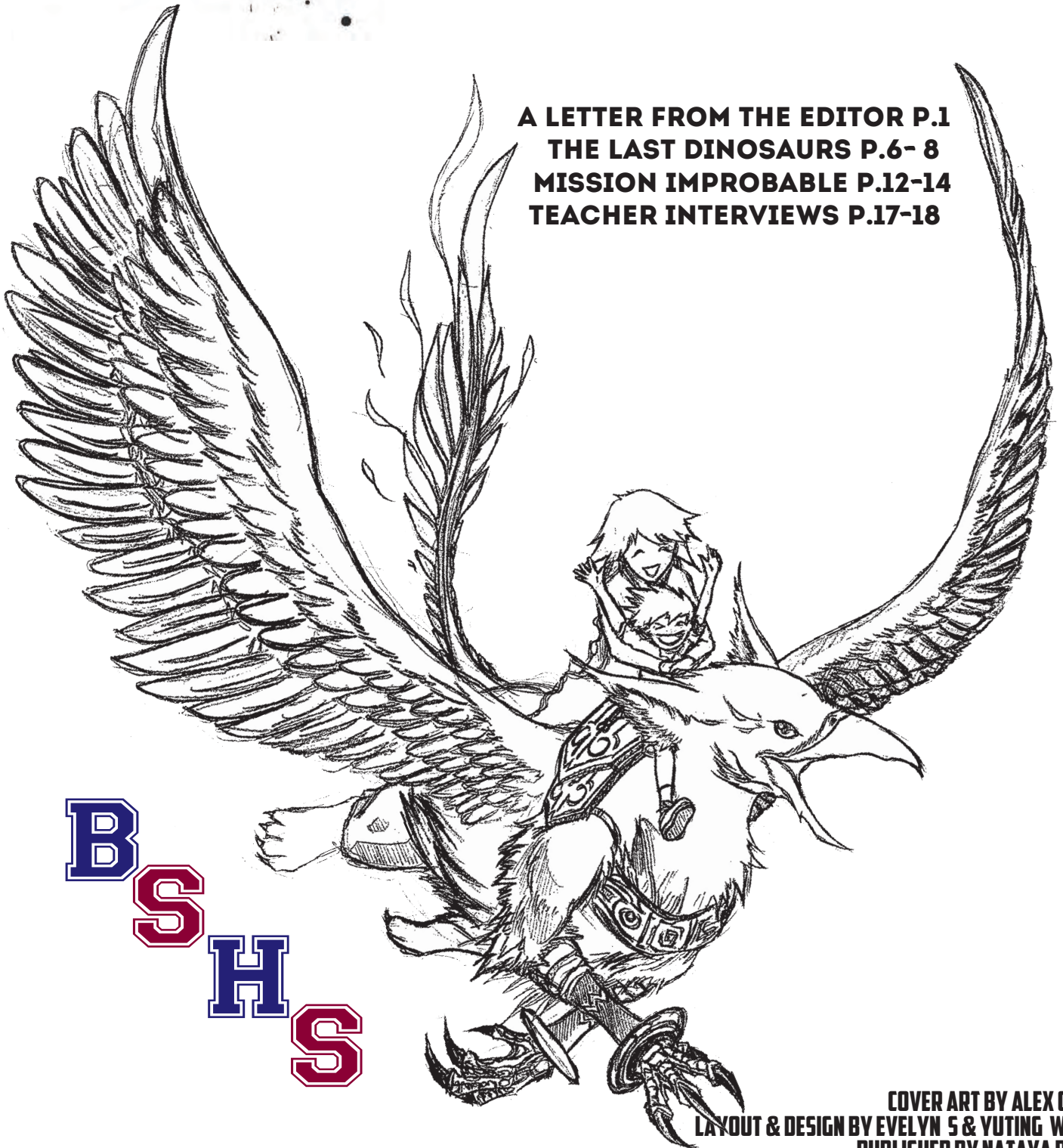


THE INK DROP



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COVER ART BY ALEX C
LAYOUT & DESIGN BY EVELYN S & YUTING W
PUBLISHED BY NATAYA B



A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

“Oh what, is this still a thing?”
Yes, it is! Take your snark somewhere else, nobody.

Admittedly, it has been a few whiles since the last edition of The Ink Drop was syndicated to screaming fans everywhere. The reason for the time gap, of course was because we were just so afraid of the hysterics in which some of The Ink Drop’s more zealous fans would be sent. Let us not forget the number of casualties last time an Ink Drop issue was released. Indeed, I’m sure we all remember – I won’t do the great insult by implying you unaware – the stampedes, the riots, the general terrifying violence that escalated for days without end, in the public’s fanatical effort to be nearer to The Ink Drop’s kiosk. So, you see, it was only out of our concern for the public that we thought it fit to delay this issue, at least until a time when we were sufficiently pleased with the security measures in place to detract such passionately violent behaviour this time round.

