

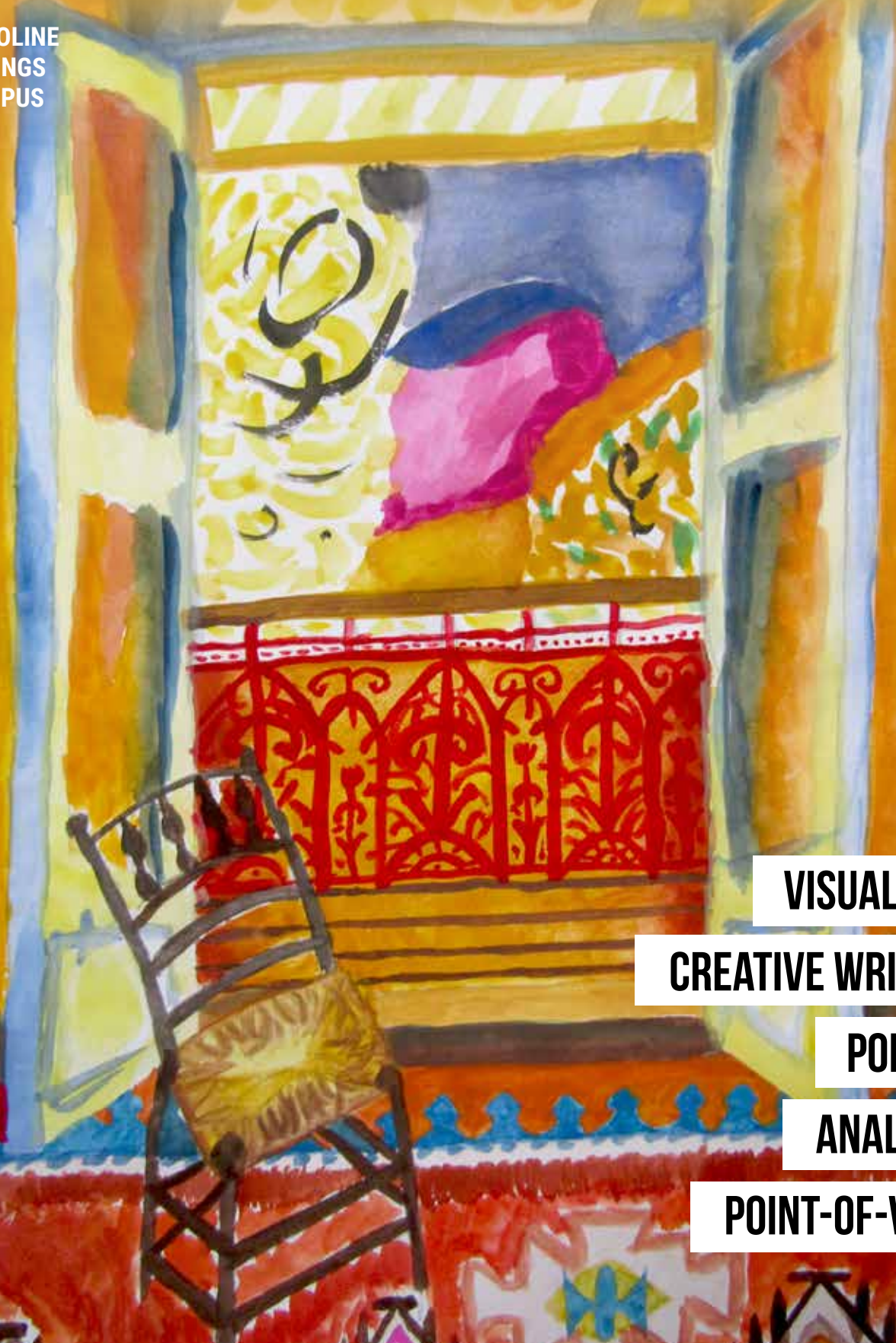
AUSTRALIAN INTERNATIONAL ACADEMY OF EDUCATION

2021  
LITERARY  
MAGAZINE

# KAYA 2021

LITERARY MAGAZINE

CAROLINE  
SPRINGS  
CAMPUS



**VISUAL ART**

**CREATIVE WRITING**

**POETRY**

**ANALYSIS**

**POINT-OF-VIEW**

COVER ARTWORK BY

**MANAR OSMAN YEAR 10**

“

*The artwork I completed was my personal execution of the artwork by Donald Friend titled "The Upstairs Front Room".*

*This was a piece I completed in my art class with the guidance of my art teacher. When I was analysing this artwork and considering what it meant to me, the open doors leading to the terrace where the views beyond are filled with bright colours, happiness and a sense of welcoming, felt to me as if the world from afar was saying "hello".*

***The promise of something greater than what we know and the outward invitation to reach it was comforting to me and allowed me to become acquainted with my own painting.***



## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

*With this magazine, our students say 'Kaya' - 'Hello' in the Noongar language - to their readers.*

*The use of **Kaya** is to remember the past and ongoing connection of the traditional owners to the sacred land. With Kaya, our students acknowledge the importance of human connection through the power of the written word.*

*Middle-years and VCE student contributions function to greet and connect with the broader AIA school community, and showcase their individual insights, creativity, and perceptions of the world around them.*

*Acknowledgement is made to the Faculty of English and the Faculty of Arts for leading this publication and to the following faculties for their contributions: Humanities, French, Arabic, Science and Mathematics.*

**NUR ELIF ANKARA, HEAD OF ENGLISH**

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## meet the author

- 62 **Meet the Author** Abbas Kazerooni
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Australian Aboriginal people do not have their own written language. For over 60,000 years, knowledge and traditions have been handed down by word of mouth and the use of commonly understood symbols. These ancient symbols can be seen in their rock paintings, cave paintings, body paint, ceremonial clothing, and sand painting.

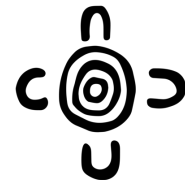
**Here are some of the symbols that you can look out for in Aboriginal paintings, to help you better understand their meaning**



Concentric circles represent many meanings in Aboriginal Art though often they share a specific site, waterhole or meeting place.



This crescent or 'U' shape icon represents people, both man and woman and can be found in many Aboriginal paintings.



One of the most iconic Aboriginal motifs, this symbol depicts people seated at a specific site, camp, or meeting place.



This Aboriginal Icon depicts a man. Here he is accompanied by a spear and shield though variations of this would include different weapons such as a boomerang.



This Aboriginal icon relates specifically to the arc and represents, in many variations, a wind break around a site, campfire, or meeting place.



This Aboriginal icon depicts a woman. Here you can see the woman in the middle with a coolamon and digging stick on either side.



This Aboriginal Icon represents the budgerigar though a variation is also used to represent other birds. Often found in large numbers across the canvas.



The mighty Kangaroo is represented here in this Aboriginal icon. A variation of this includes a stroke between the footprint representing the tail.



This Aboriginal Icon represents an Emu and is often portrayed with many footprints traversing the artwork.



Running between two sites, this Aboriginal Icon is represented by the wavy lines that show running water, a crucial resource in the desert.



Long elongated lines represent sand hills in Aboriginal paintings and are often depicted surrounding a specific site or waterhole.



Straight lines between two sites in Aboriginal paintings generally represent people travelling between the two places.



Three short lines as depicted here typically represent Aboriginal body paint or markings.



Often represented in large numbers this circular motif can represent water soakages and often bush foods or seeds.



This Aboriginal icon depicts the footprints of a possum and is often found traversing the painting as it travels.



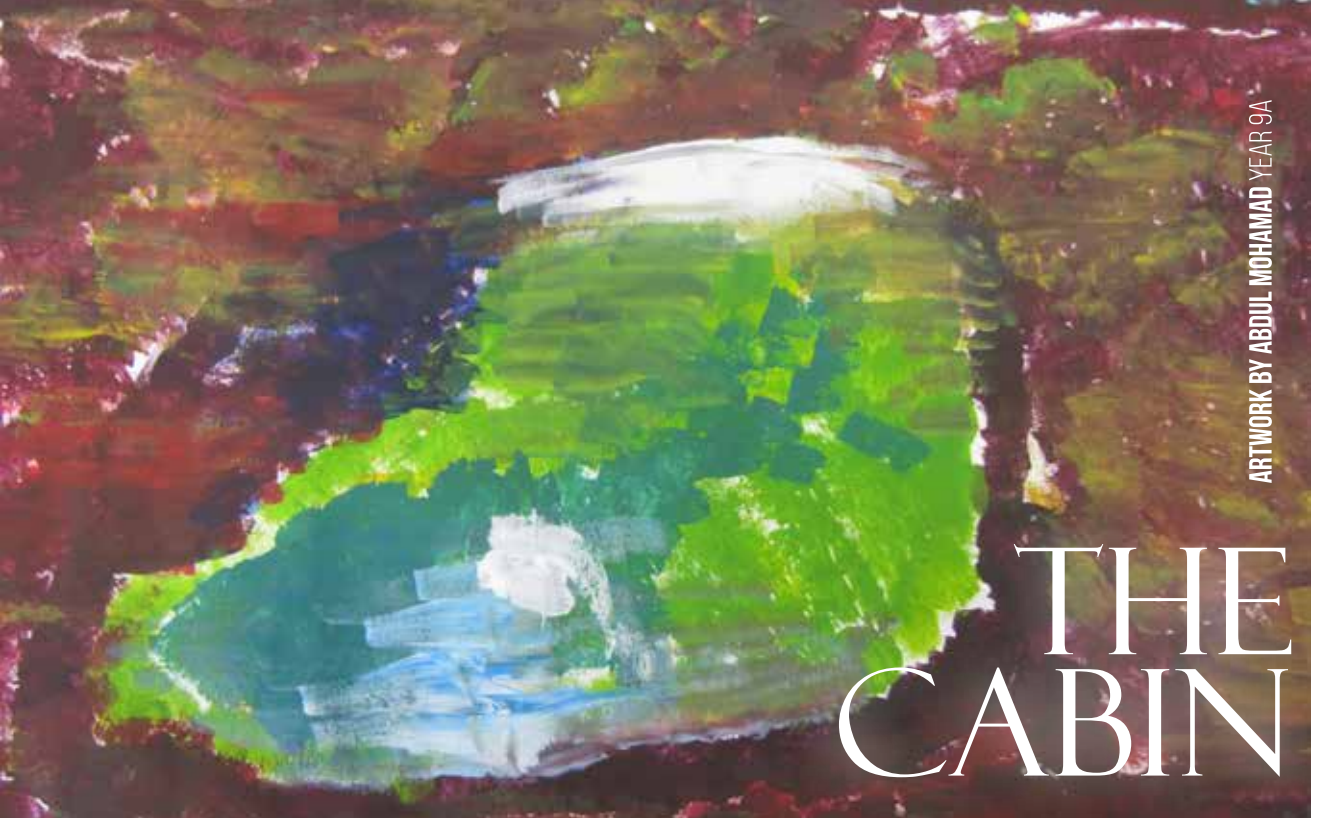


## SEIZE THE DAY

To live life to the fullest  
To take control of your story  
To feel all the glory  
Even if it means stepping out of your comfort zone  
To feel accomplishment  
Even in the smallest successes  
Even when life comes with its share of stresses.

To feel in control  
To feel content in your soul  
When you're balancing the world on your shoulders  
Remember we are the controllers  
We live a long life  
So live to the fullest  
Be proud of everything you do  
To be the best you  
Carpe diem!

BY SAHARA SHEIK AND ADIBA KAMRAN YEAR 8



ARTWORK BY ABDUL MOHAMAD YEAR 9A

# THE CABIN

I rest my head on the cold window, watching several raindrops rush past each other, each droplet eager to reach the end of the window. I focus on one particular droplet, seeming to take its time, before it suddenly dashes off and reaches the end before most others. I heaved out an exaggerated miserable sigh, my breath fogging up part of the window. Noticing the small cloud of fog on the window, I drew up my finger to trace out the nightmarish trees, yet my boredom still hadn't quenched.

My eyes averted towards my mother for a second. She sat up straight, the only thing moving were her hands controlling the wheel. I longed terribly to see her face. Wanting to say something, I opened my mouth, but nothing came out. I heaved a smaller, this time genuine sigh, letting my eyes trail back to the gloomy wilderness. I don't even know why I looked back outside. Such a bad filter had been cast upon the trees—everything looked wicked and gloomy.

"We're almost there."

I jolted slightly to my mother's sudden dialogue. I rolled my eyes, however, remembering where we were driving to in such bad weather again.

"Why do we have to go to the cabin?"

I was instantly reminded by a deep cut that was left on my inner arm. I ran my cold fingers over it, shivering slightly as I did so. I hated being reminded of what happened that night.

Suddenly, lightning struck. A bolt of cursed light zig-zagged through the sky, followed by loud bangs—like two pot lids clashing against each other. I let out a shrill gasp, feeling the hairs on my neck stand up on end. I ran my hand over my bare arm, the goosebumps returning. My mum peeked at me through the rear view mirror.

"I told you, you should've brought your jacket. You're going to freeze to death out here."

She let out a hushed giggle to finish her dialogue. I would admit it was nice to hear her laugh for the first time in a while—but she didn't sound...right. It wasn't the light-hearted laughter I was used to. She left my stomach in twists and knots.

The car was silent.

"I don't want to go to the cabin." I croaked, looking down at my lap. As soon as the first word left my mind, I instantly regretted what I'd said. I know I shouldn't be complaining. She'd been through enough.

Another strike of lightning had been cast, though this time I didn't flinch. I was used to the dreadful roaring weather. She pretended as if she didn't hear me due to the horrendous whispers of the wind outside, though I know she did. When I thought she was going to answer, she reached over to the radio and turned it up. Some boring classical song began to play.

"I don't care." Her sudden dialogue caught me off guard. I realised she was answering my previous statement.

"Of course you don't. You never do,"

I grumbled.

