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**IGNITE**  
Festival of Bright Ideas

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**ENGLISH**  
Extension

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**DONATIONS**  
Lego

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Pin Oak Team



# HEAD OF COLLEGE'S REPORT *continued*



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After 17 years of outstanding service, Mr Stuart Bollom will leave Oxley College at the end of Term 3 to take up a new opportunity at the Uniting Church as Director of Mission. Stuart has held a range of roles during his time at Oxley including teacher, Tutor, Executive member and Head of Mawson House and we thank him for his loyal and dedicated service. He is well known for demonstrating the Mawson spirit with his strong participation alongside the students in House competitions. We are very appreciative and grateful to Stuart for his professionalism, enthusiasm and commitment to all the students who have been in his care. Stuart is always supportive and encouraging of the students and works closely with his colleagues to ensure the best outcomes are achieved. Stuart will be greatly missed but an exciting new adventure awaits and our very best wishes go with him.

/RRNLQJ IRUZDUG WR

:KLOH KDV EHHQ ¿OOHG ZLWK XQFHUWDLQW\ DQG FKDOOHQJHV LW KDV DO unexpected consequences of Covid has been the desire of many families to leave Sydney and to move into the Southern Highlands. Many of those families are looking to move because of the reputation of Oxley College and of course the lifestyle which comes from living in the Southern Highlands. As a result, our enrolments continue to grow. In 2021 most of our year groups are full. In planning for 2021, we have formalised our leadership structure including a Director of Curriculum and a Director of Students to support our learning and wellbeing teams. Mrs Catherine Dobner, our current Head of Mathematics has EHHQSURPRWHGWRWKHUROHDVLUHFWRURI&XUULFXOXP,WLVZLWKSODVXUHWKDW,LQWURGXFHWKHIROORZLQJVDDBHPEHUVZK been appointed to leadership roles and will be joining Oxley ZKRWURGD



It may seem incredible, but at this time of the year we are already well into thinking and planning about next year – 2021! I am not sure about you, but I do start to feel hopeful about the future, especially when we can be hands-on planning more wonderful learning experiences for our students.

For that reason, our gaze this week has been on getting our senior students ready for the next step toward their futures.

< H D U

Last Friday, Year 10 students received the 2021 Year 11 Subject Lines, built from their preferences. We are proud preference order? After a time of consultation, including and individual meeting with Heads of House, students UDWHIRUWKHJVVWWLPHZHDUHDGGLOJ(DUWKDQG(QYLURQPHQWDO6FLHQFHVWRRXUSURJUDPPHRIVWXG&EULOJL QXPEHURIFRXUVHVRQR&UIRU&DUWR

Students now have the opportunity to move within the published lines until the beginning of their Stage 6 courses in 2021. My sincere thanks to Ms Catherine Dobner who is watching over the Course Selection process in all its myriad of details!

< H D U

<H D U V W X G H Q W V D Q G S D U H Q W V D O V R U H F H L Y H G D E U L H & Q J W K L V Z the 2021 HSC Programme of study. Ms Dobner and I presented by HEEp7&W2 tQd&R&C dV&@

&LYLF 6XUI DQG μ: DON IRU +DW¶ ± 6DWXUGD\ 6HSWHPEHU %RQJ %RQJ 5DF

# Weekly Awards

Learning Journey  
K: Harrison Peebles

# OLD OXLEYAN

1RZ WKDW \RXUHUH R ä LQ WKH ELJ ZLGH ZRUOG ZKDW KDYH  
\RX PDGH RI \RXUVHOI VLQFH ¿QLVKLQJ VFKRRO DW 2[OH\"

\$IWHU , ¿QLVKHG VFKRRO , WRRN D JDS \H DU EHIRUH PRYLQJ WR  
Canberra where I began studying a Bachelor of Community  
Education. But after a year studying it, I realised it wasn't  
TXLWHWKHULJKWVIRUPHDQGLQVWHDGGHFLGHGWRXQGHUWDNHD  
Bachelor of Nursing. I studied part-time, whilst working full-  
time, which thinking about it now, was a very intense period.

In 2011, I graduated and became a Registered Nurse. I  
was really interested in working in Operating Theatres and

## English Extension Students Shine

### Black Shuck

The wolfhound's black nose dances side-to-side along  
PQHFN7KHVQLWVWLWLOODWHPVNLO,WWKHQGURRSVLWV  
head further into my skeleton, releasing a very depressing  
whine. Its voice is low and mournful. Its pupils stare deeply  
into the windows of my soul. When an animal you don't  
understand does that to you, it is something else. You feel  
raw. Humans might not know all your secrets when looking  
into the confusing glass lens of your eyes, but animals  
GR7KHFDQVHHULJKWWKURXJKWKRUVHUAHFWLYHZLOGRZV  
and understand what kind of person is hiding desperately  
behind it. It knows I am tired. It knows I want to leave  
and never return, dreaming away in whatever empty void  
is left on the other side. It won't let me though. In a way  
it feels like it is forcing me to feel whatever loneliness it  
is feeling.

