



STUDENT CREATIVITY
-ENGLISH-

Sophia Liza D Cunha

Grade 1 Respect

The owl and the caterpillar



One sunny morning,
a caterpillar sat
on a big green
tree.



He climbed down
to get some food
because he was
hungry.



Suddenly, the
caterpillar got
stuck under a
large nut.



The caterpillar
screamed for help
but nobody
heard him. He
felt lonely.



Just then, the
owl was flying
home when he
heard someone
screaming for
help.



At the end,
the owl picked
up the nut and
saved the caterpillar,
and both of
them became
friends.

Valerie Indigo

Grade 1 Humility

Valerie 2H

The Dog and The Frog



One evening, there was a kind dog and a friendly frog who lived in a garden.



The frog was playing with a ball.



Suddenly, the frog fell in a deep hole and couldn't jump out.



He felt scared because he thought that no one would help him so he shouted for help.



The dog was playing with a stick near by. He heard a scream so he felt curious.



At the end, the dog found out that frog was stuck so he grabbed a rope and pull the frog out of the hole and thank him.

You Jiarui (Kelly)

Grade 2 Teamwork

Stella and her Evil Sisterby

Once upon a time in the castle, there were three girls named Lily, Stella and Bella. Bella was pretty, but she was very evil, while Stella and Lily were nice. Bella was jealous of her sister because her dad's attention was all on Stella and Lily. Just then, Bella decided to make a poisoned apple that she would give to Stella.

After making the poisoned apple, Bella handed it to Stella at breakfast. When she ate it, she suddenly fell to the ground! Bella laughed evilly when her sister passed out.

When Lily heard about it, she immediately told her dad. "Dad, dad... Bella has poisoned Stella!"

Dad was frozen with fear. After thinking for a while, he said, "Lily, the cure is the river water at the southern bank. Go. Take a vial. It will hopefully save your sister."

Lily went to the southern riverbank to get the cure for Stella. She took a vial with her. Finally, she ran back to the castle and gave the cure to her sister Stella. After Stella drank a vial, she woke up with a gasp.

"Huh...! What happened? Why am I in my room? I was just eating breakfast with Bella," Stella groggily whispered.

Lily and her dad looked at each other and were relieved that Stella was alive. They both hugged her. "Thank God, you're alive!" Lily cried.

As for Bella, she was kicked out from the castle after being scolded by her dad.

Albert Tan 2T

Grade 2 Teamwork

The Evil Witch

Once upon a time, Perry and Anna were studying at school. Suddenly, a witch came and kidnapped the principal. Everybody hid under their tables until their teacher said, "It is safe, everybody."

Everybody went home early. Perry and Anna told their parents what had happened at school. Perry asked her parents if she could go to the forest with Anna. Perry's parents said, "Ok, but be careful." Perry waved goodbye and went to the forest with Anna.

They both walked for days and days until one day, they saw a huge, dark cave. They went into the cave while holding a small torch. As they approached the middle clearing, they saw a wooden cage. Inside the cage was their principal!

Just then, the witch suddenly appeared in front of them and evilly said, "If you want your principal back, you have to answer my question! Ha ha ha!"

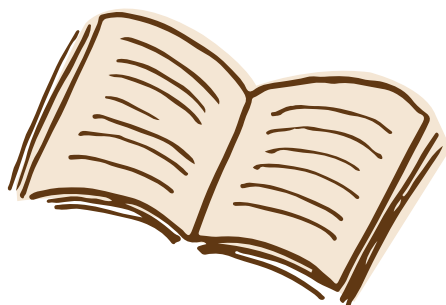
Perry confidently said, "Okay."

The witch asked, "What is 7×10 ?"

Perry said, "That is simple. It's 70."

The witch disappointedly replied, "Here is your principal."

The two brave girls went back home after that. They were hailed heroines for saving their principal.



Arjuna

Grade 3 Respect

The Heron and the Koi

Many centuries ago, somewhere in ancient Japan, there was a large river teeming with life. Salmon, snails, bass and most importantly, koi fish inhabited this place. The animals all lived in harmony.

One day, a hungry heron hastily flew from above. He had lost track of his flock, and the poor bird decided to stop at the lake for a quick meal.

Suddenly, when he dipped his beak in the water, a golden koi leapt out of the water. "Huh?" the heron staggered backwards. "What was that?" he thought. "It must be a koi." A thought entered his mind. "Maybe if I eat koi fish, my dull feathers will turn red, orange and white, just like their scales." It had not occurred to him that it was not possible to do so. Nonetheless, he dipped his beak into the water to try. In minutes, he caught a small koi and gobbled it up. He aimed into the water again.

"Who goes there?" a deep voice boomed. It was a golden koi! His head poked out of the water. "You shall not eat our kind," he exclaimed.

Meanwhile, the heron was more focused on his appearance. "Wow! That koi is so colourful! I will shine like the sun if I eat it!" so he shot his beak towards him, but as quick as lightning, the koi submerged itself. The heron found himself face first in the water. "I'll get that koi," he grumbled. So as revenge, he ate another koi.

In the following days, the koi population was decreasing so much that soon crowds of terrified koi gathered around the Gold Koi for his wisdom. He was known for his clever solutions, so he told everybody his plan.

The next day, the heron dipped his beak again and again, but he couldn't find a koi to eat. All of a sudden, the Gold Koi appeared.

"There you are!" the heron shot his beak forwards. All of a sudden, another koi appeared from under the Gold Koi. The heron took the bait. When he was distracted, the Golden Koi leapt and whacked the heron on the leg. SMACK! The bird fell down into the water, finally admitting defeat.

From that day onwards, the koi fish lived in peace once again. The heron? He flew away, never to be seen or heard of again.

Coachella, Charis, Jane

Grade 3 Teamwork

The Crow and the Peacock

Narrator : One day, Tiger was getting married and Crow and Peacock were invited. They were very excited.

Peacock : (Putting a hand on her chin) I think we need to be more colourful for Tiger's wedding.

Crow : That's an excellent idea. I can get paints in all colours of the rainbow for us to use. (His hand is holding a brush.)

Narrator : Crow went to paint Peacock. Crow was a great artist so he painted beautiful pictures all over Peacock's feathers. When Crow was done, Peacock looked at herself in a pool of water.

Peacock : Oh! How beautiful I am! My tail looks like it is covered with precious gems. (She is turning her body around.)

Crow : Now, it is time for you to paint my feathers, Peacock. (Pointing at Peacock)

Narrator : Peacock was so proud of how she looked that she did not want anyone else to be as beautiful.

Peacock : Crow, didn't you hear Eagle? Hurry! We must fly away from here!

Narrator : While she pretended to panic, Peacock deliberately knocked over the cans of paint. All but one can spilled into the pool of water. (Peacock is kicking all the cans of paint except the black paint.)

Crow : I did not hear the eagle cry. I only heard the howling of the wind.

Peacock : Then, there is no danger. Come here and I will paint you (while waving her hands.)

Crow : But there is no paint left. It is hopeless.

Peacock : There is one pot left. I can paint you with it. We must hurry. (He painted Crow.)

Narrator : When Peacock was finished, Crow went to look in the pool of water. When he looked at himself, he began to complain.

Crow : Caw! Caw! (Crow was crossing his hands.)

Narrator : Now, all crows are black with harsh voices and peacocks are beautiful in rainbow colours.

Jaromir Rayyan

Grade 4 Teamwork

Mauraders!

I was in my station wagon one night. The sky was dark and there was a pack of monkeys following me. The road was bumpy, and I knew the driver had to drive slowly.

Suddenly, I heard the rustling of the leaves through the forest. I sensed that a predator would pounce on us at that instance. The driver was surprisingly calm when he assured me that it must be the monkeys. He continued driving the wagon slowly and carefully.

Moments later, we could hear footsteps. Then I could hear what sounded like an arrow whizzing past our station wagon.

“Faster! Go faster! Drive!” I cried. The driver immediately stepped on the accelerator. I could not stop myself from screaming at the top of my lungs. I was hoping that our comrades could hear us.

I swore I saw an arrow land on the tree right in front of us. Bang! I knew the tyres had exploded. I immediately looked out the window and informed the driver to just drive as fast as he could. I was immobilised in fear. The wagon moved some distance but the footsteps followed us. It pounded on us loudly and fiercely.

‘Marauders!’ the driver screamed. Our wagon soon halted to a complete stop right in front of a huge tree. I scrambled out of the vehicle but we both knew we were trapped.



Carrisa Anggana

Grade 4 Humility

Maud and Mildred: An Adventure

“Just try it yourself!” replied Mildred. Maud hopped on her broomstick, and she found it very convenient indeed. Then Mildred suddenly had an idea. Jumping around, she urged Maud to ride their broomsticks through the forest. Woosh! The air tickled their faces as they flew.

After a while, the girls decided to take a rest at a nearby cave. Mildred’s kitten purred as she stroked it. The rest did wonders for their bodies, and soon they found themselves venturing deeper into the cave. Their path forked into two, then three, then five. The two waltzed the winding paths as they chatted.

“Hey Mildred! Come take a look at this!” cried Maud.

Maud read the words she saw on the boulder which rested on the mouth of the cave:

Here lies the beast that was vanquished long ago. Choose to venture deeper? Beware!

In a flash, Mildred was filled with burning curiosity and fear. Choosing not to let her fear consume her, Mildred convinced Maud to go with her.

Suddenly, her heartbeat turned to thunderous drumming. Roarrrr! The sound. The deafening sound from the cave forced Mildred to stare. Maud gulped. There in front of them, it stood. The dragon let out a ball of fire as it roared.

“We can do this!” Maud let out a courageous cry.

