



**Student Creativity**  
**English Literary Works**

## **A Happy Holiday!**

**Last holiday, I went to Bali. I had a great time with my family. When I arrived in Bali, I went to a hotel and rest. Then, I played a game. The game was Hungry Shark. It was a little bit hot in Bali at that time.**

**Next morning, I had prego for breakfast. I went to a beach and it was sunny. The beach was dirty but I still had fun. I was very happy!**

**Christopher Angkasa**

Grade 1 Humility



## **My Holiday**

During my holiday, I went to India. I played with my brother. It was very cold in India. We went with our mom and dad, and had so much fun. I went by the airplane Thai Airways. I felt happy because I could go to my home country.

On Sunday, I went to the mall with my grandma, grandpa, my smaller brother and my baby brother. We had dinner in the mall with my aunty and uncle. And then, my brother, my baby brother and I were allowed to go and play.

**Shaanya Deepak Nandwani**

Grade 1 Humility



# The Red Rooster

by Daniel Benjamin

In an England barn 5 February 2008 there lived a farmer with his daughter and wife. His daughter Cindy raised barn animals like cows, chickens, geese, ducks, dogs and so many more Cindy loved the raising chickens, she even called them, the chicken family the members in the chicken family are Mama chicken Dada chicken Brother chicken and Sister chicken.

One morning Mama Chicken laid an egg! Everyone was excited in the chicken family when Cindy heard all the excitement she told her mom Sarah were excited then one night the father of Cindy stole Mama Chicken's egg.

The chicken family panicked having some hard time finding it took hours till they gave up and planed that if they need big help they had to call Cindy so everyone in the chicken family did their best to lead Cindy to nest.

But finally Mama Chicken leaded Cindy to the nest when she saw that she understood then she helped them and hours and hours past. Then Cindy remembered its shiny.

She thought it can be in my house it is shiny perhaps it can be stolen by my family member it is a shiny egg anyways Cindy thought.

Then tried looking with her mother then Cindy said "Mom did you seal it?" steal what?" "The egg" "I wouldn't steal it" "Why are you asking me this?" "The egg is stolen!" "I will try looking with dad" "fine with me then" Cindy found her dad in the kitchen trying to boil the egg the Cindy scam" no stop don't boil it's the most important thing for the chicken family!" "I was thinking it was a shiny egg" "at least you haven't boiled it here give it to me I will return to the chicken family" later when she gave it back to the chicken family it hatched then came out a beautiful red chick!

Years past as the red chick turned into a beautiful red rooster! And the chicken family lived happily ever after!

Daniel Benjamin

Grade 2 Teamwork

# Dashi's Wish

by Elaine Tio

There was once a poor flower seller called Dashi. She worked hard to sell her flowers at the market. Yet, everyday she had leftovers. So, every evening, Dashi dropped her leftover flowers into the sea as a gift for the Dragon King. The Dragon King was pleased with this. He appeared in front of Dashi and granted her a wish.

Dashi wished that she becomes the richest person in the world. The Dragon King granted her her wish.

The Dragon King said, "You have to use your wish well or else I will take it away from you."

Dashi listen to the Dragon King and tried to use her wish well. But, she started to become greedy. She wanted to make more money. She started to overcharge for her flowers. People were unhappy that they have to pay so much more now for her flowers. She also stopped dropping her leftover flowers into the sea as a gift for the Dragon King.

One day, the Dragon King appeared before Dash and said, "You have not been using your wish well. I am taking your wish back."

The very next moment, Dashi became a poor flower seller again.

**Elaine Tio**

Grade 2 Teamwork

# A great place to visit

by Indira Abdi

**I think Paris is a great place to visit.**

**There are many kinds of delicious food in Paris. My favourite is the croissant.**

**Paris is also famous for its art. The Mona Lisa by Leonardo da Vinci is one such example. I cannot imagine how Leonardo da Vinci could have drawn such a realistic painting.**

**Someday, I want to go to Paris.**

**Indira Abdi**  
Grade 2 Respect

# Christmas Eve Story



1. One day at Christmas, Santa was putting presents. He packed the presents in North Pole. He was only give the presents to give us.



2. Off he went, to go to the children with his reindeer called Rudolph.



3. He arrived in a house & said Rudolph stop. He grabbed his presents & got down from his sleigh.



4. Santa went to the roof. He jumped to the chimney and climbed down. He got stuck because his pants.



5. The kids were up because they were there. When they saw you, they ran from the room. As soon as they saw it, they were scared.



6. After that, Santa was stuck again. The kids helped Santa to get out of the chimney.



7. Finally, Santa managed to get out from the chimney. He was safe, happy!



8. "Santa!" shouted Joe and Sue. "I got you presents kids," said Santa. The kids were so happy.



9. Santa means to go all night and he wants to bring Santa. Santa went to the other house to give more presents.

Nasya Regina & Zanetha Wibisono  
Grade 3 Respect

Names: Evelyn 3H

Dominic 3I

# Invent a Gadget

Anci-Traffic Car

Anci-Traffic Car

What is it for?

To fly above the traffic so  
you're faster.

How does it work?

You step on the gas and drive  
then press a button which makes  
you fly. It runs on gas (Permanect)  
There is also a green button that  
makes you go back down. There's  
also a yellow button that has  
hidden cameras to see if you're  
going to crash into something.

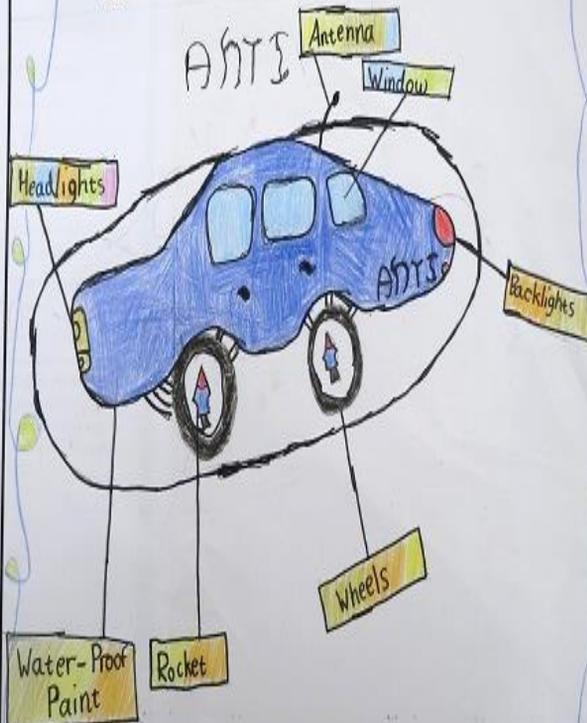
What is it made of?  
Metal, Rockets, water proof paint,  
Glass, Rubber.

How much does it cost?

\$115.99

Where can you buy it?

[www.anci-traffic-car.com](http://www.anci-traffic-car.com) // [NoTraffic.com](http://NoTraffic.com)



**Evelyn & Dominic**

Grade 3 Humility & 3 Integrity



## **The Mystery Grandma**

by

Jacquelyn Rusli, 4 Humility

“OK Dad. I will buy one for her  
Michael, the son, went off to the famous St. Jewel’s exclusive jewelry store. There were so many diamonds, rubies emeralds and sapphires. Suddenly, as Michael was looking around the shop, he noticed an old lady. She was a Grandma, but he thought she looked like a burglar, so he watched her suspiciously. Michael asked the shop assistant, “What jewelry do you have that is famous?” “The famous jewelry is over in the left corner,” replied the assistant. “OK, Thanks,” replied Michael. He walked over to take a quick look, but right beside him was the grandma.

The grandma looked to be around 78 years old. She had white hair and small, arrogant eyes. She was wearing a very expensive dress and a beautiful necklace with gorgeous earrings. She was wearing high heels and carried a sparkling bag. She suddenly started staring at Michael. “Hello,” she said. “Umm... Umm... Hello,” Michael replied. “Would you mind? I’d like to take this necklace.”

“Oh, yeah. Sure.” The grandma put the necklace into her bag without paying. Michael shouted, “Excuse me, Sir! That lady just stole a necklace. As Michael spoke to the shop assistant, the old lady ran away. “Oh, really? OK, give me a moment to call the police.”

Michael went home and told his parents. They decided to do an internet search about the grandma and what they found was shocking. She was actually a professional thief. She was wanted by the police, and she was still at school. Michael’s parents decided to call their good friend, Andy, who was a detective. Andy had been studying to be a detective since he was five years old. He decided that he would find her.

When Andy arrived at the jewelry store, he immediately found her footprints. He followed them until they led him to an old, dirty, small house. He looked in through the open window and saw a passport on the table. He reached for it and saw that she had ten black marks in it for going to jail. Suddenly detective Andy jumped at the door and smashed it open. He wanted to find the old woman and the necklace. She was in the bathroom taking a shower and Andy could see her jewelry collection. There were more than thirty necklaces!

Detective Andy waited for the woman to put on a bath robe, then he took her outside. "What are you doing?" she yelled, "I haven't finished my shower."

"Taking you to jail," said Andy. He took her to the police station and she went to jail. Detective Andy went home, another case solved.

"Happy birthday Mom," said Michael.

"Thank you, Michael for such an exciting birthday," replied his mother. Then Michael realized that he didn't buy her a present yet. "Oops!"

## *The Mystery Grandma*

**Jacquelyn Rusli**

Grade 4 Humility

## The Stealing

by

Anya Rahardja , 4 Respect

“Quick! After him!” yelled a very stressed Officer Isaac. There had just been a bank robbery and they were running away! Several police cars chased after the thief. “They’re getting away!” yelled a guard. Jordan Brown and his detective partner, Hector Smal, chased after the thief. The cars went at full speed and yet could not get them. A piece of paper attached to a pop-gun fluttered delicately out of the window and landed on the roadside.

“The Sly. That’s his name, or what he calls himself,” said Jordan, disappointed that he did not catch the thief. His partner, Hector Smal, stood alongside him. Officer Isaac joined the two gentlemen, holding a plastic bag with a toy pop-gun inside it. “Well, did you get them?” he asked. “They got away,” said Hector. Jordan did not know if it was going to stay that way or not, as he had solved many mysteries before. “Let’s go into the bank to look for clues,” suggested Jordan.

