



# **Student Creativity**

## **English Literary Works**

Alternative ending to the Golden Fish

**The Golden Fish**  
**by Carissa Anggana 1H**

The next day, the fisherman set off to the lake and caught the shiny golden fish again. He did what his rich wife said but the magical golden fish said, "I will not give you anymore wishes but I know how to make your old wife happier."

"Ok," said the kind fisherman.

"Your wife must give her stuff to the poor," said the golden fish.

Then, the fisherman set the fish free and went home thinking about what the golden fish said.

The next day, the fisherman wanted to try what the golden fish said. Whenever his wife was going somewhere, he had a chance to sneakily get something. Then, he gave the stuff to the poor.

A few hours later, his wife returned home without realizing her stuff went missing.

The following day, some people came to their house. They all looked happy and thanked her for her kindness. The wife was confused so she asked her husband,

"Why are these people so happy?"

The fisherman smiled and said, "I gave your stuff to them because I know they need it more than we do."

Finally, what the golden fish said was true. His wife became happier. They still had money and they lived happily ever after.

*The Golden Fish*

**Carissa Anggana**  
Grade 1 Humiity

## **The Kite**

by Marianne Dharmadi

One day, there was a boy named Sam. He was playing with his kite. When Sam played with it, it accidentally got stuck in a tree. Now he couldn't play with the kite anymore.

He asked for help from his dad. His dad said, "Don't worry. I will get the kite back for you."

His dad got a ladder from the house. He started climbing the ladder and got Sam's kite off the tree. Sam flew his kite again.

*The Kite*

**Marianne Dharmadi**

Grade 1 Respect



## Ending to *The Desert Creature* story

**Clarynn A. Surya 2T**

Long ago, a man living in ancient Egypt was trying to tame a camel. The man managed to grab on to its leash and placed his things on its back and walked to the place he wanted to stay. He then put his things that he did not need aside. He thought of as a pet. Then, the man placed the things he needed on the creatures back akeeping the creature nd sat on his back. Before he went off, the man locked the door to his house so that nobody would come inside except him.

He went off to take a walk. When he set out for a walk, he saw many more strange creatures like the one he had. On the way, he decided that he liked the creature very much. He happily walked while talking. After he had walked for some time, he was so hot and tired, so he started to say, "I'm so hot and tired. I want to go back home!" So, he and the creature started to run back to the house, but he became even more tired. Finally, he reached home. "What a relief" he thought.

From that day, he thanked the creature for helping him and never had to work very hard again.

*Ending to The Desert Creature story*

**Clarynn A. Surya**  
Grade 2 Teamwork

## Ending to *The Desert Creature* story

**Paige C. Dirga 2T**

Many thousands of years ago, a lonely nomad was travelling across the desert. "If only I could make this desert my home" he thought. "I would make my house near that ancient tree," said the man with a lack of confidence. He knew it would be a great idea.

He decided to get a bunch of wood to make a roof. He found sticks to make the walls and found an enormous charming tree to make his house have shade, and so he made a fine house. He would sometimes climb the tree and read his book.

A few days later, he decided that it was the time that he would ask the creature if he would allow the man to sit on his back. The day after, he went to find the creature. When he found the creature, he called out, "Will you let me sit on your back?"

Seeing the man always having to carry things, the creature said, "Sure!"

The man was grateful and thanked the creature. He always rode on the creature's back. Soon they were very close to each other. They lived happily.

*Ending to The Desert Creature story*

**Paige C Dirga**  
Grade 2 Teamwork



## Alfie's Forest Exploration

Alfie reached a forest and decided to explore it. As he entered the forest, he thought to himself that it was enormous. Alfie felt that the forest was a little bit scary because of the tall trees that were blocking the sun. After a while, he saw an old man sitting down peacefully and quietly.

He walked further in and spotted an underground passageway. Alfie explored deep into it and saw gold, money, jewellery and gems. He was tempted, saw a sack and put all that he could into it. He imagined himself being rich! He felt so lucky that he started jumping up and down.

Just then, he started to hear strange noises and was a little spooked out. He walked quickly away from the sound. Suddenly, his stomach rumbled and he decided to look for food and water. Soon after, he saw the same old man approaching him with food and water, which he offered to Alfie.

As Alfie was devouring the food hungrily, the old man told him a story of how he ended up living in the underground passageway. Alfie soon realised it was getting late so he asked the old man for help to get home. They searched for the way out and went to Alfie's boat. They started their journey to Alfie's home. The old man said to him, "I wouldn't mind helping you paddle the boat if you guide me to the destination." Alfie replied that it was just in front of them if he looked straight ahead of them. The old man steered the boat towards the right direction.

When they arrived at Alfie's house, Alfie ran to the door and shouted, "Mommy, mommy!" She opened the door, hugged him and thanked the old man. Alfie then showed his mother the treasure he had found on the island.

By: Clarice Nadia Foo 3H

*Alfie's Forest Exploration*

**Clarice Nadia Foo**  
Grade 3 Humility

## Grace's Audition

Grace was practising joyfully as her mother called her grandmother. Grace's grandmother picked up the phone and Grace asked, "Hi grandma, can you come over to my house to pretend to be an audience for my audition?" But the phone was muted and all of a sudden, Grandma was already at the front door as she had planned to visit Grace. Grandma agreed delightfully and Grace practised elatedly. Everyone in the house was clapping for her.

The next day, Grace was on her way to school. She thought she would make a terrible mistake. She was so anxious that her heart was beating rapidly.

When Grace reached the audition room, it was nearly her turn. She took a deep breath to calm herself down. She felt better but was still nervous.

It was now Grace's turn. She met a young woman who introduced herself, "Hello Grace, my name is Margaret. It's a pleasure to meet you." Grace felt more relaxed now because she thought Margaret looked friendly.

Grace felt confident and knew she could do it. She was not a silly coward. It was definitely worth a try to perform her best. She was hoping she would get chosen. She performed the best she could.

The following day, Grace heard some wonderful news. She was going to play the role of Peter Pan. Her mother was very proud that she tried her best and achieved what she wanted.

By: Preston Dharmadi 3H

*Grace's Audition*

**Preston Dharmadi**  
Grade 3 Humility



Based on The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe.

Lucy is walking through the woods of Narnia when she meets a faun for the first time.

“Oh, I’m sorry. My name is Lucy and I didn’t mean to scare you, but may I ask you why do you need so many gifts?” asked Lucy.

The faun told her that the gifts were for an evil witch who was never satisfied. Lucy, as a good-hearted girl, was furious at the witch because she shouldn’t force someone to give her gifts. Then Lucy persuaded him not to pack any more gifts for the evil witch. At first, the faun hesitated, but then he agreed.

The evil witch, who was hiding in the shadows listening, was outraged at the faun for disobeying her. The witch suddenly appeared in front of Lucy and the faun, captured and locked them in a cage. Lucy was shocked and terrified. “Oh no! What is this mess I have gotten into?” she thought.

Lucy had a good look in the evil witch’s castle. Everything she saw was black, and even the lights were extremely dim. There was one thing that wasn’t black: a window. Outside was a view of a tall, black mountain, which the witch admired. But now the witch couldn’t see the view of the mountain because the cage of Lucy and the faun was blocking the window.

One morning, the witch was bored, so she decided to get rid of Lucy and the faun. The witch commanded her talking pet lion to come.

“Yes, my queen. Is there anything I can do for you?” bowed the lion.

The evil witch ordered the lion to eat them up and she demanded to see their bones as proof. Cackling loudly, she went off to the kitchen for some food. The faun was terrified, but fortunately he had an idea.

“Hey, Lucy. I heard that after the lion eats us, the witch is going to have him for breakfast!” he whispered loud enough for the lion to hear.

Lucy, who caught his wink, started to act sad for the lion. The lion believed Lucy and the faun, so it pounced on the witch, who ran away, screaming and was never to be seen again. The lion thanked Lucy and the faun and teleported Lucy back to her house. She was in the bedroom when Lucy’s mother called her for dinner.

“Today was such an interesting day!” thought Lucy.

Lucy ate to her heart’s content and went to her bedroom to write her amazing adventure in her diary.

## *Lucy and the Faun*

**Ruan Jingyao**  
Grade 4 Respect



9 year old Randy L. Anderson lives in a mansion with his parents and 4 elder brothers. Jake, Dan, Tony and Rob. Randy really looks up to his brothers, but no matter how much he tries, Randy never seems to be able to measure up to them. But Randy has one thing that all his brothers lack. Imagination. Randy has always believed in ghosts since he was little, so one day he decided to find out.

One Saturday morning Randy woke up at 3:00 a.m. and crept very slowly and quietly down the stairs into the living room. "The house looks very different at 3a.m..." Randy shuddered. "So dark, so spooky..." The lights suddenly started flickering.

"Who's that?!" he shouted. "Are you a... ghost?"

