

The Big Monster Named Casperro

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By Lincoln Warren Wibowo 1Teamwork

In a dark, mysterious forest, there lived a monster named Casperro. Casperro was a huge monster with big wings, razor-sharp teeth, and a long purple tail. Despite his scary looks, Casperro loved swimming and playing with animals.

One day, a boy named Joe went into the forest to catch fish for his family. Suddenly, Joe saw Casperro walking towards him.

"Oh no! A monster!" Joe cried.

Joe was so shocked that he tripped and fell into the river.

"Help! I can't swim!" Joe shouted.

At once, Casperro felt guilty. "I'm sorry! Don't be scared," Casperro said kindly. He quickly went into the water and helped Joe. Casperro pulled Joe out of the river and kept him safe.

Joe took a deep breath and said, "Thank you for saving me."

Casperro smiled and replied, "You're welcome. I just wanted to help."

Finally, Joe was saved from drowning in the river. He was thankful to Casperro, and they became good friends.

LINCOLN WARREN

WIBOWO

1 TEAMWORK

Spooky and Matilda

Spooky and Matilda

By Willow Roux Kolonas 1 Respect

One day, there was a good God. He created the magical forest and also Matilda. There were magical fruits for Matilda. She was blessed.

The good God smiled and said, "This forest will protect you, Matilda."

Then, the bad God became angry. "I don't want Matilda to be blessed!" he growled. So, he created a monster named Spooky.

After a while, Spooky wanted to eat Matilda. "I'm going to catch you!" Spooky roared as he chased her.

"Please don't hurt me!" Matilda cried as she ran away.

Suddenly, Spooky tripped and fell into the mud. "Oh no! Help me!" he shouted. The magical mud was sticky and began to pull him in.

Matilda stopped and looked back. "He tried to scare me, but I feel sorry for him," she said softly. She grabbed a rope, tied it around Spooky's hand, and pulled him out.

Spooky looked surprised and said, "You helped me? Thank you."

Finally, Spooky said, "Sorry for scaring you."

"I forgive you," Matilda replied with a smile.

Together they said, "Let's work as a team!" They defeated the bad God, had fun together, and became best friends. They lived happily ever after.

**WILLOW ROUX
KOLONAS**

1 RESPECT

Helping Ben

Helping Ben

Darren Peter D'Cunha- 2T

One sunny morning, Ben was trying all the slides in the park. 'It feels amazing to slide down the slide,' Ben thought. When Ben was sliding from the tallest slide, he scraped his leg because he went too fast.

After that, Ben looked around to see if there was a friend to help him. He didn't find anyone, so he decided to go back to class.

On the way back to class, Ben saw his friend Jimmy.

Jimmy was a kind boy, and he noticed Ben's worried face. He helped Ben walk to the classroom.

When they reached the class, everyone laughed at Ben because of the way he was walking.

'Ben got hurt on his leg!' some children teased and laughed.

Soon, the teacher came.

Immediately, Jimmy told the teacher about the other students. He also asked the teacher if he could accompany Ben to the clinic.

At last, Ben reached the clinic and was treated by the school nurse.

While Ben and Jimmy were at the clinic, the teacher explained to the class. 'Next time, don't laugh at your friends!' she said firmly.

After a few minutes, Ben and Jimmy returned from the clinic, and the teacher rewarded Jimmy with a sticker because he helped his friend in need.

DARREN D'CUNHA

2 TEAMWORK

Dragon Boy and the Faun

Dragon Boy and the Faun

Claire Hitijahubessy- 2H

Dragon Boy crept towards the sound.

Suddenly, a faun appeared. The faun was shouting for help.

Dragon Boy realised that the faun had huge bite marks and was in pain. He walked towards the faun and used his magical superpower, which could heal anything.

A few moments later, the faun was fully healed. Then, the faun told Dragon Boy how he got the big bite marks. 'A pack of wolves attacked me,' he said.

Without thinking, Dragon Boy ran quickly, looking everywhere for the wolves. Then, he saw the pack of wolves hiding in the bushes. The wolves were strong, grey, and brave.

Dragon Boy knew that wolves were afraid of fire, and he got an idea.

As soon as the wolves saw Dragon Boy, they were not frightened. However, when Dragon Boy took a deep breath and blew hot, orange fire, every single wolf ran away and never dared to come back.

In the end, Dragon Boy ran straight back to the faun, and the faun said, 'Thank you for saving me.'

CLAIRE HITIJAHUBESSY

2 HUMILITY

The Secret Garden Mystery

The Secret Garden Mystery
James Theodore Martaniardjo, 3H

The next day, she went to the garden, but she didn't see Ben.

Instead, she saw a group of robins on the dirt path.

'Do you know about the garden? Can you help me find a keyhole?' she asked.

Chirp, chirp! It sounded as if the birds were replying to her. The robins instantly formed arrows on the ground to show her the way. Mary decided to follow the arrows, but she struggled to catch up with the robins because they were too fast.

When she arrived, she was exhausted, but her exhaustion was quickly replaced with excitement when she saw a gold key with a blood-red ruby encrusted in it. Then she ran to the door at the speed of light. In a few minutes, she was already at the door. She struggled to put the key into the keyhole because her hands were so jittery, but eventually she got the key in.

Click! The door opened with a loud bang. Mary gasped in amazement. She saw a beautiful garden with blooming flowers and flourishing plants. Even stranger, she saw a tiny cottage. Curiously, she walked toward the cottage. Inside it, she found a girl who looked very sick.

'Who are you?' Mary gasped.

'My name is Rosie,' the girl replied.

'Why are you locked up in this garden?' Mary asked.

'It used to be a home, but ever since I fell ill, I haven't seen sunlight or fresh air,' she replied sadly.

Mary felt sorry for her, so she decided to take her out of the cottage to make her see sunlight. Surprisingly, Rosie was able to walk quite well.

They played happily, and over time, Rosie's health improved.

Mary visited the garden every day and kept their friendship a secret. That was the best summer Mary ever had.

**JAMES THEODORE
MARTANIARDJO**

3 HUMILITY

The Mystery of the Secret Garden

The Mystery of the Secret Garden

By: Tobias Tirtasaputra- 3H

Mary searched the garden, but she couldn't find the key.

Suddenly, the robin chirped again, and Mary noticed that there was something shiny under the tree. She tried to pull it out of the dry soil, but it just wouldn't budge. After many tries, Mary finally managed to pull the key out. The key easily slid into the keyhole, and the door creaked open.

In the garden, there were beautiful flowers. There were apple trees, mango trees, and many other wonders of nature.

Suddenly, Mary heard footsteps.

'Anyone there?' Mary shouted.

There was no reply. Mary turned around and saw a mysterious figure wearing a long cloak.

'Who are you?' asked Mary.

'Who I am does not matter,' he warned. 'Now don't go any further — go away.'

Mary realised that the creature had claws, so she thought it was a monster. Then Mary got a fantastic idea. She threw a stick at the creature and jumped behind it.

After that, Mary pulled the creature's cloak and kicked the creature. The creature started dancing like it was in a disco party and toppled over a stone, revealing what it really was — a stray cat in one of Ben's worn-out, muddy clothes. The cat dashed away like it was in a running race and climbed over the tall gate.

While Mary was walking back to the manor, all she could think about was the secret garden.

'Meow!' She saw the stray cat again, but this time it had brought some friends. The cats lunged at her, and she ran as fast as her legs could carry her.

TOBIAS TIRTASAPUTRA

3 HUMILITY

Between Light and Darkness

The birds chirped as Maya looked up at her leaking roof. The only light coming through was a gap between the windows. Her eyes lit up. She yawned and stretched her arms as far as they could go. She slipped out of her so-called bed, which was clearly just moss and wood. Her dark circles under her eyes shot up like an arrow. She heard a creak. Her eyes widened as she took out her sword. A black figure was at the end of the hallway. It was wearing a black hoodie with golden patterns. She blinked, and it was gone.

Maya trembled while opening the curtains. The light shining upon her silver hair like silk. Her blue eyes were so dark and deep that they could drown people with their beauty. She decided to go out today. Do some hunting while she's at it. She opened the window, shot a cold look at the corridor, and hoped to wander around the forest, which was basically asking to get eaten. Little did she know that something was following her. A dark figure was behind her. She turned around holding her sword, but it was gone.

She snapped back to reality as someone was crying. It sounded like a little girl. Stuck in a cave piled with rocks and pain. Maya took the rocks out. "Hello! Anyone there?" She shouted.

Nothing.

She could only see an endless cave and the days ahead being counted.

Then, a dark figure was towering over her. She gasped, feeling a sword on her chest.

Was it the end?

She didn't know yet, but right now she is stuck between life and death.

