

# TRUE THAT!

By the students, for the students!



## World's Greatest Shave!

On the 13th of March, the school took part in the yearly Worlds Greatest Shave. A fundraiser for the leukaemia foundation. Many students and teachers participated in raising money for the foundation. There were many ways to help raise money for the foundation, they included: Colouring your hair, Waxing (your legs), getting your face painted, and of course shaving your head. It was a gold coin donation to watch the event, that took place in the hall. Students were thoroughly entertained by the year 12 band and the winners of last years battle of the bands.

Not only did the students have a chance to participate, the teachers did too. Mr. Tomer took part in shaving his beard and Mr. Pheager got his legs waxed. Mr. Bleakly and Mr. Humphries courageously offered their head to be shaved, by the hands of the students. We caught up with Renee Price, participant in the Worlds Greatest Shave, and asked her a set of questions. We asked Renee what made her decide to do the Worlds Greatest Shave and she explained that she had been wanting to do it for multiple years, as one of her close friends is suffering from

leukaemia. Renee was surprisingly excited before the event. After the event Renee had no doubts as she felt good about her self because she felt like she did the right thing. Lastly, we asked Renee if she would ever do it again and she happily responded with "I would probably do it again, if my hair was longer." All together the school raised an impressive \$3000 and a student, Renee Price, alone raised \$1000. We applaud all the students and teachers who took part in the event and we hope next year will be as successful.

By Kayte and Ellie

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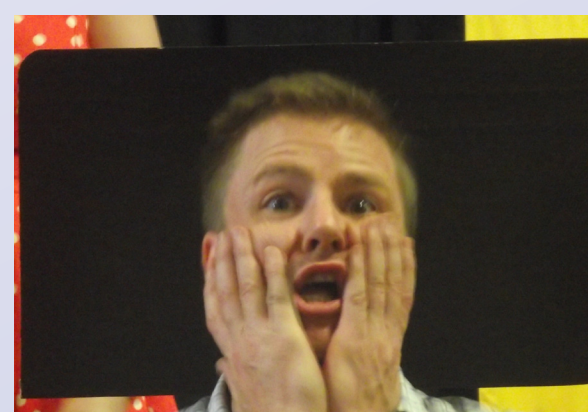
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**#truethatlhs**

Got something you want featured in 'True That!'? Whether it's an embarrassing story, a quote, creative piece, an achievement, or just an idea for something you'd like to be included in a future issue, don't hesitate to email us at:

[truethat@lilydalehs.vic.edu.au](mailto:truethat@lilydalehs.vic.edu.au)

and we will do our best to make your suggestions a part of our newspaper!



**Lunchtime Activities**  
**Tuesdays and Thursdays**  
**Room 39**

*"Happiness can be found in the darkest of times, if one only remembers to turn on the light."*



# Grand Prix Excursion

Defending Formula One champion Lewis Hamilton claimed his 34th victory over the weekend at the Australian Grand Prix in Albert Park, Melbourne. He and his teammate Nico Roseberg, described as the Two Silver Arrows, pulled in at a good 33-seconds in front of third place. Hamilton and Roseberg both race for the Mercedes team. Daniel Ricciardo, who is an Australian racer for Red Bull, came in 6th place. Before the race, Ricciardo was very confident that he had a good chance to win but he experienced some car troubles during the race.



The Year 10 Big Bang science class of Lilydale High School, had the opportunity to go visit the Grand Prix. The class went the first day of the Grand Prix, which was this Friday. They went because they are studying physics, and the Formula 1 cars and the Air Show was a good example of physics in action in real life.

Rhi Campton and Ange Pancrazio

## GUESS WHO?

I'm a male teacher with grey hair, blue/grey eyes, I have glasses and a mustache which I like to say, I was born with. I'm friendly, windswept & interesting and speak with a soft tone. I'm not married but have 3 kids I can teach Science, Biology, Environmental Science, Maths, Geography and I'm even qualified to teach P.E. Who am I?



[truethat@lilydalehs.vic.edu.au](mailto:truethat@lilydalehs.vic.edu.au)

Last week's guess the teacher was  
**Mr. Newman!**  
Congratulations to

**Kara Oakley-Smith**

for guessing correctly. Please see  
Ms Addison in the Library to collect  
your prize.