"Did you really want me to leave you with your father?! I could have. I could've left you with him, hell, I can turn this car around right now if you want me to! I took you with me for a reason."

I could hear her voice breaking apart as she spoke.

"I am trying. I am trying really hard for you, for us."

I felt my throat tighten in guilt, tears threatening to leave my eyes.

**BY JANITA FEJZOLOSKA YEAR 8**





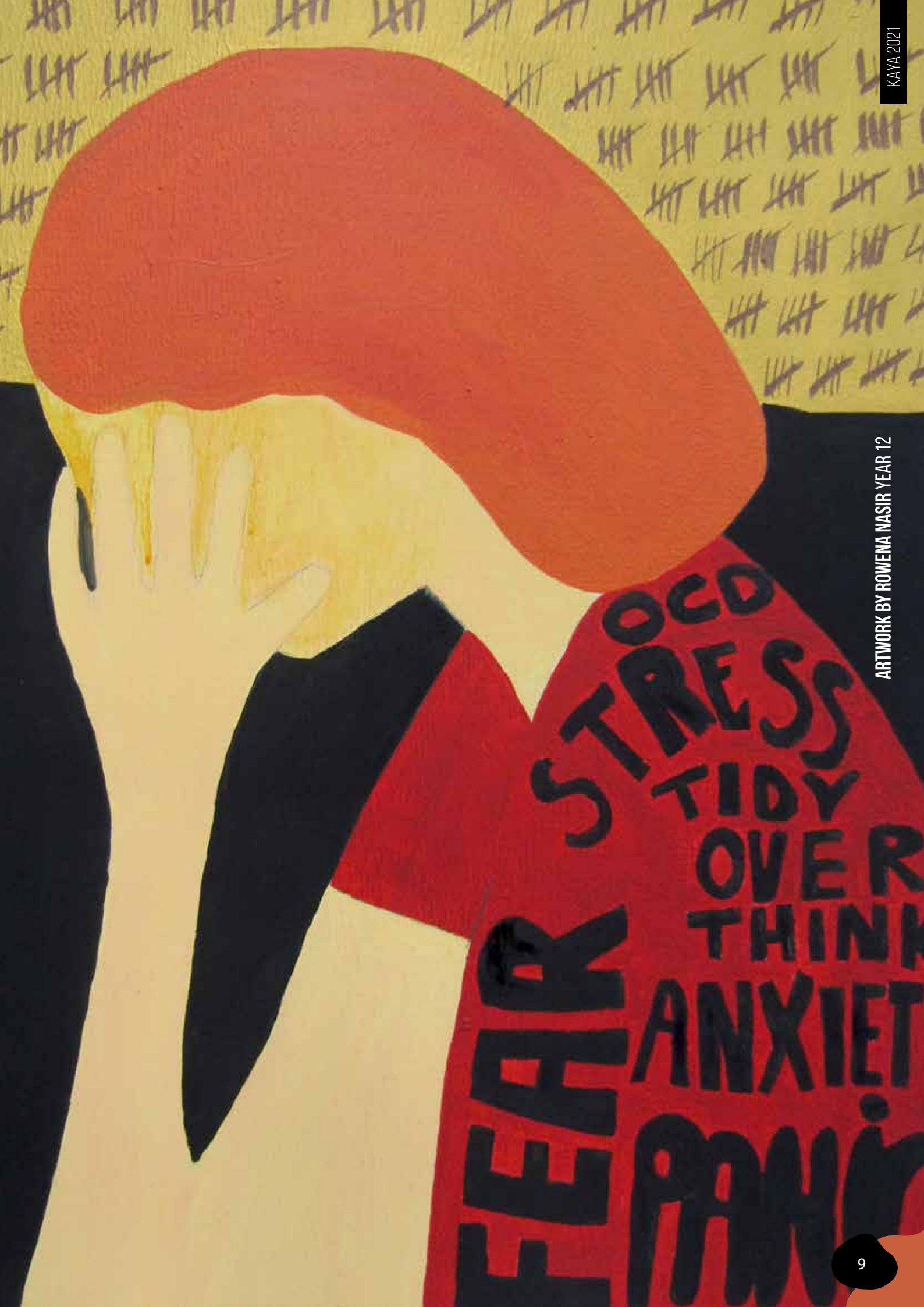
# Poem

**I go to bed every night crying myself to sleep  
The struggle is real  
But most people do not see our pain  
Others love life  
While I wonder. What's the point?  
I am hurt  
In pain  
Confused.  
I try to understand how they are able to love  
the hardest parts of our lives but I always end up  
in a dead end  
I say I am fine when I am clearly not  
I say I am happy when all I am is misunderstood  
Parental figures can be no help  
Sharing our problems they deny and ignore them  
It's a never ending depression they just cannot cure  
At the end of the day we're only children  
Crying for help  
Trapped  
Looking for a way out to the light  
To find happiness.**

**BY KHADIJA RIZVIC YEAR 8**









# THE HOPE OF ABBAS KAZEROONI

## THE BOY WITH TWO LIVES

Hope is a desire or expectation in which you believe something positive will happen. In Abbas Kazerooni's novel, *The Boy With Two Lives*, Abbas Kazerooni demonstrates that without hope you cannot overcome trauma and depression from the past.

Leaving his fear of conscription in Iran, hoping to start a new life, as well as the tough three months alone in Istanbul, ten-year-old Abbas Kazerooni acquires the visa he sought and is ready to start his new life in England. Abbas attends the boarding school Aymestry. He enjoys his life until his cousin, Mehdi, threatens to deport him if he does not pay off his 'debt'. Abbas suffers as he creates four hundred or more sandwiches every holiday for his abusive cousin, Mehdi. The only thing that kept him going was the hope to see his mother. Unfortunately, Abbas discovers the disturbing news regarding the death of his mother. Abbas and his father cannot be there for each other, and Abbas cannot turn to anyone.

At the age of thirteen, Abbas moves to a new school and he is bullied. Everything in this new neighbourhood seemed to be based on race and religion. A few months later, Abbas finds himself homeless, as he slept in the shed of strangers trying to stay undetected. He seriously contemplated suicide. To make matters worse, Abbas's cousin, Mehdi, wanted Abbas dead because of a misinterpreted situation. The only thing that kept Abbas alive through the pain and torture he went through was hope. Abbas's other cousin saved Abbas from Mehdi and from then on, Abbas lived a peaceful life and is now a wealthy author. Hope saved Abbas—he stayed sharp, positive and hopeful, and, in the end, he was rewarded for it.

Something that really kept Abbas positive and hopeful was Timmy and his parents, Mr and Mrs Morris. Abbas was sick, tired and his body was incredibly fatigued. When he needed Timmy and his family, they were there for him:

"Mate, can I sleep in the spare room?"

Knock yourself out. Do you need anything?

If you can get me a drink of water, I'll owe you one.

Sure."

"Miss Morris took good care of me, feeding me light meals and giving me lots of liquids, so that by Sunday I was feeling much better." (p. 230). Abbas had a very good relationship with Timmy. He even believes they could be best friends to this very day. "He showed me around and was always there for me. I am honored to still call him my best friend today." (p. 190). After Abbas's glorious weekend with Timmy's family ends, Abbas reflects on the time they spent together and states: "Those few minutes made me smile." (p. 212).

When Abbas was abused and beaten by Mehdi at Abbey International College, Abbas had hope. Abbas would put up with the pain Mehdi had put him through because he knew that if he had lost all hope, he would never get to call his Maman. Abbas would never get to see those he loved like Nancy and Brian. He would never be able to go back to Aymestry and enjoy his time with his friends. "The thought of school was the only thing that kept me going."

*The Boy With Two Lives* is a very good reminder as to why everyone needs to stay full of hope and positive in the hardest times of their lives. Abbas was alone for three months when he was ten. He was abused by his cousin until he was thirteen. He was homeless and bullied at the age of thirteen. He lost his mother before he was a teenager, but he had hope. That hope was why Abbas thrived, even after all the pain he had to go through.

Kazerooni, A, 2015. *The Boy With Two Lives*. Allen & Unwin, Australia

**BY RAKIN KHAN YEAR 7A**  
**THEMATIC ESSAY**



ARTWORK BY RAMZI ATATREH YEAR 9B



## WRITING LIKE SHAKESPEARE

# THIS IS IT.

**THIS IS WHAT DECIDES MY FUTURE.**

My be all end all. If I don't get into this university, my life is ruined. I'll be the family laughing stock, and the disappointment my parents never needed. I'll never get to live the life of luxury and fame that I've always wanted. I'll never—

**“Could you just open the damn email already!”** an annoying voice

beside my ear says, disrupting me from my inner monologue.

**“No, I can't Hannah. And give me some elbow room. You're going to squish your sister to death”,** I reply as I try, but fail, to shrug her off. Instead, she just clings on to me more, almost sending me flying off the dining table chair.

**“Oh, for goodness' sake, just open it. You do know that mum and dad would never be disappointed with you, whatever the results,”** Hannah says in an oddly serious tone unusual for her.

I let out a sigh and straighten my back after Hannah finally gets off me, **“Of course, I know that. I just—I want to stand up to the ceremony, you know? You've got into a good school so I...”**

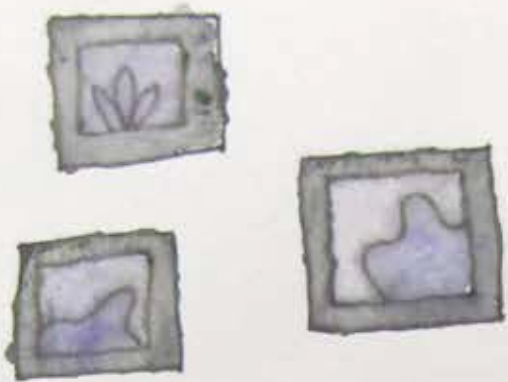
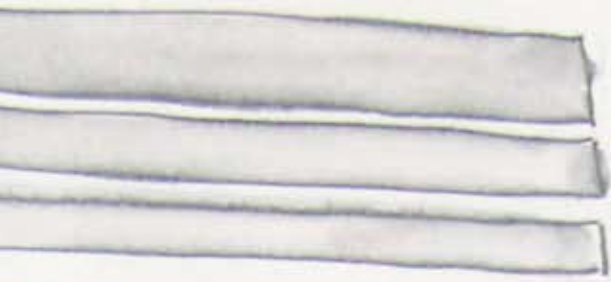
**“You want to at least be able to hold a candle to our other family members and cousins, blah blah blah. I know, I know, you don't need to repeat yourself,”** Hannah finishes off for me.

A long silence pursues, neither of us knowing what to say to the other. **“I've told you once and I'll tell you again, Mia, no one would cast out their own flesh and blood. Not even the greenest eyed of monsters.”**

A small smile makes its way onto my face as her word set in. **“You truly are a tower of strength,”** I say as I turn to face my older sister, **“... even though you're one hell of a blinking idiot.”**

**“Ah whatever, whatever, I'm not even going to try,”** Hannah says as I watch her walk away from me and into her room upstairs.

**BY ADIBA KAMRAN YEAR 8**





identity &  
belonging



*Where art thou*

ARTWORK BY SURAYA YASSINE YEAR 8

# WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

---

I had not slept one wink. I had seen better days. I was late for school and so was my brother sleeping next to me. He didn't budge an inch and he looked as dead as a doornail. I hurriedly woke him up and told him we were late for school.

To me, school was a virtue of necessity but to my brother he genuinely didn't care. My brother woke up merry as the day is long. I ignored him and went straight to the bathroom and started to get ready. As luck would have it, my brother had changed into his uniform by the time I was ready.

We ran straight downstairs to the breakfast table and started to eat. My brother started telling his infamous foolish jokes to my family. **"What a blinking idiot,"** I thought. My brother could clearly see that I was not amused

by his ridiculous jokes.

He then got the chance to irritate me, and he came and sat right beside me. **"For goodness' sake,"** I said. I told him I needed some elbow room, but he didn't budge an inch. I started to raise my voice, but my father shut me off immediately. Everyone thought my brother was as white as driven snow, like he never made any mistakes.

We then started the commute to school as we were very late. In the car my brother was watching his usual show online and started laughing. **"Don't laugh yourself into stitches,"** I said to him. When we arrived at school, I realised I was in a pickle. It was Friday and we had a test. I knew I was going to receive a zero—truth was sharper than a serpent's tooth.

BY FARIS MUSTAFA YEAR 8



# ADOLESCENCE

BY ADRIAN SUKAMTO YEAR 9A

Light burns the eyes, never touched by darkness  
Breath fills the lungs, never touched by the cold  
Man is born, embracing the cold new harshness  
Hate, lust, the confused beast grows like mould  
The confusing place that we call home  
Too little time, the weight, an ice cold stream  
Dread stains the air like poison, thick as stone  
The beating drums and accursed flutes, dream  
I look at someone, I feel blazing heat  
Different to the shadow, this one is bright  
Her smile looked like the ripest of fruit, sweet  
But she turned away, I begin to blight  
I've felt enough pain, take my final breath  
Walk back to the dark, sweet relief of death



ARTWORK BY JAVERIA NAVED YEAR 8



# Dear Lolah, Oh Lolah

Why do your eyes leak the coldest tears?  
 Why do you continue to tremble?  
 As the sun glistens merrily,  
 As the moon illuminates the night sky peacefully,  
 You seem to remain the same...  
 Scared. Angry. Upset.  
 Why do you continue to sob?  
 What is your reason for arguing?  
 As long as the birds sing,  
 As long as the waves crash on shore,  
 As long as the wind continues to dance,  
 As long as the grass continues to be green,  
 As long as the sun rises to shine,  
 As long as the moon continues to glow,  
 As long as I'm alive,  
 You'll find it.  
 Purpose.  
 Happiness.  
 I know you will.  
 Because I will be right by your side throughout the time.  
 Making sure you notice the smallest things.  
 Making sure you listen to the birds sing,  
 Making sure you hear the waves crash,  
 Making sure you dance with the wind,  
 Making sure you feel the grass on your bare feet,  
 Making sure you thank the sun and moon for continuing to rise,  
 As long as I'm here, you'll come to realise that life isn't as terrible.  
 As long as I'm here, you'll be loved.  
 My dear Lolah, my sweet Lolah, soon you will smile again.

