MOTHER DAUGHTER DAY

THE BUZZ

WEEK 10
ISSUE 7
TERM 4
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The BUZZ Media Team is...

Year 11
Monica Le

Year 10
Vy Hoang
Momina Islam
Angelina Kosena
Alisha Nagi
Queenie Nguyen
Natalie Tanielu
Tanya Truong
Natalie Veljanovska

Year 9
Rayan Abdulkhalek
Bayann Ahmad
Rayan Dib
Aditi Kulkarni
Deane Ngo
Jessica Phan
Hadeel Salam

Year 8
Zaynab Karaki
Nadine Kabbara
Sabrina Sadek
Yasmin Haddad

Cover by Tiffany Vu

Special thanks to all of our additional contributors!

Centre for Excellence in Teacher
www.bankstowng-h.schools.nsw.edu.au
Mona St, Bankstown 2200 | Ph. (02) 9709 6788

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FROM PRINCIPAL LEARY’S DESK

We have reached the end of another productive and exciting year. We have witnessed many great achievements by our girls, said goodbye to another year 12 graduating group and welcomed the P&C committee as it was re-established in the school.

Reflecting on this year’s successes at Presentation Day gave me great joy as I witnessed a large number of girls being recognised for their outstanding commitment and contribution to their academics, sport and the creative and performing arts. It was a wonderful ceremony and we were privileged to be joined by the Hon. Gladys Berejiklian MP as our guest speaker. Her insightful and inspirational words highlighted the importance of education, the value of being resilient in the face of challenges and how as a positive and capable leader she is a wonderful role model for our girls. I extend my thanks to her for joining us on the day and celebrating success with our girls.

I would like to congratulate Fadila Fidina who is our School Dux for 2015. She has shown incredible commitment to her studies and has taken hold of every opportunity that has been offered to her. She has achieved excellent results in all of her school assessment and we look forward to what she can achieve with her HSC results. I would like to congratulate all our award winners throughout 2015 for their efforts and outstanding achievements.

Our wonderful performers and creative artists who have been so successful and entertaining throughout the year. It was a joy to see the girls with the support of teachers develops their own production in the “Room 5” musical. To see an amazing set design, incredible performances and not to forget all those who worked in the back stage to ensure the production went off without a hitch. Of course the efforts of our students didn’t end there in the area of creative arts with Selena Sabine being awarded a Directors award for a piece submitted to the Art Matters competition.

Our girls’ participation and success in sport continues and it was great to see a number of girls recognised at Presentation Day. Our Senior sportswoman of the year Taylor Stoten has consistently achieved great results and Moana Paese who was awarded with the Premiers Sporting Challenge Medal for excellence and commitment in sport are both great examples of great sportswomen.

I would like to acknowledge the hard work of our Community Engagement Officer, Christine Kalivitis who with Ms Carmody organised our first Mother-Daughter Day. Even with the sun streaming down on the day it was a wonderful opportunity for the girls to bring in their mother or a female member of the family to join them at school for the day. At the merit assembly we were joined by Raelene Castle from the Bulldogs, Alicia Poto 2004 Olympic Silver medallist and our friends from Legacy. It was great to see the workshops on offer after the merit assembly and the involvement of many community partners.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone, staff, students and their parents for a wonderfully successful year. I hope you all have a safe and enjoyable break and I look forward to seeing you back in 2016.

Mark Leary
Principal
Bankstown Girls’ High
As I prepare this final Deputy's report for 2015 I can't help but reflect on the successful year that we have had at Bankstown Girls' High School culminating in the wonderful Presentation Day we shared on the 1st December at Bankstown Sports' Club. This year, the day showcased the wonderful achievements of many of the girls whether it was academic, sporting or creative achievement. Our special guests were tireless in their compliments about the school and the girls. It was a day where we were all proud to say that we belonged to such a vibrant and multi-talented school community.

I would also like to take this opportunity to thank the many parents and staff for their support throughout the year. To Year 7, 9 and 11 I would like you to think back on 2015 and consider all that you have achieved and all the opportunities you still have in front of you. I look forward to working with Years 8, 10 and 12 in 2015 and hope that we can achieve many more goals and aspirations throughout the year.

I wish you all a happy and safe holiday and look forward to seeing you back at school in 2016.

Mrs Porreca
Deputy Principal
Bankstown Girls' High
FROM DEPUTY CARMODY’S DESK

Thank you to all the students, staff, parents and community who made this year a memorable one at BGHS. Some firsts were experienced this year that we were very proud of....our first school musical and our first mother/daughter day. Both these occasions were a celebration of our school spirit.

Thank you to all the students who supported my assembly campaigns throughout the year. Whether it was the semi colon suicide prevention or the random acts of kindness, I really appreciated that each of you involved yourselves and worked towards making a difference to the world in which we live.

Thank you to the students for all your academic efforts. I sat proudly during presentation day marvelling at the achievements of so many of you.

Thank you to the staff for your huge efforts in the classroom and beyond this year. What rich experiences you offer our girls and what a difference you are making!

Thank you to our partners outside of the school who offer enrichment activities. Be it Sydney University or the primary school next door. Without these partnerships we would not be able to offer the opportunities we do for our girls to expand their horizons.

Finally, thank you to everyone who puts on a smile everyday and makes coming to Bankstown such a pleasure. Have a wonderful holiday and see you next year. Xx

Ms Carmody
Relieving DP
Bankstown Girls’ High
MOTHER/DAUGHTER DAY

Written by Hadeel Salem

On the hottest day of the year, Friday 20th November 2015, Bankstown Girls’ High School decided to host a mother-daughter day, featuring stalls from different faculties as well as from the community. There was a rich variety of stalls, ranging from henna to hairspray—not to mention games in which prizes were up for grabs.

The event was held after the Merit assembly, and it was not long after everything had been set up for the day when students began to pool in, trailed by their mothers/significant female figures. Whether they were buying ice cream or getting their hair done, there was not a person in sight who stood around with nothing to do. The henna and spray-tattoo stalls in particular were huge successes, the main money-makers of the day. There were, as expected, some problems—just a few bumps along the way, some hurdles that interrupted the smooth running day, however, thanks to the supervising teachers, all was handled perfectly.

The day was concluded with a lovely talent show featuring a few acts, which was judged by a panel of 3 with special guest judge, Alicia Poto. Everyone who participated in the Talent Show was a winner, taking home some small prizes.

Despite the blistering heat, the school was buzzing with energy—it was a day well spent, and all the time and effort put into organizing and hosting it did not go to waste. It is undoubtedly a unanimous opinion that this event should be an annual occurrence. On behalf of the school, we would like to thank Ms Kalivitis for all her effort and organisation put into making this day a huge success!
Special day on for daughters and their mums

WOMEN will be the centre of attention when Bankstown Girls’ High School stages their inaugural Mother/Daughter Day this Friday.

Mothers, daughters, aunts and grandmothers are invited to visit the school when students will run stalls and offer hair braiding, henna art, woodwork, local art and entertainment.

Community organisations showcasing their services will include Bankstown PCYC, offering women’s boxing demonstrations, Bankstown Multicultural Youth Service doing face painting, while Cheese Hill Neighbourhood Centre will have a photo booth.

The school’s community engagement officer Caroline Kallies said a variety of workshops would be on offer for mothers and daughters.

The NRL will be running touch football sessions, the all women’s AFL team; Autumn Grits will also be teaching skills, while 2004 Athens Olympic, Peta Fonto, will run basketball skills sessions.

Continued page 3
MERIT ASSEMBLY
PRESENTATION DAY
BANKSTOWN GIRLS’ HIGH SCHOOL
YEAR 12 FORMAL #2K15
WHITE RIBBON DAY

Written by Rayann Abdulkader

The white ribbon campaign is a unique operation, which aims to raise awareness among Australian men and boys about the roles they can play to prevent domestic violence (violence against woman.) It calls for men to speak out to make an oath, swearing never to commit the offence of domestic violence.

White Ribbon day falls on the 25th of November each year. Men and Women are called to wear a white ribbon or wristband as a visual symbol of their commitment and oath.

