

PIN OAK

ISSUE 20: TERM 3, AUGUST 7, 2015



ATHLETICS



DRAMA



HEADMASTER'S REPORT

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HEADMASTER REPEATS YEAR 8

Last Thursday, I went back to school as a Year 8 boy. I went to all of his classes, did all of his work for him (whilst he sat beside me and relaxed), carried all of his books, and even did all of his homework. It was not some sort of riff on a Tom Hanks movie or 'Freaky Friday'- although sometimes it felt like it. Instead it was my way of getting under the skin of what it was like being a student in classes each day by becoming one just for a few hours. I learnt more about education in that day than I do in a typical month.

The Year 8 boy - Ben Canute - was 'picked' at random. He won a competition last term run by the Year 12s. He wrote me an email within an hour of winning saying how much he looked forward to having an afternoon hanging around Bowral whilst I did all of his homework.

This day came. Despite several teachers insisting I wear school uniform, I fronted up to Tutor Group with my blue suit and white shirt. I wasn't going to look like Angus Young from AC/DC. Ben and I did agree to swap ties at least. He gave me his pile of books, his computer and his student lesson diary for me to carry for the day. I asked for his lunch too, but he refused.

Period 1 was Mathematics. Now it is time for a deep admission: Maths was always my least strong (okay... my worst) subject. Year 9 was my least strong year. The geometry of circles was, by far, my least strong subject and I was also absent due to illness for over two thirds of the lessons back in 1982.

So imagine my feelings when Ben told me on the way to Maths that he had a topic test. I asked 'so what is it on?'. And of course his reply 'The geometry of circles'. With a minute to spare, standing outside the Maths classroom, I desperately flicked through his exercise books as Ben showed me some formulas to memorise. And then I was inside.

It was that nightmare when you are suddenly back at school doing the HSC or performing in a musical for which you are completely unprepared. Descartes or Neo from The Matrix would have known exactly how I was feeling. As I walked down the aisle with thirteen year olds babbling on both sides of me, I actually presumed I was going to wake up. But, alas, I didn't. I learnt in my bones something about motivation that period. Whenever I thought to myself 'I am interested in this question as a puzzle - how do I work this out,' then I felt curious and wanted to go on. However, when I looked around and thought 'What if these practised thirteen year olds are all beating me' a slight sense of stomach churning would come over me.

It was the lived experience as a Year 8 student that Carol Dweck, the Stanford psychologist, writes about all the time. She says that students can have fixed mindsets in which everything is a test of how smart

HEADMASTER'S REPORT

they are, and they get mental rigor mortis as a result. Or they can have growth mindsets in which they see things as a challenge to rise to - in which case they succeed much more.

Well, after the Maths test, everything was easy. I did a double period of Geography in which I learnt about Antarctic Ecosystems and had to write a dossier about an Elephant Seal. I got to spend a period listening to our Head of Geography who, as a Cambridge Graduate, spent thirty five days with four others in a tent doing research in Antarctica. (She has also cycled from Morocco to South Africa to get to a sustainability conference, so freezing in Antarctica was a piece of cake for her!) I spent a period in Design and Technology learning with Ben how to manipulate an industry standard design programme called Inventor. I spent a period of Music analysing the structure of rock songs - choosing the songs as we went (although I was most perturbed and offended when Rock music was described as a historical period.)

One of the stranger experiences was attending a 'Cornerstone' lesson run by Peter Ayling. I have written all the lessons. So it was very odd sitting in a class, receiving a lesson you had written yourself.

In the lesson we were given a random TED talk from TED's 'all time top 20' list. We had to report back on to the class. As it turns out, I picked one on motivation in corporations. The speaker, Dan Pink, talked about how bonuses don't work in business - they just strangled people's creativity. By contrast, giving people 'time off' to work on their own projects had meant companies like Google had come up with innovation after innovation. Get people to do what excites them, said Pink, and give them free rein. It was as if the Fates had chosen for me to watch this straight after my Maths test near death experience.

Of course there was still the matter of the homework. I had Maths and Geography - both to be done on the computer for Ben. At the end of the Music lesson Ben had put up his hand and said 'Miss, I'd really like some extra homework if that was okay with you.' So I got the task of writing an analysis of the structure of an additional two rock songs as well. I chose Bucks Fizz's 'Making Your Mind Up' and Black Lace's 'Agadoo', which the music teacher has promised to share with the class as Ben's favourite songs.

So what else did I learn by spending a day in Year 8? I learned, as a student, that classes everywhere are much more geared to kids than back when I went to school. Teacher after teacher was enthusiastic, kind and approachable (although maybe that was just me being in the room). I learned how much Information Technology has infiltrated all of our classes in a good way. Out of the six periods, I used Ben's laptop in four and each time it made the lesson better. Usually it meant that Ben and I could choose something that interested us, and that was different to the person sitting two seats away from us.

I learnt a few prosaic things too, such as 'it is easy to miss the Maths homework when you are packing up your books'. I learned that I don't like sitting in a row where you can't see other students' faces.

I learnt that you really get hungry at the end of the school day - I have much more sympathy now for my own kids who fall upon the pantry as soon as they get home. I also had quite a few 'teacher craft' insights that are better left for arcane education journals.



Mostly, I reflected on how lucky kids are to be learning each day. I wanted to keep learning about Antarctica and geometry, I wanted to explore the Design Programme further, and I really wanted to join in composing music along with the Year 8 class this term. I wished that society was structured so that everyone could take a few years off in the middle of their forty year working lives to go back and just learn. What an amazing world that would be.

