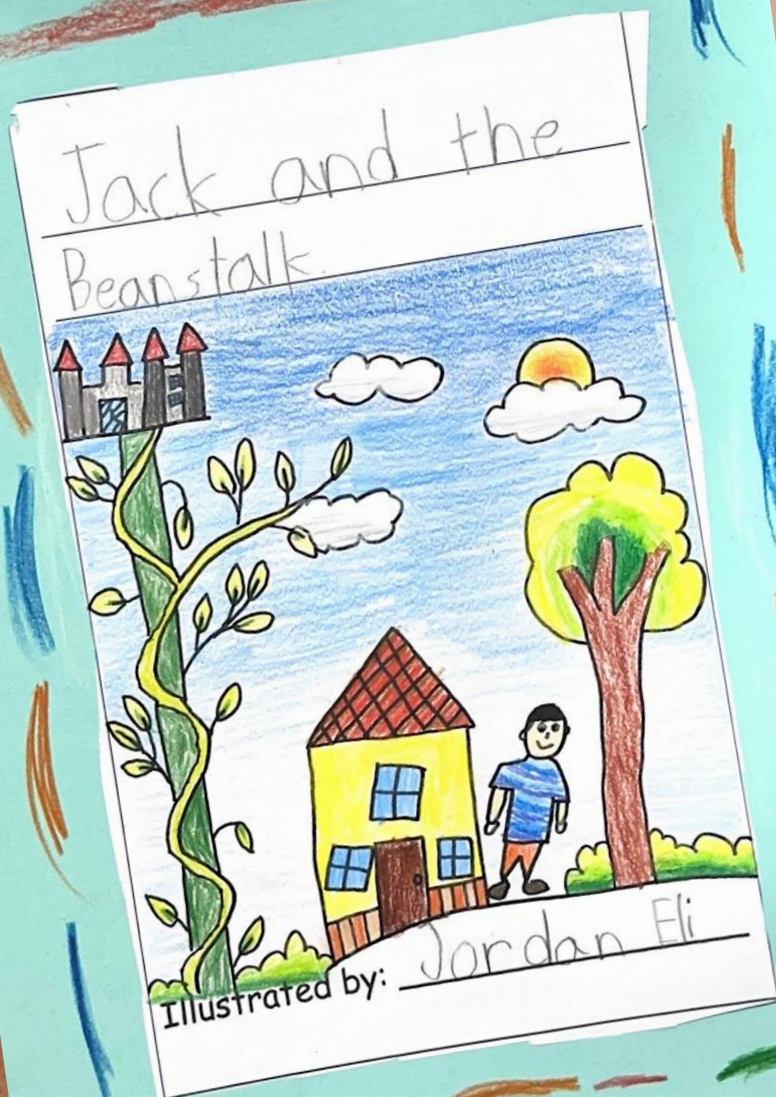


# BOOK COVER & BLURB

## Jack and the Beanstalk



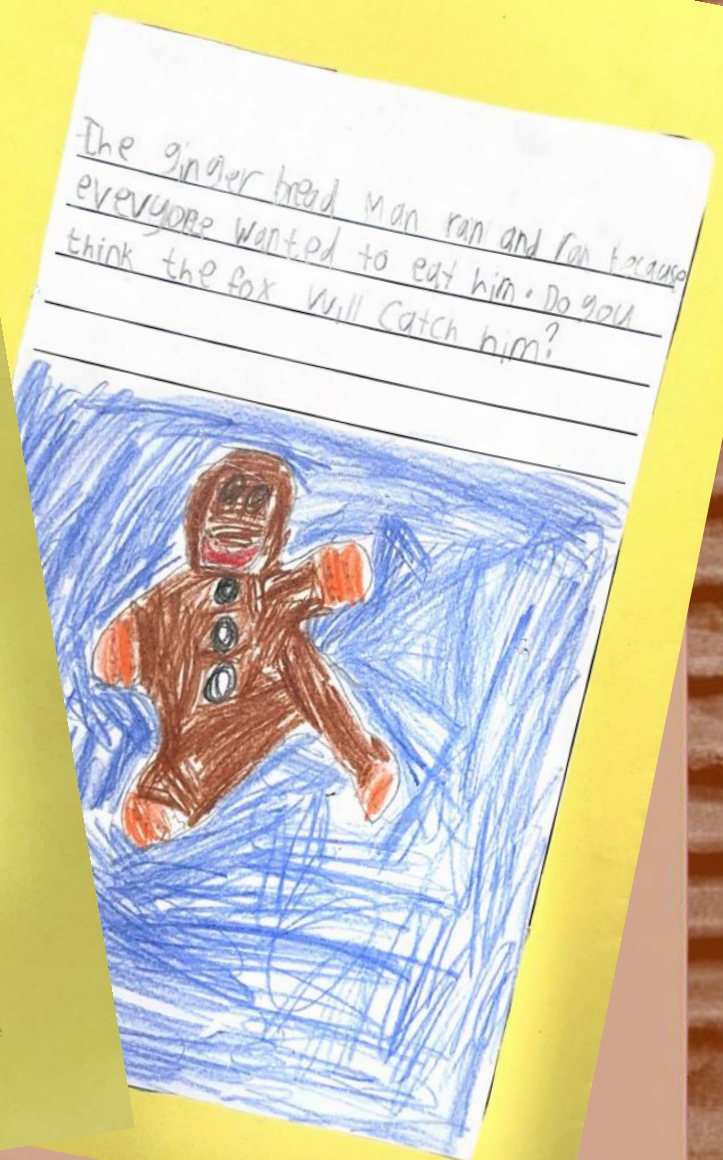
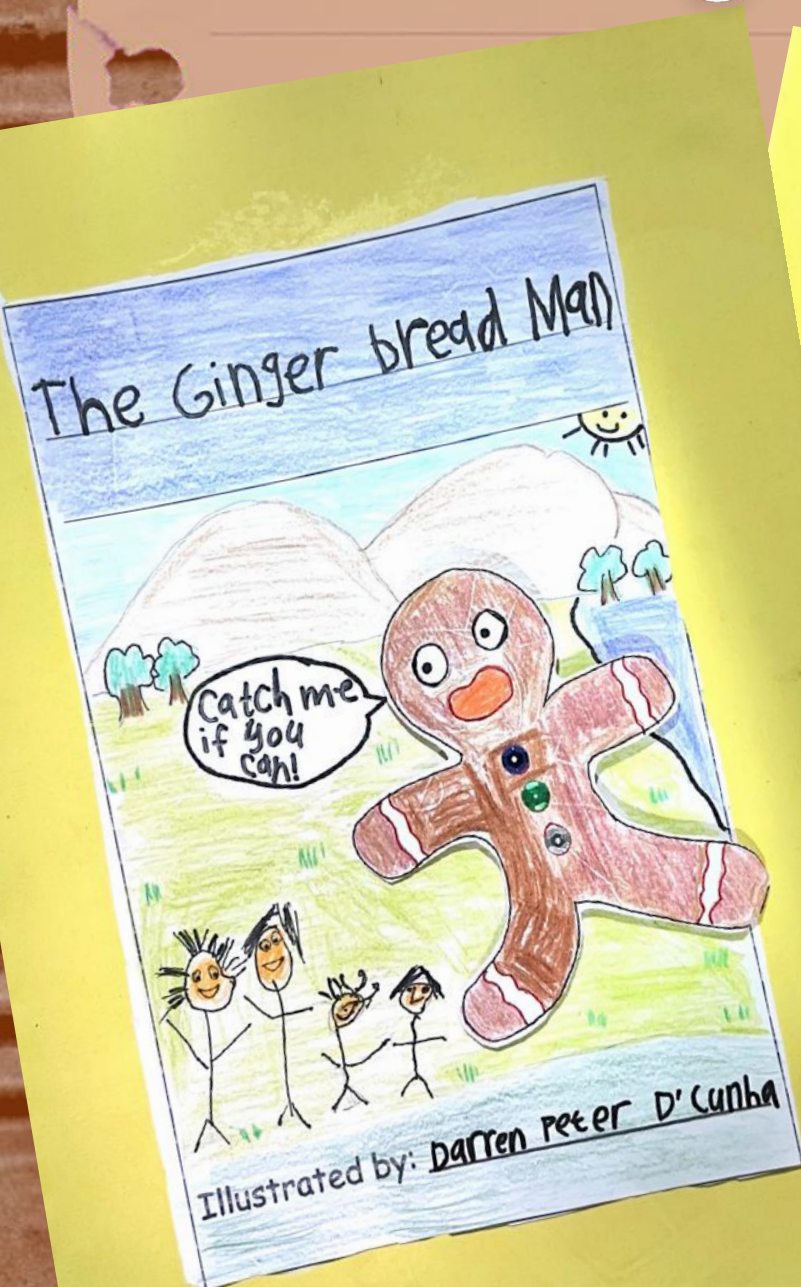
JORDAN SANTOSO

1 TEAMWORK



# BOOK COVER & BLURB

## The Gingerbread Man



**DARREN D'CUNHA**

1 HUMILITY



# The Lazy Lion and the Hardworking Mouse

Nadine Pietra Utomo -2T

## The Lazy Lion and the Hardworking Mouse

Once upon a time, a tiny mouse and a big lion lived in a dark forest. Mouse worked hard every day gathering food for winter. Lion, however, was very lazy.

One day, Lion saw Mouse collecting food and storing it in her house.

"Why are you working so hard?" asked Lion.

"I'm saving food for winter," replied Mouse.

Lion didn't listen to Mouse and kept playing, thinking the warm sun would last forever.

When winter came, Lion felt hungry because he had no food. Lion begged Mouse if she could give him her food. Although Mouse ate cheese, she still searched for some meat for the hungry lion. She found some meat under a log of wood. Mouse shared the meat with Lion.

In the end, they became good friends. Lion learned a very important lesson to work hard and prepare for the future.

**NADINE PIETRA UTOMO**

**2 TEAMWORK**



# The Naughty Ant and the Grasshopper

Tobias Tirtasaputra -2H

## The Naughty Ant and the Kind Grasshopper

Once upon a time, there lived a curious ant. The ant loved playing around his house with his brother but soon he got bored of playing around the house.

One day, the ant asked his mother and father, "Can I explore and play in the countryside?"

"Oh yes! But just don't go to the big house in the countryside. The owner hates ants and hides traps in the house!" replied his mother.

So the ant said goodbye to his parents and set off for the countryside.

Soon, the ant arrived. There were plenty of berries, fruits, cabbages, and lettuce to eat. He played around and ate all day and soon it was night. At night, he slept in a cosy bed of leaves.

The next morning, he saw a man carrying tasty berries into the big house. The ant crept into the house but got stuck in the glue of the ant's trap.

"I'm stuck!" he yelled with all his might. Luckily, a green grasshopper was fluttering around. He heard the noise and came to see. The grasshopper crept inside the house.

"Who is there?" he called out.

Just then, he saw the ant stuck in the trap. "Can you pull me out of this sticky trap?" pleaded the ant.

The kind grasshopper pulled the ant out and soon he was free. From that day, the ant and the grasshopper became best friends.

# TOBIAS TIRTASAPUTRA

2 HUMILITY

POEM

# Fun Football

## Fun Football

Since I was young, I loved football  
It was a sport loved by all  
It was tiring to run  
Because we were under the sun.

It feels good when my team wins  
Without making any sins  
I like to have fair play.  
That's when people obey.

Football trains us to work together.  
When we play football, our friendship lasts longer.  
I like to pass the ball.  
And they like to call.

A poem by Alyssa Lau 3H

ALYSSA LAU

3 HUMILITY



POEM

# The Blue Moon

## The Blue Moon

The blue night watches me in my room  
As I dream that I am on a broom.  
The little window that shows me light  
That guides me through my night  
The blue moon is like a star  
That I can see from my pop-tart.