‘Alakazam!’ The ice surrounded the dragon instantaneously. The gusts of freezing air hit the dragon. It dissipated.

“Well done!” praised Headmaster Gloria, who appeared like a genie from a bottle. “You’ve passed the test of courage, my darlings.”

“T-t-thank you, Headmaster Gloria,” replied the girls. They could not stop the shivers that had enveloped their bodies or their chattering teeth.

Anthony Boenjamin

Grade 5 Respect

The Child of the Forest

After pushing Bonnie and Sylvia behind a boulder, the boy released some arrows towards the wolves. THWACK! THWACK! The long, deadly weapons nearly hit their targets before hitting the cold, brittle ground. He urged the girls towards an old oak tree. The trees were white with snow but provided cover from the snowstorm. The boy took an arrow tipped with a strange blue metal and struck the oak's trunk forcefully. When he struck the trunk, Sylvia noticed that the metal never actually touched the bark. It went through it. The trunk somehow dissolved, and a small, black door appeared. The door had strange symbols and characters carved into it. The boy quickly opened it and urged the girls to go inside. Once they were inside, he quickly shut the door and almost instantly the door disappeared.

When the mysterious door was gone, Sylvia could now see the interior. There was a large fireplace that lit the room like a star. In front of the fireplace, there were several pieces of furniture.

"Thank you for helping us in!" gasped Bonnie trying to catch her breath.

"My pleasure," replied the boy in a mysterious voice. "Miss Bonnie, who did you bring with you today?" questioned the boy.

"It is my cousin, Sylvia. We were trying to escape from that pack of wolves," she explained.

"You can rest here for a while," said the boy. "Hello, Ms Sylvia. My name is Rocco, the Child of the Forest." Rocco proceeded to gaze at them with concern.

"Although you can stay here for some time, you must find your way into your guardian's care again," he explained.

After staying with Rocco for a few days, Bonnie and Sylvia started to make their way to Miss Slighcarp. The 'Child of the Forest' had given them a potion of kindness which would soften Miss Slighcarp's heart like a slice of Swiss cheese.

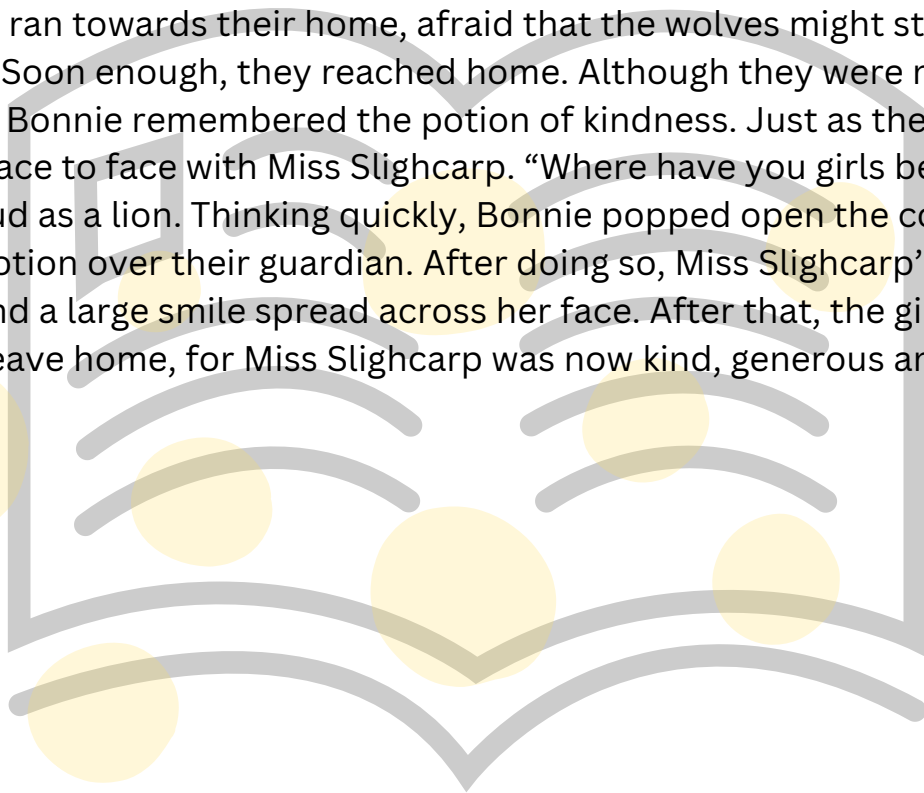
Anthony Boenjamin

Grade 5 Respect

The Child of the Forest

(2nd page)

They hastily ran towards their home, afraid that the wolves might start pursuing them again. Soon enough, they reached home. Although they were not delighted to be home, Bonnie remembered the potion of kindness. Just as they entered, they came face to face with Miss Slighcarp. "Where have you girls been!" she yelled as loud as a lion. Thinking quickly, Bonnie popped open the cork and threw the potion over their guardian. After doing so, Miss Slighcarp's wrinkles vanished, and a large smile spread across her face. After that, the girls never wanted to leave home, for Miss Slighcarp was now kind, generous and thoughtful.



Paige Dirga

Grade 5 Humility

The Fox and the Little Bee

One day, a tiny yellow bee was just flying around a bushy forest, minding her own business, trying to find some nectar when a hungry, brown, big fox spotted him. He caught Bee with his big paw and was about to swat him when Bee said pleadingly, "Please don't kill me! I will repay you someday."

Fox scoffed and said, "Pfff, you? Repay me? You are small and there's no way you'll be able to repay me with anything."

Bee was about to lose hope when Fox continued begrudgingly, "But since you are so small and skinny, I will let you go."

Bee thanked him and quickly flew away before Fox changed his mind.

The next day, Bee heard hunters in the forest and went to investigate. He saw the same fox he had met the day before being cornered by the hunters. Bee knew he had to repay Fox for letting him go the day before, so he gathered all of his bee friends and stung the hunters one by one. The hunters ran away leaving the poor, devastated fox behind.

It took some time for Fox to recover from his ordeal. The bees helped by wrapping leaves on his wounds. When he finally recovered, he said to Bee gratefully, "Thank you. I'm sorry I underestimated you. I hope we can be friends."

"Of course we can," Bee smiled happily.

They became the best of friends and always protected each other from that day forward.

Sarisha Putri

Grade 6 Teamwork

Bully Boy

Mia, a twelve-year-old girl, lived with her parents in a two-story house. She had a learning disability called dyslexia.

It was just the third day of school and Mia was feeling very nervous. She couldn't stop thinking about what had happened the previous day.

The previous day, Mia had been bullied for her dyslexia. Mia was tying her shoelaces and was about to head to class when an unfamiliar voice reached her ears.

"Hey, you twerp!"

Mia looked up and stared. It was Jake, one of the biggest school bullies.

"What do you want, Jake?" asked Mia as she stood up, feeling scared of what Jake was about to do.

"Oh, nothing. I just came here to tell you that you'll never succeed in life with that learning disability of yours," said Jake, grinning happily.

Mia sobbed. However, as she was about to head to the bathroom, she tripped over something - someone, that is! Jake was standing there, giggling at Mia. As he was about to leave, he said, "Just wait for tomorrow!"

After the flashback, Mia shivered as she thought about what Jake was going to do to her today.

DING DONG!

It was the school bell.

From a distance, Mia saw Jake and his friends waiting for her. She needed to tell one of her teachers immediately...

Lars Goliono

Grade 6 Teamwork

Death of a Dynasty

“Get back here, you scum!” shouted a baker.

“Haha,” Jake sneered. Jake ran away from the fat baker while holding a giant piece of bread.

The baker tripped and Jake ran into his hideout.

Jake was an average-sized kid with clothes that looked like rags and hair that looked like a bush. He was poor – underprivileged, even – and didn’t even have a normal house all because of that incident...

Three years earlier, Jake had lived in a nice and impressively giant house with his parents. His dad was the brother of the king and had owned a lot of money.

However, one day the king grew greedy and started to steal from the poor.

Jake’s parents were leaving to visit the King. “Mom, Dad,” Jake asked. “Where are you going?”

“We are going to visit your uncle,” they both said, but little did they know that something unimaginable was going to happen.

At the palace, Jake’s parents were in the dining hall talking about what they both were doing. Now, they finally ate their food. “Cheers!” exclaimed the king. He grinned as they drank the wine.

THUMP!

Both Jake’s parents fell dead on the floor.

Jake was at home waiting, but his parents never came. Finally, there was a sound.

KNOCK KNOCK!

Jake ran to the door and was greeted by a dozen guards. “Hello, little child,” said one of the guards in a serious tone.

Jake was chased out of his house...

How does Orwell cast doubt on the likelihood of a successful revolution in Animal Farm?

By : Jayden Tjitra - 7 Humility

Orwell casts doubt on the likelihood of a successful revolution in Animal Farm by showing that there is not a successful, complete change in leadership, along with the lack of equality in Animal Farm.

The quotation “The life of an animal is misery and slavery” from page 6 “The pigs did not actually work but directed and supervised the others” from page 25 show that the new Animal Farm led by the animals, mostly the pigs, did not completely change in leadership. The phrase ‘misery and slavery’ contradicts the next ‘the pigs did not actually work’, as the pigs had made the other animals work, with benefit for mostly the pigs, which would also mean slavery from the pigs to the other animals. The phrase ‘directed and supervised the others’ contrasts what the pigs supposedly yearned for which was to gain independence from the slavery brought upon them by the humans, only to continue the dirty work of the humans they had wished to get rid of.