I learnt so much more about lessons by experiencing them as a student. It was much better than making class visits as the Headmaster and imperiously jotting down a few notes. And for Ben? I think he regards the day as an unqualified success. I am sure he particularly felt that later in the afternoon as he finished off his milkshake in Bowral whilst I finished off his homework back at School.

By Ben Canute (Year 8)

The day started off with Mr Parker meeting me in Roll Call and reluctantly swapping ties with me. We then headed off to first Period resulting in him having to complete a test on Pythagoras (Mr Parker's worst Maths fear). In Period 2 he joined me in Cornerstone watching a TedEd talk on motivation. After recess, Mr Parker met me in Lab 1 for double Geography, resulting in a beautiful sketch of an elephant seal (revealing a hidden talent for sketching... elephant seals) and getting premium seating in a presentation by Mrs Shedden on her journey to Antarctica. Period 5, in room 15, was spent with Mr Marnoch teaching our third lesson on Graphics tech. I gave a 20 second tutorial to Mr Parker to bring him up to speed and soon he was building entire cities... or ice-cream cones... In our last period Mrs Bunyan got us to analyse rock songs which led to an eighties throwback on Spotify - much like those of my dad.

All in all it was a fantastic experience and right now I am planning how to spend the rest of my night as Mr Parker completes all my homework. Thank you to all who organised it, it was an unforgettable day with nervous teachers and surprisingly, brilliantly planned lessons.

Partying! (on the inside)

Introverts and extroverts



"Go away, I'm introverting"....

I saw this quote on a coffee mug while browsing on Etsy (a website featuring homemade/vintage items) the other day. And I think it perfectly sums up how I, and roughly half the population often feel. It's not that I hate people, that I'm necessarily shy, or that I hate extroverts. It's just that I need my down time or things can get very messy. So what actually are introverts and extroverts? Is a person 100% extroverted or introverted?

Here's a simple answer to the question about what makes introverts and extroverts: if you are an extrovert then you feel energised from spending time with lots of other people. If you are an introvert you are energised from being alone. Now this does make introverts seem like anti-social monsters, but in reality they're not. (Note: Some bias towards introverts may be included in this article). Introverts can often be very social, even the life of the party, but after a while they become mentally exhausted and need some alone time. The same goes for extroverts; they could be shy and quiet, but still enjoy being around other people and find being alone very draining. Most people sit on the scale between these two extremes.

In our family, holidays can be a bit challenging. My mum, my dad and I are all introverts and are very happy lying on the beach reading or just getting lost in our own heads. My younger sister, on the other hand, is very extroverted. She hates being alone and is always busting to go out and do something... go swimming, go for a walk, or just talk together. (well.... she likes to do most of the talking!) As you can imagine, this creates a bit of tension - and we often end up tag teaming to go out and do things with our little extrovert. She once managed to get all three of us in the pool... one after the other, playing Marco Polo and water sliding. She was thrilled.

As I mentioned before nobody is 100% introverted or extroverted. Personally I would say that I am sort 2/3 introvert and 1/3 extrovert. There's even a category for this: the Ambivert!

You can do a quiz to find out where you sit on the spectrum right here: <http://www.danpink.com/assessment/>

For me, my level of extroversion depends on who I'm talking to - some of my friends say that I'm an extrovert, while others think more introverted. This stacks up with the evidence - most of us are more introverted or extroverted depending who we are around. With a very extreme extrovert, somebody who usually identifies as an extrovert might become more introverted. And if an introvert is around somebody who is very introverted, they might find themselves rising to the occasion and being an extrovert. And there's only so much social activity one person can handle!

So how do having these two personality types reflect back on our society? Well it pretty much affects every aspect of social life especially in school. "Group work" - a term loved by some and feared by many! To an extreme introvert, group work can be very daunting, but to an extrovert it's amazing. I personally enjoy group work, but there's a limit to what I can handle. New schooling techniques call for group discussions, which many find hard. It's very difficult to find the balance between these two extremes and tricky to please both crowds of people. Setting work that is done individually is a nightmare for an extrovert, but great for introverts. However introverts and extroverts do complement each other very nicely, they can often work together effectively and come up with new and interesting ideas.

Social gatherings can also be very hard. Introverts don't understand why the extroverts don't get tired and are always up for more general "togetherness". But extroverts don't understand why introverts get drained after some time, and how they would sometimes much rather be alone. Maybe if we just try to understand how we're each feeling, and realise that it's just the way we're each built, there would be less judgment and misunderstanding in the world.

So tonight when you extroverts go out and party, I'll stay at home with my thoughts for company. You'll talk the night away. And we'll both have a great time.

By Jemima Taylor (Year 8)



Books

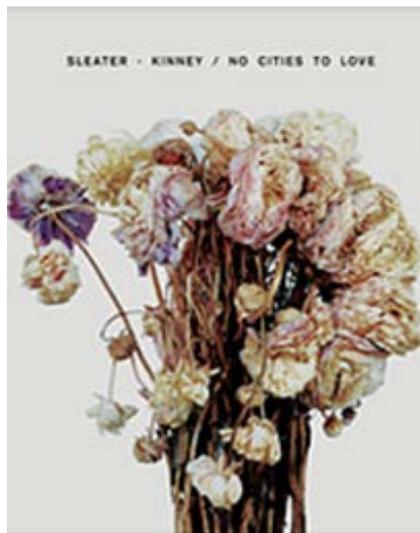
★★★★

Uglies

Welcome to the world of uglies, a world where, at the age of sixteen, you are transformed from an asymmetrical, horrible looking "ugly" into a stunningly perfect, flawless "pretty". Uglies is the first in a trilogy of books for young adults by Scott Westerfeld following protagonist Tally Youngblood, and it is brilliant.

