



Somerset College

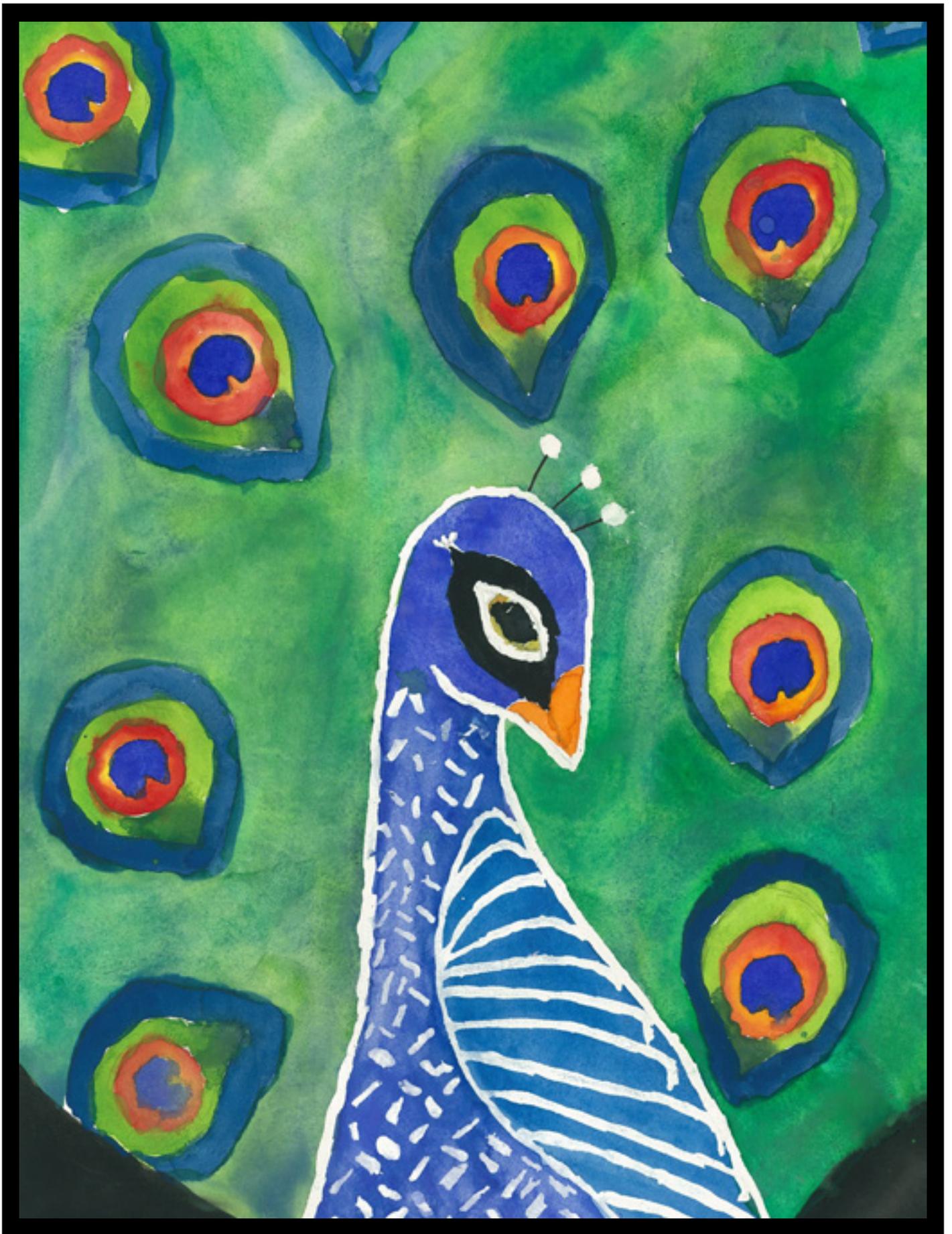
J S M

JUNIOR SCHOOL MAGAZINE FOR STUDENT WRITERS AND ARTISTS

EDITION ONE



LAUREN CHAN YEAR 6L



AMY BARRY YEAR 5P

WELCOME TO THE FIRST EDITION OF



EXCITEMENT

According to the synonyms button on my computer, excitement means exhilaration, anticipation, delight, eagerness!

GRATEFUL

Grateful means appreciative, thankful, glad.

Excitably and gratefully we bring you the very first edition of *JSM* – the Junior School Mag, aptly named by Miss Eden Dovrat in Year 6. The logo is the work of Laura Cosson in Year 5 – a clever artistic combination of the Somerset tree, the bird, the idea of writing and a funky pair of sunglasses to give it *JSM* style.

Every day exciting moments are happening for our Junior School students inside our classrooms. The majority of these pass by with only a few people realising. It could be the moment a Pre-Prep recognises a letter; it could be the first book truly read and understood; it could be a beautiful metaphor sprouted from the mouth of a clever Year 4 student; it could be a piece of writing that someone is so proud of, yet hardly any of us read. SO – that is why this *JSM* is so important. This is a place where the little excitable moments in literacy – written and visual - can be shared and enjoyed by a wide audience.

JSM is grateful to Catherine McDonald and all the Junior School teachers for its birth. Catherine has been instrumental in creation and production of this e-mag and what a beautiful thing it is. We are grateful to all the students who have produced such an assortment of quality pieces for sharing those with us.

Eagerly and thankfully I encourage you to read, relax and enjoy.

JENNIFER GEORGE
YEAR 6 TEACHER/ENGLISH





AMY FRENCH YEAR 6M

ADDICTION

Finn absolutely adored chocolate. Any chocolate, any form, even melted and gooey was okay. He was devouring chocolate right now, just as his mum walked into the kitchen.

He quickly hid the Maltesers behind his back. ‘Hey, mum!’ He said, in an innocent voice. He had to hide the chocolate. He swiftly threw the Maltesers under the table, next to the dog bowl.

Whoops.

He saw his dog’s beady eyes staring at the chocolate like pure, solid gold. His mum caught him looking at something under the table.

‘What?’ Mum said. He knew that either one of them was going to eat or dispose of the chocolate. He quickly dropped his spoon under the table “accidentally” and made a pointing gesture to his mother. She nodded and he bent down, grabbing the spoon and the packet of chocolate.

The Maltesers coaxed him to eat. A fitting title: Mal’tese’rs. His mum then left, and he ate some more. Then, suddenly – He was as small as a safety pin, rolling around in a red packet. He tried to scream, but almost nothing came out.

He was chocolate. The only thing he felt was a smooth exterior and crunchy inside where his stomach should’ve been. Little candies rattled crazily around him. The chocolates were falling boulders, smashing Finn.

The saying was true. If you eat too much of something – you become it.

His mum strolled back into the room and saw a glint of red on the seat. She was going to throw him into the bin! He was going to die! His tiny mind quickly rushed through his options. As his mum picked him up and walked to the trash, he squealed and it felt like his vocal cords would pop. She suddenly stopped, jerking him around the packet.

He saw his opportunity.

‘Mum, it’s me! Help!’ She looked down at the packet, trying to single out what the noise had come from. The candies eyed him and their brethren, reading his fate. He wondered how much the candies despised him – he had eaten their family. She looked at the little chocolates in horror. ‘Finn?’ Mum queried, after a moment of hesitation.

‘It’s me! This one!’ She took each of the chocolates and put them to her ear, listening. When she grabbed him, he screamed.

She knew it was him. But even if she did, how was she going to get him back to normal? Maybe if he ate something good for him? He quickly advised the idea to his mum, and completely confused, she walked out of the room to the fridge. He saw Doggy eyeing him savagely, growling, and when his mum got back in the room, he was grateful not to be in the dog’s hands – well, paws.

The carrot in his mum’s hand touched the place where his mouth should’ve been, and he turned back into himself. His mum gave him a big hug. He exhaled a massive sigh of relief - Finn was never eating chocolate again.

PHOENIX CHAPMAN YEAR 6L



EDEN DOVRAT YEAR 6L

GORSHAK

A large earthquake was heard in the distance. Antelopes fled at the sound.

“Damn,” said Gorshak under his breath.

He hadn’t eaten for at least four suns. Another earthquake erupted – this time stronger, more powerful. Gorshak fell; branches cracked and this tremor was so strong it sent rocks down the hill at stomach-turning speed. Gorshak was interested (more like afraid) at this sudden bust of malice so he jogged down the slope towards the clan-site.

Shock pulsed through him like fast, flowing rapids, as he came across the havoc that the earthquake had caused. The heat whacked Gorshak on the face as fire roared through the camp. A gasp escaped his mouth as his eyes picked up many bodies across the field. He broke into a sprint, his hand flinched and flickered.

Straining Gorshak’s whole body, he managed to lift up the wood and straw wall that concealed the body. The boy’s eyes snapped open – screaming at the top of his lungs.

“Hey, hey! Calm down.”

“I could have saved them. Hundreds of people died!” Screamed the boy that Gorshak didn’t recognise. After thirty counts or so the boy calmed down. Gorshak asked him a few questions like, what is your name and are you alright?

Gorshak found out that the boy named Cly, had a vision. It was about people who glowed purple. Something like that. He also mentioned, at about midday that he had to head to the forest with him. About 25000 counts later they were traveling next to a small stream. Gorshak realized that Cly was a really nice kid – short and young, but nice.

All of a sudden a glowing purple arm reached out of the stream, grabbed hold of Cly and pulled him into the water.

“Cly!” Gorshak shouted as he dived into the river. The small river opened up into an ocean with bright purple, flashing bubbles. Gorshak (still holding his breath) noticed a purple man swimming towards the bubbles that Gorshak had previously noticed.

Gorshak was revived with air when he made his way into the bubbles.

“You are here Gorshak!” The man exclaimed.

“Are you the one who started the earthquake?”

“Yes I am. We are a race called Dorshans,” the man added.

“We?”

“You are one too! I wanted to bring you down here to celebrate our reunion,” said the man.

“What kind of a reunion?”

“A father and son one!” The purple man laughed.

“Ahhhh!” Gorshak’s eyes snapped open. It was all just dream, he thought. Staring down at him were glowing purple eyes and a disturbingly big grin.

DARCY BEYNON YEAR 6M





AMY FRENCH YEAR 6M

THE ERUPTION

The hot sun awakened the young Camden. Today was the day where he would visit the amazing Shaman, Rawlins, with his sister Amity. He stood up on his fur floor and walked outside. The only person that was outside was Amity.

“Are you ready?” Camden asked.

“Of course,” Amity replied.

As they were walking, the ground shook.

“What was that?” Amity exclaimed.

A Mysterious figure approached them.

“It’s the start of a phenomenon that will kill everyone,” he whispered.

The two siblings stared at each other with shock.

The sky turned as black as the night sky. Ash rained down onto the Shaman’s hut. The mountain started spewing out lava from its massive mouth. Trees and huts were burned down to the ground. People were trapped under ash, their bodies setting on fire.

When the eruption had stopped they were in a cave, with the Shaman.

“There is only one way you can heal everything,” the Shaman said peacefully.

“What?” Camden asked.

“You have to kill Amity.”

“”What! I can’t do that! She’s my best friend!”

The choice was heard. If he killed her, the world would be saved but if he didn’t, the world would be forever ruined. But if he killed her, then his world would be ruined. He decided not to. But what would the Shaman say?

The Shaman was very disappointed with Camden. The Shaman was so angry with Camden he punched him.

“Ow!” he exclaimed.

“That’s what you get,” the Shaman replied.

Suddenly a lightning bolt struck the Shaman and he was dead.

“What was that?” Camden asked.

“I think the spirits got rid of him,” Amity replied.

MARC HAGAN YEAR 6M





This art work is representing fireworks. I thought to paint fireworks because I love the patterns and all the colours. I've seen lots of fireworks in my life and enjoy painting them. I use the pattern of swirls and some shades in my painting to reflect the beauty that fireworks create.

SIENA MOSS YEAR 4F

THE MOUNTAIN OF RAIN

It was a dark and mystical night with a single cloud in the sky. Bu was having trouble falling asleep. Finally, he dozed off into a deep sleep. When Bu awake from his sleep the air felt less moist and very humid. He came out from his cave and couldn't see the lake that was normally outside his cave.

In Madagascar there are many healthy trees and different coloured flowers, with rising temperatures each day. All of a sudden a horrible thought rushed through Bu's head as if his thoughts were having a running race and the bad thought won. Bu said out loud, "why Godog are you giving us a drought?" Godog is a mystical man who no one has ever seen. People say he lives on top of a very high mountain: The Mountain of the Rain.

Bu had a bad feeling in his stomach. He knew that he had to be the one to go to Godog and ask for rain.

After a day of preparation Bu started his hike to seek Godog to request rain. Along the way, amongst the misty of the forest, he saw a model like figure standing in the distance. "Who is there?" Questioned Bu. There was no reply. The model like figure was getting closer. Bu had a club in his hand made out of the old oak tree wood. This club was given to Bu from his Mum and Dad who had passed away when Bu was four summers old.

Bu wasn't the typical kind of boy you would usually see. He was a small chubby with a hunched back. When the figure finally got close enough for Bu to see. It was a... tall and very elegant girl. Bu instantly fell in love.

"What are you doing here?" Protested the girl in a very sleepy voice.

"I am going up to the Mountain of Rain to seek Godog," said Bu not really concentrating.

"Me too!" The girl replied. "What is your name boy?"

"My name is Fri-fru," she said.

A few days passed and Bu was getting really dehydrated. He fainted with a thump on the rough dirt. "Bu, wake up Bu." Fru-fru was really worried.

"Continue the journey without me," said Bu with his last breath.

Fru-fru had to continue. With a few bumps and bruises along the way Fru-Fru finally made it to the top. Fru-fru cried out, "Godog where are you?"

"I am here," replied a cloud in the sky. "You have come to get water, I am no help!"

"What?" Fru-fru was in shock.

She started to cry and cry and cry. Godog had put a little magic in her tears. Fru-fru's tears brought water back to Madagascar. With the love Fru-fru had for Bu it also brought Bu back to life. When Fru-fru realised Bu was alive she was over the moon. For as long as Bu and Fru-fru lived Godog would always watch over them.

CLAUDIA CRIMMINS YEAR 6L

DENNIS COLLINS

I was born in Cork, southern Ireland in 1775. Me pa died when I was a wee lad so I was raised by me ma most of me life. I had two older sisters growing up as well.

When I was finally old enough, I joined the Royal Navy and not long went by before I was fighting alongside Britain against France at the battle of Waterloo in the early 1790s. Britain won the battle as well as the right to the sea. I was thrilled that I had helped Britain to success.

Me leg though was injured when it got trapped under the fallen mast of the H.M.S Atlanta at sea. It was soon amputated and depression got the better of me. How was a man like meself with a wooden leg ever going to get work during the great depression of the post-Napoleonic-period?

I received a pension from the British government but some years later, it was taken away from me without explanation. Why would they do that to a man like meself in a time like that? I was useless now and all I had was that pension.

I was determined to get me deserved money back so I tried to dig up an explanation but couldn't get one.

In 1832, desperate times called for desperate measures. I petitioned the King, William IV (4th). I was turned down yet again by the King himself. And he didn't even think to give me an explanation. By this point, I was fumin'. He would soon find out what he had comin'.

In July, 1832, I went to the Ascot races and spent a lot of money to carry out this grand plan of mine. The night previously, I had walked from London and slept in a shed to ensure that I would follow my plan. I made sure that I got as close to where the King would be sitting as any commoner could. When the King entered, I waited a little while before I threw two stones at the King as hard as I could. I knocked his forehead pretty hard and his hat fell off. I heard the Kind scream, "Oh my God! I am hit!" That was just the first stone. The second one didn't hit anybody but it did manage to make it inside the box – which is where the Royal man himself sat.

I was caught by a member of the crowd who I realised some time later was Captain Smith. I remember bunking with him when I was in the navy. I was outraged that he would capture me after all we'd been through together in the small cabin.

They wrote a newspaper report about me and his is what I remember it saying:

'The ruffian had scarcely thrown the stone when he was seized by a gentleman who proved to be Captain Smith, of the Royal Navy, and by another gentleman, named Turner, who had been witnesses to the transaction.' I read up to there and threw the newspaper down. I was furious and thought that my life was over and I had nothing to prove in life.

I was called on to make a statement and this is what I said: "I own that I committed a great fault in throwing the stones at the King."

I then went on to say stuff about me being a pensioner and that I was sorry, I was because I had thought about my actions and regretted them a short time after. I also stated that I broke the law and must suffer the consequences – as well as Sir R. Keats who also broke the law by taking my pension from me.

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DENNIS COLLINS - CONTINUED

After consideration from the magistrate, I was arrested and then charged with high treason and assault. I was sentenced to be hanged, the drawn, then beheaded and quartered. The sentence was then commuted to life transportation.

On the 12th August 1833, I landed at a place called Hobart on the Emperor Alexander. At this point, I was hot-headed and bad-tempered and became and became annoyed with anything.

As soon as I arrived, I was sent straight to Port Arthur which they kept all the worst of us. I didn't consider meself one of them. I had two offences in me name and they were because I refused to go to work.

For these offences, I was put into the dark cells for seven days. They said I came out unaffected. They couldn't see past me skin though.

I was stubborn and wasn't afraid to die. I refused to eat and wouldn't budge. Those pesky government men and other lifers tried to make me eat but I would not.

