



**Student Creativity**  
**English Literary Works**











*Book Character  
Dress Up for  
Literacy Week*



## The Adventures of a Monk

“Wake up! Wake up!” CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! The clanking of the pots and pans woke 13-year-old Albert Greens from his sleep. Albert was a kind-hearted boy with blonde hair and blue eyes. He ignored the noise and tried to sleep until....

“Oy, Albert wake up,” said a voice. “Al, it’s me, John. Come on Al.....” Albert opened his eyes and saw his best friend sitting on his bed. Albert sat straight up.

“Hey. What’s up?” asked Albert sleepily.

“Hey. Look who’s back in town. By the way, the senior monk told us to change and go to the Great Hall.”

“Just wait for me to change.” Albert closed his eyes while sitting and drifted off to sleep. John woke him again a few moments later. “All right, all right. I’ll wake up!” John stood at the edge of the room, waiting by the brown oak door. Albert changed into his robes and went to the Great Hall with John.

Albert and John had bags under their eyes from the previous night. They’d been having a pillow fight with the other boys. Although the other boys slept earlier than they did, all of them looked the same. The senior monk noticed and asked each one of them, though they didn’t reply.

“What in heavens is this?” boomed the senior monk. He was called the senior monk because nobody had ever known what his real name was. “It looks like one of you is going to faint any second! You have my wor...” the senior monk stopped abruptly seeing a boy with blonde hair drifting off to sleep. He snapped his fingers loudly next to the boy’s ears.

“What? Where am I? Oh yeah,” the blonde boy muttered and scratched his head.

“Maurice. Do you remember rule 6.23?” the senior monk asked slowly and softly.


“Um, don’t run in the monastery?”

“No! It is...” The senior monk waited for Maurice to answer. “Everybody tell me what rule 6.23 is.”

“Rule 6.23 is...” the young monks said different things at different times just like animals who have their own special language and say them without any harmony at all.

“Has anybody...” the senior monk was really angry that it was hard for him to speak. His face was blotched with red spots and his skin had turned pale. “Has no-one.....read.....the book of.....RULES?!” The senior monk took a few steps back and breathed rapidly while his red face turned pinkish-white. “I will assign you a test-“ The girls made funny faces at the boys. There was one who didn’t. She was a good friend to Albert and her name was Rose. She had strawberry brown hair with brown eyes and she was 11 years old. She was also one of the few female monks. She was stopping the other girls from saying bad things about the boys but then.....





“-The girls too.” This shocked the girls. Rose made a face that meant, ‘oh well’ and opened a thick book that Albert thought was probably the book of rules. “Go back to your rooms and study now. No more classes for today.” The senior monk heard groans and moans from the young monks. “And no more outdoor activities. I mean it! No more! Only Albert noticed something mysterious about his friend, Rose.

Albert and John had a nice day testing each other. After no more than 1.00 p.m., they gave up on trying to remember rules 1.25 and above. John nearly fell asleep on his bed when he touched his pillow but Albert was really disciplined so he woke up John up and after a lot of arguing they finally lay down to rest.

Albert and John slept through the day without eating lunch so their stomachs were growling when they woke up. Their mouths were salivating for water and food. They ran like the wind to the kitchen to get water. There were a lot of noises that they made and then Albert almost knocked John off the stairs. Their room was in the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor so it took a little longer to make it to the kitchen and the stairs fit only two people so, when people went up, one of them had to surrender and the other one kept running down. It took a lot of jumping and bumping to get to the kitchen, take a cup and then drink. After they drank, Albert noticed the clock and gasped.

“John. It’s, it’s 8.00 p.m!” Albert sputtered.

“What?” John didn’t believe Albert until he saw the clock. He held it in his hands slowly as if a beast would come out of it. “Al, we missed dinner and...”

“We haven’t eaten! Oh no! We are going to starve. Tomorrow’s test might take a very long time! Where are we going to get the energy for tomorrow?” Albert panicked. He looked everywhere until he looked into John’s eyes. John’s eyes were beaming.

“Let’s check on Rose first and ask her if her teddy bear did it,” said John. “We know Rose likes to trick us with everything. Maybe she did pull a prank on us. She was giggling when we saw her going up the stairs.”

“You are crazy,” said Albert. “But let’s find out.”


Albert and John jostled up the stairs but this time quietly and went to Rose’s room. From in front of the door, they heard Rose giggling and always saying they deserve it but it was in another voice. Rose was always saying ‘they’ deserve it with a cold and vicious voice.


“Who is she talking to, Al?” John whispered as softly as a mouse.

“No one I think. She likes to do this. Probably she is crazy.” Albert whispered back. They opened the door and left it slightly ajar. They saw Rose sitting behind a table and beside it they saw...

“Rose,” hissed the teddy bear. “My name is Lola now and you don’t need to keep calling me teddy bear any more. You...”

“What?” Rose shouted angrily. “Just because my mum gave you to me doesn’t mean that I can’t throw you away!” Albert and John exchanged looks.





“What are they talking about?” Albert asked quietly.

“I don’t know. But whatever it is, it looks dangerous, so I am going.” John turned away and started to sprint but something caught his leg and he tripped with a loud thump. Rose and her teddy bear must’ve heard because...

“RUN!” cried Albert and they blasted their way down the corridor while Rose and her teddy bear were right on their tail. John looked back.

“Aah! The monstrous thing has red eyes!” John yelled. Albert looked back and saw that John was right. Lola’s eyes had turned into a shade of red that was menacing to look at.

“John! Al! Help!” It was their friend Rose’s cries. They turned back and saw Lola climbing onto Rose’s shoulder and biting her hand. They raced back towards Rose and tried to pull Lola off her. Rose struggled to get up and was helped by her two friends.

“This is enough, Lola!” John and Albert never heard their friend cry. She was always the strong one and always comforted them whenever they were down. “Enough! Stop everything that you do!” Tears were forming in Rose’s eyes. She sobbed and cried. “Go back and become the stuffed animal you were supposed to be.” This must’ve stung Lola because she began to say in a much colder voice that Albert and John heard.

“Oh really? After all this you think I am just a stuffed animal that you could cry on, bite on? Oh no, now I am alive and I have my rules for myself. That is, I’m not going back home.” Lola shot a fiery blast of green and at that moment they knew they were going to die.

Albert only saw a flash of green light and the next thing he knew was that he was going to die. He woke up, finding himself in a strange, burnt place. After having a screaming fight with Rose and John they all finally came to their senses.

“Al, John we need to leave,” said Rose.

“Oh come on Rose. We are still in.” John directly took a look at his surroundings. Albert did the same but only Albert responded.

“Where are we?” Albert took a look again and saw strange markings on pieces of burnt wood. “What happened?”


“I’ll tell you what happened,” Rose said. “but, it’s a long story. Come on we got to go. Make sure you follow me.” Rose walked towards an odd looking tree with purple leaves.

“Rose, where are we?” John asked but didn’t follow Rose. “Rose we saved you from a crazy teddy bear!”

“My teddy bear,” Rose corrected.

“Who bit you!”





“Just tell us where we are.” Albert looked towards Rose’s arm and inspected it. Her bite marks were gone. “Where are your bite marks?”

“Gone, they’re healed,” Rose answered. “And for your information we are at Gornegen.”

“What’s that?” John asked.

“This place here and it was made into a warzone. It was made into the kingdom that won the war and it was destroyed.” Rose pointed to a skeleton Albert hadn’t seemed to have noticed before. “By them.”

“How do you know so much?” John asked with bewilderment. Rose sighed.

“How did you think I got Lola then?” asked Rose, annoyed.

“Umm,” John thought really hard and asked so many stupid questions that Rose finally told him the answer.

“I was born here! OK?” shouted Rose.

“Tell us how to get out of here, then,” said Albert. Rose’s face softened.

“I don’t know,” Rose said. “My mum told me that I, I mean, we escaped out of here by...” Rose was lost in thought. Albert and John left her alone and tried to ask her questions but she wouldn’t answer. At dawn Rose finally spoke. She was jumping up and down saying, “yes,” and “I remember”.

“Okay, calm down and tell us,” Albert said softly.

“Okay, okay.” Rose inhaled and exhaled deeply and then spoke. “We need to get to the Magic Forest. It’s where magical creatures live and I need to speak to Pegasus, the king of the Pegasi. So then... I’ll get food.” Rose left into a dark forest that was behind them.

Several minutes later, Rose found food and explained to them how she found it. “You know? I was going through the dark forest then I broke a branch while saying out loud, ‘Oh come on, I really need food!’ then this thing made the food.” Rose held out a branch that was sparkling like stars. Rose showed them how to make things come out from the wand’s end. “You only need to say what you want-then flick it. No, no. Yeah, like that and then.” Out of nowhere, there were plates of food that were too beautiful to imagine. There was beef, corned beef, ham, rice, peas, boiled eggs, grilled steak, grilled fish and everything you can think of that was delicious. Albert and John’s mouths were salivating, while Rose told them to pray first.

“Guys, you need to eat a lot, okay? We need to make a portal at first light to get to the Magic Forest by noon.” Rose bossed them about what they were going to do the next day but the boys didn’t listen, so they said “Yes,” to everything while they were wolfing down bacon, pork chops, fish and for dessert, ice cream.