The window by my side  
It opens wide  
Now the blue moon can see me clearly  
While I am sleeping deeply  
My night was fun  
As the next day I dream about a bun!

A poem by Biabulan Akhsan 3T

BIABULAN AKHSAN

3 TEAMWORK

# Diary of a Future Mars Explorer

Amelia Huang  
Grade 4H

(Future Mars Explorer)

Dear Diary,

Today, on the 28th of August, I went to another space camp! It was so fascinating and inspiring that I dream of stepping foot on Mars even more now! Did you know that NASA is planning a trip to Mars? I'm soooooo excited!

Whenever I look at the sky at night under the old oak tree, my determination always escalates. I am very sure I won't be apprehensive because it is my future goal. I got full marks in my science class but that is not enough. I am now training to be one of the members to go to MARS. For me, going to Mars is not just about flying rockets and having fun. I want to find out more about Mars.

Dad is planning to take me to camp again, but right now I am focused on my tough astronaut training. Even though the sky is gloomy, I will still keep on thinking that the light is glistening at me, waiting to lead me to Mars. My teacher was bamboozled by my astronaut knowledge, but it was perfectly normal for me. Anyways, the more the better so I am still willing to soar onto Mars on a spacious spaceship.

My friends witnessed firsthand that I practised until the break of dawn, so I'm sure they know how determined I am. Astronomy isn't that challenging for me.

That was a fantastic way to end this week and I am really determined and confident to go to Mars.

**AMELIA HUANG**

4 HUMILITY



# The Screaming Mirror

Cammy Irawan 4T

## The Screaming Mirror

It was an ordinary day in a house big enough for four people. The rain tapped softly along the windows. Emma stared longingly outside as she was wondering what she should do. Her bright blue eyes gazed upon the grey and endless sky. She was now in the attic. The attic had always been a dusty and odd place but this time, something about the attic felt different.

In the corner of her eye, she saw a mirror she had never seen before. Full of wonder, she walked towards the mirror and felt a sense of deep apprehension, something about the mirror made it feel like it was screaming for help. She gripped the mirror and suddenly felt cold air brushing her rosy cheeks. The scent of the attic was replaced with something crisp and wild. When she looked down, the floor of the attic had been replaced with falling snow.

Emma was very shocked but she kept on walking. Along the way, Emma saw otherworldly houses. Emma was confused and decided to stop. Suddenly, a towering figure emerged from the snow. He was half-man, half-horse... a centaur.

"You should not be here child!" the centaur shouted, "The Black Witch's magic has doomed us all."

"Well, I didn't mean to come here! The mirror tempted me," Emma replied.

"Wait... are you human?" the centaur asked. Before Emma could reply, the centaur dragged her to what seemed like the last growing tree and then the centaur just left.

Hours later, due to the freezing cold, Emma passed out. Her body was as still as a stone but luckily for her, a young faun spotted her. He grunted and grumbled trying to pick her huge body up. After many failed attempts, he succeeded!

Days passed but there was no sign of hope. Emma's body was still as hard as a rock. Her tears seemed to be frozen in time. Then, out of the blue, the colour in her eyes started to appear.

"Mother, father, she's waking up!" the young faun shouted.

Emma started to toss and tumble around the bed. She opened her eyes and jumped really high. Emma asked the young faun many questions. Suddenly, the faun broke some news to her...

The young faun said in a very serious voice, "You must kill The Black Witch!"

CAMMY IRAWAN

4 TEAMWORK



# Bree's Adventure

Avryl Suharli 5T

## Shasta and the Lions

Shasta stood frozen in awe. Before him was the largest pride of lions he had ever seen—more than twenty, their tawny forms scattered across a wide clearing in the forest. The clearing buzzed with noise as the lions loudly conversed with one another.

In the shadows, a massive lion prowled, its movements slow and deliberate. Shasta's eyes fixed on the beast. This had to be the leader. Its size alone set it apart, but the long scar etched across its face confirmed its status.

With a low growl, the leader climbed onto a jagged rock in the centre of the clearing and roared, "Silence!"

The entire pride instantly obeyed, their voices dropping to nothing. The leader smirked, pleased by the swift response.

"Today," the leader bellowed, "we embark on a mass hunt! Every creature in this forest will fall to us!"

A deafening cheer erupted from the lions.

Hidden among the trees, Shasta and Bree watched in horror. They needed to escape—immediately. Shasta's breathing quickened, his heart pounding in his chest. Bree, sensing his panic, whispered urgently.

"It's alright. We can get out of here," Bree reassured him.

"No, we can't!" Shasta hissed.

"We can do this. Slowly, now..." Bree began, but before he could finish, the ground gave way beneath him.

"AHHH!" they both screamed as they plummeted into the darkness.

Shasta landed with a thud, the wind knocked out of him. He groaned, his hands scraping against rough, uneven ground. His first thought was pure dread: Is this the end of my life? As his eyes adjusted to the dim light, he realised they had fallen into a cave. The cavern was eerie, its walls covered in jagged stalagmites and thick with dust. Cobwebs stretched in massive layers, draping the rocky surfaces like ghostly curtains.

"Bree?" Shasta called out, his voice trembling. "Bree, are you alright?"

The horse stirred, groaning softly. "Shasta? What happened? Where are we?"

"I don't know," Shasta admitted, glancing around nervously.

Before Bree could respond, a chilling voice echoed through the cavern, high-pitched and sinister.

"Oooh, what do we have here? A fresh meal?"

Shasta's stomach turned to ice. From the shadows emerged a monstrous spider, its spindly legs clicking against the stone floor. Its eyes gleamed with hunger, and its voice dripped with malice.

AVRYL SUHARLI

5 TEAMWORK



# The Prince and the Swan

Andorra Adhadirgha 5R

## The Prince and the Swan

Once upon a time, in a distant land, there lived a young prince who resided with his parents in a magnificent kingdom. Their home was a grand castle, bustling with the activity of countless maids and servants attending to their every need.

One sunny morning, the prince awoke to the sound of a deep voice. "Good morning, Your Highness," said Darius, his loyal servant, as he entered with the prince's clothes. "It's time to get ready. Breakfast has been served."

With a nod, the prince rose, and Darius busied himself tidying the room before leaving with the prince's used bed linens.

After breakfast, the prince wandered into the castle gardens, his thoughts filled with dreams of finding a kind-hearted young woman to share his life. As he strolled by a serene pond, he paused to admire its beauty. Among the rippling water, a swan with feathers as white as snow swam gracefully toward him.

To the prince's astonishment, the swan spoke.  
"Will you help me?" it asked in a soft, pleading voice.

The prince stepped back, startled. "You're a swan... and you're talking?"

"I wasn't always a swan," it replied sorrowfully. "I am a princess cursed by a wicked sorceress who has taken over my kingdom. Only by stealing the gem she wears on her necklace can my curse be broken."

Determined to help, the prince informed his parents of his quest and instructed his servants to prepare his carriage for the journey. The next day, he and the swan set off for the sorceress's ominous tower.

After a long journey, they reached the tall, iron gates of the tower. The air was heavy and foreboding as dark clouds gathered, and the cawing of ravens filled the sky. With hesitant steps, they entered. Inside, the sorceress sat upon a throne made of bones, feasting on a platter of fruits. Around her neck gleamed the cursed gem.

"There it is," whispered the swan. "Here's the plan: I'll distract her and unfasten the necklace. When it falls, you must grab it."

The swan moved stealthily behind the throne, its movements barely making a sound. With a quick flick of its beak, the swan unhooked the necklace, sending it tumbling to the ground. The prince darted forward, snatched the gem, and bolted for the exit.

The sorceress let out a furious scream, but it was too late. The prince and the swan escaped to the safety of the carriage and sped back to the castle.

There, in the glow of the setting sun, the swan transformed into a stunning princess. Grateful for his bravery, she agreed to marry the prince, and together they ruled the kingdom with wisdom and kindness.

And so they lived happily ever after.

# ANDORRA ADHADIRGHA

## 5 RESPECT



# The Letter

Rayyan Jaromir 6T

## The Letter

I opened the letter. Inside contained a folded document with a stamp of the British Army. Suddenly, Mum snatched the letter from my hands, and as she opened it, she burst into tears almost instantaneously. I knew at that moment what it meant: my parents were being drafted into World War 2.

Immediately, I sprinted to my mum to comfort her, but she was inconsolable. Hearing the commotion, Dad burst into the room as quick as a flash and read the letter. He, too, began to tear up.

A few days later, my parents disappeared one morning. I later found out they had been sent to a neighbouring town not too far from ours. From that day on, I lived with my grandma, with whom I was very close, and stayed at her home. My mind was filled with horrible dreams every night, and I kept wondering if I would ever see my parents again, go fishing with them, or even talk to them. But in the midst of this chaos, an idea arose: what if I just went to them and stayed with them on the battlefield? "Yes," I thought, "that's a great idea!"

And so, that night, I packed some snacks, water, and a pocket knife, and went on a bus ride to Jonesville.

A long eight hours later, I arrived at Jonesville and was immediately greeted by dead trees, gunshots, and screams. Determined, I ran into the partially burned-down forest in search of my parents.

"Mum! Dad! Where are you?" I yelled. Sunlight was barely peeking out of the clouds, and that meant soldiers would start coming again soon. But before I could move —

BANG!

I was shot! The pain was unbearable, but adrenaline kept my heart beating. Suddenly, I saw my parents. They scooped me up, ran as fast as they could, and then put me into the arms of another soldier.

"Keep him safe, Ted," my father cried as he disappeared into the fading light.

I watched as my parents were shot and killed, right then and there in front of me. Their screams will forever echo in my head.

In the end, I made it home safely, but my parents didn't — and it was all because of me!

RAYYAN JAROMIR

6 TEAMWORK



# Lost at Sea

Carissa Anggana 6T

## Lost at Sea

Jessie's eyes fluttered open. "Where am I? Is this a dream?" she asked herself. Pulling herself off the ground, she saw that she was in a poorly made wooden hut.

"Good morning, Sleeping Beauty. You're finally awake. Now help me get some food and more wood for this fire — we need to send a smoke signal. Doing everything myself has been tiring, you know?" grumbled Jack holding a few sticks.

At that moment, the memories came rushing back to her. They had washed up on a remote island filled with gibbons and birds. After waking up, they had fashioned a hut to sleep in with their limited survival skills. They had collected fruit and attempted to fish to get food. Clothes were made from banana leaves, and they bathed in the sea. For three long days, they stayed there, planning their escape.

"Hello? Chop, chop! We've got work to do!" shouted Jack, bringing Jessie back to the present.

As they were wandering through the forest, they saw a tinge of brown that made them immediately stop in their tracks.

A bear!

Its sharp, snarling teeth sparkled in the light. Immediately, Jack grabbed Jessie's hand and dragged her away. The pair started running for what seemed like forever. Eventually, the bear lost them and disappeared back into the forest.

For the rest of the day, they did not go back into the forest and just collected dry leaves and sticks to make a smoke signal. At night, they took turns keeping watch, and that was when Jack saw what he thought was a boat. He couldn't believe his eyes! It could not be a piece of driftwood, for it was too symmetrical.

Without hesitation, he shook Jessie awake and lit the smoke signal. As the boat approached the island, they frantically flailed their arms in the air.

They were finally reunited with Jessie's father, who had been worried sick. "Dad!" exclaimed Jessie in joy.

Their laughter rang throughout the island, bringing it to life.

# CARISSA ANGGANA

## 6 TEAMWORK



# The Truth

**The Truth**  
by Alera Surya (7T)

Liam sat at the kitchen table, staring at the faint scratches on the wooden surface. The clock ticked steadily, filling the silence between him and his aunt. The late afternoon sun streamed through the window, casting a warm, golden light across the room. His aunt clutched her untouched mug of tea. The air carried the faint scent of chamomile, steam curling from her mug. Her fingernails dug into her palms.

