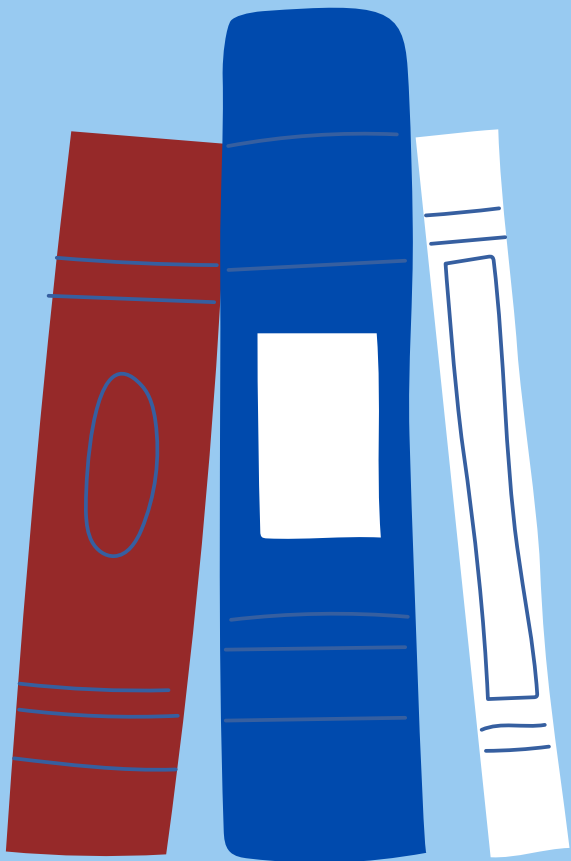




# *Manor Lakes* *p-12 College*

## **SECONDARY NEWSLETTER**



**WEEK 8**  
**TERM 2, 2022**

# INSIDE

1. Shout Outs
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8. Join Our Team
9. Weekly Clubs
10. Jobs Board/Meme of the Week/House Points

## SAVE THE DATE

- Fri June 24 – Last day of Term 2
- Fri June 24 – Pyjama Day
- Mon July 11 – Term 3 begins
- Tues July 19 – Information Evening: Year 11, 2023
- Thur July 28 – Course Counselling Day: Year 11, 2023

## THE TEAM

Ruby Collins, Year 11  
Cara Cormick, Year 11  
Edna Manvi, Year 11  
Anshika Handa, Year 11  
Natasza Evans, Year 11

## CONTACT US

Email: [secondarynewsletterteam@manorlakesp12.vic.edu.au](mailto:secondarynewsletterteam@manorlakesp12.vic.edu.au)

- Submit competition answers
- Share good news and story ideas
- Submit student work
- Join our team!

# Shout Outs

## Year 8

- Leon Hume – Outstanding effort in English for Semester 1.
- Savpreet (Preet) Singh – Always giving 100% effort in English. Well done Preet, keep on striving for the best.
- Ollie Parder – Consistent and focused work achievement in Humanities.

## Year 9

- Elanur Asir – Consistent effort and high achievement in Humanities.

## Year 12

- Marcello Sireus – Trying his best in the English exam and nearly completing 2 essays within the given time.
- Muhammad Khurram – Consistently working hard to achieve the best results in Business Management.

## VCAL

- Htaw Nay Moo (Tarnay) – Fantastic Work placement at Total Tools.
- Kaiden Robertson – Working hard and showing initiative at work placement.





# What Pride Month means to me

*By Ash Furphy (they/she)*

As a proud member of the LGBTQIA+ community, Pride Month means a number of things to me. It is the month of appreciation, not only for the generations of LGBTQIA+ activists that fought for the rights that we have today, but also the appreciation for every individual within the community for being who they are, expressing themselves in so many ways without the fear of being judged.

Pride Month means freedom, a month to be who you are, and while we do this all year round, having a month dedicated to celebrating yourself as a person in the community makes it extra special to me.

Just to support the LGBTQIA+ during Pride Month (and throughout the rest of the year, of course!) is all the community can ask for. So please, be respectful of those that you know personally that are a part of the LGBTQIA+ community. In the grand scheme of things, it really isn't too much to ask.

