

TANGO

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

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All contributions are welcome.

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COVER

Bookmarks featured on the front cover are from SIS graduates

Emi Morioka (Fantasy and Historical Fiction genres)

and Mizuki Nishiura (Historical Fiction)

They were some of the entries in the first annual *Library Bookmark Contest*
which was held to celebrate International School Library month 2009.

Watch for information about the next Bookmark Contest.

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Change ...

Guest Editorial

John Searle is
Head of Osaka
International School
of Kwansei Gakuin

A *Tango* focus on ‘change’. What an appropriate topic for this moment in our school’s story. The school will be 20 years old this year – an age in Japan which marks the moment of transition to adulthood. Coinciding with such a symbolic transition, our governance structures are undergoing change as a result of our merger with Kwansei Gakuin.

In addition to such significant changes it is also important to recognize that ‘change’ is a state we experience constantly as members of a community intrinsically linked to an international education: students grow up and change over time in terms of their outlook and attitudes, their hopes and their dreams, as they are exposed to new concepts, cultures and viewpoints. As ideas are explored, new horizons appear and many students move frequently, or will attend universities in countries other than Japan.

While changes in the school environment are significant to us personally, as an international community we must also consider changes in the wider world. At this point in time, industrialized countries are moving through a period of great transformation at a rate not unlike the Renaissance period in the 15th century. It seems that new discoveries are made and new horizons are set every month. For the first time in our history we have arrived at a point where – through our own activity – we are able to completely change the earth’s ability to cope with human industrial activity. This is potential change on an enormous scale.

When I think of the word ‘change’, my thoughts go to Arundhati Roy’s description of the Earth Mother. Imagine the world, 4,600,000,000 years old, as a 46 year old woman, the Earth Mother. The Earth Mother was 11 years old when single cell organisms first appeared. She was 45 years old when the dinosaurs roamed the earth. And “the whole of contemporary history, the world wars, the dreams, the man on the moon, science, literature, philosophy and the pursuit of knowledge – happened in no more than a blink of the Earth Mother’s eye.” A truly awe-inspiring and humbling thought.

Earth’s appearance would have changed very gradually over 46 million centuries. In the last 1,000,000th part—a blink of the eye—patterns of vegetation altered as humans started to develop agriculture. Then in one century the planet began to change at a rapid pace. In the last few decades, just a twinkle in the eye of the Earth Mother, we have quite literally, arrived at the first moment when one species could determine the future of the entire biosphere.

If we are to take advantage of change, to extract the greatest potential and to guard against the worst excesses, it may be that the most important change of all is that which we can make within ourselves and how we view our relationships with others. As citizens of the developed world, that means nurturing a collective understanding that it is in our self-interest for the developing countries to prosper and share fully in the benefits of this renaissance change.

We soon will have the scientific and technological means to overcome global poverty. This must be accompanied by a willingness to lead our lives with an attitude of compassion and to treat others as we in turn would expect to be treated.

We can look back at history to early civilizations and see that this idea was always a basis to conducting civil life: that one good turn deserves another in response. It is a central idea in all the major religions of the world. Do unto others as you would do to yourself. Scientists, molecular biologists, tell us that this is actually in our genes.

*The God of Small
Things*
Arundhati Roy
Harper Collins
(1997)

Compassion and the golden rule are built into human nature as compassion is actually a genetic way for a species to survive. That is the good news.

The bad news is that even though scientists believe we are genetically programmed to treat others the way we would expect to be treated ourselves, humans are not always motivated to apply this rule to everyone equally. We only do this to people who are close to us; it is much more difficult to extend this rule to people we have never met. If someone is deemed a 'stranger', they are often not treated with the same compassion and respect. And it is this that is the cause of some of the world's most difficult problems.

We therefore need to initiate change for the better by acknowledging the existence of a global society in which countries and communities are inter-linked, and we must respect and cooperate with one another.

We must be aware of how our actions affect others living in different parts of the world and the potentially global affects of the decisions we make. As human activity accelerates the rate of change in today's world, we must attempt to ensure that the changes are positive, both socially and ecologically.

As an international school community, our responsibility is to be aware of this.

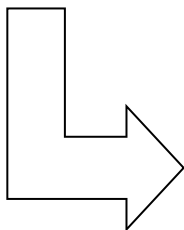
.....



Some visible change in our neighborhood.

From forest
to wasteland
to homes and shops.

More photos Pages 5-7.



Tango # 3

by Paul Sommer

Paul Sommer
psommer@senri.ed.jp
Chief Editor

This edition has a broad theme of change. John Searle addresses it directly in a guest editorial. But it is everywhere. You'll see change on the front page as this is the first *Tango* from *Senri and Osaka International Schools of Kwansei Gakuin*. Haiku from students and teachers reflect, as haiku does so well, the subtle changes, drawing our attention to things we might easily miss. Liam Kirwan looks directly at history through the camera. And the camera looks again, literally outside our backdoor, to see the change over four years as our local environment transformed from a bamboo forest to an outer suburb of Osaka.

Tango itself continues to evolve. Soon you'll be able to enjoy student writing online in a new *Tango* website brought to you by our website manager Nur Zawanah Zibidi. There is also a notice board full of information and ideas. The aim of these two developments is not only to publicize and broaden *Tango*, but to support emerging writers with information and advice which they might find useful.

Cherry Ishida is exploring KIVA, micro-financing, options that will involve *Tango* in real world change in other countries.

Other changes are in these pages. In this edition we have more poetry, more artwork and more writing from across the whole school. We also have more student opinion. We want to encourage readers to write letters to the editor. We are also including, on the back page, a focus on grammar and the technical side of writing. In this edition Steve Lewis looks at style and the use of capitals. If you have specific questions please send them and we will respond in this column.

The Science Club has continued to be the most regular contributor. If you have scientific questions or areas of interest let us know and the science club will consider taking them up.

In short, we are keen to make *Tango* more interactive and more engaged with its readers.

Tango is taking on a momentum of its own and one of the directions is to include writing beyond the student body. I am pleased that teachers are using this opportunity to write and we are making contact with other schools, including schools in other countries.

It is not a matter of making CHANGE a theme, but recognizing that, like it or not, it always is a theme in literature, art and in life. How we respond to change is one of the important things that defines. It is not so much that writers of this edition focused on change, but that it is a central idea. Hana Samejima sees change through her grandparents; Sayaka Fukuoka remembers summer festivals of the past; Yusuke Kishima experiences a school camp that changes the way he sees things; a series of poems use rice as a central image in considering cultural changes.

We hope you enjoy this edition with the idea of *change* in mind.

.....

As I grow older
the sound of dewdrops
so young

The haiku is from
Pierre Turlur. You can
enjoy more on pages
12 and 13.



No landscape remains unchanged, but at certain times the rate of change can be dramatic.



Classes on the east side of the school have witnessed the birth of a suburb. Shops and apartments have sprung up on empty land, over the past three years.



Lookin' out our backdoor



by Paul Sommer

From a hole in the ground to a hospital!



The Secret Jungle

by Noemi .Y. Datta

Noemi looks at the photos in the preceding pages and remembers a time beyond that.

Many students recall, very fondly, "the pond" and the richness of natural life around it.

In her recollection Noemi grieves for the loss, but moves beyond and finds the positives.

The poems on the far page take up a similar theme and explore the importance of place and specific details in shaping who we are.

It almost made me shout, I couldn't stand it anymore! Couldn't the bullfrogs be quiet just for once? It seemed my parents were asleep already. I covered my ears with my pillow and groaned.

The forest... more like jungle around my apartment is great. It has anything that would come out in an adventure story. Swamps, ponds, frogs, herons, snakes, turtles, lizards, vines, trees and even secret paths. They all have something interesting to share every day. Although it annoys me with all the sounds at night, it's exciting to explore. Since I came here, I've cherished this place!

One day I went to Tokyo to meet my grandparents with my family. It was a few weeks after we left, that we came back. In the darkness we walked up the familiar slope to my house.

I noticed something unfamiliar though. Tall metal boards soared around the forest! What happened here when we were gone?! Where was the small gate that had been there that lead in to the adventure?! I peered into a small gap in the boards...I just stood there. It had changed, completely, into a desert. Big tears dropped into the drain below. My parents stood there too, frowning. I moaned and cried even louder and pounded the boards. How could they? How could these construction workers kill this place? A deep cut was engraved in my heart. I wasn't sure how I could live without my fellow creatures. I suddenly wanted to hear the bellowing-mooing sound of those retched bullfrogs.

A few long and weary weeks had passed. Seeing the place that once used to be flourishing with animals and nature deserted, was still distressing and foreign. The pleasure of life seemed to be only a memory to me. Tears still poured down my cheeks when I saw the view. Not even a blade of grass seemed to be growing, and not even a single creature seemed to be stirring.

However as the days and months went by, new kids moved in. I got to know them and play with them...in the parking lot. They all knew how to ride bikes without training wheels! It was something I didn't know how to do since I had played differently from them. I started to think maybe if the forest hadn't disappeared, I wouldn't have been able to catch up with the rest of world. I wanted to tell them how wonderful this place used to be, yet they did not understand the joy of it. My shyness also lessened and I became friendlier as I got to know more people.

Years passed and the desert is now covered by a complete layer of grass. However it was just kept like that, for 5 years or so. The images of the forest are only a few glimpses now. When I came back from school one day, the grass covered place had transformed into a huge park! I was thrilled! Also a reservoir! Maybe some fish and turtles will come back! Hope filled my heart.

Now I am 13, and some of the play areas aren't as fun. However it is still nice to have more nature than just a desert covered with grass. Also the community and its people have spread. It is nice to see people of different ages spend more time together. And now... the greatest thing? The animals have started stirring again.

I am from...

Noemi Yamaguchi Datta & Atoka Jo

I am from the land of the rising sun
I am from the land of the sacred rivers
I am from a sacred forest and rice paddies that change over the year
I am from the smell of a bubbling hot pot and cracked pepper
I am from a small kitchen and several spices
I am from a memory-filled apartment complex
I am from a bag with empty pet bottles and black basketball that is out of air.
I am from “hurry up!”

Noemi Yamaguchi Datta

I am from
two fish tanks:
one with two HUGE goldfish,
the other with two small goldfish.

I am from
a laundry line with clips that hold the clothes tight,
a miniature garden of lettuce and green onion.

I am from
the 80 year old Takashimaya department store,
a game center with repeating music day and night.

I am from
Aki – chan, my mom’s younger sister, my most aMuSiNg relative,
Ba – chan, my grandma, who knows about almost everything,
Nene, my other grandma, who gives the best hugs in the world.

I am from
“Next station is Namba, station number M20.
Please exchange here for the Sennichimae, Nankai, Kintetsu and Hanshin line.”

I am from
肉団子 which is only eaten on special occasions,
my grandma’s tastiest cup-steamed egg custard with chicken, shrimp, and vegetables.

I am from
the spOOky attic,
my old room with the bunk bed,
the abacus classroom which always smells like cigarettes.

Atoka Jo



Dear Editor...

This is the first time *Tango* has had "Letters to the Editor" and thanks to the OIS Grade 7s for getting the ball rolling.

Please send comments, opinions, worries or questions to Letters to the Editor so we can make this a regular feature.

The grade 7 class was involved in Eco-Challenge activities and some interesting letters came from that.

Dear Editor,

Parents, students, schools and teachers are responsible for preventing bullying. Bullying leads to a number of suicides every year. According to www.bullyingonline.org, about 15 to 25 bullying victims commit suicide every year in the UK. Everyone has the right to live in a safe environment without fear of being bullied.

Students ought to do several things to prevent bullying. First of all, students should try to be more brave and confident and do their best to ignore when a bully says or does something. The best way, however, is to tell an adult you trust about what is happening. This could be teachers, parents, principals, lunchroom helpers, or school counselors. KidsHealth.org says that bullies sometimes stop bullying when they are afraid that their parents will be involved.

Parents can deal with childhood bullying by being more aware and more able to recognize signs of bullying. They might notice if their child is acting differently, has bruises or injuries, is looking anxious, is not eating, is receiving bad grades, and so on. When the child is trying to tell you something, listen to his or her worries and understand that it is okay for that child to feel like that.

Lastly, schools and teachers must do something about bullying because schools are places where children are most likely to be bullied. Schools should have an anti-bullying policy which includes educational programs, peer counseling and classroom rules. Teachers might supervise more especially during lunch and recess.

