

December

- Nov 30-Dec 4 Year 10 End of Year Program (Hikes, First Aid, Work Experience)
- 1st Dec - Year 6 Orientation (with year 9 Peer Support Leaders)
- 1st Dec- Year 6 Parent Orientation FOR NEW PARENTS TO THE SCHOOL ONLY 6:30-8pm
- 10th Dec Year 10 Dinner Dance at Katoomba Christian Convention Centre 5pm-8pm.
- 14th Dec Presentation Assembly Years 7-9 (just students) and reports will be issued
- 15th Dec Year 11 Presentation Assembly Colour Run and Picnic
- 15th Dec Year 7, 8, 9 excursion to Raging Waters
- 16th Dec Last day for students
- 18th Dec HSC results released

Meet the English Staff

Back Row L-R: Mitchell Comans, Student Teacher Jack Barrett, Elizabeth Daley, Jarred Regan, Head Teacher English Belinda Bower, Jane Hillsley
Front Row L-R: Louise Loomes, Paige Roots, Emma Brazil

English

The study of English is mandatory for all years of schooling, and for the HSC students can choose between



three 2 unit English courses: English Advanced which is the most rigorous of the three, English Standard which is what the majority of students across the state will study, and English Studies which is the more vocationally focused of the three courses. Those students who particularly love the challenge of studying English at higher levels and wish to pursue it further also have the option of choosing Extension 1 English and Extension 2 in their HSC year, which involves the students completing a major work. Students must study the HSC Advanced English course to be eligible for the Extension courses. The texts students study are prescribed by NESA.

Our 2021 cohort of HSC students will study:

Advanced English

Texts and Human Experiences – The Merchant of Venice

Textual Conversations – the poetry of John Keats and Jane Campion's film, *Bright Star*
Critical Study of Literature – *Great Expectations* by Charles Dickens
Craft of Writing - a range of shorter texts such as Nam Le's short story, *Love and Honour and Pity and Pride and Compassion and Sacrifice*, Noel Pearson's *Eulogy for Gough Whitlam* and Helen Garner's essay, *How to Marry Your Daughters*.

Standard English

Texts and Human Experiences – *Nineteen Eighty-Four* by George Orwell
Language, Identity and Culture – *The Castle*
Close Study of Literature – the poetry of Oodgeroo Noonuccal
Craft of Writing – a range of short texts including Ray Bradbury's short story *The Pedestrian* and Helen Garner's



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discursive essay, Dear Mrs Dunkley.

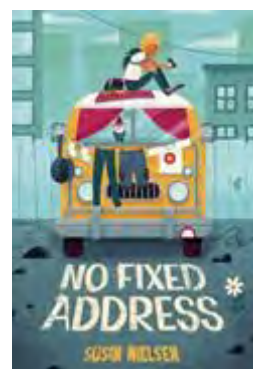
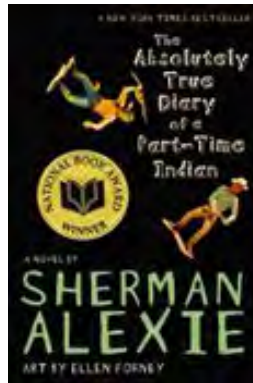
English Studies

The two English Studies classes are studying *Billy Eliot* and *Go Back to Where you came from* for the compulsory Texts and Human Experiences modules before moving on to their electives: *On the Road* and *The Big Screen*.

I'd like to commend the current Year 11 students on how well they have begun their HSC study. Students in all three courses are engaged in their texts and focused on their learning. Setting themselves up for success now is so important to ensure the best result possible.

Junior English Texts

The English curriculum requires students to study a range of different types of texts from poetry, to novels and films, to workplace and everyday texts. Over the past few years, we have purchased many great new titles for our junior students to enjoy. Some of the most popular new titles are pictured below.



The Pond

By Tomas Russell - 7N

A small pond
Lives in a giant forest.
It slowly ripples.

From the tall trees
The ducks dodge around them quickly.
The ducks land on the pond
And slide on the water.
The ducks dip their heads in the water,
The droplets trickle down their backs
And return to the pool of life.

A man appears
From around the ever-green trees.
The man is wearing a small backpack
And is nursing a bag of oats.
He sits down on a newly built bench
And throws the oats into the pool:
Not feeding the pool, but the life surrounding it.

When the bag is empty
The man leaves
And life returns
To a slowly rippling peace.

