

AUSTRALIAN INTERNATIONAL ACADEMY OF EDUCATION

# KAYYA CSSC

CAROLINE SPRINGS SENIOR CAMPUS

L I T E R A R Y M A G A Z I N E

2023  
LITERARY  
MAGAZINE

POETRY

ANALYSIS

OPINION

CREATIVE WRITING

*Artwork by Zoha Khurram, Year 8B*

# CONTENTS

## Front Cover Artwork

by Zoha Khurram, Year 8B

## 2 Contents Page

## 3 Acknowledgements



## 4 An Ouroboros of Jealousy

by Roan Aly, Year 8C

**Artwork** by Reem Saoud, Year 6C

## 5 Kosovo by Besjana Berisha, Year 7C

## 6 Outside the Window

by Seif Addeen Al Rashidi, Year 10B

### Inner Beauty

by Mohamad Karim, Year 10B

## 7 On the Field

by Sabrina Al Hawli, Year 7B

## 8 Letter from Molly to her Mother

by Nora Harba, Year 8B

## 9 Dear Mother by Zane Chakik, Year 8B



## 10 My Journey to Success

by Mohammad Alam, Year 8A

## 12 Letter to Maman from Abbas

by Danyaal Nakhuda, Year 6A

## 13 Dear Maman

by Majd Albukhari, Year 6A

## 14 I am Zero by Robsan Yonis, Year 7B

**Artwork** by Aheda Yassine, Year 6C

## 15 Dear Diary

by Shahirah Irshad, Year 7A

## 16 What Does Not Meet the Eye

by Halima Wadiwala, Year 7B

### Artwork

by Khadiji Mohamad, Year 9A

## 18 Fight or Heal?

by Faatimah Ahmad, Year 9B

## 19 Artwork by Zahra Bakht, Year 6A

## 20 True Identity

by Fatima Borovic, Year 10B

**Artwork** by Hana Elgohary, Year 6C

## 21 Autobiography Extract - The Birth of my Nephew

by Nora Harba, Year 8B

## 22 Autobiography Extract - Generations

by Hala Baker, Year 8B

## 23 Autobiography Extract - Lost

by Maryama Osman, Year 8B

## 24 Mirror to the Past

by Aneesa Ali, Year 10B

## 25 Memories of the Past

by Khadija Rizvic, Year 10B



## 26 Impact of Exhausting Fossil Fuels on the Carbon Cycle

by Roan Aly, Year 8C

## 28 Impact of Fossil Fuels on Sea Life

by Nazir El-Laz, Year 8C

## 29 Conflict in The Outsiders

by Mohamad Nasser, Year 9B

## 30 The Social Class Division in The Outsiders

by Leyman Mume, Year 9B

## 31 Conflict in S.E Hinton's The Outsiders

by Liban Ismail, Year 9B

## 32 Resilience in Rabbit-Proof Fence

by Simhan Yonis, Year 8B

**Artwork** by Wissam Abdou, Year 9A

## 33 Analysing the Acting in Rabbit Proof Fence

by Sama Atassi, Year 8B

## 34 Benefits of Eco-Tipping Points

by Ethar Mahmoud, Year 8C

## 36 The Portrayal of Power in Animal Farm

by Abdullahi Mohamed, Year 10A

## 37 Fear & Propaganda in Animal Farm

by Yousef Khalil, Year 10A

## 38 Abuse of Power in Orwell's

**Animal Farm** by Aafia Tariq, Year 10B

## 39 Power in Animal Farm

by Seif Addeen Al Rashidi, Year 10B

## 40 Loneliness and Isolation in of Mice and Men

by Kenda Al Amayreh, Year 10B

## 41 The Impact of Loneliness and Isolation in of Mice and Men

by Youssef Ahmed, Year 10A

## 42 Analysing Of Mice and Men

by Khadija Rizvic, Year 10B

- 43 Of Mice and Men & To a Mouse**  
by Suraya Yassine, Year 10B
- 44 The Boat** by Afrah Tahir, Year 10A  
**Artwork** by Umayma Mohamed, Year 9B
- 45 Being the Unwanted Daughter**  
by Arfaa Tariq, Year 8A
- 46 Dino Terror**  
by Muhammad Behram Ali, Year 6C
- 47 An Ode to Night** by Dua Asif, Year 7A  
**Artwork** by Faatimah Ahmad, Year 9B



- 48 An Ode to Adventure**  
by Shahirah Irshad, Year 7A
- 49 Summer Nights**  
by Nafesa Tabassum Miaji, Year 7A  
**The Endless Sea** by Morad Sulaman, Year 7C
- 50 Ronaldo's Bicycle Kick**  
by Mohamed Yehia, Year 7A
- 51 The King** by Aaliyah Rashidi, Year 8A
- 52 A Big Climb** by Mohammad Shehna, Year 7A
- 53 A Big Climb** by Sama Atassi, Year 8B
- 54 The Big Climb** by Noor Ahmad, Year 8B

- 55 The Big Climb** by Maryama Osman, Year 8B
- 56 The Riot** by Rameen Talha, Year 7B
- 58 Final Message to Yusuf**  
by Sabrina Al Hawli, Year 7B  
**A War's Truth (Sonnet)**  
by Moaz Mitwalli, Year 7C
- 59 Destiny's Odyssey** by Safa Sadiq, Year 7B
- 60 Zero's Diary Entry to his Mother**  
by Qaima Chatha, Year 7C
- 61 Dear Diary** by Amyra Kazmi, Year 7C
- 62 What Year is it?**  
by Dyana El Hallak, Year 9A
- 63 No Dare Unturned**  
by Rahma Youssef, Year 9A
- 64 Palestine** by Hysen Emin, Year 6A
- 65 Peaceful** by Ihsaan Adem, Year 6A
- 65 Artwork** by Muntas Farah, Year 10A
- 66 Artwork** by Roan Aly, Year 8C
- 66 Haiku Palestine**  
by Ameer Hamzah Shefaju, Year 6A
- 67 Artwork** Collaboration quilt, Year 9 and 10
- 68 Artwork** by Nesryn Abdou, Year 9A

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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

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

Acknowledgment is made to the Faculty of English and Faculty of Arts for their contributions.

**Ms Yildiz Samci**



AN OUROBOROS OF

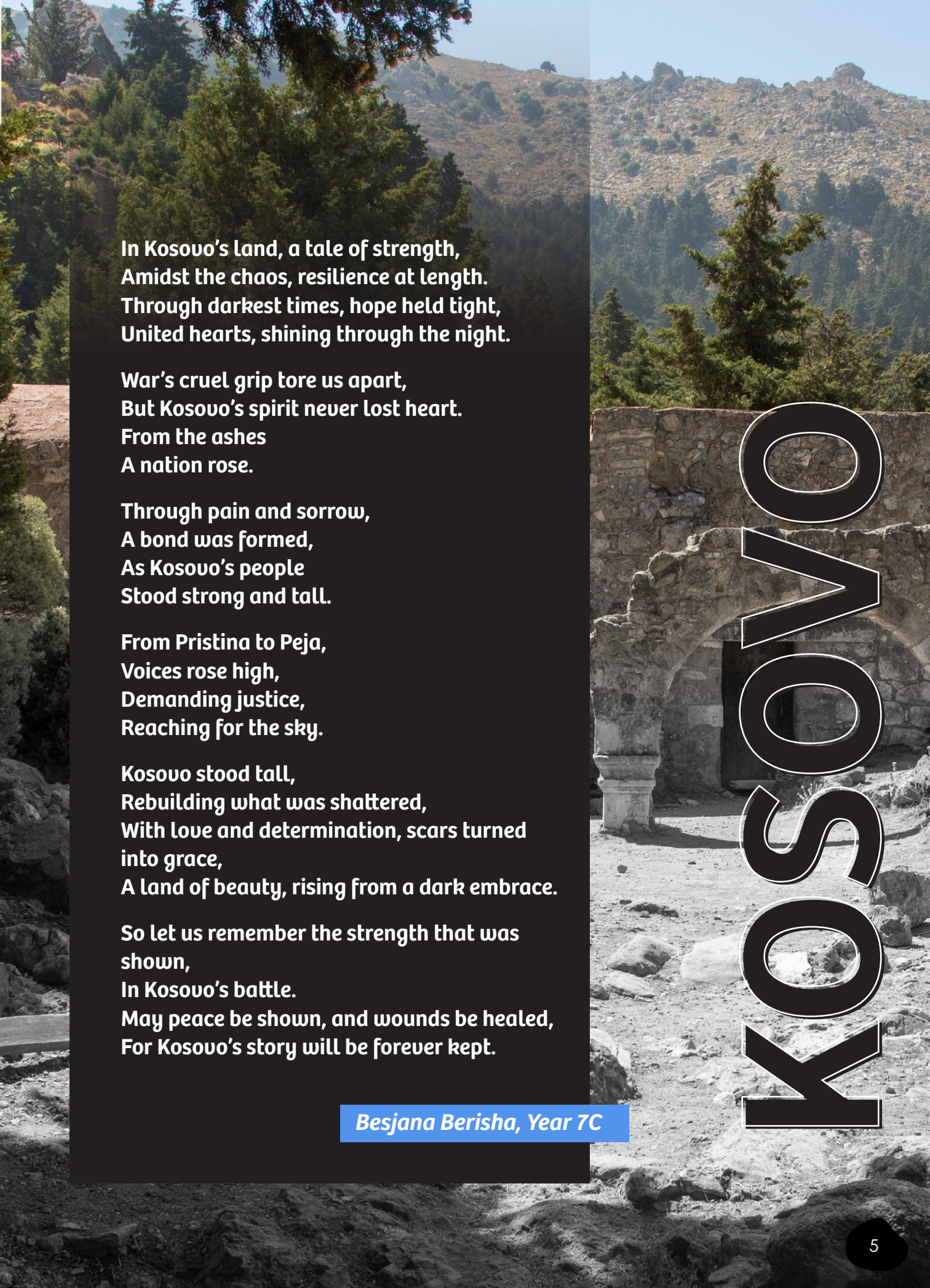
*Jealousy*

An esteemed nomenclature 'twas,  
Bow your heads in reverence,  
Fear her and confess your flaws,  
Alas, she too, fell into a trance,  
For if jealousy were a tune,  
Prominent would be her dance.

To envy she would wheedle,  
Sowing with a diamond string,  
Fastened to a pure iron needle,  
A peculiar poem she would sing.

Croon, mine progeny—oh so feeble,  
Sorrow, this youth—a fleeting dream,  
Endure, O, scion—writhe and scream,  
For your downfall, I pray,  
Yet pleasure your way,  
Live, my child,  
And bear my pain.

**Roan Aly, Year 8C**



**In Kosovo's land, a tale of strength,  
Amidst the chaos, resilience at length.  
Through darkest times, hope held tight,  
United hearts, shining through the night.**

**War's cruel grip tore us apart,  
But Kosovo's spirit never lost heart.  
From the ashes  
A nation rose.**

**Through pain and sorrow,  
A bond was formed,  
As Kosovo's people  
Stood strong and tall.**

**From Pristina to Peja,  
Voices rose high,  
Demanding justice,  
Reaching for the sky.**

**Kosovo stood tall,  
Rebuilding what was shattered,  
With love and determination, scars turned  
into grace,  
A land of beauty, rising from a dark embrace.**

**So let us remember the strength that was  
shown,  
In Kosovo's battle.  
May peace be shown, and wounds be healed,  
For Kosovo's story will be forever kept.**

***Besjana Berisha, Year 7C***

**KOSOVO**



## Outside the Window

Outside the window, nothing interesting or unusual is going on, Nothing but a usual day of the year.

Outside the window, I can see a relaxing view of a flock of birds flying in freedom, Escaping the upcoming cold of the winter, flying towards the north looking for a warmer environment.

Outside the window, I can see innocent kids playing hide and seek, I see some children that are still free of the cuffs of social life—cuffs of responsibility.

Behind the window, is a middle-aged man at the peak of his health and strength, Trapped in the prison of one dictatorial country for saying the truth.

**Seif Addeen Al Rashidi, Year 10B**

**Mohamad Karim, Year 10B**

## INNER beauty

The best things in life aren't stuff, you see.  
Some folks have nothing, yet feel like royalty.  
And then there are rich folks with no real worth,  
Happiness lies within, not within earthly things.

An ugly attitude spoils a pretty face,  
A dark heart's worse, no matter your race.  
Speak up to my face, no need for deceit,  
If it ain't kind, keep it to yourself. That's neat.

At 14, I learned to let go for my sake,  
Like on planes: breathe first, then help others partake.

Know yourself well, not everyone's a friend,  
Discover who matters, who's there till the end.

In this mean world, Allah's plan we pursue.  
Enemies don't scare me like fake friends might.  
Beware of those who shower you with affection,  
For their intention may bear slight deception.

So why not love Him first, right?

Each day brings change, new ways to explore,  
Through pain we grow, what it takes to endure.

Life's no game for money or fame's gleam,  
Through sun or rain, keep that smile to beam.

How you make others feel says a lot, friend,  
Don't join every argument, it won't mend.  
Haters crave drama, let their words go astray,  
Stay positive, and take their breath away.

Discover who matters,  
Who never did,  
Who always will.

On the field we stand so strong,  
With one goal to reach before too  
long,  
Our feet run fast upon the grass,  
And we defend every pass.

As a centre back, I stand my ground,  
Blocking shots and making sounds,  
Yelling out commands so clear,  
To my teammates who are near.

The opposing team tries to break  
through,  
But we won't let them – we're a  
strong crew,  
With tackles fierce and  
moves so quick,  
We're unstoppable – their  
attacks won't stick.

And when we get the ball in hand,  
We show them how we take command,  
Pushing forward with grace and flair,  
Our teamwork showing, we're a pair.

Football is more than just a game,  
It's a passion, its driving flame,  
And we will play with all our might,  
Until we reach the end in sight.

So put on your cleats and grab a ball,  
Step on the field and stand tall,  
For football is a beautiful art,  
And playing it is close to my heart.



# on the FIELD

**Sabrina Al Hawli, Year 7B**



## LETTER FROM MOLLY TO HER MOTHER

July 15, 1931

*Hi Mum,*

*I wish I could see you right now, but unfortunately we have to wait a little longer. That is, if we don't get caught like Gracie, of course. We have to be extra careful because our every move is being tracked and it feels like we might not escape. We are exhausted, Mum. Daisy keeps wanting me to carry her on my back. We are hungry, too. There have been some people who have given us food. One lady also gave us coats, but they are worn out now.*

*About Gracie – I couldn't keep her safe. A man we met tricked her. I think he worked for Mr Neville. He told her that Aunty was in Wiluna and that she could catch the train to get there. I told her he was lying but she thought he wasn't, so she left Daisy and I and ran to the platform. The big car that took us away the first time came again. It was terrifying, Daisy and I kept our heads down while the man came and forced Gracie in his car. We don't know where she is now, but we hope they didn't put her in that awful shed.*

*It's just Daisy and I now. It's night-time. Daisy is asleep on my lap but I can't sleep. I haven't slept properly in three nights. I'm worried about Daisy, Mum. She really misses Gracie and always asks me if we can go back and get her but I know that we can't. Maybe if we had one of those big cars like the white people have, I would be able to save Gracie from those wretched people.*

*I wish you and Grandma were with us. I would know what to do if you were here. You would protect us. Right now, I feel like I'm lost in a huge forest with nowhere to go, nowhere to turn and nowhere to hide. I miss hunting with you and listening to Grandma's stories. I miss the dances around the fire. I miss it all. I wish there was something I could do, or a magic word I could say for our ancestors to just take us back to Jigalong, but I know that that is not possible. I just have to keep pushing through the pain of not being with you and stay brave for Daisy.*

*I remember what you told me about the eagle, Mum. Whenever I see it, I get a sense of relief. When I see it, I know that you are thinking about us and I know that you believe that we can make it home. I really hope that you are right, Mum. There is nothing I have ever wanted more. We love you so much and are praying that we will see you soon.*

*Love,  
Molly*

**Nora Harba, Year 8B**



Dear Mother,

*It has been a long time since I have written to you. I really miss you. A lot has happened to us after being taken away from our home. Ever since the white man took us to Moore River Native Settlement with Gracie and Daisy, it has been hard. Really hard. You would not believe how they treat our people there, Mother.*

*We managed to escape from Moore River and we are still trying to find you and come back home. We are following the rabbit-proof fence. They have told us that the fence is really long and we might not make it, but I have faith. I know that you also have faith in us to make it back home.*

*Mother, this journey has been really tough on Gracie, Daisy and I.*

*We have gone through a lot and we have not eaten properly in days. We have not had a good sleep in weeks. We do not know who to trust, nor do we know where to go. We are constantly on the run, trying to avoid the trackers and find our way home. Mother, don't you worry. We will never give up trying to find you. We will try to be safe and we will keep going no matter what.*

*I miss you, Mother. I'm afraid I cannot write any more. I really hope this letter gets to you. I really want you to read this. I can't wait to come home and see you, Mother. I miss the smells of the bushes and the warmth of our home. I miss speaking our native language. I miss speaking to you.*

*Mother, I really hope to see you soon. I promise I will not stop looking for you. I miss everything. The house. The smells. I miss Grandma.*

*I miss you the most. Hopefully one day I will be able to see you again. Hopefully soon.*

*Yours always,  
Molly*

**Zane Chakik, Year 8B**



# My Journey to Success

Back then, the days when I was younger, lower in the year levels, was really a test of my resilience in my academic career. Hundreds, if not thousands of rocks were thrown at me during this particular career, yet I still stayed strong and thrived through these tripwires. Welcome to my journey on my academic career. Sit back and relax while I take you on the most relatable ride of your lives.

My journey takes place all the way at the beginning; Grade Prep. This grade was like an introduction to my school, Australian International Academy (AIA). From what I remember, I was quite a strange student. I displayed inconsistency, excelling at academics at times while struggling at other moments.

Fundamentals were taught during this grade, including the most basic of things, such as wearing socks to school, especially the right coloured ones. But after about the first term, the fundamentals became short lived, and I quickly switched over to actual work like learning how to read and write. As I knew grade prep would be slightly challenging and nerve racking, these things were expected.

