

# XA UNIT REPORT for 2008



Inspecting the Garden



Tie A Yellow Ribbon



Ten Guitars with Mr. Foster



If I Were A Rich Man



Three Keen Gardeners



May's Garden



Bryce & his burnt & restored waterblaster



Appleby Garden



The Kayak Garden



Lipstick On Your Collar



The Whare

The XA unit held their annual Speech & Idol Contest on Tuesday, September the 9th in the school hall. It was very successful, with our Principal Mrs. Appleby co-judging with Deputy-Principal Mrs. Cosslett. The students appreciated the many parents, teachers and students who made up the audience. The contest was followed by lunch in the unit for parents and other visitors and the opening of the XA garden in the afternoon.

In the speech competition our judges had a difficult time deciding on the winners. They finally selected Fritz Roebeck speaking on 'Ugliness', coming 1st equal with Haylee Wihongi and Tegan Johnston speaking on 'Smoking'. Adric Annabell and Nathanael Te Kere-Taylor were equal runner-ups to the winners.

In the Idol competition, which followed a 'Classics' theme, there were two clear-cut winners. Fritz Roebeck with 'Rich Man' and Adric Annabell with 'Tie a Yellow Ribbon'. Leader of the Pack, Lipstick on Your Collar and 'The Lion Sleeps Tonight' were equal runner-ups to the winners.

The many props included an imitation Harley motorcycle, a cardboard and a wooden replica of cars for 'Greased Lightnin', imitation guitars for 'Ten Guitars' (including Mr. Foster), and Adric dressed as a lion. The prizes were presented by Mrs. Appleby. We are already planning next year's event.

The lunch went well with a strong supporting group of parents and friends attending.

After lunch the garden was opened by Mrs. Appleby. Mr. Stirling (HOD Maori) and Mr. McCoskrie gave the Maori and Church blessings before Mrs. Appleby cut the ribbon. Each student escorted a visitor around the garden. Two reporters from the Courier newspaper attended the opening.

XA Unit

# YR 12 AND 13 PE CAMPS

**12PED** This year's top level 2 class was a big one with 30 students. We travelled out to Waharau for a week of adventure in Term two. The weather was not on our side and the programme for the week was based on an 'outside when we can't' policy. The weather didn't dampen any spirits as the class worked together from the minute we arrived (ever the proud teacher I was boasting and taking all the credit!) The instructors from AdventureWorks had to adapt the planned activities to challenge this particularly talented class. The students days were filled with team building, problem solving, safety procedures, low ropes and high ropes courses. The evenings sped by with bookwork, cards, DVDs, fish'n'chips and a not so relaxing trip to Miranda hot pools. Waharau's high ropes course is always a highlight and there may have been our fair share of pale faces, focused expressions, and in some cases the strong literally hauling others up the obstacles. Everyone experienced success and the class grew closer to each other and learnt a lot about working with each other to succeed. Congratulations on a brilliant camp guys!

Miss Dunbar



School Camps

**13PED** The camp for our top year 13 class asks a lot of the students. We arrive Monday for a day of refreshing our minds about the ropes courses and how to effectively accomplish these challenges in groups. Day two is right into planning three days worth of camp for the junior Sports Academy students. Students learn about planning and preparation, squeeze in a few practise runs and already its Wednesday. 9SA arrives for two days and 9SA on the last day. All day and all night the year 13 students run camp for the juniors (including a trip each to Miranda). The year 13 students demonstrated maturity, reliability and delivered an excellent camp all-round. It was awesome to see our seniors in action, displaying such a natural ability to lead, organise, encourage, and most importantly challenge our Sports Academy students. There is some very real potential for Teachers, Outdoor Ed instructors, Personal Trainers and the like to come out of this years 13PED class. Tu meke!

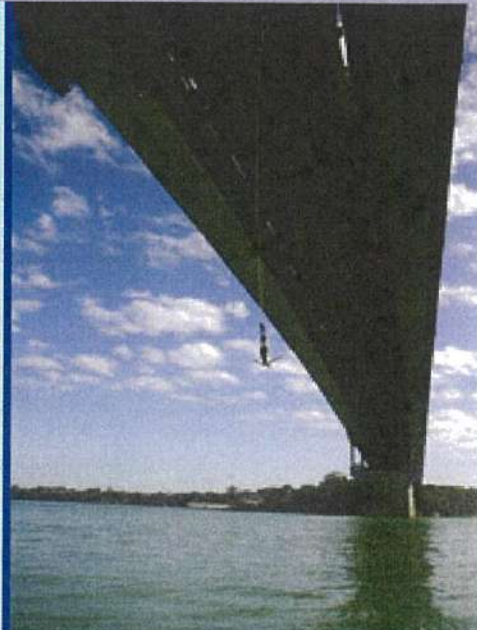
Miss Dunbar



## YEAR 12/13 Travel and Tourism Trip Auckland Harbour Bridge Bungy Jump August 2008

It's a bird or a plane? No, it's Mr. McCoskrie taking a GREAT leap of faith and trusting that a rope made of rubber bands will not send his body crashing into the waters below. But alas, he survived and had the honour of being the first bungy jumper on our trip. Miss Matamua followed (who asked the operator before she jumped, 'Are you sure it will hold me?'). The students could not let their teachers show them up and eagerly followed one by one. What a thrilling experience! The Harbour bungy jump will definitely be a permanent fixture on the travel and tourism fieldtrip schedule.

Mr. McCoskrie (HOD/Teacher Y13 Travel and Tourism)  
Miss Matamua (Teacher Y12 Travel and Tourism)



# Pacifika Cafe Arts Evening

Pacifika Cafe

August 7th saw the miraculous transformation of the school hall into a top class restaurant!! This year the theme was "Pasifika" and Mrs. Matthews and her team of budding chefs planned a gourmet delight along the theme. Whilst the audience nibbled on their coconut curry and delighted in the delicate flavours of pagakeke, they were entertained by a host of talented dancers, musicians and actors. They were also able to purchase original artworks which were provided by art students. All the students involved were carefully selected from their classes to showcase the performing art and visual art talents at Papakura High School. What a feast of talent it was...

The evening was a great success and was attended by a hugely supportive audience of over 100. The Island group started the evening with a hugely exuberant performance where they managed to drag a number of teachers up onto the dance floor. Who can forget Mrs. Appleby's twirling hips or Mr. Jardine's rhythmic foot work?? Dance featured prominently on the programme and the variety was impressive; lyrical dance performed by Year 12 Students Harewiki Cooper and Huiarangi Honana, jazz theatre by Year 10 Duncan Armstrong and Hillary and an excerpt from the well known musical "Cabaret" featuring dancers Iritana Snell, Chaz Moke, Penny Shand and Harewiki Cooper.

The Year 13 drama class performed excerpts from their highly successful production "Niu Sila", whilst Year 12 students Shontelle Wolters and Danni Fennesey gave a Pasifika touch to Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet". There was also Melodrama and Performance Poetry which gave the appreciative audience an insight into the variety of activities that students are involved in.

Interwoven throughout the evening was a host of musical items provided by students ranging from years 10 -13. The first half saw the Year 10 Girls really proving themselves as they played "Big Girls Don't Cry" in their first public performance showing off their skills as singers, guitarists and drummers - one to watch out for in the future. This was answered by the Year 10 boys in 2 groups who performed "Steal My Kisses from You" and "Upside Down". Senior students Damian Graham, Emery Moodley, Jareth Mohammed matched their guitar skills to that of the pianistic wizard Johnny Fuller and provided us with a couple of their own compositions which had the audience mesmerised.

To add to all this, we were treated to Apirana Panirau and Luis Graham playing a guitar duet of "From the Four Winds" and also very sensitive solo piano playing by Johnny Fuller of "Four Calling Birds" and Puhipi Busby "Tango III". Shannon Moss gave us a very evocative and moving solo of "Your Daddy's Son". Other solo vocal performances that night were beautifully delivered by Elaynah Vickers and Chantelle Enesa and on guitar, Gareth Poletti.

A few of these performances were during the intermission when food was served which made it feel like a real café as people continued to be entertained while eating and chatting - so much better to have live music than a CD playing!

During all of this, the food and service provided by the school's hospitality department was amazing. The whole evening was a great success and thanks must go to the Performing Arts Committee and Karen Chapman the Coordinator. Without their efforts the evening would not have happened.

**By Sara Mathews and Andrea Rabin**



# KAPAHAKA

## Te Whanau o Matariki

Te Whanau o Matariki is the a kapahaka group to support both our families and school with powhiri and tautoko (support) to guests of the school such as the ERO team, radio watea and many more.

Below are the wonderful people, our leaders, behind the kapahaka roopu:

**Atamaria Makara**  
**Hana-leigh Wikotu**  
**Merenia Mahara**

**Selwyn Harris**  
**Willie Brown**  
**Mita Tupaea**

We are grateful to have our new tutors Jasmine Nauleo and Tania Tupaea, with our guitarist Mita Tupaea, who were an excellent help throughout the year

Another performance we were invited to was Papakura South School festival. Such an excitement for both us and our tutors!