“This is the best thing I’ve ever tasted!” commented John whose mouth was filled with steak and rice.



“I agree with you John. This **is** the best!” said John.

“Okay so now we need to get a good night’s sleep,” said Rose. She commanded the wand to make 3 sleeping bags and 1 alarm clock set to 5.30 in the morning. The wand didn’t make anything that Rose commanded. John tried but didn’t work. Finally, it was Albert’s turn. Albert took the wand from John’s hand and felt a surge of power going into his veins.

“Wow!” Albert exclaimed. He flicked the wand without saying what Rose just told him and there were three sleeping bags and an alarm clock on the floor. “I feel...”

“Good?” asked Rose.

“Yeah. I don’t know how to explain it but I feel great power in my veins and I don’t feel fear. Even a bit.”

“Wow,” Rose exclaimed. “My mom told me a pure and great hero can make anything turn beautiful in this world. Like that branch for example.” Rose pointed towards the branch and Albert saw that it transformed into a beautiful white wand with sparkling glitter on it. The shade of white that was impossible to make. It was purest white. They tucked themselves into the sleeping bags and slept throughout the night with a great journey ahead of them tomorrow.

The next day, Albert made a portal out of sand (or he thought it was) from the ground. The portal was a mess. It was a whirling storm of dirty sand. All of them looked uneasy.

“Who goes first?” asked Rose nervously. Albert and John exchanged glances.

“Well, ladies first,” said Albert, trying to nudge a smile.

“Okay.” Rose stepped in the portal and disappeared.

“I think that’s good,” said John. “Come on, you first.”


“No way.” John made a look that made Albert change his mind. “Okay.” Both of them stepped inside and disappeared.

At noon, all of them felt sick from the motion. It was a bumpy and long ride. It was dark too. When they arrived, they noticed there was a massive forest in front of them. Its trees were unearthly green and the grass was just as green as the trees. They saw a gorgeous white horse with wings. Albert and John tried to pat the horse but the horse backed away.

“Filthy humans!” screeched the horse. “Do not touch!”

“You can talk?” asked John, amazed.

“I told you that, remember?” reminded Rose. “Guys, this is Pegasus the King of the Pegasi which is the plural for Pegasus. John, back up.” Albert was in front now eye-level with Pegasus. Pegasus has an amazed look on his face.



“This human...is the purest I’ve ever came across!” Pegasus said this with his mouth wide open. Pegasus lowered his back. “Ride on, master.” Rose and John gave two thumbs up for support. Albert clutched his wand tighter. Albert made a portal out of sand but Pegasus said it wasn’t grand. There were no more resources to make a portal out of so they argued for a while but Rose already thought ahead. She told them why they were here in the first place and that made Pegasus surrender. They took a few steps and all of them went inside the portal.

In the portal, Albert didn’t feel any fear. He didn’t know what was coming. John and Rose were playing chopsticks (chopsticks is also a finger game that you can play).

“Wanna play chopsticks?” he asked to Pegasus. Pegasus scoffed.

“Not grand enough,” Pegasus said. He moaned. “Are we there yet?”

“NO!” the rest of them yelled. They waited for a few hours until the portal cleared. They saw Lola on the other end but now they were ready.

“Charge!” yelled Albert. They all charged at Albert’s command.

“Charge!” Lola yelled. An army of furry teddy bears swarmed over them. Albert gave his friends weapons. John got Excalibur and Rose got a pink wand that obeyed her every command without her saying anything aloud. They felt stronger than before. Rose blasted a pink light and it hit teddy bears that blasted into small chips. Micro chips. Rose was confused. The teddy bears should have turned into the tiny mice she was thinking about.


“Albert,” Rose called. “Blast them with your light and they will turn into microchips!”

“Are you sure?” replied Albert. “Probably I bewitched your wand to make the teddy bears into solid chips to avoid the disgusting mess.” Albert was defeating a teddy bear that knocked him down to the ground and blasted him with blue light and saw that Rose was right. They did turn into microchips and also working machines. Pegasus was having trouble with keeping the teddy bears out of his way. One of them tried to climb on him but Pegasus pushed it down. John sliced the teddy bear open and saw a machine and not sparkly dust.

“Al!” called John. “Al! These teddy bears are not living. They are machines!” John saw a teddy bear charging at him and he sliced it open. “This one too!” Albert was bewitching teddy bears to not harm his friends. He saw Lola charging behind Rose but Albert flashed a green light and when it touched Lola, she was sent out by an invisible force that was so powerful it made a hole in the monastery’s wall. Albert called his friends and climbed on Pegasus’s back (with an enchanted piece of wood to let Rose and John fly behind them) and flew along the trail of white light Lola left after her flight. They followed the white trail and found that it ended in a field of corn. They landed and saw that Lola was covered in mud. Rose moved forward and touched Lola.

“She’s off.” said Rose. Lola sprinted towards Rose and started biting her. John tried to slice her open but Excalibur didn’t get through Lola’s fur coat. Lola was untouchable like air. Albert made a jar to trap Lola inside it forever. Lola got sucked in immediately.





Rose was sobbing. The bite marks were green. Blue. Purple. It changed colors.

“Rose. What is this?” Albert asked, panicked.

“Give me,” Rose whispered softly, “My wand and make water out of it.” Albert did everything Rose told him to do. He made a plastic cup for Rose to drink from. After Rose drank, her pasty skin washed away and her colour rushed back to her face. Rose sobbed happily. John and Albert sobbed too.

“We did it Rose,” said Albert.

“We really did it, together,” sobbed John.

“We really did it guys.” They did a group hug and sobbed all the way until sunset. “We have to go back to the Monastery,” commanded Rose. “The monks must be worried about us.”

“Okay. But we’ll take a shortcut.” Albert said. They went back to the monastery because Pegasus was nowhere in sight. In 2 minutes time they were back and hid all their weapons in each of their rooms. They pretended to oversleep and come late the next day to do the test. Only the three of them were doing the test the next day. The test lasted for three hours. After that it was lunch so they went back to the kitchen to eat.

“Was it hard?” asked Rose.

“Eeeh. Not really.” answered John.

“It **was** hard John. You told me yourself,” Albert told.

They all laughed and had a good time after that. But they didn’t live happily ever after.

UNTIL THE SEQUEL

# *The Adventures of a Monk*

**Eowyna Saffa Hermawan**

Grade 4



## THE BROTHERHOOD OF STEEL


“What should we call him,” asked Corporal Jackson. “Lets call him Jason”, said Lancer Captain Kells. A few years later when Jason turned 20, Lancer Captain Kells said to his adopted son. “Jason, tomorrow will be your first day at the academy”. As a recruit it was a tough time for him with his gun and armour quizzes. Jason went to his first war. Jason and his team were the first ones to land on the beach of the evil Doctor Von Goater. They fired up their artillery cannons and destroyed Doctor Von Goater’s anti-aircraft guns and machine guns. As they broke through Doctor Von Goaters last line of defense, they moved in. Then they were in his lair, they saw him, the evil Doctor Von Goater.

In the lair, they were chasing Doctor Von Goater, but they were not quick enough as they saw Doctor Von Goaters saferoom. Then Corporal Jackson said, “Just blast the door open”, so they planted the dynamite as more of Doctor Von Goater’s men started to fill the room. The men were ready to sling their bomb slings of DOOOM! But then Lancer Captain Kells shouted, “Shields up!” Lancer Captain Kells and the rest of his team raised their rusty steel shields and blocked them pretty well. But then they slung bombs at Jason who is still planting the dynamite. Then they slung at Jason, but he did not get hit by any of the bombs. Lancer Captain Kells took a bullet for Jason or would you say, a bomb for Jason. Lancer Captain Kells’s death was the saddest day of his life. Jason cried all day. Then he swore to get vengeance for Lancer Captain Kells to Doctor Von Goater.

As Jason turned corporal, Jackson turned captain then Jason was told from one of the base lookouts that Doctor Von Goater had another base, only 95 kilometers away. So Jason lead a team. Captain Jackson didn’t come because he wanted to know how Jason would perform. So Jason landed his squad on the roof of Doctor Von Goater’s new fortress where they planted explosives. Boom! Then, as the roof broke under them, they quickly spotted 15 men on that floor.

They took them out with a few sleeping darts. They were so fast, like ghosts in the room or a snake in the bushes. Forwards they moved to the second floor. Straight away Jason spotted 5 men. He knew that they’re protecting Doctor Von Goater in there. Jason was full of rage because he remembered Doctor Von Goater’s men had killed Lancer Captain Kells. So Jason switched to normal arrows on his crossbow and killed all 5 men, so quickly that they almost couldn’t see him. After that they had to use 6 tons of dynamite, because the door was so strong. After they destroyed the giant titanium door blocking their way, they moved in and put 20 people to sleep with more sleeping darts. They captured Doctor Von Goater and his mutant centaur experiment and his magic remote control.

Jason and his squad brought Doctor Von Goater back to their base, which was known only as the pirate cove where he was cared for and thought to be just another soldier. They threw Doctor Von Goater in his cell. An hour later Jason was heading to the execution chamber but one of the guards told him that Doctor Von Goater had escaped. Then Jason heard screaming that cried out, “Heeeeeeeeeeeelp!”