By mid-October, 1833, I was put into the hospital and given treatment. I felt very ill but that was all part of my grand plan to escape from that hell. My plan was to say that the only medication that could cure me was in London so they would take me back and I would escape.

It worked and now I'm on the run from those traps and continue to survive each day.

RILEY DAVENPORT YEAR 6M



WALTER PAISLEY

I was born in 1820 to a dead mother and a father who hated me.

When me ma died everyone blamed me on her death. I didn't murder her but still people blamed me and I couldn't change that. When I about 3 me Pa started drinking.

At first I didn't notice too much. I was too young but then he started saying things like "you're stupid" or "I wish you weren't born otherwise your Ma would be alive". He usually whipped me on those nights.

Normally I would go to bed crying because I believed what me pa had said. Luckily I had a brother who would comfort me by teasing, or just talking to me about ma and how pa was just drunk. Although me brother told me this, I never did trust me dad.

Me brother met some chaps named Philip and William. They were nice. They wouldn't tease or laugh at me when I told them about me dreams about living up in the stirrips. When people hear about this, they usually just laugh at me or mutter, "That aint ever gonna happen," but Philip and William didn't. They just nodded their head and surprised us by whispering "Meet us here tomorrow after school," which made me trust them even more. Me brother looked at me excitedly. I was excited too. Me head was spinning about what they could possible want to tell us. I didn't know what they wanted to tell us would steer me far from my dream.

I regret making this choice and wish I could change it. The next time we met they told us about a plan which I thought was too good to put into words – I just didn't know any words. When we were planning I just agreed with everything they said. Me brother did too. This was exciting. It was agreed that we would meet a week from now at midnight.

Me heart was beating fast. I was young and gullible back then, so I thought that night was going to change me life – in a good way. They placed me in the window and carefully fed the rope. Then I heard a scream. That scream ruined me life! Me brother, me closest family member had left me! It still makes me wonder what he's doing today.

The next day I was in court. It was a bloody scary place. The judge would decide if I were to be hanged or go to Van Diemen's Land. I was hoping to go to Van Diemen's Land. Back then I thought it would be easy enough to nick and trick the officers. I hadn't listened to people who had gone there. I wish I had, then I could have had a life.

On board the ship the conditions were bad. Every day on that ship I would hurl out all me food leaving me hungry. We only had one meal a day since the stock was running out. The ship was leaving me sick and weak. Each day it got worse. Each day I craved for me bother's voice.

One day I saw this boy. He looked a bit like me brother.

He made me feel safe filling me stomach with this warm feeling. Never had felt it before. Even though me brother had betrayed me. I still loved and missed him.

He wasn't me brother. I learnt his name was Benjamin. He didn't talk much. He was the closest companion throughout me tough journey.

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WALTER PAISLEY - CONTINUED

We arrived at Port Arthur on a windy day. They didn't offer us a blanket not that I expected them filthy offices to. They told us roughly to march up into the paddock. I had a cold feeling enter me stomach when they spoke. They told us that we'd be given privileges they would be given each week but could be taken away. I knew I wouldn't be getting many of them.

I remember this good memory once. I was telling me friends stories about panties and making England sound better than it actually was. In the end I got into trouble – but it was worth it.

As time went on I got into more and more trouble. All I really wanted to do then was get out of there. When I did get out after 7 years, I didn't realise how harsh the outside world was. It was really tough. I didn't get dinner or anything. I once stole a carrot to eat. I felt ashamed after that but I had to eat. A year later I was back in prison but things had changed. I wanted to be a good man. I spent 4 years in prison and from good behaviour I got out.

At the age of 52 I finally have found happiness. I built a boat that was me life. I remember the first day I went sailing on it. The happiest day of me life. I am now a happy man!

KARMA BATHOLS YEAR 6M



GEORGE HUNT

Me name is George Hunt. I was a chimney sweep in London for the first part of me life. The soot got in me eyes, I was always coughin' from the smoke; it was horrible and I was bush'd but I had enough for me to get along. When I was twenty I tripped onto a buck called Gilbert. His handkerchief fell out of his pocket and he thought I was one of 'em buz coves. I was done – I claimed innocence but I didn't say much for me defence because I knew I wasn't guilty. The judge assigned me to a Vandemonian settler for 14 years. I couldn't believe it! 14 years of me life would be wasted! I regret not defending meself properly.

When I arrived at that settler's place, I still really couldn't believe that I was done. Those days working with that cranky settler and knowing I was innocent drove me crazy. I was scragged and the labour was hard. They soon realised that I couldn't handle it, so I was sent to this asylum in New Norfolk. I got out of that blasted place, but the trap sent me to Maria Island. However, that place was old and closed down after a while. Not as lucky for me as I thought it would be. I was sent to Port Arthur with the government men.

It was here that I really saw the horrors of Van Diemen's Land. Not so much the nature – although it was strange and not like London – but the people here. It isn't Van Diemen's Land; it's Van Demon's Land. I was bein' taken prisoner by demaons who wanted to see their prisoners work and suffer. That whole reformin' thing was garbage. All of that anger was bubblin' up inside me. I couldn't stay there. So I made friends with one of the magpies and canaries called Thomas Davies. He was fly, wasn't one of the bads, and like me he wasn't up in the stirrups.

So in 1832 we decided to bolter. The only way out was Eaglehawk Neck – a narrow passageway guarded by galloots and dogs. We made it past some of the dogs before the galloots grab'd us. I was flogged – 150 lashes! I was bleedin' all over – me back especially. I was also darbe'd for 36 days so I couldn't bolter again.

In 1833 I was heard cursing so I was darbie'd again. I was angry but knew not to show it. I was still charged later for answerin' me name disrespectfully at the muster, and bein' insolent, but it's those horneys and galloots who are the insolent ones. I'm gonna escape one day, and then I can finally be free. I don't need one of those ticketers. I was sick of imprisonment and labour and punishment, so I planned another fly escape. The galloots were catching us because they knew we were boterin' convicts, so I disguised meself as one of them strange kangaroos so I could sneak across Eaglehawk Neck. It worked perfectly 'til a galloot tried to shoot me, because he was banded and wanted some roo meat. I gave meself up – better prisoner than dead government man – and told the galloot that me name was billy. He believed me; no flogging for me then.

I tried to boter four more times and one of those times I told a trap I was a galloot. All of these times I got darbie'd, flogged, took part in a centipede gang, or sent to the dark cells. But I'm definite I have to get out of this place. These punishments only make me yearn for revenge. The dark cells were a different matter. They were the worst of all. I couldn't speak to anyone, there was no light, and it was small and bare. There was only a bed to kip on, a sink and a toilet. I could exercise for an hour each day in a cage and food was slid through a slot each day but I was still banded and cramped up. It was hard to concentrates, r5emember, or think clearly after the days in the dark cells. I don't talk much to any of the government men, and I haven't talked to Thomas Davis since he said I'm obsessed with bolterin' now.

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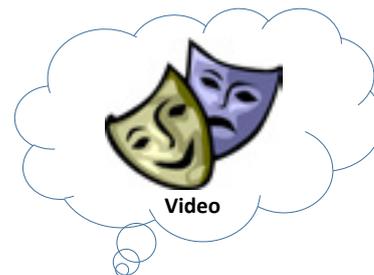
GEORGE HUNT - CONTINUED

Finally I was sent to Hobart Town, then back again to Port Arthur for me unreformable behaviour. I'm glad that none of these places can handle – they're all about reforming and I couldn't be reformed by them. It was because of this that I was sent to a Government Farm at New Town, and then ended up at New Norfolk where I started. I had lived my life inside a cage, and I guess after a while of tearing at the bars, a man finally accepts that he's not going to get out of it by force. It actually wasn't that bad there at New Norfolk – there was no labour, and not as much punishment.

I tough I'd be cunning and co-operate a bit to get a ticket-of-leave. In 1846 I finally got me wish – and now I'm free. I'm a Vandemonian ticketer now and I can do whatever I want.

Blimey, freedom is bliss!

ANNA GEORGESON YEAR 6Z



WILLIAM PEARSON

I was born in 1825 but I wish wasn't. Me life's a mess. I was part of a family with five kids. Me Pa was sentenced to seven years transportation when I was just three cause he hurt Ma. Ma died when she was giving birth. I was only six. We managed to save the young'un though. We named her Sarah – after me Ma. I loved me Ma – she kept our family together.

Me family was forced into crime after she died – we were paupers. I was a fly Buz cove. Good at stealing, we were, when we worked together. All in all I committed 30 crimes and I'm proud of it!

Me older brother Isaac died when I was eight and I was forced to look after me family. That was much harder than I thought it would be. No one knew how he died. Found his body in gruesome state, coiled into a tight ball – obviously from the pain.

When I was just 10 I was sentenced to seven years transportation but escaped 16 months later. A young 'un like me should not go through those horrors...it was only out of sheer necessity.

In 1837 I was sentenced to seven years transportation - again for stealing razors. I was only twelve. I was sent to Van Diemen 's Land on the Francis Charlotte and this time – there was no escape.

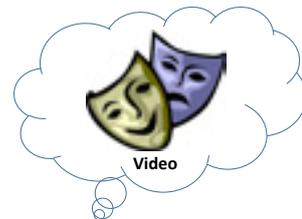
Yeah, I often disobeyed rules in the prison – 94 times to be exact – with harsh punishment. I'm proud of that score! Nothing can break me; No dark rooms or heavy logs, no whips or treadmills.

On the first of July 1846, when I was 21 I ran out of the prison barracks shouting, "Follow me and you follow to the gallows." 50 men followed me! We killed three men trying to block our path.

We were captured. As one of the twelve ring leaders I was sentenced to be scragged three times later.

Till that day comes – in two more days, I will fight and continue to defy what comes me way.

AMY FRENCH YEAR 6M





LAUREN MITNOVETSKY YEAR 6L

WALTER PAISLEY

I was born in England 1820. It was a bad place then. I was the youngest of three kids.

I grew up poor and hungry and may be a little confused. I thought the world was a place where dreams came true and life was great; but I guessed wrong.

When I was 13 years old me mates and brother were lowering me into a house. Just when I thought all was good, I heard voices. I began to freak out and started to panic. Before Ya know me mates And bro ditched me. I was so angry and scared.

I got tried in the Buckinghamshire Court and was sentenced to 7 years transportation. I was bitter about that. They didn't even bother to go looking for the others, they just took me.

I was shipped on the Isabella in 1833. It was a beautiful ship but I underestimated it. The journey was rough and horrible. I was one of 68 cold, hungry and angry boys. We were headed for the new juvenile establishment at Point Pouer.

In 5 years I had 44 charges against me name in the black books. It was held by the stupid superintendent of convict's office in Hobart.

Me first punishment came 27 days after the place opened and it was solitary confinement, ordered to the cells for a week. It was just for insubordinate conduct to the superintendent Montgomery.

Five months later me mated got sentences to solitary. I sat outside their cells a proud and confident lad and made 'em laugh with obscene stories I made up, right off the top of me head they were. For that I got locked up for a week just for being a nice mate, I'll tell ya this place is worse than being thrown into a sea of starving sharks.

When I was stuck in solitary I played it tough. I wouldn't stop shouting and singing obscenities and blaspheming. The dark, cold, frightening cave wouldn't budge me.

I got so fed up with all this hard labour because we were getting nothing out of it. So I destroyed me work in the carpenter's shop and struck a fellow mate with me spade. I punched the schoolmaster and threatened others with a stolen lancet. That one felt good to get off me chest. I got caught stealing a chicken from the superintendent's garden and afterwards I attacked and strangled the lad who dobed on me.

I decided to shape up and maybe get out of this place.

Believe it or not I got freed from the horrible, terrible, brutal, processing and life destroying Point Pouer when I was around 20. I arrived in Launceston and Christmas Day in 1838.

I was clear of trouble, livin' a great life. I had a decent home and was happy for once, until a year later when I got caught with a man named Thomas Dickson for robbin' a house in Liverpool owned by a bloke named Felix Murphy. We got put on trial and sentenced for life. I thought my life wasn't all a failure until that one year. Part of me sentence included being sent to Port Arthur for four years to be strictly watched. I wasn't happy about that – being sent back to the place I grew up – the place where my life was destroyed.

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WALTER PAISLEY - CONTINUED

At Port Arthur I was up the Commandant on another six occasions, mostly for misconduct and disobedience of orders I didn't care what he said, I'm Walter Paisley I can do what I want.

I was discharged to the Colonial Hospital, Hobart in April 1844 and thereafter sent to the invalid station at Impression Bay. They sent me there for minor offenses.

Me life is a failure. I had no kids, a bad home, grew up with nothing to live for and was sent to Van Diemen's Land.

ETHAN CARKAZIS YEAR 6Z



MARK JEFFERY

Ya stupid kids want to know about me? Ok I'll tell ya on one condition! You don't tell anyone else about me. If ya do I'll find ya. Born 1825 in Cambridge, England but never saw me Ma. Pa said she died when I was two, but I fink he is just a dirty liar. Wasted all our money on stupid drinks! No food for me so I scavenged! I was scared when he was drunk. Pa screamed and punched me. I was finished with me father abusing me, so I ran away from home.

Life very difficult! Used me wits and snitched whatever I could. Many times almost caught but alas one day I was caught. I spied a buck man and saw my chance. Sadly I tripped over and dropped the wallet and the law caught up with me. 15 Years transportation and was I mad! I saw someone laughing at me so I beat him up. He deserved it but that gave me a lifer!

In April 1850 I was sent to Norfolk Island. For two years the Commandant John Price made my life so miserable with punishments for nothing! In 1852 I was sent to Port Arthur and stayed there for three more darn years. Until at last I was free. I was always in and out of trouble and within 12 months I was back in prison. I couldn't keep me mouth shut and was always up for a fight. By now I was quite a sick man (cough) (cough) and the heavy chains around me legs had sapped me strength over the years.

I finally got my ticket of leave in 1859. After that I got 19 convictions for assault and abusive language. I cared little! I was sent away and brought back many times. I injured my leg and the doctor did nothing, which was a complete injustice. I tried to murder the doctor. It was useless and I was sent to the Isle of Dead as gravedigger! It was better there as I was on me own. I could bake me bread and keep outta trouble. Until one night Satan visited me! I begged to leave as I knew death was near!

CHARLIE LIU YEAR 6M



CHINESE IMMIGRANTS HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO MULTICULTURAL AUSTRALIAN SOCIETY

Introduction

Australia's cultural fabric is unique and diverse. Its multicultural society is based upon the respect and acceptance of many different cultures and races. This report will focus on one particular immigrant group, the first Chinese immigrants, and how they have contributed significantly to Australia's multicultural society.

Reasons for leaving the country of origin

With the discovery of gold in Australia in 1851, many people around the world migrated to Australia hoping to strike it rich. The largest immigrant group was the Chinese with 40,721 arrivals from 1852 to 1889. The voyage from China to Australia was made by auxiliary steamer, a boat powered by steam and sail. The voyage was long and hazardous due to the stormy weather in the South Seas. On the boat, there was poor hygiene as the miners were confined to the lower decks with no air ventilation. This was because they lacked funds to use the upper decks with better air circulation. When the Chinese miners arrived in Australia, settling was a major hardship due to the prejudice against them.

Arrival and settling

In 1852, the first boat load of Chinese miners arrived in Victoria to settle in the goldfields. However in 1855, Anti-Chinese Legislation laws were passed taxing 10 pounds per Chinese Immigrant, therefore the Chinese miners decided to land in South Australia and walked to the goldfields in Victoria. There was high racism between the White miners and the Chinese because of their physical appearance, work ethics and perseverance. It was because of this tension, there were many anti-Chinese riots. During these riots, people shouted racist chants such as, "Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves! No more Chinamen shall land in New South Wales!" Despite this racial prejudice and anti-Chinese riots, some miners after finding gold, set up businesses (Chinatowns) around the goldfields and Australia.

Contributions to Australia's multicultural society

Mei Quong Tart, a Chinese entrepreneur, helped women of all classes mix together and socialise by building tearooms. Before he built tearooms and eateries, Australian women had nowhere to go to socialise because no respectable woman would go into a hotel during the late 1800s. Quong Tart also influenced Chinese immigrants to come to Australia at a time of racial prejudice. Quong Tart's great-grandson, Josh Quong Tart, is an Australian actor who played Scar in The Lion King Stage Show (Australia). He is also known for playing Miles Copeland in Home and Away. In the 1850s the Chinese were mocked due to their different clothing but today they are viewed as a respected culture.

Conclusion

Australia's multicultural society has been built upon since the Gold Rush in the 1850s with the Chinese immigrants playing a major role. The Chinese miners had to endure many hardships from the long and hazardous voyage from their country of origin to blatant racism on the goldfields. However, their hard work is what Australia now respects them for. Chinese immigrants, such as Mei Quong Tart, have contributed to Australia significantly by helping to break down the barriers of sexism, racism and the separation of the rich and the poor. Chinese immigrants have contributed to the multicultural society of Australia.