SOPHIE TARDY

4 TEAMWORK

The Book of Fairy Tricks

"Come down, Mindy!" Mom called. It was breakfast time and time to go to school.
"Okay!" Mindy called back. Mindy's breakfast was cereal as usual. She gobbled up her breakfast as fast as a crocodile and packed her bag as quickly as she could. Mom kissed her forehead, and Mindy was off for school.

When she arrived at school, the classroom was very silent and deathly still.
"I wonder why they are silent," she thought. So she sat at her desk quietly. She heard her partner, James, whispering to his friends, Andy and Sophia.
"Did you hear the news?" James whispered, "Three fairies have escaped from a portal!"
Andy and Sophia gasped. Mindy joined them.
"A fairy?" she laughed. "Stop joking!"
"It's real news!" James said with a serious face. "Real fairies!"

Before Mindy could reply with something, a portal appeared, and something emerged. It was a tall fairy! She had sparkling emerald eyes. She had sharp ears and dark pink hair. She also wore a lot of jewellery. "I'm looking for Mindy," the fairy said. Everyone in the class pointed at Mindy. Mindy was uncomfortable.

"Come on, Mindy," the fairy replied. "We need you."
Mindy took the fairy's hand, and the fairy jumped into the portal. The fairy's hands were cold but hot inside.

A moment later, they arrived in a strange world. "Where are we?" Mindy asked.
"Don't be afraid," the fairy said softly as she handed a magical wand and book to her. The magical book read, "The Book of Fairy Tricks."

"You are the one who can find the missing fairies that have escaped," she said.
"How do you know me? And who are you?" Mindy asked curiously.

"I'm the queen fairy, and my name is Lavina. I actually take care of both the fairy world and the human world," Lavina said.

"W-wait. That means I'm in the Fairy world?" Mindy asked nervously.
"Yes," Lavina said.
"What? Are you out of mind?!" Mindy cried out. "I can't find the fairies! I don't even know magic!"
"That magic book will help," Lavina said.

JUHA PARK
4 HUMILITY

CLAIDI'S DIARY

Claidi's Diary

Amelia 5H

Day 1

People were scurrying around from place to place, preparing Lady Jane Leaf's suitcase and loading it onto the carriage. Part of me wanted to go to New York, but my other half dreaded having to accompany bad-tempered LJL and being forced to admire her awful poems and foul paintings. The journey was painfully boring, mostly filled with LJL's child-like tantrums.

"Oh, it's so hot!" Lady Jade Leaf complained a thousand times.

I'm hot too, I thought, but servants don't get opinions, do they?

Day 2

Today was chaos wrapped in exhaustion. LJL had been sleeping all morning, so I decided to take a break from fanning her 'hot' legs and massaging them delicately as if they were priceless porcelain instead of... well, legs.

I tiptoed as quietly as a mouse back to my small room. My room had a bed so small that you couldn't roll over without falling off, no toilet (I had to go to the main one, which was very far), and a narrow carpet that could only fit laid out clothes since there was no wardrobe.

Oh no! It's 8:30 already. I need to make breakfast for LJL!

Day 3

The reason why I didn't continue this entry yesterday was that after making LJL's fancy breakfast: bacon, eggs, waffles, rare fruits, cereal, croissant and coffee (it's a wonder why she's not as fat as a hippo) - my diary was gone! I searched everywhere, worried, hoping to find it.

At night, during turn-down service at LJL's room, I found it! To my horror, it was opened, with a crumpled note inside.

Claidi,

Since you think my writing is not as good as yours, please write me something by tomorrow. I'm waiting.

Lady Jade Leaf

I stood there stunned, shocked and — strangely thrilled!

Day 7

Many days have passed, because lots of things have happened, and I don't know where to begin. LJL got famous for 'her' (my) poems. Wherever she goes, people shower her with praise.

What's unfair is that she hasn't given me any credit. Not once. No thank you. No smile. All she cares about is the attention she's getting.

Day 10

Last night, LJL hosted another gathering, proudly reading her poems (that I wrote). In her excitement, she left behind a stack of drafts I had addressed to her. By morning, everyone had seen them. The truth travelled faster than her reputation.

Now people stop me in the street, while LJL has fallen strangely silent.

For once, I'm nobody's servant.

AMELIA

5 HUMILITY

CLAIDI'S DIARY

Claidi's Diary - Cammy 5T

Day 1

Today, Lady Jade Leaf called me to her office. I was worried that I would get fired (especially because I stole this book), but the reason she called me might have been worse than getting fired.

I was supposed to leave for Paris with the great LJL! She wanted me to be her fashion servant. (If you're not familiar with that term, it's a job where you pick out *all* her outfits while still being a maid.)

By evening, I was already in a carriage on the way to Paris. The ride was awful. Lady Jade Leaf kept sighing and acting tired. How annoying can this woman be?

Day 2

I thought yesterday was bad, but today was far worse. We wandered around Paris, and yes, it was beautiful, but it's hard to enjoy the city when you're juggling eight shopping bags filled with facial products.

After that, LJL yelled at me for being too distracted. What exactly am I supposed to do? So far, my favourite thing I've seen in Paris is the fashion boutiques. Maybe I'll work in one someday, when I'm not a busy bee.

Day 3

I am so tired of working for this woman. I love how Paris looks, and I want to explore this fascinating city. I'm ashamed of saying it, but I want to escape.

My life is going nowhere if I keep working as a maid forever. I've wanted to learn fashion since I could talk. I've been thinking, and now I know what I'll do.

In the middle of the night, when LJL is asleep, I'll escape. I'll flee like a bird.

Day 4

I just escaped. I'm sitting outside our hotel on a bench, scribbling in this book.

However, I've just realised that I have no money. All the shops are closed, and the wind is gnawing on my bones. I have no other place to sleep except this hard wooden bench.

Tomorrow, I'll explore the shops and see if anyone would be able to take me in. One thing I've realised from this trip is that Paris is a beautiful city.

Day 5

This morning, I walked around the bustling streets of Paris. No store caught my eye until I saw a small boutique called *La Fernande*. Lucky for me, right?

On the front door, it said they were hiring—foreigners accepted. I knocked and asked about the job. They said I would need to take a fashion test first.

They sat me down and asked me to fill out a form. I was done in fifteen minutes. They were pleasantly surprised and offered me the job and a place to stay.

Day 6 – Reflection

The past six days have been a wild journey for me. In the end, I found a job and a place to stay in Paris. I'm happy and free, and I'm glad I don't have to work for LJL anymore.

This is Claidi signing off. Bye!

CAMMY

5 TEAMWORK

Silver

A young boy yawned as he dragged himself out of bed and got ready for school. It was the year 12330, a time when technology had advanced far beyond anything people once imagined. Walls glowed with information, clothes adjusted themselves to the weather, and travelling across the world took less than a minute.

The boy's name was Silver. After dressing, he grabbed his bag, raced to the front door, and waved goodbye to his mother.

"Don't forget your lunch chip!" she called.

"Got it!" Silver replied, already halfway out.

He jumped onto the teleportation platform outside his house. With a loud hum, the machine activated. Silver felt his body tingle as it broke down into tiny atoms, ready to be sent elsewhere.

"Everything will be fine," Silver told himself – just before his mouth dissolved into glowing debris.

Only a minute passed.

Silver stepped out of the teleportation chamber, expecting to see the familiar sight of long electric roads, floating signboards, and flying trains zooming past above his head. His school usually hovered nearby, its top half drifting gently in the air like a cloud.

But that was not what he saw.

Instead, Silver stood on decaying grass beneath a wide, burning sky. A long, empty savanna stretched out before him. The wind howled softly, brushing past crooked trees and dry bushes. One bush croaked strangely, its branches groaning like an old door.

"Oh, gosh!" Silver shouted. "Now is NOT the time for it to break!"

He spun around, heart pounding, but the teleportation machine behind him was shattered. Sparks zapped wildly from its cracked surface. Silver groaned and rolled his eyes.

"Great. Just great."

Knowing he had to save his energy for his flying skateboard, Silver began trudging forward on foot. The heat pressed down on him, and every step felt heavier than the last. After a long while, he spotted something in the distance – buildings.

Or were they huts?

As he got closer, he realised it was a village... or maybe a city. Stone towers rose unevenly from the ground, and narrow paths twisted between them. It felt ancient, forgotten by time.

Silver opened his mouth to shout for help.

A masked hand suddenly clamped onto his shoulder.

“Don’t move,” growled a deep voice.

Silver froze. His heart hammered in his chest. He knew the stories. This was a Razor – a hooded hunter feared across the lands beyond the modern cities.

Memories flooded back. Years ago, his mother had pointed at an enormous map.

“This,” she had said quietly, “is Lamford.”

“Razors patrol this city for intruders,” the hunter muttered.

Another Razor stepped forward and began searching Silver’s pockets. His hands stopped suddenly.

