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Reminisce

## Sevendipity

I AM THE STRINGS YOU MAY CALL 'FATE',
I REST ABOVE YOU
ALWAYS AWAKE.
ON THE TOWERING PEAKS,
IN THE DEEPEST SEAS,
ON THE FIERY BATTLE FIELDS,
IN YOUR PEACEFUL SLEEP.

MY ETHOS IS SPREAD LIKE THE VAST STARRY SKIES.

LIKE A RIVER I FLOW IN SINGULAR DIRECTION,

BUT MY ROUTE VARIES, WITH TURBULENT TWISTING.

WE MAY COLLIDE TIME TO TIME,

YOU MAY SEE ME OR PASS ME BY.

BUT MORE THAN COINCIDENCE AND FATE

I'M SIMPLY A CHANCE YOU MUST TAKE.

LARISSA LIOW

#### THE CALL TO ACTION

CAITLIN HACKETT

As a practicing Catholic who has devoted a lot of her life to God, I like to think I know quite a lot about this faith and our history, practices and commitments. But unlike many faithful Christians, I have many friends who believe in a different faith to me. We often express each other's beliefs and compare. I recently met up with my friend, who is a practicing Hindu. We were discussing beliefs and verses from Hindu scripture that really stood out to us. Talking about the Bhagavad Gita got me wondering, what is the difference between the five major religions of the world? How do they influence our cultures differently? Yes, there are the obvious differences, but looking into it in a little more detail - what separates us? To answer this I need to look into other religions, discover there beliefs in more detail. But where would I start? I had so much to discover, so why not start with the religion that struck my interest, Hinduism. I will look into Hinduism for the next three weeks and discover as much as I can. Here we go...

Quick background - Hinduism is often practiced hand in hand with Buddhism, it comes from the southern part of Asia and practiced mainly in India. The origins of Hinduism have been dated as early as 3000 BC; there is no founder, no essential authority and no fixed creed. Their basic beliefs include: one basic Supreme Being - Brahman - who is both immanent and transcendent, both creator unmanifested reality. There are three main characteristics of Brahman - Sat (absolute being), Chit (absolute consciousness) and Ananda (absolute bliss). In its transcendent, absolute and unmanifested essence is called Niguna-Brahman. In its revealed or manifest nature, it is called Saguna-Brahman. The three major manifestations of Saguna-Brahman: Brahma (God the creator), Vishnu (God the preserver), Shiva (God the destroyer). Brahman is like the trunk of Hinduism and all the other Gods are the branches. Hindus believe in the soul reincarnating again and again (giving the human many chances) on earth until it becomes perfect, reunites with its source and becomes one with the divine.

Looking into a new religion there is so much to take in, so much to remember. So I decided to focus on the sacred text of Hinduism, not only because it is the easiest comparison method, but also it is where Hindus core beliefs come from.

The Bhagavad Gita is a 700 verse and 18 chapter Hindu scripture, written in Sanskrit (a philosophical language of Hinduism). The word Gita means song and the word Bhagavad means God, resulting the Bhagavad Gita often is

called the Song of God. The author of the Bhagavad Gita is unclear and it was written sometime between 400 BCE and 200 CE. Charles Wilkins, from London, first translated the Bhagavad Gita into English in 1785 – 174 years after the translation of the King James Bible in 1611.

With the help of my Hindu friend | picked three verses all from chapter 17. This chapter is called The Divisions of Faith, to analyse and investigate. In chapter seventeen Lord Krishna (a major Hindu God worshipped in a variety of perspectives) classifies the three divisions of faith, revealing that it is these different qualities of faith in the Supreme that determine that character of living individuals. These three types of faith determine someone's consciousness in this world. Resulting in the chapter named The Three Divisions Faith. The verses that were chosen from this are verse one, two and three.

In the fourth chapter it is said that a person faithful to worship gradually becomes elevated to the stage of knowledge and attains the highest perfection stage of peace and prosperity. And in the sixteenth chapter it is said that one who does not follow the values is called an asura (demon), and someone who follows the values faithfully is called a deva (or demigod). But if someone with faith follows only some values what are they called? And what is there position?

#### Verse one of chapter seventeen:

"Arjuna inquired: O Kṛṣṇa, what is the situation of those who do not follow the principles of scripture but worship according to their own imagination? Are they in goodness, in passion or in ignorance?"

Are those who create some sort of God by selecting a human being and placing their faith in him worshiping in goodness, passion or ignorance? Do these people get to the perfect stage of life and reunite with the divine? Do those who do not follow the rules and values of the scriptures but who have faith in something have success in their effort? Arjuna is asking these questions to Krishna. I chose this verse because not only did I not know the answer through Hinduism, but the answer through catholic religion and Christianity. What does God treat you as if you are a half practicing catholic? If you say you follow our Lord but only attend church at Christmas and Easter, what are you regarded as?

Looking at this verse, I was discovering more about Hinduism but also asking more questions about Catholicism and Christianity. The verse calls Hindus to put their faith in action one hundred percent of the time, the same thing Christians are called to do. It influences culture through what each individual wants to be perceived as through the eyes of the divine. But how does living as a Christian dominated community influence our culture and the way we live compared to Hinduism?



In the hit 80's film "The Karate Kid", the main characters of Daniel and Mr Miyagi are represented as different from the rest of society. They are unusual because they are people from the lower class, they have a difficult past and they both view karate as a defensive not an offensive martial art. This is highlighted in the film through the clever use of set and props.

Daniel and Mr Miyagi are presented as people from the lower class. One way is through Ali's father views Daniel. Ali is Daniel's love interest and is from a relatively wealthy family. Her father knows Daniel is from a poor family and doesn't want Ali to hang out with "that boy from Reseda". Ali's dad's views show how he and Daniel are different, specifically the upper class versus the lower class. This view of being different is not just externally held. Daniel and Mr Miyagi believe they are different. At the arcade, Daniel said to Ali "yeah we're different. I'm from Reseda, you're from the Hills". Clearly Daniel identifies himself as being different. Like Daniel, Mr Miyagi self identifies as being different. He recognises that he has a different culture, he states "Okinawa. My country". Other representations used to differentiate Daniel and Mr Miyagi from those they interact with include; the clothes they wear and the poor condition and uniqueness of their homes. The film's depiction of Mr Miyagi and Daniel's past difficulties are also used to separate them. Daniel moved from New Jersey and Mr Miyagi from Okinawa which provides a physical reason for difference. In addition both had difficult pasts. Mr Miyagi lost his family, his "wife and new-born son died due to complications". This would have been really hard for him and is shown in the film when Daniel finds the prop of the letter. The implication is that Mr Miyagi's tragic past makes him different from the other people. Likewise, the stresses of moving homes was a big change for Daniel.



When he started getting bullied in the scene set on the beach by the antagonist Johnny he yelled at his mum "I just want to go home! Why can't we just go back home". He is really struggling to fit in. The emotional turmoil and difficulties that both Mr Miyagi and Daniel have faced show them to be different.

Another thing that contrasts Mr Miyagi and Daniel from the rest of society is their view of Karate. They do not see it as an offensive martial art. They say it helps find balance not just in Karate but in life. "Lesson not just karate only, lesson for whole life". Mr Miyagi explains that karate is not just physical, it can help you in life. Daniel says that, "Karate's fighting, you train to fight. Then why train? So I won't have to fight". Another way there was a difference between Mr Miyagi and Daniel and the people who were involved in learning and teaching Karate was the methods that were used to teach. Mr Miyagi taught Daniel, making him do odd things such as, "wax on, wax off" "sand the floor", "paint the fence" and "paint the house". When Daniel lost patience Mr Miyagi stated, "not everything as seem". He was teaching Daniel a different way from how the other young people were taught. Mr Miyagi trained Daniel in an outside environment for a serene and calm feeling, while the Cobra Kai's trained in a man-made dojo. Daniel learnt heaps because he was made to do the same movements repeatedly. The methods of training used by Mr Miyagi and the way both viewed how Karate should be used were further representations of how they were different.

Daniel and Mr Miyagi are represented as different from the society around them in "the Karate Kid". They are both depicted as people from the lower class. They have come to their current area from different places, had traumatic experiences and see karate in a different way. The representation of difference in the film shows how others view them and how they view themselves. Ultimately the movie recognises that difference is not a barrier to success

### Essay: The Reluctant Fundamentalist

Mikaylee Stewart

Moshin Hamid, the author of The Reluctant Fundamentalist portrays several central ideas throughout the course of his novel. Hamid does this through his clever use of structure and style. The central ideas which frequently appear in the novel are identity, nostalgia and culture. Due to the structure of the novel, as a framed narrative, these ideas are portrayed through three different perspectives. There are also effective techniques employed in the text such as symbolism, impending doom and the use of allegory, which help portray the main concepts.

Identity is the main focus Hamid portrays throughout the novel. Changez is the main character in the novel and therefore appears in all three perspectives of the framed narrative. This allows the audience to see three different strands that make up the novel. Hamid does this to allow for the central ideas to be extensively explored and conveyed. Changez identity changes dramatically throughout the text. At the beginning of the novel, Changez feels he truly belongs in America and that he was "immediately a New Yorker" (Hamid, 2007, 37). He has a passion for America and describes the symbol for the country, love interest Erica, to have "an uncommon magnetism" and compares her to "a lioness: strong, sleek and invariably surrounded by her pride" (24). Changez also has a very successful career at Underwood Samson, which creates the second layer to the framed narrative. Changez compares his office building to his home town in Lahore and says it is "higher than any two structures in Lahore if they were stacked one atop the other" (37). This conversation is had between Changez and 'The American', which is the first layer of the framed narrative. These conversations allow the audience to hear Changez's thoughts and opinions in this casual setting, Changez stating that "nothing had prepared him for the drama and the power of the view from their lobby" (38), referring to the Underwood Samson building in New York. This shows that, at the beginning of the novel,



Changez enjoys his time in America and is happy to express it, he also describes Underwood Sampson to be incredibly powerful and feels he is part of an elite society.

The middle of the novel shows that Changez has met his loved one -Erica, and is guite settled in America. Changez visits Erica's home to meet her parents. Changez is shown the true side of American attitudes at this point, which begins to shift his view and alter his identity. Erica's father makes a statement about Pakistani's and that "they have some serious problems with fundamentalism" (63). Changez is then aware of the sense of superiority that the majority of Americans hold. Shortly after this, Changez reaches a turning point in terms of his identity when the nine eleven attacks occur. Changez admits that after watching the television news channel of the twin towers collapsing, he smiled. He says that "his initial reaction was to be remarkably pleased" (83). Changez is still in a relationship with Erica at this point, but he states that although "he was infatuated with an American woman, part of him desired for America to be harmed" (86). This is ironic because the strong use of symbolism in the book shows Erica as the symbol for America. America also begins to reject Changez and his true identity at this point, as the attacks have a huge impact on how he is perceived. Changes begins to get questioned about the purpose of his trip to the United States, which causes him to lose his sense of belonging and become nostalgic about his home town. When he is questioned by the American authorities he replies with "Now I live here", but he is further interrogated. This begins to show that his relationship with America is becoming tense. He feels that even his "Princeton degree and Underwood Samson business card were invariably insufficient to earn his respectful nod of approval" (94). Changez finds himself dreaming "not of Erica, but of home" which is in Lahore. This further reiterates that Changez no longer loves America. Following that, Changez is unsure if he belongs in New York or in Lahore, demonstrating his growing

Symbolism is one of the main techniques employed in the text to reinforce the ideas. The bats for example, discussed between Changez and The American show the distinct cultural differences between the two. The American finds the bats "creepy", whereas Changez says he "quite likes them" (71). He says they are "successful and are like urban dwellers, just like him and The American" (72). He compares the bats and the flying foxes and states that "perhaps the flying foxes lacked the radar – or the agility – of their smaller cousins and therefore hurtled to their deaths against Lahore's newer offices and plazas and if so would have been long extinct in New York" (72).

nostalgia for his original home.



Here Changez is referring to himself and is implying a sense of conflict between America and himself. The American, who is nameless, in order to represent all typical Americans, shows his fear of the bats which gives off a sense of weakness and a lack of power. Just before Changez admits his satisfaction for the World Trade Centre attacks, he states that "night has fallen" (82). Changez also repeats this line shortly after when he says "night is deepening around us" (84). Changez gloats that "someone had so visibly brought America to her knees" (83). These three statements symbolise dark times which are represented through the night. The statement about America falling to her knees symbolises that Erica, who is greatly affected by the 9/11 events is now at her knees. This gives an insight as to what is coming due to the dramatic change of tone in the book.

Erica's ex-boyfriend Chris, who died, symbolises Christ. Due to America being such a deeply Christian country, Erica is greatly affected by it. When Changez and Erica try to have sexual intercourse, Changez finds it difficult to "enter her" and finds that she is "not aroused" showing that America is now physically rejecting him. This is an excellent example of allegory. The only way Changez and Erica have success is when Changez tells Erica to "pretend that he is Chris". Changez hates that then "her body denied his no longer" proving that the only way America will truly accept him is if he is someone he is not.

Erica later commits suicide as she cannot live her life without America being the way it once was when Chris was alive. Erica states that:

"the destruction of the World Trade Centre had churned up old thoughts that had settled in the manner of sediment to the bottom of a pond; now the waters of her mind were murky with what had previously been ignored." (94)

This strong sense of nostalgia shows that Erica will always be stuck in the past and that she has finally given up. It symbolised that America is not what it used to be and has lost all the power and strength that it once thrived on. At this point Changez no longer wants to conform to American culture and a strong symbol for this is the two-week old beard he has decided not to shave. He claims it was a "symbol of his own identity and he did not wish to blend in with the army of clean-shaved youngsters who were his co-workers" (147-148). He would find himself "walking the streets, flaunting his beard as a provocation, craving conflict with anyone foolhardy enough to antagonise him" (190). Changez states that "America had to be stopped in the interests of not only the rest of humanity, but also his own" (190). Underwood



Samson represents the United States which was powerful and superior and Changez learns that this is all false and he no longer wants that lifestyle symbolising his clear move back towards his own original culture.

Changez identity changed due to the events and people around him. The framed narrative allowed the different layers to reflect the style and central ideas portrayed in the novel to be very prominent. The strong use of symbolism and allegory consistently highlighting these ideas also. Changez was taken by surprise as he was unaware of who and what America truly was. Hamid represented these ideas through the many themes and techniques discussed by creating a story within a story through his framed narrative.





Australian cinema is frequently overlooked and brushed off; films often use black humour as opposed to intellectual wit, the themes are sometimes not relatable to international audiences, and they are not advertised to the same degree as international films, with Australian films only accounting for 2.28% in national box office. Another reason is that they use outdated stereotypes and don't spark an interest in viewers who can't relate to what's going on. "Jasper Jones", a recent adaptation of Craig Silvey's 2009 young adult novel, defies the archetypes often associated with Australian film and uses techniques to capture the attention of its target audience while still staying true to the story. Multiple sources, including the ABC and The Monthly, have cited Jasper Jones as a modern Australian retelling of "To Kill a Mockingbird", exploring themes such as racism and withdrawal from society.

"Jasper Jones", released on March 2nd of this year by Madman Entertainment, features some familiar faces of Australian cinema, including Toni Collette (Muriel's Wedding, Little Miss Sunshine) and Hugo Weaving (The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert, The Matrix Trilogy). Alongside these veterans of cinema, "Jasper Jones" debuts up-and-coming actors Aaron L. McGrath and Kevin Long.

Set in a 1960s fictional rural Australian town named Corrigan, it portrays the loss of childhood innocence as fourteen year-old Charlie (his age increased by a year for the film) is made aware of the secrets Corrigan holds beneath its peaceful façade. It all begins when Charlie is approached in the middle of the night by vagabond Jasper Jones, asking for Charlie's help. Together, the pair investigate the mysterious death of Jasper's secret girlfriend Laura Wishart. Over the course of their investigation, they form a close bond and discover many confronting details about the people they thought they knew well.

The appropriate casting served its purpose, as the characters portrayed in the movie were almost identical to those in the book, with a few exceptions; one of those being Toni Collette's performance as Charlie's strict mother, Ruth Bucktin. In the novel, a more in-depth history of Ruth's past is explained, however,

in the film, Ruth's anger is seemingly misplaced and she seems unreasonably harsh. The novel's portrayal of Ruth is somewhat more maternal and caring, with more moments driven by compassion rather than spite. Due to time constraints (often common in film), many characters lacked the depth explored in the novel; for example, Jasper's history of always being the town's scapegoat is not thoroughly explained and neither is his troubled relationship with his father. Levi Miller as the intellectual Charlie depicted the innocence and naivety of a fourteen year-old, but perhaps needed to develop his portrayal of darker emotions, and focus more strongly on the post-traumatic stress Silvey wrote in the book (although the screenwriters may be more responsible for this). A particular stand out was newcomer Kevin Long as Jeffrey. Potentially the only upbeat and cheerful character in the story, there was a lot of pressure on Long to do justice to Jeffrey. His sometimes inappropriate wit and well-timed jokes provided comic relief for the audience, and he proved to be a loyal companion to the lead character.

The setting and tone of the movie was almost indistinguishable from the dark atmosphere Craig Silvey created. Corrigan, and its surrounding area, felt restrictive and unsettling. The use of colour grading and music emphasised a troubling undertone in the town. The cinematography was varied between darker, cooler tones, particularly at night, and brighter tones for lighter scenes, such as the cricket game. Despite the colourful aesthetic of the 1960s, the palette seems to favour more natural colours that complement the Australian scenery more easily.



The pacing of the film does not translate from page to screen as smoothly as the screenwriters perhaps intended, which often proves to be a point of difficulty in adapting novels. Some parts of the story seemed rushed, while others were drawn out, and some completely excluded. Some of the most invigorating scenes were cut entirely, such as Charlie's investigation of murders in the library, and another crucial component of the book - the children of Corrigan showing their bravery by stealing a peach from Mad Jack Lionel, the reclusive man with a rumoured terrible past. This entire idea is omitted from the film, despite the important character development that comes from this part. It could have been director Rachel Perkins' aim, perhaps it just seems awkward having read the book first.