BY JANITA  
 FEJZULOSKA  
 YEAR 8





# MEMOIR WRITING

BY ETHAR MAHMOUD YEAR 6A

I will never forget the day my younger sister was born. I remember those moments as clear as day. It was Friday 15 August in the year 2016. I remember the excitement and worriedness I'd felt that day. Nonetheless, this was probably one of the best days of my life.

I woke up although I was tired. But it was a school day, so I got out of bed. I got ready for school and then brought my lunchbox up to the counter, feeling cheery since it was such a beautiful day. However, the kitchen was eerily quiet. Usually, my parents would be making our lunches for school. But this was too quiet, and it concerned me. I decided to call my siblings and ask them to call my parents with me because I don't like to disturb them in the morning.

I went with my younger brother, and we knocked on the door. I was pretty frightened because by now school would have started and my lunch wasn't even ready. I peeked through the door. It was uncannily silent, and I went in to get a closer look.



I tiptoed to my parents' bed, and I saw no one there. That got me worried, and I told my other siblings. We were all frightened. I vaguely remember the phone ringing and my older brother answering it. I was scared to death because my parents weren't home, and I was worried for them. I didn't know what to do. The noise on the other side of the phone was the hospital, and I heard my mum's voice on the speakerphone.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang and my aunties started filing in. I was joyful to see my aunties and they told us that my parents were okay. I laughed off my tears and realised that my little sister was born. Nothing made me happier than being with my family during this time. And I finally had a little sister. I was also quite happy because I had a day off from school. Well, what a day to be alive.

# TROPHY DAY . . .

The moment had finally arrived to announce the students who achieved trophies for academic excellence. The room was so silent you could hear a pin drop.

Everybody was listening attentively, hoping for their names to be called. I had been waiting for this moment all year long, wanting to make my parents proud. I had always been a high achiever; I didn't want to let my parents down. This could be my chance to prove how competent I am.



ARTWORK BY AHMED ELMASRY YEAR 7

The principal called out the winners for the younger grades first. I was becoming anxious and I just wanted to let go of this anxious feeling and win my second trophy. I knew that many of my classmates had the potential of accomplishing something as spectacular as this. I doubted the fact that I would win the trophy because of how capable my other classmates were. Suddenly, the principal called for our grade. My heart was pounding faster than ever before, my hands were sweating. A wave of anxiety flooded through me, overlapping every other thought. Immediately, my stomach dropped. My name was called.

I was blinded by the shock and realised I had to get up and claim my trophy. As I walked along the pathway, all eyes were on me. I was proud of myself. All that hard work paid off, I thought. As the vice principal handed me my trophy, I could see my name on it. As the tension ebbed away, relief washed over me like the first spring rain, cool and comforting. I couldn't believe my eyes or ears. Is this a dream? Like a bud opening in the spring, euphoria blossomed within me—it's sweet fragrance eradicating the emotion of tension. I turned around to face the crowd. I spotted my dad recording and taking photos. That's when it really hit me. This wasn't something small. I had really achieved something big. Something hundreds of students had desired and dreamed of.

BY RAAMEEN ASIM YEAR 6A



# SUN IN THE STORM

BY AZHARIA FARAH YEAR 9A

The words he spoke were sweet, as if they were honey  
He called me the world and I felt as such  
He held greed in his eyes, but I couldn't see all that he desired was money  
It was his affection I desired, but I wanted too much  
I wonder at night when his honey-like words turned bitter  
Now words that made me his Aphrodite pierce my pumping heart  
I wonder at night when I am alone "Does he hit her?"  
Now that he has left me shattered, I am no longer a piece of art  
But people grow, and that I did  
With self care and time I sewed the pieces of myself back together  
The spirit of him I banished and forbid  
And finally, that he is gone I feel as light as a feather  
The pain made me realise that I was truly alive  
Through the storm he gave me, I learnt how to survive



ARTWORK BY SAMEERA MOHAMED YEAR 9B



# MY CAT OPAL

My cat Opal was an amazing cat. She had blue eyes that shone like a million sapphires. She had white, a bit of brown and carrot fur, thick and furry. She was as small as a small pillow, she weighed like a cloud and smelt like the yummiest sweets when she was in a deep sleep.

I got Opal on the 17 November 2020. Opal was a cute kitten. When Opal came into our home, I saw her exploring the big house of ours. Opal was so small, I saw her fitting under tables and chairs. Sometimes I saw her going underneath our used couch that's been in our home ever since we bought it! Once, I saw her come out from under the couch with dust covered all over her. I remember when Opal first came to me and climbed onto my lap and looked at me with her sparkly eyes. I could only visualise the fluffiness she gave when Opal came to me. I felt like I was holding a bright white cloud!

I had a really nice bond with her. Opal would play with me, especially when I arrived home after a long day at school. I remember how we played a game where I got her favourite fishing rod and I started running around my echoing house with it. Opal would start to chase it. I would run as fast as I could! Opal was so small but ran like a cheetah chasing a deer. I could see in her shining blue eyes that she was having the same amount of fun I did.

She would always try to come to my room when I am about to go to sleep from an exhausting playful day with her. She would 'meow' in an extremely light manner when I start to close my door as slow as a snail like I didn't notice her. Every morning I would go to see Opal staring at me through her steel cage in my dad's big busy office. I was so sad that we had to keep her in a cage but I think it was a good safety idea for her to not bite stinging wires.

I remember she would wake from her cozy bed and look at me with her blue eyes looking worried, like she was terrified as a person in a horror movie. She would even try to push the gate open. I would usually take her out with Opal's face thanking me. I would feed her with some thick cat milk and some Whiskas, that looked like rusted snowflakes. Once she is fed, Opal and I would watch youtube and movies together.

**BY MOHAMMAD ALAM YEAR 6A**





ARTWORK BY ADAM ELTABBAL YEAR 10





# IS IT WORTH IT?

BY JANITA FEHZYKISKA YEAR 8

Is it worth it?  
the pain, the tears  
the work, the time  
is it worth it?  
is it worth it?  
the anger, the frustration  
the gloomy days, the sorrow  
is it worth it?  
is it worth it?  
the confusion, the overwhelming thoughts  
the hesitation, the doubt  
as each day passes I continue to wonder  
"is it worth it? whats the point?"  
"where has humanity gone? there is no more to look  
forward to, no good to exploit."  
but I must continue my journey, this is all occurring  
for a reason as long as we have each other I know  
we'll be alright  
I cant give up, not now  
we'll find a way together  
we'll eventually survive.'



# SEE- SAW GAME

*The fire of fighting again becomes too much  
I've done nothing but treat you like royalty  
But the inevitable closes in so near that I could lean in  
and touch  
Now you push me away, as well as my loyalty*

*We have been going back and forth for too long  
Now be strong and sing your own song*

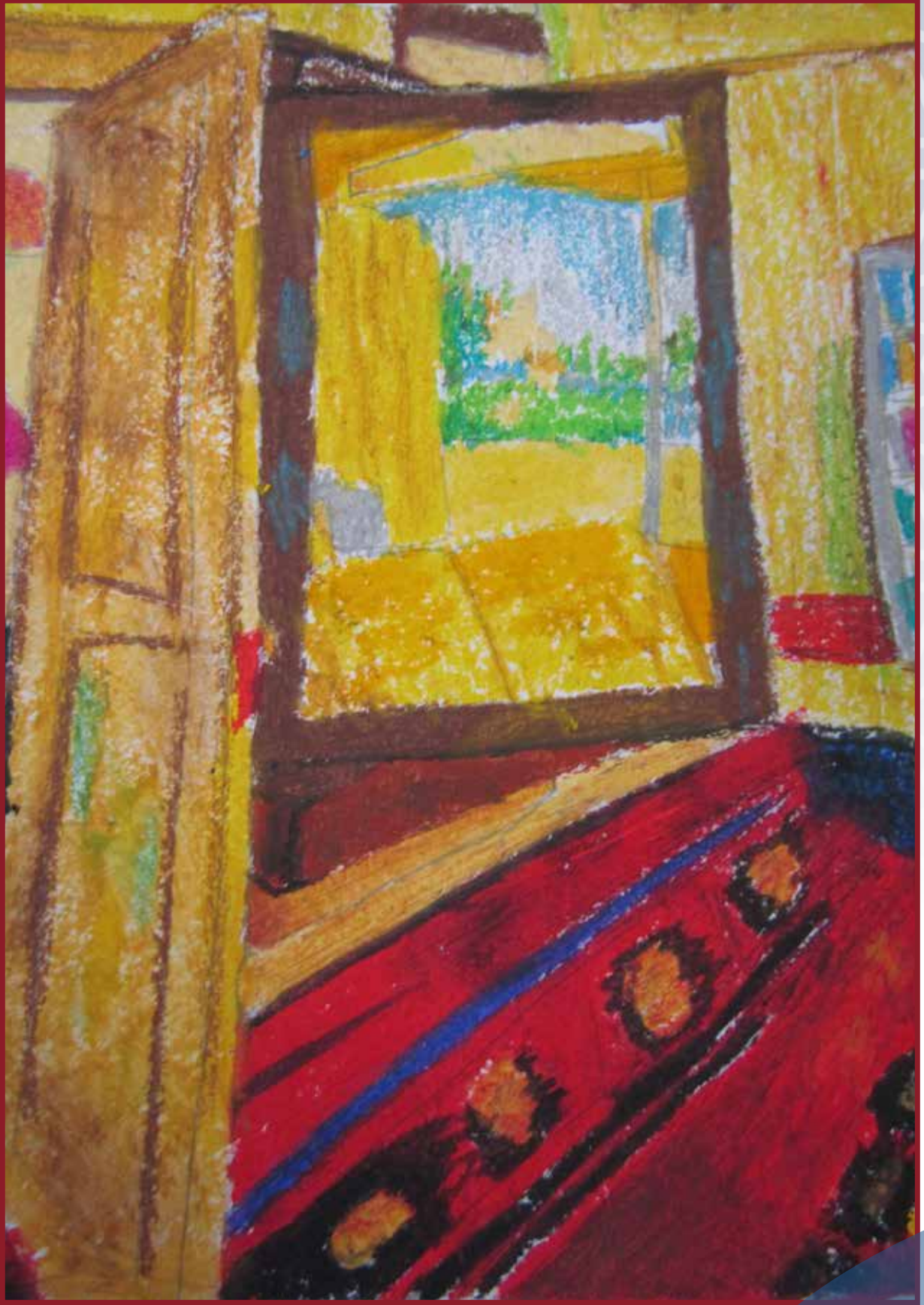
*It's the sound of something breaking  
I try to cover my ears  
And grip the rails as you plummet down the waterfall  
of regret, shaking  
I watch as my eyes well with tears*

*We play this seesaw game  
Back and forth with meaningless emotional exhaustion  
The wind howls as I lower my aching head in shame  
Been trying to get off this seesaw with caution*

ARTWORK BY AALIYAH RASHIDI YEAR 6B

BY RUHAAB ABBAS YEAR 9B





ARTWORK BY MANAR OSMAN YEAR 10



history  
& culture



# SHAKESPEARE PHRASES

BY SALMA SHURIYE YEAR 8

## “For goodness sake”

My boss was clearly on the verge of firing me, nothing was my fault, and I was framed. I could not believe that he believed I did it. “Boss please, give me a chance I was framed” tears were about to drop out of my eyes but he made it worse, “you blinking idiot! How can I honestly believe you without proof, and either way it is clear that it is you so stop trying to get out of this and face the consequences ``”but...” “but me no buts, you cannot change any of the proof, get out of my office!”

I was packing my items when all my co-workers were frowning at me, but I know they did this, I could see right through them. But honestly, I don't know why they framed me, even though I have one suspect. Annie, I and others call her the green-eyed-monster.

I always thought that my boss had a tower of strength, had honestly and truly believed in every one of us equally, but turns out it was a lie. I knew he would not fire me without solid proof. I don't know what my co-workers did to

convince him but as people say “give back the devil his due”. I won't lie and admit that my co-workers did really pull this off, but why me? Why was I the target?

Before leaving the office, I wanted to confront my colleagues. On the outside it seemed like they were as white as snow, but I could clearly see that was a coverup for their true personality. “Hello old co-workers, I'm calling you that because I got fired, and you all probably know why because you all planned to frame me, now I don't know how you did it and why but-”. Annie cut me off had the confidence to say, “Salma we were in a pickle, the only person to blame was you”, “Are you serious? I considered you all my own flesh and blood, how dare you stab me in the back”.

Then the boss suddenly came out and forced me to go. I was as dead as a doornail while heading out and felt betrayed. But I know one day I will be back, because they will never be as good without me on the team.



**I woke up, discombobulated.** Staring at the dented ceiling. I was unable to get one blink of sleep, making me tired and dubious. Why was I up so early? Where was I? I looked around the unknown room and investigated it. I was surrounded by white and Victorian styled walls with a grand chandelier dangling above my head. The room had not a mouse stirring. I leapt out of the warm and cosy bed, onto the cold and brittle timber floor. I stared at the tall and dull door. Trying to escape the mysterious room through opening the door led to failure.

I pummelled the stubborn door in trepidation, eventually breaking it, creating an exit. I had triumph over the pickle I was in, the only problem was I was in the middle of a forest. I looked back at what seemed to be a dilapidated small house, confused as it only had one room. The crisp air of the night blew the willow's branches.