Even if bullying doesn't stop completely, at least by taking action, we can reduce the number of kids suffering from being bullied or being bullies.

Sincerely
Shinju Matsuoka

Alisa Pelz, Anri Pok, Aki Shigeyama also wrote on bullying.

Anri added: "According to researcher Laura DeHaan the first move a victim should make is to ignore the comments a bully makes. Eventually the bully will leave the victim alone. Try to stay with a group of children or sit next to a friend who is protective. One action you must not take is to fight back. Bullies take pleasure in upsetting the victim."

From **Aki**: "The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children (NSPCC) says that 31% of all children in the United States are bullied."

Dear Editor,

At SOIS we must reduce our electricity bills because they are really expensive and this ultimately is affecting our planet. My Eco-Challenge was to save electricity at home. I did that so it would be a good example to other people. I know that what we are doing is affecting all of us.

We are producing too much CO₂ which makes the Earth hot. The atmosphere used to control the heat by absorbing some of the sun's energy and bouncing-off extra. But now because of CO₂ the sun's radiation is not able to go out to space. We can all help to

produce less CO2 just by turning off lights if it is bright outside. By doing this, we can get the natural light. We can do this at school and at home. Most rooms and classes waste electricity.

We could put solar panels on the school's roof. I think we will get back a lot of money and then the school fee might decrease. I think it would be good because the sun is almost always shining on us. We have a huge problem. There are three big universities at Kwansai Gakuin. Even though they have large buildings, our smaller building uses more electricity. That is because they have solar panels on the buildings and make an effort to save electricity.

If we don't reduce now, our planet will suffer. Even just by thinking about the electricity bills and doing a little, we can help to save the planet and have a happy life

Sincerely
Ai Kano

Dong Min Suh adds:

"According to wasteonline.org, in 2003-2004, almost 1.3 million pieces of paper and cards were wasted. I think our school wastes a lot of paper. There are many ways to save paper."

Sally Wilhelm has taken up the Eco-challenge by writing a story book for young children. Sally writes:

"I believe small children learn about new facts by reading storybooks and enjoying them. Kids can learn new things and enjoy reading my story. But I have to be careful to keep my storybook interesting so I have included fun pictures and big letters."

Dear Editor,

Do you have a book that you love and that makes you want to read it over and over again? Well, I do! *The Golden Goblet* (by Eloise Jarvis McGraw) is full of adventures, high tension and unexpected scenes.

I think that this book is written for children between 11 and 14 years of age. One of the catchy sentences from *The Golden Goblet* is: "Everybody needs a best friend, right?"

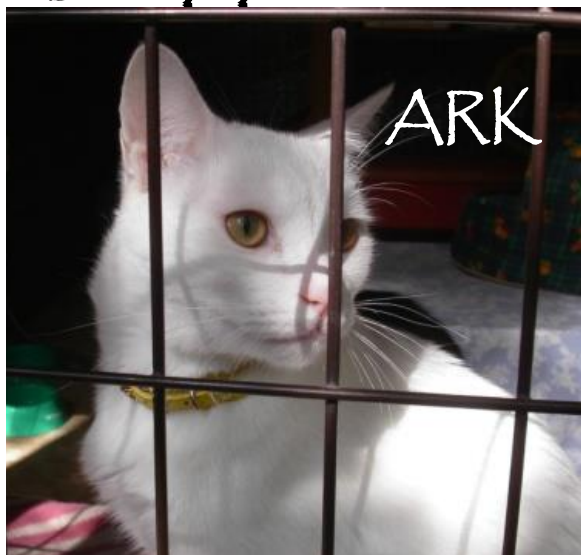
I have written summaries of several books, and they have been displayed around the school and in the library. I am proud of my book reviews because I think they can inspire other readers.

I have read various pieces of work in *Tango* and I think it is the perfect place for talking about writing because there is wide variety of genres.

Sincerely
Sally Wilhelm

Sally is right!
Tango is a great place to share favorite books. In future we will make a feature of book reviews so if you would like to submit one please do.

Snippets



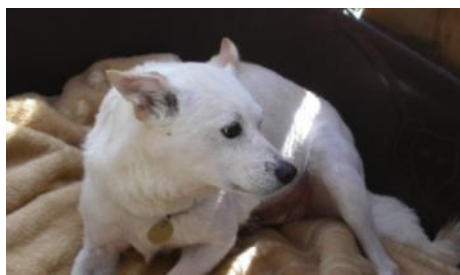
Sixth Grade Community Service

For our Community and Service (part of the IB Middle Years Program) this year, we have been supporting ARK, Animal Refuge Kansai. Last fall our class went for a field trip to ARK, to learn about animals that were thrown away by their owners. ARK takes care of and helps to look for new homes for these animals. Currently ARK holds over 300 dogs and cats. However, the number of animals is increasing each year.

When the Grade 6 students visited ARK, Mrs. Elizabeth Oliver greeted us by telling us stories of various animals. We also had a chance to spend time with the cats and we took the dogs for a walk. We really enjoyed it.

This experience has told us that taking care of animals is a great responsibility. If you have a chance, we recommend you to visit ARK.

*Sally Wilhelm
Sara Okino
Dong Min Suh*



Wild Times

Spring camp was the best activity that we did in 6th Grade. The reason is that we got to get together and have fun with teachers we know are strict. However there were more things that were very fun. I enjoyed hiking to ARK most. The reason is that it was right after the typhoon and it was like an obstacle course. I still remember screaming when Muhammad tripped while going down the rough hill. He was totally panicking, and was yelling "I wanna go home!" It was not because he was hurt. It was that his pants ripped. Our class is full of unique personalities, and they are the ones who cheer me up, even though they don't realize it. This year was one of the wildest times of my life.

Yuwi Yamashita

Kamagasaki

Earlier this year, Michael, Keitaro and I, accompanied by Mr Heimer and Ms Cheney, went on a three day camp to Kamagasaki. Prior to the camp, I had heard things about Kamagasaki and the image I had of the place was not particularly good.



I thought it was a place where vagrants who lost hope gathered and that other people should not get involved. Therefore I had some worries and honestly, I really did not want to go. But somehow I was curious and wanted to experience this unique place.

When I arrived at Shin-Imamiya station and took steps into the street, I was frightened. This was due to the perceptions that I had built up before the trip, and also because I felt the weight of the day laborers' eyes that I thought were filled with animosity.

Kamagasaki has a unique smell and the scene that stood before me was something I had never experienced. The streets were dirty and for a while I was puzzled and very cautious. It took sometime for me



... beyond the classroom



for us, I realized how lucky I am. I also realized how I would not be able to live if this was taken away from me.

Many things I experienced, I cannot put into words. I know that I am not the kind of person who has the ability to change this situation and normally I am not even a person who would go as far as to care about another person's life unless I know them. However, as I live my life growing older, I will never forget the kinds of people I met who lived in a forward-looking, positive way despite the fact that they were unable to secure food, shelter or proper clothing. I am thankful for the things I learned from this camp.

Yusuke Kishima

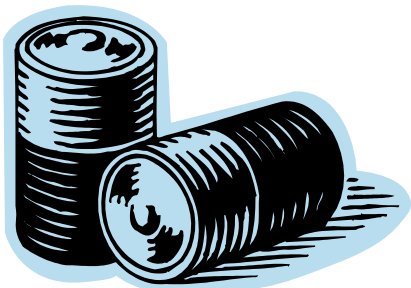
to get used to but after a while this naturally went away. Though there were also some weird men, I realized they were nice overall, and not violent even though they were in severe circumstances.

During the camp, we went on night patrol. We interacted with homeless people, giving them rice balls and just talking to them, asking if they were all right. We went around with other volunteer people. Previously I thought that volunteering was, after all, just an act of self-satisfaction by people who had higher standpoints. But I soon realized how foolish that thought was. They were just doing what they could to help homeless people who had to sleep in the freezing cold. At the end I felt I had done something meaningful and I was happy because some people had said thank you. When I went back to the place where we stayed overnight and saw the thick blankets that were ready



Batteries

by the Science Club



There are two types of batteries: **Primary and Secondary**. What distinguishes them generally is whether they are rechargeable or not. Secondary batteries are rechargeable, whereas primary batteries are not. When the battery is used to create energy, chemical compounds in the battery are discharged. In primary batteries, the chemical compounds are permanently changed and electrical energy is released until the original compounds are completely exhausted. However in the secondary battery, the original chemical compounds can be reconstituted by the application of an electrical potential between the electrodes injecting energy into the cell. Such cells can be discharged and recharged many times.

by Han Seok Park

The primary battery ...

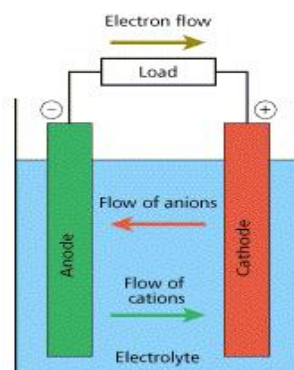
is designed to be used once and disposed of when its energy supply is depleted. A primary battery often consists of three main parts: positive electrode, negative electrode and electrolyte. An electrolyte can be liquid, solid, or dry powder, but the electrolyte separates positive and negative electrodes.

The process of the primary battery:

1. When the primary battery is connected to an electric circuit, a chemical reaction occurs in its electrolyte.
2. One of the chemical reactions generates positive ions and electrons at the negative electrode (anode).
3. The electrons travel around the outer circuit to an object's positive electrode such as a lamp's positive electrode (cathode). Meanwhile, the positive ions travel through the electrolyte to reach the primary battery's negative electrode. This movement of electric charges makes an electric current flow through the primary battery and through the circuit the primary battery is connected to.
4. As the electric current flows through the battery and the battery generates power, the chemicals inside the primary battery are gradually depleted. When all the chemicals inside the primary battery are used up, the battery will stop generating electric power.

The primary battery is designed to be used *once* so the primary battery cannot be recharged.

by Dong Jun Yoo



The secondary battery ...

is sometimes referred to as a rechargeable battery. As the name implies, the secondary battery can be recharged. How does this work? The secondary battery is considered to be electrochemical cells which can regain their energy supply through a battery charger that reverses the chemical reaction in the cells.

Actually what happens is that the battery charger provides the battery with constant electric current; the battery will hold on to some of the electrons flowing in the electric current.

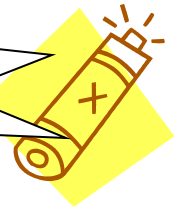
by Joon-Hyun Paik

Let's see an example!

A lithium ion battery (used for your cellphone, mp3 player, and laptop computer) works as lithium ions in the used battery start to buzz with chemical activity when you plug a power supply to the battery. This chemical activity negatively charges lithium ions with electrons. When you think the battery is charged, you will unplug the power supply. Then what happens is that the chemical activity reverses, making negatively charged lithium ions lose electrons and become it positively charged. The electrons lost from the lithium ions are then used by your machine as electricity to function.

BATTERIES

Did You Know
You Can Use Other Objects
to Form a Battery !?!



by Nur Zawannah Zabidi

A. How about trying to form a battery using coins?

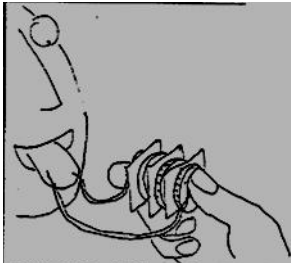
Coins? Yup, that's right. How do we do it?

You will need salt water, blotting sheets, 4-5 coins and 2 pieces of wire.

The procedure:

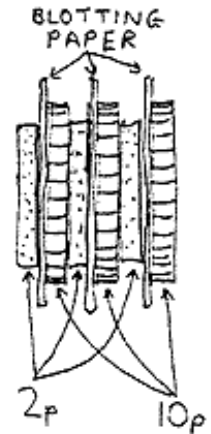
1. Place blotting sheets that have been soaked in salt water between the coins.

Make sure they are arranged neatly and closely attached to each other.



2. Place wires that touch the ends of the coins. The current produced is too small to be detected by the skin. How can you feel the current then? Place the other end of the wires to your tongue.

3. You will feel a tingle from the current produced by the battery you just made.



B. How about trying to form a battery using an apple?

We all know an apple a day keeps the doctor away, but why don't we try using it as a battery this time, shall we? You will need an apple, a volt meter, a steel and a zinc-plated nail, 2 electrical wires, sandpaper, and a sharp knife.

