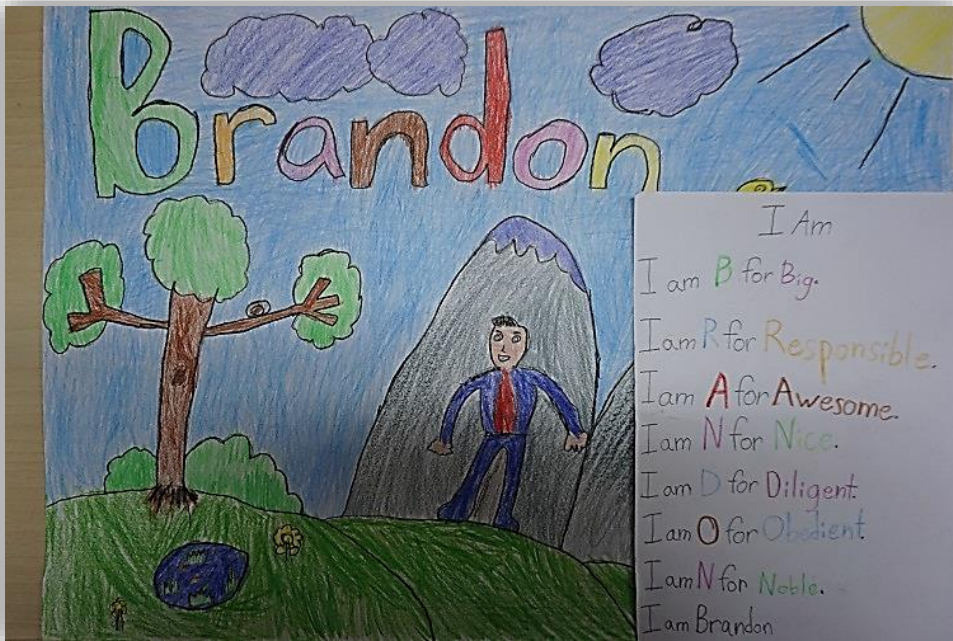




Student Creativity

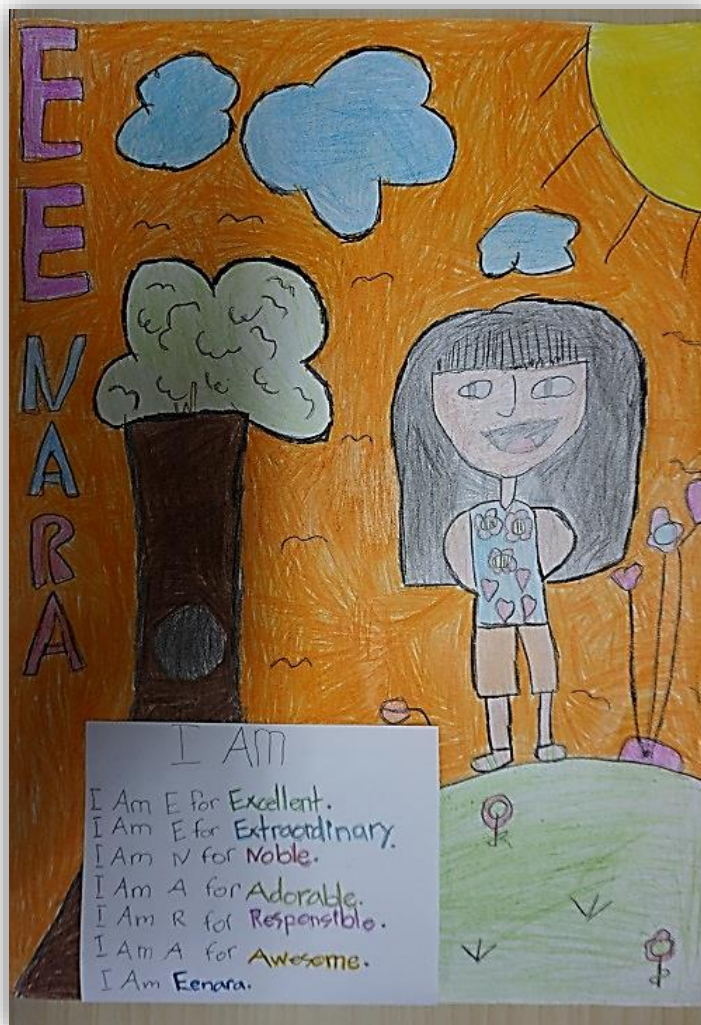
English Literary Works



Name Acrostic Poem

Brandon

Grade 1



Name Acrostic Poem

Eenara

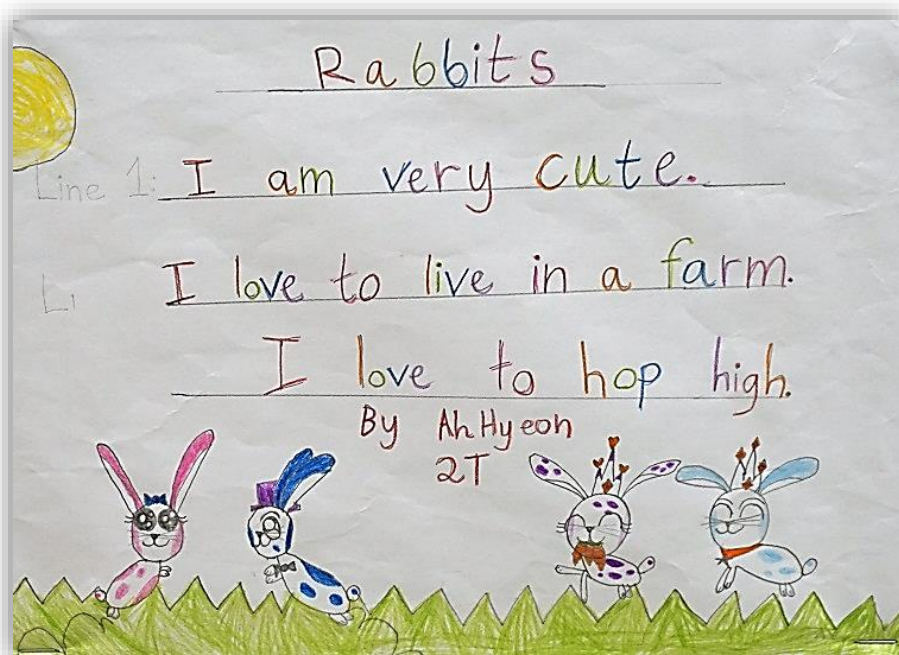
Grade 1



Name Acrostic Poem

Yarra

Grade 1



Haiku Poem - Rabbits

Ah Hyeon

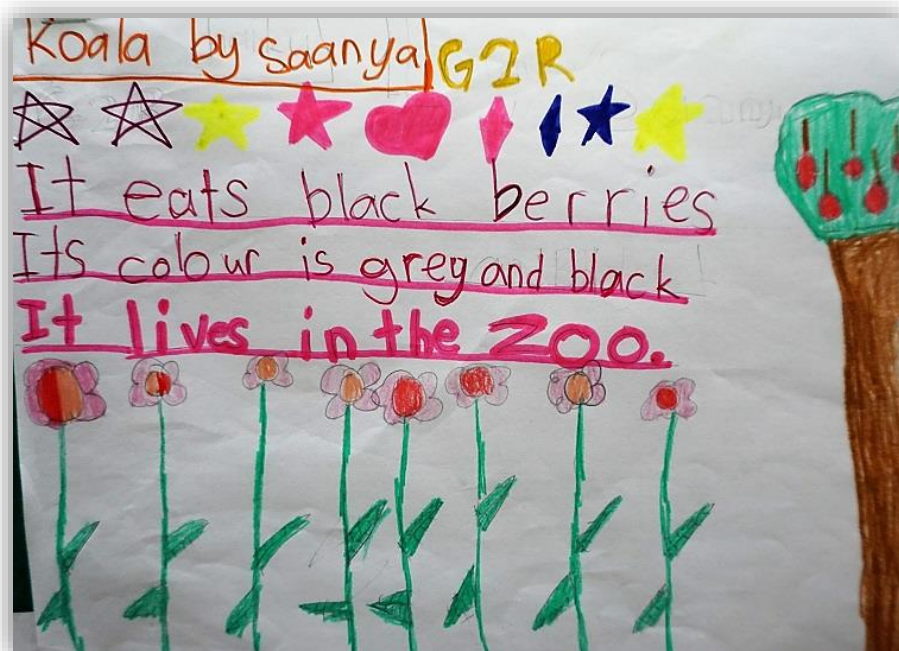
Grade 2 Teamwork



Haiku Poem - Unicorn

Bella

Grade 2 Humility



Haiku Poem - Koala

Saanya

Grade 2 Respect

The Four Seasons

Lots of flowers blossom