Overall everyone enjoyed this new learning experience and we owe it to our tutors and teachers particularly Mr. Stirling.

As Te Whanau o Matariki we would like to thank the school and our supporters for such an excellent year.

Tena koa

No reira, tena koutou, tena koutou katoa.

*By Atamaria Makara*



Kapahaka

# COOK ISLAND GROUP

Roots. Tupuanga. From the hills of Aitutaki and Rarotonga, the breezy palace of Windsor, the maraes of Aotearoa and the snowy peaks of Everest on the emblem of THE high school in Papakura....we present to you the perfect-eight-swaying-hips and trembling-knees of the boys and girls of the Papakura High School Cook Island group. Cliché?... overused activity or notion? Believe you me! This isn't just another Fruit salad bowl. It's a great serve.

Our very humble gathering to interview the '2008 recruits' was the essence of what most of us would refer to as the 'Kura pride'; a beautiful tropical multicultural bouquet encouraging the integration of happy beautiful peeps from different countries and ethnic groups. It was as if Tangaroa searched the heights and found the very essence of what the Cultural Festival is all about. US. Our people. Our values. Our culture. Our roots.

Vai, Rachel and the seniors took care of the 'everything' and the 'everything' was taken care of. The swings perfected, the shivering shaking knees clenched, shaky moodiness levelled and shopping lists was a pack of chips from Brandy's. Together with Peter, Niall, Daniel and Saia rescheduling the soccer and league team's training sessions without McCoskrie's and Stirling's knowledge [or so they wish].

Lovingly they gently push Miss Matamua, Miss Lauaki, Ms Nakaora and others to squeeze more flavoured smiles in the staffroom. Mrs. Appleby flashed us some bus blings,

our Maori bros and sisters snapped us some raw cash donations and the sausages sizzles, ice-cream stand and Matamua's raffle, kept the two dollar shop transactions flowing smoothly.

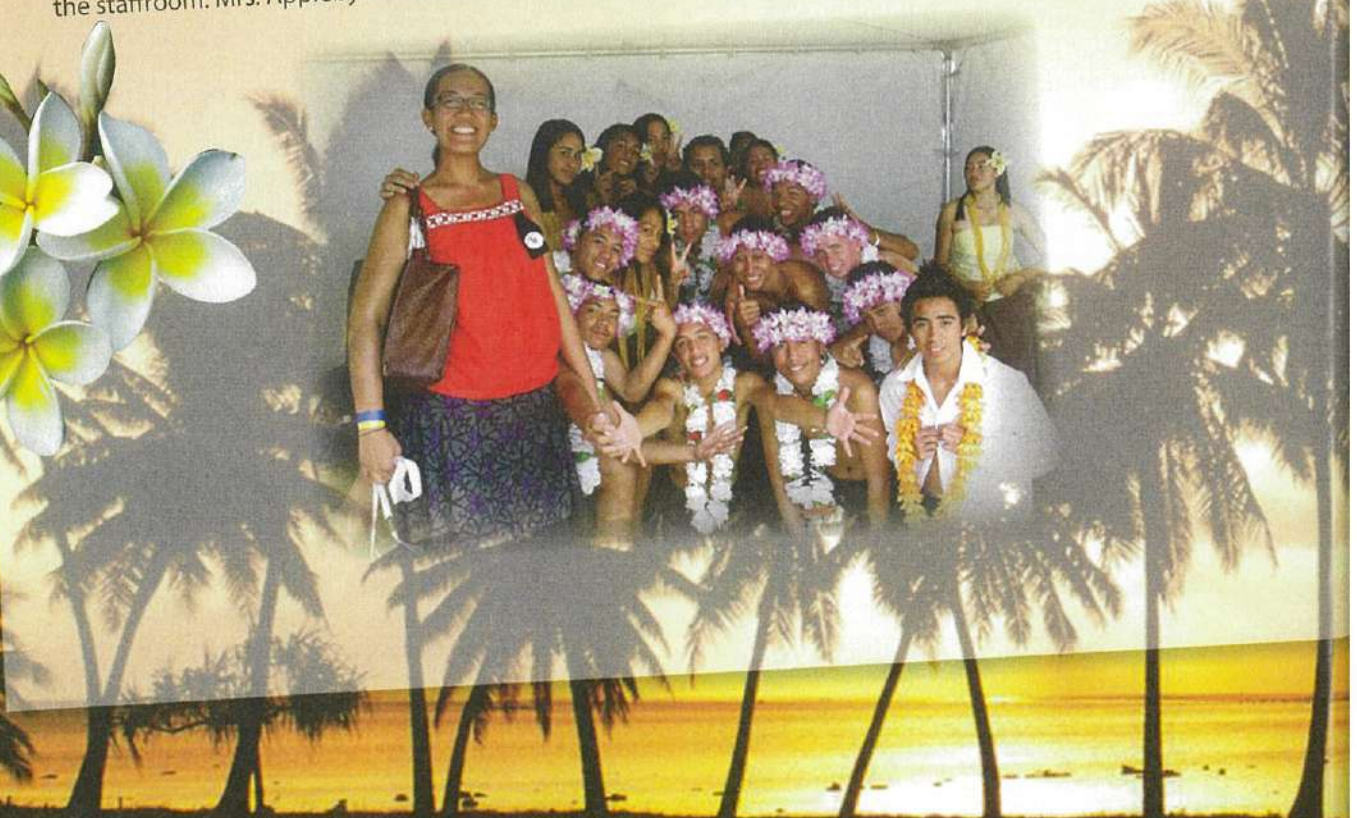
Drum rolls from Junior, swung us to the centre stage and boy, was it great to see half the school in the audience! It wasn't just about dancing. Sure our boys and girls swung hips, tip-toed, crawled, chanted and sang from the depth of their souls but it was about experiencing Polynesian togetherness. Tupuanga. Remembering, experiencing and sharing Polynesian roots, culture...US. The art of respect, working together and serving together to be a Cook Islander or Poly for one day.

A very heart-felt thank you to each and everyone of you who offered your expertise; financially, writing skills, kind words. Thank you. From the wise words of our other distant cousin Douglas Groothuis 'Tied to the value of the person is the principle of servant-hood. We value what we freely serve.' We hope that the humble tropical fruit salad we gave you was well served.

**Metaki Ma'ata**

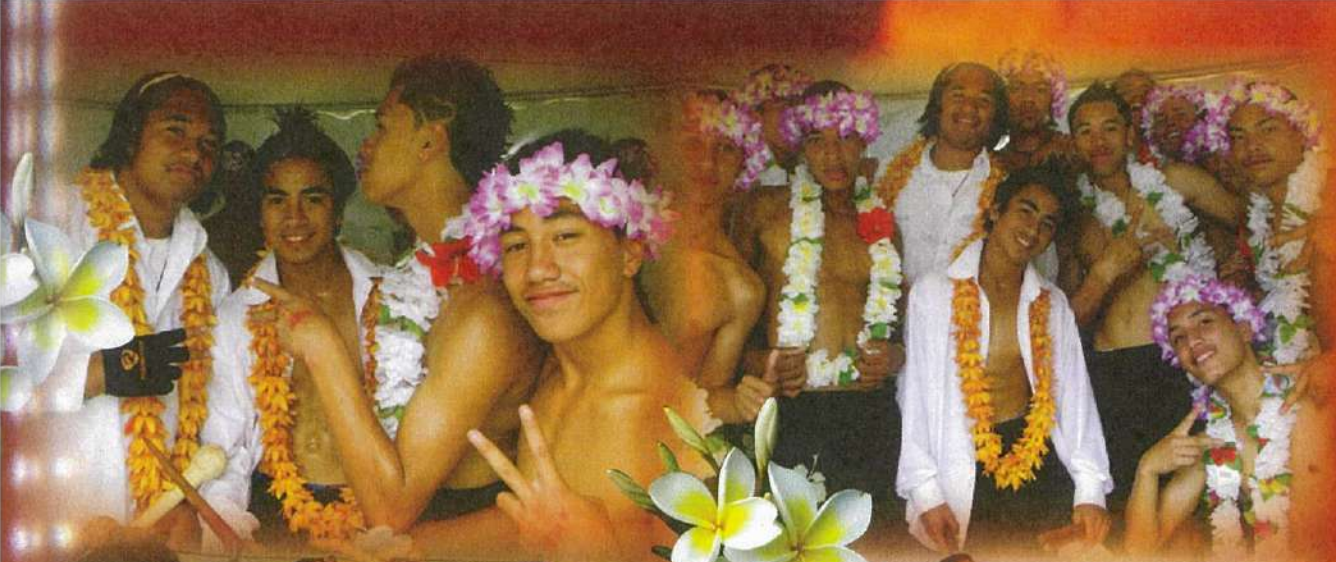
**Ke mou monu'ia pe**

**Miss L Manoa**



# KURA PRIDE

Cultural Groups



**COOK ISLAND GROUP**



# PACIFIKA HIGHLIGHTS 2008

## **Polyfest 2008**

Polyfest 2008 was held in Term One. The superb teacher in charge, Miss Manoa was assisted by the fabulous Miss Lauaki and the wonderful Mrs. Nakaora. Malo lava. They did a fantastic job in overseeing our Cook Island Cultural Group who performed admirably on the big day. Sausage sizzles, ice cream stalls and raffles helped us in raising funds for costumes. Thanks again to our Board of Trustees, senior management, colleagues, parents and students for their support.