Set about three hundred years into the future, where the old humans, referred to as "rusties" destroyed everything, and few were left to rebuild society. The lack of difficult language, a refreshing concept and interesting characters makes the novel a fairly easy read and one that kept me up at night saying, just one more chapter. I highly recommend this book for anyone, especially the sci-fi fan.

By Sam Crowley (Year 8)



Music

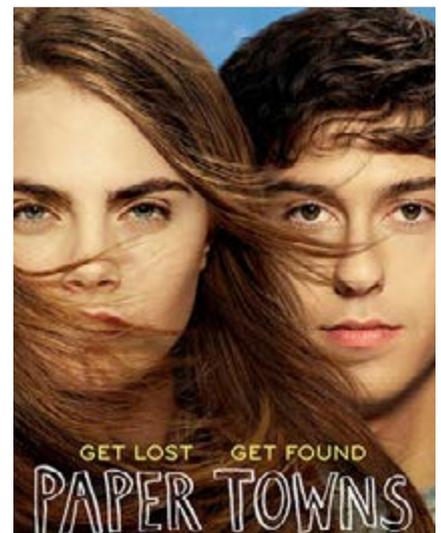
★★★★

Sleater-Kinney - No Cities To Love

Rebelling against all of the toxic 'girl band' stereotypes, Sleater-Kinney have pushed down boundaries and experimented vocally and instrumentally on No Cities To Love. 'Bury Our Friends', 'Price Tag' and the title track display the band's more sleek and polished side, the songs entailing cleaner guitar hooks and more structured vocals. But don't be fooled; Sleater haven't lost their grungy, unruly, wild side after their break. This is clearly exhibited on 'Fade', a track that doesn't only bend the line between punk and psych-rock, but also displays Brownstein's guitar skills more than ever with heavy and distorted guitar riffs, bound together cohesively with Tucker's vocals.

The album lyrically isn't at its finest - twisting and turning through typical song subjects such as *money* and - surprise - literally *having no cities to love*. But after believing that nothing could top their pre-breakup album *The Woods*, which sonically, was extremely experimental for an album of that time, I was proved wrong. *No Cities To Love* reveals who Sleater-Kinney are, and comprehensively combines all of their best elements. It results in one glorious, bold statement: Sleater-Kinney is back!

By Izzy Moore (Year 8)



Films

★★

Paper Towns

Fans of the book, keep reading; Fans of the movie, steer your eyes away from the general area of this article. If you have read John Green's novel 'Paper Towns', to put it simply, don't watch the movie. The skilfully composed and completely engrossing novel is utterly put to shame by its feature film counterpart. Although yes John himself was very involved in the movie, your expectations aren't met. The plotlines, realisations and events in the novel are totally changed in the movie and for anyone who loved the book, it completely ruins the movie. The beginning, like the book, was great. Margo Roth Spiegelman takes Quentin Jacobsen on a cunningly planned out adventure one night which begins to change the way he views things in his life. Then the next day she goes missing which doesn't seem to alarm anyone except Q, sparking his newfound courage and sense for adventure. Though it does seem to be a corny plotline, the story unravels to be much more than this but this is what's not shown in the movie. Entire scenes from the book were changed in the movie and some things not even mentioned. This is why 'Paper Towns' should've been kept as paper in John Green's novel.

By Alexia Cheaib (Year 11)

K- 6 NEWS

Head K - 6: Justine Lind

To think, to dare, to dream.....

With the launch of the new College website this week, we also embark on an aspirational journey toward a bright future.

The attributes of thinking, daring and dreaming big embody the ambitious vision for our future that the change makers of today are working towards. We hear that it is the innovators, the entrepreneurs and the "imagineers" that will carry us into this dream.

In a small corner of the Oxley playspace, our own little cottage industry is burgeoning. Kindergarten enthusiasts have created a worm rehabilitation village and are designing, refining, revising, engineering and collaborating in a sustained and highly orchestrated way, entirely free of adult intervention.

The students have created a beautiful, multi-level, natural environment on the three stumps in the bottom corner of the playground, under the weeping cherry. Other students have intuitively respected the creation, leaving it untouched for over a week now. Several times a day, the team of dedicated engineers, nurses and landscapers check in on the worm residents (sometimes recruiting additional residents from nearby garden beds) and ensuring optimal conditions. They have a collective sense of purpose, to house and nurture the worms, and negotiated specialised roles.

In dialogue, the team can express to you that "we need leaders, they tell us what to do". There is a maturity and moral imperative here; they can deny their own needs for those of others. There is also a gentleness and attempt at harmony with nature. Unfortunately I'm not sure the worms would agree but the lessons emerging in cooperation, construction and concentration are powerful lessons for life and they have emerged out of a small corner full of a small gang of dreamers and doers at Oxley.

As we continue to develop Oxley as a place of wonder we will explore the philosophies and pedagogies that have emerged out of the Italian region of Reggio Emilia. Principally they value the environment as the Third Teacher and implore us to be mindful designers of this stimulus for learning. Reggio spaces are gentle but full of intention to construct an "overall softness".

A context of overall softness means an ecosystem that is diversified, stimulating, and welcoming, where each inhabitant is part of a group but also has spaces for privacy and a pause from the rhythms. There is a respect for others, listening: a "strategy of attention". It is serene, amiable, a living place.

