The Buzz

Issue 4: Week 10 Term 2
Bankstown Girls High School

BGHS MUSICAL "ROOM 5" COMING SOON!
In this issue...

The BUZZ Media Team is...

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Cover by Fadila Fidina
Special thanks go to all of our additional contributors!

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Writers’ Corner
We have reached the end of our first semester and the cold is starting to have us shivering as we head to school in the morning. This term has been extremely busy and I know that staff and students are looking forward to a well-deserved rest over the holiday.

Student Safety

I would like to stress the importance of the safety of the girls as they are dropped off in the morning and when they are being picked up in the afternoon. This week there was an extremely nasty accident on Mona Street outside the school. A car exiting the Sports Club impacted into a car waiting to pick up one of our students at the end of the day. Thankfully there did not appear to be any serious injuries however; it highlights the importance of taking care at those busy times and abiding by the road rules. I would like to urge parents to take extreme care when they are turning in Mona Street and ask that no one double parks. These behaviours put the safety of our girls and the general public at risk. It is difficult particularly at the end of the day when students are being picked up from our school, Bankstown Public School and patrons leaving the Sports club and we must be vigilant to ensure the safety of all.

Girls, I expect that you will take great care and be active in looking out for danger. Ensure that you look both ways when crossing the roads. Use pedestrian crossings when they are available. Make sure that you use the foot path and do not cross in front of cars. You must be responsible to look out for possible dangers and protect your safety at all times.

Zonta Community Award Winner

This term I attended an awards dinner for Zonta where they recognised the achievements of Badia Bashaa in year 11 for promoting the role of women and speaking about the need to continually push for equal rights in all areas. Badia spoke extremely well and provided some thought provoking moments for the audience. Congratulations to Badia for this award and her positive participation in community organisations.

Merit Assembly

We recently held our Semester 1 Merit assembly to recognise the achievements of a great number of students. It was a pleasure to see so many recognised for the participation and achievements. We were also extremely happy to be entertained by groups of our music student groups. We had a special guest at our assembly from Legacy and he was most impressed with the achievements of our girls and made special mention of the two SLAM poetry performances that were presented.

Mr M. Leary
Relieving Principal
Bankstown Girls’ High School
The holidays are almost upon us and we end another busy term at school.

I would like to begin by congratulating the Year 7, 9 and 11 Merit Award recipients for Semester One. The girls are to be commended on their attendance, perseverance and commitment to learning. The positive recognition by the school is duly deserved and now my expectation is that all students strive to achieve their best in all aspects of school life.

This term I was also pleased to be invited to the Year 9 Slam Poetry presentations and was most impressed not only by the girls’ performances but also by the varied subject matter that the girls selected and the sensitive manner in which it was shared with the audience. I am now looking forward to seeing the Making Learning Meaningful project campaigns next term. I am certain that all the girls will present outstanding work.

Next term will be a very busy term for Year 11 as they will be completing their Preliminary course. In order to do this satisfactorily the girls must attend school regularly and submit all assessment tasks on time. The girls need to demonstrate that they have made a serious attempt in completing these tasks. I expect that all Year 11 will be able to achieve this significant milestone in their education.

In closing, I would like to wish everyone a happy and safe holiday and remind parents that students return on the 14th July to begin term 3.

Mrs Porreca
Deputy Principal
(Years 7, 9 & 11)
Bankstown Girls’ High School
FROM DEPUTY
CARMODY’S DESK

Higher School Certificate and ATAR rank. My advice girls, is to not listen to your friends, but be the captains of your own ship. Choose what you love and love what you learn.

Year 12 are about to enter the final Term of their school life and must make decisions on which direction their lives will take. To choose university, TAFE, employment, family or travel is the dilemma facing the senior girls. My advice girls, is to try and find balance between frenzied study and peaceful relaxation. It is very important to have balance in your lives, and your futures will take care of themselves.

As the mornings become cooler, attendance rates are dropping. It seems so much easier to hit snooze than put your feet on the cold hard floor and get up. Lateness is becoming a poor habit for many students. You need to start repeating this little mantra over and over and get yourselves to school on time.

Ms L. Carmody
Relieving Deputy Principal
(Years 8, 10 & 12)
Bankstown Girls’ High School

As we approach the end of what has been a very busy term Years 8, 10 and 12 have some important decisions to make.

Year 8 are about to have their first opportunity to guide the direction of their education, through the choice of their electives. My advice girls, is to choose what you are passionate about. To love your learning makes it all seem so easy.

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Ms L. Carmody
Relieving Deputy Principal
(Years 8, 10 & 12)
Bankstown Girls’ High School
BGHS DON'T DIS MY APPEARANCE!

Supporting the Butterfly Foundation by taking a stand against appearance based judgment #nojudgment
Bankstown Girls High School
presents......
ROOM 5
The Musical

Tuesday 18th August 2015
6:30pm
Bankstown Sports Club
Adults $10
Student $5
A FISHY TALE

Year 7 Visit the Sydney Aquarium

Written by: Anooshay Omer, Nithya Iyengar & Khadija Salim from 7A

What do you call a fish with a tie? soFISHtical!!! Haha! That was ridiculous! Wasn’t it? Ok, I admit it, I’m gill-ty. I’m horrible at jokes, but the rest of Year 7 is probably fin-tastic.

On the 2nd of June, 2015, Year 7 and a few 8O students had the honour of attending Sydney’s famous, incredible aquarium filled with amazing, breath taking fish, sharks, dugongs, sea stars and everything possibly in between!

As we stepped out of the train, the frosty air enveloped us. It was so cold! Luckily, we were wearing 22 layers of clothing! We rushed to the great Sydney Aquarium and already were fascinated by what we were seeing, and locked in suspense in what was to come from this giant sea house of underwater wonders. I had to get my brain replaced, because one step inside and, BOOM! My head just exploded! We saw pretend jellyfish hanging from the walls and a cool water effect made the entire place seem like we were under the sea. I totally felt like Ariel. UNDER THE SEA, UNDER THE SEA!

We gradually walked towards the entrance to discover the wonders of the seas that awaited us! The journey had begun!

When the entire Year 7 hurtled inside of the Aquarium because we couldn’t contain our patience, our eyes had so, so much to take in.

