

# Student Creativity English Literary Works

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### **"Alaia and the Sugar Plum Fairy"** Written by Alexa Sifra, Class 7 Respect

Have you ever wondered what it feels like to eat so much cake that your stomach feels like it's about to explode? I know I have. But one thing that I have never known was how it felt to live in a candy wonderland.

My name is Alaia, and my life, for the most part, is pretty boring. Both my parents work very hard and I have a nanny whose name is Ms. Halle. I guess the only fun person I have in my life is my best friend, Julian, and we do everything together. One time we rolled down the stairs with a mattress like it was a slide! We stopped after a few times though as Ms. Halle caught us at it. She berated us and gave a lecture on responsibility and the possibility of getting concussions!

Anyway, I should get to the point, I have a story to tell here! It was a really gloomy day on the 16<sup>th</sup> of October. My parents were still out working and Ms. Halle was watching the news. That day, I remember begging her to switch the television channel so that I could watch my movies, but she told me to read a book, so I did. It was called "The Tales of The Sugar Plum Fairies and Their Adventures to Wonderland".

As I was reading the book, I felt myself get sleepier, and sleepier as if someone had put a blanket over my brain and told it to go to sleep. Then suddenly... I blinked, and I was no longer lying on the living room couch. I was on a wooden log, except it wasn't made of wood! It was made of a gigantic Kit-Kat bar!

I was feeling very disoriented, I didn't know where I was. Out of the blue, a small little creature with a beautiful dress and a pair of wings started talking to a peppermint, I couldn't believe my eyes! I tried to ask what was going on, but nobody would answer me, it was as if I was invisible. As I walked away, the peppermint and the little creature, now realizing it was a fairy, unfolded in front of me like a story, and all around me the scenery was transforming into a land filled with pastries and sweets! By this time, I thought I was going mad! But all too soon, a familiar voice called out to me, I could see the Sugar Plum Fairy, she was telling me to wake up.

Zap! I opened my eyes again and I was back at my house. Ms. Halle was waking me up! As she spoke, I could hear a familiar voice, like the Sugar Plum Fairy, then I asked her one simple question. Do you know the Peppermint Man? All she did was smile, and that's how I knew.

# Alaía and the Sugar Plum Fairy

Alexa Sifra

Grade 7 Respect

**Born to be a Connoisseur** Written by Charlene Francis, 7 Respect

Massive mountains, freezing cold winds, the sound of boats entering and leaving the dock. The bright sun staying up in the sky all day long and the sound of people quietly chattering. The life of a little girl aged 13, living in Switzerland, took her a lot of getting used to, especially since Chloe and her sister, Lila, had just moved in from Paris a week before. Waking up to the view of mountains and a wide lake was definitely not something she would see back on the busy streets of Paris.

Switzerland was a land of fresh air and calm breezes. Every day the market would be full of newly produced goods. As a young cook, this was by far the best part of living in Switzerland. However, Chloe was definitely not a huge fan of plain cold platters with blocks of cheese and ordinary slices of ham and would usually politely reject offers whenever her family was served one in a restaurant as an appetizer. Growing up in the bustling city of Paris, Chloe discovered the beauty of being served a fancy dish in any restaurant she stepped into.

Chloe could never forget the time when her father took her to the best restaurant in Paris. "Every mouthful counts," she always whispered to herself. She had very exquisite taste and had always dreamed of becoming a food critic. Taking part in a cooking competition was something she would think about everywhere she went. Little did she know, her dreams were closer than she imagined.

"Chloe! Chloe! Wake up!" Lila exclaimed, her hand clutching her sister's with the other hand holding out a poster.

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"Wh- What? Am I back in Paris?" Chloe replied, still half asleep.

"No, silly. We're still in Switzerland," Lila snorted.

After a solid five minutes, Chloe finally got out of bed and Lila broke the news to her. "A cooking tournament is coming up. According to this poster, it accepts anyone aged twelve and older," Lila explained, scanning the paper from top to bottom. Both Chloe's parents instantly agreed on allowing their eldest daughter to participate in the competition.

A month later, at the tournament, Chloe stood at her post amazed. A complete set of kitchen materials, complete with a stove, oven and one large fridge. Her opponent, to her surprise, was an old lady. Walking into the hall, Chloe had her hopes up, but at this very moment she felt her confidence drop way below the surface.

Chloe could not remember a thing during the process, but had a great sense of pride once she knew that she was the winner of the tournament. Bringing home the trophy had truly reflected all her hard work and passion for cooking. Maybe, just maybe, being a food critic was just a step away.

### Born To Be A Connoisseur

Charlene Francis Grade 7 Respect

### "How Much Do You Really Know About Social Media?"

Written by Keanu Djalal

"The pen is mightier than the sword!" Weird statement right? Think again. I for one indeed believe that the pen *is* mightier than the sword. A sword may be able to pierce through any beast, but a pen can do so much more. A pen can send heaps of information and knowledge to anyone. And today, more than ever, is power. So, what's the modern day pen? Social Media! The following will tell you anything and everything about what social media is, its benefits and its dangers. But first, we have to know the basics.

So, what even is social media? Social Media is an online world where anyone can do and be anything. Like a whole other plane of reality. You can do anything from posting pictures to selling items and everything in between and beyond. In fact, 2.77 billion people use social media worldwide. Even celebrities and important figures are getting in on it. Regardless of age, background, occupation and/or wealth, social media is for anyone and everyone who is willing to give it a try. Social Media is used for sharing pictures, videos and content, advertising products, selling and buying products, but above all, social media is just down right entertaining. The possibilities are endless. Social media can also be used as a way to influence people. That influence is usually a good thing. For example, streamers who stream for charity raised over 9.8 billion dollars. Most influencers on social media educate people to be a better person too. Now that you know the basics, let's move on.

Many people are quite adamant of the idea of social media being important and beneficial to us. So, now you'll find out exactly why it's important for everyone. Believe it or not, social media can help you in an abundant amount of ways. If you were lost or kidnapped you can use social media to contact those who may be of assistance such as the police, friends or a guardian. Everyone needs friends, right? You will be pleased to know that it's very easy to build and develop friendships through social media whether they're new or old friendships. And it's very likely that you will be able to make lots of friends through the help provided by social media. Last but not least, you can learn and achieve so many things through social media. From countless studied information and other things that are posted by users.

Unfortunately, wherever there is good, there is always bad. So it goes without saying that social media naturally has quite a handful of downsides, dangers and disadvantages. Firstly, social media can lead to severe addiction. In some cases, its level of addiction could be comparable to that of crack cocaine. As a matter of fact, people worldwide spend an average of 10-13 hours a day on social media. In addition to that, social media can be, and is in fact, quite commonly used for cyberbullying, which in some cases, although rare, can lead to self-harm and even suicide. Recent studies have shown that cyberbullying through social media is the cause of 32% of suicides around the globe. It is also the cause of 46% of most depressive states. Finally, social media could be a threat to a person's life. A skilled hacker could easily tap into your device and account and find out your location at any time. This is commonly used for stalking and assassination.