“What’s this?” the Razor hissed.

He pulled out a glowing gem. Silver’s breath caught. His long-lost father had given him that gem before he disappeared. Silver couldn’t lose it.

“No!” Silver shouted.

Acting without thinking, Silver twisted free and pulled out a limestone dagger hidden at his side. He spun and delivered a flying kick, knocking one Razor backwards. The other lunged, but Silver struck first, stabbing the Razor with a stolen sword. The hunter collapsed.

The second Razor snarled and pulled out a pocket knife. Silver ducked as the blade flashed past his face and, with one final desperate move, drove his dagger into the Razor’s armour. The hunter fell to the ground.

Silver stood there, breathing hard, his hands shaking.

But this wasn’t over yet.

DERRICK TARDY

6 HUMILITY

Advisor in Another World

Denuske sighed after hanging his black coat and lying on his queen-sized bed in his small apartment in Osaka. His soul was basically drifting out of his body. It was an exhausting day. After all, being a Japanese salaryman at that time and age wasn't exactly the kindest job. But he had received a notice the previous day. He would get promoted and be one step closer to fulfilling his dream!

Soon, he was carried into the land of the sleeping, his excitement still with him. He dreamt of living in a nice house, donating to charity, and helping people every day. He ate like a king and had a large paycheck - larger than the one he had now, at least. "This is so nice," he thought. "I wish it could go on forev-"

"OW!" Denuske shouted as his body seemingly fell to the cold, black floor of a hall of some kind with a loud thud. The pain relieved quickly enough, but Denuske still could not get a good idea of what this strange place was.

"Arise, Denuske," boomed a loud voice, deep as an endless abyss yet comforting mysteriously.

Suddenly, as if his body was in control for a moment, Denuske found himself standing in front of a massive figure. Its body was covered by plates of obsidian-black armour that had carvings of gold on them. Denuske spotted gold leaves on his shoulder guards. Realizing that this man looked something like an army general, albeit much taller and bulkier, made him extremely intimidating.

"I have chosen you to help our country in this war. You are currently in another world where magic and magic beasts exist. I am the Demon King, and I wish to apologize for the sudden teleportation. Forgive me. If you take my offer, I will pay you immensely. But you may also head home peacefully with no memory of this happening. What is your choice?" the Demon King spoke again.

Denuske decided to wait before answering and spend time with his thoughts. He thought back to before the promotion notice came. He had always gone to the bar by the name of Eden Hall to vent his feelings to the bartender. He was a tall and hearty old man who always gave him advice when Denuske was struggling.

That day, he remarked about something random with a laugh. It went like this: Helping other people is part of our nature. We are humans after all. Denuske could not make sense of it at first, but now he knew what it meant.

"I'll take the jo-" But before Denuske could finally answer, a deafening explosion destroyed the wall to the right of Denuske and left his ears ringing. The stained glass tapestries shattered, and pitch-black bricks went flying in all directions. After confirming that he and the king were alright, Denuske peered through the thick smoke. A dim, golden light from outside the castle revealed thousands of reptilian soldiers with shining scales like armour marching through the hole, weapons at the ready.

"The left wing's been breached!"

ARJUNA BOENJAMIN

6 RESPECT

The Grilled Cheese Sandwich

“The Grilled Cheese Sandwich”
Keisha Athira Rahmania 7E

“I’ll eat it later.”

As I say, packing the grilled cheese sandwich my grandmother made for me. The cheese cooled down and hardened as each day passed. But my grandma still makes one fresh homemade sandwich each morning. I did not care. I did not eat it.

“Just a bite?” murmured my grandma.

Her warm gaze turned to something cold and disheartened. She sat on the rocking chair with the nightstand on, slowly drifting to sleep like a normal day.

I left the freshly packed sandwich untouched and left for school. The sandwich was never special. It was plain with some extra cheddar cheese. But today was different. It felt as if the world turned colder and harsher until I heard a call, ringing through my pocket.

“Your grandmother has passed away in the apartment --”

I hung up. I didn’t feel remorseful or miserable; I just went home. The air felt tighter as I took each step. By the time the door opened, the sandwich greeted me with a similar scent. My eyes twitched, but I didn’t know why. Memories of told stories felt like hearing them for the first time. The face of the one who shared love and grace appeared in front of me. I didn’t realize it, but I held the sandwich *tightly*. The pressure I no longer could hold; the grief and coldness shattered and pushed my body down to the floor, wrestling me and my eyes that streamed a riverbank.

“Why did I wait until now?”

Everything happened quickly and flashed like lightning. Something was missing in my insides, the cold and ruthless world of cruelty let me taste of my own actions. I no longer felt whole but empty. Replaying my grandma’s love and support in words, I ate the sandwich she had made. The homemade sandwich felt uneasy to swallow. It felt like home, a welcome, warm feeling that eased me. I didn’t attend her funeral. It was too unbearable. The floral scent of her swayed against my nose, imitating her presence. Slowly, I enjoyed the taste of the sandwich and realized.

I only cared when the only person who wholeheartedly loved me was gone.

KEISHA RAHMANIA

7 EXCELLENCE

Assassination

Assassination

Maximilian Setiawan - 7C

The bell rang as the glass door slowly opened. His footsteps could not be heard through the sounds of billiard balls clashing and the faint chatter echoing through the small room.

His movements gave a somewhat majestic and elegant impression, from the smooth way he walked to the posture in which he sat. But the most obvious feature of him was his emerald green eyes. His pupils were only black slits, resembling that of a sly cat.

The bartender offered him a drink, which he accepted without a word. In the blink of an eye, his glass was completely empty, with only a few bubbles forming at the bottom. He stood up suddenly and proceeded to go to the restroom.

I immediately stood up and followed him through the crowd gathering next to the billiards table. I entered the bathroom only to find him standing next to a running sink, his left hand behind his back, concealing what he was holding.

Perspiration rolled down my face while he stayed exceptionally calm. I attempted to grab his arm. He dodged.

By reflex, I turned, revealing the small knife I had kept in my side pocket. In a swift movement, I disarmed him and pinned him to the ground.

Now the little hints of sweat had turned into a shower. My breathing was heavy and my lips were dry. I was well aware that this mission would not be easy, but to be disabled or paralysed in under ten seconds would be an embarrassment to my career.

He pulled out his own knife, which I recognized to be one of the bartender's. His emerald green eyes met mine with a sharpness of gaze that could pierce through even the strongest steel.

"What do you want?" he whispered almost demanding.

Not a single word escaped my sealed lips. I prepared for the fate that was going to befall me.

My muscles tensed. I thought of the family I had back in Texas — a wife, a daughter, and an adorable cat.

Ironic to think that I could be killed by one.

My time had finally come.

I took one final breath. The pungent bathroom air was filled with the stench of alcohol.

Then the world went dark.

MAXIMILIAN SETIAWAN

7 COMMITMENT

One Silent Station

"One Silent Station"

Joanne Abbigail Jiaw 7E

The eerie darkness, a voice of silence, it began to creep in. Every step I took, battling a fight. The walls came closing in, my eyes deceiving me. Arm hairs stand still, tall. The blood rushed through my body violently. The pounding of my heart could be heard all the way around. Chills, goose bumps around my body.

The floors, dirty, and I felt isolated. My shoes all scuffed up in mud and tiny rocks between the slightest crack of my shoe. The lights flickering made me even more panicked. Noises shouting to me up and down. Silent, sweetened whispers to the loud bangs of steel pipes. I could say this was not for the weak.

"All passengers, the last train for today will arrive shortly. Please maintain patience as only five more minutes remain," aggressively the announcement declared.

I was close to death being nearly startled by the speaker. The feeling of being abandoned, alone, scared, all while in the dead of night. It slowly crept in me. My eyes, fingers, and even feet, fidgeting. The scraping sounds of the floor was the only thing to keep my sanity.

Looked at my watch: 22:58. I couldn't bear with this any longer. Although I was about to lose my mind, a small part of me begged to retain my peace. Every second moving forward was just a reminder that I was closer to getting out of this dusty train station.

As I started to keep my cool, a noise breezed through my ear. The wind rushing, getting louder and louder every single moment. I closed my eyes thinking, contemplating my choice to work for a night shift. I needed that extra money though.

DING! The noise stopped. I opened my eyes to check the time, 23:00. In front of me, my ticket to escape, the train of hope and determination. Finally, standing beneath me was a sleek, modern floor. I sat down, relieved. I could ultimately hear the breath and voices of people. I let out a sigh with a clear vision from the light and in my head for where I was going. Home.

JOANNE JIAW

7 EXCELLENCE

Hope in the Snow

Nicholas Harsono 8 Respect
Question: 1 (a) English

Hope In The Snow

By: Nicholas Harsono Date: 21 February 1912

3 days ago, on 18 February, a young man named Tom Crean made a terrifying 35-mile journey in the Antarctic desert. And only 48 hours later, his stranded friends, Lashly and Evans, were rescued thanks to Crean's efforts.

