

AUSTRALIAN INTERNATIONAL ACADEMY OF EDUCATION

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MAGAZINE

KAYA 2022

LITERARY MAGAZINE

CAROLINE SPRINGS
SENIOR CAMPUS

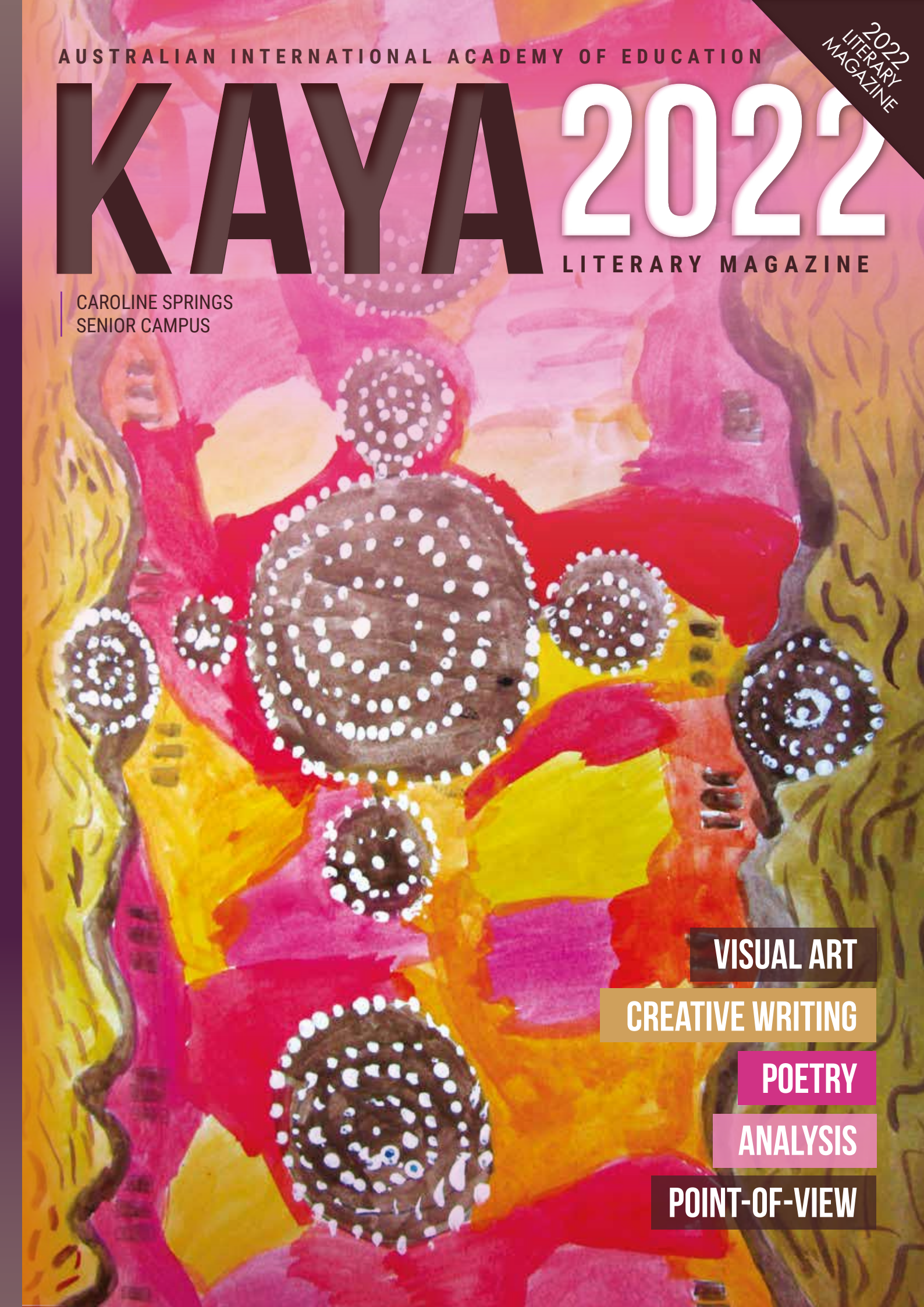
VISUAL ART

CREATIVE WRITING

POETRY

ANALYSIS

POINT-OF-VIEW



COVER ARTWORK BY

EIDD ELHAOULI, YEAR 8A

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This artwork is inspired by Indigenous artist Michael Nelson Tjakamarra. He is a painter involved in the Western Desert art movement. His work is contemporary and expressive. My aim was to achieve this in my own art piece.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

With this magazine, our students say Kaya (Hello) in the Noongar language of the First Nations people of south-west of Western Australia. The use of Kaya is to remember the past and ongoing connection of the traditional owners of the sacred land. With Kaya, our students acknowledge the importance of human connection through the power of the written word.

These student contributions function to greet and connect with the broader AIAE school community, and showcase their individual insights, creativity and perceptions of the world around them.

Acknowledgment is made to the Faculty of English and Faculty of Arts for leading this publication and to the Faculty of Humanities.

Ms Yildiz Samci

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by Eidd Elhaoui, Year 8A

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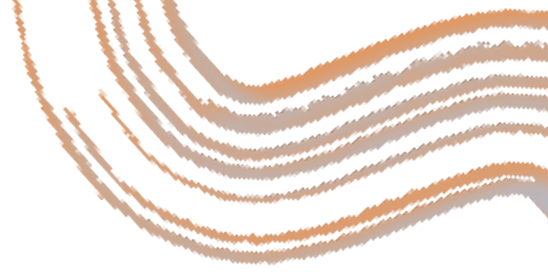
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Journey

My name is Awadia, and I'm a refugee.

I lived in Sudan and I moved to Australia. I'm 13 years old, and my favourite colour is green. I have 3 sisters, Negat, Negla, and my little sister Narmin. I used to have 5 brothers, but 3 of them passed away. I currently have 2, Bakri and Abdul-Hamid. One of the 3 that passed died about a week before the news of our journey. I have a loving mum and a dad who cares about me dearly.

A week before I left Sudan, my older sister, Negat, told me that mum and dad wanted to talk to all of us, and that we had to go to the living room. She said it was important, so I quickly came down right away. I sat in the living room, and the surrounding atmosphere seemed suddenly... empty. It would usually have this beautiful aroma of biscuits mama makes, but today it felt very dull. We were then all sitting on the couch, and baba was playing with his tasbeeh, which he uses after prayer. Then, mama spoke.

"We called you here for a special reason. It's an amazing opportunity, and your dad and I decided it's for the best." She looked at baba for a little encouragement, and so he spoke.

"We've decided we're going to move. To Australia, it's a better place for you to grow up in. It's got a great education, where you can learn better English and get good jobs." He looked at ease, so I had full trust in him and his decision.

"What about our family? Like Salih and his mother? Will they come with us?" Negla asked.

"Yes, they will accompany us," Baba replied.

"And what about جدو [grandpa]" Narmin whined. She was 4.

"He will stay here with خلتو [auntie]. I'm sorry, but he is too old to go on a plane and travel that long of a distance, he will get very sick."

Narmin paused, and looked perplexed, "How will we see him then?"

Mama hugged her and said, "Insha'Allah we'll find a way."

I had a feeling in my heart that we probably wouldn't see him, and that this would be the last we would ever see him.

Negat, who was 15, was quiet. Then she spoke up.

"What is the real reason we are travelling, Baba? Besides wellness and learning."

I watched as he put down his tasbeeh and said "Politics ya Negat. The Sudanese government is run by a dictator, and there are no more rights and any democracy in this land. It's not a safe place to raise children," he said, pointing to Narmin and Negla.

I knew that this was a big deal, as baba was never really that serious. Ever. But as I looked around the school, nobody really seemed as interested to the fact that we're MOVING, but more just watching Bakri juggle a tennis ball on his head. After a while, everyone left and went to their separate rooms.

After a week, we were all fully packed and met Salih and his mother at the airport. I never really liked Salih, he's around my age, but he was always rude to me, and always enjoyed pranking me. He never played with me or said salaam to me. I usually ignore him but he just rattles my bones. After our salaams and goodbyes with our relatives, we boarded the plane.

I was seated on the plane, with Narmin sitting next to me. I was fine with it, as I got the window seat. I was just planning on eating and watching us fly over the horizon, saying goodbye to my home country.

Well, that was cut short.

Narmin got shook after a turbulence that was only 15 minutes in the flight, and was just minor wind. Even though I told her this, she just couldn't stop crying. Mama took her and made her swap seats with Salih. I obviously wasn't fond of the idea, but I didn't really care.

I took out my brother, Abdul Hamid's, book. It was such an amazing story about the Prophet Muhammad (PBUH) and his life and the Muslim ummah. I wasn't a very fluent reader, so I politely asked Salih to read it for me, and he said yes. As he read, I fell asleep.



ARTWORK BY MUNTAS FARAH, YEAR 9A



When I woke up it was time to get off the plane. As I was about to get off my seat, I felt as if there was something on my face. I took out a mirror attached to the seats and found smushed mayo on the front of my shirt that read, 'DON'T LOOK AT MY SHIRT YA حمار ؟ ! [donkey]'. I looked at Salih who was pretending to be asleep. Some people never change.

Before we left the airport, I tried cleaning my shirt as best as I could. There was a small stain left, so I wore my sister's jacket over me. Then, we all sat in the taxi lot of the airport waiting for the people we called to pick us up.

After a few hours, we all agreed that the family assigned to pick us up wouldn't arrive. We all sat there, glum, not knowing what to do. Even worse, it started to rain. We got up to pray or Dhuhur and Asr prayer, soaked from head to toe.

Nearly a full day passed as a military truck came by, and it was the dead of the night. A bunch of pale looking whites came out, staring at us threateningly, then proceeded to mutter some things I'd rather not say. They walked over to my dad and mama covered us all with her abaya. I heard yelling and started to cry, but was unable to see what was going on. I heard my siblings all praying to Allah (SWT) and so I did the same, but I think I was the only one who couldn't see what was happening, as I was copying their words.

I felt Salih let go of mama and so I did too, finally realised what had just escalated. They were all speaking in a language that I wasn't fluent in, but I knew they weren't being nice. Salih was head locked and was squirming, and his mother started to cry. I hugged mama tight and cried into her abaya. I had no control over what was happening, and I hated it. I hated this new place already.

Suddenly, I heard beeps coming from this jeep, and it was pretty big, so I thought it must be more of them. Then, I saw the rude people running away, and letting Salih and my father go. I looked into the car and saw a girl smiling at me through the window. I smiled back, as I was taught that it was a sunnah of the Prophet.

It was the family that was meant to pick us up the day before. They ran out to help my father and Salih, and asked us to come onboard. They explained how they weren't able to come any earlier because of the flooding hazard around the area, and they were very apologetic and insisted on paying Salih and baba's hospital bills.

As we waited in the hospital room, we were all praying Isha and making dua for our family. As we finished our tasbeeh, both baba and Salih came out of the room with minor injuries, Alhamdulillah.

I'm currently 40 years old. I have four children, and a very loving family, I'm blessed to be able to live here in Australia, and am proud to call it my home, with the people I love and care for most. I'm so grateful for my mother, my siblings and loved ones, but am especially grateful for my father and what he risked to give me a better life, and I constantly hope my children will see me the same way, and be grateful for everything Allah (SWT) has gifted us in this dunya.

Ameen.

-Written in the perspective of my mother, and her refugee experience.

ETHAR MAHMOUD, YEAR 7A



Dream
BIG!

Not
SMALL!

