



### UPCOMING EVENTS

- ◆ Monday 2nd November  
Curriculum Day
- ◆ Monday 9th November  
Year 11 Assembly
- ◆ Tuesday 3rd November  
Melbourne Cup Day  
Public Holiday
- ◆ Tuesday 10th November to  
Tuesday 1st December  
Year 12 Exams

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## Principal's Update

### Year 12 Celebrations

Our year 12s had a lovely Celebration Day yesterday, pictures capturing the day are published here and also in the next newsletter. I'm so proud of the resilience they have shown during this difficult year and for the mature and respectful way they celebrated the end of their high school years.

The five School Captains did a magnificent job of putting together and delivering the remote assembly.

The students went out in style and the teachers and ES staff were able to show their respect by forming a guard of honour through the car park as the students left the grounds. I can honestly say there were quite a few emotional staff members amongst us.

Thank you to the Senior School Team, in particular Ms Veronica Hoy, Ms Elana Ieremidis, Ms Michele Burns and all teachers who took part in the day. All the planning and hard work paid off and we were able to give the students the day they deserved.



### Graduation

The next event, after exams, will be the Graduation Ceremony, which will be held at the school on the 7<sup>th</sup> December with year 12 students and staff only, in line with DET and DHHS guidelines. More information about this day will follow, but be assured, parents will be able to view the ceremony remotely, either live or recorded. [Watch this Space!](#)

### Curriculum Day this Monday 2<sup>nd</sup> November and Cup Day Tuesday 3<sup>rd</sup> November

Please be reminded that the annual Cup Eve Curriculum Day is going ahead, so students are **not** required to attend school this Monday or Tuesday, as Tuesday is the Melbourne Cup public holiday.

Have a good weekend!

Lynne Gutterson



# VET Business

Vet Business Unit 1 and 2

Many thanks to the team in Student Services who came to our class and talked about anger management and conflict resolution.

As part of Vet Business we are doing the unit "Work effectively with others". We have covered building rapport, trust, respect and positive workplace relationships.

Our latest component is dealing with workplace conflict and conflict resolution plus anger management.

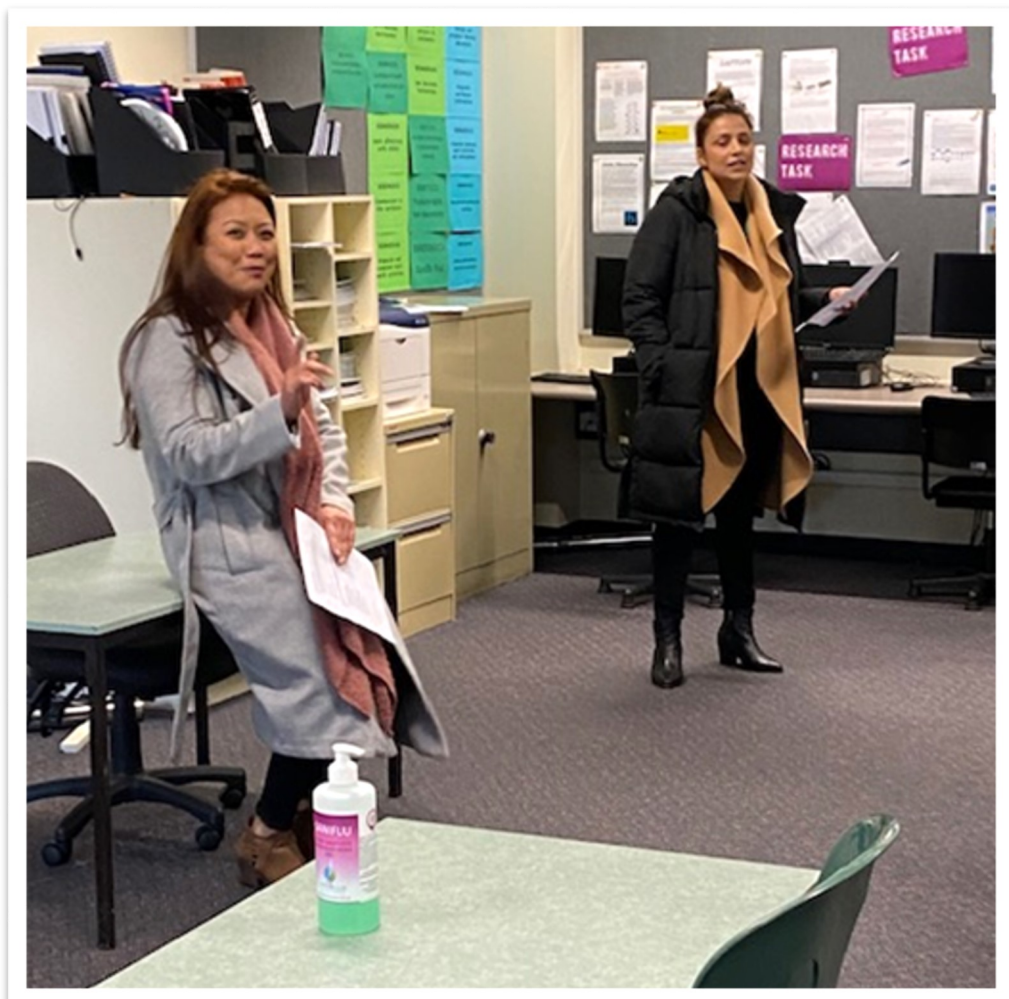
A special thank you to Student Services for coming to our class in their valuable time and talking through strategies for dealing with conflict.