# STUDENT WRITING

## CELEBRATE MOOROOLBARK, COMPETITION WINNER

**“Haymitch Abernathy.” Called Seneca. His name was only in the reaping bowl once. This couldn’t be happening. He slowly made his way to the stage in front of the justice building. Haymitch stumbled up the stairs and looked out to the crowd. Grave faces stared back at him. His mother in tears. He wanted to run away pretend it was a dream. Go back to his mum tell her everything was ok but now it wasn’t. The peacekeepers pushed him into the justice building. The only nice building in district 12 apart from the Victors Village.**

**It was time to say his goodbyes. His mother came in and hugged him. Begging her not to leave. Haymitch held tight. She was hauled off him and taken away. The girl next to him, Maysilee, was crying.**

**Once goodbyes finished they were loaded into a car which they would ride to the train station. Peacekeepers waited for their arrival, all armed, in case they tried to run off, but Haymitch didn’t struggle. Maysilee cried and thrashed about, wishing to break free from their clutches. They boarded the train. It was huge but they wouldn’t spend much time lounging around, they would be training for the upcoming Hunger Games. In just 2 days they would be in an arena surrounded by killers. Those 2 days were horrible.**

**Haymitch trained, he dressed for chariot rides and interviews but when it came down to it he knew he was going to die. Of course, he had more brains than everyone else, but this was about strength, the only thing Haymitch didn’t have.**

**On the last day, they were suited up and ready to go. To be honest he wouldn’t miss the training that much. It reeked of the Capitol and their games. The tributes were thrown into tubes. They rose to a platform where they would wait until the countdown, 60 seconds was all it took for the games to start.**

**The first thing Haymitch noticed when he stepped off his plate was that Maysilee was running towards the cornucopia, he couldn’t let her die so he ran after her. All around him people were being killed, but his only priority was saving her. “MAYSILEE!!” He screamed but he was too late, a boy older and stronger than him, drove a sword into her back. She collapsed on the ground.**

**That night the anthem played and he realised only 2 tributes remained, him and the girl from district 1, Zavina.**

**The next day she came to finish him off. She took one look at him and threw her axe. He dived for the ground, narrowly missed by the axe, as it flew over the edge of the cliff nearby. If Zavina wasn’t angry before she definitely was now. She barrelled towards him, but before she could get to him, the axe came hurling towards them and lodged in her forehead. She collapsed to the ground, dead.**

**He won, he was going home!  
By Kylie Wilkinson of Year 7**

**Got something you want  
featerd in ‘True That!’?  
Whether it’s an embarrass-  
ing story, a quote, creative  
piece, an achievement, or  
just an idea for something  
you’d like to be included in  
a future issue, don’t hesi-  
tate to email us at:**

***truethat@lilydalehs.vic.edu.  
au***

**Send your  
creative writing to:**

**truethat@lilydalehs.vic.  
edu.au**

**for your chance to  
win a great prize!**



# French Tour

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## New Caledonia Trip

This year, on the 25th of November, a few year nine and ten students will be at Melbourne airport, ready to depart on the 2015 Lilydale High School New Caledonia trip. The trip was open to year nine and ten students currently studying French at school and it is held to submerge the students in a different culture and to forward their French speaking. I am lucky to be one of these students to leave in November for the trip. The trip is held for eight days and seven nights, from the 25th of November to the 2nd of December and will be mainly based in Nouméa, the capital of New Caledonia.

New Caledonia is a special collectivity of France, so therefore, French is their main language. New Caledonia was originally a French overseas territory, until a New Caledonia citizenship was created and they decided to gradually transfer the power from the French state to New Caledonia itself. It is about 1,210km East of Australia in the Southwest Pacific Ocean, and is basically made up of many islands. It has a rough population of 268,767 and is 18,576km squared. The capital is Nouméa, and that is where the trip will mostly be held.

