

PEGASUS 1983



Catherine Purcell, Yr. 7E

EP SCHOOL PREP SCHOOL

PEGASUS 1983

Geelong College Preparatory School Magazine

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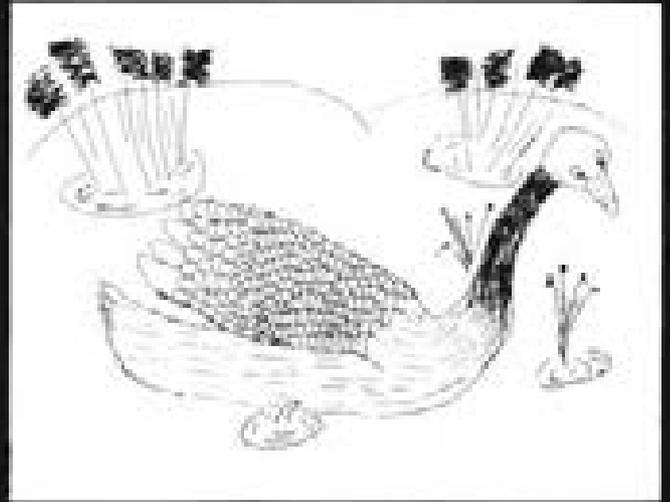
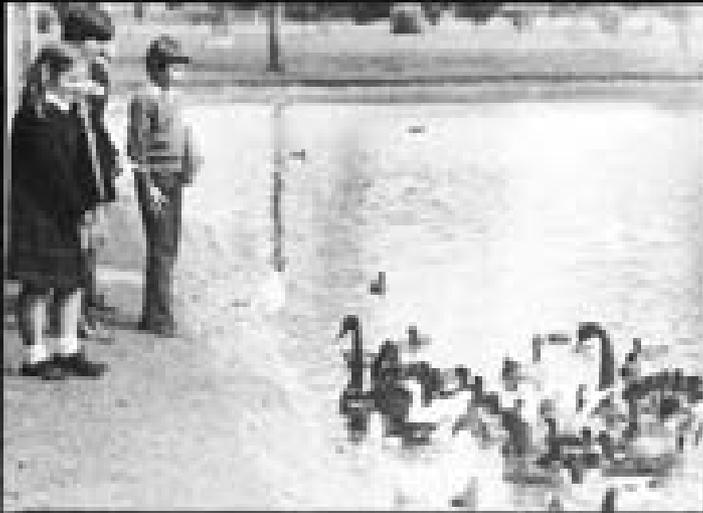
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Anna Schofield, Yr. 1

A Walk to Balyang Sanctuary

Year 5/6B went for a walk to Balyang Sanctuary. They observed the animal and bird life and wrote stories, poems and descriptions about these. From this writing they compiled a book and made a calendar for 1984.



This bird has a black velvet head and neck, white beak, red eyes, shiny black body and webbed feet. Waddling along to the river bank, it does a falling splash into the water. Then it suddenly starts to duck dive. I like the way it bobs its bottom into the air so proudly when it starts its dive. It appears very quickly, head first after its long stay under water.

Elizabeth Nelson, Yr. 5/6B



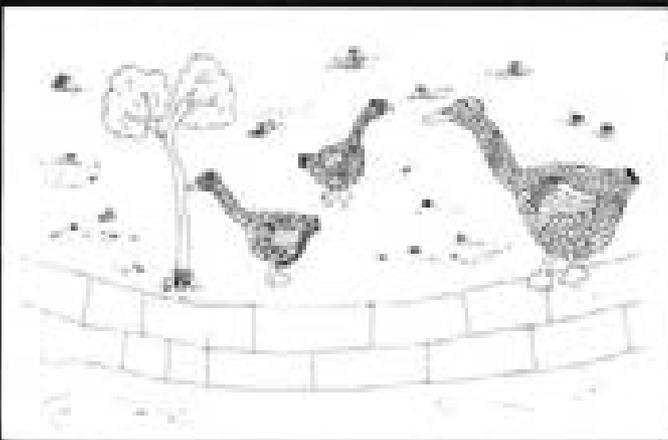
I saw a swan, its black feathers with the sun shining on them making them look like silk.

His eyes so shiny you could see your face in them. His bright red beak had a white hoop around it, and around him were ripples of water.

Ben Mitchell, Penny Bain, Yr. 5/6B

All the geese are on the grass squawking, each one is different, bobbing up and down as they walk. They are shaking around and preening themselves. The beak is orange and has a white rim around it, they also have long necks and stomachs that nearly touch the ground.

Jodi Madden, Megan Jackman, Yr. 5/6B



THE COOT

Did you ever see a flock of coots?
Wearing suits and gum boots.
Black feathers and white beaks.
They fly away and return in weeks.
Their nest is made of the finest sticks.
But before they lay eggs they have to mix.

Jodi Madden, Yr. 6B



How The Seasons Came About

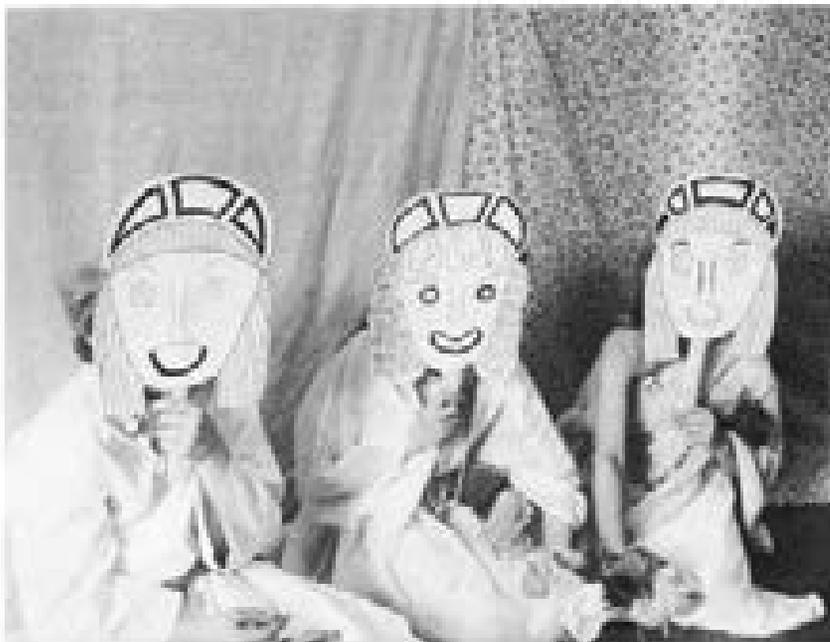
I was lucky to go in the presentation of the prizes for Sprockets and Flairs. I was Demeter in our photo experience book of "How the Seasons Came About". I got a surprise when our book won the gold award for the best primary photo experience book at the festival. I got a bigger surprise when our book won the outstanding primary program of the festival. We all received our own gold certificates too.

Fioran Bourke, Yr. 3



I was Persephone in a book that we made for Sprockets and Flairs. Persephone was Demeter's daughter. Demeter was the goddess of the earth and crops. It felt pretty good being Persephone even though I can't say why. I wore my aunty's yellow dress and mum stitched two curtains together for the veil. I made a black and white mask because in the olden days Greek actors carried masks when they acted. The children took photos of us acting our parts. We put the photos in a book shaped like a poppy. We retold the story of "How the Seasons Came About".

Lizzie Haines, Yr. 3



I was Ascalaphas the gardener and also the guard in our book "How the Seasons Came About". I was able to be two different people because I carried a mask in front of my face. I enjoyed making the book. The best part was when we took in Demeter to see Hades. Demeter was sad and the crops would not grow.

Shem Fitzgerald, Yr. 3

Words and Pictures

FIDDLES

My name is Bernie Cameron. I am eight years old and I go to Chilwell Primary School. I am the toughest kid in the school. I have lots of friends and I am the Captain of the football team.

Tomorrow is Christmas and I'm getting a baseball bat, a traitor, a slug gun and a big long toothed Doberman Pinscher that will be able to chew the ears off dumb kids next door.

Today is Christmas! There is a box that's moving!! It must be my Doberman! I'll call him Butcher. I ran over to the box. It was just the right size! My hands fumbled with the string. The pranks I'll get up to!

I stared in amazement, for out rolled a cute, fat puppy. I leaned back in shock as he jumped on my lap and licked my face. The puppy was fat and warm and wriggled in my hands. My immediate thought was one of disgust. I hate puppies! I pushed it away, but it came back and softly chewed my hand. "Get away mutt," I said, pushing it aside.