When the three reached the building it looked like a tornado had hit it. Pieces of paper were here and there. A statue of what Jordan thought was once a bird was crumbled. The place was a wreck. “Should we dust for fingerprints?” asked Hector. “We should,” replied Officer Isaac who was already looking in the drawers. Jordan inspected an open safe in the corner. Despite his obvious confusion, “We have a very dangerous criminal,” was all he said. “We should have a rest and continue tomorrow,” suggested Hector.

The men parted, saying goodnight. Jordan went home and got ready to sleep, but sleep would not come. He kept thinking of the open safe and the crumbled statue of the bird. Eventually he worried himself to exhaustion and slept.

The next day, on his way to the bank, Jordan saw a toy shop. He saw a toy pop-gun on display in the window and got an idea of how the money had been stolen and the guards knocked out. "Eureka!" he yelled, jumping up and down like a maniac. Even the people around him stared at him. He quickly ran to the bank where he found Officer Isaac. The officer was delighted. "My dear boy, how could you have ever figured that out?" he asked. "Figured what out?" asked a very confused Hector Smal. "How the money was stolen," replied Jordan and repeated his theory to Hector.

"So he used the pop-gun to hit the statue!" Jordan explained. "When the pop gun was thrown out of the car window it may still have had The Sly's fingerprints on it! Officer, do you still have the pop-gun?" "Yes, I do," replied Officer Isaac. Jordan knew very well that the case was about to be closed. They quickly went back to the police station to get the fingerprint powder and the once-very-mysterious pop-gun. They dusted for fingerprints and one soon showed.

"Here is the largest one and I am guessing that it's the thumb print," said Hector. Officer Isaac, however, was looking at it curiously. "This fingerprint belongs to Mr. Robert Stark, our security guard. We shall arrest him at once. That dirty rat!" Robert Stark turned up suddenly and said, "Sir. We have found the culprit." "Yes, we have, and its you! Guards!" A dozen or so officers surrounded him, put Stark in handcuffs and then led him away.

## *The Stealing*

**Anya Rahardja**

Grade 4 Respect

## Escapist

by

Ethan Hoo, 4 Respect.

Ring! Ring! Ring! The bank alarm went off! Bob, stealing six thousand bucks made a run for the door. Suddenly, police officers hand-cuffed him. Bob was caught.

He was sent to a prison on an island off the coast of Dover. He was given, by the prison wardens, an orange prison jumpsuit, a raincoat and some toiletries. He was placed in a cell with the bed hanging from the wall, a desk a toilet and a sink. The prison had fifty cells, a library and a mess hall connected to the showers.

Bob ate cereal and milk for breakfast, ham sandwiches for lunch and tomato soup and baked beans for dinner. Bob needed to get out!

Trink! Trink! Trink! went the guard's truncheon across the bars looking for weak, hollow parts in the bars of the cells. Bob! Think of something! Then...Aha! Bob knew how to escape.

At the library Bob learned how to make a boat out of raincoats. During the work period he stole materials such as paints and cardboard. At lunch he stole spoons. At night or in a free period Bob would either chip away at the concrete of the ventilator shaft or steal raincoats.

He made and painted lookalike ventilator covers to disguise the growing hole of the ventilation. He made dummy heads so at night the guards didn't suspect him of escaping. He made them out of papier mache.

One night Bob slowly sneaked into the shaft. He went to the armory and stole some blankets, drills, cotton, tape and some clippers to cut the fence. At night, just before the guards searched his cell, he hid his counterfeit items. The guard left and everyone went to sleep. Bob ate the packaged food and drinks. He opened the fake cover then escaped to the yard.

He clipped open the wire fence and put blankets on the barbed wire to prevent himself from getting pierced. He inflated his raincoat raft and rowed back to Kent. He stole a wallet from a wealthy man to get some money and went to a bank where he found money left sitting in a van.

Bob changed his ways. He bought a house near San Francisco Bay. He never married and spent his life helping orphans to find homes. He was always cheerful and loved to tell children his story.

## *Escapist*

**Ethan Hoo**

Grade 4 Respect

Names: Shaanya and Khairan

Date: 1-11-2016

Title - The daydream and the **nightmare**

Once upon a time in a far away land called Union, lived a girl which was half unicorn and half human and her name was **Harley Nightmare**. She was asked to join a **Evil** organization, but she refused to join because she wanted to rule the world. On that particular day, a fairy came and grabbed away her spirit of evilness. Then she became good and changed her name to **Harley Dream**.

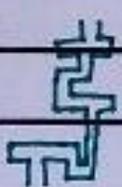
Next She heard about the strongest animal called the **delion** was stuck at the end of the last maze in the Challenging Mansion so she **dashed** to the Challenging Mansion to save the delion in the last maze. When she arrived she challenged herself to save the **Delion**.

She **dashed** in and passed all the **rules** and saved the **DELION** and she **dashed** out.

Names: Shaanya and Khairah  
Date: 2-11-2016

Title - The daydream and the nightmare  
with the Delion and she was proud of herself. After  
that they both lived happily ever after...

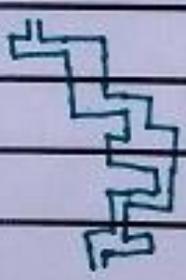
Maze 1



Harley's daydream



Maze 2



Harley's nightmare



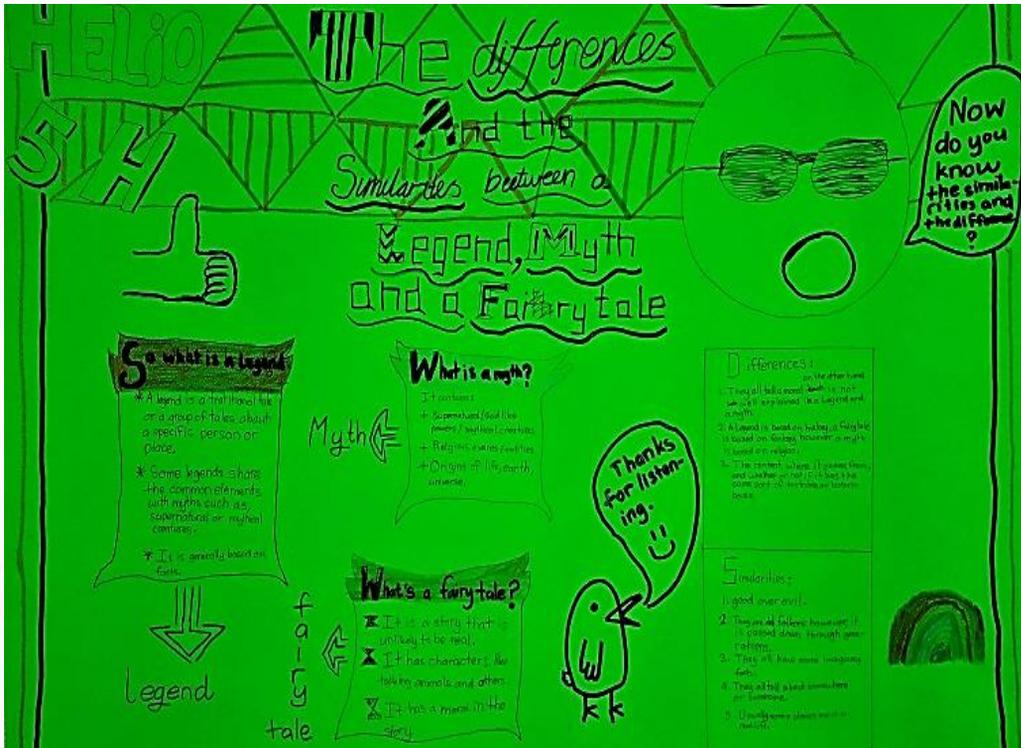
Maze 3



\*Delion is a combination of a dragon, lion and an eagle.

# The Daydream & The Nightmare

Shaanya & Khairah  
Grade 4 Respect



## Myths and Legends

**Aurel Helio**  
Grade 5 Humility

# Myths, Legends and Fables

COMPARE & CONTRAST

## What are Myths?

Myths are made up stories that try to explain how our world works and how we should treat each other. The stories are usually set in times long ago, before history as we know it was written. In myths, gods or "super-beings" used their powers to make events happen. In the stories were the adventures of gods, goddesses, men and women. Around the world, myths were shared by groups of people and became part of their culture. We don't know if myths are true or not, but people all over the world like to read myths and we all like to think about what they might mean.

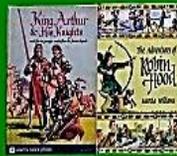
"Myth" comes from the Greek word "Mythos" which means "word of mouth".



## What are Legends?

Legends are also stories that have been made up. Legends are about people and their actions or deeds. The stories are told for a purpose and are based on facts, unfortunately they are not completely true.

Like myths, legends are passed down from generation to generation.



## What are Fables?

Fables are another type of story, also passed down from generation to generation and told to teach a lesson about something. Fables are about animals that can talk and act like people, like wise plants or forces of nature like thunder or wind. In fables, plants and animals act similarly like humans. "Fable" comes from the Latin word "fabula" which means "a narrative or tale".



## DIFFERENCE

### SIMILARITY

#### Compare

- Legends, myths and fables similarly or differently that are passed on from one generation to the other.
- Legends, myths and fables are usually entertaining stories, and moral teachings.
- Legends, myths and fables are in the same way from the past.
- Legends, myths and fables in the same manner are all traditional stories.
- Legends, myths and fables in similar fashion all have a meaning.

#### Contrast

- Fables are short stories without deep in plot or character. In the other hand, myths and legends have in plot or character more detailed.
- Legends are about people and their actions or deeds, whereas a fable is about animals that act like humans.
- Fables are usually addressed to children, rather than legends and myths.
- Legends are based on a true story, however myths and fables are fantasy.
- Myths are stories that try to explain how our world works, in a clear difference fables are about animals that can do things like humans.



DAVE 5T

## Myths and Legends

**Dave Abimanyu**  
Grade 5 Teamwork

Kyle Muggati perched himself against the rough tree bark, plucking out the roots from a thick dense patch of grass. His face scrunched up in depression. How could this have happened? How could he not have known about this?

The war.

His father's death.

Kyle looked upwards, squinting while he glanced at the sun's bright palette of red, orange and yellow. The gentle breeze blew the tender leaves of the ancient tree, causing the leaves to dance as they swiftly fell to the ground. His mind was full of mixed thoughts and feelings. He felt the pain, the sadness, desperation and depression all sucked into his brain. How could his mother lie to him? Kyle sighed while he lowered his head and closed his eyes, and let the entire memory flood into his head.

