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Click on the poster for Charlie’s review

Click here for climate change info

Click on this image to read some great poems

Click on this image to read Charlie’s recount of this event

Click on the CD Cover for Ryan’s review
Editorial

Are you looking for the finest news and reviews? Creativitas expresses opinions on the occurrences around the world in an attempt to broaden the horizon for you, the students. We also review the finest literature, music and film. A new edition to the publication will be released every 3 weeks, with many of the students at Saint Augustine’s College coming together with the intention to “enlighten and inspire”.

This week, Ryan presents us an article that alerts and informs us on one of the biggest topics in today’s world: climate change. There are also reviews of albums (Jack Johnson’s *In Between Dreams*) and films (*Midnight in Paris*), and Charlie provides a recount of local news: the World’s Greatest Shave.

Stay tuned for competitions and chances to win great prizes! Submit your writing and photography, and the best ones will appear in the next edition.

If there are any students interested in joining our writing team, please speak to Mrs Welch, located in the Ostia staffroom, or email us at:

csundborn@saintaug.nsw.edu.au
rmaguire@saintaug.nsw.edu.au

We meet every Wednesday afternoon at 3:30 in the ARC

Who am I? A guessing competition.....

I was born on the 2nd April 1981 in Liverpool, Western Sydney. I stand at 178cm and weigh 78kgs. My dad owned an indoor sports centre, which allowed me to practice whenever I wanted too. I played cricket from an early age and I continue to excel at the highest levels of the sport.

I am a right handed middle order batsman and a part-time left-arm orthodox spin bowler. I represent New South Wales as a state and occasionally play for the Western Suburbs in the Sydney Grade competition. I have been a regular in the Australian team since my test debut, except when I was dropped in 2006 after a lean patch of form. I won the prestigious Allan Border Medal in 2005.

In the 2008 New Year’s Test at the Sydney Cricket Ground, I dismissed Harbhajan Singh, RP Singh and Ishant Sharma in the second last over of the day to claim the final three wickets and win the test match for Australia. In April 2008, I was given the privilege to be Ricky Ponting’s vice captain after Adam Gilchrist’s retirement. I won the 2008 Allan Border Medal.

I became the 43rd Australian Test Captain when I filled in for Ricky Ponting in the 5th Test of the most recent Ashes series. In January 2012 I scored a triple century and a double century in the Test series against India. Again, I won the Allan Border Medal in 2012. In my career so far, I have scored nineteen test centuries and seven one-day international centuries. I have played 80 test matches and 212 One Day Internationals

I was the 389th Australian cricketer to wear a baggy green. I hold the record for highest score at the Sydney Cricket Ground; 329 not out. I have been the Australian captain in test matches and one day internationals since Ricky Ponting stood down from the role in March 2011.

Who Am I? Bede Sajowitz—Yr. 10
The amount of participants taking part in the World’s Greatest Shave has been increasing, especially in the Northern Beaches area. Many teachers, students and residents have been lining up to get their heads shaved for the Leukaemia Foundation.

One of these people is Britt Howard, who holds the record for the most amount of money raised for the foundation. She managed raised an incredible $29,688, and had people cheering their support for her as her hair was removed by staff of the World’s Greatest Shave.

Britt has had no help from any media and has spent the previous 7 weeks leading up to the event promoting her fundraiser via social networking sites.

Britt raised $18,000 more than her original goal.

“I was just speechless by the generosity,” she said.

As her long blonde hair was shaved in front of a live audience, she said it felt very “liberating.”

Many students have become involved in fundraising as well. “I look a bit like a thug,” 11 year old student Zachary O’Brien said after his hair had been shaved off for the Leukaemia Foundation.

Zach was inspired to take part in the fundraiser due to a family friend, 5 year old Laila Hassan, recently being diagnosed with Leukaemia. The girl is in hospital, being treated with chemotherapy.

His original goal was $500 but after help from his friends, he has managed to raise over $1,500. He dedicated the money to Leila.
I’m now a high school student

I’m now a high school student,
It’s all so different now.
A brand new school, new teachers too,
My brain is flashing, wow!

I’m now a high school student,
My life has changed a lot.
I find myself struggling
With all the homework I’ve got.

I’m now a high school student,
There’s a great amount of tension.
I am always saying to myself,
“I really couldn’t stand an afternoon detention.”

I’m now a high school student,
The nights are getting late.
Assessment tasks are in full swing,
There’s a lot due on that due date.

