

TANGO

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Number 4

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Senri and Osaka International Schools of Kwasei Gakuin
Journal of creative and critical thought

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All contributions are welcome.

*Please send them, in an electronic form, without special formatting, to
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COVER

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Friends and Teachers Swimming Together

by Asuka Hong — First Grade Art

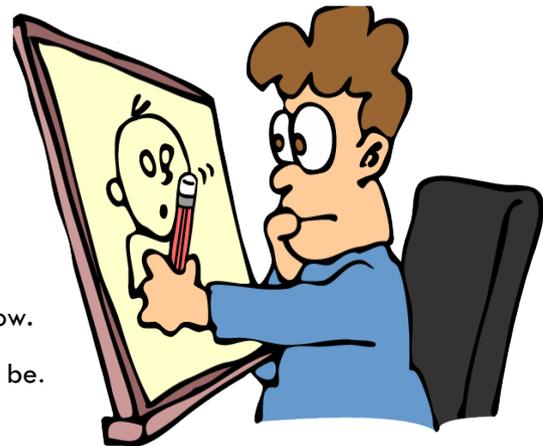
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Featured artwork

by Anna Ishihara

Hey you! Yeah, you! Are you a *Cartoonist* ?

Hmm, am I
good at
drawing?



Well, what are you waiting for?

TANGO has a cartoonist competition just for you!

Competition is open to all so invite everyone you know.

There are no limits to what kind of drawing it should be.

The plot must demonstrate a positive theme.

Win a prize of a stationary set

specially made for drawing!

Drawings are to fit in

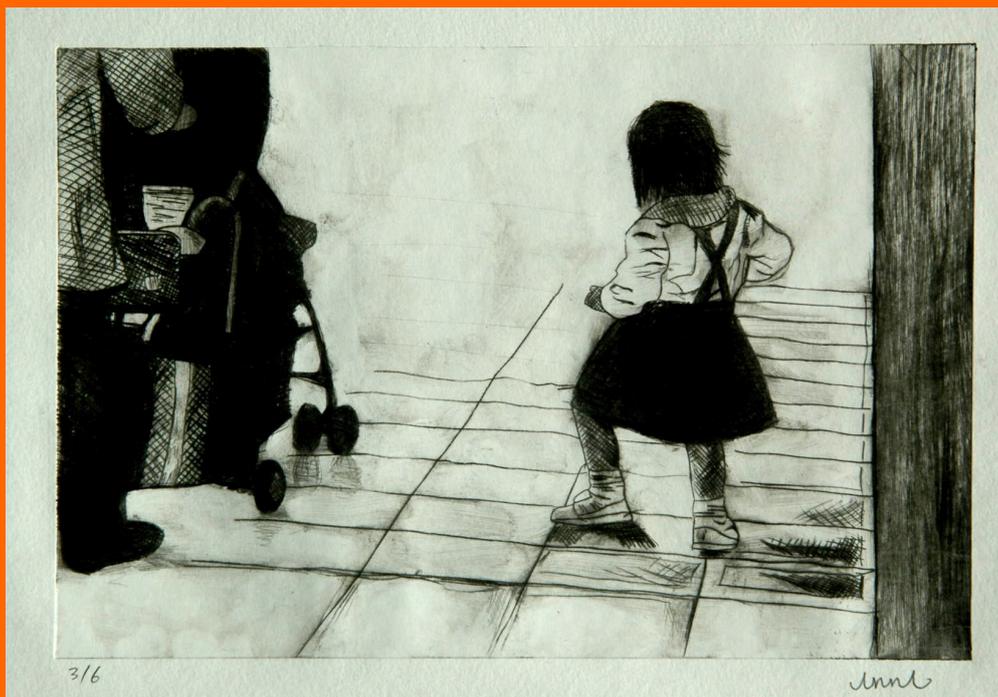
4-6 frames.

What are you doing just sitting there?

Get your pencils out and
START SHARPENING YOUR DRAWING SKILLS!

TANGO 単語

Have any questions? Feel free to talk to Mr Sommer
(psommer@senri.ed.jp)
or the TANGO team.



Tango · 單語

Dancing with words

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Make Break Make

It was an ordinary day. A boy got up, went to school, trained his brain (left and right), led the Student Congress, came home, consumed nutrients for cellular respiration, talked to his mother, went upstairs, insured the hippocampus worked properly, and developed the limbic system by playing the guitar. Just an ordinary day. He went down stairs. His parents were watching TV. That same drama would be about to start. His father would read the news through the internet and his mother would throw herself into the drama. He got water out of the refrigerator. 10:15... it was such an ordinary day. Then, there was this commercial. It said, "We like to make innovation. Then, we watch others follow our innovation. Then, we break the innovation and make new innovation. We like to Make Break Make." The slogan *Make Break Make* showed up on the screen with bold, red font on a black background. *Make Break Make* the words hit the boy.

Make Break Make. The boy couldn't concentrate on his brain training anymore. His mind was fraught with the words *Make Break Make*. For a boy who kept everything organized, scheduled and routine, the words were startling and eye-opening. The boy closed his eyes. 'What did I make? What did I break? What did I remake?' Blank: same ordinary image in his mind.

He abruptly stood up and ripped his calendar filled with his schedule, then threw it into the garbage can. He dragged a computer folder called "schedule" to the trash and deleted the folder. It had contained all his plans since the middle school. He just couldn't take it anymore. He was sick of it. It was time to *Break*. But then, what did he make? He closed his eyes and started to meditate. An image came into his mind. What an extraordinary day.

Make. A 12 year old boy is entering a room. He knows there will be an adult with different eye color than his in a business suit waiting for him. He enters the room and finds that he was wrong. There were two of these men. He *makes* the interview interesting. He knows his brain is not yet used to the language called English, but he tries his best. He sends as much nerve impulse as possible to not only to *make* answers, but also to his questions in English. The boy enters the school. For the next 4 years, he *makes* his reputation: he *makes* the top grades in all subjects; he *makes* his friends interested in him by helping them anytime they need help; he *makes* his reputation in leadership through participation in voluntary works and extracurricular activities. But this *making* becomes his routine and becomes his reflex. No more *making*. He is in plateau phase.

Break. The boy opened his eyes. It was time to *break*. It was perfect timing as the summer was coming soon. The boy decided to *break* everything in the summer. He decided to go to the United States where he could *make* a *break* and begin a new *broken* life. The boy did not like to be in new places, but he *broke* his old habit and entered two summer camps. It was the first time he was away from his parents. He did not care. It was time to *break*. He forgot about his reputation. He forgot about his old routines. He did whatever he felt like doing. He met new friends. He even got a girl-friend. He enjoyed the *broken* life.

Make. The boy was back from the United States, back in Japan. He felt renewed: his mind was as white as an unprinted A4-sized paper. It was time to print on the paper. It was time to *make* again. He predicated *making* a better reputation to fulfill his extended ambitions and dreams. He began to study harder, be closer to friends,

Joon Hyun Paik has been a highly valued member of the editorial team of *Tango* since it began. Here, in possibly his final piece, (he graduates soon) is his student editorial.

and join more extracurricular activities. He did not only join more activities, but he also *made* a science club. As his paper was white and empty, his courage was ineffably high. He knew no limits. He was renewed.

It has been two years since the day I started to fill my A4 paper. Now the A4 paper is almost filled. I know this as I start to make schedules and expect tomorrow to be same as today. Soon, it will be time for me to *break* once again. I will need to throw away my blackened A4 paper. Then, I will get a new white empty A3 paper and start *making* again.



Art work by
Madeline
Dupenthaler

A very special building



Over twenty years ago, the school's architect, Koichi Nagashima began to sketch the forms that would soon inspire the building design for two schools together – OIS and SIS. Loosely overlapped cylinders, waves, cones and prisms were the starting point for an architectural design that embodied the mission of SOIS. Throughout the summer, when the hallways were empty, my attention refocused on the architecture. I was drawn to the features, which so clearly acted as a reminder of important elements that shape and distinguish us from other learning communities: the Five Respects.

The school building has received a lot of attention during the 20th Anniversary celebrations.

OIS High School Principal, Leanne Stephen, reminds us that the design was a very deliberate attempt to work from core values.

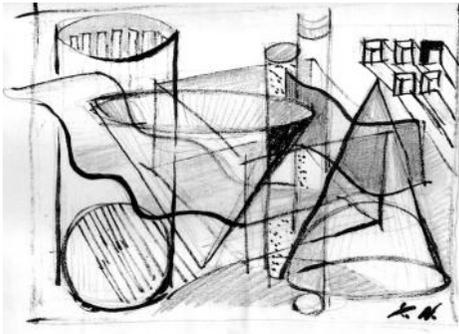
Respect for Learning: The library – strategically placed on the axis of the design, the location identifies it as the heart of the school. We are reminded of the centrality of knowledge and learning and our responsibility to become critical readers.

Respect for Leadership: The circular conference room provides a meeting place where our environment has no sharp edges and corners in which to hide. It is a symmetrical and balanced shape reminding us that we all have the capacity to lead and the opportunity to lead. The conference room confirms that equity and democracy are key elements of leadership.

Respect for Others: Our wide hallways, punctuated by intriguing seating areas, provide us with opportunities to pause for a moment. Places of rest encourage conversation and an exchange of ideas and opinion, maybe with a friend, a colleague or a new acquaintance. It is through dialogue that we learn to listen and value the perspectives of others.

Respect for the Environment: The building acknowledges the context in which it is placed through colour and the cardinal points of the compass. The north facing rooms of the building are coded green, to represent our orientation towards the forested

by Leanne Stephen



mountain range. South, is blue, for the expanse of blue sky that is our canopy. East and West are defined by yellow and pink respectively - these hues reflect the colour scheme of the rising and setting sun; they define the beginning and end of our school day.

Respect for Self: The grey walls follow us mysteriously throughout the building. At first they seem out of place, but in essence, they provide a neutral backdrop

for the palette of ever-changing colour that represents each individual OIS MS/HS student. One day, a sweep of green enters the music room, orange, blue and fluorescent pink climb the stairs to the third floor. These “strokes” of colour are representative of our diverse and individual student body. The grey reminds us that each day we leave a mark of “colour” on our surroundings and our peers; challenging us to be the best we can be with each day and with each “mark”.

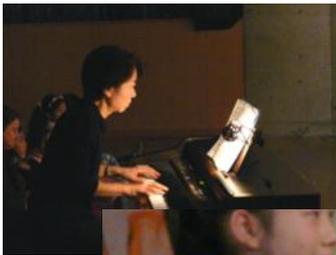
As members of the SOIS community, we all hold paramount and value the underlying principles inherent in the Five Respects. I believe they have the capacity to transform. Our architect took a cylinder, a wave, a cone and a prism and created a unique architectural space. His building design reflects our school mission, and the library, conference room, hallways, colours and walls remind us of the important foundation the Five Respects plays in our daily lives, at school and beyond.



To raise awareness of the building and the architect's intentions students were given a copy of original sketches which they colored. This was presented as a display in the Arts Festival.

[left]

Arts Festival





Here are some images from
the *All School Arts Festival*
In February.



News and events



Kuniko Yamamoto

I was amazed by the story telling skills of our visiting author. I haven't been able to read a book out of enjoyment because of all the work assigned to me this year. I assumed that my imagination which was once full of ideas had crashed. I believed that I could not longer read a book and get a visual picture inside my head. After this day, however, I knew that I was proven wrong.

I entered the third floor conference room expecting another long and dull speech about some person's life. At the beginning, I thought that had happened but then I noticed that folding origami while telling the life story made it much more effective in painting a picture in my mind. I had folded origami very often. However, I had never thought that being skilled in origami meant more than being able to fold a lot of complicated shapes. It could also mean folding and unfolding shapes while telling a story.



The finale was something so incredible that I wanted to try it at home. It was using sushi mats as a performance object. I used to wonder, as a small child, if I could take the sticks out of a sushi mat. I never imagined that it would be possible to make a spectacular performance out of it.

Toshiya Namba

There was rich music that was flourishing with Japanese culture, a paper crane dancing in midair, a white dragon roaring in dignity, flowers blossoming and many other things being created in the hands of Kuniko Yamamoto, the performance artist.

She folded the big paper in many ways and presented us with the shape of a house, a basketball court, and a flower as the story developed. It was not just the ordinary origami work; it was truly the work of a performance artist. Kuniko Yamamoto found exactly the right mood to suit a story through her



dynamic actions, the level of her voice and her dramatic pauses. When these elements came together, they provoked the audience to silent awe.

She contributed many principles of Japanese culture to the stories she told and, as a foreigner, I found them very interesting. For example she was telling and showing a butterfly turning into a cherry blossom. I did not know that a butterfly symbolized a 'new start'. The method of describing a story with origami indicated the delicacy and beauty of Japanese culture. Moreover, the quiet Japanese flute music provided the mood and feeling of dignity, honor and braveness. She taught me that anything in the world can be created differently, if we have a goal and an eye to see things differently. In the future I would like to be a person full of creativity like Kuniko Yamamoto.

Je Eun Yoo

You can find out more about this artist at www.kunikotheater.com/

Grade 6 Goes to ARK

Animal Refuge Kansai (ARK) is an organization founded by Elisabeth Oliver in 1990. She started it because she wanted to change the situation for dogs and cats. Many innocent dogs and cats were dying. Dogs and cats that lived in the town were dying because people abandoned them. First, she started off with about five dogs and one cat, but now there are about 200 dogs and 110 cats. They have about 50 staff members and they take care of the animals every day. Also there are other animals such as ducks, pigs and foxes.

If you want to adopt a cat or a dog, ARK would be a great place. They are really caring about them, not like most pet stores. They take time and talk with the person who wants to adopt a pet. First, they see the environment of the place where their pet is going to live. Secondly they might suggest some points to change in their house (for the pet to live). If owners needed to change anything in their house, ARK would check to see that they had done it. Already one girl in grade 6 has adopted a dog from ARK.

This year, the 6th graders went to ARK. We separated into groups and experienced the jobs which the staff does every day. First we looked around at the animals in ARK. Then we walked the dogs, washed their cages, and gave food to them. At the International Fair, we made a booth for ARK. We sold calendars, badges, and postcards. We had a good experience at both events.

*by Kai Junge, Aki Shigeyama,
Haruna Suzuki, and Karen Humphrey*



Every homeless animal, whether young or old, victim of illness, unwanted or abandoned, sick or injured, must be given the chance to live in a loving home. Since its beginning, ARK has rescued 2,483 dogs and 962 cats.

Some people may think there isn't a choice: that stray animals must be killed or that saving dangerous dogs and cats is too risky. I think it is true that homeless animals should be given the chance to live in a loving home. That is because animals ought to be in our daily environment. If animals continue to be killed, our life will become shadowy and less meaningful.

Five years after ARK started, the Great Hanshin Earthquake hit Japan in January 17, 1995, 05:46. This was when ARK faced their biggest challenge. ARK rescued more than 600 animals from the quake area. During that year, ARK was delighted to spread the news around Japan and they were able to build faculties and hire new staff members.

Similar to ARK founder, Elizabeth Oliver, the actress, Bernadette Peters, founded an organization on Broadway — BARKS — to help find homes for dogs and cats in New York City and raise money for local shelters. She is still continuing this work in New York and is hiring more workers.

I would like Osaka ARK to change its location from its current location in mountains far away from the city. What I mean by this is that I want ARK to be attractive and near to the cities where people can access it more quickly.

In 1991, only 6 animals were adopted. In 2009, 300 animals were being adopted. If you are interested in being a member of ARK, would like to adopt a dog or cat, or want to visit ARK, contact them now at their website ark@arkbark.net or call 072-737-0712 today!

by Kento Moriguchi

News and events

Children's Wishes for Japan

To be a good citizen is to understand the hardships that others might face. As Parents and Educators, we need to help young people have compassion for others and the issues they face day to day no matter what country they live in.

Creative Healing Through the Arts



There has been an idea formulated by teachers and friends who want to help children in the Tsunami-affected area of Japan. The plan is to send hand painted canvas bags stuffed with art supplies & well wishes from children around the world to children in Northern Japan. These Art activity bags will be used to help the children feel emotionally better.

