

DANILA KUMAR INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL



SCHOOL NEWSPAPER



MAY 2020

ISSUE 1

EDITOR'S NOTE

Dear parents and pupils,

It has been an eventful year, which the students have faced head on. They have been working diligently since the beginning of the year. Moreover, the students have faced the challenges and joys of online learning in the past few months. All in all, the pupils of Danila Kumar have much to show.

In this edition of the school's newspaper, you will find artwork and written work connected to a variety of topics, such as love, art, explorations, endangered animals, travelling, discrimination and many more. Every piece of work shows the pupils' uniqueness, creativity and multiculturalism.

As restrictions are slowly lifting and the days are becoming longer and warmer the world outside is beckoning us to step out and enjoy it. We hope that the following works inspire and encourage you to be creative and adventurous.

Ms Anja Dežman & Ms Tina Frelj

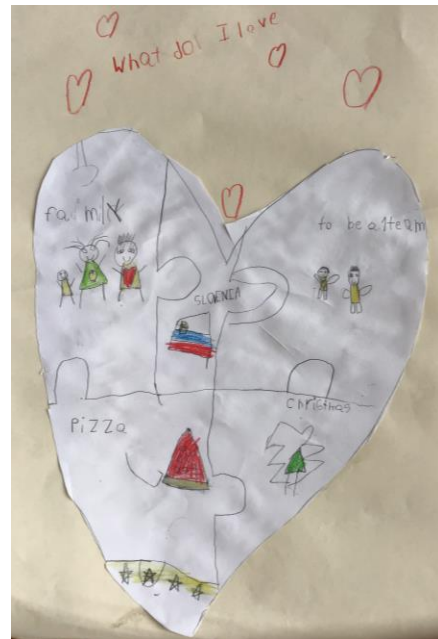


I LOVE...

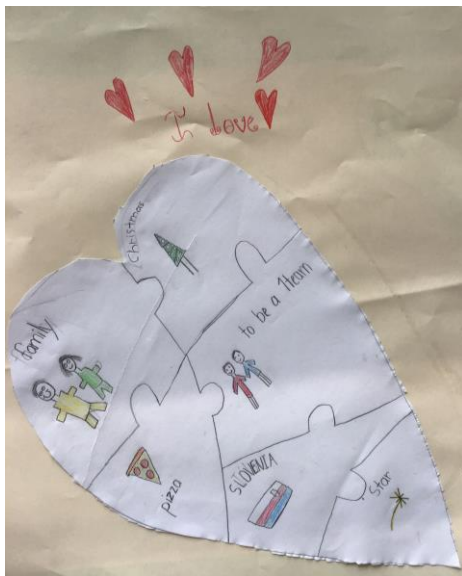
For Valentine's day, the pupils of **1M** made special hearts that represent what they love.



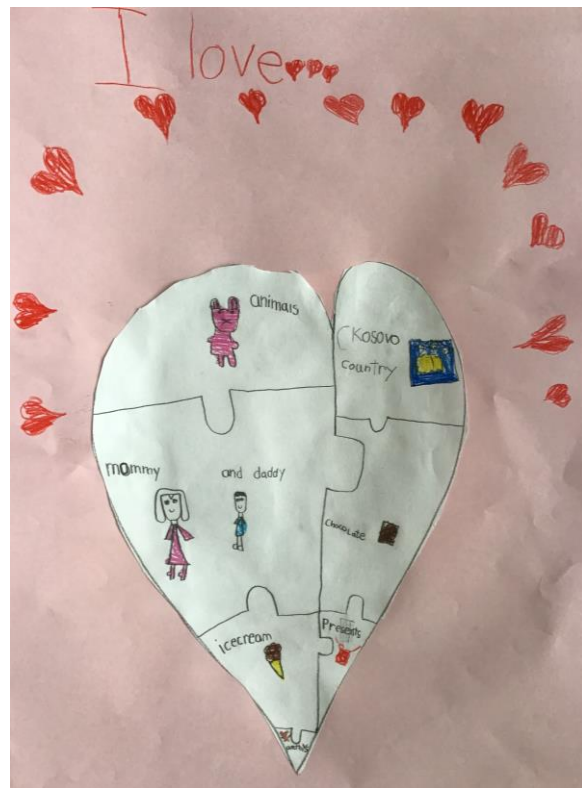
Luka Milosevic



Artem Boiko



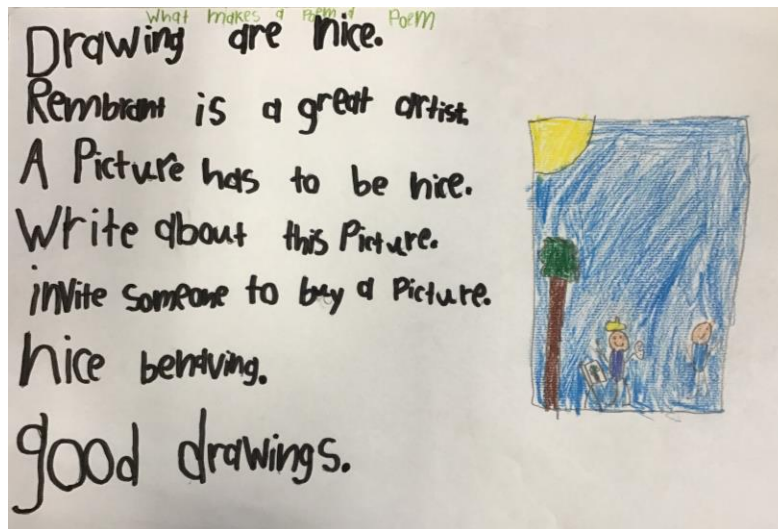
Pranav Prasad



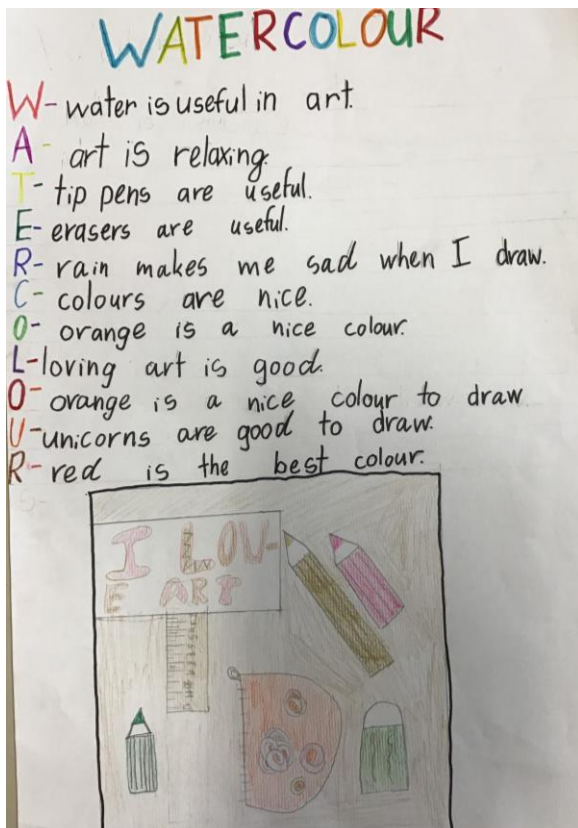
Aela Qorri

ACROSTIC POEMS AND MATISSE

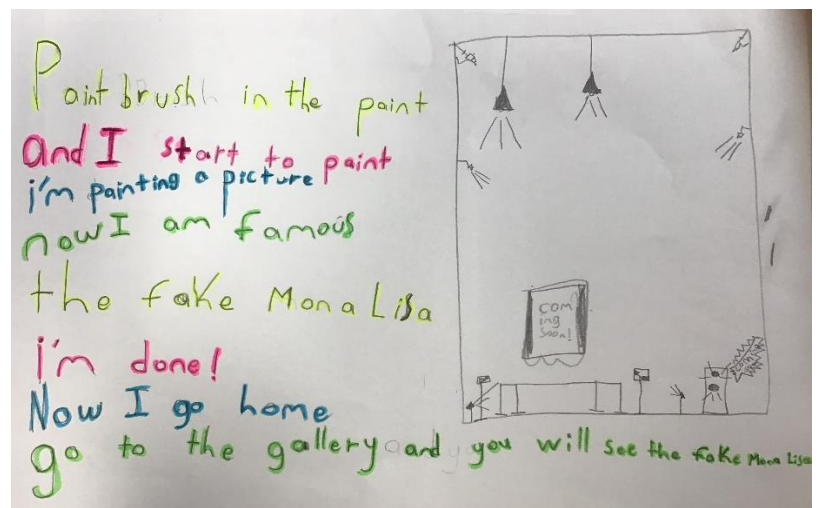
In connection to their unit about art, the **2M** pupils wrote acrostic poems and painted amazing pictures inspired by Matisse.