In conclusion, social media is great and has numerous benefits and infinite possibilities such as learning new things, making friends, and calling for help when needed. However, you have to remember to be cautious and alert of the bad things such as addiction, depression, bullying, killing and stalking. Always stay safe. You should also put a cap on the amount of time you spend on social media. Try to get off your phone and enjoy the real world. Have a good time exploring the wonders of social media!

How Much Do You Really Know About Social Media?



Today is the day we go to the beach The great weather, the bright brilliant Sun Oh, the bright, bright beach, very white like bleach Let us relax; layback and we'll have fun

The Sea, a huge mirror, reflections shine Salty sea air, scented like a perfume The powerful Sun, it's as small as a dime The crashing waves are peaceful like a tomb

The calmness of the beach, the Sun starts to wink It dips below the horizon, the beach dims The night sky appears, it looks as black as ink All but the glowing Moon, we try to outswim

> Since the beginning, we all try to hide From the inevitable, we all shall die

# The Day Goes By

Adrien Kusuma Grade 8 Teamwork

An analysis of the discourses that underpin 8H's Timetable Written by Alexa Djalal, Sophia Owensby, Ryan Lim, and Kenzie Liem

#### Introduction

What is a text? Can a timetable be analyzed as a text? Through a process of close-reading, we analyze the discourses that underpin 8H (2018-2019)'s timetable.

#### What is the function of a timetable?

In the 19<sup>th</sup> century, the English cartographer, George Bradshaw, created the first timetable of a train because everyone was always late or missing the train. This time table would remind people when their ride would take place. It gave order and structure to an otherwise disordered world.

Likewise, the timetable gives order and structure to a student's day. Indeed, the school timetable is a structure that regulates the day. Unique to each student and teacher, it informs them of what they each need to do at each time of the day, and where they need to be. Unique to each student and teacher, it informs them what they need to do in each time slot of the day, where they need to be, and what books they need to take to class.

#### Analysis of 8H (2018-2019)'s timetable

In our timetable, classes are placed horizontally beside the days of the week to show which classes are held on which days.

The school time table's intentions are communicated by indicating when and where each class, lesson, subject, or event is held. The classes are vertically placed under period numbers (14 periods in total). Each period is a span of 35 minutes, with most subjects having a double (or even triple period for Science) period. The use of a timetable in our school, and indeed in schools all over the world highlight that schools value order and discipline. This is something schools want to teach students from a very young age – that there is a right time and place to do something. It also teaches students to be punctual for class as teachers might be waiting for them. By training students to go to their classes in an organized manner through the timetable, schools impart the value of discipline.

Indeed, our school is also an academic-centric school. It adopts an academic approach to education. We can see that it prioritizes academic subjects like Mathematics, English and Science. These core subjects receive the highest number of periods in comparison to subjects like Art, Music and PE. This suggests that our school believes that these subjects that train one's cognition are important for the children.

A further analysis of our timetable also shows that our school respects the diverse backgrounds of its students, and adopts a positive attitude towards supporting their backgrounds and social practices. As you can see, "snack" and "lunch" are combined on Fridays. The purpose of this is to gives our Muslim students an opportunity to do their Friday prayers. This shows that the school respects the students' religions and their cultural beliefs.

### Unintended Uses of 8H (2018-2019)'s timetable

While most students have "snack" and "lunch" at period 4 and period 9 respectively, not all students choose to eat during this time or relax and have a good conversation with their classmates. Indeed, while it might not have been the intention of school authorities, some students use this free period to surf the Internet, while others use this time to complete unfinished work, work that was supposed to be completed at home. Likewise, teachers use this time as an opportunity to see their students for different reasons.

### Conclusion

The analysis of our timetable reveals the values that underpin the construction of the timetable, and by extension the educational beliefs of the school. These may or may not be shared by students and teachers alike who may re-appropriate 'free time'. Nonetheless, we acknowledge that these re-appropriations are precisely what makes school life so memorable and fun!

Most students use this time to eat, but the space isn't labelled snack or lunch because although that is the encouraged use, some students use it for different things such as studying or spending time with friends, and the free period is really just 35 minutes' worth of a break that students can use to do anything they want.

An analysis of the discourses that underpin 8H's Timetable

Alexa Djalal, Sophie Owensby, Ryan Lim, Kenzie Lim

Grade 8 Humility

### <u>My Garden</u>

Written by Grace Widyadi, Class 8R

In my wonderful garden I do see the way your water flows peacefully with large butterflies circling in glee and vivid flowers blooming gracefully.

Let me compare you to the shining moon that luminously glows in the dark night. The sun heats all the bright red buds of June. It was a majestically lovely sight.

But when hot summer ends, winter approaches. All that is left are piles of spotless snow. Flake after flake it covers the roses, like blankets hiding everything below.

Yet I still cherish you with all my heart. Remember my words while we are apart.

### My Garden

Grace Widyadi Grade 8 Respect

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## Fresh Air

### Written by Allandra C. A. Lekenila, Class 9 Respect

Why did I do this? God, why did I agree to do this? My hands gripped the ropes until my knuckles were white, holding on for dear life. The tree canopy below me was dizzying to look at, blurred clumps of brown and green. I felt like I was going to fall at any moment, that I would slip and lose my balance and end up a mutilated mess on the forest floor. My harness felt nonexistent. I knew they would catch me. I knew that they were designed to prevent people from falling to their deaths but I also knew that even safety equipment has a chance of failing.

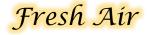
I saw my friends up ahead, smiling and laughing with each other. The sun shone on their faces, illuminating them, making it seem like they were glowing. How are they enjoying themselves? More importantly, how on earth did they manage to convince me to join them? Ah, right. "Come do high ropes with us," they said. "It'll be fun!" they said.

I bit my cheek, hands still shivering and eyesight still blurred. I tasted blood, metallic and bitter. The wind began to blow harder and a shiver went down my spine. It was going to blow me off. All I could hear was the dull whistle of the wind, drowning out all other noise.

I had to keep going, though. I may be afraid, but I'm not a coward. Mustering up all the courage I had, I took a step forward to the steel rope connecting one tree to another. The thin, twisted rope felt rough under my shoes. I nearly lost my balance. Once again, I held on to the ropes securing me. I could feel the calluses forming on my hands. Then, I took another step and another and another and another and I was halfway there. Come on. My head was spinning. All I could see was the next tree up ahead of me, where my friends were waiting. Time slowed. Each passing second felt like an hour. I stepped forward with concrete feet holding me back, weighing me down. I kept going.

Just like that, it was over. I did it. I made it. A surge of relief washed over me. A huge burden had been lifted off my back. I felt a smile creep up onto my lips, soon evolving into full-blown laughter. I conquered my fear. I did it. I did it, I did it!

I looked around. It wasn't so bad. The view was stunning. Trees surrounded us for miles and miles, growing dense and thick. There was a certain majesty to them. They knew the secrets of the world but were powerful enough to guard them. Birds soared overhead, letting out shrill caws every now and then. I spotted a brahminy kite carrying something small in its talons. A rodent perhaps. How have I never noticed the view from this height? I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. The air smelled fresh with petrichor and soil. This was much better than the coarse scent of city pollution I was used to.