A few weeks ago, his father had been sent by the treacherous general himself to raid this tribe-a tribe that was rich in minerals that had caught the attention of the Vikings. His father, a valiant Viking and an experienced foot soldier was ordered to go on this expedition to claim the land.

They were the numerous conquerors who lived heroically. Kyle's dad and numerous other warriors ranged into the midst of a great war that had stones and runes would be placed everywhere to commemorate everyone's effort to fight.

A fight that was won.

But also a fight that had was lost.

Thousands of warriors sacrificed themselves for the greater good of the Vikings were now living in Valhalla. Kyle could imagine it so clearly. Corpses laying down on patches of muddy dirt. The dancing fire engulfing the bodies, with the blood splotted all over. He saw his dad. It was too gory, Kyle thought. He despised himself for having such a vivid imagination. What's worse was that his mother had lied to him. His lips was shaky when she mumbled, "Son, it's fine. Your dad is fine."

Lies.

Kyle hated lies.

What was he supposed to do now? He hated his mother. Every time he caught her glancing at him, he could give her a cold, stern gaze at her- a death stare. Could he just accept the way it is? Kyle shook his mind off everything. He stood up and brushed the ants off his leather shirt. He formed his hands into a tight fist and screamed at the top of his lungs.

Odin's beard, he did not know what to do.  
Kyle Mugatti is a lost soul.

Jo An (6 Humility)

*Lost*

**Jo An**  
Grade 6 Humility

# The Golden Compass

by Philip Pullman

~Sophia 6/11

## What animal is the perfect 'Daemon' to symbolize myself?

I think I am a Warg because Wargs live to stay near their own species just like I stay near people I know and don't see shy towards new things just like I am shy towards new people. Wargs tend to be protective but only with specific animals, however, Wargs tend to be shy towards people I am close to.

## What 'Daemon' did I get from the quiz?

From the quiz, I got a 'Wolf'. A wolf can be a follower or a leader depending on the occasion. Wolves are surprisingly shy sometimes because they are quite overprotective of themselves and take time to trust a new animal. Although wolves are protective of themselves, they can also be thoughtful of their own pack.

## What are the similarities and differences between what I know my 'Daemon' can and what I got from the quiz?

### Similarities:

- They both like to trust someone else
- They can both be shy sometimes
- They both like to stay near their own kind

### Differences:

- Wargs can be more fierce than wolves
- Wargs are more gentle than wolves
- Wolves will sometimes fight for themselves while Wargs will just swim away

## What is my personality/temperament?

My personality/temperament is Sanguine-Melancholic.

### Sanguine:

- Fundamentally spontaneous
- Excitable and optimistic
- Enthusiastic and making new friends
- Creative and likes to do things
- None of these social aspects of the Sanguine temperament will need alone time
- Overstimulated and thoughtful
- Forgotten and slightly sarcastic
- Talkative and knows that what they do is right

### Melancholic:

- Thoughtfully pessimistic
- Intellectually curious
- Does things in a rational way
- Unusually high standards
- Becomes sad or depressed if standards are not met
- Has control to except things the way they are
- Has specific questions to get a clear understanding
- Leads melancholic people to become scientists
- Shrewd
- Needs a lot of alone time
- Quite intense
- Melancholic people are experts at the sort of gathering information that the pack the members as they are less likely to make mistakes

## What is a symbol?

A symbol is something that represents or stands for something or in this case, it represents someone.

## What does a 'Daemon' symbolize?

A 'Daemon' mainly symbolizes someone's true personality but a 'Daemon' can also symbolize more detailed things such as:

- Behaviour
- Daily choices and decisions
- Serious and important choices and decisions

## What are the similarities and differences between my 'Daemon' and my personality?

### Similarities:

- Wolves are high achievers just like the melancholic temperament
- Wolves will do what is right like doing what their leader says just like the sanguine temperament
- Wolves are thoughtful and compassionate about their pack just like the sanguine temperament

### Differences:

- Wolves can be fierce unlike either of the temperaments
- Although wolves are thoughtful or others, they are also protective of themselves unlike any of the temperaments
- Wolves have time to trust someone new unlike any of the temperaments

But focusing more into the relationship between the person and the 'Daemon' can also show what a 'Daemon' symbolizes by the similarity of the 'Daemon's' personality and the person's personality such as:

- Each other's trust
- Encouragement towards one another
- Support given to each other

The more they agree with each other, the more the 'Daemon' symbolizes the person.

# Golden Compass

Sophia Owensby  
Grade 6 Humility

The Kings visit. The king was surprised to hear that Antef had a favorite beetle. Usually, and Antef didn't care about anyone or anything. But, of course, everyone has a soft spot in there for something, even Antef. And he went back to work, shouting and shrieking at the top of his lungs. The king was once more only had eyes for his pyramid and thought 'my pyramid is simply divine'.

The next day and Antef work early, ready to go to work. "A tough day yesterday, huh? Heard your shouting", his sister Farah, laughed. And he looked at her with such a scowl.

Just because I'm a girl, doesn't mean I can't shout!"Yes 'he' wasn't a he, she was a she. In fact, her name is actually Dafia. The girl with unusual brown hair, that is always partial to the left side.

Many workers knew that Dafia was disguised as Antef, although not many new why. The real Antef had disappeared the night he was walking home, after meeting king Amenemhat.

Come on you smelly..., Faster! Dafia (disguised as Antef) shouted as sweat ran down her face like fire burning on her skin. She knew that she could no longer keep her secret. The secret about why Antef had disappeared. But she had to try. She couldn't risk being caught. Not again!

Fetch me my gold slippers! The king ordered. The servant came back he put the slippers on the kings feet and left the room. It was time for the king's daily visit to see the progress of the pyramid. It was looking fantastic.

The king arrived at the pyramid. The permit looked fine. Although, the king came to see the pyramid, he was curious as to why Antef had been avoiding him lately -ever since their meeting, in fact. He decided to speak with Antef so he ordered a servant to bring Antef. Dafia bent forward, his face looking at the sizzling sand once more. "Antef, it is very nice to see you and finally speak with you again." The King said.

"If you were to remember, we had a meeting about something important. You said you would come the next day, bringing a certain beetle. Why didn't you? Are you feeling alright? Asked, the king.

"Yes fath..... I mean your majesty". Antef walked away. As he walked, the wind blew away his wig. He stopped. He prayed the king didn't see that. Unfortunately, the king did see her unusual brown hair that was parted on the left signed.

He asked that she turn around

"I'm sorry father ..."

Stella 6I

*Antef*

**Stella**

Grade 6 Integrity

## Being An ACS Student

Filbert

I am Filbert a compassionate ACS student,  
I wonder if I can potentially get an A\* for my poem,  
I hear compliments that I'm a confident person,  
I see my knowledge building up in ACS,  
I want to help my friends in trouble,  
I am Filbert a compassionate ACS student,

I sometimes pretend to be happy when I'm sad,  
I feel love from everyone in ACS,  
I touch people's hearts to help them when they're in need,  
I worry about what I will be in the future,  
I cry if I see someone hurt,  
I am Filbert a compassionate ACS student,

I understand my friends like the back of my hand,  
I say "YES!!" if I accomplish something,  
I dream about my bright future,  
I try to smile even when times are tough,  
I hope that we can all live up to our ACS dreams,  
I am Filbert a compassionate ACS student,  
Filbert.

## *Being an ACS Student*

**Filbert Amarion Gunawan**

Grade 7 Humility

## I am calm like a fish

Nicole

I am calm like a fish yet I'm wild like a tigress,  
I wonder who's going to appear out of the blue,  
I hear them ranting about me like the zoo,  
I see them seeking control of my life effectively,  
I want life to go by slowly,  
I am calm like a fish yet I'm wild like a tigress.

I pretend life is a dream,  
I feel so mad I could scream,  
I touch no one's heart because I try not to be emotional,  
I worry that I get too up close and personal,  
I cry when life hits me like a wrecking ball,  
I am calm like a fish yet I'm wild like a tigress.

I understand life is a battle,  
I say we stop judging a book by its cover and title,  
I dream about ostriches flying,  
I try to keep my feet on the ground,  
I hope for the best and expect to be fine,  
I am calm like a fish yet I'm wild like a tigress,  
Nicole.

## *I Am Calm Like a Fish*

**Nicole Simorangkir**

Grade 7 Respect

## Me

Sultan

I am what I am no one cares or knows,  
I am a self-consumer of my woes,  
I feel my woes rise and vanish in oblivion,  
I touch the shades of love and loss of my woes,  
I am alive only when I abide in the shadow of His wings,  
I am what I am no one cares or knows,

I am a talented student who loves to eat,  
I pretend everyday is a weekend,  
I have lots of friends,  
I cherish one of them, Ben,  
I am sure my talents go beyond my school,  
I am what I am no one cares or knows,

I am a fat and lazy boy,  
I am the kind of boy you would find lying around,  
I faint whenever I run into a clown,  
All I want is my crown,  
I am 116 pounds,  
I am what I am no one cares or knows,  
Sultan.

*Me*

**Sultan Putra Priesa**

Grade 7 Teamwork

## Bomb Disaster in Kabul



year. An example would be the incident in 19<sup>th</sup> December 1997 where a bomb was detonated in the heart of Kabul leaving more than 12 people from the security

exploded under a truck at about 4:30 p.m. local time."

"I was leaving the Ministry of Higher Education when I heard the explosion and saw two people on the ground. One of them was missing a leg," said a witness at the scene.

Officials still do not know who the culprit is. Although most speculate that the Taliban are behind this attack, it is still possible that some other group or lone individual is behind this incident.

forces killed and 21 civilians injured.

"There was nothing that I could do to help; the explosion was unexpected," explained a witness of the event.

One of the Afghan police who was securing the area said, "The 'sticky bomb'



**By: Arthur Oentoro**

On the 9th of January, in Kabul, Afghanistan, over 46 people including 11 children were injured from a bomb explosion planted underneath a truck. A magnetic "sticky bomb" was stuck underneath the truck. Although there isn't any clear evidence known as of now, most witnesses have claimed that the Taliban were behind this.

Afghans have suffered from other similar incidents this

The Kabul Times

Editor - Roseline Gunarto | News Reporters - Arthur Oentoro & Walter Papan | Feature Writers - Jonathan Suganda & Evan Yoga | Editorial Author - Louisa Wirawan | Comment Writer - Alyssa Adiwidjaja & Rafat Justin | Other Content - Walter Papan & Arthur Oentoro | Publisher - Roseline Gunarto

## Mazar Chaotic Slaughter

**By: Walter Papan**

Taliban Regime slaughters 2,000 lives inhumanly in the northern city of Afghanistan, Mazar, in 2 days.