Continuing, a few smart girls managed to see the tiny tails of the beautiful, delicate seahorses with slender, fragile backs that had lovely, spiralling patterns on them. We only spotted three amongst the thick, mossy clumps of seaweed.

As we further walked in, all of Yr 7 was immediately engulfed in awe at the little, well-fed, crazily swimming penguins. They looked so adorable! I JUST CAN’T!! Let’s not forget the majestic, green turtles with rock-like shells, seeming to be covered in moss, effortlessly crawl through the deep blue sea while glancing at us with the utter most interest.

We saw rare fish and scrumptious seaweed!—I mean, long green seaweed. Totally not delicious (Gaah, I’m so hungry!!)

Japanese Spider Crab

Starting off, we walked into a dark room displaying some small and some large, glass cases that contained all these glorious species of fish (LITTLE FISHIES, BIG FISHIES!!!! >.<) As we ventured further into the dimly, neon lit Aquarium, some of the 20/20 visioned people were able to spot these MACRO COSMIC crab-looking creatures which were hidden away, so we weren’t able to recognize them. We also saw rare fish and scrumptious

Sydney Aquarium
However, not only did the Sydney Aquarium leave everyone perplexed and satisfied, but so did the landmarks. A new addition to the city that was appealing to a high extent was the radiant Ferris Wheel, making our smiles bigger than before—even the teachers! Inside the mall (which, might I add, did not have a fully covered ceiling, allowing us to view the beautiful sky) we had a memorable time at a photo booth, snapping shots that we will without a doubt treasure forever! We were also welcomed with a small food store, offering enormous chunks of different flavours including; chocolate and caramel that we were literally dying to get our hands on as we drooled for that extraordinary taste, but sadly walked past because we had realized we already spent all our money on the vouchers at the Aquarium!

As we kept walking gloomily, we saw the famous Lovisa and Typo! A parade of girls swarmed all over Lovisa and Typo like a swarm of locusts ready to devour fields of crops within seconds flat. The chic, glamorous, cutting edge jewellery, cute hair bands, stoned clips, and other cool items were taken hostage by the girls of Year 7. The accessories were so cute as well as the abundant supply of awesome stationary! The entire population of girls was flooding the stores and buying everything they laid their eyes on, however, with us being broke, we could only stare at the beauties we would never buy.

DON'T YOU EVER SAY, I JUST WALKED AWAY, I WILL ALWAYS LOVE YOU!!

It was a splendid, wonderful day full of surprises and extreme fun! On behalf of Year 7, we are grateful to all the teachers that were involved in this excursion. It was a once in a lifetime experience that we enjoyed to the maximum and would especially like to thank Mrs. Alembakis as well as the accompanying teachers for making this excursion possible. Yr 8-12, you missed out on the best excursion EVER!

We recommend you visit the Sydney Aquarium; it'll be a time you'll never forget...
**PROTESTANT CHRISTIAN SRE CLASSES COMMENCE IN TERM 3**

NSW DEC allocates up to 1 hour per week of Special Religious Education (SRE) to students for faith based teaching based on a parent’s choice. This is provided by local faith communities of various approved religious groups.

Bankstown Girls is pleased to announce that starting in Term 3 we are able to also provide Protestant Christian SRE to any high school students. These classes are provided via combined local Christian churches coordinated by BLAST (Bankstown Local Area Scripture Team). More information about Christian SRE can be found at: [www.christiansre.com.au](http://www.christiansre.com.au)

The content of the Protestant Christian SRE classes follow an approved curriculum which can be viewed at [www.youthworks.net/sre/SRE-Curriculum](http://www.youthworks.net/sre/SRE-Curriculum). All families of Protestant Christian persuasion are encouraged to attend class. If you are of another faith as indicated on your child’s enrolment you are welcome to come to Protestant Christian SRE but parents/guardians will need to communicate this change to the school in writing. If you would like your own faith represented in the school, please discuss this with your own authorised religious provider.

The new teacher is Rev. Peter Ko. He is the pastor of Bankstown City Church (www.bankstowncitychurch.org.au). He has a Bachelor of Divinity (Hons.) from Moore Theological College and has been an ordained minister since 2005.

**ZONE/REGIONAL ATHLETICS**

On Wednesday 27th May 2015, hope filled students made their way to Flinders Slopes in Georges Hall to compete against the other schools in our zone for a spot in the regional team. The course varied in conditions from hills, to running past lakes and even being forced to run in a car park (WHIS WILL HEAR ABOUT THIS, MAJOR SAFETY ISSUE!). Red faced and gasping for air, quite quickly the girls made the satisfactory finish across the line with a few actually successful in making it to the next stage. We also had Taylor Stoten of Year 12 place first, being the zone age champion for 18y/o.

A short two weeks later, the regional cross country event was taking place (11th June 2015) at Hurlstone Agricultural School. The worry of previous years’ experience was evident; the thought of slippery slopes and cow poop everywhere is not pleasant. To great surprise and relief the fields were kept under control with very minimal mess to tread in to. The hold up of weather made the day extremely enjoyable, making friends with other zones and awkwardly dodging other people’s selfies.
GETTING YOUR HEAD RIGHT
Contributed by Angelina Tuitupou and Kim Nguyen

For most year 12 students, the HSC is associated with the words such as stress, sleep deprivation and disappointment. However, recently we learned that it is not the be-all and end-all. As he said, “Failure should not disappoint as it is a form of information.”

On the 1st of June, Rocky, a motivational speaker, came to talk to year 12 students about preparing for the stress of HSC. He helped us work on strategies to focus and combat procrastination with the use of mind exercises. For example, in order to focus on the task at hand, we were taught to think about our “happy place” and minimise it and distance it from ourselves, while enlarging what we needed to do.

We also learned about the importance of body language. Slumped shoulders and downcast eyes would create lack of self-esteem and confidence, while good posture and a smile could significantly change your attitude.

He also used personal examples of his family, friends and past students to illustrate the fact that there are other pathways in life. At a young age, he was told that he should drop out and get a full-time job, as any prospect of university would be near impossible. However 12 years later, he’d decided to attend the Australian Catholic University and acquired a degree in teaching and counselling. This motivated a large majority of our grade, as it was a testament to what hard work and a positive mindset would achieve.

We are forever grateful for his wise and kind words.