Each canvas bag will include approx 18~20 items. Sketchbook, colored pencil set, oil pastels, crayons, notebook, erasers, pencils, pencil case, school scissors, glue, fimi-ink, brush, shodo paper, origami paper, ruler, felt, paint colors, small plastic palette, stickers, marker set, harmonica or small instruments used in Japan, and well wishes from children around the world.

- Each bag with the art supplies = 2,500 yen/ \$30
- Each bag with art supplies plus a small musical instrument = 4,500 yen/ \$55



Donations Needed & Greatly Appreciated

Your donation money will go to a project that will affect the hearts of young people and children. Students all over the world can contribute to these activity bags with monetary donations and notes or letters to Japanese children in the tsunami-affected Prefectures of Japan.



*For information:
<http://web.me.com/jhcalvillo/ChildrensWishesForJapan/CWI.html>*

Poster design by Anri Pok

See website for more details:

<http://web.me.com/jhcalvillo/ChildrensWishesForJapan/Poster.html>

Students take action

Students were on school holidays when the shocking earthquake and tsunami hit northern Japan. But immediately they put their



minds to what they could do. Risa Nishiguchi (pictured above with Seamus Carroll) used her design skills to create t-shirts featuring the design below. They have been selling very well and proceeds will go to the relief operation.

Risa is one of the students graduating this year. They had planned to go to Thailand to build houses as part of *Habit for Humanity* building program. The deposit for their trip was quickly diverted, at their request, to the *HFH* operation starting up in Japan. The students are considering how they can support relief work through their traditional service trip.

Art teacher Jennifer Henbest de Calvillo and her students have designed posters and a website to promote their contribution. They are making activity bags filled with art supplies to be sent to the children in evacuation areas. The poster to the left explains the project.



A moving experience

The grade 12 fundraising at the end of last year was at fever pitch and they would do anything to make a little more.

When Ms Edens wanted her unused couch transported to the school. The boys were ready (at a price).

The pictures document the massive effort in carrying the lounge from around Kansai Super to the school.



Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor

In China, Indonesia and Africa, tigers are becoming endangered and some are even extinct. Some lucky tigers in the world are in sanctuaries and saved by organizations, and are living a peaceful life. Hunters and poachers all over the world are killing tigers for their skin and for medicine. Organizations such as World Wildlife Fund (WWF) are calling for help for these tigers.

Deforestation is one of the things that triggered the endangerment of tigers. Many governments and companies still continue to cut down trees. With the used wood, you can make quite a lot of houses, stores, apartments, and roads. However, once the habitat is destroyed, not only tigers, but also many other species will be killed.

Only 7% of the tigers' habitat is left. In the last 60 years, some species became extinct. In 1930 the Bali tiger became extinct, in 1970 the Caspian tiger, and in 1980 the Javan tiger died out. In China, tigers are poached for skin and medicine, but the really bad things about it is that there are no recriminations.

We need to save the tigers right now. We can start to help by donating money to the WWF donation box in the library. If we don't, we may never be able to see them in their natural habitat.

Sincerely,

Kai Junge

Several letters drew attention to tigers and other endangered animals.

Manaka Oyama wrote that 10,000 tigers were alive 100 years ago, but now only 3,200 tigers survive in the wild.

Chan Yel Back wrote: "Students can also help support endangered animals. The WWF has been protecting the future of nature for more than 45 years, and works in almost 100 countries. WWF is supported by about 6 million people all over the world."

Haruna Suzuki drew attention to turtles. "Recently turtle populations have declined up to 90%. One reason that turtles are becoming extinct is oil spills. When the turtles get soaked in oil they slowly die away. Another reason is littering. After people litter, the trash gets washed away inside the ocean. The sea turtles think that the trash is food and accidentally eat it and can choke on the trash. A third reason is the city lights attract the baby sea turtles and they get run over by cars."

<http://www.worldwildlife.org/home-full.html>

Dear Editor

Teen violence is a serious problem and we must not take it lightly. The problem is growing and getting worse every year. What makes teenage violence worse? I think one of the most dangerous influences is the media.

Some people may disagree that the media plays such an important role in teen violence. They say teens are influenced by other things in real life, such as in school, home and peers. But the teens who see the other teens who are violent might get their violence from television.

Violent behavior is often learned in early life. Children learn how to behave by watching characters on television. Young children mimic the behaviors they see. Violence in media gives children violent heroes to imitate, increases mean-spirited, aggressive behavior, shows children that violence is all right as a way to handle a conflict, makes it easy for children to ignore suffering and the bad effects of violence, causes fear, mistrust, and worry (and sometimes nightmares), and whets their appetite for viewing more violence in more extreme forms. Fifty percent of men who abuse their wives will abuse their children.

To stop teen violence, parents should limit the amount of time watching television and parents should make sure they know where their child or children are going and what they watch and play. Parents can teach children about fantasy and reality and about the media.

Sincerely,

Ellis Namba

Cocona Kaji and *Corrine Watanabe* wrote reminding us of the consequences of bullying and *Sungwoong Hong* reported on some serious trends in cyberbullying.

"There are some facts we must know about cyberbullying. Nearly 35% of children are being cyberbullied. According to a survey, nine out of ten middle school students got their feelings hurt because of cyberbullying. In addition, four out of ten students got their e-mail account password changed. Almost 20% received mean e-mails. It was figured out that more than half of the victims were bullied in chat rooms such as Facebook. Finally, twice as many students were cyberbullied in 2005 than in 2000.

In order to prevent cyberbullying, we must teach children not to be silent when others are being hurt both physically and emotionally. Parents should talk to their children about what online activities they have to do so that parents know that their children aren't going on bad websites. This suggestion is optional, but parents can install tracking and filtering software on the computer. Cyberbullying must be stopped somehow because cyberbullying can change a person's entire life emotionally."

OIS Grade 6 Students

Dear Editor

Sleep is very unusual in that it is different for everyone. Some people do not sleep as much as others. Some people sleep as little as six hours as others sleep as much as twelve hours. Whatever the amount, sleeping is very important. Sleeping will make you feel calm, refreshed, and ready for anything.

Experts are not sure why we sleep, but we do know that it is necessary for survival. Although adults require six to eight hours of sleep each night, five to twelve-year-olds ought to have at least ten to eleven hours of sleep. Children must sleep as much as they can. Research states that adults who average nine or more hours of sleep have twice the chance developing of Parkinson's disease. So, perhaps adults shouldn't sleep as much as children. As teenagers' inner clocks change, they find it difficult to sleep and to wake up. This is why some teenagers feel stressed.

Leonardo Da Vinci had a sleeping system called polyphasic sleep. He had twenty to thirty minute naps, which worked well for him because he could work during the night and day.

Sleep-deprived individuals make irrational judgments because of stress and high blood pressure. Also, some say that less sleep can mean higher risks of obesity. This is because hormones controlling your appetite are released during sleep so we don't feel like eating while we sleep.

Here are some sleep tips and advice. To relax your mind, you should practice breathing exercises. Also, exercise regularly to breathe and circulate blood through to the brain. Having a calm, relaxing, sleeping environment will help you create a habit of going to bed and waking up at proper times.

Sleep is necessary for survival, so take care of your body and follow these tips.

Sincerely,

Taizo Heimer

Health issues are on the minds of Grade 6 students.

Dear Editor

There are many ways in which exercise benefits us. We should all exercise to improve our health and fitness. If we exercise, we can encourage our friends or family to join in . A famous exercise expert called Bill Phillips says, "No matter who you are, no matter what you do, you absolutely, positively do have the power to change." This means that you can change too!

Some of us feel that we don't have enough time to exercise. Exercise doesn't have to be running. Gardening and taking a hike and cleaning are also exercise. Even if you don't have enough money to join a health club, you can enjoy exercise in many other ways. Daily walking exercises makes us strong and healthy. Taking stairs instead of elevators, and walking to school are also good ways to improve our fitness.

Why should we exercise? Researchers say that exercise helps prevent many diseases such as cancer and reduces depression. Also, it strengthens your heart, lungs, bones, and muscles. Exercising gives us more energy and can reduce the risk of death. Another benefit is that it improves blood pressure and reduces our heart rate. These benefits all lead to a balanced life. How often should we exercise? A least 30-60minutes a day. Make sure its regular, perhaps about three times a week.

The most important thing is to enjoy exercising. Believe me!! If you follow these tips, you will be healthy and successful.

Sincerely,

Karen Humphrey

Hiroaki Shigeyama picks up the health theme with a few comments about body image.

"Anorexia is an eating disorder in which people starve themselves. This disease is common in people between the ages of 15 and 21. What motivates teenage girls, especially, to become extremely thin? One consideration is that the super models on the television and in magazines are rail thin and portrayed as beautiful and gorgeous. This might make any teenage girl think that *thin is in*.

You must not tease anyone about their bodies, even in fun, because teenagers are extremely sensitive.

There are some things that parents can do to prevent anorexia. One is that parents should be especially careful about what kinds of food they buy. Another thing is to teach your daughter that she is beautiful as she is, and to give her positive feedback."

Some letters have been edited for space.

Tango welcomes letters on any subject.

Thank you in particular to grade 6 students.

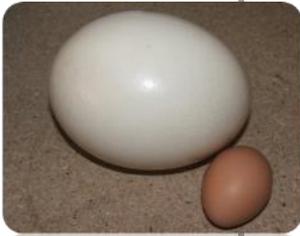
Unfortunately, not all letters can be published.

We are looking for ones with fresh ideas that are well presented. We will keep letters on file and might use them in later editions.

Please, let us know what you are thinking about.

Sincerely, The Editor

Ask the Science Club



Question 1:

WHY DO EGGS EXPLODE IN A MICROWAVE OVEN?

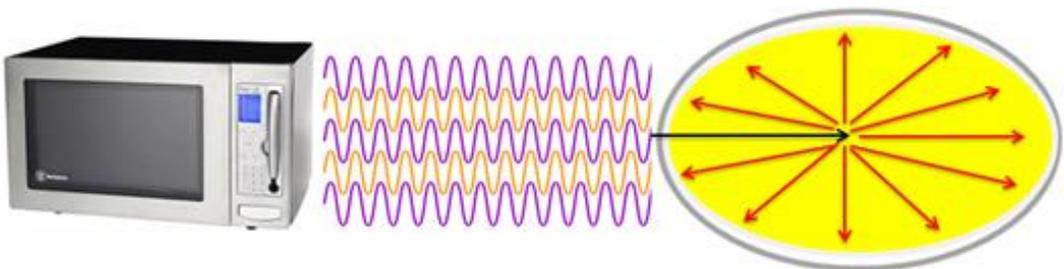
A microwave oven uses microwave radiation to heat polarized molecules in the food. In the case of an egg, the polarized molecule is the yolk inside the egg. As the microwave radiation heats the yolk, the yolk expands. This causes an increase in pressure within an egg. Then, when this pressure is too much for the shell of the egg to bear, the shell breaks and explodes!

What would happen if an ostrich egg is put into a microwave?

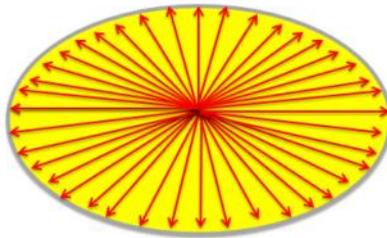
Just for your information, an ostrich egg is an average 1 kg, and can withstand a man standing on it due to its thick shell!

Website: <http://www.sciencekids.co.nz/videos/experiments/eggexplosion.html>

Or Google: Microwave Egg Explosion – Science Experiment Video.



The microwave radiation of the microwave oven heats up the yolk.



The yolk within the egg expands and the pressure within an egg increases.



Question 2:

HOW DOES A COKE GEYSER WORKS?

There are still debates over the reason that Mentos mixed with soda produces an incredible eruption. The following explanation is most plausible, by far. But keep in mind that there are other possible explanations.

Soda is a carbonated drink that has carbon dioxide gas suspended in the liquid. That is why you can observe the bubbles forming when the bottle of soda is opened. A few seconds after you open the bottle, you can observe that the gas is gone. However, there is still a lot of carbon dioxide gas suspended in the liquid. That is why you can see bubbles form when you drop something into the bottle of soda.

The carbon dioxide can stay suspended in the liquid because of the property of the water. The water molecules strongly attract each other through hydrogen bonds, forming a tight mesh called surface tension around each bubble of carbon dioxide gas in the soda. When these strong attractions between water molecules are broken with an object like a coin, the carbon dioxide is released.

But, why doesn't a coin cause a Coke geysier like Mentos does? The answer lies in the property of the Mentos.

Mentos contains gelatin and gum arabic which break the surface tension of the water molecules, allowing the carbon dioxide to form bubbles. Also, each Mentos candy has thousands of tiny pits called nucleation sites all over the surface helping the carbon dioxide bubbles to form.

Think what happens when heavy material goes into the liquid. It sinks, right? Same with the Mentos! When it is dropped into the Coke, it allows the carbon dioxide bubbles to form from the top to bottom, creating a Coke geysier!



Want to know more?

WHY DO EGGS EXPLODE IN A MICROWAVE OVEN?
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<<http://www.newscientist.com/article/dn4946-microwave-ovens-should-warn-of-exploding-eggs.html>>.

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Small Giants

by Dong Jun Yoo

Amidst the bustling Korean economy, Small Giants are beginning to make their appearance. They are, by definition, Korean small business enterprises that obtain sustainable competitive advantage in a business environment in which large enterprises often dominate. Although the size of the Small Giants is small, they manage to attain top positions in their domestic market or secure at least fifth position in foreign markets and thus generate large profits. Currently about 100 Korean enterprises have become Small Giants.

Small Giants can be identified as “new species of enterprises” and the Small Giants have “upgraded characteristics” that differ significantly from those of existing medium-small enterprises. To begin, the Small Giants have a high growth and they display it because they often manage to secure the high growth rate through differentiation from start. In addition, they maintain the high growth rate even after making a series of notable achievements such as listing on the KOSDAQ market.

The Small Giants have distinguished innovativeness. The number of patents that a Small Giant possesses is often over 100 and its intellectual property rights are five times those of a normal venture business. Furthermore, the Small Giants have a high level of globalization. In fact, their share of foreign market in sales is often greater than that of domestic market in sales. If one looks at their share of foreign market in sales from year 2004 to 2008, one can clearly see that the share is over 50% in average and shows its growing trend every year. Thus, one can see that the Small Giants have three key characteristics and they have high growth rate, distinguished innovativeness and high level of globalization.

The Small Giants use various methods to achieve the competitiveness. Often they use at least one of the following methods.

Mastering technology: mastering a particular technology and building internal learning systems from time to time to quickly improve the response to technical problems. Through this method, one can carry out a reasonable price policy while maintaining a high quality of products.

Pioneering technology: inventing or developing innovative products to create a niche market and utilize the “ability” to form high competitiveness.

Construction: producing a strong blueprint and fol-

lowing the plan with one’s own management philosophy. Figuratively speaking, one establishes a construction plan and follows the plan to build a building. The method therefore enables one to explore unexplored markets and persuade, obtain funds and gain numerous market opportunities.

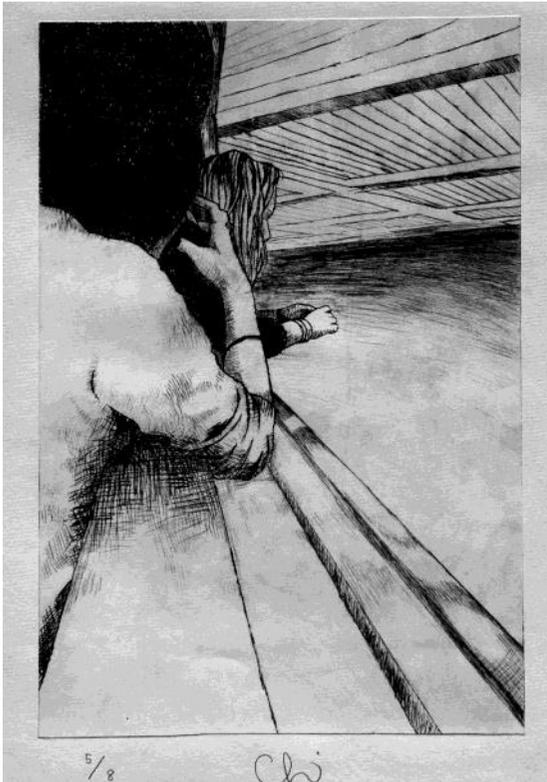
Marketing: quickly identifying market opportunities and utilizing unique management and marketing skills to establish niche market. Moreover, the company utilizes brand image and monopolizes information to rapidly dominate a market.