Watching the flowers bloom is awesome
It also rains
When it rains the water goes to drains

It is Sunny
You can play with a bunny
You can go to the beach
The sand is kind of peach

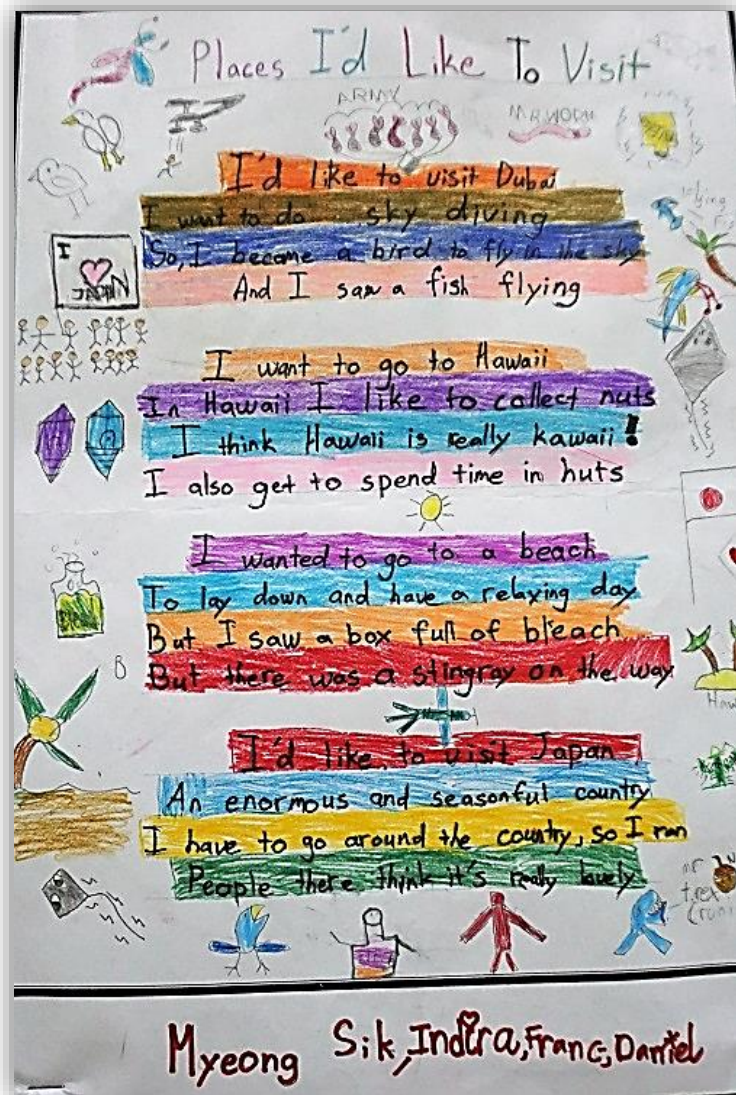
It is beautiful
And the leaves are colorful
It's an amazing view
Probably you won't get a flu

It's when the flowers die
And when the snowflakes fly
It's when you wear sweaters
You can write your grandparents letters

Chloe, Bradley, Rashad, and Sienna

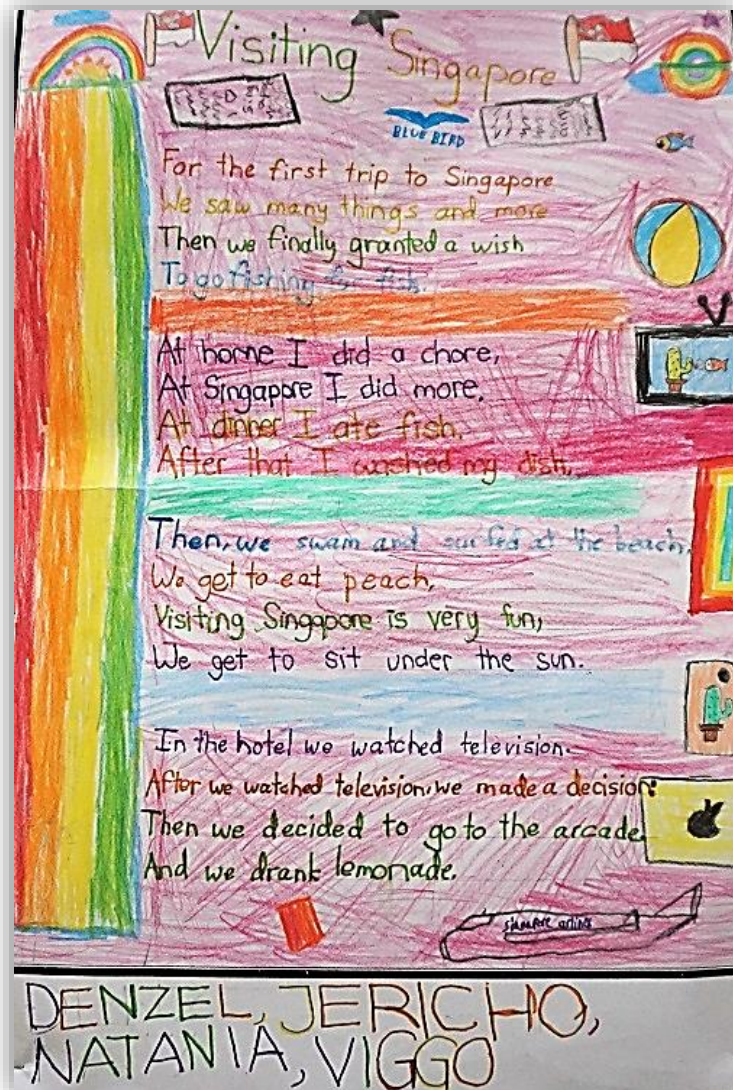
Rhyming Poem 'The Four Seasons'

