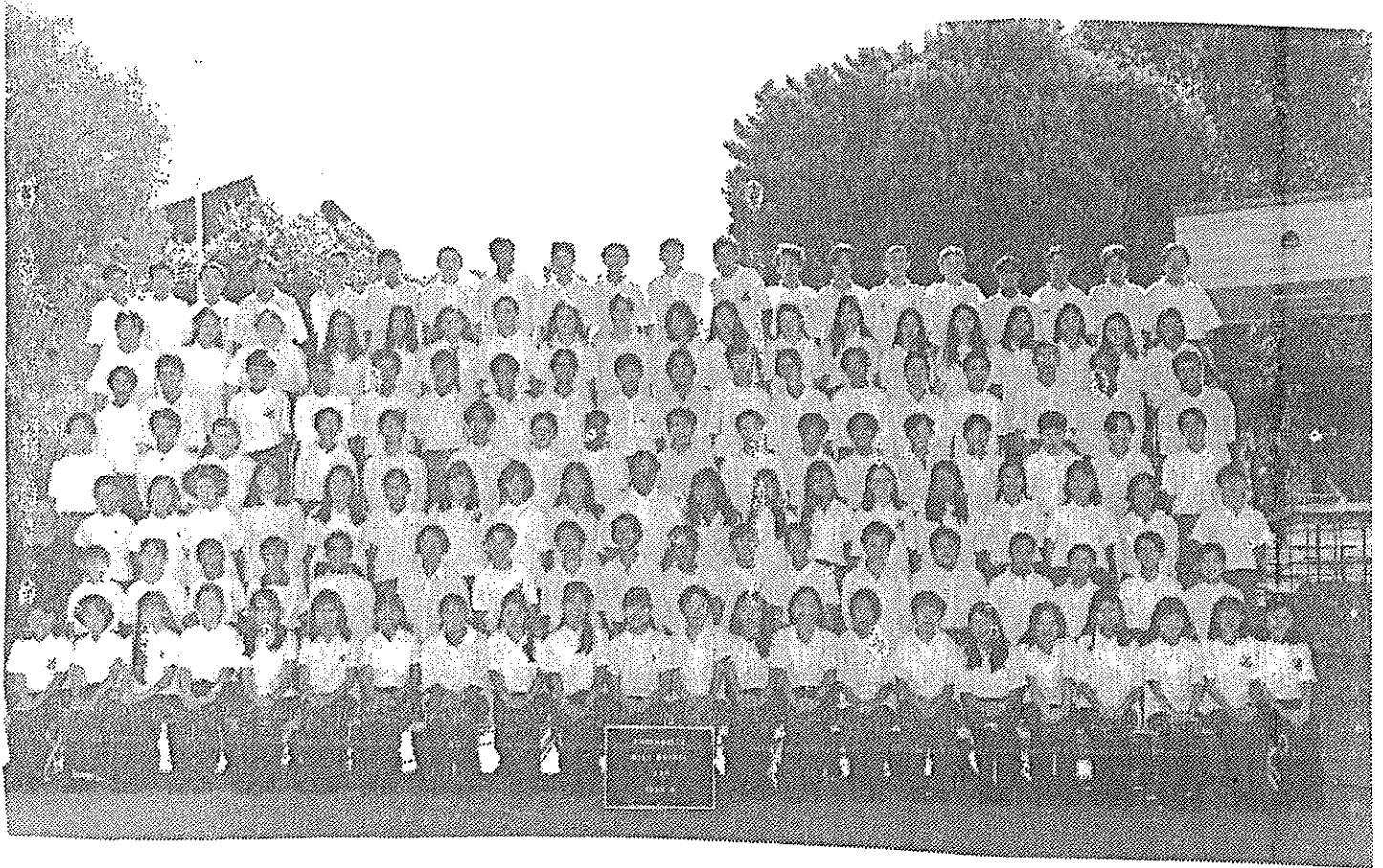


Being Year 8 Year Advisor is a lot of work - what makes it worthwhile is seeing so much potential for bright and happy future amongst Year 8 students. Think positively, Be happy and don't let me down!

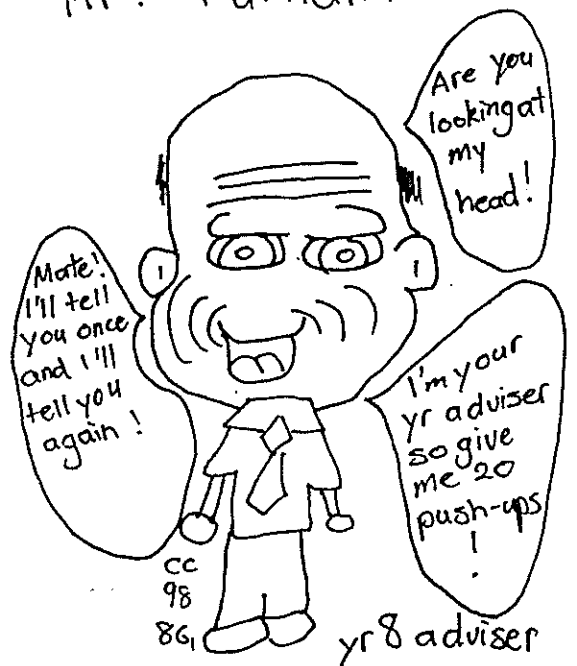
Mr Pulham - Year 8 Year Advisor

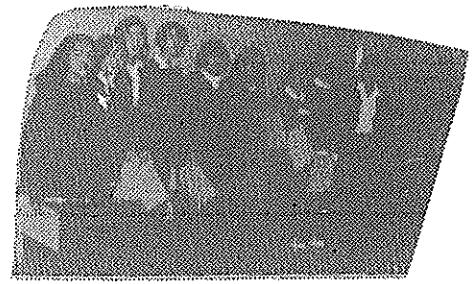






Mr. Pulham





## Year 9, 1998

Term 2 Year 9, 1998 was an exciting term for me and I hope Year 9. It was a great experience working with Year 9 for a term while Mrs McElligott was on maternity leave, Congratulations Mrs McElligott on your little baby girl, April.

Year 9 have demonstrated great talents and abilities, in sporting events, the SRC and the Rock Eistedfodd.

A wonderful and friendly group of students.

Keep up the good work, Yr 9 and Good Luck in Year 10.

Miss Chatzakos

I would like to give special thanks to Miss Chatzakos who has done a brilliant job as a Yr 9 Advisor while I was away. She survived!!!! (thank God) despite the heartaches & headaches caused by a few "beloved" Year 9's.

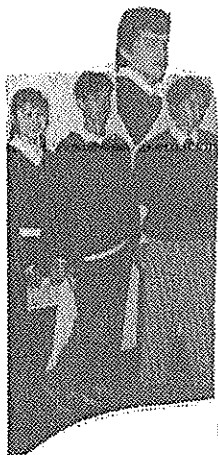
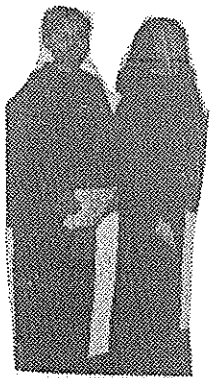
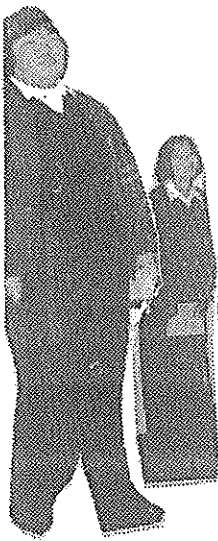
1998 has seen the number of Year 9 students increased quite dramatically. We have quite an influx of new student from the IEC, transfers from other schools and also a few from overseas. It is an interesting mixture of students. It is really good to see most of them settling in well with the "old students" looking after & accommodating their new friends.

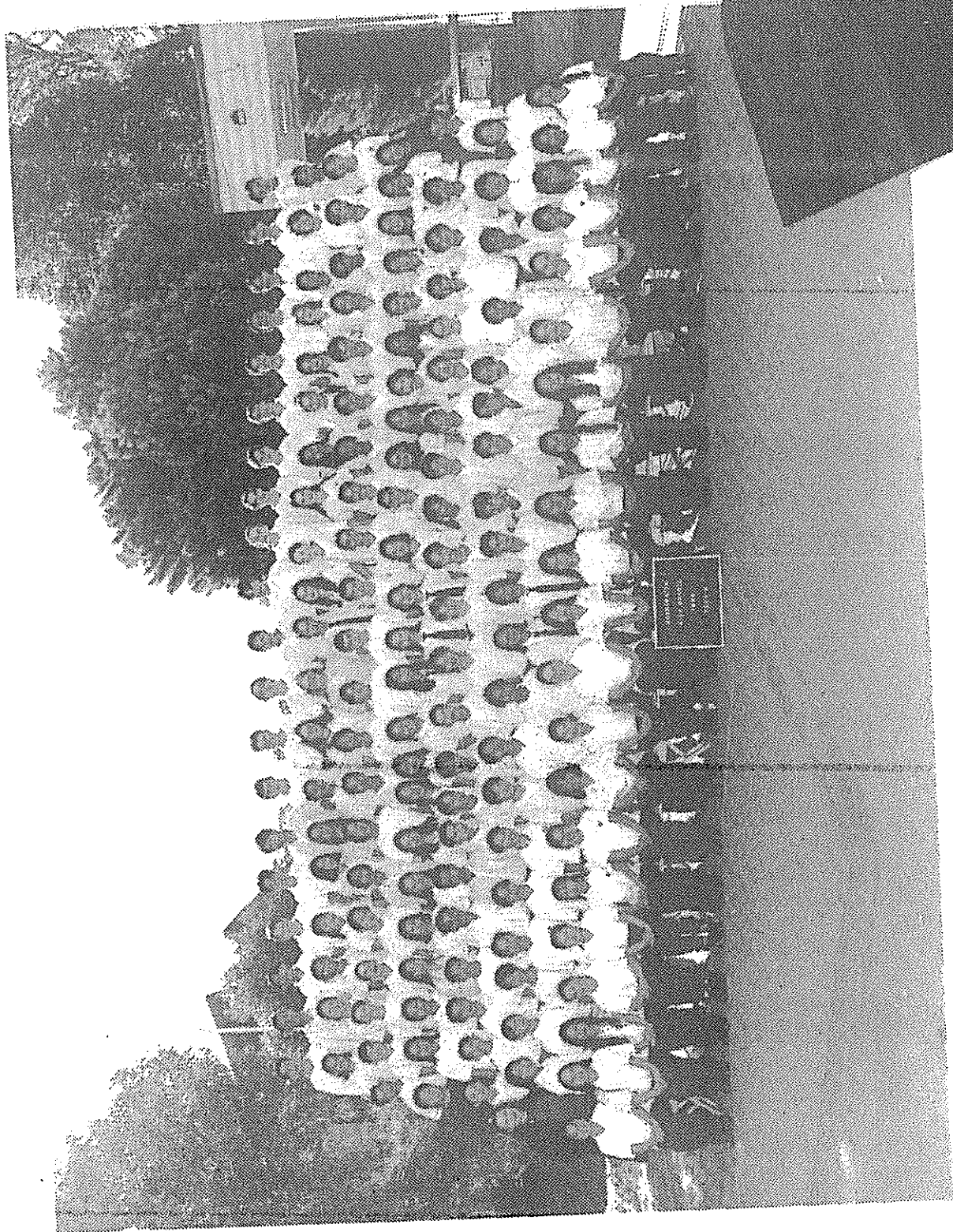
I was pleasantly surprised when a few new students (whom I have never met before) greeted me & introduced themselves & then asked about April!!! I was very touched by the thoughtfulness shown.

I missed school, especially Yr 9 when I went on leave. The whole Yr 9 will be going to Heathcote High School on a cultural exchange day on the 11<sup>th</sup> of September 1998. We will be playing soccer, softball, volleyball & basketball with the Yr 9 students from Heathcote High. I am sure it will be a fantastic day for all of us.

It has been quite a tiring year for some of our Yr 9 students. I hope we will all persevere & come through 1998 with good results in every aspect.

Mrs McElligott - Yr 9 Year Advisor







# YEAR 10

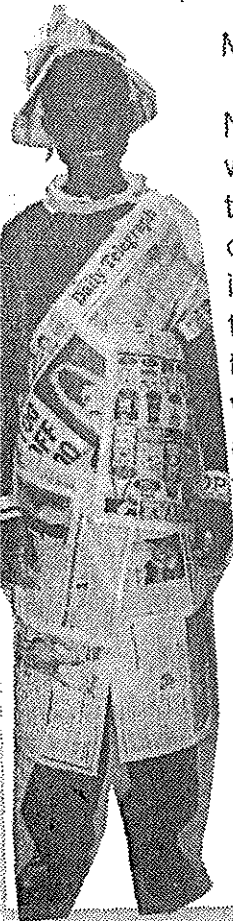
1998 has been an important year for Year 10. They have the School Certificate Exams to look forward to - now they are experts at filling out forms! The Beyond Year 10 program has enabled them to make informed decisions about the subjects that they will be studying in Year 11 and Year 12. They continue to make use of every opportunity and get involved in areas such as peer support, debating, peer reading, fundraising, representing the school in sporting competitions....I could go on and on!

Most of them have achieved a great deal since I first met them back in 1995 when they arrived at CHS. THEY ARE STILL THE BEST YEAR IN THE SCHOOL!! Why are they the best? Because they still hand in more Gladways than I have ever seen! In fact they continue to hand in so many that I had to ask Mrs. Templeton to help me!! Seriously though, it wasn't just the gladways. She too knows how wonderful they are and begged me to let her look after them while I'm relieving in the Head Teacher Maths position! We thought the change would not be too traumatic, since the surname stays the same, all they have to remember is whether it's Miss or Mrs. and which staffroom to go to - Maths or Science!

I'd like to take this opportunity to wish you Good Luck and Best Wishes in your future studies and for those that will be leaving at the end of the year, we will miss you and look forward to hearing your news through the friends you leave behind.

Miss Tempelton (Maths)

Now it's my turn!! I thought I'd better seize the opportunity of writing about Yr 10 while I could, but now I'm not quite so sure what to write! Miss Templeton covered all the bases. Soon we will have our first Awards Assembly for the year and must say how impressed I am with the number of volunteers I have to help with the general running of the assembly. Although, I can only assume that the boys are still working out which Templeton to go to and where she is, as all of the volunteers so far are girls! I am also aware, even without the constant 'reminding' that I am receiving, that Year 10 are well and truly into the swing of things when it comes to fundraising and the organisation of their formal for Yr 12 in 2000. I am feeling the stress, as I have no idea what to wear!

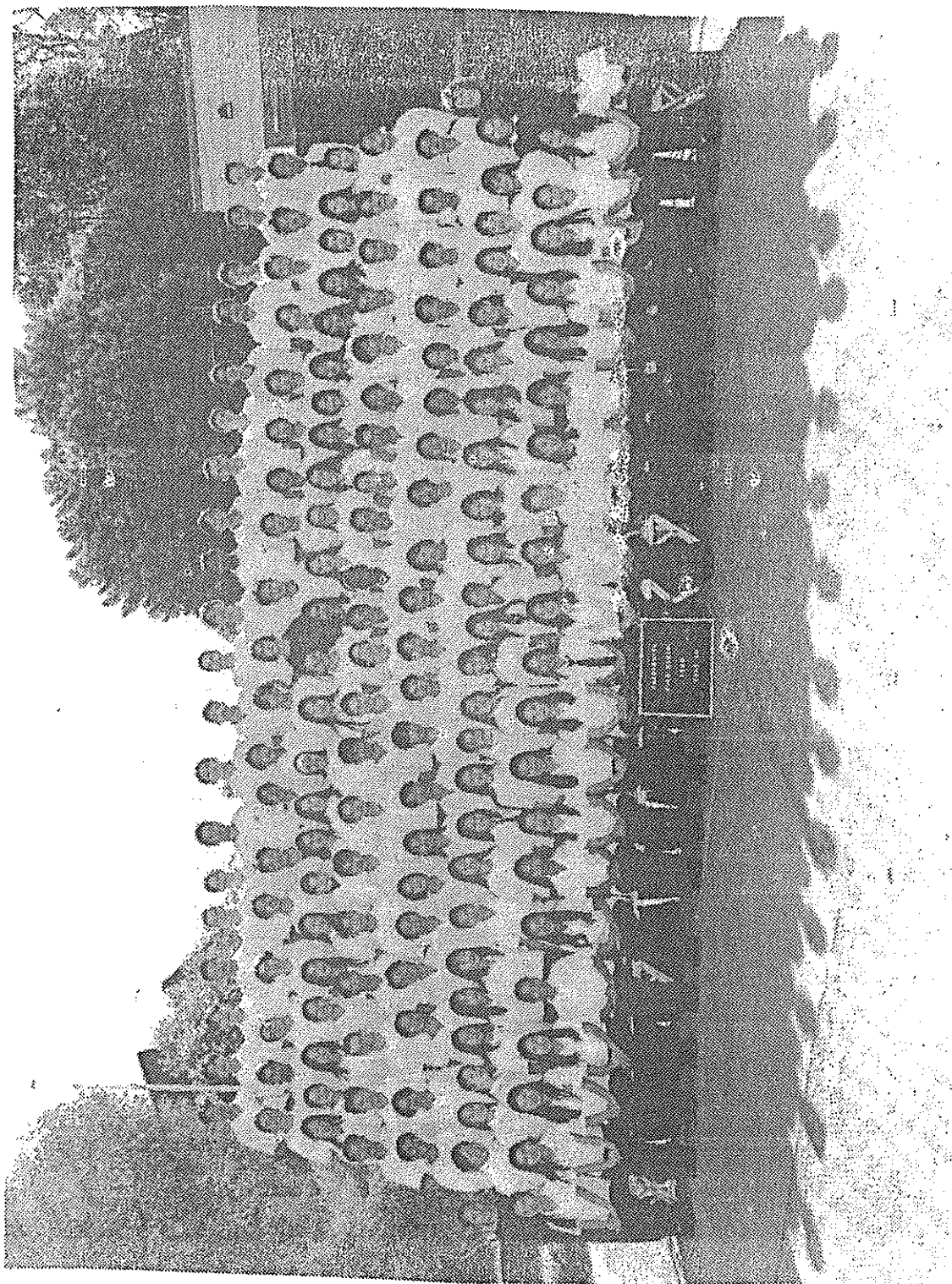


Meetings regarding the formal are on going, and from all indications, yours will indeed be a formal to remember.

I am really enjoying being involved with Year 10. I remember your first day as well as it was also my first day! Keep those gladways coming Year 10. I am sure that some sort of record is being broken by you, as I spend every weekend writing out your Gladway Certificates! Enjoy the last few months of your junior years at CHS and take it easy on me. I am only a relieving Year Adviser. Go and see Miss Templeton with any of the hard stuff!!! (Just kidding)

Mrs. Templeton (Science)







## Embarrassing Moments

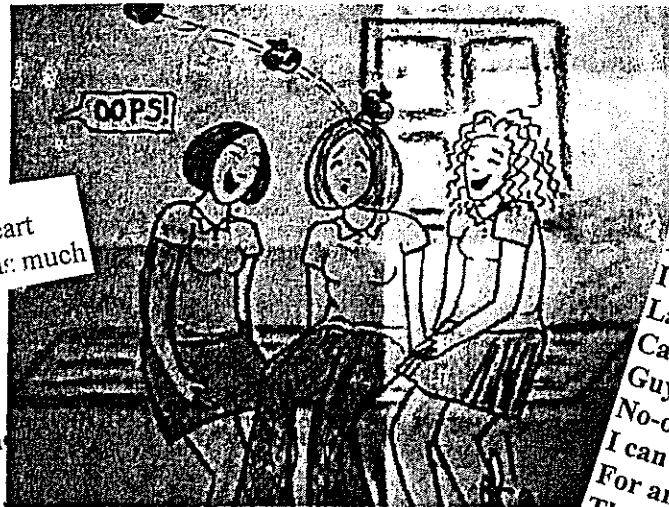
Two years ago, Mary, Diane, Milijana, Barbara, Jessica, the rest of our friends and I, Esin were having a food fight with the Year 12's of '96' who were Ronnie, Luca, James+Daniel. Nathan in Year 12 threw an apple and the apple landed on my head and it exploded all over my hair and on Mary's pants.

I was so embarrassed because I was in front of the guys especially the one that I had a crush on.

Year 10 Girls

### MY LOVE!

I once loved you  
I once depend on you  
I once thought you  
were my one and only love  
But I guess it was all wrong  
You still have a place in my heart  
even though I don't love you as much  
I miss your little way  
I'm trying to move on  
I'm trying to forget  
I just wanted you to know  
I loved you when we first met



### LOVE ME!

All I wanna do is see you  
Where I wanna be  
Is in your arms  
I pray every night that we will  
Last a life time  
Cause I know I can't find another  
Guy just as perfect as you  
No-one can treat me the way you do  
I can never have such strong feelings  
For anyone else like you  
The only one I loved with  
All my heart and all my soul  
Please don't lie to me  
Please be true  
Please loved me the way I loved you!

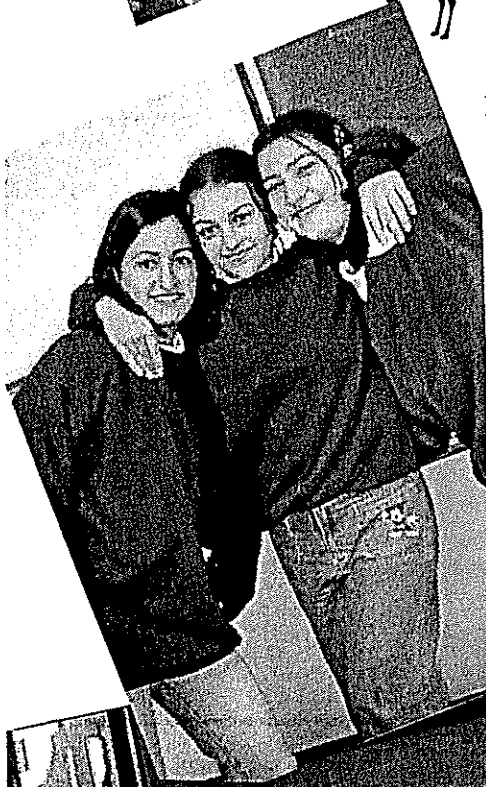
### KISS OF DESTINY!

There he was in my dream  
He look so fine I wanted to scream  
He gentle wrapped his arms around  
me  
I felt so in love an so did he  
I knew exactly what to do  
But I thought to myself this couldn't  
be true  
And there he softly touch my lips  
I felt a tinge in my finger  
Tips  
It felt so real when he kissed  
Me  
It felt like the kiss of destiny!

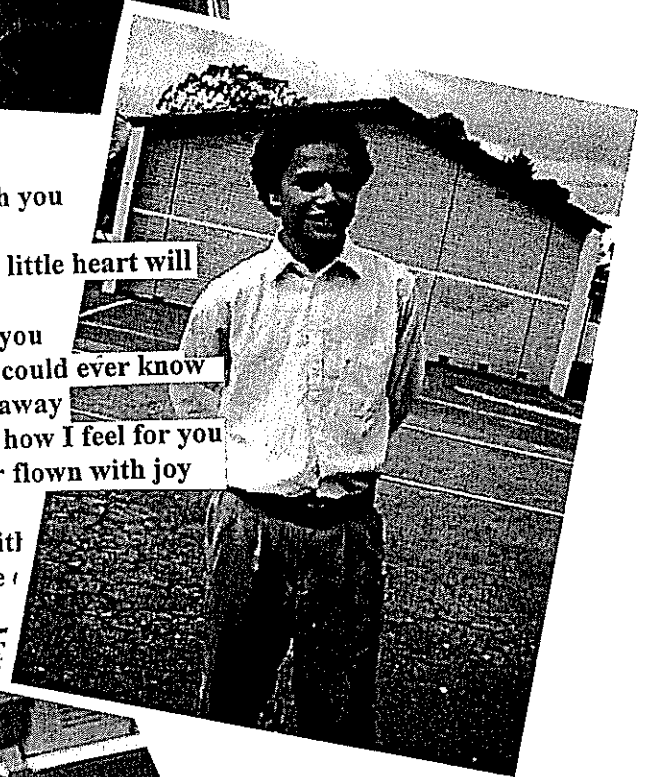




1 YEAR  
10!



MY HONEY!  
It's been heaven being with you  
I over come the pain  
But somehow, it seems my little heart will  
break again  
I love you to much to lose you  
I need you more than you could ever know  
It hurts me to let you slip away  
I know I love you, I know how I feel for you  
I dream our love was over flown with joy  
I pray it wasn't real  
I want to spend my life with  
It doesn't matter what we  
Your the only one for me  
The vision of us will alwa







# OLD MEMORIES!

You stole my heart  
You threw it away  
And I couldn't stop crying  
Since that day  
Everything you told me  
I kept inside my heart  
I was hoping we'll never  
Be apart ~~and we'll never~~  
I have not lost you  
I lost your memories  
Every time I hear your  
Voice it makes me cry  
And when I see you, I  
Just wanna die  
Life's been so fast  
If only me and you could last...



## About Year 11 - Dedicated to all my fantastic year 11 students

*Using much poetic Licence*

This time I thought I'd write a poem  
About the boys and girls in my year  
I wanted to be a little different  
Because that's what they are, I fear.

Year 11 have nearly finished their preliminary course.  
Much has happened, much has been said, much has been learned ??  
How the year has flown! Its like we've been under a spell  
Too, too much to retell

They entered the senior school quiet and shy  
My apology, I just told a lie  
After 1 year they have settled in well.  
Just ask them and I'm sure they 'll tell.

They'll tell you about this  
They'll tell you about that  
About her, about his  
I'd tell you, but I don't want to rat  
They shall tell you information  
You have never imagined before  
Thats because they're a clever generation  
But that's not news to you all

Did you hear they went to the snow - A few of the brave  
They look lovely in their photos, how they did rave!  
They said that they skied, performed acrobatics, and did the snow plough  
Damir, Joseph, Goran, Tam, David, Susan, and Thien Au

In their studies they have reached new heights of success  
With sports and other games too I think , yes  
We think of Sofia Citlak, Bozena , Mr Abderfghijinnop, Milorad, Vanja and Rort  
There are many others some only play cour..

They know how to sing and dance just like a Backstreet Boy  
I was impressed by Phuoc, Bao, Kwang many others and of course Joy,  
Some are very articulate and love to speak  
Just ask Alison, Labibeh, Perry, Lina, Marcella and Tu - just a few of the meek.

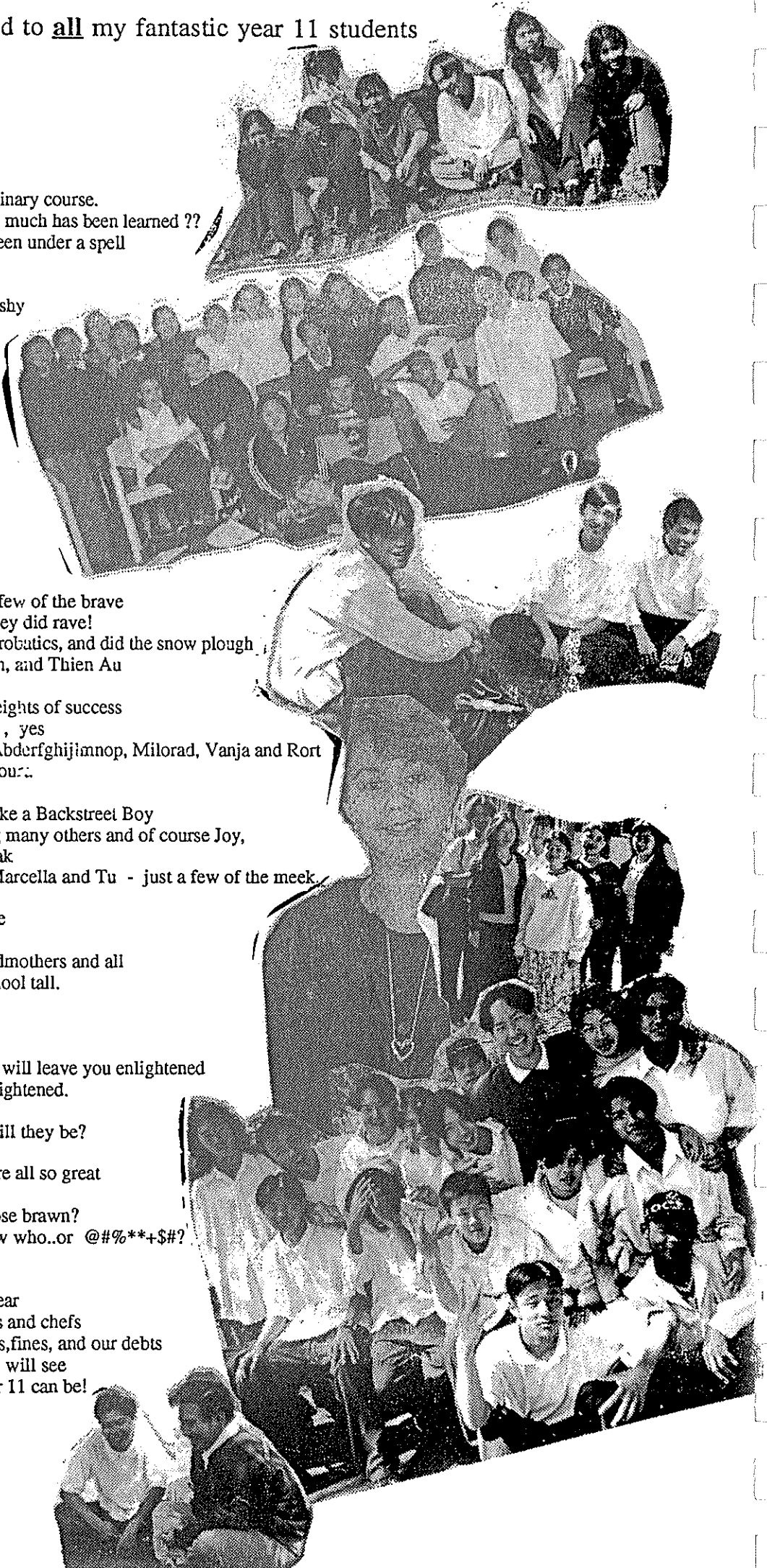
They went to the rock eisteddfod to dance  
Did I hear there was a bit of romance?  
With all those devils, fairies, angels, godmothers and all  
They looked fantastic they made our school tall.

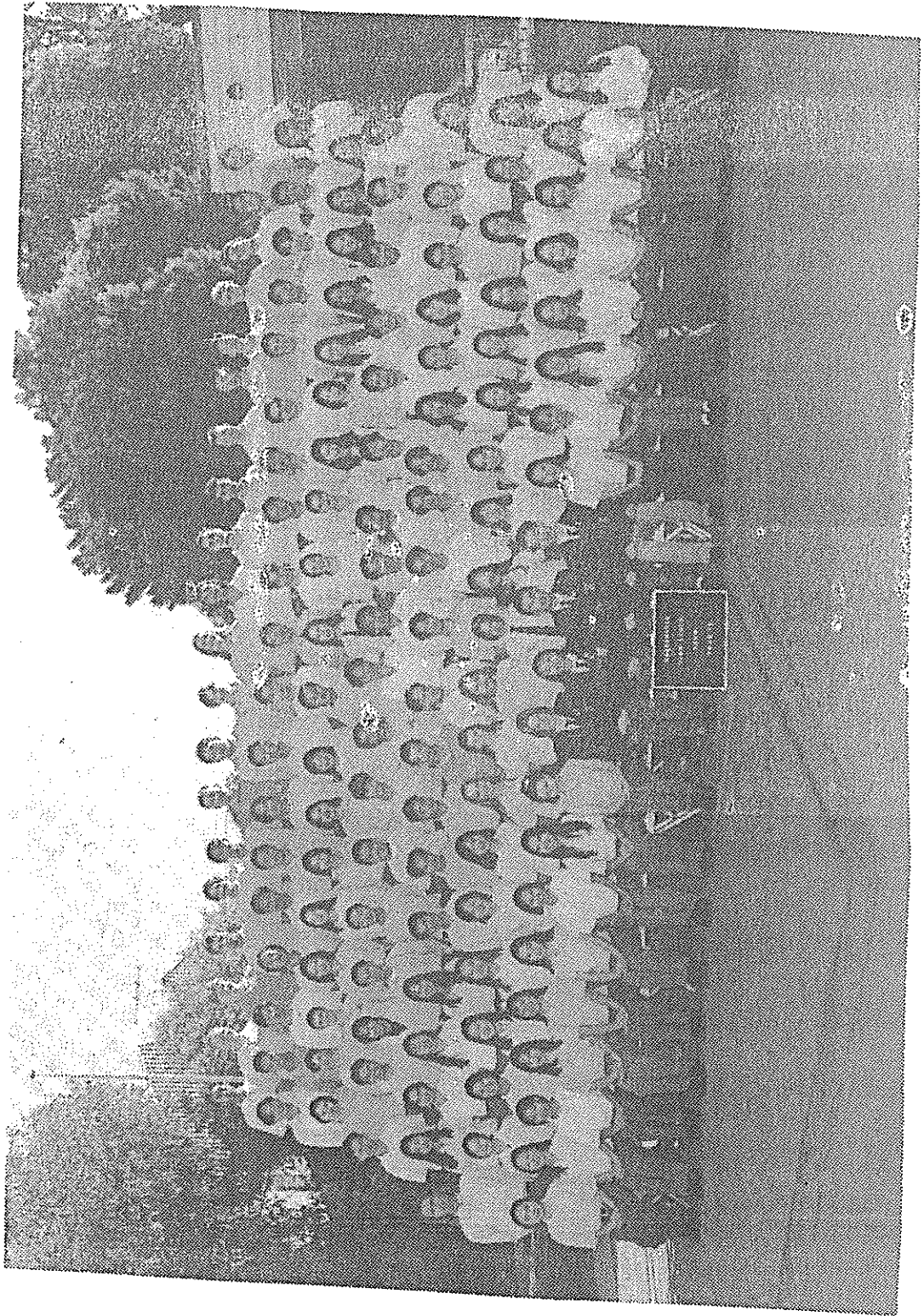
Some have other strange habits  
I can think of many students here  
Perhaps Melissa, Huong and Ngoc Tran will leave you enlightened  
They've had many a class look around frightened.

