

VISUAL ARTS



Life Drawing.

Life drawing ran again this year at the Tuggeranong Arts Centre. Classes were primarily for our Senior Visual Arts students who wished to extend their drawing skills and experience, but many MacKillop staff members attended as well. These sessions are run by our own Visual Arts teachers. The sessions were very well attended and students and staff alike enjoyed the opportunity to take some time out and experience a unique drawing environment.

TAMARA MURDOCH
Visual Arts Coordinator



New Mural at Padua.

At the start of Term 2, a number of students from Years 7-9 worked alongside an artist, known as Smalls, to transform the oval wall on the Padua Campus.

Smalls is a graffiti artist from Queensland. In 2018, he was the College's Artist in Residence, where he worked with Art classes on a range of murals across the school. This time, Smalls and the students worked on a mural inspired by the four houses - Ngadyung (Platypus), Meup Meup (Wallaby), Gurabang (Goanna) and Mindygari (Hawk).

Working with Smalls was a great experience; we learned the basic techniques of spray painting, we learnt how to draw graffiti letters, and even got to create our own tag (which is basically a signature in spray paint form). We got to watch Smalls in action when he assisted us to paint the mural. Overall, it was really fun, and it was a privilege to have such a unique artist come and share their talent.

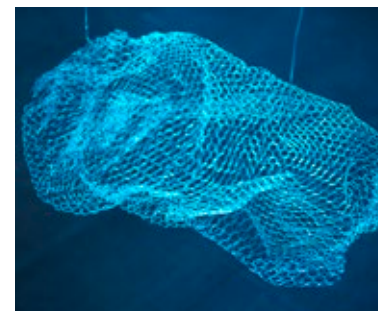
MILLIE TERRACINI + LEILA NIKOLIC
Year 9



Art Installations.

Year 12 Visual Arts installations were immersive experiences that engaged the senses: sight, sound, smell and touch. In this brand new Art Unit, *Communicating Meaning in the Visual Arts*, the Year 12 Art students created innovative, concept driven installations using non-traditional art materials.

They explored three themes: Breathe, Summer and Complexity. Artists of inspiration included Benedetta Mori Ubaldini, Xiaojing Yan, Katsuhiko Yamaguchi, and Chiharu Shiota.



26%

of students list creating art as a hobby.



21%

of students identify photography as a hobby.



41%

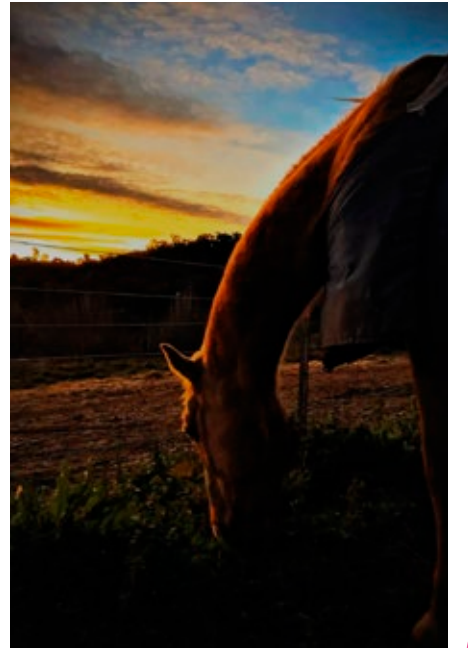
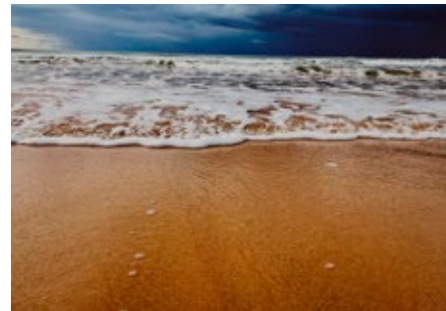
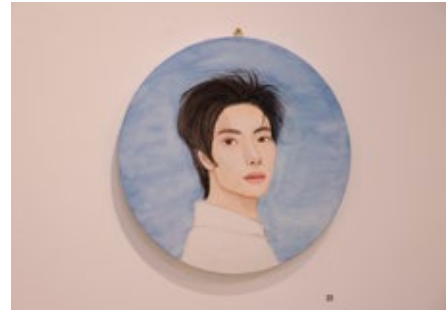
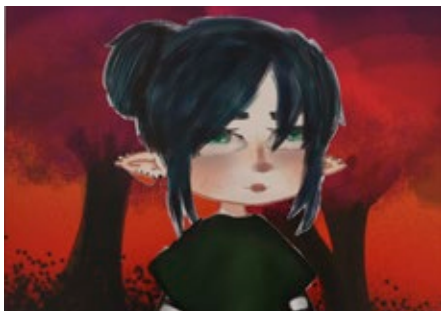
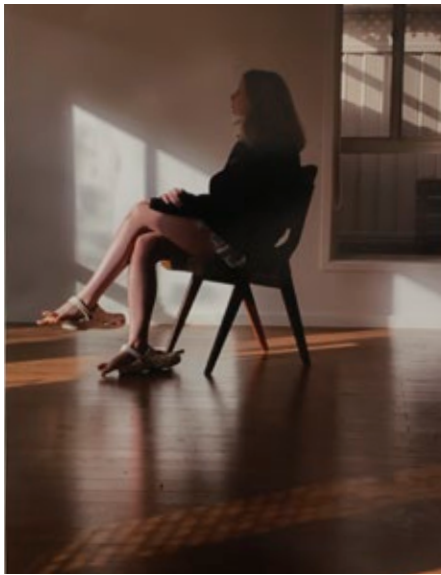
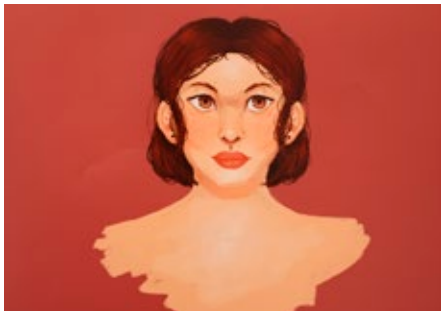
of students believe they have skills in drawing and/or painting.



24%

of students say they know how to use Photoshop.

INSPIRE



INSPIRE Art Competition.

The INSPIRE Art Competition was held over several weeks in the lead up to MacKillop Day. Entries were displayed in a MacKillop Day Exhibition, followed by the INSPIRE Art Exhibition at the Tuggeranong Arts Centre in November.