**Bradley 3H- Chloe 3T
Rashad 3T- Sienna 3R**



Rhyming Poem 'Places I'd Like to Visit'

Daniel 3H- Franc 3T
Indira 3I- Myeongsik 3T



Rhyming Poem 'Visiting Singapore'

**Jericho 3H- Denzel 3H
Viggo 3I- Natania 3T**



*Tanka Poem
'A Snack'*

Dominic Kartadjoemena
Grade 4 Integrity

HOT



Yay! it's time to play.

We can swim and have some fun.

But it is too hot.

I need sweets and a cold drink.

And we can build sandcastles.

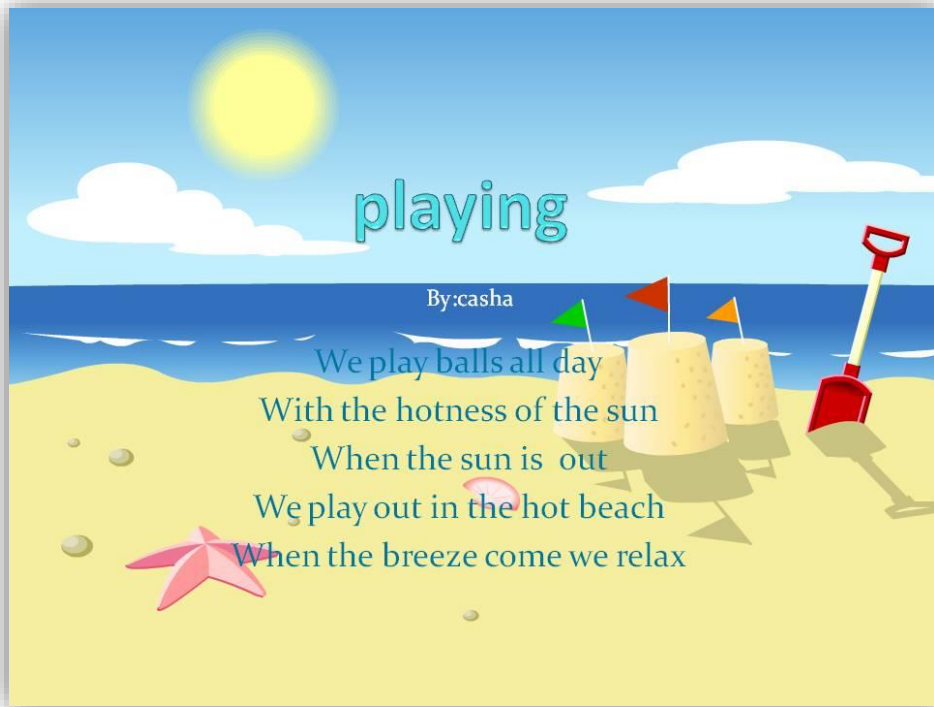
BY=Ana



Tanka Poem 'Hot'

Miranda Suhana

Grade 4 Integrity



Tanka Poem 'Playing'

Vaneea Phallasha

Grade 4 Respect

AUDREY

I am an excellent eater
I wonder if the school has a heater
I hear that talking crowd
I see that beautiful cloud
I wish the world could be neater
I am an excellent eater

I pretend to be happy when I'm sad
I feel scared when teachers go mad
I touch my book
I worry I will not be a good cook
I cry when there's a cheater
I am an excellent eater

I understand that drugs are bad
I say I love my dad
I dream about a bird's nest
I try to do my best
I hope I will be a leader
I am an excellent eater

*Autobiographical
Poem*

Audrey Hermanto
Grade 5 Integrity

CHLOE

I am humorous and a bit cuckoo
I wonder what I'll blossom into
I hear so many whispers
I see so many figures
I wish all my problems weren't true
I am humorous and a bit cuckoo

I pretend I'm in an adventure
I feel the need to venture
I touch my book as I read
I worry I won't succeed
I cry whenever I feel blue
I am humorous and a bit cuckoo

I understand that people have feelings
I say words, sometimes without meaning
I dream about happiness
I try to hide my nervousness
I hope that I can come through
I am humorous and a bit cuckoo

*Autobiographical
Poem*

Chloe Djalal
Grade 5 Respect

SEBASTIAN

I am unique and creative.

I wonder I'm objective.

I hear my mom screaming.

I see her face fuming.

I wish she sees my perspective.

I am unique and creative.

I pretend to not be a squid.

I feel that I'm still a kid.

I touch my head with sadness.

I worry for my madness.

I cry when I'm too sensitive.

I am unique and creative.

I understand how to play a game.

I say that with no shame.

I dream about nothing.

I try to do something.

I hope I'm attentive.

I am unique and creative.

*Autobiographical
Poem*

Sebastian Kartodjoemena

Grade 5 Respect

Unity

Annabelle (6H), Gading (6T), Gianluigi (6R), Jang (6H)

United we stand,
Divided we fall,
Together we are unstoppable
Like god's creation that's unbeatable.

Whether black and white,
Young and old,
With no racism, sexism
Or any other things that keep us apart, we
stand together
Like brothers and sisters

Separated we are like a piano key
Only producing one note,
But together, we can make a harmonious song
That flows through the air.

Like a pin
Separated in half
Scattered everywhere
Useless and hopeless like an ant alone and bare.

With the school values,
We build an unstoppable team,
With rudeness, conflict and lacking respect,
We drift away into pieces that have no purpose.

Black, white, believer, atheist,
You see these labels,
These labels keeps us apart
From loving, caring, helping each other.

Now we learn to care for each other,
No matter their color, beliefs, gender and age,
We stand together
Rather than to drift away

To make a harmonious song,
Rather than a separated pin,
Like an ant alone and bare,
Differences don't matter.

Love each other with differences
Because love is fire
And once it goes out it's hard to kindle.
Unity in Diversity.