### Allandra C. A. Lekenila Grade 9 Respect

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### FOOTSTEPS

Written by Jacqueline Rutherfurd, Class 9H

I will never forget the day my daughter was born. It was the most beautiful, yet heartbreaking, day of my life.

I was standing by my wife's side as she went into labour. Excitement and nervousness ran through my veins. The doctor suggested that I wait outside because I was too full of emotion. I have never been one to wear my heart on my sleeve, but as I looked at my wife, tears began flowing down cheeks.

After what felt like hours of waiting, the doctor shuffled out of the brightly lit room. I sprang out of my tattered, burgundy chair and gazed at him with optimism glistening from my eyes. But my enormous smile faded as I stared deeper into the doctor's blank, expressionless face. "Did something happen?" I tried not to think to myself. "No, there's no way." But the look the doctor wore on his face suggested otherwise.

He sat me back down into the chair I had been waiting in, it was still warm from my presence, and he muttered the words, "Your daughter is here, but she is having a hard time breathing."

My heart sank deep into my chest. What I was hearing, was almost incomprehensible. "This is not what happens in the movies," I thought to comfort myself. From that moment on, all that mattered to me was my daughter and my wife.

After two years of trying to get our daughter, Lilia, to walk, she finally plucked up the courage to take her first steps. She took longer than most to start walking, as her breathing would get too heavy. The moment she took those steps, her smile grew full of joy and excitement.

I admired Lilia, from the way she carried on with her life, despite her painful illness, to the way she smiled in the face of adversity. With her newly found skill, she insisted on perpetually toddling around the house. As I cooked my wife breakfast, I remember listening to the pitter-patter of her tiny footsteps. Her sickness remained, but she was not defeated.

We had to visit the hospital every fortnight, as her pain would not go away, but with the help of the medicine, the pain became bearable. Each time we visited the hospital, she received numerous medications, not necessarily to heal her, but to ease her suffering.

Our lives became devoted to hospital trips and painkillers. Listening to my daughter cry at night felt like being punched in the gut. Not being able to do anything made me feel like a terrible father. It tormented my wife to hear Lilia at night. She felt her agony. Her heart ached at the sound of Lilia weeping. I love my daughter, and I love my wife, but this wasn't the life I had hoped for. "Was this all life had in store for us?"

One night we awoke to the sound of Lilia crying, an event that was quite common in our household. I slowly got out of bed till Lilia's crying came to an abrupt stop. A cold, uneasy chill rushed down my spine, and I hurried down our hallway, only to find Lilia in her room, in excruciating pain. Her face was turning blue. I yelled for my wife, and we hurried her to the nearest hospital. The nurses laid her on a gurney and rushed her into the emergency room. They hooked her up to a heart monitor, each beat was like a droplet of water trickling down a rooftop. I grabbed on to my daughter's hand one last time, until I heard the machine beep as one, long, continuous sound. The readings went flat. My baby's heart had stopped. Everyone in the room began frantically trying to help. They gave her CPR, they pumped her chest, but nothing worked. I felt like a cup of water being poured into the ocean, drowning in sorrow. The sound of my wife mourning, and the sound of people telling me how sorry they were for me became the soundtrack of my life. I loved my daughter so much. I could not handle the thought of a world without her. My throat felt like it had sand paper against it. Every word I had uttered was muffled by my wife's endless tears. Just like my daughter's illness, the pain of losing her did not go away, it just became more manageable. All I ever wanted, was to hear the sound of my daughter's footsteps once more.



Jacqueline Rutherfurd Grade 9 Humility

### House of Treasures

#### Written by Vanessa Kalip

I stepped inside and basked in the pale yellow light. Bodies were pushing in all around me and my ears were filled with mutterings of "excuse me" and "sorry". I took small steps and made my way towards the middle of the cavernous museum showcasing art from various periods of time. Right at the center, underneath the glass dome, stood a figure holding a flute like a maiden trapped in a bubble. She wore a delicate dress and her limestone flesh glowed stark white underneath the sunlight. The more I stared at her, the more I could hear her weave a complex melody with the musical instrument in hand, like the harmony of a thousand songbirds. Such artistic talent exhibited in the way stone draped around her ankles like silk, soft as skin; I thought I saw her graceful arms move, but her eyes were empty, her gaze unwavering.

As I made my way deeper into the building, I stopped in my tracks. All the voices were drowned out as the painting caught my attention. Although I could feel skin brushing against me, I took no notice. The framed art looked more like a photograph with almost imperceptible brush strokes. A petite cottage sat at the corner of the canvas. Dense smoke undulated down the rooftop in slow folds. Next to it was a mirror-like lake. Light shone on soft ripples like crushed diamonds interspersed in the flawless reflection of azure skies. In the distance was a towering dark structure. Like a wolf it prowled, carefully watching the cottage. It was worn and cracked, but made out of hard, confident lines. Intricate swirls and carvings were etched at the corners, giving it an air of arrogance, a ghost of grandeur.

Just as I thought the painting would be the highlight of my visit, I caught a glimpse of an unusual piece. I approached it, squeezing through the wave of people: a small fish swimming against the current. When I saw it, it was as if all my senses were heightened; I could hear the shuffling of shoes through the loud voices, I could hear a pin drop. The shock took over me. It was the simplest painting, but a dense crowd circled it. It seemed to be random brush strokes and splatters. I grazed my fingertips along the ridges and thoughtful dots of the thick paint. When I studied it from afar, it could be a bird, it could be a face, but undoubtedly, it was the most beautiful.

## House of Treasures

Vanessa Kalip Grade 9 Respect

### **The Rescue**

Written by Jordan Yong, Class 10H

Rain fell in thick, fat drops. The pitter-patter surrounded me, threatening to enter the safe area under my umbrella. I gripped the handle tightly as the wind flew about, my feet sinking into the muddy ground. "I feel bad for them," I thought, staring at the four men in front of me as they grimaced and grunted. Despite the rain, they carried no umbrella, for they were carrying a casket. Slowly, they lowered it into the ground. An arm wrapped around my shoulder.

"I'm so sorry," a red-haired lady said to me, her eyes filled with tears.

The rain seemed to pour even harder. And although the sky was crying, I was not.

The weeks followed smoothly, like a well-rehearsed play. Classmates, strangers, distant relatives all came to pay their condolences. They gave flowers, pies, the list went on. But the thing they all gave, without fail, was their pity. They acted as if I were a porcelain doll, shattering with one touch. Eventually they stopped coming, and instead paperwork arrived. I was a minor, and unable to live by myself. The social worker brought me to a familiar looking red-haired lady, who embraced me.

"I'm your great-aunt Bea, and I'm going to be taking care of you now," she told me.

She lived on the other side of the country, so I had move out to stay with her. We packed together for efficiency. Bea picked up a pastel set of paints and put it into a box.

"How do I fold this easel?" she asked, pointing to it as it stood by the window.

"You don't need to. I'm not going to bring it," I replied, continuing to pack my clothes.

"Why not?" she inquired, "You have so many art materials, how will you paint without an easel?"

### BANG!

I slammed the drawer shut and turned to face her.

"Just throw everything art-related away," I said quietly.

