

## 2009 College Captains' Departing Speech

**All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players,  
They have their exits and entrances,  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages.**

Shakespeare's words truly encapsulate the experiences that we have gone through over the past six years. It's almost time for our curtain call as the final act of this play draws to a close. During our years at Mercy we have played many parts as we connected with different people. And now here we are at performance night - practiced and perfected. But we must not forget how we got here. So let's go back to rehearsals.

**At first the infant,**

**Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.**

On January 30 2004, we arrived screaming and crying into the arms of our Year 7 teachers. We were as cute and clueless as babies - most of us just tall enough to reach our desks. Once we learnt to crawl, we were taken to Ace High Ranch to take our first baby steps. However, the teachers made us wet our nappies with the scary tale of Shankara, the spirit of the mountain who came out at the dead of night. And then the suspicious disappearance of the *Mercy Mouse* had us all pointing the finger at 7A.

**Then, the whining schoolboy with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school.**

By the time we reached year 8 we felt more at home at Mercy and began to whinge and complain about anything we could. However, the *Mercy Mullet* was introduced to channel our whining energies into a healthy competition. The first event was the most memorable – the teacher dress up and relay. This was also the year we convinced a Year 8 teacher to welcome another member into the family, the 8B turtle, Squishy.

**Then a soldier,**

**Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden, and quick in quarrel**

2006 was the year where we just couldn't wait to be Kings. We wanted to be the *mane* event, and we certainly worked on our roar. And our beard was as lustrous as young Simba's. We were sent out to battle like soldiers to take on the city with our urban adventures after being given rigorous training for the mind, body and spirit. But our final battle was with ourselves as we conquered our fears to enjoy the high rope challenges at Aquarena.

**And then the youth,**

**Twirling on the dance floor, to a woeful ballad.**

Of course, year 10 was the year of the ball and we pulled on gowns, teachers included, and danced the night away to "Wake me up before you go" and Mika's "Love Today". It was during the intense dancing classes that we first realised how sweaty boys' palms can really get.

**And then the court justice,**

**With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise sayings, and modern instances.**

The beginning of Year 11 meant that we now lived in the W block. Feeling older and wiser in the senior building, we began to hear wise sayings like "It's your VCE" and we even used some philosophical terms like "SACs" and "Pink Slips" and "Written Explanations" along with "Supervised Studies" and "Frees". And we placed a great emphasis on Social Justice with the Horizons Program allowing us to serve the community by volunteering at various charitable organisations.

**The sixth age shifts**

**Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,**

**With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side.**

By year 12 we had attained the maturity of old age, well in theory. The school year started with a heat wave and we all remember lining up for photos with sweat dripping from our foreheads and onto the next person's dress. We all wondered whether this was a bad omen for the rest of the year. And with spectacles on nose and overflowing book bags on side, we trudged off to class each day, feeling like Winston Smith under the oppressive rule of the Party and Big Brother. However, we soon decided to "Look Both Ways" and deal with the problems and enjoy the good times. And we have had many of those – whether it was the dance practice for the swimming carnival or watching Mr. Bean in 12C's classroom. And as old women now, we had become fragile but our teachers stepped in as caretakers once again. They gave us 24 hour service – in class, at recess, at lunch, after school, and even weekends when we could email them. We want to thank you from the bottom of our hearts for your dedication and support. And we want to thank you in advance for the future stress-sessions and emails you will have to endure during the next month.

**Last scene of all,**

**That ends this strange eventful history,**

**Is second childishness and mere oblivion,**

**Without teeth, Without eyes, Without taste, Without every-  
thing.**

On 19 November 2009, we will depart, once again screaming and crying, in joy and in sadness. We will be in second childhood, blissfully happy, without books, without practice exams, without study notes, without a worry in the world. But we will miss the comfortable routine and the familiarity of Mercy.

**Class of '09 this is your life**

To those who have made this year fulfilling and enjoyable, we bid you thanks. We thank Mercy College, for giving us the opportunity to take on this immense responsibility and allowing us to grow as individuals. To all the staff, thank you for your guidance, patience and support for the graduating class of 2009. To the Student Executive team, thank you for your hard work and dedication. And finally, to each and every one of you, who enthusiastically participated in all the activities we planned for you - thank you.

And now we leave the school in the hands of the year 11 students as the future leaders of Mercy College. We wish the new leaders the very best for the busy year ahead.

And to each of you sitting in your seats, your time at Mercy will end sooner than you think. So give it your best shot!

As we come to the end of our time at the College and begin this next stage of our lives, we take with us our memories of Mercy. And as the curtain closes, we know that this part of our life will stay with us forever and guide us into the future.

*On behalf of the graduating class of 2009, we would like to thank the College and present Mrs Monahan with a photo of our year level.*

**Terryna D'souza  
2009 College Captain  
and  
Maree Stranieri  
2009 Deputy Captain**

