YEAR 9 SRC TOUR OF PARLIAMENT, HOBART

On the 20th of June, the Year 9 SRC’s and Mr Slade travelled down to Salamanca for a tour of Parliament House and a Q & A session with the Speaker of the House of Assembly, The Honourable Elise Archer MP. The purpose of this excursion was to help improve our leadership skills and help us to ful fi l our roles in the SRC.

We met with our tour guide who showed us around Parliament House. We were shown around the old storeroom, which has been converted into a small museum, as well as the Long Room, where informal meetings are held. We then went into the House of Assembly, where we were informed about the procedures for the formulation of legislation and how the Parliament is run. We later went to the Legislative Council where the next step in the legislative decision-making process takes place.

We then had the great opportunity to have a Q & A session with the Speaker of the House of Assembly. Her responsibility in the Parliament is to maintain order and ensure the procedures run smoothly. They have the most power in the room, and have the ability to expel other politicians for their behaviour. Ms. Archer also happens to be the first female in Tasmanian history to receive this role.

We asked her questions about her role models when she was younger, characteristics of a good leader, public speaking techniques, managing multiple roles and the importance of women being represented in Parliament.

On behalf of all Year 9 SRC representatives, we would like to thank Mr Slade for organising this great opportunity. We hope we can use the skills and techniques gained from this experience to assist in our future leadership roles in SRC and later leadership positions in Year 10.

Sarah Robinson (9 Blue) and Jacob Rugless (9 Blue)

RAIN ON THE HORIZON

A single tree perched itself majestically in the centre of the lush green hill. Dew covered grass brushed past my ankles leaving droplets on my skin. The silence flowed gracefully past. Orange sky fell onto the changing landscape. A patch of daisies danced completely unaware. Leaves whispered as the breeze pulled gently over. The soft soil sunk, giving way to my bare feet. I tasted the peace that filled the air. I lost myself to the burial ground for unhappiness. Rain on the horizon.

BY AMELIA MANGAN, 8 RED