Purple Day for Caritas

On 11th March, Vinnies and Mini-Vinnies hosted our annual Purple Day for Caritas. We had many stalls on both the Huntingfield and Kingston Campuses. Some of these stalls included hairspray, nail polish, face paint, necklaces and bracelets and sweets. The day was a huge success, we raised $1650, which is $150 more than last year. This money was split between our annual Project Compassion Appeal and the special Caritas Fiji Appeal. We want to thank anyone who dressed up in purple and supported us throughout the day. We hope everyone contributes like they did this year, next year.

Welcome to the first edition of Nautilus News 2016. We hope to produce two editions a term and look forward to receiving articles and suggestions from students. We have put together a bumper issue for you. Lachlan Bird gives a gripping account of the Grade 7 camp, and the terrifying giant swing. Ella Harding reports on the fantastic money raising efforts on Purple Day. Desmond Marcenko peers into the future, while Dylan Johnson gives us an alternative reality week in St Aloysius. Lotta Prichard offers a delightful story on Maud the ugly flea. In our lifestyle section Abby Glover provides a delicious recipe for tomato pesto rolls, and finally Angus Jacobson delivers a moody interpretation of Viserys Targaryen from the Game of Thrones book series.

To get to our Grade 7 camp we had a long bus trip. To break it up we stopped at Campbell Town, much to my relief. When we arrived at Camp Clayton we put our bags in the cabins and then excitedly got into our groups and headed to an activity. Our activities were planned to either improve our team work such as team rescue and team problem solving or help us overcome our personal fears on the giant swing and the high ropes course and to have fun we had a rock climbing wall, the maze and archery. We also played an awesome game of spot light and went to the beach. People looked in rock pools and found cool fish big and small; crabs of all colours and sea snails with all different shaped shells. We saw sea skates which were bigger than our heads.

To cool off we went for a knee deep paddle in the freezing water.

The camp was a great opportunity to spend time with new and old friends and challenge ourselves to new experiences. We all had a great time and thank our teachers for making it such a great time away. We were all exhausted and happy at the end but we were glad to go home for a well-deserved rest.

Lachlan Bird

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**Tomato Pesto Rolls**

**Ingredients**

- 500g self-raising flour
- ½ teaspoon of salt
- 250g cottage cheese
- A small handful of fresh basil leaves
- 1 large egg
- 150ml milk
- 5 cherry tomatoes
- 2 tablespoons of pesto or olive oil

Should make 10 small rolls

**Method**

1. Turn on the oven to 190 C (375 F). Sprinkle a little flour over the baking tray and put it to the side.
2. Put the flour, salt, cottage cheese and basil in a bowl of a food processor. Mix until everything is just mixed and looks like crumbs.
3. Crack the egg into a jug, pick out any pieces of shell that may have fallen in. Add the milk and beat with a fork, just to combine the egg and the milk.
4. Run the food processor and pour in the egg and milk and mix through. Stop the processor when the ingredients have come together to make a ball of soft dough. If there are dry crumbs and the dough feels hard then add a little bit more milk.
5. Sprinkle a little flour over the work surface. Remove dough from the processor and place the dough on the work surface. Flour your hands, then gently knead the dough twice so it looks smoother.
6. Divide the dough into 10 equal pieces and roll each piece into a ball. Arrange the balls slightly apart on the baking tray. Make a deep hole in the centre with your finger.
7. Cut the tomatoes in half. Push a basil leave in each hole, then a tomato half, cut-side up. Make sure the tomato is pushed right in the hole otherwise it will pop out while it’s cooking. Brush the top of each roll with the pesto or olive oil.
8. Put the rolls in the oven and bake for 20 minutes or until golden brown.
9. Take the rolls out of the oven and place them on a wire rack to cool. Eat warm or split in half and toast the next day.

: Abbey Glover 5K
Viserys Targaryen, from the “A Song of Ice and Fire” book series, drawn by Angus Jacobson.
Okay. Let's start with our main character, Maud. He is a flea. Maud being short for Maudlin. I know what you're thinking but he does not have a last name, because he is a flea. Whilst we're on the subject I might as well introduce his friends. This is Hamlet and this is Juliet and this is Romeo. Only kidding, Maud has no friends. He is wwwwwaaaaayyy, wwaayyy too ugly. On a rank from one to ten, ten being so ugly you would be hospitalised and one being so handsome you would turn fleas blind, Maud is probably nine. Not quite as ugly as ten (he still has a little way to go). As you can see Maud isn't the handsomest flea around. Maud's pitiful flea city was run by the one and only Fleaopatra and Julius Fleasar. This city just so happened to be in a library and the library just so happened to be in the middle of nowhere, in the middle of the earth, in the middle of the Milky Way, a little to the left of the middle of the universe. Maud didn't mind one little bit about being ugly, in fact he liked it. Being ugly meant fleas wouldn't go near him so he had more time to read books. Oh, yeah. I forgot to mention that Maud loves to read books. His favourite writer is William Shakespeare. The only bad thing about Maud reading books is that he can't turn the pages. The only ever time he can read a book is when some careless little child forgets to put their book back on the shelf, but instead leaves it lying wide open on the floor. So, Maud can't read a lot of the time. Ha! Ha ha ha ha. Maud is so pitiful he has a girl name. See 'cause nobody could tell what gender he was so they picked an obscure name nobody knew. I am so sorry I didn't mention this before because I was so busy laughing at Maud's stupidity. As the author it is my job to know my characters but I don't know lots of things about Maud. For example, how can he read? Of course he is a flea and I for one have never met a talking flea let alone a reading one.