So now that I’ve made this cardboard sign that says “CALM YO’ SELF”, I think we’re back on track.

As to be expected in the case of such an admired publication, the distressing loss of The Ink Drop did not go unnoticed. In fact it is on this very issue that I am questioned about most excessively, if not almost constantly. Not a day goes past without some passer-by exclaiming a shrill distraught cry of, “Where are your pants?” followed by the more on point inquiry: “When’s the next edition of The Ink Drop coming out?” To the first question I offer no excuse, but, to the second question of immense consequence, I am proud to on this day vehemently declare, with the tender quivering passion of a brooding Victorian gentleman, “Today! Today! Today heralds the day when the glory of The Ink Drop returns to shake the land asunder; let us forget our past woes and weep instead at the joy of The Ink Drop’s return as it finds its way back into our eager hands/hearts etc.” And so the joyous fanfares sound on and on.

So here it is, the third edition of The Ink Drop. Both jam-filled and jam-packed with stories and tales of intrigue and interest from State High’s loveliest students, without whom this whole editorial effort would be, not only completely devoid of any articles, but also would just be 20 consecutive pages of ads. And there are only so many times I am willing to be “Wow”-ed by a spongy cleaning towel, okay?

And now, without any further intended interruption, of which there have already been so many – my sincerest apologies – I leave you with what I truly believe is, and I say this with unwavering confidence, the World’s Greatest Magazine, in the category of a bi-annual self-published community-based production in the South-East Queensland region for the month of November 2012!

And I really mean it.

Yuting W
For The Ink Drop Team

THAT 'S SO CLICHÉD

BY MORGAN F



I have a dream. A dream that one day this world will rise up and reject clichés. Clichés are as old as time itself and the bottom line is that you can bet your bottom dollar that people love using them like there's no tomorrow. Everyone uses them, but in my opinion, clichés should be avoided like the plague. Let's call a spade a spade. They beat around the bush and they can't cut the mustard. They say that curiosity killed the cat; well I think that clichés kill a piece of writing. They're like gate crashers at a sophisticated party. They come in unannounced, they have no reason for being there, and they restrict the others from reaching their full potential of coolness. They're party poopers. Furthermore, you've got to be blind as a bat not to see that they're boring as hell and have ceased to mean anything. It really gets my goat! Can't people communicate in their own words?

Needless to say, they're easy to use in this day and age – sometimes you don't realise you're using them – but the use of clichés demonstrates exactly how lazy and/or idiotic a person is. If you're reading a piece of writing that contains multitudes of clichés, obviously the author either can't be bothered to think up something original, or they're incapable of thinking up something original. Please, everyone, we're better than this. Think outside the box! Together we can nip it in the bud. Support my crusade against clichés by refusing to use them – it's better late than never.

A TIRED LITTLE DITTY

BY JULIA RVH

When tiredness seems perpetual,
And your normative state of existence,
And habits are no longer instinctual,
But performed with mental incontinence,
And a plastic chair appears heavenly,
Even though a feather bed is preferable,
And it feels like you commit a felony,
When your homework is unintelligible,
And you long for your one dollar coffee,
Or an alternative source of caffeine,
And your other drug mayhap be toffee,
Please stop! This poem ought to be burned.

Oops!

There comes a time,
When the author's on a deadline,
And rhyme implodes,
While the author's brain explodes,
Because sometimes tiredness is perpetual,
Even a normative state,
And the author is a teenager
Who stayed up late!



Photos from Common Drive and Richie Ho Photography

“just a little
PRE bit of
HISTORY,
repeating
1.669448



LAST DINOSAURS' SEAN CASKEY AND DAN KOYAMA. PHOTO BY RICHIE HO.

THE LAST DINOSAURS

BY YUTING W.

If you haven't heard of the Last Dinosaurs by now, then do yourself a favour and get acquainted with these four Brisbane-bred musos, whose eclectic beats have not only enamoured fans from a local but also an international spectrum. Having already toured with festival favourites such as Foals and Foster the People, the band, in an apparent effort to overflow the radio waves with their flawlessness, recently released their full-length debut album *In a Million Years* to overwhelming praise and chart success. In the midst of it all, Last Dino's very own Sean Caskey (lead vocals, guitar) was kind enough to answer some of our questions about stuff. Music stuff.

TID: In a transparent effort to get you all to do my job for me, how would you like your band to be introduced at the start of this interview?

SC: Four idiots.

TID: What are you most looking forward to this year?

SC: Playing in Paris. Also playing in Berlin on Lach's bday.

TID: What's your favourite song that you've written? Or to perform?

SC: My favourite song would have to be "Week-end" as I have a very strong attachment to it. Lyrically it has a lot of subtle references to personal -things but it still translates for other people. Musically it is probably the most dynamic and the melodies are interesting.