Randy got scared and ran back upstairs into his room. When he came out, he was holding the biggest toy nerf gun he had, covered in yellow and red stripes with a flashlight attached to it. Randy pointed the nerf gun at the ceiling and turned on the flashlight. The lights stopped flickering and remained turned off. Slowly, Randy lowered his nerf gun and was about to move to the kitchen next, but then the front door suddenly flung open and the cold night wind blew into Randy's face.

"AAAARRRRRRRGGGHHH!" he shrieked. "IT'S A GHOST! Run for your life!!"

But soon Randy realised that nobody heard him since they were all asleep. "... wait a minute," he paused. "Is this a piece of... string?" Randy followed the string. It was tied tightly onto the door and was indeed a very long piece of string.

When Randy got to the end of the string, which, in the end, led him to the garage, he found four mischievous giggling brothers who, Randy took a long time to figure out, actually pulled a very good prank on him! Tony and Dan had used the string to pull open the door, and Jake and Rob had used the electricity control to make the lights flicker.

"Nice joke, bros!" Randy exclaimed.

"I know right? We did not think you would be able to figure it out! I guess you really are smarter than we thought, little bro!" said Jake. The other brothers nodded in agreement.

"Yeah, I like it. But you better watch your backs, because one day, when you least expect it, I'm getting back at you all!" grinned Randy.

~The End~

## *Randy's Ghost Hunting*

**Andrea Loo Yu En**  
Grade 4 Teamwork

## The fall of Phaeton

"This is so boring," I complained. So far, my family and I had spent an hour picking dead roots from the ground and throwing them away. My back was aching and probably would be for a couple of weeks. My mom had said that we would have a great time and I would get to know my brother better, but, so far, the only thing I had learnt about my brother was that he was lazy.

I bent down, grabbed a pile of dead roots, and flung them right at my brother, Sam. In retaliation, he threw a couple of leaves at me. I screamed and ran from him. We were going around in circles. I stopped, panting, trying to catch my breath and stopped laughing. Sam was about to throw some sticks at me, but before he could even move his arm, an explosion lifted us both off our feet.

I was flung to a nearby tree and my head hit the trunk violently. My body felt like it had been hit by a dozen bullets. I forced my eyes opened, exposing the horror in front of me.

I tasted bile in my throat and gagged trying to keep it down. I smelt smoke. People were falling, one by one, like flies. Screams of prayers were being shouted. I felt the heat radiating from the fire that was swallowing buildings whole. I witnessed families holding on tight to their loved ones, too frightened to let go.

Then, I realized, I wasn't in the arms of my family. I looked around, desperately trying to find the people who I loved

"Sarah!" a familiar voice called out.

I recognized that voice. That voice belonged to my sweet, loving mother. I ran to her voice, and eventually, it led me to my family. They were taking shelter in a small ditch. I helped my brother up and together we pulled our parents out of the ditch.

There was a silent understanding between the four of us that we had to go to the Temple of the Gods. However, before that, we should go to our house and find as many possessions as we could.

We ran home at the speed of light and I let out a sigh of relief when I saw that our simple home hadn't been engulfed in flames just yet.

We all went into our rooms and took whatever valuables we had left. I surveyed the room in which my brother and I had shared for more than a decade. I quickly took my quartz necklace and ran out of the room.

"Sarah!" mom shouted. "Help me get your father's watch. You know, the gold one with the silver hands."



I haphazardly searched the house for it, trying out the little nooks and crannies of the house. I was about to give up, until I saw it in a drawer. I took it and swiftly ran over to mom. She nodded and took it from me, signaling that we should all file out of the house and run towards Zeus's temple.

We prayed with all our might. We begged like beggars on the streets. We cried for help. We were desperate for Zeus to answer our prayers. It felt like an eternity before Zeus finally heard our prayers.

Suddenly, the fires stopped. There was no longer the taste of poison in the air. The screams of villagers were no more.

Suddenly, there was a large crash followed by a bang! A body had fallen from the sky and landed in the field, just when I thought that this craziness was over.

I ran over to the body. When I examined it closely, a new horror overtook me. It was my dear friend, Phaeton. Then everything just clicked in my mind. Phaeton was always claiming that he was the son of God. Maybe his ridiculous claims were right after all. Was he responsible for this disaster?

It is said that this tragic event was caused by Phaeton. He didn't listen to his father and steered the sun chariot too close to our village burning everything in its path. To this day, the villagers of this village still tell stories of this day to warn their children of the dangers of not listening to their parents. The stories vary, but they all end the same. Phaeton died because he was too self-centered and selfish. He only cared about what others thought of him, and he died because he didn't heed his father's warning.

## *Phaethon and The Sun Chariot*

**Anastasia Susanto**  
Grade 5 Integrity

## **The Sun Chariot BY: CLAYTON CLASS: 5 RESPECT**

“Good morning world!” I woke up at the right time. I could see the shimmering, sparkling, golden sun rising into the dark sky. The sky turned from dark grey to light blue as the sun climbed higher and higher into the sky. I couldn’t wait to start my day! In a flash, I ate breakfast and got dressed. I opened the door, seeing the magnificent colours of my village, and sniffed the fresh air, feeling happier than ever.

I decided to spend time strolling in the park and greeted my neighbours with a “Hello”. I heard the cows in the nearby farm mooing. I found some bushes which had fresh blueberries, strawberries and blackberries. I picked and ate them. They were the best berries in my life!

After the park, I strolled to the marketplace before heading west towards my home.

When I was halfway home, I noticed a mysterious figure emerging from the clouds. It became larger and larger. I squinted to get a closer view. I realized it was a man riding a chariot. The chariot sparkled like the sun and was decorated with very precious gemstones. The horses were golden just like real bars of gold. When the man was near, I realized it was Phaeton, the son of the Greek sun-god, Helios. I tried calling out to him, but it seemed as if he had not heard me.

Phaeton was trying to pull on the reins of the chariot harshly and angrily. Then, something mythical and seemingly impossible happened. The horses turned from sparkly gold, to fiery red. Their hooves started to produce fire, and soon the horses were out of control. Fire licked the buildings and burned them down, the rivers and lakes dried up leaving them bare and scorched, animals seemed sick and couldn’t do anything, and the people touched by the scorching heat felt as if they were trapped in an oven.

With haste, I quickly ran to the temple of the Gods. Thousands of people had already gathered to pray to Zeus, the father of the Gods, “Dear Zeus, please help save our village from the fires...”

After we finished a prayer of ten pages, we went outside, hoping to see no more fires, but instead, there came a great, mighty thunderbolt heading straight for Phaeton. I tried to warn him, but it was too late. The thunderbolt hit Phaeton, sending him spinning beyond the clouds. We never, ever saw Phaeton again.



Towards dusk, the horses galloped far, far, away and soon disappeared into the darkness. At home, I ate dinner and changed for bed. I prayed to Zeus, "Thank you for saving our village and keeping us safe."

## *The Sun Chariot*

**Clayton Surya**  
Grade 5 rESPECT

## An Eagle in the Snow

The window was ice. It is so pretty and elegant, I thought while observing the window.

As I leaned against the window to rest my face, unable to resist the temptation, Ma's voice cut through my thoughts. "Barney, I'm gonna' sleep, 'kay? Remember to keep an eye on the suitcase," she said before drifting off.

And so I sat there and watched the suitcase as if it was all that we had while glancing at the man from time to time, making sure there was no sudden move. This is a piece of cake, I thought. I turned to my side and watched Ma sleeping. Snoring, resting. Resting... Wouldn't it be nice to...

A sliver of sunlight crept through as I opened my eyes. I let out a big and loud yawn. I looked out the window to see the sun slowly traversing up into the sky...Sun? But there should be no sun at midnight...

I flew out of my chair, eyes wide open. I had slept through the night! I checked my surroundings. Ma was here. The man wasn't here, but not that it mattered.

Fear rushed through me. Gone. It was gone. No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no! That was everything.

"It must be him. The man took it." No wonder that suspicious man was gone! I must tell the security, I thought. I stumbled into the aisle, passing over Ma who was still asleep, and raced towards the security. That was when I bumped into something. No. Someone.

It felt like expensive silk...

The thumping of my heart skyrocketed. There were only two other passengers on this train: Ma and...

I maneuvered my eyes to see who it was. First, I saw highly polished shoes. Then, a tie pin, a collar and eventually a trim moustache. The man.

I looked at him; he looked at me. And in his hand was a suitcase. It was worn down and old which was a stark contrast to the man's fancy, well-kept attire.

I immediately dashed past him, my brain filled with just one word — Grab!

*An Eagle in the Snow*

**Dominic Kartadjoemena**  
Grade 6 Integrity



## **Thank You, Ma'am'**

The boy thought deeply. Should I run? Should I stay? Then he remembered his first encounter with the woman.

He was minding his own business when he saw a glimpse of the woman holding her pink purse. It was open. He spotted a hot, delicious-looking pastry wrapped around by plastic. It was right there. The boy was waiting for the right moment...