Overall Winner	Elena Allende (Painting)
People's Choice Award	Mr Colby Cruwys and Maria Ajamieh
Digital, 1st Place	Lilana McKee
Drawing, 1st Place	Laura Tarrant
Drawing, 2nd Place	Maria Ajamieh
Drawing, Highly Commended	Chloe Knoester
Photography, 1st Place	Ophelia Van Doorn
Photography, 2nd Place	Erin Hartcher
Painting, 1st Place	Ebony Humphrey
Mixed Media, 1st Place	Ruby Pardy
Sculpture, 1st Place	Jessica Lubinski



Year 7 Art Poetry.

Year 7 students had to create poem reflections on famous self-portraits. Here are a few:



Reflecting on Ben Quilty's Self Portrait (Big Mouth), 2013
BY IELYN SHAJI

Oh what a lovely day
A nice warm day in May
My life's never been better
But my friends make fun of my sweater

They make me feel as though I am not worthy
But I know that I have no need to worry
My day is turning upside down
My smile has turned into a frown

It makes my blood boil
I could feel my face broil
I feel like yelling my lungs out
I guess this is what anger is all about



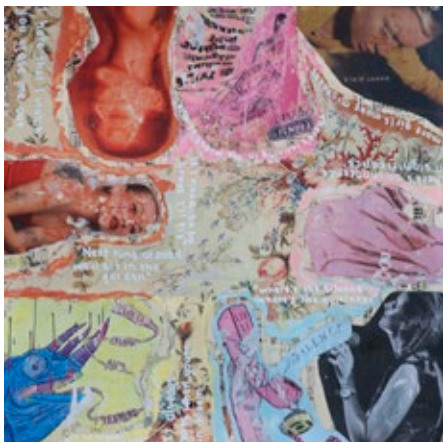
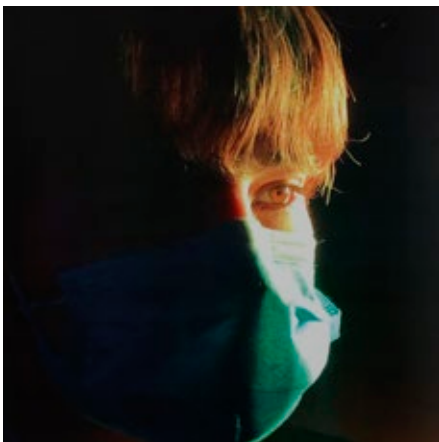
A reflection on Vincent van Gogh's Self Portrait, 1889
BY LAURA TJALCEVIC

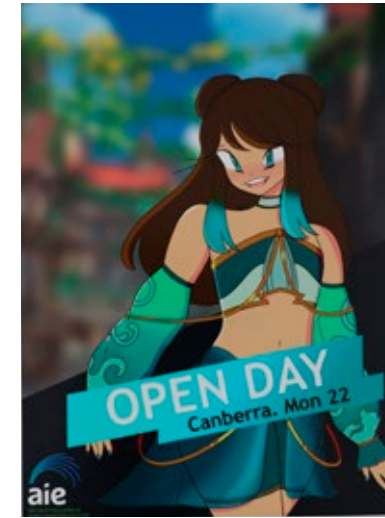
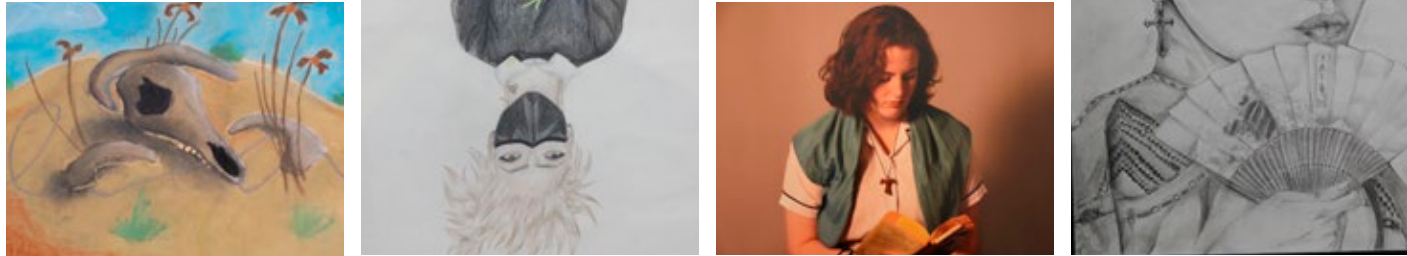
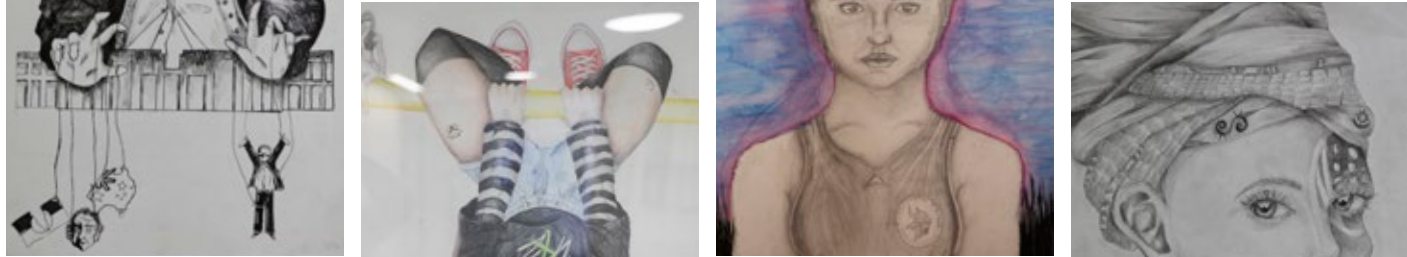
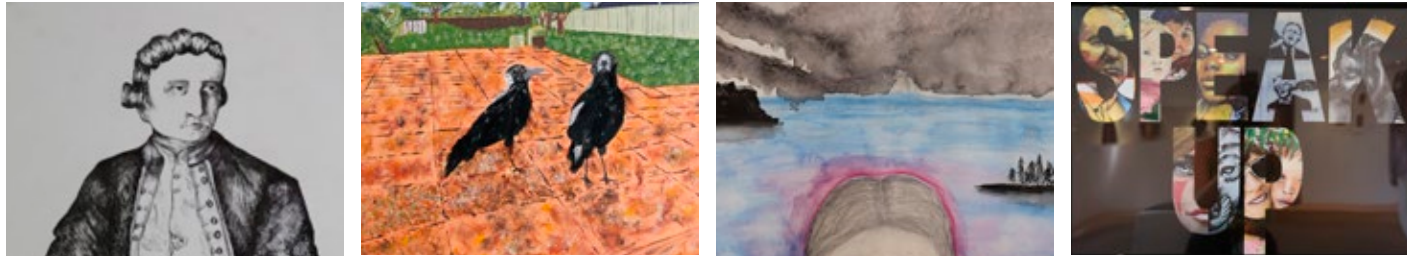
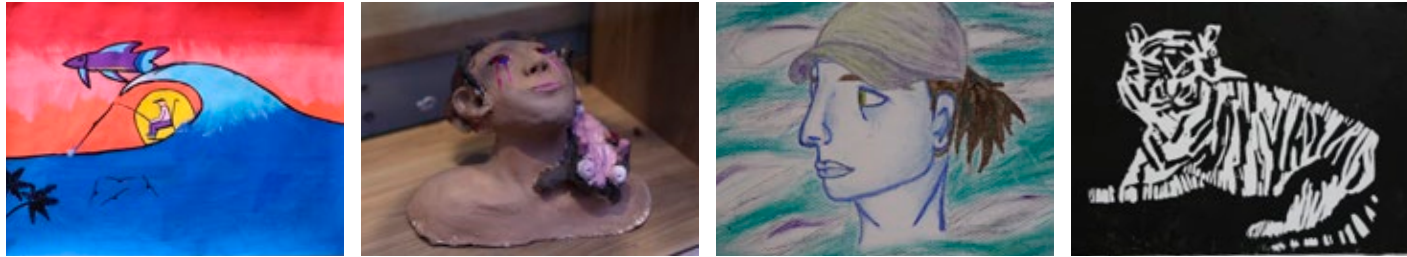
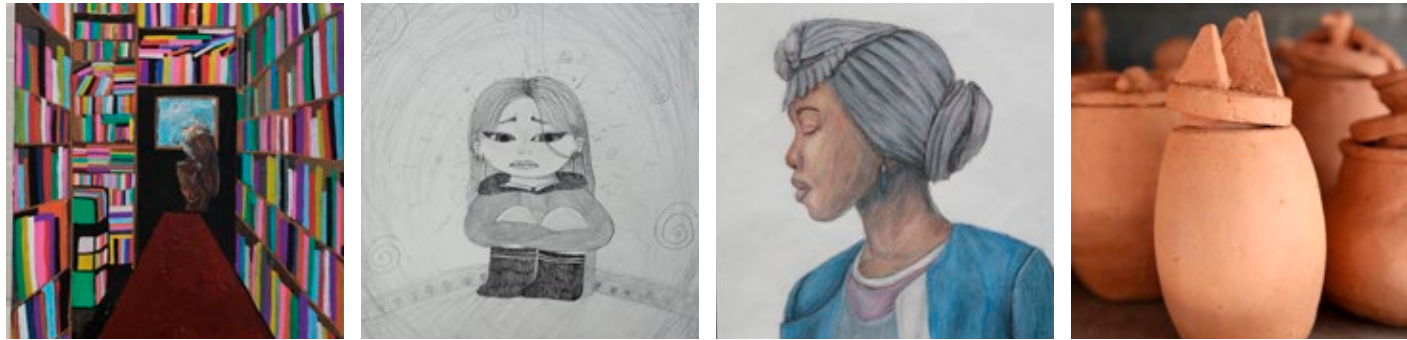
He stood there scarred
From all of his horrid past
He felt the rays of blue
And it showed his tragic truth