THE ARRIVAL ON THE GOLD FIELDS

Tears ran down Tom and Heather's faces like a waterfall in a flood as they slowly wrapped their beloved photo of their family all together when their dad was still with them. They were about to go off into a unknown world called New South Wales and leave their Mum, Maria and their little sister Margaret behind. Maria had the most gorgeous blonde hair and sparkling blue eyes that made your day every time you looked at her. She might have been two weeks pregnant but she still managed to cook the most beautiful breakfast they could afford. Little Margaret was only two but her and their Mum look like identical twins. Tom and Heather finished off the packing by putting some favourite pictures of the family that Margaret had drew in their suitcases.

Heather closed the front door for the very last time. They all walked slowly down the damp, dark and dusty cobbled streets of London. They could smell the smoke from the brick chimney's as everyone tried to keep warm on the cold misty nights. As they walked further along they started to form a group of people heading down to the same docks saying goodbye to their families too. A cloud of sadness seemed to follow all of them. They slowly walked closer and closer to the docks, they could see homeless people down the alley ways they had probably lost their jobs over the monstrous machines too. Then they finally arrived and they saw the ship, it was the biggest they had ever seen. Tom and Heather wondered if everyone getting on the ship will be looking for gold as well.

They had to say goodbye quickly because they didn't want to block the path for the other people boarding the ship. They were all speechless not knowing what they were about to face they just hugged, cried and said goodbye once again. Tom and Heather tiptoed up the docks. You could see the fear in Maria's eyes not knowing if this was the right thing to do, but she knew she had no choice. Maria and Margaret walked back up the lonely paths to their house as Tom and Heather were given a room. It was a small room with a wooden bed that probably had bed bugs in the mattress. The blankets were thin and didn't keep them very warm in the night. There was a small bedside table that had a candlelit light and a big basket of food supplies to last the journey. Under the bed was an old chamber pot that they had to empty every day. The journey might have been unpleasant but the eight months seemed to go by very quickly and soon enough they were there.

Their minds were filled with mixed emotions. One part of them was scared to get off the boat because they were entering an unknown world but at the same time they were happy to be on dry land. The only connection they had to their home was the ocean they had been travelling on for months. They couldn't help to notice what changes they were about to face. Tom and Heather weren't quite sure what the next steps were when arriving at a new place so they just followed everyone else. They ended up in a long line, at the end they realised they had to go through a health check. There were doctors surrounding them checking their ears, throats, chest and nose. Finally they got through and were given a place to stay. They wondered if this was the right thing to do or would it be a lifetime of regret.

The next day Tom and Heather knew it was time to start looking for gold, so they headed down to the closet gold fields. They spent all day looking for gold but still didn't find any. Day after day Tom and Heather still couldn't find gold. Soon enough they became broke and couldn't afford their room, so they had to live on the streets. Tom started to wonder if they would ever see their family again. People started to leave the gold fields they were mining at. They knew there was probably no gold left, but they didn't know any other place to look.

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THE ARRIVAL ON THE GOLD FIELDS - CONTINUED

One day they saw a man coming to look for gold near them. He looked like a very wealthy man with a nice suit and top hat. Tom and Heather were confused, why would a man so wealthy be looking for gold? Tom wanted to ask the man how he got so wealthy and why he was still looking for gold. After days of begging Heather agreed so they tip toed over and Heather asked, “Why are you so wealthy?”

“Oh I’m glad you asked, I found gold you see,” replied the fine gentleman.

“So why are you still looking?” Muttered Tom.

“For fun, I enjoy it. Now how about you come over to my place for dinner and I’ll tell you where I found it,” laughed the man.

“Ok, thank you that would be very helpful,” said Heather.

So Tom and Heather went over to the man’s house and met his family. They learnt about the man’s journey and how he got there and that his name was Larry. They stayed over at his house for the night and the very next day Larry showed them where to find gold and soon enough they found a big nugget of gold.

Tom and Heather sold their nugget of gold bought three tickets so the rest of their family including their new baby sister could come to New South Wales too. They also had money left over so they bought a house and set it up for their family. It didn’t feel too long until they received word from their mum, saying they had arrived and were waiting for them at the docks. Tom and Heather were so happy that they raced down to the docks as fast as they could. The first person they saw was Margaret, she jumped into their arms and gave them a big hug.

“Meet our little sister,” Margaret said excitedly while pulling them by their arms. Then they saw their new little sister and their Mum, they all burst into tears of joy.

Maria turned around and said, “On the boat we meet this boy Charlie he is doing the same thing you two did two years ago. I thought he could look for gold in the fields with you.”

“Sure that would be great,” replied Heather.

They all walked back home and sat around the kitchen table just like old times. They all decided to call their new baby Victoria after the State of their new home and they did help Charlie find gold, but that’s another story.

AMY BARRY YEAR 5P



THE ARRIVAL

John slowly folded his clothes and dropped them in his suitcase thinking of his dark journey ahead. He carefully wrapped the delicate photo of him and his family back in good times. His arms shaking just by imaging how much he would miss his family. John walked into the lounge room slouching a little, his heart dropped as he saw his daughter Lacey sitting at the table folding origami. Lacey was one of his greatest inventions and he loved it when she folded origami. Lacey stood up passing John a tiny paper crane, he quickly wrapped his arms around her holding her tightly because this was the last time he could for a long time. John walked into the kitchen seeing his wife Sarah and son Tom trying to blink back the tears that escaped their eyes. John and his family walked outside together for the very last time in months, maybe even years so he treasured every bit.

John was heartbroken, he really didn't want to leave his family and he wouldn't have to if it wasn't for the mechanical monsters that had been made and ruined everyone's loved careers that had been proudly passed on by their families. As John and his family struggled down the street the smell of smoke crawled into his nose making him sneeze and dust danced around him.

John knew it was time to board the ship so he sadly gave his family one last squeeze then waved goodbye and climbed onto the ship. He pushed himself down the long, dark hallway and stopped when he got to the door that had his number on it. He slipped the key that the lady on the ship gave him as he boarded into the small hole. John took a deep breath as he walked inside the room, it was pretty simple there was a wooden bed with a thin mattress and a white lace blanket and pillow on the top. Under the bed was a cloud white chamber pot with gold patterns on the outside. Over in the corner was an old rocking chair with a dusty pillow on top. John sighed then zipped open his suitcase and unwrapped the photo of his family and carefully hung it up next to his bed. That's better he thought to himself. Although he knew there were others in the same situation as him, John was frightened of his big journey ahead.

As he arrived John started to feel cold, he expected that though because he was in Canada but other than that John liked the look of his new home. The trees waved hello in the wind and the two statues in front of him looked friendly. They were shaking hands which made John feel welcome and the sky was diamond blue. John felt something he hadn't felt since he was with his family, he was smiling. When the boat stopped everyone suddenly rushed out the door to smell the fresh air but it was very crowded so he jumped into the line to be checked and let into the country.

Days past and John had been let into the country so today he decided to go and find a job. He slipped on some night black pants and a plain white shirt and fancy bow tie. "Excuse me," he said to various people but no one answered. "Um! Excuse me," he asked again but still no answer. John sat down worried, had he made the wrong decision.

"Hello," an old croaky voice whispered. "I've been watching you and you can take my job." John bounced up with hope and thanked the man then off he went to start working immediately.

John scrubbed hard and polished carefully, he had been given a shoe making career the sky went from light to dark as John worked. Clouds turned into stars and he had finally earned his pay. He grabbed his money and raced off to the mailbox he had seen nearby. He carefully slipped the money into a tiny pink envelope and dropped it inside the small mailbox in front of him.

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THE ARRIVAL - CONTINUED

Seasons past and John felt like he hadn't seen his family forever but today was different. Right now he was waiting outside the boat station to meet his family. He wasn't sure if he was dreaming or not but it was exciting anyway. "Dad!" Two delicate voices shouted from across the boat station. John looked up to see his two children and beautiful wife. He dropped his hat and bounced out of his chair and squeezed his loved ones emotionally. Happy tears filled his eyes as Lacey gave him a paper crane once more. Night fell and they were all happily sitting at the table, John was filled with pride and happiness to see his hat hanging up in the same spot it had for years. A smile spread across his face to be sitting with his family once more and when the time came and they were ready for the next generation to come they could tell their stories and listen to others as well.

AMELIE HISCO YEAR 5P



WIND POWER: GOLD COAST'S FUTURE

Just imagine, it's October, one of the coldest months out there and the Gold Coast is in the middle of a heat wave. It's entire population is sweating like a bunch of waterhogs, the sea level is rising rapidly and species that can't take the heat are dropping like flies. Beloved family homes close to the water's edge are already half under water. Our actions are clogging up the atmosphere and forcing the temperatures off the charts. And why is this happening you ask? Fossil fuels. When burned, fossil fuels create electricity and our whole lives revolve around technology. These fuels also create greenhouse gasses which cause drastic changes to our home. But these fossil fuels won't last forever so it is time to make the switch to wind power. Wind power is the most efficient, safe and most importantly clean, way to power the Gold Coast. So by all means, if you don't want to be under water in 50 years, make the switch to wind power.

Other renewables are just not efficient enough. The Gold Coast has over 500,000 resident's electricity needs to meet and a natural landscape to maintain. They simply just won't make ends meet. Solar energy, though fairly effective, is extremely expensive and the sun isn't out every single day. The solar farms that produce that majority of the energy are extremely large and would ruin our beautiful City. Biomass creates greenhouse gasses and requires a lot of land, so really, wind energy is really the only way to go.

Wind energy is a perfect, clean and safe way to harness energy. Wind power is produced directly from the wind using a turbine to slow down the wind. This method is resource free and emits no greenhouse gasses. Therefore, wind is the best choice.

The Gold Coast is a clean, green, happy place. With golden beaches and grassy plains, in other words, the perfect place for wind turbines. Not long ago the news reported that the wind was so fierce that the beaches had to be shut. The Gold Coast has lots of grassy plains, perfect for turbines as well as heaps of room in the water. Wind power is the perfect match of the Gold Coast.

The Council must be simply crazy if they don't see wind energy as the right choice. The other renewables just don't fit. The Gold Coast has the perfect landscape and wind power just has too many advantages. There is no doubt about it, wind power is the energy of tomorrow, today and now!

AMELIA WILSON YEAR 5P



SOLAR POWER

Just imagine in the middle of winter having it 20 degrees, How horrible would that be! That's what the world is going to be like in 50 years if we don't stop using fossil fuels. I think that the Gold Coast most definitely must use solar energy. If you choose solar, get ready for jumpers again because you could help save winters and hopefully, help encourage solar all over the planet. It will be revolutionary all over the country.

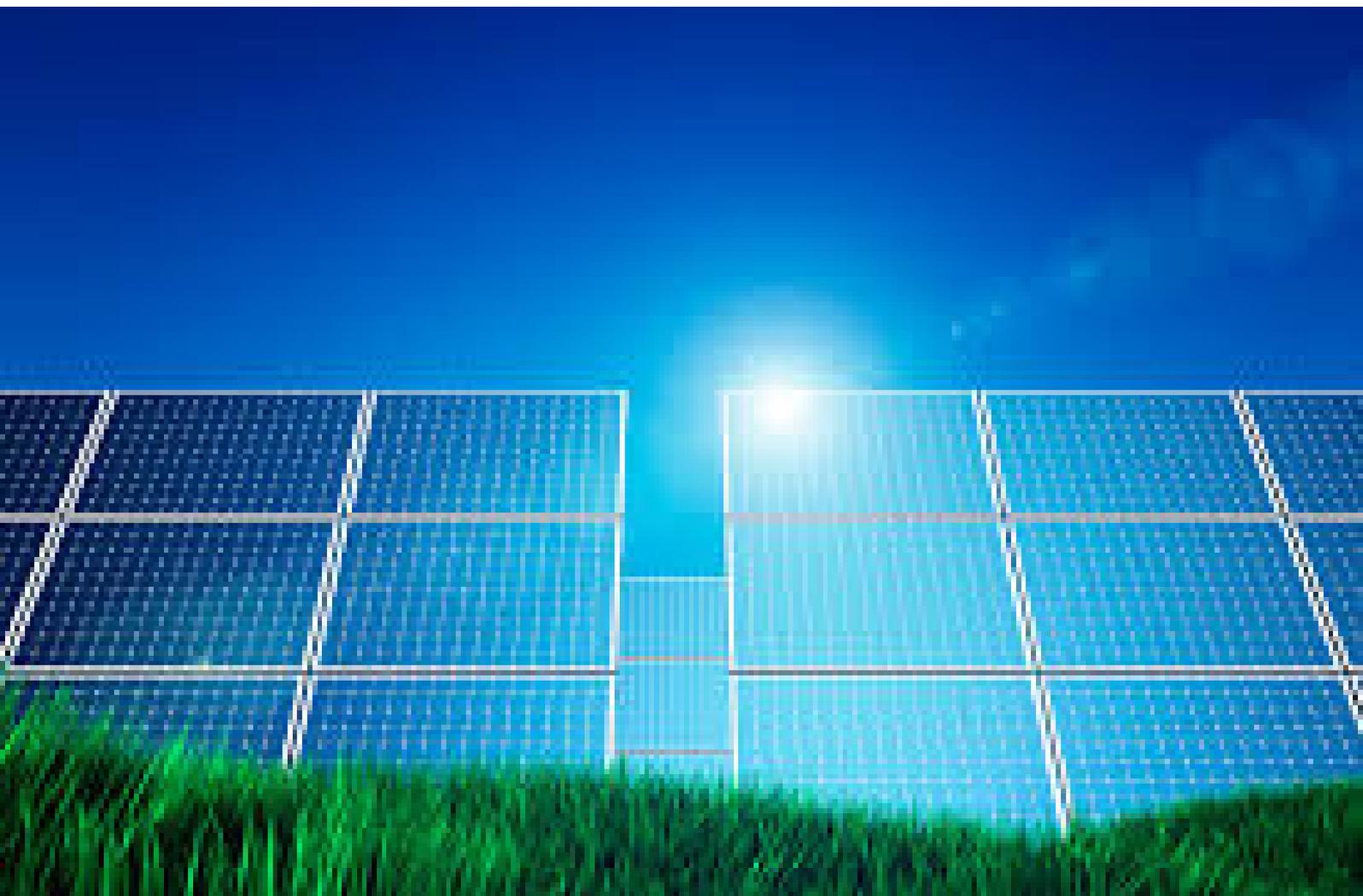
I think that solar is an amazingly worthwhile investment, in that it would have many, many advantages on the Gold Coast and here are a few.

Firstly, the Gold Coast is an extremely sunny place, It has approximately 245 sunny and fine days per year. Solar cells are also a great advantage because they make absolutely no noise whatsoever. They would be great to have on your house or on a headland at the beach. They're also a constant power source so even if the sun isn't out one day, we can always rely on it to come out the next day.

So, the aforementioned clearly states why solar has many advantages. Some other resources are not as good as solar power and here is why. Think to yourself "Just how would we get on with biomass?" I know the answer, we can't! Biomass takes way too long to grow and besides, where are we going to get the land to grow the crops? It's not like we can just go and tear up people's houses to grow crops. And wave energy – do we really want our oceans to look horrible for tourists and limit the area for boats? We also have long periods of time without wind. If you choose wind, you can't get energy from anywhere else so you just can't have any resource other than solar.

As you can see in all of the above, the Gold Coast just needs solar power energy. Solar has many benefits and you can't have any other resource. So this is why it is most important that we have solar!

ISAAC ROGERS YEAR 5P



DA VINCI DECATHLON POEM

Oh I am a little bumble bee,
Giant feet I have to flee.

Oh there the beautiful flower stands,
All in different coloured lands.

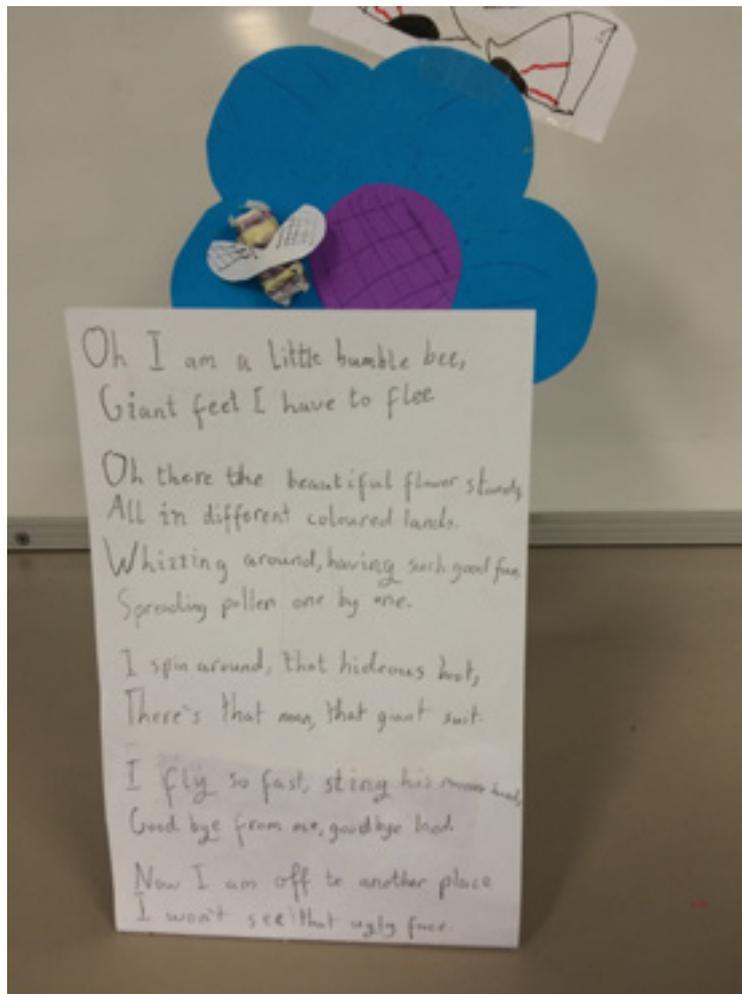
Whizzing around, having such good fun,
Spreading pollen one by one.