[Children, spaces, relations – meta-project for an environment for young children (1998) p.7]

Weekly Awards:

Students of the Week

K: Cartier Dobler,
Yr 1: Sienna Wimborne,
Yr 2: Alec Simpson,
Yr 3: Hanna Gorman,
Yr 4: Grace Hardy,
Yr 5: Victor Van Der Schalk,
Yr 6: Bianca Gibson-Brown



Respect Self

K: Alexander Psarakis,
Yr 1: Peter Kearney,
Yr 2: Jack Rendell,
Yr 3: Oliver Deakin,
Yr 4: George Dummer,
Yr 5: Alister Hill,
Yr 6: Luca Ritchie



Weekly Awards:

Students of the Week

K: Leila Palmer,
Yr 1: Zahra Lim,
Yr 2: Lily Smith,
Yr 3: Ashton Mineeff
Yr 4: Sienna Bellis,
Yr 5: Arabella Osborne,
Yr 6: Ivy Hayes



Respect Oxley

K: Estelle Beckett
Yr 1: Aislinn Kenny
Yr 2: Madison Walters
Yr 3: Evie Crowley
Yr 4: Tyra Beckett
Yr 5: Thomas Hutchings
Yr 6: Harry Jensen



K-6 ATHLETICS CHAMPIONS

Age Group	RUNNER UP	CHAMPION
8-10 Boys	William Cameron	George Dummer
8-10 Girls	Gemma Lee	Sophie Dunn
11 Boys	Monty Clark	Lachlan Blair
11 Girls	Rosie Phelan	Poppy Jensen
12-13 Boys	Lachlan Muldoon	Reece Masters
12-13 Girls	Maddie Sargeant	Gabby Maples Ivy Hayes



Athletics Carnival



Winning House: Chisholm





A short story

There was a cold atmosphere in the house, the kind which only came from visitors who were not welcome. But then again Joyce was always cold, or perhaps always unwelcome. The light which illuminated the old woman's face as well as the large metallic wheels of her chair was weak and unsatisfactory and there was a smell, a strange unsettling smell. Muffled voices filtered from the kitchen. A nodding detective and a middle-aged woman with wilted curls and red eyes. If Joyce could turn her head she would be able to see them, if she could move at all.

Joyce stared at her hands, pale and webbed with veins, the oxygen being pumped into her lungs by the machine not reaching her extremities. A line of dribble dropped down her chin which would have been undignified if she could remember what dignity felt like.

Motor Neurone Disease. Just like Steven Hawking, her grandson had happily told her after a day at the science museum, the greatest scientist alive. The little boy's excitement had been unstoppable, talking late into the night, telling Joyce about the universe. But Joyce didn't need to know; her universe was there, standing right in front of her.

"When was the last time you saw your son Mrs Hadley?"

The mother put her head in her hands, "two days ago, I dropped him off at school as usual and I haven't seen him since."

Liar.

"And was there anyone else who would have been at your house since then?"

"Only my mother in law."

A face appeared in front of Joyce, bending down into her line of vision. The detective, tall with glasses and small hairs on the shoulders of his suit. A cat person – Joyce approved. He smiled sweetly at the old lady,

"Hello Joyce, my name is Detective Chadley, I'm in charge of the investigation into the disappearance of your grandson Joe. Would you mind answering a few questions?"

Inside Joyce laughed bitterly. What she wouldn't do to answer the detective's questions, to even nod or shake her head.

"You're wasting your time, she's completely helpless, can't move a muscle; her brains all mush. So sad." Joyce's daughter-in-law added in a tone which would have made Joyce vomit if she had had functioning gag reflexes.

Joyce seethed, if only they knew. Her body might be a dead lump but her brain was alive and well and tearing her apart. If God was cruel enough to take away her body he could have at least taken her mind with it. What Joyce wouldn't give to be a peaceful vegetable; blissfully unaware of this unforgiving world. That way she wouldn't have had to see; wouldn't have had to know...

The detective was blushing slightly and nodding sympathetically.

“Well, I guess we can rule her out as a suspect then.” His awkward attempts at humour petering out, having caught the old woman’s eye. She yelled at him through that eye, trying with all her might to communicate. She knew the terrible secret, she knew who had done it, she knew - it was never any use.

The pair walked back to the kitchen, not wanting their conversation spied on by a sick old lady. Joyce tried to blot them out, fantasy being her only escape. She thought about the world, a tiny little dot in a galaxy which was vaster than the sky, in a universe which was impossible to begin with. She thought about the stars, about how they lived for billions of years and would still die as everything died. She thought about her grandson and about how if a star was big enough its death would rip a hole in the universe. She tried to think about more but all she could remember was the screaming.

Joe had got home late that night, football training or something. His mother had finished two glasses

“Her body might be a dead lump but her brain was alive and well and tearing her apart.”

and was already on her third. Her hands had shook as they always did around the half way mark of the bottle and her eyes had a red tinge. Joe usually kept out of her way when she was like this, hid up in his room with his books, but not tonight. Joyce couldn’t remember exactly how it had started; but the woman had been yelling, screaming at her son. Joyce had screamed too, screamed for the mad woman to stop, screamed for Joe to run, screamed for someone to hear her.

Words turned to violence and Joyce could only watch as the person she loved most in the world was beaten again and again. The boy had tried to escape; stumbling backwards against his mother’s rage; falling after a particularly ugly shove; smashing his head on the corner of the cupboard; before finally being still.

When the woman realised what she had done she had gone very quiet before picking up the limp child and taking him away. Those bloodshot eyes returned, kneeling down right in front of Joyce, grinning maddeningly. Inside, Joyce had sunk her nails into that monster’s face, ripping and tearing off her flesh until nothing remained. Outside Joyce could only stare.