## **Pasifika Parents' Fono**

Two fono were held this year in Terms Two and Three. Various issues were raised and solutions were offered by parents to deal with some of them. We have a core of keen and concerned Pasifika parents who are willing to offer their time and skills. We continue to work on our primary goal of 'improving the success and achievement of our Pasifika students'.

## **Education Review Office**

The following report from ERO indicates the areas of good performance in the Achievement of Pasifika Students:

Pacific identity.

Pacific students are proud of their respective cultures and are supportive of one another. They value opportunities to represent the school at the Auckland Māori and Pacific cultural festival and appreciate the support and commitment of the Pacific teachers, parents and student leaders.

Student leadership.

A number of students of Pacific origin represent the school in key leadership roles. Pacific students currently hold prefect, peer support, and sports coaching positions. The student representative on the board of trustees is a Pacific student. These school leaders are role models for other students.

Promoting Pacific student achievement.

In its charter and annual goals, the board of trustees identifies several useful strategies to promote the achievement of Pacific students. One of these strategies is the provision of a Pacific achievement co-ordinator to support the academic progress of Pacific students. Another is the appointment of Pacific teachers. These teachers provide support for the co-ordinator and help to promote Pacific student achievement overall.

Home-school partnership.

Through the Pacific co-ordinator and Pacific teaching staff, the school has continued to communicate with Pacific families about the academic, cultural and pastoral needs of their children. Fono have been successful in attracting Pacific families to be involved in their children's education at the school.

## **Pasifika teachers at Papakura High School**

We acknowledge that there is a record number of Pasifika staff at PHS. That can only be beneficial to a school with approximately 64% of Maori and Pasifika students on the roll. The staff are as follows:

**Ms Vai-Stierman (left Term 3)**

**Miss Manoa**

**Mr. Pomana**

**Ms Matamua**

**Mrs. Collecutt**

**Miss Lauaki**

**Mr. and Mrs. Nakaora**

**Mr. Tulafono**

**Ms Jacobs (left Term 3)**

**Mrs. Vunituranga**

**Ms Beaumont**

On behalf of my Pasifika colleagues we wish our Year 13 students all the best in their future endeavours. Be Proud Be Strong and make us proud.

**Malo Soifua**

**Miss Matamua**

**Pasifika Achievement Co-ordinator**

# The ESOL Department in 2008

Another exciting year has passed for the ESOL Department. Long Term staff such as Mrs. Kilgour and Mrs. McKay remain assisted by Dr. Karem. A new staff member is Mrs. Shirley Jones who is in charge of the emergent literacy group.

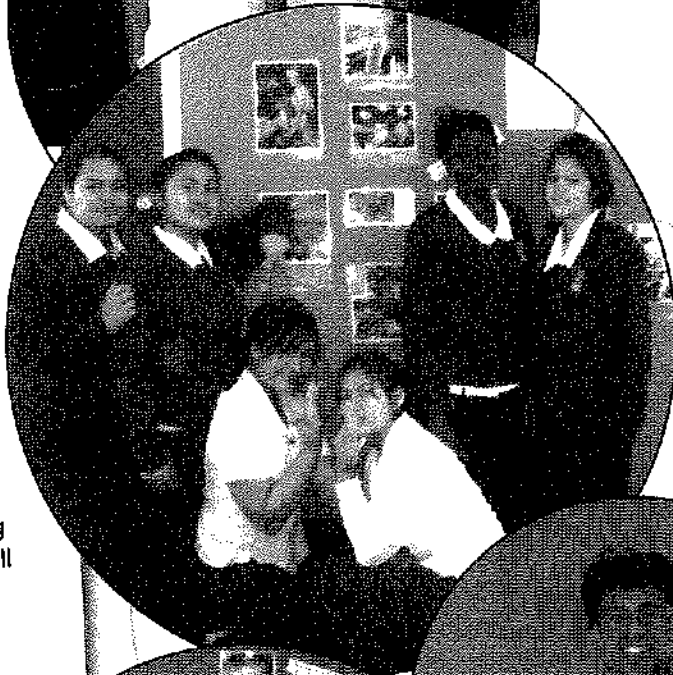
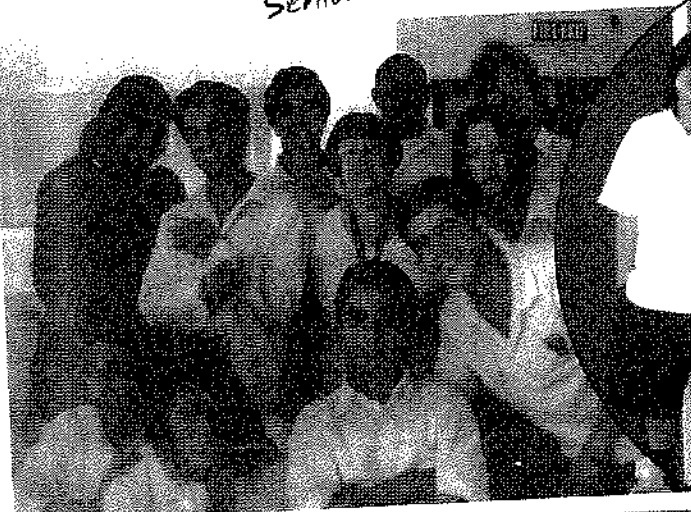
While the bulk of the students are permanent residents and refugees, a few fee paying students have come from Thailand and Japan.

Several very positive things have occurred this year. One is the arrival of Mrs. Paulus as the Careers Officer. Her multicultural and proactive attitude towards assisting ESOL students has seen many attend Gateway and taster courses. Students have been given a firmer view of their future options and how to attain them.

Another positive answer to the challenges of teaching low level English literacy students has been the discovery of alternative courses. Students now have additional sources of achieving NCEA credits via Unit Standards drawn from other domains such as Pacific Indigenous Knowledge. As well, some have been able to enrol with the Correspondence School. Liaison with outside agencies such as the Hearing Impaired case workers has also given one student an opportunity to apply for the hearing impaired transitional employment course offered by Kelston School.

The challenge of working with students who present multiple pastoral as well as educational needs is extremely difficult. However, their increasing successes remain a steady source of celebration for all the ESOL staff.

*K.M. McKay  
Senior ESOL Teacher*



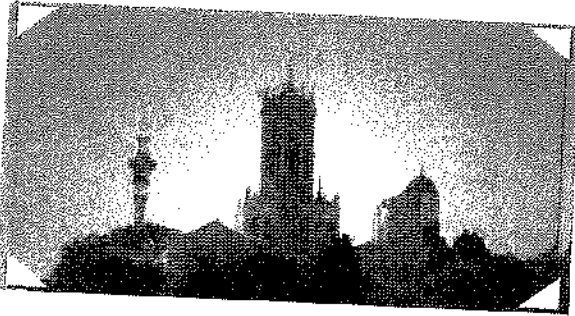
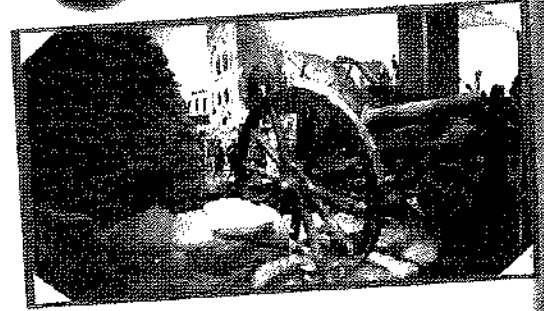
ESOL Dept



# History Fieldtrips 08

## July 2008

The Year 12/13 History classes embarked on a trip to the Auckland War Memorial Museum in the city. After a brisk walk from the Newmarket train station our classes split into two groups. Miss Lauaki's Year 12 class had been set an internal assessment worth four credits to research a World War One war hero. Miss Matamua's Year 13 class was conducting an investigation (worth 9 credits) based on the New Zealand Wars during the 19th century. A good day out to experience history outside of the classroom.



## September 2008

The Year 13 History class travelled by train to the University of Auckland for the Auckland University Schools Day. The lectures were held in the spanking new lecture theatres of the Owen Glenn Building. We sat in an auditorium that would have seated easily 300 students at a time. That aside, three guest lecturers from the History Department spoke on their specialist topics regarding nineteenth century New Zealand history. The lectures were useful in giving students an insight into what to expect if they wish to pursue history at a tertiary level and also helped provide some tips for the external examinations.