Mice

*Mice – small, feeble and weak
Like our hopes small and feeble,
Yet we hang on like a mouse
An animal, on the bottom of the food chain,
Fighting for life, though death would release him
from the pain.*

*We are mice who hang on to fantasies
Although we know they never will be fulfilled
We are mice who should just let go,
But the desire to dream is most overwhelming.*

ARTWORK BY ELA ERYEGIT, YEAR 6B

ABDULRAHMAN MOHAMED ALI, YEAR 10A



THIS SPOT IS

TAKEN

I once was a seed that needed attention and light.
Growing, year after year, my arms longer and trunk wider.
Becoming the sight of layovers offering shade and a snack.
Dignified for offering my purpose to all those who passed.
Winter came, rattling my once brimful branches stricken
with the frost

I lost my leaves and intimidating height, no longer
offering a graze

An axe aimlessly swings with all its might, lowering me
near my much younger friend

Embarrassed, striped of all I am,
I am once more useful, for offering my land

LUBNA LUTFI, YEAR 10A



TROUBLE AT HAND

AZHARIA FARAH, YEAR 10A

His hands were trouble, that I knew.
They would grab, pull, slap, and punch
With power and strength that only grew
But he had no knowledge of his touch.
And that touch is one of my greatest fears,
For what if he grasped at a beast?
I do believe that one day, my dears,
Life will be out of reach.



ARTWORK BY JAVERIA NAVED, YEAR 9A



ARTWORK BY MOHAMMAD NAVED, YEAR 8A

A Ranch Worker's Life

Starting out useful and strong,
Making plans for my future.
But I know my days are numbered,
I am only of use for so long.

Growing older, my body, this vessel,
Is no longer useful, as I wrestle.
To perform the simplest of tasks,
Gives me comfort, is that too much to ask?

I fear I have outlived my use,
I will be quickly replaced, I understand.
For there are many who can take my place,
To try to work for their dreams on this land.

SAMIA TALHA, YEAR 10A

Go Far, Cunxin

My stomach did flips and I dreaded any eye contact. As his mother, I only knew too well that he had no intention of going to his friends' houses. Normally, I wouldn't let him wander alone, but right now, it was clear that we both needed, and longed for, some time apart. Even a minute of thinking would do us both good.

"I think I'll go pick up some yams." I said, rather loudly, in hopes somebody heard and wouldn't question me leaving the house this late at night.

'Like mother like son.' said a deep yet soothing voice, in a rather judgmental way. I turned in a flash and was relieved to see just my beloved husband standing in the doorway to the kitchen. I don't know what came over me, but I cried. The tears ran down my face like a flowing river, not knowing when to stop. The tears were warm and silent, but I felt like they were blocking out a world of noise. At the same time my husband put one arm out, but even one was enough for me right now. I walked over into his arms. It was warm. I felt like a child for the first

time since leaving home. He said nothing. Neither did I. He silenced my screaming thoughts by saying nothing at all. What felt like a second was a minute, and 1 minute turned into 10.

'He's not leaving forever, you know?'

'I know, but a year is a long time, y'know?'

'Yeah, I know.'

It wasn't a big exchange of words, but we both knew. With a word a page was understood, with a sentence a novel, with a paragraph a library.

'It'll be nice though. Seeing him now, a small and careless kid, and seeing him again in a year, possibly taller, more mature, and stronger. Like a game of hide and seek over the years.'

'Yeah,' I mumbled, 'but I wanna watch him grow.' I told him.

'It's not hide and seek if you know where a person is hiding though. Because there's no fun in that.' he told me, sounding rather wise.

'Mmm,' I mumbled again, 'You're so wise.'



ARTWORK BY MISHKAH SALIH, YEAR 7C

I told him sarcastically, hoping to brighten the mood. He pulled me out of the hug.

‘Well? The yams won’t pick themselves up, y’know?’

‘Oh. I just realised we still had some.’ I said, in the midst of laughing.

‘Too much of a coincidence,’ he said, eyeing me suspiciously. ‘You’re up to something,’ he told me jokingly.

I walked into the room Li slept in, and spread the quilts on the bed with the help of his dia. Eventually, Cunxin arrives.

‘How are your friends?’ I asked him, trying my best to keep my voice from shaking.

‘Fine.’ he replies, looking into my eyes for the first time since that evening. He stared into them deeply, making it clear that he could see how moist they were. It was hard to look away when our eyes locked as if they had stopped working. I had never looked at my son so seriously. To the relief of both of us, Jing Tring interrupted.

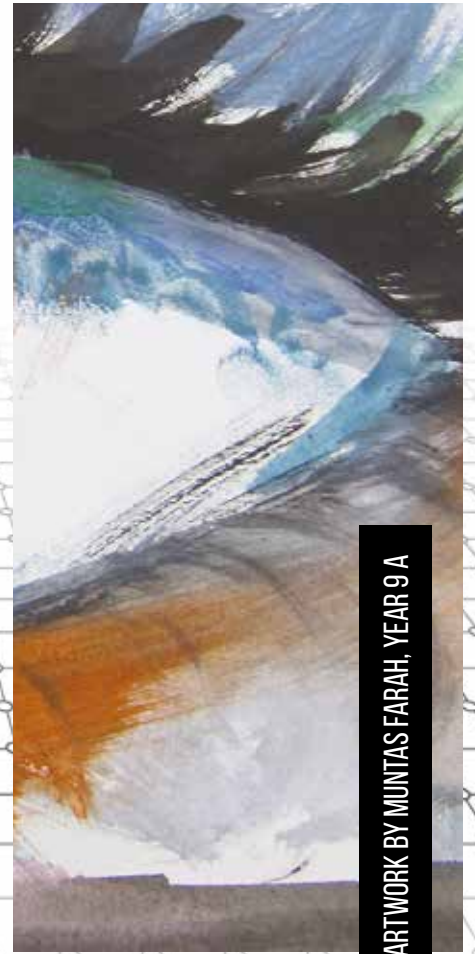
‘Sixth Brother, can I sleep on your side tonight?’ he asked Cunxin.

‘Yes.’ he replies, rather regretfully. It wasn’t that he regretted letting him sleep on his side. I could tell what he regretted was leaving so soon. Being without us. Not being able to take him with us.

Once they had both settled into bed, I remembered something. I had made him a black corduroy jacket, the same one which Jing Tring had been wanting for so long. After Jing Tring had fallen asleep, I gave it to Li. He thanked me. I continued to watch him through a slight opening in the doorway. I saw him take it out of his bag and tuck it in one of the clothes boxes for Jing Tring. He was too kind for such a cruel world.

I whispered under my breath. ‘Good luck Cunxin, go far.’

LEYMAN MUME, YEAR 8A



ARTWORK BY MUNTAS FARAH, YEAR 9 A

Poem

AREETA ALAM, YEAR 10A

I awake this cold winter morning already upset
As I know my day will be just like the rest
I sigh and get up putting on my fluffy red slippers
Slowly unzipping my nightgown's zippers.

I look at my mirror and question, What will I be today?
Another object, their entertainment or maybe even a worker?
I cover my face in cosmetics, changing myself till I'm unrecognisable
After all, I'm a woman, one that's customisable.

I finally look up and a nameless woman looks back at me
Who is this woman? Is this really me?
After all, I'm only referred to as someone's wife
I've been called someone's property all of my life.

How Viewing Art AFFECTS THE BRAIN

JANA ZEIDAN, YEAR 11A

Art has the ability to transport us to faraway regions or into the past. It has the power to evoke powerful emotions and deep ideas, as well as captivate us with its aesthetic perfection. Although everyone's reaction to art is different, its power to influence us is undeniable. This is due to the powerful impact that art may have on the human brain. The brain is stimulated in significant and long-lasting ways by seeing, analysing, and producing art. When we produce art, a lot happens in both the mind and the body, and it may be utilised for therapeutic purposes, both in rehabilitation medicine and on your own. "Creativity in and of itself is important for remaining healthy, remaining connected to yourself and connected to the world," says Christianne Strang, a professor of neurosciences at the University of Alabama Birmingham and former president of the American Art Therapy Association.

A portrait of a person is not an image of a person. Despite this, our brains can instantly recognise paint on a canvas, made up of careful lines and shading, as a human being. Practically everything we view causes our brains to try to recognise faces. From patterns, abstract shapes, and partial information, the brain is extraordinarily good at identifying familiarity and meaning. Your brain is attempting to make sense of the visual information it receives every time you look at a piece of art. In rehabilitation medicine and neuroscience, there is growing evidence that art improves brain function through influencing brain wave patterns, emotions, and the nervous system. According to research, art establishes neurological networks that result in a wide range of advantages, including fine motor abilities, creativity, and enhanced emotional equilibrium. Simply said, the arts are essential for our individual and collective well-being. Serotonin levels can also be raised through art. These advantages are gained not just via the creation of art, but also through the enjoyment of art. The formation of new cerebral pathways and ways of thinking can be stimulated by looking at art.

Professor Semir Zeki, professor in neuroaesthetics at University College London, led a study in which volunteers were subjected to brain scans whilst

seeing pictures of great painters' works. The study discovered that when respondents looked at art, which they considered was the most attractive, blood flow to the pleasure centre of the brain rose by as much as 10% – the equivalent of staring at a loved one. Many advanced human brain functions, such as intuitive analysis, expressivity, and embodied cognition, are accessed through art. Because of how art influences the brain's plasticity, artists are frequently better observers and have greater memory.

Decades of study have accumulated more than enough evidence to show that arts education has a positive influence on everything from general academic success to social and emotional development, among other things.

The National Centre for Creative Aging's Research Centre for Arts and Culture (RCAC) discovered that artists face less loneliness and despair than the general population. According to the research, adult artists are high-functioning members of society who are twice as likely as others to volunteer. The study demonstrated the value of the ART CART programme, which assists adult artists. The study also found that art-making and creative cooperation had overall health advantages for the elderly. "When you observe a profound piece of art, you are potentially firing the same neurons as the artist did when they created it, thus making new neural pathways and stimulating a state of inspiration," Jacob Devaney said on the Natural Blaze website. "Embodied cognition" refers to the sensation of being drawn into a picture.

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Last Dancer

As I worked in the kitchen, trying to ignite the half-burnt coals, my mind kept wandering to my second son's situation. Because my oldest son had gone to Tibet, my second son had to shoulder all the responsibilities of being the eldest. He had to work hard on the fields with his father every day, growing things that chairman Mao's officials had assigned us to grow. However, Cunyuan wanted to go to Tibet too. Whenever anybody would mention Tibet or my oldest son, Cuncia, I would see a look of wistfulness cross his face. But my husband and I could not let him go. We needed his wages, as little as they were, or we would not be able to afford even the dried yams we had to eat every day. Also, I was getting old and sitting down for hours washing and cleaning was getting hard for me. I did not have any daughters, but if Cunyuan married, then my daughter-in-law would be able to help me.

My sister-in-law had chosen a girl from her village to marry Cunyuan. The girl was diligent and hardworking. She would be able to help me with my work and be a good influence for Cunyuan. But I knew that Cunyuan was in love with another girl. However, I knew that she was too rich for her to marry someone like Cunyuan and I doubted she returned his affections.

Eventually, I got the fire started. I was making dumplings today and

I knew that even though my sons would go to bed hungry, they would be happy to see good food.

After I finished cooking, my husband and sons arrived. I told my sons to go wash their hands, face and feet. They were all very dirty because of the hard work they were doing on the fields. But I asked my husband to stay behind. We both needed to talk to each other about our sons, especially Cunyuan.

Suddenly, I heard a knock on the door. Both my husband and I were surprised because we did not usually get visitors at this time of the day. My husband opened the door, a curious look on his face.

In front of the door stood a girl. Her eyes were puffy and bloodshot, and her bottom lip trembled as if she would burst into tears at any moment. I was so surprised when I saw her. I did know what to say. This was the girl that Cunyuan loved. The girl he could never marry. The girl that, I now realised, loved him back. I looked at my husband and it was clear I did not know what to say.

'Uncle, Aunt,' she said respectfully, saving us the need to say anything. 'I have known Cunyuan for four years. I love him and he loves me! I beg of you not to force him to marry someone he does not love,' she continued.

I felt a sort of motherly affection for the girl. However, I knew that this girl, the daughter of a rich district official, would suffer very much if she married my son. She would also resent her husband after a few years after her marriage because he would not be able to provide her with the kind of life she was used to. So, cautiously, I replied 'Young girl, you are too young to understand what love is. My son is not worthy of you. There is no future working in the commune.'

'Aunt, I do know what love is! I will follow Cunyuan to the ends of the earth. I'm willing to eat grass as long as I can be with him. Please give us a chance,' the girl said determinedly.

I did know what to say. I knew that love is strong, but I also knew that young people are always impulsive. Did she not realise what she was saying?