EXCURSION TO THE POWER HOUSE MUSEUM
Written by Yasmin Haddad and Sabrina Sadek

On Monday the 23rd of June 2015 Bankstown Girls High School year 8 students left the school at approximately 8:45 and headed out for a day of excitement and enjoyment to the Sydney Power House Museum. After a fair bit of walking and switching trains we finally arrived at Darling Harbour where we reached the Power House Museum. When we arrived we were greeted by a lovely lady who was part of the museum staff and were informed of the rules and expectations that are required. Our teachers also gave us an allocated time to meet up. All the eager students were ready and excited to experience the entertaining and knowledgeable Power House Museum. The interaction with the fascinating science, art, jewellery and fashion created the students more intrigued by the second. This along with a diverse variety of history and many demonstrations around the museum. It was a huge hit on the students and the teachers, touching on subjects such as fashion and furniture design. This was an unforgettable and outstanding experience for the year 8 students at BGHS which will be remembered
‘LINKS TO LEARNING’

Bankstown Girls High School
On Friday the 22nd of May the year 8 debaters visited Punchbowl Boys’ High School ready and eager to win their first debate. The Bankstown Girls’ High School debating team includes Shaza Ayoubi 1st speaker, Valentina Perez 2nd speaker, Sabrina Sadek 3rd speaker and Thuy Vu team advisor. The topic for the debate was that “all teachers should spend at least one year teaching in the country”. Bankstown Girls were the affirmative team leaving negative in the hands of Punchbowl Boys. After an hour of preparation, we were all set for our debate. Fortunately, we won the debate against Punchbowl Boys’ High School. Once the schools congratulated each other, the adjudicator sat one on one with the teams to give us feedback on our performance and told us what to improve on next time. Overall, it was a great debate which was enjoyed by all. A big thank you to Ms Hawkins for her support!
YEAR 9 DANCE ASSESSMENT

Written by Deane Ngo

What style of dance are you interested in? Jazz? Contemporary? Perhaps hip-hop? On the 1st and 2nd of June 2015, the Year 9 students had the opportunity to (well, maybe was forced to) present their PDHPE dance assessment task.

This task is an annual assessment task where all the students are required to perform their group dances in front of the whole grade as well as the judges on the panel. This year, however, was slightly different. Taking into consideration as to how nerve-wrecking performing in front of a big crowd is, the PDHPE staff decided that this year, the PDHPE dance assessment was to be assessed by the students’ classroom teacher and only performed in front of their class.

Despite the two day assessment, I was privileged enough to have being able to witness the most breathtaking performances across the two days. There were various styles of dance ranging from jazz to hip-hop. The first day was the combined performances of PDHPE 3 and PDHPE 4 with Mrs Kalogeropoulos and Mr Majanggil on the judges’ panel.

The second day was class performances by PDHPE1 and PDHPE 2 with the judge of the performances of PDHPE 1 being Mrs Karceska and Mrs Hemming for PDHPE 2.

I would like to congratulate and thank all of the Year 9 girls who built up the courage to get up on stage and perform spectacularly. On the acknowledging and thanking note, of course, I would like to thank all the judges who’ve worked closely with the girls for the past 7 weeks and made these two days a very successful and memorable one.
DIY WORKOUT MOTIVATION MASON JARS

By Queenie Ngyuen

Step 1:
Collect 4 Glass jars, they can be any size, any colour. I purchased mine at Typo. You will only need the glass jars, the lids for the Jars are not needed in this DIY.

Step 2:
You will need to purchase these Large Paddle pop sticks; you can get them at a craft store for a cheap price. I purchased around 60 sticks.

Step 3:
You will also need these decorations, it's completely your choice to decorate the jar and make it look more appealing. I purchased washi tapes at K-Mart and some at Typo. You can get the Doily paper at a craft store; I purchased the silver glitter at Line craft.

Step 4:
You could either spray paint your paddle pop sticks but I preferred painting them. For the colours, I added white to the blue to make a lighter shade, and I repeated the process twice to make 2 light shades of blue. I went through the same process for the purple to get violet and another light shade of purple.

Step 5:
Decorate the jars with the washi tape, there’s no particular order. Grab a pair of scissors and cut the bottom part of the Doily paper, just to add some pattern and design in the jars.
Step 6:  
Cut a long piece of the silver glitter ribbon and tie a bow on the jar just to add colour.

Step 7:  
Paint the paddle pop sticks. I painted the first set in a baby blue colour, the second set in a slightly darker shade of blue, the third set in a violet colour and the last set in a darker purple. Then, I added washi tape to the end of the paint where it stops to hide the unfinished look of the stick.

Step 8:  
I grabbed random paddle pop sticks and selected a range of cardio workout. You don’t have to use these; these are just random workouts that work efficiently for me. You can always have your own workout style and it could be cycling, dancing or outside of school sport.

Step 9:  
Write down various inspirational quotes and to get motivated when you’ve had a stressful day to keep you going. Read these quotes to motivate yourself to workout and live a healthy and fit lifestyle.

Step 10:  
Label the jars into sections. The 1st MOTIVATIONAL jar is motivation quotes and the 2nd MOTIVATIONAL jar is the same. The last jar, which is the PURE HAPPINESS jar, has all the positive quotes and the reasons to work out, stay fit or lose weight 😊 That’s all there is to this DIY! Please approach me if you found this DIY useful and you’ve actually made it!
When it comes to soccer skills, ‘SkillTwins’ are simply the best. The YouTube channel features young Swedish twins, whose aim is to inspire people globally with their excellent soccer skills and spread their love and passion for the sport. These young boys have not only inspired youth but have obtained the attention of world class soccer players such as: Neymar, Jordi Alba, Ivan Rakitic, David Alba, Ashley Cole, Zlatan Ibrahimović. The SkillTwin’s channel consists of contemporary, entertaining and amazing skills for soccer that have been never seen before. As well as showcasing their unique freestyle moves, the channel also provides viewers with tutorials, to make one look like they have been trained by a professional. As well as that, these talented brothers, also teach the signature moves and tricks of famous soccer players. Even if one is not interested in soccer they will find these twins extraordinary because of their great footwork and unbelievable abilities. Having over 1 million subscribers, the Skilltwins are a must watch!