*Miss Matamua - Head of History*

## ITC

This was the second year that we have offered the Australasian Schools Computer Skills exam. As well as offering it to 9TY, it was decided for the first time to offer it to year 10 as well, namely to 10TY and 10TX. The exam was held in late August and we are looking forward to the results. The Y9 students undertook the rotation through the ICT department. Each class had a term of IFM classes. This covered Word, Excel and PowerPoint with some classes being extended to look at Access. The work produced varies in standard, but all students leave with a basic understanding and some improved keyboard skills.

At year 10 IFM there are 2 classes running this year both of them working well. Before each module the all students did a pre-test to tap into their prior learning and help develop their programme of learning. After each module we did a post-test to see how much learning was achieved. We introduced a number of different elements this year including flash animation and using HTML to build web pages. The student have really been enjoying the new challenges. Year 10 IFM students are looking forward to the end of year assignment where they all break into groups and form a company which runs a hotel. At their first meeting they will be picking a name, designing a logo for their company and deciding who will take on the responsibilities for the following roles in each group:

- i. Administration – minutes/letters/business cards
- ii. Accountants – invoices/graphing
- iii. Salesperson – database setup and updating
- iv. Marketing Manager – Powerpoint/posters/leaflets/webpage

Last year's students came up with some innovative ideas designs to try and give their hotel the added edge over the market competitors.

ICT at the senior level has continued to be popular with students gaining experiences, understanding and pleasure in using a whole range of different software. They have been manipulating and create images, producing web pages and designing their own animations with some very pleasing results. The courses running this year are: 2 Information Management classes and 1 Glowfish class running at Level 1. In addition we have also introduced a basic ICT course for students who need a little more help at level 1, 1 Comp National Certificate, 1 Business and Information Management classes and 1 Digital Design class running at Level 2, 2 Business and Information Management class and 1 Web Design class running at Level 3.

*Jamie Walters*

# Anzac Day

It is with humility and awe that I stand before you today. Humility because as a seventeen year old I do not feel worthy of addressing people on the subject of war, people who have experienced the horrors and all that goes with being a war veteran.

However, I am in awe of the sacrifice that many of the people present and their families have made so that my generation may have the freedom that we know, having not known anything else in our lives. My generation has never been asked to make the ultimate sacrifice of fighting for our freedom and this is because of the veterans who over the past century have done so.

I wonder what my generation's values and beliefs would be if we had been called on to fight for the way of life as we know it.

It is quite ironic that this current generation has more information as to the suffering that went on, as now real information is being given to us. Initially when soldiers returned from fighting overseas, little was said publicly. It seemed as if everybody wanted to put behind themselves the horrors that they had experienced and tried hard to return to their normal lives.

Recently however, the reality about their involvement has come to the fore, which makes people like myself further appreciate the sacrifices that had been made, even if we cannot truly understand and relate to them.

While researching for this speech, which for me a great honour to give, I was intrigued to read that during the Gallipoli campaign on May 24, 1915 a cease fire was called so that the dead bodies from both sides that lay in "no man's land" could be buried. Not so extraordinary, except that the soldiers from both sides helped each other and even shared cigarettes before returning to their trenches which were between 5 and 50 metres apart for the next exchange of fire. I wonder if this degree of civility exists today in any part of our society.

A further indication of the esteem that our generation holds for the veterans of war was seen in the public anguish when on December 16 last year thieves broke into the

Waiouru Military Museum and stole 96 medals including 9 Victoria crosses. The wave of relief that flooded through the nation in February this year when the medals were recovered again showed the pride that New Zealanders have for their heroes.

Like many of you who are listening, I also had relatives involved in the war, particularly that of World War One and Two. The effect of the war on all soldiers was dramatic with many losing their lives in their fight to

make the world a better place. A relative of mine, Wilson Martin was one in the first troupe that went away. He was 21 then. Wilson died on May 14, 1941. When he went to war he was just becoming a top New Zealand athlete in 100m sprint. A great aunt, Flo Snodgrass was killed when the boat she was travelling on was torpedoed. My great uncle Fred Rout also died in trenches of France. They paid the ultimate sacrifice for all of us.

My great uncle Bill Smith served in 26th battalion. While fighting in the war he was captured and held prisoner. Bill service number was 12292.

His cousin Johnny Smith, service no 12291, served in the 24th battalion and survived the war but was very badly injured in the process. Both Bill and Johnny are buried in the Papakura Cemetery in the soldier remembrance area.

On my father's side my great grandfather, Norman Rout went to the First World war along with his brother, Fred. Norman lied about his age as he was too young but he wasn't questioned and he went to France. He was in the trenches and was hit by shrapnel and hospitalized. They were not able to remove all the shrapnel and some remained in his neck for the rest of his life. Their lives were forever affected by the war.

May they all rest in peace.

I will finish my speech with the words of John McCrae in his poem "In Flanders Fields"

Talia Rout

In Flanders Fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing fly  
~~Scarce heard amid the guns below~~

We are all dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high,  
If you break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.

FOR OUR TOMORROW YOU  
SACRIFICED YOUR TODAY

ANZAC DAY



# Science

## SCIENCE FACULTY 2008

In 2008, under the leadership of Mr. Matthews we welcomed Laura Rowland as Assistant CAM and farewelled both Grace Vai-Stierman and Sam Christie. Our 2007 senior cohort attained good results in science, 4 scholarships were gained and in 2008 we have continued our focus of providing many opportunities for young scientists to excel. All Science staff have been dedicated to teaching Science in a manner that encouraged inquiry and curiosity into the exciting world of science.

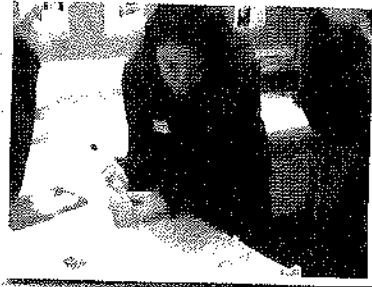
Some of our activities included ICAS Science, Liggins Institute activities, the Environmental group, Futures evening at Auckland University and numerous fieldtrips.

We wish all the Year 13 Senior Science students the very best in their academic careers.

To our hardworking Science Staff, have a merry Christmas and a safe new year. See you all in 2009.

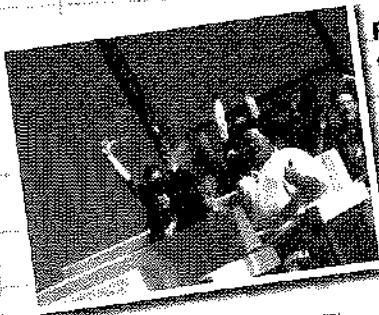
important role in actively creating awareness about issues with this year plans underway to create an environmental garden between A and T block, hosting a 'Papakura's got Talent' contest on 30th Oct. to fundraising and a beach clean-up at Maraetai planned for November 1st in conjunction with the Sir Peter Blak Trust and Westpac

### Year 13 Liggins trip



In July the 13 Bio group went to the Liggins Institute and learnt some really interesting stuff about the research going on there. Liggins have just found out that if you're a bit overweight, it could be because

you're mum didn't eat enough while you were in utero also that some cows and humans are born looking like body builders due to a genetic mutation!



### RAINBOW'S END - Feeling the forces

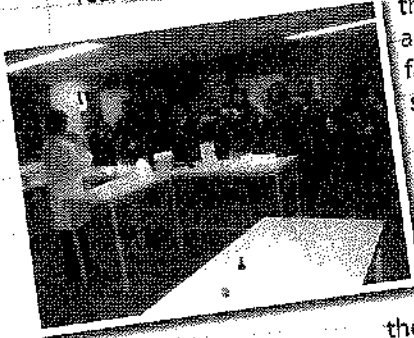
On the 1st July our Year 12 Physicists went to Rainbow's End to 'feel' our topic we had been studying in class - Forces in Motion. The class spent the day enjoying all the rides and doing some

work too...! The work involved calculating the forces, accelerations and various other factors we put ourselves through in the name of fun!

### ICAS

The 2008 International Competitions and Assessment for schools took place this year and Papakura High School students performed well with students achieving high distinctions, distinctions and credits. We would like to take this opportunity to congratulate students who took part and would like to encourage the participation of all students next year.

### Liggins Trip for Year 10 Academic



Institute students visited the Liggins Institute, a biological research facility in Auckland. The students learnt how some techniques you see on CSI are carried out. Detective Kelsey Paul from 10TX and Crime Scene Investigator Clark Olsen were overseeing the groups laboratory skills.

They were taking a really, really, really, really small sample of DNA (0.001ml) and using a process called polymerase chain reaction to make loads of it. 15 years ago this process would have earned you the Nobel Prize for Science.

The Environmental group has continued to play an

**Science Staff: Mr. Matthews (CAM), Rowland (Assistant CAM), Mrs. Ho Ms Pillay, Mr. Pomana, Ms Prasad, Wood and Mrs. Deverick (Technician)**

*Jackie Hooks*

Science

# maths

## Mathematics and Commerce News 2008

This has once again been a very busy, enjoyable and challenging year for the Mathematics and Commerce team and students.