The quotations “No animal shall kill any other animal”, which is one of the seventh commandments in Animal Farm, from page 19, and “They dashed straight for Snowball, who only sprang from his place just in time to escape their snapping jaws” from page 39 show, yet again, the unsuccessful change in leadership in the Animal Farm. The phrase ‘snapping jaws’ implies that the dogs, sent by Napoleon, have murderous intent, with Snowball left only an inch away from death, as shown in the phrase ‘sprang from his place just in time to escape’, which is hypocritical to do the word ‘kill’.

An additional commandment “All animals are equal”, shown on page 19, is disobeyed by the quotation from page 26 “It (the milk) was mixed every day into the pigs’ mash.”. One of the seven commandments stated that all animals are equal but the phrase ‘mixed every day into the pigs’ mash’ shows both inequality and a failure in the attempt of creating a change in leadership, as the quote ‘all animals are equal’ and ‘mixed every day into the pigs’ mash’ is contradictory, the pigs create the rule that all animals are equal, yet they earn more benefit than the other animals, therefore creating inequality and an unsuccessful change in leadership.

In conclusion, the pigs who are the supposed leaders of Animal Farm, are hypocritical, claiming to yearn for equality and a change in leadership, which they failed to achieve for all the animals, as the pigs grant themselves more benefits than the other animals, therefore, the leadership of Mr. Jones in the Manor Farm is not far too different from the leadership of the pigs in the Animal Farm.

AI Artworks

By : Kayla Aida Daniswara - 7 Teamwork

From Mona Lisa to Van Gogh, the art world and industry have always been full of debate. But in 2023, what happens when the artist is not human? While Artificial Intelligence has the potential to revolutionise the art world, there comes a controversy to it that artists and enthusiasts should know about. This speech will provide an understanding of how AI artworks, an investigation of the controversy surrounding the use of AI, and an examination of the possibility of AI replacing artists. Before we dive into the controversy, join me as we first understand the mechanics behind this tool. How exactly is it created and what are the capabilities of this technology?

Artificial Intelligence creates artwork by assembling different pictures that correlate to each other to create the final result. However, it's important to note that AI does not generate its content originally, it requires input in order to produce output. The data sets used to train AI models often come from the world wide web, where millions and billions of copyrighted images, art, and photos are collected without the consent of the owner. Any posted file on the internet can potentially enter this dataset, so the final result generated by AI may actually be under copyright laws. This is where the problem starts to show. With that, let's dig deeper into the debate surrounding AI Art.

One of the main controversies surrounding Reddit and Twitter discussions of AI art is whether it can be considered as a new artwork or just a copy of existing ones. Some argue that when humans get inspired by other artists, it is the same process as AI being trained on a specific dataset. On the other hand, others argue that the way AI is able to create perfect replicas of existing works is essentially different from human inspiration. The way AI art is able to replicate artworks perfectly raises questions about the value and originality of the art and its connection to using other people's work without consent, as well as the way this system is structured to take advantage of millions of artists. The question is, will this advantage for AI be able to provide AI's ability to replace artists?

"Edmond de Bellamy", an AI-generated painting was sold at Christie's auction house in New York for over \$400,000 last December. This leaves some artists thinking about whether or not they should actually continue to pursue their dreams as an artist. The truth is, the question of whether AI can replace artists is a complex one. If we want to define creativity as something restrictive with limitations, then it is easy for AI to eventually replace the job of artists. However, a study commissioned by Adobe's AI Platform mentions that, if we expand the definition of creativity as something that is sincerely human, then AI would never be able to catch up with true creators. This increases the range of what it means to be an artist. Instead of replacing artists, AI could serve as a tool for them to be more efficient, expand their creative possibilities, and expand the limits of art.

To sum it all up, The use of Artificial Intelligence in the art world has the potential to bring changes to the industry, however, it also raises some debates that those in the field should be aware of. We have covered the topics of how AI art is generated, the debate on AI art, as well as the possibility of these machines replacing human artists. This tool is an exciting new frontier in the art world, but it also raises important questions about the role of technology in creativity, as humans continue to explore the possibilities of AI in art.

A Review of The "Wednesday" Series

By : Shaanya Nandwani 7 Integrity

When you think of a certain pig-tailed, goth girl who only uses black because she is allergic to color, who do you think of? I think Wednesday. Wednesday is a teenage, pigtailed, and really emotionally reserved girl. She always uses black, even having her school uniform modified so that it could be black instead of the normal purple one, because, as I said before, she is allergic to color. It is a show that I feel is really fun and nice to watch! So, here are some fun facts on Wednesday. This hit show was released on the 23rd of November 2022. Also, there are 6 Addams family movies, which means that Wednesday didn't only create a new story, it had to create a spinoff, which in my opinion, is harder. Along with that, Christiana Ricci, who placed Wednesday herself in one of the older shows was called back to play this character, Ms. Thronhill, as a sort of tribute to the older versions of the Addams family. Speaking of the actresses who have played Wednesday, from being a Disney star, Jenna Ortega is now a Netflix star, talk about a big transition. And he wasn't a form of CGI, he was a magician in a green screen suit. Now, onto the good and bad about this series!

The hit Netflix show has a variety of songs, from classics such as "Winter" by Vivaldi, to artists like Dua Lipa, this soundtrack is really nice as the directors had picked the perfect songs for the perfect scenes and the songs helped set the mood. This show has lots of twists, some expected and some unexpected, even the build-up was exciting! This hooked the viewers as it got them thinking about what was going to happen next. This would definitely make them want to binge the series just to get to the end. Wednesday has a solid 4.8 rating and I think that this is because it was able to have some jokes even amid a very creepy murder mystery. In fact, Wednesday is right behind Stranger Things landing on being the second most popular show on Netflix's 'Most Popular' list. This isn't the first we've heard of the Addams family, and in my opinion, Wednesday was able to recreate this world almost flawlessly. Another thing that I really liked about Wednesday is the Enid and Wednesday friendship, I feel like this friendship was just one of the best on-screen pairings I have ever seen. This is because you can see at the start that Wednesday and Enid are clearly not comfortable with each other; however, they start to get closer, even doing a competition together, until finally they actually hug. I know this doesn't seem like that big of a deal, but you can see throughout the show that Wednesday does not like hugging, so the fact that she was willing to hug Enid shows how close they are. I also really like how the directors didn't make their friendship rushed and glossed over, but really touched on it, showing the process of them becoming closer to each other. And, as if all that isn't enough, Wednesday is one of the most watched TV shows on Netflix right now, like I said before, second on Netflix's 'Most Popular' list. Those were the good things, now onto the very not-so-good things. While being very entertaining watching Wednesday can also be very disturbing as there are some pretty gory scenes. The next one isn't really directed at the series but at the director, the show received a little bit of backlash for possible racism. This is because the director portrayed most of the not-so-fair-skinned people as the bullies of the show, such as characters like Bianca Barclay.

So overall, I would rate the show an 8/10 because I didn't really like the fact that there was that much blood, I'm not saying that the show shouldn't be gory at all because if I did then it wouldn't really be a really creepy murder mystery. I'm just saying that maybe they should have toned it down slightly. I really enjoyed the parts where we got to see Wednesday with her family as it just made the whole thing more comedic in my opinion. Like I said before, the show is pretty gory and this might be a problem for some people as some people don't really like violence and bloodshed. I would definitely recommend this TV series to people ages 11 and up. So thank you for listening and that is all on Wednesday Addams.

The Spider

By : Farra Santoso - 8 Integrity

I woke up from a nightmare, and as I was about to grab my phone to check my notifications, I stopped. Today so happens to be that one Saturday when Mom has promised my older brother Danny a pet spider for his good grades.

Danny is well aware of my traumatic experience with spiders. It is almost as if he asked for one for that particular purpose. Ever since I snitched on him and told our parents about his secret girlfriend he had when he was just ten, he has always been finding ways to seek revenge. Of course, ninety-nine percent of the time, I am able to outsmart him. It's been about five years and he still has not gotten over the fact that I told them.

This, on the other hand, is an exception. My usual ninety-nine percent success rate is not going to work this time. As a matter of fact, it will most likely plummet down to zero. If there is anything I absolutely despise, it's spiders. Those long, horrendous legs crawling up and down walls, its eyes flickering up and down as it observes its surroundings. Gosh! Even the thought of one sends shivers down my spine. Although rather tiny, I know from experience that they are highly intelligent creatures. No, more like monsters.

Breakfast doesn't feel the same knowing that today is the last day I will wake up without the possibility of seeing a spider first thing in the morning for the next couple of years. The gooey, slimy texture of oatmeal suddenly reminds me of the rather squishy surface of a spider's body.

As my eyes travel around the room, I realize that Mom and Danny have left the house already. Since when were they such punctual people?

This unfortunately leaves me with no time to think of one of my plans; ones I often refer to as 'Penelope's Perfect Plans'. Google does not seem to work either; each and every article recommends staying away from spiders as much as possible, but that won't work considering one will be lurking around the house 24/7.

I ran up the stairs and into the bathroom. I decided that I needed to look gothic and rather emo for such a dark occasion like this. On a normal Saturday, I would opt for a casual pink sweater and ripped jeans, but no. This Saturday needed a grunge feel to it, the same feeling I associate spiders with. This spider needed a rival to it, and I am willing to make sure that it will not stand out in any way and steal the 'youngest sibling' spotlight from me.

I put on the darkest pieces of clothing I had with a pair of fishnet stockings and a choker. I applied dabs of the weirdest makeup I could find lying around Mom's closet, and blasted rock music to my ears with my iPod. A new addition to the family meant for a new me.