Semen Gaisov



Alessia Erzsebet Maria Ottino



Yunus Alfaifi



Jay Lovro Mark Lake



Era Zogaj



Mikhail Kurnikov



Miha Filipović



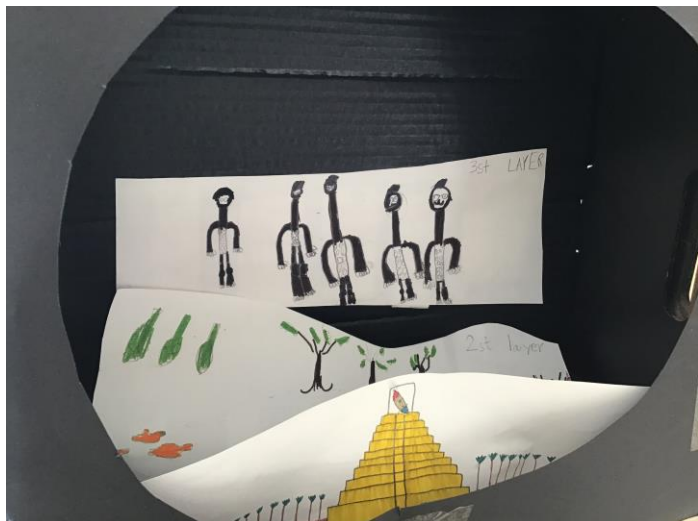
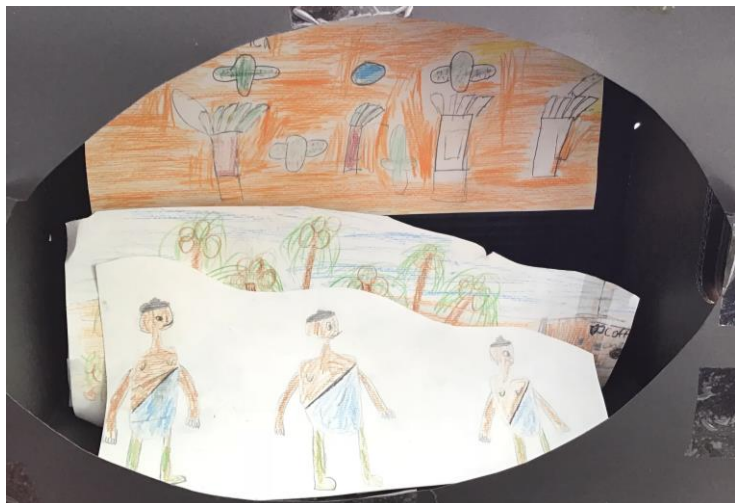
Esther Sofia Syberova



Alessia Erzsebet Maria Ottino

EXPLORATIONS

During the unit about explorers, the **3M** pupils have travelled back in time and created some 3D art.



TALENTED WRITERS

The **4M** pupils showed some interesting connections between different houses and poetry, conducted research on a variety of trees and wrote stories about gods.

Different Houses

Orkun Hatipoğlu

Tall or small
With snow like igloo
Or with wood like treehouse
Different houses in our country.

Lake or floor
With boats like boathouses
Or with plastic like caravans
Different houses in country.

You can see them
In anywhere
But don't worry
If you can't see them.

Birch - Bereza

Diana Karpova

Birch is a Russian national tree. This tree looks like a normal tree but it has a white trunk with black lines, green leaves, brown roots and it is very tall.

Interesting fact:

When Russia was in war, people didn't eat anything, just small pieces of bread and it was like this for 900 days. After 900 days, people grew 900 birches.

Birch smells like nature and it's nice, like trees in fairy tales. It's thick, tall and beautiful like in dreams.

When it's windy, the leaves of a birch are moving and shaking and it sounds like sh-sh-sh and like somebody walks on dry leaves. The tree has no fruits, so I don't know how it tastes. The texture of a trunk is rough, hard.

Leaves are soft and in fall dry, also they are smooth and nice. The trunk is huge, roots are strong and brown. Birch needs water, sun, oxygen, soil to be alive. In the fall, the leaves are dry and in the winter, the tree is naked without leaves. Leaves are grouped together and are also simple.

That's all I know about birch. I hope you liked it.

Tree Description

Neven Božović

The Slavonian oak tree (hrast lužnjak) is a deciduous tree. It belongs to a group of hardwood. It has a large tree top with alternate branching. Its leaves are simple and lobed. The leaves fall out in the fall and start growing in the spring. At the end of spring, the leaves are fully grown.

The Slavonian oak tree has nut fruits called acorns which are up to two centimetres long. Acorns are important food for animals like bears, deer, birds and squirrels.

The Slavonian oak tree can grow up to 40 metres. It can grow up to two metres wide. The bark is thick and very rough. It requires a lot of space and a continental climate for growing. It needs water, sunlight, soil, and roots for growing.

I think it smells like bark, wood, nature and has a nice smell. I guess it sounds like wind blowing leaves. It is a lot smaller than the Burj Khalifa but bigger than a normal tree. It has brown wood and green leaves. It is tall like a small building. I assume it has many branches, many leaves and also has a crown.

The Oak

Walter Milan Zappe

The Oak's original name is Tötgy. It is famous because it was the tree of the Hungarian king. It is a hardwood tree and it has fruits that are called acorns. This fruit is not edible for humans. It has flowers that look like beads and smell like pepper and the flower's name is pollen. Every year, the leaves change colour and fall down every autumn. The tree needs water, soil and sunlight to grow.

The leaves are a dark green colour in spring and summer. When the wind is blowing, the leaves move sideways. When you touch the flowers it feels like you are touching a dusty broom. Boars and squirrels like acorns, especially boars. The flowers do not have a smell. The leaves crumble in the wind and the branches are covered by the crown of the tree.

The leaves are wobbly and look like shovels. The leaves are yellow and red in autumn. The Oak's leaves are in the group called simple leaves.

The Solution

Lia Partos

In the very past, there was a poor woman named Lisa.

Her father and mother died of the plague when she was six years old. She had a very small house where she was living. She was a pretty smart girl and people didn't like her because of this.

Once, she investigated why the moon is changing shape. When the other people found this out, they thought she was a witch and they wanted to hang her. She needed to run away from her town because they would kill her the next day. She escaped on a boat secretly so that they wouldn't notice her. She went as far as she could.

Once, when she was walking on the streets, she felt dizzy. She managed to pay for a little house. She quickly went home and laid down on the floor and slept.

About two hours later she woke up and knew what she had to do. She went to her temple nearby and prayed to God. She was praying for her life, children and a man. Five years later, she had everything she prayed for, she even had a lab where she could investigate a lot of things.

She wanted to investigate medicine for the plague because she wanted to know how she could save other people since she couldn't save her parents. She created: Levofloxacin, Moxifloxacin, Streptomycin and Gentamicin.