ODJHUVWXJJHQWODWWKHURXJKIXURIWKHEHDVW%ORRG  
and earthy rubble spreads onto my palms. My eyes close  
as I rest alongside the melancholy monster, both our  
bones moulding and intertwining one another.

I dream for a long time. It's the same dream that repeats  
every time I fall asleep. Only, each night it worsens just a  
little bit. I age whenever I face the ghastly mirror. First,  
I have eyes and I simply look more tired, sad and older  
in front of the mirror. Then comes the wrinkles and the  
colourless palette of my skin and hair. Eventually, dirt  
tickles my skin and I feel some of it hugging my insides,  
my organs slightly out of place as though I had been  
ODLQJGRZQIRUDORQJWLPHORUHGLQJAZHUVVXUURXQG  
me, as though I rise from a grave and become clumsier  
HYHUMWLPHFDWFKLQJWDQJOHGRUDROPZDRXW,ZDWFK  
PVHOIDQGWKHFRRXUIXORZHUUVGHFRPSRVHELWELWHDFFK  
night. By the fourth night my sealed eyelids shoot open  
again, revealing sockets, my bones becoming extremely  
prominent. My yellowed skin sags, exposing the core of  
me, my skeleton and a few tucked organs now visible over  
the skin. I can still see my heart pulsating rhythmically in  
the emptiness of my chest, though I know there isn't any  
EORRGRUOLIHOOHWLQVLGHPH,DPGUDWPKDQGANVKOHVV  
DQG GHVSHUDWHOZDLWLQJ IRU WKH HQG 7KH PXPPLJG  
RZHUUVXUOLQDQGDURXQGPMDUV7KHVUDVSWKHVKHOO  
of me, holding me in the embracing arms of living death.

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# SPRING – Osaka 1987

By Clancy Aboud

The glasshouse glowed amber, sun melting the western sky. Velvet. The air clung itself to the small hairs on my arms, welcoming the humidity's embrace. It was the familiar essence of Ojiichan's greenhouse, the scent of watermelon and cucumbers – they were early this year. I stood there and inspected, one full bodied melon beginning to hang low with great stress being placed on its skinny little vine. I watched it, wanted to cradle it in my arms, placing it in the crux of my elbow like a newborn's head. I wanted to take care of it, rock it to sleep. "Ojiichan, isn't it going to break and hurt itself?" I called out.

The door creaked open: like the vent of a rice cooker releasing steam. Ojiichan, hunched over with hose in hand. A towel around his neck soaking up the pearls of sweat that trickled down. Cigarette precariously dangling from his lips, perfectly balanced. The folds in his face told of a life spent smiling with eyes squinted and lips pursed upwards. From his pocket, a plastic shopping bag, wrinkled much the same. With measured force, he lifted the watermelon to the roof, placing it in the bag. Then knotted it through the support beam and leaving it to dangle weightlessly from above.

"See, easy. You don't need anything much. Just a little bit of cleverness. And a garbage bag. Never throw them away".

Dirt wriggled itself into my hot pink crocs. Crouched by the strawberry patch, I separated leaves, searching for soft white petals and seedy golden centres. But the intentions of bringing as many home to mum as I could.

strawberries: sliced, syrupy, carefully cut then coated in that cream. Layered in a tower of sponge and air. dust. Subtle. Art.

Ojiichan helped open the door to the house as I stretched on my tiptoes, struggling for the handle. The metallic melody of windchimes, tinkling. Like opening the door of the lolly shop down the road: "irasshaimase". Instead of being greeted by an overly enthusiastic shopkeeper and the familiar pastel aesthetic, it was the most humbling of scents; the smell of oden that gripped the air. Hard boiled eggs stop, stop. Take your shoes off" I reminded myself,

"leave those evil spirits outside".

I sat cross-legged in the genkan and pulled off left, then right. I moved them to the side and neatly lined them up next to Ojiichan's. Our shoes were friends as I often fantasised; my pink crocs, his brown boots, both full of holes. They had that in common. I imagined them sitting there at night, talking about their days, gossiping, giggling. I slid my 'inside' slippers on quickly, over each foot so mum wouldn't notice the dots of dirt on my socks. White socks.

unloaded them from a repurposed shopping basket, once red, faded to salmon. A kiss from the sun worked like that, had the power to age, to wear. He passed mum daikon radishes to be washed and peeled. They awaited their fate, soon to be swimming in a pot of salty broth, then in my tummy. I peered into my own basket, now lighter than the time of initial departure, full of more lonely stems and less actual strawberries. Not enough for the cake either.

