



25th November 2021 | Finley High School

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Newsletter Week 8, Term 4, 2021

Key Dates

Date:	Event:
November 9 - December 3	HSC Exams
December 14	Presentation Day – Students Only
December 16	IBL (Interest Based Learning) Day – All Students
December 16	Last Day of Term 4 – All Students
December 17	Last Day Term 4 - Staff
February 1	Year 7, 11 & 12 Students return to school
February 2	All students return to school

A word from Mr Ward

I've been thinking of two significant events that have occurred recently and how these events conveyed messages of caring for others, putting others before ourselves and striving to be the best no matter the situation we find ourselves.

Recently we farewelled Mrs Anne Braybon after teaching at the school for 40 years. At a farewell morning tea, we were able to say goodbye to Anne and award her with her retirement medal. Mrs Braybon spoke about the changes and the challenges she has experienced in that time and the room fell silent as we listened to her stories and the thousands of children she cared for and educated in that time. That same day in the afternoon Miss Geeves and our school leaders attended the official opening of the Berrigan War Memorial Wall. It was an honour to be there and I know the students were humbled to attend and spoke to me at length about the event on the way back to Finley. Dr Brendan Nelson was the guest speaker and everyone was mesmerized with the accounts he shared of young Australians and the sacrifices they made often to save others.

CoolHeads Young Driver Program

I would like to acknowledge the wonderful work of Hilary Knight who has worked very hard over the last two years to try and get our students to the CoolHeads Young Driver Program in Shepparton. Hilary so much wanted this to be a school event and as much as we tried, it faced Covid challenges continually. The event did go ahead eventually but could not go ahead as a school excursion. Thank you Hilary, we hope in the future we can implement this into our school calendar.

P & C Support

As we come to the end of another year I would very much like to thank our P&C and the contributions they made to the school in 2021:- April 2021 \$10,000 Ag plot drainage, Art department cameras Aug 2021, \$1000 Special Studies Project Nov 2021, \$300 Presentation Day awards, \$5000 Year 7 day excursion to Moama in 2022. The final meeting for the P & C will be held on the 8th December at the Federal Hotel in Berrigan. This is in line with sharing the meetings at all the local towns which support the high school.

Year 10 Work Experience

Mrs Jenny Philpot has managed to get the majority of our year 10 students off to work experience. This has again been a difficult task with vaccination, Covid and time being her challenges. From all accounts the students are thoroughly enjoying this experience with some already offered future work and school based traineeships.

Media Event with the Ag Department

We recently received a visit from Carly Marriott and Sophie Baldwin from Southern Riverina Irrigators who are doing a feature in the magazine they are producing called Food for Thought. They were interested in the school's Agriculture program, the students that do Agriculture and the school show team. They interviewed Mrs O'Leary, Mr Webb and myself as well as many of our students to gain their views and perspectives of Agriculture. They were very impressed with the students and how happy they were. They were amazed by the support we receive from our community, which is not restricted to the boundaries of our shires. They were also surprised by our facilities and our stock. We look forward to this feature article coming out in the new year.

Driver Awareness Day in Deniliquin.



Working with Jenny Fellows from Fellows Bulk transport we were finally able to join this wonderful program involving, Police, SES, Ambulance and Fire. Students witnessed mock accidents, rescue and the consequences of poor decision making when driving a vehicle. They were also able to experience driving simulations wearing virtual glasses. From all accounts the students gained a lot from the experience.



Murray Life Adventures at Torrumbarry

Mr Hay, Mr Webb, Jodi and I ventured to Murray Life Adventures at Torrumbarry to get a feel and experience this new school camp recently. We are very excited to offer this camp as a one day experience for our Year 7 cohort next year when they will attend on the 4th February. At this terrific adventure camp, the students will participate in team building activities and individual challenges. It is an opportunity for students to get to know each other and staff, giving them a great start to their high school journey. We are most grateful to the Finley Rotary Club for their donation of \$1000 and the school P & C who will fund the camp ensuring every student can attend at no charge.

Orientation Day

Orientation Day was held on Tuesday and we welcome all our year 7 2022 students. At this stage we have approximately 60 students from 9 feeder schools. A big thank you to Jodi Brown and Gary Webb for their organisation and the support of all those teachers taking a group.



Numeracy project

Miss Walker and Mrs Bird recently presented to nine high Schools across NSW on the strategic support and implementation strategies to improve numeracy at Finley High School. I will sound very biased here but they did an outstanding job and I thought they were by far the best presenters. The work they have implemented has been outstanding and I am most grateful for their efforts and we are already seeing improvements in the students learning outcomes.