This New Caledonia trip is held every two years for students studying French, and is thought to be a great way for French students to better their French speaking skills. In New Caledonia, students will attend French language lessons at CREIPAC, the best language school in New Caledonia, and will also be emerged in the society, when out and about, having to communicate to the locals in French. The trip this year, includes a lot of sightseeing, and six hours of language lessons over the week. The first day will be taken up with settling in as the flight lands at 6:05 in Noumea. Dinners and breakfast every day will be provided at the hotel (Nouvata Parc Hotel - formally Le Pacifique Hotel) but lunch will be bought while out. The first day students will partake in a Welcome to Noumea Orientation tour, so students can learn their way around the city. The second day involves two hours of language lessons, as well as a trip to the Tjibaou Cultural Centre to study the Melanesian culture. The third day includes a trip to the beautiful Amedee Lighthouse Island, and the fourth includes the Nouméa Market Visit as well as a free afternoon. The fifth day starts with two hours of language lessons and a swim at Baie des Citrons. The seventh has another two hours of language lessons with a visit to the Aquarium des Lagons Nouvelle Calédonie as well (New Caledonia in French) and the next day students fly home.

The trip is a great way to better French speaking in the students and will offer an unforgettable experience. Students will get to see amazing things and learn in a way that is intriguing and fun. Overall the trip is a great experience, which doesn't cost millions of dollars. The trip offered by Travelbound Education includes return economy flights, airport transfers to the hotel, all accommodation, all transport, dinner and breakfast, admission to all activities and attractions, language lessons, travel wallets, a complimentary parent information session, airport assistance, tour co-ordination services, all information and 24 hour emergency back up and support. The only things students will need to supply for the trip are travel insurance, visas, transport to and from Melbourne Airport, lunch and snacks, drinks and spending money. The travel company basically includes most things while providing a reasonable price for such an amazing trip. It will be a great way to learn and put forward the skills of these students, and we all look forward to going. Thank you, Travelbound Education, for such an amazing opportunity! By Aleah Geerling



# Band Interview

Lilydale street party- She Dreams in Colour

This week we had the honor of interviewing a few of the amazingly talented girls of She Dreams in Colour. Amy, Kayla, Alyssa and Emma are all dedicated musicians that are in year 10 at Lilydale High School.

In the band each of the girls have their own instruments. Kayla plays the drums, Emma's on guitar, Alyssa plays piano and Amy is the lead vocalist. The main highlights for these talented year 10 students was winning the Battle of the Bands last year. They were thrilled at how many people enjoyed their music and how they had all come together to create some amazing music.

As we said before, the girls are dedicated to their music. They rehearse nearly every lunchtime up in the Performing Arts Centre (PAC). On top of that they take lessons and practice at home.

Since forming the band in September 2014, the girls of She Dreams in Colour have performed at the Lilydale street party, Lilydale Show and were the winners of the Lilydale High School Battle of the Bands. They also hope to do more gigs later on this year.

The most recent performance for the She Dreams in Colour girls was the Lilydale street party. They performed a few different songs some including "Something I Need" by One Republic, "On Top of the World" by Imagine Dragons and "Summer of '69" by Bryan Adams. All the songs were changed up a bit to put there own spin on things.

I truly believe that in the future, these four eager musicians will go a long way.

I can only hope that one day I can say that I knew them before they were famous. Good luck for the future girls.

By Carissa and Emma



Wait, is that two pairs of footsteps? My enthusiasm is suddenly halted. I get up quickly, and go down into the den. It's a little underground hideaway our parents built for Sam and I years ago and peek through the crack. I see his beautiful face coming into the clearing and instantly smile a huge smile. Wait! Is that Jessica, no, no, no, no! This was always meant to be our place... Despite the fact that this hurts me, I continue watching them curiously until it happens, he kissed her! HE KISSED HER IN OUR PLACE! I cower back into the corner and quietly sob, he'll be with me one day, he'll realise we're meant to be together, I know he will.

### SAM'S POV

My terrified thoughts are suddenly interrupted by the faint snap of a twig. Why? Just why is she still following me?

"I've been alone with you inside my mind!" She calls out. I don't even change the pace of my steps, I just keep navigating my way through this place. "And in my dreams I've kissed your lips a thousand times... I sometimes see you pass outside my door." I'm slightly disturbed by the words she seems to be relishing in, I can sense the smile on her face but I know that I need to keep going.