Without rhyme or reason, I stepped off the wooden porch. The leaves crunched as my feet clattered against them. Suddenly, a shriek that shook the ground came from the forest. I turned around in fear heading to the broken door. Three steps away from it,

it rebuilt and locked me out. I didn't have enough to be puzzled about how it had done so, but instead being prudent I stood still and didn't budge an inch. Following the instructions from the many safety programs I had attended.

A ghastly figure emerged from the mist. It's malevolent red eyes stare at me. It felt like it was staring through my soul. I thought that I was going to be as dead as a doornail. It walked in a slow way. As it got close its grotesque features became visible.

Finally, it stood in front of me. A lanky, grotesque, and nightmarish figure stared down at me. It looked like one of those characters that my father used to describe on spooky story nights. I had seen better days. It began to yell and shake me saying; "Wake up."

My eyes closed and opened, revealing my mother to me. She said, "Wake up, you have school." As luck would have it, I was safe. "For goodness' sake get up," my mother said in an irritated voice.

BY YASIN ALI YEAR 8

# CREATIVE PIECE JOURNAL

**It is a gorgeous Autumn day.** My marriage had been arranged. Niang said that she had chosen a beautiful bride for me, but I did not know if I would be deserving of one. A few hours have passed, and I have reached my bride's village, riding in a sedan chair, filled to the brim with nervousness. Before I exited the chair, I looked around and the place was amazing. There were cherry blossom trees that circled the reception, and the smell of the feast was so very delicious. I got out of the chair and locked eyes with my bride. I was stunned by her beauty. I kneeled and kowtowed three times whilst overthinking my ceremony. Some time passed and during the trust ritual, I saw my bride's unbound feet! My mind raced but I managed to keep my cool and guide her to the kang. I already knew my family would like her, but I could not know if she had felt the same way.

## January 26, 1961

Today is the day of my sixth son's birth. I am both joyful and sad at the same time. I fear that this late child will grow up in poverty and not know the joys of childhood I once knew myself. I am barely able to keep my family afloat during these trying times as I must work double the

hours for just a measly one yuan. Ever since this cultural revolution, our lives have changed. I have hope that this will lead to a brighter future for us or we will be doomed otherwise.

## December 31, 1964

It's New Year's Eve! My favourite day of the year has come. Today is the day when our worries vanish, and ease is ensured. I cannot wait for Reiqing's cooking this evening.

## February 14, 1966

Today I encountered a group of Red Guards. Horrible people they are. They gave me twisted looks and tried their best to frame me and my colleagues as being counter-revolutionists. Who do they think they are, taking away our culture and freedom like this. It reminds me of the other day when Reiqing was given a tiny red book with Mao's face plastered on it. As soon as I returned home, I threw it away. I will not stand for this brainwashing of my family.

## July 10, 1966

Times are rough. The Red Guards have become even more persistent and have begun burning down temples and homes, murdering and arresting innocent people and overall, destroying the lives we once knew. My three eldest sons participated in these riots against my word and while I was enraged, I was mostly consumed by the fear of their deaths. God knows what could have happened to them while they were out.

BY ZAYD ABDUR-RAZIK YEAR 8



## Birth and death

We come into this world unknowing  
of this harsh reality,

And exit learning little.

Our offspring continue the cycle of  
ancient legacies,

Which carry on for generations.

We work and labour for the benefit  
of whom?

Ourselves, government, relatives,

Nay!

This life we have been blessed with  
is to be worked for the good of all  
things,

To learn more than our peers and  
contribute to the goodness of  
people's souls,

To die bearing the truth of  
existence.

**BY ZAYD ABDUR-RAZIK YEAR 8**

## Lethal doses of my own emotions

Seep into my dreams and paralyse me

Picking myself up off the ground,

I keep telling myself, "no, I'm not  
backing down"

I keep telling myself, "best is still  
yet to come"

I keep telling myself, "it's darkest  
before the dawn"

Toxic thoughts make me easily drop  
this

But I won't shift my step so there's  
nothing to regret

I will be seen and be heard

And they will hang on my every  
word,

I will break free from the chains

And beat anything you throw in my  
way

**BY FARIS MUSTAFA YEAR 8**



ARTWORK BY FOWZIA OSMAN YEAR 10

“

***O you who have believed, let not a people ridicule [another] people; perhaps they may be better than them; nor let women ridicule [other] women; perhaps they may be better than them. And do not insult one another and do not call each other by [offensive] nicknames. Wretched is the name of disobedience after [ones] faith. And whoever does not repent - then it is those who are the wrongdoers. (11)***

Manners are very important in our lives. it does not matter who we are talking to, our religion teaches us to maintain good manners. Our manners are sometimes tested by Allah. For example, someone may have been very mean towards you. you must remember that when managing the situation, we still need to have good manners.

”

BY JANAH DIAB YEAR 10



ARTWORK BY MIYA ABDU YEAR 9B



# MIDDLE EASTERN MARKET

It was sun set with calm skies, chattering and the smell of fresh food being sold in the market, such a smell was divine. With music playing by a wonderful instrument, the oud playing wonderfully. There were shops selling all kinds of things, it was such an exciting thrill just thinking about all the unique trinkets and things to explore. Crafted so well it was as if they had been brought to life almost like they were calling to me to buy them. The sun was as a blanket of warmth hugging me, with a warm breeze like no other. This market was a heaven for merchants with crowds of people chattering about exploring the merchandise with the intent to buy.



Yet there was one merchant loved by all for his exotic travels collecting unique items with stories behind all of them as if they had lived lives of their own. He was one of a kind, an old man with red pants, a green shirt, a brown jumper and a hat, plain and simple but he loved his hat. He was odd yet loved. He spoke of stories and unimaginable things.

A favourite among the crowd was the story of how he started his business when he was still young, he had a dream, he wanted to go see the world and travel, but he had no money, so he had to work hard. He worked at a tea shop serving and making orders and he was happy. He wouldn't get paid much but eventually he had saved enough. Those couples of coins each day helped him achieve his goal. He bought a boat, not anything fancy, just a plain small boat. So, he set sail and went to tell other places of his travels

and people started to give him money in a hat he had bought for cheap and soon he came to the market the life and buzzing of the market spoke to him it was beautiful. The food, the music, the people, and the architecture are all things that made up that market that everyone loved so much. The market was alive day and night with people around everywhere laughing, smiling, enjoying the market and all it had to offer. The market had many things, nearly everything food, desserts, clothes, shoes, rugs, tea sets, trinkets, watches, jewellery, and anything you could think of but none of them were as prized as the people and community made in the market. A community with variety and respect.

**BY ADIBA KAMRAN YEAR 8**






# CABINET

BY JANITA FEJZULOSKA YEAR 8

But something else caught my eye. There was a cabinet beside the stove, in a corner—on top of it stood several books about legends and old healing-medicine books which were said to be approved by the gods, or something. I noticed them easily. My mother's only hope came from those sorts of books. I never really understood why...she looked after those 'sacred' books like they actually meant something. If I ever dropped one, I was in for a harsh beating. These books were exactly one of the many things us Red Guards were supposed to ban. But I didn't take action. I probably should've, but something was holding me back. The girl didn't seem to notice the books—and I didn't point it out. I felt pity for the woman. I understood, all of a sudden. These books were the only thing giving this woman hope—a different way to view the true reality of her pitiful life. She lives such a harsh life, she's leaving her trust with these sorts of books, just so she can escape the hard truth. I felt nothing but terrible now—continuing to disturb this poor woman.

I broke out of my thoughts when the woman entered her home, charging through. She rushed to the cabinet frantically, pulling out some white flowy cloth from the cabinet. She chucked it over the books, desperate to hide them. This only made the other Red Guard highly suspicious—but she didn't say anything. "Ma'am, we have been sent here once again

by our group. Please take what I'm saying into deep consideration...". "Girls, I appreciate you travelling all the way here just to bug me about reading Chairman Mao's sayings, but this has got to stop. I am extremely busy at the moment, so please kindly leave." The woman interrupted, crossing her arms. This only made the girl more frustrated—and the more angry she got, the more impatient the woman got. "Miss, we don't mean trouble, we just want the best for you, for China. Please go over Chairman Mao's sayings for the benefit of you and your children." I explained calmly. "It doesn't take that long, really. Just do it now whilst we're here so we can help, and we don't have to return today again." The girl gave a stiff, fake smile, only getting grumpier by the minute. "I really can't, not now, not today, okay? Please just leave. Let me walk you out—". "We won't be doing that, Miss. We won't leave until you take out your Red Book and recite Chairman Mao's sayings. And, if we leave now, we're only going to return back later." The girl challenged the mother firmly with a triumphant smirk. I nudged the girl slightly, desperately wanting her to calm down and shut up. This was just plain embarrassing for the both of us—and the reputation of the Red Guards surely would be damaged if she continued. She didn't get the message though. I wanted to slap her and just get this thing over with.



The woman stayed dangerously silent, and gave the girl and I a withering stare. “We don’t ask much of you ma’am, please. Chairman Mao has done so many great and wonderful things for us—we truly couldn’t have done anything without him. This is our chance to repay him—by taking his orders and reciting his sayings. So could you do that for us? Please?” I asked. My heart pounded. But by trying to fix the situation, I only made it worse. She got angrier by the minute. “Okay, then. Li, get off the floor, please.” She ordered what I think was her son. Her eyes stayed glued on us. I think we just about pushed her. I clenched my teeth. Hesitantly, the boy got off the floor and rushed off, only to hide behind a wall and watch from a distance. “You. Push the windbox,” She pointed to the girl beside me, then pointed to the windbox. She grabbed something off the table counter and shoved it into my hands. “There you go, you do the cooking,” It was a wok flipper. I looked at the flipper, then glanced at the Red Guard girl, then back at the mother. I could feel her anger. She looked as if she were about to burst. She crossed her arms tightly, tapping her foot against the old wooden-planked flooring. “Go on, get to work!” She yelled. I was so confused, yet terrified. This woman was intimidating.

We stood still like statues, utterly puzzled. Suddenly, the woman burst: “I could learn Chairman Mao’s sayings every day, all day long, until I die, but who is going to do my cleaning, washing, and cooking? Who will bathe my sons, sew their clothes, cook for my family every day of the year? Do you think Chairman Mao’s words will fill our stomachs? If you can come back every day to help me do all of these things, I will learn whatever you want me to!” She roared. It seemed she had lost her patience. I dropped the wok flipper, shocked at the sudden outburst. It landed with a slight clang against the floor. Neither of us did not know how to respond. We were both stiff. I predicted what would happen now. The girl looked as if she were about to tackle the woman down—but looked exceedingly cautious. She clenched her fists tightly. “How dare you speak to a Red Guard like that...” She growled silently. I tugged at her sleeve, “Don’t.” I hissed warningly. Slowly we managed to shift, unable to make eye-contact with the woman. Looking down awkwardly, we quickly trudged out of the house, completely bewildered and terrified.

I swore to myself never to cross paths with that mad woman again.



# HARDSHIP & IDENTITY NIGHT BY ELIE WIESEL

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Nobel peace prize winner Eliezer Weisel is an incredibly talented author and survivor of the Holocaust who shared his story with the public in 1954 in his book *Night*. This heart wrenching story told in the first person, details every aspect of what his father and himself witnessed in Auschwitz, Nazi Germany. He reflects on the effects hardship had on people and whether this brought out the best in them or the contrary. For example, the worst of many foreman and officers came out such as in Franek who had taken pity and offered mercy when first introduced to Elie, but later on tortures his father. The worst of Rabbi Eliahou's son came out when given the opportunity to be rid of the burden of his fathers survival and left him to die on a deadly march. Although the worst of these two people came out, *Night* does offer examples of when the best of people came out under the stress of hardship, the French girl being an example. She was compassionate towards Elie after a beating and shared a deadly secret entrusting him with her life.

Franek was introduced in the beginning of the story and was shown as a compassionate Polish foreman who pitied the prisoners as he was one himself. He allowed Chlomo to work in the same labor house as his son, this offering the comfort of them keeping a watchful eye on each other. Although as time passes,

his attitude changes drastically. He is consumed by the dark place they have been imprisoned in and decided the only way he was to survive was by misusing his limited power against the others. "All of a sudden, this pleasant and intelligent young man had changed. His eyes were shining with greed." Noticing Elie's gold tooth, he had decided it was his and would get it through the torture of his father. He was not alone in showing greed and want as all you had inside the camp was yourself. You could not depend on anyone as they could be taken away in an instant, leaving you to fend for oneself. *Night* portrays what hardship can do to one's sanity, and the darkness that can consume your actions.

The hardships Elie and his father faced brought them together, they lived off one another and survived off the pure hope that one day they would be able to leave united. This sadly was not the case with Rabbi Eliahou and his son. Although surviving the camp together for the past 3 years, his son felt burdened with a constant thought, 'was his father ok?' This hardship being too much to bear, he saw his chance to retire from this constant cloud and took it. Elie recounts that "...his son had seen him losing ground, sliding back to the rear of the column... And he had continued to run in front, letting the distance between them become greater." The march between camps was deadly, and for 42 miles they ran with the fear of being shot if stopping. Many were lost, trampled, and hurt badly but the thought of being killed kept them going. The Rabbi's son no longer cared about his father, and knew he would be killed after stopping at the side of the road, but this didn't stop him from wanting his release. This illustrates another example of how the worst of people comes out after continuously draining adversities become too much to handle.