TID: How did you come up with your band name? And did you have any rejected band names?

SC: I remember at the end of Grade 12 Dan wanted to make a band with me and we were throwing around some names then he suggested "Last Dinos" and I immediately dug it. It's the name of a song by a Japanese band called "The Pillows". I found that out much later.

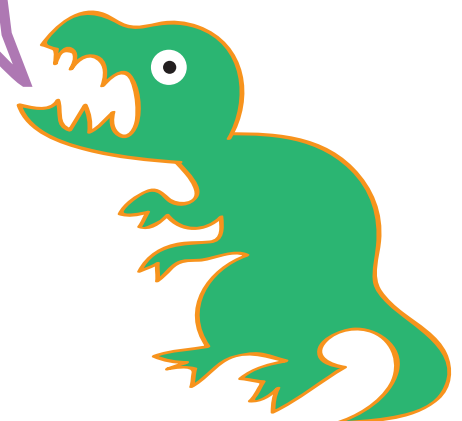
TID: How much spare time do you get in your line of work? And what kind of hobbies do you do during those hours? I get a strong knitting vibe from at least one of you and I don't know why.

SC: There are periods of months where we do nothing but rehearse and want to kill each other. Then there are periods like now where every day is a show. But in my spare time I like to record, I've been recording a couple of bands called *Gung Ho* and *Dune Rats*. Both great bands that I admire. Other than that though I like to memorise sequences of numbers and ride my bike.

TID: Favourite karaoke song? Or a guilty pleasure song?

SC: Lady – Modjo

TID: Out of all the bands you've played with, who has been your favourite? Or are you your own favourite? Because nobody ever says that,



but I just feel like that would be a plausible answer.

SC: Hahaha as if we would be the favourite! That would be hilarious if any band loved themselves like that haha. Foals were the most incredible band to play with. They're one of the most influential bands for us so getting to chill with them was life completion.

TID: Ever used the line, "I'm in a band" to get free stuff?

SC: Never ever. I never will. Once our manager was playing that card to get me in to a venue and I was apologising trying to tell them I wasn't from Dino's .

TID: I've read about these times where everybody says that this bands song is so wonderfully romantic, and then later the band comes out and says, "Oh, well actually I wrote that song about my sister," and then everything is just super weird for everybody. Have you ever faced any misunderstandings with your songs like that?

SC: Most people think our songs are super happy. But I'm obsessed with melancholy so I like to create that sense by coupling happy melodies with the sad reality of the lyrics. I've had to explain that a lot [laughs]. Most lyrics have been written from a futuristic perspective so I could distance and detach myself from my situations and analyse with less bias. Futuristic nostalgia is what it is termed for now.

TID: 'Fact' about the band you would like to be spread around? No seriously, I have a Wikipedia account, I can make this happen.

SC: We are 3/8 Japanese. And 1/4 Jewish.

TID: Speaking of which, do you guys ever look at the Wikipedia page you have? Google your name? And if so, find anything interesting?



SC: Haven't seen the Wikipedia page. I used to Google my name in high school because I used to be a cyclist and the images page was polluted with pics of me riding.

TID: You guys recently released your wonderfully fantastic debut album. Congratulations! I don't really have a question here, I just really liked it and I listen to it all the time. So, good job with that! And yes, I give you full permission to quote my glowing review on your next album jacket so, uhm... feel free to thank me in the space below.

SC: Hahaha well danker.

TID: And, because you are all very successful, talented, and youth-ly, could you pretty please, just in order for everyone else to feel a little bit better about ourselves, tell us at least one embarrassing story or thing you've done on stage, or in public?

SC: When my voice blows out it's cringe worthy. I've been lucky though with public humiliation so far though.

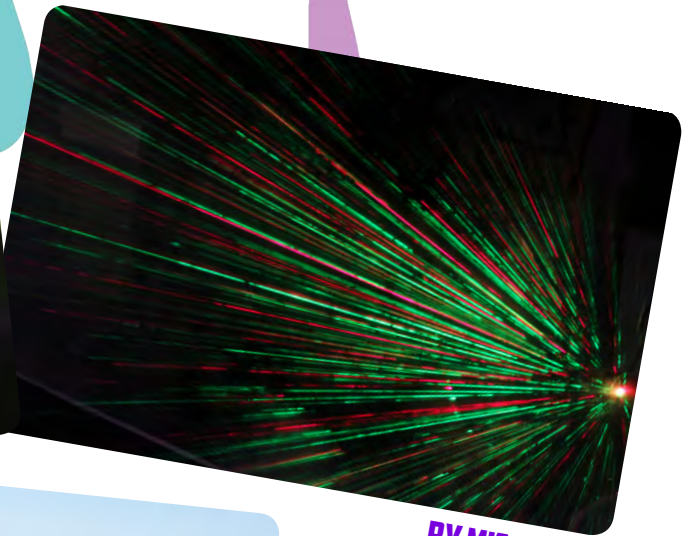
TID: And final question, thank you so very much for your time: What's your favourite dinosaur?