But when I dashed down the wooden steps to the living room, I saw something I had never seen before. It still had the same long legs of a spider, but this time, they looked more like the word 'silky' than the word 'horrendous'. Its eyes weren't the petrifying, laser-red ones I had seen my whole life; they were rather doe-like and observant. The adorable little spider suddenly climbed up my arm and raised its leg as if to say hello, its body felt fuzzy like a cat's instead of squishy and slimy.

I knew for sure that the spider was going to steal our family's attention, but for once, I actually felt content that it was now part of the Roseburry family.

Tha Mantis and the Ant

By : Grishan Samtani - 8 Humility

There once was a Mantis by the name of Manty. Mantises were agile, intelligent, and flexible. This allowed Manty to live a life without worry, as predators could not keep up with his nimble speed and he spent barely any time looking for food. The grassy environment he lived in was like his kingdom. And he was the ruler.

However, Manty had one problem. His general success had led to him becoming lazy. He only thought about the moment, but never the future.

Manty had a friend named Aaron. Aaron was a worker ant, and was quite the opposite of Manty. He had poor vision and had to toil to provide food for himself. Despite this, Manty and Aaron were the best of friends.

As winter was approaching, Aaron began to work twice as hard to stock up on food. He toiled day after day, and barely had enough time to sleep. Manty was quite the opposite. He refused to spend an extra second hunting for food to stock up on. Manty ignored Aaron's advice, like a stubborn business man refusing to spend an extra second working.

As temperatures deteriorated, snow began to fill every nook and cranny of the previously grassy haven. The snow was thick and hard to travel through. Most leaves of plants and trees were frozen by the cold, and no longer provided the camouflage Manty required. To make matters worse, wild cats as fast as lightning began to roam around the winter-scape. They outsped Manty and preyed on insects like him.

Aaron was right. The harsh winter environment prevented even a biological masterpiece like Manty from thriving. Manty began to starve, and pleaded to Aaron for any food at all.

"Please Aaron. You were right, and I was being stubborn. I can't risk getting eaten whole! You know that. I'm sorry."

Aaron grinned and gave Manty some food to get him by. Manty survived, and from that point on, he always thought ahead from the present.

Tha Mantis and the Ant

By : Grishan Samtani - 8 Humility

There once was a Mantis by the name of Manty. Mantises were agile, intelligent, and flexible. This allowed Manty to live a life without worry, as predators could not keep up with his nimble speed and he spent barely any time looking for food. The grassy environment he lived in was like his kingdom. And he was the ruler.

However, Manty had one problem. His general success had led to him becoming lazy. He only thought about the moment, but never the future.

Manty had a friend named Aaron. Aaron was a worker ant, and was quite the opposite of Manty. He had poor vision and had to toil to provide food for himself. Despite this, Manty and Aaron were the best of friends.

As winter was approaching, Aaron began to work twice as hard to stock up on food. He toiled day after day, and barely had enough time to sleep. Manty was quite the opposite. He refused to spend an extra second hunting for food to stock up on. Manty ignored Aaron's advice, like a stubborn business man refusing to spend an extra second working.

As temperatures deteriorated, snow began to fill every nook and cranny of the previously grassy haven. The snow was thick and hard to travel through. Most leaves of plants and trees were frozen by the cold, and no longer provided the camouflage Manty required. To make matters worse, wild cats as fast as lightning began to roam around the winter-scape. They outsped Manty and preyed on insects like him.

Aaron was right. The harsh winter environment prevented even a biological masterpiece like Manty from thriving. Manty began to starve, and pleaded to Aaron for any food at all.

"Please Aaron. You were right, and I was being stubborn. I can't risk getting eaten whole! You know that. I'm sorry."

Aaron grinned and gave Manty some food to get him by. Manty survived, and from that point on, he always thought ahead from the present.

A Christamas Cafe

By : Manuela Ailin Sutanto - 8 Integrity

Elegantly crossing her legs, the lady with beautiful roasted almond hair sits quietly. Behind her, varieties of fruit are stacked and imprisoned in baskets. Lovely-wrapped presents neatly laid out, accompanied by a star that's as delicate as every painting in a museum. Meanwhile, two muffins are pitied and given mercy, therefore left behind on a pie-like plate.

The cause of the admiration captured on the lady's face has to be the snowflakes dangling around the window, which creates a more wintry mood in the cafe. She gets more and more mesmerized each time the tranquil snowflakes outside drop to the ground or stick onto the surface of the window, forming wintry spiderwebs with different designs.

On a plate there are mini cakes wearing chef hats, waiting to be eaten. The desperate cry of the cakes is resisted by the lady who is too content and busy focusing on the winter webs. Leaving her hand on a steaming hot mug (probably as hot as a dragon's kiss); she does not look bothered at all.

Hanging fruits: bananas, apples, oranges and pears are stood and placed still inside a basket with no way to escape, other than to be consumed by some living soul. Thus, there seems to be no hope of escaping, for the fruits have been left untouched. There are three of the exact same basket; as if one had given birth to the other two. The first basket, filled with bananas and apples is no doubt the number one favorite choice among customers as it is placed at the very top. The middle is packed with fruits not very favored by people, such as peaches and pears. The last basket, not even half full, is loaded with dull boring and common oranges, unlike the other two above – perhaps a disgrace?

The perfect winter day is completed and finished off with mellifluous classical piano music. Nothing can be as enticing and wonderful as a flawless snowy cafe day, which happens to be today.

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Back at School

By : Darren Yip - 9 Teamwork

After a mind-numbing two-and-a-half years without physical socialisation, I was finally back. To my surprise, the frail calico cat still makes itself comfortable under the shade of the Sakura tree outside the campus. I paid no attention to it and advanced towards the entrance of school.

As I walked in, a sweet punch of nostalgia uppercut me straight in the gut. The colourful playground on the left looked worn down, yet the faces of new kindergarteners still ecstatically ran around, hands spread out wide as if they were aeroplanes. The defective swing still hung on to dear life, only attached by a single rope now used as a climbing obstacle. On my right was the outside area of the canteen, with creaky, round, wood tables and plastic chairs surrounding them. Disgusting remains of gum were still stuck under the table the 12th graders usually sit in. The gigantic tree still loomed over the area, with the carvings of “C x C” still engraved onto its trunk. Chris and Claire have graduated already, yet they still left their mark on the school.

Walking into the building made me feel like walking into my room after a month of vacation. I had missed it. I took a glimpse towards the cafeteria and the kind, Chinese food stall lady stood there, smiling patiently waiting for 9:36 to strike. When I looked at her, I remembered the seducing, sweet aroma of her fried rice. The graceful mix of the sweet and sour chicken and the carefully sauced, salty rice that melts exhilaratingly in your mouth. A spot of saliva managed to escape my mouth, all the way down to the marble floor. Snapping back to reality, I turned my head 180 degrees towards the direction of the classrooms. Signposts with the names of the classes were posted alternating from the left and right walls. Spiderwebs still hung on 9 Teamwork’s sign and 10 Humility’s sign was still covered in mould. The now not-so-white corridor walls were still stained in paint and parts of it torn off. The gruesome stench of 2-and-a-half-year-old cheese still reeked from locker 217-05. I walked forward a few steps and took a glimpse of the classrooms. Still prison looking as always. Traumatized, I decided to turn back and head for the sports hall.

Immediately after I took one step in, the disgusting odour from the boys’ changing room snuck its way into my nostrils. I gagged. The bleachers on the left still had remains of hamburgers and barbeque sauce. The slanted, crooked basketball rim in Court 2 still stood depressingly as no one ever plays with it. Even more, rust had started forming on the soccer goalposts and the volleyball nets still had unpatched holes in them. The small fans hanging from the ceiling spun slowly; depressingly. Suddenly, the unnecessarily loud, annoying bell rang and shook my eardrums.

I realised I was late for class. I took my bag and dashed as fast as I could. The wind rushed into my ears and the breeze hit my face as I passed the incredible-smelling food stalls in the canteen. Passing locker 217-05, I gagged once again but continued rushing. Finally, I reached my classroom. Late to class on my first day back in school after the pandemic.

Trapped in an Elevator

By : Jonathan Handoko - 9 Respect

The elevator stopped going up. The silver floor beneath our feet shook. The shiny floor tiles moved sideways rapidly - left, right, left, right. My feet suddenly became weightless as I couldn't feel the floor underneath me. The mirrored walls shuddered, throwing our reflections at us - terrified, pale ghosts, stopped dead in their tracks. The mirror to my right started cracking. The crack grew quickly, and it jolted straight up to the ceiling. The mirrored wall became mirrored no more as a million tiny glass shards came raining on us. An ear-piercing scream echoed around our metal cage, suffocating me. Now the rocky wall stood pale and brown, with tiny cracks starting to appear. The lights started flickering as the elevator went from day to night and back to day again a dozen times a second. The then-glowing elevator control buttons shut down, with the light being sucked out of them. Hell had broken loose.

The woman beside me cowered in fear. Her frail, tiny body was shuddering and she looked as if she was going to collapse. Her hands were shaking as she loosely held her tiny pink purse. Her green dress shivered with her and the creases and folds on its middle section grew clearer as she hunched her back even more. The feather on her green hat was shivering. Her face grew paler and her wrinkles grew more clear every second. Her bloodshot eyes bulged out and her skin became the same colour as her silver, curly hair. Her lips were moving so slightly - she was trying to say something but no words came out.

To my right, a tall, lean man waved his arms, barking orders in a deep, gruff voice. His clothes stood out so clearly as if it was a lightbulb - a white suit and tie against his dark skin. He stood tall, chest puffed up trying to gain control of the situation. Sweat dripped down his shiny, bald head, but he kept a fierce expression. His large arms moved so fast, for a moment, it looked like he had four. He walked back and forth, from the controls to the broken wall, his face still keeping its confident expression.

