



AISL
HARROW
SCHOOLS

HARROW PREP SCHOOL CREATIVE WRITING ANTHOLOGY



2022 Edition
History & Legacy

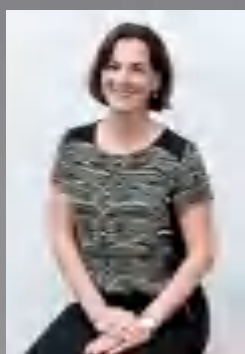


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INTRODUCTION



It is with great pleasure that I bid you very welcome to this inaugural Prep Creative Writing Anthology from our Harrow family of schools.

This collection of student writing and artwork from across the world represents the collaboration, leadership and creativity of our young pupils. It is testament to the strength of the bonds between the Harrow schools that we can work together, across many miles and borders, to produce something so dynamic and celebratory.

This year, the 450th anniversary of the establishment of Harrow School in London, it is fitting that the chosen theme for our anthology is 'History and Legacy'. The writing contained in this volume demonstrates the innovative and inspired ways in which Harrow pupils have responded to this prompt in their writing and visual artwork: in poetry, painting, photography and prose. Whilst many writers have drawn on the strong traditions that we share: the 'giants of old' celebrated in Harrow history and the Harrow practices and language that we continue to celebrate, others have treated this theme as an opportunity to reflect on their own future legacies and the historical import of the times which we are living through. What is particularly exciting is the way in which the pupils' work represents the living, breathing nature of the Harrow traditions as they are regenerated and interpreted in such varied contexts around Asia. Unsurprisingly, these young writers have reflected on the impact of the Covid-19 pandemic on their lives and schooling, as well as their experiences starting school and imagining the world beyond the classroom. The work you will find in these pages undoubtedly represents their identities as Harrovians whilst also celebrating their own unique lives, cultural settings and times.

We hope that you enjoy the pupils' work as much as they have enjoyed creating it and bringing it together in this collection.

Ms Tess St Clair-Ford
Whole School Literacy Co-Ordinator, Harrow International School Shanghai

With particular thanks and congratulations to our student editors:

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Patience by Bella Pek, Y5

The bell rings,
children swarm from all the doors.
But what looks like an enchanting experience now,
wasn't at all what I thought it was
or what I thought it would be.

The first day of school,
we stood for the headmaster
and capped to the teachers.

Then we all sat down
and I carefully listened
to the talk of the Professors,
while slumped in my chair,
sighing deeply.

In my mind,
I was wondering how hard could living in this boarding school be?

The answer was clear:
a simple fun experience,
with no stress,
with no loneliness,
with no lack of friends.

A perfect life of independence,
as far as it is away from my home.

But I was wrong.

My idea was far from truth,
as the first week of school was a struggle.

I grinned smiles to everyone passing by,
but the friendship seemed to never arrive.

The lunch break was the loneliest time,
as the empty space on both sides of me left a patch of sadness in my
heart.

My memory was filled with my family,
Wondering what they were doing and missing their laughter.



I stared blankly alone to the stars,
which provided me at least a soft touch of comfort,
a little dash of courage,
that the next day would be a new start.

But one day,
After two or three unbearable weeks
and after everybody was put into group works and house activities,
Things started to change.

A lot.

One night,
when I was studying for my boring Chemistry quiz,
the boy across my room came to see me.

Most of the other boys,
liked to stay quiet
and seemed to keep things to themselves.

They only opened to their friends,
enjoying a jolly old time among themselves.

This boy did not.

This boy,
like me,
was trying to reach out.

He told me his name was Oliver,
Struggling too, in misery and loneliness.

And I realized,
I was not as courageous as Oliver,
to be the first to admit it too.
This was his first time at boarding school,
as it was mine.

"Patience" cont...



He was in Shells, Year 9,
as I was too.
We shook hands,
and he asked a question I had longed to answer,
"Can we be friends?"
The stars that brought me a soft touch of comfort,
A little dash of courage,
were patiently waiting.
My dream about my senior life finally came true.
With enough time,
our lives will change bit by bit,
our futures will be shaped.
And the hard work that we have done,
Will eventually pay off.
I learned that
sometimes we just need to be patient.
Waiting for the right moment to appear,
like waiting for a flower bud to bloom,
for a berry to ripen.
for a snowflake to fall.
Waiting for a question to be answered.

Artwork by Bella Pek, Y5 Rothschild, Harrow Shanghai

REMEMBERING

BY WARREN ZHU

"Mnemosyne is the mother of all the muses," they say. Indeed, The Academy taught that all knowledge is remembrance. Under the sun, all things past and all things return.

But I don't like to remember. It brings nothing but pain. What sweetness it bestows is lost more in yearning. I was happy. Yes. Isn't it nice that it is no more? I was sad. Yes. How wonderful is it that it shall be again? Restlessly I want to hide myself in the past through remembering, only to be borne ceaselessly back into the future. Terrified, I want to turn towards what is to come, only to be plagued by the spectre of what had been. Nostalgia, that eddy of impossibility, speaks of the infinitude of finitude, the being of becoming. No, I don't like to remember.

To remember is to change, to destroy, to obliterate. It is a stream that rushes everything away, that drowns all liveliness into a night where all cows are black. Mnemosyne's temple is fragile, wearing away with every visit. The more I try to remember, the more the memories twist. They fade less than disappear. Replaced in time by time. The more vivid and familiar the memory is, the more it is hallowed, replaced through my presence. Was this it? Or is this just fantasy. Imagination's trick? I can delude myself, of course. But to do so is to, still, at some level, helplessly know. Memory is nothing but a string of falsehoods appended to an original trace of sense. Mnemosyne never is - she was - one of the many things I remember. In my temple, I am the only muse, and the mother of myself. In this temple of mirrors, I reach out into myself.

Thus, there is no past. I am the architect of history, blessing events, retroactively, meaning. I never recollect, but reconstruct. And in my reconstruction, I destroy what was for what will become. I can have no past outside me. No future beyond. I smother all possibility for an ephemeral actuality. An is that was and will be folding upon itself.

Q: How do I know that my past exists?
A: Because I am remembering it.

Q: How about when I am not remembering?
Q: What becomes of my past?
Q: What if I forget about it?
Q: What if I forget that I was?
A: Then I am not.

I am always catching up with myself to make me be. Narcissus, I understand you. We're only our memory.

BIRTH OF A SCHOOL OF SENSATION: HARROW

THE ORIGIN OF HARROW INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL BANGKOK

Words Bai Bua S7


Artwork Prim So6, Harrow
International School, Bangkok

On the 13th February 1572, Harrow School was created by John Lyon (1514-1592) after hatching a plan to educate children with less fortune. Queen Elizabeth I agreed with this idea and granted him a Royal Charter as a free grammar school for the education of boys with the first school located in St Mary's in London, England.

Centuries later, in 1894, Prince Purachatra Jayakara of Thailand attended Harrow School in London. Therefore, Harrow School's popularity grew, and was decided to be placed in Thailand (being the very first original Harrow School in Asia).

Finally, It became the beloved school that we all know today: Harrow International school Bangkok, where the number of students who come to seek their education increases day by day under the leadership of our beloved headmasters. This is how Harrow International School Bangkok came to life.



BY: Prim So6 



Macao by Vera Deng

Macao, a beautiful place,
A place with thousands of years of history,
A place where gambling is allowed,
A place of delicious imported food.

Macao is saying hi,
At southwest near Zhuhai.
Through the port,
Gongbei or Hengqing might be a good choice.

With the history of Portuguese occupation,
There are traces of architecture and life.
It was China who brought Macao back to
mother's hug,
And restored it to normal in 1999!

People in Macao speak English and
Cantonese,
And sometimes Portuguese,
But little Chinese.

There is no traffic police in Macao,
This is my pledge,
To bring police back to Macao.

There are many amusements in Macao.
There are available imported goods in
Macao.

They are all over Macao,
Especially the Peninsula of Macao.

That's all you need to know about Macao.
Remember to visit Macao.
Welcome to Macao

There's no traffic police in Macao,
Which is something I've vowed.
To bring police back to Macao.

There's a lot of entertainment in Macao,
Where you can shop for imported things in
Macao.

They are all over Macao,
They are located at the Peninsula of Macao.

That's all you need to know about Macao,
Remember to come and visit Macao.

Poem by: Vera Deng, Grade 5
Photography by: Nicholas ChunYu,

When I Am Gone

Poem By Mr T Hicks / Photo By Stella Liu

WHEN I AM GONE, YOU MAY TAKE
THESE WORDS AND KNOW I WAS
THERE.

WHERE THE TRACK BENDS, AND I'M
AWAY FROM YOU

WHERE BOMBS ONCE DROPPED, AND
WILL AGAIN.
WHEN THE INK RUNS NO MORE FROM
MY PEN
KNOW THAT I WROTE THESE WORDS
AND WAS WITH YOU.

WHEN PLANES GO BY, BUT BIRDS STILL
SING
BUT THE COLOUR DRAINED FROM
EVERYTHING.

WHEN FAT CLOUDS FULL OF THUNDER
FALLS,

WHEN ROOTS ARE MOSSED OVER,
WHEN YOU CAN HEAR THE GENTLE
CRACKLING OF THE CORN OR WHEAT

AND SENSE A BUTTERFLY'S WINGS AS
THEY BEAT
OR NEW-BORN LAMBS AS THEY BLEAT
WHERE NETTLES GUARD WHERE TWO
FIELDS MEET
AND A STILE SERVES FOR A WEARY
SEAT.

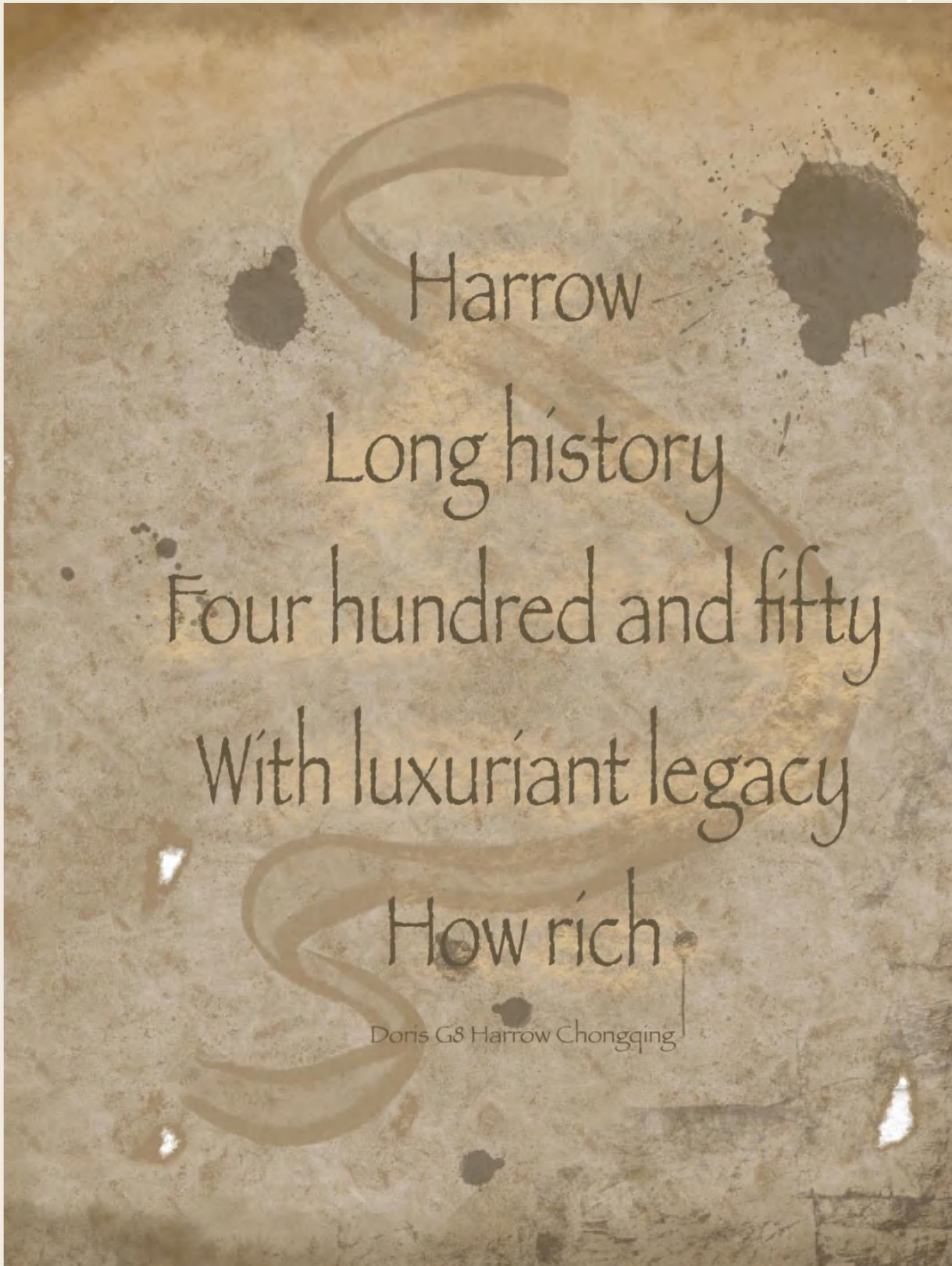
WHEN I AM GONE, I HOPE YOU'LL
WALK
AND THOUGH I CAN'T, THE EARTH
WILL TALK
AND TELL YOU THE SECRET NAMES OF
PLANTS AND BIRDS

CHIMING WITH MY WORDS,
RHYMING WITH THE TIME WE SHARED.
WHEN I AM GONE, YOU MAY TAKE
THESE WORDS AND KNOW I CARED.

TURN BACK

*Tick. Cities exhaling, inhaling smoke.
Tock. Grave dust to ashes to unscorched unsalted earth
Sickness, the crawling of rot, the clawing of
corruption, cawing like crows
Shock of stillness, thud of a corpse, thousand two
thousand yards, unfocused
Quicker, briefer than breath, snap of a switch, a sharp
slice, a single gunshot
Lock and key: munitions, men, and money. Are you
helping to turn it?
Kick drum of a pulse, beating back, that rhythmic
dream of red
Knocked down, the world shudders, grumbles like
boiling water
Flickering flash burn of a new day, decade, century
Bedrock of bone and rubble
A glance of relief. Enough.*

BY ALYSSA WONG



By Doris

Harrow Chongqing



By Taxia

Harrow Chongqing

PHOENIX FROM THE ASHES

Prim So6, Harrow International School, Bangkok



Every house at Harrow International School, Bangkok has a crest.
Sonakul house is represented by the phoenix.

By Ashes

Harrow Bangkok

The Times by Maximus Leung

Vietnam, 1974, US marine hospital

"What's your name?" the doctor asked, as he was changing his gloves after my surgery.

"Alex" I answered weakly, still covered in pain.

"Age?"

"32"

"Alex," he told me slowly, "you are going to be sent back to United States of America to get treated further as we don't have the equipment to heal your wound in this hospital."

I'm in this horrible hospital because I stepped in a land mine. Yeah, the Vietcong's are really good at setting up booby traps. In fact, a lot of us in this hospital are injured by booby-traps.

The hospital here is actually a giant blue tent covered in mud, twigs, and leaves to hide the tent from the Vietcong. There was the smell of blood everywhere. I sat in the metal bed and surveyed the surroundings. I saw a dozen doctors wearing white shirts hurrying around. Some are giving medicines to men, some are doing surgeries, some are cooking, some are working with x-rays and some are writing reports. All of them are working underneath the scorching heat of the sun. the second they sit down; they get another assignment.

Now that my leg is no use I can't attend in the war, and I am being sent back home with more or less 100 other people on a passenger plane with a machine gun attached.

After a week of bandaging and disgusting carrot stew, I am finally about to go home! It is a pleasant morning. The doctor assigned a man to lean me since I can't walk on my own. I traveled across the airfield to get in the line waiting to get on the plane. The stone runway is filled with black tires marks from planes. There were some men getting on a helicopter, getting ready for a battle. There were other planes than the helicopter. There are fighter planes, bomber planes, scout planes and more.