Kindness is a hard emotion to show in a place as dark as Auschwitz, and yet we see with the French girl that it is still possible. Although faced with many hardships, this did not stop her from the capability to comfort the ones suffering around her. Eliezer is the target of a heavy beating from the kapo Idek in the labor house he had shared with the French girl who he had perceived as being Jewish although passed as Aryan. Speaking only in French caused them to never cross paths on behalf of the language barrier, but when witnessing the atrocity before her, she knew what she could offer. "I was aching all over. I felt a cool hand wiping the blood from my forehead. It was the French girl. She was smiling her mournful smile as she slipped me a crust of bread." This act would be considered as the kindest thing anyone had done for him since his arrival, and yet she continued in showing her generosity. "...in almost perfect German:

**"BITE YOUR LIPS, LITTLE BROTHER...DON'T CRY. KEEP YOUR ANGER, YOUR HATE, FOR ANOTHER DAY, FOR LATER. THE DAY WILL COME BUT NOT NOW... WAIT. CLENCH YOUR TEETH AND WAIT ..."**

cover as being Jewish, she offered what she could, and spoke to Elie in their shared language. Hardships are extremely difficult to overcome when surrounded with people who consider only what benefits them, and yet the French girl did so letting the best in her prevail.

In summary, Night illustrates both possibilities of outcomes when faced with hardships. Both Idek and Rabbi Eliahou's son show that they did not hold the strength to be capable of prevailing with their humanity intact. They were faced with difficulties which brought out the worst in them. The French woman was in full control of her humanity and held a tight grasp on the ability to show compassion to those in desperate times of need and was willing to even put her own life at risk. This shows that not everyone reacts the same when put into tough situations, that's what makes humans humans.

BY LUBNA LUFTI YEAR 9A



ARTWORK BY MARYAM AL ABDALI YEAR 9B



# Little Yellow Star

## BASED ON 'NIGHT' BY ELIE WIESEL

### A Jewish police officer's perspective

We were given the order early that morning. We were to get all the Jews in this Ghetto out of the houses and onto the streets. Today was the day the first of them would be deported.

"All Jews outside! Hurry!", yelled the Hungarian police. They had no remorse, no feelings for what would happen to these people, to us.

As the first families trickled out of their houses, we the Jewish Police, tried to explain what was happening. Many had bags in their hands or slung across their shoulders. I moved to help them form lines. I tried my hardest not to flinch when a Hungarian officer slammed his rifle butt into the back of an old man's head, just for walking slowly. As wrong as it was, I could not give a reaction, otherwise it would be me slumped on the floor.

We took a roll call many, many times. The heat was oppressive and young children were crying out for water. An officer allowed a few of us to fill some jugs. The Jewish people were not allowed to move from their places. As I passed

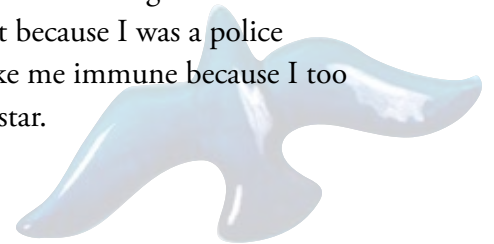
water on to young children, I noticed a small girl clinging to her mother's arm. Her hair was combed back very neatly, and she had a bag in her hand. I averted my gaze and tried to shake the knowledge of what was to come for her.

After hours and hours, the first group was taken to board the train. People cried with relief. Oh! If only they knew the fate awaiting them was much worse. I stood with my fellow Jewish officers, helping to move the people along. I tried not to be too harsh as I did so. The people were hauled into the cattle cars as if they were animals, packed so tight they couldn't even sit. The Hungarian police forced us to take away people's belongings if they were valuable. We had no other choice than to comply. I blinked back tears as I tore away a man's pouch of money.

"I am sorry! I am sorry! It is for your own good!" I cried. The man reached out to me with a distraught look on his face but was quickly pushed away by the onslaught of people moving past. The Hungarian police yelled out slurs as they slammed the doors of the cattle cars shut. The last thing I saw were the helpless faces of people staring back at me as they realised that the worst was yet to come.

I choked back a sob at the thought that I would join them soon. Just because I was a police officer, it didn't make me immune because I too wore a little yellow star.

**BY SAMIA TALHA**  
YEAR 9B



ARTWORK BY HALA SEKAK PARENT OF MAY IMOURADN YEAR 7A



My poetry about Racism/Discrimination/Injustice

I have a dream...

Racism, discrimination, and injustice will end,

And humans will live in peace and happiness.

i have not copied, I have a dream from Martin Luther King, I can dream too.

I laughed out loud!!



# I CAN'T BREATHE

*In every shade of colour there's a beauty to be found  
We all have our differences that are unique to ourselves  
They treat us like we're caged monsters  
Only because were defending ourselves  
Is it because my skin is darker than theirs?  
Can't they tell?  
We can't walk on the streets freely anymore  
Without our heads getting pinned to the floor  
Just like George Floyd who said multiple times  
"I can't breathe"  
But that isn't enough for people anymore  
I don't want to live if my skin colour is a threat to society  
Is it because my will to live is just my anxiety?  
I want to be heard by the world  
Not turned down by every word  
Because living in a world where life has no conflict and hatred  
Is just your average fairy tale.*

**BY SAHARA SHEIK YEAR 8**







ARTWORK BY SARAH REDZOVIC YEAR 9B



# Shakespeare

## Fame from beyond the grave

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William Shakespeare, having written various plays and poems, is recognised across the world as the most influential playwright in history

William Shakespeare, AKA the Bard of Avon, is in fact the most influential playwright in history, affecting millions of lives in the current day, possibly even yours. For those who do not know this famous playwright (which I doubt there is anyone), Shakespeare was born and raised in Stratford-Upon-Avon, England, and began his theatrical career when he was but a young man. His fame continuously grew from him writing unique poems and eventually plays performed in his own theatre until he became the icon known in today's world.



Shakespeare, being a man who we all know and love, outshines all other playwrights with his lyrical prowess. Ask just about anyone and they will happen to know him. A survey was conducted in Britain on both children and adults, and it was found that only 12% hadn't a clue about William. That would imply over 85% of the British population would recognise Shakespeare and his works. I think that the 85% of Britain who know Shakespeare, don't know other famous playwrights such as Sophocles or Chekkov. Even a simple Google search on playwrights will have you find that Shakespeare is, 99% of the time, going to show up.



An interesting fact about this great playwright is that he has created over 1700 unique words that are now in our English dictionary. With only Shakespeare's poems and plays, he has managed to create possibly hundreds of colloquial phrases and mould modern English into what we speak on an everyday basis. Such phrases include: bag and baggage, be all and end all, hold a candle to, e.c.t. Old English, the language used in Shakespeare's time and in his pieces, has also been examined and taught in universities and schools meaning authors nowadays continue to write in his same style, carrying on his legacy.

William Shakespeare's lyrics and word play is on such a high standard that it has even entered the school curriculum with Shakespeare's works being taught to students all over the world. In my own education and most likely in yours, we have studied and gone through

William's magnificent works and learnt how to write our own based off of them. With new generations learning Shakespeare's poems and plays, they will eventually carry it on to their own offspring continuing the cycle.

Shakespeare's tale is nothing but an inspiring one, with him going from rags to riches in his most successful career as the most influential playwright in history. There may be others who create better poems or produce better films/plays but no other can compare to Shakespeare, who's wordplay is on a level of its own. He is the only man to influence an entire language with just his poems. He is the man known throughout the whole wide world for his spectacular poems/plays which legacies will never die out. He is William Shakespeare, the Bard of Avon.

**BY ZAYD ABDUR-RAZIK YEAR 8**



# ZAKAT IN ISLAM

BY KENDA AL AMAYREH YEAR 8

Zakat is one of the fundamental aspects of worship in Islam, it is one of the five pillars. Zakat is a donation made to someone in need from an adult Muslim who owns a certain amount of wealth known as 'nisab' (the extra wealth a person should save over a year to pay Zakat). They must pay 2.5% of that wealth to someone in need of that money. Giving out Zakat is obligatory on all financially capable Muslims which means poor people, or people that cannot reach the certain amount of wealth will not be required to suffer hardship to give Zakat.

**“Whoever pays the zakat on his wealth will have its evil removed from him” (Ibn Khuzaimah and at-Tabarani).**

Zakat comes in two forms, the other form being Zakat Ul-Fitr. What makes Zakat Ul-Fitr different is that it must be given in the form of food rather than money at the end of the month of Ramadan. Like the other form Zakat Ul-Fitr is given by a certain amount. It is calculated by the term 'saa' meaning to give two handfuls of food to each member of the family, that includes grain, rice, and dried fruits. As mentioned before, Zakat is a mandatory process for Muslims and is regarded as a form of worship. Giving away money to the poor is said to purify yearly earnings that are over and above what is required to provide the essential needs of a person or family. There are many benefits towards Zakat including the following:

1. It purifies your wealth as Allah says in the Qur'an

2. It keeps one away from sin and saves the giver from the moral ill arising from the love and greed of wealth.
3. Through Zakat, the poor are cared for; these include widows, orphans, the disabled, the needy and the destitute.

**“And establish prayer and give Zakat, and whatever good you put forward for yourselves – you will find it with Allah.” (2:110, Qur'an)**

Zakat cannot be received by anybody; it is only received by the people that need it and need help as soon as possible this includes:

## 1. Al fuqaraa

A person that is considered faqeer, is one who has no income and depends on donations for daily necessities. This includes poor orphans, widows, old people, unemployed etc.

## 2. Al masakeen

These people have income that is yet not enough for them and need help.

## 3. Al aamiloon alayha

organizations who collect and distribute Zakat are eligible to receive a portion of it, Zakat can be used to pay the salaries and administrative fees of people and organizations who ensure Zakat is delivered.

# RADIO ACTIVITY CARBON DATING

Artifacts are an important tool to help understand the past and gain a greater insight into our planet's history. Knowing how old an artifact is, is essential to archaeologists so that they can understand what they are looking at. This is where carbon dating comes in. Carbon dating has been discovered and used since 1950 and it uses small traces of radioactive decay in order to find how old something is. Carbon dating takes advantage of something called a half life, which allows archaeologists or scientists to pinpoint the approximate age of an artifact or item.

Carbon dating was discovered by Willard Libby in 1946, when a new isotope was discovered, which was carbon 14. Willard discovered that this radioactive isotope was found everywhere, and that the majority of objects that he looked at were found to have at least some traces of this isotope. Whether that be in the air or the soil, it could be found on both inanimate and animate objects. Libby came to the conclusion that if you were able to detect the amount of carbon 14 on the object, the speed of the elements decay and the half life could be traced, therefore calculating the age. He used multiple geiger counters (devices which detect radioactive decay,) inside of a chamber with an artifact. The reason he did this was so that he was able to detect and eliminate the naturally occurring radiation in the environment, so that the only radiation would be coming from the artifact, which was decaying carbon 14.

To understand how carbon dating works, you need to understand half lives. A half life is the time it takes for half of the atoms in the group to decay. A half life of an element is measured in time. Some elements take longer to decay than others. For example, iodine 131 has a half life of 8 days, while carbon 14 has a half life of 5730 years. The element that we are looking for when carbon dating is, as the name suggests, carbon. Specifically the isotope, carbon 14. Carbon 14 is found in all living things, and it can be found naturally throughout the environment. Carbon 14 is created through photosynthesis, so it is naturally found throughout the majority of plantlife. When herbivores like cows and chickens eat these plants, they gain some carbon 14 inside of their system. Then, we as humans eat these herbivores, so then we gain some of that carbon 14 with it. Carbon 14 can also be found in the soil, so when something is buried, some of that carbon 14 in the soil rubs off on it. When an organism dies, the carbon 14 in it or on it will start to decay. This decaying gives off a radioactive signal, which scientists can detect. To find out the

date of the artifact, scientists will measure the amount of carbon 14 that is in it. This is why half lives are used. If there is half the amount of carbon 14 than there originally was, then the item would be 1 half-life old, which is 5730 years. This is what makes carbon dating so useful, and a good method to find out how old an object is. Because it can easily find out the age of an object, even if the object is hundreds of thousands of years old.

Carbon dating has been used since the 1950's, and has shed light on historical events and lifestyles, we wouldn't be able to understand. For example, the majority of the information we know about the ancient civilization of Maya, which is found in Central America and Southern Mexico, is because of carbon dating. The reason that carbon dating was so effective and important to finding information about the Mayans, is because South America has been home to many civilizations over the course of thousands of years. Different tribes occupied the same land over time, so it is difficult to exactly know which tribe. An artifact that was predicted to be from 5000 years ago, could be from 6000, which would lead to inaccuracies. But since carbon dating exists, we have been able to differentiate the different tribes, which have led to the understanding of mayan culture and lifestyle. Because of this, we were able to understand the mayan calendar.

Carbon dating has uncovered a lot of useful information over the course of over 50 years of its usage. But it does have a drawback, it's inaccurate. Because carbon dating revolves around the element's half-life, you aren't going to get a 100% accurate result. Half lives are approximations of when a group of atoms decay and half. Which means that 1 half life isn't exactly 5730 years old, but an approximation. This makes old objects a bit hard to exactly pinpoint the date. But carbon dating does still have a lot of advantages. Since carbon is found on almost everything, it's very compatible with different kinds of objects. In conclusion, carbon dating is a very useful form of dating, with many uses and applications.

**BY ADRIAN SUKAMTO YEAR 9A**

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# SHARI'AH

Shari'ah is the Islamic law that is obtained from the teachings of the Qur'an and the Prophet Mohammed (saw). As Shari'ah comes from Allah, the creator, Shari'ah laws are perfect and fixed; they also address all the things that are needed in guiding mankind to a successful life in this world and the hereafter. The Shari'ah oversees all the aspects of the human personality regardless of the time and place.

The idea and notion of Shari'ah is commonly misunderstood by many people around the world. They may think that Shari'ah is barbaric and cruel, giving rise to intense fear, hostility, not only among non-believers, but among the westernised Muslims as well. Part of the attitude toward Shari'ah is due to the prejudice, against Islam, that are commonly found in the Western society due to the traumatic experience of the 'Crusades' upon the western mind. This is because of the ignorant approach and the lack of commitment toward Shari'ah among the Muslims today.