In front of me, a thin man leaned on the gleaming silver elevator doors with a crazed grin on his face. He was wearing a striped red and white sweater, much too big for his twig-like body. His jeans were ripped and appeared to be much too tight for his comfort. His beard had breadcrumbs on it and his teeth were bright yellow, which illuminated the dark room. A black durag covered the top of his head, its tail swaying behind him. His hands were fiddling with a cigarette and he seemed ignorant of the Hell that had broken out in the elevator.

Beside the man was a woman carrying a baby. The woman was only thrice the height of the baby. The woman was a frozen ghoul, her skin turning a bright shade of green. Her pink T-shirt and tight cycling pants squeezed the life out of her. Her hair was in a crazed state - it was puffy with many strands sticking out. Her swollen eyes were hidden by the dripping black makeup mixing with her tears. The baby was wearing blue clothing, its youthful face appeared not so innocent anymore as it looked out in fear. Was that thing a baby or a goblin? The way his face looked, it didn't matter that much. It let out a high-pitched, ear-piercing cry that bounced off the elevator walls. Its face was crumpled and red with streams of tears rushing down his face down to its shirt.

I sat down in the corner of the elevator, looking at the chaos unfolding in front of me. I swayed my head back and forth with my fists clenched, and my arms wrapped around my knees. I couldn't feel anything, not the sweat trickling down my neck, not my chattering teeth, not my spine tingling, nothing. I started tugging my hair and let out a blood-curdling scream, a sound too horrible for any man to hear. With fear flooding my insides and insanity starting to eat up my mind, I stood up, legs trembling, fear turning to rage, anger boiling inside me. My tendons tightened and my veins bulged out of my skin. With a crazed expression and overflowing rage, fear, stress, and a sense of wildness building up inside my mind, I bolted toward the elevator doors. Everything went black.

Terra Firma

By : Tiara Kasih - 9 Integrity

Long-time no see! With you travelling so much, I haven't seen you since Christmas! Speaking of travelling, I'm writing you this letter because I heard you want to reserve a seat on one of those space flights. Is that true? Honestly, if it is, I think you shouldn't go for it. The cons seriously outweigh the pros and it's honestly just useless.

I mean, getting a seat is really just supporting a bad cause. Space tourism is an environmental disaster. The sheer amount of CO2 released into the air by one rocket alone is amazing. It's pure insanity! I heard there was this astronaut. Do you know what he said? He said the atmosphere surrounding Earth is pretty fragile. Launching a bunch of rockets into space won't make the atmosphere that LITERALLY ALLOWS US TO BREATHE any less fragile. And you funding more projects like this is going to more money into that agenda.

Plus, it's not like it'll benefit you or society very much anyway. It's just putting more money into the already-full pockets of billionaires. You'll get five minutes of nothing special at most. Maybe a cool look out of the window, but that's not worth thousands of dollars. And society won't get much better. All that money that could've gone to charity just goes to launching rockets.

But I see where you're coming from. It seems really cool. Going up to space, feeling weightless for a while, looking out the window, and seeing Earth; it all sounds fantastic. The bragging rights are also outstanding.

And it could be great for you in the future! You travel so much, so investing in space travel right now means that travel times can be way faster in the future! Instead of an hour's flight to Canada, why not 30 minutes?

But, realistically, it's not a good idea. It's not helpful, it's horrible for the environment, and as the industry stands right now, the pros I mentioned won't be around for another decade. Don't do it, it's not worth the money!

I hope I've changed your mind if you were leaning towards going for it. And I hope you'll be back in time for Christmas! Hope for a reply soon!

Crime and Punishment: Ivanova Sisters Murdered by Former College Student

By : Anya Rahardja - 10 Humility

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA – On the 2nd of December 1863, Alyona Ivanova and her half-sister Lisaveta were found dead in the apartment of the former, both bludgeoned to death by what the policemen have identified as an axe. Investigators initially suspected that the reasons behind the murder were tied to Alyona's nature as a pawnbroker, which has made her a target for resentment by her clients. Despite that, the culprit admitted that he committed the crime out of self-delusion and ridiculous fantasies. The process of uncovering the facts of this case is long and tedious – even involving a false confession. However, the true culprit has now been revealed to be Rodion Raskolnikov – a college dropout who had previously pawned some items of his to Alyona Ivanova.

According to Porfiry Petrovich, the person in charge of investigating the murders of the Ivanova sisters, says that Raskolnikov confessed to the crime of his own volition. In his confession, Raskolnikov details his thought process behind planning out the murder. It is clear that this disgraceful act came from a place of poor mental stability and powerful ego. Raskolnikov also confesses that he had only planned to murder Alyona Ivanova while her step sister Lisaveta Ivanova had only been unfortunate enough to walk in on the crime as it was happening.

Rodion Raskolnikov is no stranger to poverty, having lived in it for months and this is actually the largest reason behind his absence from college. Already he is in debt to his landlady Praskovya Pavolvna due to the fact that his rent is long overdue.

"I guess what I wanted was that sweet feeling of being free – unbound by poverty, unbound by social constructs of any sort, and that led me to spiral," said Raskolnikov upon questioning. Apparently, Raskolnikov had thought that he would be rational enough to get away with the crime and all consequences (including mental ones), yet he found himself quickly humbled by the precariousness of none other than his own psyche, causing him to eventually own up to the murder.

Prior to Raskolnikov's confession, in another odd turn of events, came a confession by Nikolai Dementryev, a painter working in the building where the two women had gotten murdered. Oddly enough, he confesses to doing the crime despite the fact that he has no relation or interaction with Raskolnikov, but more importantly the fact that he didn't actually kill the two women.

"It was an odd turn of events, truly. The moment I heard the confession from Nikolai, I already knew that he hadn't actually committed the crime, it just didn't make sense for him to do it. It was clear at least to me that Raskolnikov was guilty, but he had not a single piece of evidence on him!" states Porfiry Petrovich when asked concerning the false confession. As it turns out, Nikolai felt that he needed to atone heavily to other sins that he had committed in the past, and found the murder of the Ivanova sisters to finally get the suffering that would redeem him of his sins.

"If there's anything we can take from this case, it is that us policemen have to be more open to the bizarreness of the cases caused purely by the unfathomable depths of the human psyche," remarks Petrovich in a closing statement. Raskolnikov is currently serving out his prison sentence of 8 years of hard labour in Siberia.

Heaven on Earth

By : Grace Gunawan - 10 Teamwork

It was a Sunday morning, and the heavens were open. The blank canvas of baby blue above it was as clear as I have ever seen it, with the nearest cloud being at least a thousand miles away. The majestic red sun taking its rightful place at the centre of the sky, as if proclaiming its power. The dark turquoise waters glistening and glimmering under the glowing light of the sun. I could tell the waves were racing against each other as they crashed onto the shore with a whoosh every now and then. The ocean was so wide, it was unclear where the sky met the sea. From a distance, all I could see was the fine line between the deep dark blue and the bright baby blue. The contrast in colour so obvious, that it was as if God himself had chosen the lightest and darkest shade of blue and painted it over each other.

The shadows of the enormous mountains on the horizons stood like bystanders, amazed at the beauty of the waters under them. A couple of grey dolphin fins protruded out of the uneven layers of water as if they wanted to see for themselves how grand their home looked like from land. The seagulls above them flying in groups, forming a letter 'V' with their leader at the front, guiding its pack in circles. Their wings flapped in such synchronization, it was as if they were flying in slow motion, eventually reaching the other end of the sky.

Closer to me, on the nice warm sand, were children of ages five to eight, rushing gleefully across the beach. The sound of their laughter and chatter brought a sense of warmth to my heart, almost nostalgia even. Somehow, in the midst of their restlessness, the squawking of the seagulls above and the sound of the dancing waters, I found inner silence. Like I was able to bring myself to a quiet place, while everything else just faded into the background. The warmth of the sun on my skin, the rough texture of the golden sand, the sudden cool splashes of water on my calves, all blended into one as if transporting me into another dimension.

My mouth was closed, yet I could taste the tingling salty fizz of sea water, just like soda. The perfectly warm atmosphere dramatized the way in which the hairs on my legs stood erect when the waters would splash onto the shore, drop by drop. The smell of freshly squeezed sour lemonade pierced my nostrils like a yarn through the eye of a needle, causing my entire body to tingle with excitement. The warm gooey smell of the melted cheese sandwich my mom had packed made me forget everything that was not part of the sight before me. Together with the fresh scent of the sea waters, I didn't even have to open my eyes to appreciate the beauty before me. Even when my eyelids touched I could still see it so clearly; the bright yellow sands disappearing into the clear waters, the sun watching over everything happening underneath, the seagulls, the children, and even the lemonade stand in the far left corner. Everything was perfect, everything was in place. There wasn't a thing that did not fit in. In this place, everything belonged.

I couldn't help but feel the smile on my face grow wider and wider with every passing second. With my hair tucked back and my palms on the rough ticklish warm sand, my mind kept wondering how I got lucky enough to witness such a beautiful sight. Everything was glowing, everything was gleaming, everything was bright. Doubt and worry were not welcome in this place. The fine yellow glow of everything around me made it impossible to feel anything but joy. It was as if I could see dusts of glitter blanketing everything around me. This is my happy place. This is where I find peace. This is my heaven on earth.