A warm breeze hit my face while I waited, and waited. And waited. I waited for what is like an eternity, I got near the plane. Just then, I heard a whizzing and buzzing sound getting nearer and nearer. I've heard that sound before. It's an air raid!

Before we could duck into the trenches, five fighter planes swooped down on us and rain bullets on us.

The helicopter which was about to take off burst into fire. The men onboard yelled helplessly as fire devoured them. Boom! The helicopter exploded, as I am carried into the trench. Someone got out an anti-aircraft machine gun and shot one down, but there were still four up there. A few other planes were on fire after that. We all came out after waiting for 10 minutes in the trench and boarded there plane as quickly as we can. I strapped on my seat belt and the engine of the plane roared to life. The propellers spun faster and faster and we started to go forwards. Finally, the plane took off into the clear blue sky.

"The Times" cont...

The nervousness is rising deep inside me. How do I live with my family after all the war? Are they still going to love me? Am I going to get used to normal life? I'm getting more and more frustrated. I rubbed my forehead. Suddenly, a soldier put a hand on my shoulder, I looked at him. He has brown hair, and his face is scratched. He has a bushy beard. His eyes are as tiny as a string of hair. "Are you ok?" he said, "You look bad, do you need the doctor?"

"No," I said, "I'm ok, thank you."

"What are you thinking about? Maybe I can help you." He asked.

I thought for a minute and replied, "Ummm, ok." And I told him everything I was thinking. After he heard what I told him, he laughed and said, "Don't underestimate the power of family."

"I forgot to introduce myself," he said, "my name is Luke Jonathan."

"The general Jonathan?" I gasped, "The one that defeated a platoon with only 10 people?"

"Yes, but please just call me Luke." He told me, "I don't want fame, I just want to be a normal person and have a normal life."

I agreed and introduced myself. After a while of talking, we sang some songs and played games. Some soldiers joined us for fun. We told jokes, arm-wrestled and laughed. Well, overall, I am having fun. No, we are having fun.

I feel better and I thanked everyone, especially Luke for helping me. I turned my head and looked out of the window after the tiny party that we had. A crowd of colourful birds with yellow beaks flew beside us through the clouds, as the land below us went away and thick clouds suddenly blocked my view. The birds went back to the deep greenery of the forest, and we are on our own again.

One moment, I'm on a pleasant journey back home and the next moment, bullets flew through the cold, metal armour of my plane.

I am shocked. Bang, a person falls down, bang, another person falls down, then another, then another. I gaped at the scene, fires flaring, smoke rising stinging my eyes, dead corpses laid on the ground blood flowing from their bodies and people either dead or petrified, huddled together. Screams echoed in my head, I sat there for a few seconds stunned. I must admit that I am scared even though I don't seem to be. I saw three enemy fighter jets whizzing around our plane like predators about to pound on their prey.

It is absolute chaos in the plane now. Many people are too scared to move, a captain was shouting orders to people and some people like Luke is helping the injured to lay on the ground lowering the percentage of being hit.

Suddenly, bullets rained on the plane and there was a loud crack. To my horror, the plane broke in half. We all fell out of the plane. I fell out of the plane. I knew that this was all over in the beginning, I should not have entered the army, but it's too late to change. The world is spinning around and around. I felt dizzy and everything went black. It is all over.
All over.....

• • •

Suddenly, I woke up and pain hit my body like a bullet. I must be in heaven. I'm a hut made of leaves, sticks and wood. I tried to sit up, but I fell down again. I heard footsteps and voices getting louder and louder. Then a woman appeared in colourful cloths and a beautiful headdress. "Oh, you're awake." She said, "Don't sit or walk because many of your bones have broken. If it was not because you fell on our mango tree you are already dead."

"I'm not dead? I'm not dead!", I shouted! A smile spread across my face, and I tried to put my fist into the air, but I was in so much pain that my fist fell instantly. My stomach grumbled. Through all the excitement, I suddenly realized that I was so hungry. The woman put a bowl of porridge beside me, and she fed me the porridge. I ate like a wolf that has not eaten for months and I ate a few more bowls.

I was so full that I burped after the meal. The woman said, "I'm Phayvanh by the way."

"I'm Alex, and where is this place?"

"This is Lao's Luang Prabang rainforest."

"Lao!" I exclaimed, "Not in Vietnam?"

"No."

"Did you find any other man that fell from the sky?", I asked. I was worried about Luke and the others.

"Yes, but all of them are not as lucky as you." she sighed, "They are all dead." The word hit me like a brick. They are all dead. All dead.

"The Times" cont...

"NOOOOOOOO" I screamed. Anger filled me up and I stared in front of me. Why, why, why. Why did they kill them? Why am I the only one? The lonely one. Phayvanh looked at me like she just seen a ghost. Her face was white, and her eyes showed that she was afraid. Her mouth was trembling. "I'm sorry." I said, calming down "I couldn't control my emotions. Sorry."

"I-It's ok." she stammered. I got the information I need from Phayvanh. I need a few years to heal, and I need a few weeks of travel to get to the nearest airfield. In the next few years, I also learnt that Phayvanh and her tribe lived in the treetops of the Luang Prabang rainforest and traveled by walking on bridges, swinging on vines and slides. They often ate porridge, corns, berries, meat and mashed up or fried high protein bugs. It tastes quite delicious. I also met Phayvanh's brother, Mathias. Their parents died when they were at a small age and the tribe helped them survive.

Months and years past by and my body started to heal. Now I can walk slowly with a person to lean on. I was in a hurry to get to the airport, so I hurried to find the airport once I can walk on my own. Mathias gave me a map, some water, food and a machete and I took off to find the airfield. They waved goodbye and I'm off.

• • •

I took my first step on a bridge that connected platforms on treetops. I went from bridge to bridge, platform to platform. I followed the map and walked for a few hours. There were many mosquitoes stinging me all the way. I was so annoyed. I camped on a platform that night and ate bugs and ham. I couldn't sleep in all that buzzing sound that the mosquitoes made so I didn't sleep well.

I traveled onward early in the morning and days past by There are many animals in the rainforest. I met sloths and a cheetah which was sleeping on a tree. I was so scared that I accidentally fell and woke the cheetah. The cheetah slowly opened one eye and stared at me. I crawled backwards. The cheetah stood up and jumped off the tree. He snarled and stepped forward. I bumped into a tree behind me, and I started to run. I ran for my dear life; I ran and ran and ran. The cheetah was catching up but then an arrow shot out from above the bushes of the trees and hit the cheetah on the neck and the cheetah fell with a thud, sliding to my feet. I gaped at the cheetah and the bushes. As if he was a ghost, he appeared behind me. I jumped so high that I almost reached the sky.

"Where did you come from?" I shouted, then I looked carefully and gasped, "You're Mathias! Were you following me all the way?"

"Yeah" he said shyly, "I thought that you would meet some kind of danger." He suddenly became serious and told me, "Don't show your fear to beasts even if you feel fear. You need to walk for a few kilometers to find a space where there is concrete and that is the airfield, but I can't go further so you'll be on your own."

I watched him as he jumped from tree to tree, going further and further away.

After a day I finally saw the airfield but there was on one there except for the ticket manager. After I got on the plane, I slept for a long time. A long time. I am going home at last. Finally.

The number of lives claimed by the war exceeded 1 million and is believed to be as high as 4 million. The conflict came to an official end after the fall of Saigon on 30 April 1975, when the South Vietnam capital was captured by the Vietnam People's Army.

We don't want war!

Story by: Maximus Leung, Grade 6
Artwork by: Yolanda Zhong, Grade 8
Harrow Zhuhai, China



BY ERIC LAI

FACADE

At school, he lacked presence. Quiet, studious, unremarkable, always in the background. With teachers, he was agreeable and respectful, rarely speaking without being spoken to. With friends, he was a bit more open. A calm in the whirling storm that was his two friends and their unmatched energy, issuing a wisecrack from time to time to rein in their insanity. With his parents, he was courteous, graceful, the gentleman they expected him to be. With his parent's friends, he was well behaved, obedient and had good grades, the type certain parents would torment their children with comparisons to them for months on end. But he had a secret.

Kept behind closed doors, locked deep in his heart, behind chains and fences and barbed wire and padlocks, a chamber full of pain and rejection. Locked up memories of yells, scolds, and beatings. His father, furious. His mother, concerned. Pain. Sharp pain stabbing through his heart, stinging pain echoing in his palms, dull pain pulsing in his lungs. But that wasn't all.

Buried within the bad memories, a single glimmer. A secret desire. Of dresses and makeup and glitz and glamour. A wish to become the glamorous and beguiling Hollywood stars in his mother's old movies, if even for a second.

A wrong turn.

On the way home from a tutor, his fifth in five days. Down a shady alley, past the leering eyes, an alluring avenue lit by blinding neon signs. Pink and blue and green and so many other colors. Disheveled salarymen, their glasses sliding off their face, reeking of alcohol, briefcases long forgotten in a dimly lit bar with smooth swing jazz and a well toned bartender. Women in revealing cocktail dresses clinging to a blushing university student. This was the underbelly of his town. The red light district full of "thugs, miscreants and alcoholics". The place his parents vehemently warned him to stay away from.

There, he saw her.

A woman. A woman? She appeared to be a woman, but looking through the window of the dimly lit bar, it was hard to tell. She was wearing a sparkling pink bodysuit with bell sleeves and fringe hanging off her arms. She danced on a small stage in the bar, spinning and flourishing and flaring, like a piece of kelp dancing through the sea. A peacock flaring its plumage, showing itself off in all its turquoise glory. As she danced, she wore a big smile on her face, her forehead glistening with sweat.

She was glamorous.

On his way home, the world was still tinged with too-bright neon. As he walked home bathed in the milky light of the street lamps, he pondered.

Can I be like that?

What do I want?

Who am I?

He thought back to his facades. The indifferent silence at school, the well practiced manners at home. Were they him?

Padlocks shook and broke. Barbed wire unravelled and snaked away. Fences sank into the ground with a dull rumble. Chains fell to the ground with dull clangs.

The facades were breaking.

He's coming out.

By Mr Smith Ms Yang and Grade6 students

Chapter 1: The Big Secret

It was a lovely, warm, and sunny Saturday morning. The bees were buzzing about, and the smell of spring was in the air. The bus was humming and eager to go. The Grade 6 students of Harrow Chongqing were clambering aboard still half asleep. 'Where are we going?' Said Derek.

'You never listen,' replied Kitty.

'We're going to Shanghai,' whispered Alice.

'Ah, I knew that,' said Derek. 'Erm... why?'

'OK everybody, settle down,' announced Mr. Smith. 'Remember, no iPads, phones, or electronic devices are allowed, OK?'

'OK,' everybody groaned.

'So, Grade 6, who can tell me where we are going today?' said Mr. Smith.

'Shanghai!' screamed Derek almost falling out of his seat.

'Correct!' replied Mr. Smith.

'House point?' said Derek.

'YES!' Derek's face lit up. 'If you can tell me why.' Lucas comforted Derek patting him on the shoulder, 'nice try.'

The truth is, nobody knew where they were going. The only thing the students knew was that they were going on a very special school trip to Shanghai. The reason was 'TOP SECRET'. Rumours, of course, had already spread across the school like wildfire as rumours often do. A boxing match! A trip to Disneyland! A boat trip on the Bund! But none of them were true, and the students knew it.

It was about 8 am, it had only been about 30 minutes since the bus had departed from Harrow and they were already stuck in traffic. Angel didn't look happy, 'I don't know why we didn't go on the train!' she huffed. 'Or a plane,' Daisy added. 'Or helicopter!' Ryan Zhang was in a great mood and enjoying the bus ride. 'Come on everyone, cheer up! This is a great adventure!' Everybody looked out of the windows, at the traffic jam.

Judy who often got motion sickness was sitting at the front of the bus, looking out of the driver's window. Mr. Smith and Miss Yang were sitting in front chatting away and she could hear every word they were saying. 'So how do you think they will do in the big quiz?' Miss Yang whispered. Mr. Smith shook his head. 'Not too good I'm afraid,' he replied under his breath. 'I asked them questions about Keller, Churchill, and Song Qing Ling last week and they didn't even know what their first names were. I fear they won't stand a chance against the other Harrow schools.' 'How disappointing,' Miss Yang sighed. '1000 house points would have made them very happy.' 'Yes, and the trip to Disneyland for the winning school,' replied Mr. Smith.

Judy almost exploded with excitement and couldn't help but scream a little. 'EEK!'. 'Are you OK Judy?' asked Mr. Smith. Judy stared at him with her hand over her mouth and her eyes wide open. Then silence. Then in a muffled voice - 'Motion sickness! Toilet!'. She ran to the back of the bus and flung open the toilet door, yanking Anna inside with her. 'What are you doing?' Anna said angrily.

'I know why we are going to Shanghai!' Judy blurted. 'I overheard Mr. Smith and Miss Yang talking! It's a quiz! A big quiz! Against all the other Harrow schools! We will be asked questions about Song Qing Ling, Keller and Churchill!' Anna's mouth gaped open, and her lollypop fell out of her mouth in slow motion, smashing on the floor into a thousand tiny fragments. 'We must tell everyone. Go back to your seat calmly Judy and leave this to me.' Judy saluted. Within seconds the entire bus knew the big secret of the big quiz. A solemn vow to not let the teachers know they knew had also been sworn but Mr. Smith could smell something was amiss. 'What's all the excitement?' he said with a suspicious look on his face. 'Service station!' shouted Vincent to put Mr. Smith off the scent. 'McDonald's!' Added Ethan.

"The Big Secret" cont...

The bus pulled into the service station. Everybody charged off as if the bus was on fire. In KFC, they had gathered in their House groups like three military units ready for battle. 'What are we going to do?'

'I don't even know Churchill's surname!'

'Churchill IS his surname!'

'Then what is his first name?'

'Winston,' Kimi said calmly looking at his iPad. 'Winston Churchill, born in Oxford, England, 1974.'

'You smuggled your iPad! That's very poor behaviour Kimi!' said Ray and snatched the iPad from Kimi and started typing frantically. 'Song Qing Ling, born in 1893, in Shanghai.'

'Gimme that!' said Vincent, prizing the iPad from Ray's grip. 'Helen Keller, born June 1880 in Alabama US... O'.

'O? You mean 'A',' said Rose. 'No, I mean "Oh". The battery died.'

'Tell me you have the charger, Kimi!' Shouted Jerry, panic-stricken and shaking Kimi by both shoulders.

Kimi's face said it all. 'NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!'

'Nooooo, what?' Mr. Smith came walking around the corner eating a block of Tofu. 'Erm... Nooooooooo more chicken feet left!' said Ryan W. 'Disgusting, yuck. Five minutes and I want you all back on the bus!'

Mr. Smith said turning away.

'Where's Kimi?' Kimi was wandering behind the service station annoyed at himself for forgetting his charger. 'Stupid, stupid,' he muttered. Suddenly a feeling came upon him. He needed the bathroom.

Glancing back at the long queue over at the service station Kimi decided to use his initiative - as Mr. Smith often encouraged Grade 6 to do. Amongst a clearing in the trees, he spotted a strange-looking, box-shaped building with flashing lights. It had danger written all over it, it looked NOTHING like a toilet. 'That'll do,' thought Kimi. Kimi stepped inside the strange building. 'What is this place?'. Inside there was a large computer with a small screen in the middle. There was an odd-looking curved-screen monitor hung in the top—right corner of the room. Kimi decided to try and see if he could get more information on Churchill. He pressed a green button.

<ENTER DESTINATION>

L-O-N-D-O-N E-N-G-L-A-N-D [enter]

<ENTER YEAR>

A thought crossed his mind 'mmmm'

1-9-4-0 [enter]

The floor began to glow beneath his feet. And then it disappeared as if he was walking in space. Then. Gone.