How YOU can celebrate Pride Month:

- **Attend a Pride Month Event** – Throughout all of June and some of July, LGBTQIA+ organisations hold pride events, such as marches, to support the community.
- **Be an Ally** – Support, respect and love those in your life who are members of the LGBTQIA+ community.
- **Volunteer or donate** – The Pride Foundation Australia and the Minus18 organisation always appreciate donations or volunteer work, and both are owned by LGBTQIA+ people. For more information, visit <https://pridefoundation.org.au/donate/> and <https://www.minus18.org.au/donate>.
- **Educate yourself** – Do you know why we celebrate Pride Month specifically in June? If not, spend some time learning about the history of Pride.



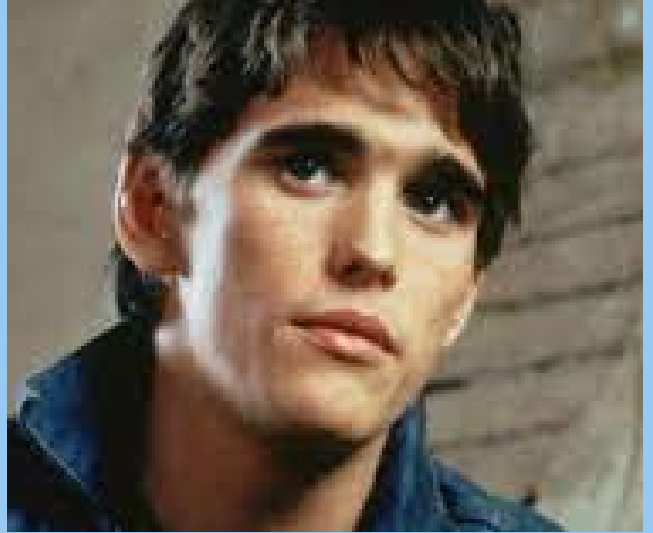
## Year 8 – Enrichment English:

### CREATIVE WRITING RESPONSE TO *THE OUTSIDERS*

By Yna Aguilar, 8C

#### Introduction (edited)

My creative response explores the events occurring before and during the church fire as depicted in *The Outsiders*. It aims to fill in the intentions of Dally's actions over the course of the events. Before the church fire, Dally shows vulnerability as rarely shown by his character. The story gives a backstory to Dally to show why he is the way he is portrayed in the text. It also shows how the event of the fire links to Dally's trauma. I wrote this story to articulate how one's past, including past relationships, puts impact on their attitudes and actions that contribute to their identity, particularly the cause of Dally's cold and tough personality.



#### Text

I always found myself breathless during my days in New York – our legs always on the run eschewing from the fuzz that kept our midnights behind the metal bars of jail. We always scattered to the quiet points of the city and sparked our fires of violence then retreated to later do it all again. The gang always talked of potential in my abilities – never fraying from whatever illegal act that came to mind and never coming back behind those metal bars with unsucccess. And the fighting, it felt so ingrained in my blood that I came to dull in my mind the way it'd been before bruises ever came known to me. When you're met with the circumstances where violence is the only way you sustain security for yourself, a moment to take a breath and a moment where your knuckles come into contact with nothing but air becomes a foreign thought.

Jail became more enclosed every time I stepped behind those doors and the room with more tension as ever. Every time I stepped behind those doors I befriended the thoughts I'd deliberately strayed from and came to swallow me like a dark cloud. With the rare silence that overtook my mind, my thoughts were as vivid as ever – why I had to continue living like this, always on the run, if the violence was truly worth every scar I took. My life didn't sum to anything. I was close to pulling the plug. Every second I spent there I feasted on the thoughts in which I yearned for some peace in the midst of all chaos. And so I found it.

I'll never forget the look on Johnny's face as I stepped out of the bus into the lot and found him slumped on the grass. I moved to Tulsa in the hopes of finding a better home for myself. I knew only a few days after that he'd been kicked out of his house. He was asleep, huddled in a fetal position, a stray dog blanketed by the cold. There were bruises and scratches all over his face, but it was all denoted under the peace scribbled all over him. Even with the understanding I have today, I fail to understand how I'd managed to find him in such a state. But from that day on, I felt I could learn to be as peaceful as he did within the midst of chaos.

