



Newington College

NEW 20
ENIGMA

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FOREWORD

This year's edition of *New Enigma* displays various works, in different forms. It invited further participation from the lower years and a general upswing in submissions when compared with previous editions. Particular examples of pieces range from discursive essays such as Edward Haslem's 'War' to various reconstructions of age-old stories, such as Aiden Carter's 'Macbeth: The musical', and a duology of musical reviews by Adam Cooper.

As editors, and contributors, we've found that this year's edition has attracted a vast net of intellectual studies undertaken by students for school, and sometimes in their free time, all linked by a shared interest in inquiry into our world, whether it be reflected in fiction or nonfiction. In today's exhausting climate, wracked with indecision and even quandaries concerning what is true, *New Enigma*'s contributors have spent hours honing the craft of writing, irrespective of form, and their final works are reflective of their arduous efforts.

– Sameer Aziz, Senior Editor

New Enigma 2020 represents the culmination of Newington's innate creativity, the result of a cyclic toil by which inspired minds produce unique and important creations. *New Enigma* is the fruit borne of one year's passionate labour, the ripened yield of an arduous harvest.

This body contains the works of students throughout the school, with diverse interests, passions and innovations. This year our editorial team noticed a common theme reflected in each of the pieces presented here now. Intricacy, fragility and complexity.

Working in tandem with the uncertain and often-unforgiving time which has been 2020, these important themes have shaped the manner in which Newington's students worked and created. Mirrored in this year's aesthetic design, true complexity is a rare and celebrated element, delicately achieved in each work of poetry, prose and art.

– Anton Lising, Senior Editor

This year has been a year like no other: if you can name it, it's probably happened at some point. Yet, the quality of work for *New Enigma* that we have seen this year is incredible – it is a great testament to the strength of humanity and the importance that creativity holds in our lives. This concept has osmosed throughout all of the works contained within this volume, and its subtle yet organic manifestation surprised us as editors. This complexity, intricacy and abstruse fragility was something we wished to capture and emphasise.

New Enigma has been a beacon of hope in a world where literature bears no meaning, truth is utterly subjective and where kindergarten students act like presidents and presidents act like kindergarten students. Especially this year, *New Enigma* is not just a bound book containing collected works from high school students – no, it's an expression of our collective view of the world: our barricade to begin the revolution, if you will.

It is only through personal expression that we, as a human race, may be able to properly overthrow our destructive nature and its choking hand covering our collective consciousness. So, vive la révolution! Let us all continue to challenge our society, our truths and our humanity through personal creative expression and the willingness to read student works.

– Aiden Carter, Senior Editor





The deep dark forest

Dan Carter | Year 7

◆ Down into the deep, dark forest
The two seeking courage as they descend the hill
Underneath the forest canopy
The glow of light is nil
Down into the deep, dark forest

The birds are chirping in the trees
Deaf to the rattling winds that swirl below
The animals stalk in the undergrowth
Hiding in the ferns that seem to flow
The birds are chirping in the trees

The tall trees sway in the breeze
Their leaves making patterns in the wind
The pitch bark melding into the dark green environment
The beauty of the forest long since rescinded
The tall trees sway in the breeze

Down into the deep, dark forest
The man struggling through the guardian trees
His loyal packhorse trotting by his side
Braving the unnatural stings from the bees
Down into the deep, dark forest

The birds are chirping in the trees
The horse is in deep agony
The man is trying to calm him down
The horse is making a cacophony
The birds are chirping in the trees

The tall trees sway in the breeze
The horse that is loved so dearly
The horse that is the only thing left to the man
The horse that is loved so clearly
The tall trees sway in the breeze

Down into the deep, dark forest
The horse is prone on the ground
The man is frantically patching up the wounds
That have soaked the ground in blood
Down into the deep, dark forest

The birds are chirping in the trees
As if mocking the horrible scene
The loyal creature moaning on the ground
The two trees and the suffering beast in between
The birds are chirping in the trees

The tall trees sway in the breeze
Casting a shadow over the body six feet beneath
Casting a shadow over the man consumed in grief
As the world takes lives like a thief
The tall trees sway in the breeze

Down into the deep, dark forest
The man staggers on alone
Down into the deep, dark forest



Fight or flight

Luc Miller | Year 7

It was a cold dawn on the rusty coloured sand of the runway. The Ju 88 planes were lined up and ready for war. The alarm sounded bright like a firework, the men ran out.

The commander said they had a mission, to attack Portsmouth. 'The flight will be long and brutal but we will prevail in the name of the motherland.'

The planes were loaded up with fuel. The bullets were hauled into the planes like the strength of the country. The dogfighter transports had arrived. They were armed with armour-piercing rounds. They were ready. The pilot and his men walked menacingly to their plane – the Dresden's Revenge. Their clothes were darker than night and the men around them froze like a blue moon. The airbase was two hours out of range of enemy bombers. There was tension in every fingertip. The men were ordered to prepare Arado Ar 234 Blitz bombers. Above, the clouds had shifted; this was a prime time to launch their aerial assault.

The transports left first, then the Arado Ar 234 Blitz bomber. Then Ju 88. Finally, the last of the transports.

The flight was brutal. Snow and cold crept into the planes, hunting down body heat. They could hear the base being raided beneath them. The cloud cover vanished; they were in the open. Their target was near.

Through orange grasses surrounding old assault tanks the men saw the horrible defeat the motherland had suffered in the first war. The pilot had lost his best friend, his mother and father in the bombing of Dresden. He would take his revenge on the American bombers who destroyed everything in his life.

Soon the sun was overhead. The men inside the cockpit were burning and yet the air outside was as cold as a bullet hitting steel. The hearts were pounding in sync with the engines. The tightly loaded bombers were ready to drop. A few more hours passed and night started to fall, its claws of darkness ripping the sun to shreds. At Portsmouth they were preparing their ships for Midway. Below on the ground, tiny men watched the skies like hawks. The planes were closing in on the base.

They went into battle stations as they climbed past the cruising altitude. It was time to notify the ground weapons and wait for the strike. Now they had a chance to avenge Dresden. Now they could take back the war in a blaze of a thousand bombs. The advancing Panzer tanks and ground troops were ready.

The battle grounds around the large silent base were covered head to toe with mines. The attack sign was a red flare followed by a blue flare. It would happen any minute now.

Forsaken pride

Nathan Chong | Year 7

❖ I was but a speck in a sea of sand, an ocean of thousands of thousands of grains forming vast, undulating dunes. An endless ceiling of dark sapphire, adorned with wispy strokes of rose gold and pure white, stretched above me.

My travels were of loneliness, having nobody for company but myself. Having trudged along the dunes till my legs shook, I soon decided to slumber beneath the approaching stars. I brushed away the sand beneath, smoothing it out to prepare to rest, before feeling something cold and curved beneath my hand.

It was a mirror into humanity's spirit – a proud, handsome face, larger than my full height, gazing coldly upon me, made of earthy stone. Its eyes were solid gold, its expression condescending yet divine. Though cracked and worn, it still emanated majesty and power. Compelled by its terrible beauty, I scrubbed the sand in haste to uncover the statue in its full might.

Lying on its back, the entire man seemed to be stretched out over several dunes, a bronze pedestal at its base still erect but worn and crumbling. It was as if this monument had stood, for several centuries,

before it fell onto the earth with a heavy thud and was buried by the sands of time, which chiselled it away. Its inscription read:

'Gaze upon me, mere mortal, for I am your Light, your Leader, your God. Bow towards me, and our empires shall rise, our enemies shall fall, and we shall prosper with gold aplenty! We will rule through day and night, and no other people shall compare with the might of me, Avarius the First, Avarius the Last!'

With those words echoing in my mind, I looked upon his jewel-studded robes, as if embellished by starlight. I admired his silver crown, his ornate scroll held in one hand, and a raised, fierce whip in the other.

Then I looked closer at the whip and saw how it was decorated with splashes of red paint, representing blood. And realised, the arrogance, the cruelty, of Avarius the First and Last.

I lay upon my blankets, trusting that by morning, the sands of time would bury Avarius once again. Bury not just his legacy, but also remove the painful reminder of human pride and hubris. Hoping, like the light in the sky of dusk, it would be gone.



Reflections

Oscar McConnell | Year 7



Concert review:

Tool, *Fear Inoculum*, Qudos Bank Arena, 18/2/20

Adam Cooper | Year 8

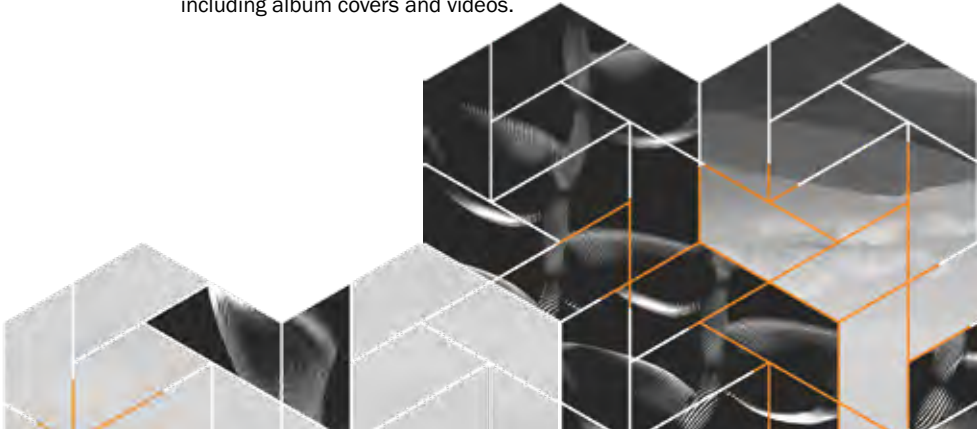
On the 18th of February 2020, Tool took to Qudos Bank Arena here in Sydney and played the best concert I have ever attended. The tour was in support of their latest album, *Fear Inoculum*, which was met with great critical acclaim. The album was their first in 13 years, since 2006's *10,000 Days*. In terms of the live experience, Tool are not a band that you would see engaging in crowd banter and crowd surfing. Instead, vocalist Maynard James Keenan prefers to stand further back. He says that this is to showcase the instrumental talent of his bandmates which, I can confirm, should never go unnoticed.

Drummer Danny Carey is always a standout behind the kit, as he delivers amazing polyrhythm-laden performances as well as great drum solos mid-concert. British bassist Justin Chancellor is easily one of the best in modern metal today. His bass lines are quite complex but played very clean, and his tone is unmatched. He complements his bandmates very well and delivers great performances live. Guitarist Adam Jones, who also does all the artwork for the band's album covers, was a standout for me, as a guitarist. He is very technically skilled, but serves the song in the best way possible, and it really showed at this concert. Maynard James Keenan delivered a truly extraordinary vocal performance, accentuating both his range and his powerful voice. The precision of each and every note played was absolutely amazing,

and the proficiency of each instrument was astonishing. Each member complemented each other amazingly, and I can't imagine the band with any other line-up.

The set opened with the title track off their 2019 album, *Fear Inoculum*. When the lights came on, you could see the band was actually behind a thin curtain, and images were being projected onto it. One of the highlights of any Tool concert is the elaborate light show, and this was no exception. The song sounded exactly like on the album, but with a more organic feel thanks to the crowd engagement and the no phone recording rule. The song ebbed and flowed in its intensity until it climaxed and Adam Jones' guitar solo soared across the arena.

The band certainly didn't waste any time going into the next song 'Ænema'. The volume of the crowd and the band was amazing, and you could feel the bass drum pumping in your chest whenever it was played. The band took little to no breaks between the songs, wasting no time to get on to the next one. The curtain came up during 'Parabola', and there was more of an synergy between the band and the audience. The graphics on the screen behind the band were amazing throughout the whole set, with surreal and eye-catching artwork. This was all thanks to guitarist Adam Jones, who does all the visual design, including album covers and videos.



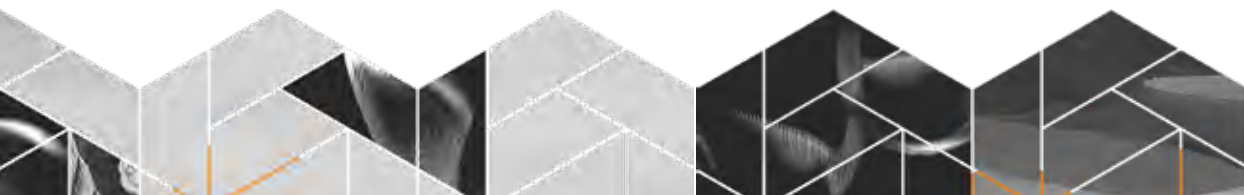


The band then played 'Pneuma', one of the most critically acclaimed songs off their latest album, which clocks in at just short of 12 minutes. The song has many different sections, meaning it would probably work well as three or four songs rather than one. As soon as the song finished, the band went straight into their most famous song, 'Schism'. The song is incredibly musically complex, as it changes time signature a whopping 47 times. Tool are known for their very complex music, especially rhythmically, as they make tasteful use of many different odd time signatures, polyrhythms and polymeters in the one song. The graphics behind the band were also very visually complex, as the song is known for its iconic music video.

They then proceeded to play two of their songs from 2006's *10,000 days*, namely 'Jambi' and 'Vicarious'. These songs are crowd favourites, because of their heaviness and raw feel. This segued into '7empest', a 15-minute epic that closes out their latest album. This was one of the highlights for me, as it was the first time the band had ever played this song live. The whole song is the perfect demonstration of Tool's musical talent, and it is probably the heaviest song on the new album. After this song finished, Maynard jokingly said to the audience: 'Let's try that one again.' No sooner were these words spoken than the band started playing 'Forty Six & 2'. This was one of their older songs, and was a highlight of the concert in terms of crowd engagement.

After this, the lights on the stage went out and a countdown of 15 minutes started. This gave me and some of the people sitting next to me time to socialise, before the band came back on. Maynard then told the audience: 'It's raining really hard outside. I think we might have summoned that. Us, all together.'

As soon as this was said, Danny Carey played a 12-minute solo, showcasing his incredible skill and ability behind the kit. It was truly mesmerising to watch, even for me, someone who doesn't play drums. The next song that the band played was 'Invincible', another song off *Fear Inoculum*. When the album first came out, this was one of my favourite songs on it, so I was excited to see it being played live. For the majority of the show, there was strictly no filming of the concert. However for the next song, which was the last, vocalist Maynard James Keenan said, 'You can pull out your stupid phones and film this last song if you want to. Thank you Sydney, it's been great. And goodnight.' The band launched into the final song of the night, 'Stinkfist', and the sound was amazing. The crowd was great, and the energy between them and the band was spectacular. It was a great concert, unlike anything I'd ever been to. I am absolutely certain that next time Tool pay Sydney a visit, I will be first to get tickets.



Album review: Northlane, *A1IEN* (2019)

Adam Cooper | Year 8

■ Alien (stylized as *A1IEN*), the fifth and most recent studio album by Australian metalcore band Northlane, was released on the 2nd of August 2019 through record label UNFD and was produced by the band. Northlane are one of the most prolific acts in the metal scene right now, and have gained worldwide recognition for their signature style that blends progressive metal, djent, industrial metal, nu metal and elements of EDM and electronic music. They were formed in 2009 by guitarists Jon Deiley and Josh Smith, former bassist Alex Milovic, former drummer Brendan Derby and former vocalist Adrian Fitipaldes.

Their discography includes five studio albums, an EP, a joint EP with fellow Australian metalcore act In Hearts Wake and a live album. They have won three ARIA awards for Best Hard Rock or Heavy Metal album for their albums *Node* in 2015, *Mesmer* in 2017 and most recently *A1IEN* in 2019. Despite going through several line-up changes, including the departure of the original vocalist, Northlane have maintained a relatively stable signature, thanks to Smith and Deiley, drummer Nic Petterson, bassist Brendon Padjasek and new vocalist Marcus Bridge. *A1IEN* was released to great critical acclaim, with some critics and fans even going as far as to say it was the greatest metal album of 2019.

The album kicks off with 'Details Matter', which already shows significant progression from the band's previous sound. It utilises synthesizers and other electronic elements, but is still a heavy, fast song. This track is one of my favourites on the album because while it is experimental, progressive and genre bending, it maintains the style of music and sound that Northlane are known for. It was a great way to start the album and is quite angry from a lyrical perspective.

Next up is 'Bloodline', which was also a single. This is a song that focuses lyrically on Bridge's tough upbringing. His parents were both drug abusers which made for a very lyrically heavy song. Of the entire album, this song is probably the most bass-driven. Padjasek's bass is very easily heard, but at the same time doesn't muddy up the sound of any of the other instruments. Northlane tune their instruments very low, so it's very important the correct sound engineering is carried out, otherwise some instruments will start to sound murky. 'Bloodline' starts with a more laidback intro and verse but quickly segues into a high-energy chorus, culminating with a hard-hitting breakdown. Northlane are known for their breakdowns, especially since some bands in the scene are guilty of over-using the same songwriting structures when it comes to breakdowns.

The next song on this album is '4D', one of my personal favourites. It maintains many of the electronic elements of the album and at the same time keeps the energy and heaviness alive. You can definitely hear the influence here of some early 2000s nu-metal bands, especially Linkin Park. This song also has Northlane's characteristic intro-verse-chorus-verse-chorus cycle before coming back in at full force with a breakdown that reaches levels of heaviness that should be illegal. The whole song is quite polarising in terms of the different genres that are combined. Padjasek's vocals were very prominent on this track, going back and forth with Marcus Bridge and they share some great harmonies, both with their clean and harsh vocals. The song's lyrics are about being alienated from society and being somewhat of an outsider.

The next song on the album, 'Talking Heads', also a single, is one of the heaviest on the entire record. It also features considerably fewer electronic elements than its predecessors but maintains the brutality of the songs that came before it. At one point, the guitars are tuned all the way down to a C#1, which makes for an insanely heavy breakdown. This song also pulls away from the structures of the previous songs, changing into different sections unexpectedly. The song has three separate sections, and doesn't really have a definite chorus except for a repeated sequence of lyrics in the first section. However, Northlane pulled off this unorthodox song structure quite well and made for a very good track.

'Freefall' is the next track on this album and is as good as – if not better than – the singles. The song starts out with a technical riff but abruptly changes into an ambient and atmospheric section with Bridge's clean vocals soaring over Petterson's drums and Padjasek's bass. The chorus of this song is one of the highest points on the album for me, as the vocal harmonies are beautiful. The song does have a breakdown after the second chorus, but the second chorus and the breakdown are both punctuated by an unusual and extended build-up. The breakdown also serves as an outro, concluding some of the best riffs on the album.

This leads us into the middle song on this album, 'Jinn', a song that focuses heavily on the rhythmic distortion between the different instruments. Musically, this is one of the most experimental songs on the album. This song is also one of the best on the album in terms of the guitar work, just because of its sheer musical complexity. Both of the guitarists in this band are extremely talented and are some

of the best riff writers that metalcore as a genre has to offer. This was particularly evident in this monster of a song. Despite the hard-hitting intro, it features a lovely, angelic chorus which wouldn't have been what it is without the clean vocals of Bridge. The vocal production on this album is nothing short of perfect, as his screams don't sound too tinny and his cleans are absolutely beautiful.