Unlike other medium-small business enterprises, Small Giants often manage to secure a long-term survival. One of the reasons is that the Small Giants gain control over domestic niche markets. Traditionally, medium-small business enterprises laid a foundation for survival by supplying goods to large enterprises or public institutions. The Small Giants, however, do not dwell on this dependent relationship but identify niche markets and penetrate the markets. Through product performances and price competitions, a typical Small Giant eliminates other competitors and gains control over the markets.

The Small Giants secure a long-term survival by establishing global niche markets from the start as well. They secure a position in global markets by introducing new technologies faster than overseas competitions and supply the markets with high quality products at reasonable prices. By focusing on large overseas demand, the Small Giants overcome the limits of domestic markets. Lastly, the Small Giants also secure a long-term survival by establishing new markets through the use of convergence. For example, a typical Small Giant may converge existing IT technologies with services and thus produce a new market. Therefore, the Small Giants secure a long-term survival as they gain control over domestic niche market, form global niche markets and produce new markets through the use of convergence.

In conclusion, the Small Giants that are appearing in the Korean economy have “upgraded characteristics” and they have utilized various methods to obtain the characteristics to guarantee long-term survival.

Art work



Art work (left) by
Chihiro Tokuyama -OIS grade 11

Grade 7 Art explored the concept of *adaptation*. This unit was in collaboration with their science class where students worked to identify how animals adapt to their environments. The first stage was for each student to learn how to identify the main characteristics of an environment. Secondly, they needed to identify desirable characteristics an animal might need to live in that environment. For the final project each student designed and constructed a three-dimensional insect that lives in a site-specific location within the school. The insects were displayed throughout the school during the *2011 Arts Festival*.



What is mythology?

When people think of the word 'myths', most probably think of stories from ancient times involving gods and goddesses and the humans that supposedly interacted with them. When asked of their opinion of why these stories were originally made, many would probably answer that myths were told to explain natural events, or to describe the early history of a certain culture. But when asked whether they feel that myths are relevant or significant in our current, modernized society, the answer would likely be no. Those mythical stories, they would reason, were attempts to explain events that people back then were not able to understand (earthquakes, floods, volcanic eruptions, and other natural phenomena) and thus hold no truth anymore, in light of recent scientific discoveries widely assimilated into our basic knowledge and perception (Myths and Legends. 23 April, 2010).



The assumption is, in a sense, true, but most people fail to see past this misleading impression that because the 'answers' mythology were meant to provide are now proven to be false the ancient stories are therefore of little consequence or significance in this day and age. Contrary to this common belief, however, myths did not (and still do not) just deal with explanations regarding the natural phenomena. Indeed, mythology also offers a great deal in respect to the attempts at understanding the human psyche: the human mind and its fundamental, primal feelings and questions regarding the world and the cosmic mysteries. In this regard, myths are not 'outdated' or 'false' as the general notion holds to be true. The questions that myths also address — of death and resurrection, evil and good, knowledge, and of the creation, to name but a few — are basic questions that all humans even to this day continue to strive to answer.

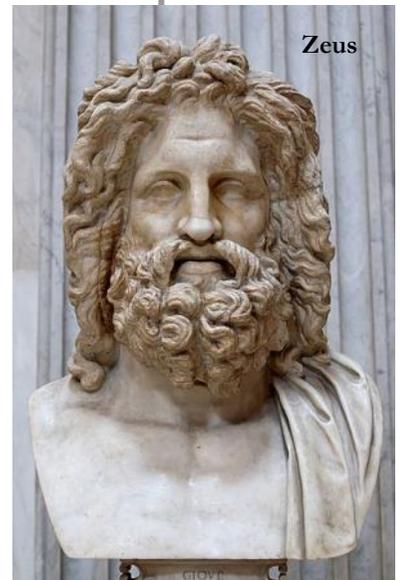
It should be emphasized that because myths are an *attempt* at answering these fundamental questions, the 'answers' vary greatly as can be seen by reading myths from various cultures. While the answers vary, however, the significance lies in the fact that the *questions* that are present within the myths are the same. The 'answer' to a question depends principally on the way one thinks and interprets a given question, but the human mindset is, of course, ultimately shaped by the environment one is born into and grows up in, and thus it should be of little surprise that the 'answers' can be quite dissimilar in different myths. What is significant, then, is how the crux of the matter remains in the sense that the questions themselves are consistent because the basic human psyche is, arguably, shared regardless of the culture you are born into, and thus the questions that are posed are certain to be the same (McGill, M. pp. comm. 15 May, 2000).

Take the famous Greek Myth, the Pandora's Box, and the biblical story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, for example. Both accounts are in response to the fundamental question regarding 'evil.' In this case, the question both are attempting to answer is about 'evil' and how it came into the world. The former tells the story of how a young woman named Pandora releases the various evils into the world by opening a box that Zeus warns her never to open. The latter promotes the idea that evil came into the world through the sin of Adam and Eve who are tempted into eating the forbidden fruit through the persuasion of the cunning snake (Satan).

It should be added that the different ‘answers’ to the same question (in this case, regarding the question of ‘evil’) do not have to be from completely different myths. Separate interpretations of the same myth can likewise lead to completely different answers. The Ophites, for example, were members of the Gnostic cult who took a very different interpretation of the same traditional Christian story of Adam and Eve. They contend that the snake was not Satan and is seen instead as the hero in the story. The same ‘God’ in the story is instead a deity named Yaldabaoth, and is revealed as a figure with a mixture of “arrogance and ignorance” who binds Adam and Eve in ignorance by forbidding them from approaching the Tree of Knowledge. The snake, the Ophites claim, was the agent of his mother, a goddess, who contrives a plan to prevent her son, Yaldabaoth, from “despoiling the man” in his wickedness. The snake, on her orders, persuades Adam and Eve to “transgress the precept of Yaldabaoth” by eating out of the forbidden tree. For this Adam and Eve are banished from the Garden of Eden, as is the snake expelled and punished with a curse (Ophites. 19 April, 2010). In this version of the same story of Adam and Eve, then, the ‘answer’ presented in regards to what evil is and how it came into being is obviously quite different. The god Yaldabaoth is instead presented as the ‘evil’ figure in the story that attempts to desecrate men, and also as the figure of a malicious authority that suppresses and punishes Adam and Eve for gaining knowledge that he did not want them to gain.

This also raises another important point: the story of Adam and Eve does not only deal with the issue of evil. It also deals with questions regarding knowledge — of whether there is knowledge that is not meant to be sought by humans: that to seek this knowledge is an arrogant display of the personal ego. Indeed, this is a recurrent theme presented often in myths, though they usually pose a more general question of whether there is a certain line that mortals should not reach beyond that would seem to be overexerting the personal ego too far. There is, for example, the story of Niobe, who in her foolish arrogance called upon the people of Thebes to worship her instead of Leto, mother of Apollo and Artemis. In her folly she compares herself and her children with the divine goddess and declares herself to be the superior. Upon hearing these insolent words, the archer god and the divine huntress, Apollo and Artemis, strike down all of Niobe’s son and daughters in front of the offender (Hamilton, 1998 p248). This interpretation, of course, supports the belief that there is indeed a certain level of modesty that humans should maintain, lest they will be overstepping themselves too far.

In regards to this, the traditional version of Adam and Eve is similar to the story of Niobe in the sense that it supports the notion that there is (in this case) knowledge that is not meant to be sought by humans — that there is a certain line that mortals should not transgress. That being said, the interpretation of the version of the Ophites can clearly be taken to signify quite the opposite. The god Yaldabaoth is portrayed as the spiteful deity that keeps the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil from Adam and Eve, binding them in ignorance and darkness. The snake, as was previously mentioned, does just the opposite and enlightens them of the Tree and persuades them to eat a fruit out of it. Though it remains consistent that Adam and Eve are, consequently, banished from the Garden of Eden, the implications between the two versions are nevertheless quite the converse. The sympathy of the traditional version lies towards the God who (in His kindness) provided the perfect paradise for Adam and Eve, yet one day discovers a breach of trust of the one promise he had extracted from them and is thus forced to banish them. The Ophites’ version, on the other hand, extends its sympathy towards the snake, as well as Adam and Eve who attempt to break free of the



grasp of the demonized God by eating out of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. Hence, the exile of Adam and Eve from the Garden according to the Ophites would not be considered as a ‘punishment for their sin’ (for violating His generous hospitality) as much as a punishment *sentenced* upon them from a ruthless authority that sought to “despoil” them regardless of whether they would have sinned. Thus, this interpretation (in direct conflict with the traditional, Christian interpretation) can be taken to promote that humans should, on the contrary, search for knowledge and enlightenment with fortitude against the greater powers that attempt to obstruct and thwart them.

To put all this into context in regards to our daily lives, it could easily be pointed out that this very contentious issue of forbidden, taboo knowledge expressed in myths is, in fact, quite a relevant issue that humans of this age face. With knowledge ever expanding and new scientific discoveries and developments being unearthed at an unprecedented rapid rate, there have been many questions raised in regards to some of the recent developments. Human cloning, to name but one, is a highly controversial topic where the opposition questions whether it is morally “correct” for humans to pursue such an audacious research in what people see as an attempt to mimic Creation. It is almost like an attempt to be God — an act that perhaps more than a handful would consider nothing less than blasphemy; which is, perhaps, a form of unrestrained human arrogance that seeks to discover knowledge that some feel should never be sought.

That being said, however, one should not be deluded into thinking that myths are therefore the source of supposed human enlightenment and revelation. As Joseph Campbell states, stories of mythology are “the edge... [they are] the interface between what can be known and what is never meant to be discovered because it is a mystery that transcends of all human research.” (*The Power of Myth*, 1988). Essentially, he confirms that myths do not, unfortunately, hold the “correct” or “true” answer to this or any of such complex questions. Myths can be interpreted to offer certain opinions regarding these questions, but that is not to say that any such belief is necessarily correct; if anything, the only thing we can be certain of is the genuine uncertainty of any given moral dilemma.

At the same time, however, this is not to say that looking towards myths is futile. Campbell goes on, explaining that “there is an invisible plane supporting the visible plane that we can relate to... what we don’t know supports what we do know.” It is important, he further argues, to live life with a “knowledge of its mystery.” The answer to the “mystery” may not be required, but the fact that we are aware of the mystery — of the invisible plane — is important for a balanced understanding of life.

To be fair, many people in their daily lives do not often spare a moment for such deep thoughts and questions. But myths can also help serve us as a spyglass that allows us to observe and scrutinize our own self more closely in our everyday lives. Better put, myths can be used as a “tool for introspection.” (Turlur, P. pp. comm. 11 May, 2010). In this day and age where we continue to look out towards the world — towards external beings and objects — we often get caught up and forget to observe the ‘self.’ However, that is not to suggest that we should now take a moment to stop and turn our eyes at ourselves instead, which, arguably, is not quite possible as we would like to believe. Rather, we would best observe our identity by seeing the reflection of the self mirrored through the perception of others. Just like your own perception of your very identity is dependent on how others identify and perceive you, so should we look towards the external to gain a better understanding of the internal mirrored upon them (Turlur, P. pp. comm. 11 May, 2010).

All the symbols in mythology are “about you”, asserts Campbell. “Everything that goes on in the story” is “what ought to be going on in you.” We are, in a sense, heroes of our own journey (*The Power of Myth*, 1988). Although hardly an easy task, myths can be read in order

by Keitaro Okura

to acquire an awareness and understanding of where you are in your life, to see the 'you' in the characters and symbols presented within the myths. Needless to say, all myths do not necessarily have to grasp you with the same level of significance and interest, nor do they have to consistently do so within the space of time. The 'you' is naturally different from when you are a teenager and reading a particular myth, compared to the 'you' that you are when you are an adult and reading that story to your child. Your identity is constantly, and thus the 'you' that can be seen reflected within the mythical stories likewise transform accordingly. And myths can be used like so as a mirror to identify the 'you' that you are at the given moment.

Of course, myths are not the only available tool for such introspection. The mirror that myths offer into the self also exists in countless other forms in our world, like literature, art, and music, as well as in ordinary hobbies and sports, like baseball or soccer (Turlur, P. pp. comm. 11 May, 2010). It is, perhaps, of worth to take a moment and observe your self reflected in them.



Artwork by
Mariko Azuma

Poems

by Shuzo Tani

Shuzo Tani
has contributed to
every edition of
Tango so far.
We have enjoyed
reading his poems
and stories.
This year he
graduated from SIS.

We wish him the
best of luck
in the future.
And... keep writing!

*Paul Sommer
and
the Editorial Team*

Contradictions

In a world of depressingly bright colours,
hollow words fill the dictionary.
We seek heroes while killing them with our words
We sever threads between friends, one by one,
while smiling for more.
The air is full of meaningless sighs,
while the crocodile tears dry at our sleeves.
Slicing up my heart bit by bit,
One more slice and all of this will end.
Or will it?

In the Sky

When man saw the eagle, he flew kites.
Withdrew the kite and flew airplanes.
Downed the plane and the eagle and flew satellites.
Threw away the satellite and flew spaceships.
From there they now look down upon Earth,
as they themselves are looked down upon
by the sun and the stars.

Sunset of love

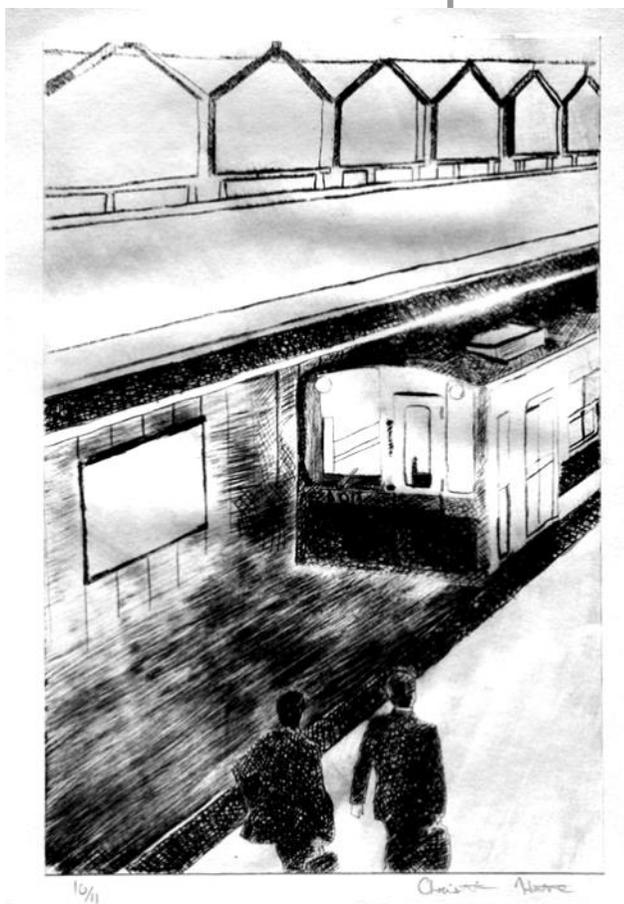
Outside the wide open window, there's the sun's bright shadow.
On the tip of the clock's hand, there are memories dyed in watery blue.
Crushing a frozen heart under my feet, I sing into the rising vapor.
The white dove cries and the butterfly dies.
Gone in the twinkle of the autumn evening clouds.

