

# TENNIS SENIOR GIRLS



# TENNIS SENIOR BOYS

# TENNIS JUNIOR BOYS & GIRLS



# TOUCH SENIOR BOYS & GIRLS

Once again it was another impressive season of Touch for the Papakura Boys and Girls teams. Kelly Phillips, the coach of the boys team, introduced an expansive game plan where they displayed explosive speed, great ball skills and the belief that they could cut it with the best.



After losing to St Stephens in the Counties competition the boys knew they had to work harder if they were to qualify for Auckland Champs. After a good last round the boys qualified first. The experience of NZ Youth Squad reps Thomas Shelford and William Morunga shone through as the boys progressed to the finals - beating Papatoetoe, Edgewater and Rosehill in the semi-final.

The final against Lynfield was a spectacle where there was no shortage of commitment by the boys. They were narrowly beaten 2-1 but as finalist earned the right to represent Auckland at the national championships in Palmerston North in December.

Three players were also selected in the tournament team; Kerry Te Hei, Thomas Shelford and William Morunga.

The Senior Girls team did equally as well - if not a little bit better. Sarah Leaf, in her last year at school, led the team superbly. Her experience gave the team confidence and she was well supported by Anne Tarrare, Charlotte Henry and a new comer to the school Jasmine Beazley.

With convincing wins over Aorere, Papatoetoe and Mangere winning the semi-finals meant that we were one step away from going to nationals. To our surprise it was another easy win and anyone would have thought that we'd won the final - we were ecstatic.

Our final was against Auckland Girls Grammar - a school who had won the trophy eight times out of ten and were also current national champions. The girls went into the final relaxed and I guess their adrenalin pulled them through because there were some very exhausted bodies. It didn't surprise me that they eventually won 4-1 as their ball skills and knowledge of the game was impressive throughout the whole day. Now the girls have nationals to look forward to and with the boys team this means that we are the only school to have both grades represented.

Jasmine Beazley, Sarah Leaf, Marina Wetere and Charlotte Henry were also named in the tournament team.

*Miss C Ngawati*



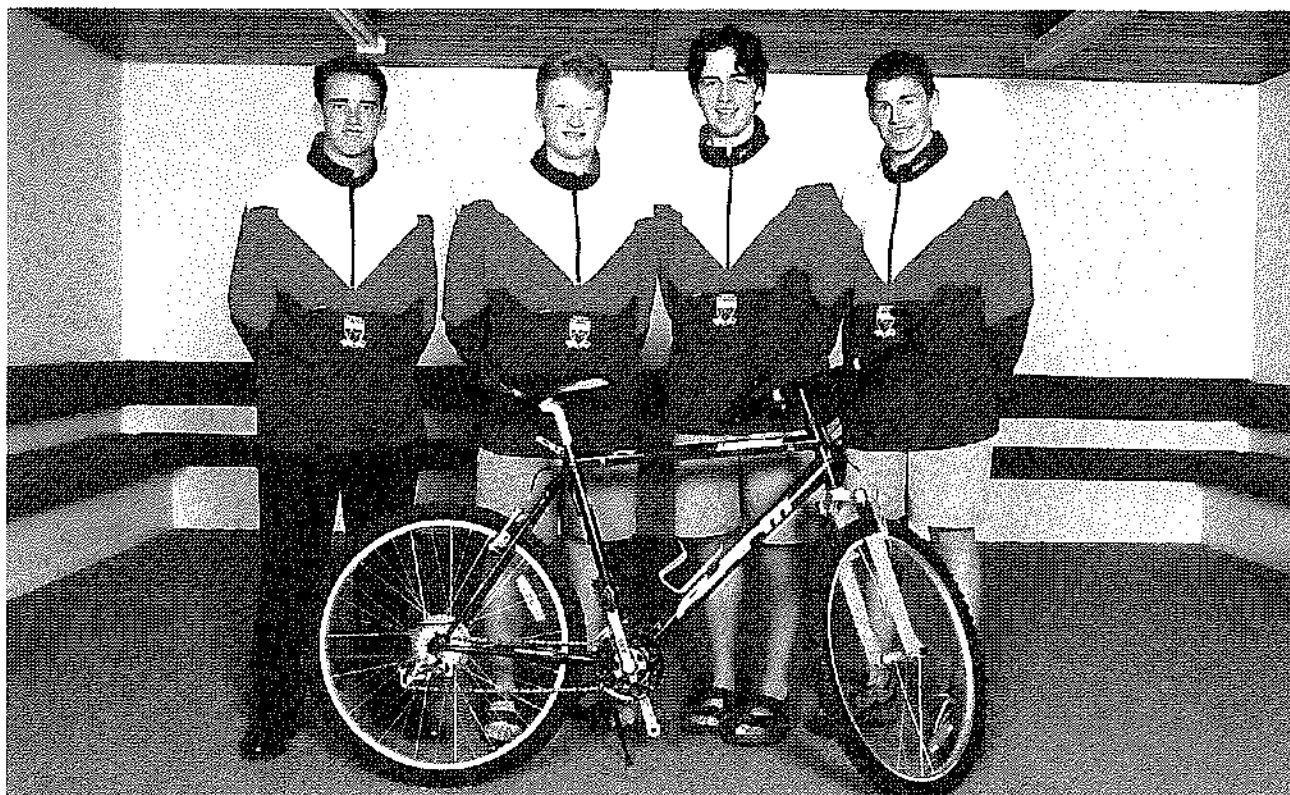
# MOUNTAIN BIKE CHAMPS

The sun was shining. It was Sunday morning and we were ready for speed! We took to our mountain bikes and headed for Woodhill Forest for the secondary school champs.

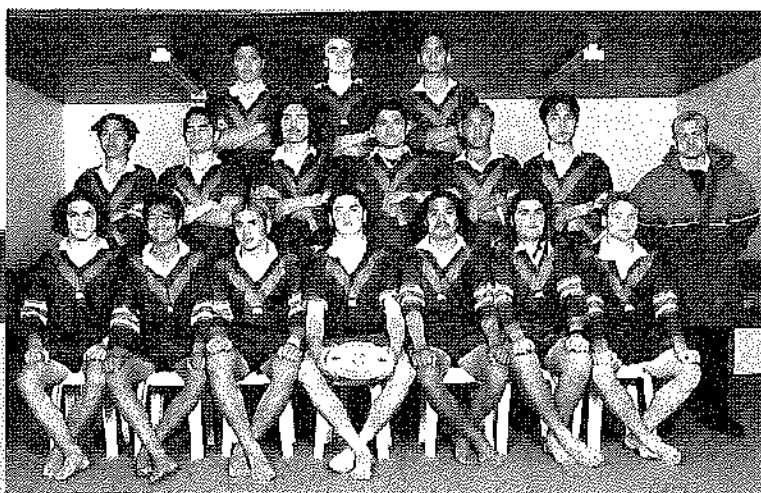
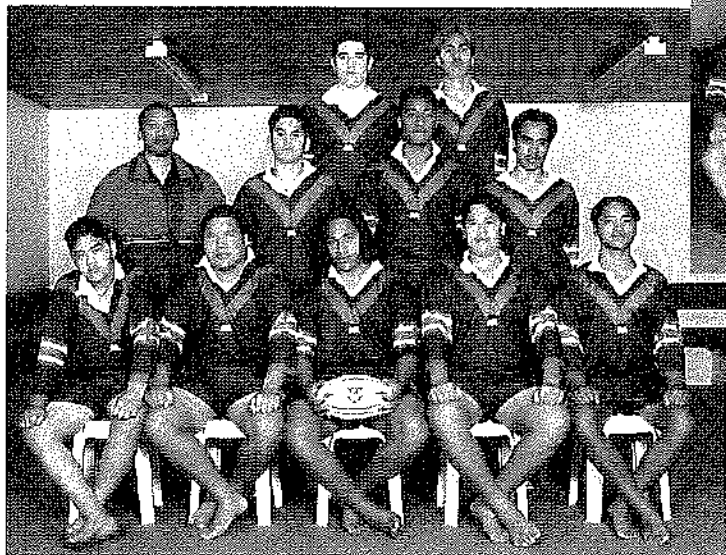
After registration it was off to the start line with four cross country laps waiting ahead of us. We were faced with 1<sup>1</sup> hours of negotiating obstacles, a narrow single track and long stretches of steep gravel roads, all amongst the pine forest. After a long 1<sup>1</sup> hours we were finished and it was straight to the barbecue to repair of our lost energy.

All in all, the day was great. Our team achieved a midfield placing in strong competition.

Mark Rainbow



## RUGBY LEAGUE U15 RUGBY LEAGUE



## U16 RUGBY LEAGUE



# CROSS COUNTRY

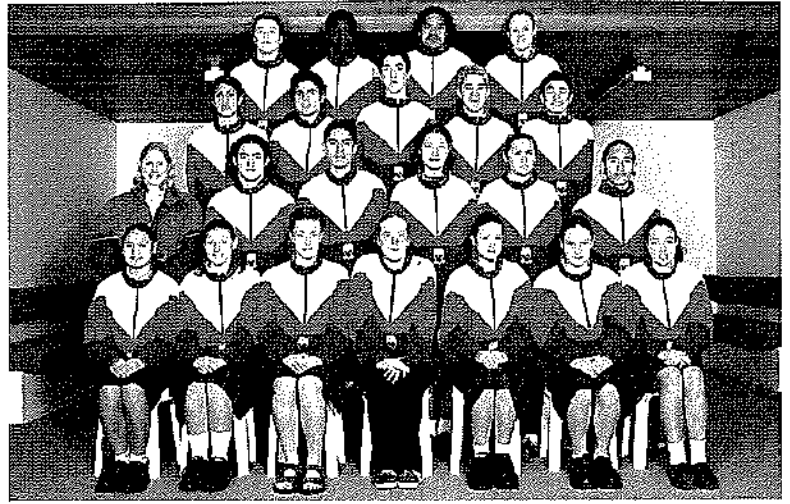
## School X-Country Winners:

|                    |                  |
|--------------------|------------------|
| Junior Boys        | Gregory Appian   |
| Junior Girls       | Keriana Wilson   |
| Intermediate Boys  | Shaun Dawson     |
| Intermediate Girls | Rebecca Spick    |
| Senior Boys        | Daniel Hapeta    |
| Senior Girls       | Nga Raena Derwin |

## Manukau X-Country:

|                |                              |
|----------------|------------------------------|
| Daniel Hapeta  | 1 <sup>st</sup> Senior Boys  |
| Rebecca Spick  | 4 <sup>th</sup> Intermediate |
| Girls          |                              |
| Gregory Appian | 4 <sup>th</sup> Junior Boys  |
| Keriana Wilson | 6 <sup>th</sup> Junior Girls |

Daniel Hapeta had an extremely successful season creating several new records.