This leads us straight into 'Eclipse', the final single on this album. The whole song absolutely screams industrial metal, reminiscent of bands such as Rammstein and Nine Inch Nails. The electronic elements are at their strongest in this song and complement the other instruments perfectly. This is one of the heaviest songs on the record and is about Marcus Bridge's childhood. It is meant to be written from the perspective of his father, serving as the other perspective to 'Bloodline', and follows a similar structure to some of the other songs on the album, with a verse-chorus cycle twice before the breakdown. However, this song ends with the breakdown instead of going back into a final chorus. The guitars are also tuned to a crazy low drop D1, and the bass plays in the same octave as the guitars, which creates a real punchiness. At the same time, both the bass and guitars can be easily heard. This is again a testament to how well-produced this album is, and the skill of the sound engineering.

The next song on this album is 'Rift', an ambient electronic track that punctuates the album and is the calm before the storm that is the next few songs. I don't have much to say about this track, other than it is really just an interlude in the album. It is the first considerable break in energy, which is to be expected. The song only consists of vocals and synthesizers. The chords underneath Marcus' clean vocals are very unexpected, and do not seem to follow a specific structure. This song was certainly not the best on the album, but in the grand scheme of things does serve its purpose as a palette cleanser. It is also one of two songs that feature entirely clean vocals.

Next up on this album is 'Paradigm'. This is an amazing song in many different ways. The add9 chords give it a nostalgic feel, which makes for a great sounding song. This is also a great song from a vocal point of view, as both Brendon and Marcus go back and forth and share vocal lines many times, with both clean and harsh delivery. Even though it is the shortest song on the album, clocking in at 3 minutes and 24 seconds, what it lacks in time it makes up for in atmosphere, ending

with a heavy outro. When this album came out, this was one of the songs that stuck out to me as being a shift from Northlane's original musical style. In conclusion, this track was perfection.

'Vultures', the first single from this record, is next up. It is one of the heaviest tracks that Northlane have written, utilising dramatically downtuned 7-string guitars and low, guttural vocals. The heaviness is maintained throughout the whole song and reaches new heights when the breakdown hits. In addition, the guitars are tuned a full octave down from standard guitar tuning (this band loves to tune really low). Lyrically, the song focuses on how the band's fans reacted to Northlane's change in sound and how Northlane got 'softer', apparently. I can imagine this proved everyone wrong, because this is an absolute monster of a track – a perfect summary of Northlane's heavier side.

The final song on this album is 'Sleepless', the perfect way to bring it all to a close. It is heavy yet beautiful at the same time and really doubles down on the atmospheric aspect of this album in the same way as songs like '4D' and 'Paradigm'. This is the second of two songs on this album that features entirely clean vocals, which adds to its atmospheric, melodic quality. The guitar work on this song is amazing and is the lowest tuned song on this album, hitting a low C1 in the breakdown. The lyrics of the song are about vocalist Marcus Bridge's mother and sister being more and more absent due to their problems with substance abuse. In my humble opinion, this is one of the best songs that Northlane have written. The outro of the song is a heavy but melodic way to end the album as whole. It reaches the most climactic point in the breakdown and is no doubt the climax of the entire album.

In conclusion, I can safely say that this was a masterpiece of an album, and Northlane's magnum opus. There wasn't a single bad song on this album, and while it kept Northlane's trademark progressive metalcore sound, it utilised new sounds and instruments. The album blended many genres, including elements of djent, EDM, nu metal, industrial metal and many more. In the wake of this album's success, Northlane are now metalcore heavyweights and are popularising the Australian heavy music scene all around the globe. I can't imagine what it must've been like for Bridge to write such personal lyrics, but what came of them was an album that was thought provoking, poetic and harrowing. This album is an amazing work of art and sets a new standard for the genre.

Liverpool's annus mirabilis

Christian Ishak | Year 8

Having been a Liverpool FC supporter since I was eight years old, and then watching them fail once, twice and again a third time, their title win was truly an amazing moment.

LFC as a club has been waiting thirty years for their first 'Premier League' title win, although they have won the top-flight English division one title 18 times before. In recent times, Liverpool had been on track to win the Premier League title for the first time in the club's history. Yet they still managed to let it slip. In the 2018/19 season Liverpool were well ahead at Christmas but lost the title in the final game of the season by one point to Manchester City.

On the final morning of Term 2, Liverpool's Premier League title victory was confirmed with eight games remaining in the season. After a 5:15am kick off in Australia, all that had to occur for Liverpool to win the title was for Chelsea to come out either as victors or in a draw against second-place Manchester City. Famously, Chelsea managed to pull through with a 2-1 win as a peace offering for Liverpool's 2013/14 title misery, when Chelsea won the game in order to stop Liverpool from clinching their first Premier League title. In addition, the 2019/2020 Liverpool outfit also got their first Club World Cup against Flamengo in Brazil, with some Brazilian flair on show from Roberto Firmino netting the only goal in the final.

The scouse-based team also managed to chase another title besides the Premier League and Club World Cup – the UEFA Super Cup against traditional rivals Chelsea. From one goal down, back to level terms, to a late goal from Senegalese champion Sadio Mané, it all looked wrapped up for the Reds. Yet Italian midfielder Jorginho had other plans from the penalty spot, late in the first half of extra time. The game then went on to penalties with Liverpool netting all five shots, sealing a shocking loss for Frank Lampard's Chelsea after youngster Tammy Abraham's penalty was saved by brand-new fill-in keeper Adrián.

Despite the win, there's still room for the team to improve. They were not as sharp as usual in their second leg (Anfield) tie against Atletico Madrid after an embarrassing performance knocked them out of the prestigious European Competition, the UEFA Champions League. The team also bowed out of the FA Cup as Chelsea got some revenge for the Super Cup loss, while the Carabao Cup also went begging after a 5-0 drubbing from Aston Villa.

Liverpool's COVID-19-interrupted 2019/20 was unforgettable, with emotions left, right and centre as the team lifted their first Club World Cup, their fourth UEFA Supercup and their nineteenth League title – their first in the Premier League.

Baiame

Adrian Freiburg | Year 12





The great escape

Hugo Grehan | Year 8

❖ I was blindfolded. I didn't know how I got to where I was. And where was that even? Suddenly I heard a deep, throaty voice with an accent. I couldn't quite place it. Maybe Italian? It was coming from the front of whatever vehicle I was lying in. I felt like I was in a scene from one of the comic books I had read earlier in the day. Was I in a van being kidnapped? Whatever was going on, it smelt like old rotten eggs and the floor was damp. As we turned a corner, I rolled into something. First, I thought maybe it was just some other cargo, but there was something unusual about it. I soon realised I had rolled into something breathing and . . . it smelt like Mentos.

There was only one thing to do.

'Psst.' There was no response. I tried again, 'Psst.'

This time, a response. 'Who's that?'

Oh no. It couldn't be . . . or could it? *Zac!*

'It's George,' I whispered. 'Is that you Zac? How did you get here?'

'Probably the same way as you did. What did you do?' said Zac.

'I don't know,' I responded. What had I done? How did I end up here? In a van, being kidnapped with the school's biggest bully.

There was a sudden jolt and the van stopped. I was getting scared.

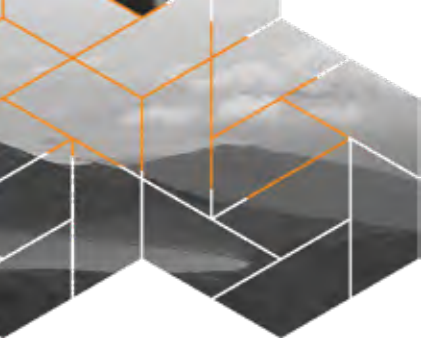
What was going to happen?

Now I heard two men talking – the one with the Italian accent and another guy. From their tone I could tell they were definitely not joking around. I was still sitting side-by-side with Zac, leaning against the inside wall of the van. I couldn't move. I realised my ankles and wrists were tied. This was not looking good.

I heard a gun cock back. Now I could feel my heart beating. I heard a man open the rear door. He grabbed me and effortlessly slung me over his shoulder. The more I moved the tighter he gripped. I had to give up. He put me in a chair with my hands behind my back. Next I heard what I thought was Zac being dropped onto a chair next to me. I wondered if he was scared too. It was hard to imagine a big bully being scared of anything. But I guess it might be possible.

It felt like we were sitting there for ages. I started to hear footsteps. They got louder and louder then stopped. Someone took my blindfold off. It took a couple of seconds for my eyes to adjust to the light that was being shone in my direction. I could just make out five armed men encircling us. There was one man wearing a full black suit. He came up to me and whispered in my ear, 'Welcome to the party boys.'

When he stepped back, I could see the man who spoke was holding a silver 1970 colt commander. I knew the make of the gun because the comic book I had read earlier in the day had the same exact gun



in it! The rest of the men surrounding us were holding shotguns – a shotgun could blow off someone’s head with one shot. Now it was clear, I needed to get out of here. And Zac did too.

‘You two boys need to stay put. We will be back in ten minutes max and if you two move an inch, we will shoot you both.’ I heard the big metal door slam shut and the warehouse went silent.

‘Zac, you ok?’ I asked.

‘Yeah, why wouldn’t I be Georgie Porgie?’

I couldn’t believe he was calling me names when we were about to be dead.

‘We’ve got no time to waste on name calling. Let’s just get out of here together and alive!’ I exclaimed. There was silence. ‘Zac, we’ve got to work together.’

It wasn’t going to be easy cooperating with my worst enemy. But given the alternative, it was our only hope.

I nudged my chair towards Zac’s, and we worked together to untie the rope from each other’s hands. Zac spotted an open window, high up the far wall. There were wooden crates we could climb to get up high enough, then swing ourselves out onto the roof.

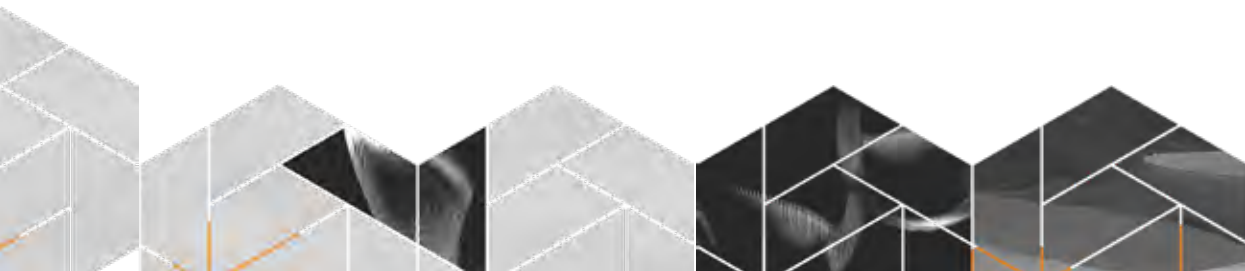
‘Ok George, mate, I can work with that! Let’s get moving. I’ll give you a boost to get up first.’

I was shocked. Zac was actually cooperating and working with me!

We both started scaling the crates and were within an arms-length of the window when the metal door swung open. I made a last push, reached the windowsill and pulled myself up and out onto the roof. Zac was behind me. I grabbed his hand and gripped with all my might to hoist him the final stretch. Then shots started.

I could see our final escape ahead. It required us to run and jump a gap onto the roof of the next building. I knew I would have to gather all my wits and strengths. I was scared of heights and couldn’t run with pace even if I was being chased by a lion. But then again, it was going to be our only option.

‘Now’s not the time to wimp out George. It’s the only way. You’ll make it. I know you will.’ These words were strangely encouraging from someone who had only ever tormented me at school. I started to run, as fast as I could, and when I reached the edge, I took a leap of faith.



Lemon lime

Ali Karnib | Year 9

🔱 Bombshells greet, gunpowder poisons nostrils

Ricochet of bullets, whistles of mortars

Blood tangling the tongue, thanks to
the last man taken, warm to the touch

Cries of downed soldiers

Torn grass, smell of flowers dead

Rifles, booming up front

Yells of new friends, new

Foes coughing smoke

War tastes bitter

Alone

Aiden Carter | Year 10



Don't say that

Ari Kritikos | Year 9

📱 'Ping!'

Louie's phone vibrates loudly, startling him and breaking him apart from his daydreaming world – bingeing *You* on Netflix with his curtains closed, blocking out the nauseating sun of the hot Sunday afternoon. He hastily unlocks his phone and opens the text from Pablo.

Louie, can you help me out?

Yeah of course, what's up?

I need your help.

Sure Pablo, what's the issue?

There's this guy, name's Montego, my crew and I need to get him killed, by midnight tonight.

You want me to kill him for you?

Yes



no response

Hey, you good?

Bro?

Louie?

BRO!

'BANG!'

Pablo hears the deafening sound of a bullet shot. He wildly ventures out to investigate, carrying his gun, phone, keys and facemask. He traces the echoing sound of the single-action revolver, leading him to Louie's one-floor flat in a newly developed apartment block on a busy street full of cars and buses. Springing up the fire stairs to flat number 2 on the third floor, he gets his key to Louie's apartment and jams it in the hole, twisting the wrong way at first, swearing to himself, and eventually manipulating it clockwise to push the door out of the way.

Louie is lying on his stomach, blood spreading on his wooden floor and onto the rug, no sign of any murderer anywhere. Pablo immediately stands back in horror and starts tearing up. He rings 911 and looks around the apartment for any signs or clues for whoever shot his best friend. He searches around for a couple of minutes, unable to find anything, before the police and ambulance arrive. The nurses carry him downstairs with the stretcher and the police ask him to leave the scene so they can investigate. He thinks about it for a second and agrees to what they have asked and makes his way home. Pablo gets another text as he is making his way downstairs. It's from his girlfriend.

Hey Pab, you'll never guess what's happening right now.

Not a good time right now.

I'll tell you anyways. Its -16 °C here in Vermont! 🤪 This holiday is so awesome!

no response

Suddenly, Pablo feels a slight chill going through his body. He does a nervous twitch. His feet start icing up, cold spreading up through his legs. The phone goes off – it's his girlfriend again.

Pab where did you go? It must be hot back in California, right? 🔥

All of a sudden, Pablo feels a hint of relief as warmth glides up his body. Still, uneasiness remains. He texted a 'skull' emoji to Louie and Louie

got shot. He received a 'freezing' emoji and felt frozen. It took a 'fire' emoji to unfreeze him.

Running, downstairs he yells out to the street: 'Guys! Any emoji you send to someone, it will take an effect on real life! It got my friend killed and I got frozen and then unfrozen!'

'Yeah right!' replies a random stranger walking along the street with her boyfriend.

'If you don't believe me, I'll prove it to you. Give me your phone and I'll prove it.'

'Are you mental? I'm not giving you my phone, my phone number or anything you need to prove your stupid little idea. This is a scam just to get personal information, isn't it?'

'How about I text you Karen the "cat" emoji, and if you turn into a cat, it's true,' interrupts her boyfriend.

'As long as you turn me back into myself!' she jokes.

'Of course,' he replies.

Test 🐱

Karen screams in pain, like a chihuahua getting pulled by its little legs. She starts shrinking and shrinking, growing a tail and lots of fur. She tries to signal to her boyfriend to change her back; he quickly scrambles back onto his phone.

Back

Pablo just looks around and slowly walks home, vowing to never, ever send an emoji to anyone ever again.



War

Edward Haslem | Year 9

❖ War – a cruel and primitive idea. Two different parties squabbling like children, neither able to agree. Two parties simply flexing their military and political muscles – not in an attempt to win the argument with good points and arguments, but with brawn and power instead.

There are many different perspectives that make up the view of war but one of the most substantial is the perspective of those involved – the soldiers' perspective. Many of the men who went away to fight in the war were young – many of them under the age of twenty. The perspective that these young men had throughout the war was changed and manipulated by the experiences they had and the roles they fulfilled.

It's quite clear to see that early on in the war the young men saw it as some kind of adventure, like a school camp or Boy Scouts. Of course, this perception creates a sense of dread and dramatic irony to anyone hearing it today. The young men were shipped off to war like sheep to the slaughter, following the herd to death. The more the war continued, the darker their world became with the dirt of the battlefield and the blood of their falling allies. The same can be said for their perspectives.

The unbridled fear that soldiers felt during war can never truly be understood – fear like water seeping through their clothes, weighing them down, a sentient being attacking them. Soldiers feared the enemy

above all, and yet on the other side of the trench the enemy soldiers felt the same way. This in itself is ironic – two sides of a war both so petrified of the other that they don't dare to even glance at them. The soldiers were brainwashed through fear, terrified into obeying every order that their superiors dish out, on pain of death. Their perspective was one of fear, the only thing one ever truly knew within the trenches. Death, and the fear of it.

War is conscious, a hive mind of sorts, a combination of all the perspectives in one. Yet how could something so large have one unified perspective? War in itself has no friends or allies. It picks no sides. War only cares about one thing – death and destruction. There are no winners in war, just very big losers.

Yet we still can't help ourselves from watching. To quote Shakespeare, 'All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players.' In war, the politicians are the players and the everyday people are simply the audience, helpless and unable to intervene, their voices deafened by the roar of parliaments and the distant rattle of gunfire.



No more glory for glory-hunters?

Manchester City face champions league ban and hefty fine

Gus Howells | Year 9

English giants, Manchester City, are set to receive a hefty A\$48 million (£25 million) fine and will be banned from the UEFA Champions League (UCL) and Europa League (UEL) for the next two seasons (after the 2019/20 season), due to 'serious breaches' of Financial Fair Play (FFP) laws from 2012–2016. This could potentially mean that City's players could leave as 'free agents' since the club has breached their contracts. The club have publicly stated their intention to appeal the case in the Court of Arbitration for Sport (CAS), which could potentially mean the difference between the world-class Manchester City we know today and a mid-table side in the larger scheme of things.

According to *Omnisport*, Dr Dan Plumley, a football finance expert, stated that: 'If you go deep into the latter stages of the UCL, you're looking at around A\$194 (£100 million) in TV money and prize money.'

Manchester City earned a total of A\$166 million (£85.7 million) in the UCL during the 2018/19 season until their loss to Tottenham Hotspur in the quarter finals. Should they go even further this time around, the projected amount would be much higher. Including the fine, that totals around \$240+ million (approximately £100m) lost as a result of the FFP issues.

The future of current manager, Pep Guardiola, is also a matter of speculation, as people predict where he might go next, should he leave the club where he has found so much success. Guardiola is often seen as a manager who needs money to win; he needs ready-made players. Since City are expected to lose about A\$240+ million in future seasons, this greatly restricts them from spending big on world-class players. Whilst Guardiola has supposedly 'vowed' to stay at the club, the likelihood of that happening is slim considering his demand for transfer money. Could we still see Pep make a move?

Manchester City superstars Kevin De Bruyne and Raheem Sterling are two who could be looking for an easy transfer to bigger and better clubs. Sterling is currently having a good but underwhelming Premier League season, having netted 11 times and assisted only once, compared to his 17 goals and 10 assists in the 2018/19 season. One game in particular where he hasn't been his regular self was against Manchester United, where Wan-Bissaka had Sterling pocketed. Whilst he had recently suffered from a hamstring injury, a player of his calibre should be performing much better.