'You come from a different background. You would not like our poor commune life,' I heard my husband say.

'I promise you I will be a faithful wife and a good daughter-in-law,' the girl said.

I knew the girl spoke the truth. If given the opportunity, she would be a good wife and daughter-in-law, but I could not let her do it. She had opportunities in this life. She had a choice to leave this harsh world and be in a better place. I was not going to let her lose her chance.

'You are a beautiful girl, and you will find a nice husband in the city one day. That is where you belong,' I said.

I saw the girl burst into tears. I felt my own eyes also tearing up.

'Is there any hope for me to marry Cunyuan?' she asked pitifully.

I could not reply. I felt a choking sensation in my throat. I heard my husband confirm the negative and watched as the girl ran out of the house. However, I could not say anything. I knew how strong love was. I also knew that my son would never forgive me. All I could think was, 'What have I done to deserve this?'

FAATIMAH AHMAD, YEAR 8A



Harmony Within Islam

O you who believe

All of us are among the human race
But we never give each other Grace
Black, Brown and White
All of us in a way are right

O you who believe

We are all created by our Lord
We listen to Prophet Muhammad's
(S.A.W.)'s words
"Arabs are not superior to us nor are we
superior to them"
We all are indeed Allah's best creations

O you who believe

We are all from different nations
But in the same generation
So help your brothers out
And not the oppressors who shout

O you who believe

Act for our oppressed brothers
And be fair to the diverse
Never lose your Islamic faith
All of us are in the same race

HAIDER ALI, YEAR 7A

ONCE PROLOGUE

RAMEEN TALHA, YEAR 6A

Once we lived as a happy family in a house in a town. Until the war began. The Nazis wanted to harm Jewish people. We were in danger. But so was our son, Felix. So, we left him in an orphanage, that was in the mountains, a few hours from our home.

"Why do I need to go here?" asked Felix.

I thought for a moment. I know I can't tell him the truth.

"It's so you can go to school" I say "We're travelling around Poland to fix our bookshop, and if you come with us, you won't be able to get education" Felix looks into my eyes and nods. He believes me.

"We will come back soon" says Jacob, Felix's dad. We hug him. "Goodbye" I know Mother Minka and the others will take good care of him – and not reveal his secret.



Once we stayed in our town for almost a year, trying to organise visas to America. Or England. Or Australia and get as far away from Poland as we possibly could. But then the Nazis came.

They smashed the windows of our bookshop.

Gunshots.

Screams.

Mr Rosenfeld yelling at a Nazi soldier.

As we creep out of our home, we see something that only confirms our fears.

The Nazis are only targeting Jewish people.

Like us.

Once we walked for days and nights, carrying nothing but the clothes on our backs.

No food.

No water.

No rest.

The wind blew resentfully, like it hated us too.

Mr Rosenfeld slowed down, breathing heavily. A Nazi soldier yelled something at him in German.

Bang.

Bang.

BANG.

More gunshots.

And Mr Rosenfeld never slowed down again.

Or breathed.

Why? Why are they so cruel? Shooting innocent people.

No one dared to turn and help him – if he was still alive.

Or we'd be shot too.



Once it poured heavily, freezing us to the bone.

The cold was burning fury.



I wonder how Felix is. He's probably happy. Playing sport with other kids. I hope he never has to experience this. So far, four people have been shot. In front of our eyes.

Jacob senses what I'm thinking. "Don't worry" he says, "I'm sure he's fine."



We have arrived. It's a scary place. Tall, cracked buildings surrounded by a large wall next to a city. I barely have time to process all of this because chaos erupts.

Nazis are yelling.

People are crying.

Children are being dragged away into trucks – to where? To be killed?

Screams.

Gunshots.

Blood.

Pain and tears.

I know we probably won't survive till this war ends – if it ends.

But I hope Felix never has to experience this, and he lives a good, long life.

One day we will be together and happy again.

Until then, we'll try to survive.

Because we have.

More than once.





The Story of Prophet Sulaiman



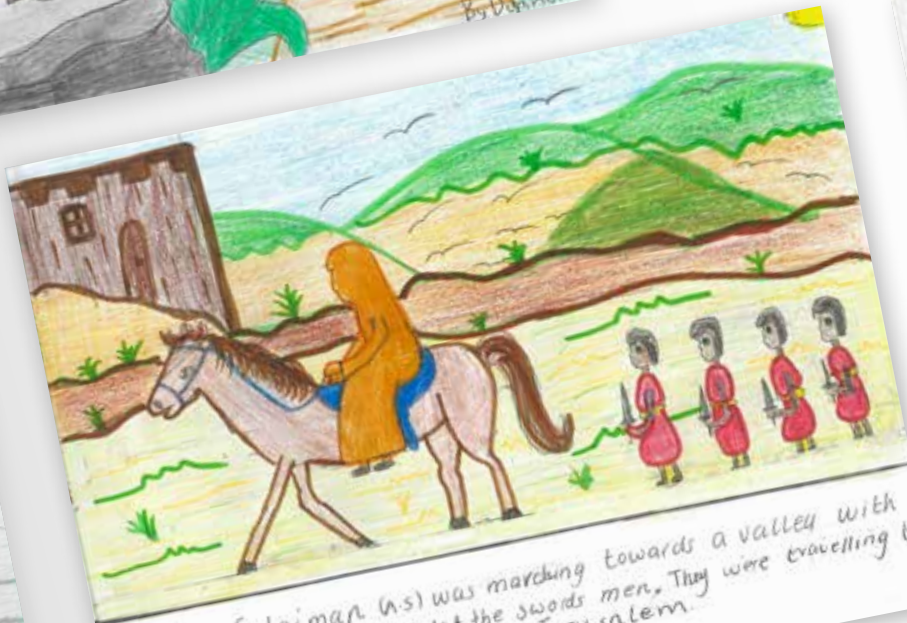
By Danna



One day Sulaiman (as) was marching towards his army of good Jin, birds & the swords men. They called Ascalon in Jerusalem.



By Danna



One day Sulaiman (as) was marching towards a valley with his army of good Jin, birds & the swords men. They were travelling to a city called Ascalon in Jerusalem.

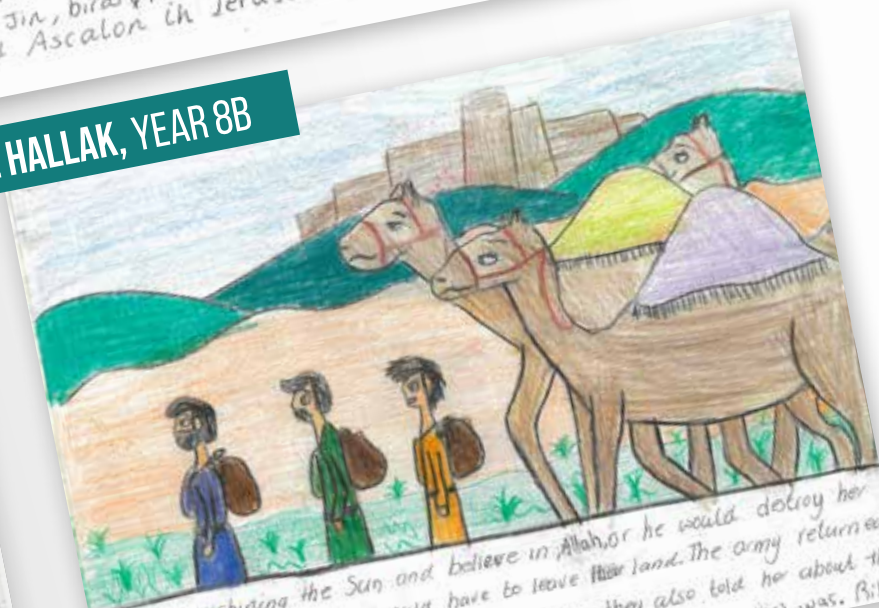


to stop worshipping the Sun Kingdom and her people the gifts to Bilqees and wonderful things they saw

ARTWORK BY DYANA EL HALLAK, YEAR 8B



Sulaiman (as) was marching towards a valley with birds & the swords men. They were travelling to Jerusalem.



to stop worshipping the Sun and believe in Allah, or he would destroy her kingdom and her people would have to leave their land. The army returned the gifts to Bilqees and told her the message, they also told her about the wonderful things they saw and how rich Prophet Sulaiman (as) was. Bilqees



ARTWORK BY KHADIJI MOHAMAD, YEAR 8A



OF MICE AND MEN *Epilogue*

AZHARIA FARAH, YEAR 10A

Just a few miles from Curley's farm lies a riverbank, where the water sparkles like sapphires in the Sun's rays and where the marsh is home to creatures both furry and scaly. Where the soft buzzing of dragonflies and the lazy pitter-patter of tired paws is heard, and where the earthy scent of sandy mud and tall trees graces the noses of all beings.

Among the willow and sycamore trees lays a path, a path with memories of two men - One too large and too strong for his simple mind, the other too small and insignificant for his big dreams - memories that leave the whole riverbank weeping for the loss of a being society couldn't keep.

For a moment the place was still, and then two men emerged from the path, making their way to the river with familiarity. They walked side-by-side with each other. Both were dressed in denim trousers and in denim coats with brass buttons. One wore a black, shapeless hat, while the other simply let his hair roam free, dancing to the occasional music of the wind.

The man on the left walked with an air of melancholy, he was small in comparison to the man on his right, his hunched form making him seem smaller than he is. His face with bags that have carried a months worth of tears that could rival the ocean, and eyes that blur, reminiscing about times long gone.

On his right strolled his companion. Tall in comparison to him, and even more handsome.

His ageless face and eyes that are understanding, and filled with wisdom. His hair, long and soft like the finest of silk, and his movement that of royalty, a presence that pauses anyone in their tracks.

The small man stopped short in the clearing, his already laboured breathing combining with the growing pressure in his chest, the man beside him places a large comforting hand upon his delicate shoulder.

"George," he said kindly. "You need to breathe, George." He gently lowered George to the ground, coming down with him.

"Slim, I-" George took a large gasping breath "I'm sorry, th-this was stupid." He continued to take deep shallow breaths, desperately wishing that the ache in his heart would cease. He couldn't, not for one second forget about what he'd done, he couldn't for one second forgive himself for what he did to the most hopeful and innocent soul he knew.

"Ya nee' ta go see 'im, George." Slim whispered, his arm now wrapped around George's shoulders like a blanket, reassuring and comforting him in his despair. "He would've wan'ed ya there"

Exhaling a breath George arose from his curled position, marching on to his destination like a soldier to war, Slim lingering where he was, but yet with each step up the path and down the emerald green pool of the Salinas River, George's resolve falters bit by bit as if a sculptor is chipping away at him.

His faltering gait comes to a halt upon a pleasant shade hidden amongst the towering sycamore trees, and eclipsed from the cruelty of mankind lies a great headstone

Acid like guilt eating away at his core and with one more trembling breath - not last, there will never be a last - tearing through his lungs like a knife, George knelt before the remnants of a man who was too good for the world.



Rebirth and Repeat

ROAN ALY, YEAR 7A

I can't open my eyes. The sand keeps getting in it. If I open it even once, I'll lose my eyes. The fruits here I've never seen... Huh? Why can't I move? Who's that figure... oh, that's my **impenhe**. Please, **Impenhe**, Please save me.

'Yindi? Yindi, wake up! How can you be asleep at this time of day?'

I open my eyes. I find myself inside our family's hut. A hint of light shines through and I flinch, curling back to sleep.

'Oh... I'm safe?'

'Oh, my love, Did you have a bad **nanga**?'

I give a little nod. I force a smile, although it turns out rather goofy. I'm not the best at acting, so my **impenhe** knows that I'm faking it.

Impenhe giggles a bit before standing up.

'It's time to gather the berries. Come with me.'

I hesitate a bit before getting up. I don't like gathering berries and little crickets. I like teasing the other kids, and playing around, but none of the girls like hunting like I do. Well, I've never actually went hunting but whenever the men come back from their trips, they caught huge creatures that I've only heard descriptions of!

As I exit the hut and see all the **yorga** gathering berries, lizards, eggs and insects. I subconsciously listen to the kids playing and laughing.