Only a month before, Crean, Lashly, and Evans set out on their soon-to-be-punishing 750-mile journey across the South Pole. 35 miles before reaching their end base, Fort Hut, Evans fell sick. With no hope of going through the Arctic ill, Crean set out on his journey alone.

"It was bitterly cold, and I was thirsty and starving. But, I knew I had to do it for the survival of all of us," Crean said when asked about the journey. When he reached Fort Hut 18 hours later, he had just narrowly avoided a fierce blizzard that could've ended his life, said the Russian dog-driver, Dimitri.

After the blizzard and 48 hours after Crean left, Evans and Lashly were finally saved by Dr. Atkinson and Dimitri. Lashly reported Evans 'grabbing a dog's ears' and 'sinking his face into its hairy mane'. However, both had almost lost hope in the snow, yet Crean never did.

Today, Crean, Lashly, and Evans are finally home, and Tom Crean has become a renowned explorer here at Fort Hut. For further reading and everything Antarctic related, stay tuned for more newspapers from The Fort Hut Times, and thank you for reading.

NICHOLAS HARSONO

8 RESPECT

The Hero Fueled by Determination

The Hero Fueled By Determination

By: Juliet Situwali

On 4 January 1912, three Antarctic explorers, Crean, Lashly, and Evans went on a 750-mile journey across the South Pole. Suddenly Evans fell sick, leaving the group with no choice but to find help. The brave Irishman, Crean, went on a solo walk to Hut Point, 35 miles away, in 18 hours. On 18 February, he was able to find Dimitri, a Russian dog-driver, and Atkinson, the only doctor around the 400 mile radius of Hut Point. They were able to rescue Lashly and Evans, who were on the brink of their deaths, on 20 February.

Crean had to travel alone to Hut Point to seek help. This is because one of their group members, Evans, became sick at the start of their journey. Lashly wanted to accompany Crean on his journey. Heroically, Crean turned the offer down and requested he stay with Evans since he was in a fragile state. Crean went through this dangerous, staggering journey alone. He was about to meet his death by a blizzard, but, thankfully, he had reached the Hut Point in time. Starving and exhausted, Crean spread the news of his two friends just as he collapsed on the floor. The blizzard delayed the rescue by a day and a half, giving Crean enough time to rest and replenish his energy. Two days after Crean's leave for the journey, just as Lashly and Evans' hopes were all drained, the rescue party was able to find and save them.

Atkinson, the 35-year-old doctor, was interviewed by News Comm yesterday. "When Crean busted through the door out of nowhere, Dimitri and I were in complete shock. His entire, fragile body was shivering with cold. He collapsed onto the floor, knees weak and body literally dead from exhaustion and malnutrition," Atkinson stated. When Atkinson did a medical checkup on Crean, his fingertips were reported to be blue from the cold. It is a miracle that this Irishman was able to survive in insane weather conditions.

Crean, the true hero of this all, is a 27-year old Antarctic explorer. "I've been on many explorations and journeys before. The journey to Hut Point, however, is my number 1 worst. My bones felt as though they were going to break. My head was spinning nonstop. However, I was determined to save my friends and I knew what I had to do. As Elsa said, the cold never bothered me anyway!" Crean reported with a warm laugh.

The explorers are reported to be in their base camp as of the moment. Lashly and Evans suffered no major injuries or disease. They have shared how this setback will not stop them from doing what they love, exploring Antarctic. However, they will be more prepared in the future. If you want to know more about this heroic rescue, or how they are doing currently, visit www.NewsComm.com!

JULIET SITUWALI

8 COMMITMENT

The Rescue: One Man Solo

The Rescue : One Man Solo

Byline :

Hailey Lie, International journalist

Yesterday on January 4 1912, Irishman Tom Crean led a one man rescue mission in order to save his friends in their quest to the Southpole. Known Antarctic explorer, Tom Crean, battled through harsh weather conditions, hazardous pathways, and thigh-deep snow for a dear friend who fell ill, due to weather, 35 miles from base camp. His utter courage and determination surprised the faces of many who doubted him.

After being stranded for a couple of days, on February the 18th Tom Crean ventured off and volunteered to do a solo mission to Hut Point. Although Larshly was doing fine, Crean insisted that he stayed back and took care of Evans at the time. He made his way past arctic crevasses, dangerous glassy ice, and the freezing winds to Hut Points; 35 miles away from origin. Thanks to Crean's strength and determination, Atkinson, a doctor, and his dogs successfully rescued Evans and Larshly. The grey Siberian dog smelled an old piece of clothing attached to a pole, displayed by Larshly to give up their location. As for Crean, he stayed behind at Hut Point for further medical check up.

Dimitri, who was a Russian dog driver, was present when Crean stumbled upon Hut Point. "He looked as if he could've passed out at any moment. His toes were pale, fingers were blue," murmured Dimitri before proceeding with his duties. From this we learned that the weather conditions were deathly and would have proven fatal without support.

The doctor within range to Hut Point (400 miles), Atkinson Barry was in awe after seeing the state of two men, Larshly and Evans. Atkinson said, " Although Evans fell severely ill due to unnatural weather conditions, Larshly's state was near fatal because of the lack of water they prepared," Atkinson's notice proved that the three-man party would have ended up in distress either way, which allows us to understand their careless nature. "I felt sorry for them," said Atkinson, softly.

It's been nearly 48 hours since Crean made his way to Hut Point. Current weather reports paint a fierce snow blizzard was coming their way. For what we know, the team is making their way to Snowpatch valley to receive aid; travelling by snowdog. The three men have received medical support and are leaving for New York in 24 hours. For more information, visit www.CreansRescueAtkinson_Solo.com

HAILEY LIE

8 INTEGRITY

Waiting in Amber

Waiting in Amber
By Yoo Haneul

The amber hues of the speakeasy bar painted the restaurant as the savoury aroma of Mediterranean delicacies lingered. The heartbeat of jazzy tunes harmonized with the chattering of silverware, while a lush hedge of bushes framed by an arched window of mahogany, gently swayed to the rhythm. Posh terracotta tiles adorned the surface below, glimmering beneath the gleam of the amber iris that towered over the horizon.

My wrists rested above the marble, cold with every touch; a peck of sharpness among the extravagance. A dimly lit antique lamp softened my weary eyes as it beamed over the menu that lay above the gingham tablecloth that draped over the elegant stone. Fine ceramics clinked against one another as the waiter placed them, while the flame of a candle was toyed with by the wind above the wick. Cushioned thrones of sage lined the bar counters, while vintage booths, reminiscent of a crescent moon, wrapped around marble tables held up by meticulously carved limestone legs. Aunties went about their day as they giggled with each whisper while pinching the delicate stems of their glasses frosted by the cold of champagne.

The vibrant mosaic of the deeply tinted puzzle of a mermaid adorned the panelled mahogany, a testament to authentic craftsmanship. Distorted hues of the strained glass reflected onto the bar shelves, almost as if it were a painter's palette. The mermaid gracefully leaned her weight on one arm as her honey brown river of curls flowed to her waist.

The day had stretched thin by the time my food was served on a porcelain platter. The air felt suspended; the jazzy tunes had shifted to a darker ode, the sky had turned to ink, and the amber iris had dilated into a white glow. It felt as if the world had stopped spinning to admire itself; the beauty of people enjoying the little moments in life.

YOO HANEUL

9 COMMITMENT

Under a Borrowed Roof

Under a Borrowed Roof By Najwa Marican

The moonlight coruscated in thin ribbons through the window and onto the heaps of bodies surrounding me. It was the only thing illuminating the dark room. Light could not be afforded. The dim roar of heavy rain outside sounded like the Bourbon note of a distant organ, strange and haunting.

I would never have even suspected to land in a homeless shelter after completing my education; even getting a degree. The place was barely a 'shelter': the roof was melted tin that shook tremulously under the rain as if from carrying the burden of all these people. The walls, though sound, were brick, streaked with dirt and grime. As I stood, floorboards creaked and bent under me as if my burdens had added weight.

I looked around at all the strangers laid by me in sleeping bags. It felt strange sharing a room with so many people when I had once complained about sharing a room with my sister. Though they were soundly sleeping, not a single face looked at ease. Despite their young age, many bore wrinkles and heavy eyes that were etched and carved by the regrets that haunted them. When awake, their shoulders hung low and they droned around in monotonous insistence. Shame held their heads down with a vise-like grip that made hawks seethe in jealousy. Each one carried a backstory that none wished to share.