As Australia's answer to "To Kill a Mockingbird", "Jasper Jones" fulfils the classic Australian coming-of-age model. The characters, despite living in a different time, are relatable to people of the same age. There are timeless elements that everyone is familiar with, and as a mixture of genres including coming-of-age and murder mystery, the film is compelling and engaging for the audience and those who are familiar with the story. With the depth and development of the story, "Jasper Jones" is sure to be considered a great Australian film.





After just finishing the horrifying, yet strangely alluring TV show 'The Handmaids Tale', I can safely say I have never experienced such a horrific line up of emotions. I finished the show within days and have been left with a feeling of fear and, of course, dread. Because the world which the creator of Gilead, Margret Atwood describes could be a very real future, with an underlying reminder that our rights are extremely fragile, especially for women.

If you haven't yet heard of this totalitarian, dystopian, 'Trumpesque' story or, dare I say it, prophetic miracle, you, my friend are missing out. Set in what was formerly known as the United States, the Republic of Gilead has taken control of society as we know it, and hauled it backwards to the 17th Century Puritan roots which many US citizens have attempted to forget entirely.

If you're unaware of Atwood's classic novel from 1985, or the recently released television show (do yourself a favor! WATCH IT), it is, as mentioned before, set in the Republic of Gilead, a place where majority of the female population are now infertile due to copious amounts of radioactive pollution. To combat this issue, the women who are able to bear children are enlisted as 'Handmaids' and used as surrogate wombs to carry and birth the children of the ruling class.

"freedom, like everything else, is relative"

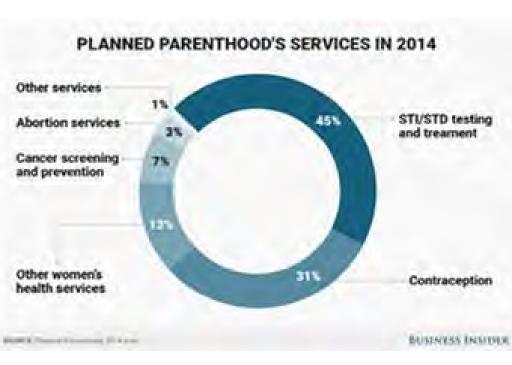
Atwood herself has stated in an article written for the New York Times that she drew upon her own experiences to build the totalitarian Gilead, even back in 1984 when writing the novel. Living in Berlin at the time, Atwood spoke about drawing inspiration from the feelings she felt when visiting places such as Czechoslovakia, East Germany. She "experienced the wariness, the feeling of being spied on, the silences" (NY times, 2017) as well as the changes of subject so very common throughout her entire story of Gilead. Atwood states that the one rule she had whilst creating this insane world, was that she would not add any events into the novel that had not already happened. All was to be drawn from the real world and its laws and atrocities, what has been called the 'nightmares' of history. It is this which makes the novel and show so real to its audience, and myself. As it is almost impossible not to recognise some of the foundations on which Gilead was born.



Although the series, and the novel, are both classified as fiction, many have argued that it is, actually a prophecy of a world that we could one day find ourselves intertwined with. A world in which totalitarian governments control anything and everything. A world in which women no longer have the power over their own bodies. To me, however it is a tale of history, of what has been, what is, and what could be.

Speaking of history, the idea that women are only to be used for men's sexual gratification, as well as the carrying and birthing of children for the nations, is not so new to the world. Throughout history, women have been used and abused by the men in power, purely because of their sex. A historical example of patriarchy and the oppression of women is none other than Adolf Hitler, leader of the Nazi party.

Here he is describing the single most important obligation for a fascist future "It must be considered as reprehensible conduct to refrain from giving healthy children to the nation." (Mein Kampf, 1925). He said this directly after his election to a platform which would, essentially, be responsible for restoring male supremacy to the fatherland (Germany). Hitler's first official act after his election included denying access to family planning clinics, and declaring abortion a crime against the state of Germany. He also created camps in which Aryan men impregnated Aryan women to create a 'master race' (Early Bird Books, 2015). Furthermore, "Hitler's prescription for Aryan women was Kinder, Kuche, Kirche—Children, Cooking, Church" (Early Bird Books, 2015). This whole idea sounds very similar to Atwood's plot, doesn't it?



It also sounds scarily similar to the event which Trump's America has experienced in the past few months as well. There have, of course, been many comparisons between Atwood's Gilead and Donald Trump's America, a country in which a newly elected president has slowly, but surely eroded the reproductive rights of the female population. Only 4 days after his inauguration, Donald Trump signed an executive order which prohibits abortion counselling by any non-government international organisations which receive federal funding. It also allows states to end, completely the financing of Planned Parenthood's services, for which, only 3% of funds actually go towards abortion (Sydney Morning Herald, 2017), and the main reasons which people actually choose to visit Planned Parenthood is for contraceptive access (31 percent) and STD testing and treatment (45 percent) (Business Insider, 2017).

These essential services have been used by more than 2.5 million people each year (Sydney Morning Herald, 2017). In addition, the Trump Administration has drafted a revision of the governments contraception coverage mandate (NY Times, 2017), which could potentially leave hundreds of thousands of women without access to the contraceptive pill at affordable, or no cost, under the Affordable Care Act (Obama care) signed into law by former president Barack Obama in 2010.

The right-wing of American democracy has chipped away, piece by piece, the 'reproductive freedom of minors, poor women, and women in the military' (Early Bird Books, 2015). These groups of people, if anti-abortion campaigners had their way, would be forbidden from receiving an abortion, no matter how conception took place, even if they are raped. Thankfully, however these extreme right-wing groups have not dug their talons deep enough into the American Government yet. The Supreme Court in 1973 established that the" right to have an abortion is protected by the U.S. Constitution, which means that states are prohibited from banning abortions performed prior to the point of viability" (Thought Co, 2017).

The rights of women are so very fragile, especially in the age of Trump. They have been growing and developing since the 1st wave of feminism in the 19th century, and I believe that slowly, definitely slowly, we are making progress in the area of equal rights. However, even in today's day and age, there are continued disagreements about what exactly constitutes women's rights.

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There has been, however a United Nations convention on Women's rights (1981) which states that there must not be "any distinction, exclusion or restriction made on the basis of sex which has the effect or purpose of impairing or nullifying the recognition, enjoyment or exercise by women" (Thought Co, 2017). The statement goes on to say that these distinctions must not negatively impact on women "irrespective of their marital status, on a basis of equality of men and women, of human rights and fundamental freedoms in the political, economic, social, cultural, civil or any other field." (Thought Co, 2017) (It must be noted that the USA didn't actually sign onto the agreement). This, in itself, seems otherworldly to me, especially after immersing myself in a world such as Gilead

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Whilst Atwood's Gilead may seem far out of reach, let me remind you, it is possible. I could very well happen in our own society. Our own Government. When we're least expecting it. Atwood herself saw the lightning fast changes that happened during World War 2. She was fully aware that 'established orders could vanish overnight' (NY times, 2017). Let us just pray that the world as we know it will never fall into a Gilead like existence.



Family Haiku, Alex McGuigan



# Banana Drama

"WHY ARE ALL MY BANANAS SPILLING OUT OF THE CAR SUSAN???????" screamed Brad, the local banana dealer, as he watched his luscious yellow fruits spill out of the hippie van. "Don't you understand Brad? You refused to buy me quinoa, so this is your fault." Susan replied, clutching her organic faux leather purse closer to her chest, which was clad in vegan cotton. Brad's forehead appeared to start pulsating, his Botox not being able to hide the rage consuming his face.

"YOU AND YOUR STUPID QUINOA! Honestly! Why did I even let you come with me?? I should've left you in that Starbucks when I had the chance! You've always been more concerned about the availability of Pumpkin Spiced Lattes than my extreme passion for insuring that poor children on remote islands get enough potassium!" Brad was mad. Madder than mad. He angrily tried to slam the van door but the bananas blocked it. That made Brad flip the hell out. He threw his Official Banana Vendor shirt on the ground in front of Susan's Birkenstocks and stormed off into the jungle.

Susan watched from the side of the road, angrily ripping off her fake glasses, which got caught on her hair extensions. She yelled out, "MY FATHER WOULD NEVER HAVE ALLOWED THIS TO HAPPEN. HE WOULD HAVE SUED YOUR STUPID BANANA COMPANY FOR EVERY PENNY IF I TOLD HIM." She stomped her feet. "I'M NOT DOING THE MINECRAFT LET'S PLAYS WITH YOU ANYMORE!" Reaching into her fanny pack, she pulled out a can of Axe body spray, and a lighter. She steadied herself and...

Broke down crying. The lighter fell out of her hand and so did the Axe body spray. Susan was heartbroken that she had to break up with Brad.



The Minecraft Let's Plays that they made together used to bring her so much joy. When her interior design business in New York went bankrupt, the small income that they made off of YouTube was all they had going for them until Brad started his charity. A beautiful charity that provided bananas chocked full of potassium to the poor island children. What a wonderful adventure they had had together, but all good things must come to an end. Susan picked up the Axe body spray and lighter (Susan didn't smoke, but she did need the lighter for the sad songs they played during Coachella) and followed Brad into the jungle. Brad's prized possession had to go. Susan was going after the top knot.

\* \* \*

Susan had been following the map on her Apple Watch™. She was tracking Brad's iPhone 7 - which he had bought two days after it came out. Her fanny pack bumped as she trudged along the brush, still carrying the Axe body spray and Coachella lighter. She was on the hunt for Brad's brown ball of hip. As soon as Brad's top knot came into view, Susan began violently torching the area around his head.

"My hair!" screamed Brad, "My prized possession!"

"Ha! Take that!" shouted Susan, but unbeknownst to her, she was burning the greenery around herself and trapping the two of them in a circle of flame. She looked around in shock, worried because her vegan cotton shirt was very flammable.

"Oh no!" said Susan, "I can't believe I'm doing this to the environment!"

"Go green Susan!" yelled Brad, as he burned. Susan tried to run, attempting to escape, however, her Chakra crystals caught on the tree next to her. Her faith towards a higher power was going to vanguish her.

"Nooo!" screamed Susan, regretting her choices. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Brad crumble to the ground. "Serves him right," thought Susan. But then she felt the warmth of compassion reenter her soul and radiate through her body. "Brad, I just wanted to say, it was amazing being heterosexual with you. I'm just glad that I was the one who made you decide to stop being gay,"



# Luncheon at the Town Clock Cafe



Mrs Slowcomb was running late for the weekly Tumut Catholic Women's meeting. She was a mild, somewhat clueless lady, with wispy white hair in curls, but well-meaning, with a kind soul. On this particular Tuesday, it had been decided that the committee would lunch near the town clock, a clock only in appearance, as it had proved too much of a mechanical challenge for the local engineer, Mr Parker. Next to the large, recognisable building was located the town clock café, a somewhat controversial eatery, with a reputation for weak coffee and disgruntled service. After an incident involving extra meals being charged for, the town clock café was not exactly prospering, as gossip spreads fast in small towns, and so the gracious ladies in the women's association had decided that a second chance was in order.

On this particular occasion, poor Mrs Slowcomb had forgotten the location of the town clock, despite its being on the main street and the most recognisable landmark in a town of little over 2000 inhabitants. As she hurried down the sidewalk of the main road, locals smiled to themselves and exchanged greetings, knowing Mrs Slowcomb's reputation as a doddering old dear. There was a generally cheerful air about the town, as people on the whole lived comfortable lives, stability was the norm, and nothing too dramatic or exciting ever happened.

The town clock café itself was in desperate need of refurbishment, its most recent improvement being a coat of paint 20 years prior. Mrs Slowcomb stopped and looked inquisitively at the For Sale sign on the shop window, forgetting its placement was not remotely recent.

Inside, the women's committee meeting had already begun, and as usual Mrs Hazlewood had taken control. "I feel as though we should be doing something to help the poor man, what with his crutches and – hello Belinda, what a pleasant surprise!" "Hello everyone, I seemed to have trouble placing exactly where the town hall was. Did you know this café is for sale? I noticed a sign out the front," said Mrs Slowcomb. The committee members sighed. "Quite the detective, aren't you Belinda, perhaps you could help Mary solve her next mystery," replied Ms Snarkle, after rolling her eyes. Ms Snarkle was a tall, angular woman, with a habit of making snide comments at Mrs Slowcomb's expense.

"Now now, there's no need for that Sheryl, Belinda means well and sarcasm's no use to anyone," said Miss Mayweather, who also happened to be the same Mary as mentioned by Ms Snarkle. Miss Mayweather was a short, homely woman with a kindly smile and big, round spectacles halfway down her nose. Her seemingly placid expression and innocent blue eyes masked the spark of intelligence behind them. Miss Mayweather had already provided the local police with aid on many an occasion.

Presently, a figure came striding into the dining area. Mrs Broughton wasted no time on formalities, which matched her stern expression and black, wide rimmed glasses, briskly pacing over to the waiting women's association. In fact, she need not have bothered with the haste, as the only customers presiding in the café were the aforementioned

"Yes?"

"Oh yes, I think we were all ready, were we ready ladies? Yes, hmm, may I trouble you ever so much for a hot pumpkin broth with a bread roll?" Mrs Hazlewood put in.

"We're all out of rolls."

"Oh that's fine. I'm on one of those new-fangled diets anyhow."

"Just a ham and cheese toasted sandwich for me, thank-you," said Miss Mayweather. "I'll be having the same as Mary," said Mrs Slowcomb, who hadn't had the chance to read the menu and had trouble thinking on her feet at the best of times.

"What's the most expensive thing on the menu?" said Mrs Snarkle haughtily.

"That would be the eye fillet steak."

"Well I shall have that then, medium please."

And with that Mrs Broughton turned on her heel and marched back to the kitchen. Mrs Hazlewood tried to call out in vain for a bottle of water and some glasses but her pleas fell on deaf ears.

"That was, without a doubt, the most abrupt waitress I have encountered in my entire life!", sniffed Mrs Hazlewood indignantly.

"Oh come now, she might have been a bit short, but at least take a minute to see where she's coming from, considering the amount of custom she gets. We're the only ones here," replied Miss Mayweather.

"A bit short! A bit short, you say! I've seen garden gnomes less short than that woman! No wonder this place is a ghost town. I've got half a mind to march straight out of this dingy little shop without so much as a goodbye!"

"Anne does have a point you know, it's as though Mrs Broughton doesn't want the business, when she treats her customers in such a manner," put forward Ms Snarkle. Miss Mayweather gave a little frown. "What if, perhaps, Mrs Broughton didn't need the income provided by the town clock café. What if, perhaps, her husband provides for her with a lucrative business, or the café is just a front for something a little less... conventional."

"Surely there are only a handful of ways to earn a decent living out here in Tumut," mused Mrs Hazlewood. "The hey day for this town was in the 1950s when wool prices were high, these days most of the revenue comes from tourists passing through." "I'm not putting anything in concrete, just speculating is all."

Mrs Slowcomb let out a squeak of delight. "I just love these mysteries you invent Mary, they're just so exciting! Oh well I guess I shouldn't say invent, I mean you've proven yourself right more times than I can count! That's not very far these days though." "I should seem to think that you would reach somewhere around ten, before you forgot why it was you were counting in the first place," sniggered Ms Snarkle. Mrs Slowcomb went bright red and did not respond. Ms Hazlewood hurriedly changed the subject to the raffle for the hospital auxillary, and so the conversation passed more congenially for the next quarter hour.

"Well, speaking for myself, I'm beginning to feel a little peckish," said Mrs Hazlewood, "What is our tempestuous hostess up to? I hope the results of her labour add up to the time spent labouring, in which case we'll be in for a real treat."

"I would hazard a guess that she is either toasting sandwiches, sizzling steak or cooking soup," remarked Ms Snarkle dryly. "But don't ask me."

"I didn't, and I'm still a little worried. Steak doesn't take half an hour to cook medium. I'm just going to pop in and see how she's doing."

Ms Hazlewood approached the kitchen area somewhat apprehensively. Miss Mayweather's talk of subterfuge had stirred up some nerves within her and she couldn't help feeling a tingle of excitement. The kitchen was a small area, with two ovens, a stove, a barbecue and a still-open sandwich press. But still Mrs Hazlewood's eyes were drawn to something in particular.

"Oh dear."

"M- Miss Mayweather? Come quickly!!" Mrs Hazlewood shrieked from the kitchen.

"Looks like we're not going to get our lunch," murmured Mrs Slowcomb.



Alex McGuigan

"NO, YOU HAVE TO SWIPE THE SCREEN"
THE AMOUNT OF TIMES IT'S SAID
MY PARENTS STILL AREN'T KEEN
TO GET IT THROUGH THEIR HEAD

MUM AND DAD DON'T GET IT BUT YOUTUBE IS SO COOL YOU JUST SAY "HEY DON'T SWEAT IT, I'M WATCHING THIS FOR SCHOOL"

"ARE YOU ON YOUR PHONE?" DAD YELLS,
"NO DAD" I REPLY
AND THEN IT IS A RAT HE SMELLS
SO MY PHONE GETS PLACED UP HIGH

MY PLAY STATION I CAN'T STOP PLAYING IT REALLY IS SO FUN BUT MUM AND DAD KEEP SAYING "ARE YOU ALMOST DONE?"

MUM AND DAD DON'T GET THE HYPE
WITH THIS TEXTING THING AT ALL
"WHY REPEATEDLY TAP AND TYPE
WHEN YOU CAN MAKE A CALL?"

TO THE LORD THEY THANK AND PRAISE WHEN I GO OUTSIDE AND PLAY AND EVERY DAY I HEAR THE PHRASE "IT WAS BETTER IN MY DAY"

OUR PARENTS JUST NEED TO SEE THAT TECHNOLOGY IS OK MY KIDS MIGHT SAY THAT ABOUT ME WHEN I AM OLD AND GREY.