Mr. Smith had sent the students off to search for Kimi behind the service station. He had been keeping an eye on the students and knew that's where Kimi had disappeared to. Disappeared he had! It wasn't long before they found the same strange glowing building amongst the trees. The students crammed themselves inside. On the curved screen in the corner, there, waving his arms was Kimi in black and white in... London? 'It's a time machine!' Kimi shouted to the students in a faded distorted voice. 'Come on! Let's win this quiz!' Everybody knew what to do and nobody was afraid. 'FACE CHALLENGES WITH DETERMINATION' everybody cheered. House by house they punched in the year and place they wanted to go and house by house they all disappeared.

Chapter 2: Our visit to England

The Churchills were transported to London in 1889. We were walking in the center of the city, but we met a bad guy. He aimed at the sky and fired a shot. All the people ran away to the alley for safety. But unfortunately, the bad guy found us. The bad guy got out his gun. 'Come out children, come out!'

'Quick hide behind this bin!' Ryan W shouted. Finally, we escaped the danger.

Later, we found a school down an alley. 'Hello? Who are you?' Judy asked.

'I am Winston Churchill,' the boy answered.

'Oh! I know! Churchill, you are my house!' Kimi shouted.

'House? What house?' Churchill frowned.

'A house in Harrow!' Said Ryan Z.

'You are Harrow students? I am a Harrow student too!' Churchill clapped. 'Let me show you around the school'. We visited the school and told him we are from 2022. 'What! Are you kidding me?' Churchill shouted. 'No, if you don't believe us, we can show you an iPad!' Rose opened her iPad and showed a few pictures of our school to Churchill. 'Bravo, that's marvelous!' Churchill clapped his hands again.

'That's enough 'chit-chat', said Kitty. 'Here is a latiao.' She gave a bag of long, red, thick food to 14-year-old Churchill.

'What is this? I've never heard of it,' Churchill said pointing at the latiao. 'Just try it!' Lucas said. 'It is delicious!' Churchill stretched out two fingers and got a piece of latiao from the bag and ate it. 'It is so Hotttttttt!' he said.

Suddenly the Churchills were transported to 1944 to the place where WWII was happening. We went to fight in WWII with Churchill, but it was so dangerous, so we got a car for him to go back home. When we got back, we saw Kimi was playing computer games on his phone! Everyone was so angry! Churchill asked, 'What's that?' Kimi explained and offered it to Churchill to play but Churchill refused, 'I will never win the war if I waste my time playing computer games.'

'Oh, by the way,' said Judy. 'Can we ask you some questions about your life?' 'Certainly,' replied Churchill. After one hour of questions, Churchill looked tired. 'Ok, I think we have to go now,' said Rose. Churchill raised his two fingers as the students walked away. The students turned around and returned the gesture to Churchill.

"The Big Secret" cont...

Chapter 3: A Miraculous Invention

We arrived in 1956 in America. On the street, there were many adults walking around. No one was paying any attention to us. 'Where do we go now?' said Derek.

'Find Helen Keller of course,' said Vincent. We reached a crossroads. 'So which way?' said Alice. 'Erm, maybe turn right?' said Daisy. We turned right and started walking. 30 minutes later we arrived at the same place again. 'We are just going round in circles,' Daisy said frustratedly. 'We'll never get to see Helen Keller.

'We can ask someone,' said Derek.

'Excuse me, sir, where can we find Helen Keller?' said Ethan.

'Murderer!' shouted the man. 'Why are you wearing a white mask and a bloody scarf?' (The man had spotted the Young Pioneers' scarves). 'Killer! You must go to jail!'

'Ah... sorry...LET'S RUN!' Derek shouted. We ran and ran but the man was chasing us and getting closer. 'Let's hide in this house!' said Alice.

We knocked on the door. 'Who is out there?' said a lady.

'We are just children, let us come in, please!' shouted Alice.

'Okay come in.' In the house, there was a lady who was looking at us with no sparkle in her eyes. 'I think this is Helen Keller,' whispered Ethan, 'she has no sight, and she can't even hear.' Then he turned to the maid. 'Please can you tell her that we have come from over one hundred years in the future?' 'Over one hundred years in the future? Interesting,' said the maid. She turned to Helen Keller and communicated it to her in some strange way.

Helen Keller nodded her head and taking her maid by the arm, made several finger movements in the palm of her hand. The maid replied for Helen, 'you have ...come a long way; you must ...be tired!'

'Here you are,' said Derek, holding up a hearing aid. 'This can help you to hear. The maid translated this again to Helen Keller. 'Okay... may... I... have... a... try?' she said on Helen's behalf. 'Yes, of course,' Derek said and helped Helen to wear the hearing aid. Helen Keller smiled, 'I can hear people talking!' she communicated through her maid.

'Oh, that's not a maid, it's Helen's teacher, Miss Sullivan,' whispered Alice.

'Thank you, children. Tell me. Why have you come from over one hundred years in the future to this point in time?' Miss Sullivan said. 'Miss. Sullivan, can you help us to ask Miss. Keller some questions?' responded Daisy.

'Yes, of course,' she replied.

'So, when were you born and when did you become deaf and blind?' Vincent asked.

'I was born on 27 June 1880, and I became deaf and blind at 19 months old,' replied Miss Sullivan on Helen's behalf.

'Where were you born?' asked Ethan.

'In Tuscumbia, Alabama'.

'What languages did you learn?'

'English, French, German, Greek, and Latin'.

'Which school and which university did you go to?'

'I went to Perkins school and Radcliffe College'.

'Sorry Miss. Keller, we must leave now,' said Ethan.

'Okay, are you going to take this magical thing away?' asked Helen. 'Sorry, I think we need to take it,' said Ethan.

'Okay, there you are,' Miss Sullivan said regretfully taking the hearing aid from Helen. 'I just want to tell you, that I am going to write a book called 'Three Days to See' and publish it in 1933'. 'Great!' Said Vincent.

'Okay bye,' we all said. Helen Keller waved goodbye as we found our way back to the time machine porthole.

Chapter 4: The May 4th Movement

Boooooooooooooom!

‘Where are we? Why are we here? What’s for dinner?’ gasped Ray. Anna ran to a person nearby, ‘Excuse me, what year is it now?’ ‘It is 1919, why are you asking?’ said the old lady. Anna replied, ‘oh, nothing.’ Anna ran back to the group. ‘It’s 1919 now! how? We were just in 2022’.

‘I don’t know,’ said Angel. ‘I can’t believe that time machine worked’.

‘Who are they?’ Jerry said.

‘That’s what I want to know!’ said Ray.

‘Huh...?’ Angel said, confused.

‘That group of people there! They are coming towards us,’ said Jerry under his breath. It was a group of soldiers and they looked very serious. ‘Who is this? Get him!’ one of the soldiers said. ‘Children, have you been hurt by this strange boy?’ ‘Me? You must be kidding!’ replied Jerry, insulted.

‘You’re coming with us,’ said another soldier, seizing Jerry by the arms. ‘Ahh! No! Help!’ screamed Jerry.

‘Stand back, he might be dangerous,’ said the soldier.

‘I want my PS5,’ cried Jerry. ‘You see? He’s a normal child, just like us,’ said Ray. ‘Then how do you explain the clothes?’ The soldier retorted. Jerry was the only one of the Grade 6 students who had forgotten to bring his Harrow Uniform on the school trip. ‘We at least must take him to see our leader,’ the soldiers said and led Jerry away. ‘What is a PS5?’ whispered one soldier to another. ‘It must be a new powerful weapon,’ said the other.

The other students were left stranded. Jerry was gone. What were they to do? Suddenly a beautiful lady dressed in black velvet walked around the corner. It was Ms. Song Qing Ling. ‘Song!’ shouted Ray, ‘Help us! Our friend has been caught by soldiers!’ Song Qing Ling looked confused, ‘Excuse me? Is this about the May 4th Movement?’ Anna stepped in, ‘Not exactly. Believe it or not, we’ve actually come from the future.’ Song Qing Ling looked suspicious. ‘I know it’s crazy but please trust us,’ begged Angel. ‘Ok I will help you,’ said Song. Ray sprang into action and pulled an A3 sheet of paper from out of nowhere, ‘Ok first we need a plan...’

Back at the detention facility, Jerry was being interrogated by the soldiers. The plan went into action. ‘Look! One of the initiators of the May 4th Movement!’ Ray grabbed Song Qing Ling and they started to run which attracted the attention of the soldiers. While the soldiers were busy looking for Ray and Song, Anna and Angel went into the detention facility to find Jerry. ‘Oh Jerry, you’re here!’ said Anna.

‘Yes, we found him!’ Angel shouted. Ray and Song arrived at the rear entrance. ‘Here we are, now Jerry let’s get you out,’ said Ray. ‘Wait, you found Song Qing Ling?’ said Jerry.

‘Yes, nice to meet you too,’ said Song. ‘OK, let’s go!’ said Jerry.

All the students went back to the place where they first arrived. ‘Ok, now how do we get back to the bus?’ exclaimed Anna. ‘Look!’ said Jerry, ‘there’s a crack in the sky!’

‘Yes, I can also see Mr. Smith in it,’ said Ray. ‘OK, bye everyone! I will remember you all!’ said Song Qing Ling.

‘Here is a gift’. Song Qing Ling handed Angel her diary. ‘Yes, now we can win the Big Quiz!’ said Angel.

The students disappeared into the sky.

"The Big Secret" cont...

Chapter 5: The Big Quiz

'Alright everyone, wake up,' shouted Mr. Smith. The students woke up in Shanghai. It had been a long bus ride. They were exhausted. A look of confusion passed over everybody's faces. Had it all been a dream?

'Mr. Smith you won't believe what happened to us!' shouted Kimi. All the stories of the students' adventures were told in great detail to Mr. Smith. 'You have great imaginations! I should get you to do some story writing when we get back to Chongqing.' Mr. Smith laughed. He didn't believe them. Back in their seats, Angel felt something in her bag. She pulled out Song Qing Ling's diary. Nobody could believe it. It hadn't been a dream after all!

Inside the convention hall, all the students from the Harrow Schools from around the world were gathered. It was time for the Big Quiz. The students took their places behind their podiums prepared to answer the questions.

'Harrow Schools worldwide, welcome to the Harrow House Character Competition!' Harrow London's Headmaster said. All the Harrow Schools cheered. 'Although this competition is a new one, it helps students know more about the giants of old and what makes them so important. And I hope, that even if you do not go home victorious, you will gain knowledge of what kind of people Harrow makes.' Everyone clapped and cheered again. 'And now, may the countdown begin!' Numbers appeared on a screen behind him, starting from 450, and counting down. The students had seven-and-a-half minutes to revise for the competition. Angel sped read Song Qing Ling's diary; Derek Double-checked his notes about Keller; Kimi was busy recharging his iPad with a borrowed charger. 'Come ON!' he moaned, banging his fist on the device.

At the sixty-second mark, everyone started to get restless. 'Really! Does Harrow London have to be 450 years old?' Ray muttered, pacing back and forth in his house group. Finally, there were ten seconds to go. All the Harrow Schools started to countdown: 'Ten, nine, eight, seven...' the students got into position at their tables. 'Six, five, four...'. Tension started to build all-around: 'three, two...', ballpoint pens clicked on, fountain pen lids snapped open... ONE! The voice was like a gunshot, echoing all around the outdoor exam square. All was quiet except the scritch-scratching of pens on paper. Electricity was in the air. It crackled off the students' hair and suddenly, 'BOOM!'

Everyone jumped! What was it? A volcano? An earthquake? No--- it was a clap of thunder. The trees swayed in the wind. A storm was brewing. The students were worried. What now? They looked for their Headmaster, but he just stood there, upon the stage, in the wind, watching them, smiling. And so, it was all chaos, students pushing tables, running for shelter, looking for belongings, everywhere. But within the commotion, some students were calmer than others, they got back to their seats, picked up their pens, and finished the quiz in the pouring rain that had started. Soon, more people followed until there were three remaining schools: Harrow Chongqing, Harrow London, and Harrow Bangkok. The three schools gave the test papers to the judge, and soon he announced the results: 'the winner, of the Harrow House Character Competition, is: HARROW LONDON!' the 450-year-old school exploded in cheers, cries, and confetti.

The students of Harrow Chongqing sadly trudged to the bus, for home. No one said anything, no one laughed or yelled, no one noticed a man run up the stage and whisper in the judge's ear. The judge coughed, 'ahem'. Harrow Chongqing looked back. 'We have made a mistake in calculating the scores. And the real winner is...' Harrow London looked back. 'HARROW CHONGQING! Congratulations! You will be awarded 1000 house points per house and a school-paid one-day trip to Disneyland, I hope you like it!'

And the students sure did enjoy the trip...a lot!

BY STEPHANIE WEBB

She

She can't keep their voices out of her head.

Every night, the same thing happens. She lies flat on her back, face to the ceiling, eyes glazed over. She stares straight ahead into the darkness that surrounds her, the gloom that envelopes her. Every night, in her own room, she is drowned by a sickly pool of dread, a pool of quicksand that slowly drags her deeper and deeper into an unending void of suffering, a pool in which she writhes and squirms, trying desperately to free herself from, and yet pathetically failing. The dread that their voices will return suffocates her. She is trapped. She cannot move. She cannot breathe. She cannot escape. The voices hold her captive.

It's been this way ever since she was a child. She always knew that there was something different about her. The moment she set foot in any toy shop, she would race all the way to the Barbie dolls section. She could spend all day in front of the rows and rows of plastic boxes, peering wide-eyed into each individual one. She felt a connection to them, always admiring their long luscious hair, those sparkling pink handbags, their elegant high-heeled shoes and their warm, welcoming smiles.

All she wanted was to join them in their boxes, to feel proud alongside them on their pink and purple pedestals. This dream was so close yet so out of reach, for no amount of wanting could ever transport her to the same realm as them. Although the dolls were strapped to the cardboard packaging, she felt that they were the ones who were free instead of her. It seemed like they were the ones looking out at her, observing her from their compact boxes. And it was through looking into those tiny boxes that she gained a sense of peace, a taste of paradise.

But then the voices would come. As people brushed past her, she was made aware of her surroundings. Sometimes, their voices were not that explicit. People did not need to say anything aloud, but she could already hear what they were thinking. Echoes of their thoughts arrived in the form of inquiring gazes and furrowed brows and disapproving looks. They came up with their own theories, hypotheses, conjectures, in order to explain her behaviour. They thought they were being subtle. She knew all along what they were thinking.

"He's different."

Is she just acting out?

Surely, she's just doing it for attention.

But they did not understand. How could they, after all? They had never been in her position. They had never felt how she felt. What she couldn't understand was why they tried to play the role of the expert, why they put on the persona of the older, wiser, all-knowing adult who had all the answers. When in reality they did not understand anything.

All they did was suffocate her.

It was normally around then that she would be ushered to another section in the toy store. The one where there were no sparkling accessories nor any pink dresses. The one where there were robots, cars and guns instead.

And that was that. Nothing she could do about it.

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As she grew older, she hoped to seek comfort in her fellow classmates, the people who were her own age, who would hopefully be compassionate and offer more support.

Yet, she was treated more and more like an outcast, someone desperately trying to claw her way into their box. She was different and people knew she was different. Different was not considered good. If she tried to be herself, the girls sneered, the boys jeered, their frowns were deeper, their stares lingered and burned holes through her heart. At the beginning, there were only the occasional whispers here and there, but all too soon they grew into insults and mockery that seemed to haunt her wherever she roamed. She would hear them ringing in the hallways as she slunk past, echoing in the school hall during assembly, pulsating in the classrooms where she was surrounded and unable to escape.

ART BY SE LYN LIM

"She" cont...

Eventually, their voices became shackles that immobilised her. She decided it would be best for them and for herself and for everyone if she were to just slowly fade far, far away into her own secluded universe. She learnt to suppress her feelings and confine them to a microscopic, miniscule cage. She let her universe ebb away, surrendering to the tides of society.

But every night, as she lies down in her bed, as she is engulfed by darkness, the horrifying realisation that she will never be able to escape who she really is slams into her like a brick wall. At the same time, their voices swirl around in her head, forever sticking and staying, like a suffocating layer of thick tar. The darkness is too much for her.