Mum said "Isn't he cute Bennie, his name is Fiddles."

"Fiddles!" I exclaimed. "What a stupid name! Why wasn't he called Spike, or Butcher or Gnasher or Fangs?"

"Don't be silly Benjamin. And don't you be cruel to him either."

"No mum," I said, downcast.

I took him outside. "C'mon Fiddles, you dumb mutt," I said. I took him in front of next door's house. "This is a girl", I said to him.

"Kill girls, Kill girls."

"This is Fido. Death to Fido! Growl, Fiddle, bark!"

"Now go get 'im. Go on, sic him."

Fiddle just sat there.

"Sic, Fiddle, sic 'im." Fiddle licked my hand.

"Go on scam — you mutt!" I said, disappointed. I kicked him.

"Get lost!" He just stood there, snuffling my feet.

"Beat it!"

Fiddle ran, tail between his legs.

The next day I was playing with a tennis ball on the wall outside. Fiddle came around the corner, and as soon as he saw the ball, he ran up, grabbed it, and ran.

"So he wants to play games!" I thought.

An idea sprang into my mind. I got the ball and waited for a car to come down the road.

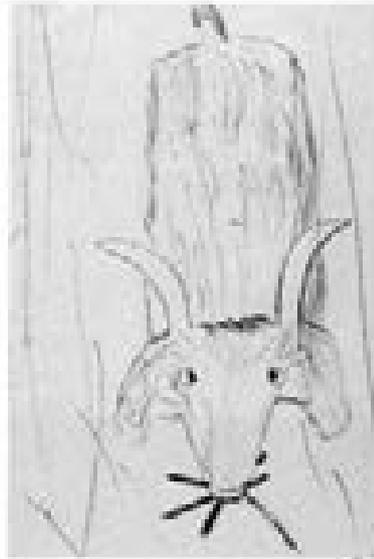
"Here Fides", I called. I had the plan all sorted out. The car comes, Fiddle runs out to get the ball, and gets the shock of his life when he almost gets hit by a car. I laughed to myself as Fiddles jumped up on my legs.

"Fetch, Fiddles, fetch!" I threw the ball out on the road and Fiddles ran out to get it. The car screeched, and Fiddles yelped as the car wheel ran right over his stomach.

The last agonized look made me realise what I had done!

How cruel I've been — he always loved me when all I wanted was a savage dog. I broke down in the gutter and cried my heart out. Every time I looked at the terrible mess, I realised how horrible I'd been. I made a vow — never to be cruel to a living creature again.

Scott Benham, Yr. 8N



Ben Watkins, Yr. 1

THE LIONESS

The gazelle twitched its nose nervously. It was swift, even for a gazelle, but the thought of attack by a leopard, lion or cheetah still made it very anxious...

The lioness lay crouching in the grass, she could see her prey. She flicked her tail, anticipating the fine meal the gazelle would make.

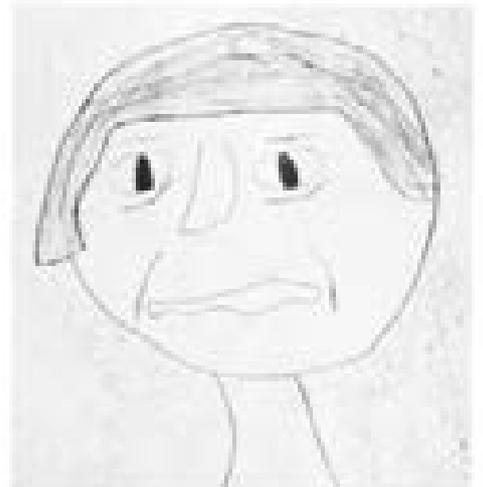
The lioness was poised, ready to leap. She was magnificent. Through her silky, twany pelt, every sinewy, powerful muscle was bulging, tense, ready to spring. Her eyes, pools of molten gold, watched the gazelle.

The gazelle sensed movement, but the big cat froze in the grass. Although it saw nothing, the gazelle moved nearer the herd.

The lioness sprang, scattering all the other gazelles in every direction. The gazelle's eyes, wide open in sheer terror, would soon see nothing ever again. The blood streaked gazelle tried to run, but stumbled and fell — it did not get up. With one quick movement, the lioness clamped it's mighty jaws around the gazelle's neck, and in ten seconds it was dead.

The lioness had another meal for herself, and her cubs.

Peter Ekstedt, Yr. 7M



Nathan Lyons, Yr. 6F

LITTLE BROTHERS

Little brothers

They are beautiful and sweet
They toddle round and round the house
And fall over on their knees
They are lovely when little
You can look after them all day.

But then they are growing up
And when they come to 8 or 10
They begin to get you in trouble
For things you didn't start.

Your mother tells you
Don't hit him, You're old enough to
know better
Yes Mum....
And you slowly walk away.

Frustration and anger build up
But there is nothing you can do
Just walk away each time
And forget the things he does to you.

Nicola Whitehead, Yr. 8J

JOURNAL ENTRY: 20th OCT.

It was a normal Wednesday or so I had thought. After school we had had athletics trials. As usual I had come last in everything. It was amazing, I was state gymnastics champion, but I couldn't run for anyone.

As usual I had struggled through my homework, doing the bare minimum. When I checked over it I found that an English essay was due the next day and I also remembered that it was at school nowhere near finished.

After yelling to Mum that I was running up to school to get it, I went through a lecture on leaving things 'til the last minute, forgetfulness and, for some reason, not cleaning my budgie's cage often enough.

I ran my slow fastest up to the school, before discovering I had left my locker key at home. I returned, got another lecture on forgetfulness and ran up to school again.

At last on reaching the lockers, I found I had forgotten my locker number and spent ages going through the form's forty lockers, trying each one, cursing and resolving to listen to those forgetfulness lectures next time. My locker would have to be 34!

When at last I got to 34, I flung the door open and was greeted by a torrent of stale sandwiches and books. An hour later I had my essay. I sank down against the lockers and read it, to make sure it was all there. It was incredibly boring and I must have fallen asleep reading it.

But suddenly I wake up. Footsteps are coming down the hall. They are slow and measured with heel-toe precision. I start shaking, remembering nightmares I have had about school. About the horror of teachers, science tests and French reports.

As the steps grow closer they are also growing slower and more stumbling, they are the steps of a drunken maniac. I turn around, a scream in my throat. The air grows thick, and as though through a haze I see my most dreaded teacher, Mr. Frank Steiner, an unfortunate name, even more so for a science teacher.

He comes closer, and as he nears the lockers his necromantic laugh becomes audible and I see the papers he is brandishing. His gigantic eye teeth hang down, a mixture of blood and saliva dribbling down over his chin in a repulsive rivulet.

He bares his teeth in an ironic smile, accompanied by a contemptuous laugh (Those teeth! We don't call him Frankenstein for nothing!) He waves the papers at me. I can see them now, a Periodic Table, pages of planets, diseases and a skeletal muscles sheet. In the other hand he has a Florence Flask containing a pink, bubbling liquid. I wonder stupidly, what the boiling point of pink gin is. He takes another swig from the flask, his eyes dull further and he lurches forward.



Ben Watkins, Yr. 1

I press myself into the locker, clenching my teeth and wishing I could just disappear into them. He begins to speak.

"Never have I had such a student, inciting rebellion in my class, through feigning stupidity. Never have I spent so much time on one student explaining methods of methods of balancing equations", he slurs. "Never before, has my reign over the mechanical idiocy of the gutter slum who dare to darken my laboratory doorway, been so threatened. Never has there been such a straying nonconforming child in my charge."

There are the furry feet of a tarantula on my arm. I am screaming hysterically now. He draws a switchblade from the folds of his black cape and flicks the blade into my face. I taste blood as my nails begin to break from clawing the concrete. I scream again, trying to turn the knife from my face.

I jump up and try to fight him in blind hysteria. Suddenly I am aware of a sharp pain in my side and my legs collapse beneath me. As my head hits the ground I black out.



"Melissa". Nicola Cousen, Yr. 6D

During the night I lapse in and out of consciousness. When I am conscious I am aware of crashing, shouted orders and inhuman screaming. When I finally come out of my unconsciousness there is relative quiet. I hear steps. They break into a run.

"Where is she?" I hear my mother scream. I look around, too weak to lift myself. I am in a heap at the bottom of a stairwell near the lockers. There is an indescribable pain in my whole body. All around me there is wreckage. Broken windows, doors kicked down. The madman has wreaked havoc, I think.