The procedure:

1. Strip off the insulation off the ends of the wires with a sharp knife. Clean off the ends with sandpaper. Be sure to clean the nails with sandpaper as well.
2. Just like a battery, you will need to form the terminals. Wrap one end of the wire to either the steel or zinc nail. Wrap the other end to the remaining nail.
3. Insert the nails into the apple close together but ensure that they do not come into contact with each other.
4. Turn on the volt meter and make sure that it has been set to a "DC" setting. Touch either of the terminals to observe readings in the difference in currents.



Experiment diagrams are from:
www.hunkinsexperiments.com

Check it out...

Batteries

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rechargeable_battery,

<http://www.mpoweruk.com/chemistries.htm>

<http://www.brighthub.com/engineering/electrical/articles/3594.aspx>

Rechargeable Batteries

Reference: <http://www.brighthub.com/engineering/electrical/articles>

<http://www.explainthatstuff.com/how-battery-chargers-work.html>

<http://www.explainthatstuff.com/batteries.html>

The experiments

1. Hunkin's Experiments: Batteries: <http://www.hunkinsexperiments.com/pages/batteries.htm>

2. eHow: How to Make an Apple Battery: http://www.ehow.com/how_6395315_make-apple-battery.html

3. Apple Battery Project: <http://www.how-things-work-science-projects.com/apple-battery.html>

Haiku

Pierre Turlur is a very accomplished writer of Haiku.

Pierre practices a free form of Haiku without any seasonal elements or special attention to rhythm. In this he identifies his work as following in the footsteps of Shiki and Santoka.

Pierre will run workshops on writing haiku as part of the 2011 Arts Celebration.

All are very welcome.
Watch for details.

the pouring rain drenches everything
even
itself

standing at the crossing
cars, fumes and noise
the very flower

As I grow older
the sound of dewdrops
So young

sipping black coffee
snow white cranes glide
across the horizon

by Pierre Turlur

Osaka subway station
an old woman limps
splendid autumn

She goes kissing
everybody's lips
whirling snow

Leaves and petals
our true
home



Summer Festival

by Sayaka Fukuoka

As it starts to rain and rain every day, I feel like it's the start of another hot, damp summer. Once it finishes raining, it will become my favourite season. The blue sky, white beaches, going out with friends, eating ice cream ... summer is full of joy. But what I like best about summer is "*Natsumatsuri*", the summer festival.

I remember volunteering for the big entertainment in the summer festival, the *mikoshi*, when I was in Grade 4. Only elementary school kids from my town could volunteer. I wore a bright blue *happi* with black lines and "*Matsuri*" printed on the back. When I went outside, there were so many kids in the same clothes. I lined up to take attendance, and the parental volunteers told me the directions. All the kids gathered around the *mikoshi* and shouldered it, counting "Ready? 1, 2, 3!" There were a few Grade 6 kids helping around me so it didn't feel that heavy and I didn't get too tired. We walked around the houses for about 30 minutes screaming "*Wasshoi, wasshoi!*" Many people came out to see the *mikoshi*. After it finished, I got a free-cotton-candy ticket as a reward.

Looking back to Grade 4, I think I have now become very cool towards having fun at such festivals. Then, I could easily feel like I was the happiest person in the world with only *one* cotton candy. I really felt it was fun to play games. But now, I don't spend so much money on games. And I don't go to the festivals much. Summer festivals were full of fantastic things for me, but my feelings about the festivals have changed over the years.

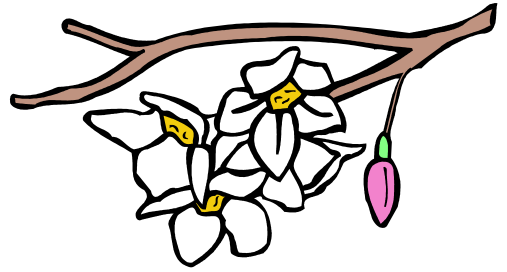
Holding the free-cotton-candy ticket, I went rushing home and changed into the *yukata* which my grandmother had bought for me. I was looking forward to wearing it. It was a yellowish green *yukata* with pink hydrangeas printed all over it. Since no-one had a *yukata* in such colours, I felt very special.

I met with my friends in front of my flat. We went up the steep slope to our school where the summer festival is held. I could hear the sound of *taiko*, *fun* and people laughing and shouting "*Trasshaimase!*" even though the school was still far away. I could see the *chouchin* lights gleaming, kids wearing bracelets that emit light, and playing with toy swords which looked like light sabers. As we walked and got closer, I could smell the delicious food: sauce and red pickled ginger from *takoyaki* and *okonomiyaki*; sugary smells from apple candy, choc bananas and cotton candy. This made me feel very hungry. When we arrived, we went straight to the cotton candy booth and got our free cotton candy. The lady at the booth said, "This is only for you girls", and gave us the big ones. Holding the cotton candy, we ran to line up for *takoyaki*. There were too many people in the line so it took more than 15 minutes to buy it. We sat down at the stairs to eat it. I took a big mouthful, but it was so hot that I wanted a drink. After finishing eating it, we went to buy lemonade. I forgot that it was carbonated drink and I accidentally shook it. I pushed in the marble which worked as a stopper. It spilt all over, but it didn't spill on my brand new *yukata*. I sighed with relief. Then we went to the *kingyosukui* booth, where you dip for goldfish using a dipper made from paper paste which can get weak when soaked in water. I was so good at this. I scooped more than 15 goldfishes into one bowl, and that made the man at the booth surprised.

It was about eight o'clock. People started to gather around the *taiko*. The man standing by the drum hit it very hard, signalling the start of *Bon-odori*. Many people were walking around the *taiko*, freely waving their hands up to the sky. I felt kind of sad because *Bon-odori* also marks the end of the summer festival.

I haven't been going to summer festivals for about five years. Every summer I hear the sound of *taiko* and people shouting from my house, but I can't have as much fun as I did in Grade 4. I feel kind of sad about it, and I wonder what happens when I get older.

Spring Haiku



Spring is here at last
Pink petals sailing through air
Laughter never ends

Haiku by...

Shinju Matsuoka

The flooded rice fields
reflect the pearl of darkness
and lighten my steps

Lyn Melville-Rea

Light rays bounce from sun
to moon to freshly-filled rice
fields, teeming with frogs

Lyn Melville-Rea

Drifting in the breeze
The first sign of spring is found
On the cherry tree

Anri Pok

Living with my Grandparents

by Hana Samejima

My grandparents turned 81 this year. My grandma is a typical strong Osaka woman who loves to gossip and talk behind people's back, but without the flashy leopard clothes. She has gray curly hair and has a hooked nose like a witch, and she is about my height but a bit wider. My grandpa is a strict, serious man, with intimidating stern looks and a little bit of humor. His brown tear-drop shaped glasses make people feel like they don't want to mess with him. They've been married for more than half a century. They have always been a big part of my life; my family has been living with them since I was in nursery school.

When I was in elementary school, my grandma would pick my sister up from nursery school and we would have a little tea time together. She would make tea for me and hot chocolate for my sister, and a pie to eat with it. While we had our tea and hot chocolate, we would talk about what we did with our friends, how our school went, what we made in art class, what we did in recess and so on. And my grandma would grumble about grandpa, and she would always tell us to behave well, like good girls, to get a nice husband. After she let out all her complaints, she would start preparing dinner for my grandpa. In the evening, my grandpa, who doesn't do anything but watch TV and smoke all day, would be served his dinner. He would always complain about the food arrogantly, and treat my grandma like his servant. I remember being mad at him for it.

In Japan a few decades ago, in a male dominated society, women were considered to be inferior to men. In the family, men ruled. If the husband says it's right, it was right and if he says it's wrong, it was wrong, no matter what. A woman's role was to support and to be devoted to her husband, the "*daikokubashira*", as we call them, and always follow his rule. My grandparents were typical of this.

Every year, on New Year's Day, my relatives would gather at my house and exchange greetings and celebrate the coming of the New Year. We always ordered sushi for our feast and my aunts would cook *chawan-mushi* for everyone. The men would be sitting and drinking while the women served them. Roast beef, *kamaboko*, *sashimi*, *kazunoko*, beer, *sake*, the feast went on 'till midnight. We kids got our precious *otoshidama* from everyone and we'd count it in our room. Grandpa always gave us girls only half the amount my brother got. I asked my mom why we only got half as much, and she said that it was because we were girls. That didn't convince me at all. After the feast, my grandma would always make my sister and me help clean the dishes. She didn't ask my brother to do it, and that made me so angry. I thought it wasn't fair at all.

My mom always treated us equally, and I thought this was how I would be treated all my life. Whenever we were asked to do chores we decided who was going to do it by *janken*, and gender wasn't an issue. So the idea of treating people differently because of gender was incomprehensible to an 8 year old. I thought *teishu-kanpaku* was such a stupid idea. But as I grew older, I started to understand where they're coming from. They were raised to be like that, and that is what the Japanese have been doing for ages. Also, even though my grandpa treats my grandma like a housekeeper and can be arrogant and selfish like a king, I realized that most of the time, authority was in my grandma's hands. She is good at maneuvering grandpa into doing what she wants. Whenever she doesn't like something, she would sneak up on grandpa and make him fix it. The real boss of the house was my grandma. *Teishu-kanpaku* doesn't seem that bad to me.

Looking for a sign

by Peter Ninnes

Could you trek across Australia
without a map to show the way?
Could you go north to Sydney
to get to WA?

You need a signpost here, directions there
to make any progress at all.
It's the same in living
if you need forgiving
and your brick has lost its wall.

I was looking for a signpost
to show me the way ahead.

I saw a giant billboard
as my arteries slowly bled.

Its letters were enormous
and frighteningly re(a)d,
obscure and unhelpful:

“You’re alive”, is what it said.



We are on a galactic journey
not knowing where we stand
Our path is undecided
unknowable and unplanned
a million stars here
a billion there
across the great big universe
and our own desires
like rusty barbed wire
are a burden and a curse
I was looking for a signpost
to show me the way ahead
I saw a supernova
as my neuroses quickly spread
Its ancient, unnerving message
was oh so easily read
“You won’t last long, but anyway,
you’re alive”, is what it said.



Among his many and varied accomplishments Peter Ninnes is a songwriter.

Looking for a Sign is one of his songs that you can hear, with music and sung by Peter, at <http://www.songvault.fm/ondemand/artist-6608.htm>

We are on a terrestrial journey
and together here we stand.
Our path is ever changing
and we never have a plan.
A billion stars are shining
On our little universe,
And our own desires
like a smoldering fire ...
well, things could always be worse
I was looking for a signpost
To show me the way ahead
I found my supernova
And my neuroses quickly fled
One cold day in an ancient land
we were finally wed
I said “I do”, and gave her a wink
“We’re alive”, is all she said.



Falling

This story by Daniel Kellet and the next by James Trew came after studying Ernest Hemingway.

Daniel was impressed by the focus Hemingway is able to sustain. Simple events, often ignored, can in themselves become the focus of a story.

James took the language of Hemingway as a starting point and, a little irreverently, plays around with it.

It was a strange feeling. I knew what was happening but I couldn't process it. It had happened before but it was a blur. Everything seemed to slow down. I knew where I was. I was on a road which was lined by trees. In front of me there was another person walking. He knew nothing of what was occurring right behind him. The trees stood still, their branches moving in the wind. Birds flew overhead, gliding in the wind. Nothing and no one but me knew what was happening. But even I didn't understand it.

As I continued falling I saw many things as a blur in front of me. But the trees caught my eye the most. They remained standing. Somehow they had figured out how to not fall over. They continued to stand, watching over me, mocking me. If only I could be like a tree at this point. They swayed but they never fell. I needed to have the balance of a tree.

It was very interesting, falling. It reminded me of many things. Just last week I had talked about it with my friend, Steve. He had said,

"Have you ever been able to stop yourself from falling after you've slipped and are completely unbalanced?"

I said, "Umm, I don't know."

"I haven't."

"Oh, OK."

"Do you remember yet?"

"I don't think so. I sometimes stop myself but that's when I slip a little bit."

"Oh, OK."