Thanks to Lisa the plague disappeared.

The God of the Gods

Mehmet Kiliçaslan

One day Zeus, the god, went for a walk. He saw a goddess of beauty. Zeus fell in love. After nine months, Zeus and the goddess of beauty got married. After ten months, the goddess of beauty felt very bad! They quickly went to the magical place where people get saved. The doctor god said that the goddess was pregnant.

The goddess of beauty was so happy. The goddess of beauty said: "Please, let's name him Jimothy." After that, Jimothy was born. But Jimothy had no super powers! Just like the moon god, lightning god and so on.

The goddess of beauty was so angry about this. She started to scream: "How? How?" The goddess of beauty left the house.

Jimothy and Zeus lived together for years and years. When Jimothy looked at his watch, it was 9.35 am. Then he put it down, he looked out the window, the sun went down. Jimothy said: "I am the sun god!" When Jimothy understood that he was the sun god, he started crying out of happiness.

For him, the sun god was the best god because he could control the people when they slept.

ENDANGERED ANIMALS

The **5M** pupils have been learning about endangered animals and made some wonderful engravings on CDs with a needle.



Finlay Young – Snake



Mariya Uvarova – Eurasian Lynx



Vladislav Maksimov – Kamchatka bear



Kostiantyn Shekhovtsov - Moose



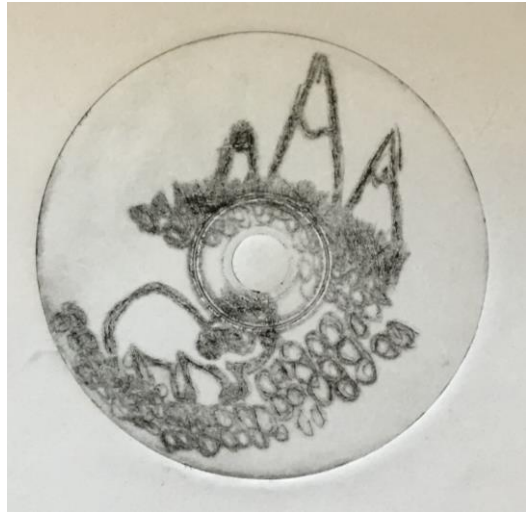
Achyuth Rajesh – Bengal tiger



Catarina Isabel Moras Fernandes – Iberian lynx



Beren Özata – Persian leopard



Kata Pali Manček– Blind mole rat



Yury Chumakov – Russian tortoise

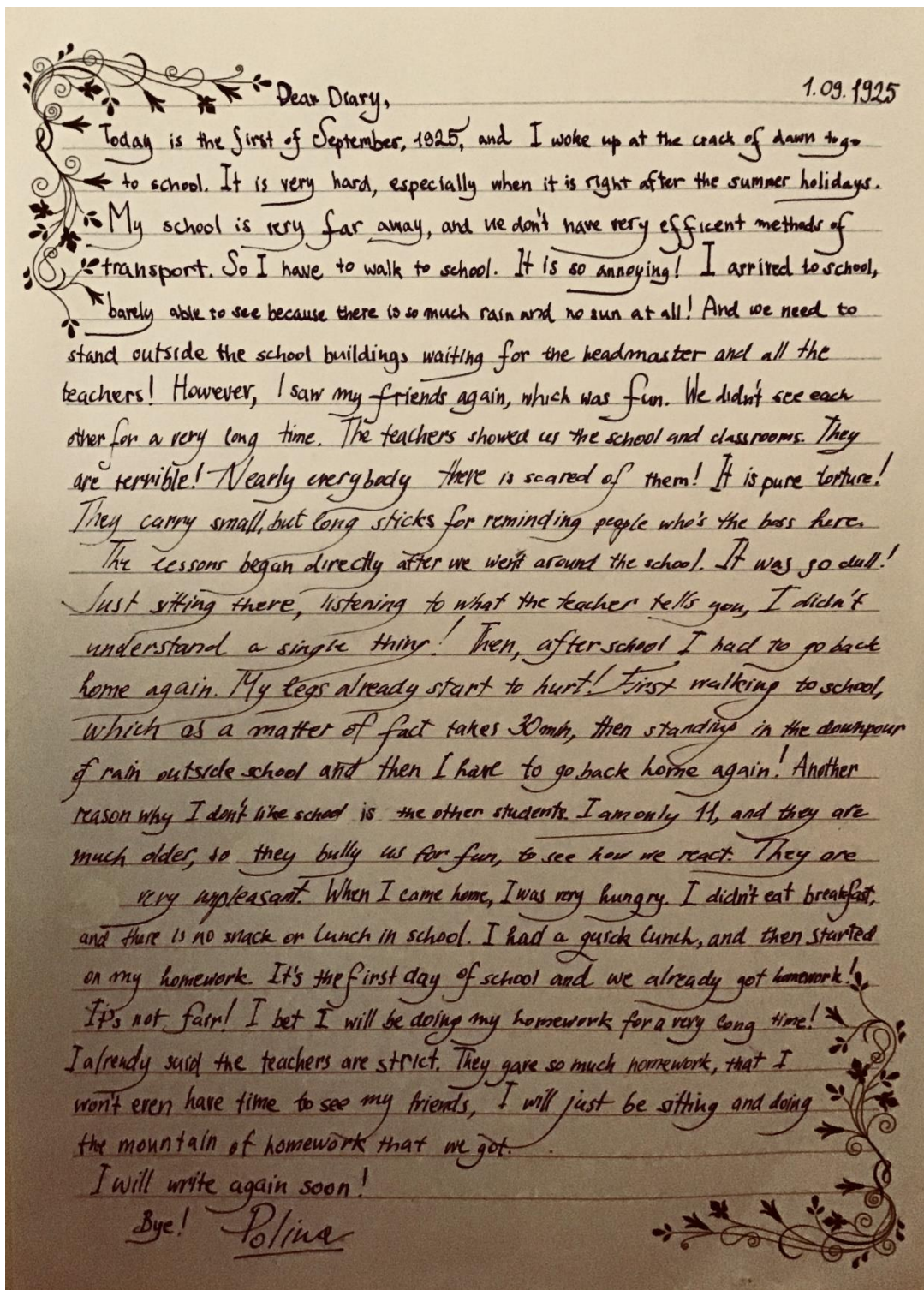


Nil Pelin Muratoglu – Mediterranean monk seal

PREDICTING WHAT IT WAS LIKE GROWING UP 100 YEARS AGO

As part of our third unit, the pupils of **6M** had to predict what they thought life was like 100 years ago. They stepped into the shoes of an 11-year-old and wrote a journal of their average school day.











Polina Abramenkova, 6M



TRAVEL BROCHURE

The **6M** pupils also learnt how to write a brochure to promote a travel destination. They first analysed existing brochures to see what kind of language travel agencies use in order to attract customers. They realised the words and phrases need to be very descriptive and colourful and that adding intriguing photos is an additional plus. Even if some aspects of the destinations are not ideal, it is important they are presented in a fun and interesting way as to not turn away potential customers. Afterwards, they created a brochure promoting travel to Norway, which was the setting of the book we were reading. We hope you enjoy reading the following example.