Outside, the rain had stopped, leaving only the incessant water drops from water that pooled onto the roof. I stared out, thinking. Thinking, like everyone else here, of my life. Retracing every decision. The tapping sound of droplets hitting the ground acted as a metronome for my thoughts, keeping me in sync with reality. I only realised I was muttering a soliloquy when the man beside me woke to stare at me.

He turned to look around the dilapidated room with obvious distaste. After the rain, floorboards were soaked and the brick turned maroon. He was in his early thirties but possessed a full head of grey hair with a beard resembling a straggling woodbine. While smoking, he looked up at me through the thin wreaths of smoke, making the stillness in the shelter more oppressive. After some time, we relaxed into mutual comfortable silence.

The sharp screech between rubber tires and slicked roads pierced through the silence like a dagger, startling me. A lady exited the car, approaching the shelter. My sister had come.

NAJWA MARICAN

9 INTEGRITY

The Wait

The Wait
By: Zarina Melwani

Time really seemed to crawl when I was waiting in that line, all for a fancy birthday meal. I bit my nails anxiously, as the ticking of a clock filled my ears, and soon became the rhythmic beat my feet were stepping to. That moment felt as if I was frozen in time, as my stomach begged to just run in and order the entire menu. My eyes glanced around, as if looking for a distraction from the tortuous wait.

My gaze shifted to the bed of flowers that traced around the waiting line, as if planted just to occupy bored customers. Amongst the sea of deep green grass, were flowers, bursting with life. The bundle of Marigold flowers burned like drops of gold, while the scarlet roses leaned back heavily against their viscous thorns. The parade of colours contrasted vibrantly with each other, but all seemed to unite as they melted into the warm embrace of emerald grass. All the flowers sat elegantly, boasting the tall stance created by their stems. Their delicate petals clothed them in what seemed to be a velvety, silky fabric as the scent of every flower possible wafted in the air, casting me under the trance of their beauty.

Following a clatter of cutlery, my view focused on the large window beside me, allowing me to see the charm of the restaurant inside. The windows lined outside were made of rich gold frames that curved into the shape of vines and leaves at its corners. The glass of the window shone like crystals in the night sky, not allowing a single speck of dust to touch its surface. The beauty of the window itself amazed me, but it couldn't compare to the view that was confined within its barriers. I found myself staring at a large room, lined with towering marble pillars and more glass chandeliers than I could count. Sat atop the oak chairs were families, men and women, who all seemed to be having enjoyable and intriguing conversations with each other, shown by the smiles plastered on their faces. The window was the only thing shielding me from listening to their laughter and chatter.

The faint tick of another clock distracted me, overlapping with the beat already ingrained into my head. It came from the shiny silver watch tightly wrapped around the stranger's wrist in front of me. I could see a portion of his face, where an impatient frown sat, highlighting the wrinkles that ran through his skin, like dried rivers in a drought. His half-moon spectacles along with the wispy streaks of gray hair on his head contributed to his aged appearance. He wore a jet black suit, which was probably iron-pressed repeatedly to achieve his stern, neat look. The strong scent of cologne smacked me in the face as he slightly adjusted his coat.

Just then, my ears perked up when I heard the receptionist call out my name. At last, my table was ready. Before stepping into the brightly-lit room, I gazed back at the line behind me, full of new faces I didn't recognize, in disbelief at how many people entered the queue without me realizing. The row of flowers seemed to wink at me as I was greeted by a server, excited for the meal that awaited me.

ZARINA MELWANI

9 TEAMWORK

The Restaurant

The Restaurant

My heart pounded as I flung open the translucent gates of the marbled stone building. In front of me, flocks of people stood in a line like a school of fish swimming to look for food.

The estate's interior was unlike any other – checkered glass illuminating with the silvers of the morning sun, piercing deep into the building, illuminating streaks of yellow and orange like spilled honey on the floor. The roof, taller than the sky itself, embedded in images of cupids and Greek goddesses, patterned with the aura of a post-Victorian era, as time itself had reversed.

The checkered granite floor emitted a dark pattern of itself, with streaks of white and blotches of crimson. It was as if I were in a castle, heading to the throne of the almighty. Amongst the crowd, a thick and sweet aroma of apple pie polluted the whole establishment. The faint scent of cinnamon, sugar, and heavily whipped cream warped every one of the people into a hive mind, making the wait even more unbearable. The glance of the apple pie sent ripples throughout us, sitting ducks. A marvellous golden brown, a soft and warm interior, paired together with a legendary combination of drizzled sauce and sweet, sweet vanilla gelato.

The cooks in white hats, cleanly shaven beards, and donned in uniforms, screaming out professionalism, wandered back and forth through the kitchen with extreme fluidity and precision.

The men in black often emerged, walking to and from the macadamia coloured tables. They were clad in bow ties and posh tuxedos, scented like a meadow of tulips and petals. The place was unlike anything earthly; it transcended pure elegance itself. The resin-coated pianos, clad in sleek oak instruments, played each key, representing timeless elegance and beauty. The music wasn't posh or fast-paced; the pianist caressed the piano so slowly it seemed he was loving the piano rather than illustrating a symphony.

The seated fellows were in a higher dimension. Most of the women were wrapped in scarves of different motifs, clothed in silk and cotton, which wrapped around their torsos, and seated with a timeless artwork of a baggage–donned in leather and fur. Seated with a little teacup-sized canine, some white, some black, and some grey, like different shades of the same colour. The males sat with other males, a breed of their own. Illuminating from their wrists was something in common: watches – polished in look, golden in colour, clad in metal. It was the most shining piece of accessory to exist, brighter than the rays of morning sunshine. Their laughs echoed across the room like swords clashing with each other.

The sky turned dim, and the tables yearned for the presence of people once more. And the honey-streaked sunlight had turned into crimson streaks of light. The scent of apple pie wafted through the air once more, along with the savoury aroma of freshly cooked meat and fresh cucumber hints. The waiter yells, "Table for one?" Alas, victory is secured. I shall conquer the culinary delights of this feasting estate and food haven.

BARRON PHUA

10 TEAMWORK

Where the Compass Point

Where The Compass Points

It could not be stopped; there was nothing that could stop him from going into that ocean.

The old man went to the pier every morning before sunrise. With his faded coat, he would sit on the same splintered bench facing the horizon as if he was waiting for something, or someone to appear in the mist. At dawn, the sea was calm, a pale silver mirror, still the old man would listen to the whispers of the sea.

Children walked past the bench, pointing at the old man, asking their parents why he would sit at the same spot every morning. "He's a watcher", they laughed. What they didn't know was that he carried a small rusted compass in his hand. The compass glass cracked, the needle trembling, but the old man kept a tight grip on it as if it might drift away with the sea.

The old man was a sailor. The sea was both his home and his worst enemy. It was said that forty years ago, his ship crashed in a tragic storm. Nobody survived except him. He drifted ashore by fate and chance. He sits by the ocean waiting for an apology from the sea.

That morning, the sea was different, the clouds bruised, the sea darker than usual. He had felt this storm before, the same sound of the crashing waves, the same tremble beneath his feet, and suddenly the old man could feel her again.

His wife. She died in that shipwreck, the loss of his life. As he walked closer to the sea, he looked down at his compass, the once-unsteady needle sharply pointed in one direction, towards the sea. The old man could feel her hair blowing away with the wind, the sound of her screams, the last thing he ever heard from her.

The old man always felt a sense of guilt, survivor's guilt. Why did he survive that day and not her? He sat by the pier every morning waiting for her, knowing somehow he would feel her again.

He took a step closer towards the sea. Every step he took with the biggest smile on his face, until he couldn't feel the splintered wood floor of the pier beneath his feet. Nobody ever saw the old man on that pier anymore, leaving children questioning. All that was left was the slight dent on that bench in the same spot every morning and a compass lying on the edge of the pier.

GHISSA MALLARANGENG

10 TEAMWORK

The Restaurant

The Restaurant – Brandon Lie 10H

As I entered the dimly lit restaurant, warm aromas of food wafted towards me. I noticed the busy waiters, rushing around the maze of tables, carrying plates and trays of food. Waiting for one of them to seat me, I planted myself in the corner of the wooden, antique restaurant.

Looking around, a small luminescent glowing bulb caught my eye. Towering over the center of the restaurant, its warm glow embraced its customers, showering the room with a soft, golden light. Next to the bulb, imprinted across the ceiling, were tangled, overlapping patterns. Mimicking the veins of leaves, like hieroglyphs of a different time. The brown wooden ceiling panels, with all their notches and grooves, played with the warm light, casting ethereal shadows on the walls that were papered with a lost, old white giving way to a subtle yellow.