“What are you gonna do you piece of junk? You’re completely helpless, I’m not even sure there’s a person inside that meat suit anymore. Who are you gonna tell? The police?” she had laughed hysterically. “I’ll tell you what you’re gonna do, you’re gonna sit there and smile sweetly for them nice young detectives. And then they’re gonna come take you away, lock you up in a nice padded cell, or perhaps put you down. That’s what they do with useless old things isn’t it?”

If Joyce could move she would have strangled that woman herself.

Two days later and the memories wouldn’t stop, tumbling past each other as they gouged through Joyce’s mind; a hurricane beneath the placid calm of the old woman’s face.

As Detective Chadley made his way towards the door he found himself stopping in front of the old lady. For a second he could have sworn he saw something, some kind of thought behind those pale eyes. But no. he shook himself, there was nothing in the head of that poor woman, nothing coherent anyway, her mind was long gone. Her eyes were half closed, tubes and lines weaving around her frail form into machines which were as much part of her body as her actual flesh. Suddenly self-conscious he smiled and walked on. It must be nice, he thought, to live so obliviously, so peacefully with no idea of what horrors the world around her held.

By Meg Hutchings (Year 11)

DEPUTY HEAD REPORTS

Deputy Head Learning: Kate Cunich

This week begins our annual period of celebration of Year 12 HSC Practical and Performance subjects. Starting with the Visual Arts Exhibition and extending through Drama, Music and Design and Technology, students have the opportunity to showcase the works and projects that they have nurtured through their course of study. For many, this has not always been an easy process, however clear evidence of learning can be seen in the completed works. We congratulate both students and teachers on the effort, resilience and passion displayed in the creative journey to excellence.

Year 12 students returned this week to their classes after two weeks of Trial HSC Examinations. As results are received, we recognise the range of emotions that are often associated with this process. We are looking to support students in a number of additional ways, including the provision of an expert in Mindfulness to join Year 12 students in the Study Centre next week to assist in meditation and relaxation techniques.

We are also conscious that each day now is a vital one for Year 12, so we are starting a final count down, beginning next Monday with a 25 day plan. We will have a visible representation of the days left and a key focus of action, so that both teachers and students are focussed on maximum development of skills and exam techniques. Year 12 students have benefited from detailed feedback from external markers for English, providing a specific and explicit list of ways to improve in the coming weeks.

Mr Parker also conducted a role play for Year 12 at Assembly on Tuesday, displaying clearly the importance of this vital period between Trials and HSC. In a humorous and effective way, students learnt about the scaling process and how important it is to work now as a cohort, with each mark contributed to Oxley's basket, helping every student in their HSC.

Year 11 students have also had the opportunity to apply for extension subjects in their HSC courses. Again it has been encouraging to listen to the intelligent questions being asked of teachers, and the guidance provided by Heads of House, Curriculum Leaders and Mr Peter Bull, Careers Advisor.

Finally, a highlight of the week was the screening of the Year 9 Rites of Passage films at Assembly. We have already heard much about our exciting innovation, but to see the professional films, made with the assistance of the Australian Film and Television School was a moment of real pride in our Oxley students. Sophisticated montage, humour and genuine engagement with both process and experience was the ultimate reward of this wonderful educational time. We look forward to the 2016 version!



Deputy Head Pastoral:
Peter Ayling

Any 16 year old will know how daunting it is be behind the wheel. Aside from the 120 hours of experience, and passing the P's test, there are still many obstacles to overcome. U Turn the Wheel is a locally run initiative by the Wingecarribee Shire Council and the Rotary Club to further educate and raise awareness of the dangers when driving. Year 11 students were fortunate enough to attend this presentation, and most would agree it was both confronting and worthwhile. We heard from paramedics and local victims of car accidents, many permanently disabled, and learnt safe driving strategies from driving instructors and policemen. It goes without saying, we are all a little more cautious behind the wheel now.

By Cate Patterson (Year 11)



I see rivers white and blue
purple frogs and blue ones too
and I think to myself
what a wonderful world

I see pollution and rubbish
people dying and hurting too
and I think to myself
what a world this could be.

By Caelan Barker & Sam Slater



WONDERFUL WORLD

I see scars on men
Women too
Fighting in wars they have no right
to
And I think to myself
What happen to our world?

I see corrupt politicians
Telling us lies
They can't explain our certain
demise
And I think to myself
What happened to our world?
By Zac Wansey

I see changing seasons,
mountainous peaks
I see flowing rivers, birds with big
beaks
And I think to myself:
"what a wonderful world"
I see threatened habitats, land
degradation
I see great inequality, globalisation
And I think to myself:
"what a terrible world"

By Grace Newton

Poems by Year 8 Geography students

EQUESTRIAN

Traditionally, the week in the lead up to the NSW Interschool Championships can be summed up as cold, windy and wet. This year did not disappoint. Nevertheless, in the first week of the holidays 19 riders braved the conditions, with great results.

Amelia O'Sullivan and Hunter Taylor performed outstandingly in the Show Horse, resulting in Oxley being awarded Runner-up in the State for the Show Horse Category. Other standout performances included William Quirico placing 4th in Eventing and both Rosie Bowyer and Ben Quirico qualifying for Nationals in the one metre and 1.10 show jumping classes respectively. In the Dressage Hunter Taylor came 2nd in the Prelim whilst Lucie Van Der Schalk qualified for Nationals in both the Novice and Elementary.