I spin around, that hideous boot,
There's that man, that giant suit.

I fly so fast, sting his massive hand,
Good bye from me, good bye land.

Now I am off to another place,
I won't see that ugly face.

NIAMH ROGERS, ASHLEE PARK, RUBY JAY AND AVA MCCARTHY YEAR 5



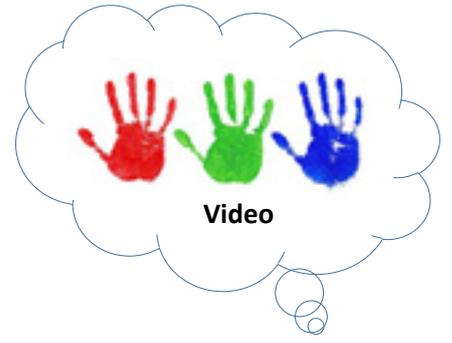
DA VINCI DECATHLON

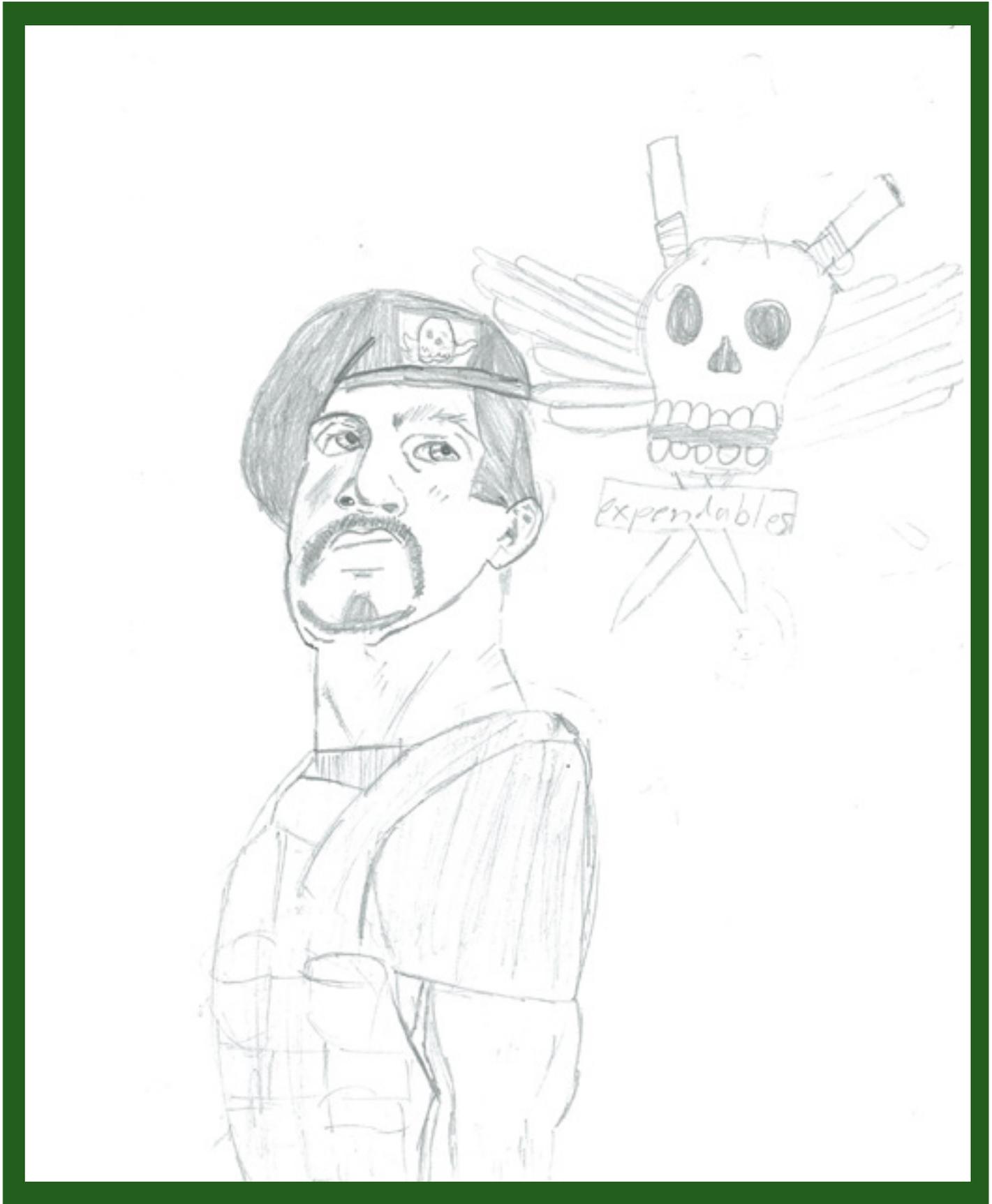


YEAR 5 TEAM: AVA MCCARTHY, NIAMH ROGERS, RUBY JAY, HUGO CHAN, PHOENIX KYAW, LUKE SHIRLEY, ASHLEE PARK, MEGAN CATTELL

YEAR 6 TEAM: HAMISH FOLLIOTT, RILEY DAVENPORT, AMY FRENCH, JORMINNA MA, JACKSON MCMONAGLE, HUGH MUNRO, THOMAS GRAY, ANNA GEORGESON

DA VINCI DECATHLON





OLLIE TOOHEY YEAR 3G

EPIC FAIL

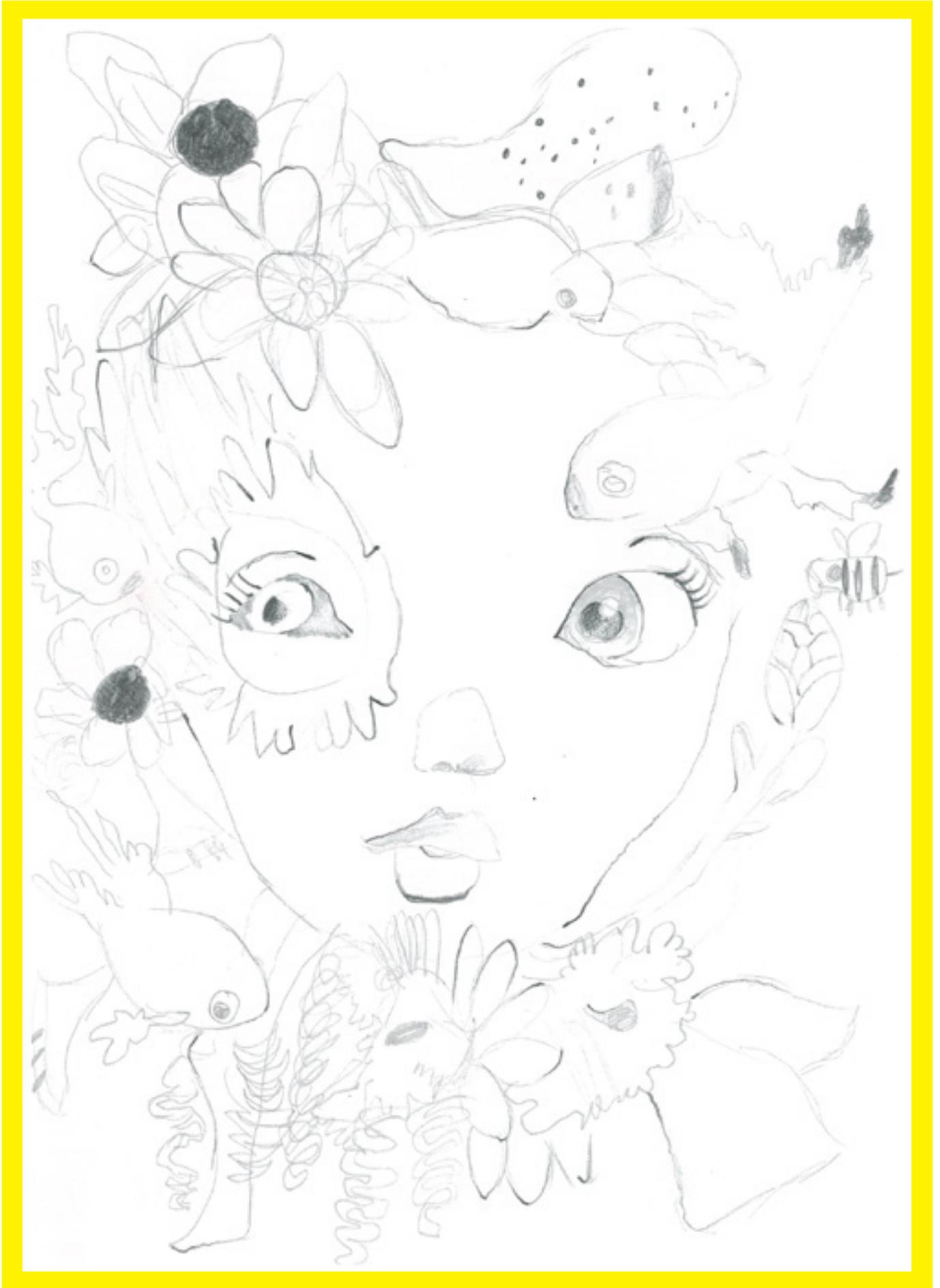
I was going through the cupboard and found my old drone and charger. I ran outside and turned it on. “Let’s see how far it will go,” I said.

Then I turned up the height and it went about 100 meters high. But it was slowly going into my neighbour’s house. I wasn’t worried until it went even further away from me straight into my other neighbour’s house.

But suddenly, it lost signal. It was going down, I repeat it’s going down, going down. It was falling 100 meters, 10 meters, CRASH! It has fallen, I repeat it has fallen.

JET MILLER YEAR 5H





IONA RADCLIFFE YEAR 5P

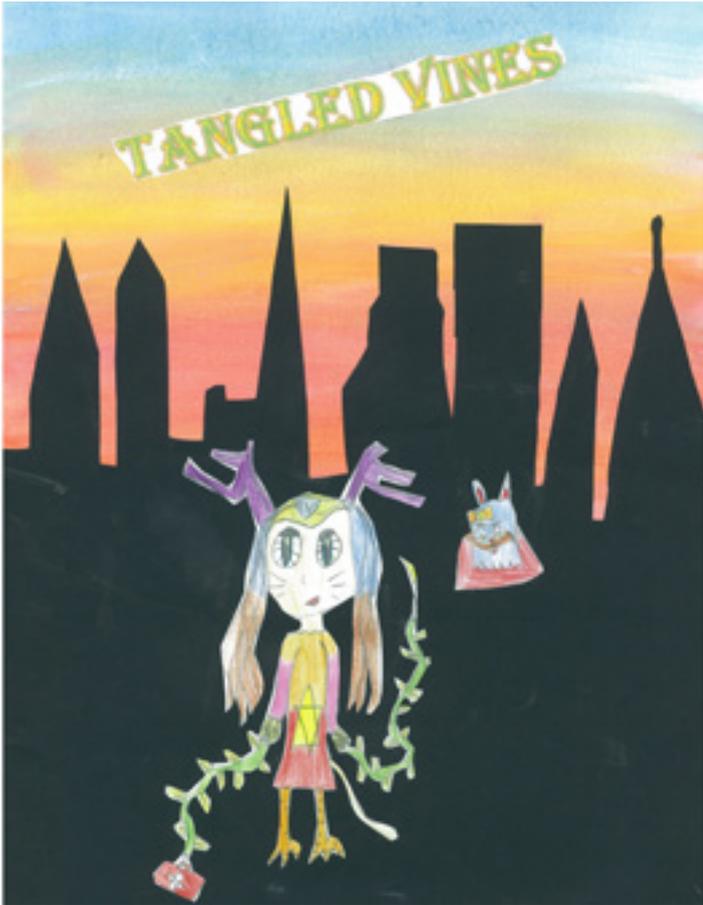
YEAR 5 SUPERHEROES



My superhero is called Arty Musical girl. Her powers are to make any crafty thing using only her eyes quickly, and can make instruments and invent them, and also be able to play all instruments fluently. My super hero has a sidekick pet dog called Cleo. She is a German shepherd. My superhero can teach anyone how to play instruments in emergencies. When you need something Arty Musical Girl can make it for you! She has paintbrushes and paint, a piano and a guitar. She is very caring when she teaches people how to play instruments and a risk-taker when she invents new things. She is really creative and is very crafty. She is very confident when communicating.

NITIKA BETHI YEAR 5H

YEAR 5 SUPERHEROES



Hello, I am tangled vines, and my side kick Mr Moustache. I save the day with my trusty glitter gloves and my power to change any of my body parts into an animal. My glitter gloves grow vines that make objects that help my save the day, like a boomerang. I am a risk-taker and caring person. I risk my life to save a family in a burning house, I care for everyone in the city, even the bad guys. On the other hand, Mr Moustache can summon lighting and turn his moustache into fists. Together we save the day.

LAURA COSSON YEAR 5R



This unit of art we created are own super heroes. My hero's personality traits were a justice fighter protecting the world she also has a passion for basketball and fire lighting with these to combinations she becomes an unstoppable force. This inquiry is actually linked to our current inquiry about eminent individuals. This link is because both super heroes and eminent people have the power to change the world.

ALICE JONES YEAR 5R

YEAR 5 SUPERHEROES



I am Turtle Tastic, sworn to protect all turtles from devastation. I fight bad guys with super ninja powers. I also have a gadget that can call any animals to help me, and can hypnotise people. I have telekinesis - the power to move things without touching them - and can fly with my scaly cape. I am caring and a risk-taker as I risk my life for others. I show commitment and confidence. My alter ego is a normal school kid. My nemesis is Turtle Destroyer. I am a role model because people look up to me.

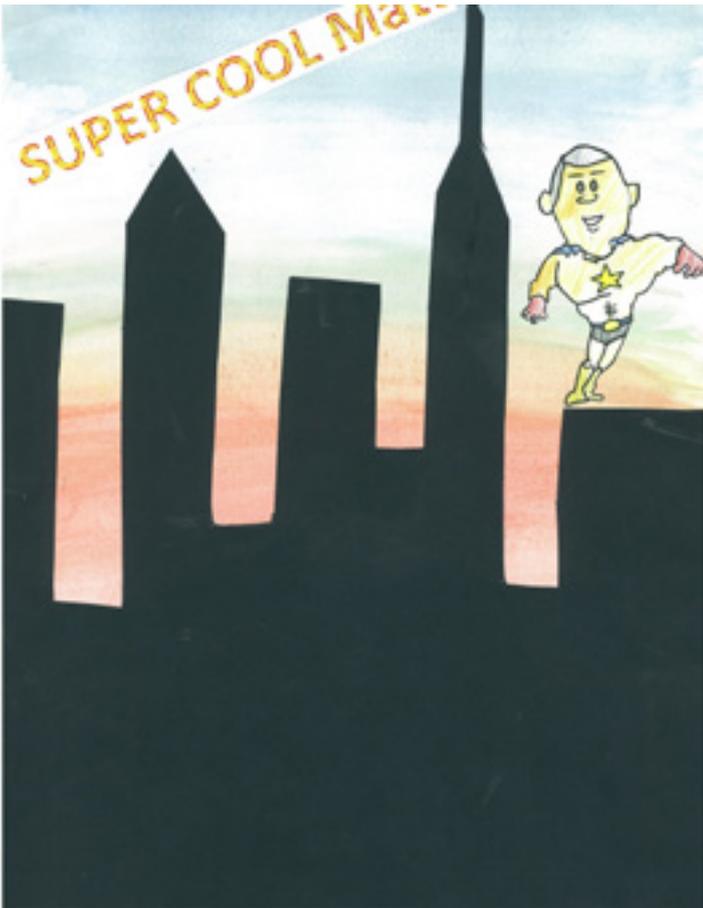
RUBY JAY YEAR 5R



I am Homework destroyer. I have a gadget called Homework no more. I save every little kid from homework. When I was at school I suffered from homework and I promised that I will never let any kid suffer from home work again. I also have a pole that I use to destroy homework I call it poley pole. I spin it around and around until the homework is destroyed. I am a risk taker and a carer in a heroic way.

MAX LUN YEAR 5R

YEAR 5 SUPERHEROES



My super hero name is super cool Matt. He has special powers to fly and jump over buildings and finally he can burn anything with his eyes. He looks normal but he is not normal. His favourite sports are soccer, Basketball and Cross country. He is a Risk-Taker because he takes risks when he saves people.

