

AUSTRALIAN INTERNATIONAL ACADEMY OF EDUCATION

2024  
LITERARY  
MAGAZINE

# KHAYYAM

MELBOURNE SENIOR CAMPUS



VISUAL ART  
CREATIVE WRITING  
POETRY  
TEXT RESPONSES

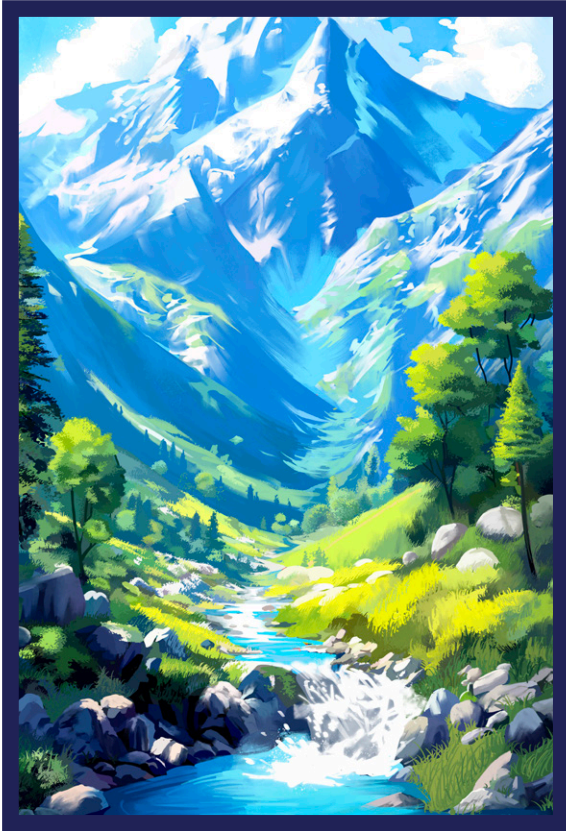
# 2024

COVER ARTWORK  
BY SHAANKRA BEKAI

## COVER ARTWORK BY

SHAAKIRA BEKAI, YEAR 10C

Recipient of the AIAE MSC Creative Arts Award 2024



“

### **Scenic Journey**

*A2 Digital Media Print*

*42.0 x 59.4 cm*

*With this piece, Shaakira set out to master the art of background scenery, using procreate capturing the tranquil essence of nature. Her expressive brush strokes bring the mountains, valleys, and flowing stream to life, creating a breathtaking landscape that invites us to explore its depth. This cover showcases Shaakira's exceptional talent and dedication to her craft, transporting us to a serene place of beauty and tranquility.*

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

*Dear readers of Khayyam,*

This year our students at AIA had the opportunity to write with Ms. Carolyn Tate, an author in the Writers Workshops organised at our school for Years 6-10.

The writing is mainly in creative narrative form on various topics for your enjoyment.

Congratulations to all students whose writing and amazing art works were selected and published in the 2024 issue of Khayyam.

We hope that you enjoy reading our literary magazine Khayyam and thank all students and teachers who participated this year. Also thank you to Ms. Wanida for her wonderful display of all work presented in the magazine and our art teachers for their contributions.

Kind regards and happy reading.

Ms. Irene Kakoulis  
Editor of Khayyam – 2024

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ARTWORK BY JOHAYNA DERBAS, YEAR 12

# FIGHTING THE BEAST

“C’mon class, get to work!” Mr. Ratcliffe shouted.

“Alright Marcus, time to get experimenting,” said Noah.

In the city of Portland in the town of Forest Grove, Noah and I were once again at school, making these viscous, solid yet liquid substances in science today, weird but fun. As I was making the substances, a mysterious liquid spilled into our glass, not knowing what it was, I assumed it was water and moved on with my day. I didn’t think much of it at the time but in the future, it played a substantial role. As my teacher was closing up the room for the day he saw our glass of solid and liquid substance jump out and become a fantastical creature that he’s never seen before. He began shouting,

“Help! Help! Please!”

**“HELP! PLEASE SOMEBODY!”**

As the screams got louder and louder, I became more scared by the second, but, as the courageous kid that I was, I decided to rush back and go assist. As I got to the science room, it was already too late and whatever formed out of me and Noah’s substance was gone and into the forest. I was already in too deep, too invested and I knew I had to do something so I decided to go run into the forest, trying to locate whatever I created.

The forest journey felt endless and after a while, I was encountered by something special, a magical iguana jumped out at me. Initially I was frightened to my core but as I got to know the iguana, it got to know me. It gave me one of his magical enchantments in the shape of a blade, pulled from thin air. I was confused as to what it was but I didn’t argue, I took it with acceptance and gratefulness. As I ventured into the forest, deeper and deeper, I began hearing echoes

of sinister, blood-curdling screams which shook my core. The echoes sounded familiar, so I knew I had to help.

The blood-curdling screams got quieter and more painful as time went on, and I got even more frightened as to what, unseen events, were occurring. I found something I would never have imagined in my worst nightmares, a gigantic creature of some sort stood over Noah, biting down on his flesh bit by bit while Noah lay lifeless on the damp ground. My mind was racing with thoughts, “Is this what I created? I knew the voice was familiar! Why couldn’t I have been there sooner.”

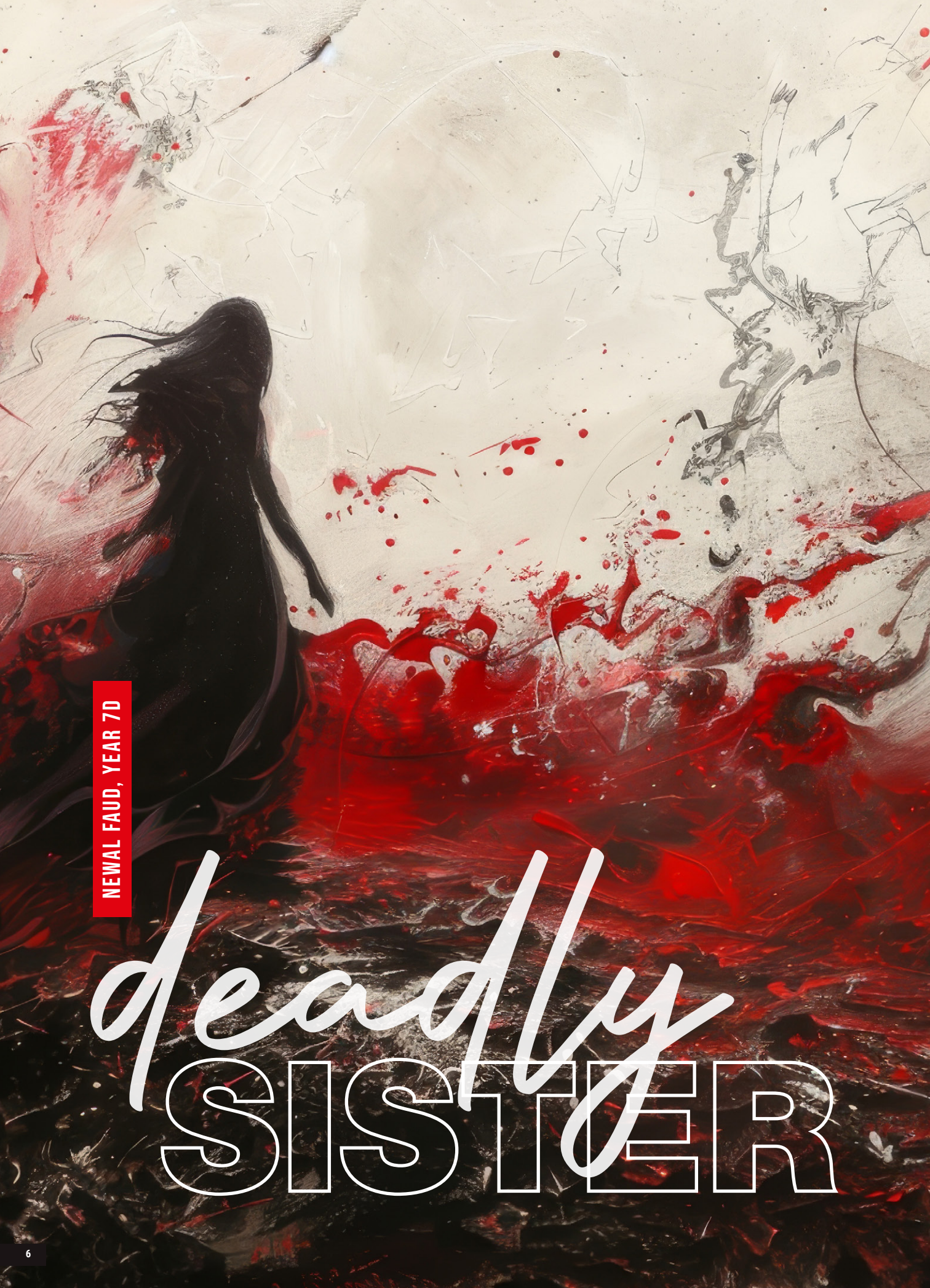
As I stood back and assessed the situation, I remembered what the enchanted frog gave me, seems like the blade would pay dividends. I decided to take on the challenge and battle it out with the creature. He landed the first blows but I bounced back, I knew I had to avenge the loss of my beloved friend. I began fighting with courage, striking the beast powerfully with my blade, but I wasn’t spared any hurt either as the beast tried to dismantle me, limb for limb. Due to my small size, I was able to escape his attempts at hurting me, like David vs Goliath.