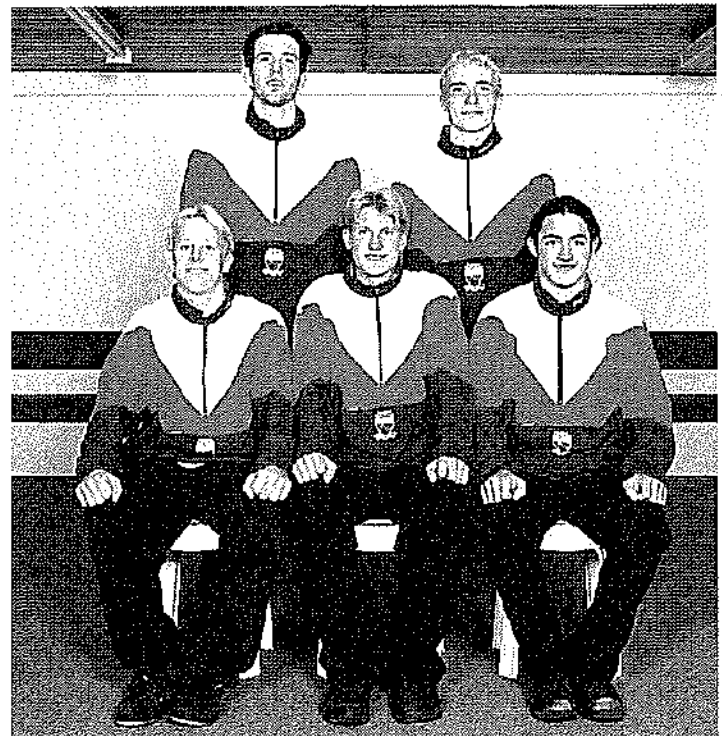
# OUTRIGGING



# VOLLEYBALL SENIOR BOYS



# WRESTLING SENIOR BOYS



# DUATLON/TRIATHLON

# THE TAUNTING LOLLIPOP

I sat on the edge of the grassy creek staring at my bored reflection, my odd shaped toes slightly dipped into the murky warm water. Before I could blink a dark slippery snake-like creature darts across my reflection.

“Daddy look, an Eel” my sister yells in her sickening sweet TEN year old voice.

“Its a beautie” he answers back, as he peers over the edge of the creek.

“I wonder if he can actually see over his big beer gut” I think to myself, it gives me the giggles.

The sun has gone down and the moon looks like the tiny cuticle on my pinkie finger. There’s enough light to see that the plastic bag for the eels is empty. Mum is sitting back on the top of the bank reading. The glow of her torch on her “Woman’s Day” magazine reflects back on her warm, friendly face. She’s actually enjoying this.

“Daddy, Daddy... I’ve got one” the silence is broken. Dad runs over to his little angel. I can see the nylon string quickly move through the glassy water. Dad starts running backwards holding the piece of wood that resembles a handle and reeling really fast at the same time. Suddenly the water is broken and a dark brown fast slimy eel is wriggling around at the bottom of the bank.

Mum and I are huddled far from the action. She’s watching, waiting, her eyes like big eggs, not blinking at all.

“Turn away, dear”, Dad says to her. She agrees and covers her eyes with her hands, like a five year old does. Her little, bright blue eye peering eagerly through her small delicate fingers. Stupid girl, I turn away.

I can hear the sound of Dad’s sharp fishing knife, slicing through the neck of the harmless, black creature. Mum’s whole body jumps and she lets out a little scream. I turn back.

“Is it eel tonight then?” Mum states the obvious. The thought makes my tummy churn, and my eyes scrunch up in disgust.

“No eel for me”, I say, expecting Dad to tell me exactly why I should have eel for dinner. “More for us than Susan” he says not even looking at me, but focusing more on wiping the teeny bit of eel blood off his baby’s forehead.

We start walking back to the car.

I hate the name Susan, it really bugs me. Its short, direct and how do I say it, boring. Mum calls me Suzy sometimes, I like that.

“For catching the biggest eel today, you get the lollipop”, I hear coming from the boot of the car.

“Thanks Daddy, I love you” she says. What a greaser. I’m sure he must hate her constant greasing.

We are all waiting for Dad in the car, Mum is sitting in the passenger side of the front seats, still reading. She is sitting behind Mum sucking on a lollipop. I notice that every thirty seconds she takes it out of her mouth and looks at it.

It’s a round red lollipop with two big teeth marks down the sides. She looks at it, again, with so much concentration.

“What are you doing?”, I say, scowling at her. She moves her eyes towards me and without taking the lollipop out, she cleverly manoeuvres it to the side of her mouth.

“Eating a lollipop?” she ever so innocently answers.

The frustration, my hands start shaking.

“Yes, that is what you’re doing, but why are you taking it out of your mouth?” I say quite loudly and forcefully. The frustration and annoyance builds up. She doesn’t answer. But

instead she slowly pulls the gooey lollipop out of her mouth (if she could only see my face) and then she slowly puts it in direct view of her eyes and sits there staring at it again.

My head feels like it's going to explode, I wait for her to put it back in her mouth. But she doesn't. By now Dad is sitting in the front seat putting on his seat belt. I look at her again, the stupid thing is still gorking at it.

"What are you doing?" I ask, again. Sweat building up on my forehead. "Nothing" she answers without moving an inch, still focused on the gooey ball. "What are you doing?". I plead. She turns her shoulders, her head towards me and pops it back in her mouth. "Nothing", she says and gives a cheeky grin.

I'm breathing in and out, slowly, trying to remain calm. I feel like as if there should be smoke seeping out of my nostrils like a dragon. My heart is beating loudly and my head feels as if it's about to burst with frustration and anger on the cars windows.

Still looking at me she brings the lollipop out of her mouth and puts it in front of her view and mine. My head bursts, I grab the stupid lollipop out of her grasp and quickly put my finger on the electric window button. She dives for it, but my hand and the lollipop is already sitting outside the window.

She sits right beside me like a cat waiting to pounce, I raise my eyebrows and do the "I'm so clever," facials. She's not impressed. The car starts up and we pull out onto the country road.

"Daddy, Susan's got her hand out the window", she says like a little angel, damn her.

"Susan, you know the rule", the authority speaks and I slowly pull my arm into the car.

"Give Rosy her lollipop", Mum adds. Rosy, Rosy, Rosy. The episodes of the Brady Bunch fill my head, and I remember a particular scene when Jan drops Marsha's hairbrush out the...hmm... The lollipop drops to the road.

Her eyes follow it, longingly. She sits back in her seat, her grin is wiped off her putridly pretty face and is now replaced with a bright, red fuming monster. I'm a little scared, but I sit back in my seat. I fold my arms and there's a permanent grin plastered on my face. I look in the rearvision mirror and fix up my hair. You are so good I say to my reflection. I relax.

"Susan's got a boyfriend!" I panic, I look over to her. Look over at Dad. He's looking very scary. I look at her again; she's giggling, No!!!!

AMBER HATCH

## BEACHED

*The cool blue sea sparkled in the rays of the early morning sun. The sea was so calm and serene. The only ripples in its smooth glossy surface were from the seagulls as they dived into the water, attempting to catch an unwary fish. The trees towered above our heads, casting a cold shadow across our path. A shiver raced up my spine as the three of us walked briskly along the footpath towards the beach. Soon the pavement turned to sand under our feet as we stepped onto the shady beach. Aaron dropped his gear and stepped into the cold blue water. Slowly he made his way to the dinghy which was anchored a few metres off shore. Ben and I quickly put down the outboard motor, as it was fairly heavy and our hands were numb from the cold winter air. Aaron pulled the dinghy back to the shore while Ben and myself lifted the outboard motor once more. With a bit of effort we lifted the outboard motor onto the back of the dinghy and screwed it into place. Quickly we loaded up the dinghy and leaped in out of the icy water. Aaron started the motor, and with a roar from the engine we sped out into the skiing lanes.*

*Aaron cut the engine when we reached the ski lanes, and the dinghy glided to a halt. Nobody said anything, but you could tell what they were thinking. Who was going to go first? The water looked so cold, and the sun had only just appeared over the horizon. I could almost feel how cold the water was, without even dipping my hand in to see. And when I did dip my hand into the water, I quickly pulled it back again. The water was freezing! "So which one of you is going first?" Aaron asked with a grin on his face a mile wide. I looked into Ben's eyes and saw exactly what he thought of that. "No way!" I said, "the water's freezing. Have you felt it yet?" Well Ben definitely didn't want to go first. And I sure as hell wasn't and Aaron just sat there with a grin on his face.*

*We sat there for what seemed like an hour, trying to decide who would be the first to get wet. In the end it came down to a game of scissors, paper, rock between Ben and I. I lost. Slowly I zipped up my wetsuit and put on my life jacket as if it was the last thing I would ever do on earth. Well, I thought, somebody's got to do it. I was just hoping that it wouldn't be me. With a bit of hesitation I dived into the murky depths. The cold water hit me like a rock and I pushed furiously to the surface and climbed on top of the kneeboard. The water wasn't cold. It was freezing! It was the sort of numb coldness that could make a man impotent, and anyone that happened to be watching.*

*"Are you ready!" Aaron called, with his hands ready on the*

throttle while Ben held an icecream container in both hands, and was bailing water furiously to keep us going. "lets go!" I replied. Slowly the dinghy heaved into motion, and I was able to pull myself completely out of the water and onto the kneeboard. The dinghy cut through the sea, sending small waves rolling off to each side. As I skimmed along behind clinging tightly to the ski rope. I twisted and turned, carving across the wake and sending jets of salty sea spray into the air. As the dinghy raced up and down the ski lanes, until I fouled things up and went tumbling into the icy water.

Quickly I clambered up into the boat shivering from head to toe. It was cold alright, but well worth it. "Was it cold?" Ben asked, I just gave him a, 'well what do you think' sort of look and laughed. "It's fine so long as you're not in the water," I replied. "Yeah sure," Ben said, while doing up his life jacket. Then with an immense amount of will power, and a slight shove on my behalf, Ben dived into the water. Quickly he struggled onto the kneeboard and urged us to get moving. "Hurry up, it's freezing! Quickly I grabbed the icecream container and started bailing water out of the boat, while Aaron poured on the acceleration. Slowly Ben rose out of the water, a bit shaky at first, but he soon got the hang of it. "Do a 360!" we yelled.

"I don't know how!" replied Ben. Ben was struggling just to stay upright and out of the water, as we skimmed across the water. "Just do it!" Aaron yelled. Ben thought about it for a while, trying to work out how he was going to do it. After a moments thought he began to pass the ski rope behind his back. "Yeah! He's going to do it" Aaron said in disbelief. It was amazing. It was his first ever time on kneeboard, and for a second there I thought he was actually going to pull it off but not Ben. He got halfway round then slammed into the water. He must have hit the water pretty hard, because when he climbed back into the boat, half his face was red where he must have slapped the water.

We were out there on the water for a long time, and the sun was now directly overhead. It was so hot, we basically wanted to be in the water now where it was so cool and refreshing. By this time we were starting to get pretty hungry, so we decided to find a place where we could get some lunch. Aaron suggested that we cruise up the channel to the wharf. He said that there was a bakery just down the road from there and so it was decided. We all cruised up the channel to the wharf where we pulled up on the beach and grounded the dinghy. Aaron went to get some pies while Ben and I watched the dinghy. By the time Aaron returned with the pies, Ben and I had just about resorted to eating grass. The pies were really filling but left us feeling a little parched so Aaron ran to the bakery to get us some drinks. By the time Aaron

returned Ben and I had resorted to drinking sea water, just kidding, but we were really thirsty.

By this time, we had started to get bored with just skiing up and down the ski lanes, and we wanted something else. Then Ben came up with a brilliant idea. "Wouldn't it be cool if we could ski alongside a massive wave. We could get some air time off the lip. Wouldn't that be cool." Ben was right. It would be really cool, and we could do it. We all leaped back into the dinghy, but instead of heading back to the skiing lanes, we headed towards the bar. Where the waves pushed against a sand bar making huge pits. When we arrived at the bar we were disappointed to find that the surf had really died down over the past couple of days. There was no surf, only swells. Big swells. We skied here for a while, carving our way across the surface of the waves, sending spray flying in all directions. We skied on into the afternoon. We didn't care about the time. Only when it started to get dark and we were getting tired did we finally decide to head home.

We were just about halfway across the skiing lanes when the engine died, and we realised we were out of fuel, with no oars. We were stranded about 600 meters off shore. "Looks like we're going to have to swim back to shore." Aaron said with a grimace. "You would think that wouldn't you." Ben replied. We were slightly shocked when he suddenly stood up and stepped out of the dinghy. The water was only up to his knees. "Looks like we're walking back." Ben said with a laugh.