Be prepared for a book that’ll take your breath away,

The Outsiders, a novel written by S.E Hinton when she was only 15, is a tale of passion, hope, friendship and tragedy, funny at times and other times moving to the point of tears. As well as that, it’s a story of peer pressure, rebellion, and identity. Based around the rivalry between two gangs, the poor Greasers and the rich Socs (short for Socials), this hatred for each other only heats up when Greasers Ponyboy and Johnny get into a brawl that ends in the death of a Soc member. The boys are forced to go into hiding until the matter has settled a bit, but when the boys return back to their hide out at a church from a drive around with fellow Greaser, Dally, they see that it’s set ablaze, and quickly run in to the scene to save children from the burning church. What happens next is for you to find out.

This book includes many positive messages, including teaching you not to get involved with the wrong things, but stand up for the right things.
The new section dedicated to the global happenings of our world, updating you in crises and celebrations.

**China's Tragedy**

June 1st saw a boat capsize in China’s Yangtze River. A small ship with more than 450 people aboard had sunk during a storm overnight. Many family members of the victims are in mourning, as the death toll has exceeded 400 people and approximately 11 were reported missing. Amongst the tourists on the ship, 14 have survived the disaster. This was China’s worst ship tragedy in seven decades.

**MERS**

MERS – Middle East Respiratory Syndrome; it is a virus that can infect animals and people and it usually causes common colds. Though it was first seen in Saudi Arabia in 2012, this year its migration has been noted in Korea after a man carried the virus whilst travelling from Saudi Arabia. During his hospital stay, he had passed on the disease directly to the patients whom he shared a room with. Korea has a total of 64 people infected with MERS since last month and there is currently no vaccine leading to hundreds of people being isolated. The death toll of MERS in South Korea is at 5 however; this disease is rapidly spreading through close contact with infected people.

**Tragic death**

Game of Thrones editor, Katherine Chappell had died from a lioness attack whilst visiting a safari park. Taking a break from a volunteering project on another nature preserve, she was not revived in time from an up-close encounter with the lioness. Family and friends gathered at a funeral home in New York where Katherine Chappell grew up to pay their respects and mourn her loss.

**Old is gold!**

92-year-old cancer survivor, Harriette Thompson became the oldest woman to finish a marathon. The race held in San Diego called the 'Rock n Roll Marathon' is about 42 kilometres which Harriette Thompson had managed to complete in 7 hours 24 minutes; almost matching her time last year which had beat the record by more than an hour and a half. She has battled with cancer and has lost family members to it and now she is raising money for cancer research. “I don’t think I’d be living today if I didn’t do this running...”
On Friday, the 5th June, our school celebrated the world Environment Day. The Environmental students with the help of the SRC conducted a number of activities including musical performances, Henna drawing, nail painting, hair braiding, recycling activities and the guessing competition.

The day was a great success. The Environmental group fundraised $280 which will be used to improve our school environment. Thanks to all students and teachers who donated and helped on the day. Special thanks to Mrs Carpenter and her musical team, Mrs Nasour and all science staff, Mrs Hawkins and Mrs Poole, Mrs Arambatsis and the SRC.

We had fun on the day but our aim is to sustain our environment. This year’s theme is: Seven billion dreams, one planet, Consume with care.

We are asking everyone in our school to start consuming with care by:

• switching the power off when it is not needed
• Using less papers and packaging and recycle what you used.
• Planting more trees and shrubs to reduce carbon dioxide and produce more oxygen
• Living sustainably by doing more and better with less.

Sirina Matar 7C & Hayat Nahas 7A

Prior to the Environmental Day Competition, students were asked to design a poster that illustrates how our school community can take action to be more sustainable. All posters were put on display in the library on June 5th during the World Environment Day celebration for students to vote for the 3 best posters. We had around 40 entries and 111 votes.

Four winners were selected for designing meaningful and creative posters. The following winners received a gift card voucher for their talent:

1st place with 25 votes was Jenny Pham Year 12.
2nd place with 24 votes was Sabrina Sadek Year 8A.
3rd place with 16 votes was Bessie Barbour Year 12.
4th place with 14 votes was Tala Issaoui Year 8A.

Congratulations to the winners.

The Environmental Committee
2015
School Tree Day Friday 24 July - Come and celebrate with us.

National Tree Day and Schools Tree Day combine to make Australia’s biggest community tree-planting and nature care event. Co-ordinated by Planet Ark and proudly sponsored by Toyota, these are special days for all Australians to help out by planting and caring for native trees and shrubs to improve the environment in which they live. National Tree Day started in 1996 and since then more than 3 million people have planted 21 million seedlings!

Each year, around 200 000 Australian school students participate in a special National Tree Day event designed just for children – Schools Tree Day! It’s a wonderful opportunity to get kids into nature and develop a love for the great outdoors, as well as learn the importance of taking care of the planet.

National Tree Day and Schools Tree Day promote planting and caring for native trees and plants. It is important to maintain and support local biodiversity, even in urban areas, so where possible we prioritise the planting of native plants. Plants help to combat climate change by locking up carbon, but there are more ways that native plants can help address the impacts of climate change.

Join the Environmental group on the 24th July to celebrate the School Tree Day at our School and work in the garden to plant new trees.

The environmental group 2015

By Tuyet Nguyen & Lanh Anh
Year 12 Advanced English students, as part of their Module B Critical Study of Text course, decided it was time Hamlet, Prince of Denmark have a Bankstown flavour. Zatar wasn’t on offer, but the stage was set for a personal response.

Fear, suspicion, regret, anger, desire, hate and despair – emotions that flowed from each student’s interpretation of the complex character. Each student presented a dramatic recital of the troubled character, capturing a particular emotion.

Most English students at some stage in their studies are challenged to engage with their text, even with the main character. Lisa Ma, Kim Nguyen, Fadila Fidina, Patricia David, Angelina, Harsharan Singh, Maryam Emir Rudzikyani, Jenny Pham, Nurjus Al Modafer and Sarah ..., experienced for a salivating moment, the torment of Hamlet’s character. In delivering a specific dialogue extract, each student confirmed having a deeper appreciation of not only the character, but the text as a whole!

Mr Nadile 😊
CREATE A 60-SECOND FILM AND WIN
ONE OF TWO $1000 CASH PRIZES, PLUS DVD/BLU-RAY PACKS, MOVIE TICKETS AND MORE!

To enter My Story My Content, students must create a 60-second short film and submit it into one of the following two categories:
* Primary Schools/Students
* Secondary Schools/Students

Entries must be based on this year’s theme: ‘Movies Matter’. Your film must be about how or why movies matter and include a reference to film piracy or its impact.