We welcomed Mr. Fonmanu Nakaora, as a full-time Maths teacher. Mr. Nakaora joined us in June 2008, coming from Fiji. The Mathematics and Commerce Faculties were combined in 2008, with Ms Maria Powell and Mr. David Hayter becoming part of a much larger Faculty.

### End of Year Results 2007

In 2007, we once again had good end of year results in Mathematics. Around 78% of our students gained their Numeracy credits for NCEA Level 1.

We had 4 SCHOLARSHIPS in Mathematics – 2 in Calculus and 2 in Statistics. Matthew Freeman and Nicholas van der Voorn, our 2 scholarship recipients have gone on to study at Auckland University.

### Competitions In 2008:

• Our students took part in the Regional and Auckland Mathex Finals. Our teams fared well doing our school proud.

• 71 students participated in the ICAS Mathematics competition. Twelve (12) were awarded certificates of distinction and credit.

### DISTINCTION:

- Year 9 : Hannah Freeman , Elias Mycroft
- Year 10: Jordan Riane
- Year 13 : Anchal Garg , Divya Kishan

### CREDIT:

- Year 9 - Sarah Kirtlan
- Year 10 - Dylan Chappell, Carne De Vreede, James Dean Peni, Hilary Wilson
- Year 11 - Eric Deverick
- Year 12 - Rebecca Le Grice

### Maths Block Upgrade

Relocating from C-block to make way for the builders was quite disruptive. However, in cleaning out the many nooks and crannies we found many mementos from the past – dating back to as far as 1960's – textbooks, student workbooks etc. We look forward to occupying a newly refurbished C-Block late in Term 4, 2008.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all parents and caregivers who have supported us throughout 2008.

I would also like to thank all the Mathematics and Commerce teachers in the Faculty for the hard work they do in preparing our students for assessments and coping with the huge workload that NCEA has forced upon us.

As we all tussle with the challenges of this technological and digital era, it becomes even more crucial that we use the skills Mathematics and Commerce teaches us to become logical, adaptable and critical thinkers.

### Lawrence Naicker

Head of Faculty – Mathematics & Commerce



Maths

# Gateway 2008

## EXCITING HAPPENING IN CAREERS DEPARTMENT NEW STAFF TO CAREERS ADDING VALUE TO PAPAKURA HIGH

Candy Cordon joined us from the Learning Support department as administrative support which is essential to our department's effective and efficient running; Janice Wilkinson is a returning to work mum but has a wide administrative background such as Waikato University and was appointed as the Gateway Coordinator, and Sandra Paulus as HOD of Careers and Transition with many years of experience in Careers in various schools. We are passionate about being instrumental in helping students pathway to the world of work, study and adventure which enables them staying engaged with a goal focus whilst at school. We have an open door policy and have in our year networked and connected with many families, providers and businesses.

The department has run many successful programmes this year such as those highlighted below and others for example among many are:

NCEA Information evenings for Parents. This will be run again next year.

Science and health Career focus in class by CMDHB (Counties Manukau District Health Board). The CMDHB are strengthening their partnerships with schools

Visits to Tertiary Institutions

Staff Professional Development in careers Year 12 Dance / Drama students attended AUT holiday programme; The PUNA programme (Certificate of Contemporary Māori Performing Arts) is a short course where students fuse Hip Hop, Kapa haka, Polynesian contemporary to comprise music and dance components. Students can gain Level 4 certificate worth 60 TEC (Tertiary Education Commission) credits.

Industry partnerships (Local Banks)

A wide range of speakers attended assemblies (eg youth law, most Tertiary institutions, Price Waterhouse-Coopers, police, Plunket etc)

Drivers Education: we undertook this fully funded programme for 20 students. There was 100% pass rate. Students were tutored with an exceptional presenter.

Airforce challenge successfully recruited one of our seniors

### RADIO WAATEA LIVE BROADCAST

Auckland's iwi radio station Radio Waatea broadcast its careers show live from Papakura High School in April. The weekly Career Services Rapuara sponsored radio show features career consultants and invited guests speaking on a range of career topics relevant to Māori listeners.

Following a powhiri at the marae on the School's grounds, students, staff and guests made their way to the hall for the start of the hour long broadcast. Host of the show, Naomi Bradfield, interviewed Career Services consultant Dereck Paora, Sandra Paulus (HOD of Careers / Transition), and Deputy Principal John Henderson about Careers,

delivery at Papakura High, one of the 100 schools piloting the CPaBL programme 'Creating Pathways and Building Lives'.



Head Boy Darian Okakpu with Radio Waatea Naomi Bradfield; Matekino Marshall, looking on was also one of the interviewees.

### PAPAKURA HIGH SCHOOL'S GATEWAY PROGRAMME

Papakura High School's 2008 funded allocation of 30 Gateway students through the Tertiary Education Commission (TEC) was successfully achieved with 32 of our senior students in placement from March to October this year. Four of these students have been offered continued part time work on completion of their programme and the feedback I am getting from employers is very good, with ongoing placements available next year.

Gateway is an opportunity for year 12 and 13 students to participate in a work experience programme fully funded by the TEC. The initiative involves placing students into part-time work based training in local industry. Typically, a student may work one day per week for a period of 10 weeks, or for block periods of time, including school holidays, if more suitable. Placements are tailor-made for each student's interest, with transport and any other materials required for the placement, covered through the programme. Students involved will gain credits towards NCEA through an appropriate Industry Training Organisation (ITO), the majority being done at school, during school hours.

*Sandra Paulus*



# creative writing

## Identity

Pretty, petite, good looking, ugly, fat, smelly, rude, obnoxious, blonde, ignorant. These are only a few of the millions of words people use to define their identity.

A person's identity is what makes you, you. From a person's characteristics to what is on the inside like personality to what sort of feelings you have, these qualities define you. Self-esteem, high or low, can effect a person's identity. A person may feel really ugly and sad on the inside but on the outside be full of life and be able to put on a FAKE smile.

A person's identity is one thing no one else can take over; it's the one thing that you will carry forever. Sometimes decisions other people make, good or bad, can alter you if you choose to let them. What happens, what others say and other outside influences don't define you; it's how you react that does.

Identity is a word that defines how someone sees themselves on the inside. You are the only person who can truly convince yourself who you are and what makes you, you!

Josephine Pyke 5HRD

## Identity

I Wonder...

Who you really, really are  
and what you are like.

You may have the name of Alex, Mary or Mike.

You are funny, smart, and like watching TV.

A lawyer or a teacher

is who you are wanting to be.

Does this really define your identity?

Are these things what made you unique?

Do you care for individuality

or if you think how others think.

I don't know about you

but I know who I am

What defines me and

what I care about most.

It's my family, of course.

By Alex Stowers 9U

## Doolan Richard Keith Kerr

On a still, freezing cold morning when the sun had not yet revealed its luminous face from behind the mountains, the grass, so crisp, would crunch under the heavy wheels of Dad's motorbike. In the distance you could hear the faint sound of a boisterous dog awaiting its next command. As I gaze out the window I watch him as he attends to an over flown trough. He ties back his long shaggy brown dreads. The sleeves of his overalls are rolled up to reveal his only noticeable scar on his body. This particular scar tells a story. Well, Dad makes the story convincing at least. To anyone that asks how has this mysterious scar got to be on his arm, he would smile that cheeky smile and simply reply "A bear attacked me when I was hunting in Alaska". Then he adds all the gruesome details. Maybe it would be more convincing if he had actually visited Alaska. The ice infested water he was about to dip his arm into was so thick it could send chills down your spine by just looking at it. There wasn't much that could put Dad off work that needed to be done. He was one of those old fashioned type of 'macho farmers'. He believed that you weren't finished working until the job you started is complete.

Once his task was done he stopped outside the house, a triple blast of the motorbike's horn followed by a burst of laughter gave him assurance that he had successfully awoken every member of our household.

Once the morning work was done which was roughly around 8'o'clock, Dad came home to a delicious steaming hot home cooked breakfast and a nice hot cup of tea. I guess it seemed to be somewhat of a habit of his to go "sit on his throne" straight after he finished his meal. Well that's what he used to call it anyway. Maybe the sheer thought of not going toilet in the morning made him follow this routine. I'd never know unless I actually asked him. Not really something anyone would want to know though, I say. You could always tell when Dad's deed was done because of a foul disgusting smell that would always linger. Dad was quite proud of his aroma and never shy to admit it. So much so that he would always leave the toilet door wide open and the windows closed so that the only chance of the smell escaping was throughout the house.

I regularly went down the farm with Dad after he finished breakfast to do the odd job like grubbing the flowering ragwort and repairing broken fences. During this time we had a lot to talk about. Dad wasn't the type to listen to your little problems and take them seriously so I knew not to bother him with them. He always had a cheeky response to any problem. "Build a bridge and get over it" or "here's a phone, call someone who cares." Dad was an extremely hard worker. He worked 7 days a week for roughly 10 hours a day. Amongst all this working though, incredibly he still found time to spend with us kids. Whether he took us to the lake to have fun on the biscuit or maybe just down to

the river, we always had fun with Dad.