'Woah! **Bayan**, did you let out a **budji**?'

I giggle, although I try to hide it. All the children and women stop in place. The men have come back.

'We're back. Today's catch was not good.'

The men are back, carrying a **marlu**.

'Uncle Kaiya! That's a **megalo** catch!'

'Maybe for a bindi like you, but not for the entire Arrernte tribe.'

'Well, if you let me catch the kaku next time, I'll catch quadruple the size of that marlu all on my own! No, even more!'

'Or maybe the **marlu** will catch you?' He chuckles.

'Come on, uncle! You said you recognised my talent yesterday!'

'That was a joke. Now if you will, we must cook the marlu. The people are starving, and the time of migration to the mountains is soon. Just be patient. I'll help you cook it!'

'You'll cook yourself before the fire even lights. Now run along.'

I fume up.

'Fine, you're the one missing out on a whole bunch of kaku for the tribe! I'll go...collect berries or something!'

I walk away. I see the dark forest up ahead. The tiny gleams of sunlight inside it catch my eye.

'I wanna hunt too...'

'Me too!'

A little boorie jumps out of the bush. I sigh.

'Come on, Jannali. Stop trying to scare me, it won't work.'

'Aww, why can I never scare you? Everybody gets scared of me! You know, me being "the hiding chameleon of the Arrernte tribe"'

'Pfft, more like possum. Besides, you're not Uncle Kaiya, "The Fire lion of the Arrernte tribe" so I would never be afraid of a possum like you.'

'But he's not even that scary!'



Rebirth and Repeat

(CONTINUED)

I look at the carving on the tree that resembles a brave warrior woman. As sorrow fills my heart, I sigh.

'You haven't seen how he catches the marlu... I heard one of them killed his wife. Revenge has filled him since then'

Jannali freezes for a minute. His expression changes to sorrow, too.

'Oh...no wonder he's so stubborn on not letting you hunt, or anybody at that. It's not like any girl could hunt better and die braver than the Maali herself.'

'Tch. Stop speaking before I stop your heart-beat.'

I stomp away with my head to the ground and cheeks beet red.

'Hey, wait! What's with your anger issues? Why so moorditj?'

I look back once more, as a tear rolls down my cheek.

'Because even you don't understand my potential!'

'Why won't anybody let me hunt? If the men can do it, so can I!'

I kick a rock, prior to realising my surroundings. Before I knew it, the day had darkened as I stand in an empty area, all alone.

'Hm? Where am I? Oh. I'm lost. At least I know this area well and I can see the yau yee over there, so it can't be that bad, right?'

A dark silhouette appears between the trees in front of me. I hear a slight rustle behind me, as though somebody is getting ready to attack.

'Okay, it is that bad.'

The silhouette gets closer, I look around panicking. My hair gets sticky and stuck to my face. I recall Uncle Kaiya's words.' Or maybe the marlu will catch you?'

'Fine, I'll prove myself! I'll catch this, whatever it is!

A baby marlu head pops into the moonlight. The person behind me neutralizes themselves, blending into the shadows once more.

'Oh, it's just a baby! It can't do anything, right? I can't kill the poor baby!'

I squat down and carry it from the arms.

'Hehe! I'll call you...Ciji, because you're cute!'



Rebirth and Repeat

(CONTINUED)

It kicks me away with its hind legs.

'That felt like an entire person fell on my chest!'

The shadow in the trees behind me instinctively flinches.

The baby **marlu** stares daggers at me then hops away.

'Hmph. Fine, I didn't like you anyways.'

I walk away, yet again fuming.

'Ugh, not even animals recognise me... wait, was it afraid of me? So it does recognise my potential! See, I knew I could be best friend with you, **Ciji!**'

I turn around, intending to get **Ciji** back. Another similar silhouette appears.

'I know it's you this time, just come on out **Ciji!**'

The **marlu** reveals itself but... it seems to have grown bigger.

'**Ciji**...? Oh, that's not **Ciji**... that's the mother! The **marlu** love me!'

I then recall what Uncle Kaiya told me the other day. 'Mother **marlu** are just like your mother. If anybody touches their baby, she won't hesitate to kill them and die doing so'. I stiffen up... but recall my goal to capture a **marlu**.

'Pfft, only weaklings die by a **marlu's** hand! I'll catch you... I will, but how? I don't have a boomerang.'

My body urges me to run away, yet I urge to fight the **marlu**. My body gets all stiff and sweaty, and my eyes shake as not even a limb in my body will move. I make up my mind. I'll fight her, to go down with dignity and pride, just like the **Marli** herself.

As soon I decide to run, I feel a shadow running behind me. As I run as fast as I can, the wind felt like a person, no a few adults are falling on my chest.

'Oh... I know this feeling...' I just barely manage to mumble.

I black out. Is this the end? So... the **marlu** did catch me in the end, huh? At least I died bravely... right? A good death... with dignity and culture as the afterlife waits for me. Well... thanks, everybody... Jannali...

Before I died, my eyes catch a blurry sight of jannali's boomerang flying above me.

'So, he was the one in the trees, huh?'

And that's how I died at a young age. I'm writing this in the land of the dead. It's not what it sound at all. It's rather lively, actually! There're villages, coconut palms, exotic foods, and the sandy beach consists of freshwater streams lined with coral! I've met my **Garmoni**, **Golli**, and even **Impenhe** and my best friend **Mahlee**. It's ironic how her name means old tree, yet she died so young. My name '**Yindi**'... to blaze as bright as the eternal sun... my flame has run out. My next life awaits. Goodbye, as I shall be reborn soon.

ROAN ALY, YEAR 7A



Translations and context-

In the beginning, the narrative foreshadows her and her mother's death by describing the land of the dead. The land of the dead is where the Aboriginal peoples believe that they will go after death, and wait there as they will be reborn once again.

Impenhe - Mother

Yindi (name) - Sun

Nagna - Dream

Yorga - Women

Bayan (name) - Eloquence

Budji - Fart

Buru/Marlu - Kangaroo

Kaiya (name) - Spear

Megalo - Big

Bindi - Little girl

Kaku - Meat

Boorie- Boy

Maali (name) - Black Swan

Moorditj - Sad/feeling down

Yau Yee - Fire

Ciji (name) - Cute

Garminy - Grandmother (mother's side)

Golli - Grandmother (father's side)

Mahlee (name) - Old tree



THE LEGEND OF THE LOST SHIP



ETHAR MAHMOUD YEAR 7A

I'm Jedda. Kirra and Yarran are my cousins and best friends. I'm from the Wurundjeri tribe, and I'm 12 years old.

Ki, Yarran and I race to the hut where we are currently staying for dinner. I love this hut most from the others because it's closer to the sea. I have a secret tunnel to escape at night. I usually go to the beach, because unlike humans, the sea never sleeps.

As I found a seat on the wood, my grandpa, Papa Yindi brought us fish with grubs. I hate fish, or any meat in particular. Just imagine how those animals would've felt being killed just because we need food.

As I was chewing my grubs, Nanna began telling us one of her tales.

"Long ago, my great-grandfather went on a mission in which he had to travel the sea. My Papa used to tell me stories about him and his friends, right here, in the forest. One night, he told me about the legend of the lost ship."

"What lost ship, Nanna?" Ki asked.

"The legend of the lost ship had a been a dreamtime story, told by my great-grandfather to my Papa, then to me. My baba was never the type to travel at sea, he liked to protect me from all dangers of it, especially after my great-grandfather went missing."

"What happened to him Nanna?", Yarran questioned peculiarly.

"Pa told me how a few decades ago, there was a big ship that was floating in the storm. It wasn't our fishing rafts, and it was no other tribes rafts as well. It had a symbol on it, and my Pa said it was described to have red star on it, which symbolised the danger that it would bestow upon us."

I remember my baba talking about a red star a few weeks ago. He said it washed up on our

shores. I assumed it was a crab or starfish, but maybe it's not.

"After the storm, my great grandfather and his friends went out to sea to fish. Usually there's more fish after a storm, because more things get washed up on our shores. Suddenly, his ship stopped. He dived into the water to see what the problem was, and found a shipwreck, drowned from the storm!"

"Did pa take the shipwreck from under there?", Ki asked.

"No, Ki, it was too dangerous. The ocean's full of mysteries, and my great-grandfather was quite old. He and his friends returned and told everyone about what they found, but no one believed them. He went out again, to prove it, but the wreck was gone. Everyone thought he was delusional, and the only person who believed him was his son. The shipwreck's somewhere out there even today. I've tried looking for it, but it's no use, that shipwreck will never be found again. Oh yeah also the curse of the red star would make anyone who finds the wreck die a terrible tragedy."

I shuddered, imagining how painful it could be.

"Never going out into sea again", Ki noted.

"Hundred percent." Yarran said.

"But guys, if the shipwreck is still out there, we should go look for it! We could take-"

Suddenly, my baba abruptly arrived and sat down, and I feel as though he was listening to what Nanna was telling us.

"Ma, I told you to not tell them your tales. It'll scare them.", baba explained sternly.

"I'm not scared!", I protested.

"Yeah, neither are we! We want to learn what was on the ship.", Ki and Yarran said in union.

THE LEGEND OF THE LOST SHIP

● ● ● (CONTINUED)

“There was nothing on the ship! The curse of the red star was just a myth! It’s all FAKE.”, baba yelled.

We were all silent.

Baba quietened down. “I’m sorry. Just promise me you’ll never leave. The land is our friend, but the ocean is full of secrets. Go to bed, it’s getting late.”

I walk to my hut. that, I quickly sneak into my parents’ bedroom and look through all their drawers. I open one of them a little too quickly and all my baba’s leaves (he writes notes on them) and snacks fall out, as well as a golden nugget, that I’ve never seen before. I peek into the closet made of bamboo, and I find nothing. I peek under my baba’s bed and find a rectangular flag, with a bunch of red and white lines on it, like a star.

A red star.

Suddenly I hear my baba coming into the hut. I sprint into my room, and exit through the hole in my wall. I made it outside, and sit near the fire as everyone else sleeps.

I stare at the flag, and then I look at ours. Ours has black, red, and a yellow circle on it, and the other has a blue background with a red and white lining, in the shape of a star. I see a light source that’s moving away from the huts. I follow the light with the flags in hand, and it takes me to the beach, where I see two figurines.

I don’t know who they are, but they look my age so I think it’d be safe to go check them out. I look closely to realise it was Ki and Yarran!

“Ki! Yarran! What are you guys doing here?”, I asked, out of breath.

“Was just about to ask the same thing.”, Yarran replied calmly, “Ki just came, I was taking a walk and ran into her.”

“What’s that in your hand, Jedda?” Ki asks.

“I know you won’t believe it, but it’s the red star. My father had it under his bed, I think he doesn’t want anyone finding it, or looking for the shipwreck.”

“You came here to...look for the wreck??” Yarran astonished, “We don’t even have a boat! Are you crazy??”

“Well, I do have a raft, I built it myself.” I walked over to a fallen palm tree and gently pulled up the leaves to exhibit a wooden raft.

“I mean, that’s pretty cool.” Ki says as she boards the raft.

“No way you’re going on it, Ki. I thought you were more sensible than this. I’m not coming.”, Yarran says nonchalantly.

“No one asked you to.”, I say as Ki grabs him from his arms and we head off into the sea.

While Yarran composes himself, the tides drift us into the unknown.

~

The morning comes and I wake up first, and stare into the beautiful sunrise. I look around and see a tiny dot of land, which I presume is our home. I wake Ki and Yarran up, and they freak.

“My parents are gonna kill me,” Ki wails.

“I’m too young to die. Why did you do this, Jedda??” Yarran suddenly lunges at me as we fall into the sea. Ki yells something to us and tries to pull us up but Yarran yells louder so I can’t hear. After Yarran stops, we finally hear Kirra’s cries.

“Wave! There’s something in the water!”

We turn around and find a shark in the waves. I try to swim away from the wave, holding Yarran tight as we try to outswim it onto the raft. The wave comes in quickly and tumbles our raft over, knocking over the raft as Ki falls into the sea, screaming. The wave is coming for us and Yarran and I desperately try to outswim it, but it’s too fast.