"We're goin' back and turning ourselves in," announced Johnny. The tone of his voice said nothing of the reality of his words. I gagged as a chill ran down my spine, swearing under my breath. The rest of my remarks were of fury and alarm as the dreadful days of my time in jail swam over me. I couldn't bear the thought of Johnny in hell for months that seemed to last a decade. At one point, I roared out of the Dairy Queen back into the road with no direction. I saw the weary look on Johnny's face in my periphery and felt the knots in my muscles loosen. "Johnny, I ain't mad at you. I just don't want you to get hurt. You don't know what a few months in jail can do to you. Oh, blast it, Johnny." My voice was at its highest pitch, almost pleading. "You get hardened in jail. I don't want that to happen to you. Like it happened to me..."

"Would you rather have me living in hide-outs for the rest of my life, always on the run?" My jaw tightened as I contemplated the question. Johnny hadn't the slightest of what imprisonment took away from you.

*Continued next page*

Driving without any sense of direction took the car to Jay Mountain. I was petrified, staring at the flames that crowned the church in the distance. "Oh, glory!" I whispered before the two made their entrance to the scene in my disapproval. I caught up behind them. The wind sang a ballad to my ear as we hustled to the surrounds of the church. Ashes fell like snowflakes as they settled to the ground, a thick, grey fog blurring the blues of the day sky. We caught our breaths once we had retreated to the top of the hill. Cries and weary remarks were buried by the crackling of the fire that swallowed the church whole.

I was unknowing of the conversation that took place between Pony and a woman I assumed to be the teacher of the kids that stood by her, frightful expressions on their faces. But I could perceive the eagerness in Pony's voice as his words, no longer distorted in my hearing, said, "I'll get them, don't worry!" I couldn't help but crack a smile. Only then did I feel the thrill of it all when Johnny strode alongside Pony. He emerged from the helpless, stray puppy to one of those dogs who assisted the disabled. It was the same memory of a ghost that came to choke me, glued my stance to the ground no matter the resistance I took.

All of a sudden, I heard the wails of a child that cajoled his grandfather over a petty favour. "Pauly!" My child-self tugged on my grandfather's arm. My height only reached up to his waist, to which I was forced to bend my head back to unknowingly face his features for the last time. "Please, can we go?"

I pulled a pout on my face, wearing puppy-like eyes as I desperately looked into his aqua-grey eyes. As he eventually gave in to my persistent badgering of him, we drove across town to the parking lot where a pop-up carnival took place. My parents left me in Tulsa for the summer to keep me away from the violence in New York. There were bumper cars, spinning teacups, and the spotlight of attraction, the ferris wheel. It was not one of considerable size, but sizable enough for the small lot.

Stalls were emplaced along the path that led to the ferris wheel. It ran all those games where you'd have to aim a ball at something that would earn you a prize. I was indecisive about which activity I should involve myself with when shrieks were heard from across the stall Pauly and I had stopped to glance at. A little woman, just a few heads taller than me, with big black eyes and straight black hair, ran towards our company and breathlessly reprimanded, "My baby, she's in there, get her!" I was not of an age to question why she'd approached a man in his old age, but I recall us having been the closest people to her approach.

Without a moment's hesitation, he leaped into action and as my gaze followed his figure, the fire finally entered my sight. One of the stalls had been lit up, blazing ember as its hands threatened harm towards its contact. As he found a safe entrance from one of the sides that hadn't yet set ablaze, a large crackle could be heard as kindled wood refrained him from retreating. Tears shot through my eyes and flowed down like a river. All I could remember was the pain that felt like a bullet had been shot through my heart. The river then dried out.

"Johnny!" I attempted a yell left unheard as the roof fell through the door in which Pony and Johnny came through. I suddenly felt the same threat of the heater as I ran to the other side of church, hoping to find another end to the story.

I heard the footsteps of a crowd in the distance as I arrived to find Pony settling a kid down to the ground. "For Pete's sake, get outta there! That roof's gonna cave in any minute. Forget those blasted kids!" The words left my mouth with a trembling breath. Pony let out a plethora of coughs engendered by the angry cloud of smoke that grew as he resumed taking the rest of the children out.