On 8<sup>th</sup> January, Mazar I Sharif was invaded by convoys of armored fighting vehicles and dozens of battalions of Taliban militias who broke into the city and caused havoc. Taliban troops killed uncountable numbers of civilians in attacks and shootings. Taliban airplanes also dropped hundreds of hand grenade-sized bombs over a wide area on the roads of the city. Surviving witnesses describes it as a "killing frenzy" as the advancing forces shot at "anything that moved", even their own men. At least 800 civilians were killed during the first few hours of the attack alone.

One witness tells this story: "I was washing the dishes in the kitchen when suddenly a loud explosion occurred and then several gunshots were fired in succession. When I came to the living room, my husband and 2 sons were



lying on the floor with blood leaking from the bodies. I instantly hid in the closet right after they checked the bedroom. I cannot express my feelings in words. I am just utterly shocked."

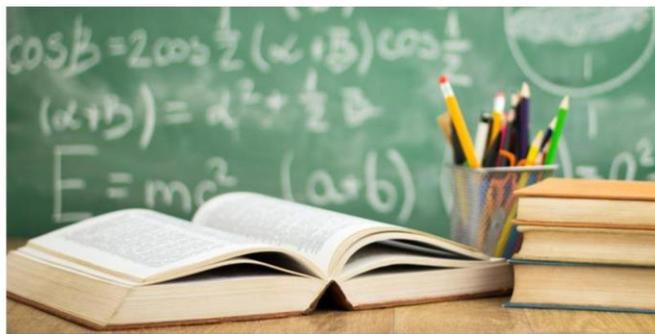
The Afghan military are still trying to retake control of the city to prevent more civilian casualties but all attempts to do this have failed. The Taliban have tied about 100 civilians to poles around the city, ready to be shot if anyone comes close.

"We have already lost many of our brave and patriotic soldiers, about 1/4 of our active personnel in Mazar to the devils and we cannot afford to lose any more men. Our forces will retreat and wait for more reinforcements, as it is for the better," said Abdul-Azaq Al Hakeem, commander of the Afghan National Army.

Afghanistan has already been a place of ongoing war and havoc for nearly two decades now. The massacre and attack of Mazar I Sharif, a city North-west of the capital city of Afghanistan, Kabul is the worst example of terrorism that has ever occurred in the 20 year war between the Taliban regime and the Afghan people with the most number of civilian casualties and property losses ever in a short period of time. What was once a thriving beautiful city has now turned to a place of ruins full of chaos and destruction.

The Kabul Times

## Why Education Matters



**By: Jonathan Suganda & Evan Yoga**

Education is a vital part in everyone's lives and has been a must in countries around the globe. Education is very important and crucial for everyone's future. People of both genders, male or female, should have the same rights to learn.

In Afghanistan, many conflicts arise which leads to wars. These wars are conducted by a group of extremists known as the Taliban who are strict in terms of the law, especially education.

Through education, humans have been able to learn the basic skills and knowledge they need to live and get a job or survive on their own once they become an adult. They are able to know how things in the world work and solve their problems if any arise.

Without education, how will children able to get a job? How will they be able to support your family? How will they find money? Every job needs a certain degree of education which requires certain knowledge. Without education, children may not be able to achieve a higher level of success in their career. Without education, the development of new

technologies and ideas will not be created by the young and growing generation.

The future of Afghan children is becoming even dimmer, and this can cause a country to fall. People become desperate to obtain the money they need for their families. Children in the future may even become a robber, a rapist or even a killer due to the influence this generation gives. Encouragement has to be done for the better. All children should receive equal rights for adequate knowledge and just maybe our country can revive to be the beautiful country it should have always been.

The Kabul Times

## Kabul Youth School



**By: Jonathan Suganda & Evan Yoga**

Do you as parents think your children are not able to gain as much education after the Taliban took over? Join our Kabul Youth Secret School, a school dedicated to teach young children, girls in particular, to be more educated and to pursue their careers and dreams. Founded by a group of individuals who see a brighter future for Afghanistan, we offer the

best for our students, teaching them international-standard level subjects. We prioritize your child's education and safety. Classes will be held in a bunker in Kabul. Our vision is that by educating children, Kabul may once return to its former glory. Following our motto, "For a brighter future", we only want the best for this country. We not only train your children mentally, we also train them physically. This is to ensure that they are able to defend themselves

and survive in the outside world. In Kabul Youth Secret School, we will first teach our students how to read and write. From there, we will then start lecturing them basic subjects. This school only has a limit to 25 students at the time due to insufficient funds to increase the size of our bunker. Even so, we do not crave for your money, though donations are much appreciated. Our facilities include 2 classrooms, each able to contain around 13 students and a library with a few famous and educational quality books such as the famous "The Giver" by Lois Lowry, "The BFG" by Roald Dahl, "Watership Down" by Richard Adams and many more. Founders of this school would be very happy if you participate and let your child join us in this project as we are here to make Afghanistan great again for your future and generations to come.

The Kabul Times

# Women's Rights Should Not Be Left

By: Louisa Wirawan

It is time for the Taliban to realize that Afghan women deserve their rights.

Afghanistan was one of the most wondrous places on Earth. People from all around the world came to visit all its hotspots, especially the shining capital city of Kabul. In this city and throughout the country as well, women were contented, allowed to work and start businesses, to go wherever they pleased with their families. They had the same privileges as men, they had independence, were allowed to vote, and such. However, if one were to look at Afghanistan then and now, differences would be noted.



leave the house without male accompaniment, never to be able to work, and unable to receive an education past the age of eight. Women face the threat of public flogging and in the case of disobedience. The Taliban view women as manipulative; some see them as unintelligent and weak. This view is extremely questionable as there is much evidence to prove this wrong.

Women do not want power over men, but power over themselves. Women are just as capable of doing work as men; they are just as intelligent as men, if only given the opportunity of a good education. Women should be allowed to speak publicly, as they have as much of a right to speak their thoughts as men do. Many powerful government and political figures around the world are women.

Once we were allowed the same privileges as men were, once we

worked, and lived with them. It was only once the Taliban's views were put into action that women were unable to work and were shut away in their homes, unable to leave their houses without their husbands, girls not allowed without fathers or brothers. Punishing women will not cause them to give up their hopes and just comply with the Taliban's rules. Women have just as much of a capacity for greatness as men do, and we should not be underestimated or restricted.

It is true that many women are not as strong as men are, in all matters, and many women in Afghan are indeed not as intelligent as some men, but this is only because they are not provided with the chance for a good education.

It is time that the Taliban realized this, and see that women should be allowed the privileges that men receive. The people should stand up for women's rights. We, as citizens of Afghanistan, should be the ones to fight back against the Taliban's misguided views. We, the people, should be the ones to right the wrongs that have been done to our beautiful nation, and this is just the first step of the process.

The Kabul Times

# Poverty Crisis Needs an End

By: Alyssa Adiwidjaja & Rafael Justin

Poverty in Afghanistan has been a main issue of the country, and it is getting worse every year. This was due to the lack of control in the government and the power, where they have treated the Afghan citizens badly. With a population of 30.55 million people, only 28.1% of the entire population over the age of 15 is literate, meaning that 71.9% of adults are incapable of even basic reading and writing skills.

The poverty is most heavily concentrated in the rural areas of Afghanistan, with 29% of the rural households have access to



electricity and 19% have access to safe water. Compared to urban areas, more household in the urban areas have access to the resources, where 90% of the households have the access to the electricity and 58% have access to safe water.

In our opinion, the poverty in Afghanistan isn't fair, as the poverty focuses most on the rural areas, and this would be because of the occupations and the system in the society. Such as how the workers are treated in

the different areas, and how it would benefit to the events in the country and lifestyle of the people. We believe that they should improve their quality in their

household by starting to preserve their clean water and find a way to have more, and should also have medical checkup to prevent major illness from being spread across the country. We could also purchase paint or repair parts for anything broken, and by bringing paint we could show that we care for them and their home. We need an end to this devastation, or else the whole country will be condemned.

The Kabul Times

# No Yeast Homemade Naan

Make a batch of four homemade Naans for your family with this easy recipe.

## Ingredients

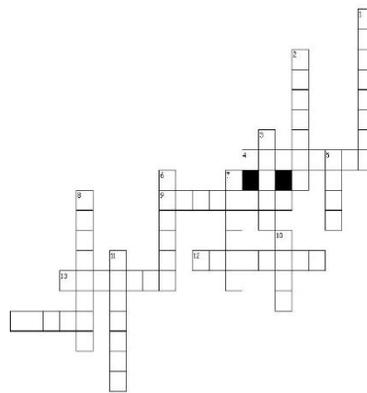
- 1 ¼ cup all-purpose flour (5.65 oz. / 160 g)
- ½ teaspoon baking powder
- 1/3 teaspoon granulated sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 3 tablespoons + 1 teaspoon milk (50 ml)
- 2 tablespoons butter (1 oz. / 27 g)
- ¼ cup plain, creamy yoghurt (2 1/3 oz. / 65 g)



1. Mix flour, baking powder, sugar and salt in a bowl.
2. In a small saucepan heat milk together with butter (in small pieces), until butter has melted. You can also do this in a microwave. Let the milk cool down slightly.
3. In a big bowl add yoghurt and stir in warm milk until smooth.
4. Gradually, add the dry ingredients and stir with a spoon, until the ingredients come together.
5. With your hands, knead to smooth dough. It's best to first knead in the bowl and later on a lightly floured surface. If the dough is still sticky, add a little more flour.
6. Let the dough rest for at least ½ hour on a lightly-floured surface and put the empty bowl upside-down on top of it. Alternatively, let it rest in the bowl, covered with a kitchen towel. The longer the dough rests, the softer it gets and the easier it will roll out.
7. Split dough in 4 equal parts, form each of them into a ball and roll out.
8. Rotate the dough-disk while rolling, and flip it over occasionally. Sprinkle with flour every now and then, so it will not stick to your rolling pin or surface. When finished, the Naan should have an oval shape, 6" x 9" large and about 1/8 inch thick.
9. Preheat skillet or pan to medium high heat – but don't add any oil.
10. Pick up the Naan, remove excess flour by slapping the dough between your hands and put it into the pan. Cook until bubbles have formed on top and the bottom side gets lightly colored. Then flip, and cook until done, about 1 minute.
11. Wrap the ready Naans in a kitchen towel while baking the rest. That will make them really soft. Enjoy.

