

Yo **wassup** is the way Slatts always starts
But today that word goes deep in the heart
The class of **one seven** who began in **one two**
Are packing up their bags
And making us boo – hoo
For **no greater class**
from the first to the last
has dreamt so big
and laughed so **hard**

No other class **has**
And no other class **will**
Have so much **skill and so much chill..**

Oh girls I apologise something came over me then, mild mannered English Head
Teacher replaced by my rap alter ego.

I put my name into a rap name generator. No lies ... **Lay Zee Slattzz a.k.a Serious
Trick** was the result. I'm sticking to it.

But as Taylor Swift says

Ooh, look **what you made me do**
Look what you made me do
Look what you just ... made ... me ... do.

That is the thing with the class of 2017, you have taken your committed teachers
dedicated to our syllabuses, dedicated to task preparation, dedicated to the ONE
SINGLE path to ATAR glory and you have inspired us to **release our inner artists.**

But the question is how did the class of 2017 develop such **super powers** to study what needed to be studied while at the same time taking us on **many many creative tangents**?

It seems I heard a lot of ... Miss this might not be strictly relevant but did you know...?

So what is the source of your creative powers. After a lot of thinking ... I nailed it... You are the inspirational women you are not because of what you have **done**, but what you have **overcome**.

So I jumped into my **metaphorical Dr Who Tardis** to look back at the particular challenges that shaped the class of 2017

2012 your precious Year 7 year, 2 obstacles fell across your path:

- 1) **Zombies**; Your families had to check that Canterbury Girls had an adequate Zombie Management Plan and Risk Assessment. Checking in particular and that none of the **staff were the “undead”**. Tricky, considering I’ve been here so long that some of your families would have seen what I **looked like** out in our community on a Saturday morning.
- 2) **Whoop, Whoop** . Gangnam style; ... apologies it’s just so infectious. Remember the trauma you of everyone you miming Psy’s **horseriding** moves.

And worse were all the **Psy copycats** in Years 9 and 10 walking into walls because they were wearing his huge sunglasses ... inside.

After this came the crazes of **Year 8**:

Miley Cyrus was **twerking** ... an insult to all of you who thought that in high school the word '**working**' **didn't start with a T** and actually involved the top half of your body.

Then came the first **acronym nightmare** of 2013: **YOLO** – you only live once. This thing was everywhere, inspiring stupid behaviour on many levels. Now even sport was a danger zone. You couldn't even select Power walking without someone older than you suddenly going from vertical to horizontal and **planking** across the Cooks River track. Your world was transformed by endless planking and pranking.

Of course that was not all in Year 8! Remember girls the, **Scream singing goats** ... no song on you tube did not finish with three bars of **BAAAAAAAAA**. What did you do to deserve that kind of life sound track?

Now Year 9 hits and there is a linguistic explosion: You now are expected to have a language for home, language for the playground, one for the classroom, as well as an infinite range of **acronyms / hashtags / emojis**: (and while we are on that subject here is a **Small Business Idea** ... some really needs to take EMOJIS to ED... MOJIS. Teachers are desperate for emojis to use; like the **scream screen** ... and even the **ed-MEA...joi**, which is used when a teacher needs you to ---
look at moi , look at moi !!!

So you by Year 10 are all linguistically multi-dimensional, rising above the crazes of popular culture, ... and NO, the worst horror film of all time happens, yes **Fifty shades of Grey** has gone from book to movie... (No Yr 12 it is not acceptable it is as **related material for Discovery**).

Year 10 finishes and the **selfie obsession** is everywhere... everyone is taking pictures of themselves with the **duck faces** and then to take your ROSA stress to the next level you are exposed to ... the **stanky leg**, and whip whip and nae nae.

I **don't know how you made** it to Year 11 ... but you did ... only to confront

....**The Mannequin challenge**, suddenly everyone around you is spontaneously freezing and then filming it. You have to love the irony of **FILMING what is FROZEN** ... By now you are just pleading for all this to ... Let It Go, Let It Go. Sorry Lay Zee Slatts again.