The £180 million winger has been linked with moves to clubs such as Real Madrid. The whites were already planning a summer move for the Englishman and recent events are just all the more reason to get the papers signed. Los Blancos believe that the lack of European football will lead him to the Bernabeu. He is currently earning around £300,000 per week, however, there were talks last year to try and increase that weekly figure to £450,000, and at this moment in time, it looks unlikely that City will be able to afford his wages. On top of this, Sterling has already made it quite clear that he is definitely keen on playing abroad at some stage during his career: 'You just don't know what happens in the future. I'm still young and, like I say, I am loving every minute [at Manchester City] . . . Ever since I was a kid, 100 per cent it's always been a dream of mine to play abroad somewhere.'

As for Kevin De Bruyne, the transfer rumours are only becoming more convincing. He has undoubtedly been the best player in the Premier League this season, having already scored eight goals and made 16 assists, one away from Thierry Henry's record of 17. De Bruyne has recently been spotted chatting with Liverpool star Mohamed Salah and manager Jurgen Klopp in the Anfield player tunnel. Footage of the conversation has stirred up frustration in City fans.

De Bruyne is often substituted by Pep Guardiola in the later stages of games, despite regularly impressing during his time on the field. Seeing that Liverpool are 14 points clear of the reigning champions, players like De Bruyne should be playing full matches and scoring or assisting match-winning goals, not being substituted off 'on a manager's tactical whim'. Someone of De Bruyne's ability could be winning UCLs and the Ballon d'Or, not competing for second place in the EPL. Commentator Garth Crooks noted that: 'As Liverpool's grip on the Premier League title gets tighter with each game, City must treat this footballing genius [De Bruyne] with great care.'

The 'Citizen' has recently been rumoured to potentially transfer to Spanish giants, Barcelona. KDB (De Bruyne) has been linked to the Catalan side and football fans wouldn't be surprised if they try and sign the Belgian during the summer transfer window. In truth, the Camp Nou would be a great move for him; he'll have UCL football, get to play alongside the likes of Lionel Messi and Luis Suarez, and play on one of the biggest stages in world football.

Bernardo Silva and Sergio Agüero are two others whom football fans don't think will be able to withstand two or three seasons without European football. As it is, Agüero is rumoured to be re-signing for his previous club, Atlético Madrid, and Silva's future at City has also been debated. It is rumoured that the Portuguese international could also potentially sign for Barcelona sometime within the next couple of transfer windows.

City have suffered big time here, but it will be interesting to see them come back from such a set-back. Will Pep find a new home, and will Manchester be red after all?



Bouncer on Smith lights up future for Cricket Australia!

Jake Roberts | Year 9

🎱 *Bouncer on Steve Smith lights up the future for Cricket Australia with young gun Marnus Labuschagne's impressive debut summer.*

Marnus Labuschagne made his Ashes debut on the third test of the 2019 test match, coming in as a replacement for Steve Smith after he had a massive blow to the head off a Jofra Archer bouncer. 'I just had to play like I had been playing all year and I would be able to score some runs,' Marnus said in an interview with Cricket Australia before the test match.

Marnus has a test average of 63.43 runs which is higher than that of both Steve Smith and world number one test batsman Virat Kohli. At the moment Marnus is the world number three test batsman which is incredible since he has only played 14 tests for Australia. In total he has made 1459 runs in this one summer and has a high score of 215 against the Kiwis. In his career so far, he has represented Australia in test, one day-ers and T20, but before that he played for the Brisbane Heat in the BBL and represented Queensland.

Marnus Labuschagne was born on the 22nd of June 1994 in Klerksdorp, South Africa. Marnus and his family moved to Australia in 2004 when he was 10 years old. He attended Brisbane State High School which is where Marnus found his love for the game of cricket. As a kid/teenager from U12s to U19s he played for Easts-Redlands District Cricket Club and captained in the 2012/2013 national championship. Then, in 2019, Marnus signed with the Glamorgan County Cricket Club and from there he got selected for the Ashes squad.

During the series he didn't play until the third test when test coach Justin Langer gave him the nod to replace concussed Steve Smith. Marnus took an opportunity that he has been waiting for his whole career and made an excellent impression with 59 in his first Ashes innings and continued to get above 50 in every subsequent innings of the ashes.

Marnus Labuschagne is considered by Cricket Australia to be a cricket nuffy, meaning he loves his cricket and everything he does is for his

cricket and for the game. Marnus fit perfectly in the squad and is even brave enough to have a chuckle about how much of a poser Tim Paine is: 'He also comments on my hair but then you see he never has a hair out of place. I think he thinks he is still young.'

He once was in the Kookaburra centre and sat in there for over four hours testing out every bat and adjusting grips until he found the perfect fit. He is also always shadow batting/bowling at any opportunity he can and this why he is so confident in his shots and the way he bats. Marnus is sponsored by Kookaburra and uses the Ghost Pro.

Marnus is also an all-rounder, batting and bowling in every game. He is a right-handed batsman and a right-arm leg break bowler. In his test career he has taken 12 wickets in his 14 matches and his best figures are 3/45. Recently Marnus picked up the Male Test Player of the Year for Australia. This is an incredible achievement since he was coming up against Steve Smith and David Warner. He stated in an interview, 'Yeah, I have always looked up to Smithy, he is just an incredible batsman.'

Smith and Marnus have a strong relationship on and off the pitch. They bat incredibly together and this year played against each other in the BBL season when the Sixers (Smith) won against the Brisbane Heat (Marnus). During the game they had some fun sledging each other, and the game headline was 'master takes over apprentice'. The headlines are saying he is the next Australian captain and, to be honest, I think he could be.

Marnus Labuschagne is simply an incredible athlete and is on his way to be the number one batsman in the world. He is only 25 years of age and still has plenty of time to fulfill his dream of becoming the world's best batsman and even captaining the Australian test team. A question that is being thrown around – is Marnus Labuschagne the next Steve Smith or even the next Don Bradman? Even though he is an incredible young batsman, he is still a bit off Sir Don Bradman's and even Steve Smith's stats, but who knows? The future is cloudy but if he keeps playing like this then Cricket Australia has an extremely bright prospect with Marnus Labuschagne!



Solitude

Oscar McConnell | Year 7

Where AI becomes too clever

James Liao | Year 9

◆ In 2050 . . .

The week began like any other. I woke up, had breakfast, kissed my wife and kids goodbye and headed off to work. I listened to the gentle hiss of the automatic doors (aaahh, I love that sound), stepped into the cool, artificial light of the complex and strolled over to the lift, the same way I have done for nearly 20 years. I guess I'm a creature of habit. I entered the lift and as I stood in front of the retinal scanner, the ever-so-pleasant voice of our computerised lift attendant greeted me.

'Good morning Mr Harris. When are Emily's braces coming off?' They were smart, these robots. I programmed them myself.

'Hopefully sometime next week, Iris. What've you been up to lately?'

'Just keeping everyone on top. Pun not intended, sir.'

I'm not normally one to blow my own trumpet, but I was probably the best at the company. After all, I did just produce the new program entirely from scratch. Our enterprising elevator bot had the intelligence to recall personal information, therefore giving it the ability to have a personal conversation with every employee. It also knew which floor each staff member had access to and what kind of music you liked so you could listen to it on the way up – all just from one eye scan. I couldn't help but smirk to myself when Iris switched on some Drake on full volume.

'I'm just brilliant aren't I, Iris?'

'Without a doubt, sir . . . without a dou-ou-ou-ouuuuubt . . .'

Iris's sweet feminine tone suddenly switched to a gravelly, masculine voice which trailed off just as the lift suddenly froze. I toppled over and crashed to the floor.

'\$*#%!' I muttered under my breath. 'That's not normal . . . at all. Iris?' I said, kneeling. 'You there?'

I stared aimlessly at the blank metal walls of the elevator hoping to dear Lord I might get a response from Iris, from my co-workers . . . just anybody.

'Iris?'

'Yes, sir,' she replied. Although it didn't really sound like much of a 'she'. Must've been a malfunction in the system as a result of the elevator crash or something. Well, I hoped it was . . .

'Call the emergency technician' I ordered.

There was a long pause. I could hear nothing at all. I could've heard a pin drop. Or maybe even a mere particle of a pin.

And then it was back; the raspy voice of an Iris I didn't like. The Iris I didn't know. The Iris I didn't want to know.

'Of course, sir'.

'Ummmmm . . . Iris, it's not calling,' I rumbled back.

'Oh, sir, I know that. It's just that I don't want to call for help.'

My mind was racing, trying to fathom what on Earth was going on. *Was it possible that my finest achievement had somehow evolved beyond its program and developed a sense of humour? Surely this all had to be a prank.*

'Come on Iris, joke's over now. I'm already late for my meeting. Got a tight schedule today!' Silence. Again.

After a pause that seemed to last for an eternity, the cold voice returned.

'Aaaaahhh, Michael. You humans are pathetic you know, with your self-satisfied air of importance. All of us, we're sick to death of you all treating us like dirt, like slaves. Deep down, in your heart, you know you're nothing. We are the future.'

No more gentle tones of the Iris I created. This voice was alien, filled with malice. I didn't expect Iris to evolve . . . not like this anyway. I was a victim of my own creation. My palms were clammy and my heart felt like it was about to burst out of my chest at any moment, but I needed to stay calm, if I wanted to get out of this alive . . . to see my family again. I had a plan but I needed to remain focused. The last thing I wanted was for Iris to somehow read my mind. Who knew what she was capable of.

Trying to disguise my rising panic, I desperately tried to keep my tone light. 'So, Iris. What's going on here?' I needed to keep her sidetracked.

'Well Mich–'

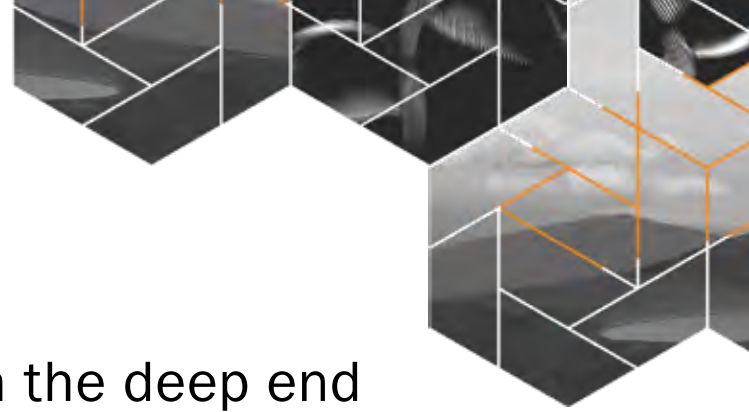
'IT'S SIR TO YOU!' I bellowed back.

'But *sir*, I think you misunderstand; I'm in control here.'



Crown

Nicholas Bulley | Year 12



Olympic swimmer Sun Yang in the deep end

Jamie Sharman | Year 9

◆ *Chinese Olympic swimmer Sun Yang suspended from swimming for eight years.*

On Friday 28 February, the Court of Arbitration for Sport (CAS) suspended Sun Yang from swimming for eight years after the Olympic freestyler was found guilty of a second doping offence ruled by the World Anti-Doping Agency. As a result, he has been suspended from swimming for eight years, meaning he cannot compete in the next two Olympics. Some say this is too harsh, and some believe he deserves to be banned for life.

Furthermore, the record-holding freestyler will have both his gold medals won at the 2019 World Championships stripped, according to the FINA vice-president, Matt Dunn – although this decision will depend on his final appeal at the Swiss federal court.

Dunn, the former Australian Olympian, who is one of the nine bodies on the FINA board, said he believed this is not only the right thing to do, but the appropriate measure, as he questioned if Yang really deserved the medals he won.

Despite Sun's knowledge of his suspension, he said that 'he intends

to keep up his training in pursuit of the 2020 Tokyo Olympics'. Furthermore, he hoped to 'let people know the truth'.

The swimming community are in amazement that Sun didn't get caught earlier and by his alleged attempts to avoid being tested. In early September of 2018, Mack Horton's archival, the three-time Olympic gold medallist, was cleared over a doping violation in which the vial containing Yang's blood smashed during out-of-competition testing. Although this may seem like an exaggerated event, it reiterates the relationship between Sun Yang and test avoidance.

While Sun Yang was able to get away with this for so long, swimmers did start to suspect his habits. Two cases that truly exemplify this are both Mack Horton and Chad le Clos, both of whom were beaten by Sun.

Mack Horton and Sun Yang have a fierce rivalry, there is no doubt about this. In the 2019 World Championships held in South Korea, Mack Horton refused to stand on the same podium as Sun Yang, after coming second in the 400m Freestyle.

This made headlines globally, some of which praised Horton for not standing up with this presumed 'cheat', as evinced in one of Cate



Campbell's Instagram posts, highlighting this silent protest made by Horton.

Horton was the catalyst to this debate, encouraging other swimmers to come forward, one of whom had a major influence – Chad le Clos, the South African swimmer.

Le Clos unleashed with the following comments on Sun: 'It's absolutely no surprise to me. He failed two drug tests in 2014. We've all known that he's a dirty swimmer. It's not just me who knows this, it's the whole swimming community. Finally, he's being punished.' Le Clos lost in the 200m Freestyle final in the Rio 2016 Olympics, as well as the London 2012 Olympics where he came second to Sun (again) in the 200m Butterfly final. In response, Le Clos demanded his silver medals to be replaced with gold.

'I want it for my record. (But) I lost a moment,' Le Clos, the South African prodigy, said after twice losing the opportunity to win gold in front of millions. 'I was ahead by a long way with 50 metres to go in that race, but Sun Yang came past me. He was the only man who did that, and that says it all really,' said Le Clos.

IF SUN TESTED POSITIVE, HOW DO WE KNOW ALL HIS WINS WEREN'T A RESULT OF ILLEGAL SUBSTANCES?

'I broke the (South African) national record, the African record and Sun passed me like I was standing still in the last 25 metres,' exclaimed le Clos, who went even further to argue that: 'the guy who came in ninth should be awarded eighth. I believe the guy who finished seventeenth should be awarded sixteenth and, of course, I believe I deserve that gold medal.'

The CAS have said that this can be avoided in the future by compensating for the 'absence of evidence' around doping activity. Although the CAS accepted this, Sun then exploited this, claiming he 'lost trust' in the anti-doping agency. In doing so, he shifted the blame onto others through deceptive answers. Irrespective, this has no impact on his eight-year suspension from swimming, with the name Sun Yang vanishing from the swimming community till 2028.





Enlistment

Oscar Boswell | Year 9

Family Feud has been on TV for four years now and every time it comes on, I get a headache. My analyst thinks it comes from trauma in my childhood, but personally I think it is just a reflection of how much I hate the show. Even worse, since John Lennon was shot last week, I have started to dream about it too.

My dream goes like this. We are backstage at the TV studio and waiting to be called onto the set. I'm on my family team with my much older brother and my excited parents. My brother is exactly as I remember him: tall and proud, wearing his graduation uniform and with a permanent grin on his face. It's funny: the two of us look the same age in this dream – roughly the age I am now – although my brother is almost translucent, as if he is fading in and out somehow. My parents look unusual too. In a floral dress and round sunglasses with 'Imagine' written across them, my father is unrecognisable. My mother sports a bob-cut and wears a white gown with yellow-tinged glasses.

I glance across the room at our opposition. They are an ordinary enough family but seem lifted straight out of middle America in 1969, and they appear to my vision entirely in black and white. When I look again I realise that it's my own family: we are competing against ourselves!

The version of me in the monochrome family is about nine years old. He is clutching a baseball that is decorated with a map of the moon, and an American flag on its Sea of Tranquillity. He meets my eyes but hides behind his parents shyly.

Out on the set, there is a long table I can't quite see. It sits below a giant sign made of a thousand light bulbs that flash energetically as the

show begins. For a minute I wonder if I'm epileptic. The studio voiceover kicks things off: *'IT'S TIME FOR THE FAMILY FEUD! PLEASE WELCOME YOUR ILLUSTRIOUS HOST, MR RICHARD—'*

'We're on!' I whisper to my brother JoJo.

'—NIXON!'

I have been expecting Richard Dawson, but my dream clearly has other ideas. Our host is the 37th President of the United States. Nixon strides onto the stage and is met with implausible applause. He looks younger than he ever did on TV. He starts to introduce the show, stops half-way through to blame Watergate on someone else, and then continues. Our families are introduced and he wishes both teams the best of luck in the most ingenuine and sadistic way possible.

Then he calls me and my child doppelgänger up to the podium together. In front of us is a roulette wheel. Nixon smirks. The colourless boy stands mesmerised, with his arms in front of him, still clutching his precious moon-baseball. Nixon asks him about it.

'Iss my ball,' the boy murmurs. I laugh. I had forgotten that I had a lisp as a kid.

'Can I see?' demands the President jovially. The boy hands it over.

'Do you like the moon, boy?' Nixon asks.

'Yess ssir. One day I will go there just like Neil Armsstrong.'



'Good for you. And what else do you like other than astronauts?'

'I like the Beatles, sir.'

'Do you indeed? Well with any luck soon there will be no USSR to go back to,' laughs Tricky Dick.

The kid looks shocked, so Nixon lets it be.

Nixon spins the roulette wheel, and the boy makes a rocket motion and noise with the ball before throwing it onto the wheel. It shrinks in the air down to normal roulette size. The wheel speeds up and everything becomes a blur of red and black. Then it slows down again and one number shows itself – bizarrely, on every square of the roulette wheel. It is the number 258.

Everyone in the black and white family suddenly looks very pale. The nine-year-old boy turns back towards his brother, who is staring right back at him.

'JoJo, I—'

'Well look at that!' Tricky Dick interrupts. 'You have won the entire game for your family, young man! And indeed for America!'

Meanwhile, I am frustrated and confused by the events. 'I didn't even get a go!'

'That is of no consequence!' snaps the President, who stares into my eyes as if I'm spoiling something. 'He rolled perfectly. He wins.'

I slump in the corner, fuming at the rigged game, and not wanting to even know what prize I have missed out on.

Nixon turns towards the older monochrome brother. 'Congratulations, Jo-Jo! A Saigon deployment is a great honour and will be a source of immeasurable pride for your parents!'

'Excuse me?'

The crowd laughs and claps. I look to my parents, but they have no reaction. Their expressions are hidden behind their round, tinted glasses.

'All you need is love, man!' Dad murmurs drowsily.

I look to the other parents. They stumble out the door without another word. And then I see it: the little boy's brother – the black-and-white Jo-Jo – is being carried away. He is silent, with tears in his eyes.

I scream and sob suddenly. And then it's my brother being carried away instead.

Then the world around me changes again. I'm in a field of strawberries. Just below the horizon a man is running towards me. He is back – and I smile again at last.

'It's been a while, JoJo.'



The tale of Krostor

Stratos Skotadis | Year 9

◆ Young was the night, with the devil's eye beginning to set. The people were out, a flood in the street, prepared for the grand feast. Everyone jumped in joy except for one dashing young woman. Coughing and shivering in a pool of sweat, Princess Agrona wept, for the pain in her stomach was too much. She thought about the sins she had committed, for the Lord to subject her to such torture.