SC: T-Rex is a no brainer.

THE ART CORNER



BY MITCHELL C



BY MITCHELL C



BY KEVA M

BY DANNY C



BY DANNY C





BY LYDIA D

Everyone loves to talk about other people. There are constant rumours in every grade, and at least once during your schooling life, people will talk about you, whether you want them to or not. But while we all love to talk about people we know, we also love to gossip about people we have never met and are unlikely to ever meet: celebrities. We talk about them because we idolise them or have an irrational hatred for them. But why are we so interested in the lives of celebrities and is it a bad thing?

Anyone who has had a conversation with me that has lasted for more than five minutes will know that I love celebrities. If I knew as many math formulas as I do celebrity baby names, I would be the top maths student. If there was a subject called "The Life and Music of Lady Gaga". I would easily get an A+ on every assessment. However, unfortunately, this is not the case. My friends tell me my obsession with celebrities is verging on unhealthy, and often, extremely annoying. But while, in my friendship group, my knowledge of celebrity pop culture may be unusual, I have realised that I am not alone.

Celebrity gossip king Perez Hilton's website has millions of visits every day and is one of the most frequent Google searches. The website Gawker.com offers celebrity gossip, and up until a few months ago, you could also look up your favourite celebrity and it would tell you where they were last seen by the paparazzi. Obviously, this was shut down because of privacy concerns. But the fact that this website was popular enough to thrive for nine months could be considered concerning.

Do I like celebrities so much because they always look perfect? No, because there are millions of photos of stars in magazines with terrible plastic surgery that makes them look like a cat. My friends rarely want to discuss celebrities, so I can't say that I'm obsessed because I want a great conversation starter.

I was trawling through the internet to find out what people think of celebrities, and why people are so interested in them. 'Celebrities are annoying and over-rated. People become fixated with them because they wish they were famous and rich' was one of the answers I found.

Of course I would love to be rich, and being famous would be pretty cool as well. I would love being followed by the paparazzi for about a month, but then I know that I would get sick of it. So this is not the reason why I love celebrities.

Then it clicked. People have such a negative view of gossip magazines; I'm teased by my friends for knowing so much about stars. But I've realised that it isn't a bad thing. For some reason, people think that knowing lots of information about celebrities and reading gossip magazines will make you stupid or self-centred.

But I think that being interested in celebrities is just like any other hobby. It's no different to loving rowing, playing the guitar or dancing. Some say that being 'obsessed' with a certain celebrity is bad and I admit that, for some people, it may be bad. But simply loving a celebrity or having an idol is definitely not a worry.

Some of you may be reading this and pretending that you aren't interested in celebrities, but you are not fooling anyone. When you are in the check-out line in Woolworths, you try to inconspicuously look at the cover of a magazine to see why Paris Hilton was arrested last week. You want to see shocking new bikini bodies. You are dying to turn to page 18 so you can see all the botched plastic surgery. So my advice to you is to embrace your obsession with celebrities. If you love celebrities, then be proud, and don't be embarrassed when you can immediately tell your friends the name of Angelina Jolie and Brad Pitt's twenty-seventh child quicker than you can tell them what class you have last period.

MISSION IMPROBABLE:

BY KELLY L

The Mission: Accomplishing an ordinary, everyday activity with three extra-terrestrial beings (three very immature brothers)

Featured Characters: three brothers with no idea on public etiquette
(From oldest to youngest)

Tim: aged 18, a creature with no sense of fashion and no maturity.

Stanley: aged 15, this animal has the odd tendency to shout instead of speak.

Jerry: aged 8, this little critter is cute, but don't be fooled by his appearance. This animal bites, kicks, shoots, whacks and slaps. He believes he is a mini Rambo stuck in the fantasy that karate is his calling in life.

Mission Preparation: Dressing as inconspicuously as possible; big sunglasses and floppy hat.

Mission Log:

At the shopping centre, we headed straight to the supermarket. As soon as I went through the doors, I saw a guy from my history class. I quickly ducked behind a cardboard cutout of Edward Cullen, advertising the new Twilight DVD.

"CASEY WILLIAMS, STOP TRYING TO HIT ON THE CARDBOARD CUT-OUT OF ROBERT PATINSON", Stanley said, but he might as well have announced it through the supermarket loudspeaker. Everyone, including the boy from my history class, stared at me.

Jerry saw the cardboard cutout and couldn't resist the urge of a new sparring partner. He attacked Edward Cullen and started to bite and tear the cardboard.

When he had finished, all that was left of the vampire was a pile of pale cardboard strips. When I spotted the manager heading towards us, I grabbed my three brothers and dashed out of the supermarket before you could say: "Edward Cullen is now a pile of cardboard."