Art work



**Asuka
Matsumiya**
[left]

Christine Hatch
[below]



Poem

by Andrew Lindsay

The Song Unheard

for P.

Watching her walking up the stairs was the horrid revelation
the young woman suddenly aged, and pained, the grimace coming
with each step. She'd been a dancer, and flute player, four
accidents in separate cars had ruined her,
she could not dance, her wired jawbone could no longer
cope with the sweet exertions of the flute
yet there was some stubborn force still in her. You danced
with her once, she'd heard you play your flute, one raucous
night, she collared you, and decided to chance it, just one dance.

You watched, astonished, as she swallowed the pills that would
let her sleep. Making love was out of the question. Her ruined spine
could not accommodate that pain, though she harboured the desire
to bring new life into the world. You knew she'd never manage a
natural birth. You were tender with each other, undemanding,
and the morning that you left she surprised you, as she revealed
a wooden flute. She could no longer play it, and asked
if you would take it with you. Breathe some life into it.

It was only later that you saw the flute was ruined,
it was not beyond repair, though the barrel was cracked,
and some keys were broken. You found your way to play it,
and to your delight a sweet, cracked tone emerged.

A song sang out from that ruined flute, a poignant
tune. You called it Sheelagh's Song, though she never heard it.

Andrew Lindsay is
a professional writ-
er and
performer with two
novels among his
major works. His
novels are *The
Breadmaker's
Carnival* and
The Slapping Man.
He lives in
Australia.

Haiku

by Pierre Turlur

Persistent cold
I cough away
clouds and autumn mists

Sweet powdered geisha
poses for the camera
birds don't care

wrapped in black plastic bags
in the Christmas crowd
a tramp

an old beer bottle
left in the wood
still partying

Stupid Alex

by Ray Shindo

The stories
on this and
the next
page were
written by
Grade 5
students

“Ring, Ring, Ring!”

Alex hits the snooze button for the third time since 10:00 am. He feels cold liquid run down his face. Alex’s mother says, “Get up you lazy bones!” Grudgingly, he walks down the stairs like a zombie. Smack! Alex’s mother slaps him right on the top of his head. “Ow!” Alex yells. His mother tells him to go wash his face, so he does. He begins to feel ready to face the day.

After he washes his face, his parents tell him that they are going shopping, so Alex says good-bye, and off they go. Alex is so bored that he tries to go back to bed again, but he can’t. He turns on the TV, but there’s nothing good to watch. He turns the TV off.

After a while, an idea floats through his mind. He rushes off and gets the longest rug he can find in the house. He puts the rug on the stairs, and slides from the top of the stairs to the bottom. “BANG!” Alex sees the hole in the door he has just made, and feels the red, painful bump on his arm. He realizes that he has done something stupid. Something wrong. He starts to panic a little, thinking, “What should I do, what should I do?!”

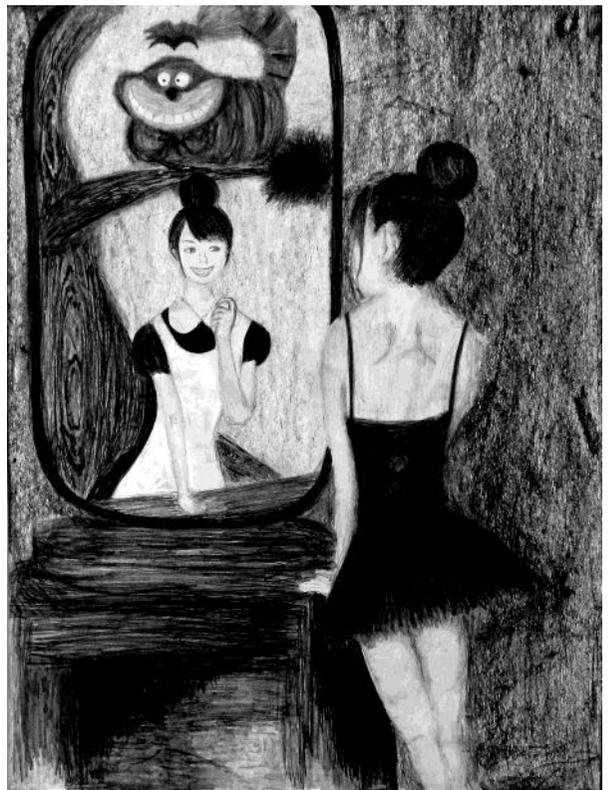
Suddenly, the door flings open. There stand his parents, glaring at him. “You’re in so much trouble young man!” his dad scolds. His parents go up to his room, and immediately take the money out of his piggy bank. “You broke the door, you’re gonna have to pay to fix it!” his mom shouts.

Alex is in the house alone now, his smile turned upside down. He thinks, “Stupid me! Why did I do it?! If I hadn’t done it, the day wouldn’t be as horrible.” A tear rolls down his cheek. The bump on his arm is still there, reminding him to think before he acts.

Art work
by Saki Kodamatani

Titled
I am in Wonderland

She explains:
When I was a little girl, I often watched the movie called *Alice in Wonderland*. At the time, I believed in Wonderland. I wished I could meet the white rabbit, the princess of hearts, Cheshire cat and so on. Unfortunately there seems to be no Wonderland. But when I look at my reflection in the mirror, I still think I just might see myself in Wonderland.



No Way Out

by Freya Kirwan



Art work
by
Chihiro Tezuka

I looked through the window into the endless nothingness around me, nothing, except darkness for miles and miles. I clung to my seat as the ship picked up speed, zooming through the darkness like a knife through butter. I steadied myself and grinned. It was my first flight and I could feel the confidence bursting. Nothing could go wrong, I thought.

I took a deep breath, but then stopped abruptly, the air cutting short in my throat. Something was wrong. Suddenly, everything whirled around me and I knew what was happening; we were losing air. And we were losing it fast. “John,” I called to my co-pilot, “We’ve got a problem, we’re losing...”

“I know.” John interrupted. Without any warning, one of our crew, David, came bursting in, his hair tousled and his eyes wide and frantic. “Air, we’re losing air!” he stuttered.

“Don’t panic,” John said calmly, expertly keeping his fear hidden. I wish I could keep my panic under control like that, but I could feel my body shaking, and the room seemed much hotter than before,

“I guess we should try and fix it.” I said, and was pleased to hear my voice didn’t waver. One hour later James, the engineer, still didn’t have it fixed. Red faced, he stood up and wiped his brow with the back of his hand. “We have to try and contact Earth,” John said urgently, and I could see his hands shaking.

We sent message after message, but all we could hear was a slight buzzing sound. “No, no, this can’t be happening,” John muttered in despair, holding his head in his hands. I looked at him and then out the window. That was when I saw it, a spaceship in the distance. “It can’t be,” I thought. But it was.

Shortly after, we were rescued and I knew if they hadn’t have come when they did I would be dead. I was, after all, nothing in this vast universe.

We were soon going back to Earth and I couldn’t wait to feel solid ground. I smiled as I thought back and then started laughing. I laughed and as my laughter echoed around my cabin, I knew I would never forget this day.

My laughter woke me up. I looked through the window into the endless nothingness around me. There was nothing except darkness for miles. I took a deep breath, and stopped abruptly, the air cutting short in my throat. Something was wrong.

A letter to Mrs Roosevelt

Photographs from
the Great Depression
Grade 9

During the time of the Great Depression, many ordinary people, including many children, wrote to the president's wife, Eleanor Roosevelt, describing and lamenting the situation they found themselves in as a result of the financial crash. Eleanor Roosevelt had spoken often of her concern for the country's children and those who were destitute.

"I have moments of real terror when I think we might be losing this generation. We have got to bring these young people into the active life of the community and make them feel that they are necessary."

--New York Times,
5/34

Thousands of children and adults wrote letters to her, asking for help. They talked to her as a confidant with whom they could share the details of their lives, no matter how painful or even embarrassing to them. In their letters, they seem certain that the First Lady will come to their aid.

In their humanities class with Mr McGill, students studied photographs of the depression and created characters who wrote letters to Mrs Roosevelt.

The letters here are slightly edited, for space.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

October 1934

The picture attached to this letter was taken five years ago on the day of the Stock Market Crash. It was on the front page of newspapers all over the country. It was the day that changed my life forever. I was walking down Wall Street when this picture was taken. The \$50,000 I had invested in stocks had gone down the drain. Gone, never to be seen again.

Ever since then, I have lined up in soup line after soup line within New York or sometimes I went to Massachusetts and Pennsylvania to avoid congestion. If it had not been for my family, I would have committed suicide like many others did to escape from the terrible times. Before the Depression, I was just another American. I bought stocks as they seemed to go up forever, owned the Tin Lizzie and other luxury goods and thought that this would continue forever.

However, I do not want to embarrass myself by describing what my daily life is like sleeping on streets. I must ask for explanations as to why my life was ruined in a few minutes.

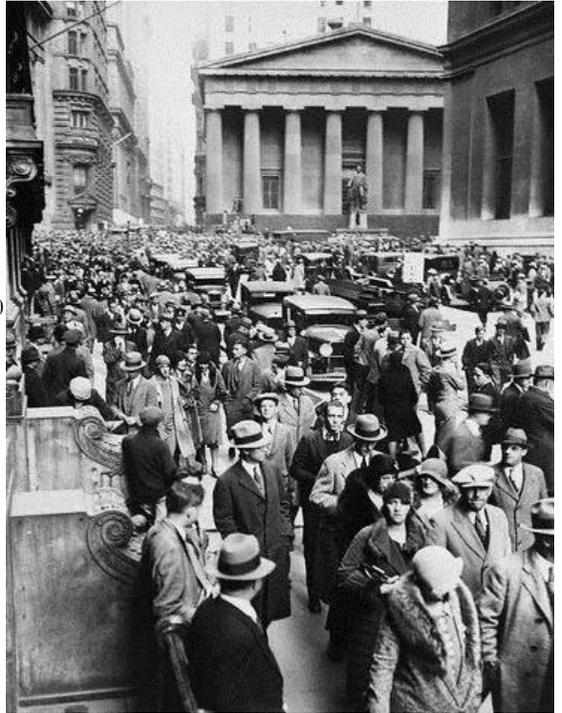
I would like to give my thanks to your husband, President Roosevelt, for his New Deal act that made jobs for many of the unemployed. I myself found a job with a few days a week of work with one of his alphabet agencies and am very grateful for it. However, as many people point out, these jobs are not real jobs. They are government funded and if the government stops funding money for the jobs, unemployment rates go up again. To get the consumer cycle going again, I ask you to persuade President Roosevelt to make 'real jobs' that do not use government money and can pay wages that can support a family so that the economy gets going again without the government intervening.

I would like you, Mrs. Roosevelt, to come and see how over 20% of all Americans live today. I am sure that you have never or will never live anything like it but I would like you to understand why many people dumped Herbert Hoover and his ideas of individualism and wanted the government to do something. Many of the unemployed live in what we call Hoovervilles located near large cities and scavenge for thrown out food. Everyone looks the same, thin to the point of starvation, wearing torn clothes and doing their best to live through the day. We want jobs to feed our family and live without worrying when our next meal would be. We believe that President Roosevelt will help his fellow countrymen to regain their pride and wealth. I hope that when you come, you will try to persuade the President to somehow create jobs for people so that the economy will recover.

I dearly hope that the economy will recover and things go back to normal. Otherwise, I am sure that there will be riots and other means of going against the government. Already, some of those who have lost hope in the government have turned to communism and if nothing happens to prevent this spread, I am afraid that America may never go back to what it was. However, I keep my trust in you and the President to help the citizens of America and restore its former wealth and peace.

Sincerely yours,

[Coe Lee]



by Coe Lee, Emma Hoffmann & Naomi North (next page)

Good day Mrs. Roosevelt,

My name is Tim Rosenthal from Chicago, Illinois. Just a little while ago, I worked in a factory. I was not very rich, but I made enough money to support my family. Now my family and I can barely survive. We go to soup kitchens almost everyday. This is how we keep ourselves alive.

My children have been wearing the same clothes for at least two months. These are very hard times for the country. Just six months ago I was still working at a factory. The factory I worked at was a linen (textile) factory. We turned the cotton from the South into proper, usable pieces of cloth. These would then be made into shirts, pants, bed sheets, yarn, and many other things. I was paid two dollars and seventy-five cents an hour and I worked an eight-hour shift.

My family lived in a small house in the housing areas of Chicago. I have four kids and my wife. Then, one day people started getting fired at the factory. One after another people were losing their jobs left and right in a blink of an eye. And eventually my turn came. I was fired and I couldn't do anything about it. I went home that day and sorted out with my wife what was going on. Many of my friends had also lost their jobs, but nobody really knew why. I had heard things like "Wall Street" and "President Hoover". I was not interested in this so-called politics, so I had no idea what this was, but now I know.

At first Wall Street sounded to me some street probably in the East. But in fact Wall Street was where stocks were sold. It was the business center of the country. Stocks for I all knew were something that rich people ate for dinner. I have now learned that people and banks borrowed and lent out money irresponsibly. Then, nobody could pay back the money that was borrowed, but the banks that lent out the money needed to get the money paid back to them. All the people that used to have money no longer had the money. Then they stopped buying the products we produced. So, my factory didn't need my work, and they fired me. And this is what happened to almost every other American in the United States.

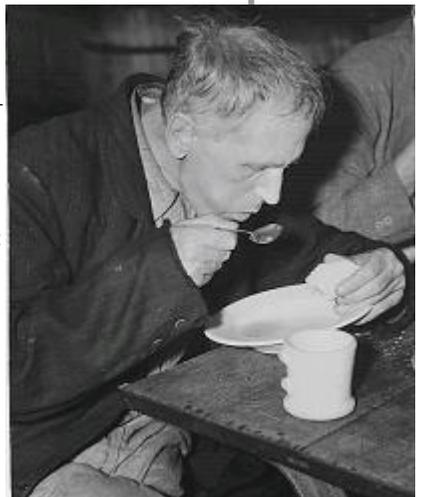
President Hoover was also said to be a problem. He didn't do much to help us though. He believed in the Laissez-faire. That sounds like French to me. I'm not quite sure what it means, but I know that it has something to do with leaving the citizens to solve their own problems. I quite frankly think that is ridiculous. I think that there is no reason in having a president, there is no reason in having a government, if it does not help you in times of trouble. Hoover did nothing to help our nation and I am glad that he is no longer the president. As for Mr. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, I think that he is slowly but surely doing his job to help the people of the nation. I have heard on the radio, something which is new to me, that many people have found new jobs and are getting back on their feet. I hope that this chance will come for me too. I heard that many men are being hired to build new roads and buildings in Chicago. If I get this job as well as many other men, we will be able to buy food for our families. I think now is a good time to say that prosperity is just around the corner. I feel that with help from the our president and the government, everyone will be able to get back on their feet, and I will be able to feed my starving children.

Thank you for listening to my opinions about what is happening. I feel that being able to send letters to the First Lady about how my life is going is a good outlet for me as well as other citizens. I think that this is also something that will help us get our feet back on the ground.

Sincerely,

Tim Rosenthal

[Emma Hoffmann]



Letters to Mrs Roosevelt

Dear Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt,

My name is John Adams. I am a farmer who used to live in the west of the state of Kansas. I am writing to you in my car, because we are on our way to California, where my family and I hope to find some work for ourselves.

Two weeks ago, a man from the bank came to our farm and told us that we had to move out and go some place new. I asked why, and he told me that the bank was taking our house and land, because we were not able to pay our loans back to the bank. I told him that we were trying our best to pay the money back, but he said that there was nothing we could do. Our crops were selling fine a few years ago, and we were making good profit. But then, crops started to fail and rain stopped falling. I heard some say that the bad weather had to do with sand storms, and something called the "dust bowl". Soon people stopped buying our crops, so we were loosing money. And before we knew it, we had debts to pay. When we borrowed money from the bank, they took our land as collateral so when we couldn't pay the money back, we were forced to leave. Everybody in our neighborhood had moved out to California for the same reason, so we figured that it was time for us to go as well. Especially from what I hear, California offers farmers like us jobs and promises of leading good lives.