That conversation flashed through my mind. Could I do it? Could I stop myself from falling when I was completely unbalanced? I thought I could. I always thought of myself as a balanced person. Like when I played basketball and got tripped and I didn't fall. I could always stop myself. But I had some control there. But when I slipped on ice in the winter I never fell. But I was ready to slip seeing as there was snow and ice all over the ground. I had some control there. But I was very athletic. I was good at sports. I never fell. But I had never slipped on a wet metal grate before. And all the while, the tall trees were watching over me, swaying in the wind, but never falling.

And then I remembered how I had broken my left wrist last year. This scared me because I didn't want to break it again and then then I thought about how I might, subconsciously, try to protect my wrist by overprotecting it with my right hand which might cause it to break or be damaged if I landed awkwardly. I did not want to break my right wrist but I didn't know how to not overprotect my left wrist. Maybe I could land flat on my back. And all the while the tall trees watched over me, swaying in the wind, but never falling.

It annoyed me that I was falling. I knew that wet grates were slippery. I was always careful not to slip on them. But the one time I wasn't paying attention, I fell. I was so mad at myself. My brief annoyance was turning to anger. I did not want to fall over. I would have no control over what would occur once I hit the ground. And meanwhile, the tall trees were watching over me, swaying in the wind, but never

by Daniel Kellett

falling.

I knew what was going to happen. But it wasn't about me. For now, it wasn't about me. The events now transpiring weren't in my hands. It became a simple matter of gravity taking over. But I thought I could stop myself. If I shifted my weight forwards I would be OK and I wouldn't fall. It was like when you walk on a beam and when you lose your balance you have to shift your weight to keep balance. If I did that I would be OK.

I wasn't going to fall.

I tried to reach my arms out in front of me to shift my weight. I wasn't going to fall.

I hunched my back over to shift more weight towards the front of my body. I wasn't going to fall.

I strained my neck forwards, trying to counter gravity. I wasn't going to fall. I was very close to the ground now. But still, I was not going to fall.

I tried to bring one of my feet back so I wouldn't fall but too late. I hit the ground. I winced. There were no more blurs. I stood up, patted the dirt off my clothes and, angry with myself, continued walking as the trees watched over me, swaying in the wind, but never falling.



Daniel comments:
"I wanted to analyze the experience of falling over. I find it interesting how when you fall, everything seems to become a blur. Also, when falling I occasionally remember certain things such as fears or recent events that might be worsened by falling. I did this in the story by having the narrator worry about over protecting his left wrist and injuring himself. The idea of the trees was unintentional but I thought, while writing, that it would be interesting to expand on the fact that the narrator wants to be like a stationary tree while falling."

Artwork by
Arisa Mizuno

Trew Story

The rain trickled down as the sun set. Lightning was the only source of light. I walked through the rain on my way back home. The rain soaked my clothes and the cold winter water touched my skin. It was terrific weather. When I reached my house I took off my clothes. I headed off to bed to rest for tomorrow's work.

I woke up the next morning and headed straight to the near by café. Walking down the stairs of my apartment, I realized that I had forgotten to turn off the light of the room. I jogged up the stairs, unlocked the house, and turned off the light. Walking outside and looking around, the sky had cleared up and not a cloud was in the sky. "Good morning Lawson." It was the landlord.

"Good morning ma'am ."

"Off to work?"

"Yes. I live to work," I said and continued walking towards the café. The wind blew through the thin sweater and the jeans. I had considered buying some warmer clothes. But winter was coming to an end and I found the breeze relaxing.

I walked in through the doors of the café and I felt the warmth from the heaters. "Good morning Lawson," said the women. "Good morning," I replied. "What's it going to be this morning? The usual?" the woman asked.

"Yes. The usual."

"Lawson, you always buy the cheapest thing. Pancakes and coffee. You need to get something more into you once in a while."

"Thanks but I'm fine."

The woman was always concerned about me. Trying to get me to eat more. What a nice woman. I put the pancakes in my mouth, took the coffee and headed off to the bus station.

I was a machinist working eight-hour shifts. I found it like being at home working at the shop. Often times I worked over the eight-hour limit and worked the several hours of overtime for no money. I didn't mind because there wasn't much else to do in my life.

"Hey Lawson, come here on the number two spot and cover me." I walked over. "I'm trying to get this thing leveled before I get this old girl going. Watch the spirit level for me and tell which way to level it." He was the veteran in the shop.

"Alright."

"How is it now?" the man said. I dozed off. "Lawson, pay attention."

"Sorry. Ah. Little bit to the left." I leaned back. It was a waste of time, me being here.

As I leaned back I flipped the switch, starting the machine. At the same time, the man's shirt got caught on something inside the machine. The man's arm moved closer to the spinning axel. Before I could unplug the machine, the man lost his hand. He fell to the ground screaming, blood spilling on the floor. I stood and watched as other workers began to crowd around the man. The some people tried to help the man while others stared at me. It was a great day.

Next day began the same way. I woke up, greeted a few people, and went to the café. After getting to the workshop, I was sent straight to the manager's office.

"What happened yesterday Lawson?"

"Nothing."

by James Trew

“Something happened. The poor man lost his hand.”

“It was an accident.”

I had leaned back onto the machine causing the darn thing to start. That shouldn't have happened. The man should have cut the power before sticking his arm into it.

“He is at the hospital now. He'll live. With only one hand of course.”

“That's good to know.”

“You want some time off? You've been working out of your mind lately.”

“No sir. I'm fine. Put me back in.”

I walked back into the shop. People's heads rose and began staring. The machine that had caused the accident was taped off. Many of the faces shook in disgust. It was a welcoming sight. I went over to one of the guys who was having some trouble. “You need some help with that?”

“Get out of here Lawson. Nobody wants to work with you. Nobody wants you here.”

“Yesterday was a accident.”

“Do I look like I care? Get the hell out of here.”

The others began with the similar words. ‘Get out of here.’ It was sure welcoming. A great bunch of people.

There was a section of the shop that contained machines that people hardly worked on. The machines there were all low maintenance machines. People never went there and it was quiet and relaxing working there.

I saw no future in quitting this job. It was the perfect job for me. Close to home, nice people, and time consuming. I flipped all the machines on. I put on the earmuffs that were hanging around my neck on.

I knew I wasn't going anywhere. People could try to move me. I wasn't going to budge though.



James comments:
“Hemingway's style of writing often appears extremely simple. However, much of what he writes goes deeper. I wanted to imitate this by showing true emotions but trying to express them indirectly. Hemingway also uses very short sentences or long sentences connected by comas and 'and's. He uses few adjectives and adverbs. I tried to do the same. In reading his work, I realized that Hemingway is often times sarcastic. He will describe a terrible situation or scene in a seemingly positive way.”

Artwork by
Erika M.

Rice

by Sumina Murakami

Encircled by water
it was born there.
In a closed place
it became rice.

Being white and oval
was essential.
That's the rule, our common sense
since olden times.

Nurtured by air and water.
Always caring for each other.
Life and death
depend on little differences.

Vague sweet taste
brings out the goodness of friends.
The feeling of softness
is a sign of gentleness.

Improved each year.
Exported to the world.
But the root stays forever
the root of the island.



Onigiri

by Rico Hosomi

Cold,
Empty square room.
Desks,
Chairs, staring at me.
Smell of powdery white chalk.

Trying to blend in

Struggling to hide away

Talking in their eyes and minds
Thinking how to pretend to be blind.

Onigiri
We ate at lunch time
Soft, tender
And gentle taste.
Felt the heat of our mother's hands.

Sticking together softly
Containing subtle love and heat.

Smell of the salt

I felt the scent of my mother's perfume

Rico is in
SIS G10 (2009)

Pound it

by Ririrka Nakatsu



Pound it to get
our starch

We don't need any
Scissors, rulers, glue;
just needs pressure

Lots of grain,
Just one grain
For either lots or one,
cohesiveness

We were born
with the *ear*
at first we were connected
We lived in the group
put in the bag that always sticks
gather in everyone
But I was left all too soon

Hand in hand
Everyone knew the power
But now,
We don't know
how to say
Let's be hand in hand together

Play shove and push
We can make the starch
I can hear the song
Children singing over there

Let's pound large glue
It can make a stronger chain
We already have the power

Ririrka is from
SIS G10 (2009)

I was walking

by Yuka Matsumoto

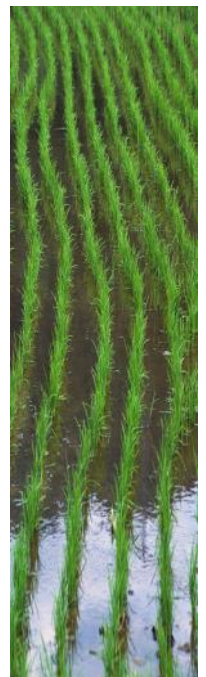
I was walking on the foot path
between paddy fields.
I found that
they
were all watching
me
with backs bent
like bows.

I was surprised,
they
were using polite language.
Talking about
preparation of
a happy harvest party.
Cannot forget being filled
with a feeling of
appreciation for god.
They told us
to raise a flag
on the day
people can rest
for deep thanks.

The enormous green
screen shows the person
who drowns
in the desire.

But
a man with wet sweaty shirt
cut them down
without any petty beef.
The man was praised by people
but his face isn't
smiling
He is brown
looks like
his ear.
He doesn't come out
of his shell
and chatter his
achievement.

Direct sunlight clings to
them
to give
a strong sticky energy.
The wind
from the desert makes
them
frank and dry.
But it leans.
They want it to be
a gentle temperature.
Don't go
outside.
Act with a smile.



Yuka is in
SIS G10 (2009)

Hangar 101

The year was 2132. Space Station Marlborough was the center of all interplanetary activity. It floated in between the Home World (Earth) and Mars, acting as a trading center. Colonists from Mars would arrive at the port to barter their goods for those from Earth. As a result, the station was in constant hubbub. Many officers and clerks had to organize this commotion and allow the transaction of trade to proceed smoothly. One of these officers was George Wilson, age 72. He was now sitting peacefully in one of the numerous control rooms in the space station, sipping away at a cup of Earl Gray tea. Everything about this man was prim and proper, and his uniform bore no wrinkles. He nudged the novel he had been reading a while ago aside, looking at the smudgy control screen. A transport ship was due to arrive in around 15 minutes, carrying three passengers and two pilots. A cargo of titanium metal was stowed on the ship, *Atom Daisy*, and it was to be sold to the space station as soon as the ship landed. As the ship entered the vicinity of the docking ring, a voice crackled through the intercom,

“This is *Atom Daisy* inbound for Space Station Marlborough. Do we have clearance to dock?” George Wilson placed his mouth near the intercom saying, “You have clearance to dock at Hangar 101. Please proceed, and welcome to Marlborough Space station.”

The *Atom Daisy* was a small cruiser with a large cargo hold and space for six passengers. Three tons of Titanium metal was a lot of expensive material, coming in from the private miner colonies on Mars. A certain degree of security was to be maintained once the ship docked at Hangar 101, as George couldn't afford to lose any of the precious cargo to thieves. Three policemen waited outside the airlock for the incoming cargo to be put in their hands. The radar bleeped and George Wilson opened the docking gate, as the *Atom Daisy* made its way towards the hangar.

The *Atom Daisy* was a worn-out vehicle, displaying some nasty burns and pock marks down its hull. Once the cruiser had passed through the energy field separating the hangar from space, it touched down with several thuds and clangs on the corrugated floor of the hangar. A walkway extended from the underside of the ship and two men walked down the ramp in quick, meaningful strides. The man in front was short and burly, carrying a spanner in one hand, and a mug in the other. His once blue apron had been stained with oil and grease, making it a dirty blackish brown color.

His companion, walking two steps behind him gave the impression of someone in high rank. He wore a blue suit and everything about him was flashy and important. His face bore a haughty expression and he looked about in mild disgust at the rather filthy interior of the hangar.

By the time George Wilson had made his way down to the hangar via elevator, the two men had alighted from the ramp, encountering the group of policemen. The old officer pulled out a clipboard from the dark recesses of his tidy coat and made his way towards the two men.

“Hello there, and welcome to Marlborough Space Station, Hangar 101. I will need to check the cargo and passengers aboard your vehicle. Which one of you is the captain of this vessel?”

The short, untidy man spoke up in a gruff voice. “Neither of us, dimwit, the captain is still aboard the ship.”