Soon they will choose captains, Who will they be?  
Decisions decisions I can't wait to see  
There are so many to choose from they're all so great  
There are none that are second rate  
Will they choose brains? Will they choose brawn?  
Good looks, a combination? You know who..or @#%\*\*+\$#?

I wish them well for their next year  
They're all so great and their future is clear  
Doctors, lawyers, politicians, accountants and chefs  
They'll fix our health problems, incomes, fines, and our debts  
So keep them honest, happy and so you will see  
Just how great life with the current Year 11 can be!

All the best Year 11,  
Keep up the great work!  
B.Perik





# YEAR 12, 1998

*When Ms Kougelos asked me to take over the role as Year 12 Adviser in 1998 because she was transferring to Condell Park High I happily agreed. How difficult could it be? I thought to myself. Set up a few exams, sign a few reports, do a bit of fundraising, arrange the formal: easy. Teachers don't give Gladways out to Year 12s, the Year 12s don't want them anyway. And, they're a good bunch of kids. Everyone says so. They all wear their school uniforms every day. They're always on time, and polite. They won't be any trouble at all because they'll be studying so hard for the H.S.C. They're mature, responsible, reliable human beings. Why worry? How much extra work will it be?*

*Boy, how wrong was I?!*

*Listen:*

"Sir, sir, how many Gladways do I have now?"

"Sir, sir, can we cook hot chips for Co-operation Day . . . ? We'll make hundreds and hundreds of dollars, I promise . . ."

"Sir, sir. . . and we'll have an edition of the school newspaper out every month, no, twice a month . . . every week . . . every day!"

"Sir, sir, can I have an early leaver's pass. I finish at 10-00 am every day . . ."

"Sir, sir, there weren't enough Valentine's Day roses and the Year 8 girls didn't get theirs and they were coming so we got scared and ran away . . ."

"Sir, sir, I'm not organising that any more. Somebody else'll do it." [Yeah, right!]

"Sir, sir, can you photocopy 150 of these 20 page surveys for the Year 12 Yearbook by 8-30 tomorrow morning . . . ?"

"Sir, sir, do I have enough Gladways for a medal yet?"

"Sir, sir, the sponges for the car wash aren't big enough . . ." [So why did you cut them in half, Einstein?]

"Sir, sir, tomorrow there's a Formal Committee meeting before school and then a Car Wash Committee meeting at recess and a Fundraising Committee meeting at lunchtime followed by a Yearbook Committee meeting and then a Committee Committee meeting and a . . ."

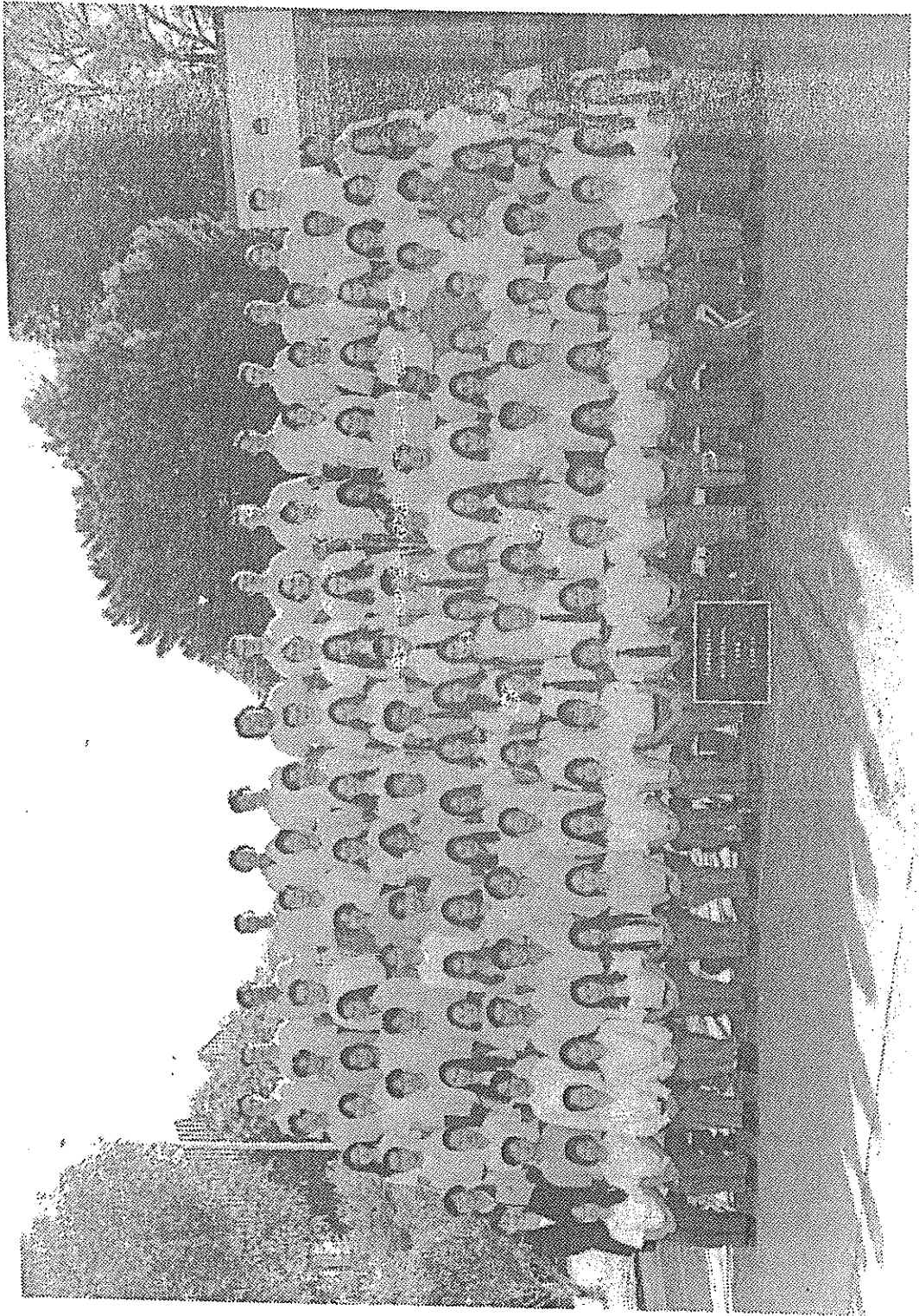
"Sir, sir, there're still 4,863 boxes of chocolates left . . ."

"Sir, sir, how many Gladways now?"

"Sir, sir, can I go on a holiday to Botswana for three months. I'll be back before Christmas, I swear . . ."

"Sir, sir, we want to design our own school jersey with 42 colours and twelve different fabrics, with a 3-D design, engraved reversible metallic buttonhole covers, turbo-charged rocket-thruster shoulder pads . . ."





"Sir, sir, I swear I'm 18 . . . the office must have made a mistake . . . just sign this ID card for me . . . pleeeese . . ."

[5 days later] " . . . but I've got 2 exams at the same time . . . " [Well, duh!]

" . . . and then at the formal there'll be these great 12 metre high ice sculptures on every table . . . dolphins riding five abreast on dancing palomino stallions across the vast open steppes of the Manchurian desert . . ."

"Sir, sir, but [insert someone else's name here] was supposed to do that . . ."

"Sir, sir, how many more Gladways do I need before I can get the Nobel Peace Prize?"

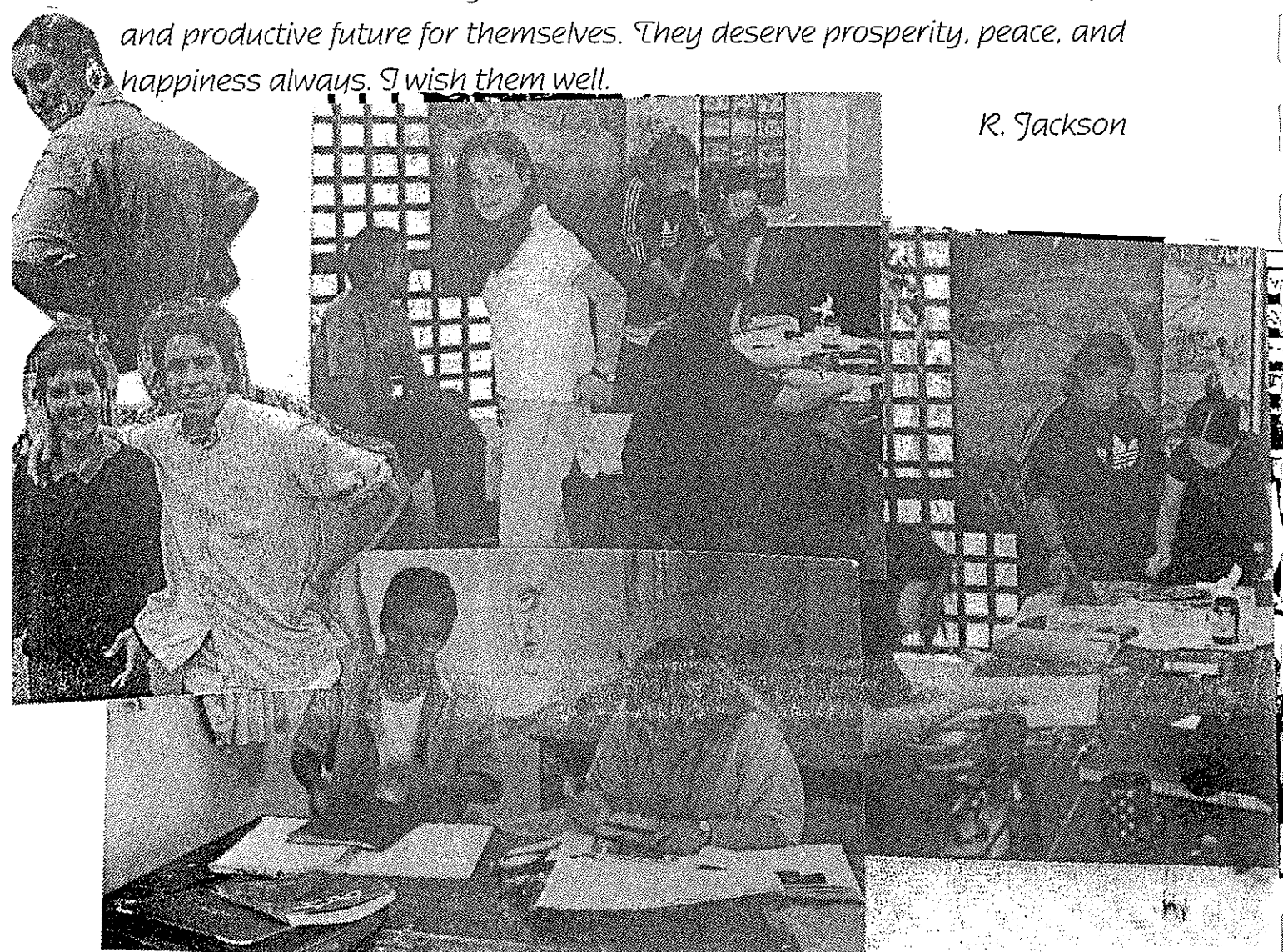
*Ugh! What a nightmare!*

*And that was just the first week!*

*Seriously, though, it has been a real pleasure working alongside the students in Year 12 this year: listening to their jokes and their excuses, sharing their successes and their problems, setting up their crazy schemes and sorting out the messes. And, watching them grow into thoughtful and intelligent young adults.*

*I thank them for their efforts, their participation and their good humour this year. I'm proud of them all: they have been a credit to the school and the community, and have worked hard to assure a successful and productive future for themselves. They deserve prosperity, peace, and happiness always. I wish them well.*

*R. Jackson*



## THE SUNFLOWER

by  
Ki Sing Li

Ah, sunflower! weary of time  
who countest the steps of the sun  
seeking after that sweet golden clime  
where the traveler's journey is done  
where the youth pined away with desire  
and the pale virgin shrouded in snow  
Arise from their grave and aspire  
where my sun-flower wishes to go

◇◇◇

## DECEMBER MORNING

by  
Ki Sing Li

I feel like spring on this December morning  
In the courtyard birds are singing your praise  
I'm still recalling things you said to me  
I carry them with me today –  
You call my name  
And it sounds like church bells  
I'll run to meet you  
with my barefoot barely breathing  
It's not too near for me

Like a flower I need the rain  
Every season has its change  
I'll whisper your name into the sky  
And I'll see you  
When the sun comes out again.

◇◇◇



*In the old China feudalism plunged people into an abyss of misery. In some extremely feudal families, lots of wonderful matches were separated by the dark social environment. They were another kind of victim of the feudal system. Let's go back to the feudal age with this story, and view the sufferings of one such couple.*

## THE ROMANCE ON THE TOMBSTONES

by  
Yun Fan Zhang

On the outskirts of an old town in China two tombs lie together. They are engraved with the story of an extreme and regrettable romance, a romance which happened a long time before Romeo and Juliet's . . .

Two illustrious families, the Wens and the Fangs, had lived in the same street in that old town for nearly a century. In an unusually cold winter Mrs Wen had given birth to her only son, Ben. Unblessed, she died as a result of the difficult labour. Several days later Mrs Fang had had a baby girl named May. Ben's father and May's father both wanted to be relatives as that would have been beneficial to their political positions in the Imperial government, so May was betrothed to Ben by Masters Wen and Fang on the day she was born.

Time went by and Ben and May grew up. Their parents put them together whenever they were playing or studying. And so, the seeds of love were sown in their hearts. People in the town all knew they were a perfect match.

They knew of their engagement themselves but, even so, they never did anything that might cross the line of respectability. They just wrote implicit poetry for each other and took care of one another. They were both waiting for the day coming, the day that would really put them together forever.

However, when that day had almost arrived, their fathers were changed in one moment and the day of their dreams would never come. Never . . .

It was a dark and stormy night. The trees were tossing in the frenzied lashing of the wind. Everyone seemed to be asleep. Ben was dreaming in his luxuriously comfortable bed. Suddenly, a great deal of noise woke him up. He thought that it might be the sound of his father coming back.

But he was wrong. His father had not come back. He would never be coming back. The people making noise in his house were an officer and many soldiers. They brought the most terrible news: the death of Ben's father, Master Wen. He had been executed by the Emperor, and all his property was to be confiscated immediately.

Ben was driven out of the mansion. When he walked past the Fang's mansion he saw the fastened gate and knew that he would never see May again. He knocked at the gate madly and called out May's name.

"Ben! Ben!"

He heard May's shouts, but no-one came to open the gate. He thought that their story had ended and so he went away without knowing where to go.

In one night Ben had become an orphan. He had lost his only relation and all of his property. But he had no time to cry for his father. He had to go and find a job to live. In that year, he was only sixteen.

A kind old carpenter took him in, and taught him to do some woodwork.

May's parents knew everything that had happened to Ben, but, as he owned nothing, he was useless for Master Fang's prospects. So, the old man had annulled

his daughter's engagement to Ben.

Her parents forbade May to look for him.

How could she obey them? One night, while people were asleep, she went straight to Ben's cabin in the darkness by herself. The moment she saw him she forgot all her fear. He was so skinny, melancholy and haggard. When she saw his pallid face and depressed eyes the tears welled up in her own eyes.

"I thought I'd never see you again, but, but . . ." He hugged her tightly and sobbed with surprise and unutterable sorrow.

"But I'm here, Ben. I'm here to see you. This is true," she wept, nearly choking.

"No, May, no. You must go back. If your father knows that you've come to look for me he'll kill you!" He pushed her away.

"I don't care. We had an engagement. Everyone knows I'm yours," she cried out in a tearful voice.

"No, everything's different now. My father died, and I have nothing. Your father will not allow us to marry. I can't ruin you. May, you'll have a good husband. Forget me!" He burst into a flood of tears as he struggled to say it.

"I don't care about them. None of them can prevent me." Suddenly an idea came into May's mind. "Ben, listen, we must go away as fast as we can. We must go to a distant place, somewhere they'll never find us, and we can start a new life and our dreams will come true."

May stayed with Ben that night.

Early the following morning, as they were packing and preparing to leave, May's father appeared with many servants. Their simple and innocent dream was all over. Master Fang was obviously not as naïve as May.

May held Ben's hand tightly. "No, Father, no!"

"You must come back with me," he shouted without expression.

"But Father, you engaged me to him."

"No! Who told you that? It's not true." His face had grown pale when he heard the word 'engaged'. he was upset and ashamed.

May could not believe that her father could be so inhuman to Ben. His only thoughts were to bring more power for himself, even if it meant undermining his daughter's happiness.

"No, Father. I'm not your daughter. I'm Ben's wife now. I do not want a father like you. You're . . ."

Shocked by this, he slapped her face angrily. "Shut up. How can you say that to your father? That boy has made you mad!"

May was taken away by force. "Ben! Ben!" she screamed. But Ben was knocked down.

Master Fang took his family away to a distant town where he had a large fortune. He forced May to marry the son of a high officer there. No doubt, that was for himself, too.

May wanted to die, but her parents kept watch on her day and night. After she married Master Li's son people knew she had conceived, but only she knew that it was Ben's baby. No-one else ever suspected, because it had happened just two weeks before her wedding. This gave her courage and confidence, and even a reason and purpose to live. She decided to live for her child, and that she would bring the child to its father. She wanted Ben to see his child with his own eyes.

May waited and waited. Three years passed. At last her chance came. Her husband and her parents-in-law (in old China after a woman married she must live with her parents-in-law) had to go to the capital on important and urgent business, and they would be away for two months.

May left a false message. She said she would go to see her mother, and would live there for a long time. She took enough money and daily necessities, hired a carriage, and went back to the old town with her son, Yu Li, who was two years old.

The journey took a week. Eventually May arrived at the town where she had once lived. She went straight to Ben's cabin.

Good Lord! He was still there, but very ill. Everything was the same as before but Ben was paler than ever. May held his hands. All the sorrow and grievances of the past, and the joy of meeting again, came up into their hearts.

"May, my dear May," Ben said joyfully, but weakly.

"Ben, I'm back. I'll never leave you. I'll look after you forever. We'll live happily with our son. Don't worry, Ben. Everything will be all right."

Ben was confused. Was this his son? He stroked the boy's head and remembered that night. He smiled.

"May, I'm nearly dead. I feel content. To see you again, and our lovely son, before I die, makes me the most merry and luckiest man in the world. I only wish we can meet in our next lives so we can be together forever. No-one could break us up again. No-one . . ."

Ben's eyes closed. This had been the Lord's grace, to let them meet once more before he died.

May screamed and fell unconscious. When she woke up she fell into complete despair.

She buried Ben with almost no tears. For their child's sake she lived in seclusion in a neighbouring village. She called herself Mrs Wen, and her son Yu Wen. May brought up the boy by herself.

Before she died she told Yu the tragic story. She said to her son: "Bury me beside your father's tomb, so we might be together in our next lives."

She died silently.

Yu did just as she asked. He also carved his parents' deep love for each other, and their eternal regret, onto their tombstones. Around their tombs there always grow beautiful flowers.

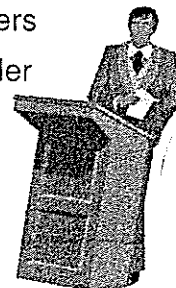


*We can see in our society that there are some people who are the slaves of power and money. But there are also lots of people who have true love. That is the most valuable thing of all.*



## DEBATING AND PUBLIC SPEAKING - ALIVE AND WELL AT CABRAMATTA HIGH SCHOOL

Our Year 9 debating team has worked consistently and well this year. They have competed in the Commonwealth Bank Junior debating competition and although they have not succeeded in progressing to the regional competition, they have shown they are a talented, cohesive team. Lieu Duong, Johnny Xu, Somlock Chai, Gy Wen Ho, Nathalie Trinh, Siv Keang Phou and Paymany Rattakanone were the team members and they are looking forward to the 'Focus on Drugs' competition which will be under way in Term 3. The schools they debated against this term were Canley Vale, St. Johns' Park and Bonnyrigg.



Our Year 10 debating team has enjoyed success in the Hume Barbour Debating Competition. This is most encouraging since this is the first time these students have debated in an inter-school situation and they were competing against Year 11 students, many of whom had debated many times before. They narrowly missed out on representing the zone in the regional competition. The team members, Luca Lupa, Jannie Lim, Kim Horng Lim and Pay Lay Du are to be congratulated for the high standard of their debating skills.

Luca Lupa and Jannie Lim competed in the Herald Public Speaking Competition held at Westfields High School this year. They showed they had a high level of general knowledge and were able to express their opinions clearly and persuasively.

To all who have competed in these competitions we say, "Well done," and if there are others who would like to participate in other competitions to be held in the second half of the year please contact Mrs. Menzies in the English faculty.


Go  
Cabra





## Cabramatta High School Canteen

The students of Cabramatta High have the privilege of a unique canteen system. The humble vegemite sandwich of which I have seen no trace since working in the canteen, is eclipsed by homemade pies, foccacia, pasta, sausage sizzles, toasted sandwiches and hot milos. Hot Dogs, noodles, satay chicken kebabs and pork rib rolls are also regular features.



The staff and students of Cabramatta High can thank Margaret, who has been running the canteen for the past three years, but can also thank themselves. Your honesty, which allows a self serve system to be viable and the volunteers who help out to make sure you have time to buy and eat your lunch before the bell goes, makes a good system better. Margaret is also assisted by Vivien and Diana.

We wish all Year 12 students the best of luck for their HSC this year and the Trials they are currently undergoing. Special thanks also go to Murry in Year 12, who volunteers so much of his time to helping us out. We regret that we do not have "Smith's Full Monty" chips but Murry can supply his own version- we'll miss you next year.

This week's specials include- Choc Malts and Choc wedges for \$1.00, Mivvy ice creams for \$1.30.

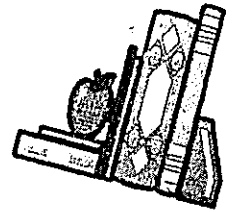
Remember:- Homemade chicken pies and Vegie pies disappear fast so place your lunch order before 11:30 am.

The Canteen Ladies





## The Library



A network of twelve computers has just been installed in the library. These are placed together on attractive, secure desks so that a whole class can use them. At other times they are available for individual students and staff.

The computers may be used for viewing a wide range of CD-ROMs (encyclopedias, Sydney Morning Herald, information about HSC exams and careers, etc.). They also have the usual office programs (word processor, spreadsheets, etc.) which may be used for typing school assignments.



At present the internet is available on one other computer but we hope to have it available on all twelve computers by early next term. All these computers and free continuous access to the internet have been provided by the Department of Education and Training.

Students use these computers on condition that they:

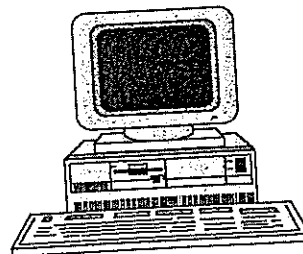
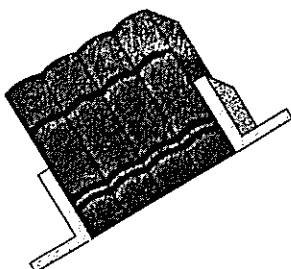
- \* use them only for their stated, educational purposes;
- \* do not seek inappropriate material on the internet and report inappropriate sites to the Teacher Librarian if they accidentally come across them;
- \* do not tamper with the software settings or equipment;
- \* are gentle with the keyboards and mice and follow correct procedures;
- \* allow other students to have their fair share of computer time.



A lot of the library furniture has been renovated and more chairs and tables have been provided. Security grills have been installed over windows and doors.

Each year thousands of dollars are spent on new books, videos, CD-ROMs, magazines and indexes to keep the library up-to-date for students and teachers. The library is now a pleasant, attractive place and the staff enjoy providing up-to date information and services for students. The pleasing result of these developments is that the library is heavily used in most periods.

P. Beuzeville  
Teacher Librarian





## IEC REPORT 1998

Well, it has been another busy, busy year with lots of new students, new classes, new teachers, places to go and things to see as well as many surprises, and the year is not over yet!

The IEC Leavers Assemblies that are held at the end of each term are always memorable and full of surprise talent. At the end of Term 2, Ms. Strouthos' Art class "performed" the narrative of a McCubbin painting (have a look for the painting in Mr. Kidd's office next time you're there!) Mr. Kidd was so impressed by the performance, the students were invited to repeat the item when Cabramatta hosted a visit by 20 or so New Zealand Principals on Day 2, in Week 1 of Term 3. Everyone, including Ms. Shekar's ESL class and Ms. Chatzakos's Art class (and you could have heard a "pin drop"!) were moved by the performance. It was one of the year's highlights!

Another proud moment was when Mr. Kidd announced a Year 7/8 Scholarship Award to Nancy Ly - Congratulations!

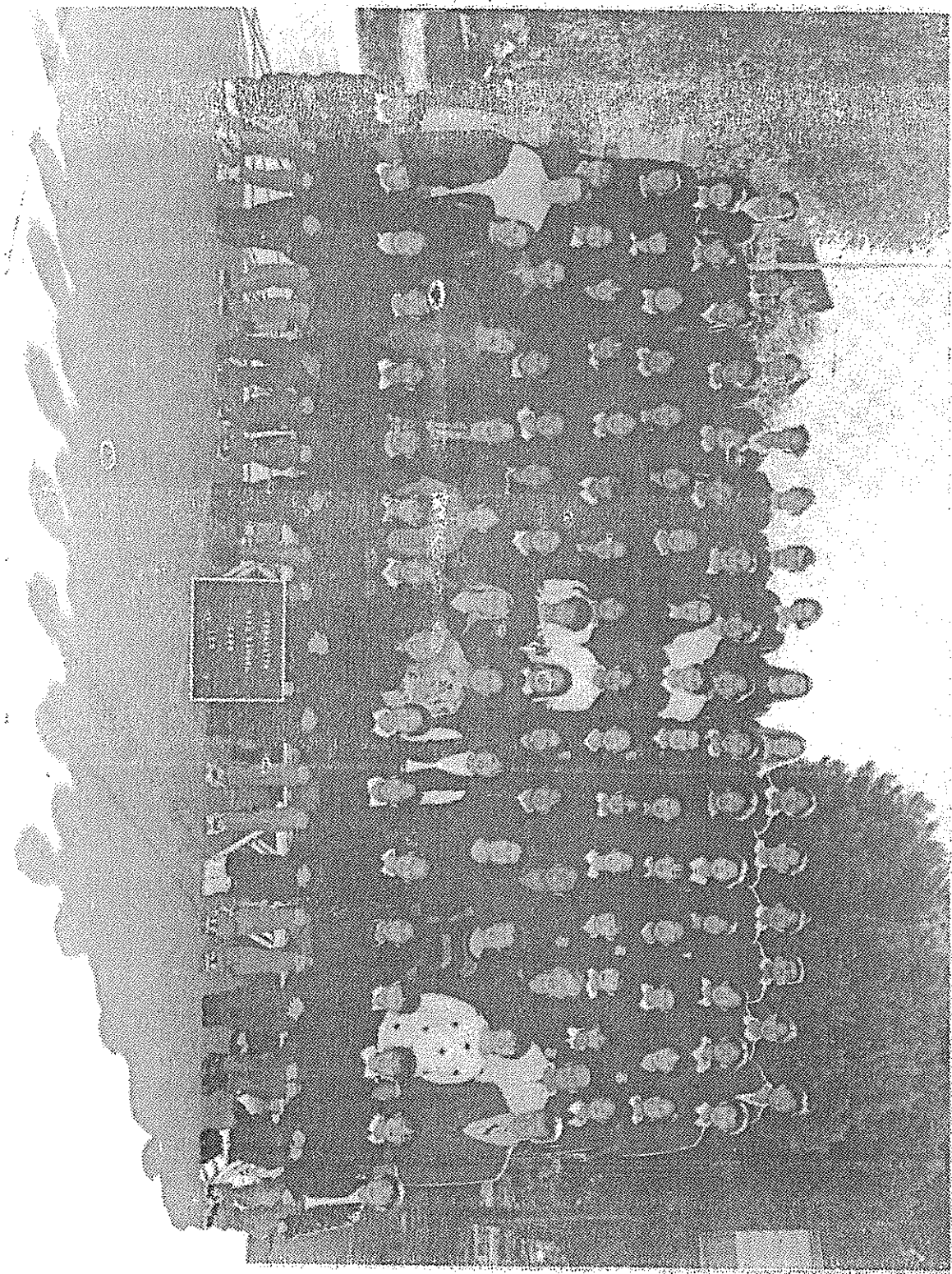
Speaking of talent - where would Cabra. be without the many talented IEC Athletes, who not only succeed at school Athletics and Cross Country Carnivals but, who then go on to represent the school at Zone level with great success!

I would also like to thank all the High School students who come to T3 every morning to help the I.E.C. students develop their reading skills. They make a valuable contribution to the education of their fellow students and their efforts are greatly appreciated by the I.E.C. staff and students. Many thanks!

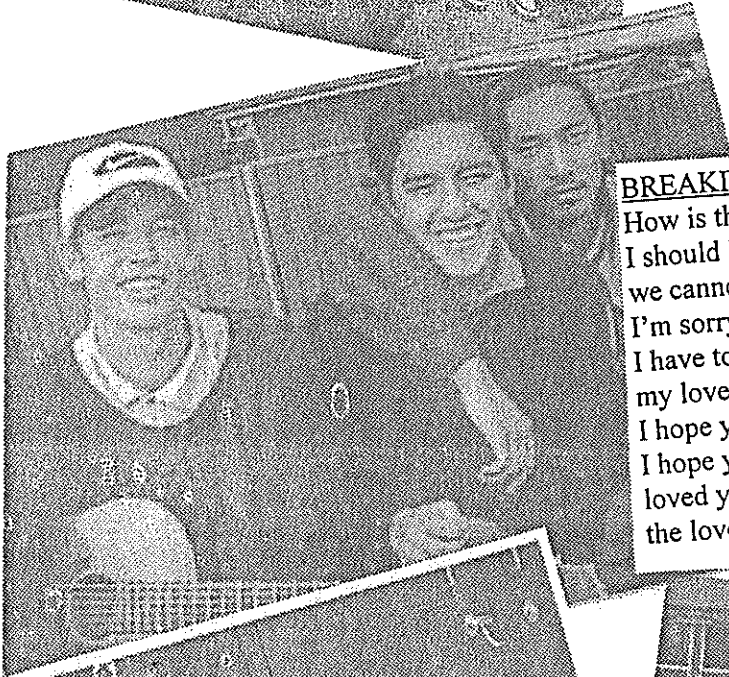
Congratulations to all the IEC students and ex IEC students for your hard work and commitment. We think you are terrific!

One last surprise - surprise at how quickly the years have gone and perhaps a surprise to anyone "new" to Cabra! The IEC will be 21 next year - hope you'll help us celebrate our 21 years "*down the back*"!



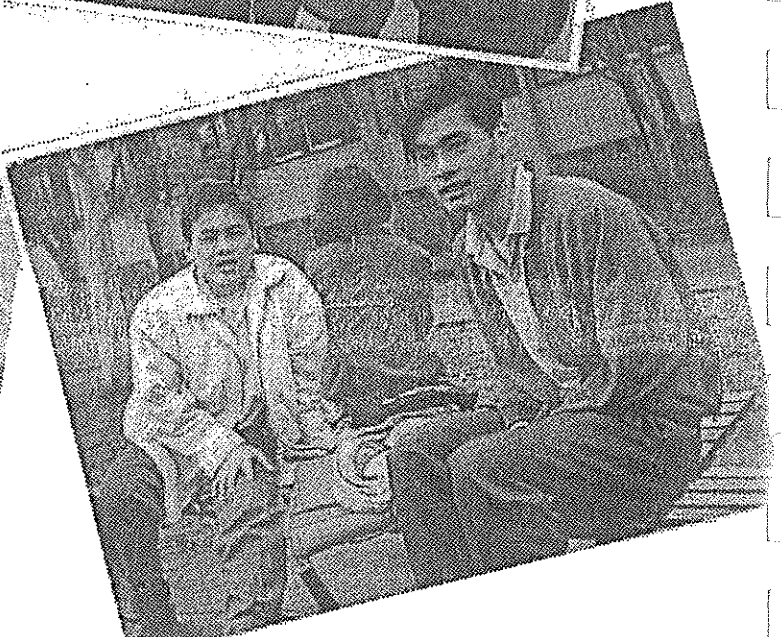






### BREAKING UP!

How is the time,  
I should let you know  
we cannot stay it's time to let go  
I'm sorry to say, but I lost your love  
I have to go on like the clouds above  
my love for you is fading to fast  
I hope you will find a new love that would last.  
I hope you understand that I had  
loved you, but  
the love I have now was not as true!





# Special Education

The Support Unit is a hive of activity. With three classes, students in the mainstream, seven teachers and two teacher's aides, our unit is always busy.

The three classes are taught by the Head Teacher Mr Schembri, Mrs Prasad, Ms Stefan and Ms Brunero, with Ms Ta as our teacher's aide. Mrs Thorley and a new member of staff Mrs Ea, work together with other teachers in the classroom to help those students in need. Mrs Cullen and teacher's aide Ms Diec help those students in the classroom with hearing difficulties.

The unit helps those students who need extra help with their school work. The teachers\* provide lots of interesting activities and help many students to find work experience in a variety of places including K-Mart, Woolworths and motor mechanic work places.

You will find the three classes in X Block and the Support Teachers' staff room in J Block. In the hall way leading to the staff room you will find photos and recount writing about our excursions – come and see for yourself! Come and read about our memorable trip to the Blue Mountains!





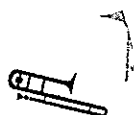
# CHOIR



This year, the choir has decided to extend its audience and broaden their chances at stardom by becoming a part of the Cluster Festival Schools Choir. Every school in our area will be represented and we are well in the throws of learning our new selection of songs. The cluster festival performances will take place on 21st October at Canley Vale High School. There will be two performances, one matinee and one evening. It promises to be a huge event and we are all anxious to learn the songs to perfection and be part of the show. The best part about a mass choir is that even if you don't know the songs to perfection or cannot sing like Mariah Carey, no one will know when there are over 100 voices!!!!

Along with this very serious commitment, we have our ongoing performances at the Co-operation Day concert, Presentation Day assembly and the all important, lets make them cry Year 12 Farwell Assembly performance. We have chosen a song for this one and cannot wait to perform it for Year 12 on their last official day as as students at Cabramatta High School.