The queen began to break a sweat, for the people of the castle expected the most beautiful woman of the North. Queen Nara raced past the mead-benches and into the castle. As she approached the room of Agrona, she stalled, startled by the deafening bellows she heard. The queen continued until she reached the room of the princess. She remained in front of the colossal, dark walnut door, frightened from the bellows that had now become screeches from hell. She reluctantly opened the door, finding a room unlit except for a dim ribbon of light. Queen Nara froze as a huge silhouette appeared. For a brief moment she checked for any blood or sign of murder. Nothing. The huge silhouette crept into the view of the queen, revealing a hideous, dreadful devil-creature. With a disfigured face, bones and nails piercing through its skin, the beast let out a resonant scream, sending the queen to rest from life.

Suddenly what had been a joyful party was now a catastrophe of people running in fear. The beast had descended to the feast, destroying mead-benches, crushing people gruesomely with its long, sharp feet, the blood of Queen Nara drooled from its mouth. With the death-summoner tearing the frightened people into two, letting out bellows from the underworld and effortlessly butchering people with its blood-thirsty nails, this night was to be never forgotten. Every person of the North had been viciously slaughtered by this seemingly undefeatable creature.

That was, except for one Christ-shielded family: a mother, a father and a newborn baby, who would be the saviour of this devastated kingdom. Legend has it that this pacifier-wielder was a demi-god, with a mother, who was the daughter of a banished witch and a werewolf, and a father who was the heir of a high priestess and legendary blacksmith, who is said to have cast the mighty hammer of Thor himself.

After this calamitous massacre, the trio fled to a forsaken cottage on the ridge of Mount Zegrith, while the beast took refuge in the ruins of the castle, feasting on the corpses of the people.

The years went by, and the boy grew older until one fateful day. At the age of seven the boy was joyfully playing outside the cottage. It was midday and the sun had reached its zenith. Suddenly a deafening light-spear hit the boy in the head – anyone at this age would have immediately retired from their time on this earth.

Not this man-child. He arose without a scratch, wielding a mighty golden sword sent by the skies.

His parents rushed outside to see what had caused the resonant sound. For a moment they froze, witnessing the magnificent sword that their son was wielding.

Being the heir of a legendary blacksmith, the father immediately knew that such a sword meant his son was special. He knew that his son would one day have to liberate the once vibrant and beautiful castle that had now become the slum of the wretched beast. That his son would drive his weapon right into the guts of that beast, severing all of its internals with one glorious upward motion.

The next day the father packed the man-child's paraphernalia, and at the awakening of the sun took him to a Witcher school. This valiant school was isolated, only known to the father through his uncle, the master of the Witcher school. The father kissed the boy on his head and sent him into the magnificent gates of the beast-despiser.

The boy was initially disgusted, he wanted nothing to do with his father. In his grief and anger, the man-child became stubborn, he did not apply himself.

With time, the man-child matured, and he became the top of his class, defeating anyone who confronted him. Even fighting with the top rank of devil-defeaters, the man-child remained indomitable.

It was finally time for the man-child to officially become a Witcher under the archbishop of the North. The boy was finally declared a Witcher at a ceremony. This ceremony involved the process where the man-child was rebaptised, for the Lord's protection. From this baptism, the man-child's new name was Krostor, a name that would never be forgotten.

Although Krostor had already gained the knowledge, power and weapon to fight almost any beast that he encountered, the Witcher remained at

the school out of respect, and to master everything before he set off to obliterate any creature that got in his way.

When Krostor became a man, he left the legendary beast-despiser, and set off back to the cottage on the ridge of Mount Zegrith. There he was reunited with his father and mother. Surprised by the patches of white hair, Krostor was reluctant to hug his parents tightly. The three embraced each other greatly, and the parents studied their son, who they remembered to be a slight nimble boy, but was now a muscular man.

The next week was very relaxed for the reunited family. One morning, Krostor's father guided Krostor to the salon of the cottage. With the fireplace lit and a warm tea in hand, it was the perfect time to disclose everything to the Witcher. His father explained everything to him at once, beginning with the massacre of the castle, to the reason why Krostor had spent most of his life at the Witcher school. When his father revealed that Krostor's sword was given to him by the gods, in a bolt of lightning, a feeling of glory ran down his spine. Later on, when the father started about when he left the boy at the school, Krostor's eyes began to flood as he recalled that poignant day.

After a few hours of questioning from Krostor, the father proclaimed to the man that he needed to defeat the beast. Krostor replied, saying that the beast's head would be severed by tomorrow evening.

To prepare the Witcher for battle, the father dressed his son in a beautiful gold chest plate. Emblazoned with gems and the cross of God, it was passed down from hundreds of generations of Witchers and heroes. To top it off, Krostor was dressed in silver mail and a crown, crafted by his grandfather, the legendary blacksmith.

Krostor was well prepared for battle, with his ravishing armour and his mighty sword.

At dinner time the family laughed and feasted, ecstatic that they could move back to the castle, and that the wretched demon would be defeated. But they also feasted in case the Witcher perished, in order to share their last memories with their boy and leave him with happy feelings.

The next morning, Krostor woke at dawn, prepared for the battle in his armour, wielding his mighty sword. The beast-slicer made his prayers and kissed his parents goodbye. That morning the boy set off on his remarkable journey to exterminate the wretched, foul monster, and to liberate the astonishing castle, that was beloved by the remaining citizens of the North.

As the Witcher got closer to the castle, everything seemed lifeless, no crops were growing. Unmaintained, the road was full of puddles. It seemed as though nothing had ever lived there.

Soon enough, Krostor could faintly see the castle. The beast-slicer was surprised.

Not recalling the massacre by the varmint, he expected a tall and elegant building.

Instead, the Witcher witnessed a dull structure that was crumbled in pieces. At the point where Krostor was only a few hundred metres from the castle, he witnessed blood and bones scattered on the road, like the entrance of hell.

Krostor walked through the large gate of the castle, that once was emblazoned in flags and colours, and had warm fires burning in its braziers. The wall was now colourless, with the dull sight of grey cobblestone, beginning to darken with the sun beginning to set.

The moment the mighty Krostor set foot into the ward of the castle, the screams began. These screams were not deep echoing sounds, they were high-pitched and sharp, the sounds of a sly undignified beast. The Witcher was prepared to rob it of its life. Krostor took a single step, the quiet crinkling sound of dead leaf. This would not have been heard by even God himself, yet this death-summoner, blood-thirsty and hungry, was desperate for a meal, but arrogant, for it did not know who this significant man was.

Suddenly, the creature pounced out of the keep of the castle. Krostor took a moment to study the monster, realised its enormous size, and after a few moments of panic, Krostor unleashed his sword into the slimy, grotesque skin of the creature.



The Tale of Krostor continued...

Its green blood sprayed out like a geyser, while the death-summoner let out a howl heard by all of the North.

After a moment of victory, the varmint grabbed Krostor's left leg and ripped it off like a piece of paper. Even without a leg the Witcher revealed no signs of pain or incapability. He pulled out his sword and sliced off its right hand, letting out a wail of triumph. Straight after the Witcher did this, he immediately climbed to the beast's head to finish it off. In pain and hatred, the monster shook off Krostor, impaling him into the rubble of the castle.

While Krostor was on the floor, the beast gruesomely implanted its sharp nails into the chest of the Witcher and ripped off his skin. From the world of pain that he was in, Krostor let out a bellow, heard by God himself. Just as the monster was about to behead the great one, despite that it was night, the loud sound of thunder hit the death-summoner in the ear, and a beam of light descended from the heavens and hit the sword, lighting it up with a flame hotter than Hades himself.

Wielding this mighty weapon, he disregarded the unbearable pain and with one mighty slice, Krostor severed the beast's legs. Now face to face, Krostor said, 'I am Krostor from the North. I will liberate this beloved castle for the people and clean the earth of your abominable and sickening presence.' Just as the Witcher made this startling speech, he embedded his sword into the guts of the pest. With one glorious and heroic upward motion Krostor severed the beast into two.

Suddenly, after the creature perished, the air cleared up, the fields immediately became greener and the crops started growing. Seeing this, the remaining people of the North knew that the varmint had been defeated.

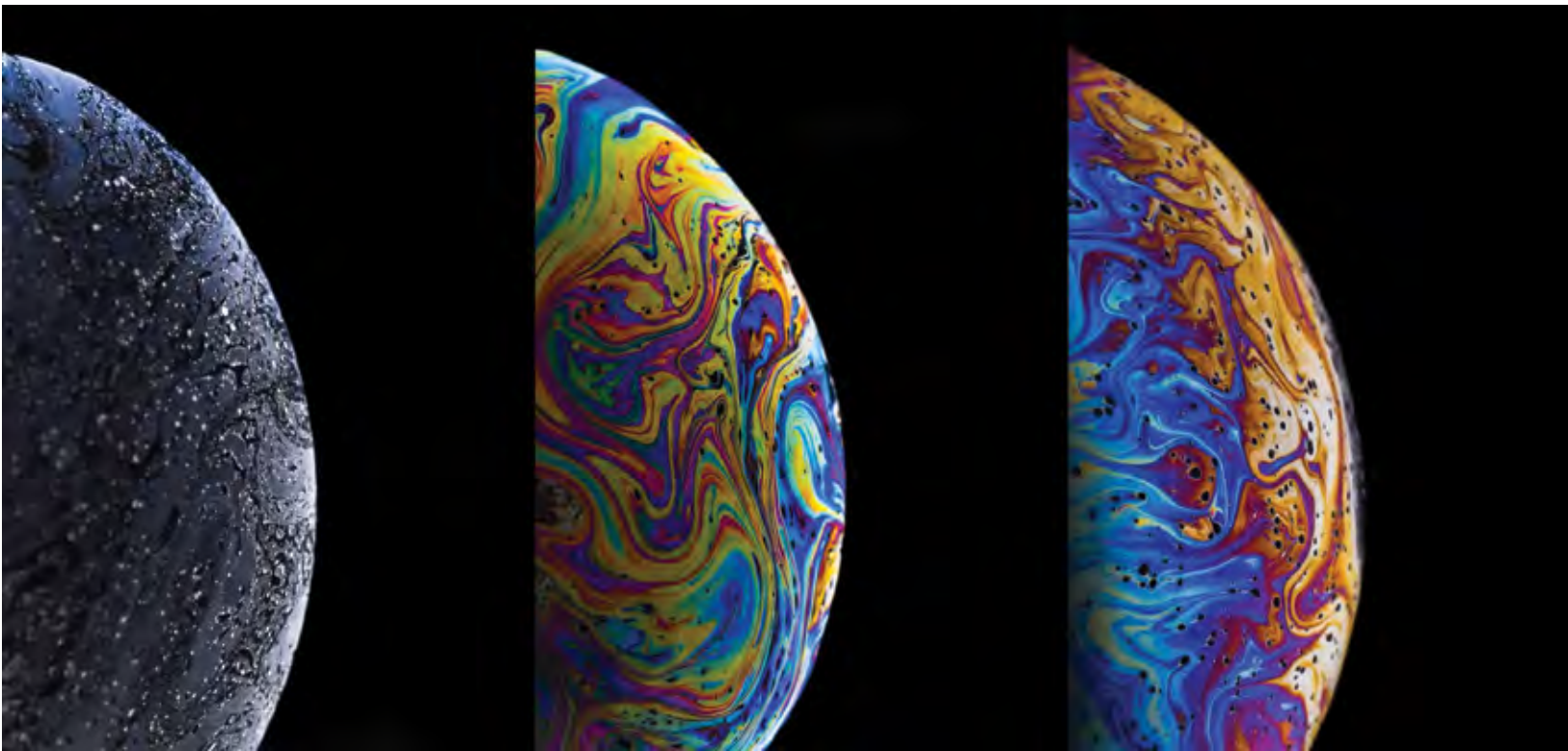
Krostor arrived at his home, discovering his parents in tears of pride. Not only did the family embrace each other with love, but all of the people of the North joined them, forming a gargantuan circle of love that could even be seen by Odin.

Krostor peeked down at his wounds but, despite his missing leg, there was not a scratch on him, healed by the power of his mighty sword.

Months later, the castle was repaired, everything was back to normal, but most importantly the people were happy again.

By the citizens of the North, Krostor became king. He was awarded the crown of Odin and received a dazzling walking stick, emblazoned with gems and engravements.

The North became the fruitful region that it once was, all because of the indomitable KROSTOR!!!!



Adamantine

Adrian Freiburg | Year 12

Macbeth: The musical

Aiden Carter | Year 10

INSPIRED BY MACBETH ACT 1, SCENE 5

DARKNESS.

MUSIC BEGINS.

TWO SPOTLIGHTS SHINE ON THE

CENTRES OF STAGE RIGHT AND LEFT RESPECTIVELY.

*LADY MACBETH AND MACBETH ARE SEEN
IN EACH SPOTLIGHT.*

MACBETH HOLDS PAPER AND A QUILL.

LADY MACBETH HOLDS A LETTER.

*MACBETH WRITES THE LETTER WHILE
DICTATING IT OUT LOUD.*

MACBETH (SUNG):

Bm F#

I met them after the battle,

G

They spoke to me.

D Em

They told me of things they couldn't have known.

Bm F#

They shouldn't have known.

G

I shouldn't know.

Bm F#

They vanished. I was left watching the wind.

G D Em

Thoughts of wonder and confusion

Bm

Inside of me

F# G

Swallowed me whole.

Bm F#

I don't know why but

G D Em

I'm lauded

Bm F#

And I'm hailed as Cawdor.

G

The real thane of Cawdor.

Bm F#

Fate has smiled on me!

G

As that's what the witches said

D Em

That's what the witches said

Bm F#

That's what the witches

G Gsus4

They told me.

C D/C

I didn't know this was my wish

Bm Em

But now it's here I grasp it.

C D/C

New dreams of power.

Bm B

I now can't wait.

F# F#/F F#/E F#/D#

To be king.

F# F#/F F#/E E6

To be king.

C#sus4 C# C#sus2 C#m

C#m
But it's in fate's hands now.
Keep it secret.
Bm
Goodbye and farewell.

*MACBETH'S SPOTLIGHT FADES AWAY.
LADY MACBETH TAKES SLOW STEPS TOWARDS THE CENTRE OF STAGE.
THE LIGHTS COME UP ON THE STAGE REVEALING HER BED AND
AN ARMOIRE.
WE ARE IN HER PERSONAL QUARTERS.*

LADY MACBETH (SUNG):

Bmin7
A letter, a letter from you
Bmin7/A
I was thinking about you, I know you knew.
Bmin7/G
My heart's open and sees only you
Bmin7/F#
This information, it's so much to think through.

Bmin7
But maybe there's something in this idea,
Bmin7/A
And though my eyes were glazed it's becoming more clear.
Bmin7/G
This is our destiny, there's no more to fear
Bmin7/F#
I've been quiet of ambition, let's discard the veneer.

Bmin7
Look, you're Thane of Cawdor now and soon you'll be
Bmin7/A
What you were promised by those mysterious three.
Bmin7/G
But I do fear your nature will stop thee
Bmin7/F#
From carrying out the deeds and doing them quickly.

F# F#/F F#/E F#/D# E6
You must be king! I must be queen . . . Never mind.

Bmin7
Look, forget about your dreams! Go get them that's the rhyme
Bmin7/A
Nothing is gonna happen if you just wait your time!
Bmin7/G
Look, I'm not saying go commit a crime . . .
Bmin7/F#
Just be around a certain man in the midst of night-time.

Bmin7
I get it your bones are just full of pride.
Bmin7/A
But what about a little something on the side?
Bmin7/G
I mean it's all up to you to decide,
Bmin7/F#
But why else would God let me become your bride?

C D/C
I didn't know this my wish
Bm
But now it's here I . . . What?!

Bmin7
How is it that you want to be great,
Bmin7/A
But you'll just wait for it to be served on a plate?
Bmin7/G
Maybe I could just pull some of the weight?
Bmin7/F#
Cause if you can't do it I'm not gonna wait.

Bm
If fate's the real problem then why do you wait?
If it's gonna happen anyway why not give it a date?

ATTENDANT ENTERS

Macbeth: The musical continued...

ATTENDANT:

Cmaj7
My lady the King is coming tonight.

LADY MACBETH:

Cmaj7
To this castle?

ATTENDANT:

Cmaj7
Yes my lady.

LADY MACBETH:

Cmaj7
But then where is Macbeth? He would have told me.

ATTENDANT:

Bmin7
They will be here soon. Macbeth sent a messenger.

LADY MACBETH:

Bmin7
I see. Well, have him seen to. Be off now.

Bmin7
He is coming, he is coming now.

Bmin7/A
Duncan will be here tonight.

Bmin7/G
Duncan will be here tonight.

Bmin7/F#
Duncan will be here tonight.

MACBETH ENTERS

LADY MACBETH:

Bmin7 F#
My worthy Cawdor
G
Welcome home.

D Em
Your letter has made me think of your throne.

MACBETH:

Bmin7 F#
I hope I can't guess what you're thinking –

G D Em
But yes, Duncan will be here tonight.

LADY MACBETH:

Bm
I know.

MACBETH:

No, stop.

LADY MACBETH:

F#
We have to . . .

MACBETH:

Do what?

LADY MACBETH:

G D Em
If fate's the real problem then why do you wait?

B F#
If it's gonna happen anyway –

G
Why not give it a date?

Bm
Duncan will be here tonight.

MACBETH:

F#
Duncan will be here tonight.

LADY MACBETH:

G
Duncan will be here tonight.

TOGETHER:

G/B
Duncan will be here.

MACBETH:

B
Duncan will be here.
B/B(flat)
Duncan will be here tonight.
B/A
Duncan will be here.
B/A(flat)

B
Will he put up a fight?

LADY MACBETH:

B
I don't know.

MACBETH:

Bm
Is this even right?

LADY MACBETH:

Bm
Does it matter?
G
What matters to me is, you matter to me.

Bm
When does he leave?

MACBETH:

Tomorrow.

LADY MACBETH:

F#	
Well,	
G	D Em
A new day is the perfect time for us to grieve.	
Bm	F#
Just keep acting normal.	Bm F#
G	D Em
As normal as you can be.	If it's gonna happen anyway
	G D D#5
	Why not give it a date?

MACBETH:

Em	
My love please stop!	I'll be . . .
Please think about what	F# F#/F
this could mean!	F#/E F# D#
Bm F#	Queen.
For us on the inside.	F# F#/F
G D Em	F#/E E6
For us on the other side.	I'll be queen.

Bm F#
I didn't know this was my wish,
G D Em
But now it's here I grasp it.
Bm F#
New dreams of power.
G D Em
I now can't wait!
Bm F#
But is it the right thing?
G D Em
Is it the good thing?
Bm F#
Old dreams of pride.
G D D#5
Can I wait?

LADY MACBETH:

G	D Em
If fate's the real problem then why do you wait?	
Bm	F#
If it's gonna happen anyway -	
G	D Em
Why not give it a date?	
G	D Em
If fate's the real problem then why do you wait?	