Turning my attention back to the waiters, I was instantly entranced. They danced through the small space between tables, coordinating with each other flawlessly, as though every movement, every step had been previously choreographed and painstakingly practiced to perfection. As one of the dancers floated past me, an aroma of salty, fresh seafood attacked my nose, sending a wave of burning hunger down to my stomach. Examining the waiter's hypnotic show, I uncovered a central point, where all converge to replace empty plates and bowls with full ones. The kitchen, through which the head chef barked orders, was a pandemonium of action. The sounds of sizzling, the tired grunts of cooks, and the 'clinking' of plates could barely be heard overshadowed by the harmonic choir of conversation at the tables.

The restaurant was filled with a transcendent array of conversations, each table contributing to the musical composition of voices. The casual, friendly conversations served as a sweet-sounding melody, while the business meetings, its tension masked by smiles, provided the bass. The occasional 'tinkling' of drinks and the shuffle of shoes on the carpet created a rhythmic beat, completing the complex song. It was a curious feeling, to see people's lips move, but being unable to discern what they are saying, their voices lost to the choir's symphony.

As I was finally led to my seat, parked in the center of the restaurant, I was straight in the middle of the hypnotic dance and the harmony of the choir. No longer was I an observer of the hypnotising, almost unnatural scene, but instead I had joined it. Bound to be lost to the carefully planned sweetness of the restaurant.

BRANDON LIE

10 HUMILITY

Adventure Time

Adventure Time

(Episode: Princess Cookie)

By: *Raylee Guizot, Samantha Huang*

The episode starts simply, as any kids' show would - a criminal, Baby Snaps, is involved in a hostage situation against the candy kingdom's ruler, Princess Bubblegum. He demands with only a plain weapon and small leverage for something much bigger than himself - the crown of the candy kingdom. Angered by this, Princess Bubblegum sends Jake the Dog in disguise as a mailman to cool things down between Baby Snaps and Princess Bubblegum. There, Jake realizes that Baby Snaps is not a criminal or a threat. He is a citizen who lacks the privilege to choose his dreams.

Baby Snaps was raised in an orphanage during bleak times. The only light at the end of his tunnel was Princess Bubblegum's visit, bringing joy to the kids - something Baby Snaps always wanted. In an effort to convey his feelings to Princess Bubblegum, he told her he wanted to become a princess, only for his dreams to be laughed at. Princess Bubblegum, as royalty, did not view him with respect and denied him his dream of being a princess, as if she forbade him from dreaming that way. But to tell you the truth, it was never that uncommon.

This is true especially in our country, where many factors limit people from achieving who they want to be. Millions of Rupiah of taxpayer funds has been pilfered from the republic in the name of distribution of political aid and other fancy terms. The dreams of the common man were broken, crushed and paved to fund the unnamed and unseen lavish lifestyles of politicians - stolen from them in the same way Baby Snaps' dreams were - systematic injustice.

How does one retaliate?

Later in the episode, Jake takes Baby Snaps to the edge of the kingdom to let him break free and follow his dreams, shielding him from the unforgiving wrath of Princess Bubblegum. This is similar to the riots spanning from August 25 to the present day, where Indonesians, men and women alike, retaliated to reclaim what little power they had over their lives.

A symbolic victory.

Finally, at the edge of the kingdom, Baby Snaps chooses to give up and shatters into pieces off the candy gorge, representing the breaking point of someone whose dreams have been denied. Baby Snaps finds himself pieced back together, piece by piece by the police force, treating his fall as an everyday occurrence as he enters a mental asylum.

When the Indonesian citizens complained about income inequality, corruption, and being unable to afford food and shelter to simply survive, they were ignored - even insulted by their own blood.

"Stupid"

Ahmad Sahroni, similar to Princess Bubblegum, who was supposed to represent the voices of the people, the very people who had entrusted him, and eventually propelled him to his rise to DPR, had labelled them as "stupid" for simply wanting better lives.

Baby Snaps and the Indonesian people have something in common, and it was not the desire for revenge or chaos. They wanted their humanity to be respected, their dignity acknowledged, and their right to dream. This episode teaches us that both the story of Baby Snaps and the protests in Indonesia show that anarchy is not born out of hatred, but out of desperation, out of wrong. When people are denied their dignity and are mocked for their hopes, they let out their desperate cry - not for power or revenge, but for respect. Let today be the day we pave our dreams together, shard by shard.

RAYLEE GUIZOT 11 TEAMWORK
&
SAMANTHA HUANG 11 INTEGRITY

Multimodal Analysis of Tag Hauer

Jocelyn Tan 11 Humility

How do the features of this text convince and entertain the audience?

The text covered is a transcript of a TED Talk delivered by Sir Ken Robinson in 2006 where he brings up "Do schools kill creativity?" This text is made to criticise how the education system drives people out of creativity as they grow up, and is directed towards people who look down on the arts as part of the education system. Sir Ken Robinson uses inclusive pronouns, a passionate and urgent tone, as well as calls to action to deliver his message regarding how school takes creativity out of people's lives in a convincing and entertaining way.

Firstly, Robinson uses a lot of inclusive pronouns in his talk to add a personal and emotive appeal to entertain and convince the audience. The pronouns "you," "we," and "I" are picked intentionally to create a feeling of shared participation, showing that the problem he's highlighting not only affects him but also the audience and their children's future. For example, the phrase "it won't serve us" shows how he is speaking for the entire room, making the audience realise that the lack of creativity also impacts their lives in the future. The word "us" is a powerful device that can wake up a sense of realisation among the audience that the world might be filled with people who only do maths and science, where there is always a right answer. This builds a mentality where people are afraid to express themselves because they are looked down on, and it is everyone in the room's fault for normalising this education system. They will suffer the consequences later when no one believes in creativity anymore, and the world becomes a monotonous workplace. By including the audience, Robinson urges them to reflect on their actions and the impact on future generations, successfully entertaining them as they are not just passive listeners, and convincing them to create a new education system.

Alongside the inclusive pronouns, the text features a passionate and urgent tone that could convince the audience that a new education system is needed, as the current one takes people's creativity away. The text starts off with "So I have a big interest in education," and by saying this, the audience understands that the critique comes from someone who cares deeply about education. If something is to be critiqued, then this person has thought a lot about it, and it is something serious to listen to. They can be convinced through the statement that the speaker has an interest in it, so it has to be genuine. This engages the audience more, as they feel they should listen to someone who has an interest and knows more, leading to reflection on the current school system and being convinced that a change must happen. The tone then switches at the end, becoming more urgent, alarming the audience that a change is needed immediately. The use of the sentence "Our education system has mined our minds in the way that we strip-mine earth for a particular commodity" compares the loss of creativity to strip-mining a commodity. It enforces the idea that creative thinking is needed just as much as mathematics. Taking it away slowly will end very badly, as we are losing a "commodity." This tone is very effectively used as it shows the audience how important the arts are, and why we need them too. It convinces them to act immediately and raise awareness of the current education system.

Multimodal Analysis of TED Talk

How do the features of this text convince and entertain the audience?

Education systems around the world are often perceived as reliable and encouraging to students. The text is a speech made by Sir Ken Robinson to his audience, consisting of parents and teachers along with other adults, that aims to argue that the education system needs reform to not hinder the creativity of children. Robinson skilfully adopts a colloquial tone and format, rhetorical techniques, and emotive and willful language to convince and entertain the audience.

Robinson deploys emotive and inclusive language to ensure the audience relates to his speech and develops individual emotions towards it, keeping them engaged. The speaker constantly uses inclusive language, such as "something strikes you when you move to America" or "You don't think of Shakespeare being a father, do you?" The profound use of second-person language allows the audience to reflect on their own past memories and experiences. As a result, the audience feels included and hooked on to the speech. Furthermore, rhetorical questions or thoughts that Robinson addresses to the audience relate to their own experiences, building a sense of trust. Inclusive language, such as "what we do know is" or "children dance all the time if they're allowed to, we all do", portrays the image that the audience is walking alongside Robinson through his ideas. When you know you are included, you are engaged and entertained.

Further, Robinson employs several anecdotes throughout the speech. He hooks the audience by talking about a dinner party and also describes anecdotes of a little girl in a drawing lesson and his move from Stratford to Los Angeles. The use of anecdotes brilliantly encourages imagination and entertains the audience. These anecdotes spark responses of shock or amusement, appealing to pathos and convincing the audience of his arguments.

Robinson brilliantly enables the use of rhetorical techniques to develop trust with the audience and ensures his speech is memorable. He deploys repetition constantly, including "this is rather important... very important" and "interest in education... everybody has an interest in education." This emphasises certain ideas and ensures they are remembered. Additionally, Robinson uses allusions to history, such as Picasso's statement that "all children are born artists." Using references to historical figures builds trust and credibility, appealing to logos. Robinson supplements his speech with rhetorical questions such as "Don't you?" and "Am I right?" His use of rhetorical questions throughout the speech encourages the audience to formulate their own opinions rather than passively accept his. This entertains and convinces them, as their answers often align with Robinson's.