As the treacherous battle went on, the beast got tired and I took advantage, slicing his legs then beheading him, leaving him just like he left Noah.

“Finally, the beast is slain!” I called out.

Even though I slayed the beast, avenging the loss of my friend and knowing that belief will help me get past obstacles, I still was disheartened, I stood over Noah’s unresponsive, lifeless body and wondered, what if I would’ve got here earlier and kept him alive?

**AHMED ALETHAN, YEAR 8E**



NEWAL FAUD, YEAR 7D

*deadly*  
SISTER

'Claudia, wake up, today is the day!' I yelled at the top of my lungs, today was our high school graduation. I quickly got dressed into my best dress, it was a beautiful dress that me and Claudia picked out together. We do everything together, from shopping to hanging out. We pretty much live at each other's houses, since my parents died when I was young, I live with my older sister Mallory. Claudia's parents take care of me when Mallory isn't home and treat me as their own child. Once we left Claudia's house, everything went downhill.

'And with an Atar of 99.95, The person with the highest Atar is,' I waited for my name Kate Thomas, I was going to win 'Kate Thomas!' I jumped up and squealed I got the highest in the entire year level. I ran up the stage and was told to make a speech. 'Thank you all for this lovely opportunity. I've enjoyed learning at this school and have made so many connections with many people who have stayed with me throughout my life. I would like to make a special thanks to'- BAM!

I heard someone kick down a chair. There she was, Claudia. 'That's supposed to be me' she yelled. 'Kate was never supposed to win anything, she's a loser who cheats and never puts in any work. She cheats in everything. I bet she stole my test and put her name on it.' I was stunned, why would she accuse me of doing something so evil like that. 'Oh, and also,' she added 'Kate isn't the innocent girl you think she is. She killed a girl at the park once when she was 6, she pushed her down the slide, but the girl missed the slide, hit her head and died from a brain bleed. She could do that to any of you, don't trust that ugly lying idiot. She got plastic surgery, so she isn't recognisable. That nose, fake, jaw, fake, her lips, fake and nothing about her is natural.' Everyone gasped at what she said. I've had enough of her, lying about me and exposing me in front of the whole school. She's done it before. I've had enough of her.

I ran to Claudia as the ceremony was coming to an end, 'Claudia, what was that? Why did you expose me like that?' I asked her. 'I thought you knew; I never liked you, you were always in the spotlight, my parents loved you more and I never got the chance to show my full potential. Whenever I would ask for help, I would be ignored. Everyone would help and support you; everything was about you. I've tried to dump you so many times, but my parents forced me to stay with you. They felt

sorry because you're an orphan.' My heart dropped. I didn't have a true friend, I've never had a true friend, everyone hates me.

'You're seriously going to hire an assassin; you know they cost thousands' said Mallory, my annoying older sister, 'You just got into Harvard, and if they find out, you'll be expelled.' I didn't listen and went online to find someone. 'I found a guy named Mike- he's experienced. I bet he could do it,' I said to Mallory. 'If you really want to risk it then sure but I'm not involved.'

I met up with Mike the next day and told him my plan. I showed him a picture then he started laughing. 'Sorry kid, but she's, my cousin. If I kill her, I'll also end up dead. I know she ruined your graduation, so I won't tell her I met you.' I was relieved that he wouldn't tell her, but I guess its back to the long search of finding an assassin.

'So, James. You think you could kill Claudia at night?' I asked while standing in a cold dark alley? 'Don't worry I've got a plan; I'll ask to take her out on a date then bam, knife to the heart.' I thought that it was a good plan and showed him a picture of her and walked off. As I looked at the picture I showed him, I realized, I showed him the wrong picture. I showed him a picture of Mallory.

'He's leaving me on silent! Why are men such big idiots?' I yelled as I frantically tried to call James. He kept declining and wouldn't respond to any messages. I was so angry that I went on social media and tried to find him. There was no trace of his existence. He even took his website down! All I could do at this point is wait and hope he doesn't kill my sister.

'A dead 21-year-old was found at the back of a café last night.' I closed the TV and ran to my room crying and screaming. I quickly packed my bags and ran out of my house. I just lost my only support system and remaining family. My sister was dead. I jumped on a flight to Ohio, rented an apartment and went to get my name changed. In the office I saw a familiar face, 'I was sent here by someone, someone that you tasked me to kill.' I stopped 'James, what was that? Why didn't you reply to me?' I asked as he walked in circles around me. I suddenly felt a sharp knife go through the back of my head. Everything went black.



# LIKE FATHER LIKE SON.

Nathan was shocked. He always knew living in a graveyard due to his father's work was weird to everyone. To be honest it was weird to him. He had been living in the same place with his father, Alaric, since he was born. His father had taken on a graveyard shift once to cover for his friend who couldn't make it. He always said being in the graveyard 'spoke to him' which is why he decided to start working here. Nate knew it was nothing to be surprised about, his father had many weird hobbies that never ceased to amaze him.

One thing he never knew was the secret chamber that was accessed through a side door on the wall next to the entrance of his house. The door was supposed to be a painting, the only way Nate had found out about it was when he accidentally knocked against the door handle drawing on it and to his surprise the

painting slid back to reveal stone steps that led even more underground than the steps down to his place.

Naturally, Nathan went down the steps, eager and immensely intrigued to find out what was waiting for him at the end, although he would've never expected what he found. All thoughts of hidden treasure and an underground library fled his mind replaced with plain and simple terror. What lay before him was a maze of different tapes, ropes, and clean-up bags. But what scared him the most was the pin board with the red thread connecting pictures of people and the weapons rack behind it. He forced his gaze away from the weapons and looked more closely at the board, his breathing shallow, and that's when it hit him.



More than half of those people were in the files in his dad's office. The people Alaric had buried himself. Not to mention the people on the board that were still alive as Nate was confident there had not been any files with those specific people yet. He would know as he always sorted the files in his dad's office. His mind wondered to why all this stuff was here and why behind a secret door. He also wondered if his father knew about this secret chamber.

He suddenly heard the door being slammed shut and realised he had gotten lost in thought. He quickly ran back up the stairs and shut the chamber door. Then he lay down on the couch and grabbed the book he had left there. Not long after his father came into the room, stomping the dirt off his boots. Nathan decided to wait until after dinner to mention

the secret room. None of them said much as they cooked, ate, and then cleaned. Eventually Nathan decided to rip off the band aid, so to speak.

"Dad.... did you know about the secret room behind the painting of a door in the living room?" he asked anxiously, trying to gauge his father's mood and expression as he spoke.

As he saw Alaric's shoulders tense up slightly, he immediately knew something was wrong. He was a very observant kid. Although Alaric didn't know that.

"Yeah, Nate I know about it. I'm the one that had it included in the building plan when the house was being built. Why do you ask? How did you find out? When?" Alaric shot question after question at a very flustered looking Nathan.



SHAAKIRA BEKAI, YEAR 10C

# I AM MINIAH

They're snickering at the back of the class. They're talking about me. They are dumb teenagers putting on a Pakistani accent speaking broken Urdu. I'm furious! Why am I their favourite joke? Why me, Miniah Chaudry?

And the teachers think of me as a disease! No matter what I do, they blame me! Sometimes I wish I could be Charlotte Evergarden, the prettiest girl in school. Golden blonde hair against my dirty mud-coloured skin. Skin as white as paper against my dark spotted skin. And our eyes? I'm the opposite of her!

Sometimes I just want to go home. Then I won't get bullied.

The meanies, called "Queen Group" laughed; then threw a paper at me.

'Over here Mini! Why don't you speak more trash? Is that Urdu? You're not even answering! Answer me!' Louisa yelled.

I don't know why I always cry like a baby. It makes my blood boil. I stayed silent, waiting for Louisa to shut up.

The teacher rolled her eyes, "My-niah! Stop disturbing the class!"

This annoyed me, how was I talking? I was silent the whole time. She could at least say my name right. I wish I could change my name to something else!

Soon night fell, I was in my room, with my feelings.