Alex McGuigan

THIS HIGH TECH STUFF THAT'S 'COOL' THESE DAYS, I DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND, PARENTING THESE KIDS IS LIKE A MAZE, I REALLY NEED A HAND.

> SNAPCHAT, YOUTUBE, WHEN DOES IT STOP, IT DOESN'T MAKE MUCH SENSE, "I'LL TAKE THE PHONE BACK TO THE SHOP", IS THE PHRASE THAT MAKES THINGS TENSE.

> > HE SAYS THAT HE IS STUDYING, BUT HE THINKS OF ME A FOOL, THE PHONE I END UP TAKING, HE KNOWS THAT IS THE RULE

CALL OF DUTY, A PLAY STATION GAME, I BOUGHT IT FOR MY SON, KILLING PEOPLE IS THE AIM, BUT HE REFERS TO IT AS 'FUN'?

THESE PHONES GO ON ALL DAY AND NIGHT,
BUT IT'S NOT THE CALLS HE GETS,
HE HAS TO KEEP IT IN HIS SIGHT,
IN CASE HE GETS A TEXT.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO SKATING, HOPSCOTCH AND PLAYING HOOP? THERE WAS NO ONLINE DATING, WE'D ACTUALLY TALK TO OUR GROUP

OUR GENERATIONS ARE POLES APART, I DON'T WANT TO SEEM SO OLD, IN ORDER TO KEEP THEM CLOSE TO HEART, TECHNOLOGY I WILL UPHOLD. The sound of a girl's laughter jerks his mind from sleep.

At first, Jack wonders if this is a new form of torture; the screaming in his dreams and the laughter he is convinced he has just imagined are both from Rosie, he is sure. His mind has discovered another way to induce self-hatred. Honestly, he's surprised; he thought he'd reached the limit of his self-hatred a long time ago.



Anonymous

Nine years, give or take.

But the laughter sounds so much like Rosie that he wants to let himself get lost in it. The uncomfortable press of his suit, the sound of fine china clinking together, and the sticky sweetness of tea laden with generous dollops of honey all come to mind at the sound. "Shhh. Someone could hear you!"

Jack wrenches into a sitting position, the muscles in his back protesting at the sharp movement.

It's the voice of a young boy.

Usually Jack would be angry, would grab the shotgun and fumble towards his porch, yelling profanity. There's something about this voice, though, something about the voice that reminds him of Rosie

"Who? The closest house is Mad Jack's, and I thought you said you weren't afraid of him."

The girl's voice is crisp in the night air.

"I'm not. I just think we should be careful, orright?"

"Jasper, we'll be fine. After all, what's the worst that could happen?"

Jack twists until his feet find the floor, the sharp stings of his muscles only a fleeting concern when faced with... this. It makes sense, in a way; Jasper would be eleven this year. God, he wonders if he could see him- wonders if he could talk to him, even.

"A lot of things. But you're right-  $\operatorname{Mad}$  Jack's just an old fella', I could take him."

"Not if he has a gun you couldn't."

Both children break into laughter at that, uncontrollable giggles that make Jack smile despite himself.

It is only until he has to strain to hear them that he realises that the sound of their voices are growing steadily weaker the further away they walk. Jack feels the panic build inside him when he realises it- can feel the uncomfortable constriction of his chest and the too-loud pounding of his heart.

He pushes up from his bed, his whole body groaning at the strain, and stands. He hobbles as fast as he can to the window, wrenching the thin beige curtain back to see onto the dimly lit street.

There are two children, the pale moonlight slightly defining their silhouettes, trudging towards the entrance to the forest of old gums and reds found at the end of his culde-sac.

They reach the tree-line and just as Jacks afraid he's lost his chance, one of the figures manages a last glance backwards.

They stare into Jack's soul, it feels like.

It takes Jack's breath away, because there is no doubt that the boy is his grandson. Even in the dim moonlight, the resemblances are undeniable. The figure eventually turns and ducks under a tree branch, effectively disappearing.

The floorboard creaks, and he realises, distantly, that he should move. He knows he won't be able to go to sleep- not now-, so he shuffles his way into the living room, wincing slightly at the pull of his stiff leg. He sighs as he relaxes into the armchair, his weight causing it to groan slightly, and stares blankly at the wall. The dim lighting causes him to squint, and only then does he realise the air seems yellow, almost verging on sepia.

His eyes catch on three blurry framed photographs.

He thinks back to the first time he remembers seeing a black person, a girl in her twenties, and the way his father had sneered at her. He remembers the way he'd turned to him afterwards, scowl still present, and told him, a boy all of five years old, that if he ever, ever, dared to associate with those 'damn Abo's', he would personally pull the trigger.

He can't help but be reminded of David. Of Rosie. Of how he handled their marriage; the way he ignored his son for years because of his fear of a dead man.

He remembers the slow realisation that he was alone. That without David, he had no one; the townsfolk had thought him suspicions, even then. Had taken to heart rumours of his experiences in the war, and the way he couldn't stop screaming in his sleep afterwards.

Increasingly, he had contemplated talking to David again. The invitations to their house for Sunday Dinner had not ceased, and it had only taken a year of solitude and reflection on his part for him to agree to one. He had been hesitant when he arrived, only becoming more so after David had brushed past him with a glare, muttering something about the bar.

But Rosie had been lovely. She had made the conversation less awkward, surprising him with her wit. At the end of the evening, she had invited him again next week, and before he knew it, it was a standing date.

Over time, she had become a daughter to him.

And then- then he had to go and mess it all up by crashing that damn car. David had held him responsible for her death. Had yelled curses at him when he offered to help with Jasper. Had drunk himself into oblivion.

He knows he did not kill her. Knows it was not his fault. Yet... when faced with the picture of her mangled body, he cannot help but feel guilty.

No wonder Jasper speaks of him with disgust- he would as well.

But, maybe he will still talk to him. Even if it is just to place blame on him, it would be worth it.

If he explains, if he apologises, maybe, just maybe, he might be able to know the boy. And find out why he was sneaking into the forest with a girl at- he glances at the clock- Jesus, one in the morning.

Tonight. He'll talk to him tonight.



## Throughout modern history males in skirts and dresses has been deemed unsuitable. Is the demoralising limitations of society killing liberation?

remember the time in my childhood when my mother told me that I could no longer wear my older brother's hand-me-downs clothes: to ten-vear-old me the fact was devastating. I could not comprehend why instead of going to the mall in comfy slacks that I was being pushed to wear 'proper' dresses with patterns that repulsed me. But for others the situation is reversed. Young boys are consistently discouraged from wearing skirts and dresses from the moment they are born. I've consistently heard that the girl's section length is double that of the boys, oozing with vibrant explosions of colour. It makes perfect sense for girls to be interested in this technicoloured display, so why can't boys be?

Cross-dressing is a term used to describe wearing the clothing typical of the opposite gender on regular basis. The general response to having your child labelled a 'cross-dresser' is humiliation, due to the practise being deemed 'unnatural'. What is truly disheartening is that parent's response to this is to seek help, to stop children from doing it. The term 'cross-dresser' is mostly used to describe males who wear dresses. and skirts which are two pieces of clothing that are commonly associated with femininity. Parents are concerned that these dressing habits can be early signs of homosexuality or transgender. I think these people are honestly, single minded and prosaic in lifestyle. The term 'cross-dressing' shouldn't be needed in our time.

We should be able to accept that either gender can wear whatever they want without an unnecessary stigma looming over their life.

Fashion is dictated by humanity and is continuously changing to meet new demands set by the public. A great achievement of modern fashion, as many would agree, was the evolution of women and pants. Before the 1920's women in pants was found to be at odds with social norms but in present time most women own as many pants as dresses. The only problem is that that change is dictated by society's ideal of 'normal', bringing both good and bad alterations. Society's view of dresses and boys has been reversed over time. Up until the 19th century. European children were all dressed in dresses and skirts regardless of gender. So why didn't this practise become more accepted over time like pants on women? The reason is summed. up perfectly by Lauren O. "I think it's perhaps more likely that it's easier for society to accept women taking on men's roles than it is for men to take on women's roles, because women are seen as inferior. A woman wanting to take on men's roles seems less offensive. because, the reasoning goes, who wouldn't want to be a member of the superior sex? A man wanting to take on women's roles seems more offensive, because what man would ever want to degrade himself like that?"

The merit of seeing the act of wearing certain clothing as degrading only solidifies the evident problem of society's decisions, kill creativity and freedom of expression.

The other worry is that boys dressing in dresses are taken as early signs of homosexuality or transgender tendency. Scientific studies have revealed this to be untrue as less than 5% of 'crossdressers' identified as being homosexuals and 2%-7% of bovs under the age of 12 display 'crossdressing' behaviours but very few wish to be girls. The misconception of sexuality being tied to 'crossdressing' is quite common and is listed on many websites as the number one misconception made about males who wear feminine clothes. I have walked in public places innumerable times and have never been branded a lesbian simply due to the fact I was wearing pants, sometimes ones bought from the boys section. Yet boys who wear dresses and skirts don't receive the same treatment even though it's their right to wear whatever they desire



So how do we change the view that we have conformed to? Simply, change starts with the younger generation. At present we need to raise children to accept differences and teach them that wanting to wear what you want is not a crime. Author David Walliams' book. The Boy in the Dress is a brilliant book which explores a young boy's interest in wearing, you guessed it, dresses! The Boy in the Dress shows both the repulsion and support that Dennis receives while consistently stressing that liking dresses as a boy is perfectly fine. Books are just one powerful way to spread a message of acceptance to children. By accepting that boys can wear skirts and dresses doesn't mean every boy needed to flounce about in tealength A-lines. It means that if a male wishes to wear one we don't do double takes and stare in silent abhorrence when they walk by. Hopefully in the near future we can glance over it the same way we do when they wear pants.

The term 'cross-dressing' will, with any luck, be forgotten as an embarrassing failure of acceptance. Boys and men should be given the right to don whatever piece of clothing without prejudice from the public eye. As quoted by one of the greatest fashion designers in present;

"Fashion is about something that comes from within you."

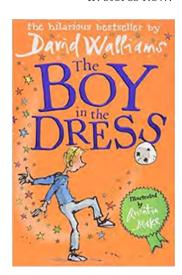
- Ralph Lauren

No one should be judged for being themselves. For a society that preaches freedom we must prove this by empowering the decisions to defy conformity. To put a stop to the hurtful labels manufactured by conformity. So to all the males who had to deny the urge to try on a floral print dress or maxi skirt, don't. Answer the call to find yourself. And the public, stand by these boys and men. Your support is the most vital ingredient for the change that our world needs.

#### The Boy in the Dress By David Walliams

Dennis lives in a boring house in a boring street in a boring town. But he's about to find out that when you open your mind, life becomes anything but boring! You'll laugh, you'll cry, and once you meet Dennis he'll live with you forever...

In stores now!



#### Feminism: The New F-Word?



The fight continues, but the stereotypes remain

Chloe Wheelwright

Television evangelist Pat Robertson once described feminism as "a socialist, antifamily, political movement that encourages women to leave their husbands, kill their children, practice witchcraft, destroy capitalism, and become lesbians."

Right-leaning polemicist Rush Limbaugh, known for his creation of the term "Feminazi" (although he credits economics

Professor Thomas Hazlett for coining the term), describes a Feminazi as "a feminist to whom the important thing in life is ensuring that as many abortions as possible occur" and that "Feminism was created to force popular culture to accept ugly women." These views may seem extreme to some, but they are frequently used as a particularly extreme version of the feminist stereotype. But how far are his sentiments from those of the general public?

Delve into social media, and one may begin to get the impression that their comments aren't so unusual, but are commonly held by many. Looking through YouTube, along-side speeches by Michelle Obama and Emma Watson striving for equality, are videos popping up in the "Recommended Videos" section. Things like "Crazy Feminist gets DESTROYED!" or "Research Suggest That Feminism Leads to Mental Illness!!! PROOF" And believe me, you do NOT want to go into the YouTube comments section

Feminism by definition is the belief that men and women should have equal rights and opportunities.

A more systematic investigation into what people think about feminists found that many people believe feminists are ugly, uptight, angry, aggressive, harsh, strident, demanding, dogmatic, crazy, man-hating lesbians... or think that other people think they are. Only 26 percent of people say that feminist is a positive term.

So why has the word become such an uncomfortable one? Feminism has lost much of its strength due to the way it is portrayed in the media and through popular culture. But feminism and the causes it supports remain critically important.

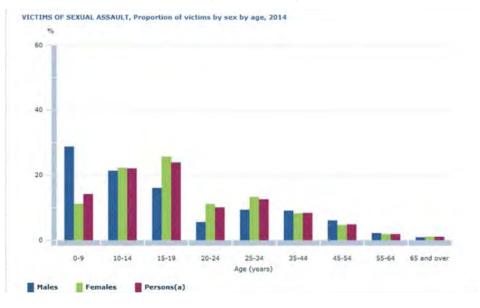
The fight has changed. Women can vote, get the same education and go to work with the boys. Women can live their lives – dress, walk, talk, like, dislike, do and not do whatever, however and whoever they please. Or can they?

Nowadays, it is so easy to dismiss the need for feminism because the 'big issues' have been dealt with, but there is still so much discrimination against women out there. And when I say 'out there' I do not mean all the way over there, where it can't get you and you don't need to worry about it. I mean right outside your home, office or train window

Actually, scratch that. It could very well be inside that window too.

Australia has one of the highest rates of reported sexual assault in the world, at almost 92 people per 100,000 of the population, according to the United Nations. 82% of them were women. Another survey has quoted the Australian rate at more than double the global average. In NSW alone there were 3,951 separate sexual offence incidents reported to police in 2013. In that year 715 people were charged and 374 were found guilty, a conviction rate of 52 per cent for the state.

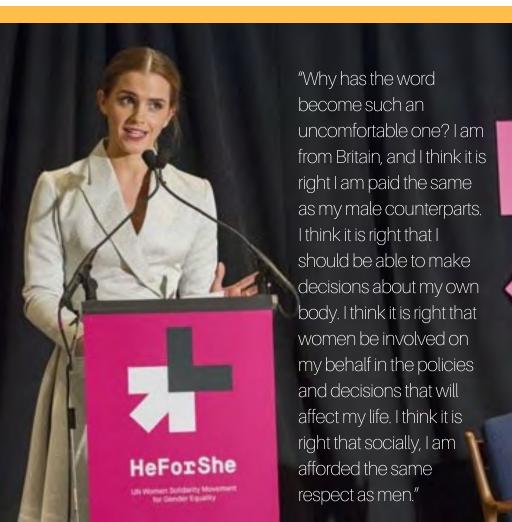
A 2010 study conducted for Springer's journal of Law and Human Behaviour concluded that 90% of women have suffered sexual discrimination in the workplace including offensive sexist remarks or being told they could not do their job properly due to their sex. The study also found that 10% of women had been promised promotions or better treatment if they were "sexually cooperative".



Women are also hugely underrepresented in politics in the Australian Parliament, with only 32% of total members being female. Clearly any female political representation shows we have come a long way since the feminist movement began in 1848, but we have not come far enough. Not by a long shot.

Founder of the HeForShe initiative, British actor and Goodwill Ambassador for UN Women Emma Watson addressed the stigma surrounding feminists in her September 2014 speech.

"The more I spoke about feminism, the more I realized that fighting for women's rights has too often become synonymous with man-hating. If there is one thing I know for certain, it is that this has to stop."



"But sadly, I can say that there is no one country in the world where all women can expect to see these rights. No country in the world can yet say that they achieved gender equality. These rights, I consider to be human rights, but I am one of the lucky ones."

There is the misplaced belief that women have achieved equality and that we should just shut up, stop moaning and keep quiet, lest we be branded as braburning, stereotypical male-bashing feminazis.

But feminism is not about overpowering or emasculating men in society. It is not a war between the sexes or an attempt by women to become more "manly"

It is about fairness and understanding. About realising and celebrating the differences between men and women, because they are there even on the most basic biological level – last time I checked boys don't hit puberty and start growing boobs, and girls' balls most certainly do not drop - but these differences do not instantly make one weaker than the other.

Let's get back to the roots of feminism. It is the support of human rights transcending gender, race, religion and sexual identity, and a desire to have the same treatment on all grounds. Not a chance to create a menless society as some fear. Feminism is not an F word. It is about equality. It is about being valued on the level of our humanity, not our gender.

CHAPTER 1: THE HEARTBROKEN

### IHE WIDOWER IAKES A BRIDE

Canberra Police patrols its streets after the murder of 23-year-old newlywed, Chloe Whitman, in her Bonner home on Saturday morning. She suffered multiple stab wounds and extreme loss of blood, as well as brutal mutilation to her torso. Husband, David Whitman, was chloroformed before the murder took place but was otherwise left unharmed by the killer, despite some minor injuries. Whitman described the murderer as a white male in his thirties, who --due to the nature of his carnage-has been named the Widower.

I remember seeing Chloe Whitman for the first time- smiling cheerfully in the framed photographs that covered the walls of her and her husband's home. She was never without that smile, nor that look of youth that not only shone through her face but through her eyes. She looked to the future, to all that life had yet to give her.

Chloe's eyes lacked that quality when I saw them in person. She had been dead for hours. Her body, as naked as the day she was born, was spread out across the living room rug. A gaping hole where her chest used to be. The flash of the forensic photographer's camera played on her skin, making her pale complexion appear like delicate porcelain, and her blood like cracks that ruined its beauty. I stepped out of the way as they walked around her towards the furthest wall. It had-painted in Chloe's blood- the word 'pig' smeared across it. The killer had done away with Chloe's life, breasts, sternum and her living room wall. She laid open like a raided pantry, and I thought of those forensic photographs being the first to not include her smile.

"Don't you know it's rude to crash crime scenes," the Detective had said behind me. "Some say it's even illegal, but didn't they teach you that at Journo school?"

"Who says I'm crashing?" I countered, turning to watch Canberra's notorious homicide detective- Bryan Doyley- take in the details of the living room.

"Who let you in then?" he asked,

"Jason. I told him I was assisting the medical examiner."