Luckily, there was another supermarket not too far from there, so we piled into the car and headed off to the second supermarket. In the car I noticed that Jerry still had the cardboard arm, however I didn't comment.

When I entered the supermarket I looked around and was relieved that there was not a cardboard vampire in sight. I went to the juice aisle where I picked up a bottle of orange juice. The colour of the juice was a bit off. I shook the bottle, and out came a gushing

fountain of orange juice. The lid was loose! The shop assistant started to head towards me. Talk about déjà vu. Luckily I got off lightly and the store assistant didn't seem to care about my "orange lake". When I caught up with my brothers in the pasta aisle, I was only half surprised to see Tim, Stanley and Jerry were each holding a packet of pasta and bickering about which kind they should buy. I knew that they would get up to no good without me.

"I WANT THE LINGUINI!", Tim shouted.

"NO! THE FETTUCCINE!", Stanley shouted, and I mean shouted. His voice resembled a jet engine just before take-off. "NO! THE NOODLES!", Jerry was thrusting a packet of chicken instant noodles right into Stanley's face.

"YOU'RE SO RIDICULOUS," Stanley boomed, "NOODLES AREN'T PASTA, THEY'RE NOODLES!" Oh, the horror, the horror. My cheeks were flaming as I frantically looked for somewhere to hide, but, besides my three quarrelling brothers, the aisle was deserted. Where was Edward Cullen when you need him?

Suddenly, a red blood-like liquid was smeared all over my feet. Pasta sauce. I looked up at my three brothers. They were lobbing bottles of pasta sauce at each other. Worse, there were open packets of pasta everywhere and Jerry was biting, punching and kicking everything in sight. As I scanned my surroundings to inspect the war zone, one with little resemblance to a grocery store aisle, I noticed a white untouched spot of flooring in the sea of sauce. At that moment, I saw the store manager heading towards us. I grabbed my brothers and made a run for the doors. Well, people say third time lucky and at the time I was wishing and praying that it was the case. Thankfully it all went fine and there was nothing out of the ordinary except for the occasional stare and snigger. I was not surprised. The boys had pasta sauce dried onto their clothes, hair and face and Jerry had little pieces of cardboard still in his hair. After purchasing the groceries, we headed home. My mum wasn't that surprised to see the boys covered in red sauce. "What happened today?" she asked. "Well, it's a long story..." I replied.

Final Report:

I have survived the horrors of the brother specimens and have overcome many terrors like Twilight, lakes of OJ, Italian food fights and angry staff, but in the end, I got the groceries.

WE HAVE A PASSION FOR FILM



lime films

WHO ARE WHO ARE WE?

INITIATED IN BRISBANE STATE HIGH SCHOOL, WE ARE A GROUP OF ENTHUSIASTIC AND PASSIONATE STUDENTS WITH A SIMPLE GOAL: TO ENTERTAIN, TO EDUCATE, AND TO INSPIRE.



WHAT WE WHAT WE DO

IN 2012, WE RELEASED A COMEDIC SHORT FILM, DUE DATE, WHICH TURNED OUT TO BE AN INCREDIBLE SUCCESS WITH MESSAGES THAT RESONATE WITH ANY STUDENT. FOR THE YEARS AHEAD, WE ARE EXCITED TO CARRY FORTH OUR STATE HIGH PRIDE AND RELEASE A VARIETY OF SHORT FILMS AND WEB-SERIES THAT RANGE IN GENRE AND STYLE.



AWARDS:

PEOPLES' CHOICE AWARD @ BSHS FILMFESTIVAL
BEST OF THE REST AWARD @ BSHS FILMFESTIVAL



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STATE HIGH SAGA

BY SAM A & IVAN L

Sam:

I'm a genius. There's no doubt about it. Proof? I'm a member of an actual society for geniuses; and not second-rate geniuses. I rub shoulders with people who have the ability to talk about concepts so complex that Einstein would get a headache trying to assimilate their meanings. At least, I used to be in a society of people of this calibre. I was exiled from it because of a discovery I made.

It happened during the annual Society of Advanced Intellect (SAI) Showcase. All fifty geniuses, including myself, are required to present some advancement that we've made in our particular field of specialty: Technology, Literature, Science, Mathematics, Linguistics, Architecture, Philosophy or Art. A winner is chosen based on how innovative their discovery or work of art is. I can confidently say that it is the most competitive competition that the human race has ever conceived. Stealing and sabotage are norms of the competition. Everyone has only one thing in mind: to feel the satisfaction of being the smartest person on the planet.

It is during this Showcase that some of the most remarkable discoveries have been made. The world would not be where it is today if it weren't for the work of past members of this 4000-year-old society. You're probably wondering why you've never heard of us or our inventions. It's because we're a secret society. We've completely segregated ourselves from the outside world. The SAI committee believe that if the knowl-

edge of a society of geniuses making extraordinary discoveries was publicised, the world would try to exploit us. We simply allow people outside of the society to take credit for our work without them knowing who created it.