"Why am I so ugly? I cried. "If only I was Charlotte! Life would be so easy!" Tears rolled down my red nose.

My phone vibrated and I answered it. Mother asked "What's wrong dear? Isn't school good?"

"Of course not! Everything is horrible. I'm bullied. I hate it here!" I cried.

"Come home then!" Mum urged.

"No!" I said as I hung up and threw my phone at the mirror. It ricocheted off my head.

I blacked out. Hours later, I woke up and looked in the mirror.

I was Charlotte! This must be my dream! I was beautiful!

I walked out the building, but was met with a crowd of people, asking for photos. I nervously ran away. They followed. What was happening!? When I reached the classroom, I didn't see me. The teacher greeted me and asked how everything was. It was awesome!

But I felt something missing. It was like my identity was gone.

ZAINA FAHAD, YEAR 6D



# The Sillytown Police Department

Today, Detective Sparrow went to work at the SPD (Sillytown Police Department) where they only take the silliest most important cases Sillytown gets (which is a lot). The cases are very serious and very hard to crack. They are not silly at all. Well, they aren't silly to the residents of Sillytown. To us, the cases seem all butterflies and rainbows and it's hard to imagine people panicking over things like disappearing screen protectors. The screen protector was too clear and once it was on the screen it just seemed to 'disappear'. The amazing Detective Collins came up with the idea to check Mrs Smith's laptop screen. It took Detective Collins three months and an anonymous tip to come up with that idea.

When Detective Sparrow got to work, he saw Detective Collins working on a new case. A very interesting new case. The Case of the Missing Sock. Farmer Tim's left sock has been lost for eight months now and Detective Collins has thought to check the stomachs of the neighbours' cows before checking Farmer Tim's washing machine. No one has thought to check the washing machine for the very important, priceless,

amazing alligator covered left sock yet, but once they do, it won't matter because Mindy the cow has already eaten the right sock along with three other pairs of animal themed socks.

Detective Sparrow makes his way to his desk and passes Sergeant James' desk. Sergeant Delilah James is one of Sillytown's best SPD officers. That's why she's the sergeant. Delilah has solved the silliest cases Sillytown has to offer. She also holds Sillytown's record for the fast solve of a silly case: the incredible Sergeant Delilah James managed to solve The Case of the Overfilled Library! That's right. The Case of the Overfilled Library. The most famous case Sillytown has ever had! Sergeant James suggested to the victim – Dora the Librarian – that she should invest in more bookshelves and Delilah even had the brilliant idea of a bookcase! A bookcase that took up one entire wall of the library, which was much bigger than a football field. Sergeant Delilah James was just a detective at the time when the 1993 case was solved. Now, in 2024, she's a sergeant and holds some of the SPD's most amazing records.



Detective Sparrow finally makes it to his desk, and just as he's about to sit down, the captain of the SPD calls him into his office.

"Have a seat, Detective" Captain Klint says, gesturing to the very comfortable looking red sofa right next to the door of the office.

"How are you, sir?" Detective Sparrow says, getting comfortable.

"Honestly, not very good. There's a big case that superintendent is assigning to our precinct – against our will – but we must take it."

"I'm sorry, sir. You sound stressed."

"I am. I'd like this case to be solved very quickly and very thoroughly. No mistakes. The whole of the SPD is at stake."

"I'll do anything to help, sir. But... what is it exactly you want me to do? If anyone should have a case this important, shouldn't it be Sergeant James?"

"Believe me, I would give the case to her if I could,"

Detective Sparrow tries to ignore that comment that sort of sounded like an insult.

"But unfortunately, the sergeant is working on another pressing case. The Case of the Dingdong Ditcher."

"Ooh, that sounds like a tough one."

"Detective Sparrow, I am going to give you The Case of the Running Nude Banana."

"THE RUNNING NUDE BANANA?!?!" Detective Sparrow screeched.

The Case of the Running Nude Banana has been an open case since like the beginning of time. There is a banana, of course, which has been running around Sillytown with no peel on, terrorizing the Sillytowners since the captain was just a beat cop. So, like centuries ago. (The captain was about 60)

"Please Detective! I need you to be calm. Can I trust you?"

"Yes, sir. You can trust me."

**ANONYMOUS**



# Shadows of Everwood

In the quiet town of Everwood, photographer Anna Hart vanished, leaving behind only her camera. Detective Sam Carter, known for his sharp instincts, was assigned to the case.

"Where do we start?" asked Officer Megan Hughes, looking at the scattered photos on Anna's desk. "Let's see what her last shots reveal," Sam replied. One photo caught Sam's attention: an old, abandoned house at the edge of town with a shadowy figure in the window. "That house," Sam muttered. "Let's check it out."

They drove to the house, its decrepit facade looming in the twilight. The door creaked as they entered, the air thick with dust and silence. Sam's flashlight cut through the darkness, revealing faded wallpaper and broken furniture.

"Anna!" Sam called out but only echoes answered. They search the house and find a hidden staircase leading to the basement. Fear gnaws at them, but they proceed. In the basement, they found Anna tied to a chair, terrified but alive. "Anna, what happened?" Sam asked, untying her. "They... they know," Anna stammered. "We need to leave. Now!" As they tried to leave, a mysterious man in a dark coat confronted them.

"Detective Carter," he sneered. "Leaving so soon?"

"Who are you?" Sam demanded.

"Someone who can't let you leave with the truth," the man replied. "Anna saw something she shouldn't have."

"What truth?" Sam pressed.

"The truth about Everwood's founding. This town is built on lies and blood. Anna's photos uncovered our secrets."

Sam and Megan were outnumbered. Shadows moved in the hall as more figures appeared, blocking their escape. The tension escalated as they realized they were trapped.

Sam whispered to Megan, "We need to get Anna out of here. I'll distract them."

"Be careful," Megan replied, fear in her eyes.

Sam created a diversion, allowing Megan and Anna to slip past the assailants and run outside.

Sam confronted the man, and a fight ensued. The man revealed the extent of Everwood's dark history—corruption, murder, and cover-ups by the town's founders, all documented in Anna's photos.

"You can't keep this hidden forever," Sam shouted, overpowering the man.

"Maybe not, but I can try," the man retorted, fighting back.

Sam finally subdued him and rushed outside, where Megan and Anna were waiting in the car.

"Drive!" Sam yelled, and they sped away as the house faded into the darkness behind them.

Safe at the police station, Anna explained, "The photos show hidden messages in the town's landmarks. They reveal a history of corruption and murder, covered up by the town's founders."

"We need to expose this," Sam said, holding the photos. "It's time Everwood knew the truth."

Sam realized the danger wasn't over as they prepared to release the photos. "If they're willing to kidnap and kill to keep this secret, they'll come after us."

"But we have the truth," Megan said. "And we'll make sure it's known."

The fight for Everwood had just begun, but with the truth on their side, they were ready to face whatever came next.

Later that night, as Sam sat in his office, an envelope slid under the door. He picked it up, heart pounding, and opened it. Inside was a single, chilling note:

"Expose our secrets; you won't live to see the morning."

Sam's eyes scanned the empty room, the weight of the warning sinking in. He crumpled the note in his hand, knowing that their fight was far from over and that shadows still lurked in Everwood, watching and waiting.

TO BE CONTINUED...The small town of Ravenswood was known for its tranquillity. On the night of October 12th, it was shaken by a shocking murder. The victim was none other than Emily Wilson, a 35-year-old schoolteacher who had been loved by everyone in the community. Her body was found in her own home, a neat and tidy bungalow on Elm Street, with a single bullet wound to the head.

Detective Jameson, a seasoned investigator from the local police department, was called to the scene to take charge of the case. As he

surveyed the area, he noticed that the front door was unlocked, and there were no signs of forced entry or struggle. It seemed that Emily had let her killer into the house willingly.

As Jameson began to interview the neighbours and family members, he discovered that Emily had been acting strangely in the days leading up to her death. She had been receiving mysterious phone calls and had been seen arguing with an unknown person in the town square. The police also found a torn piece of fabric near the scene of the crime, which they suspected might have come from the killer's clothing.

The investigation led Jameson to suspect Emily's husband, Richard. However, Richard had a solid alibi at the time of the murder - he was attending a business conference in New York City. The police also found evidence of Emily's deeds - which led them to suspect that she might have been involved in some shady dealings.