I try to call out to the frantic voice of my mother, but dried blood at the back of my throat makes it impossible to talk and I can't breathe. With my last bit of strength I create more pain, but also attract attention, by kicking some glass.

"Poor kid — when they found her, she had lapsed into a coma."

"Year."

"She got worse every day. They've taken the science teacher to Kew."

"Yeah."

"She was only thirteen."

"Yeah."

"Do you think she'll pull through?"

"Well it says in the paper she won't."

"Are you going now love?"

"Year."

"Your lunch is on the bench. Egg and chive. Don't be late tonight, we've got bridge at Mabel's."

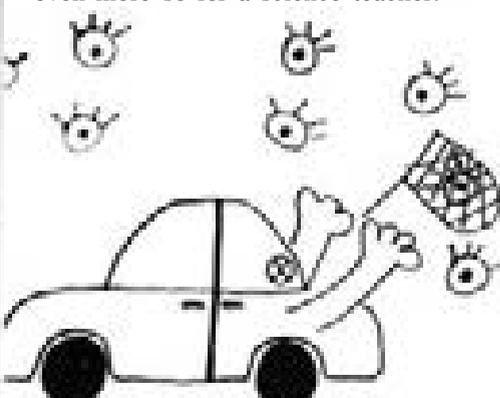
"Yeah."

Roslyn Littler, Yr. 8N

ZOO

People, laughing, watching, staring,
Animals, climbing, swimming,
Zoo-keeper, cleaning, feeding, caring
Monkeys, infant clinging.

Jason Gorell, Yr. 6F



Automobile eye-catcher,
Sharon Morris, Yr. 6F

COLOURS

Have you seen a poor man, feeling blue?
Have you seen a rich man in the pink?
Have you seen a man, green with envy?
Have you seen a man, red with rage?
Have you seen a man, thinking black thoughts?
Have you seen a man, white as a sheet?

Peter Ekstedt, Yr. 7M

CITY SKYLINES

The smog drifts out
into the sky
from an assortment of chimneys
different shapes and sizes
sticking out of the horizon
against the sun
a faint outline of a person
is seen
as he walks on top of a building
checking the roofing
bending down now and then
the smoke has made a heavy cloud
over the city.

Anna Gebhardt, Yr. 7S

MY POEM

One white daisy
A beautiful sight
A bride on her wedding day
It reminds me of when I was a flower girl.

Melissa Boag, Yr. 2

THE ZOO

Animals from the zoo.
Tigers, Leopards, Lion,
Koala, Emu and Kangaroo,
Cages of iron.

Sharon Morris, Yr. 6F

SINGING MAGPIES

Singing magpies in a tree,
Singing poetry to me.

Kim Wheeler, Yr. 4I

WIND, WITCHES

The wind is a witch and she howls in the night.
The curtains brush against my face, to me they
are her cloak.
My room is filled with howls and screams,
She swirls around my head.
Suddenly the world is quiet, I think
She's gone to bed.
For slowly the morning draws near,
I say to myself
She's gone with the wind!

Angie Kindred, Yr. 5/6B

I came to school today,
There was a monster out at play
He ate my lunch
With a great big crunch
He chased the teacher,
But he couldn't reach her.
He climbed up the fort,
And got himself caught.
The policeman came,
It started to rain.
so we all raced inside again.

Year 1
Aidan Flynn
Paul DiStefano
Anita Ciach
Rhiannon Bourke

Davin Smith, Yr. 5A

Ash Wednesday

BLACK WEDNESDAY

The day dawned cool and pleasant,
and such it was for the morning.
Then the furnace was fed and the doors opened,
And so the heat drained from us, sweat by
the litre, energy by the kilo, and we were
exhausted.

The darkened sky and the blowing wind
seemed to imitate our dust-caused coughing.
Dust and smoke became smoke and dust
and night came at 8.00 p.m.

Fire held people crying for mercy and they
received death and disaster in return.

It raged all night; it raged all day,
and so a state of emergency was
declared.

People evacuated. People killed.
People broken hearted.

And so it was known as
BLACK WEDNESDAY.

Geoff Williams, Yr. 8 J



ASH WEDNESDAY

On the 16th February the raging bushfires zoomed down the big hill in Fairhaven right through our street. After the fires we checked our house to see if it was burnt to the ground, or still standing, not touched, or maybe it was severely damaged I hoped it was standing and still not touched but the chances were 1 to a million. We went up our street and we were up to our house. What used to be our house and now was a messy block. I got out of my car and stood in front of the ashes. I thought about the thing that had brought me such joy and pleasure burnt to the ground in seconds. I remembered all my toys and special things that I really liked. I didn't want to think any more. It was too much to take at one time. Only two houses remained in our street and one was severely damaged by the wind. It was the 21 st of February. It was a day to get some of the remains of things that were left like shovel, pick etc.

We are starting all over again. We have made some alterations. At home this is what happens. "Mum have you seen my spiral game?" "No I haven't seen it for a long time", says Mum. "I say it doesn't matter, I remember it got burnt." It is really bothering. The greenery is coming back, wild flowers are growing back. It is turning back into a lovely resort Also the wild animals come back. The ones who survived the fires find their ruined homes and go and seek new homes and start all over again just like us.

Michelle Visser, Yr. 41

FIRE

Fire, fire burning bright,
Your warmth is really sweet delight.
Shadows flicker on the wall,
Yellow, blue and leaping tall.

Watch out! It's loose get it caged,
Day and night the fire raged.
Down through Lome and Anglesea,
Bush is burned and people flee.

Firemen stand firm and strong,
They fight the fire hard and long.
Children cry and adults pray,
Boy oh boy, what a bad day.

Houses are burnt right to the ground,
Ones down the road are safe and sound.
Some people are dead, most are alive,
Victoria's death toll was forty-five.

All that's left is black and charred,
Our beautiful bush is forever scarred.
The evacuees say, "I'm glad it didn't get me,
I'll curse the Ash Wednesday fires of eighty-three"
Matthew Hercus, Yr. 8K

BUSHFIRE

A lone wombat slowly wandered through
the bush,
Suddenly, black crows overhead
gave him warning,
He fled with the little animals
The way the crows were flying,
A red glow behind them
made them hurry,
An hour later, the wombat
Wandered back,
This time through black bush.

Ian Jackman, Yr. 6F

Happenings



THE GEELONG COLLEGE PREP. SCHOOL FETE

On Saturday the 8th of October, Geelong College had a fete. There were cakes, drinks, food, fairy floss and lots of things. When I arrived I went to the science lab to have my face painted to be a clown. When Mrs. Williams had finished painting my face, Sandy, Matthew and I went to look at our faces in the mirror. I went around with the stamper. We sold stamps to people for about 10 minutes. When I had finished I took off the clown suit. The first thing I went to was the coconut throw. I got three balls for 40\$. There was another game. You had to throw a ball into a hole. The charge was 50\$ for two balls. If you got two balls in the hole you would get 3 milky ways and 2 packets of chips. At the end of the fete I had 38 milky ways and 29 packets of chips. The money we raised was over \$5,600.

Jason Nevins, Yr. 41

Yr. 8 had a social with "Outrageous" as the theme.



FORUM

Forum is a period in which all the year 8's meet, and listen to people speak about their life and job. We meet every Thursday at 1.25 p.m. until 2.05 p.m. Some of the favorite speakers were — Rod Blake (who talked about his football career and also about being a veterinarian), Tom Hafey (who talked about coaching Geelong and the other teams that he has coached), and "Mad Dog Dwyer" was also a favorite. He comes from 3GL radio station.

We have also had teachers talk to us. We had Mrs. Williams who talked about her experiences in Germany, and Mr. Shields who talked about Canada (where he lives), Canadian schools and the differences and different sports.

All in all this year's Forum Speakers were great.

Robynne Hall, Yr. 8K



In 1858 I stayed in the Heights for one day. That day I fed the horses and had a walk in the garden. When I went up the tower I could see the whole of Newtown. Then I went to the Groom's cottage. It was so small that only one or two people could live in it Then I went and had some tea. We had stews. After we went and listened to the gramophone, then I went to bed. That night I dreamed that I lived in the groom's cottage. It was so small. The next morning I packed to go home.

