

SNAP SHOT

Stanford Lake College

ISSUE 23 of 2020 - 14 August



Matters of Principal

“You see things; and you say, ‘Why?’ But I dream things that never were; and I say, ‘Why not?’”

– George Bernard Shaw

Who says dreams don't come true? This weekend was another excellent weekend for South African sport and certainly gives us something to celebrate during this difficult time when the news channels run a never-ending stream of bad news stories: the world is in the grip of a horrific pandemic; the economic fallout; tender corruption with people in positions of power facilitating theft of the very supplies that are aimed at alleviating the suffering of millions of our countrymen... it can all become quite depressing!

So watching Brad Binder power his Austrian-made KTM around the Brno circuit in the Czech Grand Prix this weekend to a fantastic win made me proud to be a South African. Listening to Nkosi Sikelele iAfrika as he stood on the top step of the podium was an historic moment for both South African and Austrian sport. KTM and Binder had taken on the giants of Moto GP and beaten them. In a sport that has been dominated by big name teams like Honda, Ducati and Suzuki with riders from Europe piloting these impressive machines, this was a major upset. That said, this was by no means a fluke. The KTM rise to prominence in Moto GP has been as the result of a professionally executed plan - a plan that was meticulously developed over four years when the manufacturer decided to enter Moto GP having dominated off-road racing for so many years. It is a story of planning, commitment and sacrifice. The Binder family have focused years of time, energy and money on the motorcycling careers of their two sons. Brad has sacrificed an enormous amount in order to achieve what he has, with his father being his first mechanic and his mum was always trackside when he raced. Accepting a Moto GP ride on the KTM was a gamble, but the stars aligned for Brad and through his hard work and dedication, meticulous planning by KTM and a good dose of luck and courage on Sunday afternoon, he found himself standing on the top step of one of the toughest and most dangerous, adrenaline pumping sports on the planet. The most impressive part of all of this to me was listening to his post-race interview. What an incredibly humble 25-year-old South African with a positive outlook on life. By no means does he believe he is a world beater. In fact, the exact opposite. He is the first to acknowledge

that he has an enormous amount of work to do if he wants to be more than a 'one hit wonder'. We can all learn so much from the Brad Binder story.

Have a great weekend.



MEET OUR PUPIL LEADERSHIP TEAM

Ntsako Madlala, Head of Founders North

I started my boarding school career in Founders North, an intimidating experience if you asked me back then. However, since I have lived here, I have grown fonder of the hostel that I represent. I take pride in my boarding house. Not to say there isn't a rivalry between the boys' hostels, even though there secretly is, I obviously think that Founders North is the more superior boarding house. I am delighted that I have been able to experience all the ups (and downs) of my high school career here and these experiences have moulded me into the person that I am.

The values of respect, dedication, commitment and unity define Founders North and are things I have witnessed through my time in this boarding house. I would like every single young man in the hostel to exercise these values long after I am gone. The crisis has taken away the one thing the boys looked forward to the most: Sport. I think it's safe to say the school community and myself included treasure sports.

The coronavirus has led to me pleading with Mr Friedrichs to play first team rugby for the last time - hopefully he agrees. Although the crisis has caused a dismal year for the most part, we should make the most of the things we still have, things that my fellow PEX members have alluded to in their Snapshot introduction. Such as spending time with your family, getting in study time and maybe some Netflix. This year we may not excel in things that involve teams or large gatherings; however, this crisis has provided all of us with an opportunity to excel in one of the most important individual events; Academics. Maybe when people look back at the year that I was head of Founders North and ask what was achieved, they can say academic excellence. Hopefully.



NEW WEBSITE IS LIVE!

We are delighted to announce that the new Stanford Lake College website is live at the same domain:
www.slc.co.za

The ADAM link can be found in the footer of each page. Should you have any problems navigating the site, please make contact with Mrs Coetzee on:
marketing@slc.co.za

SNAP SHOT

Stanford Lake College
ISSUE 23 of 2020 - 14 August

Muaz Bhyat wrote the following fantastic narrative essay in Ms Taylor’s English class...



I was once at the top of the world, my yellow hair delicately balanced to control how I flew. Hordes of eyes would watch my every move. I played with the Kings and Queens of tennis, Federer, Williams, Nadal, Sharapova. I was with them through all their victories until, one day, their victory was my last.

After the final point was won, the champion rejoiced, grabbing me off the ground and holding me up as we basked together in our victory. That, however, was a short-lived moment as I was handed off and sent to a place where I was auctioned off to the highest bidder. At some point after being sold I was moved into a glass box where all I could do was sit.

In this glass prism, I would sometimes think I was flying through the air, but it was always just an illusion of how the eyes would move around the box, from left to right, right to left emulating the way I used to soar through the air. How I would loathe the freedom those eyes had and hope for the day I could return to my throne of tennis. Worse yet was the silence in the room, not a single cheer, not even a passing remark, most of my time was filled with silence. That was until one day my glass cage was shattered and I was prised away from my “home”.

I was whisked through the air and outside; I initially thought that I was free, reveled in the situation for as long as it lasted. After a length of time that I can only describe as “too short”, I was once again motionless. As I was removed from the bag I had been stuffed into I saw two pairs of eyes scrutinizing my every detail.

“Why’d ya grab a damn tennis ball?” The first pair blurted out.

“It looked important, it had a glass case around it and everything.”

“Well, it’s just a useless tennis ball! Get rid of it!” The first pair snapped back.

The next thing I knew, I was being flung from a car to eventually end up in a muddy pool of water. As the muddy water soaked into my fur, I only had one thought going through my head. They called me “useless”, not worthless, but “useless”, suggesting that I’d lost my purpose, that as I am, I have no use. The part that stung the most is that they were right. I went from having the whole world watching me, to nobody at all. As a muddy tennis ball in the street, no one would pick me up, much less play tennis with me. I was useless.

Or so I thought. As while I was brooding on my newly found existential lack of purpose, a strange moist darkness enveloped me. The thing that picked me up walked with an odd rhythm to its walking and had a rhythmic panting. As I was dropped by my captor, I found myself between two more pairs of eyes, but these didn’t look at me with scrutiny, rather excitement and playfulness.

I was thrown back and forth between the dog and the boy and even though I lacked the hordes of eyes watching, the cheer of the crowd or my tennis throne, I had the eyes of the dog watching me as I flew across the sky and the cheer of the child as he threw me. I became the king of this backyard and more than anything else, I was happy that I had rediscovered my purpose.

CHARGING UP THE CLASSROOM

The Grade 8 classes have been having fun learning about charges in Ms Maake’s classes. They learned about like-charges repelling, the attraction between different charges and used static electricity to separate salt and pepper.



On Wednesday, the 12th August, the Grade 10 art pupils had a surprise visit from artist and gallery owner, Nkosinathi Thomas Nglube, and his wife and business partner, Nkgadi Sheena-Leigh Ngulube. He owns the Thomarts Gallery in Johannesburg, where our senior art teacher, Ms Lourenco, has shown work before. He is currently working on a larger than life sculpture for his new gallery space and came to speak to the Grade 10 students about sculpture and give them a boost of inspiration. He hopes to come back and run art workshops in various mediums at Stanford in 2021.