We walked across the sand bank for what seemed like an eternity. I felt like we were never going to reach the shore. The shells on the sand bank dug into our feet as we painfully made our way onwards. By the time we reached the shore we were all sore, tired and cold. Then we had to walk home carrying the outboard motor, in our cold wetsuits and life jackets. The stones on the road and pathways were just as harsh as the shell in the sand bank. When we finally got home we collapsed onto the grass and swore an oath. That we would never listen to any more of Ben's brilliant ideas, for as long as we live. We had learnt a very valuable lesson that day. That Ben's ideas are not good.

WARREN WEBB

# ACADEMIC INSTITUTE

The Academic Institute was introduced to Papakura High School for the first time in 1998. The purpose of the Institute was to provide an extension programme for our more academically able students. 1998 began with twenty one students, with another twenty two beginning this year. All students were selected after sitting a Scholarship Exam and completing a written application. Each year five or six scholarships of \$800 have been awarded to the top candidates.

Over the last two years both groups have participated in many different activities. Year 9 began with Camp at Waharau. In 1998, 3T became known as the class that could talk the most - especially in the middle of the night and this reputation has stuck with them. This year 4T are sitting School Certificate Geography and are doing exceptionally well - even topping the Year 11 students!

All students have participated in workshops with Lance King on "The Power of Learning". The course taught students how they can enhance their learning by using different techniques to remember things e.g. mind mapping, brain gym, memory. This was extended in 1999 to cover Speed-reading.

Both classes have attended the Open Days at Waikato University and Unitec. This was a great way to experience life on campus as well as find out about the many opportunities at a Tertiary Institution. Several students have also attended seminars in the holidays at Auckland University.

In the latter part of each year, both classes have completed a very intensive three day workshop with Manukau Institute of Technology. This looked at Time Management, Goal Setting, Creative Thinking and Problem Solving.

Finally, one of the most challenging tasks that students in 4T have now undertaken is to participate in the Mentoring Programme. This has involved meeting with a Mentor from the Papakura Business Community - this involved students arranging meetings with strangers and talking to them about themselves and their goals. Some have taken to this quickly and now meet on a very regular basis of once a week, while others have been taken out for lunch, had work experience arranged for a day.

Finally, I would like to thank both classes for participating in everything, providing an academic challenge for myself and for being great people.

## Year 9

S Lofroth



## Year 10





# LIFE IS A WAR

*The battle ground is a banquet of dead men's flesh, win or lose the crows never go hungry.*

*My kinsmen there, they all lay bleeding,  
the daylight sun is now receding, and the carrion birds are feeding,  
on the dead upon the floor, such is this, the cost of war.  
With the onset of night, the funeral pyres burn, honouring the fallen,  
the survivors huddle around the smouldering bodies of fellow soldiers,  
their friends, maybe their brothers.*

*War does not determine who's right, it determines who's left.  
Victory is hollow, I am sickened by what I have done to my people,  
how many innocent lives I have condemned.*

*The little people, honest peasants and beloved fathers,  
give up their lives bravely so that the army commanders ignorantly pat each other on the  
back and congratulate each other on another great victory.*

*Everyone has God on their side, no-one wins. Life is the only thing worth dying for.  
After the enemy is beaten, after the sense of achievement, there comes the realisation,  
was it worth the loss?*

*It is then that we realise that the real enemy is us.  
Every man is evil, to an extent. Not content until all the achievements of others are  
are torn down, toppled, to give a sense of superiority, an ecstasy of importance,  
to know that you are better than him.*

*Hate is easy, it is all too tempting to shift the blame,  
you are perfect, everyone should be like you.*

*No-one who follows your orders is important, dime a dozen they are. Right?  
Wrong. Society is a sick and twisted thing, sinking into the filth and depravity of  
ignorance and arrogance.*

*Nobody cares about strangers, they are just there to be controlled or ignored.*

*Those in power, slave masters one and all,  
preach their twisted sermons. You are free,  
we serve you, we are honest and life is good, you have power.*

*We are trapped by system that was meant to protect us but has mutated into a foul beast  
that claims your hope and happiness, replacing it with emptiness and stress.*

*We will never truly be free.*

*We serve you? Just so long as it serves our purposes. So long as you think we are good,  
and don't know jack, we can fleece you for everything you have.*

*We make empty promises to win favour and direct attention to the pretty picture  
we paint so you are content and make no trouble for us.*

*You have the power, but we control it.*

*What you earn goes straight to our pockets, but we need you to give us money so we amuse you with trinkets and presents  
to keep you from realising our intentions.*

*You can't defy us because we have everyone on our side.*

*The few own the many, life is war.*

PETER COLSON

# THE GREAT ESCAPE

The waves rolled across the landscape towards us like five trillion angry locusts with their tails on fire. Six hundred feet of fire and debris was charging wildly towards us. "Run" I screamed even though I knew that it was a futile gesture. We bolted in the opposite direction "Run, you are mad!" yelled Exavior "This is a nuclear attack there is nowhere to run to," he continued taking up a leisurely jog. "Huh!" I yelled back, "Yaaaa" I fell because I had been listening to that stupid Exavior. "Ouch" I had managed to fall into one of those service pits at a garage and luckily it still had a grimy old car over it. "Down here" I yelled to the others.

It took about two seconds for everyone to be under the car, "Let's lower it" said Exavior "That's the first useful thing you have said all day" explained one of the others. We lowered it as quickly as we could and to my surprise it fitted perfectly as a cap. The deep rumbling was nearer now almost on top of us and I could feel the heat, "I am an idiot" he said "This car won't withstand that heat and we definitely won't. The noise became louder and louder until it sounded like a herd of elephant stampeding inside your head.

The car became red hot and started to sag in the middle "We're dead" moaned Exavior. Clunk, a panel slid open in front of me "Go for it!" I bellowed but before I had said the first letter they were there. I rushed in after them just as the melted wreck of the car was incinerated. The door closed and the ground around us roared with pain.

We were in a huge tunnel that stretched as far as the eye could see, "Pick a direction, any direction" spouted Exavior, "that way" said Sally, "towards the direction where the shockwave was going, the further away the less damage it will have done". That's an excellent idea Sally" said Bob the third member of the group. "That way it is then," I said and so we proceeded towards the noise down the tunnel each of us dreading what we would find at the end.

After about an hour of walking the tunnel widened and became a room with tables and chairs. "I wonder if there's any food" said Bob, "Yeah, I could go for a cheeseburger right now said Exavior". "Ha, Ha" said the group in unison. There was food. I could smell it. I made my way over to the cupboard and discovered a pile of cans and packets of dried food. "Hey over here" I said, they all trooped over and began to eat.

We departed two hours later after a rest and food and resumed our journey through the tunnels. They were still as dark as ever but they became very homely to us after a while. Everyday we walked as far as we could and then stopped at one of the rooms along the way to eat and rest. After two weeks we saw a light at the end but it took us another two days to reach it. As we walked out we could see the tunnel's hatch had been torn off the cliff side. It lay on a white sandy beach empty of people and animals. The only sound was that of the wreckage washing up onto the shore from the singed sea. It was black with bits of houses, cars and everything else you could imagine floating in it.

After prowling the beach for any life whatsoever we returned inside for a meal, a sickly dense smoke awaited us when we got there. It filled the tunnel and surrounded us, it must have come from the other end of the tunnel but this time there was truly nowhere to run and nowhere to hide. The smoke consumed us. It entrapped us within its web of darkness and to this fate there was no escape.







# AFTERMATH

The wind howled its starving cry across the withered, barren landscape. The skeletons of cars singed and hollowed by the passage of time. Purple lights blazed through the tinged blue sky, tainted with the very substance that was supposed to help.

Claws of lightning ripped at the orange clouds, then the clouds bellowed in pain with all their might dislodging a pile of bones pretending to be a bird, from a twisted and misshapen tree raking the skyline.

The gas that surrounded me burned against my flesh like acid and coiled around my legs like a hideous snake, just waiting to strike and kill me in its wreathing coils. It was already trying to squeeze the last drop of air from my lungs. They were burning, wishing for air.

Snap! The daydream ended but I was still here wandering helplessly. Suddenly the earth opened up in front of me, a river cold and inviting awaited me. But wait what was that. It made my eyes burn and water like an insane smoke of dissipating colours. I was fading into the smoke and losing consciousness. I felt cold and alone. Falling, I was falling and it wasn't a dream, Splash.

I hit the cool green water and a bubble of air rose up like a glowing pearl of life. Air, I breathed and it felt good, wide-awake. The river was flowing quickly and I was clearing the smog of those amazing colours, away to the valley I had called home.

The water streamed around me and engulfed me in a cold blanket, which rustled over the rocks and around the corners. Soft green and gold moss muffled the sharp edges as I speed onwards. A blazing indigo spout of water blasted out from a pipe and filled the stream with colour and churned with an acidic frenzy. It was alive.

As it moved it changed colour and warmed up. The froth darted from side to side. Then it was gone, over the edge. Sailing through the air, cold and momentous. I could see everything, the grass plains, the crater and even the strange frothy creature far below worming its way across the water and a single star hung sagging in the sky, the Sun.

## THE RISE TO FREEDOM

*I was just sitting there, waiting in this boat, one of thousands chugging to Gallipoli, moving towards the defining moment in World War One. The skies were overcast, and the air was cool against my skin. One would say the perfect day for a war, but one I would rather forget. The seas were choppy, throwing us around in the boats. Waves were breaking on the hull of the boats, dumping all its water in our small area. We were about 100 metres from the shore line, those huge cliffs looming ominously ahead of me.*

*"One Minute!!" my sergeant bellowed. We all threw on our packs, full of supplies and arms, grabbing our weapons also. Everyone in the boats crouched down, ready to bolt through the doors at the front of the boat and onto the beach. As we crouched I heard the most terrifying sound, the clanging and banging of bullets and shrapnel hitting the boat trying to pierce its way through.*

*"Thirty seconds" someone behind me call. Everyone bowed their heads and prayed, clutched good luck charms and said goodbyes to their friends, whom they might never see again. My friend to my right, turned to me and said "This is it,*

*this what we're trained for." I just smiled back at him and nodded my head, although it was a nervous smile it calmed me somewhat.*

*"Ten seconds!!!" we all crept forward, guns ready, totally focused. Then it hit, a mortar shell exploded right beside our boat, throwing us to the other side of it and soaking us to the bone. A moment later we hit the bottom, the doors opened and we all rushed out of our boat, into the most frightening sight anyone could see. Soldiers littered the shoreline and the water was stained red with blood from the dead soldiers. "GO!!" Our sergeant ordered, getting impatient at our stalling, everyone sprinted towards the bottom of the cliffs, some 150m away, but it might have as well been 1500m.*

*My friends beside me were all collapsing as bullets pierced their skin, and took what life they had away. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, myself and ten others from my boat made it to the bottom of the cliffs.*

*We sat there for what seemed like forever, just resting, watching as hundreds of our allied soldiers were slaughtered*



*trying to reach safety. We were told by our sergeants that there were plenty of trails up the cliffs that we could use, because I was the most senior officer with those 10 men, I ordered them up and told them to start searching.*

*One minute later, a message came from down the line that they had found a trail. I ran over to where it was and told the ten guys who were with me to be ready for traps or mines, and with that we began the long slog up the cliffs.*

*The bushes and shrubs were on either side of us. Halfway up the climb we had the first sight of our enemy, through the bushes about 100 metres away. I could see three enemy soldiers firing their weapons at the soldiers below them. I motioned for two of my troops to come to me, I explained what I wanted them to do and they crept away. Two minutes later we heard an explosion ahead of us. The remaining nine of us moved towards the enemy soldier's position carefully. What greeted us was a moment I will never forget, my two soldiers I sent there were waiting for us, but, where the three soldiers remains should have been, there were body parts all around the site.*

*We all turned away in disgust at the sight that lay before us. I told my men to move out in fear that they might become disheartened. As we neared the top, the gun fire became louder and I could see enemy soldiers. My enemy scurrying around trying to numb or attack. I sat down in the bushes, out of the sight of the enemy trying to think of a plan to stop this battle. I could see allied soldiers on other tracks moving to the top of the cliffs. A group of 15 or so men arrived where we rested a moment later, 'Thank god' I thought.*

*"Senior Sergeant William Jefferson" an officer said as he stepped forward, "Sergeant Peter Galley" I replied. As the other man started to greet the new arrivals, Senior Sergeant Jefferson and I began a plan to thwart the enemies' efforts to stop us conquering Gallipoli. "Private Ryan" Senior Sergeant Jefferson called, a young man stepped forward and I noticed a radio in his pack. He began radioing other troops on the cliffs, explaining our plan to them.*

*One hour later it was all over. We annihilated the enemy and had lost only a handful of men ourselves in the battle, but thousands on the beach below us. We knew the enemy were using trenches as cover, and would panic if fired upon. This worked to our advantage. Our allied troops surrounded the trenches and fired at will. They didn't stand a chance, but neither did we on the beach.*

*An announcement came over the loud speaker system "We have Gallipoli, but this is only the beginning. We have word that Germany is readying hundreds of thousands of troops to reclaim this site. We will never give it back though." How true this announcement was.*

GLEN BIDDICK

## A TASTE OF OPERA

On 19<sup>th</sup> August 'Class Act Opera' performed for a range of students from years 9-13, who take music as a subject, with 'Opera with Oprah'.