Lastly, Robinson skilfully develops the tone and format of the speech to ensure audience members are able to follow him and do not get disengaged. He enables the use of a colloquial and informal tone rather than a formal, technical one, catering to a wider audience than just professionals in education. He uses high modality, including "You would think otherwise, but it isn't" and "We have to rethink." This creates an image that Robinson is certain and credible, appealing to ethos. Furthermore, Robinson uses varying syntax, but

mostly short sentences, to create a rhythm that is easy to follow and pleasant to hear. Short sentences emphasise points and make them memorable, entertaining the audience.

Robinson cleverly enables the use of emotive and inclusive language, rhetorical techniques, and an engaging tone and format to convince and entertain the audience. He argues that education systems are flawed as they disrupt creativity and need to change. The use of colloquial and informal language at the start of paragraphs, while transitioning to more technical and complex words at the end, is particularly effective. However, the speech could be improved if evidence, statistics, or facts from reliable organisations were included to strengthen logos. Furthermore, the constant repetition of "education" and the jumping of ideas can be overwhelming and disengaging, which may cause some audience members to lose interest.

ALEXANDER BOENJAMIN

11 TEAMWORK

Comparative Analysis of *The House of the Spirits* and *Slaughterhouse-Five* on the Use of Imagination and Realism to Explore Trauma and Memory

Question: In what ways and for what reasons do two authors you have studied balance imagination and realism to create a particular effect or to present a particular idea?

"*The House of the Spirits*" is a novel written by Isabel Allende that features magical realism in its depictions of Chile. "*Slaughterhouse-Five*" is a novel by Kurt Vonnegut that uses science fiction and absurdism to describe World War II and the trauma of Billy Pilgrim. Allende and Vonnegut both balance imagination and realism to present unconventional ideas of progression and fatalism, and to create particular effects that depict the nature of memory and trauma.

Both Allende and Vonnegut mix unrealistic concepts from imagination, such as the supernatural and aliens, into the reality of their stories to convey unconventional ideas for their times. Similar to Vonnegut, Allende uses her character Clara del Valle to balance imagination and realism. From the very first chapter, Clara is introduced as possessing clairvoyant and telekinetic abilities that set her apart from others. For example, during Holy Thursday Mass, Clara says Father Restrepo is lying about hell being real, because she knows the truth from being able to communicate with spirits. Allende depicts this unconventional moment to emphasise, from the dawn of the novel, how Clara's supernatural abilities, though seemingly imaginative, are presented as real and allow her to see more profound truths. Allende then uses this distinction to make Clara a vessel for conveying unconventional ideas. At the dinner table, as Esteban rants about socialism, Clara calmly replies that one day Esteban must accept change. The reader interprets this not as a belief but as a prophecy, due to Clara's foresight. The foreshadowing of change does not feel unconventional despite Chile's conservatism at the time, because Allende has already established Clara as unconventional by mixing imagination and realism. Another example is Clara's position in the family: despite being the wife in a patriarchal society, Allende depicts her physically reshaping *The Big House on the Corner* according to her mystical whims, which are uncontrollable by her husband, Esteban. Through Clara, Allende depicts the unconventional — a woman holding power in marriage. By balancing imagination and realism, Allende can depict an alternate, more just society and convey that such a reality, though unconventional, is possible.

Vonnegut also uses a character — Billy Pilgrim — to convey unconventional messages. Yet unlike Allende's, which may inspire hope, Vonnegut's message of fatalism is less optimistic. Vonnegut crafts Billy Pilgrim as a war veteran who, after the war, begins losing his sanity and sees alien Tralfamadorians. According to the Tralfamadorians, the human experience is stuck on an unchangeable rail, seen through a long steel pipe. Vonnegut's description of life highlights the lack of freedom and choice that people experience. His choice of imagery, in the form of this uncomfortable contraption, reflects the discomfort readers feel when contemplating such a reality. However, by balancing the Tralfamadorians as part of Billy's imagination, Vonnegut effectively makes the reader ponder the nature of free will instead of rejecting it out of discomfort and unfamiliarity. Vonnegut achieves a similar effect when the Tralfamadorians discuss choosing to stay in happy moments rather than sad ones, because they have no control over their own lives. By balancing this as both Billy's imagination and reality for him simultaneously, Vonnegut achieves an effect that differs from Allende: he does not depict a better world, but instead an alternate view that may otherwise be immediately rejected. Vonnegut makes his message stronger by depicting Billy as an optometrist while also emphasising that the story is Vonnegut's own imagination in Chapter 1. Readers may wonder if Vonnegut deliberately chose Billy to be an optometrist to imply that Billy is meant to help readers adjust their view of the world, thereby suggesting that fatalism is the "right" way to approach life. Vonnegut, unlike Allende, makes the boundaries between imagination and reality more unclear while balancing them to convey his perspective on fatalism in a more palpable way.

Comparative Analysis of The House of the Antigone and The House of the Spirits on the Dehumanizing Effects of Patriarchy in Family and Political Life

How do Sophocles' Antigone and Isabel Allende's The House of the Spirits use contrast to expose the dehumanizing effects of patriarchy in both family and political life?

Rich or poor, man or woman, public or private — contrasts are everywhere in human life. This is seen through literature as well, with Isabel Allende's "The House of the Spirits" (THOTS) and Sophocles' Antigone. Allende's THOTS recounts the experiences and tragedies the Trueba family faces, reflecting the broader sociopolitical zeitgeist of Chilean society. Meanwhile, Sophocles' Antigone describes the clash between divine law and state loyalty when its aforementioned character, Antigone, faces death by her uncle and king Creon for burying her dead brother Polynices against his orders. Both Sophocles and Allende demonstrate contrasts — between man and woman and public and private spheres — to reveal the dehumanizing nature of patriarchal institutions, the confrontation between family and politics, and the inevitability of change.

Sophocles and Allende emphasize the contrast between man and woman to show patriarchal dehumanization and the eventual loss of judgement.

In Antigone, the aforementioned character is a young woman, while King Creon, her uncle, is male. The juxtaposition first and foremost exemplifies how men are placed into positions of power, compared to women who are forced to only obey and follow the laws they make. This is both a symptom and byproduct of Thebes' patriarchal society — wherein leaders aren't chosen based on their merits or qualifications — but rather their place and position in society. The expectation of feminine obedience also means Creon views Antigone's defiant burial as a threat to his power than a simple misdemeanour. This is shown through Creon's continual belittling of Antigone, even as she defiantly stated her defense and her sister Ismene was alongside her, as well as Creon's death sentencing to Antigone. By this, Sophocles isn't just juxtaposing the roles and traits between genders during his lifetime, but showing how it spills over into the realm of divine vs. human law. His loss of life against Antigone clearly goes against divine law — requiring a dignified burial regardless of their actions on Earth — thus exemplifying how Creon's desire to control the less powerful ends in the loss of judgement and "blinds" him, leading to deadly implications in the end.

On the other hand, Allende demonstrates the gender contrast through Esteban Trueba, the village chief ("hacienda") and his wife Clara. Allende points out the normalization of gender-based violence in patriarchal societies — such as through Esteban's frequent abuse of young women in the village and marital violence against Clara — opening a path to the objectification and dehumanization of women in 1960s Chile. This inequality is further reflected in Clara's defenselessness — she has no one to stand up for her — a causation of patriarchal control, leading to her reliance on her notebook and magical power to deal with this injustice. However, similar to Antigone's Creon, Esteban eventually pursued violence against women that is began to cloud his judgement and not consider the evolving sociopolitical perspective both in his family and his village — leading to the family's physical and moral decay and broader societal upheavals by the Socialists, whom he hated.

Thus, both texts depict the contrast between man and woman as a symptom and cause of patriarchal institutions, Antigone in politics and THOTS in family. Both also show how the neglect and abuse of women is justified and normalized in such institutions, albeit in different aspects — political vs familial. Lastly, both texts demonstrate the dangers of divine intervention — divine law in Antigone, Clara's powers in THOTS — and the desire of control leading to collapse, though this is clearly shown in Antigone and more insidiously in THOTS.

Antigone and Sophocles also discuss the contrast between public and private realms to emphasize the power of non-human intervention and how one realm can "spill over" to the other.

Sophocles' *Antigone* details the contrast between Creon's handling of Antigone's disobedience in Theban society and his family. In public communication, Antigone's burial is framed as traitorous and an act of defiance, that deserves punishment to correct her mistakes. However, in private, Antigone's blood ties with Creon — Antigone was Creon's niece after all — leads him to perceive her as a backstabber and a threat to the patriarchal system of Theban society, thus allowing him to impose a deadly punishment of burying her alive, in a disturbing contrast to Creon's non-burial of Polynices' corpse. In the end, despite the spillover of public condemnation to private revenge by Creon, the gods struck both Creon's family and Thebes as a whole as a consequence of disobeying their laws by abusing his power as a king. In the public sphere, the gods intervened as a way to restore the balance and fix the injustice caused by Polynices' non-burial on Theban land, while in the private, familial sphere, the loss of Haemon and Creon's wife shows the personal consequences of disobeying divine law in the pursuit of power, noting that Antigone's death is also considered a "familial" loss than just "state-sanctioned" death-sentencing.