On Tuesday the 24th of November, a number of schools participated in a program called “Real Lives Real Stories”. The program took place in the sports club with multiple guest speakers. They were open to answering many questions and gave all the students excellent advice. The guest speakers included:

**Najah Zoabi:** CEO for Warrior woman which is a support network supporting women who have been affected by domestic violence.

**Rosanna Stanimirovic:** Director and senior psychologist at Mental Edge Consulting. She is the Club Psychologist at the Greater Western Sydney Giants and Performance Psychologist for the Australian Sailing Team. Rosanna was also part of the Australian Sailing Team who was successful at the London 2012 Olympic Games.

**Mina Favotto:** A local entrepreneur who owns and operates 5 McDonalds restaurants.

**Marie Kanaan:** Executive manager for sport at Bankstown Sports Club

**Rebecca Shaw:** Marketing and Consumer of the newest club in the AFL, the Greater Western Sydney Giants.

**Melissa Doyle:** Host of the Seven Network’s flagship current affairs program, Sunday night. She is also an award winning journalist and senior news presenter.

**Angela Barker:** is a highly inspirational and motivated young woman who has accomplished a great deal as a survivor of domestic violence in 2002.

At 16, Angela’s life was changed forever when she was brutally bashed to near death by her ex-boyfriend. She suffered severe brain damage and was in hospital, rehabilitation and a nursing home for three years, before returning home to full time care. She continues to amaze everyone with her recovery and currently lives independently while employed at the NAB bank.

In 2007, Angela represented Australia at the International Women’s Health Coalition in New York. She was the 2011 Victorian Young Australian of the Year in 2012 and also received the Rotary Southern District ‘shine on’ Award.
EDMONDSON CUP

Written by Natalie Veljanovska

On Tuesday 17th November, our school held their first Edmondson Cup competing with East Hills, Liverpool and Birrong in soccer and netball. The students who participated in this event were from years 7 to 9 (under 15s). It turned out to be a great day of fun, excitement and competition. Congratulations to all the girls who participated in the competition and a big thank you to the PE staffroom for organising this event.
RECREATIONAL SPORT

Written by Natalie Veljanovska
Edited by Deane Ngo

On the 18th of November Year 9, 10 and 11 students participated in Rec Sport. Rec Sport is a program run by the PDHPE faculty and each term the staff take specific grades to participate in various recreational activities. This term Rec Sport was located at the Liverpool Ice Skating Rink, which meant, Ice-Skating it was!

It was undoubtedly a memorable experience filled with laughter and a great bond of friendship across different years. Everyone had fun and it was exciting for the anticipated first time skaters. If we had to take something out of this experience, it would be the resilience of the students. For many, it was their first time skating, for others it had been a while. Despite falling down multiple times, they would get up and were ready to skate again. On behalf of the students, I would like to thank the PDHPE staff for organising this fun day!
OZ TAG GRAND FINAL

Written by Leyla Derbas
Edited by Deane Ngo

It all began when “Fast & Furious’s” team captain, Leyla Derbas, recruited girls Alpina Bou-Sleiman, Deane Ngo, Jenan Youssef, Rayan Dib, Bayann Ahmad, Reem Kabbah, Mays Kabbah and Rebecca Le to form a team to participate in an ‘out of school’ Oz tag competition, held at Roberts park Greenacre every Tuesdays.

The common saying “your first day is always the worst” unfortunately applied to these girls where their first game was a horrible one; playing in an unfamiliar environment for the first team as a team. Preceding that, Fast & Furious stepped up their game, meeting half an hour early prior each game for self-coached training sessions and pep talks. Even though Fast & furious were disadvantaged in the sense that:

a) They had no coach whilst other teams did
b) They were up against fair more experienced girls who have been playing together as a team for much longer

They still managed to remain in the top four on the ladder the entire season, playing their heart out on the field for each game. After a tough win at the semi-finals, the girls found themselves in the grand finals on the 1st day of summer.

The 1st of December, a day not to be forgotten for Fast & Furious. It was a humid afternoon, with hearts beating and palms sweaty, the stakes were high. With Mr Gutteridge’s arrival with icy cold water and medals to lighten the girls’ spirits; Miss Alam and Miss El-Sayed’s entrance with cameras ready as well as their cheers rehearsed; Mr Ristevski’s random appearance with a “the girls better appreciate this” expression; half the year 9 and family coming to show their support.

Fast & Furious had their game faces on and were ready to play their best. At half time, the score was tight, with each team having scored once. With Bayann’s shoes coming apart randomly during first half, Leyla’s hair ties snapping, and Dib choking on dirt every time she tried to speak, the team were still very nervous to go back onto the field. Once half time was over, Mr Gutteridge decided to whip out his camera and record the entire second half aided with his commentating (which the team was thankful for). Second half was not only intense for the girls, but for their supporters, with their throats becoming sore from cheering us on. Unfortunately, the game ended with Fast & Furious loosing to last year’s winner with a tight score of 2-1. However, it was definitely an experience that the girls won’t forget. Fast & Furious would like to thank all the teachers, family and friends for going out of their way to show their support, which they will always appreciate. The girls and I definitely look forward to making another appearance next year as a bigger and better team.
On the 30th September, Aysha Zeidan and I woke up early on a school holiday and met up at Bankstown station to travel to the University of Sydney at Camperdown campus. The University held an event for year 11 students to enable them to have a glimpse into UNI life. This day consisted of three sessions; morning tea, lunch and an entertaining impromptu theatre performance. The morning session was the most intriguing session as we had the opportunity to participate in the analysis of chocolate. We discussed the processing method of chocolate, and discovered which aroma compounds are present when masticating into different types of chocolate. We also participated in a sensory evaluation to understand the intricacies of chocolate, describing its characteristics and more importantly the taste! The next workshop was contemporary drawing, although we knew nothing about drawing it was fun and engaging to learn about the new approaches of modern art. By this time, lunch was served while we enjoyed performances by the different UNI societies. After that, our last session was the UNIT trading game where we were given UNIT money to invest in a range of stocks. The purpose of this game was for each player to try and grow their portfolio as they progress through multiple rounds. This experience gave us an insight into University, and motivated us to try harder in our studies to achieve our goal of attending University after High School.

Thank you to Miss Hundy for this wonderful opportunity!
Growing up, I was always worrying about my future: What should I be? Which career pathway do I want to follow? What subjects am I supposed to pick? What UNI am I going to? These were just a few of the many questions I asked myself with undoubtedly many hesitant answers. Despite being in Year 9, I couldn’t help but worry about how my life was going to shape and mould into.

On the 25th November 2015, I, alongside many fellow Year 9 students, had the fortunate opportunity to participate in Taster Day, an event hosted by ASPIRE at UNSW (University of New South Wales). ASPIRE is an innovative partnership between schools and UNSW. The program works with students to build awareness about higher education and encourage students to think more broadly about their future. We were involved in a range of faculty-based activities on the UNSW campus ran and guided by the UNSW student volunteers known as ASPIRE Ambassadors.

From being employed by Bill Gates to invent an app to debating what really constitutes a crime and learning the how to support people facing injustice to eventually, covering ourselves in toilet paper to create a superhero costume, we were able to sample hands-on workshops in the business, criminology, art and design and social work faculties. The Taster Day gave us a first-hand experience of the differences between the school and university learning experience. We were also exposed to some of the courses available at university and the diversity of careers and jobs that university can lead to. Along the way, we were able to meet and mix with new friends from other schools.

The day was brought to us by three welcoming UNSW ambassadors who were willing to answer questions about their life as a university student and the struggles they went through in being where they are today. On behalf of the Year 9 students, I would like to thank Mrs Hundy and Miss Haselden who supervised us on the day and planned this truly remarkable day. We experienced something that can’t be experienced simply by writing it down with pen and paper and for that, the day was unquestionably a memorable day filled with laughs even through the scorching hot sun.
YEAR 8 ASPIRE EXCURSION

Written by Thuy Mai Vu & Mandy Tran

ASPIRE hosted a Uni for a Day, that was an on-campus event designed for Year 8 and 9 students to visit UNSW and to give them a first-hand experience of university life.