"Hello! Is it me you're looking for?" I stop instantly, what does she mean? I turn around timidly and she just stares at me.

"What are you talking about? I hope I haven't given you the wrong idea?" My thoughts turn into words before I can stop them. Her head cocks to the side in confusion.

"You don't have to pretend anymore..." I stumble backwards as she steps toward me. "I can see it in your eyes..." My foot catches on the root of a tree, forgetting where I am and I instantly feel the pain of my entire body crushing down on it... " arrgghhh!!" I scream as I hear it snap. The pain is unbearable and I can't move my leg.

I forget about Becky for a moment, but then she continues, "I can see it in your smile, you're all I've ever wanted!" Her pace quickens as I try to drag myself backwards. It's no use!

"Help! Help!" I scream in desperation, but no one can hear me here. I try to reason with her through the pain, "Becky you don't need to do this! Just call an ambulance and everything will be alright."

"Yes I do! You're gonna be okay! We're gonna be okay, I can help you!" She cries. The agony in my leg is getting worse, she's almost here and I have no choice but to give up... so I lean back on my elbows and wait.

"And my my arms are open wide, cause you know just what to say, and you know just what to do..." Her spider like arms draw down slowly and she wraps them around me, and lifts me up. I let out a gasp as I whine in pain, but she kisses my forehead and stares directly into my eyes "I want tell you so much I love you!" She strides towards a patch of glistening sunlight. "I long to see the sunlight in your hair..." She smiles at me briefly, "and tell you time and time again how much I care." As though she can sense the doubt in my eyes, she lowers me to the ground. I hear a loud creek and the rustling of the leaves as my eyes begin to close. The last thing I remember is her dragging me into what I think may be a cellar?

I pry my eyes open hoping it was a dream. "Sometimes I fear my heart will overflow..." She whispers whilst hovering over me. "Hello!!!" Her expression relaxes.

"How, how long have we been here?" I ask slowly.

"Three days but I've got to let you know, cause I wonder where you are, and I wonder what you do sometimes." She pauses. "Were you somewhere feeling lonely? Or was someone loving you" I interrupt her.

"Becky, just please let me go home and get my leg checked. I won't tell... Please" I beg her.

"Tell me how to win your heart. For I haven't got a clue." Sorrow overcomes her face as she pleads with me.

"I don't like you that way Becky!" I confess.

"But let me start by saying I love you!" She continues to plead as her eyes begin to flare. I shake my head slowly, and my heart drops as she extracts a knife from her pocket. "Hello!" She smirks and drives the knife into my stomach. I scream. "Is it me your looking for?" She digs it in again. "Cause I wonder where you are and if you're being loved." Again and again she stabs me without a hint of remorse.

My eyes begin to cloud, and I can barely make out her face. I hunch onto my side.

"Please?" I manage to say.

"Are you somewhere feeling lonely? Or is someone loving you?" She cackles whilst continuing her assault. I don't know how many times she's stabbed me, I lost count at thirty, but suddenly she stops. "Tell me how to win your heart. For I haven't got a clue. But let me start by saying I love you!" She drops the knife abruptly and brings her face as close to mine as she can, "You could have been with me!" Suddenly I hear her walking away, is she going to leave me here? My worst fears are realised as I hear her slam the barricade shut.

"Goodbye," I whisper almost inaudibly hoping someone will hear me. Even... Even her.

By Jordyn Roycroft



# Student Writing

Hello?

I slowly drag my feet along the rough pavement one after another, as I walk home from an excruciatingly long day at school. I would compare it to the fiery pits of hell, but the pain of putting up with her afterwards is far worse.

\*THUD THUD THUD\*

I quickly turn around desperately hoping it's not her. "Sam! Wait up!" I try to hide the dread coming across my face as I clench my teeth tightly, and struggle to form a smile. I had hoped I wouldn't run into her again.

"Oh. Hey. Becky," I reply with a slight pause between each word, trying not to come across awkward. But it soon becomes evident that I failed.

"WHAT'S WRONG? IS IT JESSICA AGAIN? I TOLD YOU SHE WOULD DO THIS, SHE'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU!" She screams at me in a fit of rage, I could have sworn the horns of Satan himself were going to grow out of her mangy black locks.