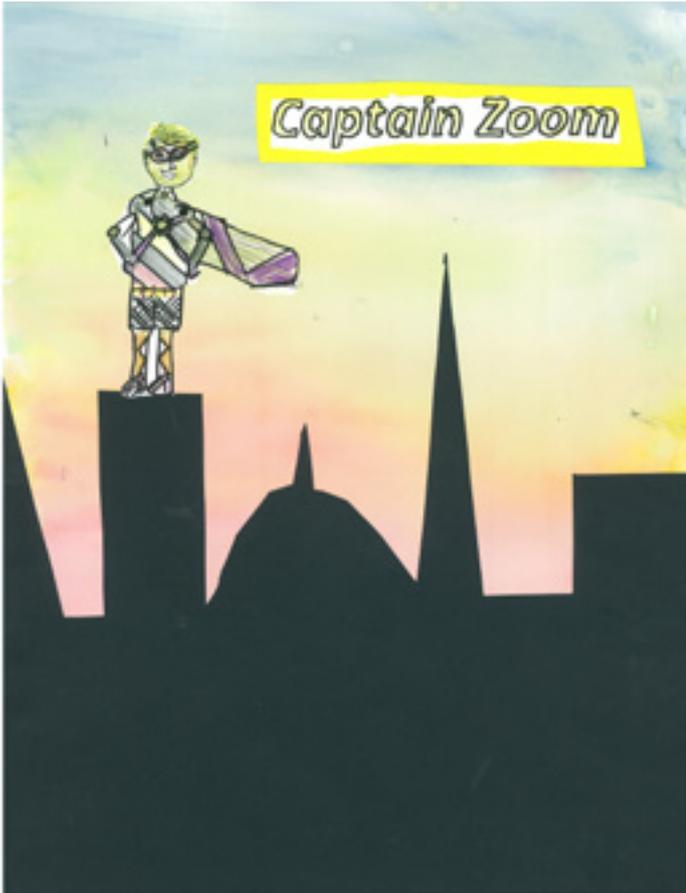
MATTHEW LEAL YEAR 5R



My name is Altitude Ashlee and I am a superhero. My gadgets are Ninja Books. My superpowers are: jumping super high, having laser eyes, gliding, running and swimming superfast and being able to move things. Through the sessions, my best learner profile would be reflective because I reflected on all the work I have done previously and used all my knowledge I had to form this art piece. I really enjoyed working on this art piece and creating my superhero.

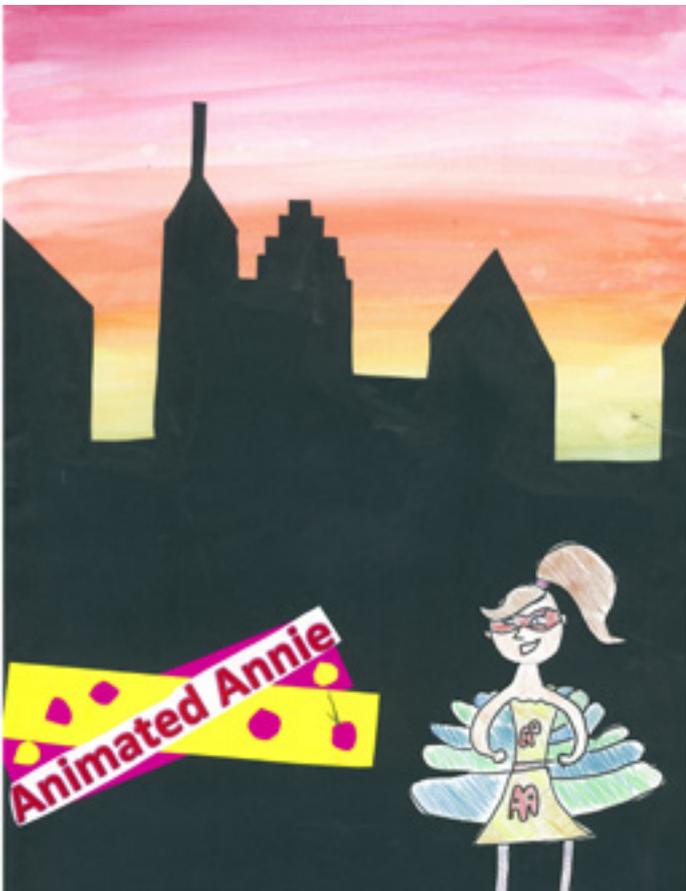
ASHLEE PARK YEAR 5W

YEAR 5 SUPERHEROES



My Superhero is called CAPTAIN-ZOOM. His powers are running and supervision and speed and his gadgets are gas bombs and mini bombs that knock people out so they are easy to take to jail. My Superheros learner profile is a risk taker because he risks his life to save people's lives and makes Metro City a better place. He also inspires other people to do better in everything they can do no matter who they are or what they like. As he risk takes he also takes risks on his choices so what's for the best in not just the present but what the future holds in store. This is my Superhero.

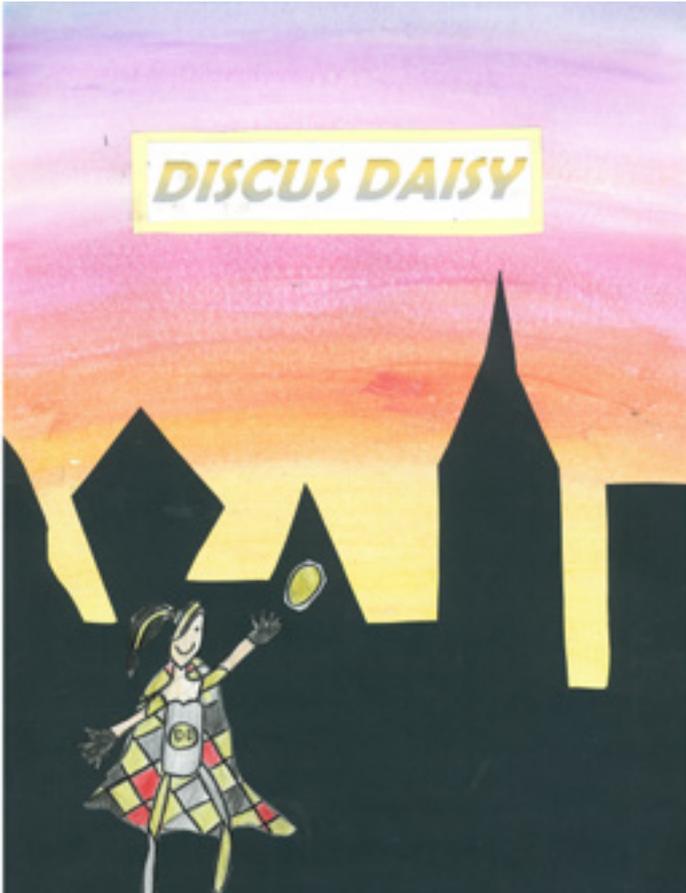
JAMES KIRBY YEAR 5H



My name is Animated Annie. I am a fantastic superhero with lots of superpowers and super gadgets. Some of my superpowers include that I can transform into any actress or actor that I want. I can also be superfast learning my script and other people's scripts because I am a communicator, principled and a thinker. I also have a laser gun and a special mask to see through walls. During the sessions I have shown the learner profile of open minded because I have always wanted to learn more things. I have enjoyed doing this piece and creating Animated Annie.

TATIANA LEON YEAR 5W

YEAR 5 SUPERHEROES



Hi my name is Discus Daisy. I am a super hero who helps lots of people. My job is to stop people from stealing things. When they are I throw my super discus at the perfect angle to take their stolen object out of their hand and return to where it's meant to be. I also have super cool gadgets like my super watch which tells me when someone is stealing something. I also have an unstoppable bag of discuses so I never run out. My last super cool thing is my learner profile I am a reflective and caring person I will tell the truth to shop owners and I will never steel anything.

JENNER MILLER YEAR 5H



Hi my name is RUNNING-MACHINE RILEY and I have a super power and that is super speed. I like to help my people and make sure that everyone is safe. If something goes wrong then it is my job to make it right again. I am a risk-taker because I take a risk when I am helping save the world and I risk my life for these people. I also am caring because I help anyone, anywhere it does not matter how big or how small you are, I will save you anyway. My gadget is super speed shoes and when I'm running the spikes come out and when I'm sliding the spikes go back in.

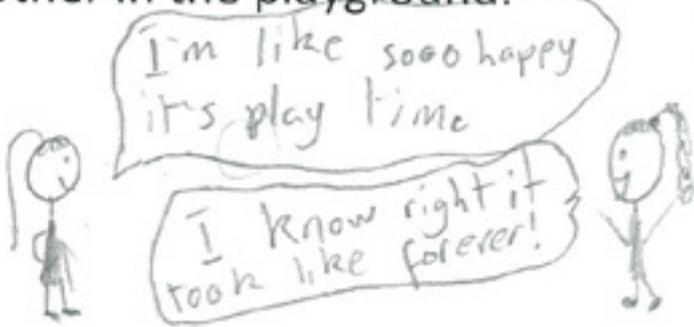
KARTIER MORJANOVIC YEAR 5H



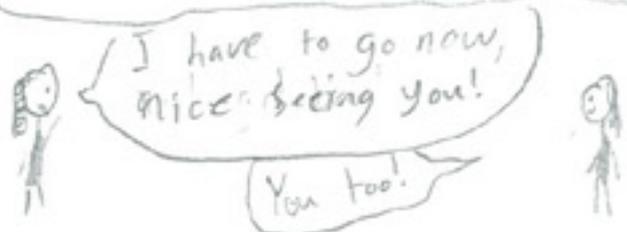
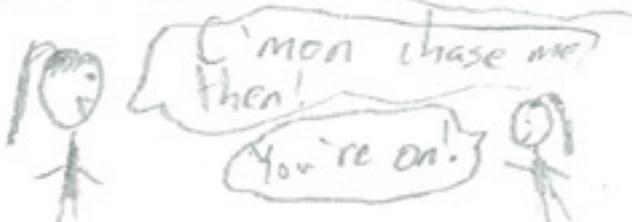
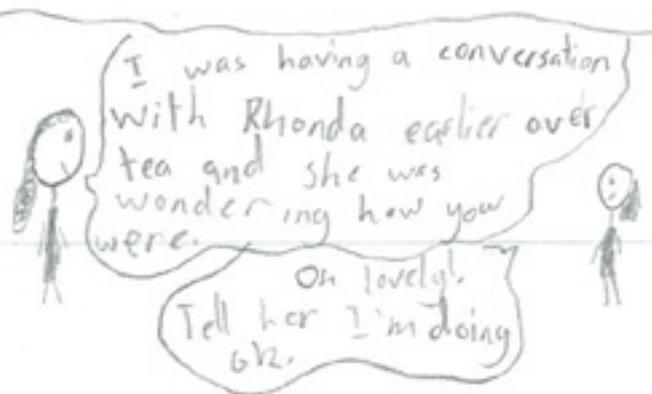
EMMELINE ANTHONY YEAR 4C

COMIC STRIP

Using speech bubbles, draw you and a friend talking, using language that you use with each other in the playground.



Using speech bubbles, draw your mum/dad talking with one of their friends, using language that they might use with each other.



NIAMH ROGERS YEAR 5W

MARLON WEBB VS THE 4TH GRADE JUSTICE LEAGUE

It's a quiet day where Harry, Ruby, Daniel, Leo, Tom, Ben, Darby and myself are all doing things. I'm busy saving a family from drowning, Harry's fighting Cass (aka Joker), Ruby is disarming a bomb in the middle of Wayne Tower, Daniel is saving the Eiffel Tower from falling over, Leo is fighting the Red, Orange and Yellow Lanterns, Tom is having a race with his enemy (Reverse Flash) and Ben is leading the innocent people of Atlantis. Then suddenly Darby calls. "Calling all Justice Leagues!" On the big hub phone. We all rush to the Watchtower and run to Darby.

"What the HECK is going on Martian Manhunter (who is Darby by the way)?" I say urgently.

"There is something found on the Gold Coast," Darby says. "You must all go and see what's happening."

"I think it has something to do with ... food?" Leo, who is Green Lantern says. "Let's take the Jeff Copter."

The Heroes of Gotham City run to the Watchtowers suit area and jump in the Jeff Copter. I get to my Superman suit on and climb in. Batman, Wonder Woman, Flash, Green lantern, Aquaman, Cyborg and Martian Manhunter are ready for battle!

"Will we need backup?" Tom (Flash) asks.

"No we just have to see what is going on," I reply.

"It is 2030 after all," says Ben (Aquaman). "Let's go Super 8!"

We fly down from space in the Jeff Copter to the Q1 and when we look underneath we find people in shock. They were running around yelling HELP! We set the Jeff Copter to the be still mode and jump out. Tom, Ben and Daniel (Cyborg) grab a parachute and jump out then Harry (Batman) glides through with his cape. Darby, Ruby and I are the ones with the ability to fly. We fly around the Q1 until we see a strange man who was saying, "Watermelons!"

He spots us and says, "Ah the Justice League!"

Harry says, "What are you doing?"

"I'm feeding people some watermelon," the man adds.

"But why are they running around screaming?" asked Ruby.

"I've sent my minions to feed them but they want to kill them instead and Marlon Webb will win!" the strange man said.

"No you won't, we hate watermelons!" We all said together.

"Whaaaat! Well that just gave me an idea," the man yells at the top of his lungs. "There's a pack of noobs in my home who hate watermelons, let's get them!"

Tom runs faster than light and goes for a punch but before he could punch Webb grows a big metal watermelon from under the ground and laughs as the watermelon shape robot starts to attack. Tom runs up to the robot and runs around him to distract him while Ruby grabs her magic whip to pull him down. Leo makes a force field around all the people of the Gold Coast. Darby grabs all the people and takes them to safety. Ben summons some sharks and squid to attack the robot then Daniel opens up the hatch with his metal powers to line up a shot for me to take a punch. Harry goes and shoots his twenty one gun to grape up to Webb and punch him in the face, three times.

Whack! Bam! Pow! He distracts Webb while I fly and punch the watermelon robot in the socket, KABOOOOOOOOOM! Leo uses another force field to save us from the explosion. Darby brings all the people to safety and they all cheer, Hooray!

But some man says "The city is wrecked! I guess we're going to live in Brisbane now."

"Wait everyone, we can repair this. We can combine our powers to make a new city." I say. "Come on guys let's do it!" SHHHIING!

"I think we should call this city the Great Cost!" I say with a grin.

MARLON WEBB VS THE FORTH GRADE JUSTICE LEAGUE

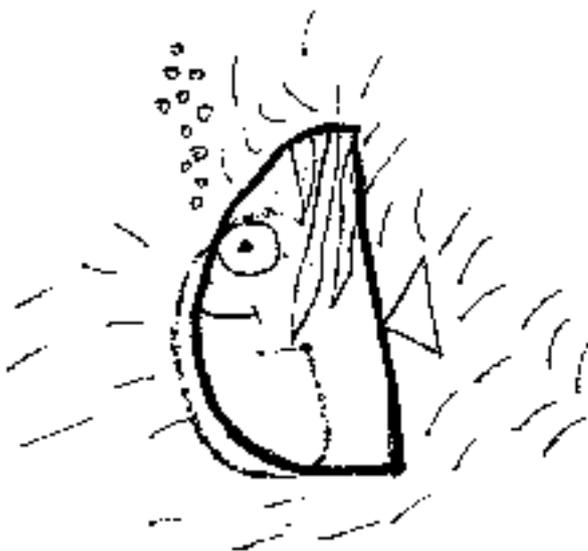
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oooo



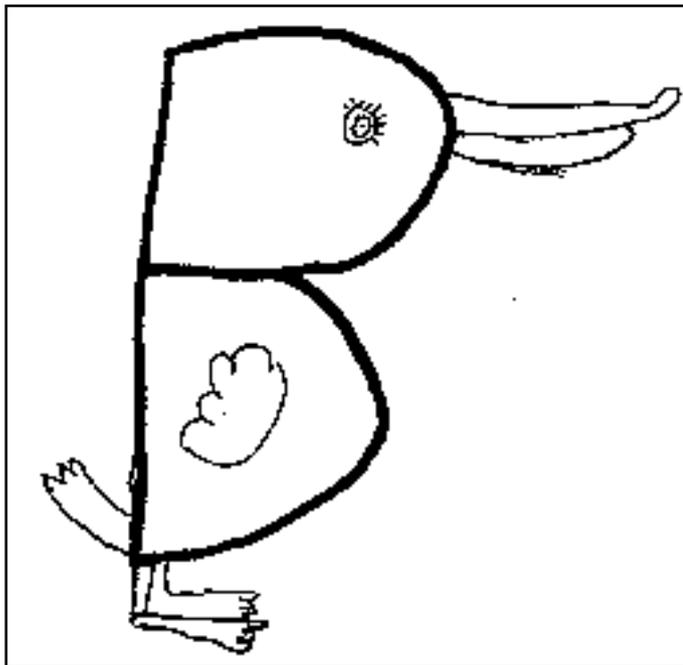
Drawings in letters



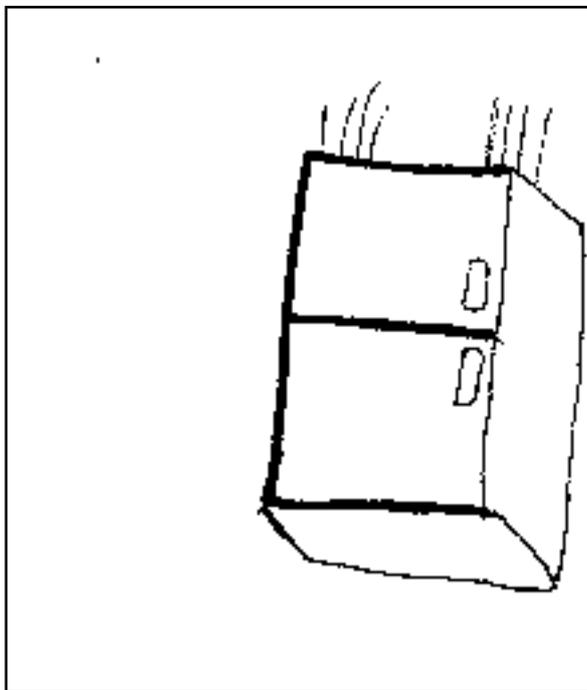
Meet Mr G, he has a rainbow coloured Mohawk, a monstrous nose and a fluffy white tie. Mr G lives in Georgenson Lane, Varsity Lakes. One day Mr G decided to take his pet gold fish and duck for a walk.