Taking a deep breath, she said, "I have something to tell you."

"What is it?" Liam asked.

She hesitated. "It's about your father."

His pulse quickened. "Did something happen?"

She took a slow breath, her gaze dropping for a second before meeting his gaze again. "He's not coming back, Liam."

The words hit him like cold water. He blinked. "What? No. He's just... away for work. He always travels."

She shook her head, sadness deep in her eyes. "No, sweetheart. He left." Her voice wavered. "He's not coming back."

The words felt distant. It all came out so suddenly that he couldn't process any of it.

"What?" he scoffed. "You're joking, right?" Liam let out a hollow laugh, forcing a grin. "Ha... ha... ha."

He forced a grin, clinging to the last shred of hope. "So funny, Aunt Lucy."

Her lips pressed together, and that silence—that awful silence—told him everything. He couldn't believe it. He didn't want to believe it.

"But he wouldn't do that," Liam whispered, shaking his head. "He wouldn't leave us."

Memories rushed through his mind—the missed phone calls, untouched dinner plates, sleepless nights. She had been avoiding his questions for weeks since his dad went on a "work trip."

His aunt reached out, her fingers brushing his hand, warm and fragile. "I'm so sorry."

Liam stared at the table, his throat thick with unspoken words. He wanted to argue, to deny it, to tell her she was wrong—but he couldn't.

And for the first time, he let the truth sink in.

**ALERA SURYA**

**7 TEAMWORK**



# The Day I Lost Everything

**The Day I Lost Everything**  
*By Ace Dylan Oentojo The (7H)*

Today marks the anniversary of the day I lost everything. I remember that night all too well...

February 20, 2023. That night, I lost everything—my family and my only friend. We were driving home from a fancy Mexican diner called "Jean Juan's." Everyone was satisfied, even Spark, the dog. My mom and dad sat in the front, while Spark and I rode in the back. Spark's slobber covered my face, and my ear was wet with drool when a huge 'BANG' shattered the night...

The next thing I knew, I was lying in a hospital bed with Spark. I never saw my parents again after that.

It was only a few days later when I was discharged. The gray and bleak hospital seemed to boom with melancholic music, ringing in my ears. Even Spark was mourning. He barely touched his food. As I walked home with my only friend left, Spark, the sun shone down on me, but I could not feel the light—only rays of darkness and sadness.

In just a few weeks, everything in the house was broken. It was my only outlet for despair, sadness, and anger—to take it out on objects. Meanwhile, Spark still absolutely refused to eat or even go on walks. His once-bright blue eyes dulled, and streaks of gray crept into his dark fur. Before, he had his head above couches and tables, but now his neck failed to reach even the shortest chairs.

Over the next month or two, Spark only got worse. He became less of a dog and more of a stuffed toy, lying on the ground, defeated. Night after night, I dreamed of three skulls—my parents' and Spark's. They stared at me, unblinking.

It was only four months after my parents' deaths when the doctors told me. Spark had contracted a cell tumor, and it was going to kill him.

I had to act. Let Spark live and suffer, or put him down and out of misery. What would my parents want? What would Spark want? Would I ever forgive myself, no matter what decision I made? The room blurred into darkness. I turned to the vet. "Is there really no other way?" The doctor explained, but I heard only one sentence: "Either he dies right now, or lives the rest of his life in misery."

I could only see Spark and no one else. The machinery connected to him faded in my mind—his triumphant fur now an unknown shade of gray, a result of his endless tires and weariness. I walked towards Spark, every heartbeat growing faster by the moment. Every cell in my body opposed me, but I was sure.

I knelt beside Spark, my vision blurred with tears. I stroked his fur—now thin and colorless—and whispered, "Goodbye, buddy." Then, I let go of the only friend I ever had.

**ACE THE**

**7 HUMILITY**



# Trapped In The Current

## Trapped in the Current by Gavin Thng (71)

The sun was shining brightly with not a cloud in sight. Jack was lying in the sun, feeling the warmth of the sand between his toes. The water was pristine and clear, and he could see his friend Andrew in the distance, playing with the waves. Nothing beat the feeling of sitting under the sun after a nice swim, Jack thought as all his worries floated away like leaves in the wind.

Jack got up, preparing to leave for lunch, but then he noticed his watch was missing. It was his only possession that had been given to him by his father before he passed.

"Oh no, no, no! Where could I have put it?" Jack muttered, desperately checking his beach bag.

He scanned the open water, which was sparkling like diamonds, and caught notice of his black and silver watch floating in the distance. Jack exhaled in relief and sprinted toward it, sending sand flying into the air. He could see it now, just a few meters away, when Andrew's scream pierced through the air.

"Help! My legs are cramping!" Andrew shouted, barely keeping his head above the water.

Jack swiveled his head and saw his friend sinking and struggling to breathe. The lifeguard was much too far away to reach him, but the watch was only a short distance away. With a heavy heart, Jack used every ounce of his strength to swim toward Andrew. Once he was brought up to shore, he was treated by the lifeguard and instructed to rest.

His chest heaving, Jack once more scanned the horizon for his watch, but it was gone. Jack was on the verge of breaking into tears, but Andrew rushed beside him.

"Jack! Thanks for saving me! I don't know if I could've made it without you," Andrew said, his face beaming with gratitude.

"Oh well, I'd rather lose a watch than a friend," Jack thought as he and Andrew headed for lunch.

# GAVIN THNG

## 7 INTEGRITY



# Autumn Evenings

**Autumn Evenings**  
by Zarina Melwani (8H)

The evening air hummed quietly, only broken by the murmur of the wind threading through towering pines and the distant chirp of crickets. The sky, once ablaze with streaks of gold and amber, had faded into a bruised violet, the only remnants of daylight casting a warm glow behind the treetops. The wind danced gracefully around me, carrying the faint scent of crisp pine and earth. The forest stood vast and still, a place untouched by urgency, where time seemed to tick slowly and the world felt lighter.

The wind rushed by the fireplace in front of me, causing the flames to crackle and spit. The fire burned with intensity while the flames swirled in hues of copper, auburn and orange. The biting cold metal of the chair pressed against my back as I reached for another log. There sat blue flames at the bottom of the fire, where the heat was the strongest, while gold sparks shot out of it and died in the soil. As I fed the log to the flames, they leapt greedily, engulfing the log whole, while they grew bigger and brighter with each passing second.

A fuzzy and warm feeling embraced me, filling my insides with nostalgia.

The branches above swayed, as the wind whooshed past, causing them to creak and groan whispers only trees could understand. Trunks, thick and thin, loomed above, stretching high into the fading daylight. The scent of damp moss and smoky tendrils from the fire mingled in the air, while the light from the fire reflected a sea of deep green and brown leaves. The mighty roots of the trees pushed through the uneven ground, tangled and knotted like old snake skin.

A lamp that hung near the door of the porch swayed and clanked as the wind swept by it. The oak wooden walls of the cabin stood firm, each plank representing an untold story from all those who had visited before me. The cabin was sturdy - a quiet refuge amidst the wilderness. Inside, beyond those chocolate walls and frosted windows was a warm, untouched shelter - a home.

I exhaled slowly, my breath curling into the cool evening air. The sun had dipped lower under the horizon and painted the sky in a deep indigo. I gazed above, where the stars sparkled amongst the moving clouds and the trees still towered. The warmth of the evening was replaced with a kind of stillness - a silence that only belonged to the dark.

**ZARINA MELWANI**

**8 HUMILITY**



# Saying Goodbye

**Saying Goodbye**  
by Grace Tjahyadi (8I)

It started as the best day of my life until I saw a dozen musty boxes arranged neatly in the corner of the garage. Inside the room, there were mistletoes, sweaters and a tree with green, red and gold ornaments; the garage was dark like the stormy sky. As the jolly music played in the background, I stood there, transfixed and motionless.

I snapped back into reality. A million thoughts raced through my head like fluttering butterflies. I went back through the door; I saw the present wrappers crumpled beside the bin.

"What's up with your face?" Mom asked while taking out the fresh gingerbread-man shaped cookies from the oven. I asked about the boxes; she reminded me that Bob was moving out for university.

Bob was the best big brother in the world. He played computer games with me every day. He taught me how to ride a bike. Who knew time would fly so fast... Tears flowed down my eyes like a river. I ran to my brother's room. It was empty. I heard a familiar voice becoming louder and louder. Grace Tjahyadi - 8I

Mom called me down for lunch. Eating while crying was something that I always hated, so I quickly hid under the table until she went away.

I continued to look for him. I checked the boxes in the garage. He was nowhere to be seen.

Vroom! My heart skipped a beat. My memories of him shattered like broken glass.

"Ava, say bye to your brother!" a voice called out. I ran and ran. Faster than I ever knew I could.

"Wait! Wait!" I cried. I ran to Bob and hugged him like a bear, with tears coming out of my eyes one by one.

The rain cried too. As the droplets slapped the window in a rhythm, the red Toyota car became smaller and smaller until it couldn't be seen anymore. I was still not ready to let him go.

Later, Mom told me to visit him during the summer break as I took down the lush, green Christmas tree. My heart cheered softly, with a new life without Bob, blooming like a flower.

## GRACE TJAHYADI

8 INTEGRITY



# The Unexpected Turn

The Unexpected Turn  
by Zelda Budiman

It started as the best day of my life—until my so-called “friend” had to ruin it.

It was the day I had looked forward to the most: my casting audition for *Snow White*. I woke up refreshed, more confident than ever. The sun was shining, the birds were chirping, and everything seemed perfect—or so I thought.

I arrived at school, bringing my casting costume with me. It was a pearly-white dress that I had dreamt of wearing for ages. My friends were hyping me up, certain that I would get the main role.

“Ding!” The bell rang. It was showtime. The moment I had been waiting for was in my hands. I hurriedly changed into my costume, feeling amazing in it.

However, everything changed in an instant.

My “friend” *accidentally* spilled tea onto my dress.

“Oops! Didn’t mean to do that! HAHAHA!” she cackled.

I groaned. “Ugh! Why did you do that?”

I didn’t know what to do. It felt like my best day had been completely ruined. I rushed to wash the stain off, but no matter how much I scrubbed, it wouldn’t budge.

“Now I have to walk into the audition room in a tea-stained dress. How great!”

As I was called into the audition room, my “friend” teased me the entire way.

“HAHAHA! She’s not getting the main role, is she? Look at her! I am the best!”

I didn’t respond. I just wanted to focus on my audition and prove I deserved the role.

Once I finished, I felt amazing. I knew I had done well.

Later that night, I found out that I would be getting the results on the same day. So I waited. And waited. And waited.

“Ting!”

My phone buzzed with a notification. My palms were sweating. I knew that if I didn’t get the role, my “friend” would mock me.

I opened the email and scanned the cast list. My heart pounded.

I didn’t get the main role.

Instead, I got the role of a servant.

Questions flooded my mind.

“Was I not good enough?”  
“What went wrong?”

I was devastated. And to make things worse, I saw that my “friend” had gotten the lead role. I sobbed the entire night.

It had started as the best day of my life—until my “friend” showed up.

Now, it was the worst.

“UGH!!!” I grunted.

## ZELDA BUDIMAN

### 8 HUMILITY



# Analysis of The Colour of James Brown's Scream

## Analysis of The Colour of James Brown's Scream by Jingyao Ruan (9H)

Kayo Chingonyi is an African man born in Zambia, who published countless poems and books that inspired and moved many others. "The Colour of James Brown's Scream" is a poem in Kumukanda which explores the themes of black identity and heritage through music and dance. Chingonyi uses various complex language techniques and skills to make this poem powerful, incorporating tone, diction and vocabulary into the poem.