He sat there stunned
Not knowing enough
He felt like he was cuffed
Like his life was a bluff

As he watched the sunset fade
He dreamed upon the riches
His brain was full of bad decisions
Barricaded by sadness and collisions

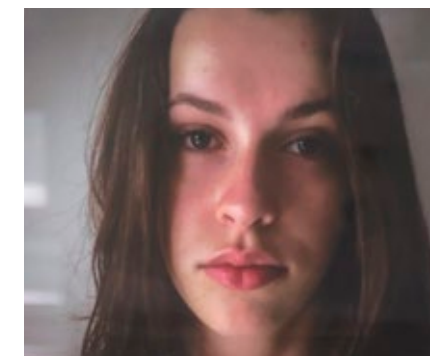
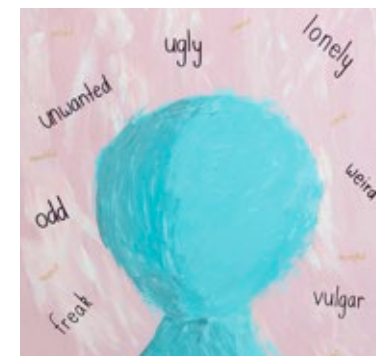
He hoped one day he could start again
But life was a judgeful place
Full of crime and bankruptcy
Where rules were disobeyed





ISART

ISART is an exhibition of the Year 12 Visual Art students' final projects. ISART opened on Wednesday 9 November this year, with artworks displayed throughout the Phoenix Gallery and Art Block at the St Peter's Campus.



PERFORMING ARTS



40%

of students can play guitar and/or bass.

44%

of students can play piano/ keyboard.

16%

of students can play drums/ percussion.

19%

of students can play a string instrument (violin, cello, etc).

21%

of students can play a wind instrument (flute, etc).



51%

of students say they can play a musical instrument.



24%

of students say they are capable dancers.



21%

of students believe they can sing.



27%

of students say they have skills in acting.



The Performing Arts Centre.

There was HUGE news for the Performing Arts Faculty this year – that Performing Arts Centre that we've been talking about for years has finally got the all clear to go ahead on the St Peter's Campus.

At this stage, construction will begin in 2023, with the centre to be built on the vacant land east of C Block and close to the rear driveway off Ellerston Avenue.

The Performing Arts Centre will give the Senior Campus a proper performance space with roughly 400 seats in its auditorium. It will house specialist spaces for Drama, Dance, and Music without the need to use the main stage as a classroom. The Performing Arts Centre will also have practice rooms for Music, a staffroom, a kiosk for ticket and food sales, changerooms, toilets, and a general-purpose classroom.

The proximity of the new building to the Trades Training Centre will enable Technology and Art students to work on set design for major performances, while Textiles and Fashion students would also be able to collaborate on costumes and props.

The move of Performing Arts out of the current gymnasium will also allow Physical Education to take over that entire learning space for its own needs.

We look forward to seeing the development of the Performing Arts Centre throughout 2023.



PERFORMING ARTS

The Year in Music.

Music has again had a very successful year. It was disappointing that we were unable to hold our planned Music Camp, and also that the Musical could not go ahead, however there have been many other highlights.