Officer George Wilson looked up towards the gangplank and saw another cluster of people exit the ship. One man, a woman, and an alien. The man was evidently the captain and bore epaulettes on his shoulders. He looked tired and descended the ramp slowly. The woman had long blond hair and looked very elegant as she glided down. She had a jaunty air about her, and she seemed to be in conversation with the Ravodian behind her, a large armor plated, rhinoceros-like being, with three horns on top of its head. This one was a dark green and strode down the walkway with confident steps. His head moved from side to side as he talked to the lady, taking in his surroundings. The passengers seemed to be a rather motley group, and Officer Wilson looked thoughtfully over each person. There's something wrong about this lot, he thought to himself, bringing out a pen to accompany his clipboard.



by Liam Kirwan

After Officer Wilson had followed standard protocol and checked the passengers and crew in, he went back to his office overlooking the hangar for a rest. The cargo was to be checked one hour later, and the passengers were allowed to amble through the crowded rooms and corridors of Marlborough station. All but one of the security personnel had dispersed, heading in their different directions. The hangar did not need much security anyway for all the doors leading to the hangar had been locked. A cargo of titanium metal was not to be fooled with. It was expensive material, and if any thieving individuals laid their hands on it, one more millionaire would be added to the galaxy's population. All the Titanium metal was to go the government directly, who would then sell it off bit by bit for a much higher price.

Officer Wilson made his way to the ground floor and proceeded to talk to the lone guard standing outside the ship. He was informed that Elena Blunt was at the market while Drangar Sim-Hol had departed towards the canteen.

One hour passed and all the crew but the captain had returned to the hangar. While one of the guards went out to search for him, the others and Mr Wilson began their check of the cargo. The interior of the ship was as old as the outside and many walls were covered in rust. The guards and Wilson checked the cargo, which seemed to be in order, then proceeded to check the other wings of the ship.

It was when one of the guards searched the cockpit that the captain's body was found. He was lying on the ground, face down, with a bloody head, and a spanner by his body. The spanner looked like it had dropped from the stack of precariously piled tools on a shelf near the roof of the cockpit. Officer George Wilson was shocked, but unlike the others he was intrigued by this death. Something wasn't right with this seemingly accidental death. What would make a spanner slide off a shelf if the ship hadn't been moving? What was the captain doing in the cockpit when everyone had seen him leave the hangar and not come back again? And most importantly, if the man had been murdered, by whom?

Officer Wilson gathered the guards in a circle, talking in a low tone. "Gentlemen, this is no fatal accident, this is murder." A few mutters emanated from the uneasy policemen.

"The murder must have occurred between 10:45 and 11:45. The cargo that was aboard this vessel is secret. No one other than the crew knew about it. This information leads me to think that a member of the crew murdered the captain," continued the officer.

The guards were suddenly alert and ready for action, starting to make their way back outside.

"Stop," Wilson demanded, "there is no need to try to catch him, or her. Whoever did this is clever. They wouldn't dare kill another person, or flee."

Officer Wilson proceeded to give each of the guards orders. Some were to cordon off the crime scene, notify the station commander, inform the passengers, and others were to help the police in their investigations. Wilson, in time of need, worked like a machine, giving out orders and he was everywhere at once. The guards admired Wilson's organization and got to work at once.

After the duties of the guards had been sorted out, George Wilson returned secretly to his office overlooking the hangar. He needed time to mull over the recent events with a cup of Earl Gray tea in his hands. Once in his tidy office, he rested back in his chair, looking at the commotion below, waiting for the water to boil.

Where had the captain been again? Oh yes, in Hangar 85. What had he been doing there?

The kettle began to whistle, and Officer Wilson made his tea, intent on finding the murderer of the unfortunate captain. The Ravodian would be the first to be questioned by the police who would soon arrive. Aliens were being treated badly every day.

After the police had conducted their own investigations, interviewed the passengers, and milled around for a while, they left the hangar, giving their information to Officer Wilson. Drangar Sim-Hol, the Ravodian, had said that he had been in the east section during the hour, eating his lunch in the cafeteria. His alibi was clear, the cashier had seen him buy his food, and anyone would recognize a Ravodian if he saw one. Elena Blunt, the only woman aboard the Atom Daisy, had accompanied Drangar for a while. Being a glamorous actress, she naturally headed towards the central plaza, wanting to see all the strange and exotic wares they sold there. Apparently, Drangar and Elena Blunt were acquaintances, acting in the same films from time to time. They were heading to Earth to act in an up-

Hangar 101

... continued

coming movie.

Jerry Roger, the third passenger, seemed somewhat suspicious to Officer Wilson. It seemed that Roger had taken an unnaturally long walk to the north sector of Space Station Marlborough. That sector was around 25 minutes away from Hangar 101. If he were to walk to the sector and back again, right on time, it would only allow him 10 minutes at the north sector. He stated that he had gone there directly.

Co-pilot Mickey was a different matter entirely. He had flown with Captain Ford for over five years now, taking cargo and passengers to Earth for his company. Mickey was the suspect with the prime motive. Throughout his career as a pilot, he had always been one rank below Captain Ford. Mickey always got the lower salary and did not have his own ship. This may have motivated him to kill the captain out of a craze for a better future. But why now? It appeared that Mickey had been in the café with Drangar Sim-Hol. The cashier had not seen him for Drangar had graciously bought both their meals.

George Wilson went over these little bits of information in his head. It just wasn't enough to come up with a reasonable hypothesis. He would have to investigate by himself.

After donning his neat cap and putting on his bland, gray jacket, Wilson made his way outside. No sooner had he stepped from the elevator than a guard scurried up to him saying, "The scientists have been inside the cargo hold and checked the titanium metal. It's 100% fake!"

Officer Wilson retreated a little and muttered a word of surprise. This information told the old man a lot. A criminal was among the crew and Wilson was intent in uncovering him or her. It seemed like the captain had suddenly realized during the flight that the metal was fake and had kept his realization a secret. Only when the crew was allowed to go where they pleased, did Captain Ford return to the ship in order to make sure it was really fake. Someone in the crew had kept an eye on the captain, and when the murderer got the chance, he or she followed and killed the man. It was only a conjecture made by the officer, and the question of who did it still remained.

Someone with big brawn could have lifted the spanner and taken someone's life away. Although this seemingly put Elena Blunt out of the picture, one could never be too sure. A person with enough malice could easily

hit someone so hard they died. The captain had been lying face down with a wound on the back of his head. This either meant the murderer had crept up slowly behind him and struck him dead, or the person who killed the captain was expected. Why would the captain be expecting someone if he had sneaked into the ship?

Perhaps someone he trusted, thought Officer Wilson, scratching his brow.

Wilson left that part of the mystery and went on to the whereabouts of each of the crew. Elena Blunt in the plaza, Drangar in the café, Mickey also in the café, and Jerry Roger in the north sector. That sector was a barren desert, with nothing to see but hangars and warehouses. Why would Jerry Roger want to go there? And why for only 10 minutes?

Jerry Roger was an aspiring young businessman whose stocks had recently plummeted. He was taking the trip to Earth, so he said, looking for a fresh start in his business. All very well, but what was he doing in the north sector? Wilson went over the possibilities. It all seemed very shady, but so was the murder. Perhaps the two were connected in some way.

After a rather unsatisfying lunch, Officer Wilson headed towards the canteen. It was a very crowded place, with pilots coming in every minute. The food was good and hot, being a pleasant change to the stale and repulsive space food a pilot would have to eat. The man behind the bar saw George and waved him over.

"Hi there George. I heard about the murder from one of the guards. Awful thing, murder. You on the case?" the man inquired gruffly.

George Wilson informed the bartender that he was there to collect clues and information, asking whether he had seen Drangar and Mickey here in the café.

"Oh yeah, I did see those two. Weird looking couple. They left this thing at the restaurant," the bartender said producing a worn out looking voice recorder.

George Wilson took it with interest, thanking the bartender and heading on towards north sector where he might be able to find some more clues. Jerry Roger had been there for 10 minutes. Not enough time for one to go looking around. Roger came here to do something, and did it fast. Wilson looked about for anything out of place.

by Liam Kirwan

Something caught his eye, a wad of green paper nestled between two large crates. Wilson bent down to pick it up and realized it was money. He sat down rustling the paper money in his hand. Then, suddenly it came to him. All the clues fit together.

The passengers had congregated in the hangar ready to listen to Officer Wilson's statement. Most of them suspected he would shortly reveal the criminal. Soon enough, Wilson entered the hangar with a group of policemen behind him.

"I'm afraid the game is up people. Everyone must stay except for Miss Elena Blunt," George said sternly. Two guards escorted Elena Blunt out of the hangar. Officer Wilson addressed Drangar and Mickey, "I have found a voice recorder belonging to you Mr. Sim-Hol. I was wondering what you used it for?"

The alien replied curtly, "I use it to practice my vocals. Now if we could hurry up, it's getting hot here." Officer Wilson snapped to attention. "Then why, Mr. Sim-Hol, does it contain the voice of Elena Blunt? The bartender at the café overheard your little conversation you know."

Drangar frowned and spoke up, "Elena had such a sweet and beautiful voice. I practiced my vocals with it."

"What about the fact that the bartender overheard you and Mickey here plotting to murder Mr. Harrison?"

The Ravodian became enraged threatening to punch Mr Wilson.

"We had it worked out, me and Mickey! You can't arrest me! I'll kill you all."

A policeman stepped in front of Drangar, aiming his pistol at the horned alien.

"You're under arrest," he began. "Anything you say may be used against you in evidence."

Mickey was looking down at the floor, sullenly muttering to himself, "Five years, me and Captain Harrison, five years."

Another policeman clamped the handcuffs on Mickey's wrists and guided him away. Officer Wilson turned around to face Jerry Roger declaring that he too was under arrest.

"What? I don't get it. Why am I under arrest too?" he exclaimed.

George explained about the wad of money and his realization of the fact that Jerry was doing trade with the gangster for fake titanium.

"You were in debt. What better way to get money than to trade fake, illegal items with rich gangsters?" Mr Roger was escorted away by two more policemen. Officer Wilson sighed and sat down on a small worn out crate, turning to face an apprehensive policeman.

"Yes? Anything you want with me?" he muttered tiredly.

The guard answered, "Um, I was wondering if you could explain to me how you worked it all out? I wish I could be as methodical as you."

Officer Wilson smiled and began to explain how he had gone around looking for clues. The prone body with the wound on the back of the head meant that the captain had been struck from behind. If the captain had snuck into the ship he wouldn't have been expecting anyone from behind. Not anyone he couldn't trust anyway. Drangar had probably used the voice recorder to study Elena's voice. Once he had quickly learned how to imitate Elena's voice he followed the captain to the ship with Mickey and killed him. The Captain didn't turn around when Drangar spoke because he trusted Elena and her voice.

Jerry Roger went to the uninhabited north sector to transact with the gangster. It was only luck that Officer Wilson found the wad of money. Jerry Roger was getting poorer each day. He resorted to crime in order to regain his lost money even though it was against his moral sense. The gangsters would have probably killed Jerry once they found out the titanium was fake anyway. The money Jerry Roger received would be then split between Drangar, Mickey and himself. Officer Wilson only managed to make Drangar confess when he lied that the bartender had overheard their conversation.

The guard took all the information in like a greedy vacuum. It was obvious he wanted to be just like old Mr Wilson when he grew up.

When the guard had left, George Wilson made his way to his office and sat down with a cup of hot, Earl Gray tea in his hand. The seat creaked as he reclined slowly. It wasn't every day an adventure like this came along.



Elementary School

Art work by:

Skye Ikeda

[left]

Sato Akeda

[below]

Edwin Olsson

[below left]



The Black Hole at the Center of the Universe

by Erika Miyoshi

A long time ago the night was very dark, every night. There was no moon and there were no stars. There was only deep darkness, so nobody wanted to go outside of their house. Except for one lady, who had long black hair. Every night she sat singing in the darkness, alone. She was the goddess of night and darkness, Mare. She was very beautiful, but it was not noticeable because her long hair hid her face, and because nobody had a chance to see her. She was there because she had to control the darkness of the night. She was alone.

Then one day, a little star strayed into the darkness, and heard Mare's song. Her voice was the most beautiful that the star had ever heard. A few days later, the star returned back to its own world, a place where many gods and goddesses lived. The star spoke about the song to Spica, who was the leader of all the stars in the universe. After she heard the story about the song from the star, she felt an urge to find out who sang the song, and also she wanted to hear the song. So the next night she ventured into the deep darkness. In the dark she could faintly hear the beautiful song, and she advanced to find out who was singing. Finally she found Mare, singing in perfect darkness. Spica had a lot of fun there with Mare, who felt relief from her eternal loneliness. They sang songs together. After that night, Spica began to visit Mare often, sometimes bringing many stars with her. They became good friends.