The Kabul Times

## Afghanistan Crossword Puzzle



### Across

4. Skullcap worn by Afghan men
9. Currency in Afghanistan
12. A group of terrorists that have taken over Kabul, Afghanistan
13. One of the two main languages spoken in Kabul, Afghanistan
14. Cloth used by Afghan women to cover their whole face

### Down

1. One of the two words used to call the people of Afghanistan
2. This person is known to be one of the bravest women in Afghanistan
3. One of the two main languages spoken in Kabul, Afghanistan
5. Kabul coin
6. Capital city of Afghanistan
7. A type of flat, round, woolen hat, traditionally worn by men in Afghanistan
8. Mattress used as a bed or couch
10. The popular bread in Kabul, Afghanistan
11. A large piece of cloth that is wrapped around the head and upper body leaving only the face exposed, worn especially by Muslim women

## Afghanistan Word Search Puzzle

A S Q V T P A S H T U E W B F  
 N Q V F T V H T A L N O B K X  
 X T T J M X D G E I B W A X K  
 M Y J N R L D M M O Z H E Z M  
 O P X H E U Q D L C S J V Y E  
 W Z E L G K N F A O D H D D V  
 R X P E U A I T T I U N A M G  
 O M O U L P A Y E B T K E C F  
 D C E U A I U H O W S I R N G  
 A W S S T L O O T E R S L P T  
 H B A V I X M N K T K D I I N  
 C F Q U O D T R O T L N K D M  
 Q W R P N C N J F O R B A D E  
 C R U E D V K I R A D X F N C  
 F L B N N N A N R E R F D F C

BUROAS  
 CHADOR  
 DARI  
 FORBADE  
 LANDMINE  
 LOOTERS  
 MILITIA  
 NAN  
 PAKUL  
 PASHTU  
 REGULATION  
 TOSHAK



The Kabul Times

Ashiresi N. Laksono  
 Grade 8 Teamwork

## Curiosity.

by Chastity Leong 9 Humility

"This is stupid, you're stupid," were the words flying out of my friend's mouth the moment I suggested the idea.

I scoffed, wondering why she thought a bit of harmless messing around seemed so preposterous, "I can't see why you're so against it, to be honest. It's not like the Cunningham Estate is actually haunted. Besides, don't you think it'll be fun?"

"FUN! FUN? You think roaming around in some eerie, decrepit, beat-up, broken-down, dilapidated abandoned... place, that's possibly haunted, mind you, is FUN?!" Arms flailing wildly, she dropped down onto the bed, bright orange hair landing in a tangled mess around her.

"Nice adjectives," I commented.

She ignored me, letting out a resigned sigh, and continued, "I'm not going. But that probably won't deter you in the slightest would it?"

Smirking at her, my eyes lit up, "Now, you're getting it."

My friend rolled her eyes, "Fine, you go ahead on your suicide mission then, I'm staying here where it's safe and warm."

∞∞∞∞

The next few days found me in front of a ramshackle house, a recording video camera in hand, "Hey, Cassidy Freeman here, documenting my adventure into the Cunningham estate." Panning up at the looming edifice before me, I attempted to capture its sinister atmosphere on tape. Eyeing the dubious stains peppering the rotting door ahead of me, a chill crawled up my spine, little hooks of anxiety, fear and excitement imbedding itself into my flesh. Reaching forward to grip the doorknob before me, I found myself unable to move, frozen, as if some natural flight or fight instinct was finally kicking in to stop me from entering.

'Oh, come on, it's not like me to turn tail now,' I thought. Taking a deep breath to calm myself, I forced my hand forward and pushed open the door.

Creaaaakkkkkk...

I jolted, heart hammering in my chest. Eyes darting from left to right, I surveyed every inch of the uninhabited dwelling, adorned with dust and decay. Searching. Waiting. For what? I'm not sure. It was as if I was some stereotypical protagonist of a horror story, expecting some otherworldly being to appear. "I guess it is scarier now that I'm here." Chuckling nervously, my eyes scanned the room one last time. Nothing. Assured that the derelict abode housed only archaic furniture and dust mites, I turned back to the camera, "Let's go deeper."

ooooo

Granted I wasn't consciously searching for it, discovering a tiny trapdoor under the ragged bohemian rug seemed almost a little too serendipitous. I peered at it. "Huh, wonder where this leads." Setting down my camera, I attempted to pry open the hatch. That was my first mistake.

CRACK!

The ground beneath me splintered, a shower of wooden flakes exposing an endless gaping maw devoid of light. There was weightlessness, for a split second. Gravity slammed into me, its omnipotent force sucking me in like weights upon my body, dragging me lower and lower: arms and legs scrambling for purchase, knocking my camera off its perch. The blinking red light trailing me down, down, down, before it to was swallowed by the black contracting chasm.

ooooo

When I came to, the first thing I noticed was the intricate labyrinth around me. The next, a piece of crumpled paper. Picking it up, I unfolded it only to be faced with four simple words; 'Don't touch the walls.' Surveying the scene around me I spotted pieces of my camcorder strewn around, its feeble red light flickering as if holding on to the last remnants of life. Scoping out the area to ensure I didn't overlook anything, I felt tiny tendrils of alarm and horror sink into me. Rooting me in place. Erratic breaths filled the air and my palms turned clammy.

"No. Stop. This isn't the time or place to panic, I need to calm down and find a way out of here," forcing myself to take deep controlled breaths, I steeled my resolve, and entered the maze, determined to get out.

'Just don't touch the walls.'

*Curiosity*

**Chastity Leong**  
Grade 9 Humility

## Of Hills and Lighthouses

by Theonesta Liora  
9 Teamwork

*Man, it's been a strange past few days,* Carter thought as he sat beside his new acquaintance up in the lighthouse that morning.

Two days prior he'd found a curious metal tree stump back in the hills of Lavender Peak - his childhood home - that had a trapdoor built into it. Curiosity had gotten the better of him when he opened aforementioned trapdoor and descended down the even more curious staircase it led to. Most curious was how Carter had managed to knock himself out in the pitch darkness, and when he came to, he found himself here, in the cliff-side town called Lighthouse - a place he'd never heard of before.

It was this new comrade of his, Jasper, who had helped him and offered him a place to stay. He still remembered the moment they first met. Carter laughed aloud at the thought, attracting the attention of his companion. They just looked at each other then, with smiling eyes.

...

Each morning afterward, Jasper would take Carter up to the cliffs. They talked about everything, from joking about how ridiculously uncoordinated Jasper turned out to be - falling arbitrarily multiple times every day - to less pleasant conversations on how Carter was to return home. Every time that particular topic was brought up, it was always shrugged away with a not-so-subtle subject change.

"What's your favorite color?" Carter had blurted a few days back.

Jasper had burst out into laughter.

"Sorry, that was stupid."

The other had shaken his head, "No, not at all. I find it heartwarming to be asked such a pleasant question at an age where nobody cares about that sort of thing anymore."

"Then what is it?"

"Blue."

It was six o'clock on Saturday, and the two were watching the sunset from the cliff-side. Jasper hummed, perching his head on the other's shoulder, "Hey, Carter?"

"Yeah?"

"Thank you," He whispered finally.

Carter fidgeted. "What for?"

"For being the one person who doesn't pity me. For being here, and just talking to me about normal things." Jasper sat up again. "Please, don't forget about me, no matter what."

Carter didn't have much time to dwell on the strange request before Jasper yanked him into a tight hug. He hugged back, arms wrapping around his friend.

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They were returning from the cliffs when Jasper collapsed again, as he frequently did, the only difference being the dread present in his eyes this time. Carter immediately reached out a hand to help him. "Jasper?"

As he looked up, Carter froze. His friend had coughed up blood. The other turned away promptly afterward, but it didn't stop his barrage of inquiries, the ones Jasper brushed off with the excuse of simply being exhausted.

...

Carter awoke late the next morning, barely lucid when Jasper's sister, Emma, appeared in front of the guest room with a horrified look on her face. She grabbed his hand without a word uttered between them, and dragged him upstairs, shaking away his drowsiness. Carter wanted desperately to ask what was going on, but kept silent. He had a feeling he was going to find out soon enough anyway, and whatever it was, he suspected it wasn't going to be good.

What he found was much worse than initially anticipated. Entering the room, he saw Jasper laid down on his bed, eyes shut, and his parents in the corner, conversing with a doctor. Carter's vision blurred. Slowly, he turned to the twelve-year-old hiding behind him. "Emma," he started tentatively, "What happened?"

Glistening red eyes met his. The words spoken afterward seemed as though they were slowed down; repeated infinitely over and over in his mind: "He's gone, Carter."

He ran. Outside and away, to the cliff-side where he was told he first appeared. Now that the end was clear to him, he could finally piece together the signs that were so obviously there.

Carter kicked a pebble off the drop, cringing every time Jasper's muscles had seemed to just stop functioning, all those times that the two had joked. He wanted to kick himself. Jasper had full on collapsed the day before, and had been *coughing up blood*. How did Carter not suspect anything after *that*?

Another pebble flew.

*"Thank you,"* Jasper had told him just last night. *"For being the one person who doesn't pity me. For being here, and just talking to me about normal things."*

He lifted his leg once more; his thoughts clouded. He kicked in slow motion; missing the pebble by a mile, foot slipping against sand. He felt himself fall despite his mind being somewhere else entirely, thinking about the faded details that the past few days entailed. Then he had truly come full circle, as the world went from blurry to dark, once again.

...

Carter woke with a pounding headache and little recollection of how he'd managed to pass out again. He felt the strangely familiar tickle of dandelion weeds where he lay. Green eyes flew open immediately with realization, and he sat bolt upright. He was back at Lavender Peak.