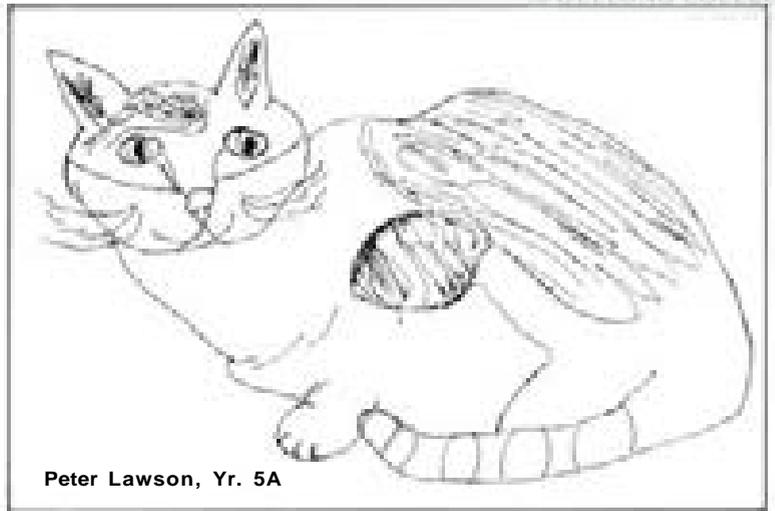
Matthew Bridges, Yr. 3



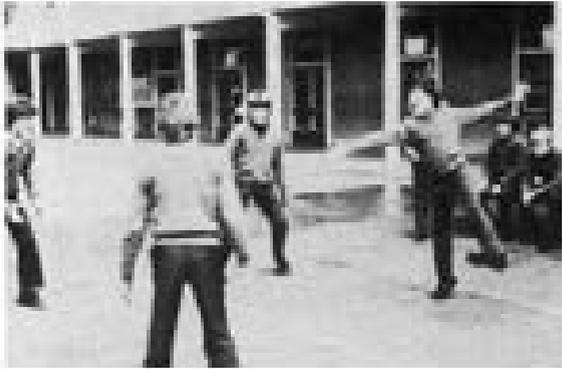
PET DAY

On Thursday October 13 we had a pet day. There were fish, dogs, rabbits, snails, cats, budgies and worms. We were given sheets with activities on them. Sefton brought two sausage dogs called Fritz and Will. I took Will in the hundred metres run. His time was 21 seconds. Will liked biscuits and ate two. Fritz didn't like them very much. Fergus and I took them to the Environment centre. I was taking Fritz when he saw the chickens. He wanted to go over to them. I had to hold him back. 41 came over to sketch the dogs. Pet Day was a great success.

Toby Cummins, Yr. 5 A



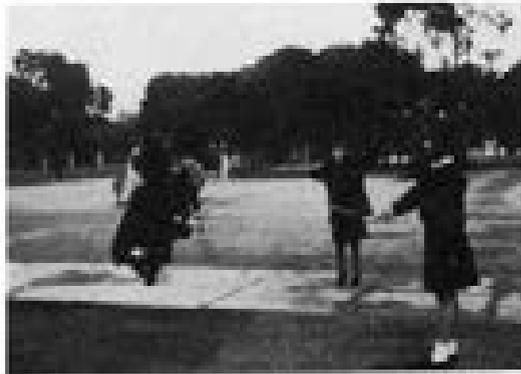
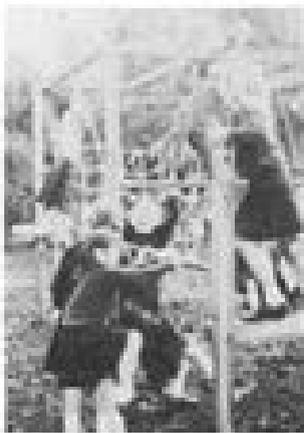
Peter Lawson, Yr. 5A



PLAYING OUTSIDE

Laughing, smiling, skipping,
jumping,
Quarrel, argue, shout.
Kicking, fighting, hitting,
punching,
Bang, clump, clout.

Ben Mitchell, Yr. 5/6B



Year 4 students
working in the
Environment
Centre



Computer Club
was very
popular
this year.



Music

Suzuki Violin Ensemble



MUSIC EXAM

"Brennan"

The mother grabbed the sniffing child. "That's you Katie," she said clasping and unclasping her hands nervously.

"Do you want me to come in with you Katie?"

The poor child sniffed impatiently. "No, mum, I can manage."

The mother held on the child's sleeve pathetically and tried to protest. The girl shook her mother off and disappeared into the soundproof room with a parting sniff.

I sighed and shifted my position in my chair.

"Come on John", screeched a crow voiced woman.

"But mummeee", a little boy whined.

The pair entered the room. The boy was small, pale and bespectacled, the mother was thin and bony and had a sour expression on her face.

"See Johnny," said the crow, "I told you we'd be late!"

"But we're not mummy, and I'm nervous, I'm scared." I could tell he was too, he clutched the papers under his arm until his knuckles went white.

Katie's mother was pacing up and down pulling nervously at her hanky. At any noise her head jerked towards the door to see if Katie was coming out.

I began to feel nervous, the air was full of it.

The door at last opened and Katie appeared, throwing the odd disconsolate sniff to her mother's doting.

Feeling quite scared I approached the room. Then I kicked myself. After all, it was only a music exam.

Roslyn Littler, Yr. 8N

A TYPICAL MUSIC EVENING

The bright shining lights
You tune up,
Your knees start shaking
Your toes tingle
You start to play.

You make your first mistake.
You feel the red on your cheeks.
Your fingers are made of lead.
The music in front of you goes blurry,
Your arms shake,
You can't wait to get off the stage.

Finally you play your last note,
You walk off the stage relieved.
You think of the mistakes you made
You then think how good it would have been if
you had done more practice,
If you had listened to your teacher, instead
of looking out the window.
But...then you think of the lunch times
spent playing with the piano
How you spent time at home perfecting the
piece,
How you enjoyed skipping lessons to have
extra practice
and how much you enjoy music.

Trudi Bellis, Yr. 8J

OUR NIGHT AT BALLARAT

On Friday night the Primary Choir went to the Memorial Theatre in Ballarat to sing in the Ballarat Eisteddfod. There was a bus, but I travelled up to Ballarat by car with my mum.

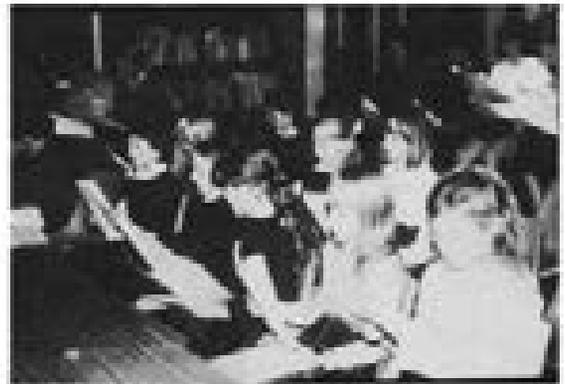
We were only allowed to eat a little tea and half a cup of, or quarter of a cup of drink, no fizzy drink was allowed. When I got to the theatre the people on the bus were already there, so were a few other people that came with their mums or dads or both. Some people had been waiting for ages because they were at the wrong door.

A man came outside and said to us, "Geelong College". Of course we were! The man took us up and down stairs and through many corridors. We got to a little room and we rehearsed.

After that we went on stage. It took a while for us and the audience to quieten down. We did and they did too eventually. We first sang Linden-Lea, then we sang The Little Spinner, then our part two song Chickadee.

Mum and I left at 8.30. Mrs. Evans sent me a letter to tell me whether we won or not. Our points were 80 for Linden-Lea, 81 for The Little Spinner and 82 Chickadee. Altogether the total was 243. We didn't win, I suppose it was because Mrs. Evans said that the judge forgot the first six groups of competitors. But Mrs. Evans said we sang very well. I thought it was fun.

Lucy Macmillan, Yr. 4I



Choir Practice



Band with Peter Hannah

"Sprockets and Flares" Success...

Geelong students Media festival committee presented a Gold award to Year 6 students for their programme "Innate & Learned Behaviour".



Innate behaviour occurs automatically at birth, as a response to an instinctive urge. For example: when the salmon arrive at their home stream they have the urge to go off with a partner and mate. The female usually lays about 6,000 eggs, two of which survive to complete the life cycle.



Like Salmon, Herring gulls are born with many innate behaviours. For example they run from predators on the land.



They peck the red spot on their mothers beak when they want to eat. The mother then regurgitates food for her baby.



In the same way innate behaviours help baboons to survive. For example; sucking is an innate behaviour which helps the young infant feed from its mother.



Most animals are bom with more than innate behaviours. They also are born with the ability to learn from experience. The baboons learn which is the safest place to sleep at night.