Lea Mintas, 6M

<p>WELCOME TO NORWAY</p> <p>Norway is an unique country where you will have a wonderful time. To find out what you can do there, follow this brochure.</p>  <p>In the picture above, you can see a fjord. It is a very nice part of the sea isolated with high mountains. It is simply obligatory you go there while travelling to Norway by boat. It is impossible to explain the peace and beauty of this place with words, you must go and see it by yourself. The waters are calm, so you can really relax. You are passing in between all those wonderful tiny islands and sometimes, you will see small brightly painted wooden houses. The architecture you will see there will be just marvellous.</p>  <p>Every fjord has its beach. If you don't like sandy beaches, this is the right place for you. There are no sandy beaches on the fjord, just smooth granite rocks. Always keep an eye on your children, as the water is immediately deep and the rocks go straight down to the water's edge. It is also a benefit because your child will learn how to swim at a young age.</p>	 <p>Good news! Well for those who love fishing. 😊 As you see in the pictures, Norwegian seas have clear waters so a lot of fish are there. You just have to collect mussels from the rocks for bait, sit on your motor-boat and go to a likely space. As the water is very deep, you will need to have a long wire (200 feet). Be patient, sit silent and tense and very soon, the catch will bite. You can try to look for jellyfish also.</p>  <p>I will tell you a secret, there is a very secret tiny patch of sand on a distant island. Adventure is waiting for you! 😊 There are so many islands in Norway, that you could go on a 14-day vacation and every day go on to another island. You can imagine you are a Viking and by the end of your trip go to the city Oslo, and visit the Viking museum.</p>   <p>If your children are not such good swimmers yet, it would be dangerous to swim in the fjord. There are still some beaches where you can refill batteries even with small kids. Such as: Beaches in Hergy, Bore beach...</p> 	 <p>If you don't go to Norway in the right time, you may not have such a good time. The best time to go to Norway is between May and June or between September and October.</p>  <p>This is one of the most beautiful natural attractions to see in Norway. It is called Aurora Borealis or the Northern lights. They are always happening, it's just that you don't see them during the day. While the Arctic Circle's midnight sun makes it impossible to see them during the summer, the long dark nights of winter are perfect for Northern Lights viewing.</p> <p>IF YOU WILL EVER GO TO NORWAY (DURING THE WINTER), MAKE SURE YOU BRING VERY WARM CLOTHES.</p> 
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DIARY ENTRY

The **6M** pupils have just finished reading a lovely book *Boy* by Roald Dahl, which is basically his autobiography, including many exciting events that occurred throughout his childhood. In one of the chapters, Roald's older sister and her fiancé joined them on a trip to Norway. The children, including Roald, didn't really like their future brother-in-law, so they substituted the tobacco in his pipe with goat's droppings!

The pupils had to write a diary entry from the perspective of the 'manly lover' and how his day went. Below you can read one of the journals.

Tjaša Petric, 6M

Dear Diary,

You know how I have been engaged to the most beautiful, caring, selfless woman on earth. I love her with all of my heart, I truly do, though her family drives me crazy! I have gone on a trip with them to Norway, but I was always with my Fiancé, and that kept everything on track, we got to spend some time alone. Well, yesterday she persuaded me to go on a boat ride with their whole family, I didn't think anything of it, so I went. The main reason that we went was because of some goats that live there, we thought we could pet them, but it turns out that they were wild so we had to stay away, and of course we understood and that was not a problem.

After some time sitting by the water I began filling up my cigar when my fiancé asked if I wanted to go swimming. It was burning hot, so I immediately answered with a yes. We then ran into the water and I left my cigar on a rock next to Roald. After only a couple minutes we returned, and I started smoking my cigar. I noticed everyone looking at me, but I thought that was just because I looked so handsome. After some time, I started to have this weird feeling, as though someone was pressing down on my chest. Then I felt it travel to my lungs, that was when I couldn't even breathe anymore. I looked down at my hands and they were as pale as a ghost. I heard faint noises all around me, I thought I was going to die! I then heard my fiancé say "help! Get him on the boat! We need to get him to the hospital!" At that moment I felt a teardrop fall on my cheek, I opened my eyes and saw her crying above me, I said "no! Let me lay down for a second." After a minute or so I returned to my consciousness and explained how I felt, that was when my soon-to-be-sister-in-law said this: "I know what happened, you were smoking goat tobacco", my what was before a pale face turned red, I could have sworn I had smoke shooting out of my ears, I ran after them as they jumped into the water, but then my fiancé stopped me.

I don't know what to do, should I call the wedding off? For now, all I know is I don't want to be invested to this family...

Manly lover

CREATION MYTHS

The 7M & I pupils have been reading the novel *The Whale Rider* which represents Maori culture and myths. The students wrote some of their own creation myths.

Creation Myth

Arina Zhdanova 7I

In the beginning there was nothing but emptiness until an eruption happened due to a war between the intergalactic hemispheres. The eruption blasted bundles of gods out into the open into different areas. Our area, the Munah Luane, was blessed with the Great Star and mangils. The Great Star named Sahnū burns with an external flame which lights all of Munah Luane. Sahnū fathered three gods who happened to be triplets, they were Muraneu, the god of light, Amrandeo, the god of craft, and Entairo, the goddess of life, but at the time of this story she did not know about her powers.

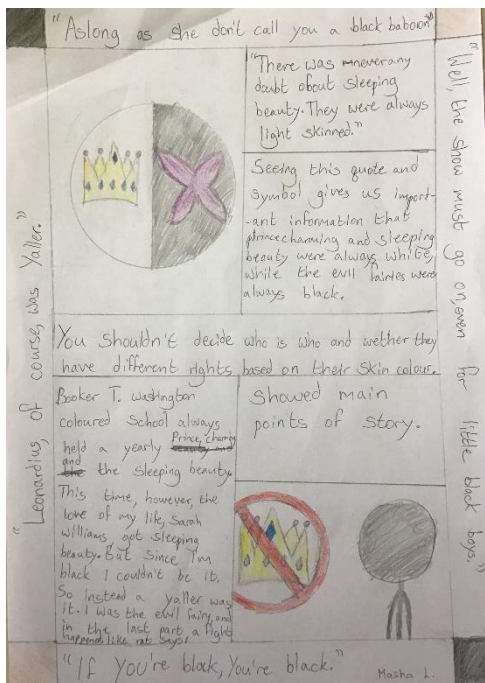
The triplet gods did not want to live amongst the emptiness and mangils, who had no specific purpose of existence. They wanted to fix that by giving mangils a purpose and a place for them to live and give their power a place of freedom.

As Muraneu and Amrandeo began building the skeleton of a disk thinner than Sahnū, and thicker than a thousand mangils, Entairo was wondering about her unknown powers. What could they be? What power could she possess? She knew her brothers had them and wondered why she does not, she had almost given up on the thought of even having powers. She quickly transitioned to thinking of the possible wonders on the structure being built by her brothers. She was freely wondering about the creatures, the life which will inhabit the structure. She wanted creatures which would glide swiftly through the waters, run on lands of green, stone and other materials and some to fly smoothly through the skies alongside the gods. Entairo came up to her brothers as soon as the picture was clear in her head, to tell them about it. Once she was done, her dreams came crumbling down. Muraneu and Amrandeo mockingly laughed in her face and told her with a shocked grin: "Why would we do that? The mangils will live here, not some fantasy of yours. Besides, you are useless, you have nothing to offer, you are weak and do not have powers." She went to their father and said sadly: "Why do I not have powers? Why am I spared? I am just useless and I am just more work for everyone around." She was told in reply: "If you are useless, your brothers wouldn't tell you. Weapons and sculptures cannot defeat life." She left in confusion, thinking about this. "Does that mean that my power is my greatest desire?" When her brothers were sleeping, she came to the disk in secret and threw off the mangils far away. She told them her plan and they decided to help. Her plan was to create our nature, our trees, grass, oceans and lakes. The mangils helped by creating a wall around the circumference of the disk and froze it too high for anyone to climb. The others created a semi-sphere which was transparent to let the light of Sahnū through, and when the light was not there, the mangils would shine and be the light. Entairo quietly came back to her brothers and in the morning, when Muraneu and Amrandeo went to visit the disk, they began to panic. They did not know where the mangils were, and they did not know what had happened to the structure. Once Entairo came to them, they started to blame her for making the mangils disappear and destroying their creation. She started to explain calmly about how she felt when they mocked her, how she went to Sahnū, how she changed their structure and where the mangils were. She showed them what she could do and grew a tree in front of their eyes. That tree they called Unimato and decided to create more life to inhabit the disk. Amrandeo created a structure, Muraneu gave them the want to hunt and Entairo brought them to life. They repeated this process to create the animals. Once they were done, they wanted a creature comparable to them so Amrandeo created a body like theirs, Muraneu gave them strength to fight, and Entairo gave them life and the ability of ruling the disk which they named Earth after Entairo because its creation was her idea. The creature was called 'human', like you and me. They became the smartest, most advanced creatures alive. The triplet gods created many, many more humans due to their success.