Now.

He dashed straight towards the woman. He could almost smell the pastry. His worn out leather shoes clomping loudly on the sidewalk. He was so close. As he was about a foot away from the purse, he snapped out of the memory. His failing was the cause of this situation. He was sure that he was going to jail.

Should he run or stay. If he stayed, he would surely go to jail. But if he ran...he would be free. Free. He darted. He still had the chance. He sprinted for the door and into the afternoon. It took a while for his eyes to adjust to the sunlight. He had spent too much time in the woman's house.

As he was running, he could hear familiar clacking sounds of high heels. It was the woman. The sounds grew louder. Clack-clack...Clack-clack. She was gaining on the boy. "Come 'ere, boy!" screamed the woman.

He was getting tired and he knew the woman was going to catch him. A group of people walked together in opposite direction allowed him to hide behind the people. He ran towards an alley and hid behind a garbage can.

The second the boy hid behind the garbage can when he heard a loud bang. It was followed by a scream. And more bangs followed by more shouts and screams. The boy didn't need to think twice and ran out as fast as he could, to see all the commotion. He was running so fast that he stepped on something hard yet squishy. He looked down. Fear ran up his spine, making his whole body quiver. He was among the sea of bodies. From the cover of his eyes, he noticed Mrs Jones.

*Thank You, Ma'am'*

**Nathan Lugito**  
Grade 6 Integrity

Saigon, Southern Vietnam  
9th of July 1969

Dear Mother,

How are you? How have the nieces been doing lately? It's around 10 p.m. right now and I've finally gotten the chance to sit down and take the time to write to you. I am writing to tell you about my time in the Vietnam War so far.

As you already know, I am working in the military as an infantryman, meaning the sergeants are going to be working me extra hard. Anyway, I've just arrived in Vietnam a few days ago, and well, it's been a tribulation. In fact, this is the first time my sergeants have finally given me a break, and I'm sure it won't last long.

Firstly, let me talk about my plane ride to Vietnam. The plane ride to our base camp was anything but peaceful. As soon as I stepped onto the tiny aircraft, I knew it was not going to be a smooth ride. And I was right. The 2 minute takeoff felt like 2 hours. The plane took off the ground shaking in all places, and it felt like forever before the aircraft finally gained balance. Throughout the flight, I felt like vomiting due to the undeniably large amount of turbulence. For every time the turbulence increased, I gripped the plane seats' armrests with all my might, hoping to suppress my fear. I'm sure the views over the oceans and Vietnamese land were beautiful, though I was much too focused on staying calm to notice it. I expected the landing to be worse than any other part of the journey, but surprisingly it was quite smooth. I remember slowly releasing the armrests as I let out a great sigh of relief.

When I finally reached the base camp, all I felt was aching fear and curiosity. Of war, of the sergeants, of getting injured and possibly, death. Though I also felt curious of what it's like to be battling in war; about the new perspective I'll gain or the new person I'll be; and of course, curious if I'll ever even return home. I surely do hope I will be able to see you soon, Mum.

In the meantime I'll be staying at our base camp, which is not at all what I expected. I expected nice, furnished tents/rooms with comfortable beds and hygienic, clean bathrooms. I did not at all expect the bathrooms to be swamped with muddy water, the rooms empty with only a lonely bed in the corner, and every inch of my tent covered in dirt, twigs and miscellaneous. Upon seeing this, all I wanted to do was to come home to my nice, neat bed.

Additionally, the sergeants have not been making my stay here any better. With the constant shouting of unnecessary commands, I can never seem to relax and get a moment of sanity. Even in complete silence, I feel as if I can hear their commands haunting me in the back of my head. The sergeants have definitely not spared me any leniency in drills and practices either - and I'm sure they don't plan to. However, I wouldn't want to worry you too much so I won't get into any of that muscle-tearing business.



Even though I am completely reluctant on staying here, I came to Vietnam for a purpose - to serve you, Dad, our people and our country. I promise I will return with these goals accomplished. Anyway, thank you for taking the time to read this. How is everyone doing back at home? Please send my regards to Father and I do hope you'll write back soon. I'm looking forward to hearing from you!

All my love,

Alexander

## *Letter From A Soldier*

**Chloe Djalal**  
Grade 7 Integrity

## The Artist

For the past 3 years, the mayor's daughter, Skye Brooklyn, has been snatching the town's figure skating gold medals left and right. The town recognized her as an icon, and she was, of course, known across the boundaries of the quiet, humble town, although most of the time she refused to join competitions further than the surrounding towns. She was that girl that many little girls looked up to and aspire to be like in the future.

The town did not expect anything but more achievements and awards from her exceptional talent, however, for the past 3 months she had not appeared or shown up to any show or competition. Different gossip and rumors cast over the town's people, and as the town was a small one, the news quickly spread. No one has seen her the past week, and rumor has it that she was so pressured by all the stories that she hid away inside her little tower.

Little did they know that out of all their assumptions, she was fighting a badly hurt ankle in her room, as she watched the town's people walk around. Skye spent all her days daydreaming and imagining herself on the ice rink once more. A knock woke her up from her desperate daydream, as the medic of the town came marching in with a file stuffed with papers under his left arm. He sat himself down on a velvet armchair as he placed the folder down on the leather stool next to the cushion where the young maiden rested.

"How's your ankle? Feeling any better?" he asked, taking the leather flats smoothly off Skye's delicate feet.

"I can barely move my ankle, any position except the one it's currently in and it'll hurt, even though I practice your stretches every three hours and put ice on it every few hours," Skye explained, turning her head slowly outside to stare out the window once more.

"I think it's getting worse. I know I promised that you'll be up and about after 4 months, but your x-ray results say otherwise," the medic sighed, picking up the black, leather folder and flipping through it.

"So I'm not going to be able to walk around for about 5 months, right?" the young maiden asked hopefully.



Surely it couldn't get any worse than 5 months. In a span of 5 months, she would've lost so much of her skill that she wouldn't be prepared and ready for another competition. Her head hurts just thinking about the consequences of her supposedly sprained ankle.

"In this condition, we're looking at about a year," the orthopedist sighed, placing his hand on the bridge of his nose in stress.

Horror filled Skye up inch by inch and slowly but surely, it started to envelop her in a blanket of sadness and fear. For what felt like a minute, the young lady did not move but tears were visibly streaking down her face, although no muscle in her body moved. The doctor couldn't help but hold his breath for what seemed like an eternity as Skye's eyes grew cloudy and tears welled up in her eyes. Her face was as white as the soft blanket of snow after a few days of winter, and panic was written all over her expressions.

"I think I- I need some time," Skye stuttered, her voice almost cracking, "please leave now, thank you for coming."

It took two weeks of being cooped up in her room, specifically by her window seat for Skye to process the devastating news that had suddenly occurred to be horrifying to her. Throughout the days where she wasn't allowed past townhouse gates, the town had simply died out on the topic of her disappearance and had moved on.

In fact, during the time she was at home, she had befriended a few of the younger workers around the house. Skye was definitely not at her happiest at home, but she managed to pull through every day with a smile on her face. She had come to the conclusion that when she left the boundaries of her home, she would no longer do figure skating for a living, but for a hobby instead and pursue another career. Drawing, perhaps, would do the trick as she has been practicing since the day she's been cooped up in her tiny room, by her tiny window.

Little did she or anyone in the little town of hers knew, the once legendary skater would grow up to become one of the town's best selling artists and lived her years in a peaceful, simple manner as her brush delicately stroked her canvas almost every hour of the day.

Sometimes, you just need to let go. It may not work out in the beginning, but there's always something to hold onto. Sometimes, you've got to learn that there are obstacles on a rocky road, but if you make your way through it slowly and carefully, you might just meet paradise with the same pair of shoes you started with.

Even though I am completely reluctant on staying here, I came to Vietnam for a purpose - to serve you, Dad, our people and our country. I promise I will return with these goals accomplished. Anyway, thank you for taking the time to read this. How is everyone doing back at home? Please send my regards to Father and I do hope you'll write back soon. I'm looking forward to hearing from you!

All my love,

Alexander

## *The Artist*

**Giovanna Delazari Suwita**

Grade 7 Humility



r-p-o-p-h-e-s-s-a-g-r  
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 to  
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 ,grasshopper;

This poem is about finding who you really are. This can be seen from the fact that the poem shows four different variations of a single word 'grasshopper'.

The first attempt is to jumble the word with dashes between each letter. This may show a person who is unsure of his identity, which is shown from the fact that the dashes exist to separate each letter, making it not even a word.

The second attempt shows another jumbled word, this time, however, the letters are all in capitals. This could be interpreted as people who question who they might be, as an individual. The speaker would lash out, scared to not even know his own identity, explaining why it is all capitals.