PEACE

By : Shifa Syaugi - 10 Teamwork

As my fingertips grazed over the spiky green grass, my feet feeling the spikiness as I breathed in the fresh summer air. My dark brown wavy hair was pushed back as a gust of wind blew over me. I took another deep breath, absorbing and capturing the moment, sealing it forever. I opened my eyes to scan the wonders before me. Green, green grass that I am sat on connected to a glistening, shimmering, bright blue pool of water, a majestic pond, where large grey rocks lined it carefully crafting its beautiful bean shape. The water reflecting light from the large yellow orb in the sky that illuminates all life on earth. The blue colour of the pond a reflection of the perfect hue of baby blue that was the sky that day. I looked up to find beautiful fluffy white clouds that painted the sky. I put my head down on the grass, feeling the spiky small hairs on the grass prickle my neck, letting my small, baby doll white dress get stained by the ground the grass grew on. I took another breath, inhaling the scent of fresh wet grass and dirt, the scent of the earth. I let my gaze fall back on the bright blue sky again, watching the clouds as white as snow take different shapes and forms of different animals and objects.

I sat up and stretched my aching back to see that a white swan with an orange and black beak had started swimming in the pond while I was watching the clouds. The swan danced around, spinning in circles as I heard the sound of its feathers whooshing and swooshing in the water, creating a therapeutic effect. I spotted a pink flower, standing out amongst the short green grass, next to my foot, tickling my right pinkie. I bent over to reach it, my short, stubby fingers grasping the stem, and plucking it from the ground, removing it from its home. The stem felt velvety and was a dark shade of forest green. The petals were multiple shades of baby pink, dark pink and red, a contrast so beautiful, I was mesmerised. The petals all clamoured around the centre of the flower which had yellow bits of what seemed to be nectar, indicating that it had a sweet smell. I took the flower up to my nose and took in the sweet floral scent that was so perfect, yet so strong, I could taste it on the tip of my tongue. I remembered that flowers containing nectar were edible, so I brought the sweet flower to my mouth and sucked on the little bud in the middle, with the yellow bits. The taste of the nectar was as sweet as sugar and as thick as honey. I fell back onto the grass, sighing loudly as I once again watched the clouds, and fell to the grass. My hands gripped the ground tight as I thought of capturing the perfect moment forever and storing it for future. The wind blew through me once again, the cold breeze chilling the exposed skin of my legs and arms, sending shivers down my spine. My eyes closed to enjoy the breeze and feel everything. Hear everything. Slowly, my mind shut down as I listened to the waters whooshing, the breeze flowing and my heart beating. All in one rhythm. I felt at peace with nature. I truly felt at peace.

How Was “Reverse Selfie” Such An Effective Advertisement?

By : Ayla Sumampouw - 11 Teamwork

“Reverse Selfie” is a print ad campaign published by the commercial giant Dove as a part of their self-esteem project. In this campaign, Dove showcases the transformation of a string of women’s faces, all of whom come from different races and ethnicities as they alter their facial features using a facial editing app. Additionally, Dove published this advertisement in an age where the growing influence of technology and social media has affected the lives of many. Although this advertisement might be circulated through physical mediums such as magazines and billboards, it would certainly also circulate through various social media platforms. By doing this, Dove paints themselves as a socially conscious brand—a brand that cares about aspects beyond profit margins and revenue. Furthermore, the purpose of this advertisement is to touch upon the audience’s sympathy in hopes that it is through this sympathy and sense of social responsibility that they share this advertisement to other people in order to enlarge Dove’s consumer base. Through differences between the two image’s resolution, the differences in the girl in the image’s hair colour, and the headline, Dove is able to communicate to the audience that nothing on the internet is ever real and the daunting pressure of social media may cause young women to change who they are in order to fit in to society’s beauty standards.

To begin with, in the advertisement entitled “Isabel” Dove uses two distinctly different image resolutions in order to create a sharp contrast between the unedited image and the edited image. For example, the image on the left (the unedited image) is produced at a high resolution whereas the image on the right (the edited image) is produced at a very pixelated resolution. As a result, due to its high resolution, the image on the left is able to accentuate the girl in the image’s (Isabel) blemishes, redness, acne, and flaws even more. Hence, because of such clarity, the audience’s attention is drawn to those areas of imperfection; what the audience mainly see when they look at the image on the left is Isabel’s acne. Furthermore, a reason why Dove chose to draw attention to the skin out of all the other features could be because the skin is a common feature all women are insecure about. Therefore, by placing emphasis on acne and skin blemishes, the audience is able to see themselves within the advertisement. Isabel, to the audience, serves as a reflection of themselves. Thus, this creates intimacy between the audience and the advertisement, and it builds a sense of trust between the audience and the brand (Dove). On the other hand, the picture on the right is crafted in a way that looks fake and robotic. Instead of presenting the image as clear and sharp, Dove purposely pixelates the image, making it look grainy and of low resolution. The visible pixels within the image gives the audience the impression that the image has been heavily edited. The pixels coupled with the almost too perfect portrayal of Isabel, insinuates to the audience that this half of the image is an inaccurate representation of who Isabel really is. The pixels give the image an overall robotic aesthetic. Consequently, the robotic aspect of the image gives the audience the impression that this half of the image is unreal and false. As a consequence of contrasting these two image resolutions so strikingly beside each other, Dove is able to visually represent the shocking transformation of Isabel before and after her face has been faceted and edited. This obvious difference between a bare, unedited face versus a made up, heavily edited face, is able to shock the audience as they themselves might have done the same thing or have been placed in that same position. This causes the audience to feel a deep sense of connection with the advertisement. They are able to sympathise with Isabel and understand her position, which leads to them feeling moved. As the audience feels moved, they might even share this advertisement to other people which increases Dove’s reputation as a socially conscious and reputable brand.

How Was "Reverse Selfie" Such An Effective Advertisement?

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Moreover, the differences between Isabel's hair colour and style in the unedited and edited images are able to suggest to the audience that the pressure and toxic beauty standards perpetuated by social media often forces young girls to change who they are in order to fit themselves into a certain mould that society deems attractive and worthy. In the image on the left, the audience is able to see that Isabel's hair is quite frizzy and unstyled—meaning that it looks plain and straight just as a typical person of straight hair would look like. However, this is evidently contrasted by the edited image beside it which shows Isabel's hair to be styled and voluminous. The frizz in Isabel's hair seems less noticeable on the image on the right, and instead of pin straight hair, her hair is curled and filled with volume. This form of perfect hair is reminiscent of a beauty pageant contestant or a Barbie doll, and as the image transitions from that of an unedited image to an edited image, the audience gets to see how Isabel's hair moves away from that of a typical teenage girl, to a more beauty-pageant-perfect, unreal Barbie doll. To add to this, hair is often regarded as an important aspect of a young woman. It is often said that a woman's hair is her crown and identity. In consequence, when the audience sees this apparent difference in Isabel's hairstyle being laid side by side, they are also, by extension, able to see the shift in Isabel's identity. Additionally, this causes the audience to sympathise with Isabel. This sympathy creates a deep and lasting impression on them and causes them to associate Dove with social justice and inclusive beauty standards. Alongside the shape, Isabel's hair colour also changes as the image transitions from one without the use of face apps to the one with the use of face apps. In the unedited image, Isabel's hair colour is a subtle orange or copper. However, as the image transitions to the one on the right, her hair colour appears lighter and blonder. This transition from copper to blonde represents Isabel's conformity to Eurocentric beauty standards. It conveys to the audience that through the pressure of social media and the usage of facial apps, Isabel was able to remove a part of her cultural and ethnic identity in order for her to make space for a new one. On the same note, the audience might understand Isabel's motivations as they themselves might relate to those pressures, causing them to feel touched by the story this image is trying to convey. As a consequence, they might share and spread word of this advertisement—whether or not they truly believe that Dove stands by what they say. This then causes Dove to penetrate a greater market and a larger audience who are able to associate their brand with equitable and inclusive beauty standards.

Lastly, Dove writes its headline in big and bold fonts to catch the audience's attention and leave a lasting impact. This is most evident when the font and colour of the headline is compared to the text underneath it. Whereas the text underneath it is written in small letters, with the colour subtly blending in the background, the headline is written in big and bold letters with its colour contrasting from the background. The contrasting colours help make the headline more visible for the audience. Its big fonts also help catch the audience's attention. The words, "Let's stop retouching apps from blurring her confidence," also help create inclusivity between the audience and the advertisement. This call to action invites the audience to take part in the movement. The word "Let's" insinuates to the audience that it isn't just Dove that should play a part in the eradication of these toxic beauty standards, but the audience as well. This headline, in a way, holds the audience accountable. Owing to this, the audience now feel socially responsible and will therefore feel more inclined to share and spread this advertisement by social media and word of mouth, which increases Dove's brand exposure and reputation. Aside from this, the words "blurring her confidence" also refers to the idea of technology depriving people of their confidence and hence their identity. As social media frequently forces a certain narrative of what is considered attractive towards society, young girls often made to feel insecure regarding their looks. This causes them to alter themselves and who they are in order for them to feel accepted.

Through the use of different image resolutions, alterations of certain aspects of Isabel's hair, and the headline, Dove was able to create an impactful and meaningful advertisement that is able to play on the audience's sympathies. This advertisement is able to recognize the power of sympathy and the importance for an audience to feel included and seen within an advertisement. Although Dove isn't the only brand to have preached social issues in order to brand itself as a socially conscious and ethical brand, it certainly can be counted among the effective users of the strategy.

Burger King Advert Analysis

By : Edzel Andhika Sutanto - 11 Teamwork

Text 2 is an advertisement for Burger King made by the ad agencies David, INGO and Publicis in 2020. This advertisement was created to convey the message that Burger King burgers do not contain any artificial preservatives and are, as a result, healthier. It does this cleverly by using the key features of advertisements of a the visual narrative, signature and copy to subvert readers expectations of what an advertisement for a burger would normally be like.