The next day, we left for Bea's. As I glanced out of the car window, the neighbourhood I had lived in for my whole life passed by. The neighbourhood I had lived in practically by myself for my whole life, since my parents were always travelling. I had been fine when they were gone then, so why did it feel like my heart was missing now?

"This is your room," Bea gestured around the plain white walls. "I'll leave you here to unpack."

The door closed and I flung myself onto the single bed. The room was half the size of my old room and was sparsely furnished. But sun streamed through the window beside me, reminding me of when I used to paint all day, feeling the warmth fall upon my skin. I sat up, inspired. I could paint it right now, and show it to Mum and Dad when they get back—

Oh.

They weren't coming back.

The gnawing inside of me increased. I bit my lip as memories of Mum's proud face flashed through my mind, of Dad's hearty laugh after I surprised him with yet another painting as a home-coming gift. I had painted for them, and now they weren't there. Emotions bubbled up inside me. Suppressing the feelings, I punched the wall.

"Leah? Are you okay?" asked Bea worriedly as she rushed in. She took in my bruised knuckles and immediately rushed back out.

What was I doing? I plopped back onto the bed, my head resting against the wall. Cloth wrapped around my hand, and I looked up to see Bea treating my bruise.

"You can't hurt your hand, honey. How are you going to paint?" she chided me gently.

"All my art stuff has been thrown away," I replied.

She grinned cheekily and bustled out of the room, returning with a cardboard box. In it, were my art materials, along with my easel. Surprisingly, I felt relieved.

"I didn't throw it away. Are you mad?"

"No, it's okay."

"Well then, I'll leave this here. Maybe paint a bit to let it all out?" suggested Bea, before leaving the room.

Slowly, I went over to the box. The easel was folded incorrectly and so I took it out and set it up.

"Mum and Dad love Leah" was embossed across the leg and the heart I thought to be missing swelled up. I picked up my paintbrush like I was hypnotized, and began to paint, painting for my parents. Time seemed to stop and rewind with each stroke of my brush. I remembered all the happy times I had had with my family. They had loved me, and I had known that, even if they were gone. And they still do, now, even if I couldn't see them anymore.

The sun rays had left, and in its place was moonlight. I looked up at my finished piece—the first painting I had done since my parent's death. My mother and father smiled back at me, eyes crinkling.

A tear dropped down my cheek. I was crying Bawling. Finally, I was mourning. Finally, I was feeling. Finally, I was saved.

# The Rescue

Jordan Yong Grade 10 Humility

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### The Rescue

#### Written by Kaelynn Turtan, Class 10H

#### "EVERYBODY GET DOWN!"

A series of gunshots ripped through the air, shattering the magnificent chandelier and sending shards of sharp glass raining down on the City Bank. People were frantically screaming and covering their heads for safety. Three disgusting rat-like creatures walked through the bank. Their aura was exceedingly threatening and they were at any moment ready to shoot innocent people.

"Nobody move!" screamed the fattest rat. He had a mask covering his face that seemed so tight around his neck that his head might pop off. "One movement from anyone and I'll blow this place to bits!" he shrieked and cocked his gun.

"Now, now that's enough, Grant. Just load the bags," a soft yet hissing voice said from behind. He was the tallest of the three rats and had glowing red eyes. It was Remy, leader of the infamous criminal gang, the Rat Pack. He nodded towards the giant vault at the back of the room and the two collogues forced the staff to open it up.

As they were stuffing their bags with loot, a lightning bolt flashed outside and there stood the silhouette of a small boy outside the window. "Rat Pack! We meet again!" he said, in a voice made deeper than his original pitch. He stood with his hands on his waist and cape flowing behind him. "I've come to take you down, once and for all!" His voice was muffled through the window.

The Rat Pack was unable to hear him through the window until the boy popped through the glass. He slipped on his cape and fell over onto his back. This wasn't the grand opening he had planned. The Rat Pack was shocked by the sudden intrusion and stared at the boy with confused faces.

"I am Bolt!" proclaimed the boy struggling to get up, "the youngest member of the Ziplings! Prepare to have your rat butts kicked!" He zoomed around the room, flying all over the ceiling and walls. His messy black hair was only a blur in the room as he bolted around and zapped each Rat Pack member in the ear. He made a final landing and let out a satisfied scoff.

"Ouch," said Remy, "that *almost* hurt. Get him boys!" Before he knew it, Bolt was tied to a chair and couldn't let loose.

"Hey! Let me go!" he grunted against the restraining rope. Remy approached him slowly, his tail flickering behind him.

"Where are your siblings, hmm? Why are you alone?" Bolt looked up with round, determined eyes, but did not say anything. Remy gave a frown and a disappointed look on his face. "Shoot him," he commanded.

"No, no wait! I can explain!" Bolt said with a fake laugh. He was desperately trying to untie himself. Grant cocked his gun and aimed it at Bolt's head. Suddenly a streak of fire blasted in between Bolt and the gun, like a protective barrier. Grant shrieked at the heat and the gun melted into a liquid on the floor.

"The Ziplings are here!" screamed a citizen. Three teenagers walked into the bank, with long flowing capes. One boy was completely on fire, the girl had strange levitating braids that she seemed to be controlling and the last member was an ordinary boy with dark sunglasses over his eyes. Bolt sighed in disbelief and sunk into his chair. He was trying to avoid his siblings as much as possible. Blaze looked at Bolt with disapproving eyes and shook his head.

"Okay, Ziplings minus Bolt, let's take these mice back to the sewers," Blaze said as his hands exploded into fire. Remy gritted his teeth; his plan was ruined all because of three teenagers.

"FIRE!" He pointed at the Ziplings.

The building was filled with sounds of gunshots but none seemed to take effect. A tall, looming metal barrier appeared between the Ziplings and the Rat Pack. It had sunglasses at the top and was bouncing off every bullet. "Now!" yelled Blaze. The girl, Whipney, and Blaze split up and went in opposite directions. Whipney whirled her hair above her like a helicopter and catapulted them at Grant, coiling her long braids around his neck, restraining him. The large metal barrier shrank back into the boy with sunglasses as he charged towards the second gunrat. He slipped under him and tackled him to the ground.

"Morph! Take this one too!" yelled Whipney and she tossed Grant his way. Morph began to change shape into a large cage with sturdy metal bars, enclosing the two rats inside. His sunglasses shimmered; he was proud of his work.

Meanwhile, Blaze was busy attacking Remy and barely missed his deadly scratches. "Blaze! Untie me! I can help! I swear!" pleaded Bolt from across the room. Unfortunately for him, he was still tied to the chair and had witnessed everything his siblings did.

Blaze only said to him, "No. You stay there and untie yourself first. Then you can help." A final bright flash of fire surrounded Remy; he was trapped. Whipney's braids snakes around Remy's neck and tossed into Morph, the cage. They had saved the day! The citizens cheered and thanked the Ziplings.

The police soon arrived and took the Rat Pack away for good. While Whipney and Morph were being interviewed, Blaze walked up to Bolt. Bolt couldn't look him in the eye; he was embarrassed and ashamed of himself.

"I told you not to go on your own," said Blaze, "Why did you?"

"Because I wanted to prove to you that I'm capable of doing things on my own," mumbled Bolt.