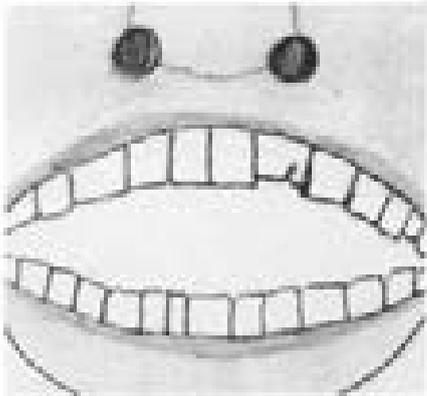
Clinging with hands and feet allows the infant to stay on, even when the mother is racing at top speed across the savanna. At six months of age the baby rides on its mother's back like a jockey.



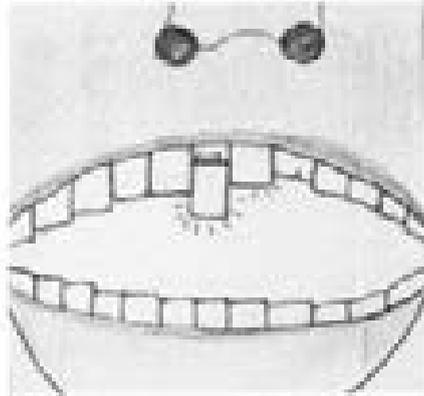
Herring Gulls also learn to recognise their mate.

Loose Tooth

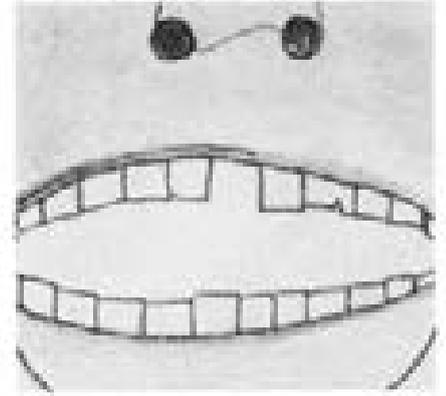
by Timothy Jarman



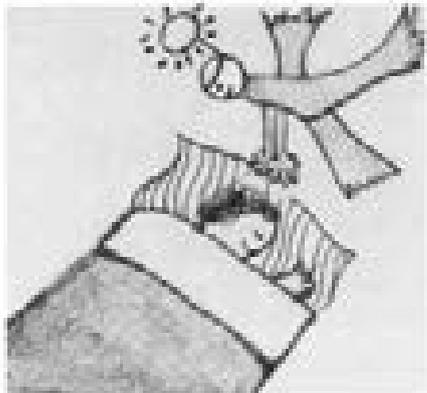
Once upon a time there were these two teeth in somebody's mouth.



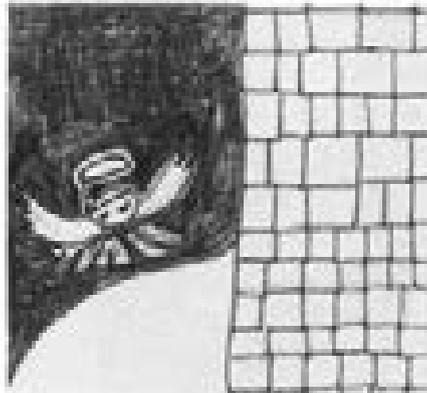
The two teeth didn't want to leave each other because they were friends. That night the tooth came out.



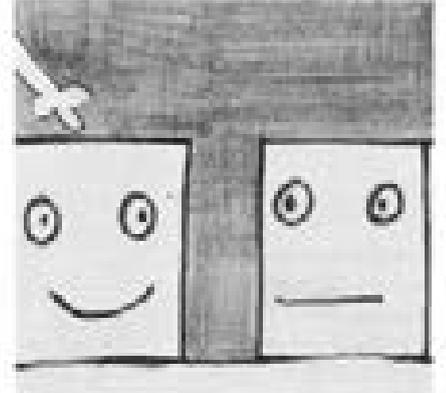
One of them was special to the person because it was going to come out.



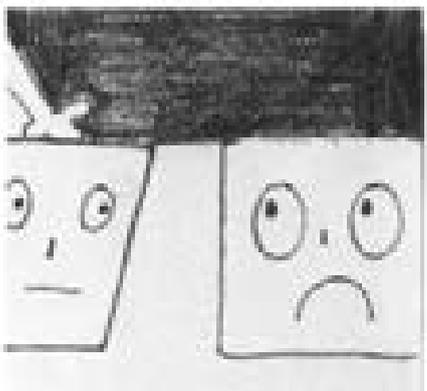
The tooth fairy came and took the tooth away. She left fifty cents under the boy's pillow.



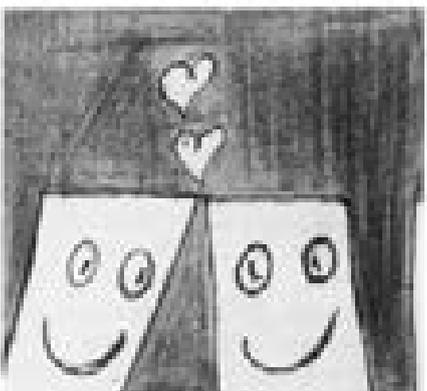
When she got to fairy land she stopped. It was all made from teeth.



The fairy placed the tooth near a naughty tooth.



Two weeks went by and no other teeth came up. The next day another tooth came up and it was placed next to the tooth that was placed next to the naughty tooth.



It was the friend of the tooth which belonged to the boy! They were delighted to see each other. From then on they lived happily ever after in fairyland.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Tim Jarman is eleven and in his fifth year at Geelong College Preparatory School. **Amazing Facts About Animals** and **Flags**, are two books he wrote this year, he also wrote several stories. Tim loves sport and enjoys stamp and sticker collecting. He has acted in many plays and now he plays the clarinet. He has one dog, a bird (of unknown species) and two fish. Tim loves roasts and loathes pumpkin, cauliflower and broccoli.

Sport

What a delight it was
When I made the first run
And stopped being nervous.

What a disaster it was
When we were 4 for 9
And our batsman were falling very fast.

What a delight it was
When Andrew wanted to run
And not send me back when I was
Half way up the pitch.

What a disaster it was
When Andrew was bowled, I was caught,
And next ball Stuart was out
For a golden duck.

What a delight it was
When Carl and Scott made some runs
And Peter hit a big four,
Then Matthew made a run
And the cheers were mammoth.

David Price, Yr. 6D



CRICKET

The most successful team was the Year 8B's who won all their matches except the final one.

The 7A's had three wins and four losses.

The 7B's lost all their matches but showed steady improvement.

The 8A's won five matches and lost two.

The 8B's won four matches and lost one.

HOCKEY



At the conclusion of the season's games, the Prep. Under 15 team coached by Mrs. Benham was third in their division. The Under 13 A team, coached by Mrs. Hearn was first in their division and were awarded the Perpetual Trophy; while the Under 13B team, coached by Mr. Knowles, showed steady improvement over the season.

Involvement in hockey for 1983 ended with our participation in a Lightning Carnival at Stead Park on Saturday September 24.

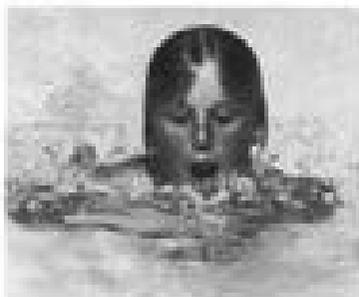


Swimming

SWIMMING

We're on the blocks,
Tension's building,
On your marks, get set, go.
We are in the water,
Moving swiftly and fast,
Splashing, crashing,
I've touched the end and I'm off again.
I'm up to the last length,
Stroking faster and faster,
Kicking harder and harder,
I touched the end first, and won.

Simone Moore, Yr. 7L



HOUSE SWIMMING SPORT RESULTS

After two very enthusiastic meetings the results were:

PRIMARY (Years 4-6)	SECONDARY
1. Helicon	(Years 7 & 8)
2. Bellerophon	1. Minerva
3. Minerva	2. Pegasus
4. Pegasus	3. Bellerophon
	4. Helicon

CHAMPIONSHIP SWIMMING SPORTS

There was a record number of entries this year so the heats were held on a Wednesday after school and the finals on the Friday.