With Sarah Overwater as the presenter 'Oprah', the show was presented in a talk show style with operatic songs fitted into the script to fit the style and mood of the topic.

At the end of their show, which like most operas, ended in death, the performers gave a brief piece of history about operatic shows, and an insight into what they do. They then gave students an opportunity to ask questions. The audience grasped this opportunity and afterwards the performers said that they were pleased with the intelligent questions which were asked.

'Class Act Opera' travels around New Zealand taking opera to Intermediate and Secondary schools. There were many people in the audience who might not otherwise have seen opera performed live.

The visitors were greatly appreciated by the students and many were probably surprised and amazed by the demands and skills it takes to sing and perform opera. If 'Opera with Oprah' was to return next year the students would gladly welcome them back.

Vivienne Smith

## TALENT QUEST

'Well, what can I say', it was a wonderful and full packed evening for the viewers, staff, fellow competitors and also an inspiration for our future generation. The competition included dancing, singing, group pieces featuring break dancing by our school's leading Maori band 'Str8 Out'. What a spectacular way to show outsiders the achievements we students have made.

1<sup>st</sup> Place; Solo - Singer song-writer award:  
Jane Katuke, Melissa Brownsey.

1<sup>st</sup> Place; Group, Commended Instrumentalist:  
Str8 Out & Point 'O', Roland Olago/Drummer, Dane Clark/Bass

Open section, 'Gutsy' Award: XA Unit, FFLR

Special thanks to all teachers and pupils who made the evening a success: Mr Foster (Sound), Mr Dickson (Lighting) & Mr Voisey, Jaten and Sione (Stage hand).

Jaten Ormsby

# INDIAN GROUP

For the first time, the school has started an Indian group. A large number of students attended the initial meeting and decided to form a dance team - a modern dance team and a traditional dance team as well as to experience some Indian specialities. The dance teams are multi-racial with 50% of the members non-Indian - an indication of the integrated nature of our school.

Our first meeting involved learning to do some Indian hand painting. This proved very useful on the International Students' Day when hand painting was one of the most popular activities. The dance groups practised in the International Students' Centre most intervals and lunchtimes and sometimes after school for the inaugural High School Dance Competition run by Natasha Arts and Indian TV Nayan. As only one team could be entered. A combined group of students from both teams of 8 girls and one very lucky guy (Indirjit Bolla) were keen to do a traditional Punjabi dance called Bhangra. The students selected the music and choreographed all the moves themselves and dressed in traditional Punjabi suits.

Sixteen schools participated in this competition held at Logan Campbell Centre in Greenlane on Saturday, 31<sup>st</sup> July. It was a long night from 6.30pm - 12pm and the girls had started their final practice and make-up from 1pm that day. So it was 11 hours of hard work. Competition was intense with some schools bringing large groups of supporters (something we need to organise next time) and it was obvious that many groups had spent a great deal on their costumes.

There were only four prizes. Three were for the dances and one for the Best Costume. We were thrilled and proud to win The Best Costume Trophy awarded by Auckland Indian Sweets.

Five students participated in a cross-cultural dance competition called Vival Eclectika on September 4. This was held at Selwyn College and organised by The NZAA (NZ Asia Association) and supported by the Race Relations Office. Our team performed a modern Indian dance combined with a European Pop dance.

The dance team would like to thank everyone who have helped during the year such as school staff: Mr Sayers, who took photos, videos and chauffeured the students to competitions, Mrs Sayers, who spent many hours including weekends, refining the dance moves and devised the finishing touches to the costumes, Susan (an ex-Rosehill College student and a trainee hairdresser) who spent a hours doing the girls' hair and make-up as well as assisting back stage at Logan Campbell Centre, Mrs Jador, who helped with the sewing of some costumes, hair and transport and Mrs Parker's continued support of the Indian club. Finally, we would like to thank all those parents and public who have supported in one way or another.

S Sayers



# LAISEZ FAIRE

## A Young Enterprise Company

Few could have predicted the experience that was gained by the 1999 Young Enterprise Company Laissez Faire. Not only did we learn the business skills necessary to run a company but we also learned that team work, used in the right way, can equal money. And what a team it was. Made up of the finest entrepreneurial minds in Papakura High, Laissez Faire gave a new meaning to the word Business.



With deft business skills and tactical research we managed to successfully market and sell a multipurpose key ring that not only held keys but also opened bottles and looked good. It's bronze / brass frame not only ensured durability but it also had a unique style, found only at Laissez Faire.

We came with high expectations of learning how a business works. This was achieved and more, as the entire group learned how a business functions and how to make a business successful. Now we can go into the future with greater understanding and confidence, that would not have been possible without the Young Enterprise Scheme.

A big thanks must go out to the entire company who, without their effort, would have made Laissez Faire a failure. They came, they made and they sold and because of this they now have knowledge that will be invaluable in their future lives. And also a huge thank you must go to our mentor Mrs Lofroth whose guidance and wise mind ensured our business stayed on the right track.

Lastly, mention must be made of a few students who represented our company at events during the year. Both Rosita Rawnsley-Mason and myself attended the Student Company Achievers Forum in June and later were selected to represent New Zealand at the Apec Meetings in Auckland. Tim Burnie was one of three students selected from the Auckland region to attend the Fletcher Challenge Trust School for Young Entrepreneurs in Wellington. Twelve Directors have also sat the YES Directors Exam run by AIT in conjunction with the University Of Oxford - Delegacy of Local Examinations.

Geoffrey Bardsley  
Co - Managing Director

### *The Laissez Faire Team*

Managing Directors - Geoffrey Bardsley, Timothy Burnie  
Marketing Directors - Rosita Rawnsley-Mason, Kristen Samu  
Sales Directors - Shara Lee, Daniel Hapeta  
Production Directors - Jason Murray, Paul McVeigh  
Personnel Directors - Leah Thomas, Loretta Elive  
Finance Directors - Elizabeth Fruean, Lyly Te  
Co-Directors - Jennifer Webb Kelly Oudshoorn Megan Forer

# KIWIHOST

During June this year students from the Year 12 Office Systems and Year 13 Hospitality courses successfully completed a Kiwihost course held in the Papakura Resource Centre.

Kiwihost is a full day course covering Customer Service Skills. It teaches how to give excellent customer service. The group discussed what things are important when dealing with customers, they watched videos, ran surveys and completed questionnaires.

They learned how:

- to give a warm New Zealand welcome
- give friendly attention and service
- good value for money
- to deal with problems quickly and fairly and
- to make people or customers want to come back again.

C Clark



# LIBRARY REPORT

1999 has been another busy year for everyone in the Library with Terms 2 and 3 being the busiest as students have needed to complete assignments, escape the cold and wet, browse through popular magazines like "TV Hits", or "Playstation" or quiet reading. We have been open most days after school for homework, but this has yet to be fully utilised by our students.

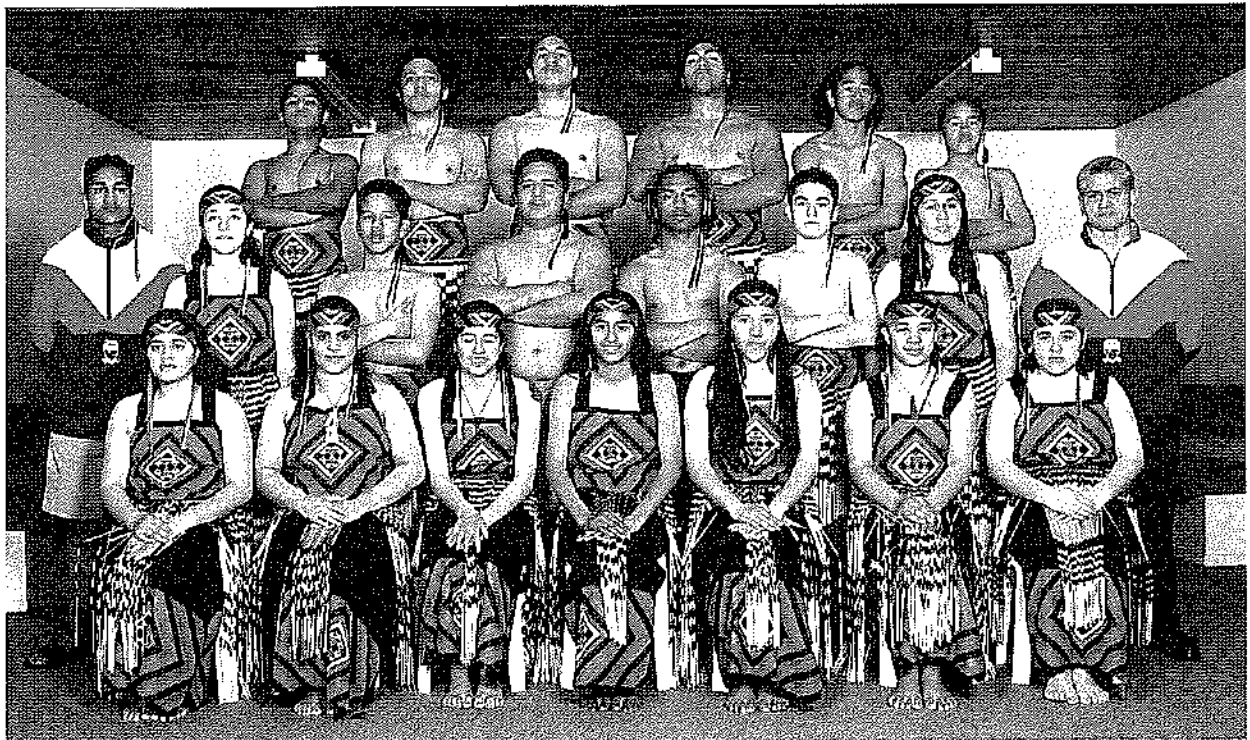
The year had been going along very smoothly until we arrived back in Term 3 to major computer difficulties. This became an opportune time to completely up-grade our system for the new millennium. This involved replacing workstations, increasing the number of machines, becoming net-worked to the Administration Network, purchasing a CD-ROM stacker and new printer, not to mention having to rearrange the Library for it all to fit. We now have an excellent system with some very fast multi-media machines for students to use. We also installed the Windows version of our Library package at the same time. Now that the memory of all the disruption has faded, we all like the changes.