Shari'ah puts forward rules and laws for Muslims so that they can protect their faith both at a personal and public level. This is because faith is the most important value in Islam. At a personal level, the religion is protected through following the rules that govern observation of the different acts of worship such as praying 5 times a day, fasting, the paying of zakat, the performance of hajj and guarding one's chastity. Protection of religion at a public level is carried through the rules and regulations that govern the attitude and manners in war and in peace.

Protecting every person's life is another important aspect of the law that is under the essential benefit that must be protected. For example, to protect life, the Qur'an has prescribed that value of fairness and equality as well as the implementation of severe punishment for murder.

Islam acknowledges that the dignity of the individual is essential for the smooth running of the society. This includes the right to privacy, respect, and honour in society. Islam acknowledges the mind not that it is just an essential benefit but also as a great gift from Allah, that is needed to be protected and preserved from any dangers. Having a property is an essential need and benefit in society; the Shari'ah sets up rules and general principles to safeguard the ownership and the use of property.

Shari'ah laws are quite different from the Western Law system as the Shari'ah law tells us how to eat, sleep and the proper way to get married or divorced. The laws are rarely ever changed compared to the Western Law systems. Shari'ah laws have been changed to fit better into what the society is like today, but it is not drastically changed. Another difference between Shari'ah law and Western laws is that Shari'ah laws are Islamic laws. These laws are followed by Muslims and believers around the world. On the other hand, Western laws are general laws that people in the country need to obey and follow.

BY FOWZIA OSMAN YEAR 10

# La chenille qui avait très faim

Il avait un petit œuf sur une feuille.

Dimanche matin, une petite chenille affamée est sortie de l'œuf.



Lundi, elle mange une pomme.



Mardi, elle mange deux poires.

Mercredi, elle mange trois prunes.



Jeudi, elle mange quatre fraises.



Vendredi, elle mange cinq oranges.

Samedi, elle mange du gâteau, une glace, une pastèque, un cornichon, du fromage, une sucette, une tarte aux cerises, et un hot dog.



À la nuit, elle avait mal au ventre.

Dimanche, elle mange une feuille verte.



Elle s'est sentie beaucoup mieux.



By Year 6 French students: Areeb Alam, Eyad Abdelaal, Raneen Elakkoumi, Huthaifa Khalissi, Ukashah Mohamed, Hiba Muhammad, Hilmi Mustafi, Aaliyah Rashidi, and Simhan Yonis.



# 'Lord of the Flies' by William Golding

It is considered a fundamental truth that there are many different types of leadership styles. In the novel *Lord of the Flies* (1954), William Golding writes about a group of boys stranded on an island and the changes they experience. In the novel, William Golding highlights the differences between elected, self-appointed and background leadership and what leadership type is best for a savage environment. Aimed at adolescent readers, William Golding explores the system of rules and order created by the various leadership styles.

Through the construction of the antagonist Jack, the author highlights that self-appointed leadership is better for a savage and wild environment. On Page 165, "We'll hunt. I'm going to be chief. They nodded, and the crisis passed easily". This shows that when a leader is self-appointed, he is more likely to have an authoritative voice which leads to people listening to what he or she says. As the text progresses his power increases like on Page 196 when "He's going to beat Wilfred. What for? I don't know he didn't say" implies that a self-appointed leader can lead through fear and that can motivate people to listen to him or her, while order and structure can also be created. Through the mentioned examples of Jack, the author is implying that in a savage society self-appointed leadership is superior as it can institute order through fear and the conviction of the leader.

**BY ANEES MAHMOUD YEAR 8**



**ARTWORK BY  
FARIS MUSTAFA YEAR 8**



# Civility vs. SAVAGERY

Through the behaviour of the characters in the novel, Golding stipulates that, when under the right conditions, one's savagery comes to the surface. For example, Jack chants "kill the pig, cut her throat, spill the blood". This quote underlines the savagery of Jack. It also highlights that savagery comes to one's surface when that person desires something, as Jack throughout the beginning of the story desires to kill pigs. By using the example of Jack, Golding hopes to debunk the popular belief at the time that the British people were the epitome of civility and to demonstrate that all humans have the potential to become savages when confronted with specific circumstances.

## BY YASIN ALI YEAR 8

In the novel, through the actions of the characters, Golding shows that savagery is based on innate desire to be in power and a tendency to be violent. This is most prominently seen in the characters that descended the farthest into savagery, most prominently Jack. Before the events of the book, Jack is depicted as always in a position of leadership, being the leader of the choir group at his school. Jack's need to be in a position of power is shown as early on as the first chapter where an election is held to select a chief. When Jack had lost the role to be chief, he was visibly mortified "...Jack's face disappeared under a blush of mortification." (Ch. 1, p.30) Jack's higher tendency to be violent and obsessed, is depicted as feeding into his quick descent into savagery. After finally killing a pig, Jack is more concentrated in the fact that he killed a pig rather than the fact that he let

the fire out. "There was lashings of blood," said Jack laughing and shuddering, "You should've seen it!" (Ch.4, p.87) Jack also shows no remorse over the fact he just killed a living being. Through the portrayal of Jack, the author emphasises that savagery is the outcome of leaving a civilised society behind, and the qualities that make one savage are naturally present in most people.

## BY ADIBA KAMRAN YEAR 8

Through the construction of the characters in the novel, the author highlights that it is a part of human nature to resort to savagery when free from the rules and structure of society. The character Roger is depicted as a boy "who kept to himself with avoidance and secrecy" and someone who had, "an arm conditioned by a civilisation that knew nothing of him and was in ruins". This emphasises Roger's loner-type and violent nature, that was held at bay by the rules of a civilised society. As the text progresses, changes in Roger's behaviour, such as violent tendencies, become more prominent as seen in the scene where Roger "looks along the beach" to see if the other boys were occupied and then "grabs a handful of stones and begins to throw them at Henry". Roger's aggressive behaviour is a reflection of his inner-experimenting and challenging the rules that he grew up obeying. Through the examples mentioned about Roger, the author intends to challenge the view that savagery and civility are mutually exclusive, and highlights that all humans nurtured in a civilised society, can also resort to savagery.

## BY ANEES MAHMOUS YEAR 8



| the pen

# TOOK YOU LONG ENOUGH

ARTWORK BY HANA ABDELFAITAH

A harsh, hurried wind rushed past, as if it were competing in a race. Leaves rustled in annoyance, scowling at the pesky breeze. The old logs continued to stand dully—it was quite used to the constant bickering of the gust and the rattling leaves at this point. A soft humming tune was then sounded amongst the shouts of the wind and the surrounding nature. Dead leaves crackled and crunched as they were brutally stepped upon—the crisp sound almost unbearable to the awoken nature. To them, it was like sobs, cries of pain that they could not prevent. The crunches of the leaves began to sound melodic, tuning in with the little innocent hums. Thinner, younger logs leaned to get a closer speculation of the source of pleasant tunes. The forest gained interest, and watched over a tiny girl who skipped through the forest on her merry way. The crude breeze slowed down to admire the small, gleeful girl. With the wind settled, the forest was just about silent. The only thing to be heard were the continuous cheery melodies that left the girl's lips. A few trees danced with the hums, while the rest stood tall, intensely speculating the tiny creature. They were so greatly fascinated by the human's appearance—barely any humans were found deep within their forest, especially not overly-delighted children that looked as innocent as a newborn lamb. The child wore basic yellow gumboots, a simple black dress decorated with purple and orange polka-dots, and two acorn-coloured pigtails which bounced along with her. She had bright, wide green eyes, more alive than the forest itself, followed with a beaming smile, her lips still sealed. The reason for her happiness was unclear. But the lovely hums abruptly came to a halt, along with her skips, as another sound took over: loud, hungry snarls. Slobbered gibberish came from further depths of the

forest. Thumping gallops then shook the entire forest, though the tiny child remained calm and still, somehow her balance undisturbed. She could hear the screeches of hurried birds taking off in panic, in return the creature let out an ear-piercing, screeching cry of its own. It cantered through the forest on all fours, scraping the stony path. The creature soon slowed down, pausing in at the girl's feet. The massive being pushed off its gnarly palms, easily pulling itself up. It refused to keep a steady, tall posture; its spine disgustingly poking out of its back. There stood an unknown creature—its so-called 'skin', gooey and uncomfortably wet. Behind it left a trail of slobber. The creature breathed intensely, growls sounding from the depths of its throat. It towered over the helpless child, casting a large shadow that covered hers, though she continued to stand still—as though unbothered. She could see bits of slobber hanging from the creature's snarl, almost about to ruin her silky, well kept hair. Yet, she still seemed unbothered. The forest stood frozen, afraid to make the smallest movement. Even the breeze had come to a rest at last, terrified of the massive creature that now hovered over the helpless girl.

“You called?” The creature could barely form the words, through his sharp, grubby teeth while fixating an unsettling, menacing, toothy smirk.

“Took you long enough,” the girl spoke smoothly, ending her dialogue with a soft inward chuckle.

BY JANITA FEJZULOSKA YEAR 8



| the pen

# *From The* SHADOWS

Where was I? The thought replayed in my mind. Dusting myself off, I reluctantly got up from my resting position by the bulbous stone which sat leaning against a decaying tree trunk. In front of me, a treacherous path was illuminated by the lonely moon light. Curious of where the path led, I started to tread one foot in front of the other. My scrawny legs were in pain and agony, as my dubious eyes investigated my surroundings. I was surrounded by grand, jaded oak trees that stood tall over me.

Suddenly, a tumult of shouting broke the quietness of what seemed to be an unwelcoming forest. From the corner of my eye, I caught a glimpse of movement lurking in the shadows; I was not alone. I ran in fear, not allowing myself to appreciate the lingering smell of fresh air. My feet sank into the damp and grotty mud. With each step, more and more mud clumped on to the soles of my feet, enabling the ground to hold on to me a little longer. What was a run, turned into a jog, which eventually turned into a hobble as I struggled to make ground. I was being hunted!

The murmur of leaves crunching behind me echoed in my ears. I plummeted into the ground, accepting my fate. A ghastly figure appeared from the mist. Each time I blinked, it got a little closer, to a point where it encroached over me. Its large frame was disproportionate to its bony limbs. The creature's forelimbs were rather lanky compared to the rest of its body, and its back legs were short. The creature had what appeared to be two long, clawed fingers at the

end of its forelimbs, but it crawled on its knuckles. It had tiny hairs on its knuckles and on the back of its fingers, which gently swayed with the howling wind, reminding me that I was in an ominous place. Small spikes protruding from its knuckles and the base of its hind feet. From its stomach grew two more arms, probably used for eating its prey: me. The head appeared to be a solid sphere, but it opened its jaw extremely wide to let out a snarl, unfolding its head almost like an onion and revealing rows and rows of yellow teeth. Its eyes appeared soulless, as they glowed a white colour, sending shivers down my spine.

Suddenly, my vision was no more.

"John, wake up, you have school," my mum said in her familiar voice as she nudged me in an attempt to wake me up. She scolded me on her way out about the condition of the room and reminded me that I would be grounded if I didn't clean it up. As my eyes adjusted to the brightness of the room, I sat on the edge of my bed - my heart racing a thousand miles an hour - slowly gathering myself to the realisation that it was all just a nightmare. I sighed in relief. I looked down to the floor in a fruitless attempt to find my socks. As my eyes methodically searched the hard timber, I noticed that the floor was covered in muddy streaks leading from my window to my cupboard. I froze in trepidation; I saw a flicker of its bright, soulless eyes peering at me through the cupboard's key hole.

"Mum! Wake me up! Wake me up!" I shrieked.

**YASIN ALI YEAR 8**



## Using Shakespeare's phrases

There once lived a woman in a tiny village not so far away. In the village, the helpless people completely looked up to this woman. She was strong, intelligent, fast. She was their tower of strength. A hero. Their saviour. They praised her and gave her greater rewards than anyone could have ever imagined.

She fought off many of the village's enemies.

There was a young man in the village who watched the woman's heroism, almost every day; she was protecting her people without fear. She was always loved and cherished and favoured by the villagers - everything this young man wanted to be.

"What do they even see in her?" The green-eyed monster mumbled to himself, gritting his teeth as he watched her save the day, over and over again, while he sat milking the cows and feeding the chickens. "She acts as though she's as white as driven snow, but I know better. She should be inside making dinner and sweeping the floors. This is not right. it isn't fair.."

"If only she was gone - dead as a doornail. I could prove myself righteous." He smirked, viciously. He couldn't help but laugh maniacally at his sick thoughts. A thought came to his head and he walked inside, grinning from ear to ear.

-Later-

"I'll do it. As long as you pay me the agreed \$8,000," stated the groggy-looking man, equipped with guns and weapons. "Yes, yes. Oh, this'll do perfectly. Bring me her precious dainty little hands when you come back as a souvenir, and I will have your money waiting."

The young man had ordered the buff killer, who looked barely past the age of forty, to slaughter the woman in the harshest way possible.

"I'm off," said the killer, as he was leaving. He had no idea that the young man had secretly stolen a dagger from his bag pocket.

