

pulled at his collector's instincts. He salivated over the aged gadgets of yesteryear, but tight student funds strayed rarely from essentials. For now he would look, again.

"The day is cold, the plants shiver in their pots. Their bellies are exposed", came a voice through the room. The Odd Big Man, hair in uncombed clumps, teeth crooked, spectacles thick and round, appeared from behind a cuckoo clock.

"Ahem" was all the young man uttered.

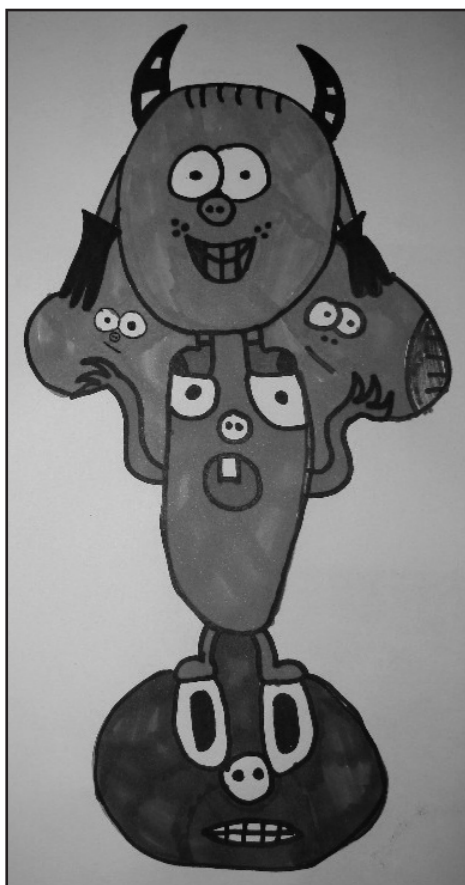
"Did your parents name you?" said the shop owner.

"Yes, my name is Freddie."

"Freddie, Freddie... do you like plants Freddie?"

It was then that he noticed the blackened hands, one gripping a limp posy of herbs.

"Plants? Um, yes, my grandmother is a keen gardener." ...



Art by Max

Archery for Everyone

Scott Walker (FCS sports teacher) has recently started his own business: Little Hoods, Archery for Everyone. One element of Little Hoods is running archery workshops for children's birthday parties – held at a local school – a great way for the kids to have fun and learn a new skill at the same time. For more information contact Scott on 0414 792 238, or visit www.littlehoods.com.au.

Guitar Lessons

Paul Likhaitzky will have more slots available in 2008 for FCS guitar lessons. He will also be offering private guitar tuition for adults and children in the new year. You can contact him on 0415 52 42 32, or paulzky@gmail.com.

Simply Messing About In Boats

The main literature text for the Biggies this year was the classic *Wind in the Willows*, by Kenneth Grahame (1908). We read the final chapters while picnicking on the banks of the Yarra River near Fairfield Boathouse. We had a wonderful day – rowing, reading, eating and playing. A perfect finale. Thank you from Faye to her assistants on the day, Nick and Sean.

A Story, by Zak A and Jackson, FCS, Tinnies

(Faye supplied the following words for inclusion: mission; brother; dangerous).

I was on my mission to reskoo (rescue) my brother. But it was in the very dangerous vilig (village). A monsty (monster) was at the vilig. I put a pis (piece) of meat at the end of the vilig. The monsty ran to get the meat. I got my brother.

Untitled, by Roland Phillips, FCS, Year 4, Age 10

*A starry night, the bright white moon
Shines on the street
A red car passes, then black rain clouds,
A storm brews.
Cats running into brown boxes
For shelter.
Rain falls
Faster and faster.
Orange cats running around
In thick, grey fog.*

November 2007

FCS Baby Boom!

More Australian babies were born in 2006 than in any year since official records began, with the exception of 1971. The current trend in the FCS community is no exception to this new baby boom.

Congratulations to Amy, Nick, Ella and Seby on the addition to their family: welcome to the world little William!



William Yu Berryman

Congratulations to Sue, Haydn, Sunny and Raphael on their new bundle of joy, Banjo!

Congratulations to Luke and Olivia on the arrival

of a new son; and to Arthur and Josephine, a new grandson: Archie!

Miranda is due to give birth any day now!

The great benevolent stork has also scheduled appointments with Clotilde (well done Tim!), Alison (well done Greg!), Nikki (well done Dan!), Alice (well done Jeremy!) and Mary (well done Viktor!)