It's only this year that things began to change; all because of one person: me. It was the 22nd day of the Showcase and it was my turn to present my innovation in my own field: Neuroscience. I knew that my discovery was going to change the world even more than any in the history of the SAI's existence.

I had discovered a way to manipulate the mind so that it had the ability to contain infinite knowledge. Now, why would this be such an issue for the SAI? It's because of what had to be done for a human to attain such an amazing ability: intelligence comes at the cost of a human life.

Ivan:

Ah yes. That's right. A human sacrifice is necessary to ensure the success of the deed. So what about it? Why should something as trivial as a single human life be of any concern to the SAI? If you are shocked, terrified at the malice of my words and actions, then you are fools. Complete fools. First and foremost, let me reassure you that the 'human sacrifice' that I was seemingly exiled for is not the heartless murder that the SAI would portray it as. That 'human sacrifice' was actually me.

I had self-administered a dose of 'LIQUID-COMPOUND-OF-KNOWLEDGE' (as I proudly christened it with my superior affinity for names), the substance that I had spent years creating in my quest for infinite knowledge. Yes, I did fall into a coma but I did not die. You wouldn't believe my surprise when I woke up from my coma a few hours later to find out that not only had I not obtained infinite knowledge, which went against all my predictions, but complete portions of my mind, where knowledge was supposed to reside, had vanished and had left me pondering on the ridiculous: Who is the President of Australia? Is the earth triangular? Can flying pigs walk? Fortunately, the affects were only temporary, and as I regained the knowledge that I had lost, it struck me that I had made the single most-important discovery in the history of mankind. Me. The concoction was perfect, and I should have gained infinite knowledge, so why did I lose knowledge instead? At the dawn of an epiphany, I realised that the answer was simple. My intelligence was so great, that the amount of knowledge I harboured completely surpassed infinity. To put it simply, if you were to rank my intelligence with that of the whole universe, it would be over nine-thousand. That was the reason why my knowledge decreased, as the LIQUID-COMPOUND-OF-KNOWLEDGE lowered my mental state to infinity. Of course, if you took a dose of the concoction, you would get infinitely smarter, but that is a trivial matter.

So as I presented my discovery, 'myself', at the showcase I was immediately exiled. Why? Because they regarded me as a fool, and a fraud – not a genius – for presenting a joke of a discovery. They thought they had made a mistake in letting me become part of the society. And so they did what any four-thousand-year-old society does to exiles to make sure they remain hidden from the rest of the world; frame them, make them an enemy of the state, and wipe them away from existence.

But with all my knowledge, did you think I would not escape from them? Did you also think that time travel was impossible for me? I am Da Vinci, Galileo, and Edison. I taught Einstein the secrets of the universe, threw an apple at Newton, and invented the wheel. It was not a meteorite that wiped out the dinosaurs, but a little accident I had with the fission generator on my way to finding Nemo. I am in the past, present and the future, a living legend you could say. People sing songs, recite childhood stories, and write about me. Some call me the genius of all geniuses, others call me the Doctor. I created the SAI, got bored, and had a little fun with my younger self in his journey to self-discovery.

But like any living organism, with all the knowledge in the universe, I cannot stop the journey of age, and eventually wither, grow old, and die. So I have left a legacy, a motto to remember me by when I leave this place. It is something that should be remembered and acknowledged across all space and time. Scientia est Potestas. Knowledge is Power.

INTER-VIEW INTO TEACHERS' LIVES

MISS NICHOLAS

BY MELISSA N & KEVIN C



1. What was the most memorable high school experience as a student and as a teacher?

I went to a boarding school for six years so my most memorable experience was living away from home with the girls and the friendships that I made at school. Some people ask me if it was like Harry Potter... it's not.

And as a teacher, my most memorable experience was taking a group of students who had never been camping before out to Wilson's Point. It was just amazing, I just loved it. The children at this school didn't have the opportunities to go on excursions and stuff. At first they didn't like it but they grew to love it.

2. What is the best piece of advice anyone has given you?

It was from a video where an editor of ___ gave a graduation speech at the University of Creative Arts in America. The advice was: whatever you do, always make sure it's getting you closer to the mountain. So in all my decisions, I make sure that it's getting me closer to my own mountain, my goals.

3. Most enjoyable part of being a State High teacher?

Definitely the students. I've never taught more enthusiastic, motivated and willing students ever in my career.

4. What is something about you that people might not expect?

At university, I played rugby union and I was actually quite good.