AGE CHAMPIONS

Open girls	— Shelley McCann
Under 13 girls	— Kirsten Smith
Under 12 girls	— Sarah McGlone
Under 11 girls	— Melissa Bell
Under 10 girls	— Kim Wheeler
Under 9 girls	— Lucy Macmillan
Open boys	— Trevor Harris
Under 13 boys	— Stephen Jackman
Under 12 boys	— Rodney Tatters all
Under 11 boys	— Benn Lees
Under 10 boys	— Ben Mitchell
Under 9 boys	— Jason Nevins



Over 50 children from the Prep. School entered the All Schools Swimming sports held at Kardinia Pool in Term I. There were some excellent results.

In Term I Years 4, 5 & 6 took part in a Quadrangular swimming Carnival against Geelong Grammar Highton, Ballarat & Clarendon College, and Ballarat Grammar. No points or ribbons are awarded at this carnival, but our swimmers excelled themselves.

Unfortunately due to bad weather the Primary Quadrangular Athletic sports in Term 3 had to be cancelled. It was not found possible, subsequently, to hold the sports.



HOUSE CROSS COUNTRY

PRIMARY

Year 5 girls	— Sophie Woolnough
Year 6 girls	— Sally Jennings
Year 5 boys	— Craig Rawlings
Year 6 boys	— Tim Wilmot

Minerva	471
Bellerophon	451
Pegasus	424
Helicon	361

SECONDARY

Under 13 girls	— Sophie Grant
Under 13 boys	— Ben Duff
Open Girls	— Alithea Reid
Open boys	— Chris Ganly

Pegasus	1484
Bellerophon	1474
Minerva	1472
Helicon	1090

Athletics

It is sports day today. I am looking forward to it. I am in the 75 metres and 100 metres running and also the shuttle relay. Last of all I'm in the spoke relay. I hope I can win one event. My legs feel like the heaviest thing in the world.

Now it is one day after the sports. I have not much to say except I feel just the same! Well no, my legs do not feel heavy any more. I came second in one race and I felt good inside and our team came first!

Paul Hosie, Yr. 3

VISITORS



HURDLES

On the blocks,
Hands shaking,
Toes trembling,
Deep breath,
"On your marks,"
Feet ready,
"Get set"....
Quick, exhale,
"POW"!
Sprinting fast,
Striding long,
Leap and clear,
Leap and clear,
Fast, speedy steps, hurdle.
Two more to go.
Leap and stretch.
Fast paces,
Sprint hard,
I've done it...
I've won!

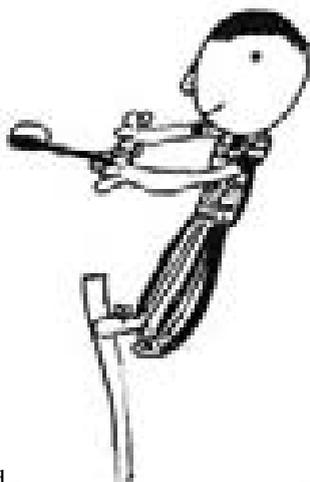
Kate McGregor, Yr. 7L

HOUSE ATHLETIC SPORTS & CHAMPIONSHIP RESULTS

SECONDARY		PRIMARY	
Pegasus	1st	Minerva	1st
Helicon	2nd	Bellerophon	2nd
Bellerophon	3rd	Pegasus	3rd
Minerva	4th	Helicon	4th

Championship Results

- Under 9 Girls — Sarah Gill
- Under 10 Girls — Kim Wheeler
- Under 11 Girls — Equal:
Sophie Woolnough
Elizabeth Nelson
- Open (Primary) Girls — Sally Jennings
- Under 13 Girls — Katherine Tan-
- Open (Secondary) Girls — Catherine Graham
- Under 9 boys — Equal: James Gerrard
Matthew Bridges
- Under 10 Boys — Jason Nevins
- Under 11 Boys — Equal:
Nicholas Kennett
Nicholas Gill
- Open (Primary) Boys — Tim Wilmot
- Under 13 Boys — Simon Bell
- Open (Secondary) Boys — Hamish Cameron



Robbie is at the starting line ready to go in the egg and spoon race. He dropped the egg in the middle of the race and he dropped it at the end again. Poor Robbie!

David Henderson, Yr. 2



Football

Year 8 footballers enjoyed a successful season. The A team won 5 matches and lost three. The last two games were probably the best for the year. The team defeated Caulfield Grammar School, after being soundly beaten by them in an earlier game, and it had a very good win over Scotch in the final match.

The B team won two matches and lost five. The final match for the season was probably their best when they defeated Scotch College.

The Year 7 A and 7B footballers had a successful and enjoyable season. The 7A team won seven of its matches and lost two, while the 7B's won four and lost five.

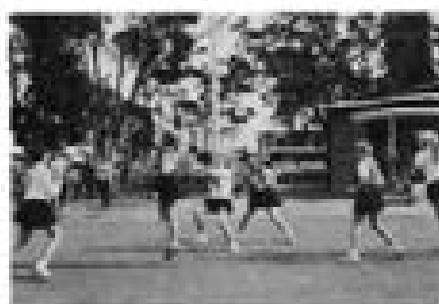


Netball

Ten teams from the Preparatory school competed in the Y.W.C.A. Netball competition at Kardinia Park this year. Four teams were made up of girls from Years 4,5 & 6, and six teams were from Years 7 & 8.

Three of the four Primary teams competed in Grand Finals, winning one and just missing out on the other two by one goal.

Four of the secondary teams competed in the finals resulting in one Premiership, one runner up, one third and one fourth place. Christine Dimmick from team one was runner-up in the D Grade Best and Fairest.



A NEW SCHOOL

It's the holidays and tomorrow is school. I won't be going back to see my friends. I will be going to a new school.

During the night, I worried. "I hope everyone is nice, will they like me?" Will everyone tease me, and call me names?"

The next problem was, I wouldn't be able to see any of my old friends. In the morning, I wasn't sure if I wanted to go to school or not.

When I got to school, everyone stared at me, but when I sat down a girl came and sat next to me. At lunch she came and ate with me. Her name was Kay. She said that she had come from another school too, but she had come from England.

We played together for a few weeks and I made friends with the rest of the class.

Annalise Moser, Yr 41

Roll Call

Mrs. J. Keats

ARNOTT, Thomas C.
 BLACKBORROW, David
 DE BOOS, Craig E.
 Di STEFANO, Timothy
 DMYTRENKO, Russell B.
 GERRARD, Emily M.
 GRAYSON, Michele T.
 GREER, Daisy
 HANSON, Emma N.
 HENDERSON, Michael P.
 KNIGHT, Callum T.
 LONG, Sophie E.
 MILLS, William LB.
 MITCHELL, Anna C.
 PEARCE, Rebecca H.
 PHIPPS, Nicholas O.
 SHAW, Kathleen R.
 SMALLMAN, Nicole L.
 STOKIE, David J.R
 TAYLER, Nikolas J.
 TSANG, Chun-Wing
 WRIGHT, Oliver W.
 YOUNG, Elly G.



Miss C. Bucknall

BOURKE, Rhiannon J.
 CIACH, Anita L.
 COSTA, Richard A.
 DE BOOS, Julia M.
 Di STEFANO, Paul
 DOMINIKOVICH, Tamara J.
 DORAN, Alexander C.
 FLYNN, Aidan J.
 HENDERSON, Jane M.
 JOHNSTONE, Prudence E.
 KELLY, Justine A.
 NEIS, Leighton
 O'BRIEN, Simon W.
 REICHL, Jonathon D.
 RICHARDSON, Jason W.
 SALTER, Ashley W.
 SARKIS, Darius A.
 SCHOFIELD-SMITH, Anna L.
 SPEAR, David D.
 TURNER, Catharine J.
 WATKINS, Benjamin
 WHEELER, Benjamin
 WILLIAMS, Simon
 WILSON, Christian G.
 RUSHWORTH, Gail M.



Mrs. M. Berney

ARNOTT, Benjamin G.
 AYERBE, Nicholas A.
 BENSON, Robert A.
 BO AG, Melissa E.
 BUSKENS, Timothy J.
 DOMINIKOVICH, Yvette B.
 EAGLES, Sally-Anne L.
 EMSELLE, Nathan R
 GRAYSON, Marissa J.
 GRIFFITHS, Sheryl L.
 HEDLEY, Steven
 HENDERSON, David J.
 JENNER, Andrew P.
 McCANN, Peter W.
 MAGAREY, Emily C.
 ROBERT, Martin J.
 NILSON, Juleia L.
 SALT, Emma J.
 SARKIS, Baltija D.
 SMITH, Carl J.
 SMITH, Belinda J.
 THOMSON, Matthew B.
 WEYMOUTH, Simon J.H.



