

DANILA KUMAR INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL



# SCHOOL NEWSPAPER



Lea Mintas & Ekaterina Kostyleva

JUNE 2021

ISSUE 2

## EDITOR'S NOTE

Dear readers,

Most of us will remember this school year by spending half of the time at home, sitting behind the computer and feeling like we'll never be able to meet in person again.

But alas, February came around, and we were able to return to school and continue with a seemingly normal routine. In these few months of 'normality', our students again showed us that creativity could never be stifled. In this issue, you'll be able to read variously written, artistic and mathematical works created by our students.

Now it's time for all of us to go on a well-deserved break, detach from all types of technology and spend as much time as possible outside in the sun. It is well known that the best thing we can do to boost our creativity is to simply relax. In addition, getting good quality sleep, looking at the blue sky and breathing in the fresh summer air definitely helps as well.

So don't forget to enjoy, read a nice book and spend quality time with your family and friends in order to recharge your batteries and get ready for the next school year.

We hope you have a lovely summer and we will see you all next year!

Tina Frelih & Anja Dežman

Teachers are teaching us so we could be successful,  
And when they are done, then we are thankful,  
We thank the patience and time,  
By giving them a flower or a pie.

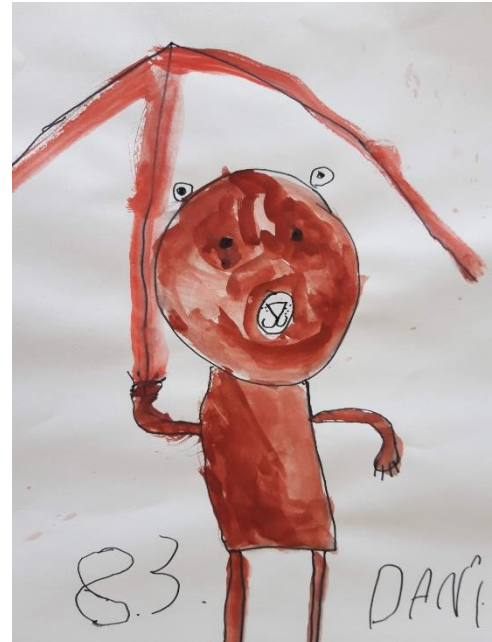
By Andris Pártos

## UNDER THE BEAR'S UMBRELLA

Students of the international **Kindergarten** showed their understanding by drawing and painting after reading the story Pod medvedovim dežnikom - Under the Bear's Umbrella by Svetlana Makarovič.



Liliana Kelikh, K2



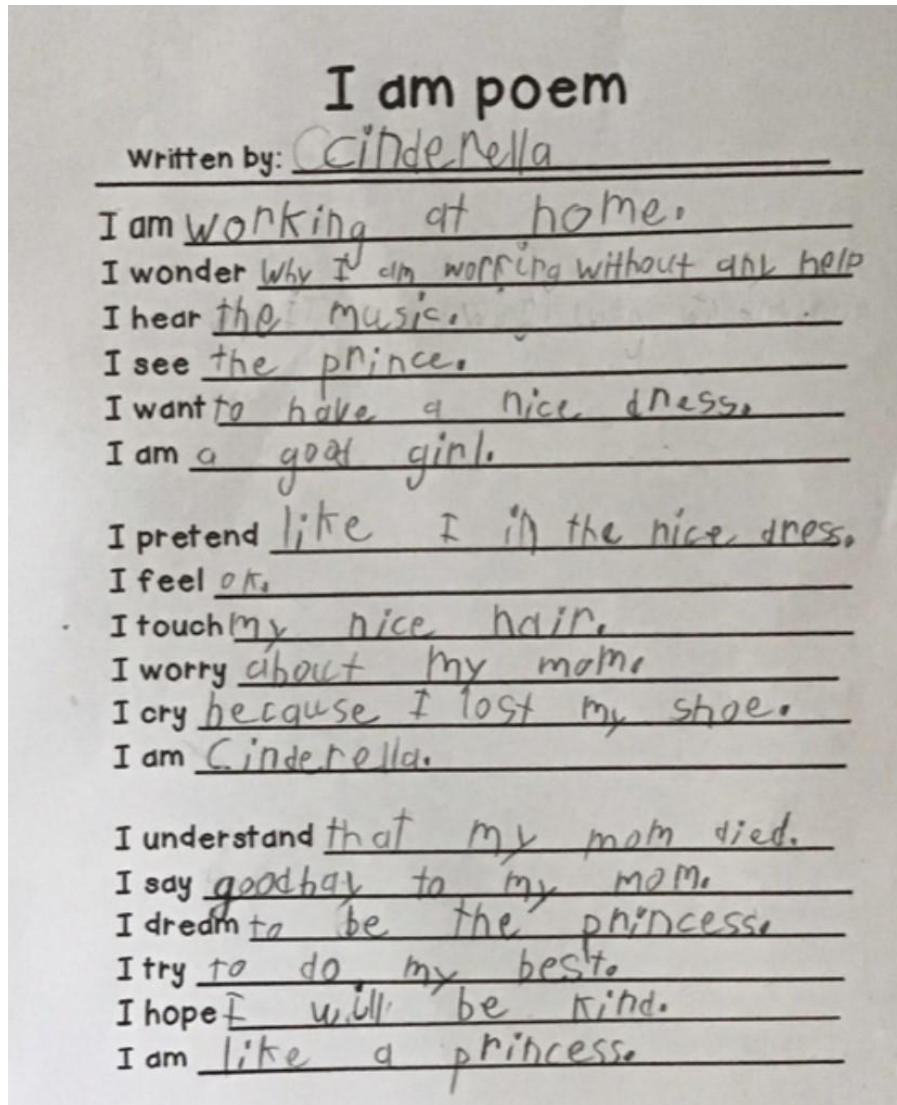
Daniel Gisch, K2



Dorđe Premeru, K2

## I AM POEM

Students of 1.M presented famous fairy tale characters by writing an 'I am poem' about them as part of their unit on Fairy tales.



Sofia Zamedyanskaya

## I am poem

Written by: Giants

I am Giants  
I wonder where my gold is?  
I hear Jack  
I see the beanstalk  
I want the hen back  
I am angry

I pretend to sleep  
I feel disappointed because I lost my stuff  
I touch gold eggs  
I worry because my harp is lost  
I cry because I am not happy  
I am cross

I understand my wife  
I say fee fie fo fum  
I dream about my money  
I try to catch Jack  
I hope to get my stuff  
I am big

Alessandra Matisse Flauto

## I am poem

Written by: Cinderella

I am a princess  
I wonder what princesses do?  
I hear my sisters  
I see my fairy godmother  
I want to go to the ball  
I am at home

I pretend to be a princess  
I feel sad  
I touch the golden coach  
I worry about the time  
I cry because I lost my shoe  
I am Cinderella

I understand that prince is  
~~say~~ looking for me  
I dream to marry the prince  
I tried the shoe  
I hope to be happy  
I am Cinderella

Giovanna Xavier dos Reis Zamberlan

## ART CRITIQUE

Based on their unit on expression through visual art, students of **2.M** wrote art critiques on famous artworks, such as *Starry Night* and *Girl with the Pearl Earring*.

- ① I see a moon and some stars and hills.
- ② Hills, mountains. The mountains are black and the hills are blue.
- ③ I see curved lines.
- ④ It makes me feel sad because of the dark colours and because of the wind.
- ⑤ I see the artist used a brush, and impasto technique.
- ⑥ The artwork is about a special night.
- ⑦ I like it because of the stars.
- ⑧ The best part is when the stars and the moon are shining.
- ⑨ I learned that the artist was Vincent Van Gogh.
- ⑩ I would change the colour.
- ⑪ During the unit we were learning about art.
- ⑫ The artist's perspective was from the side.