The final insult of 2016 ... **the snapchat filter** ... you no longer had any friends who weren't a **puppy or a rabbit or Bambi**.

Ok 2017 is here ... enough of the crazes...

You have **risen above all this madness**, made strong and wise by these challenges and are now ready to focus on the HSC.

But what do you get ... **Trump** in the White House!

I thought I would just double check Trump's **advice for HSC examination success...**

I found 2: *"Make sure you know words, I know the best words"*

And advice on what to drink before exams:

*I drink water. Sometimes **tomato** juice, which I like. Sometimes **orange juice**, which I like. I'll drink different things. But the Coke or Pepsi boosts you up a little.*

But the last straw ... you are all **set for the Trials**, turned all this craziness off and then **boom...** **The Bachelor** is back ... the ultimate study sabotage.

So class of 17 what got you through all of this, and has made you **the intriguing, compelling, strong women** you are!! This year actually delivered to you the only weapon you ever needed for success.

(Reveal the fidget spinner)

Not only does its **centrifugal force send stress** and every **stupid craze** to the four corners of the earth, but used strategically it is the **perfect HSC tool**. Label each axis, **study a bit**, study later, **Netflix**, spin and see what comes out.

But Yr 12 there is **another deeper reason** you have risen so remarkably above the chaos, craze and clatter and of your age.

Your unshakeable belief that life is, **not a journey, not a discovery** ... but a
...**musical**.

I did some research and discovered the truth of this in. All musicals are about you

Even the first one ... **Wizard of OZ**

Somewhere over Canterbury road, where shirts are blue
the dreams that you dared to dream really did come true.

Everyday you wish upon **A..TAR**, and woke up where **icloud** held you.

Your troubles melt in the ALDI shop, or in **instagram on your laptop...**

That's where we'd find you.

But when blues shirts leave Canterbury wifi , beyond the rainbow,

You will elec .. tri .. fy.

Not just OZ but **Hamilton** ...

Meet the latest graduates of **Canterbury Col edge**

They don't want to **brag**, but they do amaze and astonish,

Scholars say you got the heart and mind of the old **girls**

But ladies your brains are but **one jewel** in your whole string of **pearls**

You **maybe 18** but your minds are older

You will be your own women, like your teachers, but bolder

Take your **Canterbury legacy** and hold it with pride

Hear us say that not someday,

But every day

You **blow us all away**

So one last one from Lay Zee Slatts:

One last **message** class to this class of one seven

Make sure you have the answers

But keep asking the **questions**

Time for you to be the teachers

And **spread the best lesson**

That because life is a song...

Keep your **sweet voices** strong

Remember you are Canterbury Girls

So you can't go wrong!!!

Even Hamilton is about you

So congrats for coming through the storm of crazes so well

For being your own musical... so your world tour starts now, may you play to packed houses

A final rap

OMG class of 2017, how did you make it through this social and cultural obstacle course

brand

After that 7-10 nightmare that goodness you could relieve your mind wit the fidget spinner

This is the result of the journey

WASSUP Yr 12 ... wow that went fast and congrats on making it and I'm not talking about the body weight of assesemt tasks syllabus documents as bg Donald Trump's ego, I'm talking about how you got through the other stuff

List challenges

How have you done it, because you understand that school is best approached as a musical

The harmony of the spheres.

Look what you just made me
Ooh, look what you made me do
Look what you made me do
Look what you just made me do
Look what you just made me do

Is this the real life?
Is this just fantasy?
Caught in a landslide,
No escape from reality
Open your eyes,
Look up to the skies and see,
I'm just a poor boy, I need no sympathy,
Because I'm easy come, easy go
Little high, little low
Any way the wind blows doesn't really matter to me, to me

Is this the real life is this just fanyasy caught in a landslide no escape from reality,

No we will not let you go , be still now we will not let you go...

I'm just a poor teacher from

The fidget spinner

Sorry Yr 12 your life is a musical

Start with the best that of course are written for you

Somewhere over the rainbow skys are blue ...

Fidget spinner too fast melts down

2017 winners of best film mucked up

2017 the nerd look

2017 repainted eyebrows

but only one group are the Musical, only one group understand that life is best to a rhythm

I could rap you.....