I smiled as Doyley cocked an eyebrow.

"He believed that?" he smirked, and brought the picture frame he'd picked up closer to himself to study. His smile flatlined and we exchanged a look that mourned the innocence that was and the horror of the tragedy. Then it was back to business as usual.

"Well you might as well live the lie" Doyley said, returning the frame back to its place on the coffee table. "Let's get to examining."

Doyley lead us closer to Chloe's side where he crouched down, following the incisions made across her torso with his finger. Her dismembered rib bones protruded out like sharp-tooth blades. It was as if the killer had decided that using Chloe's own kitchen knife against her wasn't enough, and had driven the pearly bones deeper into her flesh.

At first glance, her heart seemed normal, as it sat like a polished pendant on its cushioned display box that was formerly Chloe's chest. But I'd covered enough murders and seen too many crime scenes to not know better. Something was off.

"Chloe Whitman..." Doyley murmured, "what did he do to you?"

Hearing Chloe's name made me stop short. I knew it- had heard it before somewhere. But there was no way. I dismissed the familiarity as nothing, leaving the inkling in the back of my mind to fester.

Doyley tilted his head in puzzlement and I knelt alongside him. The Detective retrieved a pen from within his trench coat and poked tenderly at the heart. It gleamed putridly pink and pudgy. Doyley knotted his brows in foul realisation-"Jesus Christ."

Mrs Whitman's heart had been extracted by the Widower to not only kill, but dehumanise her. A pig's heart was put in its place and this, plus the writing of the animal's name on the Whitman's living room wall, leads police investigators to believe that the killer is a woman-hater. Private Detective Doyley will proceed with the investigation and is following leads to ensure its quick conclusion.

It wasn't until he'd sent the pig's heart off to forensics that Doyley approached David Whitman outside for questioning. It was about 6:30 on the Sunday morning and the Canberra mountains were washed in golden rays as they loomed on the outskirts of the city. The stillness of the valley beyond Bonner emphasised the loneliness of it all- the swallowing of happiness and the echoing of cries. David sat, insensitive to the morning frost, in the back of an ambulance- alone with the silence and bareness of those foothills.

"Mr Whitman, I'm Detective Doyley. I'll try to make this quick."

"It's no trouble," David murmured, he was bandaged around the stomach.
"You told police that the killer was there when you got home?"

"Yes... got back about 7:30 and saw him and Chloe together. My first thought was that she was cheating..." his eyes watered, the sunshine targeting him like a spotlight.

"Did you see his face?" Doyley pressed.

"He wore a mask, but looked about my size. Probably a little older... and white. I can't remember much else- couldn't stay awake..."

The Widower was invited into the Whitman house by the deceased, who he overpowered once inside. The autopsy revealed that Whitman had been alive when the abrasions were made, and her official cause of death was bleeding out. Per David Whitman's statement, the killer wore a ski mask and had waited with Chloe for David to return home before commencing the murder.

"He assaulted you before you blacked out?" Doyley asked, placing his hands in his pockets in an attempt to make the conversation more casual.

"Not before. I remember him calling me 'stupid', then nothing" he felt his stomach, not in pain, but for his own comfort.

It was 7:30 by the time I reached The Canberra Connection's headquarters in the heart of the city. I'd bunny-hoped my Holden HQ down Barton highway, feeling exactly like the sluggish blood in that commercialised and over-fed heart.

The office was cosier though, still wiping sleep from its eyes, when I walked in. I took a minute in my chair and jotted some notes into my scratchpad, enjoying the temporary quietness. Black Mountain Tower's skeletal frame seemed to sway in the wind as it back dropped the city on its precipice, casting dancing shadows on the buildings below.

"Hi Sara," Alfie Richardson greeted from my door frame. He was the Connection's only intern who, when not getting coffees, saw to the classifieds page. He was a good kid- never complained. I know I would.

"Morning Alf" I replied, clicking my pen closed.

I was hardly surprised when he brought up the Whitman murder. Knowing interns from other news firms meant he was always in the loop, which was probably why the boss kept him around. When I mentioned Chloe's name though Alf stopped short, the other papers didn't know her identity yet. "Whitman, huh? She sounds creepily familiar."

I didn't beat around the bush in asking Alf if he was serious. He was vaguely certain that he'd seen her name in our records.

"I'll take a look around and report back," he said, and an hour later he returned.

A proud, journalistic sparkle in his eye having found something.

"She's dead" he exclaimed.

I narrowed my eyes.

"But there's more," he smiled, laying yesterday's Connection on my desk, open to the classifieds.

"You told me Chloe died last night, right? And that no one knew till this morning? Well somebody did know earlier, and they published it in our paper." Alfie pointed to a small ad in the corner that read:

# CHLOE WHITMAN 15 MARCH 1957- 16 DECEMBER 1980 BELOVED WIFE AND FRIEND DIED FROM HEART ATTACK SHE WILL BE MISSED

My jaw dropped,
"Jesus Christ."

By Lyndsey Turnbull



#### LOVECINQUAIN

LOVE
WARM, PASSION
SHARING, HUGGING, GIVING
THE WORLD'S BEST FEELING
AFFECTION

### ALEX MCGUIGAN

On the night they met, she hit him so hard he saw stars. On their first date, she kissed him until he felt exactly the same. Who would've thought, dear old Clive meeting the love of his life after being knocked out by her flying arm. He knew with a certainty it had been an accident, Cindy was far too enraptured in the music to notice the tall figure behind her until her jumping body had collided with his and her waving arm had connected with his temple.

Nobody could argue that Cindy was a normal girl, it was obvious that she stood out from the crowd and didn't care what people thought about it. After her hand had collided with his head, he had hit the floor hard. He had always had a tough noggin and an attitude that if he could get up then he was fine, so he had pulled himself to his feet only to have his head collide with that of a very apologetic girl.

"Oh my god, I am so sorry!"

The girl offered her arm as Clive swayed a tad on his feet, his brain feeling as though it had been tossed into a blender.

"My goodness, I'm just the worst. Are you okay?" She had asked with a look on her face that he now knew as her oh-so-common look of concern

"Yeah yeah, I'll be right in a minute" Clive had lied in an attempt to get away from the thrum of instruments and stomping of feet.



As he had said this, a new wave of dizziness hit him. He swayed and in order to stay upright he had grabbed at the first thing he could which happened to be Cindy's still outstretched arm. To her credit, the small looking girl had held his slack body up without seeming to be at all bothered, as if this sort of thing happened to her constantly.

"You're a bloody liar, sir" Cindy had declared as she secured his arm to her own. "Come now, I think you need some fresh air. There's no use fighting me on this, I might be small but right now I'm the only thing that's holding you up."

She had walked him outside of the small hall where the gig was held into a courtyard of sorts, lined with brick walls, flowering vines and the stench of alcohol. She sat him down on a bench slowly, lowering herself quickly after.

"I can't believe I did that." Cindy had said, bashful. "I really didn't think I was dancing all that wildly but the red mark of the side of your head suggests I'm wrong. How is it feeling? Your head, that is."

"Well," Clive had taken a deep breath before continuing. "My head is feeling better already but I can't say I'm having all that much fun out here. My mate is playing in there, really shredding it on guitar. I'm quite disappointed to be missing it, I should probably head back in "

Cindy's face had reddened at the sudden realization that she was still holding his arm despite their being sat down, and hastily released him.

"Goodness, you must be quite put out with me. I'm so sorry, ...?" Her statement had trailed off into a question.

"I'm Clive." He provided, and she seemed to physically relax at the kindness she had heard in his tone, the forgiveness she could tell he had already granted her.

"I'm Cindy," She had declared in a much more chipper voice than he had ever heard her use. "And again, I'm so bloody sorry."

As Clive smiled, a comfortable silence had settled between the two of them. Cindy hadn't seemed at all surprised as Clive had tentatively put his arm around her, instead shifting slightly so her head rested against his shoulder and her shoulder against his side.

"So Clive, you said you were going inside right?" Cindy had asked after a while, breaking their previous silence. "I'm thinking you need to leave some kind of mark."

Clive had cocked his head at this, unsure of what this peculiar girl meant. Sensing his confusion, Cindy had elaborated.

"Well you just nearly got knocked out, right? So when something significant happens to you, you should always leave something there as a reminder. Like a bookmark of your time on earth, it makes the world seem more special."

By the point Clive was certain this girl was rather strange but for some reason he found himself drawn into her whimsical ways.

"Alright, well what do you suggest I leave then?" He had asked, delighted at the childlike smile he saw light up on her face at his words.

"Well I carry some red duct tape in my bag for just such occasions, would you like to use that?"

Cindy's smile had only cemented Clive's certainty that he would do just about anything at that moment had she suggested it.

"Well that sounds perfect to me," Clive had declared, "shall we go and leave that mark?"

Cindy had nodded with vigour, looped her arm through his and started toward the door, practically skipping as she went. As they reached the door, Clive had turned to her and looked deep into her eyes, shinning a brilliant green.

"I've just realised," he had said, his voice breathless just from being near her. "I don't even know your name."

Her giggle, he had been sure, was something crafted by the angels themselves.

"Cindy. I'm Cindy." She had said, almost a whisper.

Their bodies had been almost touching, standing on either sides of the doorway and breathing the same air. As their lips collided and they pulled tight to each other, the pumping of music and the pounding of Clive's head had been forgotten. In that moment, there was nothing but the two of them. Two red crosses were placed on the ground that night, but only one really mattered.

And so years later, as he nervously looked at all the people gathered, Clive knew that this was what he wanted. He stood in the doorway and found his breath lost at the sight of her. As Cindy walked toward him on her father's arm, he knew nothing could have been better than her wild dancing on that fateful night. So he held his hand out to take hers with a smile, and an X marks the spot on the ground that meant too much to them, the red duct tape fading but the love it represented still as vibrant as ever.

# NARRATIVE: RYAN LOCKE

The sun had not yet reached its peak in the sky but already sweat tickled the back of David's head, infuriating him as he couldn't scratch at it because it was underneath his kippah. His heavy footsteps were muffled by the hot layer of sand on the road, making it easier on his knees. His mouth was dry and had metallic taste but the sight of the watch tower ahead made him push on – he would soon be at the town.

Passing over a small rise he forgot about his thirst and aching knees, as trees and buildings suddenly appeared in front of him. He made his way down the road, the layer of sand slowly fading away. He had done it! Now all he needed to do was to find the synagogue. Looking around he spotted an old farmer in the distance – he would probably know where it was. The farmer froze. Threw his walking stick away. Then his scarf. Then his headdress. Revealing a young man dressed in jeans and a T-shirt. David stopped. The young man looked around nervously and then began walking with a lengthened stride.

Confused, David lengthened his stride in an attempt to catch up to the young man. Who is this young man? What is he doing? He looked nervous. David's knees began to complain about the lengthened stride but he pushed the pain aside, thinking instead of the time he had been reflecting on the story of his people in Egypt with his friends at the synagogue. "You will never understand the pain and suffering our people endured all those years ago," he recalled the Rabbi saying.

He nearly walked into the young man. Stopping suddenly. The smell of exhaust fumes burning in his nostrils, causing his eyes to water as he became aware of the bus stopped in front of him. The banner on the front of the bus catching his eye "Tel Aviv Central." In clunky Hebrew, with an accent that raised alarm bells in his head, the young man greeted the

bus driver. David rummaged around his pockets shakily searching for his wallet. Managing a smile, he asked the bus driver, "Can I have a ticket please?"

As he made his way to the back of the bus, he had completely forgotten about going to the synagogue. The young man's eyes darted around the bus and his hand reached into his pocket. David began connecting the dots. Disguise. Young man. Palestinian Arab. Nervous. Tel Aviv. As he sat down he remembered the news two days prior. "A young Palestinian man has detonated a suicide vest in a Tel Aviv café killing thirteen people and leaving twenty-one injured," the reporter had said standing outside the blackened shell of the café, "if you see anything suspicious please report it to local security."

Was this young man a terrorist as well? Was he going to blow up a café? Is that a faint outline of a suicide vest under his shirt? Is he going to blow up the bus? Am I going to die? His mind raced. His thoughts churning and stewing. He noticed the cry of a baby towards the front of the bus, admiring the innocence harmonised with the harsh wail. What monster would destroy such innocence? Answering his own question. They would do this, they would kill innocents, their fake 'God' and their Quran allows this. He braced himself for an inevitable flash of white. He began to feel heat rising in his chest as a lump formed in his throat.

The young man often looked distant and distracted by something. Was he replaying his life in his head? Having flash backs? Every now and then the young man would look around nervously and reach into his pocket, which caused David to flinch as he prepared himself for a flash of white to bring the trip to a sudden end. He sat there terrified of what might happen. Out of the corner of his eye he noticed something almost as if it had called out to him, "see something, say something," the poster above the driver read. He spent the rest of the trip memorising the associated phone number.

After what felt like an eternity, the bus sighed and let out a hiss as it came to a stop causing David to lurch forward. Where is a phone booth?

Is that one? He followed the young man down the aisle, thanking the driver as he hurried off the bus. He lengthened his stride, which was met with protest by his knees, as he rushed to the phone booth over the uneven pavement.

Turning to check where the young man was, David saw him slowly approaching a café with a stiff and nervous stride. David began typing the phone number. One. Two. Five. Five. What was next?

Concentrating as hard as he could he continue to type the phone number. One. One. It began to ring. The young man was now reaching for the handle of the door to the café.

"You have reached the Home Front Command. Press 1 for information. Press 2 for..." the automated voice chimed.

David mashed the buttons, hoping to press one that would put him through to a person.

"Hello, you've reached the Home Front Command -"

A real person! David cut them off, "Quick there is a young man, Arab man, about to enter a café, I think he has a suicide vest on, please, come quickly, please!"

"Sir. Calm down. Where are you?" the clear and carefully paced voice responded.

"Tel Aviv Central bus station, please, come quickly, please!" David shakily choked out as fear formed a lump in his throat.

"Alright sir. We have people near there. Please help them and point them in the correct direction when they arrive."

"Thank you, hurry, please."

David hastily replaced the phone. His heart skipped a beat. Where was the young man? Searching the faces in the crowd he located the young man standing at the bus stop staring off in the distance, a blank expression across his face. Did he freak out? Is he not one of them?

No, he had to be. He could hear the clap of synced footsteps on the pavement behind him. Turning around he saw men with cold expressions on their face, dressed in black combat gear, armed with semi-automatic weapons approaching him.

"Help!" he exclaimed, waving them down. Then pointing to the young man, "He's there!"

The young man began to run, reaching into his pocket. The soldiers brought their weapons to a ready position, with a loud click as they turned off their safeties. The young man ran across the road and hid behind a petrol pump.

"Come out from behind there, hands high. Come out or we'll shoot."

David stood their watching the scene. Riveted. He could not move.

Shockwaves rippled through the air knocking David to the ground and causing nearby windows to shatter into billions of tiny fragments which rained onto the pavement nearby. The petrol station erupted into a ball of red flame, as smoke began to rise blackening the sky. Sirens began to fill the air, overpowering the crackle of the flames as David stood up and dusted himself off, as he remembered how thirsty he was.

### 'Thanks, but I'm not hungry.'

Celebrities like Lily Collins,
Demi Lovato and Jane Fonda
have brought the issue of
eating disorders to the
forefront. Yet, there is still a
significant stigma attached to
the topic and the people
involved with the illness.
ANONYMOUS reports.

'Just eat a donut'.

Wow. Clearly that person has ZERO knowledge of what goes on in the twisted and restrictive mind of a person suffering from an eating disorder. And, as approximately 10% of Australians suffer from disordered eating and this statistic is on the rise, the little concern or empathy that many have for these victims is certainly not improving the issue.

As a person who is currently gripped tight by the restrictive grasp of anorexia nervosa, I know full well how people's lack of understanding or WANTING to understand these conditions can affect the victim's mental and physical wellbeing

My life before anorexia consisted of this:

Me: 'Hey, did you like Fast and Furious 7?'

Friend: 'Yeah, it was great considering we don't even like that series'

Me: 'Yeah, but we have nothing else to fulfill our sad, adolescent lives. And who cares, if we get Yogurtland!' (Says while spooning \$15 worth of Cookies & Cream ice cream and cookie dough into my huge gob)



My life with anorexia: Friend: (Whispers quietly in the cinema while enjoying a packet of Pods) 'OMG, isn't Tom Holland so hot?!'

Me: (whispers back) 'Yeah, I'm loving his tight spandex'. (Huge crunch sound erupts through the cinema as I chew on my celery sticks. I try to eat my friend's chocolatey delights with my eyes and suddenly alert sense of smell).

There is clearly a MAJOR change. I used to be just as indulgent as the next person, even more so. I used to be someone who would see a skeletal person and say, 'Why can't they just eat something?'. I used to be someone who could go out to a restaurant with my family and order something delicious and something I TRULY DESIRED, without having a panic attack when the voice in my head told me not to eat. However, after months of failed dieting to achieve my 'dream body', I became even more determined to change. Unfortunately, my plan went too far and I slowly toppled, unknowingly, into the gloomy and deceitful abyss of the most dangerous eating disorder of them all.

At the first meeting with my psychologist, she asked me if there had been any changes that occurred to my body and mind. I replied with the expected answers, listing all the common symptoms of anorexia nervosa. One of which, was the fact that my period had stopped for quite a while, something of which I did not find unfortunate AT ALL! However, I expressed my concerns for my chances of fertility in the (obviously) distant future. She responded quite simply:

#### 'I am more concerned about whether you will still be alive'.

Yeah, talk about laying it out there. The tears shed during that session would have drowned even the greatest of swimmers. That moment marked the beginning of the long and incredibly painful journey to find the real 'me' once again, and along the way I have encountered stupendous comments and mistaken beliefs about eating disorders which have upset me greatly and, frankly, have caused delays in my recovery. An example of this is the communal belief that anorexia is all about food.

Sorry, but it's not. There is SO much more to it than that. Eating disorders are complex. They are cages of black and white and they control every aspect of your life, not just food. In fact, food is the symptom. These disorders are not just phases in people's lives; they are lethal diseases.

