

ISNS LITERARY MAGAZINE • ISSUE NO. 1

LIGHT HOUSE



INTERNATIONAL
SCHOOL
OF NANSHAN
SHENZHEN

WALLFLOWER

BY JOSEPHINE ZOU

Everyday I sit at the wall and watch the people stroll past,
Never do I say a word, never do I make a sound.
I don't remember when I saw a passerby stop last,
Although to this wall I am forever bound.

For years and years it has been this way,
I prayed for someone to stop one day.
Not once did a person look my way,
not once did the hustling stop for a day.

All around me the city grew,
the skyscrapers soared,
the cars rumbled.
I was looking for the coconut trees one day,
the warm, salty breeze,
the squawk of a crazed seagull,
there was nothing familiar to be seen.
There once was a time I could watch the sea,
that time is long gone now,
today my view is filled with the flashes of sunlight reflecting off steel,
the stomping feet of busy people,
the smoke unfurling from mighty chimneys.
Where is the wave of my friendly ocean?

Everyday I sit at the wall and watch the people stroll past,
Never do I say a word, never do I make a sound.
I couldn't believe it when I saw the lone feather of a seabird float by,
sometimes I wonder,
when will someone stop for this lonely little wallflower?

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LIGHTHOUSE

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Dear ISNS community,

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

I am beguiled with the Lighthouse Magazine concept, and I am so pleased that the venture has been student driven. Leadership opportunities come in many forms in a PK-12 school and writing and publishing for your community is definitely one of them. Bravo students! Thank you, Mrs. Kocay as well for your guidance with them. The late great American author Joseph Heller (1999) whose most well know work was Catch-22 in 1961 (a phrase that is still used today) is quoted to say, "Every writer I know has trouble writing". Knowing this makes the feat of publishing a magazine with topics and deadlines even more challenging and impressive. Hopefully, all students take inspiration from our Lighthouse Scholars and give themselves a chance to become published writers.

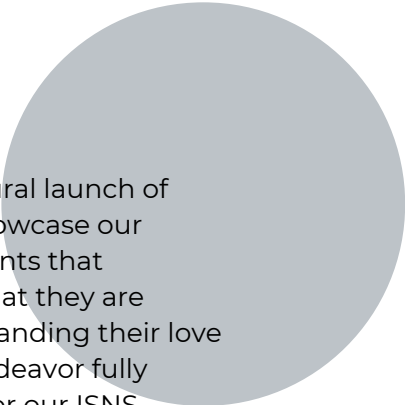
Writing is a powerful form of communication, be it on Twitter, to a friend you want to impress or to your Nai Nai to tell her how much you miss her and what you have been up to since you last saw each other – it all purpose. Communication is an ATL (Approach to Learning) and Communicator is an IB Learner Profile Trait, given that the benefit and value of developing your writing is paramount for success in school and most careers.

I wish the Lighthouse Magazine a great launch and its contributor's great success in its publication and future endeavors.

Sincerely,

Chris Irwin

ISNS Middle School Principal




The ISNS community is so excited about the inaugural launch of Lighthouse Magazine. This student initiative will showcase our student's love of writing and critical thinking. Students that contributed to the Lighthouse Magazine showed that they are balanced risk-takers, who are passionate about expanding their love of writing and self-expression. Furthermore, this endeavor fully showcases the importance ATL skill development for our ISNS students. Lighthouse magazine is a prime example of what great research, communication, critical thinking, and collaboration skills look like at ISNS. A lighthouse is designed to guide people along their journey. We think that this inaugural Lighthouse Magazine will help guide many generations of students to pursue their passion for writing and critical thinking.

Sincerely,

Brian Kelley

ISNS Former High School Principal



I am thrilled that ISNS students are taking it upon themselves to create a magazine designed to provide students with the opportunity to showcase their writing.

It is wonderful to see ISNS students blooming as writers at a young age. As with anything, the more one writes, the more confident and skilled one becomes at it. As you grow older and began your careers, you will certainly find that writing is an essential element of life. Writing is an important skill to possess no matter what field of study or career path you choose.

I wish you all the best as you begin the creation of your first edition of Lighthouse Magazine!

Sincerely,

Mr. David Swanson

ISNS Head of School

DON'T LET THE TITANIC SINK

Global Environmental Issues and Potential Solutions

By Daniel Jiahong Lin, 8P

Earth has been our home for millions of years. It was once a green and blue oasis drifting in the galaxy. Factories, buildings, roads, and cars have taken over our lands, especially in China. The world was once full of trees, plants, flowers, and fields. They are disappearing fast. Look after the land, and the land will look after us. Destroy the land, and it will destroy us. If we do not care about the environment, where will we stay? Who will look after us? We have to save it like how we will protect ourselves.

Do you know what PM2.5 is? Do you know that these particles cause lung cancer? Do you know why the Earth no longer has a corner not trespassed by humans? You see, China is in the same boat as every other country. In Iraq, the PM 2.5 is 39 micrograms per cubic meter on average. In Canada, we have similar statistics. 17% of the Canadian population died due to smoking. Lastly, the United States has a similar land usage, taking up 9.5 to 9.8 million square kilometers. You see, we are all in the same boat. It is a big boat, so let us call it the Titanic. If we do not help each other, we will

not save our world. Therefore, the Titanic will sink. Now, let us look into the future on how we can save the world's environment.

To answer the previous questions, PM2.5 is air pollutants that affect our health. Usually, the PM2.5 worldwide is five micrograms per cubic meter. However, China's average is 110 thousand times more than the standard PM2.5. I have a friend in Beijing, and he told me that they have to wear a mask on certain days. Smoking is another critical element for an increase in PM2.5. It can drastically raise the number of toxic air pollutants to over 800 micrograms per 1 cubic centimeter of air. Smoking also produces 2.6 million tonnes of carbon dioxide. While smoking can increase PM 2.5, it also conceals a bigger problem, lung cancer. 90% of all lung cancer cases strongly correlate with smoking. It dramatically impacts the environment and the human body. However, our factories that use all our beautiful blue planet's land still manufacture cigarettes. We are the ones to blame for pollution, and we do a lot of finger-pointing, such as with India and America.



WE ARE ALL IN THE SAME BOAT.

Nevertheless, everyone uses what the factories produce, don't we? Therefore, we should stop playing the blaming game and understand that we all lead to this problem together, the sellers and the buyers.

You see, all the questions are linked together. They are like a chain reaction, one triggering another. However, how exactly can we stop or improve this terrible situation? Stay at home when the level of PM2.5 is high, and do not go out until its concentration is below the safety standard. Reduce the number of trips we take in cars, and eliminate using fireplaces and wood stoves. Avoid burning materials and gas power when wanting to smoke. Believe in ourselves, and think about something else. Learn from ex-smokers on

how they stopped smoking. Alternatively, quit smoking as a team. These are all small actions, but as I said, it is a chain reaction so that each small step can yield great results. Although as individuals, we cannot change much. Nevertheless, when we unite and collaborate, we have the power to resolve these environmental issues!

The world is dying, and we need to save it. We are the ones who can make a change and who can bring a brighter tomorrow to our future generations. So, let us start taking action right at this instant. Remember, we are all in the same boat. Do not let the Titanic sink. Thank you.

SOLAR PANEL

BY AIDEN KIM, 7D

We are currently learning sustainability campaigns in our design class. Our group's topic is "Solar panel". Since our summative is to create a campaign video, I think it will be very suitable to write something for the Lighthouse Magazine.