However, my first of many challenges, or should I say, heavy boulders, were thrown at me from my academic life. What were these challenges? Spelling tests. These annoying little pests occurred frequently throughout the week. I was in a wrath when I was given a list of words that I had to memorise by Friday. Those Monday mornings would ruin my entire week. I still don't even understand how I survived that torture. The thing I hated the most from these tests was that I had to document myself writing the list of words throughout the week. I remember, each night I would sit on the dining table, put my hand on my face, and write what felt like an essay many times. I honestly believe that these spelling tests actually made me good at pushups.


Anyhow this was the only thing in prep that annoyed me the most, otherwise, prep was still an excellent year.

At the end of the year, there would be an awards ceremony and trophies would be given out to extraordinary students. I remember I was only given a flimsy certificate. I was upset just like the Monday mornings when I was given a list of words for the spelling tests. I wanted that shining trophy, so I set it as it goes for next year.

Grade one was a big jump from prep. More and more difficulties came in to taunt and torture me! Spelling tests were still given out every Monday morning, which was annoying as expected. You know what was more annoying than that? Writing a full-page recount! Oh boy this was like literal hell! Every single week, I had to write a recount about my weekend. What made it worse was that it was on a Monday morning too. Think about it, imagine being given a list of difficult words to memorise and write basically an essay! It's absolutely conspicuous to tell how I felt, especially as a young student, frustrated.

Despite these mountain sized rocks getting thrown at me, I tried my best to persevere. My resilience was really put to the test this year, but unfortunately, my triumphs weren't enough. My goal of getting the shiny trophy at the end of year was not obtainable. I was left again with a flimsy certificate. The amount of blood rising to my head was unfathomable. Thoughts flew across my head, was my efforts not good enough? Should I even be trying to achieve this impossible goal?

I later forgave myself, I stayed motivated, and I was willing to put my academics on top of everything else, even if it meant sleepless nights.



I put my head high and fixed my posture. Every year was a new year to refresh and start from scratch. It's up to you for how it'll go. With my motivation at its peak, I stepped into Grade Two with maximum confidence.

Grade two was not easy whatsoever. More boulders were thrown at me, but I made the impact feel like a tickle. I couldn't afford to get another flimsy certificate, grade two would be the year where I would succeed.

Homework was my biggest foe that was introduced to me this year, but I persevered through it like a breeze. My resilience had definitely gotten to the second level from these challenges. I was clearly unstoppable, unreachable, but more importantly, on top of my class.

Annoyingly, spelling tests and writing large paragraphs were still frequent in this grade, but I couldn't let myself get another flimsy certificate, so I breezed through these pests like the wind.

Despite my academics being good, I realised that my general behaviour had to improve. I began saying "good morning" to all my teachers every day and spent more time with them. I still don't know if good behaviour translates to getting the end of your award, but who knows.

After completing this challenging yet thriving year, it was time for the end-of-year award ceremony. I was undeniably nervous, and rightfully so. I had

sacrificed many things to prioritise academics, like spending quality time with my family as a typical grade two student.

I sat in the assembly hall where the awards would be announced, trembling, anxious, and biting my nails. The anticipation and suspension grew with each trophy announcement. My heart felt like it might leap out of my chest. Millions of thoughts raced through my mind, just like a carbon copy of grade one. If I didn't succeed this year, tears would surely follow.

As the teachers began announcing the trophy winners, the suspense built higher and higher. My heart seemed to pause when they reached my grade. The moment they announced the trophy recipient felt unbelievably long. And then, I heard my name. I had earned that coveted trophy! Relief washed over me, and the burden of potential failure was lifted from my shoulders. At that very moment, I felt a sense of calm, a feeling unlike any other. Tears of pure joy welled up in my eyes. The cheers from my friends and the applause from the crowd made this moment even more remarkable. Walking up to the stage was one thing, but achieving a goal that had taken years to reach was on a whole different level. The emotions I felt at that time are something words can't explain, and that's why I want to experience it again, many times.

The End!

**Mohammad Alam, Year 8A**



## *Letter to Maman from Abbas*

*Dear Maman,*

Hi Maman, how are you? I am good because the consul said he really likes me, and he will try his best to get me an England visa. I miss you, Baba, Mamanjoon and my friends dearly.

Maman, I have a shoe polishing job which is a big hit. I get one hundred lira per pair of shoes shined plus good tips. The hotel manager bought me a shoe shining kit. It was one of the best in the business.

Maman, Istanbul is very crowded. I have made a couple of friends along the way. I don't mind it here.

Maman, when I went to the embassy, I couldn't believe how pretty it was. They have the nicest flowers. You would love it. The smell of all the flowers reminded me of how nice you smell.

When I went to the consul who hardly meets his clients in person. He gave me the best tea and biscuit ever. The consul really likes me and has a son my age. Maybe that's why he is trying to help me. I think he feels sorry for me. He will try his best to get me a visa to England.

Maman, I really like Istanbul. My friend Hector always gives me the best money exchange rate and free soda. The television channels are way better here than at home. My favourite show is called Knight Rider. It is about a man and an artificial intelligent supercar fighting evil.

Overall, leaving Iran has left me in sorrow. I know Baba made the right choice and for my benefit, but I want to be with you.

I will write again soon.

Your loving son Abbas.

PS Tell my friends I beat them to another country.

**Danyaal Nakhuda, Year 6A**



Dear Maman,

I'm doing well here in Istanbul and I miss you so much. I'm glad you didn't forget my birthday. It was like I was speaking to an angel on the telephone. I felt like I was healed and amazed at myself.

In Istanbul, I feel very happy and safe which is awesome for me. Murat makes me feel happy by allowing me to play Backgammon with him and drink tea. However, I will be happier and more excited when I finally get my passport and hopefully soon fly to England.

Istanbul is a great place but with some dirty roads and no lights on the roads too. People are so kind and a woman helped me in the embassy to translate for me. She translated from English to Farsi. Istanbul has jewellery shops that can trade your dollar money to lira and I found one that gives you a good rate.

I am experiencing lots of things like the Turkish culture and things that you need to do, like drinking tea, it is very popular in Istanbul. I have developed great skills and keep on learning. I experience making my own money by giving out tea to visitors and getting tips.

Overall, leaving Iran was the most difficult thing I have had to do, especially that I am only 9 years old, that is, trying to protect myself and being a man. I understand that Baba had no other choice but to send me by myself to Istanbul. I hope to talk to you face by face soon.

From Abbas

PS: Tell my friends and Mamanjoon that I say hi and miss them very much.

**Majd Albukhari, Year 6A**



# I AM *Zero*

I am Zero  
I can be a little salty  
But Stanley, will you still care for me?

I am Zero  
I can be a little deep as well.  
I am sometimes cold,  
Sometimes dreadful  
But Stanley, will you still help me?

I am stuck, five feet deep.  
Five feet across.  
Stanley, will you dig me out?

I am Zero  
And Stanley, you are my best friend.  
I am tough, and I can do so much.  
Can you see me?

I am Zero.

***Robsan Yonis, Year 7B***

***Artwork by Aheda Yassine, Year 6C***

# Dear Diary

After I risked my life to rescue Zero, I escaped Camp Green Lake. Although this may seem unreal, it really did happen and now, here I am, all grown up and back in my home.

Zero and I still have a strong bond. We are best friends with each other and have never been apart since meeting at Camp. I am now in university studying Law and was recently asked to complete an assignment about something from my childhood which connects you to your current life. My brain cells were going to explode trying to think of one connection. My childhood was abnormal and almost seems imaginary. Even now, as an adult, I feel nervous thinking about the times when Derrick Dunne had bullied me. I had a feeling that I would feel the same way when I present my assignments to my peers. Honestly, I had to do it. I needed to graduate from university and somehow find success in my life. I have already failed many times in life and I don't want it to happen again!

It was the day of the presentation. I was stressed all night as I tried not to become ashamed of myself. One by one, the students presented their stories. The room echoed. Everything had gone quiet. Everyone had presented except for me. "Stanley!" A voice creaked from the front of the room. "It's your time to shine!" announced the lecturer.

I remember my heart pounding as I approached the front of the room. I began getting flashbacks of the time I had walked to the front of the classroom in my childhood years and everyone laughed at me for bringing my stuffed animal for 'Show and Tell'.

I deliberately opened my laptop as slow as I could. I had no way of escaping now. I just had to start my presentation. This was my script...

My story is different to yours, but unique in its own way. When I was fourteen, I was sent to Camp Green Lake, a place that used to be in the drylands of Texas. It accommodated bad boys. We were forced to dig holes to find interesting artefacts which would be immediately handed over to a woman called the Warden. She never appreciated

anything we found for her. She was desperate to find something, but never wanted to admit what it was.

As time went by in Camp Green Lake, I got older and stronger. Digging holes every day was not easy. One day, my good friend Zero escaped the Camp after attacking a councillor with his shovel. He was gone for several days. I was desperate to escape so that I could go looking for him and one day, I did!

During my escape journey, I found Zero, alive and hiding under a boat which was labelled 'Mary Lou.' As we walked together in the hot Texan desert, we approached a mountain which my great-grandfather called "God's Thumb." Zero and I wanted to climb the mountain in the distance. Zero was so lethargic and dehydrated that I carried him up the mountain and sang him a song that had been passed down through my ancestors. Eventually we returned to the Camp to dig one final hole which is where we came across a treasure chest, but before we could escape with it, we got caught by the Warden. It turns out that the treasure chest is what she was making us dig for all along.

This may seem like some adventure story, but it was my real life. Oh, and by the way, it turns out that Zero and I had broken a generational curse that had been spreading in my family for decades, but that's a story for another time.

I made an end to my presentation as the whole room was silent at first, making me uncomfortable before they all cheered out my name, applauding and praising my unique story.

I had foolishly thought that I would make a joke of myself in front of all those people.

"He had felt so nervous that day. Nevertheless, he became so famous because of his presentation and surprisingly passed that module!" They all would say...

Yours,  
Stanley Yelnats IV

Shahirah Irshad, Year 7A



# What Does Not Meet the Eye

As I got off the bus, I took in the sight of my boarding school of 3 years. Winter break had just ended, and after 3 weeks, I was returning to my second home. As I dragged my suitcase, I scanned the area for my best friend, Cecily. So distracted looking for her, I didn't notice where I was going until I bumped into someone, causing my bags to fall on the floor.

As I started picking up my things, an unfamiliar girl quickly muttered an apology and ran off. I noticed she had long blonde hair and glasses that covered her blue eyes, and something about her seemed very odd. Specifically, the way she quickly ran off was suspicious, and just her presence was weird. However, as my best friend approached me, I dismissed these thoughts.

I quickly walked up to my red-haired friend and hugged her. After introductions, I asked her quietly and quickly, "Have you seen that new girl?" and just as quickly, she replied, "Yes, her name is Scarlett, she seems odd, though that might be because her arrival midyear is rare."

"I agree, but she just seems odd," I replied as we entered the building and walked to our dormitories.

There we found out that Scarlett was staying in our dormitory for the rest of the year. After a good start to the term, we had high hopes, but little did we know that this term would be far from normal.

A few weeks into the term one late night, we saw Scarlett sneaking out of the room and returning, hiding something in her backpack. A few days later, my teacher, Mrs. Thompson, called me to the front of the class and took my backpack from me. I stood at the front of the class as my teacher looked through my bag, stopping to pull a piece of paper.

After examining it, she said in a disappointing voice, "Rukaya, would you care to explain why the answer sheet is in your bag?" As my whole class stared at me, I felt a lump growing in my throat.

But before I could answer, Scarlett put her hand up and was looking at me smirking.

"Ms. I saw Rukaya leave her dormitory late at night a few days ago. When she came back, she was hiding something in her bag," she said with confidence, the whole time looking at me with her dark blue eyes. I gasped; what a liar, I thought as Mrs. Thompson sent me and her to the principal's office.

As soon as we left the classroom, I started talking. "You know I saw you leave our dorm room that night," I said, frustrated.

"I didn't, but either way, it won't make a difference; you will be expelled," she replied. "And how do you plan to do that?" I asked, shockingly.

I stopped in front of the principal's office and turned to face her for the first time since the start of the conversation. She looked back at me and smirked. "Like this," she said as she fake tripped down the stairs, clutching her ankle, before she started screaming, "She pushed me down the stairs, she's crazy." As soon as she started speaking, I backed away. Hearing her scream, the principal exited her room and without giving it a thought, punished me with two weeks in detention and a zero for the quiz.

At lunch, I told Cecily about everything that had happened and came up with a solution. The next morning after breakfast, I approached Scarlett, but before I started talking, she snapped her glasses in half and threw them on the floor, blaming me for it. These types of incidents continued, and my spotless reputation got ruined overnight.



One afternoon after class, Cecily and I were cleaning our room when we found blue contacts and buckets of paint underneath Scarlett's bed, suspecting she was planning something big. That night after she left, we followed her until she reached the corridor outside our form room, stopping in front of the big wall. She started painting on the walls. While she was doing this, Cecily and I recorded her from the corner of the hallway.

Happy with our evidence, Cecily and I rushed to our dorm and faked being asleep just in time before she entered. The next morning, we went to the principal's office and showed her the recording. Shocked, she immediately called Scarlett to her office.

Once she arrived and saw the evidence, she started laughing. "So you finally got evidence, but have you figured out my real secret?" she said with a smug look on her face. "Her real secret?" I thought, shocked. I turned to look at my best friend, but saw that she was just as confused as me. Turning back to face Scarlett, we watched as Scarlett looked at us in disbelief. "Really, you haven't realised who I am? Don't I remind you of someone?" she said, taking off her glasses and folding her arms on her chest.

I looked at her for several minutes before it hit me hard, like a pile of bricks. The blue contact lenses, how couldn't I know? I looked at her hard before breaking the deathly silence.

"Valorie, is that you?" I said, my voice filled with shock and disbelief. "So you remember how you got me expelled, don't you? Well, after that, I came up with a plan for revenge, but I guess you are too smart for your good," she said, her voice very unlike herself.

She turned around and removed her contact lenses to reveal her signature startling lavender eyes. Her long blonde hair trailed behind her back, and her lavender eyes looking at me, I couldn't help but wonder how I didn't recognise her. She then broke down, talking about how she wanted revenge but was not sure and worried about her decision, also apologizing for what she caused.

Once she was calmed down and forgiven, the principal brought her parents in, and she was once again expelled. Later that day, everybody found out about her identity. While most people were shocked, most people in my grade were wondering how they didn't recognise her, much like I did. I don't know what to say about this experience, but you should know people can change, and there are a lot of things that don't meet the human eye.

*Halima Wadiwala, Year 7B*



# FIGHT OR HEAL?

*Faatimah Ahmad Year 9B*

It all began that day. All the pain, the problems, the never-ending volley of bullets that would more often than not be directed towards me, all began that day. It had started as a normal day. The sky was clear. I had gotten up early to collect eggs from the chickens. Mum made breakfast, Dad read the newspaper in his favourite armchair, and little Daisy had long since departed on the school bus to go to school. It was the kind of morning we had every day, nothing too special, but we liked it that way. How could any of us have known that when Dad moved on from his newspaper and began opening his letters, our life would take a dramatic turn for the worst, never to return to normalcy again?

It all began when Dad turned to me and croaked, "Lad, there seems to be a letter addressed to you. Shall I go ahead and open it, or would you like to open your correspondence?"

As I was preoccupied with my breakfast, I shook my head and signalled for him to continue opening the letter.

As he did so, I could see his face slowly losing colour as he once again looked at me and stuttered, "B...B...Boy, you've been conscripted to join the army!"

The bomb had landed. I had known this would happen, but I had not expected it to happen so soon. After all, I was only sixteen years old, and I still attended school. As I heard the sounds of my mother crying over the fate of her 'little boy,' I began to think about why I should even agree to fight in the war. I mean, sure, Germany had invaded Poland, but why did I have to fight in a

war for that? I didn't even know anyone Polish. Some went to war saying they fought for their king, but I didn't even know the guy. Why should I fight for a snobby guy who is too rich to fight for his ideals by himself and so leaves his dirty work to the poor folks? I didn't think that was fair. Moreover, why would I have to kill boys who were of a similar age to me when we could have been friends if we were not standing on opposing sides of the battlefield? But, like always, my questions remained unanswered. If I told anyone what I was thinking about, they'd probably tell me to visit the insane asylums to get my head checked. However, the more I thought about it, the more I realised that I needed to know the answers. I would not go anywhere near the military base until I had received a satisfactory answer to all my questions.

After thinking long and hard about who I could ask my questions to, I decided on the old lady who lived two houses down from mine. She was quite the eccentric old lady, and everyone in the town was terrified of her. I, too, was not exactly comfortable around her, but I knew that she was the only person in the whole town who would try to answer my questions instead of taking me straight to the doctor. So, after consoling my mother, I left the house to visit the aforementioned old lady.

When I arrived there, I saw that nothing had changed. My life had been turned upside down, as had so many others, yet she sat there, face full of so much make-up it was almost coming off. She looked like the incarnation of a ghost as painted by a young child. Swallowing the urge to scream and run for my life, I sat down next to her.



As I prepared myself to ask her my questions, she turned to me with a smirk.

I almost jumped when she whispered, "Haha boy, you must have been conscripted. No, don't ask how I know; I just know things. Let me tell you something, boy. You'll die there. I just know you will die there. You know, I had five sons. They all left when they were your age to fight in the Great War. They died, so why shouldn't you? You probably want to ask me why you should fight anyway. Well, guess what? Haha, it's your fate. You're gonna fight and die!" Listening to her raspy voice whispering such morbid words, I wondered if something had happened to her or if she had truly gone insane. Up until yesterday, she had been a sweet, albeit a little scary-looking old lady. Today she had become an old and mean hag. Understanding that she did not want my presence, I got up and quickly left her home.

As I walked back towards my home, I could see a military bus parked in front. That was when I realised I was questioning fate, which could not change. After a tearful goodbye from my parents, I got on the bus. I had made up my mind to run away as soon as the bus stopped. However, when the bus drove past the town square, I saw something that shook me to my very core. There were people, hundreds of people, crowding around five men. Three of them kneeled, tied to the ground with ropes and irons, while the other two men pointed guns at their heads. The crowd around them booed the kneeling individuals and cheered on the men with the guns.

I looked at the driver, my eyes begging him to explain what horror was taking place ahead of us.

He just looked ahead and muttered, "They're being shot for cowardice. They're military deserters. They ran away from the army." As I processed this new information, I realised that if I ran away, I too would end up dead. Not honourably on the battlefield, but humiliatingly, shot by the people of my own country.