I could sonnet you...

I could haiku you ...

I could render you as the best theorem

Describe you as the moment in history...

Of all the years the time has flown

Word of the Day

So Year 12 you are leaving...really, so soon ...what did **we** do that was so **wrong**?

... I know ... maybe it was that we just never stopped talking,

- maybe you couldn't read our handwriting,
- maybe we made you wear **those** clothes while we wore **these**,
- maybe we made you line up in **military style rows** and sit behind those **cones**,
- maybe we **embarrassed** you too often when we read out your middle name by mistake when calling the roll,

- maybe we did **push** in front of you at the canteen,
- maybe we were too **harsh** on you when you brought **20 different types of technology** to class but NO pen,
- maybe we gave you **task notifications** that were 17 pages long instead of **friendship** notifications,

and we know that when we went out ... **you** had to pay.... but that was our job, the government made us do that, deep down we're really human.. nah just kidding, come on we are teachers, who said we have feelings??.

But it still seems strange that it just ends... now... today.

Honestly, I don't think we are quite **ready for a break up** just yet, but alas we have no choice.

At least we're breaking up **face to face**... and we did make you some really **nice** food.

So how do we **handle** the separation? How can I properly **sum up** our magnificent 6 year relationship?

You know girls sometimes I just **hate the internet**. I set about my research to find the most apposite words to explain this painful separation and what do I find a picture of Albert Einstein on a bicycle saying ...

*“Life is like **riding a bicycle**... to keep your balance you must keep moving”.*

How does that help?; can you imagine the chaos tonight if we all have to ride bikes into the graduation in the MPC. Mind you imagining a **97 seater tandem bike**... that’s quite romantic!!!

Of course there were **alternate** internet wisdoms... there was the anonymous **sentimental** insect based metaphor, *“You’re time as a caterpillar has expired. Your wings are ready”.*

I don’t think a **comparison to a caterpillar** is really effective at this point since their **life span** is about two weeks, as opposed to our **glorious six** years; they are rubbish at riding a bicycle so they have **no idea about maintaining balance** in life and anyway *“Your wings are ready”* sounds like a **pick up** in the KFC drive through”.

I suppose I could fall back on **Shakespeare’s** *“Parting is such sweet sorrow”*, but things didn’t exactly work out well for Juliet and Leonardo, sorry Romeo.

Anyway even mentioning that line will lead to a pointless argument about whether that **language technique** is pronounced *oxymoron* or *oxsimerin*; or remind us that that Romeo and Juliet were forced to break up because she couldn’t deal with Romeo being defined by NAPLAN and ROSA results!!!

As Juliet said:

*“Tis but thy **NAPLAN that is my enemy**. Oh be some other **NAPLAN band**. What is this NAPLAN? That which we call a ROSA, by any NAPLAN result would smell as sweet!!”*

So maybe I should do some reflection on **the past**. But if I go there, I suppose I will have to **contradict the famous words** of Bill Keane, (this is the other reason **I hate the internet** ... it makes me worry that I don't know who the hell Bill Keane is!! And then it makes me find out. Cartoonist New York Times 1970s)

He said: *“Yesterday is the past, tomorrow is the future, but today is a gift. That's why it's called the **present**.”*

So holding our present firmly to our hearts let's look back.

To begin in **2011**... it is nice to remember how well the music **captured** your Year 7 mood. Bruno Mars *“Grenade”* and Katy Perry's *“Firework”* do seem a bit overly pyrotechnic; but I guess they do capture how dramatic that **6 into 7 journey** (sorry) was.

There was also **Rhianna's** *“What's My Name?”* which was probably what you were thinking after the first week of **4 teachers a day**, asking who you were.

Year 9 ... 2013, pretty much summed up by “*Ho Hey*”, The Lumineers and “*I Knew You Were Trouble*” by Taylor Swift.