The visual narrative of this text prominently features a moldy burger, 'the whopper', against a totally black background. The moldy burger takes up almost half the entire space of the advertisement and this serves to draw the readers' attention to it first before any other feature of the text. The author's choice to use this image of a whopper for the advertisement and also to feature it so prominently directly contradicts readers' idea of what an advertisement for a burger is usually like. Advertisements for burgers usually aim to paint them in an appetizing and appealing light whereas this one is doing the opposite, using dark colors and not making any attempt to hide the moldiness of the burger. However, this advertisement does not do this to warn people from buying the burger but instead uses the visual narrative of a moldy burger to convince and persuade readers to buy the burger not because it is moldy but because the fact that it is moldy after 28 days shows that Burger King burgers do not contain artificial preservatives and are healthier than other burger brands. It also showcases how honest Burger King can be with their customers that they are willing to take a risk and show how their burgers truly are after 28 days and in doing so, makes readers more trusting of the brand and more likely to believe their claim that their burgers contain no preservatives. The author's use of the visual narrative in this advertisement subverts any readers' previously held ideas about Burger advertisements and in doing so effectively conveys the message that Burger King burgers are healthier because they contain no artificial preservatives to them and that, because of this, they should buy Burger King burgers instead of other brands.

The signature of the advertisement is featured less prominently in the moldy burger and it takes the form of a smaller but still noticeable Burger King logo in white. The author's choice to use only white for the logo is interesting because most burger ads feature a colorful logo which catches readers eyes very easily. But here, that convention is a burden and the logo itself takes second place to the most striking visual feature, the moldy burger. However, the placement of the white logo against a pitch-black background still succeeds in making it stand out. The fact that the other parts of the advertisement such as the text are also in white makes this particular advertisement look more like a public service announcement than an ad trying to sell something to the readers. This was a deliberate choice made by the author and it has the effect of almost 'shocking' the readers when they find out it was actually an ad from Burger King, creating a lasting impression on them. The author's use of a white logo as the signature makes it almost hidden to readers at a first glance and this once more subverts readers' notion of what a burger ad is usually like and creates a lasting impression on them as a result.

Copy of the advertisement contains the line "the beauty of no artificial preservatives." The other deliberately use the word "beauty" in reference to the moldy whopper to contrast it with the whopper's obviously unappealing nature. "No artificial preservatives" serves to give readers context about the ad and also the message it is trying to convey. This part of the copy also goes against what readers think a burger ad would usually be. Instead of talking about how delicious and appetizing the burger itself is, the author chooses to mention that it does not contain artificial preservatives, something hardly ever shown in burger ads. The acknowledgment of artificial preservatives is it self as a version of expectations. This makes the ad stand out from other burger ads in that the copy does not advertise all the delicious ingredients of the burger but rather says that it does not include one, health-harming ingredient. The other part of the copy says: "The Whopper, Day 28". "Day 28" is written in a slightly different font and this creates a greater emphasis on it. Here, the author again subverts the conventions of an ad for a burger. Other burger ads usually include how 'fresh' their burgers are when they are by while this one does the complete opposite. Besides that, it also gives the readers context about the image of the moldy burger. This again conveys a message of honesty and trustworthiness from Burger King in that they are not afraid to show how their burgers look like after 28 days.

In conclusion, this advertisement from Burger King effectively uses the advertisement key features of visual narrative, signature and copy to set itself apart from other burger ads, subvert readers' expectations and also imply their honesty about how their burgers are made. It conveys the message that, unlike other brands, Burger King does not use artificial preservatives in their burgers, making them healthier and because of this, readers should buy Burger King burgers instead of burgers from other brands.

Spiritualism, Happiness and Money

By : Marc Oei - 11 Respect

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By : Marc Oei - 11 Respect

What does being spiritual actually mean? It's a question many ask but no one has a definitive answer. So, I will apprise you with my take. To simply put it, being spiritual entails believing in a sort of higher being and it creates everything including us. It does not necessarily mean abiding by an organised religion's rules. There are also so many other factors that cause a shift in faith.

Imagine yourself being Christian. It isn't reading the bible per se that affects your faith. It's how you perceive things. Like getting a raise or devouring your grandma's scrumptious pies. These things can release serotonin which are chemicals that make you happier. This boosts your mood and with it, your faith. On the contrary, some things that bring you down might lower your faith. In fact, 87% of people who quit religions said they stopped believing in any sort of higher being when they were feeling unhappy. It was also reported that over 24 million Americans became atheists spanning the 2009 financial crisis.

People who are spiritual tend to be happier and tread carefully in life as they usually have a set of rules that limits them but these rules also give a sense of security during troubling matters as they have something to cling on. A study on the total rate of suicides in the US on the year 2020 concluded that out of 46,000 people who committed suicide, only 20% of the victims were religious in any ways while the remaining 80% were reported to not believe in any religion and not be spiritual.

Money and financial well-being is also another crucial factor in a person's spirituality as well as their happiness. For as long as people's happiness has been recorded, money has always been one of the key factors to people's happiness. Trends have shown that people who have more money tend to be happier than those who have less money. If you were to get a 50-thousand-dollar bonus, you would surely be happier than if you were to only get a 10 thousand dollar bonus. But there is also a certain threshold where happiness won't increase when our income increases. A study held by Princeton university researchers concluded that people's day to day happiness increases with income up to \$75000 at which it tops us. There isn't a difference of day-to-day happiness between people who earn \$100000 and those who earn \$75000

With what they have, religious people tend to spend more. This leads to them being more beneficial towards the economy because more spending is incurred. Several reasons why this might be is because first, they do tithing or offer a portion of their income and give it to their God as an offering. Also, they might have some moral rules which makes them spend more. People who are spiritual usually believe that everything they have was given to them by God and they try to give back to God.

All in all, being spiritual is not as easy as it looks and many things affect our faith. Some people choose to be pragmatic while others just believe. Though one thing is for certain, being spiritual helps us in many ways with unexplainable methods. It gives us something to latch on in times of trouble and can improve our quality of life. Let us be more spiritual and strengthen our faith so we don't get swayed by the other things that happen in life.

Night Falls Over Afghanistan, an Analysis

By : Eowyn Judge - 12Teamwork



First published on Caglecartoons.com, The Netherlands, August 18, 2021 | By Joep Bertrams

Joep Bertrams' iconic caricature "Night Falls Over Afghanistan" highlights the pertinent issue of women's rights by indicating its absence in a Taliban controlled patriarchal society. His incorporation of the US withdrawal from Afghanistan, which triggered the resumption of power by the Taliban, depicts the event's main victim as women. Though the caricature may be situated in Afghanistan, it appeals to all women as a lack of women's rights and women's inferiority is a common globally experienced issue. Through the use of hue, detailed imagery and allusion, Bertrams is able to emotionally connect the audience to the piece, causing them to yearn for social change by uniting.

Bertrams' great implementation of heavy graphic weight attracts the audience's attention to a traditional Taliban veil, which mirrors and alludes to the restrictions of women, overall appealing to the audience's pathos. The scattered falling of the veils indicates parallelism as it mirrors the sudden implantation of new laws restricting women. The portrayal of it falling reveals the sudden and quick nature of the Taliban's resumption of power after the US's withdrawal, which is depicted as a catalytic process that concerns women's rights. This speed of it all further highlights the inferiority of women in Afghanistan as they are easily governed and dominated by the Taliban's immediate response to USA's abandonment. The veil itself is portrayed in a way that is fully covered from head to toe. This great covering of the body, including senses, indicates the lack of basic human rights granted to women under the Taliban's rule as their sense of individualism and identities are forcefully hidden from society. The large number of veils falling within the background are drawn without individuals beneath. This alludes to the vulnerability of women as anyone can be situated under the veil and be limited by the Taliban. By appealing to the audience's sense of pathos by allowing sympathy with the women of Afghanistan to occur, the audience are able to hold a more emotional connection to the issue depicted by the cartoon. The audience recognises the state of despair and criticalness of the Taliban's resumption of power as it does not only concern women's rights but their sense of identity and individuality as well.

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A common theme incorporated by Bertrams within the piece is the overall hue and colour of the cartoon which sets a blue and depressing mood, appealing further to the audience's emotions and response to the cartoon. Bertram's use of a cold colour palette does not only drive the emotional state of sadness and despair, but mainly highlights the coldness of the Taliban's rule over women. A cold colour palette ranging from blues to purples indicates the loss of hope and reflects on women's internal struggle. The gradual transitioning of purple to dark blue as depicted by the gradient in the background, portrays the domination of darkness, sentimentally alluding to the evil and empty-hearted nature of the Taliban, who are hinted to have no remorse or concern in regard to social issues. The colour purple is universally associated with strength. Here it refers to the power of women and the entire Afghanistan community. As it is fading, it reveals the weakening and loss of communal strength as a result of the Taliban. Instead, it is being dominated by blue, which is associated with depressive attributes. Hence, Bertrams illustrates the background with such a gradient to highlight the common universal feeling of sadness shared within the country, indicating a united loss of hope. He uses such colours to indicate the criticalness of the entire issue, evoking the audience to yearn in providing a helping hand and in making social change as loss of hope within a community may result in a national separation.