Jakob Rančigaj

### Art critique

I see a car, grass, building, trees, Sun, road, cloud. The art work is about a landscape and perspective. In my opinion the picture looks good. I would have it in my room! I think the landscape is the best part. I don't think she should change anything. I think it is connected to real life, because it looks realistic. I think it is a very good drawing. I learned how to draw in perspective. It makes me feel **HAPPY**, because it is peaceful drawing. I can see 3D drawings.

Ethan Cristopher Hart

### Art Critique

I can see a landscape with different art elements e.g. contrast, space, value, fantasy, symbolism, melting clocks and a stone.

The artwork is about how earth is & Symbolism and fantasy.

It makes me think he used chiaroscuro technique because of the light & darkness on the land and melting clocks shows passing of time.

It makes me feel sad because the branches don't have leaves.

In my opinion I would add more things like leaves to the branches & people to make it a happier picture.

The best part is the background because he used art elements like contrast and chiaroscuro technique.

I learned many techniques like chiaroscuro, Impasto, Art elements and about Artists.

Samarth Guruprasanna

### Art critique

I chose The art work *Starry Night*.

The artist is Vincent van Gogh.

In The painting I see a dark night with lots of waves and a mountain and lights. It makes me happy.

The artist thought light was happiness.

My most favourite part is the mountain because it is black and cool.

The art elements are color, shape, space and value because the painting is colorful, it has a lot of space and value.

I would display it because it is beautiful and colorful.

It reminds me of calmness.

I think that the painting is created in a person's perspective.

I would change the dark colors into lighter colors.

Because in my opinion the painting has too much blue.

Linda Tavačova

## Art critique

Jun. 4

I see a lot of dripping. The paints that he used were: red, blue, yellow and a little bit of purple. The only art element that there is Line (curved, thick, short, thin). It makes me feel dizzy. It makes me think I'm covered in paint. The artist's name is Jackson Pollock. I like the painting because it is created with my favorite colours. I would display it in my room because it's interesting. I would change nothing in the painting. There are very thick lines. He painted on the floor. It's from frog's perspective.

Sophie Gisch

1. I see a girl with a pearl earring,
2. The background is just black.
3. It makes me feel sad.
4. It makes me think it is winter.
5. The best part is the shading.
6. I dislike the background.
7. I like the way the artist painted the girl.
8. I would change the background because it is dark.
9. I think this is a person's perspective.
10. I think this painting and Frida Kralos painting is connected because it is dark.
11. I see the art elements colour, value on the girl.

Pranav Prasad

## Art critique

I can see a lot of circles and I can see colours. The artwork is about shapes and colours. It makes me feel good. I like the colours. It makes me think about shapes. The best part is the colours. I would change the shapes. I added about more colours. It reminds me of shapes. The colours blue, yellow, green, pink, red and brown. It is connected to shapes, colours. The points of the view are shapes and colours.

Luka Milošević

## Art critique

Jun. 14  
Aela

1. I see a car and trees.
2. In the background there is a sun going up or down, and in the middle there is a building.
3. This artwork is about buildings because there is a lot of them.
4. My favourite part was the car and the trees.
5. It makes me feel sad because of the colours.
6. The best part was the sun going down or up, because it looks cool.
7. I don't like the sky because it's orange.

Aela Qorri

## WEATHER and SENSES

Students of **3.M** spent a unit learning about weather creating artwork connected to it, and wrote poems about senses.



Jay Lovro Mark Lake



Lachezar Georgiev Susanin



Miha Filipović

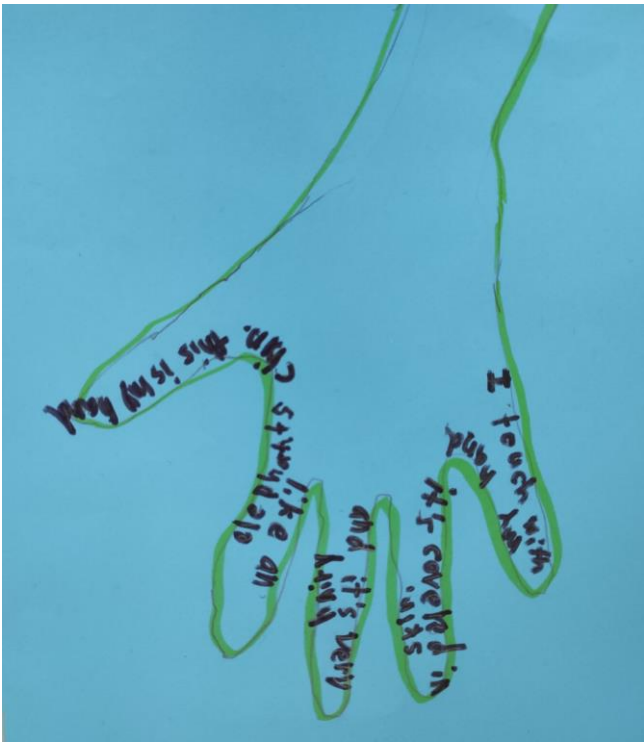


Mikhail Kurnikov



Sophie Zappe





Era Zogaj, Kayra Kiliçaslan

My ears can hear as good as a cat's.

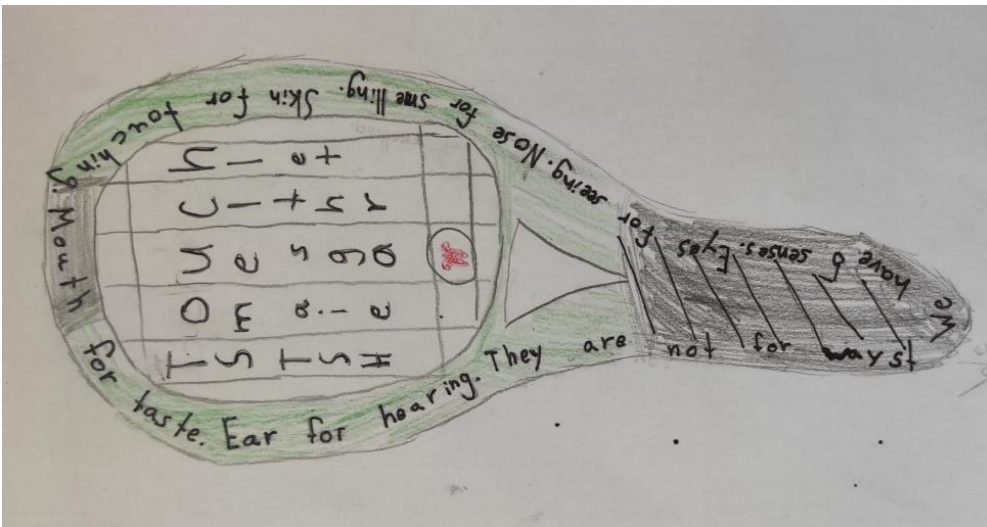
My sense of touch is as good as anyone's.

my eyes can see as far as a bird's.

My sense of smell is as good as a rabbit's.

My tongue can taste as good as anyone in the world.

Sophie Zappe



Vuk Matović, Lachezar Susanin, Miha Filipović

I can see a bee with my eyes while I say good bye.

Why do I have 2 eyes?

I have a pupil in my eye?

Why do I have 2 eyes?

Lucian Philip Rhind-Tutt, Alessia Erzsebet Maria Ottino, Semen Gaisov

## SYMBOLS

As part of their unit on different religions, **4.M** students created prints of symbols during their Visual Art lessons. Moreover, they have made maps of sustainable cities.