Upon arrival at the University of New South Wales, we were hugely welcomed by one of the directors of the ASPIRE Program and were introduced to two of the ambassadors that were showing our group around, Danny and Vivian.

The ambassadors escorted us to the Art and Social Science building for our first activity. Some of the activities were based on shapes and postcards. These were ice breaker activities to help us get ready for the day ahead. After our first session, the ambassadors guided us to the next activity which was a fact relay; this was an activity where we were given a sheet that had 20 questions and we had to answer all questions within 15 minutes. Some of the questions were easy; some of them were ridiculously weird! Our third and final activity was going on a tour of “The Museum of Human Diseases.”

Overall, we had a fantastic and meaningful day. The taster day at UNSW made us all change our minds of what we thought university would be like.
Year 10 participated in a one week block of work experience on the 23rd – 27th of November. It was extremely successful as there were 93 work experience placements undertaken. We had quite a few new employers this year, ranging from KPMG, Australian Prudential Regulation Authority to Rashays Café. The feedback from all employers was exceptional. Students reported that they highly valued the opportunity to learn about the work environment first hand, in turn gaining greater confidence and awareness of their career interests.
I Christina Sunday chose the NSW Parliament House as my worksite for Year 10 work experience. I was fortunate enough to meet and work with Ms Lynda Voltz who is a member of the Labor Party. Greg, Helen and Saskia are all personal assistants at Lynda’s office and they were my assigned supervisors throughout the week.

It was a very enjoyable and educational experience from which I learnt many new things. When I arrived I was given a list of certain task that needed to be completed. I had to research on certain controversial issues and summarise them so they would be presented and discussed by Lynda at Parliament to other members.

I also had the opportunity to meet several members of parliament that were in fact nice and welcoming. I was lucky enough to attend a meeting with Greg and I listened attentively to issues that were addressed by the people. Everybody there helped me throughout my week long journey, answering all my questions, and helping me make work experience memorable.

All in all, by the end of the week I was exhausted and realised that work and school are very similar and most things studied at school can be applied to real world situations. I would like to greatly thank Ms Hundy, Lynda Voltz, Greg, Helen and Saskia for this opportunity.
MY WORK EXPERIENCE

By Natalie Veljanovska

In week 8 I had the privilege of attending 4 days of work experience at Bankstown Public School. All the staff and students were very welcoming and I quickly adjusted being an assistant teacher to a kindergarten class. Throughout that week, I participated in the kindergarten orientation for 2016, White Ribbon Assembly, grade assembly, sport activities and helped the ‘kindies’ with numeracy and literacy. I also had the chance to prepare and teach a lesson. I issued two challenging but manageable worksheets for the lesson as well as a creative painting activity which required them to make a handprint Christmas tree.

As part of my work experience, I was given the opportunity to work as assistant photographer for the company Belinda Vel Photography and had the privilege of shooting the 2015 ARIA Awards. It was a great experience being a part of the media and witnessing what happens behind the scenes. I had the chance of capturing photos of some of the biggest names in music live on the red carpet such as Ed Sheeran, Aston Merrygold, Tina Arena, Kylie Minogue and many more.

As a whole I really enjoyed both work places and had a taste of what it is really like in the real world of work.
8A English was assigned a Guided Inquiry task which required them to create a short film based on their unit of work ‘Fantasy Fiction’. We were given nine weeks to complete this task and produce an original short film no longer than five minutes in duration. Our teachers, Ms Alam and Mrs Arambatzis, put four titles into a hat which each team leader had to choose. The chosen title will act as the theme for our short film. There were four groups with different themes which consisted of the book room, the elevator, the gate and the flagpole. Each group member was designated a specific role e.g. Director, script writer, editor, designer, actor and e.t.c. Every group had their ups and downs and disagreed on a few things but in the end we were able to overcome our conflicts and continue to work on our productions. First, we had to plan and draft our production which meant we needed to create a storyboard and present our ideas to a panel. After we were given approval by our panel leaders, (Ms Arambatzis, Ms Martinsons & Ms Alam) we were ready to begin filming and production. The main issues all groups faced were setting (where to shoot), time management (when and how long it will take) and costumes (where we can find/buy costumes and props). However, we worked as a team and figured out all that was needed. By the end, we all had a completed synopsis, storyboard, short film and movie poster which will all be available for viewing on our own personal DVD! We would like to give a special thanks to the Year 10 photography students especially Rayan Chami who assisted with editing and putting together our final product. By the end of the project, we felt like we had accomplished filming a Hollywood production! We definitely learnt new skills from this project such as producing a storyboard, basic knowledge and skills of the software ‘Premier’ to create our films, script writing, and understanding the different camera techniques used for manipulation. Overall, it was an overwhelming but worthwhile experience. We would like to thank Ms Arambatzis for making it all possible!!
On the 24th of November two year 8 debating teams attended a Debating workshop day at Western Sydney University Milperra Campus. The debating teams included Shaza Ayoubi, Sabrina Sadek, Valentina Perez and Thuy Mai Vu (Team 1) and Yasmin Haddad, Alicia Nguyen, Fay Kanawati and Shantelle Chand (Team 2). We all met 7.20 am at the front of the school and were accompanied by Miss Hawkins and Miss Alam to the campus. Along with 5 other schools, we attended a lecture room and were introduced to our mentors and debating leaders for the day. We were informed of all the different activities and lessons which were planned for the day.

Following housekeeping, learning time began and we were introduced to the basic knowledge of what debating is, how it’s done and what components are involved in debating. We were given debating hand/guide booklets for the day to take notes, read as well as analyse. Then, we were split up with another year 8 debating team from another school where we had two debating mentors who were also debaters at the University of Western Sydney. In this lesson, we discussed all the questions we had about debating and any concerns we had such as how to effectively construct models and rebuttals. After two sessions of hard work we had a morning break, of which we were provided with light snacks and drinks.

After morning tea, we had the opportunity to watch university students’ debate. We were very inspired and eager to debate after witnessing their debate but of course we were also very nervous. To calm our nerves we were provided with lunch and drinks so we were energized to debate!

Once again we were split up with other year 8 students to begin our debate. We were very anxious and nervous at the start but once we got in there we were not going to turn back. We felt powerful and were very proud of ourselves and this undoubtedly led both our teams to victory!! We all relocated back in the lecture room where we were being thanked for our participation in the day and given a gift on our way out.

In the end we had a very constructive day and learned a lot of things that we didn’t know before and we all feel very confident to participate in many more debates to come. We all hope that more people can come and enjoy this amazing day.

Special Thanks to Miss Alam and Miss Hawkins
What can we do to help?

This year, whilst studying ‘poverty’ in 10H4, everyone in our class was moved as we learnt of the struggles faced by many people around the world, namely those living in third world countries. We looked at the terrible statistics, the shortened life expectancy, standards of living and the fact that so many basic needs are not met, for millions of people.

This conversation led to a difficult question. **What can we do to help?**

After discussing the idea of a sponsor child with 10H4, the idea was born.

Sylvie comes from a small village in the Pende Project in Chad, Africa. She’s 7 years old. Pende Project is one of the poorest areas in Chad. Safe drinking water is scarce and preventable diseases are very common. Farmers cannot grow enough food for their families and many children are malnourished. These children don’t have the same education as us. There is a severe shortage of schools and qualified teachers and many children cannot afford their education.

Choosing between so many children in need was a hard decision but we selected Sylvie, specifically because she is so young and Bankstown Girls will have many years to make a difference in her life.

The SRC has committed to ‘help raise’ Sylvie and will quite literally pass the bucket around at different times in the year to champion the cause. I know that each of us has our own struggles but I urge you to donate whatever you can to **help your new little sister across the globe.**

The SRC and I look forward to helping Sylvie and her community in the coming years.

Meet **Sylvie**...
LINKS TO LEARNING

Bankstown Girls High School
Supporting...