The Jump By Tenzin
Dodds-Bowering Year 7

Illustrated by Carlo



The Jump

Freedom means I can do whatever I want

Really, what that means is being myself.

Excitement is doing dangerous things,

Even flipping off of cliffs into water.

Down in the mouth when my freedom is stripped

Lack of control feels like being imprisoned,

liberty inspires me to break from the prison

Out of control I dive in this world;

My thoughts and dreams are forever curled

Falling and growing around obligations,

Scared for the day when I am left independent

Running away from things

That are too hard to mention

Tenzin





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KHS Blue Fringe Success

Katoomba High School students were successful in a range of awards for the 28th Blue Fringe Art and Literature Festival. Blue Fringe recognises the creativity of adults with a lived experience of mental health concerns and the mental wellbeing and resilience of young people. Congratulations to Abbie Payne for her poem; Lucy Hatton for her short story; Ajay Hughes for her short story. In addition the Year 8 Ceramics class entered a collaborative piece titled "Together" that captured the COVID and bushfire experience. The ceramics they created delighted the judge and not only won the Packers Prize getting them placed on the front cover of the book but they also won in their category (Youth Sculpture) and the overall prize from the BMCC. This is the first time a youth entrant has won the overall prize and is a terrific achievement for the class and for Ms Grahovac. (See the last pages for the literature entries)



Outdoor Ed update

Term 4 has been a busy one for Katoomba Highs Outdoor Education students. The classes have enjoyed the relaxed restrictions allowing us to visit climbing gyms, treetops and extend ourselves with overnight hikes. Year 10 completed a 3 day hike starting with a big day walk in The Wild Dog Mountains. Students proved their navigation skills by keeping the groups on track in tough terrain down steep overgrown ridges, along creeks and up gullies to finish day 1. Day 2 started at KHS getting ourselves sorted for an overnight expedition. Mr Gasparre dropped the group on the Jenolan Caves Road where we began walking the 6ft Track. A storm at mid day passed overhead leaving everyone drenched and looking forward to our campsite on the Cox's River. Day 3 started with a quick pack up and some blister maintenance due to the long day of fire trail wading with wet feet. A wobbly walk over the suspension bridge is an exciting way to cross the Cox's River. The trail then passes a Winery and farm land were some members were lucky enough to pat a couple of inquisitive horses. The group battled up the many stairs of Nellys Glen to complete an impressive 56km over the 3 days.

Year 9's have the choice to join Cert 3 TAFE students in the Wolgan Valley or travel through The Wild Dog Mountains. In the Wild Dogs the students consolidated their knowledge of map and compass and did well to track their progress in steep testing terrain. The camp on the Cox's River was met with a long dip in the cooling water after a tough day. Day 2 of the trip students rock hopped or enjoyed wet feet in Breakfast Creek before finding their way back to the bus for a late lunch and some reflection on what has been a challenging school year. This term has more to offer Silver and Gold Duke of Edinburgh students with a 4 day hike in week 8. All students should be proud of themselves completing expeditions. Many thanks to KHS staff for attending the hikes and covering classes. Without the support of the whole school we would not be able to run such a varied outdoor program.

Mr Huxley.





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Year 8 students welcoming Year 6 students

Hello KHS families. Our names are Monica and Leanna and we are in year 8. We wanted to help year 6 students feel welcome at KHS so we have put together some photos that show different parts of the school. We like high school because we have lots of different teachers, instead of just one teacher over the whole year. Our favourite subjects are Japanese , Coding, PE and English and the teachers are so nice here at KHS.



Sport on the oval



Two fabulous staff members



Anyone for tennis?



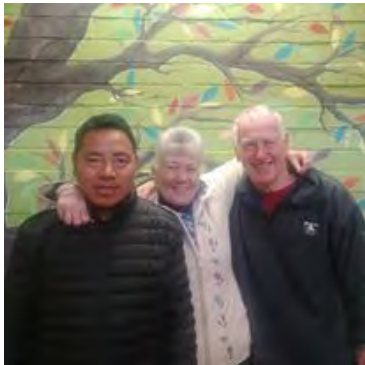
Birriban



the Gym



The Hall



Some of our fabulous cleaners



Sushi in the canteen

Captains and Vice Captains

Congratulations to the 2021 School Captains Jim Schoeler and Lotte Weber and the Vice Captains Gabriel Christie and Kayleigh Martin.