The church roared as it began to crumble. Pony was shoved out of the window by Johnny, who fell head-first into the ground, face-planted with the ashes of the fire. I heard that same crackle of wood as Johnny haplessly ran to the window as a structure fell above him, letting out a scream that sounded like a bang.

I was filled with something I hadn't felt in a long time as I swore in great defeat. At that moment, my lungs heaved with something heavier than the tar of cancer sticks. I needed to get out of here.

I lifted Pony by the back and got him out as hasteful as I could. So maybe that was it. All who do some good in the world die in a church fire, just like Johnny.

# Book Review

## From The School Library

## SEE HOW THEY RUN

### By Ally Carter

#### Background Information

*See How They Run* is a young adult fiction thriller featuring mystery and suspense. The novel is part of author Ally Carter's three-book series called Embassy Row. *See How They Run* was published on December 22, 2015, and is recommended for readers aged 14-18.

#### Plot summary

Digging up lost secrets is always dangerous. For the past three years, Grace Blakely has been desperate to find out the truth about her mother's murder. She thought it would bring her peace. She thought it would lead her to answers. She thought she could put the past to rest. But the truth has only made her a target.

And the past? The only way to put the past to rest is for Grace to kill it once and for all. On Embassy Row, power can make you a victor or a victim; love can turn you into a fool or a fugitive; and family can lead you forward or bury you deep.

Trust is a luxury. Death is a very real threat. And a girl like Grace must be very careful about which secrets she brings to light.

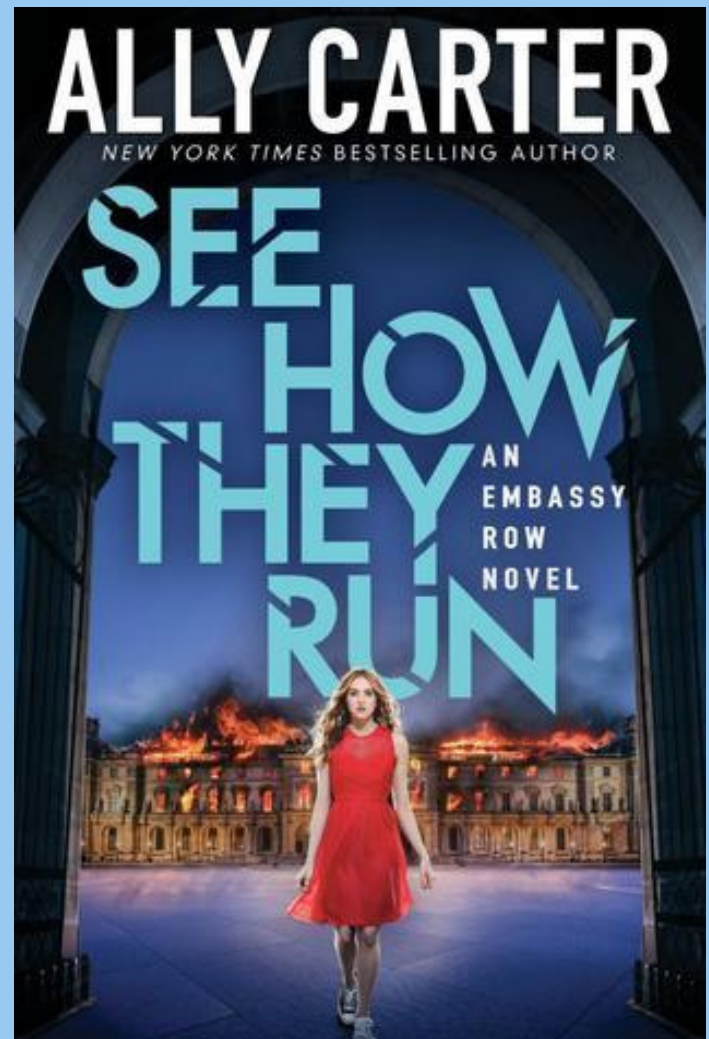
#### My Review

*See How They Run* is a part of one my favourite series, which I have read more than once. The book held my attention throughout and it felt like every page had a mystery packed with emotions.