"I don't want to do it. I don't want to become a murderer. I don't want to kill people," I whispered.

The driver looked at me with pitying eyes. "It's okay," he said, "You know there are many roles in the army. You could become a medic, dig water canals, or even become a scout." I nodded my head. Right, that's what I would do. I would become a medic. If I could not escape this war, then I would try to heal others and help them by giving them a respite from the harshness of the war. Smilingly, I turned to the driver and asked, "Can we go where they train medics? I don't want to be a soldier."

The driver turned to me and returned my smile. "We are already headed there. I knew from the moment I saw you that you would be too soft-hearted to become a soldier. Instead, you would want to become a medic to aid others in need," he said. I just grinned, knowing my newfound determination would help me cope. I would try to heal, not kill, even when guns were pointed at me. I honestly did not know how I would succeed, but I fervently prayed that God would help me accomplish my goal.



# TRUE *identity*

I glance at the stars.  
Thinking to myself, 'when did everything  
go wrong?'

Times like this I often think,  
Am I really genuinely sick?

The hospital beds were never comfy.  
Locked away from everyone else.  
They act like I can't control myself.  
Still staring out the window that shows  
the sky.

Times like this I feel so un-alive.  
Its poison that courses through my veins  
I wish and wish that it would stop.  
But with every passing second my heart  
would drop.

I wanted it to stop but it was like a  
boiling pot.  
Each beep that my monitor would make.  
Death truly was the only way.

My heart bled red into streams of  
sadness and regret.  
Both my hands strapped to my sides.  
Everyone saw me as sick and crazy.  
Even if I tried denying it.  
Deep inside I knew they were right.  
There was no face behind this mask.  
My true identity was left in the past...

**Fatima Borovic, Year 10B**

**Artwork by Hana Elgohary, Year 6C**

# autobiography extract

## THE BIRTH OF MY NEPHEW

My eyes stared blankly at my page for what felt like an eternity. When was this period going to end? Is year 7 really an important year? Can't we just skip it? As I turn to my left to look out the window, I see an office lady walking towards our classroom. Someone must be going home. My eyes followed her all the way to our class. She quietly opened the door and announced that I was going home. If I was blank before then I was even more blank at this moment. Why am I going home? I didn't have an appointment or an event to get to? My mind was in a rush, there are endless possibilities of why I am going. Had something happened? Was my dad leaving early? I would soon find out that it was for none of the reasons I had even thought of.

I closed the door behind me and raced to collect my things and meet my dad outside. As I was racing down the corridor my coordinator stumped me.

"Congratulations, Aunty," She beamed.

As I'm about to leave the building. I instantly stop.

"Is my sister..., did my sister give birth?"

She shrugged with a large grin on her face and walked off. My head is spinning. Had my sister really just given birth? Was I about to become an aunty? I hurried outside to see my dad standing in the pouring rain. We go outside the school to wait for our Uber, the rain drops falling down the edge of the umbrella.

My dad tells me "I have exciting news!"

"Did Khaldia really give birth?"

He nods, putting the biggest smile on my face. How is it that the birth of a child could make me feel like nothing in the world matters anymore? I haven't even met my nephew yet, but already feel the responsibilities of being an aunty.

As we arrived at the Royal Women's Hospital, we met my mum, who was already there with my sister, waiting in the lobby for us. She told my dad which room to go to, but she and I had to wait as there were already too many people in the room. It feels like an eternity waiting to go up, so my mum and I went past the gift shops to pick something out for my new baby nephew and pass time. We bought the gift and headed to Ward East, room 27. As we entered the room, I saw my sister on the hospital bed with a nurse beside her and hiding under a blanket was my tiny baby nephew. As I looked under the blanket my heart melted. I saw a baby boy in front of me but in my heart, he was so much more. He was a new addition to our family, the being that made me an aunty and a huge part of me and my family's future.

As I hold the newly born baby in my arms, I am so grateful. I am blessed enough to experience this unforgettable moment which I know will stay with me forever.

After my sister came out of the hospital, I was exhilarated that I would get to see my nephew again and throughout the weeks my connection to him grew stronger.

The birth of my nephew has taught me that little moments can have big impacts on my life and create meaningful memories for me and my family. I have learnt the importance of family and how precious and limited their time is with us.

Being a good role model to my nephew and younger sister is important to me and I hope that when they grow up, I can be there for them, and they can rely on and look up to me. I hope that they can experience a precious moment in their lives that teaches them the importance of family, just as this significant moment has taught me.

**Nora Harba, Year 8B**



# autobiography extract

# GENERATIONS

I was sitting in my grandad's car, looking at the streets of Jordan. I was coughing throughout the drive and every time I did my mum glanced at me through the rearview mirror. She seemed worried, and truth be told, so was I. We arrived at the imposing entrance of the hospital, and my grandparents bid farewell with a wave. They said that they will be waiting in the car for us.

As we entered the busy hospital, the smell of antiseptics waved in. I grabbed the top of my shirt and hovered it over my nose as I took the seat. Mum was going to the reception to inform the lady that I was going to receive a small operation in which I'll remove my tonsils.

Amidst this, I discovered my mother's uncle, Ismael, was part of this hospital. His name brought surprise and happiness to me, realising a close family member contributed here. The inspiration from his presence was profound.

While waiting for the doctor, I noticed distressed faces among the people behind me. Rushing doctors and nurses, donning masks, carrying medical equipment, and adorning serious expressions on their faces. I was chilled to the bone. Heart racing, I watched a young male nurse pace between the waiting patients. Like others, his anxious expression was evident, as if etched onto his face. In his hands, an elongated pair of tweezers and other unfamiliar tools.

Is he planning to use that on me? Absolutely not. The eerie image of the tweezers faded when I recognised Uncle Ismael by his crooked-nose spectacles and pearly white lab coat. Though his words eluded me, my gut hinted he might ask about the nurse. The thought he might use them on me crossed my mind. Suddenly, we locked eyes, a warm smile and a gentle wave in tow.

"I think I'll be alright."

I walked into the theatre room and was given an apron. Uncle Ismael's gaze worried me as the nurse held a needle. Uncle Ismael entered the theatre room, blocking the view of my mother watching us from the window. He looked at his watch and said, "Are you ready for the operation?"

"I think so..." I said, feeling the colour drain from my face. It seemed like the world spun around me.

"You will be fine! Just take deep breaths in, and I promise you won't even feel it. "

He offered me reassurance, but my apprehension lingered. The upcoming procedure weighed on my mind like a distant storm, and I clung to his words as a lifeline, hoping for a smooth experience.

\*\*\*

That experience taught me many things. That experience alone showed me that my past, my family, and the generations before me shape me into the person I am today. Two lessons I learnt from this experience were that you mustn't follow the crowd in what they are doing. By doing this, you are able to achieve your desired goal, create an experience and set an example for others who face the same problem as you. Another one was always to have faith in yourself and step out of your comfort zone. I discovered that only my grandma and I were the only people who removed their tonsils.

No matter how young or old you are, you can be anything.

I know you can.

**Hala Baker, Year 8B**

# LOST *autobiography extract*

I was in my mum's car whining about how hot it was. I looked at the window as the scorching hot sun hit my face. We were headed to the local mall. My mum glanced at me with a fixed look, telling me to be quiet, so I did. Everything went on as usual until everything came crashing down.

I looked around again and again until I started to feel dizzy as my head spined with doubt. My mum was nowhere to be found. At one point I thought I was dreaming.

"This can't be happening to me". I repeated to myself that everything was happening too fast. I decided to look around for mum again. Properly this time. I still couldn't see her bright blue dress in the distance. I started to panic so much my body started to shake. I could feel my legs weaken as tears filled my eyes. I sat in a little corner outside a shop sobbing hoping my mum would appear in front of me.

It had felt like years I could feel everybody's eyes on me. My mum was still nowhere in sight. 'It was the end for me'. Perhaps I will get taken away and sent to an orphanage and never get adopted. The amount of fear was getting the best of me. I must stay strong and brave. It's what my mum would have told me. So, I got up and started wandering in the mall, again, in search of my mum with a newly found hope that I would find her myself.

I wandered the mall for a while gazing at the shops, almost forgetting that I was lost until I saw a police officer in the distance. All the fear and sadness came gushing back. I was scared that the police officer would take me away. So, without hesitation I hurried in the opposite direction only to come across the donut shop. The one my mum would always take me to after she finished shopping. I stood there alone watching kids line up with their parents to buy donuts. I felt as if half of me was missing. The lump at the back of my throat continued to grow. I was beginning to feel hopeless again. Then I felt someone tap my shoulder.

I looked back, startled, and saw a woman I didn't recognise. She softly asked, "Where's your mum?" I couldn't hold it in anymore. Between sobs and hiccups I told her the whole story about how I got lost and ended up here. She gave me a reassuring look and told me she would help me find her. She told me that I didn't have anything to worry

about. I was happy that someone seemed to care. At her words, the dark brooding cloud that was lingering over my head parted and was replaced by sunshine. She took my hand, and she led me to a part of the mall that my mum and I didn't visit often. It was unfamiliar. I began to panic until we turned a corner and in front of us was a bright red door with the word 'SECURITY OFFICE' above it.

I looked at the office in shock. I had never seen it before. The woman turned to me and pointed at a man sitting on a chair. She said that he would find my mum. I smiled. Finally, my heart was at ease. The man turned to me and asked me my name and age.

I mumbled "Maryama, and I'm five years old".

He then picked up a microphone and spoke into it.

"If you have a lost child whose name is Maryama, please make your way to the security office." He repeated the same phrase again.

Surely, my mum had heard it now. Surely she hadn't left the shopping centre without me.

It felt like an eternity but it must have only been about twenty minutes later when my mum entered the room, her face full of worry as she scanned the room. Tears of joy filled my eyes as I ran to hug her, her own eyes filling with tears too. I was no longer lost and all the weight was lifted off my shoulders. It felt like a dream. I was finally with my mum after being lost for an hour. I held on to my mum's hand and promised myself to never let go of it until we got home.

This memory was traumatising for me and still haunts me to this day, but it taught me many things. It taught me the importance of family and the value of my mother in my life, but it also taught me that anything is possible. That as long as I stand strong and brave I can do anything. The countless emotions that were running through my mind like fear, anxiety and loss made me who I am today. Whenever I am in a tough position I always think back to that day. I remember that I am strong and independent. Even as a five year old I showed strength and resilience in the face of adversity. Now, I can do anything!

**Maryama Osman, Year 8B**



# MIRROR TO THE PAST

Am I too old to be afraid?  
I'm stuck in fear but the fear's self-made.  
Around me im drowning, unable to keep afloat,  
But where's the water?

Is this how my journey's meant to unfold?  
To keep swimming, barely breathing?  
Was this the plan all along?  
Or was destiny changed because of my actions?

Because I swear  
My hands were once clean,  
Now impure with sins I didn't mean.  
Now I live as though everyday is Halloween,  
Because I'm being haunted but the monsters can't be seen.

The feeling of regret is out to get me,  
Like it wants revenge.  
And I want to scream and yell and shout,  
And make sure every words inside of me is out,

But once again my sentences are tightly locked away,  
With the key thrown to the next dimension.  
But I can't hide behind people's smiles and pretend I'm in perfect  
condition.

Always watching my back to see what's lurking.  
But I already know what's hiding in the shadows.

The world is swallowing over me in ways other can't see or feel,  
So how can anyone else know what's real?  
Because at the end of the day I'm in a room full of people,  
So how can I still feel as though I'm a forgotten soul?

Anesa Ali, Year 10B





## Memories of the past

*The pain of losing someone cuts deep and raw.  
A memory that feels impossible to share.  
A memory trapped behind a locked door.  
The memory can be a burden to share.*

*Haunts you day and night, never really going away.  
The memories you hold, and the memories you share  
drawn out in shades black and grey,  
a memorable bond that will always be there.*

*Weighs heavy on your heart, a constant knot.  
But with time the wounds begin to heal.  
Knotted around your heart like a permanent dot,  
as you find and understand what you feel.*

*The heart once wounded, now frown strong and bright,  
embracing loves power with all its might*

**Khadija Rizvic, Year 10B**




# IMPACT OF EXHAUSTING fossil fuels ON THE CARBON CYCLE

**As once said by former US president Barack Obama, “We are the first generation to feel the effect of climate change and the last generation who can do something about it.”**

We all know that nature is a philosophy. A fragile, yet perfect concept. As our society advances in a world in which we are obliged to live with nature and abide by her laws, we rob the earth of its natural resources, as we lack thereof due to our own irresponsible usage. The carbon cycle is a building base for the earth and all who reside upon it. Fossil fuels are materials containing hydrocarbons, and, while fossil fuels help to maintain a balanced input and output in nature, humans began emitting larger amounts, increasing the amount of carbon in the atmosphere. The oceans absorb most of the excess carbon, risking our marine life, but what happens when even the oceans can't absorb anymore? Surely you won't wait to find out, because there are many, many, many things that we, as a society, can do to prevent, or at the very least, decelerate this issue.

Our earth functions in a precise manner, and the carbon cycle is but one of many primary systems that we rely on. Carbon is an element of the periodic table and the fourth most plentiful element in our atmosphere, so it's found nearly everywhere. The carbon cycle is a biogeochemical cycle that reuses carbon atoms to stabilise the amount in our atmosphere. The atoms are stored in organisms before being released again into the atmosphere- a simple, yet effective cycle that ensures that our earth won't run out of carbon. Without it, a lack of carbon dioxide and other greenhouse gases would freeze this earth. Most carbon is stored in sediments, rocks, oceans, the atmosphere and living organisms like plants and animals. When unperturbed, the carbon cycle settles at a state of equilibrium, following nature's demands and satisfying the replacement rate.



Fossil fuels are hydrocarbon-containing materials, an organic compound made from hydrogen and carbon. Fossil fuels typically come in the form of natural gases, coal and oil, and are produced by dead fossils. They are contributory to the environment, but like everything in nature's philosophy, a profusion of anything ruins the state of equilibrium maintained by the replacement rate. While humans have always contributed to the environmental distress, following the industrial revolution in the mid-18th century, a period of great industrialisation, anarchic anthropogenic emissions steadily rose. The carbon cycle, the earth's natural sink, absorbs and emits about 100 billion tons of carbon dioxide annually, and humans' carbon emissions pale in comparison, being about 1 tenth of that amount. Despite this, 10 billion tons is still enough surplus carbon to shatter the carbon cycle's constant state of equilibrium. As we emitted more CO<sub>2</sub>, the oceans began absorbing more than they could endure, making them grow frighteningly toxic and unsuitable for nautical creatures. But 5.25 trillion pieces of plastic waste is estimated to be in our oceans- it could very well be double or triple this amount. These atrocities have continued to our day and age which is appalling! Are we this uncivilised? The excessive emissions of fossil fuels and greenhouse gases also cause other problems such as climate change and the melting of icebergs and glacial lands due to the heat produced by the superfluous carbon. Us humans are committing such savage, inhumane, and quite frankly, brutal acts towards our beloved planet.

'You Are Never Too Small to make a difference' is a quote by Greta Thunberg. Born in 2003, she is a Swedish environmental activist who opposes climate change. There are many environmental activists that dedicate their lives to helping our environment. Countries should live like Sweden, as it is one of the most sustainable countries, having received first place in the Global Sustainable Competitiveness Index. A key factor of their success is the implementation of a carbon tax in 1995. This small act went a long way, and any effort you make to save our earth will make an unimaginable difference! Planting more phytoplankton and bamboo produce a conducive environment for reversing the increasing amount of CO<sub>2</sub> in the air and returning equilibrium to the carbon cycle. While there is very little phytoplankton in the

world, they fix about 30-50 tons of carbon each year. Bamboo has a large carbon sink and good phytoremediation option (the ability to purify contaminated environments) and an important CO<sub>2</sub> retention rate, with one hectare of bamboo grove capturing about 60 tons of carbon dioxide annually. Bamboo in particular is a miracle plant- it can sustainably make construction, furniture, food, biofuel, fabrics, cloth, paper, pulp, charcoal and ornamental garden planting. About 20 tonnes of carbon dioxide is released into the atmosphere throughout the average American's lifespan, so while I'm aware that we are oftentimes occupied by prosaic day-to-day concerns, we can still take action in other ways, so try to implement sustainability in your daily life- plant trees, learn to recycle, you could even switch to renewable energy if possible. All of these help with the carbon cycle's issues one way or another, and you will feel accomplished, trust me!

Some claim this endeavour of reducing carbon emissions to be impossible, as they believe that we have simply gone too far to turn back, but that mindset is disgustingly enclosed in their unimaginative life. Current approaches to reducing carbon emissions may be implausible, impeccable, improbable, infinitesimal- all but impossible. A lot of excess carbon remains in the atmosphere, but large amounts are absorbed by oceans and biological marine life, leading many to go extinct. The oceans are but one of many examples, so why are we even engaging in such a dispute when the world is collapsing before our very eyes? Others claim that living beings can adapt, but some of the biggest mass extinctions were caused by climate instability. How are animals expected to adapt to our issues when we ourselves can't? Closing your eyes won't make the monsters disappear, but will only make you blind.

Imagine going on a brisk, invigorating walk with bright green trees huddling your vision, a cartoony blue sky, and bicycle bells ringing. Nature's cycle follows the notion of Noblesse Oblige- to have privilege, responsibility must entail. To see a beautiful world, shouldn't we take care of nature- of the carbon cycle itself? We must take action. At present, we are stealing the future.

**Roan Aly, Year 8C**



opinion &  
analysis

IMPACT OF

# fossil fuels

ON SEA LIFE

*Nazir El-Laz, Year 8C*

Welcome ladies and gentlemen, today I will be talking about the importance of how fossil fuels are impacting our oceans and sea life. My main argument is how using fossil fuels is destroying our oceans. For many years we have been using fossil fuels harming our oceans with oil spills and lots of carbon dioxide absorbed by the ocean. We need to stop using fossil fuels and save our beautiful oceans from this disaster. We have many amazing oceans that we need to preserve for future generations. The Great Barrier Reef is an amazing coral reef that's so beautiful and can be viewed from space. I have three arguments that will make you stop using fossil fuels for good.

