



School Rocks 15th Edition, May 2021

Issued By The English Department Of
Liceul Teoretic Școala Mea

represented by the following teachers:

Cameron Brunke, Ciprian – Petre Bibic, Ana-Maria Nache, Iuliana Neagu,
Mark Eady, Charlie Craven, Ariadna Vrabie, Bridget Moran, Elena Bran,
Madalina Grigore, Clarisa Barrios, Carmen Dan

Magazine Designer: Steliana Ștefănescu

Magazine Coordinator: Ciprian – Petre Bibic

SCHOOL ROCKS

No.15



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Cover design by student: Matei Stefan Grigore



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About a school year unlike any other...

A school year unlike any other has come to an end, a year in which everything we knew changed overnight, and we all found ourselves - students, parents, teachers, in a new context.

I am trying to find the most appropriate words to characterize it objectively, and I find myself thinking retrospectively with melancholy ... another year has passed, we have led another generation of students on the road to maturity, and we “flew” together again towards graduation. How many generations?! It seems we have lost track of years, but we know that emotions are always solid and unique!

After 18 years of activity, LTSM has reached adulthood and is proud of its ten generations of secondary school graduates and five generations of high school graduates with whom we lived intensely the turmoil of training, exams nervousness, and the joy of results.

Was it a smooth flight or a troubled one?
It isn't easy to appreciate because everyone had their measure. Still, I can say with certainty that we, the LTSM team, did everything possible to ensure quality in learning for our students during imposed conditions ... imposed by the pandemic, by the restrictions of the authorities or by personal fears.

It passed more quickly and meaningfully for a few, but it was more complex and with a lot of turmoil for others. Thus, I am sure that it was a journey of knowledge for everyone involved in the process, a journey with ups and downs, an unforeseen combination of different learning types -online, hybrid or face-to-face. It was a permanent test of personal and group resilience, and it was an open invitation to self-awareness and personal development.

Here, in our oasis, we are constantly working for the wellbeing of the students we care for - we gather, propose, debate, analyze the data of school issues, identify solutions, and discover resolutions! It's not easy, but TOGETHER everything seems more manageable and more ... at home! TOGETHER WE ARE UNBEATABLE!

Our motto is and will remain “ACHIEVING EXCELLENCE TOGETHER”. To achieve this incredible goal, we can only work, fight, persevere and permanently enjoy our journey together to build a day-to-day learning community directed towards the future.

Our secrets? Open, unfettered and constructive communication, family, smiles, frowns, movement, creativity, work, art, science, turmoil, joy, adjustment, recalibration ... all translated into a perfect formula that only a fantastic team of professionals can discover and then apply in their style.

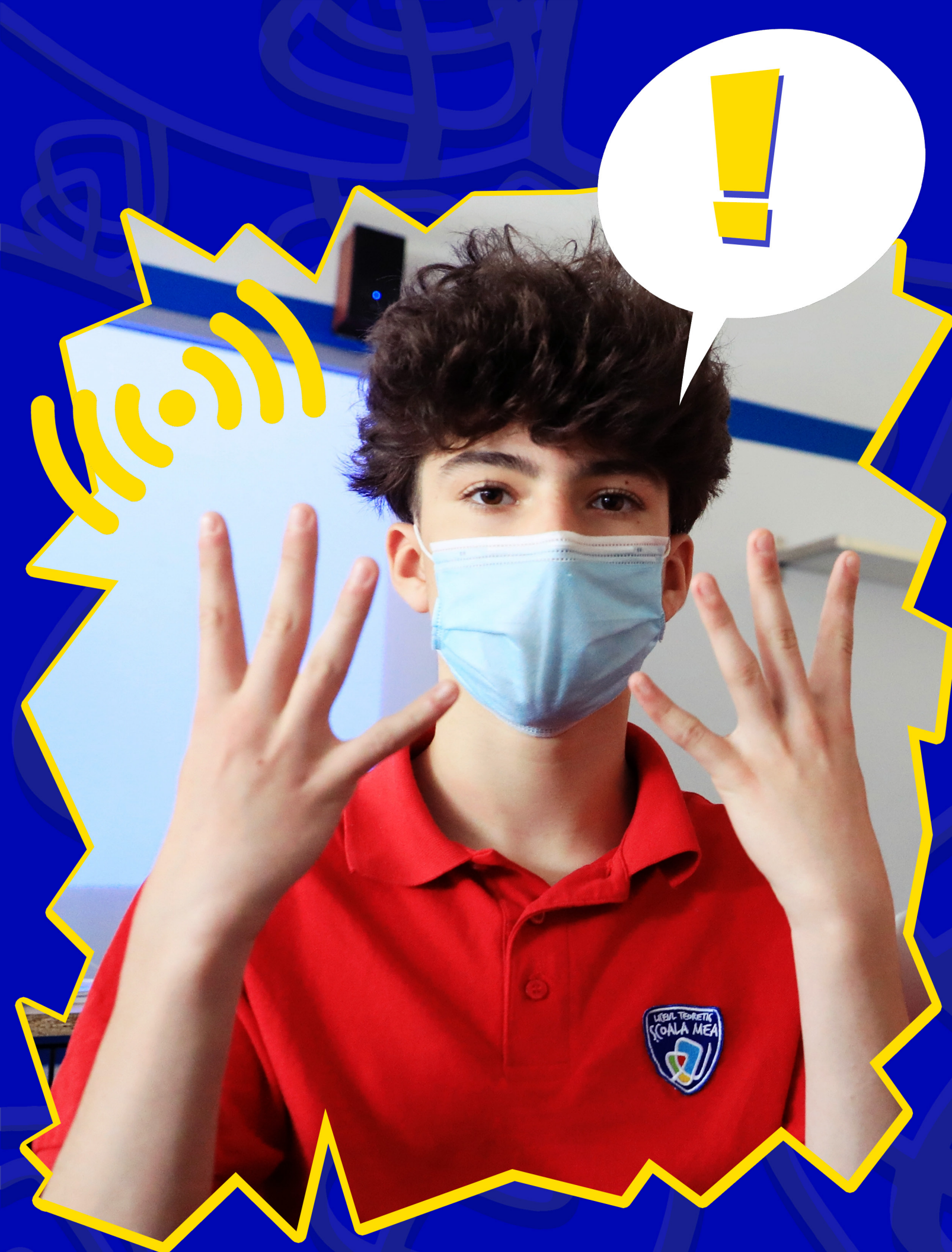
Our team? Dedicated, involved people, who come to school every day with passion and love for children, regardless of the place or position they have in the organization chart of the institution!

I am honored to be part of such an elite community. I thank everyone for the daily efforts, continuous professional and personal evolution we make together by challenging each other to be better today every day!

We are now ending a new chapter, a school year so different from all those which have passed!
2020 - 2021 was full of challenging moments, and I feel the need to tell you what many others have said before me ...Life is a journey! Let's enjoy the ride and try to get better every day! Let's remain enthusiastic, as a great team of students, teachers and parents altogether, and the passion and love for what we do will hold us together!

With respect,
Carmen Jacqueline Dan
Principal LTSM





NEWS EVENTS & TRENDS

What do you think about the online learning?

By Mia Olaru, 4 A

During the pandemic we students experienced a completely new school. Online school can be exciting, but it can also have its flaws. Most students of public schools did not have access to online learning. But we did.

Let's see what some students of class IV A think about online school. Is face-to-face learning better, or is online learning the best?

Interviews:

Ana I

Q: What do you think about online school and its learning methods? Is technology easy to use?

A: I think online school is harder than normal school because some students, including me, don't have a printer, and can't print tests or other materials that we need for lessons. Also, the internet does not work sometimes, and we can't log into our classes! But on the bright side, by spending more time at the computer, you can get more skilled at technology.

Tudor:

Q: What are the advantages of online learning?

A: One of the advantages of online learning is that students don't have to come to school for lessons. We can take our classes very far away, such as in another country.

Vlad:

Q: Can online school be hard because we can sometimes be distracted by all the technology that surrounds us?

A: Yes, technology can be distracting. Many notifications from different apps, like Netflix, can pop-up during lessons, and those can distract you while you are learning.

Carla:

Q: While online, what did you miss the most about normal school?

A: I missed many things about school. I missed the teachers, the last row benches, long breaks and recess, and waking up early in the mornings. But I mostly missed my friends and classmates. I missed the times when I played with them during breaks, or even when we were fighting. I'm a very social person and I like spending time with people. It was hard not to have my friends with me to help me with all my problems.

Ana D:

Q: How is social interaction different in online? Can you communicate with your teachers or classmates as well as you do in face-to-face learning?

A: Well, I think it can be a bit hard to communicate with people in online. Sometimes the internet doesn't work, and you can't see their facial expressions or hear their voices properly. Also, you can't play or talk with your classmates. You could call them, but they usually play video games in the break time. At school, they don't have anything else to do, so they can play with you.

Matei:

Q: If you could choose how to spend your next school year, would you choose online or in-class learning? Why?

A: I would choose in-class learning because I can see my friends and talk with them. It's better to socialize with people than staying online.



English Week

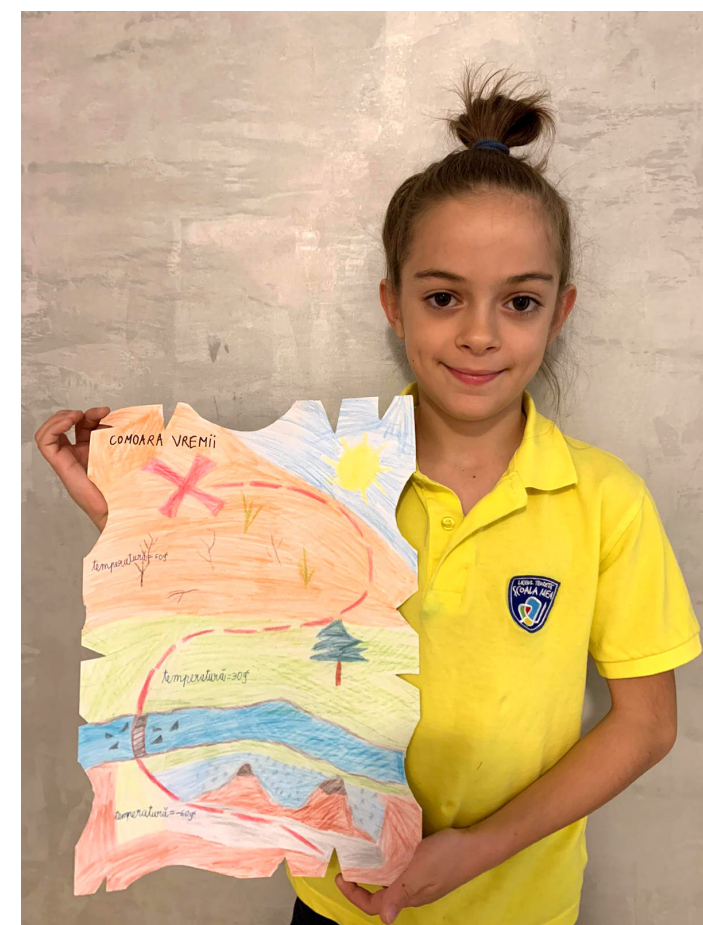
By Andrei N.

This year's "English Week" has been absolutely fantastic!

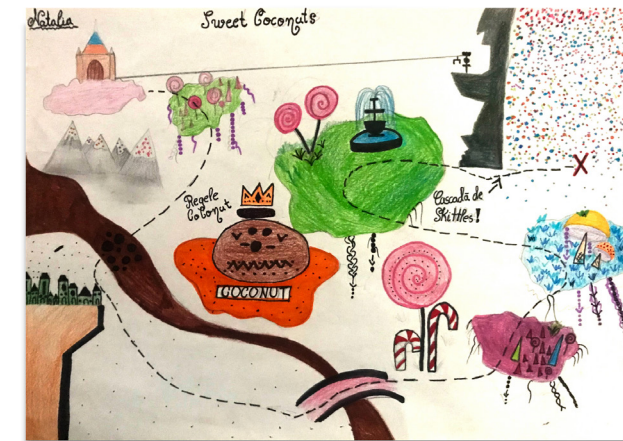
From November 2nd until the 13th, all the classes learned about unbelievable expeditions, that caught every student's attention.

For example, class 10 learned about the amazing journey of Shackleton, a fearless leader, and his crew, trying to be the first human beings to cross the South Pole on foot. A breathtaking story of courage, discipline, faith and survival that keeps you engaged until the end.

We students in the 10th grade, tried to put ourselves in those warriors' shoes and had to choose only three items to survive with on an abandoned island! What would you choose?



There was also a map making competition that had some really great results!



A background image of Emma Watson as Hermione Granger from the Harry Potter series. She is shown from the waist up, wearing her signature black sweater over a white collared shirt and a grey skirt. She has her curly brown hair and is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. Her right hand is raised, holding a wand, and her left hand is also visible, holding another wand. The background is a plain, light grey.

Special Days

22-26 MARCH 2021

The Captivating Emma Watson

Do you want to know more about Emma Watson? Well then, let me tell you some interesting facts about her that we learned at school.

Every year we have some special days in which our english teachers talk about a famous personality, this year we talked about Emma Watson.

She is a famous actress mainly known for playing Hermione Granger in the Harry Potter franchise. Did you know that she wanted to quit this role at the end of the forth movie? Well I didn't and I was very surprised to hear this. Another fascinating fact about Emma is that even though she spent most of her time focusing on the Harry Potter movies , she successfully graduated Brown university in 2014.

After we talked more about her, we had an activity in which we played Hermione when she taught Ron how to make a spell. After finishing the activity we understood how hard it is to play in a movie as such a young age.

At this point you are probably wondering why do schools organize such days? Well, recently lots of schools realized that it is important to develop the student's knowledge about personalities that changed the world which also gives them a boost of confidence.

To sum it up, special days taught us that Emma Watson is a great person with a great character. Does your school organize such events? If not, I suggest that you should purpose this to your headmaster.

Did you miss school with all of this time spent at home?

Honestly, I did, but it was delightful to be greeted with entertaining activities such as Special Days!

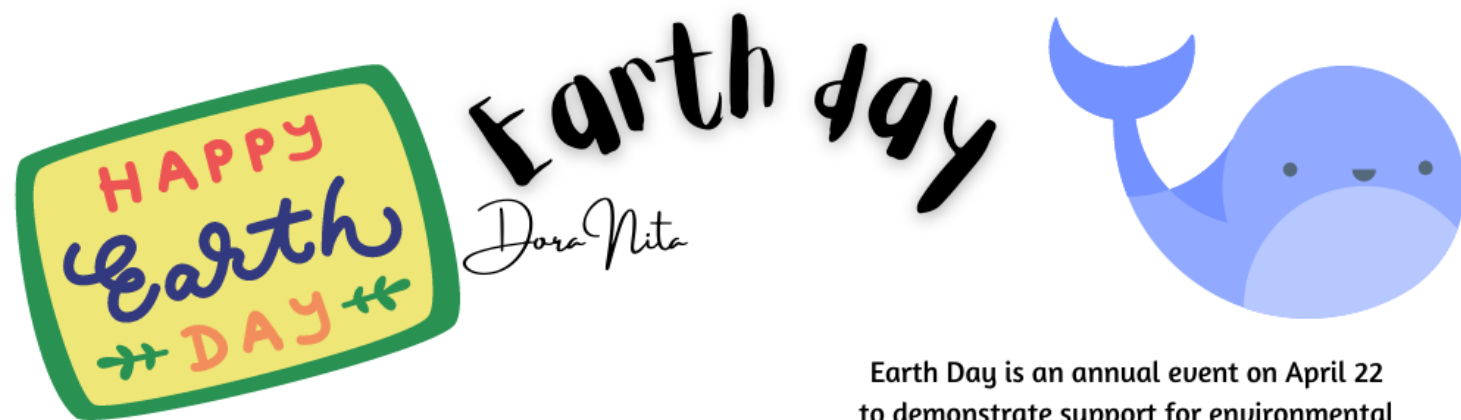
For our Special Days, we talked about a very talented actress, Emma Watson. Just my luck because she is my role model! We viewed a prepared slideshow about her life with fascinating information, some of which even I didn't know about. Followed by a discussion in class about her career and what we thought of her. I couldn't stop talking!

I saved the best for last! At the end, we got the opportunity to reenact a scene from the movie that stated off Emma's career, Harry Potter! How exciting, right? Even though I didn't end up with the role of the genius, I did get the chance to play everyone's favorite ginger and comfort character. No, I'm not talking about Ginny, I'm talking about none other than the hilarious Ron Weasley!

Overall, it was an amusing activity and it felt magical to be part of JK Rowling's world!

By Iulia Gheorghita, 6B

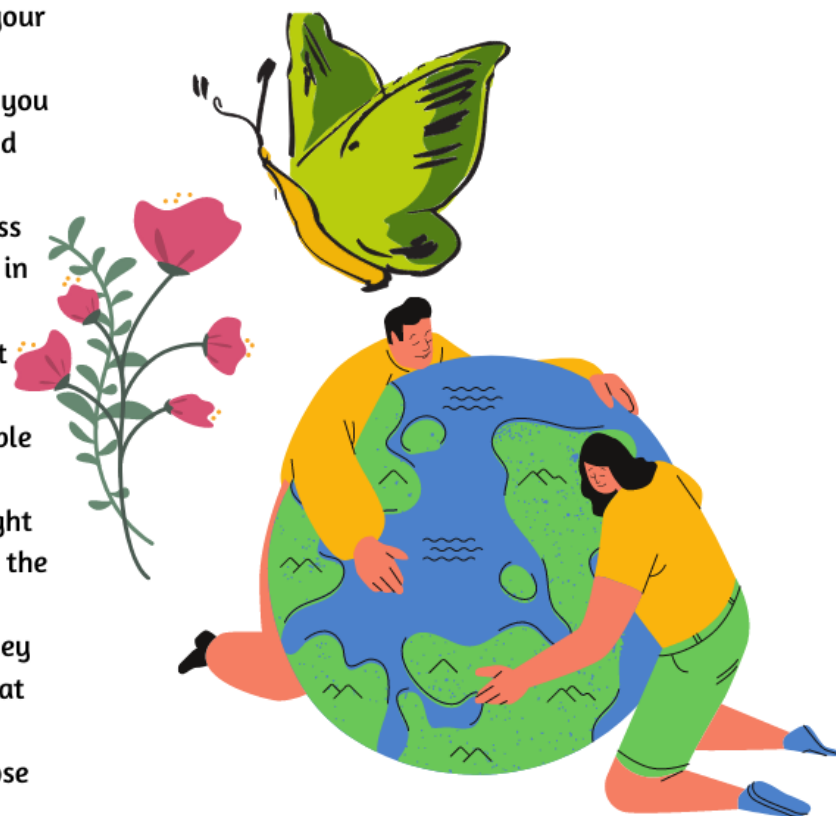
By Eva Iancu , Carla Alexandru 6A



Ten Simple Things You Can Do to Help Protect the Earth

- Reduce, reuse, and recycle. Cut down on what you throw away. Follow the three "R's" to conserve natural resources and landfill space.
- Volunteer. Volunteer for cleanups in your community. You can get involved in protecting your watershed, too.
- Educate. When you further your own education, you can help others understand the importance and value of our natural resources.
- Conserve water. The less water you use, the less runoff and wastewater that eventually end up in the ocean.
- Choose sustainable. Learn how to make smart seafood choices at www.fishwatch.gov.
- Shop wisely. Buy less plastic and bring a reusable shopping bag.
- Use long-lasting light bulbs. Energy efficient light bulbs reduce greenhouse gas emissions. Also flip the light switch off when you leave the room!
- Plant a tree. Trees provide food and oxygen. They help save energy, clean the air, and help combat climate change.
- Don't send chemicals into our waterways. Choose non-toxic chemicals in the home and office.
- Bike more. Drive less.

Earth Day is an annual event on April 22 to demonstrate support for environmental protection. First held on April 22, 1970, it now includes a wide range of events coordinated globally by EarthDay.org including 1 billion people in more than 193 countries.



EARTH DAY | 22 APRIL

Earth Day first started in 1970 on April 22nd. Since then every year people participate in celebrations for this day. Here are some shocking facts about how much humans damage the planet:

- the world has lost 80% of its forests
- there is a garbage island in the ocean the size of India, Europe and Mexico
- studies show that by 2050, half of all plants and animals will go in extinction because of global warming

And all because of **US**.

In order to make a change, try one of these things to make planet Earth, your home, a cleaner and happier environment.

What is Earth Day?

Earth day is a day we do small but important things to help and make the planet become a better place.

EXAMPLES:

- plant a tree/grow something
- no electricity for 1 hour
- re-use something by making something else out of it
- turn a water bottle into a plant pot

INFO SOURCES

- treehugger.com/statistics-about-the-planet
- theplanetcounts.com/stories/environmental-degradation-facts
- scholastic.com

by Carla Dumitru, 5C



Greta Thunberg 4-A

Forme is the Best Role Model

Greta Thunberg is a Swedish environmental activist who is internationally known for challenging world leaders to take immediate action against climate change.

In August 2018 at age 15 she started spending her school days outside the Swedish Parliament to call for stronger action on climate change by holding up a sign reading **SKOLstrejk för Klimatet!** (School strike for climate).

She started a revolution against climate change.

Temperature change in the last 50 years

Born: 3 January 2003, Stockholm, Sweden.

Occupation: Student, environmental activist.

Movement: School strike for climate.

Awards: Gullbenkian Prize for Humanity (2020), Nordic Council Environment Prize (2019), Time Person of the year (2019).

DO IT FOR EARTH!

Earth is a planet in danger. Resources are no more as plentiful as before due to human activity. Pollution is destroying the environment and deforestation destroys what's left. But we can change that by consuming less and actually know what's going on.

The amount of trash that is thrown is unimaginable. But we can change that with your help by recycling as much as possible. It would be even better if you planted a tree. If everyone would plant 10 trees in their lifetime there will be 78 billion trees planted but that's nothing compared to the 3 trillion trees alive today.



What are the steps you need to do?

1. Start recycling.
2. Plant a tree and some plants.
3. Go less by car.
4. Try to use green energy (energy which doesn't pollute).

What should governments do?

They should invest more into green energy and a sustainable environment.

Countries have enough money to reverse it. For example the U.S has a GDP (amount of money produced in a year) of 21 trillion USD. For you to realise how much that is, Romania has a GDP of almost 300 billion USD and China 16 trillion.

The only thing we don't have is the will to do it.



If I was able to make this poster on a computer running on green energy why can't you do the same?



SAVE THE EARTH!!!

This image shows Europe at night. The amount of human intervention is huge.

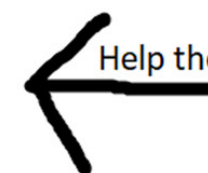
These are the cities with most people in Europe:

Istanbul-15,462,452
Moscow-12.195.221
London-9.126.366
Saint Petersburg-5.383.890
Berlin-3.748.148
Madrid-3.223.334
Kiev(kyiv)-2.950.800
Rome-2.844.750
Bucharest-2.155.240
Paris-2.140.526

Fun fact, Antarctica had trees a long time ago!



Help the world remain like this!!!



Soon it will become this.

Drama week

Drama Time Online!

Against all odds, another fantastic Drama Week show was created on June 3rd, 2021. Classes 5-11 created some wonderfully memorable performances which were broadcast live online via Zoom.

The movies and this year were:

Matilda (5A),
Hook (5B),
Despicable Me 2 (5C),
The Book Thief (6A),
The Karate Kid (6B),
The Sound of Music (7A),
Marry Poppins (7B),
Ferris Bueller's Day Off (8A),
500 Days of Summer (9-10)



And of course, like any other drama week, there were the coveted 12 Oscar awards.

The winners for this year were:

Technical crew (7B),
Best class performance (9-10),
Best musical (7A),
Best female costume - Ema Banciu (5A),
Best male costume - Maria Galateanu (6A),
Best supporting actor - Matei Roibu (8A),
Best supporting actress - Sofia Alexandrescu (7A),
Best actor - Serban Ciotec (5B), Best make-up (5C),
Best poster – Alexandra (9),
Best director – David A (5C),
Best actress - Maya Noelle Prediger (6A).

And a special thanks to all the teachers for their hard work and ideas!





CREATIVE WRITING



Descriptive Tranquil Blue Sea

As I open the white rusty door, I inhale deeply the salty breeze. I gaze into the horizon where the fierce sun beats upon the seemingly never ending Mediterranean sea, reflecting the light into a blinding patch of gold. Making my way to the restaurant, I memorize each detail of the road: the white, dusty sand on the ground from the pulverized rocks, the cars stationed on the side of the road, and the blooming banana trees waiting to be picked.

The obnoxiously yelling kids can be heard from the restaurant above the beach where multiple tourists are having their breakfast in the classic Italian style. Dark, bitter scents of crushed Columbian coffee beans sobers me up and the freshly cut tomatoes from the caprese salad make my stomach growl. The chilly sensation from the iced coffee in my hands refreshes me as the condensation from the caramel striped glass runs down my arm like a waterfall.

Swiftly, I pass through the restaurant. As I descend the stone stairs connecting the shore with the villaggio, the salty warm breeze intensifies. The brightness from the sun makes it nearly impossible to see the stairs. I try not to misstep. The beach is decorated with a few scattered beach chairs and umbrellas.

The white sand sticks to my feet as I walk towards my designated umbrella. The sand is composed of powdery rocks. Some crushed, some still whole. I take a handful of it and I let it slip through my fingers. Soft, not abrasive, and as light as a feather.

Young children slathered in thick layers of sunscreen stumble in the sand, playing and swimming in the tranquil blue sea. Splashing makes its way to my ears. Only a handful of kids can be seen in the water this early in the day. Hysterical laughter startles me. I divert my gaze from the dark royal blue sea where yachts are stationed to where the heart-warming sound is coming from - three kids darting about like colorful fish: one is wearing a blue shirt with small sharks on it, the one in the sea wears a bright yellow swimming jacket and the furthest wears pink sunglasses and a grey swimsuit. Without worries and full of glee, they joyfully play. Chasing each other, they yell 'Tag!' and run in opposite directions. They finally tumble into the sand, their sunscreen covered bodies now smeared white, creating the illusion of three friendly jellyfish.

The waves gently drench the sand. The sea is calm, pulsing rhythmically and breathing with cadence. The motor-boats fill the peaceful, yet chaotic atmosphere. A few floats are on the water, rocking slowly, back and forth from the waves made by the boats and yachts, leaving a white trail of bubbles on the blue Neptune.

However, an enormous black yacht sways like a storm cloud on the water. Dance music comes from the beastly boat. A few people are launching and crashing into the pacific sea. Like a rock concert, the tumultuous movements disturb the stillness of the water. Like crashing tsunami waves, echoes of screams boom through the Calabrian coast.