This is followed by a somewhat readable word, 'leap', which points towards the next attempt. The leap could be interpreted as the speaker's discovery of new information. This is why there is a mixture of capitals and small words. A grasshopper might have gone through difficult process when it leaps. This resembles the disorientation that the speaker experiences as his identity is slowly revealed.

Finally, in the end, this concrete poem shows the final attempt on which the word grasshopper is spelled correctly. This is definitely concrete enough to show the end result of the speaker's identity discovery, on which he finally finds and believes in his own identity. Therefore, this poem shows that even though finding who we really are is a difficult task, we will eventually figure it out and we will be sure once we find it.

-Sebastian 7T

## *Critical Commentary*

**Sebastian Kartadjoemena**  
Grade 7 Teamwork

### Grandpa Rudy

There are moments that no words can express,  
memories come back like old songs on repeat.

My tears accumulated like my regrets,  
should've visited more in your hospital suite.

At that same Chinese place every week,  
we would eat fried noodles with grandma.

On Sundays we still go, but it feels bleak.  
Oh, how much we really miss you grandpa.

I still water that tiny bamboo plant,  
that you always kept near the kitchen sink.

But I'm always gonna be hesitant,  
'Cause there'd be tears every time that I'd blink.

Grandpa Rudy, when you went to heaven,  
I know God said welcome home and beckoned.

*Grandpa Rudy*

**Gabrielle Winarta**  
Grade 8 Integrity



## **History**

Caused by the peace treaty that was not fair for Germany, the Germans sought revenge, eventually leading to the Second World War. The United States of America remained neutral until the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, 7 December 1941. Hitler, who was responsible for causing the Second World War, was convinced that the USA would attack them and declare war against them. He thought that he would be able to attack Russia with his ally, Japan, after winning against the United States of America as well. Hence on 11 December 1941, Hitler declared war against the USA. By this, it could be clearly indicated that the relationship between the USA and Germany was not pleasant.

## **Audience**

The audience of this propaganda poster is the citizens of the United States. It encourages and persuades the people of the US to buy war bonds so that the government would be able to fully support armies and navies in the war.

## **Tone**

The tone of this poster is heroic, as its slogan is "Buy war bonds and save the day." The phrase 'save the day' suggests that people who buy the war bonds would be able to become a great help, like the superheroes in comic books.

## **Analysis**

This propaganda poster aims to persuade people of the United States to buy war bonds. To help the poster reach its aim, there are some parts of the poster that helps it.

Firstly, the image of the poster. In the poster, a hand labeled 'war-bonds' is squeezing Hitler's neck. This shows that by buying war bonds, there is a high possibility the United States can win against their enemy. The image of Hitler may seem insulting and embarrassing to Hitler personally. His eyes are bulging out, and his neck is choking. This would highly encourage citizens to help out the poster reach its goals easily; to buy war bonds.

Moreover, the slogan “Buy war bonds and save the day” suggests that war bonds may guarantee safer grounds. Since war bonds are for the government to support armies and navies in the battleground, automatically more war bond means the safety of the nation. This would make audiences feel satisfied when they buy war bonds, with the feeling that they are contributing to the hardworking armies in the war.

A large range of colors is used as well in this poster. Bright colors such as red, white and blue are used to represent the United States, and dark colors, like brown, are used to represent Germany. This is to show a distinct difference between the good and bad in the perspectives of the US at that time. The main slogan is also written in big and white letters that are eye-catching.

However, this poster may be interpreted negatively to some people. One of the main groups of people who would be accepting the information not as intended would be the Germans. Even though it is pretty clear that some of the German’s actions were undeniably unethical, Hitler still was their leader. The image of Hitler in this poster may greatly insult some Germans.

*Buy War Bonds and Save the Day*

**Ji Hoo Kang**  
Grade 8 Integrity



The Aggression of Oppression  
Written and Performed as Spoken Word by Keanu Djalal 8T

Have you ever heard of the phrase:

'All people are equal'

If that's so true then why do people think that 'we' are evil?

Guns are banned because they are lethal

If that's their reasoning, then shouldn't discrimination be illegal

Because in the end, aren't we all just people?

You know what I'm talking about

I'm talking about the awful discrimination

To those from a specific nation

And to those from a specific religion

And those from a specific faith

And a specific sexuality

But it's NOT FAIR

The hate you put into the air

You say these things without a single care

Making others feel like their lives are nightmares

You should notice

Don't you know that we are hurt by your hateful words?

We will always hear your hurtful racial slurs

We hear people talk about which race is preferred

But black or Muslim was never once heard

And notice

That there is no difference between us

But why do you treat us with so much sus

You look at us and it's so easy for you to cuss

Why is this hate not being discussed

It's becoming treasonous

And notice

Yes I know my skin is brown

But that's no reason why you should give me frown

You do that while saying hateful words putting me down

All this hate is going to make me drown

And notice

That lives are being ruined due to their skin color

But the way you're treating us, it's wrong and making us feel smaller

And notice

That no good thing will ever come out of hate

Your deeds not your skin is what decides your fate

And that is not up for debate

'Cause all of us will receive the same fate

If we all give out hate

There's one thing I hate, the aggression of oppression Because of that

children are going through depression People's will to live will be questioned

All because of our race and religion

We've cried too many tears

We've forced through too many struggles

We've gone through too much pain

Just to be treated differently

We are treated differently

Because now in this century

All that they have in their memory

Is the terror attacks by people who look like us

I admit that what they did was treachery

We all sin, some more than others

But because of the sins of a small group

That doesn't mean that you can judge all the others



Because  
How can you blame a whole race?  
Without looking at the bigger picture face to face  
Without knowing both sides of the story  
Because being fair is mandatory

You cannot judge a whole religion  
Because the violent people are only a small region  
Besides what's the difference anyway, Muslims and Christians  
Because at the end we are all just god's creation

But we can counter this  
We can get rid of this  
And we can build something new out of this  
But you'll have to listen

## *The Aggression of Oppression*

**Keanu Djalal**  
Grade 8 Teamwork

We all have to play our parts  
Help those with a damaged heart  
Please don't allow this hate to tear us apart  
But help give this new hate-free world a jumpstart

Start spreading love in place of hate  
Because love is what makes this world great  
I'm going to give it to you straight  
If you give out hate you'll have a terrible fate  
So start with the positivity, enough with the berate

Do you know why?  
Because we eat from the same produce we eatin' Because we breathe from  
the air we live in Because we drink from the same water we wettin' So now  
do you see what I see?  
That all men are equal  
Because that's what it takes to keep on livin'

## **Script for Travel Channel Segment on The Netherlands**

Hallo, mijn naam is Abraham van World Traveller. Vandaag zal ik het hebben over het land onder zeeniveau, Nederland.

**(awkward silence)**

Unless you've studied the language, I'm guessing no one understood that. Believe me, it isn't easy to learn. Let me, just re-introduce myself.

**(clears throat, pulls up tie)**

Hi guys. My name is Abraham from World Traveller. You guys can call me Abe. Today I'm going to talk about a country where most of the land is under sea level. That country with around 1200 iconic windmills that are responsible for drainage. Numerous canals that are vital to all kinds of local transport. It's also where you can find more bicycles than people. Yes, I'm talking about the Netherlands. To be more specific, I'm going to talk about what makes the Netherlands...well....the Netherlands aka what makes the Netherlands an interesting place to visit. No, we're not going to look at the modern side of the country nor Anne Frank nor the Battle of Rotterdam. We're going to take a look at the Netherlands' intriguing and appealing traditions. So, let's start with something simple: tulips.

Tulips are flowers that bloom during spring and generally appear in warm colours. The Netherlands is known for its tulips and even owns the largest international flower market. Today, the flowers have become a large part of Dutch culture and tourists travel to the country every year to visit the Keukenhof tulip gardens, the largest flower garden in the world. However, you may be surprised to find that tulips are not actually native to the Netherlands.



**(side steps to the left)**

WHAT?? HOW?!!

**(side steps to the right)**

Chill. Let me explain. Tulips originated from Turkey and were imported to the Netherlands in the 16<sup>th</sup> Century. They became popular throughout festivals and were even in Dutch paintings. Then came a period known as “Tulip Mania” in the 17<sup>th</sup> century where the price of bulbs rose due to its popularity and demand. Tulips only became synonymous with the country after World War II when the Dutch used the bulbs as a food source.

Speaking about food.... the Netherlands is widely known for their cheese. It is difficult to know when the first Dutch cheese was made but archaeologists have found cheese-making equipment dating back to 200 B.C. This proves that the Dutch have a long history of cheese-making and there are several types of goat cheeses, farmer’s cheeses or Leiden cheeses that are easily available at most shops. However, the most popular among them is Gouda, a yellow Dutch cheese made from cow’s milk. The Dutch still love cheese and annually eat about seven pounds per person. As Julius Caesar said, one has to let oneself be surprised about the many types of Dutch cheeses and sample the country's "yellow gold".