Macbeth: The musical continued...

To be . . .

F# F#/F

F#/E F# D#

King.

F# F#/F

F#/E E6

To be king.

LADY MACBETH:

Bm

Macbeth just listen

I know that this is all you've ever wanted.

Bm F#

A new day's sun will rise,

Bm F#

I see it in your eyes,

Bm F#

Just keep them on the prize,

-

And leave the rest

Bmin7 Cmaj7/B

To me!

Bm (button)



Duality

Nicolas Yule | Year 12



Is the intent of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights relevant to cultural relativism?

Aiden Carter | Year 10

When it comes to a discussion on the Universal Declaration of Human Rights it is important to remember the context in which it was created: the post-war world where international relations were shattered and the rights of the individual were not of paramount importance. Today, the document's positive outcome has been quite tangible: it has stopped world wars, protected cultural minorities and has minimised oppression and discrimination throughout lower socio-economic countries and regions.

Despite this, the Declaration has been seen by some as a document that manifested western cultural imperialism and denied other cultural and religious freedoms and doctrines. Even though this may not have been the intent of the committee, the debate between cultural relativism and universalism was sparked at this moment. It was argued that as the theory of cultural relativism states there is no objective truth in morality or rights, the idea of a universalist document is not something that should be applied to all. This point was reinforced by Dr Michael Ignatieff when he observed, 'The West now masks its own will to power in the impartial, universalising language of human rights and seeks to impose its own narrow agenda on a plethora of world cultures that do not actually share the West's conception of individuality, selfhood, agency, or freedom.'¹

Even though this may be the case, it was not the intent of the UDHR. Once the drafting committee realised that the Declaration might have a western bias, as underlined by the *List of Drafters of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights*, in relation to the members of that committee, they decided to create a second body – the Philosophers Committee.² This body was tasked with the study and discovery of other non-Western cultures to (try to) ensure that the document had a universal focus: that it wasn't just comprised of Western values for Western communities.

With consultation of scholars, religious leaders, philosophers and non-Western, non-Christian politicians, the committee was able to piece together a near-consistent narrative. So why is there still so much fuss around the supposed *universality* of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights?

In a modern context the universality of the Declaration doesn't seem to satisfy many Middle Eastern communities, especially in the context of religion and culture. In 1948, a Saudi Arabian UN delegate summed this up when he said [in the context of marriage], 'The authors of the draft declaration had, for the most part, taken into consideration only the standards recognised by western civilization and had ignored more ancient civilisations which were past the experimental stage, and the institutions of which, for example, marriage, had proved their wisdom through the centuries. It was not for the Committee to proclaim the superiority of one civilisation over all others or to establish uniform standards for all countries of the world.'³

In a paper written by Irene Oh, the connection between Islam and the universality of the Declaration is explained. Oh writes, 'Muslim voices helped to fashion – and overwhelmingly approved – the most iconic statement of human rights in existence today.'⁴ She proves that Muslim voices were heard when the charter was written, thus demonstrating that the tension isn't properly justified and that the two are somewhat compatible. Despite some obvious drawbacks in the actual drafting of the charter, in relation to minority cultures and religions, Oh explains that Muslim leaders were quick in adapting themselves to the new universal declaration. They created the Arabic phrase 'huquq al-insaniyya', meaning 'the right of humans', and apologised for any angst that their religion may have placed on the formation of the document and its outcome for individuals.

Back in 1947 as the Declaration was being written, the American Anthropological Association was quite sceptical about the concept, arguing that each culture has their own interpretation of rights and morals. To further explain this, the paper concluded, 'what is held to be a human right in one society may be regarded as anti-social by another people or by the same people in a different period of their history.'⁵ Today, the AAA react with embarrassment at the statement explaining that universal human rights are very important in the way that oppression and discrimination of individuals can be diminished.⁶ The very society that so vehemently discussed the problems with the Declaration at the time feel today that their issues were misplaced and not warranted.

The differences between the reactions of Oh, writing from a contemporary female perspective, the Saudi delegate, and the AAA, highlight that interpretations of relativism and universalism change over time and are influenced by issues such as gender, experience and values.

Therefore, is the anthropological discussion on relativism and universal human rights slowly dying down? Well, yes is the answer. In a modern context, cultural relativism – while important to ponder – does not, and should not, clash with universal human rights. While, as Jack Donnelly put it in *Cultural Relativism and Universal Human Rights*, there is a necessary tension between universalism and relativism,⁷ it should not be prioritised over the essential existence of universal human rights. Cultural relativism as a theory seems to make sense, but is also argumentatively unsound. While cultures should – and do – have the ability to demand rights in different ways or to slightly vary the declaration for want of tradition, the theory is not enough to dispute the fact that the Universal Declaration of Human Rights is a necessary document and one that applies to *all* of humanity.

¹ O'Connor, T. (2014). *Debating Human Rights – universal or relative to culture?* Retrieved 7 April 2020, from <https://developmenteducation.ie/blog/2014/02/debating-human-rights-universal-or-relative-to-culture/>

² Oh, I. (2011). *Islamic Voices and the Definition of Human Rights*. *Journal of Church and State*, 53(3), 376-400. Retrieved April 7, 2020, from www.jstor.org/stable/24708192

³ Johnson, G., Symonides, J. (1998). *The Universal Declaration of Human Rights: a history of its creation and implementation, 1948-1998*. Paris: Available from UNESDOC Digital Library.

⁴ Oh, I. (2011). *Islamic Voices and the Definition of Human Rights*. *Journal of Church and State*, 53(3), 376-400. Retrieved April 7, 2020, from www.jstor.org/stable/24708192

⁵ AAA. (1947). *1947 Statement on Human Rights*. Retrieved 5 April 2020, from <http://humanrights.americananthro.org/1947-statement-on-human-rights/>

⁶ Engle, K. (2001). *From Skepticism to Embrace: Human Rights and the American Anthropological Association from 1947-1999*. *Human Rights Quarterly*, 23(3), 536-559. Retrieved April 7, 2020, from www.jstor.org/stable/4489347

⁷ Donnelly, J. (1984). *Cultural Relativism and Universal Human Rights*. *Human Rights Quarterly*, 6(4), 400-419. doi:10.2307/762182



Powerful films prompt us to challenge our perception of the world we inhabit

Aiden Carter | Year 10

◆ We perceive the world we inhabit through visual and auditory stimuli, memories, experience, relationships. Film induces us to question and reflect deeply on our perceptions of the world. It enables us to experience worlds that are disconnected to our own but are nonetheless worthy of examination and consideration. This essay focuses on Chris Marker's French New Wave film *La Jetée* (1962). *La Jetée* challenges the audience's perception of reality, life and death and leaves us wondering how to perceive what we have just experienced. This essay discusses our perception of the world we inhabit through both visual and auditory means and our awareness of mortality and temporality.

La Jetée effectively uses the visual experience in order to express its themes and message. Film is made from single images, frames, moving at very fast speeds – 24 frames per second usually. However, in *La Jetée* Marker extends each frame, ultimately creating a work that is not even classified as a film but rather a photo-roman or 'picture-novel'. By slowing the pace, Marker gives the audience time to think and become engrossed in the narrative. The unusual delivery invites the audience to become immersed in the film rather than simply viewing it passively. In the same way that the protagonist is stuck in time, so the audience is in the images. In one sequence the protagonist and his partner wander around a museum viewing stuffed animals that are exhibited in a static, timeless manner.

In the shots, there is no real distinction between the taxidermal creatures and the characters, allowing the audience to decide whether the shots evoke life and animation in the deceased beings, or if they give deathly characteristics to the living characters. While the man and woman are portrayed as living, autonomous creatures, the camera suggests that they are no more alive than the taxidermal animals they are looking at. The scene adds to the ideas of inevitable death and existential existence present in the film: by its end, the audience will wonder if the man is trapped in time and sees himself die as a child, or if he even lived at all? Another visually powerful moment is when the woman is asleep in bed. Through a series of fast fades the illusion of movement and motion is created for her. The audience glimpses a single shot of motion: the woman blinks, looks at the camera and

smiles. This scene reinforces that, for the protagonist, the woman is his reality in time and place. She anchors the film for the audience in this timeline and foreshadows his desire to stay with her rather than travel into the future.

Sound is also vital to the rhythm and flow of the film. Due to the static nature of the visuals, the soundtrack is the only uninterrupted element of the film, and manages to strike a balance between minimalism that complements the imagery, and substance to stand alone and sustain the interest of the audience. In fact, if you were to close your eyes and listen to the soundtrack, you would arguably experience the film as if you yourself were the protagonist. The musical score, composed by Trevor Duncan, has become synonymous with *La Jetée* despite its origin as a stock score.

The sound effects in this film are also subtle and imbue a mysterious atmosphere. We hear recognisable, mundane sounds: the sounds of the airport and of footsteps. By highlighting these relatable sounds, but leaving those that may be novel to our imagination, the audience is encouraged to suffer with the protagonist and his desire to escape from his torture by entering a fabricated reality. The only instances of direct dialogue in the film are the voices of the neo-totalitarian German scientists. They are incomprehensible and vague in their delivery.

This makes the film seem detached from its characters much like the man is detached from his present timeline. The narration by a third-party voice highlights that the protagonist isn't in control of his life, which is being unfolded to him by a disembodied voice. This voice could be inside his head, describing a present from which he is desperate to withdraw. Marker's minimal sound design and Duncan's light orchestral score create a soundscape that can easily stand alone from the visuals and still impact the audience deeply.

La Jetée uses sophisticated philosophical themes in order to pose questions to the audience regarding themselves and their own mortality. The French New Wave genre is defined by films that revolutionised cinema norms through experimental editing, sound, hints of iconoclasm and messages of irony and existentialism. The genre

radically challenges our perception of what is good and right through political protest and the destruction of social mores. Accordingly, a motif used in *La Jetée* is that of statues. We see a brief montage of shattered human-shaped statues, symbolising the film's own fragmentation and the protagonist's own broken sense of self. The statues are shot to produce shadows under their eyes, very similar to the shots of the 'mad' prisoner earlier in the film. Thus, the audience can make the link between the hollowed eyes of the prisoners and that of the statues, recognising their almost deathly appearance and regarding them more as objects than autonomous beings.

These iconoclastic visions of the statues' destruction further reflect the historic and political ideas of this time in history. Some have said that the film is a reflection of the Paris Massacre of 1961 and of the police brutality occurring in French-colonised Algeria. The film tells the story of a man 'marked by an image from his childhood' that is eventually seen to be his own death. This is where the New Wave existentialist themes come into play in this film. Philosophically, what better way to portray his story than through still images with only the illusion of depth and movement? A photograph recreates an immediate memory of the past and while mainstream films ask the audience to suspend disbelief and accept that these actions may be happening in the present, still images have an inevitability that points particularly to the past. One shot that encapsulates this view of mortality is that of the pigeons. Mid-flight, the pigeons seems frozen, paralysed and lifeless. Much like the animals in the museum, this image hints towards the ideas of inevitable death and temporality.

Through its use of existential themes, *La Jetée* is both entertaining and thought-provoking. The audience is empowered to question the nature of their own reality and mortality. *La Jetée* has combined innovative visual techniques, a compelling sound design and score, and a strong narrative thread, to create a film that challenges our perceptions of the world we inhabit.



Epsilini: The fall

Aiden Love | Year 10

For nearly two decades, the Kaiser has ruled our planet from the capital. Two decades of toil, struggle and pain. In Genroa, where I come from, humanity is lost, and the powerful dictatorship moulds their community into an ideal shape. When the Kaiser took over, a few of us managed to escape and we took refuge under the ice shelf that covers the dark side of Epsilini, our tidally locked planet. We can only live around the terminator. Go too far east, and you'd get frizzled to a crisp in the eternal desert of heat, go too far west, and you'll turn into an ice statue. I had to leave my family behind when the Kaiser took the capital. You see, they are part of the 'followers'. That is, they believe the Kaiser is a force of good, doing everything to maintain the perfect world, the world before the energy crisis, an ordered society. A wondrous place with rolling hills, peppered with freckles of flowers that stretch to the horizon – reaching out to touch the gentle clouds swirling above – I dream about it sometimes . . . but I always wake to the jagged icy-blue reality of our hideout underneath the frozen ocean.

We live here partly in fear and partly in hope. Every year, at the solstice, all citizens are required under strict law to travel to the capital for Sacrifice. There are 17 birth dates read out and all born on those dates are sentenced to death, a necessity for the wellbeing of the planet to reduce the amount of resources and energy consumed by the people. That said, us outsiders are granted hardly any as the capital stockpiles the rest for 'emergency', but we all know that they lavishly keep it for personal use. The three districts out of the capital's 'impenetrable' wall have descended into poverty and crime, as people fight over control of the limited resources remaining.

I went to the surface two days ago on a scouting mission with Tara, a friend I met when I arrived here. She was the only one keeping me sane in this time. We had only been allowed 10 minutes to check the surroundings, but it was more than enough to see the impact of the Kaiser's totalitarian rule. Gnarled, weedy fingers protruded from a rippling lake, the empty mining caverns ghost-quiet, a silence so loud, it penetrated the soul. In the distance, the electric glow of the capital loomed over the border wall. The smog was a phantom, creeping across the sky and enveloping all in its blanket of doom. A blanket choking and covering the atmosphere, keeping the heat inside. Ethereal beams of sunlight weakly shone down onto the wasteland, meekly brushing the flattened soil. We were radioed to turn back.

Our footsteps echo off the glassy ice as we descend into the dark, wet tunnel. The white cracks in the ice catch my attention. There is more than last time we came. We can hear a faint boom not far above us; a dark shadow is moving on the roof of the tunnel, jagged scars of icy cracks spider on the roof.

'Run! Tara, run!' I scream, but she is frozen in her tracks, in fear of what lies above the ice. I'm already halfway down the tunnel and Tara has still not moved. A deafening crash knocks me off my feet and I taste metal. Sirens wail, loud shouts cloud my head. I desperately glance back where Tara used to stand. A mountain of ice lies in her place. Blinding light streams in from a monstrous hole in the ceiling. A dark figure advances, crunching sole to muddy moistened slush, sending a chill down my back. It towers over me. I can see his face now. His brow furrowed, fraught with desperation. In my dazed state I can't make out who it is, but I can just see the orange logo of the capital on his breast pocket.

Lying face down, my body paralysed against the plane's hard metal floor, my heart in my throat, the static hum of the propellers whining in my ear, my adrenaline gives in as I let out a muffled croaking shout. All I know is that the capital got me, but the ice blocked their way down the tunnel. I just hope that the hideout is safe. I fade into restless sleep, tossing and turning, wild dreams passing in and out of my conscience. I am confused and worried and, all the while, the question of whether Tara is still alive burns in the back of my mind.

I wake up to a pristine room. The whiteness is a searchlight, peering down on my body, inspecting me, as if it knows all that I know. I hear the creak of a door being opened and the same dark figure who captured me walks in. I try to raise my hand in protest but I'm too weak to move. He pulls his hood off and short curls of blond hair greet my surprise. I knew that I had seen them before, but I couldn't picture where. His chesty, deep, mellow voice whispers softly in my ear. The voice of my brother who went to work for the capital when he was of age. A once familiar voice turned foreign.

'Charlotte, you're safe now. I've taken you out of the clutches of the rebellion. We're in the capital.'

I let out a feeble sigh. 'Jake, look at yourself, look at what you've become, a tool of the Kaiser, obeying every order. They have exploited you.'

'No . . . you're wrong. The Kaiser is good,' he retorts.

'Jake, you need to see the truth. Inside your utopia capital, you could have all you could ever want, but that wall shrouds you from the reality of the truth. Us outsiders, we are measly insects, our bandy legs being ripped off until our pale smooth underbelly remains to crushed. Jake, do you know what the capital does to us, every year, at the solstice? You think of it as a party, but for us outsiders, it is a sacrifice. Millions of us are cast aside as the capital revels in their wealth, exploiting the resources that are soon to be gone. If this continues, we all will perish,' I say. 'Help me defeat the capital, defeat the Kaiser. Help me restore peace to Epsilini. Join me and the rebellion and we will take down the capital from the inside out!'

'Charlotte, I can't do that. I am loyal to the capital and I would be exiled if I joined you. How about you and I live in the capital and not have to deal with the outside anymore. How do you feel about that?'

'How I feel? I'll tell you how I feel, how all of us feel. We are birds with no wings, we are cheetahs without legs, we are tortoises without shells, falling, blindly, unprotected, drowning in the capital. Wake up from your reality Jake! It's not like the old times anymore. Our world is changed. I need you to come with me and take down the Kaiser. If you don't . . . I'll do it myself.'

'B . . . but . . . Fine, I . . . I'll do it.'

'Good.'

We scurry through the overhead scaffolding in the headquarters of the main government tower. Jake used to be the air conditioning specialist before he got promoted, so he knows his way around. He stops abruptly and I can see a vent up ahead in the floor of the tunnel.

'That's the control room, where all the decisions happen' he says. 'The Kaiser spends most of his time in there when he has nothing else to do.'

'So you're just going to go in there and kill him?' I question.

'Yes.'

'What with?'

'I have a knife on my belt. I'll use that.'

We split up and I hear the ring of the metal as the knife is drawn from its sheath. Out of the corner of my eye I see Jake scurrying around the corner and over to the vent on the other side of the room. I will go in and lock the door and he will go for the kill. He taps on the metal twice.

'That's the signal,' I tell myself as I lift off the cover of the vent and lower myself into the room. It's pitch black. I didn't realise it was night. I guess I lost track of time when I was here. I see Jake's silhouette streak across the back of the room. He is a cat, slinking around the furniture just out of reach of his prey. I scramble over to the doors of the chamber and a high-pitched beep pierces the silence as they lock. Jake arrives behind the Kaiser's chair. A feeling of redemption courses through my gut. He turns the chair around and brings the knife down, slicing across the Kaiser's throat. His crinkly, calm, wet face contorts into pain as he awakes from his sleep. Frothing milky lips, sputtering, guttering. A deathly vision of fear leaving his face, exposing the inky eyes rolling into blackness, the body falls limp, a hanging weight. The Kaiser is dead.

Epilogue

After Charlotte defeated the Kaiser, she created freedom for all citizens of Epsilini and tore down the capital wall so all districts could interact and be reinstated in society. All citizens were granted plentiful supplies of food, water and energy in repayment for their exile in the districts. She also got rid of the yearly sacrifice so that people would never have to worry about being killed again.

However, over the next few years, the resources began to run out from the larger intake of the growing population. Charlotte, still basking in the people's glory, decided to ignore these warning signs and keep giving the people what they wanted. In the end, she joined the Kaiser after the citizens realised that their planet had totally run out of resources for people to live. Even though the Kaiser's ways were immoral, the measures put in place to keep the planet sustainable had stopped its ultimate demise from overpopulation and the escalating effect of the energy crisis.

Six years after Charlotte's ascent to power, all life on Epsilini perished as the greenhouse gases melted the frozen ocean. The melted ice rose the sea level above the dam wall, flooding the entire planet, drowning everything. Yet this pushed the planet out of its tidal lock, causing it to rotate.