This week the NSW team for the Equestrian Nationals was announced. The team includes the following Oxley students: Hunter Taylor, Amelia O'Sullivan, William and Ben Quirico and Rosie Bowyer. This means Oxley is one of the best represented secondary schools at this level. An outstanding achievement.

Well done to everyone that competed and thankyou to parents and coaches for their continuing support. Also thanks goes to Team Manager Sally Quirico and Sports Co-ordinator Kim McNaught for making sure things ran smoothly and people made it to their events.

Amelia O'Sullivan and Lucie Van Der Schalk

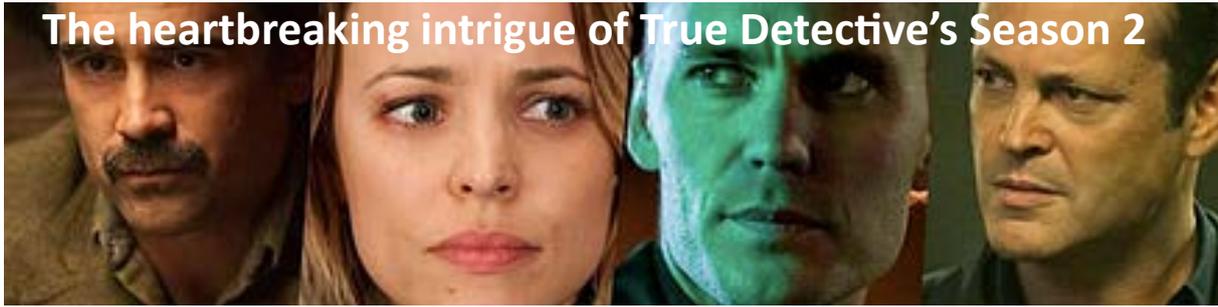
HOUSE DRAMA

Lions, wizards and wardrobe malfunctions made for a great night's entertainment at the annual House Drama Productions. Yet again, Hoskins Hall was standing room only. The adjudicator, Mr Parker, had a very difficult task, as all six houses put up a fierce fight. The Davies sisters were a stand out in Oodgeroo's Rabbits, and Dobell's Who Done It saw infomercials brought to a new height. But by far, the pick of the bunch was Florey's play, Oxwarts, which caught the audience in its spell. Congratulations to Chris Aleksov, his team and talented cast. If only we had a portkey to take us to the performances next year.

By Cate Patterson (Year 11)



The heartbreaking intrigue of True Detective's Season 2



The post-Breaking Bad era of television has seen the birth of a new generation of small screen shows. The constant fight for primetime limelight means that composers are driven to be more daring and experimental, and from this we have experienced an array of masterful series: Game of Thrones brought more ambition, House of Cards brought more ruthlessness, and The Walking Dead brought more zombies. Therefore, the success of HBO's True Detective is surprising, considering they purposely brought so much less.

Created by New Orleans director Nic Pizzolatto, True Detective picks away at the scab of human consciousness until it leaves no more than a raw mark of insatiable mystery. Mere days away from the finale of Season 2, it is clear that Pizzolatto has achieved a remarkable goal of creating a show that walks a fine line between tangible satisfaction and stagnant frustration for the audience. Irrespective of the conclusion, fans and critics alike will be hard pressed

“we get the world we deserve.”

to find a concrete message to take away from this season.

This is surprising considering the deeply philosophical nature of Detective as a show. Although it could easily be dismissed as a pessimistic interrogation of the most miserable people on earth – basically “life sucks” in sixty-minute instalments – the complexity and layered nature of both the characters and the plot is indicative of its aspirations. And while the latest season grounds its roots firmly in conventions of The Wire, CSI, and other crime dramas, what becomes painfully clear throughout the eight episodes is that, somewhat ironically, the actual crime is not what steals the show.

Instead, the crime provides the catalyst for the chemical reaction that happens when the masterfully created characters collide. Better than any other series of recent memory, Pizzolatto creates quartet of beautifully nuanced characters, each of whom are broken beyond repair.

It is due to these stellar performances – most notably by Rachel McAdams and Colin Farrell, alongside Taylor Kitsch and Vince Vaughn – that an excruciatingly weak plotline is held up against all odds. While the critically acclaimed Season 1 thrived in the rustic noir of an occultist murderer in the Deep South, the anthropological nature of True Detective means

Season 2 starts over in the tragically corrupt Vinci, a fictionalised version of Vernon, California. It is when the plot recedes into the background, and the characters are allowed to grow, however, that the jewel in True Detective's crown begins to shine.

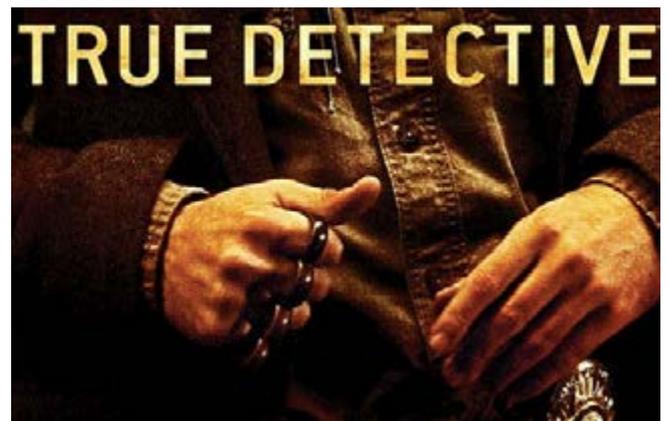
The post-industrial atmosphere of Vinci complements the character of Ray Velcoro (Farrell). “My strong suspicion,” he grumbles early in the season, “Is that we get the world we deserve.” Velcoro becomes the architect of an underlying battle between the good and bad aspects of human morality; his nihilism and acceptance that actions of the past control all future movements is a notion that is beautifully intertwined through the dark cityscape of Vinci.