**(stands proudly, silence)**

If you don’t like cheese, there are still many types of food you must try, such as pancakes with powdered sugar, bitterballen, rookworst, stroopwafels and even petat, which are technically fried potatoes drenched in different kinds of sauces.

Moving on. I've talked about using your eyes and mouth. Let's talk about something that requires your feet. Yes, I mean shoes, wooden shoes to be exact, which are also called wooden clogs. Wooden clogs have been the traditional footwear for many years, dating back to the 13<sup>th</sup> century. Although I doubt you're going to find anyone wearing clogs on the streets, farmers still use these clogs to protect their feet from sharp objects. Furthermore, you can find clogs of different colours and designs in many of the souvenir shops in the Netherlands. You can even buy a small and adorable pair of clogs known as wedding clogs, made from unpainted wood. They look somewhat like **(pulls out a real-life wedding clog)** this. These clogs are affordable and can be special handcrafted gifts.

The Netherlands is the lowest country in Europe with the tallest people on Earth and with centuries of traditions. With most of the country below sea level, it's no wonder the Dutch say that they keep their heads above water. Thank you for listening, hope you can visit one day and until next time, fijne dag.

Abraham Soedira (9R)

## *Script for Travel Channel Segment on The Netherlands*

**Abraham Soedira**  
Grade 9 Respect



## Letter to a Journalist

Dear Mr Smith,

Social networking sites and digital communication is our future. This is inevitable. As technology advances so will our methods of communication. Social media is an effective and convenient way to communicate with relatives and fellow friends. Yes, teens spend an increasing amount of time “glued” to their screens. Should we not view this as an advantage? Spending more time on the screen means that teens are learning to foster digital as well as real-life relationships. Teens keeping up with technology means that they are keeping up with our ever-advancing technological world. As a parent, I believe in limiting my children’s usage of electronic devices to prevent addiction but not enough to disadvantage them.

Through I disagree with most of your viewpoints on technology. I do agree with your stance on online predators and data privacy. Everyone, including children, is entitled to privacy both online and in the real world. I agree that the data collected from children could be ‘used for more sinister reasons’. As a parent, I believe that children also should be entitled to their own privacy and that children should not have their data harvested. However, now things are taking a turn for the better. The New York Attorney-General’s office stated that under COPA (Children’s Online Protection Act), companies must limit the amount of data collected from children. This prompted YouTube, a social media titan, to change their terms of service.

With regards to online predators and cyber bullying, the current laws are not effective enough to protect children. The anonymous nature of the Internet is a breeding ground for so-called Internet ‘trolls’ and online predators seeking to forge ‘friendships’ with children and minors alike. In my opinion, convicted sex offenders’ use of communication devices and the Internet should be limited. I believe that this will prevent native children from connecting with these vicious predators.

I agree that cyber bullying can push a depressed teen over the edge, however real-life bullying can also push depressed teens over the edge. That's beside the point. Laws should be implemented in order to restrict any disgusting behaviour that could result in the loss of a life as the anonymity of the Internet adds an extra layer of malice to the act. Cyber bullying that results in the death of a person should be classified as manslaughter or under malicious use of technological devices. This could help address this issue.

However, at the end of the day, I firmly believe that it is a parent's decision to limit their child's social media usage.

Yours sincerely,

*Tatiana*

(9R)

*Letter to a Journalist*

**Benedicta Parmeshwari**  
Grade 9 Respect



### **Under the Tuscan Sky**

Dust purples streaked the Tuscany blue sky. Fluffy pink, cotton candy clouds floating gently in the soft sunlight. A gentle wind danced in the cool air, caressing my untied chocolate hair, carrying it in the breeze. The red-bricked cafe was filled with the silent murmuring of people, the occasional tinkling of a bell as a customer entered indoors. The sounds were indistinguishable, just comforting.

It was hidden in a silent corner of town, bordered off by a chipped, white, picket fence. Dusty-coloured flowers perfumed the air, clumps scattered through dew-dotted, emerald grass. Butterflies glided gently through them, finding home in the pastel-coloured lavenders. Hanging on the mahogany, front entrance of the cafe was a sign, beautifully flourished in messy, white chalk. It was nowhere near perfect but it was just right.

Amongst the strings of glowing, fairy lights criss-crossing the red-cemented brick walls of the cafe, a bubbling fountain stood in the centre of marble-topped tables. The ancient, off-white fountain spurted water from its mouth, sparkling bubbles dancing as the crystal water gurgled at its moss-spotted basin. The water seemed close to magical, the sky reflecting beautifully into the water light sending glimmering light spots into the water. Streaks of silver fish amongst the water, the occasional splash of glittering silver fish attracting low giggles from mirthful children, who leaned over the cool water to catch another glimpse of the seemingly mythical glittering aquatic creatures, wispy fronds of ferns tickling their feet.

In front of me sat a simple plate, white with no garnishing. On it, a tender piece of steak sat, garnished with a side of fries. The savoury aroma tickled my nostrils, mouth salivating as I continued to admire the dish. The smell of the tender steak melded perfectly into the warm, crisp smell of the potato fries. The meat had already been sliced, the crisp, deep, brown of its crust stark against its soft, red interior. The pink meat was tantalising, strings of marbling perfectly portioned throughout in ripples. Juices ran from the meat, red and aromatic, the scent of herbs evident, the savoury scent of meat still cutting perfectly through.

And the first bite tasted like bliss.

Juices burst into my mouth at the first bite, savoury bliss spreading through my mouth. It was impossibly tender, pieces of meat pulling away from the marbling. The white marbling was a flavour of its own fatty indulgence. Through the slight pinch of salt in the meat, the taste of herbs found me. Aromatic flavours danced through my palate, flavours cutting through the tender meat, sinking harmoniously in it. The flavours didn't compete, they simply combined, a new, indescribable flavour arising. It was as if heaven had become a flavour – a perfect balance of everything.

Natashia Septiryomen (9T)

*Under the Tucan Sky*

**Natashia Septiryomen**  
Grade 9 Teamwork

## Dragon

Allandra Lekenila 10R

My legs nearly gave way as a mighty gust of wind blew from over my head. The leaves littered around my feet danced into the air, performing a mystical show of red, orange and brown. I looked up at the sky. The stark, white brightness of the sun burned my eyes but I could not look away. A dark mass floated above me, large, scaly wings beating powerfully. The creature moved with elegance and grace for something of its size, slicing through the clear blue sky. Its movements were smooth and fluid as it approached the clearing.

The trees around the clearing shook and parted, as if giving way for the great creature from above to descend. More leaves were sent into a flurry as the gusts of wind grew stronger. As the creature's four clawed feet touched the moist forest floor, it let out a roar—a deep, guttural sound that I felt in my bones.

Up close, the beast was larger than I had ever imagined. Its scaly body glinted in the harsh sunlight and the tips of its wings peeked over the treetops. The colour of its scales were something I had never laid eyes on before. They were an intense, deep scarlet, deeper than any luxury wine I had ever savoured. In the sunlight, they reflected hints of a rich, chrome green, just enough to be noticeable to the naked eye. I closed my jaw, not realizing I had dropped it in the first place.

The creature's head slowly, agonisingly turned to look in my direction, its sharp, yellow eyes boring into my skull. I stood there, stunned in place. What a magnificent specimen. The horns at the back of its dinosauric head stretched backwards and curled upwards slightly at the tip. A few knife-like teeth peeked past its mouth, white like bones. The scales around the creature's eyes were darker than the rest, giving an almost regal effect. The beast exhaled, sending a puff of smoke out of its nostrils and into my face. The smell of char overwhelmed my nose.

I felt the ground beneath my feet shake as the creature took a step forward, its massive tail lifting off the ground before landing with a thump. Against my better judgement, I reached out. To my surprise, the beast let my hand brush against its snout. Its scales felt cold and rough against my warm, smooth skin. The creature closed its reptilian eyes and relaxed before opening them again and gently pulling back.



The creature spread its wings, four long claws with thin membranes of skin in between. Its wingspan easily covered the whole clearing, blocking out the blinding rays of sun. The creature let out another roar. Its mouth stretching open, revealing rows and rows of deathly sharp teeth. The creature lifted its wings, poised for take-off, before bringing them down in one quick motion. Its four legs lifted the ground.

In a few more beats, the mighty dragon was out of the clearing. Its streamlined body rushed upwards before making a sharp turn and soaring gently towards the distant mountains.

## *Dragon*

**Allandra Lekenila**  
Grade 10 Respect

## The Inevitable

Anthony Matthey 10T

"Don't panic! I'm sure there's a solution," is what I said to her that night. But that night was a week ago, and there still wasn't a solution. A week and a half after that night, a man came knocking at the door.

When I opened the door the air filled with a thick smell, a gruesome smell. The man wore an oversized brown robe stained so badly with grime it nearly looked black, with an iron chain dangling below his double chin with the cross resting on his massive chest and his small lips curled as he greeted me, "Ronald, I suppose."