Performances have included:

- Year 7 Information Evening
- Senior Careers Expo
- Strike a Chord
- Cowra Eisteddfod
- Wagga Wagga Eisteddfod
- Floriade
- Variety Night
- Gala Concert
- Primary Schools' Tour

Ensembles have grown to include the following:

- Concert Band
- Padua String Ensemble
- St Peter's String Ensemble
- Senior Wind Ensemble
- Junior Band
- Year 7 String Ensemble
- Guitar Ensemble
- Cello Ensemble
- Vocal Ensemble
- Junior String Quartet
- PCoPA

Instrumental tutors coming into the College offer lessons in:

- Brass
- Woodwind
- Voice
- Guitar
- Piano
- Percussion
- Violin and Viola
- Cello
- Double Bass

We welcomed Mitchell James to the faculty in Term 3.



COMPETITIONS



Wagga Wagga Eisteddfod.

The Wagga Eisteddfod occurred from 1-2 September where 95 students performed in the following ensembles in the competition: St Peter's String Ensemble, Padua String Ensemble, Guitar Ensemble, Senior Wind Ensemble, Junior Band, Concert Band, Harrison Orton and Katie-Lee James in a duet, Padua String Quartet, Gymnopedie Quartet, Allegro Quintet, PCoPA Choir and Padua Vocal Ensemble.

It is worth noting that, with a few exceptions, the longest amount of time that these students have been playing their instruments is two and a half years.

PRIZES WON

- High School Ensemble: Senior Wind Ensemble - 2nd, Guitar Ensemble - Highly Commended
- High School Concert Band: Concert Band - Highly Commended
- High School Orchestral Championship: Padua String Ensemble - Highly Commended
- Instrumental Duos/Trios: Harrison Orton and Katie-Lee James - Highly Commended
- Open String Ensembles: St Peter's String Ensemble - 1st
- Secondary School Choirs Championship: PCoPA Choir - 1st
- Open A Capella Choir: PCoPA Choir - 2nd
- Open Sacred Song: PCoPA Choir - 1st
- Open Choir: PCoPA Choir - 2nd

VERONICA BOULTON

Director of Music & Performance



Cowra Eisteddfod.

MacKillop had great success at the Cowra Eisteddfod for both choir and instrument ensembles.

On Friday 13 May, students from PCoPA, along with staff members Henry South, Danielle Logue and pre-service teacher Chris West attended the Cowra Eisteddfod. The group won First Prize for the School Vocal Choir section, with adjudicator Sarah Marshall awarding the group a score of 98 out of 100. Feedback from the performance was overwhelmingly positive with the choir being invited back to perform at the final concert. A fantastic achievement by our students!

A special mention also goes to Jett Blyton who competed in some solo competitions. Jett won 1st place in five different categories and also received a 2nd place and highly commended for two other categories. Amazing job!

On Wednesday 18 May, 73 students piled onto two coaches, with 73 musical instruments (including percussion!) and travelled to Cowra to perform in the Eisteddfod. The ensembles participating were the Senior Wind Ensemble, St Peter's String Ensemble, Padua String Ensemble, and Padua Concert Band. The Padua Concert Band won First Prize in the Secondary School Concert Band and the St Peter's Strings won the Open Small Ensemble category.

Congratulations to all students and staff involved in these performances!

HENRY SOUTH + VERONICA BOULTON

Performing Arts



ACTKA Piano Competition.

Congratulations to Danny Li (Year 11) and Gavin de Guzman (Year 10) who both achieved excellent results in the recent ACTKA Piano Competition on 18 September.

- Danny Li (Intermediate Level) - Best performance of Australian Work
- Gavin De Guzman (Advanced Level) - 1st Place

Australian National Eisteddfod.

Congratulations to Year 10 student Gavin de Guzman and Year 11 student Danny Li who were awarded 1st prize in piano performance at the Australian National Eisteddfod. Gavin won 1st place in the Chopin Prize and Gavin and Danny won 1st place in the Duet Prize. Well done to both these students!



Strike A Chord.

Congratulations to the following students who participated in the Musica Viva Strike A Chord Competition. Our students performed well and received achievement awards in recognition of their performances.

- St Mary MacKillop College Senior Trio - Freia Huber, Chiara Hackney-Britt, Gavin de Guzman
- Allegro Quintet - William Mundy, Samantha Driessen, Darcy Thripp, Adam Stone, Mary Bunt
- Gymnopedie Quartet - Ava Fradgley, Kyle Flauta, Penny Kemp, Joshua Prstec

Congratulations to all the students involved on your performance. Thank you for your dedication and commitment to the ensembles.

HENRY SOUTH

Performing Arts



PERFORMANCES



Variety Night.

MacKillop raised funds for its four House Charities at the annual Variety Night on Thursday 20 October.

Held at the Moira Najdecki Theatre at the Padua Campus, the event treated guests to a range of performances, including stunning vocal and instrumental pieces, breathtaking dances, comedy, and even a magic show from staff member Harry Hattch.

Variety Night also included audience participation, with a number of games and prizes throughout the evening.

All proceeds from ticket sales and the canteen went towards the four House Charities: Beyond Blue, MacKillop House, Orange Sky, and the Ricky Stuart Foundation.

Congratulations to the performers, the hosts and MCs, the sound and lighting crew, the backstage team, the Performing Arts faculty, and the Student Representative Council. Particular thanks to VJ Kamilo and Maddie Cameron (Performing Arts Captains) who coordinated the event.



Dance Festival.

Year 10 Dance performed on the huge stage at Canberra Theatre on Tuesday 6 September. Dance Festival is a non-competitive celebration of student work across the ACT. Students choreographed, rehearsed and performed. Their performance was a credit to the College.

BELLA VAN DOORN
Performing Arts Coordinator (Drama & Dance)



Floriade Performances.

On Wednesday 12 October, the school's junior and senior music ensembles and senior dance class performed compositions at Floriade. This was a great opportunity for us to showcase the projects we have been working on throughout the past few terms.

Senior dancers were the first to perform, delivering an 8-minute piece about different mythological creatures from 'Pandora's Box'. Two string ensembles performed beautiful songs that perfectly fit the atmosphere and setting of being surrounded by the sun, nature and gorgeous flowers. The brass ensembles were loud and exciting to watch and listen to throughout the day. The vocal groups completed the MacKillop set and ended the day on a high note.

By the end of the day, we were all super proud to be a part of MacKillop's amazing Performing Arts Faculty and it was an amazing opportunity to perform in front an audience, which has been rare over the past two years.

TARA LUCHTERHAND + GRACE JENKINS
Year 11



The Gala Concert.