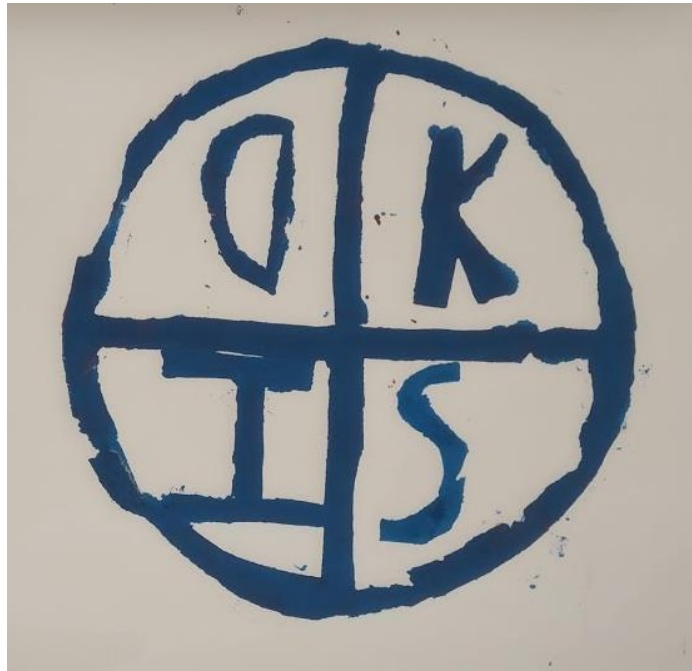
Anna Ivanova



Cyril Vinar



Leon Plešnar



Maks Sretenoski



Maxim Tavač



Mishel Lughanova



Stefania Churakova



Mishel Lukanov, Maxim Tavač, Cyril Vinar



Rubin Yildirim, Lennox Uwe Miess



Stefania Churakova, Anna Ivanova, Maks Sretenoski

## WEAKNESSES and STRENGTHS

As part of their final test of the PYP, **5.M** students wrote poems about their weaknesses turning into strengths which was the topic of this year's PYP Exhibition.

### TRYING TO GET STRAIGHT

*Caroline Shaha*

I'm good at organizing  
Things like my desk  
And if you were wondering  
Please, don't ask

I'm bad at taking notes  
Let's see who that promotes  
When my pencil makes it across  
And then, I just have to toss

Next, comes a schedule  
Cause that's a big head rule  
I try all day and night  
And that may give you a fright

I try to think like a painter  
While the teapot sings to the waiter  
I write alone in my room  
As the thunder keeps going BOOM!

Now, this is coming to an end  
Thinking of something that I need to lend  
I lend something long in length  
Cause now my weakness has become my strength

### HOW HARD IT IS TO FOCUS

*Avery Rose Hart*

I always feel as if I can't focus  
It runs away like a swarm of locusts  
I am distracted and I just can't think  
When someone just happens to do a wink

I think I am kinda pretty good at writing  
But focus just takes me away to do some fighting  
I am also kinda pretty good at reading  
But my own focus is a runaway seedling

I'll never be focused in a billion years  
I think I'll always just have so many fears  
This un-focusing thing is just a big curse  
I think I need a pretty nice helpful nurse

Focus just really goes "crash"  
I'm glass that really goes "smash"  
I have learned a lot at school  
If I focus that would really be cool!

### SLOW SNAIL THAT CAN SAIL

*Adam Vovk*

I work as fast as a snail  
Which is why I made  
I made this snail in me to sail  
To make my speed fade

I asked my friend whale  
To teach me how to sail  
But then I went pale  
So, I had to sharpen my nail

I also payed my bail  
Because I used to fail  
To get me out of jail  
I had to go sail

I learned never to fail  
To lower my stress  
I'm on the right rail  
To go struggle less

### THE UN-PERFECT

*Maria Madeleine Svetlana Magnus*

My imagination was a cat  
Un-perfect but good  
My synonyms were struggling  
As much as wood

So, the drafts piled up  
As the article grew  
Paper by paper  
Like a chair with a screw

*"Plop, Plop!"*  
My pencil plopped down  
Transition words good enough?  
As big as downtown  
I thought it was tough

I put down my pencil  
My time has run out  
"But was it enough?"  
To make myself pout

## SCHOOL

*Yixuan Yang*

School is like hell,  
With grades that could fell,  
But sometimes it would not,  
Because we learned and fought.

The school starts all the time,  
And I don't think that is fine,  
I have to wake up early,  
So I would not be late.

The school starts early,  
And ends up lately,  
Sometimes it ended so late,  
I had no time to ate.

I did not want to go to school,  
Because it's not cool,  
I want a loud BOOM,  
So the school will be blown to the Moon.

The school can be also good,  
Because of the food,  
And sometimes we can learn,  
Pretty much a lot.

I had an exhibition when I was ten,  
But it would end as fast as a fan,  
This time I had to write a story,  
It was as hard as finding a diamond in a quarry.

We don't know if we are going to succeed,  
But we know we need,  
We have to finish the exhibition,  
That is as annoying as the prohibition.

## ANGER ISSUES

*Milan Walter Zappe*

My weakness is  
He jumps around like a banger  
He can't sort out his time  
So he can't write his line

He is very lonely  
Cause everybody thinks he is full of baloney  
His little brother Freddie  
Is playing with his best friend Eddie

He sees that they are friends  
And realizes he has no friends  
Anger Issues is sad  
He is feeling really bad

He went home  
So he could be alone  
He cried  
Because he has no pride

Anger Issues was sad  
Two people saw him feeling bad  
They said something to him  
They said their names were Kim

They asked if he wants to be friends  
Anger Issues said sure I want to be friends  
Anger Issues felt happy  
He wasn't feeling crappy

Before, his angry feelings went BOOM!!!  
But now his happy feelings start to bloom  
He used to rot in Anger  
He now isn't a banger

Anger Issues now has a cat  
He sits on the mat  
Anger Issues isn't sad  
He isn't felling bad

He is happy  
He isn't feeling angry  
He saw his old friend  
He said hello my old friend

He now has new friends  
Those friends are good friends  
He is now happy  
He will always be happy

## SENTENCE MELTDOWN

*Akhona Ivy Kanyiwe*

I struggle with my sentence.  
But I like to get presents.  
Getting on a verb.  
Is very superb.

I am good with presentations.  
"Yay" one for the nations  
PowerPoints are my thing.  
But some of them really sting

Presentations are flying.  
Essays are dying.  
I practice all day.  
But just not in May.

"Swish, swish" goes my paper.  
Oh, presentations are safer.  
Like a sea with no salt.  
Like a dream with no fault.

A symbol like peace.  
That my essays like least.  
As the sun is coming.  
My presentation no longer frown.

## ART IS THE CURE TO DARKNESS!

*Iva Matović*

Having a hard time to sing  
"Ding, Ding" we've got a ring  
Here comes art  
To cure a broken heart

Dealing with social anxiety  
Keep calm because that's the reality  
It's hard as fatality  
Evil social anxiety

Blinds over your eyes  
Your heart dies,  
Here comes stage fright  
With a dark light

Art is like a Tart  
While darkness is the dart  
We've risen from the darkness  
With the help of likeness

Social anxiety is evil  
As the devil  
As strong as a shark  
Or the blinding dark

## The 5.M PYP Exhibition!

*By: Maria Madeleine Svetlana Magnus*

The 5m class has been doing the very stressful PYP exhibition. It is about how they need to turn their weaknesses into strengths with the help of their strengths. The exhibition is occurring so that students and teacher can see the outcome of all the PYP years. The students have mentors to help them along the traumatic path. The exhibition needs to be done at school, but part of it can be done at home. It commenced on April 8 and will conclude on July 7 or 14.