Annaliza and Cathy did a brilliant job and had students totally enthralled in listening to strategies.

The lesson was extremely valuable not only for our business class but also for life skills.

Thank you

Ms Talbot





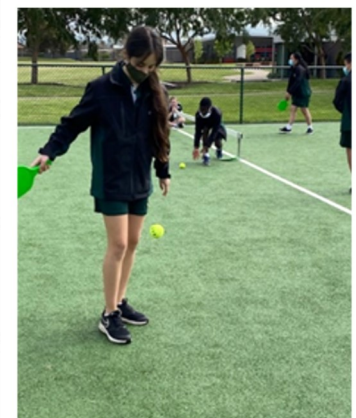
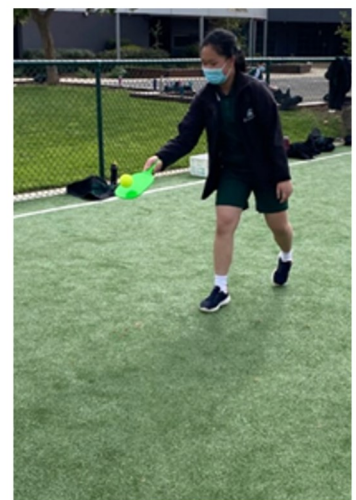
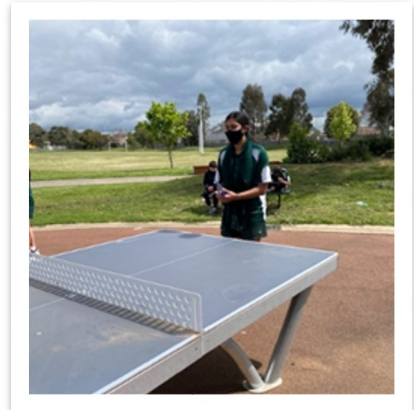
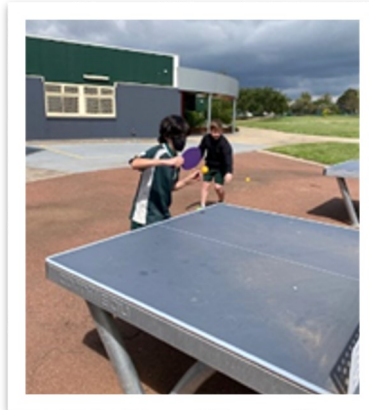
# P.E. Welcome Back