His accent was so incredibly foreign that it took me a while to understand. "You're a priest?"

The man smiled and glided into the room, following me to the bedroom. My wife was fast asleep, her skin was pale with gold curls. The man did not come into the room but stood outside the door, his smile was gone as he clutched his chain tightly.

"Well?"

"Ronald, do you know what befell your wife?"

"She is very ill."

The man shook his head. "Do you know who she is?"

"My wife, what are you on about!"

The man took out a document from god knows where and shoved it into my hands. I took the decaying sheet of paper from him and opened it. The picture was covered with grime but a woman in black and white was holding a baby. The woman had pale skin and soft golden curls around her face. I was star struck and looked at the man.

"How did you-"

He interrupted, "That is Barbara, your wife's ancestor. She lived during the 1800s, when witches still roamed."

"What has this got to do with my wife's illness?"

"Barbara killed her family as well as the baby in that picture."

"You still haven't answered my question."

The man smiled, "Your wife is Barbara."

"You're joking old man, she is Mary, my wife and she's only ill!"



"Ill for weeks?"

"Just get out." I pushed the man out of the house.

I went back to the bedroom and kneeled by my wife's face. She was awake. I whispered, "Don't be afraid there's bound to be a solution."

Weeks passed and Mary got better, months passed and Mary got pregnant, a year passed and she gave birth to a girl. All was well. Until I got home one night and saw her clutching a knife in one hand and my baby in another. I was horror struck when the picture flashed before my eyes, pale skin and golden curls. Perhaps the man was right.

In a few more beats, the mighty dragon was out of the clearing. Its streamlined body rushed upwards before making a sharp turn and soaring gently towards the distant mountains.

## *The Inevitable*

**Anthony Matthey**

Grade 10 Teamwork

## Remember to Breathe

Arwen Judge 10R

"Don't panic! I'm sure there's a solution," I said to myself as water slowly rose from my shoulders to my neck. With my body fully submerged in water and water constantly flowing in, I prayed and prayed that I wouldn't die today. I was not ready to die. I clenched my throat as the water level reached my chin. I greedily took in as much oxygen as I could. "Don't panic! Don't panic!"

...

One day before

I forced everything I needed into my small, compact suitcase before heading out after I left my friends and family with a goodbye. It was finally the day, the day I would tour around the world. I was overwhelmed with joy to finally set sail for my dream and to leave all the negativity behind along with my friends and family. Friends and family. The people whom I love so dearly. A tear slipped down my cheek as I recalled the endless memories we share together. But there was no time for tears, I was going to tour the world!

I arrived at the airport on time. Punctual. I went through all the necessary gates, got my ticket and hopped on the plane. My heart was beating at a rate of a million miles an hour. My leg was bouncing continuously even after I crossed my legs. I felt jittery and energized. I had never felt this way before. Lucky for me, no one else sat in my row. This was a good start I thought.

As the plane took off, I glanced through the window and was met with the beauty of the Earth. The sparkling sea stretched along the horizon. The calmness of the waves contrasted with the pounding of my heart. The welcoming sun heated my face and made it glow. The world was at peace and so was I.

I took out my earphones and turned on some classical music to match the atmosphere. I prepared books and movies to keep myself occupied as this was going to be one long flight. I heard the signal that we were allowed to take our seatbelts off. I jumped and casually walked to the bathroom. Surprisingly, the bathroom was big unlike other bathrooms on other aeroplanes. I took a bunch of pictures to show off to my parents once I had landed. I was too occupied at being amazed when I heard a repetitive, urgent knock on the door. I hadn't even used the toilet but I had been in the bathroom long enough and didn't really need to use it anyway, this person might be desperate to use the toilet.

As I unlocked the door, a flight attendant appeared in my line of sight and dragged me through the aisle. I looked around and everyone was out of their seats. I took my earphones and heard screaming. Before we reached the emergency exit, I felt the plane slowly falling.

"Everyone get down!" screamed the flight attendant.



A split second later, the plane crashed into the ocean. Its sudden drop disrupted the calm waves. I remembered that I had left my wallet that had a family picture inside it. I quickly got up and ran to my seat. I looked left and right, trying to spot my bag before I found it on the floor. I reached down and collapsed as I heard an explosion.

Water started bursting through the windows. After ten seconds it reached my ankles. I tried running back to where the flight attendant was but she and the rest of the people were no longer there. I gripped the picture in my hand tighter. A wave of emotions ran through my body. Speedily, the water reached my knees. I had no idea what to do. I didn't want to die! I ran and ran to the highest point of the plane. My heart was now beating violently. My hands were shaking. The water reached my waist and then it quickly reached my chest.

"Don't panic!" My head said but it was hard not to panic in this situation.

I felt water reach my shoulders. Water prevented me from making big movements. I had nowhere else to go. This was it I thought. As water reached my neck and crept up to my chin. I sucked in a gallon of air. I'm going to die. "Don't panic! Don't panic!"

I felt a tug on my legs. I couldn't see who or what it was. My eyes were underwater now. It pulled me. I didn't know what to do so I let it drag me. I felt my consciousness slowly leaving my body. My lungs were about to explode. I felt my eyes rolling inside my head. I was letting death consume me. I thought about my parents but it was too late. I had given up.

My hands felt weak but the dragging continued and I allowed it to continue dragging me. Before I lost the voice in my head, we erupted out of the surface of the water at the same time I felt water rush through my nose and into my lungs.

*Remember to Breathe*

**Arwen Judge**  
Grade 10 Respect

**Bryan Heng 11T**

### **Greta Thunberg's Two Audiences**

Greta Thunberg's immediate audience for this speech is the UN climate conference. However, much of her speech is geared towards representing teens and young adults who are concerned with the world's growing climate issues as well as the failing international emission policies. The speech serves to inform and inspire people who previously were not aware nor courageous enough to voice their worries. Thus, the main target audience of this speech is in fact the younger adult audience and teens viewing via various media.

The speech is given in a very informal and personal tone. Greta speaks not as if she were at a prestigious summit speaking to world leaders, but rather as if she were a disappointed and upset teen talking to her parents. This is done to appeal directly to the audience at home. While her excessive use of emotion complicates her argument towards the UN leaders, it serves to invigorate the younger generation and spark something like a revolt. Messages sent through sentences such as "you have stolen my dreams and my childhood" are meant to make the speech more relatable towards the youth while sending a message with spiteful undertones. Greta is making it clear through her speech that she wants the youth to rise up and, more importantly, that she intends to represent the youth as their voice.

Greta's speech is provoking in nature, as she tries to evoke people to take action. In her speech she creates a contrast with herself representing the hope of the younger generation, contrasted with the greed and ignorance of the older generation, represented by the UN leaders. She attempts to discredit the leaders in lines 14 to 16



before presenting facts of her own. While it would seem redundant to present the various facts and forecasts to the world leaders, this part of her speech has the purpose to inform the people watching at home. This appeals to logos or reason by presenting raw numbers in an effort to improve her perceived credibility to the people at home. This also raises awareness of the severity of the problem by using relatively short timelines which could be seen as the very near future. The numbers are presented simply and paired with words such as “only”, “already”, and “will” which allow for the information to be absorbed easily while still creating a strong sense of urgency. Those numbers also serve as evidence for Greta’s message that the world leaders are ignorant and incapable.

Greta’s speech is structured in a way that makes it easy to follow whilst simultaneously evoking passion or aggression in her audience. Greta’s sentences are short when she is directly antagonizing the world leaders, but long when she states her supporting facts. This makes the impact of her speech focused on her strong feelings towards the leaders and leaves lasting negative impressions associated with the UN climate leaders. Greta also utilizes buzz phrases such as “How dare you!” repeatedly to add impact, flow and add attractiveness to her speech. The attractiveness is very unique and powerful at drawing in people who would otherwise not pay attention to the UN climate action summit. An objective of Greta’s speech is to shed light of this summit to those who would usually not pay attention to this kind of event. Her short sentences and paragraphs ending in harsh phrases leave time for listeners to take in her points as well as the emotion behind it.

The harsh comments depicting the world leaders as lacking maturity and knowledge would usually be considered inappropriate for such a summit. This response breaks the acceptable norms to an extreme but is done so with purpose. Thunberg's response can be seen as extremely disrespectful and bratty. However, she does this to make a statement; that the youth can stand up and criticize the world leaders for their failures. This aims to embolden the younger generations, her primary target audience, to be strong in their beliefs and willing to voice them. From a cynical perspective, Thunberg uses her young age and public stage to her advantage, as negative feedback from leaders would run the risk of public outrage.

Thunberg's response creates an antagonistic type of polarization. She presents herself as the stereotypical good guy protagonist who is fighting for the good of the people, contrasted against the antagonistic leaders. She presents herself as knowledgeable, while they are ignorant. She wishes for peace for all, while they are greedy and selfish. This encourages young people to join her movement and spread her message. She often is not speaking to her literal audience physically in front of her, but rather her target audience abroad in the youth of the general public. In her perspective, she is standing up to societal norms and invites "her generation" to join her. She states that the leaders have betrayed not her but "young people" to enrage and aggravate the "young people".