Mr. R Harris and Mr. C. Becker

ADDISON, Melinda J.
BRIDGES, Matthew J.
BOURKE, Fioran C.
BURGESS, Cameron D.
CAMPBELL, Suzanne J.
CARROLL, John A.
COOK, Justin
DETHRIDGE, Katherine L.
FARROW, Sally E.
FERNBACH, Andrew J.
FITZGERALD, Shem J.C.
GERRARD, James M.
GILL, Sarah E.
HAINES, Elizabeth
HANSON, Claire V.
HEFFERNAN, Nicholas
HOBBS, Melinda J.
HOSIE, Paul
HUTCHINS, Sally
LEES, Dylan M.
MARKLEY, Crystal A.
MASON, Verity F.
MITCHELL, Simon A.
NEIS, Meagan C.
NELSON, James D.
O'BRIEN, Daniel T.
REICHL, Timothy M.
ROBB, Tamara S.
SMALLMAN, Darren J.
SPEAR, Jonathon
TSANG, Amanda J.
TURNER, Alyssa L.
WEMYSS, Stuart L.
WILSON, Kara S.
WRIGHT, Ben
MONTESALVO, Daniella
FISHER, Sophie L.



Miss L. Constable

BATES, Bettina
BELL, Jonathon D.
BLACKBORROW, Paul
BOAG, Alexander S.
CROMPTON, Abigail J.
DETHRIDGE, Peter J.
FARRALL, Reia N.
HATTON, Alison J.
HERRICK, Marcus J.
HENDERSON, Mary E.
JARMAN, Simon A.
JENNINGS, Carl W.
LINAKER, Kay
MACMILLAN, Lucy J.
MAGAREY, Matthew J.R.
MOSER, Annalise F.
MURPHY, Nicholas P.
NEVINS, Jason T.
ROSENBERG, Paul J.
SALTER, Daniel J.
STRANIERI, Carlo D.
VISSER, Michelle S.
WALKER, Kate J.
WHEELER, Kimberley
WILSON, Peter J.
FISHER, E. Claire L.
RUSHWORTH, Alan J.



Mr. B. Edwards.

BUCKLEY, Joanne
BURGESS, Laurelle A.
BUSKENS, Sarah J.
CAKE, Paul M.
CUMMINS, Toby T.R
DUFF, Leigh A.
EDWARDS, Claudine L.
ELDER, Fergus W.
FARROW, Nicholas W.
HUME, David C.
JARMAN, Timothy D.
LAWSON, Peter A.
MASON, Andrew J.
OSBOURNE, Anthony C.
PETERS, Sefton
SELLE, Mark J.L.S.
SMITH, David R
VLAHOVIC, Andrew J.
WALKER, Brett A.
WEMYSS, Nicole M.
WOOLNOUGH, Sophie
SMITH, Cameron B.



Mrs. J. Hobbs.

YEAR 6

BAIN, Penelope A.
BLAMEY, Glen B.
DURANTE, Andrew J.
GOLDING, Jacob J.
JACKMAN, Megan J.
JENNINGS, Sally A.
KINDRED, Angie L.
MADDEN, Jodi L.
WILSON, James B.

YEAR 5

EAGLES, Michael R
FITZGERALD, Freya D.
GILL, Nicholas A.R
HEDLEY, Cathy E.
KENNETT, Nicholas H.
LEE, Rowena K.F.
McARTHUR, Lisa J.
McDONALD, Luke J.
MARSHMAN, David H.
MITCHELL, Ben J.
NELSON, Elizabeth M.
RAWLINGS, Craig D.W.



Mr. Woolnough.

ALLITT, Glen D.
ARMITAGE, Roberta G.
BELL, Melissa J.
BELLIS, Kirsten G.
BUCHANAN, Lachlan D.S.
CAMPAGNOLO, Carl R.
CAMPBELL, Claudia
CROMPTON, Matthew J.
COUSEN, Nicola C.
DAVIS, Stephen A.
DREW, Tim N.
HAMILTON, Jeremy L.W.
HAYDON, Adam J.
HOWES, Grant C.
KAR, Robin
LEIGH, Stuart A.
PRICE, David W.
PURCELL, Anthony F.
SALEN, Craig
SELLE, Scott J.L.
SMITH, Eloise A.
TYMMS, Judith A.
WILMOT, David C.
WILMOT, Timothy P.



Mrs. M. Hearn.

BATES, Ben
CAMPBELL, Raelene A.
CARROLL, Jane P.
CURTIS, Paul I.
DORWARD, Gregory A.
GLOVER, Paul
GORELL, Jason J.
HART, Peter A.
HEATHCOTE, Marnie M.
JACKMAN, Ian P.
KLEISS, Nicholas P.
LEES, Benn M.
LYONS, Nathan
McKENZIE, Sharyn L.
MORRIS, Sharon M.
MURRAY, Simone N.
NEWSON, Anthony J.
POLITIS, Chris
WEDDELL, Alexander L.
WEYMOUTH, Ben J.
WILLIAMS, Elizabeth R.
WILLIAMS, Nicholas J.
WILSON, Damien S.



Mr. P. Woods.

Tutor Mr. G. Vanderfield.

ANGWIN, Sally
APTED, Bruce R.
ATKINS, Damon W.
BENNETT, Jamie J.M.
EAGLES, David C.
FRAME, Rohan D.
FOWLER, David V.
GRANT, Sophie L.
HARVEY, Megan E.
HORNE, Fraser J.
LEIGH, Stuart M.
LOWE, Ashley C.
MACMILLAN, Jillian K.
MESSINGER, Natalie A.
MISSEN, Troy S.
NEAL, Andrew J.
PERKINS, David T.
PRIEST, Craig A.
PURCELL, Catherine L.
SHEPPARD, Annabelle, I.
TARR, Katharine J.
TATTERSALL, Rodney D.
THACKER, Louise E.
THOM, Lisa J.
THOMSON, James (Jamie) D.
ZUMPE, Adrian M.



Mrs. L. Bell.

Tutor Mr. P. Shields.

BALLARD, Sonja
BELL, Simon J.
CAMPBELL, Duncan E.
CASSIDY, Anna E.
DICKINSON, George H.R
EDWARDS, Timothy T.
FARRELL, Toni
FROST, Matthew H.
HUNTER, Alastair D.
HYNES, Michael A.
INGPEN, Tom A.
JONES, Catherine G.
KENNETT, Matthew J.
KUCHEL, Steven W.
LEIGH, Catherine M.
McGREGOR, Katherine E.
MATHEWSON, Grant B.
MILLER, Louise C.
MOORE, Simone K.
NEARY, Christopher J.
NELSON, Fiona J.
NEVILLE, Benjamin A.
ROYAL, Campbell L.
VERRELL, Susan L.
WAIT, Andrew R
WHITE, James F.H.
WOODS, Andrew C.



Mr. L. Morris. Tutor Mrs. N. Gilbert.

ANDREWS, Susan K.
ANGWIN, Louise
BEAMISH, Ben L.
BURN, Anne M.
CODE, Genevieve R
COTTON, James M.
DENAHY, John F.
DONALDSON, Matthew P.
EKSTEDT, Peter D.
GUSTKE, Andrew D.
HATTON, Louise C.
HAWKINS, Caitilin A.
HILLENBERG, Ralph
HUNTER, Bruce A.
KINNANE, Martin J.
LAWLER, Jason P.
LETHBRIDGE, Rosamond D.S.
O'GRADY, Lyndal L.
PAYNE, Matthew S.
PEARSON, Kelly M.
REID, Stephanie L.
ROBINS, James M.
SKOKO, Ivan
SMITH, Cameron P.
STONEY, Andrew W.E.
THIELE, Cameron O.
ZUZIC, Dean E.



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ARSENIJEVIC, Peter M.
ABBOTT, Ian J.
BENTLEY, A. Frier
BETT, James W.
BRAITHWAITE, Helen C.
CAMERON, Adam N.
COLOMBIES, Luc B.X.
CRONIN, Andrew D.J.
DEMO, Anthony R
DUFF, Ben P.
FARRALL, Jeremy M.
FOSTER, Claire
GRACE, Mark T.
GOW, Iain A.
HASE, Aaron J.
HINDSON, Kent A.
HINE, Rachel K.
HORVAT, Steven
LAPPI, Anya E.
LONG, Fiona L.
McGLONE, Sarah
MOORE, David L.
SINGER, Samala
SPRAGUE, Jason A.
WILLIAMS, Andrew A.
WILSON, David R.
YOUNG, Lisa J.