I’m now a high school student,
It’s a very early start.
It really is a trek for me
With all I have to cart.

I’m now a high school student,
I wear my shirt and tie.
My big grey shorts and polished shoes,
Elastics in my socks keep them high.

I’m now a high school student,
I love the new canteen!
Recess and lunch, I’ll stand in line,
That’s where I’m always seen.

I’m now a high school student,
The future’s looking bright.
For I can see there is some

---

I Remember

I remember the last spring festival,
Mum was cooking, dad was helping,
Grandparents were watching TV and laughing,
And I was chatting with my cousins.

I remember watching films,
Playing cards with my cousins.
The sounds of the storm were loud and disturbing,
And the sky was turning dark.

I remember singing with my friends,
The room was bright,
The atmosphere hilarious,
And our voices grew louder and louder.

I remember the sky was crying,
The lighting was shouting,
The wind was angry,
And the land was vibrating.

I remember pens were writing
The fans were turning,
The students were serious,
And our teacher was teaching us.

---

We don’t read and write poetry because it’s cute. We read and write poetry because we are members of the human race. And the human race is filled with passion, beauty, romance, love, these are what we stay alive for. —Dead Poet’s Society

Ross Yu
I remember my mother’s gracious face; 
The gracious smile, the charming spectacles, 
The pure white tooth, the small cherry mouth. 
They assemble my perfect mother.

I remember my father’s solemn appearance; 
The massive lip, the tooth now yellow, 
The big belly, the wide shoulders. 
Above all, a special heart, a kind heart

I remember my girlfriend; the beautiful face 
The thin stature, the optimistic character, 
The quiet likeness, and most importantly, 
Her everlasting prettiness.

Si Yuan
The Climate Change Conundrum

Question 1: What is Climate Change?

The name Climate Change, in this case, refers to the recent changes in global weather patterns. These global weather patterns include elements such as average rainfall and average temperatures, and their overall effect on the earth’s climate. Although the earth’s weather has been constantly changing for thousands of years, recent changes have been drastic and go against the general trend for global weather patterns.

Ryan Maguire

CD Review – Jack Johnson “In Between Dreams”

It would seem that the pairing of Jack Johnson and an acoustic guitar is a match made in heaven. Johnson’s sound is unmistakable; his lyrics unforgettable; his suave melodies unrivalled.

His third studio album, “In Between Dreams”, released by Brushfire Records on March 1, 2005, does justice to all these qualities. Although the album received mixed reviews upon its release, it reached number 1 on the Australian ARIA Albums Chart and the UK Album Charts in 2005 and, in the same year, reached number 2 on the U.S. Billboard 200 and the Top Internet Albums charts. A year later, it was still in the number 2 position on the U.S. Billboard 200.

This reviewer, for one, became completely encapsulated and mesmerised by the smooth flowing and easy-to-listen-to songs such as “Good People”, “Better Together”, “Banana Pancakes” and “No Other Way” that the album, and Johnson, subsequently, has become famous for.

This album would seem to be the perfect accompaniment to the relaxed, beachy lifestyle of the Northern Beaches, and is a highly recommended album for lovers of good music.

By Ryan Maguire
Film Review: Midnight in Paris

The film ‘Midnight in Paris’ is a comedy written and directed by Woody Allen, recently released on DVD.

Owen Wilson plays Gil, an eccentric writer who travels on a holiday with his fiancée (Rachael McAdams) to Paris. As his shallow and ignorant wife goes in shopping, Gil decides to take in all of his inspiration by trekking through the streets during the night.

When he gets lost and stumbles upon a 1920’s vintage Peugeot, he is taken on a wild journey back in time to his golden age, meeting his literary idols like Hemingway and Fitzgerald. The only problem is that he has to return to reality.

The dialogue in this movie is very witty and intelligent, depicting Gil as a neurotic but very intellectual man, being held back by his wife’s sceptical comments. The screenplay won Woody Allen a 2011 Academy Award.

The film (truly) is a love letter to the beautiful city of Paris. It’s score is catchy, consisting of 1920’s ragtime and Cole Porter Jazz.

The writer placed heavy emphasis on Wilson’s character, making him wish that he lived in a better era where there was no terrorism or other atrocities.

In one sense, this film is almost autobiographical: Woody Allen himself is a neurotic writer who is very fond of France.