Blaze sighed, shook his head, and walked away. "You can thank me later for saving your butt. After you untie yourself."

Bolt sat there in frustration and stuck a tongue out at Blaze. "Stupid rope," he mumbled.

## The Rescue

Kaelynn Turtan Grade 10 Humility

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Literary Analysis of Act Five, Scene 5 from *Macbeth*, by William Shakespeare By Kayla Nadienne Putri Bera (10T)

Through the way Shakespeare uses different techniques to portray the characters and their emotions with language, he presents this as a pivotal scene.

Firstly, one of Macbeth's soliloquys shows us how his character has developed from the start of the play. The line, "I have almost forgot the taste of fears" from Line 9 contrasts and juxtaposes with Macbeth's demeanor in the first acts of the play. In those acts, Macbeth is portrayed as jumpy and even paranoid once he was crowned King. What Macbeth says following Line 9 emphasizes even more how his ordeals and horrifying experiences – such as seeing Banquo's ghost and even the murder of Duncan – have led him to changing into how he is now: numb to trepidation and self-assured of his own victory. He is now almost unrecognizable as the previous acts' frightened Macbeth, and this contrast can be seen in Line 14 when he says, "Direness familiar to my slaughterous thoughts / Cannot once start me."

Moreover, the word choice for this soliloguy may be in reference to his past actions, thus reminding the audience of the beginning of the play to maximize the impact of its ending by comparison. Line 13 has Macbeth saying, "I have supped full with horrors," showing how Macbeth remembers all of his unpleasant past experiences. In particular, the word "supped" makes the audience visualize food and this reminds them of a scene where one such horror is seen: Macbeth seeing Banquo's ghost in his place at the dining-table. This is Macbeth acknowledging how his past actions have led him to the present and hence marks his change as a character. To make this clearer, Shakespeare uses emotive words in reference to the traumatic experience Macbeth has had. "Slaughterous thoughts" likens to all the people he had slain such as Duncan, Banquo, and Macduff's family, suggesting how his mind is tormented by the murders that he's committed. The fact that the word chosen is "thoughts" rather than "actions" suggests that present Macbeth has considered manslaughter as a viable response to his situation. Once again, this contrast spurs him on, showing how he no longer fears the consequences of his actions.

Secondly, this scene depicts the moment that the witches' prophecy comes true. The witches' prophecy of Macbeth's downfall from the first scene of Act 4 is finally fulfilled when the messenger delivers word of the "moving grove". This marks the moment of realization for both Macbeth and the audience that the prophecy didn't mean that Macbeth was undefeatable. This major change in the prophecy's interpretation signals a turning point in the plot where there is potential for a significant shift in the story as Macbeth is now revealed to be weak and easily able to be defeated.

This also shows how Macbeth displays vulnerability, both physically and mentally. Physically as the prophecy says, he is now able to be "vanquished" as the prophecy says, or that he can be killed now that Birnam Wood has come to Dunsinane Hill, and provides a glimmer of hope that Scotland can be saved. Mentally, Macbeth is seen lashing out at the messenger saying, "Liar and slave!", clearly showing his fury and on a psychological level, his weakness. When people are confronted with things that they don't fully understand, such as things that they fear, a common coping mechanism is rage. Macbeth reacts to his fear of being vanquished by covering it with his anger, thus revealing his insecurities as a character.

Next, this scene shows us how Macbeth's priorities have changed. In this scene, Lady Macbeth dies and once the servant Seyton delivers word of this, Macbeth responds flatly, saying "She should have died hereafter; there would have been time for such a word." Essentially, he wishes that Lady Macbeth had died after the siege so the castle could mourn her properly. This shows how Macbeth is prioritizing the attack on Dunsinane over the death of his own wife. Even in the delivery of the line, the actor would look distant and not care as much as he should. Compare this to when the messenger brings word of the moving grove. In that exchange, Macbeth is seen in intense rage about the news of his possible defeat. Thus, this scene shows change by showing how Macbeth chooses to respond to the two situations. He lashes out when the situation concerns his defeat but laments the futility of life without grieving upon the loss of it.

Next, this scene shows how Macbeth's attitude towards life is explored, particularly his thoughts on the futility of life. It begins with the quote "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow / Creeps in this petty pace from day to day." The repetition of the word "tomorrow" indicates that he thinks of how each day seems the same with nothing different or new to look forward to. By saying "petty pace", Macbeth feels that each day also seems to drag on and on, and when combined with the previous repetition, it shows how he has fallen into a monotony where nothing seems significant to him anymore. The irony of this is that Macbeth is known for his ambition and this is far from what would be expected of him. With knowing how nothing truly changes anymore, Macbeth's perceived value of life depreciates.

This is once again seen when Macbeth describes life as "a poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more," with the key point being in that life is then "heard no more" after death. This lets the audience know that Macbeth views life as short, as seen by the use of the word 'hour', and yet also meaningless because no one would remember it once it is over. He sees the fleeing nature of life as the nature of his own presence as King. This makes him contemplate the purpose of his actions because if everything he does will come to an end, he wouldn't have reason to care. This is accentuated when he describes life as "a tale / Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury / Signifying nothing", sharing how his feels his life with power and authority as it is now is not deserving of remembrance and that all his efforts have led to nothing more than a hollow or pyrrhic victory.

This is also elaborated on when Macbeth says "Out, out, brief candle!". By comparing life to a brief candle, it shows how a short life could disappear without any real impact on the world. A candle is something small that can be easily blown or snuffed out, making life to Macbeth seem like something weak and fragile. This shows how Macbeth feels that his own life is at the mercy of factors beyond his control and how futile it is to try and change the fact.

Finally, the scene is made pivotal by showing us how Macbeth prepares for battle. He orders "Hang out our banners on the outward walls." This shows his initial overconfidence when he publicly displays the symbol of his rule to the attackers. It shows more arrogance than pride that Macbeth is willing to taunt his opponents with his power. When compared to how he acts at the end of the scene, it also shows how Macbeth begins to earn his redemption. The line "At least we'll die with harness on our back" show how Macbeth is now willing to die fighting and how he still has his warrior's honour despite all the change that has happened throughout the play. Now, the audience can see the good, redeemable qualities about him. This is significant because we now get to see him as a tragic hero; his redeemable qualities only showing at the hour of his death and as when we know he could have done much better with his life.

In conclusion, Shakespeare uses characterization and powerful word choice to show how important this scene is in relation to the story's end.