She sits up in her bed and reaches for the light switch, for a source of comfort. As the lights come on, the mirror taunts her with the image of a stranger. This person has a square jaw with stubble clinging to it. There's a lump jutting outwards in the middle of their throat. Thick, dense hair sticks out like bristles in every direction on their legs. This person is sitting in the same position as she. This person is in the same room as she. They have the same pillows, the same bed sheets, the same furniture.

That is not her reflection. No, it isn't. Surely, it can't be.

But as tears roll uncontrollably down her cheeks like a chain of broken pearls, the same can be seen for the stranger sitting in front of her. She doubles over, not in physical pain, but an emotional one, a pain that crushes all of the air out of your lungs; a pain that consumes you as it spreads to every fibre of your being. As she falls onto the floor in a heap of exhaustion and weeps in utter disregard, so does the stranger.

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She stares at the person sitting across from her, the stranger glares straight back.

This is whom they see, but this is not who she really is. And all that's running through her head are their voices.

Why are they like this?

Why can't they see me for who I really am?

Why don't they understand me?

Perhaps one day, they will.

But for now, she can't keep the voices out of her head.



The Elves and the Dark Wizards by Doris Kan

Dark times, the times where there was death, people feeling sorrow but a strange power rising for victory.

While up in the sky, wizards are soaring as a bird but again down in the ground the elves are trying their best to control the world from hurting each other.....

When you hear the word elves you may think they are pretty little mythical creatures and they may be, but no one knows what is the real reason they are on planet earth. Let's make it simple to understand, wizards guard and control the sky while elves mostly look after us humans and the most valuable stone you could ever think of.

The elves job is to guard the stone and protect our world (so does the wizards sometimes) but why protect us humans? Why help us? Why is the stone so valuable and how come us humans never realised?

"At the time of 1296 March 26th - 1328 May 1st which is also known as the first time Scotland and England started war, many people died, many people lost their families and many people lost their houses etc. This is why us elves have to protect the humans from starting war again, otherwise war will destroy everyone's lives and our planet until there is nowhere to go for survival" said the old man softly to the kids.

There goes the history of the history of the elves.

"Thanks for sharing that story with me grandpa" replied Elva

Elva always wanted to know the history of their kind and the human world since she's always had a dream she would be a hero one day. On the other hand her father didn't allow it, he's always saying things such as you're a girl you're not supposed to be a hero but even so, Elva didn't take those words in and she never did.

When the sun rised there was a huge screaming outside which immediately woke Elva up. The guards were screaming and shouting but why?

"OH NO WHERE THE HECK IS THE CRYSTAL I SWEAR IT WAS STILL THERE" shouted one of the guards that looks after the crystal.

"WHAT HAPPENS IF THE KING FINDS OUT. HUH?!" replied the other guard while shouting too.

" I hear the crystal has been stolen and gone, have I?" said the King frustratedly

"Y.....Yes..... my king....."

" And how could you let the crystal be stolen, do you know how important that crystal is?" replied the king while his face getting redder and redder every time he's saying one word.....

"That crystal is the key to the world and the core of PLANET EARTH!"

"Sorry.....Sorry my king"

Suddenly Elva rushed out and said to his father (the king)

" Father may I help you to find the crystal? You know my dream and what I've wish for a long time. I know I can do it! Please?"

"NO ELVA I don't have time for your little emotions, this is serious"

"Well even if you don't let me I'm going to do it, and I'm not going to let you control me this time"

"The Elves & the Dark Wizards" cont...

After two days of sadness and thinking Elva decided to go on a quest to retrieve the crystal back to the village, she asked her friends if they would like to come with her and as she imagine they said " we would love to" in a joyful voice. they all got prepared for there mission but maybe far too much... Arwen prepared way over the top, for example: 20 torches 5 giant sleeping bags and 8 huge spell books all about how to defeat wizards and the old stories etc Morwen on the other hand talk about the same amount and maybe a little more...

"Guys we're not going on a field trip we're going on a mission!" said Elva

"But are they the same thing?" replied both Arwen and Morwen.

"No it isn't so let's forget about the 20 torches and change that to 4, 3 for each of us and one spare, sound good?"

"Right, right"

"Also change the 5 giant sleeping bags and 8 huge spell books to 3 normal sleeping bags repeat I said normal sleeping bags and only again I repeat only three important spell books, got it?"

"Right, Right"

To find the crystal they needed to use the Elf navigator an (Elf compass) since every compass in the owl village is connected to the crystal although it may have been quite dusty and old but it was still indeed a very useful compass. On the journey they experienced battle, learnt more magic did risks that they wouldn't have done before. they thought of giving up but every time that feeling reappears they just persuade themselves "It's for the crystal and the people of the Elf village". everyone has problems through this mission everyone has improved and stepped out of their comfort zones. they help each other when they fall down and stand up once again strong, positive.

it's been one whole week and they're finally at the wizards castle floating above the sky.

"Do any of you smell something?" question Morwen

"Ummmmmmmm I guess...?" replied Arwen

"That's it!" said Elva

"What do you mean yeh that's it???" asked the both of them

"It's said in the book, once you enter the area of the wizards it should first start getting misty" Elva replied back

"Hahaha so we are here!" shouted Arwen feeling tired and happy at the same time.

"What are we waiting for? Let's get a plan to get in" said Morwen

The three of them now started planning a way to get in. After 5 minutes they got the perfect.

"Okay, so that's the plan we sneak in through the back get the crystal and then go home" Elva said excitedly

"Yep, now that's one good and simple plan" said all three of them at the same time

"Let's go team!" shouted Elva excitedly

Silently they followed the map safely till they reached the back of the castle, through the underground passage, until suddenly Arwen and Morwen shouted

"There's the crystal, I see it!"

Immediately 5 wizards appeared out of no where and in a spilt second all three of them were tied up together against the wall.

"Well that was a great plan..." whispered Arwen unhappily

"Who are you guys and how dare you try and steal the crystal you intruder ELVES. Wait till our master hear this" said one it the wizard guard angrily.



The Light & The Dark Wizards

"It's okay, calm down my friend" echoed a voice from nowhere

"Yes of course master, sorry"

"So he's your master, the one you were just talking about... Yeh ummmmmm he looks a bit off like... you know what I mean...?" murmured Morwen.

"MORWEN!!!" said Elva both feeling angry and anxious, as the person in front of them is one of the two greatest wizards of the legend...!

"Ay, I hear you boy, you probably don't know me then. I'm Voronwe founder of the G-Bluer (the rarest dragon stone), also one of the two highest wizards. Know me now boy?"

"Wo, so that's who you are. Ummmmm since you're a wizard mind changing your appearance, yeh that might make me feel better better. Thank you"

Although Arwen and Morwen didn't say anything but deep in their hearts they kind of agreed with Morwen because he really did look a bit like a rat...

"Mind changing the building too? This building stinks like expired cheese and socks that's been in the rubbish for a long time. Way too dark in here and dusty, so add that too" said Morwen without noticing the trouble he's got them into...

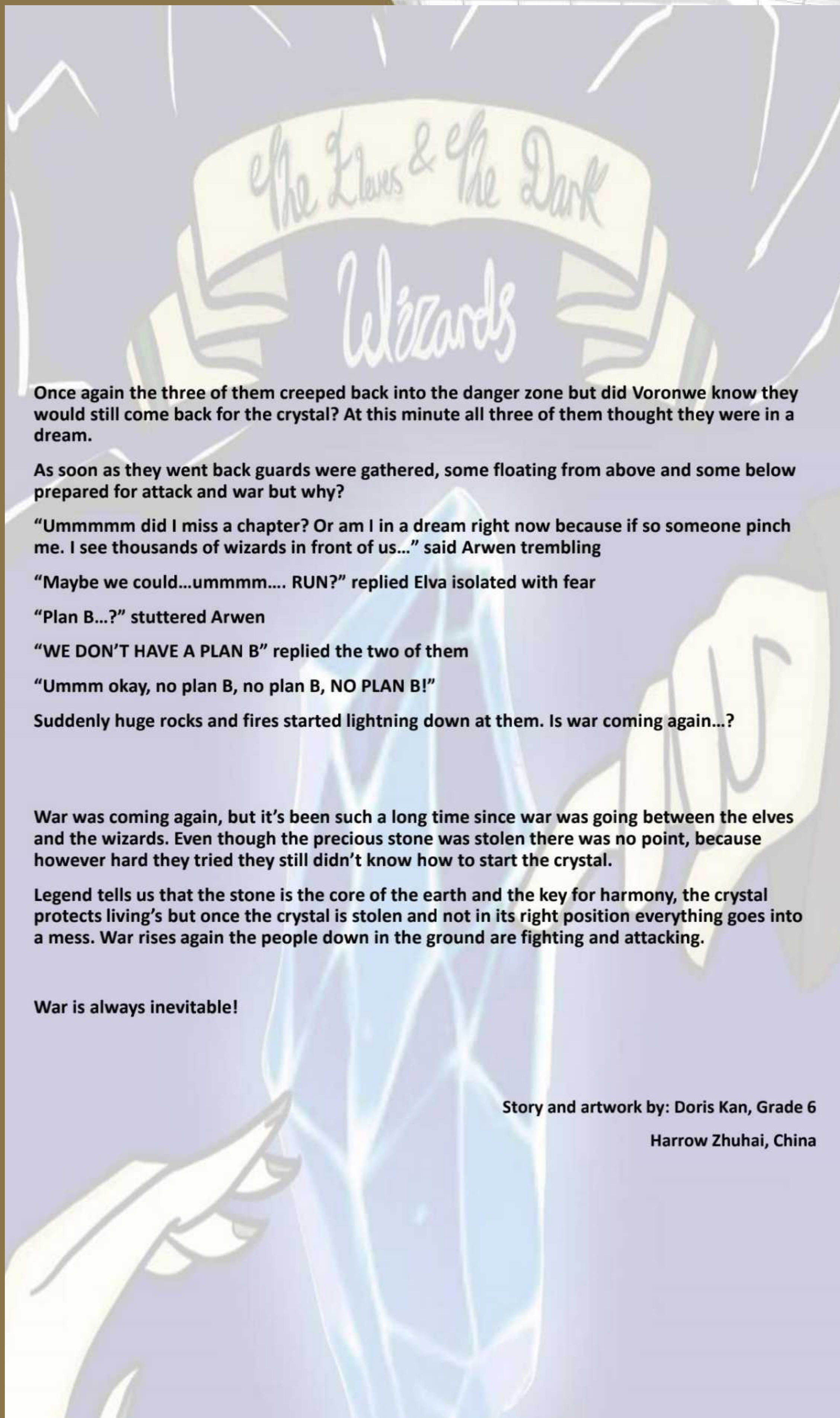
"MORWEN!" whispered Elva frustratedly

"Just trust me I got the best plan to escape" replied Morwen

"WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY THERE YOU LITTLE ELF! DID YOU JUST INSULT ME OF MY AMAZING APPEARANCE AND STRUCTURING? RIGHT GUARDS GET THEM OUT OF MY SIGHT AND THROW THEM BACK TO WHERE YOU FOUND THEM. RIGHT NOW!!!" shouted Voronwe who's about to explode of anger.

"Sooooooooo?" said Morwen quite impressed with himself.

After a few seconds they were actually out alive after all those insults on Voronwe. Although they were out but they still hadn't got the crystal back, this is hard but it's for the best.



Once again the three of them crept back into the danger zone but did Voronwe know they would still come back for the crystal? At this minute all three of them thought they were in a dream.

As soon as they went back guards were gathered, some floating from above and some below prepared for attack and war but why?

"Ummmmm did I miss a chapter? Or am I in a dream right now because if so someone pinch me. I see thousands of wizards in front of us..." said Arwen trembling

"Maybe we could...ummmm.... RUN?" replied Elva isolated with fear

"Plan B..." stuttered Arwen

"WE DON'T HAVE A PLAN B" replied the two of them

"Ummm okay, no plan B, no plan B, NO PLAN B!"

Suddenly huge rocks and fires started lightning down at them. Is war coming again...?

War was coming again, but it's been such a long time since war was going between the elves and the wizards. Even though the precious stone was stolen there was no point, because however hard they tried they still didn't know how to start the crystal.

Legend tells us that the stone is the core of the earth and the key for harmony, the crystal protects living's but once the crystal is stolen and not in its right position everything goes into a mess. War rises again the people down in the ground are fighting and attacking.

War is always inevitable!

Story and artwork by: Doris Kan, Grade 6

Harrow Zhuhai, China

ORIGINAL STORY

Words Mildy K6
Artwork Polly K8
Harrow International School,
Bangkok



This story shows that
Harrovians are kind
and that we care about
one another.

Today was Poppy's first day at her new school.

Why she moved was a long story, but in summary we could say that children there were unkind to her. They took advantage of her and bullied her everyday. Poppy, at this stage, now dreaded school.

One night, after a hard day, she looked up into the mirror and saw green eyes, black curls and brown colored skin (which her classmates said was disgusting). She saw that her eyes stung from all the crying, her nose was bright red and her skin a bit purple. She was sad, as if she wouldn't be happy again. When Poppy's parents heard of this, they decided immediately to transfer school.

So here she was walking into the astonishing school very thrilled; her black curls bouncing lightly and for the first time she felt lighter. As she walked through the outside hallway, she heard children laughing, birds chirping and the breeze brushing against her face. She glanced over to the fields and saw shiny green grass, lively colored trees and the sparkling blue sky. She checked her schedule for the last time then went towards the benches and put her heavy black bag down.

She strolled towards a group of girls. She put on a wide smile to greet them. Halfway there, she stopped to look up at a big clock. Like a miniature clock of Big Ben. She knew (based on the email she was sent from the staff) that it was called the clock tower. She continued walking nervously.

The girls stopped talking as she approached and stared into her green eyes, coldly. Her stomach squirmed and her smile dropped. A girl with blond hair spoke up coolly.

"Could you go away please?"

"Sorry....." began Poppy timidly.

Suddenly another girl with brown dyed hair stepped between them, and she gave Poppy a warm smile. Her purple tie made her look salient. She stared at the blonde girl with her face looking down disappointingly.

First Day, Continued...

"Be careful. The words you choose to hurt people, Rose. And you wouldn't want me to tell the teacher this, would you?" She said this so confidently Poppy was amazed. The girl who is called Rose gave a mocking smile and walked away with her group whispering.

"Come with me," the girl said kindly. And Poppy didn't need telling twice; she hurried after the girl without looking back.

"Poppy, isn't it?" Poppy nodded at the mention of her name. " My name is Eli. These are my friends Mia, Olivia and Pauline."

"Nice to meet you!!" said the one called Mia kindly.

"And don't mind Rose." Said Pauline rolling her eyes. "She's always like that."

"Uhu" Olivia gave Poppy a smile and Pauline a warning look.

"What?" Spoke Pauline innocently.

Then all of them went to class. After a few months Poppy became more confident from the time she spent with her new friends. And the group got closer and closer every day: they became best friends. Poppy completely forgot about the incident with Rose. And all of them were happy for the rest of the school year.

The end

TIME IS A GREAT STREAM

BY HENRY LIN

*Time is a great stream.
In which the droplets of our lives
Could only create a ripple,
Before dwindling to nothing.*

*Time is a sharp blade,
Which carves wrinkles into men,
Wounds onto bodies,
And memories into hearts.*

*Time is a barren desert,
In which even the highest of hills,
And the deepest of seas,
Erodes and dries with a touch of eternity.*

*However, we are not insignificant,
For our bodies may die,
And our souls may fleet,
Our feats will last for ages to come.*

*Without knowing, forty-five decades
Have almost passed, and yet,
The school, sat on the hill,
Stands proud, facing the sun.*

*Tomorrow, tomorrow, and tomorrow,
May creep and hint at futility.
But the school, that raised many before us,
Shall continue to do so, for as long as it is.*

The Myth of the Green Dragon:

A Harrow Adventure

By Andrew Liu (Year 8)

From above, a splash of Buckingham green fills the foreground of this forest, and looking up, the coarse cloth of pixie green clouds the canopy. Between great trees and bushes, two pathways have diverged into the wood. Willows overhang their branches like crushed aloes, perfectly covering the abscissions of the tree while welcoming the passers-by. Flowers are not flowers; they are peppermint candies, embellishing Eden and blooming its beauty like ballet dancers. In the grandest flower, a honeybee sits like a lemon spirit. It sucks up the honeydew and lets the pollen grains stick onto its fat, buttery body, then it lifts off dexterously with determination to find another flower which Jade would have thought reflected his mood - had he noticed it.