Lastly, Bertrams' vivid and detailed depiction of an Afghanistan woman, paints the existing fear and the internal concerns shared between individuals, evoking for unity. Bertrams draws the woman as looking up with wide eyes and a strained neck. Her strained neck from looking above into the veil, reveals the tension within her and other Afghanistan women as they worry and dwell on their futures under the Taliban domination. Bertram paints the woman with eerily wide eyes as she looks into the veil, highlighting her great sense of fear of the Taliban's, further reinforcing the inferiority of women as they have no choice but to comply. The inside of the veil, the woman has been depicted to be fearing, is drawn by Bertrams as a black hole. This does not only indicate the grim future of Afghanistan women filled with horrors and troubles, but it also alludes to the general understanding of a 'black hole'. As black holes are universally known to swallow things and eliminate them, such a notion painted on Bertrams may refer to how the restrictions forced onto women by the Taliban's is equal with the complete removal of women from society. This is because under the new law regulations of the Taliban's women are forced to comply, highlighting the absence of freedom in both decision-making and free speech. Hence, there is no longer a sense of self for women under the Taliban. As the audience looks at the piece, similar to the persona, they reflect on their futures and what is predicted to happen as painted by Bertrams. This causes the audience to be vulnerable as they face fear, therefore evoking a sense of unity as they yearn to avoid such futures depicted by Bertrams.

Hence, through the use of colour, allusions and vivid imagery, Bertrams is able to paint the universal status of women within Afghanistan as inferior and easily-dominated in comparison to the Taliban. Within his cartoon, Bertrams continues to paint and portray the potential future of women under the Taliban rule, indicating the loss of self and women's rights. By highlighting women as the main victim of the US's withdrawal from Afghanistan and incorporating social issues in regards to women, Bertrams' cartoon remains to be effective till this day.

How does Sophocles explore the theme of blindness and its variants in Antigone?

By : Greta Lee - 12 Teamwork

Throughout *Antigone*, Sophocles alludes to the theme of “blindness,” most appropriately embodied by the play’s seer, Teiresias. However, it becomes evident that the idea of blindness transcends one’s capacity for sight. By combining parallelism and literary foils in his work, Sophocles posits blindness as a bilateral concept - specifically, encompassing extrinsic and intrinsic blindness - ultimately depicting the latter as more fatal.

When Sophocles first introduces Teiresias, Thebes’ clairvoyant seer, to the play “*Antigone*,” the playwright establishes that despite being visually impaired, a wise man who lacks vision can possess greater foresight than one who is inflexible but sees perfectly. This brutal irony is made evident by Teiresias’ prophecies in the fifth episode. The parallelism of the word “guide” when contextualised through Teiresias (“He is my guide, as I am guide to others.”) versus Sophocles’ allusion to Creon’s stubbornness (“This is how the blind must go, with a guide.”) effectively juxtaposes Teiresias’ ostensible blindness - which obscures only his physical sight - with Creon’s intrinsic blindness, that is, his inability to consider opinions that deviate from his own. Through Creon’s tragic downfall, Sophocles spotlights the danger of authoritarian behaviour, confirming that intrinsic blindness, rooted in one’s unwillingness to receive guidance from others, leads to greater damage than the actual incapacity for sight.

During the Teiresias-Creon conflict, Sophocles wittily unveils the two characters as foils of each other. Teiresias’ level-headed and insightful demeanour is a foil to Creon’s impulsive and reckless decrees. Upon discovering that Teiresias’ visions do not align with his demands, Creon’s sudden shift from compliance (“I have not rejected your advice in the past.”) to pride (“Do you realise it is your king that you insult?”) betrays that unlike Teiresias, it is not wisdom he seeks, but divine vindication for his autocratic rule. While Teiresias recognises his position as an inferior being, Creon continually challenges, rather than comply with, the gods in his dictatorship over Thebes. At this point in the play, Sophocles presents the detriment that obstinacy and pride inflicts on intrinsically blind individuals, causing them to reject even words of divination that surpass their own mortal knowledge.

Through the characters of Creon and Teiresias, Sophocles argues that there, in fact, are variations of blindness that persist in contemporary societies. Ultimately, the playwright’s use of parallelism and foil work in conjunction to portray blindness rooted in inflexibility, stubbornness and oppression as incomparably destructive to physical blindness.

Night Falls Over Afghanistan, an Analysis

By : Lovelyta Lukman - 12 Respect

In the 2021 political cartoon, “Night Falls over Afghanistan” posted on the site ‘Caglecartoons.com’, cartoonist Joep Bertrams addresses to their audience the controlled status of women in Afghanistan, in which Afghanistan women’s access towards basic human rights such as access to employment and education, as well as their own appearance, are restricted by the Afghan Taliban government. By utilising a political allegory, deeper-meaning visual composition and a distinct set of characterized features, Bertrams is able to appeal towards the audience’s sense of empathy and create outrage amongst their audience, hopefully inspiring change against the current restrained status of women’s rights.

The first noticeable feature of the cartoon is its allegory which alludes towards the restriction put on women’s clothing and appearance by the Taliban government. During this time, women were forced to wear a long, dark robe which turns them into a shapeless figure, with only their eyes exposed to the outside world. In the cartoon, the woman in the center, is seen looking up towards this bottomless figure which, based on the context of the other figures in the background, the audience can assume is the bottom part of the infamous ‘veil’, which threatens to shroud the woman in darkness. This is clearly a reference to the way in which women are being ‘shrouded’, or covered, by the long veil. However, it’s interesting to note that instead of having an opening in the middle of the headpiece where the woman’s eyes should go, added to the veils are these solid fabric that covers the eyeholes and ultimately blinding the women that the veils are covering.

This added feature serves to highlight the completely disabling rules set against the Afghanistan women. In the cartoon, the veil having no eyeholes means that the woman cannot see. This may allude to the situation in which due to the “veil”, or also known as the restrictions set on women, the government is essentially stripping the basic right a woman has to her own appearance (and subsequently education and employment), just like how it is the right of one human being to see. Thus, instead of focusing the cartoon on just women, Bertrams is able to relate the problem faced by Afghanistan women to something that all genders of readers, not just women, can empathise with: the lost of sight; not being able to clearly see things in this world and thus disadvantaged against the obstructions that intend to disable you. It is easier for everyone to relate to that, and thus by utilising the completely blinding ‘veil’ as an allegory in their cartoon, Bertram is able to highlight the impairment of women’s rights due to the authority in the text, thus spreading awareness of the issue, as well as creating empathy in the audience by generalising their characters, thus making it possible for the audience to care about the issue and possibly take action due to that care.

The next feature is the visual composition of the cartoon, which further acts to emphasize the point of women impairment, despite the public relativity of the piece, which serves to remind the audience that it is a woman’s right specifically that is being targeted. Firstly, the cartoon seems to comply with the rule of thirds which is a visual guide in which the composition is divided into three sections horizontally and vertically. Following this guide, the artist is able to direct the viewer’s eye towards the focal point by placing their focal areas in the meeting points/lines of the grid. By placing the woman in the section in which the lines intersect on the imaginary grid, Bertram invites the viewer’s attention towards the woman, highlighting her specifically.

In addition to this, it should be noted that the composition also suggests towards the social hierarchy and order that creates bias against a woman’s status by placing the veil— authority, the Taliban government, society—on top, and the woman on the bottom. Notice how the veil is on top and thus has the upper hand, about to capture the woman and blind her, whereas the woman is on the bottom, with no means to defend herself. By composing the piece as such, Bertram is confronting the audience with the idea that women are not and have never been in a position of power as the woman in the cartoon is literally placed on the bottom of the frame, almost about to be squashed by the all mysterious ‘veil’. This is thus, again, indicative of the hierarchy that exists that dictates the status of women throughout time. Hence, this feature serves to highlight the importance of the issue in that it is a woman’s issue about a woman’s status and how that status is affected due to a woman’s lesser position in society in which she is allowed to be mistreated, thus encouraging outrage in the audience.

Night Falls Over Afghanistan, an Analysis

By : Lovelyta Lukman - 12 Respect

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Lastly, is the characterization of the figures in the cartoon. Firstly, the veils. The veils are looking in different directions instead of just the same, which may suggest to the viewer that they are sentient beings that seem to be on a patrol of sorts, looking for women to capture in their darkness. In a way, this is a sort of visual personification that is done by Bertram, and by doing this, it makes the veil seem more threatening and intimidating as they seem more like living, mysterious floating figures who are out to hunt women. It creates this atmosphere of tension and suspense which will only later add to the audience's sympathy for the woman, and perhaps even fear for her safety. Additionally, it's evident from the downturn of the cartoon woman's eyebrows, wide doe eyes and generally sad face reveals the woman's feelings towards the veil, which is that she is terrified, just like how women dread the restrictions being put upon them. So, this sad face may be used to garner sympathy from the audience.

However, Bertrams takes it a step further and appeals to the empathy of the audience by making her white-skinned and light-haired. It's peculiar to note that the woman is your typical white skinned, brown haired, brown eyed girl. You would think that if the piece were alluding to only Afghanistan women, the character would look more like an Afghanistan woman with middle eastern features such as tanner skin, bushier eyebrows and an overall darker complexion. Instead, it is of a commonly media-portrayed and praised white-skinned and light-haired character. Hence, this may suggest the author's reference to not only the status of Afghanistan women, but women all over the world and how what happened in Afghanistan is something that happens all the time over and over throughout the course of history. This may even be indicative of the target audience of this piece which might be U.S. people as the person looks like they could potentially be American so it makes them sympathize more because they're seeing themselves in this artwork, being disadvantaged. Furthermore, it should be noted that in contemporary media, a person with a whiter complexion does garner more sympathy. So through particular characterization, Bertram is able to appeal to the audience's sympathy and empathy, creating an atmosphere of fear that the audience can feel and can thus relate to women's fear across the Earth that their rights may be stripped at any second.

Overall, all these features only serve to further highlight the author's message regarding the status of women worldwide, especially of those in Afghanistan, and to urge society, particularly fellow women, to take a stand and help that scared girl.