Entry forms must be completed (and films and stills uploaded) through the online entry system at http://mystorymycontent.com/en try-system/ by midday AEST, Monday 10 August 2015.

The My Story My Content website<http://mystorymycontent.com> includes the competition rules, online entry system, additional information for teachers, plus all thirty finalists’ films from 2014.

COMPETITION OUTLINE
* Entry is free, and is open to all students in Australia and New Zealand.
* All films must be made specifically for this competition.
* All entries must be submitted online at mystorymycontent.com>, including uploading of the short film and at least three still images from the film.
* Entrants may submit multiple entries, as long as each entry differs significantly from any others submitted by that entrant.
* Entries close at midday AEST, Monday 10 August 2015.
* The winners will be announced at the 2015 ATOM Awards<http://atomawards.org> Student Awards Evening, to be held in Melbourne on Wednesday 28 October.
* The first-place prize in each category includes $1000 cash. Other prizes include DVD/Blu-ray packs, movie tickets and more.

2015 MY STORY MY CONTENT SHORT FILM COMPETITION – CALLING FOR ENTRIES
NRL UPDATES

Latest news

DCE (Daly cherry-evens) will no longer join the Titans; he has chosen to stay at Manly who has resigned him for a contract deal of $1 million a year for 8 years. Trent Hodkinson, Chris Sandow and James Maloney are all playmakers that have not yet been resigned with a team for 2016. Will any of them consider wearing a blue and gold jersey (titans) for next year?

CLASSIC NRL PHOTOS
The Chelsea Football Club is a professional football team, (keeping in mind that by ‘football’, I mean ‘soccer’), based in London and supported by millions. In fact, it has recently been revealed that they are the world’s 4th most popular football club, with a whopping number of 135 MILLION fans. Chelsea is undoubtedly one of the best football clubs out there, and has even won the 2015 EPL (English Premier League), which is the biggest football league and widely considered the best.

So I’m sure you can imagine the chaos that consumed Australia when Chelsea had paid us a visit, participating in a friendly match against Sydney FC. Fans swarmed Sydney Airport, decked in blue and white, in hopes of catching a glimpse of their idols. The team had arrived to a rowdy welcome of screaming fans, most of these fans seeing them live for the first time. It was the first time in 41 years that Chelsea had travelled to Australia, it was no surprise that stadium tickets were sold out in a flash.

And so the 2nd of June finally arrived. The ANZ stadium at Olympic Park was filled to its ultimate capacity with over 80 000 fans, screaming from the top of their lungs as the excitement of the match consumed them. Flags were waved, chants were yelled, and adrenaline pumped, as the game everybody had been waiting for finally began.

The match was undeniably a thrilling one, going back and forth between the two teams. Chelsea dominated the game, firing away at Sydney FC with a palpable skilfulness, however; Sydney managed to defend their attempts incredibly well, considering Chelsea’s title as EPL champions. The first chance the stars had to score was by Diego Costa who single-handedly dribbled through the entirety of Sydney FC’s defence; with such ease and nonchalance it left fans in awe. Sydney’s goalie did save it however; it was visible that Costa had not been adamant on scoring but was rather playing along. After that, Costa and Hazard, two of Chelsea’s star players, continued to strike away at Sydney’s defence whom scrambled to deny their attempts in a flurry.

Only at the half way mark, the inevitable happened. Loic Remy glided in between Sydney’s defence, leisurely lining himself up with the goal and striking the ball over all the remaining players’ heads, scoring his team a well-deserved goal. I’m sure you can imagine the chaos that ensued this goal, as the crown went wild.

The match continued on at this pace, with Chelsea dominating. But then, on the 80th minute, Sydney had astonishingly gotten the ball into Chelsea’s net and were just about to celebrate such a feat, only to realise it was a handball, therefore was not to be counted. However, Sydney FC could have snatched it as a draw in the end however; the full-time score was Sydney FC 0 and Chelsea 1. Chelsea left the field as the obvious victors however; the match was a huge success and there is no doubt that football fans are counting the seconds until the next time such an event takes place.
**SYDNEY FC VS. TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR**

By Natalie Veljanovska

Tottenham Hotspur arrived in Australia ready to face Sydney FC in front of a crowd of up to 70,000 at ANZ Stadium on the 30th of May. Tottenham finished in fifth place in the recently completed EPL season and are coming into this match on amid-week win, whilst Sydney FC’s last A-League match was two weeks ago in the grand finale against Melbourne Victory. A crowd of 71,549 fans were treated to a great game of soccer. Spurs star Harry Kane’s first-half goal was enough for Tottenham to beat the Sky Blues 1-0. It was a tight match as both teams had multiple chances to score. Sydney FC and the fans also farewelled their goalkeeper Ivan Necevski who left the field to a standing ovation.

**TENNIS UPDATES**

By Natalie Veljanovska

2015 Internazionali BNL d'Italia WTA (Women's Singles)

Location: Rome, Italy

Maria Sharapova won the title, defeating Carla Suárez Navarro in the final, 4–6, 7–5, 6–1.

2015 Internazionali BNL d'Italia ATP (Men's Singles)

Location: Rome, Italy

Novak Djokovic was the defending champion and successfully defended the title, defeating Roger Federer in the final, 6–4, 6–3.

**Top 10 Men's and Women's Tennis Ranking**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Player</th>
<th>Ranking</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Novak Djokovic</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Serena Williams</td>
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<td>Roger Federer</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Simona Halep</td>
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<td>Andy Murray</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Maria Sharapova</td>
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<td>Milos Raonic</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Petra Kvitova</td>
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<td>Tomas Berdych</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Caroline Wozniacki</td>
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<td>Kei Nishikori</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Eugenie Bouchard</td>
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<td>Rafael Nadal</td>
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<td>Ana Ivanovic</td>
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<td>David Ferrer</td>
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<td>Ekaterina Makarova</td>
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<td>Stan Wawrinka</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>Agnieszka Radwanska</td>
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<tr>
<td>Marin Cilic</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>Carla Suarez Navarro</td>
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POETRY SLAM

Congratulations to all the girls in 9ENG1 who participated in the Guided Inquiry Program. Also, a big congratulations to the winners of the poetry slam: Aditi Kulkarni & Kristina Verma (1st place); Rayan Dib & Leyla Derbas (2nd place) and Favour Obuga & Hany Dedainefi (3rd place).