WHITE RIBBON CAMPAIGN

Year 9 Links To Learning

BANKSTOWN GIRLS’ HIGH SCHOOL
On the 19th to the 24th of October, a couple of girls and I had the opportunity to experience life in the bush without getting caught up with social media or TV. Kristina, Lan, Favour, Line, Aimee and I had the chance to go to the Helmsman Project (Outward Bound Australia) with some other girls from Model Farms High School. The girls and I faced a lot of challenges but overcame the obstacles.

When we got to the Outward Bound office, the girls and I were scared that we were going to miss our phones and all the things happening on social media. But after our first day, we realized that we didn't have time to even think about our phones because every night we had to plan how our mornings will start. Every day was a challenge from waking up to hiking to getting to camp on time. It was especially hard due to our heavy backpacks that we needed to carry around which had all our stuffs. We all had to carry equal weight but due to some students having medical injuries, some people carried heavier packs than others and the packing was also harder than it seemed. We had difficulty when it came to using the toilet because we had to use the bush and a disposable toilet called the "bommi". We hiked on really high and steep mountains and abseiled on a massive rock which Cassie and Charlie (our instructors for the course) assured us that it was safe even though the setting up was done by us. We learnt many things and some of us even conquered our fears. I learnt how to set up our tents/bevies in the rain. Cassie (our main instructor) taught us many things and quotes to motivate us. Some of the quotes/words of encouragement she taught us were: "THERE IS MORE IN YOU THAN YOU KNOW”, “ACTION CONSEQUENCES” and “BE BOTHERED”. We also learnt how to cook and eat in the rain. We cried, smiled, laughed and had mixed emotions on this journey but we always knew that it was going to benefit us in the future. In the end, we all didn't regret it because we learnt something new and the whole experience was fun. We made friends we wouldn't forget, the girls from Model Farms are more like sisters now. We are thankful to have experienced this with Ms. Nardi and the beautiful girls from our school and Model Farms. We would like to say thank you very much to Mrs. Porreca for making this opportunity possible for us and also a MASSIVE thank you to Ms. Nardi for suffering and surviving with us every step of the way. We did well!
HSC MUSIC WORKSHOP

Written by Grace Toetu

On November 11th, Year 12 music students collaborated with Punchbowl Boys’ High School music students to learn about the different characteristics in music and enhance our performance skills.

The girls and boys worked closely together and shared their skills and talents as well as addressing their strengths and weaknesses. By the end, we combined with the boys to perform a musical piece in front of the class. We also had the opportunity to watch past HSC music performances and evaluated the HSC music criteria to better understand the expectations of markers. Both the girls and boys really enjoyed this day and it definitely was a valuable learning experience. I am sure the boys would love to collaborate again (LOL)!
POLLUTION RAP

Written by Science Students

Pollution is deadly, unknown ‘till it strikes. Act upon quickly with all your might.

Use the three r’s that’s what they’re for. Come on, get up, lets save our souls.

The world around us, it may seem clean. But who knows in how long, what you’ll actually see. This place we live in, its for us. We can’t let it become, a pile of rubble of dust.

We have a bin, it’s there for a reason.

Throw your rubbish in, or we’ll charge you with treason.

Pollution is deadly, unknown ‘till it strikes. Act upon quickly with all your might.

What are you puttin’, in the air we breathe? The smoke from factories, OMG! We burn fossil fuels, to use as petrol. We know it’s not good for us, yet we are forgetful. To convince you more What are some health effects?

You have, bronchitis and lung irritation in your chest. And then there is the asthma, it’s hard to take a breath. It’s like we’re leading ourselves, closer to our deaths.

Pollution is deadly, unknown ‘till it strikes. Act upon quickly with all your might.

Please we warn you again, don’t think about polluting, or you’ll met your end.

The choice is yours
POLLUTION POEM: SCIENCE

Stop the pollution
You know the solution
It’s all your decision
Stop this foul deterioration
Pollution isn’t cool
It’s all cruel
Burning fossil fuel

This isn’t April fool
Land pollution
Air pollution
Water pollution
Noise pollution
Land fills
Gas fills

Oil spills
Loud shrills
Wish we could stop it there
But the world isn’t fair
We will soon be in despair
If it all doesn’t repair.
This term, 7C Science participated in a sustainability project called “This is My Backyard”. Its aim was to raise awareness of keeping the environment clean. We must dispose our rubbish in appropriate bins to avoid any unnecessary harm to both land and sea animals.

We worked with educators and artists from the Bankstown art centre. 7C went on a 'chalk and walk' trip from our school to the plaza and we used art as a form to create awareness. We also designed chalk artworks near the canteen area hoping that our message gets delivered amongst the students. We also visited the Bankstown Arts centre which was really enjoyable.

Some of the statements that our group used in their designs were:

- Don't be sluggish, put it in the rubbish
- Treat your school as your second home
- Keep rubbish out of this zone, place it in the bin
- Save sea animals, keep your environment clean
The environmental group decided to build a Christmas tree using recycled items to take place in the Bunnings Warehouse “Recycling Christmas Tree School Challenge”. We collected recycled items that students were going to throw away such as aluminium cans and foils, water bottles, paper bags...etc. I, Jada, Natalie and Crystal volunteered to wash all the items until they were squeaky clean. On December the 2nd and 3rd, we worked as a team to plan and design our project which took place in the library. When we managed to complete the challenge, it was submitted for the challenge.

The difficulties we encountered during this process were due to the students handing in non-recyclable rubbish. This extended the time taken to sort out the pieces. However, once it was completed, we were proud of our unique and original Christmas tree. We would like to give a special thanks to Mrs Poole and Mrs Hawkins who encouraged us during this project.

This experience has taught us the importance of recycling and the harm our rubbish can cause to marine life as well as land animals.

Start recycling and producing less waste. Most of all, do not forget to REDUCE, REUSE AND RECYCLE!

Written by Jada Rifaie
Edited by Momina Islam
YEAR 9 VISUAL ARTS

TONAL LANDSCAPE PAINTINGS

Dima HARB
Daisy Vu

Wendy XAYALITH
Jayda NOSHIE
Hope SEFATU

Raffaella ADOLFO
Carla MAKEH
ART PATHWAYS WITH THE ART GALLERY OF NSW

By 7A & 7C

Students from 7A & 7C were very lucky this year as they were given the opportunity to take part in a pathways program at the Art Gallery of NSW. Earlier this year they visited the Gallery. After a tasty morning tea, students were taken on a special guided tour by gallery staff. Along the way they were entertained by actors performing improvised theatre and were able to interact with many of the artworks. They were then taken to the Indigenous Art area where they participated in an afternoon drawing session.

A few weeks later the Staff from the gallery visited our school where they were reunited with the students. Here they ran a series of workshops based on their earlier visit to the gallery. The Aboriginal-inspired monoprints around the page are some of the results coming out of the day.
On Thursday 3rd December, Bankstown Girls’ High School held the Year 7 Orientation Day program for the current Year 6 students getting ready to start high school in 2016. The assigned Year 7 Advisor for 2016 is Ms Helwani and the ‘shadow’ Year Advisor is Ms Alam. Throughout the day students and parents rotated around three different stations. The stations included the uniform shop, the office and school tour and the TLS for information on what’s happening next year such as bell times, classes and so on. Good luck to all students looking forward to starting a new journey!
BOOK REVIEWS

Written by Angelina Kosena

The Handmaid’s Tale by Margaret Atwood: Willing to read some dark and tough literature, one of the classics by Margaret Atwood? Well, if you’re up for it, then you are definitely a courageous reader! The type that will definitely have a great career with books. The Handmaid’s Tale is based on the life of Offred, a Handmaid to the Commander and his wife, Serena Joy. Her only purpose in society and under the house of the Commander and his wife, is to reproduce. This is a story based on a clearly old fashioned style dystopia in the time of the 1980’s? It is a place where the colour of your clothing was something that defined what your status was in society and whether that was what defined who you really were. This book isn’t recommended for readers who wouldn’t like to spend too much time walking down memory lane with Offred nearly every 3 pages, and definitely not a book for readers who do not like detailed descriptions. Sadly, for those kinds of readers, this book is definitely not for you.