Welcome back to school and to P.E. classes

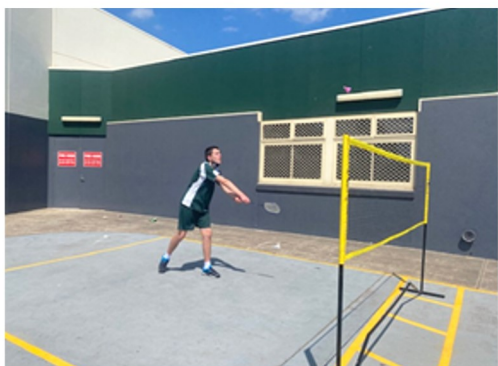
P.E. this term is all outside with sports and activities that abide by the department rules for Covid, socially distancing, masks on and no contact sports. 7C are doing a racquet sports unit including bat tennis, table tennis and badminton. Students worked on skills then put their skills into game practice.

They worked so well and were so happy to be back at school with their friends doing fun activities.

Ms Talbot



# P.E. Welcome Back





# ISO Snapshot Competition

# CONGRATULATIONS ISO SNAPSHOT WINNERS

During our time in isolation students at GPSC entered a competition. They were asked to present a piece of artistic work that reflected their experience during ISO lockdown. The calibre of entries was fantastic.

Thank you to all the students who took the time and effort to enter this competition. Once again congratulations to the winners.

*Rita Koutsournas*

*Junior School Leadership and Activities Coordinator*

## Winners Are:



Chithira Nugagahakumbura Year 11

# ISO Snapshot Competition cont...



Hala Alnader Year 7



Isabella Andreetta Year 8



Madelyn Cooper Year 12



Mari Maskin Year 9



# Skateboard Designers in Year 9 VCD

Semester one Year 9 VCD students have completed their designs for their own Skateboard decks. Students researched board designs for inspiration then began generating their own ideas. They then developed their favourite ideas with Design Elements & Principles, and then refined their design even further, to reach their perfect design solution.

The Year 9 students used Posca paint textas, Ironlak spray cans, stencilling skills and metallic and acrylic paints to produce their skateboards. Made of shaped and laminated plywood, the finished boards were then varnished to give that professional finish, and they look awesome! The Year 9s have made an outstanding effort. You can see the skateboards in real life for a limited time in the display cabinets of the T-Block foyer.

Kerri Neven

Visual Arts Learning Area Leader

Boards designed by: Sophie Arlow, Hassan Fakh, Geizell Sullivan, Mari Maskin



# Annual Artex Art Show Goes Virtual

As COVID-19 has forbidden the fanfare of our traditional annual art show ARTEX, the teachers of Year 12 Visual Communication Design, Digital Media, Studio Arts (Art) and Studio Arts (Photography) have been working hard on creating a Virtual Art Show, in recognition of the outstanding effort our Year 12 students have put into their folios this year, despite all odds.

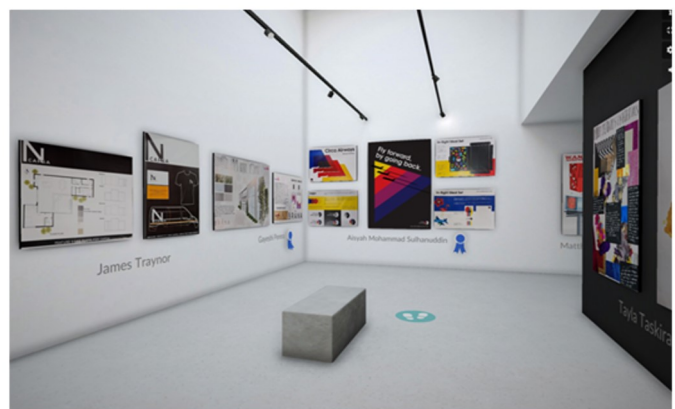
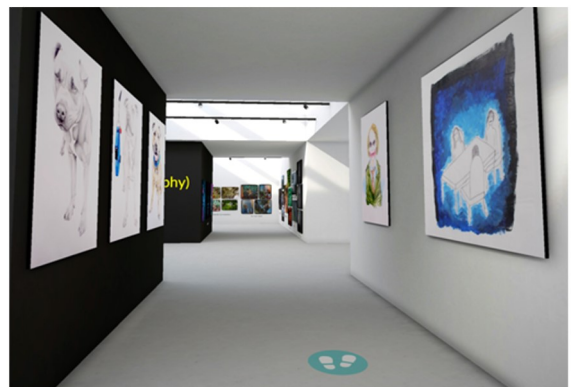
You can have a wander through our virtual gallery space by going to the GPSC website home page, clicking on Quick Links, then you will see a link to ARTEX.