"No, no, everything's fine okay? But I, I uh have to go..." I say in an attempt to both calm her down and distract her long enough for her to not realise I've turned down the next street... It's a dead end.

I search for another way to go, and find a little path I remember going down as a kid. I lead myself into the secluded somewhat, miniaturised forest. It's not as beautiful as I remember The willows used to bloom at this time, however I can't even see a trace of them now. I brush these thoughts to the back of my mind and hope she doesn't find me because if she does I'm alone.

Becky's POV

Is he trying to get away from me? Why is he walking away? He likes me, I know he does. As I begin to question what is going on a memory suddenly pinches at the back of my mind...

"Sam, come on, we'll go do something fun." I say in hopes he will join me. I've had a crush on him ever since I can remember and I hope that this place, our place will make him realise that we are meant for each other.

"Not now Becky, I'm busy!" What? What's he talking about? We always used to make time for each other.

"Oh, okay then. Um... I'll be in our place if you want to come later, yeah?" Please, please let him come. Please!

"Uh, yeah I guess..." He trails off. Instead of staying I just take off into this hidden haven in the middle of suburbia. As I trail along the path, the pollen invades my senses and I stifle a sneeze. The flowers blossom and the trees sway with the cool breeze. I miss coming here with him, but I know it will only ever be our place. I sit down at the base of this big oak tree and begin to draw my surroundings, when I hear footsteps. He came! I knew he'd come!

\*THUD THUD THUD\*

\*THUD THUD THUD\*

## Student Writing - Timeless

The train glided noiselessly and came to a halt in the station. The gentle pitter-patter of early morning rain fell down upon the vast sea of men in business suits, as well as the occasional adolescent wearing school-worthy attire. Standing in the rain and not under the conveniently provided cover seemed to be the norm for many of these people, if it meant they could secure their preferred seat on the carriage. David Lehman passively forced his way through the crowd. As he sat, he pulled a pair of earphones from the pocket of his timeless woollen pea coat, as well as hoisting his backpack over his shoulder and onto the floor. Being somewhat of a recluse, a pair of headphones and some decent music generally dissuaded people around him from initiating any form of conversation—simple social interactions (such as those generally expected to be present on a public train) granted him fluctuating feelings of discomfort and/or awkwardness when thrust into situations of basic human communication.

The nostalgic sounds of Oasis' (What's the Story) Morning Glory were set somewhere between mildly energetic and oddly rejuvenating. Though David could never really distinguish between Liam and Noel's particularly unique vocal styles, he never really cared to, not for the reason that he were incapable of such an act, being that he was a somewhat devout britpop aficionado, but he simply preferred the fact that they could well have been the same person. David felt a nudge in his side, and with the tendency to get so very lost in thought, he figured a distraction could do him some good. "Yeah?" The woman seated to his immediate left shot him with a surprisingly wide smile. "Shove over a tad, would you?" "Oh. Sorry."

The woman pulled a newspaper out of a relatively new black canvas backpack, which was nestled between her legs. Her fine eyes, that were heavily resemblant of a clear winter's sky—speckled with various tendrils of ice sprouting out in various directions—began to scan the front page of the paper. David cared little for the ravings of those who had little more to do with their time than ramble on about politics, dead people and, perhaps the most dreaded headline of all, the football. As such, a normal person would likely do one of two things: ask (politely, of course) to have a quick skim over the daily happenings by their self, or even to simply read over the shoulder of the person who is fortunate enough to be blessed with a home delivered newspaper.

She pointed to a headline that read: 19 Dead in Horrific Miami Train-Bombing. "You hear about this?"

"No," he lied. "What happened?"

"Bloody hell. It's been all over the news." David looked at her somewhat expectantly.

"Pretty much exactly what it says. 19 dead, hell of a lot more injured. They reckon it's terrorists." She pulled a look of sheer repugnance. "What kind of sick-minded bastards would do something like this?!" She crumpled the edges of the paper in her tiny, pale hands.

"Real shame." It was soon after he said this when the intercom made it common knowledge that they had arrived at Sacramento station. "This is me," David said, without really thinking. The woman smiled and nodded okay. "Nice to meet you, uh..."