### Who is doing the exhibition?

Who is doing the PYP exhibition this year? It is the 5m class of 2021, from the international side of Danila Kumar elementary school. These students have been working hard all year, and now it is their time to demonstrate what they have been inquiring about throughout the PYP years. It is their time to shine, to become MYP students. Some of these students have been here since grade 1. Some of them have only been here for one or two years, some just came. Either way, they have been working hard for this moment.

### What is it about?

The PYP exhibition has certainly started off as a big test on their IQ. 5m students are working hard, but what is it that they are working on. The 5m students put together and gather their weakness (e.g., time management) into strengths (e.g., Creative). They will take their weakness and use their strength; to make the weakness a strength. In the end, they will do a presentation on their new strength and exhibit- it to others. Consequently, they will know how to turn that weakness into a strength too.

**Passing the PYP**

The occurring is inquiring so that teachers and you can realize what you have mastered over the year. If you fail or do not do good on the exhibition, you will not pass "the PYP" (5m), you will not go to the MYP (6th grade). In the MYP, the students will have to work much harder; that is why the exhibition tests the 5m students (If they can work two times as hard). This exhibition will decide their future in the MYP.

**How will it be done?**

All the students have mentors, and these mentors have been helping and guiding the students through the PYP exhibition towards the students' goal. The mentors picked the students according to what they can help them with. The mentors have been watching students' every move, and they have been giving a reflection to (Ms Tina) about what they did during the week and what they have discussed during the mentor meetings with the students. The mentors will show the students how to improve their weakness and teach

**Where will the exhibition take place?**

The PYP exhibition should be done in the classroom but, the students can also ask the mentors if they can do a part of the exhibition at a place outside of school. In this case they need to show the teacher what they did outside of school so that the mentor and teacher knows. They will see the process of what the 5m students did inside school and the students will be graded on the process and progress. The reason why the students should do mostly everything at school is so that the students can do it with the supervision of their teacher in case they need to ask questions or so that the teacher can correct them if they might be doing something wrong. Additionally, it should be done mainly in school, so that the students could do it with the help of their mentor guiding them along the long-labored way.

**When is it?**

The PYP exhibition started on April 8 when the students were in quarantine. They had to find their strengths and weaknesses online. On July, 7 all of the students will present their final product, show their improvement and teach the other students how to improve that weakness too. We all know this is going to be very stressful for them, they might lose their enthusiasm. Good thing they just learned about stress and they all have friends to help each other.



## PUPPET SCRIPT

**6.M** students spent a unit during online learning writing puppet scripts. They were based on well-known fairytales but given a modern twist. The students prepared a puppet performance based on their script and performed it for the PYP students in June. The following is an excerpt from the script written by Janko Zeković, Sofia Chernaia and Mylana Lysenko.

### RED HOOD AND THE BLOGGER WOLF

#### Scene 2

*Characters: Red and Wolf*

*(Red hits the road through the forest. She feels something is not right. She turns around and sees the Wolf's large grey figure standing next to a tree. She screams.)*

- Wolf: *(With deep scary voice)* Hi, kiddo!
- Red: *(Scared)* What do you want? I'll call the police. Stay away!
- Wolf: *(Pretending to be serious and then laughing)* Hm, they won't help you. I have plenty of time to eat you and enjoy a good breakfast, ha ha ha. Remember the story?
- Red: *(Red lifts her basket and pretends she is brave trying to scare the Wolf.)* Just try. I'll defend myself. I have this basket! It's full of heavy stones. I will hit on the head! Go away!
- Wolf: *(Suddenly changing his tone)* Oh, relax. I'm just kidding. I'm not that kind of Wolf anymore. I am following the trends these days.
- Red: *(Confused)* What!
- Wolf: Ah... you know... I have changed... I don't eat people anymore.
- Red: *(Joking)* So, you are a vegetarian now ... or maybe even a vegan...
- Wolf: *(Shaking his head.)* No, no, no.... That would be too much... I meant some other trends.
- Red: *(Still joking, grins)* So, you do yoga now?
- Wolf: *(Angry first, then admits)* Enough! No more jokes! I'm a blogger. I have my own blog. Now you know.
- Red: *(Silent for a couple of seconds then bursts laughing)* Hahahahaha, a blogger... hahahahaha... scary Wolf becomes trendy blogger...
- Wolf: *(Defending himself)* Stop laughing! It's a serious business.
- Red: *(Tries to stop laughing)* And, how long have you been doing that? There are many bloggers on the internet.
- Wolf: *(Explaining, but starring up, in the distance)* Oh, for a couple of years. I got fed up with eating people. Too messy and bloody. I needed something more ... hm... cleaner.
- Red: *(Tries to stop laughing)* And what is your blog about?
- Wolf: *(Explains, gesturing)* Oh, you know, gossiping about other animals from the forest, like deer and rabbits, they are just awful... and mocking people going for a walk in their flip-flops, throwing garbage around, trying to feed squirrels with meat, or take a selfie with a bear. You know... regular bad stuff.
- Red: *(Smiles)* So, you are still a Big Bad Wolf.
- Wolf: *(First calm, then raises his voice.)* Kind of... But, enough of chatting. Where is your grandma? I need to find her.
- Red: *(Confused)* Why? I don't know. What do you want from her?
- Wolf: *(Surprised, sarcastic and mean)* You don't know? Poor little girl, she doesn't know her own Granny.
- Red: *(Still confused)* What are you talking about?

Wolf: (Grinning and mean) Your Granny is a blogger, too.  
 Red: No!  
 Wolf: Yes!  
 Red: No!  
 Wolf: Yes!  
 Red: How do you know?  
 Wolf: (Cries desperately) Because she is my enemy, my competitor, my worst nightmare ... She has more followers than I doooooo...aaaaahhhhh.  
 Red: (Scratching her head, confused) My Granny? Still cannot believe it.  
 Wolf: (Gets angry) You have to help me find her. I need to get rid of her. There can be only one blogger in the forest. If you don't help me, I'll eat you, and that's it. I swear, I will start eating people again.  
 Red: Ok, ok, calm down. Let's go together to her house and talk to her. Don't be so upset.

### ORIGINAL POEMS

Furthermore, **6.M** students spent their last unit learning poetry and writing original poems based on different pictures.

The End  
 Your whole life was controlled  
 by light,  
 Now let the darkness control  
 your sight.  
 The birds are coming to their  
 last way,  
 To the end of day.

Water is calm like it doesn't  
 protest.  
 If the sun gets low, water  
 wouldn't be stressed.  
 Water isn't afraid of the end,  
 It is very easy going like it  
 would be sand.

Yury  
 Chumakov

I want to go back to day,  
 To fix some things on my way.  
 I would do the things I did  
 not do,  
 To have my wishes become true.



Yury Chumakov

# Spring - The Best Time of the Year

When Spring arrives,  
around you there are happy vibes.  
The leaves turn green,  
life is a merry dream.

You sit on the hot grass,  
and pour your juice into a glass.  
You can feel the hot Sun on  
Crunch Crunch goes a bag of Lays. <sup>your</sup> face

The world turns colourful,  
sniff sniff goes your nose,  
Smelling the flowers which are wonder-  
-ful,  
Spring is the best time to open  
the windows

Achyuth Rajesh



Heart on the sand  
I draw a heart, a heart on the sand  
And my living heart, here in my hand,  
The heart on the sand will <sup>be washed away by</sup> wash away the sea  
And my unspoken feelings will be free.