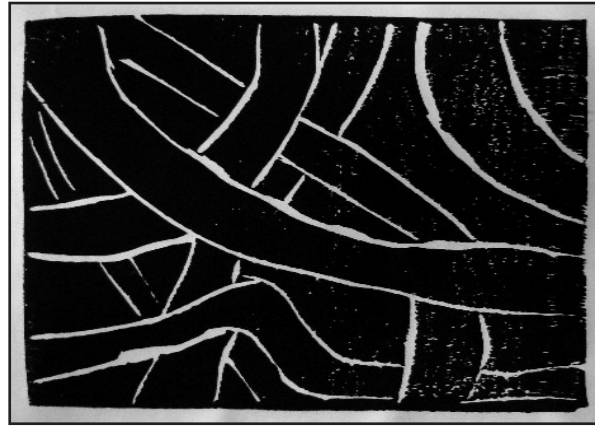
Capital Grant

If you have ever been at school while Faye has all the Biggies in the Green Room, you will know that space is a premium at FCS. Last year we applied for a grant from the Australian government to build a third story above the library. This grant has been approved and the project will commence as soon as town planning comes through. The grant will cover about 55% of the cost. We thank you all for your continual support of the building fund! There are some architectural drafts pinned up in the hallway to give you some idea of what it will look like.

The Bells Are Ringing!

Much love and support to Tim and Clotilde as they travel to France for their wedding in January, and then on to some secret honeymoon locale. Clotilde has been a wonderful presence around the school,

and her leçons françaises and cooking have been very popular. Tim's contribution to the school cannot be over-stated. Apart from all his teaching, organising and incessant searching for new and exciting ways to benefit FCS, his modified bell-bottoms also bring colour to the school. We wish them well in the new year as they embark upon this joyful and challenging journey aboard the vessel of married life and parenthood.



Art by Grace

Colours, by Conor Morrisey, FCS, Year 3, Age 9

*I love the white of lightning,
When it flashes through the rain,
I love the green on gum trees,
It sharpens up my brain.
I love the blue of water,
As it rushes down the stream,
I love the red of fire,
As it changes into steam.
I love the pink of sunset,
As the sun just fades away,
I love the black of night-time,
Waiting for the day.*

A Staff Welcome

Welcome to Sarah Cooper-Cooney, a past FCS student (finished 2000), as an assistant and camp helper. Sarah went on both the Littlies and Middlies camps this term.

Come To Our Play!

Jono's elective class will perform a play they have written together! It's good fun and should last about 40 minutes. Come up to the Meeting Room on Wednesday 5th December at 3pm for some laughs, followed by afternoon tea. All welcome.

Book Reports

The Biggies will present their final book reports for the year at the Fairfield Amphitheatre on Tuesday

20th November at 10am. A great occasion and good public speaking practice. Come along, take in the river sights and sounds and be captivated by some spectacular literary discourse.

Alex's Public Speaking Award

Alex Marles (FCS 2005) has recently demonstrated many of the qualities that FCS is proud to instil in their students. Alex, who is now in year 8 at Wesley College, recently won the Public Speaking Award for all of year 8 students at Wesley (over 150 students). Alex wrote and delivered a short speech on 'Why Melbourne is better than Sydney' to all year 8 students after being nominated by his class. The talk was very amusing and several people reported that he had the audience in the "palm of his hand" -when they weren't "rolling around the floor" laughing. On ya, Alex!

White to Blue to Pink to Night, by Sam Neesham, FCS, Year 6, Age 12

*A white piece of paper,
Fluttering in the breeze,
Floating across the blue sky,
Like the name tag across
My sky-blue apron
I wear to work.
You know the one,
With pink poppies on the back;
The ones that look as if they are
Pink clouds at sunset,
Fading away into the night.*

Year 6 Final Camp

Wednesday 28th – Friday 30th November at The Land. Faye will host the final supper on Thursday night, with musical performances by the children.



Lily and Mimi on camp

School Photographs

Thanks to Paulo from France for a very efficient job. Photos were terrific.

Bendigo Chinese Cultural Tour

The Year 4s and Year 3s who do Chinese went to Bendigo to visit the Golden Dragon Chinese Museum and the Central Deborah Mine, as part of cultural awareness of Bendigo's Chinese heritage. In September, the Year 5s went on a similar trip, which included an impromptu meditation session at The Stupa of Universal Compassion. A special thank you to Genny from the Atisha Centre, to Tim and Warren for taking them (and Hayley with the Year 5s), and to the federal government and AISV for provided the funding for both trips.