One day Spica returned to the gods' world. She talked about Mare to Luke, who was the god of light and sun. The story about Mare was pretty interesting to him, so he asked Spica if he could come with her the next time she visited Mare. Spica wanted to say yes, but she couldn't because he was the god of light. If he visited Mare, Spica was sure that the night would be destroyed by his light. He understood the reason but he could not abandon his idea so easily. So he asked Elena, who was the goddess of the moon, if she could visit there with him. If she can, he thought, I can hide behind the moon. At that time the moon only appeared in the sky during the day, and it was usually white. Elena acceded to his request. The next night, therefore, he visited Mare with Spica and Elena. When he met Mare he was utterly captivated by her beauty, and the beauty of her song. They fell in love. He began to haunt there every night. But Elena wasn't pleased, because she loved Luke too. She didn't want him to meet Mare anymore, so she decided to stop to visit Mare. If Elena didn't go, Luke couldn't visit Mare either.

Mare cried every day after Luke stopped visiting her. Her darkness became deeper and deeper. Finally the color of her tears turned into black to reflect the depth of her sadness. She went to a deserted corner of the universe to cry, where no-one would see her. There, her tears tinted the universe with the saddest black. Her flood of tears created a big black pond in that corner of the universe. The pond's depth reflected the depth of her sadness. She cried for many years. The pond grew and became deeper. Finally the pond could no longer carry the weight of her tears of sadness, and the bottom gave way. The pond became a powerful and deep black hole.

After that Mare appeared in Elena's dreams every night, to take out her sadness and anger on Elena. Elena called it her "night-mare" and she was afraid of it. The black hole started to drag everything nearby into its angry vortex. Elena could no longer sleep, so she across the world every night, nervously shining in the dark night to try and find Mare to say sorry. But she could never find her, because Mare was no longer there. She is in her deserted corner of the universe, still crying. Her tears sustain the black hole, which is still pulling nearby stars in. It tries to pull in everything, and one day hopes to capture Luke.

Penalty kick equals what?

Breaking away from conventional linear structures can allow writers to explore events from a number of different perspectives. Sometimes this is disorienting for the reader.

In a Grove, written in 1922 by the famous Japanese author Ryunosuke Akutagawa—the story on which Kurosawa based the movie *Rashomon*—looks at a murder from the perspectives of key players. And it reminds us that this technique is not new.

Isabella has taken such texts as a model for her own writing in this story about a fallen star of her sport.

Beep...beep...beep...beep...the constant sound of the heart monitor is buzzing through the frantic atmosphere of the cold white walled room. A woman is lying dead still on a hospital bed, the only movement coming from her chest, as she silently breathes. Outside the door, a man, her husband, stands nervously. He doesn't know what to think. Is it his fault? Could he have been nicer to her? Treated her better? His heart slowly sinks as he thinks of all the great times they had together, and now all the great times they will miss. Nearby, a woman stands alone, looking into the sadness of the black night. Not a star shines in the sky. Her mind is spinning thousands of words at once and she can't think. 'Money...banks...taking advantage...my fault...too much pressure...' She tries to ignore it, but the thoughts keep coming back to her. 'Is it my fault?' she says to herself as the tears fall down her cheeks like a rainstorm. As the woman squats on the floor, a group of men and women in suits come through the doors and head toward the room where the woman lay on the bed. They are rapidly talking on their phones, with stress evident in their voices. They quickly reach the window and look at the woman, their expressions change, and their faces fall. One by one they stop talking on their phones and look at the woman on the bed. They can't believe their eyes. Nobody ever saw it coming.

○ ○ ○ ○ ○

It's a perfect day for the championship game; the sun is shining like it's smiling right at me. The crowd is cheering like there is no tomorrow, and I can see the scouts watching every movement of every girl on the field. We are all playing our best; we all want the same thing, to play soccer professionally after we graduate from college. This is it, the last game of the season, the championship game. If I'm going to become a professional soccer player, this is it. I see the ball coming right my way; I do a perfect trap and dribble around the defender. I pass the ball to my teammate, sprint forwards and call for the ball. She does a splendid kick and it lands exactly where I want it. I'm just outside of the penalty box, lining up for a kick I fall to the ground as the whistle blows. A foul. A free kick. The scores are even, and there is less than one minute left in the game, and it's up to me to decide the championship. My future life runs before my eyes, it shows me everything I could have. I could become a famous. I could fulfill my dreams of becoming a professional soccer player. I could have it all. Only if I score. The umpire puts the ball on the spot, and I step back. But what if I miss? That future flashes before my eyes, I could have nothing. And without soccer, I wouldn't have a life. I look at my team; I see the hope they have in their eyes. I look at the crowd; they are screaming like crazy. The scouts are standing up to get a better view. I can start to feel the pressure. The whistle blows. I start my run up but before I reach the ball, I think, "What if...?"

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She lines up for the goal, and looks around the field. It feels very familiar, just like déjà vu. It's just like that game all those years ago, when she was only 23, shooting the penalty kick and winning the college league championship game. Was it only five years earlier that she had won that game that got her drafted to play for the USA women's team? The umpire blows the whistle, and she shoots. As usual, she scores. Her team mates run up to her and

hug her and congratulate her. Half of the crowd explodes with happiness while the others sit down in disappointment that their own team had just lost. She fakes the smile on her face, because she doesn't feel happy inside. Before shooting all she could think about was what the critics were thinking, wondering what awful headlines about her would be in tomorrow's national newspaper. She thought about her unfaithful husband whom she could no longer bear to be around. She thought about her mother who was depending on her soccer income. She never once thought about the happiness that used to come when she played soccer, because she had learnt long ago that happiness wasn't important in her life. The only thing that mattered now was that she did what she did best, and that was playing soccer. 'Joy' was just a word that hadn't existed in her world for a long time. 'Pressure' did though, and it basically controlled her life...

o o o o o

It might have been different.

Just another average day of her life. She woke up, had breakfast, went to work, came home and cooked dinner for her family. "It's the perfect life", she said to her husband that night. "I have everything I could ever want. I'm happy with my life; I have you and our beautiful child. And now to think that we will be blessed with another...I'm just over the moon." She continued with a huge smile on her face. Suddenly she feels a stabbing feeling in her stomach, it had been coming regularly these days. She sat in the closest chair and breathed slowly. "In out, in out, in out." She said to herself. She hated the pain for two reasons. First it made her husband nervous. She hated the expression that crossed his face every time the pain came. Also it reminded her of a day five years ago. It was the day that her future dreams were crushed. It was the beautiful day of the championship game, when in the last one minute, she got a penalty shot but missed. It was the end of her soccer career. Missing the shot had brought around the same stabbing feelings she had now, but the stabbing lasted for days at a time and wouldn't leave her alone. They only started to disappear when she met her husband and found that there was more to life than soccer. She hates remembering the pain she felt for years after that game. She would rather leave the past and move on the future. But now every time the pain occurs, even though it's a different pain, she remembers everything. The doctor said that she should relax when the pain comes because it could be fatal...

o o o o o

'Come on! Come on! You just have to score! If you score, you'll be rich. You'll make money! And you could share with me...yes, money is what I need! I'm already in debt to the bank, and if I don't pay by next month they will take my house. I'll have nothing. Come on Natasha, just score.' I said out loud to myself. I just need my daughter to score. I can't believe that this will decide not only her future, but mine too. I told her about my conflicts with the bank. I told her that I needed the money. I hope that she understands how important it is for her to score. This is the moment that will decide everything. It's the sunny day of the college league championship game, and my daughter was just given a penalty kick. I look at the television screen with amazement. She scored! She just scored! For sure she is going to get a contract with a top team. I told her how important it was to win..... Was it only yesterday that all my troubles were over? Yet this morning it's all over the news, 'A rising star has fallen!', 'How could someone on top go so far down?'. She wasn't careful enough! What was she thinking? Walking down the stairs in the pitch black of the night? She's so inconsiderate! She

doesn't think of anyone else but herself! She fell down the stairs and broke her knee. She will never be able to play soccer again. She has just thrown her life down the toilet by her stupid behavior! It was only yesterday that she was a star, but now she is a nobody. It makes me sick in the gut to think that yesterday I was out of debt, but today I am back in debt. It's only 10 in the morning, but I reach into the glass cabinet and pull out a cup and the bottle of whiskey...

The Sporting Times Editorial

14th September 2010

Super Star Breaks Down

Just last week, we were notified the supreme soccer player, Natasha Taylors, had been rushed to hospital after an overdose of painkillers, cocaine and depression pills. Today we were notified that at 8:42 pm, the skilled 38 year-old had past away. It's a depressing time for not only her family, but for all of America as she was the captain of USA women's team and was their best striker.

The story of the tragic ending started five years back, when she was given the chance to change her life. She was given a penalty kick. Not only did she score that goal, which made her college win the championship game, but she also made a very good impression on the scouts.

In the next month, she was drafted into the USA women's team. She was the first ever student to come straight from collage into the USA women's team. She was a legend in the making. After just one month of practice with that team, she went into the reserves. Then

three weeks after she became part of the team. In just as little as three months after her last college game, she played as a starting member of USA women's team.



Over the course of the last five years, Natasha found her true love, Matt Taylors. 'It was like love at first sight,' she said after one of her best games three years back. They got married in the summer of 2009. But if only their love was true.

Early last month Mr Taylors' scandal was released into the press; he was having an affair with Mrs Taylors' best friend, Jane Marian. However this event in Mrs Taylors' life didn't affect her games, she still played like a super star. "Yes, he had been cheating on me for the past year, but what can I do? What's done is done. I will just hope to progress in

my soccer career," said Mrs Taylors when asked about the affair.

But as we can see now, this event did affect her emotionally, and maybe led her to commit suicide.

Questions need to be asked about family pressure. From very early on in Mrs Taylors' soccer career, everyone knows of her generosity toward her mother, Jo Dickens. This money allegedly went towards paying off the debts to the bank. But her moth-

er led a lavish lifestyle. This put enormous pressure on Mrs Taylors to play well and to win. When Taylors was asked about her mother, she said, "Yes, I do everything I can to help my mother."

Tomorrow we must pay our respects to the famous soccer player, Natasha Taylors, and we must admire all her accomplishments in her short career. "She was a fantastic soccer player," says her coach, John Little. "It's such a shame that her family problems led her to stop playing. But who knows, maybe she is a goddess of soccer in some other world..."



Linocuts are a development of woodblock print techniques. In these designs the artists apply the ancient techniques to familiar activities.

Hinata Kondo [Top right]

Saki [Above]

Izumi Kawa [right]

“A Thousand Words”

by Liam Kirwan

Historians draw on many different kinds of primary sources. Liam shows us that careful observation of a photograph can be a key to unlocking the past. We might linger over the photo depicted here in a gallery, but for the historian it is like an archeological dig.



This photograph was taken in New York, January 25th 1908.

It shows three people, two children and a woman, sewing garments. They sit in a small semicircle backs arched, faces down, sewing cloth. The little boy on the left looks to be around eight or nine years old and has his back resting against the small crib that may or may not contain a small infant. His eyes look sullen and tired, his head bent down towards the laborious and repetitive work he is forced to do.

The girl in the center of the picture is also sewing with head bent down in fatigue. Her hair is pulled back and the light on her face shows sorrow. Her complexion resembles the woman on the right, probably indicating that the three workers are related to one another. The girl seems to be about 12 or 13, and her black dress makes her seem as if she is part of the garment.

The adult on the right is more distinct, with lighter clothing. Her head is also bent in resignation and despair, hands working robotically at the garment she is producing. Her face is slightly shadowed, perhaps showing contempt towards the factory owners who force her to work day in, day out. The mother looks middle-aged with wrinkles on her forehead.

The place in which these three workers labor is either a home or factory boarding house. The threesome is forced to make garments even after factory work hours. The room is cramped with a large crib, overflowing with completed garments, resting in one corner. Both finished and unfinished garments are strewn here and there across the small room. The curtains are pulled neatly up, and the window is open letting a little air in. The walls of the room are grimy and worn. There seems to be some sort of picture hung up on the right wall, very close to the woman's head. In the center of the photo, a small, wooden stool sits in front of each of the garment workers. A cardboard box is lying atop the stool, filled with sewing tools.