They just realised that their base was under attack. They saw flames! They also saw that their enemies were shooting flaming cannon balls at them from their ship. Then after that over the loud-speaker came the announcement, "All citizens of the pirate cove! Please head to the panic room and all soldiers head to the armory vault". They were all heading to the armory vault but Jason saw Captain Jackson protecting civilians with his steel shield. Jason said to Captain Jackson, "Lets go Jackson". Then when Captain Jackson was running to the armory vault, he was shot in the back by a stray bullet. Jason cried, "Wasn't one captain enough?"

After that Jason carried Captain Jackson's body to the armory vault. Just before he died Jackson said to Jason, "Take my place as Captain, that is my will." Jason was took his flip assassins sword and his crossbow along with his assassin cloak. He went to the vault chamber and took the centaur and the magic remote control. Then Jason went out fast riding the centaur. They went to the building right next to the pirate ship. They went up the building slashing and shooting then they reached the top and jumped off the building and on the pirate ship. They slashed and shot more people until they reached the lower deck and then planted dynamite and fired it up. Jason and the centaur jumped of the building.

Then they saw Doctor Von Goater on an attack pirate ship and Jason screamed to his army "They want to show us brute force, let's show them courage". Then Jason went up to a building and kept jumping from building roof to building roof and finally reached the pirate ship. There were 20 people on the first floor, 5 people on the second and Doctor Von Goater was on the last. They took out all the enemy on the first floor. Then they moved to the second floor. Jason slashed all 5 people then said to the team, "Stay here! Doctor Von Goater is mine".

They slammed through the door. Centaur shot the pilot so the ship went down then Jason and Doctor Von Goater fell from the ship. When Jason was waking up from the wreckage, he was smacked down by Doctor Von Goater who then he lit up a piece of dynamite and was going blow them up. But Centaur saved Jason's life by kicking it away with his powerful hooves and Jason screamed, "This is for Lancer Captain Kells and Captain Jackson...!"

To be continued...

Story by : Peter Sean Euston Javran (4 Respect)

## *The Brotherhood of Steel*

**Peter Sean Euston Javran**  
Grade 4 Respect



# Why is there rain?

In the beginning, the Earth was dry and all the plants were shrivelled up. There was only a small pool of water right in the centre of the Earth, and that was where humans collected their water to drink and bathe. What they didn't know was that the water came from the sky.

The prince of the sky, Yifan, was always curious about what life was like on Earth. However, his mother, GaYzon forbade him to go to Earth because he would be in great danger if the humans found out that he was a heavenly prince.

Yifan always quarrelled with his mother. He insisted that he was responsible enough to take care of himself. After every fight, GaYzon would cry in her room without anyone knowing. Everytime GaYzon cried, her tears would rain onto Earth and form a small pool of water. But, unfortunately for the humans, the small pool of water did not appear every day.

One evening, after dinner GaYzon decided that she should finally allow Yifan to explore the world. "Yifan," she said. "I think you are old enough to explore the world by yourself."


When Yifan heard what his mother had said, he hugged his mother tightly and dashed to his room to prepare for his journey. He packed lots of water, afraid that he would dehydrate during his trip. GaYzon advised him to pack thick clothing as it was very cold on Earth. Yifan also brought food for when he was hungry.

"Be back after two weeks!" GaYzon shouted as Yifan flew down from the sky to Earth.

Once his feet touched the ground, warmth spread all over the Earth and nobody was cold anymore. The humans wondered where the warmth came from. "Ugh! It's so hot!" Yifan complained as he took off his coat. He began walking through a lonely alley and started growing hungrier and hungrier. He finally found a small hut and walked in. "Hello?" he stammered. "Is anyone home?"

When a girl walked out of a room, Yifan's eyes widened as he stared at the fair-skinned beauty. She had shiny brown hair that cascaded down her back. Her almond-shaped eyes sparkled and her cherry lips curled into a smile as she looked gently at Yifan. Yifan immediately fell in love with her. After a while, Yifan remembered his hunger.

"Do you have anything to eat?" Yifan asked desperately.



The girl disappeared back into her room and came back with a bowl of steaming noodles. As Yifan had nowhere to rest, he stayed in the girl's hut and found out that her name was Bo Ra. Bo Ra and Yifan soon fell in love so Yifan wanted Bo Ra to follow him back to the sky, but humans were not allowed there. Yifan's love for Bo Ra was so great that he decided to stay on Earth and live with Bo Ra.

When Yifan told GaYzon that he was staying on Earth with Bo Ra, GaYzon regretted letting Yifan explore the world. She was so sad that she started to cry bitterly. So whenever she remembers Yifan, she will cry and it will start raining.

## *Why Is There Rain?*

**Greta Lee Jing Wei**

Grade 5 Humility



## **Mistaken Identity**

**by Tatyana Leilani Satio**

I couldn't believe what I saw on that bright screen. 'Breaking News! Shocking Earthquake Strikes New Orleans! One Injured, Fifty-Four-Year-Old Woman Named Carmela!' I froze in my tracks. The name 'Carmela' screamed at me from the screen. My eyes started to water as I stared blankly at my mother's beautiful name, Carmela. The name kept ringing over and over in my head. My spine tingled violently as I continued to read. 'She is hospitalised at Monde Eyli Hospital.' Then, as I shut my PC, close to tears, I knew just what to do.

The airport was really crowded. I was guessing they were all going to New Orleans after the devastating disaster. On the aeroplane, it was almost too quiet. All the passengers had their eyes downcast, looking at the picture of their either lost or injured family member. I looked at my mother's picture. Her tanned skin and genuine and warm smile made it feel like she was really with me. The thought of her never coming back brought tears to my eyes immediately. But I knew I had to be strong.

The moment I stepped on the flaky New Orleans soil, I immediately hailed a taxi. "To Mondy Eyli Hospital," I said. "Make it quick!" The driver stepped on the gas like he was in a race tournament. Mondy Eyli Hospital was basically a place for patients who were almost dying, but hopefully, my mother wasn't there. I raced to the concierge and cut everyone in line.

"Carmela Sania," I said to the receptionist.

"Do you mean Carmela Mouli?" she asked.

"No, Carmela Sania!" I was starting to scream.

"There is no Carmela Sania, only Carmela Mouli."

I didn't respond. I was too shocked! I'd spent the whole time to find a Carmela Mouli, the wrong person. At first, I was so disappointed and worried. My brows creased into a frown. The truth hit me – my mother was alive! So the whole time in New Orleans was worth it. I was so happy at the thought of seeing my mother soon. Next time, I'd make sure to see the picture of a Carmela on a news article.

*Mistaken Identity*

**Tatyana Leilani Satio**  
Grade 5 Integrity







We were the same age, but I was taller than him and kept kicking. But he manged. I remember small me in a towel, rocking back and forth, eyes and nose red, muttering prayers and ignoring everyone around me.

The girl that went to my house.



→ water park  
→ swimming pool  
→ my sister

→ The person who saved me.  
What a hero!

Me before I drowned.  
I was swimming on top of the seat.

17/20 Excellent extracts of your autobiography.  
I'm shocked about the biting!



→ Look of misery by a four year old.

Me after I drowned;  
before I got in a towel.

## This Is Life

Karina Poyoh  
Grade 6 Humility

### FINGER NEARLY OFF!

I think I was about 3 or 4 years old and my cousin had a birthday party and invited my family. My sister was about 1 or 2 years old and she was one spoiled girl. It's not really her fault, she was born with a disease that made her unable to eat most food, and to top all that off she had asthma. She got 100% of <sup>and her own</sup> attention. And me being the four-year-old diva, I was jealous, at least that's what everyone said. (I don't think my four-year-old self would have such an evil mind!)

I remember sitting on a couch in the living room with my sister, the adults were talking about boring adult stuff going on. My sister was right beside me looking all cute and cuddly and I did what every four-year-old would do (at least in my case), I bit her <sup>finger</sup> bit. As hard as I could.

I remember blood, my sister crying practically screaming, the adults rushing to us, my mom scolding me, more blood, me crying, all that bad stuff.

My parents claim to this day, I did this out of jealousy. Yeah, right. I think I just did it because I like biting stuff. I even had proof, I bit the edge of my crib and my dad thought a rat had done it. But I do feel bad for biting her, she got an infection on her pinky finger by the way. I laughed when I heard it because I never realized I was an evil mastermind when I was still a small girl.



# Flashback Story

Jackson knew what he had done. One small part of him wanted this. He knew he deserved to be here. Just sitting there waiting until the moment he had to walk in, he had been here a lot. He knew what was going to happen. He didn't want to be a part of this. Out of everyone in this world why is he the only one that can do this? He doesn't want to know when it was going to happen.

He first felt it 4 years ago when he was 12 years old. He got this horrible feeling whenever he was close to his mother. He didn't know what it was, but he didn't like it. Just a few days later his mother died. Since that night, everything changed. His dad sort of lost his mind after his mother died. He was constantly drunk and was never there for him even when he needed it most. He knew that year he didn't only lose his mother but his dad as well. If what happened to him wasn't bad enough he got sent away to a boarding school for children with parents incapable to take care of them.