First of all, an important impact that we must stop is the burning of fossil fuels. Fossil fuels have been impacting our oceans for many years. The burning of these fossil fuels is making our oceans much more acidic as the ocean absorbs one-quarter of the carbon dioxide that is being burned and released into the air all over the world. In the past 100-200 years the oceans have become 30 percent more acidic. The ocean is an important aspect of our earth as it covers 70 percent of the surface. Without our oceans, we wouldn't be alive right now. Our oceans have become 30 percent more acidic in the past 100 years which is a big increase.

As our oceans are becoming more acidic it is harming our coral reefs as the acidic waters weaken the coral and cause them to grow much more slowly. We have an amazing place called the Great Barrier Reef which is a coral reef so big you could see it from space. Sadly, due to the use of fossil fuels the Great Barrier Reef is starting to fade away and die. As our oceans are becoming more toxic coral calcification is reducing. Trust me if we do not stop this soon enough the Great Barrier Reef will completely fade away. About 283 spills have happened in the Great Barrier Reef. In the past few

decades, approximately half of the great barrier reef has faded away due to all the oil spills that have occurred.

Do you really want our oceans to be destroyed and ruined forever? A big issue we must talk about is throwing our trash into the oceans. For many years we have been using the oceans as a rubbish bin destroying them. Approximately 14 million tons of plastic is dumped in the ocean every year. This is a devastating fact that we must face and work together to reduce to 0 tons. Hundreds of thousands of innocent turtles are being killed by mistaking the plastics for food or getting stuck in plastic bags. In the Pacific Ocean, there is a place called the great pacific garbage patch. It is so big you could fit double the size of Queensland in it. The great garbage patch weighs around 80,000 tonnes and it is getting bigger as we throw more rubbish in the ocean.

It can be argued that we need fossil fuels. Without fossil fuels we couldn't do half the things we do everyday cooking, driving, using a heater and many more things. Without these things we couldn't eat, drive or feel warmth or could we. There are many solutions to these problems like electric ovens and stoves, electric cars like teslas, and electric heaters. You could say that electricity is bad for the environment because of the power plants used but you could use solar panels. Solar panels also follow the three Es of sustainability: Ecology, Economy, and Equity. They are good for the environment as that are getting electricity from a natural source the sun, they are good for economy as you just must pay for them once you don't have to pay and electricity bill and equity currently in Bangladesh there is a program where everyone has solar panels and are able to share power with each other. If we all apply the three Es to our daily lives, we just might be able to save the oceans from this disaster.

# Conflict in **The Outsiders**

'The Outsiders' is a novel created by S.E. Hinton in 1967. Showing many important factors of themes and events. One of the main themes being conflict within themselves. A theme and event that is shown throughout the entire novel and film, whether with his family members, Darry Curtis and Sodapop Curtis, others and even with the main character himself, Ponyboy Curtis. Conflict with loyalty, friendships and identity when it comes to his gang The 'Greasers' and the other gang being The 'Socs'.

It is strongly shown throughout the novel, the conflict within The Outsiders that Ponyboy has with his family. He mainly describes himself as 'uncared' about and shows this multiple times throughout the novel, as while having a conversation with a girl at the outdoor movies named Cherry Valance. She asks Ponyboy about his older brother, Darry, and he states "Darry does not care about me, and never will". After coming home, he is questioned by Darry and was worried about where he went and "where have you been" since the long disappearance of himself. Soda, trying to stick up for Ponyboy, is yelled at by Darry and Ponyboy is then slapped or pushed to the ground. After this crucial event we are able to clarify how the conflict with Ponyboy and his family is being portrayed in the novel. At the end of the novel, Sodapop runs away and is then caught up as his reasoning was that "I am tired of always being in the middle of you two and always have to pick sides" making him run. After this we can conclude that conflict with his family can be seen.

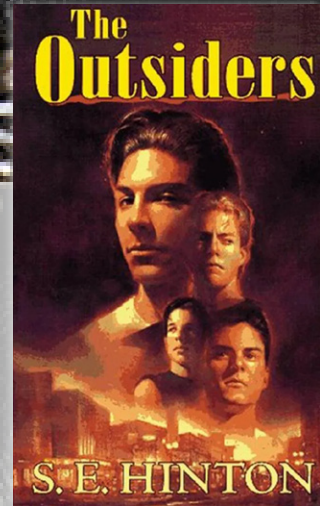
It is clearly observed that the conflict between both gangs, Greasers and Socs, can be seen. In the novel, we are able to see and visualise many scenes of battles between the two gangs. At the start of the novel, after Ponyboy leaves the movie house, he is stalked by some Socs in a blue mustang. They follow him, pinning him to the ground as Ponyboy is frozen by the blade that is being pulled out on him. Another scene of conflict that is shown in the novel is when both gangs come to an agreement to compete in a

rumble and physically attack one another of both gang leaders, being Darry and Tim Shepard, leaders of the Greasers. They then start the rumble and physically abuse one another, conflict can be seen, not only physically, but also verbally. This can be seen at the start of the novel when Ponyboy is pinned down and asked "need a haircut greaser" by one of the Socs. Along with this, one of the gang leaders of the Socs is killed at a park and is stumbled upon by a Greaser named Johnny Cade. Johnny is one of the younger and weaker members.

Thirdly, conflict is experienced by Ponyboy not only on the outside, but on the inside. He has internal struggles with himself about identity and presentation towards the gang. He is unable to define himself as a Greaser. He believes that his hair identifies him as a Greaser but is a good student and thinks he is not a Greaser at all. He shows this in the novel at a church in Windrixville when he is forced to cut his hair so he does not match with their faces in the newspaper. We also see this when he saves children from a burning church as they are not considered friendly by other people. In the novel during the conversation with Randy, a Soc, tells him that a greaser does not do what he did and asks "why did you do it?" Ponyboy says "I do not know, instinct I guess," and then leaves.

In conclusion, to the novel's presentation, it can be considered and seen that conflict with The Outsiders can be displayed and shown physically and verbally, whether against family, others, gangs or even themselves. Ponyboy Curtis was a crucial character in the novel and presented the internal struggles that the Greasers face. The three brothers then promise at the end of the novel to never fight again or try to cause problems in the family or others. Conflict can be seen everywhere in the novel and is the main factor of the novel that makes it entertaining and crucial.

**Mohamad Nasser, Year 9B**



## THE SOCIAL CLASS DIVISION IN

# The Outsiders

by S.E. Hinton

Throughout the book, Ponyboy - the main character - struggled with identifying himself.

'I'm not saying that either Socs or Greasers are better; that's just the way it is.' (pg.3)

Lacking the pride and confidence the rest of the Greasers have, Ponyboy feels different and left out. His brothers, Sodapop and Darry, both get along and treat each other kindly. Although Sodapop treats Pony the same way, Darry's harsh ways, with his love for Ponyboy and fear of losing him, soon mislead Ponyboy, driving him to feel even more left out, even within his own family. In the first few chapters, Hinton uses these examples to describe and illustrate Ponyboy's lonesome in the novel.

The relationship between the social classes, Socs and Greasers differs from that of an individual Greaser and Soc. In the book, Hinton uses two characters, Cherry and Randy, to suggest that 'things are rough all over' and Socs, too, have their own pains and struggles. Ponyboy and Randy's conversation reinforces this, and gives an insight into the lives of Socs. 'Greasers will still be Greasers and Socs will still be Socs.' (pg. 141/171) Randy, a Soc, was aware that things wouldn't change, and, unlike some Greasers and Socs, didn't enjoy the lifestyle. Hinton's repeats 'things are rough all over' and uses the quote to further establish the fact that both social classes think the same way and have their own struggles. Cherry and Ponyboy immediately got along with each other, and found similarities. The sunset they both watched separately was a significant symbol of the bond that Cherry and Ponyboy had. Ponyboy

and Cherry, unlike most other Greasers and Socs, did not have a blinding loyalty to their gangs. Ponyboy saw things from many other perspectives, such as a Soc's one, and Cherry, testifying and spying for the Greasers, stood more for what was right, rather than what others around her did.

In the novel, Dally was used as an example of an 'insider' or a 'perfect greaser.' Fitting the Greaser stereotype by having been to jail, he was cold, harsh, and mean. However, Hinton also showed us other sides of him, using another character, Johnny. Dally had a soft spot for Johnny, and his grief over Johnny's death. He enjoyed being a greaser, and appeared happy to everybody else, but in reality, he had only accepted that things would never change in his life. This explains Ponyboy's lack of sorrow when Dally was shot dead. Rather than looking back at his life and feeling bad for himself, as Johnny had done, Dally was content and at peace, knowing he did not have to continue living such a life. Dally's death proved to readers that people do not always feel the same way inside as it may appear on the outside.

S.E Hinton successfully displays the struggles of social class division using a number of different characters, struggles, and relationships in her novel. Dally was used as an example of a perfect greaser, or an insider, Cherry and Randy were used to symbolise that 'things are rough all over', and Ponyboy's internal struggle also showed readers how a Greaser may lack confidence and see himself.

**Leyman Mume, Year 9B**

## Conflict in

# The Outsiders

In the book *The Outsiders*, S.E. Hinton uses the idea of conflict in a variety of ways. There are instances where a physical conflict will occur and there are instances where conflict emotionally affects the characters instead of physically. Examples of conflict within the book include the Greasers vs Socs, family conflict between characters such as Ponyboy and Darry, individual conflict within the character themselves, and the conflict that the police have with the Greasers. This analytical essay will focus on the Greaser vs Socs, the family conflicts and the police vs Greaser conflict.

The main theme of *The Outsiders* is the Greaser vs Soc conflict and the whole book revolves around this idea. These two gangs or groups are two bittersweet rivals and are always fighting and cursing each other. The Greasers are the poor bunch that live on the bare minimum while the Socs are rich and have minimal problems to worry about. Friendships between these two groups are rare to see, and if it coincidentally occurs, then it is extremely difficult for it to last for an exceptionally long amount of time. This is shown in the book when Darry, Ponyboy's brother, and Paul, who is Darry's former friend, go up against each other in the Rumble. This proves that the amount of resentment the two groups have for each other goes way beyond any of their friendships. This hate is also shown towards the beginning of the book, where Ponyboy is walking home from the movies and is jumped by a group of Socs, just because he is a Greaser.

Family conflict is a problem in many households around the entire world. It is inevitable that sometimes a little scuffle or argument will happen between siblings or parents but when it goes on and no one makes an effort to cease the fights, it becomes a problem and could lead to the

downfall of the family. This idea of ongoing family conflict is used in *The Outsiders* as one of the main reasons leading up to the climax of the book. When Ponyboy comes home late in the night, Darry gets agitated and angry at Ponyboy. Sodapop tries to defend him and when Darry turns on him, Ponyboy yells at him to not touch Sodapop. This leads to Darry shoving Ponyboy, who runs away with Johnny afterwards. When they go to the park, a series of unfortunate events take place and Bob is murdered. When S.E. Hinton uses this as a reason behind the murder, it shows the extremely dangerous and detrimental events family conflict could lead up to. If Darry and Ponyboy weren't so unfriendly with each other, the murder wouldn't have taken place and life would go on normally.

The conflict that goes on between the police and Greasers is unique. It doesn't relate to the fact that the Greasers are one bunch of people and even though they are considered hoodlums, the police can't arrest them for simply being associated. This conflict is one that is created by the individuals themselves. Dallas Winston, a member of the greasers, has a very problematic relation with the police. They basically dictated his whole life. As he got arrested at 10 and was constantly going back to jail. Even his life ended at the hands of the policemen. This causes great hatred from the gang towards the police and this hate was multiplied when they spoke about considering putting Soda and Ponyboy in a boy's home.

Conflict is a major decider of the events in the book and *The Outsiders* and was placed throughout the novel in such a way that the dynamics and the foundation of the book could be completely different without it.

***Liban Ismail, Year 9B***



opinion &  
analysis

# Resilience in RABBIT- PROOF FENCE

*Simhan Yonis, Year 8B*

Resilience is a common theme in *Rabbit Proof Fence*, but what does it mean? Resilience is the act of surviving and pulling through after all kinds of obstacles or discouragements. It is portrayed through a range of different scenes, all presenting different emotions and actions like the eagle scene, Molly carrying Daisy on her back and the escape scene, which heightened audience emotion.

Walking in the hot desert, Molly, who carries Daisy in her arms, is very tired. Despite this, Molly keeps walking. Although she struggles greatly and stumbles frequently during the walk, she shows tremendous resilience and continues to tread. Daisy also seems tired in Molly's arms; her eyes are blinking very slowly, almost as if she is about to yawn. After a while, Molly, who pants and takes in deep breaths exhaustingly, collapses suddenly to the ground. After a while, Molly then awakens. Sweaty, due to the hot conditions in the desert, Molly stares at the sky above, seeing

a bird, but not just any bird. Her spirit bird, the eagle. Molly's mum would often tell her that this bird would help her in times of distress. Knowing this, Molly yet again rises to her feet and carries Daisy on her back to continue their long journey back to Jigalong.

Another example of resilience is the escape scene. Despite knowing the consequences of those who attempt to escape, the girls still show courage and decide to run away. Molly, who is the eldest of the three, displays great resilience by leading the girls. She knows what will follow if they get caught, but she is highly determined to make it back home, so she takes the risk. Now, she is leading the other girls whilst constantly encouraging them to keep going and not lose hope. With Molly's display of bravery and resilience, the other girls believe that they will complete their journey and make it back home.

In the film, there is a scene when Gracie is being kidnapped and taken away from Molly and Daisy. Before this, the girls had encountered a man who provided some misleading information to the girls about the whereabouts of their mothers. He claims that their mothers are waiting for them at a local train station. Gracie, desperate to find her mother, believes him. On the other hand, Molly isn't so sure. Molly and Daisy decide to watch on as Gracie, who strongly believes that the man's directions will lead her to her mother, heads towards the train station. Just as Molly had assumed, Gracie is snatched and taken away by authorities

making it clear that the man had lied. Molly and Daisy watch the terrifying and traumatising capture of their cousin closely. Despite witnessing their cousin being taken away, the girls still have the courage to keep pulling through this distressing experience. They do not give up or get disheartened, but instead, they continue to show the same bravery and courage to continue their journey home to their mother.





# ANALYSING THE ACTING IN RABBIT PROOF FENCE

## KIDNAPPING SCENE

The kidnapping scene in Rabbit Proof Fence contains various film techniques to portray the intensity of the scene. One of the main techniques in the scene is acting.

The scene starts with the girls walking around together but when the car approaches their mum tells them to run. The government official catches up with them and grabs them violently. The way he steals the children and throws them in the car shows that he doesn't care about them. The mood in this scene changes from joyful to sad as we see their parents screaming and crying in the background. This creates a sense of danger for the people viewing.

The director's choice of acting in this scene makes the viewers feel bad for the parents. This technique portrays that the girls have no choice but to obey and the parents can't do anything about it. The way the government officials act shows that they have more power than the girls and their family. This creates a sense of fear for what's going to happen to the girls after they've been taken from their family.

## ESCAPE SCENE

The escape scene in Rabbit Proof fence has various film techniques to convey the emotions that we feel in the scene. One of the main film techniques that have been showcased in the escape scene is sound.

The scene starts with the girls in their room and then we see them getting up and creeping out of their room and trying to escape. They try their hardest to make no noise so no one in the other room hears them. As they are, the music in the background is very quiet which shows that the whole scene is meant to be quiet. Once they reach a good enough distance away from their room, they start sprinting. The music then goes from quiet to super loud and intense. This creates a sense of suspense and makes the viewer want to know what is going to happen next.

The director's choice of sound in this scene makes the viewers feel tension in the scene and they start to wonder what is going to happen next. As they take more steps and get further away from the Moore River Settlement Camp, the music gets louder. This technique portrays that the girls have a motive to leave and it gives the viewer an understanding that what's going to happen next is very interesting. The music is very intense and makes the viewer feel scared because it actually feels like you're in the scene with them. This creates a sense of excitement and suspense.



**Sama Atassi, Year 8B**



# Benefits of Eco-Tipping Points

## SAVING MANGROVES

Do you ever think for a second and ponder about the harm we are creating to our surroundings and environment? What the effects of the norms we are living in causes to the landscape around us?

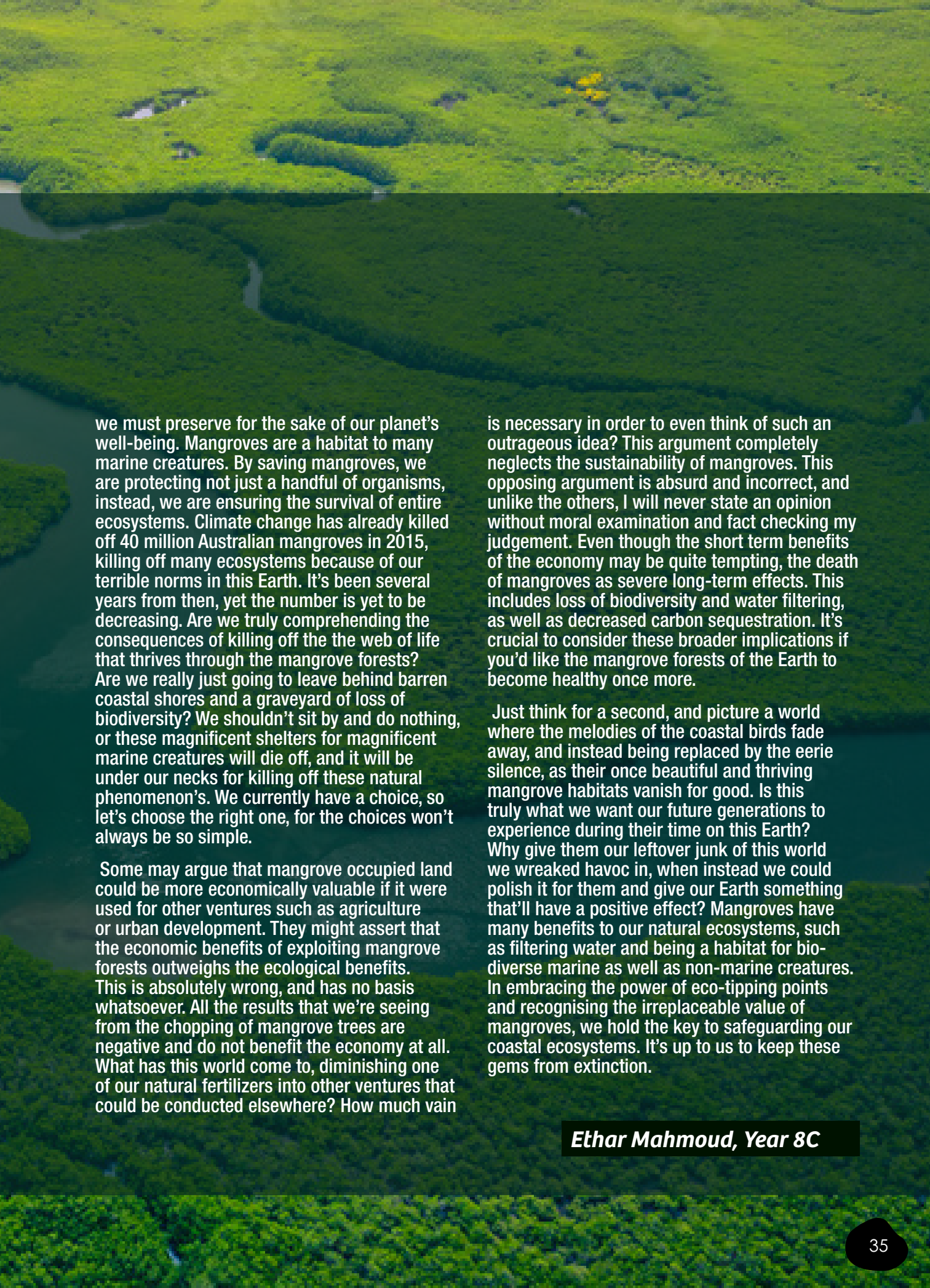
It's a topic not many are willing to speak on, but it's a topic worth speaking on if you'd like the current situation on this Earth to change. Mangroves are one of the phenomenal wonders of nature, and saving this species is something we must do in order to curate a healthy and thriving planet. Mangroves are trees that are situated in alkaline environments and provide many eco-friendly functions. Some of these include protecting the coastlines, storing carbon, and supporting biodiversity. Mangroves are a major tool to help make a healthier environment.