The wave swallows us whole and tumbles me over and over, and my feet touch something very hard and start to bleed. I desperately try to get above sea-level. As my face finally gets over the water, I begin looking around for Ki and Yarran, but they’re out of sight.





THE LEGEND OF THE LOST SHIP . . . (CONTINUED)

The wave has finally stopped, and I look for my raft. I find it and hop on, and use the wood I found that struck my foot as an oar.

While searching, I saw a log thing floating on the water. I squint, and I notice Ki! I use my oar as fast as I can, and reach her.

I smile so hard, while trying to pick her up and put her on the raft. I touch her chest, to see if she's breathing, but I get distracted because there was something on her lower-leg. I realised what it was right away.

A shark bite.

I then touched her chest to see if she was breathing again, and felt nothing. Blood was oozing onto the ship; I didn't know what to do. I hugged her as hard as I could, and felt something in her shirt. I tried grabbing it, and it felt like the shirt she wears. I thought it was just her under shirt but when I see a blue colour on it I pull it, seeing the flag with the red star.

Ki was keeping it safe for me. I keep her on my raft as I begin looking for Yarran.

I've been paddling with her for about an hour now when I spot another silhouette floating above the water. I quickly row to the area to find an unconscious Yarran, floating on a piece of wood. I pull him onto my raft, and find his pulse. I check to see if he's breathing, but he's not.

"Kirra, Yarran, I didn't mean for this to happen. Please wake up," I sob, and my voice cracks as I hug them both, as I'm all alone, with my two dead cousins, in the middle of nowhere.

After a day, I was very hungry. I realised that to avenge my friends, I should finish what we'd started. I remembered that there was wood that hit my leg from a shipwreck, so I decided to head back into the reef and swim for the wood, as that's the same place where the wave hit.

I look around for a couple of hours, when suddenly I find something that crashed onto

the reef, and it looked completely out of shape, and very distorted, but I could almost make out a ship.

I swim back down, and look for a piece of proof I could give to my tribe when I return. As I have to get back to the surface to take a breath, it takes a while to search the entire wreck. I find a picture of a pale skin man, with funny looking hair. I put that on the raft as I go back down for more potential proof. I found a skinny bamboo thing made of wood, and I took it and went back on the raft. Then, I put the flag on it, and pieced it together.

When I made it to my island, it felt different from before. I hid the raft back where it was and carried Yarran and Kirra to the sand. I sat with them and the proofs were next to me. I was staring at the ocean, and how beautiful it looks, but how rough it could become. Suddenly I hear someone calling my name.

"Jedda? Your father's been looking for you. He wants to tell you something."

"I'm right here, Nanna," I reply sadly.

"Well that's strange, I was sure that I checked here before." Nanna recalled, "I'm glad you've returned safely."

"You knew I was gone?"

"I noticed your raft was missing."

"Makes sense," I said, even though I was surprised she knew about it. "Come, Nanna, I have something to show you."

"Alright."

I show her the bodies and hang my head in shame. She looks at them with tears in her eyes.

"What is this, Jedda?" Nanna asks, directing to the picture. "Oh... Jedda", she hugs me tightly, "I knew you could do it, my child."

"Grandma... these people... we're not alone in this world, are we?"

MAO'S LAST DANCER

OSAMA MOHAMED, YEAR 8B

In Mao's Last Dancer, Li highlights the values of family and how family and friendship help us to overcome struggles. When Li first entered the Beijing Dance Academy, he was offered more food than he could've imagined. Li "saw two big bowls of steaming food on each table" (116) and he was "given metal rice bowls, a small soup bowl, a pair of chopsticks and a soup spoon" (116). Li could never have imagined to see this much food in his whole life, but he was so homesick that his entire appetite disappeared. So he "forced [himself] to eat a few mouthfuls of rice" (117). Li was so sad and homesick, his only source of comfort was his niang's quilt, which "was like a life-saving rope in the middle of an ocean of sadness" (117-118). Even in his darkest times, Li's memory of his family and his niang's quilt gave him warmth, comfort and made him feel connected to his family at all times. This shows how family can help us overcome struggles.

In Mao's Last Dancer, Li Cunxin explores how love and encouragement from family can give us hope to do better in our lives. During Li's "first year at the Beijing Dance Academy, [he] laboured through the days with no aim, no self-confidence" (145). He never wanted this. Li never wanted to do ballet. He just wanted to go back home with his family. He "longed for [his] parents' comfort and love" (145). When Li's first year was over and he got his report card, Li was scared to go home. He didn't want his family and friends to see his poor grades. But when he got home and his parents saw his report card, there was no anger, or rage, or frustration. Instead, there was a fountain pen from Li's dia. Li was surprised at the reaction from his parents, especially his dia. Li's dia would've worked very hard to get that fountain pen. Li's dia and niang didn't worry about Li's poor grades, they just wanted Li to come back next year with improved grades. Li's dia hoped that every time Li used the fountain pen, he "will remember [his] parents and [their] expectations of [him]" (159). These words gave Li hope, and he knew that "every time [he] used [his] dia's pen, his words would echo into [his] mind" (159). This shows how family is valuable and it can help us overcome struggles.

In Mao's Last Dancer, Li emphasises how friends can help us overcome struggles. When Li was late for Teacher Gao's class, Teacher Gao got really angry and called Li rude names. Teacher Gao kicked Li out of his class, and Li "was in such a rage that [he] simply felt like killing him" (181). After being alone in his room for a while, he went to Teacher Xiao. Li and Teacher Xiao have a very close relationship and are very good friends. Li told Teacher Xiao everything, and then Teacher Xiao told Li a story about a man who never gave up and eventually became the best archer in the land. This story gave Li the confidence to confront Teacher Gao, and he "left Teacher Xiao's office full of hope" (183). When Li told Teacher Gao how he feels, Teacher Gao "was speechless" (184). He apologised and said that he won't be mean again, as long as Li works hard. Li worked really hard and at the end of the year, "Teacher Xiao gave [him] a 'good' grade and even Gao gave [him] an 'above average'" (187). This shows how friends can help us overcome struggles.



history
& culture

Diary Entry

SUMAYA MOHAMED, YEAR 6B

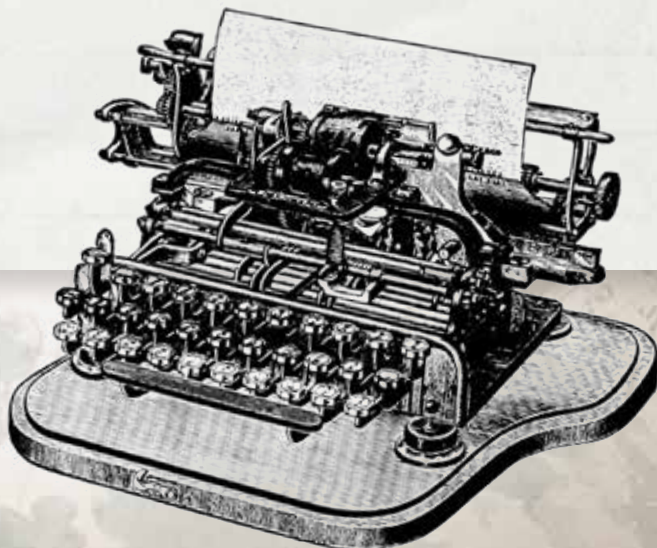


Monday January 3rd, 1975

Dear Log,

Today I feared for my life. I didn't think I could mess this up badly. It started this morning, when I woke up to feed the goats which is what I do every day. You see, living as a child in Eritrea isn't easy, so I must work at a bakery to earn money for my parents, and even that isn't enough. Anyway, I thought today was going to be a normal day at the bakery, until a soldier came and wanted some bread. I was a bit nervous and started preparing the bread. I didn't want to make any mistakes, but I also didn't want to take too long to do it. While I was grabbing the water, I made the biggest mistake ever. I spilled all the water on the soldier! I was so scared, and the soldier became very mad. He thought someone had attacked him! And I thought he was going to take me away! Though he was angry and confused, he just yelled at me and didn't hit me, which I was really surprised about. So, I finished making the bread, gave it to the soldier and he walked away. I promised myself that I would never make that mistake again.

Kindest Regards,
Abubeker





Film Review:

Aladdin

Aladdin takes the audience on an enchanting, romantic adventure through a fictional Arabian city. The film was created and published in 2019, it is a romantic yet tragic series of shocking events that have twists to the movie that make it a lot more interesting. The director of the magical film is Guy Ritchie, a well-known British film director.

The main character "Aladdin" is played by Mena Massoud who acts in many other popular movies such as "The royal treatment" (yet to come), "run this treatment" and "strange but true". Naomi Scott, Mena Massoud's co-star who plays Princess Jasmine also acts in other popular well-known films such as "Charlie's angels" and "Power rangers." The different camera angles in the movie added emphasis throughout the movie, one of them being when Aladdin is in the cave of wonders looking for the magic lamp that he has been ordered to retrieve. Aladdin must climb this small yet tall mountain because the lamp is placed at the very top of it. The camera is rotating around the mountain whilst Aladdin is climbing, it is also placed at the bottom of the cave to emphasise how tall the mountain is. The effect the camera angle has on the audience is to make the audience wonder if he is going to fall or not and it makes them wonder if he does fall "what's going to happen next". The music that was used also helped

to tell the story, for example when Aladdin rubs the lamp the genie played by Will Smith, sings Aladdin a song in order to tell him how to make a wish. Another example is when Jasmine and Aladdin are on the magic carpet going on a carpet ride, they sing the song "A whole new world", this song also won an award and rated best Disney song of the year. This song emphasises how Jasmine is never allowed out of the castle and him taking her on this trip shows a new world that she has not seen before. The impact this breathtaking scene had on me was wanting me to be in this scene.

I think the director's purpose for putting such an enchanting film together was to make the audience want to be in the movie. I also think he wanted the film to have a lot of twists and turns throughout the movie and really make the audience think about what is going to happen next. The message of the film that stood out to me is "be yourself" and not to change yourself so others can like you. The whole time in the film Aladdin is trying to become someone he is not, a prince, so Jasmine could like him when really Jasmine liked him from the very beginning when he was himself. My opinion on the film is amazing. I loved every part of it from when Aladdin first met Jasmine to the end, I definitely recommend the film and rate it 5 stars out of 5.

LANIESE YAHGI, YEAR 8A



RABBIT PROOF FENCE



Film Review

Rabbit-Proof Fence (2002) is an Australian film directed by Phillip Noyce. It is a historical drama film. Based on a true story, the film follows the journey of three young girls who walk 2400km to return home to their families after being taken away by the government to a re-education settlement. It is an inspiring film that captivates the audience.

Rabbit-Proof Fence starts by showing three young Aboriginal girls and their families. The girls have a strong connection to the land around them and can use it to live their nomadic lives. They belong to this way of life, and it is their identity. This is shown in the film through wide shots which show their connection to the land around them. Molly (Everlyn Sampi) is the oldest of the three girls. She is protective over her little sister, Gracie (Laura Monaghan), and her cousin, Daisy (Tianna Sansbury). However, they share an

equal relationship which is shown through horizontal shots throughout the film. In one scene, Molly's mother tells her about the spirit bird. She says, "See that, that's the spirit bird. It will always protect you." This is later proven true later in the film because it is the spirit bird that guides them back home after they have lost all hope. The director used low shots to film the bird to show how much power it holds as a protector.



Later in the film, Molly, Daisy and Gracie are forcibly taken away from their mothers. They are taken from their home in Jigalong to a settlement 2400 km south. They travel caged so that they may not escape. When they finally reach the settlement, an inspection is held by the Chief Protector of Aboriginals, Mr A. O. Neville (Kenneth Branagh). The girls do not know what is going on, so Molly asks one of the older girls. She replies, "They're checking for the fairer ones. They are cleverer than us. They get to go to proper school."