After driving for a few days, we met another family on the road, whose car seemed to have broken down. I asked the owner of the car if he needed some help, and he told me that it would be helpful if I could pull his car to a place where he could get someone to repair it. I doubted that he would find anyone, but I told him I would help anyway. A couple days later, our car stopped working. My wife and kids were barely holding up, and we didn't have much food left for all of us to eat. We told the family in the car that we were pulling, that we weren't able to help them anymore. So here I am, writing to you in my car, waiting for help to come, if any were to come at all.

During the past year, more and more farmers who have lived near us have lost their land and are now looking for jobs. Many of my friends who work in the city say that they are facing the same kind of problems as well. I couldn't help but wonder why so many people are loosing their money in such a short amount of time. How could this suddenly have happened to so many of us? I do not think any of us citizens have done anything to deserve to be in this situation. Just a couple of years ago, my family and I were getting on fine, and we were able to feed ourselves without having a hard time at all. Now, my daughters and my wife are starving, and we have nowhere to live.

I believe we started to have a hard time during President Hoover's presidency. I was a good supporter of President Hoover at first. I voted for him because he promised that we would have "a chicken in every pot and a car in every garage." If you ask me, President Hoover did not help the people of the United States at all because it seemed as if nothing was improving, and that he was not putting any effort into curing the problems that people were suffering from. Your husband, President Roosevelt, on the other hand, is a great man. I believe

Letter continued

that he truly cares for the people, and is trying to make their lives easier, like a true president should by providing jobs and opportunities for us citizens.

At this moment, my family and I barely have any food to eat, our clothes are tattered, and we have no drinking water, nor a roof to live under. We have lost our farm, our crops, our money, and our kids are exhausted from traveling. All we have left is what we can carry in our car. Mrs. Roosevelt, these are hard times for us, and we need a helping hand from the government. If you could do anything to pull us farmers out of this horrible situation, it would be more than helpful.

Despite our harsh living conditions that we are up against, my family and I have high hopes for California, and we are looking forward to starting our new and improved lives when we arrive there. It might be hard to get back on our feet right away, but we are hard workers and we are positive that living in California will be much better for us, compared to the way we were managing in Kansas.

I know that you must be busy, but it would mean a great deal if you could talk to your husband on our behalf to help us so we can start living our lives again. Thank you.

Sincerely,

John Adams

[Naomi North]



Artwork
by
Saki Nagai
OIS grade 8

Who is the real liar?

CHARACTERS

GEORGE JACOBS:

Late 40s, a father and journalist, a person who is always playful.

CHRIS JACOBS:

13 years old, clown and always tries to make fun of his sisters but the most sensitive person in the family.

JANET JACOBS:

Late 40s, a mother and head nurse in the hospital; calm and organized but she likes jokes.

SAMANTHA JACOBS:

17 years old, oldest sister in this family, a bit slow but lovable girl and responsible when it is really necessary.

LENA JACOBS:

15 years old, diligent and smart, always more mature than Sam.

SCENE ONE

One calm Sunday Morning. In the living room, Janet, Sam, Lena, and Chris are sitting on the sofa and watching TV program together. In front of the sofa, there are two cups of hot-chocolate for the girls, a cup of coffee for Janet, a news paper and a flower in a vase on a table. Kitchen is beside the living room. The living room is small but comfortable. George comes down stairs.

GEORGE: *(sitting on the sofa beside Janet)* Good morning, everyone.

Everyone says "Good morning" in twos and threes. The TV Program is about celebrities' gossip news in the news about Britney Spears. Sam is the only one who is interested.

GEORGE: *(looks at TV and watches what Sam is so into)* oh, no! Who want to go out with a guy who has tattoos all over his body? Look at that! What is the point of having

piercings on his mouth?

SAM: *(gives George a sour look)* huh! You don't understand ANYTHING! You don't really know him and THAT is why you only can say such a thing. Everybody knows he is the hottest D.J. in America and thousands of girls would kill to go out with him. And he looks normal. *(Looks at George's outfit with coldness)* At least, he doesn't wear one pink sock and one weird blue sock at the same time.

Janet laughs at what Sam has just said and Lena and Chris look at Sam and George with cheeky smile.

LENA: Sam is right, dad. You don't wear THOSE *(pointing at his outfit)* with brown pajamas...

GEORGE: WHY? It's my room-wear and what is best about this outfit is, it's warm!

SAM: Yeah, yeah, whatever. Could you be quiet until I finish watching this and leave the room?

GEORGE: What? Oh, sweetie. When you were small, you used to love talking with me.... *(tries to look sad)*

Sam goes back to watching TV and not listening to him anymore. But George keeps talking about his old memory.

GEORGE: *Do you remember? When I needed to go to see Chris in a hospital, you didn't stop crying and tried to make me stay at home with you. You didn't want me to leave you. And...*

JANET: *(interrupts with a little laugh)* George, stop going on about "my little daughter".

GEORGE: Now, it's ALWAYS ME! *(looks angry but he seems to be enjoying this family moment)* Always the bad person in this

house.

LENA: That's it dad! You finally realized! Yeeeee!

Sam is clapping her hands but her eyes are still focused to the TV. Janet, Lena, and Chris laugh. And George smiles. Chris starts reading newspaper. And suddenly he finds an article.

CHRIS: *(excited)* Look, dad! You remember this car model? *(shows the article to George)* It says they are collecting model cars for a Charity Auction and they want the model I have. They will pay about \$10,000 for it, it says!

GEORGE: *(excited)* I remember. You really loved this car and you worked very hard to complete it.

CHRIS: I think I was awake until midnight. *(smiles)*

GEORGE: Hahaha, yeah.

CHRIS: Dad, Do you remember where we put the model? I guess it's in your room, right? *(still excited)*

George suddenly looks a bit pale and stands up from the sofa.

GEORGE: Well, Chris... I'm not sure... Don't you have it in your room?

CHRIS: *(surprised)* No. I was keeping it on my book shelf until you came and asked me to borrow it for work or something. So, I don't have it. Can you look for it?

GEORGE: *(puzzled)* Ah, hum. Ok... Well, why don't we head off shopping first? And we can relax for the rest of a day. I'll look for it after I come back from shopping, you mind?

CHRIS: *(Shrugging his shoulder)* No. But hurry up dad. I kinda can't wait to see it again after so many years! *(excited again)*

a script by Haruka Yoshizumi

GEORGE: (*not smiling*) Oh yes. Me too. (looks at Sam and Lena) So girls, are you ready to go now?

SAM: Are you kidding? I need to change my clothes. Give me an hour.

LENA: (*looks at Sam coldly*) Huh! Why do you need so much time to get ready? It's just food-shopping.

SAM: (*laughs*) Lena, every girl has a right to be cute all the time. And YOU too, sister. Maybe you need to do something more...

Sam grins at Lena and Lena tries to hit her sister but Sam is already running away to her room.

CHRIS: (*shrugging his shoulders and looking at his parents*) "girls...." (leaves)

George and Janet are left in the living room. Janet looks shocked at what just happened. Suddenly George grabs her hand with a very serious face. She looks at her husband surprised.

JANET: What, George? ... Is anything wrong?

GEORGE: (*with serious face*) I BROKE Chris's car model and I don't have it now. I threw it away...

JANET: (*surprised*) WHAT? Oh my goodness! George. Are you serious? But you did say you will look for it after shopping...

GEORGE: Well, yeah. But actually I don't have it. What should I do? (*puzzled and speaks faster.*) Should I tell him the truth? NO. I think I should buy a new one. Can you keep Chris away from me in the shopping mall? I'll go to the toy shop to get a new one.

JANET: It isn't really nice to lie to your son and I don't think he would be that disappointed. He is

grown up, you see? I guess you don't need to lie and buy a new one.

GEORGE: (*looks still upset*) No, Janet! You don't understand! That car model was the one I bought when Chris was in hospital. And didn't you see his happy face? He loved that car and I don't want to say that I broke it because I made it too, with Chris! I don't want him to think that I don't care about our precious memory!!!

JANET: I think you should tell him the truth....

GEORGE: (*not listening to her anymore. Calls his daughters and Chris*) Hey, guys! Let's go!

George goes outside to get his car ready.

SCENE TWO

At the shopping mall. In front of a teenagers clothes shop, Sam is window shopping and suddenly she asks dad to buy her new clothes. But George seems not to be listening to her.

GEORGE: (*pretending nothing is happening*) Hey, guys. Why don't you go shopping separately for about... 30 minutes? I remember that I have something that I need to buy. Hey, Chris! Why don't you help your mother to get groceries? Don't leave her, ok?

CHRIS: (*puzzled*) Ok... but why..?

GEORGE: (*stops him talking with a hand and George looks very serious*) You have a mission. Good luck!

As soon as George walks away from his family, he finds the toy shop. He looks around the shop and checks whether anyone is following. Then he enters the shop and a few minutes later he comes with a big bag.

SCENE THREE

The Jacobs comes back from shopping and they put all their purchases on the sofa.

GEORGE: (*looks at Janet*) Hey, Janet. I want a cup of coffee. Do you mind preparing it while I go to the bathroom?

JANET: No. Well, I bought a chocolate cake today so let's have it together.

CHRIS: (*sitting on the sofa*) Hey, mom. I want it too.

JANET: Sure. Why don't we all have tea time now?

Sam shrugs her shoulder and Lena come close to Janet.

LENA: Mom. I wanna help preparing. What do you want me to do?

JANET: Well, please cut the cake for everyone.

While George is gone, Chris finds the big bag.

CHRIS: Mom! You bought this present for someone?

JANET: (*at the kitchen, making tea for everyone*) No. that is from your dad to you... he bought it because he broke your model car.

CHRIS: (*surprised*) What? What do you mean he broke my car? He didn't mention that when I asked him to look for it...

JANET: (*gasps and she turns to look at her son*) Oh, no Chris. (*very fake smile and pretends like she is innocent*) I wasn't listening carefully. What was your question?

Chris ignores her and starts opening the big bag. Meanwhile George comes out from the toilet. Chris finally sees inside of the purchase and takes it out from the

Who is the real liar?

...continued

bag. George sees Chris and turns pale.

GEORGE: Sorry, Chris. I can explain this. Please listen...

CHRIS: *(very low voice)* You lied to me...

Chris doesn't say anything and he runs to his room. The family can hear the door shutting very roughly.

JANET: *(looks sad)* See? That is why I told you to tell him the truth. Now it's more difficult to convince him about the car...

GEORGE: *(a bit angry)* So, ALWAYS ME! I am the one who is always the bad person in this house! *(falls into the sofa and holds his head)* What can I do...? I just didn't want to disappoint him....

SCENE FOUR

In Chris' room. Chris is lying on the bed not knowing what to do or what to say, he remains silent on his bed. Then Sam and Lena knock the door and come into his room. Chris ignores them. Lena and Sam talks over Chris from each sides.

LENA: Chris, you know that he didn't mean to hurt you, right?

SAM: You should know. He is totally overcome. I've never seen him depressed like that...

CHRIS: *(looks at the ceiling)* I don't care....

SAM: Dad is not the only one who makes these kinds of mistakes... we do too. And we are worse. *(smiles cheekily)* When I was 14, I borrowed Lena's teddy bear because mine was old and dirty. So I borrowed it. *(breaths)* But ACCIDENTALY I put it into the laundry and then the bear's right hand and both eyes came off. It became very horrible. But I still haven't told her yet. But dad, at least bought a similar one

and tried to replace it.

LENA: Wait a minute. YOU KILLED MY TEDDY BEAR? And you haven't told me yet!? *(getting upset)*

SAM: *(stops Lena talking with a finger)* No, Lena! We have to focus! Now it is about Chris, remember? *(serious face)*

LENA: *(scary smile and arms crossed)* OF COURSE. But I have something that I have to tell you, which I haven't told you yet!

SAM: *(scared face)* What...?

LENA: Well, it was a Halloween party at Donna's house two years ago. I went to the party with a little sexy t-shirt, which was your favorite. As you know you are skinnier than me,

Lena looks at Sam and Sam seems to be proud of herself and smiles at Lena.

LENA: ...so I ripped her t-shirt, a bit... *(pause)* and it seems that you forgot about that shirt, so I didn't tell but I've been hiding it in my drawer...

SAM: *(shocked)* What? You mean that black one with spangles?

LENA: ...Yes...

SAM: OH MY GOD! Can't believe it! How could you?! I was looking for it over and over again. I wanted to wear it to the Christmas party but I couldn't find it! So YOU STOLE MY FAVORITE T-SHIRT!?

LENA: *(stops Sam talking with a finger)* No, Sam. Now we are talking about Chris.

Sam and Lena stare at each other without saying anything for a while.

CHRIS: So what do you guys wanna say?

LENA: Well, we want you to know that Dad is not the kind of person who lies in a bad way.

SAM: Yeah, at least he didn't want to hurt you.

CHRIS: Well, I know that. But he could tell me the truth... I just can't forgive that he lies to me.

Lena and Sam look at each other and they seem very worried about him. But once they their eyes meet, they start arguing.

SAM: So how could you not tell me about the shirt? I can't believe you were pretending like you don't know anything about it.

LENA: You can talk! You killed my favorite teddy and you didn't apologize! For three years? How could you?

George comes to check what's happening upstairs.

GEORGE: *(finds the girls are arguing and interrupts into them)* No, girls! Calm down! What's going on here?

SAM: She ripped my favorite shirt!

LENA: She killed my teddy bear.

SAM and LENA: She kept lying to me for years!

GEORGE: Okay. I got it but... Please! Calm down.

Sam hides her face with her hands and comes close to George.

SAM: ...It was my favorite... *(hugs George)*

GEORGE: Oh, Sammy. Don't cry.

LENA: *(looks at Sam coldly)* Such a Drama Queen! Dad. She is not crying. She knows how to behave for these situations.

Sam looks up. She isn't crying at all.

SAM: I am not a Drama Queen. I

A script by Haruka Yoshizumi

am the “Home Coming Queen”!
Remember?! (*laughs at Lena*)

LENA: (*looks at her sister*) I sometimes admire your stupidity...

Before Sam says something, George interrupts her. Lena is sticking out her tongue at Sam behind of George and Sam tried to hit her.

GEORGE: Okay, Girls. Enough! Lena, do not pick your sister. And Sam, you do not try to hit your sister! Anyway, BOTH of you should have told the truth to each other because everyone has a right to know the truth! (*gasps*)

Chris sits up in the bed and looks at George.

CHRIS: Yeah dad. Who is the real liar here? Don't you think EVERYONE has a right to know the truth, as you said? That is why I was upset about today. I KNOW you just wanted to make me happy.

GEORGE: I'm sorry, Chris. (*looks down*) I should have told you... Will you forgive me?

CHRIS: Well, yes... (*he looks a bit embarrassed*) and that car was already broken anyway.

GEORGE: (*surprised*) What?

CHRIS: Well, I dropped it from my book shelf and I fixed it with glue before you asked me to borrow it... I didn't tell you because I didn't

want to hurt you either. I'm sorry, dad.

GEORGE: (*laughs*) So, we are even now, hey? (*pats Chris' Shoulder*)

CHRIS: (*looks happy*) Yeah...

Sam and Lena look at George and Chris. They both look happy but they start arguing again. Chris looks at George and George look at Chris.

CHRIS and GEORGE: (*smile*)
GIRLS..... (*sbrugs their sholders*)

END



Artwork by
Honorori Tezuka

The Secret Goldfish

“Say it! Say it!” the big kid with the blue baseball cap screamed. He had a smaller kid by the collar and had crushed him against the wall. The little kid squirmed but could not break loose. I stood watching into the alley as once again size triumphed over justice. I looked at them and could not feel the urgency of the situation. It felt so surreal.