I shall begin by saying: we should use solar panels. Solar panels can protect our planet while still providing loads of electricity. Specifically, a fact stated that they can generate almost infinity amount of energy source, as the sun still has a life around 50 more billion years, that is a LOT of time. Another reason is that it can be made with various materials, including mirrors and glasses. All these resources are easy to find, so even poorer people can use electricity. Finally, you can deny the rapidly increasing electric bills! When you create your energy, you won't need energy from the grid, and you won't need to pay that horrifying electric bill.

People against using solar panels might say something like "You shouldn't use solar panels because they only work on sunny days and will become nothing but useless pieces of metals at night or rainy days!" However, there is a way to make solar panels STORE energy for the night. One method is using net metering, which places solar energy at the grid when solar panels get extra sunlight. It then sends them inside AND outside at night, which allows you to share your energy with neighbors. Another method is to use solar batteries. Solar panel sends solar energy into the solar battery when they are connected, which then provides spare electricity. Unlike net metering, you can use this electricity anytime you want, whether there is an emergency or simply for free electricity.

In conclusion, the solar panel has many benefits with barely any drawbacks. It is unwise for us to search for ways to save our planet when there is a great way right around the corner. Recently, global warming is causing serious issues. We must prevent the situation from getting worse, and achieve that by using solar panels.



My Identity

BY DELY HUANG, 6L
EDITED BY ANGEL ZHANG, 10B



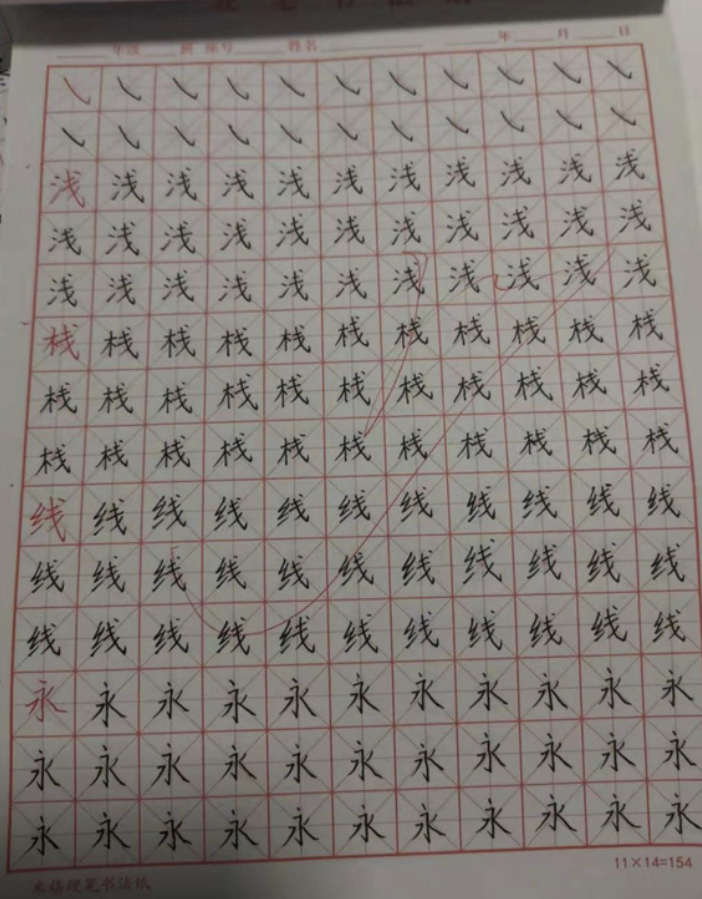
THIS IS THE ISNS'S BUILDING, PHOTO TAKEN BY DELY.

Robert Brault once said: "Never mind searching for who you are. Search for the person you aspire to be." This sentence connects to what I am doing now, I am still searching for my personality and things about myself. By examining my identity as an ISNS student, a Chinese citizen, and is from a family that teaches me many things, three things are shown my perspective and identity.

Firstly, being a student at ISNS makes me brave when facing challenges and helps me become a knowledgeable person. Specifically, the challenges I face in ISNS can help me grow and

develop as a person. These challenges made me understand that asking for help is not embarrassing, and it makes the challenges easier to resolve. Furthermore, I learned more things and new knowledge in ISNS. This helps me become a more knowledgeable person and can define things differently. I am also making friends in ISNS. Friends bring me joy and relaxation. They can play with me and help me think of ideas when I am stuck. Lastly, ISNS teaches me to overcome obstacles in the society around me. In conclusion, this is how being an ISNS student shapes my identity.

Secondly, being a Chinese person helps me better understand Chinese culture, such as knowing how to write and speak Chinese. I feel proud of my country, especially every time the national anthem starts. I feel powerful and is prepared to face any challenges. In terms of the Chinese language, I always hear people say that Chinese is more popular than any other Language. Understanding and being able to speak Chinese is a great advantage too! I know and celebrate a lot of traditional festivals. One of the important celebrations of China is Chinese New Year, and many people in the world celebrate it. But do you



LEARNING HOW TO WRITE CHINESE WORDS BETTER (HANDWRITING), PHOTO TAKEN BY DELY.

know why Chinese New Year exists? It all starts from a Chinese folktale saying that people from ancient times uses firecrackers and red colors to scare away the scary beast: Nian. In conclusion, this is how my nationality shapes my personality.

Thirdly, my family also shapes my perspective of the world. They always answer my concerns by telling me loads of hows and whys. My mother always guides me to become a better kid. For example, she told me to speak politely and always listen to others when they are talking. My parents are always more knowledgeable than me, and they can always answer questions I do not know. My parents also taught me many things, such as respecting others. Specifically, they say when someone is talking, listen to that person, and when someone is talking with others, do not disturb them, instead listen and observe more than you speak. These are the tips my parents told me. My family always uses different methods to help me grow. In conclusion, this is how my family shapes my identity.

Overall, my ability to overcome challenges by asking for help in ISNS, my knowledge about my country, and how my parents influenced my perspective on the world affected my personality and values. I believe this is not the end of my inquiry into myself, I will still use the rest of my life to find out more about who I am.

A PICTURE OF MY MOTHER SHOWING ME HOW TO SMILE IN A GOOD WAY, PHOTO TAKEN BY DELY'S MOM.



ISNS SPIRIT DAY'S POSTER, PHOTO TAKEN BY DELY.



A PICTURE OF MY MOM LOOKING AT ME WHEN I AM YOUNG, PICTURE TAKEN BY DELY'S DAD.

CHINA'S NATIONAL FLAGS EVERYWHERE, PHOTO TAKEN BY DELY.



COMPARING AND CONTRASTING STORY OF AN HOUR AND LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER :

BY NICOLE MENG, 10B

UNDERSTANDING THE DEVELOPMENT OF FEMINISM BETWEEN 1890S AND 1950S



There is a frequent and significant argument in modern feminism discourse that women already have more than equal rights, and that the progression of gender equality came at the expense of men (Connley). *Story of an Hour* (SoaH), written by American author Kate Chopin and first published in 1894, details the inner dilemma of grief versus joy and sequential self-enlightenment of a woman after she received news of the death of her husband. *Lamb to the Slaughter* (LttS), written by British author Roald Dahl, first published in 1953, tells of a woman who killed her husband after learning about his affair and her actions to disguise the crime. These stories, featuring female protagonists in unsatisfactory marriages, were written in similar yet drastically different times. SoaH was written during the beginning of first wave feminism and LttS written during the wane (Rampton). Through examining the empowerment of women, the situational irony present, and the motivation of the two protagonists, it is clear that *Story of an Hour* and *Lamb to the Slaughter* showcase an evolution and stagnation of women's rights with regards to autonomy and

societal expectations, showing subtle impact of feminism on society from the 1890s to the 1950s through the intent of the authors.