A War

poem by Shuzo Tani

Lewis Hine photographed these three people in a way that brought out the full meaning of their actions and raised awareness for anyone who looked at it.

If you look, Hine has photographed the workers in such a way that their feet can not be shown. He does this with many of his photographs, trying to make the worker seem as if she or he is part of the machine, or cloth in this case. The woman is wearing a large dress that looks like another garment she is producing. The girl is wearing black, blending into the shadows around her. The little boy on the left is sitting with a piece of cloth draped over his legs. This makes him look as if he is coming out of the garment. The workers are all faced towards each other, as if in prayer. Heads bent, eyes down, they seem to rely on each other for support. They all face the stool in the middle, cuddling in with each other. This unity and support towards each other shows the potential strength workers can have in numbers.

The emotion coming from this picture is sad and melancholy, reflecting the look on the workers. The viewer of this photograph can sense the cheerless feelings of each of the workers and sympathize with their despair. The shadows create a sense of gloom, further adding to the poignancy. Their downward faces, solemn eyes, and creased faces just go to show the hardships workers have to go through each day just to earn enough money to survive.

This photo of New York Garment workers sewing feverishly away at extra cloth is just one example of what type of photograph Lewis Hine took. He photographed factory workers, miners, shoe shiners, weavers and engineers, to illustrate the destitution that workers experience.

His weapon of choice is the camera, and as one wise man once said, a single picture paints a thousand words. Lewis Hine is silently protesting and raising awareness for the contemporary worker.

Lewis Wickes Hine
(1874 – 1940)
was an American
sociologist and
photographer.
Hine used his
camera as a tool for
social reform.

His photographs
were instrumental in
changing the child
labor laws in the
United States.

Wikipedia

A War

He stares at a wall, fingers running frantically at the buttons.
He will give anything to defeat this new enemy.
He bangs and curses with no avail.

Mother intervenes, saying
“Why are you always like this?”
And promptly unplugs the cord.

The virtual enemy disappears as the computer dies.
Time and energy lost, with nothing gained.
So much for computer games and war.

Shuzo Tani

Do you want to hear a story?

My Sister's Story

One day, in the near future, but still on Earth, there lived a nice young girl named Scarlet. She lived happily, except in bed where, her sister May told stupid stories and gave Scarlet a big headache.

Finally, one day, she had enough. So she wrote down plans. They said:

1. Run away.
 2. Act like sleeping.
- She thought for a while, and wrote,
3. Give up.

But then she erased it. Her mom called, "Sleep time Scarlet!"

Then Scarlet made her move. She tried to run away, but before she could get out of the room, her sister caught her and pushed Scarlet into the bed. She tried number 2 on her list and pretended to be sleeping.

May jumped on Scarlet saying, "Wake up sleepy head! I'm going to tell you a story!"

Then their mom came in their room, holding two pairs of ear plugs, and dropped one pair and left.

Scarlet grabbed a pair and put them in her ears, laughing. She went to bed. She did not hear a single bit of her sister's story.

So now, when her sister tells a story, Scarlet has her earplugs in.

by Rachel Ninomiya

Milkshake

"MILKSHAKE!"

"Hurry up," I said to my mom.

"Ok, ok, don't rush and keep your shirt on!" shouted my mom.

I jumped out of the car. When I was about to reach for the last strawberry milkshake at the store, Dad called out, "Help your baby brother unbuckle his seat belt."

"But...but...but the last milkshake!" I argued.

"No one is going to buy it and keep your shirt on!" said my dad.

I ran as fast as I could, but when I pressed my baby brother's seat belt button a boy popped his head out of the store entrance door. He had grabbed the milkshake!

"NOOOOOOOO" I screamed.

The boy said to his mom, "Can I please buy this?"

"That's the last treat, ok?" answered the boy's mother.

Then my baby brother started to laugh.

By Jenifer Menezes

Soccer crapshoot

"It's world cup soccer tomorrow," Maurice said. "I just wish I would know who would win."

"Let's go ask someone," Arash Said.

So the boys went up to Mr Whistle's office, but he was with Mr Parker in Starbucks.

"How about we go ask Mrs Barret, she always knows the answer to everything," Maurice said. So they went up to the library to ask Mrs Barret.

"Mrs Barret, who is going to win world cup soccer tomorrow?" Maurice asked.

"Well, nobody knows the answer to that. I guess you will just have to wait until tomorrow to see for yourselves. Anybody could win. It's a crapshoot," she said.

by S. Arash Rezazadeh Hejazi

[Names are real, but this is a work of fiction]



Stitch Adventures

Most kids don't believe in monsters, but sometimes they exist.

One day I was playing with my friends Taiki and Daiki. We were shooting a toy gun at some cans and bottles.

My mum said, "Taiki and Daiki, would you like to spend the night at our house?"

by Elementary 2009-2010 Grade 3 students

“Okay,” they agreed. So Taiki’s mother brought the clothes for the sleep over. Our moms talked, and they decided that we had to get a good night’s sleep. Our bedtime was 10:00PM.

That night we played night hide and seek. We were hunting for cans that my mum had hidden around the house. We found two cans. We kept hunting. We crawled across the tatami toward the television. We peeked behind the TV and there was the third can! “Yay!” I shouted. “We found it!”

“Uh...” said Taiki, pointing to something.

We looked. It was a monster!

I grabbed the toy gun, and aimed at the monster. Click. But of course, nothing happened, because a toy gun isn’t strong enough to hurt a live monster.

Daiki grabbed for the monster, but at the last minute he pulled his hand back. It was shaking.

“We need help,” I said. “Let’s get my mom.”

“No!” they shouted. “It’s after 10:00pm and we don’t want to get in trouble for staying up too late.”

The monster was glaring at us, so Taiki suggested we get out of there. We ran outside. Near the river by my house, we hunted around for a weapon. We only found a dirty old Stitch doll.

“This old doll can’t help us,” complained Taiki.

“Yes, I can!” we heard a strange voice.

We turned our heads. It was Stitch! He came alive to rescue us!

“Follow us to the monster,” we cried.

Back in the living room, Stitch grabbed the toy gun and put a spell on it. Three more guns appeared, all of them were real! We all aimed our guns at the monster.

Bam! Bam! Bam! We shot. He crumpled and fell. He disappeared.

Thanks, Stitch,” I cried and turned around to give him a high-five. But...he wasn’t there anymore. I looked around.

There he was, sitting in the corner of the sofa. Small, furry, dirty, and old. Just a doll.



“Help Us! Doraemon!”

Yesterday, when Jenifer was playing at my house, and we had a fight!

“Hey! You know, my mom bought me five packs of Doraemon stickers that glow in the dark!” I shouted.

“So? You are such a show off! My mom bought me a Doraemon pen that glow in the dark!” Jenifer answered.

“You are such a show off!” I argued.

“No, you are!” Jenifer screeched.

And then, we heard a strange noise. “It’s coming from the closet,” whispered Jenifer.

Doraemon burst through the closet and said, “Stop fighting about something so silly, girls. You are supposed to be friends. I have presents for you guys!”

Jenifer and I opened our presents at the same time. They were fancy pens.

“I got a babyish one,” I complained.

Jenifer got a cute one. I wanted to trade with her, so I asked, “May I please trade with you?”

Then she answered, “Ok...”

“Yeah,” I shouted.

“I’m sorry for what I said,” Jenifer said.

“It’s ok. Let’s be friends again!” I said.

Thanks to Doraemon, we became friends again.

By Selen Puretip

Artwork

Dogs by Mira Ishikawa

Kite by Sakina Mithi

By Rizumu Kishi

Osaka Olympics

I was standing at the starting line waiting for the starter's gun to off. I was trembling because I was nervous. It was a hot sunny day and I was sweating. Suddenly Mr Parker's gun shot! I was at the Osaka Olympics doing the 400m run.

I started to run. A lot of kids pushed me so I was behind. As I ran across the curve I looked over to the crowd. Some were jumping up and down. Next I was running next to the crowd. I heard the 4th graders shouting "Mia, Mia, Mia, Mia!" because she was in front.

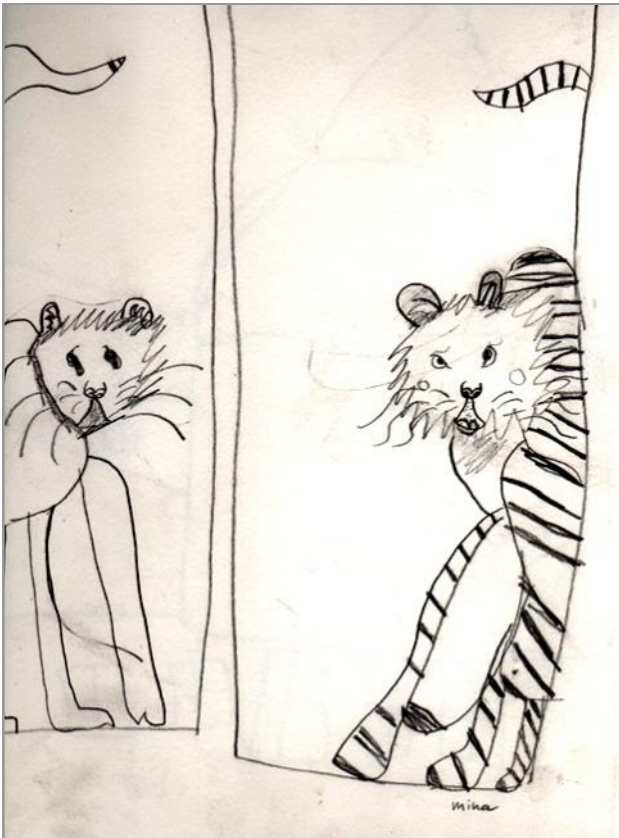
Then I saw Jenifer pass her! Now we were running around the second lap. I was still behind! We were close to the sand box! I took a deep breath and I started to run faster.

I passed Seo-yeon, then Mia, but Jenifer was running really fast and I was out of breath! I kept running and Jenifer slowed down a bit. I tried to pass her, but she ran right in front of me so I had to run around her. I was only five meters away from the finish line! I heard my friends calling "Niki, Niki, Niki!"

I got a 1st place ribbon!

When I grow up I hope that I will become a fast runner and be in races with people all over the world

by Niki Heimer



Artwork by *Mina Allen*

Buy Dogs Not Monkeys

Should you buy monkeys for in the house?

No!

Dogs are obedient, cute and smart but monkeys steal things, have short tempers and *bite* people so I think dogs are better to buy.

There are some bad things about dogs. Some dogs might bark at you or might bite you, when they don't like what you do to them. We also need to take them for a walk everyday even on rainy days.

There are some good things about monkeys too. First they are intelligent like humans. We don't need to take them for a walk and they live longer than dogs.

I think dogs are better to buy than monkeys because monkeys can get naughty but dogs make you feel relaxed all the time and can be our good companion.

by Soratsu Shimada

At this moment

... a film script

CAST :

VLADA TRAVINSKA : 24 years old, fashion designer, single. She tends to escape from reality when something she hates happens.

DARREN SMITH : Vlada's ex-husband, re-married.

ERIC TRAVINSKA : Vlada's father.

LENA TRAVINSKOVA : Vlada's mother.

OLGA VEGA : Vlada's best-friend, and colleague: 24 years old, calm, always takes care of Vlada.

SCENE 1

In Prague, the Czech Republic. At a park, near Darren's house. Vlada is sitting on a bench crying. Her makeup is coming off with tears. She's holding a picture of herself and her ex-husband, Darren. Olga, her best friend is sitting next to her and rubbing her back. Vlada looks at the picture.

VLADA: I still remember this clearly... *(she sighs)* It was on this bench at this park, when Darren gave me an engagement ring. *(She looks at her third finger.)* We were in a romantic mood and I felt really happy that he swore to me... that he would stay with me forever. And I thought I didn't need anything but him. *(As she rubs his part in the picture smiling.)*

OLGA: Oh c'mon. You've been divorced for two years now, remember? You have to get over him!

Vlada frowns.

VLADA: I know, but my feelings are still the same! Maybe his are too.

OLGA: No it's impossible. Because he is re-ma...