School Crossing

The P&C has been working with the BMCC for a number of years to have a permanent Zebra crossing installed in Martin Street. With the support of Council, data was gathered to assess the traffic flow and pedestrian use. The proposal to install a permanent Zebra crossing was put to the BMCC Council meeting and approved. It will still take time to consult the immediate neighbours and the details and to allocate funds for the project, but it is a welcome step forward. Congratulations to the P&C.



Thank the teachers fundraiser

The school is holding a fundraiser to raise money to rejuvenate the Atrium space. The Atrium is used in wet or misty weather conditions. In consultation with students the school is looking at how to make this space more inviting and engaging while maintaining its functionality. You and your young person can purchase end of year cards specifically aimed at thanking teachers for their care and hard work during 2020. The cards are \$5 each. Order forms are available at the front office. Orders need to be submitted by November 27th. This is a fabulous way to support the school and to express your appreciation to the KHS staff. Order forms can be collected at the front office and there is one at the back of this newsletter.



Congratulations to the class of 2020.

Over a unique year the class of 2020 have risen to the challenges wearing a badge of honour only a few can possess. We celebrate them all and we wish them all the best with their future endeavours.



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The Graduation Ceremony



The formal

Observe and Share

Observe and Share is a program that is designed to encourage other teachers to come into a classroom and see how different teachers run different classes. This program is collaborative and collegial and encourages both the teacher and observer to reflect on the strengths. It is voluntary for teachers to open their class to other teachers and if a teacher chooses to be part of the program they place an "Observe and Share" sign on the door of their classroom as an invitation to other teachers to come in and check out the lesson. The photo shows Ruby Ladd in her Year 8 HSIE class looking at revision for an upcoming test on The Crusades, The Black Death, Magna Carta and Trial by ordeal.

Mayor's Breakfast for the Elimination of Violence Against Women.

Year 12 students Jim Schoeler (Captain) and Gus Connor spoke at the Mayor's Breakfast for the Elimination of Violence Against Women. They spoke about the importance of young men challenging the behaviour and attitudes of their peers regardless of how uncomfortable that might be. They also spoke about the excellent programs at KHS that allow for the conversation about toxic masculinity and equality.



Jim, Gus and Federal Member for Macquarie Susan Templeman



Opal Cards and buses for KHS students

Opal Card applications and people tapping on influence how many buses come to KHS in the morning and afternoon. Opal card applications can take a long time for Transport NSW to process and we often find the start of the year is further complicated by students who have not applied for their cards. If you know someone coming to KHS in 2021 who will need to catch the bus please encourage them to go to the website and start their application process.

<https://transportnsw.info/tickets-opal/ticket-eligibility-concessions/child-student-concessions/primary-secondary-school>





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End of Year Well Being Activities

Years 7-11 will participate in a well being week program starting December 7th. Parents/carers will be receiving permission notes soon. Please return any notes ASAP.

Year 7 - Monday December 7th.

Morning

Community Legal Education presentation:

- 'Putting the X in Sexy Text' is an educational workshop which brings to life the criminal law implications of making, sending and keeping 'sexy pics' and online bullying.

- Healthy Relationships Program.

Afternoon

Picnic BBQ Lunch provided at Katoomba Reserve.



Year 8- Friday December 11

Morning

Community Legal Education presentation:

- 'Police Powers: Young People & Public Space' is an educational workshop which uses film and role plays to

explore police powers and responsibilities, especially in public spaces. The workshop also considers strategies that can improve interactions between young people and police in public spaces.

- 'Putting the X in Sexy Text' is an educational workshop which brings to life the criminal law implications of making, sending and keeping 'sexy pics' and online bullying.

- Healthy Relationships Program.

Afternoon

Picnic BBQ Lunch provided at Katoomba Reserve.



Year 9 - Thursday December 10

Morning

Community Legal Education presentation:

- 'Burn' is a crime prevention workshop looking at the laws around group offending and robbery offences. This workshop also covers young people's rights in custody.

Afternoon

Picnic BBQ Lunch provided at Katoomba Reserve.



Year 10- Tuesday December 8th

Morning

Community Legal Education presentation: Senior Consent.

- Motivational Speaker

Afternoon

Presentation assembly and reports.



Year 11 - Tuesday December 15th

Presentation Assembly (for students only) followed by a Colour Run and a BBQ Picnic.