The film is an upbeat and creatively witty story. The characters are all played exceptionally well and the cinematography makes the movie all the more magical.

The most important feature of a good movie (according to this reviewer) is that it must leave us with an emotion that lasts for a long time after watching it. And with this film, that emotion was happiness.

★★★★★

By Charlie Sundborn
Visual Arts: a twist on the traditional genre of Still Life by using contemporary subject matter and adding a sense of movement: “Not-so still life”.

Harrison Power Year 10

Snapped in the ARC by Ms Hayes…. This photo NEEDS a caption!
Please send your entries to iwelch@saintaug.nsw.edu
Overall Winner: Principal’s Creative Writing Competition 2012

ANGUS DALTON—Yr. 12

Fingernails grated through thin, waxy hair as the woman sat in front of the computer screen, glaring at the millions of frustratingly empty pixels that lay in a uniform grid a few centimetres from her eyes. Facts and figures crowded noisily in her head, and as she strived to arrange them in an orderly fashion so she could transfer them from her head into another useless report, they turned to slick honey and clung to the insides of her skull, refusing to budge and increasing her frustration further. A sigh scraped past her lips. What was the point of it anyway? She looked around and took in the army of office workers around her, clad in shades of grey and hunched intently over their little blue screens. *Tap tap tap, click, scroll, tap tap tap, click, scroll, tap tap tap, click, scroll ping!*

The elevator doors near her slid open and a pile of papers swept out, balancing precariously on the arms of a flustered looking man, who snatched at malingering stray sheets that had escaped the towering pile and floated deftly out of his reach. The woman stood up stiffly and moved quickly to help him, and just as she did the man stumbled and collided heavily into her, sending the reports erupting up in between them as they crashed solidly onto the drab-carpet floor. A cacophony of squeaking office chairs chirped as the workers turned with brief interest towards the commotion, before sighing and turning back to their screens. The two slumped solidly into the floor, and rushed to apologise before both pausing.

The sheets of white flickered and fluttered, slipped and dipped and twirled gracefully to the floor; millions of little black letters sprinkled soundlessly around them as they stayed locked on each other’s faces.

She saw blue eyes sparked with deep emerald and intelligence, he saw huge, brown eyes that smoldered depth and intensity. But her eyes were underscored with deep etches of dull purple, her face sagged sadly: she felt she were meaningless.

He knew the feeling. And he knew what she needed.

“Can I show you something?”

The side of her mouth quirked with the sudden question. “Show me what?”

“You’ll see, won’t you?”

“I really can’t leave…”

“Then stay.” He dared her.

The moment paused and they still lay slumped awkwardly on the floor.

“Let’s go.”

She followed him swiftly into the elevator, he illuminated the highest button. He led her out and into a corridor, through a small door and up some stairs; they walked quickly, eagerly, before he swept her out grandly
What do you think?"

“It’s just, it’s... I can’t describe it. I never want to go back down there again!” She laughed and he joined in, the sounds bouncing around the roof after each other. She glanced down at what she was sitting on, and frowned. Pulling one of the boxes open and clutching at the contents, she held up a fistful of paper and laughed again.

“Reports! Ha!” She ripped them up and thrust the pieces into the air. The man joined in with enthusiasm, and together they made it snow with perfect and unique snowflakes of little torn white pieces that soared around in elegant swirls, which blew into her hair and around her face, clearing her mind of the terrible facts and figures that floated away as harmless as the tatters of paper on the wind.

The fragments of paper hung perfectly and weightlessly in the air, the sun shone through the thin transparent edges and refracted golden light that gleamed through the drifting pieces. The two people came together and swirled around in a carefree dance as the bits of paper trickled and tickled down their cheeks and tangled loosely in their hair. “I never quite got your name.” The man pressed the whisper into her ear.

“Diane.” She smiled against his cheek.

“I’m Robert.”

She smiled wider and leant back to gaze into his bright blue eyes, and as she did a cloud of grit vomited into the sky below and the scream of twisted metal screeched cringingly as the building skewed sickeningly to the side, and as the two people plummeted to the earth, their eyes remained locked on each other’s, and as they fell, they took comfort in the fact that neither of them had been useless in this world.

**Principal’s Creative Writing Competition 2012**

**Winner—Yr. 6: Patrick Caisley — Cooper, The Bully Buster**

**Winner—Yr. 9: Nick Chivers — The Junction**

*Keep an eye out for both stories in our next edition!*