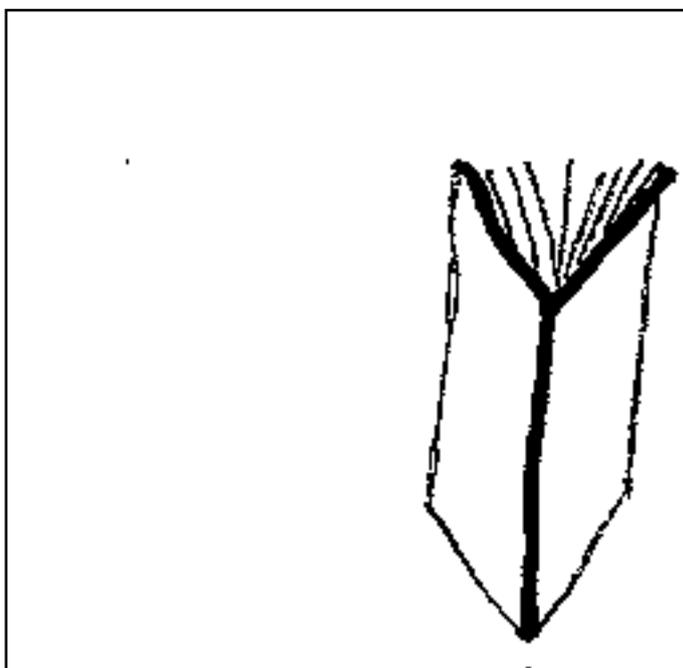
His gold fish, called Samuel, (who coincidentally is gold in colour and a fish) is overweight and dislikes exercising, so it is a real struggle for Mr G to motivate Samuel to go for a walk.



Mr G's duck is named Duck-a-doodle! Duck-a-doodles favourite food is one minute oodles of noodles.



As they walked down Georgenson Lane, Mr G looked up to see a falling fridge plummeting towards them!



You would never read about it in a book!

From out of the blue came a crazy cat called Kiddle.
Kiddle shoved Mr G, Samuel and Duck-a-doodle - saving
them all! The falling fridge struck the pavement with a
boom and a bang! Out of the fridges freezer a flaming
mouse escaped and Kiddle the cat chased it!

The End



HEATH WALKER YEAR 4H



This is my Zentangled Elephant. It is a zentangle picture and its made by repeating patterns inside each section.

NICOLA SWAINSON YEAR 4F

YEAR 4 BELIEFS - BUDDHISM

I researched and found information on the belief system Buddhism. I did my project on Buddhism because it seemed very interesting and because it is my family's religion.

My parents helped me think of the design for my project and helped me a bit with making my project.

For my project I made a poster and sculpture. I used a piece of cardboard paper, a cardboard box and lots of photos. I also brought some artifacts that you would find in a temple and put them with my sculpture.

I really like my project because it has lots of things you would find in a Buddhist temple such as statues of Buddha, bells, incense and prayer beads.

HAYSAL BATHOLS YEAR 4M



YEAR 4 BELIEFS - CHRISTIANITY

The model in the photo is a result of our latest unit of inquiry investigating people around the world that have different belief systems. I chose Christianity as my topic to research. The model of a church is constructed from cardboard, glue and lots of paint. Interesting facts in my research were pasted over the model. I enjoyed making my model (with help from my family), researching the topic and sharing with others.

Sienna Taylor Year 4C



YEAR 4 BELIEFS - BUDDHISM

I chose to do Buddhism because it is a very peaceful religion. Buddhists believe that you should not harm any living creature. I enjoyed researching about the founder, Siddhartha Gautama and learnt a lot about the religion.

I made my Stupa out of cardboard boxes with a thick layer of homemade paper mache'. I then painted it blue and decorated it with gold materials.

I was a Thinker during this project because I had to think about my design plan and think about how to lay it out. I was Knowledgeable because I had to explain what I learnt to the year three students during a gallery walk. I was also an Inquirer because I enjoyed researching my chosen belief system.

SECRET GOETZ YEAR 4H



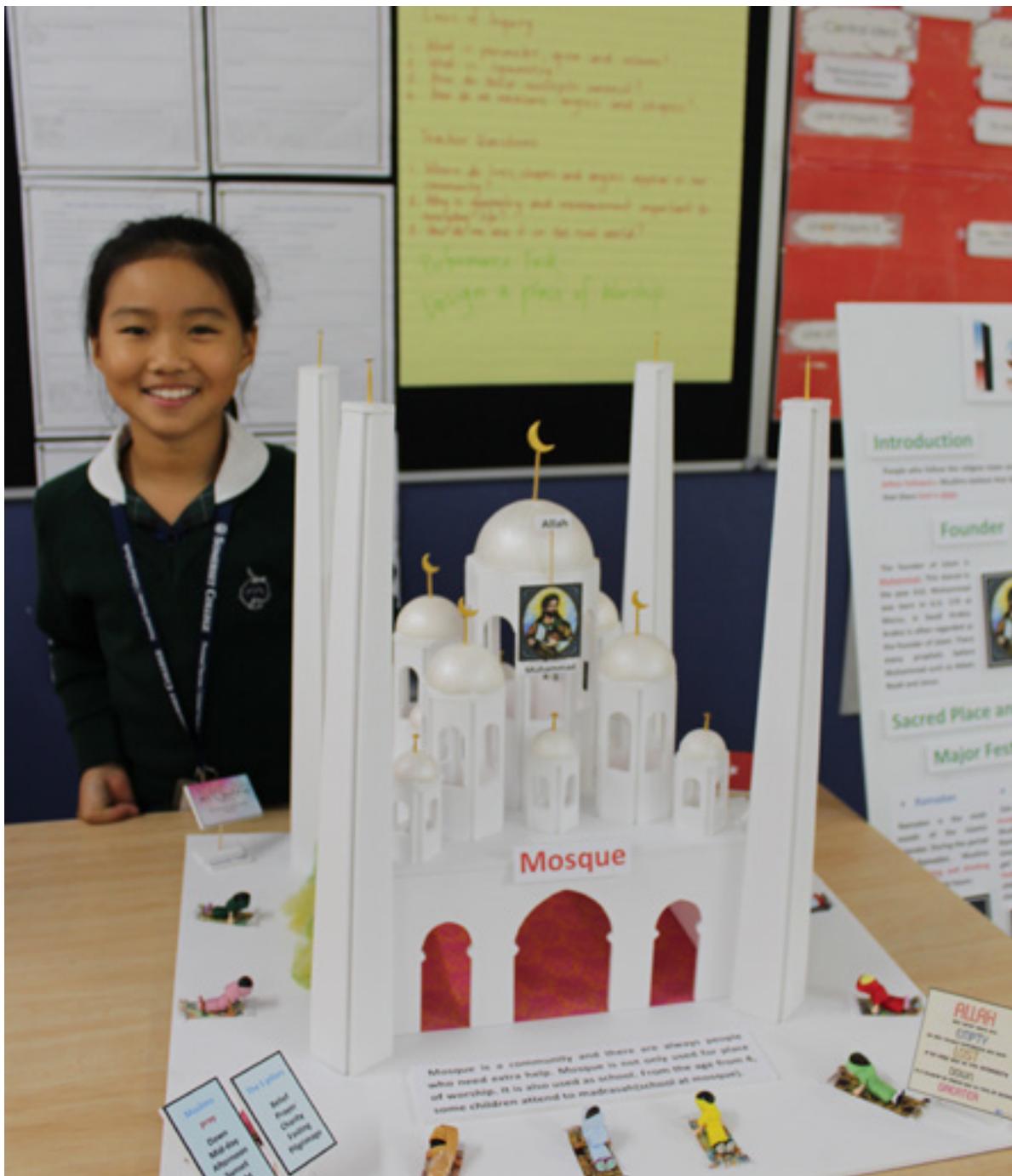
YEAR 4 BELIEFS - ISLAM

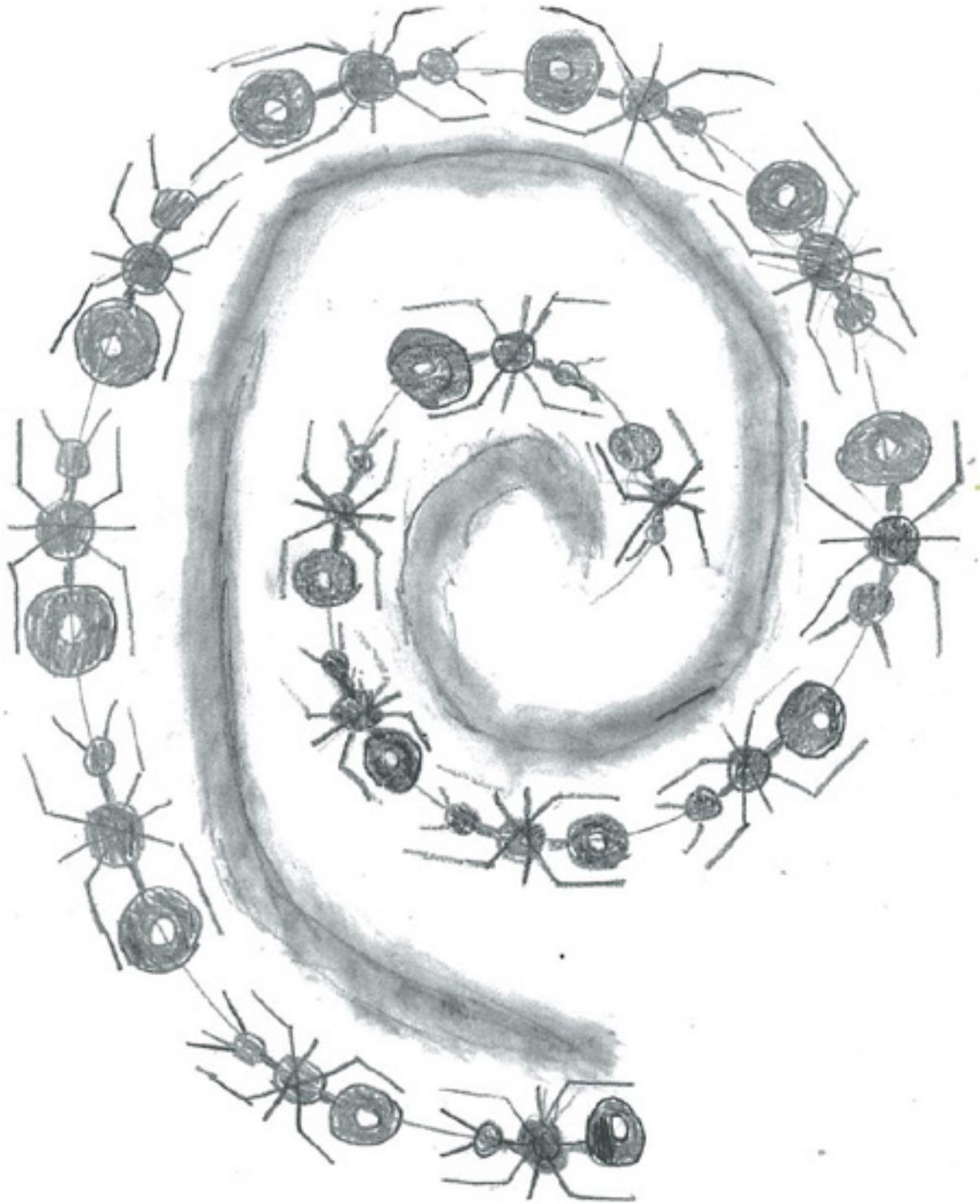
I dedicated most of my class time to researching and finding out about Islam. I chose to do Islam because it sounded interesting.

My model was hard to make because there was a lot of cutting involved. The people who are praying at the mosque are made from lego and wear the traditional robes and head scarves.

I was open-minded when I was willing to learn new knowledge about different faiths. I think that I planned my project well because before starting, I looked at examples from schoolbox and used the non-fiction books in my classroom.

HAYEON BYUN YEAR 4H





ALEX JORDAN YEAR 4C

YEAR 4 BELIEFS - JUDAISM

My project was on Judaism and I wanted to build a model that represented this belief. I started working on it when I was at home with my Dad. My first idea was to build Hanukkah candles but my Dad said it would be too hard to make. Then I came up with the idea to make a Torah scroll.

I searched for images of the Torah Scroll handles and the pictures that came up were at a weird angles, so I had to draw them. I brought a piece of paper larger enough to be able to fit between the width of the two circles at the end of the handles.

Downstairs we found two dowel sticks and I chose the thicker one to use for the scroll. Then we started making the handles. First we drew four circles on MDF wood with permanent marker, then my dad cut around the circles with a bandsaw and he drilled through the middle of the circles using the same machine.

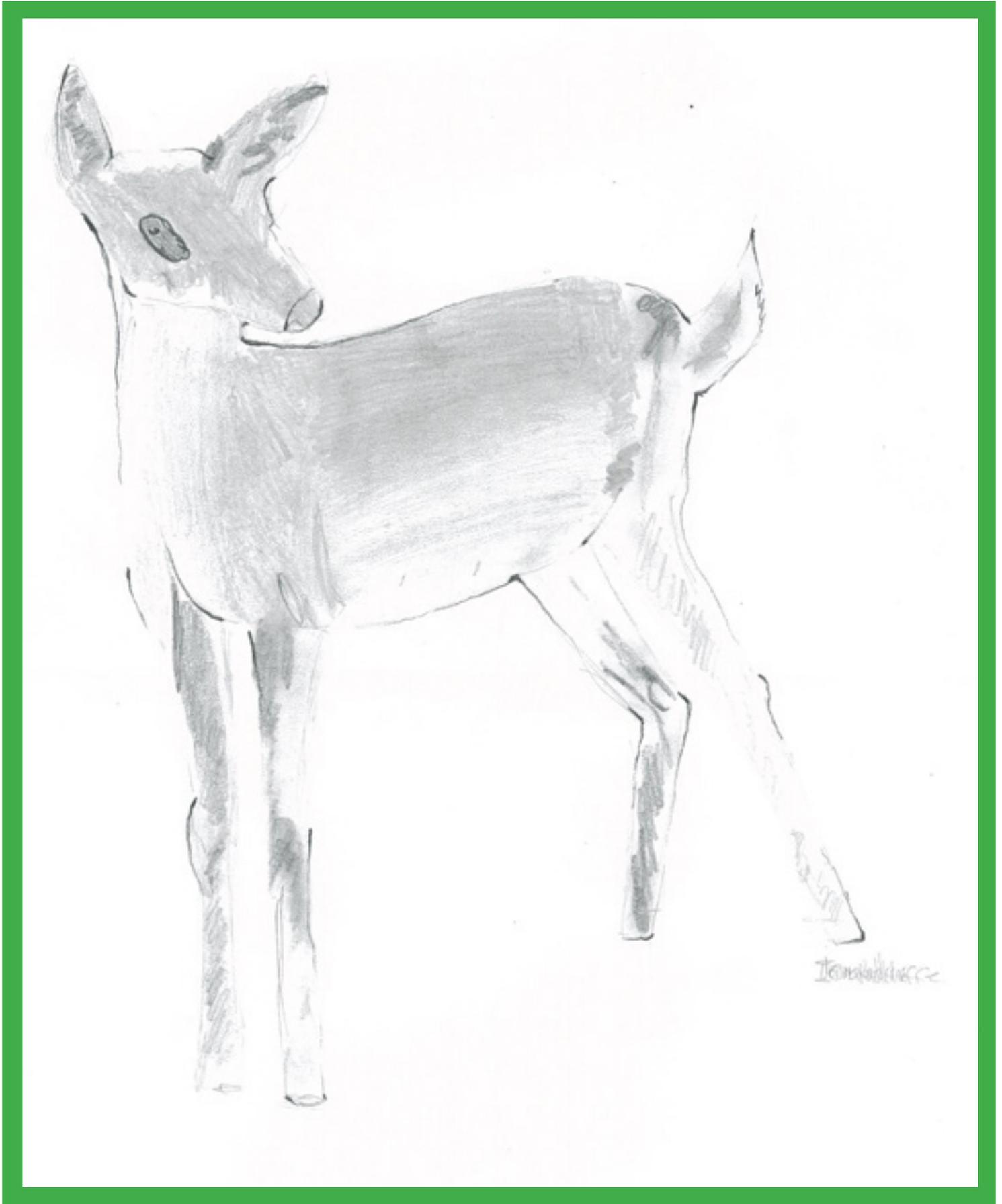
Next I cut through the dowel stick using a handsaw and I then made a draft scroll using pieces of paper that were sticky tape together and with photocopied information attached. I made the final copy with the wooden handles and brown wrapping paper.