Sea is playing with <sup>the</sup> waves blue  
My heart is sad without you  
I will miss you, I hope to see you soon  
And I wish, we will meet under the moon.

Sofia Cherniaia



# RAINY DAYS

On rainy days, I stay at home,  
in stormy weather <sup>I'm</sup> im alone.  
Like a shower it rains down on me,  
the water drains into a sea.

The sun comes up and starts to shine,  
and it becomes a yellow line.  
The clouds are dancing in the sky,  
A drop falls down, I go inside.

Mariya Uvarova



# MY WINDOW VIEW



I open my window,  
astonished by the rainbow.  
It attracts my eyes,  
that I can't stop looking at the skies.\*

The water is like a mirror,  
reflecting the rainbow's colour.  
It moves slowly like a train,  
but is refreshing like the rain.

Rocks also rise in my screen,  
adding colour to the scene.  
There is so much I can see,  
that my window brings to me!



Heartbroken

Catarina Isabel Fernandes Moras



We broke up.  
in a fight.  
I destroyed her cup,  
it wasn't right.

I was angry as a bull,  
couldn't stop.  
She took her things her bag was full  
Happened like a POP!

Sad and mad I was,  
and Boom! I realized  
this could be fixed cause  
I know what I want for my prize.

She didn't accept and  
went ROAR!  
And finally she has spoken  
Said we are no more,  
Truly I was heartbroken.

## ANCIENT ROME - SCREENPLAY

During one of their unit, **7.M** students learnt how to write a proper screenplay for a Netflix historical series on the topic of Ancient Rome. They first spent two months learning about Ancient Rome at history lessons, and they then used their knowledge to write a realistic screenplay. Here are some excerpts:

### • SITUATION #1

WHAT	WHO	WHEN	YOUR SCRIPT SHOULD INCLUDE	WORDS
Racing at Circus Maximus	Charioteer	Empire	Is it safe or dangerous? Describe Circus Maximus, describe the crowds, pluses and minuses of your profession, training, etc.	Slave, patrician, emperor, chariot, thermae, Palatin, equates, slaves

#### EXT. CIRCUS MAXIMUS - Day

Mount Palatinus is shown, and the arena of Circus Maximus. The charioteers are preparing for the race, cleaning their horses, checking their chariots and pacing around nervously. FLAVIUS MONTANUS, a charioteer and former slave who won many previous races, is preparing his horses, AIDOS, AENEAS, ACTANEON and TURNUS for the race.

FLAVIUS  
(speaking reassuringly to the horses)  
We'll survive.  
(continues preparing)

The audience is slowly assembling, with plebeians taking seats closer to the arena and patricians settling in the back, in the more comfortable seats. They are talking, betting, socializing, and all are very excited. Then, finally, the EMPEROR, a man dressed in purple and gold, arrives, and the audience settles down.

EMPEROR  
(looking at the audience imperiously)  
Citizens! I, the Emperor of Rome, welcome you to the 1643rd Chariot Race.

The charioteers go into the arena, FLAVIUS among them. They do a lap around the arena. They form a line at the start. There are no equates.

EMPEROR (CONT'D)  
Let the Race  
(pauses)  
BEGIN!

The race starts, and the tension is mounting. The audience is cheering, screaming and yelling. FLAVIUS has half-finished his first lap when another chariot bumps into his. He nearly falls out and has to grab onto TURNUS's mane to keep standing. TURNUS doesn't like it and tries to get him off.

TURNUS is neighing loudly while FLAVIUS holds on for dear life.

Dust is flying everywhere in the arena, and it gets into a CHARIOTEER's eyes. He loses control of the chariot.

CHARIOTEER 1  
(blindly turning his head in every direction, trying to get the dust out)  
ARGH!  
(his chariot crashes into another, and he falls out)

CHARIOTEER 1 gets trampled by enraged horses. Blood and dust is flying everywhere as the audience watches.

The audience is jeering, yelling and booing. Muffled sobs can be heard. FLAVIUS has started his second lap.

FLAVIUS is on his third lap around the arena, and he is trying to keep up with some of his more skilled opponents.

CHARIOTEER 2  
(teeth clenched in concentration)  
You. Will. Not. Win!  
(tries to speed up, so FLAVIUS will not be able to overtake him)

The charioteer speeds up but misses the curve of the arena. He ends up smashing into the barrier dividing the stands and the arena. His chariot breaks and a crack is heard. His leg is broken, and blood spilled on some of the audience.

Disgusted, screaming, cheers, yells are coming from the audience.

Two of FLAVIUS's opponents are now eliminated. However, the race is not over yet. FLAVIUS is doing his fourth lap around the arena when a resounding crash is heard. A visibly battered chariot broke, and the charioteer inside it is lying on the ground.

CHARIOTEER 3 moans hoarsely, stirring feebly. As FLAVIUS overtakes him, CHARIOTEER 3 passes out.

FLAVIUS continues his fourth lap, and one of the chariots suddenly ignites (friction with the ground was immense and caused a fire to appear). The horses got scared of the flames and were running faster than ever. Fire added to blood, dust, bones and the broken chariot on the ground.

CHARIOTEER 4  
(convulsing in pain)  
AAAAARGH! HELP!

The CHARIOTEER on fire is FLAVIUS's opponent in the arena, but outside of the races, he is his friend.

As he was passing the burning chariot, FLAVIUS throws out his hand for the CHARIOTEER inside.

FLAVIUS  
Catch!

FLAVIUS grabs the CHARIOTEER and pulls him onto his chariot.

CHARIOTEER 4  
(hoarsely, still in pain)  
G-gratias ago. (Lat. thanks)

Under the weight of the other charioteer, the chariot becomes heavier and harder for the horses to pull. FLAVIUS pulls CHARIOTEER 4 upright and places him on the edge of the chariot.

FLAVIUS  
(pushing CHARIOTEER 4 forwards)  
Jump!

With the momentum of the push, CHARIOTEER 4 jumps and is received by doctors at the edge of the arena. With the other charioteer gone, FLAVIUS continues the race. He overtakes three other opponents and continues his fifth lap around the arena.

**TO BE CONTINUED...**

Written by Polina Abramenkova

## • SITUATION #2

WHAT	WHO	WHEN	YOUR SCRIPT SHOULD INCLUDE	WORDS
Visiting Rome after the fire	Nero	64 CE	Plans for rebuilding the city, possible business opportunities, would you help the citizens, etc.	Empire, tyranny aqueducts, Forum Romanum, Domus Aurea, Palatine Hill, baths, plebeians

EXT. THE REMAINS OF ROME - DAY

NERO, the current Roman emperor with grey-blue eyes and blond hair, is walking around the city, ordering people to find some materials to use to rebuild the city. Meanwhile, he makes his plan. NERO tells DOMITIUS, a dark-haired, tall, blue-eyed servant, how he wants his new city to be, and NERO is writing it down and drawing.

NERO  
There will be a palace in the middle. A big one.

DOMITIUS  
(Drawing with a cane pen on papyrus paper)  
How big?

NERO  
(Without taking too long to think)  
About one *centuria*.

DOMITIUS drops the cane pen.

DOMITIUS  
*One centuria? Maiestatis tuae*, we do not have enough material or time for this. How will we ever-

NERO  
(angrily and loud)  
Don't you dare disrespect my ideas! There will be a one-*centuria* palace. It will be made straight away!

DOMITIUS  
(scared and embarrassed)  
Certe, Maiestatis tuae.

DOMITIUS picks up his pen and continues to write and draw. NERO calms his expression a bit.

NERO  
There will be a big, bronze statue at the front of the palace. It will be of me, of course. It will be called the Colossus Neronis, and it will be 120 pedes tall.