Special thanks to Mr Pouniotis (Digital Media) Mr Longo (Studio Arts, Art) and Mr Janineh (Studio Arts, Photography) for all the hard work they have put in over many many hours to give our Year 12s the chance to exhibit their own hard work this year.

Congratulations to all of you!!!!

Kerri Neven, Year 12 Visual Communication Design

Visual Arts Learning Area Leader





## VCAL Friends

The VCAL students have been hard at work reacquainting themselves with the reptiles after a long and successful term of remote learning. The reptiles couldn't be happier to have their best friends back, either. You can keep up to date on all things reptilian at their Instagram, [@reptilesatgpsc](#)



# Young Writers Creative Writing



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Mental Health  
Foundation Australia

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## The Mental Health Foundation- Australian Young Writers' Creative Writing Competition

During Term Three, the Mental Health Foundation of Australia held its inaugural Australian Young Writers' Creative Writing Competition, which was open to all Primary and Secondary students across Australia.

Students were required to write a creative piece, such as a story or poem, about their thoughts, feelings and experiences about mental health issues, to promote mental wellbeing.

There were a number of wonderful submissions from our Gladstone Park students (see below).

**I am very pleased to announce that Year 10 student, Nia Hosseini, won the Upper Secondary School Category of the Creative Writing Competition! Nia's story is beautifully written and incredibly touching. Congratulations Nia!**

*Ms Elana Ieremidis- Senior School Student Leadership Coordinator*



# Young Writers Creative Writing Cont...

## Winning entry of the Upper Secondary School Category of the Creative Writing Competition!

### *Mother country*

*by Nia Hosseini*

At eight years old I had discovered my parents were desperately looking for ways to move to Australia as they wanted a better life for me and my brother. Life was not easy in Iran. Sexism, discrimination, no democracy and worst of them all, females being treated like objects. They were all forced to wear the hijab. If they disobeyed the rule they were punished. I remember being an innocent 5-year-old little girl starting school and had to be fully covered with the hijab on. Even in 50 degrees I was not allowed to take it off to cool down, if I tried to, teachers would hit me. As I got older, I was used to being treated like a toy and it was very much so normal. Little did I know it would become even worse once I became a young lady. I witnessed men shamelessly hitting on young girls on the street and what hurt me the most was their loss of voice and adjustment to it since no one cares about females in Iran.



After months of researching the fastest way of how we could immigrate to Australia, there was finally a light at the end of the tunnel: *smuggling, on a boat*. My parents were between the hammer and the anvil. They wanted to create the perfect, peaceful life for their children but that also meant risking their lives on a boat. That decision of theirs had to be the most risky and pressuring thing of their entire lives.

Saying goodbye to our family was the hardest thing ever. Everyone was balling their eyes out at the airport. It felt unreal. A part of me had the urge to scream at the top of my lungs "I DON'T WANNA GO" But I could not. My mum was still crying on the airplane. One of the worst memories I still have to this day.