The topic of my persuasive speech today is the benefits of eco-tipping points in saving mangroves. Eco-tipping points are key thresholds in ecosystems where slight changes can cause major and often permanent modifications in environmental conditions. The eco tipping points that I will insha'Allah discuss today emphasize on the saving of mangroves including water quality and filtering, biodiverse habitats, as well as carbon sequestration. Without mangroves, the Earth would experience increased coastal erosion, biodiversity loss, diminished protection from storm surges and tidal waves, as well as disrupted food chains in the coastal areas. The Earth we're living on deserves a change, and to do so, we must cooperate together accordingly. Every single day, the sound of chainsaws echo through the

mangrove forests. Trees falling. Destruction unfolding. Ecosystems dying. We must stop the chopping. We must stop the falling. We must save the mangroves.

To begin with, water is the essence of life. It flows through our veins just as it flows through our rivers. Although we often overlook the system that purifies and cleanses our water. Mangroves. Mangroves have an ability to filter water, ensuring the health of our marine ecosystems. As we currently face concerns on water pollution, mangroves are the most sustainable solution to the issue. Many mangrove species live by filtering up to 90% of the salt in seawater when it reaches their roots. Some plants excrete salt via glands in their leaves. The removal of mangroves in coastal areas can result in a decrease in water quality as well as destruction to surrounding marine ecosystems. The importance of preserving these magnificent ecosystems resonates not just with our minds, but also with the depths of our hearts, for safeguarding mangroves protects our ecosystems and the well being of our future generations. Who in their right mind wouldn't take the opportunity to save these natural wonders?

Mangroves, with their lengthened roots and dense canopies create a tapestry of life unlike any other. Once upon a time there was a boy in the heart of a mangrove forest who'd witnessed a symphony of life unfold before his eyes, with diverse ecosystems thriving together in harmony, a testament to the irreplaceable beauty and significance of these ecosystems that



we must preserve for the sake of our planet's well-being. Mangroves are a habitat to many marine creatures. By saving mangroves, we are protecting not just a handful of organisms, instead, we are ensuring the survival of entire ecosystems. Climate change has already killed off 40 million Australian mangroves in 2015, killing off many ecosystems because of our terrible norms in this Earth. It's been several years from then, yet the number is yet to be decreasing. Are we truly comprehending the consequences of killing off the the web of life that thrives through the mangrove forests? Are we really just going to leave behind barren coastal shores and a graveyard of loss of biodiversity? We shouldn't sit by and do nothing, or these magnificent shelters for magnificent marine creatures will die off, and it will be under our necks for killing off these natural phenomenon's. We currently have a choice, so let's choose the right one, for the choices won't always be so simple.

Some may argue that mangrove occupied land could be more economically valuable if it were used for other ventures such as agriculture or urban development. They might assert that the economic benefits of exploiting mangrove forests outweighs the ecological benefits. This is absolutely wrong, and has no basis whatsoever. All the results that we're seeing from the chopping of mangrove trees are negative and do not benefit the economy at all. What has this world come to, diminishing one of our natural fertilizers into other ventures that could be conducted elsewhere? How much vain

is necessary in order to even think of such an outrageous idea? This argument completely neglects the sustainability of mangroves. This opposing argument is absurd and incorrect, and unlike the others, I will never state an opinion without moral examination and fact checking my judgement. Even though the short term benefits of the economy may be quite tempting, the death of mangroves as severe long-term effects. This includes loss of biodiversity and water filtering, as well as decreased carbon sequestration. It's crucial to consider these broader implications if you'd like the mangrove forests of the Earth to become healthy once more.

Just think for a second, and picture a world where the melodies of the coastal birds fade away, and instead being replaced by the eerie silence, as their once beautiful and thriving mangrove habitats vanish for good. Is this truly what we want our future generations to experience during their time on this Earth? Why give them our leftover junk of this world we wreaked havoc in, when instead we could polish it for them and give our Earth something that'll have a positive effect? Mangroves have many benefits to our natural ecosystems, such as filtering water and being a habitat for bio-diverse marine as well as non-marine creatures. In embracing the power of eco-tipping points and recognising the irreplaceable value of mangroves, we hold the key to safeguarding our coastal ecosystems. It's up to us to keep these gems from extinction.

***Ethar Mahmoud, Year 8C***



## THE PORTRAYAL OF POWER IN

# ANIMAL FARM

The allegorical novella, 'Animal Farm' written by George Orwell in 1945 tells the story of a group of animals who overthrow their tyrant in the hopes of adopting a socialist lifestyle on their farm. A deeper dive into the story portrays that the text simultaneously symbolises the Russian Revolution also. Orwell uses the text as a warning to society of the effects of an unfair dictatorship. Language and propaganda are pivotal to the pigs' power on 'Animal Farm'. They use their means of influence, propaganda and fear to dictate the farm in correlation to their desires.


The concept of power on 'Animal Farm' is initially introduced by the pigs. They begin life post-rebellion by assuming responsibility and leadership. "It had come to be accepted that the pigs should decide all questions of farm policy." This demonstrates the complete neglect of the other animals to enforce the agreed upon rules of Animalism. This is due to the manipulative language the pigs used to fulfil their desires and assume command while the other animals were led to believe that they were being treated equally and fairly. As one of the main rules of Animalism stated, "All animals are equal, but some are more equal than others." A prime example of the pigs' use of language that is overlooked by the animals and it is assumed that all is well, but rather the opposite. Those factors together led to the beginning of inequality on the farm. Ultimately, it is seen in the text that the pigs' use of manipulative language with the addition of neglect from the animals has come together to be a key factor in the pigs' power.

Orwell illustrates the power of propaganda and its significance in the pigs' journey to power. This is displayed via Squealer. Orwell uses Squealer to symbolise the Pravda in the Russian Revolution.

He uses his words of influence to justify the treacherous acts of the pigs, "Squealer spoke so persuasively that they accepted his explanation without further questions." This exemplifies the complacent attitude of the animals. The lack of regard permitted by Squealer to say just about anything he wanted from altering the Seven Commandments to the justification of other vices. Hence, it can be said that the use of propaganda in 'Animal Farm' was beneficial to the pigs' success and led to harsh working conditions with the thought of no one having the courage to raise a voice to this problematic system.

The theme of propaganda and language are constant in the text as they allow the pigs to dictate the farm as they will. Not only did they rewrite history, but they deceived the other animals into believing that their actions were for their sake, "It is for your sake that we eat these apples." The animals didn't bother to do much thinking and were foolish, following orders without a sense of care for their farm where the pigs ordered others around, but never once did they participate in the labour. Thus, the pigs enjoyed a life of luxury while the animals suffered the effects of an authoritarian dictatorship run by Napoleon.

To sum up, it can be deduced that Napoleon and the pigs' success and power originated from the use of manipulative language and propaganda along with the animals' neglect. These together were crucial to the rise of the pigs and the eventual dictatorship on the farm. Moreover, the greed for power seen in the pigs causes the animals to undergo extreme hardship all with the belief that equality still existed. Nevertheless one sees the pigs become more humanlike and wonders whether life was better with Jones rather than Napoleon.



'Animal Farm' a novella written by George Orwell in 1945 is an allegorical text that explores the themes of manipulation and control under a Communist regime. In the allegorical world carefully constructed by George Orwell, tyranny, propaganda and fear to attain power are tools used to let one achieve a higher status of power. In this text a character who managed to achieve this is Napoleon who has many qualities that are similar to the actual historical figure that he is based on, Joseph Stalin. They both coveted a desire for power and went to any means to achieve obedience from their subjects and used fear and propaganda to do so.

In the text the one with the most authority, Napoleon, did not reach his level of power without his "right hand man" Squealer who used propaganda to invoke obedience of the other animals on the farm. Orwell uses repetition as a literary device to encourage his readers to understand what conditions on the farm were like. For example, the idea that "Napoleon is always right" reveals signs of ignorance in the animals as well as to show readers that Squealer is a character that prefers to spread fear rather than resorting to a means of factual persuasion.

Evidently, Squealer did this for two reasons. He was commanded to by Napoleon who wanted to fuel his propensity towards power and that this would eventually lead to the animals turning a blind eye towards their situation and would not question it. This is emphasised when Orwell writes that, "Squealer spoke so persuasively and the dogs who happened to be with him so threateningly, that they accepted his explanation without further question." This forces the animals to submit to the intended path that Napoleon and Squealer wanted the others to follow.

There came a time when Snowball was used as a scapegoat for different situations, "when anything went wrong, it became usual to attribute it to Snowball." It appears evident that Snowball is not anywhere near the farm, nor has he committed the crimes that he is being accused of, but the animals never saw proof

# FEAR & PROPOGANDA IN ANIMAL FARM

*Yousef Khalil, Year 10A*

of these crimes. This reveals to the reader that the animals have reached a state of ignorance and that Napoleon's word is absolute without question.

Boxer is a character who had good interests at heart, and was a noble, honest and hardworking horse who devoted himself to the needs of the farm. When the time came however when he needed help, Napoleon wasn't there to help him. Napoleon viewed him as an expendable asset, and when the time came to get rid of him Benjamin was the only one who realised that he was being carted away to the knacker. Rumours did spread on the farm about his death, but Squealer diffused the situation by telling the animals that the van Boxer was carted away in "was recently bought by a veterinary surgeon." Unfortunately, the animals did nothing to question and "their doubts disappeared and the sorrow they felt for their comrades was tempered by the thought that at least he died happy." Boxer's death was the ultimate betrayal.

Throughout the allegorical world created by Orwell, the use of propaganda and fear carry punitive consequences for those who face it. The general idea that is depicted is that fear and propaganda are a means of power and attaining it needs to happen without competition. In the text, fear and propaganda created a static society, so in conclusion both of these are used to obtain power, manipulate the animals on the farm and control them.



# ABUSE OF POWER IN ORWELL'S ANIMAL FARM

In George Orwell's allegorical fable 'Animal Farm', there is the use of manipulation and abuse of power through language used by the conniving pigs to maintain their superior status. Because the novella is written from the animals' perspective, the obvious manipulation is ironic for the readers as the pigs contradict their words and their actions. Most prominently, the character of Squealer is mostly used to convey the manipulative messages through impressive language skills.

From the very beginning of the revolution there is a situation in which the pigs take advantage of their self-elected status and use manipulative language as to not rouse any suspicion, when the products of the animals' labour is to be stored for equal distribution, it is heavily implied that Napoleon and the rest of the pigs had taken it for themselves. When they are confronted about the missing food, it is the first display of the character Squealer and his influence. Squealer argues that, "Many of us actually dislike milk and apples" and "it is for your sake that we drink that milk and eat those apples." The animals do not question his lies because he is said to be "able to turn black into white." Apart from directly lying, he also uses fear-mongering to scare the animals into submission, "Do you know what would happen if we pigs fail in our duty? Jones would come back! Jones would come back!" Throughout the story, Squealer acts as Napoleon's spokesperson spreading propaganda and lies to all the animals, "Squealer made excellent speeches on the joy of service and the dignity of labour."

As for Napoleon's rise in power, language and propaganda also plays a big part in that.

Squealer paints Napoleon out to be a great leader, so because of his influence, "Napoleon was now never spoken of simply as Napoleon'. He was always referred to in formal style as 'our leader, comrade Napoleon'. Since Napoleon is described as not very talkative, yet able to get what he wants, the manipulation must be conveyed through Squealer since the animals clearly trust him and are more likely to believe his words.

"Now when Squealer described the scene so graphically, it seemed to the animals that they did remember it." The majority of animals struggled with understanding language, apart from the pigs who established education for them only. This is used effectively when the pigs alter the seven commandments as they see fit. Based on their 'cleverness' and skills in language, the pigs were able to take over Animal Farm and then furthermore enable Napoleon to become the dictator that he ends up becoming. Overall, the pigs were more clever than the rest because they knew to use their skills to their advantage and how to make the animals work in their favour.

Language and propaganda, a recurring theme in the novella plays a direct role in the moral of the fable which is to not follow blindly and to be educated. Orwell twists the story so that in a way, the story is very different for the animals and the readers. The main point is that the irony has been present from the start, although the animals are blind to it. As the manipulation and propaganda blinds them like a figurative blindfold, the animals' hopes and dreams are stolen by their supposed 'comrades'.

*Aafia Tariq, Year 10B*



# POWER IN ANIMAL FARM

In his allegorical fable *Animal Farm*, George Orwell demonstrates how dictators are borne by people. Orwell emphasises this by drawing parallels between *Animal Farm* and societies.

On *Animal Farm*, the animals allowed the pigs to take their first step in becoming the farm's totalitarian government. When they allowed the pigs to get away from punishment after their theft of the milk and apples, this demonstrated to the pigs that they are able to take advantage of the animals' stupidity and ignorance. This, then, raised the pigs' confidence in gaining more power and advantage over the animals. An example of this is when the animals were working on building the windmill while the pigs were "supervising" them to do work as if the pigs were superior to the other animals. Another example that demonstrates the animals' allowing the pigs to gain power was when the animals decided to not help the hens to rebel against Napoleon's will of stealing four hundred eggs from the hens. Instead, the animals allowed Napoleon to cause the death of nine hens for protesting against him. After that, Napoleon was able to get his hands on those eggs without getting punished for his actions.

Orwell further demonstrates the animals' ignorance and stupidity by showing the readers how the animals are blindly following the orders without having a second thought. An example that demonstrates this idea is Boxer where the readers see him repeatedly say: "Comrade Napoleon is always right". This emphasises Boxer's blind trust of Napoleon,

which causes Boxer problems later on. This is shown when Napoleon orders his dogs to ruthlessly attack Boxer with the intention of killing him, and because of Boxer's unreasonable trust in Napoleon, he decides to turn and look at Napoleon checking his reaction to know whether or not he is allowed to defend himself, instead of taking the action of defending himself immediately. This action demonstrates Boxer's irrational trust in Napoleon is emphasised every time he says: "Comrade Napoleon is always right."

At the end of the story, the pigs clearly have gained power and superiority over the animals, and they break the Seven Commandments without any consequences: wearing of clothes, drinking of alcohol, sleeping on beds and walking on two legs. In fact, the Seven Commandments are replaced by one commandment: "All animals are equal but some animals are more equal than others."

In conclusion, the animals' permitting the pigs' theft, violence and breaking the commandments allows the pigs to take further steps that separates them from the rest of the animals. This results in the pigs becoming "more equal" than the rest of the animals. In other words, the pigs are now superior to the rest of the animals by breaking the rules, taking all the power and changing the commandments. The pigs demonstrate that they are now the farm dictators.

*Seif Addeen Al Rashidi, Year 10B*

In John Steinbeck's novel 'Of Mice and Men', the theme of loneliness and isolation is explored. Steinbeck employs the character of Candy to demonstrate how loneliness can often cause life to become meaningless. Candy is an old, handicapped man feeling isolated. Like the other men at the ranch, Candy has no friends other than his dog and is undervalued due to his age and disability. Candy feels as if he serves no purpose and no longer hopes of a better future for himself like other workers. This is proven after Candy's dog was shot. Candy expresses his emotions by saying "when they can me here, I wish't somebody'd shoot me". Candy no longer values life; he does not have anything to look forward to because he is lonely, causing his life to seem dull and empty.

Steinbeck employs the character of Curley's wife to illustrate how loneliness can cause one to act against morals to avoid being alone. Curley's wife feels lonely because she has been deprived of social interaction with anyone besides Curley. Due to her jealous husband, she is the only woman working and men on the ranch overlook her and neglect her. This causes her to act against morals and 'flirt' with some of the ranch workers. She uses her sexuality

to seek validation from the men, hoping they would talk to her. She over-dresses, wearing red rouge lipstick and red nails for attention. As a result of loneliness she portrays herself to the ranch workers as weak saying, "you can talk to people but I can't", hoping they feel pity for her and start including her in conversations. Curley's wife was prepared to go against her morals and risk her marriage with Curley to avoid feeling lonely.

Steinbeck highlights through the character of Crooks that loneliness can also lead one to suffer in silence. Crooks feels lonely because he faces racial discrimination as the only African American man on the ranch. Crooks is often disregarded and left out from the friendship of the ranch workers. He is unable to enter the bunkhouse or associate with anyone. His experiences have caused him to act angry and bitter once he is approached by people. He feels as if he is disadvantaged and not worthy to be in a friendship. Crooks says, "a guy needs somebody to be near him...guy gets too lonely, he gets sick." Crooks is speaking from his situation and suffering: loneliness has made him agonise in silence and almost go insane.