DOMITIUS is surprised, but he tries his best to keep calm and keeps writing.

NERO (CONT'D)  
And the palace will be called... the Domus Aurea.

DOMITIUS  
(Looks up at Nero)  
Anything else specific you would like in your palace, Maiestatis tuae?

NERO  
(Thinking)  
Mosaics. Domus Aurea's ceiling will be covered in mosaics. And there will be fountains, baths, and pools, and the walls and floors will be made of gold and marble. There will be a big artificial lake at the front called... the Domus Aurea Stagnum

DOMITIUS jots down on his paper quickly to write and draw everything Nero had said.

DOMITIUS  
Where will it be built?

NERO  
It will be constructed over the Palatine, Oppian, and Caelian hills

DOMITIUS writes that down.

NERO (CONT'D)  
Now, go show it to everyone else. Tell them exactly how it should be. Don't miss a single detail.

DOMITIUS nods, folds the paper, and runs off.

DOMITIUS  
(panting)  
Everyone, we are going to build a palace for NERO. Here are the details.

DOMITIUS hands the plan to SEVERUS, a tall, brown-haired man with brown eyes, and SEVERUS unfolds and studies the paper and others crowd around him to see.

SEVERUS  
(Gaping)  
A *whole centuria*? We don't have enough material and time to make a palace that big.

DOMITIUS  
(shrugs)  
NERO'S orders. That's exactly what I said to him.

SEVERUS  
(Reading carefully)  
The Domus Aurea will cover the Palatine, Oppian, and Caelian hills? This will cover the entire Forum Romanum!  
(Looks up to Domitius)  
Are you certain this is one centuria?

DOMITIUS  
Look, everything that is there is what NERO told me to write or draw. If you don't start soon, we will all be executed.

SEVERUS  
(rolls eyes)  
Everyone, let's get this started.

DOMITIUS runs off again.

**TO BE CONTINUED...**

Written by Emily Shaha

• **SITUATION #3**

WHAT	WHO	WHEN	YOUR SCRIPT SHOULD INCLUDE	WORDS
Planning a conspiracy against Julius Caesar	Senator	44 BCE	Your opinion on Caesar's dictatorship, the republic being in jeopardy, what role does the Senate have, etc.	Republic, senator, dictator, Rubikon, tribune, Gaul, civil war, triumvirate

**INT. SENATE CHAMBERS - AFTERNOON**

Senators are standing in the chambers waiting for GAIUS CASSIUS LONGINUS, an ambitious and influential Roman senator. They greet each other, sit down and prepare for the discussion.

GAIUS, his brother-in-law MARCUS BRUTUS, and senators CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METTELUS and CIMBER start the conversation.

**GAIUS CASSIUS**

(looks at the senators, interested)

Fellow senators! I assume you understand the reason this meeting was called?

The Senate gets quiet, yet its members soon start cheering.

**GAIUS CASSIUS (CONT'D)**

Superb! Now that he has control of the Council, Julius Caesar, 'our great leader' (smirk), suggested he should receive supreme power.

**DECIUS**

(surprised)

When did this happen?

**GAIUS CASSIUS**

The decree was posted this morning.

**CASCA**

(worried)

Do you think he will dismantle the Senate?

**METTELUS**

Why bother? As a practical matter, the Senate no longer exists.

**CINNA**

(enraged, constantly hits the desk with his hands)

The constitution is in shreds. Amendment after amendment... executive directives, sometimes a dozen in one day. (He is beginning to lose patience)

**GAIUS CASSIUS**

We can't let a hundred years of democracy disappear without a fight.

EVERYONE looks at each other, a little worried at the implications of what was just said.

**CASCA**

We cannot let this turn into another war.

**GAIUS CASSIUS**

Absolutely, that is the last thing we want.

**CIMBER**

(looks suspiciously at Gaius Cassius)

What are you suggesting?

**GAIUS CASSIUS**

I apologize!

(frowning)

I didn't mean to sound like a dictator.

**METTELUS**

(gives GAIUS CASSIUS an approving look, and turns at the Senators)

We are not tyrants trying to leave the Republic.

The doors of the chambers open, and the friendly servant, BANA BREEMU, serves drinks to the Senators. She gives them a strange look as if she knows what they are talking about. It makes the Senators uncomfortable.

**METTELUS (CONT'D)**

(looks at the door to make sure BANA BREEMU left and continues)

As I said, we are not tyrants trying to leave the Republic. We are loyalists, trying to preserve democracy in it.

**GAIUS CASSIUS**

Oh, I agree! However, the Republic is falling apart in front of our eyes, yet we are not doing anything.



The Senators exchange confused looks.

**GAIUS CASSIUS (CONT'D)**

It has become increasingly clear to many of us that Caesar has become an enemy of democracy.

(puts his arm sleeve up)

If we don't put an end to his rule, the Roman Republic will become an Empire!

The group of Senators sigh in disbelief. Now being sure the Republic is in the hands of a traitor and that they have to take action as fast as possible. However, CASCA seems to disagree with that.

**CASCA**

(takes a sip of the drink)

I can't believe it has come to this! Caesar is one of my oldest advisors.

**CINNA**

(puts his drink down on the table, and speaks)

Senator, I fear you underestimate the amount of corruption that has taken hold in the Senate.

**METTELUS**

(very disappointed in how CASCA cannot see through Caesar's lies)

Julius Caesar has played the Senators well. They know where the power lies, and they will do whatever it takes to share in it. Caesar has become a dictator and we have helped him to do it.

**GAIUS CASSIUS**

(having enough of the procrastination, yet still speaking in a confident voice)

We can't sit around debating any longer, we will decide what we have to do to stop him. Senator Marcus Brutus and I are putting together an organization.

**CASCA**

(gives up to GAIUS CASSIUS' will, tired voice)

Say no more, Senator Cassius, I understand. At this point, it's better to leave some things unsaid.

**GAIUS CASSIUS**

Yes. I agree, and we must not discuss this with anyone without everyone in this group agreeing.

**MARCUS BRUTUS**

(threatening voice)

That means those closest to you ... even family ... no one can be told.

They ALL nod their heads. CASCA considers this for a moment.

**CASCA**

Agreed.

**TO BE CONTINUED...**

Written by Lea Mintas

## THE CHIPPENDALE COMMODORE

**8<sup>th</sup>-grade** students read one of Roald Dahl's short stories entitled 'Parson's Pleasure' where an extremely valuable and expensive commode ends up being chopped up due to dishonesty and misleading information. They then had to write an imaginative story from the perspective of the commode, presenting its life story and how it experienced the events of that fateful day.

Written by Maria Koutsikou, 8.m

The forest had always been still, always monotonous, always forsaken, for me at least. Just another mahogany tree among many others, I truly thought that there was nothing interesting in me. I had gotten used to the silence of the forest, only a few birds soaring across the hazy, blue sky, some, perched upon the tree branches but that was all, until that one day. I couldn't tell whether I dreaded it or wanted to relive it a million times more. The steps grew closer and closer, we all could tell it was no animal, but a human. The leaves crunched beneath me and I could feel the vibrations growing closer to me. A man with a silver, shiny axe that was held firmly in his grip. Without hesitation he swung at my trunk. I will admit, it was painful but all I could think about was whether this meant I would disappear in someone's fireplace, or, become something of value. I dropped dead on the forest floor and was chopped into more manageable pieces. I was loaded into the back of a truck and taken far from what I considered home. The road was bumpy and unpleasant, thudding was heard every other minute of the drive. I was then unloaded into what they called a workshop. Maybe I would become chair legs, I thought, or a chair itself, a door perhaps? Only time would tell. I was loaded onto a large yet delicate table. It was as white as snow with intricate detailing along the sides. My hopes only grew as time passed. Maybe I could be of use after all.