In 2013 we arrived at Indonesia, Jakarta. Our smuggler arranged an old, sad looking, two-bedroom apartment for us and three other families to stay at until it was safe to cross the borders. It was small and tight. Everyone felt claustrophobic. I was used to living with 3 people only, in a quiet house, to then adapting living in a chaotic apartment with 20 strangers. It was difficult but we made it work. The most devastating feeling was the fact that we had to move to different locations each week like a bunch of homeless people. We were always out on the run. A few times repeatedly, our smuggler gave us false hope and announced it was time to cross the borders, *but it wasn't*. After months of struggling living in Indonesia, it was finally time to leave. That night, every single family was panicking that their lives were about to change forever. The fear of not knowing whether they'll make it to the other side or not. It's a feeling you can't explain. It was around midnight when we arrived at the shore. The area looked sketchy, it was pitch dark and smelt like dead fish. We hopped on little boats to get to the main boat. Once we arrived, we saw more than 80 people already there. The boat was not what we envisioned, at all. It looked like it was about to fall apart, holes in every corner, very small, stains that screamed 'helpless people who are forced to escape their homeland all because of the cruel government.' Instantly, the regret on my mum and my dad's faces appeared. It was too late. Way too late to turn back. After a few minutes it started moving. Two nights on the boat. The worst two nights of my entire life. I was on my mother's lap the entire 48 hours. Eating food was not an option. Every time I looked at the water, I felt sick. Each time I was about to vomit, I ran to the edge of the boat to do so. Everyone felt seasick, lost a few kilos and became mentally traumatized. Especially young kids. Young kids like me who did not know life could be this dark. One horrifying night, it started pouring, thundering and I could feel every part of me wet. I still remember feeling my underwear being soaked and all I did was pray to god for it to end.

# Young Writers Creative Writing Cont...

I could not help but start crying. I did not allow my mum to see me cry otherwise she would have been more devastated than she already was. Fortunately, that night ended then the next day the Australian officers found us. The look of relief and joy on everyone's face was heartwarming. It was incredibly touching. *We were safe.*

They transferred us to an enormous ship including the people from other boats. People were beyond thankful that they had survived the crisis. Everyone was going wild over food and water. At night, it started raining heavily. Some men started rubbing themselves with the soap bars they had been given and took a shower. That was an unforgettable moment I will forever cherish. The happiness on their faces was remarkable. The little things we had been taking for granted, suddenly became worthy. Water tasted better, being able to sleep with a blanket, eating food and most importantly having your family by your side.

I woke up to see everybody packing their stuff up because we had finally arrived at our destination, *Christmas island*. I had no idea what was going on. To be honest I did not even know where Australia was. After days of being on the water, stepping on land felt odd. I forgot how to walk. It still felt like I was moving. In a matter of minutes, we were at the detention centre. The people who worked there were not quite nice and were inconsiderate of our situation. Knowing what all the refugees went through, their unsympathetic attitudes towards us did not help one bit. Some were hit and abused, and the others the witnesses. It was so hard. It got incredibly intense to the point where a mother of 3 was trying to commit suicide. Truly heartbreaking...

I took a shower after days of smelling like the sea. It was by far the best, eventful shower of my life. No exaggeration. We stayed at the Christmas island detention centre for a few days then were transferred to another one. It became a routine. Our lives were unstable though we did not mind. The fact that we survived was still a shock. The final last camp we attended, Curtin refugee detention centre, I recall quite well. The ground was filled with red coloured sand. Every body's feet were always stained. It was big and complicated that I got lost a few times. All I ate was noodles. I was basically living off noodles and water for months. There was a learning program for kids so we could be taught English. I loved attending it since I had learnt a few things. The activities were incredibly entertaining. We danced, sang, drew and had the best time of our lives. Whenever I was in that class, I forgot about the misery outside.

After months of being moved into different camps we were finally transferred to Adelaide, South Australia. Our case manager had provided a house for us for 6 weeks until we were able to find a house on our own. I still remember how excited I was to have a house all to ourselves after months of being unsettled.