On Thursday 3 November the music department hosted the Gala Concert. This is the first time that the College has been able to put on a concert of this type for family and friends since the formation of our many new ensembles. The ensembles performing were: PCoPA, Concert Band, St Peter's String Ensemble, Vocal Ensemble, Cello Ensemble, Senior Wind Ensemble, Guitar Ensemble, Year 7 String Ensemble, Polarised Bandits, Junior Concert Band, Padua String Ensemble. We also took this opportunity to farewell our Year 12 students who have been contributing to the ensembles over the past few years. Thank you to the staff and students for a fabulous evening!

VERONICA BOULTON

Director of Music & Performance



Come Alive Festival.

On 28 and 29 October, the Year 11 Drama students performed their self-created work 'Unintentionally' as part of the 'Come Alive Festival of Museum Theatre'. The festival has been running for some 15 years now and encourages students across Canberra to find an artefact from a cultural institution and use that to inspire their playbuilding. This year the festival was held at the National Portrait Gallery and the students chose Ingvar Kenne's photograph, 'Yvonne', as their source of inspiration. From there, they developed a complex and ambitious project that linked Chaos Theory with ideas of accidental human connection – are our personal interactions part of a larger pattern or ruled solely by chance? The result was impressive and the students presented a polished and engaging work of which they can all be justly proud.

JANE WATSON

Performing Arts



IN THE CLASSROOM



Stewart Barton Visit.

In Term 4, Canberra musician Stewart Barton (Class of 2020) worked with students in Senior Music on their composition projects and performances. Students found the experience valuable and were able to gain useful feedback on their work.

Stewart also performed for students at the Padua Campus Assembly.

Thank you to Stewart for the visit and we hope to welcome you at MacKillop again in the future.

HENRY SOUTH

Performing Arts



Year 10 Drama.

Year 10 Drama students explored scripts that drew from topical issues. As part of their process, they had to develop a piece focused on sustainability using a natural soundscape. Students enjoyed using some of the Colleges' Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander resources to create their soundscapes. The students ensured that they followed correct cultural protocols while using the didgeridoo, emu caller and clapping sticks. They explored how instruments made of natural materials can interact with non-natural materials to create natural and unnatural sounds, symbolic of the sustainable ideas they drew into their piece. They discussed the traditional uses of these sounds and how they can be drawn into our topic.



PERFORMANCES



Drama & Dance Performances.

Students put on a huge number of performances in 2022. Year 8, 9, and 10 students performed their final assessment pieces at the end of each semester, Year 11 students presented their self-directed version of *Picnic at Hanging Rock*, there were Senior Drama and Dance Leadership Projects, Year 12 Drama presented *Harry's Hotter at Twilight*, and there were also performances of *Dags* (directed by Molly Brabham, Year 12) and *The Lady's Revenge* (written and directed by Maddison Cameron, Year 12). That's a lot of lines to learn! Thanks to everyone who came out to support our students throughout the year.



PERFORMING ARTS CAPTAINS

The Performing Arts at MacKillop this year went off without a hitch...or so we'd like to say. The performing highlight of the year, the MacKillop Musical, was sadly cancelled due to the resurgence of COVID-19 but, despite that, we had multiple performances at Campus assemblies ranging from dances, singers and ensemble performances.

With the Musical being cancelled the next big event Variety Night definitely went off without a hitch but instead with a Hattch – a Harry Hattch, who did a special guest magic performance which blew the audience's mind. How he did it, we'll never know. The night was magical and full of hard work, talent and creativity with fun games running through the night. Every single performer was magical and enticing. The songs were singing, the dances were dancing, the guitars were guitar and the whole night was a big slay.

VJ KAMILO + MADDISON CAMERON

Performing Arts Captains

LANGUAGE & LITERATURE

3 TIPS TO ACHIEVE GREAT WRITING

FROM AUTHOR AND LEARNING COMMONS COORDINATOR, SAMANTHA RUTTER (TIDY)



1. WRITE WHAT YOU KNOW:

All authors write about their own experiences or their writing is influenced by something they have experienced.



2. SHOW, DON'T TELL:

You should show a story and not tell a story. To show a story, you should use literary devices to put your reader in the scene.



3. YOUR FIRST DRAFT IS EXACTLY THAT:

Your first draft should only be about 10% of your writing effort. The next 90% is redrafting and refining, and editing. The editing process is what turns average writing into brilliant writing.



Recommended Reading.

ENGLISH FACULTY + LEARNING COMMONS TEACHERS SUGGEST SOME HOLIDAY READING.



This One Wild and Precious Life
Sarah Wilson



On Earth We're Briefly Gorgeous
Ocean Vuong



Foreign Soil
Maxine Beneba Clarke



Tiger Daughter
Rebecca Lim



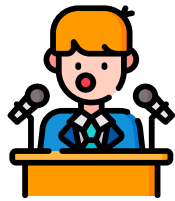
Her Death Was Also Water
Allen C. Jones

Lit Stats.



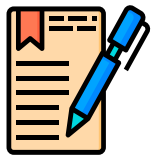
2ND

English (including Literature) was voted as MacKillop students' second-favourite subject.



28%

of students believe that public speaking is one of their strengths.



If you don't love public speaking, you're not alone. If given the choice, 80% of MacKillop students would prefer to do an essay than an oral presentation.



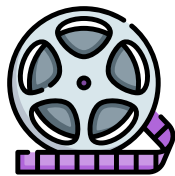
46%

of students say that reading is one of their hobbies.



15%

of students like to write stories or poetry in their spare time.



73%

of students would rather watch the movie than read the book.

DID YOU KNOW?

Only 28% of students could tell you who wrote *The Lord of the Rings*. Was its popularity (both the books and movies) too long ago?



Jacky Receives Grant to Publish Poetry.

Congratulations to Jacky Pearson of Year 11, who was awarded a \$5,000 Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Youth Grant, which she will use to publish a book of her poetry and art.

Jacky is working with author and Learning Commons Coordinator Samantha Rutter to complete her book and organise distribution.

Jacky, who has always had an interest in writing, wrote and drew a bulk of the content through COVID lockdowns as an outlet. Her writing addresses a number of themes and topics, including teenage issues, sadness, love, sentimentality, school, and her own world view.

There's no title for the book just yet, but Jacky is hoping it will be published around mid-2023. Make sure to keep an eye out for it next year!



Poetry in Action.

In Week 5 during Term 3, Years 8 and 9 were presented with an engaging and entertaining performance from Poetry in Action as part of their English studies. The students enjoyed seeing poetry come to life on stage and were able to bring this in to their classroom learning.