As time went by, I presumed that it was some time in the 16<sup>th</sup> century but I was just wood, I was never certain of anything. A man named Thomas Chippendale owned the workshop and the day came, it was finally my turn to be useful. I had already been cut up into small and convenient pieces, ready to be turned into a marvellous commode. The carcass of mine was intricately carved with knives and picks of all sorts. It was truly excruciating, the feeling of a knife constantly scraping my skin, but "beauty is pain", I repeatedly told myself. One day I knew I would be worth thousands of pounds, millions maybe. Chippendale continued to carve into me with his agonizing tools. I could feel all sorts of spirals, swirls and flowers being knifed into me, slowly but surely. It took years to be put together. There was polishing, sanding, drilling and much more to the process. I could have never imagined, but that one day, oh how I waited for that day, I was finally ready to go out to the world.

Years and years later, after-sales and sales, I ended up in a manor house. It was a grand house for me, but once again, it was always mute. No one was home, ever. It had been years since I last saw the workshop, and I felt so isolated in a house full of furniture but no owner, at least not alive. It was constantly cold in the house. Then one day, a loud bang was heard from the front door. I couldn't help but feel the little bit of hope I had left grow inside me. I don't remember much, but I woke up somewhere much worse than I expected. I was now painted a dreadful shade of snowy white, covering the sweet shade of mahogany beneath me. I knew I'd stick around for a while by the looks of the musty old farmhouse.

As time went by, the only thing that seemed to change was the wrenching smell of that god awful room. It was only getting worse. One sunny morning when the sky was a blinding shade of blue, and the sun's rays felt like splashes of lukewarm water, and there was an unexpected knock on the door. The three men, Bert, Rummins and Claud, who was the neighbour, all hurdled up to see what the commotion was all about. The knocking kept getting louder and louder. KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! A man, quite grey-haired, tall and with quite sophisticated features stood at the doorstep. He was dressed as a parson and talked about furniture and preservation of some kind. The men led him to my room where he saw me and nearly had a heart attack. He recognized how extraordinary I was, and maybe I would make it out of here after all. He began to bargain for me. To my surprise, he repeatedly found ways to offend me and my creator. He said that I was a reproduction and that I was not worth much money, "It's exactly what I told you, a Victorian reproduction." Had he gone mad?! I was worth a fortune that I was sure of, and I knew that he was aware of that as well. He didn't have much effect on me until he began to chip the paint off of me. I was fragile, and his knife, picking at the ugly white paint, falling to the ground like snowflakes was indeed a tormenting experience. He messed with my handles, unscrewed and then replaced them with his own screws. I didn't know how much I could last. His touch was as cold as ice and the bit of me that no longer had paint felt free

and alive again. After a few minutes of arguing and manipulation, he finally got a deal, and the only problem was, he only wanted my legs... or did he?

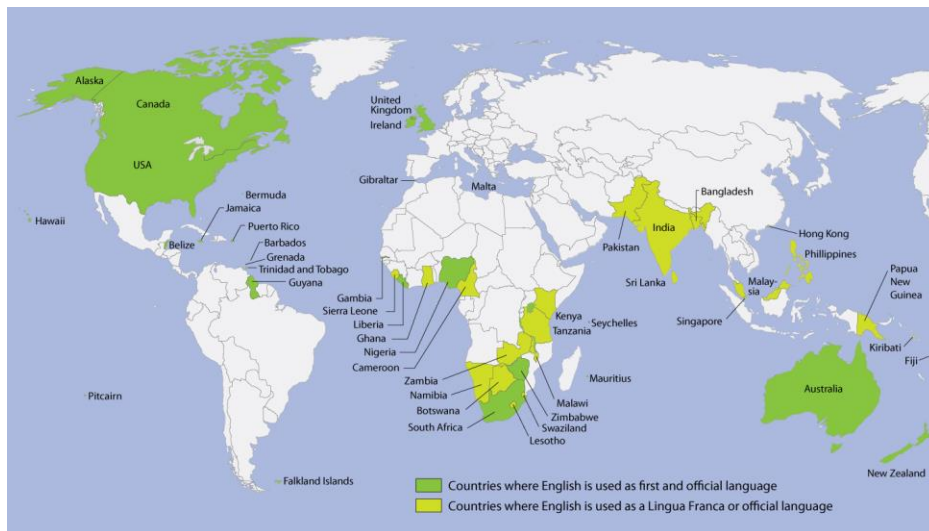
As the parson left to bring his car, I heard the three men talking about how I was not going to fit in the mysterious man's car. Then the agonizing words were heard. "Bring the axe", Rummins insisted. I felt my soul leave my body, and this would be my end. The shortest man brought not one but two whole axes and swung right at me. I was in excruciating pain. The axes first sliced my legs off and then hit every angle of my carcass, not leaving a single bit to spare. They continuously beat me until I could no longer handle it. I snapped in half, and yet they continued to scar my exquisite mahogany body with their blades. I could have lived such a prosperous life, but these men were destroying me from head to toe. Lastly, they snatched my chopped off my legs and frantically shook them in the air. The parson approached the fence with his car, as he stepped out I could see his heart drop to his feet. That was my end.



PICTURE SOURCE: <https://www.apollo-magazine.com/the-only-name-that-means-anything-in-furniture/>

## ENGLISH AS A GLOBAL LANGUAGE

At the end of the English language and literature unit on English as a global language, **8<sup>th</sup>-grade** students created dialogues in different dialects.



PICTURE SOURCE: <https://ndia.no/subject:1:3d4efd60-aa24-4dc9-b1ad-71fb0ba2746c/topic:2:186486/resource:1:9168>

## MEETING IN MICHIGAN

By: Živa Pilgram (New Zealand) and Isabella Sarah Williams (Welsh), 8. 1

Ž: Sorry kiwi, I didn't see ye t'ere.

I: Et's fine, et is. Byt.

Ž: What be ye doing here in Michigan?

I: I'm an pelot, I em. I'm about to fly to Munich. Where you to?

Ž: I' are some rellies here, mate. Do ye like Star Wars?

I: Wha-at, not rreally.

Ž: Bro! Bugger off.

I: Whyy?

Ž: Because ye doggy, ye haven't see t'e best movies on earth.

I: E've se-en other felms, I' ave.

Ž: I'm gutted but I'm keen. Which onces?

I: Whyy yaa so in loove with felms aanyway?

Ž: Yeah, nah mate. Ye a hard case, movies are rad.

I: Theerre not that tidy, they arren't ych a fil (they're gross).

Ž: Ye bruz, be t'ere any films 'bout Michigan?

I: 8 Mele, The Feve-Yearr Fengagment, Deetroit.

Ž: Heaps? I'm stocked mate.

I: Teell mi more about yaaself.

Ž: I like fush & chups and Maccas.

I: I think that Michigan is well tidy, it is.

Ž: Same, it's nice muh rellies' ave a shed down in Bloomingfield.

I: Wow! Et's lush innit. What your rreelatives called? How old erre the-ey?

Ž: Muh cuz Carl graduated heaps ago. From Bloomingfield high school.

I: Dew dew! (exciting)

Ž: What be ye doing in Munich when ye go, eh?

I: Mii friend end heerr husband lev theerre. E'm only goen forr a neght. E'm flyen back t' Wales forr St. David's day.

Ž: Cool mate, gunna ta find muh rellies now and 'ave some hot chups.

I: Iawn (ok). 'Ave fun in Michigan, the must magical plaace on earth. Da bo ti (bye).

Ž: Bye, kiwi, I will.