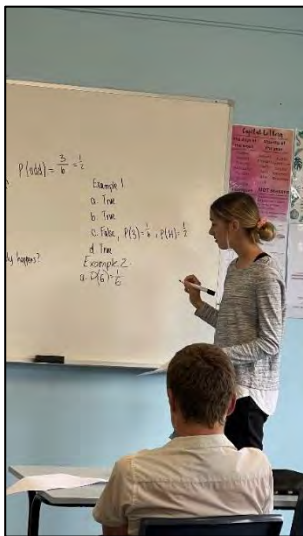
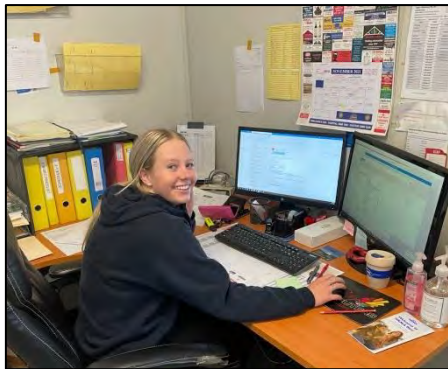
Jeff Ward, Principal

Work Experience

Year 10 students are enjoying five days of Work Experience this week.

As always- a huge thank you to local businesses who take on our students at this very busy time. For the students it is a great opportunity to experience whether this occupation is for you or..... not for you!

Jenny Philpot



In Year 10, every student has to do at least 2 work placements for work experience. But this year I thought outside the box whether it was doing something people thought was disgusting or even just doing something people thought was strange. During my second week of work experience I decided to take a new path by helping students as a Math teacher with Miss Bower. The first day I started I got introduced as Miss Pyle and had no clue what I was doing. After a few days of getting to know what it is like to be a teacher, I understand now, what it's like to be a teacher. Towards the end of the year, as we (the students, start to wind down) teachers are swamped with paperwork, reports and planning for the following year. Before starting I thought that the teachers worked from 8:50 am - 3:20 pm but I have now come to realize they come in early, some as early as 7:20am, they stay behind until 4:30pm, to prepare lessons, marking tests or complete paperwork. They also give up their planning periods (time off from teaching) to help students with their work and assessments. I now have a new appreciation for what our teachers do, and I just want to say THANK YOU. Dakota Pyle.



Respectful, Responsible Learners

Year 6 Orientation Day

"I had a great day and I've already made some friends for next year!".



"The best part of my day at Finley High School orientation was doing the scavenger hunt. We had to go around the school finding things and people".



"I had a great day at Finley High School especially making Chocolate Truffles in cooking with Miss Treacy".



"I enjoyed going to the high school for orientation and loved the canteen. I bought an icy pole".



"The principal Mr Ward was in the Navy, and the AG plot has a cat!"



"Yesterday we went to our orientation day at Finley High School and I enjoyed making new friends. I also really liked watching the Year 7 & 8 students performing plays".

Year 11 Biology – Detecting DNA



Year 7 LOTE

Year 7 LOTE Role Plays - French



Respectful, Responsible Learners

Agriculture

Agriculture students were fortunate to assist with the annual sheep AI at Jerilderie. We are incredibly fortunate to have David and Rozy Kennett and Rayleigh Yelland of Genstock give their time and services to the school. This allows us to use genetically superior rams from leading breeders in Australia. Our 26 ewes were joined with semen from the Hildren Poll Dorset stud owned by the Frost family and from Rod Frohling of the Hovell and Aberdeen Poll Dorset studs. We look forward to seeing progeny hit the ground in April and, fingers crossed, taking them to shows in 2022.



Thank You from the Ag Plot...

We are extremely thankful to all of these people who have supported the Agriculture program, providing the school with stockfeed which enables us to keep the numbers of stock we have at school.

Steven Chellew cut the paddocks belonging to Roger Sutton and Sean McAuliffe. They allowed a crop to be sown there by Russell Anderson in the autumn so we could cut hay on it this spring. Scott Isedale and Steven Chellew baled 150 bales of hay. Noel A'Vard has been invaluable, helping to find properties where the school can source hay from.

Earlier this month, Russell Anderson baled 158 bales of oaten hay on Peter Horneman's property. Allan Callaghan assisted Peter with the carting of the hay.