Rachel McAdams' character, Ani Bezzerides, depicts a brutally fractured 21st century female, while also displaying the development of McAdams of an actress since her Mean Girls days (albeit not as profound as the goofball-to-miserable transition made by Vince Vaughn). While suppressing obvious feelings of alienation and gender mistreatment, Bezzerides is a defiant characterisation of hopelessness and despair that leaves viewers physically deflated.

To me, Season 2 of True Detective was less a story about solving a crime than it was a unabating study of the human condition. The rapid-fire facts about government corruption and money never felt more than auxiliary anyway; the city of Vinci gave way very quickly to fragments of broken people.

The opening credits were soundtrack by a Leonard Cohen song featuring the lyrics “I live among you, well disguised.” Therefore, perhaps none of the characters were the “detectives” at all. It may be that the ones trying to find the answers about these tragic individuals - the true True Detectives - were us in the audience: “well disguised” all along.

By Ruben Seaton (Year 12)

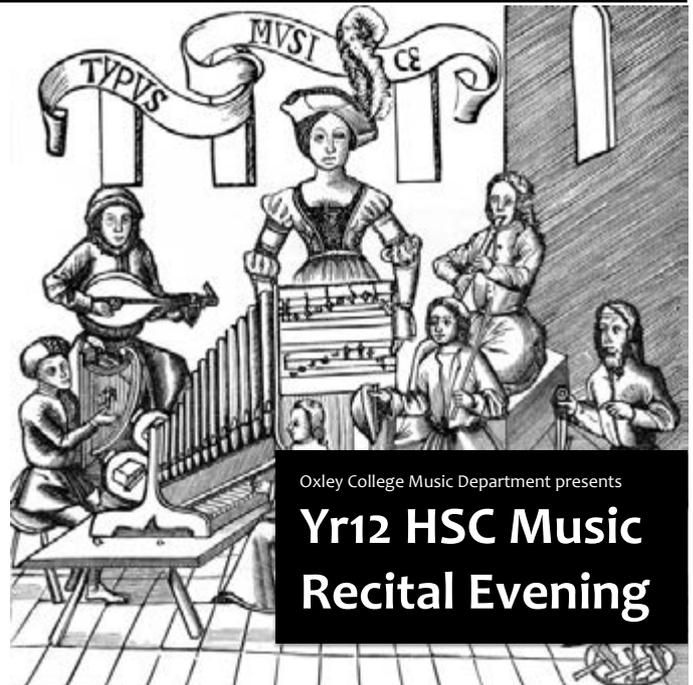


PIN OAK PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION



Winner of the first Pin Oak Photography Competition
 Photo by Izzy Price: "I took this photo at the 2013 Moss Vale Rodeo after a girl fell off a bull and all the kids went to go watch her get into the ambulance. It is called 'Mossy's Very Own'." Comments: I love this photo because there are many aspects of 'looking up' in the image. The photographer would have had to get down low and look up to take this image and also the row of kids standing and looking up makes for a very interesting subject matter! Awesome shot!

The brief for next week is ... 'The View Through My Eyes'. Think outside of the box, show me the view through your eyes. One entry per person. Send your photos to Liv Donovan at olivia.donovan@oxley.nsw.edu.au by Friday 14 August to enter. Get shooting and good luck.



Oxley College Music Department presents

Yr12 HSC Music Recital Evening

Wednesday 19 August 2015

7pm | Orchestra Room

free admission | refreshments provided

P&F NEWS

Lending a Hand in Jhib Jhibe

An evening with Matthew Swait from World Horizons

11 August 2015 ~ 6:30-8:30pm
 Orchestra Room Oxley College

<http://www.trybooking.com/IEKL>

\$25 pp includes welcome drink and plate of food

PLEASE NOTE: For catering purposes bookings will close at 5pm Friday, 7 August 2014



The room will be decorated with prayer flags the students have made. You will also be given the opportunity to create your own prayer flag on this evening for a donation of \$5. All the prayer flags will be taken to Nepal to symbolise our compassion and awareness of their need for recuperation and healing.

Other P&F News: The Amart Kickback scheme awarded the College with \$175 of merchandise. Thank you to all the people who remembered to use their Amart Cards and chose Oxley as the recipient of the Kickback!

The annual Trivia Night was fabulous! Thank you to Gavin and Marion Low for once again bringing everything together for a successful, fun-filled evening. The Quiz Master, Christian

Antoniak seamlessly wove the Christmas in July theme into each round, well done. AND of course thank yous go out to all the helpers on the night and the fabulous spirit of the attendees. Even adults love a good "dress-up"!

Thank-you to the prize sponsors: Bowral Bookshop, MJ Bale, Southern Highlands Wines, Shaggy Cow Cafe, Alpine Berry Farm and Hair at Annesley.