“Hey you!” the big kid yelled as he advanced heavily towards me. He had released the other kid, who was now running out of the alley. As he passed me, he grimaced. His eyes were red from crying and as they looked at me there was an apologetic sadness in them, almost guilt. Then it dawned on me, the horror and pain that approached with its blue baseball cap. I turned and dashed. I never ran so fast in my life. The trees, building, cars, and street signs had melted into a canvass of color surrounding me. It would have been beautiful if I weren’t so horrified. My feet moved and yet I couldn’t feel my brain telling it to. Another wave of fear hit me and I no longer had any control over my body. I then stopped so suddenly I felt the blood rush from my head. I looked back for the first time. The street was empty except for a bird. It was brown and it stared at me silently. I knew it was just a bird, but I still felt embarrassed that it saw me run like the coward I was. I’m a scrawny kid and I could never win in a fight. My mom always used to reassure me that it was a good thing. I’m a lover, not a fighter. She was great. She’s gone now.

“Kid! Com’ere,” an old voice suddenly said. I turned to look at Mr. Jacobs. He was this old man who lived on Laker Street. He had a wrinkly face and a lot of white hair, which I thought was amazing since most of the men his age were balding if not already bald. Beside Mr. Jacobs was Mr. Hanson, he on the other hand was completely bald with liver spots on his head. He was a mean little man but I think he was swell inside, you just had to know him. Mr. Jacobs on the other hand was all nice but it’s only cause he wanted stuff out of people.

“You’re the Hart kid am I right?” said Mr. Jacobs. It was an irritating question cause I knew he knew me. I’ve talked to him several times before, but I nodded anyway. I could feel it coming.

Ah yes, dear boy you’ve grown! How old are you now?”

“I’m 10 sir. Turning 11 soon.” I replied. So close.

“Wow! Ten? Oh my, time has passed me by. Excited about your birthday boy?”

“Very excited sir.” Almost.

“Well since you’re a diligent young man now how about you go get me a pack of cigarettes.” He smirked. And there it was. I wasn’t surprised. The previous time I talked to him he asked me to get him a pack too. I took his quarter and ran to Mr. Elmer’s store. It was only 2 blocks away.

Before I went inside I looked around the street, the boy with the blue baseball cap wasn’t there. To be honest I was pretty scared that I would run into him again. When I opened the door the little bell rang and Mr. Elmer rose from behind the counter. Mr. Elmer was a swell guy who would let kids read some of comics he displayed in the store. He wouldn’t even charge them if they accidentally ripped it and stuff. He was a great guy and he kind of looked like Santa Clause, which just made him better.

“Well hello there Chris. What are we shopping for today?” he said warmly.

“Afternoon, sir. Just a pack of Camels for Mr. Jacobs,” I placed the quarter on the counter.

“Ah, I see. That old coot using you as an errand boy again, is he now?”

“I don’t mind, sir. It isn’t far anyway.”

“Such a sweet boy. Well here is a pack of Camels for the old coot,” he chuckled. His chuckle was like Santa’s too, but not like the cliché ones. His was genuine. I thanked him and took the pack.

As I left the store I surveyed the street again. It was clear. I ran back to Mr. Jacobs. I gave him the pack and he smiled at me. He then took my hand.

“Thank you, boy. And since you are on to a path of being a good young man I’m going to give some responsibility.” He grinned, then he slipped a dime into the palm of my hand. I looked at the coin as it glimmered in palm. I did not know what to say. I knew that I should have humbly said no, I didn’t deserve it and gone home. But I figured one dime wouldn’t hurt. I smiled at Mr. Jacobs and thanked him.

“Money corrupts, boy. You should know better

Dan.” Mr. Hanson said calmly.

“Oh lighten up Bill. Mr. Hart here knows what he is doing. Well, what are you going to spend it on?” Mr. Jacobs smirked. I shrugged my shoulders. I really didn’t know. I guess I’d know when I saw it.

I said bye to Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Hanson. I began walking around the piers. It was a nice warm day, which was good cause I had forgotten to bring my jacket. I squished the sand between my toes as I examined my dime. I can’t explain it but it gave me a great feeling of control and ownership. I never had anything that was really mine. Most of my stuff I either shared with my family, were gifts or hand-me-downs. I was excited to spend my dime on something that I could call my own.

I thought and thought but couldn’t think of something I wanted. I decided to go home and maybe think over it more. I didn’t want to splurge on something I wouldn’t want tomorrow. As I walked down past the alley with the twisted tree I saw a group of teenagers leaving. They were loud and jolly. They were patting one guy on the back and he raised his arms as he enjoyed his moment of fame. I looked into the alley and saw a man standing behind an old table that was probably thrown away in that alley. There was a bowl on the table and a goldfish swimming in it. It was an ugly goldfish with big eyes, a dull white and yellow color, small fins, a small tail, and a big body. It swam lazily in the bowl. It looked kind of sad and lonely. I suddenly felt bad for calling it ugly.

“Hey kid. Want to prove yourself?” the man in the counter called. He was around 30 with a scruffy black moustache. He was smiling at me with crossed arms.

“How about you swallow a goldfish for a nickel? It’s practically a steal. Come on kid. Be a man,” he insisted. I looked at the goldfish and once again felt pity for the life it had. I wouldn’t want to be swallowed by some guy who follows the crowd so that he could be popular. I wondered if that meant a fish would be swimming in his stomach for the rest of that guy’s life. It kind of scared me.

“How about I buy the fish, sir? Can I just keep him?” I asked.

“Hmm. I don’t know kid. That’s not how I sell these guys. But you know what, since you’re such a good kid I’ll sell you the fish for twice as much.” I knew he was only using me to get more money, but it didn’t matter cause I still wanted the fish. I handed him my dime and

with a big smile he gave me the fish in a plastic bag filled with water. I inspected my fish and noticed that he had two little black spots on his back. I liked it because it gave him character. I decided to call him Spot. I cradled him in my arms as I walked home.

I then passed the movie theatre. *The Adventures of Robin Hood* was still showing in the theatre. My dad and I watched it last week and thought it was amazing. Robin Hood was a swell guy. He would steal from rich people so he could help poor people. But then again he stole from people, which leaves a side unhappy and betrayed. I think Robin Hood should have just gotten a job and then shared his earnings with other people, but I guess the movie would not have been as exciting. I then remembered 2 days ago my dad’s friend Richard came over to the house and had mentioned the movie. He said it was terrible and started talking about something called cinematography or something. It was awful and the worst part was that my dad sat there and agreed with him. It made me feel sad that my dad followed the crowd, in this case Richard, and agreed instead of feeling the way he felt when we watched it together. People always comment on things even when you don’t want to know what they think, and no matter how hard you try not to, you hear what they say and it changes the way you think of things. I looked at Spot and he was swimming peacefully in his bowl, which I thought was great. The man leaning on the wall or the woman rushing past me may not think the same but it did not matter at all. I began searching for a black plastic bag. I found one near the theatre that was relatively clean. I placed Spot inside the bag and resumed walking.

When I was only 2 blocks away from my house I found a group of my friends playing on the street. They weren’t my best buds or anything but they were from the same class as I was. James Cameroon walked towards me holding a baseball bat.

“Hey Chris. What’s that in the bag?” He asked.

“It’s my fish, which I bought with my own money.” I said proudly.

“Oh, can I see him?” he said as he tried to peek into the bag. I quickly pulled away. He then had an irritated look on his face. People always want to know stuff, even when you don’t want them to.

The Secret Goldfish

... continued

“What’s the matter? It’s just a fish,” he exclaimed. That infuriated me.

“How would you know? You don’t know Spot. You have no right to say anything about him! He could be the best fish in the world and you will never know!” I was almost yelling. Everyone was staring at me. No one moved and no one said anything. The silence was then broken by the most horrifying sound.

“You!” yelled a distant voice. I turned to find the boy with the blue baseball cap grinning as he walked towards me. I was paralyzed with fear. Some of the kids on the street had already fled, including James. I tried to run but the boy pulled on my shirt. I could feel all my blood rushing to my feet as an effort to flee but to no avail.

“You avoided me earlier. Whatcha got there?” he smirked as he pulled the bag closer to him. I struggle but then he pinned me to the floor.

“Secret gift for you girlfriend?” he laughed, “Just kidding! Who would want you as their boyfriend, you loser.” I struggled once more but he had placed all his weight onto my chest and it was difficult to breath. He laughed again as he crushed me.

“Now let’s see what’s in here,” he began pulling the bag up to his face then he screamed in pain. A hand appeared on his head and it was yanking on his hair. He got off me and was on his knees.

“What do you think your doing, boy?” demanded Mr. Hanson. He continued to hold the boy’s hair and his blue baseball cap was on the floor.

“Grandpa, stop! That hurts!” the boy screamed.

“I’ll stop when I want to!” he yelled back. He then pushed the boy onto the floor.

“Go home!” he commanded. The boy picked up his hat and ran as fast as he could. I still remained on the floor looking at Mr. Hanson. He then reached out a hand and pulled me up. I exhaled and began searching for Spot. The boy had dropped the bag when Mr. Hanson chastised him. I held the bag in my hand.

“Thank you Mr. Hanson,” I said gratefully.

“Don’t worry about it, boy. Now take your bag and go on home,” he said calmly. He then started walking towards the direction the boy had ran. I was stunned at how fast thing had happened.

“Mister,” I called, “I’d show you my fish if you want.”

He stopped and turned around. “Do you want me to see it?”

I paused. I guess it would be a good thank you for saving my life, but honestly I still didn’t want to show Spot to anyone. Even though I didn’t say anything Mr. Hanson replied.

“It’s okay kid. It’s your fish.”

I waved at him and he left. I got home and placed Spot on my desk. I stared at him to make sure he was fine. He was. I began smiling as I looked at him. I told you Mr. Hanson was a swell guy.



Artwork by Cherry Ishida

April 1, 1934

10yen

Faithful Dog Replaces Strays

By: Maurice Hsu



(*OUT*- Charlie the Cat)



(*OUT*-Barkerino the dog)

(*IN*-Hachi, the faithful dog)

Shibuya Station has welcomed strays such as the infamous “Charlie the Cat” and “Barkerino the Dog” in the past, but now an intelligent and faithful Akita dog named “Hachi” is living in this station.

Hachi is not a stray: far from it. He used to be the favorite companion of Tokyo’s beloved professor, Prof. Eizaburo Ueno.

Hachi has been waiting for his master for 9 years with yesterday marking the ninth year. The professor had trained Hachi to do anything he commanded.

Hachi loves yakitori and begs for it all the time. He only gets mad if you move him from his “sacred” spot.

“Don’t try and adopt him or it’ll be sayonara to your business suit. He is as heavy as a sumo wrestler, too,” said his caretaker, Mr. Yasuo Takahashi. Mr. Takahashi has been feeding the dog yakitori and water.

He gets the yakitori free from Mr. Abura, the “Yakitori Dude” as Shibuya calls him. “He LOVES my yakitori!” boasted Abura-san.

Hachi lets anyone hug him and stroke him, including Mayor Agurazaki. Some people try and feed Hachi other food such as tonkatsu or sushi. This practice has failed.

Hachi is 10 years old and is now a symbol of faithfulness to people in Shibuya.

“I was supposed to help the Japanese army, but I ran away from Japan. Hachiko has taught me that this was wrong,” said a Shibuya resident.

Many others had other sins they have confessed, thanks to Hachiko. Hachi is proving to be a great addition to the station.

Maurice, Grade 4, has written a fun mock newspaper article .

This is something which he selected out of his semester 1 writing portfolio. It is his creative response to the book

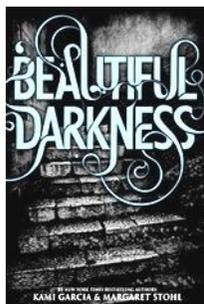
Hachiko Waits

by

Leslea Newman.

What's up?

by Yvonne Barrett



Beautiful Creatures

(Book 1)

&

Beautiful Darkness

(Book 2)

By

Kami Garcia
and

Margaret Stohl

Come to the library to borrow or reserve these books today!

Till the next sequel, listen to the fantastic play lists for the characters at <http://beautifulcreatures.thebook.com/extras/playlists/>



Some loves are meant to be...others are cursed.

There were no surprises in Gatlin County.

At least, that's what I thought.

Turns out, I couldn't have been more wrong.

There was a curse. There was a girl.

And in the end, there was a grave.

Hook up with the amazing characters in **The Caster Chronicles**. *Beautiful Creatures* and *Beautiful Darkness* are the first two books in a new series of YA paranormal literature by Kami Garcia and Margaret Stohl.

The setting takes us to the atmospheric deep south in Gatlin, a town where apparently nothing happens. Ethan Wate is counting the days from escaping his home town - that is, until he meets Lena Duchannes, a newcomer who comes to live with her uncle, the reclusive owner of Ravenwood Manor. Lena seems strangely familiar to Ethan; she has been haunting his dreams all summer. Nothing is how it appears however, and throughout the two books, Ethan finds Gatlin to be a town of ancient secrets, mystery and magic with both his and Lena's families at the centre of intrigue.

Both books are fast paced, thrilling, Gothic romance stories. They deal with love, family loyalty, friendship, good and evil, light and dark. As we follow the story through Ethan's wry narrative voice, we are drawn to both Ethan and Lena and to the intensity of their need to be together. The emotional tension rises with the introduction of new characters, John Reed (powerful incubus) and Olivia (keeper in training) in *Beautiful Darkness*. Are Lena and Ethan meant to be together?

The story is held together and strengthened by the eccentric, quirky, sometimes secretive, and nearly always surprisingly powerful supporting characters. Link, Ethan's best friend since second grade, and Ridley, Lena's cousin and Caster bad girl/good girl both provide another relationship angle within the story (and a humorous element). Add the eccentric aunts, Amma Trudeau ("Don't go lookin' for trouble, it'll find you when it's good and ready") and the town librarian Marian Ashcroft, the Keeper of the Caster histories (to name a few) ... and you have a cast of three dimensional characters who bring the story alive.

My life had taken a stranger turn than I could've every imagined. What was I doing on this path? Where was I headed really? Who was I to take on a battle between powers I didn't understand - armed with a runaway cat, a uniquely bad drummer, a pair of garden shears, and an Ovaltine-drinking teen Galileo? To save a girl who didn't want to be saved?" (Ethan Wate, Beautiful Darkness)

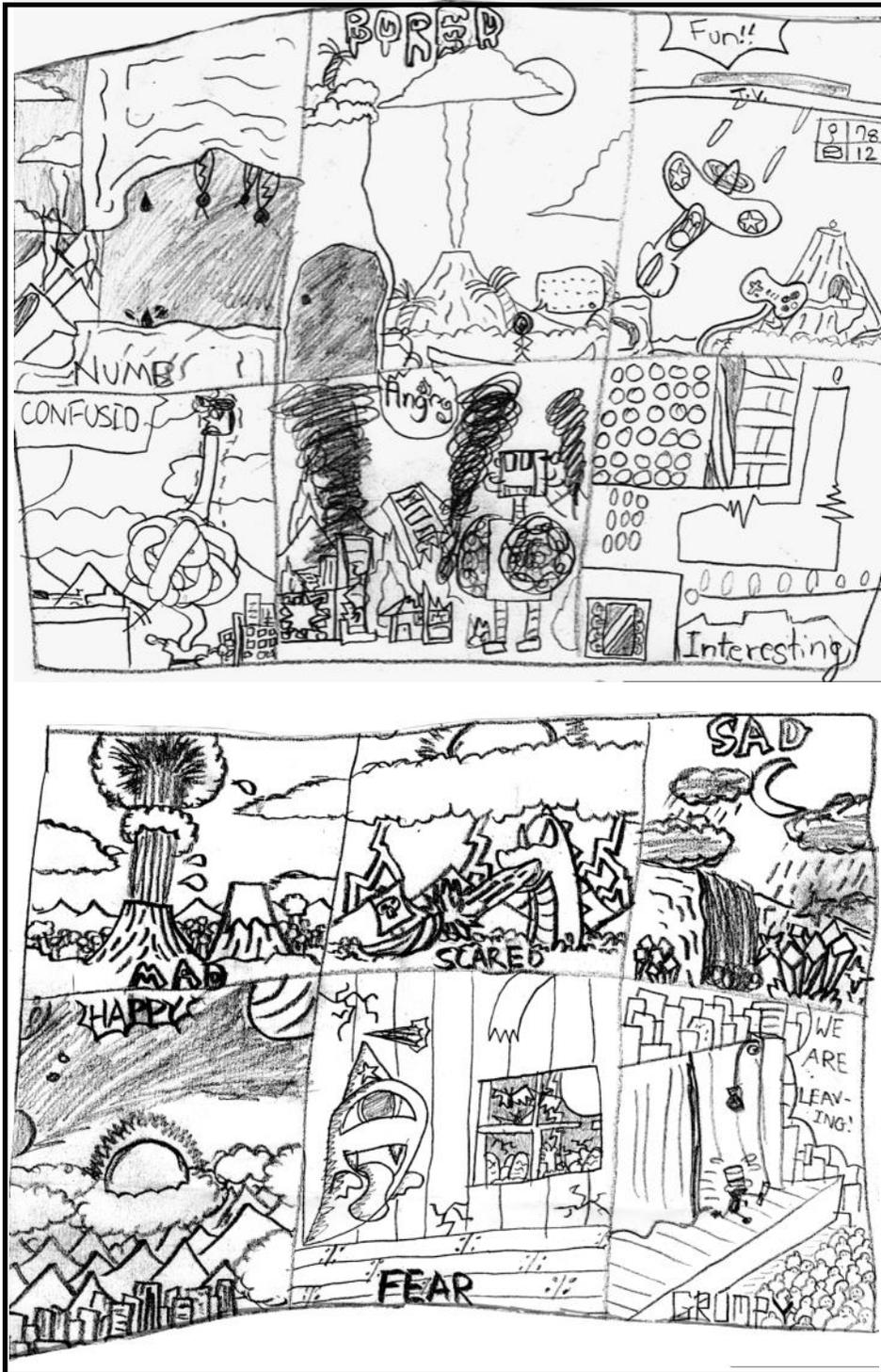
The second book ends with a twist and leaves us waiting in anticipation for the upcoming third dark Gothic book in this series.