Canteen Roster & Community News

CANTEEN & UNIFORM SHOP

Contact - 0473 946 683

November

29 K.Arnold

30 M.Kleinschmidt

1 G.Ferguson

2

3 C.Lawton

December

6

7 P.Neessen

8 A.Johnson

9

10 W.Doolan

The Canteen/Uniform Shop is open from 8.30am – 2.30pm Monday to Friday

If you cannot fill your rostered day or you swap please notify the canteen on the phone number above. Thank you.

Finley High School Uniform Shop will be open for purchasing of uniforms on:

- Monday 13th December 8.30am – 2.30pm
- Tuesday 14th December 8.30am – 2.30pm
- Wednesday 15th December 8.30am – 2.30pm
- Thursday 16th December 8.30am – 2.30pm
- Friday 28th January 9am – 1pm
- Monday 31st January 9am – 1pm



SRC Update

Upcoming Events:

- Dodgeball Competition - Wednesday and Friday Lunches until the end of term
- Vinnies Christmas Hamper Drive
- Christmas Door Competition
- Christmas Dress Up - Last Day of Term

Dodgeball Competition

The lunchtime dodgeball competition has started in a spectacular fashion. On Wednesday, the Year 8 team defeated the Year 7 team in a very close game. In the second match, a severely depleted 9/10 combined team, defeated a full Year 9 team in just 5 minutes.

Vinnies Hamper Drive

Once again the SRC is working with Jodi to help support Vinnies get hampers out to those in need this Christmas. Staff, students and the wider school community are encouraged to donate non-perishable items.

Items may include tinned food, pasta, toiletries, gifts, toys etc. This year by donating items you will do into the draw to win a 10kg Cadbury Chocolate block (1st prize) or a giant Toblerone (2nd Prize).

Students are asked to take their donations to the SRC during roll call. If any community members would like to donate items to this worthy cause please drop donations off at the front office and leave your name and number and we will ensure that your name goes in the draw.



Year 9 English

It is the year 2450, the Earth was once a place that was polluted by snobby people and the stench from automobiles. Your morning alarm was the beeping of car horns, and city traffic. Walking to work was a maze, zig-zagging around thousands of people who hated their bosses and jobs. Where their only worry was getting their morning coffee in time for the daily drag. Beyond this city, there were fields covered in thick-green grass, the smell of dandelions and distant memories of family road trips. Last summer was a cliché American summer movie; a family road trip, and I (Baylee) find the love of my life. Our families became friends and we camped by Lake Powell. Unaware that when we return home the following week, our whole lives will change forever. Our freedoms are monitored, and our privacy is even more non-existent.

To think of how life was growing up, seemed like a fairytale. Fairytales don't exist here. We don't have picture books. They made us burn all our books. They said the words would pollute our minds and we must burn them before they harm us. Of course, we listened, they had military guns and our houses were under surveillance also, so it was too risky. I can vaguely remember my favourite picture book, "Where's the Green Sheep" by Mem Fox. The book was so colourful and bright. Mum would read it to me every night. I like to close my eyes at night and imagine I was running through the farm with those sheep, with my bare feet plunged deep in the soft grass, and feeling the dirt between my toes as I danced around.

My Dad and I have been hiding from them for about thirteen years now. Mum got caught two years ago, I still try not to think about her as my stomach churns at the thought of what she must be going through. Maybe she's not even alive anymore? She got caught in their trap. One night we couldn't sleep, the sirens were ringing and announcements of new people they found were bellowing down the abandoned streets, the numbers they were branded were tracing through broken car windows and empty stores.

"5 new people were located. 1,313 people are still in hiding. We will find you..."

That man's voice sends shivers down my spine as I hear his threat towards me. But his words cannot compare to the loud groans of our bellies as we scavenge for food. As we hid behind the rusted car, Mum spotted a half-eaten chicken in the trash can in the distance. Today was her day to get food so she stealthily moves around her surroundings, trying to avoid camera detection, reminding me of the 'Green Sheep' as she hides away. She was swift, she had collected the scraps and begun her journey back when we heard a voice shout, "Hey! Stay right there and don't move. Otherwise, we'll shoot you dead!"

My heart stops and I watch as my mother's pale skin turns Casper white. Her eyes well up and she collapses in exhaustion. "Pledge your allegiance to the New World Order", as they hold a gun towards her head. Within seconds she was gone. Green Sheep was found.

"1 new person located. 1,312 people are still in hiding. We will find you..."