One last thing that needs to be said is that choir is a little lacking in numbers. If you are interested in having a sing every now and again and learning a little about music on the way, don't be afraid. We want to sing songs that you want to sing, so any ideas are always appreciated from members and considered by the group. We would really like more people, and boys, there is no reason for you not to be there if you are interested. Anyone can sing in a choir, so long as you enjoy it and don't sing too loud when you are off key!!!



# *THE NIGHT THE CANDLE WENT OUT*

by  
Mouy Ngo

The flickering, spluttering white candle  
finally goes out  
with a  
hiss.

The trembling children gather  
together with unbearable fear in  
the dark horror of  
night.

A moment later,  
noises  
like footsteps  
come closer and closer  
and even  
closer.

The children are so scared,  
the wind blows and blows and  
the children don't dare to move  
anywhere.

Then the door opens  
and the footsteps are  
inside  
the  
house.  
The children are shaking.

Suddenly the light is on.  
It was only their parents.

◇◇◇



# THE GENTLE BREEZE

by  
Kwang Yie

It was a cool midsummer night in a small town set amidst the field plains of Australia. The gentle breeze carried the sounds of cicadas while it brushed against the tall slender stalks of wheat, causing the crops to sway from side to side like the ocean tide. This small town was nothing but pleasant and undisturbed, though in the past few weeks the main talk of the town had been of a serial killer's rampage and the trail of innocent victims close by. No-one was more frightened by this than a little boy named Johnny. Johnny used to run around the crop fields as free as bird, but when he heard of the serial killer he stayed inside his house like a caged-up canary.

As the sun rose another day was born. Off set Johnny on his long journey to school. He passed the tall slender wheat crops swaying in the slight breeze, then he passed the big old oak tree.



Johnny had many fond memories of that tree. As a youngster he'd climbed it and the fragile, cracked texture of the bark would break off. It was as though every time Johnny climbed that tree he was peeling off another layer of the skin of an onion.

Johnny finally arrived at school. It seemed like a normal long hot day at school as usual, and the thought of its end was like the end of eternity for Johnny.

The temperature had cooled down slightly as Johnny finished school, luckily for him, as he had the long journey back home ahead of him. Along the way he came across the oak tree again. Johnny decided to stay for a while as the air was still boiling and he hadn't visited the old tree for a long time. He had some leftover lunch which he finished off as quick as a flash, and then he climbed the tree, the rough textures of the bark returning all the fond memories to him as he climbed. Up on that branch it felt so comfortable to Johnny that before he knew it he

was slowly starting to doze off, little knowing that he was being watched by a dark, shadowy figure lurking, hidden from Johnny's view in the wheatfield nearby.

It was dark by the time Johnny awakened and realised he had fallen asleep. Before panicking and acting drastically about the situation, it was typical of Johnny that he gave a big yawn and stretched his arms out as far as he could.

All of a sudden the loud crack of a breaking twig sounded out, followed by fast pounding footsteps and the crunching of fallen leaves below him. Before Johnny knew

what was going on someone had grabbed his ankles with a firm grip and pulled him down out of the tree.

Frightened by this, all Johnny could do was scream and yell at the top of his lungs while throwing punches left and right with both his arms. But it was no use, and the figure held Johnny down on the ground by the throat. In a last struggle to get loose Johnny released a kick which impacted between the figure's legs, and at the same time relieved the stranglehold on Johnny's throat.

Freed now from the choking grip, Johnny realised that the figure was in pain. Johnny took a final deep breath and started to scramble away. He ran as fast as his little legs could carry him, and he finally made it to the crop fields.

But Johnny made the ultimate mistake. He turned around to see where the figure was. He didn't look where he ran. Johnny tripped over a branch and landed flat on his face. His hands and knees had blood all over them from the impact.

Johnny was in great pain as he struggled to get up. Unable to get up, he started to crawl, but he didn't get very far. Before he knew it the figure had pounced on him. Johnny felt like he had been trodden on by an elephant.

Johnny knew at that moment what his destiny was to be. He slowly turned around to look at the figure. What he saw was a blade from a dagger that flickered in the pale moonlight. In a flash he saw the dagger thrusting down . . .

It is a cool midsummer night. There is a slight chill in the air, and the gentle breeze carries the sounds of the cicadas while it brushes against the tall and slender wheatstalks that sway from side to side like the motion of the ocean tides.

Everything is in its place except for a little boy who is not tucked into his warm, cozy bed.

◇◇◇

## *IT COMES AT NIGHT*

by  
Lang Leav

It comes at night  
When I'm deep in a dream  
No one can hear my  
Silent scream  
It holds me tight  
I can feel my fear  
A harsh cold light  
A silent tear  
I try to fight it  
But it can't be tamed  
It keeps coming  
Again and again

◇◇◇

# RETURN OF THE SADINAHUA

by  
Kim Sur Tang

The Amazon jungle.

It was a lush green carpet laid with a million different types of plants and animals. There was no corner of it I had not been to. I could remember all the places in this domain like the back of my hand.

One day on my daily hunt for food I spotted a strange place alien to these eyes of mine. The thick lining of trees – the walls that enclosed our jungle world – was clear, and a narrow path led out of my luxuriant jungle home into a dreaded place, dark and unknown to me or any of my tribespeople.

Curiosity made a bet with my courage and finally I decided to challenge the law, which states: *'One should not dwell upon forbidden ground, for the consequences are heavier to bear than the great mountain itself.'*

Venturing out alone I was eager to discover what lay on the other side of the world. After a few days' journey I came to a place that bemused me. At first I thought that I was dead and my spirit had come to the home of the gods, the reason being that I saw people like you and me but their skins were pale and white, not naturally black like ours. I was very afraid as the white spirits walked closer toward me.

It was horrible. It was reality.

More of them came into sight. They were covered with warm colourful materials, but I sensed that this was only to shield the more dark and sinister nature within. Even their feet were covered with these shell-shaped things.

After I ran away from them I realised that my bare feet had come upon a long hard grey path. It was twisted and bent like a serpent's body, leading both ways, touching the horizon, with white lines drawn across its back. In the distance I saw a small red speck. The next time I turned toward it I just froze, my face white with fear. Even my loyal spirit almost abandoned me due to this extreme danger.

It must have covered all that ground in just a short time. What such animal could run as fast as lightning strikes? Just a turn of the head and the tiny red speck had become this big red thing with flashing eyes; and now it charged at me like a mad puma thirsty for blood.

The demon suddenly stopped just in front of me. A white spirit came out from within the beast and waved its arms angrily in the air as though chanting a curse to kill. It brought out a stick and made a loud BANG! Pain rushed through my body like the grip of the biggest puma I had ever fought, the claws a million spearheads. Blood trickled down from below my ribs. Grabbing my side I ran as fast as my legs could carry me. The spirit waved the stick again causing more bolts of thunder to strike me.

As I ran along the grey path I felt an evil presence behind me. I did not dare look. My heart beat faster as the haunting sound became louder. I looked up and saw a monstrous dragonfly. It was like no other I have seen. Its skin was decorated with the colours of the earth: red, orange and brown. Inside its hollow stomach were more white spirits. It hovered fiercely over me, forcing upon me a hurricane which knocked me off my feet. I hurriedly hopped away like a cripple.

In the distance I could hear the familiar roar of the red demon I had encountered earlier. It appeared to be chasing me. It moved amazingly fast and was gaining. I felt my back sweating and the adrenalin pumping as I ran on hopelessly without destination. Again the spirit shouted loudly at me, probably chanting some magical words for the magic stick to work. Then the cold, heartless demon hurled itself like a crocodile snapping its jaw. It gashed my stomach, and the blood flowed out like the Amazon river itself. It turned around for me and I knew that it would kill me this time. I tried to crawl away but I was like a helpless newborn baby. It was coming closer, closer . . . BANG!



I felt the shock as well as the pain. My body was gaunt: bones disordered, arteries busted, muscles torn . . . and one final thought hung in this useless mind: regret! I should have obeyed the rules our ancestors set. I feared that this was what our ancestors had predicted. They said that in the future our world would be plunged into chaos by white spirits.

That dreadful, far distant, unimaginable future was now our present and it was my entire fault. The white spirits reminded me of the ancient warriors of the Sadinahua tribe, who had once ruled the land with greed, violence, and great carelessness, and which had led to their foreseen end.



Could the white spirits be their descendants? If so it would be great remorse for me because I had just murdered my whole tribe by exposing our presence to them. They would surely trace my path back to our Amazon kingdom, slay every living soul, and turn our camp into a graveyard.

What had I done? What had I done?

# *HAPPY RAIN! SAD RAIN!*

by  
My Linh Truong

Sitting by the window and watching drops and drops of rain falling down I feel slightly sad. The picture looks like a wind-back movie that brings me back to the past and the sad memory that I always carry along, a memory that is unforgettable through time . . .

I was ten years old at that time, living with my mother and younger sister. My family was very poor and we were residing in a poor province in Northern Vietnam. My father had died, leaving my mother remorseful and bearing a heavy family burden.

My mother struggled to raise my sister and I. She worked so hard to give us enough food and clothes.

Even though my childhood was not as happy as other children I was always optimistic about my life. I loved the scenery of nature: I loved to watch the ending of winter and the coming of spring. I loved to watch the sunset. And the thing I loved most was the falling rain . . .

Naturally, rain is regarded as a sign of sadness, and furthermore, it was often compared with thousands of sad teardrops. But in my opinion rain represented eternal happiness. Rain brought life to every living thing. It cooled down the air.

But . . .

The sixth of October in that year was my birthday. The sky was clear and bright and my mother, sister and I gathered in the kitchen to prepare our normal meal. Suddenly, as we were happily eating around the small table in the corner, the hot sunrays disappeared. The sky was starting to get dark, with so many black clouds angrily coming to block the whole atmosphere. Thunderstorms roared loudly. Finally, heavy drops of rain fell down.

I felt very happy at that time. Quietly I thanked Mother Nature for giving me such a meaningful birthday present.

But the rain kept on falling, getting heavier and heavier. In the evening the typhoon came, along with more thunderstorms. The wind was so strong that it blew my poor sweet home away.

The three of us trembled under the cold and fierce rain. I was too confused and nervous to do anything. I felt helpless, and worried for my mother. The more I worried the more I thought of my father. His death had been a big loss for my family. It would have been better if he had been alive!

Just then my mother started to cough louder and louder; she had been sick for a long time. I watched her, not knowing what to do because everything in the house, including her medicine, had been blown away by the typhoon. Tightly hugging our mother in the heavy rain was the only thing my sister and I could do.

Drops and drops of rain fell on my face, so many that they made me think they were my tears. I was crying for our misery, our hopelessness. I was crying as if I had never cried before in my life.

Suddenly, my mother held our hands tightly and trembled.

"My . . . poor . . . daugh- . . . ters . . . You . . . should . . ."

I shouted, "Mum! Say it! What should we do? Mum, say it. Why don't you say something?"

I was hysterical. But I heard nothing more from my mother. She left us forever and would not exist in this lifetime any more.

I was in pain. I shouted out like a mad person. I scolded nature and blamed the

helplessness of human beings. I blamed the people who had compared rain with misfortune.

But the comparison turned out to be true after all, and its victim had been my family. My sister and I kept crying and holding my mother until we fell unconscious in the heavy rain . . .

The happiest life of a person is the time they are living with their parents. However, not many people enjoy this happiness. Parents are the ones that make us, nurture us.

The only thing that I feel regretful for is that when I grow up I will be unable to repay them because they no longer exist in this life.

Every October, whenever I see the rain, the painful memory seems to explode within me. My heart is broken by watching the rain.

Rain is happy or sad!!!

◇◇◇

## *TOO YOUNG*

by  
Lang Leav

Too young for love  
Too young to know  
How far a touch,  
A kiss can go

Too old for comfort  
Or childhood charms  
Too old to be held  
In your mother's arms

The world is so hard  
When you're in between  
Your future world  
And childhood dreams

◇◇◇

# EXTINCTION

by  
Rhonda Tang

The professors at Sydney University all wished Kip good luck, because he would need it in order to save the human race from possible extinction.

Kip knew he had been chosen for this special and maybe dangerous mission only because he was at the right place at the right time. One day he had stayed behind until very late and discovered the secret concealed room on the highest level of the university. Tripping on a fateful power cord had betrayed his presence to the people working in the room. After a lot of questioning he became involved with their work.

A year later he was the one chosen to use the time machine. He had been trained for another six months.

Now, an hour after they had checked and rechecked the computers, control units and hull for the last time, the multi-million dollar machine disappeared into thin air.

Kip stepped out of the time machine. He was amongst the dusty ruins of Sydney, shocked that this was what the year 3010 would look like.

Kip knew what he had to do. He had to take samples of everything and record the place with the most up-to-date holographic camera. Kip used a primitive compass to guide him to the site of the Sydney Opera House. Back in 2501 a digital direction indicator had been invented, and they were very accurate. Every major country had a transmitter which provided the power for it, however, it was not functioning at all.

When he arrived the Sydney Opera House was no longer there. Not a scrap of it remained. It must have been bombed.

Kip saw a pretty mermaid nearby. She had long, gleaming jade green hair. She had water green skin and imperial purple eyes. The small flashing scales on her tail were spectacular; the light danced upon them making them change colour all the time.

"Um . . . Hi," said Kip. "I'm Kip from 2501 A.D."

*I thought man was extinct. What's that you're pointing at me?*

Kip was startled. She hadn't even moved her mouth yet she had spoken clearly and sweetly. He wondered if she was a figment of his imagination and whether or not he should reply.

"Oh . . . this? It's a holographic camera. And I'm from this time's past," Kip answered. "I need to take back this recorder to my time to prevent World War IX. The United States is thinking of dropping twelve nuclear bombs around."

He heard her sigh, and as she was about to speak again a merman slipped onto the shore close beside her. His hair was cobalt blue and his tail danced with colour too, but his skin was turquoise. He ran a webbed hand through his hair and smiled.

"I am Roshly, a history tutor. This is my pupil, Theoria. We are from Sub-city 5. When man dropped those bombs I think you are talking about, they had to swim to survive. We are the result of that. There are beautiful underwater cities that we live in now," the merman spoke aloud.

For a moment there was silence and nothing happened, or so it seemed to Kip.

*Roshly, sent Theoria telepathically, we are the future. We have already happened . . . We are the result. He can't change that!*

"Our cities have air so we can talk," Roshly mentioned to Kip, "but when we are in water we communicate telepathically."

"I was just thinking about it and this is incredible! You're talking about human



evolution!" Kip said excitedly. "Wow! It is such a pleasure talking to you but I have a lot of filming to do and I must get back by nightfall. Mr Brumby, my Science teacher would be very interested in . . ."

There was a distinct sound of scraping and crunching metal. Kip's eyes widened, and he half-ran, half-galoped back to the time machine.

*Oh dear, Roshly, maybe we should have told him about those horrible human mutations that roam the land,* Theoria sent telepathically.

Back in 2501 it was ten o'clock, night-time: the professors shook their heads and sighed. A brave young man had gone and not returned.

It was not a good sign. The government would cut their secret funding, and they wouldn't be able to build another time machine.

"I don't understand . . . What has gone wrong?" groaned Professor Gimore, head of the technology department.

◇◇◇

## THE VAMPIRE

by  
Xay Im Lam

Mickey was sitting with his four new friends in a circle at lunchtime in the school playground. They were all chatting happily, except for Mickey. He was new in school and didn't really know them all. So he sat there quietly, and tried to think of something smart to say.

"Hey, you guys! You know what!" said Mickey to his new friends. The four new friends turned and looked at him, waiting for him to continue. "I used to live next door to a witch's house, and she always boiled rats and cats in her pot to eat."

"And you weren't afraid livin' there?" asked Tim.

"Nah!" replied Mickey.

"So you won't have any problem going to the cemetery tonight?" asked James.

"Nope," answered Mickey.

"Okay then, go there tonight. Carve your name on one of the graves," said Naismith. "And tomorrow morning we'll go there and see if your name is there."

Mickey waited until his family was asleep, and then he took his father's jacket, a kitchen knife and a torch with him. He went straight to the cemetery. As he got closer to the cemetery the night grew colder and even the thick jacket couldn't stop Mickey from shivering.

Finally, Mickey went up to the grave that he wanted to carve his name on. The grave was freezing cold, like ice, and there were millions and millions of skeletons scattered around that grave.

Mickey's leg kept shivering, but eventually his name was done, and it stopped. Mickey tried to stand up straight, but his legs wouldn't budge. He tried to move any part of his body but still nothing happened.

He was doomed!

A vampire had risen out of the grave. Mickey could see it. It was the grave that he had carved his name on. Mickey tried harder to flee from the vampire. He knew deep in his heart that no-one would come to save him in the middle of the night.

The vampire grabbed his right arm. It was trying to pull him towards the grave.

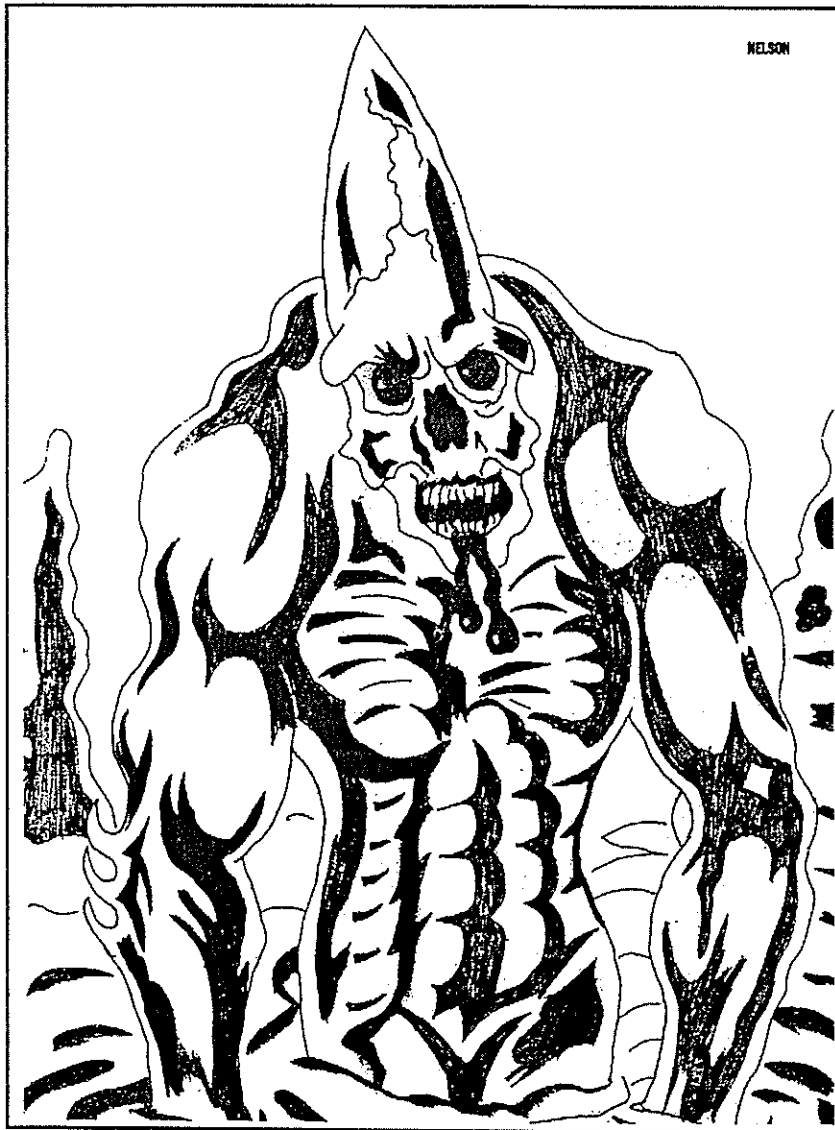
"HELP!" cried Mickey, but nothing came out of his throat.

Suddenly, a big rock hit the vampire's back, and the vampire turned to it. The rock tried to run away, but the vampire caught it. "Sssss . . ." shrieked the rock.

"Leave them alone!" shouted the moon, and it stretched out a long yellowish hand and lashed the vampire's bum . . .

The vampire groaned and leapt around, then back into the grave.

The next morning the four boys came excitedly towards the cemetery. They could see a statue standing in front of a grave. So they approached the statue, and it looked like a friend of theirs.



It was Mickey, of course, but their minds were blank. They looked at the grave and all they could see was "BEWARE" written on it.

Suddenly, the grave exploded and out of it came the vampire. The four boys collapsed onto the ground.

## English

English is thriving at Cabramatta! You never know, it may even become as popular as Maths one day. But that is in the future.

For the present, we are delighted at the success of the Literacy Strategy which started last year, after the ELLA results came out. Year 8 students clearly show a significant improvement in literacy in this group of students. Year Eights can feel proud of their achievement, as can the staff of Cabramatta for their work in promoting and supporting literacy in all subjects. Year Seven will have to work hard to equal this achievement when they are re-tested next year.

Year Ten is also in for some changes as the focus of the School Certificate is shifting away from response to literature towards assessment of literacy skills generally. Fortunately they have until November to work on these skills. No doubt Year ten will rise to the challenge.

This year we have far more students in Years 11 and 12 tackling the 2 Unit General English course than in 1997. This is another sign that our students are becoming more confident and more competent in the use of English. We look forward to some great results as the year continues.

C. Jostsons





## SCHOOL MAGAZINE - MATHS



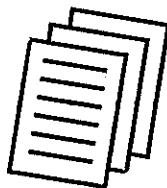
1998 has been a year of many changes in the Maths Faculty. Two casual teachers who were part of the staff in 1997 took up full-time positions at other schools : Mr Tsiakoulas (Canterbury Boys High) and Miss Wang (Windsor High). At the end of Term 1 we farewelled Miss DeLuca after many years at CHS. She was successful in gaining a Head Teacher position at Grantham High, Seven Hills. Mr Skene was also successful in promotion, being appointed Deputy Principal at CHS, after relieving in the position since 1997. I am acting in the Head Teacher role until a new Head Teacher, Mr Powers, can transfer from his present school at James Meehan High, Macquarie Fields. Four teachers were needed to take maths classes because of all these changes : two teachers from other faculties - Mr Kenny and Mr Ven and two new teachers to the school - Mrs Charbine and Miss Doan. The rest of the Maths Staff is still the same : Miss Kurovsky, Miss Constantinidis, Miss Konarski, Miss Nguyen, Mr Rubessa, Mrs Ling and Mrs Mastellone. The school is fortunate in having such a dedicated, talented and experienced staff who put considerable time and effort into encouraging and supporting all students.



The Maths staff are continually impressed by the willingness to learn and the application and achievements of their students. It is difficult to choose just one "Maths Wizard Of The Week", as a result certificates are now given to both a Junior and a Senior student who have shown outstanding achievement or improvement in class. Students who are highly motivated were given the opportunity to enter the gruelling Maths Challenge - a competition held over three weeks in March. In August the Westpac Maths Competition once again proved to be very popular amongst the students, with more than 250 entering this year. The results of which cannot be reported at this time of publication, but no doubt many certificates of distinction and credit will be awarded yet again.

All the staff would like to take this opportunity to wish their Year 12 students good luck in the Higher School Certificate exams and also all the best to Year 10 in the School Certificate exams. We hope that they are rewarded for all the hard work they have done in preparing for these important exams.

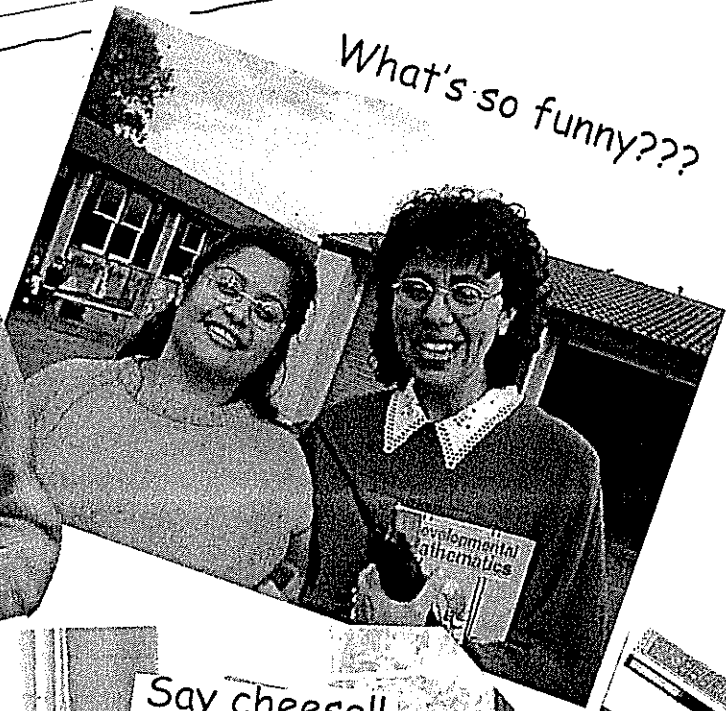
Miss Templeton







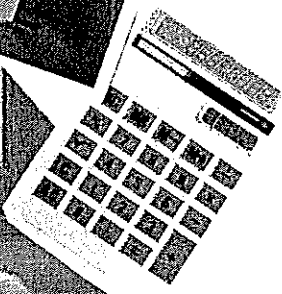
Don't you get the joke!!



What's so funny???



Say cheese!!

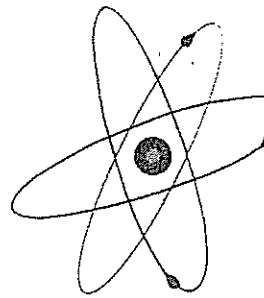
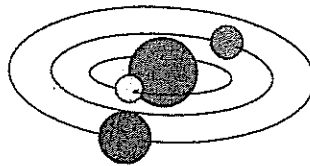


I'm trying to eat!!!!

What is this???





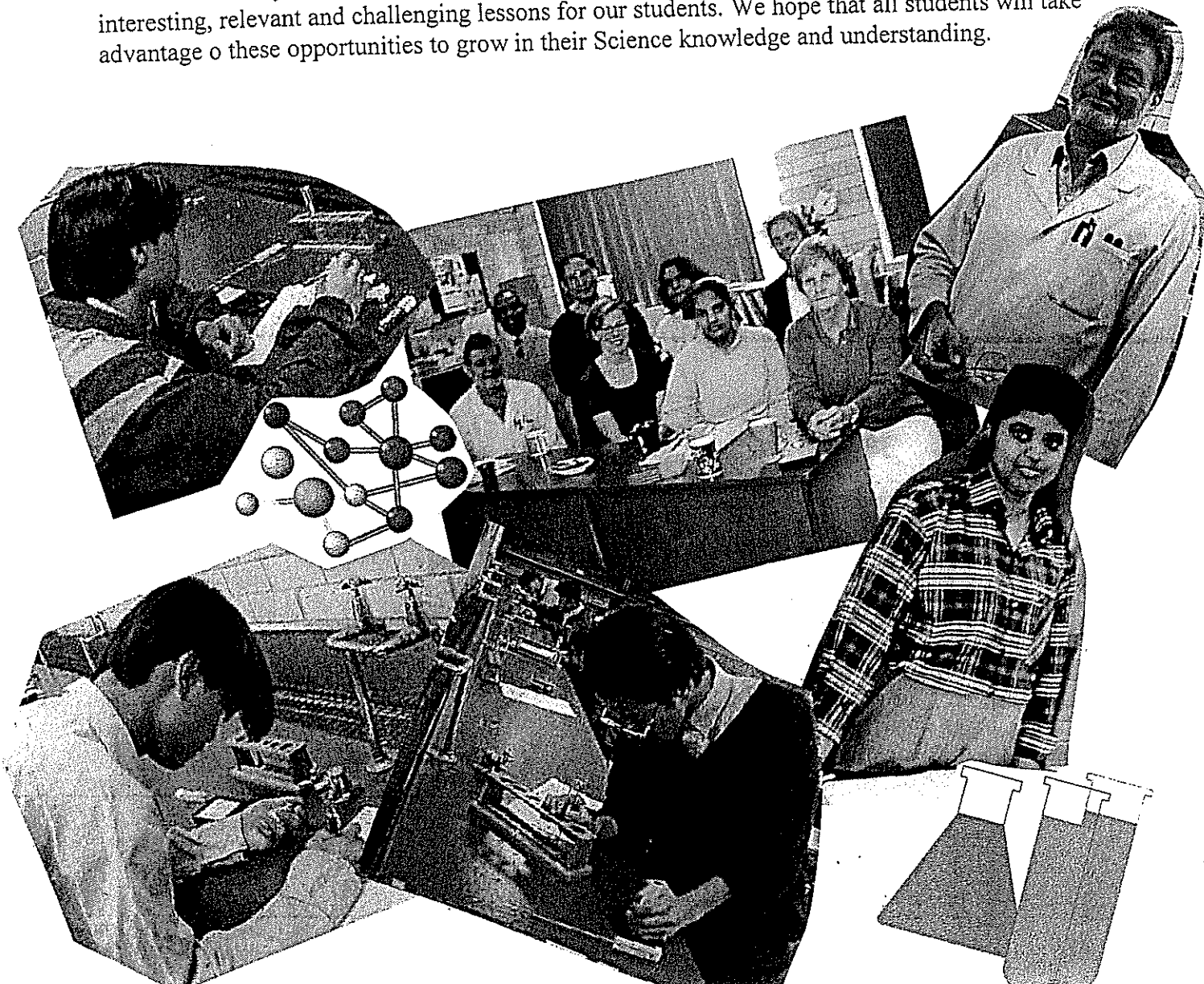


## Science Faculty Report

This year we have had no changes in the Science Staff and we welcomed back all "the old hands". As usual, our courses this year consist of Science taught to all of Years 7 to 10 and Physics, Biology, Chemistry and Science for Life taught to Years 11 and 12. We are also continuing with several special initiatives such as the Extension classes in Years 7 and 8, as well as the Remedial/Scientific English classes in Years 7 to 10.

We are trying this year especially to raise the profile of Science in the school by such things as puzzles on Kalori, increased entries into the Australian Science and Chemistry competitions, and for later in the year, activities in a 'Science Week' and the starting of a Science club. Also, as ever, Year 7 had an enjoyable excursion on our annual visit to Taronga Zoo, where they saw the extensive changes being undertaken. We are continuing our commitment to tackle the literacy problems of our students and Year 12 have had the opportunity to attend after school tutorials in Physics, Chemistry and Biology which we hope will help students with their HSC results.

As always, we are continuing to build up our Science resources, so that we can present interesting, relevant and challenging lessons for our students. We hope that all students will take advantage of these opportunities to grow in their Science knowledge and understanding.





Bonjour

你好

Guten Tag

## Languages

Mr Kenny and the Languages Faculty are continuing to broaden the horizons in the realm of the school excursions and activities. The bus has given a new meaning to going all the way.

All the way to China Town with Ms Qi and Ms Nesbitt where Years 7 and 9 discovered Chinese culture in Sydney. The students were encouraged to try their language skills on shopkeepers and anyone else that they could engage in conversation. They stopped talking only when a restaurant with a delicious "Yum Cha" was found.

The dynamic duo also led a troupe of Chinese dancers to a local Nursing Home where the residents were given an exhibition of traditional dance. The success of this excursion is due largely to the work of Janet Bian, a Year 12 student who trained the group and also to the work of My Linh Troung's Mother who so expertly made the costumes for the dancers. The audience was enthralled by the talent of our students.

Ms Dang and Ms Nguyen organized excursions for their Vietnamese students to Bundanoon and Wiseman's Ferry. The visits to Buddhist temples in these areas also gave some of our students a first glimpse of Australia beyond Sydney. This was a very valuable experience for those of our students who rarely venture outside their own environment.

Mr Kenny was back in the bus, this time with the students from Year 7 and 8 French classes, on a gastronomic tour of Bondi. The highlight of the evening (if we don't count the bus trip) was the opportunity to try a plate of snails. Year 8 couldn't get enough of them.

Ms Nguyen takes this opportunity to thank all those talented students who gave their time in assisting at the parent and teacher evenings at the local Primary Schools. Our translators have been a great assistance to both teachers and parents in the community. Let's maintain a service that has become a worthwhile tradition among the students of Cabramatta High.

Mr Solomon (on behalf of Mr Kenny)



Bulla

xin chào

Zdravo

Namaste



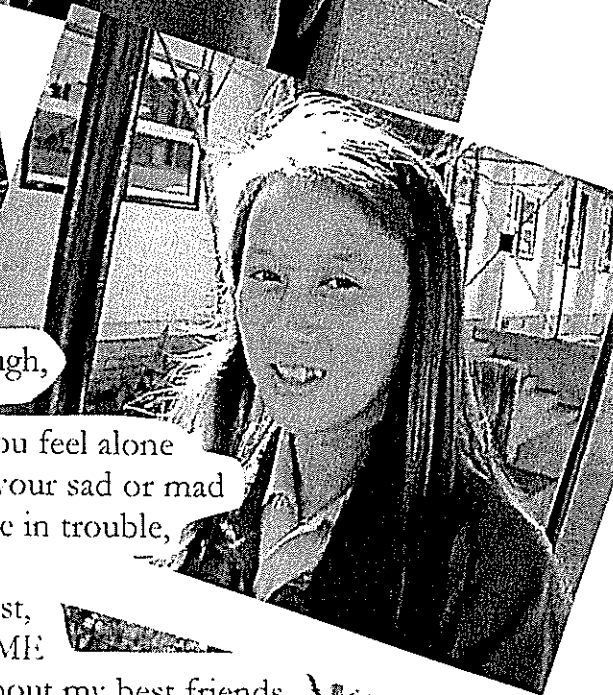
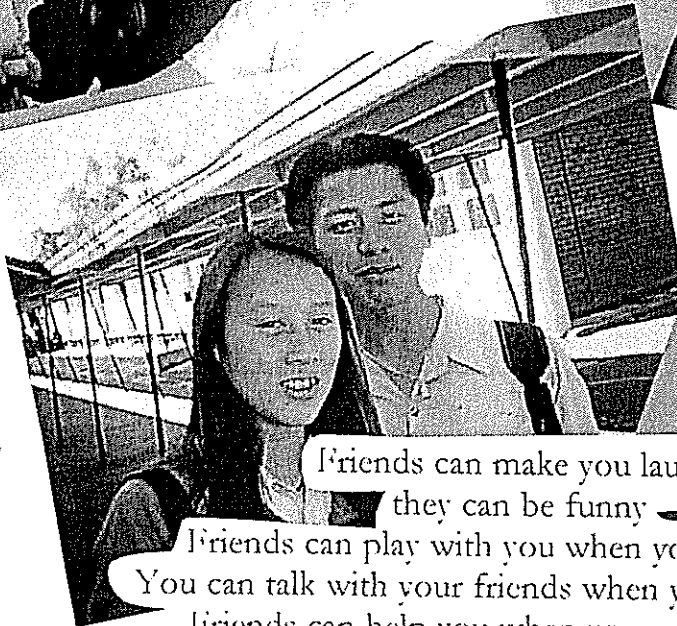
hola

nǐ hǎo

Tai ou!