Kenda Al Amayreh, Year 10B

*Loneliness and Isolation in* **OF  
MICE  
AND  
MEN**



# *The impact of loneliness and isolation in* **OF MICE AND MEN**



**Youssef Ahmed, Year 10A**

In 'Of Mice and Men' written by John Steinbeck, themes of loneliness are constant and an integral part of the characters' lives and this contributes to the way they develop whether that be for the better or for the worse.

George and Lennie are two characters who are impaired by loneliness and seek companionship. Lennie's reliance on George can be said to be the root cause of what happens later in the text. George has a lot of responsibility for Lennie. As he says, "I could get along so very easy if I did not have you on my tail. I could live so easy..." Here Steinbeck provides an insight into George's resentment towards Lennie. This responsibility and resentment is what makes George lonely. Without being able to rely on Lennie, George takes the entire burden of their friendship onto himself. In turn, their friendship contradicts what a true friendship is supposed to achieve; companionship and escape from loneliness.

The characters isolate themselves further by working on the ranch. "Guys like us who work on ranches are the loneliest guys in the world, they ain't got no family, they don't belong to no place." This further exemplifies the depth of their loneliness. However, George taking the role of a type of parental figure for Lennie stops them from being true friends, stops them from being equal. As George states, "But you ain't gonna get in no trouble, because if you do, I won't let you tend the rabbits." As if speaking to a child, Lennie is commanded to do as he is told or there will be consequences. Yet even with their flaws they manage, as they keep each other afloat in this abyss of loneliness.

Whilst some characters like George and Lennie can still thrive with others, there are those who cannot. Crooks, "for being done." A man who is all by himself; a man who cannot indulge in the game called life.

Steinbeck uses playing cards as a way to symbolise real world issues where some characters win with the luck of the draw achieving the American Dream, yet with victors there are also the defeated; those who have not even started playing. When Crooks is asked why "he ain't wanted" he replies, "They play cards in there, but I can't play 'cause I'm black." The cards symbolise the lives of the characters, but being unable to play without cards, it implies that he has not started playing, therefore not started living. He has been stripped of that. Crooks is a man emulsified in his own lack of hope, devoid of it and companionship. This causes Crooks to subconsciously isolate himself as if he doesn't let anyone in, doesn't let himself feel hope. He is only a man who needs hope and when Candy tells Crooks of his American Dream it gives Crooks hope as having a dream is impossible to achieve; but with companionship, it seems a little more realistic.

With this hope came the ability to be brought down, and that is exactly what Curley's Wife did. A woman who faces loneliness herself, yet has no sympathy for others facing the same dilemma. Without hesitation, Curley's wife states, "You know what I could do...? Well you keep your place then. I could get you strung up on a tree so fast it ain't even funny." While suffering from her own loneliness this expresses the fact that the lack of companionship in her life has left her to lack empathy. She is simply incapable. Her words leave Crooks in a shamble. He worked hard to make sure no one could hurt him, "Crooks had reduced himself to nothing. There was no personality, no ego, nothing to arouse either like or dislike."

Therefore, it can clearly be said that Steinbeck's characters indeed struggle with sustaining friendships of any kind and their emotions and lack of awareness and their inability to save themselves from the depths of loneliness.

opinion &  
analysis

# *Analysing* OF MICE AND MEN



The novella 'Of Mice and Men' explores the friendship of George and Lennie and how lonely they would be without each other. The novel provokes us to think how they would be impacted if something happens to the other. George and Lennie have always gone everywhere with each other; they are best friends and enjoy each other's companionship. George and Lennie have each other while there are others on the ranch who have no friends, family, or companionship. The quote, "We got somebody to talk to that gives a damn about us" demonstrates that they have each other and care about one another. This gets readers to think how they would be without each other, and they will most likely not cope very well, especially Lennie because he is like a young child in the body of an adult, which means he needs someone to take care of him. While George on the other hand is different from Lennie, he knows how to take care of himself. But they both still need each other for companionship and to be there for each other and care for one another, someone to talk to.

John Steinbeck explores the loneliness of Curley's wife, and how she feels isolated and how that impacts her behaviour and actions. Curley's wife is the only woman on the ranch. She married Curley so she could leave home.

She and Curley are not in a loving relationship; they both do not love each other. She came across as flirtatious, but she did that to just get attention because almost no one would talk to her. "I never get to talk to nobody, I get awfully lonely." She feels very isolated from the others, she feels depressed because of the loneliness. It affects her mental health because there is no one to talk to and no one wants to talk to her.

Steinbeck explores loneliness through Candy, the old man with the missing hand. Candy's only companion and friend is his old dog. He has had the dog since it was a pup. It helped him herd sheep and stayed by his side. Until one day, Carlson, another guy from the ranch, came and said how old and crippled it was and how much it stank. Candy replied, "I'm used to him", meaning that the dog has always been with him and he did not even realise how much it stank. Carlson ended up shooting the dog, which left Candy in very bad mental health. His only friend was killed off, even though it was for the better because the dog was in pain. "I ain't got no relatives nor nothing", said Candy, meaning he has no one to keep him company and he is just an old lonely man with no one there for him.

**Khadija Rizuic, Year 10B**

# *Of Mice and Men* & *To a Mouse*

The novel 'Of Mice and Men' was written by John Steinbeck and was published 12 years after the Great Depression. The title refers to Robert Burns poem 'To a Mouse', and consists of multiple themes, including loneliness, dreams, and friendships. The story follows two friends by the names of George and Lennie who are itinerant workers, they are very different from each other both physically and mentally and are trying to achieve their dream of sharing a piece of land with each other and living off it. The novel shares with us their journey to achieve that dream and the obstacles in their way while attempting to get there.

The poem 'To a Mouse' was written by Robert Burns in 1785 and is written in the old Scottish dialect. The poem is about Man's relationship with nature and about plans for the future that could most likely go wrong. In this case, the mouse in the poem has lost its home that it built for itself to avoid the wind in the winter. Its house is then destroyed by an iron ploughshare. The most famous line in the poem, which is also where the title 'Of Mice and Men' originated from "The best laid schemes of mice an' men, go off awry." This line means the best of plans can always go wrong.

Both pieces of writing include friendships. In 'Of Mice and Men', the main friendship is between George and Lennie, they are seen as very different people, but somehow, their friendship works out. It is the same thing for the speaker and the mouse in the poem. Man and nature are described to be incredibly different, however, we should all live in harmony since we both share the same land. In "To a Mouse", the speaker apologises on behalf of mankind for damaging nature and proves that he does not want to harm the mouse. This is proved when the speaker says to the mouse "I'm truly sorry, man's dominion has broken nature's social union." It is also said that man and nature should take care of one another. Similarly, in 'Of Mice and Men' George and Lennie also take care of one other.

Similar to 'Of Mice and Men', 'To a Mouse' also talks about failed plans. In 'Of Mice and Men', the plan to save enough money from working on the ranch to buy a piece of land for themselves and live off it soon

becomes unrealistic. Steinbeck hints to us that people often need dreams to get them through whatever they are experiencing, even if it is unrealistic and will never happen. This plan failed due to the fact that Lennie accidentally murdered Curley's wife, he got himself into trouble, and he soon got shot later on. The plan couldn't work anymore for the reason that they had to be together, and that couldn't happen without Lennie. In 'To a Mouse', the mouse has a home that gets ruined by a ploughshare and left without a home. The speaker explains that there is a possibility that plans will most likely go wrong, even if it is the most well thought-out.

While they both contain a lot of similarities, on the other hand there are some differences. In 'Of Mice and Men', the characters included are mostly itinerant workers. They travel from one place to another to earn an income. It is set in the time of The Great Depression which was the worst economic period of time in the United States, a time of unemployment and poverty, whereas in 'To a Mouse', the time period is set in the eighteenth century. The differences in centuries makes both the writings very different. 'Of Mice and Men' is looking at the lifestyle of the itinerant workers and 'To a Mouse' is looking at the lifestyle of the actual mouse and considering its feelings.

**Suraya Yassine, Year 10B**





# THE BOAT

**Afrah Tahir, Year 10A**

Nam Le and Matt Huynh bring meaningful aspects to *The Boat* using text and graphics. Through text, Nam Le creates empathy for the issues many refugees face by using imagery and figurative language to convey a message. Nam Le achieves this goal by giving his readers a vivid description of conditions on the boat during the refugees' journey. In addition to Huynh's detailed graphics, Nam Le's writing style allows readers to visualise the suffering of refugees.

The author uses olfactory and auditory imagery to add to the unsettling feeling of both the readers and the characters in the text. Nam Le describes sounds from the boat as "a chorus of low moans" allowing his audience to picture the fear the refugees feel through this sense of sound. Through the use of imagery, the author achieves his goal of bringing empathy as he allows the reader to put themselves into the shoes of characters using their imagination and senses to fill in the gaps.

Matt Huynh adds to the goal of bringing empathy to the text's readers through his detailed visuals allowing the reader to physically see each characters'

emotions. In many panels, Truong the young boy is shown with emotionless gestures in contrast to Mai's father who had the same facial expressions. This connection between Mai and Truong allows the reader to understand the characters' mental state leading to the audience feeling empathy for the suffering refugees. Queyen, Truong's mother, is also represented through Huynh's visuals. In a panel where she changes her mind and wants to take Truong back, Queyen's facial expressions are illustrated as someone who is "losing their mind" and going through very strong emotions. Huynh portrays her emotions through expression in a captivating manner that creates a strong sense of feeling in the reader. These graphics create emotions that not only affect the characters, but take a toll on the reader ultimately achieving Huynh's purpose of creating empathy for the plight of refugees.

Both Nam Le and Matt Huynh use different techniques to ultimately achieve their goal of bringing light to the refugee issue through their usage of emotive visuals and text.

**Artwork by Umayma Mohamed, Year 9B**



## BEING THE UNWANTED

# Daughter

### The bittersweetness of repressing childhood trauma

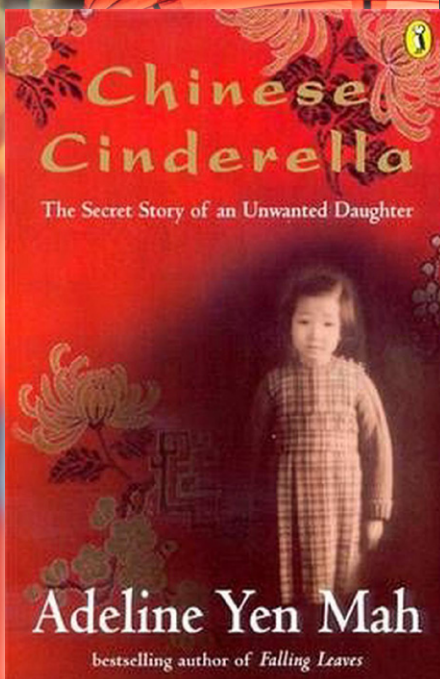
#### \*\*\*\*\* 5 Stars Rating

Sorrowful 'Chinese Cinderella: Secret Story of an Unwanted Daughter (Wishbones)' is a 1999 non-fiction book about Chinese-American author Adeline Yen Mah (XXXX)'s experience overcoming childhood neglect and mental abuse. It is a revision of her 1997 autobiography 'Falling Leaves' that follows a similar plot. Upon Adeline's birth, her mother unfortunately passed away due to blood loss, resulting in her being classified as a bad omen. Her stepmother, Niang, favours her other children and ignores Adeline whereas her father forgets her, focusing on his new wife and her children.

The book starts off at Aunt Baba's house where young Adeline rushes in, excited to show off her shiny new badge she got at kindergarten. Once Aunt Baba begins combing through her hair, Adeline spots a ripped photo with her father in it. Curious, she asks her aunt who exactly the woman is as she cannot clearly see the woman's face. Aunt Baba avoids the question and quickly switches the topic to something much more lighthearted. However, Adeline would remember this going forward in her life, as that was the only chance she had of seeing her

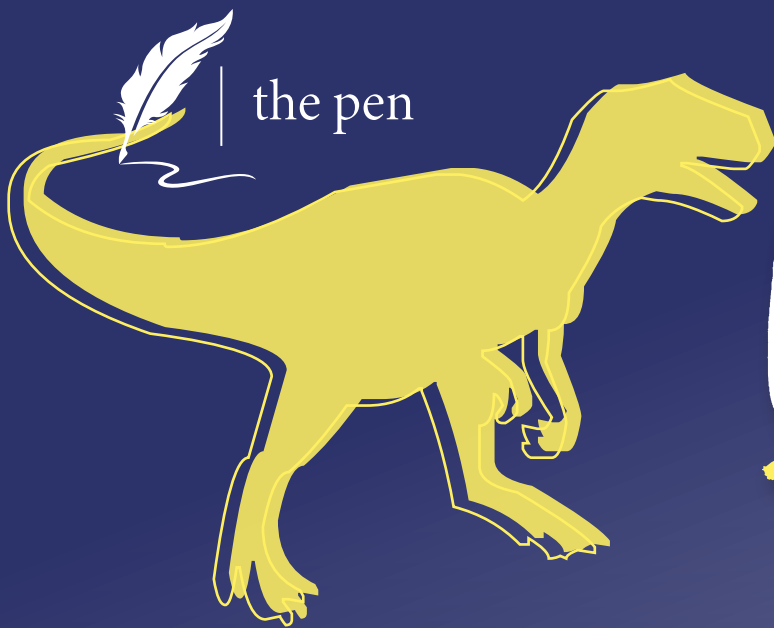
mother. The rest of the book consists of what seems like journal entries from city to city living with various new guardians, from nuns to aunts. Her passion for writing was undying and followed her every step of the way. Aunt Baba was always on her mind and she would never forget how much she changed and impacted her life. Chinese Cinderella is a great example of how childhood trauma can heavily affect your adulthood. The book perfectly shows that and describes her emotions very well.

My opinion and impression towards 'Chinese Cinderella' is very positive and I cannot think of one thing I disliked about it (except for her abusers of course). Some scenes were so anxiety-inducing, they stifled me. It is a book worth reviewing and reading, so do give it an hour or two! It includes a lot of references to the Chinese language which I really liked as I think Chinese is a bewitching language. Imagining the characters was also much easier once the author provided us with photos of them. I had always imagine Niang in an opulent white dress, and Ye Ye in his Chinese robes and skullcap. Chinese Cinderella gave me a lot of creativity and inspiration to write as well. I literally wouldn't be writing this if I never read it. Adeline Yen Mah's way of writing is very nice and pleasant to read, so it is not too difficult to understand or decipher, unlike some authors who use overly big words. Overall, it is an amazing book, and I'm sure you'll fancy it as much as I do.



**Arfaa Tariq, Year 8A**

the pen



# DINO TERROR

**ROARRRRRRRRR!**

"The GIGA has escaped. We must get it and put it back before it causes damage."

By the way my name is Behram. I like Dinos and the same with my best friend Ali. He lives one house away. We have been friends since kindergarten. I must call him and leave to find it. I ran to call him.

"I am a bit busy," he said, "but if it is about Dinos then I will come."

We contacted Agent Sarah to give us some directions to the Giganotosaurus and asked for info, if there were any other dinosaurs that escaped so we knew if they were together or not.

Agent Sarah responded, "Okay, turn left then go into Blackwood Drive. You will see 3 Dinos together. Be careful! I will drop by to give some gadgets."

We took out our tiny tasers.

We tried tasing them, but they were too quick from behind.

Agent Sarah popped up. She was in the air. She took out the big tasing gun and tased all the 3 dinos. She told us to hop in the van. After a while we reached our secret lab. We walked in and the lights were off. Sarah tried turning them on, but they wouldn't work. Then she told me to go check the electricity meter. I walked down to the basement and saw claw marks. I ran up and asked Sarah if she had captured or seen any type of dinosaurs in the lab. Before she could answer, we heard a velociraptor. The velociraptor first tried to attack Ali while he was unaware of it behind him. I leaped at Ali and pushed him to the ground. I suddenly remembered that raptors and velociraptors hunt in packs, not alone. I signaled agent Sarah to go in the control room and lock herself in and check where the other velociraptors were located. She ran

in to the control room and checked and told us to freeze. Ali looked at the mirror in front of us and saw that one was standing right behind us.

I thought of locking down the lab and telling agent Sarah to check if there were more dinosaurs out in the city. She checked and found a triceratops and an ankylosaurus battling on Ballarat Road. Luckily, they were herbivores. I signaled Sarah to distract the velociraptor so I could reach the tranquilizer. The velociraptor turned towards Sarah, Meanwhile I got the tranquilizer and shot the velociraptor two times, so it didn't wake up for a long while.

We decided to call the ATOD (Australian Tracking of Dinosaurs). They came and took the velociraptors and left the lab. We all decided to go capture the last two dinosaurs in the city. We told agent Sarah to drive to the dinos while Ali and I got our tranquilizers ready to attack. As soon as we reached, the dinos decided to run. We chased after them, but it was too dangerous. So, we jumped off and ran after the dinos whilst Sarah went to get our transports. We were so tired that we fell to the ground and lost track of the 2 dinos. All of a sudden we heard an engine roar. Agent Sarah was here. We got in our cars and chased after them. We finally found them. We got our tasers and tried tasing them. Sarah's van got demolished by the triceratops. We finally captured the triceratops now it was up to one more dinosaur, the ankylosaurus. It

It was the hardest one, Ali and Sarah lost their cars and the ankylosaurus was mad at the time. We had to flip it. It was quite challenging.

Now that we captured all the dinos we could go home. I decided to go to Ali's house to play FIFA for a bit. It was the hardest and most tiring week ever.

**Muhammad Behram Ali, Year 6C**

## An Ode to Night

The dead of night is calm,  
and the wide blue yonder so true  
more forsaken than a ringing alarm,  
with dark clouds going all the way through.  
Getting more sombre and sorrowful by the second,  
without a second thought.

The peaceful silence of the night flying away,  
a calm departure faster than most legends  
The clouds so distraught,  
not knowing how long they have left for today.

My head is bewildered spinning in circles,  
constantly going round and round.  
With bunches of kaleidoscopic purples,  
my brain cells abound.  
it feels like a million diamonds,  
Blaring through it seems.  
going slow,  
going further and further like a long lost island.  
Sometimes people have dreams,  
that fly too low.