Similar to the previous book in the series, this one also ended in a mystery that led onto the next book and made me want to read the next book as soon as possible.

My favourite character in the text has to be Grace because the way the author described her and the character she is makes me want to be like her.

I recommend reading the whole series and to first attempt reading *All Fall Down*, to better understand the series and fully enjoy the mystery.



My rating:

9.3 / 10

Review by Anshika Handa



# GET TO KNOW THE...

## Teachers

### LORENZO MAGBOO

**Your role at Manor Lakes P-12 College:** Maths and Science Teacher.

**Years teaching at Manor Lakes:** 2nd year.

**First school you taught at:** Keilor Downs College (Placement).

**Favourite subject when you were at school:** Maths and PE.

**Advice you would give your teenage self:** Read more books and organise more hangouts with friends on weekends instead of six-hour gaming sessions.

**Hobbies:** Playing sports and watching movies/TV series.

**Favourite food:** Mexican (Enchilada).

**Hidden talent:** Flexibility and getting hungry every two hours.

**Song recommendation:** *Heaven* – Pink Sweat\$ & *Only One* – Gallant.

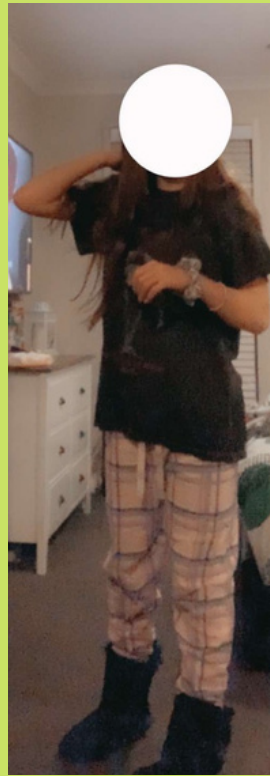
**Favourite book:**  
*12 Rules For Life* – Jordan Peterson.

**Inspirational quote:**  
*“If you can laugh at yourself, you are going to be fine. If you allow others to laugh at you, you will be great.” – Martin Niemoller*





# PYJAMA DAY FOR CHARITY



*By Cara Cormick*

Just a little reminder that next Friday (June 24 – the last day of term), the Interact Club will host a Pyjama Day – our first in a long time.

A gold coin donation is required and all proceeds from the day will go towards The Pyjama Foundation, which provides children in foster care with the opportunity to change the direction of their lives through learning, life skills and confidence.

Through the Love of Learning program, volunteers called ‘Pyjama Angels’ are recruited, screened, trained and then matched with a child in care and spend time with them once a week, focusing on learning-based activities.

Pyjama Angels read books aloud with their child, play educational games and help children with their homework. Most importantly, the volunteers give foster children a chance to reach their life potential, despite a fragile start.

Children in foster care have the lowest education outcomes nationally. By improving their learning skills, The Pyjama Foundation is making a positive, life-long impact.

A reminder that homeroom teachers will collect your gold coin donations in the morning, so be sure to bring any loose change hanging around your house.

If you'd like to join the Interact Club, run by Aimee Underwood, swing by Eyre Library at lunch on a Wednesday.

# JOIN OUR TEAM!

Do you love **WRITING**, **GRAPHIC DESIGN** or **PHOTOGRAPHY**? Would you like to write reviews of **VIDEO GAMES** you play, **MUSIC** you love, **MOVIES** or series you watch, or **BOOKS** you read? Would you like to share your **ARTWORK** or other schoolwork, **PASSION PROJECTS**, **HOBBIES** or **INTERESTS** with the school community? If you answered yes to any of these questions...



The Secondary Newsletter Team wants to make the newsletter the best product we possibly can – a publication we can all be proud of – but we need more helpers. So we're looking for students to create a variety of content that will engage, inform, enlighten and entertain our audience.

If you're feeling inspired, perhaps you could work on your first piece of content this weekend. Write about a family holiday, a day trip you enjoyed, or any adventures you experienced. Write a review. Take some snaps. Create a fictional narrative. Write about a topic you're interested in. You decide. Let your imagination run wild. And, if necessary, we'll help you lift your work to a publishable standard.