Rating??? 3 Star Rating- Interested until….zzzzzz.

The Iron Trials by Cassandra Clare and Holly Black: Are you a massive Harry Potter fan? Do you do the Hobbit? Willendorf perhaps? Well, if this sounds like you, or slightly, then this book is a must read for you! It is a new release by international best sellers Cassandra Clare, author of the Mortal Instrument series and Holly Black author of the white Cat trilogy. Ever dreamed of getting into a Magic Academy before? Well with in this first installment of a new series, Cal had the chance to get into the Magisterium. However, instead of wanting to pass the examination, he tried his hardest to fail as badly as possible to avoid the Magisterium as his father had warned him. And yet, although he did a magnificent job in failing so badly, it would have been hard to believe that Cal managed to find himself in his own dorm room at the Magisterium itself. With this began the amazing journey full of spells and magic that can be used for both good and bad. This book is recommended to all readers who are up for another round of Harry Potter like adventures!

Rating??? 4 Star Rating- Yas, Magic! Yas!
**Masquerade by Kylie Fornasier:** Are you into the kind of books set in the old times where women wore ballroom gowns that were Cinderella like or the attractive men who had the kind of polite attitude and outfits *petticoats and breeches...swoon* that we women today seem to wish to have more of now? Well, not only is this book a perfect fairytale, it is also based solely on the play by William Shakespeare- As You Like It. I came across this book judging it by the cover and instantly thought-“...This book is already awesome...” It has the setting of Venice in 1750 where Orelia Rossetti is a new comer and doesn’t realize that she has just walked into a world of masks... and dirty secrets too. As she becomes accustomed to Doge’s son- Bastian, she finds herself in a world of deceitful lies and betrayals. Not only towards her, but her family turning their backs on each other. This book was honestly a very easy read especially for one who is very much accustomed to William Shakespeare’s history. I would recommend this book to everyone, who likes anything related to balls and handsome upper class men in elaborate masks, or maybe even if you like just the mask itself. A masquerade themed book is a definite must read.

Rating??? 5 Star Rating- *sobs* I can’t believe this is happening!

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**YOUTUBE RECOMMENDATIONS**

When it comes to music, we’re always looking for some new artists to listen to. Bry, originally known as BriBry, is an Irish singer/song-writer that covers songs, and makes his own music. Having being an active musician for over 4 years, Bry has many songs for you to listen to. He currently has over 450,000 subscribers spread across his two YouTube channels, and 20 million views in total. Using social media as his vice, his life goal is to travel to every single country in the world and so far, 50 countries have been ticked off the list in just a few years. Supported by the growth of his followers online, Bry saw the chance to take his music out of the virtual world and into the physical world. Functioning without a manager, booking agent, or record label for 3 years, he booked trips overseas, tweeting his intention to be in a city at a certain time, and then waiting with his guitar in tow to see who might show up. Covering artists from All Time Low to Ed Sheeran, there’s bound to be something from his channel you enjoy!
## HOROSCOPE

By Queenie Nguyen

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Zodiac</th>
<th>Details</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Pisces</strong></td>
<td>I’m a Pisces, hate me or not. I only take a few opinions to heart. If you’re not a person who will cherish me for who i am, you were not important from the start.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Aquarius</strong></td>
<td>I'm an Aquarius, I’m not easy to figure out, and I don’t mind leaving that sense of mystery. Those that think they have something on me don’t know what they’re talking about.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Capricorn</strong></td>
<td>I’m a Capricorn. I keep my mind focused on the things that matter most, like family, friends and laughter. I’m on the right path to make my pockets fatter.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Sagittarius</strong></td>
<td>I’m a Sagittarius, say what you want, I know who I am. I enjoy seeing my loved ones happy. I do what I can to see a better tomorrow with a little bit of regret at hand.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Scorpio</strong></td>
<td>I’m a Scorpio, yes, I’m passionate and feel deeply about important things, only a selected few are blessed to keep me, if you can’t handle who I am, don’t waste my time... honestly.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Leo</strong></td>
<td>I’m a Leo, I say what I need to, I like to please people, I love having peoples’ attention and I like to acknowledge all the good things that I’ve achieved.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Libra</strong></td>
<td>I’m a Libra; I’m a loyal person with a huge heart. I’m humble, fun and I always play it smart.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Virgo</strong></td>
<td>I’m a Virgo; I’ll tell you what you need to know about me. Everything else is kept confidentially. I will open up to you once I start to feel close to you and comfortable.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Cancer</strong></td>
<td>I’m a cancer, I never apologise for what I feel is right. No matter what the deal is. My true self is who I reveal. It’s better to express than be fake and conceal.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Gemini</strong></td>
<td>I’m a Gemini, I think all day all night about everything. Where I want to be or what tomorrow will bring. But as long as I have support around me, I know I can do absolute</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Taurus</strong></td>
<td>I’m a Taurus; I’m a strong minded person, not easily swayed or always quick to agree. My loyalty is always a guarantee.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Aries</strong></td>
<td>I’m an Aries. I have low tolerance for negativity. I subtract all the negativity in my life possible; I just want to live in happy moments and keep my loved ones intact.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
In which three Wattpad-fanatics rant about their all-time favourite Wattpad books, in hopes of leading fellow bookworms to their future addictions.

**The Misfortunes of Lolita**
*By losangelesque*
**Status:** Ongoing
**Blurb:**
Former high school football star Frank Novak meets profound and depressed loner Lolita Abri — and falls headfirst into love. Throughout the course of one school year, they unravel each other and their sadness, setting apart their differences and realizing that sometimes love isn’t enough — and sometimes it just might be.

**Recommendation by:**
*Hadeel Salem*
It can be hard to find a book with the power to envelope you so wholly into its world that you forget about the world you exist in— but when you do find one, it will be even harder to forget it. The Misfortunes of Lolita is just one of those books. It’s a masterpiece in every sense of the word—it’s really no wonder it’s soon to be published. It will make you feel so deeply that you can’t merge words into sentences powerful enough to rightfully describe its allure—It’s almost hypnotizing. A book written so flawlessly is a definite must-read on Wattpad.

**Quote from the book:**
“She was forgettable. But he would remember her.”

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**Storm and Silence**
*By RobThier*
**Status:** Ongoing
**Blurb:**
In a world where women’s only role in life is to sit at home and look pretty, Lilly is determined to fight for her freedom. There’s only one problem: a powerful man blocking her way.

**Recommendation by:**
*Rayan Dib*
This too is a soon-to-be-published masterpiece, and a mutual favourite of ours. Storm and Silence is an absolutely hilarious historical romance that takes place in 19th century London. Lilly Linton, a determined suffragette, battles through gender equality with wit and humour, all the while doing the unthinkable to prove herself to her chauvinistic, reluctant boss. This story will have you in stiches—and don’t be surprised to find yourself falling in utter love with its witty characters and humorous dialogue.

**Quote from the book:**
“J would prefer a sword to fight a duel, but a pen to plan a war.”
Recommendation by: Aditi Kulkarni
WARNING: Features an explicit scene.
My Dark Knight
By SheriffSquinty
Status: Completed
Blurb:
Skyler lives in a world where her pack is slowly and deliberately being obliterated by the merciless Black Mountains Pack, led by their vicious and cruel Alpha, Gabriel. So what happens when she learns that the tyrant Gabriel is her soul mate? Soon Skyler will discover that there is much more to Gabriel than meets the eye, and there are dark forces surrounding them that will put both of their packs in danger.
My Dark Night is a werewolf novel featuring supernatural creatures that crave power and immortality. With Skyler caught up in the heart of the trouble, her relationship with Gabriel is anything but smooth sailing, with secrets so deep they hold the power to destroy any hope of happiness. This is a well-written book with a truly complex plot, a perfect choice for one who loves stories of the supernatural.
Quote from the book: “I was hurt, and furious with him for his selfishness, but would I have done any different in his place?”
The finales of our Year 7 stories are finally here! Read through to find out what happens....