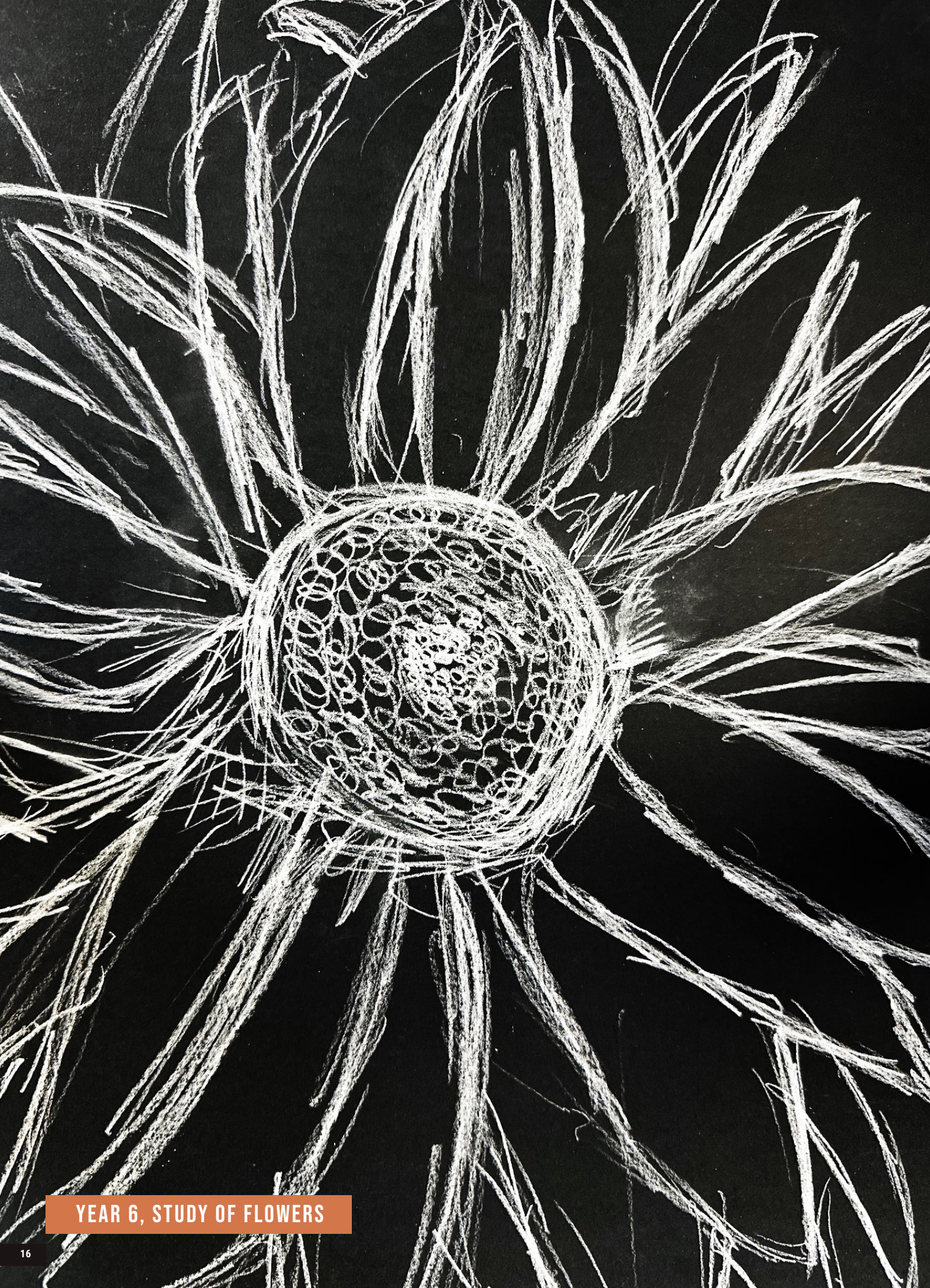
As Jameson dug deeper into Emily's past, he discovered that she had been involved in business dealings with a local businessman named Jack Harris. Jack had been acting suspiciously around the time of the murder and had been overheard arguing with Emily on several occasions.

The police finally pieced together the events leading up to Emily's murder. They discovered that Jack had been planning to expose Emily's deeds to her husband, and she had threatened to ruin his reputation if he did so.

On the night of October 12th, Jack snuck into Emily's house under the guise of discussing their business dealings. However, when Emily refused to back down, Jack snapped and shot her in a fit of rage.

Jameson and his team finally caught up with Jack at his mansion on the outskirts of town, where he was arrested and charged with Emily's murder. The case was closed, and justice was finally served for Emily's family and friends.

As Jameson looked out over the quiet streets of Ravenswood, he couldn't help but feel satisfied at having solved such a complex and difficult case. Despite the darkness and despair that had shrouded the town for weeks, Jameson knew that justice had prevailed and that Emily's memory would remain a reminder of the importance of truth and integrity.



YEAR 6, STUDY OF FLOWERS



# Friends

Ari sat at the coffee shop, stirring her hot chocolate as she thought about everything that's happened over the past few months. Life had been a complete rollercoaster, so much had happened. She sighed and sipped at her drink, trying to let the warmth of her hot chocolate and silence of the coffee shop calm her down.

Her phone buzzed, pulling her out of her thoughts. It was a text from Kyle. They had met through their friend Jay, who added them both to a group chat and they quickly became friends.

"HEY ARI, just checking in. How's your day going?" Kyle's message read.

Ari smiled softly and replied, "Good, I'm drinking a hot chocolate right now at the coffee shop. You should come!"

"I'm on my way" Kyle replied.

Within two weeks, she found herself growing closer to Kyle. He was kind, attentive, and everything she needed.

But the past has a way of creeping back into the present. Ryan, her so-called best friend, had lied.

Back in the present, Ari felt a mix of relief and sadness. She was relieved that it was cleared up. She took a deep breath, reminding herself that she was stronger than any lie.

The door to the cafe opened, and Ari looked up to see Kyle walking in. His eyes lit up when he saw her, and he made his way over.

"Ari!" he said softly. "You okay?"

Ari nodded, feeling reassured by his presence. "Yeah, I am now."

As they sat together, Ari realized that she had found something beautiful. Kyle was her happiness, and with him by her side, she knew she could face anything. The past might have left scars, but the present was full of promise. And that was more than enough.

# *In the small town of* **Ravenswood**

The small town of Ravenswood was known for its tranquility. On the night of October 12th, it was shaken by a shocking murder. The victim was none other than Emily Wilson, a 35-year-old schoolteacher who had been loved by everyone in the community. Her body was found in her own home, a neat and tidy bungalow on Elm Street, with a single bullet wound to the head.

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**CRIME SCENE**

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On the night of October 12th, Jack snuck into Emily's house under the guise of discussing their business dealings. However, when Emily refused to back down, Jack snapped and shot her in a fit of rage.

Jameson and his team finally caught up with Jack at his mansion on the outskirts of town, where he was arrested and charged with Emily's murder. The case was closed, and justice was finally served for Emily's family and friends.

As Jameson looked out over the quiet streets of Ravenswood, he couldn't help but feel satisfied at having solved such a complex and difficult case. Despite the darkness and despair that had shrouded the town for weeks, Jameson knew that justice had prevailed and that Emily's memory would remain a reminder of the importance of truth and integrity.

**ELANUR CALI, YEAR 7B**

**CRIME SCENE**

**CRIME SCENE**



by: ibrahim  
ahmed 8B

♀ my grandmother

ARTWORK BY IBRAHIM AHMED, YEAR 8B



ARTWORK BY HABIBA ABDELLA, YEAR 10D

# CANDYWORLD

"CRASH, BANG!" The sound of breaking glass hit Ella's ear with the force of a bomb. Ella slammed her homework book down anger building up inside her. "Enough is enough Ava!" Ella shouted to her little sister.

She stomped into the kitchen, her hands on her hips.

"How many times have I told you to be quiet and let me do my work! I have been trying to finish this essay for 3 hours and I have only done the intro! If you just let me work, I can play with you once I'm done!"

"Okay, okay calm down!" Ava said rolling her eyes.

Ella is an eleven-year-old girl with neat long brown hair and hazel-colored eyes. Her sister Ava was the opposite. Ava had blue eyes and messy blond-brown hair. Both lived in a small town in Sonoma, California. Ella was trying to do her homework but as usual, her sister was distracting her.

The big noise had come from one of the many vases which their mother owned. It was now smashed on the kitchen floor and was in NO condition for use. "Ava!" Ella said in a hushed voice staring transfixed at the broken vase. "You've gone too far now! Wait till mum finds out."

"You aren't going to tell her, are you?" said Ava, panicking. "I will if you don't listen to me and be quiet," said Ella, turning to leave the room.

Ella hurried into the backyard to find a quiet spot away from her exasperating sister. As she was searching, she came upon a small lever placed in the ground. Ella looked at it curiously wondering what it was, she bent down placing her book on the floor. The lever

was small and silver. Ella wondered how she had never noticed it before. She gently tugged but it didn't budge. Ella tugged harder putting in all her strength.