## *Of Hills and Lighthouses*

**Theonesta Liora**  
Grade 9 Teamwork

## The Woods

by Victoria Halim

9 Teamwork

*Drip. Drop. Drip. Drop.* Jane awoke from the sound of raindrops striking the ground. She slowly opened her jade eyes, only to be met by the dark night sky. She observed her surroundings, seeing pine trees in every direction. "Am I in the woods?" she asked herself. "What could I be doing here?" To make it even odder, a shovel was laid on her right, and there was a half-dug hole on her left. As she tried to recall what exactly happened, her head started to ache; a loud ringing in her ears, the excruciating pain bringing tears to her eyes. "It must be a bruise," she thought. After the pain subsided, she realized that the rain was getting heavier. "Gosh, I better get out of here before I get drenched", she thought. Easing herself up from the cold, damp ground, she hissed as a sharp stabbing pain lanced up her left leg, forcing her back down. A quick glance down told her all she needed to know about the deep grisly gash. "Hello?" a deep voice called out. "Is anyone there?" "Yes! Over here! Help me please!" she cried. She heard footsteps quickly approach her, and soon enough a cloaked figure emerged. "Oh dear," he asked as he crouched down next to her, examining her gash. "What happened to you Miss?" "Jane," she replied. "I'll bring you to the doctor right away." Jane thanked him as he took off his cloak, wrapped it around her and carried her in his arms as they went to town.

"We're here," the man said as the duo halted in front of a small wooden cottage located just in front of the forest opening. "Claude! It's Winter!" Winter shouted as they entered the cottage. As they entered, Jane saw a tall, brunette man with baby blue eyes – who Jane assumed was Claude, making Earl Grey tea. "Winter, what did I tell you about –" Claude stopped talking as he saw Jane. Eyes wide in surprise, he soon recovered his charming smile. "Well, what do we have here?"

Claude swiftly sutured Jane's gash in a few minutes, Winter watching him as he did so. "You also have a bruise on your head don't you? I'll fetch some ointment to treat it," he said as he rose up to walk to the medicine cabinet. "How do you know that I have a bruise on my head?" Jane asked. Claude froze. "Doctor's instinct," he finally said, turning to wink at Jane. "Claude! Is Jane alright?" Winter shouted as he slipped on his coat. "She'll have to stay here for a night to recover." "Oh, I see. I'll be going now, take care!" "Bye Winter!" Jane exclaimed as Winter shut the door. Claude quickly treated her bruise. "Well, that's that." "Thank you Claude," Jane said with a smile. "I'll go up and-" "Oh no, no," Claude said, interrupting Jane. "It would be rude of me if I don't entertain my guest," he said as he turned around to face her, his charming smile replaced by a leering smirk. "So, Miss Jane. Would you like to hear a little story of mine?"

*“Once upon a time, there lived a little boy named Claude. He was an orphan who lived alone in a small cottage near the woods.” “Is this Claude you, sir?” Jane asked, amused. Claude smiled and continued the story, “However one night, he saw a cloaked man dragging a young lady into to the woods, far away from town. Her legs were slit, forming deep, ugly gashes. Innocent little Claude followed them, curious to see what the man was going to do to her. The little boy then silently watched the man behind a tree. The man picked up a shovel and dug a deep hole. The young lady frantically flailed around and screamed for the little boy to help her. However, he just stood there and watched. With the lady still alive, the man threw her into the hole, and filled it with dirt. As the man left the woods, Claude smiled with glee after he saw the events that had transpired. After that, he decided, that every month, he would perfectly recreate the events that he saw that night.”*

“So, Miss Jane. What do you think of my story?” Claude asked as he grinned. Jane limped as fast as she could towards the door, her hands shaking as she tried to open the door. “Help!” she shouted, desperately banging the door. “Don’t leave yet, the story’s not over,” Claude said, eyes bright with fever. “One night, Claude decided to venture out for his new victim. She was a pretty young lady, with red hair and jade eyes.” Jane continued hysterically banging the door with her fists, getting more and more panicked each second. “Claude successfully slit her leg and dragged her to the forest, just like the cloaked man back then did. But then, as he started to dig a hole, he heard footsteps approaching.” Jane limped to every corner of the room, looking for an opening. “Claude struck the lady on her temple with his shovel out of fear that he would be discovered, hoping that it would knock her out so that she could not recall what had happened. Sure enough, the lady forgot everything she went through.” “Keys, keys. Where are the keys?” Jane thought as she hastily opened and checked every drawer she could see in the room. “Miraculously, the lady returned to the killer’s lair with the help of a charming young man that helped her in the woods.”

“And well,” he said as he fiddled with the kitchen knife in his hand, “you know what happens after that, don’t you Miss Jane?”

## *The Woods*

**Victoria Halim**  
Grade 9 Teamwork

## **A captain not worth his salt**

By Nicholas Dharmadi Class 10H

I stand, leaning on the nasty railing of a repurposed tug boat, tapping hot ash into the cold, rippling water. As the fumes of the cigarette in my hand rise to mingle with the grey smog that belches out from the top of the badly maintained vessel, I try desperately not to look down. Right now my mind is dominated by the noise of the faulty ship's sputtering engine and the stinging spray of ice and seawater, beckoning me to gaze upon the dark, rippling ocean. In truth, I know it is a ridiculous phobia, in the way phobias are. However, in this way, it is made all the more frightful for the only thing my mind can conjure when I look up on that expanse of blackness is the instinct to run. It seems to part easily in the wake of the ferry, but I have made this trip to the Northern harbour before and every captain worth his salt knows that danger lurks around every corner.

Marching back into the control room after flicking the cinders of my cigarette in to the sea, I spy a disconcerting blip on the ancient radar on the control panel. I motion for the Head Engineer, Mr Jones, to come to the bridge at once, but before I have a chance to reach for the intercom, a horrifying stillness comes upon the ship. In the millisecond before the small boat lurches forward, tossing me aside, my expression pales and my heart drops. As I am launched forward, I slam into the Plexiglas windshield, I can only process pain. Just then, as I rise from the floor, I catch a glimpse of the ocean through the windshield and look down upon it stunned. It seems darker, deeper and angrier. The lapping of the waves taunt me, feigning placidity. When I know full well that they could rise up to swallow us whole, like the bile rising in my throat.

I ignore the calls of the irritated passengers, and rush to the restroom to expel my fear. As I wipe the filth from my face and gaze upon the cowardly man in the mirror, I feel only guilt. Once again I have shown weakness, the very same that cause me to be downgraded in my appointment to this blasted rust bucket and idiotic crew. I stare into my grey eyes, wild with fear, and think to myself that I see a hint of old confidence. In actuality, it looked like pure pride and passion to gain that which was lost.

I right myself, comb my greasy black hair and straighten my uniform before stepping out of the lavatory with a façade of renewed vigour. I spew a drawn out response to the few worried passengers while my mind races to think of why the ship could have possibly stopped so suddenly - ice floes hidden under the waves, the decrepit engine finally giving out, or God forbid, a hull breach. Once the whining children and worried young mothers are dealt with, I enter the stairwell and bound the steps to the engine room. As the boilers' blistering humidity and my own nervousness take their toll, my eyes begin to sting from the streams of sweat rolling down my forehead. Luckily, Mr Jones is there to make up for my mechanical ineptitude. Under pressure, he reveals himself to be someone I had severely underestimated and I assure him that I would make a point of rewarding him during the next commission meeting.

He assures me that the malfunction is not the engine, but rather, the ship has hit a physical obstruction in the water. I recall the blip on the radar before and return to the bridge to find that my worst fears have come true. We find ourselves wedged between an underwater spire of rock and an ice berg, mostly hidden under the water and waves. After dismissing any accusations about my negligence towards the controls, I swiftly order Mr Jones to direct all power to the engines which would hopefully help us break through the ice. He complies begrudgingly, complaining about the need for future repairs while I tune out his gruff voice and lean back in my chair. I shut my eyes, feverishly praying for salvation, all the while gathering the stares of the crew. As I say the final words, the old tug boat is revitalised and begins chugging along after I hear the satisfying crunch of the ice breaking.

As I inhale a deep breath of smoke, I stare into the vast expanse of water, fully aware that next time, my fear could just as easily overcome me and reduce me into a blubbing mess. This ship no doubt deserves a better captain at its helm.

*A captain not worth  
his salt*

**Nicholas Dharmadi**

Grade 10 Humility

## Ferry board

Written by Sergio Christopher Widjaja Class 10H

Suddenly, there was a sustained silence. The sounds of splashing seawater and chirping birds were all that remained. Only a few seconds later, angered muttering began to rise, which quickly transformed into furious ranting. The dam that held the water broke loose and the floodgates of displeasure had been opened. The ferry carrying us had halted with no explanation, rhyme or reason. While I was not as bothered or irritated by this occurrence as compared to the other unsettled passengers, I was annoyed to see that our captain had not even shown up to quell the crowd. As the protests started to increase in volume, a voice of salvation came from the speaker.

“Attention, this is your captain speaking,” said a grave voice through the speaker. “Unfortunately, a problem has arisen in our ship’s engine and we are deeply sorry for the inconvenience.” As the ruckus began to start up again with the admission of guilt, the captain continued, “As an apology for this unexpected turn of events, we are offering free food and beverage.” Luckily, the promise of free refreshments managed to pierce through the crowd and the fire was extinguished. The volume of the voices decreased and I breathed a sigh of relief. At least we had gotten some acknowledgement for the delay, and I wouldn’t have to participate in my first riot. Not like we would have accomplished much anyway.

Well. I guess I can get free food while I’m waiting. I exited the boardwalk and retreated inside the ferry. The interior of the boat probably wouldn’t measure up to the Titanic, but it was still an impressive size. As I made my way to the buffet, the sight before my eyes stopped me in my tracks. There was an incredibly long line of people waiting to get their food. It was like a centipede or a caterpillar had been stretched and enlarged to ten times its usual size and length. There was absolutely no way I was going to receive a slice of the cake anytime soon. Defeated, I trundled back to the boardwalk. I wasn’t hungry anyway.

Back at the boardwalk, I leaned on the balcony, feeling bored and contemplative about life. There were a few people outside like me, but they kept to themselves, and I wasn’t in a chatty mood myself. I looked up to the baby-blue sky, decorated with fluffy clouds. The daybreak pierced through the soft white wall and shone across the landscape which sadly, was bare of any island, mountain, or anything green. Just my luck for getting on a boat which had to stop in the middle of nowhere, and it kind of exemplified my point in life at that moment. I didn’t really have a reason for getting on to the ferry, other than being bored out of my mind and having nothing to do.

After what seemed like an eternity, and as I was just starting to consider going for a bit of a swim, the weathered guttural voice emerged from the loudspeaker. “This is your captain speaking,” spoke the voice, “the problem has been fixed and the ferry will soon resume its journey.” Like a swarm of lizards in response to a dropped biscuit, the passengers piled out of the doors and began filling the deck once more. While I was happy that we were going to keep moving to wherever we were going, I was less than pleased by the mass of human forms pressing against me.