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2020 Blue Fringe Art and Literature Youth Poetry Winner

Sciamachy

(n.) a battle against imaginary enemies; fighting your shadow

By Abbie Payne

Start dead with a smile.
Rise to a teen with a mind that comes and goes.
"Proof says life would drag me here",
His voice falling,
Unmanned by the anger in his eyes.

Spent five years in the light,
Yet the wounded felt unease.
He had laughed about a veteran of endless dark.
"No more terrors for him,
Darkness rides farther each day."
Today, numbing cold loves to ride the ancient youth,
Their excitement, empathy and desire,
Buried under the snow.

Reflected in ice
Were the blue faces of ancient youth.
Their faces buried deep enough to interrupt the details.
As we grow old, we see snow.

Children see the snow burning.

Fire?
No, guns do not solve this.
Adulthood will cure them of their minds,

Only to be replaced with the insecurity of a bomb
And guns for hands.

A knife mounted the mind of the noble knight

Sworn by sin.
He killed
And the mighty shared a laugh.

Fighting the cold on two fronts,
They have no time to live.
They fight it.
Don't feel it.
Sinking into peaceful numbness.

Yet despite a chill, some muttered
"Young knight, man-at-arms,
what men freeze?
And how is it your fire burns?"

Weeping, frowning,
They reply
"We've surely killed them by our own hands,
Innocent were they to believe that no men freeze
By the cold steel of their trusted society.
For the wood we burn is frozen bodies
And the angry fire, red with blood."

And then order and honour,
Careless and unwary,
The men-at-arms' sorrow deepened
Feeling the darkness despite their fire blazing.
Saddened faces discoloured by fire.
The night's sounds unman them in fear.
"Fire fool!"
The enemy's a fire.
No!
Society is the enemy.
We are society.

By Abbie Payne



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2020 Blue Fringe Youth Short Story Joint Winner

Clay – By Lucy Hatton

Obedience. That was what I had been forced into; all that I understood. It was natural for me to keep my head down, looking only at the feet of the people who passed me by as if I was dust in the wind. Nothing I did was important enough to warrant attention, apart from whenever I did something wrong. In those instances, it was as if they had grown hawk eyes; vicious, trained only to seize the opportunity to strike. Yet, I idolized them as if they were the ideal models for my life.

I didn't realize the harm that they were causing me, even though it was obvious. It was a whisper-quiet sort of harm, like a bomb set to go off that grew hotter to the touch with every ticking second. Perfectly engineered to be ignored, to be deniable. They smiled at me, but only when everyone was watching. It felt suffocating, not being able to speak around them. A brittle trust, halfway to breaking apart.

I would try and smother my presence. If nobody noticed where I was or what I was doing, then surely, I wouldn't get in trouble? That was what I thought, and naivety was seeping through. I looked at the world through rose-coloured glasses, if only to protect myself from the criticism. I wanted the two figures to at least open their arms to me, but they remained shut tightly. Locked away under shells of scalding words.

And when I finally reached out to them, everything froze in time until the trouble melted away. Then it wasn't anyone's issue but mine. They drifted apart from me, yet the words they had told me rang so loudly in my ears, carefully crafted to work away at and erode my future. It was painful, but I could never muster the courage and form the sentences enough to tell them how I felt.

As if I'd have wanted to.

Though they had never done anything but twist away themselves, there was always an adverse reaction when I did the same: a sigh, an eye-rolling, a glance of 'how could you do this to me?'. It was hypocritical, but who was I to say anything? They were, are and will always be my superiors. I watch, with bated breath, for the ticking clock to usher in my next phase of life. Maybe they won't seem to care so much?

I'm always looking to the future, but maybe I won't have one. The voices continue to rattle around in my skull, a relentless barrage of phrases from all ages. Slowly, I have felt that their positivities and praises are fading from my memories. They aren't demons, but they've surely done the work of the devil in allowing my mentality to become like this.

I don't know why. Aren't they supposed to love me? Have I not tried hard enough? They're pushing the others to higher heights and leaving me to drown. Seaweed tangles around my legs, now, and I'm only trying my best to breathe. Can't they see that, at least? My skin reddens in their gaze for a million reasons, and that is only one. Maybe they expect me to be fine, like the others in the sky.



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I can't really explain their thought processes. But I wouldn't advise asking, lest they push anyone else away as they have done to me countless times. I don't want anyone to be hurt, which is why I might seem a lot more concerned for the health of others rather than myself these days.