Now 4 years later he had grown up to be a smart boy but he showed no responsibility what so ever. He would not do his homework, projects and won't show any respect to his teachers. He made friends quite easily, but there is only one person that would have trusted with his life, Linda. She was tall, blond and has very piercing green eyes. Jackson was tall, had dark hair and had sky blue eyes.

A few days ago he had it again, he had that feeling, a feeling he only felt once before, 4 years ago. He started finding who it was coming from. Finally he figured it out it was coming from, it was coming from Linda. He was scared that what happened to his mother would happen to her to. Then he thought what if it was just a coincidence, maybe he was just imagining it, maybe if he ignored it it'll just go away. He was wrong.

They found her body in the library with her throat slit opened and a gag in her mouth. Who would do this to her? What had she done wrong? He could not accept this. He was going to find whoever did this and make him pay for it. He was angry, why did it have to be him? Why did he have to be in the middle of all of this?

He started going through her stuff. He finally found her diary. He wasn't really sure he wanted to read it, but she might have known something. So he started reading it. He felt like he was invading her privacy, but had to know. That was when he found something, it said that she had known that someone was going to come after her because of who her father was. He kept on reading, but the only other clue he found was she writing that a guy with a red hoodie was following her.

Jackson was constantly looking for more clues, trying to find out who did it. He was paying more attention to other people, when suddenly he remembered something, the security camera it would have shown who killed her. So, that night he broke the lock in the security room and went through all the footage from the library, until he found it. She was just sitting there when a person in a red hoodie sneaked up behind her and slit her throat, then she fell and her eyes were closed.



She was right then, it was a guy in a red hoodie. It was clearly a guy, he wasn't that tall but was too big to be a girl. He could also tell that he was blond. He started going through all the school records. He was surprised that there are only two possible people, guy named Jack, and this weird kid named Danny.

He suspected it was Danny because no one would have suspected him, quiet and geeky. So he saw Danny's records and saw that he wouldn't be in his room until 6 o'clock, because of the math club. He went to his room and broke the lock on the door. Inside he tore apart Danny's things, finally finding a red hoodie stained with blood and a knife with the smell like it had been used before to make someone bleed.

Then the teacher saw him and brought him to the principal's office, so that was why he was sitting there waiting. When he finally went inside he didn't care about getting in trouble anymore he just wanted to get as far away from this place and never came back.

"Why!" Mr. Smith shouted, the principal, shouted, but he wouldn't answer. "Why!" he said again this time angrier.

"He killed her," he mumbled.

"What," Mr. Smith asked.

"He killed her," he said this time shouting angry. "Danny killed her." Just as if in time an officer went running inside. He said that Jackson was right, what happened after that was just a blur. Next thing he knew was that he was out of the principal's office, went inside his room and packed a bag. Then he started running leaving everything behind his life, the fun he had and most importantly the memory of her. The good times he had there. He didn't know how he was going to get there or even if he is wanted back, but he had to forget it all, he needed to forget. Most of all he never wanted to have that feeling again, the feeling when someone is going to die. Right now he only wanted one thing, he wanted to go home.

## *Flashback Story*

**Shanya Dinata**  
Grade 6 Teamwork





## Background

Oxford revolves around its prestigious university, the University of Oxford, established in 12 AD. The architecture of the many university colleges around the city's medieval center led the poet, Matthew Arnold, to nickname Oxford the "City of Dreaming Spires".



### For More Information

67556700

Rosebury Rd. No. 9  
Oxford, Oxfordshire, OX1 3BB

[www.oxfordtours.co](http://www.oxfordtours.co)

## Getting Here

From London Heathrow International Airport (closest international airport)

### Bus

Cost: £19

Time: 80 min (terminal 1,2,3)

100 min (terminal 5)

Frequency: every 20 min

Main bus stop: Gloucester Green

### Taxi

Standard taxi from Heathrow

Cost £65 to/from Heathrow

### Hired Car

Can be booked in advance or on the spot

Cost approx £65 to/from Heathrow



## OXFORD

## UNCOVERED

By Oxford Tours

The City of  
Dreaming  
Spires

## Accommodations

### Old Bank Hotel

The most stylish and contemporary boutique hotel in Oxford situated on High Street, one of the best locations. It is surrounded by the famous colleges of Merton and Christ Church and is directly opposite the Bodleian library and Radcliffe Camera.



Ranging from £284 to £400 per night

### Old Parsonage Hotel

'The Best Hotel in Oxford'

The 17<sup>th</sup> Century Old Parsonage is located in the heart of this historic city at the end of the boulevard St. Giles. It is a few minutes walk from the Ashmolean and surrounded by some of Oxford's best restaurants and bars.

Ranging from £310 to £500 per night



old parsonage



## Nightlife

### Turf Tavern

Tucked behind the medieval city wall, and accessible only down a narrow passageway, "the Turf" is one of Oxford's worst-kept secrets. A real-ale pub with good guest ales.

**Address:** 4-5 Bath Place, OX1 3SU

**Contact:** 01865 243235; [theturfpub.co.uk](http://theturfpub.co.uk)

**Prices:** pint of beer £3-plus

**Opening times:** pub hours

### White Horse

Fans of the Inspector Morse (and latterly Lewis) trail will find no better venue than the White Horse, squeezed between Blackwell's bookshop and the Sheldonian Theatre. Tiny, one-roomed, with photos of famous visiting drinkers, it couldn't be anywhere else but Oxford. A good real-ale pub, the locally micro-brewed Oxford Prospect is recommended.

**Address:** 52 Broad Street, OX1 3BB

**Contact:** 01865 204801; [whitehorseoxford.co.uk](http://whitehorseoxford.co.uk)

**Prices:** £3.20 for a pint of Oxford Prospect

**Opening times:** daily 11am-11pm. Food till 9pm

## To Do

### Indulge in Retail Therapy

Head out to the farmer's markets or visit Bicester Village to find designer brands such as Gucci or Chanel. Either way, Oxford's got you covered.

### Ride a Boat

The waterway attractions are not to be missed, whether you ride a steamer or hire a punt for a relaxing cruise.

### Go to a Museum

Visit the historic Ashmolean or head over to the Museum of Oxford to learn about the very ground you stand on.

### Tour On A Bike

Ride a bike and see the pedestrianised parts of the city that no bus will show you.

### Grab A Pint

Sit in the same seat that CS Lewis and JRR Tolkien sat in while sipping on a pint at the Eagle and Child Pub.

### Oxford Castle Unlocked

Climb the Saxon St. George Tower at Oxford Castle, the oldest building in the city. Take a tour of the prison and explore the castle in your own time.

### Explore The University Buildings

See the inspiration for Harry Potter's Great Hall at Christ Church College and be surrounded by a wealth of beauty, history and knowledge.

# Oxford Uncovered

Katiana Kamdani

Grade 7 Teamwork



## Background

It was believed that Bath was founded in 860BC, when Prince Bladud, father of the fictional King Lear, caught leprosy. He was banned from court, but eventually was cured after wallowing in hot mud. Then he became king and founded the city of Bath.



This character appears to be the last memory of a Celtic god of that name, associated with Minerva, the goddess that the famous Roman Baths were built to honor.



## Climate

Bath has a temperate climate, and is wet and mild. Bath's average temperature is 10 degrees Celsius. Its seasonal temperatures are less extreme than most of the UK. Summer temperatures are 21 degrees Celsius and 1/2 degrees Celsius in the winter.

## Accommodations

### Recommended Hotels:

#### • Lucknam Park Hotel and Spa:

The perfect choice if you're looking for a luxurious place to stay and if you're not afraid to spend some cash (Includes facilities for children)

#### • Harington's City Hotel:

A boutique hotel tucked away in the center of the city, with individually decorated bathrooms, and modern embellishments. Perfectly comfy, contemporary, and friendly.



### Others:

#### • The Hobbit Hole:

A beautifully furnished, one of a kind accommodation set in the private gardens of West Tynning B&B.



## Travelling to Bath

Located in the South West of England, Bath is easy to reach, just 90 minutes from London Paddington station by train and a short drive from both the M4 and M5 motorways. Bath is also just 19 miles from Bristol Airport and well connected by regular bus services



## CONTACT DETAILS

Phone : 081236567  
E-mail : TravBath@holidays.com  
Address : Oaksen Street No.15, London, England

## Sightseeing

### The Roman Baths:

Amazing Roman Bath ruins, explore an interactive museum that transport you back to Roman life.



### Bath Aqua Theatre of Glass:

Learn the basics of glassmaking and blow your own paperweight with a professional glass blower.

### Thermae Bath Spa:

An award-winning Natural Spa where you can bathe in Britain's only naturally warm waters as the Celts and Romans did

## Tours

### Bath Tours: Highlights of Bath City Walk:

See all the main attractions and learn about Bath and its residents in an entertaining 2 hour walk

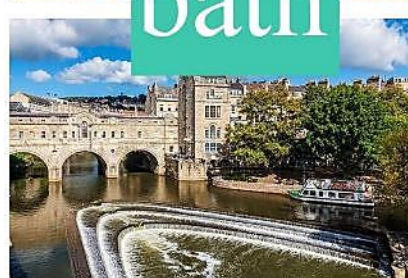
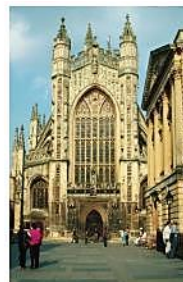
Scarper Tours: the original and ultimate Stonehenge Tour.