Life outside the zones was hiding freedom. We'd always have our freedom and be untraceable unless we were captured again. My family and I escaped 13 years ago, we fled our home and adapted to the harsh but more desirable conditions. We can't risk being separated into different zones. The zones were as follows, Zone 1 (formerly known as Australia) was where the rich,

white people lived. Zone 2 (America right side) and Zone 3 (America left), there was a wall right down the middle of "Old USA". Separating Australians, Mexicans and Americans based on their race, sexuality and social statuses. There were 10 Zones in total around the world and the most luxurious being Zone 10 (New Zealand) where the one-government and their families lived. I heard they still have animals in Zone 1 and Zone 10... I wonder if there's still kangaroos or koalas?

We hide in the 'unliveable' section on Zone 3, in old 'Provo, Utah'. The buildings stand tall and are demonically black and the windows heavily tinted, they're thousands of them. I've never seen inside, but I don't even want to imagine what's in there. Maybe experimental and torture rooms, where they test on us, lower-class people. But on the outside there lays once 'luxury cars', broken mopeds, clothes, rubbish and papers covered in soot from the fires they do frequently. The sky is green like mould infested bread, and grey and black like the soot that festers in my corrupted lungs.

"Run Baylee! Quick!" my Dad pants across the road, as I leap down the side of the bridge and hide from the army in the hole with him. We lay in the hole with the rubbish cover over us until we hear no footsteps lead away. I look at Dad, as I see a tear trickling down his cheek as he grabs my hand and holds it tight. I heard the worry in his voice earlier as he shouted my name. I know he'd do anything to keep me safe from this corrupt government and their violence. I'm worried about what will happen to my father and wonder where my mother is and if she's been harmed by them.

Wonder no more, as I feel the hot greasy breeze hit my face and my arm be pulled as I'm thrown to the concrete. I feel the soot layer of the oils on my face as I try to gain my consciousness. I hear my Dad beg and plead to not hurt me, and I look up at him as he tries to negotiate his PhD in Science and Neurology to benefit them. I then feel the ground shake as they kick him down and continue beating him with their guns and steel cap boots. I scream and beg them to stop and they continue to laugh as they beat him unconscious.

I lay there on the ground, soaked in my tears and my fathers' blood and screaming to God to help me. My Father was my shepherd and I was his sheep. Without him, I felt so helpless and lost already. Where can I run? Do I just lay here on the gravel and sink away into nothing as the world I once knew disappeared. A once happier and brighter world, brought together by new music and colourful picture books shrivel up into flames and falls apart into tiny pieces of matter.

By Destanee Miaoudis

During the online learning period this year, Year 9 students wrote dystopian narratives to demonstrate their understanding of the 'Dystopian Worlds' unit studied in English throughout Term 3. To showcase some of the excellent stories received, the English Faculty wish to share some of these with you all...

By Alison Kleinschmidt

By Alison Kleinschmidt

A clear sky is my view from the window
No clouds, no obstacles to snag my eye
My life is this sky
Warm, calm, peaceful
My life is joyful like the kites
That I watch dance together in my blue sky life

The sky smoothed like silk by a tailor's palm
My blue silk life hung boundless above
While a single scrap of fabric falls, flutters
Dipping and diving ever downwards
To land in a puddle, facing up
A troubled child with a view of the storm
From the tiny box window
In the government assisted housing

Behind his clouds is blue
Just like mine, just like silk
But the fabric is soaked now
Too weighed down to soar where he could
He's captured by the mud
While I remain in my limitless blue

Children are born into lives like hurricanes
They make it work when it's impossible
Days pass without a glimpse of peace
No respite, not for the scraps
Condemned by chance and bad luck
That they were born in quicksand

By Jasmine Burke

Drowning

Coming into the future
We need to leave the past behind us
Evolve, change, become better
Teenagers are suffering
Modernisation, inequality

We are avatars drowning in the
Pools of water forming below our feet,
In the reflection a fake smile for everyone to see.

Anxiety, depression
Our mental health is not strong enough to lift up a feather, let alone a pencil
Can't sleep,
Crying, drowning, suffering.

We are the pilots, flying silently into a crisis
Dying deep down
Procrastinating, feeling lazy
Scared to speak up
Find the courage to tell someone, but they shoot you down in disbelief
No one understands, no one listens

Bullying, being beaten, blabbing, bruising,
Emotionally and/or physically
Hiding behind words
Feel like not enough
Society says you're too fat, you should eat less
or you're so thin, you should eat more
There is never an inbetween,
Where does it end?