GALLERY



AUGUST CALENDAR

 <p>Congratulations Victoria Rintoul and Jason Howe on the birth of baby Celeste.</p>	<p>Mon SHIPS K-6 Athletics Carnival, Tudor House HSC Drama Night (1) Hoskins Hall, 7:00pm</p> <p style="text-align: right;">10</p>	<p>Mon Science Week – Knitting Neurones</p> <p style="text-align: right;">17</p>	<p>Mon Year 10 History Student/ Parent/Teacher meeting, Orchestra Room, 4:00pm</p> <p style="text-align: right;">24</p>
	<p>Tue Inc: Year 8, Matthew Swait Nepal Talk Year 3 – 11 ICAS Mathematics P&F Nepalese Evening: Guest speaker Matthew Swait HSC Drama Night (2) Hoskins Hall, 7:00pm</p> <p style="text-align: right;">11</p>	<p>Tue K-6 Parent Evening, Resilience & the Growth Mindset, Years 5-6 classrooms, 7:00pm</p> <p style="text-align: right;">18</p>	<p>Tue NSW Interschool Cross Country Skiing Tuesday - Friday</p> <p style="text-align: right;">25</p>
<p>Wed 7-12 Inter-House Athletics, Part 2, P5-P6 HICES Music Festival Concert, Sydney Town Hall, 7:00pm HICES Music Festival Jazz Academy</p> <p style="text-align: right;">12</p>	<p>Wed Inc: Year 8 Lands Edge- group briefing Inc: Lands Edge – Cross Country Skiing briefing Year 12 HSC Music Recital, Orchestra Room, 7:00pm</p> <p style="text-align: right;">19</p>	<p>Wed K-6 Book Week Parade, 9:00am Year 9 Geography Student/ Parent/Teacher meeting, Orchestra Room, 4:00pm</p> <p style="text-align: right;">26</p>	
<p>Thu Exc: Gateway8, Macarthur Anglican School, Junior comp. Inc: Year 1 Harbison Seniors visit Headmaster’s Tour, 11:00am</p> <p style="text-align: right;">13</p>	<p>Thu Inc: Year 1 Harbison Seniors Visit</p> <p style="text-align: right;">20</p>	<p>Thu Exc: Year 8 Geography, A Global City, Sydney Exc: Year K, Fitzroy Falls Visitors’ Centre Years 7 – 8 Music Showcase, Orchestra Room, 7:00pm</p> <p style="text-align: right;">27</p>	
<p>Fri Jeans for Genes Day</p> <p style="text-align: right;">07</p>	<p>Fri Exc: Year 2, Illawarra PAC Theatre, Wollongong Exc: Gateway8, Macarthur Anglican School, Snr. comp. K-6 Cake Staff 3:15pm Inc: Year 5 – 6, Youth Off the Street, Peter Craig Centre, overnight.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">14</p>	<p>Fri</p> <p style="text-align: right;">21</p>	<p>Fri NSW Interschool Cross Country Skiing</p> <p style="text-align: right;">28</p>
<p>Sat ISA Winter Sport Round 10 HSC Examination: Spanish Continuers HSC Examination: German Continuers</p> <p style="text-align: right;">08</p>	<p>Sat ISA Winter Sport Semi Finals HSC Examination: French Continuers</p> <p style="text-align: right;">15</p>	<p>Sat ISA Winter Sport Finals HSC examination: Spanish Beginners HSC examination: Chinese Beginners</p> <p style="text-align: right;">22</p>	<p>Sat</p> <p style="text-align: right;">29</p>
<p>Sun Exc: HICES Music Festival, Jazz Academy until Wednesday. Exc: HICES Music Festival, Stanwell Tops</p> <p style="text-align: right;">09</p>	<p>Sun</p> <p style="text-align: right;">16</p>	<p>Sun</p> <p style="text-align: right;">23</p>	<p>Sun</p> <p style="text-align: right;">30</p>

Upcoming events

- + Monday 31 August K-6 Student/Parent/Teacher meetings, all week
Year 8 Student/Parent/Teacher meeting, Orchestra Room, 4:00pm
- + Wednesday 2 September HICES Athletics Carnival
Year 7 Student/Parent./Teacher meeting, Orchestra Room, 4:00pm
- + Thursday 3 September Studio Concert, Orchestra Room 4:00pm
- + Friday 4 September K-6 Father’s Day Breakfast
Exc: Duke of Edinburgh’s Award Bronze & Silver Hike

Sport



Interview: Kiara Rochaix

How long have you been playing football for?

Since I was four.

Why do you love football so much?

Because of the great friends you make, the experiences you have and it's fun and healthy.

What is the best experience the sport has given you?

Going to the AIS (Australian Institute of Sport) and touring the U.K.

Who is your favourite international player?

Manuel Neuer.

Was Germany your pick to win the 2014 World Cup?

I thought they deserved it, however, I was supporting Argentina.

Best Club team in the world?

Arsenal but you can't go past Barcelona and Bayern Munich.

How excited were you when Oxley finally allowed girls football as an ISA sport?

I was very excited that girls were given a chance and I've always wanted to represent the school in soccer.

Interview By Alexia Cheaib (Year 11) and Olivia Davies (Year 9)



FOOTBALL

This ISA Winter season, Oxley College have finally started Girls Football. The decision was long awaited and highly desired by girls throughout the college and even by some staff. There are currently two teams, the firsts and the juniors both playing in the ISA competition and enjoying themselves playing the world game for their school.

Boys Football - Seconds

Continuing their scintillating form, Seconds Boys Football cruised to a stylish 8-0 win over bitter rivals Chevalier. Charlie Dummer was responsible for most of the carnage in attack, while Mr Campbell was a tactical mastermind on the sideline. The team are currently first on the ladder and are poised to continue their road of destruction into the Finals.



MATCH OF THE WEEK

Firsts Hockey

The Firsts Hockey beat Chevalier on the weekend for the first time since 2011. It was a great game. Special mention to Antonia Ryman and Billie Coupland for a great game; and Ella Moran for playing up.