It slowly opened creaking and groaning. Ella was nervous about finding out what was inside. She wondered why. She peered down the small circular hole that the lever had revealed. She gasped. Her eyes were as wide as ping pong balls.

What Ella saw was unbelievable. What she saw was a whole new world. Or at least that's what she thought.

It was as far and as wide as the naked eye could see. It was like candy land. The whole place was made of various candy. The ground was made of fondant, the benches made from candy canes and the fences and cars were all made of chocolate. There was also a chocolate waterfall.

It was so inviting that Ella couldn't resist. She started looking for a way in, looking and searching she found a big chocolate ladder leading down. She climbed in, holding her book close to her chest. She excitedly breathed this all in. She had always dreamed of finding a candy world! As she climbed down, the panel on which the lever was on closed slowly, but Ella was too focused on other things that she didn't notice.

She stepped softly onto the floor of the candy world. Then, after hesitation, she proceeded. Ella had decided to explore this new world. After an hour of exploring and seeing all the buildings and cars (all made of chocolate), Ella noticed it was getting dark. Her hands flew to her mouth.

ZARA DANISH, YEAR 6D



# THE WAR

VEDAD KRHOVIC, YEAR 10

The sun slowly rose over the crippled city, 12 days had passed since the siege began. The residents would cautiously walk outside wondering if it's safe to go out. BANG! A shot is heard and a body falls limp across the street. Damn those Serbs! I thought to myself.

It was very early into this war and normally you'd expect it to be calm, but these monsters have no mercy towards anyone.

I had to make my weekly trip to the market as my brother and mother were starving at home, it truly was the worst time with Ramadan -we barely had anything to eat in this hell-ridden city. I surprisingly crossed the street; the sun was barely out and it was hard to see anything. BANG! There goes another person- I wish I could do something to help them but I'd be risking my own life to save people I didn't know. In a hurry, I purchased the items with what little money we had and I ran back across the street to my apartment.

"Here's everything I could purchase, I know it's not much but we'll have to ration for Iftar tonight."

"Edin, you've done everything you could do not worry as to whether it will be enough" said my mother.

"Edo, we got a letter in the mail saying that you have to go to war right now, as dad hasn't been reported in ages" reported my brother Ibrahim.

I felt in shock immediately and wondered, could this really be happening? Am I going to face the same fate my father went through?

"When do I have to enlist?" I asked.

"By Thursday." It was Tuesday now.

"Alright then," I left my food at the table and went to my room to think about the news that had just been given to me. Why me? I thought my life had turned for the worst it had been declining since the war began but now I've been enlisted. I didn't know what to expect so I just went to sleep and hoped for the best.

I awoke at the crack of dawn to what sounded like explosions in the street. I ran to my window to see dozens of bodies lying in the street, lifeless. I was in shock, I rubbed my eyes to make sure I wasn't just seeing things, but no this was for real. It was 7 am, my brother Ibrahim was up already.

"Couldn't sleep huh?" he asked me.

"No, I couldn't what I saw outside horrified me."

"It's only going to get worse, trust me," he said.

I walked to the bathroom to do my normal duties when there was a knock on the door. I walked off to see who it was. As I was about to answer the person at the door cut me off.

"Edin Semić?" he asked.

"Yes, that's me," I told him.

"You're needed in the army corps just about 2 kilometres from here. We'll give you the rundown when you get there."

"Wait before you go" I asked, "Is there any news regarding my father?"

"We're sorry to say but he has been killed, we found his body in a mass grave recently, my condolences for your loss."

He left the door and I just stood there, stunned unsure of what to do next.





# GAZZA SEA

The sun was shining into the Gaza Sea, kids laughing and playing with each other, and men and women walking together with their lovely kids. It was a normal day in Gaza for Noor; she had just gotten out of school. Noor is 16 years old and she is preparing for her upcoming exams.

"I can't believe our exams are only a week away," Noor said to her friend Shams.

"I know!! We have been preparing for so long, but once we finish, let's go out and have a fun day."

"Yes, we should." Noor agreed. Both girls parted ways, and Noor arrived home. Her older brother was sitting on the couch watching the news.

"Have you heard the IDF (Israel Defence Force) is planning to attack us?" her brother said, "Let's stay protected, okay? Noor, you cannot go to school next week." "Anwar! I have exams next week; nothing has been confirmed yet," Noor said in a worried tone. "We cannot be apart, okay? We must stay together, especially without Mum or Dad!"

"Okay" Noor was on the verge of tears, so she went to hug her brother.

This was a very scary moment for everyone in Gaza. On the day of Noor's exam, she heard a loud BANG! It sounded far away, so she and her brother stayed alert. Almost right after another BANG! Noor and Anwar ran outside of their house; they both knew it would be destroyed, so they took all of their

belongings and tried to find other people to stay close to. Noor located Shams and her family. "Noor, come over here!" she yelled. Both Noor and Anwar run to Shams and her family; loud agonizing screaming and crying could be heard.

"It's going to be okay!" Shams cried. Shams' father took them into a closed-off basement. "Wait," Noor said, "Anwar! Where are you going?" she said in tears.

"No, I have to help! Many people are hurt. Please just stay with Shams; you will be safe, I promise!" They looked at each other in sadness, then another bomb was dropped.

"ANWAR!!" she cried as Shams's father hurried them both to the basement.

"Okay, Noor, we're going to be okay," Shams says as she hugged her.

Noor and Shams leave the basement to see a destroyed place they once called their home.

"Come, there must be snacks from the corner store," Shams said. They arrived, but there was nothing left behind—only rubble and dust. They were both startled; they held hands tightly and ran towards the beach.

**SHEYMA EMINE TALIC, YEAR 10C**

# ELDORAN EMPIRE

In the Eldoran Empire in which the knowledge of science and rationale ruled supreme there existed a city, Valeria the city of large observatories and the world's secrets, it was perfectly moral, or so everyone thought, but it hid a more malicious side.

Among the people of Valeria, there existed Kael, small of presence and great of mind. However, Kael harboured a dark secret, the living descendant of an ominous lineage. His purpose is to open a door to chaos to unleash otherworldly abominations.

The cryptanalyst Kael had devoted many years of his life to learning how to read the writings of the ancient keepers.

He stumbled upon a door in the late hours of the night in the heart of the library, he found in Valeria's mansion. The passage opened to a door made of stones with runes and symbols. Above the door was an inscription, "A start from the end, the agony that begins."

Kael was positively thrilled like he'd received favours from beings out of existence. He knows that behind this door are the manifestations of the ancients in eternal suffering, and pain. Therefore, to achieve his ultimate power and capture full control of Eldoran he required their power. Though it cost a hefty price, a sacrifice to open the door of chaos.

Before the door, Kael had a tattered piece of paper on which was written: "To take you must give". He was ready for this moment and expected that for the shadows to be released, he would have to provide them with his power. Taking a gleaming blade shaped like the flower "Black Dahlia", Kael then slit his hand to allow his blood to paint on the door.

It creaked and opened to reveal a sepulchral room filled with spirits of the dead wailing. Their forms were

rather indistinct, their faces covered in pain. Moving to enter, Kael felt a shiver go down his spine as the various shadows approached.

A low and booming voice filled the chamber, "Who dares to awaken us?"

This enraged Kael, who was concealing evil intentions. "I am Kael, seeker of knowledge and bearer of the talisman. I wish to free you from your suffering."

The shadow's shrieks grew even more intense as if they wanted to awaken the dead. Treading the stage was one entity, a giant with flaming eyeballs. "You seek power, not our freedom. To gain our power, you must endure our suffering."

Kael understood he drew in his breath and started preparing himself as the shadows came near, they began to curse him. They touched his skin, and he felt the electrical currents surge through his body as the fire burned him. Torments of warfare, treachery, and the pain of the shadows haunted him as he tried to focus.

Kael a person who could be stopped by such means clenched his teeth and bore the pain to feed the hatred that was inside and planning on destruction. As the pain was approaching its utmost limit, the whole room suddenly became intensely illuminated. The shadows screaming in agony dissipated into thin air, their energy one with Kael.

He remained a solitary figure in the chamber. Darkness shone from within his eyes, and his veins filled with sinister energy.

Kael emerged from the chamber beaming with malice "The agony has begun."

MUSFIRAH KHAN, YEAR 10A



# Late Another Day

I woke up to the sound of my mum yelling at me from downstairs to wake up. I had forgotten to set my alarm the night before, and had slept in. It was nine o'clock and school had already started. I ran downstairs and grabbed my uniform before frantically running back upstairs to get changed. Today was probably the worst day to be late and it was the second time this week for the second week in a row. I had recently developed a problem with time management, so if I came late one more time that week things wouldn't be good.