Chopin and Dahl gave completely different levels of empowerment to their female protagonists which clearly reflected the progression of women's legal rights in between the publication of the two stories. The difference between the physical autonomy the two protagonists had within the narrative echoed the extent of legal autonomy that women in the real world had when the stories were written. After the main character of SoaH, Louise Mallard, learns of her husband's death, she "went away to her room alone" (Chopin line 12-13), spending the majority of the story in her bedroom. Chopin didn't intend for her to have much physical autonomy within the story as the narrative did not require her (and to some extent, forbade her) to demonstrate her character development to other characters. Her husband's death was an event that had no connection to her and she accepted the conclusion to her unsatisfactory marriage in a placid manner. Mary Maloney, the protagonist of

LtTS, “brought [a leg of lamb] as hard as she could on the back of [her husband’s] head” (Dahl line 61), in a trance-like state after learning about his infidelity and his command of divorce. Mary took immediate physical, although extreme, action against her husband for his betrayal. She regained control of the marriage and delivered the conclusion to their relationship by her own terms. As is apparent, both women experienced a loveless marriage but Dahl intended his protagonist to have much more power than Louise intended hers, which reflected the positive development of women’s legal rights that occurred between the sixty years of the two stories’ publications. Women’s suffrage was specifically declared protected by the 19th Amendment in 1920, finally giving women the right to vote in the United States (“Did Women Earn the Right to Vote on August 18, 1920?”). By 1928, women had the same rights to suffrage as men in the United Kingdom (“Women Get the Vote”). LtTS was written twenty years into this zeitgeist. Dahl intended for his protagonist to have the ability to determine and author her own future to reflect the movement of first wave feminism that granted many women across the globe rights to participate in the decisions considering their futures. Mary’s excess power is in stark contrast to the lack of power of Chopin’s protagonist; Louise did not and could not have had any input on her future prospects in meaningful ways. During the decade in which SoaH was published, Chopin could not have voted because she was an American woman, and this lack of power over her own future is purposefully reflected in her protagonist. It is clear that legally, women were closer to having equal power to men sixty years later, in 1953, by examining the two protagonists’ power in the narrative.

Situational irony is used almost identically to convey the encagement of the two main characters within society’s expectations, demonstrating the unchanged expectation of society from married women despite the impact of first wave feminism. Chopin’s protagonist is surrounded by a cast of supporting characters that force their expectations onto her, who are oblivious to her true wants. They took great care

to “break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband’s death” (Chopin line 2-3) and after she passed due to learning her husband’s true fate, the doctors declared she died of “the joy that kills” (Chopin line 72) when the reader knows she passed of grief. The supporting characters expected her to conform and adhere to her marriage and could not imagine she would be joyous in this occasion. Similarly, Dahl’s protagonist is also surrounded by characters who believe they know what she wants. Her husband states that after the divorce he will “give [her] money and see that [she’s] taken care of. But there really shouldn’t be any problem” (Dahl line 46), and the police who were investigating her husband’s death “always treated her kindly” (Dahl line 112-123). The situational irony is potent as Mary is her husband’s murderer. It’s clear to see that Mary, despite having more autonomy than Louise, was still trapped within the expectations of her environment and culture. This reflects the development of feminism and women’s rights as although women were beginning to be granted equal legal power to men, society still expected them to adhere to certain traditions and patterns. In the late 19th century, divorce was considered taboo, despite being a legal right (Olito). Though this belief diminished over the decades, the promotion of the perfect nuclear family in the 1950s emphasized the importance of a family unit and returned divorce to its previous taboo state (Olito). In both short stories situational irony demonstrated that the state of a woman’s physical rights has very little impact on how society perceives her. Chopin and Dahl used situational irony to show that their protagonists were outside of the expectation of society yet they could never escape, both messages harrowingly identical considering the two short stories were written more than half a century apart. The irony in the two stories reflected that despite the progression of equality in legislation, societal standards did not change much and continue to restrict women.

Lastly, a major difference in the motivations of the protagonists display a suffocating presentation of traditional gender roles and their impacts on women when considering the context and intent of Chopin and Dahl. In SoaH,

Chopin's protagonist is intrinsically motivated. She becomes ecstatic at the news of her husband's death because after his death "there would be no one to live for... she would live for herself" (Chopin line 46). Chopin herself picked up writing after her husband's death that ended their 12 year marriage, becoming a prolific author (The Editors of Encyclopaedia Britannica). However, in *LttS*, Dahl's protagonist is solely extrinsically motivated. After murdering her husband, Mary is not concerned with her own fate, yet she asks "what about the baby?" (Dahl line 71). She is motivated to escape punishment solely for the fate of her unborn child whose father is her dead and unfaithful husband. Marriage and children were two main factors society expected women to conform to. The 1950s



society was especially forceful with its promotion of traditional gender roles ("Women in the 1950s"). However it was probably not as strict as the gender roles of the 1890s, chaining women to marriage and motherhood ("Setting the Scene: Women of the 1890s"). Dahl, from the perspective of a man and thus the majority of conservative society in the era where *LttS* was published, presented Mary as the ideal women as described by 1950s gender roles. Despite her empowerment, her motivation shows that she only revolves around her marriage and motherhood, yet she is not self-aware of this factor. Dahl may not have intentionally crafted her character to fit those gender roles, which only reenforces the causal yet suffocating oppression women are subject to, as the oppression is written so casually, almost with disinterest, into popular media. Chopin, however, from the perspective of a feminist woman, very intentionally presented Louise as a bird caged by her own era's gender roles. Chopin's protagonist is aware of her own situation while recognizing that her potential isn't limited to her marriage, unlike Dahl's protagonist. Dahl's protagonist outlining

her motivation based around her child is not necessary to the narrative. It could have been omitted or changed, and the narrative would stay similar, but it was included for Dahl believes that it is the most reasonable motivation for Mary's character. Louise lives for herself because she was written by an author who knows and understands that Louise could be her. Mary does not live for herself because she was written by an author who did not believe she could. This reflects the development of women's rights from a societal perspective. Feminist women are aware of their own potential, yet the wider society, especially men, is either turning a blind eye or simply ignorant, continuing to promote motherhood and family as the focus of a woman's life. This ignorance causes harm. When considering historical context, the drastic difference in motivation between the protagonists of the two short stories displays the grim outlook on societal acceptance of feminism due to constant promotion of traditional gender roles.

The subtle impact of feminism on society beginning in the late 19th century and ending in the mid 20th century can be gleaned by analyzing the empowerment of women, situational irony, and motivation of the protagonists of *Story of an Hour* and *Lamb to the Slaughter*, showcasing a progression and stagnation of women's rights with regards to autonomy and society expectations. Dahl's protagonist has more power within the narrative compared to Chopin's, reflecting the empowerment of women that occurred after Chopin's work was published. However, society, through situational irony, is the main force acting against the two women in both stories, in a clear picture that despite the empowerment of women legally, European and American culture still hadn't accepted nor integrated women's newfound autonomy. Lastly, the unconscious and unconditional promotion of traditional gender roles by wider society is seen in *Ltts*, but not in *SoaH*, showing that oppression comes from the casual acceptance of ignorance. This series of patterns describe the impact first wave feminism had on Western Culture. It is important

to examine the relation that these events have with literature because as Mark Twain once said, "History never repeats itself but it often rhymes" (qtd. in Sommer). Analyzing influential literature allows for the identification of recurring themes, not only in the text, but also in real life. Can Mary Maloney and Louise Mallard exist in this modern world? It is up to the readers to decide for themselves.

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Black

By Evelyn Zhang, 6M

The black night sky hung above.

“One night, Melinoe,” Emma whispered.

“I know,” I snap. With a sigh, I said, “I’m so sorry. It’s just... I don’t want to talk about it.”