# Visit Bath

## Louisa Wirawan

### Grade 7 Teamwork



## Events

### Bath Literature Festival

26th February - 6th March 2016. Celebrating 21 years of great books.

### Toy Collectors Fair

17th April 2016. One of the biggest events of its type in the UK

### The Great Bath Feast

Oct 2016: Sample Bath's glorious delicacies



### Bath Signature Treats :

- Sally Lunn Buns
- Bath Soft Cheese
- Bath Olivers



### Bath Popular Restaurants:

- Same Same but Different
- King William
- The Bath Priory







## Of Thorns and Twine

Poem by Nesa Liora

A burning fire down my spine  
Like a bouquet of thorns and twine  
Like poison trickling on bare skin  
Romances destroyed before their chance to begin



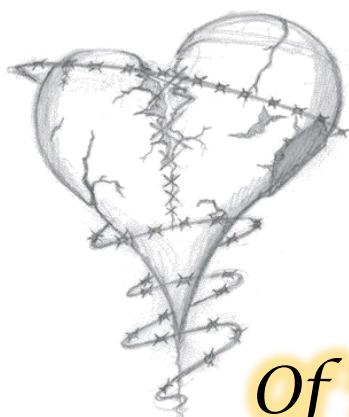
A highly fatal, and dangerous game  
Of backstabbers whom none can tame  
Of bullets and knives that never miss  
And the pain behind a stolen kiss



I personally gave up a long time ago  
On this war, this never-ending drama show  
I gave up on this paradox called 'love'  
I've fled, and I've sent my dove



They say that love's a beautiful thing  
And to some extent, I agree  
But call me a coward, and call me a wimp  
'Cause when tampering with feelings, I'd rather flee



If you're not yet in love, run away  
Never let yourself fall astray  
It's all a trap to break your stand  
And I have felt it all first hand

## Of Thorns and Twine

Nesta Liora

Grade 8 Teamwork



# At the Strike of Six

5:23. He must be home soon.  
Go heat the kettle, go wash the dishes  
Then the clock strikes 6  
I open the door to let the wind rush in and give  
him my kisses

He stands at the door silently, waiting  
I wait patiently  
The chilly wind creeps on my neck, but still i  
wait  
The frostbites started to form painfully

Finally, he trudges in slowly, one step at a  
time  
I hurriedly followed, trying to recover the burnt  
chicken  
"Sit, sit" I say, " You must be hungry"  
He continues to stare, a face with a look that  
is stricken  
"Never mind," I say, " The chicken is burnt  
anyway"

The room is silent with the occasional  
pattering of raindrops on the window sill  
I give him a warm smile from time to time but  
he must not notice  
"It's getting quite late, I'm going to bed. Its  
going to be an early morning tomorrow so I've  
got to go"

I see me and him in a field of buttercups  
A beautiful dream  
We're laughing and singing  
under the sun beams

Then the sound of crows squawking got  
louder and louder  
I cover my ears and he covers his  
The black cloud of feathers enwrapped  
around us  
And before he and I are parted, we share one  
last kiss

I wake up, a sad smile  
I put on my coat and my boots, a blue and  
brown mix  
A hat too maybe, sometimes graveyard gets  
very cold  
Waiting to meet him at the strike of six

*RIP MR SAWYER-DEATH BY SUICIDE  
"IT'S SO HARD TO FORGET SOMEONE  
WHEN THEY GAVE YOU SO MUCH TO  
REMEMBER" love, Mrs. Sawyer*

**Stephanie Lee**  
Grade 8 Teamwork



## Cyberbullying : An underestimated crime

A map to the labyrinth of the mind

By Hans Christian Suganda (9T)

Most of us have heard this word many times before, almost to the point of it being rather tedious. Cyberbullying is, alongside its emotionally distressed victims, viewed with rather great indifference, with the assumed reason being that those victims are weak and that some even “deserve it”. However, my fellow comrades, the danger of cyberbullying does not merely come from the bullies and their constant mockery. Instead, the greatest destruction cyberbullying can incur comes from within and what the victim truly believes after the act. Victims do not commit suicide because someone says they are worthless. They commit suicide because they believe it to be true. Believing one is useless and beyond hope tortures one’s sanity from the inside, from the voices in one’s head one keeps muttering to oneself. This is what causes so much pain that one’s existence, so full of misery, makes death look like a blissful end.

Do not mistake people who commit suicide or cry, because they were cyberbullied, as a symbol of weakness. It is, in fact, the opposite. They cry because they have tried to stay strong for too long and they have fought too hard, until they can see no way out but to end it in death. We can never see our actions in black or white, people are much more complicated than that, and behind all the seemingly “pathetic” photographs they post on Facebook and Instagram, there is just a fragile and wounded soul, yearning for an escape from misery.

We bring a message to the student body, we are here to help and serve those of you who are distressed by cyberbullies. We need not know your name but if you need help, we can chat anonymously via email. Nothing is too shameful to talk about and everything that is talked about will remain secret.

We believe that the best method to fight an inexhaustible fame is to merely let it burn out. Unless it becomes unmanageable, we will not physically interfere. Interference, corresponding to what many of you have realised, is just going to increase the aggression and further encourage the bully. However, we are here to support you and encourage you as you face these challenges in your lives. With this, I urge all of us to stand up against bullying for today and for the future days to come.

## *Cyberbullying: An Underestimated Crime*

**Hans Christian Suganda**  
Grade 9 Teamwork



## Three Storms

By Nicholas Aditya Dharmadi 9H

Cumulous IV listened to his council of advisors in solemn silence, his gaze fixed on the massive sheaves of papers piled up on his desk. Of course, he was not actually studying them. As President, he knew more than most about how keeping up appearances as a leader was essential. He also knew that staying open minded and being a good listener was in his best interests, but amongst the squabbling of his 12 advisors he could not even begin to think straight about their input. But most of all, he believed that trusting one's own instincts was essential in leadership, so at least he didn't feel guilty about the fact that the voices of his council seemed so far away, drowned out by the sound of his own thoughts.

"Excuse me, sir. Sir?" exclaimed his stout assistant, attempting to rouse him from such deep contemplation. "Sir, the Minister of Logistics was just addressing the next order of business."

"So, this is the issue: do we have enough Lightning to animate the number of infants on demand?" asked the portly cloud that was sitting farthest from Cumulous.

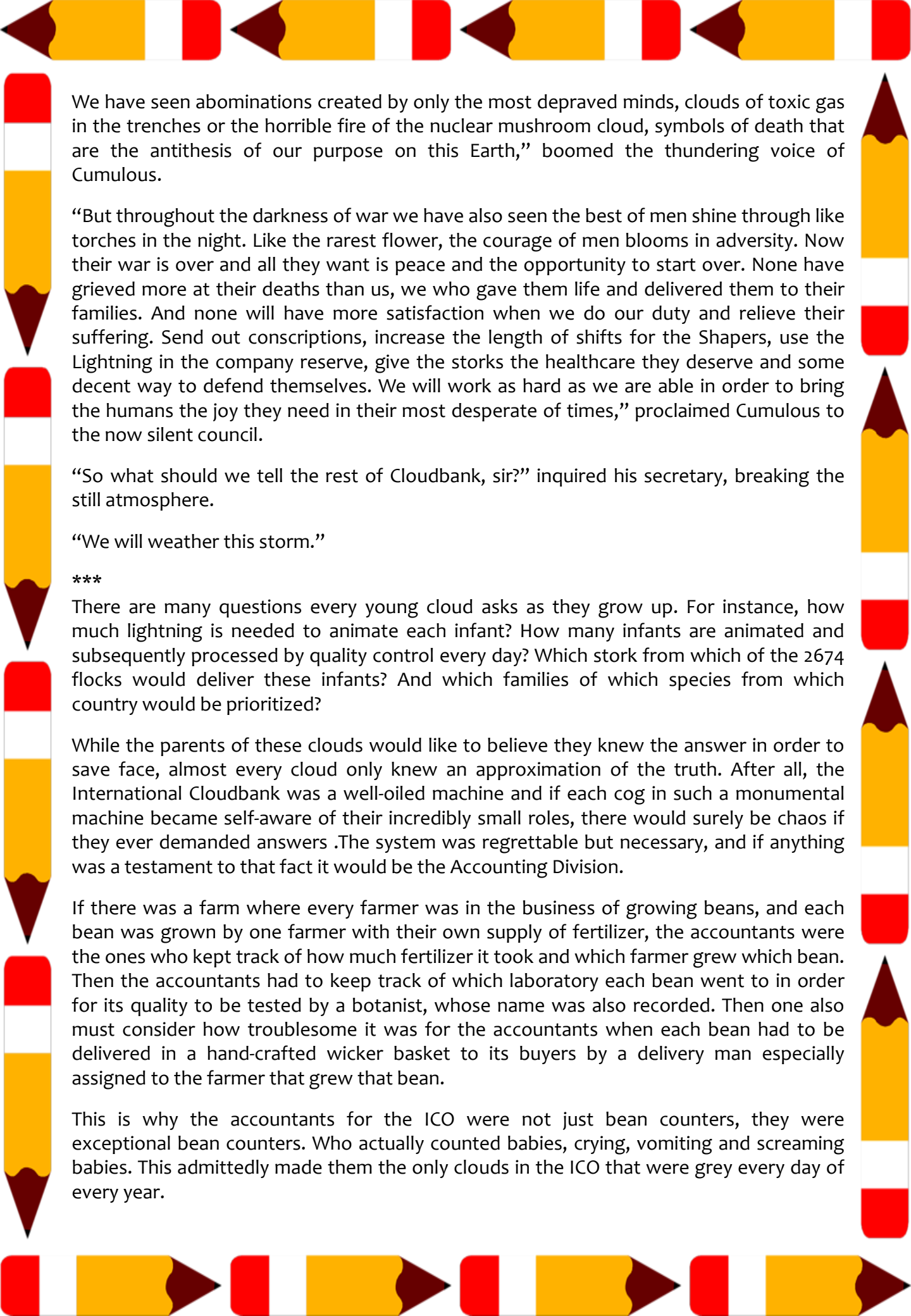
"Lightning? The real question is if we have enough storks!" cawed the wiry Director of Delivery. "The 101<sup>st</sup> AA Flock is almost depleted of all available storks and reports are coming in of deserters. Even now the remaining Polish and French fleets are understaffed and their mental fortitude is questionable at best, having been at the front lines of the conflict during this whole ordeal."