Friends can make you laugh,  
they can be funny

Friends can play with you when you feel alone  
You can talk with your friends when your sad or mad

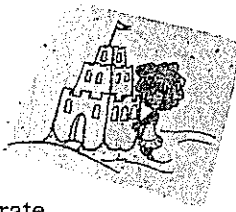
Friends can help you when you are in trouble,  
they care for you

Friends need to be honest,  
they need to understand ME

I love my friends and I will never forget about my best friends.



## HUMAN SOCIETY AND ITS ENVIRONMENT



1998 has seen some considerable changes to our department. Our Head teacher, Ms. Simpson accepted a transfer to Burwood Girls High and a long-time member of staff Ms. Kougelos has moved to Condell Park High. In their place we have Mr Erskine from Chatswood High and Ms. Nath, who was at Fairvale and Cabramatta last year.

A large range of activities and outings have already taken place. Students in the senior school have attended Study Days for Economics, Legal Studies and Modern History and Year 11 business have also attended the Imax Theatre where 11 Modern History have seen the "Titanic".

Ms. Phung's Year 10 Media Studies group have toured the Fairfax Plant at Chullora, while most of Year 10 will complete an excursion to either Cronulla or Manly.

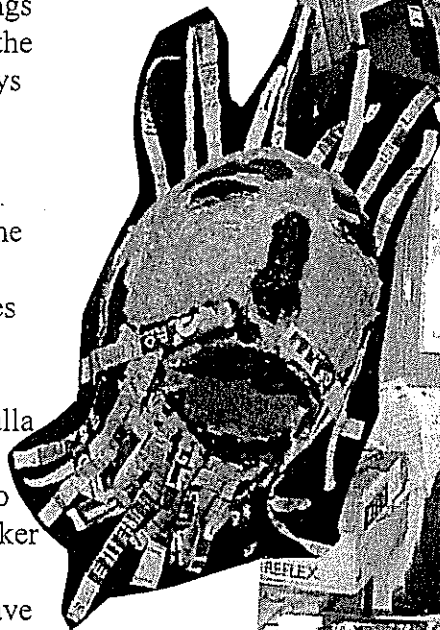
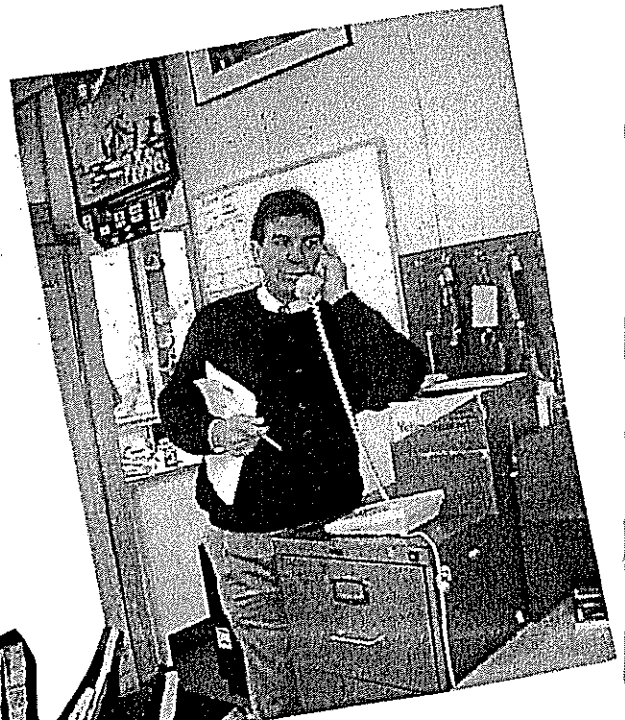
We have also had guests come into the school. Ms. Mishra has had a speaker from the NRMA address her Business Studies group, while Year 9 and 10 have viewed performances on Aborigines and Australians at war.

Of special interest was the United Nations Youth Forum in the Blue Mountains, at which our school was represented by Angie Draca and Stacey Chan.

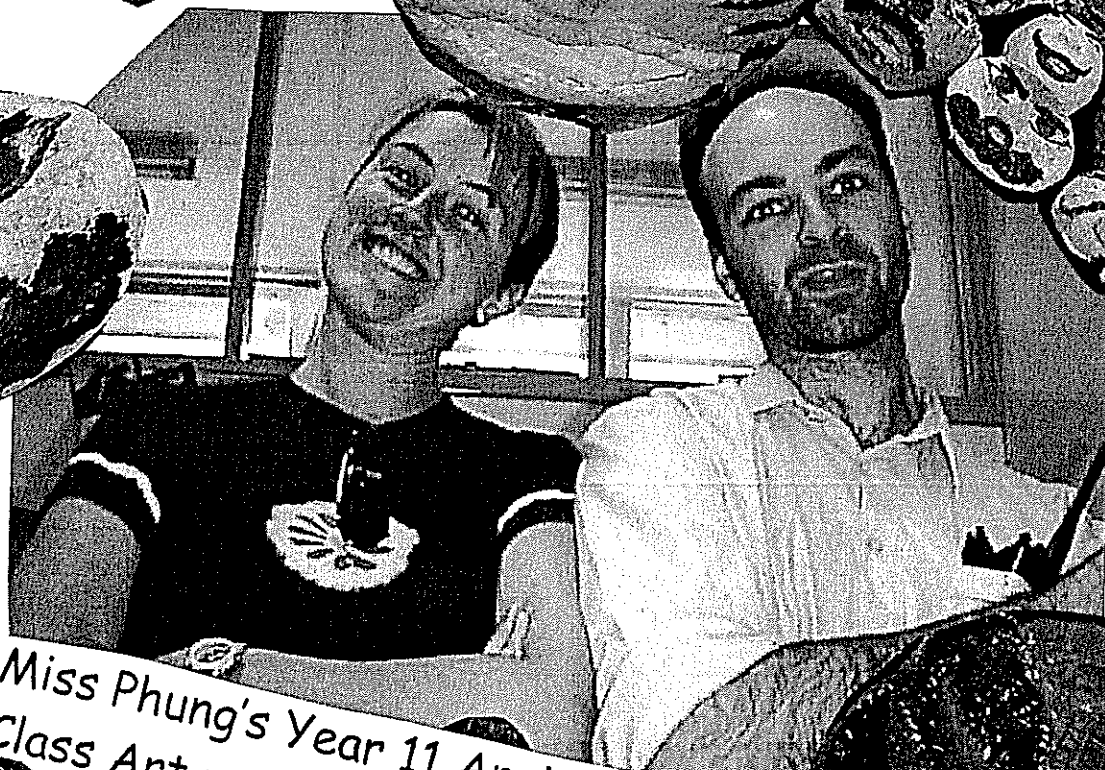
Two students, Kim Gang Chien and Su Ling Li also participated in the State Program for Australian Business week. Kim was a member of the winning team and will represent our state in Adelaide in December.

Congratulations to all participants.

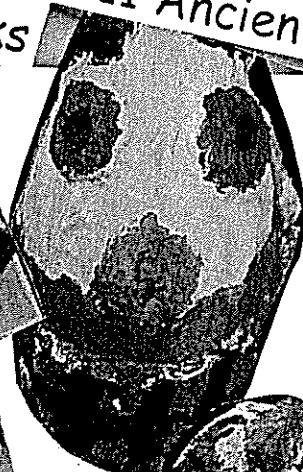
Mr Steinmetz







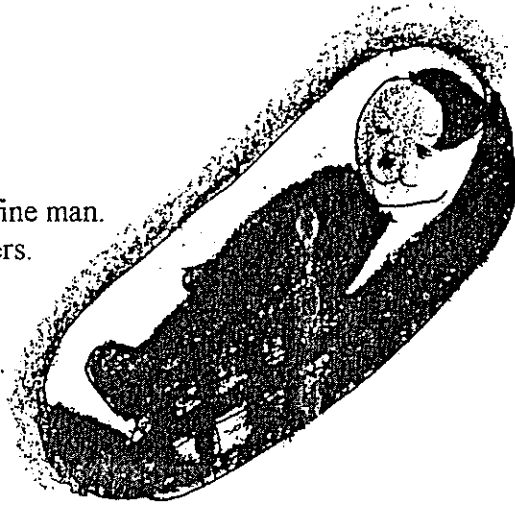
Miss Phung's Year 11 Ancient History  
Class Art works



# Adolf Hitler

By: Jannie Lim,  
Saroeuth Ven  
Dina Tang

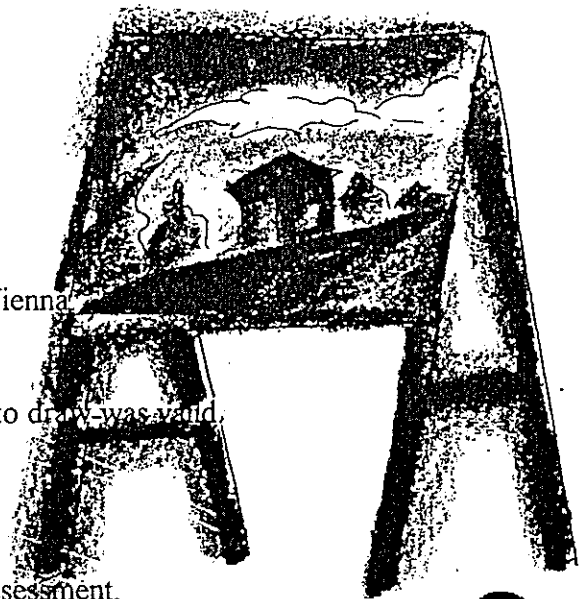
A son was born in 1889,  
To a working couple in Austria.  
A bundle of joy that night arrived,  
And blessed a hopeful mother.  
His future would sculp him into a fine, fine man.  
High dreams were laid upon his shoulders.  
The world, a marble in his hands.  
His might was strong and fierce.  
It roiled through journey, like a boulder.



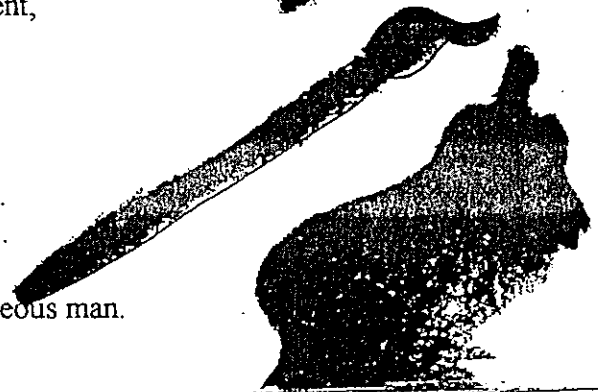
He went to school, as little boys did.  
But failure came upon him.  
A drop out at sixteen years old,  
A lighted pathway dimmed.  
Father fantasized succession.  
All that followed was deep, dark depression.

Adolf Hitler, his name was,  
Notorious 'till this very day.  
A rebel, without an honest cause,  
His blackened heartbeat, solid as clay.

A desire to explore finer depths led him to Vienna  
Accepted into an academy of fine arts.  
Chasing a childhood dream, he wondered.  
Considering his creative passion, his choice to draw was valid.  
But critics did not praise his works,  
Nor did they distinguish his talents.



Bitter, begrudging he failed to adopt their assessment,  
Ignoring truth, and denying facts,  
Fire burnt within.  
Rejected and alone, he lived in discontentment,  
Until he found his calling.  
News came, that the First World War was to begin.  
Lance Corporal Hitler, he served his promised land.  
To battle enemy soldiers,  
Fighting on the western front as a keen and courageous man.





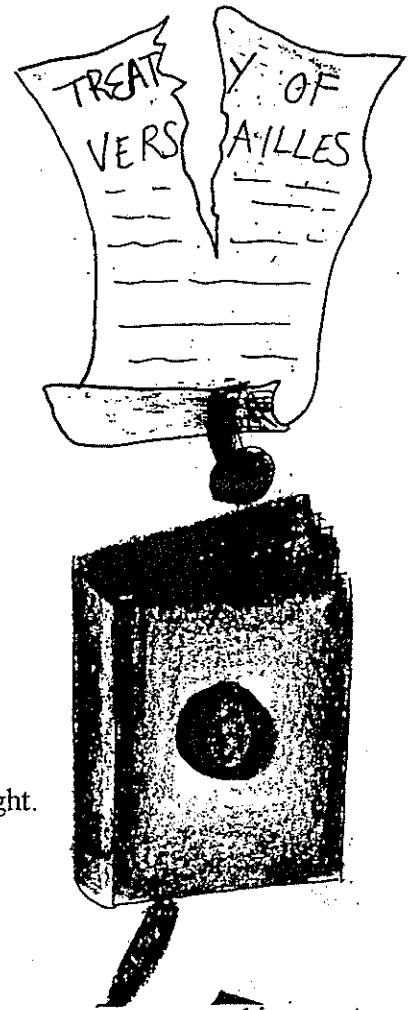
Hitler's joy was not long lived,  
 A bombshell struck his soul.  
 November, 1918, Germany surrendered.  
 Devastated once more, shattered dreams, no goal.  
 Unsatisfied, the outcome was a joke.  
 This defeat was not acceptable.  
 Hitler began his fight to get the Treaty of Versailles revoked.  
 Passing through time he rose to power,  
 Politics took his fancy.  
 Followers encouraged and gave birth to his reign of terror,  
 Though his work was not praiseworthy.

'Mein Kampf,' My Struggle! He wrote,  
 A book of his philosophies.  
 A book of discriminative structure,  
 Jews were offended, but Germans it did please.  
 "We are superior. We must rise above others."  
 Those were his basic thoughts.  
 He rallied his believers and preached and praised ideas.  
 But no one stopped to protest against the pain his bible brought.

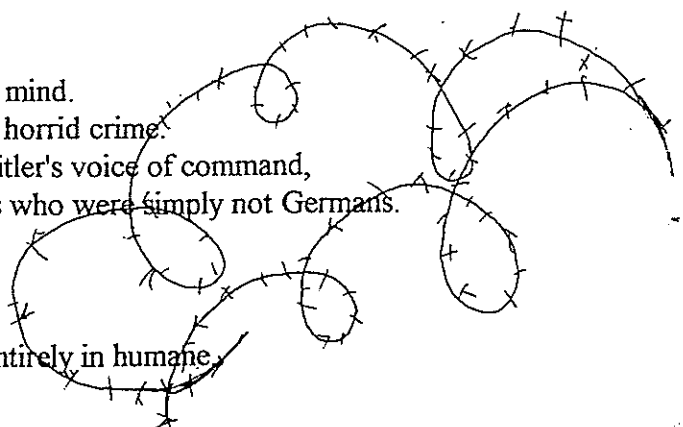
Jews, communists and the disabled,  
 These people are to blame.  
 We must demolish all that fits these categories.  
 Then Germany will rise above her shame.  
 Anti-Semitism was now a popular view.  
 Troopers plundered the daunting streets,  
 Promoting Nazism, intimidating Jews.

Hitler's rule was almighty,  
 His dominance was outstanding.  
 He possessed great skills and mesmerised assemblies.  
 Overall, his influence was blinding.  
 If he'd applied his powers to good,  
 What wonderful things could happen.  
 Instead evil was his art,  
 And millions suffered the outcome.

A murderous plot brewed inside a demented mind.  
 A sad but factual story will tell of a heinous, horrid crime.  
 Six million Jews were exterminated under Hitler's voice of command,  
 Along with Communists, Gypsies and others who were simply not Germans.  
 'The Holocaust'-this was called.  
 Greek meaning "Sacrifice by Burning."  
 This was a suitable name,  
 Thus reminding us of a brutal act that was entirely inhumane.



Adolf Hitler, a lost and ignorant man.  
 Failed to face reality and gave into anger's demand.  
 Stumbled into a dangerous destiny,  
 That changed and impacted the course of history.  
 He did although find love with a woman,  
 And pledged for her hand in marriage.  
 The joy did not last long however.  
 Defeated, he was his regime failed.  
 Suicide, stood as an option.  
 He killed those considered inferior,  
 But in the end his hands killed the ultimate super.



# SWEET DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES:



The day was finally here. Monday 27<sup>th</sup> July 1998. It was 8 am and 65 bleary eyed students were eagerly packing sets and costumes onto the truck and double decker bus. What was the event? I hear you ask. The annual ROCK EISTEDDFOD of course. And what a blast it was!

65 dancers, backstage crew, lighting people, hair and makeup artists represented Cabramatta High at the Hills Centre on that fateful day, along with Mrs Templeton, Mr Erskine and myself. The bus was a buzz with excitement, as we chatted, laughed (and finished sewing costumes together!) as we ambled up the Cumberland Highway. The weather looked wet and gloomy, but our spirits were on a high. Few of us had been involved in the Rock Eisteddfod before and our Sunday rehearsal the day before, had us all charged to face anything. How the day would unfold, we would have to wait and see.

Upon arrival at the Hills Centre we were greeted with the sights and sounds of 400 odd over-excited and over-zealous teenagers (and their teachers), from our competing schools. Did we let that phase us – Heck No! We practised our routine to our “hearts content”, we “boogied our buns off” at the dance sessions, we mingled and made friends with people from other schools and one or two of our dancers even found themselves sweethearts (come melt in my arms Frosty!) We even won the Kodak ‘Live for the moment’ photo competition. (On ya Milly!)

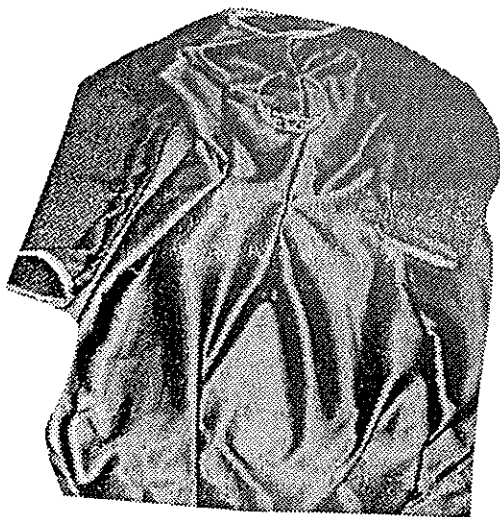
Having such a small number of representatives from our school did not dampen our spirits. We were well entertained by the Year 12 boys attempts at ‘Cabra Warcries’, but no-one could outdo Sarah Redfern, who more than doubled our numbers. The wet weather kept us on our toes, as we frantically tried to cover our HUGE sets and protect them from the rain. We learnt new skills that day – making teepees out of our sets turned on their sides! With only one mishap, the sets made it through the day and night. Gorging ourselves on pizzas and pepsi, we all survived the rehearsal day, leading into our performance that night.

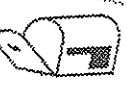
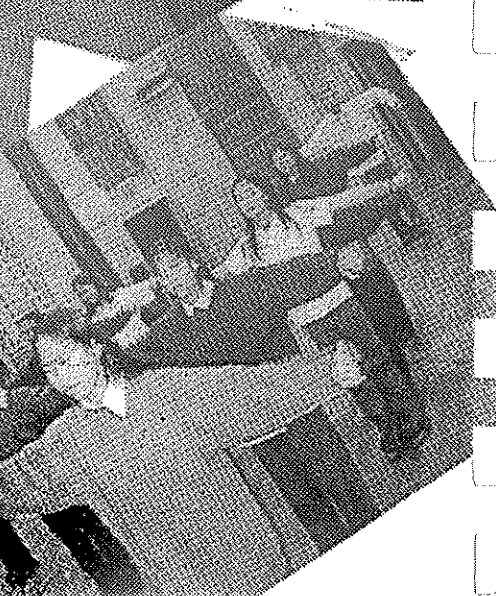
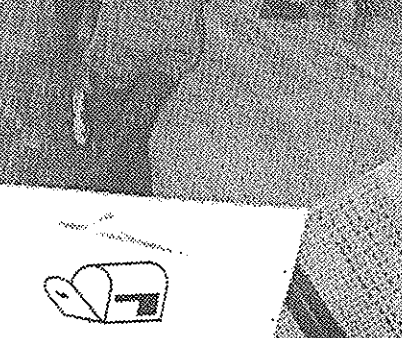
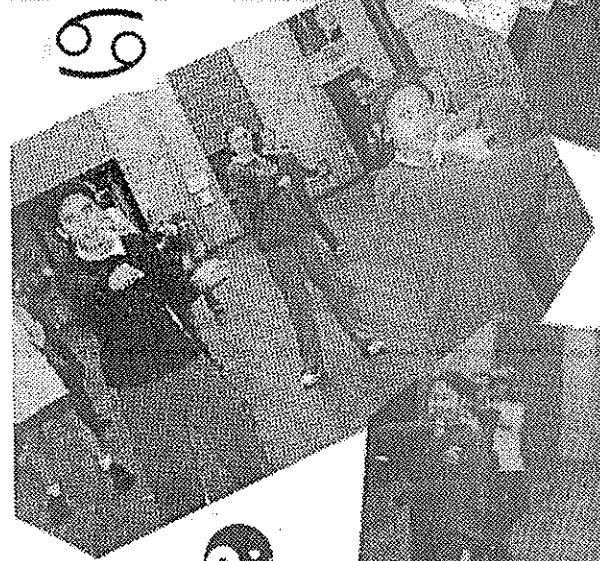
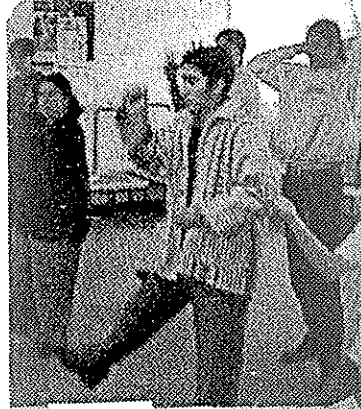
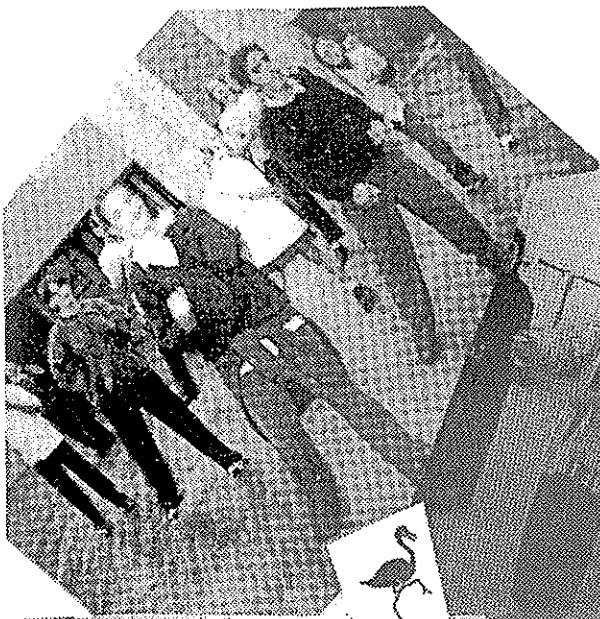
Aleksander Popovic and Drazana Matic, were our 2 leading performers, who moved the audience with their funky moves and costumes. Sinem Ongu, Demet Ucarkus, Christina Jekic and Vicki Kvackovska cackled their way into the hearts of the audience as the evil witches. Lida Sun

and Susanna Chhour looked spectacular as they glided on stage as our fairy godmothers. Joanne Costa, Sanela Fej, Tram Duong and Gordana Topic sucked the life out of the audience, as the vampires. Rebecca Bain, Noelia Garcia, Milly Draca and Lena Kvackovska scared everyone as the 'skeletons' come to life. Naly Ung, Dalin Vann, Karina Gonzalez, Jessica Do, Mouy Ngo, Julianna Cheng and Lynda-Lee Castillo livened up the stage as our contemporary 7 dwarfs, accompanied by Snow White (alias Nathalie Trinh.) Alejandro Rivas and Lautaro Veloso jived to the beat as our zombies. Sebastian Gonzalez 'howled' as the werewolf and Rizzy Maharaj 'stunned' us as the assassin. Marcella Herrera as the devil and Eric Coelho as Death cornered Drazana on 'the bad side'. Kim Lim, Yen Le and Cam-Loi Luong, Dina Tang, Wendy Kuoch and Yen Nguyen wowed us, as the fairies and good witches. Yan Liu made the handsome priest. Sareouth Ven, Kim Eang Chien and Quyen Au were the beautiful angels, while Cathy Chen was the regal princess and Mary Tang her prince. Without the backstage crew though, made up of Kylie French, Tuffy Miataomu, Guido Gonzales, Richard Dang, William Nguy, Phouc Nguyen, Hai Yen Tran, Bao Nao, Khai Phu Yip, Van Khanh Tran, Ai Len Lai, Angela Cant, Rebecca Jones, Amutha Sullivan, Tina Cant, Yaw Opoku and Khai Phu, the show would not have gone on. Also thanks to Martin Ortega and Santiago Veloso, who made sure the dancers were 'bathed' in light, and Sui Ling Li for being our co-host on the night. Together, they all did a fantastic job. Well done.

Our performance itself was magnificent. Our message of 'good' overcoming 'evil' was clearly seen by all. Everyone had a fantastic time and the judges were impressed with our choreography, our contrasts between good and evil and our music selections. The audience were impressed too, especially with the sexy looking priest, who spoke so well on Cabramatta Highs Commitment to saying "NO" to drugs. Unfortunately we did not make it through to the Grand Final at the Entertainment Centre. However, the experience has spurred on our desire to participate again in this great event and we are already planning next years theme. Who knows, maybe next year, "It will be our time, in 99!"

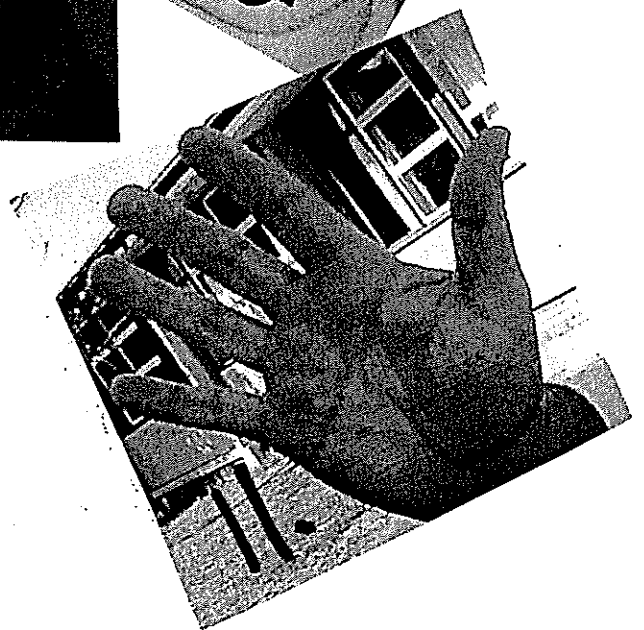
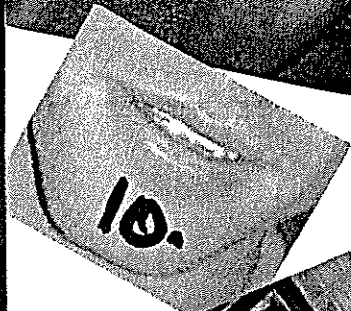
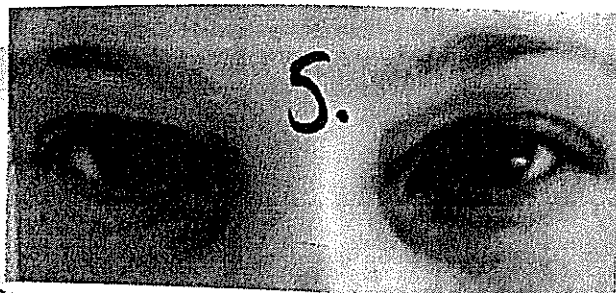
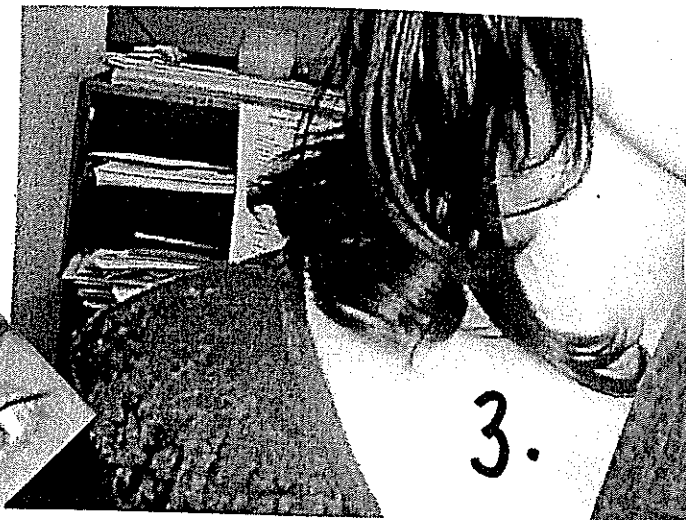
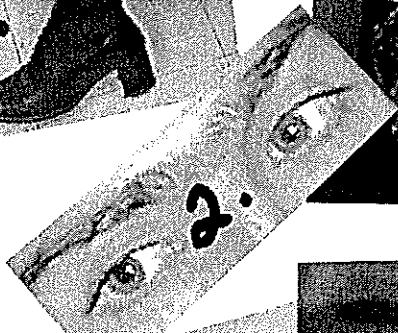
Mrs. L. Treloar-Lister.





6





Who's body parts are these?

## Senior Design and Technology

The photograph illustrates the involvement in work experience of our students in the course of Vehicle Maintenance: Sinisa Kovacevic of Year 12 went to Simic's motor garage for his work experience. Sinisa was involved with the rebuilding of radiators for the cooling system in motor cars. Work experience and Industry visits play a large part of many of the Industrial Arts courses at Cabramatta High School.

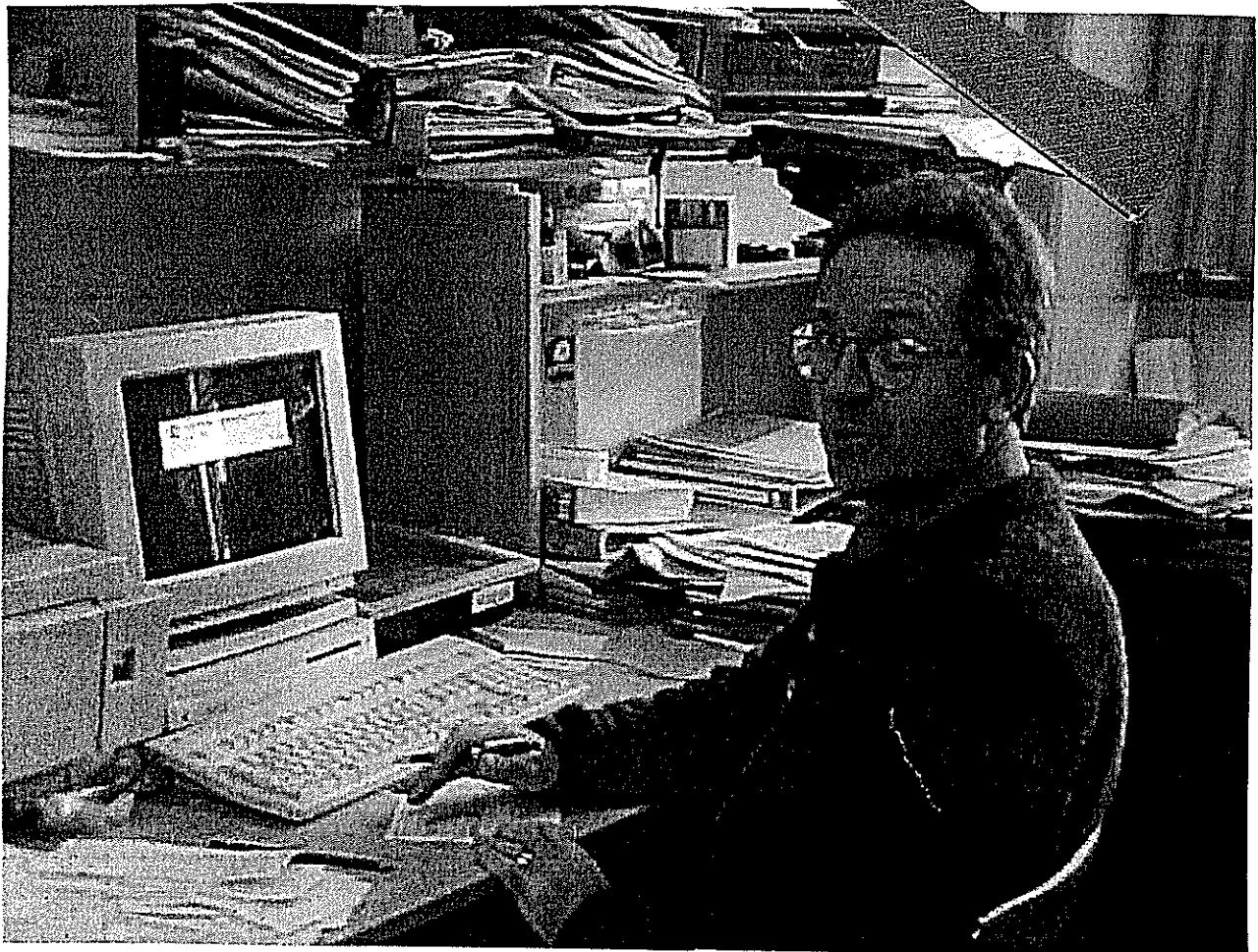
In the course of Design and Technology students must visit two industries and are involved with a report of the procedures and routines involved in these industries. Engineering Science and Industrial Technology also have industry visits as part of the course program and our liaison with KaAL Australia as an Industry link means that a convenient company is available for an industry link. KaAL Australia is a consortium of two companies. It is owned by KOBE steel in Japan and Alcoa Aluminium in the USA. KaAL totally recycles aluminium in its manufacture of new stock for the production of foil and can products.