Literary Analysis of Act Five, Scene 5 from Macbeth, by William Shakespeare

> Kayla Nadienne Putri Bera Grade 10 Teamwork

### <u>A literary and linguistics analysis of a Chevrolet Advertisement</u> Written by Javier Tadeo, Class 11H

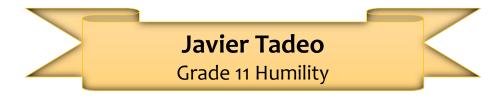
During post-World War II and as the cold war unfolded from 1945 to 1960, the United States of America experienced a rapid and significant growth in their economy. This marked the return of America's prosperity and consolidated the country's position of being the richest country in the world. The middle class of America grew larger as the pursuit of the American dream embarked and acted as a motivation for every American's desire to be successful. Part of the economic growth was the increase in production of automobiles. Back then owning a car was a sign of luxury as not everyone is able to afford the nicest cars in the industry. This indirectly resulted in a stigma between the upper and lower class of the society. An advertisement from 1947 has a purpose of promoting the "new Chevrolet," with the context of out-performing the other cars in its field due to the low cost and phenomenal performance it claims to offer. The target audience is the middle class as the middle class was rising and the lower cost of the car symbolized an opportunity for not only those of the upper class to experience the luxury of owning a car with "Big-car advantages". The author of this 1947, multimodal advertisement makes use of the rhetorical strategies of ethos and logos to appeal to the audience's logic and improve its credibility to effectively persuade the audience of purchasing the product.

To begin with, the advertisement uses scientific terms and facts to create a logical appeal to the audience. This type of rhetorical strategy is called logos and this can be seen throughout the text of the advertisement. The quotes, "It gives the sterling big-car performance and dependability of Chevrolet's famous Valve-in-Head Engine." and "Valve-in-Head-Engine" are examples of jargons or scientific terms used to support the claim that the car has "performance and dependability." Likewise, we can see more of this in the quote, "Chevrolet is the only low-priced car combining Big-Car advantages such as the famous valve-in-head Thrift Master Engine, Body by Fisher, Unitized Knee-Action Ride, positive-assist Hydraulic Brakes and many other features." The jargons or scientific terms used for the features support the claim of the Chevrolet having "Big-Car" advantages. This may also provide the audience with a credible appeal as they may think that the author is knowledgeable about the product.

Moreover, the advertisement uses the rhetorical strategy of ethos to improve the advertisement's credibility. This is evident throughout the advertisement as well. In the quote, "Chevrolet owners are the most enthusiastic owner-group in America", it successfully conveys that the owners are confident and proud of the product they own, thus creating a credible appeal. Ethos is also established in the part of the advertisement where the place it was published, Detroit, Michigan was mentioned. Detroit is known for its auto industry and was even given the nickname of, "Motor City". This conveys to the audience that the advertisement came from a credible state that is known for manufacturing the same product of what the advertisement was promoting.

Indeed, the author of the multimodal advertisement has clearly utilised the powerful strategies of ethos and logos to effectively achieve its purpose for its intended demographic. Logos created a logical appeal to the audience through the use of jargons or scientific terms and ethos established the credibility of the advertisement by the advertisement sounding professional and incorporating details such as the place it was published.

A literary and linguistics analysis of a Chevrolet Advertisement



<u>A literary and linguistics analysis on two texts on Workplace Stress</u> Written by Kezia Renata, Class 11H

Text 3 and Text 4 both revolve around the topic of office work and the mental stress attributed to it. Text 3 takes the form of a threepanel comic strip from the series "Dilbert" written by the author Scott Adams. Text 4, on the other hand, is a poem entitled "Statement" written by the author Arthur Yap. Both texts share a common theme of office work as well as a common view on it – it has the power to incite suicidal tendencies.

In Text 3, the character Alice is asked on how she enjoys her job as a manager (panel 1), to which she replies, "Do me a big favor: sneak into my house and smother me with a pillow" (panel 2). Alice's response insinuates that her work life is tiring to the point that she would prefer to die instead. In Text 4, Yap writes, "Please may I jump off the ledge?" (line 6 – 7), and "this work is really killing". Similarly, these lines also suggest that death is a feasible method of overcoming the stress caused by office work.

Despite delving in a similar aspect and outlook on work life, Text 3 and Text 4 carry different tones through how each of them are delivered. The tone of Text 3 is humorous and satirical. In reaction to Alice asking to be smothered with a pillow (panel 2), another one of Alice's colleague says, "I think she was kidding" whereas the colleague who had initially conversed with Alice says, "I'll see if she puts up a struggle" (panel 3). This response creates an absurd, humorous effect, as the colleague seems to have taken Alice's remarks quite literally, also suggesting that he possibly has an inner desire to murder her. The tone of Text 4, on the other hand, is one of defeat. The lines "so if you say: please may I jump off the ledge?" (line 6 - 7 ) followed by "you will be told: start jumping" create a sense of hopelessness and nihilism. In addition, "but if you state: I'm going now, jumping off the ledge most probably they will say nothing" (line 14 - 16) emphasizes the uncaring nature of workplaces. These lines take on a mindset that death, specifically suicide, is a plausible solution to hardships, further adding to the sense of hopelessness found in the text.

Text 3 and Text 4 are both intended for a similar audience – office workers. The audience of Text 3 is clearly defined, especially with the visual aid of comic strips, by the setting in which the story takes place – an office, where two of its workers are conversing. In Text 3, the character Alice is drawn with squinted eyes and a tense facial expression.

This, along with her dialogue in the second panel, emphasizes how tiring work can be and therefore is relatable to many office workers who go through similar experiences. Text 3 could be taken as a humorous, yet realistic depiction of how some office workers view their jobs as a heavy burden. Text 4 begins with "of course your work comes first", and on line 8 it is written "this work is really killing". These directly address work as being the base for the text's theme. However, unlike Text 3, which is a depiction of a day-to-day work life scenario, Text 4 criticizes the nature and environment of the workplace. The uncaring nature of others at work is highlighted throughout the text, such as in "most probably they will say nothing, thinking should it legally, morally, departmentally be yes/no/perhaps" (line 16 - 18). The last two lines of Text 4, "why don't you come along? we shall bring this matter up to a higher level" (line 20 - 21), which follows the line "or if it's not too late:" (line 19) create a sense of awareness, inviting readers to notice the flaws of the work environment and to contest the issues that are presented in the text (how workers can sometimes feel suicidal due to the immense stress they attribute to their jobs, and yet others in the community, perhaps colleagues or upper management, do not seem to be concerned with the issue). Hence, the purpose of Text 4 focuses on bringing awareness to the lacking solidarity found in certain work environments as well as the possible tragedies that may occur as a result, whereas the purpose of Text 3 has more of an entertainment aspect presented in a way that office workers can relate to.

As Text 3 and Text 4 are two different text types and also have different purposes, they are structurally different as well. Text 3 is intended to portray a day-to-day scenario at an office, hence, it follows a narrative structure going from one panel to the next. On the other hand, the structure of Text 4 is rather abstract, with no such plot being built nor a clear sequence of events.

All in all, Text 3 and Text 4 are texts that center on the topic of jobs. They are intended to reach a similar audience, but for different purposes. Hence, the ways in which they were delivered vary from one another. Despite the difference in their deliveries, they contain a similar overall theme – work can be very stressful.

A literary and linguistics analysis on two texts on Workplace Stress

Kezia Renata

Grade 11 Humility

### An Analysis of an Advertisement by PETA (People for the Ethical <u>Treatment of Animals</u>) Written by Michael Septirymen, Class 11T

This PETA article talks about its main issue with the world: animal rights. The purpose of the article can be easily identified throughout the article as it is highlighted over and over. According to PETA, in a world where animals are abused and used, they are the advocate for animal rights. They are trying to get everyone to consider the animals' rights and hopefully change people's lifestyle to better care for animals. To do this, PETA uses a wide range of stylistic devices, as well as rhetorical strategies to convince the audience that animals should have rights.