Making my way to the water, I pass multiple sand structures: sand castles, mermaids, turtles and stars. I check the water temperature by carefully immersing my toes one by one. I take slow steps to prevent my feet from being scratched by the washed up grey and obsidian-black rocks that replace the fine, white sand. Slowly, I sink into the luke-warm water; goosebumps form on my skin.

The fauna under the water is enchanting. Like mermaids, yellow, blue and orange small fish graciously swim among the myriad of red and pink corals, as if they were chivalrously dancing, blessing the fauna.

I rise out of the water and the cool breeze makes me hiss. The breeze that felt like a warm blanket, comforting, feels like icicles splitting my skin open. Seeking warmth, I slither between the rocks, out of the water, shedding salty droplets on an elderly woman. Her dry, blue and orange swimsuit is now splattered with reflecting spots.

Covering my shivering body, I sit down on the outmoded white beach chair. I scan my surroundings.

Emptiness.

The beach is now almost deserted as families flee to the restaurant for lunch. Yet, in the sea water, only 500 meters from the shore, young adults spring off the black yacht's bow. As I close my eyes, I drift off – the crashing waves humming a lullaby.

by Anastasia Gorea Class 10

Story Writing Competition

Winners

Senior

Intermediate

Debut



Senior

A Storm of Doubts and Rays of Joy
By Mara Caraclischi, class 10

Mud and Blood
By Andrei Nițu-Sedan, class 10

The Dream of Becoming a Pilot
By Eva Lepădatu, class 10

Assurance
By Anastasia Gorea, class 10

INTERMEDIATE

Camp Green Forest
By Alexandra Stefureac, 7B

Helpful escape
Anisia Paun-Vrapciu

Secret of the porcelain man
By Maia Georgescu, 8A

Following the heart
By Calin Padure, 8A

A painful life
By Dumitru Andrei Stefan,

The mistake
By Horpos Ariana, 7B

Lies
By Sofia Dermengiu,

DEBUT:

The Mysterious Man
By Anne-Marie Cosma, 5A

My angel
Balaban Alexandra, 6A

A warning from the future
By Iulia Gheorghită, 6B

The Spelling Bee
By Daria-loana Chivulescu, 5B

The lucid dream
By Galațeanu Maria, 6A

Infinite Horizons
by Daria Crăciun, 5A

I love you
Tania Dumitru, 6B

The girl's colors
By Mara Gules, 5C

A silent scream
By Mara Ionescu, 5B

A deep thought
By Matilda Roșca, 5B

My adventures in the Phantom Tollbooth
Valentin Teodor Cicu, 5A

A Storm of Doubts and Rays of Joy

As the west wind swept every obstacle in its path, James, a student in his senior year of high school, closed the window. He turned back around to face his basement room. Scattered textbooks, notebooks and every sort of pen were placed in a maze on his mahogany desk. Different papers with planets and galaxies were popping out of every drawer. A cold metal framed oil replica of "The Starry Night" hung on the wall - it was like a window itself, a portal into a night sky with magical celestial objects. James touched the painting: the trees, the streets, the stars. Space.

James stood, gazing with his deep, yet unwavering hazelnut eyes at the huge pile of papers that he had to finish. Due Monday. He peered at the photograph beside the textbooks: his parents receiving the Nobel Prize for Molecular Physics. The beam of glory on their faces was so true, so euphoric, so rare. . . Every time he contemplated the photo, he felt the determination to bring that smile back when he would, independently, get into Oxford University, Department of Astrophysics. Oxford.

Inheriting his parent's passion for science and using the university as a tool for his scientific work - in one of the finest laboratories in the world, - he hoped to forge his own path and maintain his joy of discovery.

After he analysed 12 images of asteroids and measured their trajectory, James decided to read "Black Holes and Baby Universes and Other Essays" by Stephen Hawking. Hundreds of leather-bound books were arranged - perfectly - in alphabetical order. He remembered that it was in the bookcase in the living room, upstairs.

As he approached the bottom stair, James overheard whispers. Were his parents thinking that he wouldn't get into that college? He knew that the letter from Oxford could arrive at any moment.

The thought of not being accepted to Oxford was unbearable, as if in a vast void: his vision became unclear, his whole body turned limp, his heartbeat was arrhythmic and accelerated.

The doorbell chimed.

James's heart rate increased. His hands were sweaty and trembling.

He took one step up the stairs.

The top of the stairs seemed to be 1000 kilometers away. His legs were weak from lack of oxygen. He was decelerating.

James thought of the first human who had stepped on the Moon: Neil Armstrong. "That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind."

Another step. Another.

Halfway up the stairs there was a tiny, oval window. Outside, the merciless wind was rumbling the tender snow, turning it into cold ice. The too early darkness was setting in, dominating the vacant landscape of the park. Just a man was strolling on the principal alley.

He took another step.

Unexpectedly, the house was enveloped in darkness. As if consumed by a black hole. A simple power outage. The destructive thoughts rushed back, he could neither halt nor control them. He heard a creaking sound.

Whispers.

James fumbled for the hand railing. When James approached the top of the staircase, the power returned. He was trembling, like a leaf in a storm.

In the living room, a familiar atmosphere: his mother was playing "Claire de Lune" by Claude Debussy at the grand Cavendish piano; his father was lounging in the scarlet velvet armchair reading "Murder on the Orient Express". Unlike James, his parents were behaving so calmly. Surreal. The well-known scent of peppermint tea was everywhere. The smell seemed suffocating.

The mail had come. He grabbed the letters inserted by the postman through the Victorian door mail slot. James continued to tremble, and his hands became sticky, icy-cold. His vision became unclear, as he was becoming dizzy. The strained look on his face was reflecting his feelings: anxious and worried sick, yet eager to read the letter. Suddenly, the music stopped. His parents stood up.

He held the letter. Bold black ink on perfect white paper: "Wellington Square, Oxford, Oxfordshire. . ."

Stopping in the middle of the living room, with a serious expression on his face, he peered at the magnificent wax seal on the envelope. The emblem represented an open book surrounded by three golden crowns. Their majestic colour was in stark contrast to the shade of navy. "Dominus Illuminatio Mea". James grabbed some thin silver scissors and cut the top of the envelope. His parents stood at his side, gazing with curiosity and hope.

He unfolded the letter.

It took a while to skim the whole letter as it was three pages long. Then he read out loud: "Mr. Anderson, you have been accepted to Oxford University. . ." That moment his parents burst into congratulations and applause.

James stopped trembling. He straightened his spine.

"We are proud of you!"

Five words. His parents smiled. Just like in the photo.

James looked out the window of the living room. The wind had stopped. Dainty snowflakes were flying in a ballet under a starry sky. Dazzling, full of promises, magic, and mystery the full moon completed the astonishing scene.

by Mara Caracischi, Class 10

Mud and Blood

After hours and hours of running through no man's land, Jim halted in the middle of a field. Poppies. So red. So tender. No gunfire. No smoke. No killing. Complete silence. Just Jim, under the radiant sun, on an unusually balmy day in November.

One day before, on the third of November, he had landed in France at Somme. 1916. The battle was just then in full swing. The question on everyone's lips was, "Who would come out on top?" Jim Parker, as this was his full name, had enlisted in the army to fight for "King and Country". Fresh from the benches of high school, with only one-month's training, he was immediately shipped off to France - a day's journey across the channel. Tall, well built, eyes bluer than the sky and hair brighter than the sun, he was a handsome boy. His classmates were both fascinated and jealous of his appearance. Jim could have been a great actor. Pity.

The trenches. This was his new home. His only real home.

Life there was harrowing: the stench of smoke, of filthy, unshaven, starving, sick soldiers and of rotten corpses. Unbearable. The rats seemed the only ones satisfied and full, having a variety of bodies to choose from. It was like hell on earth. Yet, it was their "home sweet home" for the time being.

The smoke, the smells - everything - reminded Jim of his rough childhood on the cruel streets of London. A 10-year-old kid. An orphan. Without family, without love. He had been a very perseverant child: laboring in factories, just to be able to buy a loaf of bread and attend school at the same time, where he had finished at the top of the class. He had always worn a silver black cross around his neck: Christ crucified. A gift from Allan, the only friend he had ever had. He wouldn't lose it. He would return in one piece. Jim wasn't allowed to die.

His first day, the third of November, in the trenches had been his baptism by fire. The ruthless and numerous Germans had begun their relentless assault. The thick black smoke from countless exploding shells had turned day into night. He had stood up and fired his brand-new Lee Enfield rifle. Bullets had passed inches from his head. He was covered in mud and blood from the soldiers who were killed, but he was unwavering. There had been no fear in his eyes. He had felt immortal. But a shell had fallen near him and the concussion did its destructive job, making this God of Olympus, this fearless warrior, fall unconscious.

Jim had slowly opened his bloody and bewildered eyes. Morning. The fourth of November.

He felt like a tank had crushed his skull. His mouth was full of metallic tasting blood. A deep cut was above his right eye. And his hair had the bizarre colour of blonde combined with mud and blood. Near him only bodies. Soldiers. Children with their intestines out and faces frozen in terror. The main course of rats. Jim couldn't believe his eyes. He saw everything, yet nothing.

He froze. Breathless. Shaking. Then, he ran. Without looking back, without thinking, without eating, without drinking. He just wanted to escape from that hell. He wanted to rip his eyes out. No more death. No more guns. No more smoke. Nothing.

After hours and hours of running through no man's land, Jim halted in the middle of a field.

Poppies.

And then....

Hundreds of mountains made up of thousands of dismembered, dirty, unrecognizable bodies. Covered in black-brown mud and dry blood. It was the inferno, a paradise for rats wandering in the corpses of those brave warriors. For the first time in many years he started crying. Weeping like a terrified little boy. The pain in his stomach and chest felt like nails in his skin. He immediately started to vomit. His legs turned soft, like broken stems. He fainted.

Night.

Full moon. Luminous. Enormous. Like the mighty sun.

Jim awoke. The living dead. His eyes, once energetic and revealing, now lifeless. Like a phantom.

A few meters away, a German soldier. With a gun. Standing still. Like a statue. Sweat covered both their faces. Two soldiers. Two kids. Breath hung in the air like smoke. Nobody moved. Only a pull of a trigger stood between life and death. Jim waited.

1 minute. 2 minutes. 5... an eternity.

The German soldier smiled. He turned. His back towards Jim. Only the creaking of stiff leather boots in the cold mud sounded. Into the midnight darkness, the soldier disappeared.

Jim kissed the cross from Allan, then he began to walk slowly away from the corpses, away from everything. Himself dissolving. Homeless.

by Andrei Nițu-Sedan, class 10

The Dream of Becoming a Pilot

It was a foggy day. The sky was gray, and the clouds were almost touching the ground. Visibility was quite low and the wind blowing 20 knots northeast.

Ever since he was little, Jim had always wanted to be above the world, the clouds, close to the blue sky. From the age of seven, Jim has had only one dream- to become an aviator. He really wanted to follow in his father's footsteps. Jim's father had to give up flying: on his last flight a sudden pressure change had ruptured his left eardrum. Also, his mother fully supported Jim in his goal of becoming a pilot. "Dreams can come true, Jim," she would tell him over dinner, "but you have to be prepared!"

The day had arrived. Jim was going to attend his first flight lesson. He had flown countless times before with his father, but this time he would be alone. At the local airport, Jim watched the planes taxiing on the runway through a large glass wall. The aerodrome was gigantic. He felt like an ant inside a huge mound.

The faces of tourists passing by ignored him, as if he didn't exist. Suddenly, a voice startled him from behind. "Looks like some bad turbulence, today," said the man. "My name's James. I'll be your instructor. Let's get going." Jim's hands were sweaty. He began to rub his fingers together. A nervous habit.

Entering the hangar, James began to describe the plane, and some of its specifications. "This here is an Evektor SportStar 2-seater aircraft. All-metal design. Aluminum. It can reach a speed of 270 kilometers per hour. Not bad. You ready?"

After boarding the plane, the instructor set the flight plan. The plan was a document that had to be submitted at least 60 minutes before each flight. With its help, the control tower could locate and control air traffic. The horizon had low visibility due to low cloud cover. James inserted the key, and the propeller began to spin faster and faster.

Before taking off, Jim looked at the lapel on his shirt: a golden plane on a green clover. His father had given it to him that same morning. Jim kissed it. This was the lucky object that would bring him strength and self-confidence.

"Wear it for luck, boy," his father had said.

The plane started down the runway. Ready for take-off. The weather was quite windy with light rain. After 20 minutes of gliding, James started to give him some details about the turns.

On board the plane, there was an instrument that indicated the altitude. More fog. The air currents had begun to shift. During the flight, a red light blinked on the panel of the aircraft indicated that the landing gear had not been fully raised.

Jim panicked.

He didn't know why that button had lit up. The plane's speed began to drop more and more as the landing gear braked the aircraft. Jim began to tremble with fear. The speedometer started to drop. 181 kph. 173 kph. 170... The dashboard lit up with more warning lights. James smiled.

"It ain't such a serious problem," said James.

"Sometimes, you're so focused after takeoff, you forget to pick up the landing gear."

The instructor let Jim lift the landing gear. All the warning lights stopped. The speed had begun to return to normal.

After an hour and 15 minutes, the first flight was almost over. At a distance of 100 meters from the runway, the plane was ready to land. The sun broke through the grey rain clouds, just as the wheels touched down. A golden beam of light illuminated the lapel. Jim looked down at his sweat covered shirt and kissed the plane on the clover background.

"Nice work, son," said James. And shook his trembling hand.

by Eva Lepădatu, class 10

Assurance

Silence.

That's all she heard, as if the world had frozen overnight. She checked her phone, but no texts from him. "Typical," Alyssa thought as she got up, sighing as she looked out the window. The park was empty. The wind was blowing, picking up a few leaves in its path.

The sugary sweet smell of pancake batter filled the house. Alyssa was blasting melancholic songs on her speakers when the familiar ringtone interrupted. She scoffed annoyingly, but answered, nevertheless.

"Morning, sunshine!" His tone was suspiciously perky. "I made reservations at this new restaurant for tonight. Be ready by seven, Ally." He hung up. She shook her head, tidying up the kitchen. She was already tired. Memories of little arguments and endless delightful moments flashed through her mind.

The chilly autumn wind hit her as she opened her front door, disturbing the comfortingly eerie silence. The park was full of rustling, fallen, golden leaves. Her black, knee length leather boots crushed the crunchy leaves as she sank further into her puffy, maroon coat. Internal feelings and thoughts combated against her stern and emotionless exterior. Auburn-coloured hair fell over her shoulders, framing the key feature of her face: her eyes. Her honey-brown eyes in stark contrast to the poker-face attempting to conceal sentiments of insecurity. Sighting the restaurant, Per Se, only a few feet away, she sighed, swallowing thickly.

The strong scent of rib-eye and sea-food linguini flooded the restaurant's air, as if she was right by the sea. Alyssa's stomach grumbled. Looking around, a musician played piano in a corner. Crystal glasses adorned the tables, shining under the dim black and silver chandeliers. Alyssa looked around. The walls were velvety red, enriched with colourful oil paintings. She saw Thomas sitting in a secluded area. He was biting his nails and shifting in his seat. She weighed her options: turn around and go home or face him. She turned and –

"Ms. Meyers?" a voice stopped her. She whipped her head around and saw a young woman. "Mr. Shelby is waiting for you. Shall I help you to the table?" The hostess didn't wait for a response as she started walking in Thomas' direction. Alyssa closed her eyes and exhaled shakily. She felt like water was engulfing her whole presence. The chatter, the clinking of glasses and the music became non-existent. She took a deep breath and followed.

Alyssa tried her hardest not to make eye contact, knowing she would melt at those green-hazel eyes. Thomas abruptly got up and helped her to her seat. She gave him an awkward smirk. The curl that fell over his forehead when he bumped into the table made her flash a true, honest smile. Making a noise of discomfort, he quickly brushed a hand through his brown, curly hair.

The silence between the two was unbearable. The people chatting and laughing paid no mind to the couple who seemed to be the only ones not speaking a word.

Thomas cleared his throat. Alyssa put down her menu.

"How was your day, honey?" Thomas stated quietly.

"Just peachy. How was work?" Thomas twisted and turned the cutlery. Hesitantly, the conversation bloomed and, surprisingly, they finished their meals and beverages later than normal.

Thomas was hellbent on going for a stroll in the park after the restaurant. It was already dark. Alyssa would never have walked alone at such an hour, but she felt safe whenever she was with him.

She marvelled at the fact that he took her to the place where they had first met. Two strangers, bumping into each other after a busy, dreadful day at work:

"Sorry! I'm such a klutz!" Alyssa said mortified, wiping dark coffee stains from his beige autumn coat.

"It's fine. Don't worry. I'll get it cleaned," A voice said.

"British," she thought, looking up. Her mouth fell open. Her gaze bored into his green eyes.

"N-No! I'll pay! I mean," she cleared her throat awkwardly.

"I'm the one who stained it," she lightly laughed, and the handsome stranger joined her.

"Well, if you insist." He retrieved a business card from his coat.

"I'm Thomas. Maybe while this is being cleaned, we could go for a tea?"

Alyssa was so lost in her own thoughts, she didn't see Thomas kneeling.

"Alyssa, we've been together for almost four years. These four years have been the best years of my life. I am so glad you messed up my coat, otherwise we wouldn't have found each other." He laughed lightly, eyes shining from the memory.

He pulled out a velvety black box, revealing a luminous diamond ring. The band was made of two twisting bands – platinum and white gold – like two souls connecting. What Alyssa had always craved. Assurance.

Her whole body took in the sight before her: Thomas on one knee, eyes filled with unshed tears, bright stars shining like flashes of cameras, as if capturing the moment. She nodded. "Yes."

By Anastasia Gorea, Class 10

CAMP GREEN FOREST

"You did it!" his family smiled as he left the house. He felt as light as a feather walking to his new school, very excited because this was his first year at a normal school. He had been homeschooled for his whole life but he begged his parents to let him go to normal school and they finally gave in. Just then, an alarm started to beep very loudly from a shop nearby, and before he knew it, he was arrested for robbing the shop. He didn't even do it!

The punishment that his judge picked was to spend a whole year at "Camp green forest".

"Great!" he mumbled to himself as tears started streaming down his face, "Now I won't be able to go to school!". He was expecting a nice luxurious cabin deep in the forest but when he got there, he saw nothing but miles of drought. That must mean that there was a lake here before, that dried up. Just as he thought things wouldn't get even worse, he and his camp-mates had to dig a hole everyday which was about the size of the shovel. His hands were always sore from all the hard work he was doing. To make matters even worse, the warden was very rude.

In the end, he found a really good friend whom he would cherish forever. He went home to his parents and the first thing that he said to them was, "Mom, Dad I don't really want to go to school after this incident", they agreed to that remark and decided to homeschool him again.

Alexandra Stefureac, 7B



Helpful escape

I woke up on a rainy day in a weirdly, yet so tight place. There were many people surrounding me and they all were confused. In the room, there wasn't enough space for all nine of us. The thick, grey walls with white mould were almost collapsing over our fragile bodies. Nobody knew what was happening at that time. We were prisoners like mice caught in a trap. The loud bangs were frighteningly enough to scare the soul out of our body. Neither my little heart, nor my eyes could keep up with the scary actions.

Suddenly, a huge, furious soldier came and grabbed me by my twisted arm. While gazing at me, he dragged my paralyzed legs through the humongous campus. He rapidly put me in a cell with no windows. The concrete was ice cold and my shivering hands were almost resembling stones. I was wearing a blue and grey pajama, but the grey was almost reddish because it was invaded by the sour blood. I startled as a warm hand touched my shoulder. A quiet and innocent kid saw me and helped me get out without making any squeaky sounds.

I was almost free, but the massive gates stopped me. I was all sweaty and couldn't breathe properly. It still rained, but that didn't block me from escaping. Finally, I got out safely through the fence. I was grateful for the help Bruno provided me. That boy was actually German and his dad was a really terrible human.

Anisia Paun-Vrapciu

Secret of the porcelain man

It was the day when Luke's family were moving to their new home. Luke was not too pleased with the decision as the new house was far from their old home, far from the school, and far from his best friends. His parents went ahead and started moving the furniture from the truck into the house. Luke offered to help but the parents suggested he may go exploring the woods, neighborhood. So he took off.

"Bye mom! Bye dad", were his last words as he set off.

While walking into the deep forest, hearing the leaves rustle as he took each step, Luke noticed that his shoe laces were untied. As he was tying them he heard a disturbing sound, as if someone was whistling right next to him, this sound.. made him uncomfortable. Luke stared into the distance and peep a porcelain looking like figure waving frantically at him. He decided to get a tiny bit closer. Nervously walking towards the man, Luke could hear him murmuring something. Not a moment later, he felt a powerful connection between them, like reading each-others mind. After that, the man suddenly and mysteriously disappeared.

Later that day, when dawn came upon him, he spotted the strange man coming closer and closer to his house until he reached the boys window....Who would have thought that he could do such thing with his powers..

Maia Georgescu, 8A



Following the heart

Marylin woke up dizzy in the morning. 'Another nightmare' she thought as she was looking for the slippers in the dark of her room. Marylin found her way to the bathroom where she started preparing herself for the day that she had ahead. Marylin absolutely dreaded her job as an accountant. She closed her eyes and allowed the warm shower water to tickle her ears. Her curly hair straightened as the water was pouring on her.

The girl had a big dream, a dream she desperately wanted to become reality: she wanted to become a well-known writer. She exited the shower with an awful feeling in her heart, a feeling that has been hunting her for the past year. She eagerly approached the mirror and took a long look at herself.

At that moment something clicked into place. Marylin started smiling like never before. She knew what to do, she had found her purpose in her life. She ran across the slippery floor, picked up the clothes and rushed out of the house. It was raining heavily, but Marylin didn't care. She ran through the crowded streets giggling to herself and seeing the world through the eyes of a happy person. Everything was perfect at that moment. Marylin entered in her office and shouted 'I quit!' at the top of her lungs. This feeling was unbelievable. Many eyes met hers, but at that moment Marylin wanted to go home and start writing.

Many weeks have passed since Marylin quit her job as an accountant. The most wonderful weeks of her life. As she happily pressed the keyboards on her computer, Marilyn suddenly stopped: she was done! The girl laughed and started dancing in her house after sending the text to a publishing company.

Marylin grew to become one of the most successful writers of all times by simply following her passion and gathering her courage to quit her awful job.

By Călin Pădure 8A



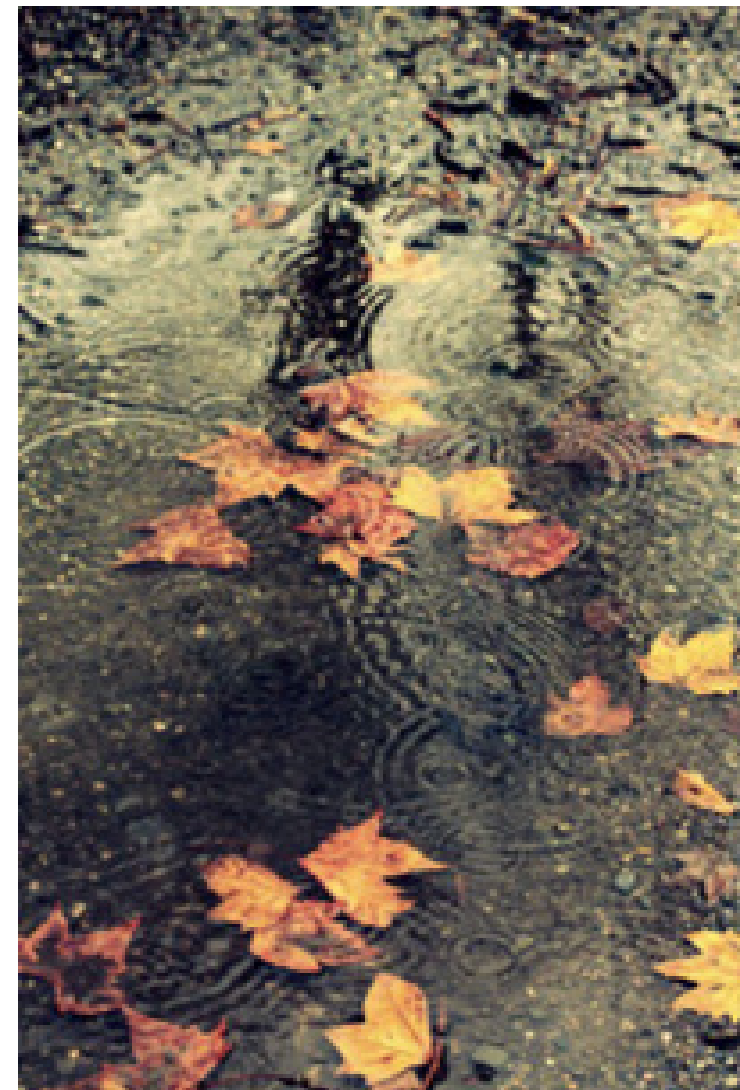
A painful life

They arrived at their destination late at night and were taken to a large hall where they were stripped and washed with a cold water hose and then shaved their heads and given a kind of uniforms that looked like striped pajamas.

Afterwards they were sent to bed in a kind of large barracks without windows, where they were given a miserable dinner - a cup of dirty water, a piece of dry bread and a boiled potato, but which after so long of starvation was a feast.

At 5 o'clock in the morning they were awakened by loud knocks on the door, a loaf of bread was thrown at them and they were taken out where a tall, blond man with evil- blue eyes and black uniform, divided them into several groups according to age and strength. Some were sent to various jobs, others less fortunate were sent to Dr. Mengele's laboratory.

Luckily for them, so to speak, the children and their mother were selected to build a cobbled road. They went there lined up and guarded by armed soldiers and fierce dogs. After walking for about an hour, they arrived at the place of work where they learned that their task was to carry boulders and large stones, which others were to place in the proper place to build the road. Thus, they worked all day and in the evening they made their way back to the barracks.



They received the same piece of dry bread and the same boiled potato, but they didn't even get to eat it, due to fatigue. As they lay down in the sweet arms of sleep, they concluded that this was one of the most awful days of their lives. And the days turned into weeks, the weeks into months, and every night they fell asleep thinking of their serene and happy days before that bang that stole their childhood and their father forever, giving them in return days and nights full of sadness and pain.

Dumitru Andrei Stefan

The mistake

Marcus, the class leader, was staying in his seat, trying to control his bundle of nerves. Their school had very strict rules, such as: "Stand up every time the teacher enters the room, otherwise you will get detention". On that day, Marcus was filled up with emotions and he forgot to stand up. Mr. Robinson walked up to him and shouted: "So this is how you say hello to a teacher? Well, I hope you will learn from your mistake, in DETENTION". Marcus lift his head sheepishly and tried not to burst into tears, as he knew everyone would laugh at him.