5. What do you love most about teaching and why? Why did you choose to teach your particular subject(s)?

I love being in a classroom and teaching students and getting students to know about the world as they've never known it before. I like getting them to think about the world in a different way and I'd like to think that in the future they remember that

they learnt something interesting in that class. I love teaching geography because it really focuses on the world and the outdoors, and humanities as a whole give you a broader understanding, in my opinion.

6. What kind of student were you in your high school years?

I was incredibly shy and probably the quietest in the school. I worked hard but I wasn't the brightest. But I liked learning at school.

7. If you could travel back in time and tell your high school self one thing, what would it be and why?

When you're in university, go on as many field trips as you can and go overseas and study!

8. Could you tell us about some of the biggest differences you have noticed between high school at State High today and what you remember from your own high school experiences?

The biggest difference to me is the way we can use technology now to learn. When I was at school the internet was just starting to be used. Now it has totally changed and especially for a humanities student it has completely changed what students can have access to.

9. During your high school years what kind of school activities/clubs/sports were you involved in?

I was an avid musician, I played in every band, every choir. I played percussion, clarinet, and piano. I also played in social sports teams. If anyone needed another player, even if I wasn't good I would give it a go. I also did a lot of outdoor activities like canoeing down the Brisbane River.

10. If you could have any superpower, what would it be?

To be able to go and suck up pollution like "Captain Planet" and turn it into something useful that could be used for good, like renewable energy.

MR. PICKELS



1. What was the most memorable high school experience as a student and as a teacher?

I very much enjoyed Friday Period 4 logic, in the top floor a block and I also remember playing Ipswich Grammar on the oval for cricket and then had two runs to get with two wickets in hand and we bowled them out and we won the First XI premier-ship that year. As teacher, I really liked going to Graduation to see the first lot of Grade 12s I taught graduating.

2. What is the best piece of advice anyone has given you?

"Think about it."

3. Most enjoyable part of being a State High teacher?

The kind of willingness of staff and students to get involved in things and have a go and get things up and running. A lot of enthusiasm for teaching and learning. Great school culture.

4. What is something about you that people might not expect?

I play in a rock and roll band.

5. What do you love most about teaching and why? Why did you choose to teach your particular subject(s)?

I love the interaction and talking to people about things because you learn new things when you're teaching, new ideas and its never boring. All the students I have are really great there's a lot of learning which creates a really nice atmosphere when coming to work. I find English and Philosophy the most important subjects in life – they are the core of what it means to be human so you can develop yourself as a person a live a full and happy life

6. What kind of student were you in your high school years?

I was pretty lazy, I enjoyed being creative in my responses but I didn't really enjoy working on them, I liked discussing ideas and talking about things but when it came to study I probably should have done a bit more. I know that now though so that's something I've definitely learnt

7. If you could travel back in time and tell your high school self one thing, what would it be and why?

I would say to my high school self don't worry about what anybody is going to think, if you enjoy it then try it. And read more.

8. Could you tell us about some of the biggest differences you have noticed between high school at State High today and what you remember from your own high school experiences?

The buildings for one is the main thing, I still really think that the culture is still the same in a school of 2000. It's amazing how people get along and how people learn and get this attitude towards life. But a lot of the teachers are still here so that's pretty much the same. I think it's more the same than different, superficially it changes but underneath it's still the same

9. During your high school years what kind of school activities/clubs/sports were you involved in?

I played cricket, I was in the third X1 soccer team, debating, tournament of the minds, I was a prefect so heaps of stuff. When you first leave there's this real nostalgia about it but then you move on and you realise you've gained a lot from the experience and you use these things to move on with your life.

10. If you could have any superpower, what would it be?

I probably would like to read a lot faster than I could, because I'm a really slow reader. So if I could read a lot faster I could be like the smartest man alive. Maybe I should just do a speed reading course.

HELP I'M GONNA DIE...

LOLJKS I'M IN A MOVIE

BY MELISSA N

Most movies are really – in one way or another – just a formula of movie clichés disguised by cool CGI graphics, stunts and crude, inappropriate jokes. Don't believe me? Let me show you...

There are three main plotlines that pretty much all movies are based around. They are:

1) Buddy Cop: You have your cop who is uptight and follows all the rules. Then you have your cop who's unorthodox and gets the job done like a boss. Mix them up and what do you get? A perfect rendition of your typical buddy cop movie, though the exact same formula can be applied with any other profession. They hate each other at the start but by the end they are best mates and kill the bad guys together. Yay!

2) Action: Now it's hard to explain the plots of action movies – usually because they never really have one. Or at least, a good one. They are usually defined by their cool special effects, racy love interest(s) and, most prominently, their confusing and pointless overuse of technology. They look at fancy computers while typing neurotically, managing to hack into the most secure government databases in minutes, all the while talking about how 'the world is coming to end because the evil Tron-Decepticon-Zurg is a Russian spy and is going to infiltrate the Korean embassy by flying to Austria, and though all this awesome technology is at their disposal, they have no way of knowing what he looks like, except they know he's wearing an engraved diamond ring on his pinky, a white suit and a totally (un)suspicious suitcase handcuffed to his hand.' By the end, no one really knows what they just watched, but it was great because Shia Labeouf was in it.