## *Ferry Board*

**Sergio Christopher Widjaja**

Grade 10 Humility

## Gone

Written by Cetta Warastri Brilliantoro

It's 5 pm and I was finally home. After a long, exhausting day, there was nothing I'd rather do than go home to you. As I unlocked the front door, disappointment sank in. You weren't there. The house was silent, as if someone used a remote and paused everything. The simmering of chicken in the frying pan was gone. Staring at the kitchen, I can picture you twirling around, atrociously singing a nostalgic song from the 90s. You've always said that I'd miss your terrible singing one day. You were right. The house felt so hollow, as if all the life in it has been sucked out. In a sense, I guess that was what happened. Your cheerful and bubbly spirit had always flooded the house and now that you're gone, it's empty. With a heavy feeling in my heart, I pushed myself to go about doing things as if I would if you were there.

It's 8 pm and Dad was home. Without plenty of pleasantries being exchanged, he went into your room to shower and change into more comfortable clothes. I sat at the dining table like a lifeless doll, my eyes fixed on the empty space on the table where your cutlery would have been, and my ears focused on the sound of heavy footsteps becoming more and more faint.

The food we ordered from your favourite restaurant tasted bland. The fried chicken tasted nothing out of the ordinary, it wasn't too salty or too spicy, it was just fine. Everything about the meal was just fine; the chicken, the steamed broccoli and the fried rice were all cooked perfectly. But that was the thing. It was too perfect, and perfect is boring. I smiled fondly as I remember all those times you said, "It adds character," whenever you messed up one of your dishes. It really does, Mom. I never thought I'd say this, but I truly miss your slightly burnt chicken, or as you'd say, your "perfectly cooked and golden brown fried chicken".

It's 11pm and I was ready to sleep. The blank, white ceiling was taunting me. The television in the living room was blaring out commentaries on a football match between Manchester City and Manchester United. Apparently, Manchester City was leading by three goals. Not that I cared, really. I much preferred hearing the talented singers from *The Voice* along with your ear-piercing wailing, as much as I hate to admit it. Before I knew it, I was long gone in the land of dreams where there are unicorns, rainbows and leprechauns or whatever nonsense you told me as a child.

It's 1 am and I did not know what was happening. I was rudely awakened from my slumber by Dad. As soon as I pried my eyes open, I immediately shut them. All the lights in the room was on and Dad was pacing back and forth as he mumbled something incoherent into the phone. He pulled me out of bed and ordered me to get dressed. The next thing I knew, I was strapped into the comfortable leather passenger seat of Dad's BMW and we were going at a 100 miles per hour.

It's 2 am and I find myself in the hospital. Dad took large strides to the doctor's office and a kind nurse had guided me to your bedside. Looking at you, I didn't want to believe that it was you. Your warm brown eyes were shut tight and your kids were engraved with blue and green veins. Thin, clear tubes can be seen peeking out from your nostrils and mouth. Your pink lips which always had something to say was now a nasty shade of purple, as if you had been freezing in the snow. Your flow was gone, replaced by an air of dread and sadness. I grasped your hand, my thumb grazing yours to let you know that I was there. You have me the softest squeeze back. Thinking about it now, I'm not sure if you really did of it if was merely wishful thinking. As I held your hand, I told you about my day. The noisy classrooms. The bright red painting I made in class. It felt wrong to talk about it, like I was disturbing you. The next thing I knew, I was forcibly removed from the room and the last thing I remembered was the sterile white walls and the strong scent of disinfectant. The kind old nurse who had brought me in looked at me with pity in her eyes, as if she knew something I didn't, before she quickly returned to your room.

It's 3 am and you were gone.

## *Gone*

**Cetta Warastri Briliantoro**

Grade 10 Teamwork

## Analysis of an Advertisement – Selma Raquel Fairach (11H)

The advertisement displayed on the paper is an old ad for cassette tapes. These days people no longer use cassette tapes, and use CDs or cloud sharing instead. Presumably, at the time that this ad was launched, tape cassettes are common and quite the craze. Serving as a tool for recording, a lot of people were concerned about the quality of the sounds and its practicality. This advertisement claims that TDK, an electronics company, sells the best-quality tape cassettes.

Targeted at the mainstream public, the ad tries to make the TDK tapes sound superior in contrast to other brand's tapes. Using terms like "ultra-wide frequency response", "high output and extended dynamic range" and "little noise and distortion", the company is trying to build up their argument on why the TDK tapes are better than the rest. Notice that the creator of this ad uses a tricolon, or the rule of three, and parallelism to emphasize his or her point. Using the technique, readers can absorb the information more easily. It also brings out the ethos of the company, as the terms they used won't typically be integrated into a text unless the person knows what it means.

However, the biggest argument that TDK has to offer does not center merely on the benefits of their products, but also putting down other brand tapes. Other brand here refers to the vast majority of the market, and not particularly on any brand. The first sentence the writer used was a question regarding the reader's knowledge of Pandora's box. They associate Pandora's box with plagues and troubles, and then ask the readers to remember that image whenever they are about to buy a tape cassette. This association of all other tapes except for TDK's with Pandora's box can only hint at one thing: Other tapes will only make people's—your life—difficult. Only TDK tapes are exempt from this association, and thus the advertisement creates an image of practicality and safety.

This image that the writer is building of the other tapes is further emphasized in paragraph two: "Sticking, jamming, tape tangling and breakage." Using another parallelism, the writer makes these qualities easy to remember, thus embedding the negative connotation of other products on perspective consumers' minds. It then brings up a few other common tape-related problems before using juxtaposition to bring in paranoia or worry into the readers' minds. "Capture and keep" and "spoiled or lost forever" are the two extremes the writer decided to use. To capture and to keep means we want to record something that is valuable to us, something that we wouldn't want to lose and a memory that we want to be able to tap back in. Spoiled means to ruin and disrupt, making it no longer worth what it was. Lost forever is quite straight-forward, however the use of the word forever creates drama and heightens the problem, as it creates the illusion of a rift between the person and the sound they would supposedly lose. These two phrases create a juxtaposition that evokes the emotions of the readers, concern and worry, in this case.

In line with the proposed Pandora's box image from before, the creators of the ad decided to use an image of a seductive young woman with a tattoo of a box on her shoulder. Placing it above the content, the image takes up almost two-thirds of the whole ad, making it the centre of attention when readers first come across it. Below the image is some sort of headline or heading, asking readers to recall their knowledge of Pandora's box. It is clear that they are trying to get readers to remember about the whole Pandora box theory regarding other tape cassettes, and this image is a visual tool to make them remember better. Aside from that, women are often objectified in advertisements, as it is believed that more customers will be attracted to attractive women than the product alone. The tattoo plays its part on being the red line between the image and the content. Had it not been there, it would just be an irrelevant image of a pretty girl, which will disrupt the flow of the arguments in the text underneath it.

Drifting away from the argument centered on other products, TDK then uses assertion to convince readers that their products are the best. They stated that readers can only be sure of TDK tapes, and say that their products will never let consumers down. However, these values cannot be measured, and there is no way to prove that claim due to its intangibility. The same thing is done in the next paragraph where TDK claims to be the world's finest quality. This assertion is so strong that some people won't even question it. Despite the lack of arguments or evidences to support the claim, the confidence and conviction that oozes out from the text is enough to sway readers.

The closing paragraph of the text once again touches on the Pandora's box argument. Having used that image for other brand tapes, the writer uses "trouble-free" to describe TDK tapes in contrast. Comparing the two images emphasizes on which product consumers should go for. It also makes their product look better in comparison. The use of the word "reliability" also creates a sense of safety whenever consumers use the product, highlighting its fine qualities once again.

After all those arguments and persuasion, the question dawns upon the readers. What is the specific model or type of cassette they are trying to sell, and what does it look like? The image of a cassette tape rests in the middle of the text, and that is your product. Placing it in the middle draws people's attention and makes it hard to miss. It is also strategically sized to take up more than two-thirds of the horizontal length of the content, embedding the image onto readers' minds. The name of the TDK tapes itself are only brought up twice in the text- once in the middle, and once towards the end. This is perhaps something the writer could've given more thought into, as the placement does not help readers remember easier.

ive buyers. It is easy to read however, and the structure is well-organized, and thus appealing to the eyes. This ad will certainly make for an enjoyable read on the ride home, even if does not market the product to its full potential.

Below it is a slogan, echoing “Purity in sound”. This slogan can easily be remembered by the readers, and serves as a reminder of the company’s vision. As cassette tapes are used to record sounds, having a slogan that focuses on having the best sound quality is quite a convincing push for the general public to start purchasing. Below the slogan, lies a few means of communication and also an address. This increases the validity of the company- also called ethos- as they have a legitimate working place or office, and a contact number at which prospective consumers can inquire about the company and its products. Next to that is the company signature, which consist of a logo that the readers can easily remember and recall every time they come across a TDK tape, or any tape for that matter.

All these stylistic devices and uses of different parts of the ad create a specific tone and mood, one of enthusiasm, informing, and even sarcasm at some points. The overall text is not too technical which makes it easy to understand, and the comparison with Pandora’s box is quite comical. This sets the mood to be playful to some extent, and makes the text enjoyable to read. Thus, even though the text might not appeal too much to logic, its pathos makes up for its lack of logos. Attacking the most common tape-related problems, they make the readers relate and persuade readers to readily accept and trust their tape cassettes.

Overall, the creators of the ad did a decent job on achieving their purpose. The general public would enjoy the ad quite well, but it does raises questions on what exactly sets TDK tapes apart from other tapes. As said before, not a lot of logical argument is offered. Had they told readers more about their technology, they might have gotten through to more people and get more prospect

## *Analysis of an Advertisement*

**Selma Raquel Fairach**

Grade 11 Humility

## Analysis of an Advertisement – Nathan Arlan Djunaedi (11R)

The given text is an advertisement regarding a certain brand, TDK, of audio cassettes. The audience of the advertisement would appear to be towards those interested in capturing and recording audio on cassette as they are presenting their product, the TDK Super Dynamic Cassette, as a reliable, if not the most reliable, brand of cassette available. The writer of the advertisement makes use of various stylistic devices as well as visual styles in order to attempt to persuade the reader to switch to TDK brand cassettes.