By Year 11, of course, you were completely in tune with your times “***Thinking Out Loud***” by Ed Sheeran and “***Blank Space***” Tay Swift perfectly matched your feelings during the preliminary exams... while undoubtedly “*Shake It Off*”, also by Tay Swift was exactly your response to your **final Yr 11 report!!**

But maybe as Bill Keane suggested we should not dwell too much on the past but consider our **gifted present**.

What has **2016** brought us that reveals the truth of our magnificent relationship?

In a nutshell there were an awful lot of **RACES this year**. No not Einstein on his bicycle, but the **games** of the 31st Olympiad.

The Olympic motto of “***faster, stronger, higher***” would have been **ringing** in your ears.... (get it, bad pun Olympic rings / ringing) as you raced through your own **Trial HSC athletic schedule**. Although you may have actually been feeling “**slower, weaker, lower**” your events were:

- 5 essays in two papers in English that equals the 42 km marathon,

- Music, dance and drama **practicals that were synchronised** swimming ... just without the nose pegs.
- Maths Extension was the **women's 10 m platform dive** with double pike.
- **Biology and Chemistry practicals** were obviously the pentathlon combined with the 60 kilo class weightlifting.
- Society and Culture PIPs ... the **pole vault** combined with rhythmic gymnastics.

BTW How good would it have been if the trial had a closing ceremony? Just saying!

So this year you have **been on the track**, putting in, training hard, **avoiding all performance enhancing drugs**...academic Olympians in an Olympic year ...

...but I actually think there has been **another race** that had much more meaning for us.

Pikachu, I choose you... this is the perfect metaphor... **Pokemon Go**. I just love the name Pocket Monsters, even though it is actually a better title for an iphone don't you think.

Yes this year we joined the ***Pokemon Go Race***. However you managed to play your version **HSC Go**, without getting **stuck** up a tree, or **walking into a pond** or driving your car into an exam room.

Class of 2016 you **truly embody** the Pokemon spirit . Like the 721 diverse species of Pocket Monsters, you are completely and utterly unique individuals with powers that soar across all the elements of **earth, wind and fire**, (BTW Colleagues weren't they a great band).

Just like these Pokemon you have the talent to **survive in all environments** (Learning Centre beanbags, lower playground down the slope, **any classroom on B floor when the temperature hit 35 C**, the outdoor assembly with a tree branch ready to plummet and **of course, Charlies**). You can communicate using all senses, (**text and talk and listen and eat** simultaneously), and take on all challenges (most often in **fancy dress**).

We, your teachers **understood your potential for greatness**, we stood as nervous and yet competitive trainers from Day One, with Pokeballs in hand; poised, expectant, and in **awe of what you prizes** you could reap.

Well in this case the Poke Ball was **actually course descriptions**, assessment schedules and **promises of Study Days** to the Opera House or Kurnell.

As trainers we were checking each other out, all except the **English staff** who of course automatically own all of you, FOREVER, because well, that's the rule!!

And so the **long and enthralling process** of capturing and training began. Like 40 rather mature Ash Katchums we carefully trained and nurtured you in Attack and Speed... Attack us when you **got the fourth assessment task** in one week and speed in getting from B24 to the canteen while the bell was still ringing!

...**but then it happened**, right before our eyes or beautiful Pikachus evolved, **transcended to that higher state of Pokemon embodiment.**

Pickachu became Raichu, Charmander to Charizard.

Our Year 7 Katie Perry white shirt "Fireworks" ... had evolved into Pink's "Just Like Fire" blue shirts.

So what better way to **ease the pain** of our break up Year 12 than to realise that you have **evolved** so beautifully. That KFC butterfly is no comparison!!!

No training will exhaust you, no contest will deter you, and **no inferior pocket monster** called Squirtle or Bulbasor will turn you from your course.

You are girls, the most evolved and sparkling Pokemon ever seen in any arena.

Einstein would need more than his bicycle to capture you!

Keep that fire in your tails, ...but please only use that Pikachu laugh when you must.

Pika Pika ... Pikachooo!

Class of 2016... **we still choose you**, even though we know you have to go, but please, in **all you do** for yourselves, from tomorrow onwards, make sure you

“Go catch em all”

....and now an English lesson!