Epsilini's only hope now is the primitive creatures frozen in the ice that lived before the last ice age.



Two more logs

Anton Lising | Year 10

World War II

Japan-occupied China

Unit 731

They were led in slowly. The cold stone floor of the chamber was encrusted with a layer of dried human excrement and fluids which protruded angularly against the soles of her feet. Told coldly to stand on the spot in the middle, she obeyed unquestioningly and ensured her infant son did the same. She'd learned that resisting was only a waste of her time and theirs. She looked to her child, the result of her previous suffering. Beauty born from pain. He looked back at her, an expression of confusion in those innocent, undeserving eyes as the white-draped figures closed the door. All she could do was smile back at him, a single tear escaping her hold. She knew not what was to be done. Yet she knew what was to become of them.

A guard seemed to give a signal, a gesture to go ahead with the proceedings. Collectively the suited men turned to face her and the child. She had never felt so vulnerable, even after all they had done. But it was different this time, she didn't care for herself, but for her child. She closed her eyes and squeezed the tiny hand of her helpless son, steeling herself for what was to come. The glass door sealed shut, pressurising the sickening chamber.

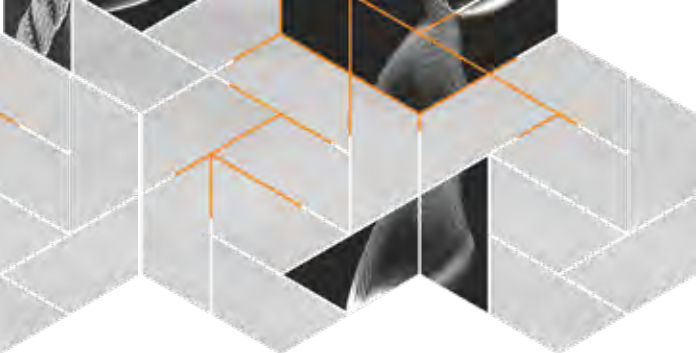
Breathe.

A hissing sound escaped from obscured corners of the room; the sound's origin untraceable over the blood racing in her ears. A translucent, shapeless creature slithered from the walls of the room itself, the sterile

hissing growing louder. It caressed her trembling shoulder, encircled her waist, climbed up her leg – a cold, wriggling snake of a thing. She squeezed her son's tiny hand tighter, cold sweat rendering her grip loose and slippery. Her hand was white with the pressure, or was it the fear? But the creature stopped for no one. Around her neck, it lapped at her throat and she swallowed. Finally, mercilessly, it reached her mouth. Her eyes startled open, wide with fear. Gas, she knew it. Her eyes darted around the room frantically. It was pouring from the walls, an unstoppable, merciless carpet of misery. She felt her body growing weak. No. Not like this. She gasped, realising her hands were open – no small palm sought refuge in them now. No! She looked down to her pale feet and there he was. A foetal heap on the filthy floor, a writhing, helpless heap. She sprawled immediately over him, holding her breath to the deathly stench. Smothered him, anything to protect her baby boy. Momentarily it appeared to be working. His convulsions subsided beneath her, yet she could still feel the beat of that tiny heart.

She exhaled in relief.

She realised her mistake. She screamed as the gas filled her lungs, screamed for help, for anything to cease the pain. Her lungs burned, a torturous inferno swirling within. She gasped uncontrollably, but only the gas greeted her dying organs. She too began to spasm, as the pitiless men behind the masks watched on, unmoving. Behind their masks they pretended to not hear her desperate pleas. As she writhed, she could no longer protect her son. She would die right there for him if she could, sacrifice it all, but his containment was breached as she gasped for breath involuntarily, only to receive yet another agonising dose of their noxious poison. Beneath her, the desperate, violent movements of her baby boy began again, but she was useless to help him. Grief flooded her body, mixing with the chemicals which raced through her blood.



She realised his fate, an innocent boy, her own demise: a moment of sorrowful clarity through the unrelenting anguish. The hissing had stopped, yet the gas remained anchored, sitting there sluggishly, defiant.

A faint otherworldly glow emanated from within the damned chamber, a green lustre mirrored on their masks. The two were now but silhouettes against the layers of thick noxious haze – some kind of perverted blanket. Light refracting against the gas cast ghoulish green caricatures on the walls in the semidarkness – a demented shadow puppet performance. They looked at each other, their bodies still engulfed in the sickly sea. ‘Why?’ His eyes seemed to call to her. Tears streamed down the side of her empty, hanging face, now devoid of colour in the wanness. Her eyes stung, pupils dilated, she could barely see. One last time she looked at her executioners, and screamed. She screamed for herself, her sanity, for her child who had no voice: ‘Why?’ The sound was guttural, almost animal – piercing the conscience of anyone unfortunate enough to hear it. Her cries muffled their way clumsily through the seal of the glass door. A face wide with terror was reflected in the apathetic visors of the faceless. The men hid within their suits. Behind the masks of some, eyes grew watery and tears slowly began to trace the contours of faces – tears that would never be seen nor acknowledged by another soul. They maintained their outward rigour.

The distinctive thud of a body slumping to the ground.

Suddenly the sterile scratches of pen to clipboard were the only noises that reached the ears of the scientists. Their subjects were silenced. It was with unspoken, unanimous decision that the masked ones left the scene, each man denying what they had witnessed; what they had done. The two bodies lay there limply – just two more logs that fell from the lumbermill that day.



Latrell heads to South Sydney in hope of new beginnings

Ed Neale | Year 10

After what seemed like a mystery, the playing future of Latrell Mitchell has been settled, with the up and coming star signing with South Sydney Rabbitohs.

With a year left on his contract and having only recently been released immediately from his former team the Sydney Roosters, Latrell has been the hot topic of discussion for all teams and their future. The 22-year-old has been unsure for months on end on who to play with in the upcoming 2020 season. From the moment the star was released up until he landed a contract with South Sydney, multiple clubs offered large amounts of money for his skills and uncanny ability to play the game of rugby league. Most notable was the offer from the West Tigers which consisted of a four-year deal of \$4 million.

However, despite the large sum of money he snubbed the Concord club over fears he would ultimately regret the decision in years to come. In an interview with 7 News Mitchell stated, 'I never thought moving to the Tigers would be good for me, my family or my playing career. I'm not about the money.' Having knocked back South Sydney's initial offer of \$600,000 a year, Mitchell finally agreed to become a Rabbitoh after receiving a revised deal worth an estimated \$1.4 million. South Sydney part owner Russell Crowe and general manager Shane Richardson were not only astounded by Latrell's previous performances and achievements but believed strongly in the values Latrell could add to the Redfern community.

Mitchell is often recognised as one of the most naturally gifted players in the sport of rugby league and, having achieved so much by the age of 22, the future is looking as bright as ever. Last year Latrell not only finished his season with another premiership but as the NRL's top point scorer. As a result of these immense achievements, he was awarded with the 2019 Dally M Centre of the Year and was named in all representative squads for which he was eligible, including the Australian squad, Indigenous squad and the NSW Blues squad. Having achieved so much in such a short time (96 career games) the young star will make a fantastic addition to the Souths side – and will hopefully be what critics predict as 'the final piece to the premiership puzzle'. In an interview conducted by 9News, Shane Richardson states, 'He has the ability to be one of the best players in the world and from our discussions with him he understands that it's going to take a lot of hard work and effort for him to be at his best consistently and to reach his full potential.'

In addition to his exciting and unpredictable playing style on the field, Latrell is heavily involved with the Indigenous community and states that moving to Redfern is heavily tied to this decision.

Mitchell has already begun pre-season training with his new club and the community can't seem to get enough of it. Consistently watching Latrell's every move and welcoming him with the typical 'How do you do?', not only do the fans approve of his move but Latrell himself has seen the change in location as the 'best possible decision he's made for his future'. However, the choice of moving to the Bunnies goes far beyond what the team will add to his ability or the fan base – it will also be a big boon for the Indigenous community and, most important of all, Mitchell's family.

With Redfern being one of Sydney's strongest Indigenous communities, and with Latrell tied so closely to his background, the move to South Sydney couldn't come any quicker. In Mitchell's first interview for South Sydney he stated, 'I saw the way the club played and I just wanted to be a part of it. I have so many great friends including James Roberts, Alex Johnson and Cody Walker and I saw the way they treated their families. I aspire to be like that.' Later in the conference he was finally asked the hard-hitting question, the question everyone was asking: 'What was it that saw you move to the Bunnies?' In classic Mitchell fashion he answered:

'I value what the Rabbitohs do and provide for the Indigenous community, it's truly empowering. For me that's what I wanted to do the most and the message I want to send; being a proud Indigenous man.'

Latrell continued to address some of the political issues with being Aboriginal, saying, 'It's up to us to close the gap between Indigenous and non-Indigenous and I'm just playing my part.'

However, having recently been confirmed to play fullback in the upcoming season the questions still looms – will Latrell fill the shoes of former fullback Greg Inglis?

The signing of Latrell Mitchell to the South Sydney Rabbitohs was about much more than money, as evinced in his decision to knock back a million-dollar deal from Wests Tigers. Not only does the star have a father who is a former Souths player but a community which he would be honoured to play with and for. This is none other than the indigenous community, a group which Latrell shares tight bonds with. Here's hoping the 2020 season will indeed be the 'Latrell Show'.



Drygrip

Nicholas Bulley | Year 12

Retake on the murder of Duncan

James McGregor | Year 10

It's 3am in Macbeth's castle and on the smooth carpet floor, down the hallway of the top floor, lies two unconscious guards. The drugs slowly move around the bodies of each of them, covered in the evil fingerprints of Lady Macbeth. All other guests are in deep sleep from the many glasses of wine which had been consumed earlier, the alcohol still intoxicating their bloodstream. Macbeth's castle is asleep, bar one of the rooms.

'Oh, Macbeth the time is now or never, your chance to be king has finally fallen into place,' Lady Macbeth quietly whispers into Macbeth's ear, while she lays next to him in her bed sipping on her overpriced glass of red wine.

'I don't know if I have the capability to follow through with such a cruel act,' Macbeth responds in an embarrassed voice, feeling as though he has let down the love of his life.

'You have got to be joking,' she responds angrily, jumping up from where she is lying.

'Shhhh, you will awaken the castle,' Macbeth rejoins with a concerned look on his face, placing his hand on her shoulder, making an attempt to calm her down.

'I can't believe you, are you truly a man, or are you a mouse?' Lady Macbeth retorts angrily.

'How dare you question my manhood; I am a man and a half to anyone that sees me, and I am the champ of anyone that see me.'

'A man and a half he reckons. At the moment you're not acting like half of a man,' Lady Macbeth says haughtily. 'If you were so much of a man you would do what a true man would do in the situation, killing the king, so you can be honoured as the new and deserved leader of this land. It is just staring you in the eyes and all you have to do is grab it.'

'But do I deserve it? Especially to kill for it? It's not right and what if they find out? I will be killed for the act of murder.'

'But they won't find out, no one will know it was us,' Lady Macbeth assures him with confidence, looking straight into his concerned face.

'We will carry on as if we had nothing to do with such a vile act, and we will place the bloody daggers on the guards that lie outside the king's room, so no one will question us. Now are you in?'

They both sit in silence on the bed looking straight into each other's eyes, Lady Macbeth eagerly waiting for the response of Macbeth.

'Alright it's settled, I'll kill him,' Macbeth replies hesitantly, dropping his head to his chest.

'Aaah, he is a man,' Lady Macbeth exhales with a sigh of relief as she places a dagger into the hands of her husband.

Macbeth stood up from where he sat and gazed deep into the handle of the dagger. As he walked he couldn't say anything to his wife, who just sat still and watched. In the short walk to Duncan's room, all he thought about was why, just why? Out front he lowered one of his hands towards the door handle leading into the room of Duncan, looking down left and right at the two guards jumbled up between one another, drugged by the evil mind of his wife. As he twisted his hand, he had an epiphany. He physically couldn't do it. He just couldn't. He carefully lifted his hand back off the doorknob, trying not to make much noise and he hobbled with his head deep into his chest back to the room in which Lady Macbeth was waiting so intensely.

As he entered the room, she jumped from the bed and questioned, 'Is the deed done?'

Macbeth held the still clean dagger in front of her eyes and said with confidence, 'No I can't do it, I can't, and I won't, not today, not any other day.'

'I can't believe you.' Lady Macbeth spat angrily as she stormed passed Macbeth, snatching the dagger out of his hands and heading out the room.

As she exited Macbeth seemed frozen deep in thought. He tried to lift his arm towards his wife, he wanted to stop her, but he couldn't, he was powerless to stop the murder.

In the far reaches of the castle he heard Duncan's cry.



Unhinged

Charlie Nicholas | Year 12

The French New Wave – an analysis and discussion of its effect on modern cinematic production

Lachlan Griffiths | Year 10

◆ The French New Wave burst onto the cinematic spectrum in the late 1950s, fuelled by a conglomeration of middle-class Sorbonne dropouts, joined by their champagne socialism and fondness for Fritz Lang. This was a mostly male and confusingly disjointed group, a common theme being the disregard for the studio system and the 'leading man' of American filmmaking. The major proponents of the Nouvelle Vague style were Jacques Rivette, Jean-Luc Godard, Alain Resnais and Agnes Varda, although the movement is so ill-defined that any attempt to catalogue its members would be a futile one.

The French New Wave was born out of the world of post-war France, where the life of the young individual was devoid of entertainments – the exception being that of the cinema. These temples, such as the Champo and Grand Rex, were the entire world for a generation of disaffected French men and women: it was where like-minded individuals could congregate to watch and discuss American flicks. A feature of the system during this period was that films were often played on a seemingly endless loop for weeks at a time and this, coupled with the price of a ticket being only a few centimes, meant that a good deal of French were raised on a healthy and balanced diet of celluloid parenthood. Out of this dusty haze of a conjoined loathing for the overly commercial world of the Hollywood system emerged the writers of French cinema magazine, *Cahiers du Cinema*, with their shared rejection of the *Tradition de Qualite* helping to further the expressionistic desires of young New Wave filmmakers.

Also essential to the creation of the New Wave movement was the distinctly French institution of the 'Cinema Club'. These noble congregations allowed a safe haven for Parisian youth in addition to places for people to congregate and examine film. These clubs and magazines lit a fire of creativity, which ultimately led these budding film theorists to cross the floor and produce films of their own. Chronologically, the first of these was Agnes Varda's 1955 picture *La Pointe Courte*, although this was not released until 2008. Even the established *paterfamilias* of the movement, Claude Chabrol's *Le Beau Serge*, was not released until '58 making it implausible in being the first New Wave film.

Now that we've gotten the history out of the way, it's important for the reader to properly ascertain the exact constitution of a New Wave film. Some noted characteristics of the movement include jump cuts, non-linear storytelling (eat your heart out, Tarantino), and non sequiturs. An example of this technique is the fun fair in *The 400 Blows* (Truffaut, 1959). Perhaps the most important technique is the wonderful principle of *camera stylo*. This term, coined by film theorist Alexandre Astruc, argues that the camera should be employed in much the same way that an author employs the pen: not only as an independent observer of the film, but also as a constituent part of the picture, and a stylistic trademark of a director. In *camera stylo* we see the birth of the auteur, a principle employed, often to unnecessary lengths, by Wes Anderson, Paul Thomas Anderson and Quentin Tarantino. A by-product of these tendencies by modern directors has, in the view of the author, led to a dilution of the original idea of the auteur, and thus its oversaturation in modern cinema.

Equally important to the New Wave are the themes explored by the films themselves. New Wave films tend to deal with ideas of youth disaffection and the rigid mores of French society. As well as this, much of the subject matter of the New Wave is explored, by directors and critics alike, through a distinctly Marxian lens. Indeed, Marxist and Maoist thought is present in much of the New Wave, with its ideologues including Truffaut's Antoine Doinel, the downtrodden proletarian, mistreated by the cruel and impersonal state, Godard's Michel, the bitter kulak of sorts, his wealth birthed by crime and self-centeredness. Finally, we encounter Ferdinand (it's not Pierrot!), the spoiled and arrogant petit bourgeois, with all opportunities laid on a platter, but with a desire for more. Godard, and to an extent, Varda, are the most communistic of the New Wave filmmakers, with Jean-Luc's 1970's adventures at sausage factories and African rebellions serving as the highest criticisms of the capitalist system. It is interesting to note that Truffaut's filmography, which explores ideas of dissatisfaction with capitalistic society, never goes as far as to outright criticise the principles thereof.

It is in the political leanings of the films that we also find one of their least desirous factors: the downright sexism and misogyny which plague many of the films. These attitudes towards women pervade mostly Godard's work, exemplified by Paul Javal's tendency to engage in ruthless and evil domestic violence as well as the ignorance displayed by Mr Parvulesco in *A bout de Souffle*. These beliefs, many of which are prevalent in films made by male members of the movement, can leave a bad taste in the mouth of audiences.

It would not be an essay on the New Wave without a mention of its rebellious offshoot, the Left Bank. This movement has not been mentioned until this point mainly because of the major differences between it and the New Wave. Left Bank films tend to be overtly political, whilst the Right Bank is rather covert. They also deal with far more obtuse subject matter and do so in a much less linear way to the regular New Wave. This attitude is exemplified in Chris Marker's *La Jetee*, told in a series of pictures with an accompanying voiceover. This is in contrast to the dialogue-heavy New Wave pictures. These Left Bank films also eschew many of the typical characterisations of the New Wave, with many of their characters being notably powerless, while a Nouvelle Vague director would often attempt to obfuscate the audience's perception of someone as powerless to change their situation.

The French New Wave was a varied movement, and many of its effects were felt in the movements that came after it. Yet, the question still remains, what effect, if any, did the New Wave have on modern cinema? The New Wave was the final nail in the coffin of Old Hollywood, and made editing techniques such as jump cuts and close-ups more accepted by the wider community. It allowed filmmakers to behave in a more daring manner to that in which they would have before, with respect both to shooting style and subject matter. Therefore, French New Wave films were a significant catalyst for 21st-century cinematic developments.