Our courses towards the award of School Certificate are Technics and Technical Drawing. These courses like the Higher School Certificate courses above have industry components and practice in the classroom reflect current practice. The use of machinery, safety requirements, understanding the industrial practices and processes are each important courses for students wanting to enter into the manufacturing or building industries.

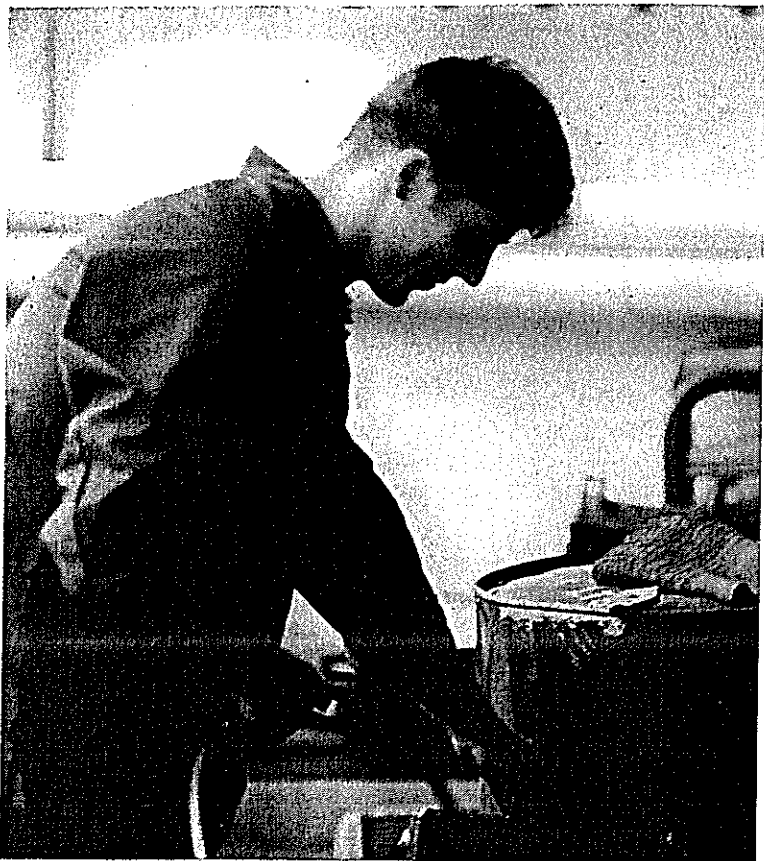
Students complete programs and projects which reflect industry practice and have a design process involved through to the completion of each project.

R E Kirk

Industrial Arts  
Head of Faculty  
17<sup>th</sup> August 1998







## Bright future for Kim

By JULIE COCHRAN

WHEN Cabramatta High School student Kim Sur Tang won a place at a national science conference recently, he beat more than 2000 students from across the country.

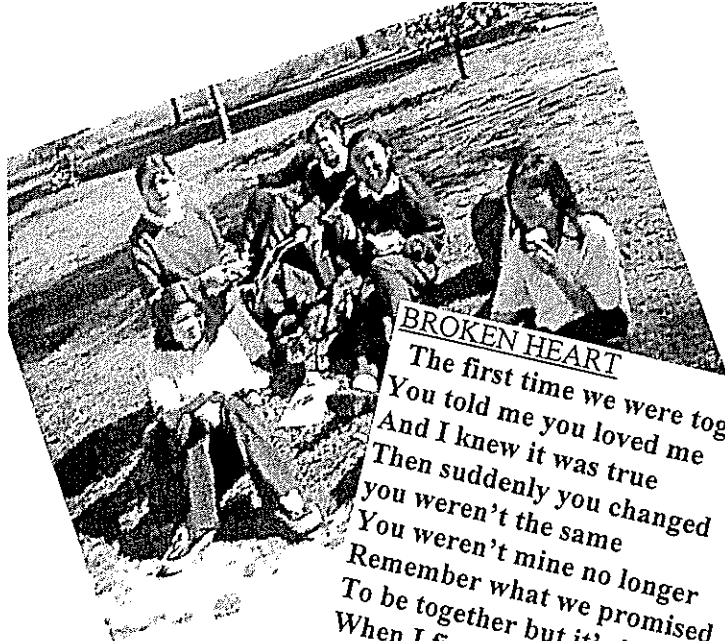
The Year 11 student will be one of 276 students at the NSW Rotary Club's National Science Conference in Canberra in January.

Kim (pictured) is looking to study physics at university after completing his High School Certificate next year.

Head science teacher, Kevin Molyneux, said Kim's invitation to the conference would encourage him to continue to develop his interest in science.

Another Cabramatta High student to do well of late is Maurice Tran, of Year 11, who was recently awarded a high distinction in the National AMP Economics competition.

Maurice was among the top one per cent of candidates and will receive his certificate at a presentation ceremony at the University of New South Wales.



# BROKEN HEART

The first time we were together  
You told me you loved me  
And I knew it was true  
Then suddenly you changed  
You weren't the same  
You weren't mine no longer  
Remember what we promised  
To be together but it's broken  
When I first found out you  
didn't love me I knew it was  
the end  
And I kinda notice myself  
So here we are apart  
I should of figured this out from  
the start, that one day you  
would of broken my heart!







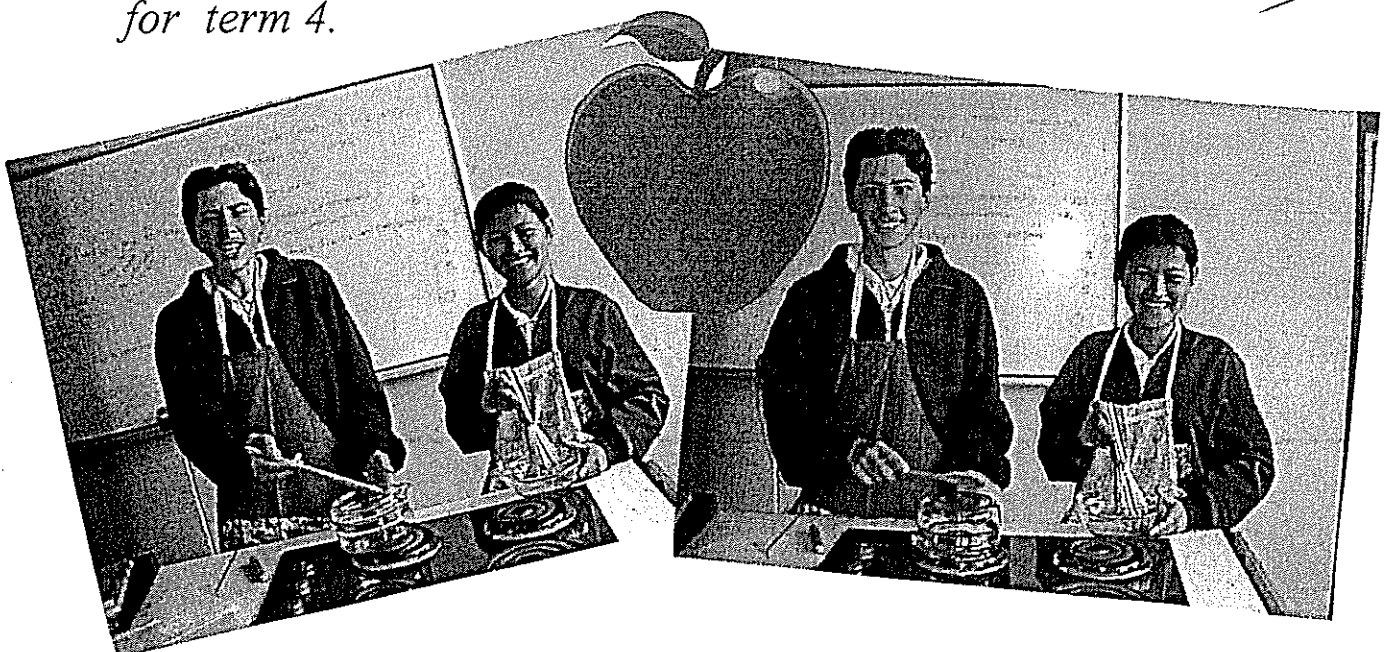
# FOOD TECHNOLOGY

Once again students in Food Technology have had a busy, productive year. Students have been involved in a variety of practical and theory projects. Year 9 have been working on the development of uniquely Australian cuisine's. The influence of Aboriginals and other cultures on what we eat today. Practicals have involved making the good old fashioned meat pie, tempting pizzas and delicious chicken and pineapple stir-fry.

On the other hand, Year 10 have been kept busy with new product development and the vital role our food industry plays in the economy. Their practical skills continue to improve. This year they have produced apple pies, stir-fried vegetables, risotto and other dishes too mouth watering to mention.

Tomorrow's chefs, nutritionists and hospitality extraordinaire's are in today's home economics classrooms.

An excursion to Planet Hollywood is planned for term 4.



## **Junior Design and Technology**

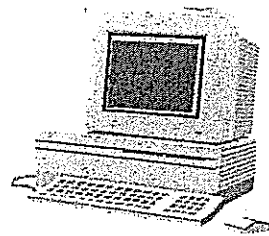
**This year in Design and Technology we have had some of our most talented, creative students. Year 8 have shown their skills in the production of T- Shirts, pencil boxes and design projects for rooms in the house. The students should be proud of the organized and well prepared way that they have completed these tasks. Theory work on the other hand, has had students working through the design process and initiating ideas for solving problems. It's reassuring to know that such talented, hard working decision makers will be involved in problem solving in the future.**

**It's not only Year 8 who have showed such positive characteristics, Year 7 have also proven to be a creative, innovative group of thinkers and designers. Year 7 d&t have also been involved in the design and production of food products, planter boxes and signs providing information. The quality of work being produced continually gets better and all students have so much to offer their class, school and community.**

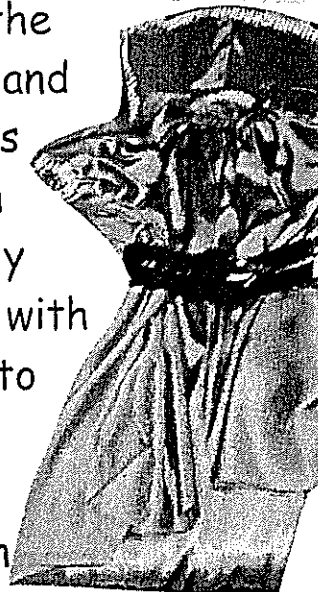
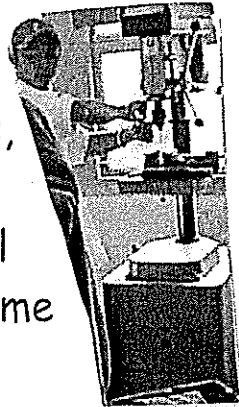
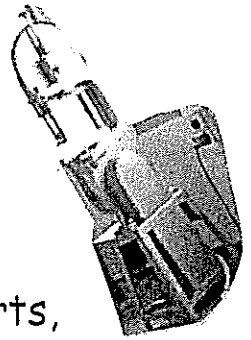
**As the year draws to an end it is pleasing to look back and see just how many positive things have taken place in our year 7 and 8 classes.**

**Keep up the great work!!!!**





# HOME ECONOMICS

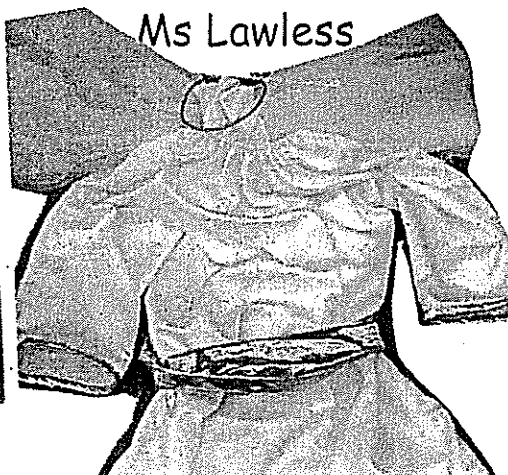
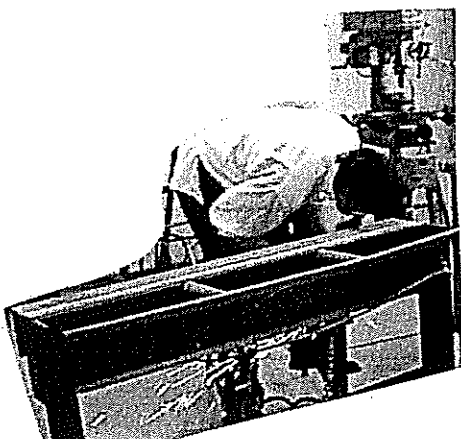


In Home Economics we offer a variety of courses, some of which are jointly offered with Industrial Arts, Food Technology, Textiles and Design, Design and Technology and Computing Studies are offered and taught by the Home Economics staff. Over the years, Mrs Perik, Ms Hand and Myself have watched many students develop skills and knowledge in the practical and theory areas of our subjects. This year we welcome Ms West, who has already shown her skills and enthusiasm for her work in many ways. She with the rest of the team worked on the Rock Eistedfodd and other projects such as resource development. Mrs Hanna, our assistant has also played a vital role in ensuring the smooth running of classes - especially during practical lessons. Mrs Perik has been busy with her Year 11 advisor role, but has also found time to further explore the use of computer in Home Economics. Ms Hand has been involved in literacy strategies and has provided valuable assistance in helping Home Economics develop the most suitable resources for the students.

Having such hard working, co - operative and talented students and staff makes my job even more enjoyable.

Best wishes for the remainder of 1998

Ms Lawless



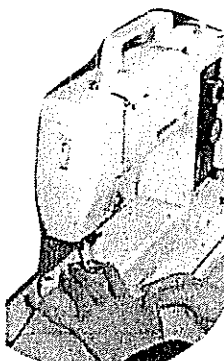









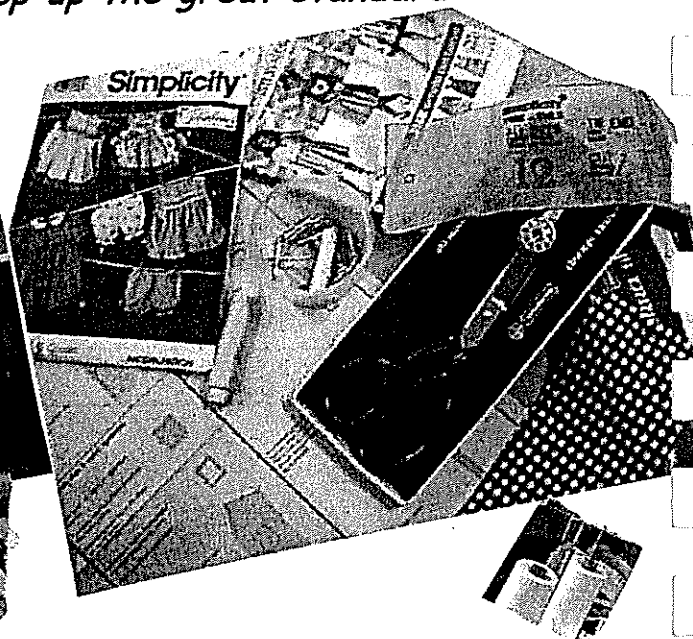
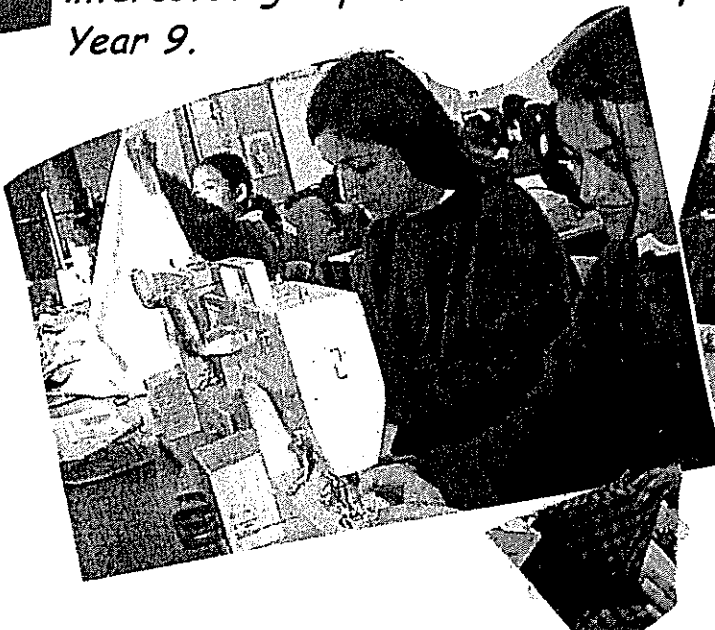
## TEXTILES AND DESIGN!!!



1998 has been full of activities and challenges. Our talented textile students and other interested school members have put in a great deal of effort completing costumes for the Rock Eistedfodd. The talent and skill of Vampires, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, the Devil, Angels and other performers. I'm sure that at future performers our costumes will continue to add to the spectacular display that takes place. Year 10 students have been kept busy learning about figure types, childrenswear, principles and elements of design. They have also completed practical work that is suitable for career wear. Students are currently working on clothing suitable for children and sleep wear. The portfolios that are completed with this practical work have left us ecstatic at the extremely high standard and creative talents of our textiles students. Well done Year 10!!



Not to be outdone by their Year 10 counterparts, Year 9 has also been hard at work. These students have been learning the theory about fibres and fabrics will help them make informed decision about textiles. This knowledge has then been used in practical work. Year 9 are also proving to be a very creative, fashion oriented and interested group of students. Keep up the great standard Year 9.





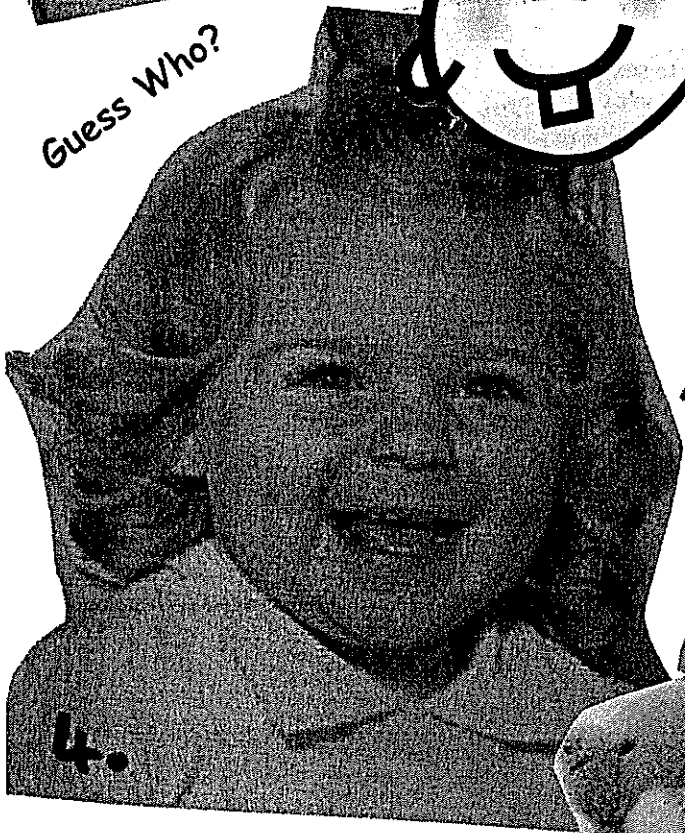
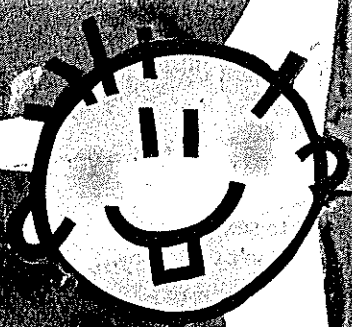
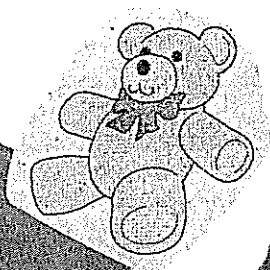
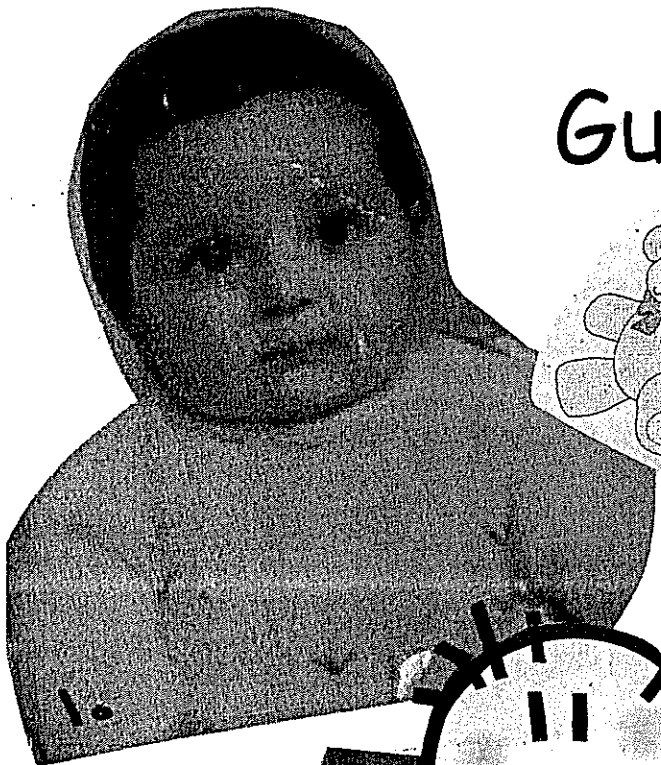
### WITHOUT YOU!

I don't know why I feel the way I do  
 I thought I stopped loving you.  
 All the memories are coming back.  
 The pain the tears and all the heartaches  
 what was the reason for you to let go  
 you told me once I don't believe it's true  
 what wrong have I've done to hurt you  
 I stood by you all the time, I cared for you  
 I wiped your tears though it was tough I still  
 got through.  
 Nothings the same, I lost my bride, I lost it all.  
 There's no-one I could ever love more  
 why is love so blind, why does love hurt so bad  
 Love is nothing but another sad song  
 I miss your voice the way you make me laugh  
 know I will never get them back  
 so I'll try to carry on without you!





# Guess Who?

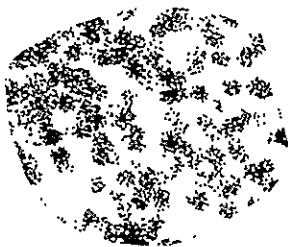


Guess Who?

Guess Who?

Guess Who?





## **VISUAL ARTS DEPARTMENT**

*What a year we have had. So many wonderful things going on in R block this year.*

*We have the same hard working teachers getting covered in clay and paint as last year. Miss Chatzakos in R2 who has been working very hard with year 12 getting them ready for their H.S.C and doing some exciting things with Years 10 and 8. She has also spent a lot of time in the Darkroom with her senior photography students developing up a storm (look for photos throughout the magazine). Miss Stephan who has taken her year 8 class to amazing heights and produced some beautiful artworks. I have spent some exciting and profitable time with Years 8, 9, 11 and the J.M class.*

*There have been some very interesting excursions this year. After I got my licence to drive Mr Kenny's bus I took Miss Chatzakos and her year 12 class to Reverse garbage at Casula. 8G were also enjoyed a trip to the Art Gallery Of Nsw. Year 10 went for an underwater excursion to Cabamatta pool to take photographs of which you may have seen the result of at parent teacher night decorating the walls.*

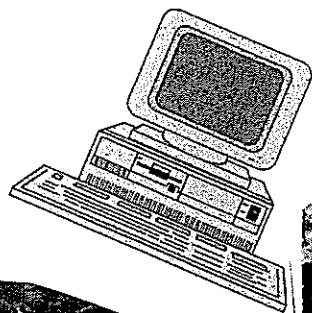
*I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate all the art students who displayed their work at parent teacher night. The display was very impressive and many parents and staff commented on how good your work looked.*

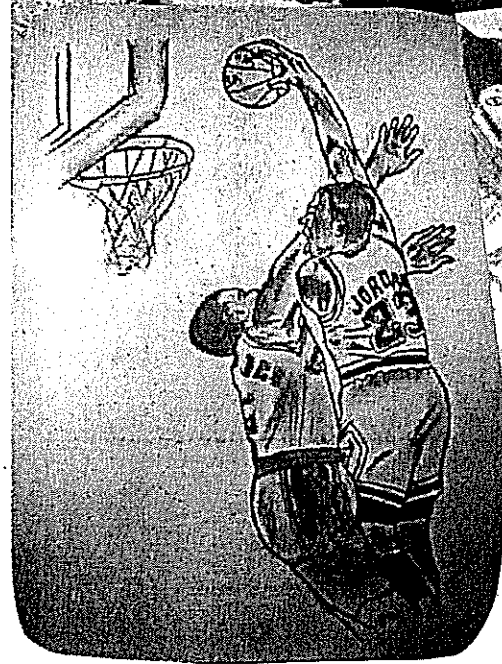
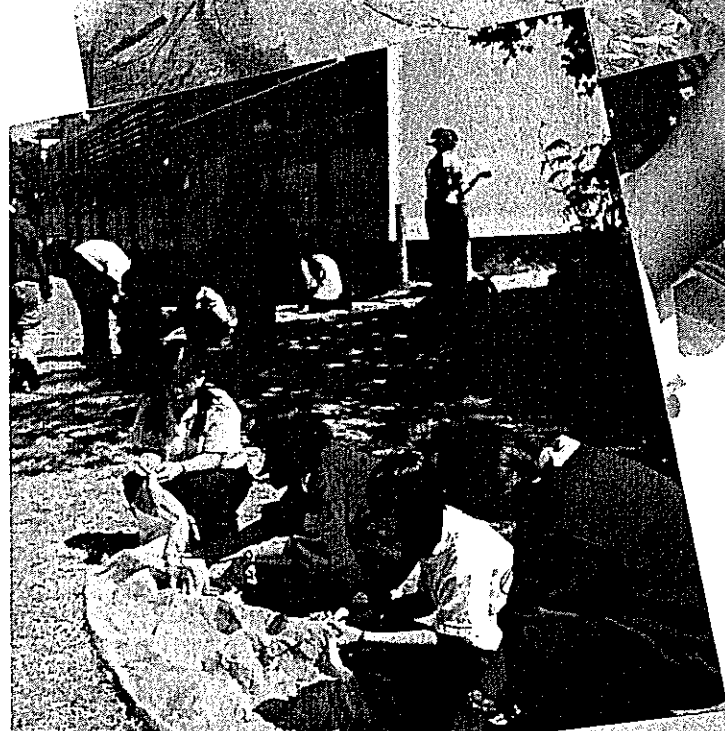
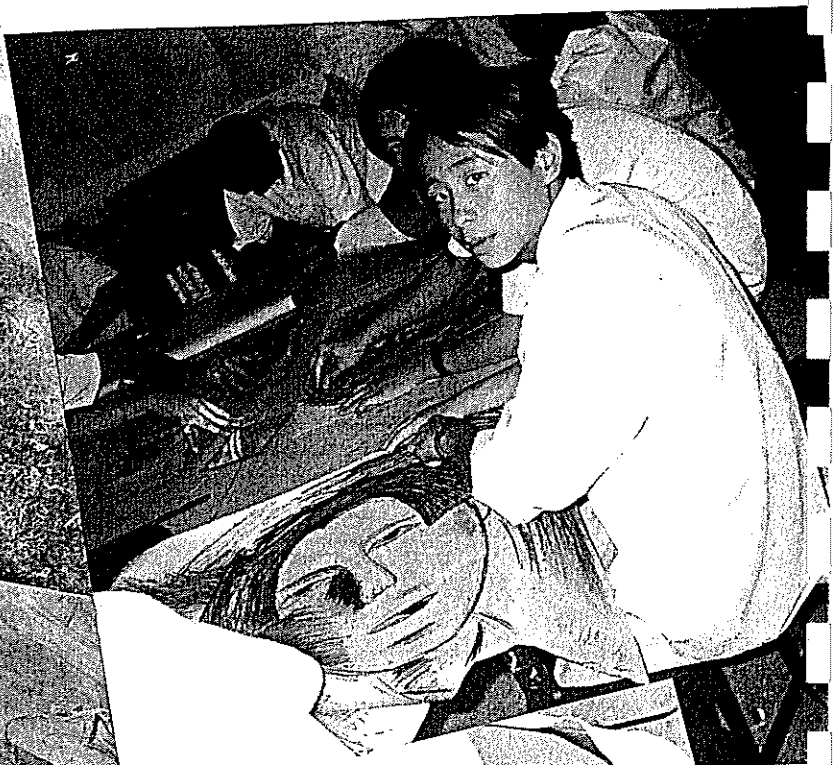
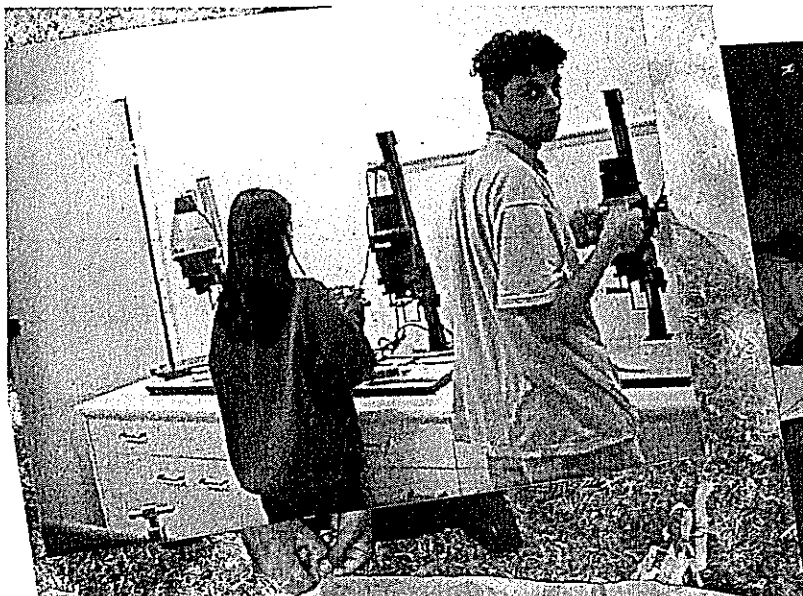
*I would also like to thank the girls who worked so hard on producing this magazine. They never slowed down or gave any staff a chance to rest.*

*Congratulations also to all the competitors in the talent quest this year. The standard was very high and the competition stiff with 18 entries. My thanks and congratulations must go to all the staff and students involved.*

*Congratulations on a very successful year and best wishes for 1999.*

*Miss Veomans*













## WHO . . ? WHAT . . ? WHY . . ?

by  
Tam Tran

Oh God! What did I just do? I can't believe I just did that. I'm dead meat for sure now if they catch me again. I can be so stupid sometimes. Why did I have to listen to Justin and his stupid ideas?

"Go on, Billy. Take it. She's just an old hag . . . She probably has a dozen more just like it at home. Do you know how much money we can get for that, Billy boy?"

I was so desperate for cash I would have done anything for money. So I just went along with his idea and, now, I'm regretting that I ever met that bastard.

We were both sitting at the end of the park where the benches were when Justin spotted the old lady. The seats were all covered in droppings left behind by those annoying pigeons. This end of the park looks just like a rubbish tip so naturally we felt right at home.

I was just sitting there finishing my cigarette when I felt Justin tap me on the shoulder. He pointed at a lady standing under the oak tree. She was fiddling with something around her neck. When I got a better look I realised it was a necklace. I looked at Justin and when I saw that smirk on his face I knew exactly what he wanted me to do. His extra words of encouragement were only spoken to make sure I didn't have any second thoughts.

I began walking towards her, taking quicker steps as I drew closer to my next victim. She didn't see me coming towards her and, when she did, it was too late. I reached out and snatched the gold chain from her throat with such a force she fell heavily onto the ground.

It was only when I started running away from the crime scene that I realised I had made the biggest mistake of my entire life. How could I have been so careless? How could I have made such a huge mistake? If I was going to be caught it was because I had forgotten what would have been obvious even to a seven year old.

The police.

I forgot to check if there were any bloody policemen around. As soon as I started sprinting from the park a cop was screaming and chasing after me. I looked over my shoulder and saw an angry officer swearing and waving his baton at me.

I caught a peek at Justin and he was still sitting on the bench with the same stupid smirk on his face. I ignored the trouble he had landed me in and concentrated on trying to escape from the overweight cop who was about twenty metres behind me.

I ran into a busy shopping arcade, thinking I could lose him in the dense crowd of people, but as soon as I made my exit from the arcade I could still hear his swearing behind me. I didn't know what else to do but I knew I couldn't stop.

I just kept running and running. My clothes became saturated in sweat and my feet were aching. My throat was dry and my head began hurting. My body soon went numb from the pain and I thought that I would drop dead from exhaustion. I looked ahead and saw a few abandoned warehouses.

I knew I had to hide if I didn't want to get caught, because my body was about to fall apart, so I ran straight for the nearest one. I tried to open the door but the damn thing was locked. I didn't have the energy to run to the next one so I ran around to the back and luckily there was a window that had been smashed.