The most common rhetorical device that can be seen throughout the article is logos. Logos Is an appeal to the audience's logic. This allows PETA to further convince the audience by reasoning with them. A good example of this is where PETA writes "all animals have the ability to suffer in the same way and to the same degree that humans do". This gets the audience to logically think about the situations. If an animal can feel the same pain as humans, why would I want to kill an animal, knowing I wouldn't kill a human? This logical structure is a good way for PETA to push forward their agenda. When the reader finds that they cannot argue with the comments made in the article, they will tend to agree with the writer. Another example is "If you wouldn't eat a dog, why eat a pig?" This also reasons with the audience. A dog and a pig share the similarity of being an animal. PETA reasons that the reader should not pick one or the other when it comes to slaughtering them. PETA hopes that this would get the audience to change their lifestyle, which is the overall purpose anyways.

Other than rhetorical strategies, PETA also employs stylistic devices, with the main ones being rhetorical questions and emotive language. The most impactful rhetorical question given in the article is "Can they suffer?" This question directly asks the reader to think about the pain the animals feel. A direct answer to this question is not given, allowing the reader to reflect deeply on the answer instead of accepting a pre-determined one. PETA uses this in the hopes that people will realize that the animals are suffering and should have their rights. Emotive language is another big part of the article. Emotive language are words that evoke emotion. Examples of loaded words are fear, frustration, pain, love. All these words were used in the article to get the readers to feel what the animals were feeling. By using these words, PETA hopes to get people to feel pity for these animals and change their lifestyle accordingly.

As seen in the analysis, PETA uses a number of stylistic devices, along with rhetorical strategies to convince the audience that animals should have rights. They do all of this in the hopes of changing people's lifestyles in order to benefit the welfare of the animals and hopefully reduce cruelty towards them. The audience, which consists mostly of animal rights activists and charitable people, would be moved by the article to act on the matter. I believe that PETA was successful in achieving their goal.

An Analysis of an Advertisement by PETA (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals)

**Michael Septirymen** 

Grade 11 Teamwork

pageborders.org

A literary and linguistics analysis of a PETA advertorial Written by Ahmad Ravi Alwan Rinarco, Class 12T

\*The advertorial has been removed due to copyright. PETA utilises this advertorial to highlight the importance of animal rights to the audience. From the contents of text, it can be assumed that the audience for this particular piece are those who do not practice veganism. The writing takes an educational, albeit slightly aggressive tone to achieve its purpose: to inform the reader of inhumane practices humans commit unto animals, the need for animal rights, and the need for the practice of veganism. To realise this, PETA employs a plethora of rhetorical and linguistic devices to appeal to the pathos and ethos of the audience.

In this excerpt, PETA attempts to appeal to the pathos of the reader. Pathos is the appeal to human emotion, and the excerpt utilises several devices to achieve this. Firstly, the excerpt employs the use of the inclusive pronouns, "we" and "us", when speaking of the fight for animal rights. The pronouns, "we" and "us", make it seem as if the writer and the readers are parts of a big whole rather than single individuals. Thus, the use of personal pronouns encourages the readers of this advertorial to join the cause as it convinces them that they will always have a part to play with PETA, and that they are obligated to fulfill that role as one part of a big collective. PETA also utilises the principles of lexicalisation in the form of loaded lexicals. This is found in the statement, "We believe that every creature with a will to live has a right to live free from pain and suffering." The words, "pain" and "suffering", are loaded words that evoke strong emotions. These two words evoke a sense of pity and the feeling of sadness. The word, "pain", signifies emotional and physical pain, both of which are conditions many would want to avoid. This evokes a sense of sadness from the reader as it seems as if it is something that no living organism deserves to experience. As humans, we instinctively try to avoid it, thus allowing the reader to sympathise with the animals who must feel it. Like "pain", the word, "suffering", also suggests being hurt, but in a different context. "Suffering" denotes pain that arises from torment and punishment. It paints a vivid image in the readers' mind of animals being tortured for experimentation and entertainment purposes. The thought gained from this word and the image it creates causes the reader to experience distaste and distress, thus making them feel pity towards the animals in guestion. Hence, through the use of the linguistic devices of inclusive personal pronouns and loaded language, PETA appeals to the pathos of the readers, which may convince them to support their cause.

Another rhetorical appeal the writer of this advertorial establishes is that of ethos. Ethos is first realised when the writer quotes Jeremy Bentham's words. Jeremy Bentham, as mentioned in the text, is the founder of the performing utilitarian school of moral philosophy. By quoting his words, PETA is attempting to convince the reader of their expertise in the field of philosophy. By establishing themselves as people of credibility, readers would then be convinced that their cause is one that is worthy and legitimate, thus being persuaded to fight for their cause. Moreover, PETA also pastes their logo on the top of the page and their contact details on the bottom. The writer does this to show that the advertorial comes from an official source, thus boosting their credibility and authority. This enhanced credibility and authority hence allows the reader to view PETA as a reliable and trustworthy organization, which would subsequently convince readers to put their trust in their cause. Therefore, the writer cleverly employs quotations and contact details to improve credibility, which appeals to the ethos of the reader.

To conclude, PETA has produced an advertorial that advocates the importance of animal rights and the practice of veganism. They have accurately identified their audience and utilised an appropriate tone throughout the piece. Through the use of several linguistic and rhetorical devices, PETA has also been able to effectively realise the rhetorical appeals of ethos and pathos to convince the audience to join and support their cause. Ultimately, with their clever implementation of stylistic devices, PETA has created an advertorial capable of persuading their audience to support their cause.

A literary and linguistics analysis of a PETA advertorial

> Ahmad Ravi Alwan Rinarco Grade 12 Teamwork

<u>Listen to the Heart - A literary analysis of an article</u> Written by Audrey Nathania, Class 12 Teamwork

In this modern day and age when technology and other materialistic objects have seem to consume our daily lives, we forget to stop and appreciate the one thing that keeps us on this Earth life. Our lives have revolved around the mundane tasks and materials that we have taken the gift of life for granted. With that, the article was written with the purpose to remind us that life is only made possible through the complex capability and nature of the human body. The article highlights the beauty and capability of the human body to support life, as well as to create life, to make the readers—people who are interested in the medical field of science or the human physiology—realize that our lives are gifts of nature and its intricate beauty and functionality should not be taken for granted. With the use of rhetorical appeals and rhetorical devices, the article successfully highlights the beauty in the human physiology to gain the appreciation from its readers.

The author uses rhetorical appeals such as pathos: the appeal to the readers' emotions, and ethos: the appeal to the readers' sense of credibility. Throughout the text, personal pronouns are used to appeal to the readers' emotions. Phrases such as "Our lovers, our parents or our children.", "apply your ear.", and "once you tune out." uses words such as 'our', 'your' and 'you'. This helps to build an emotional connection with the readers, making them feel included in the author's experience, as if we are also actually listening to the "sound of the blood making its way to the heart." The connection with the author's revelatory experience further strengthens the sense of awe and astonishment towards the human body's capabilities. As a result, it builds the sense of appreciation for life from the start till the very end of the article.