People are jealous,
Desperately, wanting to love yourself, your personality, your body
But also wanting to be another person who is perfect,
Unlike me, I am the definition of imperfection



The educational system is fueling the fire of teenagers,
With no extinguishers insight
Deprivation of sleep
Stress, anxiety, depression
Drowning, flooded in work
We want to live, not just survive
Experience happiness, adolescence and the meaning of life

Hollow minds, while fog rolls over the town
People wishing to win the lottery or find a four-leaf clover but end up pulling the short straw.
Looking through the broken mirror and seeing a fractured soul,
Imperfection.

Imagining hands gushing red,
Burdens lifting,
Leaving behind everything,
Hoping to be sent to a better place, than this miserable world.

A billion teens alone, isolated
Bleak and grey clouds across the sky while teenagers spill tears in the midnight
darkness.
Deep down feeling really shallow;
Like the road ahead is like the first time Lightning McQueen set Radiator Springs,
but wishing it was more like the second time,
Oh, if we could have sad reflection and hindsight for all to see!

Anxiety, depression
We are drowning
Pools of water below our feet
In the reflection a fake smile for everyone to see.

Three simple words: it's not hard to understand

No longer loved like a kitten now a cat.
No longer a leaf connected to the tree.
I am a baby left at an orphanage.
Three simple words shortened to two.

Looking myself in a mirror,
Shall I ever be true to myself?
Will my pride way out all?
Jealousy of a marriage I can not have.

No longer loved like a kitten now a cat.
No longer a leaf connected to the tree.
I am an outcast surrounded by the words of a true rumor.
Three simple words shortened to two.

A single rose will be handed from man to woman.
All for status or power not love.
We are a unarranged, uncut rose bush
tried to be tamed to mold society's expectations and views

No longer loved like a kitten now a cat.
No longer a leaf connected to the tree.
I am mother nature yet you try to change me.
Three simple words shortened to two.

I am whisper, something to be scared of.
There is no solution, no chance to save me
if there is nothing wrong to start with.
History portrays us as gal pals.

No longer loved like a kitten now a cat.
No longer a leaf connected to the tree.
I am a witch, the devil from hell.
Three simple words shortened to two.

Me and my girlfriend shouldn't have died.
Right now riles are reflecting the raging views of same- sex love.
It isn't a sin.
Don't you dare say why do we have pride month!



APPLICATIONS NOW OPEN

We are now calling for expressions of interest from people to join our Local Health Advisory Committees (LHAC) across our region.

LHAC members are volunteers who advocate on behalf of the community. They get involved in discussion around what's important for local people and their health, and provide feedback to the Murrumbidgee Local Health District and the Murrumbidgee Primary Health Network around what matters most.

Be a voice for health in your community...

- Take a seat at the discussion table
- Provide your feedback and ideas
- Be part of the planning and decision making
- Make a difference

**To find out more visit
www.mlhd.health.nsw.gov.au/getInvolved**

or call 0477 359 764 for more information.



Health
Murrumbidgee
Local Health District



headspace
National Youth Mental Health Foundation

parent, carer, and community member mental health education sessions

headspace National is hosting free mental health education sessions for parents and carers in the Southern Riverina region.

Supporting young people and those impacted by suicide

Date: 29 November 2021
Time: 6 – 7:15pm AEDT
Location: Online via Zoom
Register at: <https://bit.ly/3oycDng>

The session aims to:

- Strengthen your understanding of mental health, and warning signs for suicide.
- Build skills and strategies to support your young person's mental health when you are concerned.
- Introduce you to the conversational approach to talking to your young person about their mental health and wellbeing.
- Build awareness of local, state, and national youth mental health support services available to young people.

Proudly funded by the NSW Government and delivered by headspace National

Supporting young people when you are concerned about their mental health

Date: 8 December 2021
Time: 6 – 7:15pm AEDT
Location: Online via Zoom
Register at: <https://bit.ly/3qLitUT>

This session aims to:

- Strengthen your understanding of youth mental health and wellbeing.
- Build skills and strategies to support your young person's mental health when you are concerned.
- Explore the conversational approach to talking to your young person about their mental health and wellbeing.
- Build awareness of local, state, and national youth mental health support services available to young people.

Contact

For more information email:
programsupport@headspace.org.au

headspace National Youth Mental Health Foundation is funded by the Australian Government Department of Health