"William. William Price."

"I'm Kaylie."

William returned the smile, as he stepped off of the carriage and onto the platform, without his backpack. "Hey, you forgot your--"

David turned, but not for the sake of his backpack. He had to see the explosion for himself.

Riley Quinliven, 10.27



# Debate - Hard books are the way of the future

## Against

There is nothing quite like the feeling of a real novel filling out your hands. No iPad, Kindle or computer screen will ever be able to replace a good old fashioned book. It has a feel, a smell, an art cover and a sound of pages turning that can only come and be enjoyed from a physical book.

When you set out to buy a book from a store, you are buying a tangible object, which makes it easier to read and connect to the story and characters within. After you finish the book, you can display it on a shelf, on a desk, or just give it away. But none of these things are possible with a digital copy. You can't just send one of your eBooks to a friend. You can't even decorate your home with it! You aren't even receiving the book by purchasing it online, you are copying a series of zeroes and ones formulated to create text, which iTunes would never let you print out for yourself.

For book addicts too, another con lies beneath the glassy exterior of an iPad, which is reading for too long on an iPad's screen will cause strain on your eyes, which is coupled with a short battery life, and the problem of glare on top of that to deal with as well! This means that you will be forced to buy a Kindle or other E-Ink device as a solution to reading a digital copy, for your health.

All of these reasons are not yet even considering the history and sentimental values connected to various books. Finishing Ulysses on a kindle won't be the same experience as on a hard copy. No one will ask you what your book is about on the train. No one will recognise the cover of your book either, as all they will see is the cold, steel exterior of your iPad.

-Connor

## For

Nothing is better than reading a few pages of your favourite novel whilst sitting on the train, at school waiting for your next class or whilst you're on the go. Carrying around large books can weigh you down, especially if you're someone who likes to travel light. Having all your books with you on your phone, iPad, laptop and other devices is definitely the way of the future, and something we should make use of more often.

When you've got a lot of classes that require a lot of textbooks, carrying a stack of heavy books isn't ideal, especially on top of your other resources. Carrying a tablet for example, that is smaller than a textbook but can hold many books, is definitely the way to go for portability. With today's technology, the 'Cloud' can be very useful in syncing annotations that you make between devices as well as bookmarks, being able to start from where you left off.

Paper books are bulky and are not fun to carry many at a time. It is very easy to swap a paper book for an e-book, with many libraries out there allowing readers to borrow electronic versions of books. There are also great electronic book stores allowing you to purchase e-books, along with apps such as Wattpad which allows you to read stories written by others... all of this on the technology many of us already use in our daily lives.

Although it is nice to sit under a tree with a paperback book... having your books with you always is simple and it can be nice to know that they're there for you to read for anytime you have your device with you. Because in today's era, you can fit a whole bookshelf into one device, to go wherever you take it.

- Jeremy



# Riddles

What word becomes shorter  
when you add two letters to it?

Email your answer to:

[truehat@lilydalehs.vic.edu.au](mailto:truehat@lilydalehs.vic.edu.au)

## Last edition's riddles

From the beginning of eternity to the  
end of time and space, to the beginning  
of every end, and the end of every place.

What am I?

Answer: The letter 'E'

Congratulations to:

Liam Huddleston 9.09

for correctly guessing  
these riddles. Please see  
Ms Addison in the library  
for a prize.

## This edition's poll

Should Leonardo  
DiCaprio have won  
an Oscar yet?  
Email your answer to:

[truehat@lilydalehs.vic.edu.au](mailto:truehat@lilydalehs.vic.edu.au)

## Last edition's poll

Would you trade your paper  
books for digital versions?

Yes 0%

No 100%

Got something you want featured in 'True That'? Whether it's an embarrassing story, a quote, creative piece, an achievement, or just an idea for something you'd like to be included in a future issue, don't hesitate to email us at:

[truehat@lilydalehs.vic.edu.au](mailto:truehat@lilydalehs.vic.edu.au)

and we will do our best to  
make your suggestions a part  
of our newspaper!



# Advice

Summer is over and Winter is coming. That means we will all be subjected to all those nasty colds and flus that are certain to come. Ways to take care of yourself this Winter include:

-Make sure you are up to date on all your injections and vaccines, if you aren't sure just ask your doctor for your medical history.