Aditi Kulkarni & Kristina Verma: Misogyny

Why can’t I fight with my words?
Isn’t that a right?
Why can’t I rise to fame?
To show my might
Why can’t I come first?
To shame you all
Why can’t I play the game?
Are you afraid to fall?
Am I that inefficient?
You haven’t given me a chance
Because I’m pretty sure
Black Widow kicked Hawkguy’s arse

We work to rise
To claim our well-deserved prize
But with the Glass Ceiling in between
Our goal is unobtainable but seen
You call us incapable,
You call us unworthy,
What do we have to do to prove ourselves?

To prove gender doesn’t matter
Our differences make us unique
Like a bright light we shine
But go unnoticed
They say we don’t shine bright enough

But in the darkness of night
Where we show the way
They come with torches, ready to replace
Do the dished they say,
For that is how it is meant to be
Do the house work they say,
While they go and earn their pay
‘Housewives’ they call us,
For that is all we were meant to be
You belong in the kitchen they say,
Cook us dinner if you may
These words, these phrase, these expectation and thoughts
We not made by a child, student or middle aged man
Formed over time and supported by those
Who look down on us and presume us inferior
With even our own prime minister supporting the cause

Not long ago he said,
And I quote his words
‘Abortion is the easy way out’, he claims,
It is only the women he blames
‘Ditch the witch’ he chanted,
Our wished were never to be granted
‘A women is a man’s bitch’ he promoted,
Standing next to a sign, nothing but devoted
‘Men are more adapted to exercise authority’, gloated another
You would think we would remember,
But it was so easily forgotten
No one game a damn
For his treacherous scam
No one stood up
Defending us women
For we were thought inferior
Rising to the occasion
Julia Gillard called him out
Brought the truth about
She put up a fight
With all her might
Becoming a knight
For all women alike
They think we are weak,
Something they need to protect
Expecting us to give them a kiss on the cheek
As they fight on the front lines
What they do not know is that we are not meek
We do not misspeak
That we would never shriek
I can empty the clip as well as any other,
Sneak onto the offensive,
How can I be a bother?
My Father, brother and commander say that I am a danger to them all,
Forcing us to crawl,
While they go fight in the brawl.
In my bullet proof vest
Ready to supress the unwelcomed guest
Do not discard me like some pest
Nor make me a part of your jest
While you rest, I’m here ready to be put to the test.
The uniform I earned makes me the same as you
A solider but our heart and strength also makes us bolder
Bold enough to cover your back
And pick up all your slack
I as a female solider stand my ground
It’s not because of pride we don’t surrender
It’s because we don’t surrender that we are proud
Give us credit where credit is due
This is what I say to you
You and I
Same yet different
With our strength and our weakness
We embrace our uniqueness
It’s our identity you’ve claimed
And power you have obtained
For you want us to fear
The change that will appear
Day by day
With our passive display
With the sky cleared from grey
We prepare to break away
Equality isn’t an option
But a demanded fortune
To be treated the same
Regardless our name
Is all we request from you today?
We ask you to change
Your unjust ways
For a bright future awaits
For both of our fates

Leyla Derbas & Rayan Dib: Masters or Slavers?
Leyla, wtf did you see wot he did to meh? tbh idc
Omg dib, boys these days fmd, stay strong gurl ily
Ily2, but I got to find a new bae, ASAP fml
Dw ill help you but I gtg ill ttyl
Kk see ya

When we are constantly abbreviating and can no longer write by hand,
The English language becomes something foreign we cannot understand,

Our ancestors used to write with ink and quill, yet it pains us to put paper to pen,
As we have adapted to texting and the keyboard is our new best friend,
The beautiful words our ancestors have created,
We have long forgotten! The phone has dominated,
Our phone screens have expanded and our vocabulary contracted,
We can no longer find the right words to describe how we feel!
We have become a society where we cannot express without emojicons,
We don’t talk about our feelings, our day; the art of speaking is gone,
We switch on our phones and switch off our ears and eyes,
We become trapped in an internal bubble and do not realise
When we enter our passcode and unlock our phones,
The world around us ceases to exist. We fall into the phone zone

We try to capture moments of beautiful events, scenery,
We forget to actually admire what’s in front of us and put down the machinery,
We refuse to give our siblings and family our time and attention,
We are too consumed looking down at this invention,
We aren’t there to watch them grow, laugh, cry or play,
Were there for our online friends though... every single day,
We could be standing at our loved one’s tombstone; we’d look back, regretting our stupidity,
Not appreciating their existence and offering our lucidity,

We now sit on buses too scared to look or talk to one another for the fear of looking insane,
We pretend not to notice the social isolation and remain reserved and vain,
No more asking for directions, sharing newspapers or asking others about their day,
Are we the masters of this technology, or are we its slaves?

When we have come of old age and wrinkles adorn our skin,
When we sit on the porch with grey socks covering our shins,
When wisps of snow lay upon our head like a crown,
When our tired bones yearn to get up and run around
I will look back at my days of youth with a sense of scorn,
Realising my youth was over when the smartphone was born,
No more skinning your knees and dirtying socks,
No more climbing trees and jumping from rock to rock,
No more sweaty red faces radiating with glee,
No more picking flowers or running from bees
Just thumbs hitting glass and kids looking down at a screen,
And the horrible truth!?
The horrible truth...
It’s a shame that youth is wasted on the MF youth.

Favour Obuga & Hany Dedianefi: Racism and Discrimination
Why are we judged as people because of our race?

For we as humans are just a tiny dust from out of space

Yet we do things far worse than disgrace.

You told me to take that rag off my head

I asked for your acceptance and I pled

But still you'd rather want me dead.

You made fun of me because of the colour of my skin

Your laughs boomed louder than a speaker, knowing that you'd win

But all I ever really wanted was to fit in.

Why did you make that racist remark?

Why did you have to throw us in the dark?

For your words are just as harsh as a dog's bark.

You called me a terrorist because of my religious headdress

You said I was wearing too much and that it was excess

You called me revolting, and then you said I was far beyond a mess

Every word you said was like an open wound wanting to heal, but to our disappointment transforming to a scar

You stood there; mocking us, stealing the spotlight, trying to become the star

This type of lifestyle to us was kind of bizarre.