Meanwhile, Allende's *THOTS* portrays how the contrast of private and public spheres exposes fault lines in both spheres and lays the groundwork for confrontation and change. In public, the Trueba family is very vocal in politics, with one becoming senator and sharing strong anti-communist sentiments. By implication, it would show that leading figures of the family, such as Esteban Trueba himself, supports the patriarchal nature of his family and his strongman rule over the village as hacienda, something the communists/socialists seek to oppose and challenge. However, in their private sphere or inside the Trueba family, the appetite to change and the desire for confrontation is brewing through different forms of defiance led by the marginalized and less powerful. For instance, Clara uses her notebooks to detail the abuse and objectification she faces in the hands of Esteban, while Blanca escapes her arranged marriage with Jean de Satigny, out of disgust for his sexual preferences and perverted tendencies, and chose to marry Pedro Tercero for love demonstrates her more forceful opposition to the practice of arranged marriages and the patriarchal institutions that perpetuate such practice. In the end, Clara's supernatural powers seek "revenge" on the Trueba family's abuses and amplified growing calls for change both in family and society. The Socialists gain power through Chile's elections and impose sweeping laws to reform Chilean society, affecting even Esteban Trueba and his hacienda-ruled village, while in private, the house begins to rot and more family members are freeing themselves from the "chains" of patriarchy, including Alba who read her grandmother Clara's journal detailing her abuse. Both of these changes show how even as private and public spheres support and perpetuate patriarchy on one another, supernatural change can supplant any forms of injustice, including the patriarchy.

Both Allende and Sophocles show how the contrast between public and private sphere can perpetuate patriarchal injustice and amplify abuse, the loss of life, and dehumanization. Both also show the role of non-human intervention in bringing change and delivering justice to beleaguered families and societies. Nevertheless, while the divine intervention for Antigone ends in destruction and sorrow, *THOTS'* intervention from Clara's superpowers lead to a more optimistic image of change and hope for a renewed, more equal future for Chile and the Trueba family.

In conclusion, both *Antigone* and *Sophocles* use contrast between genders and spheres of influence to underscore patriarchy as inherently dehumanizing in nature, the spillover between politics and family, as well as warn against the blind pursuit of power and undermining the force of non-human actors to catalyze much-needed change inevitably. While both texts might appear obsolete for the modern era, its lessons and warnings still hold true in a world full of contrasts.

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Question: Discuss how and to what effect contrast has been used in two works you have studied.

Isabel Allende's 1982 novel, "The House of the Spirits," and Sophocles' Greek tragedy, "Antigone," are works that explore themes of power within familial structures. Both Allende and Sophocles use contrasts between characters with conflicting beliefs and the outcomes of these conflicts to reveal the true implications of power dynamics beyond the simplistic categories of "weak" and "strong." While Allende employs this technique to comment on generational shifts in social structures, Sophocles uses contrast to expose hypocrisy in a corrupt world.

Both works portray contrasts between characters who conform to the generic idea of the weak and strong, but reveal how these roles can be reversed. In "The House of the Spirits", Allende uses the contrast between Clara and Esteban in their marriage to show how roles of power, as well as gender roles, can be broken down in society. Like Creon, Allende portrays Esteban as the epitome of conservatism and patriarchy, often resorting to violence as a coping mechanism for his loss of control, evidenced by his repeated abuse of young girls in Tres Marias. Contrastingly, Clara is depicted as otherworldly and detached from reality, often floating around the house like a ghost. The contrast between Esteban's temperamental nature and Clara's quietness builds a power dynamic between the strong man and the weak woman. Still, Allende chooses instead to show how the roles can be reversed. Clara's silence undermines Esteban's power, as when she asks him if he can "wiggle his ears" in the middle of an argument. Allende employs humour to break down common perceptions of power dynamics, revealing the inner strength of being calm and quiet despite external appearances. This is shown more prominently in Clara's refusal to speak or indulge in sexual activities with Esteban after he has hit her. Esteban, who instils power through sexual assault, is unable to exert this power over Clara. Allende presents this contrast to comment on the faulty perceptions of "weak" and "strong" within power dynamics.

Similarly, Sophocles employs contrast between characters to critique extremist beliefs and roles within society, as well as power dynamics. Ismene and Antigone, for example, form a character foil that Sophocles uses to reveal societal norms regarding gender inequality. Ismene represents women in society who are too afraid to speak up against injustice: "We were born women, not to fight against men." In "The House of the Spirits", this mirrors women of older generations who succumb to patriarchy, knowing they have no power over it, such as the women of Tres Marias or Ferula. Contrastingly, Antigone is outspoken and brazen in her beliefs about divine law, despite societal norms that prohibit women from speaking out against men. Sophocles uses this contrast to critique the fundamentals of patriarchy and how it instils cowardice in women, preventing them from speaking up for their rights. The stark contrast between Ismene and Antigone vividly illustrates this problem for the audience, who might not have considered these issues in patriarchal Greece. Sophocles also employs a clash between characters in familial relationships, as seen in the interactions between Haemon and Creon. Creon tells his son that he is "lower than a woman" and must not be worsted by one, cementing his misogynistic beliefs. Sophocles portrays Haemon as a more logical character who argues that Antigone does not deserve to die. To the audience, this implies that Haemon's logical and collected ideology is superior to Creon's stubbornness. Thus, Sophocles employs contrasts between characters to critique gender norms and expose the hypocrisies inherent in these societal beliefs.

Both Allende and Sophocles utilise contrast between characters to reveal implications in societal standards regarding gender norms, with Allende highlighting the flaws in power roles and Sophocles exposing the hypocrisy in these beliefs. Both authors criticise patriarchal

power — Esteban and Creon — and reveal how their power is not all-encompassing. Furthermore, both illustrate the impact of contrasting beliefs in familial relationships, albeit with varying outcomes.

In "The House of the Spirits", Allende contrasts how societal beliefs change over time through Blanca and Pedro Tercero's relationship. She reveals how love between social classes becomes acceptable, a notion Esteban fights against: "She should mix with her own class." Esteban represents the outdated mindset. Allende contrasts Blanca and Pedro Tercero's true love with Esteban's rape of Pancha Garcia. Both involve relationships across social classes, but Allende uses the contrast between love and violence to reveal intergenerational shifts. Despite Esteban separating Blanca and Pedro Tercero, their love prospers. Similarly, Esteban also clashes with Jaime regarding socialism and charity, after Jaime refuses to open a clinic for the rich. Allende illustrates how conflicting beliefs can lead to family conflicts, while also showing how progressive ideas resurface over time. Jaime represents modern, progressive thinking, contrasting with his father's conservatism.

In "Antigone", however, contrasts in beliefs do not lead to positive change. In typical Greek tragedy fashion, Sophocles concludes the story with death as the consequence of clashing beliefs within the family. This is most prominently illustrated through the disputes between Creon and Antigone, whose differing perspectives on human and divine law drive the play's conflict. Their collective stubbornness leads neither to back down until it is too late. Sophocles shows that the consequences are dire: the collective suicides of Antigone, Haemon, and Eurydice, and Creon's miserable fate of living with the guilt of indirectly murdering his family. Through this, Sophocles uses "Antigone" as a cautionary tale against unchecked familial conflicts, warning the audience of their destructive consequences. The contrast between Creon and the other characters highlights the misery brought by the prolonged conflict of opinions.

Both Allende and Sophocles portray the outcome of contrasting beliefs in families differently. Allende shows how disputes can lead to progress in future generations, while Sophocles warns of the immediate destruction caused by unchecked conflict. In "The House of the Spirits", the conflict between Esteban's beliefs and Blanca's relationship with Pedro Tercero leads to short-term consequences such as her forced marriage to Jean de Satigny and Esteban's attempted murder of Pedro Tercero. However, in the long term, their love perseveres, even into the next generation, where Alba falls for Miguel, without the problems faced by the previous generations. This directly contrasts with Antigone, where family conflicts cannot be passed on to the next generation, as their impacts are immediate, final, and destructive.

In conclusion, both Isabel Allende's "The House of the Spirits" and Sophocles' Antigone employ contrasts between familial characters and fundamental beliefs to expose hypocrisy in societal norms and comment on the consequences of such disputes. While Allende sees contrast as a force for generational change and progress, Sophocles uses it as a warning against hubris and unchecked emotion.

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