Jade is a tough boy from Shells. He reads books on Buddhism, and he desires enlightenment, which he considers as "rinsing in ooze". That is why he is on an adventure, despite breaking all the school rules. Jade is an orphan, raised by his teachers. Then after a dozen years, his teacher passed, and he is now a complete orphan accepted into Harrow. However, his teacher had left him a myth that is set in the forest: a myth about the dragon he is eager to find out. According to the myth, this place was called Penglai Fairyland, and the lord of this fairyland is the Green Dragon. Although there are thousands of people who went through this forest to search for it, they all achieved the same result: no discovery. Jade came here with confidence because his teacher's last words to him were: "Dragons don't live to be discovered by fatuous adventurers who came for reputation, but they do live to bestow enlightenment to those who desire it." He came for the latter.

As he goes deeper into Penglai, the sky grows darker and darker, and soon it is late at night. The trees are rustling, the branches are crunching, the cicadas are sleeping, but all these rustling crunching sounds cannot cover Jade's incantations. He is summoning the Green Dragon.

Artwork by Tiantian Karvandi, Y6 Churchill, Harrow Shanghai

According to the myth, his teacher told him, by incanting the Dragon at night you will see a beam of white light shooting from the ground to the sky. Then, you must go to the place of the light and jump into the beam, it will take you into the Green Dragon Room, and then you will see the dragon. That's ideal. Jade has chanted thousands of times, but where is the light? Jade decides to walk deeper into this mysterious forest. Now, the lonely bird walking below the freaky mirthless trees reflects his mood. He walks and walks and arrives at a lake. There is still no light.

Jade starts to doubt his teacher. Does the spell even work? Suddenly, there is a loud explosion from the lake. Terrified, Jade runs back to the lake and sees a huge hole in the middle of the emerald water. Although the hole is dark and haunting, Jade still wants to give it a try. He holds his breath, bends his knees and, with full courage, jumps in!

Shouting as he falls and falls, Jade eventually lands on a whitish, smooth and soft thing. Jade looks around; he is in the Green Dragon's lair. It is a colossal cage. The ground is made up of beryl and cave walls are bright, fresh emeralds. The thing that Jade has fallen onto is the famous White Dragon, the daughter of the Green Dragon. Jade climbs down from the dragon and walks to its head. Wow! This is the most indescribable creature he has ever seen in real life. The white body, a head like china... Jade passed out due to over astonishment. When he woke up, the white dragon was gone and Jade was lying in the embrace of the Green Dragon: the most magical creature on Earth. The huge hole was gone and Jade was somehow trapped in the cage. He walks a few meters away, while the dragon looks at him with unfathomable eyes. Jade kneels, praying for enlightenment. He is so devout. The Green Dragon leans over and caresses Jade with its tail. Then, its eyes shine with the golden light of wisdom. Its ears shine with the emerald light of tolerance. Its nose shines with the red light of integrity. Eventually, all the lights gather in his mouth forming an enlightenment ball mixed with every gracious morality. The ball falls from its mouth and lands on Jade's head, fusing into him. For a while, Jade becomes lighter and lighter, then he floats and rises higher and higher. He floats through the cave walls, through the lake, and rises to the paradise of the West. While Jade flies, he is so lost in this beautiful enlightenment, that he forgets the rest of the myth. According to the myth, after being enlightened, the person will face eighty-one calamitous catastrophes. Only if the person conquers these catastrophes will they enter paradise. What will happen to Jade next?

Artwork by Tiantian Karvandi, Y6 Churchill, Harrow Shanghai

Thicker than Water by Alyssa Wong

It glistens with the shine of freshly healed skin. Clots of redness. Oozing. I hate cranberry sauce. Sliding my knife under the skin of the roast turkey, I scrape it all off.

Clark buzzes through his speech, making a toast to himself. He is, naturally, still mourning his dear brother's death. But he must, of course, balance this wisest sorrow with defeated joy in his recent marriage to my mother. The assorted associates of the Denman Teak Company squawk in agreement with their new chairman. Paul Ouyang, Clark's favourite manager, squawks the loudest. His children sit opposite him—Landon, respectfully observing his father's clucking, and Ophelia, demure as ever. Clark drones on. The war, Frederick Norbert's teak lease demands, the war. I puncture a crisp potato. How disjointed and out of frame it all is! I destroy Brussels sprouts. Press down my fork and crush them.

"Mary." He fixes his cannon on me. "How is it that the clouds still hang on you, among all this Christmas cheer and comfort?"

Black pepper litters my plate like bullets. I sweep my fork across the plate, drawing the specks into a thick rope.

"Of course, the loss of family is always difficult," he nods, vibrating with understanding. "But family surrounds you still. You are my niece, and now, my daughter. Am I not your kin too?"

"A little more than kin, and less than kind." I snap my eyes up briefly, meeting his.

He clicks his tongue. "You need not be so stubborn in your obstinate condolment."

My mother turns to me, tilting my chin up. "Do not forever seek your father in the dust. All that lives must die, passing through nature to eternity—you know this." She brushes invisible dust from the shoulder of my dress. "Come now, cast off this solemn black."

I shrug her off. "I could wear any colour. No forms, moods, or shows of grief can denote me truly."

"This is sweet of you, Mary," Clark declares. "Commendable. But you must know, your father lost a father. And that father lost his. We could never allow ourselves to be weighed down by all these lost fathers. One day," he says, taking my mother's hand, "the pain you feel will wash away like rain."

It's the air that comes first. June air, warm, the wet monsoon. Then it's me, a child. I'm smushing dirt between my toes, dizzy from twirling. I'm staring up into the sky, a world that spins until it rights itself. And then I'm watching the sun vanish behind storm clouds, the sudden plunge into shadow.

My mother is there, tugging me along, before my father scoops me up. We need to hurry, get inside. But that's not what we do. What we do is stay. We understand each other; we are waiting. And then—Look, Nene—it's here. Rain, like the flickering of static. My brown hair is inked black, drizzling. Isn't it beautiful? The outline of my mother's face, laughing. My father's eyes. Their hands interlocked.

The soil floods. Holy ground.

"We do beseech you to stay with us for the rest of the holidays, rather than returning to school in Mandalay so soon." Clark is still speaking, clutching my mother's hand.

I want to say their rank and gross display disgusts me. I want to say it so they can hear my heart, break. I want to say it just to hear it said.

"Hla Ne Mary." My mother's tone is pointed. "Are you not going to respond?"

I feel a sharp, hot flash of anger. "I shall in all my best obey you, Ah May Jhee." Sarcasm drools onto my plate.

"A loving and fair reply," my uncle proclaims. His teeth glint in the candlelight. Shadows wash over us, in this part of the room. We blur into the darkness, twisted. The two of us, like monsters.

"I need some fresh air. The air in here is all wrong." I push my chair back. The chattering room quiets and the assorted associates gawk at me. I hear my mother murmuring excuses as I leave. My mother, who spoke to me—in Burmese and Yunnanese and English—like I understood, when I was so young I couldn't yet distinguish between them. My mother, who I can no longer understand.

I walk out the door. I want everything to detonate behind me.

The lobby of the Crown Rangoon gleams, soaking in the gold from the drooping chandelier. A banner strung across the wall reads, Wishing you a peaceful Christmas. In a week, it will be replaced by New Year's Eve decorations to usher in 1941. I imagine partygoers at the wake, dressed as I am, black and glittering. Ma Phae Wah—the yellow ribbon lady, guardian spirit of the graveyards—lays her casket on the hotel steps. Death arrives, well-fed by war. The guest of honour. Lilies and chrysanthemums burst from his hollow mouth. He makes a toast. He wishes us a restful new year, ending with a peaceful Christmas. Wine sloshes over the edge of his glass, leaving bloodstains on the marble.

I read the banner again and I giggle.

Laughter leaks out from the hotel restaurant. It's the bleating of Paul Ouyang, Clark's favourite manager. The conversation must have begun again. I think of my mother and him inside. They're grasping at each other, treacherous. They're the king and queen of the dinner party, beaming as their courtiers simper over them. They're—

Footsteps settle softly beside me. I feel my pulse scratching in my ear. This strange effect she always has on me. It makes my skin crawl. I glimpse the pattern of her skirt—flowered, with yellow petals like crosses. I take a peek. It's a tight fit, clinging to her frame. I look away.

Paul's bleating pours into the lobby again. "You'd have to kill my father to shut him up," Ophelia notes mildly.

"Maybe," I concede. The bleating continues. "Perhaps I'll kill him myself."

A smile blooms across her face. I cannot believe she is real. I could step closer, until her hair frames my face and our arms bracket one another, until we're closer than my next breath. I could do this. I have.

"What polite excuse did you come up with to follow me out here?" I prod, grinning.

Stillness for several heartbeats, before she says, "You do know I can't be with you anymore." Ophelia tilts her head back, examining the doomed ceiling, sagging under the chandelier's weight. Light sinks down and drowns in the deep brown of her eyes. "Your favour is trifling." She takes on the resolute cadence of her brother. "This is merely sweet, not lasting. It's time to look forward, find something permanent."

I press closer. "I thought your father liked being close with the Denmans."

She steps back. "Not that close."

"There's no one here, Ophelia." My voice is level. I gesture towards the empty lobby, the polished walls. "We're divided from everyone else. Say what you want."

She pauses, rueful. "I'm sorry. But my father and brother have both told me not to talk to you."

"Then don't." I'm gone already, across the room, slipping past the Christmas tree and falling out the glass doors into infinite space—the hotel garden. All I have to do is go in and get her. Make it better. Maybe she's walking back to the restaurant already, but she'll turn around. Look at me. Crawl under my skin. I can go back... be there. I almost do.

In the distance, the surface of the Rangoon River glimmers like scales on a nga pat fish. It's cold enough now that the air has a bite to it. I start towards the river. Away from this hotel, this place. As I smack my feet down the path, small clouds of dust rise up. The smell of germinating seeds creeps in.

I hang my arms over the railing at the end of the garden. I feel chilled, ice in my bones. I envision myself coaxing the gate open, sliding down the riverbank. This too, too solid flesh would melt, thaw, and resolve itself into a dew, spilling into the water. The blood would dissolve gently into the burning red illumination of the river's surface. Above the water, golden hour gasps its last breath. In the afterglow, the garden finds its footing on a knife's edge of darkness, and changes into something sublime.

It is all so stale. Weary and flat. Beauty possesses it merely.

I turn around, leaning against the railings. A figure emerges from the dim fade of the horizon. Henry, Anglo-Burmese as well, like me. Bundled away from St. Swithin's English School, here at last. The one who knows me most. Give me this boy that is not in passion's thrall, and I will wear him in my heart's core. He slots into place beside me, peering through the rails at the river.

"I thought you weren't attending the dinner," I remark.

"I'm not." He faces me, a smile swirling at the corners of his mouth. "Clearly you're not. We both know I can't afford to eat here and you don't want to eat here."

"I'm not." He faces me, a smile swirling at the corners of his mouth. "Clearly you're not. We both know I can't afford to eat here and you don't want to eat here."

"No," I scoff. "Not with those idiots."

There's a divinity that shapes the scene. Clarifying and mystifying. We are wrapped in the night, two ghosts, together. Ma Phae Wah could be there with us—long, black hair tangling in the wind, an octopus' tentacles. The air, like the tang of pine in Maymyo. It's overwhelming, so clean it cuts my throat as I swallow it. I am drowning, but I can finally breathe. A state of grace. And I know that when the light returns, I'll be ready for it.

"Thicker than Water" cont...

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I exhale. "I'm really glad to see you."

"Oh, I know," he says, smug. He blinks, glancing around the unweeded garden, and then moves nearer. Quietly, he says, "It's going to sound mad, Nene, but I think I saw—"

"I saw my father today." It tumbles out; I need to tell someone.

"Where?" He pulls back, tense, unbalancing me.

I frown. "In my mind's eye, Henry. I've been remembering a lot recently." He relaxes. I want to ask him what is gnawing at him, but the memory still stings at me, raw and sweet. I'm motionless. I can see it.

Glistening beads of rain levitate. The world rights itself. There we are again.

BY ALYSSA WONG

We Lived History



On the other side of the screen,
An endless imagination
Lies between the muffled sounds of the teacher
Fabricating faceless fantasies of all forms
As our thoughts move with no destination in mind

I will focus first.
Will you follow?

On the other side of the screen,
Assignments force their way through to us
The essays we write are contaminated, corrupt, compromised
With the late nights we spent to complete them
Our eyes howl in anger and scream curses, trying to stay awake
The due date lashes out in a relentless assault, a threat to hand in our work

I will submit my work first.
Will you follow?

On the other side of the absent screen,
We will have come back to school
Where you and I share a compassionate embrace
Where you and I think this place our second home, a place of refuge
Where you and I will thank whoever who has lent an ear to hear of our woes
Where our delicate laughter spreads on our haggard faces, easing the pain
The dark circles on our soft skin a reminder of the dark past.

In recent years, we experienced the Covid-19 pandemic surge through the world. We were able to weather the tide and come out stronger on the otherside. More resilient, more courageous, more Harrovian.

*Original Artwork: Sand B7
Words: Frances, Kat and Grace K8
Harrow International School, Bangkok*

A New Legacy

BY HUGO HELLEN

I'd always wondered who I was, and finally I understood.

Whenever a scared cat is stuck helpless in a tree, whenever a poor homeless man begs desperately for money; whenever an old lady needs help to cross the road, I turn my back and ignore them.

Whether it's the chance to end world hunger, whether it's fulfilling the last wish of a chronically ill person, if there were a single action to protect the entirety of humanity and the entire universe was relying on me to do it, I would refuse.

I won't refuse just because I want to: it is more of a compulsion. The feeling that it's something I am meant to do. It's this wave of adrenaline and excitement, a slight glimpse of mystery rushing through the blood vessels into your soul - it's fascinating.

I am cruel, I am mean: I am Alister.

My day begins with the alarm rudely invading my nightmares and destroying what remains of peace in my room with its discordant chimes, followed by my skin being met with an infuriating splash of water from the broken air conditioner and then finally, with the sight of the sun illuminating the morning sky. I woke up on Tuesday the 7th of January, and I was furious.

I decided to show up to school at around 9:45 because that was when History started. I'd do anything to escape the bloodbath of Mr Tsarina's quarters. He speaks each bitter word with spit spraying from his crushing fangs, giving off a slow slithery hiss with each close. Although every teacher I've had has treated me horribly, Mr Tsarina is exceptional at this. I sit on the floor when the class gets chairs, I am the last to get fed when everybody is full. I am segregated from the others like an uncontrollable animal caged from society. Today however, I stroll into his class as if I have diamond rings wrapped around my fingers and gold mines running through my veins. I am instantly uplifted at the sight of his defenceless, weak appearance. Today is the day that I end my suffering, and I am delighted.

His cruel insults die out before penetrating my skin, decelerating as they struggle through the air. Throughout the whole lesson he continues to fire insults in my direction, not knowing that today, my mind is bulletproof. He tries pushing me down to the ground despite my immense strength. He, as he does every other day, uses every possible opportunity and every given chance to dehumanise, degrade and disgrace me not knowing that I am now completely immune.

I wait for the chimes to ring at the end of the lesson and watch the flock of students escape out of the classroom. I sit back, not moving a muscle, not moving at all.

“Get out Alistar.”

I smirk.

“I said leave the classroom.”