Annabelle Soerianto, 6H
Gading Takhta Akbar, 6T
Gianluigi Xeno, 6R
Seonghyeok Jang, 6H

Come play with me... (Jemima and Bianca 6T)

Audrey and Adri arrived in an abandoned orphanage and decided to go in... without knowing that they're in for a little treat.



While Adri was choosing what to do, Audrey decided to scare her



When they opened the door they saw a long hallways in front of them and Audrey decided to walk through it and see what happen



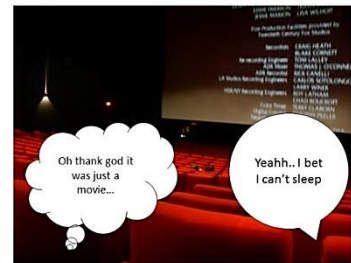
Then they saw a girl.. Holding the exact same teddy bear and she kept on saying "come play with me" Audrey told Adri to run away before she gets caught



At the end of the hallway they saw a door and opened it. Inside was a teddy bear that seemed to be talking to them in a eerie and soft voice.



The movie ended. Jemima and Bianca were left frozen on their seat as they were too scared to move.



Storyboard: Come Play With Me

Bianca Pandjaitan, 6T
Jemima Basuki, 6T

In my opinion, a quality seriously lacking in today's society. We often forget how to treat each other with respect. My colleagues lacks respect. It is something that everyone expects and yet it is something that none has the willingness to show. That is why I am here to address you how important this is.

Now if you would look around the world, there are many people who are so rich, whom instead of helping the needy they end up just looking down on them. Many kids these days actually think it is acceptable to disrespect people and their peers just because they think they own the world. We always tend to take advantage of our teachers and disrespect them. While many of them work very hard to help with our education with the intent of our own good. Instead of thanking them, what do we do? We forget about it, we talk back to them and get all full of ourselves.

People usually measure or make comparisons with each other based on the amount of fame or money they have; but I believe that we need to base it on actually how much respect we earn and give away. We also limit ourselves to respect from those of whom are different from us. I know that we have been taught to respect, but how have we been applying it as examples? Where did this so-called respectful world go to? Is nobody going to respect others just because no one in return is respecting them in the first place? If not; allow me to begin then you continue on until our chain of respect goes around to everyone around us. So instead of being separated by differences in wealth, differences in the color of our skins, differences by the religion that live by in. Let's be equally loving to each and every person because no matter how big or small, a person is a person. We were all made for something, so let's stop wasting our energy and time comparing what we have or what others don't have and putting each other down because of that. Instead use the time and energy available to respect and care for each other because we need it.

Slam Poetry *'Respect'*

Ellis Simorangkir
Grade 6 Teamwork

Alexa-7H-A Penniless Man

Shaggy beards, raggy clothes this is who I am,
catching pennies, sweeping floors all day all night long.
Broken homes, broken life, this is who I am.
I work all day with no reward, picking trash with grabbing tongs,
eating drinking from dirty streets, because this is who I am;
a penniless man.

Melting, freezing, lonely, blue, this is what I feel,
snuggling in a hole filled blanket hoping for some money.
Hungry, thirsty, tired, weak, this is what I feel,
looking out for crumbs of bread, or jars full of honey.
I sit all day on cold, hard ground,
because this is who I am;
a penniless man.

Call me worthless or disgusting, tease me all you want.
Mimic, laugh, point that finger, every single day.
Watch me with pity, or in guilt, look me all you want.
Talking behind my back, I can hear everything you say,
looking guilty and feeling hurt,
because this is who I am;
a penniless man.

I have feelings, I have eyes, I use them to be jealous,
looking in building windows, watching people feasting.
I feel regret, anger, sorrow on the streets of Dallas,
looking out into the blue, crying, screaming, dreaming.
But as I look back, I force a smile,
because this is who I am;
a penniless man.



A Penniless Man

Alexa Saraswati Djalal

Grade 7 Humility

Life isn't Fair



People walk by and the trees are alive,
Some people take their cars and motors to drive,
But here I am on a windowsill, doing nothing at all
I saw something pass by- it was a girl with a doll.

The doll had something that made me jump in shock.
It had buttons for eyes, and its hair was full of socks.
The girl picked at the doll, ripping its hair one by one,
The doll doesn't seem like it's having much fun.

The doll made me wonder what life is about,
Is it really just to live, and die when time runs out?
Why do people pass away everyday?
Are there going to be miracles coming our way?

The chances of miracles seem pretty slim,
The light of the world is getting dim.
So let's scream in frustration, pull out our hair,
For we both know, that life isn't fair.

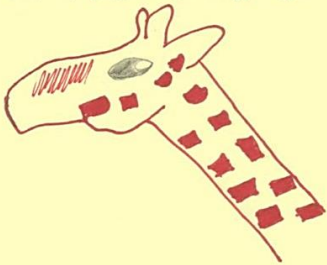
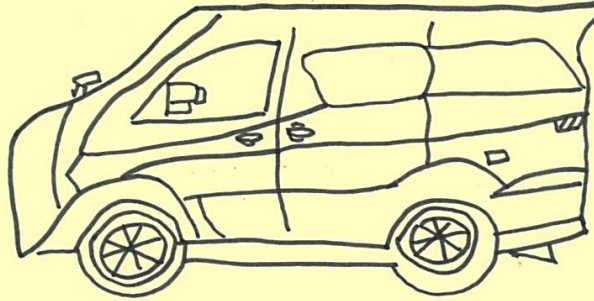
Life isn't Fair

Lovelyta Stella M. Lukman

Grade 7 Teamwork

Me, Myself and I

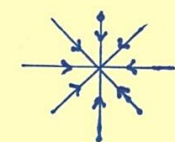
I am an **Alphard**
Sleek, classy and cool
Ugly on the outside
But am pretty on the inside
Looks popular and fun
But is the total opposite



I am a **Giraffe**
Tall and capable
As lazy as a couch
As favorable as ice cream
Although I seem cold
I am actually sweet



I'm made up of **Steel**
Words really hurt me
I erupt like a **Volcano**
But I am not easily mad
Small like an **apartment**
But can store lots of secrets



I am **Winter**
Frozen but sweet
I enjoy the cold
And playing in the snow
Hate the Sun and the heat
But like the colour yellow

Me, myself and I

Mehnaaz Gurbani

Grade 7 Respect

Eco-Engine Endangers Sumatra

The president of Indonesia is planning to implement the Eco-Engine, which is a new invention that reduces harmful emissions to almost zero, on all public transport by 2030 and all private vehicles including motorcycles by 2040. This is to reduce air pollution in Jakarta significantly.

Dr. Joko 'Bob' Pisang of the University of Indonesia said that, "The Eco-Engine will reduce air pollution by 80% in 2040 if all vehicles are fitted with one".