After the first period, he went into the teachers department and tried to find Ms. Tweet, because he needed to know what grade he got. He didn't care about the rule that said "No student is allowed in the teachers room", so he bravely opened the door. The little boy went straight to his history teacher, telling her that he wanted to see the result. Marcus tried his best not to break out in a cold sweat, but he didn't succeed. His small ocean eyes turned red from tears and his mouth was now wavy. Ms. Tweet was trying to calm him down, but the grade was just so grisly. Marcus couldn't feel the ground anymore, he felt as if he was floating through small stars. . .

He woke up two hours later, in his bed. Next to him was his mom, who was concerned. His little sister started weeping with joy of when she saw Marcus opening his eyes. His mom knew what happened, so she was smiling at Marcus, with no trace of tears. The little kid was trying to understand what happened and why she wasn't mad at him for taking 60 at his history exam. She had his exam in her fragile hands and showed Marcus the grade again. He couldn't believe his eyes.

His grade was actually 90, but because of all the stress and anxiety, he saw a 60. From that day on, he tried to master his emotions so that he wouldn't faint again due to his lack of immaturity.

by Horpos Ariana, Class 7B

Lies

"You may lie". With that being said, everything changed. Everyone changed its personality and people started telling lies after lies, apart from one. His name is Oliver or Oly, the name everyone calls him. Even though each child or grown up started to lie, he never got influenced by the others. He always thought lying was awful.

One day, as he walked home, two friends approached him and told him about a party that was going to take place tonight. They also mentioned that it was secret and no parent should know about it.

It was one in the morning when Oliver was woken by a loud smash on his window. He looked closer and noticed a raw egg smeared on it. He then glanced outside and saw a bunch of teens waiting in the street for him. Oly grabbed the first T-shirt that he spotted in his room and quickly went outside. There, in the dark a couple of people were awaiting.

They arrived at the party location. It was a huge house with a lot of grey and white. It had an enormous backyard. There were trees taller than thirteen feet and a gigantic pool with tiny lights in it. When everyone entered the house they were shaken by its beauty. They settled and started playing games, going into the pool and just having fun. Oliver was the only one that was shy and didn't get himself into anything. He was just quiet and observed everyone.

A couple of hours into the party he noticed a girl with ocean eyes, short blonde hair and a pretty long dress. He made courage to go to her and ask what her name was. She turned, and with a beautiful wide smile she looked at him and said 'Rose, nice to meet you. Are you Max's friend?' 'Yes, said Oliver' 'Would you be able to introduce me to him?' 'Sure! said Oliver politely, but in his heart he was heartbroken.'

It was the day after the party. Everyone was at school. As soon as it ended, his friends came by and told him about another party. He immediately accepted and went home. Two days later he found himself sitting in the same living room as some days ago, but he wasn't the same. He wasn't quiet or shy anymore. Oliver socialised with everyone, played almost every game and with almost everybody. He even started telling lies, just like everybody. He completely changed.

Oliver went home at about 4 a.m. and crawled back into his bedroom, but what he didn't notice was that his parents were standing in his room. They saw him and said with anger 'What were you doing out there?! It is 4 in the morning and you're outside ? Without even telling us?' but as he heard what they were saying, he just didn't care and said with an innocent voice 'Mom, Dad, yes, I was outside, but it's because I thought I saw something and I was curious to see what it was.' The parents then left the room.

He got into his bed, closed his eyes, but he just couldn't stop thinking about Rose, and that he may, one day get to know her better. So I guess "You may lie".

by Sofia Dermengiu



The Mysterious Man

After Alec Bing gave Milo a telescope , Milo said softly:

"Thank you for this incredible gift but we have to go!"

"Yes, It's time we went, my alarm just went off!" Tock said.

They went through a long path that lead them to Digitopolis. There was a man dressed in a black suit, he was very suspicious.

Milo and Tock were very scared only Humbug knew that man, his name was Clickos. As Humbug said, he was not a bad man, but who knew, maybe he was the lost prisoner who stole the magic potion that could make him very powerful. Clickos smelled very weird, it was a sort of toxic smell, you couldn't stay around him. Milo was very curious about this case with the prisoner and the lost potion, he had all the newspaper on this topic.

Tock stayed around that man so he could figure out if he was the lost prisoner. After Tock stayed for approximately 10 minutes, he transformed into a duck with a pink bow like cotton candy.

Milo asked him:

"Tock, what happened to you, are you okay?"

"I'm fine! But why have I even transformed into a duck?"

"I think I know, just let me 3 minutes."

After this conversation Milo went to his room in the palace, there he had all the newspaper about the prisoner, he read it carefully. Two minutes have past, he realized that Clickos was the prisoner, but how could he tell this information to Humbug, Clickos was his only friend except him and Tock. He came down to the table; Tock was still a duck because the curse lasted for 5 minutes.

"I know you are the lost prisoner!" Milo said.

"Who?" said the Humbug.

"Clickos!"

When Clickos heard this information he started flying and attacking everyone, all the people left except Milo and Tock, they stayed because the two friends wanted to defeat them. Tock found some swords and threw them so they could protect and defeat him. The watchdog started distracting Clickos. Because Tock distracted him, he couldn't fly anymore, Milo then took the potion, now he was the most powerful man in the world, he didn't want that he just want to bring back the princesses.

Therefore, the three friends went to the Mountains of Ignorance, there Milo had to give the potion to the Gold demon (the potion belong to him) then the demon would give back the princesses. The gold demon was a very dangerous demon; if you looked at him too much or ask him too many questions, he would make a gold storm and he could get into your mind, that was a bit scary.

When Milo showed him the potion, he releases the princesses, now everyone was happy.

Anne-Marie Cosma,5A



My angel

It was a Sunday afternoon and I had been reading on the red comfortable couch, as usual. Dot was sleeping with its head in my lap. The fire had been burning bright in the fireplace, warming up the room. Meanwhile, outside the great windows, tiny snowflakes had fallen gently on the frozen ground. The cold wind was dancing happily through the thick forest, surrounding the vintage house.

Suddenly there was a powerful bright light that caused me to shield my eyes. Dot jumped up when a loud noise came from outside. My heart sped up as the ground started shaking. It was like a lightning bolt had struck the earth. When the shaking stopped, I shot to my feet and went outside to see what happened. After I got out, followed by Dot, the ground trembled again. I fell immediately to the ground. The fresh layer of snow crunched under my palms and knees. Dot whimpered at my side. The powerful source of light came again. But this time it was above me, in the dark sky.

Curious about it, I moved my gaze toward it. I thought I could see a beautiful creature with a soft halo around it and massive wings that shuddered delicately in the chilly air. Its wings were flapping gently, as it was coming closer to where I was now standing.

After a while I could form a face of a man. The first thing I noticed were his eyes. They were like two polished emeralds. But the pupils were shining white like diamonds. He had black wavy hair, high cheekbones, and full lips. He looked down and our gazes locked and held. He was mysteriously familiar. As if I had known him before. His bare feet touched the freezing ground and stepped closer and closer to me.

'What are you?' I murmured.

Silence greeted me. Finally, he held his hand out to me, I hesitated at first, but I eventually took his hand. The moment our hands touched; a luminous light blinded me. I inhaled rapidly and tried to see through it. Suddenly I could see a baby girl laughing happily in a pink crib. She had dark brown hair and big gray eyes.

She looked like me, but it couldn't be.

A hand reached over to her and tickled her. She laughed and looked up at him. It was him. The same set of incredibly green eyes were staring at the little girl. Out of nowhere the image disappeared, and I was standing in front of him.

'How are you?' I whispered,
'I'm your angel' he said.

All I could do was stare at him.

After that night, I couldn't stop thinking about what had happened. I knew I would see him again. I just had to wait.

By Balaban Alexandra, 6A



A WARNING FROM THE FUTURE

It was a peaceful morning. The day dawned crisp and clear. My heavy backpack was sitting on my messy bed, waiting for me to make up my mind about the hardest decision I had ever had to make. I wanted to run away from home, but as I got to the window to sneak out, I found someone staring into my eyes.

The realization hit like a cold shower, it wasn't just someone, it was me. An awfully tired looking version, but nonetheless me. After a rude wake up call, I decided to sit down and listen to what "me" had to say. The urgency in her eyes made it clear that it was something serious. 'You mustn't run away from home because if you do, you will end up like me, miserable,' she emphasized.

The solemn tone in her voice made my eyes widen, but I couldn't find out what had happened to her because it might've created a temporal time loop. However, I knew it wasn't child's play.

Being warned by my future self was a miracle and I can guarantee you that the thought of running away from home never greeted my mind again.

By Iulia Gheorghita, 6B



THE LUCID DREAM

It was freezing out here and I could feel the sharp air making its way through my body. I sat in front of a burning red colored door, the exact same as the one from my orphanage. I felt like something was about to happen, but I had no memory of my past or who I was.

Out of the blue, the door rapidly opened and two familiar faces with a smirk on them, popped out from the dark. They were inviting me in, but I still wasn't moving from the place I first appeared. I wanted so hard to enter the house, but I just wasn't able to.

After a few minutes of staring at each other suddenly I heard a soft female voice saying "We wanted you, we invited you in our lives, but you just didn't accept us in yours." Soon after the man behind her quickly closed the door, then everything went black.

Finally, I woke up in my room alongside my orphan friends, thinking of the dream I just had and about what the two people had said. Could they be my parents?

By Galateanu Maria, 6A

The girl's colors



There once lived a little girl, in a world where you couldn't always see colors. Her long curly, ginger hair, her sky-blue eyes, her pink cheeks and her white smile were colored by some weird instruments.

In her world, the trees were always pink, like cotton candy, the sky was a really light shade of blue, almost white, and the grass was red.

One night she woke up. She rubbed her eyes with her hands, but her hands were grey. She turned on her lights, but now, not only her hands were grey. Everything was grey, like dust.

Before she could think of anything, she got distracted by a light. She followed it and arrived at a strange place, not far from her house, full of strange instruments. The light started tickling her and didn't stop until she was holding an instrument. She started playing the instrument. She couldn't hear a sound, but she saw colors.

Unlike any other day, she saw green trees, green grass and a darker sky.

A man saw her. She also saw him and got scared. She was ready to run, but the man said: "Keep playing".

Everyone woke up to a different world, but they enjoyed every part of it, and it was all thanks to that little girl.

By Mara Gules, 5C

THE spelling bee

Today I came from school quite worried. The english teacher told us in the lesson :
 "Tomorrow at our first class we will take the spelling bee test. So make sure u had studied all the verbs!"
 I didn't study at all because I had many other exams and loads of homework to do! We indeed had many simulations but most of the time I failed them. And the thing that made me most worried was that I had to make homework now that I am home and later I had a ballet class until 8 p.m. so I had no time for studying as my parents have quite a lot to drive back home!

It was the day I was about to take the speaking spelling bee exam.
 I was really stressed out but at least I wasn't one of the first people to spell. I tried studying while others were spelling but it was really hard to do it while others were speaking, so I didn't remember too much when it was my turn.

"Daria! Your turn, please!" said the teacher.

I was sweating. All the students were looking at me and I saw my best friend hyping me up in the back. I went next to the teacher's desk and she reached her hand with the paper bag where the tickets with the words were placed. I closed my eyes, took a ticket, gave it to the teacher and opened them. She said the word was: irregardless.

I had no clue how to spell it. I was shaking and sweating. When I was about to start spelling a huge bee appeared in front of me. Everybody and everything froze. I asked the bee:

"Who are you/And what are you doing here?"

"I am the Spelling Bee and I am here to help you spell. I came from Dictionopolis, it was a very long way here so please appreciate my sacrificed time."

"Thank you very much, Spelling Bee but I still don't understand how you were able to stop the time."

"I don't know that either, miss."

"Curious. Also call me Daria."

"Oh, hello Daria! Now, we can't lose time so tell me, what's the word you are trying to spell and found difficulties."

"I am trying to spell the word : irregardless"

"Ok! It's spelled : i-r-r-e-g-a-r-d-l-e-s-s!"

"Well I cannot believe I didn't think about it! Now that you spelled it for me it seems so much more easier! Thank you again, Spelling Bee!"

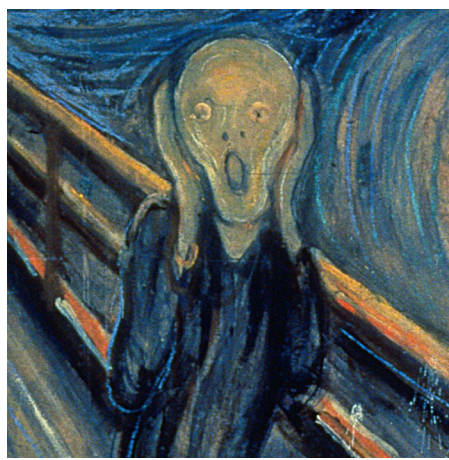
"Anytime, Daria! Now see you, maybe!"

"See you!"

The Bee flew out the window and time has returned. I spelled the word and my teacher applauded me. I was so pleased to have that bee's help for the spelling or I would embarrass myself in front of the whole classroom.

By Daria-Ioana Chivulescu, 5B

A silent scream



It all started in a cold winter day. I was taking my dog, Tock out for a walk. I took him to a park so he could run free on the valley. No one comes there anymore, I guess we could say it's abandoned. But this time, there was a boy, he had brown hair and he seemed around my age. He was lonely and I could use a friend, so I went to talk to him.

He was nice, but a bit weird, he kept talking about this strange car and how he had to pass through this tollbooth that could take him back to "The Soundless Forest" so he could continue his mission and kill the dragon from the "Mountains of Ignorance". I told him these are all in his head, but then.. he showed me the car, it was red and a bit small. While I kept studying the car, he asked me: "Could you possibly.. if you want.. I mean.. would you like to join my mission? I'm actually a bit scared of this dragon.. king Azaz says it's the most dangerous of all, that's why we should kill him."

I took a while to think about it, although it was hard to believe it was real, but in the end I said yes, I was really curious, what if it was real..? So I took my dog and we hopped into the car and in the next second, we were in a strange market. And on my dog's back appeared a big watch! As I looked up there was a placard that said "Buy the words from section 2! 45% off this week!" "Milo! you're back!" came a deep voice from outside the market. "Where have you been? Have you killed him?" "No, your majesty, I got trapped in the soundless forest and the dragon brought me back to reality..." "Well that's not good.. you're the only one that can kill him since you have the Eraser sword." "I know, I will be on the way tomorrow morning, and this time, I am going to kill him for real." "And who is she?" "Oh, she is ...-" "My name is Mara" I said a little bit shy. "Right, she's going to help me with killing the dragon." "In that case.. Nice to meet you, Mara. Be careful." "We will."

The next day, early in the morning, we got dressed with special green suits. I was given a strange little horn. "What is this for?" I asked. Milo showed me his and he said: "The place where the dragon lives is called "the Soundless Forest", remember? So if we scream or talk, we won't hear each other. These horns will help us talk and hear each other." "Oh-oh.. that's weird" I left my dog with king Azaz and we set off. The journey was long, but we finally got to our destination. It was cold there and as I looked up, the sky was all covered in a strong, dense fog. We entered the forest and started to search for the dragon. As we were walking, I saw a long, spicked figure of a tail. I got goosebumps, I tried to scream, but Milo wasn't responding and I couldn't see him either. I remembered about the horn and I started screaming through it: "I saw the dragon! Milo?! Where are you?" Milo came running to me as he took out a big, shiny, light blue sword. The dragon approached and Milo got ready to fight. He gave me a yellow sparkle and he told me to use it in case he can't approach the dragon so he could erase him with his sword. The dragon pushed Milo hard with his tail and hit a tree. He got back up quickly and tried getting close to the dragon so he could stab him. It was needed just a scratch of the sword to get the dragon out of the game. I saw that Milo couldn't get any close, so I threw the yellow sparkle at the dragon. It made a big explosion and the dragon fell to the ground. Milo walked to him and put an end to him, he didn't think twice about it. We returned to Dictionopolis and broke the news. We had a really big, fancy banquet, everyone was invited. Did you know I had to eat my words?

By Mara Ionescu, 5B

I love you



It was a typical afternoon here in London. The skies were gray, and it was pouring rain. I could hear the wind whistling outside. I was preparing my speech for a debate, at school. I was about to start reading it out loud when suddenly I heard a knock at the door. It was like a melody.

The rhythm was so smooth that I could listen to it forever. But then, it stopped. I looked out the window and there was nobody there. Fearfully, I opened the door. There was an envelope that was lying in the wild rain. I quickly picked it up. It said that it belonged to me. I was scared to open it, but slowly, I did. There was a little note inside it.

It said: 'Meet me on 219 Stanley Road tomorrow at five PM.'

It was not singing. I could have been in danger if I went there by myself, but I risked it. I was all alone until this little blue spark appeared in front of me. I backed out. There were more sparks, and more, and more until, in front of my eyes, I could see her.

After 10 years of crying my heart out because of the pain, I could finally see her. She showed me a sign to tell me to remain silent. Then she told me with her gentle voice: 'I don't have much time. I can only tell you one thing, and you as well.'

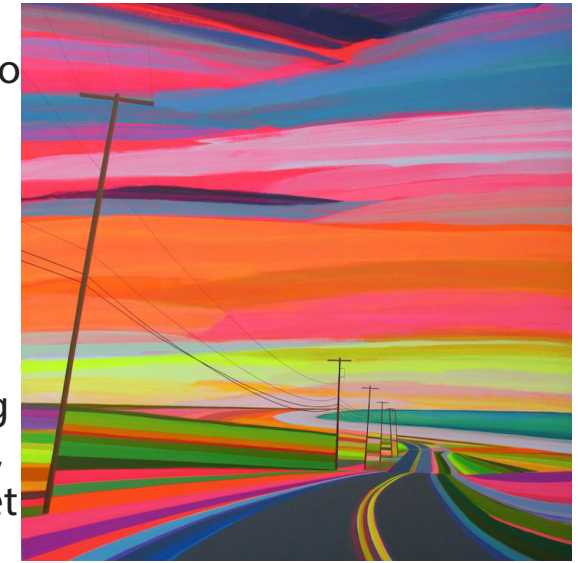
There were tears in my eyes. I never got to say goodbye to her. It was my only chance. My mind was telling me to say goodbye, but my mouth said: 'I love you.' She just stared at me with a big smile on her face. My heart was warmer than ever. I was hoping that I could stay there forever, but then, suddenly, she disappeared.

I'm not sure if I was dreaming, but those seconds, when I saw her, were the happiest moments of my life. I'll never forget this unexpected visit that made me realize that I'll never be alone.

By Tania Dumitru, 6B

A deep thought

As Iris drove along the endless road, the whole landscape changed from breathtaking to a boring, dark and dull view. Iris tried to think of something to keep her mind off the long highway, but something was stopping her, like a strong brick wall. The frightening creatures that appeared and surrounded her seemed to depress and scare her. They didn't seem too delighted to see her. All of them were frowning while walking in the long corridor. It was quiet, but it wasn't the pleasant, relaxing kind of quiet that we know, it was a weird and eerie silence.



"Uhm... h-hello!" the little girl stuttered.

No one seemed to hear her, except this one, inhumanly tall man. His cold eyes were terrifying her. He answered in a deep, creaking voice.

"You're disturbing the people, now be quiet."

"But I barely said anyth-" the man interrupted and yelled:

"Quiet! Don't you know it's against the law to speak or think?! You're not respecting any of these rules!" but Iris was way too talkative to stay quiet.

She loved talking with anyone and hated it when people asked her to stop "blabbering", as they say.

"What kind of place is a town where we can't talk or think? Is this some type of prison?"

This guy was getting on her nerves. He responded irritated.

"What does a little girl like you know?"

Iris was drowning in disappointment, yet the main question was... how could she get out of here?

After hours and hours of walking around the place, she spotted a sign saying "next train: Dictionopolis (Delayed)".

In a blink of an eye, the endless hall turned into an abandoned, old and rusty train station. On the dusty floor, there was a grey ticket.

"Maybe I will need this..", Iris thought. There were no more trains coming, so the only way out was to go by foot...

By Matilda Roşca, 5B

Infinite Horizons

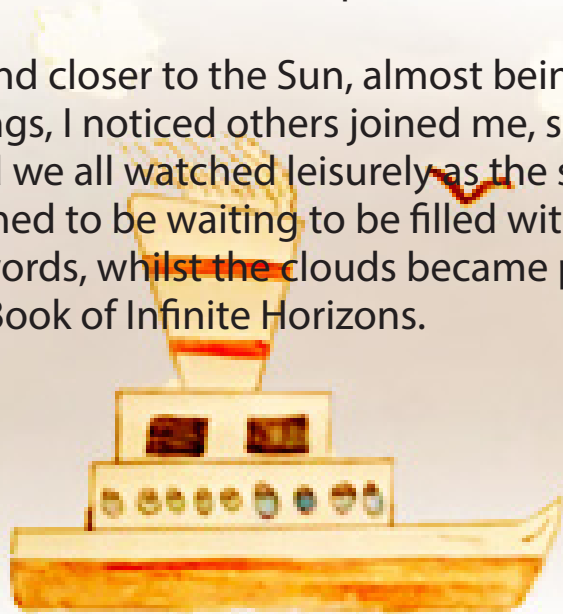
As I walked on the seashore, I noticed the wind blowing swiftly, creating a ghastly landscape, the kind one has knowledge of just by reading books presenting such occurrences, uncommon events, but there I was, walking up to a boat, by the name of 'Anchor Azure'. I'd never been out to sea, only being witness to all departures and the slightly frightening moments when the boat left the harbour, becoming a feather in the unpredictable sea's hat. The boat was a long one, mostly coloured in a faded blue and white.

I realized there weren't many seamen or sea women, just about a dozen and I held on to one of the wooden bars attached to the left of the boat, just as we were heading off to sea. The moment had come, it was time for the departure and I was both fearful and exhilarated to see all the wonders beyond the port. The waves broke into shimmering waters, reaching the shore and I was quite unhappy they did, since none of them were distinguished again.

Closing my eyes, all I could see in front of me was blackness. Opening them, I saw colours surrounding me and rapidly realized the sky was filled with exquisite hues of ginger and lavender. It was dusk and looking down at the earth, I realized I'd been embodied as a bird, a swallow, like any other, with black wings and a tender smile.

Even in mid-air, I could smell the freshly cut grass, see the townspeople heading to work, hear the rustling of the copper and golden leaves, as they were leaving the shelter of the wise trees. I'd been transported to a world where everything was possible, our imagination ruled all over and conquered lands, in order to create the vastest of empires.

As, I got closer and closer to the Sun, almost being able to reach it with my two arrow-like wings, I noticed others joined me, sparrows, flocks of jays even a few ravens and we all watched leisurely as the sky turned into a page, a blank one, that seemed to be waiting to be filled with joy and ingenuity. All of us turned into words, whilst the clouds became pictures, and the world became a novel: The Book of Infinite Horizons.



By Daria Crăciun, 5A

My adventures in the Phantom Tollbooth

One beautiful sunny morning, while the sparrows were standing on the branches of a wise tree and singing cheerfully in the sunshine, I was reading a book called "The Phantom Tollbooth". As my character, Milo entered the tollbooth, a spark of a dazzling green flashed in front of my eyes and then I realised that I was not in my own bedroom anymore. I couldn't believe my eyes! I was driving a huge red toy car, that looked exactly like the toy car Milo was driving described in the book.

Out of the blue, I heard a mysterious voice saying that I would lead the story from now on until I finished the Royal Banquet. But who's voice was it? Was it Milo's voice?

After a few minutes of testing and analysing the red car, I figured it out how it worked. I drove past The Doldrums, past endless plains until I finally reached a city. When I walked into the city, I saw that a huge crowded market was going on. But what did they sell? Then a man in a white striped T-shirt with a wizarding type hat came to me and asked:

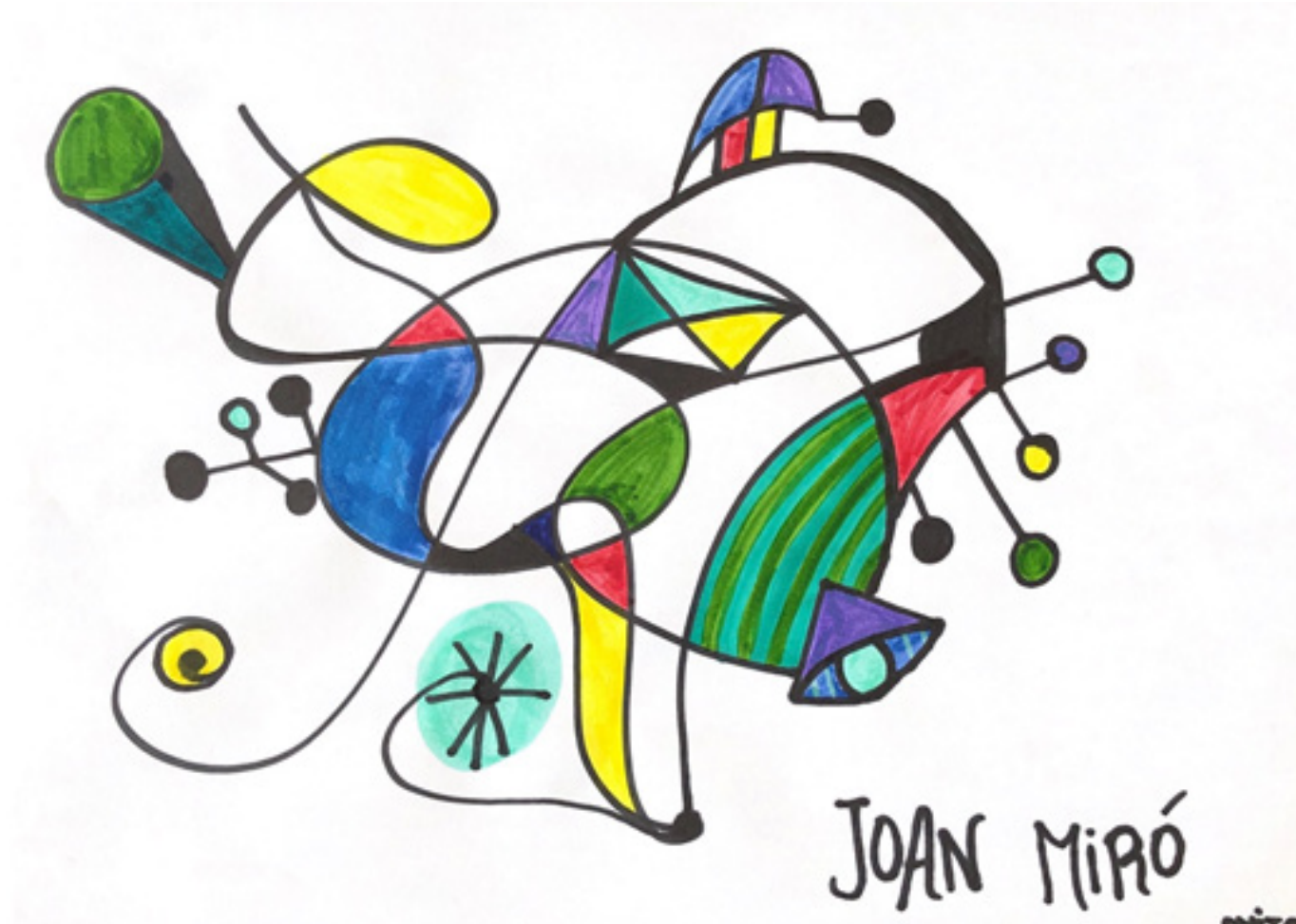
"King Azaz has been waiting for you, come to the Royal Banquet" Then he grabbed my hand and led me to an ancient looking palace, and after that, to the room where the banquet was going on. After all of this, I had a chat with King Azaz who was neither too long but nor too short, and I finally understood what was going on.