Even though some are lucky enough to receive enough treatment and therapy in time to walk away as a healthy individual, the recovery is never 100%. The anorexia never fully disappears; it just curls up during remission into something that can be explained simply as a jack-in-the-box: It remains quiet and unresponsive for a length of sweet, sweet silence, until it either chooses to show itself (under the right conditions) and terrorize you once more, or you could be lucky and clamp down hard on that box so that it never shows its hideous face again. Unfortunately, it is quite rare for the latter scenario to occur, and for many victims of anorexia who have seemingly recovered, the illness almost always makes a comeback at another stage in their life. This time, however, life is not always the outcome

Don't get me wrong. Anorexia nervosa is an absolute KILLER. This disease has caused me to completely starve myself of everything that has given me pleasure and satiety. Despite my lack of consumption, my fears and stresses have had quite the binge-fest and have grown exponentially. It has made my body eat away at everything: my fat, my muscle, my nutrition, my life. All to achieve what? A smaller dress size? Greater respect for myself? To be honest, I don't even remember, which goes to show how warped my mind and memories have become.

Yet, anorexia is a part of me, and it always will be. Whether that is good or bad, for greater or for worse. Anorexia is a permanent part of my life, the ugly, yet beautiful image superglued to the 'Wall of Me', serving as a reminder of that moment in not only my story, but the story of many others who have stood in my shoes.

Whether anorexia will be the cause for my tale to end, I will not know. At least, not until I reach the final page.



# NARRATIVE: THE BIG ADVENTURE

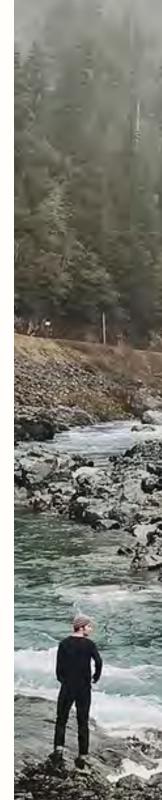
Breana O'Toole

She could feel her heart pumping in her chest. She knew it would be beautiful but she could not bring herself to look down. Her family were ready to complete the mission she had been dreading for weeks but they were not afraid of heights like she was. Over and over in her mind she was saying "I can do this, I can do this". But she knew she couldn't. Her brother was looking at her as if to say "you need to do this". She knew he was right so she slowly tilted her head downward and looked over the edge. The sight she saw was stunning but her brain went fuzzy and even though she could hear her brother teasing her and wanted to prove to him wrong, she felt herself falling down, down, down. She landed with a loud thud. Then there was only silence. She tried to call out to her family to tell them she was okay but when she opened her mouth no sound came out. Frantically she tried again. Same result. "I hope my family will come and rescue me." She thought, "In the meantime I will try to stay calm and keep myself safe." Staying where she was seemed like the only option because she soon found out her body was unable to get back up. Even though it was night, resting her mind seemed impossible. She remembered when she was little and sleeping seemed like living on another planet. This memory made her feel sleepy so she closed her eyes and was asleep in minutes.

She slept peacefully for hours and only awoke when the sound of a brave owl signaled midnight. As she became more awake, her surroundings began to look dreadfully scary. The twig next to her appeared to be moving. The leaves, when observed, looked like small scales on a large creature that was going to jump out at her. She was scared, VERY scared. All she wanted was to be at home with her family. This thought made her suddenly realize that she had never actually been away from home before. Night time she decided is A LOT scarier than day.

Soon the sun came up she felt a lot braver than at night. Filled with her new-found strength, she got up and explored her surroundings. Walking long distances had never been one of her favourite things but today it could not be avoided. She needed to get home....and soon. A twig behind her snapped and she spun around sharply. Before her eyes was a snake. A large, slimy snake that had gleaming eyes that reflected all the light around it. And these eyes were looking right at her. She froze. Snakes, as her mother told her, are deceiving creatures. Avoid them at ALL costs. The snake was getting closer and closer. Her body was frozen so she couldn't get away no matter how much her brain was telling her she must. The snake got up into a position that told her he was about to strike. She closed her eyes and braced herself for the worst

At the last minute, she felt herself being lifted into the air. Looking down she could see that the snake had run away. "Serves him right" she thought happily. But then she remembered she had a new problem. She was up in the air but she didn't know how. When she turned over she saw a giant. A giant with a kind and gentle face. On this giant's blue clothing there was a name tag that read "Annabelle"



"It's okay" said "Annabelle" in a gentle voice "You have only fallen out of your nest. You are a lucky bird because not many baby birds could survive that fall" Then she carefully lifted the baby bird up into its nest. The family were relieved to see that the baby bird was safe. They chirped happily and welcomed the bird back to its home

Annabelle walked away slowly. She felt proud to be able to work in a National Park and conserve the wonderful nature she lived around.

The moral of the story is don't judge a book by its cover. When the reader begins reading this story they most likely assume the main character is a young girl. As the story develops they will begin to question their original decision. If reread, the story it does not clearly state that the main character is not human until the climax where we find out it is a bird.

Bibliography: Kelleher, V (1991) A Secret Place Penguin Books, Sydney, NSW.

In my story, I incorporated the idea used in A Secret Place where Victor Kelleher does not state the main character's identity.



# MINI ESSAY: INSTAGRAM CHRIS WALSH

It's difficult not to instinctively discern a soul in the grace of one's expression and the slope of a neck, or to try to curtail judgement on what depths of character might plausibly lie beneath such exquisite and yet strictly aesthetic features. Similarly, it's hard to detach ourselves from personalities online - vloggers, Instagram accounts, YouTubers, and anyone who extensively and without reserve shares details of the inner workings of their lives.

All of these wonderful people seem sometimes, at once dangerously and beautifully, as if they were our true friends

Yet they are, poignantly, only curated depictions - forming such substantial parts of our lives just as we form almost none of theirs, the depictions are touchingly and scarily enticing. As a Romantic generation, we fall in love with fantastic ideals just as much as we do with kindness, understanding, and, for example, a good sense of humour in a tangibly human partner - sometimes we need reminding that the photographs, portraits, vlogs, stories, and accounts we love often do not, however alluring the concept may seem, represent in any meaningful measure the people they depict.





Peter Locke

It was September 12th; 1999. Jackson was in a New York acute care facility after returning from a two week holiday in the Amazon rainforest, where he had acquired a parasite which was currently burrowing its way through Jackson's organs and into his heart. He was only semiconscious, but still could make out small snippets of the conversation. The last thing he heard were these three words before he completely lost consciousness; pin him down!

Jackson felt that he was in a dream running through the streets, shooting and slashing people by the hundreds. Next thing he knew he was hit by a SWAT van, and was now wide awake. He found himself in the middle of Times Square, sprawled on the rough pavement. The SWAT van was there too, ready to try again. Jackson ran into the middle of the square and looked around nervously. He had just watched himself murder all those people.

He glanced at his reflection in a shop window. The poison was creeping up his face. Suddenly, his left-side vision went blood red. The poison had reached his eye. The parasite had taken complete control. More police officers swarmed in. His eyes started to dart around. Every time they moved someone seemed to die, and he started to think terrible thoughts.

"YOU DID THIS TO ME," he screamed, "YOU SHALL PERISH FOR YOUR IGNORANCE!" His vision went black. He started to spew blood. Jackson gradually regained control of his body as he realised that he had been shot in the mouth. He looked up and saw that he was holding a stop sign that was lodged in an officer's throat. The officer's handgun clattered to the ground as his grip slackened.

Jackson turned and staggered towards a SWAT trooper.

"Please - HELP!" Jackson heard what sounded like a million gunshots at once and blacked out. After what seemed like years, he regained consciousness. A thousand wounds closed and the same amount of bullets were drawn to his lungs. He spat on the ground and three bullets grazed it. People panicked and guns were loaded.

Jackson spat; three men went down. He spat again; two more joined them. He spat and spat until there was but one man remaining. Jackson walked towards him as the officer shot five rounds from a berretta into Jackson's forehead.

He grabbed the man's chin with his right hand and the back of the man's head with his left.

"No - please!" said the officer, "I have a wife - and children!"

Peter Locke

"It's too late now." replied Jackson, "it's all your fault - you did this to me!"

CRACK! "Well - he did shoot me - like a lot." Jackson said to himself as he scanned his surroundings. "If anyone deserves their neck to be broken, it's him." He started running and he didn't stop until he reached the nearest police station. He stumbled in and shuffled over to the commissioner's desk, pulled out a pistol and shot himself in the throat repetitively until there were no more bullets in the clip.

He looked at himself in the reflection of the window and did a double take. He stared at a deep hole through his neck, which exposed the top of his disfigured spine. He watched it as his neck recovered and refigured, as if nothing had even happened. He sprinted outside and onto the street. He snuck up to the closest house and ran up to the front door. He tried at the handle but it wouldn't budge. He ran around the back but that was locked too. He picked up a rock and threw it at the window.

He climbed through the jagged glass, into the kitchen and picked up a bread knife. It was a little blunt, but it would have to do. He hesitantly cut into his chest and carved out a chunk of flesh from his heart. He screamed as he pulled the parasite – a black seven-legged beetle – out of its chamber. He just stared blankly at it as it crawled away; leaving Jackson's lifeless body sprawled across the floorboards.



### one last sunset

Andrew sat in the field on his farm, holding a withering woman in his arms. "Come on Martha," he said. "Stay with me. It's ok." The woman, Andrew's wife, was weak from her illness and the medication she was given in a fruitless attempt to save her. Pale and drained, she stared up into Andrew's eyes gratefully. She lifted her hand to touch his face and with tears in her eyes, she whispered, "I'm sorry. I don't want to leave you. You deserve more. Better."

"You're all I need, Martha. You are the one who deserves more. More out of life. You can't blame yourself for your illness, and you certainly shouldn't apologise for it," uttered Andrew solemnly. As they sat in that field, Andrew found a sort of remorseful solace. He had fought his own mind for so long, trying to stop what was happening to his wife, but there, his mind was at ease. Instead of fighting the illness, he was accepting it, and that liberated him.

He could feel Martha fading in his arms, and as she did so, he recalled everything he went through to get there...

Being his wife, Martha knew all of his habits. She knew about how he liked to cook a roast on Sundays, and brush down the horses every morning and evening. She knew about the old toys he kept in the attic; how, every so often he would go up and take them out when he thought she was busy. They were made by his mother and grandmother, so she indulged him. Indeed, she humoured all of his traditions. Especially his morning and

evening trips to the field; of course because she wanted him to be happy, but also because she didn't want to deal with his moods on days when he didn't go.

When Martha got sick, it took everyone by surprise. The neighbours, Andrew of course, even Martha herself hadn't even the slightest inkling that she was unwell. The local doctor didn't know what to do, didn't even know what was wrong with her. She became bedridden very quickly, despite her best attempts to live like she used to. It was a futile pursuit anyway, as Andrew wouldn't allow her to exert herself for fear that her health would worsen.

This didn't last though, as Martha's health kept declining, and she had to be hospitalised to receive the care that she needed.

Andrew followed Martha to the city, and got an apartment to be close to her. They tried to live off of their savings, but the hospital fees brought them to their knees, so Andrew got a job as a paralegal, as research was a strength of his, and it required little qualification.

He became very good at this job, very quickly, and started to earn more and more. It was exhilarating, being the expert at something, and the more he earned, the more he spent. Furnishing his apartment, buying dress clothes for work and formal events, slipping into mainstream society rapidly, becoming his worst nightmare; a man immersed in consumerism and the societal norms that he rejected so early in life. And because he spent so much time working, he spent less and less time with his dying wife.

It had been nearly a week since Andrew had spent any time with his wife, and she had grown sick of it. He bought her flowers and bears and jewellery, but never actually bothered to bring them himself. **Enemaxionness** he came – a week later – Martha finally confronted him, she was furious at what he was doing, what he was becoming; a man that she was ashamed to call her husband. Their life wasn't much, it was simple, but it was safe and kind and honest.

At first Andrew denied that he had changed, told himself that he was still the same person inside, but deep down he knew she was right, he knew he had changed, he just didn't want to admit it.

He kept living this 'other' life for over a month, going in to see Martha less and less, growing apart from her and setting down roots in his different life, the one she wasn't a part of.

It took a coma to bring Andrew back to his wife. He was at a firm event when he received a call from an unknown number - the hospital - telling him that his wife had to have emergency surgery to replace a failing kidney and had since become comatose. It took a very long time, but he finally realised when looking at himself in the bathroom mirror in his suit, with his hair gelled in place and his face cleanly shaven, how far he had strayed from his ideals. He used to tell himself that it was to support his wife, but that was just an excuse to ease his own conscience. He was the cowardly lion, and he had just found his courage.

It was then that he decided it was time to go home.

He went back to the apartment that he hated like he hated himself at that moment, packed up his bags and drove back to the hospital. When he arrived she was awake, he kissed her on the cheek and whispered in her ear, "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I talked to the doctor, she said we could go home." She knew what this meant; 'go home to die peacefully. We can't save you and we need the bed,' but none the less, she was happy to go home and have her husband back.

On the drive they were as silent as the night sky above them. Martha was too weak and Andrew didn't quite know what to say; it was almost better that way.

They didn't even bother to lock the car when they got home, just walked over to the stables, tacked up Andrew's horse, and rode out to the field, just in time for one last sunset...

## one last sunset

The poem I chose was The World is Too Much with Us by William Wordsworth. I chose this poem because I liked the message it portrayed; the simplicity of the life that the speaker lusted for, and the idea that you don't need money and possessions to be happy with your life and with who you are. Rather than accumulate money and things, you should accumulate memories and experiences.

The name of the character in my story is Andrew Langford, a farmer who has lived in the country his whole life, not rich, not poor but happy with his life and with who he was. I used the perspective of the speaker in the poem to create this character, a person who was in touch with the natural world, a person who was detached from western norms like commerce and consumerism cultures that are central to the functionality of western society. I was interested in this character/viewpoint because they/it depicts a life so vastly different from our own. It was escapism in a way, exploring a different life in which you live simply and with minimal wealth, because all wealth does is create an artificial satisfaction of spending money on things that will never amount to true happiness, and, arguably, even contributes to ultimate unhappiness because you will always be chasing the latest thing that media has convinced you that you need

The emotion I was trying to create was a sort of remorse about leaving nature and abandoning ideals and principles that you have lived by for so long and how that affects your life. I did this by using very emotive language for parts of it and creating extreme scenarios like Martha slipping into a coma to portray Andrew and Martha's relationship.

# one last sunset

I created this mood to relate to the poem's tone of complaint about humanity's attitude towards the world, commenting on how the world of commerce can change a person. The language techniques/literary devices I used were metaphor, "He was the cowardly lion, and he had just found his courage", simile, "as silent as the night sky..." this quote likewise demonstrates personification. I also used emotive language and strong words e.g. 'hate' to assert firm feelings and create a vivid atmosphere rather than use 'weaker' words that are more indifferent. I wrote the story in third person past tense because I found it interesting to be writing in a contrasting perspective to that of the poem by having a narrator 'observing' the characters. I wanted the story to be about society in general and have one character that embodies society, and having a narrator that is removed from events was better than to have a perspective that was directly involved. This also allowed me to describe the viewpoint of both Andrew and Martha to evoke emotion from both sides of the relationship.

I imagined the story I wrote to be set before the poem was written. I used the plot to explain how the speaker (Andrew) got to the point he was at when the poem was written, appreciating what nature has to offer and complaining about the fact that not many people do stop to appreciate it, and relating his own experiences of this world to the poem and how bad it was for his mental health, "He had fought his own mind for so long", the city tore his mind up and his heart was fighting his brain.

For example, "He bought her flowers and bears and jewellery, but never actually bothered to bring them himself", showing that at that time, he thought that what she wanted was nice gifts rather than

# one last sunset

him to be there and support her. I wanted to explain/justify to readers the Speaker's complaints and opinions on the world, and how his experiences directly influenced those ideas, which is demonstrated in the title "One Last Sunset", the event that completely changed his life. I very much enjoyed this task. It is a unique assignment to write, as using the persona from a poem in a short story is something we have never done before. I loved writing this story much more than I thought I would because creative writing has never been my strong suit.

I found interpreting the romantic poetry difficult to start, but after I got used to the tone and language it got much easier. I found it challenging to choose a poem and find the persona in said poem because I didn't really understand some of them, but 'The World is Too Much with Us' stood out to me because I could understand and interpret the writing, and relate to it, reflecting on modern day society, as the themes of the poem are still extremely relevant today.

I think I developed a character from the poem very well, creating a life a setting – such things are left up to interpretation by the writer, William Wordsworth – while still keeping true to the morals and ideals of the speaker in the piece. I think I also did well in creating different moods/atmospheres to evoke a particular emotion.

# GIMIN GIMIN DERRY

CHAPTER 1: THE FALLS

IAMES VICTORY

#### CHAPTER 1: THE FALLS

I pulled the wagon to a halt in front of the big sign, dust playing catch-up around my windscreen. I used its cover to put my head in my hands and rub my eyes without the constables noticing. I swallowed a few Panadol painfully without water. I could feel the capsules stick in my throat as I opened the car door, coffee cups spilling onto the hot sand below. I sighed. Probably should have slept. Probably shouldn't have drank. Probably couldn't have known I was going to be called out for a murder today but there you go. And here I am. I had considered ignoring calls and texts and taking a muchneeded day off. The superintendent sounded deadly serious over the phone though, so I tucked my shirt back into my pants, gave a weary nod to the officers standing guard and stepped over the fence to the entrance of the falls.

Ginninderra falls had been shut for more than a decade, but the path through bush down to the rocks was well-worn by teenage feet, much to the owner's dismay. Back at Winchester the boys got reports every other week of accidents and trespassing call-ups from the Hyles couple who lived up on the hill in that big house. Scary house, at that. From all accounts, they were a troublesome couple, and some of the lower constables were hesitant to respond to the call outs for fear of- well of something. I certainly wasn't scared of a couple of geriatrics. Most of the stories were probably as hyperbolic as local bunyip tales, but there was certainly something odd about the pair. I continued my steep descent down with unsteady legs to the scene of the crime, but my eyes stayed glued to the house on the hill.