**The Luminary**  
**By Khadija Salim**

The sun was rising, dawn would hit soon. Rays of sunlight illuminated demolished buildings and fractured, discarded weapons which were of no use anymore. Piles of rubble and debris were scattered along the barren, war-torn landscape like toys thrown across a messy, bedroom floor—except, rifles and pistols weren't toys.

Her hefty, black combat boots thudded softly against the ground, crunching on the snow in timed, quick-paced yet casual strides, which were quite different to Octavius's weird, lousy steps that were misplaced and going in all directions, stepping on sharp objects or tripping awkwardly on stray items that had been disguised by thick, white sheets of snow, foully mixed with the stale blood of warriors who had tried to protect Germany, but had failed and fled on massive, impressive Ethician ships currently headed towards England.

In spite of Astaroth’s extraordinary, gigantic army, there should have been at least one soldier who could have persevered onwards while the others weren't. A spark of hope lost among a sea of despair. Alas, there would be no such thing. Lord Odilo Astaroth’s army was growing, and he was enlisting men and women, children and teenagers alike, who were prepared to sacrifice their lives for the “winning team” and betray anyone for that cause. No one could comprehend why he enjoyed the bloodshed. Was it for the bittersweet amusement of the kill? Or was he planning a revolution? Or maybe he was just a madman. Either way, he had to be stopped, and according to the girl strolling beside him towards the docks, the luminary was Octavius Aubrey. The clumsy boy with the purple eyes and the blonde hair. Who could've thought?

The deafening, ear-piercing silence hung thick in the air. Octavius could no longer bear the burden, and so he spoke. Cautiously and carefully, so he could actually try to make conversation with the girl. Heck, he didn’t even have her name yet!

“Soxo”, he stretched out the word. “May I ask...where in the world are you taking me?!” his tone of voice went from formal to exasperated. Octavius had had enough of drowning in his blurred thoughts and curiosity, so he demanded an answer.

She looked at him. She didn’t even turn her head! She just looked. Her misty, brown, kohl-rimmed eyes glared at him intently. She opened her mouth to speak, but shut it again as if she’d thought better of it, and held out her tan, scarred hand with perfect, slender fingers and that chipped nail that irritated Octavius for no reason at all. He raised his eyebrow in curiosity. “What?” he said, with a tinge of exhaustion in his voice. “I’ve had enough of games...uh...whatever your name is. Why should I even trust to follow you? You’re just a random Ethician girl who popped magically out of nowhere and you expect me to follow you to...where? Hm? I don’t even know where we’re going!” he ended with a shout, his voice growing louder and louder, then resting again. Tavvy had never liked yelling at people. “Please...” he whispered desperately.

The girl’s eyes widened a bit at his outburst, a flash of anger appeared and left her eyes in half a second. “Well then” she said sternly, “that was rude- but, since you are the luminary” she bowed her head in prostration, “I believe you deserve an explanation. Name’s Andrea by the way, and we’re heading towards the docks to escape”. Tavvy was astonished. His pleading had finally worked, and all that it had taken was the word “please”. Ha, talk about the magic word.
She began. “Astaroth. Lord Odilo Astaroth. He’s back. The man who currently has reign over an abundant amount of countries is still bloodthirsty for more. Lots more. There’s no determining what that inhumane, merciless man will do just to lay his hands on these countries. Netherlands, where I use to live…” My country of origin, Octavius had thought. He’d been surprised she was from there too. She looked nothing like him, but then again, she was an Ethician. “…India, Switzerland, Spain, Persia, Algeria, Sweden and so many more have been taken over. Russia is to be conquered, but being such an impressive, grand empire that would be something near the bottom of Astaroth’s list. Not that it would take him too long to reach the bottom anyway. His army is growing Tavvy. It’s like pestilence. Soon enough his filth will be everywhere” she scowled, and spat on the ground, missing Octavius’s boot by inches. Well, it wasn’t really his boot. She’d taken him to some abandoned, rusty shack and given him drabs to dress into. They weren’t exactly the most gorgeous things you could wear but in this frosty weather which seemed like an eternal winter, they were delightfully warm. “What does he plan on doing with…” Tavvy queried but stopped to count all the countries she had just mentioned on his fingers. He continued. “What’s he gonna do with 7 countries?!”

“Eight, actually. But it would be seven if you didn’t include…uh… what’s left of this place” she said, making big arm gestures to point out the fact that Germany could no longer be called a civilised place if you had one glimpse of the terrible mess Odilo had made of a beautiful land. That made Octavius even more determined to conquer him. “And no one knows. That’s why you’ll find out”.

“So you’re dead serious about this luminary business, right?” he asked.

She responded with a short “yep” and then hastily added “Well, I’m serious, not quite dead yet. I will be if Astaroth isn’t stopped though…” Tavvy managed to let out a small laugh at her dark humour and sarcastic joke, then stopped short to realise she’d been serious about what she’d just said. Talk about keeping a straight face!

Minutes passed. Then minutes turned to hours and those hours could not even be counted, however, with someone with as much patience as Tavvy, it was bearable. A mumble approached from beside Octavius as he closely studied the cracks on the dishevelled, rocky ground where there was not much snow. One jagged line divided into two, which divided into five then back to three and—“OW!” Octavius yelped. He felt a sharp pain in his side. “Oh the AGONYYY! The excruciating physical injury on my left rib is hurting. Paining so much! Aaaah the TORTUREEEE!!!!” Octavius said exasperatedly. “Oh shut up will you? I just elbowed you and you’re acting like a rocket launcher ricocheted your leg!” she retorted. Tavvy was surprised once again. Andrea had this quality of surprising him with her astounding knowledge of all these bizarre things. “Well, someone sure knows a lot about their guns” Octavius mocked, a smirk spreading across his face, which soon took off in a split second because she stated that “if your gonna live on your own, you gotta know how to use these things. That jade dagger is very mighty, don’t know where you got it, but you gotta know how to use it to murder Odilo’s men”. There went his miserable second attempt at a joke.

Out of the blue, Andrea exclaimed “We’re here! We’re at the docks finally! Look!” she pointed towards a grand, wooden ship with the initials K.S. embedded into the side. It stood courageous and strong and mighty, bursting with pride to be one of the many glorious Ethician ships.

Octavius looked up and scanned the panoramic view. The murky ocean waves crashed along the muscular, grey boulders with such might that one may have thought it was Poseidon inducing such calamity. The magenta sky was now overcast, cloaked by a thick, cushiony blanket of dull clouds. It was a gloomy view. Not much colour, no vividness at all. The Germany Octavius once knew in his memories was a star-show in the vast blue sky during the midnight hour and when morning approached, the sky looked incredible and the hustle and bustle began on the winding, wintery streets. It was as if now, the great mayhem and chaos of the busy streets was sucked away and nothing but an ephemeral whisper left to float among the burdensome silence. The only chaos left now was the one of
war, which Tavvy and most people in general would have to agree that they too, hated with a burning passion.

They climbed down from the hill they were treading on and skidded down the asphalt, the new boots Octavius was wearing assisted him to grasp a firm grip on the slope, each step leaving an imprint in the frost that would soon erode and vanish like it was never there, leaving no trace of him or his past behind. It made Tavvy sad, really. To know that after all these years this is what would end up of him, his family, his house...his entire history basically. It had been destroyed and ruined by the paining memory of war. It was like an open wound that would never heal, and bleed and bleed 'til the day of his death.