So, there were two cities. One was called Dictionopolis, and the other one was called Digitopolis. I was now in Dictionopolis, so that's why the citizens were eating letters and words, and the deserts were called Dwords, the main course was called Main Sentence, and the soups were named Whoops. After the Royal Banquet, I was back in my cosy room, reading about Milo's adventures...

Valentin Teodor Cicu, 5A



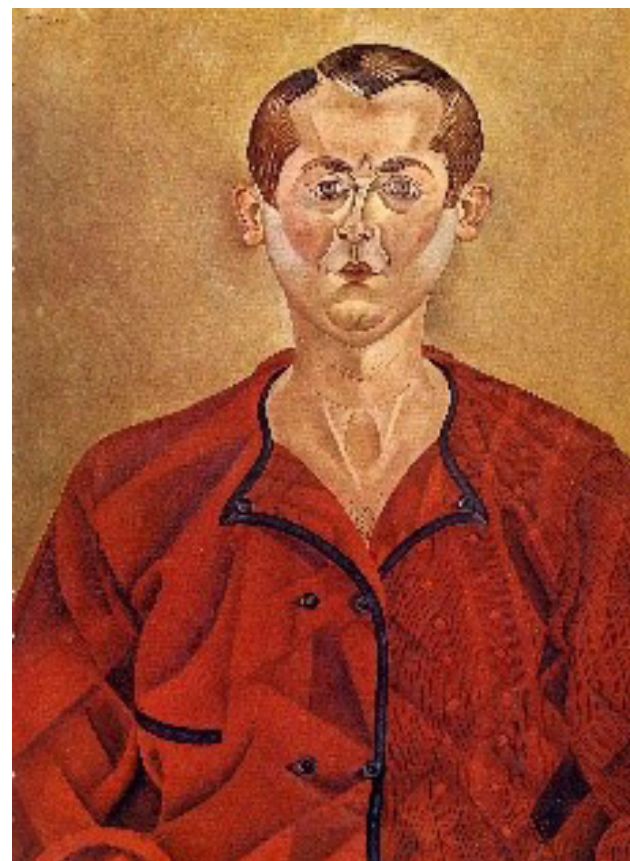
Projects



This picture was inspired by the work of the Spanish artist Joan Miro. Miro was born in 1893 and died in 1983. He was a Surrealist and an Abstract Expressionist painter.

Joan Miró i Ferrà was a painter, sculptor, and ceramicist born in Barcelona.

A museum dedicated to his work, the Fundació Joan Miró, was established in his native city of Barcelona in 1975, and another, the Fundació Pilar i Joan Miró, was established in his adoptive city of Palma de Mallorca in 1981.



Art and Design Class 6A
By Anita Panican

This coloured drawing was inspired by Katsushika Hokusai's wood print paintings. Known simply as Hokusai, Katsushika was a Japanese artist, ukiyo-e painter and printmaker. Born in Edo, Hokusai is best known as author of the woodblock print series thirty-six views of Mount Fuji which includes the internationally iconic print, The Great Wave off Kanagawa.



Art and Design Class 6B
Tania Dumitru

TOCK

- Tock is a WATCHDOG, not a watchdog like we know but a watch within a dog.
- Milo first met him in The Doldrums. Tock was always with him in the dangerous situations, which makes him a good friend.



TOCK

- He is always sniffing around to see that nobody wastes time. Tock says that time is *EXTREMELY* important.
- He is also smart. That is because he helped Milo get out of the Doldrums by telling him that if he got there by not thinking he has to start thinking to get out.



TOCK

- The dog is amiable. He always talks nice to people. Even to their new or old friends. For him, no matter the age or how long Tock knew them for, he is polite.

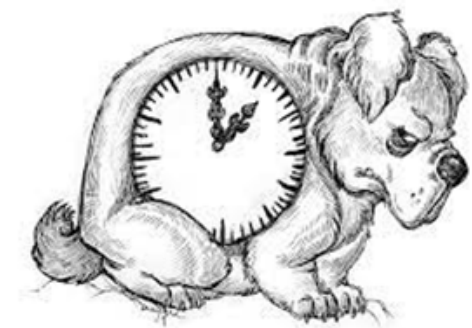


TOCK

- Tock, in my opinion is reliable because Milo trusted him with his life by hanging on his tale, and counted on him to get out of Doldrums, and the dog didn't disappoint him.
- I believe that Tock is dutiful because he won't stop until his quest is complete. He also didn't give up in the hardest situations.



THANK YOU
FOR THE
ATTENTION!



ALEC BINGS

THE ORACLE OF THE FOREST OF SIGHT

The justification of everything

Alec Bings stood out from the moment he met Milo in the Forest of Sight, and even though they met briefly, they changed each others' lives forever, as I like to think. Sometimes, it may seem like there is no rhyme and reason to anything in the world, but we learn to accept that, and make the best of everything, even if we can't fully apprehend it. Alec was able to teach Milo about the importance of life and of surroundings, changing everything in Milo's life, making it more vivid and full of colour, helping Milo comprehend how fortunate he is.

We all might meet someone to help us see things from a different angle, someone to better us, someone like Alec Bings, the boy that taught Milo that all depends on how you look at it. I hope we'll all get a chance to share our knowledge on life to someone else, since that is Alec's legacy.

Alec bings: the brilliance phenomenon

I chose to write about someone that inspired me, that taught me, that gave me something to aspire to in the Phantom Tollbooth and when asking myself who could possess all those virtues one name came to mind: Alec Bings. Alec is a brilliant lad, one that's sincere and willing to help at any given time, just like he helped Milo shape his life. One might think Alec couldn't've possibly improved everything in Milo's existence in such a short time period, but really, that matter gives us something to think about, since a few words can change everything, the way we think, the way we spend our time, the way we live and Alec changed Milo into a blithe, loving, compassionate and thoughtful young boy.

When Alec gave Milo the telescope as a gift from him to Milo, everything had even more rhyme and reason, since that was more than just a gift, it would forever remind Milo of not only his acquaintance but his friend, Alec, and help him see some matters from a different perspective.

The moral we all shall remember

Overall, looking back at everything I've written about Alec Bings so far, I realised I hadn't fully expressed my opinion, haven't really described my thankfulness for the significant lesson I learnt from Alec, the life teacher. 'Some people come in your life as blessings, and others come in your life as lessons' Mother Theresa once said and we ought to agree, since we know, deep in our own lively souls, that this particular quote couldn't be truer. We either learn something or become blither from and because of a person. That person can change our life, if only we let them and that is fully our decision.

I think Alec is a wonderful character and the moments spent with him, whether it was in the Forest of Sight, Reality or Illusions are to be forever cherished by Milo and by all of us. Never forget how much good a few simple words can do, since they can change a life ever so positively.

King Azaz

By Eduard Brinza
5A

I chose King Azaz because I really liked him.
He is smart and must have a good memory
because he must know all the words in all
languages.

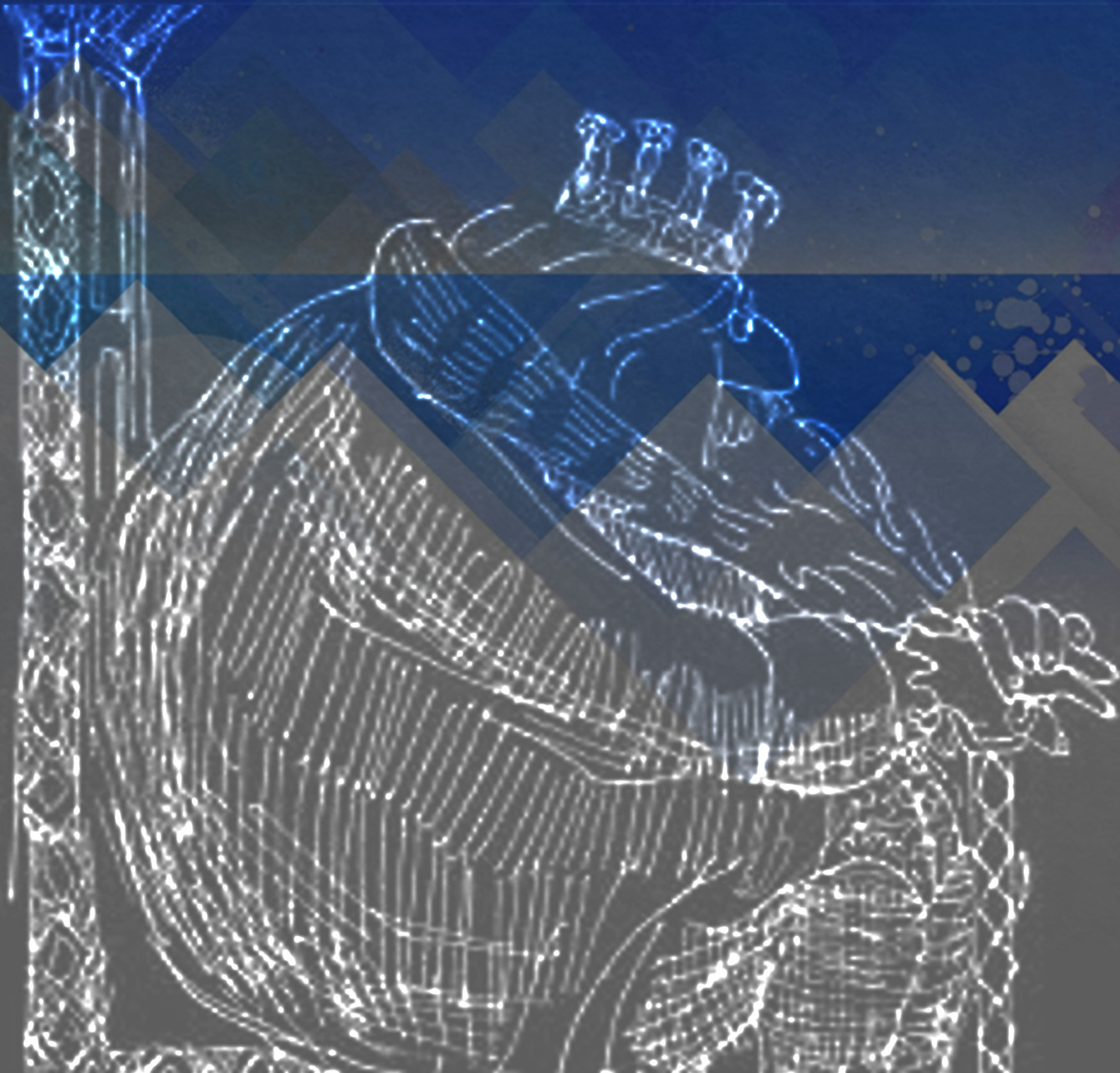
He built an entire kingdom from scratch and
made flourishing cities. I also find amusing the he
is amazingly fat.

About king Azaz

King Azaz looks old.
He has a massive beard and piercing eyes.
He wears robes with the alphabet beautifully
embroidered.
He has a ring and a small crown.

What I think about him

I think that he is a good king and even thought he was always in
conflict with the Mathemagician before Milo arrived with Rhyme and
Reason. He isnt greedy or selfish. He is friendly and welcomes guests
with greetings.



Kings and Queens

Class 4

King Henry II

Henry the 2nd was crowned in 1154. As he was very intelligent and active, he was liked by the people.

His aim was to restore England. He retook lost territories, and he destroyed castles built without permission.

But because he was not a good parent his kids plotted against him.

His wife, Elanor was very intelligent and beautiful, a spirit that matched Henry's. She was also a very brave person.

She also joined her favorite son, Richard the 1st in plotting against Henry.

He died of depression because his favorite son (John) joined Richard the 1st.

He was also tired of fighting and ruling. Henry II was born in 1133. He was the son of Matilda and he ruled as king in France, in regions of Normandy, Aquitaine, Anjou and Maine. He was the first of the Plantagenet kings.



By Matei Vasile
and Luca Iordanescu, 4B

King Stephen

King Stephen was born in 1092 or 1096 and died on 25 October 1154. Before being the King of England he was Count of Boulogne and Duke of Normandy. His reign was marked by the Anarchy, a civil war with his cousin and rival, the Empress Matilda, whose son, Henry II, succeeded Stephen as the first of the Angevin kings of England.

The early years of Stephen's reign were largely successful, despite a series of attacks on his possessions in England and Normandy by David I of Scotland, Welsh rebels, and the Empress Matilda's husband Geoffrey Plantagenet, Count of Anjou. In 1138, the Empress's half-brother Robert of Gloucester rebelled against Stephen, threatening civil war. Together with his close advisor, Waleran de Beaumont, Stephen took firm steps to defend his rule, including arresting a powerful family of bishops.

When the Empress and Robert invaded in 1139, Stephen was unable to crush the revolt rapidly, and it took hold in the south-west of England. Captured at the battle of Lincoln in 1141, he was abandoned by many of his followers and lost control of Normandy. He was freed only after his wife and William of Ypres, one of his military commanders, captured Robert at the Rout of Winchester, but the war dragged on for many years with neither side able to win an advantage.

Stephen wanted to ensure that his son will become the king after his death, but the Church refused. Henry the son of Empress Matilda also wanted the throne. The armies of Stephen and Henry met for a battle, but neither were keen to fight. Stephen's son died and recognized Henry as his heir.



By Rus Vlad
and Sofia Hagiescu

QUEEN MARY I

Mary I was born in 1516 and ruled from 1553 to 1558 when she died. She was the daughter of Henry VIII and Catherine of Aragon. She married Philip, the Catholic heir to the throne of Spain. She was known as "Bloody Mary" because she killed and burnt a lot of people because of their religions.

The people were not happy with her, because she wanted to re-establish the Catholic Church, for she was a Catholic as her mother. This led to rebellions against it, and Mary earned her nickname for persecuting the protestants. In 1557 Mary and her husband, Philip, went to war against France, and in 1558 the French won Calais, the last territories that was in the rule of England.

Mary died brokenhearted because she liked ruling in France. Her wishes were not met, because she wanted a French territory to be under England's commend. Elizabeth, her half-sister, became queen after her death.

By Ana Draghici,
Ana Iancu and Mia Olaru,



King Ethelred II

King Ethelred was born in 968. He died in 1016. He was the 10-year-old brother of Edward. King Edgar was his father. Ethelred ruled from 978 to 1013, from 1013 he made a one year pause and in 1014 he ruled again until 1016.

He was known because he was unready. Ethelred died of natural causes. He left the kingdom to Cnut, a Danish prince.

By Matei Gheorghe
and Vlad Balaban,

Queen Anne of Great Britain

Anne was born in 1665 and died in 1714. She was the daughter of James II. She ruled from 1702-1714.

Anne was a friend with General John Churchill, and she was cousin to Sophia of Celle.

She had 19 pregnancies and lost 17 babies.

Anne did not like politics and loved drinking tea.

The people felt that she could make miracles.

She died because of illness. Anne left the kingdom to George I.

By Sofia Tenea , Miruna Ponoran
and Lea Cheillan 4B



King Alfred The Great

Alfred was born in 849 and died in 899. He ruled from 871 to 899.

Alfred was the youngest of five warrior sons of Ethelwulf, the Saxon King of Wessex.

He fought many battles against the Danish Vikings, he fortified the kingdom of Wessex, formed an army, organized an army, built burhs to protect the villages and he translated books from Latin to English.

He made a collection of laws to govern the kingdom and became known as The Great.

Alfred was also known for creating The Alfred jewel used to point to words when reading.

He died of unknown causes and was succeeded by his son Edward the Elder.



By Niculescu Alexandru and Ana Iancu, 4A



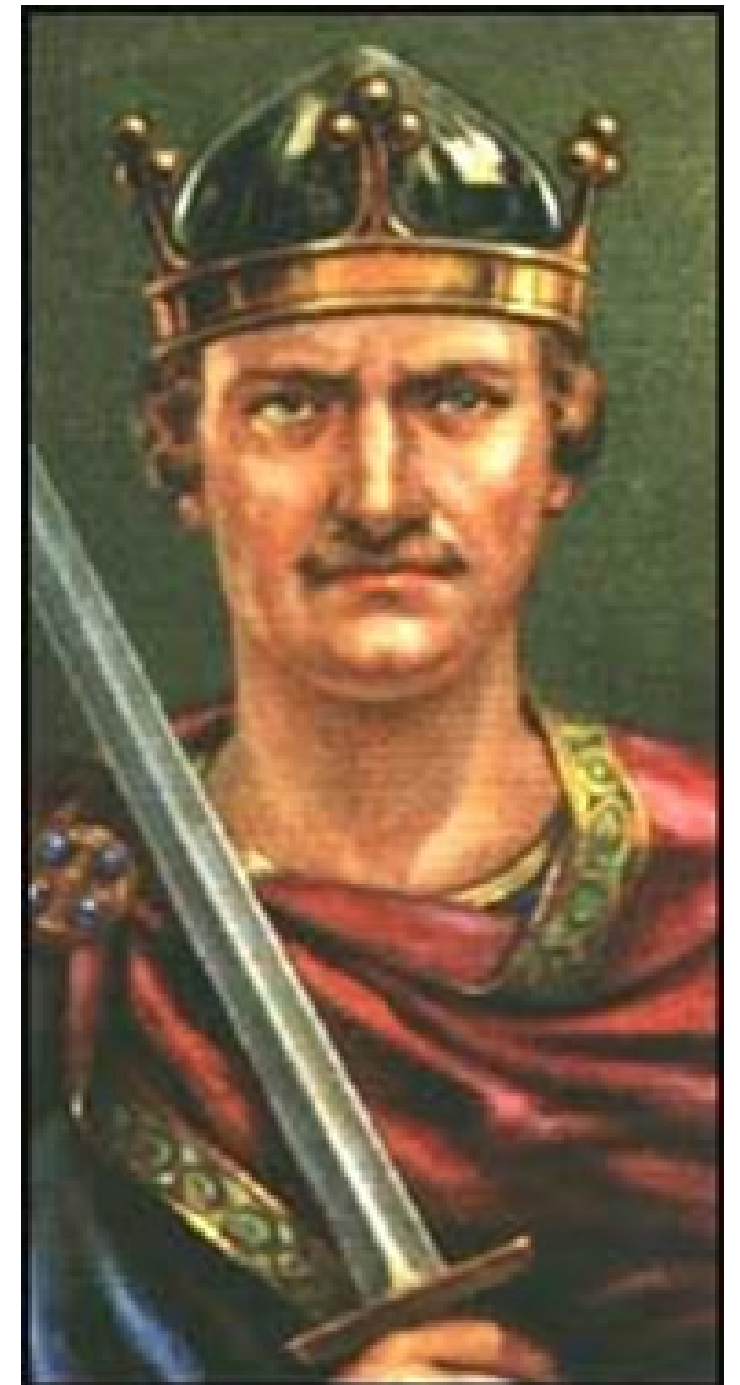
King William II

William II of England was crowned in 1056, he was the third son of William the Conqueror and Matilda of Flanders. He was king of England from 1087 until 1100. William was a harsh ruler and was not liked. He did not have a wife or any children. He died in 1100 in the New Forest when he was shot by an arrow while hunting with his brother-in-law, Walter Tyrel and other friends.

Many Norman barons in England wanted England and Normandy to remain under one ruler. Shortly after Rufus (as he was commonly known) succeeded to the throne, they conspired to overthrow him in favor of Robert, his brother. Led by the Conqueror's half-brother, Odo of Bayeux, Earl of Kent, they raised rebellions in eastern England in 1088.

Rufus aroused the wrath of the English church because of his practice of selling church offices or keeping them unoccupied so that he might take their revenue for himself.

Once when he fell sick and thought he was dying, he vowed to change his ways and fill the archbishopric of Canterbury, which he had kept vacant for four years. His choice fell on Anselm, Abbot of Bec in Normandy, who was the greatest theologian of the age.



Quiz Time!

- How did William die?
- Who was his father?
- Who tried to overthrow him?

By Carla Damaschin and Luca Moldovan, 4A

Character profile

NAME RADU TALEA

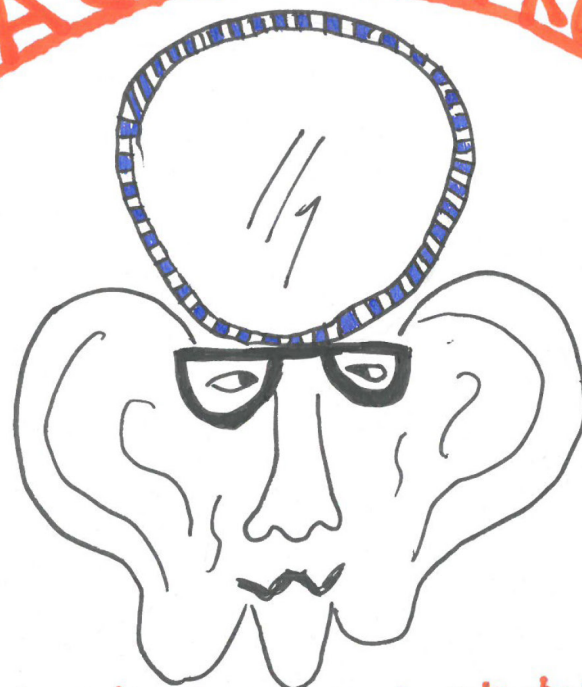
CLASS IB

BNC

His journey through the BOOK

• Kakofonus A. Dischord Doctor of Dissonance is a doctor that first appeared when the three characters Milo, FOK, and the humbug found his wagon. He invited them in his wagon and they start taking. He has almost all the bad sounds that no one else liked. He had a friend called DYNNE and he was made out of smog. His journey ended when Milo returned home.

CHARACTER PROFILE



KAKOFONUS A. DISCHORD
DOCTOR OF
DISSONANCE

Physical and Moral portrait

KAKOFONUS A. DISCHORD DOCTOR OF DISSONANCE had big ears, with a big mirror on his forehead. he was very noisy and he had hear strange things

Why I chose this character

I chose Kakofonus A. Dischord Doctor of Dissonance because I think that he is a very interesting character that has a lot of good powers. I also think that he is a model because he can make you respect even the worst sounds you have ever heard.

AS LOUD
AS POSSIBLE

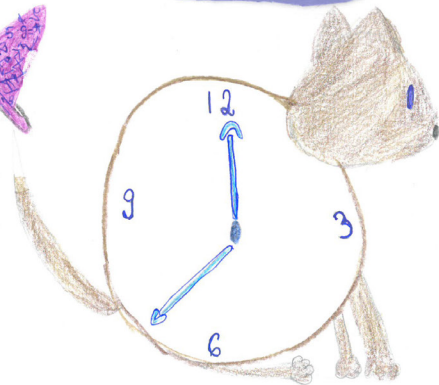
Name Sofia
Class VB
Subject BNC



Tock is a watchdog. Milo is his best friend. He had a family, but unfortunately he was given a wrong name with regard to his brother. He went through Dictionopolis which is the land of words. Tock met there a witch that wasn't a witch she was a witch. The witch had been in prison for a long time and she can't be released until Rhyme and Reason returned from the castle in the air. Then he met Azaaz the king of Dictionopolis and ask him if he could return Rhyme and Reason. And the answer was Yes! That he went to Digitopolis where the brother Mathematician which were the brother very polite. The have received them very polite. The Mathematician show them the biggest number and it was the largest number. Then Milo asked if he agreed with his brother to release Rhyme and Reason from the castle in the air and he did not agree. Tock insisted and managed Tock and Milo released Rhyme and Reason and the peace showed again.

Tock have found a lot of Milo and Milo had found a lot of Tock. Tock is the watchdog that have a friend named Milo how is in the book the second character. Tock is dog that can tock and have feelings and I think that is the best character in this book. Tock have a good heart and he is the second brother of his family. Tock helps Milo to realize that the word in school or at home is wonderful if you look at it with attention. Tock have found to be a friend with Milo.

Tock is a watchdog. He has a huge clock in his belly. He does this by describing to Milo how people think time works in the Lands Beyond. Once there was no time at all and people found it very inconvenient. They never knew whether they were eating lunch or dinner and they were always missing trains. So time was invented to help them keep track of the day and get places where they should.



BNC
5B

CHARACTER PROFILE

Filip ROSCA

The journey of Milo

Milo, an 11 year old boy was very bored and didn't actually see the sense in anything. He didn't understand why he went to school and also he never wanted to be where he was. Throughout the book Milo changed a lot, and is mean by change. The way he saw things. First he met the Lethargarians and after that he went in Dictionopolis where he heard about Rhyme and Reason. His biggest adventure was when they travelled through the Mountains of Ignorance.



MILO

Milo's portrait

Milo was a mid-sized kid with brown hair and brown eyes. He is a bit afraid but he also has a lot of courage when he needs it.

Why I chose him?
I chose Milo because I think that his journey was very nice. At first he didn't have any motivation and at the end he liked school a lot. He made amazing friends like the Humbug, Tock, or even Azaaz, the king of Dictionopolis.

Mahila Rosca
5B

CHARACTER Profile

BNC

1) Alec Bing's journey through the book

Alec Bing met Milo, Tock and the Humbug just as they left Dictionopolis. He gave them a loooong speech about point of views. Later on, when the three friends couldn't find their way out of a strange neighbour hood, he told them all about Reality, the city that got forgotten because people stopped paying attention to it. After that, Alec shows the group how people played the sunset and meet Chroma the Great. That's when Alec Bing took his leave and Milo went on with his journey to save Rhyme and Reason.



2) Why did I choose Alec?

He's a side character. I find them really interesting. It's a challenge to find information, and that's why it's great! As weird as Alec is, he's a very interesting character.

Alec Bing's portrait

Alec Bing is a kid that grew down. I know, it sounds weird, but he was born with his head in the air! He wears brown, polished shoes and a nice black hat. He's quite philosophical and tends to talk about really weird things.

Alma
5B

CHARACTER PROFILE



Lethargarians weren't aloud to think. They lived in the dol-drums where nothing ever happens. When Milo got in the dol-drums all the Lethargarians were mad at him because he kept breaking the rules and ruining their "sleep schedule". They were also very frightend of the "watch dog". With the watch dogs help, Milo got out of the dol-drums.

AA
LETHARGARIENS

Bored!

I chose these characters because I think they are really intresting and I would like to know more about them. Although they seem and are very boring I think that there is a lot if they appeared in the story more it wo they would be very fun.