Production of the Eco-Engine requires a rare metal called Ytterbium, which is mined in the heart of Sumatra's jungle. The mining is said to produce millions of tons of toxic waste says Mr. Orang, a local scientist that studies pollution in Sumatra. He also said that 75% of the fish stocks will be killed as a direct result of toxic waste released into the rivers by miners. Locals who depend on the fish for survival are now to face a 25% increase in cancer in the area.

A villager from one of the villages nearby the Ytterbium mines in Sumatra called Adnani said that he is no longer getting the peace and quiet he wants in the village because of the noisy mining. The increasing pollution in the river isn't any better as it reduces the river's fish stocks. Last year Mr. Adnani caught loads of fish but now he barely catches two fish a day.

Despite the dangers the president has strongly agreed to the implementation of the Eco-Engine by saying, "Jakarta is one of the most polluted cities in the world, it is time we clean up!" The invention can be manufactured locally and will create up to 3000 jobs in Jakarta alone.

Experts are divided on whether the government should implement the Eco-Engine on all public and private transport, including motorcycles. Because even though it decreases pollution in Jakarta it creates another problem in Sumatra.

Nearby countries like Malaysia, Thailand and Singapore are also planning to implement the Eco-Engine on all public transport by 2030 and private vehicles, including motorcycles by 2040.

Eco-engine Endangers Sumatra

Anthony 8T

Anthony Matthey
Grade 8 Teamwork



The fall's Breeze

By Keisha 8H

That time of year where the breeze gently blows,
And of most passion yellow tree leaves fall,
From deciduous trees they all stay close,
So I shall hear the rustling of leaves call.

Hides the sun, comes the clouds the air comes soft,
Through dry air the wind feels like peppermint,
Leaves piled up all over streets are seen off,
So I shall jump and leave without a hint.

But the days shorter and nights mellower,
Let me lie loose on the tranquil meadow,
Somehow it makes me lose my hot temper
So I shall drink cold tea by the window.

There comes the cool wind as I gently sit,
And think of how I longed so deep for it.

The fall's Breeze

Keisha Lianto
Grade 8 Humility

A Prairie's Phantom

By: Jonathan Christian, 9H

The forest was eerily quiet. The usual bustling forest where I call home, a place where life bursts as dawn breaks, is now no more. I do not recognise this place. From the mouse, to my fellow deer, to the mighty tiger, none could escape the fear of the night. Rumours spread through the forest like wildfire. An immense dark force has conquered the northern forest, they say. It consumes everything in its path, tainting the forest with its wickedness and strides in the night, vanishing at dawn.

The day grew darker and darker. It was a sign that we must seek shelter. It was as if life had simply abandoned the forest. The animals of the forest lifted their heads above to the setting sun and scurried to safety in their respective strongholds they call home. My herd spared no time to rest and dashed through the hills into the forest as the flaming auburn of light began to dissipate. My heart began to race as the night drew nearer. A creeping evil was lurking near the forest and I felt it. We all did. This day was not like any other.

Hope filled me as the safety of the forest was soon within reach. Yet, everything changed when I leapt. A result of a slight misdirection of my footing sent my head crashing into the dirt, and I found my front leg twisted under my weight. The excruciating pain left me crying for help. But to my disbelief, none came to my aid. I heard the herd surge past me, leaving me alone to myself. The echoes of their hooves rattled in the distance, sealing my fate into ultimate oblivion. The final flash of the sun told me that all hope has forsaken me and left me to die. I can't believe I was left alone. In just one moment, all the memories and comfort I had shared with my herd were now shattered, meaningless. It was as if I had fallen into a deep gaping void trying to grasp the shadows that lurked around me. But it was all in vain, as if trying to grasp water. Was it pure disappointment I felt or was it wrath? Was it wrath that I felt that I was left to die in this world or that I was left by my own herd to fend for myself, as if I was nothing?

Darkness swept across the forest like a raging storm through the hills and beyond the forest. There was nothing that could illuminate the night. The moon and stars were quiet and soon the only thing I heard was my own breathing. I heard and saw nothing but, eternal darkness. Out of the darkness, something groped my hind legs and clawed inside my flesh. I have no strength left in me. I have no intention of going back. What will I find when I go back? I will only see the faces of my fellow brothers and sisters who have left me to die. And so I let darkness take me. Blood trickled down my legs as I was dragged into the final abyss.

A Prairie's Phantom

Jonathan Christian

Grade 9 Humility

Bonsai Tree

Sarah Zata 9R

WC: 596

"Damn it. Yes, I was unfaithful to you. Is that what you wanted to hear?"

Within a split second, I could hear the deafening sound of this entire life together we'd spent years building, shattering. The room was completely still, aside from our periwinkle wall clock, which maintained its steady ticking.

"Well, are you going to say anything?"

Tick. Tick. Tick.

"Blair I need you to say something."

Tick. Tick. Tick.

I lowered my hands from my face, turning to focus on the bonsai tree in the corner. *Our* bonsai tree. What were we going to do with that bonsai tree? We got that thing in Takamatsu around the time we got engaged, and after all those years it was still around. I realized that maybe I did most of the watering and taking care of it, but in the end it was ours.

And the apartment. I'll be frank, I didn't want it. I loved this apartment - spent a lot of time on this apartment. Despite that, all I desperately yearned to do was escape this suffocating room, let out the rage and the hurt bubbling inside me. I wanted to run. Away from Luke, from this apartment, from the bonsai tree and most of all, the truth. Because here's the truth: he hadn't loved me for a long time.

"How long?" I worked up the nerve to shift my view back to him, boring into his olive green eyes, searching for an answer to all the questions I had never asked.

"How long? Blair it was one—"

"No not that. I don't care about that. I want to know how long it's been since you realized you don't love me anymore." He struggled to find a response; raking his hands through his curls that I loved, curls the color of pure chocolate. There was no easy answer to my question, but here's

the thing: he didn't deserve easy. Not anymore. I counted the seconds as they passed, until I simply couldn't bear it anymore. I was done. "I want a divorce, Luke."

"Honey please, I know I made a huge mistake, but I still love you, and you can't lie and say that you don't love me too. We can work through this." His voice grew softer as he gingerly took my hands, twirling the ring on my left. I wanted this. I wanted this so badly. I wanted to forgive him. I wanted him to hold me, and kiss away all the troubles. But he messed up. And I had to start realizing that when people mess up, you hold them to it. More importantly, when people mess up over and over again, you cut them out of your life. Completely.

"No Luke, we really can't," I whispered under my breath, almost laughing.

"And why is that Blair? Tell me, four years we're married and we can't work through this one road bump. Why is that?" His voice the thunder in this storm, threatening and cold. Deep down though, I knew what it was. It was fear.

I took my right hand out of his, and instead placed it gently on his stubble covered cheek. "Because, Luke?" I forced him to look me in the eye one last time. "You don't love me anymore." I pulled my right hand away and slapped him as hard as I could. Then, I slipped that stupid ring off and tossed it at his feet. "You can keep your stupid ring, but I'm taking my bonsai tree."