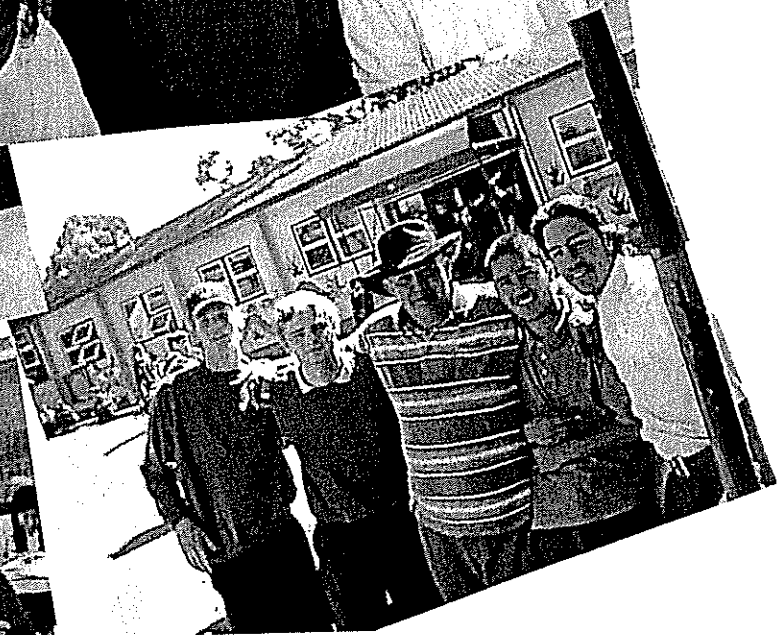
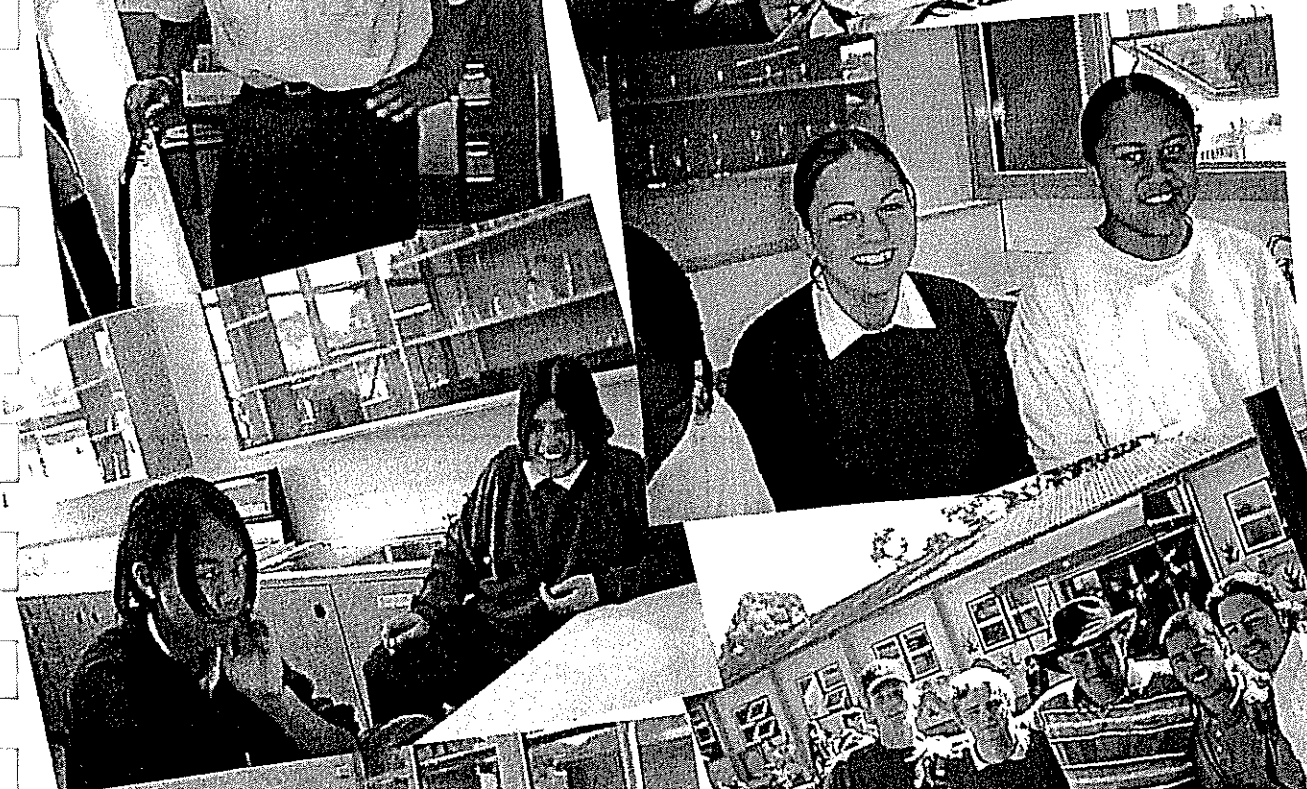
I climbed through and dived into a corner. I covered myself with some old smelly rags and tried to be as still as possible. I began to feel really sick and I think I even passed out because the next time I opened my eyes it was beginning to get dark.

I sat still for a while and then suddenly remembered the necklace I was holding in my hand.

I looked at it for the first time and began to get angry; not because I was chased by the cop, but because of the way Justin had deserted me. He didn't even warn me about the cop and he didn't try to help me get away. He was the one who made me steal the necklace but when I was in trouble he just smiled at me, as if I had just told him a joke.

I thought brothers were supposed to look out for each other.





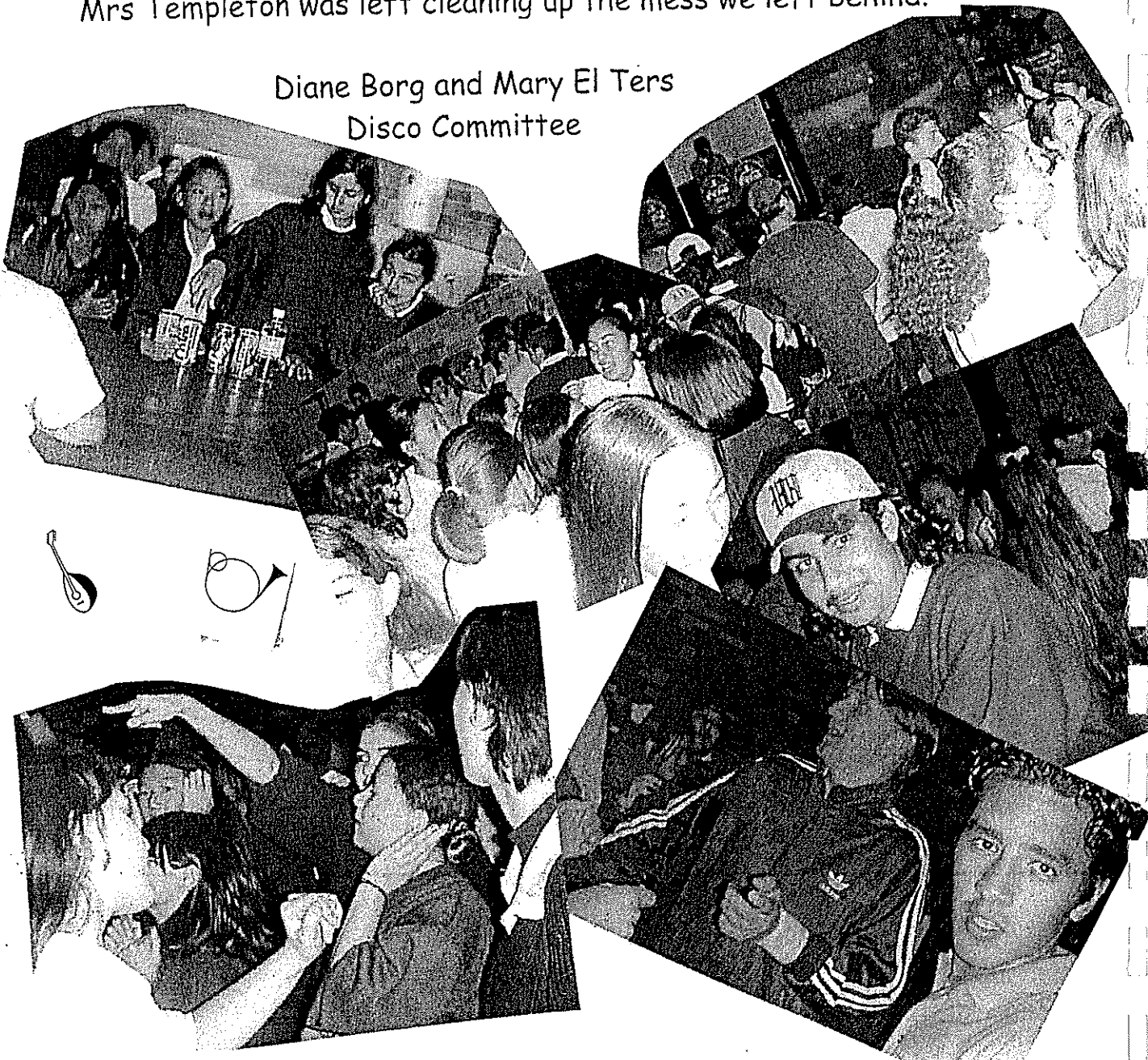
Friends are like a flower  
that never fads away  
Friends are important like you and me  
Friends make me laugh  
Friends can make me happy or sad!



## Disco

Our School Disco which was held on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of July from lunch to period 6 was a big success. We all had a great time and enjoyed the variety of music played. The lighting was fantastic along with the smoke machine and the video screen. There were many prizes donated by the Coca Cola Company. Lucky students won Coca Cola back packs, hats t-shirts and cd's. After paying \$2.00 at the door everyone received an Australia's Wonderland discount voucher. During the disco a canteen was held, there was a wide range of drinks sold by the disco committee and the canteen staff. Overall the students and teachers had a great time at the disco, but unfortunately Mrs Templeton was left cleaning up the mess we left behind.

Diane Borg and Mary El Ters  
Disco Committee







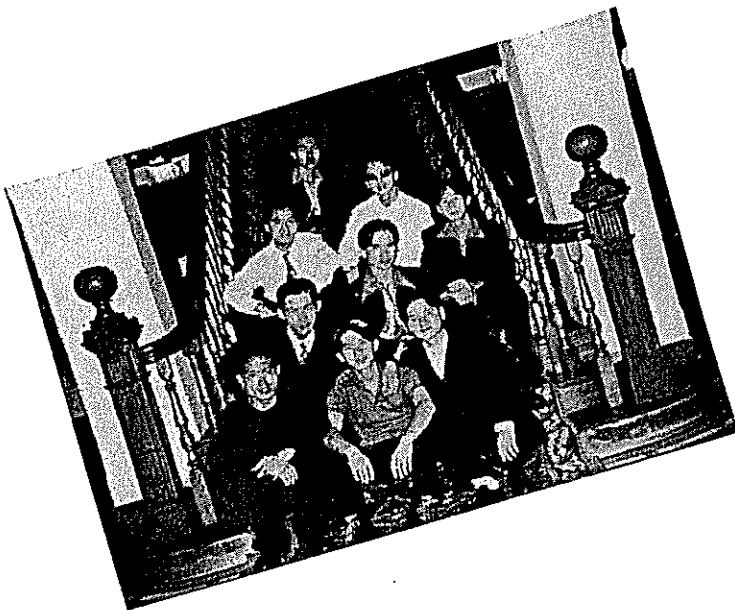
## 1997 Year 12 Farewell

Year 12 of 1997 was an especially good group of students. They were focused on after study activities and had a very positive attitude.

To celebrate the end of six years at Cabramatta High, they chose Curzon Hall, an old mansion in Epping as the venue for their farewell. It was a marvelous setting for an unforgettable evening. The formalities were kept a minimum and the students and staff enjoyed themselves dancing and taking photos, that will provide enduring memories of a wonderful time in their lives.

The girls looked exceptionally beautiful and it's quite unbelievable how handsome the boys looked in their suits. Ms Kristovskis would have been proud of them- every shirt was tucked in.

Mr Solomon- 1997 Year 12 advisor



By Angelina Draca

Every year in Australia gay and lesbians come out to play.

It all began as a protest in 1978, but become a celebration of human rights. The Festival Director of Mardi Gras, Jonathan Parsons said: "It is seen essentially about human rights. Not exactly a protest but, it's about getting a message out about human rights. And the parade does that in a number of ways. Through celebration, through high direct sort of political status and through visibility."

Homosexuals are gradually being accepted by society. Unfortunately, discrimination and ignorance still lies upon them. Jonathan Parsons said: "Equal age of consent for gay men is a big issue because it is not the same as heterosexuals and also there is a whole number of legal issues around partnerships rights which are the most crucial ones in terms of, if you still don't write specifically, write a will, it doesn't matter if you have been in a partnership for twenty years. It is not actually recognised by the law, access to your partner if they are in hospital. We don't have the same rights as heterosexuals in a whole range of situations."

Discrimination upon homosexuals has decreased significantly. Jonathan Parsons said: "More accepted than they were twenty years ago. I mean, I think. I say I find it curious in my day to day experience, I don't find very much over discrimination. But I feel that the government is well behind on public sentiment on this."

Twenty years ago police were arresting homosexuals. This year the New South Wales Police Gay and Lesbian Community Liaison Unit marched with pride in the Mardi Gras parade. Jonathan Parsons said: "I do think it is a very symbolic change, shows how far the movement has come in twenty years. I think it is important to remember though that it is not as though there aren't still issues around equality or equal rights in New South Wales still to be achieved basically. Having said that New South Wales is probably one of the most progressive places in the world for gay and lesbian people in equal rights. Some people joke about it, but without the police Mardi Gras may never have happened because without the fight and the riot as turned into in 1978, and all the arrests and political and legal battle around in getting the charges dropped against the people that *were* arrested. I don't know that there would have been the same energy to keep them going."

Aboriginal reconciliation was a main theme of the parade. Most known villain Pauline Hanson was around dressed in Aboriginal design. Jonathan Parsons said: "There are similarities with the struggle that Aboriginal have. I think the problem for many Australians in coming to terms with Aboriginal issues because most people have no personal contact with the Aboriginal community. So that they don't have to deal with them as people, they can deal with them as a stereotype. Fear of the unknown."

Could education be the answer to solving people's ignorance on homosexuality? Education has been used to improve people's views on Aboriginal issues. Has that changed or improved discrimination over Aboriginal people? Jonathan Parsons said: "I think education. I think education at schools is a really important aspect to it. I think certainly a lot of evidence that I heard of, that there has been studies, don't quote, this is not my area of expertise. But there is certainly a lot of gay bashings that occur in the inner Sydney and stuff. It has marginally been young adolescent men, boys doing it. So I think that in its self is a really strong argument for educational strategies."



# CAN YOU THINK OF ANYTHING WORSE THAN BEING STOLEN FROM YOUR PARENTS?

BY ANGELINA DRACA

Australians should all hold their head in shame. Their appalling mistreatment of Aborigines has only brought upon shame on their nation. Aborigines are the main disadvantage group in Australia as a result of white man. Is this something for all Australians to be proud about?

In her maiden speech, Pauline Hanson quoted Paul Hasluck (1955): "We do not want a society in Australia in which one group enjoy one set of privileges and another group enjoy another set of privileges." Hanson then said: "Hasluck's vision was of a single society in which racial emphases were rejected and social issues were addressed. I totally agree with him, and so would the majority of Australians. But remember, when he gave his speech he was talking about the privileges that white Australians were seen to be enjoying over Aborigines. Today, 41 years later, I talk about the exact opposite—the privileges Aborigines enjoy over other Australians. I have done research on benefits available only to Aborigines and challenge anyone to tell me how Aborigines are disadvantaged."

Any well-informed Australian would know that, Aborigines have been disadvantaged by white man's rule.

Pauline Hanson recently stated her wish to go back to the lifestyle of the 1950s. John Scott, the Chief Education Officer for Aboriginal Programs at the New South Wales Board of Studies, strongly disagrees. He said: "Pauline Hanson actually said what's wrong with going back to the fifties. I'll tell you what's wrong, in those days Aboriginal people didn't have the right to vote. My father was brought up on a mission until he was taken away at ten years of age. And, used as cheap black labour to bring down cattle from the Gulf of Carpenter. That was life for Aborigines in the 1950s. Children were taken away at ten. Girls were taken and trained for domestics. Boys were trained to look after cattle and sheep. And you became cheap labour. And that was life for Aboriginal people in the 1950s. So if she says, what's wrong with the 1950s, well there is a lot wrong with the 1950s".

Unfortunately things haven't improved. Aborigines have the highest death rates, the poorest health and education levels, the shortest life expectancies, the highest unemployment rates and the highest imprisonment rate in the world. John Scott said: "I wish people, I suppose, number one, wish they understand that what the Aboriginal people want is not a lot different from what a lot of non-Aboriginal people already have."

Appallingly 33% of indigenous children complete school compared to a national average of 77%. John Scott stated: "The only thing that I am interested in is whether our kids have the same outcome in education as every other kid in the country. At the moment, we don't. We are nearly twenty years behind."

Pauline Hanson believes that Aborigines shouldn't have been given the right to vote. John Scott believes: "The right to vote is a human right, that belongs to everyone here. As human beings, we all have certain nonnegotiable rights, the right to vote, right to education, right to employment, right to liberate, right to representation before the law."

Racial discrimination towards Aborigines has always existed. But an increase in this has occurred since Pauline Hanson opened her mouth. John Scott explains: "When this government got in and Pauline Hanson started suppressing her racial agenda, you know how we noticed. There was an increase in school suspension and expulsions; principals were not following correct procedures. There were Aboriginal kids being assaulted, verbally assaulted, spat on. There was an increase in all these incidents. When people say, there is an increase in racism for Aboriginal people and some Asian people too. That means real physical threats on a daily level."

John Scott believes a positive relationship between White men and Aboriginal men needs to be established. He said: "the relationship between indigenous people and non-indigenous people hasn't been jelled in this country. Shame Australia, shame!"





# 1998 C.H.S. LITERARY COMPETITION



There were over 50 entries in this year's competition and once again the standard of the poems and short stories submitted was very high.

Students from all years in the High School participated in the competition, and the task of reading their wonderful stories and poems, and selecting winners, was both difficult and enjoyable.

The prizewinners in each category were:

**JUNIOR POEM::**

**SENIOR POEM:**

**JUNIOR SHORT STORY:**

**COVER DESIGN:**

Xay Im LAM (Yr.8)

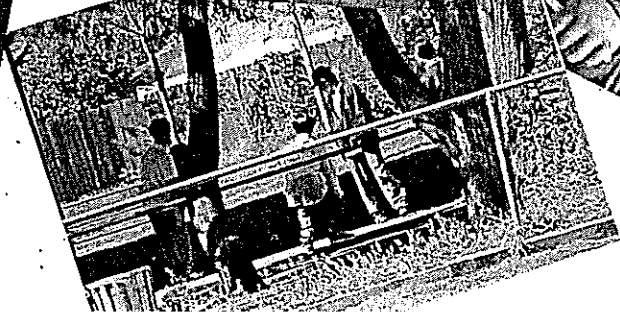
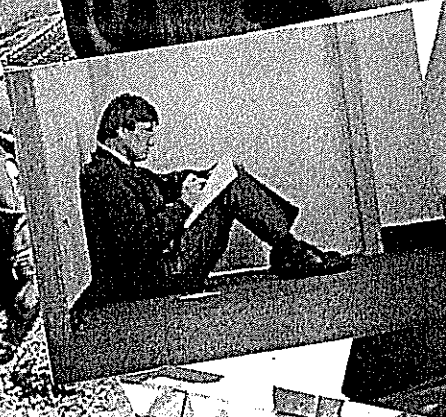
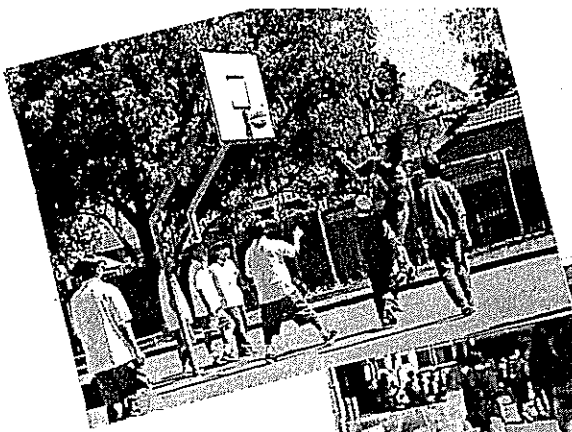
Saroueth (Yr. 10)

Yun Fan ZHANG (Yr. \*)

And Tu Quoc DUONG (Yr. 11)

Wilson ARBIS (I.E.C.)

An anthology of the best poems and stories, entitled Chapter & Verse, was published early in Term III.



# THE DON

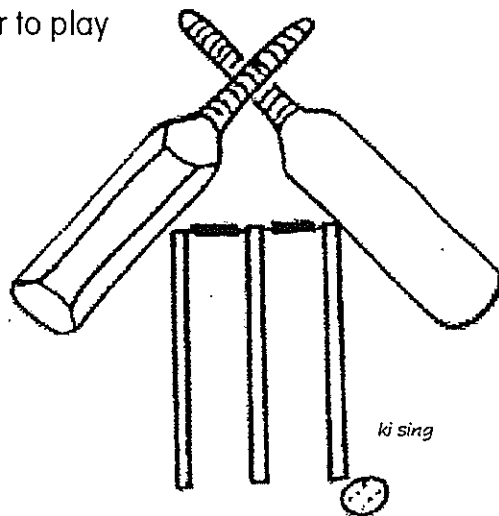
by  
Kim Pheng Lim

The Don was superb  
He had every shot  
From the hook to the cut  
And even the block.  
He ripped teams apart  
And was the best batsman in our hearts

The Don was unstoppable  
Scoring century after century  
This man never stopped  
He captained a team of Aussies  
To the vicious grounds of England  
The 37 year old man  
Was an inspiration to them all  
Leading his troops into war

Before his last battle ended  
He could have reached the feat  
Of averaging 100  
But to the amazement of us  
He was clean-bowled for a duck  
Proving that he was human

This man was and will always be  
The best batsman ever to play  
This game called  
Cricket



## THE JOURNEY OF LIFE

by  
Sui Ling Li

It was a beautiful morning. The smell of dew and eucalyptus as the violent wind brushed across the green, healthy field was irresistible.

The sun's radiant rays were like the blessing of God on Josephine Hopkins. She felt the chill in the thin air seep into her skin comfortably. She ran, faster and faster, until she approached the group of birds exercising in the sunshine. The birds flew in all different directions as she swept through them. Josephine felt joy and excitement in her heart; she was so active and alive, and almost ready to burst, to explode in a split second. Indeed, there was nothing to be so jubilant about, but her feelings were unpredictable.

Down at the far end of the field a young lady was running and calling for Josephine. She was virtually breathless.

"Miss Josie . . . Miss Josie, Mr Hopkins would like to speak to you!" cried the housemaid.

"Papa wants to speak to me, Mimi? Have you any idea of his intention?"

"No, Miss Josie, but he wishes to see you as soon as possible."

"Thank you, Mimi," said Josephine.

The two young ladies headed back towards the wooden house immediately, to answer the call of the master.

Josephine entered the house with the housemaid still trailing behind her. She walked towards her father's grand library upstairs and knocked on the door softly.

"Papa, you wished to see me?"

"Yes, dear, come inside and sit down," said Mr Hopkins.

When the two were comfortably seated on the couch the old man started to speak firmly.

"Josie, you must leave Greenfield at once. You will ask no questions. Your luggage has been prepared for you and the carriage is ready outside."

"What are you saying, Papa? I don't understand. Why must I leave now, and so early in the morning?" asked Josephine.

"That you needn't worry about. The coachman will take you to Harris Park where your uncle and aunt reside, and they will be your legal guardians in my absence."

"I am not leaving, Papa," Josephine insisted.

"You must, and it is not a request!" Mr Hopkins rebutted.

"You owe me an explanation," cried Josephine.

"I owe you no explanation, at least, not at the present. Time is precious, my dear. You must go. Josie, for the sake of God, *please* go. I will justify my reasons in the future."

Mr Hopkins stood and rushed his one and only daughter out of the house. Josephine was reluctant to leave, but she knew it was inevitable because her father was so persistent. She felt a strong negative vibration, as if a disaster was about to befall them.

"Take care, Papa."

"Take care, my dear. God bless you," said Mr Hopkins.

Mr Hopkins was relieved, for his stubborn daughter had finally agreed to leave. She was far too precious and dear to suffer. He had lost his wife eighteen years ago after the troubled birth of Josephine and that incident had ripped his heart out. He would risk no chance again, because he could not afford to lose her, too.



The carriage began its long and restless journey. Josephine was taken further and further away from her loving home. The beautiful view of her sanctuary soon grew less vivid and until it was nothing but a blur she did not turn around and sit quietly in the carriage. She felt so lost and lonely, knowing nothing about her trip and the reason for it. And, being so many miles away from her father made her feel ill.

Nevertheless, her uncle and aunt had always been kind to her, especially George Hopkins, her favourite cousin. Perhaps it would not be such an unpleasant trip after all.

The journey took almost half a day. Josephine's uncle and aunt welcomed her warmly into their arms and assisted her with her belongings to the guest room.

Once Josephine had organised her room she went to join her uncle and aunt for lunch in the park.

"So, Josie, how is your father at Greenfield?" asked Mr Peter Hopkins.

"He is fine: strong, fit, and keeping to his usual temper," replied Josephine.

"That is pleasant to hear. The last time we visited him he was extremely ill," said Mrs Hopkins.

"Uncle, do you know why Papa has sent me to your residence in such a hurry? I can feel that Papa is deeply worried about something, but just cannot pinpoint the cause of his concerns," asked Josephine.

"I believe he has encountered some complicated business matters and prefers to be alone and free from any extra responsibilities while dealing with them. There's really nothing to be worried about, Josie."

Josephine knew she would receive no better answer than that, but she was satisfied for the time being. She felt the atmosphere tighten uncomfortably around everyone at the table, however, so she decided to change the subject.

"Where is Georgie? I haven't seen him for such a long time. Is he well?" she asked.

"Yes, he was very excited when he discovered you were coming. He can't wait to see you. He is just away on business and will return this afternoon," replied Mrs Hopkins.

Josephine felt herself heating up, and blushed at the thought of meeting George again. After lunch she excused herself and retired to her room.

Josephine spent her time resting and writing in her diary, but stopped when she heard the sound of a carriage entering the driveway. She quickly replaced her writing items and rushed downstairs to meet the one person she had wanted to see for such a long time.

"Josie, you've finally arrived! I've missed you so much," cried George Hopkins as he embraced Josephine.

"I missed you dearly too. I am so glad I came," replied Josephine.

"Are you staying longer this time? I'd love to spend more time with you," asked George.

"I don't know how long I will be staying. Papa sent me here this morning, but he refused to explain the reason for it. Georgie, I feel this strong negative vibration. I hope Papa is all right."

"He will be, Josie. There shouldn't be much danger leaving your father alone for some time. He may only be in want of some peace," said George.

"I hope so."

"Now, let us go for a ride on the horses."

There was much admiration in George Hopkins' eyes when he witnessed how well Josephine controlled and rode the horse. She was gentle, and yet she had an air

of command. The two rode pleasantly and spoke of the past. They both felt that the empty space which had lingered so long in their hearts had finally disappeared, and had been replaced by happiness, peace, and love.

That night after dinner, as Josephine walked past her uncle and aunt's room, she overheard something surprising and horrifying.

"Peter, how is Mr Hopkins managing with the debt of his late brother-in-law?" asked Mrs Hopkins.

"He refuses to repay the debt, claiming that whatever his drunken brother-in-law owes has nothing to do with him. He will not turn over the house either, and has abolished any idea of selling his belongings to cover the cost. It's such a great debt. I don't think he could afford it if he sold everything he owns. I am very worried about him. There is really nothing we can do, since he forbids it, except to take care of Josie."

"Won't his life be at risk? The people he is dealing with are wild men. Peter, I am worried, too. I hope he will be all right at the meeting tomorrow," cried Mrs Hopkins.

"Remember, we mustn't let Josie know about this. She might put herself in danger," said her husband.

Josephine considered what she had overheard. The pieces of the picture puzzle were slowly becoming vivid for her.

She was lost in her thoughts. She did not know what to do, but the strong bond of affection for her father forced her to leave her uncle and aunt's residence, climb onto her horse, and find her Papa.

After a while Josephine heard another horse galloping closely behind her. She turned around to discover George following her.

Josephine increased her speed. She would not let any obstacle stand in her way. This might be her last chance to ever see her Papa again.

"Josie, stop! Where are you off to at this late hour? It is very dangerous. Come back," cried George.

"To find my Papa . . . He is in danger. I must go back home, and please don't try to stop me," replied Josephine.

"You can't go back. Your father is dealing with unfriendly people, and you might put yourself at risk."

"I don't care. If I don't go and see him now, I might never get another chance," Josie insisted, and added, "So you knew what happened all along but hid it from me, too?"

Her striving determination was apparent to George, and he knew he would never be able to convince this stubborn young lady to turn back, so he decided to join her instead.

It was a long and tiring ride. The two did not stop once to rest, but their great efforts were rewarded when they finally arrived at Greenfield. Josephine rushed into the house with George, in search of her Papa. It was now very early in the morning, but her instincts guided her to the grand library where her Papa sat in contemplation.

"Papa, you're here! Why didn't you tell me about the debt?" asked Josephine.

"What are you doing here, you silly child? I sent you away this morning and you have returned, with George. George, you ought to have known better than to bring her here," barked Mr Hopkins.

"Mr Hopkins, your daughter's determination is beyond all my imaginings. We cannot leave you in danger on your own. Let us help," said George.

You want to help? Then leave immediately!" commanded Mr Hopkins.

But before either George or Josephine had a chance to speak a group of men

with rifles had approached the house on horseback and were calling for Mr Hopkins to pay his brother-in-law's debt.

"George, I want you to take Josephine away now and never return. Understand? Go!" Mr Hopkins commanded.

"No, sir, we can't leave you here. If Josie and I are to leave, then we shall all leave together," said George.

"No! Leave now, before it is too late, before we *all* die. Please, George, there are a group of strong men outside. Have some common sense. Leave immediately. Save your lives. If you don't do it for yourself then do it for Josie! She is weak and has no skills for defending herself," cried Mr Hopkins.

With these last words George could see that Josephine's life was important to his uncle. So, he took Josephine by the wrist and forced her out of the library.

"Papa! Don't do this, please! I don't want to go! George, let go . . . Please, please, Papa . . . *Papa!*"

Mr Hopkins grabbed his rifle from the table, went down the stairs, and headed into the front yard. George and Josephine were already riding away.

"The debt is not mine! Now get off my property before I blast you all to heaven," cried Mr Hopkins.

"Ooh, a threat now, old man . . . You have a choice. You either pay with money, or pay with your life," said the leader of the gang.

"Pay!? Over my dead body!" said Mr Hopkins.

George and Josephine were not very far away when they heard two gunshots and a scream. The scream was so familiar that it sent a chill along her spine. Her throat was clogged. She could not speak. She held tightly to George on the horse.

She suddenly felt so insecure, so vulnerable and incredibly fragile. It was so painful, too painful even to contemplate. She felt her heart tear open, exposing it to the cold and chilling air. It bled, bled for her brave Papa, the man she so respected and admired. Nothing could ever repair the wound. Tears escaped her eyes continuously, each tear filled with the love she had for her father, and each tear was allowed to roll down her rosy cheeks.

George could feel the extent of Josephine's pain. The incident had pierced his heart, too. He covered her hands with one arm, while the other guided the horse that would take them to Harris Park, their home.

When they arrived George took Josephine to her room to rest. Everything had happened so quickly that they both found it difficult to believe in the reality of it all. Before George left the room he spoke to Josephine.

"Josie, death is only the door to the underworld. People live and people die. The end of life is not important, but the journey is. Your father was a proud man, and greatly admired. He will always remain at the core of our hearts. He gave his own life for your survival. Now you must be strong and make the best of it. Do not waste your father's efforts."

George had finished speaking and was starting to leave the room when Josephine suddenly said:

"I understand, Georgie. Papa wants me to live happily, and I will. Thank you."

With those words George smiled and left the room.

*I BELIEVE THAT  
TO LIVE HAPPILY ONE MUST  
LOVE GREATLY*

by  
Saroueth Ven

I believe that to live happily one must love greatly.  
A child cannot live without the love of a mother,  
Man cannot survive without the help of a brother.  
As a rose will not grow if its needs are neglected  
Our lives will not blossom if our hearts aren't perfected.

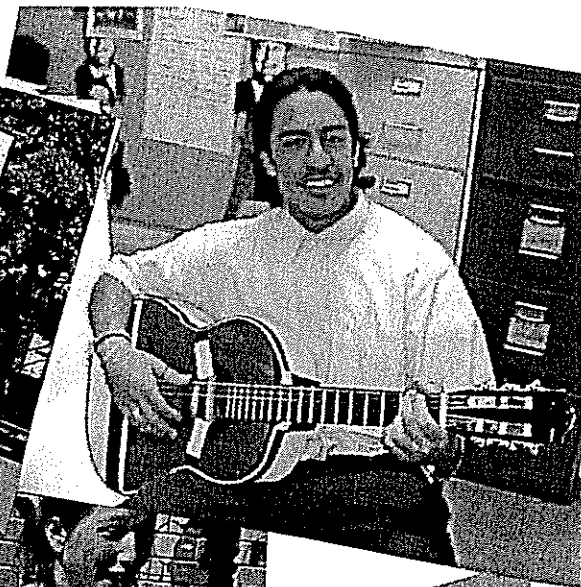
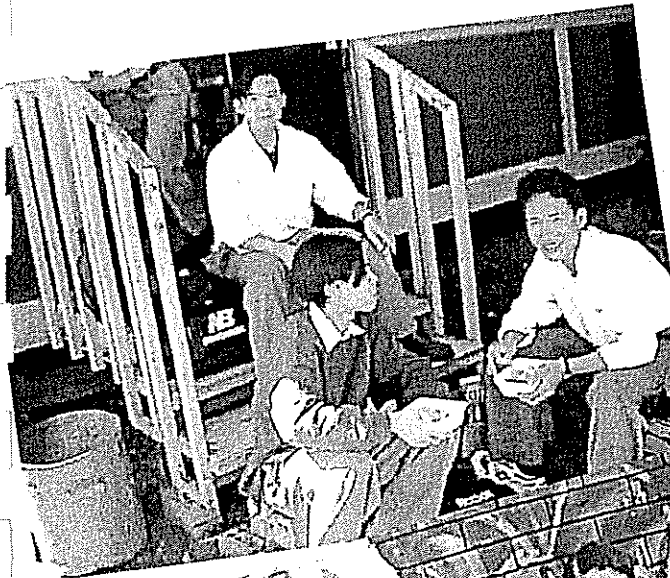
A lonely soul without a friend  
Is like an intriguing novel without an end.  
To write a story we must put ink to paper,  
To bake bread we must add water to flour,  
So to fulfil life we must use all the ingredients  
Such as hope, love and affection  
And surround ourselves with its warmth and protection.