I finished getting ready and ran outside, my bag was still open, and

my hands were full of my plazer and books I was struggling to fit in my bag. I started running and was almost out of breath, until I sighted my school in the distance. I sprinted to my locker and put my belongings away.

As the bell went for second period I stopped at my classroom door with an annoyed sigh, thinking about my excuse. I knew that I couldn't say that I had just been careless and forgotten to set my alarm. I raised my hand to knock on the door, it opened aggressively for me. My teacher was there in front of me holding the door open with an annoyed, frustrated, and angry look on her face. "What's your



excuse this time?" she asked, crossing her arms with a raised eyebrow.

I stuttered before taking a deep breath "I had an appointment" I lied with a straight face. She tilted her head with a frown "There was nothing about an appointment on the attendance. Try again" she said sarcastically.

"Fine, the car wouldn't start, so I had to wait for my dad to come back to the house so he could drive us" I said, fidgeting with my fingers.

"Don't you walk to school?" she asked. I was about to question how she knew

I walked to school before remembering that I had almost an hour conversation with her a term ago on why I hate walking to school. "You have after school detention on Thursday" she said before turning around and returning to her teaching.

I walked in and took my seat next to my best friend, everyone was looking at me. I hadn't realised until that point that the door had been open that entire time and so now my entire class knew that I had detention.

**EMANI MAKSOD, YEAR 8C**



# THE DEED

The wind howled as I trudged up the driveway of the large old mansion. I pulled my coat around me, trying to shake the feeling that someone was looking at me. At the front door, I pulled out the keys the owner had given me. As I unlocked it, I heard the creaking of the floorboards inside. What was that?

I was told nobody lived here, must be a stray animal. I said to myself, "Let's get this over and done with".

The first thing that caught my eye was the grand piano at the end of the hall, in the middle of the living room. It was said to be the highlight of the house. It was large, and dark, made of rosewood. The living room itself was large and magnificent, with a large staircase in the middle. Many people claimed that they would hear the piano being played when they went past the mansion, but I had shrugged them off as rumours.

But as I stood there, I realized why people would hear those tunes, this house had many cracks, and the wind would pass through those cracks creating tunes that you could hear. They said that the young woman was the one playing the piano, the young woman who had been murdered in the house along with many others. I pulled myself out of my thoughts and focused back on my job, to get the house deed. The house owner had told me

the paper and the house deed would be in the first cupboard of the shelf in the hall.

I quickly grabbed it and turned back to walk to the door when I saw a little girl, she winked at me (or was it a blink, only half her face was there) and ran up the stairs.

"Wait, come back, who are you?" I yelled and went after her. As I got upstairs, a sense of dread settled in me, almost as if I were trespassing on someone else's property. Then I heard a voice, a deep rusty raspy voice. I didn't dare look back.

"You should not have come here," the voice said. A male voice, almost as if he hadn't drunk or eaten anything for a long time.

I quickly ran to the closest room to me and closed the door, but then I thought, why would there be any kind of ghost? Probably some old beggar got into the house through the balcony. As I turned to open the door, a ring on the desk caught my eye, it was nothing big, just a small ring with a small, blood-red ruby. I had seen this before; I was sure of it. I left it behind in a hurry to get out of the house. I ran downstairs with the papers clutched in my hand, ready to walk out of the door and leave everything behind. I ran past the piano and out the door, still curious with a plan to come back.

INNAYA MAHEERA, YEAR 7E





ARTWORK BY AISHA MUGHAL, YEAR 9E





# JUMP SHOTS

Two young basketballers on the streets of North Carolina; Billy and Donovan.

They'd set a date for a one on one. They met at the Irving reserve to settle the beef. Who was better? Billy claimed he was a better shooter and dribbler. Donovan thought he was better at passing and defending.

Billy got there nice and early to warm up while Donovan stayed home on his PlayStation which he'd come to regret...

A mysterious man stopped to watch. He called out "You got some nice moves there. I like the way you shoot and dribble."

"Thank you," Billy replied. "Who are you?"

"That's not important right now, what's your name?" the man asked.

He noticed a badge under his blazer, a Duke college badge.

"Billy's the name!" he excitedly replied with.

As the man was leaving, Billy hesitated, he wasn't sure whether or not to tell him to watch him versus Donovan because he was

scared he would lose. Billy decided to tell him but when he looked up, the man had disappeared.

Donovan arrived a little late. Billy didn't mind much. He lost track of time dreaming of playing college basketball for Duke. Billy told Donovan what happened, Donovan was devastated. His mum told him to go early to warm up, but he didn't listen. This made the thought of victory even sweeter knowing he would be worthy of playing for Duke.

They began their match. The rules were first to 21. Billy shot the ball beautifully to start the match, leading 8 to 2. Donovan answered back, using new fake passes he saw on TikTok. They continued scoring back and forth. The scores were 17 to 15, with Billy leading. Billy gave Donovan a hard foul. Donovan picked the ball up and threw it at Billy out of anger. They began pushing and shoving. Donovan went to his bag, Billy was unsure what he was about to pull out, so he stood back.

**ALI MERHI, YEAR 8A**

# PARASITE

It all began a couple hours ago when me and Aiden were in the waiting room. My mum was admitted into hospital. The room was silent, and only the sounds of quiet chatter filled the air. Then out of nowhere, a siren went off, turning the white room into flickering spasms of red. Within seconds a doctor ran through the doors screaming. His shouts were incoherent, and his arms swung frantically. Pandemonium erupted. Cries, shouts and banging. It took me a moment to realise where the banging was coming from. The doors smashed open, and my heart dropped. Fear crept up my spine, as I glazed into a patient's lifeless eyes, my whole reality shattered into tiny pieces.

The human was pale, and its clothes were covered in deep red. Red that dripped down its chin and splattered onto the white floor. Without a second thought, it had jumped on the nearest person and bit into their neck. In shock I clutched onto Aiden's arm and dragged him into the elevator. The last thing I saw was the emergency doors full of people running and 'the zombie' biting others. It was chaos.

I went up to the 7<sup>th</sup> floor where I would find Mum. I couldn't wait to tell her what just happened.

"Aiden are you okay?" I asked.

He was silent for a moment. "I'm alright Sarah," he replied.

"I don't know what just happened, but it will be all right," I encouraged.

We stepped out from the elevator and into a hall that echoed distant screams. "That's mum," Aiden whispered.

We ran down the hall way and found our mum's room.

"Mum, are you okay?" I dreadfully asked.

I rushed into the room and saw a zombie licking its lips, its body was covered in deep red blood. Under the zombie I saw my mum. This was no nightmare, this was real.

"Mum", screamed Aiden. Aiden charged toward the zombie and the zombie charged towards him. I ran to my mum and put pressure on where she was bleeding from, it looked like a bite mark.

"Mum" I teared, but I knew it wasn't the time to cry, Aiden needed me. I got the hospital blanket and tried my best to wrap it around the zombie's neck and its body. Aiden then kicked it out the glass window.

We both ran towards our mum. She wobbled towards us and when she looked up, her eyes were glazed.

"Run," she said.

"No mum, we can't leave you" Aiden whispered.

"RU..." Her shout was stopped by a snarl. She was a host for a parasite, and when she pounced at us snarling, I knew she was no longer our mum.

"MOVE!" I screamed.

My body moved faster than I could think as I jumped in front of Aiden and towards the zombie. Its teeth sunk into my arm and my vision started to blur. Fire exploded from my arm and slowly crept up my body. I called out Aiden's name, but he didn't understand. The zombie was still running wild, I tried to stop her, and she fell to the floor gripping Aiden's leg. She locked her jaws onto his ankle. Aiden screamed, he them mumbled something, but I couldn't make it out. Within seconds I lost control of my body, and the darkness pursued.

ALIYAH AMBER HUSSEIN, YEAR 8D

In a small little peaceful town there was a very strange door. It was right in front of the haunted house and people never dared to go near it or open it. The door frame was being eaten away and the red paint chipped and faded. But the thing was, I was a risk taker and curious, so after school I went to the door with my friend, but he stopped halfway through because he was scared. So there I was by myself, I was also scared but I started to hype myself up and opened the door.

WOOSH! I was sucked into the door; bright colours everywhere, while I'm still moving in the air. I landed fast but not hurting, "strange" I said to myself but what confused me more was where I was. I thought to myself, I must have been teleported from that door. I had wandered off into the magical land. There were trees talking, animals that I've never seen before and there never being any pain when you fall or get cut. Where there were always colours- it was never bland in colour or anything you could also eat the bushes like fairy floss.

There was a lake crystal clear, I dipped my hand in half expecting for it to become a crystal, but right across from it was a grey and black area that no animals dared to go near. But I walked into that area and found a house, just like the one in the town and there it was, the mysterious door. I saw that the sun was going down, so I had to go back through the door. WOOSH, and I'm back! My mum asked where I was and I just said I was at the library. I went to bed.