In addition to that, the author uses metaphors, comparing the rush of blood in our veins to the sound of the waves and the ocean (natural elements). This can be seen in the phrase, "The ancients must have imagined a churning within, air frothing with blood the way wind whips up waves on the sea." The comparison of the way blood flows inside the body to the waves, gives the readers a visual image of the blood in our veins as a powerful, rushing force of the ocean waves. The author often compares the flow of the human body to natural elements of the world. Much like nature, the body has many mysteries and wonders with the way it functions. Hence, it shows the mysterious and beautiful aspect of science, highlighting one of the ways the author combines the literary—beauty—and the scientific.

Furthermore, the author also frequently compares the flow of the heart to musical sounds and jargons to describe the pulse (for example, words like allegro and adagio were used). The comparison of the pulse and blood to musical elements depict the human body with rhythm and elegant beauty to it. Therefore, it highlights a more subjective way to describe something as technical as science, much like the subjectivity in the arts—music. As a result, this again brings together the more scientific elements with literary and artistic elements. The combination of the contrasting ideas (science and art) mahy help to soften the harsh and logical idea of science, making it much easier for even the average layman to appreciate the human life and physiology.

Lastly, the author also uses anecdotes: "Perhaps it's the womb, I thought a deep memory of my mother's pulse," and "The first time I placed my ear to a patient's chest, I was reminded of holding a conch shell as a child." These anecdotes provide a warmer tone to a more detached and logical topic such as science, making the readers' feel more emotionally connected to the topic. The connection that the author builds is important in creating a sense of appreciation towards science in the readers, which is usually a subject that is emotionally detached. The anecdotes make the author's experience much more personal and emotionally provoking, allowing the readers to easily relate to the author's experience emotionally.

Overall, the author has successfully persuade his readers to appreciate the mystery and beauty of science by effectively employing rhetorical appeals such as pathos and ethos and rhetorical devices.

*Listen to the Heart – A literary analysis of an article* 

Audrey Nathania Grade 12 Teamwork

A literary commentary comprising of a comparison of two texts Written by Nadira Pranatio, Class 12T

Text A – Why I want a wife; Text B – The gender wars of household chores: a feminist comic

Both Texts A and Text B are texts that describe the emotional burden placed on women in the household by men. Text A is a satirical article by Judy Syfer as she explains the many reasons one would want a wife, while Text B is a comic strip by French artist Emma who aims to educate her readers on feminism. They are written for a contemporary audience, and for the purpose of challenging stereotypical gender roles found in a marriage.

Both texts are crafted in similar ways, in the sense that they employ the use of literary devices to entertain and hook in the reader. This is seen from the manner in which Text A begins. The text starts off with an anecdote introducing the topic: the narrator recounts a male friend wanting a wife, which in turn leads the narrator to start thinking about how she too would like to have a wife. The absurd premise hooks the reader in. Text B is a comic strip, less verbose in its representation of the subject, instead using examples through illustrations to keep the reader's attention. It also starts off with an illustrated anecdote, where the illustrator recalls her going to a friend's house and watching the wife take on multiple tasks at once. The pot in which she is cooking something 'overflows' and '[spills] onto the floor', likely symbolic of how a wife is expected to take on more than she can handle.

Indeed, both texts are condescending and critical of men, even as this condescension is expressed in different ways. Text A does this by satirically adopting the mindset of a man. This is conveyed through the deliberate employing of a childish tone. The speaker lists out many, many different tasks she would expect a wife to accomplish: 'I *want* a wife who *will...* I mant a wife who *will...* I want a wife who will... I want a wife who will will a watch a wife who will will a watch a wife who will watch a wife who will with a wife who will a cademic writer would, the speaker isseems to suggest, then he is an unreasonable man who bestow upon his wife endless r

To a certain extent, Text B has similar mechanisms – for example, the title of her comic strip is 'You should've asked', pointedly implies that men often blame women for their heavy workload as they do not ask for help. However, instead of emulating the male mindset to draw attention to its flaws, as Text A does, Emma's uses illustrations that depict her female characters doing work. While anecdotal as well, Emma's illustrations show a woman engaged a variety of household tasks such as cooking, picking up the baby's toys and helping her child with homework.

On the other hand, the man is simply talking to the houseguests, a much lighter task. Throughout the comic, women are depicted in a variety of different situations where they are either taking care of house chores or preoccupied by thoughts of having to complete the next chore. Like Text B, Text A also employs listing: *'Remember* that you have to add... *remember* that today's the deadline... *remember* that we should have paid...'. This serves to emphasize the numerous, seemingly incessant tasks a woman is entrusted with. It is clear that both texts are of the opinion that women play many roles that are often go unappreciated by men, yet, it should be noted that while Text A attributes this to the unreasonable demands of a husband, Text B seems to suggest that it is women (and not men) who place these demands on themselves.

Both texts portray the roles women play through the use of verbs associated with the semantic field of secretarial work. Indeed, Text A describes women carrying out duties that involve 'keeping track', 'making sure', 'attend[ing]', 'arranging'. These tasks are administrative and secretarial in nature. This is also reinforced by Text B when it states that men 'view [women] as the manager of household chores'. Together, they show that women and not men are behind the running of a successful household. It could be said that both texts make visible the invisible forms of labour that women engage in.

Yet, there are still some differences in the way women are portrayed in both texts. In Text A, Judy satirically suggests that while a woman is expected to assume a managerial position, she is also expected to be demure and passive in other respects, such as 'not demanding sexual attention when [her husband] is not in the mood for it' and 'not bothering [him] with rambling complaints about a wife's duties', once again drawing attention to the unreasonable expectations men have of women. In Text B however, the women (i.e., wives) are pictured as a lot more outspoken and bold. This is clearly seen in the first panel where a frustrated wife is yells at her husband, 'What do you mean what did I do? I did EVERYTHING, that's what I did!' or in the next panel where another woman asks her husband why he did not do the dishes. While these different representations of women have become more opinionated and vocal in the 21<sup>st</sup> century), both texts nonetheless draw attention to the significant labour that wives have performed (in the 19<sup>th</sup> century) and continue to perform.

Both texts employ different strategies to underscore the same point - the invisible labour of women, and in so doing, advocate for change. While text A does this through satire, to the ends of pointing out the absurdity and unrealistic expectations placed on women, it makes no overt appeal to the audience, perhaps hoping that they would come to their own fair conclusions. Text B in comparison is more explicit about its intentions, it ends with Emma appealing to the reader to offer their children a fairer future than the one we've got'.

Unlike Text A which seems to blame societal conventions for the unrealistic demands placed on women, there is a sense that the demands placed on women in Text B comes not from men but from the women themselves. In fact, the men in Text B seem almost unaware of the labour performed by women. If Text A is an ethical appeal to the character of 19<sup>th</sup> century men that asks that they be more reasonable in their demands, then Text B is likewise an ethical appeal to 21<sup>st</sup> century men to be more conscious of the additional work women do, to be more sympathetic of their frustrations and outburst, and to help them share the load.

A literary commentary comprising of a comparison of two texts

# Nadiri Pranatio

Grade 12 Teamwork

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