The Bonsai Tree

Sarah Zata

Grade 9 Respect

The Forgotten

by: Sandra Trixi Imeldaline Pike – 10T

Standing under the pouring rain, I stared at her grave. I know, and most would believe, that it was raining as God was crying for her loss. If I wasn't so miserable and depressed, I might've believed that, but honestly the only one crying here was me.

Bending down to place flowers on top of her grave, I cried even more. I cried that she was gone. I cried that now I'm all alone. But most of all, I cried that all her other "friends" seemed not the last bit affected by this loss. I cried that it seems as though she has been forgotten.

Amelia Parker Rose. The rainbow in the midst of my stormy life. Three years ago, I was practically an orphan. My fifty year old father left my mother for a twenty year old model who was probably only with him for the money. It wasn't easy for me. It's no wonder I started developing clinical depression. To make matters worse, within half a year, my mother gave up on being a single mother, and her "trip" to the grocery store turned into her abandoning me. I was left alone with no money, no father and no mother. All I had was my goldfish. I was honestly not all that surprised, however, it did not mean that my heart wasn't shattered at the thought of being all alone. I walked all the way to Amelia's house that day and as soon as she saw my puffy eyes, messy mascara, and bruised knuckles (punching the wall earlier was a very bad idea after all), she took me in, with a mixture of sadness and anger painted on her face. Unlike mine, Amelia's parents were angels. In a matter of days, they started all the paperwork for my adoption and I have never been happier.

For a year, my life was amazing, my depression was a thing of the past. I had Amelia as a sister, I had amazing new parents, and it seemed as though my life was finally a fairy tale. Sadly, that fairy tale came to an end. We went to the hospital on 5th January 2016 to find out why Amelia's asthma was getting worse. I sat in the hospital waiting room, playing with my phone, thinking that the doctors would simply prescribe her a new inhaler or some medication. Little did I know, Amelia was going to receive the worst news ever.

"Sarah, I have COPD," she mumbled to me with teary eyes and trembling lips. That was the first time I've ever seen her this sad and it absolutely crushed me. Stage 3, out of 4 stages."

I don't understand how none of her doctors noticed this before. Isn't it their job to find what disease you have and cure it? Then I found out, COPD is an incurable disease that worsens over time, and Amelia had stage 3 COPD, which meant that less than 40% of her lungs were functioning properly at that time. I felt depression, like an old friend, return to me.

"I'm the one who's sick, Sarah, not you. So no sad faces and more smiles please!" she cheerfully said. "Besides, hundreds of people have survived COPD, why can't I?"

For a year, what she said came true. Sure, she found it difficult to do sports and she eventually stopped doing any tiring activities all together. She was a fighter and she made it all seem as though she was perfectly fine.

"Amelia, are you sure you're okay? You look like you're about to pass out," I asked her as we were walking at Bondi Beach during our winter break.

"Yes! I'm fine! Don't make it seem like I'm some old grandma who can't even walk!" she exclaimed, too cheerfully in my opinion. Throughout all of her problems, she would put on this permanent mask that made her look constantly happy, but as her best friend, her sister, I could see through it and I knew she was struggling.

When returning from our trip to Australia, we found out that her COPD had turned into terminal lung cancer. Even my parents' abandonment wasn't as painful as that day. I sank into my old habits, punching walls, barely eating and crying most of the day. Amelia and her parents were barely home, as they'd get home from one treatment, only to leave for the next in a matter of days. No one was there to prevent me from hurting myself.

"You'll be okay, Sarah. You don't need me to be happy. I'm sure you'll be fine," she whispered with a weak smile about two hours before her death. The day became worse when her parents started blaming each other for Amelia's death, and in three days, Amelia's Dad left, and her Mom was as broken as ever.

At Amelia's funeral, I stood there staring at her name on the tombstone, wondering why she had to go, wondering why it couldn't just be me, wondering why my life was so full of misery. People came up to me, expressing their sympathy with the two words I absolutely loath: I'm sorry. I felt my legs grow weak and I had a sudden urge to throw up. Walking away from the funeral, I realised something. Maybe what's killing me isn't only that Amelia's forgotten. Maybe what's really killing me is that I now have no one, and I was the one who was lonely, miserable, and most of all, forgotten.

The Forgotten

Sandra Trixi Imeldaline

Grade 10 Teamwork

The Forgotten by Theonesta Liora Maharsi 10T

I don't remember the beginning. But I was suddenly there, in your wake; my big brown eyes staring into yours.

I remember what came after. Soft hands took my own, and you pulled me out to play in the gardens, purple dotting the hilltops. I saw it all for the first time. You handed me a pale flower, drooping down, its hue matching that of the hilltop stars; you gave me my name.

I watched as your family packed boxes after boxes of dusty unused trinkets from your grandmother's old tea cupboards. I sat through the long days of your wandering about your room, picking through the childhood memories your mother urged you to leave behind. In the corner of your desk lay a small wooden box your father carved for us. I felt myself smile when you picked it up. I felt myself fade when you left it closed.

The house was barren; whitewashed walls without a semblance of personality, and dusty floors my feet cannot leave footprints on. I followed you, despite the test of time, to the city where your parents decided you should reside in. I watched you leave the Lavender Hills forever.

"Hey, how's it going?" you'd say to your friend, Marie, over the telephone – perhaps every Saturday after supper, these days.

"Can I come over tomorrow?" she'd reply.

Thrice a month, you'd let out a sigh and refuse. Grandma's visiting, your brother's having his friends over, or you felt like having some solitude that weekend.

Once a month you'd say:

"Sure! Bring Elizabeth too!"

They were kind – your friends – and I see why you cared for them so. They love you, truly. The luxury of real, faithful friends – something you never had in the Lavender Hills, which was why I came to be.

Months, maybe even years later (I forget), I counted the candles on your cake. Eighteen in all.

By your side stood Chloe, a charming young lady whom I trust significantly less than Marie, who'd left for high school oceans away, eons prior. Or Elizabeth, who bid you farewell with a hug and a cry, as she boarded a plane to a far-off land for college.

Which, judging by the suitcases stacked haphazardly by the front door, and the plane tickets on your desk, you'll have to leave for as well. Tonight.

I didn't let myself cry.

I watched you for what I thought to be the last time, as you slid your fingers over old photographs in a leather-bound album. Reminiscing, perhaps.

Peering over your shoulder, I noticed your eyes land on a quaint photograph of gardens, with purple dotting the hilltops. With a small gasp, you searched around for something and I could only hope.

My eyes widened and I felt myself grin as you picked up the small wooden box, the one your father carved for us. You opened the lid with a trembling creak, and said my name for the first time in years.

Your face glowed red, and I just barely heard you whisper, "Goodness, I feel like such a child," followed by a laugh that sounded like pure happiness to me. Perhaps it was my own.