The poem starts with an intimate tone by using a first-person point of view. The starting line "I have known you by many names but today you are Larry Levan," suggests intimacy and shared knowledge by using 'known.' This affects the reader by mentioning how the reader was familiar with the subject. 'I' used in the line further creates a lasting impact as it places them in a black person's perspective, thus encouraging the reader to engage with the poem on a deeper, personal level. I think that Chingonyi's use of tone and intimacy caused me to feel more connection with the speaker and poem, therefore creating a lasting impact with its powerful use of language technique.

Vivid imagery was also used to enhance the poem's impact to the reader. The lines "as you swing your hips, and sweat drips from your hair, the colour of James Brown's Scream." create a vivid evocative image description of the physical movement of the DJ. "swing your hips" suggests how the DJ was deeply connected with the atmosphere created, which were celebrations of joy through dancing. "Sweat drips from your hair" emphasizes the physical labour the DJ was enduring, to evoke a sense of sympathy in the reader and highlight the intensity of the performance. The physicality intensity further enhances the emotional intensity felt in the poem with the use of repetition of the title. "The Colour of James Brown's Scream" connects back to the themes of the poem, which are the history of the black race's struggles, pain and joy. Chingonyi's vivid description of the DJ's actions creates visuality for the emotional expression felt in the process, building both physical and emotional intensity portrayed in the poem, thus being a powerful line towards the reader. I feel very moved, as I was able to resonate and understand the physicality and emotional expressions of the atmosphere of the club in the poem.

Metaphors were used by Chingonyi to emphasize the themes of the poem and create a powerful piece of work. "Every road man is a sweet boy if the DJ plays 'Heartbroken'" is a line in the poem which uses the language device, juxtaposition, as well. The metaphor of 'every road man is a sweet boy' indicates that the masculinity of men is dissolved in the presence of music and rhythm, expressing their vulnerability. The traditional image of the UK slang 'roadman' juxtaposes with the contrasting idea of 'sweet boy', soft and vulnerable, all due to the transformative power of music. 'Heartbroken' was a track on the UK garage scene which expressed deep emotions, further emphasizing the lasting impact music can have. The exploration of how music can change strong-willed men with streetwise backgrounds creates a powerful scene.

# RUAN JINGYAO

## 9 HUMILITY



# Analysis of The Colour of James Brown's Scream

Analysis of The Colour of James Brown's Scream  
by Tan Sing An, Danessa (9R)

In the poem, "The Colour of James Brown's Scream" by Kayo Chingonyi, he uses literary devices such as metaphors and visual imagery which evokes the themes of transformation and nostalgia. This use of word choices and language creates a powerful and deep impact to the readers which stays in the reader's mind.

Firstly, Chingonyi uses juxtaposition to compare a road man and the concept of vulnerability which shows the transformation of personality. In this quote, "every road man is a sweet boy if the DJ plays 'Heartbroken'". This shows that a road man who typically has a tough personality can show their softer and more vulnerable side of their personality. The contrast between a soft and a tough personality shows how music is able to transform people's personality and mindsets, illustrating how powerful and impactful music is to people. Furthermore, the quote "teach us to shape-shift, Legba" illustrates how music is being changed overtime and the different forms that music takes. Chingonyi uses the term "shape-shift" to tell the readers just as how shape-shifters can change to many different forms, music can change in rhythm and tone which changes the mood and message conveyed in the music which conveys its versatility. By mentioning the voodoo deity "Legba" which symbolises transformation, it signifies the desire for a change in identity and self-expression which shows how much music needs to be changed in order to appeal to the younger audiences. In my opinion, this shows how much music is being changed in order to have a lasting impact on people with different viewpoints and mindsets which can alter their perspective just by listening to music.

Secondly, Chingonyi evokes the sense of nostalgia by inference to Garage Paradise using the word "Garage" which is a visual imagery, where people can freely express themselves without being judged. In the quote "in the room of a Garage regulars memory", the use of alliteration creates musicality in that line. I feel that having an inference to Garage Paradise evokes a sense of longing as people who are reading this poem and have been to Garage Paradise can remember and relish the good memories they had there. In addition to that, the quote "a taste we've been trying to recreate ever since" shows how music leaves a lasting impact to those who listen to them. The word "taste" is used metaphorically to show how music can leave a "taste" in someone's mind as to how the taste of food can linger in someone's mouth. In my opinion, this shows how talented these black artists are to leave such a lasting impact on the listeners and it is a testimony to how much hard work they put into the music. Since this music stays in the listener's mind, they could feel the emotions brought by the music — creating a sense of nostalgia.

Lastly, the quote "the colour of James Brown's scream" is an example of visual imagery used in the poem. In this line, synaesthesia is used and the word "colour" allows the reader to imagine the feelings and emotions caused by the music. For some listeners, they might see the colour red; for other listeners instead, they see the colour yellow as they feel different emotions while listening to music. The word "scream" is used to show the power and intensity of the music which depicts how impactful music is to people. In my opinion, this line shows how engaging music is to many people as it is something that people enjoy listening to everyday.

In conclusion, literary devices and visual imagery and careful word choices are used to evoke the themes of transformation and nostalgia which leaves a lasting impression of how powerful music is to readers. The visual imagery used allows the readers to imagine the music and the scene at which James Brown performs his songs and the word choices make the poem leave a deeper and lasting impression to the reader's mind. Hence, this is the language used to make this poem powerful.

TAN TSING AN, DANESSA

9 RESPECT



# Clock

Clock  
by William Widyadi (9C)

Nested into the corner of my attic is my grandfather's clock, the last piece left of him in this world. The once smooth brown sheen on the mahogany wood suffocated in specks of dust. It was once full of grandeur and magnificence, a time long gone. However, beautiful weaving ornate carvings still persist: intricate winding designs not willing to give up against time. Behind its old facade, this precious device of time holds an inexplicable beauty, countless memories witnessed by its watchful gaze.

Some parts looked as though they had been sanded off, a testament to the hundreds, if not thousands of people who have rested their hands on its delicate wood. Each mark of a hand, nail, finely etched into the monument of time that is this heirloom. The kaleidoscope of colours once adorning the magnificent structure pale and faded, looking like a dead lifeless shell of itself. Wear and tear almost seem to decorate the battered, ruined clock, like a vicious mockery of what it once was.

The pendulum is framed by an oval-shaped glass panel. A sheet of dust and dirt lies over the glass, as if trying to hide the awe of the clock's inner workings. The pendulum stands in stark contrast to the clock's worn-down exterior, the gleaming brass smiling in the faint streaks of sunlight penetrating the attic. Copper brown gears cower behind the pendulum, locked and rusted in their last futile attempt to move forward. In the days of old, the familiar hum and whirr of the gears would sound as tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock echoed through the halls; each second marked with a comforting consistency.

Around the base of the tower of time is where interlocking pale white cobwebs make their home. It looked as if they were a moat of soldiers, their sole purpose to protect the clock. Once standing tall and firm, the base of the clock withered away. Any nudge or slight gust of wind causing it to creak and rattle. A long streak of splintering cracks cover time's right, the fragile clock threatening to spill its inner workings all over the attic.

The clock face seems frozen in eternal watchfulness, not willing to move forward as if stuck in the past. The frail hands of the clock pointing to 3:27, a seemingly arbitrary number. I sometimes wonder what happened at that fateful time, why the bastion of time decided to rest on 3:27. What happened or why it happened is a question that will be left for people to ponder on for eons. The meaning has been lost, a sliver of time on this ever changing earth captured in its full essence.

## WILLIAM WIDYADI

9 COMMITMENT



by Giselle Jauvano (10C)

Blanche: I loved someone, too, and the person I loved I lost.

Mitch: Dead? [She crosses to the window and pours herself another drink.] A man?

[A locomotive is heard approaching outside. She claps her hands to her ears and crouches over. The headlight of the locomotive glares into the room as it thunders past. As the noise recedes she straightens slowly and continues speaking.]

[Polka music sounds in a minor key faint with distance.]

[The polka stops abruptly.  
[Blanche rises stiffly. Then the polka resumes in a major key.]

[She sways and covers her face.]

[Mitch gets up awkwardly and moves toward her a little. The polka music increases. Mitch stands beside her.]

[She stares at him vacantly for a moment. Then with a soft cry huddles in his embrace. She makes a sobbing effort to speak but the words won't come. He kisses her forehead and her eyes and finally . . . The Polka tune fades out. Her breath is drawn out and finally . . . she sobs.]

[from Scene 6]

In Tennessee Williams' *A Streetcar Named Desire*, the conversation between Blanche and Mitch contributes to the play's dramatic impact by emphasising her struggles with sexuality and how the loss of her late husband disturbs her in her everyday life. This is evident through the vivid imagery that Williams uses to show the longing impact and symbolism of her late husband's death.

nche telling Mitch about her late husband demonstrates how she is trying to manipulate —she wants him to feel pity for her so that she can justify her wrongful actions by ing it as "trauma." She starts by mentioning the person that she loved and lost. As soon mentions it, "she pours herself another drink." This shows us the way that she copes ts herself together ever since his passing through drinking—implying that she often unk. She deludes herself with her drunken fantasies to alleviate the guilt of her s death/suicide. This makes it so dramatic because we almost feel sorry for Blanche urns him so much that : She continues to tell Mitch the story of how her late husband died in an attempt to manipulat r is exactly what she is him. Even though it makes her feel overwhelming guilt, she continues anyway to make Mitch feels how his death h feel bad. This creates a dramatic effect, demonstrating how her desire to feel dominance over someone (Mitch) is so strong that she is willing to stress herself over it. She talks about how -his death struck lik the polka that was playing that night suddenly stopped, and then her late husband broke away anged forever. His and "ran out of the casino. A few moments later—a shot!" This moment is so significant in of her world. This her life that she remembers every small detail leading up to the incident. When Blanche as by her late hu exclaims, "A shot!" she almost sounds enthusiastic, which is ironic because we perceive it as on Blanche is nc about her late husband's death. This is so disturbing to Blanche—but she doesn't stop. She continues the past. mouth and blew the back of his head away. She then "sways" and "covers her face." This creates a dramatic impact as we now wonder what Blanche is shielding herself from as she "into the r "covens her face." Previously, she covered her face from the locomotive, but now, what is it? hing or ob; Is she trying to hide from Mitch that she is vulnerable?

nche is re Blanche continues. She recalls how she said, "I saw! I knew... angry with him for it. This is wh... from Blanche if he... with

Blanche continues. She recalls how she said, "I saw! I know! You disgust me..." to her late husband. This reveals his struggle with sexuality—Blanche found out he was gay and got angry with him for it. This is what drove him to shoot himself; he didn't know what to expect from Blanche if he had confessed about his sexuality. This foreshadows Blanche's struggle with sexuality: in later parts of the play, we see how she struggles when she gets kicked out of her teaching job because she was having an affair with a high school student. She wants to feel young with Alan again. The polka music gets louder and louder—but only Blanche can hear it. Mitch "draws her closely into his arms" and then tries to soothe Blanche. He draws her slowly into his arms, not wanting to startle her or stress her out. He says how he needs somebody and how she does too: "Could it be—you and me, Blanche?" Blanche successfully manipulates Mitch—meaning her plan worked. This creates a lasting dramatic impact as now Blanche uses him as a sense of security, which is very unlikely for her to do. She shows him her vulnerability and submissiveness regarding her husband's death.

This conversation contributes to the play's dramatic impact as it shows how Blanche's relationship with her husband, which shapes who she is, is broken and how she is left alone and finds comfort in it. It is a turning point in her life.

This conversation contributes to the play's dramatic impact by highlighting Blanche's tragic loss of her husband, which shapes who she is now. She constantly seeks attention through him and finds comfort in it, just as she did with Alan. His death creates a longing dramatic act in her life through the symbols of the polka and the overwhelming noise from the 'car. Her attempt to manipulate Mitch shows how she is constantly dependent on men to feed their pity to cope.