We have continued to purchase many interesting books, with non-fiction books, Senior fiction and the Books 2000 area as our priority.

The role of the school library is changing as technology increases. Our Library is moving towards becoming an Information Centre – a place where students can access all kinds of information. The use of Internet is available in the Library Office and we look forward to more access next year.

K Twyford

# KAPA HAKA





# DEBATING

The advanced debating team of 1999 began with great enthusiasm. Under the strict guidance of prize salad-roll eater and speed demon (see that red car go!) – Mr Saville, the team went off with a bang.

Third speaker Geoffrey Bardsley spent the lead up to debates calmly pacing the room and doodling on the white board, but as the debates neared he would lash out with such energy we all had to take a step backwards.

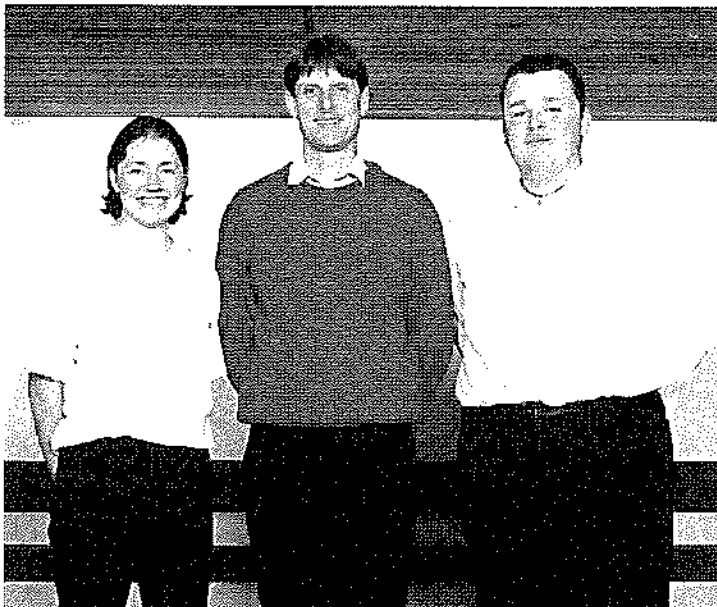
Sarah Trafford, our ‘middle-man’(second speaker), demonstrated quite opposite tactics, giving us all a steady stream of her many detailed and complex interpretations of the moot, every minute of every meeting – right up until the debate. Unfortunately, no matter how desperately hard Sarah tried to be organised she would always complete her cue cards just as we arrived at the debate itself.

On the other hand, I spent my days twisting the moot in every way possible in an attempt to ‘suss-out’ the opposition’s argument, but succeeding only in confusing us all!

With our team of super debaters, we managed to win every debate of the year except our last debate – the final – where we narrowly lost to Kings (extremely narrowly!).

Overall our debating team showed everyone involved that we were competitive at every event. We would like to say a special thank you to our outstanding (though a little insane) coach for all the time and effort he put in to creating three crazy debating monsters.

Rosita Rawnsley-Mason



# SHAKESPEARE

“To me she’s married not unto my clothes” and so it was that a bridegroom chose to turn up to his wedding in clothes that shocked both the bride and the wedding party. The Shakespeare group performed the wedding



scene from “The Taming of the Shrew” at this years Shakespeare festival held at St Cuthberts in Term II. It is a scene of rollicking comedy and the cast was up to the challenge. The war of words between Katherina, played by Sarah Overwater and Petruchio, played by the indomitable Justin Peters was full of energy and fun. Vivienne Smith, Jason Murray, Rachael Singh, Monique Pointon and Siebelle Urben provided some sense of occasion but the mad antics of the other characters played by Rosita Rawnsley-Mason, Daniel Hapeta and Paul McVeigh meant the wedding was never going to be smooth. The cast performed with credit at the festival and was highly commended for their energy and their choice of “seventies” costuming!!!!

Even better we got the right day this time...

S. Matthews, S.Saville, W. Grieg

# THEATRESPORTS

The year got off to a great start with Papakura High School hosting a hugely successful Senior Player night. It turned out to be a fabulous evening with a large and very supportive audience. Competition was tough with schools such as St Cuthberts and Glendowie competing, but the home team of Justin Peters, Rosita Rawnsley-Mason, Rebecca Irvine and Janet Shaw played with great skill and commitment and won. They competed at an Area Festival and have also been invited to entertain outside groups such the local Rotary Club. It will be a sad farewell to Justin, Rosita, Melanie Cossey and Monique Pointon as these students head off into the big wide world. They have entertained the school for the past three years and they have left a legacy of enthusiasm and enjoyment for Theatresports at P.H.S. They have been a real pleasure to work with.

For the future we have new players emerging. This year a team of Leila Rawnsley-Mason, Simon Thompson, Leanne Bielinski, and Sean Henry-Helling, competed in a New Senior Players competition and equipped themselves very well under the guidance of coach Ms Orr. The junior competition will begin in Term IV and there is a queue waiting to play.

Coaches: S. Matthews and W Grieg



## MUSIC PERFORMANCE

On the 16<sup>th</sup> September a group of music students had the opportunity to perform at the Hawkins Centre for the Papakura Ladies Luncheon Club. What a day it was! Just the atmosphere of standing on a massive stage was exhilarating.

Among the team performing that day were Point O, the band who shared first place at the Talent Quest, the musical siblings Sarah and Amy Trafford, the wonder of the practical class Roland Olago, the golden tonsils of Barry Southgate, Sarah Overwater and our very own Mozart, Anita Samu.

After we had performed, Glennys Batkin, the President, commented on how proud she felt listening to us play and how amazed she was with the diverse talent they had heard.

Barry Southgate

## ROCKQUEST

The Peacekeepers: Ben Ruegg, Sarah Spence, Heidi Shears, Michelle Anderton represented the school in this event.

New Zealand has an ever growing number of talented young musicians. The number of entrants in this year's contest so was big that the organisers had to run the qualifying heats twice a day. It was interesting to see that many of the bands in our heats expressed their opinions about life as they see it through their music, lyrics and stage performances. All of the bands were of a high quality with each displaying a unique style.

In the heats, we got through with an amazing 32 out of 40 marks which was an awesome achievement. This meant that we were through to the Regional Finals which were held in the Otara Music and Arts Centre. We performed two original songs called, 'Happiness' and 'Falling Down' which went very well, until a string broke on Sarah's guitar. Despite this she played on, not letting it affect her concentration.

Even though we didn't win, the memory of actually being on stage will stick with us forever. We felt very confident and hoped that our enjoyment really showed through. Look out next year - we'll be back!!

# DESIGN TECHNOLOGY - GRAPHICS

It may surprise many parents and past students alike to find out that Metalwork and Woodwork have not been taught at Papakura High School for well over ten years. And yet confusion still arises over the name and content about what is actually being taught down in T-block. In fact, many staff would be hard pushed to clarify what happens in the cold hard depths of oil soaked rags and piles of wood shavings. And what of Technical Drawing? Is that gone too? Yes, that too has undergone substantial change, and is now known as Graphics, a Bursary recognised subject which leans itself directly toward Tertiary studies and Industrial Advertising Graphics, along with the more traditionally recognised Degrees in Engineering, and Architecture.

So what has happened to Woodwork and Metalwork? And does it still have the ability to give students skills in mechanics, engineering, and carpentry? To a certain degree, yes. But much more has been added to the content of the subject. Design Technology requires students to design their own project, investigate methods and materials related to their project and finally construct their ideas from materials which suit the requirements of their own design.

Enough with the jargon language you say! Whereas woodwork and metalwork used to be the study of tools and processes, and making items which would increase the knowledge of these processes, and examined at the end of the year as a 3 hour exam, Design Technology is fully internally assessed – no end of year exam!

Because of this, there is a grave misconception that Design Technology is now an easy subject for School Certificate - no studying, and no exam. Sorry, not so!

Just ask any of the fifty students currently taking Design Technology to explain how easy the subject really is. Many have had to spend long hours in completing their design folios and studies related to support the project of their choice. It may surprise you to know that 45% of the course is presented in the form of Design folios which then leaves only 55% for the actual projects. This makes it virtually impossible to obtain a pass without submitting folios of substantial quantity and quality.

Don't be put off by this. What makes the task easier for our students to obtain a pass in either Graphics or Design Technology is the condition of the facilities now being offered at Papakura High School. Two new Graphics rooms have been created out of the old T4 woodwork room. Larger, well equipped and well-maintained workshops are now fully operational, along with a superbly designed computer suite which has been installed between rooms T2 and T3. Information Technology now lends itself toward using computers to aid learning and using programs which give our students the knowledge to empower themselves for careers involving computers, especially in CAD skills (computer aided draughting).

And lastly, the staff! Mr. Sayers heads a staff of three highly experienced staff who have been recognised as innovators in their chosen fields of expertise. Mr. Mitford-Burgess has been National co-ordinator and panel marker for Bursary Graphics. Mr. Weijermars was National Examiner and panel Co-ordinator and marker for Combined Schools Sixth Form Certificate Graphics.

The technology department is now looking at offering subjects at 6<sup>th</sup> form, which will allow students to gain Unit standards that cross-credit toward trade based courses at Tertiary institutes. We are constantly looking at ways to increase the potential for students taking Design Technology for the purpose of achieving sound passes in School Certificate.

So next time you're reminiscing about Papakura High School and are wondering whether we are keeping abreast of Technology, know that we are onto it. We are teaching Design Technology and Graphics, subjects that allow students to succeed in fields where traditionally only students with academic backgrounds would apply.

Technology is an ever-changing subject, which hopes to meet the needs of our fast changing technological society. We are Technology, here today, here to stay, with a desire to create technologists who can cope with the technology of tomorrow.

A Weijermars

# XA REPORT

The XA unit has had a very busy year with their participation in the wearable arts show, the talent quest where three of our girls interrupted a 'party' by the XA 'Spice Bugs' and then gave a realistic portrayal of the Spice Girls singing 'Stop Right Now', our own Speech Contest where we had the 'Bugs' and all four Spice Girls, and Special Olympics events. The students have enjoyed all of their mainstream classes. They have contributed to several school foyer displays e.g. Cats Fishing Off Rocks, Bird Boxes and Leadlighting, and a library display of tikis portrayed on corrugated cardboard which they made in Miss Hames art class.

All of the 7<sup>th</sup> formers have participated in Star courses at Manukau Institute of Technology. Our overseas exchange teacher Miss Roche has made a valuable contribution to our unit programmes. Thank you Miss Roche.

On Wednesday, 1<sup>st</sup> September the XA students held a speech contest in the school hall. There was a large gathering which included the Mayor, the chairman of the BOT, students and staff from Rosehill Special School and Papakura Intermediate, school parents and their friends, students and staff, and community volunteers. Mrs. Appleby, and Mr Bull were the judges. Following the speeches the 'Spice Bugs' performed followed by the XA 'Spice Girls' singing 'Stop Right Now' and the XA 'Angels' singing 'I Believe I Can Fly'. Then all of the XA students finished the programme off with the song 'Reach Out and Touch'. A good time was had by all. Mrs Appleby presented the prizes and commented on the good performance by the students. 1<sup>st</sup> was Peter Dhedadig, 2<sup>nd</sup> Tania Allen, 3<sup>rd</sup> Louise Hoebergen and 4<sup>th</sup> Saia Ale. Mr Hawkins commented that the singers were good enough to sing to the public! Roll on next year's contest.

On Friday, 3<sup>rd</sup> September we were most pleased to see that Papakura High School had made the front page of the Herald. Many people spoke to Mrs. Nichol regarding Robert Foster's success story. With the negative publicity of schools often portrayed in the media, it was a refreshing change to see something positive displayed.