You didn't see me the way you used to when we were children happily playing in the Lavender Hills, but you did see the box that you've filled to the brim with letters, all addressed to me.

Lavender, your imaginary friend.

"I'll keep this," you said to me, clutching the wooden box and running downstairs with your suitcases, onward to the next stage of your life, through which I look forward to silently accompanying you.

I don't remember the beginning, but I thought I remembered the end: That day, still in the Lavender Hills, when your brother was born. A newfound friend, and a replacement for me. I took my fate as is.

Now I know, with hope in my heart, that what I considered to be the end, might not be an end at all.

The Forgotten

Theonesta Liora Maharsi
Grade 10 Teamwork

The Forgotten written by Victoria Putri Setiawan Halim

It was midnight, and silence filled every corner of the city. Teeth chattering, he fell hard against the cold concrete, the December winds giving him no mercy as his tattered clothing flapped furiously. Hand shaking, he rummaged in his shirt pocket for crumbs of the hotdog the kind lady had given him a few days ago. Nothing. His arm dropped in defeat, tears streaming down his cheeks. Once, he was not like this.

Once, he was revered when he visited town, beaming with joy as he showed off the gleaming badges on his shoulder.

Once, men would salute him in the hallways as he walked past them, inside beaming with pride.

Once, he could charm women at the bat of an eyelash as they praised him for his service and dedication.

But then it happened.

The summer of 1984, still clear in his mind. The sweltering heat and muggy air had nearly drove the man insane, seeing mirages of his friends and comrades. Panting, he took cover in the bushes, eyes darting to see if anyone was there. The coast was clear.

Curling up into a ball, he cried his heart out. He was a coward. His comrades were slowly getting massacred in the front lines, one by one. And yet he was here, bawling his eyes out like a baby. How could he live with himself?

Not long after, the thundering sound of rifles ceased. Who won? He didn't know, didn't care. Slowly, he lifted himself up, bloodshot eyes scanning the area, rifle in hand. He let out a sigh of relief.

Then they hit him.

He heard six shots fired. Still in a daze, he dropped to the ground, screeching in pain. Another gunshot, a thump on the ground. Vision blurry with tears, he looked up.

"You're going to be fine," the corporal said as he was placed on a stretcher. "We'll get you back up to the front lines quick as we can." But he knew it was a lie.

The next day, he woke up in bed with the corporal beside him with a face of remorse.

"Son," he said softly. "Doctors said you can never hold a gun again. You can lift things, yet, but a gun's out of the question."

The next few weeks were a blur. His friends – all dead. His family – never had one in the first place. Before he was discharged, he was handed a sum of money. Dull orbs blankly staring ahead as he counted how much he had.

It wasn't enough. It wasn't long till he ended up on the streets. It wasn't long till he shut his eyes, solemnly smiled and drifted away to join his comrades.

This man's story is not a new one. There are many men like him. Those who fight for their land, and wind up lost in the streets, as their lives slowly dwindle down an abyss. Once, they were revered. But oddly enough, there weren't after.

I call them, "The Forgotten".

The Forgotten

Victoria Putri Setiawan

Grade 10 Teamwork

Speech Responding to US President Lyndon Johnson's Address at Johns Hopkins University, "Peace without Conquest"

by Edson Ko 11H

The following transcript is an imagined reply to a speech given by President Johnson in 1965 in which he attempts to garner support for the war in Vietnam. Edson adopts a contrary position.

Imagine a dream without wars. A dream where fathers, mothers, and children do not have to worry about stepping on a landmine. A dream where each and every country is free to practice their own politics. If you listened to the radio or watched the news yesterday, you may have realized that president Johnson is trying to destroy that dream, but what you do not know is that he is trying to make you do it for him. He is trying to make you support the murder of faultless farmers, mothers and children and the waste of taxpayer money. He is trying to make you support an effort that is doomed to fail.

President Johnson is able to do this through his use of fear mongering. In his speech, he states that China is a "regime which has destroyed freedom in Tibet, attacked India, and been condemned by the United Nations." He does not stop here. "terror that must follow" is another phrase that he says so that he can arouse fear in your hearts. This will fill you with fear of the "terror" that is supposedly coming. This will make you view the future with trepidation, the fear of what is to come. Ladies and gentleman, from fear, comes anger and from anger, war. President Johnson is trying to prove the means of war. But a war against people who have nothing to protect themselves with, a war where commanders are ordering men to kill any Vietnamese on site, a war that goes against the principles of this country does not have justification. However, think more deeply about the shameful use of this tactic. President Johnson talks about foreign terror while he is using it himself on his own citizens. Who really is the bad guy here? The man using fear against the very people he swore to protect or the people who want nothing more than to just be united once again.

I am a man of faith like the majority of Americans. I chose to believe in the wise teachings of God and I try my best to spread the words of the holy book. Let me ask you, does a man who tries to capitalize on these things show any sense of reverence? This is what President Johnson tried to do with his biblical allusion. "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further." Is the phrase he used from Job 38:11 to relate to Americans so that he can create a bond between us and him by evoking shared knowledge. He is trying to associate himself with religion so that we see him as a man of righteousness and peace while in reality, he is the opposite. President Johnson is not the man you think he is.

Lastly, he makes us question our own beliefs through his use of rhetorical questions. He asks "why are these realities our concern?" and "Have we done enough?" These are questions that do not need answering. This has subliminally made us question our own thoughts by making us think about the answer before giving it. This is another attempt by president Johnson trying to manipulate our minds so that we will support the war in Vietnam. But we are independent people, we are not sheep. Such strategies do not hide the crimes the president is committing. Have we done enough? Enough of what? Enough of butchering humble farmers? Enough of forcing boys to fight Johnson's war? If the death of my son and everyone else's is not enough? I do not know what is.

When I came up here on stage, you may have asked, who is this man? Why is he important? Well, truth be told, I am no Martin Luther King because I am a nobody just like you and your friends. A nobody who had a family, a nobody that has turned into a fighter just like my forefathers who fought for independence and civil rights. But unfortunately, unlike my

son who fought a war of violence. We are all fighters who believe the morals on which this country was made and as a result, we have gathered here. It is right here and now where our unified voice will echo through the valleys and mountains, through the skyscrapers and bustling streets, through the deserts and the ranches. It is right here and now that President Johnson's proud waves shall halt.

Peace without Conquest

Edson Ko Bautista

Grade 11 Humility

Arimbi Sri Wahyuputri Wahono chose two stimulus texts and created an opinion column/article to discuss the issues brought up by the texts. Here is the rationale of her creative piece of work, followed by the work itself:

Rationale

My written task is related to part one of English A: Language and Literature (Language in Cultural Context) because it explores a dialect of English; *African-American Vernacular English* or *Ebonics*. I discuss the stereotypes in modern American society regarding this dialect, and why these are harmful to the society and the Black American community.