-Live healthier, the best way to avoid a cold is to never get it in the first place. Helpful methods include staying active 5 hours a week and eating a well balanced diet with more vegetables than you are currently having!

-Keep yourself warm and well-covered, to keep your body temperature at a good level.

-Don't go near anyone who is already sick (you may not want to get sick but they won't have the same qualms. -Wash your hands often, whether you cough, or sneeze or not at all.

-Don't go out in the rain! It will cool you down, although Winter already does that enough.

-If you get sick, visit the doctor on the first day of symptoms; this in itself will speed up recovery time for they know what to do.

It seems impossible to get through life and work when you're sick (many people still continue their daily activities.) But it is proven that you will recover twice as fast while resting and recovering then you would doing everything you usually do.

By Nick



# DIY-Cracked Marble Necklaces

**What you'll need:**

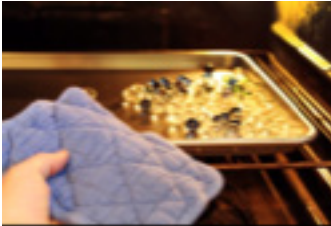
**Clear marbles, Necklace cording Bead caps, Eye pins, Jump rings, Super glue (or other strong glue) Baking pan**

**Bowl**

**Oven**

## **Step One**

**First, you set your oven to 260-300 degrees Celsius, then you need to open your bag of marbles and place them on your baking pan. Bake for 20 minutes. Once placed in the oven, start to fill a bowl up with cold water and ice cubes.**



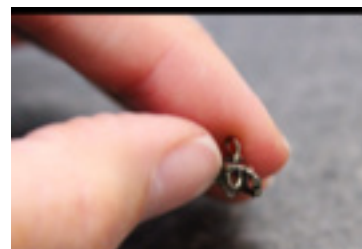
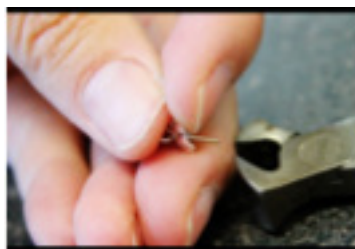
## **Step two**

**Carefully, removing the baking pan from the oven (make sure to use oven mitts NOT a tea towel), empty the marbles into the ice cold water. The marbles will immediately crack, but leave in the bowl for a few minutes to ensure the best results, then remove from the ice water and dry them off.**



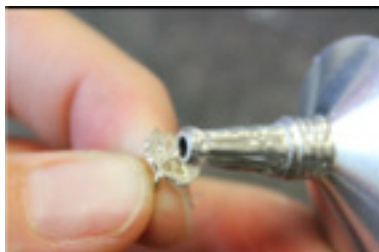
## **Step three**

**Take your eye pin and insert it into the top of the bead cap, and then create a loop with the straight end of the pin to make sure it doesn't slip through the top of the bead cap. While doing so, make sure there is no loop showing from the bottom of the bead cap (you may need to trim the pin.)**



## **Step four**

**Using your glue, fill the inside of the bead cap with glue and place on top of the cracked marble of your choice then set it aside to dry.**



## **Step five**

**Taking a jump ring, push it through the loop at the top of the eye pin and plier the jump ring shut.**

## **Step six**

**Then take a necklace cord and cut it to the length of your choice, attaching the marble to the cording and TA DA! You have your own cracked marble necklace.**

**By Megan Osmand**





# Editor's Note

**The quote for this edition is:**

**It's the final week of school, assignments are being wrapped up for the term, and our final edition of True That! has been rolled out! To end the term with a bang, everyone has done their best with this issue, exploring topics such as The Grand Prix, New Caledonia and other topics.**

**As always, don't forget that you can send your own pieces (whether they be stories, poems, reviews, advice or something else) to the True That! email:**

**[truethat@lilydalehs.vic.edu.au](mailto:truethat@lilydalehs.vic.edu.au)**

**Thanks everyone for the great term, teachers and students alike. Let's hope the second is even better than this one!**

**Sincerely,**

**Shaun Davis (Edition Four Editor)**

## Sources

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