I thoroughly enjoyed how the performers had a way of entertaining us while also giving us key information to help with our upcoming assignments.

CHRISTINA GIANNIS

Year 9





Debating Club.

2022 was another exciting year for the Debating and Public Speaking Club. While the main competitions couldn't go ahead, we made use of our persuasive skills participating in debates across Years 7, 8 and 9. A highlight was a visit to the ACT Legislative Assembly during Term 4 where we delivered a debate in the Assembly. Throughout the year, we've participated in activities including speeches, heated debates, role plays and talking politics. It has been a blast!

RUBY PARDY + ISOBEL HALLIDAY

Year 7

The English Staff have their say.

Common phrases English teachers had on repeat this year:

Everyone needs to just calm down...

Hello...anyone?

Yes, you will need the novel for every lesson.

Yes, the exam will be about the novel.

Yes, you need to read the novel. No, the film is not the same.

Don't forget to hand in a draft.

All the work is in Modules... for English.... Yes this subject.... Modules is in Canvas...

Interesting excuses for a late assignment this year:

I was on a yacht.

I left it when we went pigging.

Oh Miss... what? That's today?

I went to a concert in Sydney and didn't bring my laptop.

I have a flattop 5000, so it's on there.



English Jokes

I invented a new word - Plagiarism!

What's the difference between a cat and a comma?

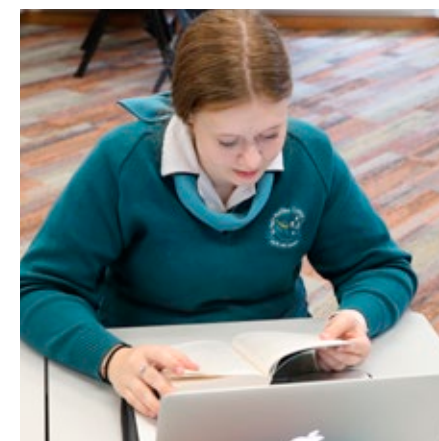
A cat has claws at the end of its paws, a comma is a pause at the end of a clause.

How do you comfort an English teacher?
They're, there, their.

What's another name for Santa's elves?
Subordinate clauses!

Why did the comma break up with the apostrophe?
Because it was too possessive.

How much does the internet weigh?
An insta-gram.



IN THE CLASSROOM + WRITE A BOOK IN A DAY

English



Book Week.

“Dreaming with eyes open” is about the hidden and the seen possibilities! This was CBCA’s Book Week theme and to celebrate reading, and dreaming, students and staff on both campuses rose to that challenge and dressed in costumes of various descriptions.

There were staff and student prizes on both campuses for their Book Week costumes. Students also earned House points by participating in quizzes and activities in the library throughout the week.

Thank you to the Learning Commons team for coordinating the activities and making Book Week wonderful.

Finally in the words of the great Dr. Seuss: “*The more that you read, the more things you will know. The more that you learn, the more places you’ll go.*” So be sure to pick up a good book, read, learn, dream, and go!

SAMANTHA RUTTER

Learning Commons Coordinator, St Peter’s



Adrift in the Auburn Sky

NOA ZISMAN, YEAR 8

I watch as a white plane flies by,
Listen to a metal heart beating inside,
Feel its wings adrift in the auburn sky,
Taste the scorched clouds melt as the moon appears at my side.

I watch a white plane drowning in a sea of stars,
Listen to it's quiet breathing piercing through the dark,
Feel the moon's shame as it bears its crater scars,
Taste the cream of dawn appearing at horizon's arc.

I watch a white plane as darkness sheds its skin,
Listen to a cloud yawning from its night-time dream,
Feel the sun's glory as the Earth completes its spin,
And the midnight boat of time begins its slow descent downstream.

The Girl In The Mirror

EMILY BLENKIN, YEAR 8

Too skinny, too fat
Not this, nor that
When does it stop?
The judgment and critiques,
Starving and trying for endless weeks,
Tears are streaming down her face,
While people and words put her "back in her place"
She wants to speak up but her hands are tied,
By ripped up dreams and torn apart pride,
Hating and covering every inch of her skin,
Never seeing the beauty that shines from within.

Why is nobody seen as enough?
She's getting sick of all of this stuff,
A spark begins to light inside,
As she gains the confidence she's been denied,
The words that use to cut so deep,
No longer cause her to cry and weep,
She's sure of herself and that makes her strong,
Finding the girl she's been along,
Now when she looks in the mirror, at her own eyes,
Her beauty does not come as a surprise,
She knows who she is, she has her pride,
And she finally loves herself, in and outside.

That Song

ZAHRA SOMMERS, YEAR 8

I can't listen to that song,
It reminds me of you.
I remember the times we'd scream it loud,
I remember the times like it was yesterday.
The lyrics are happy
They shouldn't make me sad,
But they do and now
I can't listen to that song.

Poetry is...

WILLIAM MCGRATH, YEAR 8

Like a puzzle you can't solve
Like a thought about to dissolve
Like a story with structure
Like a tire about to rupture
Like a sentence with meaning
Like a person beaming
Like a smell of sweetness
Like the feeling of completeness
Like the look of confusion on your face
Like a thought that has been misplaced

Breathe

MILLIE FISHER, YEAR 9

I look around my room, tears filling my eyes.
Balloons. Cake. Quiet music. My heart races. I
stop breathing. Soon, boundless people will crowd
around me. Loud and noisy. My birthday party
shouldn't be this scary.

But

I

Can't

Breathe

"Hey! Deep breaths. You're alright." Not loud,
caring. "Happy birthday."

Ballad of Negative Emotion

SOFIA DESMOND, YEAR 8

Lonely tears rolling down,
Crestfallen faces donned a frown,
Brokenhearted children all breakdown,
Sadness is the plague around.

Remorseful souls feels like a dungeon,
The smell of sorrow is very pungent,
Regret will feel like a bludgeon,
Guilt forces other feelings to be shrunken.

Enraged parent, around the home,
Raged customers in the hyperdome,
Infuriating toe stubs from old battered gnomes,
Anger starts to steam or foam.

Terrified children hide away,
Afraid people just won't stay,
Petrified animals in disarray,
Fear is on full display.

My Lady Lisa

ELIZABETH LOCKE, YEAR 11

Softly sleeping, on that cold winter's night,
deep in December, there sat I, dreaming of my love. It was the
chill on my spine that stirred my slumber,
and as I sat, slumped in my chair,
I felt the cool breeze once more,
and I glanced towards the window.

Flung open, the wind howled through,
causing the embers of the dying fire to flicker.
And in its same way, the blood red curtains that uneased me
always, flapped around in the ghoulish gale,
arms flailing about, reaching for my throat.