The tension in the room was so thick that you could see it. The silence was shared between the both of us as we tried to think of something to say that wan’t as awkward as the previous conversation.

“Sit.” Emma gestures towards the stool in front of the vanity.

I pushed myself up and plopped down on the white stool.

Emma started to brush my hair, slowly and gently.

I stared my reflection in the mirror as it stared back at me.

Oh, how I hated them all—their coppery red hair, emerald green eyes and stark white skin. All the futures of Edward; beautiful on the outside but within just plain darkness and emptiness. My own bloody family pushed me onto the throne and left me there to fend for myself.

I was just a girl, an 18-year old girl at that, when King Henry VIII saw something in me, noticed me. Then, a month later, I was engaged to the King.

Life in the castle was utterly boring. Days in the quiet stone prison, not being able to chat or talk to anyone in the castle besides the King and the higher-ups made school the entertainment capital of the world.

I’m not going to lie. I missed my days as a carefree, happy girl, not needing to even consider the life of a queen.

Finally satisfied with her work, Emma got up and left, leaving me in the room all by myself. I hopped off the stool and walked over to the window, throwing it open.

The winds slammed into the room, making it feel alive, unlike its former dreary and dead state. My nightgown gently billowed in the breeze, as if a pair of invisible hands lifted it and showed it to me to prove I was not alone.

I stared at the night s’y hanging above me.

The black night sky was crystal clear, with the stars radiating brightly against the pitch-black sky as if they were crystal embedded in the sky by God. It reminded me of the nickname given to me by the court, King Henry’s “Diamond

in the Rough”. I couldn’t help but snort at the same. I am anything but a diamond in the rough.

I was quiet, brooding and shy. I don’t like to talk to others even if they wanted to talk to me. The entity that lived inside of me was a lonely, depressed soul, never really feeling loved or ever received kindness even though it showed kindness to everybody it meets.

I gazed lonely at the sky above.

The stars.

They were beautiful, but... sad, I a way I couldn’t explain. They were just... there. Unmoving and dull. The light they emitted was not bright but a helpless light. And lonely.

A bean on calling out to others.

“Help me,” they said.

Like they were crying for me at my given fate.

I wanted to sit here forever, to just stay in this moment and never leave.

I clasped my hands together and closing my eyes I prayed to God.

“Dear Father,

“I hope you see me for who I truly am. I hope for you to see past all the lies and see the truth within my soul. I hope you light the path for all the people who have been misjudged and reveal the kindness within. I pray for you to open everyone’s hearts and release all the darkness within. I pray or you to tell everyone that there is never good and bad in the world—everyone has the capacity for both, and it is just our choices that reflect the colours of our soul. I have never lost faith in you, and I never will.

“Amen.”

I let the darkness consume me.

I let the darkness consume me.

I felt no fear, no sadness.

I only felt faith in my Father.

Faith in God.

“Melinoe, Melinoe,” a voice called.

Then a hand nudged at my side.

I groggily opened my eyes just to be met with another pair

of coffee brown ones.

“Time to wake up,” Emma said.

“I-I have been sleeping here the entire night?”

“Mm-hm. You looked to peaceful, I didn’t want to wake you up,” Emma confirmed, shoving a bowl of oatmeal into my hands. “Eat up.”

I glared at the murky brown stuff floating in my bowl.

“No. I’m not hungry.”

Emma sighed. “Eat up. We only have an hour before the... event.”

I begrudgingly took the spoon in her hands and began to eat. With every bite I felt a bit stronger than before. Soon the entire bowl was empty.

Emma took a dress from my closet and shoved it into my arms whilst taking the bowl away from me.

“Change,” she said, before exiting, slamming the door behind her.

I held the dress to my eyes so I could get a better look.

The black dress was as dark as the hearts of the men who had condemned my fate, the fabric as smooth as silk.

I slipped off my nightgown and put on the new dress.

Emma soon entered and said, “It’s time to go.”

I checked my reflection in the mirror before turning to Emma.

With a deep breath I declared,

“I’m ready.”

Slowly, Emma took my hand and we exited the room.

One of the guards who were stationed outside looked at me and asked, “Are you ready, my Queen?”

“I believe I am not your queen anymore. I was never the one fit for the title.”

I gave the surprised guard a small smile before turning and exiting the doors of the castle with Emma.

The sun was blinding compared to the amount of light in my room and I had to blink a few times just to get my eyes adjusted to the sun.

A black carriage stopped in front of me, and Emma helped me get on. Fifteen minutes or so later we arrived at the court. After we got off the carriage, Emma attacked me with a hug.

“I’m so sorry. You didn’t deserve this.”

I smiled slightly.

“It’s okay. You know what they say—‘death is just the next great adventure.’”

Emma released me just for me to see her puffy red eyes and the tear streaks on her face.

The guards once again opened the doors, revealing the colossal room built within.

It was an antique-looking room, with thousands of people who are staring at me. Under their stares I felt as small as a mouse.

As I made my way to the middle of the room I passed a man

sheathed from head to toe in black. His cold blue eyes were hidden behind a mask but I could feel them piercing through me. He smiled at me, revealing his rotten teeth as he sharpened his axe.

The judge peered from his bench, his eyes finally landing on me.

“Ah. Our guest of honor. Shall we?” he asked.

I didn’t reply. He took a scroll from his bench and read it out loud.

“Melinoe Edwards. You are the younger daughter of Stephen and Katherine Edwards, correct?”

“Correct.”

“You are born on the 12th of June, correct? You have an older sister named Maria, correct?”

I nodded in response.

“Do you deny that in the past month you had helped sneak your sister out of the state when she was waiting for her trial for being suspected of the murder of Solomon Roberts?”

I didn’t reply.

“Do you deny the accusation?”

Silence.

“Do you?”

“I do not.”

“We’re you aware of the consequences of your actions?”

“Yes, I was.”

“Do you understand the fate that your actions brought you?”

“Yes.”

“Do you accept it?”

“Yes.”

“And so it is settled. Bring in the executioner!” he shouted.

The man that I just passed walked up, his teeth glinting in the faint light that shone through the small windows.

“Take her over!” the judge ordered one of the guards.

“B-but—”

“No objections! Unless if you want to join her, which I do not mind that much.”

The guard reluctantly hauled me over to the executioner and my hair was tied up, roughly.

“Please! She is just a mere girl!” a woman in the crowd screamed.

“SILENCE! This is the consequence of her actions!” He took a deep breath and continued, “do you have any last words?”

“Yes.”

“Then pray tell us.”

I stared straight into his eyes and said,

“You may have my body but may God have my should.”

All I remembered was the axe coming down.

Then,

black.



MARRIAGE ANNIVERSARY

By Anonymous

Silk curtains slowly danced as the soft wind rolled when the morning air blew through the window. Sunlight wafted gently into the dimly lit room. The rays illuminated two figures who were still deep asleep under the same satin covers, each of them is on the other ends of the bed.

As she suddenly lurched forward, a shrill creak cried as the dilapidated bed frame broke the silence. Coldness washed through from the top of her head to the tip of her toes with terror written over her face. Her husband Albert, sat up and turned to face her, his brows furrowed. With his soft and smooth hands, he reached and held her trembling digits tightly. With a honeyed voice, he consoled her, “Anastasha, darling, are you all right? Your body is as cold as a corpse!”

She mumbled quickly and breathily, “The nightmare, it felt real I, I thought I di—” “Oh it's just a nightmare, it doesn't matter! It's not real, it never was real and never will be real!” Albert patted her on the shoulder and rose from the bed. “How about you stay in bed and I make breakfast?”