Thinking about what I should do.  
Should I have sweet dreams?  
Or should I have nightmares that come true?  
Do I have to choose teams?  
I just want to see the night,  
see the stars with it.  
One day we'll see all the horrors,  
of the day and the night.  
But should we commit,  
to something that crosses the borders?

***Dua Asif, Year 7A***

***Artwork by Faatimah Ahmad, Year 9B***



the pen

AN ODE TO

# adventure

A symphony of light shines my way.

Querying whether I should get out to feel the exquisite breeze.

Looking out of the sorrowful window the bewitching tree asks me to come its way.

It's a sensation which compels you to run into an extraordinary adventure.

A voice that's stunning which ends up being the birds who are singing.

This gives me a sign that this is just the beginning.

While I'm writing, the curtains are pushed by the convivial wind.

It's a masterpiece which is elegant to see.

A sense of an emotional attachment to this living thing.

There's a creek with gushing water so sapphire blue.

The wild berries are so winsome yet toxic inside.

Divergent fragrances come from divine flowers.

Scents from fruit that not one has harvested.

Out the window is a world that hasn't all been explored yet.

Each day is enhanced by the radiant sun.

The panoramic scenery that's infinite,

a serene refresher for your mindset.

Mountains that are so elevated but can crumble down.

Air we respire is one's survival on this sphere.

Stories behind enchanted trees, that's hard to believe.

A conspicuous figure that arrives in the night sky,

the moon is so luminous that it closes your eyes.

It goes beyond what one may think,

which all can't be seen in one blink.

A sympathetic feeling that arises in one's heart,

silhouettes their love for this living thing.

Yet some may annihilate the ravishing nature,

but it can't discontinue one's adventure.

An unimaginable voyage around mother nature commences.

**Shahirah Irshad, Year 7A**



## SUMMER

# nights

Open your eyes,  
from the deep sleep of winter.  
Hotter days, a warmer sunrise,  
the sky receives its extra glister.  
The trees no longer bare,  
nor the leaves blown away,  
nothing to despair.

The moon's pulchritudinous light  
enlightening the scintillating bay.  
Its rays reflecting off the sea  
arranging itself in a striking array.

The stifling abode therein  
on this sweltering night  
the curtains softly billowing  
creating silhouettes, dancing so slight.  
The wind chimes stay unmoving,  
looking to ride a light breeze.  
Yet, the heatwaves stay  
wavering off the concrete streets.

Staring into the depth of the sky,  
lost in the consciousness of thoughts.  
The first star catches the eye.  
The horizon the many clouds cross  
withdrawn for the hours of darkness.

**Nafesa Tabassum Miaji, Year 7A**

## THE *endless* SEA

On the far end of the sea,  
Beyond the constraints of life's delay.  
That final shore, unseen  
By all eyes of heaven and earth,  
Surely they will lead me. To my everlasting  
dream,  
It's but the spark that never fades.  
Surely, I will not die,  
For although night is nigh,  
These words echo.  
To all ends of this imprisoned world.  
The destiny of this age.  
To end the suffering long unseen.  
The will of man,  
To carry onwards beyond the horizon,  
Those dreams may never die.  
On the ship of humanity's search,  
For the light in the distant fog.  
What currents we've yet to see.  
Freedom, if all men seek thee,  
Nothing can ever take that away.  
The shore far beyond  
The unrevealed island.  
A voyage even I could not make return from.  
It is but the spark lighting the way.  
To my sole-discovered island  
What power lies within that border,  
is for you all to see.  
Lead these words until the end,  
As I have led mine.

**Morad Sulaman, Year 7C**



# Ronaldo's

## BICYCLE KICK

Cristiano Ronaldo is the best player to have ever played football. He has had many highlights throughout his career but there is one that stands out from the rest. In 2018, Ronaldo scored the best goal of his life. It was a spectacular bicycle kick.

Ronaldo's skills and achievements cannot be denied by a true football supporter. He has proven himself time and time again as being one of, if not the best, football player in the world. This was proven once again in 2018 when Ronaldo put on an absolute show in the Champions League. He was playing his heart out, scoring goals, running up and down the pitch to both attack and defend, as well as encouraging his teammates. He played so well that fans of both teams were equally shocked and impressed. Even though he scored two goals that game and was awarded Man of the Match, that was not the main highlight. He scored the best goal of his life which shocked the entire world.

This amazing goal was given the name bicycle kick. It all started off when Ronaldo passed the ball to a player named Morata. Morata fancied his chances and shot the ball towards the goal, but the goalkeeper saved the shot by pushing the ball away from the goal. Unfortunately for the keeper, it went only as far as the player named Dani Carvajal who crossed it high to Ronaldo. Ronaldo, with his amazing ability and skill, jumped up high and kicked the ball behind his back towards the net and scored an unbelievable goal. This was the shot that made the bicycle kick well known. It was a very acrobatic kick with Ronaldo jumping 1.06 meters into the air, making his shot the highest bicycle kick in the history of football.

Although other players have been able to complete a bicycle kick and some even score a goal, there has never been one as good as Ronaldo's bicycle kick. His athleticism and star power gave the goal an extra touch. Ronaldo fans all over the world have tried and tried again to imitate and recreate this outstanding goal, but none of them have matched Ronaldo's level.



*Mohamed Yehia, Year 7A*



# THE KING

I raise my hand, but he grasps at my wrist, folding my arm and the dagger between us. The smell wafting off him hits the back of my throat. Rotted flesh and human waste. I fight to keep myself from gagging as he glares down at me.

“The spell is broken,” he says. “But make no mistake. I am taking you with me.” He grips my face between his decaying hands. Forcing my mouth open and placing a putrid tasting sort of candy in my mouth, shoving it down my throat. Pain erupts in my chest, and light smolders between us. It grows brighter as I close my eyes. I fall back into a dark, isolated place.

I’m dying.

My thoughts ring out as if I’d spoken aloud. My mother’s face appears in front of me, and I want to tell her how much she means to me. I see my father, his face bruised and swollen, and Luke’s skeletal frame. I hear someone’s voice in my head pleading for me to wake up. I don’t want to fall into the void. Suddenly bells begin to toll somewhere in the distance. It is midnight. And then, my own voice echoes in my head again.

I am not ready to die.

My eyes snap open and I see the

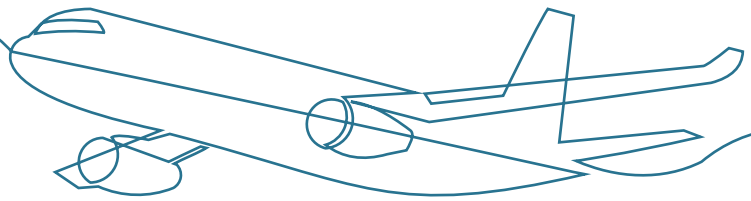
king. His eyes closed into slits, only a glimpse of the bloodshot whites showing. The bells toll loud and clear. I focus on the translucent tunnel of light between us. This has to be the channel Cinderella spoke of in the journal. It snakes down his open throat and into his chest where a white-hot ball of light sits pulsing, flickering on and off as if it is struggling to stay alight.

This is what the witch’s spell has been protecting, the source of his power. He grips me tighter, desperately trying to feed me the light in his chest, but it’s futile. He’ll die, but I will too if I can’t find a way to stop him.

I start to feel weak and the ball of light splits into two and one half travels through his throat and into mine. The pain in my chest grows by the second. The pain spreads through my whole body like venom. I’m barely able to stand. I gather all of the strength I have left and kick the king as he loses his grip on my throat, throwing us both back. I stare at him as he grins wickedly, watching me die.

Just then blood trickles from his mouth and any part of his body where flesh is not. I am forced to watch as I can’t move.

The king is no more.



# A BIG CLIMB

Jeremy was dripping with sweat as he sat nervously on a plane looking out the window, heading to Cabo.

Two weeks ago, he was a normal person working a 9-5 in retail. That was until the day he saw him. The person that had led him to commit a crime. Fred.

Fred was a normal person, usually. He enjoyed teasing and annoying people which frustrated a lot of his peers. He lived near Jeremy in Sydney where there used to be a gold-digging mine. Jeremy loved to dig in his parents' garden in his spare time. One day Jeremy was in the garden where he would usually look for interesting finds. One day he just happened to find something shining amongst the dirt. He picked it up and found a tiny diamond and decided to show the kids at school to show off.

Jeremy became the most popular student at school that day. Everyone was looking for Jeremy in the school grounds so they could get a glimpse of the diamond he had found. Everyone except for Fred. While Jeremy held the diamond in his hand, walking happily he got pushed to the ground. Fred grabbed the diamond off of him and ran away. He never returned to school after that day. Years later, while Jeremy was working his minimum wage job, he saw Fred on TV. He had become the owner of a prestigious jewelry store chain. A few short months after that, Fred walked straight into the very same retail shop Jeremy was working at and Jeremy could not control his emotions.

He would have never hurt him if it wasn't for that diamond.

He heard an announcement on the speaker of the plane, snapping him out of his thoughts.

"We will be running into some turbulence. Brace yourselves." announced the pilot.

The plane started shaking violently which made Jeremy even more anxious. The plane kept shaking. It was shaking so much that people started screaming. The oxygen masks came out and the pilot announced this was an emergency. Jeremy realised this was probably the end. The plane was going down.

He opened his eyes to find himself lying on an island. He blinked his eyes open and looked around, his surroundings reminding him of a war scene. His back was badly scratched. He could feel every cut. He was very hungry and even more thirsty.

How was he even alive? Where were the other passengers?

He tried looking for water amongst the wreckage of the plane but gave up quite quickly when he could not find anything. He walked for a while and found a lake to drink from. He drank until he was pleased. A little while later, he could hear a helicopter and was surprised. He heard the loud rumbling of a ship motor approaching in the distance. He waited for the ship to come and rescue him. As it got closer, he squinted his eyes to get a better look before his eyes widened. It wasn't a rescue ship. It was the police. Jeremy started running.

"I demand you to stop, now!" he heard a cop order loudly.

Jeremy didn't stop. He ran for his life until he reached the edge of a mountain and began climbing it. Luckily, it wasn't steep. He made it to the top. He looked down to see no cops. 'They must've lost me,' he thought.

Just as a smile took over his lips, he felt a push and fell harshly to the ground before everything went black...

**Mohammad Shehna, Year 7A**

# A BIG CLIMB

Sarah has always been afraid of heights. Even the thought of standing on a ladder sent shivers down her spine. Sarah had friends that were far better than her in all areas. She would frequently be excluded from activities because she was so afraid of heights. She was unable to participate in any of the activities at school camps, and she was unable to climb the fireman's pole while playing with her classmates on the school playground. One day, she decided that it was time to face her fears head-on. She was sick of being left out of everything. She wanted to challenge herself and saw rock climbing as the perfect opportunity.

Sarah joined a local rock-climbing club and was greeted by a friendly group of people who welcomed her with open arms. Even though Sarah really wanted to do this, she felt that her nerves were getting the better of her. She stood at the walls of the rock climb and stared terrifyingly up at the wall that towered above her. Doubt crept into her mind and she wondered if she had made a huge mistake. Olivia, one of the lead instructors approached her, fastened her harness, and checked that all the safety precautions were in place. When she told Sarah she may begin climbing, she watched as her face dropped.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" asked Olivia.

Sarah swallowed nervously and nodded. "I have to try," she whispered.

With a deep breath, Sarah began climbing. The first few steps were easy, but as she got higher, her palms began to sweat and her legs shook uncomfortably. Her heart raced and she felt like giving up. Her face began to sweat, and tears started to form in her eyes. She reached her breaking point. She was destined to always be 'the

baby'. Just as she was about to give up, she heard a voice from below. It was her friend Chloe who had come to support her.

"You can do this Sarah! Just look straight up ahead and take one step at a time."

These words gave Sarah motivation. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. She had found the courage she needed to help her push through her fear. She dug her fingers and toes into the gaps of the wall and continued to climb higher and higher. At times, she felt like giving up but with each passing step, Sarah felt a new sense of confidence and courage. Chloe kept encouraging her the whole way through and after what seemed like an eternity, Sarah finally reached the top.

A huge smile spread across her face as she gazed out onto the beautiful view from the top. She had done it! She had faced her fear of heights and had proved to herself that anything is possible if she puts her mind to it. She could hear the cheers and applause from all the way back down and Sarah was flattered. Olivia told Sarah that it was time for her to jump down slowly keeping her feet on the wall each step of the way. Sarah made her face look as if it might start crying again.

"Uh oh," said Chloe. "This is going to take a very-y long time."

Everyone look up at Sarah again and she couldn't help but start laughing.

"I'm only joking!" she explained. Sarah made it all the way back down to the floor and ran to thank Chloe for all her help. If it wasn't for Chloe, Sarah would still be stuck up on the wall trying to find a way to come down.



# THE BIG CLIMB

There was a small town nestled at the foot of a great mountain. The townspeople often gazed up at the peak, its snow-capped summit reaching high into the clouds, wondering what it would be like to climb it.

One day, a group of friends decided they were going to do just that. They spent weeks preparing, gathering supplies and training for the journey ahead. They knew it would be a difficult climb, but they were determined to reach the top.

The morning of the climb arrived, and the group set out before dawn, eager to begin their ascent. The first part of the climb was relatively easy, as they followed a well-worn trail through the forest. They chatted and laughed as they walked, enjoying the cool morning air and the beauty of the forest.

As they climbed higher, however, the trail became steeper and more difficult to follow. The friends had to scramble over rocks and navigate treacherous cliffs, sometimes with only ropes to help them. They were soon panting and sweating, their muscles aching with the effort of the climb.

Despite the challenges, the friends refused to give up. They encouraged each other, sharing water and snacks, and pushing each other to keep going. As they climbed higher, the air grew thin and their progress slowed, but they continued to put one foot in front of the other.

Finally, after many long hours of climbing, they reached the summit. They stood at the top, looking out over the breathtaking view of the valley below. The wind whipped around them, and they hugged each other tightly, tears streaming down their faces.

They had done it. They had conquered the mountain.

As they began their descent, the friends felt a deep sense of accomplishment and pride. They knew that they had faced a great challenge and had come out stronger for it. They would never forget the big climb, and the bond that they had forged along the way would stay with them for the rest of their lives.

**Noor Ahmad, Year 8B**

# THE BIG CLIMB

My heart continued to beat against my ribcage, every breath, every step was a mental challenge. I had to keep pushing though since there was literally no going back.

I could hear him saying, "Find her and bring her back. She couldn't have gone that far."

It was the warden. He is sending his men to find me. I had to leave before it was too late.

I shuddered as I looked over my shoulder at what was behind me. A sea of darkness awaited me should I fall.

I have been on the run for six days now, each day becoming more daunting than the previous.

The law enforcement of Athelia had troops on the ground at every possible point. My only shot at escape was to complete the treacherous hike over the Harazi Mountain. This would allow me a clear entrance back into my homeland of Aurora so I could finally be reunited with my family and prepare for the inevitable battle. For now, I need to focus on the present and make it over the mountain before it is too late.

I was finally there; my treacherous hike was about to begin and so was my one-way ticket to my family. I better not mess this up. I took a deep breath and started my big climb. It is my second night climbing Harazi Mountain. I must leave. I cannot risk the warden's men catching up with me or disaster will be the only thing I will be facing.

It is now my fourth night. A sense of fear flows throughout my whole body. I'm running faster than I have ever run in my life. I could hear them catching up. I ran into a cave-like tunnel. I tripped and felt my ankle twist. I held my scream

in. I could not afford to get caught. Not when I've come this far. As soon as I couldn't hear their voices, I tried to stand up, but a sharp needle-like pain stabbed me in the foot; I finally realized I couldn't walk. I lost all hope and slowly drifted away into a deep sleep I thought I would never wake up from.

I felt as if I was in an unusual environment, everything smelled different to what I was used to, I slowly opened my eyes and was surprised to see myself in a small cottage. Thinking I was caught while I was sleeping, I was about to jump off the bed and continue my run when a voice stopped me in my tracks.

"Where are you going young lady?" An old woman on a stick said to me.

I was going to leave, but she proceeded to tell me that she found me sleeping in a tunnel and took me with her to her house. She was a healer and she said that my ankle is okay for now. I thanked her and left the cottage with high hopes to finally realize I was closer to home than I thought.

I am so close to Aurora; I can feel it in my bones.

I can hear my mum and my siblings calling my name. "Sarah...Sarah...Sarah."

I am closer. I pick up pace and run the last few meters and move the bushes out of my face. A breeze of excitement and victory courses through my body as I have finally completed my mission. But within seconds it was all gone.

There was nobody there. I paused in shock.

Aurora isn't there!

**Maryama Osman, Year 8B**



the pen

# The Riot

THE MOB OF PEOPLE SHOWED NO SIGNS OF LEAVING.

LESS THAN A DAY AGO, AT EXACTLY 3:07 PM, THEY MARCHED TOWARDS THE CENTRE OF THE CITY, CAMPING OUT NOT FAR FROM THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING.

SPECIAL POLICE FORCES WERE DISPATCHED IN THE AREA, IN CASE THE MOB TURNED VIOLENT.

IT DIDN'T. YET.

## SNAPSHOT 1/3

Jane Martin was 38 years old. She vividly remembered the times before the Pulse, when the world was at war. And then, one day, one place launched weapons capable of mass destruction through the skies. That day, half the world fell to nuclear fallout. During these times, she was a schoolteacher, though in the height of war, less and less showed up every day.

After the Pulse, she was offered a spot on the New Order parliament. Suddenly, she had

landed herself a well-paying job and a place close to the leaders behind everything. But then, almost a week ago, her thirteen-year-old son went missing. The day before, he had received a strange letter from the government officials. It didn't take a genius to put two-and-two together and figure out what exactly happened.

And then she heard about the riot.

## SNAPSHOT 2/3

Peter Rainer was nobody special. Not now, not before. He lived a relatively peaceful life with his wife and two children, but at the start of the new era, he found himself unhappy. Yes, it would take years to rebuild from a war, but he didn't like how this so-called government was operating.

And then, the mysterious organiser of the riot, and so many other things, a troublemaker in the eyes of the government, approached him with an offer. At the time, he couldn't understand

why. Me! Such an unimportant figure in society! A ghost then and now! And suddenly he was in charge of rallying people for this cause? It was incredibly hard to believe.