Never mind, we could spend our day another way. An afternoon walk with Ojiichan was routine. But not mundane, ever. In fact, it was the elements of repetition, of utter certainty that made it sacred. It was as though we possessed this allocated time of day. As we approached the edges of town, I felt the same breeze that would comb through rice paddies. The sweet blossoms that would cling to the very same gust, playfully dancing and twirling until their eyes grew heavy and their mothers called them to bed. clips. "Goodnight my darlings" their mums would anyone else, each detail was intentional. And there lay the allurements, nestled amongst the obscurity, waiting for the right person to look at it the right way. That was us. Me and Ojiichan.

cling to the breeze, nemutai yo comatose

By Clancy Aboud, Year 12

*irasshaimase* – a common Japanese phrase to welcome customers into a shop or restaurant.

*oden* - a kind of Japanese hotpot dish commonly eaten in winter. It dashi

*Genkan* - traditional Japanese entryway areas for a house, apartment, or building—something of a combination of a porch and a doorway

and a doorway

# Reconciliation

Annik didn't believe in holding grudges.

That was why, when accused of cultivating illicit medicinal plants in her balcony greenhouse, she let the comments fly. That was why, when the police came knocking on her doorstep, she let them in with a smile. That was why, three months later at the neighbourhood bake sale, she turned up with a tray of muffins, which nobody dared eat.

That was why, when confronted by the man who had ruined her life years before, she let him inside to talk. Of course, in hindsight, she hadn't known it was him to begin with.

\* \* \* \* \*

Admittedly, Skandar had followed Annik home.

But what else was he supposed to do? Phonebooks weren't half as reliable anymore and he couldn't bear to have waltzed into her workplace and wheedled the information from one of her colleagues.

If he had to be honest with himself, he could admit that the reason he hadn't found her earlier was because he was a coward. A nocturnal, socially awkward coward who knew full well he shouldn't be following this dangerous woman home. Who knew what ties she still upheld? If she was still in contact with her criminal family, she could easily have him hunted down and killed, or worse. There was no limit to what dirty underworld money could do.

But she had run away from that, hadn't she? Skandar noted, with a dull pang in his chest, that he had driven her to do so. He quashed the uncomfortable, unfamiliar feeling and turned back to stare at the apartment he had left just minutes ago – Annik's apartment. The buttery light from the windows was warm and inviting, just like the woman inside, but at the same time it repelled him. He

side,

Some Nights by New York band Fun. is a 2012 album that most will recognise by its stand-out singles, Some Nights and We Are Young (featuring Janelle Monáe), however it is actually so much more than those two songs. Admittedly, those two pop vibe and easy sing-along-ness (is that a word? Oh, well, it is now) proving them to be a hit wherever you are, whether it be over a tinny supermarket speaker or the ear-splitting loudness of a trendy nightclub. However, I like to focus on some of the lesser known tracks on the album, as I believe that those are the ones that really make it special. Whether it be the soft, sad musings of Why Am I the One, or the loud, marching band like beat of One Foot. Some Nights is a perfect album to put on if you are looking for some quality music to listen to while, say, writing an article for Pin Oak or completing an English assignment

, with beautiful performances, drama and music, wonderful showcases, and a lot of bright ideas. With COVID-19 in the way, it to families, but Ignite week created a chance to still do something special. Ignite was a way to stagger everyone, but still be able to show other students what we have achieved this past term.

Year 6 presented a showcase about Legends and Legacies. Everyone chose a 'legend', researched them, and wrote a biography on their Legend. Some people even chose to act as their Legend, pretending to be a statue but coming alive and saying an inspirational quote as people walked past. This was a fun person performance and for the people walking back to their classes to have a fun experience.

performance or showcase of their OHDUQLOJ, looking forward to all of the families at home to be able to enjoy this experience as well.

By Emily Byrne, Year 6

The line between what our society deems as a pessimistic view is ever-thinning to one that takes on more of a realistic stance. This sentence in itself felt rather glum to write yet this seems the best way of explaining my current view of the earth we call home. Amidst a global pandemic, the future health of our world, economic recessions, surge in domestic violence and Chinese concentration camps...only to name a few; right now



# GALLERY



# VIRTUAL GALLERY

## The Librarian's Choice

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Oil on Canvas, 2020

Art has a unique ability to trigger, within each of us, individual connections, emotions and interpretations. Art makes us think, and our thoughts are our journey with that artwork. The portrait I've chosen for the Librarian's Choice Award LVRQHVKRZLQJDSHUVROZLWKDĤUFHOMQWHQVHDQG focussed gaze. The subject grasps the ring on his hand as if he is about to meet an opponent or adversary. There is a strength of character in this face that assures me that whatever the challenge, the response will be the right one. The portrait reminds me of Ponyboy in S. E. Hinton's *The Outsiders*, my favourite character in one of our most loved books.

By Elizabeth Antoniak



## *Studying Philosophy*

This year, Oxley's Year 11 cohort were given the opportunity to study a new one unit subject called philosophy. Philosophy is a NESA endorsed Year 11 subject that was developed by Mr Case for Oxley College. Over the year we have studied what knowledge is, how do we know and the philosophy of religion. Studying these topics has encouraged us to learn and practice new