G Nichol





# YEAR 13 GEOGRAPHY CAMP

Our journey to Rotorua began at 9.15am, more than 30 minutes late. On our luxurious bus we spent half of the trip trying to work out how to use its video and the other half deciding which video to watch.

On our arrival in Rotorua we were greeted with many cultural and scenic wonders. The bus drove us to our accommodation at Kiwi Packa. The minute we settled into our bare and very modest rooms we were spiralled in to three fun-filled days of learning about tourism development that required us to visit all of the tourist locations (the things we do for school!!). We were also delighted to discover that our accommodation was just down the road from the local boys high school so early morning runs appeared on the agenda for most of the girls.

We discovered just what Rotorua was all about through seminars, council meetings and trips. One of the trips was to the Agrodome where some of us city folks got the rare opportunity to be able to milk the cows - very essential in our assignments.

Other exciting trips were to Rainbow Springs which boasts the biggest pig in the world; Whakarewarewa with geysers and mud pools; the lake front with its aggressive swans and the redwood forest with its dodgy fertiliser.

By the end of each tiring day we would head back to Kiwi Packa to watch TV, relax in the spa and play pool. Dinner time revealed a whole new set of concerns which could only be corrected by ordering in pizza or emptying the vending machines. We then went to our spartan quarters while the teaching staff went off to their up market accommodation. We did get some freedom which was spent actively researching the fast food facilities of Rotorua which was some compensation for the camp "food" we had to endure. There is always the chance that someone will get lost and this trip was no exception. After waiting for an hour and a half our two lost souls pleaded that they had only "misplaced time" - a likely story!

We had to visit adventure attractions so on the last day we made a trip to the Skyline Skyrides with the luge and gondolas. The big race saw Mr Deoki lose his winning reputation.

Geography camp was a fun and enjoyable trip which was the highlight of the year. Our thanks go to Mr Deoki for his long hours spent organising the trip, Ms Sabbage for being our chaperone and the bus driver for the endless supply of minties.

Sian Tohovaka

## DRAMA

The Drama department has produced some fantastic entertainment from the four senior classes. The Year 12 class set the standard with "Revenge of the Amazons" which, with a few guest stars, was re-run as the major Arts Festival production. It was a big hit with audiences.

Both Year 11 classes produced "Living With Lady Macbeth". In the first production Bernadette Rickard played the part of Lily, Michelle Kimpton was Monica, Jenny MacKenzie was Lady Macbeth and Simon Thompson was Macbeth. Using the same script, the group involved in the second production took a completely different approach. In an equally entertaining performance Leila Rawnsley-Mason was Lily, Cory Bremner was Monica, Tara Urquhart was Lady Macbeth and Clint Vilitau-Tutahava was Macbeth.

The Year 13 drama group produced "Rosie" featuring Monique Pointon as Rosie. The production is set in Dunedin during World War II and traces the effects the war had on an ordinary family. The cast used original sound tracks and costuming to bring the 1940's era alive.

# MATHEMATICS FACULTY

## **National Bank Mathematics competition:**

Our congratulations go to Sara Goff of 4t who achieved results that put her in the top 15 % in New Zealand.

## **Australian Maths Competition:**

Our congratulations also go to the following students who achieved top results :

Passes with Distinction:

Morgan McCann            In the top 6% in NZ  
Ben Pinkham                In the top 7% in NZ

Passes with Credit:

Mathew Johns, Raychil Shrimpton, Natasha Williams, Richard Appleton, Hayden Balfour-Bary, Lewis Rigney, Reed Mathieson, Julie Colson.

**Mathex Quiz Competition:**The School Quiz was held on Tuesday the 8<sup>th</sup> June. Two teams from each Mathematics class competed for the right to represent the school at both the South Auckland Mathex Quiz and the Auckland Mathex Quiz.

**The 4T A team won the year 10 Competition at the South Auckland Mathex Quiz. Members of the team were:** Mathew Johns, Ben Pinkham, Morgan McCann, Gareth Bolstad

## **Mathex Exhibition:**

The following students represented the school at the Auckland Mathex Exhibition. Although no awards were won this year, the exhibits were excellent and we can be very proud of their efforts:

## **Statistics Investigations:**

Stacey Dangen, Raychill Shrimpton, Natasha Singh, Renee Garbut, Gina Fogarty.

## **Motif**

Shelvin Murti, Porscha Lafo'ou, James Imlach, Calli Cleland, Tuia Tuialaepa.

## ***Developmental Band Extension Mathematics***

The top 20% of students in Form 3 and Form 4 Mathematics are offered the extension program during the year, achieving a Developmental Band certificate. This was again available for our students this year, with the following students achieving a certificate of Merit:

Elizabeth Cherry, Chantel Cropp, Erin Hartshorne, Sarah Irvine, Hayley Walters

## ***1999 McDonalds Maths Week***

We would like to thank McDonalds for their sponsorship of Papakura High School 's Maths Week. Although participation was not as high as last year, the week went off successfully.

Some of the questions of the day were:

'What is the average age of the Maths Teachers?'

'Estimate the volume of the school hall.'

'What is the total weight of the Maths teachers?'

'How tall is your Maths Teacher?'

'What is the total number of desks found in classrooms in the school?'

'If my three children have ages which add to 21 and multiply to 75, how old are they?'

Winners of Maths week questions were:

Simon Sheo, Palbinder Kaur, Khalid Al-Jumaily, Cory Bremner, Itagia Tuilaepa, Bella Tepania, Mathew Jenkin, Jin Ju Hun, Sally Trafford, Barry Southgate, Anita Samu, Tafu Tuilaepa, Paul McVeigh

In the Senior Interhouse Mathex Competition held on the last day of Maths week, each house was required to enter two teams of four senior students. The questions asked were from the 4<sup>th</sup> form Mathex quiz held earlier in the year.

Fergusson just beat Bledisloe in the last few minutes of the competition.

Congratulations to all students who participated.

## TEARS OF DARKNESS

The night falls,  
and day breaks.

The sun burns the tender blue sky.  
And I captured the crimson light in my silver bottle.

The clouds thunder,  
and the heavens weep.

The tears torment the earth below,  
and I capture them in my silver bottle.

The crimson light withers and crumbles,  
and the tears tumble in silent victory.  
The silver bottle slips from my grasp  
and shatters at my feet.

The earth trembles mournfully below,  
and the heavens sing a haunting song.  
The clouds depart in a solemn daze,  
and there is only darkness.

Barry Southgate

# THE DAY GALLIPOLI BECKONED

*It was deafening the sound of tens of thousands of young men, forced into the heat of battle, screaming as mortar shells bombarded us from the sky. Hundreds of infantry moving boats, steamed towards the shores of Turkey, towards Gallipoli. The sky was overcast, a bleak day, leading us into a bleak battle. The air was cool against any skin that was bare. The sea was as white as snow, churning, bubbling in rage at being violated by these foreign soldiers.*

*I was a good-looking guy before the war started. I'm about 6' 3", athletic, about 85kg, blond hair with blue eyes. The war has taken its toll though, months without proper sleep and food have turned me and the men around me into stereotypical rugged, scruffy blokes who don't care about personal hygiene.*

*Sea water was surging into the boats, every time we crashed into a wave, throwing us about and wetting us to the bone. The anxiety was building, we had trained for this moment for months, some of us years, but no amount of training could prepare us for what followed. Men were delirious with fear, with hope, with excitement. The air was tense with the thought of what lay ahead. Only minutes lay between our death or our freedom.*

*The scene would have looked incredible from the cliffs of Gallipoli. Hundreds of ships, thousands of men, all rushing toward the shore, churning the sea. It looked like a giant washing machine filled with ants, inching towards the side, inching towards their freedom of lives. Sergeants were barking commands to their troops continuously.*

*Around me, my comrades, my friends were all clutching pictures of family, medallions, anything they thought would give them good luck, but me, I just clutched my gun. My only good luck charm that I knew could, and would keep me alive, keep my friends alive.*

GLEN BIDDICK

# THE EVILNESS OF CHOCOLATE

The class is deadly quiet, I can hear the innocent, sweet girl next to me breathing slowly in and out at a constant rhythm. Every student's bright big eyes fixed on the teacher who is mysteriously bent behind the dusty desk, going through her bag of tricks. The only thing she has mentioned is chocolate.

Slowly I feel the sweet saliva in the opposite corners of my mouth build up like a dog drooling over a juicy slab of meat. My ears are quickly alert to the familiar crinkling, crackling sound of a fresh bag of lollies being opened for the first time. She gives me a chocolate.

I stare and marvel at the perfection of the delicious marble shaped chocolate, the light reflects off the shiny symmetrical chocolate blanket that covers the surprise inside. The smell of a warm Easter morning fills my nostrils, the tempting taste of milky cocoa goodness lingers in the back of my throat.

I slowly pick the chocolate marble ball up in my left hand and carefully nibble and uncover the golden crunchy surprise. The chocolate slithers down the back of my throat like a warm milo does on a cold day. The sides of my mouth curl up and I quickly scan the peaceful placid room to see if anybody has noticed my stupid grin.

The dark shadowed door slams shut. Reality check. As the last remainder of the crunchy calories dissolve on the back of my tongue, my green eyes fix on the bag of chocolatey tempting treats. They slowly tighten in the corners and I glare at the pure evilness of chocolate.

A dark coca devilish smiley face creature stares back at me from the face of the plastic packet. Telling me, tempting, taunting, taunting me to have another. I feel a slight sense of disgust as I join the rest of the class and let the wafting sweet smell of chocolate take over my mind and tempt me once again. "What the hell" I give in and reach for another.

AMBER HATCH

# SHORT STORY

I could feel the wind on my face, it felt like a dog licking my cheek. I walked through the large cobblestone entrance and double-checked the sign, stating the purpose of the large white buildings.

I could smell honeysuckle as I walked past a park bench where a young woman was sitting with an older man.

There was a tiny bird sitting in the tree above them, singing a song that seemed to express the atmosphere of the buildings. I was so captured by this song that I managed to walk straight into the garden making a loud crunching sound as I crushed the hard brown leaves. "Hey watch it there, they spend hours doing our gardens." I spun around surprised. "Oh I'm so sorry I wasn't watching where I was going... Amy?" "Hey its me Cassy." She looked at me blankly and cocked her head to the side. "Cassy, oh it's lovely to hear your voice. Come and sit down." She pulled my arm and sat me down on the now vacant park bench. "I brought you some toffees they're your favourite." I smiled as I watched her eyebrows lift. "You know you really shouldn't get them. The doctor doesn't like me eating them." She replied. Amy reached out her hand and shut her eyes. I placed the small box of toffees in her fragile palm, and held her hand for a moment. "Thank you" she paused "oh they're the expensive ones." I held in my laughter. "And how did you know that?" She took a while to respond. You left the price tag on... you only do that so everyone knows how much you spent on them.

I couldn't hold in my laughter. "You're getting wiser in your old age Amy." I looked at her grey, wispy hair and her thin neck. She began fumbling around her, she seemed to be looking for something. She got up. "Listen Cassy I have to get something from my room so stay here. I'll be back in a few minutes." I tried to stop her. "Oh, I'll come too, I fancy a bit of a walk." She interrupted me. "I'll be fine, I can go myself." I watched her slowly walk away.

Five minutes passed and I began to get worried. I walked quickly towards the main doors of the building. The foyer was lovely, flowers were everywhere and you could smell them a mile away. I stepped up to the receptionist's desk and asked her a question. "Hi, my name is Cassy Billis. My godmother Amy Caffendour is a resident here. Could you tell me what room she's in? She's moved since I last saw her." The receptionist nodded quietly and took a moment on her computer.

"Okay, she's in room 233 on the third level."