"Furthermore, we are still recovering from the confirmed casualties that were sustained by the 82<sup>nd</sup>, 243<sup>rd</sup> and 32<sup>nd</sup> AAA flocks last year," said the bespectacled black stork in charge of Training and Development. "while the new recruitment policy has been effective, the training programs haven't been as effective as predicted."

"Well, the fact remains that the rate of Lightning use hasn't ever been this high, and even with the more efficient production plants, we have been unable to keep up with the demand of the US, French, Polish and Russian populations. The Shapers simply can't animate their constructs quickly enough, and too many quality control tests have failed in a rush to complete their assignments," proclaimed the stern head of Lightning Production.

"We should also try and control the press. Fear mongers, the lot of them. They're trying to stir up the public by calling this whole fiasco a 'baby boom'. I mean honestly, the state of journalism these days is appalling," grumbled the cantankerous Accounting Manager.

"Thank you Sirs," interrupted Cumulous. "I have listened to your proposals and I am assured that you all are serving the Organisation with unwavering loyalty in this time of great crisis. It is true that the demands of the human population are as high as they have ever been. Now while your concerns are valid, I have reached my own decision and as your President, I trust you will all be satisfied with it. As cloud and stork alike, we need humans. In the most recent years we have seen the worst of them. We have seen the horrors they have imposed upon each other and the pointless deaths that followed."



We have seen abominations created by only the most depraved minds, clouds of toxic gas in the trenches or the horrible fire of the nuclear mushroom cloud, symbols of death that are the antithesis of our purpose on this Earth,” boomed the thundering voice of Cumulous.

“But throughout the darkness of war we have also seen the best of men shine through like torches in the night. Like the rarest flower, the courage of men blooms in adversity. Now their war is over and all they want is peace and the opportunity to start over. None have grieved more at their deaths than us, we who gave them life and delivered them to their families. And none will have more satisfaction when we do our duty and relieve their suffering. Send out conscriptions, increase the length of shifts for the Shapers, use the Lightning in the company reserve, give the storks the healthcare they deserve and some decent way to defend themselves. We will work as hard as we are able in order to bring the humans the joy they need in their most desperate of times,” proclaimed Cumulous to the now silent council.

“So what should we tell the rest of Cloudbank, sir?” inquired his secretary, breaking the still atmosphere.

“We will weather this storm.”


\*\*\*

There are many questions every young cloud asks as they grow up. For instance, how much lightning is needed to animate each infant? How many infants are animated and subsequently processed by quality control every day? Which stork from which of the 2674 flocks would deliver these infants? And which families of which species from which country would be prioritized?

While the parents of these clouds would like to believe they knew the answer in order to save face, almost every cloud only knew an approximation of the truth. After all, the International Cloudbank was a well-oiled machine and if each cog in such a monumental machine became self-aware of their incredibly small roles, there would surely be chaos if they ever demanded answers. The system was regrettable but necessary, and if anything was a testament to that fact it would be the Accounting Division.

If there was a farm where every farmer was in the business of growing beans, and each bean was grown by one farmer with their own supply of fertilizer, the accountants were the ones who kept track of how much fertilizer it took and which farmer grew which bean. Then the accountants had to keep track of which laboratory each bean went to in order for its quality to be tested by a botanist, whose name was also recorded. Then one also must consider how troublesome it was for the accountants when each bean had to be delivered in a hand-crafted wicker basket to its buyers by a delivery man especially assigned to the farmer that grew that bean.

This is why the accountants for the ICO were not just bean counters, they were exceptional bean counters. Who actually counted babies, crying, vomiting and screaming babies. This admittedly made them the only clouds in the ICO that were grey every day of every year.



Now imagine how they were going to cope with millions of soldiers and civilians who wanted to settle down and start a family after 60 million people had just died in the bloodiest war of all time. This was why for the entirety of the 'baby boom' the accountants were concealed in a squat grey building at the edge of the world in order not to depress other clouds who might potentially take pity on such joyless creatures. Thus the old eyesore of a building became the HQ of the Accounting division and it was there they did all their monotonous work.

So while the rest of the world heard the sound of thunder and flash of lightning from Shapers who worked around the clock, the Accounting Division worked tirelessly, hearing only the sound of their countless typewriters thundering on and on, resonating through their grey halls. They only saw permit after permit, form after form and in this profound state of mundanity, intertwined with extreme boredom, each and every accountant knew in whatever remained of their soul that at least they were important.

Meanwhile, flashes of lightning lit up the night sky all over the world as every cloud Shaper went into overdrive in order to accomplish their daily quota of a hundred infants, while working overtime. Double and triple shifts were handed out by the overworked clouds of the Administrative Division. The International Affairs Departments had to make sure that each stork had the required permits to fly over restricted airspaces. Meanwhile, flocks of battle-hardened storks were given their daily briefing and reported to their assigned Shapers, ready to fly out once again into the war-torn landscape. Every asset of the International Cloudbank Organization assets was stretched to its limits.

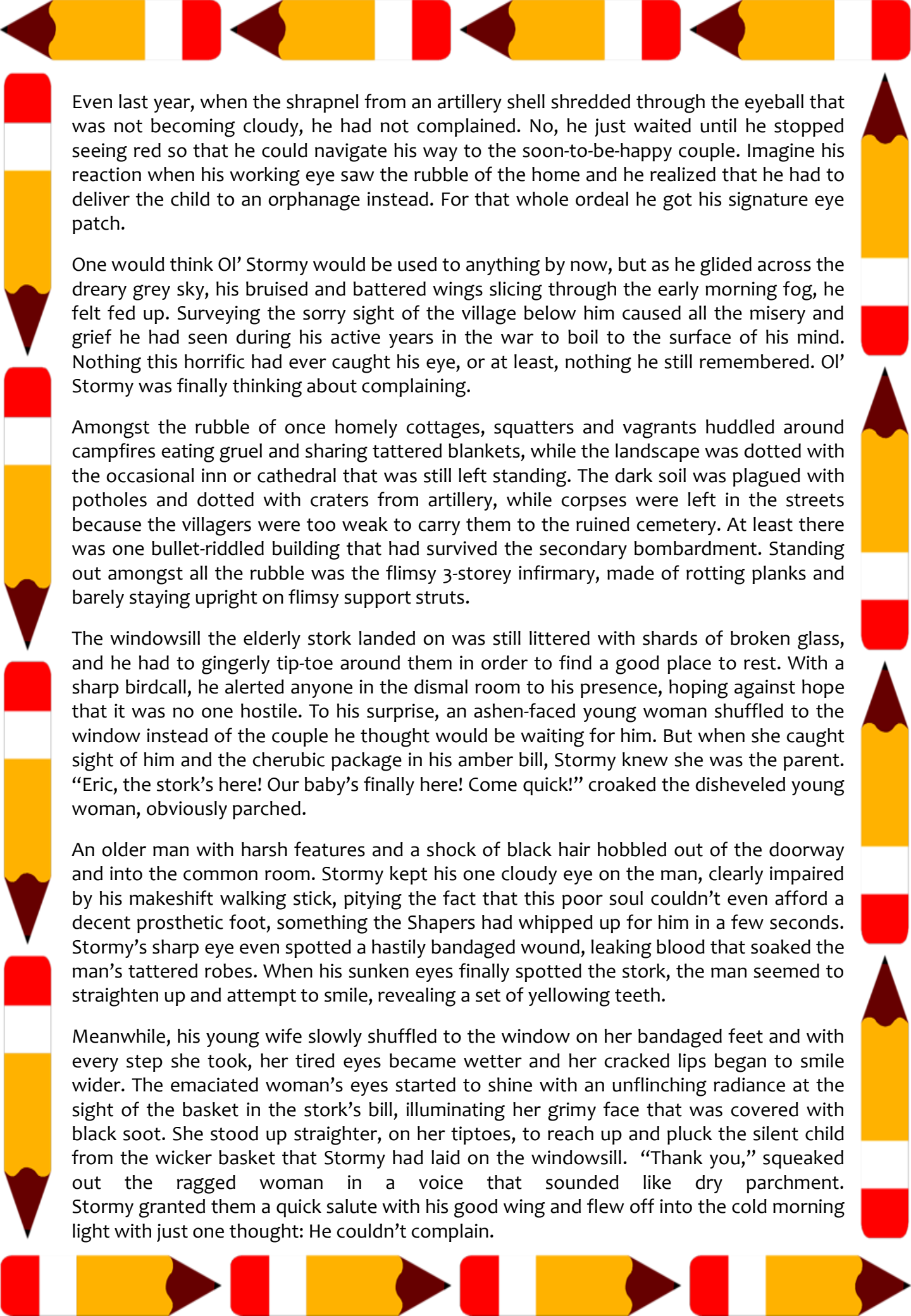
And from far below, the couples, widows and widowers begged to anyone that was listening that their children would arrive soon. In every war-torn nation, they hoped that their babies would arrive in time for the monthly ration delivery, so they would not starve. They prayed that the storks would accept the measly scraps they had to offer, considering the thieves and scavengers that preyed among on them. They asked for help, divine or otherwise so that they would survive the hell they suffered through every day, if only to see the face of their child for an instant. They wished that the child would be perfect, perfect in every way, so as to light up their lives in a way nothing else could.