On the visual style of the advertisement, its appearance was made to attract attention. An image of a scantily clad woman dominates the majority of the advertisement. The woman bears little to no relevance to the advertisement, having been placed there to attract attention and intrigue the reader as to the advertisement's content. The woman can be seen to be flashing a flirtatious pose, while exposing her shoulder towards the reader, an act considered private and intimate during the time the advert was aired, estimated to be around the mid to late 1900s. Past the striking image, the advert itself has a header which asks "remember PANDORA'S BOX?". This header much like the image, bears no relation to the product the advertisement is presenting, or at least it appears not to. The reason for the header's appearance and content is solely to intrigue the reader further to read the advert after having had been attracted to the advert by the image of the woman. The header presents the reader with a somewhat rhetorical question asking whether they remember Pandora's Box, an ancient Greek myth regarding the release of all evils into the world by a lady opening a cursed box. The myth is widely known and commonly told as a fable or a story to children, so it can be taken that a modern metropolitan area such as New York, most readers would know about the myth. The reasoning behind the rhetorical question is mainly to engage the reader and make the reader curious as to the advert's message. It can also be seen that Pandora's Box is fully capitalised, in order to place significance onto the phrase which the advertisement would refer to the later on in the text.

The content of the advert makes use of the several stylistic devices, mainly to persuade its readers that their competitor's products are inferior as compared to their glorified product. The advert begins by referring to the header, asking again in clearer detail whether the reader remembers Pandora's Box, while giving context to any reader who did not recognize the myth. Here the writer employs a form of hyperbole, drawing parallels between Pandora's Box and TDK's competitor's products. The writer exaggerates other cassette tape's problems by comparing it to Pandora's Box, the aforementioned cursed box containing all of the world's evil.

The problems which can arise from a low-quality cassette tape are nothing as compared to that of a box containing what can be assumed to be pure evil. This hyperbole is subtle in its execution of this act, not actually directly comparing the cassette tapes to Pandora's Box. Instead, it suggests to remember Pandora's Box when the reader buys a different brand of cassette. This acts to form a subtle but significant implication between buying other brands of cassettes and any following troubles or inconveniences. This implication is further strengthened in the next section of the advertisement. Here, the writer lists out a large amount of the problems which arise from using non-TDK brand cassettes. The writer is careful to avoid mentioning that these problems will arise, or even whether these problems even have a moderate chance of arising. Here vague language is used to strengthen the implication that buying other brands of cassette tapes would not be a wise choice. The large list of problems is in itself a form of listing and card-stacking as the advert only points out the disadvantages of using other brands of tape, neglecting to mention any advantages to using these other tapes.

## *Analysis of an Advertisement*

**Nathan Arlan Djunaedi**

Grade 11 Respect

*Question: Write an analysis of the following text. Include comments on the significance of context, audience, purpose, etc. as well as formal and stylistic features.*

The advertisement shown talks about why TDK Super Dynamic cassettes are the best and why people should buy them. From first glance, we can tell that this advertisement was set around 1970s where the use of tape cassettes was prevalent and the discovery of CDs has yet to come about. From this advertisement, we can see how TDK uses several multimodal resources such as impactful graphics, influential visuals and stylistic devices such as, but not limited to-rhetorical questions, parallelism, juxtaposition, assonance and listing.

The audience of this advertisement is most likely to be people who live in America, inferred by the address shown in the company name at the bottom of the page, specifically those who use tape cassettes to listen to music or to record videos. It can be further narrowed down to people who are above 20 years old and men due to the choice of graphics TDK uses, which is a pretty, naked woman. This thus narrow down to people above 20 years old as the choice of graphics appeals and attracts men that are above puberty.

Page 1 of 6

Throughout the whole advertisement, TDK has used both stylistic devices and impactful graphics to achieve their purpose. The main image shown by TDK is a mysterious, pretty, young woman. TDK chooses this image to firstly attract the audience to read the advertisement. This is very effective as graphics would catch the readers eye and would persuade them to read the content of the advertisement. The image also shows a box/chest which gives the reader a sense of curiosity and mysteriousness. Thus, creating a "hunger" to read the rest of the advertisement. As you read the advertisement, we can imply now that what TDK is trying to convey to their audience is a reference to Pandora's box thus, telling the audience to not be fooled by appearances because it doesn't reflect the true qualities of the product just like how Pandora's box was filled with plagues and troubles. This interpretation is also accompanied and supported by the dark shading on the back of the woman in the image as it shows even a beautiful person has a "dark side." This means that even if the other tape cassettes made by other companies look good they would probably have a lot of problems once the buyer uses it. Furthermore, TDK also includes an image of their actual tape cassette and the logo of their company to show the legitimacy of their product and establishes trust with the audience, telling the audience that the product they are selling is real. The advertisement also uses visuals such as the capitalizing of the words "PANDORA'S BOX" to create emphasis and it acts as an "enticing door" to its "theatre" which is the copy of the advertisement.

After the enticing image attracts the audience to read the advertisement, we can see that there is a rhetorical question asked to the audience, "remember PANDORA'S BOX?" This is firstly to engage with the readers directly making them feel targeted, thus persuading them to further read the copy of the advertisement. However, this rhetorical question is phrased in an imperative way

Page 3 of 6

The purpose of this advertisement is to promote TDK's tape cassettes, this is quite effectively done due to the effective use of various multimodal resources, also by listing the features of using their tape cassettes and creating a comparison with the other brands of cassettes. Furthermore, the advertisement makes us think about our decision when buying these tape cassettes so as to discourage us from buying other brands.

The content of this advertisement mostly encompasses all the benefits of TDK's tape cassettes and in a way "antagonizing" other brands by stating common problems faced by people who use other brands of tape cassettes. The tone and mood of this advertisement starts off with an ominous and mysterious tone created by a reference in the form of a rhetorical question to "Pandora's Box." This creates that tone as "Pandora's Box" was filled with plagues and troubles. However, as you go further along the advertisement the tone changes to a more calm and relieving tone as the advertisement makes us feel that TDK has a solution to all these problems.

This advertisement also has a basic structure which starts off with a very big picture, then followed by a tagline "remember Pandora's Box?" which is mainly used to attract audience and to encourage them to read more of TDK's advertisement. Then there is the copy of the advertisement, which is mainly filled with the content of the advertisement. The copy is then followed by the slogan, "Purity in Sound" and finally the logos and the company's name to establish the legitimacy of the product they are selling.

Page 2 of 6

as TDK wants you to remember Pandora's Box and the plagues that associate with the box. TDK wants readers to remember the box when buying tape cassettes making a comparison between Pandora's box and other brands of tape cassettes, stating "we do not know what problems we are bargaining for," unless we buy TDK cassettes.

TDK also uses the technique of listing to make the audience feel that there is an abundance of problems affiliated with tape cassettes, which they could avoid if they bought TDK's cassettes. An example of this technique is shown in Paragraph 2 "...sticking, jamming, tape tangling and breakage." TDK does not choose to use the common technique of "listing in threes," where they use a group of 3 words but even more than 3 to emphasize the number of problems faced by other brands of cassettes.

The third stylistic device used is parallelism. An example of this device is "Only if you buy.... When you buy.... Next time you buy...." This device gives a sense of rhythm to make the audience remember the importance of buying the right tape as the word buy is repeated, thus making the audience want to buy TDK tape cassettes as it seems like the best choice. Furthermore, by creating a rhythm it would be easier readers to memorize the content of the advertisement, like how it is easier to memorize a song compared to a speech.

The last stylistic device used by TDK is juxtaposition "...think of Pandora's Box full of woes-and buy a box of trouble-free TDK." By using juxtaposition TDK shows how great of the contrast between a box of woes and a box of trouble free. Thus, the audience would want to buy TDK's

Page 4 of 6

product as they do not want any troubles when using tape cassettes. This contrast also makes us seem that TDK is the solution to all the problems associated with a "box full of woes" referring to other brands of cassettes.

This advertisement also develops ethos and pathos with its readers. It establishes ethos by putting their logo in the advertisement thus, making them a legitimate company. TDK develops ethos also by putting a picture of their tape cassette in the advertisement to prove that what they're selling is not fake but it is a real product, so establishing a sense of trust with their readers.

TDK develops pathos with their audience mostly by using personal pronouns such as "you" very often throughout their advertisement. This is to target the audience directly and also to make them feel included in the advertisement. It makes the readers feel as if they are experiencing the same problems and makes them have the same view with TDK, that we should buy their products. Some examples are "you don't know what problems you're bargaining for" and "when you buy TDK, you buy the world's finest quality." The advertisement also uses rhetorical questions to engage with the audience, thus developing pathos as it makes them think about their decision in buying tape cassettes and also to hook the audience into reading more of the advertisement. Lastly, the image shown of the product itself is not big and the image of the girl in the advertisement is bigger. This is to give the advertisement subtleness as it feels as TDK is not forcing us to buy its product but instead encourages us, so we don't feel attacked but instead persuaded to read more of the advertisement.

In conclusion, the advertisement made by TDK to persuade people to buy their tape cassettes do provide a lot of effective examples of how multimodal resources are effectively used to achieve their goal. This is due to how these multimodal resources rhetorically appeal to the audience to create a connection between them.

Write an analysis on the following text. Include comments on the significance of context, audience, purpose as well as formal and stylistic features.



### remember PANDORA'S BOX?

Remember the lady Zeus sent down to earth with a little box full of plagues and troubles? Next time you buy a tape cassette, remember Pandora's box: unless it says TDK, you don't know what problems you're bargaining for. Sticking, jamming, tape tangling and breakage. Wavering pitch from uneven speed. Noise. Signal deposits. One way or another, the sounds you want to capture and keep can be spoiled or lost forever. Reliability is no bit-or-myth proposition. Only if you buy TDK Super Dynamic cassettes can you be really sure, sure of having a cassette that will never let you

down: sure of having a cassette that will give you ultra-wide frequency response, high output and extended dynamic range, and so little noise and distortion, you won't believe it. When you buy TDK, you buy the world's finest quality. Next time you buy cassettes, think of Pandora's box full of woes—and buy a box of trouble-free TDK—the cassette with reliability built in. TDK Super Dynamic and Deluxe Low-Noise tapes are offered in cassettes and open reel. TDK—only the finest.



*Purity in Sound*  
TDK ELECTRONICS CORP.  
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actip.com

## Analysis of an Advertisement

Patrick Theodore Tjandra  
Grade 11 Respect