The first night of being in Australia was not quite pleasant. It was winter season, so the weather was freezing. We felt lonely. The world seemed quiet. Nights felt longer and darker. We had fantasied us being extremely happy once we arrived in Australia, but we were wrong. Completely wrong. Depression was kicking in. You might be thinking 'how ungrateful', though you would know how heart-rending it is only if you have been in the same situation before. Leaving your mother country and entering a new one is way too tough to put into words. None of us could speak English which some took advantage of. We ate the cheapest foods. We either walked or rode the bus everywhere. In the entire winter season, we had one small heater to warm all 4 of us. Throughout all these struggles, all that mattered was family. The love for family played a big role in surviving the difficult times.

Coming to Australia has left me scars and affected my mental health in many ways, however being able to live here is truthfully a blessing. I am beyond thankful.

- *Nia Hosseini*



# Young Writers Creative Writing Cont...

Submission by Melissa Chowdhury (Year 10)

## AJAR

A world. A day. A minute. A moment. All of it could be gone. All of it was almost gone.

I open my eyes to the sight of a bland room. Four walls covered in peeling wallpaper, a musty odour, and my cat exposing her four small nipples to the roof. I get up. At least, I think I do. My neck up believes and wants me to get up, but the rest of me seems adamant on staying in bed. *Remember what she told you. Breathe in and out. In. out.* I try again, but to no avail. A scream escapes me and yet my mouth does not open. A feeble hum catches the attention of my pretentious feline. Cold rivers form below my eyes as my heartbeat intensifies. The blood coursing through my veins only tightens the knot in my stomach. *Try again.* Once more I close my eyes and believe in the willpower that I know I possess. I'm up. My window is ajar. Recently, the control I have over myself has lessened and I now believe, even the strongest of creatures are victim to fear created by the mind, per the Lord's request. My mother always believed it was important to attend church every Sunday, to pray, but most of all, to remember and commemorate. I never spoke against her. To this day I'm not sure how much I can tell her. The brick in my stomach sinks further as the words slowly begin to form in my mouth, but it seems one look from her is enough to steal away the little courage I can muster.

After breakfast and a long, hard, day, I'm ready to sleep, but I never seem ready to dream. My window is still ajar. I decide it's been quite a warm night and decide the cool breeze will neutralize the suffocating summer air. I click my tongue to ask my cat to come to me and cuddle. Of course, she looks at me nonchalantly and stays put. I smile. It's nice to have someone who doesn't treat me differently. I eagerly get out of bed and tip toe towards her. Ironically, I pounce in the same way she once used to as a newly born kitten. I remember those days. Before the trauma. Before the fear. Before everyone started treating me in a way that they think they are being subtle and treating me the same, when really, overthinking how they should be treating me inevitably resulted in different treatment towards me. I wish I could go back to the days when the only worries were concerning my friends and my test scores. I grab her by the stomach and run over to my bed. She curls up in a ball as I soothe myself while caressing her soft fur. It's the little consistencies that make the inconsistencies invalid.

A butterfly flees the darkness outside and seeks refuge in my room, flying in through my window left ajar. She sits and she waits but she does not leave. With that last thought my eyes are now shut and my imagination has left no room for limitations. I am in a white room. No colour nor shade other than white. A couple steps forward, a couple steps back, I've looked around but there are no exits nor anything else that could help me understand why I have been transported to this monochromatic place. I turn around once more hoping to understand the purpose of this and see something glimmering in the distance. I approach with caution and come to see the object is nothing more than a mirror. Inside is no colour nor reflection. Just darkness. The kind of swallowing darkness that reminds you of an abyss, a bottomless pit where light cannot escape. From this void, a colourful insect emerges. A butterfly. The same butterfly, escaping the dark of the night once more. Except this time, she is daring. She comes to me, fluttering her majestic wings and lands on my hand. Her movements indicate the human equivalent of a smile. She then flies up my arm on to my shoulder. Still smiling. Lastly she lands on my forehead, and as I feel the light footsteps of my pretty new friend, my eyes are drawn to the mirror which shows a light-skinned girl, grinning at the sight of another being who enjoys her company.