Andrea and Octavius boarded the ship silently, making way for people who appeared as frightened as scurrying mice and trying to squeeze through gaps and loopholes among the cluster of sweating bodies. As the last thunderous boom of the wailing siren subsided into a faint echo amidst the brambles and trees, tears escaped Octavius’s glinting purple eyes. Tears holding a thousand memories. The sound of Florie’s cute giggles, Tiberius’s screams and cries interrupted by the hiccups of laughter while his mom and dad chased him around the house trying to get him to eat mom’s signature dish, the chicken soup with the vegetables floating in it like stray boats and his older sister Clementine, who always scolded him on his messy appearance. A goofy grin tugged at Tavvy's lips while he remembered how he used to look with his messy, ruffled, pale blonde hair, a stained, white shirt and crumpled shorts. That was nothing but ribbons left in the battlefield. Now Octavius wore hefty, brown combat boots matched with brown pants and a navy blue coat on top of a thin, white shirt. He had done up the buttons to stay warm. And his hair? Well that could make a whole other story! It was matted onto his forehead with sweat and caked with rusty, stale blood, of which some was his and some wasn’t. The thought sent shivers down his spine and disturbed him to the point of going ill and green. He would look for showers, but not now. Right now, the only thing spinning around and chanting in his mind was the question, “how?” How had he been entangled in this mess? How was he going to defeat the darkest, most evil mass-murderer in the world? How was he going to make an army of his own? The thoughts made him dizzy and agitated.

Tavvy had been looking for justification about what was currently occurring, but he’d just become more muddled up than ever before. He spoke to Andrea, the mysterious girl with the messy brown hair who was currently sitting next to him, in her rough linen hammock, slicing an apple with her knife. He silently prayed that it hadn’t been used to kill anyone or anything. “So you’re ultimately saying that I have to conquer that demon of a man and find out his grand, evil probably mastermind plan!?” he blurted out in one quick breath.

“Yes, ultimately” she replied coolly. “Without getting killed of course. You’re the one who has to kill him”

“I have to ASSASSINATE HIM TOO!”

And then Andrea turned her head. She didn’t just divert her spine-chilling gaze, she turned her head this time... and smiled a bright, clumsy, happy smile that he’d never seen before and never expected to see in a million trillion years and the many years beyond that! What happened next, well that shocked Octavius to the point of fainting, gaining consciousness and fainting again. Andrea tipped her head back and laughed a vivid laugh filled with bottled up emotions of jubilation and glee.

“Yes, you have to assassinate him Tavvy, as well as all the other things I mentioned. But don’t worry, you’re not alone. I, alongside the army that not only Astaroth, but we are building too, of your kind and my kind, will be by your side the whole time, and even after there is desperation, you words of hope will enlighten the many who are willing to save... well, the countries of the whole, entire world!” she said, reassuring Octavius that nothing would go wrong. However, there would be deaths, no doubt
about that, and a few beloved would die a tragic sudden death, that even the boy with the blonde hair and the purple eyes could not even fathom.

“Tavvy” she said after a while. “You are the luminary, the leader of this revolution”, she said sternly but with an edge of hope. Her voice faltered slightly. “You may not know this now but...”, Andrea paused, considering whether she should say it or not, but she did. “But you're the hope. A single drop of light in a sea of black. You will change the world, Octavius”, she said. “Please...please believe me”

And he did.

In the end, all it had taken was the magic word, “please”. The six special letters that had the power to change the mood or opinion of someone if used correctly. Tavvy had never used the word too often. His mother had told him that using it too much would make it lose it's magic, so he had only ever used it if he really needed something, otherwise, his kind ways and patience would do the trick. So when Andrea had said “please” he had believed her and felt a sense of patriotism in his soul and heart, not only for Germany or Netherlands, but for every single country he was about to save while setting on a wild, adventurous, crazy journey.

Weariness attacked Octavius, and soon he felt his eyes droop and he fell asleep in his hammock. But before the darkness of his eyelids could encompass his vision and the illumination of his fantasy world fill his brain, he heard a soft, cooing voice sing a melodious, lovely tune that melted his heart.

“Hair of silk, amethyst eyes,
On the eve of doomsday he shall rise.
Slay the bloodthirsty, upon the boy this task will be bestowed,
Perseverance is key, all this, fate will bode…”

Forever in Chaos
By Nithya Iyengar

The shiny deep, velvet, blood red tip pierced through the dusty clouds, like a knife that jabbed through a muscle with the bright blood, flowing down the tip and dripping all the way to the handle. But what was this thing? They needed to get a closer look at it. But how? There was now already a line of soldiers heading their way. And that line was gradually becoming a group...... more like a massive herd. How were they supposed to fight a million people? This included the people they were currently fighting as well. So that totals around a million and some hundred more. Midnight, was already sweating an ocean. What other options did she have in fighting against so many people? She felt a cold metal thing hit her chest and it wasn’t a sword, but the amulet that held all Avantian powers and the dimension itself together. Then the amulet started to vibrate violently as it started to glow a blinding shade of white, while simultaneously floating up to the height of Midnights chin. She could feel some kind of power flowing from the amulet. The amulet shot a burst of power that sent the proceeding army to the depths of the Avantian terrain.

Ha! So the terrains did come in useful after all. But what just happened? What happened to the amulet? Where is it now?

It’s true, after that sudden burst of energy, the amulet did vanish. But she had no time to think about that. She had a battle on her hands. One that, determined her future and everyone else’s. “Midnight!” A rough voice broke her from her thoughts just before she was about to have a sword at her throat. She was able to slide away from the attack keeping her throat safe. However the sword did cut a slit on her shoulder. The pain was unbearable. The sword must’ve been sharpened because that tip was so sharp. Blood slowly gushed out, a slow moving red river and she fell to her knees. A jolt ran through her body as she hit the hard rocky surface of the dry land beneath her. She turned around for help from Forrest, but he was only staring at her, a smile on his face.
Wait did she just see him smile at her! Was he smiling at her? Why? He hated to see her suffering!

She looked again and sure enough she found him smiling but it soon disappeared when his villainous eyes turned into the soft caring green eyes they were. He ran towards her as if he really cared. But did he?

“Are you okay Midnight?” He asked sounding not very genuine enough to show he cared as he helped her up. She jerked her hand away as if he was a disease. Midnight just turned around and ran towards the tip of something that shot through the clouds. Running closer and closer, she became aware that it was a palace, a marble palace. Midnights’ instinct told her this was where Constantine was hiding. The door was however huge, it was like a hundred giraffes stacked on top of each other. How was she meant to open it? Just then she heard footsteps behind her and someone calling her name.

“Yes Forrest?”
“Can’t you slow down?” He said his hands were on his knees and his head hung low, as he took sharp intakes of breaths.
“No,” Midnight said, trying not to open up too much to him.
“Can you not give me one word answers?” A smirk played on his face.
“No! Oh wait yes! I mean no!” Forrest laughed so hard, he had tears running down his face.
“So let’s go. We can’t simply barged into the front.” He said wiping the tears from his face. Midnight just nodded and followed him as they snuck round the back. She found it suspicious that there were no guards on duty outside and what she found even more suspicious was how Forrest knew the way around the castle once they were inside. He seemed to know the right path to take at the right time and where they, so called ‘seemed’, to be heading.

“Forrest?” Midnight asked her suspicion growing like wildfire.
“Hmm”
“Do you know where we are going?”
“Well you see.......... I mean no. I don’t know where we are going.” His face seemed like he had given something away, something no one should have known. “Ok. That’s alright.” Midnight said pretending she didn’t get the first part, which she did, very clearly. Soon Forrest led them to a door, made of gold, silver and marble. He looked left and right to see if anyone was around. “Midnight you go on the that end of the door and I’ll go on the other end. I’ll knock and when he opens it we strike.” He motioned with his hands while he talked. Midnight simply nodded as she walked to one end and Forrest walked to the other. With a deep breath Forrest knocked on the door. The door slowly creaked open and Midnight jumped for an attack. Only to be blocked by………………. FORREST!!!!!!!!!

Forrest of all people was shielding an enemy. But what, why, when, how? Questions buzzed in Midnights head. His head, hidden from her view as his shoulders were shaking, was he crying or, he was trying to contain his laugh!!!!!!! Using every ounce of strength, he pushes her back, hard; Midnight’s heads hit the wall. She fell.