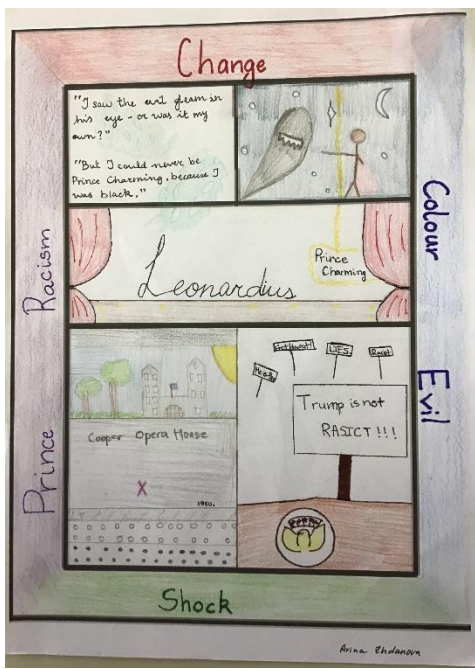
Today, we honour these characters in our nation of Fribegui, not only because they created us and Mother Earth, but also for teaching us that we all have a purpose.

DISCRIMINATION

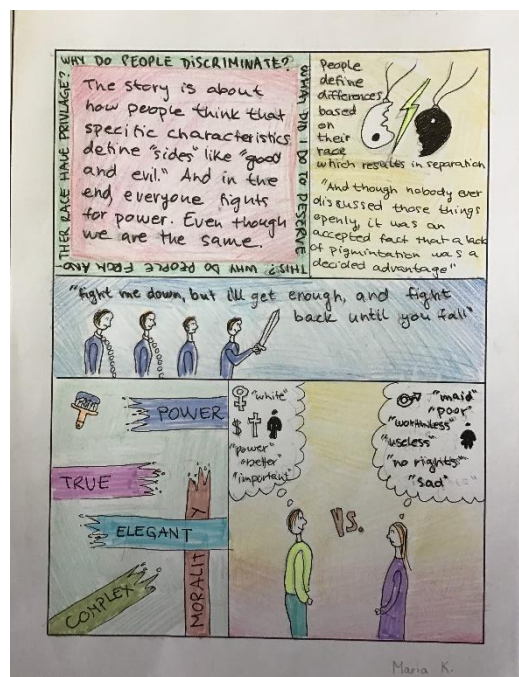
Discrimination is something we all have faced or will face at least once in our lifetime, either because of our gender, age, race, nationality, abilities, etc. **The grade 7** pupils delved into the topic of racial discrimination while reading a short story *The Revolt of the Evil Fairies* by Ted Poston and, as a response, created one-pagers, featuring key elements from the story as well as the global topics it touches upon.



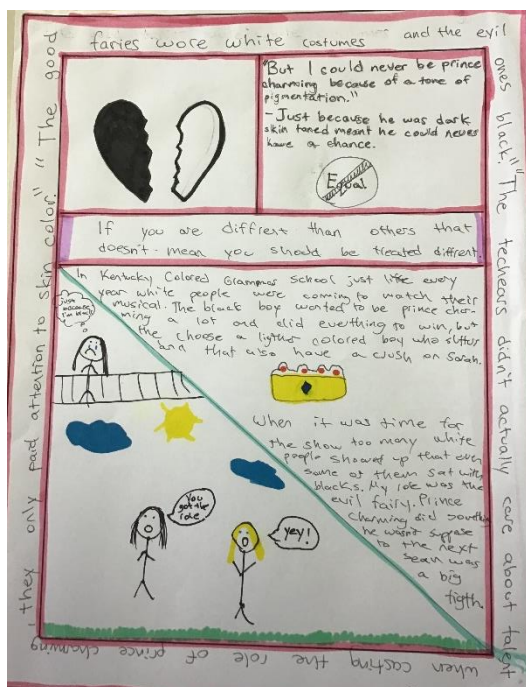
Maria Luneva, 7M



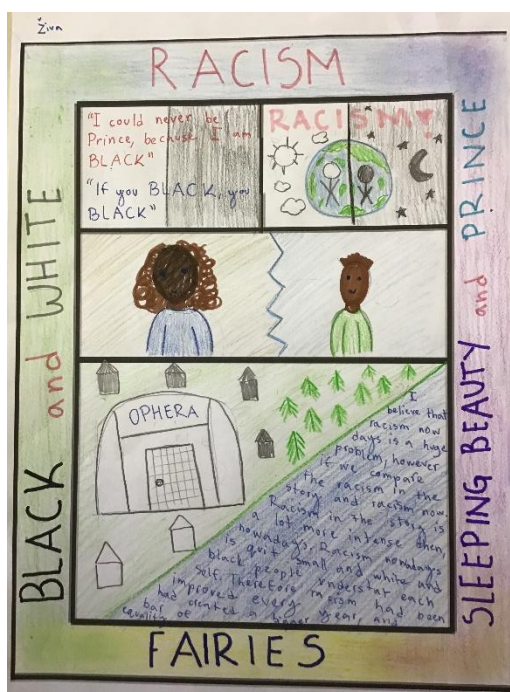
Arina Zhdanova, 7I



Maria Kurakina, 7M



Su Selin Muratoglu, 7M



Živa Pilgram, 7I



Katarina Korošec, 7I

RISE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

Yuchen Dou, 7M

• ROMAN Empire

① 100 B.C.E 3000 years ago

• Latin [Unknown]

• Historians

• Past: Are they horses? or bears? They look scary

• No, My Dear. They are humans. They're historians

• Where are they from?

• No idea

② Latin [Roman]

③ 264 B.C.E

Rome defeated Etruscans, Gauls, Greeks in 264 B.C.E

ROMAN

The law of Rome

Romans adopted many of Greek ways

Made in Greek

④ They clashed for control of trade

PUNIC WARS

• Don't touch my fake hair, it's from New York!

• Stop touching my coat, it's from London!

• How dare U to kick my brocket, it's from Paris!

• Then stop styling my hair and clothes!

⑤ Africa

Carthaginians

Rome

⑥ Developed a navy to fight the Carthaginians

⑦ 168 B.C.E

Macedonia

Greece

146 B.C.E

Entire Greek peninsula

Mediterranean Region

⑧ 150 CE

Highest power

The middle of third North Century CE

• Persians

• German

• East

⑨ However the Roman empire survived.

Ruled by harsh emperors who imposed high taxes.

? - 408 CE

• Super glue for golden things

• 5 billion

• Knife for sharp things

⑩ The empire was divided into many small kingdoms.