When the night set in Dad would come home from work to another well cooked meal and then would relax on the couch while channel surfing. Once he found a channel he liked, he would push back the lazy boy and pull up the foot rest. In not more than 20 minutes Dad's mouth would be strung wide open and his snoring would overshadow the sound of the TV. I was always tempted to wake him up as he does to us in the mornings. But then I thought about the hard work he puts in so that we can live a good life.

by Indianna Kerr

## My Identity

The definitions of the word identity are the characteristics that make you who you are. People might think of you as an easy going type of person, or even the odd one out of the group, but these are the things that make you, you.

For me I would like to say that I am different from the normal stereotypes. But in a way I am totally different in my own unique way. I am the person you can turn to and approach easily. I can be very shy but then again I can be very, very selfconfident. I would like to think of myself as the quiet type of person, but I just wasn't born to hide in the corner and be seen and not heard. I can make friends easily and get along with most people. I like all types of people. I am not judgmental and love different cultures. I can be rude at times, but also believe in manners and respect. I respect values of other people and have values for myself. I can be called a comedian in the class but also can be the most independent student. I'm smart but not too smart. I get most things teachers teach me and yet I don't get a lot of things either.

I can be stressed at times and snappy at people when I am not in my best mood, but I can be a bubbly, funny person that people adore too. I have my flaws and bad habits just like everyone else.

The definition of identity is the specific way of identifying the uniqueness in all people. These are all the things I am; these are the great things that I am capable of, these are the great things that make me who I am!

By Mihinga Ahoieie 9U

## Don't Ever Leave Me

'Big Brother, Little Sister' Sequel

It must be late now, Hema thought. He clutched Janey's hand as they walked the route of despair, back towards the only definition of home that he and Janey knew.

"What time is it, Hema?" Janey's whisper was carried away on the wind.

"Late," Came Hema's distant reply.

They must be home by now; mum and Uncle Pera, hiding behind their twenty "somethingth" bottle each. Hema wondered if they had noticed his and Janey's absence, or if it had gone under the radar. Come morning, they would have known, with the lack of a warm blanket and with their mess of a life still stewing around them, but 'no' Hema thought, 'that doesn't matter now.' They were going back.

Hema's thoughts carried him from underneath the lights outside the train station, which had twinkled at him like stars, to the familiar darkness that was Pigeon Park. They passed, hand in hand, the trees in which the pigeons sat cramped. Hema longed for the closeness and warmth that he had once felt with his mother. The distance between them was like a sea of deceit, for one step closer and they would fall in and lose themselves again.

The two children reached the end of their street and stopped, highlighted under a golden streetlamp. Hema held Janey tight. He could feel her heartbeat, as strong as the pounding music in his ears, undoubtedly coming from within his home.

"You'll never leave me, ay Hema?" Janey asked quietly.

"No, Janey, not now. Not ever."

"Where are those bloody kids, ay Wiki?" Pera thundered down the hallway.

"I don't know, do I?" she spoke in a whisper.

The anger that poured from Pera hit her hard in the face, lava reaching the sea. She heard the door open and turned briskly to it, her eyes flashing in anxiousness.

"There you are you little shit! What did you think you were doing, out there with your sister? I want my dinner, you damn kid!" Uncle Pera's shout sounded.

Hema looked slowly from Pera's seemingly red eyes to his mother's calm green ones. He fought with himself, a battle neither side of him could win. He looked back at Uncle Pera.

"No."

"What did you say to me?" he shouted.

# creative writing

"No, I don't take orders from you."

Hema didn't see it coming until Uncle Pera was right in front of him. He heard Janey scream as he knocked her sideways, out of Uncle Pera's way. The blows came swiftly, Hema didn't struggle, he knew he couldn't win. As Uncle Pera's fists made contact with his stomach, he felt himself fly backwards. Hema's head hit the wall and all was lost.

Hema woke up dazed, as if from a deep slumber that couldn't quite let him go. He opened his eyes to the new surroundings, a clean room as white as teeth that smiled and sparkled at him. A hospital blanket lay over him, providing no comfort, though he thought it should.

"Look mum, he's awake!" He heard Janey squeal.

Their mother made a slight hushing sound as the doctor walked in, kind-faced and round, with Uncle Pera trailing in behind him.

"He's alright, isn't he? We can leave, can't we?"

Hema heard his mother's eagerness for the nightmare to be over, but she was stuck with no way out.

"Well the thing is ma'am, Hema has sustained a number of serious injuries during rugby, you say? After the tests we have done, I regret to inform you that Hema is bleeding internally and surgery is imminent. I must tell you that we will do all that we can but Hema's injuries are far worse than we imagined. Now, Hema, we will be putting you under a local anaesthetic, count backwards from ten, please."

"Ten, nine, eight, seven..."

The last thing Hema felt was Janey's hand upon his own, and her breath against his neck.

"Don't leave me, Hema, not now. Not ever."

By Shontelle Wolters

## Anzac Day should replace Waitangi Day as New Zealand's National Day

I disagree with the statement claiming that "ANZAC Day should replace Waitangi Day as New Zealand's National Day".

Waitangi Day has a very special and memorable place in New Zealand history, and it is a very significant day for New Zealanders as it affects our land and our ownership of land and the independence of our nation. ANZAC Day is

also a very memorable time for not only New Zealand, but for Australia as well. The fact that it is a day to remember the Australian and New Zealand veterans who fought in Gallipoli, means we cannot claim it as our national day because Australia plays a big part in this day, April 25th, just as much as New Zealand does. A "national" day means a "New Zealand" Day, and Waitangi Day is the most suitable occasion for that national day.

With my deepest respect, Anzac Day plays a major role in the Australasian calendar and we will never forget the thousands of soldiers who lost their lives fighting for our shores. But on February 6th 1840 a New Zealand treaty was made and agreed upon and this is a national symbol for our independence.

It is a symbol of unity between Aotearoa and the British and even has conflicts existing today. Waitangi is our ideal national day for the simple fact that has "national" as the keyword in this case, whereas ANZAC Day is "international".

Things should remain as they are. ANZAC Day is a very sacred day and a day for remembrance rather than national identity. The Treaty of Waitangi, however, is a day for national identity. ANZAC Day is just as big as Waitangi Day. April 25th is the day to wear poppies whilst February 6th is a day to reflect and recognize national unity and a national partnership between our two main cultures Maori and Pakeha.

Tama Rawhiti

Senior English student

## Identity

Identity is described in a lot of ways and it does not have a definition. Some people say that identity is the way you look and behave. Others say that identity is the things you believe in. But I think identity is a way of life. A way of life that you choose to live.

Identity is what you do, the type of music you listen to, the way you dress, the differences and similarities you share with your family and friends, the type of food you like, your height and weight. All these make up your identity. You might not like some things your family and friends like, but that does not make you any different from them, because what you like makes you unique. You might have a talent that no one else has in your family. Talent is something special that twins do not even share. For example: my best friend's are twins and they are two completely different people, even though they look alike. One of them loves to swim and the other one hates swimming.

Some people change their identity, because they might

Creative Writing



# creative writing

not like something about themselves or they are hiding from someone. So people get plastic surgery done to change themselves to make them look beautiful or different.

I guess that identity is a special thing that everyone has, but is totally different from their parents, brothers and sisters, friends.

Besides you would not feel special if everyone looks like you or has same talents that you have.

Christine Jyotishna Devi 9U

## From Al-Tash to New Zealand

We were born refugees in Al-Tash Camp, in Romadi, Iraq. Our parents came from Iran because the regime was punishing the Kurds. But they did not know that Saddam Hussein was going to punish them more.

Saddam made everyone from Iran live in the camp. We had to make our home with sun dried bricks. We even made the bricks. It was a very hard job. Conditions were terrible for the twenty thousand people who had to live there.

To build our house we dug the dirt from the desert. We mixed the dirt with hay and water and we put it in a box. And we had three boxes. We had to let the bricks dry for one week. When we had enough bricks we started building the house. When we finished the walls, we made the roof. We put long sticks across the top. Then we put plastic on top. Then we found rocks to put on the plastic. But we had to fix the roof every six months. The roof always leaked in winter.

My mother and father and my nine brothers and sisters all loved our home in Al Tash camp. We had a small kitchen with a gas stove. We could put two pots on the stove. Every week the trucks came from Romadi with gas. We had some shelves for our food and plates. We sat on the floor to eat. We had a fridge but we washed our dishes outside. We had a little glass window and through it we saw the road and the Quobadi's house.

We had three bedrooms and the living room to sleep in. My mother made mattresses with old fabric so the floor was not so hard to sleep on. Luckily she had a sewing machine. We didn't have sheets, just blankets. My mother spun the wool to make the blankets. Sometimes in winter we got really cold.