Anastasha forced a soft smile on her face and complimented him as he turned and walked toward the door. “You're always so sweet Albert, you make every day feel like an anniversary.

He slowly strolled towards the door and opened it, but before he walked out he turned around “I know.” He looked her right in the eyes. “Besides, today is our anniversary.” He left, and the door was closed.

She stayed still in bed, dumbfounded. A mix of thoughts ran wild in her head; terror, confusion, she couldn't tell what was real. She shut her eyes and inhaled the morning air. It's cold but it refreshed her mind. She finally got up and thought to herself, Albert was right, she was too timorous. She gave the door a push, and it opened. She descended down the staircase and headed toward the kitchen where once again the sunlight poured in the window, but this time it was fierce and bright.

Albert placed a carton of eggs on the counter and tied up an apron that seemed too small for him. “So, what do you want for breakfast?” He questioned in a hearty tone.

“Bacon and eggs.” Albert completed her sentence with a wide smile on his face filled with enthusiasm.

They both giggled and Albert cooked while Anastasha waited patiently at the dining table. As soon as the egg touched the steamed hot pan she heard the oil sizzled and pop. Her nose caught the salty scent of fresh eggs and rich grilled bacon that traveled through the air. There it was, two plates gently placed on the table, breakfast was ready. She took a bite, the scrambled egg was chewy and soft. “It's great but—” “It needs more salt, right?” Albert took a pinch of salt and sprinkled it over it. “Wait! No, I mean it's already salty enough! Calm down, darling.”

“Oh.” Albert looked down on the plate with slight disappointment. “Well, at least I tried. I'm sorry, it's my first time, don't be so picky about it.” Anastasha reached to hold his hand this time, and she assured him “No Albert, I'm really thankful that you made breakfast! If we make a mistake we can try again.” Albert turned his gaze back to her and looked into her black eyes. He gave her an affirmative smile. “Yes. We can always try again.” After exchanging those words, breakfast was relatively quiet and neither of them spoke. Though it was delicious, she quickly wolfed down the meal and returned to her bedroom. She was getting ready for work as she was running late. From a distance, she heard the dishes clanking and the water draining down the sink. Just as she placed her hand on the door handle, the sound of the water stopped abruptly. “Where are you going?” Albert questioned.

“Well, off to work of course. The clock is about to strike ten, I'm going to be late!” She replied.

Albert giggled, “No you're not.” Anastasha had a puzzled look on her face, “Today's still workday, I promise I'll be back before dinner.” She reassured him with a smile and opened the door, but it was slammed shut. “You

don't have to go today." Anastasha furrowed her brows "Did you ask for a day off for me? I don't remember you sending an email or giving a call."

He held her with his long arms and spoke softly "Just because. Is having you stay too much to ask for?"

"But since I haven't informed them or anything, it's not polite to be absent without a heads up. I should at least give a quick call." She tried to unravel from his grasp so she could head for the telephone. But he refused to let her go. He squeezed tighter and spoke again, "Gee Anastasha, you're worrying too much. It won't hurt anybody for you to stay with me."

Anastasha sighed but smiled again "I'm sorry. Well then, if we're staying in then maybe we could—" "Watch films, read books and some music perhaps?" Once again, he interrupted. She simply replied, "Yes."

And so, for the afternoon the house was soon filled with sounds of laughter as their favorite films were played on their television. Later it was the rich and soft melodies that flowed through every room of the house. The two enjoyed the clear and languorous afternoon and read their favorite pieces of literature laid on the wide cushioned leather couch. Everything was perfect.

Time passed by in a blink of an eye and before they noticed, it was already five in the afternoon. Just as she looked up at the clock, her stomach called and reminded her that it should soon be time for some food. "Oh, dear! Albert, look at the time! We still haven't got groceries for dinner yet! It would be great, we can take a walk outside, and besides, we've stayed inside for almost a day now."

When she stood up, Albert held onto her hand. "There's no need for that Anastasha. I've already bought the groceries. It's in the freezer, it will be enough to make dinner tonight." He stared at her and held her tightly. He refused to let go despite feeling her fingers struggling in his firm grip. When she finally broke free her hands became bright red from how much he squeezed her. She paused for a second and confusion crossed her face. It felt like she lost the ability to structure a sentence. "Albert, what? When? Why? I, I don't remember seeing you going out, we were inside the whole day! What is wrong with going out? It's just groceries! God, what's gotten into you today Albert?! Can we at least go out to our backyard and have a nice time?"

Albert leaped to his feet and spoke, his voice rang loudly. "Well, I'm sorry, what's wrong with being prepared?! I planned this day for you Anastasha. I thought we could spend some time together. You're acting too emotional Anastasha. I think the

issue is what has gotten into you today?!" An awkward silence filled the room as both of them looked at each other, eye to eye, not making a single sound. Albert slowly closed his eyes, he sighed and simply told her quietly, "I'll go make dinner."

Each minute seemed to last forever, the silence grew louder every moment. Again, she heard the pans and trays clanging, the knives chopping down on the wooden butcher block, though she wasn't in the mood to care what happened in the kitchen. She was perplexed; her thoughts occupied her mind more than hunger. She was confused about the way Albert acted today, she didn't understand what was going on. The moment those words tumbled out of her mouth, regret filled her body. It was her fault, she shouldn't have said those words. Perhaps Albert cared for their anniversary, which explained why he acted this way. She was overreacting. But, on second thought it was his problem. Why had he brushed away all her questions? Who gave him the right to control her every move? Why did he blame her when it was him who caused the problem?

"Dinner's ready." Her train of thought was cut off. She heard Albert's voice loud and clear as it echoed through the house. Night had fallen.

The two sat down at the dining table, they faced each other as they sat on the opposite ends of the table. Anastasha couldn't find a single trace of guilt or regret on Albert's face, nothing hinted at their argument. He smiled brightly and cheered "Happy marriage anniversary darling!"

She hissed, "I don't want to eat, I'm not hungry."

"Look, I'm sorry. I promise I'll change and I'll never do it again all right?! It's my fault, fine! Anastasha, please, I just want to celebrate our anniversary!" Albert cried. She sighed, pushed away from the table, stood up, and headed for the door. She needed a walk to calm herself down. It was the way that Albert brushed off these issues so easily that agitated her. "I need some time to myself," she called to Albert.

The wooden table slammed against the wooden floor and made a loud boom, Anastasha jumped as she was spooked. The sounds of shattered plates, forks, and knives which banged onto each other pierced her ears. There she saw Albert, his face turned red, brows lowered, lips curled and he clenched his fists.

He pointed at her and yelled raucously, "Anastasha, every time it is you who messes up the anniversary. Every time,



you always leave me in the end. Every time you're the one who hurts me." "Do you know how I am willing to tolerate you every time despite what you do to me? Do you understand how much I love you, how I care about this marriage? Do you know how many times I've tried to make this day perfect? You make me feel so guilty every time. Anastasha, it is you who forced me to kill you every time so I can find some way that you won't leave me?"

Albert talked nonsense to her. Repeated anniversary, killing, leaving? It seemed like she was trying to comprehend a mystic language. She didn't remember any of the events he mentioned. It shook her to the bone. legs were unable to support her weight, her fingers were trembling. She had to leave, it was now or never.

She pointed back at him and exclaimed, "Well, first of all, you are insane! And you know what, Albert? What you've just said makes me want to leave more. For God's sake, getting a divorce would sound perfect for this situation!" She slammed the door behind her. She was on the run.

Her wobbling legs were trying to carry her. Each step was harder than the last but she didn't stop. She didn't know where she was going, and she didn't care. The further away from this manipulative lunatic the better.