New Maths books

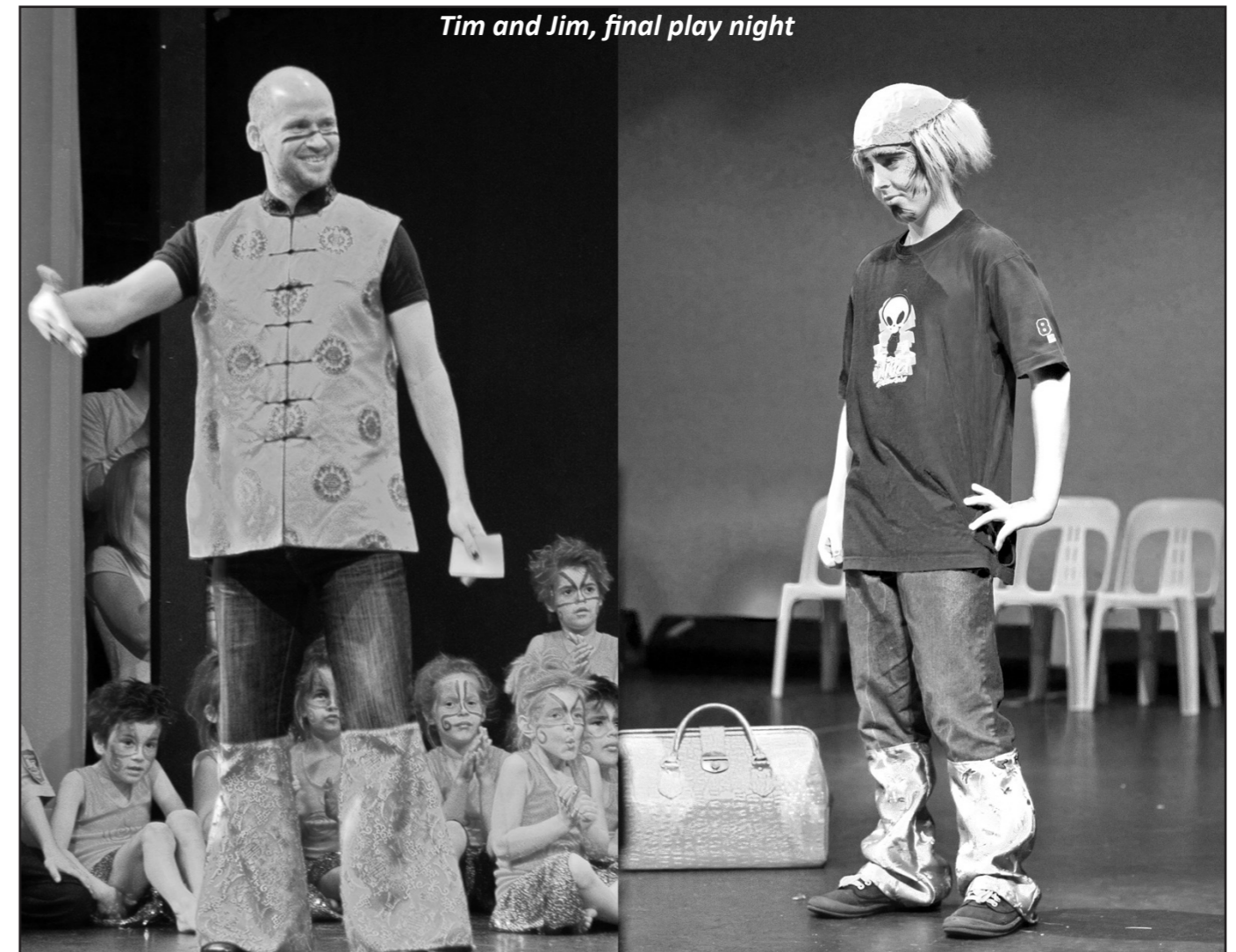
At last, the publication of the first set of FCS beginner Maths books! This first pack consists of 5 books, and is now available. Well done to Philip, Tim and Clotilde on their authorship and design!

The Continual Collective Chestnut

Viktor has written the first instalment of a new section: The Continual Collective Chestnut, an ongoing tale that you can contribute to! Read Viktor's launch below, then write the next section (of similar length) and give it to Paulzky or email it to paulzky@gmail.com. The best continuing section will win a place in the next newsletter and, since the pen's mightier than the sword, a reward we will afford toward the next pen-lord!

The traffic was a headache of aggravated noise as he swung off his mountain bike, clipped a tram sign and gracelessly grazed along the footpath. Swallowing a grimace he righted himself, checked for injuries, squeezed a smile at a lithe female sashaying down the street, and proceeded to lock up on the offending sign. A quick look at his destination and he entered the space.

Twice before he had visited this shop, where the Odd Big Man heaved about a cluttered interior, navigating an assortment of semi-rusted bicycles, 1980's Atari consoles and solid metal meat grinders. The bizarre menagerie of items, bereft of price tags,



Tim and Jim, final play night