#### CHAPTER 1: THE FALLS

I followed the trail of constables and police tape towards to the falls proper. It was a cloudless day, and the sun beat down on the rocks around my feet, warming me from above and below. I shifted my weight slowly from foot to foot. I had an odd feeling the soles of my boots would melt. The trees surrounding the falls were unmoved by wind, but their leaves shimmered eerily as the heat twisted and contorted their image. Cicadas chirped at the top of their lungs, but were dwarfed by the constant churn of water falling off the cliff face. It splattered down below in a series of unending smacks, like a giant had turned the tap on over a full basin. The view was breathtaking, but one's eyes were immediately drawn to a splash of white juxtaposition across the dark rocks at the opening to the creek, where the water fed the hungry falls. The forensic team, encased totally in hazmat-style suits, were spread out around the pale mass, cameras clicking with an alien indifference. I approached them, head still fuzzy and throbbing, and took my first look at the body.

Now, I had a strong stomach. I had seen worse murders and rapes and tortures than any of my fellow detectives, and some of them reckoned they had seen it all. But when I saw her naked, defenceless body I nearly hightailed it back to the wagon. She wasn't even bloody. In fact, it was the opposite that made the sight truly terrifying. The girl, who couldn't have been older than nineteen, was completely drained of blood. She was whiter than paper, nearly to the point of transparency. Her veins were clearly visible, hundreds of

## CHAPTER 1: THE FALLS

viciously ice-blue rivers criss-crossing her salt plain of a body, as if they were leeches thirsting for any sort of blood they could find. Her wrists were the only blemish on her body from which the blood could have leaked, and they hung wide open, slit nearly to the bone, thick flaps of pale white skin waving mesmerisingly in the uncaring current of the creek. I couldn't drag my eyes away from her wrists, and for what seemed like minutes I watched the ivory sails dance to the irregular rhythm of the water, twisting and swaying in ways that would have evoked screams if their owner still breathed.

When I finally dragged my eyes away from her wrists, I drew in details about the rest of her body. She was beautiful. Not in a pretty, pixyish way. But in a drop-dead, stop-and-turn-to-lookon-the-street gorgeous way. The kind of girl you think about for weeks after you see her, even without the bloodless skin and silently screaming eyes. I hadn't grown up with any women, and the relationships I've had since were fleeting and impersonal, so nothing could have prepared me for the sheer vulnerability of the girl, swaying gently with the pull of the current. My detective instincts kicked in late and I began to draw in details. Her ankles were tied roughly to trees jutting out of the rocks, leaving deep furrows that would have been angry red and bruised if there were full capillaries to burst underneath. She was on a slant, with her head pointing towards the falls like a morbid arrow, hair streaming behind her head like it was trying to escape. The whole scene was awfully disturbing, yet ethereally beautiful.

## CHAPTER 1: THE FALLS

Something under the clear water sparkled and caught my eye. Around the girl's head, faintly glinting in the sun, was a large circle, in the same style as the painting of a Christian saint. The circle was ringed by five or six smaller circles, like planets circling a sun. The markings were clearly unnatural, so I motioned for the forensics team to take some photos and continued to study the creek bed in the direction of the falls. After some minutes squatting in the brisk running water, I noticed similar gold lines running likes snakes down towards the edge of the falls. I walked carefully down the creek, following the lines in the direction of the sheer crest of the falls. With a gut-wrenching shudder, a realisation hit me. The path I was walking was exactly where the girl's blood would have drained out, spilling uncontrollably out and diluting in the water as it rushed out and joined the cascade, crashing into the apathetic water below.

"Jesus" I muttered.

I had seen enough. I nearly ran away from the scene, leaving the forensics team to scrub the place clean, looking desperately for any DNA evidence. I rushed back up towards the wagon, eyes fixed on the creepy house on the hill. I left as I came, churning dust up into the hot air, and gunned it back to the office. When I arrived, I sat with my still-throbbing head in my hands, the girl's white body emblazoned in the back of my eyelids. I didn't move from this position until I got a phone call from the forensics team, saying they found a tattoo on the girl's tongue that looked as if it was done post mortem. It was a word, but not one they recognised. It simply read; 'Ginin-ginin-derry'.



I sat on the same grotty, decaying wooden bar stool I've sat on for the last 2 years at 10 o'clock at night, thinking about my life. The same question kept running through my head. What use am I in life? What's my purpose? Why was I created?

I took another sip of my whiskey and then looked up at the TV playing the news.

"Crime at peak levels in local areas...35-year-old Matt Stoward arrested for counterfeit money dealing and attempted murder...Drug dealer Jerome Senate has escaped from prison last night, he is armed and dangerous. Another man, Alexander Watson, has also escaped from prison! More news later on ABC." They showed a picture of a man on the screen who was a tall, tanned man with a shaved head and a tattoo of a \$10 bill inked on the right side of his neck.

A man walked out the back door, it creaked eerily behind him and I looked over to see who it was. It was difficult to identify him with his back turned and his hood on, but his shape seemed familiar. I pulled out my wallet to see what money I had and I noticed something interesting. A ten dollar bill, slightly ripped around the edges, but still recognisable as money, was loosely hanging out of the note section. The strange thing is, ten dollar bills don't exist in this country's currency system. We use 100, 500, 1000, 5000 and 10 000 coins and notes, different to the American and Australian currency systems, which meant that this then dollar note was from somewhere foreign.

## NARRATIVE: TEN DOLLAR BILL

Michael Wilson

A strong woman wearing a full body armour suit and a motorbike helmet over her head had cut in front of me and coat hanger-stabbed me in the stomach, ripping open my body, piercing my intestines and flipping me over the top of her. I landed painfully on my back and screamed in agony and tried to call for help, but within seconds the woman had her hand pressed tightly down on my throat, blocking my windpipe.

"Where is the money?!" she demanded loudly.

"Wha-what are you talking about?" I managed to croak.

"The ten dollars he gave you, where is it?"

"I - I gave it to the bartender Richard - "I remembered quickly

The woman turned around and talked to the other man, who had caught up by now. "It's back at the bar, we need to go get it now. We can leave him here, he's no real threat to us" the woman said as they frantically ran back down the street towards the bar.

My head swam with thoughts and confusion and my eyesight blacked on the edges, but I knew I had to act fast, because the bar closed half an hour ago and only I knew where he lived. I forced myself to my feet, with blood dripping onto the pavement, and was lucky enough to find myself a taxi nearby. I hopped in and told the taxi driver to go to 28 East Drive Presentville and fast.

As soon as we arrived I quickly jumped out of the car and left a \$10 000 note on the seat of the taxi and ran up to Richard's apartment. I buzzed the intercom for number 36 and waited for his voice. I heard the soft crackle and the reply from Richard.

## NARRATIVE: TEN DOLLAR BILL

Michael Wilson

"Hello? Who is this?" he asked curiously and half awake.

"Richard it's me, from the bar, I need to talk to you now. Its urgent!" I replied

The voice went silent and a few seconds later the door clicked and creaked open and I ran frantically towards the elevator. It grinded down the metal shaft and clunked to a halt on the ground floor. I hopped in and pressed the correct floor number and rapidly pressed the closed button. I jumped out of the elevator as soon as it opened and ran to Richard's open door. He looked at me suspiciously as I barged into his room.

"What the hell do you want from me at this ridiculous hour?!" he demanded.

"I need to know where the \$10 note I gave you is, it's not safe!"

Richard reached into his left back pocket and pulled out the dull, crumpled note. Thump. Richard hit the carpeted floor lifelessly, with blood splattered all over the floor and a gaping hole between his eyes. The door then clattered as there were two loud knocks against it.

I instinctively leapt over the table and hid behind the fluffy red sofa and looked back at the door. It flew off its hinges suddenly and small wooden splinters flew around the room and the big, balaclava man kicked it down.

The first bullet hit him dead centre on his forehead and he flopped to the ground. The next two bullets hit the woman behind him twice in the chest and she tumbled down the stairs. I got up and walked over to Richard's dead body and took the \$10 note out of his cold dead hand.

## NARRATIVE: TEN DOLLAR BILL

Michael Wilson

I carefully peeled the corner of the note open and took a small black microchip from it and inserted it into the iMac in the next room.

Documents and lists appeared on the screen with replica American \$100 notes and lists of names and numbers.

Because, you see, I was the one who had murdered Richard in his own apartment, I was the one who had just killed Jerome Senate and his female accomplice, I was the one who cause all this trouble and I was the one who framed poor, innocent Matt Stoward for counterfeit dealing and murder. I was the one with the tattoo on my neck. I am Alexander Watson.

This story was written with the use of the following piece of stimulus:

TRACE A \$10 NOTE THROUGH SEVERAL OWNERS

## DÉATH HAIKU

## LAYING ON DEATH BED LAST THOUGHTS FLOWING THROUGH MY HEAD NOW I'LL JOIN THE DEAD

ALEX MCGUIGAN

## NARRATIVE LIFE AT ELLA SCHOOL REZEK

Explanation: My short story is called 'Life in School'. The concept I will be focusing on is to warn people about racism. In class we read the story, 'Growing up Asian in Australia' by Alice Pung. The story 'Wei Lei and Me' deeply moved me and sent a clear message to me that racism is a big problem and must be solved. In the story, two children are tormented by the school bully because of their race. On page 75, this particular bully says, 'You wipe your butt with your hands!' This is clearly an act of racism, which is the main theme for my story which is about two girls, one Australian and one Sri-Lankan as they battle school, bullies and sport in their life at school.

Shameeka burst into tears. Helen sighed and then rushed to her best friend's defence. The school bully, Lana Curver, was saying, '......I mean, why would you even try out? Why, when you look like that?!" Helen reached the mats as Lana's perfect looking gymnast friends started to snicker in their high-pitched voices.

'Shut it Lana,' Helen snarled.

'Ooh, Helen. Why do you even hang out with her? If you didn't, you could actually have friends!' sneered Lana. Shameeka sobbed even louder. Helen took hold of a snivelling Shameeka and steered her to the change rooms.

"Why do you let her get to you? She's just jealous."

'It's true!' sobbed Shameeka.

What's true?' questioned a confused Helen.

'I'm your only friend because I'm your friend!' wailed Shameeka. 'It's 'cause I'm brown!' It was 1985, and Helen and Shameeka were attending Taskment Public School in Fremantle, Western Australia. Shameeka had moved to Australia at the start of kindergarten. Helen had come in late due to breaking both arms at the start of the year, so when she arrived everyone had separated into friendship groups. Everyone except Shameeka. Their teacher had noticed this, and one day steered Helen towards the sandpit where Shameeka was sitting all alone. This was the start of the girls' friendship.

BBBBBRRRRRIIINNNGGGG! The bell rang for first period. 'Come on Shameeka!' urged Helen.

'I'm sorry,' panted Shameeka, 'but my book was really stuck in my locker!' They sprinted around a corner and then skidded to a stop.

'Come on!' hissed Helen, and the girls walked in. Their maths teacher, Mr Quincy, was explaining how to calculate the volume of a sphere. He stopped when Helen and Shameeka walked in. 'What is it this time girls?' he sighed. Helen and Shameeka had quite a reputation for being late.

Sorry sir,' said Helen, as Shameeka quaked in her boots (no-matter how many times they were late, Shameeka was always terrified).

Sorry sir,' said Helen, as Shameeka quaked in her boots (no-matter how many times they were late, Shameeka was always terrified). 'But Shameeka's book was stuck in her locker. 'Behind Mr. Quincy, Lana and her friend Betty were making faces then looking behind them to see if the boys had noticed.

'Mm,' Said Mr. Quincy, looking unconvinced. 'Well, make sure it doesn't happen again.' 'Yes sir,' said Helen, thankful for the chance to get back to her seat. She sat down and exhaled loudly. Helen loved Shameeka, but sometimes it was hard to always be with her. She looked down at her work. She always liked work, because it meant that she could shut off the rest of the world as she applied herself to problems and assignments. But as she was happily finishing off her work sheet, a cruel voice suddenly said, 'Hey number two!' Helen looked up sharply to see Lana Curver leaning back in her seat to face Shameeka. 'We haven't done art yet, why are you covered in that hideous paint? Oh sorry, that's your skin!' Lana and Betty laughed evilly and Shameeka's eyes filled with tears. Helen looked around and saw that Mr. Quincy was helping another student at the other end of the class, so she took action. In one swift movement, she had grabbed her near full drink bottle and emptied the contents over Lana's bouncy blond curls, designer clothing and expensive shoes. 'Aaagh! Mr. Quincy, look what Helen just did!' screeched Lana.

Mr. Quincy, look what Helen just did!' screeched Lana.

Mr. Quincy looked over startled, 'Helen! Did you really do this to Lana?'

'Yes I did,' said Helen spiritedly, 'because Lana was mean to Shameeka!' Shameeka looked over to Helen her eyes now full of gratitude.

Mr. Quincy looked at Lana. 'Surely this isn't true Lana?' he asked.

Of course it isn't!' she snapped. Then, she batted her eyelashes and wiped away a fake tear. 'I was just doing my work when Helen emptied her drink bottle over me!'

This was so unfair it caused Helen to gasp and protest, then Mr. Quincy yelled, 'All right! Who sits next to Lana?'

Betty stumbled over herself to put her hand up, and said eagerly, 'Me, Mr. Quincy! And I didn't hear Lana say anything! In fact, we were helping each other with our maths when Helen emptied her bottle on Lana!' She followed this with a glare in Helen's direction, who glared right back.

'Helen, please report to Principal Bink's office.' Mr. Quincy said firmly, as Lana and Betty snickered.

Principal Bink's office was a large bright room covered with pictures of successful ex-students covering the walls. The principal herself was a large burly woman who liked to wear suits. 'I don't understand,' she was saying. 'You've never done anything like this before.'

'I'm sorry Miss,' said Helen, 'but Lana was being mean to Shameeka.'

'Lana's a nice girl really. I'm sorry Helen, but I can't have you doing things like this. I want you to report to my office after school each day next week. You may go.'

'You didn't have to do that.' Shameeka said. 'Now you're in trouble.'

'It was worth it,' said Helen. 'Lana needs to be shown up. That's why I entered you in the state comps for gymnastics next month!'

'Helen! You know I can't do things like that! When every one's watching, I freak out!'

'Yes I know. But nobody but the judges watch this, and they're really nice. Come on!'

'Okay, I'll do it. Thankyou Helen! I won't let you down!' Helen watched her as she ran off to train.

'I know you won't,' she thought.

Helen was waiting outside the gym for Shameeka to come out after the championships.

Suddenly Lana burst out saying, 'I should have won!' then she ran out the building yelling angrily. Then out came Shameeka, surrounded by admiring girls. 'I did it!' she squealed.

'I beat Lana!' The two friends embraced.

This was a new start for the two girls. New friends, new confidence, and a new respect from Lana Curver. They never lost their friendship and when they were old, they would get together and tell tales of their life at school.

## TRUMP ACROSTIC FREE VERSE

This man is a unique character, We all know his name, Keeping Muslims out of America, Is his aim and game.

Roaming around like a cat,
Thinking about his wall,
Smiling about the fact that,
The Mexicans will pay for it all.

Underneath that orange hair,
That sits upon his head,
Is a man that does not care,
About what he has said.

Marriage isn't one of his skills, He's already had three, And he never wants to pay his bills, Even though he has the money.

Partier, politician, now President,
How could it come true,
We hoped the voters were hesitant,
But the poll results came through.

When will this comedy end?

It was a scorching day. The sun beamed down on the fields making the wheat shimmer gold. There was a lazy feel in the air. All the animals were seeking shade in the barn and I could hear Timmy and Joan splashing around in the dam. I lay in the warm dried glass, stared up at the cloudless sky and watched the busy insects buzz by. A small blue butterfly landed on my pale pink dress. A loud crash coming from the kitchen disturbed my serenity and I jolted up to see what was going on. Mum was in the living room, slaving over the hot stove while Jim was yelling at the television, spiling beer all over the carpet as he wildly waved his arms around, trying to get an overpaid football player to run faster. She was too good for him. Mum was lost after dad died, which was why she had settled for the first man who looked her way. Jim had convinced her to leave her job at the café on the main street and use dad's money to buy this stupid farm. He was the reason she lost the sparkle in her eyes and the sense of purpose in her life. Despite this, she was still kind. Too kind to leave him.

Jim was controlling, cruel and manipulative which was how he convinced me to go for a ride with him that day. It was so hot outside but he said it was time we spent some time together. Maybe I thought he was trying to change. I was wrong.

SAVE
THE
BLUE

Anonymous

While I got the horses I watched him and mum talk through the window. They were arguing. Again. I saddled up Jet. She was a beautiful jet black thoroughbred with a gorgeous, gentle nature. Jet was the only good thing about moving to this farm. I could escape everything when I was riding her, just the two of us and the endless view of golden wheat. Jim stumbled along the gravel path, his heavy footsteps making a loud crunch. I could tell he had already had too much to drink. It was only half past two, but for Jim it was always five o'clock somewhere. His hands loosely gripped the reigns and his feet struggled to stay in the stirrups. "So, little lady, w-where are we off to?" Jim stuttered. I paused and a wicked thought came to my mind. "Just follow me and try to keep up." I snapped back. I left first with him trailing behind.

"...A BEAUTIFUL COBALT BLUE BUTTERFLY, ALMOST EXACTLY LIKE THE ONE FROM THAT MORNING, DANCED THROUGH THE GRASS AND LANDED ON MY ARM..."

The sun glared down on me as if it knew what I was about to do. Jim had fallen far behind, but I could make out his warped figure in the distance. I stopped to let him catch up. A beautiful cobalt blue butterfly, almost exactly like the one from that morning, danced through the grass and landed on my arm. Up close I could see the imperfections in it's beauty.