She would still be the one girl he couldn't have, and probably the only one he wanted. Junior Year was going to be interesting. An incubus at Jackson High!

You will find yourself unable to put the books down!

Emotions in Art

by Eddie Ollson

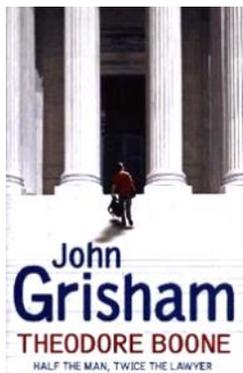


Eddie Ollsen, OIS grade 3, has used a cartoon format to explore a range of emotions — numb, bored, fun, confused, etc.

A close look at his drawings shows some perceptive interpretations as well as a strong sense of humor.

Grisham

by Paul Stone



Theodore
Boone by
John Grisham

I thought that I would try a different style of book review to that normally produced by, so called, critics. Having just read a book, for two months, that was hard work to get through (half of it wasn't even in English), I looked at what I had on the shelf that would be the least demanding that I hadn't already read. The simplest, by far, was a Grisham, and fortunately for me a very simple Grisham. No long words, all in English, big writing, wide spacing. Now I will write a little of this review every few days as I proceed through it, just to let you know a bit about the plot and the characters and such.

Day 1 Theo, the main character, is a middle school student who is interested in law. Both of his parents are lawyers. They are good people. The family lives in small-town USA. There is a big murder trial happening in the town, something that is exceptional for such a quiet place. The story so far is simple, but there are complications, at least complications are promised.

This book has been written without any superfluous explanation or description. It is all rather like the previous paragraph in this article. You, the reader, are left to yourself to imagine the details: the appearances, the sounds, smells and textures that some authors extensively parade before you, page after page, either to ensure that you picture exactly what they want you to, or just to pad out a weak plot, or perhaps to hope that you interpret the pretentiousness as literary talent. In this Grisham, so far at least, I don't think there has been one simile or metaphor or extended description of anything or anybody. I am almost half way through the book.

Day 2 Back to the story. I did mention that Theo is keen on the law (you are reminded of this in the story in case you have no memory), but he is a very intelligent and resourceful boy too. Well he, and therefore the reader must too, takes a very close interest in the big murder trial; there is even a school trip to the first day of the trial. It is all very straight forward. The man murders his wife for the life insurance money. To convict him there must be evidence. There isn't any, other than circumstantial, and therefore inadequate, evidence. No witness. The murderer is going to get away with it. But now the complications start to arise. When I say complications I don't mean that there is anything complicated in the book.

Day 3 Is that it? Perhaps in the shortest time I have ever read a whole book, and the plot doesn't get complicated. In fact it gets simpler. There is a witness though. There wasn't time for the intended serialization of this review. This tale must be written for children, perhaps even one episode of a children's TV program. I'll check on the internet to see whether it is intended to be so simple.

Yes it is. Mr Grisham, apparently, wants to make legal fiction accessible to younger readers. If you are 'young' then I guess you might like it, as long as you are not too bright as well.

Please, Mr Grisham, don't do something like this again. Go back to writing proper stories. If there are 'children' who want to read about fictitious law then they are probably not going to be impressed by Theodore Boone, kid lawyer. Not impressed by the book anyway.

If you are interested in reading a law and lawyers type of novel, of reasonable quality, then John Grisham himself has much better to offer. *A Time to Kill*, for example, is a commendable reworking of the sentiments of Harper Lee's *To Kill a Mocking Bird*.

A good story usually gets made into a film and Grisham has many to his credit. Theodore Boone will not be filmed; at least I hope not. It could be a cartoon, though.

Jane Austen (of course)

by Leah Edens

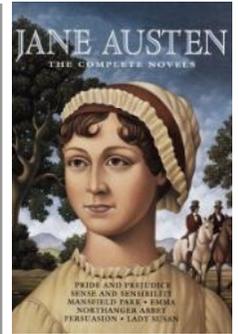
When asked what I'm reading, the answer is always, at least partially, the same as I'm always rereading, either as a whole or in parts, one of - sadly only - six novels Jane Austen left completed at her death. How can a woman who, even 200 years ago, philosophized ideas such as "Give a girl an education and introduce her properly into the world, and ten to one but she has the means of settling well, without further expense to anybody." be resisted? Jane Austen is widely recognized as one of the most-accomplished, most-skilled writers of all time, and this is not merely according to my Jane Austen magazine. Yes, you heard correctly, I subscribe to a Jane Austen magazine. This magazine is in addition to the other, perhaps more prosaic bits of fan fare in my apartment: coffee mugs, bumper stickers, shirts, bags, and magnets. There is, of course, also the Jane Austen action figure that one of my students brought me upon returning from an MUN conference in Amsterdam. 'Action figure' you say? I'm sure it's a wonder how a writer could possibly be thought of as an action hero; her weapons of choice, however, are a writing desk, quill pen, and according to the packaging "character study", which is difficult to argue against when her hassled heroines reply with such ready wit as, "There is a stubbornness about me that never can bear to be frightened at the will of others. My courage always rises at every attempt to intimidate me."

Jane Austen's irresistible characters have been reproduced in 48 languages and in over half a million library holdings. They are now considered "public domain", meaning you can buy a ridiculously expensive, astonishingly old edition of one of her novels, as my mother did for me for (what she considered to be) a significant birthday, or you can read them for free online. Her novels are heart-breaking, biting, romantic, gothic, and hilarious. They are also never out of style or touch.

Written in an age when a young woman could do little more to occupy her time than sew, draw, "take a turn" about the garden, attend the occasional "ball", and wait for a man to propose, Austen's heroines stand out as some of the most independent and sometimes audacious yet endearing characters ever created. Despite the girls living in a time when the hoped-for future of a woman would be a "good match": to be paired with a man who was "not vicious", Austen's heroines declare they will never marry or turn down marriage proposals of absurd men or even men of great fortune who are indisposed to act respectfully towards them. These women are fair, just, witty, and strong, though not without flaws, which endear them even further for their verisimilitude.

It is not, however, only her female characters who are so engrossing. Their male counterparts are equally beguiling, and who could refuse to acknowledge that they are as romantic and captivating as the women are autonomous and empowering when the male leads offer such swoon-worthy phrases as "If I loved you less, I might be able to talk about it more. But you know what I am. You hear nothing but truth from me."? These men are never the protagonists; however, it is apparent that their relationships with the protagonists are the novels' foundations and that while Austen took her heroines out of their stifling, traditional roles, she did not remove them from society itself as if on some kind of feminist tirade.

From 2009-2011 there have been 150 publications about Jane Austen, her life, and her works despite her having died 200 years ago. Her work is perhaps even more relevant now than when it was written. She was critical of aspects of society, customs, and archetypical roles, but at the same time the characters she used to convey such criticism were charming and irresistible without being pedantic. There is never a time I don't want to be reading her.



The Great Gatsby

by Gen Tsudaka



Thoughts on the American Dream from two different perspectives.

The idea of the American Dream, as we know it, is not the case in the novel, *The Great Gatsby*. The American Dream is about no matter which class you belong to, you are able to achieve wealthier, happier, and higher social status. However, in *The Great Gatsby*, Fitzgerald conveys that the American Dream cannot allow you to achieve higher status, nor achieve your dream.

In the closing paragraph of *The Great Gatsby*, "I [Nick] sat there brooding on the old, unknown word, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock." (180) Here, Nick reflects on what America stood for and meant to those who discovered it. Land of new hopes, new possibilities, and the American Dream for anyone willing to work hard for it. Gatsby believed in this idea; however, what Nick truly admired about Gatsby was his powerful ambition. This quote is romantic in the sense that Gatsby staring at the green light which indicates Daisy's location, but also indicates what Gatsby ever wanted in his life. Nick says, "his, [Gatsby's], dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it," (180). The irony in here is that Gatsby had done everything in his power to get close to Daisy, sacrificing so much. Gatsby "did not know that it was already behind him". This quote means that he did not figure out that he had lost his light, Daisy, already. Then the last line in the novel, "It eluded us then, but that's no matter, tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther, And one fine morning – So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past." (180) explains how Gatsby tried to achieve his hope by recreating the past, which he figures out is impossible.

The disillusioned American Dream can be found in other forms. Gatsby, even though with his vast amount of wealth, he is still looked down upon by the community of the West Egg, the old money. Contrary to the new money, those who earned their wealth during their lifetime, Daisy Fay, one of the old money, those who are wealthy due to their vast amount of wealth which has been passed on by generations, is described as:

just eighteen, two years older than me, and by far the most popular of all the young girls in Louisville. She dressed in white, and had a little white roadster, and all day long the telephone rang in her house and excited young officers from Camp Taylor demanded the privilege of monopolizing her that night. (74)

Daisy is a clear example of an old money; only known for her social status. The source of her family's wealth is probably business related to real estate, since "largest of the lawns belonged to Daisy Fay's house. Other examples of what the 'old money' is like are:

They were careless people, Tom and Daisy – they smashed up things and creatures and then retreated back into their money or their vast carelessness, or whatever it was that kept them together and let other people clean up the mess they had made. (179)

Here, regardless of what Tom and Daisy did, they were protected by their social status and their immense wealth, allowing them to hire the best lawyers and have the law on their side. Hence, they can do whatever they want and they didn't have to take any responsibilities for their actions. The society in which Gatsby lives seemed corrupted. And, the American Dream, in the context of the novel, proves to be that hard work isn't enough and is merely a disillusion, at least for most of the characters in the novel.

F Scott Fitzgerald
1937

by Carl van Vechten
(Photo is in the public
domain)

Daisy and Gatsby

by Reyne Kurokawa

I walked out the back way – just as Gatsby had when he had made his nervous circuit of the house half an hour before – and walked beside the window. It was still raining and I could see the huge black knotted tree protected by its own leaves against the rain.

From the window I could hear the murmur of Daisy's low voice, trembling but musical, and Gatsby's charming but aggressive voice. It had been five years since they had spoken. The war had passed; they had grown older; I could feel the tense air from the living room. The window reflected them: Daisy, unable to look at Gatsby, was sitting on the couch, and Gatsby, looking at Daisy, was standing near her. At the beginning there was silence; it was almost like we could hear our own hearts, beating, anxious, until Gatsby asked the question.

"Do you still love me?" Gatsby asked desperately after a long pause, looking right into her eyes. Daisy burst into tears. It sounded like she had finally released the agony that she felt for years. As a matter of fact, neither Gatsby nor Daisy had ever forgotten each other.

"I waited for you, believe me, Jay, but I thought you wouldn't come back to me. I am sorry," Daisy cried breathlessly.

"I know. I do not hold you responsible, Daisy. I couldn't send you a letter during the war, but I should have tried harder, especially for you, Daisy." Gatsby's voice showed the disappointment he felt of not having sent her a letter more often.

"Oh Jay, when I received your letter I was preparing for the bridal dinner, and I was going to get married the next day. I couldn't just cancel the wedding one day before the wedding," she said filled with sorrow. Gatsby couldn't speak a word after what she said. Every tear that plunged from Daisy's eyes was a memory of the time that they had spent together.

"I am married, Jay. I have a family now," she said with disappointment. "It is better you forget about me, Jay. Marry and have a fa..."

"Are you happy, Daisy? Is this what you wished for?" Gatsby said with sadness. Daisy couldn't contain her tears; she couldn't lie to herself, especially to the man she loved most.

"No, Jay. I am not happy. I never wished for this life, my husband, my marriage; I could never wish for this, my dream was to marry you, Jay. If you were ..."

Gatsby looked at Daisy, his eyes full of fervor, like a wild animal hunting prey, and asked one more time.

"Do you still love me, Daisy?"

"Yes, I do. I never stopped loving you, Jay. From the moment I knew you, until now."

The rain had stopped and the sun came out. Daisy had stopped crying. Now on her white, silky face there was a smile, her cheeks, wet with tears, reflected the sunlight that entered from the window. I could not feel anymore that tense air from the living room, that air had totally vanished together with the rain. I could feel that they were happy, absolutely happy.

Going close to the door, I could see them sitting in the couch, with their hands together, one upon the other; Gatsby's strong but delicate tanned hand was covering Daisy's feminine little white hand. In Gatsby's face there was that rare smile of eternal kindness, that one single smile of his that could never be forgotten.

An Unheard Conversation

Reyne has imagined a conversation that we do not hear in the novel. It is between Gatsby and Daisy. She wrote this for her IB English Written task.

Stimulus

Fitzgerald, F.S.
(1991).

The Great Gatsby.
Harlow, Essex:
Longman Group
Limited

Inception Review

by Joon Hyun Paik



In the past two years, there has been a great leap in the movie industry. Hollywood, Warner Brothers, and Disney have released series of 3D movies that entertained our eyes. Starting from “Toy Story 3D” to “Avatar 3D” to “Piranha 3D”, all genres of movies are released with 3D next to their titles.

Now our eyes are entertained, but how about our brain? Seriously, how long has it been since we encountered a movie that has an original and sensational plot? Well, I am here to tell you the movie that has just such characteristics.

Produced, directed, and written by Christopher Nolan, the director of *Memento*, *The Prestige*, and *Batman Series*, *Inception* emerged in the cinema July 2010. Staring Leonardo DiCaprio, Joseph Gordon-Levitt, Ellen Page, Tom Hardy, and Ken Watanabe, the movie did a perfect job presenting intriguing story with right casting.

Just few weeks after the release, the movie ranked 3 in IMDB Top 250 movies of all time, just below *Godfather*. *Avatar*? It was not even in the list.

Hating to be the spoiler of the movie, I would not include the summary but, it can be said, it has a great beginning, a great transition to the end, and a great ending.

Inception... TAKE 2



For English homework we had to write a review for this movie we watched in class. Ms. Pigford made us watch it yesterday and honestly, it was the phoniest movie I've ever seen. She thought the movie was so terrific that she made us give up our lunch break so we could watch the entire movie. The movie was long as hell. We had two periods to watch it and because it was so damn long I was late to Biology. We were allowed to eat our lunch in the classroom and all, but I was looking forward to seeing the triathlon runners practicing outside. It's the funniest thing you'll ever see, I swear. Nothing beats a bunch of guys who wear running shorts the same length as Jennifer Powers' miniskirt.