To conclude, Thunberg's speech targets teens and young adults who may watch or read about the speech. She sends a message to the leaders that is very much like a threat and invites the young generation to take a stand and follow her. This is all done through her strong emotional approach supported with statistical facts, all contained in a simple smooth structure.

## *Greta Thunberg's Two Audiences*

**Bryan Heng**  
Grade 11 Teamwork

The text is a speech from Greta Thunberg, a young climate activist, who gave a speech to the United Nations expressing her concern and dissatisfaction with the status quo. Her speech was targeted at 2 different groups of people; the young generation and politicians or businessmen. The point of her speech to the United Nations was to create a sense of urgency to take action against climate change. She does this by excelling in 3 techniques: appealing to reason, to emotion and choosing strong pronouns.

In her speech, she appeals to emotion by giving examples of her and many others' lives which have been "stolen" or taken away due to the prospect of climate change. She cites dreams and childhood as her examples (line 7). These are very vague and open-ended concepts, but it is effective as everybody in the audience had a childhood and a dream. This triggers a response to look back on their own lives to think about their own dreams and childhoods. Childhood is remembered as the best time of your life. Children are free from all the burdens of life and its responsibilities. They are free to do whatever they want whether it is play outside or play with their toys. Dreams shared by everyone and give us a reason and will to live as we have something to work towards and hopefully achieve. By saying that the lack of action has stolen these two aspects is powerful as it shows the life basically being sucked out of a human being leaving him or her lifeless and devoid of meaning. This has two impacts on the audience. To the young generation, it is a call to action. The young generation still vividly remembers what it was like to have a carefree childhood and still have dreams to reach for the stars. This helps get them behind the movement so that others in their position can continue to have the luxuries of life they had in the future which might be stolen by climate change. To politicians, it is a wake-up call and a sort of guilt trip to action as they probably also have kids and having their hopes and dreams taken away is an outcome that politicians wouldn't want to face themselves, let alone leave to their children .



She also appeals to emotion with her powerful use of pronouns. She constantly uses “you” referring to politicians, solely blaming the issue on them. She also uses metaphors such as “fairy tales” and “crystal clear” to get the message across that science is right and your beliefs are wrong. Fairy tales are fantasies which can never happen in real life. The simple phrase helps exacerbate her point that “you” cannot ever have external economic growth. “Crystal clear” also helps her illuminate how easy and simple it is to understand, yet “you” still look away from the facts and continue to do nothing. She also uses powerful words such as “dare” and “failure.” Politicians are given the label of scapegoat as the cause of this generation’s downfall due to their ignorance. This directly attacks the politicians who are constantly being addressed by Thunberg in the second person. For the young generation, it helps rally them against a common enemy and see they have a common goal: getting politicians to end all of this. The sense of urgency is created as the word choices highlight the severity of the issue at hand and how much politicians have failed them.

Thunberg also appeals to reason by choosing and presenting facts to help further her narrative. She states how even with drastic cut in carbon emissions, there is still a 50% chance that we and all of humanity have failed. This highlights how even with a nearly impossible goal to halve our carbon emissions, there is still the same probability of flipping a coin of passing the point of no return. She also presents a striking figure of how in a little over a year, we used up 25% of our remaining quota to save the earth. Thunberg’s figure is also given without a time period, implying this is our final quota for the rest of our lives. By presenting facts in this manner, she breaks down complicated facts into a few easy to understand numbers, appealing to the younger generation who may not fully comprehended the gravity of the situation. To the politicians, it is simply restating what they already knew, but expressing it with deadlines and timeframes to show them that their time to act is limited. Their laws and regulations must be swift and effective to help save the earth.

To the millennials, it is a knock on the door to get their act together and pressure politicians to ensure that those figures Thunberg mentioned do not worsen or improve. The swift need to go into action is created by that sense of urgency. Thunberg doesn't explicitly state what negative impacts and consequences may come, but rather leaves it to the imagination of the audience. However, by the tone of her speech, it is implied that the consequences are dire and severe further showing the urgency of the situation. For the politicians, it shows that they have directly contributed to the matter, implying their guilt and expressing the frustration of so many of those around them.

Overall, the speech is effective by clearly having a narrative to pass. The narrative conveys that politicians are the cause of our demise due to their lack of action. The uniting call for the young generation is clear that if we don't act, we will fail. The young generation are not marginalized, and Thunberg stresses the point that this is a global issue that each and every person on this earth must be concerned about. The facts presented use reason to explain that climate change is severe, while the emotions that ran through the speech convey a sense of dismay and disruption to their quaint way of life. The text creates that sense of urgency for politicians to act and the young generation to take action against politicians to stop climate change. Her dissatisfaction is also clearly echoed in her absence of remorse throughout her speech.

conclude, Thunberg's speech targets teens and young adults who may watch or read about the speech. She sends a message to the leaders that is very much like a threat and invites the young generation to take a stand and follow her. This is all done through her strong emotional approach supported with statistical facts, all contained in a simple smooth structure.

*Analytical Commentary on Greta Thunberg's  
2019 UN Address Thunberg's Two Audiences*



This advertisement for Porsche features the Porsche 911 in an attempt to persuade the audience to purchase the car using symbols of time, as well as language, word choice and visual techniques.

The advertisement features a rhetorical question at the very top, asking, “Honestly now, did you spend your youth dreaming about someday owning a Nissan or a Mitsubishi?” This introduces the symbolism of time in the advertisement. The use of the word “youth” evokes memories of their younger self in the audience, which also suggests that this advertisement is for older audiences who can afford a Porsche. By evoking memories of youth, it creates a longing in the audience for the chance to relive their youth, with the advertisement suggesting that buying the Porsche 911 is the way to do so. The use of the words “spend” and “dreaming” also induce in the audience the sense that they've wasted their younger years dreaming and not actually taking action to do what they truly wanted to do. The goal of this is to inspire them to not waste any more time and take action now, or in other words buy the car.

In the descriptive copy under the car, time is also a key feature. First, it states that the car is both “timeless and ahead of its time”, a paradoxical statement: seemingly impossible, but it isn't with a Porsche. This convinces the audience that the car is special, giving the audience another reason to buy the car now. Many cars go out of style, especially if it was one that you dreamed of when you were young, but since the car is timeless, the audience believes it is a good long-term investment. This appeals to logos, as the intended audience is older, and are looking to not make impulsive decisions based on trends or emotion but instead wishing to make a sensible decision they won't regret later in life. The description later includes the statement, “After all we know how many decades you've waited”, which not only appeals to the audience's longing for youth (hence the word “decades”), but also suggests that the car would be a reward, a prize for waiting so long to purchase it.

Furthermore, it convinces the audience that there is no reason to wait any longer as they've already done so for “decades”, compelling the audience to take action immediately.

Aside from the symbolism of time, the advertisement also uses other language and word choice to inspire audiences to take action. The first example is the choice to compare the Porsche to “a Nissan or Mitsubishi” in a rhetorical question that leaves the audience pondering and comparing the three cars in their head. Both the Nissan and the Mitsubishi are cheaper, more sensible cars that have virtually no impressiveness associated with them. The advert suggests that in comparison a Porsche makes you stand out. The use of the word “Honestly” at the beginning the question additionally creates a feeling in the reader that they're lying to themselves if they say they don't want a Porsche, forcing them to truly consider buying the car.

The use of personal pronouns in the advertisement is another featured language device. The writers for Porsche refer to themselves as “we” and the audience as “you”, creating the sense Porsche is not just a big company advertising to millions of people but instead that it is a friendly entity, with the “we”, talking directly and only to the one reader, “you”. It creates the illusion of a personal relationship and conversation with the brand, in which the advertisers want what's best for the reader, not just the company, so that the reader trusts the advertisement's message and believes buying a Porsche is actually in their personal best interests.

Lastly, the visual elements are vital in catching the audience's eye. At the centre of the advertisement there is an image of the Porsche 911 itself. Since the image lies at the centre of the advertisement, it subconsciously suggests that if the reader were driving the car they would become the centre of attention as well. This appeals to their need for status and recognition and compels the reader to feel that they need to buy the car in order to receive it.



Additionally, on a more structural level, the placement of the image appeals to the rule of thirds as it lies on two intersections between rows and columns, catching the audience's eye and forcing them to pay attention to the advertisement.

The selection of fonts in the advertisement also adds to its impact. This can be seen in how Nissan and Mitsubishi are in a font complying with the rest of the advertisement, suggesting having one of those cars doesn't make you stand out. However, the advertisement shows the Porsche logo in a large futuristic font with clean lines different from the rest of the text. This makes the reader believe that they should buy a Porsche as they will be not only different from everyone else, but above or better than them, since the font is situated at the top and bigger than the rest of the text

Overall, the advertisement makes deliberate choices to effectively achieve its goal. These choices include using time as a way to appeal to the longing for youth, use of pronouns to introduce a personal relationship, comparison of other car brands to create a sense of superiority, and visual elements to subconsciously induce a need for the car in the reader and make them pay attention to the advertisement's message.