Mr. D. Selway. Tutor Miss F. Prostamo

BLACK, Jamie P.
BENT, Mark S.
BRENNER, Anthony V.
BUTLER, Pauline R.
CURTIS, Nicole
DUNSTONE, Matthew J.
EDGE, Stewart W.B.
ELLIS, Timothy D.
GEBHARDT, Anna M.
GRAULS, Michellene N.
HALE, Alison R
HYLAND, David J.
KELLY, Todd D.
LEY, David C.G.
McKENZIE Jane
MACFARLANE, Nicole L.
MATTHEWS, David R
MITTON, David W.
MOTTERAM, Stephen J.
MURPHY, Dale F.
NELSON, Michael J.
SMYTH, Neil A.
STANDFIELD Emma J.
TAYLOR, Lyndall R.
TAVERNER, Toby L.
TUCKER, Susan J.
WOOLNOUGH, Ben D.



Mr. N. Rachinger.
Tutor Mrs. D. Gill.

BACKWELL, Richard W.
BALL, David C.
BLACKBURN, Dean
BOYD, Ritchie J.
CRONK, Andrew W.A.
CUNNINGHAM, Laurie K.
CURRIE, Roderick G.
GRAHAM, Robert G.
HAMPSHIRE, James D.
HUDSON, Nicholas A.V.
ILLINGWORTH, Jason P.
JENNINGS, Richard
JIGGINS, Sarah E.
JOHNSTON, Lyndon J.
O'HARA, Andrew J.
PAYNE, Tim L.
PIERCE, Stephen G.
PRICE, Vicki L.
ROBINSON, Joanna
SEWELL, Andrew P.
SMITH, Kirsten
STEWART, Paul E.
THOMPSON, Anna M.
TUNG, Simon A.
WALTER, Justine M.



Mr. S. McCallum.
Tutor Mrs. P. Williams.

BELL, Phillip G.
BUBB, Caroline S.
BUBB, Felicity J.
CHARLES, Rebecca J.
DEN DRYVER, Paul A.
DeWAARD, Andrea J.
HEARN, Simon B.
HEATHER, Steven C.
KELLETT, Nigel M.
LEE, Stuart M.
LEES, Mark D.
MADDERN, Anthony N.
McKENZIE, Dean S.
PETTITT, David A.
PRUSSNER, Glen L.
REID, Alithea K.
RIAL, John R.
RICHMOND, Colin M.
SADHAI, Ravin
SELLE, Lachlan J.
STOKES, Melissa J.
TAYLER, Caroline A.
TRETOWAN, Cameron A.
VICKERS, Andrew J.



Mr. J. Knowles.
Tutor: Miss L. McKeown.

BEACH, Geoffrey R.
BELLIS, Trudi A.
COULSEN, Allistair R.
COURTNEY, Matthew
COUSEN, Catherine E.
CUD A, Dominic
DIMMICK, Christine A.
FREDERICKS, Simon P.
GRAHAM, Catherine A.
GRAY, Robyn S.
HARRIS, Trevor S.
HART, Paul M.
LOGAN, Andrew G.
McCANN, Rachelle L.
McDONALD, Simon A.
McVITTY, Paul G.
MOODY, Stuart A.
MURPHY, Stephen J.
ROBERTSON, Paul J.
TUCKER, Penny
UTTING, Jane
VISSER, Grant D.
WHITEHEAD, Nicola J.
WILLIAMS, Geoffrey F.
WISE, Glen D.



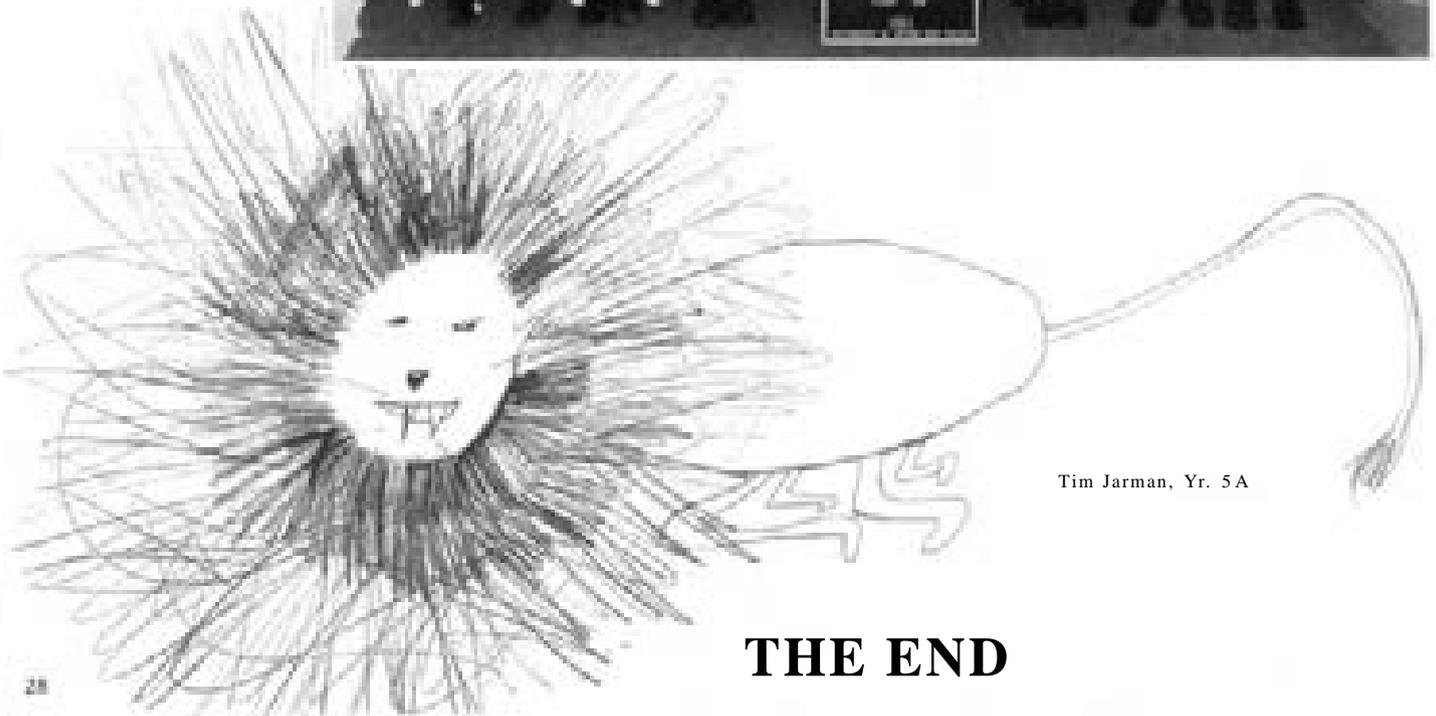
Mr. L. Hatton.
Tutor: Miss J. Wood.

BRADY, Michael J.
CAMERON, Andrew C.
DeVRIES, Tim J.
EDGE, Jamie D.
EMMERSON, David G.
ERWIN, Carolyn M.
GANLY, Chris A.
GRIFFITHS, Clinton J.
HALL, Michael C.
HERCUS, Matthew G.
JACKMAN, Stephen L.
MATHEWSON, Paul A.
McCANN, Kate H.
McGREGOR, Sarah M.
MIDDLETON, Paul T.
MILNE, Karen
NELSON, David A.
SELLER, Paul L.
POULSTON, Angus C.
SCHUSTER, Lisa
SMYTH, Craig A.
SPARGO, Kathryn M.
TAYLOR, Paul M.
WHITE, Katherine
WILMOT, Nicholas J.



Mr. W. Jennings.
Tutor Miss A. Blower.

BATES, Kathryn E.
BENHAM, Scott R.
BUCHANAN, Dugald H.I.
CAMERON, Hamish A.U.
COLE, Gavin M.
CONDER, Alastair M.
DUNN, Michael J.
EVANS, Huw
FAVALORO, Kylie A.
FORD, Andrew T.
HALL, Robynne M.
HARRIS, Matthew R
HEATH, D'Arcy S.R
LEGGATT, Stuart M.
LITTLER, Roslyn J.
MEYER, Shane L.
MORRISON, Stephen J.
NEWTON, Anthony E.
PHILIPS, Julie E.
TYMMS, Robert J.
WARREN, Clive J.
WILDBERGER, E. John
WILLIAMS, Susan J.
YEE, Christopher A.



Tim Jarman, Yr. 5 A

THE END

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Jane McKenzie, Yr. 7S

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