When the Goths from present day Germany conquered the city of Rome

• Goths

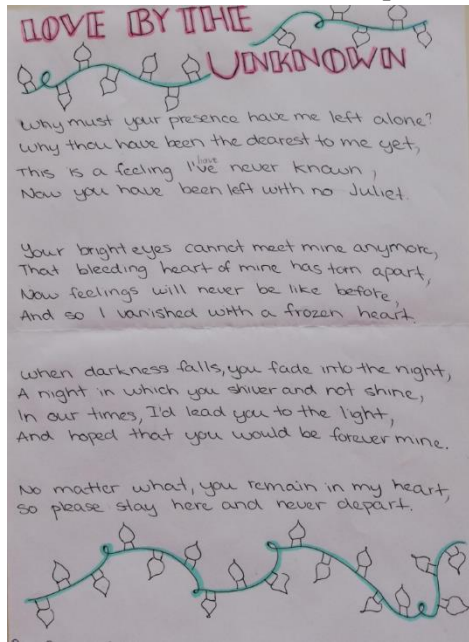
• German

• Germany

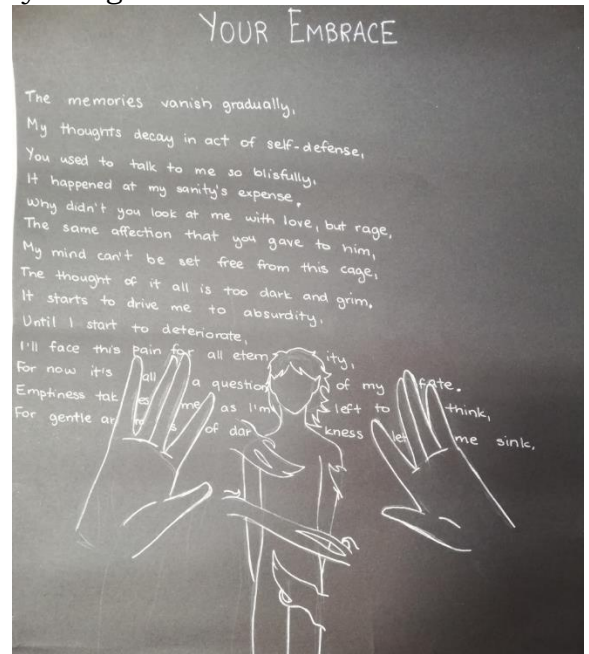
By Yuchen Dou

SHAKESPEARE AND LOVE

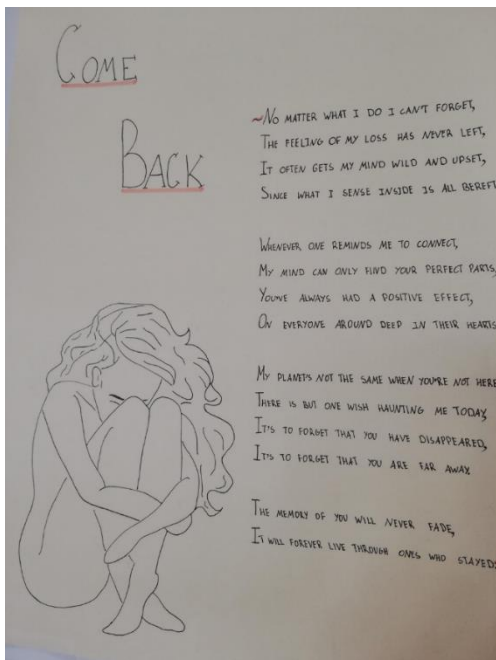
During the unit on Shakespeare and the Elizabethan theatre, the pupils of grade **8** learnt what it is like to write a Shakespearean Sonnet. At first glance the task of writing a sonnet seems rather easy, until you realise it must be written in Iambic Pentameter. You might be wondering what that even is: pentameter is a combination of 'pent,' which means five, and 'meter,' which means to measure. 'Iambic', on the other hand, is a metrical foot in poetry in which an unstressed syllable is followed by a stressed syllable. Complicated, right? Nevertheless, the pupils faced the challenge head on and masterfully completed their love sonnets. Love, of course, is a broad concept, therefore, they expressed their love for many things...



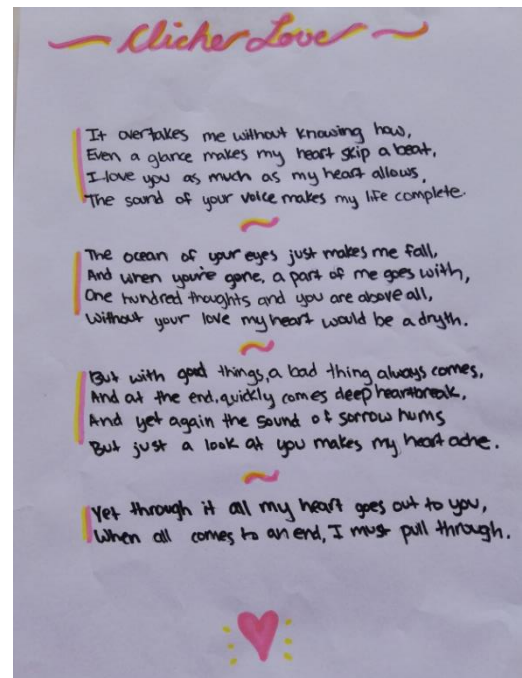
Sara Grmek, 8M



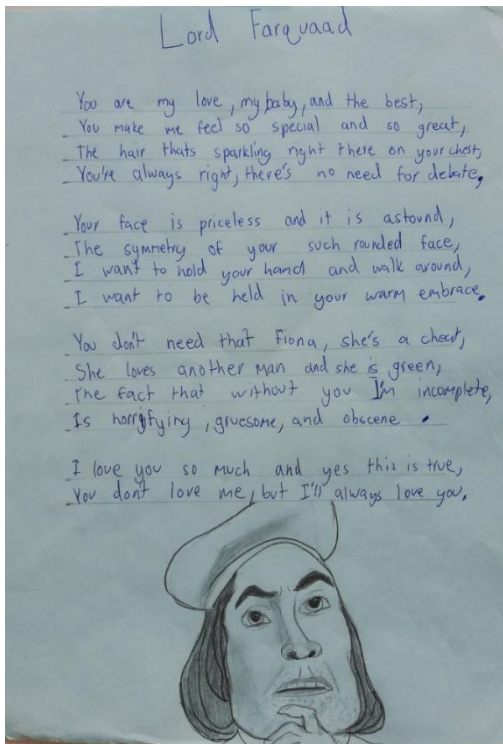
Maria Zhdanova, 8I



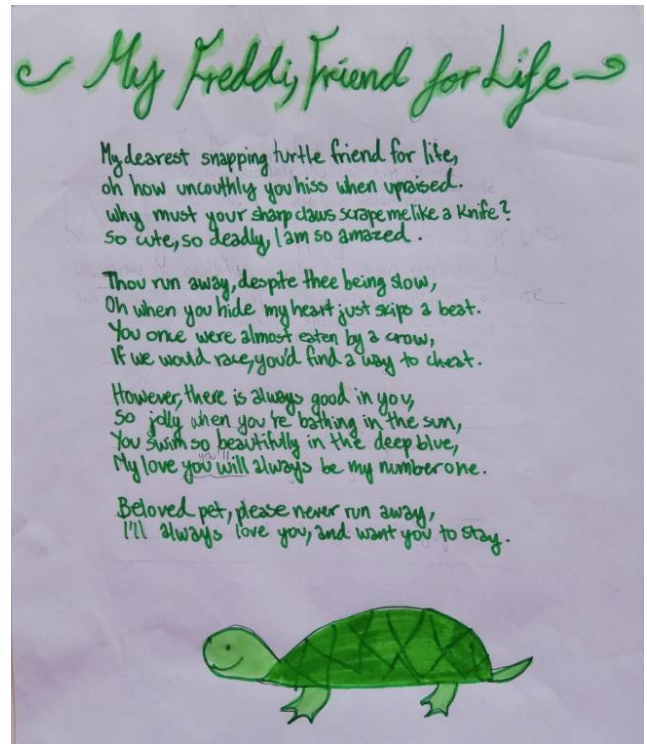
Mariia Nosovska, 8I



Sophia Rose Wadley, 8M



Jon Jurij Zdovc, 8M



Isabela Amelia Weeks, 8M

CHIPPENDALE COMMODE

Roald Dahl, one of the most famous British writers is mostly known for his children's books such as *Matilda*, *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, *James and the Giant Peach*... However, he was also a brilliant short story writer. In grade **8**, we read one of his stories which is a mix of comedy and tragedy, entitled *Parson's Pleasure*. During this unit, the students analysed what is morally acceptable and how life can play tricks on you if you act immorally.