I: I'm not a kewe. Hwyl! (bye)

## SKYDIVING

*By: Szabolcs Kovessi and Tomo Gaber Pinterič, 8.M*

*(while reading it, imagine these two characters having a really thick south African (S) and New Zealand (T) accent)*

T: Bugger! (calls 911)

S: 911, what is your emergency?

T: I went skydiving and my parachute won't open!

S: Izzit? Pirates shooting at you?

T: Eh?! I said parachute!

S: Aghh! You bought a pair of shoes.

T: Teah nah! All good. (hangs up)

S: 911, what is your emergency?

T: Aghh bugger! You again!

S: Are you the shoe guy?

T: Not shoe. Par-a-chu-te!

S: Hah? You are allergic to passion fruit?

T: Bro, what?

S: So you have a problem with your sweatsuit?

T: I guess I'm a die.

S: You're on a diet?

T: Are you ok?

S: Yes, I'm okay. Why you asking?

T: You're quite chur.

S: I'm not quite sure.

T: Look, sir, I don't have time. I have a problem with my parachute.

S: Ahhh! You have a problem with you parachute!

T: Yeeeee!

S: Why didn't you say like that?

T: Are you kidding me?!?

S: so What's the problem?

T: It won't open.

S: Did you pull the ripcord?

T: Can you just tell my family I love them.

S: You want to play grammarly?

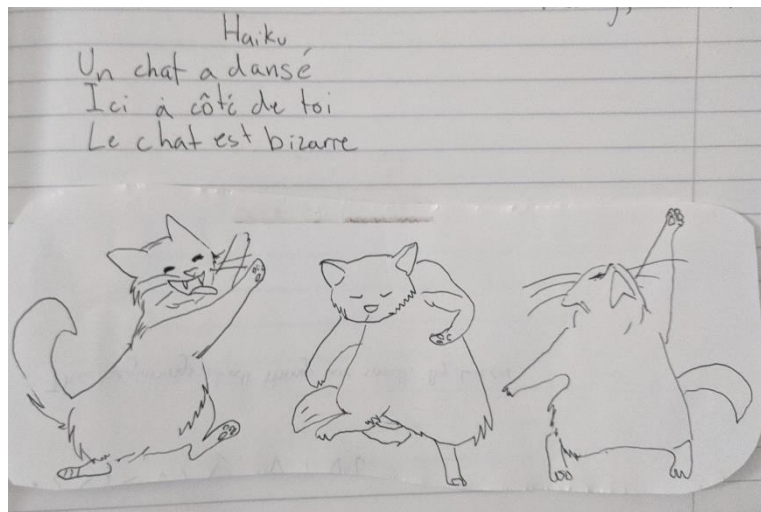
T: Cheers. (BOOM!)

S: Sir? Hello? I guess he opened it.

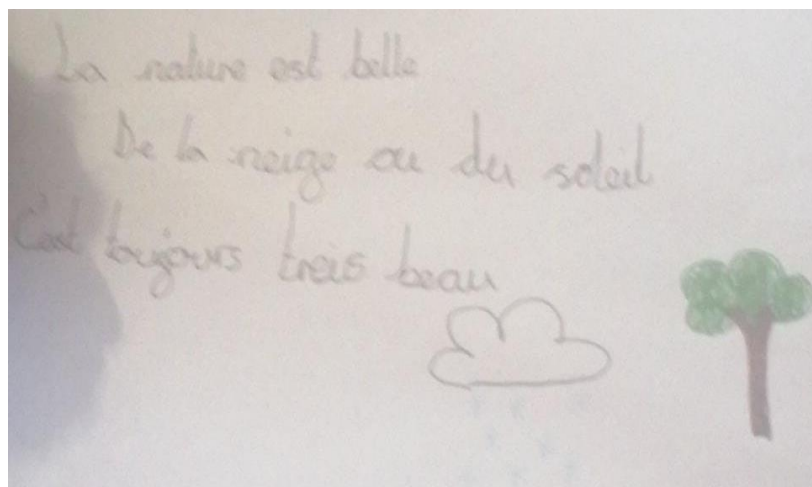
**THE END**

## HAIKU POEMS

Students from the Phase 2 French group wrote haiku poems on various topics during online learning.



Emily Shaha



Isabella Sarah Williams



Lea Mintas

## ART

MYP students are very talented artists as well. They have been creating different works of art, such as abstract art and creating portraits.

### 6M – Abstract art



Mariya Uvarova, Catarina Isabel Fernandes Moras,  
Kata Manček Pali, Beren Özata



Sofia Chernaia, Alexandra Kurakina, Nil Pelin  
Muratoğlu, Parya Shaya Sari Eliza Sedar



Grigory Zamedyanskiy, Kostiantyn, Shekhovtsov,  
Janko Zeković, Yufuy Nizamov

7.M – Portraits



Freire Jaume Ventosa



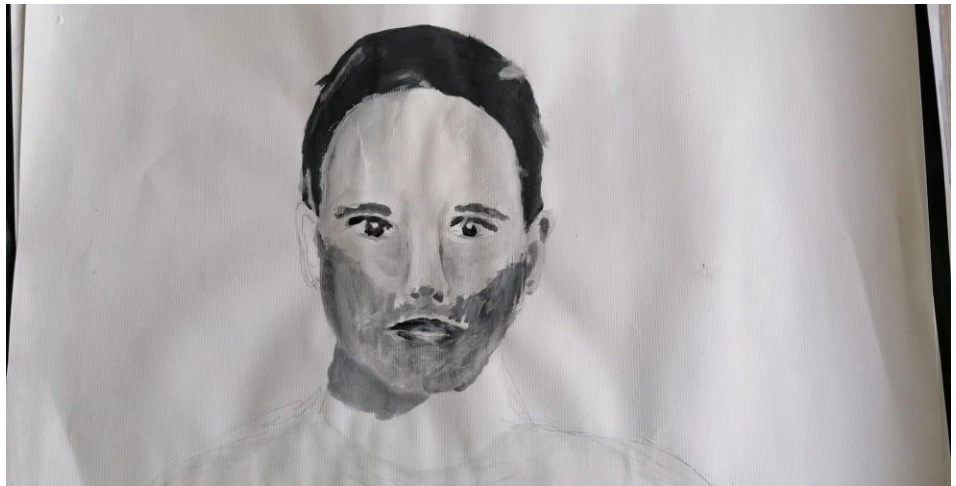
Ekaterina Kostyleva



Sofiia Myroniuk



Alena Gaisova



Artem Riabkin



**An inspiring poem by Ms Sonja Križman:**



**‘KNOW NOT’**

Know not,  
What is over yonder?  
But not,  
For us to even ponder.  
For now,  
Let us disperse our love.  
And how?  
Like the gracious bird above.

## **The little inhabitant of our green playground**

*By: Ms Jasna & Ms Katarina*

In our green playground, we have a unique inhabitant. She is small and barely noticeable. She quickly hides among the leaves and grass, and you do not even know she is there. When there are not many children on the playground, you can hear her make all sorts of noises, as if she was calling someone or arguing with someone. We do not know where she goes every day, but we take care of her by watering the grass in the place where we last heard her. Some of us even managed to see her. For others, she was patient enough for us to be able to take a photo of her. This is our little and beautiful inhabitant. Our Froggie Frida!

We often forget that even if we live in the city, we still share space with other living beings. For example, there is a sparrow who also lives in the yard. He is a courageous one, and he is not afraid of people and always drinks from our water fountain. We see him every day. Last but not least, an owl is in our logo not only because it represents knowledge and wisdom. For many years, there were owls in the pine trees in front of the school. They were last seen last year. Hopefully, they will return.



The living mascot of our school ;)