When Molly is finally called up, there is a juxtaposition between what the nuns and the girls tell her. The nuns act very kindly, but the girls tell her that if she does not go, she will be whipped. While Molly is walking, a low shot enables the audience to see Mr A. O. Neville from Molly's perspective. His head is big and slightly distorted showing us how much power he holds and how scared Molly is of him. After inspecting Molly's skin, Mr Neville says the word "No!" By saying no, he means Molly is too dark and must stay in the same place because she is not clever enough. Mr Neville believes that keeping the children in these settlements is good for them (paternalism). He justifies this by saying things like, "they benefit from everything our culture has to offer" and "in spite of himself, the native must be helped." He does not realise the profound impacts his actions have on thousands of Aboriginal children.

The film successfully represents the children from the Stolen Generation, most of whom are unable to escape. The film makes use of different techniques to emphasize certain aspects of the

film. It uses techniques like low and high shots to show the power dynamics as well as close-ups to show different emotions on the characters' faces. It also uses background music to bring the film to life, using joyful music in happy scenes and harrowing music in sad scenes. The film also uses techniques like juxtaposition to help the audience understand the contrast between the white people and the Indigenous people in the film. The film is successfully able to captivate the audience and enthrall them with a tale of courage and bravery.

Overall, Rabbit-Proof Fence is an excellent film that should be watched by all Australians. It successfully depicts a large part of Australian history and represents the story of many Aboriginal children living in the twentieth century. It explores themes like identity and belonging, paternalism and The Stolen Generation. I recommend the film to anyone who is interested in the events that occurred in Australian history and wants to understand the effect it had on Aboriginals to this day. Rating: 4.5/5

FAATIMAH AHMAD, YEAR 8A



Changing the date of Australia Day

DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD CHANGE THE DATE OF



Well, I think we should and here are my few reasons why.

On the 26th of January 1788, the first fleet arrived at Sydney which was led by Arthur Phillip. He raised the British flag at Sydney cove to claim it as a British Colony. This land was already owned by other Aboriginals and Torres Strait Islanders. How do you think it would have felt if someone came to your land and raised their flag on it to claim it as a colony? Many Aboriginals and Torres Strait Islanders refer 26th January to Invasion day, Day of Mourning or Survival Day. This is because, on this day they lost their lands, they lost their families and they lost their rights of being part of their own culture. For many Aboriginals and Torres Strait Islanders there is not much to celebrate as their land and culture was taken away from them. They lost their lands; they lost their families.

More than half of Australians said they don't mind when Australia day occurs. There are 364 other

days to choose from other than 26th of January. More than one third of surveyed Australians said that Australia day should be inclusive of all Australians. It is a great opportunity to change the date and be fair and inclusive of all Australians. What are we losing from changing the date of Australia Day? Nothing. What are we gaining from changing the date of Australian Day? A lot. How do you think it would have felt when a country is celebrating a day which you can't? Therefore, we should be choosing a day that every single Australian is included and is able to celebrate.

How would it feel when your lands get taken? How would it feel when a country is celebrating a day and you can't? How would it feel when a country is celebrating a day that is a painful reminder to you and your family? Part of being culture is about including everyone and making sure that we are not excluding anyone. When we change the date of Australia Day, we are inviting the Aboriginals and Torres Strait Islanders to celebrate Australia day together. It is a good opportunity to rethink our decision about celebrating Australia Day on the 26th of January or celebrating Australia Day on another date. Do you think it is fair to celebrate a day that excludes the Aboriginals and Torres Strait Islanders?

These were my few reasons why I think we should be changing the date of Australia day. It would be fair if we could change the date of Australia Day and be fair so that every single Australian is able to celebrate Australian Day. I am sure it would not have felt good if you were excluded from a day you can't enjoy. Lots of people including the Australian Cricket team moved the date of the big bash league so that all Australian can celebrate Australia Day. Therefore, this is why I think we should be changing the date of Australia Day.

SYED HAIDER HUSSAIN YEAR 8A





Changing the date of 

Australia Day

Let's think about the people who have struggled to live their life since the First Fleet. We are not here to make them feel the way they felt in the past, NO, we are here to make them feel wanted and to keep them one of us.

Who are they, you might ask, those are the people that started Australia, they are the first nation, and they are the Indigenous people. These people faced lots and lots of trouble, or I can say they had no rights, it was because of British white people. A few years ago, the Australian Government apologised and said the word everyone was waiting for, "sorry."

Some might say, Australia Day is the day Australia was established, we can't change it, but not the day that also marks the pain of the Indigenous people when everything was taken away from them, their land, their families, and their life. Why not, why not change the date? No one will be harmed. We should wake up and think about others, be fair, and live life in the right way.

This topic is discussed a lot lately, so it is a good chance to raise our voice and ask for the right thing.

MAY MOURAD, YEAR 8B



| the pen

OF MICE AND MEN



Of Mice and Men is a classic novella written by John Steinbeck and is based in the 1930s, a time of hardship where people were struggling to make a living during The Great Depression and dust bowl. During this time, many people moved to California, the “golden state”, in search of a better life. Many people from bigger cities became ranch workers, moving from farm to farm with no real place to call home, but along with their loneliness these ranch workers also carried hope of a better future and a better life. Through this novel, inspired by the poem “To a Mouse” by Robert Burns, Steinbeck portrays how hope can keep someone positive and help them push through hardship and loneliness, yet he also highlights the disappointment hopeless dreams can bring when they come crashing down uncontrollably.

Steinbeck reflects the hope dreams can bring through the structure of the main characters, George and Lennie. Two ranch workers who dream of a better life in which they no longer follow the orders of someone who couldn't care less for them. This dream they share is what keeps them going despite the loneliness of their disconsolate lives. Lennie, who is mentally handicapped and simple-minded longs for a future in which he can have his own rabbits. This dream is what keeps him motivated and cheerful despite the continuous trouble he gets into due to his physical strength. George promises Lennie and himself this unreachable dream but never seems to truly believe it as we are shown when Candy becomes a part of their dream, the text says: “They fell into silence. They looked at one another, amazed. This thing they had never really believed in was coming true.” Lennie always seemed convinced their dream would come true and constantly went on about it excitedly. George, on the other hand, always spoke of their future so lightheartedly, like it was just a simple daydream, like he knew it was already hopeless. So when it seemed like they really could achieve their perfect life, the “American dream”, it made the destruction of that dream so much more devastating for George.

"The best laid plans of mice and men often go astray, and leave us only grief and pain for promised joy."

This quote, an extract from the poem "To a mouse" by Robert Burns, offers a powerful idea through the novel *Of Mice and Men*. Through this novel, based on Burn's poem, Steinbeck elaborates on the hopelessness and heartbreak dreams can bring despite how magical they may seem. It exemplifies the idea of dreams as a stuck-in-the-middle type position, because if you never dreamed at all then the sorrow might not have been so bad, but having no aspirations or hope for a better future gives way to loneliness, which usually turns people hostile. We see examples of this throughout the book when the ranchmen talk of other men that would just come through and leave on their own. Yet we also have characters like George, Lennie and Candy whose long-awaited dreams are uncontrollably destroyed, leaving them nothing but grief and pain. This correlates with Burn's poem, where he compares mice and men in the way a small mouse can't control their life being destroyed,

neither can we. At the end of the novel, before George shoots Lennie, they recall their dream one more time. "We'll have a cow," said George. "An' we'll have maybe a pig an' chickens... an' down the flat we'll have a... little piece of alfalfa"

"For the rabbits," Lennie shouted.

"For the rabbits," George repeated.

This quote represents the idea of promised joy from Burn's poem and lost hope.

Throughout the novel we see the themes of destroyed dreams in the way Steinbeck has structured the novel to relate to similar themes in Robert Burn's poem. We see this through George, Lennie, Candy and even the other ranchmen, and all their lost dreams and hope of a better life. Steinbeck and Burn's both highlight how little control we humans really have over our lives, and how unexpectedly dreams can be destroyed.

AMFENAH ALMIRGANI, YEAR 10A

Dreaming with eyes

OPEN...



DREAM

ARTWORK BY SAMA ATASSI, YEAR 7B



I SING THE BODY ELECTRIC

Analysis 1

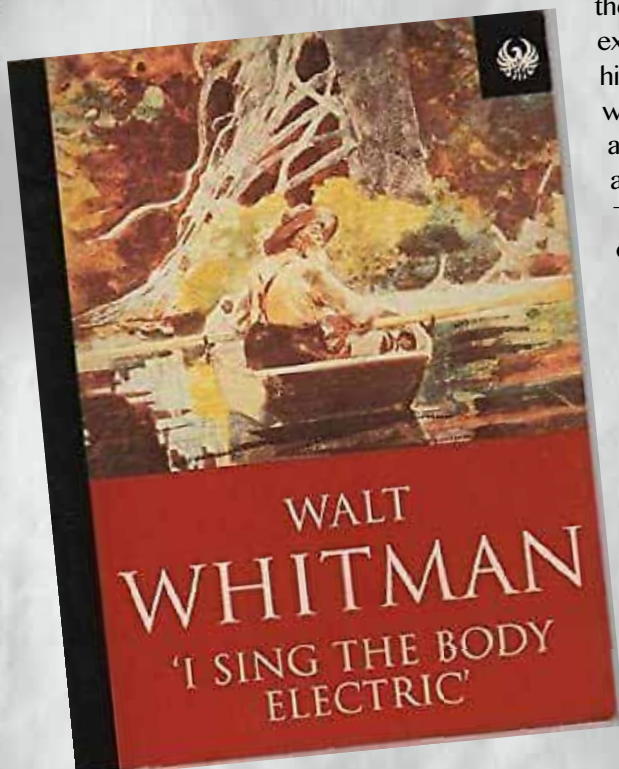


Within Whitman's poem "I sing the body electric" the notion of human experience, and identity is explored through his glorification of physicality, and the beauty that the human body encompasses. More specifically, Whitman highlights how one's physical attributes are deemed more important than their persona, and morale compass. As highlighted through the description of the farmer focused upon the details of his face being "the shape of his head, the pale yellow and white of his hair and beard, the immeasurable meaning of his black eyes." Through the following statement, Whitman utilises distinctive language

when describing the farmer to exhibit how his identity was formed around his appearance. This notion of physical dominance, over character is further showcased through the line "he was also wise." Ultimately proving

that attention to the farmers character and knowledge is diminished, in comparison to the deep exploration of his physicality.

Furthermore, Whitman conveys the significance of the human body, in particular the importance of physical touch and affection being the baseline of human connectivity. Depicted through the line of "I have perceiv'd that to be with those I like is enough...To be surrounded by beautiful, curious, breathing, laughing flesh is enough." The following line portrays how the simplistic factors of existence that we undermine, being presence, touch, and intimacy and how these alone are enough in a world that constantly desires more. Through 'I sing the body electric' Whitman urges people to understand the beauty held by the human body, and how it truly cultivates not only our existence, but our personal identity as a whole. Describing his own physicality as a "sea" that he "swims in" to showcase how we all must immerse ourselves in the pleasure of having a flourishing human body, and how its role goes beyond the individual importance of physicality. Acting as a fundamental basis in not only creating a sense of togetherness amongst people, but also increasing our ability to form emotional, and spiritual connections in life.



EMNAH EL HAWLI, YEAR 11B

I SING THE BODY ELECTRIC

Analysis 2

100

LEAVES OF GRASS

From the one so unwilling to have me leave—and me
just as unwilling to leave,
(Yet a moment, O tender waiter, and I return :)
—From the hour of shining stars and dropping dews,
From the night, a moment, I, emerging, flitting out,
Celebrate you, act divine—and you, children prepared
for,
And you, stalwart loins.

I SING THE BODY ELECTRIC.



1 I sing the Body
The armies of
them ;
They will not I
them,
And discorrupt
charge
2 Was it dou
bodies
And if those
who d
And if the b
And if the b
3 The love
cour
That of the
perf
4 The exp

"I Sing The Body Electric" is a poem from Walt Whitman's "magnum opus", meaning from one of his best works. It is a poem that shows the different parts of the human body with its function as a whole and as an individual. The physical body connects humans together and the connection between body and soul. The word "electric" is indicating the tone of this poem, which is an excited, mystery, praiseworthy, and vibrant tone. In the second line of the poem, it mentions "the armies of those I love engirth me and I engirth them". The word "armies" is exaggerated to portray strength, and the word engirth means to be surrounded by. He freely celebrated themes of the body, and the self. He makes a connection between his physical and spiritual experiences suggesting that the interconnectivity of human soul and human physical experience.