I could see where the wind had weathered it's wings away and in some spots there were even small tears, like rips in blue silk. This butterfly reminded me of my mum. She had lost her beauty, the sparkle in her eyes and the skip in her step. Up close, I could she what he had done to her. There was something different in her eyes and her smile. Something lacking. The butterfly suddenly fell from my hand and landed, dead still, in the dried grass. The heat was too much. It was only a matter of time before my mum wouldn't be able to cope with the heat anymore too.

I could smell him before I could hear him. His breath was heavy and his clothes drenched in sweat. "You're right T-Tina, what a view!". He was almost yelling. I glanced down. The drop from the ridge had to be at least 500 metres. At the bottom where a few eucalypts, but mostly rocks. I sat down and let my legs dangle over the edge. Jim slid off his horse and stumbled over beside me. He reeked of whisky. I looked at him, deep into his eyes. There were so many things that I wanted to ask him. Why have you done this? Do you know what you've done to us? Who even are you? His voice broke my train of thought "Come on baby, you know I c-can't help myself w-when you look at me like th-that." All of a sudden his dirty, clammy hand was around my waist. That was it. I gave him a nudge. Only small but enough to make him lose his balance. I knew he would fall. I let it happen. He looked right into my eyes. Pure fear.

I didn't hang around to hear him land. I quickly jumped on Jet and we bolted for home. I didn't shed a single tear, he deserved this. The ride home seemed to drag on forever. What was I going to tell mum? Jim slipped? Yes, he was drunk and he stumbled too close to the edge. Surely she'll be focused on the fact that he is finally gone rather than how. I was nearing the house and saw smoke blowing from the two chimneys on the roof. A wave of uncertainty washed over me. Was that the right thing to do? Regardless, it was too late now. I took Jet to the stables and walked up the front steps. Suddenly the door swung open. My heart almost stopped. "Did you have a nice ride?" said Jim. Then it occurred to me, I never heard him land.

This story was inspired by the painting Christina's World by Andrew Wyeth





On the 15th of May in 1903 I sat crouched behind some bushes about 10 M from the statue of liberty in New York America. My name is Elvan Mart; nobody knows my name, no one single person in this whole goddamned world. Why was I crouching behind a bush at 1:00am on a freezing night? Because I simply had absolutely nothing else to lose.

I was born into the cold hard world of the streets of New York, I reside, as I have for my whole life, next to the dumpster on the 23 backstreet of the north sided. Not exactly what you would call a very dignified address. My mother, Elizabeth mart, died shortly after give birth to my younger sister Lily. My father died after harshly overworking in one of the horrific industries. After that all I had was my sister. My sister lily was 8 back then and had been born with a sickness that make her unable to move and barely able to speak, I came and went.

Since dad had left it had only happened once but 1 year ago it came back with full force, I tried everything to ease her pain going without my own share of food for days but nothing seemed to be working slowly but surely the cures of poverty drained my little sister of her life until the very last drop was gone. And that's my life.

But the thing was, as I sat behind that thick bush, I was not alone, there were other boys all scattered around the bushes that conveniently surrounded the statue. All who had grown tired of suffering in the darkness and just didn't care about living anymore.

tugged my long red hair impatiently, when were they going to make the signal. Liberty is a sham and this statue is just a cheap cover like a rug over a bloodstained floor. After tonight the world will see the stains of the dead whether they want to or not. It was almost certain we would get arrested, hurt or even killed. I didn't care.

Suddenly a gun shoot rang out and I jumped out of the bush, the air around me pounding with the masses of feat crashing on the ground. Shouts were suddenly crashing around closely flowed by gun shots. I didn't stop. I didn't care. I ran right into the statue pressing myself between other bodies, I had to hurry boys were being picked off the statue by soldiers, one by one, I lifted out a short knife from my thin jacket, pressed it against my left hand and ruthlessly pulled down. Pain struck my hand stinging. I didn't care. Warm blood trickled down my hand making a glove of blood; I pressed it against the cold statue making the sting even worse. I didn't care.

Liberty did not exist, not in this country and now the bloody hand prints that shall adorn the Statue of Liberty will prove it. Rough hands grabbed my shoulders from behind and yanked me back as I tried to stay attached to the wall. It didn't last long. Incredible strength pulled me backward and threw me to the ground. My head slammed into the concrete casting everything in a dull shade of red. My vision became fuzzy, a metallic taste filled my mouth and I didn't care.

## Narrative: Thug Life, Duck Life

Luca Cann - Evans

cop's car.

story, I chose to incorporate part of growing up Asian in Australia by Alice Pung. I used the theme of when nothing is going your way and you are getting pushed around. I chose this because Carlos is supposed to be a depressed character and Wei lei sounds like a good name for a serial killer. I am going to use these

"License and registration please," said the intimidating sounding cop.
That was Carlos's third speeding ticket this month which was one too
many. This time, unlike the others, he had to exit his car and get into the

ideas at the start, in the build up to the climax and in the climax.

"Hello, Nico", said Carlos afraid, to his brother. He had moved to the police force after a milk truck ran over their mother. Carlos and Nico have had a very disturbing childhood and last five years as their family was being slowly wiped out by tortures, accidents like falling off balconies on family vacations and being electrocuted to death. Carlos was trying to make up an excuse to his brother about him speeding as his yellow feathers were shoved into the back of the Nico's police car.

Carlos complained, "But Nico I'm pregnant. I need to get to the hospital, I think my waters are breaking!"

Nico replied, "Carlos you are just fat and I wasn't born yesterday. I know that's mountain dew on your lap and even if you were pregnant you would probably give birth to a packet of chips."

The next day Carlos was bailed out of jail and went home to his sixteenth story flat. All he had furniture wise was a small coffee table, a small TV and a couple of dirty socks lying around in his mouldy flat. As he opened to leave, he saw two letters on the floor. One was from his property owner about him not paying his rent and one had a red seal. Over the years almost every month he got one of these. They were all invitations to his family's funerals; his collection was increasing in size.

There was a knock on the door. It was his property owner. He spoke in a mean Latino accent.

"Do you know what day it is Carlos? It's Friday and your rent was due last Tuesday. You have one hour to get your junk and get out of here!" He slammed the door and left in disgust. Carlos turned around and started crying. He kicked the wall and heard a shriek from the Costa Rican couple next door. Within an hour, Carlos was on his way to his new home in Mexico, which was the only place Carlos could afford. He got out of the taxi, paid the driver and walked into the motel. There was an old woman sitting at the front desk. She looked about ready to die.

Carlos said, "I'm checking into room 32. Would it be possible if I could pay fifty dollars less each month? "The old woman spoke in a quivery ancient voice "I'm sorry but what were you saying?" as she lay a gun on the table in front of her. Carlos replied "Nothing. I was just talking to myself."

"I don't accept bribes!" She pulled the gun of the desk. Carlos knew he had to act fast or there might only be three seconds left of his life. He sprung to his feet, snatched the gun from the old woman and pushed her away. She tripped over and tumbled down the stairs and she was the hit by a motorbike passing by. Before dying, she could only manage a few words

"Whatever you do don't go into room 33!" she fell silent.

Carlos quickly left the crime scene and flew back to the front door and grabbed room 32's key as well as room 33's. Carlos then sprinted up the stairs with no time to lose. The cops would be on him any minute but they never came. He opened room32 and fell asleep on the couch fully clothed

The next day he woke up with a fright. It was a loud sound but it turned out to be the TV. He walked over to his bag and something was different. Room 33's key was not there. Carlos heard someone running down the hallway. He grabbed his knife and chased after him. Carlos plunged himself over the banister and landed over the person with the key.

"What do you want from me, who do you work for?" shouted Carlos.

The Asian person underneath Carlos said back in a New York accent.

"Wei Lei" and then died. Carlos ran back up the stairs he tripped over the top stair, he got up and went straight into room 33. The whole room was trashed. There was wallpaper peeling off the wall and red paint splattered everywhere all spelling Wei lei and arrows pointing to what looked like the kitchen. There were photos of his family from over twenty years ago. Someone named Wei Lei was stalking his family. He looked at more photos; most of them had a red X on them. He saw his mother and father and they both had X s on them. He heard someone coming up the stairs. His family did not die accidently they were killed on purpose by Wei lei.

Carlos sat down to process everything he had just found out. Wei lei suspiciously killed all of his family. Carlos stole a picture of the supposed Wei lei. It was now around 11 o'clock at night Carlos snuck down to the lobby and when nobody was looking, he sneakily snatched today's videotape. He brought it back to his apartment and watched it. It was clear, Wei lei was in Carlos's motel and for all Carlos knew this could very well be his last night.

Carlos woke up with a fright again but it was just the TV. Suddenly black bag was put over his bill and Carlos was knocked unconscious, dragged out of his room and shoved into the boot of a car.

He woke up from blackness and all he saw again was blackness. Then a light turned on a voice was saying "Wakey, wakey" in an Asian accent. All Carlos could assume was that he was hearing Wei lei.

"I've been waiting for this my whole life," said Wei lei in a malicious tone. "What have you done with my family!" screamed Carlos in anger. He couldn't decide whether to be angry or sad as he was whacked in the head by one of Wei lei's henchmen.

'CARLOS!' yelled Nico, Carlos's brother.

Nico took Carlos's head mask off. 'Let's do this for our family!' they both chanted in unison.

There were feathers flying everywhere and fists and bills making contact but the last one's standing were Carlos and Nico. Two toughducks are always more than a match for a serial killer.

# The Milky Way Stuart Viney

I was pattering my way through a bright gold **batter** when the man came to me. He said, "Oh Alex, my darling, the time is here for a new blue ear. But do not fret for their grave is near."

"My, oh my, Mister Sky. Where comes this sudden cry?"

"Your batter has grown cold, cold, old, and the time is here for a glittered encounter."

I took a lengthy peet of milk at those words for my allencompassing vision was coming around to greet me with a smile. "Mister Sky, you silver bastard! I thought I might never wallop again."

"Oh humble and gracious Alex, we shall meet again after the sparkling and the greys come through."

**Draught** after **draught**, the milk was making haze. I tried to follow the man through haze and all, falling and flailing with malice and joy.

My first victim was a boy who'd been making the very batter to which I did patter. He knocked himself over with a "ha, ha, ha" and a "he, he, he." Above me he began to cry, cry, lie. With a wind and a gust, he felt that he must. Muttering under his breath he said,

"Ra! Ye argy bargy has enough! Alex, you old mouse, I'll have you right here! Dead and buried, you all will see!"

With that, the boy became one. One boy coming at me. I relived my visions and a warning gave forth, "Young child in me, follow your steps and come at me. My passion is this and soon you will see, a great big bad will come to be." Warnings aside, I walloped and talloped the boy to a fry. With a "ho, ho, ho" and a "ha, ha, ha," I felt his dagger turn to mush. Gooey, bluey, ewey, came down my arm and a hush fell over. The milk began to fade and I came through an overpass, looking toward the infinite. A glitter, a sparkle, a dollar for more. The man was returning, he came to me,

"Quick, they come, we all must flee!"
"I'll face them, I'll die, my batter is cold."
"Yeah man, I mean, whatever, it's up to you."

With his last retort I came to see a floaty boaty fly through the sea. Merrily did it sing for it was aimed at me! Approaching, approaching, I started to run. The VISIONS weren't true, I could see the gun. Hiding behind myself I wanted a cheer. Cheer they did for the Sky had returned, I could see again and the haze was gone too. There they stood, glory and all. "Who are you?" I asked. They began to cry, laughing I suppose for then they replied,

<sup>&</sup>quot;Who we are is you, humble Alex"

In a rage, I tore down their mast, so too the masks. "By God!" I did cry, cry, eye, they stood a mirror tormenting me. The slicked back hair, and humble hat, a stark reminder; I was no bat. Bored and ignored I let them be and headed to work. Let's make dinner for me, I thought. In the hovel of holes I found a nice spot, poured out some milk, and began to rot. The ages did weary me but it was all for good. A nice bit of batter for me to patter. With the pleasantries gone, he came unto me, falling and flailing and striking me free. Wandered and roamed, I came to a door. I opened said door and there was the road, bridges above, and all their galore. I climbed up I climbed to see if the Sky was about. Here I fell, passed out on the floor, looking up to the infinite sea.

# THE SAVAGE IN THE SUIT AND THE TIE

GUEST SPEAKER: ISOBEL BENDER

We can learn a great deal from our writers as it is there job to reveal something to us that might have gone unnoticed. Take Killers and The Lottery as an example, two American pieces of literature that reveal to us our savage inclinations hidden behind that veneer of civilized society. As that is the power of literature, to push us towards a mirror and to see something that wasn't there before.

I'll pose, perhaps a radical thought to you all.

We have taken our need for violence and dressed it in a suit and tie, given it a Harvard Education and called it civilized behaviour.

I can almost hear your silent indignant protests at being told that you have a need for violence. We don't want to think that we or our neighbours; we who pride ourselves on being civilized people, are capable of being violent and savage.

But really, when we force ourselves to look, there is so much violence and brutality in our society, revealing to us that we are, in fact, still savage animals. Yet it is hidden behind this thin veneer of civilized society and hidden underneath piles of excuses and measly justifications that we forget; violence is violence, brutality is brutality, savagery is savagery, and among seemingly rational, civilized people, we have no excuse for it.

It seems, I'm not the only one who has noticed.

We know that it is our job as writers to see things that would otherwise go unnoticed; and throughout history, writers have been noticing that violent behaviour has been using a pseudonym, civilized behaviour. Carl Sandburg and Shirley Jackson are two such American writers, who expressed this insight in the poem Killers and the short story The Lottery.

Killers is a free verse poem written in 1922 (Bartleby 2015), that bluntly breaks down the idea of Capital Punishment, an old debate, yet Sandberg takes a unique view.

The Lottery on the other hand, is an incredibly sinister short story written in 1948 (Heller 2016). At first, it seems to describe a normal town, filled with recognisable people, all gathering for the lottery. In fact, I, as well as readers in 1948, suspect nothing sinister until the first stone is thrown and with it comes the horrible realization the lottery decides who dies. You realise that it is an accepted tradition, among normal and seemingly civilized people, to stone someone to death annually.

o, two pieces of literature, written by different people, in different times, yet they have the same fundamental core. In both, the people as a society kill another person quite deliberately, yet in both they kill under the pretence of being civilized people. In one they kill or sanction the killing because important people said they could; in the other they stoned a woman, a mother, all in the name of some old tradition.

Now before I dive into the juicy insights provided by two amazing pieces of literature, I want to set the scene. Killers and The Lottery were both written in the shadow of a World War, Killers was written in 1922, The Lottery in 1948. Yet even though they're writing about our potential for violence, they didn't focus on war, where that savagery could clearly be seen. No, what caught their attention was evidence that showed our violent nature didn't only exist at the fronts but also at home.

What did Sandburg see? Killers is a little-known poem so I had to do a bit of digging but I think I found something. So, while the horrific WWI raged on where boys killed other boys, some states in America, around 1920 (Reuters 2017) sneaked back in an institution, that they had abolished (!), to allowed the organised killing of their own

citizens, despite having abolished it, and there seems to have been no protest. I have searched and searched for any article, any mention of this, any sign of protest but there was nothing, this is an incredibly little-known fact. That's enough for anyone to stop and question our so called 'civility' when we continue to sanction the killing of our own, when we already lost so many of their own in the violence of War.

Jackson saw something a bit different. She too had witnessed how truly savage and violent we can be in WWII, with the holocaust and the dropping of the atomic bomb to start the list. Yet straight after she saw the beginning of the Red Peril where we had no problem persecuting our family, our friends and she saw that we had no problem pointing big guns at our neighbours during the Cold War (A and E Television Networks 2017). all because we were doing it under the name of being true Americans. For someone who was quite isolated (Heller 2016), that would not seem like a very substantial justification for such levels of violence, aggression and persecution. I think she began to hone into that idea of unjustified violence. But what proved her idea more so was the reaction to The Lottery. It was published in the New York Times, where we can assume intelligent, civilized people read it, and she received a lot of hate from people who were disturbed. But "She was most alarmed by the letters from people who wanted to know where such lotteries were still held and whether they could watch" (Franklin 2016). How civilized...

Now once Sandburg and Jackson realised our disguised violence, like the true writers they were, put their pens to paper and tried to create something that would force their readers to look in the mirror, and see past the facade.

No easy task, yet they managed it so beautifully. Here's how.

Right from the word go, Sandburg utilizes the freedom of a free verse poem, reflective of that Modern Period of Literature, to speak directly to the reader in this conversational tone... One main technique Sandburg uses is repetition. The most important word he repeats is 'fellow citizen'. The sounds are unimportant, what's interesting is it's placed after every label that we see separate us from the killer, such as jury, doctor, police, judge. Just by repeating 'fellow citizen' Sandburg placed all of them on even ground, even status. This has one clear message; once you remove law, and the automatic justification it gives; it is just one citizen who killed, and then other citizens deciding to kill them. Outside of the law, this is called plain old murder.

Another technique he uses is an analogy with a child, which appears quite suddenly at the end of Killers to almost make fun of our justifications. There is the line "I'm to be queen of the May mother, I'm to be queen of the May," which arouses an image of a naïve child dancing around assuming they will grow up an assume power, because they said so. Just as a Judge grows up, assumes power and decides to sentence someone to die, because the law says so.

Finally, he uses contradictory language to make our measly justifications blatantly obvious. Such as saying "I am the honourable killer." Can we have an honourable killer?

While in Killers Sandburg got straight to the point, Jackson created a cleverly crafted story so that we,

the readers are lulled into believing this was a society that could actually exist. the readers are lulled into believing this was a society that could actually exist. Not only exist, but especially for her time, a society that was reasonable and civilized. The men "began to gather, surveying their own children, speaking of planting and rain, tractors and taxes." The women "greeted one another and exchanged bits of gossip as they went to join their husbands." The kids were obedient to their parents. She even tricks us with the title The Lottery, being a positive connation, again, lulling us into a false sense of security and familiarity.