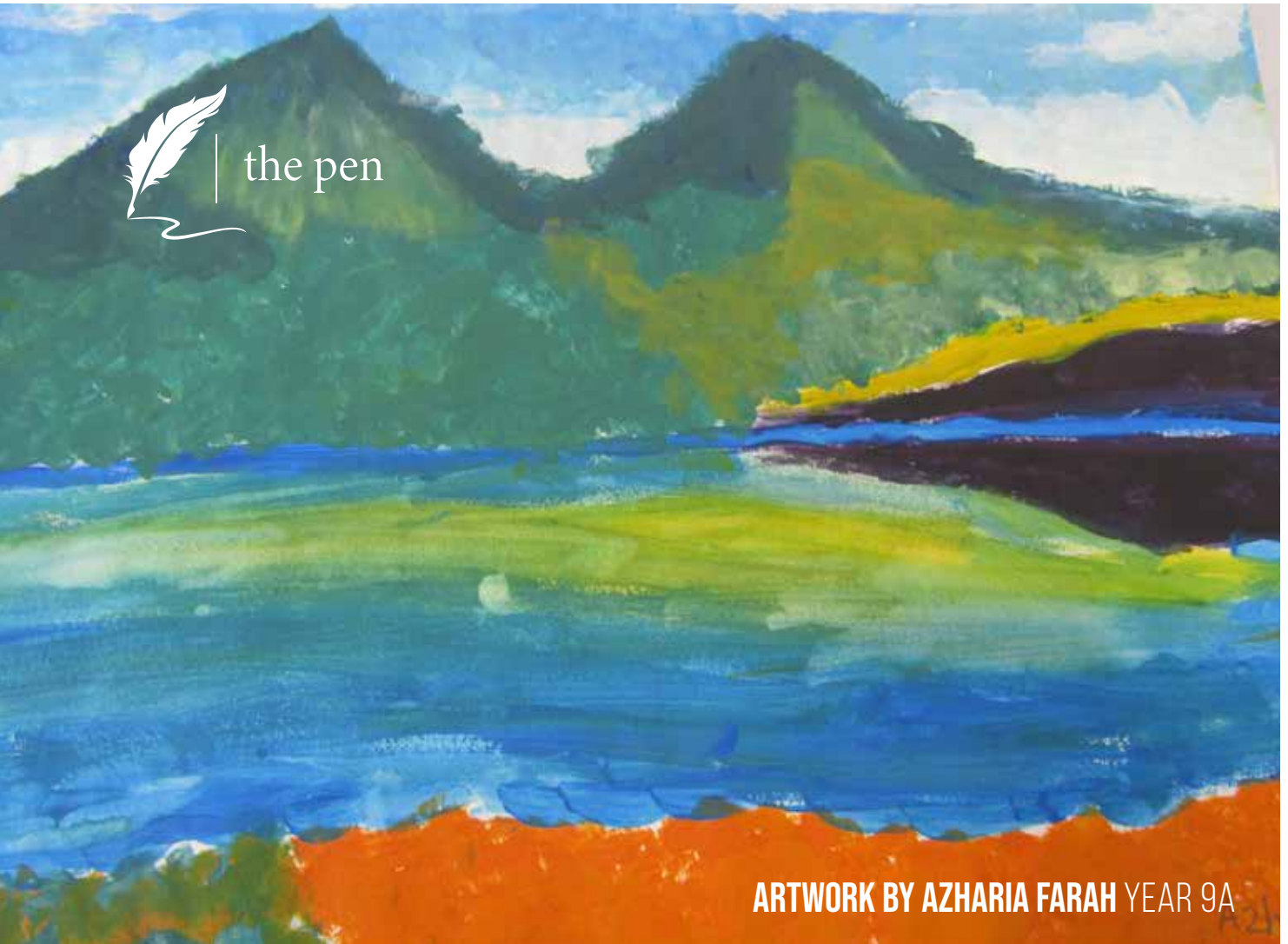
"Go ahead and make a virtue of necessity while you can, you blinking idiot. You'll know where to find me." The arrogant young man whispered as he watched the assassin depart.

-Later-

"Oi! Young man! Are you there? I've done the job." The killer walked in, took off his hat and sat down. In his right hand he held a bloody bag. He waited for the young man, but the home seemed empty. As he stood back up, the young man dashed from behind and stabbed him multiple times. Blood gushed out viciously while life drained from the killer's body. He was dead before he hit the ground.

The young man grabbed the killer's weaponry and threw them aside. He desperately wanted to see the contents of the bag. He pulled out the two feminine hands from the bag. "I thought it couldn't be done." He giggled. He looked at the dead assassin without any pity. He smirked while he stood up holding the small woman's hands. "I've never been happier. My own flesh and blood, dead, at last."

BY KHADIJA RIZVIC YEAR 8



ARTWORK BY AZHARIA FARAH YEAR 9A

“You are truly a blinking idiot.”

I don't respond as I sheepishly laugh at my own mistake. I knew the consequences of my actions while committing my crime, but I did it anyway. The young woman across from me sighed, clearly tired with my existence as it is.

“Look we're in a pickle and a tower of strength like you..” She cuts me off halfway, slamming her hand down on the wooden table, mind you, the only object between me and death herself.

“I clearly told you to negotiate with them, not to laugh yourself to stitches at their leader's sense of fashion style!” I sank back into my chair, ashamed and afraid. She clearly looked worn out and my presence seemed only to make it worse. “Look, I have not had a wink of sleep and your actions have absolutely no rhyme or reason! Next thing we know, we'll have a massacre on on hands between my group and theirs, and half of us will be as dead as a doornail!”

“I know I was in the wrong, but I can-” Yet again my sentence was cut-off as the woman sat back in her chair, rubbing her temple with her left hand, and holding her right index finger to her lips. There was no way she was going to allow me to speak.

“As luck would have it, you're the only one who can do this job. Listen closely this time, and do exactly as I say, or the consequence will be sharper than a serpent's tooth for you. Let there be not a mouse stirring, and you will infiltrate their group and show yourself as one of their own. Hold a candle to Moblit. If he weren't injured, I would have sent him instead of you.” I nodded, accustomed to her insults.

“Understood,” was all that was left to say.

BY SUAD MOHAMED ALI YEAR 8

# Atoms & Elements

*118 elements on the periodic table,  
1 proton difference.*

*One proton is enough to change  
something from a metal to a gas.*

*When mixed, these elements can  
create fire, gas, and colour.*

*And sometimes no reaction occurs.*

*We can say a room is empty.*

*But those elements in the periodic  
table always surround us.*

*Helping us breathe, helping us in  
ways which we'd never imagine.*

*All these atoms, so small, not visible  
even to the human eye*

*Are the building blocks of matter.*

**BY PARI TAWFI YEAR 11**

*It is a form of electrolysis*

*The commercial process of electroplating*

*Now we produce a hypothesis*

*About the process I find fascinating*

*Sitting in an electrolyte*

*The terminals are switched*

*The anode becomes positive, the  
cathode negative*

*Electrons flow from a metal to the  
object being plated*

*My silver is now a luxurious gold*

*Time to make coins interesting*

*Change the dull grey into a reddish  
brown*

*Place them in some copper sulfate and  
be amazed*

*Expose your copper coated creation to  
the elements and that lovely brown will  
turn to green*

*Just like our friend across the sea*

*The Statue of Liberty.*

**BY AYCHA EL-HAOULI YEAR 12**



# DYSTOPIAN NARRATIVE

Long ago, during World War III, Russia received word of the U.S getting ready to send an atomic bomb towards them - one that was so large and powerful that it would take out the whole of Russia and many other surrounding countries. So Russia decided to fight back with millions of smaller atomic missiles, and when the day came for the U.S to send their bomb, Russia sent their own as well. The damage killed thousands, North America had only a few hundred survivors, while most of Europe and Asia were in pieces. Many of Russia's projectiles travelled off course, hitting Africa and Denmark.

The radiation from the weapons caused a change in many surviving humans; The Original Gifted (T.O.G) is what we call them. They are our government now; they make the rules and keep us safe. No one knows how they're still alive, but they are now separated into seven groups.

**Brawn:** Brawns have superhuman strength. They can lift ten buses stacked together with people inside of them.

**Reader:** Readers can hear thoughts and look at memories. Some, who are like me, can even have trouble controlling when to and when not to peek into someone's mind.

**Psych:** Psychics have telekinesis or psychokinesis - the ability to move things with their minds. They work well with Readers or Plains.

**Terra:** Terrarians control the earth and natural plants. They're seen as the softies, but really can get terrifying when angered.

**Charge:** Charges control and create electricity, they are incredibly smart when it comes to technology.

**Blaze:** Blazes control fire. They are considered reckless and dangerous, but personally I've never met a Blaze before.

**Plain:** Plains are what we consider 'normal people'; they're the ones born without a gift.

Initially there were such small numbers of us, but now, in 3028, the Gifted populate the world with little to 15% of the population being Plain.

Currently what is left of the world is now called Cosmogaia.

Finally, since we're done with this little history lesson, I'd like to introduce myself. I am Chaavi. As mentioned before, I am a Reader.

Right now, I am being chased.

Weaving my way through the waves of people, I tried to put as much distance as I could between myself and my pursuers, along with blocking out all the voices and memories I was hearing and seeing. Panicking and large crowds mean that I lose control.

I was trying to find a safe place to hide from the two giant men who I had pissed off.

Just when I found a good place to hide, I was harshly pulled to the side. Before I could shout, a sweaty hand covered my mouth, and as quickly as it was there, it was gone.

"Ugh! What the -" I exclaimed, trying to wipe the sweat from my mouth, but was rudely interrupted by the same hand, yet again.

"Shh! Shut up! Shut! Up! They'll hear you, you idiot," hissed my captor, or was this my saviour? It was hard to tell.

Once again, the sweaty appendage was removed from my face, and I could get somewhat of a clear view of the area around me. It was an alley in between a restaurant and an apartment complex, mostly in tones of grey and brown. Both sides were blocked with wooden planks that were badly nailed down to the grimy concrete wall. The side that I came from was smartly disguised as a door.

Now, with the minimal sunlight, I could see what my captor/saviour looked like. He had milky skin, hazel eyes, thin lips, a dirty blond undercut, a Grecian nose, and a faint dusting of freckles.

If I wasn't highly strung-up and anxious right now, I would have considered this person very attractive.

And just when I had that thought, my mind went blank. Usually, I would consider this an accomplishment, but not hearing any voices, the silence, the emptiness, was troubling.



Why... can't I read his mind?

"Why can't I read your mind? Who are you?" was all I could say as I struggled to decipher my tangled thoughts.

"I'm Syd, I'm a Plain," said Sweaty Hands Syd, with a shrug trying, removing his eyes from mine in an attempt to act natural.

"Bull! Everyone knows that gifts can be used on Plains!" I declared. It's true, Plains don't fight back like the Blaze's or Psychies. Plains are known to be pushovers. "Or can they?" his eyes flickered back to mine, "I mean, you're the one with evidence that could bring the T.O.G to the ground." He said this so nonchalantly, that it almost didn't surprise me that he knew.

Things were becoming harder to fathom.

"How do you know that?" I looked deep into his eyes, looking for my answer. "I'll give you ten seconds before I give you a brain aneurysm." I tried to sound as controlled as I could. Only someone who knew me would know that I was lying. I have never given anyone an aneurysm, at least not on purpose.

"How about we have a little chat inside." He gestured towards a set of stairs leading into one of the apartments. This Plain had completely ignored my empty threat - again, very out-of-character for a Plain.

Now, I have two choices. One - I could book it, and never see this guy again. The probability of this seems slim, though. Or, two - I could follow this Plain and risk being kidnapped by the T.O.G. Getting a Plain to lure me in seemed like a brilliant plan.

I am an idiot.

These were only my thoughts that were screaming. I sat in front of Syd, clutching my cup of tea.

"Okay, how do you know about the T.O.G situation I'm in?" I tried to ask as calmly as I could, trying to control my voice from giving away my inner state of fear and turmoil.

"Cameras. I've hacked into the cameras." Syd handed me a tablet. The footage clearly showed me breaking into a government building.

How could I have forgotten that camera? Stupid me!

"Who are you and what did you see that could get you killed?" Syd questioned me with a whisper.

I shivered. The recall of what I saw - the screams, the sobs, the pleading of the innocent - filled my mind to the brim. They were so intense that I could almost feel pain on my own skin.

"My name is Chaavi Khatri. I am a reporter. I seek the truth," I licked my lips, bracing myself for what I was about to finally say aloud, "and the truth is... The truth is... they... the T.O.G... are using people for experiments." It was out. Finally.

I could see Syd's eyes widen as I continued, "They are trying to enhance the gifted... They are trying to give Plains certain gifts."

History had proven that trying to give a Plain a gift was a certain cause of death. All the 2064 attempts had ended in disaster, with thousands of dead bodies being burned by the masses.

"I need to get this out there. People are suffering, dying..." I tried to collect my strength, "The T.O.G must be brought down. I have evidence."

Syd stared at the ground for what seemed a very long time. I had nothing more to say. His mind was not saying anything to me. I felt powerless. My fate depended on this Plain's silent thoughts.

"We are going to..." his last words were a whisper as his eyes lifted to meet mine. My confused expression must have clearly indicated that I was not following. He smiled. "We are going to fight with you."

BY AZHARIA FARAH YEAR 9A

ARTWORK BY RAMZI ATATREH YEAR 9B



## YELLOW LIGHT...

Deep underground, the cold damp earth clashes with grey stone brick. Beneath the peering eyes of those above, a vast ravine, which seemed to stretch for kilometres, was open. People were scurrying around, clanging pickaxes and pushing lumps of coal into the mines. Those who were mining against the rough cavern walls were in sync with one another. Sparks flew and breaths were heavy. The cavern smelled of sweat and burning and the air tasted of coal.

There was one miner who was slower; he was drenched in sweat, breathing hard. He took one final swing of his pickaxe and then dropped it as he fell to his knees. He looked down at his sore hands; they were covered with thick calluses. It looked as though he had put on an entire layer of extra skin. He looked right, then left. The others around him didn't seem to notice or care for his exhausted state and continued at the same steady pace.

The man got back up, picked up his pickaxe, and was about to start again. Suddenly, he felt a cold chill down his spine, which followed with a strong breeze. With that, the torchlight that was lighting his surroundings, went out instantly. Everything was thrust into pitch black. No one spoke. No one dared to make a sound. All miners were wearing large lamps, which they then switched on. The man fumbled with his light, and eventually turned on just like the others. In the same beat as they mined, they began to march, their footsteps echoing on the cold hard stone.