The late hour of midnight approached, and still I sat,
glass returned in hand from the table where it rested,
there alone in my study.
There was no light but that flickering fireplace situated deep in
the dark stone.

As I sat, watching the fire burn, slowly, softly,
my thoughts drifted to days past.
To times gone by, when neither pain nor guilt rested on my weary
shoulders.

But still I sat, though witching hour drew ever closer,
and the hands of the clock in my study ticked further
and further around the cracked, stained face on the wall.
It was an ancient clock, that time had not been kind to, and it still
ticked away at a steady pace,
the chime of the hour still echoing
deep within the castle.

Always on the hour, exactly on the hour.

And as I sat there, with my glass full of the ruby raw riches which I
drained every night, my mind crept slowly back.

To the memory of my lady Lisa.
And as my mind moved back to those memories I'd repressed,
so did my eyes move to her portrait, hanging crooked on the wall.

The painting's likeness struck me, and the guilt that had been
drowning in the liquor surfaced and danced up my spine.
I felt it crawl up my neck, hair raising, and settle in my throat.
Choking, spluttering, I stood
and as I did, I heard a creak.

A creak outside my study's wooden door.

A creaking sound, made by the crumbling wooden floor
paving the ruins of my once magnificent castle.
But the age of the castle meant the creaking was commonplace
so to chair I returned, now spun
so I did gaze upon her face.

Her eyes drilled into mine with such power and force
I felt uneasy and looked away.
But still I felt her gaze on me
like a knife burrowed between my shoulder blades, in my spine.

The guilt which I had forgotten surfaced once more
And the churning in my stomach was followed by the taste of
blood.

I washed it down with a gulp of the ruby poison in my glass.

I turned back to the painting, fear-filled no longer
But instead a newly found courage fed by the numbness in my
mind.
T'was old, weathered by the unsheltered openness of my ruined
tower.
Her weathered face cracked with age, stained brown by dirt.

Still her eyes cut through mine like a knife,
and I felt exposed, vulnerable, like she could see every thought.
I questioned myself, but her smile laughed at my fear
Mocking me, even from her grave.
Mocking my distance, my absence, leaving her for dead.

The guilt resurfaced.

It had been my travels which prevented my presence while she lay
ill in her bed.
I had known, told every word
but still I remained away.

Away too long, now too late.

Again the wind blew, and with it the dark clouds moved,
exposing the raw glow of the full moon outside my window, come
out to play.
But the wind was not as strong as before.
A gentle breeze, and yet my fears did not rest.
For carried by this breeze, I smelt it.
The lily scent which she had cloaked herself in day after day.

I inhaled, but it scraped at the inside of my throat
and in a fit, I spluttered in pain.
That was when I heard it.
Between my coughs, quietly echoing through the empty halls, I
heard it.

The click clack of heels, her heels,
clicking and clacking on the wooden floor
downstairs below my closed study door.

Click clack, click clack

I heard them, just.
Though it had quietened now, I could hear them barely Over the
ringing in my ears.

Click clack, click clack

Every step louder,
and the fear I had pushed away came back now, So strong, so
stifling, it was all I felt.

Goosebumps appeared on my skin, my hairs stood on end.
Trembling, trembling now, my hand reached out to place the
glass of rouge courage back on the table where it stood before.

Again, I could hear them, louder still,
now echoing on the staircase
heading up towards my closed study door.

Click clack, click clack

With every step, they grew louder, and louder,
And the creaking of the old wooden floor boards followed every
pace.

Click clack, click clack

Madder and madder still I grew
And with every sound my guilt welled up like a weight on my
chest. I cried out, yelling, screaming to the ghost of my love
Whom I had left on her deathbed.

Suddenly the clock struck 12
midnight was nigh, and the darkness seemed to swallow me
whole.
Chiming, ringing, over and over, but still it could not drown the
steps now echoing in the hall outside my study door.

Panicked, I stood, knocking the mirror on the table beside me.
Smash
There stood I, a thousand eyes wide,
darting, staring, back at me
on the thousands of shards scattered on the floor.

Click clack, click clack

Still the steps echoed, louder

Click

And louder.

Clack

Till my eardrums felt they would burst.

Click clack, click clack

On and on, I could take no more, on and on it went, never ceasing,
never fading, forever and ever outside my study door.

Click clack. Click clack. Click clack.

Hunger and Grief: The Undoing of a Man

JETT BLYTON, YEAR 10

There are moments that go by when I don't think about that day. An occasional rush of normality where I slip into an amnesiac ocean; consumed, washed clean. It's a place that only exists in the deepest canyons of my subconscious: a brief escape before the inevitable waves of malice wash me back to reality, leaving me beached, slowly dying like a useless whale. And with every grain of sand that sticks to my sober limbs, a piece of that day comes flooding back.

Beneath muggy concrete ceilings, I felt as though I hadn't seen the sun in days. Even in the muted glow of the faint fluorescent lights, my pupils ached and my head throbbed. Parasitic pillars of a simple maze towered as far as I could see, branching off from a seemingly infinite corridor. A thick, distorted whine buzzed and echoed down the halls from intentionally stale speakers. I figured it could only be another attempt at tactical brainwashing, to try and get inside my head, to make me stay just a little bit longer. I couldn't let it work, I won't let them get the better of me. In the midst of the labyrinth, my patience wore thin and my emotions grew used and tired. My tongue was as dry as my stomach was empty, and there was only one thing I knew for certain: I had to make an escape.

I wish I knew then what I know now. That building and its people are laced with barbarity. Never in my life had I ever expected such unhinged cruelty, hiding behind a plastic facade. My father always used to tell me, when I was younger, that eventually the only thing that would be left of us are our legacies. I always used to fantasise about what I would leave behind. In the boxing ring stood my ambition and my rationality, and the strength of my ambition would always leave my rationality choking for air, alive but suppressed. But as the fighters of my glory days retired and withered, and new traumas fed off me like life-sucking leeches, a single new contestant rose from the stands: my sanity. For the most part, he stands lonely in the ring, left to fight with no one but himself. He's solid and staunch, but none of that really matters - everybody knows internal battles are always the hardest to win. I can blame those capitalist cultists all I want, but nothing can change the fact that I chose to go there. I even used to crave that warehouse.