Life in Iraq wasn't easy for refugees. We didn't have much entertainment. We had a television but often we did not have any electricity. When we could we watched the three Kurdish channels. We did not have a CD player. We did

not know what an MP3 player was. Every day we played cards, usually Konkan. And we played soccer in the fields. We played knuckle bones with stones and Nawnawan, a common Kurdish game. And we spent a lot of time at home. My mother and my three sisters did all the housework while we boys played soccer and cards and my father was buying fabrics in Romadi to sell in the camp.

When we were nine years old we could go to school. Our parents had to pay money and we went every day for three hours. We were shown how to write in Farsi and how to do Maths and Science. Farsi was not my mother tongue and I did not understand much at my school. Every day at the start of school we all had to say "We sacrifice our souls and blood for you, Saddam, may Almighty Allah protect you and help you defeat your enemies." But we did not know what we were saying or that Saddam was behind our misery.

One day in 2003, after Saddam was gone, our brother thought we would all die if we stayed in Al Tash. So we all decided to go to Jordan, hoping UNHCR would resettle us in a European country. In the middle of the night we got into a hire car, all twelve of us. We took our clothes, the TV and the stove and drove four hours to the Jordanian border. We had to stay in No Man's land for two days then we went to Rashed Camp in the north of Jordan.

For the next three years we had to live in tents, and this was much better than living in Al Tash, in Iraq. We had enough food, water, electricity, security and proper healthcare for the first time in our lives. Sometimes we did get hungry and then we ate the rabbits my brother kept in a pen. We killed them by cutting off their heads just like Saddam did to the Kurds.

Once we celebrated Newroz (New Year) by throwing fire in to the air. We put petrol on cloth and tied it to a long cord then lit it and we swung it above our heads. UN came along and said to stop in case we set all the tents on fire. Another day we celebrated was the day our names were on the UN notice board to come to New Zealand.

Now we are all living in New Zealand and we are all happy and thankful to the Government for accepting us.

*Watan Juanmiry*

ESOL Student

# creative writing

Sequel to 'The Garden Party' by Katherine Mansfield

## The Next Party

Laura woke to the warm, golden sunlight streaming through her bedroom window. Just as she decided she wanted to stay there forever, Jose burst through the door.

"Wake up, Laura, it's Kitty's morning tea today," she said as she danced over to the window and pushed back the thick, decorative curtains.

"Yes," Laura sat up wide-eyed as she remembered the event she had been looking forward to for weeks. "What time is it?"

"Only time to go," called Jose, floating out of the room as quickly as she came in "you'd better hurry up or we'll be late."

This was enough motivation for Laura to leap out of bed and down to the kitchen for breakfast. After quickly having her coffee with bread and butter, she flew upstairs and put on her best blue party dress.

"Now Laura, dear," Mrs. Sheridan passed gracefully in to her room "I hope you are planning to wear this lovely hat that suits you so well..."

"Yes, mother."

"And don't keep your sisters and Hans waiting, Kitty will want help with..."

"Don't worry, I am perfectly well-prepared, thank you," Laura smiled and gently took the hat from her mother's hands. "Goodbye, Mother!" She called while trotting briskly out the door, down the stairs, on to the porch, across the veranda and down the steps. Laura paused on the pathway for a moment to absorb her surroundings. There was a light breeze and though, for the most part, the sky was blue, the warm sunlight she had woken to was now half-shrouded by a few grey clouds. The grass was wet with dew and a few of the summer's many roses had passed full bloom and were beginning to wilt. Laura looked over to the tennis courts and observed the broad Karaka trees. Just as she noticed the dark shadow beginning to fall beneath them, she heard her name being called from across the driveway.

"Quickly, Laura," called Meg.

"Coming," Laura hurried down the path and across the gravel. She stepped up in to the back seat of the big black car with Meg and Jose. Hans shut the door and stepped in to the driver's seat.

They pulled out of the driveway and down the lane. Laura gazed out the window from under her broad hat at the dark little cottages she had known for so long.

"Ugh," Jose grimaced.

Laura turned away.

Before long, Laura again heard the sound of the car tyres crunching on gravel. She saw Kitty running out of her huge whitewashed house to meet them, her pink dress flowing behind her. The car stopped and the ladies stepped out, one by one.

"Hello, Kitty!"

"How are you?"

"It's lovely to be here!"

"Quickly, girls, come and see everything before the guests arrive!" Meg, Jose and Kitty hurried excitedly inside while Laura hung behind with Hans.

No sooner had they had a quick look around and a sample of the beautiful little cream puffs and sandwiches before the guests began to arrive. Someone started to play the piano as more pleasantly delighted guests filled the large and richly decorated room. Laura smiled and laughed politely when spoken to but found herself inclined to sit in the corner by the door of the grand dining room. She felt as if she was observing a picture of happy, dancing, laughing people to which she had no connection. All of a sudden, she involuntarily thought of those pitiful cottages down the lane from her beautiful home.

"Laura!" The sound of footsteps and of her brother's voice behind her came as a welcome interruption to Laura's thoughts.

"Yes, Hans?" She turned around with a start.

"Well..." he looked at her quizzically, wondering at her enthusiasm. "I'm just going to take the car down the road to get a couple of things for the cook. She's having a bit of a disaster in the kitchen and can't find the butler. I offered to go down and get some supplies since I was the culprit of one of the dishes smashing," he said sheepishly.

"May I come?"

"Really, Laura," Hans looked even more surprised. "I don't think --"

"Please!"

"Well..." he looked around uncertainly "Alright, but we mustn't stay away too long."

"Yes, yes" Laura was already halfway down the hall to the door, "Only a few minutes."

Laura's gaze again fell to outside the window of the car. As they passed over the cobbled road of Hawke Street, she observed the grey buildings and women with groceries rushing by, pulling along young children. She saw working men with tweed caps going about their business. She heard

# creative writing

the clip-clop of horse's hooves and a few car engines turning down the bustling street. Laura felt a strange interest in what was going on. The car came to a stop. Hans got out and opened Laura's door.

"Stay here," he said.

"I'm coming," Laura replied in a voice that made Hans give up on the idea of a debate.

"Alright," he sighed "stay with me though."

Laura followed him in to a small shop. Shelves of different items of food covered the walls and a middle-aged man stood behind a counter at the back of the shop. Hans wandered over to the other side while Laura picked up a small tin of biscuits and examined the designs on its lid. As she looked around her, Laura realised that she felt a much keener interest in her present surroundings than in the voices, tinkling spoons and laughter she had left behind. She looked up again suddenly as a tall man walked in to the shop. He was lanky, dressed in an old jacket and wore a cap. He seemed familiar. Laura looked down then up at him again.

"Excuse me, sir," she said almost in a whisper. He looked up and she seemed to recognize his face. His freckly skin had been battered by the sun. His small blue eyes were bright but tired. Laura was sure she knew him.

"For-forgive me," she stammered "But I'm sure - do I know you from somewhere?"

"Ah," he looked sideways, then met her gaze evenly just as he looked as if he were about to deny it. "Actually, I think I do remember you. It was your family's garden party I was setting up for the day my brother died in an accident, on this very street."

Laura's eyes widened and she stumbled backwards. She turned and walked out of the shop. She walked away from the man. She walked away from the shop. She walked away from Hans who was calling out after her.

As she walked, Laura closed her eyes just for a second. She took in the sounds of people murmuring about the price of the last summer fruit and listened to traffic humming and clacking down the road.

**Anonymous (Year 12)**

**I gave in.** On a dreary nothing special Monday morning, I sold my soul and conformed. But I haven't poured my sanity into a cup and served it on a silver platter to any kind of deity. Oh no, instead I smeared it over the surface of a credit card and placed it neatly in the lap of a company called Apple. Yes, I did it.

(Cue ominous music)

I bought an iPod.

Not that a big deal right? Dead wrong. I've added fuel to the fire, or rather plastic money to the machine and helped Apple extend their monopoly over an already suffering market. Buying an iPod puts me on the same level as the millions of mindless "teeny boppers" who use their shiny, plastic covered chewy silicone centred gadgets as nothing more than a fashion accessory. I might as well walk around sporting a printed t-shirt, which reads "I Love Diet Coke" and a pair of "I'm such a sheep", Levi 501s, while yelling: "Have you heard the new Pacifier song?" While my army of similarly attired conformists march in unison behind me.

By now you're scratching your head and wondering why I've forked out for one these ridiculously over priced slices of technology, and the simple answer is that I had no other choice. I stood in front of a glass display cabinet at Dicks Smiths for about fifteen minutes before I realised that. Although I could see past the impressive pyramid of iPods before me, their transcendent radiance simply out shone the other meagre mp3 players. I almost had to squint to see the Samsung hiding in the corner. But still, why pay almost double for a piece of equipment that has little to offer in Terms of functionality compared to its competitors? Because Apple owns the market, they aren't just leading the way, or dominating, they've climbed the mp3 market mountain, fought off the competition and driven an Apple flagpole into the ground. The flag itself is so large and intimidating that even companies like Sony are forced to stand awestruck at the foot of the mountain, with their heads cocked upwards, wondering how they're ever going to reach the pinnacle Apple sits comfortably on. They spend so much time pondering that eventually they're forced to walk away with stiff necks and bruised ego, mumbling, "Damn you Apple, we still make the best TVs in the world."