# A Visit to Diego Garcia

**A Visit to Diego Garcia**  
*by Amelia Muliawati (10R)*

Today, we are interviewing a journalist from the BBC, who recently returned from his visit to the secretive island of Diego Garcia.

Interviewer: Hello! Thank you so much for coming here today.

Journalist: Hi! Totally, my pleasure.

Interviewer: What was the significance of your visit to Diego Garcia?

Journalist: It is a well-known fact that Diego Garcia is a restrictive area that does not welcome tourists. However, we wanted to cover an important court case regarding the treatment of Sri Lankan Tamils that was about to occur. Therefore, the BBC managed to get access to the island, allowing me to visit for five days. However, it still came with the strictest restrictions, which I am not allowed to broadcast.

Interviewer: How would you describe your experience on Diego Garcia?

Journalist: It would come off weird if I say it this way, but I would say that it was quite nostalgic! There was a huge influence of British and American lifestyle on the island. For example, I passed by a nightclub with a bulldog logo called 'Brit Club', which is a really common thing to see in Britain, so I might say that I was quite surprised. Not only that, we were riding a bright yellow bus, just like those American school buses! I felt like I was going to school again. However, jokes aside, there was a huge reminder of the secretive base, such as a lot of military drills and fenced-off secretive buildings.

Interviewer: Elaborate on the importance of maintaining a UK and US presence on the island.

Journalist: It is extremely important to maintain a UK and US presence on the island not just because a lot of space research and military operations occur there, but it also happens to be home to the most amazing marine biodiversity. The influence of 'non-tourism' is highly visible, as there is barely any trash, allowing us to see its wondrous natural beauty. Not only that, Diego Garcia is the base of fuelling bombers and reloading submarine weapons, allowing the UK and US to attack and defend when needed.

Interviewer: Thank you for your time! It was nice talking to you.

Journalist: Thank you so much.

In conclusion, we can take away that Diego Garcia is a very restricted island filled with military operations. Not only that, but it is also apparent that it has a huge influence from British and American lifestyles, and is home to one of the greatest areas of marine biodiversity.

## AMELIA MULIAWATI

10 RESPECT



# The Other

## Analysis of a Poem: *The Other*, by Ted Hughes by Indira Abadi (10C)

### *The Other* by Ted Hughes

She had too much so with a smile you  
took some.  
Of everything she had you had  
Absolutely nothing, so you took some.  
At first, just a little.

Still she had so much she made you feel  
Your vacuum, which nature abhorred,  
So you took your fill, for nature's sake.  
Because her great luck made you feel unlucky  
You had redressed the balance, which meant  
Now you had some too, for yourself.  
It seemed only fair. Still her ambition  
Claimed the natural right to screw you up  
Like a crossed out page, tossed into a basket.  
Somebody, on behalf of the gods,  
Had to correct that hubris.  
A little touch of hatred steadied the nerves.

Everything she had won, the happiness of it,  
You collected  
As your compensation  
For having lost. Which left her absolutely  
Nothing. Even her life was  
Trapped in the heap you took. She had nothing  
Too late you saw what had happened.  
It made no difference that she was dead.  
Now that you had all she had ever had  
You had much too much.  
Only you  
Saw her smile, as she took some.  
At first, just a little."

### In what ways does Hughes make the speaker a captivating figure in *The Other*?

*The Other* by Ted Hughes showcases the destructive nature of jealousy and rivalry. It is presumed to be about Sylvia Plath and Assia Wevill's relationship; however, the poem can still be interpreted in a plethora of ways. This essay dissects how exactly the speaker is made to be so captivating – through sarcasm, comparison between its subjects, and the display of human nature.

Firstly, Hughes makes the speaker so striking through their accusatory, sarcastic words alongside direct address. "She had so much so with a smile you took some." The first line already suggests direct confrontation with the word "you" and conveys how the speaker is targeting someone unnamed or the reader. The phrases "too much" and "took some" suggest an imbalance, an attempt to describe the act as something reasonable at first. The sibilance in this line implies how this "theft" is done smoothly, almost untraceably, akin to a snake's movements. The readers are instantly hit with notions of blame and remorse, as we are put into the shoes of the speaker, an active observer. In the line "So you took your fill, for nature's sake," we get an even clearer picture of this accusing tone. The phrase "took your fill" implies gluttony and excess rather than necessity. "For nature's sake" insinuates how you clearly seek justification by acting as if stealing from the woman's success was merely something of a higher natural law. The speaker clearly mocks "you's" actions, displaying the speaker's true feelings of accusation and blame. The line "somebody, on behalf of the gods," reveals even more irony. The speaker is trying to suggest how you are evidently not acting "on behalf of the gods" but rather on their own selfish desires and insecurities. The one who is actually displaying hubris is "you." Hughes' inclusion of sarcasm on top of the criticizing voice serves to make the readers ponder the speaker's stance and gain an understanding of their emotions, such as remorse and anger.

Moreover, by comparing the two subjects the speaker discusses, the speaker becomes even more striking. "She made you feel your vacuum" is a metaphor that underscores the distinct sensation of lack when confronted with another's abundance. It feels like a twisted form of justice. "You" yearns to feel as fulfilled as her, and therefore sucks out her abundance, akin to a vacuum. It shows you just how much she was being deprived of. Readers are faced with a moral dilemma – is it really "you's" right? Additionally, there's a simile: "her ambition claimed the natural right to screw you up like a crossed-out page, tossed into a basket." Ambition is personified as an entity which "you" perceives as a physical attack. The phrase "like a crossed-out page" suggests erasure, showing how in her presence you become disposable. The audience grasps a sense of inadequacy and frustration, and the speaker is evidently trying to show their critique of "you". In the line, "her great luck made you feel unlucky," we find a polyptoton. The repetition of the root word "luck" emphasises how you view their dynamic to be pure competition and a game of push and pull. The speaker is made more captivating as they harshly depict the imbalance between the two subjects, causing readers to wonder what role the speaker plays.

Lastly, through the speaker's display of raw human nature, "Everything she had won, the happiness of it, you collected as your compensation for having lost," conveys the need to lessen one's suffering by causing others to suffer too. The word "collected" dehumanises the process, as if happiness is an object to be hoarded and fought over. Readers reflect on the themes of destructive envy and entitlement. "A little touch of hatred steadied the nerves" is a line that portrays the human psychological mechanism of self-justification. Hatred is described as a "little touch," as if it were a panacea or remedy, highlighting how hatred is a means of self-soothing before one conveys a harmful act. "Only you saw her smile as she took some" mirrors the opening line. It emphasises how envy, hatred, and entitlement are a cycle: how "you" is overridden with grief and remorse once "she" has died, and therefore all the pain "you" caused has come back to haunt "you". The fleeting, irrational nature of humanity is depicted accurately by the speaker, making the characters 'you' and 'she' captivating and memorable.

Overall, I would say this is probably my favourite of Ted Hughes' works. The speaker is made captivating through sarcasm, the two subjects being observed, and the insightful portrayal of the psychology of human nature.

# INDIRA ABADI

## 10 COMMITMENT



# Fatima Bhojani and Gender Division

**Fatima Bhojani and Gender Division**  
by Anissa Putri (11C)

In the article "When I Step Outside, I Step Into a Country of Men Who Stare" by Fatima Bhojani, published in the New York Times, the author aims to expose both Pakistani society and international readers to the normalisation of the psychological and physical intimidation that women face daily. Targeting a global audience, Bhojani seeks to foster empathy and awareness among those unfamiliar with such cultural conditions while urging individuals with similar contexts to question the systemic acceptance of these behaviours. Through the use of vivid personal anecdotes, fear imagery of limitation and cultural critiques, the article highlights how deeply rooted social norms create strict gender roles that position women as passive objects of attention. This portrayal encourages readers to recognize the dangers of allowing such antagonism to become culturally accepted, ultimately prompting them to reflect on the societal harm caused by these gendered divisions.

First and foremost, Fatima Bhojani's use of vivid personal anecdotes powerfully illustrates the widespread nature of male antagonism towards women in Pakistan. Bhojani expresses her experiences with the male gaze, stating, "When I step outside, I step into a country of men who stare ... as if we are all in a staring contest that nobody told half the population about, a contrast hinged on a subtle form of psychological violence." Explicitly, this statement highlights the discomfort and objectification women face in public spaces. Implicitly, it conveys how social behaviour creates an atmosphere of fear and intimidation, normalising the idea that women are to be judged. This suggests that it has become so deeply rooted in society that it feels like a routine part of life for women, reinforcing the idea that male scrutiny is an expected norm rather than an aberration. The use of the first-person perspective expresses the feeling of frustration and empathy, allowing the audience to connect emotionally with the pervasive issue of harassment. By framing her experience as a shared societal problem, she encourages readers to recognise that such encounters are not isolated incidents but rather a widespread cultural problem. This realisation drives the audience to reflect on the harmful effects of normalised antagonism and consider the urgent need for societal change regarding gender roles and expectations.

Secondly, the article uses fear imagery of limitation to powerfully highlight the oppressive nature of societal expectations that define women in Pakistan. Bhojani writes, "I walk with my head down, careful not to attract attention, as if my very existence is a provocation." This imagery explicitly reveals the intense fear that women have to experience when navigating through public spaces, showing how they are forced to adjust their behaviour to avoid unwanted attention and harassment. The phrase "my very existence is a provocation" shows that women are not only victims of external judgement but are also made to feel responsible for thinking about the judgement. Implicitly, this statement conveys a grim reality where women's freedom is restricted by the widespread idea that just being in public is somehow provocative, which supports a culture that limits their opportunities and independence. This imagery of fear creates strong emotions in the audience, making them feel empathy and sadness as they understand how serious the limitations are for women. Readers are encouraged to think critically about the cultural beliefs that contribute to these fears and see the larger issues of gender inequality affecting women's rights and freedoms. By clearly showing these restrictions, the article urges the audience to consider their own societies. This way, Bhojani's story inspires the audience to imagine a future where women can move through public spaces freely and confidently, without worrying about being judged or harmed.

Last, Bhojani's use of cultural critiques effectively highlights the oppressive social norms that dictate women's experiences and responses to harassment. One key focus of the culture critiques she uses is the 'culture of silence' that surrounds women's harassment, as illustrated in the quote, "In a culture where women are often expected to endure harassment in silence, speaking out becomes an act of defiance." Explicitly, this statement clearly addresses the expectation placed on women to remain silent about their experiences with harassment, creating a societal norm that stifles their voices. Implicitly, it critiques the larger cultural environment that fosters this silence, framing it as a damaging practice that not only perpetuates harassment but also obstructs its efforts toward achieving gender equality. By drawing attention to this issue, it underscores the need for women to reclaim their voices and challenge the norms that seek to silence them, thus paving the way for a more equitable environment. Readers are encouraged to think critically about the implications of silence and the dynamics at play in gendered harassment, allowing them to reflect on the importance of speaking out against such injustices. Ultimately, the article inspires the audience to demand for an environment where women's voices are heard and valued, fostering a desire for societal change that empowers women to challenge oppressive norms.

On the thesis, it is clear that the article effectively illustrates how the normalisation of male antagonism against women shapes societal views on gender roles and norms. The use of vivid personal anecdotes, fear imagery, and cultural critiques provides a comprehensive exploration of this issue, reinforcing the harmful effects of deeply ingrained norms. However, some questions remain regarding the potential for change and the role of various stakeholders in advocating for gender equality. One limitation of this analysis is that it primarily focuses on women's experiences in specific contexts, potentially overlooking broader implications with other identities. Future research could examine how these experiences vary across different cultures and contexts, as well as effective strategies for challenging and transforming these harmful norms. This analysis deepens our understanding of the article by highlighting the critical lens the author views societal structures. It allows readers to engage more deeply with gender inequality and the necessity for collective action in creating a more equitable society.