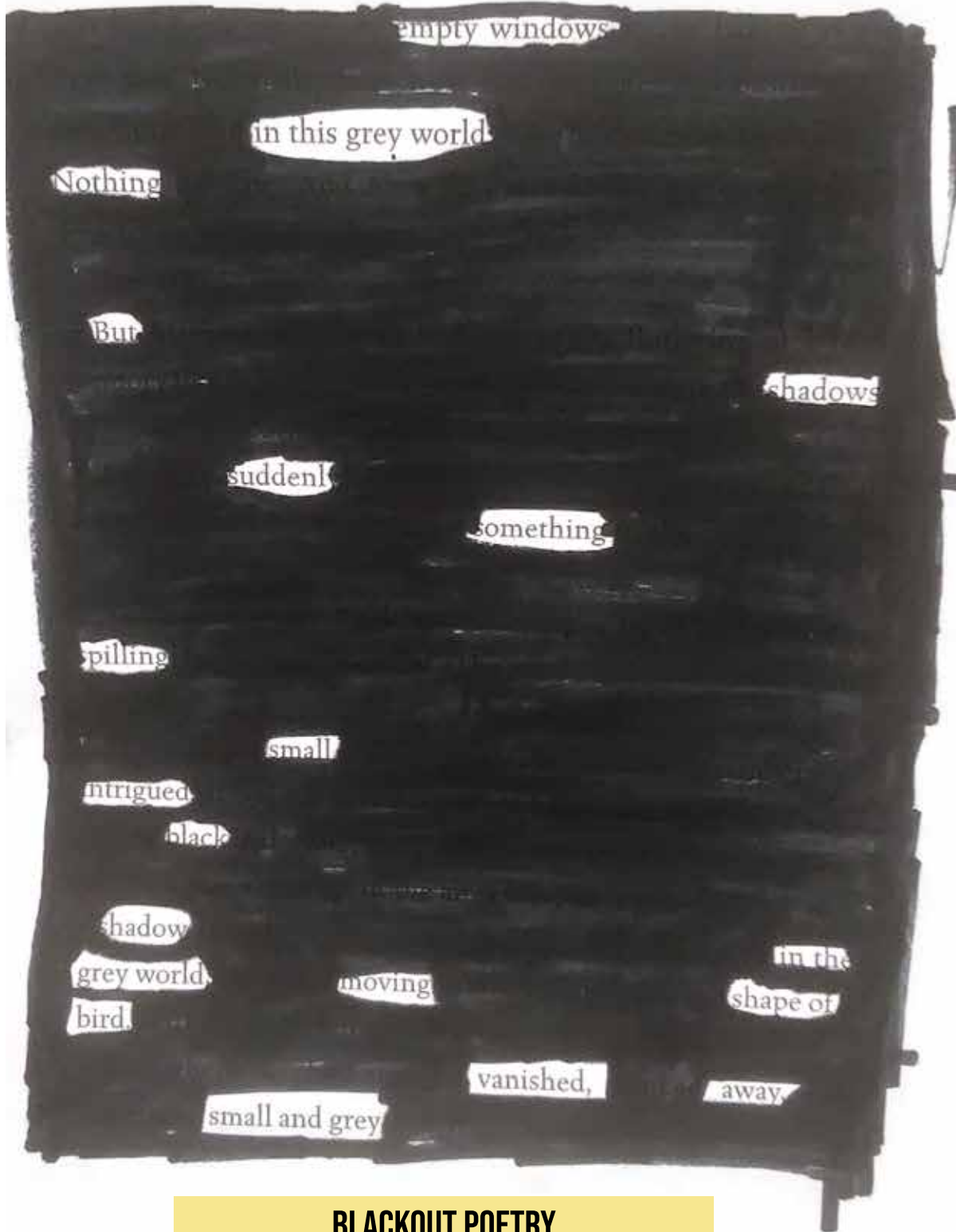
The poem does not make use of a standard rhyme scheme or musical pattern. This the writing that Walt Whitman is most well known for. Walt Whitman includes several literary devices such as alliterations, rhetorical questions, and imagery. Section two shows the balance between both male and female bodies. The poet uses sequences of images to present his view of a perfect body. The images "swimmer naked in the swimming-bath", the "embrace of love and resistance", and the "two young wrestlers", defines the connection inherent within these physical forms.

FIRAS OSMAN, YEAR 11B



the pen

Blackout Poetry



**BLACKOUT POETRY
BY FARIS MUSTAFA, YEAR 9A**

DEFENDING MATHS

No matter where you look, you can't escape its presence.

It surrounds you, but you don't know that you rely on its existence.

You only think of it when you find circumference

Or convert cents to pence.

Don't undermine its importance

Because without it, life is a painful experience.

Whether you are a person of great importance,

Or living on a small allowance

You all need its guidance

No matter if you study jurisprudence

Or give traffic clearance

You all need its assistance

Learning it may be a great nuisance

But if you didn't know about it, that would be a grievance

Don't pretend to be in ignorance

It's Maths that's in your presence.

FAATIMAH AHMAD, YEAR 8A

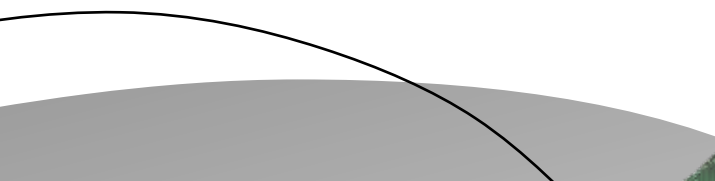

“WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOM’D”

Analysis

“When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom’d” is a poem written by Walt Whitman in 1865 in honour of Abraham Lincoln. He had written this poem as an elegy of Lincoln’s assassination and the effects of his death to the community. Whitman explores the theme of mourning throughout his poem, his love for Lincoln as well as the despair of the society after his assassination. An elegy is a type of poem that is used to mourn and overcome aspects of life and is a theme that can be universally relatable and can transcend through time and space. Having this poem being an elegy makes this historical incident easier to understand, even for the future generations.

Whitman conveys his elegy in a metaphor and symbolism throughout his poem. Winter symbolising the time of Lincoln’s death, a time of mourning, sadness, and great darkness, and using spring as a time of happiness. In the first stanza, Whitman starts by stating the title of the poem “When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom’d”; the word ‘lilac’ being a metaphor used to describe spring in which it is a symbol of

resurrection as it comes every year. By using a metaphor, Whitman makes it easier for his audience to understand the message and story that he is trying to convey. Furthermore, Whitman uses visual imagery to express his feelings toward the readers making it easier for them to connect to his writing. In the third stanza, Whitman discusses lilacs and the way in which it grows, linking it to the beauty of spring and how it is a time of happiness; it is the contentment before grief. ‘Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing’ is a very strong visual representation of how he views things in a way in which no other does. This statement helps the readers understand that even during hardships spring still comes and grows over time. Additionally, Whitman uses alliteration in the third stanza to engage the readers as well as create a more memorable piece and context for them to remember. Alliteration is used to add emphasis on the colour of the “palings” in the dooryard in contrast to the dark and gloomy theme that had been written before the third stanza. This implies a strong emphasis that beauty can emerge from even the darkest of places. Adding an alliteration increases the effect on the readers and for them to be able to connect



to Whitman's emotions and how he feels about the death of Lincoln.

The poetic structural device that Whitman had used throughout this poem was anaphora. By adding anaphora to the start of each sentence creates repetition as well as emphasis to the point that he is trying to convey to his readers. Anaphora also helps in making the section more memorable for the readers due to repetition. This could also be a way in which Whitman had wanted to appeal to the emotion of his readers and impact them in a way in which they cannot forget what he is telling them. Having started the second stanza with "O" gives the readers the impression that a person is calling out to someone that is out of their reach. Having repeated the start throughout this stanza gives the readers a sense of persuasion and for them to be able to link and connect to the emotions of Whitman's. In the third stanza he had started three consecutive sentences with the same word: "with"; by doing this, Whitman creates a strong and powerful impact on his readers making it easier for them to understand his poem and the story that he is trying to deliver.

FOWZIA OSMAN, YEAR 11B



the spiral
illusion
didn't slow her
behind
maybe
somewhere in between
the next junction
walked forward to the next junction
quite here either.
Somewhere you shouldn't be
in the same direction
Go back
'I can't,' she replied.
Going on is not an option
'I need to save my friend,' she said. 'I need to go on.'
She looked at the cat. She
she couldn't turn back. Wouldn't turn back
Behind her the cat
Blinked its odd-coloured eyes.
Stepped away and
vanished

SALMA SHURIYE, YEAR 9A

DECEPTION

What displeasure to see such a change.
Destiny has shown us your true face.
Therefore, now you will be locked behind a
cage.

Where I will look at you in disgrace.

You will sob and regret what you did.
I don't care because it's too late for apologies.
The past is unable to be edited.

We are not the same anymore so stay within
your boundaries.

Regardless of the fact we were mates before.

You thought I would be weak.
No, I stand up for myself for sure.
Since you went to peak.

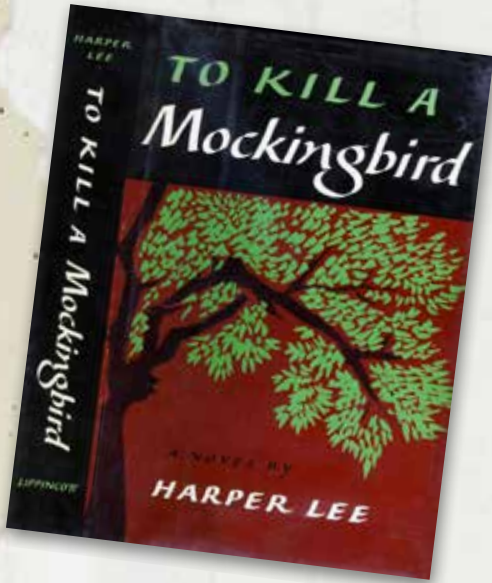
You thought you would deceive me.
No, you will just grieve and leave.

JAVERIA NAVED, YEAR 9A



the pen

TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD



“Is Jem awake yet?” I asked Atticus, slightly hopeful.

“Sleeping peacefully. He won’t be awake until morning,” Atticus responded, deflating me a little. Atticus told me he’ll be sitting up with him for an hour or so and then he told me to go back to bed. How could I have gone back to bed after such a day? After all that happened? I swore to myself that I would never sleep again, at least not until I knew Jem was okay.

“Well, I think I’ll stay with you for a while.”

“Suit yourself,” Atticus replied. It must have been after midnight, and I was puzzled by his amiable acquiescence. I moved to make myself comfortable near him, and against my internal protests, I began to sleep the moment I sat down.

“Whatcha reading?” I asked, fighting off a yawn.

Atticus turned the book over. “Something of Jem’s called, ‘The Grey Ghost.’”

I was suddenly awake. “Why’d you get that one?”

“Honey, I don’t know. Just picked it up. One of the few things I haven’t read.” He said pointedly.

“Read it out loud, please, Atticus. It’s real scary.”

“No,” he said. “You’ve had enough scaring for a while. This is too—”

“Atticus, I wasn’t scared.” And I meant it. I wasn’t scared when I felt dirty hands grab a hold of me and try squeezing me. I wasn’t scared when I suddenly felt those hands being yanked away and was mysteriously freed from their grasp. I wasn’t scared when I stumbled my way on home, intending to find help for Jem but then seeing him being carried by an unknown man toward our house. I had never been scared, because, somehow, I had known that everything was going to be just fine. Somehow, I just felt I could trust the strange man holding my brother, almost as if I knew I had already been receiving his help in one form or another. To this day, I have never felt more composed than I did on my walk home that night, away from Bob Ewell’s whisky smelling body. Only until I had to relive my moments did I begin to feel a slight sense of fear, although it wasn’t overwhelming.



Atticus raised his eyebrows in question at my statement, and I protested. “Leastways not till I started telling Mr. Tate ‘bout it. Jem wasn’t scared either. Asked him and he said he wasn’t. Besides, nothin’s real scary except in books.”