# Young Writers Creative Writing Cont...

Submission by Melissa Chowdhury (Year 10)

## AJAR

I blink, and my smile is no more. In front of me hangs a mirror. An ancient piece of wood making up the frame of this mirror coated in layers of dust and debris. The outskirts of the room are still white, but the image in the mirror is not the light-skinned girl. This time, it's a monster, an unworldly being, an ugly abstract piece of work. The butterfly on her forehead has lost its gorgeous colour and is now a solemn brown. *Look for the consistencies. Remember. Even when everything around you has changed, and you're scared of what isn't familiar, look for the consistencies in your surroundings.* I can see through the mask. I can see through the monster. The light-skinned girl is still there, barely. Her face is distorted and her smile is curved the wrong way. Her eyes seem lost in the skin that has turned to flakes. I am looking in a mirror. For a blessed moment, the tears that have accumulated in my eyes obscure the horrific sight, but after a reluctant blink, it's back. *Deep breath. In and out.* I breathe, inhale and exhale like it's a process rather than a necessity. In front of me is now a light-skinned girl, with a butterfly on her forehead.

My eyes open and I'm wordless. The butterfly's fluorescent hues are still there. She is still there. Upon my desk she lay, as if reassuring me it's going to be okay, until finally she smiles from afar, then bids me farewell through the window I left ajar.

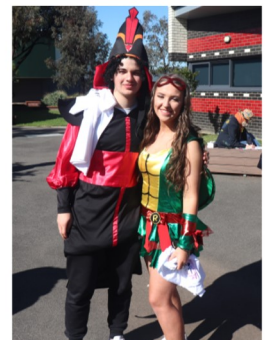
**- Melissa Chowdhury**

# Year 12 Celebration Day





# Year 12 Celebration Day





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# Year 12 Celebration Day





# Year 12 Celebration Day





# Year 12 Celebration Day





# Year 12 Celebration Day



Your first year of Secondary school, fresh faced eager Year 7s 29/01/2015  
to your celebration day resilient , strong capable Year12s 29/10/2020  
We applaud you!!



## 2020 Important Dates

Monday 2nd November	Curriculum Day
Monday 3rd November	Public Holiday—Melbourne Cup Day
Tuesday 10th November to Tuesday 1st December	Year 12 Exams
Monday 9th November	Year 11 Assembly
Friday 27th November	Last Day of Classes for Year 10s & 11s
Monday 30th November	Report Writing Day—Student Free Day
Tuesday 1st December	2021 VCE & VCAL Course Confirmation
Wednesday 2nd December to Thursday 3rd December	Year 11 2021 Orientation
Wednesday 2nd December to Friday 4th December	Year 12 2021 Orientation
Thursday 3rd December	2021 Year 10 Course Confirmation
Friday 4th December	Last Day of Classes for Year 9 Students

## Office Hours

Monday—Thursday

8:15am to 4:15pm

Friday

8:15am to 4:00pm

Last day of each Term the office will close at 2:30pm

**The office is CLOSED during all school holiday periods**

All upcoming dates can also be found on our Website:  
[www.gladstoneparksc.vic.edu.au](http://www.gladstoneparksc.vic.edu.au)

### **HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR DETAILS ?**

Please immediately notify the College of any changes to your address or contact details.

## **ATTENTION YEAR 11 & YEAR 12 PARENTS**

Parents are reminded that where a Year 11 or Year 12 student is absent from school due to a family holiday, this will be considered an unapproved absence.

VCE and VCAL have attendance requirements which must be met in order for a student to pass.

### **STUDENT ACCIDENT INSURANCE**

Parents are reminded that the school does not provide personal accident insurance for students. Parents/guardians are responsible for paying the cost of medical treatment for injured students, including any transport costs.

Reasonably low cost accident insurance policies are available from commercial insurers should you require one.