"Thank you" I said relieved that she didn't break into a speech about patient confidentiality.

The elevator was about ten metres away. I moved quickly towards it and pressed the button. The doors parted and I stepped inside. I pushed the level three and the doors closed, it took no more than ten seconds for the doors to open again and I broke into a run. I ran past the lovely paintings on the wall and some more flowers that, not surprisingly had another beautiful scent. I halted at door number 233. I knocked again, getting more and more frustrated. "Excuse me, can I help you? I think that's my door you're knocking on." I stood still, slowly turned around and took the hand of the old lady. "Amy, it's me, I was looking for you, why aren't you inside?" She smiled and showed her yellow, stained teeth.

"Oh, no I'm fine I told you where I was going." I spoke quickly. "But I got here before you and I used the elevator as well." She looked puzzled. "Cassy, I use the stairs, because I'm scared of getting caught in there. If I did I wouldn't be able to call for help, because I don't know where the emergency button is." I felt very foolish.

"Oh, well, now that I know you're okay, we can go inside together. She pulled out a large key from her front pocket and used her left hand to find the keyhole. She put in the key and once she heard the click, she opened the door. "Come in Cassy." She walked to the other side of the room and fumbled around again. "What are you looking for?" I asked beginning to get confused with how upset she was becoming. "Can you look under the chair?" I followed the direction of her finger - she'd pointed to her bed. "Ah, here it is" she said, holding a white stick. She pulled it out to its full length. "Oh your cane..." I smiled. "Sit down Amy, I'll get us some tea."

Rebecca Irvine

## THE SEA

The sky is blue

The sea breeze is warm.

The ray of the sun is warm on my cheeks.

The birds are singing like there's no tomorrow.

The sand I walk on is nice and moist.

The emotions that I'm feeling have washed away in the deep blue sea.

The troubles that I carry are washed away with the waves beating against the rocks.

The tears I cry have dried from the friendly sea breeze.

The foot prints that I leave behind are for generations to come, to the hopes and dreams that they are looking for.

Margaret McKellar



# CLEAN CUTS

"Mum I'm ho-ome!" I called out after I let myself in.

"Hi, George" Mum grunted from the kitchen, and continued with her chores. I went straight to my room and pretended to do my homework for a while. I felt my heart beginning to beat faster. Then I was ready. I held the small cardboard box very carefully in my right hand, and stepped lightly towards the kitchen. Mum was bending over the sink, her back was to me. She had just finished cleaning the chicken.

"What's for dinner?" I asked.

"What do you think".

"We had an accident at school today" I told her.

"Did you".

"Yes".

I waited for a while then repeated what I said before.

"Was it a bad one?"

"Oh, it was terrible - really horrible" I said gravely. "Poor Sam".

"Sam? Oh he's a nice boy, what happened to him"

"He was using the guillotine when it happened" I exclaimed.

"He cut his finger right off bleeding all over the place not a pretty sight."

"The poor boy!" Mum said, her face a slight shade of green "Must hurt to lose a finger."

"He only lost it for a little while," I said, "I found it again after it had rolled under the table."

Mum's eyes suddenly fixed on the small box I was carrying "You didn't, YOU DIDN'T!" she screamed

"I thought you'd like to see it," I said lifting the lid off.

When Mum saw the horrible green finger resting in the red cotton wool, she nearly fainted.

I quickly ran back to my room and shut the door. Minute's later; Mum got her voice back and screamed from the kitchen, "Get that filthy finger outside Now!" luckily she was too scared to come after me.

I had clean forgotten all about the prank by Sunday morning when Mum told us that we had been invited to have lunch with Auntie Clare.

When we arrived, the whole house was already filled with the smell of food. We waited patiently and very politely until we were called to the table. The soup was chock full of meat and tasted delicious. I had already devoured my first bowl and was on to my second.

"Mmmm, that is good soup" Mum said.

"Glad you liked it" Auntie Clare replied.

"I really don't know how you can afford so much meat - it is so expensive these days" Mum said.

"I got it free" said Clare.

"Free?" Mum said "Where do you get free meat?"

"You know the old ginger tom next door? Well he was run over yesterday. I grabbed him before anyone else could."

"You'll have to give me the recipe later" Mum said.

"But tell me, did you just throw him in the pot as you got him or what."

"Dear me no!" "You have to clean him first and skin him."

I dropped my spoon in my hand, splashing soup everywhere over the table. I threw my chair back and bolted for the bathroom "Hope you make it in time" Auntie Clare and Mum repeated between their laughter.

*DARSHAN NAIDOO*

# 7<sup>th</sup> FORM '99'

This was a year to remember! A year so imprinted on the minds of this years 7<sup>th</sup> Formers they'll be seeing flashbacks 'till they're 80!

Seventh form is an interesting year – it involves a group of people who have chosen to come back to school – as seventh form is, in truth, an optional year. To some, the choice to attend school for an extra year may sound like insanity but the choice is one of the best made. Students are building qualifications that are necessary in the competitive world outside school. More time is being spent with a great group of people who may never get together again.

Seventh form is, as Mr Van der Laan puts it “putting the icing on 13 years of schooling”. Although teachers will have you believe that study is all there is in seventh form, it is about far more than that. It is about having fun, partying and having one last chance not to be completely responsible for yourself.

Thanks go to the Common Room Committee who were able to slap up some paint and get a couple of couches for relaxation and conversation. It has been out sanctum and we know it as home.

Venturing on to the Seventh form leadership camp, we were taught – let's see – study skills, skills for studying, and the helpful hints that may aid you in your – yes, that's right – studying!

We learned how to rescue an empty, though “supposedly full crate of essential survival supplies out of a hilly pond of sinking sand without crossing the strict boundaries and only using a thin rope to bungee jump out of the single overhanging tree.....(if any group came close to succeeding at this they deserve more than a pat on the back!).

On a more positive note, we got a chance to get to know each other and practice our group skills. Other highlights – or best put as prominent moments - would have to be when, after a conversation about what would happen if you began choking on a lolly, Rochelle did just that and when everyone realised it wasn't actually a demonstration of a possible way to choke – Sian managed to give her the Heimlich manoeuvre and probably saved her life. True teamwork and support.

Bruising rides on the ropes course, testing ourselves to see if we could meet the challenge of the high ropes, competing with teachers, developing increasing confidence and leaderships skills. Overall camp was very memorable.

Throughout the year we've had our ups and downs, our growlings, mainly because the majority of Seventh Form appeared to have forgotten the meaning of 'school work' and seemed oblivious to the fact that Bursary even existed.

We've represented the school many times in our beautiful blazers and tried our best to go around to primary schools and convince the frightened little tots that, like us, they should come to Papakura. A chance to prove our role modelling skills.

A big event and definitely one the Ball Committee is still getting over was the 1999 School Ball – “Welcome to our Fantasian Wonderland”. Despite lack of appearance in class in the days leading up to the ball (apologies still flow) it was a great success with heaps of awesome costumes and everyone enjoying themselves.

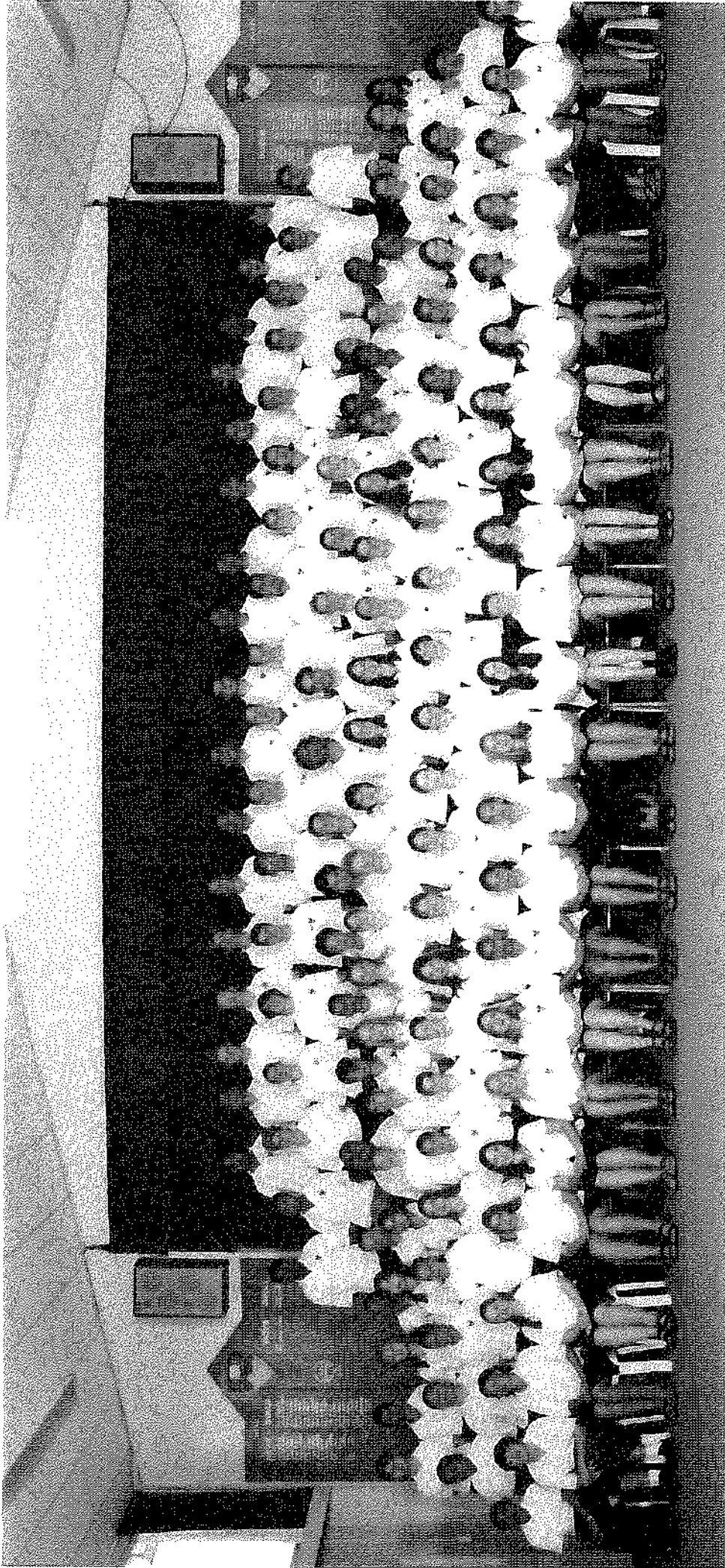
Nearing the end of our schooling lives, and with Bursary looming like a monstrous shadow over us – we can only look back and reminisce about all the good times at Papakura High.

Now is the moment to wallow in the last few days of freedom – tomorrow you'll be a grown-up. Good luck for the future and may you all achieve your highest goals.