The pupils had the task of writing the life story of the Chippendale commode, which plays the central role in the short story. We are sharing one of the stories with you today, though there were many inventive narratives penned by the pupils.

<http://trendfirst.com/chippendale-style-commode>

Sara Grmek, 8M

UNFORTUNATE EVENTS FOR A MAHOGANY TREE

Once upon a time, behind the three tall grassy hills, a mahogany tree began to grow. That small, yet bushy tree, was me. The very few mahogany brothers and sisters that I had been surrounded with, all hardly differed from me. Our expanding bushiness growing off our trunks, was filled with bright green leaves. Our leaves aren't as outstanding as you would think. As a matter of fact, they're quite basic. Narrow at first, wide in the middle, and a narrow spike at the end.

Days turned into months, then months turned into years as I began to grow taller and taller, until I outgrew every other tree in my sight. It's what made me stand out from everyone else. My days were more or less the same. On a regular day, I would begin my long day by being woken up by the gentle warming rays of the sun. Following that was my weekly shake off of the not so fresh rainfall. After it rains, our leaves do what they're

meant for, collect water. Then, it becomes our job to use the water wisely since here, behind the three tall grassy hills, it doesn't rain as often.

At times, when it's neither sunny nor rainy, it gets windy. It's quite the workout when a harsh, strong wind comes around. After all, if you don't keep up, you would most likely end up pulling a root. I pulled a root once, a large one too, and boy did it hurt! Oh, the indescribable pain that radiated throughout my entire body. All in one moment, your trunk experiences an extreme shockwave. For a human, it must be like breaking your leg, except more severe.

On a bright sunny day, as the breeze was dancing through my leaves, a mysterious dark box-like vehicle approached by my fellow siblings and me. Before I clearly saw what it had been, my best guess was another one of those furry animal species, with no manners whatsoever, who would leave their droppings near me. How rude! Anyways, as my curious-self watched the puzzling vehicle stop, a group of three humans stepped out.

Sooner or later, I found out their names, as they spoke to each other in an excited tone. All three, Nicholas, Richard, and Thomas made their way through the grassy fields. Nicholas, who looked the oldest, was a short man with the chubbiest face out of them all. Next, there was Richard with his entirely bald head, and his long face hiding behind his glasses with a thick black frame. Unlike Nicholas, Richard was extremely tall and as skinny as a twig. To complete the group, there was Thomas, with his dark shade of brunette hair and a small moustache right beneath his nose. The strong leftover odour their vehicle left stung my nostrils all the way to the end. Horrific, would be a way to describe that awful smell.

At first, I saw them as three normal middle-aged men taking a stroll, although, when the one who they called Thomas pulled out a sharp object, I began to be worried. Its handle looked wooden, then, as for the sharp part, it was quite distracting as it shone in the bright sunlight and reflected back at the same time. As I took a look over my branches, I could see the frightened faces of my fellow siblings.

Eventually, I realised what was happening as the three men happily approached me, with a satisfied grin on all their faces. I had heard only stories of when such horrible things were done to another tree. I was the chosen this time, and they were going to kill me, those murderers with the word 'evil' written across their rosy faces. As soon as that unidentified object blade cut into me, everything went silent. I couldn't hear the chirping birds or crickets anymore. An extremely high-pitched noise was all I heard until the pain came rushing back through me. Oh the pain, the agony I experienced as my trunk split into two. For the last time I looked at the beautiful sunset and its golden, red, and purple waves before I fell to the ground and blacked out.

Waking up as dizzy as ever, I realised some things sooner than others. One, I was no longer attached to the firm ground, meaning that I could finally walk with my own thick brown mahogany roots. After all my life, now that I was dead, I finally got to experience the meaning of freedom. I had always dreamed of being able to run around the grassy hills, and get to feel the smooth and rather bright green grass with the tips of my roots. I never quite believed in heaven, although here I was. I woke up with the feeling of rough branches being pressed against my cheek. As I carefully stood up, and looked around, I immediately recognised where I was after the smell and sight of the place. The smelly vehicle's odour still remained in the air as if it were permanent. As for the sight, there, right in front of me lay my dead trunk, with the same three men sawing off all my long branches with my light green leaves dangling off the end.

With their bare hands, Nicholas, Richard, and Thomas picked up my heavy trunk, and with all their power carried it all the long way back to their dark coloured vehicle. As they continued loading their strange wagon of transportation, I said one last goodbye to my sobbing siblings, even though they could not hear or see me. I grabbed onto the vehicle and quickly climbed in the back as the three men looked ready to go. As soon as we crossed over to the other grassy hill, I began to realise how different it had been from my imagination. There were lots of young children, running around and waving their hands in the warm air. As for the adults, they were busy with either building up bright orange bricks into walls, or planting new life into the firm ground as I was. Meanwhile, the air was filled with the toxic smell of fresh paint, not my favourite if I'm being honest.

Each hill we passed had its own unique smell and look. Some smelled like freshly baked cookies with the slightest scent of vanilla. While others were filled with the sounds of mooing cows being milked and church bells ringing throughout the entire village. Where we stopped, to me it looked like an entire different planet. It was filled with grey and tall buildings, although not as tall as I was.

In front of me was a sign which read 'CHIPPENDALE WORKSHOP'. Workshop? What kind of workshop I thought to myself. Thomas quickly ran to the door and unlocked it with his shiny set of keys as Richard and Nicholas, with my thick trunk, ran inside and dropped it onto a dark green coloured desk. After everything settled down, both Nicholas and Richard left with a warm farewell. As soon as they left, Thomas got to work as he grabbed another shiny tool from his yellow tool box right below his table. The sharpened object cut into my dead trunk as it did when I had still been alive. Here I was, watching my killer having fun shredding me into even smaller pieces with an evil glare on his demonising face. Oh, how badly I wanted to rip out a few of those short dark hairs which were almost as dark as coal.

Next, Thomas grabbed another tool of torture and carved my entire trunk, or what was left of it. Precisely, he took the time for every detail on what looked like a chair's leg. Finally, after several devastating days, Thomas came back to his workshop more excited than usual, as he said, 'I'm finished, after all this time!' to himself. Finished with what? Butchering my poor trunk into something you call a masterpiece? One last step was polishing, Thomas told himself, as I watched him dip a small brush, with the tip the size of two fingers, into a slimy liquid like substance.