## *Analytical Commentary on a Porsche Advertisement*

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Grade 11 Humility

Text C and Text D are two different text types with a similar theme - giving women employment opportunities as drivers in the male-dominated industry of public transport. Text C is an online article taken from *The New Yorker* magazine site, whereas Text D is an online fundraising appeal uploaded on the site *GoGetFunding*. The two texts also differ contextually: Text C discusses “SheTaxi”, an initiative started by Stella Mateo to connect female passengers in the USA with female taxi drivers. On the other hand, Text D concerns public transportation for women in Pakistan. The difference in context is highlighted by the means of public transport that are shown in each of the two texts - cabs in Text C, and rickshaws in Text D. This reflects the different cultural context between the two texts.

As Text C and Text D are different text types, they serve different purposes. Text C serves to inform readers of an already established and anticipated project which is set for success and is in its final stages. Text D, on the other hand, serves to raise awareness for the lacking presence of women in Pakistan’s transportation industry as well as to raise funds in order to help combat the problem.

Text C and Text D both appeal to a similar audience: women. In both texts, the issue of inequality between men and women in using public transportation is highlighted. In Text C, the line “Every day, as many as six hundred thousand cab rides are taken in New York City.” (line 1) is followed by “...estimates that sixty percent of those passengers are female.” (line 2-3). The first line shows readers how cab rides are an integral part of daily life in New York City, therefore emphasizing the importance of public transportation. The second line reveals how the majority of the immense number of cab rides are taken by women. Both lines make use of statistics, with an appeal to logos that helps readers understand the great scale of the issue. This is then followed by statistics that contrast the previous statements to highlight the inequality between men and women in the industry. The line “...ninety-five percent of for-hire cabbies and ninety-percent of yellow-taxi drivers are [men].” (line 7-8) shows a stark contrast between the demographic of taxi passengers and taxi drivers. Despite the fact that most taxi passengers are women, an overwhelming majority of the drivers are men. The disjunction between the two demographics presents readers with potential problems that may arise, as exemplified in the line “a lecture, a detour, or perhaps, a sense of alarm” (line 8).



In Text D, the lines “There is no space for women as service providers in the transportation industry.” (line 18), and “There is only one woman taxi driver in the entire country!” (line 19) emphasize how women are barred from employment opportunities in the transportation industry of Pakistan and also indirectly shows readers that virtually all taxi drivers, apart from one, are male. However, unlike Text C, Text D shows that this problem extends to other parts of a woman’s daily life and is detrimental to their employment in other sectors as well. This notion is amplified through the lines “Many women do not enter the workforce or acquire education for the lack of safe transportation” (line 21-22) and “For lack of transportation, women are barred from personal growth activities...because they are not deemed necessary by their male family members.” (line 24-26). Unlike Text C, which focuses on the inconveniences caused by the faint presence of women in the industry, Text D shows readers the grave danger and oppression women are subjected to in society as a whole. This does not only highlight their cultural differences, in which Text D gives a voice for women in an oppressive patriarchal society, but also results in a difference in tone.

The tone of Text C is fairly optimistic and humorous. The line “...or chat, or cry, or bark directions while the driver takes her where she wants to go” (line 5-6) features a polysyndeton that creates the image of the stereotypical experience of a woman’s emotional breakdown - a subject that is commonly joked about and is usually seen as a ‘relatable’ experience. Another line, “So it’s not going to smell like taxi?” (line 29) is a quote from an anecdote in which a male taxi driver inquires about the SheTaxi initiative to a female taxi driver. The line creates a sense of humour, as it suggests that most taxis have an undesirable masculine scent. On the other hand, the tone of Text D is solemn and straightforward. The writer highlights the problems directly and offers a solution by showing the prospective opportunities. This is reflected in the use of subheadings in Text D, such as “Background”, “Challenges” and “Opportunities”. The use of subheadings effectively segments the texts for readers in an organized manner, thus highlighting each individual issue.

All in all, Text C and Text D are two different text types that both concern the presence of women in the transportation industry. However, they differ both contextually and tonally, and each text serves a different purpose.

## *Female Taxi Drivers: Comparative Essay on Two Non-literary Texts*

**Kezia Renata**  
Grade 12 Humility

*A Doll's House* is set in the late 1800s, when women did not have as much freedom as they do now. A culture is always a product of the people in a community and their opinions and biases. At the time, wives had to get their husbands' permission before engaging in certain activities, such as borrowing money. In addition, they were not allowed to express their own emotions and thoughts freely. In public, they would conform to the opinions of their husbands. As a result, they no longer held an identity of their own. This creates a culture in which women have to follow their husbands' beck and call. This was the culture that Ibsen wanted to challenge and hopefully change when he wrote *A Doll's House*. When the play was released, it created an uproar in the society. This response was a testament to the impact of the play at the time.

At the time, women were regarded as men's pets. This is evident in the play where Torvald would have pet names for his wife. He would always call her his "little skylark" or "squirrel" or even "songbird" instead of her real name. This use of pet names takes away Nora's identity. As a result, it also takes away her agency. I believe that Ibsen creates Torvald's character to use these words in order to explicitly show the audience how men can hold power over women and essentially control their lives. Originally, Nora enjoys these pet names. However, once the play progresses, Nora realises the fact that these pet names take away her identity as a person and tries to break free from it in Act 3.

The central conflict of the play arises when Nora borrows money from a shady lawyer known as Krogstad. Although in essence this is not a crime, it is heavily looked down upon by society at the time, especially since Nora did not consult with her husband before borrowing the money. These actions that were undertaken by Nora were heavily judged by other characters in the play such as Christine. Christine says in Act 1 "No, a wife cannot borrow without her husband's consent." Nora is a woman who is highly independent with her own opinions. When presented with an impossible choice between losing her husband to his sickness and breaking social norms, she chooses the latter, borrowing money for a trip and forging the loan. This conflict arose from the culture of women's role in society: the mother, the wife, and nothing more. This culture is then presented and challenged by Ibsen.



This ties in with the play's overarching theme of the culture of the suppression of women and how women can break free from that suppression. This can be seen through the quote in Act 3 "In any case I set you free from all your obligations. You are not to feel yourself bound in the slightest way, any more than I shall. There must be perfect freedom on both sides. See, here is your [wedding] ring back. Give me mine". This quote describes Nora when she leaves Torvald in Act 3 to pursue her own dreams and ideals. The quote itself judges the way society suppresses women and instead, puts forth their own idea that women should be free to do what they want and that men should not always be the leader that women have to follow. This can be seen clearly from the line "...I set you free from all your obligations." In this part, Nora is activated as the primary actor and she is given more agency. By having Nora be the one to set Torvald "free", it shows the audience that Nora has (or should have) equal or more power over her male counterpart. This scene is Ibsen's commentary on how society in the 1800s should be. The play, and by extension Ibsen, criticized the idea that women should be kept as pets or as objects. He believed that a woman should be granted her own unique identity.

In this part, Nora is also represented as the *femme fatale*. A *femme fatale* is a character archetype that represents an individual's or a society's fear of intimacy, sex, and to an extent, women. Torvald and society would view Nora as a *femme fatale* as she is manipulative and in the end brings disaster to her husband. Nora is represented as a *femme fatale* in Act 3 because Ibsen wanted to bring the readers' attention to the idea that women are not only "fair maidens" that are supposed to follow men's every order. Instead, he presented the idea that women could be independent and follow their own ideals.

The play also makes a point to challenge women's traditional role in society. This is evident in the quote where Torvald says "Before all else, you are a wife and a mother", to which Nora replies "I don't believe that any longer. I believe that before all else I am a reasonable human being, just as you are". At that time, women were forcefully placed into two distinct roles: a wife to please the husband and a mother to raise the children. They were not allowed to pursue their own dreams or wants. Nora rejects these two roles by saying before all else, she is a reasonable human being. This allows Nora to break free from traditional gender roles that were shoved onto her.

This was something that caused a fuss within the readers at the time. Ibsen presented an idea that was unprecedented in literature. At the time, people were afraid that the notion that women could break free from their gender roles would become a norm. This was the main reason why people banned the play.

In conclusion, the play's main conflict was largely influenced by the social norms of that time. Nora was presented with an impossible situation to either break free of her social norm or let her husband die. Although she picked the option that saved the person she held most dear to her, she was still scolded and berated for choosing to go against what society perceives to be correct. The play and Ibsen heavily criticize the way society was run in the late 1800s. He firmly believed that women were not meant to be kept as pets or objects, but instead to be treated as human beings.

## *Social Values in A Doll's House: A Critical Analysis*

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