We must nurture our relations  
And cherish that significant connection  
Whether it is the bond between a father and son,  
Or that of a wife and her husband.  
We must embrace the presence of those we hold dear,  
For when there's someone beside us there's nothing to fear.

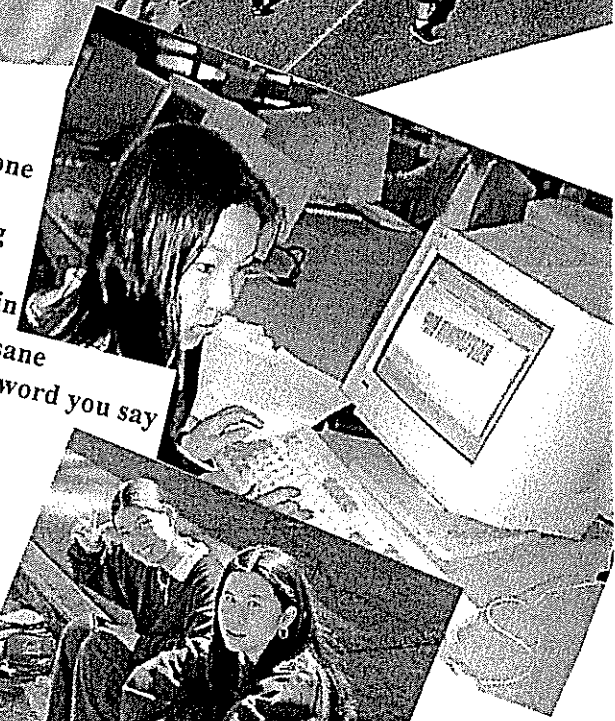
Wars break out when tolerance is scarce  
Those who choose to fight cause only grief and despair.  
Though hate may exist beyond our control  
True love and friendship remains in the depth of our hearts  
Today and forever tomorrow.

◊◊◊





**JUST FRIENDS!**  
I saw you sitting all alone  
I heard you crying on the phone  
If you told me how you felt  
If you told me what was wrong  
I could of helped you all along  
But now your trapped in the rain  
Feeling unhappy and feeling insane  
I promise I'll understand every word you say  
If I don't I'll promise to pay  
If you need a friend I'll be there  
I'll keep you company I'll keep  
It fair  
If you only know what I'm trying  
To show  
As a friend I LOVE YOU SO!



## Song dedications to the Teachers

*All my life:* Miss Chatzakos

*This is how we party:* Miss Chatzakos (referring to the way  
she danced at the disco)

*Ghetto Superstar:* Mrs Templeton (science)

*Buses and Trains:* Mr Kenny, Miss Yeomans and Mr Owens  
( 'cause Mr Owen's bus broke down on Yr 10  
sport day)

*The Boy is Mine:* Mr Arenas

*Stop:* Ms. Kristovskis (when calling to out of uniform students)

*Come With Me:* Ms. Kristovskis (to the office)

*Barbie Girl:* Miss Yeomans ( 'cause she looves Ken)

*I'm too Sexy:* Mr Conroy

*Go West:* Mr Radisic

*C'est La Vie:* Mr Solomon

*Freak:* Mr Gailey

*Spice Up Your Life:* Miss Kurovsky

*4 Seasons Of Loneliness:* Mr Jackson ( About Year 12 leaving)

*Cup Of Life:* Mr Molyneux (the soccer freak)

*Don't Want to Miss a Thing:* Mrs Hinton

*I Know Where It's At:* Mrs Lee Te Young ( Gala Day)

*Don't Say Goodbye:* Mr Pulham (we don't want to leave)

*Ray Of Light:* Mrs Allen

*Vogue:* Miss Stefan

*All Cried Out:* Mrs Coombes and Mrs Kougelos

*Say You'll be There:* Mrs McElligott

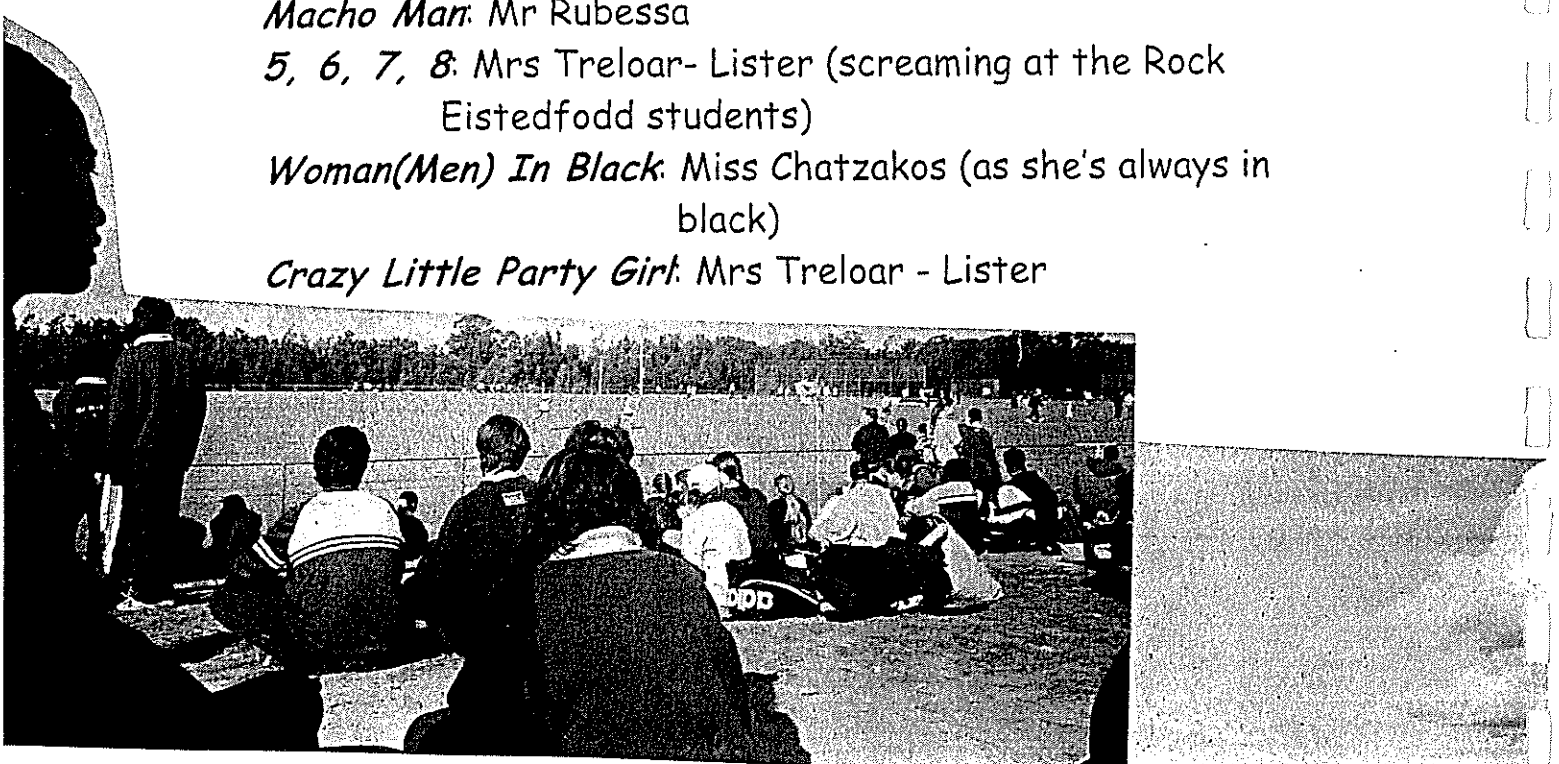
*Viva Forever:* Miss Templeton ( Maths )

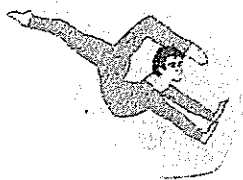
*Macho Man:* Mr Rubessa

*5, 6, 7, 8:* Mrs Treloar- Lister (screaming at the Rock  
Eistedfodd students)

*Woman(Men) In Black:* Miss Chatzakos (as she's always in  
black)

*Crazy Little Party Girl:* Mrs Treloar - Lister





## PD/H/PE FACULTY REPORT

- PD/H/PE has had a busy year so far.
- We have seven staff members at the present time.

### Exciting events

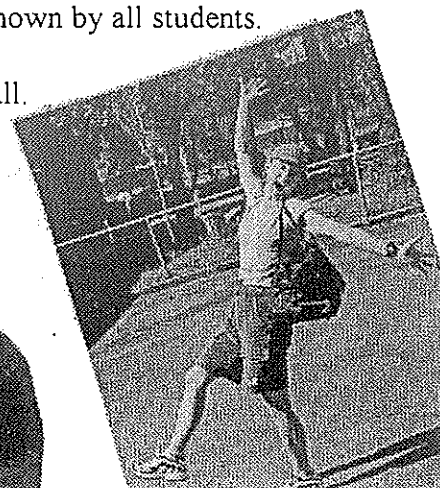
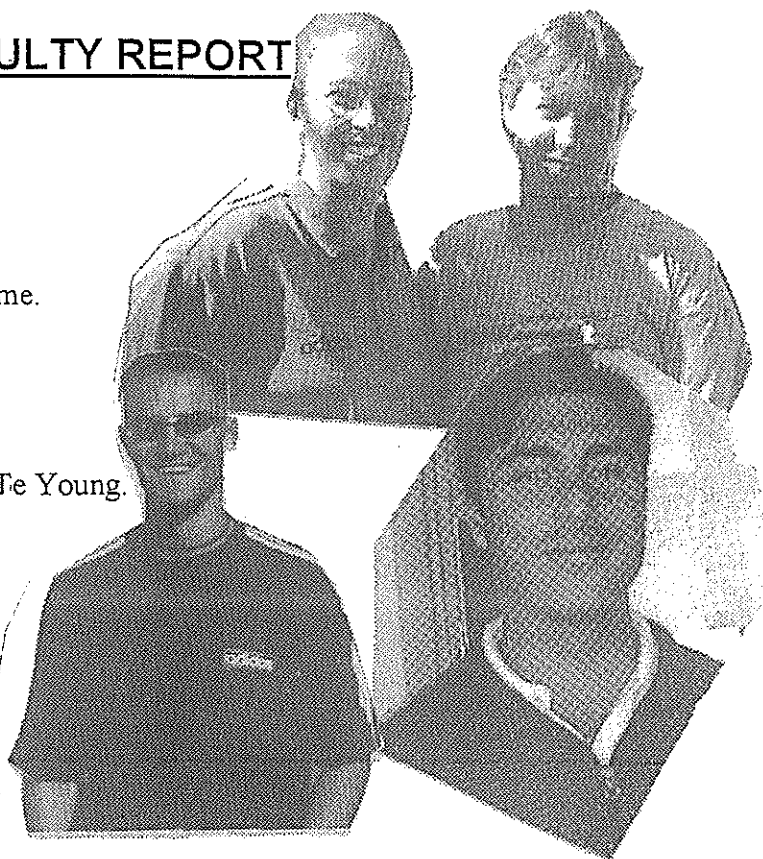
- Miss Walker was married and is now Mrs LeeTe Young.
- Mrs McElligott had a beautiful baby girl.
- Mr Conroy was married.

### Things students are doing in PD/H/PE

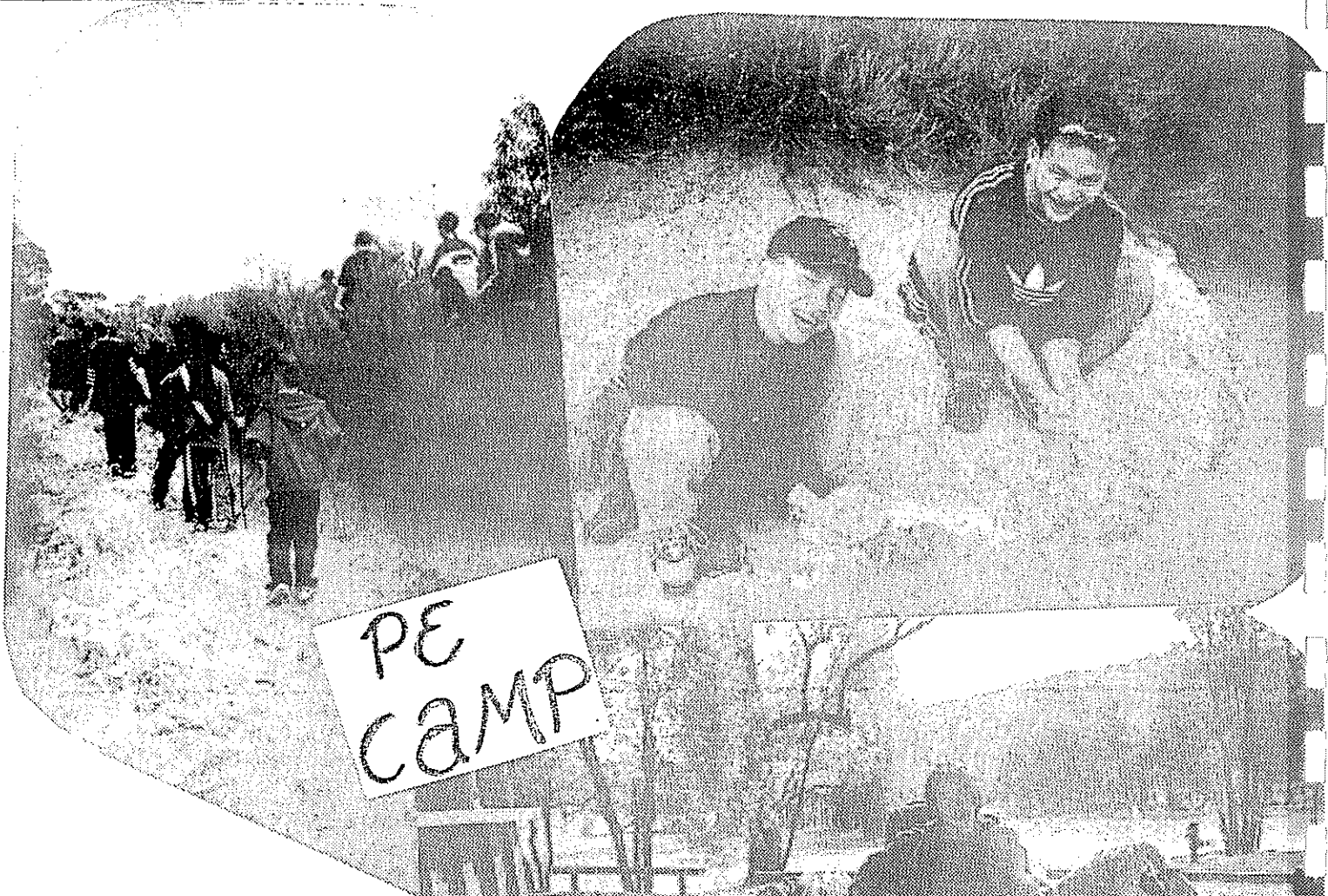
- Year 7 learning to swim.
- Year 11 students in Sport Leisure and Recreational Studies organising school cross-country and athletics carnivals. We have also formed Cabramatta Sports Committee and are running lunchtime Sports competitions in netball, softball, soccer and volleyball.
- Year 9 and 10 elective P.E. going on camp for a week to Sydney Academy of Sport Narrabeen.
- Year 7 and 8 have Gala Days in sport in Term 3.
- Year 10 will be coaching at Primary schools in Term 4 when doing topic on Top Coach.

### General classwork

- Students learning skills in C.P.R., different sports, drug education, family and friends fitness programming, gymnastics, dance, coaching and understanding information about growing up, nutrition, drugs, relationships, and learning skills.
- Our second Year 12 class is sitting for the H.S.C. in this year.
- Great interest in senior school in senior PD/H/PE classes.
- Year 7 and 8 and 11 sport doing very well. Great interest and enjoyment shown by all students.
- Great results in Soccer K.O. teams both boys and girls and boys K.O. netball.









## Athletic Zone Carnival

The wet weather had finally caught us . The two day carnival was one of a wet and slippery track. Our team of 138 students did their best despite the conditions and injuries which had plagued several students.

### FINAL POINT SCORE

4<sup>th</sup> place - Boys team

5<sup>th</sup> place - Girls team

Overall - 4<sup>th</sup> place out of 8 schools

Bernera Zone Age Champions:

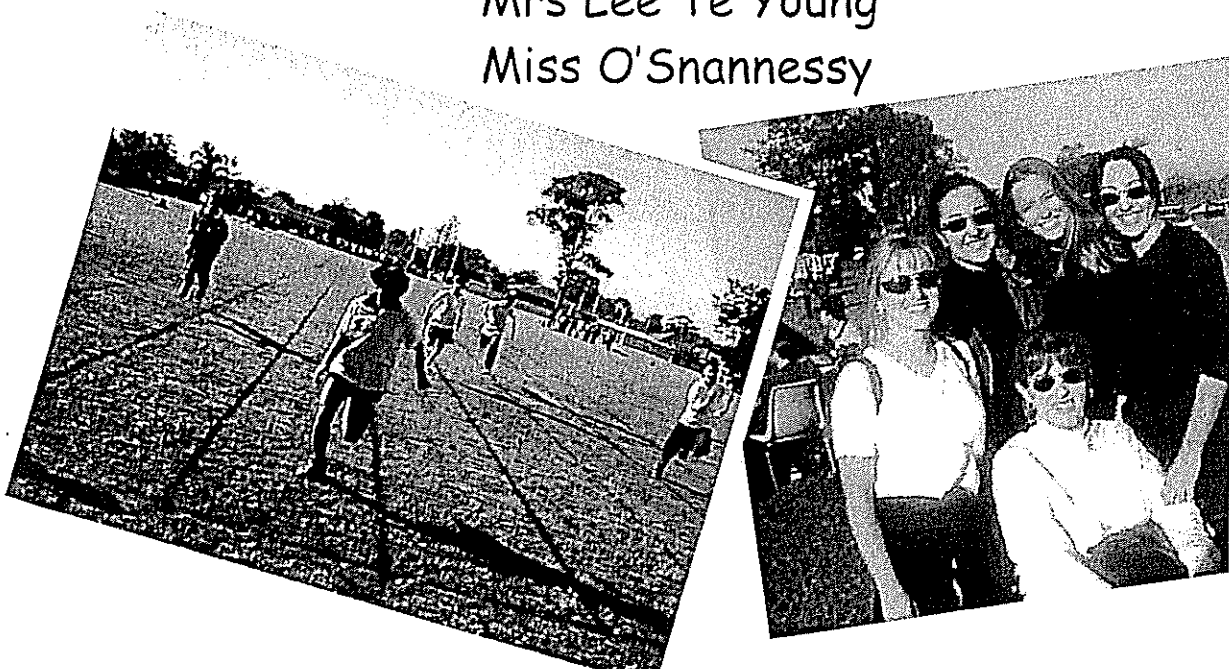
- Sofija Citlak - 17+ yrs
- Sras Lim - 12 yrs

Well done to all students who represented their school and zone at the next regional carnival and a special congratulations to SRAS LIM for making it into the STATE ATHLETICS carnival for High Jump. A fantastic effort.

Mrs Lee Te Young  
Miss O'Snannessy



Mr Rad





## Athletics Carnival

The day began well, Friday the 29<sup>th</sup> May broke with glorious sunshine. Yes a sunny day, we hope the rain stays away. The rush of setting up the day came to a close as the students arrived to run, jump and throw. Cheers could be heard from the houses of BRADMAN, FRASER, MACKAY and STRICKLAND throughout the day. The battle was on, the fighting had began for the Championship House of this celebrated day.

The participant events were full of students hoping to throw and jump their way to that 3 point mark, and run (whatever style) to the finish line. The championship events showed some stiff competition with students striving for the age championship trophies. A number of records were broken by students who put in an outstanding effort. The record breakers were; Seng Leng Lim- Triple Jump, Sras Lim- 200m, Neven Ostojic- High Jump, Ping Chhin- Javelin, Kevin Pan- High Jump, Samsak Oeur- High Jump. Our 300m runners- Milica Draca, Sogia Citlak, Srecko Mitrovic and Rizzy Maharaj. As the end of the day drew closer the invitational 100m event for the fastest boy and girl in the school was on. The 6 top girls- Chinda Kong, Milica Draca, Dalin Vann, Tram Duong, Sofija Citlak and Leang Chou.....And the fastest MILCIA DRACA. The top 7 boys- Van Ny Tran, Joseph Peronchik, Tung Nguyen, Novica Ostojic, Anthony Zhao, Milorad Matic and Phy Vann..... And the fastest- NOVICA OSTOJIC.

The closure of the carnival brought the announcement of the 1998 Athletic Age Champions

### GIRLS

12 yrs Thanh Dao Nguyen  
13 yrs Chinda Kong  
14 yrs Milcia Draca  
15 yrs Tu Anh Vo  
16 yrs Marcella Herrera  
17 yrs Sofjia Citlak  
18 yrs Seng Leng Lim

### BOYS

Sras Lim  
Ping Chhin  
Omar Mayora  
Zoran Kocev  
Rizzy Maharaj  
Nan Ny Tran  
Novica Ostojic



The final point score;  
MACKAY - 2222  
STRICKLAND - 2049  
FRASER - 1874  
BRADMAN - 1601

The Championship House for 1998 MACKAY!!!!



A good day had by all. The weekend bringing relief to the weary faces and sore muscles.

Great Throw!!

And the winner is .....

Up Up and away!!

Bad Luck! Next time!!

Come on you can do it!!

SUPER WOMAN

Run Gorgi Run!!





Year 10 1997, Formal







## FRIENDSHIP

Dedicated to all my best friends:  
For Hiba, Rort, Antonia, Marie, Marcella, Amy and Lina

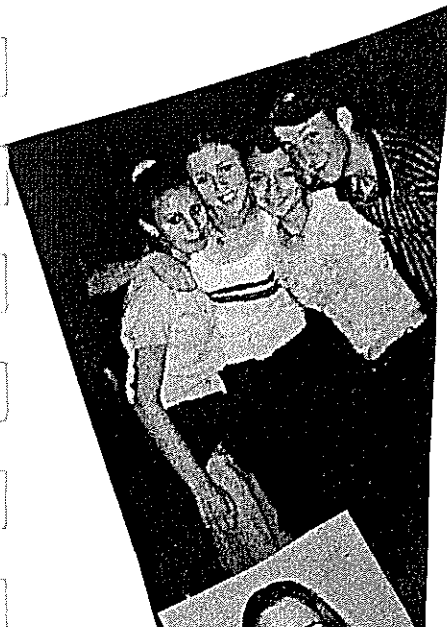
The best thing about friendship  
is that its made to last for eva  
like all precious things, great and small  
friendship doesn't come fast.

It's built on trust and acceptance  
And tender loving care  
People will always come and go  
But friends are always there.

When things just go wrong  
There will be times of turmoil  
But these silly misunderstandings  
Will never last long.

When troubles arise,  
You will have a hand to lend  
I thank my lucky stars  
I have you guys as my FRIENDS

Friends 4 Eva  
Love Always  
Lena Kvackovska

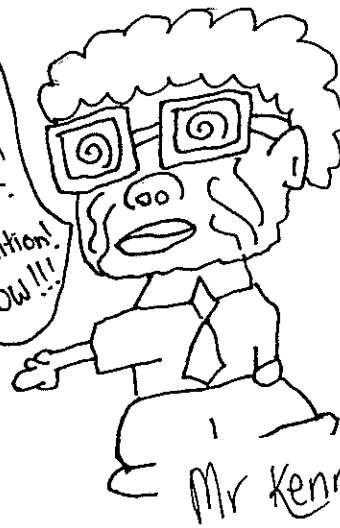


Mrs. Barker

Ms. Kristovskis.



Where is your uniform pass? Dentition! Now!!!



Where is every-body



Gala Day

Mr Kenny

Watch out sir is checking uniforms quick the shoes!



Mr Daly

bonjour a classes my wife would kill me if I'm dirty! Hey where is your uniform pass?



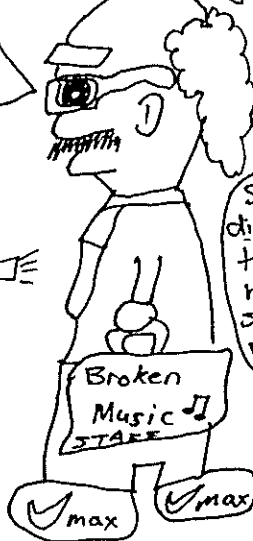
BL O C R



Mr. Kidd.

Oh, no I have a flat tire!

Mr Gailey.



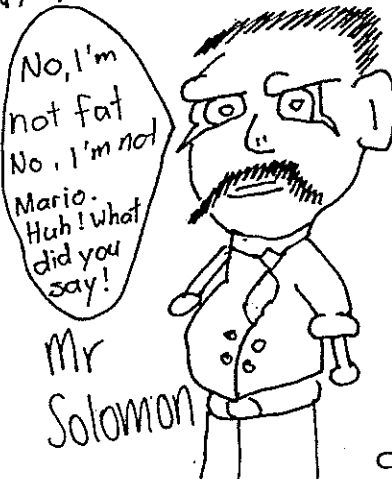
Sir didn't tuck his shirt Miss!

Mrs Allen



A right boys where are your notes! if you don't I'll send a letter home!