VLADA: Don't wanna hear it! *(She covers her ears)*

OLGA: Vlada... I understand how you feel but... he has already moved on. He has a

new family. How about YOU? You need to move on, too. *Vlada stares at the picture.*

OLGA: You don't need to rush. You have plenty of time, but think carefully. Encourage yourself to move on. *(serious voice)*... Oh I've gotta go babe. *(Looks at her watch and starts packing).*

VLADA: Okay. I'll stay here for a while to think about what you said.

OLGA: Alright. *(As she leaves the park.)* Go home soon though, Ok? *(She leaves)*

Vlada sighs deeply. She stands up and starts walking to a house. She looks at the nameplate on the house. It says "Smith Family. Darren, Karen, Christina."

VLADA: My name... It's gone..

She takes out keys from her bag and tries them all, but they don't work.

VLADA: What the...? *(frowns)*

A woman with a baby in her arms comes out.

D'S WIFE: Do I know you? Please get away from my house.

Vlada is shocked.

VLADA: *(Her voice shakes.)* I don't believe this! This is my house.

D'S WIFE: What are you talking about? I live here with my husband and kid. Please get out, otherwise I'll call the police.

She slowly leaves the house.

NE 2

At Vlada's office at noon. She's working on the computer. The phone rings and she picks up. We hear Lena's voice on the phone.

VLADA: Hello? *(As she drinks a coffee)*

LENA: It's me...Mom.

VLADA: Oh hi, long time no talk, Mom. *(happily).*

LENA: Sorry to call the phone in the office, but this is kind of an emergency.

VLADA: Mom? You OK? What is it? *(She puts down the coffee cup and looks serious)*

LENA: Dad's ill. He's in the hospital.

VLADA: Oh... What happened to him?

LENA: Let me talk about it when you come visit him. When can you come?

VLADA: Can I let ya know when, later? It's gonna be soon though. The boss is calling. Talk to you later. Love ya Mom.

She hangs up the phone.

SCENE 3

Vlada is at home, chilling out with Olga. Her house is really messy.

VLADA: I think I'm quitting this job, you know.

OLGA: What happened?

VLADA: I hate the boss, he treats me like a slave or something. Doesn't he know how to make a coffee? *(madly)* He needs to understand that I am busy. We both have about the same amount of work everyday.

OLGA: He's your boss; it happens. *(calmly)* Be patient, and you'll get bonus credit.

VLADA: Oh shoot! *(Remembers something)*

OLGA: What's wrong?

VLADA: I told my mom I'd call her back, but I didn't.

OLGA: Do it now then.

VLADA: It's midnight, I'm sure she's sleeping.

OLGA: Maybe she just wants to hear your voice. Wanna call

At this moment

... a film script

her now?

VLADA: No, she called me for an emergency. I don't feel like talking about deep stuff right now, I'm tired.

OLGA: What do you mean by deep stuff?

VLADA: My dad is in hospital.

OLGA: Oh no! I think you'd better call.

VLADA: I'll do it tomorrow.

OLGA: OK, hope he is fine.

Vlada's cell phone rings.

VLADA: Hello Kathy, what's up?

KATHY: Hey. What are you doing for your week off next week?

VLADA: Oh is it next week? I thought it was the week after next.

KATHY: Yes, it's actually next week. Thank me for reminding you man.

VLADA: Yes! Thanks I'm so happy now. I've not planned for it yet. What are you doing?

KATHY: I'm going to my villa in Switzerland with my friends. You wanna come?

VLADA: Oh my god, that would be so much fun.

KATHY: Call Olga too, and please come together.

VLADA: Yea, OK, thanks darling.

KATHY: Pleasure. Text ya later then cya!

VLADA: Cya!

Vlada hangs up.

VLADA: Hey did you know we don't have work next week?

OLGA: Yeah. I think you are the only who didn't remember. Kathy's voice is so loud isn't it? I could hear everything she said! So, this Switzerland stuff?

VLADA: Oh, hahah. Yes. Can you come?

OLGA: I'd love to go with you. But, um, don't you need to go visit your dad?

VLADA: Um, yeah I have to.

OLGA: Why do you say you HAVE TO like that? It's a good chance to go and care for him, no?

VLADA: I'll just talk with my mom first and decide what to do.

OLGA: OK. Sorry, I'm not you so I shouldn't say such things..

VLADA: It's okay.

SCENE 4

On Wednesday, during lunch, at a coffee shop in Bern. Vlada and Olga are sitting and talking.

VLADA: *(To the waiter)* Um, you speak English? Two cappuccinos please.

WAITER: Sure.

OLGA: This coffee shop is gorgeous. *(Surprised)*

VLADA: I like it too. *(She looks around)* And Bern is beautiful. It's now become one of my favorite places. And shopping! *(surprisedly)* Like shopping malls and outlets everywhere. I bet Kathy and her friends are shopping like crazy now.

OLGA: I know, I wonder where the money comes from. *(She opens her wallet and counts how much she has.)* I have only 150 Euros left, damn. *(She covers her head with her hands.)*

VLADA: Yep...*(looking at the cell phone and makes a sad face.)*

OLGA: Aren't you worried about your dad?

VLADA: A bit. But I don't know what's happening there anymore. So I'm trying not to worry about it.

OLGA: When was the last time you spoke to them?

VLADA: When Mom called me at the office.

OLGA: Oh wait... So you decided to come here without contacting her first?

VLADA: Um, yes... but let me explain.

OLGA: Yea.. I'm listening.

VLADA: I'm a bit afraid to hear about his illness from her, and I'm afraid to see my mom concerned so much about him. And my dad suffering in the hospital. *(Really sadly, almost crying.)*

OLGA: Oh... *(She hugs Vlada)* Then, I can't say anything... But they are your parents. You are a member of the family. You are the one who can do something for them right?

VLADA: Guess so.

OLGA: Go visit them first. I know it's hard, but just don't think of anything bad until you see them. You can't run away from this, you know?

VLADA: Ok.. I'll do it when I get back to Prague. Thanks, Olga.

SCENE 5

On the last day of the stay in Kathy's villa in Bern. They are playing cards at Kathy's villa.

KATHY: I won! Yay! *(She throws the cards and starts dancing on the bed.)*

VLADA: God, it's so boring that Kathy always wins this game. Let's do some other games. *(Angrily but half laughing.)*

OLGA: Yeah, let's do a game which she is not good at. *(Calmly)*

KATHY: You guys, pay me money. You owe me my winnings. *(Huge smile on her face.)* Hahahahaha.

OLGA: I didn't know you were such an evil person.

KATHY: Whatever you say. You promised! Too bad! *(she puts out her tongue at Olga)*



by Haruno Sugimura

VLADA: I hate you Kathy! Ha-hahhah *(people laughing)*

Vlada's cell phone rings.

VLADA: Hello?
: Oh, I'm sorry I didn't ca..
: You are kidding..
: No... no... no... I don't believe...

Everyone stops laughing and pays attention to Vlada.

VLADA: Mom, I'll come today..

Vlada hangs up the phone.

EVERYONE: What happened?

OLGA: Was it from your mom?

Vlada nods.

VLADA: Olga...I need to go now.

OLGA: I'll search on the computer and get the plane ticket.

VLADA: Thank you...*(crying)*

SCENE 6

At Lena's house. Vlada meets Lena and they hug. They sit on the sofa and Lena starts talking.

LENA: He was calling your name all the time at the hospital. *(Calmly)* But he didn't tell me to call you, cuz he didn't want to bother you. *(Smiling)*

Vlada cries.

LENA: Ok, let's go to say hi to him.

They stand up and get in the car.

SCENE 7

In front of Eric's grave. Vlada puts flowers on the grave.

VLADA: *(Starts crying)* I'm sorry dad... You won't forgive me right? I couldn't be there when you needed me. Although I had a chance to come and support you... I'm really sorry... You always encouraged me when I said I wanted to quit jobs. You always gave me cheerful words that I needed at that moment. I never gave anything back to

you.. I'm sorry dad...*(Crying, touching his grave.)*

LENA: *(Rubs Vlada's back.)* Vlada... Don't blame yourself... You know what he used to say to me? "I'm proud of our daughter. I'm happy she became a wonderful fashion designer." *(She looks at Vlada's face, smiling.)*

VLADA: Oh... Are you still proud of who I am now? *(Talking to his grave.)*

LENA: Of course he is. *(She hugs Vlada.)*

Vlada starts writing something on the paper.

VLADA: This is how I will be. I swear to my dad that I will never run away from difficult situations again. I will be strong. You will be my guardian angel who will always look at me from the sky. I love you dad. *(She kisses the grave and she puts the paper on the grave.)*

SCENE 8

She's at her house. She takes every picture of Darren from the wall and throws them away. Then she starts writing a letter to him.

VLADA: *(Smiling)* Finished! Mom! Where are the stamps?

And she leaves her room.

Camera zooms in and shows what the letter on the desk, says clearly.

It says, "I'm glad that I had a precious time with you. But now I can go all by myself. Thank you. Be happy with your new family. P.S. Here is the engagement ring that you gave me. Since you bought it for me, I felt I should give it back because I don't need it anymore... Do whatever you want with it. Vlada"

The End



Bad style: a capital crime? by Steve Lewis

The back page will become a regular column dedicated to matters of language and grammar.

Steve Lewis is the ideal person to start. He is currently leading work on a stylebook for the school.

If readers have questions about language usage or grammar please send them to *Tango* and we will follow them up in this column.

Next time:
The full stop
(or should that be
"period"?)

Tango: the name of this magazine. The tango: a form of dance. *Tango*: the Japanese word for "word". Dancing with words, an ideal title for a literary publication produced in Japan. The dance itself, I understand from reading the ultimate lazy person's online reference, originated in Uruguay and Argentina in the second half of the nineteenth century. Since then it has gone on to develop in ways that those who danced the early steps would never have imagined. Whatever the style people choose to use, and there are many of them, those who know about each one will be passionate about the right way to do it, the right way to hold things together or to let things flow. The best dancers will understand this well; they will stick within the form of their chosen style and interpret it in a way that seeks perfection within the form. They will dance with style.

The best writers do the same. Often their dancing will be unmistakable, and they won't put a foot wrong. What makes good style? Why can some authors get away with never using a question mark in their writing, even when writing questions? (I can't.) Why do some make liberal use of semi-colons, colons, dashes and more and yet others get away with only occasional use of a comma? Most of us aren't good enough to decide by ourselves and need some guidelines for how to write things. This is why we have English teachers. Well, one of the reasons anyway. They show us the steps we can take and help us to string things together in a way that conforms to a style.

Newspaper, magazine, and book editors understand the difficulty of doing the different dances. They know that there are different styles and they generally adopt one to follow. They call this their "house style". Often these follow certain national guidelines; there will be trends that are common amongst American publications or British or Australian ones that are correct, but only within the national borders. To try and find a style that everyone agrees with is a tough task. Here at SOIS we are publishing to an international community. What style should we adopt? It is hard to find one to settle on, but a good starting point might be that of the United Nations. Everyone agree? Now we need to change all our publications to have British spelling, the default for the UN. Change all our computers to use British English spellchecking...

I'll leave spelling for now though: too hard.

Capital letters should be easy enough. Proper nouns, months, days of the week (but not seasons), titles of publications (except for conjunctions and short prepositions), and so on. Plenty of guidance around on the internet.

Or is that the "Internet"? Now such a common thing to reference that although there is a non-specific term internet, I don't know anyone who uses the word to mean anything other than the big one we all use on a daily basis and that saying "the internet" is not going to cause anyone any confusion. My personal guideline to simplify where possible if the meaning is clear says no capitalization in this case. But I lose out here, the UN says "Internet" with a capital I.

Maybe we should ask the president for help? Which president? Who are you thinking of now? President Obama, the president of the United States? President Deiss, the President of the United Nations General Assembly? More likely the former perhaps, but in the US, according to the Associated Press, the organization which gives widely followed guidelines to the newspaper publishing industry, the word president only takes a capital when it precedes a president's name. The UN however says different and goes with a capital for heads of state, so it would be President of the United States. My personal feeling is to go with the AP's advice, but if, here in school, we were to adopt the UN's guidelines, I'd have to capitalize. As an IB school, maybe we should follow the International Baccalaureate's guidelines instead? If we did, we'd be back to president with lower case.

So, you see, it is hard to decide what to do. Maybe we should have our own guide and then we'd know the steps of our own dance: SOIS Style.