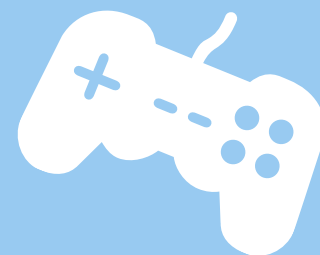
If you're keen to create content and share it, and perhaps **learn a few skills to add to your CV**, the Secondary Newsletter is the forum for you.

Contact us at [secondarynewsletterteam@manorlakesp12.vic.edu.au](mailto:secondarynewsletterteam@manorlakesp12.vic.edu.au).

Thanks

**The Secondary Newsletter Team**

# Weekly Clubs



## MONDAY

Choir	Amadeus Hall	Lunch
Music	Amadeus	Lunch
Esport	Mackay 5	Lunch
Frisbee	Gym/Oval	Lunch
Anime/Manga	Cootabarlow 4	Lunch
Gymnastics	Gym	Lunch
AFL Academy	Gym/Oval	Lunch
Esport	Mackay 5	Lunch
Card Club	Cootabarlow 1	Lunch

## THURSDAY

Girls African Dance	Amadeus	Lunch
Pasefika Group	Amadeus	Lunch
Kapa Haka	Amadeus	Lunch
Gaming Club	Illawara 1	Lunch
Music	Amadeus	Lunch
Chess	Wyara 5	Lunch
F1 in Schools	Mackay 5	Lunch
Soccer Academy	Gym	3:15pm
Volleyball	Gym	3:15pm
Crochet Club	Eyre	Lunch

## TUESDAY

Music	Amadeus	Lunch
Gaming	Illawara 1	Lunch
Debating	George 2	Lunch
Rubik's Cube	Eppalock 4	Lunch
Newsletter	Victoria	3:00pm

## FRIDAY

Netball Academy	Gym	7:45am
Basketball Academy	Gym	6:30am
Music	Amadeus	Lunch
Hindi	George 5	Lunch
Horticulture	Amadeus	Lunch
Spikeball	Gym	Lunch

## WEDNESDAY

Netball Academy	Gym	7:30am
Basketball Academy	Gym	Lunch
Cricket Academy	Cricket nets	7.40am
Girls African Dance	Amadeus	Lunch
Pasefika Group	Amadeus	Lunch
Kapa Haka	Amadeus	Lunch
Boys Dance	Amadeus	Lunch
Interact Club	Eyre Library	Lunch
Book Club	Eyre Library	Lunch
Art Club	Wyara 6	3:15pm
Craft-a-noon Club	Cootabarlow	Lunch



# Jobs Board

**The Pancake Parlour – Werribee**  
<https://indeedhi.re/3zrVIPG>

**Foot Locker – Werribee**  
<https://indeedhi.re/3xfAegN>

**The Body Shop – Werribee**  
<https://bit.ly/3HaXrpc>

**Macpac – Werribee**  
<https://indeedhi.re/3tsJRI6>

**7-Eleven – Werribee**  
<https://bit.ly/3zsHxo0>

**Nandos – Werribee**  
<https://bit.ly/39gNLgd>

**Werribee RSL**  
<https://bit.ly/3Qe7RrW>

**Decjuba -Casual Sales Assistant – Werribee**  
<https://indeedhi.re/38oGwCj>

**The Reject Shop – Casual Team Member – Werribee**  
<https://indeedhi.re/3srldo4>

**McDonald's Werribee Plaza – Crew Member**  
<https://bit.ly/3999x57>

**McCafe Barista - Werribee Plaza**  
<https://bit.ly/39ew8gO>

**Bobby Dre'S – Werribee**  
<https://bit.ly/3MCukvX>

**Werribee Zoo**  
<https://indeedhi.re/3tqYPhI>



## MEME OF THE WEEK

Me: I'll revise when I get home  
Me: Actually I'll just do a bit before bed  
Me: Okay I'll deffo do some in the morning  
Me: I guess I could just do some on the way to school  
Me: Okay I should have time to do some at lunch  
Me: If I revise outside the exam I should be fine  
Me in the exam:

