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School Rocks
17th Edition, May 2023

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,
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Magazine Designer: Lavinia Chirănescu

Magazine Coordinator: Ana-Maria Nache

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News, Events & Trends
Creative Writing
Laughter zone

School
ROCKS



SCHOOL ROCKS



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2022-2023

Another chapter in the history of LTSM...

Another stage in the life of the LTSM community has come to a successful end and, as always, the end of the school year is an occasion for celebration, a time for rewards and joy generated by the satisfaction of accomplishing a new mission. It is a repeated event that retains its charm and uniqueness, an opportune moment for reflection and analysis.

The results of the graduates are the projection of our work, they are the mirror in which the effort of each of the participants is accurately reflected - students, teachers and parents; they are the extent to which we all managed to achieve the 5 Is of the LTSM mission, they are the defining elements that compose a story about the formation of moral and intellectual qualities, about PERSONALITY, CHARACTER, PERFORMANCE, ORIGINALITY, about EXCELLENCE AND PERFORMANCE, about Dignified BEHAVIOR AND HONESTY, about the ability to function in multicultural communities, about INNOVATIVE BEHAVIOUR.

It was a special year for us, with goodbyes to dear people and numerous LTSM events that are distinguished by the emotions that inspire us and bring us together in efforts, thinking and creativity.

Thus, at the ALUMNI GALA we celebrated together 20 years of Scoala Mea, 20 years of EXCELLENCE, 20 years in which we evolved together in a united, competitive, challenging community based on mutual support and professional performance, 20 years of unique actions and events that carry forward the spirit of LTSM.

What were the results of our joint efforts?

- 36.09% students included in performance programs

- 100% passing rate in the Cambridge IGCSE, AS, A LEVEL exams supported by a percentage of 44% of LTSM high school students in the subjects: Mathematics, Computer Science, Economics, Physics, Chemistry, English First Language

- 100% passing rate in Cambridge YLE exams, of which 94.18% results with maximum points (exams taken by 52% of primary level students)

- 100% passing rate in the Cambridge KET, PET, FCE exams, exams taken by 80.4% of secondary school students (we are waiting for the results)

- 441 prizes → 17 excellence prizes, 77 first prizes, 124 second prizes, 123 third prizes, 100 mentions obtained in the 32 competitions in which LTSM students participated

What were the competitions that LTSM students participated in?

- Romanian language and literature Olympiad - stage by municipality and stage by country

- "Comper" competition, Romanian language and literature discipline - stage I, stage II

- Mathematics Olympiad - stage by sector and stage by municipality

- "Comper" competition, mathematics discipline - stage I, stage II

- "Junior" mathematical newspaper - stage I, stage II

- Communication +

- English language Olympiad - stage per municipality

- National Scratch-Coding Olympiad

- Word Fest



- *Story Writing Competition*
- *Spelling Bee*
- *Cambridge YLE, KEY, PET, FCE*
- *Cambridge IGCSE/ A LEVEL*
- *Trinity*
- *Terra Little Olympiad (geography discipline) – stage per municipality and country*
- *Horia Hulubei regional physics competition*
- *The ZIRCON national interdisciplinary competition*
- *ONSS TYMBARK - boys' football, stage by sector*
- *ONSS TYMBARK - girls' football, stage by sector*
- *ONSS TYMBARK - boys handball, stage by sector*
- *ONSS TYMBARK - girls' handball, stage by sector*
- *GRAMATON – AGRAMATOFF*
- *Wall of Artists*
- *Drama Show Oscars*
- *Ping The Pong – table tennis competition*

What makes us special? Events loved by the LTSM community

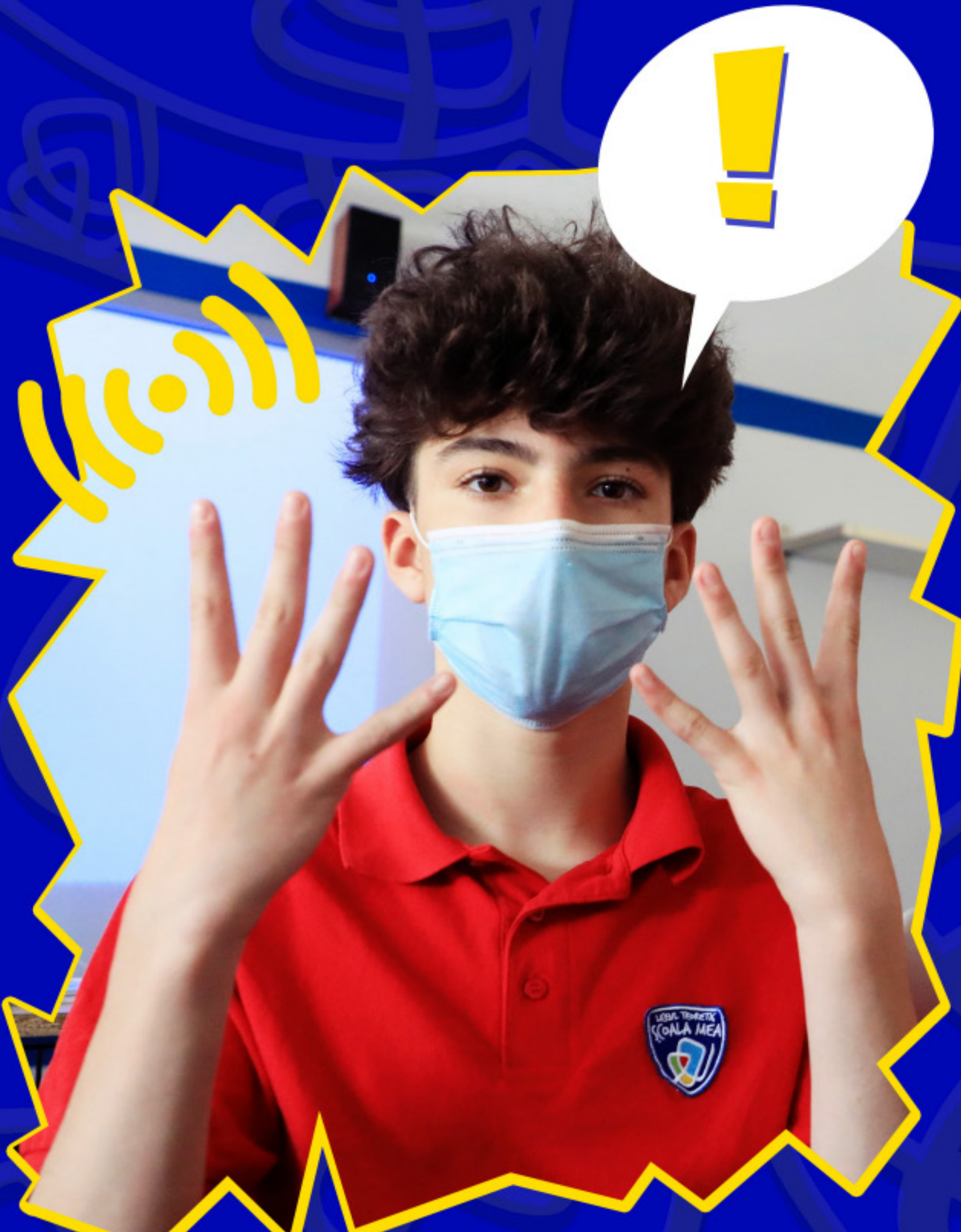
- *LTSM ASSEMBLIES 2023 – UNESCO EVENTS,*
- *ETWINNING PROGRAMS - Etwinning Magazine (Food and health, Earthquake in Vrancea, Romanian Dances -HORA), Women's Day and other Spring Traditions*
- *FOREST SCHOOL*
- *KEN ACADEMY - Financial education program*
- *HOUSE GAMES – Autumn edition + Summer edition*
- *CHALLENGE DAY – family edition*
- *CHRISTMAS FAIR – middle school and high school*
- *SPRING FAIR – primary school*

- *SPECIAL DAYS: Greta Thunberg, Writers' Day (Magda Isanos, Kazuo Ishiguro), International Children's Book Day - meeting with the contemporary writer Epure Simona, Disconnect from stress-connect with music, No backpack Day)*
- *SAFER INTERNET DAY*
- *CAREER CHOICES - guest Dr. Matişan Eugenia; invited architect Talea Petre; guest broker Gogleaza Octavian; Practical Dentistry Workshop - Prof. Dr. Horia Barbu, "Living Thriving and Driving the Future"*
- *ENGLISH WEEK - Communication*
- *SCIENCE WEEK – Go Green*
- *DRAMA WEEK – Famous Movies*
- *DIFFERENT WEEK – Games and toys*
- *SCHOOL DAY – 20 YEARS OF SCOALA MEA THEORETICAL HIGH SCHOOL*
- *PARENTS' WORKSHOP CAFE – On the same page, Substance Abuse Prevention, With the books on the table*

We thank the students for their constant effort to improve themselves, for their involvement in school activities and events, for the uniqueness of each of them!

We thank the teaching staff for their professionalism, passion, and dedication!
We thank the parents for their trust!

Respectfully,
Carmen Jacqueline Dan
Director of LTSM



NEWS EVENTS & TRENDS

Special Days

J.R.R



Tolkien



During Special Days, we talked about J.R.R. Tolkien. He was a regular author, but there was also something peculiar about him: he invented his own languages! Some of them were invented using existing languages mixed with new things. Our teacher gave us the example of Elvish. I think it sounded a little like Dutch! The presentation that he showed us was neat and full of pictures. We enjoyed the lesson, but it would have been more fun if we were assigned a project, like a PowerPoint presentation about him.

by Rares Petru Georgescu, from class 5B

Special Days is a fun activity which helps children to learn about famous and important people in English classes. From 23-24 March, we talked about J.R.R. Tolkien.

J.R.R. Tolkien was a writer, a philologist, and a university professor, best known for the two fantasy books he wrote, *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings*.

During Special Days, our English teacher showed us a presentation about him and then gave us a worksheet to complete. The worksheet included a text about Tolkien and some questions about the text, which we had to answer in teams.

After we finished the worksheet, we had to create our own language, since J.R.R. Tolkien was also a philologist, which means he was very good at languages and literature and even created his own languages.

I think creating our own languages was the best activity of all. My team created their language by writing sentences from right to left, with words spelt backwards, so “Special Days” would be “Syad Laiceps”. Interesting, don’t you think? The other teams also created amazing languages and we all had a great time.

I enjoyed Special Days so much and I can't wait to find out who it will be about next time!

ALL we have to decide is what to do
with the time that is given to us

וְהָיָה כִּי יֵרָאֶה הַבְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל אֶת-עֲמֻנַת יְהוָה
וְהָיוּ לְפָנָיו וְהָיוּ לְפָנָיו

by Ruxandra Gheorghe, from class 5A

Greta Thunberg



Special Days

During Special Days week in Module 2, we learned about Greta Thunberg, who was a normal girl who hated pollution. Because she didn't like global actions which caused pollution, she skipped school on a Friday to protest against these actions. She motivated other children to protest and recycle with her. A few years ago, she was invited to give a speech about pollution in New York. The audience was very impressed.

Special Days week also taught us that we can help by recycling. So when you need to get rid of a piece of paper, put it in the recycling bin – this really helps. You can recycle or also reuse materials. It's time to help the world! In our school, LTSM, our Science teacher, Mark, helped us understand that we can save the planet Earth!



by Carla Carina Antonia, from class 4A



Drama Week

Have you ever participated in a drama show? Well, I have played in one, I did it just last week! Today I'm going to talk about it in a few paragraphs because it was AMAZING!

On the first day of drama, we watched the film that we got this year, then we started to plan for all the props we needed. I'm not going to lie, from the first day I started to feel a little bit under pressure. Do you feel under pressure in this moment? So, the first day had gone by quickly because we didn't do much. Before the second day came, I thought that this would be a really light week for us, but I was completely WRONG! Because we had the auditions, and the technical crew, whom we had voted for started to work hard for the props. We all started to panic because we had a lot of props to make and a lot of text to learn. The next day, we already had most of our props already done and we all knew our scripts very well. The costumes we had improvised were gorgeous and every single one of us fitted in their roles. This is the secret I have been keeping from you, the title of the movie. It was called... .. "The Pirates of The Caribbean". Exciting, isn't it? The famous Captain Jack Sparrow and his crew worked together to find the TRIDENT, so they could break all curses of the sea.

On the day of the show, we were really nervous because we were afraid of forgetting our lines and being embarrassed in front of a lot of people. Ten minutes before the performance, we all had a lump in our throats, but we plucked up our courage with all the applause from the audience, we went on stage and did our best. Even though we didn't achieve our goal to win best class performance, at least we were nominated for it and five other prizes. This experience will always be in our hearts!!!



by Mara Dociu, Maria Taraze, Peter Vulpoi



Talent Show

Participating in a school talent show can be a nerve-wracking experience, but it can also be incredibly rewarding. Recently, I had the opportunity to show my skills in the school's talent show, where I performed a contemporary dance routine.

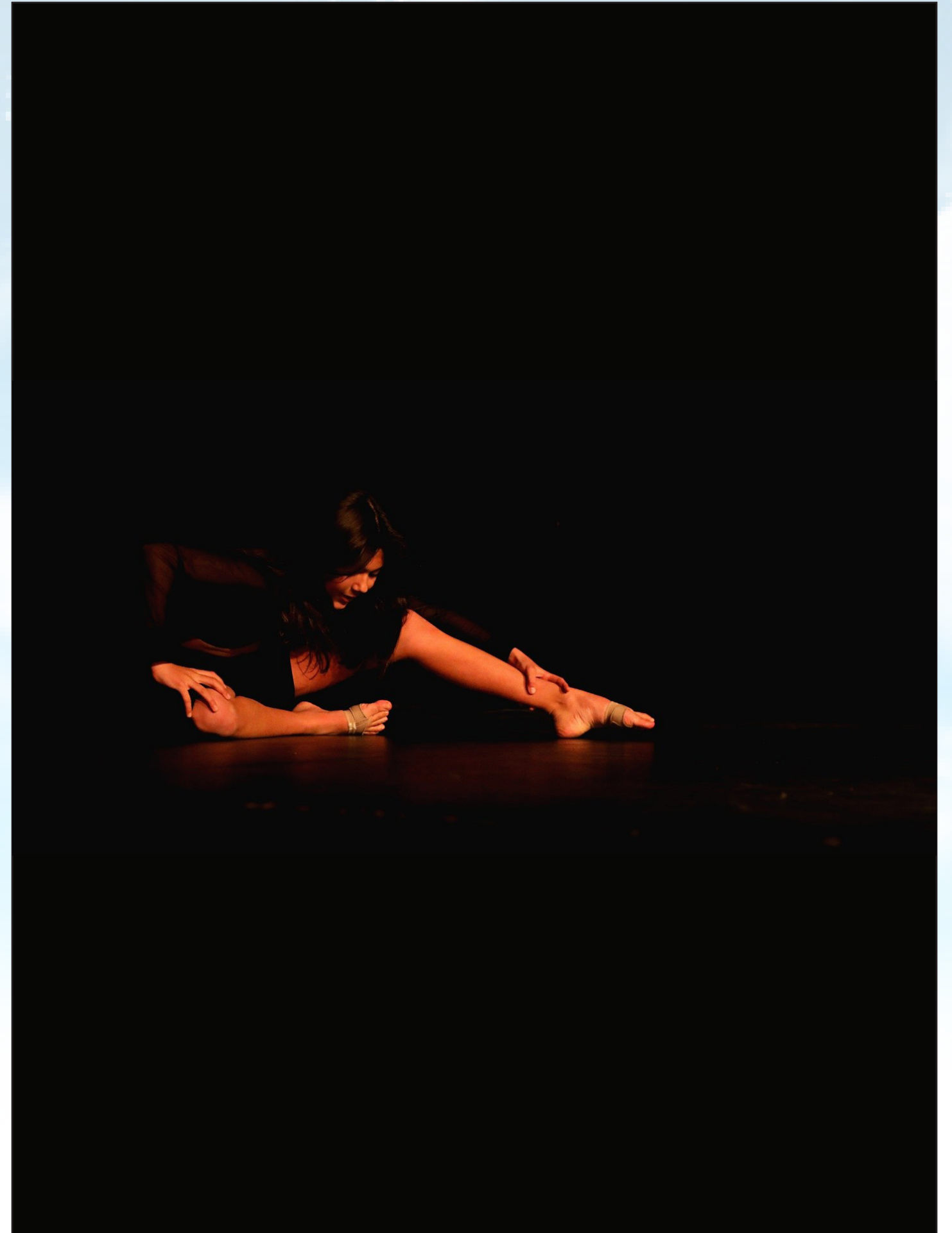
As the day of the talent show approached, I found myself feeling increasingly anxious. I had spent countless hours practicing my routine, but the thought of performing in front of many people still made me nervous. However, I reminded myself that this was an opportunity to share my passion for dance with others and to push myself out of my comfort zone.

On the day of the show, I arrived at the theatre early to do a quick run-through of my routine. As I stepped onto the stage, I could feel my heart racing and my palms sweating. But as the music began to play and I started to move, all of my nerves melted away. I poured all of my energy and emotion into my performance, and I felt completely in the moment.

As I finished my routine to horrendous applause, I felt an incredible sense of pride and accomplishment. Participating in the talent show had been a challenge, but it had also been an unforgettable experience. It had given me the opportunity to express myself creatively, push my limits, and to connect with my community.

In the end, I realized that the most important thing was not the outcome of the performance, but the journey. I had learned so much about myself and my abilities, and I had grown both as a dancer and as a person. The school talent show had been an incredible experience, and one that I would never forget.

by Carla Iliescu, from class 6C





Thoughts on Cambridge Exams

Cambridge Exams can be really funny, exciting, or even annoying. But how does it actually feel to take one of them?

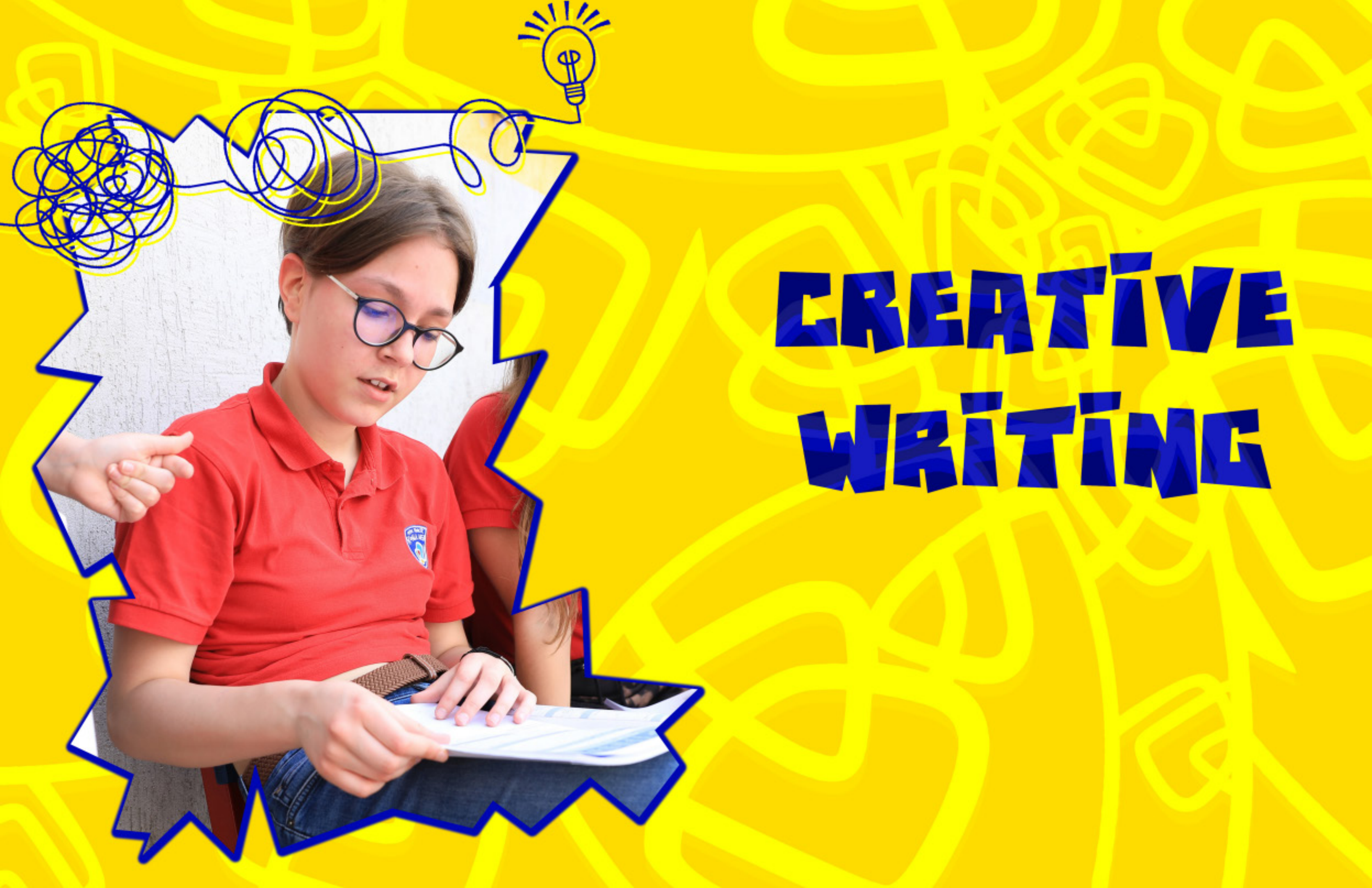
Firstly, you've got to understand that this kind of exams do not allow cellphones, smart watches, or any kind of gadgets. In fact, you can't bring anything with you in the room you are taking the exam in besides pens, an ID card, and your water bottle. Although you can eat during breaks, you mustn't during the duration of the exam.

Secondly, don't worry if you feel like not wanting to take the exam anymore. You might just have a bad day. This actually happened to me this year, during Writing. I was uncontrollably sweating, my pen was running out of ink and the time was going down. I decided to calm down, go to the bathroom and wash my face. After I came back, I kindly asked someone for a pen, I took a deep breath and finished my task in no time. My suggestion is, keep calm and focus on what you have to do. Never give up.

Taking the exam can make you think positively. One school in Manchester did an experiment and they realized that students doing that tend to have a much more positive mindset and have better results. On top of that, you can actually discuss what you think you did wrong or what you think you did well. It might surprise you that many will have the same answers as you, when you thought you'd done it wrong!

So, in conclusion, don't make a fuss about it. Calm down and try your best.

by Tudor Marandici, from class 6C



CREATIVE WRITING

The treasure

One day, Alex and Jack heard rumours about an old treasure hidden from the world, on a remote island in the Pacific Ocean. They did some research and found out that the island they are looking for was located near the Philippines coast. So, they booked the first flight to the Philippines.

In a couple of days, they were sailing to the mysterious island. After an hour, they arrived. Since they set foot on the island, they started looking for indicators of where the treasure was hidden. After hours of searching, they found nothing. They were disappointed and they sat on a rock. Suddenly, Jack saw a map carved into the rock. It was the map of the treasure. Alex quickly drew the map into his notebook and the boys started heading to the treasure.

The landscape was beautiful, the blue water was calmly caressing the shore and the sun was sinking in the sea, letting the shiny moon take its place. Eventually, they stumbled across a cave and entered in. Inside, it was pitch-dark. They made their way through the cave crawling slowly. In the end they saw a crack of light. They approached it. They were thankful that they had finally found the treasure but there was neither gold, nor diamonds or other jewels. Instead, they saw multiple waterfalls, rivers, and astonishing trees. They saw the most beautiful place in the world. There was also a message written in an old language on the rock: 'The true treasure of the world is not gold but nature.'

On the way back home, Alex and Jack weren't sad because they didn't find anything valuable, they were happy because they saw the true value of the world.



by Istratescu Alexandru, from class 6A

The train robbery

It was a cold, dark night. The wind was howling like crazy and Jonathan was nervously waiting at the station for his train to arrive. At that time of the day, there was no one there besides him. He looked to his right and he felt a cold stream of air coming from the unknown towards him. He quickly stepped back as the giant metal beast entered the station, and he eventually got on.

After minutes of searching for an empty compartment, he finally found one at the back of the train. He made himself comfortable and took his book out. After a while, a tall man with a large, black moustache and a brown suitcase joined him. The man greeted Jonathan and asked him if he was thirsty. Jonathan looked at him suspiciously, but, in the end, the lack of water pushed him to say yes. He was offered a sweet-tasting beverage, which was surprisingly really tasty. He thanked the man and immediately fell asleep.

Hours passed and Jonathan was still asleep. As the train reached its final destination, the ticket controller came to wake him up. He carefully opened his eyes and realised that the mysterious man had left the compartment. He checked his wallet and couldn't believe his eyes! All of his money had disappeared! He quickly grabbed his bag and sprinted to the exit. He noticed the man getting off the platform and heading towards the parking lot, where he hopped into a dark blue car. Jonathan ran into the street and managed to catch a taxi telling the driver to follow the car.

At the first red light, he jumped out and ran towards the thief's car. He angrily opened the door and punched him in the face. Out of nowhere, he heard a police siren. When the cops arrived, he told them what had happened. They checked the unconscious man's passport and confirmed he was a world-known pickpocket thief. Then they proceeded to give Jonathan his money back, and thanked him. 'If you hadn't caught him, he would have probably gotten away', the policeman told him. In the end, Jonathan

by Tudor Marandici, from class 6C

A good scare

I was alone in the house, reading a scary ghost story as snow was falling silently outside. The only sound was the ticking of a very old clock. I was absorbed in the story when suddenly I began to feel that someone was watching me. I normally like being alone, but this time it felt different. I was drowning in my own scary thoughts.

I got up and began searching the house. I searched every nook and cranny of the house, but nothing suspicious caught my eye, except for the awful amount of hairs in the bathrooms. I climbed back on my bed. “You really got in my head, haven’t you?” I thought while picking up my book.

Suddenly, I heard scratching on my window. I was curious of what it could be, but the curtains were blocking my sight. I let my fears wash over me and realised my legs weren’t working properly anymore and my eyes were fixated upon the window. The scratching slowly turned into knocking and feelings of confinement and entrapment took a hold of me. I managed to get out of bed, hardly, and tip-toe my way to the window. The knocking was getting

louder and louder. I closed my eyes and pulled the curtains. My heart was racing as I opened my eyes and saw my sister laughing.

I was relieved, but also furious. My mom came to comfort me,



by Mara Ionescu, from class 7B

A lucky day



Michael woke up on a hot summer day. As he opened his eyes, he had a strong feeling that today might be the day he found something with his metal detector. His house was next to the beach, so he got dressed, put on a hat, and walked out the door.

The metal detector was heavy and old, because it was his father’s once, but it still worked just fine. The hot summer breeze was playing with Michael’s hair as he silently moved the detector left and right. Suddenly, it made a high-pitched sound and the boy quickly dug in the sand. But, to his disappointment, it was just a rusty bullet. He found about five of these a day, so it wasn’t a big surprise. After an hour he found a bottle cap, some metal pipes, another three bullets and a bunch of rubbish. As he was about to give up, the metal detector made a piercing sound, and Michael decided that this would be the last one for today. He started digging with his shovel, but hit something hard, so he dug with his hands. He gasped loudly as he saw an old chest, just like the ones in pirate movies!

He took it to his family, and they couldn’t be happier. When they sold it, they made a fortune and managed to make it to the local news. Michael’s life was changed forever.

by Elena Sava, from class 6C

A Warm Christmas

A gentle voice woke me up and I immediately jumped. Images of flying mice and magical balls of yarn were still stuck in my mind. After a few moments, I realized I had been dreaming and tried to understand what was happening. The lady who took care of us never woke up in the middle of the night, which made the situation even more peculiar. I looked around and saw my brothers and sisters in the same state of confusion in which I found myself. My mother was nowhere to be seen, but I didn't think much of it. I lied down and slowly, my eyes started closing...

Before I knew it, the lady had picked me up and put me in a box with my siblings and a loud thump brought me back to my senses. The pitch-black sky, rumbling engine and terrified cries gave me shivers down my spine. I had never been away from home while it was dark outside for so long, let alone without mother. The cold air crept between my ears, along my back and under my tummy and I felt like shrinking myself until I was no larger than a particle of dust. Still, although the cold seemed to seep through my bones, my sister's fur and warm paws made me feel less lonely.

After what had felt like forever, we finally fell asleep again and when we woke up, we found ourselves in a fuzzy blanket, under a tall decorated tree. The smell of freshly baked rolls invaded my nostrils and the faint song of bells brightened my spirits. I started meowing and out of nowhere, a human cub jumped to hug us. And, for the first time in a while, I was warm.

by Carla Dumitru, from class 7C



An impossible relationship

Chris walked into the party, feeling nervous and a little out of place. He did not know anyone here, but he had been invited by a friend and was hoping to meet some new people. As he was grabbing a drink from the bar, he noticed a girl standing off to the side, looking equally lost.

He walked over to her and struck up a conversation. Her name was Emily, and she seemed sweet and funny. They talked for hours, laughing and joking around. As the party started to wind down, Chris mustered up the courage to ask for her number. To his delight, she gave it to him.

Over the next few weeks, Chris and Emily talked all the time. They went on dates, went to movies, shared interests, and talked for hours about their lives. Chris started falling for her hard, and it was clear she felt the same way. But there was one problem and that was that Emily was in a relationship.

Chris understood her and did not want to push her. They agreed to keep their relationship a secret - something that was difficult, as they lived in a small town where gossip spread like wildfire. They met in secret, talked in secret, and even kissed in secret. They both knew it was not right, but they could not help themselves.

Months passed, and Emily's relationship continued to deteriorate. She was unhappy and felt trapped. Chris was there for her, supporting her and helping her through the tough times. Eventually, the inevitable happened. Emily broke up with her boyfriend, and she and Chris could finally start their relationship out in the open.

But the joy was short-lived. Emily's ex-boyfriend started spreading rumours, telling everyone about their secret relationship. It was all anyone talked about, and it made Emily feel even more trapped than before. Chris tried to comfort her, but he knew deep down that there was only so much he could do.

In the end, Emily could not handle the pressure. She broke up with Chris, feeling like the whole town was watching her. It was a painful end to their love story, but Chris knew that he would always carry a piece of Emily with him. He would never forget the girl who had stolen his heart at a party, even if things did not work out the way they had planned.

by Olah Eric , from class 7C

Cinderella's late for class

Rays of sunshine peacefully entered the room as I was shuffling under my covers. I yawned and slowly opened my eyes, but everything was blurry in front of me. Lazily, I got up and glanced at the clock. My eyes instantly filled with terror; I was already late for school!

I randomly picked up a few clothes that were laying around in my room, and put on my backpack, without checking if I even had what I needed for the day. I had got late into bed the previous night and couldn't remember anything. So, I quickly rushed down the stairs and sprinted out of the house, books falling out of my hands on the way. I was hoping to spot a bus on the street, but everything looked deserted. Panicking, I made my decision. I had to walk to school. Or rather, run.

Wind blew against my face as I was running as fast as I could. Sweat dripped from my forehead, and I could hear my pounding heart and my fragile voice gasping for air. I felt like I was being pulled by an imaginary force, which had a tight grip on my waist, but I just couldn't figure out what it was. I was just about to give up and lay down right there, in the middle of the street, when I saw the school building right in front of me, with the joyous voices of students or the severe and strict ones of teachers echoing out the open windows. Relieved, I quickly got to my class and knocked on the door.

Murmurs and whispers rapidly surrounded me, and everyone had their eyes on me. Some of my classmates even started chuckling, but I was too exhausted to care. I excused myself and took a seat in the back of the class, where nobody could see me. I barely got through the class without falling asleep, but when the bell finally rang, I got up to get some water. Suddenly, I tripped and fell into hundreds of blue, soft layers, of what appeared to be a dress. Confused, I realized that I was wearing the tight dress of a princess, which my little sister had got for my birthday the previous week. In the utter mess that I was, I started laughing crazily, without being able to stop. 'Well, I told myself, I definitely don't look like a princess, and I certainly don't feel like one!'

by Olaru Mia, from class 6A

A story

Once upon a time there were three friends, minding their own business. They were heading to a party, when suddenly someone stopped them, he was asking for help because his friend had disappeared. Everyone started looking for him, but unfortunately, no one was able to find him. Therefore, they called the police.

A detective came to the scene and started asking the strange man about his appearance and the last time he saw him. After the police got his portrait, they headed to the place where he was last seen. The only thing they found was his phone. They used his phone to find the apartment where he lived. When they got there, they saw that his whole apartment had been destroyed. The kidnapper took everything valuable, a decent amount of money, and left with the owner and with all of his belongings. 'The thieves must have planned this robbery for weeks', one of the friends said. 'They also had a big vehicle to carry everything out', the detective continued.

One of the policemen realized that the robbers were in a hurry, and they were driving at full speed. Therefore, the tires left a trail on the road. They followed the mysterious trail, and they ended up next to an abandoned building. When they entered the building, the first thing they saw was the man matching the description, who was full of cuts and bruises. They were trying to help him, when suddenly the robbers came and when they saw the police, they froze. They were sentenced to 6 years in prison, and they also had to return everything they had stolen from the captured man. The man was immediately sent to a hospital and made a full recovery after a few days.

In the end, the group of friends missed the party, but at least the endangered man was safe.



by Vulpoi Petru, from class 6C

The homeless man

It was a Friday night. I just closed the shop when someone touched my shoulder. It was a homeless man. He looked miserably. His beard was growing uncontrolled all over his face, his dark green eyes could easily tell you a whole story about what he's been through, the black, long hair was so tangled that there was no wonder if he had any dead creature inside.

'May I have a bread, please?' he said trembling. At first, I hesitated knowing that something given for free would have an impact upon the shop's profit.

'Look at us, wanting just money' a soft voice whispered inside my head. Shocked and ashamed of what I've thought I've responded to him:

'Of course!' I tried saying looking him into his eyes. I unlocked the shop and gave the poor man a hot bread.

'God bless you' he thanked me.

I locked the shop again and took my things, ready to go home. In front of me, on a wet bench there was the homeless man eating his bread, ready to fall asleep. I couldn't just let him out there. That would've been so cruel that I couldn't forgive myself ever. I slowly but surely went to him:

'What are you doing out here?' I asked. Silly me. He was homeless of course! Where could he have been going?

'Well, got no house, no family, no money, living with what I can, you know?' he told me with a forced, pale smile on his face.

Before leaving I gave him all the money that I made that day. I had a place to stay, a family and I would've made money tomorrow anyway. The amount wasn't huge but enough to put himself on his feet. At first, he didn't want to take it, but I insisted and soon he accepted. I discovered that the most generous people are the ones that can't give you anything.

by Matei Gheorghe, from class 6A

The domino of life

Once upon a fallen leaf, the first of that autumn, there was a girl waiting at a train station. She had never been the type to miss a day of school or skip classes whenever she felt like it.

A weird feeling conquered her senses the moment she woke up. It was as if all her logic was manipulated by a puppeteer who pulled all the strings in the wrong direction. That was why the girl was now staring blankly at the hollow platforms, allowing the ruthless wind to whip her flushed cheeks. There was really no reason for her to be there at all.

As much as the girl would have liked to see what fate had planned for her, she had no intention of freezing to death. The first restaurant she found was a bit of a letdown, with its marvelous, shining 'Welcome!' sign raising clients' expectations to a level the inside couldn't reach. But why should she be judgemental when it was warm, comfortable and smelled of ground coffee beans?

A boy about her age was sitting across the tavern. Suddenly, the girl's heart started pounding faster. It didn't make much sense, since she hadn't met him before. Her sweaty hands were shaking with emotion as she approached, while her thoughts were knotting and twisting with eagerness. Her throat was as dry as a parchment. 'Hello', the girl said timidly.

The boy smiled. How wonderful of a beginning, isn't it?



by Alexandra Ioan, from class 7C

An Autumn Forest

On my left is placed a magnificent old oak tree. It has roots wider than the grand canyon and branches thicker than my legs. It's tall and sturdy, covered in markings such as hearts made by young couples in love or careless lines carved in by children. Its bark tells the stories of the people that came and went for hundreds of years. The bark feels rough and cold to the touch, but the tree itself appears familiar and warm. It has a welcoming aura, just like the rest of the forest surrounding me. I step deeper into the darkness, further into the mysteries.

The ground is covered in delicate needles, all dusty beige, that serve as an icy, soft blanket for all the creatures that step on it. Further inside, the floor is covered by a rug of soft fallen leaves, and I take in my surroundings as the sound of crackling twigs rises to my ears. With every step I take, the ground rumbles under me, almost like a fragile thunder. The wind is playing with the shape of nature, picking up the stray needles and blowing them around, creating detailed shapes and designs, as if it's raining wooden lightning.

The leaves are rusty, pale ivory and beige, sparrow brown and brick red, the saplings becoming a canvas of autumn. I am standing in a sea of gold, breathing the cold, sharp air blown apart by the wind, along with the fallen blades of autumn. I sail through the waves of leaflets and bushes and as I walk, I see a patch of mushrooms alike to the froth of the ocean. Small animals are rummaging through the ground and grass around me, squeaking like an old pirate's ship. The lingering birds are singing songs of freedom up high in their nests, surrounded by warmth and peace. I feel like a sailor navigating through a sea of fire with nothing but the musical sound of the breeze and the lost whistles of the birds to accompany me. I pass further through the forest.

Looking up past the end of a weeping willow, I see the neverending sky. It's a pale blue, sprinkled with fine linings of clouds. My gaze wanders through the branches and I see the sky morphing into intense, vivid orange and rose pinks.

The rest of the forest seems to have turned into an enormous royal room, fitting the odd aura set by the heavens. The copper colors of the leaves resemble great velvet curtains hanging from the unreachable branches. I am inside an autumn castle with fireflies serving as flickering lights of candles. Silent sounds emerge from the trees. The sun is setting now and velvet molten copper colors make their way inside the room.

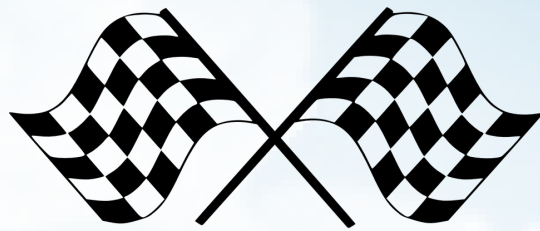
The breeze feels icy to my skin and the cold of the air sets a rusty taste in my mouth. The delicate silk of my raven-colored scarf flows behind me in the air. A blown away leaf hangs onto it for a few seconds before being thrown away into the abyss of the forest once again. I move further inside this room of mythical treasures and unknown secrets. There are trees covered in mushrooms of endless colors (ghost white, robin orange, sunflower yellow, deep ivory) and moss all around the carelessly spread rocks. A lone crow flows through the air, passing by me and deeper into the shadows. A flickering ray of the dying sun shines against its glimmering coal feathers, sending shimmers of light through the trees, similar to a warm eerie candle floating through the maze of ashy saplings.

It's been raining fiery colors in the forest since fall and I've never enjoyed it as much. I lie on the cold surface beneath my body and stare up into the sky. My eyes never reached beyond the navy-blue shield and the froth-colored clouds, but I don't feel the need to see past it anymore. The leaves are tumbling down in a mess of scarlet, chestnut and amber, covering the icy ground. A bird's cry is blown away with the wind carrying unspoken secrets along with it, and I lie asleep listening to its song.



by Ana Cocea, from class 10

The Racetrack



The sun was coming up. Its rays were caressing the grass's morning dew. The fine leaves that were struggling to hold onto the thick branches were being blown by the wind.

Old oak trees were surrounding the racing field. Gargantuan aphids couldn't help themselves from eating the bark. The oak limbs were reaching toward the spring sky. All the trees were swaying back and forth, in all directions, due to the strong wind. Six beautiful and colourful birds were flying like small aerobatic planes, competing in a contest. Their flying looked like dancing and their cheerful chirping sounded like the beautiful voice of a professional singer. Goodies stands were parked all over the place, selling freshly cooked brownies, pancakes that were as hot as boiling water, and sweets bought from the local shop.

In contrast to the peaceful surroundings, the racing field looked more like an unkempt swamp, full of puddles and barbaric-looking rocks that could slash the dirt bike tires in a second. Shattered glass from beer bottles was covering a few of the corners and the starting line had holes in it. The jumps looked like the forgotten old backs of atrocious monsters half buried under the ground, covered in bones.

In Front of the track, all the motorcycles were prepared. They were freshly washed, so their shine captured everyone's attention. All of them had brand new tires, the studs being as tall as the Burj Khalifa and as thick as a bodybuilder's arm. When the mechanics warmed up the bikes, smoke was coming out of the exhaust just as if it would come out of a house's chimney. Every single dirt bike was differently wrapped, due to the preferences of the rider. Some of them had pictures of lions on them, others had pictures of tools, and others just had their sponsors written on them.

The mechanics were all wearing t-shirts and jackets with their team names on them, as well as the riders. The coaches and their assistants were setting up the paddocks, arranged the tool cabinets, and setting up the pressure washers for cleaning the bikes up after every track session.

The motocross track was waking up, being disturbed by the sharp revving of the two-stroke dirt bikes that were as loud as thunder. The organizers were putting the sponsor's banners on every rusty fence they could find even though no one could see them because they got covered in mud in seconds.

The parents were stressed out. They were pacing back and forth, sweat dripping down their necks, and all the bad things that could happen going through their mind. Even though the coach specifically told them not to disturb the kids, almost half of the parents were still telling them to be careful for the hundredth time and that what matters is to have fun. The riders' facial expressions could tell how bored they were getting listening to the same thing over and over again.

The riders were gearing up while the spectators were waiting for the most exciting part of the day, the battle between the fearless kids that are ready to give all they've got in order to win. They entered the circuit and in a couple of seconds, 8 riders fell. Instead of looking like the riders were racing, it looked like they were at a swimming contest, but the water was replaced with mud.

The dirt was being demolished by the hungry tires, while the rocks that were still on the track because of the indifference of the organizer were flying off in the distance, like a tornado. The style of the riders that were swinging back and forth, right and left in the air looked just as if they were being pushed by invisible creatures. The prodigious, happy sky was turning into a grouchy, dark airspace. Although, for motocross lovers, a muddy track is part of the happiness that conquers you when stepping into the massive boots, when starting the engine, when burnt oil is being smelled, and when the emotions, dust, and noise become one.

by Andrei Capriorara, from class 10

The Escape

Andrew got off the bus.

He was breathing heavily and sweat started dripping down his entire body. The bus had been a can of sardine-smelling workers coming home from their mandated factory work. Andrew stopped and took a long look at his apartment block.

He sighed.

The building had no light in the tall iron windows, the only light the block was getting was from the sun.

He made his way inside through the rusty door and made his way up to his apartment.

“Where were you?” whispered his neighbor whilst peeking out of his doorway. “Mind your own business, stop being nosy.” Said Andrew while slamming the door behind him and entering his apartment.

He knew his neighbor was probably a spy for the government so every time he was with someone, he was very careful with what was being said.

As he was opening it, the door made a creaking sound that sent chills up his entire body. He forgot to turn off the radiator before leaving so his small apartment was boiling like a pot of stew. The moment he got inside he lay down. Andrew started fidgeting on the couch and sweat started covering his body. Hunger started becoming his main concern.

He gets up and goes as slow as a centipede on one leg to his kitchen only to be left standing there realizing his fridge is empty, he goes to open the window and is met by a strong gust of wind. The Brandenburg Gate. Andrew had big plans for today. He couldn't stand living in a communist city and today was finally the day he had a chance to get out. He and some people he didn't know much about were going to try an escape out of Berlin tonight. He couldn't talk about this with anyone, at each floor of his apartment block there were informants of the government. He had to keep quiet.

Escaping the city was the only thing that could get him out of his misery, but it was risky. Poor Andrew had no idea what he should do. Try to make the escape with a high chance of getting caught or live inside his small apartment working a job he doesn't enjoy forever.

The clock was ticking. He was running out of time.

The car that was going to take him out of the city was going to arrive soon. The car couldn't wait for everyone or the risk of getting caught would increase. He had to leave soon if he wanted to make it.

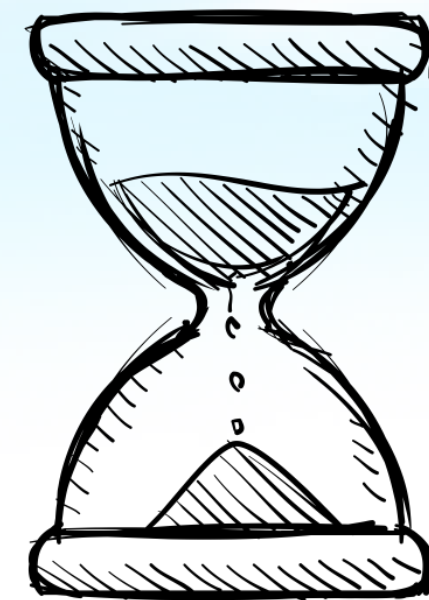
As Andrew was walking back to lie on the couch, he heard his phone.

RING! RING! RING!

An unknown number is calling Andrew. Should I answer, he thought to himself while nervously biting his nails. All alone in his apartment with sweat all over his cherry-red face he took a deep breath and answered. A middle-aged man greeted him and at that moment his heart stopped, and he froze for a few seconds.

That was it. The phone call. It was now or never for Andrew's escape.

He took a long look in the mirror and said to himself that it couldn't get any worse than this. He took one final breath and stormed out of his apartment block with a nervous smile on his face hoping for a happy ending.



by Ioan Luca Rădulescu, from class 9

Friendly Sacrifice

“Hey, buddy, what’s up?”

“Good morning, Pavel.” mumbled Bruno half asleep.

“Listen, we have to talk about something.” said Pavel, placing his hand on Bruno’s shoulders. “They are taking Schmuel to the gas showers, I’m so sorry.” said Pavel with a soft voice as he went in for a hug.

“This can’t be true.” Bruno’s voice was cracking, and tears were showing up unexpectedly. His heart was shattered, he was for sure awake now.

Bruno ran back up to his room, slamming his door furiously. He sat down on the floor, covering himself with a blanket big enough to fit his despair and drowning in memories of his best friend, when suddenly, an exciting idea ripped his eyelids open. “What if I save him?” He whispered, trying to get rid of the annoying voice that kept hissing discouraging thoughts in the back of his head.

Bruno grabbed his father’s old set of tools and sprinted towards the electric fence which was protecting the prison. Careless of what might happen to him, he started to cut it, when suddenly, he saw some soldiers walking Schmuel and lots of others to their death. He was immediately corrupted by a rush, but he felt more determined than ever.

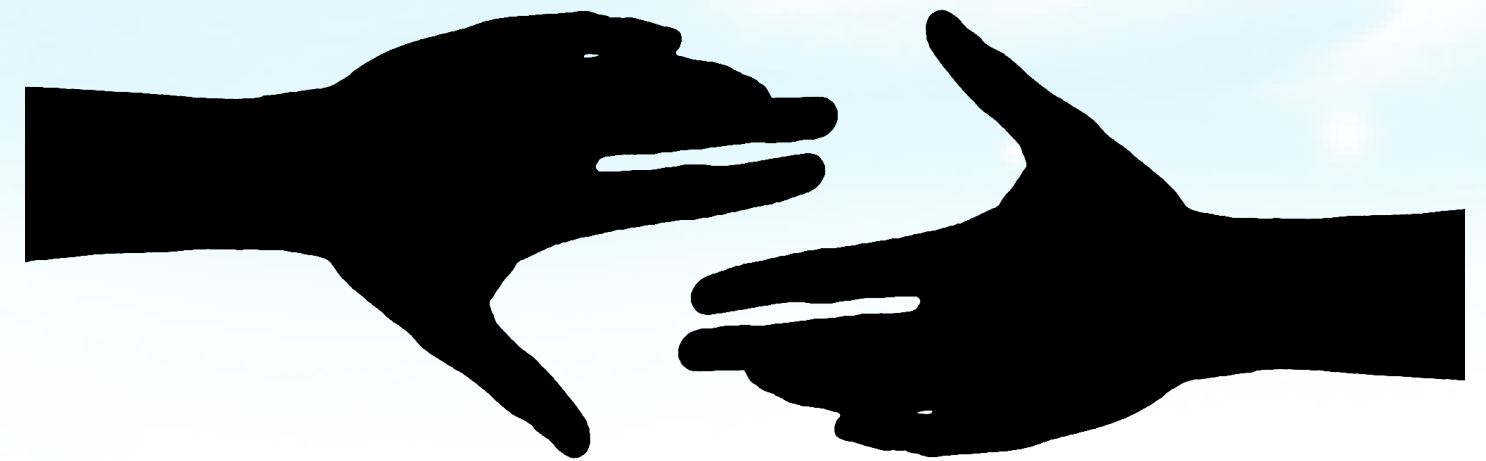
As soon as the fence collapsed, Bruno ran straight to the gas showers. He was right in front of the door, he could hear the people crying, begging for forgiveness, unfortunately, it was too late for that. Suddenly, as Bruno was stretching his neck, stressed, thinking carefully of his next move, something caught his eye, his way in and Schmuel’s way out, a vent. He got up and crawled his way to a cut-out fence. He could see all the people, all in their own cabin through the square-shaped holes in the fence. Right under him, stood Schmuel. There were a ton of different coloured wires connected to the cabin. Some were thicker, some were thinner, so which one stops the gas from leaking?

“10, 9, 8...” shouted a soldier, placing his hand on a big, rusty tap, ready to push it.

It was awful, people were crying, human beings...who were ready to be intoxicated, but Bruno couldn’t save all of them and he felt terrible for that. The soldier was nearing the end when Bruno tore the fence down with a strong punch. Schmuel’s eyes widened in surprise, his eyes were glowing with hope as Bruno stretched out his hand to help him up. Schmuel grabbed his hand, but Bruno was struggling pulling his weight. Suddenly, Bruno’s hands weakened, and he fell in the cabin, as Schmuel managed to pull himself up the vent.

“...3, 2, 1.” The soldier pushed the gigantic tap. Schmuel was tearing up, as for Bruno... he was finally at peace. He was proud to go knowing he saved his best friend.

Bruno had a soft smirk on his face, coughing as he laid down on the cold metal. Schmuel took one more look at his best friend for a last goodbye, he was going to live life for both.



by Mara Ionescu, from class 7B

The linked worlds

Mily was walking home from school. Her house is situated next to a forest. She was tired and the road was long, so she thought, why not take a short-cut? So, she did, but she had to cross the forest for this.

Things were going great but as she went further into the forest, she started to lose her way. It was getting darker and darker. Suddenly she saw a bright light. Mily was a curious girl, so she went on to investigate.

She was standing in front of an enormous circle of light... She could see a light blue background and a platform of what seemed to be clouds. On it, creatures with wings were roaming around. Slowly she approached it and reached out her hand to touch it when suddenly she fell in a void. And she fell, and fell, and fell, till she got dizzy and fainted. A few moments after, she woke up and she saw, ...ANGELS?! She was thinking she was light-headed and dreaming, until one of them asked her how she got there. She explained everything and now it was her turn to ask questions. She asked questions like "Where am I?", "Am I dead?", "Who are you?". Her questions were answered, and turns out, they use the portal to transport guardian angels to earth.

The portal was closed, but she never forgot how the worlds link. Now she wondered what other myths might be true.



by Maria Oancea, from class 5A

Opinion Essay

Learning about a new culture can be tough, since there can be huge differences between one culture and another. There are also a lot of things to learn about if you want to understand the new culture, such as clothing, food, history, architecture and many more, which can be overwhelming if you don't know where to start. However, it is not impossible if you have the right learning methods and resources.

First of all, the easiest way is to visit a new place and to experience the culture yourself. That way you can easily see the differences between your culture and a new one for yourself and you can also enjoy the moment and have fun while doing so, which makes the whole experience more memorable.

Another method would be to gather reading materials about the culture that you want to learn more about. You can find many books at a library or bookshop. Finding materials has also become easier due to the internet, so searching up the information online is also an option.

In my opinion, reading about the culture in books or on certain websites is the most effective method, given the fact that it is way cheaper than visiting a different country and that the learning process can be faster. Although visiting a new place can be fun, sometimes you might not fully understand the culture just from experiencing it, and reading about it could be more useful.



by Rosca Matilda, from class 7A

It wasn't a dream!

Milly was staring absent-mindedly out the window. The stars were winking at her. She got up, unplugged her headphones and got into bed, her cat purring next to her.

Suddenly Milly heard a knock on her window. She got up to check what was going on when she saw an alligator all dressed up, sitting on a train made of gigantic teacups! The girl opened her window.

“Good evening, madam! I believe you bought a ticket to go and visit the Cloud World”, said the alligator as if nothing unusual was happening.

“I’m terribly sorry, Sir. I do not know what you are talking about”, said Milly trying to keep calm.

“Wonderful! Then let’s get going. Hop in!”

Without Milly’s further comments, the weird alligator said, “Cheese drop-lets” and out of the blue, she found herself on the teacup train, with the train flying into the air, on some levitating railways that were made of pen ink. So, there she stood, in her flower-patterned night gown, on a peculiar train, above the whole city, with a fancy dressed alligator, in the middle of the night.

“So, here we are, lady! It will cost you 25 pencil tips. Check your front pocket, will you? Thank you! Have a magical night!”

“Excuse me, where do I get off?” Milly said, still shocked.

“Well on the clouds, of course! Teenagers today! They don’t even know where they’re going!”

“Excuse you! You, Sir, basically kidnapped me! I am completely confused about what has just happened to me; let alone how cold my naked feet are!”

And she angrily got off. When she stepped on the cloud, her feet suddenly got warm. She felt like walking in pudding. Milly started wandering around. After some time, Milly reached a flower field.

But these were not usual flowers. Their petals were shining as if they were made of diamonds. And their stems were made of silk. She made a bouquet to take home. Wait a minute! Home! How was she going to get home?

The girl started running in the direction where the train had left her, hoping that the alligator hadn’t left yet. She ran faster and faster and then, she couldn’t stop. She stumbled over the edge of the cloud. And she fell into the dark abyss. She was screaming but no one could hear her.

All of a sudden, she felt a tickle on her face, and she opened her eyes.

Milly was in her bed. The sun was kissing her face. Her cat purring next to her. Out of nowhere a knock on the window startled her. Turning her eyes to the place from where the noise was coming, she saw a beautiful diamond flower bouquet on her sill. Milly hurried to the window, picked it up with trembling hands and started dancing:

“It wasn’t a dream! Oh, I knew it!”



The book of time

It was at this moment that a war broke out in the sky. A powerful wind howled, passing by all the windows in the small village that stood far, far away from the crowded big city. A sudden lightning struck, and little Briar pulled her blanket over her head in fright. Her dazzling, blue eyes were wide open as she fought back the fear that was approaching.

At once, a loud sound that startled the little girl echoed throughout the room. She peeked just to see her favorite book, full of magical fairytales. Seeing this, she remembered the dear memories of her mother reading to her at bedtime and tucking her in. She had no idea about what was going to happen. A glowing ray of light escaped the old pages. Briar slowly got out of bed. Was this a dream? It certainly felt like one; but in a moment all she felt was how deep she was falling through a long, endless tunnel.

Soon she hit the ground, landing on soft, green grass. She looked around and saw an old rock path and tall, green trees which watched over the people. However, the thick fog which covered the scenery gave it a sad, unsettling look. Briar didn't question anything as she was still trying to understand the situation. In the distance she saw a dark silhouette racing towards her. She recognized it right away. Her favorite princess! It felt truly magical until it didn't anymore. Her golden, blonde hair was now dark and tangled. Her face looked angry, and her clothes were dirty. Not only her, but all the characters she looked up to. Everything in this land was turned around. The good characters were evil, the bad ones were good. A tear fell on her cheek as she stood there, trapped. She closed her eyes and tried to forget. Tried to forget the fairytales, tried to forget this misfortune.

The scenery slowly started to fade, but the girl felt a piece of her was missing. She returned home only to realize how much time this story took up, because when she returned home, she was already one year older.

by Papacu Noelle, from class 5A

Foolish boy

Recently, Alex's school organized a four-day trip to the mountains. At first, Alex wasn't entirely sure about going; however, after learning that he'd miss school in that period, he bought his tickets.

After shortly arriving there, most of the students went to the basement to play truth or dare. In those sweet and beautiful moments, he saw Jessica. Her hair looked like the most delicate silk ever known to man. Her lips were a bloody red, but soft and brittle as a fluffy cloud. She had eyes that would drive crazy any boy who would dare look into them, yet Alex could not take his eyes off them.

It did not take long for a brave dare to come up, a kiss from Alex to Jessica. His heart was beating as it had never done before, he could feel everything in the room, every breath taken in, every slight step. For him, seconds felt like hours and after all this... it happened. Some people called it short, but for Alex it was perfect.

As the days went by, they grew more intimate. The teachers were against it, but very little in this world could have stopped the two. During those short days of spring, Alex was the happiest boy on the planet. However, as all things do, it stopped.

Jessica became more distant towards him, and the strong bond they shared had now turned into the same relationship she had with the 30 other boys who fell for her.

Once again, the love story ends with cries and looks into the past.



by Popescu Matei, from class 6A

The noises right behind the door

Liam slowly woke up in his cosy bed, wrapped up tightly in his blanket. He lazily opened one eye after another, scanning his room. Nothing seemed out of order, it was just a typical January morning for him. The young boy then stared out his window and was unpleasantly greeted with the sight in front of him: snowflakes all around, falling rapidly to the ground and piling up into snow mounds. He absolutely despised freezing weather and was hoping that, once December ended, it would've been gone for good. To his dismay, Liam could feel the chill seeping into his fingertips.

After changing out of his pyjamas, the boy treaded down the stairs. He was about to plop himself down on the couch and watch some TV, but he suddenly stopped in his tracks. A flavourful aroma wafted in the air, beckoning Liam to the kitchen. On the table, he found a warm grilled cheese sandwich and a note from mom. Seems like she and dad had just left, as they were late for work. That meant he had the house to himself, which was awesome. Once returned from the kitchen, the boy heard a strange noise upstairs and stopped munching on his scrumptious sandwich. No one else should've been home since his family had left. Liam wasn't a coward or anything, so he knew he had to investigate. The staircase creaked loudly with each step, ruining any chance of stealth. He had located the source of the noises to be just behind the bathroom door. As much as he wanted to open that door and catch whatever burglar was behind it, he still felt somewhat afraid. Ever so slowly, he reached for the handle...

Suddenly, the door busted open, and Liam froze, feeling like his heart skipped a beat. His older sister jumped back a bit, obviously startled by her younger brother.

"Jeez, why were you just sitting in front of the door like that? Are you OK?" she asked in a concerned tone.

"I, uh...h-heard noises coming from the bathroom, and I thought it was a burglar and..."

"A burglar? It was just me, silly! What would a burglar even be doing, hanging out in our bathroom?"

"Well, I don't know... wait, shouldn't you be at school today? It's Monday."

"With this blizzard outside? No chance. They cancelled school for the day. Otherwise, if it weren't cancelled, then mom would've woken you up way earlier, meaning that you wouldn't be here, telling me about burglars and other crazy stuff."

Liam let out a huge sigh of relief, for he had never been happier to see his sister. He felt rather foolish for not considering the possibility of school being cancelled. Still, he felt much safer having someone familiar in the house.



by Rucsandra Albici, from class 7C

An Elephant in the Garden



An Elephant in the Garden – The policeman

‘A rather worried-looking policeman did come to the house later that same evening to question Mutti about the elephant we were keeping in our garden. But Mutti was expecting just such a visit from the authorities, and had thought of everything. She read him out a letter from the Herr Direktor of the zoo, giving his permission, and declaring that the elephant was a young one, only four years old, recently orphaned and so needed special care and attention, that she was an unusually calm elephant, and quite safe to be left under the supervision of Mutti overnight; that he had inspected the garden himself, and there was no danger whatsoever to the public. The policeman wanted to read the letter himself, and even then he still wanted to check that the garden where Marlene was being kept was secure. So we took him out there to show him, Karli leading the way.

Marlene was sheltering in her shed. The policeman didn’t want to get too close, I could see that. He walked across the garden and rattled the gate to satisfy himself that it was safely shut. But he said we should chain it up, just to be sure. When he turned around he found Marlene was right there in front of him. She had come to introduce herself. She did this by reaching out her trunk to touch his face. He looked very alarmed at this, but when a few moments later Marlene’s trunk happened to knock off his cap, and we all laughed, he had to laugh too.

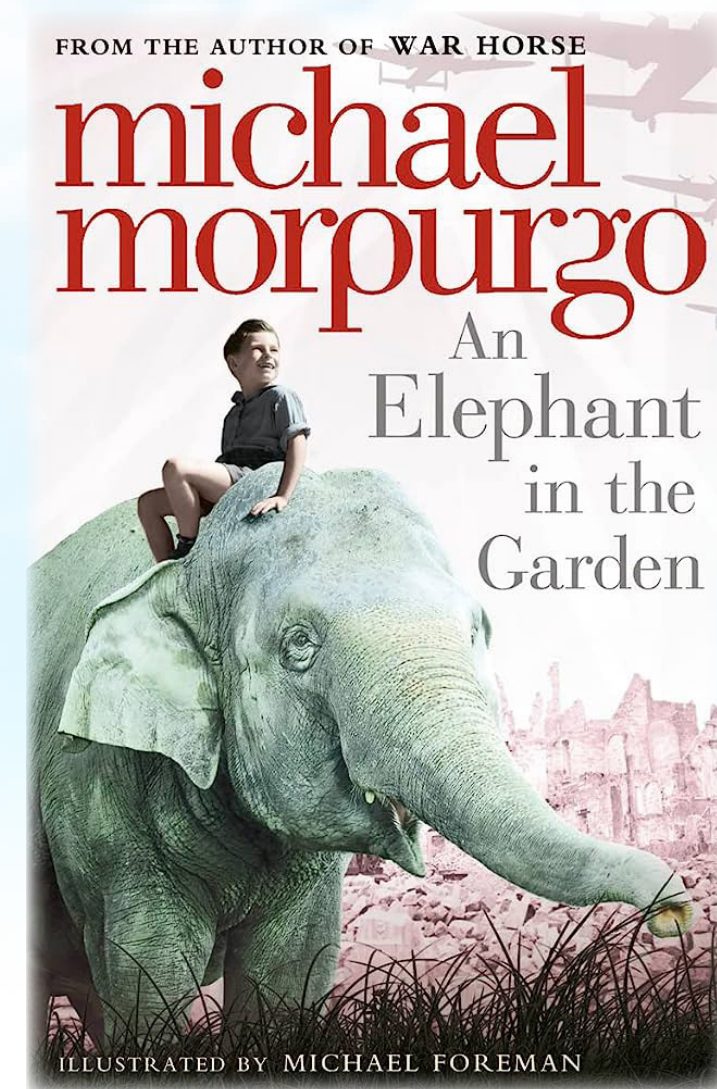
After that, he went away happy, leaving us happy too, and relieved that Marlene was now officially allowed to stay.’

(An Elephant in the Garden, Part 2, Ring of Fire, Chapter 2, page 74)

Imagine that the policeman has now gone home for his supper and is telling his family about his visit to see the Elephant.

Write an account of the visit as if you are the policeman. As well as the events, describe how you felt during your visit.

I woke up in the morning and was told I have a really weird job: inspecting a garden with an elephant in it. When I arrived at the garden, I questioned a woman called Mutti about the elephant she and her kids kept in their garden and they totally expected it. She read me a letter from the Herr Direktor of the zoo declaring that the elephant was four years old, recently orphaned, unusually calm and her name is Marlene. After inspecting, I decided that there was no danger whatsoever to the public.



by Tudor Grosu, from class 4B

Memories to Remember

Charlotte glances at Lyla, a reporter from 'Black and White' magazine, who is constantly shuffling her notes and shifting her maple brown eyes from the papers to the figure in front of her.

Wearing a long sleeved, woollen sweater and black pants, Charlotte is wrapped up just like a baby in a fluffy, snowflake looking blanket. The grey and white strands of her short, soft hair are combed to perfection. Eyes are a blinding emerald colour, while the harsh lips are cracked, of a pale red. Charlotte's nose is as small as a button and even with wrinkles covering her whole face, her outstanding beauty still breaks the surface, just like a rare precious stone hidden and kept safely in a treasure box. The subtle scent of Chanel no. 5 is swimming through the air.

The young reporter slightly clears her voice.

With a small voice tremble, she rushes to ask the first question standing out on the tainted paper of hers that was a half sheet torn from an old agenda.

"My first question for you, Madame Charlotte, is how you felt the night of your first premiere, 'Jeune et Jolie'."

Charlotte directed her gaze towards the massive poster covering the entire wall.

She began to mumble her response, the cigarette dangling from her dry cracked lips, almost burned down. "It was so long ago, so very long ago.... New York was different then. Much different..."

1952 New York.

This is the night of the premiere. I remember this day very well. How could I ever forget?

A faint shadow worked its way up the carpet and a jade dress, touching the floor, slowly made its appearance.

The dress was elegance itself.

Me, a young, beautiful starlet with unremarkable malachite green eyes and golden hair framing my face, was looking intensely at the cameras in front. The heart shaped lips formed a wide smile and captivated everyone's attention.

"Look here!"

Everyone around was shouting.

With confident strides, and my head held high, I stepped away from the crowd and into the cold, red velvet painted theatre, 'The Chinese Theatre'. From the side, a gentleman just like a statue towering above everyone else stepped next to me. His hair was similar to the colour of chocolates, while his eyes were an ocean full of life.

I saw his hand reaching for mine.

The sparkle in his eyes left me in awe. I held his hand tightly while stepping on the rose petal carpet.

CLICK. CLICK.

Those cameras were the last sounds I could hear before everything turned into a romance movie and I finally fell in love with the man of my dreams. We walked together on the streets soaked in silence and the moonlight being the only thing coming between us.

"One of the most startling love stories that was! What can you tell me about your last memory of your final movie?"

I vividly remember shooting one scene where the blanket of snow was burying me into the ground. It had been snowing day and night in the city since the coming of the freezing season and it was just like a dream. My nose burned in the frigid air, while everyone around was looking at me through either cracked windows or a rubber viewfinder from their own warm bubbles.

As I was wandering aimlessly through the piles of snowflakes keeping the

ground underneath my feet from reaching its potential, waiting eagerly for another scene to be shot, something peculiar happened.

A phone rang loudly.

The shouting of the directors suddenly faded away and a gold looking light was dimmed almost to its end. Unknown faces were staring at me, almost with a small drop of water tumbling down their icy cheeks. The fear of the unknown finally took over me.

A sweet old lady approached me and with visible eyelids loose and her lip corners pulled down I heard the news. The ground beneath me started to quiver. My vision was blurred for more than a moment and I froze.

Memories from the premiere 'Jeune et Jolie' held in 'The Chinese Theatre' surrounded me, while the sparkle in my husband's eyes while holding my hand never disappeared.

My husband died.

Charlotte went silent. Her eyes closed. Lyla's entire body shivered.

"Madame Charlotte? Madame Charlotte?" Lyla shouted.

No response.

Not seeing a movement in the old star's body, she expeditiously tried feeling her pulse. Nothing. Charlottes' face looked peaceful for once in such a long time. The entire interview team gathered around her and stood still as the moonbeam on a silent night.

by Sofia Dermengiu, from class 9

The rat, the cat and the salmon (a true story)

In a small village, high up in the mountains, there was once a cat named Fluffy that loved catching all kinds of things, from small rats to snakes and baby hawks. And she would always bring them right next to her owner's favorite flowers, as a small gift to make their day ever so slightly better.

One summer evening the neighbors showed up at the front door and started explaining to Fluffy's owner that they had a very annoying mouse in their kitchen that was eating all the cheese, but no matter how hard they tried, they could not find a way to catch him. And, after seeing the cat's skills in action they were curious if they could borrow her for a night in hopes of not having to deal with that pesky little rat anymore. The owner reluctantly agreed, and that evening he did not feed Fluffy.

When the feline arrived at the house the neighbors were having salmon for dinner and, tricked by the puppy eyes, they let her in on the feast. Not long after, the cat was closed inside the kitchen and all the people in the home went to sleep.

In the morning, the neighbors rushed to the kitchen with a bag, ready to take the mouse, but what they saw was Fluffy sleeping with the belly towards the ceiling, pleased with the meal from the night before. And, next to her, a half-eaten chunk of cheese with rat footprints on it.

In the end, everyone was left with a story they'll never forget, and a mouse that hasn't left since then.



by Stancu Radu, from class 5A

My unforgettable experience

I looked in the mirror and I couldn't believe my eyes, I was an Egyptian Pharaoh! This can't actually be true, I've been a boring little boy ever since I've known myself. My features, especially my chin was chiselled bad out of proportion and my eyes seemed longer due to a weird black line starting from my eyes, across my temples... like I was wearing my mom's makeup! On my head there was this huge, long yellow hat, almost orange that was pouring on my shoulders.

I was in my room, it looked the same, only the view out my window was entirely different. Great pyramids were raised right on my neighbour's porch. "What is happening? Where am I?" I kept repeating to myself looking out the window.

"Master! Come! You have a big ceremony to attend and present!" shouted an Egyptian. He had a different looking hat, all of them had. It was shorter and higher, like a thick tube, all of them had the same one.

"A ceremony?" I asked confused.

"Oh, why, yes indeed" he sounded agitated

"Who are you?"

"I am your assistant, sir!" replied the Egyptian firmly "Come now, you have to get ready for the Sed Festival!" he exclaimed while dragging me out of my room and into the most high and mighty pyramids of all. Inside there was a spiral of stairs, going all the way to the top.

"Do we really have to climb all of those?" I whined

"Oh, of course, sir!"

After 400 stairs, we finally got to the top, out of breath. There were 3 people waiting for me and on a pair of golden lions with shining green eyes rested my throne.

"Have a seat, Your Majesty." Said one of the assistants, grabbing a long black stone.

They were refreshing my makeup, drawing other long lines across my eyes. "Wow, I look like my mom on a day out" I thought. The assistants moved to the side when suddenly, a big door in front of me opened, revealing other stairs, on the outside of the pyramid and a big crowd of people. One by one, they started climbing the stairs with fruits and vegetables.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you" they all murmured, placing the offerings in front of me. "What is this? Who are all these people? Who am I and what have I done for all this appreciation?"

As their words were circling my mind, I woke up in front of my mirror again, only this time I was myself again, holding fruits and my mom's eyeliner. Outside I could see once again my neighbours and their perfectly normal house.

"Darling, what are you doing here?" snapped my mom, placing her hands on her hips aggressively. "Daydreaming, again?"



by Mara Ionescu, from class 7B

The Deadly Escape

I watched as Bruno's face turned a purple hue as I pulled his arm from the deadly march and guided him to the closest factory hut, escaping the guard's watchful eyes. We ran as fast as we could and closed the door behind us, away from the heavy rain outside, and sat alongside on the cold concrete floor.

After a minute of silence, during which we could hear guns being fired and the harsh metal door being closed, cries for help from inside being ignored, I noticed small cupboards spread throughout the room and I started scouring for food. Bingo! Bruno was still in disbelief, his face pale, his expression frozen, and his eyes fixed on the door and what was behind it, the horrors.

"We have to get out of here" Bruno whispered with his soft broken voice. "I know Father gets off work at half past eleven so we should try to find the same gap in the wire I crawled through and sneaked out at midnight". "At midnight" I replied, biting down on a stale piece of bread.

We waited until a bell rang inside the factory and snuck out of the hut, pouring buckets outside and checking for soldiers. We walked slowly for a while, our hearts beating in unison and our faces made of stone. When I heard a gunshot, I felt my life flashing before my eyes like the credits of a film.

My tears clouded my vision, but I spotted a man with round glasses and peppered hair with a metal cap that all soldiers wore. Instead of their usual mad smile, he had a soft and sad expression.

He looked me in the eyes, saw my fear and innocence, and then, with a kind smile, he let me go. I'd later find out that the good man was Bruno's father, the man who'd saved both our lives.

by Daria Crăciun, from class 7A

Broadening horizons



It was the 5th of November.

Rain pounded against the windows of my car. I was parked in front of the hospital. My right hand was trembling on the door handle. I was sweating profusely, and I couldn't breathe properly. 'Get it together and get up!' I told myself, grabbing the handle with my right hand and pushing. As soon as I opened the door, I was struck by the freezing temperature. My cheeks turned red, and with every breath I took, every move I made, I was losing the sense of heat from the car. I got the umbrella out of the trunk. I was slowly moving towards the hospital. The mud got all over my shoes and my coat was soaking wet. A set of white quartz stairs stood between me and the entrance. With a slow pace, I started climbing the slippery white stairs, pushing my foot with every step like a hiker climbing a mountain.

The automated doors opened.

The strong smell of chlorine was dominating the room. I started to feel warm, but my hands weren't trembling, and I wasn't sweating.

I knew I needed to get to room no. 10. My daughter was waiting for me there. She was only 9 years old when a cancerous tumor was found in her left arm. Surgery wasn't enough to kill the cancer, and we were forced to move to chemotherapy, the most brutal and problematic method of defeating cancer. The worst part, it has a 71% success rate. So, after all the pain and suffering, there still is a 29% chance you will still have it. My daughter has been receiving treatment for the past year. Today we find out if all the torment she has been through was worth it.

Room no.1

Room no.2

Room no.3

Every room was slowly passing by me. Nurses were trying to get from room to room to help every single patient. All the people moving up and down the hallway, stressed like they were on a battlefield.

The doors burst open...

Three doctors pushed a stretcher down the hallway. At first, I didn't see it, but there was a person on it. A person who was bleeding and full of bruises.

Car accident.

One of the deadliest. Poor Maria, she had just given birth to our beautiful daughter. She was going to the pharmacy to get some diapers and medicine. A drunk truck driver didn't see her coming. The car was destroyed. The death was instant.

There it was.

Room no.10

I slowly approached the door handle. My hands were trembling and sweating. My eyes were pinned on the room number. Room no 10. The child's crying, the coughing of the old men, the care assistant buzzing around like a bee working to get all the pollen from the flower... all were fading away.

Silence.

Sweat was running down my forehead like the Nile through the blazing desert. I gripped the door handle and pushed. There she was. My little angel was in the bed. Her face was as white as snow, her blue eyes barely open.

Beep.

Beep.

He opened the folder and started talking about the negative effects of chemotherapy that my daughter might experience. I couldn't listen. I couldn't listen to what horrible things she was going through. If only I could take the disease from her and give it to myself, to end her pain and suffering. She didn't deserve what had happened to her, nobody deserves that.

"Sir, as you already know, 6 months have passed since we started with the treatment..." he opened the folder and gave it to me. "As you can see, she responded perfectly to the treatment and her tumor has shrunk 4 times its initial size.

I felt elated. Excitement coursed through my veins. I couldn't believe it. She had fought and fought and, in the end, she was victorious. I looked at her. She burst into tears. She turned to me and wrapped her hands around me, squeezing me like a lemon.

The doctor was smiling seeing her so happy and well. I got up and went to him. I shook his hand and thanked him from the bottom of my heart for everything that he had done to keep her alive.

I glanced out the office window and saw that the rain had stopped. The sun came out from behind the clouds, giving life to the whole street. Birds started singing. The smell of winter set foot in our room. I started to smile.



by Vlad Ceanga, from class 9

The queen of all engineers

As the helicopter started to come into sight, Gloria was packing her tools and getting ready for her mission. When the helicopter landed, Gloria jumped in immediately, not scared of her mission, rather enthusiastic and excited about it. In a little over 10 minutes, the helicopter lands on the roof of the White House, with the president near the microwave and waving at Gloria, though at a safe distance from the helicopter. Gloria got out of the helicopter with never-before seen excitement, shook hands with the president, thanked the pilot for the ride, unpacked her tools and got to work. She'd never seen this type of microwave. From the outside, it looked like any other, but from the inside, it looked like nanotechnology. After a while, she figured it out. The microwave had a type V heating malfunction, that means it gave off too much heat to the item inside, causing damage to it.

It looked like she was slowly but surely making progress. At least, that's what she thought, until an alarm started blaring. She was too focused to notice, but every ten seconds, a voice was saying "Self-destruct function activated. One minute until explosion." When she finally noticed, she picked up the pace, give that she had only heard it the third time, when she had thirty seconds left on the clock.

Although thirty seconds seemed like a short time to the average person, to her it seemed like hours. The alarm stopped, and only the voice was to be heard, counting down from ten. Then she heard it. 3...2...1.... She prayed for one last time and closed her eyes for a moment of final silence and dropped her tools on the floor before the darkness swallowed her for all eternity. But to her surprise, nothing happened. She opened her eyes and could see the microwave standing in front of her.

-What happened? she asked.

-It seems to me that the vibration created by your tools hitting the ground was just enough to reach a place in the microwave too hard to reach with tools. the president responded. And it also seems to me that you are a brilliant engineer. How about working along with America's best engineers, Gloria ? he continued.

-It'd be an honor, sir!

-Then it's settled. We'll get you a house big enough for Linda and you with some room to spare. We'll get you your own Fix-it shop too. How about that?

-Sounds great! I'll phone Linda to tell her to pack her bags.

-And I'll get the helicopter ready in one hour to pick her up. said the pilot.

And that's the story of how Gloria, an employee at a Fix-it shop turned into one of the world's best engineers and started working with America's best almost overnight.

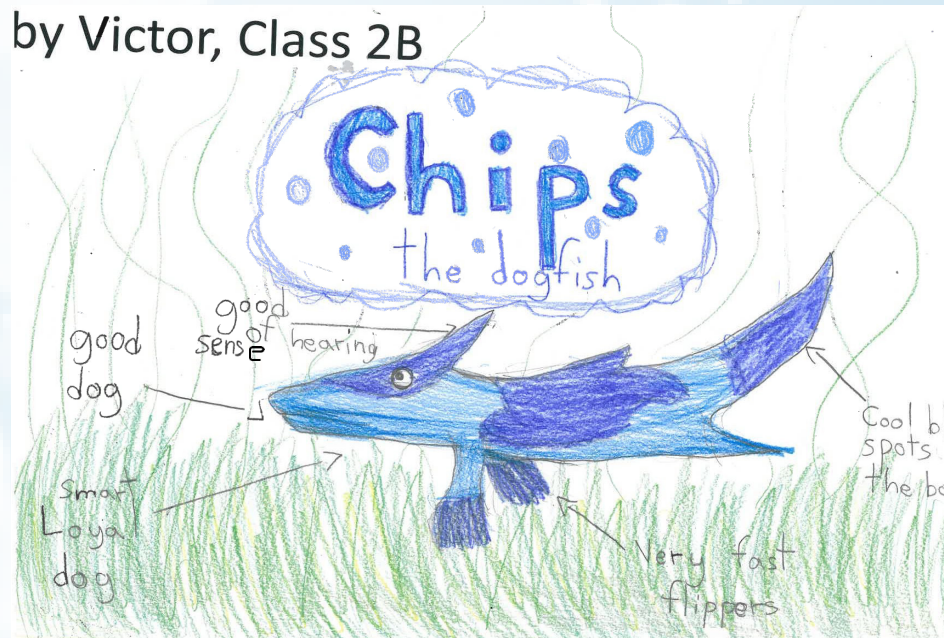


by Grigore Matei Ștefan, from class 7B

Activities

In Grade 2, we read the story of The Little Merman, then acted out the story in groups. Students also completed character profiles about the main characters in

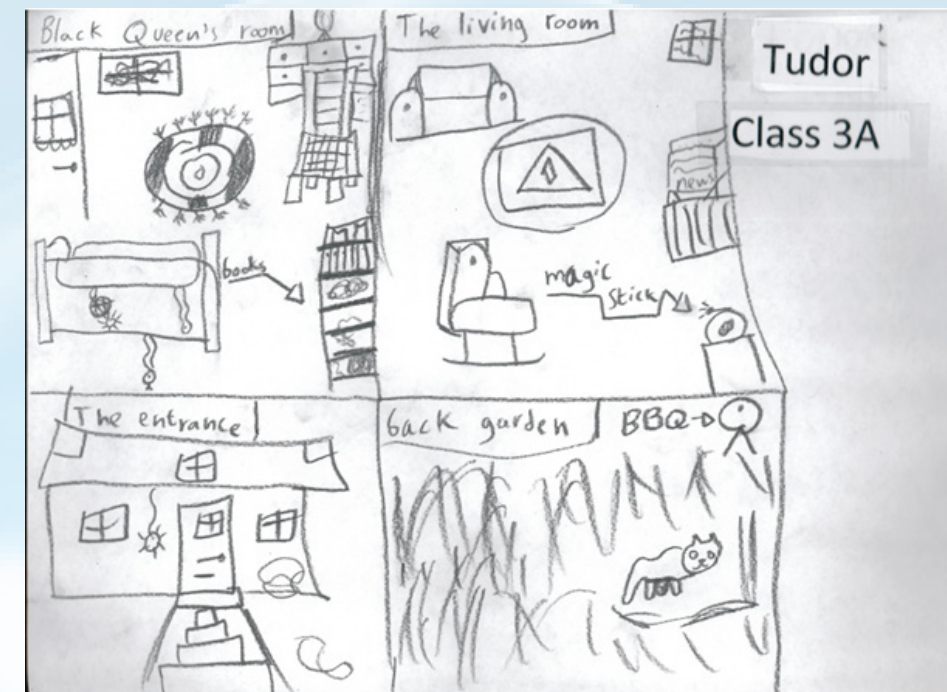
by Victor, Class 2B



by Irina, Class 4B

In Grade 4, during Green Week, students discussed how they could help our environment, both globally and locally. They made posters showing their ideas about this topic.

Comic Strips



In Grade 3 Mini-BNC, students read Black Queen by Michael Morpurgo. They imagined what the Black Queen's room looked like.



The Fox and the Ghost King

In Grade 3, students read The Fox and the Ghost King by Michael Morpurgo. It was all about Leicester City's improbable and miraculous football season, when they won the 2015-2016 English Premier League title. Students wrote questions they could ask the players as well as possible answers which the players could give.

Premier League Primary Stars

The challenge

Interview template

Name of interviewer: Ilinca

This interview is with: Jamie Vardy

It is about: His life and football career

Question 1 Since when did you start to play football?

Answer 1 Well, I started to, like, and play football when I was 4 years old.

Question 2 Do you like your life and career?

Answer 2 Yes, I do. Is the best thing that ever happened to me.

Question 3 How much money do you get per match?

Answer 3 Approximately 2-3 hundred pounds per winning match and 8-9 tent when losing game.

Question 4 Who is your favourite teammate?

Answer 4 It might be "The goal monster" (that's how I call him, but his actual name is Bryan. Excellent question and answer!)

by Ilinca, Class 3B

Page 1 of 1

A TELL - TAKE DIORAMA

Class 11 recently finished reading Edgar Allen Poe's Tell-Tale Heart. A wonderfully creep short story about murder and guilt. As part of their BNC work, students built a diorama of the victim's bedroom.

A lot of time and effort went into getting the details just right: the bed, the hole in the floor for the old man's heart, and the wall portrait of the author himself.

The diorama is currently on display at reception.



ART AND DESIGN

- PROJECTS -



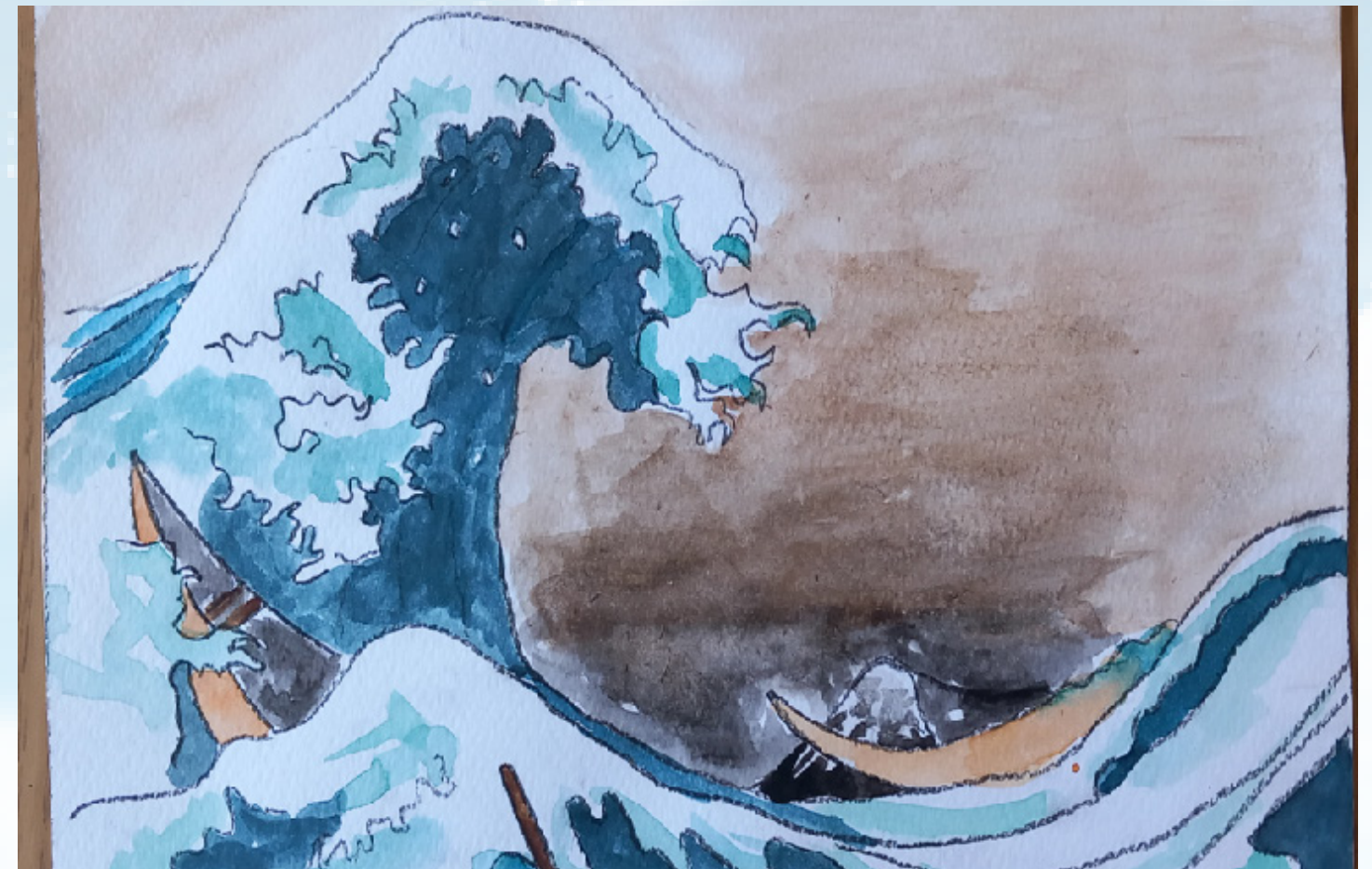
This painting represents energy, joy and happiness even though the background is black.

Abstract art - Ana Rotar, from class 6B



For this assignment I choose to capture my mother because she is a very happy person and her favorite season is fall. Here I used 3 slices of apple, two grapes, one strawberry and some red berries for the hair.

Fruit Faces – Elena Sava, from class 6C



The Great Wave - Mia Olaru, from class 6A



Abstract art - Alexandru Mihnea Niculescu, from class 6C

GEOGRAPHY - PROJECTS -



The COLOSSEUM

(Rome, Italy)



✦ It is the largest amphitheatre ever built.

✦ The construction began in 72AD.

✦ The Colosseum was opened by the Emperor Titus.

✦ Once it was complete it could seat 50,000 people.

✦ It once staged sea battles and re-enactments of ancient myths.

✦ The most famous attraction to the Colosseum were the gladiators.

✦ Over time the amphitheatre was damaged by fire and earthquakes.

✦ It was originally called the Flavian Amphitheatre.

Millions of people visit the Colosseum each year to stand where emperors and gladiators once did.



The Colosseum was built on an artificial lake.

The Hypogeum was an underground maze of tunnels and cages. It was 19 metres long and 15 metres tall.



Bana +
Tina

MACHU PICCHU

By: Negro Roxandra Eleonora Silvia &
Ridone Maria Alexandra

information

Machu Picchu is a very old place rediscovered in 1911. It was built in 1460. People lived there for 100 years. It was rediscovered by Hiram Bingham, that was an American archeologist. Machu Picchu has 2430 metres. This is one of the seven wonders of the world. The Machu Picchu is located in Andes Mountains, Peru. It is the most familiar icon of the INCA EMPIRE.



Drawing of Machu Picchu



OPINIONS

We think that Machu Picchu isn't that big, but tourists enjoy it. It's also a very good way to get money.

FUN FACTS

Machu Picchu was an astronomical observatory tower. It takes a kind of long time to get there, if you walk along The Inca Empire, it takes 4 days, 3 nights.

CHRIST THE REDEEMER

by: Rares P., Ioana, Amalia Patru

V-B



Wow, I'm becoming famous!
CHRIST THE REDEEMER is the 3rd tallest statue of Jesus in the world. In 2007 it was included as one of the seven wonders of the world.

In 2014, a travel blogger took a selfie from the top of CHRIST THE REDEEMER.

Building and construction

It took around 9 years to build CHRIST THE REDEEMER, starting from 1922-1931. The stone they used to make the statue was imported from Sweden. The statue was designed by Paul Landowski. Today, the cost of building CHRIST THE REDEEMER is equal to 3.2m. It weighs approximately 635 tonnes.

Elizabeth I

Camila, Sara, Anto/Toto
SA



In
1579
Elizabeth
came close
to marrying
the French
Duke of
Alencon.
The English
disliked that idea
and still fiercely
opposed the
Catholic
religion.

Elizabeth I reigned from 1558 to 1603. She was a wise and careful monarch, and chose excellent advisers, such as Sir William Cecil, better known as Lord Burghley. She restored the Protestant religion and made herself supreme head of a single English church as her father, Henry the VIII had done.

During Elizabeth's reign exploration flourished, and new places and people were discovered. Sir Walter Raleigh brought tobacco and potatoes to England from AMERICA.

Mary had been Elizabeth's captive for nineteen years. Elizabeth did not want her executed, although Mary had plotted against her, but she had to give the order. Elizabeth was furious that her order to kill Mary had been carried out, however, and punish the official who had sent the order.

by Carina
Carla
Darna
IV-A

I'm

HENRY VIII!

1509-1547 (b. 1491)



Henry's brother Arthur, the elder son, had died.
So his brother Henry became the next king.

Henry VII was handsome and charming, and he was liked by people.
He married Arthur's widow, the Spanish Catherine of Aragon.

But in twenty years he really wanted a son, and wanted a new wife! The church did not allow this, but Henry claimed that his marriage was not valid because marriage to a brother's widow was not allowed.

The Pope would not agree to a divorce, and so Henry officially denied the Pope's authority and divorced Catherine.

Of his six wives only Jane Seymour bore him the son he wanted. She died in childbirth.

Henry's pursuit of a son and heir

To ensure the continuation of the new Tudor line Henry married six times. He seemed happy with Edward VI's mother Jane Seymour, but she died giving birth to Edward. He divorced Anne of Cleves for being too ugly. Catherine Howard lost her head for being unfaithful to him. Edward remained his only son.

Facts:

Did you know that
Henry VIII
had 6 wives!

Divorced	Beheaded	Died	Divorced	Beheaded	SURVIVED!
Catherine of Aragon	Anne Boleyn	Jane Seymour	Anne of Cleves	Catherine Howard	Catherine Parr

4A

Henry the VIII !!

Jane Seymour,
his third wife,
died after
giving birth...
to his first
SON!

Henry badly wanted
a son, so after he
found out Catherine
of Aragon couldn't give
him one, he wanted
a DIVORCE!



Henry the VII was a handsome
and charming King. He married Arthur's
young widow, Catherine of Aragon.

~~For~~
HENRY
fact!

Catherine Howard
was BEHEADED
for being unfaithful
to Henry.

When Henry saw
a painting of Anne
of Cleres, he thought
she was beautiful
but when he saw
her in real life,
he DIVORCED her
for being too UGLY!

1509-1547
(b. 1491)



Anne Boleyn
was BEHEADED
for apparently
cheating
on Henry!

Henry the
VIII had
6 wives!

WHAT!!!

HIS WIVES

Divorced

Catherine
of Aragon,
Anne
of Cleves

Beheaded

Anne Boleyn,
Catherine
Howard

Died

Jane
Seymour

SURVIVED!

Catherine
Parr

BLOODY MARY



Mary's first acts as queen were to have ~~Scheymin~~ Northern Berlang ~~executed~~ an then I was to re-establish the catholic church for Mary was a catholic. At first, Mary behaved fairly towards ~~joined~~ protestants. But in 1554 Sir Thomas Wyatt led a rebellion in protest against Mary's planned marriage to Philip, Catholic heir to the throne of Spain. Lady Jane Grey's father was among the rebels. Mary executed over 100 people, including the innocent Lady Jane and her husband.

She even suspended her own sister Elizabeth and imprisoned her.

Julia, Ana, Irina
IV B

BLOODY Mary

Mary's first acts as queen were to have the scheming Northumberland executed, and then to re-establish the Catholic Church; for Mary was a Catholic like her mother, Catherine of Aragon.



In 1557 English whale fishing started at Spitzbergen, Norway.



He was burned
at the stake in
1556.

Thomas Cranmer



BLOODY MARY

At first, Mary behaved fairly towards convinced Protestants. But in 1554 Sir Thomas Wyatt led a rebellion in protest against Mary's planned marriage to Philip, Catholic heir to the throne of Spain. Lady Jane Gray's father was among the rebels. Mary executed over 100 people, including the innocent Lady Jane and her husband. She even suspected her own sister Elizabeth and imprisoned her.

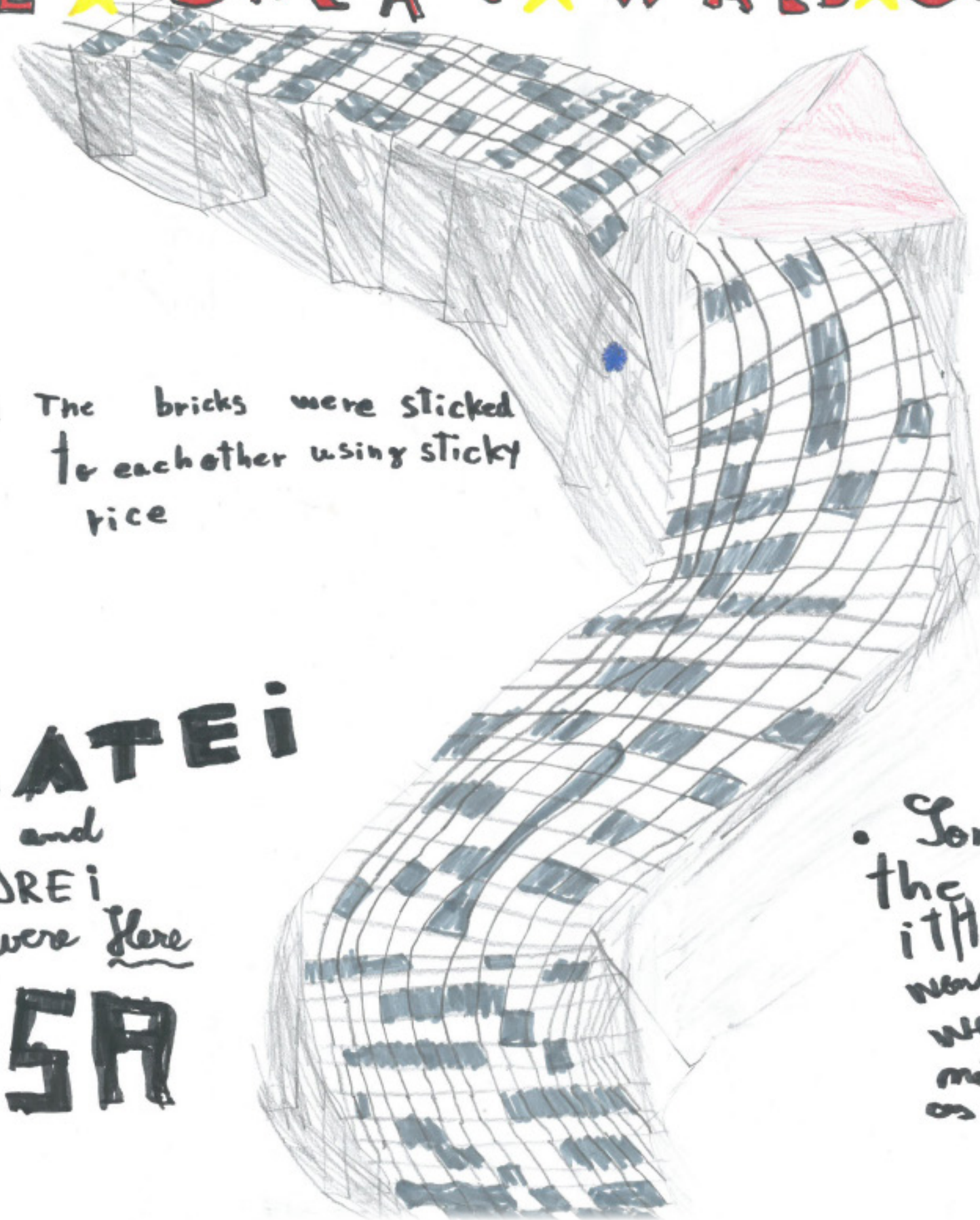


Maria Mary. Cap. A. F. 11

THE ★ GREAT ★ WALL ★ OF ★ CHINA ★

Fact: The bricks were stucked to each other using sticky rice

MATEI
and
ANDREI
were Here
SA



- THE BUILDING OF THE WALL STARTED IN 476BC

- The wall is very long, it has 13,171 mi (21,196 km)

- You see, many people say that it can be seen from space, but actually you can not

- There is only one man to get

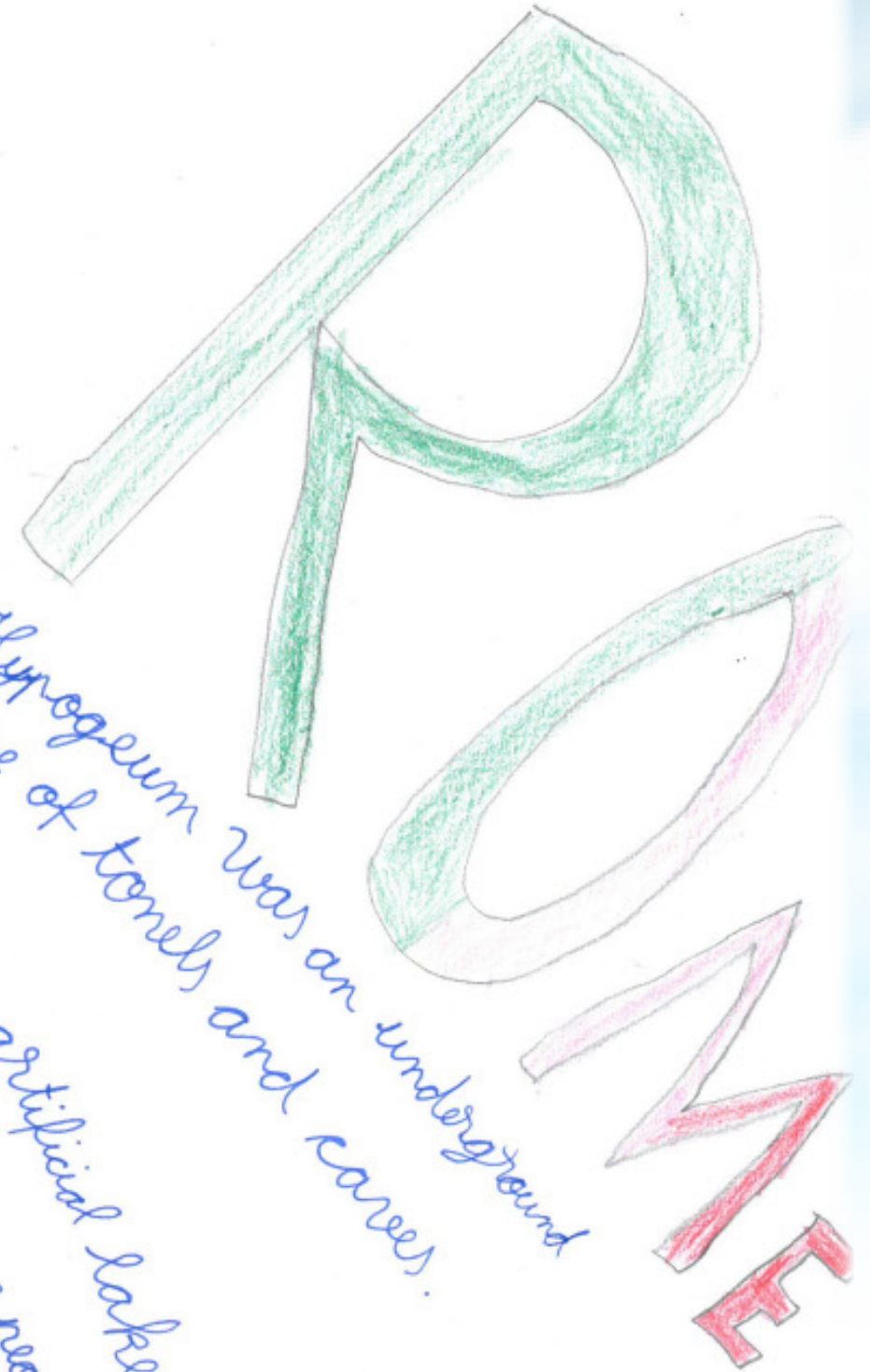
- Some how over the wall the wall maker that is the 11th of the 17 rulers of the first mongol king world in 2006, met in 2007 as many people think



THE COLOSS EUM

- It's one of the seven wonders of the world.

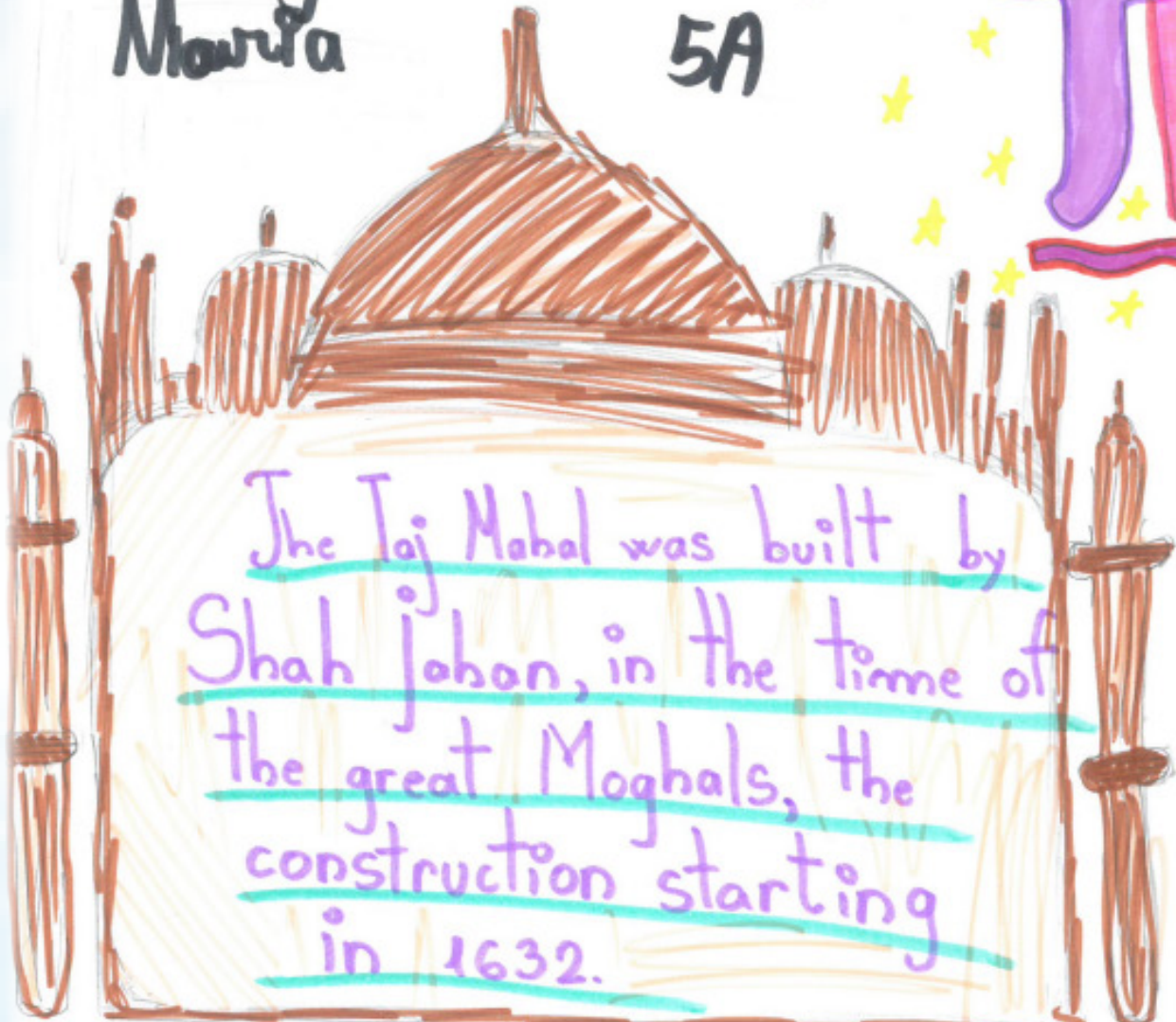
- The Hypogeum was an underground maze of tunnels and caves.
- It was built on an artificial lake.
- It was complete it could seat 50,000 people.
- Once it was complete it was opened by the Emperor Titus.
- The Colosseum was begun in 72 AD.
- The construction amphitheatre ever built.
- Is the biggest
- The main attraction were the gladiators that fought for their lives.



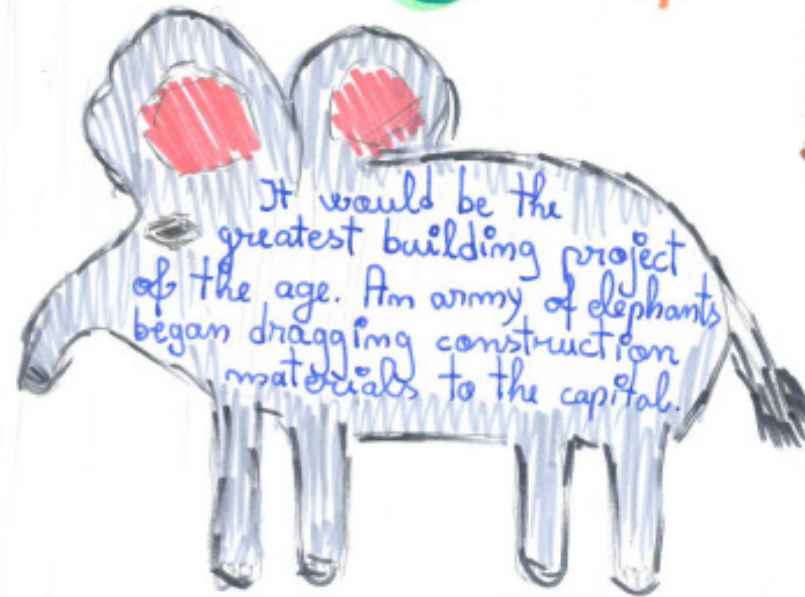
Maria and Ciprian
from 5A

Gheorghe Ruxandra
Maria 5A

The Taj Mahal



The Taj Mahal was built by Shah Jahan, in the time of the great Moghals, the construction starting in 1632.

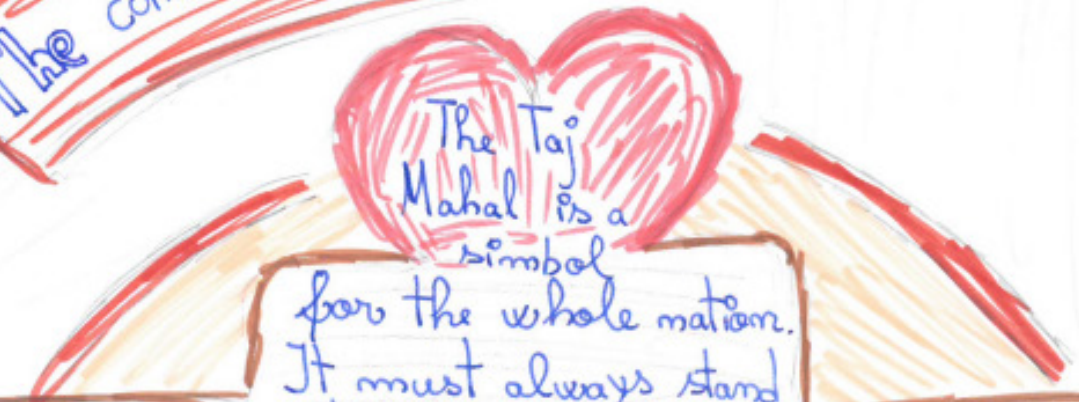


This building combines the following qualities:

- BEAUTY
- SCALE
- POWER
- GRACE

The construction began IN 1632

This building was made of marble, which was really expensive. The wells were filled up with mortar and rocks.



The Taj Mahal is a symbol for the whole nation. It must always stand as a testament of eternal **LOVE** and also of eternal **POWER**.

Machu Picchu



by: Constantin Ionescu Ioana &
Camelia Maria

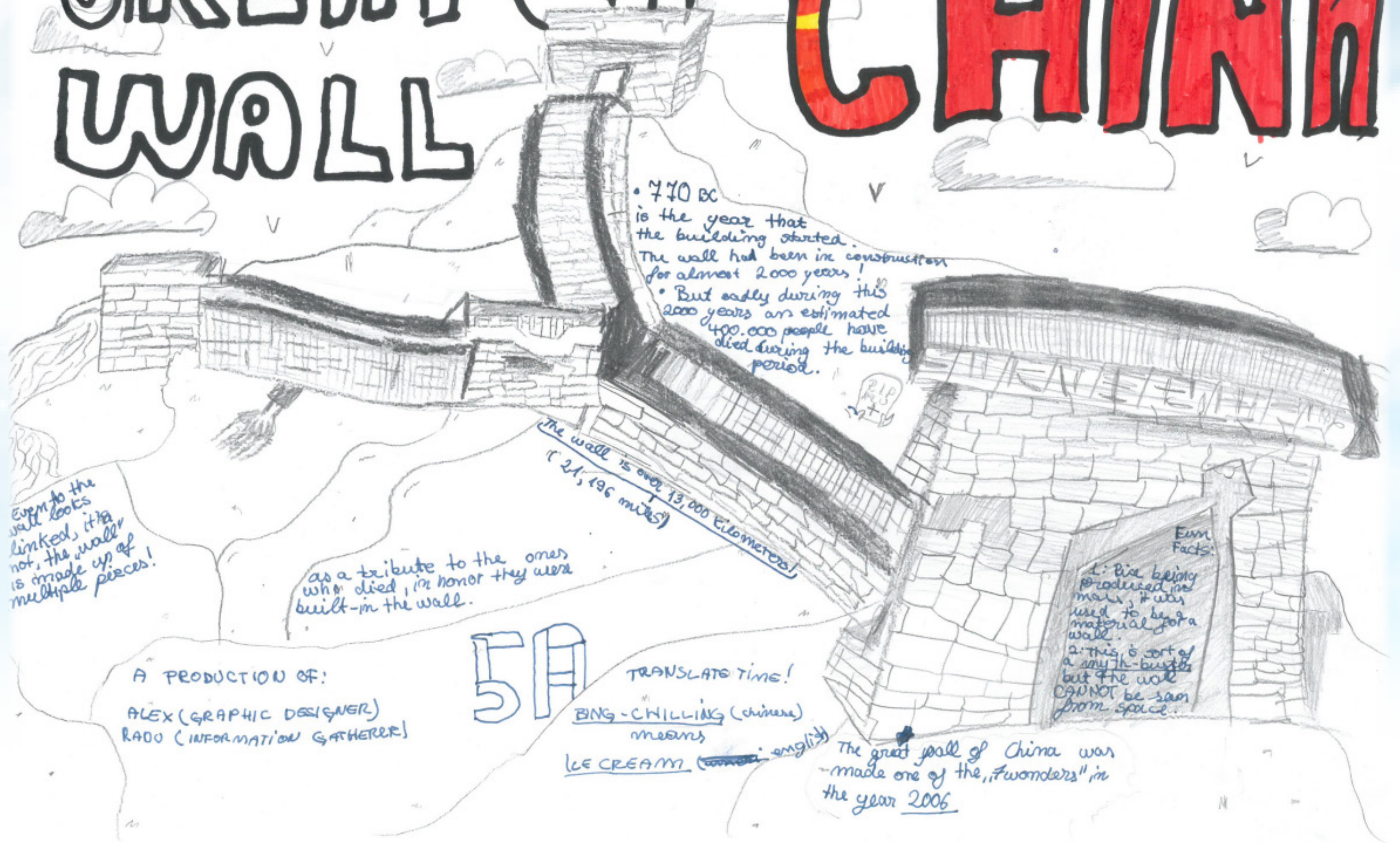
- ♥ Machu Picchu is located on top of the Andes Mountains of Peru.
- ♥ It was built in approximately in 1450, and rediscovered in 1911 by Hiram Bingham.
- ♥ Machu Picchu reaches 7970 feet / 2430 meters.



One more interesting fact about MACHU PICCHU is that it was made a part of the 7 wonders in year 2007.



GREAT WALL OF CHINA



BNC - PROJECTS -



The boy in the striped pyjamas by John Boyne

BRUNO'S GRANDMA

Nathalie, better known as Bruno's grandmother, is a side character in "The boy in striped pyjamas". She never officially makes an appearance during the events of the book, only being present in Bruno's memories. Despite this, she was an important part of the boy's life and helped give insight into an unpopular opinion during the time.

Nathalie is around 62 years old, and Bruno remarks that she is younger than the other kids' grandmas. She has long, red hair and green eyes, and has a good singing voice. In fact, during her youth she used to be a professional singer and would sing at concerts. It was at one of these concerts where she'd meet Matthias, Bruno's grandfather. During Bruno's childhood, she'd write plays and make costumes for him and his sister, and then act out these plays together. She is caring and a fun person to be around, and is also one of the two people in Berlin that Bruno misses the most. Although most of her family is supporting of the Nazi party, Nathalie isn't afraid to show her dislike of it. Unfortunately, she passes away a year after Bruno's move, her cause of death unknown. This affects the young boy greatly, causing him to return to Berlin for two days for the funeral.

Alexandra J. VANESA K.

Quotes

Ruxandra A.

"Grandmother never seemed old in comparison to the other boys' grandmothers."

"She had long red hair, surprisingly similar to her daughter-in-law's, and green eyes, and she claimed that was because somewhere in her family there was Irish blood."

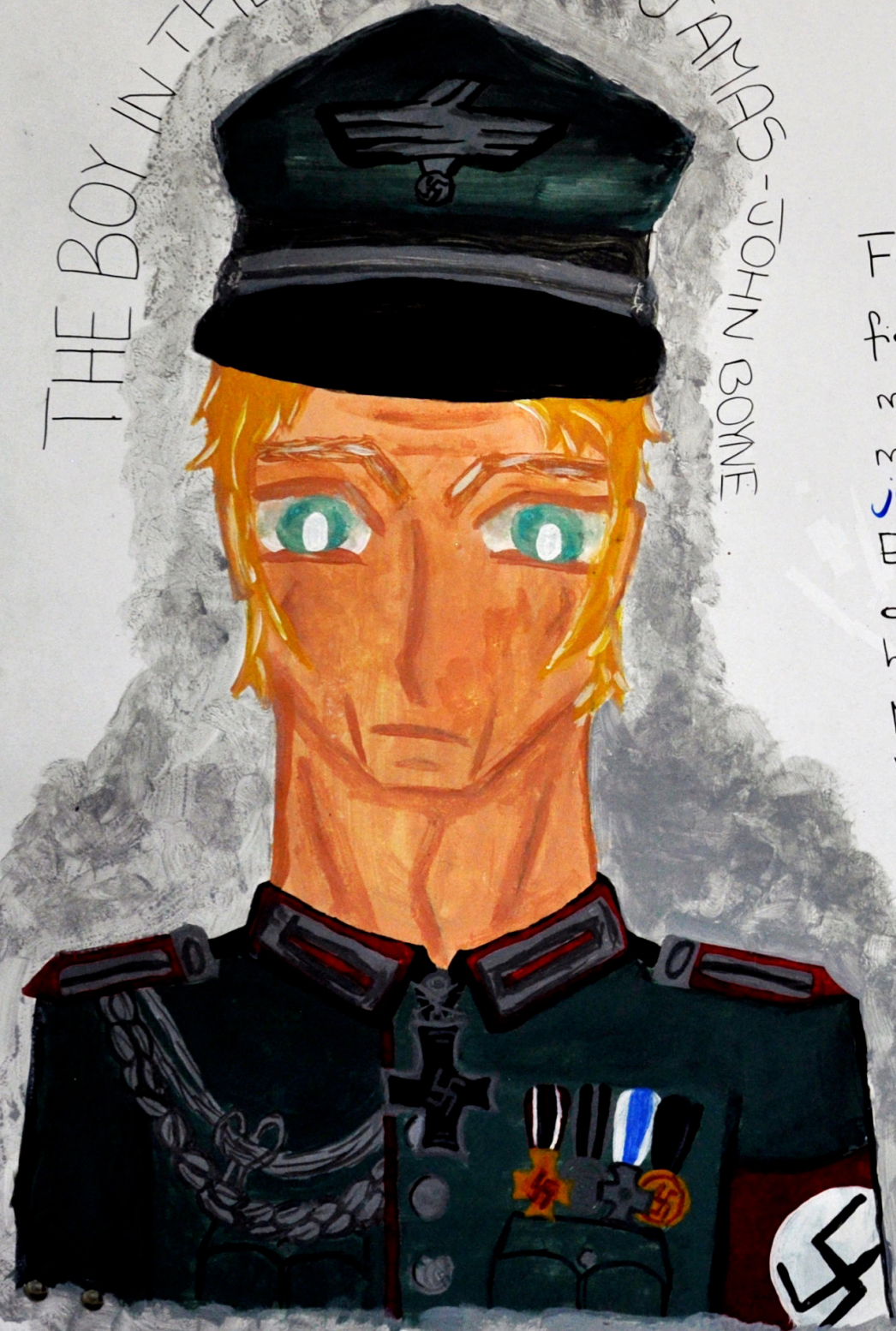
"Parties at Bruno's house were always dominated by Grandmother's singing."

"Nathalie, everyone knew that when Grandmother had something to say she always found a way to say it."

"Grandmother had died"



THE BOY IN THE STRIPED PYJAMAS - JOHN BOWNE



CHARACTER PROFILE

- FATHER -

Smaranda, Andrei, Carla

From the beginning of the book, Father was not a very present figure in Bruno's life. He was cold and impersonal to his family members and labelled himself as an extremely important person making his relationships tense and distant. *"It's a very important job" said mother, "a job that needs a very special man to do it."*

Even though as a commanding officer in the Nazi party, Bruno's father did terrible things to the Jews, it is noticeable that earlier on in his life he had been a good person. This is shown when Bruno talks to Maria, the maid, and finds out how much Father had helped her and how generous he had been to her and her family. *"A home is not a building or a street or a city or something so artificial as bricks and mortar. A home is where one's family is, isn't that right?"*

As for physical appearance, Father was described as a tall and imposing figure, often standing in the customary pose, wearing his officer uniform with all his badges. *"It was a much younger man, and not as tall as father either."*

Another important aspect is the fact that his lack of communication with Bruno had major consequences, one being his son's loss. Throughout the book Bruno tried asking adults about what was going on at "Out-With" and repeatedly, he was ignored. When he asked his father, he received an ambiguous answer. Unfortunately, Father's ignorance led to his son's death, which hopefully taught him a lesson.

"Those people... well, they're not people at all, Bruno."

THE TRUE PAIN AND PLEASURE
OF THE "REAL" WORLD

THE
COLORS
TO BE
FOUND

THE GIVER

Movie Cast

- Jeff Bridges - The Giver
- Brenton Thwaites - Jonas
- Meryl Streep - Chief Elder
- Taylor Swift - Rosemary
- Odeya Rush - Fiona

Movie reviews

- 3.7 - (5)

Overview

Jonas lives in a seemingly idyllic world of conformity and contentment. When he begins to spend time with the Giver, an old man who is the sole keeper of the community's memories.

About the movie:

- release date: aug. 15, 2014 (USA)
- Director: Phillip Noyce
- Adapted from: The Giver
- Budget: 25 million USD
- Lois Lowry

From great suffering
came a solution....
COMMUNITIES
where disorder became
harmony

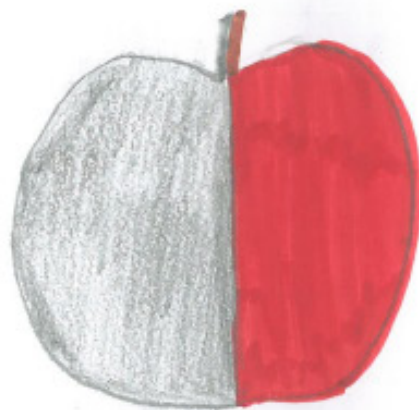
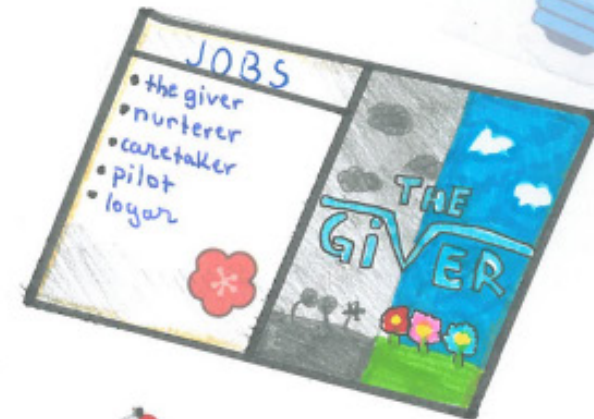
BNC-MOVIE POSTER

"I couldn't see colours, but I wasn't colour-blind."



THE
GIVER

movie duration:
1h 37m



Release date: August 15, 2014
Director: Phillip Noyce
Box Office: 67 million USD
Nominations: People's Choice Award
for Favourite Dramatic Movie
Producers: Jeff Bridges, Nikki Silver,
Orly Wiseman, Neil Koenigsberg
Story by: Lois Lowry

AMAZON FILMS

It's SNACK not
SMACK!



- Tom Holland playing Jonas
- Harrison Ford playing the old giver
- Meryl Streep playing Chief Elder
- Emma Watson playing Fiona
- Miley Cyrus - Lily
- Daniel Radcliffe - Asher
- Taylor Swift playing as Rose Mary

MOVIE DESCRIPTION:

Jonas lives safely within the community, a place where there is no war, no hunger and no pain. But when he is selected as the Receiver of Memory, he starts to discover dark secrets that lie beneath the surface of his perfect world. Secrets that will lead him to undertake an incredible journey...

THE

giver



CASTING...

EMMA WATSON - FIONA
CAMERON DIAZ - JONAS
HARRISON FORD - ASHER
THE GIVER - BRENTON THWAITES



BY **NETFLIX**
Phillip Noyce

THE GIVER

"I give you the memory of SNOW!"

MEMORIES

Colours

Snow

Cast

The Giver - Harrison Ford
Asher - Daniel Radcliff
Jonas - Tom Holland
Lily - Miley Cyrus
Fiona - Emma Watson

A NETFLIX ORIGINAL

THE GIVER



Jeff Bridges -> The Giver
Brenton Thwaites -> Jonas
Taylor Swift -> Rosemary
Odeya Rush -> Fiona

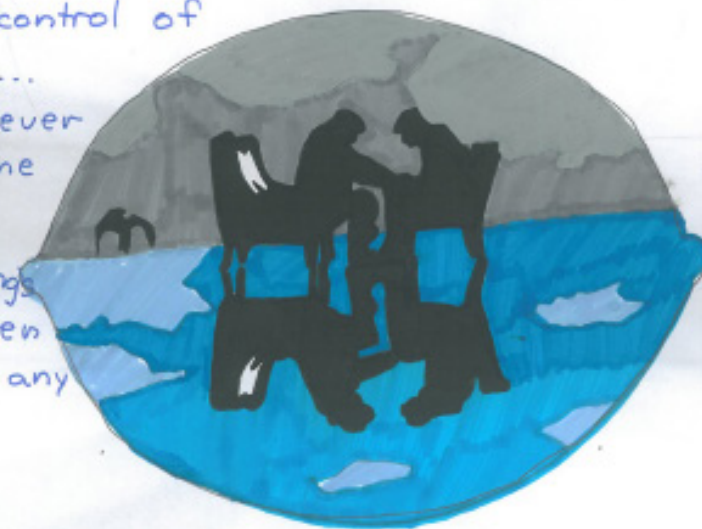
The book name is "The Giver" by Lois Lowry. She says that the idea was inspired by her father's memory loss. Lowry's father didn't have Alzheimers but he began to forget his past.

The Giver quotes:

"We gained control of many things....

They have never known pain, he thought....

"If everything's the same, then there aren't any choices [...

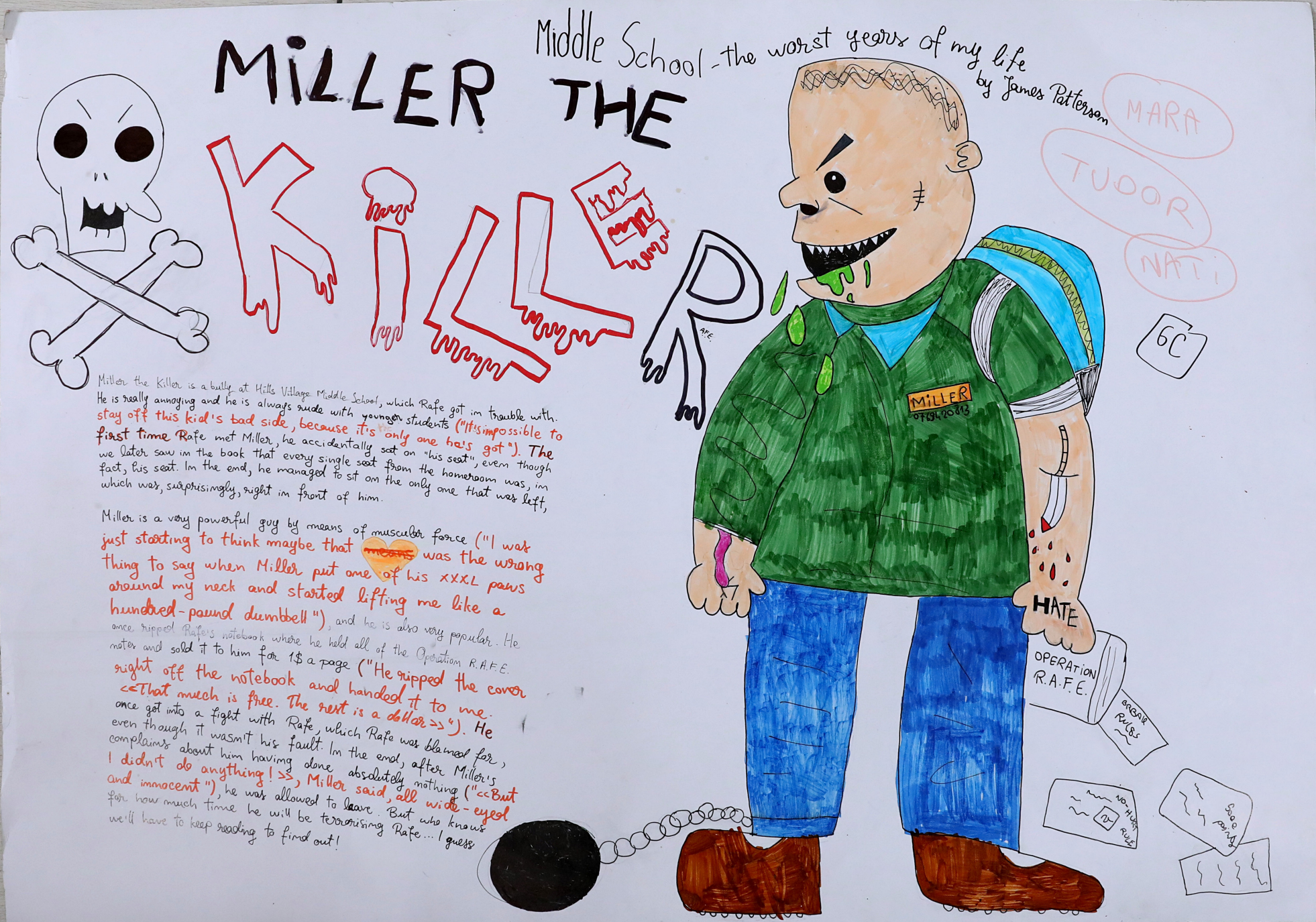


Regisor: Philip Noyce

The Giver is a very interesting story about a young boy called Jonas who lives in a society full of sadness. At the age of 12, children are assigned their jobs, which they will do the rest of their lives. What you need to know is that everything is chosen, including your partner.

Thank you for your childhood!

By Ganea Maria



RULES ARE MADE FOR BREAKING

MIDDLE SCHOOL worst years of my life
MARIA MONICA ELENA GC

R.A.F.E

KHATCHADOURIAN

Rafe Khatchadourian has a tough life. He has a bratty sister called Georgia. She is super-mosy and obnoxious. He recently moved to a new school called Hills Village Middle School which makes it even harder. It is a really strict school with a bunch of boring rules, so he started Operation R.A.F.E with his best friend, Leo. He broke a lot of rules, for instance: he pulled the fire alarm, he broke the dress code, and the worst one of all is that he spray-painted on the school walls.



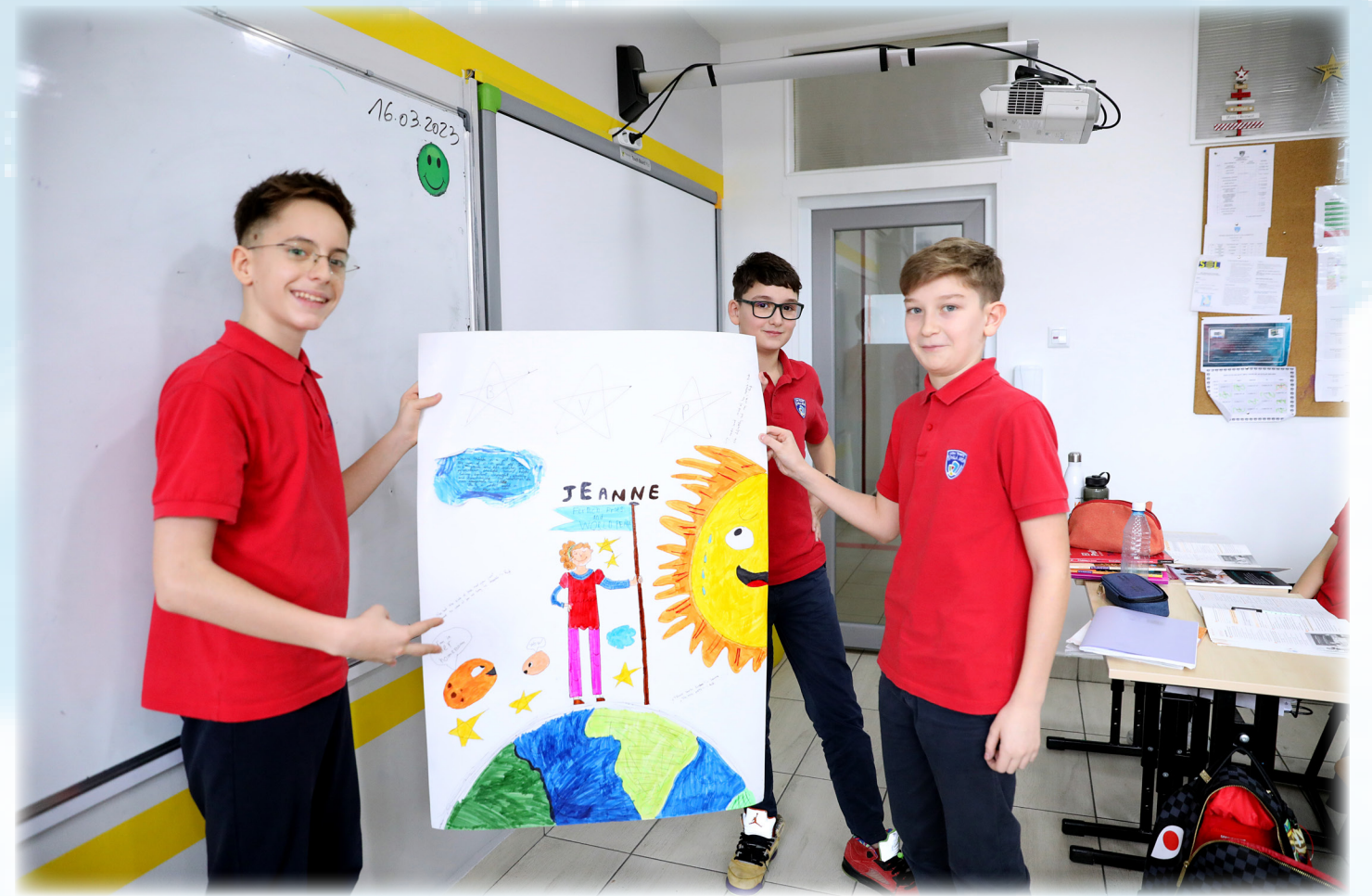
RULES
AREN'T
FOR EVERYONE
!!!

"Rafe can continue to get his assignments and work on them at home." MR. DWIGHT
Said

"That's right. Your potential to be the youngest little hoodlum I ever sent up to the federal penitentiary."

"Rafe you're being expelled from Hills Village Middle School for the rest of the year." - Mr. Dwight







SHOPPING:

THE NEW WAY



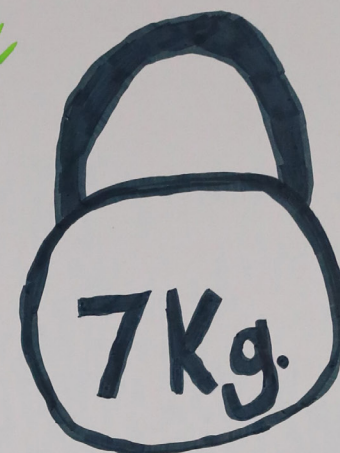
Have you ever had trouble finding what you need in stores? Well, I had and if you have this problem too, this article is perfect for you!

My family and I used to enjoy going to the mall and just wonder around, mindlessly picking things up from the shelves. It may sound familiar, doesn't it? Nowadays shopping has become more mundane for me.

Now, you may ask why. Well, in light of recent events my family started to buy from online marketplaces in hope to avoid spreading virus.

I hope this article managed to help you in your future shopping ventures!

Healthy life healthy mind.



Have you ever wanted to stay healthy in a interesting way?

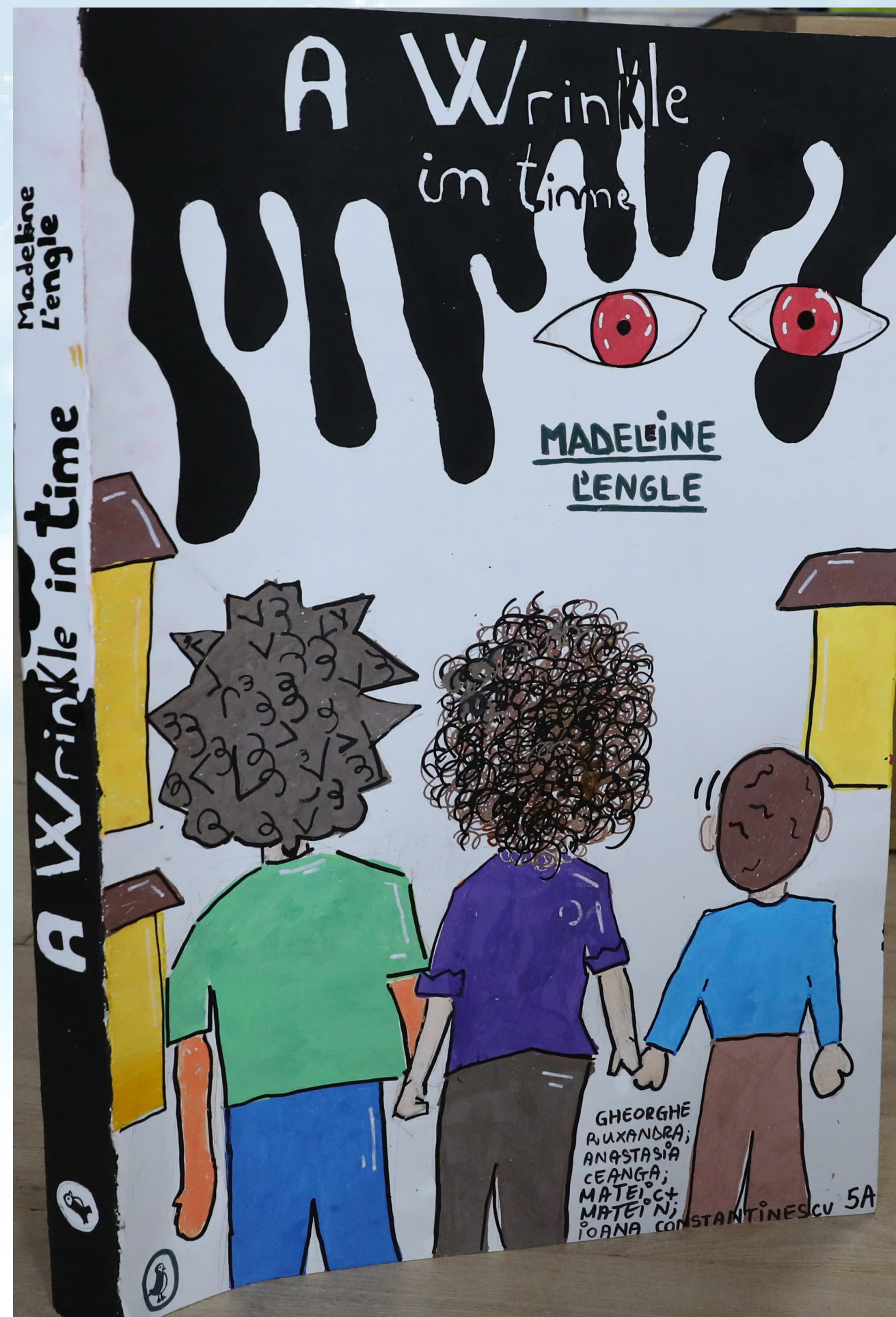
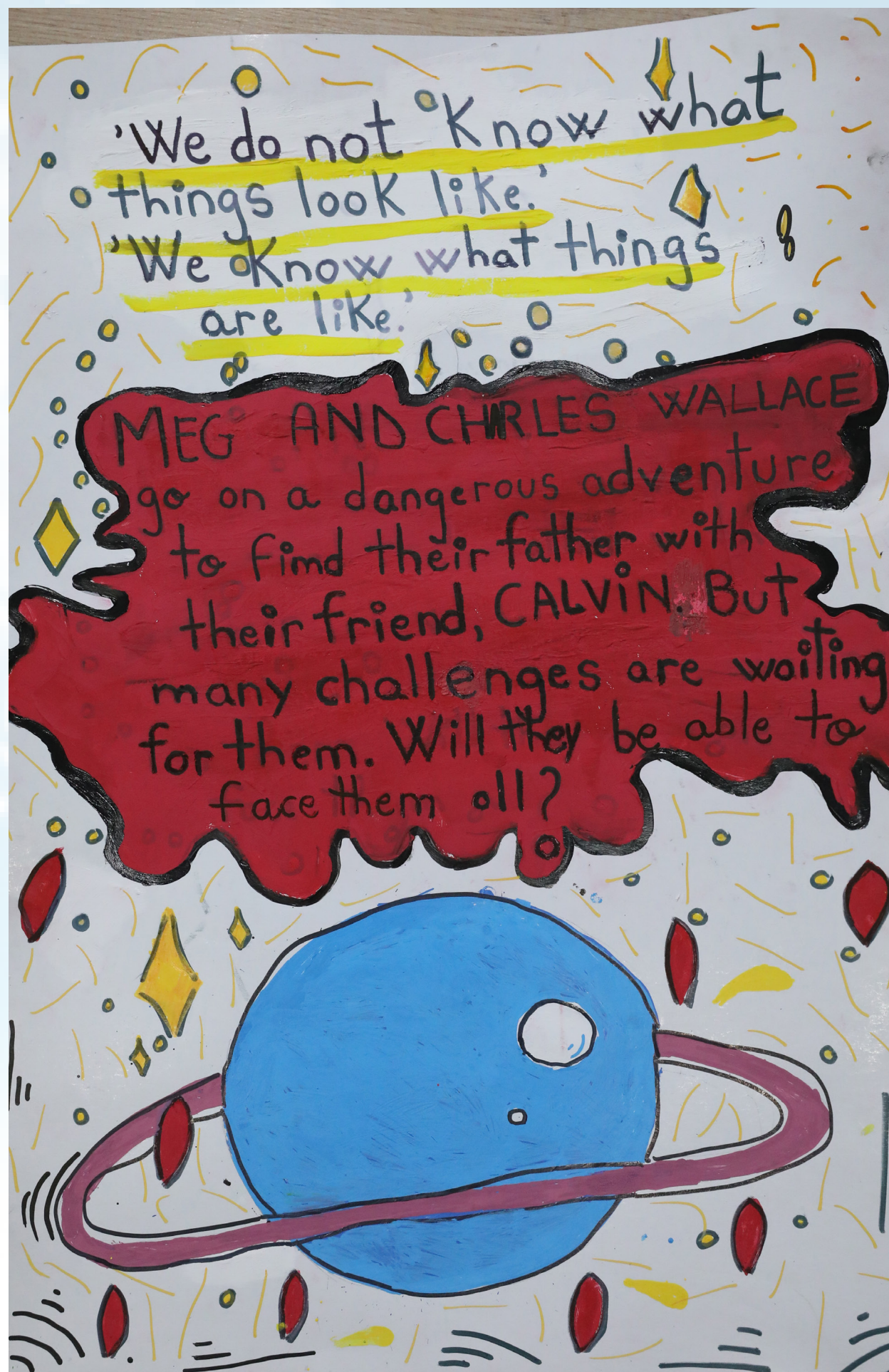
Doing sport and eating healthy isn't always pleasant. Reading on, you'll find some life changing tips to stay fit!

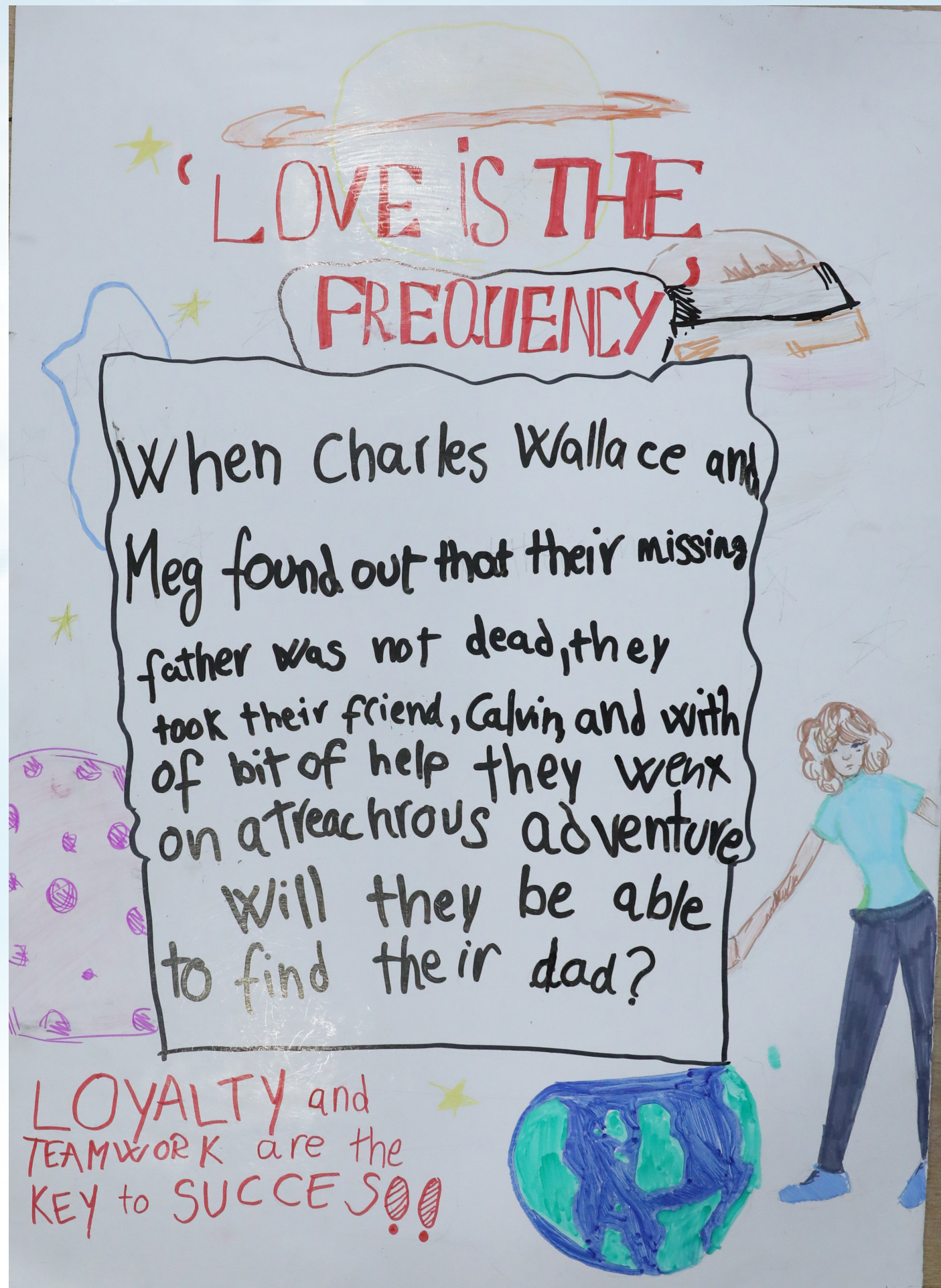
Firstly, you must understand that doing sport from a young age can make a significant difference on your health. Exercising as a teenager has created a healthy lifestyle that will keep me fit through my entire life. How cool is that?

But how can you stay healthy if you're not so keen on working too hard? Well, I have some ideas for you! You could start by finding a friend to exercise with, who will keep you motivated and entertained! Another thing you could try is planting your own organic fruits and veggies. You'll be so proud as you see them grow and won't be able to resist eating them. What do you think? I bet that one of these tips made









'LOVE'



that's what she had that
it didn't have

3 friends embark on a dangerous
journey in outer-space to find
their father



After her father misteriously
dissappeared, Meg Murry lived a hard
life, but this all changed when she
got the chance to search for him.

Joined by her brother and her friend
Calvin, they bring him back and fight an
evil force



'Fascinating and inspiring!'
-Noelle, Maria, Ciprian, Andrei



"Where is my Dad?"
My dear Mrs
"Once one is one.
Mary had a little lamb!"
Once two is two, once three
is three, once four is four.
Once five is five...
And everywhere that
Mary went, the lamb
was sure to go!
Once six is six, once seven
is seven, once eight
is eight, once nine
is nine.
Peter, Peter, pumpkin
eater, had a wife and
couldn't keep her!"

5A

A BOOK FULL OF ADVENTURE!



HA



HA

LAUGHTER ZONE



JOKES ABOUT SCHOOL

😂 What is a snake's favourite subject at school?
Hissssssssstory



😂 Where did the music teacher leave her/his keys?
On the piano!



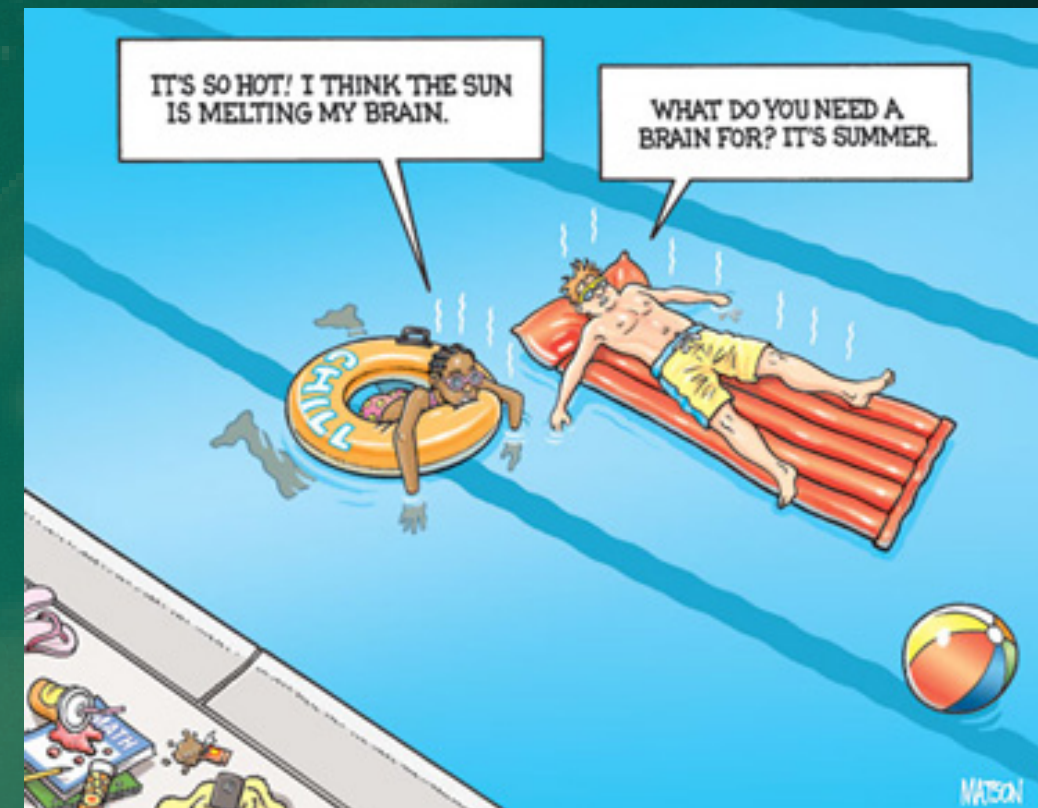
😂 Why did the child study on the airplane?
Because he/she wanted a higher education!



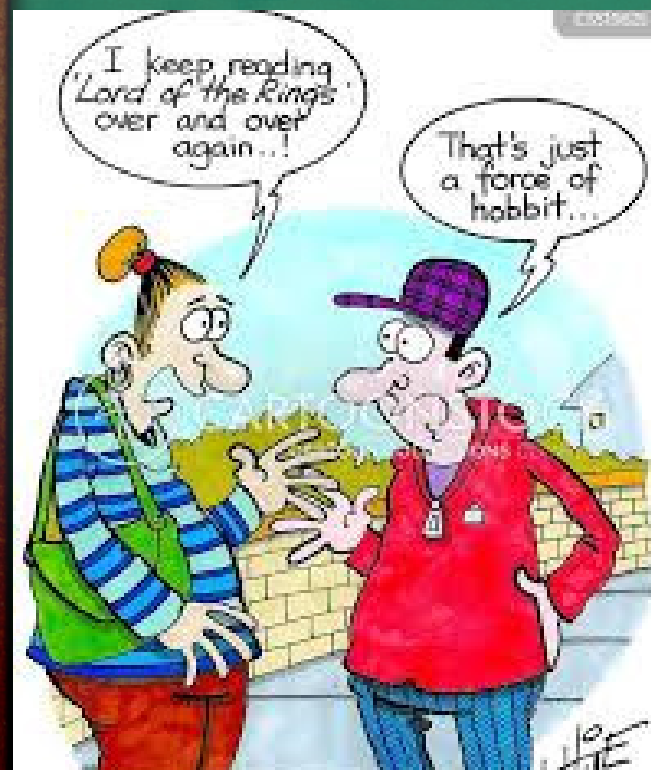
😂 Why should teachers wear sunglasses?
Because they have so many bright students in their classes!



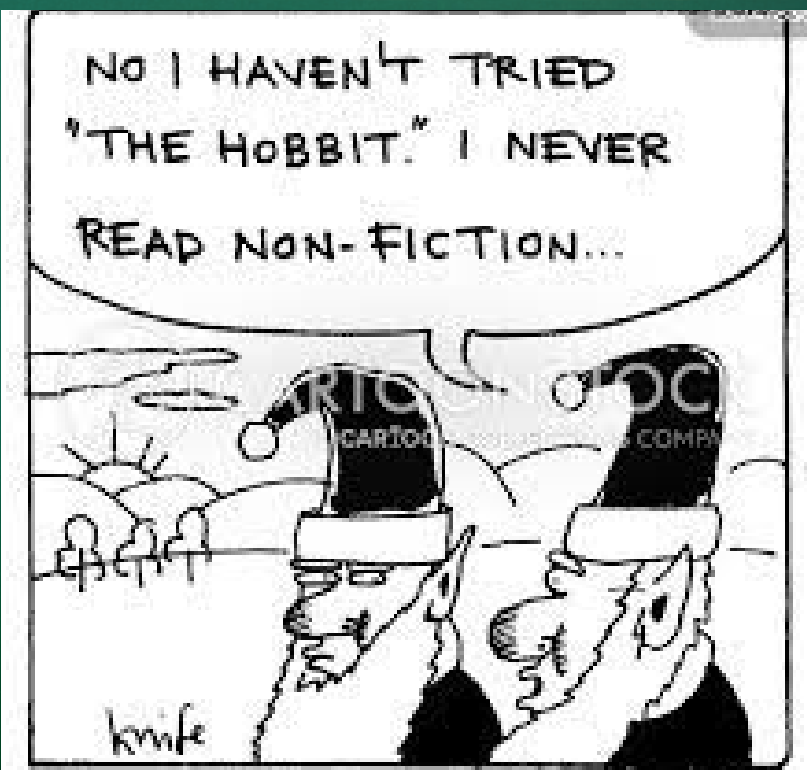
SUMMER HOLIDAYS



THE HOBBIT



THE LANDLORD OF THE RINGS



EXAMS





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