So now, he climbed on top of a parked van. "A-alright, everyone," he began, unsure at first, but as he spoke, his voice steadied and the milling crowd stopped to listen. "We will not let the government control everything. The Opposition will lead!"



## SNAPSHOT 2/3 CONTINUED

Everyone cheered. As rumours had it, the Opposition was a group from the outside that were secretly working to take down the government. Sure, it was a stretch, but if rumours were the kindling, hope ever remained the spark.

“We will make a stand! All of you have a reason to be here today, and what noble reasons they are!” Some speech, he told himself—but anticipation was rippling through the crowd.

The march began. People held up signs or wore customised shirts. Phrases like ‘Down With The New Order’ were commonplace among the crowd. One man wore a shirt that shouted in big, red, angry letters ‘LEAVE US ALONE’. He led the pack.

Which was also the reason they shot him first, when it turned violent.

Peter gasped. All of this was beyond his control now. The police officers in full riot gear wielding firearms and the protestors waving fire were beyond his control. But now he felt

responsible. For everyone. Each person hurt by the police filled the mob with bloodlust and rage. Like a pack of wild animals, they went on.

One person caught his eye. A girl, about seventeen or eighteen, with brown hair and blue eyes, was battling one of the police officers. She reminded him of his daughter, who was so similar in appearance and age. She was caught off-guard as another officer joined the first and pointed his firearm at her.

Peter thought about his children, who thought he went to his unremarkable job today, like any other day. And then he thought about his wife, who supported him in every event involving the government. And then he thought about how he wanted to die if his time does come. He wanted to go down in a blaze of glory. He wanted to be remembered. And sometimes, for that to happen, you have to go down with the ship. He charged at the police officers.

Peter Rainer, aged 43, was never able to see how his meticulously planned riot went down in flames.

## SNAPSHOT 3/3

Jane Martin gasped in shock at the surrounding scene. A peaceful protest! That’s what that man, Pat or Peter – whatever his name was, had told her when he asked her to come. It’s all for a good cause! Nobody will get hurt! So what was all this?

And then she began thinking. Was any of this worth it? Did she want to risk her life, her job, her everything for a petty minor disagreement? She began backing away from the crowd, subtly noticing how they moved like a school of fish. Or sharks. She departed the scene as fast as she could.

Looking at her watch while running, she thought, I can deny that I was there. I can go back to my job, and no one would ever know. I can forget about it all and go on living a privileged, if perfect, life.

She sat at her desk for the rest of the day,

watching more news reports of the riots, seeing how they said it was a troublemaking group, rather than a crowd of unhappy civilians. What the police did, they said, was a righteous act for the sake of humanity.

And within a few hours, the crowd disappeared. All the bodies and debris and remaining protesters disappeared, and they scrubbed the front of the building free of any trace that had ever happened.

Jane avoided thinking about it for the next few days. She kept it at the back of her mind, the same place she kept her son. But it kept nagging her, reminding her of what happened.

But she ignored it.

Because being oblivious to it all was better.

Right?

**Rameen Talha, Year 7B**



FINAL MESSAGE TO YUSUF- FROM JAMAL AND BIBI

## INSPIRED BY "BOY OVERBOARD" BY MORRIS GLEITZMAN

Yusuf,  
You are one of a kind.  
When others are hurt or sad, you always help them.  
And you put people before you.  
Yusuf,  
You are a friend that everyone needs to have, to have a great life.  
No other keeper could block goals like you.  
And be such a good sportsman. You are the best.  
Yusuf,  
We thank you now for all the fun times we've had together.  
And thank you for everything you have done. You are the best.  
Wherever we go now,  
We shall remember you,  
Yusuf.  
Remember this,  
Best friend  
In times to come, always remember to kick the ball far away.  
And to save goals no matter how many ankles you break.  
Love,  
Bibi and Jamal.

*Sabrina Al Hawli, Year 7B*

## A WAR'S TRUTH *Sonnet*

Day by day I mourn a fallen brother.  
Minute by minute I must be still.  
Hour by hour a brother mourns a mother.  
Week by week I lose my own sanity.  
  
When I show mercy, I lose another.  
When I show mercy, they show profanity.  
When they don't show mercy, graves I shovel.  
When I show mercy, they show insanity.  
  
The more we keep a fight, the more perished.  
The more we keep a fight, the more we fall.  
When we keep fighting, we lose our cherished.  
The more I keep a fight, the more I lose.  
  
The more I look, the more I do realise,  
I am scared of ending up alone.

*Moaz Mitwalli, Year 7C*



# Destiny's Odyssey

My journey is one to dwell.  
I assure you; it won't be a bore.  
It started off, oh so well,  
But then I opened the door,  
I saw myself up high.  
Study! they said, 'study to succeed',  
I listened, so this became my need,

Years passed, days went by,  
My expectations reached the sky,  
I became the best,  
But behind that vest,  
I knew I could do more,  
That I could soar!  
So, I agreed to the treaty,  
The treaty of my life,  
I aimed up high, trying not to be needy,  
I reached the top,  
dealing through strife  
But then I sadly tripped,  
I lost the hope and so I dismissed,  
But then I saw a light,  
Brighter than the night.  
I saw destiny, saying don't lose hope.  
So, I told it did." It said, "Nope."

I stepped up and up!  
Until I reached my goal,  
I had filled my cup,  
I was happy and so was my soul.  
I now know what to do,  
Get a bigger cup and so should you.  
I told you my journey wasn't a bore!  
But wait, there is still more.

**Safa Sadiq, Year 7B**



Qaima Chatha, Year 7C

# ZERO'S DIARY ENTRY TO HIS MOTHER

LANEY PARK  
210 MAY STREET  
TEXAS  
21ST MARCH



DEAR MOTHER,

I AM WRITING! I AM ACTUALLY WRITING! THIS IS AMAZING, DON'T YOU REALIZE? YOU'RE PROBABLY WONDERING HOW I LEARNT TO WRITE. WELL, THERE IS A NEW BOY IN MY TENT AT THE CAMP NAMED STANLEY. ONE DAY I SAW HIM READING A LETTER AND LAUGHING. I LOOKED OVER HIS SHOULDER BUT I COULDN'T MAKE OUT THE WORDS AT ALL. I ASKED HIM TO TEACH ME TO READ. EVEN THOUGH HE DECLINED THE FIRST TIME, I KEPT NAGGING HIM AND HE FINALLY AGREED. THERE IS A CATCH THOUGH, AND IT REQUIRES ME TO DIG A PART OF HIS HOLE EVERY DAY TO RETURN THE FAVOUR! I'M FINE WITH THAT THOUGH. AT LEAST I CAN WRITE TO YOU NOW!

CAMP GREEN LAKE IS NOT AS FUN AS TIME SPENT WITH YOU, AND THE OTHER BOYS IN D TENT ARE PRETTY RUDE. THEY DO THE SAME BORING THINGS OVER AND OVER AGAIN! YOU DO KNOW HOW I HATE ANSWERING SILLY QUESTIONS, RIGHT?

STANLEY IS MY ONLY FRIEND. I FEEL SORRY FOR HIM SOMETIMES. HE ALWAYS SACRIFICES THINGS SO THAT THE OTHERS WILL ACCEPT HIM. I ALSO FEEL BAD FOR HIM BECAUSE WHEN I STOLE CLYDE LIVINGSTONE'S SHOES, I DROPPED THEM IN TERROR AND COINCIDENTALLY, HE CAUGHT THEM! HE GOT ARRESTED FOR THAT. WHOOPS!

BY THE WAY, I EMBARRASSED MYSELF TODAY, MR. PENDANSKI- WHAT A WEIRD NAME, RIGHT? - ASKED US ALL WHAT WE WANTED TO DO WITH OUR LIVES AFTER CAMP GREEN LAKE. I ZONED OUT WHILE THE CONVERSATION WAS GOING ON AND WHEN IT CAME TO MY TURN, I COULDN'T THINK OF WHAT TO SAY AT ALL. EVERYONE BROKE OUT INTO LAUGHTER BECAUSE I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING. A FEW MOMENTS LATER 5 IRRELEVANT WORDS ESCAPED MY MOUTH, "I LIKE TO DIG HOLES.. WHAT TYPE OF AN ANSWER IS THAT? WELL, THE TRUTH IS, I HAVE NOTHING BETTER TO DO AND I PROBABLY WILL IN FACT DIG HOLES FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE BECAUSE TO EVERYONE HERE, I AM WORTH NOTHING.

AS I AM SITTING HERE WRITING TO YOU, I REALLY WISH I COULD SEE YOUR FACE AGAIN, BUT EVERY TIME I TRY TO REMEMBER IT, IT JUST DISAPPEARS, AND I STRUGGLE TO GET IT BACK AGAIN. I REALLY HOPE I'M NOT FORGETTING YOU. THAT WOULD BE DEVASTATING! ANYWAY, I HOPE YOU CAN STILL REMEMBER ME BECAUSE ONCE MY SENTENCE IS SERVED, I'M GOING TO HIRE A TEAM OF PRIVATE INVESTIGATORS TO FIND YOU!

GOODNIGHT, MUM! I HOPE THE BED BUGS DON'T BITE!

YOUR LOVING SON,  
HECTOR ZERONI

JUNE 5TH, 2030

DEAR DIARY,

WELL, IT FINALLY LOOKS LIKE THE WARDEN'S CRIMINAL SENTENCE HAS COME TO AN END AND NOW SHE'S A FREE WOMAN. I DO FEEL LIKE SHE DESERVED A MUCH LONGER SENTENCE FOR EVERYTHING SHE HAS PUT US THROUGH FOR SO MANY YEARS, BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO? AT LEAST SHE SERVED HER SENTENCE IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT! SHE PROBABLY WOULD HAVE BEEN AT THE BRINK OF ABSOLUTE INSANITY BY THE END OF IT.

I HEARD THAT MR. SIR'S PRISON SENTENCE WAS 30 YEARS, HIS MAIN CHARGE BEING "HARMING WILDLIFE.. I DON'T REALLY UNDERSTAND THAT. HE WAS A PART OF AN ILLEGAL JUVENILE CENTRE, BUT HIS MAIN CRIME WAS KILLING THE YELLOW SPOTTED LIZARDS WHICH ARE POISONOUS AND CAN KILL YOU WITH A SINGLE BITE? IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE.

ANYWAY, I SOMETIMES SIT AND THINK BACK TO MY DAYS AT CAMP GREEN LAKE. I FEEL HAPPY THAT I WENT THERE EVEN THOUGH IT WAS A CRUEL AND UNFORGIVING PLACE. I FEEL THAT IT WAS MY EXPERIENCE THERE THAT REALLY GOT ME TO WHERE I AM IN LIFE NOW.

I NOW OWN A MULTI-MILLION-DOLLAR COMPANY AND ZERO WORKS WITH ME AS A PARTNER. IF IT WEREN'T FOR US BEING AT CAMP GREEN LAKE, WE NEVER WOULD HAVE GOTTEN THIS FAR. MY FAMILY AND I PROBABLY WOULD HAVE BEEN EVICTED FROM OUR APARTMENT AND WE WOULD HAVE PROBABLY BEEN DESPERATE FOR FOOD AND SHELTER OUT ON THE STREETS.

WOW! IT NEVER GETS OLD TO LOOK BACK AND THINK ABOUT THOSE DAYS HUH? EVEN AS A 25-YEAR-OLD ADULT, I STILL FIND MYSELF SMILING FONDLY AT THE MEMORIES, DESPITE ALL THE HARDSHIP WE ALL SUFFERED THERE.

I NEVER KNEW THE PHRASE "YOUR LIFE FLASHES BEFORE YOUR EYES", WAS SO TRUE. I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT REFERRED TO NEAR DEATH SITUATIONS BUT NO. IT MEANT HOW FAST LIFE GOES AND NOW I REALIZE HOW PRECIOUS LIFE TRULY IS AFTER SO MANY YEARS OF LIVING ALONE.

I GUESS IT IS TIME TO MOVE FORWARD FROM YOU, DIARY. I AM NEARING THE END OF THE PAGES ANYWAY. AS I READ THE FIRST ENTRY I EVER MADE - MY FIRST DAY AT CAMP GREEN LAKE - IT ALMOST FEELS AS THOUGH THE PERSON WRITING THAT WASN'T ME. PERHAPS I NEED TO MOVE ON FROM ALL OF THIS NOW. I CANNOT HOLD ONTO IT FOREVER.

I AM NOT SURE IF I WILL EVER WRITE TO YOU AGAIN, BUT IF I DON'T, THANKS FOR COMING ALONG THE CAMP GREEN LAKE JOURNEY WITH ME...

**Amyra Kazmi, Year 7C**



# WHAT YEAR IS IT?

The wind swirled around me, and the world went black.

*“Where am I?”*

I was in my room studying just a second ago, how did this happen? I wonder... Suddenly I could see pictures appearing in front of me, the same pictures that were in my history book yesterday. I reached my hand out to see if this was real, my hand goes through.

*“Huh?!”*

Whoosh! It sucked me in, I look down to see what would seem to be my body and my clothes, but they were completely different.

Panic set in as I realised that I had somehow travelled back in time. But to when and where exactly? As I tried to make sense of my surroundings, I noticed that everything around me was different, the furniture, the architecture, even the air felt different. It was as if I had been transported to another era entirely. As I stepped out of the room, I saw people dressed in peculiar clothing that I had only seen in old black and white photographs. It hit me then that I must have travelled back to the 1800s. I couldn't believe it – time travel was supposed to be impossible, but here I was, standing in the past.

I approached the people around me, but they looked at me as if I was an alien. They couldn't understand me, and I couldn't understand them. It was fascinating and scary at the same time. I wondered how I was going to survive in this strange new world. But then, I realised that I had a unique opportunity in my hands. I had always been fascinated by history, and now, I had the chance to witness it firsthand. I could explore the past, see how people lived, and experience history like never before.

As I roamed the streets, I saw horse-drawn carriages, steam engines and factories in the distance. I watched people going about their daily lives, going to work and interacting with each other.

It was surreal. Days turned into weeks and weeks turned into months. I started to learn the language of the people, and they began to accept me as one of their own. I made friends and even found a job, working in a factory making clothes, but deep down, I knew I couldn't stay in the past forever. I had a life in the future and desperately needed to find a way back. I started to research how I could travel back to my own time, and after months of studying and experimenting, I finally found a way.

With a heavy heart, I said goodbye to the people I had come to know and love in the past. I knew that I would never forget the lessons I learned during my time travel adventure. And as I was sucked back through time and space, I realised that anything was possible if you had the courage to take the first step into the unknown.

As I opened my eyes, I found myself back in my room, sitting at my desk with my history textbook open in front of me. Had it all been a dream? I looked at my watch, and to my surprise, only a few minutes had passed since I had closed my eyes to rest. I sat there, contemplating everything that had happened, wondering if it was all just my imagination or if I had truly travelled back in time. But the memories were so vivid, so real, that I knew deep down that it couldn't have been a dream.

With a sense of longing, I looked at the pictures in my history textbook once again. I had finally understood that I had a newfound appreciation for history, knowing that it was more than just dates and events. It was about the people who lived through those times, their struggles, their triumphs and their lessons.

As I closed the textbook and got up from my desk, I made a promise to myself that I would always keep an open mind and embrace the unknown. Who knows what other adventures awaited me if I had the courage to take the first step?

**Dyana El Hallak, Year 9A**

# NO DARE UNTURNED

The door creaked as Jenny pushed it open. She walked into the old house, her heart racing with fear. Her friend had dared her to spend the night there, and she had foolishly accepted. But now she deeply regrets it.

As she crept around the house, she found old paintings on the walls and antique furniture scattered around the rooms. It was extremely eerie, but also incredibly fascinating. She wondered who had lived there before and what their lives had been like.

As the night went on, Jenny grew more and more nervous. Every sound made her jump, and the blinding darkness was suffocating. But then she heard something different, a faint sound, like a music box.

Following the sound, she found a locked room. She tried to open the door and it opened. Inside, she found a dusty music box with a porcelain ballerina inside. She wound it up, and the sweet melody filled the room.

Suddenly, Jenny felt a presence behind her. She turned around and saw a figure in a long white dress. The ghost smiled and reached out a hand.

When the tune ended, the ghost disappeared with an evil laugh. Jenny thought she was going insane, the house had a grip on her, she rushed towards the front door. But she had to stay. Jenny never turned down a dare, so leaving was not an option.

The dare but also curiosity was getting the best of her so Jenny went back into the room. But this time the music box was gone and just at that moment a string fell from the roof. Jenny looked up and there the ghost was, smiling down at her once again. Jenny yells and runs out slamming the door behind her.


Again, the dare and the curiosity got the best of Jenny. Weirdly enough, Jenny stood at the door yet again, but she didn't have eyes on the ghost. She walked around the room searching for it and it was nowhere to be found. Confusion enters Jenny's mind, but confusion turns into anger. She sees the ghostly figure, and just as she gains the confidence to confront the ghost, it disappears. Maybe it was all in her head? Maybe the ghost was a figment of her imagination.

"JENNY!" the voice takes her out of her trance, and she realizes it is the morning. Her friend stood in front of her talking but Jenny couldn't hear her, she was too focused on making sure the ghost was really there. She thought to herself, it was real – I couldn't have imagined it, right?

*Rahma Youssef, Year 9A*



the pen



**P**eace for  
**A**ll people.  
**L**iving in the world,  
**E**veryone has a role to play.  
**S**tep up  
**T**o the world  
**I**n the worst of times,  
**N**ever back down nor give up  
**E**veryone needs to help

**Hysen Emin, Year 6A**



**P**recious place in the world

**E**xcellent trust in Allah

**A**chieve new knowledge

**C**aptured area of land

**E**nough fighting

**F**riendly environment

**U**nnecessary fighting

**L**oving people

Ihsaan Adem, Year 6A



Artwork by  
Muntas Farah,  
Year 10A



Artwork by Roan Aly, Year 8C



### Haiku Palestine

Palestine needs help!  
Help Palestine if you care  
It's a hard time there.

Ameer Hamzah Shefaju,  
Year 6A



AUSTRALIAN INTERNATIONAL ACADEMY OF EDUCATION

# KAYACSSC

| CAROLINE SPRINGS SENIOR CAMPUS

L I T E R A R Y M A G A Z I N E



*Artwork by Nesryn Abdou, Year 9A*