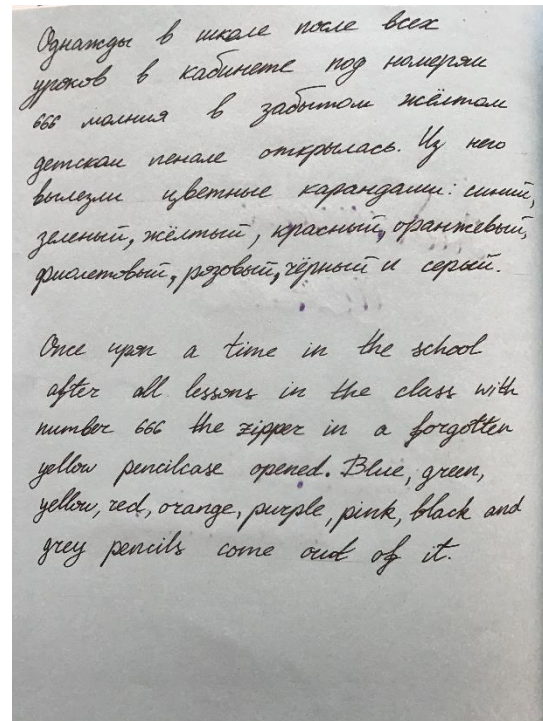
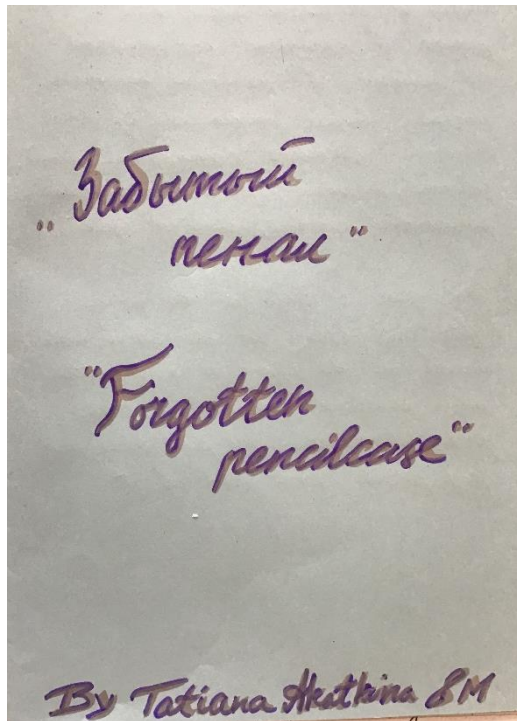
Only after the wooden 'commode' as Thomas called it, was fully covered in that sticky substance so that it shone in the bright light, he left it alone to dry. Little did he know that after he took one last look at his finished product, it would be his last. He locked the door, as he did every other time he came, then left and disappeared into the night.

That evening, it being the deepest of the night, I was glaring into the sky, which was full of dozens of miniature stars shining in the big dark sky, when all of a sudden I was rudely interrupted. In front of me, on the other side of the big glass window appeared two men in entirely black clothes. It all happened within seconds. With a giant rock as big as one's fist, one of the two men threw it violently into the window as it smashed into hundreds of small sharp pieces. They quickly ran inside and used both their arms to carry the commode out to their car. Why is it that every person I meet is just pure evil? Is this what all humans are like? I guess I will never know as therefore my time ran out. By that I mean, I had spent all my 12 hours given to me by heaven. You can't simply believe that there aren't any rules, since there are! Including one of them which is: you may stay present on earth for only 12 hours every few weeks. And so that's it, the most interesting journey from my afterlife as, therefore after that, I was never able to locate that commode made from my trunk ever again.

THE END

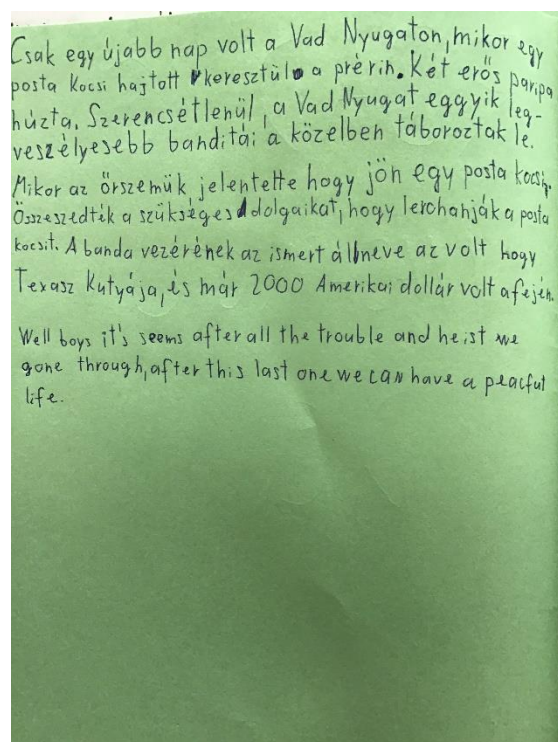
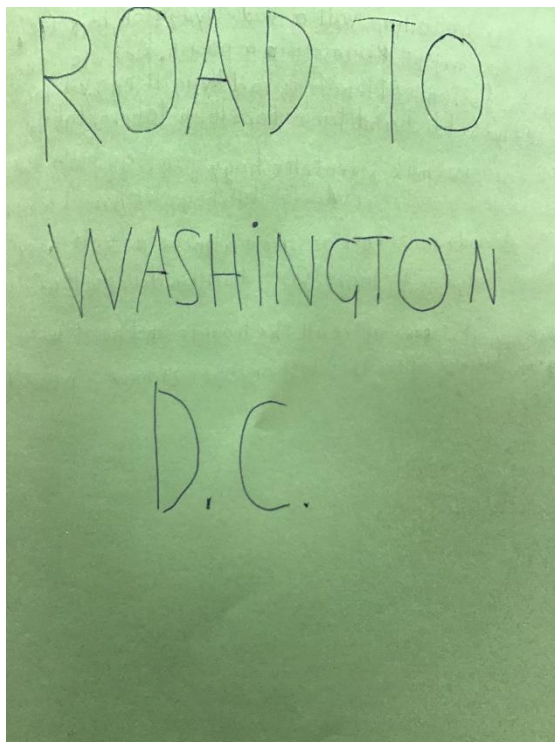
STORIES IN TWO LANGUAGES

Our EAL pupils are quite talented writers, however, sometimes, they find it easier to write in their own language first and then translate to English.



Once upon a time in the school after all lessons in the class with number 606 the zipper in a forgotten yellow pencilcase opened. Blue, green, yellow, red, orange, purple, pink, black and grey pencils come out of it.

Tatiana Akatkina, 8M - Russian



Well boys it's seems after all the trouble and heist we gone through, after this last one we can have a peaceful life.

Levente Partos, 8M - Hungarian

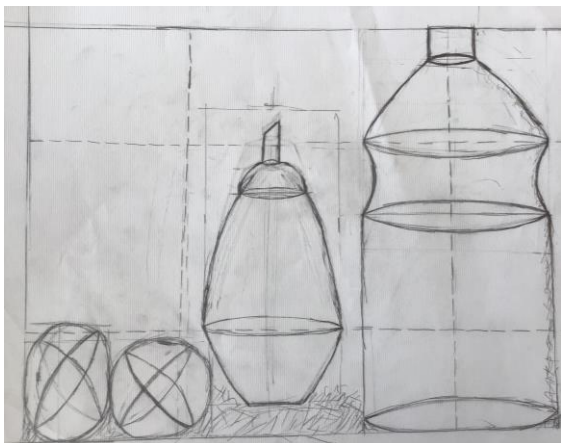
One Halloween day, 5 friends came together to have fun and play some games. First they decided to play murder in the woods. It was the same as hide and seek. 3 friends made a plan to scare the other friends. The seeker turned off the lights to make it more scarier. When they were gonna scare them, their mother turned on the lights.

Bir Cadılar Bayramı günü 5 arkadaş eğlenmek ve oyunlar oynamak için. İlk önce katil arkadaşın içinde oynamaya karar verdiler. Saklambaçın oynuyordu. 3 arkadaş diğer arkadaşlarını korkutmak için bir plan yaptı. Ebe ortamı daha korkunç yapmak için ışıkları kapattı. Arkadaşlarını korkutacakları an birmiş anımsesi ışığı açtı.

Kilicarslan Kutalmis Sezgin, 8M - Turkish

ARTWORK

Many of our pupils are very talented artists. The following works represent their creativity, collected during this school year.



Jure Mikulič, 7M



Selina Wang Chui, 3M



Yuchen Dou, 7M



Achyuth Rayesh, 5M



Polina Abramenkova, 6M



Tjaša Petrič, 6M



Grade 8