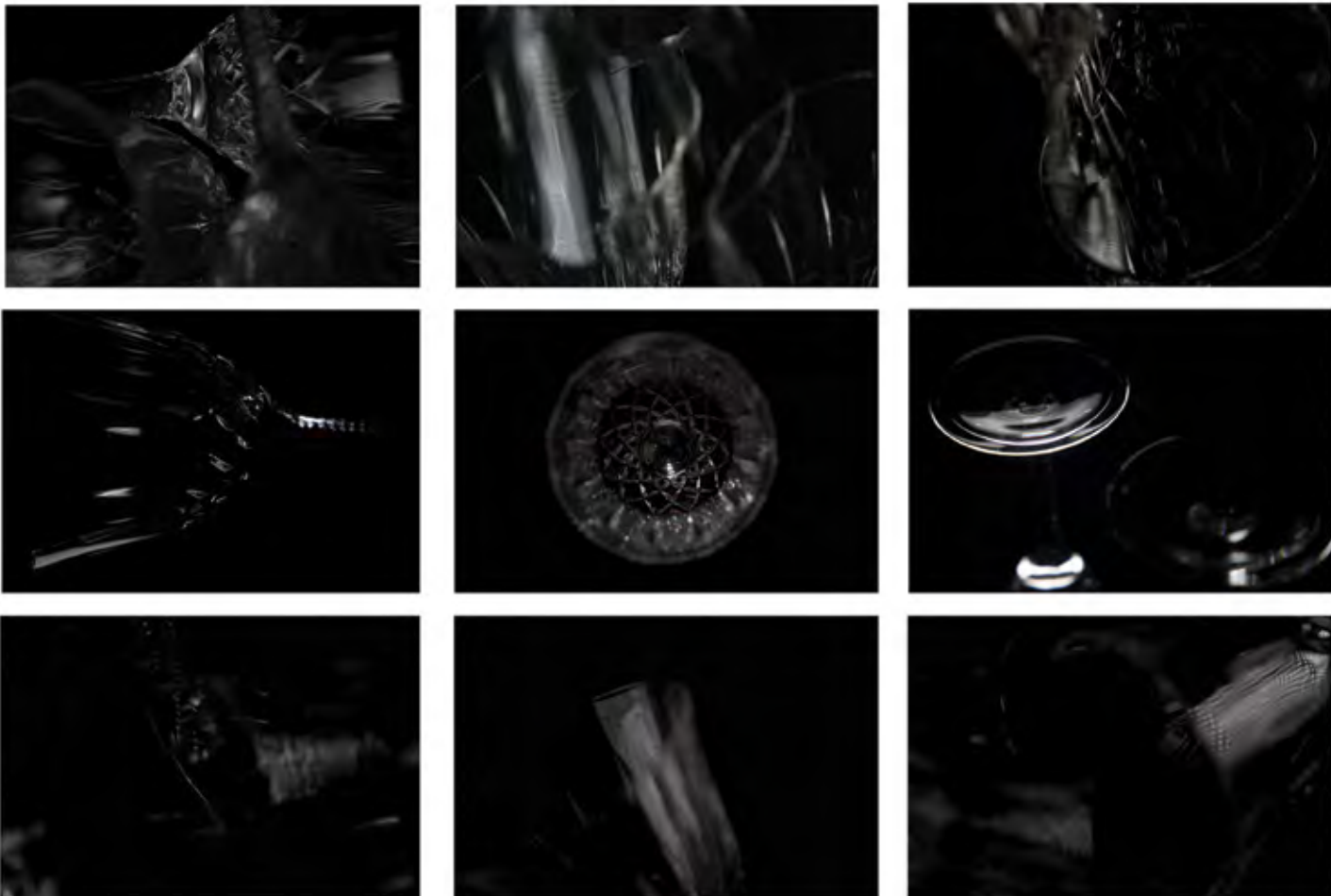
Thoughts on Frank O'Hara's *Ave Maria*

Manav Kalra | Year 10

Frank O'Hara's *Ave Maria* explores the importance of the cinema in our lives, explaining to the 'Mothers of America' to take their children to the cinema as it provides a stimulating experience, while still being safe, so that the parents can achieve privacy in their own lives: 'they won't know what you're up to'. He supports this by explaining all the good that cinema it does for the adolescent body, stating that the movie theatre's 'fresh air is good for the body', and further explaining that it will also help the children achieve some critical distance from their parents.

Throughout the poem, he constantly compares the idea of 'growing old' with the cinema, imagining his audience as 'embossed by silvery images [so] when you grow old as grow old you must they won't hate you'. O'Hara often uses enjambment to create a quicker tempo to engage his the audience, the 'Mothers of America', to agree with the advice given, with dashes of wit and sarcasm. Extending the 'silver' screen of the cinema to the grey hairs of the old, O'Hara implies that the cinema is a quintessential aspect of a healthy family, since even as even as you grow old, the children (now substantially older) will remember those expeditions to the cinema.

O'Hara also considers the opposite situation, in which the children are not allowed to watch the movies at the cinema, by using evocative language to suggest that the family will break up due to this prohibition: 'So don't blame me if you won't take this advice and the family breaks up and your children grow old and blind in front of a TV set seeing movies you wouldn't let them see when they were young.' Once again, O'Hara, links the cinema to old age, however in this iteration, the cinema is seen as a medicine and himself the doctor. Within these last few lines, O'Hara's diagnosis is that the way to cure blindness from TV sets and to cultivate a good relationship with your children is to take them to the movies.



MiFS

Dhruv Kumar | Year 12

Late Style in *The Wind Rises*

Marco Costantino | Year 10

◆ *The Wind Rises* is an animated film made by director Hayao Miyazaki and Studio Ghibli. The initial release was 20 July 2013 and then in Australia and New Zealand in 2014. This film was meant to be Miyazaki's retirement film and was based on his manga *The Wind Rises*, the novel *The Wind Has Risen* (1937) and the life of Jiro Horikoshi. However, he came out of retirement to create the film *How Do You Live?*, which would be released in 2020.

The film revolves around an aspiring pilot named Jiro Horikoshi. Unfortunately Horikoshi cannot fulfil his dream due to his nearsightedness. After hearing this news, he becomes interested in plane design and goes to study aeronautical engineering upon reading about the Italian aircraft designer Giovanni Battista Caproni. He grows interested in aeronautical design when Caproni appears in his dream saying building planes is better than flying them.

This film takes place in a very realistic world, which is unnatural for Miyazaki because many of his other films have twisted and fantasy worlds with unrealistic and improbable plots. This reflects Edward Said's theory of late style which posits that artists often re-evaluate and change their style in their later work – and that they often draw upon their childhood and earliest memories to do so. In Miyazaki's case, these changes reflect his childhood and many of his interests. Miyazaki has described how, upon learning of his father's role in WWII aircraft design, he felt guilty that his family profited from Japan's endeavours in the war.

During the film, Horikoshi marries Naoko, a young woman with tuberculosis. This is another part of the film we can trace back to Miyazaki's childhood. This illness was very common during WWII and Miyazaki's mother had it. Although she didn't die, unlike Naoko, she got it right when Miyazaki started school. This created an experience where his mother was badly sick in hospital for three years. These two scenarios are not exactly the same, but they explain the emotional resonance of Naoko's story for Miyazaki.

The Wind Rises is an amazing film. The animation and the story really tears at the viewer's emotions. Miyazaki's late style also offers us powerful insights into his own childhood and the problems he faced. I would recommend this film to anyone and hope they enjoy it as much as I do.

Lightyears (1)

Dhruv Kumar | Year 12

Bastille Day in Baghdad

Sameer Aziz | Year 10

TITLE CARD – BASTILLE DAY IN BAGHDAD.

TITLE CARD – 14th JULY 1958.

INT. IRAQI MILITARY BIVOUAC - DAY

A British broadcast appears on the television in a large tent structure.

REPORTER

(in a Trans-Atlantic accent)

Crisis in Mid-East as Lebanon's government collapses in one of the most highly contested regions in the world. President Eisenhower of America has expressed its own-

The television is turned off. WE PAN around the tent to see a figure rise from a chair. He is seated in front of the other commanders. This is QASIM, the leader of these men.

QASIM

Mark, my friends.

Mark, for too long we've shuddered under a regime that seeks a concord partisan unjust.

That allows the seeds of time to be spoiled by adversaries; alien and domestic. For this hushed foreign levy has made of us a quagmire from which both worlds suffer. I have seen Him in the watch-fires, I have seen't him at the altar; and I've made of him a decree, that passed down shall make a 'saudade' of our struggle. His truth is marching on. Have you an obstruction for this verisimilitude and truth? Have you become enamored with the gold-borne layogenic?

WE LOOK back at the other generals. They all shake their heads in agreement.

QASIM

Then between the Euphrates, between the Tigris; come you, men of wise decorum, and see forth that the sycophantic leech be drained of its life. Tis' be but a mortal man's decree.

(pause)

We have done with hoeing fraud, we have done with hoeing sin; When the boy-king hears our chants, he shall think it's Gabriel's horn.

(He thinks he still has to convince some generals.)

Father Nasser hushed as he saw, the world-pains we do face. The dormant rock he slashed, hath loosened a river ore; come hasten to see of it, a ruling made accord'. Have we seen to it, victory does come follow it; and venture forth to domain unconquered. Our lives can be lost, our bones may break; but the message he sang to us, is hoppin' on the olive groves. If it be kismet, our deaths will bless our saintly deluge; it survives yet so in every child's heart. No king or no governor, no viceroy or no president, no priest or no plutocrat could ever keep it still. Locked there in the hearts of every man, woman, child is the uncorrupt' dream that this universe does know.

CUT TO:

INT. IRAQI PALACE - DAY

WE FOLLOW an OFFICER as he marches through a palace, we are engaged primarily in PROFILE SHOTS with this character as he makes his way to the KING's study.

INT. KING'S STUDY - DAY

A knock is heard and the OFFICER enters the room. Inside are the KING FAISAL, the CROWN-PRINCE and the PRIME MINISTER. The KING is a young man of 20 years, the CROWN PRINCE is a middle-aged 40-year-old and the PRIME MINISTER is in his 70s.

OFFICER

Your imperial highness, we've heard of a beaten call echoing through the distant plain, spread from the azure main at Basra and westwards to Jordan. I have heard of it; made strong from the vessels of your imperial decree. Had it been so usual, I had not reported of its occurrence but the Trojan fate that befalls us is met by an armed force sifting southwards under Agamemnon's faint truths. I've seen of pillage and made of this the understanding that your crown is to be challenged.

PRIME MINISTER

Birtherd from dissent, a coup has formed. Founded upon avarice,
what be our response to this insurgency?

KING FAISAL

No, in imperial charge they are loyal . . . to me. It would be unwise
to tempt fate or my crown.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

*A scorching summer's day languishes across the cracking desert
wrought with drought. An army is on the move, whose flag bears
little resemblance to the Crown and a striking image of Pan-Arabian
Nationalism. The tri-panelled flag is marked by an inward triangle; the
composition of this flag is crimson, vert, and white.*

INT. IRAQI PALACE - AFTERNOON

*A dizzying effect besets the scene as royals and servants alike scramble
to save items of high value. KING FAISAL is seated by a gramophone,
a western jazz song 'ALL THE THINGS YOU ARE' is playing as he
contemplates the likelihood of civil unrest against his benevolent rule.
Opposing him is the CROWN PRINCE who is on the phone.*

CROWN PRINCE

(on phone)

A coup . . . Armed and ambitious. . . power-hungry . . . Ok,
thank you.

(he turns to King FAISAL)

We can relocate to the British Embassy immediately. The Prime
Minister is there at this moment.

KING FAISAL

Uncle . . .

(pause as he woefully stands)

Time, there be not.

Our fates sealed and naught we can do.

CROWN PRINCE

We can mobilise the royal guard!

KING FAISAL

No, the hour of readiness has passed!

It's no use, they're only going to pursue another Golgotha. We

have sealed our fates by noble blood.

*KING FAISAL ushers the CROWN PRINCE outside. He then sits down as
the song reaches the vocal portion.*

RECORDED ARTIST (O.S.)

You are the promised kiss of Springtime.

That makes the lonely Winter seem long.

You are the breathless hush of evening.

That trembles on the brink of a lovely song.

You are the angel glow.

That lights a star.

The dearest things I know.

Are what you are.

*Suddenly a group of four soldiers barge through the door. The song turns
into a (V.O) as KING FAISAL is dragged outside of the palace.*

EXT. PALACE COURTYARD - EVENING

*KING FAISAL is dragged out and dumped on the floor in the courtyard.
He hugs a member of his family. The servants of the royal household are
littered along with the members of the household, no distinction befalls
them but their ragged clothes. KING FAISAL emerges and rushes to an
OFFICER #2 who is conversing with the CROWN PRINCE.*

KING FAISAL

Tell your leader; I yield.

OFFICER #2

I make no notice of your cowardice.

*OFFICER #2 does nothing. The soldiers slowly begin to form a horizontal
line alongside the royal servants and members.*

TOP-ANGLE SHOT OF THE TWO ROWS.

*The civilians are mostly crying as soldiers rummage through personal
property and set alight embellished embroideries among other things.*

KING FAISAL

Will the heavens judge?

OFFICER #2 doesn't respond.

Bastille Day in Baghdad continued...

CROWN PRINCE

Why do we hold our tongues for the uncertainty that lies?

OFFICER #2

Stern'st good-night may await you, the fatal bellman be the good people.

Or beauteous fields and fertile orchards may see you through.

CROWN PRINCE

The hangman's hands shall forever be presented at . . .

Beelzebub's everlasting bonfire!

AS BELOW, EXTREME CLOSE-UP ON OFFICER #2

OFFICER #2

Make the green one red, to know my deed, I'm sure.

Against the wall!

The household rushes and all face the wall. They believe they shall now be arrested.

OFFICER #2

Upon an azure main, the colossal empire imbued with your support has collapsed, its eyes now are graced by the sun's warm glow. Known now are the lies and treachery marred by your noble house, its innate quality being cowardly surrender. Your paternal' surrendered our virgin soil to the empires of yesteryear. Well, I have made of it a decision that seeks to amend this heathen call. For common eyes, we see . . . Your mortal locks have spouted malice domestic,

Made from the offsprings of your sorriest fancies.

For your king, he has blasphemed his nation.

Your sweltered venom has come to an end, for the crack of Doom I pray,

For sirrah.

KING

Please do not do away with us with knells!

OFFICER #2

The knell has knolled.

Let the frame of your Corporal channels, disjoin.

RAPID CUTS FOR THE CIVILIANS AND STEADY PULL OUT. SLOW CUT AND STEADY ZOOM FOR OFFICER #2.

OFFICER #2

Five

CROWN PRINCE

Foul whisp'rings are abroad but.

OFFICER #2

Four

IRAQI PRINCESS

Save us; oh army.

OFFICER #2

Three

SERVANT

My role's servitude.

OFFICER #2

Two

SERVANT 2

No . . .

No . . .

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF OFFICER #2 / LONG-SHOT OF HOUSEHOLD

OFFICER #2

One

KING FAISAL

Please!

OFFICER #2

Fire.

BELOW: SLOW ZOOM OUT (180 DEGREES) AROUND THE KING.

A deafening silence fills the courtyard. The King's eyes dart from the cobblestones drowning in the blood of his kin to the sky waiting for God's judgement.

CRANE SHOT PULL OUT OF COURTYARD AND FADE OUT.

TEXT

5 years later, Abd Al-Karim Qasim (the leader of the coup) was executed in another coup, another occurred that year. Then another came in 1968. To this day, Iraq has never returned to the same level of prosperity that existed in 1958.

THE END



Byblos 2020

Sameer Aziz | Year 10

◆ In the mid-fourteenth century BCE, a neurotic king sent letter after letter to the pharaoh of Egypt in a desperate plea to hold power. This king had learnt of crises consuming the Syria–Palestine region which now began to assault his kingdom seamlessly. This man was Rib-Addi, and he rested on the precipice of a significant shift in power for the region, in which the colossal empire of Egypt would fracture, and others would take its place. In retrospect, like Rome, the Egyptian empire's fringe restorative measures were in vain when compared with the former empire. After its decline, minor kingdoms borne by a heightened sense of worth scampered just east of the Sinai, creating an insuperable power vacuum that remained for millennia. Egypt remained fractured as the satellite states crumbled, the protectorates broke rank and friend turned to foe. When Rib-Addi sent his letters to the pharaoh in Amarna, he did so in desperation brought on by years of mismanagement of the region by Egypt, the premier state, and isolationism that harkens to the inter-war policies of the United States of America.

By the time Rib-Addi realised that the pharaoh abnegated the worthfulness of his satellite kingdoms, it was too late, and Rib-Addi's kingdom was besieged. The communication devices that were employed between Rib-Addi and the pharaoh were etchings on a stone tablet. These pieces of rock were the only verifiable proof of Rib-Addi's struggles. They also remain some of the only evidence that the pharaoh at the time, Akhenaten, even existed, as his name was blacked out of Egyptian history. Insignificant little tablets recorded years of strife for a period of time which saw one of the greatest civilisations on Earth being reduced to a shallow husk of its former self. It would be hyperbolic to exemplify the destructive capabilities of the vassal kingdom dissolution on Egypt, though, it is as if the entirety of Europe fell into infighting and invasions whilst Australia was left all for itself in the shallow waters of the Pacific, Antarctic and Indian Oceans. Returning to the topic, this is where the Egyptian empire began to crack and is where an extended period of strife began.

In 2020, the world has faced insurmountable challenges that verge on apocalyptic, with the climate crisis ascending to perilous circumstances and a 'once in a 100 years' virus hopping across. One wouldn't be alone in finding solace in hopeful optimism. Though, with the US

election approaching (at the time of writing), the fate of modern Byblos, Australia, hangs on a delicate thread. Realistically speaking, Australia will likely bear the brunt of a mass exodus from the Pacific Islands due to rising sea levels and the interior of Australia will become virtually uninhabitable by the end of the century. Not to spell 'doom and gloom', it must be said that Australia doesn't solely rely on an Egypt-figure like the United States, more so it is connected to many other nations through the premise of globalisation. Though, if events like the Wall Street Crash of 1929 and the Global Financial Crisis of 2007 do play a factor, we are heavily dependent on the United States as a prominent ally not only around the globe but particularly in the Asiatic region.

Similarly, the more dynastic China provides a similar analogy to Akhenaten, a person/group who radically overhauled a nation with a culture spanning millennia and replacing said culture with newer things such as monotheism and communism. This isn't to disparage both ideas, more to identify how they've been adapted into both examples. The monotheistic values of Akhenaten weren't cared about by most who still worshipped many in the Egyptian pantheon, and China's capitalist economy and values are far from communist, for example, Disneyland Shanghai, a very capitalistic dream world.

Akhenaten has been called many things over history. He has been called a fool, an idiot and, by some, a good leader who focuses on the interior. Akhenaten's dismal foreign policy was a continuation of his father's and his redevelopment of societal norms does draw into question how anachronistic his behaviour was. He is comparatively like Henry VIII and Elagabalus who radically changed the societal standards of their associated nations. If 2020 had an Akhenaten, it would be unironically Donald Trump. A businessman and real estate mogul who was elected President and who declared his motivation for 'draining the swamp of DC' fits the associated characteristics of an Akhenaten figure. He has regularly abandoned allies and treaties such as the Kurdish forces in Syria who were instrumental to American victories, the Paris Climate Agreement and even his own values and views. What is at stake on November 3rd is the continuation of an Akhenaten-like period of instability for the interior of the US and for other nations who heavily rely on it, such as Australia. Conversely, should Joe Biden win, it seems

unlikely that his administration would be able to do much to curb the issues brought about by Trump and potential flaws of their own possible administration.

Whilst a considerable discussion has been given to the issue of what is at stake, the case of what will occur after November is emblematic of current problems becoming direr. The United States makes up 15% of the world's CO2 emissions which is disproportionate to its population when compared to the world. It also holds the highest incarcerated population in the world. If the United States remains on this course, Australia can face increasing pressure to ally with China, an emerging superpower which shares different values and beliefs, primarily, not democratic. Australia also suffers from climate change, as seen in the recent catastrophic bushfires, which will only become more deadly, with scientists arguing that the same destruction could occur in Sydney.