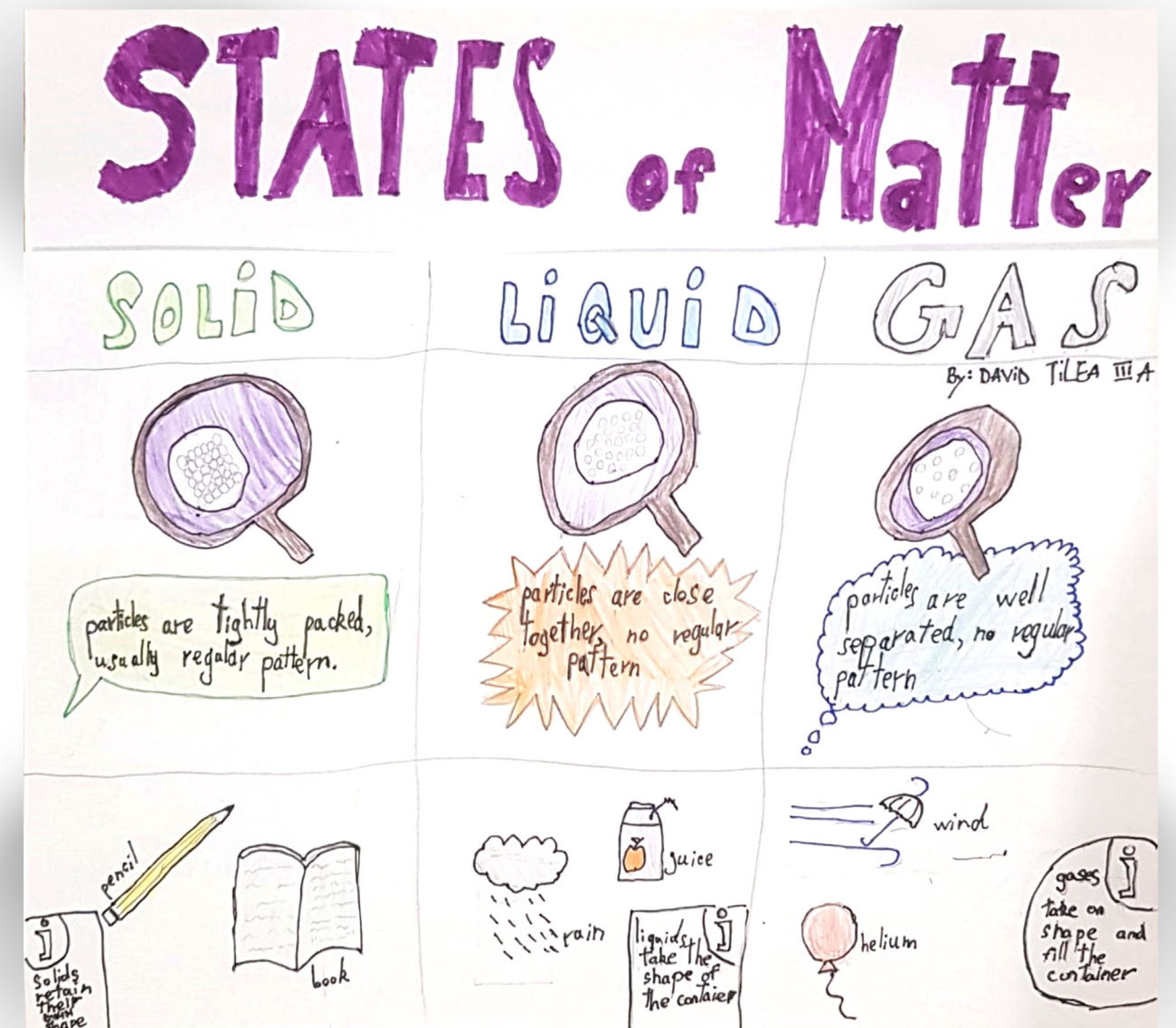
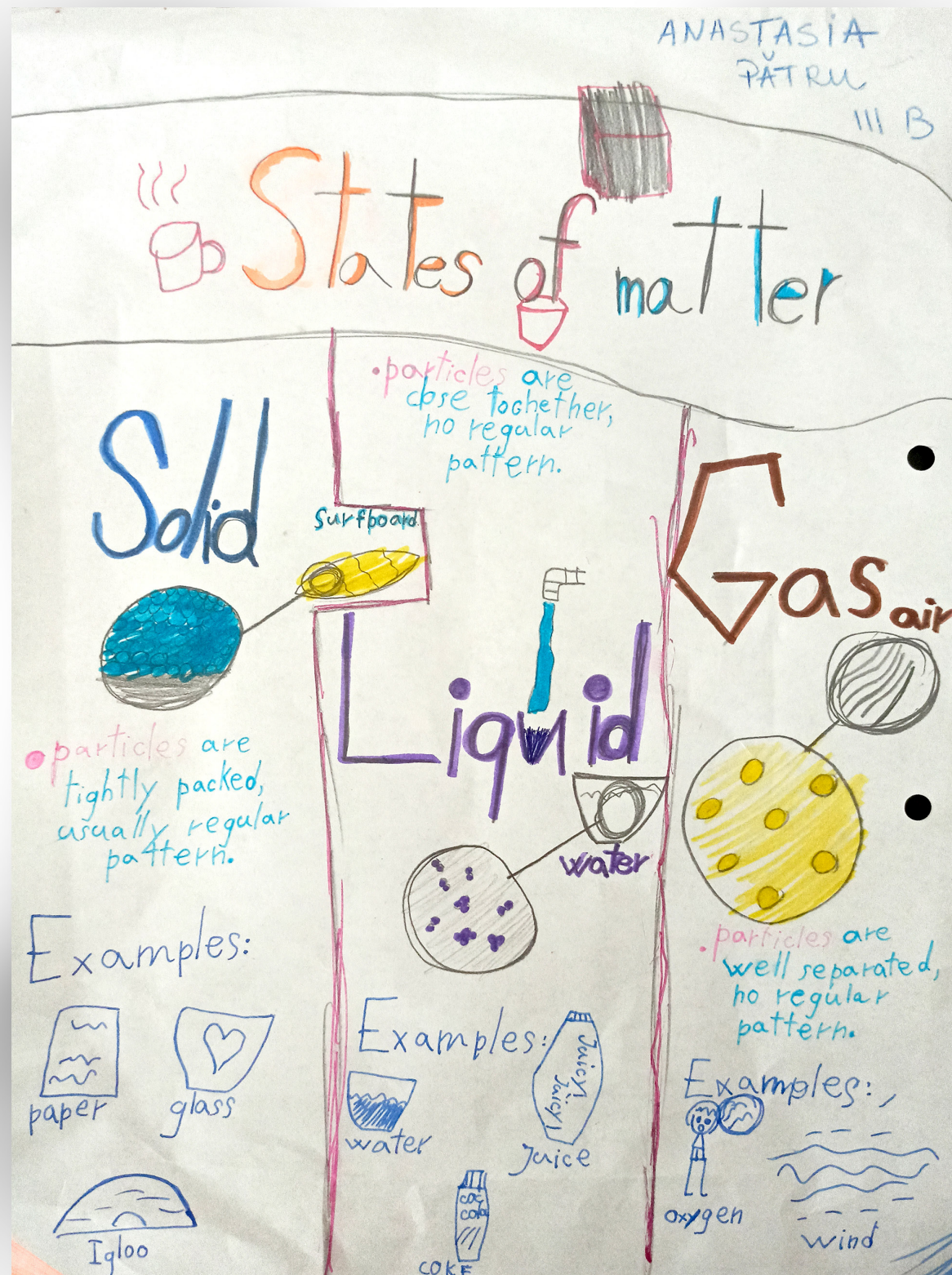


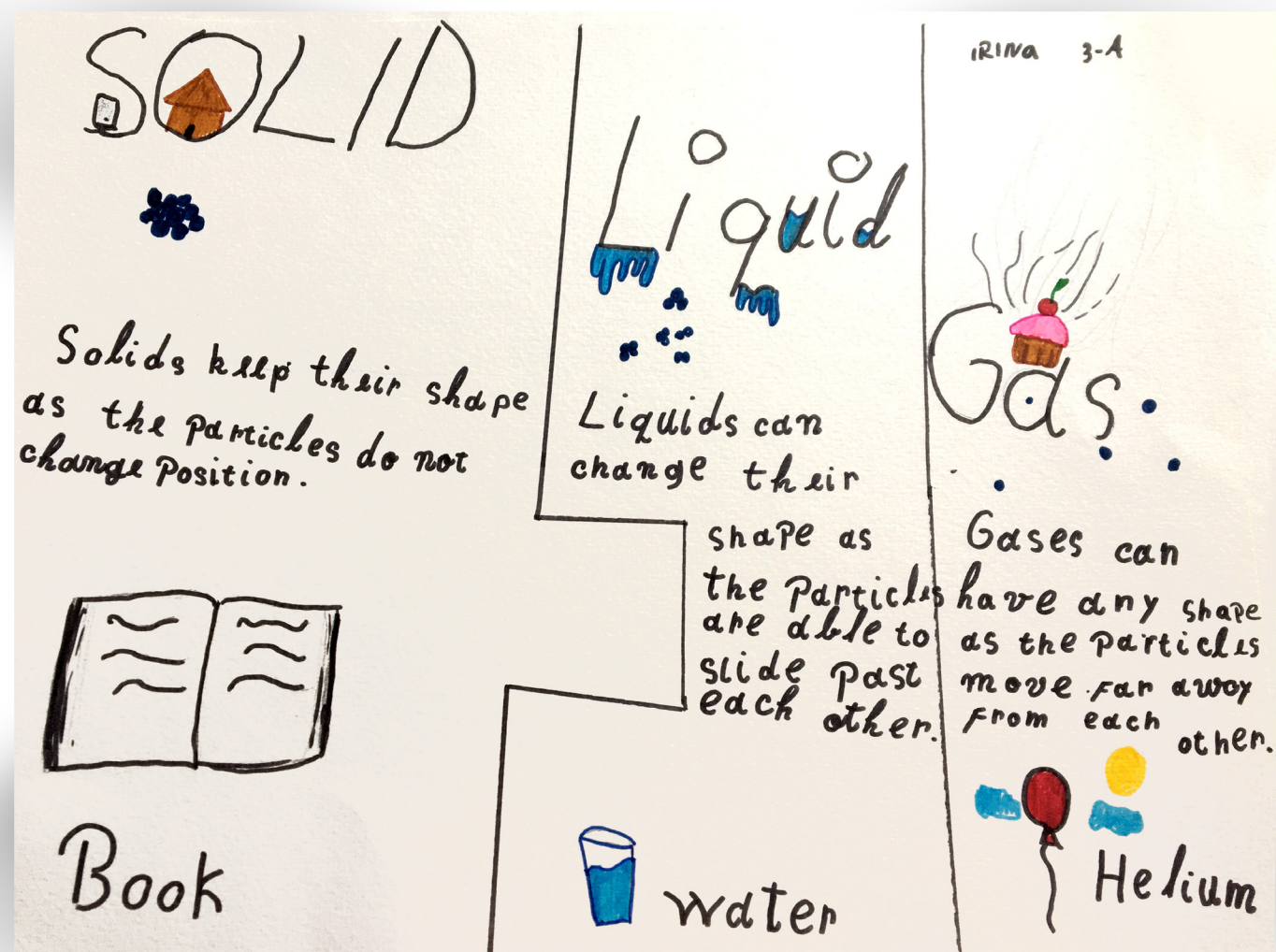
Lethargarians all look alike. They turn into the color they are touching. For example if they are touching a green plant they turn green. When you see one you can tell they are always tired and grumpy. Although they are very tiny in size I think they are adorable.



Grumpy!!!

Science projects





Stories

Becoming a vegetarian: The Best or Worst Idea?

Becoming a vegetarian is more and more popular, particularly because of the harm that some people believe meat can cause to the body. However, I strongly believe that it is not necessary for everybody to be a vegetarian. Vegetarians believe that meat is unhealthy because of the diseases it has been related to.

There has been substantial research to suggest that red meat is particularly bad, and that consumption should be limited to eating it just a few times a week to avoid such things as cancer. Meats can also be high in saturated fats, so they have been linked to health problems such as cardiovascular disease and diabetes.

Nevertheless, there are strong arguments for eating meat. The first reason is that as humans we are designed to eat meat, which suggests it is not unhealthy, and we have been eating meat for thousands of years. For example, ancient humans made hunting implements so that they could kill animals and eat their meat. Secondly, meat is a rich source of protein which helps to build muscles and bones. Vegetarians often must take supplements to get all the essential vitamins and minerals. Finally, it may be the case that too much meat is harmful, but we can easily limit the amount we have without having to cut it out of our diet completely.

To sum up, I do not agree that everyone should turn to a vegetarian diet. Although the over - consumption of meat could possibly be unhealthy, a balanced diet of meat and vegetables should result in a healthy body.



The Popularity of Cycling

Cycling, also known as biking, is a popular leisure activity and, in many cases, a means of transportation. In 2016, around 12.4 percent of Americans cycled on a regular basis. The number of cyclists in the U.S. has increased over the past three years from around 43 million to 47.5 million in 2017. Cycling can help to protect you from serious diseases such as stroke, heart attack, some cancers, depression, diabetes, obesity, and arthritis. To be fit and healthy you need to be physically active. Riding your bicycle regularly is one of the best ways to reduce your risk of health problems associated with a sedentary lifestyle.

Bicycle riding is, a low-impact exercise that can be enjoyed by people of all ages, from young children to older adults. It is also fun, cheap, and good for the environment. The health benefits of regular cycling include increased cardiovascular fitness increased muscle strength and flexibility, improved joint mobility, decreased stress levels, improved posture, and coordination, strengthened bones, decreased body fat levels, prevention or management of other diseases, cardio activity, reduced level of anxiety and depression.

Riding a bike is also a fun way to spend time with your friends. You can go around the city and take photos. It is also an easy way of getting from one place to another in short time. There are some cities in the world that have built a strong infrastructure to enable cycling as a common transport method. For example, Copenhagen and Amsterdam.

The bike sharing system is also a solution for anyone who cannot carry their bike around or do not have one. Many bike-share systems allow people to rent a bike from a "dock" and return it at another dock belonging to the same system.

Docks are special bike racks that lock the bike and only release it by computer control. The user enters payment information, and the computer unlocks a bike. The user returns the bike by placing it in the dock, which locks it in place. A primary goal of bicycle-sharing systems has been to reduce traffic congestion, particularly in large urban areas. There has been a huge increase in the usage of bike-share programs in the last two years.

If more people would start to cycle at least for short distances, few times per week and would stop using the car for trip less than four kilometers, not only their mood would improve, but the environment would be happier, too.



AN UNEXPECTED FRIENDSHIP

It was a tempestuous, awful morning. The thunder was painfully yelling. The heavy water drops were violently smiting me, while I was trying to spot the place where the impotent cry came from. My clothes were all soggy and my shoes started squeaking annoyingly. At last, I heard it again. Its sharp but calming voice seemed to be calling me. I went towards it and froze. I had never seen anything as pure and innocent as this before.

Behind a rotten, filthy garbage can it laid there, powerless. It was worn out. Its eyes were sore. Its fur stank as if it had never been cleaned and its paws were wounded. Surprisingly, behind all that mess, it was beautiful. This harmless, stray puppy was waiting for Heaven's doors to open. Pitifully, I put it into my wet but spacious bag and took it home.

A couple of minutes later, we got inside. She was still shivering, even though she wasn't cold anymore. She was terrified. You could easily see on her tiny face that she had been mistreated. So I tried to pat her, and it happened- she relaxed. Then she was slowly starting to get used to me, to being in a home. After some days, maybe weeks of trying to tame her, she was no longer a frightened and miserable dog. She became something else- my best friend, Faith.



By Sandu Carla, 6B

My alien friend Bob

With every step going deeper into the attic the creaking of the floor got louder and louder. Outside there was a huge storm like nothing you had seen and I had been left home alone. While scattering through the attic I found behind my old toys the start of an unbelievable story. An injured alien was hiding in my attic.

I thought it was a dream so I touched him. At that moment he woke up next to a scared little boy. I tried talking to him but we wouldn't connect. I tried to treat his injuries but he wouldn't get any better. As I heard my parents opening the front door I rushed down trying to act as natural as possible. After everyone was sound asleep I tiptoed until the alien and out of the blue the name Bob popped up in my head. When I got to Bob his injuries had healed, which surprised me. The next moment a robot arm came through the window and abducted Bob. I ran immediately outside in backyard where I found a spaceship was parked there. My only chance to get in was when the guards were changing, I waited and waited but in the end I did get in.

While sneaking around the spaceship I found a sign on door which said: Specimen room, so I entered. I found Bob in a glass room. I somehow broke the glass and we successfully escaped. Bob went back on his planet with his own kind.

Tufan Darius, 6A

Last goodbye

Let me start this story by saying that I haven't been sure up to this day whether it was a dream or not. But it all started last January, when my parents bought me an unexpected gift. I had always wanted a pet turtle and to my biggest surprise, they finally got me one! He was this beautiful emerald green. So, I named him Cheddar. We had so much fun together and loved him so much! Until one day, when he died unexpectedly.

I remember being really sad, I used to cry every night. So, one day I decided to go for a walk through the forest, to clear my head. I could hear the birds singing their afternoon song. The sun was almost setting. But suddenly, my vision's gone black. I woke up on the wet grass, and I saw something in front of me. I could faintly see. After a few seconds I realized what it was and I COULD NOT BELIEVE MY EYES! It was actually my turtle! But then I felt like I was falling into a deep sleep.

Finally, the next day, I awoke in my squeaky bed again. I am not sure what happened to me that mysterious night. But it was great seeing Cheddar again!

Daira Mate, 6B

Back from the dead

It was a dark night and I was heading to the Forbidden Forrest. The rain was leaning down the tall trees and my wet hair and robe were making it harder to walk. The peculiar glowing spot I had found on the Marauders Map that day kept changing its place.

I was being foolish, I was mad, my mind didn't work right. The magical map showed the name Scorpius Malfoy right behind me. I suddenly turned around, a pale, sharp face, with grey-silver eyes and white-blond hair was staring at me. "What do you think you're doing?" he asked scared? "You know very well what I'm doing!" I never meant to be so harsh, but he deserved it. Suddenly we heard a loud noise that gave us goosebumps. Up, in the highest tree of the forest there was a paper-white face, with black hair and sharp yellow teeth. "Hello, beautiful!" he said in a broken voice. We ran. It couldn't be, it was not real. He was supposed to be dead. I screamed "YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE IMPRISONED!". He laughed, a strong laughter followed by a strong coughing session. I felt his long nails scratching my back and his cold breath in the back of my neck. Scorpius shouted something, but I was too spooked out to hear. We ran faster and I blasted a spell on him.

We got out of the forest and I saw a familiar red hair, the same as mine. It was Jupiter. "What were you thinking? You had seen him on the map, hadn't you? I already know! Squall's back! He said in a grave voice.

I felt the fear and adrenaline drain from my body and finally felt tired. I was going to sleep, but I knew I had to be questioned first.

Alexandru Carla, 6A



Good bye mom

I wasn't sure what it was. It was curled up, cold and shivering, in the corner of the street. I wanted to save him, but I already been late for dinner which was bad enough, but showing up with a strange creature at the doorstep would be way worse.

I slowly ducked down with my hand spread forward to pick him up, trying to show him I was safe. The poor thing was so scared. He was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen in my life.

You couldn't imagine. He was a combination of a lion and a dog with golden yellow eyes and sore paws. I kept him in my arms close to my chest and took off on my bike. He was kicking and scratching me, scared of everything so I left him in my bike basket.

'Stay here' I told him as I went in the market to get him something to eat.

"This is crazy" I thought to my self, as I walked down every meat aisle I can find.

I thought of a name for him. It immediately stroke my mind. "Lucky".

As I went outside I saw the whole street crowded with creatures just like him. Lions, tigers, birds all of them everywhere.

'Cant people see you?' I asked

'Oh no. Only people with kind hearts like yours can come across one of us.' A majestic lion explained as he bowed down showing me that I can ride him.

We took off. We were heading towards a beautiful gate with pink and red roses all over it, bright lights were blinding me. I heard voices. Crying voices. Suddenly I heard my self saying: "good bye mom. Thank you for everything. I will never forget you!"

Remember you have one life, cherish it

Maya Prediger-6B



An unexpected day

It was a usual Monday. The house was trembling because the heavy rain was dripping angrily on the rooftop. I was in my room, trying to fix a broken toy. It was Amber's toy. A tear ran down my soft cheek. I was extremely mad. I threw the toy against the wall and it crumbled on the floor. I was cleaning my brown desk when Susan came in my room. When she opened the door like a thunder, I already knew what was going to happen.

"What's going on here?" She mumbled, having the dumbest face on Earth. I hated Susan a lot. She was my babysitter, who would gossip all day long with other boring mothers from my street. She is the type of person that does not care for you but gets the money. I tried to talk to her a couple of times about my personal stuff and family, but she just nodded, while looking at TV and chewing gum, so I decided it's just a waste of time.

"It's not like if I tell you, you will care." I said, having an enormous regret.

"You don't mess with me, foolish girl. Now what's going on here?". She raised her voice. It was driving me crazy.

"Nothing. Go away! Seriously! I don't need you!" I shouted and slammed my old door. I threw my last memory of Amber on the window. Her matching necklace. Then I heard someone knock angrily on the door.

"Leave me alone, Susan." I screamed.

The knocking continued. I rushed at the door and opened it like a tornado. My whole face was going red but when I looked at the person in front of me, I froze. I stood there, staring. It was impossible. I started crying. I fell on the floor and closed my eyes. "It can't be you." I murmured. "It sure is. Emma, don't you believe me?" she said happily.

"I must be dreaming." I said after a long and awful silence.

She reached my hand and pat my shoulder. She lifted up my chin and smiled like an angel. I hugged her very tight. I didn't want to lose her ever again. She was real. It was Amber for sure! My sister was home! My same big sister that went missing last year. I started screaming of joy. We started dancing around my room and I couldn't let go of her. I didn't want the hug to end. I felt her tears dripping on my hand. I looked at her and I saw how filthy she was.

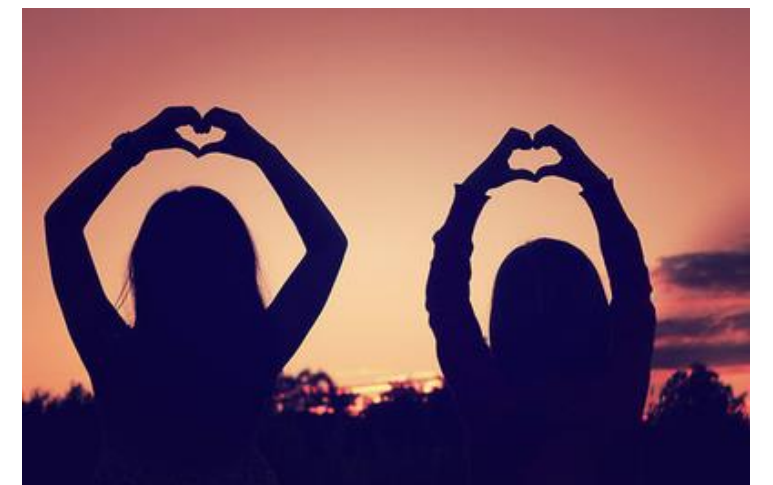
"Promise me something." I said quietly.

"What is it, Emma?" she said softly.

"Promise me that you will never run away again." I said, remembering the awful moments when we all used to cry and when we went searching for her, day and night.

"I promise. I really do."

Anita Panican, 6B



How I Had an Exciting Adventure

It all started when my friend Milo disappeared. One day, Milo invited me to his house to see something. It was a toy tollbooth, or so it seemed. I got in a car with my friend and it magically started moving. I almost got out of the small car through an attempted roll over! The flash was so bright that my eyes were hurting making me have illusions when I closed them.

When I opened them I was in a vast grassland with a few houses in the distance. Here was Expectations. Milo told me to reach Digitopolis immediately. So we speeded up and headed towards Digitopolis. I didn't know what was that village, city or place. Milo told me it was the city of numbers.

That's when we met the Mathemagician. Then, we went towards the Mountains of Ignorance. I told him

it would be better if we turned around or brought a kind of weapon. He told me these weren't normal demons. One demon that we met was the Demon of Distrust.

"Hello kids, said the demon, are you lost?" the demon asked

"No, thank you! I said with an angry voice.

"I'm the Demon of Distrust."

"Even more reasons not to trust you!" I said.

And so we went further and further away. I don't know what was so terrifying except for their appearance sometimes. Milo told me how he had some slight problems in this area. Then came the Demon of Disagreeing.

"May I ask who you are?" I said..

"I'm the Demon of Disagreeing."

"Why do you stay here?" asked Milo.

"I disagree, I don't stay here, I stay there!" and moved slightly to the right and pointed to the place he was before.

"But you still agree that you will disagree." I said. And the demon ran away crying.

And so we reached the ruins of the Castel in the Air, making the demons cry in their deepest parts of their soul, if they had one.

Edi Branza, 5A



THE STRANGE LADY

Growing up, I've always wanted to jog late at night, something about it seemed really cool to me. The sun was setting down when my mom finally agreed. I had never been so excited before!

My plan was to run two miles, but somehow I've manage to get in a horrifying place. It was an abandoned city with a massive forest at the end of it. The houses looked like they were taken from a horror movie.

As I was thinking how to get back home, I could hear a strange voice coming from the woods. Terrified, I decided to go there. I don't know what was going trough my head, but I did a terrible mistake and not long after, I found myself standing in front of a silhouette. It was an old lady with remarkably long curls and dirty clothes.

Out of nowhere, she started running towards me. My heart thudded and thundered as she was approaching. All I could do was to shut my eyes close and start sprinting towards where I came from. At that moment, I had a gut felling that I was running for my life.

Eventually, the sound of the footsteps started to slowly fade away and after I made sure that she was gone for good, I started to look around me. The place was extremely familiar and just after I heard my mom screaming my name, I knew where I was.

Desperately, my mom began to hug me and yell at me at the same time. She asked me what had happened, but I never had the courage to tell her what I saw. Maybe it was just my imagination?

Eva Iancu 6A



The Remote Control

It was a quiet night of summer and the stars were sparkling. It looked as if they were trying to say that a great adventure was about to start. I couldn't stop thinking about a man from the park holding a remote with one button saying that we could travel to other planets. I usually don't believe in stuff like this.

However, this was different. A part of me still believed in it and I couldn't stop thinking about it although I was trying.

After a while, I fell asleep. I had a really weird dream about that man. I was standing in front of him. The man wasn't talking but I could still hear a voice telling me to take that remote. The moment I touched it, I woke up with my friend Tom on a big field with purple grass. In front of us, there was a big purple circle. Above it there was a small poster which was saying to enter. So, we entered and it took us to a room where there was a robot saying "Please click the remote button."