Anastasha wasn't supposed to leave him, she can't. He loves her, he needs her. He refused to accept change, he refused to imagine a life without her, he needed the perfect marriage. It shouldn't have been this way, he had to do it again.

He headed to the garage and turned on his car. He's going to find her. He had to. He drove with his feet on the gas pedal, not stepping away. Slowly, the silhouette of a woman was illuminated by his beaming front lights. Without hesitation, he pivoted his steering wheel and crashed right onto her.

Thump.

He got out of the car. He stood in front of her corpse and stared, silently. After a pause, he picked her up. She was still young and beautiful, her skin was smooth and her hair was supple. She was with him again.

He took her back to the house. He swept away the glass shards, washed the forks and spoons, and put back the tables and chairs. Everything was back to the way it was. He took her body back and he cleaned her up, wiped off her sweat, and changed her clothes. He tucked her in bed, gently. Finally, he changed his clothes and went back to bed. He turned off the lights.

When morning came, he suddenly jolted awake. He heard a familiar voice.

"Albert I, I had a nightmare—"

This time, he held her in his arms.

"It's okay."

"I'll always be here with you."



THE MUSIC *of* LIFE

BY EVELYN ZHANG, 6M

The glorious music.
The steady beat.
The rhythm that fills the hearts of others.
The flow in the pattern ignites the soul.

Yet, it is the music of melancholy,
The song of sadness,
The wavering emotion,
The yin to the yang.

It was so stunning, so mesmerizing to the ear.
It was sad, but it brought hope to the people who heard it.

Everybody wanted it.
To hear it.
To see it.
To feel it.
Then, silence.

There was no applause as the heart monitor played its final note.



THE CHRISTMAS ENVIRONMENT

By Astrid Rao, 6M

Many decorations hangs all over the school
Events about Christmas are finally here
Racing for MYP donations
Reacting to Christmas announcements
Yearly activities coming for all grades

Christmas holiday is getting closer each day
Having fun in the Christmas spirit
Remembering Christmas memories
I love the Christmas season
Santa Claus is coming to town
Taunting at nice Christmas meals
Merry Christmas everyone
Amazing weather is coming to us
Secret Santa is now here

"I wanna wish you a Merry Christmas"
Singing Christmas Carols
Nice presents
Santa is going to give gifts and presents!

P.S, Get ready for the Christmas weather
and cheer up.



OLD TREASURES

By Josephine Zou

Given shape by humans,
tool or work of art.
Delicate, valuable, truly priceless,
this extraordinary treasure of human history.

Jade. Wood, Clay.
Bamboo and bronze.
Stone, silk and ink.

More than an object of archaeological interest,
original thoughts that have passed through our minds.
History's shadow traced, retraced in colourful lines,
symbols selected, speaking of the olden days.
Culture's story told, retold, words meticulously chosen,
crafted by a 5000 year old storyteller.

Historical tales resurface in the present as a reminder,
We are all joined by a sense of obligation,
Preservation is key in these messages, now embrace it.
Conservation is essential, now save the footprints of our ancestors,
Fitting pieces of the puzzle named our cultural identity.
Re-composing songs of old treasured in people's hearts,
A melody of the bygone eras, singing louder, singing stronger.

The art of loss is something simple to master,
the fading languages, customs, heritages and forgotten civilisations.
Global treasures by the name of artefact,
It is these stories we must strive to conserve,
The collected memories that remind us of who we are,
Not distant, not segregated, not isolated, but as one.



PODCAST:

THURSDAY NIGHT STORIES

By May Wen, 9P

Introduction:

Welcome to Thursday Night Stories! This is episode 99. I am today's podcaster May. In this podcast, we tell legends, fairy tales, myths, fables, tall tales and all kinds of stories that you've might have heard of or have not. In the last podcast we revealed the truth of Snow White, it was quite fascinating, wasn't it? Today on this cold night, let's all get excited for this riveting Chinese myth.

(Music)

Background:

Once upon a time, there is a land called Changlin, ruled and protected by the descendants of gods-the family of Lin. The Lin family lives in the middle of a lake in a tower that naturally floats. No one understands how this tower works, and no one is allowed to go near the tower without permission. The Lin family is unquestionably very different from normal people. Well, since they were the descendants of gods they can't be normal. But what's weird about this family is not their power but their deviant ritual. Every generation, a set of twins is born. However, no one besides the people living in the tower knows the existence of the twins.

All they know is that the one child is born and will eventually be their future ruler. Within the set of twins, the twin born with a symbol of a branch must learn the power of Yin and sacrifice themselves for the other twin. At the age of 18, when the child with the branch is sacrificed, the other will have both yin and yang power. The branch must be sacrificed to keep the Yin and Yang power balanced. The yin power connects to the underworld while the yang power connects to the god. The powers cannot stand alone, or else it will corrupt the body of the owner of that power. Though it is cruel, no one has ever broken this ritual, the branch must die.



(Music)

In a night no different from others, the moonlight slowly shines onto the middle of the lake, and a set of twin sisters is born. Their names are Lince and Linyan. Their father quickly identified the branch as Lince and gave her away to the servants.

(Music)

As a child, Lince was always told that all she had to do was to learn the Yin's power. Lince couldn't understand why, but did what she was told. She has barely ever seen her family and never left the tower. Every morning, the teacher will come and give her lessons in the room and leave before dinner. She was never allowed to leave the room, except for special occasions. The first time was because she have not performed well in the lesson that day. Thus, Father dragged her out of the

room and threw her into a dark room, and with a metal whip, he lashes it against her skin. Linyan was standing beside watching, but all she did was laugh. The pain was unbearable for Lince. She hated Linyan.

Afterward, Lince started to work harder than ever, she wanted to become like Linyan, great at everything, and loved by her parents. She worked extra hard, and quickly caught up on the Yin's power. Every time she made a new achievement, father will come see her and reward her. This is the only way Lince can feel his shallow love.

(Music)

As years passed, father and sister always found reasons to shame and whip her, and

slowly, Lince started to question who she is and why she exists.

(Music)

It was during midnight when the piercing wind woke Lince up. The closet shook. Something was inside. Lince wanted to scream, but she knew no one would come. Suddenly, the closet burst open, and dust blurred Lince's view. The smell of the earth filled the small room. Lince sense a big figure climbing out of the closet. Then she saw.... a beast covered with long brown hair climbed out. Its hair dragged on the floor with its face was barely visible under the hair. Its red eyes moved around under its muddy hair, and its claws scratched on the floor, leaving a brown mark. Large amount of mud dripped off of the beast's body on to the floor. After it climbed out, it stopped and stared at Lince. It did not step forward. Just dream, she thought as the next day she woke up, there was no more mud on the wooden floor, and the brown mark was mysteriously gone.

(Music)

On the following month, the monster came again. It did not do anything, and again, Lince fell asleep and on the following morning, its trace was gone. It seemed like the beast will come to Lince's room each month during the night, but the date was always different. Lince started to accept its appearance and she felt as though the beast

did not have any intention to harm her. It was on Lince's 12th Birthday when the beast finally talked to her. It asked if there is something she wishes to know. Lince nodded and asked the beast why does father dislike her so much no mater what she did. Linyan never did anything, but she had all the love. The beast spoke in her head. The voice was an old woman which sounded wise and kind. The voice told Lince about the secret of the family, a secret that ain't been kept untold until the last generation. The branch did not want to complete his

destiny and tried to destroy the ritual. But eventually, it still happened and everything still stays the same, but to prevent such events to happen again, the family stopped telling the branch about the sacrifice.

Now, Lince finally understood why they were born the same but was treated differently. They were never born the same. Linyan was born being the one and only. Lince was born for Linyan, how can they be the same?

Lince couldn't accept it, after all the years trying to show that she is in same as her sister but after all, they cannot be compared.