What is it that scares Sony and Samsung into submission? A little thing called iTunes, you make have heard of it, you know pretty much the only piece of software with which you can legally purchase and download music? You know, the one that comes standard with most computers being sold nowadays, not just PCs which run off the Apple Macintosh operating system, no windows based computers as well. Yes, the one you use to manage all your digital music even though you don't own an iPod, that's the one! iTunes is the vice tightening around the lungs of the competitor companies, because any law abiding music lover with half a conscience feels compelled to actually pay for the songs they download,

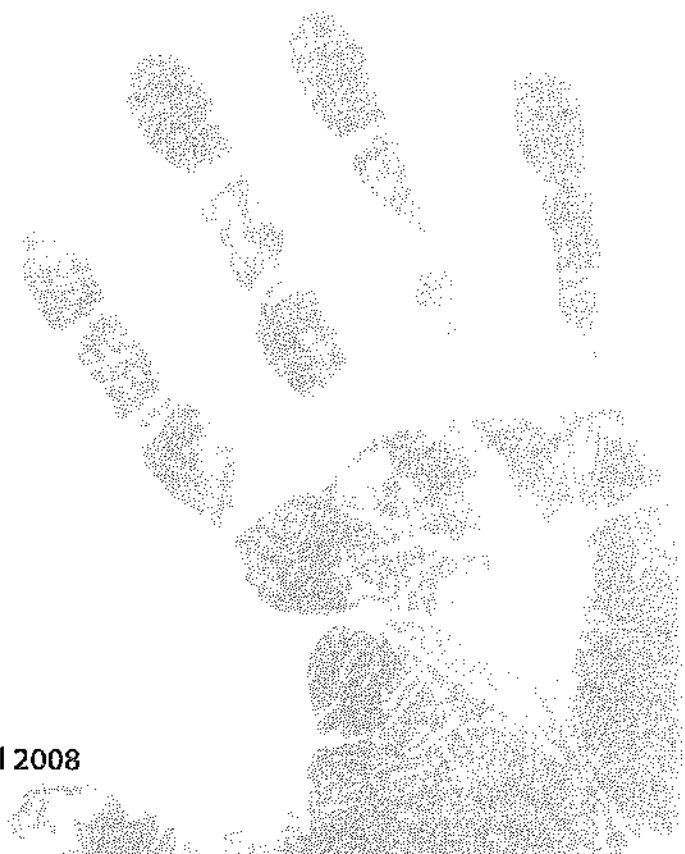
# creative writing

so their favourite artist can afford to put caviar and French wine of the table...for their poodles, and Bentleys in their garages, for their neighbours to ogle at. How dare you take that away from them by "stealing" music! Think of what would happen to those poor poodles, they might actually have to eat dog food! Like out of a can! Blasphemy! So in order to save the rat-like dogs you're forced to use software tailor made for a device you don't even own. But just how long do you think you'll be able to hold out for? How long do you expect you'll be able to withstand the constant barrage of clever advertising? Well you see most of us already own and rely on the software, so why not shine up another pretty penny and place it in Apples bulging pockets so we can rely on the product too? And in doing so you'll unlock the full potential of iTunes, owning an iPod will give you access to the many iTunes features which are only compatible with the little bugger. Voila, you've perpetuated the cycle, but wait, don't feel too bad, you had to buy one...no not so you can sleep easy at night knowing you download all your music legally, but for the dogs!

If all that isn't enough to convince you that you don't really have much of a choice when it comes to digital music players, consider this D-I-G-I-T-A-L! Just like everything else these days. It won't be long before they stop making CDs altogether. Believe it or not, but the idea is already being tossed around in record label boardrooms across the world. If labels start distributing music solely on a digital level, stronger measures will be taken to ensure music isn't obtained illegally. Where will you be left then? You'll need iTunes just as you'll need an iPod. So its not a cop out...I haven't really given in. I've just adapted to keep up and survive in an ever-changing world.

iPod, iTunes, iHate...but iNeed

By Emery Moodley y13



It all started very early on in the year when we were advertising for a group of energetic year 13 students to become our ball committee for 2008. Originally many people put their hands up and names forward but when it came to the meetings, the really committed ones turned up. Ideas flew around about the theme and the venue. After many heated discussions we came to a conclusion. Our theme for 2008 Senior Ball was going to be Winter Wonderland!!!

Also after researching many venues we set our eyes on The Crown Plaza based right in the middle of Auckland City. The room seemed to be the perfect size for the number of students we were expecting and it came with a lovely package as well. There was no trouble organizing the DJ or Photographer as these were all included. The photographer also gave a free photo for everyone that attended the ball; this pushed our numbers up a bit. After a lot of stress with doing the sausage sizzle every lunch time, collecting leaves and selling raffle tickets to win an iPod, it was the ball night!!

The night was finally here, everyone turned up to school around 6:30pm, looking gorgeous ready for a good night out. Cameras and lip gloss were out already and we hadn't even reached the venue. Everyone got sorted into their different buses, with teachers scattered throughout and we were finally off to our 2008 Senior Ball.

When we got there the venue looked amazing. We walked up the stairs and there we were greeted with glasses of juice and grape juice. There were beautiful, elegant centre pieces on every table lit with little tea lights. Sections of the room were draped with fairy lights which became a convenient backdrop for personal photos. These dim lights gave the room a warm and comforting feel.

From the word go the dance floor was a big success with a range of songs being played, from the popular old school jams to today's latest hits. The photos also started with a bang, forming a queue straight away.

The food was delicious and many people returned for seconds not only on the main but with the dessert as well. Next it was voting time and the tension heated up. This year we decided to do the voting differently to previous years and it was very effective. The votes and calculating was fair and on the night we had our winners.....

Thanks to all the people who attended. It was an awesome night and you guys made it what it was. Thanks to the ball committee for giving up many lunchtimes and intervals for meetings and putting large amounts of hard work in, for preparing for this night. Also thanks to the teachers who came along and supervised and for giving up their Saturday night.



**King:** Simon Tauch  
**Queen:** Amie Waaka

**Prince:** Tyrone Kubuabola  
**Princess:** Leva Aati

**Duke:** Dylan Dickie  
**Duchess:** Paige Moki

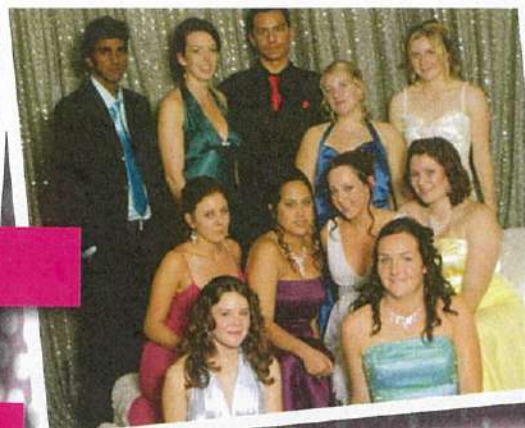
**Best Dress:** Hina Farrow  
**Best Dress to Theme:** Sarah Goslin  
**Best Hair:** Alex Patchett  
**Cutest Couple:** Teina Richards and Leah Fordham

Talia Rout (Year 13)

Very, very, very special thanks to Mrs. Cosslett who was the driving force behind this committee and successful night. She put all her spare time (well what she had of it) into this event and it was much appreciated not only by the committee but everyone else as well, so thank you very much!!!

Overall the night was  
a real success and  
everyone had a BALL!!!

School Ball



# Anti-Harassment Group

A large group of volunteers were trained by an outside trainer in March to take on the role of contacts for anti-harassment. These students were keen to make themselves available to help students who were being bullied. Their aim was to make school a safer and happier place by influencing students to make non-violent choices to deal with issues and to become helpers for students with bullying problems.

The trainer was a person with wide experience with the Human Rights Commission who brought interesting legal perspectives to the whole issue of bullying and discussed methods that the team could use to help students. The Team spoke at Assemblies, placed a help request box in Student Reception, put posters advertising the team around the school and worked with many individuals at the request of staff or students. They learned valuable skills and made a real contribution to school life. It is planned to continue and expand this work in 2009.



# Peer Support

At the end of 2007, a group of Year 12 students volunteered to return to school in December to train as Peer Supporters. They were trained to work with Year 9 students with the aim of helping them to adjust to secondary school life.

These students again came in a day earlier at the start of the year and worked with their allocated Year 9 Tutor Group. They became tutor "buddies" and went to the Tutor group every Tuesday and Thursday for the rest of the year. They formed close and supportive relationships - many were seen to buy Easter eggs and other treats for their Year 9 group.

A number of Peer Supporters attended the Year 9 camp to help and support their group. This Team gained many skills over the year. They are to be thanked for their selfless commitment to the welfare of their Tutor group and for the huge contribution of their personal time to these students.

Thanks must go to Miss Michaels and Mrs. Cosslett who worked with the Team in training and throughout the year. *Jan Cosslett*