\*\*\*

Old Stormy was a survivor. That is what he was known for. Having been the only stork to actively serve from the start of the Great War to the end of the Second, and accomplish over 95% of all his assigned deliveries on time, the old bird had earned his fame by also being the stork that had the most medals for bravery in the field.

Throughout both of the wars he had not complained one bit about his job. He had not complained when the stray bullet ripped through his right wing as he flew over a German encampment in order to make his first delivery of 1914 just a little quicker. No, he just chalked it up to a rookie mistake, it was his first mission in a battlefield after all, and he made the delivery in under an hour. For that mistake he never flew right again. When he had his right foot blown off by a lone landmine, hidden in the perfect resting place no less, he had not complained. No, he just staunched the flow of blood with the cloth his package was wrapped in and finished his final delivery of '42. For his trouble he got a shiny new prosthetic.





Even last year, when the shrapnel from an artillery shell shredded through the eyeball that was not becoming cloudy, he had not complained. No, he just waited until he stopped seeing red so that he could navigate his way to the soon-to-be-happy couple. Imagine his reaction when his working eye saw the rubble of the home and he realized that he had to deliver the child to an orphanage instead. For that whole ordeal he got his signature eye patch.

One would think Ol' Stormy would be used to anything by now, but as he glided across the dreary grey sky, his bruised and battered wings slicing through the early morning fog, he felt fed up. Surveying the sorry sight of the village below him caused all the misery and grief he had seen during his active years in the war to boil to the surface of his mind. Nothing this horrific had ever caught his eye, or at least, nothing he still remembered. Ol' Stormy was finally thinking about complaining.

Amongst the rubble of once homely cottages, squatters and vagrants huddled around campfires eating gruel and sharing tattered blankets, while the landscape was dotted with the occasional inn or cathedral that was still left standing. The dark soil was plagued with potholes and dotted with craters from artillery, while corpses were left in the streets because the villagers were too weak to carry them to the ruined cemetery. At least there was one bullet-riddled building that had survived the secondary bombardment. Standing out amongst all the rubble was the flimsy 3-storey infirmary, made of rotting planks and barely staying upright on flimsy support struts.

The windowsill the elderly stork landed on was still littered with shards of broken glass, and he had to gingerly tip-toe around them in order to find a good place to rest. With a sharp birdcall, he alerted anyone in the dismal room to his presence, hoping against hope that it was no one hostile. To his surprise, an ashen-faced young woman shuffled to the window instead of the couple he thought would be waiting for him. But when she caught sight of him and the cherubic package in his amber bill, Stormy knew she was the parent. "Eric, the stork's here! Our baby's finally here! Come quick!" croaked the disheveled young woman, obviously parched.

An older man with harsh features and a shock of black hair hobbled out of the doorway and into the common room. Stormy kept his one cloudy eye on the man, clearly impaired by his makeshift walking stick, pitying the fact that this poor soul couldn't even afford a decent prosthetic foot, something the Shapers had whipped up for him in a few seconds. Stormy's sharp eye even spotted a hastily bandaged wound, leaking blood that soaked the man's tattered robes. When his sunken eyes finally spotted the stork, the man seemed to straighten up and attempt to smile, revealing a set of yellowing teeth.

Meanwhile, his young wife slowly shuffled to the window on her bandaged feet and with every step she took, her tired eyes became wetter and her cracked lips began to smile wider. The emaciated woman's eyes started to shine with an unflinching radiance at the sight of the basket in the stork's bill, illuminating her grimy face that was covered with black soot. She stood up straighter, on her tiptoes, to reach up and pluck the silent child from the wicker basket that Stormy had laid on the windowsill. "Thank you," squeaked out the ragged woman in a voice that sounded like dry parchment. Stormy granted them a quick salute with his good wing and flew off into the cold morning light with just one thought: He couldn't complain.

In Defence of...

## Keeping Up With The Kardashians

Who doesn't love a good old reality show? Admit it, it is pretty much everyone's guilty pleasure. All the world-wide fame, bling, fancy cars, juicy cat fights, screaming, cringeworthy family drama. What does this remind you of? Of course, it's the one and only Keeping Up With The Kardashians (KUWTK). What is it with this family? Why are all eyes on them? It is pretty clear that the Kardashians are probably the centre of attraction amongst the media. Their faces are literally everywhere, and I can assure you that every living breathing human being knows of their popularity. What can I say? Their show is a form of drug to millions and perhaps billions of people out there. There is nothing wrong with being a loyal viewer.

Based on surveys, the Today News website revealed that Keeping Up With The Kardashians was one out of the two most viewed reality show amongst women in 2012. People might say that the show is just a bunch of scripted trash, but we have to face the fact that women love it even more when things start to get dirty. Women are nosy, that is probably why they are very well known for dedicating their time to gossip with their lady friends. With the conflicts and drama between the KUTWK characters, KUWTK satisfies the women's needs in terms of entertainment. The 'feel good' affect it has on women makes all the difference. In addition, it is harmless to indulge yourself in a reality show rather than pick sides on a real cat fight.

Caitlyn Jenner. Yes, the former athlete who managed to pose for the cover of Vanity Fair. The cover itself with the tag "Call me Caitlyn!" went viral beyond belief. What better way to get a closer look on Bruce Jenner's transformation than watching his family's reality show. The reality show reveals different aspects happening to Caitlyn, their family's opinion, her new routine, the way she copes with all the judgements and many more. It even shows us how Kylie Jenner, Caitlyn's youngest daughter, became closer to her Dad after Caitlyn's gender transformation. This can help people with a similar experience or perhaps who is going through a similar phase to learn how to accept one another and bring out the best of an individual.

No one can deny that Kris Jenner's two youngest daughters are regarded as fashion icons to many teenagers over the past couple of years, especially with the recent sold out make-up kit launched by Kylie Jenner, as well as Kendall Jenner's elevating success in the fashion industry as a super model. The Kardashian sisters also made their own clothing line which continues to progress for a few years already. Their reality TV show creates the ease of access towards their sense of style and the way they prepare their looks for different occasions. Their day to day outfits might be somehow overboard for most of us to be wearing on a daily basis but fashionistas love to keep track of what they wear. Some even tries to dress exactly like them for a week.

All in all, I believe that KUWTK is not just some typical shabby pathetic reality show. The show conveys implicit messages that we can learn and adapt in our daily life, maybe not by literally living their life but there are things in KUWTK that are worth watching.

*In Defense of Keeping Up With The Kadarshian*

**Celica Azzahra**

Grade 10 Teamwork



## The Quake

Celine Nugraha 10 Teamwork

‘What happens to the enzymes in yeast when...’

Mrs Quintana’s class was interrupted by the flickering lights from the ceiling. Biology was definitely a bore, so the flicker was probably the most interesting thing that had ever happened in this subject. To be honest, I doubt I was the only one who wondered why the school had hired her. I’m pretty sure she bugs the other teachers as much as she bugs us.


There it was again. The lights flickered. I looked down at the paper the teacher was monotonously discussing and sighed to myself. In her class, every passing minute felt like an hour. I wished she would let us do something more exciting. Maybe we could run around the class and take each other’s pulses and measure lung capacity. Or grow living tissue in a petri-dish, playing God. That still counts as Biology doesn’t it? I prefer a class that doesn’t feel like a class. I don’t want to feel trapped, surrounded by four white walls, entombed in a concrete prison, waiting for the merciful release of the school bell. I vaguely remember running around the class when I was nine. Back then that was an activity, but today it meant detention. I swore softly to myself. Please get me out of here!