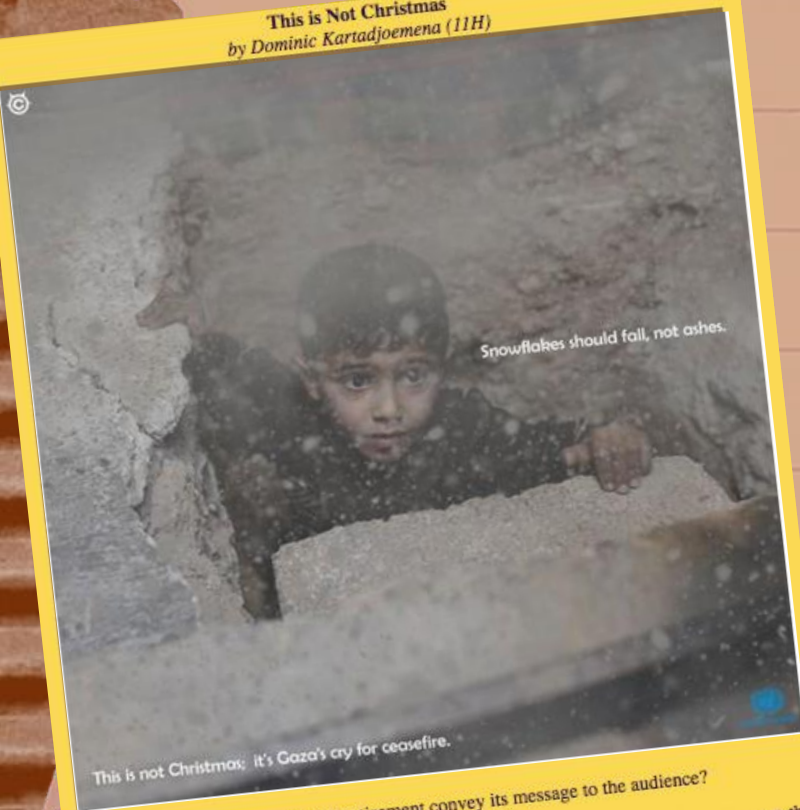
## ANISSA PUTRI

### 11 COMMITMENT



# This is Not Christmas

**This is Not Christmas**  
by Dominic Kartadjoemena (11H)



Q. How do the features of this advertisement convey its message to the audience?

This print ad, "This is Not Christmas," by Arun Anoop and the United Nations addresses the war in Gaza between Israel and Palestine. The ad targets citizens in countries that have the power to push Israel to a ceasefire and aims to build sympathy for Palestinians in order to encourage the audience to plead with their governments to take the side of Gaza. Anoop uses the features of the advertisement, such as model casting, composition, colour palette, and textual elements, to convey its message—a call for help—to the audience.

Firstly, Anoop uses the child model and the composition of the camera shot to evoke sympathy for Palestinian children and to motivate the audience to help. A Palestinian-looking child model is positioned at the centre of the frame. This choice, along with the decision to blur the peripheral elements of the image, focuses the audience's attention on the child. The child appears Palestinian, establishing the setting of the image as Gaza. The choice to cast a child aims to evoke the audience's natural care and protective instinct for children. The child's facial expression appears tired, with dark circles under his eyes, in order to elicit sympathy. By instructing the editor to enlarge his eyes, the child has a terrified expression, looking at something outside the frame of the image. Through this choice, the child seems to be in danger, which is intended to provoke the audience's desire to help and protect him from the unknown threat, potentially an Israeli soldier. The enlargement of his eyes also makes him look younger and more innocent, amplifying the audience's desire to protect him. Anoop also chooses to depict the child hiding in a hole in the street. This may metaphorically represent the powerlessness of Palestinian citizens against Israeli soldiers, suggesting that they can only hide. This portrayal is designed to evoke sympathy from the audience and convey the message that they need help. The creator makes the hiding hole small to portray the child as trapped, with nowhere else to hide, thereby strengthening the previous message. The hole being in the street also conveys the destruction caused by Israel in urban Gaza, aiming to make the audience feel concerned for the safety of the child and Palestinian citizens in general. The creator's choice to use an elevated camera angle above the child positions the audience in a place of power, symbolising that they have the ability to help the child out of the hole, which metaphorically represents the audience's capacity to assist Palestine as a whole, thus calling

the audience to take action. Therefore, the composition and casting of the advertisement is designed to strongly evoke sympathy for Palestinian citizens through the image of a child and powerfully convey the message calling for help and action for Gaza, using pathos.

Next, Anoop employs a muted, greyer colour palette to increase sympathy for the Palestinians and convey the message that they need help. Brighter, saturated colours have connotations of happiness, innocence, and joy. By choosing to use muted colours in the ad, Anoop implies a loss of these positive emotions in Gaza due to the war, which serves to make the audience sympathise with the citizens. Anoop also portrays ashes falling and dominating much of the image. The grey colour of ashes is associated with death, giving it a negative connotation. Anoop may choose to use it to symbolically represent the great loss of life in Gaza. He powerfully conveys the dire state of the Palestinian crisis. In the context of the advertisement, drawing sympathy from the audience. The grey ashes also obscure the camera's shot of the boy, making it look as if he is covered in grey and disappearing. This choice is made to symbolically convey the threat of death that the boy faces, building stronger concern for the child's wellbeing in the audience and again conveying the message that the boy, representing Palestine, needs protection and assistance. Blue tones can also be spotted; the colour blue is associated with isolation and sadness, which may imply the isolation of Gaza and subtly call the audience to help the isolated Gaza that is unhappy and not receiving enough aid. Hence, Anoop's careful use of the colour palette powerfully enhances the messages that Gaza needs help and urges the audience to assist, employing pathos.

Finally, the textual elements of the advertisement use pathos to persuade the audience to take action and help Gaza. To the right adjacent to the boy's face, the text reads, "Snowflakes should fall, not ashes." This alludes to Christmas, a time generally regarded as joyful, and contrasts it with the wartime "ashes" in Gaza. This is done to powerfully evoke sympathy, and the effect is amplified by the placement of the text next to the boy's scared face. The white font colour prompts the audience to think of the colour of snow, and in the surrounding grey of ash, it emphasises the sadness of the Palestinian situation and how distant their plight is from the joy of Christmas, which is also intended for a pathos effect. The word "should" in this line turns it into a call to action that strongly proclaims the current status quo is not right, hereby powerfully urging the audience to take action. In the bottom left, it then reads the tagline: "This is not Christmas; it's Gaza's cry for ceasefire." This emotionally conveys the message that Gaza needs help, conveying the urgency of their need and their desperation, by only calling the audience to act quickly. The impact of these two lines is amplified by the simplicity of the text in the advertisement, as only two lines are present and each is brief. If wished during Christmas time, the text would have an even stronger pathos effect, initially instilling guilt in the audience for enjoying Christmas and thus more strongly urging them to action. Therefore, the textual elements powerfully use pathos to emphasise the need for assistance in Gaza and emotionally appeal to the audience to convey the message of Gaza's need for assistance.

Finally, Anoop employs powerful image composition, careful casting, a muted colour palette with negative connotations, and textual elements that emotionally appeal to the audience to convey the message of Gaza's urgent need for help and call the audience to take action to assist Gaza, such as by pleading with their governments to take Palestine's side. The advertisement is designed for a very strong emotional appeal. However, while the advertisement may only convincingly reach audiences swayed by emotional appeals, this could be very powerful for an emotional audience, the advertisement may reach more logical audiences who might hold greater potential to help Gaza. Still, the message is conveyed very clearly: Gaza urgently

## DOMINIC KARTADJOEMENA

11 HUMILITY



# Online Hate

Online Hate  
by Raissa Senoaji (11R)



How do both text and image create irony in this satirical cartoon?

This satirical cartoon shows parents who are glad they have shielded their son from online pornography, only for the teenage child to delve into Nazism on his computer instead. Patrick Chappatte's "Online Hate" cartoon is likely a commentary on failed censorship today and the dangers that come with internet access, especially for teenagers. This was published in the International Herald Tribune in 2007, a time when Neo-Nazism—a phenomenon wherein people were dangerously interested in Adolf Hitler's ideology, which states that a nation should be homogeneously based on racial purity—was on the rise among young American boys. The cartoon is targeted to a wide audience but focuses on parents who might be overlooking the importance of censorship in their children's upbringing. The cartoon is humorously ironic in portraying the parents as relieved and proud that they have successfully censored inappropriate content from their son, while their son is looking at something arguably worse that is shaping him into a dangerous person in society. Chappatte achieves this irony through his use of juxtaposition between the parents and their child, both in the text and the image of the cartoon.

Chappatte uses juxtaposition to implement irony in "Online Hate" through the text. There are two pieces of text in this comic: the mother's dialogue, which reads, "I'm glad we installed that porn filter," and the caption on the boy's computer, "Welcome to the Nazi Network." The former is optimistic and shows pride in the mother regarding how she has been raising her child. She feels as if she has succeeded in protecting her son from harmful content. The caption on the computer screen, however, reveals a shockingly darker side to the audience, as the boy is directly affiliated with Nazi ideology. The choice to make this stark contrast creates dramatic irony for audiences, as we know something the parents don't. By exaggerating the parents' ignorance, the cartoon pushes the audience to reconsider what is truly harmful on the internet and question whether society is focusing on the right threats regarding digital protection.

cleverly shows a distinction between the parents and the boy using colour to illustrate how contrasting their views are, which instills irony as the cartoon is split into two contrasting scenes. The satirical cartoon consists of just one panel but is visibly divided into two contrasting scenes: a left side that is brighter and more colourful, and a darker right side with a primary colour used, with the parents located on the left side and the teenage boy on the right side. Chappatte likely made this choice to use colours to mirror two contrasting views. The parents are at ease thinking that their child is safe, the boy has a dark aura, as what he is truly doing on his computer is also evil. The dark colour on the boy's side might also suggest that his life is unhappy and that his state of mind is miserable. Overall, he seems like a miserable child in the way Chappatte portrays him. The parents, on the other hand, are in a well-lit living room and are seemingly father reading the newspaper while watching TV. The juxtaposition between the two scenes makes the message of the cartoon—that parents are unaware of the dangers of the internet—an ironic one.

Chappatte emphasizes the juxtaposition between the parents and the child in the design of each. The parents are portrayed as ordinary-looking, with no features that stand out to the audience. The teenage boy, however, has exaggerated features: buck teeth, a black shirt with a skull and crossbones, and a stereotypical 'emo-punk' aesthetic for teenagers. Chappatte possibly uses these features to critique real-life teenagers who are obsessed with their appearance on the internet. This choice directs the audience's attention toward the boy's character, leaving an unpleasant impression of him, reinforcing Chappatte's message of irony in this cartoon. The contrast between the boy's character and the parents' character designs, the contrast between the boy's appearance and the parents' appearance, and the contrast between the boy's activities and the parents' activities in the otherwise normal family, highlighting the parents' ignorance of their son's activities, makes the message of the cartoon—that parents are unaware of the dangers of the internet—an ironic one.

Chappatte successfully conveys irony in "Online Hate," sending its message about the internet and the ignorance surrounding censorship. He does this through the use of juxtaposition in various contexts, including text, color and lighting, and clearly shows a stance against Nazism and the widespread use of the internet. The cartoon forces the audience to reflect on the real-world implications of the internet and question whether society is addressing the right online threats.

RAISSA SENOAJI

11 RESPECT



# Analytical Essay: The House of the Spirits

Analytical Essay Exam: *The House of the Spirits*  
by Chloe Djalal (121)

## Gender

LOI: To what extent does Esteban's relationship with Clara reinforce traditional gender roles, specifically within a conventional patriarchal marriage?