An African rail train guard was bombarded with racist remarks

For asking a teenage boy to take his feet off the seats, with kind regards

His words piercing him like sharp shards.

A Muslim family sat on a train not to be looked at or to have fame

They looked side to side but cannot look straight, as they were the enemies aim

The woman sat in front of them was armed with hate, and they couldn’t see themselves getting out of that state

But they knew that they would have to wait, for the woman wasn’t going to decide their faith.

It shouldn’t matter how we speak, or the colour of her skin

It shouldn’t matter how we pray, or which creator we choose to believe in

Just like Nelson Mandela said “no one is born hating another person because of the color of their skin, or their background, or their religion. People must learn to hate, and if they can learn to hate, they can be taught to love”.

And for those of you that have been judged or made fun of because of your race,

It's time to rise together and be seen from out of space,

See that you are just like anyone else and look past the disgrace.
WRITERS’ CORNER

Welcome to the writers’ corner where you will have access to some breath-taking and heart-stopping narratives that will keep you on the edge and open-mouthed. Our talented Year 7A, Khadija Salim, Anooshay Omer and Nithya Iyengar (with the help of Ms Elsayed!) have given exclusive access to their captivating short stories (historical fiction, horror and sci-fi!). Each Buzz edition will include a segment of their stories (chronological order of course!) so make sure you pick up every edition of the Buzz from now on so you do not miss out on the final bombshell! This Buzz issue features the orientation. Stay tuned for the rising action and climax to be published in the next Buzz!!

By Khadija Salim 7A

September 1st, 1939. Munich, Germany. 6:16pm.

He stared out the window expressionlessly, his misty purple eyes gazing blankly. The illumination of the radiant, golden sun with the grey, sombre clouds that were intervening between the path of its light settled, allowing the vivid, glistening moon to take its place. As the first twinkling star appeared, another one soon followed until the entire night sky was a vast, midnight blue canvas with shiny, white paint flicked carelessly onto it. When the entire dark blue cloth was dotted here and there with white spots, he slid onto his bed. It creaked as he adjusted to its rough, uncomfortable mattress and smooth, velvety sheets. Due to his remarkably tall height, the sheets reached just below his knee. He shivered when the brisk, frosty air gushed in through the large, glass window and greeted his unprotected legs. “Octavius Aubrey! Come down!” a woman yelled. He heard the heavy thump of footsteps of someone climbing the short staircase, until his door burst open and a 39 year old lady with elegant, long, pale blonde hair that was pulled back loosely into a bun appeared in the doorway. Despite her age, her creaseless, delicate face revealed signs of youthfulness.

“What is it, mother?” asked Octavius in a bothered tone. He grabbed the cushiony pillow his head was rested on and smothered his face with it, to block out the harsh light coming through the rusty, bedroom door.

“Don’t act like you’re a vampire Tavvy. You’re just a grumpy “octopus” snickered Florence, Octavius’s youngest sister who irritated him every opportunity she received.

“Ughh, go away Florie, stop annoying me!” yelled Octavius, his tone expressing more and more his irritation, especially considering he had heard the same, tedious joke a countless number of times. “Don’t yell in the house Octavius, go away Florence. Stop annoying your older brother” ordered Mrs. Aubrey.

“Hiltrude, the soup is bubbling again!” yelled a male voice from downstairs, his father.

“Coming Augustus! Get ready for dinner, both of you” she stated, then stomped her way back down to the kitchen, where she resumed clanging pots together. The aroma of chicken and peas travelled into Octavius’s bedroom and filled the atmosphere with its appetising aroma. He pulled the white pillow off of his face and over exaggeratedly

Please

Bankstown Girls High School
sighed. Octavius shared his bedroom with his 17 year old sister, Clementine, 9 year old sister, Florence, and 8 year old brother, Tiberius. He was 13, and the second eldest child in the family. He heaved himself off the bed and made his way down to the dining room, which was just a rickety, wooden table with chairs placed around it in the lounge room. In fact, there were no proper room arrangements at all. The giant lounge room was attached to the open kitchen, and eclectic pieces of furniture were placed everywhere, and even though the house lacked cohesion, it provided an agreeable, cozy atmosphere that reminded Octavius of his dysfunctional but lovable family.

Without warning, he felt a hand smack him in the head, breaking him out of his reveries. “Couldn’t you be bothered to look better?” asked Clementine. He scanned himself. Messy, ruffled, pale blonde hair, a stained, white shirt and crumpled shorts. He gave his sister a lop-sided smile and collapsed onto one of the ancient, brown chairs. His mother poured everyone a steamy, hot bowl of soup with chicken and vegetables that burned his tongue when he tried to sip some. “Patience, Tavvy” his father chuckled. He offered his father a smile, then started to play around with his soup, until he accidentally spilled some onto his shirt, making it dirtier than it was before. “Seriously, Tav? Even Ty can eat better than that!” retorted Florence. Octavius glared at his sister then fixed his eyes on Tiberius, who had just banged his hands on the table causing the contents of his bowl to spill all over the table. Octavius smirked; feeling amused, and flashed a sarcastic grin towards his sister who replied with an irked, “whatever”. Once again, Octavius tried to sip his soup, but the shiny silver spoon was flung out of his hand, splashing the hot soup onto Florence’s silk, pink night gown which she had received as a Christmas present the year before. The family enjoyed most Christmas festivities even though they were Jewish. They had taken refuge Germany because of the massacre against their race in the Netherlands at the hands of Lord Astaroth, a mass-murdering dictator.