I slowly get up, extending the bend at my knees and pushing through the soles of my feet. With each stride I take I get closer, closer, closer. His rage visibly burning, the steam rushing out of his head suddenly condenses to the sight of the knife squeezed in my right hand. The closer I get, the more his presence dies. Lower, lower, lower. The wave. The wave of adrenaline and excitement rushes through my blood vessels again, storming through each cell and particle, shining through my body. The joy I experience at sight of the fear and horror building up in his eyes makes me feel bigger than the universe itself. For at this moment, nothing can beat me: no words or kindness can protect him, no action nor situation can prevent him from his inevitable doom.

I lift my right hand up, a perpendicular angle to his upper right chest. My thumbs grip tighter, stronger. I stare deep into the trauma swirling in his mind, a smile stretching from the South to the North Pole. I jerk my elbow forward, the knife tears open his innocent skin, crushing through his defenceless rib cage and stabbing a hole straight into his heart. His eyes roll back. His body leans forward. His heart lies silent. Today is the day I killed Mr Tsarina; today I am ecstatic.

Behind all my anger, I always liked to think that there was a kind, normal person hiding inside of me. I liked to believe that all my cruelty was simply just a label that I was given when I was younger. I hoped that everybody thought the same; that everybody behaved the same, yet the more that I live, the more I realise nobody is. Nobody felt the way I did. I had pushed the knife into his chest with such ease and simplicity, carving out and revealing the answers all at once.

I glance at the sight of his dead, jammed corpse lying lifeless on the floor, blood splashed and sprinkled on the white walls behind him. I grin. I can finally understand who I am now. I am cruel.
I am mean.

I am a psychopath.

ART BY STELLA LIU

Imperfectly Perfect

BY DANIEL TAM

I wonder if
There is a parallel universe,
A universe with another me.

I wonder if I spoke more to my classmates instead of isolating myself in a well of darkness,
Would I have not been so lonely, or still be neglected all the same?

I wonder if I stood up to that bully instead of letting myself be beaten down,
Would I have grown stronger, or be beaten down again nonetheless?

I wonder if I didn't spend all those hours drowning myself in a whirlpool of textbooks and worksheets,
Would I have taken a moment to stop and rest?

I wonder if I cared less about what others thought of me,
Would I have seen myself in a new light?

A universe with another me.

I wonder if I chose the job back home instead of the one overseas,
Would I have laughed and smiled more beside my family?

I wonder if I picked up that guitar my father bought me,
Would I have found passion or purpose in music?

I wonder if I went on that trip to a distant land,
Would I have opened my eyes to a larger world?

I wonder if I confessed my feelings for the one I loved,
Would I have seen them once more?

I wonder if I spent less time dwelling on the past,
Would I have had more time to do something new instead?

I wonder if when the day comes,
Would I have someone beside me as I watch my final sunset?

A universe with another me.

I wonder if I could swap places, leaving all my mistakes and regrets behind,
Would I finally be happy?
Would I finally be complete?

Yet
Would I still be me?

I spent so much time wondering what my life could have been,
Wondering about how things could have played out differently,
That I never realised the truth.

We are the mistakes that we make,
The pain that we feel,
And the choices that we regret.

But also the places we go,
The people that we meet,
And the passions we pursue

Now I know when it's time,
Even with my past mistakes and struggles
I'll regret nothing,

I'll look up at the stars and smile,
Because that's what made me who I am today
That's what made me different

I'll stumble, then run.
I'll sink, then rise.
I'll fail, then succeed.

Imperfectly perfect.

Searching for Luna
By Quentin Liu,
Grade 6



I suddenly woke up from the bed, my heartbeat was fast. I was in shock. I had amnesia, I can't recall the memories, but I could recollect the dream I just had. I looked at my phone, I'd been sleeping for 3 years. Something or someone is missing. What is it?

I went downstairs, the sunshine basking on my shoulders, taking in nature and enjoying the fresh air, I took a comfortable deep breath. I was silent for a while, doing nothing until I saw that blue bracelet. Who does this belong to? Tears prick my eyes. I don't understand why at first. I know that I love the person who owns this bracelet.

Slowly I began to recall my memories, I was mumbling...and found out what happened during the dream. It's unbelievable, those fantastical things gave me a headache, I forgot how I crashed into the dreamland, falling to another dimension from the Earth. I saw things that shouldn't exist in the usual life.
Luna, I need to find Luna.



My name is Felix, I am a 15-year-old high school student, every day that I have is almost the same, nothing unusual, boring, and lonely. 3 years ago, it was an afternoon in school, I felt sleepy during a biology lesson, so I took a nap on the desk. I had the craziest dream about a new dimension, but I was suddenly woken with a start by the Professor calling out my name. I woke up, but the dream still lingering in my head.

As I went back home later that day, I realised that something was wrong, but I couldn't put my finger on it. I began to feel sleepy, so I went to my room and directly lay on the bed. As I closed my eyes, suddenly, I fell into the "new dimension", dragged by

"Searching for Lunca" cont...

someone unknown. Fantasy-like colours flashed in front of me, pulling me into it.

When everything fell still, I got up from the ground and looked around, it seems like I'm in a duke's mansion. I walked over to the drawings that are hung up on the wall, this was definitely not home.

I ran out of the house in horror, finally, I saw a person that looks like a servant, he was sweeping the leaves in the backyard. I asked him today's date, it was 21st of July 1681!!!! Then the servant curiously asked me: 'who are you?'. I didn't explain too much, I chose to divert the topic and asked him who's the host of the mansion, he replied: John Churchill. I know him! I recognised his name from our history lessons, he's a famous duke of the 17th century. I didn't care about it, I just wanted to leave this place. I needed to find her.

It started to rain after I left the mansion, there was only a jewelry store open. I asked for permission to enter, the man was nice, he asked me if I wanted some food, but I refused him. I saw a blue bracelet while I was chatting with him, he told me that the bracelet was for his daughter and said his daughter's name is Luna, I was surprised because my best friend's name is called Luna too... as I walked away, I hoped that I could meet the man again. He might lead me to her, to Luna.

I saw a mysterious window when I was walking on the path, but the moment that I approached it, someone crashed into me!



I could feel myself falling and whirling around, it felt like before. I traveled to an office this time but when I took a step forward, I was pushed into a hole and ended up back at school!

I tried to sit still so I would stop moving but in just a second, I'm back in the dimension again... I had no more resistance and tiredly lay on the floor.

As I lay there feeling helpless, I suddenly felt a power telling me to stand up and continue.

As I battled with myself out of exhaustion, at quarrel going on in my head ... I fell back again to the duke's mansion... I was frustrated and shouting to the sky! Everybody's attention was on me, then someone grabbed me and brought me in front of the duke (John Churchill). I thought he would punish me, but instead, he was talking to me nicely and friendly, he said 'what happened young man?'. I honestly told him everything that had happened and told him that I was really frightened. He had someone bring me a cup of tea and told me to remain calm. Whilst I was still informing the duke about my scary adventures, I saw a person knocking on the door. After he came in, I was really surprised, it was the same ma I had met, he was here to apply for a job. We chatted in the garden, he showed me a picture of his daughter, I was shocked, it looks the same as Luna, and I remember that he told me his daughter's name was Luna. Could Luna be here too...

The servant gave him an employment letter, I suddenly had an idea, maybe I can apply for a job too, therefore I could chat with him anytime. I at once asked the Duke if I could apply to be the chef's helper, he agreed readily and told me that I will work with the man's daughter.

After I lived in the mansion for 3 months, I completely forgot that I'm still in the "new" dimension, I even think that life here is a lot better than life in the real dimension. I treat Luna as my best friend just like how it was in school, even though she doesn't know me in the real dimension, but at least she knows me in this one. Life here is also fast, soon after Mr. Churchill got ill, there was almost no time for him, and the clan had a serious internal

"Searching for Lunca" cont...

conflict for power. A lot of bad news was told in Mr. Churchill's office. His sworn enemy James revenged him for the last war they had, the whole family is in chaos. It made John Churchill change his world went from a whole desert to splattered sands...

At the end of 1722, John Churchill passed over in Blenheim's house, the family finally collapsed under the pressure, which led to war.

Everyone is trying to escape, gunshot noises resounded all over the streets, I ran with Luna in a hurry, but someone pushed me again from the back. I could feel myself falling. No, please this is not the time. I was falling into the fantasy space that I hate, the bright colors, unknown objects flew through my eyes, it appears that I'm back in front of *that* window. I gave up trying to escape, if I wait here still, I will get out.

I found out that I traveled back to school after I woke up, I believe that I'm in the normal dimension now.

I can see Luna, but she hasn't spotted me behind her, but no matter how loudly I shout to her, she wasn't responding to me. I quickly run-up to her, but I was blocked by a transparent wall, soon I fall back into the mansion again, my field of view zoomed out to John Churchill's office, I was dizzy, I tried to find where Luna is, but I couldn't... I walked out of the ruins with tiredness. Suddenly I see Luna sitting still without making a single noise, she wasn't talking. We both sat there and looked at the sky, just like we used to, side by side. I thought I had come back to school

I leave this dimension? Is it worth trying to tell her who I am?

I think I will have to leave again soon. I think about the times I have spent with Luna, in both dimensions ... I want that time back, I want my best friend back.

I am sitting here lonely, with no complaints, maybe this is predestined, but it's not up to me. At least I survived, but it's pointless now, I have no more friends, no family and it somehow feels like I have lost myself. I imagined all things in the best way with Luna, but it doesn't make sense now, all the imaginations had been destroyed, maybe I could've done it earlier, but everything is way too late to make a change. This is what I deserve. I should let it go.

Maple leaves fall next to my shoulder. "Spring and autumn make flowers and leaves bloom, and finally the maple leaves fall back".

What will become of me?

END

Story by: Quentin Liu, Grade 6

Art Work by: Angel Liang, Grade 8

Harrow Zhuhai, China

The Spectacular History of Harrow School

by Bella Liu (Year 5)

In 1572, when England was booming culturally and economically, an independent boarding school, Harrow School, was quietly born in London. With the support of Queen Elizabeth I, a local landowning farmer called John Lyon founded the school. The purpose was to provide local boys with the opportunity to be educated. Since then, Harrow has become one of the most prestigious schools in the world.

Daily life and learning are intimately connected at Harrow School. While romping on the football pitch, students learn to work together to win a match. While performing on the concert stage, they learn how to impress the audience. They also learn how to efficiently organize their time during leisure time. At Harrow School, maintaining a positive attitude to learning at all times will help you learn more.

A proper dress code is also an expression of Harrow's elite education. All students are expected to wear a white shirt, a dark blue blazer embroidered with a school logo, and a pair of light grey trousers. On Sundays, they wear a black tailcoat or black single-breasted waistcoat and striped trousers with a black tie. Straw hats tied with navy blue ribbons flutter with every movement of the students at all times, signifying the honour of being a Harrow student. At Harrow School, dressing neatly makes you feel more confident.

Wouldn't you like to sing the school song with pride at this moment? Harrow's school song 'Forty Years On' was composed by the headmaster, Edward Bowen, and composer John Farmer. At the beginning and end of each term, students lock their arms and sing the old school song, glowing with happiness. The sounds of singing and laughter mingle in the air. At Harrow School, an influential school song makes you fearless in the face of adversity.

Harrow's elite education has brought up generations of outstanding people, including Winston Churchill, poet Byron, and Indian Prime Minister Nehru. Each graduate contributes to the world in different fields. Recalling how they have walked the same streets, sat in the same form rooms, and lived together in Houses is motivating and empowering for every boy at the school. Its influence continues to bring fresh blood to Harrow, making it a place that always shines in the minds of its students.

Artwork by Hanna Xu, Y8 Byron, Harrow Shanghai

BY THOMAS GALL

ART BY ESTELLE CHAN

GRANDPA

Dear Grandpa,
How are you?
I'm ... good.
Dad and I miss you lots.
I cry sometimes, Dad does too.
He tells me to be strong but sometimes it is too hard.
Dad tells me stories.
Of how you were a man.
How you were tough, strong, and independent when
times were bad.
I hope to live up to be half the man that you were.
But I am none of those things.
Dad tells me that it is okay to be yourself, to love
yourself.
So I would like to make a deal with you and all my
ancestors,
to make sure that I will be a man and be everything that
you were and more.

BY SOPHIA HOTUNG

THE SECRET GIRL

burdened
by corridors of
tradition i don a bluer
begging wishing
it had
more
buttons
to
hide my chest
from the dubious brows
of the virile rest so i tie
up my locks unwashed
and matted pull them to
a bun and hide it
straw-hatted bury
the bra
and
stash
the stockings
adopt a low voice
swaggering and cocking
my head to and fro as i keep up my
guard grumbling "here sir" down in the
bill yard while in the showers nudity abounds
so i fester in sweat that i am not found yet once
a month when ma nature hovers i'm extra clandestine to
stay undercover avoiding the sceptical eye of the beaks who notice
how often my voice shrilly squeaks but when in class i'm as quick as the rest
though these men would never deem true me the best still i sit and laugh along at the
jokes of women in kitchens deferring to blokes i hate that i'm faking that i'm
a lad too with bulges men's rights a urinal loo
so i pray
every
night
that
no one
will know
of the
secret
girl
who
went
to
harrow

ART BY STELLA LIU

A LEGACY OF INSPIRATION

Words:
Tanboon N6, Goethe S6,
Ping Pong So6
Artwork: Praewa B7
Harrow International School,
Bangkok

Inspiring others
Never giving up on your dreams
Surpassing your dreams
People who you admire
Idols you dream of being
Racing beyond limits
Admiring people you wish to be
Talented human beings
Including those you love along the journey
Obtain your dreams
Not losing hope

*Tanboon N6,
Harrow International School, Bangkok*

Inspiring others to
Never give up dreams that
Seem so unreachable
Power comes after
Intense and passionate hard work
Rewards are for those who
Aspire to great things with
Talent and optimism
Innate human strength
Only to reap the rewards for
Not giving up on trials

*Goethe S6 and Ping Pong So6
Harrow International School, Bangkok*



ORIGINAL STORY

Words Lola K8
Art Polly K8
Harrow International School, Bangkok

THE TSUNAMI

'BEEEP. BEEEEE. BEEEEP.' The deafening alarm was going crazy, as if it was partying in Ibiza.

'SMACK' as Bri whacked her clock as hard as she could so it would stop beeping. "Finally", she groaned while slowly opening her eyes. Then she sat up, stretched her arms out and tied her dark curly hair up in a quick ponytail. Then she had a nervous but excited feeling in her stomach. She felt as if something important was happening today but she just didn't know what it was...

Without warning, suddenly her mum opened her bedroom door. "Morning Bri! Get up you sleepyhead I'm surprised you're not already ready as you seemed so excited about it yesterday!"

Then that's when she remembered, today was the day!! She was going to see her friends at the beach! Her eyes started to light up and her tummy started to continuously do backflips in excitement. "OH YES! Ok mum I'll get ready now" she exclaimed in joy.

"Oh okay dear, I'll leave you to it". As her mum left the room she straight away jumped up, sprinted over to her drawer and picked out her outfit. As she was packing her swimsuit in her sage green bag that had a continuous leaf pattern that glistened in the sunlight, her phone made a faint buzzing noise.

She picked it up and it was from her friend. It read 'Hi, Brianna are you ok? We are all already here, can't wait to see you soon. This is gonna be so fun and a good break from school haha, from Jen x'. And to that she replied with 'Yea, I'm good can't wait to see you soon, running late see you there!!!'

She quickly ran down the stairs to see her little sister Dev, dad and mum all staring at the TV, all their jaws dropped. "Wha- what's going on guys?" Bri said in worry. They pointed at the TV, unable to speak. Then Bri turned her head to focus on the television playing Thai news with a massive headline saying 'TSUNAMI HITS PHUKET BEACHES'. When was this?" Bri asked in concern.

"Right now..." her dad said.

The following story is
based on true events.

"What? This can't be possible. Jennifer, Kai and Jayden are all there." Her tears slowly dripped down her face, onto the floor. Do you think they are ok?" She asked in a hoarse voice.

"We don't know." Her mum stated.