I looked to my right, where my friend Heather was. Instead of her usual ‘I’ve had it up to here with Mrs Quintana’ look, all I could see was a petrified expression. I gave her a puzzled look, She shifted her gaze to her water bottle. I followed her eyes. The water was trembling, sloshing from side to side. All of a sudden, we felt a huge jolt, stomach-shaking. Books fell to the floor from the shelf.

‘Everybody out!’, Mrs Quintana screamed as the ground shook violently. Cracks opened in the floor and walls. From the hallway I could hear people screaming. As one, we hurtled towards the door. As we forced our way through, I looked back. A huge hunk of concrete fell from the ceiling, smashing into the desk where Heather and I had sat, stupefied, seconds before.

In the corridor, chaos. The hallway was crowded with kids, scrambling over and around each other, desperate to make to the ground floor. Again, I heard piercing screams. Possibly my own. There were teachers around, but none could seem to take control of the situation. Panic filled the air. Desperation. The classroom I passed as I scrambled for the stairs no longer had anything standing upright. The whiteboard had been wrenched to the ground, the flowerpot on the teacher’s desk was now just dry pieces of clay mixed with powdery soil, the tables had been overturned and the floor was littered with books and paper. I put my head down and ran, gripping Heather’s arm as tightly as I could. The air stank of fear.

There was pushing and pulling all over the place. Some people fell. Some looked injured. It was dark, aside from the occasional flicker from the lights. Most people seemed to be relying on muscle memory to get to safety. The younger kids had it tough. They didn’t know their way around the school as well, and they were constantly being bowled over by older students.



Heather and I made it to the third floor staircase. The ground continued to rumble. The stampede poured down the steps like a torrent. I noticed the cracks in the wall expanding and getting more numerous, making the wall look like a giant jigsaw puzzle. The building was going down, I knew.

The ground floor was the worst of all. Some students had made it that far and then collapsed. Some parents were there, screaming for their children. There were bodies on the floor, some big, excruciatingly, some tiny. I could see patches of blood. The whole ground floor lobby was under a thick coat of dust, which billowed up, reducing visibility, suffocating. We jumped the last couple of stairs, and headed for the door, screaming at people to get out, that the building was coming down, but too many people were transfixed in horror, or forming search parties to head back up.

There was a moment of stillness, before the earth seemed to give one more final, fatal push. A monstrous roar filled the entire space, louder than anything I'd ever heard. We sprinted for a few more meters to the open space of the tennis court. Heather collapsed, sobbing on the ground. It looked like most people had made it out, but it was impossible to tell. Someone groaned, 'Look!' I turned around, tears in my eyes. The building was now just a heap of rubble.

## *The Quake*

**Celine Nugraha**  
Grade 10 Teamwork



### Rationale

I have always been one to pay attention to how things are advertised, so when I saw a vintage ad in a mall I regularly go to, it sparked my interest to look into advertisements in the past. What I came across was the various vintage ads ranging from well dressed men and very distressed women. I began ploughing through articles about these sexist ads and after scanning through modern advertisements and vintage advertisements, I started noticing the vague patterns between the two. Although ads nowadays do not possess the same (sexist) textual evidence, they advertise products or services with explicit images. Sexism, hyper-sexualized women are currently promoted in the modern day as dull housewives were advertised in the past.

I thought that writing an opinionated news article for a make-believe one-sided magazine would allow me to showcase an opinion regarding sexism through language and images. I attempted to format my written task as a plain essay without overbearing images. The article has a clear purpose, which is to spread awareness about the issue, and provoke the opinions of readers. I compare both ends of the spectrum, vintage and modern ads, men and women, and I evaluated further into social responses and research.

This article shows my understanding and deeper knowledge into the written task I have chosen to write as I address complementary issues to my topic. In my article, I present a strong case against hyper-sexualized ads for both males and females to further emphasize the issue at hand.

**Word Count: 255**



### Written Task 1

## Sexist ads from one era to another

We are constantly surrounded by this generation's idea of attractiveness, which is what can be assumed to be the cause for the hyper-sexualized images today.

As far as the 60s, advertisements normally involved a degrading female role used as a tool to selling whatever product and/or service there was to advertise. Although articles were released regarding the consequences of these vintage sexist ads, most of them fail to acknowledge the advertisements in this modern day and age that actually parallels those of the past. Could this be the effect of being to accustomed to viewing these sexualized images that causes us to fail to realize how it could be considered sexist or at least inappropriate?

**Turns Out You Gals Are Useful After All!**  
*Worth* 1000.com  
A message from the Department of Repression, Oppression, and Chauvinism.

In the 1960s, most to almost all sexist ads had to deal with the stereotype of women as helpless housewives. Although ultimately the goal of these advertisements were to effectively sell them, this undoubtedly shaped how we see not only the domestic life, but women in general. Hyper-sexualization is an over sexualization of someone in a context that does not make sense for them to be sexualized at all. This just goes to show how, whether it be the past or the present, there is still a form of sexism displayed through the same platform directed towards its respected decade.

**You can lose him in a minute!**



In the past, sexism through advertisements were mostly for selling domestic household items, which translated women to only be good for just that - being a housewife. Although the aim for these comical advertisements were to sell the product to the consumer, it went so far as to degrade women to the level of being an object, to be used or be useful, to appear a certain way, to please the man.

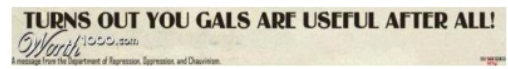
As time goes on, ads become increasingly and unnecessarily sexualized. It has become acceptable to see more skin due to the frequent exposure from globalized media we experience daily.

In a 2008 study of almost two-thousand advertisements, it was found that half of them featured women as sexual objects. The factors that suggested a woman to be a sexual object depended on her posture, makeup, facial expression

## Sexist ads from one era to another

We are constantly surrounded by this generation's idea of attractiveness, which is what can be assumed to be the cause for the hyper-sexualized images today.

As far as the 60s, advertisements normally involved a degrading female role used as a tool to selling whatever product and/or service there was to advertise. Although articles were released regarding the consequences of these vintage sexist ads, most of them fail to acknowledge the advertisements in this modern day and age that actually parallels those of the past. Could this be the effect of being accustomed to viewing these sexualized images that causes us to fail to realize how it could be considered sexist or at least inappropriate?



In the 1960s, most to almost all sexist ads had to deal with the stereotype of women as helpless housewives. Although ultimately the goal of these advertisements were to effectively sell them, this undoubtedly shaped how we see not only the domestic life, but women in general. Hyper-sexualization is an over sexualization of someone in a context that does not make sense for them to be sexualized at all. This just goes to show how, whether it be the past or the present, there is still a form of sexism displayed through the same platform directed towards its respected decade.

**You can lose him in a minute!**



In the past, sexism through advertisements were mostly for selling domestic household items, which translated women to only be good for just that - being a housewife. Although the aim for these comical advertisements were to sell the product to the consumer, it went so far as to degrade women to the level of being an object, to be used or be useful, to appear a certain way, to please the man.

As time goes on, ads become increasingly and unnecessarily sexualized. It has become acceptable to see more skin due to the frequent exposure from globalized media we experience daily.

In a 2008 study of almost two-thousand advertisements, it was found that half of them featured women as sexual objects. The factors that suggested a woman to be a sexual object depended on her posture, makeup, facial expression





high for sexualization, but does not always register. However, just because a woman shows skin doesn't necessarily code her to be a sexual object. For example, a woman wearing a bathing suit might not be coded as sexual while a fully clothed woman in a suggestive pose could be. The same study showed that in

images where women were shown in victimized roles, they were considered even more suggestive. The researchers noted that such images may function to normalize violence against women.

Nowadays, women are sexualized to sell products whether it be food, cars, or vacations, there will almost always be a provocatively posed, hyper-sexualized woman. This just goes to show how far the media has come from these sexist vintage ads - not very far. The suggestive advertisements involving women serves as a parallel to these ads in a way that it portrays a woman as an object of desire used to sell a certain product. Likewise, the vintage ads measure a product's quality by deciding whether a woman is able to use a certain object or whether a woman can please a man by purchasing the product. Through both, women serve as a bridge between the consumer and the product - *used to advertise the product*.

Men may argue that they are equally sexualized with what shirtless ads and such. These sexualized fantasies stay within the media and would not translate to the real world besides the case of women. Although both men and women are similarly sexualized, there's an after-effect on women that doesn't apply to men. Men may subconsciously develop a certain ideal that involves how a woman should appear or present themselves to men. In turn they resort to cat-calling, making comments about women's bodies, harassing them. This could very well be a sort of expectation they have for women to appreciate the attention given to them or enjoy the sort of sexual attention they devote to them. This leads to the larger problem of inequality between males and females in terms of projection in the media, however, ultimately, we have to address the suggestive advertisements, that they should be discouraged before younger children begin to be hyper-sexualized in the future. We shouldn't have to be surrounded in such an exposed, sexual, globalized universe of double standards. Women shouldn't have to be displayed provocatively to sell products or make money.



This issue is not going to go away if we support and stand by to the pictures we are constantly surrounded by. Is this the environment the younger generation will grow, evolve, and adjust to as they grow up?



## *iB Written Task*

**Andrea Juwono**  
Grade 11 Humility