“Aaaah!” screamed Florence vehemently. Octavius's purple eyes widened, as he stared at the spoon on the floor, then at his sister who was looking at him accusingly. “I swear, it wasn’t me. I-I don’t know what just happened” Octavius stammered. “Ungeschickte junge! That’s no way to treat your sister!” rebuked his mother. "Mother, it wa-“ started Octavius, then stopped short as the water inside his glass began to shake, causing ripples inside of it. He was stunned, too perplexed to even speak. His jaw dropped, his mouth was wide open and forming the shape of an “O”. His mother and father too, soon realising with shocked expressions that the entire house had begun to vibrate, sat on their chairs in a catatonic state. Suddenly, there was a giant explosion outside, causing destruction to hectares of land. The zoom of airplanes and multiple bombs dropping reverberated in their ears. The windows of their house shattered, and smithereens flew everywhere, one extremely long, acute shard struck Octavius’s left wrist. He bellowed in pain, gawking at the piece of window that protruded from his wrist. A river of rose red blood streamed down his arm as his eyes searched frantically for his beloved ones, but only a putrid thick smog covered his eyes. He took a deep breath, but the flames and embers only scorchd his throat. “P-please. Mother!” he choked the words out with great pain. Another bomb dropped, and the walls within the old, green brick house caved in. He felt something heavy with excessive force that pushed him to the floor, slamming his face hard into the ground. His face was as white as snow in contrast to the red of the blood flooding out his nose. His eyes rolled back. Everything was an infinite void of pitch black darkness. **STAY TUNED FOR WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT IN THE NEXT BUZZ!**
THE MURDER

By Anooshay Omer 7A

I was abruptly awoken by the sound of a loud ear piercing scream that reverberated in my ears in the middle of the night. The scent of repugnant, festering blood wafted through my nostrils progressively. Swiftly, I ran down the steep stairs as fast as a bolt of lightning. Cautiously, I opened the rusted wooden front door awaiting the source of that raucous scream. What I saw, I will never forget. It was the gruesome sight of an old wrinkly man with bloodshot dark brown eyes that possessed a malevolence that sent chills down my spine. He was clutching a knife smeared with blood. In the far right corner of the dark suburban street of Sinshire was a 9 year old youthful girl surrounded by looming shadows, drenched in a red thick dense liquid. Sitting down, she curled herself up in a tight impenetrable ball, leaving only her eyes visible. She was clinging to her brown, stuffed teddy bear. The dilated pupils of her alarmed bloodshot eyes expressed the fear, suffering and agony she had endured, and the horrendous and dreadful things she had experienced. Anxiously and with the fear of God in her eyes, she waited for her fate to be determined, waited to know whether she would live or die. Instantaneously, the aged man plunged the claw- like knife deep into my delicate stomach inflicting brutal pain. A whirling tornado of agonizing and torturous pain attacked me rapidly, as though a hundred, sharp metal swords had sunk into my stomach all at once. Warm tears trickled down my face and onto my tattered, yellow and shirt rapidly like the rain at a funeral. I imagined a coffin disintegrating gradually with every thick dense, droplet of blood. The dense, blood red liquid soaked my clothes. My whole life flashed before me, my first day at school, the loved ones I cared about…. With a large thump I fell down onto my wounded, fragile knees landing flat on the cold hard concrete ground, bruising my face severely.

I caught a slight glimpse of that horrid and ghastly scene. I barely noticed an anchor shaped birthmark on the left wrinkly wrist, known as the devils hand, of the old, inauspicious and black hearted man. I wished I could do something, but was utterly helpless. The man walked gradually towards the petrified girl overpowering his prey from a slight distance. I could imagine the thoughts racing back and forth through her mind. The deafening silence from the unanswerable questions invaded her. Was she ever going to experience the little things in life? Would she ever watch her siblings grow up? Will she ever be able to hear the nurturing sound and laughter of her mother again? Smell the distinct aroma and imagine the mouth-watering taste of her mum’s home cooked meals again? The soft touch of her father’s hand? She never did. The man relentlessly stabbed her with a sadistic glimmer in his dark brown eyes that reflected his insatiable urge to murder. 10 seconds later, her life was over. All I could remember was the last vociferous and deafening scream that little unassuming girl had made. Suddenly, everything went blank.

I woke up with a white flash of light continuously flashing like a human’s pulse straight into my strained eyes causing an acute, excruciating pain directly above my eyebrows. WANT MORE? FIND OUT IN THE NEXT BUZZ!
The Amulet
By Nithya Iyengar 7A

16 year old Midnight Avalon stared down at the daunting, frightful battlefield from high on the once snow-capped mountain like an eagle that soared through the open skies. Her gentle and soft hand had a death grip on the hilt of her shiny, self-forged, magical sword, Lightning. She could hear the loud, rippling sounds of firing canons and gunshots slicing through the air. It cracked into the air, loud as thunder but without the raw power of the storm, as if the whole thing was happening right next to her ear. The cries of agony and pain were nothing but a faint whisper through the wind compared to canons and gunshots.

The once lush, green, leafy, forested land of the mesmerizing Avantia was now just an arid, barren, sun-baked, lifeless landscape. The snow-capped alpine was now just a bare mountain. The foul repugnant smell of war and blood shed was all that could be smelt by Midnight and her cousin Forrest Avalon. The crystal blue amulet that hung limply around Midnight’s bare cold neck began to darken as each symbol of the zodiac engraved near the edges began to fade. With each symbol lost, the weaker Avantia became, its magic fading. It was the only thing that protected Avantia for as long as it did.

Something in the sky glinted. Looking up, Midnight saw something she was uncertain about, heading in their direction. It was headed straight for her. As quick as the speed of light, Forrest pulled her away. Just at their feet lay a metal bow. Its light blinding when the sun bounced off it. A crumpled piece of cloth was tied to it. Forrest untied it and read it to himself. Removing the cloth from his face, you could see his panic stricken eyes. “Constantine is back.” He read aloud, his voice shaky.

Avantia was going to fall... **WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO AVANTIA? ALL WILL BE REVEALED IN THE NEXT BUZZ!!**
UOW OPEN DAY

10am – 2pm
Saturday, August 29
Sydney CBD Campus, Circular Quay
Gateway Building, 1 Macquarie Place

uow.edu.au/sydney-open-day

Attend the Sydney CBD Open Day and explore three levels of modern teaching facilities overlooking Circular Quay and the Sydney CBD precinct.

You will have the opportunity to:
- Chat face-to-face with our academic staff
- Learn about our business courses
- Meet current students and industry partners
- Tour the campus
FREE & fun program for fitter, healthier, happier kids!

Know if your child is over a healthy weight?

Go to www.go4fun.com.au to see if your child could do Go4Fun.

Go4Fun is a FREE healthy lifestyle program for kids over a healthy weight to improve health, fitness, self-esteem and confidence.

FREE & fun program for fitter, healthier, happier kids!

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Go to www.go4fun.com.au to see if your child could do Go4Fun.

Go4Fun is a FREE 10 week program which runs over one school term after school hours. During the program children and their families get involved in fun games and activities and learn about delicious nutritious foods they can eat every day.