After that it took Tom and I into a palace. There was tea man I took the remote from but he looked like a king. "Well done! You can use whenever you want to the remote and come to my planets and borrow different things. We went back home and we were confused but happy. From that moment on, we borrowed a lot of things from different planets .

Eric Berdila, 5A



RUN FOR YOUR LIFE

One weekend i went skiing with my family and some friends. The cabin was pretty cozy and next to the slopes. The weather was fine,as you would expect it at the mountains. Everything had been alright until one afternoon. I decided to go alone on the top of the mountain.

You wouldn't guess what happened to me!

So I arrived at the slope and took the chairlift to the top of the mountain. But once I was on the top I saw a dark cave. Needless to say, my curious self decided to go and explore it.

When I got closer to the entrance, an enormous furry monster jumped out. He had big sparkly red eyes and long tangled black fur. I put my skis on and started skiing as fast as I could back to the cabin. Suddenly, I slip on a frozen bit of snow and the terrifying monster almost grabs me by my jacket.

Immediately after I got to the bottom of the mountain, I noticed that I finally lost that weird creature. In the end I returned to the cabin and had a cup of hot chocolate while I told this crazy story to my family and friends. It was an unexpected encounter!



Catinca Ioana Scumpu-
6B

Milo, the fighting boy

Milo was a happy and active boy who lived in London. He was a poor kid which was fighting for survival on the dangerous but in the same time breathtaking streets of London in the 1980's. It was hard to live in those days without money and food, but look that he could without even being depressed or stressed of the situation in which he was at that moment.

One day he thought that he should be famous and went through countryside to save the two forgotten politician brothers named Rhyme and Reason. They were once appreciated people that were also fair with population and their rights. But some bad people decided to throw them in prison. Milo went at his friends and together managed to kill the bad guys and managed to get the brothers out of prison. From that day Milo was no more a street boy but a famous and youngest ever politician, living a luxury lifestyle thanks to Rhyme and Reason and to his fighting attitude.



By Filip Rosca, 5B

An awful Day

It was the second of September and I was at the countryside with my family and some friends, and I was preparing to go on a trip with my dad and some of the boys there.

We got our bicycles and got going, we were heading to a town named Veseud, I was the second in the row, my dad was the first. It was a beautiful countryside road, the sights were magnificent. I was trying to keep my eyes on the street, but it was quite hard. I even saw a fox and some wild pigs, that were crossing the road. After about 45 minutes we got to Veseud, and we took a break there, but we were interrupted by the clouds that were forming on the sky.

We started our journey back and we tried to go as fast as we could, so it wouldn't start to rain. But we weren't lucky enough, the heavy rain was pouring rapidly on the ground. We started to look for a place where we could be safe from the hail that was starting to form. We found a barn where we could stay. I called my dad so he can come and pick us up with our car, he was here in about 15 minutes, and we all got in the car and thanked him for retrieving us from the hail storm.

We got home and changed ourselves with a new pair of clothes. I was very happy that nothing had happened to me.

Petrisor Luca 8A

Poetry Response

My favorite poem is 'The Listeners' by Walter de la Mare. The storyline is about a traveler who knocks "on the moonlight door" waiting for someone to answer, but no one does. Instead, the "phantom listeners" hear the loneliness in his voice and decide not to let him in.

This represents a beautiful metaphor about that point where you feel you can't handle life anymore and you call the moon to take you.

But something is holding you back, your conscience. It is telling you that is not your time to go. And you need to get through that moment and find the light that will guide you towards a new beginning.

By Teodora Sava 8B

Meeting the mysterious guy !

When Emily arrived home, from school, she found in the mailbox an envelope. She opened it, curiously, and found a plane ticket and a letter from a stranger. While she was reading it, the phone rang and a strange voice told her that she has to come to Hawaii.

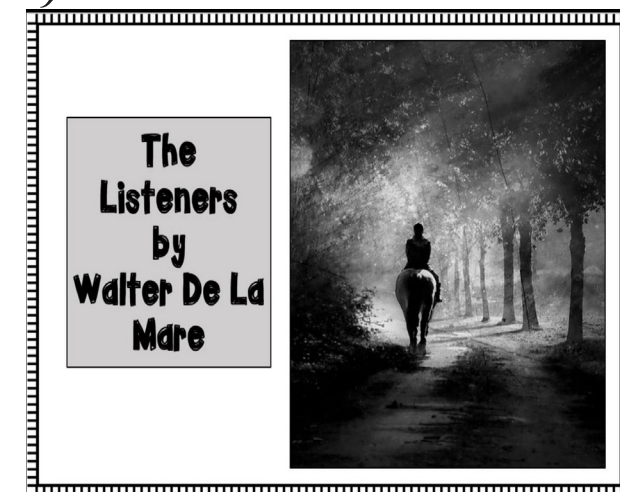
She took the plane next day, because she wanted to find out who the mysterious man was. After a long flight she had arrived at her destination. She was very fascinated by the beautiful landscape and the atmosphere there.

While she was looking around the airport for that stranger, a taxi driver offered to take her to the hotel. After half an hour she arrived there, and the receptionist told her that some one was waiting for her on the beach. It was getting darker so she couldn't recognize the person that was approaching her.

It was a big surprise ! He was one of her virtual friends, she met on the Internet.

She was very happy that she finally met him, and they have spent the rest of the weekend together, having a lot of fun !

Serbanut Denisa 6A



HOW EVENTS IN NOUGHTS AND CROSSES COMPARE WITH EVERYDAY LIFE IN THE WORLD

What is happening in the world is pretty concerning for our future. . .

In real life, coloured people are often looked down upon and white people can be racist. People bully people because of their colour and they get beaten up which is totally not fair. They are people just like us who did nothing wrong. I don't really understand why we are like that. It's just immoral for this to happen. If somebody of a different colour walks past us, we look at them weirdly for no reason.

Yes, some coloured people do evil things, but so do we! They are always thought to be nice with us and respectful, but some of us are educated exactly the opposite way, to hate them.

Another thing that happens in our world is when two people with different skin tones get married or are together and get frowned upon because it is unusual to date someone that white people hate. It's just wrong! But this sometimes goes both ways.

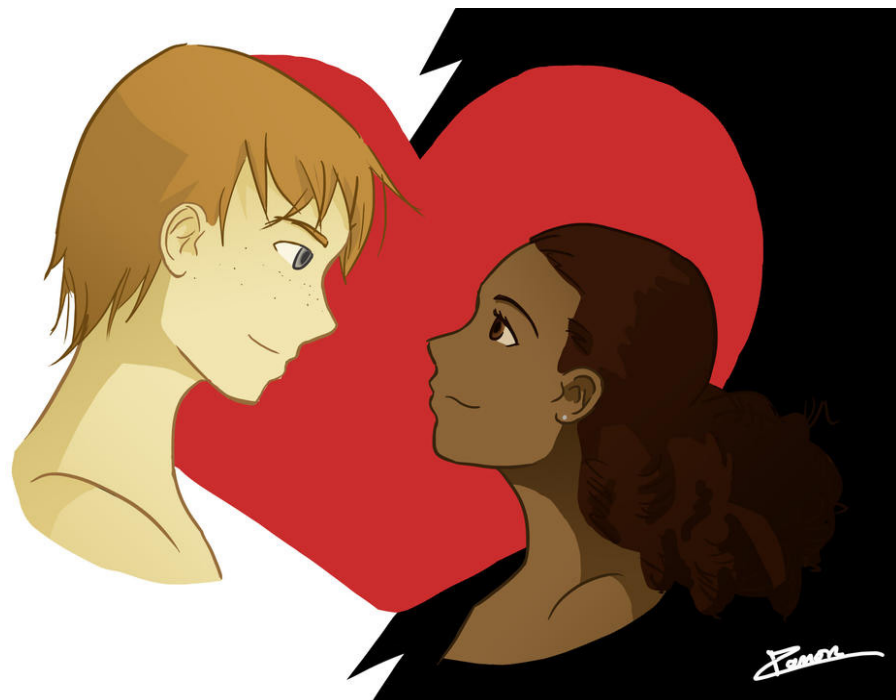
A different action that may happen is people being traumatized like Lynette. With our hate towards black people we can become really aggressive and take someone special from their lives. How would you feel if you were in their place? If wherever you went you were looked at strangely? I am sure you wouldn't feel happy.

Also, people can go crazy like Lynette's family did, after she committed suicide. They joined an unorthodox gang where they KILLED white people and yes, we have our part in this because they get so much hate that they can't handle it anymore.

Callum and Sephy are an example of 2 people of different races that don't give up and stay as in their right mind as they could. Yes, Sephy becomes an alcoholic, but if you were in that situation, wouldn't you go a little crazy?

From this whole experience we can learn how to improve our world to have a brighter future. The most important lesson is not to judge a book by its cover. This action will rip apart lives and will darken our planet's energy.

So, let's take a moment and think about what we are doing to this world, to our world. We are all people who sometimes make mistakes and get judged differently because of our colour. So, in my opinion we should just STOP.



by Diana Grecu 8A

THE LIBERATION MILITIA

The Liberation Militia are major antagonists in the Noughts & Crosses franchise. They were a terrorist group and were originally led by the late Ryan McGregor but after the latter was arrested Jude McGregor took over his father's original position. The group was formed by various Noughts who were sick and tired of Crosses being viewed as superior and more worthy of things like a proper education than Noughts were.

The group was very vicious and regarded loyalty very seriously and would brutally murder anyone who betrayed them. After the death of Jude McGregor and Kamal Hadley's downfall the group dispatched and fell into obscurity. The group was betrayed by several of its own members although the majority of the traitors were murdered, some even by Jude himself.

Callum joins the Liberation Militia with his brother Jude, who is angry with all Crosses for treating them unfairly. They fight against Crosses who believe all Noughts are inferior. The Liberation Militia had lots of enemies including most of the British government, most authorities such as police officers, Kamal Hadley and his family.

The Liberation Militia was initiated by Ryan McGregor, the headquarters were in Dundale, they had a lot of skills which they used evilly, such as: terrorism, kidnappings and murdering.

Jude Alexander McGregor was the son of Ryan and Meggie McGregor, and the brother of Lynette and Callum. Jude was three years younger than Lynette and two years older than Callum. Later in his life, Jude became the general of the Liberation Militia, the most ruthless and ambitious ever. He was killed in the Isis hotel bombing.

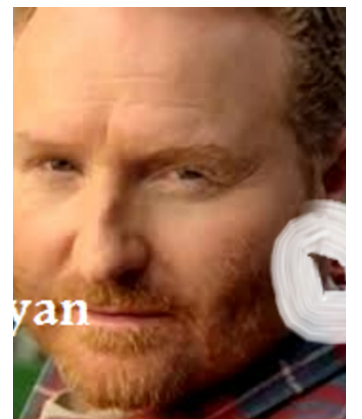


Anna Tenski was a regional commander of the Liberation Militia in charge of the midwest. Jude McGregor had all of his regional commander's phones bugged and discovered that Anna was a traitor. He killed her by breaking her neck.

Morgan Green was a member of the Liberation Militia. He later became Second-in-Command to Jude McGregor. Morgan was a year older than Callum McGregor.

Ryan McGregor is a key character and the posthumous antagonists in Noughts & Crosses. He was the father of Callum and Jude McGregor and the founder of LM.

Andrew Dorn was a Nought and Jude McGregor's second in command for Liberation Militia, however he was later revealed to be a spy working for Kamal Hadley he most likely did all of his actions simply for money due to him being incredibly poor since he was seen as inferior to Crosses.



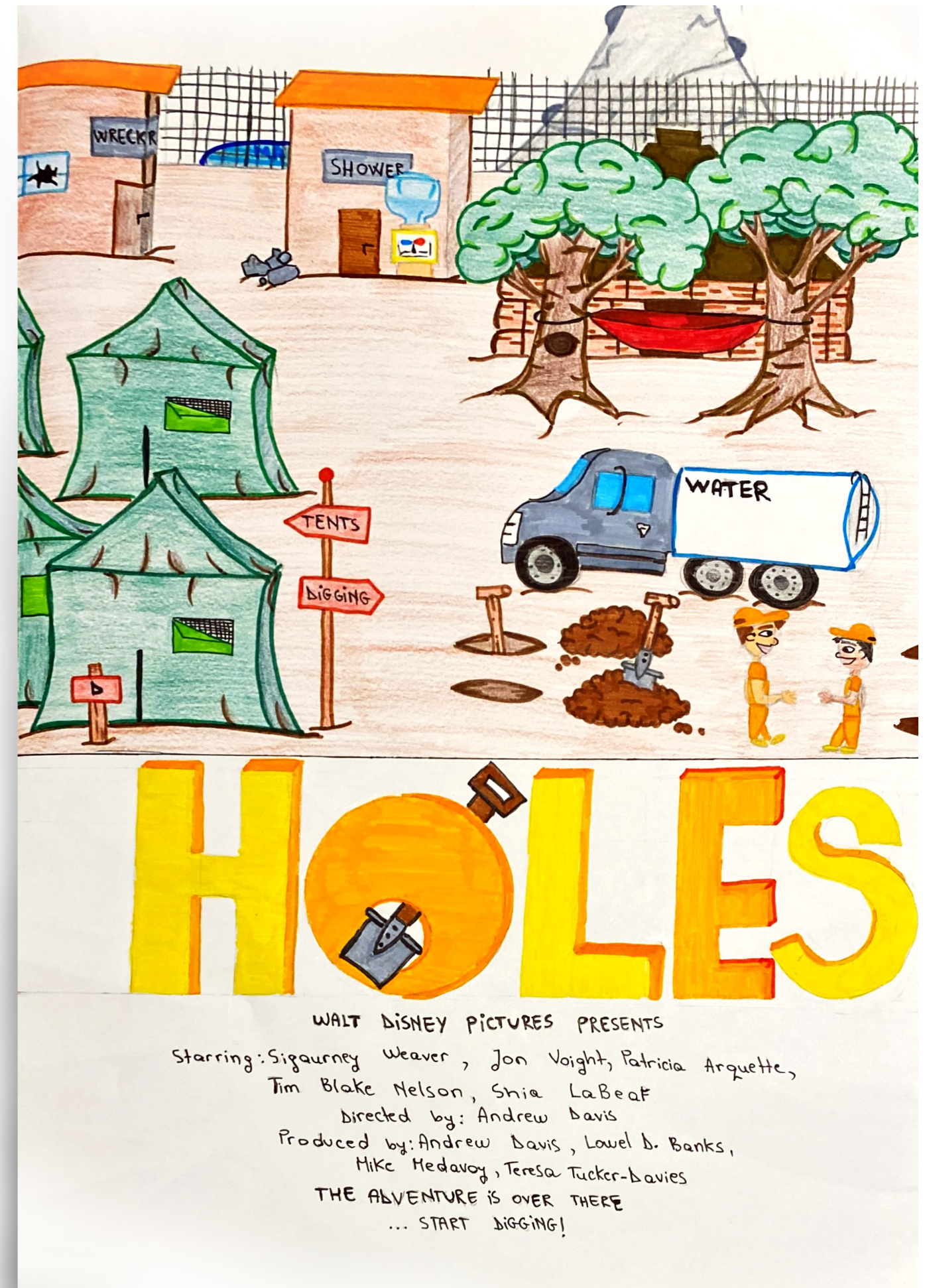
by Andrei Marambei 8A

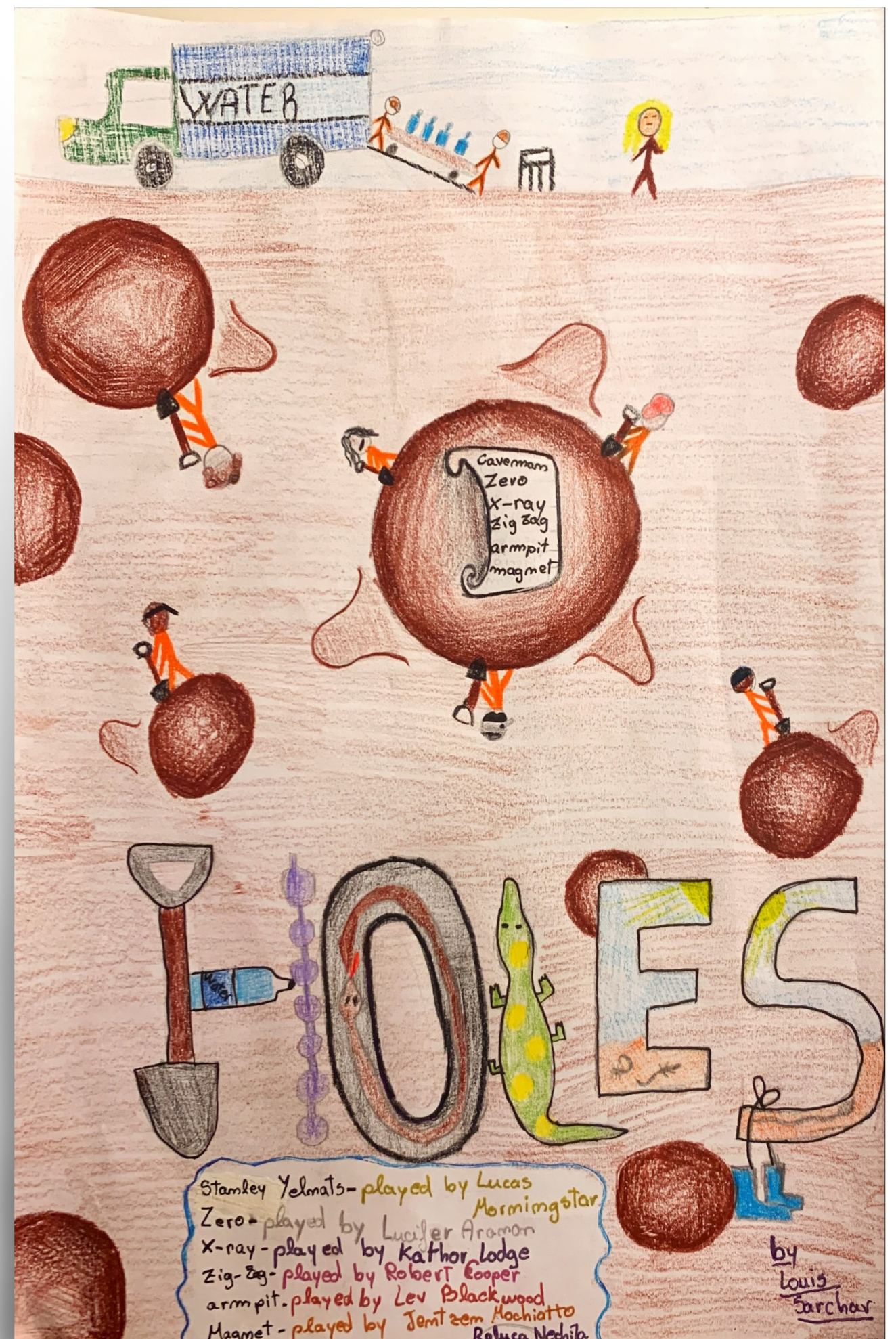
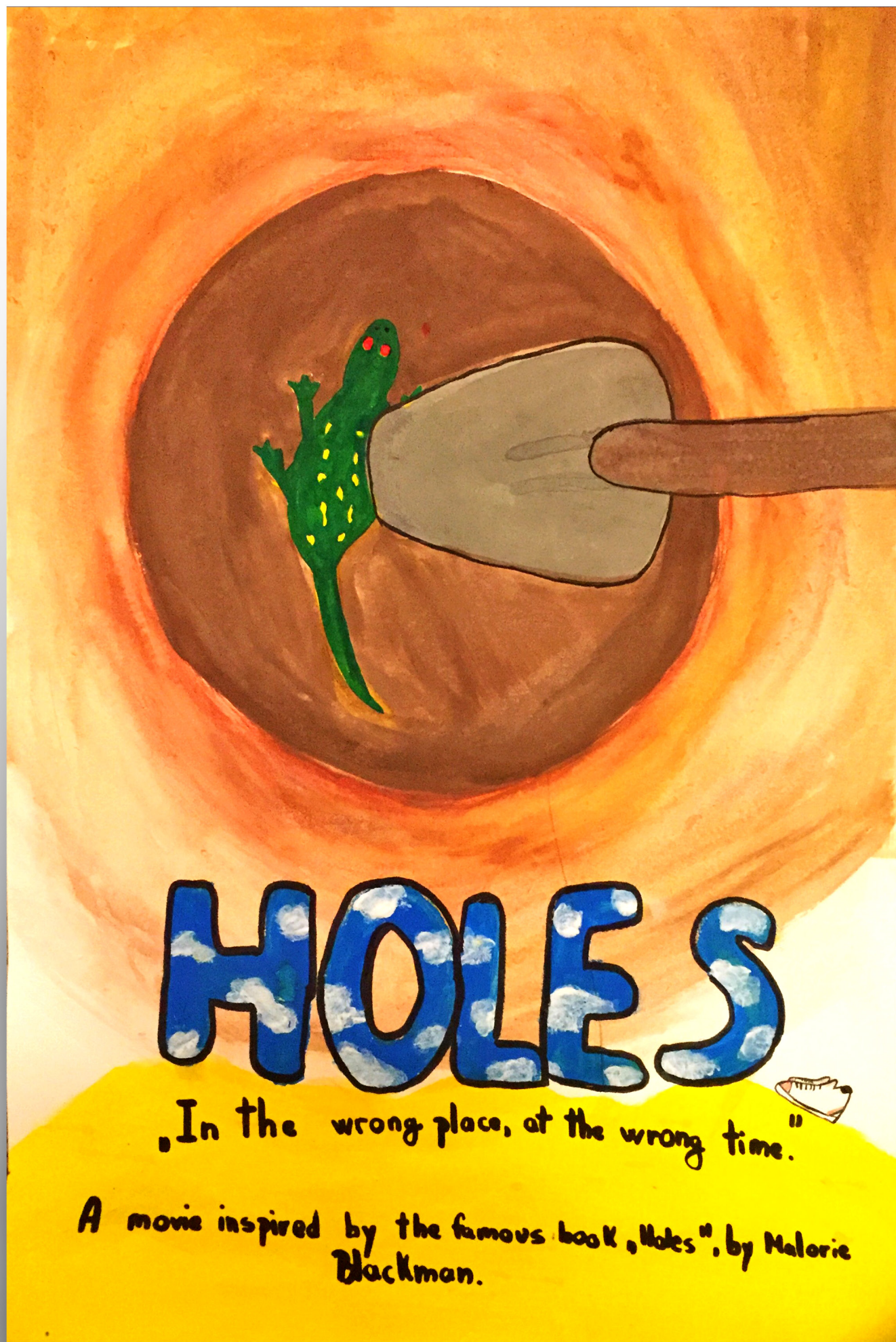
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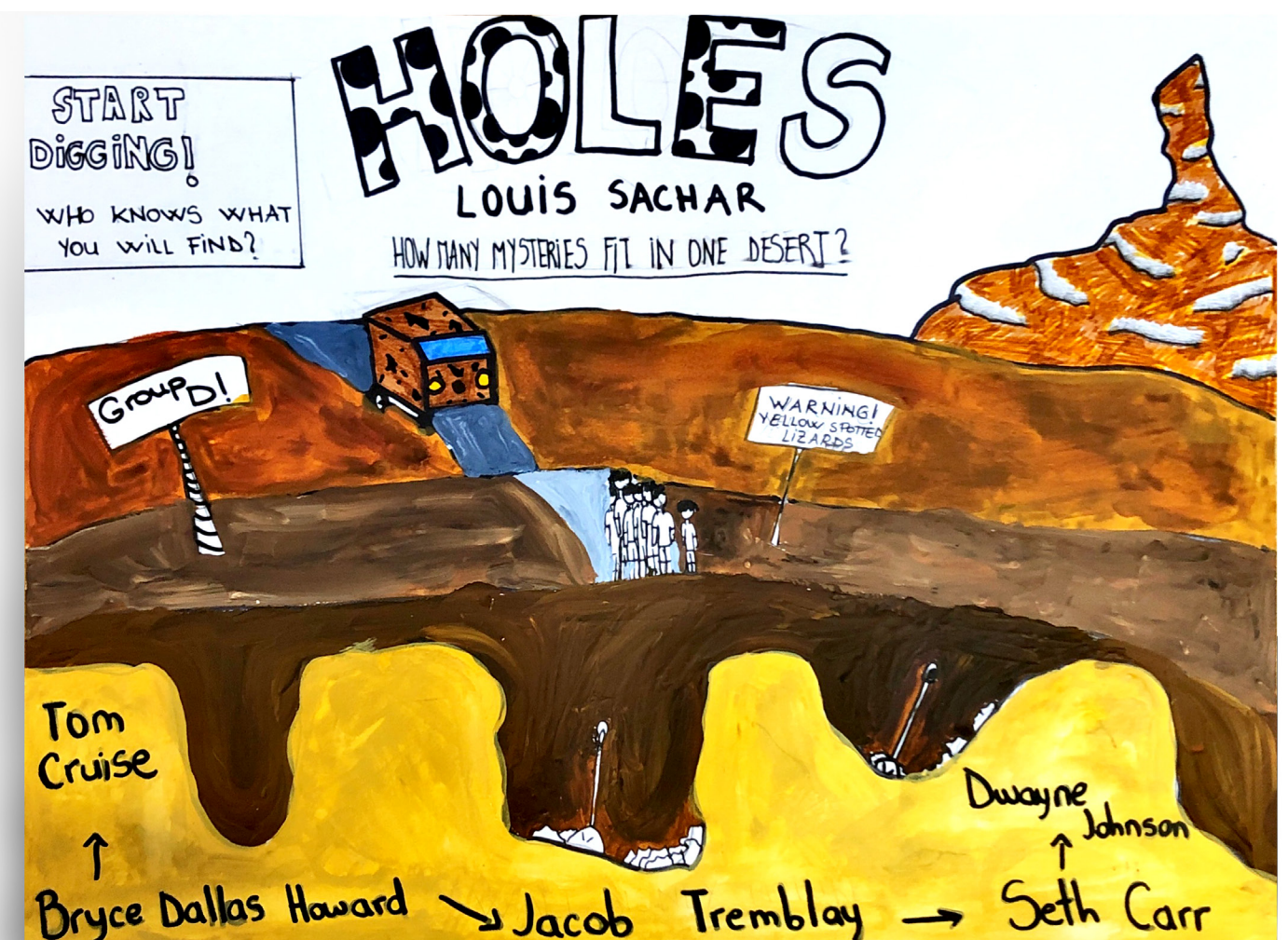
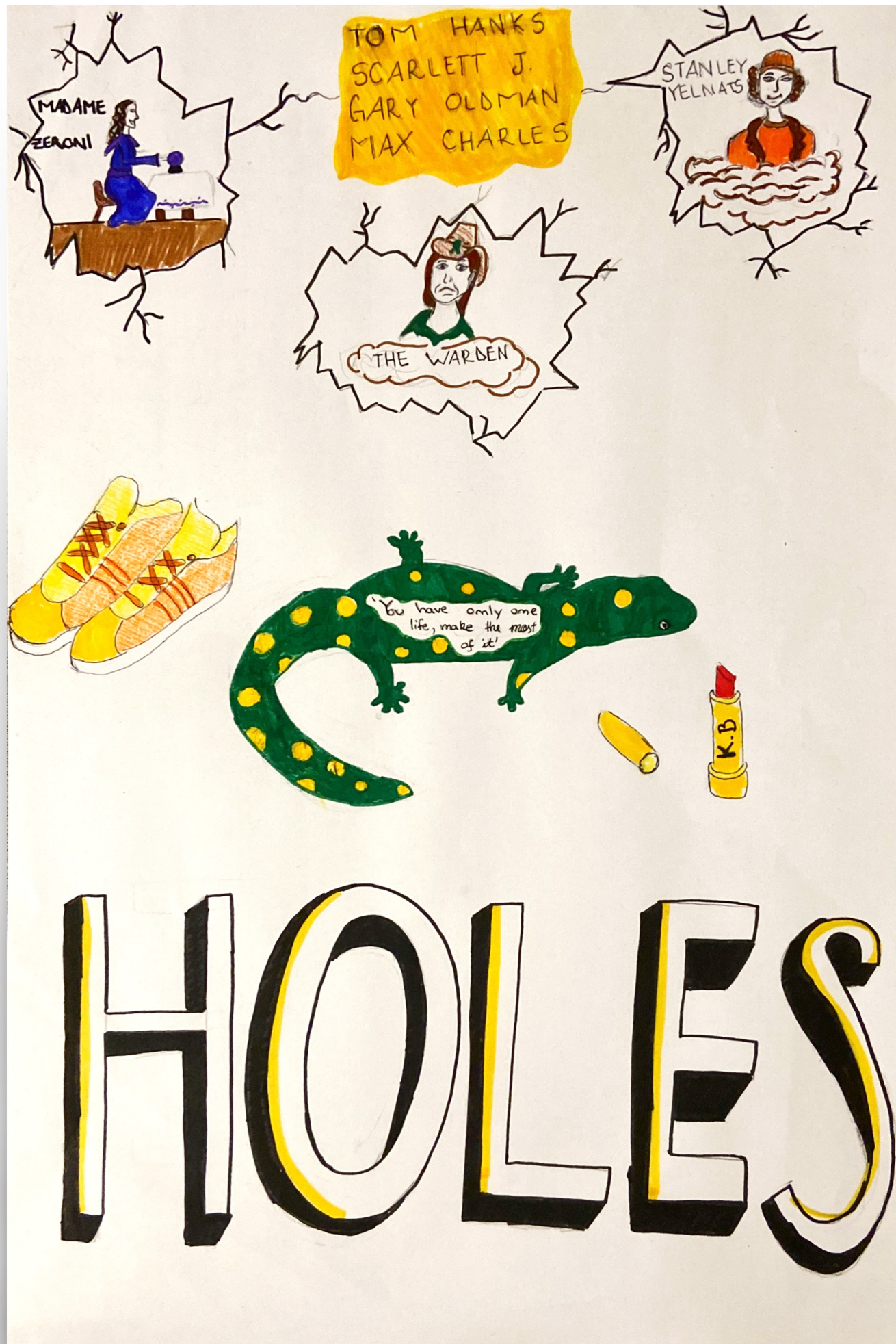
B.N.C PROJECTS