Some of the elements of my work on the Torah scroll include: Judaism images, Star of David, Synagogue doors and of information about Judaism. On the ends of the handles I placed some caps that you put on curtain rails, painted brown to match the scroll.

On our excursion to the Synagogue I found out two interesting facts about Torah Scrolls. Firstly the real Torah Scrolls are about three times the size of mine and secondly they are decorated to show their importance.

PENELOPE DEACON YEAR 4F





IONA RADCLIFFE YEAR 5P

I HAVE LOST MY MUM

Once there was a cat and her name was Rose. She had lost her mum and looked up and down but there was no hope until she saw a horse and asked him for help.

“I know where your mum is, said the horse. I will take you to her.”

The cat and the horse travelled together searching for the cats mum.

“Here she is,” said the horse.

“No, no, no that is a dog,” said the cat. Cats are afraid of dogs.”

“I did not know that, I will keep my eye out for your mum,” added the horse.

“I have found your mum,” said the horse.

“No, no, no that is a fox”, said the cat.

“I have found your mum follow me, said the horse. Here is your mum.”

“No, no, no that is a leopard,” said the cat.

“I have finally found your mum,” said the horse.

“Yes, yes, yes! said the cat. Thank you, that’s my mum.”

GEORGIA WHALE YEAR 3G





SIBELLA BONNOR YEAR 3S

LIALA'S BIG ADVENTURE

Once there was a girl named Liala. Liala had long golden hair, crystal blue eyes, perfect peach skin and a silky saffron yellow dress. She had a Mum and Dad, a little sister and two big twin brothers (who were annoying).

One day, Liala and her little sister Zoe went out for a long walk. They walked for two hours then Zoe said, "I'm tired," Liala said. "Where are we?"

Zoe answered with a serious voice "don't ask me, I'm only six."

Then Liala decided to sit down on a nearby rock to think. Just then, a young ranger came by.

"Are you lost?" The ranger asked.

"Yes," Liana replied.

"Where do you live?" The ranged asked.

"We live in a caravan," Zoe said gloomily.

"Would you like me to point you in the right direction?" The ranger suggested.

"Yes please!" The girls chorused in joy, then they skipped off in the direction the ranger pointed to.

One hour later they got home and invited the nice ranger to their lunch feast.

Just in case you are wondering:

Liala stayed in the caravan for the rest of the long holiday – or did she?

ANNA HODGSON YEAR 3S



LILY HANSON YEAR 3S



AVA STEPHENS YEAR 4F

HERMIT CRABS MAKE VERY GOOD PETS

I Strongly Believe that we should all get a hermit crab for a pet because they walk, climb and go on your arm and hide. They will teach you a lesson on how to look after your own pet.

Firstly you should get a hermit crab because they walk slowly and sometimes they walk fast. They also walk on rocks or shells after all they are a home on the beach and love walking on sand.

Secondly they climb on fake trees and can walk in horizontal, vertical and straight lines. They go to the top, middle and bottom of their tanks. They also sometimes stay at in the same spot all day.

Thirdly I think we all should get a hermit crab because they can go on your arm. They pinch you but only little pinches. They also can just sit still on your arm for a long time.

Lastly we should get a hermit crab because they hide in their shell. They hide in there because they are scared when someone talks to loud. In the day and night they sleep in there shell and hide too.

I Hope I have convinced you and if you get a hermit crab please look after it.

AVA HENSON YEAR 3M



YEAR 3 IMAGINATIVE STORY STARTERS

Suddenly out of the darkness a horrible stinky, disgusting alive pair of boots appeared out of the empty room. Nothing was in the that room, nothing! Then it was just me and the boots. Then the door locked, it was terrifying and then... Bang!



CHLOE MILLER YEAR 3M

Amazingly some boots appeared out of the darkness. I knew something wasn't right. Crash! Bang! The boots were in front of me. I ran. Oh how I ran but they were still right behind me.

KATE MILLER YEAR 3M

Suddenly there was a flash of light. Ben could faintly see a genie lamp so when the light was gone he took it inside. Then all of a sudden a dinosaur genie appeared in front of him. The dinosaur said his name was Groogly. The Ben introduced himself. The the genie went into the kitchen and it was followed by complited chaos.



MASON RICHARDS YEAR 3M

On a dark stormy night there was a light in the distance. Bob walked towards the mysterious substance. Suddenly he froze.

HARRY POWELL YEAR 3M

All of a sudden her back pack turned into two big jets! Then she blasted off into the sky. "How is this happening?" Lizzie howled. She was in the air when the Jetpack ran out of power. "How?" said Lizzie. She was falling down and then she hit the ground! The sky turned black. "What is this voice?" she said.



HAMISH KENNEDY YEAR 3M

All at once the girl with the backpack knew that every time she went to school her backpack would talk. She tried to keep it quiet but soon the whole school knew she had a talking backpack. She was very embarrassed. Of course, she was also famous because of the backpack but little did she know that the backpack was actually getting revenge for throwing his Mother and Father in the bin!

ARIANA HANNAFORD YEAR 3M

LUCIA AND THE GREAT STORM

A young girl named Lucia went on a fishing trip. As the boat swayed in to the wide open ocean she saw a storm brewing overhead. She dropped the oars into the deep blue ocean. A strike of lightning struck the boat. Lucia thought this was the end for her.

But luckily a piece of driftwood drifted towards her. After a while Lucia grew tired. She slowly shut her eyes. When she woke up she saw a man walking towards her. She stood up. The man took her into his tribe and they lived happily ever after.

GRACE KEARNEY YEAR 3S



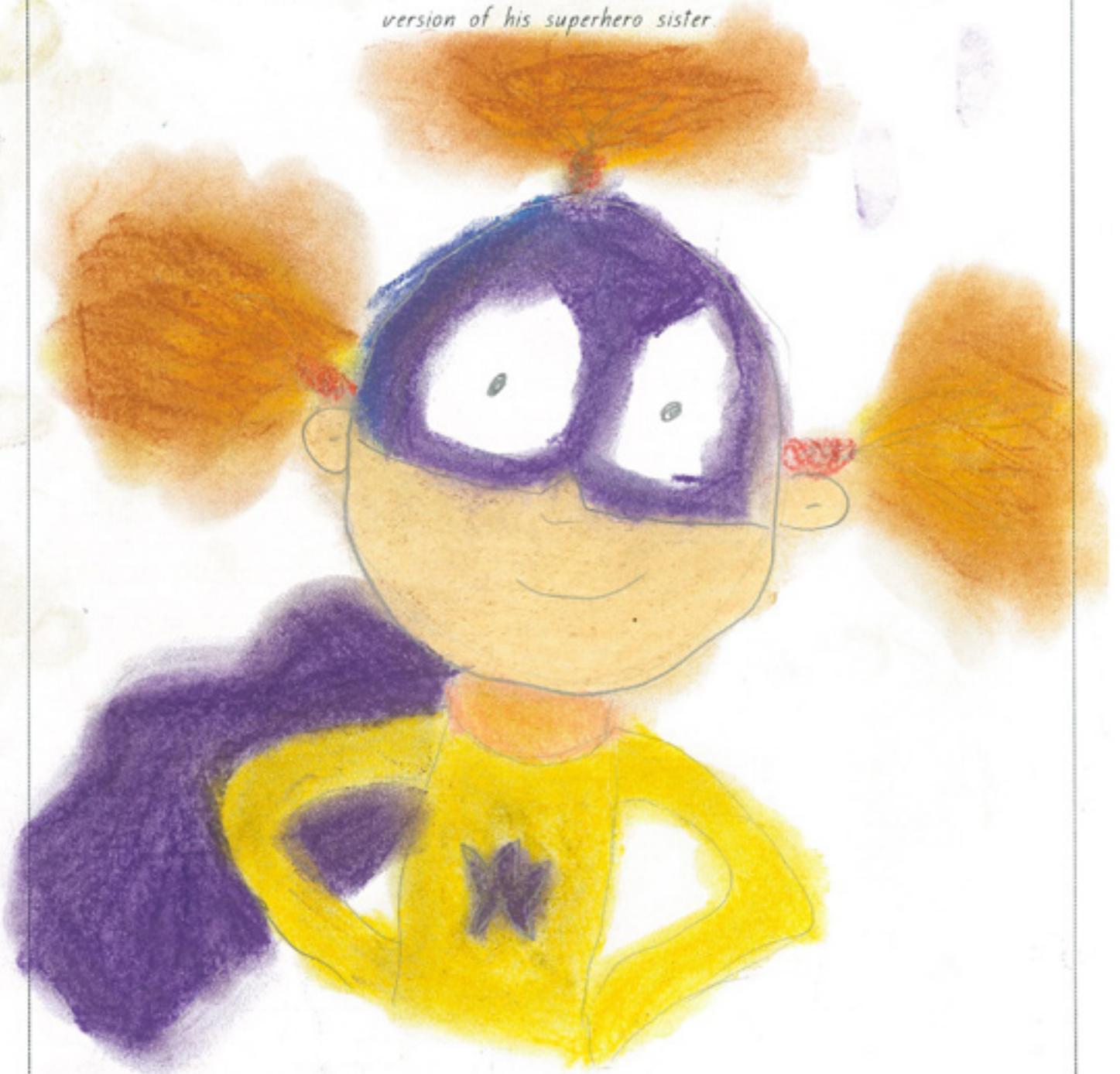
ILLUSTRATION

Edk



PETER CARNAVAS

Peter Carnavas is an Illustrator. He has illustrated more than 15 picture books. Today he created a superhero using pencil and chalk. Here is my version of his superhero sister.



THE DAY PIRATES AND SPIRITS BECAME FRIENDS

One day a spirit called Otto went to see his friend that was a pirate. He knew his boss, Mr Captain Aden would not be happy at all but his friend called Ava was waiting for him.

“Hello,” said Ava. “My boss who is called Miss Lala said I cannot talk to spirits.”

“My boss said the same thing,” said Otto.

“I will tell my boss Miss Lala to be friends with pirates,” said Ava.

“Me too,” said Otto.

When Otto got back he said to his boss, “I think we should makes pirates our friends.”

“No, no, no!” said Aden. “We will not be friends with the pirates, I do not know whats got into your brain.”

When Ava got back she said to her boss, “I think we should be friends with the spirits.”

“We are not being friends with them. Do not see them again!” said the Miss Lala.

Ava went to see Otto again. “Hey,” she said.

“Hello,” said Otto. “I’ve got a plan to get everyone to be friends.”

“I think we should take something off them, ok?” said Ava and then Ava went back to her boss and Otto went back to the Captain.

Ava took Lala’s favourite hat. “Hey, what are you doing with my hat?” questioned Lala.

“I’m taking it!” said Ava.

“Why?” said Lala.

“Because I want to meet Otto again,” said Ava.

“Well take the hat. I do not want it anyway!” shouted Lala.

When Otto got home he took Aden’s cap. “Otto, why do you have my cap?” asked Aden.

“Because I want to meet up with Ava again,” said Otto.

“Well take the cap. I do not want the cap anyway,” said Aden.

Otto went up to meet up with Ava one last time. Ava went to meet with Otto again too - one last time.

“What do you think we should do now?” said Otto.

“Put them both in a cage for 5 minutes,” said Ava and she went back.

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaa!” said Lala. “Why are you doing this?”

“I want to meet with Otto.” said Ava.

“OK!” said Lala. “You can meet with Otto.”

When Otto got back he put Aden in a cage for 5 minutes too.

“OK!” said Aden. “You can meet up with Ava.”

Finally everyone met and had happy faces and they all had lots of fun all day.

JAMISON WEBBER YEAR 3S





EDEN DOVRAT YEAR 6L

BOOKS Vs BOOKS

Dear Mum,

It would be crazy to not let me read Harry Potter because Harry Potter is as thick as the classics, it gives me an amazing vocabulary the same as the classics. It also gives children a love to read more and more books including the classics.

Firstly, Harry Potter is huge and thick, the same as the classics and probably even thicker than some classics. It is definitely thicker and has more words than Anne of Green Gables. I have compared both novels.

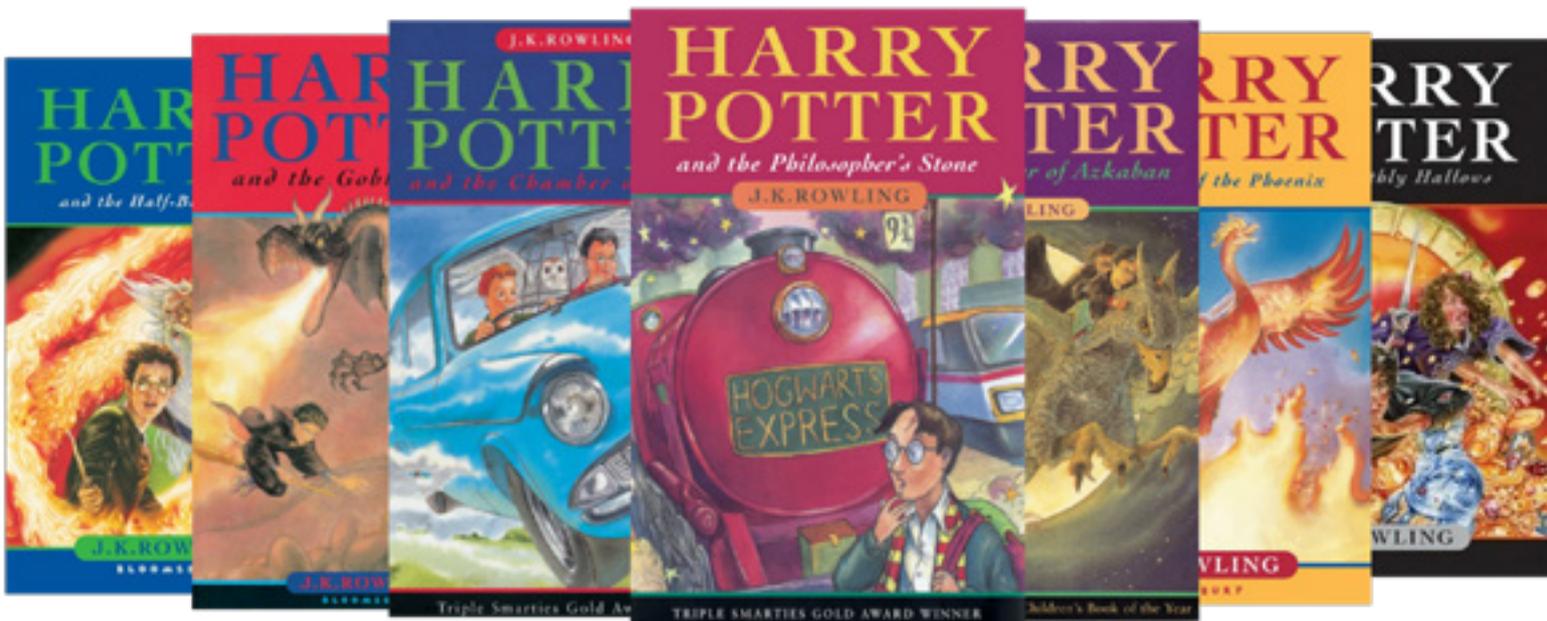
Secondly, Harry Potter books give you an outstanding vocabulary. It contains as many new words as the classics do. For instance, Harry Potter has taught me “duck footed, invoked” and even taught me “Goblet”.

Finally, Harry Potter is an all time favourite and children like me want to be inspired to read more books. Not just Harry Potter books, but other books. Similarly to me, lots of people love reading and now Harry Potter is regarded as a classic that should be read before the other classics.

So therefore, that is why I believe without a doubt that you should let me read Harry Potter! I am not saying that the classics aren't amazing. That concludes why I should freely be able to read Harry Potter books whenever I like.

Yours sincerely,
Abigail

ABIGAIL BRINKWORTH YEAR 3S





AMY BARRY YEAR 5P

AUTHOR REPORT - ENID BLYTON

- My favourite author is Enid Blyton.
- Enid Blyton writes mystery narratives.
- Enid Blyton writes mystery narratives.
- When I read The Famous Five I felt intrigued because there was a big mystery ahead of them.
- In the book The Famous Five Enid Blyton used her imagination when The Famous Five were camping and there were fireworks but they were actually balloons exploding.
- I made a text to self-connection with The Famous Five because Anne wants to be as smart as Julian, Dick and George and my little sister also wants to be the same as me.
- Did you know that Enid Blyton has written 21 books in The Famous Five series. She has also written heaps and heaps of books and they are not just children's books she has also written adult books. Another fact is that Enid Blyton has been writing for many, many, many years! One of my last facts is that one of Andy Griffith's favourite authors is Enid Blyton.
- Enid Blyton grew up in England. Some of the books she liked to read as a young girl are, Anna Sewell's Black Beauty, Charles Kingsley's The Water Babies and Louisa M. Alcott's Little Women.
- When Enid was young she wasn't allowed to have pets. She found a stray kitten and could only keep it a fortnight but in her older years she kept lots of pets, the most famous one was Bob the terrier that she used in her Famous Five books.



SOPHIA AHERN YEAR 3M



YEAR 3 BOOK CLUB

WHAT IS BOOK CLUB?