The next morning on my way to school I saw that there was a taped off perimeter around the house and door. I couldn't let that door be demolished – NO!! I couldn't allow that. At school I made a petition to stop the removal of the building for "heritage" purposes. Because of the petition they had to delay demolition, so the door was there for a few more weeks. While that was happening, I sneaked back into the door. I told every living creature in the land but then...

POP! All the colours disappeared, just like that area over the lake. Something must have been happening, I started to run quickly to the door but randomly turned into dust. I was worried that I was going to be trapped here for eternity. I started wondering what to do and wandered into a forest with trees the height of the Burj Khalifa and a dark gloomy setting to it. In the distance there was a bright white light shining across the forest, I started running to it in the hope that it was a portal. I tripped and fell cutting my hand -that must mean that the magic is wearing off I thought. I got up and started running again as quickly as I could. I got to the portal and walked through it. WOOSH!

I fell back into the real world with the house being demolished including the door. The once mysterious door crumbled, and the secrets lost forever among the rubble of the demolition.

## *The Mysterious*

# B

# O

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# D



**ALPER ATLIHAN, YEAR 7A**



ARTWORK BY MARIA ZACKARIYA, YEAR 12D



ARTWORK BY MARIA ZACKARIYA, YEAR 12D



ARTWORK BY MARIA ZACKARIYA, YEAR 12D

# This is ME

I was walking along the corridor of Faith Academy. I wanted to attend an Islamic school, but mum didn't have enough money, we arrived from Pakistan last week. I was excited to live in Melbourne, thinking we were rich. 10000 rupees! But, in Australia, 10000 rupees is \$53.86!

I went to class. Everyone seemed hostile. I sat down. My teacher, Ms. Aria, called the roll. "A-ee-sha Kan?" she said. Everyone giggled. I raised my hand. She gave us free time.

Someone came up to me. She looked amazing. Jet-black hair, brown eyes, and light skin. I was the opposite. I had a black hijab, brown eyes, and spotty-dark skin. "I'm Sophie, your guide." Sophie said.

"I'm Ayesha," I replied. We became friends. After the bell, we had double period math, then recess. I was glad that I made friends. At night, I told mum how much I loved school.

A few weeks passed, I still enjoyed school. Until this happened.

Sophie and I were best friends. One afternoon, after school, I overheard what Sophie, and her friends, Hailey and Clara were saying. "I can't believe Ayesha thinks you're her friend." Clara giggled. Not my friend? I heard Sophie. "I'm with her because Ms Aria said. Her accent and scarf are hilarious. I always stifle my laughter." They giggled.

I walked home. I decided to watch videos on how to have good Australian accents. I couldn't take my hijab off for her. After two days, I had the best Australian accent!

I went to school, over the moon. I was extremely happy. After school, I went to Sophie. We had one class together now; we didn't talk much. I saw Sophie talking to Clara and Hailey again, about me. "Did you see Ayesha? She sounds more Australian and odd. I sneaked up and saw her reports, she got less than 70% on everything! She's not smart!" Sophie said. What's her problem?

I went home and watched videos on how to do algebra.

The following day, I went to school. After that day, I heard Sophie judge me again. "She's such a nerd! Why's she answering everything Ms Marie asks?" When would she think I'm perfect? I even heard her say something about my skin. Guess what I did when I got home? Watch skincare videos.

I bought some products, after a month, it worked! I had amazing skin.

I went to her. "Why are you always judging me?" Sophie was speechless.

"We're not friends anymore!" I said that and walked off.

I decided to be myself. I can't change myself for Sophie. I'll never be perfect. People would always judge me. If I'm smart, they would call me a nerd, if not, they would call me thick-headed.

When I tried to please Sophie, I didn't feel like myself. Now I'm glad being myself again.

**SYEDA FATIMA IRSHAD, YEAR 6D**





ARTWORK BY BUSHRA ABOU-EID, YEAR 12C



ARTWORK BY JOHAYNA DERBAS, YEAR 12C

**Introduction**  
**Exhibition**  
The exhibition is a collection of artworks by students of the Year 12C class, showcasing their creativity and skills in various art forms. The artworks are displayed in a gallery setting, allowing visitors to appreciate the diverse talents of the students.





ARTWORK BY BUSHRA ABOU-EID, YEAR 12C





*The School After*

# Midnight

As Sam tried to twist the knob to leave, it would not budge. That's when he realized that there's no way out of this place...

It all started on a weekend night, Sam and his two friends Ben and Holly planned to go out and have some fun; as there's only two days until summer holiday's over. Sam stole the keys to his school from his dad's desk- his dad was the principal of the school they went to. Sam knew stealing the keys to their school would mean they could run around in the empty hallways and eat the food that's in the teacher's lounge. Everyone was always told that the teacher's lounge had the best food.

The 13 year old's mission in stealing the keys was successful, he and his two friends snuck out of their houses and met up in the school's gate entrance. It was 12am, no one was there, and it was dark out. They managed to unlock the keys and enter the school, they felt a breeze, a breeze that felt like freedom and success. A rush of adrenaline and excitement ran through Sam's body. The thrill of running around in an empty school knowing he had achieved what he set out to achieve felt refreshing. They all started running around the place carelessly.

Three hours had gone by, but for them it felt like 30 minutes.

"We should go back now," said Holly, panting.

"Yeah, I'm tired from running around and eating all this food... I just want to sleep," mentioned Ben. All three of them agreed.

"Yep, let's go now," said Sam while getting back on his feet.

"You got the keys with you?" asked

Ben looking worried, he was the type to always worry about things.

"Yep, don't worry" replied Sam. All three of them made it to the ground floor and went up to the main entrance of the school. As Sam tried to twist the knob to leave, it wouldn't budge. That's when he realized that there's no way out of this place... as earlier he saw that all the windows were locked, and he doesn't have the keys to unlock them.

"Uh.. Sam?" asked Holly, starting to sweat out of worry. Sam kept trying to open the door with the keys, still no sign of the door opening.

"I-IT'S NOT OPENING." screamed Sam out of frustration, 'this wasn't meant to happen. I just wanted to have fun' he thought. Ben was looking around to find another way to exit the place. After looking around, Sam encountered a voice coming from one of the bathroom stalls, he thought that there might be one small, open window in the bathrooms. But instead, the voice called out:

"Hello Sam.." with a weak voice. Sam backed away and felt his heart drop. He was debating if he should reply or not.

"w-who's there?" asked Sam, his voice trembled as he tried getting the right words out.

"You know you're not meant to be here.." said the anonymous voice. Sam, without thinking of anything else made a run for it. He ran through the empty and lifeless hallways with the bright lights flashing his eyes. He felt a breath on his shoulders as he was running, he knew someone was there behind him.

**NEYAMAH ZAMAN, YEAR 8E**

# Aboriginal Culture

Rock engravings  
Tattoos!  
Sounds painful.  
Charcoal chalk  
In my skin!