HOLES

CLASS 6A & 6B







IN THE WRONG PLACE
AT THE WRONG TIME



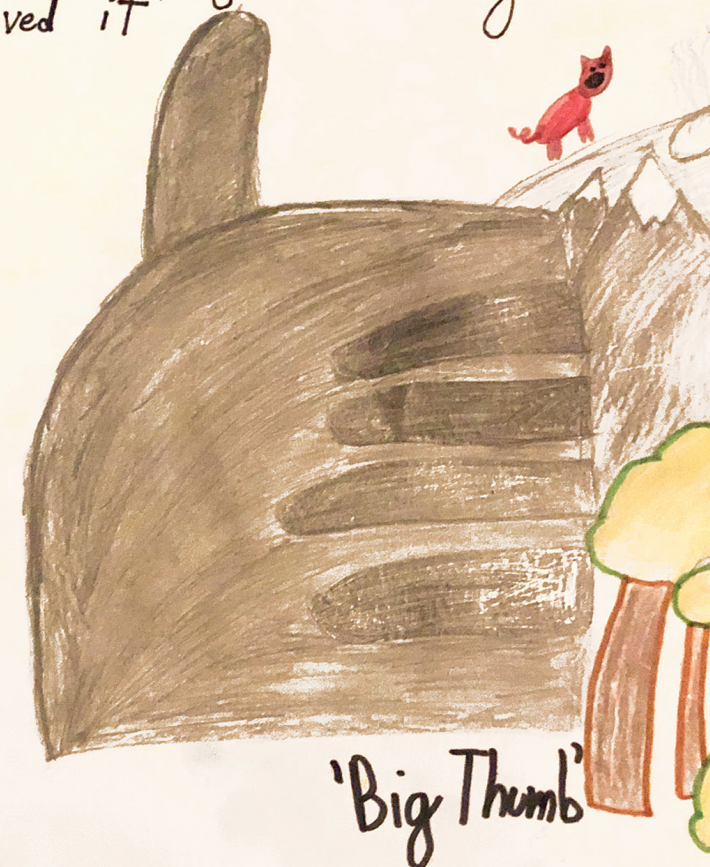
HOLES

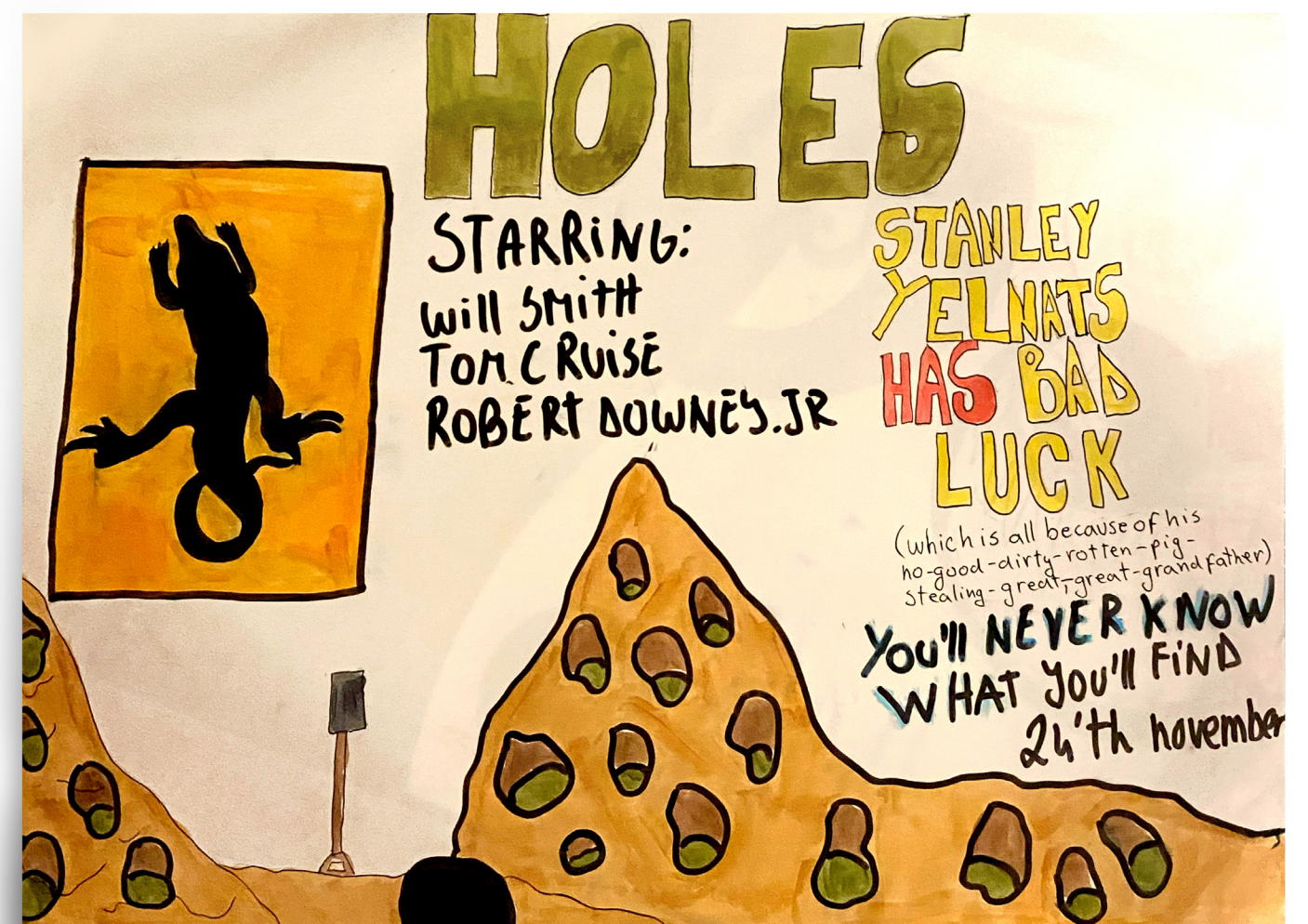
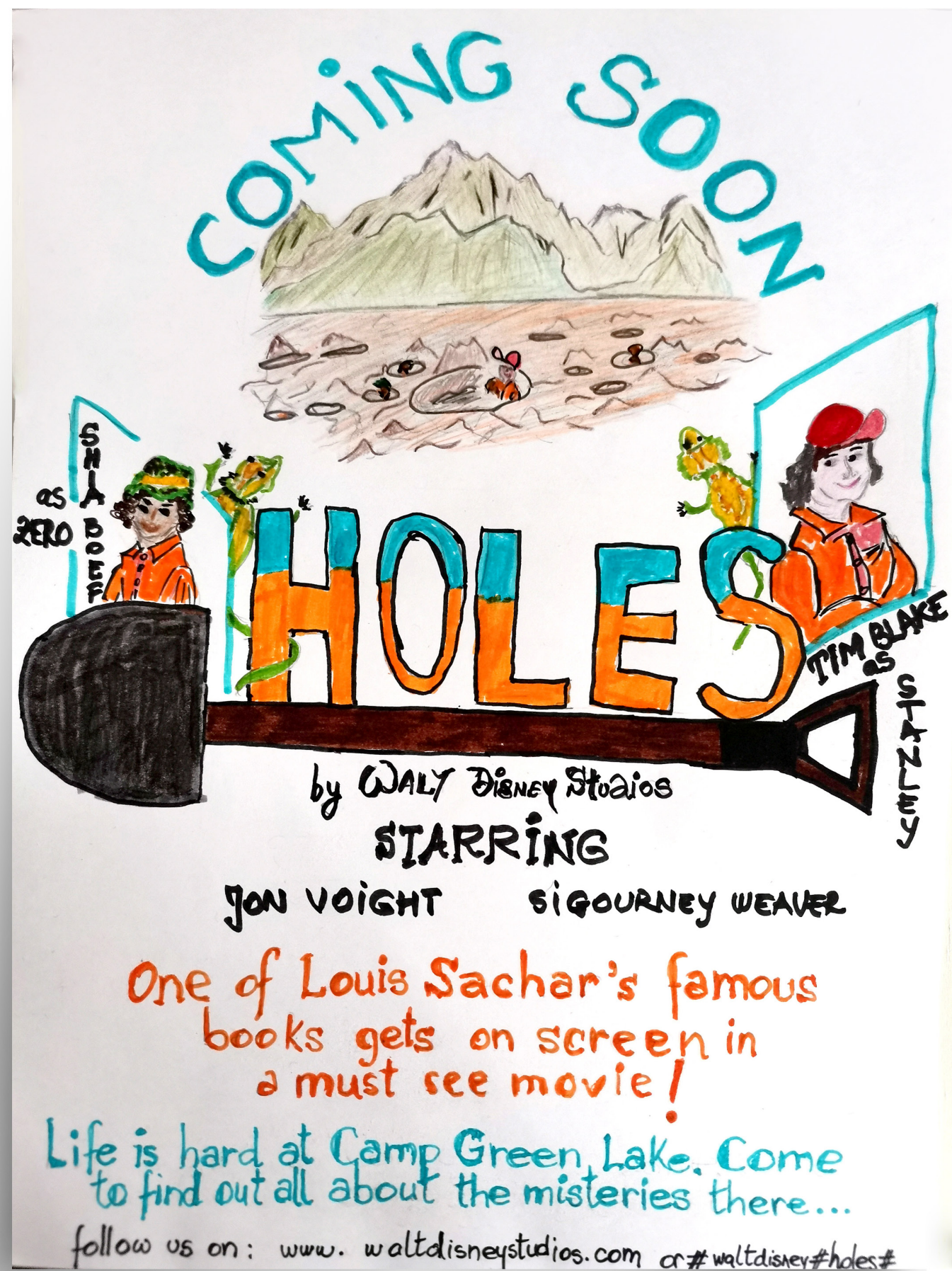
STARRING:
TIM BLAKE NELSON, SIGOURNEY
WEAVER, HENRY WINKLER,
BYRON COTTON, BRENDEN JEFFERSON, ZANE HOLZ

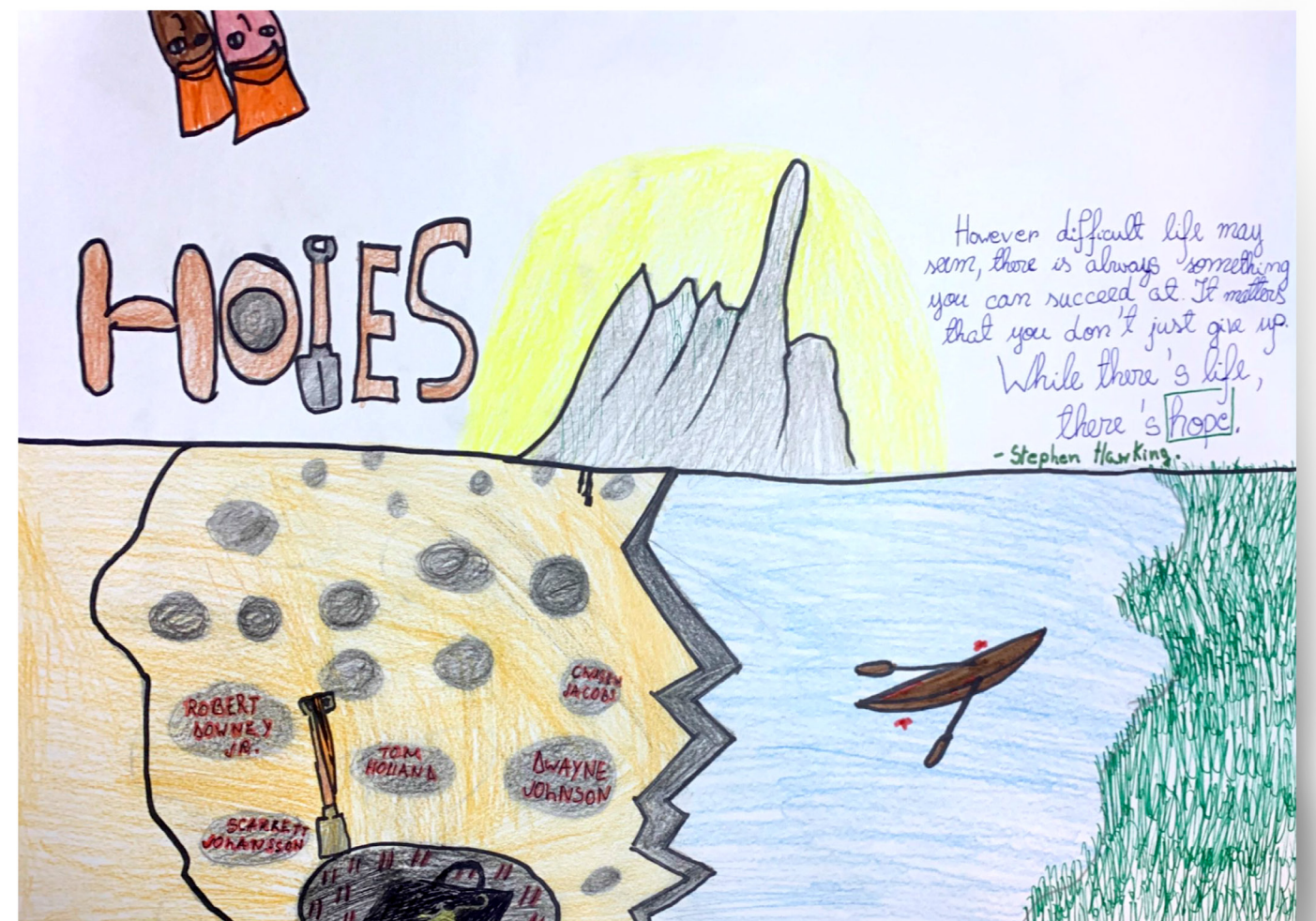
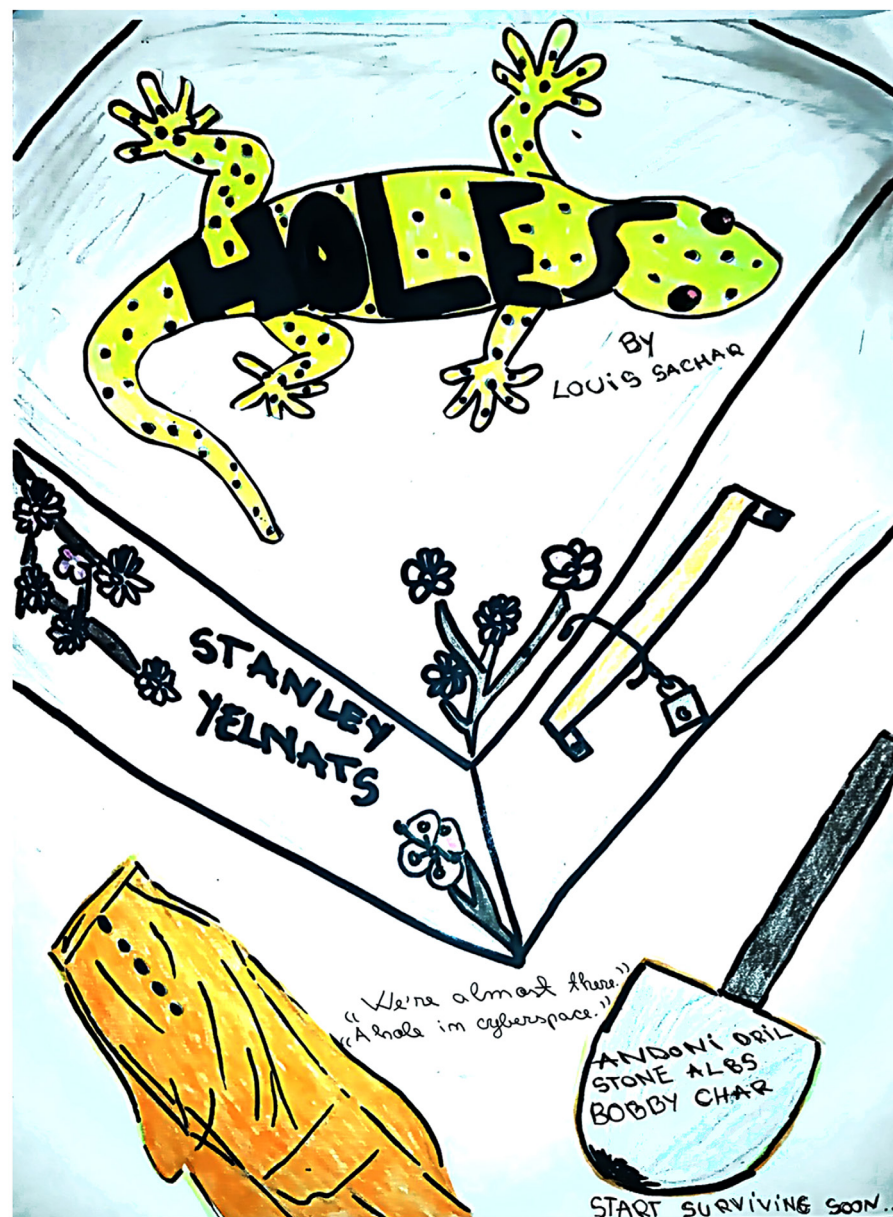
ANA CAVATRESCU

Holes

'The most moving, exciting, thrilling
Movie....I loved it'
Shia LaBeouf
Khleo Thomas
Sigourney Weaver
Tim Blake Nelson
Eartha Kitt







MOCK TEST FOR KEY
B.N.C

Part 1

1. She wasn't usually afraid of weather
- A) She was afraid of weather
B) She wasn't afraid of weather
C) She usually was afraid of weather
2. It was a dark and stormy night
- A) It was a dark night
B) It was a dark and stormy night
C) It was a dark and snowy night
3. She'd been dropped down to the lowest section of her grade.
- A) She had exceptional grades
B) She had the lowest grade in the class
C) She had dropped down to the lowest section in her grade.
4. Sandy and Dennys, her ten-year-old twin brothers, who got home from school an hour earlier than she did, were disgusted.
- A) A) she had two twin brothers
B) They got home one hour after her
C) They weren't disgusted
5. Everybody was asleep. Everybody except Meg.
- A) Meg was awake
B) Meg was sleeping
C) Her twin brothers were awake
6. But it was still not possible to think about her father without the danger of tears.
- A) She could think about her father without the danger of tears
B) She couldn't think about her father without the danger of tears.
C) She never thinks about her father

Meg

School. School was all wrong. She'd been dropped down to the lowest section in her grade. That morning one of her teachers had said crossly, "Really, Meg, I don't understand how a child with parents as brilliant as yours are supposed to be can be such a poor student. If you don't manage to do a little better you'll have to stay back next year."

Charles

Even Charles Wallace, the "dumb baby brother," who had an uncanny way of knowing when she was awake and unhappy, and who would come, so many nights, tiptoeing up the attic stairs to her — even Charles Wallace was asleep.

The black thing

Did the shadow fall across the moon, or did the moon simply go out, extinguished as abruptly and completely as a candle?

	Meg	Charles	The black thing
7. Who doesn't think that school is easy?	A	B	C
8. Who has an uncanny way of knowing when she was awake and unhappy?	A	B	C
9. Who was going to stay back next year if she doesn't do well at school?	A	B	C
10. Who extinguished as abruptly and completely as a candle?	A	B	C
11. Who falls across the moon?	A	B	C
12. Who is called the dumb baby brother?	A	B	C
13. Who would come, so many nights, tiptoeing up the attic stairs?	A	B	C

Part 3
A Wrinkle in time

It was a dark and stormy night. In her attic bedroom Margaret Murry, wrapped in an old patchwork quilt, sat on the foot of bed and watched the trees tossing in the frenzied lashing of the wind. Behind the trees clouds scudded frantically across the sky. Every few moments the moon ripped through them, creating wraith-like shadows that raced along the ground.

The house shook.

Wrapped in her quilt, Meg shook. She wasn't usually afraid of weather. — It's not just the weather, she thought. — It's the weather on top of everything else. On top of me. On top of Meg Murry doing everything wrong.

14.What was the weather like that night?

- A) It was a dark and cloudy night
- B) It was a dark and stormy night
- C) It was a dark and snowy night

15.What was Meg wrapped in?

- A) A fluffy blanket
- B) In her old sweater
- C) An old patchwork quilt

16.What were the shadows compared to?

- A) A yellow circle
- B) wraith
- C) A light

17.Was Meg usually afraid of the weather?

- A) Probably
- B) Yes
- C) NO

18.Where was the bedroom?

- A) First floor
- B) Basement
- C) Attic

Part 4

It was true.....(19) Charles Wallace seldom spoke.....(20) anybody was around, so that.....(21) people thought he'd never.....(22)to talk. And it was true that he.....(23) talk at all until he was almost four. Meg would turn white with fury when people looked at him and clucked, shaking their heads sadly.

19. A) that B) with C) about

20. A) when B) who C) without

21. A) many B) much C) a lot

22. A) learned B) try C) think

23. A) hadn't B) haven't C) didn't

Part 5

How right he....(24) been about that, though he himself....(25) left before Charles Wallace began....(26) speak, suddenly, with none...(27) the usual baby preliminaries, using entire sentences.....(28) proud he would have been!

"You'd better check the milk," Charles Wallace said(29) Meg now,(30) diction clearer and cleaner than that of most five-year olds."You know you don't like it when it gets a skin on top."

24: 25:

26: 27:

28: 29:

30:



HA
HA

HA

**LAUGHTER
ZONE**

THE PANDEMIC NEWSPAPER

by David Tilea, 3A

Covid's Mother is FLU!



The Mask
a reliable friend



If you ask her nicely, maybe she will protect you from coronavirus.

Question of the day
Is COVID smart?

True/False
1+1=2 False
2+2=5 True



The answer is: NO! COVID is not smart at all.

IMPORTANT:

COVID-19 IS AFRAID OF
PIGS!