Blindly walking through crowded halls, surrounded by jagged edges and cruel desire, my concrete feet fell before me, one foot in front of the other for what seemed like an eternity. I scraped my way through the rakes and shovels and dusty weapons with caution and stealth. I was at my wits' end, but I knew I had to persevere. Hunger had made better friends with me, my stomach a desolate well, forgotten and empty. I could make out a bare glimpse of sunlight beaming in through jaded windows; the exit was approaching. My determination grew with every step I took, but I knew the final stretch would be the hardest. Suddenly, I didn't care about the yapping music or my dreadful headache. I had one objective. I would stop at nothing to get to that exit sign.

My psychologist told me I might need to get examined. She wants to send me to some laboratory way out west, away from the people and anything else that I could harm. The violent outbursts started only a few months after the incident. I'm not proud of it, but my emotional baggage only sweltered and grew like a water balloon, and it was always bound to burst at some point, drowning the people I loved. I'm lucky to get ten hours of sleep a week. Some nights I get nothing at all. My wide-eyed nights leave me alone with my thoughts and my memories, my shame and my regrets. The heaviness never leaves me, and even my few hours of unconscious bliss are damned with nightmares.

I stood in the sun, battered and ruined from the inside out. I had finally escaped, and freedom was so liberating. I made my way to a little tent, conveniently plopped to the left of the doors I had just tumbled through. I was greeted by a mysterious man in an ACDC shirt. He was bald and weathered, like the sole of a shoe. I mustered up the strength to find my words.

'Hey mate, can I just grab one sausage sandwich with barbecue sauce and onions?' I pleaded. The reply I received ruined my life.

'Sorry mate, we're all sold outta snags.'

Dread, chaos, and defeat are understatements. My entire world caved in that day. I guess lowest prices really were *just* the beginning.



Streets and Festivities

JASPER SEAL, YEAR 7

First place in the 50-Word Short Story Competition

Lights sprinkled the cobble streets like fallen stars. The feeling of warmth and excitement hung in the air. Markets and stalls packed together, overcrowded. Accompanied by the wondrous smells of food and sights of the people who moved around like clashing waves. Joy and merry; the sounds of footsteps thundered.

Celebration

DAVID REYES, YEAR 9

Second place in the 50-Word Short Story Competition

A humble, old couple walk to the shrine, amidst the chaos of the Lunar New Year parades. They solemnly kneel before the image of a young, strapping soldier. They shed their tears; their cries drowned out by lapping firecrackers. This is no day for celebration. Happy Lunar New Year, 1942.

Happy Birthday Cassie!

EMILY MUNRO, YEAR 7

Third place in the 50-Word Short Story Competition

Cassandra woke with a groan. She glared at Will before heading downstairs. The smell of bacon that greeted her was heavenly and she instantly felt more awake. She glanced at all the presents sitting there, taunting her and Cassandra felt ecstatic. "I could get used to this."

The Gift

AVA BOND, YEAR 9

Third place in the 50-Word Short Story Competition

She sits silently clenching a small bear. Her young face is smeared with dirt and her body thin. Next to her lies a shelter of a sort. A boy across the street looks at a small red gift in his palm. He places it in front of her. "Merry Christmas."

The Golf Prodigy

RHYS WATSON, YEAR 7

The crowd is cheering. The officials finally settle them down. I start to swing my trusty Callaway 5000 driver. It's black and gold, custom made. I strike the ball. It soars up and floats down straight into the hole! The crowd cheers. Wait! I hit the tee, not the ball.

Wings

GABRIEL LUGG-RESTALL, YEAR 10

The evening was warm, and the painted sky made a perfect backdrop for the silhouette of tiny, dark winged creatures.

It was a time to celebrate.

Even though they are feared, these creatures exhibit remarkable intelligence.

Far from mythical creatures, they encounter new colonies as they chew off their wings.

Digital Celebration

ELIJAH BOYLE, YEAR 8

The student stares at the document on their laptop, a full three-week assignment crammed into three hours. Quickly, the words start to flow from their fingers. The clock taunts them as they rush their references, they go to Canvas, press submit and they're rewarded with confetti down the page.

Digital Celebration

ELIJAH BOYLE, YEAR 8

Streamers bounding in the wind. Soft, lush grass brushing against my slightly cold legs. The moon, the stars, the galaxy. You could see it all from where I was sitting. Nervous with anticipation. Overcome by the loud noises, vision getting blurry. I was scared, but I wasn't going to leave.

Too Painful to Bear

CHARLOTTE COY, YEAR 8

With a final click, the lock opens, and the door swings back with ease. As I creep through the house, I can see the balloons, hear the cheers and laughter. My heart throbs as I grab what I came for, and I escape, the celebratory atmosphere too painful to bear.



Languages

Senior French.

I started learning French in Year 7 and have gained a variety of different skills and opportunities because of it. Learning a language through my entire time and MacKillop has allowed me to fully immerse myself in another culture and make strong relationships with some of the exchange students from France. It also allowed me to develop unforgettable relationships with both my teacher and my peers, particularly through my last year.

AMY SCOTT

Year 12



Year 10 French.

In Year 10 French this year, we had great opportunities to learn about this beautiful language and its culture. We invited three French exchange students from our sister school in Le Havre, France to participate in our classes. We got to share our different lifestyles and experiences with them, and we helped each other develop a growing knowledge and interest in each culture. We made great friends with them, and were sad to see them go. Miss Tsaknis greatly helped all of us grow in our French language skills and we noticed substantial progress over the year. We love French!

JESS REARDON + MADDIE PHILP

Year 10

Japanese.

Language Studies get harder as the years progress, especially in senior studies, but that's the same with every subject. However, other subjects don't have the close-knit community that language studies student experience with their peers. The difficulty of the subject made our memories all the stronger! All the teachers were very knowledgeable and patient; they were always happy to help us in whatever way they could.

Some thoughts from Year 10 Japanese:

- "Do it! You won't." - Laura
- "日本語を話すことが好きです。" - Leah
- "Good." - Aaron
- "Loved it." - Emily
- *thumbs up* - Angela
- "Enjoyable." - Will
- "KINDA SLAPS." - Francis
- "Chill. I like it. Fun." - Hannah
- "A good learning experience." - Angelina

MIRIAM KATAOKA

Languages



Latin and French in 2023.

This year, the College made the decision to offer Latin as a language option from 2023. Interest in the classical language was quite decent and we'll start the year with two timetabled Year 7 classes. We're looking forward to seeing Latin grow at MacKillop in the future!

We're also bringing back French in 2023. The language has been offered to next year's Year 7 students, having only been available for senior students over the last few years.



Latin is being offered as a language for Year 7 in 2023. If Latin had been an option for current students, 48% say they would have considered studying the classical language.



31%
of students can speak another language.



Here's what students would choose if they could study a different language at school:

1. Spanish (24%)
2. German (12%)
3. Sign Language (7%)