Kia Kaha

The planned Reunion date for the last Seventh Form to grace the playground of Papakura High School in this millennium is **8<sup>th</sup> December 2014**  
Rosita Rawnsley-Mason

# FORM SEVEN



# SENIOR AWARDS LIST

## 1998

### SENIOR SPORTS AWARDS

#### ATHLETICS:

Intermediate Boys Champion  
*Dalton Cup* *Michael Campbell*  
 Senior Girls Champion  
*Findlay-Magill Cup* *Kristen Samu*  
 Senior Boys Champion  
*Adeline Healey Cup* *Stanley Gribben*  
 Outstanding Sporting Achievements Challenge Trophy  
*Girls 1<sup>st</sup> XI Soccer*

#### SWIMMING:

Senior Girls Champion  
*Mueller Cup* *Megan Forer*  
 Senior Boys Champion  
*Ryan Cup* *John Papuni*

#### INTER-HOUSE

Winter Sports  
*Sharn Trophy* *Fergusson*

Overall House Championship  
*P T A Cup* *Fergusson*

#### OUTSTANDING ATHLETE WITH SPECIAL NEEDS

*Siosaia Ale*

#### BEST ALL ROUND SPORTSPERSON

*Kenneth James*

#### SPORTSPERSON OF THE YEAR

*1983 Prefects Cup* *Kelly Robertson*

### ACADEMIC AWARDS FOR EXCELLENCE

#### YEAR 11:

|                |  |
|----------------|--|
| Amber Hatch    | Art  |
| Janet Shaw     | Drama  |
| Anthony Singh  | Economics, E C Thornton Award (Economics)                |
| Ojay Leef      | English - 5 <sup>th</sup> Form Certificate               |
| Hafizul Azad   | English Second Language                                  |
| Amy Trafford   | Home Economics   |
| Louise Hunt    | Human Biology  |
| Vicki Banks    | Japanese   |
| Scott Petersen | Mathematics Applied I                                    |
| Wing Yiu Ho    | Mathematics  |
| Theresa Carter | Music Practical  |
| Ana Boston     | Music  |
| Lisa Hopkins   | Workshop Technology-Fabrics, E C Thornton Award Clothing |
| Graeme Dumper  | Physical Education                                       |
| Nellie Wells   | Te Reo Maori   |

May Turipiraki

James Kells

Kristopher Goff

Emma Dillon

Glen Biddick

Brent Laing

Food Technology, Science Practical

Typing, Workshop Technology - Metal, W J Rabbidge Memorial Prize

French, History

Graphics, Horticulture

Accounting, Geography

English, Science

#### SPECIAL EDUCATION

Louise Hoebergen

Gregory Hitchiner

Tania Johnson

Shane Godden

XP Award for Effort

XP Award for Effort

XA Award for Effort

XA Award for Effort

#### YEAR 12:

Romika Ram

John Ngauma

Amy Calway

Sakiko Wakaumi

Lyly Te

Vanessa Spain

Leah Thomas

Donna Brunton

Childcare

Design Tech (Auto)

Drama (1<sup>st</sup> Equal)

English Second Language

French

Food Technology

German

Home Economics (Textiles & Clothing)

History of Art, Music, Art Practical

Home Economics (Human Development)

Mathematics Applied II

Media Studies

Physical Education

Photography

Practical Science

Office Systems

Speedwriting

Te Reo Rangatira

Typing (1<sup>st</sup> Equal)

Typing (1<sup>st</sup> Equal)

Legal Studies, Rice Craig Award, Human Resources

History, Tourism

Graphics, Drama (1<sup>st</sup> Equal), Horticulture

Biology, Economics

Geography, English

Chemistry, Physics

Accounting, (Manukau Business School Award \$50),

Viola Computing Systems

Trophy, Japanese, Mathematics 610, Science



## YEAR 13:

|                     |  |   |
|---------------------|--|---|
| Matthew Laing       | Art Design, Sladdin Prize for Art  | Kaitataki Wahine Trophy: Leadership in Maori Culture Group<br>Rita Brown  |
| Selyna Harris       | Communication Skills   | Kaitataki Tane Trophy: Leadership in Maori Culture Group<br>Phillip Manukau   |
| Karl McCombe        | Cavendish Computers Trophy   | Arawhaanui Trophy: For excellence in Whaikorero<br>Brendon Wetere   |
| Leanne Mudford      | Drama  |   |
| Ri McConnell        | Economics  |   |
| Kate Burndred       | Geography  |   |
| Rebecca Bennett     | History  | 1979 Prefects Shields:, General Excellence in Speech, Drama, Literacy Ability & Academic English                        |
| Tamara Bolstad      | Music, Sladdin Prize for Music   | in Year 11<br>Rebecca Irvine  |
| Karen Neal          | Mathematics Applied III  | in Year 12<br>Rosita Rawnsley-Mason   |
| Ashra Clement       | Photography  |   |
| Kelly Robertson     | Physics  |   |
| James Dufty         | Physical Education   | R S A Awards:,<br>Top School Certificate Candidate in 1997 in five subjects<br>Rosita Rawnsley-Mason                    |
| Janna Sanford       | Science  | Top 6 <sup>th</sup> Form Certificate Candidate in 1997<br>Hsiu-Yi Lin   |
| Rita Brown          | Te Reo Rangatira, Year 12<br>Communication Skills                            |   |
| Karena Maka         | Wordprocessing, Hospitality & Catering                                       |   |
| Jungeun (Julia) Cho | English Second Language,<br>Accounting + P J Edmunds Award (for Accounting), | ASB Bank Scholar Awards:<br>Amy Hsu, Kelly Robertson, Rishay Naidoo, Robert Dumper, Louise Cook, Kate Burndred          |
| Ashra Clement       | Art History  | BHP NZ Steel Senior Physical Science Award:<br>Top Year 13 Student in Chemistry, Physics and Mathematics<br>Hsiu-Yi Lin |
| Rishay Naidoo       | Biology, English   |   |
| Amy Hsu             | Graphics, Art Painting   |   |
| Hsiu-Yi Lin         | Mathematics with Calculus,<br>Mathematics with Statistics,<br>Chemistry      |   |

## SPECIAL AWARDS

|  |                        |   |
|--|------------------------|---|
| Trade Tools Award: Most Improved in Year 11 Engineering                                    | Bradley Exton          | Rotary Trophy:, Leadership and Community Service<br>Michelle De Graaf |
| Colenso Society: President's Shield For the President of Colenso Society                   | Janna Sanford          | 1973 Prefects Award for Service<br>Troy McCallum, Thurstan Mathieson  |
| Colenso Society: Award for the member making the greatest contribution to Colenso Society  | Nathan Solomon         | Award for Deputy Head Prefects:<br>Christopher Taylor, Kate Burndred  |
| Mowbray Cup: Senior Speech Contest   | Louise Cook            | Award for Head Prefects:<br>Elizabeth Marshall, Karl McCombe          |
| Stagecraft Cup: General Excellence in Drama  | Justin Peters          | Award for General Excellence<br>Rishay Naidoo, Kelly Robertson        |
| Debating Award:  | Elizabeth Marshall     | PROXIME ACCESSIT<br>Hsiu-Yi Lin                                       |
| Pacific Island Culture Club Trophy For Leadership in Pacific Island Culture Club           | Lei Siasoi, Diana Uasi | DUX<br>Amy Hsu  |
| Pacific Island Culture Club Trophy For Personal Development in Pacific Island Culture Club | Taoa Kaino             |   |

# JUNIOR AWARDS 1998

## SPORTS AWARDS

### ATHLETICS:

Junior Boys Champion  
*Keith Mason Cup* Christopher Mitchell  
Junior Girls Champion  
*Noeline Shanks Cup* Sarah Spence  
Intermediate Girls Athletics  
*Barclay Cup* Rebecca Spick  
Best all round Girl Athlete  
*Boldero Cup* Rebecca Spick

### SWIMMING:

Junior Boys Champion  
*B Morrice Cup* Joshua Kirkwood  
Junior Girls Champion  
Jessica Stacey  
Intermediate Girls  
*Mullins Cup* Rebecca Spick  
Intermediate Boys  
*McAnulty Cup* Roydon Nurse

### CROSS COUNTRY:

Junior Girls Champion  
*Junior Girls Cup* Melissa Johnson  
Junior Boys Champion  
*Collie Cup* Simon Greer  
Intermediate Girls Champion  
*Intermediate Girls Cup* Rebecca Spick

### HOCKEY:

Most Improved Junior Girl *Trophy*  
Renee Marino

### GYMNASTICS:

Girls Champion  
*Gymnastic Shield* Sarah Brooks

### RUGBY:

Outstanding Contribution to Junior Rugby  
*MVP Trophy* Kilroy Pilmer-Harrison

### NETBALL:

Most Improved Junior Player  
*Netball Cup* Tarina Repia

### INTERHOUSE SPORT:

*PTA Cup* Fergusson

## SPECIAL AWARDS

*Sladdin Prizes:* Art Tara Urquhart  
Music Anita Samu

*Ralph Robson Award:* Merit in Year 10 Business  
Studies Solomona Viliamu

*Reading Awards:* Lance Ball, Erana Ranui

*Ushakoff Cup:* (3<sup>rd</sup>) Junior Speech Prize  
Taryn Miller

*Arts Festival Cup:* (4<sup>th</sup>) Junior Speech Prize  
Amie Turner

*Dymond Award:* For Perseverance in Te Wero Class  
Leeson Werahiko-Taoho

*Te Wero Matauranga Prize:* For Outstanding  
Achievement within the Programme  
Pore Brown

*Rangitahi-Toa Cup:* For excellence in performance in  
the Maori Club Moana Jacobs

*Geoffrey Fretwell Memorial Award:* For overcoming  
personal disabilities in all activities in the Experience  
Unit Jonathon Eade

*1979 Prefects Award:* For Service to the School  
Simon Thompson

*J W Lane Award:* Top Maori Student in English &  
Social Science Keriana Dougal

*Clinton Dougherty Memorial Prizes:* For the top Year  
10 Girl and Boy students in English, Mathematics,  
Science & Social Science:  
Jessica Stacey, Edward Porter

*1979 Prefects Award:* For general excellence in  
Academic, Sporting and Cultural (or other) fields  
Kylie Biddick

*Jessica Jones (Year 12)*



*Justin Peters (Year 13)*



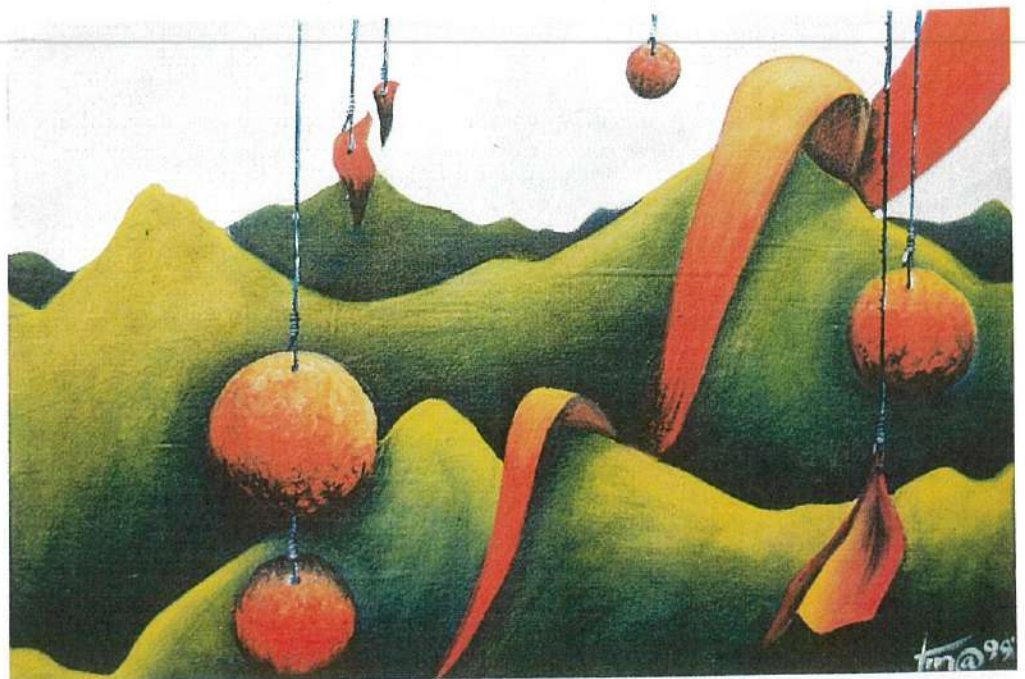




*Erin Taylor (Year 13)*



*Apryl Reilly (Year 13)*



*Tina van den Broek  
(Foundation Arts)*