I started Book Club because there are a lot of kids at school who like to read. At Book Club we choose and talk about different books every two weeks. We discuss what we thought about the chosen book. The type of books we read are usually chapter books but we are open to suggestions. The students who attend Book Club love to read and read a lot! Members who regularly attend Book Club are Ava, Jamison, Sam, Hamish, Austin, Kate and me. Our first Book Club session was when the Celebration of Literature ended.

MASON RICHARDS YEAR 3M



HARRY AND THE SNAIL THAT COULD SWIM

Harry walked by the lake. He saw a snail sliding by his side and after that day, whenever Harry went to the lake, the snail would follow him. Harry got used to the snail.

Then one morning Harry went with the snail to the lake and suddenly the snail popped into the lake. Harry could not believe his eyes. The snail glided on the lake's surface. When winter came the snail jumped onto the frozen lake. He slid on top of the lake.

Then one day, as the snail was sliding across the lake, he suddenly fell over. Harry ran as fast as he could. He picked the snail up and set him upright again.

Later, during the Christmas season, everybody celebrated. Harry got the snail a present and guess what! Harry's present was a pair of ice skates! The snail laughed for the rest of the day and into the night. Ha!Ha!Ha!

KAYLAN VON PAPAN YEAR 2R





Eddie the Eagle

Running Time: 106 minutes

Rating: PG



It is an awesome true story about determination and making your dreams come true even when the odds are against you.

I LOVED IT!



AUTUMN LEAVES

Fragile Autumn Leaves

Fluttering *Fragile* Autumn Leaves

Cut grass smell *Fluttering* *Fragile* Autumn Leaves

Brown *Cut grass smell* *Fluttering* *Fragile* Autumn Leaves

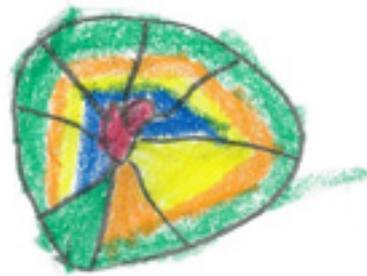
Autumn Leaves

JAMIE BATHO YEAR 2R



Car Symbols

Design a symbol for your car.



SAMUEL CARSON YEAR 1E

Car Symbols

Design a symbol for your car.



ELIZA DAVENPORT YEAR 1E

CHINESE CHARACTER DRAWING

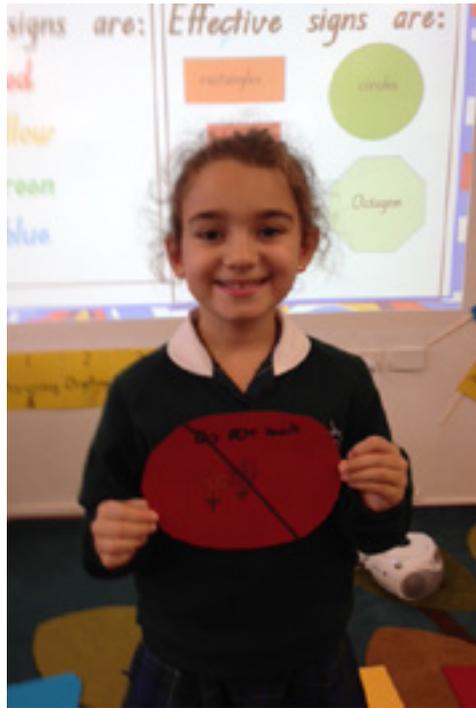
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SIGNS AND SYMBOLS - YEAR 1S



ARYA BATHOLS



AUDREY ABRAHAM



SOPHIE COLAHAN

The Year 1 students have been very busy designing signs to display around our classrooms and playground, to help make our school a safer place for everyone.

ARYA BATHOLS

Arya made her 'Have fun' sign for our school playground to encourage children to have a wonderful time during their lunches and morning teas. She used green because it means 'go'.

AUDREY ABRAHAM

Audrey made her 'Do not touch' sign for the flowers around the playground, to try and protect them from being damaged. She used red because it means 'stop'.

SOPHIE COLAHAN

Sophie made her 'Careful of snakes' sign for the playground to warn students about snakes that might be hiding in the gardens. She used yellow because it means 'warning'.

MOTHER'S DAY RECIPE FROM PREP

Prep Mother's Day Chocolate Slice

Ingredients

- 250g packet of plain biscuits (such as Milk Arrowroot)
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup desiccated coconut
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup cocoa powder, sifted
- 1 tin sweetened condensed milk (395g)



Method

1 - Line a lamington tin with baking paper.

2 - Crush the biscuits with a rolling pin or blender. It is better to leave some larger pieces.

3 - Empty the crushed biscuits into a bowl and add the coconut and cocoa. Stir to mix well.

4 - Tip the condensed milk in and stir until combined, and there are no 'dry' ingredients left.

5 - Spoon into the prepared tin and using the back of a spoon (or damp fingers) press until smooth and even.

6 - Sprinkle the top with coconut.

7 - Refrigerate for three hours, or until firm.

yummy



MUMMY SONG BY PREP



M U M M Y



*There is a lady that I love
and Mummy is her name oh!*

M U M M Y

M U M M Y

M U M M Y

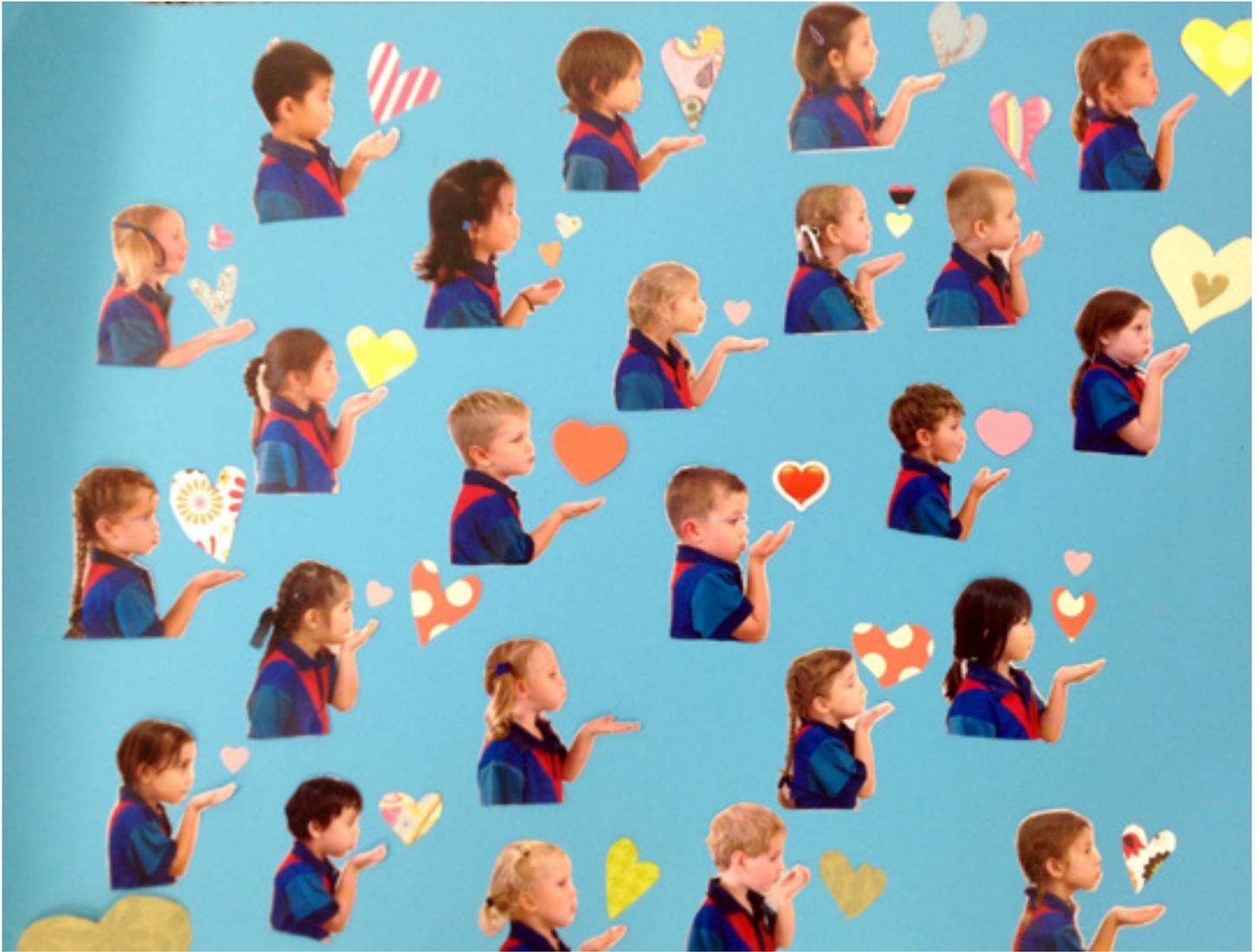
and Mummy is her name oh!



(to the tune of Bingo)



MOTHER'S DAY KISSES FROM PRE-PREP RED



Abi Hunt: I love her because she is my best friend. I love kisses and hugs from my Mum. She plays 'hide and seek' from me.

Sienna Perri: My Mum fixes peoples' teeth. Sometimes she plays with me and she bakes cakes and cupcakes. We play football together.

Alba Ward: I love her so much and she gives me cuddles and kisses at bedtime. She has long dresses and looks so pretty when she goes out for dinner.

Capri Zouroudis: I love helping my Mum with the baby so she can get some rest. She is so beautiful.

Ava Webber: My Mum cuddles me and looks after me. We laugh and dance together. We play hairdressers.

George Patten: My Mum is happy. Her favourite thing is dinosaurs. My Mummy has green eyes and helps me put my pajamas on at night time. She kisses me on the cheek. I read the train book to Mummy and Harry. I love you Mummy.

Alexis O'Malley: My Mummy makes me feel happy. We go to the grocery store together. We buy food. She takes me to the park and we play. I love you Mum.

Mia Brennan: We go to the shops together and to Birthday parties. I love her very much. She is very kind to me. Mummy has brown hair like me.

MOTHER'S DAY KISSES FROM PRE-PREP RED

Karissa TJ-Wilson: I love my Mums' cuddles. I play with Mummy Lego. We have pillow fights together. Her favourite drink is lemonade. She loves going out to Montezuma's – that's her favourite!!!! She has a nice smile.

Oliver Ng: I love making pancakes with Mummy; but I don't like eating them! I love going to the beach park with Mum and the ring park. My favourite thing to do at the park is going down the pole.

Sophia Hartley: My Mum is special and I love her. I always love her. We do puzzles together and I'm really good at them. She has blue eyes and always makes me things. She is special to me because she loves me.

Ainsley Thornton: That's my Megan! I like cuddling her. I love following her all the time! I like kissing her! I go to the waterfall with her. She likes swimming with me.

Ava Pearse: Mum makes coffee. It's hot! Mum loves colour her favourite is blue. She likes going home to Chile. She loves pasta – the noodle kind. I love you. You are the best.

Farrah Tyson: I love playing with her. We play hike and seekMummy wins! Mummy loves doing my hair doing the 'pinky tails'! Her favourite food is broccoli and she drinks water. I love her.

Ivy Bannerman: Mum likes to work in her office. She pushes me on the swing she has glasses – so she can see me! My Mum loves juice and eats scrambled eggs with Nutella on toast. We play in the sun. Thank you Mum – I love you.

Harper Loon: I love my Mummy because she tells me to stop – I stop! She can build any Lego I like. She is very, very special.

James Carroll: Mummy reads books. Train books. Mummy plays toys, she plays Lego. Mummy and James go to the beach. Play big trucks. Mummy goes swimming.

Joshua Zimmermann: That's my Mummy! I miss her! Play, play all day! She always like spaghetti. She has a dog called Jake..... She always goes off somewhere and then I miss her. She always looks happy.

Griffin Egtberts: My Mummy takes me to Seaworld. I love going on the monorail. We look at the starfish together and sea cucumbers. We see the stringrays and the dolphins. I like to see the penguins – waddle, waddle.

Alex Sun: My Mummy cuddles me. My Mum loves apple juice.

Miranda Shum: My Mum does everything! She packs my lunch box everyday! She cooks dinner for my sister, me and my Dad. She cuddles my sister to sleep. Mummy loves the colour Pink.

Amber Cheng: My Mummy get me the movie cars. The ones with the stickers.Mummy dresses like me – oh'she is so pretty. I play at my house with Lego.

Emi Hunt: My Mum hugs and kisses me and I like that. She gives me so much toys from the shops and that makes me happy. I give her flowers and that makes me happy too!

Giuseppe Colagrande: Mummy plays 'diggers' with me. My Mummy has brown hair, white skin and she is tall. She loves reading 'digger' books.

PRE-PREP BLUE ART



ADELINE DOHERTY



ALESSANDRO MARTINESE



ALLIE ZHANG



AMELIA McLAUGHLIN



AVA CARSON



AYA UCHARATNA



CEZAR HAWKE



CONNOR MARTIN



EDWIN ZHANG

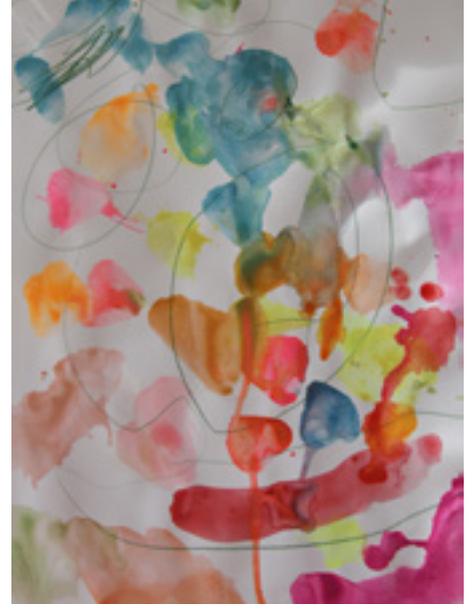
PRE-PREP BLUE ART



ELLIOTT WATKINS



FAYE AL-FREAH



FINN MARINO



GORDON CHEN



HARRY YAGI



HENRY GEORGESON



JANUARY WALKER



JEMIMA OLIVER



LUKE ANDREWS

PRE-PREP BLUE ART



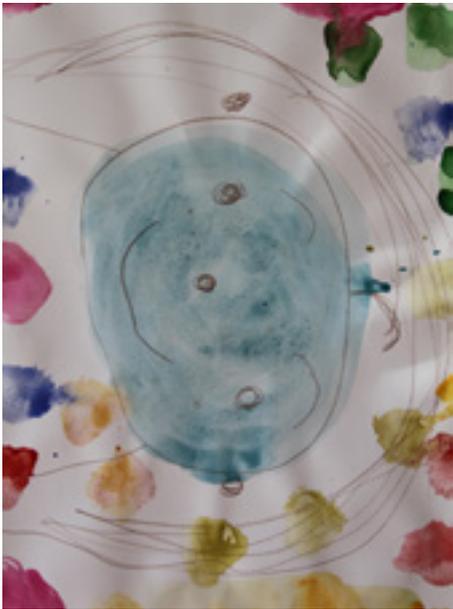
MAURICE WONG



SHALOM BHABANI



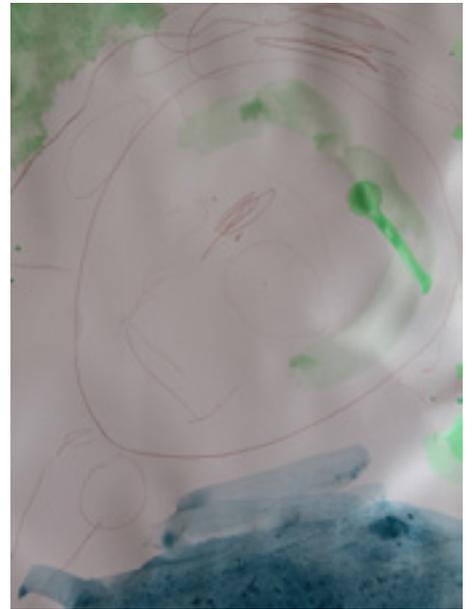
SHARNI NORMAN



SUMMER MORRIS



WILLIAM BAILLIE



ZANDER GRIFFITHS

PRE-PREP YELLOW ALPHABET



PRE-PREP YELLOW ALPHABET



PRE-PREP YELLOW ALPHABET



PRE-PREP YELLOW ALPHABET



PRE-PREP YELLOW ALPHABET



MAX BOWDEN

SYBELLA BURNELL

JORHANNA CHEN

EVIE-MAY COATES

IMOGEN CROMACK

SEHAJ GILL

ELIJAH HADIKUSUMO

SAM HARRISON

ISLA KEMP

DAVID LIN

AMY LIU

PAYTON LIU

KATIE MARGERISON

MICHAEL MARGERISON

CHASE MILBURN

MORGAN MILLER

ASTON MORLEY

MIA PIERCE

OSCAR RIDDLE

CALAN TANG

WILLOW TRUSCOTT

THOMAS WARD-HARVEY

MADISON WEINTROP

TARQUIN WEINTROP

PAEONY ZHANG

SCHOOL!



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demonstrating INTEGRITY AND *valuing* DIFFERENCE