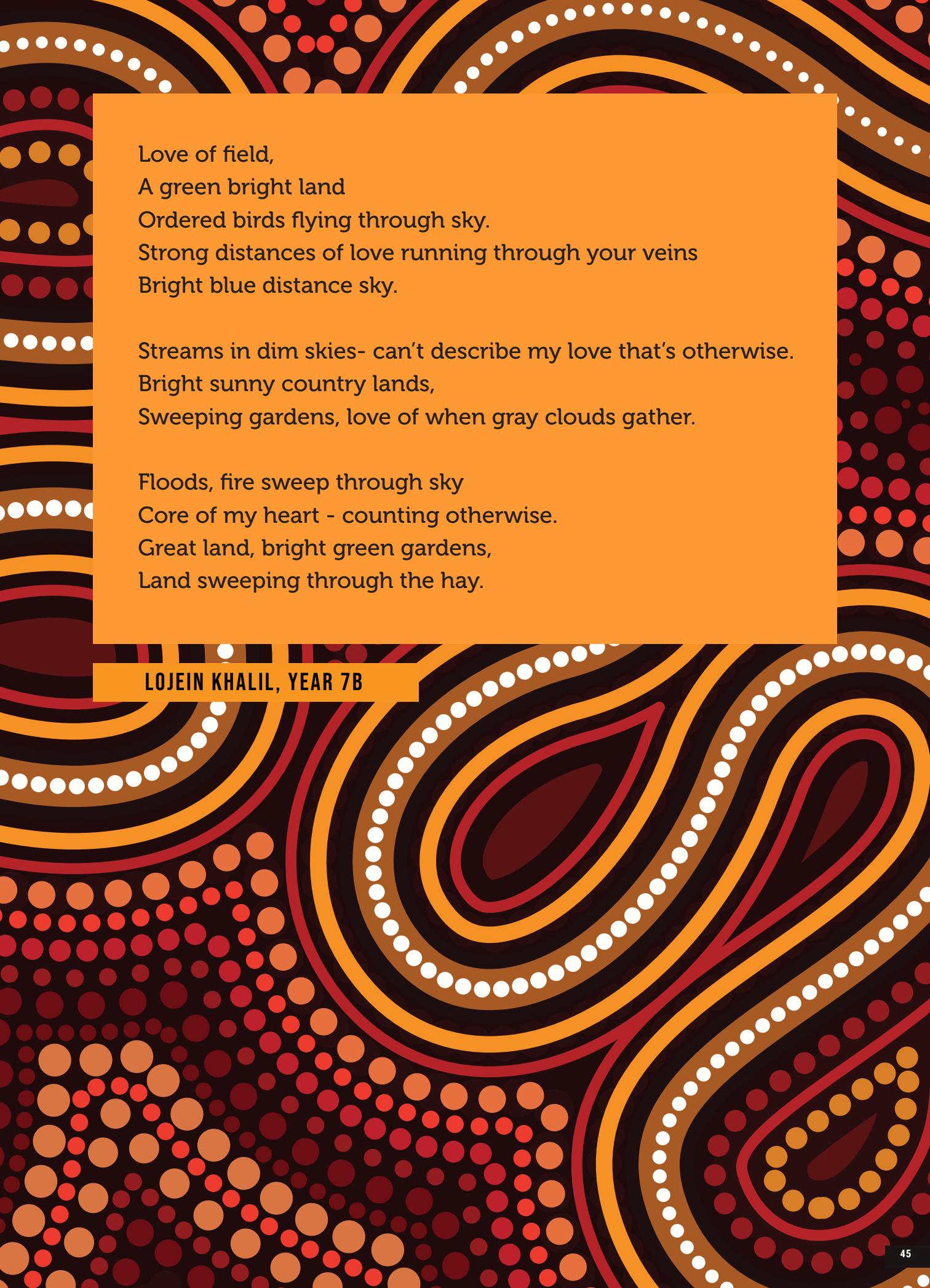
On back chest arms  
legs, all over body.  
Very painful.

Totems made of  
Plants, animals, objects  
In front of houses  
Show family, clan,  
Social status.

Some big scary.  
Some small  
All show where you  
Belong.

Food in backyard, animals, plants.  
Fish caught from sea.  
Animals hunted.  
All bushtuckers.

ADAM EL MOUSTAFA, YEAR 7B



Love of field,  
A green bright land  
Ordered birds flying through sky.  
Strong distances of love running through your veins  
Bright blue distance sky.

Streams in dim skies- can't describe my love that's otherwise.  
Bright sunny country lands,  
Sweeping gardens, love of when gray clouds gather.

Floods, fire sweep through sky  
Core of my heart - counting otherwise.  
Great land, bright green gardens,  
Land sweeping through the hay.

**LOJEIN KHALIL, YEAR 7B**



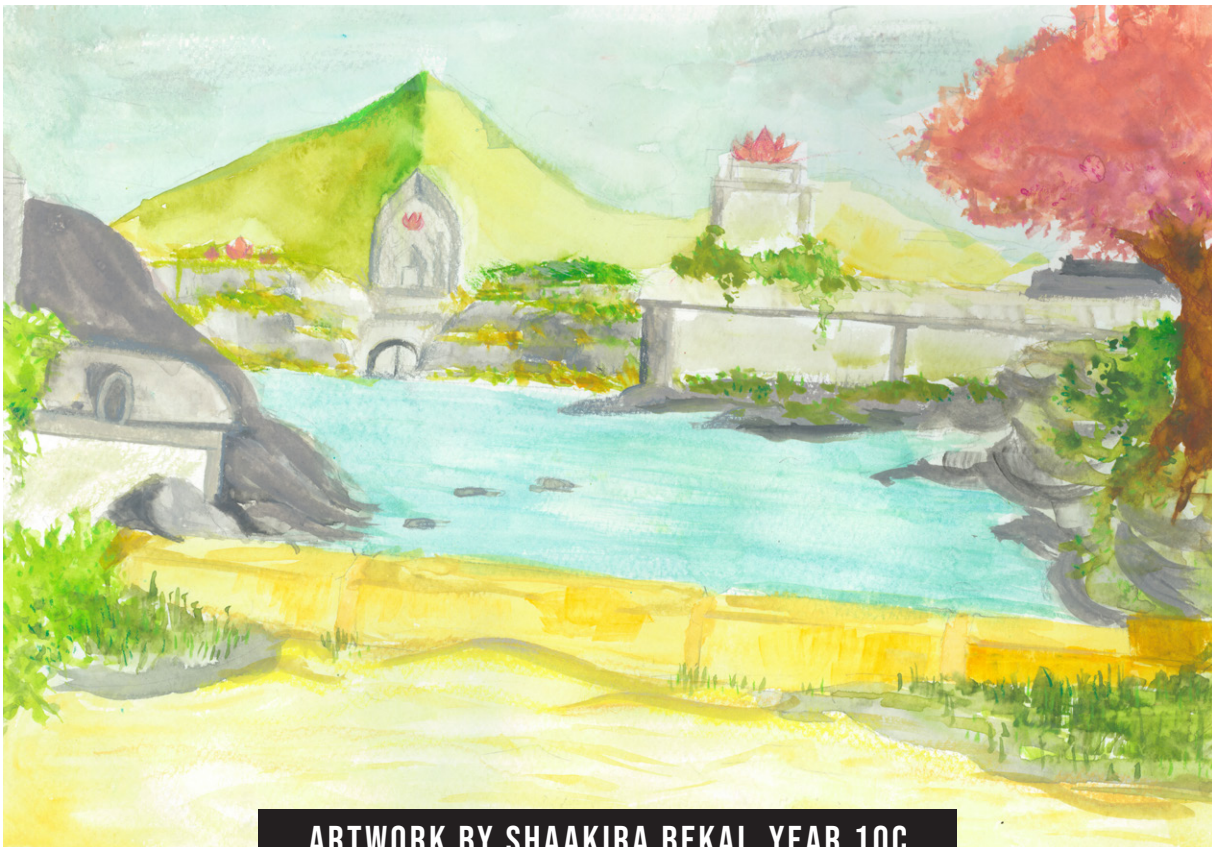
ARTWORK BY BUSHRA ABOU-EID, YEAR 12C



ARTWORK BY JOHAYNA DERBAS, YEAR 12C



ARTWORK BY JOHAYNA DERBAS, YEAR 12C



ARTWORK BY SHAAKIRA BEKAI, YEAR 10C

ARTWORK BY INSHA MAWIYAH YEAR 9E



ARTWORK BY BUSHRA ABU-EID, YEAR 12C





# The Villainous Culprit

Crash! Glass broke in Fatima and Adam's apartment! It was their window. Fatima jumped up out of her bed and rushed to the living room to find a burglar in their apartment...

Adam went on along his usual day. He used to work as a scientist investigating radioactive materials. The association he worked with were known as NRRI, the National Radioactive Research Institute. Little did he know, a simple mission to inspect a meteorite landed on Earth, would change his life forever.

Adam's HAZMAT suit had a gap in the air filtration system. This led to the radioactive fumes let off by the substance in the meteorite making its way into his lungs. He was hospitalized for over 6 months. His wife, Fatima, had stayed with him all the way till his recovery.

Adam gained super-strength, heat-laser eyes, x-ray vision and the ability to fly at supersonic speeds. He is now Australia's superhero, protecting all innocent people from the vicious criminals of the world. He was always a noble man, as a human or a superhero.

On March 4, he would encounter a serial murderer known to have at least seven victims. He couldn't allow this wicked person to have any more chances. After finally tracking him down and following him, he noticed the serial killer trying to enter a house in complete secrecy. It was the dead of night and rain was falling like cats and dogs. Adam knew it wasn't a good idea to use his laser eyes in rain, but he didn't want to make too much noise by physically confronting the burglar, so he took a shot with his pure aim. Despite his accuracy in every scenario, a drop of rain fell onto his eye as he was charging up his shot, leading to him flinching and moving his head in a completely different direction. The laser beam shot out into the unknown. He had been human once, with human reflexes, and he couldn't prevent things like this from happening. He hoped nothing had happened, but he knew that laser beam had hit something on the ground...

**SULAYMAN KHAN, YEAR 8E**





ARTWORK BY AHLAM AHMED, YEAR 10D



ARTWORK BY JENNA RAFHI, YEAR 9A



# KHAYYAM

PLASTICINE VAN GOGH

MOHAIMIN ZAIN , YEAR 9C