T b l o c k



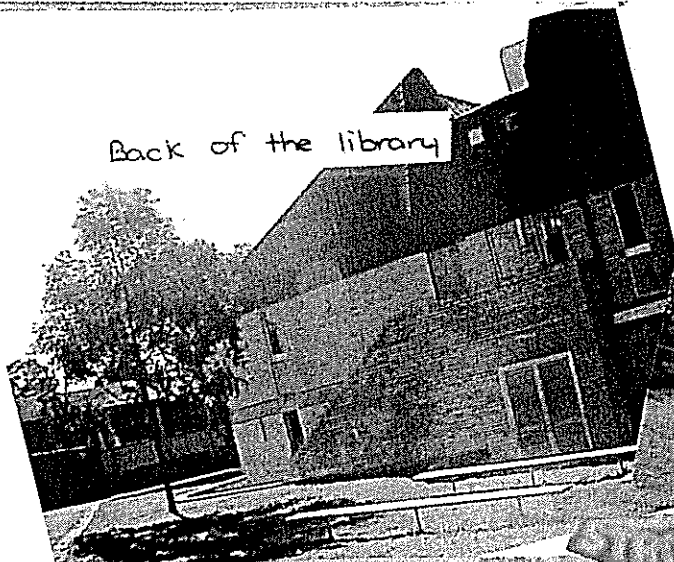
Mr Solomon

cc

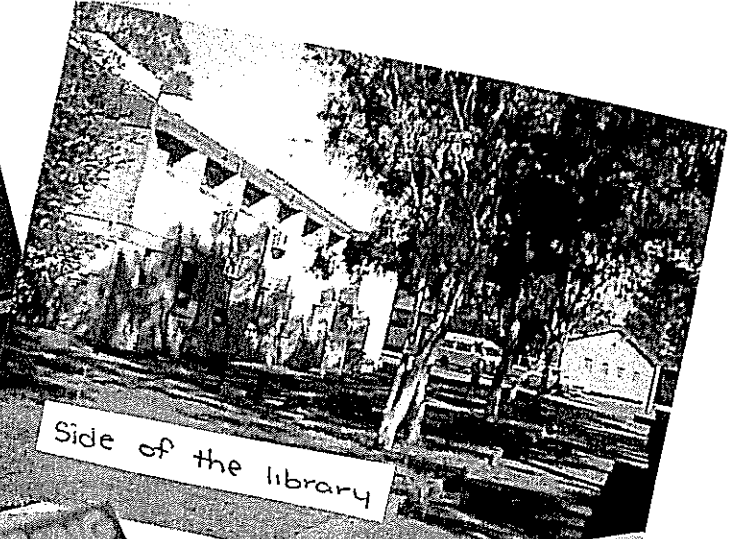
CC 8G 98

CC 8G 98

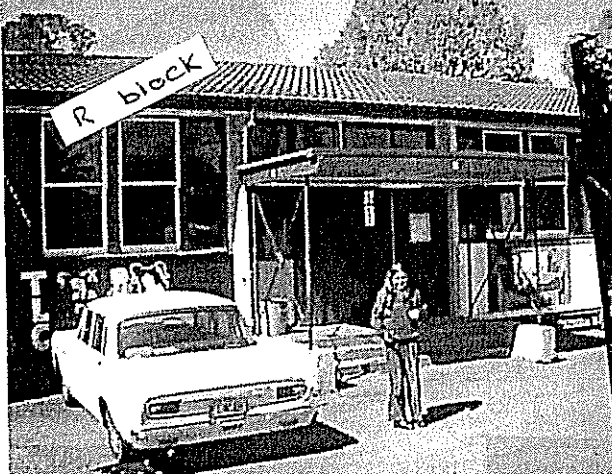
Back of the library



Side of the library



R block



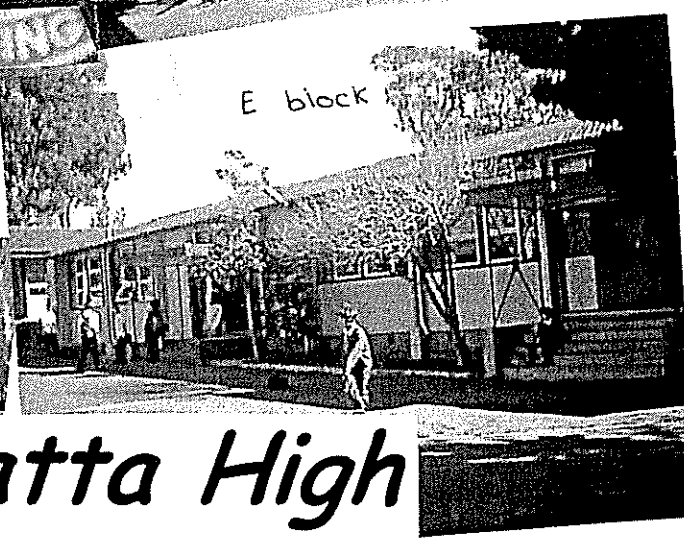
IEC



X block

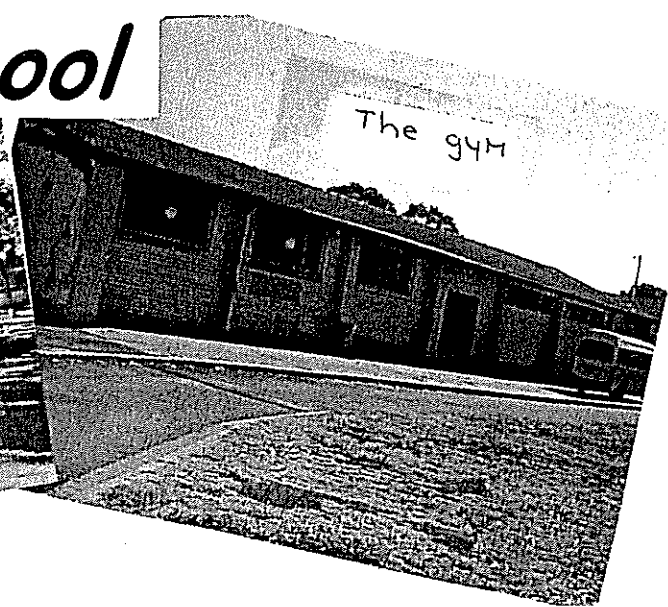


E block



# Cabramatta High School

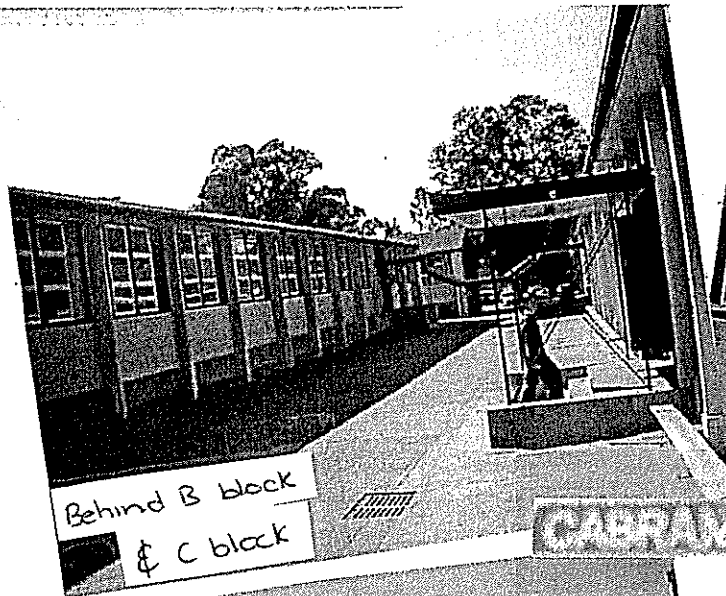
The gym



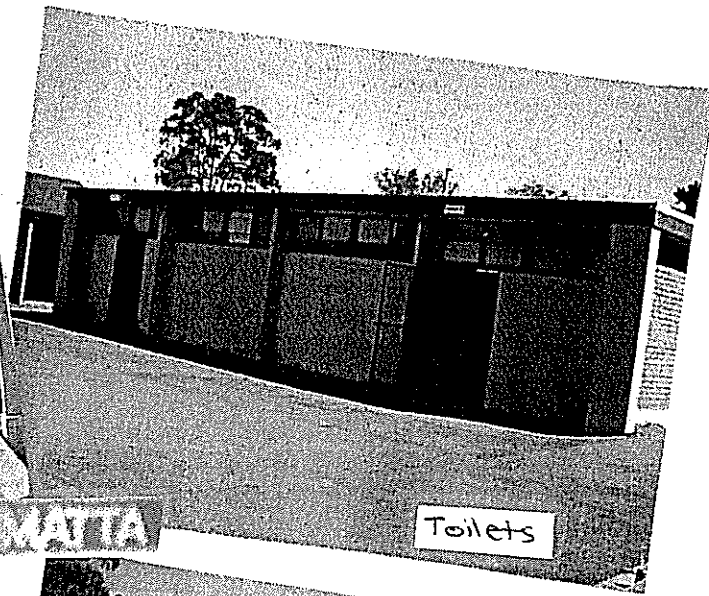
Behind C block





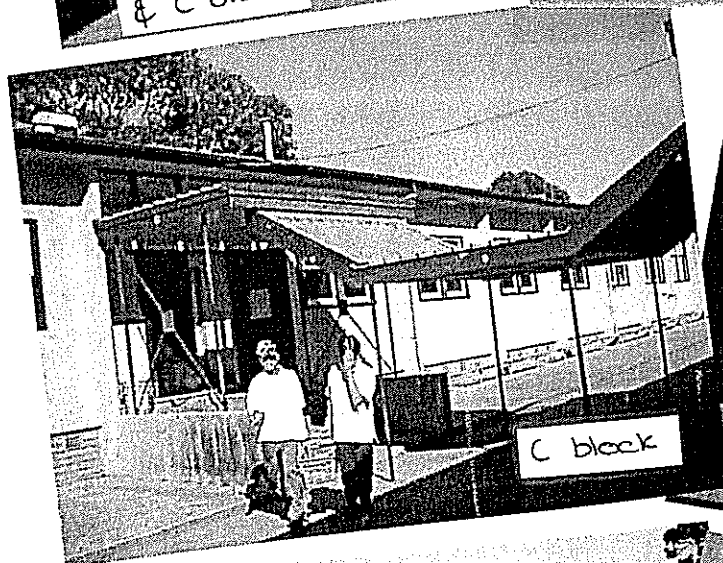


Behind B block  
& C block

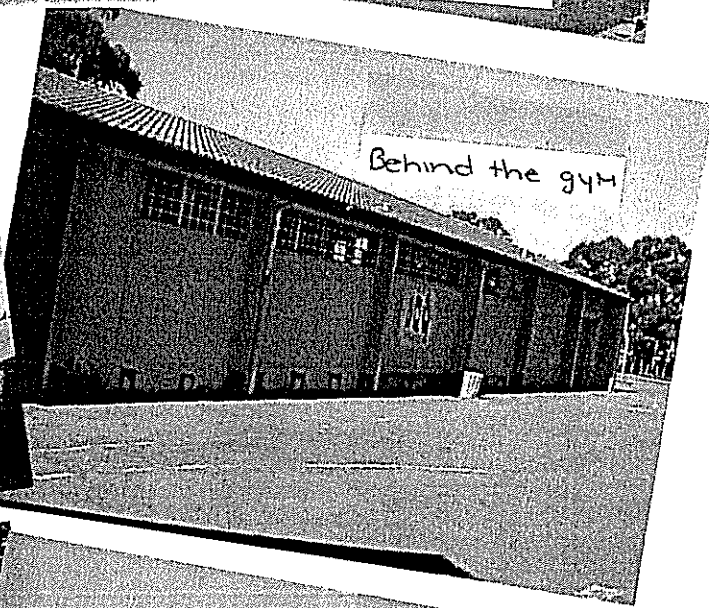


Toilets

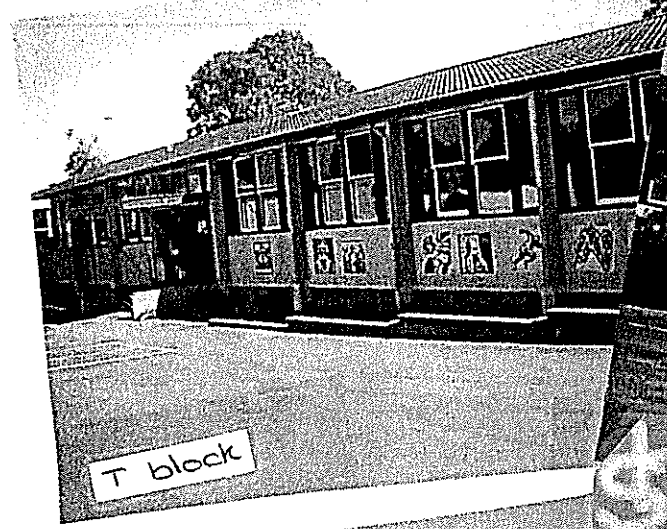
CABRAMATTA



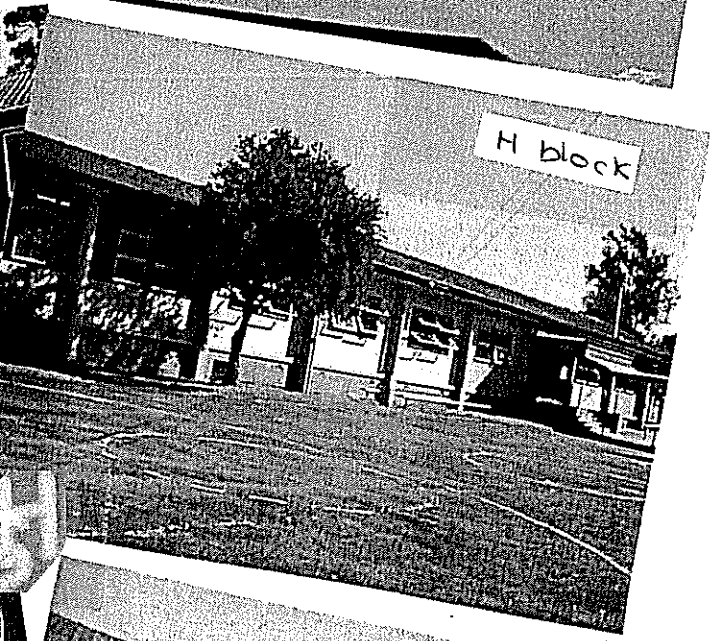
C block



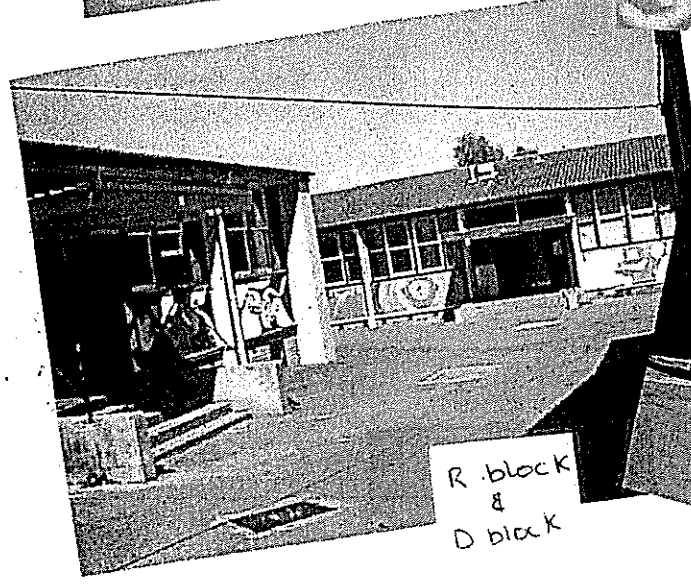
Behind the gym



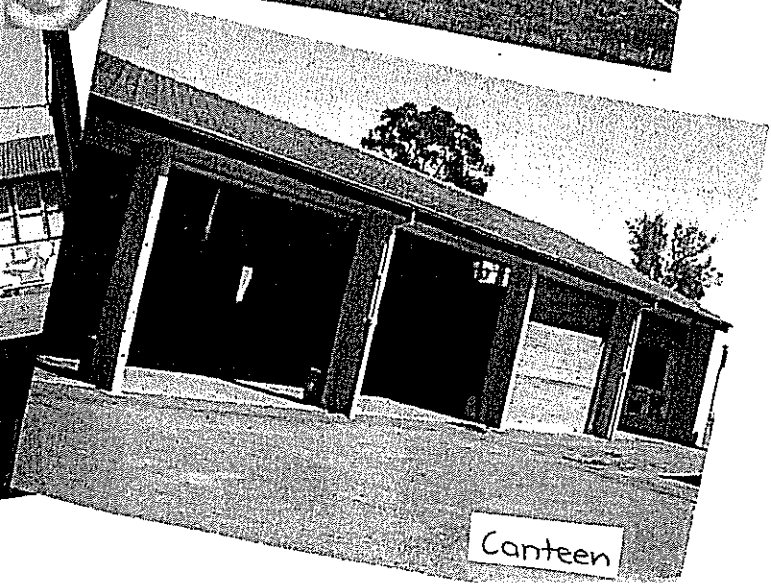
T block



H block



R block  
&  
D block



Canteen



# Find-a-Word

L	S	V	A	R	O	H	R	O	D	N	C	J	R	D	M	S
A	Y	R	T	E	I	S	J	B	M	H	K	O	G	L	S	T
N	O	D	G	R	P	O	S	J	U	O	N	A	N	R	C	N
G	B	F	N	T	J	F	H	P	S	N	P	N	C	M	I	I
U	T	S	R	A	C	J	B	C	I	Y	R	N	P	L	T	A
A	E	O	G	C	R	U	S	A	C	K	F	E	M	G	E	S
G	E	G	S	I	G	B	P	G	R	E	M	S	A	W	L	L
E	R	A	T	N	A	E	N	L	E	N	A	I	D	S	H	L
S	T	D	S	O	I	R	I	A	K	P	T	N	K	E	T	A
U	S	H	C	M	F	C	H	O	S	B	H	P	F	L	A	H
E	K	J	I	T	D	O	S	V	C	H	S	I	V	I	K	I
B	C	U	E	D	O	F	I	B	E	S	J	L	F	T	M	O
Y	A	S	N	N	I	N	L	Y	K	A	I	T	W	X	J	E
I	B	H	C	V	I	O	G	K	A	M	C	D	L	E	L	O
H	S	I	E	L	W	F	N	O	S	N	A	H	T	T	K	J
N	E	I	L	H	Y	B	E	G	C	J	V	Y	R	A	M	A
T	C	F	T	D	E	I	M	R	A	P	C	A	A	C	N	N
K	A	R	I	A	H	C	R	E	V	L	I	S	M	A	I	J
N	E	E	T	N	A	C	B	D	M	B	O	N	H	C	E	T

RONNIA

JENIFER

LANGUAGES

ALL SAINTS

JOANNE

GAGLA

HSIE

BACKSTREET BOYS

MARY

ENGLISH

TEXTILES

BRANDY

KCI

DIANE

MATHS

MUSIC

MONICA

JOJO

ESIN

SCIENCE

CANTEEN

HANSON

RAP

TRAM

ART

CHOIR

SILVERCHAIR

TECHNO

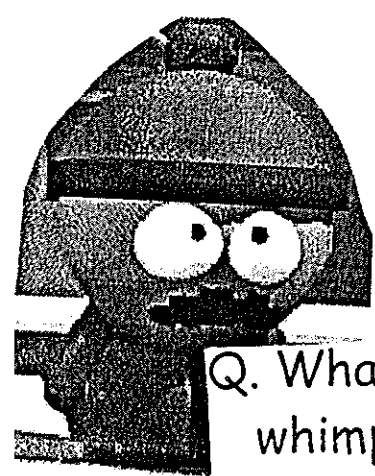
VIKI

ATHLETICS

DISCO

FIVE

R&B



# JOKES

Q. What lies at the bottom of the sea and whimpers?

A. A nervous wreck

Q. What did on cucumber say to the other cucumber?

A. "If you'd kept your big mouth shut, we wouldn't be in this pickle!"

Q. Why do cows wear bells?

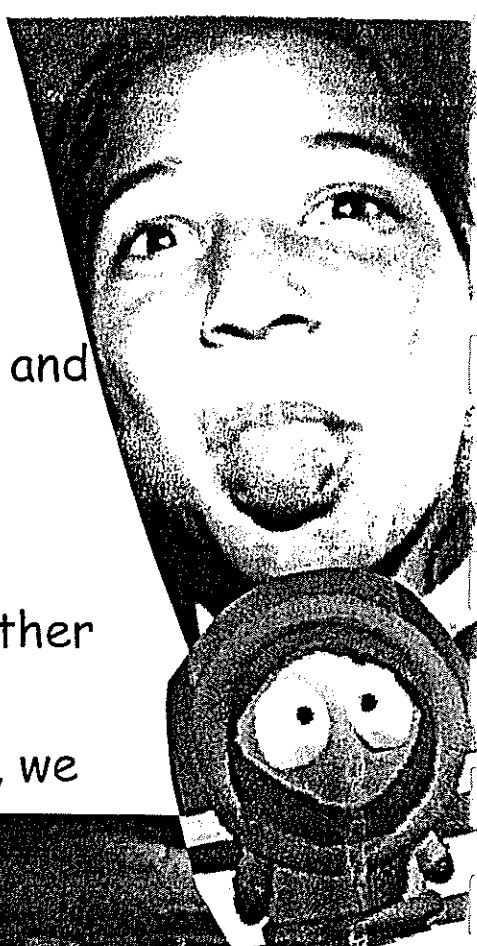
A. 'Cause their horns don't work

Q. What goes through a door but never goes in and never comes out?

A. The key hole

Q. What do you call a silly flower?

A. A blooming idiot





# MUSIC REPORT:



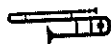
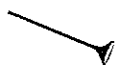
1998 has seen some interesting developments in the area of Music in the school. The Music classes in Year 7 are going well but the biggest force in Music appears to be Year 8 where many students have taken the challenge to learn instruments including flute, oboe, clarinet, violin, cello, and many, many recorders! It is heartening to see so many eager musicians.



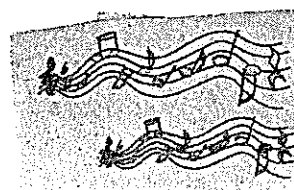
The school's Music Performing Ensemble has been working hard every Wednesday afternoon, in fact - learning to play new music. We have been very fortunate in that Mr Erskine has contributed his considerable talents to assist the group as well as to tutor some woodwind students.



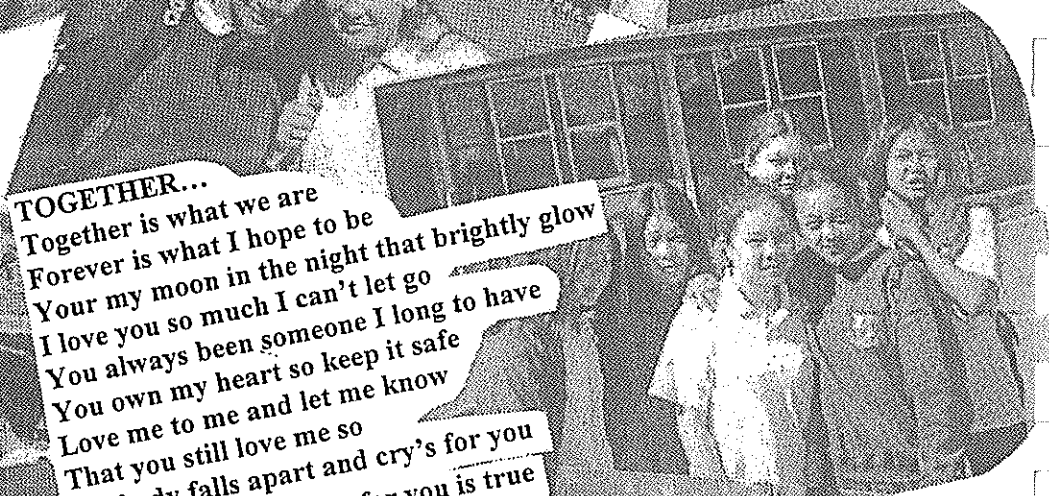
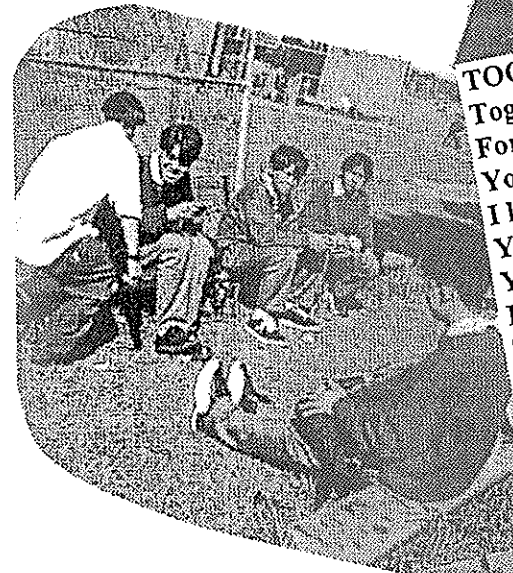
We have had several Music excursions this year and the school mini-bus fleet has proved invaluable. Mr Kenny and Miss Yeomans have been great help with the big bus. The behaviour of our students has been exemplary even if they have suspect dress sense and tastes in cuisine!



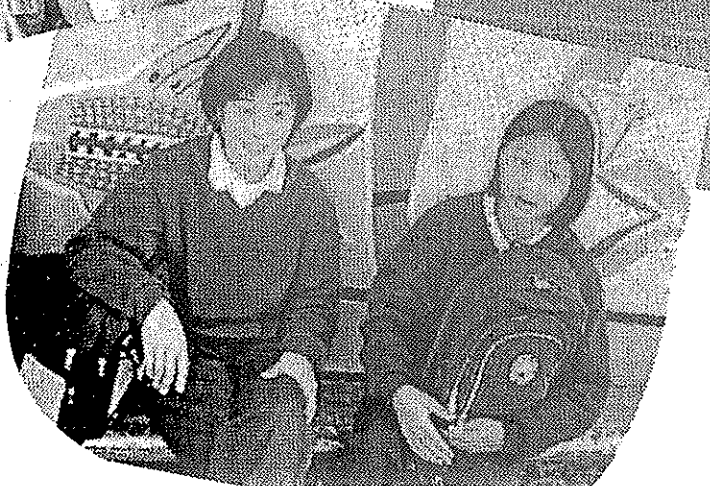
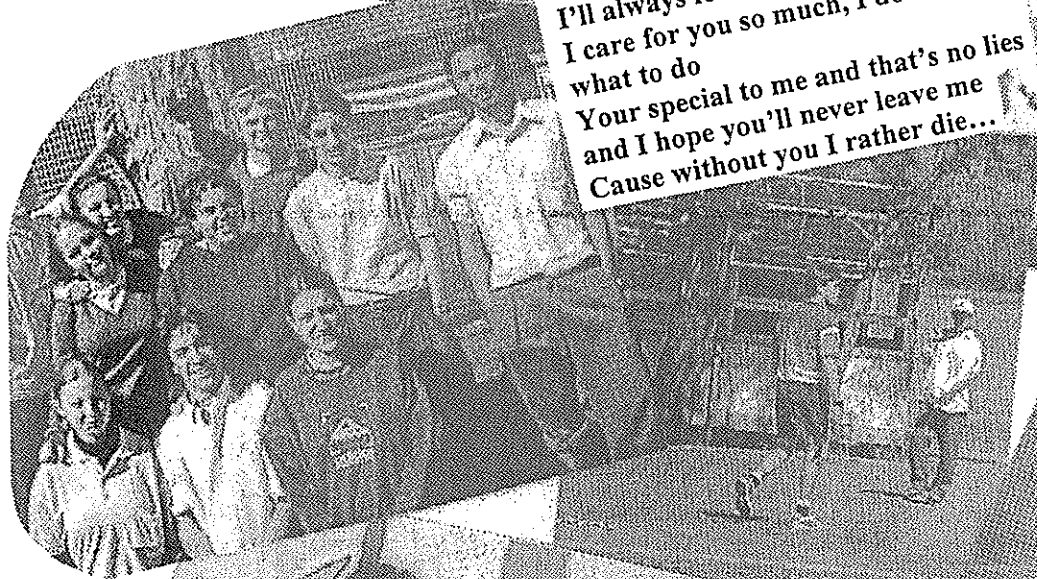
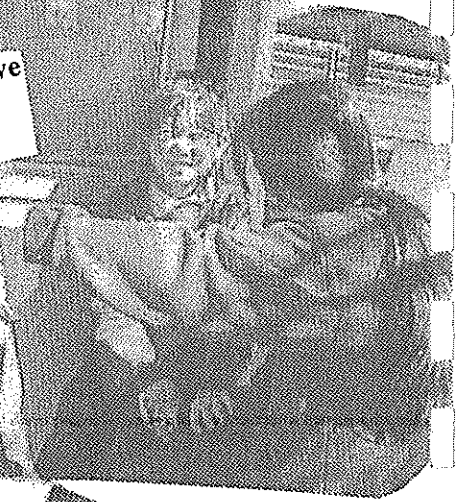
Mr Gailey







TOGETHER...  
Together is what we are  
Forever is what I hope to be  
Your my moon in the night that brightly glow  
I love you so much I can't let go  
You always been someone I long to have  
You own my heart so keep it safe  
Love me to me and let me know  
That you still love me so  
My body falls apart and cry's for you  
To fix me up my love for you is true  
I don't know if you love me now  
So if your feeling is starting to fade  
Tell me how, don't forget the fun time we  
spend  
I'll always love you believe me it's true  
I care for you so much, I don't know  
what to do  
Your special to me and that's no lies  
and I hope you'll never leave me  
Cause without you I rather die...

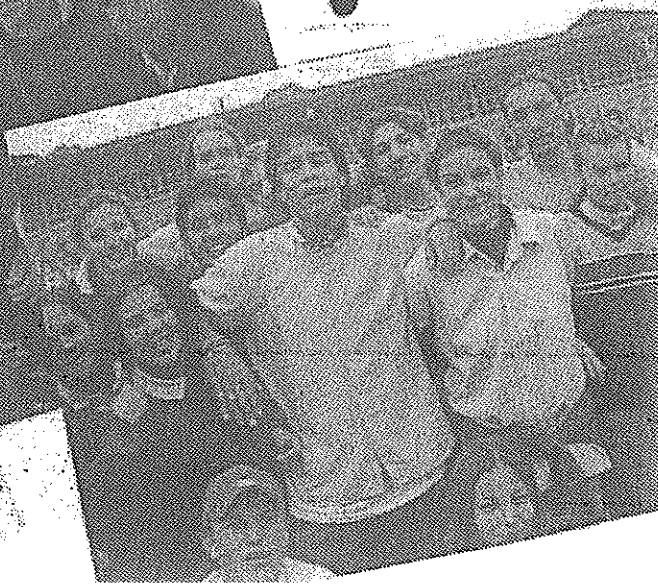






## The one I love!

You entered my heart  
somehow, some way.  
We shared our passion night 'n' day  
you cared for me  
I just don't understand  
that you are so sweet  
your a real man  
when you say that word 'I LOVE YOU'  
It sets my heart on fire.  
Your kiss is a dream come true  
It's the feeling I most desire  
I love you more than words can say  
My love for you will forever stay.



# Answers

## Baby Photos

1. Miss Chatzakos
2. Mr Molyneux
3. Mr Jackson
4. Mrs Treloar- Lister
5. Mr Kenny
6. Ms Gooden
7. Miss Templeton
8. Mrs Beaden



## Body Parts

1. Miss Yeomans's foot
2. Mr A's eye
3. Miss Stefan's shoulder
4. Mr Newbold's neck
5. Miss Nesbitt's eyes
6. Mr Radisic's hand
7. Mr Conroy's leg
8. Miss Yeomans's hair
9. Mr Pulham's nose
10. Mr A's mouth
11. Mr Daly's hand
12. Miss Chatzakos's Hair



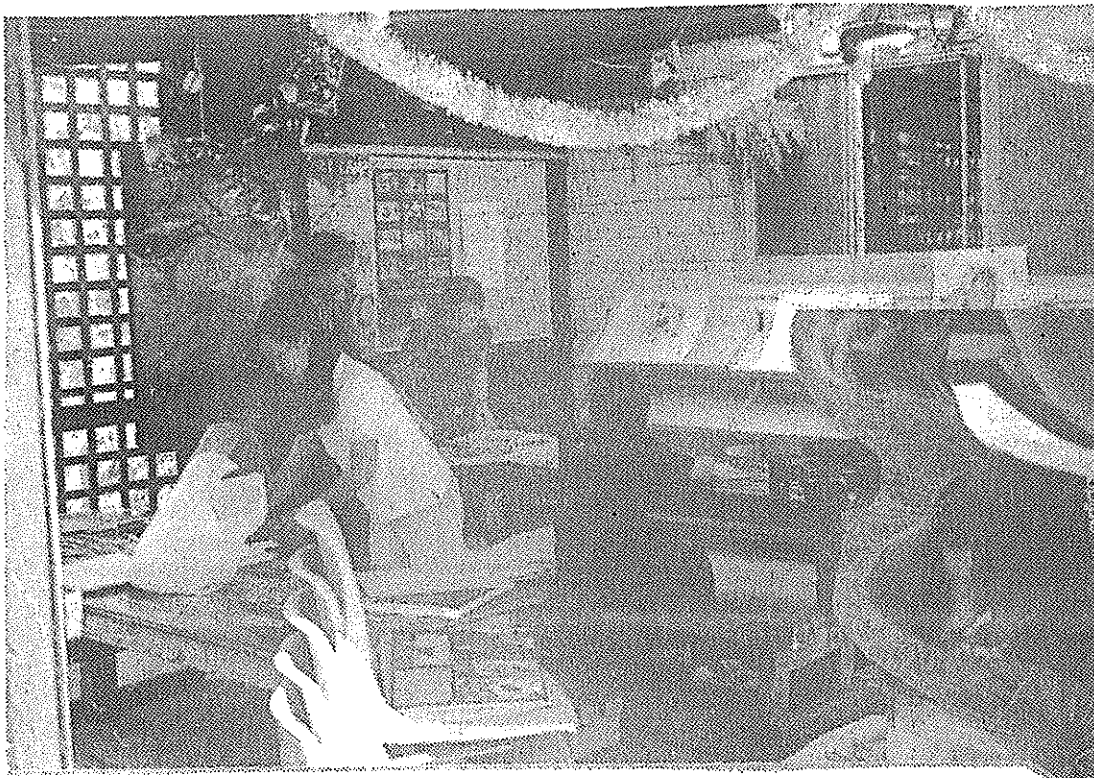
# *School Magazine Committee 1998*



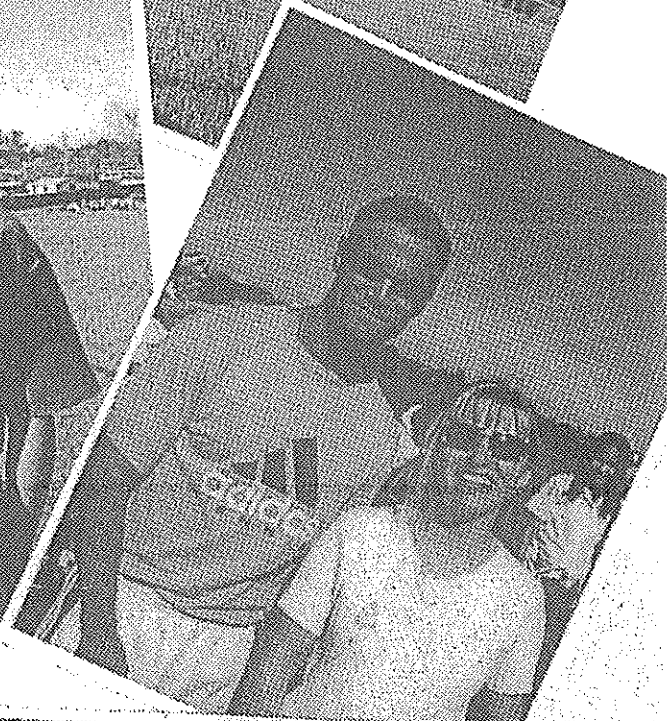
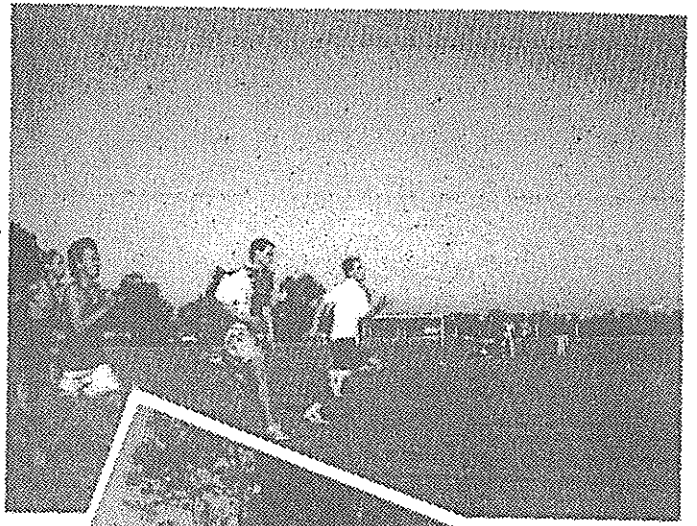
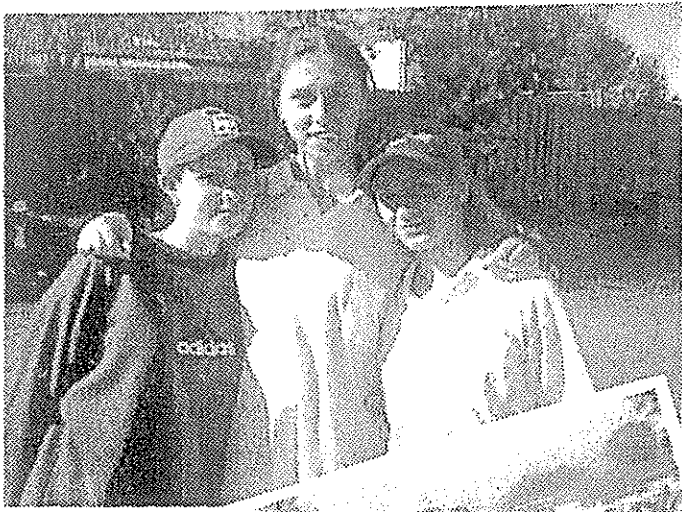
*Ronnia El-ters, Mary El-ters, Diane Borg,  
Joanne Costa, Ileana Hererea, Jennifer Lay,  
Violeta Kuackouska, Cagla Talay, Tram  
Duong, Rebecca Bain, Jenny Kouch, Dang Bui,  
Esin Ergen and Lynda Ly. With the help of  
Miss Yeomans and Miss Chatzakos.*











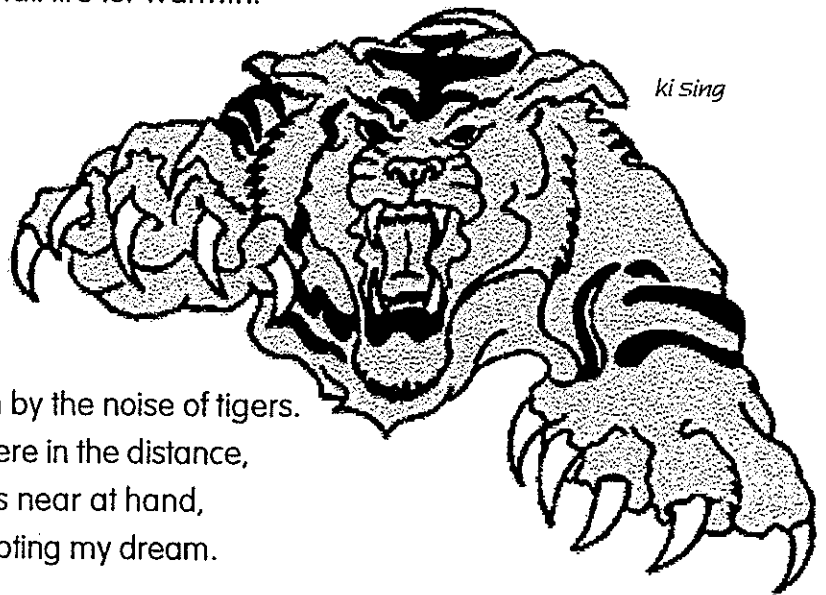
# TIGERS

by  
Xay Im Lam

I hate the expressions  
"as cruel as a tiger" or  
"as bloodthirsty as a tiger"  
that are written in storybooks

When I hear this expression  
I think of myself  
when I was a little boy  
holding an old muzzle-loading gun

Into the jungle I had gone,  
wandering around,  
sleeping through the nights,  
with a small fire for warmth.

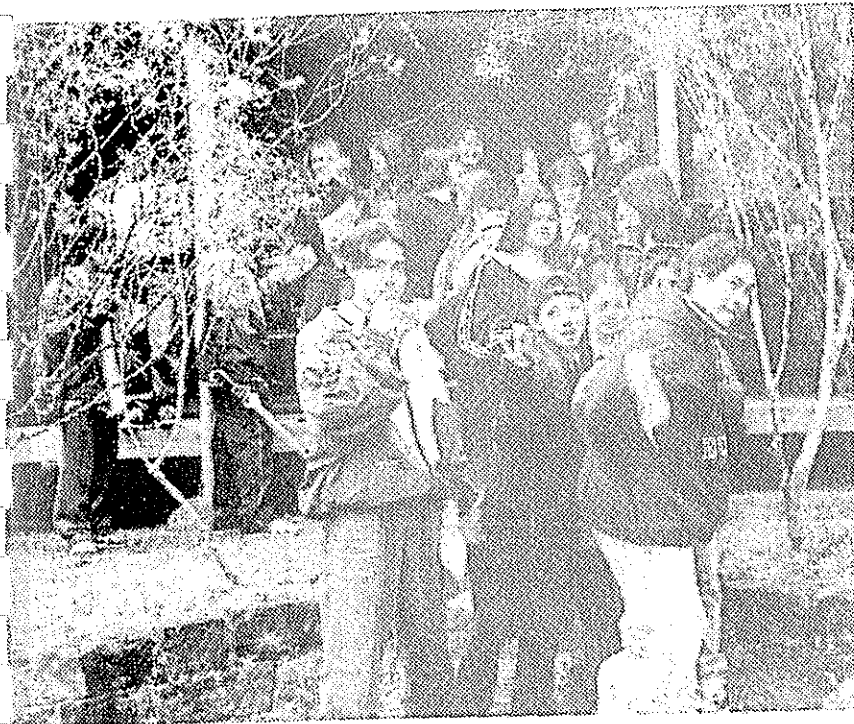


I was woken by the noise of tigers.  
Some were in the distance,  
others near at hand,  
interrupting my dream.

As the tiger turned  
around on me  
there was a friendly  
expression on his face.

"Hello, kid. What are you doing here?"  
and, receiving no answer,  
he walked slowly away,  
without once looking back.





# *Autographs*



# *Autographs*