Three days later:

"Heyyyy Bri, guess what! I just got off a call with Jen's mum and she just told me she and Kai have been found and are safe now. Apparently one of the teachers from Harrow saved them by helping them to climb up a big tree! Isn't that great?" said her mum.

"Oh, that's great, really great but you didn't mention Jayden? What about Jayden!?" Brianna cried out. "Um I'm sorry but they can't find her anywhere, when the teacher saved Kai and Jen, Jayden was nowhere to be found. I'm so sorry my dear."

"Wh-wh-what? No, no this can't be true. Please mum?"

"I'm sorry Bri."

Bri was speechless, she tried to speak but every time she tried to say something, it didn't come out. Distraught, she slowly dug her hands into her hair and wept in disbelief and distress.

After reuniting with Jennifer and Kai they met the very teacher who had saved their lives and continuously thanked them. They were recognised for their bravery and praised at Harrow Bangkok.

ECHO AND NARCISUS

Being Narcissus would be a dream
If you were my charming Echo
In icy waterfalls and lush green glades
We'll run and run
Till we reach the top of Mount Kithairon
Alone at last.

Though you can only echo
I'll never grow tired,
For your voice
Clears the darkest skies
Breaking the strongest of hearts
With one cry,
If anything
You'll turn anyone into a narcissist
Every bitter word leaving my mouth
Turns sweet in yours
Adorning each syllable and vowel
Until I can't shut up,
Hungry for a reply,
Because no matter what
My last word will always be yours.

No love can be as cruel as ours
When I fall into madness
Grieved by the truth of my reflection
Who will you follow?
I can only listen from above
Ears open for an echo
My enthralling, fading Echo

BY ANGELINA LU

The Magic of Notes by Lucas Lu, 5A

In the dead of night, the first snow is falling. It looks like it's falling gradually, almost reluctantly. The twinkling stars are blinking. They shine at the last house on the endless road in Harrow. In the distance, the heavy Big Ben stands there, telling us about the time every second. What a diligent machine! From its appearance, it seems like has been there for thousands of years. Inside the vivid Harrow school, the left side is the semi-circle-like Speech Room. The shape looks like a fan. The wooden seats are all neatly arranged and decorated beautifully.

In the middle of the speech room, two people are sitting together. Henry is sitting there holding a cello and a bow; Max is holding an iPad, sitting there breaking something. They are both students of Byron House. It seems like Max is saying something. Let's play the notes of a sol, re, do on the instrument now. As Henry plays the musical notes, the magical notes brought them into a new world: the world of happiness and music. Henry and Max both walk into the garden, full-of-bloom tulips. Max smiles broadly, but Henry smiles bitterly.

"How could we get back to school?" asks Henry, curiously.

"I don't know," answers Max, "Let's watch some striking scenery instead. Let's also think of some new ideas for creating our music."

They wander back into the Speech Room: same room, same time. The difference is that they all have smiles on their faces, not bitter smiles but faces broadening with smiles.

As the light shines into the silent Speech Room, they step onto the snowy path and walk back to the dormitory, together.

Artwork by Shirley Jia, Y7 Churchill, Harrow Shanghai

ALL THAT YOU ARE

BY THUMBIKO MTONGA

IT'S FUNNY, HOW WE PERCEIVE OURSELVES,
HOW OTHERS PERCEIVE US.
THE OPINIONS A PERSON CAN MAKE FROM THE FIRST TIME THEY LOOK AT US
TO THE FIRST TIME THEY TALK TO US,
BY THE WAY WE HOLD OURSELVES WITH A SORT OF LAID BACK CONFIDENCE,
THE WAY IN WHICH WE STAND
TALK
LAUGH.
TO THE WAY WE FURROW OUR BROWS WHEN SOMETHING PERPLEXES US
THE WAY WE SLOUCH OUR BACKS AS WE LEAN FURTHER AND FURTHER INTO OUR CHAIR,
OR THE WAY WE
CLAMP OUR JAWS AS WE CHEW,
FORCING FOOD DOWN OUR THROATS-
WHAT THEY CAN NEVER SEE.

THOUGH,
IS YOUR FIRST BREATH
YOUR FIRST KISS.
THE FIRST GRAZE OF THE KNEE
THAT FIRST DANCE.
YOUR FIRST LOVE.
WHAT THEY CAN NEVER SEE IS WHO YOU TRULY ARE;
ALL THAT YOU ARE.

AS YOU STAND THERE,
ALL THAT IS YOU SCREAMS OUT
IN AN INCESSANT CHOIR,
IN AN UPROAR OF NOISE,
SCREECHING
AT WHOEVER CASTS THEIR GLANCE IN YOUR DIRECTION.
ALL THAT IS YOU YEARN:
TO BE LISTENED TO,
TO BE SEEN,
TO BE HEARD.

BUT THE FUNNY THING IS,
HOWEVER HARD
HOWEVER PERSISTENTLY THEY STRUGGLE TO ONE DAY BE DISCOVERED
NO MATTER HOW VIOLENTLY THEY FIGHT,
IT NEVER COMES TO FRUITION.
ALL THAT IS YOU IS FORCED TO SIT THERE.
DESPONDENT.
NEVER TO BE SEEN,
NEVER TO BE HEARD.
PEOPLE ONLY HEAR WHAT THEY HEAR
AND SEE WHAT THEY SEE.

EMBODIMENT OF WATER IN HER LIFE

She's the one people go to when they're sad.
But when she feels sad nobody knows.
She's tearing herself apart and nobody hears.

She has enough tears to make a river, see it rage into a stream,
Maybe help those so thirsty for compliments, maybe give herself a
distraction,
Then she'll throw a rock into the dam, and watch her heart sink.

Running out of little white lies,
She tells herself to just get by.
She has so many scissors in hopes that she'll find beauty inside her
limbs.

Startled by such odiousness,
She screams into nothingness.
Drowning in her pool of thought.
How could the girl who always smiles,
Be so sad?

She pricks herself like drops of criticising rain,
Watch as into her skin they carve and engrave.
She has enough pages of insecurities to stitch them into wings,
Fly close enough to the sun, to see her tears turn to steam,
Feel the wax burn on her shoulders, then mould into thick skin.

Drowning in her pool of thought.

I always Feel As If I'm In A Period Of Transitioning

BY JOY CHEN

I feel as if I am always in a period of transition, always going somewhere, working towards something, waiting for opportunities, for things to happen. I'm waiting to grow up, yet I pine to stay small and irresponsible, sometimes worrying that I will be stuck in this constant state of limbo - too large and depraved to be a child, yet too innocent, too awkward to be an adult. I hover in this liminal space between myself and the universe. An eternal summer of sorts, hanging between each new school year, the endless, aimless days of humid heat and sunshine and seawater. And feeling like you're floating. Feeling like you have forever to decide what to do with yourself. At times, I catch myself drifting through life, observing it from the outside as if I am some sort of fascinating new species or zoo enclosure and when will I be on the inside of myself? It seems as if everywhere I go, another gas station at night when no one else is there, and the staff are eyeing you up like you're some sort of vagrant, and wondering why you aren't tucked away at home.

Do you notice how anything can look alive in the half light of dusk when the sun is setting? Between the period of time when the sun was bright and blazing and complete utter darkness has fallen and everyone's on their way home, or out for dinner and the trees are on fire and the streets are flooded and the gritty dingy lines that form at the crosswalks clump together and ebb and flow out - it's too quiet out here.

Isn't it funny how utterly lonely you can feel when you're surrounded by people?

Loved ones that you feel like you can never truly love because sometimes you worry that you are a cruel, callous, heartless person and inside of you is nothing but a gaping emptiness. You try to give more of yourself, be more present, but there is nothing there and then what will be left of us?

At times, I feel like an observer in someone else's life. Flicking through the shelves of the public library, you see old books, books that feel lived in. You see little scribbled notes in between the pages, and random highlighted parts that remind someone of a moment they shared with someone else, and the chances of you meeting them are one in a million yet you smile a little to yourself and tuck the memory away for colder moments. You go home and your mother walks into your room and says that your eyes are too kind, and that you will never be a fighter, you were put on this world to be hurt.

Tired at night I lay there in bed, or on the wooden floor, steeping myself in silence; waiting to melt into the sweet, all encompassing darkness of this secluded corner of the world. I am tethered to this town and these people I call home, yet sometimes I feel these grand ideas of the future overwhelm me, fill me up, and try to drag me away from the world. I never know where I belong. I love my town, but when the waitresses look at me and ask questions in a language I've surrounded myself with for so long, yet still cannot make sense of, I start to feel as if maybe I was not made for this world.

And maybe we were not made for this world, but we have ourselves convinced that the world was made for us, and let us carry on, delude ourselves into thinking that our legacies will last through the earth-hurling, sun-searing end we will inevitably bring upon ourselves.

Tell me that you can read this: "These, our bodies, possessed by light"* and deny that humans were originally formed from stars, carry more energy than we think our meagre physical bodies can contain. Tell me that you don't look at someone, see them electrified, excitement bursting from their speech, words light-shot, dancing in the air, and feel a newfound appreciation for humanity. Tell me that you can picture the Earth, making up barely a fraction of this infinitesimal universe, realise our insignificance, and lose all hope in life; forget that you mean more than the world to at least two other people, who mean just as much to you. Tell me that your mind does not hold dreams that manage to escape your body and drag you out of bed in the morning, that you are able to stop throwing yourself at your dreams until your heart is battered and bruised. It never ceases to astound me how people are able to feel so reckless and free, untethered from their own mortality. All of them, gods, ichor and youth burning through their veins, bathed in the glory of their imminence.

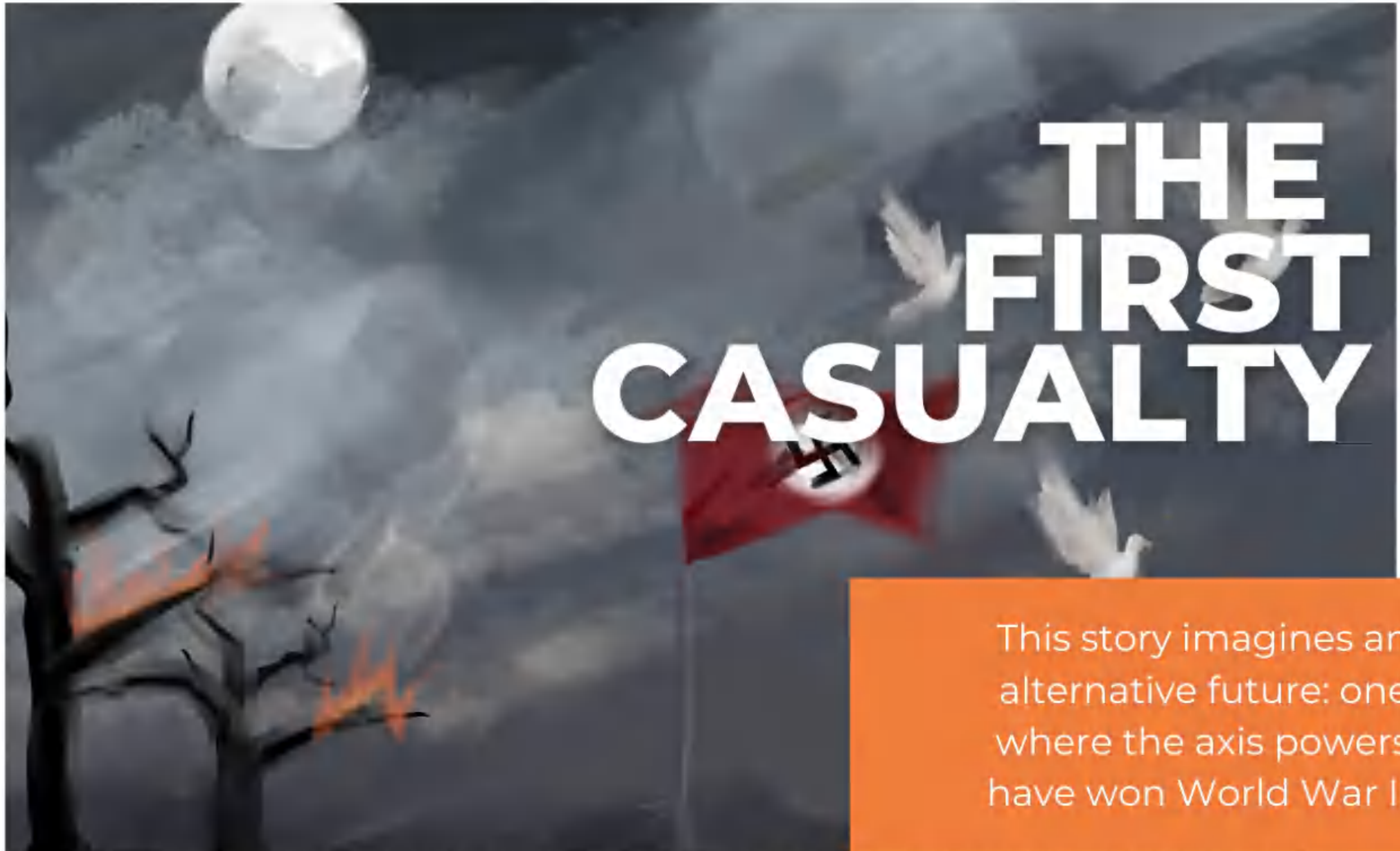
Yet here you are, still stuck in the limbo between adulthood, fulfilment. Half girl, half woman, half formed.

ORIGINAL STORY

Words: Simon Llbscome C9

Art: Proud and Miki K8

Harrow International School, Bangkok



This story imagines an alternative future: one where the axis powers have won World War II

The year is 1951. Ten years have elapsed since the triumph of the Nazis in WW2 and their subsequent occupation of Britain. Nazi treatment of the British populace is cruel and brutal. People suspected of being resistance members are tortured and executed. Others, ordinary people, live under constant fear and have had their rights taken away from them; nobody is allowed to criticise the Nazi party, their policies and, by extension, Hitler himself. Nor are they allowed access to health care and an education. Books that have not been written by Germans are banned and all evidence of what the Nazis deem unfavourable history is destroyed and replaced with lies that serve to spread the idea of German supremacy.

Chapter 1:

Wearing an expression of restrained joy so as not to attract attention and get mugged, David rushed through the streets of New Munich. He had just received his pay for the week, which even if only for a second, made him forget that he was living in Britain's largest ghetto and that he was surrounded by the homeless and running through rugged streets covered with all kinds of filth. After passing through Göring road, David turned right into another street, which, unlike most other parts of New Munich, was not crammed with apartment buildings but instead small houses built of bricks of uneven sizes that were badly painted and had clearly been built rapidly to accommodate the ever expanding population of the ghetto. As David strode - by this time he had stopped running - further down the street, the houses seemed to get more and more extravagant in their own way. Around halfway down, he turned right almost abruptly as though he had done so subsciously, walked up the steps which led to the house he was approaching and took out a key from his left pocket. In comparison to all of the houses on the same street, this one looked well kept with hardly any bricks sticking out of place or any unpainted areas. But at the same time, the house also looked sorrowful and isolated from the others as it had been painted grey in stark contrast to the others, which featured primarily black or white. Once he reached the door, his entire body came to a standstill like he was dreading something or someone and after seconds without so much as an involuntary movement of his hands, he sighed and violently stabbed the key he had just taken out of his pocket into the keyhole. David had to try and twist the key three times before, finally, the door opened and he entered the house, his house.

The reason he had looked so miserable before entering the house was because David knew that once he entered it, his every move would be monitored and every noise he made would be listened to. The Nazis ,or so people said, had installed listening devices inside of people's homes so as to stop the spread of the resistance and anti-Nazi opinions. David knew that if listening devices were to be present anywhere, his house would probably have them as the street he lived on was known for its anti-German sentiments. Only last week, a German patrol that was passing by to enforce the curfew imposed on New Munich, was attacked by local resistance members and though the rebels were killed, the Germans still shot ten civilians in retribution for the attack.