The next day Lince decided not to practice her Yin Power. Her father came, annoyed. He threw her into the darkroom. This time Linyan came. Linyan came and pulled Lince hair, she laughed and scolded: "who do you think you are? Your only job is to manage the Yin Power and you can't do it, this is why you can never be me!" Lince did not object. She was too tired to object. She didn't feel the pain, all she felt was coldness, the cold wrapped around the body and pierced her heart. She felt useless. There was no point in hating Linyan, it is her destiny. No one ever changes the ritual. The branch will always die. The beast told her, slowly she would weaken until there will be no more strength in her and at last. The sacrifice ritual will take place.

Days passed Lince felt free, she had nothing to care about anymore. To prevent being abused by their father and Linyan she decided she will keep on learning the Yin's power. But the interest she used to have faded. She accepted her destiny.

On her 15th birthday, she heard the servants preparing a new room and hurried all around the tower. It seemed like someone is moving in. Who can it be? No one ever moves in the tower. Suddenly a boy bumped open her door and rushed in. Right after servants hurried by and seemed to be looking for someone. The boy stared at her and finally he introduced himself and said

his name was Jian. He asked her name, she paused and told him Linyan.

The boy came the next day, he came and asked if Lince had had breakfast yet, Lince didn't answer him and pushed him out of the room. He came again on the next day, and on the day after that. One afternoon Jian asked if he could come into the room, Lince opened the door and wanted to tell him to leave. But out of the corner, she saw father coming so she dragged him in.

Jian laughed at how nervous Lince looked, then he sat down and started to ask questions. But Lince remained silent, so Jian started talking about how he came here. Lince was not a bit interested but she didn't want to interrupt him, he seemed so happy. Ever since Lince let Jian in the room, he came to her room every day, he ignored Lince whenever she told him to leave.

Lince started to look forward to the time he comes every day, Jian always talks about the stories outside of the towers. How he grew up, the beautiful sights he's seen, little animals, and all the different people out there. He drew pictures of the world outside and gifted them to Lince as presents. His stories filled up Lin's desires of the world outside the tower. She started to dream about the world outside, she wanted to see the outside world on her own. She wanted to live with Jian.

The two soon fell in love, this was the first time Lince ever felt being loved. Jian is the most precious thing in her life. But there was still one secret, one lie that Lince cannot manage to tell him. That she isn't Linyan, she's Lince.

It was on her seventeenth birthday, she heard the servants say that Jian is the husband her father chose for Linyan. She cannot believe it, after all, she is still stealing from her sister. Even her love was supposed to be her sister. She cannot let this happen. She cannot let Jian know that she is not Linyan, she cannot afford to lose him.

As the days pass she slowly gets closer to 18, she can start feeling her body turning lighter, her strength starts to disappear her body wants to go to sleep more and more often.

3 days before the ritual, she woke up at midnight. There it was, the beast. The beast spoke in her head again. She asked, "Do you want to live?" Lince said yes. The beast nodded and disappeared. The day before the ritual. Lince told Jian that she is finally leaving the tower. The first time she will ever leave the tower. Jian felt happy for her. Lince did not tell him about the ritual. She did not tell him the truth. She didn't want him to know she will die. She didn't want him to know she lied. That night Lince was not able to sleep, she knew this was the last day before she die, she cannot kill Linyan only because of her will. She knows the power must be balanced. She can already see Linyan becoming the ruler tomorrow. Getting crowned. And she gets killed as a sacrifice in a place where no one knows.

(Music)

The next morning the servants came in, and before Lince can react they injected her with anesthetics. She lost consciousness instantly. When she woke up she was surrounded by fire, it is reaching her. She has no way to get out. The room was made of wood, the doors and windows are locked. She can't open it. The fire's burning her, the temperature is making her feel dizzy. Before she lost consciousness again. A voice spoke in her head. It was the beast. It asked Lince again. "Do you want to be your sister? Do you want to live?". Lince desperately answered yes, before reaching death she have never felt this desire to live. Now she felt death coming she wanted to live desperately. "The world must be balanced. One must sacrifice to gain, are you willing to sacrifice?" Lince didn't care about what she will sacrifice, all she wanted was to live. At the next second, she opened her eyes and she was Linyan. She took her spot. Their souls were switched.



Linyan- Lince looked down and saw all her people admiring her and sensed father looking at her. She looked back and saw him smiling proudly at her. Lince didn't feel anything, not even bitterness. Their Linyan was gone.

After the ritual, for the first time, Lince walked freely in the tower. Linyan's body was not different than hers except the branch symbol. The symbol that determined her life. But not anymore. Lince went to find Jian, who couldn't tell the difference. Now she is the real linyan, no one will ever know the existence of Lince. Jian asked what she saw outside of the tower. She said it is the same as you've told me. Lince should feel happy now, that she is alive finally her sister. And Jian will be with her forever. But she can't feel the happiness anymore.

That night the beast came. Lince asked why isn't she feeling any emotions. She asked the beast if she have made the wrong decision. The beast told her the sacrifice it took for her to become Linyan was to take away all her emotions.

Now she was ruler. Together with Jian, they went out of the tower and to the land where their people are. But Lince had no more feelings toward Jian, his existence was just there. She can't feel the love the happiness she used to have. Jian also sensed it, but he did not ask.

The couples soon got married. Jian was really happy. Lince also smiled and laugh. But she didn't feel anything. The days seem to come back, Lince feels like she is in a dead body. She had to pretend in front of the family, in front of the servants, in front of the people, in front of Jian. Soon enough Lince was pregnant. The fact that living off Linyan was too much of a burden so she decided it was time to let her father know that she is Lince. That she can also be like her.

After father knew Linyan was Lince he was outraged by this fact and killed Jian. He could not hurt Lince because she is pregnant. Lince cried at Jian's death, it was a body instinct to cry, but still, Lince didn't feel any sadness, pain, or anger.

Without Jian, her life again had no more meaning. After she gave birth father took the twins and decided to raise them. Lince did not object. Years passed by, Lince's mind started to corrupt. She does not have any emotion, she can't feel. She watched, as her baby grew up. And one of them. The branch had to die again. On the day of the ritual. Lince committed suicide.

This is the end of the myth. It was quite a long story, but I hope you all enjoyed it. What do you guys think about this story? I think the settings and the backgrounds were very fascinating. This story teaches us the lesson of life just like how the beast said in the story, the world needs to be balanced, and one must sacrifice to gain. At first, since Lince was born as being the branch and is the sacrifice of the twins, she met Jian who gave her comfort and hope in life. Hence, Jian balances out the love that Lince did not receive from her family. Then by becoming Linyan, Lince also had to sacrifice her emotions. This balances out because Lince could not gain her sister's position directly, it must be balanced. Nothing can be gained without payment. It is the same in real life. If you want something you must pay for it. If you want a piece of chocolate you must buy it, you cannot steal it, or it will come with consequence. Same with business, if you want to let go and strike you must bear the outcomes. This tells us the lesson of how in order to gain one must also sacrifice.

This is it for today's podcast, if you like the podcast please hit the like button and subscribe to get notifications for the next episode! Bye!