Anyway, I was talking about the movie. It was called *Inception*. The title by itself was so goddamn stupid. I didn't know what the hell inception meant and I bet

Inception by Holden Caulfield [aka Sophina Bassett]

you half the people had to look it up in a dictionary to figure out just what the hell the definition was. I don't even know where to begin to explain to you what the movie was about. I guess the easier way to put it is that the movie was about dreams. I know, no one would care for a movie about dreams but apparently it was a huge hit and everyone's been raving about it ever since. So they made the lead actor some hotshot who'd practically been in like every movie and had won a bunch of awards, but that doesn't mean crap to me. You can still win an award and be the worst actor out there because the people who decide who should get the awards aren't even actors themselves. They're just a pile of phonies who are all up themselves because they decide whom the awards go to. They probably don't even know a single thing about acting. For all I know I could be the one who decides who wins some stupid award.

It was about a group of professional guys who steal your secrets by going into your dreams. Damn, I'm beginning to sound just as crazy as the movie was. So the hotshot leader of this group can't go home for some reason; they don't really make it clear, but he gets offered a deal by some Asian guy. I think he was Vietnamese. I mean, he dies later on and in movies, they always seem to kill the colored people and the Asians, so I'm guessing he was Vietnamese. The deal was really stupid. The Asian guy asks the hotshot to go into the dreams of the heir of some competitive rival company and make him change his mind about taking his father's place. And if the mission is successful then he can go back home. The rest of the movie is just all action and you don't really get why they're going through all this just so the heir of that company will change his mind. It's all so goddamn stupid. The hotshot in charge, Leonardo Dicaprio, is supposed to be the best out of everyone but he's the one who almost ruins the entire job and causes a lot of trouble. He makes his wife appear in the dream and she tears apart the mission and it just makes no sense. There was this one character that was pretty much the only girl in the film, and she's the architect and designs the dreams. She gets offered a spot in the crew and she *accepts*. Why the hell would anyone accept an offer like that? If they offered me a spot in their crew to go into some guy's dreams I would just laugh, honestly. It just *sounds* so stupid. In the movie they don't even explain how they go into your dreams. They show some box with wires but that's it. How pathetic right?

The only reason why *Inception* was such a hit was because honestly, no one understood it. The movie is so complicated it's impossible to follow so all those people who say they fully understood it are just phonies. I don't even think the director knew what his movie was about. It's just so all over the place and after a while you don't know what the hell is going on. Everyone is just amazed by it because they don't get it and they think a movie that's beyond their intelligence is cool, when in reality it's just all bullshit. The whole thing must've cost a damn fortune, and all just for a lousy movie that no one could manage to wrap their minds around.

After the movie finished Ms. Pigford started clapping and everyone in my English class started doing the same. That killed me. I just sat there staring at the dimwits in my class. They had no goddamn idea what they just watched but loved it so they would seem as smart as the movie was supposed to. Boy, I was sick of hearing everyone rant about how great *Inception* was. I just got out of that classroom as soon as the lights went back on. I can't wait to tell Phoebe about this. I wouldn't want her to watch it though; it's a total waste of time and she'll just get lost in it. I mean, she's only ten. Ms. Pigford expects you to love the movie as much as she did so I can't really write an honest review. Looks like I'm going to have to shoot the bull for this one.

Man, I hate movies.

Holden

These are not Sophina's views but she imagines what Holden Caulfield would have made of *Inception*.

Holden Caulfield is the original troubled teenager. He is the main character of *A Catcher in the Rye*. .. and he hates movies!

Digital Storytelling

Have you thought: “There must be another way to present my research or story beyond PowerPoint or the written form?” There is! Why don’t you try creating a digital story?

Storytelling is as old as the hills as they say. The oral tradition meanders back in history when stories and knowledge was passed word of mouth from elders to children. However, today, technology allows us to explore this method following different engaging paths. It allows us to connect, communicate and collaborate, and the way we can do this is through digital storytelling.

Digital storytelling combines the skills of creativity, higher order thinking skills, deep understanding, and combining oral, visual, technical, information and digital literacy skills. It brings together text, audio, images and video.

While the heart and power of the digital story is shaping a personal digital story about self, family, ideas, or experiences, the technology tools also invite writers and artists to think and invent new types of communication outside the realm of traditional linear narratives. (DigiTales)

Your next question may be: well how do I get started? What do I need to know?

My first ‘aha’ moment was looking at other student’s work and I recommend that you browse *Storykeeper’s Gallery* at **DigiTales** (see reference) or search the web (and yes, Google will find them for you!) for both videos and web links for “digital storytelling” – there is a plethora of information to help you on your way to becoming a digital storyteller.

Building this background knowledge is an essential first step. This will generate ideas and give you the big picture of what is involved in creating a digital story.

You can then start looking at your research topic (it can be informational or literary). What is your purpose? Who will be your audience? How will you engage your audience? Digital stories are meant to be shared, and many are uploaded on to You Tube and other online sites. Due to this shared presentation, you will need to be aware of copyright issues when creating your digital story.

Like any research you will need to be thorough in locating source material and in using and evaluating databases, websites and different text types. Do you know how to conduct an interview or use oral sources in your work? Can you use poetry or biographies?

Use Power Point as a storyboard to come up with ideas and a structure.

Think critically about the images that you plan to use (visual literacy) and look for images that will extend your story both physically and metaphorically.

The structure of the digital narrative is very different to the traditional narrative. Both the written and spoken text needs to be more concise, clear and succinct - less is more! The text and images must also work together, including how you place them on “the page”. You need to think about the power of words, syntax and punctuation as these will provide the emotional capital for your digital story.

When looking for images and sound, search for copyright free sites such as www.a1freesounds.com for images, music and sound effects. You can also use video and use movie-maker or other similar tools. How are you going to use your images and text to be most effective? Rather than a titled cover page, can you introduce your topic with an image (or parts of images that can slide in), a quote, music or your voice? Think beyond the linear text and traditional formats that you have been used to.

Reference:

"DigiTales - The Art of Telling Digital Stories." *DigiTales - The Art of Telling Digital Stories*. N.p., n.d. Web. 11 Jan. 2011. <<http://www.digitales.us/about/index.php>>.

Mctighe, Jay, and Grant Wiggins. *Understanding by Design (2nd Edition)* (ASCD). Alexandria, VA: Prentice Hall, 2005. Print.

by Yvonne Barrett

Once you have your storyboard complete, you will need to begin thinking about the audio component of your digital story. This is where you write the text into a script that you will record on Audacity or similar recording formats.

Reflection is an important part of any learning, as understanding only comes about as a result of ongoing inquiry and rethinking [Wiggins & McTighe]. Throughout the learning process you should create a written rationale of the choices that you have made regarding images, sound transitions and information you have included or left out. This could be included in your Power Point story board in the notes section. Another idea is to create three video blog entries at three stages of the process approximately three minutes each to talk frankly about the process. Throughout the learning process, also see yourself and your fellow students as a “community of learners”. Use one another as mentors and facilitators on this road to creating your digital story.

Finally, share your stories - with your friends, classmates, and the global community!

What is the Writing and Research Center?

- ✓ OIS and SIS students receive help from friendly and supportive peer tutors.
- ✓ Students from any subject (writing in English) are welcome.
- ✓ Although peer tutors do not “fix” student papers, they do offer feedback at any stage of the writing process from brainstorming to drafting to revising to editing.
- ✓ Students meet with a tutor for approximately twenty to thirty minutes. In the peer tutoring session, students can clarify their understanding of the writing assignment and their goals for the paper as well as identify areas that need revision and further thought. Tutors can also help students identify and revise grammatical problems.
- ✓ Students can also receive help about the research process including tips, tools and techniques in library research:
 - Going beyond Google
 - Online data bases
 - Citation and bibliography

Monday & Thursday

3:45 to 4:45.

in the library.

*All students can benefit from talking through their ideas
with a good listener and reader
who is knowledgeable about writing.*

Tango Web Links by Yvonne Barrett

As part of her job Mrs Barrett is forever looking at new sites and new ways of using the internet. So we thought we would make use of her vast experience.

This is the first of a regular column in which *Tango* looks at various websites. If you have a favorite site please email it, with a few words about it, to Mrs Barrett.

The internet has become a major resource for us in our busy lives! Information on the internet can be updated regularly and retrieved quickly and easily*. *Tango web links* (annotated) seeks to provide you with some interesting websites to support you in your learning – educational, social and recreational!

Digital storytelling (suitable for secondary and adults)

- “DigiTales - The Art of Telling Digital Stories.” *DigiTales - The Art of Telling Digital Stories*. N.p., n.d. Web. 11 Jan. 2011. <<http://www.digitales.us/about/index.php>>. Digitales has been created by author and workshop leader, Bernajeane Porter. You do not need to attend one of her workshops to create your own digital story. This web link provides plenty of resource lists and gallery exemplars of different digital stories to help you on your way to tell your own digital story!
- “Dust Echoes: Ancient Stories, New Voices.” *ABC.net.au*. N.p., n.d. Web. 24 Jan. 2011. <<http://www.abc.net.au/dustechoes>>. Dust Echoes is a series of twelve beautifully animated dreamtime stories from Central Arnhem Land, Australia telling stories of love, loyalty, duty to country and Aboriginal custom and law. A significant web resource showing how digital storytelling can be used to preserve the history, culture and values of a people. It is the stories around us that are often lost!
- “Educational Uses of Digital Storytelling.” *Educational Uses of Digital Storytelling*. N.p., n.d. Web. 24 Jan. 2011. <<http://digitalstorytelling.coe.uh.edu/>>. The University of Houston’s digital storytelling site is innovative, current and a comprehensive resource into the seven elements of digital storytelling and how they can be adapted. An authoritative website!
- Esau, Cecyl. “CDS: Stories.” *Center for Digital Storytelling*. N.p., n.d. Web. 24 Jan. 2011. <<http://www.storycenter.org/stories/>>. The Center for Digital Storytelling (CDS) is an international non-profit training, project development, and research organization dedicated to assisting people in using digital media to tell meaningful stories from their lives. Powerful examples and case studies of how digital stories can be used to educate, inspire and inform.

Visual tools just for you

- Create block posters with <http://www.blockposters.com/>
- Express yourself (visually) at <http://www.glogster.com/>
- Add a “wow” factor to your PowerPoint presentations with amazing charts <http://oomfo.com/>
- Publish your own work on <http://issuu.com/> Convert and save a url to pdf with <http://pdfmyurl.com/>

Note: You need to think critically about websites that you use.

Remember your A, B, C’s!

Authorship, authority, accuracy

Balance, bias (looking at purpose and objectivity)

Elements of Style

by Leah Edens

In *Hamlet*, Shakespeare philosophized that “Brevity is the sole of wit”, and while this is conveyed ironically through a character who is anything but brief, the sentiment, like so many of Shakespeare’s, remains the same 400 years later. This is no less true in writing than in anything else. The idea behind effective writing is to be clear and concise. Repetition is unnecessary; it’s pointless; it doesn’t do any good. Obviously.

In an effort to bring clarity to the written world, William Strunk Jr. created *The Elements of Style*, first published (privately) in 1918. This was “his attempt to cut the vast tangle of English rhetoric down to size and write its rules and principles on the head of a pin”. Strunk practiced what he preached in that all that is essential regarding usage, form, style, and basic rules of diction and syntax are combined with a short glossary of grammar into a mere 100 pages. This makes the possession and use of the guide not only convenient and compact but a good example for all.

In a world where students are taught to be free thinkers and where mechanics account for relative little, even in the higher level education world of IB where discussions, connections made, and attempts to discover universal truths and connect with every culture on the globe are the priorities, diagramming sentences becomes an archaic practice. Despite its lack of glamour, novelty, and entertainment value, the foundation for proper writing is paramount to all parts of life. How is one even to read without the knowledge of how writing is created?

To this end, the students will be able to use the guide for anything from grammar to punctuation to organization. It’s a small but substantial reminder of the importance of the basics.

All students taking OIS High School English have a copy of *Elements of Style*.

Leah Edens explains why.

Putting an end to it

... continued from back page

One other mathematical use is for multiplication, with some people using the low placed dot to indicate multiplication. But to distinguish between $5.6 = 30$ and 5.6 the decimal number I feel it preferable to use a raised dot so it becomes $5\cdot6=30$, especially since it has the wonderfully sounding name of an “interpunct” (Mac users can type one with shift-option-9, Windows alt code is 250).

Web addresses are less contentious and do not really cause any bother at all. We all agree to be friendly about this and just call it “dot”. (We don’t, however, agree where to put the full stop in that last sentence, but that can wait for another time. Maybe next time?)

There is no definitively correct way in all of this, but as with all other aspects of style consistency is important.

I will leave you to ponder and decide what you want to do with, for example, “for example”: ex, ex., eg, e.g., eg.? Although at least one of these is definitively incorrect; the choice is yours.

Putting an end to it. by Steven Lewis

The full stop (British English), the period (American English); probably the first bit of punctuation we learn as we take our early steps into the written word as young children. It is presented in a fairly straightforward fashion and we know we are supposed to use it once we come to the end of a sentence when we need to, well, stop. Its use seems simple enough, and, in this context at least, it probably is. Although having said that, should the one in the title actually be there?

Ending sentences is all well and good, but let us turn our thoughts to other ways in which this small, restrained mark is used. How many can you think of? Abbreviations, titles, decimal numbers, web addresses... It is with these that trouble begins.

We commonly see the full stop used in abbreviations, but a close read around this subject brings up some unexpected complexity. First of all the word itself: abbreviation. It made its way into English in the 15th century through Middle French from Latin and means to shorten, so the word has the general meaning of a shortened form of something. When we look closer into abbreviations though we find that there are different kinds and different people treat these in different ways when it comes to the placement of full stops. So, what kinds of abbreviation are there?

Here's a general list: truncation, contraction, initialism, acronym.

Truncation: this is when you chop off the end of a word. So professor becomes prof., miscellaneous becomes misc., abbreviation becomes abbr. and so on. It seems that it is a generally accepted rule that you use a full stop with truncated words. That said, the days of the week provide a point of contention with some authors preferring to use truncations without one. I am tempted to go without as it is less jarring to the eye to see Mon, Tue, Wed, as opposed to Mon., Tue., Wed., and quite a bit easier to type (try it).

Contraction: this is when you leave the beginning and the end of a word intact and take out the middle. Many titular abbreviations are made in this way, doctor becomes Dr, mister becomes Mr and so on. The jury is out on the use of the full stop in these kinds of abbreviations. Generally speaking though, British style guides tend to recommend not using one while American ones say you should.

Initialisms and acronyms: the BBC, NATO, the USA, NASA, the WHO. Purposely mixed up here, the difference is that acronyms can be said as a word, we say "nay-toh" for NATO not "en-ay-tee-oh", and initialisms are said by pronouncing each letter. I am going to go out on a limb here and say that using full stops in either of these forms is clunky and redundant.

Titles are largely covered by the truncation and contraction rules. Following these gives us: Mr, Dr, Prof., Rev. in British English and Mr., Dr., Prof., and Rev. in American English. Mrs and Ms (Mrs. and Ms.) do not have longer forms but are traditionally treated as abbreviations.

The decimal point, or more correctly perhaps, the decimal separator, is trickier than might be imagined. It has had something of an up and down history, with some parts of the world favouring a raised dot and others a comma for this function. In 2003 the CGPM (an acronym, without full stops, for the General Conference on Weights and Measures from the French *Conférence générale des poids et mesures*, never written GCWM) confirmed the point on the line as the decimal separator in text where the main language is English and this convention is also followed in many Asian countries including Japan. Interestingly the same meeting also allowed for the comma to be used as a decimal separator, the norm in many European countries. [Continued P51]

In Tango #3 Steven Lewis considered why organizations use style guides and how complicated they can be.

In this edition he looks at the full stop or the period.

Steven Lewis will continue a regular column on language. If you have any questions please send them to Paul Sommer who will gladly pass them on.

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