The miners reached the end of the chasm, where the natural stone blended in with grey stone bricks. Cells lined the walls, each containing a bunk bed and a toilet. Automatically, all of the gates creaked open with a deafening screech. As though in the military, all of the miners marched and entered their cell, faces emotionless. The man had entered his assigned cell, and sat on the bottom bunk. A woman entered, her shoulders sagged, she saw the man sitting on the bottom bunk and gave him a nod.

"Long day huh?" she questioned with an exhausted tone. The man let out a sigh.

"Sure has been," he responded.

"Everyday is a long day for you Elliot, because you never get anything done". Elliot lay down on the bed.

"Not like you do any better than me, Ellie". Ellie ignored his remark and continued, "The gas is going to be coming any time soon now".

"You're right. I hope there aren't any stragglers this time. It's always sad when that happens".

Ellie shivered at his words. All of a sudden, there was a distant hissing noise that seemed to be coming from the cavern, which distracted the couple. Seconds passed. The hissing was replaced with agonising screams. Ellie covered her ears and dropped to her knees. Elliot, in his confused state, rushed to her.

"We can't do this anymore", said Ellie, still covering her ears. "Everyone is going crazy, we've been stuck in here for years, the gas keeps us in. Everyone has snapped. They're lifeless, dead. I don't know how much longer I can do this for." Ellie was sobbing hysterically, her tears rolling down her pale cheeks. Elliot didn't know what to say; he didn't know what to do. He just simply stared at her.

Minutes passed and resolve began to show on his face.

"You're right, we can't take this anymore. Maybe we shouldn't. Each day we are trapped. Every day we are forced to mine just to stay alive." His look of resolve, hardened, "We leave tomorrow". Ellie looked up at him, confused, yet trying desperately to understand him.



The next day began as usual - Eliot was hacking away at the stone with his pickaxe. He took a second to look on the other side of the cavern, where he saw Ellie look back at him. They both nodded; it was time. Then, the lights turned off. The two didn't turn on their headlights. Instead, they waited for everyone to pass and found each other in the dark. The lights of the other miners began to dim as they turned the corner. Eliot switched on his light, and then Ellie's, before they began their move. They had never been this far down the mine before; it had never been this empty.

"The gas will be coming any second now", Ellie said, concern lying deep in his tone.

"Yes, I know, let's move." The two proceeded to take off the grey miners' jumpsuits, and headed toward the exit. Though the walls got narrower by the meter, it was still big enough for the two of them to fit through. They took their jumpsuits and fitted it on top of the minecart, creating a thin shield.

"Elliot, what if this doesn't work," Ellie's voice was shaking.

"We just have to find out. There is no other way. We spoke about this. This is our only chance to be free." Elliot squeezed his partner's hand, but it was little comfort for Ellie's inner turmoil.

The haunting hissing noise began, but this time it was closer than ever. Ellie's body began to shake, involuntarily, from head to toe. Elliot could no longer feel his body; he could no longer think about strategies and escape plans. The hiss was right above their heads. Elliot knew that it was the thin barrier

created with their jumpsuits that was protecting them from the gas. In theory, the minecarts would go out to be unloaded to deliver the coal to the outside world, but they needed to obviously be outside to do so. So the pair hid inside one of the minecarts until it left for delivery.

Eliot saw tiny wisps of the yellow gas seep through the cracks.

"Quickly, cover your mouth!" nudged Eliot, his hand muffling his words. With one hand over her mouth, and the other hand attempting to swat away the gas, Ellie began to sob. The sob transitioned to an agonising scream as thick boils started to develop on her hand. Eliot, who could not find the words or a gesture to comfort his love, was also feeling painful burning sensations across his exposed skin.

Metal scraped against metal. The cart started to move, faster and faster. The speed loosened their jumpsuit-seal and soon enough there was no barrier left. Eliot grabbed Ellie's hand, gesturing her to rise. The icy wind blew on their faces and through their hair, while they watched the approach of the end of the tunnel.

Light. Warmth. Warm, yellow light.

The two looked at each other with utter excitement. Though they did not know what was awaiting them, the warm light was enough to give them more hope than they had ever dreamt of.

**BY ADRIAN SUKAMTO YEAR 9A**





ARTWORK BY HANIN KHUDRUJ YEAR 12

# DEATH

He creeps up on everyone,  
Pulling them from their time in this world.  
With a snap of his fingers,  
He can change everything you've ever known.  
Many fear him,  
Others stand in awe.  
Some even call for him,  
To come and snatch their existence.  
He may come silent and unexpected,  
His cold fingers grasping your soul.  
Or slowly,  
Toying with you in an agonising game.  
No matter who you are,  
You can't escape him

BY SAMIA TALHA YEAR 9B

# This message is for the Members of the Parliament

## This bill is an Act to ban all alcoholic beverages and cigarettes in Australia

### Respected Members of Parliament,

We all know what smoking and drinking is. They are both addictive drugs that many members of the Australian population like. However, there is a huge problem. The problem is that people start to drink and smoke at a young age - often 18 - which could ruin their physical and mental health, and could lead to death. Therefore, I say that smoking and drinking should be banned in Australia because it could ruin people's lives.

First and foremost, smoking or drinking will have a massive impact on a person's life. According to the Health Conversation, every shot of alcohol or smoking a cigarette will eliminate 15-30 minutes of a person's life, therefore, having 18 drinks per week until you die (assuming that the average life expectancy is 85), will make you live for 4-5 years shorter! Smoking and drinking will also cause other big problems. According to the Centres for Disease Control and Prevention, smoking and drinking will cause cancer, heart diseases, strokes, lung diseases, diabetes, 'pneumonoultramicroscopic silicovolcanoconiosis', and COPD after a couple of decades of smoking.

Furthermore, smoking and drinking can also make huge impacts on a person's mental health and wellbeing. It can cause many symptoms and depression. According to Headspace, drinking and smoking can cause symptoms such as: sweating, feeling sick, anxiety, irritability, sleeping problems, hallucinations and even seizures. Sometimes people commit suicide because of depression. Most people get

peer pressured to drink. Some people who go to university, drink for the first time, get addicted to it only because everyone else does it. Some people get so addicted that they go on to commit crimes and end up in jail for vandalism or harassment, or other bigger crimes. It makes an entire person's life unliveable. According to the Drugrehab, 75% of teens or adolescents are encouraged to drink or smoke by their friends who are older than them. As a matter of fact, if the teens or adolescents follow their peers, they will end up in the exact same place as their friends who lead them to that bad decision.

Last, but not least, smoking and drinking can cause the same number of deaths as the number of letters in a dictionary. As you read above, smoking and drinking can cause viruses, diseases, symptoms, and illnesses. All of the above can eventually kill people who continue to smoke or drink. According to the National Drug Research Institute, 6,000 people die from Alcohol usage per year. 36% for Cancer, 17% for diseases, 18% for breast cancer, and 29% for Liver disease. For smoking, according to Cancer.org, 24,000 Australians die every year because of tobacco smoking usage. They are mainly caused by many types of cancer, heart diseases, chest and lung failure and strokes.

Some deaths from smoking and drinking could also come from suicide and unnecessary stunts. According to the World Health Organization, almost 2,500 people commit suicide because of this issue.

In conclusion, I believe that people must stop drinking and smoking. As I mentioned above, smoking and drinking will ruin your health with big diseases, and it will ruin people's mental health by symptoms and by getting peer pressured. It will also cause many people to die. I think that everyone would choose to live a longer life.

**BY MOHAMMAD ALAM YEAR 6A**



meet the author



### ABBAS KAZEROONI

*I was truly honored and humbled that I was invited by the Australian International Academy to speak about my books. It is a real privilege to speak to such bright and enthusiastic students.*



**RAAMEEN 6A**

When I first saw Abbas Kazerooni in the zoom session, I was ecstatic that I was meeting a real author. I had the impression that I was meeting a celebrity. I was quite interested to see how he would respond to the questions. As Abbas answered each question, I observed his emotions and the way he responded. He seems to be a caring individual who is glad to help people at any time. When he mentioned his mother, however, I became upset and couldn't envision the same thing happening to me. Abbas is certainly a strong man, and his devotion and motivation inspire me. His voice was calm, and he appeared to be a responsible person. I'm glad I got to meet Abbas.

## REFLECTIONS

**SAMIR 6A**

Abbas told us the meaning of the title *On Two Feet and Wings*. *On Two Feet* means becoming a man and *On Wings* means the miracle of people showing kindness.

Abbas also said that he had been inspired to become an author by authors like Khaled Hosseini and Mark Twain.

**HILMI 6A**

In the author conversation, Abbas Kazerooni was a very kind and heart touching man. He answered every question in a kind and heart touching way and put the same effort to answer each question he answered.

**SIMHAN 6A**

Yesterday on Tuesday 14th of September, we had a special guest come join us. Abbas Kazerooni is an author and now successful lawyer in the southern state of California in the U.S. We had been studying his book for the term doing comprehensions and even CATs based on it. During the virtual incursion, students asked multiple questions, such as how he felt when writing the book and what it was like during his journey.

**UKASHAH 6A**

Meeting Abbas Kazerooni really impacted me. It was amazing to meet the actual author of the book we have been reading, and it was fun finding out the deeper meanings of his memoirs. He inspired me to keep going in tough times. I loved reading *On Two Feet and Wings*, and meeting the author was really interesting!

**DANIYA 6A**

I felt a sense of sadness when hearing Abbas talk about his mother and his childhood. When he spoke about events that happened in the book that weren't so pleasant, I was also able to have a much deeper understanding of how he felt when he was alone in Istanbul without his parents. It was also very inspiring to hear his advice when he answered our questions.

**MALIK 6A**

What impacted me most was how we were able to ask Abbas Kazerooni the questions we wanted to know. Abbas felt like his dad was a stranger since he never checked up on him. But what made Abbas keep going is fear of his father if he came back empty-handed.

**JAEDYN 6B**

When Abbas was speaking about his challenges and hardship he went through, I really felt bad for him. When he was talking about how he got past a lot of hard things by making it a game or challenge I thought about how that could have been a good idea for him to take everything bad out of his mind. I really liked how his memoirs were dedicated to his mother who passed away.

**SARA 6B**

Meeting Abbas Kazerooni was an amazing experience and I would love to meet him again. It was surprising to see how well Abbas was doing now as a lawyer and it gets you thinking about all he has been through and how successful he was in the end. It was so interesting to see how he wrote the book and the real meaning behind sentences and people in the book. We found out that some characters were closer relatives than Abbas described them as.

**KARIM 6B**

I felt very excited during the discussion because it was very exciting to see Abbas answer our questions. I thought that I was re-ally lucky to meet him in zoom and it was a super fun experience.

**LAMIESE 7A**

During the discussion with Abbas Kazerooni yesterday, I was curious about his answers to other students since I wanted to know the answer to most of those questions myself. During the zoom session, I was thinking about how it must have truly felt to be put in his situation. I could never imagine what it would be like to be put in the position that he was in.

**AYAAN 7A**

During the Abbas Kazerooni incursion, I felt excited, and although I didn't say anything, I still enjoyed it. Abbas had said things that I never thought of before. One thing he said was when we are going through hardship, always remember that someone in the world is going through a harder experience than you. This helped me be more optimistic.

**UMAYMA 7A**

During the incursion I was very excited to be there, and I felt that it was an honour to meet Abbas Kazerooni. Things that I learnt were to be more appreciative because there are people out there who have it a lot worse than I do.

**TATHEER 7A**

I felt a lot of emotion during the incursion. I felt sad for Abbas because of all the hardship he went through and about the time he lost his mother at a young age. But I also felt relieved because everything got better when he grew up. He became successful, and I was glad he did not pay attention to the other distractions and kept going. I also learned that not everyone is rude and mean and there are people who can help you even when they don't get anything for it.

I felt nice meeting Abbas at the start of the zoom I also felt sad for him a little bit. When Abbas said that there is lots of good people in the world I agreed because it is true that there is lot of good people but there are also bad people who can do anything for money or fame.

**ASHIK 6B**

I felt very excited to attend the incursion. It was nice to see Abbas in person after reading about him in his memoir.

**EYAD 6B**

I felt happy to speak to Abbas. I remember when he was trying to explain his relationship with his father and how he was way older than him. I felt bad when he said that his father did not talk to him for 6 months. I also remember him speaking about when he wanted to be adopted but the family thought it was only for the British citize ship. I was happy that after all the hardship Abbas had gone through, he was finally in a good position. Abbas' moth-er was the one who gave him the motivation because he would remember her as he was writing the memoir. I do see myself writing a book in the future but not necessarily because of Abbas.

**RAKIN 7A**

When Abbas visited us via Zoom, he said insightful things that stuck with me, like 'If you are ever going through a hard time, I can guarantee you that someone is going through a harder time.' When Abbas was answering our questions, I was quite pleased that he was thinking properly and giving proper answers to the questions that students asked him. After the discussion I was quite happy that most of my questions about The Boy With Two Lives had been answered.

**AYDEN 7A**

I was very excited because I was in a zoom with a real author. It was exciting to a point where I was shy to talk and I'm rarely ever shy. When I read The Boy With Two Lives , I learnt that if you fall down, you can always get back up again.

**RANEEM 7A**

When I asked my question to Abbas about what advice he would give someone who is in the same situation as him, his answer made me think how much he actually struggled emotionally and physically because he didn't wish this situation upon anyone. This showed how caring he was as a person and how his experience has made him grow as a person. I really enjoyed listening to everything he said and I learnt so much from him. One main lesson was to never give up.

I felt nice meeting Abbas. I also felt sad for him a little bit. When Abbas said that there are lots of good people in the world I agreed because it is true that there are a lot of good people.

**MOHAMMAD 7A****NAZIR 6B**

I remember he said that his memoir was inspired by his mother. In the incursion, Abbas got emotional because he was thinking about his mother and what happened to him and he was emotional when he was writing his memoir. Abbas's motivation was his mother because he said he was inspired by her. I felt sorry for him because he went through so much hardship and he was only nine when it happened.



BY HIBA MUHAMMAD YEAR 6A