It wasn't always the same as the present. Unfortunately, I can't personally remember when they were, but photos gleam in albums, telling of a better time. I look down at them sometimes – despite not wanting photos, detesting how I look, for veiled comments had been made on that front many times – and wonder when everything really changed. When they felt challenged by me enough to react like this.

It was then, when I could form sentences to the extent where I could speak out against them.

But I think I've changed because of that voice. I'm not the golden child that I was; I refuse to sit around and have them shape me to their idealisms like potters' hands to clay. The clock has ticked over, the bomb defused, the seaweed rotting away. That wasn't who I really am; the world has grown and changed around me, and I needed to adapt whether or not they wanted me to. I need to be my own person.

After all, the fact remains.

Wounded animals will rear when cornered, and strength will finally find its place in their bones.

2020 Blue Fringe Art and Literature Youth Short Story Joint Winner

Dee

By Ajay Hughes

I have a friend called Dee. She is quiet and often hides behind me when we meet new people. Although she is lonely and deadly silent, she has a loud, cruel mouth when we're alone and she often makes me hide my face from the public. It's okay, don't worry. She only does it out of love.

I have a friend called Dee. She forces me to stare at my meals until I feel sick, purely because she thinks I've had enough to eat when I'm starving. She has good qualities too, like how she makes me feel incredibly guilty when I stay in bed all day instead of seeing my friends and family. It's okay, though. She's only looking out for me.

I have a friend called Dee. She sometimes twists my words and often, she manipulates me and makes me think everyone hates me and no one cares. She hits me often, with her black, slimy hands. She looms over me and watches over my shoulder. It's okay, though. She just wants me to be safe.

I have a friend called Dee. She talks about herself all the time and degrades me when I open my mouth. Her black eyes pierce into my skull until I'm screaming, but no one can hear me. She says I have to stay quiet or I'll start annoying everyone and they'll all hate me. It's okay, though. She only does it so I don't get hurt - she told me so.



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I have a friend called Dee. She follows me all the time, notifies me when I mess up and do something wrong. She yells in my ear when I say the wrong words. It's difficult. No one else can hear her but me. She must be lonely, and that's why she projects it onto me. It's okay, though. She's just being loyal to me.

Dee sometimes consumes me. She says I'm becoming her. She says I'm cruel and selfish. She plants that black seed in my mind and watches her creation grow into a tree. Its roots prevent me from speaking, from moving, from doing anything at all. Staying in bed all day to avoid the construct of reality. Its thorns and branches suffocate me, until I am craving that noose around my neck and that chair to fall. Its vines trap my body so no one can find it, they twist my friendships. That tree hurts me, incinerates every sweet thought until it's all ash.

Dee sometimes gives me a break. Dee leaves me alone for a few hours but then she can come back stronger. I'm not sure where she goes, but she's a huge, black mass with no definition or beauty when she visits again. She orders me around, telling me to write my miseries and forcing me to cry every night, numb myself, ignore the world.

Dee isn't my shadow. Dee is me and I am her. She brings me down like we were never friends. She makes me do things I don't want to and she blinds me, she watches as I stumble and scream in the sudden abyss. She smirks, she laughs, she pushes me further down that hole. I don't want to be here, it's dark, cold and so so lonely.

Dee traps me. She places me into a cage and clips my wings. She makes me recite lines into my veins until my own blood drains me. She keeps my imagination running, she forces death and destruction into my brain. She pins me down and stabs me again and again with her words, her knives.

Dee threatens to be the end of me.

Sometimes, Dee goes away. She lets me take my medication every day and smile before I go to sleep. On rare occasions, I can proudly state that I am happy at the end of a day. I can dream of the city lights and the iridescent glow of a beautiful fire instead of that frayed noose around my neck.

Dee is gone, she is gone for now.

Dee is dead, but I am alive.

Dee is me. And I am Dee. I am proud to say Dee is happy and safe.

Dee is my friend. She is going to be okay.

TEACHER CARDS ORDER FORM

BRING FORM & PAYMENT TO THE OFFICE BY FRIDAY 27TH NOVEMBER – CASH OR EFTPOS

PICK UP YOUR CARDS IN THE COMMON ROOM ON FRIDAY 4TH DECEMBER, AT RECESS OR LUNCHTIME – OR AFTERWARDS FROM THE OFFICE



QUANTITY:



QUANTITY:



QUANTITY:



QUANTITY:



QUANTITY:



QUANTITY:



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QUANTITY:

FULL NAME _____ CLASS _____ TOTAL QTY _____ @ \$5.00ea = \$ _____