Lotta Prichard.
HOROSCOPES

Aries

Underneath a layer of blankets in your attic, you'll find a chest. You will have never seen this chest before in your life. You will want to unlock it. But to do this, you'll need a key. To find this, you will need to go out into your backyard with a shovel (or another similar digging implement) and proceed to excavate your entire yard.

Good work. You're doing well so far.

Eventually, after hours of exhaustive work you'll unearth a slightly rusted bronze key. Take this key back into your house, go to the attic and uncover the chest.

Now, with your hand shaking, put the key into the chest's lock. You will hear a slight clicking noise as you feel the chest begin to unlock. Giddy with anticipation, as the chest creaks open, a thick cloud of dust will emanate from the chest.

And as the dust clears, you will find that there is nothing inside it. You will learn in the future to not get excited about mysterious chests you find in your attic and to be mistrustful of people who claim to know the future.

Taurus

Avoid the colour red and the letter 'e' at all costs. Also: Fresh air, trees, people, fridge magnets, cars, roads, the sensation of mild disgust, odd socks and cantaloupe. You might as well just stay inside for the rest of the month. It's probably better that way.

Gemini

A person that you don't know will do something unremarkable that will have no effect on your life.

Cancer

We're not saying that you'll get eaten by an ancient sea monster, but it might be in your best interests to avoid the ocean just for the rest of this month.

Leo

Sunshine and happiness lie in your future. Or is that hell storm and eternal sorrow? Either way, you should dress accordingly.

Virgo

Virgo. What doesn't kill you will make you stronger. Or, you know, just kill you.
Libra

Today's lucky numbers are 8, 19 and getting buried alive.

Scorpio

Someone you love will be replaced by an imposter identical in every respect. You will never notice and continue your life as normal.

Sagittarius

This month, somebody's name will be spoken for the last time.

Capricorn

Nothing of consequence will happen to you this month. You will continue your life as normal. You will have some good days, some bad days. But overall, this month will go down in the history of your life as entirely inconsequential.

Aquarius

You will temporarily gain the ability to fly. Only, when you start, you won't be able to stop. You will continue to rise up through the air, getting higher and higher. The people below you will look like mice. No, ants. No, dust. As you rise, entering the stratosphere, you will stop; suspended in space. And there you will stay forever, keeping an eternal vigil on the world below.

Pisces

This will not be a good month for hiding bodies. I mean, we're not condoning the practice at all ... But you might want to give it a miss this month.

Desmond Marcenko

School Calendar
On Monday the oval will be closed. There are reasons for this, none of which will be explained here. All you need to know is that you should not be ANYWHERE near the oval. Red tape will surround the oval for several hundred metres in all directions, and if you see anyone past the red tape, immediately report it to any one of the helpful, visored, scythe-wielding hitmen keeping tabs on their assigned student. As a side note, please remember that any violent, animalistic shrieking you may hear on Monday is not actually there. Do not mention it to anyone.

On Tuesday, head chef at Hobart’s local restaurant, Frenulum, will be holding a cooking lesson during lunch. As someone who has been to one of his demonstrations, I highly recommend aspiring chefs of any experience to join in. When I went last, he showed us how to grill a fish. First he brought out his fish and demonstrated ways to kill it. The key, he said, is for your will to be greater than the fish’s. The fish will want to live, but you know that it must die. There was a struggle, a flash of steel, and so, so much blood, then the fish was filleted, seasoned, grilled and served up steaming hot. And let me tell you, it was delicious.

Wednesday will be a figment of our collective imaginations.

On Thursday, the school’s water supply will be temporarily substituted with rat poison. This, of course, is being done in an effort to control the mutated species of rat populating the underground science laboratory the school was forced to abandon in 1982, for reasons best not mentioned here or anywhere else. Teachers were initially skeptical about the safety of such a procedure, but their doubts were settled by toxin expert Arnold Wicker. “Well I see where your concerns lie,” Wicker told them, “but it’s really rather simple. This is ‘rat poison’, poison for rats, so only the rats will be affected, see?” Whispers of “Hey, that makes sense,” ran through the crowd, and then, thoroughly convinced, they all thanked Wicker for his time.

On Friday a man will be standing just outside the entrance to the school. He will be almost completely rigid, hands pushing against a wall that is not there, a look somewhere between fury and concern narrowing his merciless eyes. He will stand there, staring but seeing nothing, every hour that passes straining the sinew of his neck, tightening his grip on the empty space in front of him, and then, like a spider in the corner of the room, he will be gone. To where, I don’t know.

Dylan Johnson