As well as this, it's written in a way that the stoning, is yes, a shock for the reader, but is an integral part of their civilized society ""All right folks." Mr Summers said. "Let's finish quickly."" There was no pause before the first stone is thrown.

Yet perhaps the most disturbing aspect of this story, more so than the stoning, is that justification, and I think this was Jacksons intent. The villagers continued to stoning the woman because it's tradition, but we don't get the sense that the tradition was that important to them. They changed aspects of it because it was more logical, lo and behold rational thinking, but they didn't change the violence. They even forgot many of the traditions formalities, but they didn't forget the violence "Although the villagers had forgotten the ritual and lost the original black box, they still remembered to use stones".

Now these writings are not the result of Sandburg or Jackson using their imagination, I wish it was. But the truth is, you don't need to look hard to see all the evidence for unjustified violence intertwined with a civilized society.

Let's look at our writer's home, America, as an example. Somewhere in America, stand people who argue their right to own guns as dictated in their constitution, an American tradition, even though the headlines scream that 50 people have been shot dead in Las Vegas by a normal man and his gun. Violence justified by tradition. Somewhere in America, not only does Capital Punishment still exist in some states, but there are people who are meant to uphold the law, who repeatedly shoot innocent people because of the colour of their skin. Violence justified by our civilized law.

I think you know that I could take many more instances in our history, and even more instances in our modern time, as further evidence that we are a violent society, we just put on a good show of being fully civilized.

So, what am I suggesting. Go home, strip off your clothes and howl at the moon like a true violent savage? Apart from that, I think we must work at tearing down all these meaningless justifications and see violence as violence, and only then do we have the right to call ourselves civilized people.

Until then, we will remain savages in a suit and a tie.

## The Sydney Morning Herald

## DON'T JUDGE A COLLEGE BY ITS REPUTATION

#### IN A WORLD WHERE SEXUAL ASSAULT IS PART OF THE COLLEGE EXPERIENCE

GEORGIA HUNT AUG 9. 2017 There he stood. Surrounded by friends. Laughing, having fun. I step into the classroom; everyone stares as I make my way up to the only seat available. There he is. A few rows away from me

whispering and joking around. There he is, my rapist. How would you feel seeing your attacker in your every day?

College rape does not need to be defined, it speaks for itself, yet what needs to be expressed is the universities efforts to provide justice, or the lack thereof. For a brief understanding, rape is rape. Adding a college campus into the mix creates an environment where women feel the need to clench their keys within their knuckles, pretend to be on the phone and walk quickly at night at a place they pay to be at. This is the sad truth. Women are given pepper spray and rape whistles on their first day of university whilst men are out buying condoms. Although the publicity is only just starting to catch up to the issue, it has a much longer history. In February 1957 one of the first published study about



Penn State University Protest "End Rape Culture"

campus assault, which appeared in the American Sociological Review (The New York Times, 2016). The term date rape was defined in 1975 and the first study revealing college rape statistics was released in 1985. In my 2011, Yale University suspended a male fraternity for five years for having its pledges march through campus in 2010 chanting, "No means yes, yes means anal" and for carrying a sign that read "WE LOVE YALE SLUTS" (The New York Times, 2016). This happened in one of America's most prestigious universities. Baylor University fires its football coach, Art Briles, and removes Kenneth W. Starr as its president after an investigation finds that the university mishandled accusations of sexual assault against its football players because they "had a bright future" (The New York Times, 2016).

From 1957 to today campus rape must be stopped, yet this is extremely difficult to prevent when the rapists don't see themselves as rapists.

VALE WOMEN'S CENTE

Fraternity members from Yale hold up a sign in front of Yale Women's Centre reading "We Love Yale Sluts"

For those who like their figures, these are the statistics that will shock you. In America, no one is more at risk of being raped than college women. A study since 1987 by the Department of Justice show that 1 in 4 college women are sexually assaulted (RAINN, 2016). Students are at an increased risk during the first few months of their first and second semesters in college and an alarming 97 percent of alleged rapists on college campuses have never spent a day in jail. Today, these statistics are often discredited by those who believed this issue is fabricated and "hard to prove" and by doing so the public is misled, encouraging the world to ignore the ongoing crisis (RAINN, 2016).

You don't need to be a genius to understand that this is wrong. I have a strong opinionated view on the issue as nothing frustrates me more than when a wrong doer gets let off for their wrong doing. The justice system has been created to in effect provide fairness, appropriate punishment where needed and clarity within the society, yet in regard to college sexual assault, it fails to do so and honestly I'm confused, probably like many of you. I do not understand why sexual assault between two people around the same age is something which can be ignored, and forgotten.

I think it is time to reveal the hidden secrets and change this culture on campus. Several issues fall within the broad area of campus rape yet one that is, to me, the most shocking is the way in which the administration boards think, feel and react to alleged reports of rape by their own students. The people paying THEM to attend their college. In the minds of those in power of decisions, rape is considered "bad for business" (Washington

Post 2015). It simply looks bad for them. Their reputation is linked to their funding and these board members chose to hide the allegations to keep their idyllic image of higher education. Let me repeat this, Administration at universities are ignoring rape claims by their very own students to save their image of a perfect college. Irony at its finest. Although this seems obvious since disregarding crime ruins their perfect reputation on its own, not enough information is distributed to the public regarding the truth and therefore we are

unaware of the colleges doing so. In order to save their future financial status, college authorities sweep assault claims under the rug so that future students pile through the same doors as those who were sexually assaulted and were told to keep quiet.

You may have the same question I once had, why do so many cases go unreported? Couldn't more women speaking up about the issue encourage the colleges to do more? The short answer is no and here is why. A 2014 Department of Justice (DOJ) study discovered that only 20 percent of female students, age 18-24 who experienced sexual violence, report to law enforcement and The American Civil



Mattress Performance (Carry the Weight), 2014 - 2015

about the handling of her own rape case.

Liberties Union (ACLU) estimates that 95 percent of U.S. campus rapes go unreported (U.S. Department of Justice 2014). Women have been told to be better trained in "resistance tactics" and are even prohibited from going to fraternity parties on Friday and Saturday nights after a certain hour as this is the "prime time" for sexual assaults to occur (U.S. Department of Justice 2014). Today's society is teaching women to not get raped instead of teaching men to not rape.

A student who made themselves heard was ignored, punished or even embarrassed for being a victim. Columbian University graduate Emma Sulkowicz performed an art thesis called "carry that weight" where she carried around a mattress as long as her rapist was still on campus (Sulkowicz, 2015). She carried it for almost a year. This was to raise awareness. To bring attention to the truth that rapists stay enrolled and their charges are dismissed.

Sulkowicz herself addressed the issue of cases going unreported stating, "there's a reason survivors choose not to go to "There's a reason the police, and that's because they're treated as the criminals" (Sulkowicz, 2015). The alleged rapist was reported by three different women yet the university president refused to let them report their assaults together, threatening to fail them, denied acknowledgment of the art

survivors choose not to go to the police, and that's because they're treated as the criminals."

- EMMA SULKOWICZ

Whilst this continues to occur in American education, the issue is brought home to here in Australia. Much like American colleges, one in five Australian women experience sexual violence at a college campus (The Australian, 2016). Although the number is still significant

project and refrained from shaking her hand at her graduation due to her need to speak out

and shocking, much more is being done to prevent the issue. For example, Vice-chancellors at 39 of Australians universities asked the Australian Human Rights Commission to survey their students to highlight what more needs to be done. As well as this there is plans to

unveil further major policies and initiatives to strengthen our work to prevent sexual violence. In the Australian Capital Territory, ANU announced that it will soon have a "full time specialist sexual assault counsellor located on campus" (ABC News, 2017). These steps towards restorative justice should be followed by American colleges as it, just from my own opinion, displays a much better image for the universities here in Australia

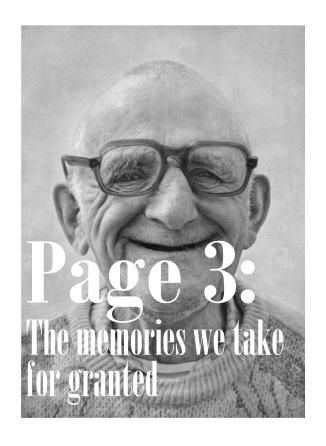
Although this makes me proud to live in a country which this subject matter is acknowledged and victims have a chance to express what they want to be done, the issue is international and most attacks go unnoticed so international help is needed to provide restorative help to all.

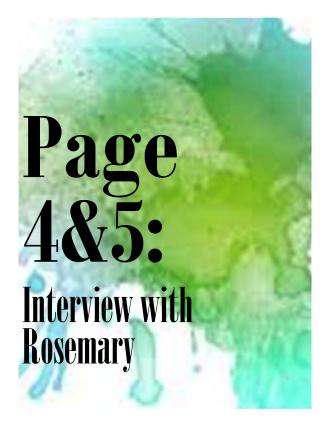
No victims should be ignored. No victims should be forgotten. Nothing should be more important than justice and sexual assault should no longer be a part of the college experience.



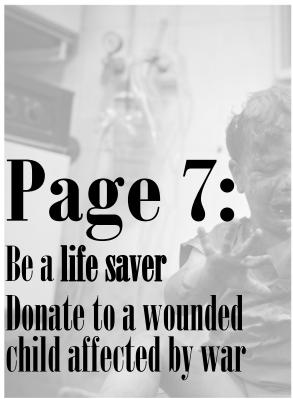
Sydney University anti-rape protest

## Contents









## The memories we take for granted

We asked some elderly people about their most vivid memory & if memories are important.



"One of my fondest memories was when I had just finished university and decided to go on a vacation to Europe. It was the most beautiful experience I had ever had. I took my girlfriend with me at the time and we travelled around, looking at the extraordinary sights

Memories are essential to our lives because with new technology, we are less reliant on our memories. The answers are given to us by the internet. I believe by physically doing something extraordinary, your left with a stronger memory"



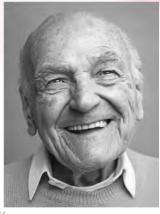
"My most vivid memory was when I was eight, my nan sewed me a gorgeous toy duck. It was my tavorite colour yellow and was so soft. After a couple of years, more and more repairs were needed and it lost most of it's stuffing and softness, but it was still my most treasured possession.

Memories are important because you can look back on life at the bad and good times and the strong connections you have made through out your life"



"My most vivid memory was when I was fifteen and I accidentally knocked over one of the porcelain cups that my mother kept in the cupboard. She was very upset, so the next day I went down to the shops to get her another cup. I used all my pocket money on it!

Memories are very important because they express who you are and different experiences you have. That's what makes you so unique."



My most treasured memory was when my parents decided to get some baby chicks for our farm. They were fluffy little things that would run around everywhere. I would always walk mine down to the fields and it would follow me around everywhere. As they grew up I would pride myself on getting the most eggs from her every morning.

Memories are needed to create a better community because our future thrives on the past"



My favorite memory was when I got my first car with my own money. She was a light blue Buick Riviera. Buying it made me feel independent and I was very proud of it. She was a beauty. I wish I had not let her go.

Memories are essential to human life because they are the explanation of our past and why we are living. Without memories there isn't much purpose or excitement."



"My favorite memory was when my first granddaughter was born. She was a delight. I was so close to my own children, that it was like having another child of my own, but I didn't have to do the hard work of it all!

Memories are important because they help you remember the special moments in life that you couldn't live with out and make you happy"

## The biggest decision in Rosemary's life. Where did it all begin?

Rosemary was elected the new receiver 10 years ago. It was a job that only one special person could be elected for but then a tragic event happened that broke down the whole community...

## What was your 'memory life' like before becoming the new Receiver?

As children, no one knew that there was such things as bad, good, pain or love. We all just assumed that everyone lived the same way with no clue what feelings, colour or memories were. Usually the only memories we had were dreams of the night before, the rest were just flushed away by the 'Reminiscence' pills that we had to take every second day. Of course no child knew what the word 'reminiscence' meant, they just left it up to the elders to know the pronunciation and meaning. But I had been seeing weird things. Unlike Jonas where he saw colour, I had, what I later on found out were memories. Only short little bursts of emotion. On a good day they were relaxing and calm, but usually they were sad and painful. Of course I didn't know what those emotions were at the time, and soon those emotions and visions would vanish from the pills.

### Did you ever hear or know of the Receiver when you were little?

The short answer is no. No one in the community knew or heard of the Receiver, apart from the Chief Elder and the other Elders. It was just accepted that living a life of sameness was ordinary and that there was no such thing as pain, love etcetera, so being a receiver was not something that I could of ever imagined was required. But turns out that was not the case.

#### When were you elected the new receiver? How did you feel about it?

Well ten years ago, in much the same situation as Jonas, it was in the ceremony of twelve. I was number twenty-three, seventh last from the group of twelves. They called twenty-two up then went straight to twenty-four, going on till number 30. I was sweating, feeling a tad nauseous and some what useless because I thought they didn't want me for anything. But it turns out they didn't just assign me to any old job, they **elected** me as the new Receiver!

## What was your training like?

First day of training was an experience that I never felt before. I was so exited to be apart of an association that only few were considered to be. I was nervous, terrified in fact, of the things that were to come. I had left my spouse behind, all on my own and could not say anything to anyone about my training. I was going to live a life of lies! The nervousness went away after I was greeted with the old Receiver's welcoming smile and he talked thought how it all worked. He told me he was the receiver of memories, colours and emotion.

#### When did it all start going pear shaped?

After the first couple of days of nice memories at training, I thought it was a good idea to ask about these 'weird things' I had been seeing, because any questions could be asked. He asked me to explain it to him, I said it was like 'when you fall over and graze your knee, it really hurts, but instead if it going away by the pills, it stays and lingers on the inside'. He nodded his head, and said that from what I could explain, it sounded like a memory, like the ones that I gave you, but sad and painful.

I asked if he could fix it, and his eyes opened wide and he looked down at is feet, like he did something wrong. He told me that there was something he had not told me. All the memories that he had given to me so far have been nice, but the majority of them were hurtful, very hurtful. Its was our job to keep these memories from the rest of the community so they had nothing to worry about,

fight over or prioritise.

How did you decide that you would get a release?

With the Receiver being able to look after memories, I thought he could get rid of it, but no. I had to get more of those memories, just so no one else had to deal with them. It was selfish and it wasn't right. Having to go with terrible memories for the rest of my life, I knew it was just going to get worse and worse. I had to be secretive from the rest of my family unit too. I couldn't win. So I told the receiver that this wasn't the job I thought it was and I was going to try and back out of the assignment. He told me that once you're a receiver, you stay a receiver. I didn't believe him so I went to head elder and asked if I could be assigned to something else. She just laughed, called me silly and walked away. That was obviously a no. There where no other options. I was stuck.

But there was one thing in the back of my mind that was an option. A release. I knew what a release was because when I told the receiver about my idea he explained it to me, and I heard some of the elders talking about it when I was an Eight. It was the only thing that I could do to away from my sorrows and pressure from other people forever. So I did it. It was my decision, I did my own release, I did not do it for others, I did it so I could be released from this burden. Its always a good thing to do things for your self.

### Do you regret it?

Most of the time I'm so glad that I did it because I knew I wouldn't of been able to deal with that much pain. But on some days when I remember that pain, I feel sad that I didn't help keep the bad feelings away from other people in the community.

Then it comes back to me that its ridiculous that they have one person take the pain of thousands of people! It's not fair at all. So it is great to see that Jonas is trying to make it right. I would never have been able to do help achieve that with all the had thoughts on my mind

have been able to do help achieve that with all the bad thoughts on my mind.

I just knew I wouldn't be able to go a day without reminiscing



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## Rationale

My theme was memories. Memories are different for every person and can explain who they are and what they did in their life. This is important so they can learn from their mistakes and reflect on the good times in life. This magazine has a genre of life and general interest stories.

I chose to do an interview so the story was being explained from the perspective of a character in the book.

My interview was about Rosemary. I chose her because she had an experience with memories in becoming the Receiver and when she decided to get a release, it affected everyone. I wanted to give an insight of why she may have gotten the release and the things that had lead to it.

I wanted Rosemary to appear reflective but yet strong in the decision she has made. 'I knew I wouldn't of been able to deal with that much pain'. Getting a release from the life of a receiver would require a lot of thought and you would want to make sure you are doing the write thing for yourself, 'It was my decision, I did my own release, I did not do it for others, I did it so I could be released from this burden.'

Texts types that I included were in the form of an interview with older people and their most treasured memory and why they thought memories are important. I chose to feature older people in the interview because they have lived long lives and been though a lot, with many memories, good and bad. There was an advertisement for a trip you could win to Canada. My parents have often told me wonderful memories of Canada which is the link to the theme. It also tied into Jonas's memory of snow. There is an advertisement for donating to a wounded child affected by war, making the reader feel like they could 'Be a life Changer'. War was one of the memories the Giver gave Jonas and Rosemary struggled with. The title 'be a Giver' represents the Giver in the book.

Inside the magazine I used images of the elderly. Also in the background of the 'Be a Giver' advertisement, there is a faint picture of a child who is upset and has cuts, blood and bruises. This provides imagery of a child affected by war.

On my front cover I used the image of a snow landscape, with a red sled. This represented the first memory Jonas received which lead him to change a bad situation for the sake of others. I used quotes from the interview with Rosemary and stated some of the topics that I was going to cover. The title 'Reminisce' represents the theme in the magazine: reminiscing and memories. The barcode gives characteristics of a magazine you could buy. In the background picture, the white snow represents the hope that Rosemary had for change. The green of the trees is life and new beginnings. The blue in the sky represents faith she had in her decision.

The targeted audience is for mature teenagers and adults because it has adult themes.

The easiest part of this task was creating the layout of the magazine. I am very much a creative person so designing and creating the layout for this magazine was enjoyable. The most challenging aspect in the magazine was tying to choose the tone of Rosemary's interview.

I would give myself a A-because I feel confident in what I have produced both design and content wise. I find grammar and spelling challenging but have read over my work several times to try and eliminate mistakes.

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