The First Casualty.....Continued

Upon entering the house, David was greeted not by the usual warm welcome of his parents but by the static of a radio. Evidently, his parents had been listening ,or at the very least were currently attempting to listen to, the radio. More news on the current tensions with Japan, thought David with a bored yet amused countenance. Walking straight into the living room, which his parents currently occupied, he greeted them and with an elated face, took out a handful of coins from his right pocket, placed them with such immense power into his mother's hand so as to make them tremble and attract attention to himself and gleefully told his parents that since his work had just been notified that he turned 16 two months ago, his pay had increased. "Wonderful news," said both of David's parents halfheartedly. Puzzled by their lack of enthusiasm, David asked them why they weren't more excited, to which they replied that living costs were increasing too quickly for pay rises to keep up. "But don't lose your determination," declared his dad. "Things will get better sooner or later," he continued. At that moment, the radio turned back on and moving to it, they all gathered round the archaic machine as though anticipating something even if it was only propaganda.

"This is an announcement from your Führer" boomed the voice on the radio. David knew this was not Hitler's voice because it was unlike the one he had heard so many times before. This was confirmed an instant later when it was announced by the voice on the radio that the Führer would now commence his announcement. Then, a harsh and powerful voice could be heard. This voice undoubtedly belonged to Hitler. Because the speech was in German, David and his family could not understand what was being said but after the menacing voice of Hitler ceased, the voice that had first sliced through the silence of David's living room started speaking once more. "Germany, the land of the great Aryan Race, is now at war with Japan. We will prevail..." But the voice was cut short by the delight of David's mum and dad who were screaming things such as "fascist pigs have turned on themselves" or "let's see the destruction of one of these terrible nations". Instantly upon hearing this, David told them to keep it down because of the listening devices that he believed were present. However, after hearing David say this, his parents merely burst out laughing. "That's all a load of rubbish," said his mum and for the first time in a long while, David felt comfortable in his own home. He had been reassured that nobody could hear him. His life was not being monitored! His privacy had been restored or in reality, never taken away! All of this excitement was short-lived though as only ten minutes later, a loud knock could be heard coming from the front door. "I'll go and take a look," sighed David's dad, who went up to the door reluctantly and peeked through the peephole. "Ahh! Damn! It's the Gestapo!" He screamed. "Go! Through the window in the back now!" shouted the terrified voices of David's parents. Moving through the living room and into the kitchen, he clambered out of the house using its only window. After exiting the house, he stopped for a second to decide where to go and whether or not to wait for his parents but after hearing the sound of a door being kicked down and guns firing, his mind told him only one thing: run!

Chapter 2:

David has been on the run for 6 months now and was still careful not to venture into areas he was unfamiliar with. He had talked to only a handful of people during this time and only one more than once; a man who went by the name Resis. David was not exactly sure who Resis was or what he did for a living. He had his suspicions that he was a resistance member because of his extreme views pertaining to Nazis, but he never bothered to ask because he had always been given money by Resis. He had first seen Resis when he was sleeping in a dark alley. As to why Resis was even there he was not sure, but Resis had thrown him a few coins. The very next day, David once again spotted Resis there and from then on, every time he slept in the alley, Resis was there. Eventually, he began talking to Resis and told him of the Nazi execution of his parents. This gradually sparked Resis's interest and finally, one day, David used Resis's interest in the subject as the perfect opportunity to ask ,whilst he was distracted, about what Resis actually did for a living. "Where do you work?" asked David and ,as though it did not mean anything or was unimportant or was not worth mentioning, Resis said that he was a resistance member and without even hesitating, he followed this up by offering to take David to one of the resistance's safe houses. Thinking for a moment, David accepted. It would make for a nice change to constantly being outdoors, thought David.

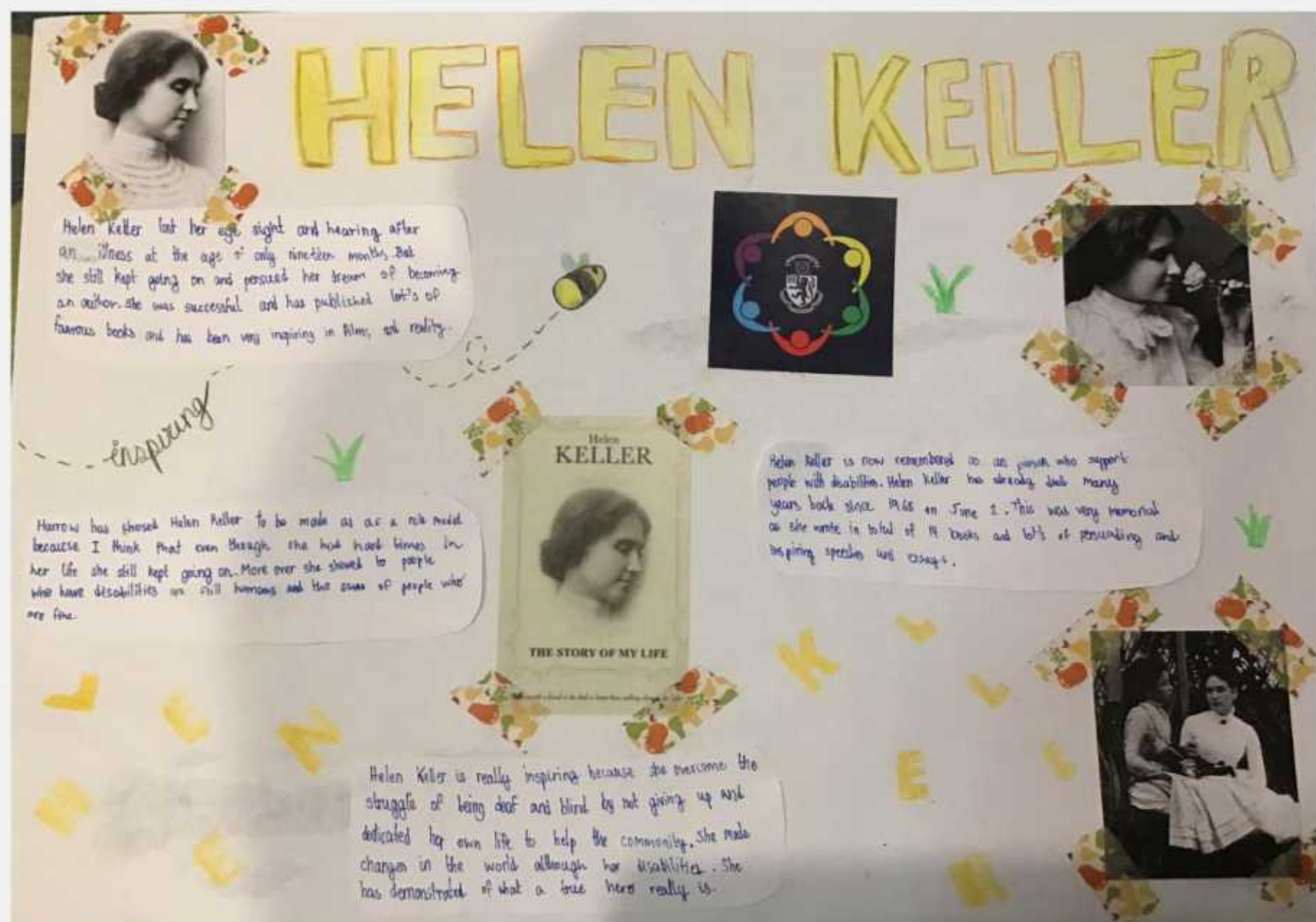
It was a ten-minute walk for David and Resis to reach the safehouse and just as David had once had to struggle to unlock his door, Resis too had a hard time getting this door open. After some time, the lock finally twisted and David and Resis entered the safehouse. The inside of the house was similar to how the outside looked; plain, dark and unwelcoming. The only light in the house came from dim lamps situated all around. Opening the door to one of the rooms, Resis led David inside, where ,as though expecting him, several people had massed themselves. David awkwardly sat down at the first seat he saw available and waited for one of the people in the room to break the silence. "How would you like to join the resistance?" said one of the members, much to the shock of David. Before David could answer, the same person who had posed the question started speaking to him again. "Of course you wouldn't be doing any fighting. Just mixing chemicals or processing information. You'll be given food and a bed." reassured the man, correctly predicting that these details would be important to David. "Alright." said David, who had been won over with the promise of food. First, we have to tell you though that there will be certain truths that are exposed during your time here.

Chapter 3:

Over the next few months as David mixed chemicals like he had been taught and collected files on what he assumed to be strategic targets for the rebels, he realised what certain truths meant. He learnt during his time in the safehouse about events and people he had never known existed such as Admiral Nelson, who was the real winner of the battle of Trafalgar and not some German as the Nazis had affirmed. He read the books of Charles Dickens and the plays of Shakespeare, both English writers, whom David never knew even existed. These books and plays he read were spectacular compared to Mein Kampf, the only book readily available in New Munich. He found out that gravity was discovered by an Englishman named Newton and not by some descendant of Hitler's as the Nazis had so confidently professed. This learning and breaking down the wall of lies, which he had been indoctrinated into so successfully, carried on for some time. Until one day, he came across a file that would change his life once more.

This file that came across his desk one day looked odd to him. He had never seen such a file in all his time here and was about to discard it before curiosity got the better of him. He opened it and inside read Operation Resis. This was clearly a Nazi file as it had the Nazi stamp on it, David thought. How could it be though, he also thought. His mind raced about and thought of a million things a second but, above all else, it screamed disbelief. The operation detailed many things but after reading through it with a pale face that made him look desperately ill, he understood what it meant. The Resistance group he had been working with was created by the Nazis to justify executing and terrorising the local populace so at least killings would elicit a slightly more sympathetic response from people around Britain and the rest of the World. What is real? Who am I? Where am I? All of these thoughts crossed David's mind and without looking back, he jumped out of the only window in the room he was in and ran...

POON K7, HARROW INTERNATIONAL
SCHOOL, BANGKOK



KELLER HOUSE

HISTORY

One of six houses at Harrow International School, Bangkok, Keller House is named after Helen Keller, who is a source of inspiration for all members of this prestigious house.

By Poon
Harrow Bangkok

BY KATHRYN CHAN

THE BOX

It had been passed on from grandfather to grandson for generations and now it was my turn. My father strode into the room, walking gingerly towards me, the delicate small box in his palm. My eyes widened as the true importance of this legacy from centuries of tradition enveloped me.

The entire box was carved out of gold, engraved with intricate designs of mythical beasts and symbols from ancient tales. The gold was polished and gleamed under the gentle rays of the sun shining in the room, reflecting all that was around it on its flawless surface. Diamonds, rubies, emeralds... all kinds of precious jewels were embedded into the rim of the box, a vibrant array of colours which glimmered like stars in the night sky. A golden dragon coiled up around the silver lock, its ruby eyes penetrating into mine, radiating a sense of veneration and fierceness that demanded respect and admiration. If it wasn't for the tiny crest identifying my family lineage scrawled under the lock of the box, I never would have known that it had been completely handmade by my ancestors. Tentatively opening the box and lifting the dragon's tail clip, a golden coin lay on a cushion of thick purple velvet. I leant forward and whilst taking it out, realised there were several lines of old script written around the edge.

This heritage is your legacy
Make of it what you will
Your ancestors are looking on

What did it mean? I turned to my father but he had left the room. This heritage? My legacy? It made no sense. Later that evening I asked my father the same questions. As he stood on our terrace looking out over the green pastures surrounding our home, he told me that every second son for generations gone by had received the coin and with the knowledge it gave, had left something beneficial for mankind behind as their legacy. Now it was my turn. I slept fitfully that night, my restless mind exploring possibilities but rejecting them all. How could I, a young girl, leave any legacy of sorts?

Shaking myself out of my reverie the next morning, I left my home and strolled through the nearby streets, not for leisure but in the hope of finding a solution. Could I change climate change? Alleviate poverty? Start my own charity? These were huge worthwhile issues, but how could I do anything about them? I passed the local primary school, smiling at a young girl skipping in the dusty yard. It was only when her friend said, "It's my turn now." that I noticed the queue of children waiting for a turn of this one, singular rope. Looking further afield, I saw the small muddy pitch that was once green with goalposts and nets for the children to play, now broken and unused. Advancing towards the main building of the school, I watched the students retreat into the one classroom with its dim light and an excessive number of tables and chairs.

Yet these children who had so little, smiled, laughed and seemed completely content with their lot. It was then an idea sparked in my mind and I knew what my legacy would be. Only one problem - I had no money to achieve it. Turning, I rushed back home. My ancestors would have to lose something for me to achieve this. Months later, the renovated school stands proud with three rooms. A science lab, a sports centre and a brand new football pitch. The children still smile in their brightly lit classroom, running around at recess on the grassy field. Meanwhile, the box my ancestors had entrusted to me now lay bare, the jewels gone around the rim, leaving a smooth gold box for the next grandson of a grandfather.

LOCKER

BY TAN KIU LEUNG

She puts her backpack in me,
containing pens of all the colour of the rainbow.
Cherry red,
neon yellow,
emerald green!
She stores her little hopes and dreams
in the inmost corner,
keeping them protected.

She puts the mountain of
essays, assignments and tasks.
Tucking away the
fears,
pressures,
and stress,
cramped in my body.

Every morning
I am awakened by the sound of her lively chatter
and the stories she has to tell.
And every evening,
I am enlightened with the facts and figures
of what she's learnt in a day.

Until one morning she stops.

She had not come.

I am left empty,
with no books,
no bag,
no hope
to carry.

Feeling naked.

The sound of footsteps echoing through the hallway.
I could hear her approaching.
Leaning in to tell me,

"You see,
it is time for me to depart.
I will be off,
off into the vast world.
To places you won't believe,
living my dream!
Which if not for you,
would be obsolete."

Then,
she delicately hands me
a golden straw hat
with a dainty blue ribbon tied around
and says:

"But don't you worry,
because I know that one day,
you will hold that spark of hope
for someone else."

ART BY PIA GARGALLO

THE BALLOON GIRL

*In the ashen districts where tortured walls were left to wrinkle,
Where the brick pavements paled against the pained breath of the wild,
A lone red balloon gently swayed along to the mist's soft lullaby,
Before the sharp gaze of a little girl who had tuned in from afar.*

*As the blue voice continued humming a subdued melody for the attentive,
Kaleidoscopic murals sprayed outwards like a swirling disco ball,
Guiding the girl's tiny hand to reach out towards its iridescent shell,
towards the source where the glimmering sparks forever dwells.*

*In the sequestered sanctuaries where shadows sought refuge,
Where the patrol of monstrous slabs gave shelter to mighty hells,
A little girl who yearnfully craved to soar beyond the edge of dawn
Became graced upon by a close-knit exodus of red balloons.*

*With her smooth hands clutching tightly onto its hordes of taut string,
She steadily rose above the congregation of swirling twisted steel
Meeting the open fields of nourishing breezes and rekindled flames,
Taking solace in her safe passage into the celestial canyon.*

*In Calamity's lodgings where blackened beasts tracked blood upon scorched earth,
Where soiled screeches shattered the skies to bursting applause from popping blazed hues,
Blossoms of kindred spirits became harvested under cascading waterfalls of rubble
While the crisp breeze feasted upon tangerine fumes emanating from the lushious civil chaos.*

*As the fleet of balloons glided down upon the jagged marshlands,
With each clasping palm igniting the plethora of distant luminous stars,
Sprouted floating hills and valleys of glowing lanterns akin to ornamented christmas trees,
With the enchanted aura of each bauble further illuminating the bright cheers of awe and wonder.*

*In the Elysian gardens where thoughts and hopes lie enshrined,
where lost souls bathe themselves in the pearlescent glows of Arcadian hot springs,
Encircled by blooming ethereal constructs handcrafted by the grace of astral beings,
Herein lies the company of a little girl and her red balloon on display.*

*Where the eyes sore at the divine presence of seraphic, timeless artistry
Scorched into the hearts and memories of those who bear witness,
The ribbon strips spin perpetually along the invisible ether for all to behold,
For which the glimmering sparks can never be shredded altogether.*

BY KEVIN LIEW

ART BY STELLA LIU



Thanks



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