Gender roles are culturally and socially determined sets of expected behaviours, attitudes, and characteristics based on concepts of masculinity and femininity. This analysis interprets masculinity, that is, the characteristics of an ideal man, as strong, independent, and dominating, while femininity would echo the opposite: weak, reliant, and submissive. Traditional gender roles place men and women within a patriarchal system, defined within this context, as a social construct where a male figure holds absolute authority over a relationship. The portrayal of Esteban's marriage with Clara is dynamic, moving from reinforcement of traditional ideas of gender roles within a patriarchal marriage, to an undermining of the patriarchy by reversing Esteban and Clara's alignment to masculinity.

Esteban's masculinity is made apparent in his uncompassionate domination over Clara's body, and her inability to oppose him. A quote from chapter 6 depicts this dynamic:

"One day, Clara had a bolt installed on her bedroom door and after that she never let her bed again, except when I forced myself on her and when to have said no would have meant the end of our marriage."

The quote depicts how Esteban's relentless sexual pursuit of Clara led her to extreme measures: installing a lock on her door in a home that should be a place of comfort. That he is the reason behind this security measure, Esteban's casual tone whilst using the word "forced", which creates brutal tactile imagery in the reader's minds, simultaneously illustrates his lack of concern for her discomfort. Moreover, he is depicting his cruelty and lack of compassion toward his wife. Furthermore, he is stating that he used "the end of [their] marriage" as further leverage to use her. Evidence that Clara's stay was attributed to her need for security: financial, social, and other forms of necessities that a male figure could provide for herself. Clara's legal entrapment within the submissive 'feminine' power to fulfil his sexual desire. Esteban fulfils the role of a feminine counterpart: a dominant, controlling figure within a patriarchal structure. Reader deems an act 'moral' if it comes from inherent goodness, that is, purely well-meaning intentions. Contrarily, utilitarianism judges an act by its consequences, and to be 'right' is to create the maximum benefit for the maximum number of people. Esteban's effort to develop peasant life in Tres Marias, although seemingly 'good', is rooted in selfish intentions and definitions.

LOI: To what extent is Esteban's effort to develop peasant life in Tres Marias moral?

The apparent moral 'goodness' of Esteban's character is in constant flux throughout the novel, notably in his treatment of the peasantry in Tres Marias. This analysis will evaluate his actions to improve their livelihood, such as the provision of education and infrastructure improvements, and the extent to which they are morally 'correct'. Morality will be consulted through definitions by two contrasting schools: deontology and utilitarianism. Deontology deems an act 'moral' if it comes from inherent goodness, that is, purely well-meaning intentions. Contrarily, utilitarianism judges an act by its consequences, and to be 'right' is to create the maximum benefit for the maximum number of people. Esteban's effort to develop peasant life in Tres Marias, although seemingly 'good', is rooted in selfish intentions and definitions.

I. Deontology: morality as inherent goodness

When consulting Esteban's own narration, it appears that intentions to develop Tres Marias are pure; however, his unreliability as a narrator casts doubt and allows readers to identify the contradictions between Esteban's perception of himself and the uglier reality.

"No one's going to convince me that I wasn't a good patron. [...] I was like a father to them."

In this chapter, Esteban fervently defends his success as a patron, and it may be argued that his desire to be a 'good' leader conveys moral rightness. Comparing himself to a 'father' figure in the simile "I was like a father to them" creates an impression of warmth, care, and lovingness: traits of familial relation. However, this argument is undermined by his contradictory use of the word 'patron' which represents traits opposite to that of a loving family member: domination and control. It may thus be said that Esteban's own words juxtapose one another, casting him as an unreliable narrator. As such, the idea that Esteban had good intentions is fundamentally false: as his desire to be 'good' is merely a derivative of his desire to dominate the peasantry. It follows that his efforts to improve their quality of life are self-serving: a more educated workforce with better health provides higher productivity, and in turn, profit; a successful estate adds to his vanity. Esteban fails to be 'good' deontologically.

II. Utilitarianism: morality as consequential benefit

Esteban's perception of his impact upon Tres Marias depicts his actions as instrumentally 'good', however, they fundamentally failed to cause any real reform. The quote below shows Esteban's understanding of his impact on Tres Marias, and disillusionment toward reform:

"Anyone who saw Tres Marias in decline and who could see it now, when it's a model estate, would have to agree with me. That's why I can't go along with my granddaughter's story about class struggle. Because when it comes right down to it, those poor peasants are worse off today than they were fifty years ago."

It is shown that Clara's dependence on Esteban is matched disproportionately by Esteban's obsession and reliance on Clara to feed his sanity. The first part of the quote illustrates Esteban's neediness, which runs contrary to masculinity, contrasted by Clara's independence, a pillar of masculinity. Esteban compares Clara to a breath of air using simile - envisioning her as a necessity - and describes her as "diaphanous" - a synonym for fleeting - creating the imagery of Esteban to Clara as chasing wind. The reversal of gender roles undermines Esteban's masculinity, and in turn the conventional idea of a patriarchal marriage. Clara has obtained power by refusing to give Esteban what he wants: 'love'.

The phrase "I [...] embraced her with all my strength" contains irony, where the word 'embrace' runs contrary to the phrase 'with all my strength'; this presents Esteban's blindness to his own fault. As such, it may be argued that he maintains the basic functions of a patriarchy by enacting force, although he is stripped of his power as Clara remains steadfast in her apathy. In Esteban's dejected words, "I could never make her mine", where the word 'never' creates a sense of absolutism. Since true affection ('love') cannot be obtained by brute force, Esteban's patriarchal will is dissolved by Clara's disillusionment. As such, traditional gender roles are deconstructed as the author dismantles the idea of a true 'man' portrayed by Esteban and an outwardly patriarchal marriage reveals its matriarchal foundation.

In conclusion, Esteban's relationship with Clara both reinforce and subvert traditional gender roles. Instead of entirely dismantling the idea of a patriarchal marriage, the author suggests that the male-female dynamic, and in turn interactions with masculinity and femininity, are in a constant state of flux.

## Class

LOI: What does Esteban's treatment of peasant women in Tres Marias reveal about underlying class structures?

The theme of class depicts the social structures that separates groups of people on the basis of wealth and familial heritage, resulting in differences regarding access to basic freedoms, treatment by other social groups, and entitlement. This analysis will focus on the impact of class structures upon women, reflected through Esteban's treatment of peasant women in Tres Marias.

The strongest example of suffrage by the abuse of structural power is Esteban's first rape of Pancha. The quote below reveals his cruel infringement of a woman's sexual freedom, as a medium for the class domination:

## Morality

...and him, but she continued walking without looking up, following the custom of all their heads before the male. [...] Before her, her mother-- and same animal fate."

quote reveals that Esteban continues to sexually abuse the peasant women who turn as servants in the main house, and they also tended my the first flowers in the garden I had planned out with my own hand or changes, is the same one that's there today. In those days the people nibling. I think my presence made them feel secure again."

In conclusion, Esteban's rape of Pancha and control over the peasant women in Tres Marias depict the cyclical nature of class structures, which in turn govern the roles possessed by women. It is caused by and the cause of the blissful authority.

at Tres Marias transformation leaves the peasants better off, stating "those a lot worse off today than they were fifty years ago". This claim is uprooted information of the peasants' lives suffered or struggled in Esteban's absence. in Tres Marias reveal that they suffered or struggled in Esteban's absence. estate was in a state of disorganisation, the peasants themselves functioned on a life was not hindered. In fact, Esteban defends these claims of improvement outside perspective: in the quote he says "anyone who say Tres Marias in d who could see it now [...] would have to agree with me", where 'anyone' refers inhabitants of Tres Marias themselves, but visitors. Although in an outsider's eyes, he biased lens of Esteban, Tres Marias may have appeared to improve -- the s' well-being had not. On the contrary, due to Esteban's various abuses, there is ice of the peasantry's decline. It may follow that each of Esteban's actions were lated: education was provided, but not enough to trigger revolt; farm equipment was nished, but only to maximise Esteban's gain. Rooted in selfish intentions, Esteban's is to be instrumentally 'good'.

In conclusion, on the basis of the philosophical schools of deontology and utilitarianism, Esteban's development of Tres Marias -- although outwardly 'positive' -- are subdued by his selfish intentions, which prevent the peasants from experiencing true reform or social benefit.

CHLOE DJALAL

12 INTEGRITY



# Analytical Essay: The House of the Spirits

**Analytical Essay Exam: The House of the Spirits**  
by Hanneli Naibaho

**Analytical Essay Exam: The House**  
by Hannel Naibaho

Write your own short essay exam. This exam must have three specific questions that focus on a theme from *The House of the Spirits*. The questions must be specific so that they can be answered reasonably in a 300-500 word short essay. Then, you must answer each of your own questions with a 300-500 word essay for each. The essays must draw specific references to the text and demonstrate your analytical skills, discussing the significance of the theme and its effect on the audience.

Remember that your question must be addressed to address. Remember that your question must

are the broad themes you will need to address. Remember that your question must be more specific.

1. Gender
2. Class
3. Morality

**GENDER**

**GENDER** How does Isabel Allende employ juxtaposition in "The House of the Spirits" to objectify women and their roles as sexual beings?

**GENDER**  
How does Isabel Allende employ juxtaposition in "The House on the Edge of the World" to objectify women and their roles as sexual beings?

There is a stark contrast in Esteban's perception of women fit to be ideal as sex objects and their actual physical state. This can be seen when Esteban finds a girl to satisfy his sexual desires after Pancha, where he "looked out the window and saw a slender little girl hanging up dreaming of Rosa, where he was fully developed. Just then she turned and the wash on a wire" (Allende, 1982, pg. 80). He figured that "she could not have been more than thirteen or fourteen years old, but she was fully developed. The reader looked at him: she had the expression of a woman" (Allende, 1982, pg. 80). The reader being introduced to her as "slender" and "little", combined with the connotations of a girl being an adolescent, immediately creates the impression that she is young and most definitely a child. This is further supported by the idea that she is most likely thirteen or fourteen, an age where she has just started puberty and her body is still maturing physically and sexually. However, this idea is immediately juxtaposed by her actually being "fully developed," indicating that her sexual genitalia has reached the stage where procreation is possible. As she was only hanging up clothes to dry, she was not doing anything that could suggest to Esteban that she was of such age to carry out sexual acts, and yet he deems she had the "expression of a woman" when they so much as made eye contact. The difference between the use of the words "girl" and "woman" to describe her indicates a jarring contrast between the young nature of her stature and how Esteban perceives her to be fit to carry out sexual acts that are otherwise not ideal for her age. It indicates that he wouldn't have been a woman if it were not for Esteban's assertion that she was fit for sexual intercourse with him, where the only barrier between her being a girl or a woman is her sexual appeal and her biological capability to have intercourse. Because he would have intercourse, it indicates that a woman's inherent role is to be a sexual object for desires.

CLASS

How does Isabel Allende in the novel "The House of the Spirits" explore the perpetuation of the lower class struggles through the upper class' detachment from the broader society?

In "The House of the Spirits", the struggles of the lower class are perpetuated by their leaders, who are of the upper class, detachment from the rest of society. This is apparent in Esteban's disconnect from the people of Tres Marias, particularly from Pedro Tercero Garcia's music, where he "never heard it, because he did not allow radios in his house. He viewed them as instruments for the uneducated, and purveyors of sinister influences and vulgar ideas" (Allende, 1982, pg. 263). His reluctance to listen to the radio directly obstructs him from listening to the words of his people, especially when he views them as "instruments for the uneducated", which applies to the people of Tres Marias in comparison to Esteban's education. This idea is further reinforced when it states that "No one was further removed from popular music than he was" (Allende, 1982, pg. 263). Because he does not listen to Tres Marias, it highlights how there is a clear disconnect between Esteban and the people. Especially considering that Pedro Garcia was voicing the concerns of the people and critiques of the oppression which Tres Marias was advocating for the people of the oppression. Esteban's ignorance towards the voices of Tres Marias is under, and how the people agree and indicative of the upper class' approach to treating the lower classes in their respective haciendas, this isolation of Esteban in his bubble of privilege and tyrannical leadership illustrates how the upper class' disconnect from the broader society perpetuates the lower class' struggles because they are unable to lead on behalf of the lower class' needs and ensures that their struggles remain unaddressed.