HOUSES WITH SHIELDS*

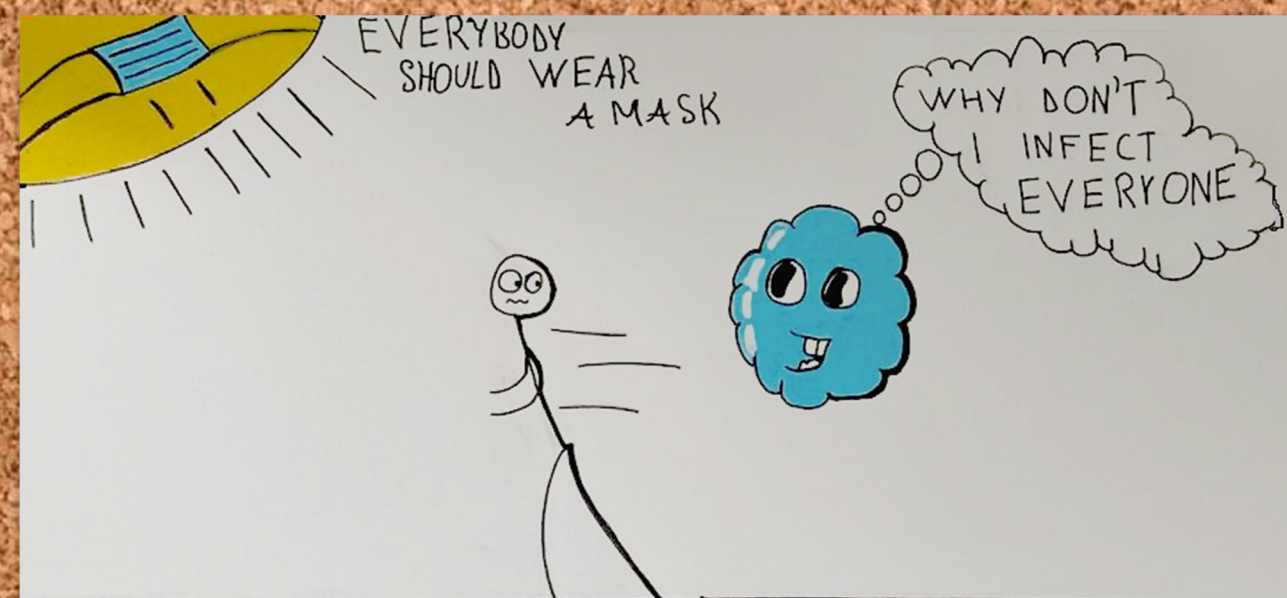
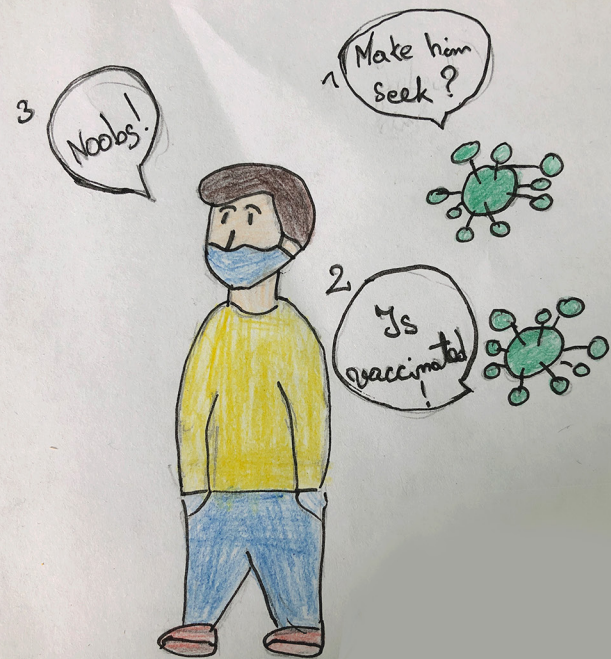


In the pandemic, doctors
are saying today, houses
are shields from the coronavirus.
Staying home is like being
in a shield against COVID.
A simple, safe alternative
great for families staying
between 2 and 5 members.

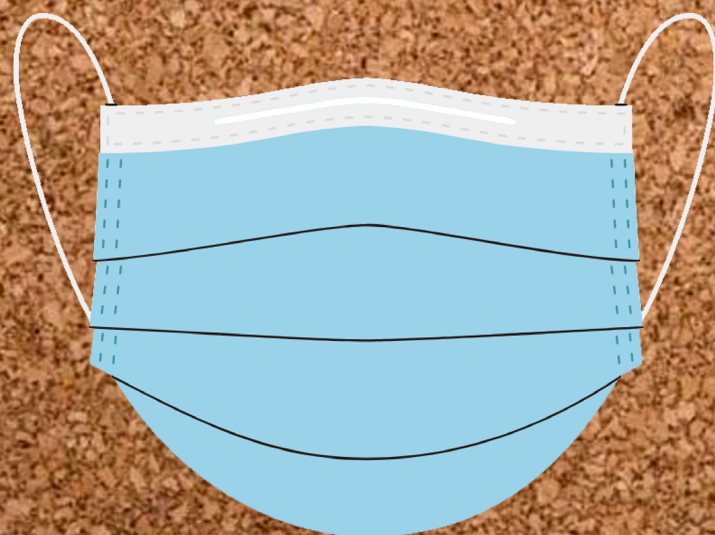
#for all



by Petru Aronescu, 4B



VLAD
BALABAN IVA

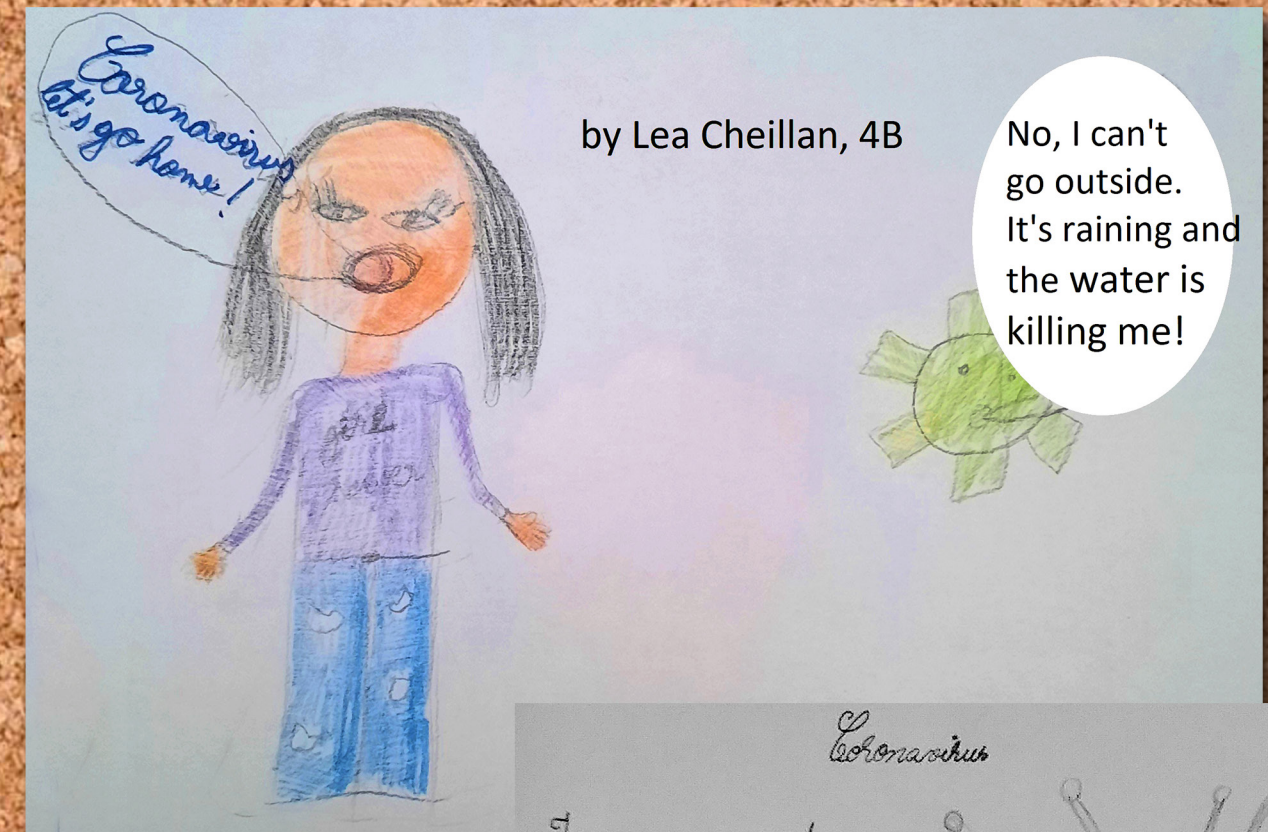


Even if the Coronavirus has shaped our lives forever, now we can change something:

Vaccinate for those that are fighting in the hospitals.
Vaccinate for those that have lost the battle and vaccinate for those that you love.

Vaccinate, show that you care.

by Radu Stancu, 3A

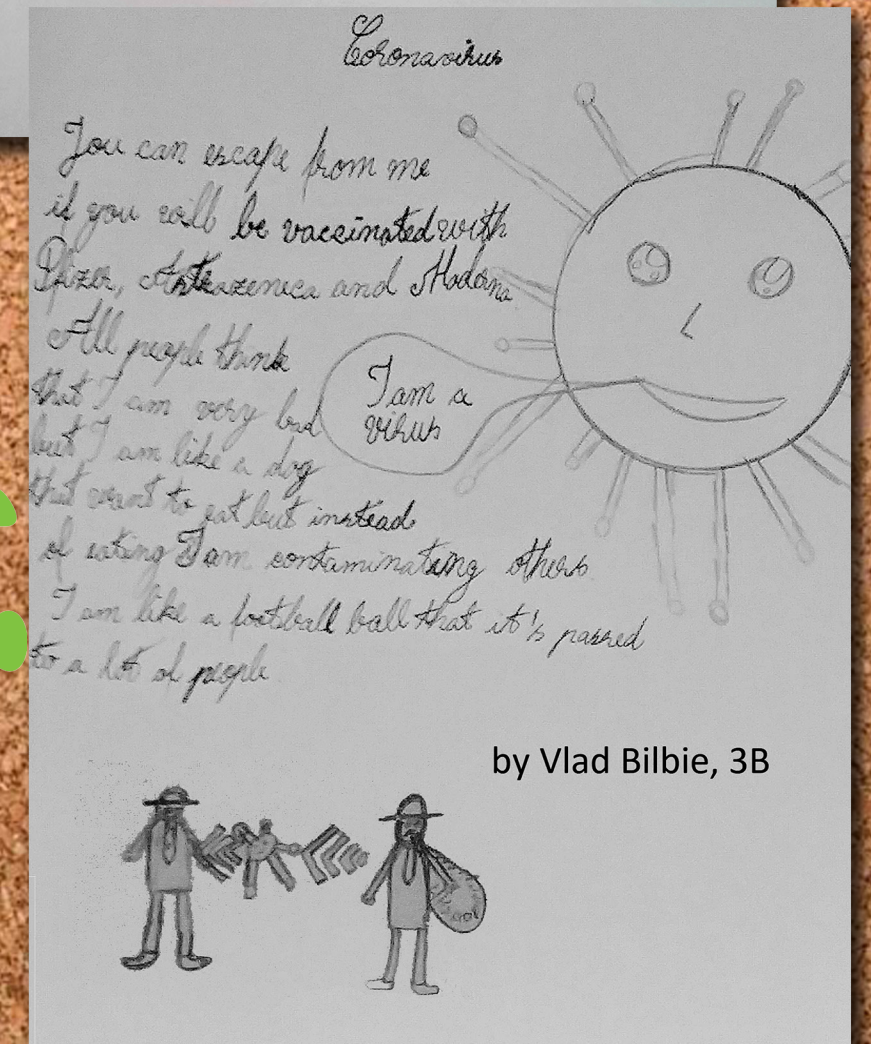
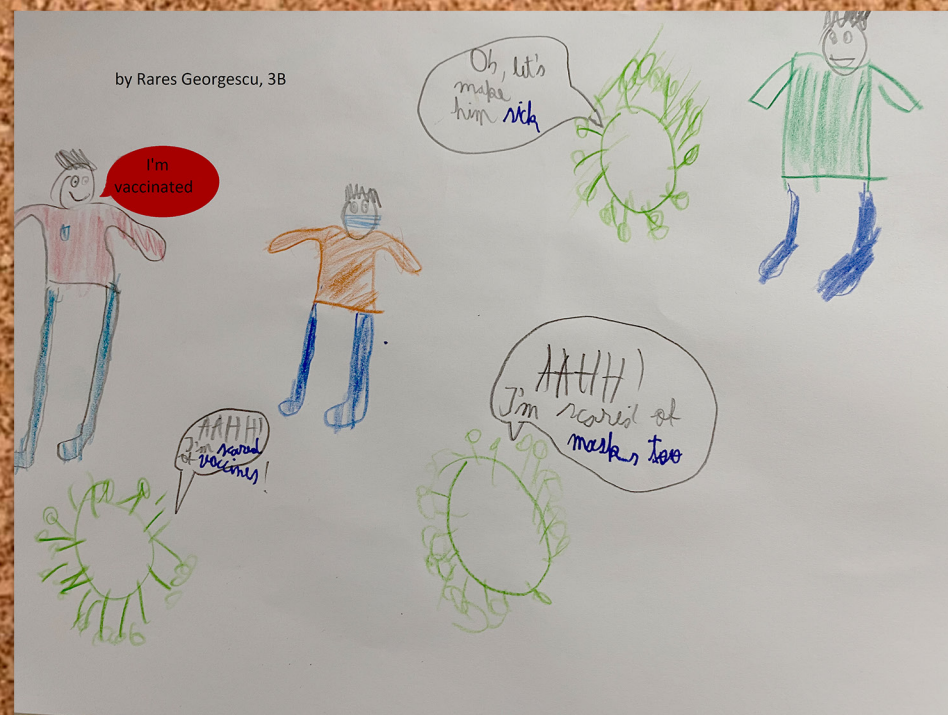


by Lea Cheillan, 4B

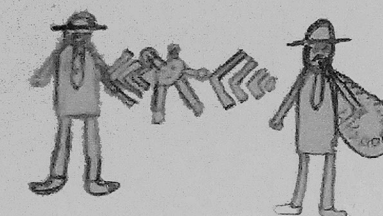
No, I can't go outside. It's raining and the water is killing me!

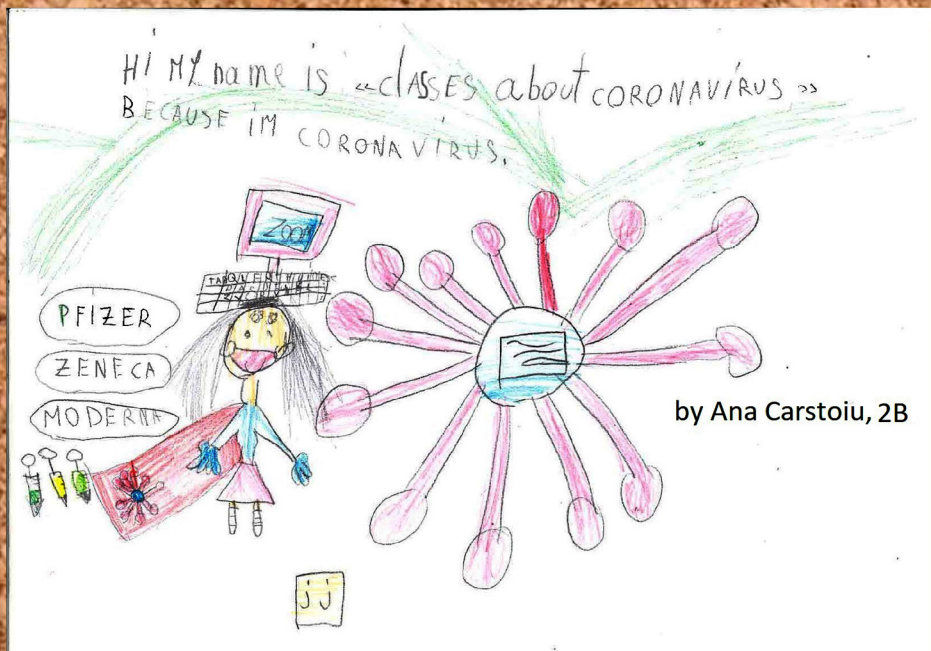


by Rares Georgescu, 3B

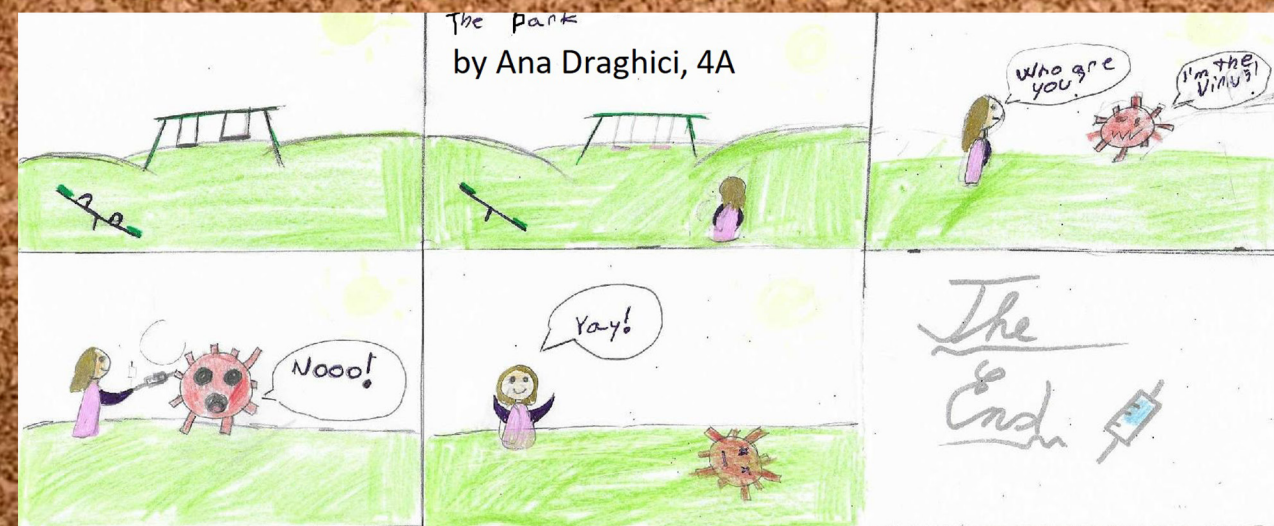
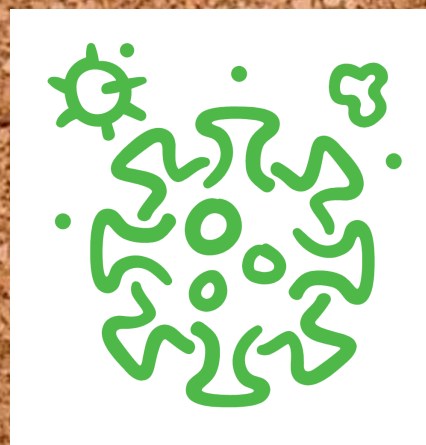
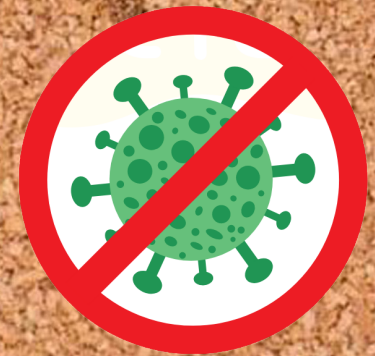
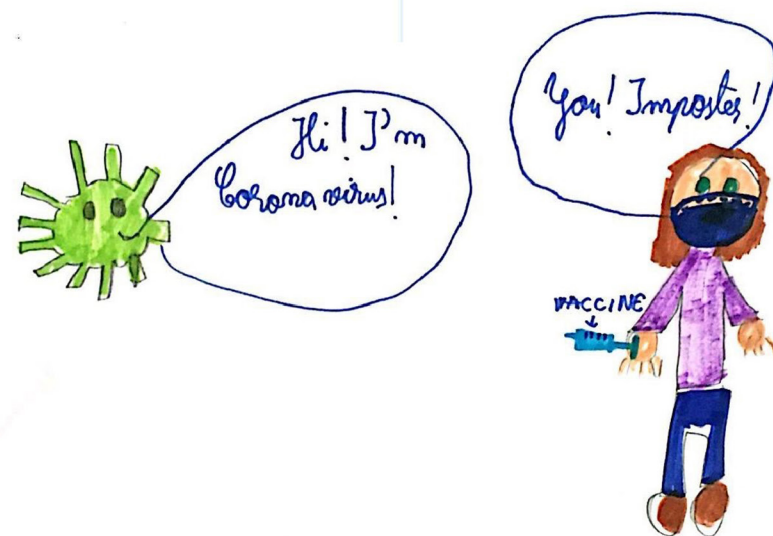


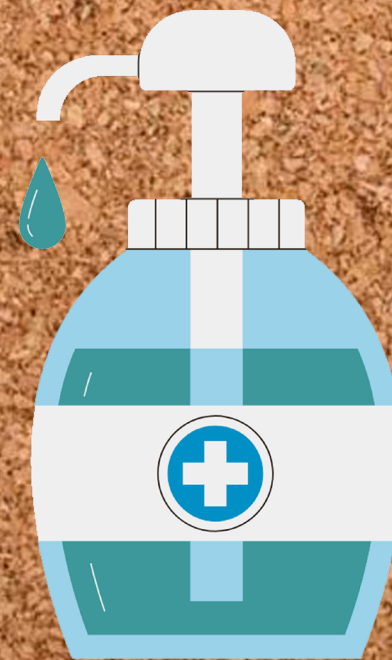
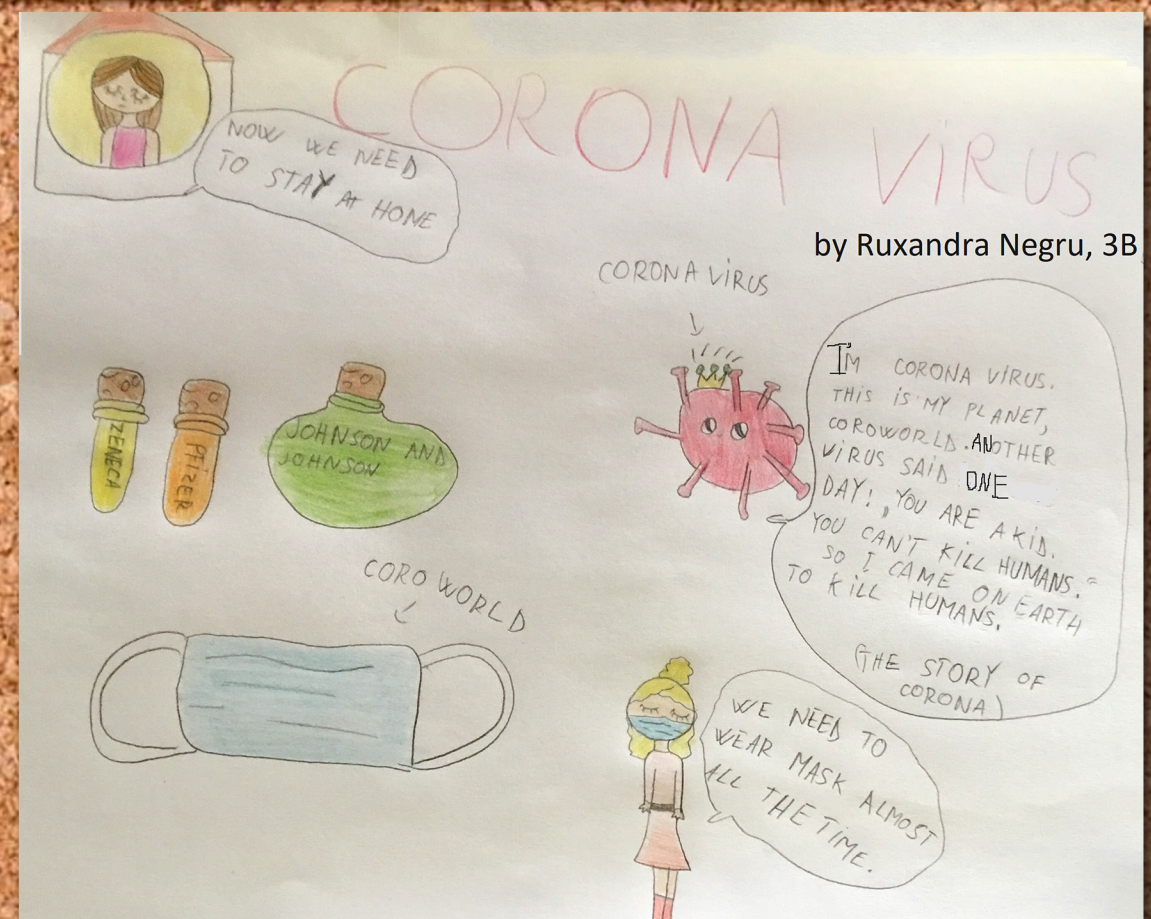
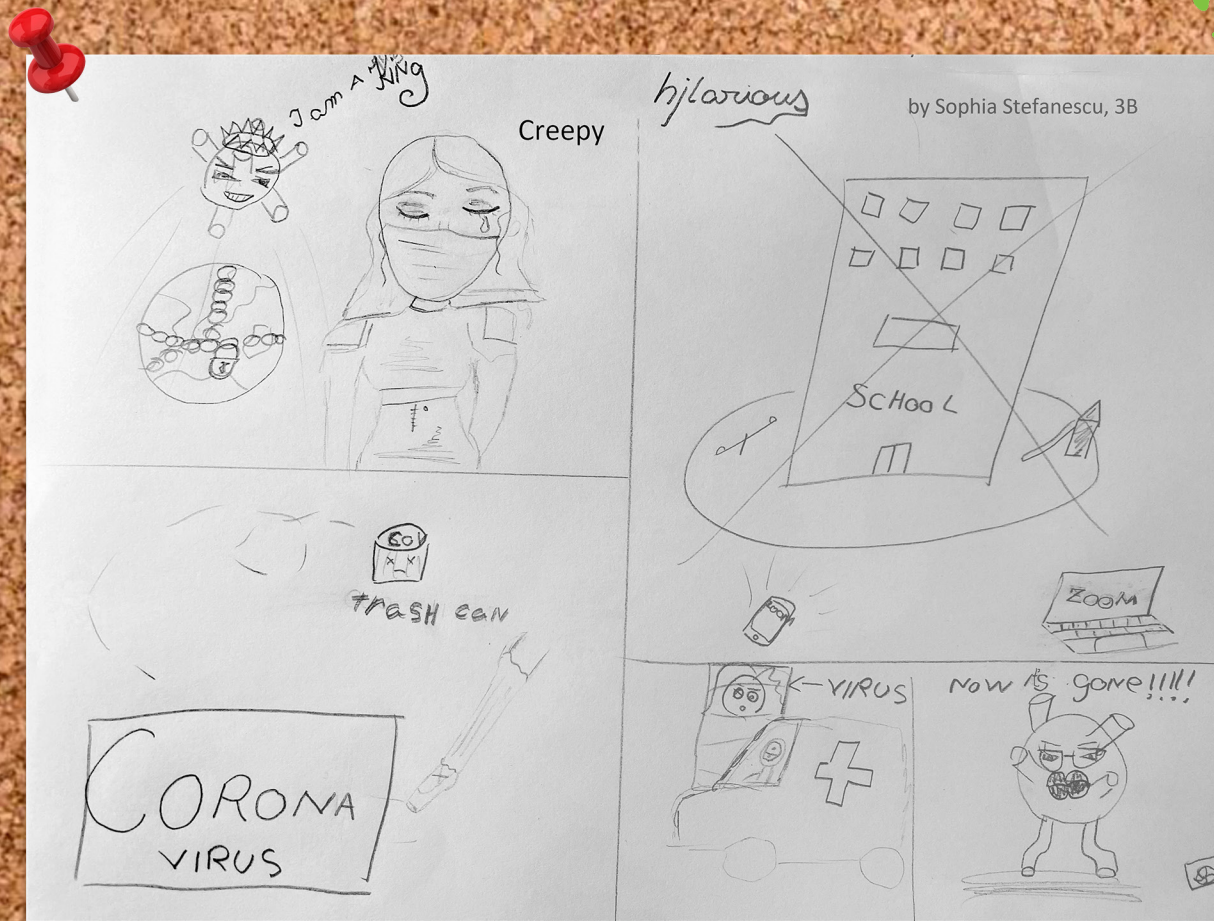
by Vlad Bilbie, 3B





by Ingrid Buleata, 3A







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