Atticus opened his mouth to say something but shut it again. I moved myself closer to him and leaned my head against his knee. Atticus began reading from the first chapter and I sat there and listened to every word he said; until I fell asleep. I willed myself to stay awake, but the rain was so soft and the room was so warm and his voice was so deep and his knee was so snug that I slept. Seconds later, it seemed, his shoe was gently nudging my ribs. He lifted me to my feet and walked to my room.

“Heard every word you said,” I muttered, reassuringly, “...wasn’t asleep at all, ‘s about a ship an’ Three-Fingered Fred ‘n’ Stoner’s Boy...”

Atticus grabbed my pyjamas and began trying to help me change. “Yeah, an’ they all thought it was Stoner’s Boy messin’ up their clubhouse an’ throwin’ ink all over it an’...” He guided me to my bed and sat me down. He lifted my legs and put me under the cover. “An’ they chased him ‘n’ never could catch him ‘cause they didn’t know what he looked like, an’ Atticus, when they finally saw him, why he hadn’t done any of those things’...Atticus, he was real nice.” His hands were under my chin, pulling up the cover, tucking it around me.

“Most people are, Scout, when you finally see them.” He turned out the light and went into Jem’s room. When he left, I didn’t find myself instantly consumed by sleep once more, rather I thought about The Grey Ghost and Stoner’s Boy. He reminded me a little of Boo Radley. He reminded me of the way Boo was shut away from the town, isolated beyond understanding. No one knew of his face, no one knew of him beyond all the rumours which had been spread. Past all the hearsay, Boo Radley was one of the greatest men I knew throughout my life. Without him, without his protection, his compassion, who knows what would have happened to Jem and I. I hadn’t realised then how much my life would go on to be influenced by Boo. After that day, I learnt

compassion and how to not judge a book by its cover, to see people beyond their reputation. I learnt that people, despite whatever may follow them, can be real nice. In a way, I like to believe Boo Radley was my own Mockingbird. Similar to my story, I realised how, like Boo to myself, Tom Robinson was Atticus’ Mockingbird. Being able to look back on his trial as a grown woman, it was obvious Tom Robinson never stood a chance. To those whose mind hadn’t been poisoned by racist, immoral values, it was clear as day that Tom had been an innocent man. A man who was nothing but good, punished by society for the colour of his skin. As a young girl, I couldn’t understand all that was happening, but now when I think back and remember Tom, my heart skips a beat. Why, Tom was a simple man who never hurt anybody, but he still stood no chance. The night of Tom’s murder was a night of great sin, just as we were all taught, it’s a sin to kill a mockingbird.

It will never not pain me to know I had the gift of being able to hear my mockingbird sing all my life, while that night Atticus had to hear his mockingbird’s final song.

MANAR OSMAN, YEAR 11





Algebra Narrative

The Relationship Between X and Y

X and Y grew up together in Algebra, a city in Mathematics. You would have thought that X and Y were best friends because they grew up together, right? But no. X and Y were **ENEMIES!** As they both lived in Algebra, X and Y would often bump into each other.

One day, X received a phone call claiming she would be good enough for the job of the Premier in Cartesia, a nearby city in Mathematics.

“You will board the Cartesian plane tomorrow morning and be with us by 6:00pm sharp tomorrow night. Is that clear?” asked the man

X was thrilled. Not only was she able to move away from her enemy, she had now been offered the place of the Premier in Cartesia. X boarded the Cartesian plane the following morning and they followed the coordinates on the map to make their way to Cartesia. A few hours later, once they had followed all the coordinates they arrived in Cartesia. It was 5:58pm and X had only 2 minutes to get to the conference room. She ran as fast as her legs could carry her and arrived at exactly 6:01pm.

“You are late” said the man strictly.

X apologised and took a seat in front of the man. He explained to her that in order for her to be proven that she is capable enough, she had to answer a math question.

“What is $(5y - 8u + 12)$ when $y = 10$ and $u = 2$?”

He gave her a paper and a marker and she began to work out the question. She explained every step of the way and once she had finished she confidently stated that her answer is 46. The man looked down at his paper and then back up at her again.

“This is truly amazing. You have successfully substituted the pronumerals with their given value into this question and received the right answer. We have a winner!”

Due to the communicative law it was claimed that X was now the new premier of Cartesia. X had continued on with her life and substituted Y for all this. X had risen to power and Y, well Y was angry.

SAMA ATASSI, YEAR 7B

Algebra Narrative

The Reason why Y Left X

X and Y grew up together almost their whole life. They grew up in a small town called Algebra in the country of Mathematics. They were both very negative, although when they were exposed to each other's personality, they always seemed positive.

X and Y went on to school everyday following the coordinates that they were given by their mothers which were W and R.

"I think we should go this way," X explains.

"No, on the map it says its this way," Y argues.

"Wasn't it in quadrant three though?" X asks.

Y carefully thinks and replies, "You're right it is! We have to walk in a linear pattern to get there."

Even though they argued constantly they still multiplied into a great team.

As X and Y grew up, their relationship always equalled to a positive. This was before Y backtracked to see how X really was. He found out that X had been backbiting about him with K,

one of the most negative pronumerals in the school.

The next day, Y decides to confront X. "I heard you talking about me with K."

"What? I would never talk negative about our relationship!" X replies.

"I thought we were like terms - why would you do that?!" Y cries.

Y then says something which is long known in the country of Mathematics.

"I think we should divide; you've changed. You do not negative and we do not match anymore."

Y walks away knowing the relationship he thought he had been trying to simplify and add was just an unliked term which could have never been added together.

MANAL AWAN, YEAR 7B

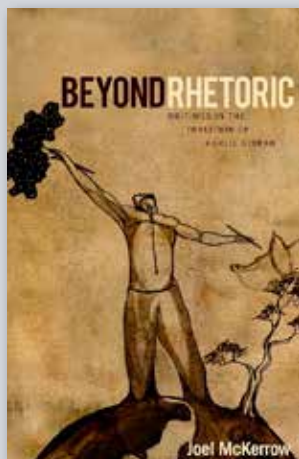
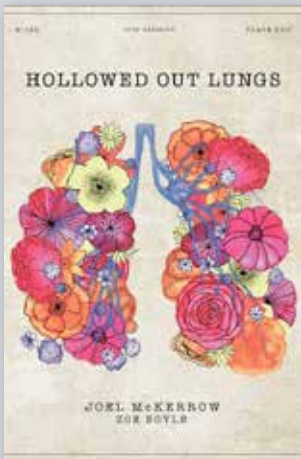


meet the author



JOEL MCKERROW

Joel McKerrrow is an award winning writer and an internationally renowned performance poet.



STUDENT REFLECTIONS

During Joel McKerrrow's presentation, I felt entertained. I felt motivated because I liked the way he presented his poems. Joel McKerrrow's poems reminded me of my childhood because he talked about a poem about his childhood and what he used to do with his family.

AHMED KAYA 8B

Joel McKerrrow taught us that even if we are young, we can have an interest in poetry and it isn't a nerdy thing.

WISSAM ABDOU 8B

I raised my hand because I wanted to share my fascinating poem. My poem made my heart beat to the max. It was beautiful and I saw everyone happy. I thought about how people could open themselves to be happy and love themselves.

AYMAN ALI 8B

I felt the presentation was inspiring. I liked how Joel McKerrrow read his poems with passion and told us that we are all capable of being like this. I thought that I could do it and I can speak up to the world. He showed us how a boy our age (13 years old) wrote a poem about pollution and how we went on to win the poem championship in Australia. I liked the way Joel McKerrrow interacted with us and reached out to us and how we came up with a poem from scratch.

AHMED EL-MASRY 8B

During the Joel McKerrrow author visit, I felt very entertained and motivated. The way he presented his poems was very smooth and fluent, which made it sound very inspiring and motivating. I was thinking about the 13 year old boy that Joel McKerrrow told us about who won the national poem competition, and he was very inspirational to me. The next book I am thinking of reading is Percy Jackson.

OSAMA MOHAMED 8B

When Joel McKerrrow was presenting his slides and reciting his speech and poems, I did not know too well how to feel about it. But I did enjoy listening to him talking since I could understand what he was talking about and where he was going with his poems, unlike many other poems where I do not understand even though I can understand the topic, I just could never enjoy the poems since they would make zero sense to me. But I actually enjoyed his poems since they were easier to understand compared to other poems I've read.

IRTAZA GILANI 8B

I felt motivated to learn more about poems and read more books mainly because of how he promoted the poems and the beauty of them. I felt this incursion was a pretty good experience. I found it also helped us learn more about poems and gave us a chance to express how we felt about them. In the course of this incursion, I felt Joel interacted very well with the students and gave us chances to speak and express how we feel.

GIZELLE YEHIJA 8B

The incursion with Joel McKerrow was really fun and inspiring. He talked about poems and books. He even shared some poems with us. I found it inspiring when he talked about self-confidence and self-love.

MAY MOURAD 8B

RAHMA 8B Joel McKerrow's author visit was a fascinating experience. During his poems, I felt like he was in his world, like he really enjoyed the work he did. As a member of the audience, I felt engaged in the way he expressed himself.

To celebrate Book Week, Joel McKerrow was invited to visit our school to do a workshop with the students from Year 6 - 10 to inspire and motivate the students to read, write, and aspire us to be future poets. He shared his life story through a poem. I would say his story inspired many of us to at least think about the future and a point of view on poetry, writing, reading and song.

AYISHA MOHAMED 10

ZEENAT RASHIDI 10 Last Monday we got introduced to an author called Joel McKerrow. He talked about his poems and shared some of his poems. He inspired us to go and catch our dreams and see if we like to write about poetry. The week before we visited our public library for book week, we explored the library and looked at different books. The staff at the library gave us a tour of the library and showed us some of the important artwork in the gallery.

On Monday the 29th of August we were introduced to Joel McKerrow, an Australian poet and author. He recommended a lot of books and recited his poems. He was animated and lively. I enjoyed the incursion.

MERYEM ALABDALI 10

"The author showed us that poems are also an important part of reading and writing. I like comics, so I plan on reading some after this visit."

KIAN 7B

We had an incursion with an author and a poet who performs around the world. He performed to us his poems and he explained to us their meanings. I liked some of them, as they were deep and meaningful. We did a few activities regarding shows, movies, and books, which everyone said what parts of it they enjoyed. He also reminded us about the importance of books, and writing, of course, and how important they were to self-express. He told us about his latest book, and about himself and his childhood written in the last poem he performed. The poems were long, and I was impressed with the way he told his whole childhood story through a poem. He showed us poems by young people who performed on a national and international level, and he wanted us to find inspiration from them.

MEHRU KASHIF YEAR 10

"The author's visit was not only funny, but inspirational too. I think I will read a book with lots of humour after this."

MUSTAFA 6B

"The author's visit reminded me of how I love to read. I am reading 'Little Women' now."

HALIMA 6B

"The author's visit was not only funny, but inspirational too. I think I will read a book with lots of humour after this."

MUSTAFA 6B

"I thought the author's visit was fun. It reminded me of the times I used to read stories when I was young. The book that I am thinking of reading next is "Nevermoor" because it sounds interesting."

AREEJ 6B

ASHIK 7B "I felt very eager to find out what the author had to say during his visit. I initially thought that it was going to be boring, but it was actually interesting. I am now planning to read some of Joel McKerrow's books."

"This presentation was very entertaining and I enjoyed his poems. I also liked Solli Raphael's Slam Poetry as well."

SAAD 7B

"I felt excited about the author's visit and I am thinking of reading some of the books that he has written."

KARIM 7B

"The author was a very nice man. He was even into poetry and showed us many different rhythms. We also received a card with a QR code on it so we could see all the books that he had written."

ROBSAN 6B

SHAHAD 6B "I really enjoyed the rap as it had a beat to it."

"People criticised the author when he was younger for having an interest in drama whilst the other kids were into sports. He made poetry seem very interesting."

ASKAR 7B

"The author's visit made me think that reading is cool."

ARMANI 6B

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AYAH ELZANATY YEAR 8A