3) Chick Flick/Underdog: In a nutshell, nerd A is unpopular, and has the hots for cheerleader C who is very popular. Nerd A has a pretty best friend (B), who obviously loves A. Of course, nerd A is completely oblivious to his best friend's feelings. Plot twist: best friend B then crushes on somebody else. Oh no! What is this emotion that nerd A is feeling? Could it be jealousy? Or is it LOVE? Nerd A finally realises that he loved his best friend all along, who of course, loves him back. They kiss. Everything is well. The end.

Along with non-existent plot lines, movies can also portray fake and overdone clichés. Here are a few to look out for:

- If a flying vehicle runs out of fuel and crashes it will explode like it's filled with petrol. It WILL explode. Unless it's that scene from 21 Jump Street.
- There are always slowmo-ed dance and dizzy night-out montages.
- After a night out people always stumble through their doors laughing, followed by flop-ping on the couch with a sigh.
- People in movies get cabs instantly, unless they are in danger, in which case no cabs can be found.
- All women run in heels during chase scenes and the men always have to help them.
- Black guys always die first- unless you're Sean Bean.
- Sad scenes always require a window and rain.

If this feature article were a movie, it would end with this article driving in a car, down a shaded boulevard, in autumn, as red leaves slowly fall to the ground.

But it isn't. So, see you later bros... brothers... brethren?

The Great Debate!



BY CHI N & YUTING W

CATS:

It can start a war, end a marriage or strain a friendship. Cats versus dogs; Persians versus poodles; purring versus panting. Luckily for you readers, I can resolve this age-old argument once and for all.

As I sit here in absolute comfort, petting my beautiful cat, I can hear my neighbour's dog knocking over antique vases and attacking babies.

Okay, so that part's a lie. I don't own a cat. My neighbour doesn't have a dog. But I assure you that if I did indeed have the pleasure of owning a cat, and if the Smiths next-door did have a dog, that is exactly what would be happening at this very moment.

Dogs are like hairy, smelly little children – they can't do anything for themselves. Like small children, dogs do not like to be bathed. Unlike small children, dogs cannot be taught to bathe themselves. While a select number of intelligent dogs are able to be toilet-trained, where I live, I can hardly walk down the street without having to play a FUN game of hop-scotch, called Avoid the Dog Doo. Cats, being more sophisticated and mature, know how to

wash, groom and hunt for their own food. In a game of survival of the fittest, cats would win and dogs would starve.

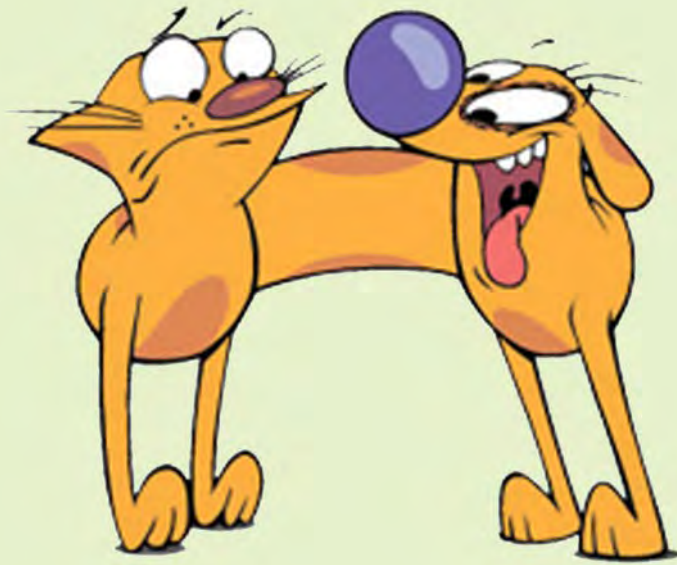
Dogs require constant supervision whilst exercising lest they get lost or hit by a car. It is with many a weary groan that dog-owners find themselves strapping on their running shoes at six in the morning and tying a leash as tight as possible around their wrists. And then the real fun begins.

When's the last time you saw a cat on a leash, barking at other dogs and peeing on trees? When's the last time you saw a cat race off down the street, towing its unfortunate owner behind it like a couple of tin cans? I can answer that for you. Never.

To top it off, dogs are embarrassing! Some of my friends' dogs have the humiliating habit of greeting a guest's leg very... warmly. Others have the perplexing tendency to sniff their fellows' behinds. Unlike dogs, cats are capable of controlling their urges.

Whenever carers of canines try to defend their pestilent pets, I just smile and say that I can't hear them over all the yapping, barking and flea-scratching. It works like a charm.

DOGS:
I Agree with Chi.





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