She awakes with sickening feeling. The world goes dizzy as she feels nauseating. The room is pitch black, dark, not a teeny tiny, stream of light from anywhere, until the door creaks open. A familiar figure shadowed on the floor, the same hair, posture everything. Forrest.
“So how is sleeping beauty doing?” He mocked, his tone filled with evil humor and a hint of anger. However Midnight turned her back on him and crossed her arms on her chest.
“Awww. Is the princess surprised?”
“No kidding”
“Well, change of plans. I only play for the winning side and that’s Constantine, clear as day!”
“Why you little” Midnight tried to punch him but he expertly caught it and twisted it to hold behind her back. “You don’t learn do you? I thought by now you knew I was better at hand to hand combat.” She winced in pain as she fought to hold back tears that were begging for exit.
“Forrest let her go.” Immediately the hand dropped and she turned around to face the door. Constantine. His robe reached all the way to the ground the royalty duly noted. “We need you outside. NOW!” The command was very clearly stated as Forrest walked, well more like ran out to proceed with his duties. The door slammed shut and she was back in darkness. She decided she might as well get some sleep so lay her head on the cold hard marble floor, (which she had gotten used to sleeping on) and drifted into her own world.

She awoke to the sound of gunshot. Fright filled her chest, what was happening outside? She decided to look outside. Opening the door she saw Forrest on the floor. Midnight ran outside unable to register what she only got a glimpse of. And there on the floor in a pool of blood, eyes rolled back in his head, was Forrest. Hurriedly knelt down beside him and for a second thought he deserved it. Which he totally did, but he was technically all that Midnight had left. And now he was gone. She couldn’t help but sniffle a little before crying over his death. Rage filled her blood as she scoured for her weapon. But only heard a chuckle. Constatine. A gun at head point. An icy chill causing her to freeze. This was how she was going to die. The amulet around her neck was black. All hope, lost. Gone. This was the end. “Wasn’t really worth it, was it?” Bang. Bullet through her head and she was dead. Just like that. Forever in chaos.

**The Murder**

By Anooshay Omer

The silent wind blew aggressively in my face, moving the tips of my jet-black hair slightly. My heart pounding vigorously out of my chest every split second. Everything blurred. Glimpses of the shadows, glimpses of blood red, glimpses of melancholy smiles, glimpses of my fate yet to be determined, glimpses of utter pitch black darkness, the pestilence slowly spreading. My hot breath, against the brim of my neck, panting. The vicious sound of the car engine vrooming endlessly engulfing my ears. A single droplet of sweat sliding down my face in slow motion. Negative thoughts racing back and forth through my mind, what if I had failed, what if the victim was already dead? I couldn’t breathe. My breath racing away from me. I was being tightened, grabbed in a fist and there I saw those gruesome eyes again, those hate filled eyes staring back at me.

The anchor shaped birthmark…… On her left hand there sitting was the anchor shaped birthmark. I looked up to see a friendly face invaded rapidly with hatred. I looked up to see Julia with a sharp claw-like knife clenched in her hand, covered in excessive amounts of repugnant blood. Her melancholy smile gradually widening with glee yet utter monstrosity. The anchor shaped birthmark on her left wrist, the devil’s hand, now more prominent than ever, glowing with pessimistic evil, oozing out gradually. Samuel was Julia. Julia never existed; it was Samuel all along. She was the blood shedder.

“Under the kings empire
Lives a sire
Who Killed Skylar
And lil brother Tyler

One was the son
Who I killed for fun
One was the daughter
The gun caught her

Once was Julia
Once was Tom
Once was you
But always the Blood shedder” exclaimed Samuel with delight.
I heard a spine tingling laugh, engulfing my weak ears completely sending endless shivers through my petite body in nano seconds. All I could think about was that it was her all along. I was betrayed, manipulated and my trust for her had been used against me multiple times, because of me people were dead. Under countless layers Samuel was always the murderer, always possessed the insatiable urge for murder, the pessimistic sinister personality. Julia Jones was Samuel Brown.

“It was you. You are the one that was there when Skylar was murdered. You changed your face. Why are you doing this? How is it going to benefit you? All this murders for just the sake of thrill, FUN? Samuel you are not going to hurt any more people. You are not going to kill your next target. I hereby arre-st.

Everything went blank.

3:00 am – The next morning

I woke up with a ragged, brown bag over my face blocking my sense of sight. Loud, thudding footsteps getting louder and louder by the second, a second maybe closer to my death. The drip drip of droplets of running sweat dropping to the floor. The cracks of limbs as they moved in sync. The voice of the creaky door knob turning until a finally heard a raspy, deep toned voice.

“Your safe, Natalia, for now....”

“Brown, let me go!”

“Shut up. Natalia or I will kill you right now, just like the others. Tell me. Do you want to die a dog’s death?

“Excuse me? I’m not afraid of you. You’re just a coward.

Suddenly I heard high voices screaming and footsteps moving in sync towards the doorstep.

“STAND DOWN YOUR WEAPONS!!! GO!! GO, GO!!! INFILTRATE THE AREA!!” exclaimed the police officers.

“Busted Samuel, busted. Your under arrest and you have the right to remain absolutely silent. Anything you say can be used and will be used against you in court.” I confidently explained.

“Get in the car!” A police officer screamed in Samuel’s ear.”

Samuel Brown was then sentenced a 35 year sentence in Jail 11 due to his murders, monstrosity and hurt he has brought to countless families and children.

- A FEW YEARS LATER-

“A murder has taken place on the street named Saddle St. The murder was of a little girl named Skylar Ashton aged 10 years old. Police have yet to inform us about what really is going on but rumours state this has happened before with another victim who had the same name but the murderer of that girl is currently in jail. A twisting case I must say.” A news reporter stated.

My jaw hung open. Who was this copycat killer and what does he want? It was time to give a visit to Mr Samuel Brown.

-AT THE POLICE SATION-

“Hello, I’m here to speak with Samuel Brown in jail 11. Here is my ID card. I’m Natalia Jackson.”
“Follow me and I’ll take you right there Agent Jackson.”

Scurrying closer and closer to Samuel’s jail like a frightened mouse with stern body language. A rush of sheer deretimination and fear engulfed my body as I eventually met the dark brown eyes of Samuel filled with strange excitement as they blissfully smiled at me.

“Can you leave us alone for a few minutes. This is a confidential meeting. I’ll see you on my way out.”

“Sure ma’am. Be careful Agent Jackson.”

“I will.”

Instantaneously, the receptionist rushed out of the room leaving a murderer and me in a isolated and condensed room. I could sense the tension and fear in the air wafting through my nose, playing with my senses.

“Hello, Samuel. I have to talk to you about something. A few days ago someone was murdered on Saddle St and her name was Skylar Carter. Do you know anything at all about that?

“No. Not at all” He said in a cool yet suspicious tone.

“Nothing at all? Samuel you do realise that it’s very similar to the murder you committed.”

“Yeah, I know but I had nothing to do with it. Tell me, N-atalia how can I commit a murder when I’m stuck in this dump. I’m not going to get out for the next 30 years anyway. So, stop blaming it on me and do your work yourself, don’t come running to me.”

“If you tell me something about this I will shorten your sentence to 20 years.”

“Not interested.”

“Not interested? Why?”

“I’m not interested because I’m getting out now.”

Instantaneously, Samuel grabbed a gun from my side pocket and pointed it towards his head.

“Under the king’s empire
Lives a sire
Under the king’s empire....
Under the king’s empire....

Who’s the king Natalia? Who’s the king? He said with laughter and an evil smirk widening across his face with teardrops rapidly running down his cheek all the way to his neck.

I heard a gunshot and witnessed the disturbing sight of blood spewing all over the floor.

A FEW MINUTES LATER......

“We have a new case for you Natalia Jackson. Apparently, Samuel was only a part of Sinshire’s problems. Your next mission, is to find the king.”
CHRISTMAS BUZZLES

By Rayan Abdulkhalek & Bayann Ahmad

Bells    Festive    Red
Candy    Gingerbread    Reindeer
Carols    Green    Rudolf
Celebrate    Holidays    Santa
Christmas    Lights    Sleigh
December    Lollies    Snow
Decorate    Ornaments    Snowflakes
Elf    Presents    Snowman