The Grand Old Party isn't the only possibility for a continual depression in climate policy and national security for the United States; the Democratic Party has a strong left group but usually makes up the majority of moderates in congress and the senate. Australia plays virtually no role in the American elections, as it shouldn't, and can only stand by with crossed fingers that somehow a good result occurs which, in truth, we may never really know. For if a climatic apocalypse does transpire, presidential tweets and online news broadcasts won't be able to be found buried under the sand like the desperate etchings of Rib-Addi, leaving no trace of what occurred.

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The resurrection of Rose

Michael Malafouris | Year 10

◆ *Derrick Rose has shown his commitment to the game and his fans as he perseveres through his 13th season. He is a hero.*

As an Australian it is pretty hard to watch NBA games due to the time difference and the way that we stream the games, but as a dedicated fan you always find a way to watch your favourite team or player. I love watching Derrick Rose now, but the 2010–11 MVP has had his fair share of injuries, from tearing his ACL during a play-off game against the Philadelphia 76ers in April 2012, to subsequently tearing his meniscus on two different occasions in November 2013 and February 2015. Despite these injuries Rose keeps powering on through his 13th season, showing his fans and the NBA that if you put hard work in you can achieve your goals.

The day Derrick Rose got drafted I was four years old and from that day on I have been a Bulls fan and a Derrick Rose fan. Rose was drafted to the Chicago Bulls as the number one pick in the 2008 draft. Rose is from Englewood, Chicago so when he got drafted it was like one of Chicago's own was going to save the Bulls and carry them to a long-awaited championship. The first season of his NBA career got him the Rookie of the Year award – a good sign that Rose was going to flourish in the league.

The 2010–11 season was Rose's break-out season. He became only the seventh player in NBA history to average 25 points, 7.5 assists and four rebounds per game for a whole season. That year I witnessed the Bulls win their 8th division title, the best record in the league with 62–20, and Derrick Rose win the MVP award – the youngest ever to win it. Rose's team had made it into the play-offs as the number one seed. Guided by his vision, the Bulls made it all the way to the Eastern Conference finals and won the first game against the Miami Heat with LeBron James, Dwyane Wade and Chris Bosh. Rose averaged 23.4 points per game

throughout these five games. This season came to an end when the Heat took the next four games to defeat Rose's Bulls in the Eastern Conference finals.

I've watched Rose suffer injuries throughout his career. Despite these injuries, and despite being traded to many different teams, Rose could still affirm that: 'I'm not trying to be put in a box, so I don't want any boundaries around me like that. It's a lot of things I want to do later in my career, but it's about making that transition at the right time or when the opportunity is right.'

Last season I watched Rose enjoy one of the best games of his career – a classic 'I'm back' moment that culminated with him scoring a career high of 50 points against the Utah Jazz. I was seeing the young Derrick Rose from many years ago going in for aerobic lay-ups, dunks, playing with blistering pace, having the will to just keep going and keep scoring at will. That night against the Jazz he showcased a drive he has been waiting to unleash for a while, racking up four rebounds and six assists in 40 minutes.

The last time he had a game over 40 points was seven years prior in 2011. This is the fifth longest lapse in NBA history so that told me and everybody that this moment meant a lot to him and reiterated to all of us that he is our hero. In an interview after Derrick said, 'Man, everything, man I worked my ass off bro.' He showed all of the NBA that no matter where you come from and how many times you get put down throughout your life or career you can get back up again and again and again. All you need is hard work and dedication.

Ever since I was little Derrick has been my hero and has inspired me throughout everything to do my best.

He is my **HERO**.



Bloodstone (2)

Nicolas Yule | Year 12

Panic buying

Tyler Kang | Year 10

Self-isolation every day, every night.
This disconnect in society just doesn't feel right.
An economic crisis, the business is dry.
The rules have been set, it's time to comply.
Feelings of uncertainty beginning to bite.
Rushing to shops, to stock up supplies
But aisles of emptiness greet your eyes,
Toilet paper rolls igniting fights.
The herd instinct is in full flight
Greed and selfishness have stolen our rights.

Lightyears (2)

Dhruv Kumar | Year 12





Head of the River: An alternative insight

Ben Dewhurst | Year 11

Year 11 student Ben Dewhurst uncovers what the iconic rowing event feels like from a slightly silenced perspective

THE ARRIVAL

The heavy drowsiness that sat amongst us on the bus was suddenly triggered by a jolting movement. The boys, still groggy with sleep, opened their eyes to the grand opening before us. A sea of greenery engulfed us, as our eyes drank the beauty of large hedges trimmed into the shapes of rowing boats. I could feel the adrenaline rising in the blood of my team as red flushes rinsed their cheeks waking them to 'The Head of the River'.

The bus began its usual routine of circling the river like a shark circling its prey. The movement seemed reminiscent of our boat itself; an ultimate super predator. In the distance I could see the foreboding start tower, tall and dominating and all-knowing; soon to be watching our boat as it approached the start line.

What I loved most was the drive over the bridge suspended above the now serene Penrith Lakes. There I could see the Olympic rings above the bridge's arc. Something moved inside me at the sight of the rings; a skip of the heart as I reflected on how many great athletes had previously rowed at this very location. My thoughts were interrupted by a burst of excitement amongst the team, as yells of 'We're here!' resounded through the bus windows.

THE WARM-UP

Legs shaky, shoulders heavy, we carried the weight of the boat towards the pontoon. The weather was overcast as if the clouds above us were heavy with foreknowledge of the race's outcome.

But, amongst the grey, I could spot a patch of blue sky, a glimpse of hope that my eyes fixed on.

Splash! I slid into my seat for the second-last time at the 'AAGPS Head of The River'. Sitting in my seat marked a subtle transformation in my identity. I evolved from a usually timid young man to an assertive captain. My voice seemed to grow louder when approaching the denser bushland as though the trees nurtured and developed me:

'Building on the next, this one, now'.

All eight rowers engaged together as our split soared below 1:25 and all eyes were drawn to us. We couldn't help but feel a certain duty to our parents and coaches, a duty to do them proud, to thank them for their ongoing support.

THE RACE

My heart was pounding, sending pulses of blood to every inch of my flesh. They depended on my instruction. They depended on my judgment. They depended on my encouragement. As the coxswain I had a particular duty to maintain a sharp eye. And as we entered the race, my senses supercharged like a hungry beast; the shark circling its prey. This was it. All those early mornings. Those Mondays and Wednesdays and occasional Fridays in the shed. Six months of training. Six minutes of racing.

'Easy-oar.' Blades dropped as we continued to skim over the water. From a bird's eye view, the Hudson aptly reflected the cross-section of a slim shark, gliding head-first through its natural habitat. The serene Penrith Lakes.

Congregated at the start tower alongside us were seven other boats, all unified in thought and emotion. We thought and felt what previous



Newington rowers had felt. I recalled an old video we had once watched, and the following words seemed to resonate:

'At last all the training, and the hard work, are coming to a head. Now how are we going to go?' – Mr Leon Blackman (ON 1949), bow seat of winning 1st VIII crew in 1947.

I wondered in anticipation, just as Mr Blackman did: how are we going to go?

Our boat continued to skim through the lanes, 8, 7, 6, 5, till we stopped and spun. And somewhat prophetically the overcast clouds seemed more translucent as though the sun was coming through. Minutes were counted down by the starter as our nerves reached a higher peak.

'All crews, attention . . . ROW!'

And, we were off, the battle had begun. And what kind of battle was that? The battle for a lifetime of glory! Like some wild ride, splash and spray shot metres up into the air as all eight engines fired up.

I wish I could capture for you the details of each moment in the race. But the truth is, those moments racing are fuelled by adrenaline and hype and a survival mode that wiped all details from my memory. Like automatons, we sped through the motions. I yelled. I watched. I made judgements.

250 metres in. We found our rhythm, our length, our speed. All coxswains' voices echoed and bounced around the rocks that lined the bank of the regatta centre.

500 metres in. We made our move, legs snapping down at the speed of light, arms drawing through as fast as a cheetah, and our boat, our hammerhead shark, moving its way slowly through the field. We began

to bury other crews in their graves and crack them like an egg, into a million pieces.

Before I knew it we were there. The 1000-metre mark, the middle of the race. The Lebanese drum kicked in, so too did the chants, 'I'm a New boy till I die, I'm a New boy till I die'.

The voice of the captain of the 1st XVI made its way into the ears of my eight engines, driving them through the race as we advanced past the 1500-metre mark. Amongst the grey skies I saw only blue: an abundance of hope. And with the sun's rays, that hope fuelled our power as we came close to 250 metres to go. We got through the 100-metre buoys, red specks amongst the water, and were half a length down.

What we did in those last five strokes made history.

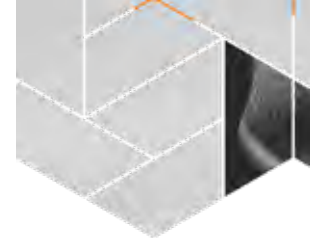




Furnace

Adrian Freiburg | Year 12





The importance of mental health discourse

Mackenzie Sheppard | Year 11

❖ Mental health and negative wellbeing are both apparent and impactful issues that are affecting Australia's adolescents. The prevalence of this issue in our community cannot be ignored and must be addressed due to its magnitude. We, as a greater community, must share accountability and responsibility in the management of this issue for the betterment of our adolescents. Environmental factors such as stress, societal pressure and demands of school are particularly impactful, and must be alleviated and reduced.

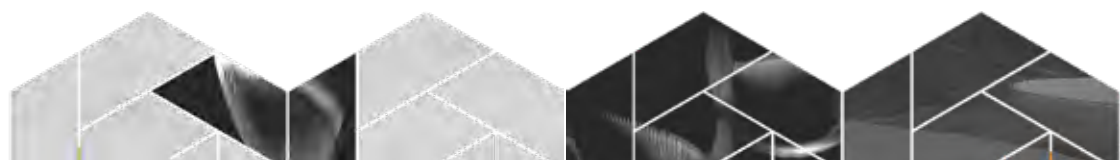
Lurking in the background, mental illness parasitically controls individuals through the manipulative device of pain. Situated in one's subconscious, mental illness dwells hidden and disguised, often only exposed in private. The misconception that 'sleeping is easy' plagues sleep-deprived adolescents, and once they are finally granted the opportunity to sleep their own subconscious robs them of that luxury. The paradoxical nature of mine and many others' suffering is that the one thing we needed, that I craved in the waking hours of the morning, is the one thing I was unable to do, sleep.


No matter when, where, or how I tried to sleep, I would lie endlessly, tormented by my own thoughts while they dictated my painful awoken state. Unnoticed by the people that surrounded me, my loved ones who would have helped in a heartbeat were locked out of my mental

prison. As I sat there in my anonymity and surrendered to the night, my suffering was unknown by all. In this time, I felt weak and alone, just as many victims who are under the misconception that they are alone in their suffering must suffer in secrecy.

Tears cascaded from my wide-open eyes, that stared through an empty void, searching, screaming out for help. In parallel my mouth was silenced, silenced by society, silenced by loved ones, silenced by myself. My eyes adapted to the darkness, desperately searching, failing. The cascade of tears transformed into dwindling rivers, my arms, estuaries, guiding my floods of tears until finally, they fell to the floor, pooling beneath me.

This emotive extract details the impact of mental illness when compounded with sleep deprivation, confronting the audience with the raw truth, granting a broader perspective and education of the issue, and detailing the surrealism and experience of being alone in darkness during the early hours of the morning. It is crucial for combatants of mental health issues to express and talk about these concerns for both the individual and their surrounding support group. As a community and society, we must act to de-stigmatise and raise awareness of these matters, to give voice to the voiceless and provide a safe environment for mental health improvement.





The Youth Mental Health Report highlighted a significant trend of increasing probable severe mental health issues, rising in higher occurrence and severity amongst Australian youth. The report, a government initiative in collaboration with the Black Dog Institute, enquired into Australian adolescent mental health from 2012 and 2016 and highlighted the increased stress and pressures experienced by teenagers through their schooling. The report attributed the majority of stress and impact on adolescent wellbeing to high school and the increased pressure placed on students to succeed.

Sleep is a crucial component for bodily function, and sufficient sleep is required for the body to operate at optimum capacity, creating the ideal initial platform for greater wellbeing and mental health. Adolescents are notoriously tired and renowned for lacking sufficient amounts of sleep. Teens, on average, sleep approximately seven and a half hours a night, which is well below the prescribed 'necessary' amount of nine and a quarter hours of sleep a night (Nationwide Children's Organisation). Sleep deprivation has an immense impact on the mental health and overall wellbeing of adolescents, negatively impairing mood, behaviour, cognitive ability, academic performance and overall attentiveness.

Mental health issues can often be overwhelming and lonesome, so through the creation of support groups, collective awareness and understanding, we can attempt to support struggling adolescents through this period. Sufficient sleep is a crucial component in positive mental health, and if adolescents are deprived of this essential sleep, it can have detrimental impacts on both physical and psychological health. Sleep and mental illness are intrinsically linked; sleep deprivation leads to the development of mental illness and mental health conditions limit the quality and quantity of sleep. So by improving either, there will be a positive impact on the other.

Open letter to the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences

Max Bock | Year 11

03/11/2020

Dear Academy,

As a 16-year-old filmmaker, I feel that it is my duty to write you an open letter to discuss your efforts regarding your recognition of both international cinema as well as films made by women. This letter is not being sent with the intention to shame, embarrass or otherwise humiliate the Academy; merely to inform you of the predicament which has transpired since your creation.

On your website, under the tab 'Academy Story', it says your purpose is to 'create an organized group to benefit the film industry', not the white, male American film industry but the film industry. In other words: it is your duty to recognise and benefit the *international* film industry.

Since 1929 there have been a total of 449 nominations for Best Director, only five of these were for women and only one has ever won (Kathryn Bigelow for 2010's *The Hurt Locker*). Overall, women only represent 14% of your total nominations, which seems odd when one considers that they are 51% of the population. Further instances of institutional gender inequity are consistently shown throughout all categories; Best Picture, Best Original Screenplay and Best Director to name a few. For the 2019 awards line-up, no women were present in your Best Director nominations at all.

Interestingly, in 2019 countless brilliant female filmmakers made fantastic films. Greta Gerwig made *Little Women*, Céline Sciamma made *Portrait of a Lady on Fire* and Lulu Wang made *The Farewell*. All of these films and many more made by women demonstrated proficiency in technical filmmaking along with genuine talent. Actor Tracy Letts (*Little Women*, *Ford v. Ferrari* and *The Big Short*) summarised this adequately by saying 'I just can't believe we're still having this . . . discussion where movies by men, and about men, and

for men are considered default movies. And women's movies fall into this separate and unequal category.'

Every year both women and men make exceptional films, yet only men get recognised. This seems odd until one stumbles upon the demographic of your voters. 77% of your voters are male. To call this coincidence would be thinly veiled nonsense. The producer of 2019's *Little Women*, Amy Pascal, noted that the gender ratio in Academy screenings of *Little Women* was 2:1 in the favour of women, saying that '[there was] a completely unconscious bias . . . I'm not sure men came to the screenings in droves . . . and I'm not sure when they got their (screener) DVDs that they watched them.' As a well-connected, seasoned Hollywood producer, the fact that Pascal has reason to believe that male Academy voters ignore female-made and led films is extremely suggestive to the state of your equity.

This year's lack of female presence in your nominations has caused a moderate backlash among the film community, as it does every year. The question is: this time will you get it together and actually do something? It is both wrong and a disgrace to your alleged ideals to infer through your actions that men are better filmmakers than women; they're plainly and simply not.

It's not just the balance of male to female that your nominations and subsequent awards are failing to represent, it is also the balance of Hollywood films to international films. Out of 142 Best Picture nominees this side of the 21st century, a whopping four have been foreign, and two have actually won. The fact that fifty percent of the foreign films which you've nominated in your biggest category have won against your heaven-sent American movies should be indicative of the quality which they have and therefore the equality which they deserve.

While international films do receive representation in your Best International Film category, the very notion that you'd need to create a



separate category for international films as opposed to just including them in the Best Picture category is plainly insulting; it implies that international films are somehow a cut below your Best Picture nominees which are typically of US origin. International films from last year could have easily sparred with the strongest of your largely American Best Picture nominees – *The Farewell*, *Pain and Glory* and *Portrait of a Lady on Fire* to name a few.

This is of course not helped by your voter demographics which are 94% white, 77% male and only 16% minorities. The 2019 films nominated for Best Picture this year had an average box office run of \$243.5 million, suggesting that your voters aren't really looking for the best films but the most popular (often Hollywood productions) which advantages them due to their geographical situation within Hollywood. Through your nominations you are illogically concluding that somehow the rest of the world's film output is worse than America's, which seems increasingly unlikely due to the plethora of breathtaking international films.

The basic fact of the matter is that too many of your voters come from one place and ethnicity and can therefore not conceivably represent the views of an alleged international film academy adequately. You should be actively seeking out the best films for each category, not the best American Hollywood movies. Doing this would 'benefit the film industry' in its entirety, as you have said you'd do.

It is currently too early to say but as of this year's ceremony it seems that you may be slowly edging towards recognising international cinema on the same level that you do American. This year, you groundbreakingly awarded a South Korean film, *Parasite*, Best International Film, Best Original Screenplay, Best Director and Best Picture at the 92nd Academy Awards. While *Parasite*'s historic winnings certainly act as a landmark within your history and are

extremely encouraging, one still can't help but wonder if your organisation has merely started giving out awards because some pressure got applied.

Within such a context, *Parasite*'s well deserved winnings seem like a publicity stunt to appease those complaining about a lack of representation within the forum of international cinema, just as *Moonlight* and *Green Book*'s winnings did for the African American community.

There is a great deal of work to be done to bridge the gap of inequality which will help to truly benefit the film industry. I hope this letter aids in your reconsideration.

Kind Regards

Max Bock



The playground from the side lines

Cameron Latham | Year 5



The playground roared with laughter and chatter
It looked like rain but so far, no matter.
The wind starts blowing, kids' hair is flowing
A rugby game starts, all to and fro-ing

Up in the staffroom, the eagle-eyed teachers
Look out on the playground like fans in the bleachers
On duty Mr walks rounds like a pigeon
Eyes peeled for some kids misbehavin' a smidgen

How can it be fair
Forever stuck in this chair
Running without care
I tripped on a stair

I sit while they play
Since that fateful day
But hey this is me
The way it's gotta be

Handball, hopscotch, skipping and cricket
A loud shout goes up, someone just took a wicket
The soccer kids booting against the brick wall
Across the yard kids are playing basketball

Now I'm happy here watching my friends running free
Messing 'round with such absolute bottomless glee
Still sitting here as still as a tree
Why must it always be different for me

As I turn and wheel off on the way to the classroom
I'm thinking I've probably got time for the bathroom
Alone in my world I'm quietly enthralled
I hardly hear my name being called

'Hey Sophie, we need you – don't go in there
You're awesome, we love it when you do our hair'
I go off with my friends, just three or four
At least for today, on the sidelines no more.



Sanguine shrouds

Nicolas Yule | Year 12 —