**MORALITY**  
How...

How does Isabel Allende in "The House of the Spirits" explore the cyclical abuse of the lower class through the predetermined assortment of social classes? The continuous and cyclical abuse the lower class faces is attributed to their predetermined assignment, wherein this abuse is a dynamic between the two social classes. The understanding of which class is the oppressor and which is the oppressed is a fluid concept that changes over time, reflecting the cyclical nature of social abuse and the needs and desires of the ruling class.

their predetermined assortment of the Spirits" explore the cyclical abuse of the lower and their predetermined assignment, wherein this abuse is attributed to social classes and dynamic between the two social classes they are in that is inescapable. There is an innate understanding of which class is more powerful and hence authorized to abuse the other, like what he said, but they could recognize their master's voice when they heard it" (1982, pg. 67). When the peasants looked at each other "in amazement" it indicates a sense of respect towards Esteban, as their immediate submission to him was fear or resentment. This is emphasised when they "had not understood half of what he said," creating a barrier of communication. As they are both unable to communicate, but there is an inherent understanding of ownership, it assumes a indicative of a master and slave dynamic. And yet, despite such barriers, they [the peasants] their master's voice." The use of the word "master" doesn't simply allude to a higher class than the peasants, but that he has complete control over cognition and immediate respect towards Esteban further insinuates the idea of people in their social classes and the roles within them is of a dynamic.

**Rubric**  
15 Marks

Rubric 15 Marks				
	1-2 marks	3 marks	4 marks	5 marks
Knowledge and understanding	Makes vague references to the text and demonstrates little understanding of themes, character and plot.	Makes some references to the text and demonstrates some understanding of themes, character and plot.	Makes clear references to the text and demonstrates clear understanding of themes, character and plot.	Makes well-chosen references to the text and demonstrates comprehensive understanding of themes, character and plot.
Support for Argument	Reasoning is somewhat explained, and relates to the perspective offered	Reasoning is sufficiently explained, and generally supports the perspective offered	Reasoning is clearly explained, and directly supports the perspective offered	Reasoning is convincingly explained, and convincingly supports the perspective offered
Clarity of Language	Ideas are unclear, with little appropriate vocabulary.	Ideas are adequately expressed, with some appropriate vocabulary.	Ideas are clearly expressed, with appropriate vocabulary.	Ideas are expertly expressed, with well-chosen vocabulary.

# HANNIEL NAIBAHO



# Analytical Essay: The House of the Spirits

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are the broad themes you will need to address. Remember that your question must be more specific.

1. Gender
2. Class
3. Morality

**GENDER**

**GENDER** How does Isabel Allende employ juxtaposition in "The Night of the Tiger"? How does she use the tiger as a symbol? How does she use the tiger to represent the objectification of women and their roles as sexual beings? How does she use the tiger to represent the objectification of women and their roles as sexual beings? How does she use the tiger to represent the objectification of women and their roles as sexual beings?

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How does Isabel Allende in the novel "The House of the Spirits" explore the perpetuation of the lower class struggles through the upper class' detachment from the broader society?

In "The House of the Spirits", the struggles through the upper class' detachment from the broader society? The House of the Spirits" explore the perpetuation of leaders", who are of the upper class, detachment from the rest of society. This is apparent in Esteban's disconnect from the people of Tres Marias, particularly from Pedro Tercero Garcia's music, where he "never heard it, because he did not allow radios in his house. He viewed them as instruments for the uneducated, and purveyors of sinister influences and vulgar ideas" (Allende, 1982, pg. 263). His reluctance to listen to the radio directly obstructs him from listening to the words of his people, especially when he views them as "instruments for the uneducated", which applies to the people of Tres Marias in comparison to Esteban's education. This idea is further reinforced when it states that "No one was further removed from popular music than he was" (Allende, 1982, pg. 263). Because he does not listen to Tres Marias, it highlights how there is a clear disconnect between Esteban and the people. Especially considering that Pedro Garcia was voicing the concerns of the people and critiques of the oppression which Tres Marias was under, and how the people agree and advocate for the messages perpetuated through his music, this disconnect illustrates Esteban's ignorance towards the voices of Tres Marias. As Esteban's leadership style is indicative of the upper class' approach to treating the lower classes in their respective haciendas, this isolation of Esteban in his bubble of privilege and tyrannical leadership illustrates how the upper class' disconnect from the broader society perpetuates the lower class' struggles because they are unable to lead on behalf of the lower class' needs and ensures that their struggles remain unaddressed.

**MORALITY**  
How...

How does Isabel Allende in "The House of the Spirits" explore the cyclical abuse of the lower class through the predetermined assortment of social classes? The continuous and cyclical abuse the lower class faces is attributed to their predetermined assignment, wherein this abuse is a dynamic between the two social classes, a relationship that is understood of which the lower class is the victim.

[illegible]

**Rubric**  
**15 Marks**

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# HANNIEL NAIBAHO



# How Justice is Represented and Understood

## How Justice is Represented and Understood

by Endra Khaizuran Gustaman (12H), Howard Dominic Indra (12H), Mikha Bernhard Silitonga (12R), Jonathan Ong (12R) Lee Shi Han (12T) - English A SL Class

### Analyse how justice is represented and understood in two literary works.

A main focal point of many literary works is the injustice and corresponding justice occurring for the characters, with oftentimes an injustice being committed serving as an inciting incident for the rest of the plot and with achieving justice being the final goal of the story. However, this isn't always the case. "The House of the Spirits" by Isabel Allende is one of said works, which portrays cycles of justice and injustice in the Trueba family, as their Latin American country descends into a state of political and social turmoil through the decades. "Antigone" by Sophocles is another work which discusses injustice within a nation, eventually leading to the great suffering of many. While the time period and context behind the two works are very different, both works portray a similar representation of terrible injustices committed by figures in authority, only for that injustice to be paid back with a vengeance, leaving victims with a bittersweet end. All to achieve the final representation of how justice and injustice are more similar than they would first appear.

To ascertain how this point is reached, it is imperative to discuss how both works portray injustices as an action that would result in karmic or divine retribution, where the harm caused by a perpetrator of injustice would eventually have that suffering fall back onto them. Beginning with "The House of the Spirits", the book depicts the actions of Esteban Trueba, a wealthy landowner who in fits of rage and anger, rapes the peasants living on his land and goes so far as knocking the teeth out of the love of his life Clara. The clear injustices Esteban performs in the story, leads to a cascading domino effect which results in him having to suffer a lonely life with his other half practically absent and decades later a disgruntled bastard grandson who rapes his beloved legitimate granddaughter. The narrative events occurring to Esteban in the plot all serve to portray the karmic nature of injustice, where the injustices one commits is paid back to them through the domino effect they cause. This can be seen evidently in the line of page 235 of the book, where Esteban recounts "I felt so alone after that! I didn't know then that loneliness would never leave me," indicating the regret he feels due to the karmic retribution he received. Through this the book understands justice as an abstract concept, which returns suffering inflicted with suffering received, or in other words a form of karmic retribution. Sophocles' "Antigone" echoes a similar stance of how justice is served in the form of retribution, but rather than a domino effect as its server, the story hints that retribution is served by the divine. Within Antigone's narrative, the prideful king Creon decrees the punishment through live burial for Antigone after her transgression against the state of burying a man decreed by him to not be buried. This single action cascades into prophecies of his eventual demise, prophecies that come to fruition when it is revealed Antigone committed suicide, leading to his son and wife following suit. The book highlights the suffering paid back to Creon after his injustices in lines 1310-1302 "who, against my will, killed you, my son, and also you, my wife. Ah, grief!" The book portrays this retribution as an act of the divine, suggesting that the gods themselves ensure that the injustice one commits is returned to its perpetrators in full. Thus through this understanding of both works, it can be said that the two works view justice as an eventual final result of the cascading events caused by injustice, served back to the perpetrators to ensure they become familiar with the taste of the suffering they inflicted upon others.

In both "The House of the Spirits" by Isabel Allende and "Antigone" by Sophocles, the protagonists, Clara and Antigone, are portrayed as victims who, despite achieving a sense of justice through winning personal victories, ultimately experience bittersweet endings due to significant losses. In "The House of the Spirits", Clara endures a life of emotional abuse from her husband, Esteban Trueba, yet she manages to carve out a sense of peace and happiness with her other family members. Allende illustrates Clara's quiet triumph through her decision to withhold affection from Esteban, a subtle form of torture that leaves him in a state of longing and regret. Clara's peaceful death signifies her final escape from Esteban's tyranny, suggesting that while she has suffered, she finds solace and satisfaction in her family connections, highlighting Allende's theme of resilience and emotional survival. Similarly, Antigone faces the consequences for defying Creon's edict by burying her brother, an act of loyalty to the divine law. Sophocles portrays Antigone as a tragic hero who remains steadfast in her beliefs, even as it leads to her death. Although Antigone's defiance results in her suicide, she achieves a both moral victory by upholding her principles and a personal victory through potentially securing herself place in Elysium, the afterlife for the righteous. However, this victory is accompanied by the ultimate sacrifice, demonstrating the bittersweet feeling of her fate. Both characters, Clara and Antigone, find a measure of victory in their respective battles, but the justice they achieve is full of loss. Thus both works achieve the understanding that although victims may receive justice in the form of moral or personal victories over their abusers and oppressors, that justice does not come without cost, highlighting the bittersweet nature of justice.

In "The House of the Spirits" by Isabel Allende and "Antigone" by Sophocles, justice is portrayed as a broad concept that can manifest in both righteous and corrupted forms, depending on the intentions and actions of the individuals involved. This possibility for justice to be corrupted is shown in "The House of the Spirits", where Esteban García seeks justice for his grandmother's rape by assaulting the granddaughter of her rapist, yet this act of justice is a twisted one, fueled more by vengeance and anger than any righteous ideals. Esteban García's actions illustrate how a desire for retribution can corrupt the idea of justice, turning it into an instrument of further harm rather than a justifiable punishment to the wicked. Conversely, Clara's quiet resistance to Esteban Trueba serves as a more just form of justice. Through her emotional withdrawal and refusal to forgive Esteban, she enacts a long-term punishment on him, embodying a form of justice that is more just and personal, encouraging positive changes in Esteban through her act. The two portrayals of justice within "The House of the Spirits" demonstrate how the idea of justice can be both morally just and unjust. Meanwhile in "Antigone", Creon's rigid adherence to his own sense of justice, which prioritises the state over divine law, leads to his own downfall. He believes that punishing traitors and rewarding the loyal serves the good, yet his version of justice directly conflicts with the divine laws that honours. Sophocles contrasts Creon's flawed justice with the karmic justice that befalls him. As a result of his pride and ego, Creon loses his son and wife, receiving divine retribution. Antigone, through her adherence to divine law, represents a form of divine justice that condemns Creon's actions and upholds the gods' will. Therefore, justice is represented as a spectrum, where it can serve as a force for good depending on the intentions behind it.

From the previous analysis, it can be concluded that the works "The House of the Spirits" and "Antigone" represent justice as a complex idea, with both works portraying justice often come about through a complex tangle of domino effects, punishing the perpetrators and providing bittersweet retribution for victims. With both works, the representation of justice, merely further perpetuate injustice due to personal motives. Therefore, it can be said that the works represent and understand justice as a form of justice that is dependent on the intentions behind its use.

ENDRA GUSTAMAN, HOWARD INDRA

12 HUMILITY

MIKHA SILITONGA, JONATHAN ONG

12 RESPECT

LEE SHI HAN

12 TEAMWORK