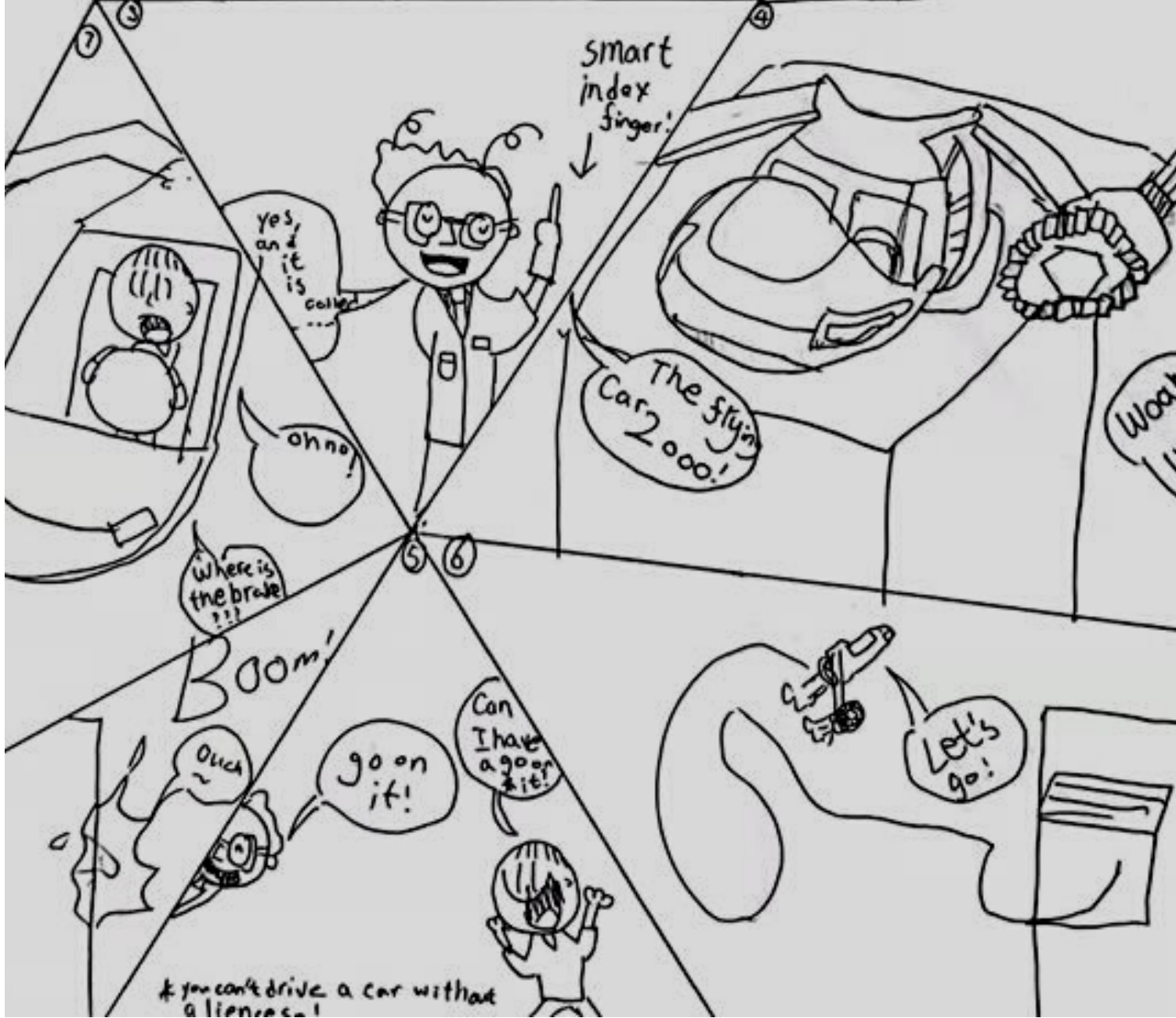


The flying car

by: Harry
60

A sci-fi comic
That is!

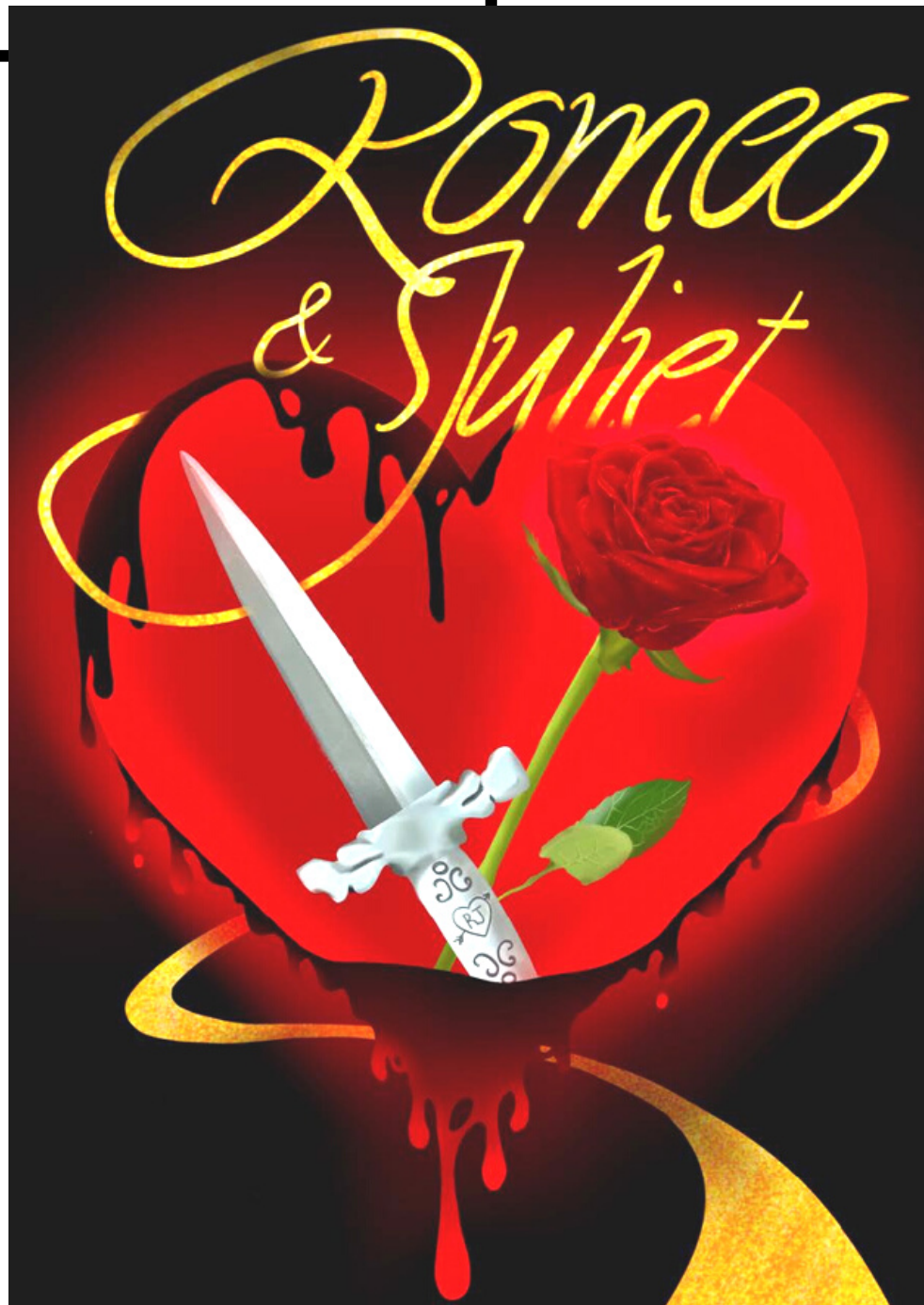
— Harry



ROMEO AND JULIET

by Annie Liu

In *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakespeare proposed innovative ideals for Elizabethan gender roles. He advocates for women to break free from those gender expectations and develop their identities. In the protagonists' romance, Juliet tends to be more masculine, and Romeo appears to be feminine. Shakespeare's innovative ideas are expressed through this artwork that illustrates the love between Romeo and Juliet.





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