My stimulus texts are a pair of comics — one with a white teacher quoting Martin Luther King Jr. and subsequently saying he would translate the quote into Ebonics for the African-American students, and one with a Black teacher using Ebonics in his teaching. Both comics perpetuate the idea that Ebonics speakers are unintelligent and cannot comprehend “proper” English, or are incompetent in positions of authority.

I’ve chosen to write an opinion column/article for *Rookie Magazine* as, although it has particular conventions as a text type, it allows for a great deal of personalisation in terms of narrative voice. The subject matter is also most appropriate for an article. The chosen text type has the following conventions: headings, subheadings, images, text-grabs, and texts arranged in columns.

My intended audience is that of *Rookie Magazine*’s; the teenage/millennial-generation of girls. I believe this to be a powerful audience to relay a social message towards, particularly in the emerging age of modern feminism and its intersectional values (e.g., combatting racial injustices). Moreover, sending this message towards a younger audience plays a strong part in shaping the minds of future leaders and game-changers.

I will be writing this as a young, Black, female journalist in modern-day America — and therefore can relate to the subject at hand. “I” am writing this with the intent to educate a large audience of girls about the dangers of stereotyping an entire community based on their speech.

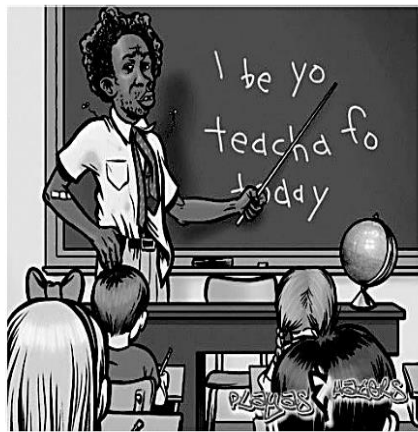
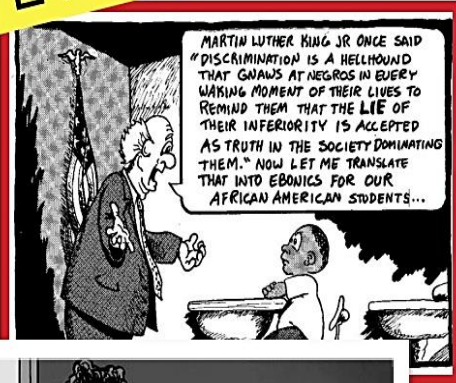


OPINION COLUMN

Young journalist **SOPHIE STENBERG** tackles the stereotypes surrounding Ebonics, her hometown dialect. After seeing comics in her local paper perpetuating the idea that speakers of Ebonics are somehow less intelligent than those who do not speak the dialect, she writes her first article for **ROOKIE MAGAZINE**, “Venerate my vernacular.”

Most of my Sunday mornings are spent perusing the local paper; an activity I had previously found enjoyable, until stumbling upon a pair of comics which emphasized the harsh perceptions surrounding my native dialect. Linguists call this dialect *African American Vernacular English*, but over in my neighborhood, we call it *Ebonics*.

VENERATE MY VERNACULAR



Comics from the Chicago Tribune, issue 06/16/2016.

Unsurprisingly, modern American society is still laden with language prejudice, evident in their blind dismissal of Ebonics as no more than “broken” English. It seems they are unaware of Ebonics’ origin; that it arose from a long history of systematic oppression. During the American slave trade, members of vastly different cultures were packed onto a single vessel — in turn forcing the different tribes to create a creole with which they could communicate with one another *and* with their English-speaking slave masters. As the creole descended through further generations, it developed into a legitimate English dialect with a distinct grammar and style.

MEDIA AND MISCONCEPTIONS

Cultural stereotypes paint my entire community in the same shades which uphold my oppressors. When I speak in the dialect that I’ve come to associate with home, I become stupid. I become a thug. I become lazy, and uneducated, and something sub-human that is not deserving of respect.

This type of shock-value in media has never been new. And often, the easiest way to shock an audience and draw attention is by perpetuating negative stereotypes.

The first comic shows a white teacher quoting Martin Luther King Jr. about discrimination towards the Black community, subsequently adding (to a young, Black boy) that he will translate the quote into Ebonics for “the African-American students.” This maintains the stereotype that Black people are unintelligent and are unable to comprehend “proper” English. Irony is present in that the quote in question deals with exactly what occurs in the comic; discrimination, whether intentional or not, towards African-Americans.

The second comic depicts a Black, male teacher standing in front of a chalkboard with the words, "I be yo teacha fo today," scrawled upon it in a crude mockery of Ebonics. The teacher is caricatured to appear unhygienic and generally incompetent as an educator — an assumption which would no doubt occur, if a teacher were to really use Ebonics.

DANGER IN DELUSIONS

The problem with stereotypes is that they offer only a single narrative from a whole multitude of stories. America talks of bridging racial gaps, but then turns around and furthers disparities between different races. The more we encourage stereotypes burdened by so many negative connotations, the more

we tell an entire nation “
that it is acceptable to remain stagnant in our racial inequity. Here is the danger in that: my little sister will grow up in a world that tells her that her speech makes her

inferior to an ivory complexion; my older brother will pretend to be someone he is not, someone who would rather have his tongue stuck in his throat than speak and show “ignorance”; my mother will converse with me in hushed tones when we are in a white neighbourhood, for fear of them overhearing such “unintelligible” jargon.

There is no real reason to stigmatize a dialect with its own proper grammar and usage rules. Linguistic prejudice is no more than a tool to mask more overt forms of racism. When you generalize an entire cultural community, you disregard everything about an individual in that community besides a *single* facet.

In 1963, Martin Luther King Jr. declared to see a world where his children would be judged not by “the colour of their skin, but the content of their character.” Now, I extend his dream to include a world where I am judged not by the way that I speak, but by the content of my speech.

THE ART OF CODE-SWITCHING

I write in Standard English because I want to cater to a larger audience than that of my own racial community. As with many bi-linguists, speakers of Ebonics often learn to perfect the art of code-switching — that is, when to use which dialects according to cultural context, much like first-generation immigrants who employ English in the workplace but use their mother tongue at home. Even so, it by no means implies that I think lesser of Ebonics.

To close the racial gaps which exist so prevalently in American society, we must first eradicate the linguistic imbalances

which remain present. Celebrate Ebonics. Celebrate the debunking of stereotypes. Most of all, celebrate linguistic diversities of every nature.

**“ LINGUISTIC PREJUDICE IS
NO MORE THAN A TOOL
TO MASK MORE OVERT
FORMS OF RACISM. ”**

ABOUT THE WRITER

Sophie Stenberg, this month's guest columnist, is a budding journalist with a specialization in social issues. She is a native of Southside Chicago, and recently graduated early from New York University with a major in journalism. She hopes to be a role model to young, female writers everywhere that yearn for their voice to be heard.



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An Exploration Into the African

Arimbi Sri Wahyuputri

Grade 12 Humility