

METAPHORICALLY

An anthology of creative expressions by students, teachers and the community
at St. Anthony's Canossian Secondary School

Foreword

My family had little in the 60s and 70s. I have learnt from young that inspiration comes in different forms and it is largely up to us how we want to grow, tap and work on our inspirations.

Rediffusion was a constant companion which exposed me to the different Chinese dialects when I was young. My love for Cantonese opera grew as I listened to the many competent and talented artistes. My command of the Chinese Language also steadily improved and the deep-seated appreciation of Chinese Culture led me to pursue a Master of Arts in Chinese Culture when I was working in Hong Kong.

The National Library, Queenstown Library and school libraries were my favourite haunts. Today, I still frequent our well resourced libraries. Reading has remained my hobby and I am grateful for that. I read both English and Chinese materials. I am comfortable with both the traditional and simplified Chinese forms. It is mainly through reading that I strengthen my language competency and learn many new ideas.

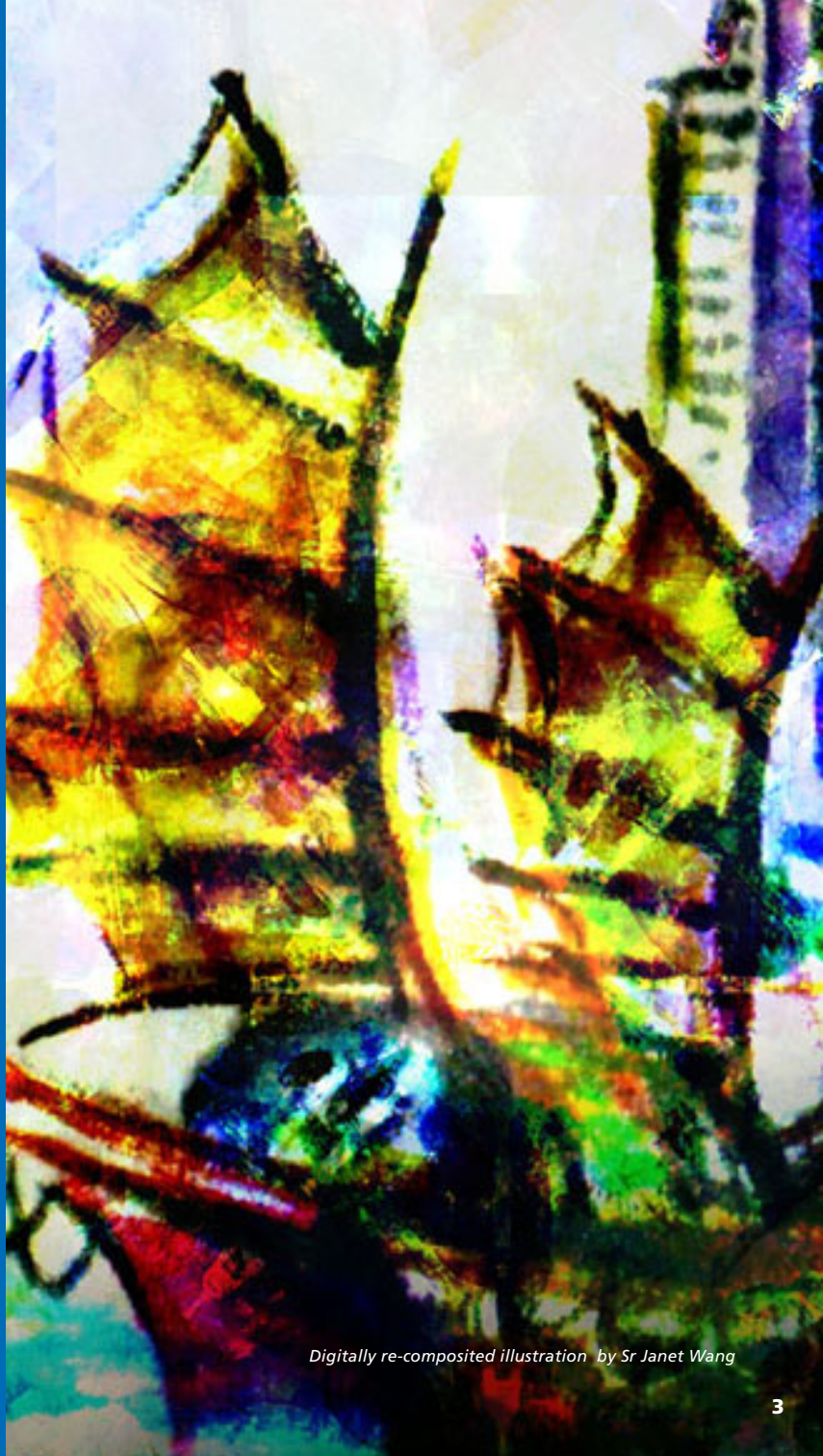
Metaphorically is the school's concerted effort to put together a SG50 celebratory publication that showcases literary and art works of our students, colleagues and stakeholders. We hope to inspire the readers through the encouraging accounts of the past and to ignite aspirations for the next 50 years. Besides adding a meaningful dimension, the accompanying thematic illustrations also provide a colourful vividness to the editorial content.

My best wishes for a pleasurable read.

Mak Lai Ying

Principal

“ We hope to inspire
the readers through the
encouraging accounts of
the past and to ignite
aspirations for the next
50 years. ”



Digitally re-composited illustration by Sr Janet Wang

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The background is a complex collage of various images. The top half features a large, vibrant, abstract pattern with a central bright white and yellow circular motif, surrounded by swirling colors of blue, green, and purple. Below this, there are several rectangular panels. On the left, a person is shown from the chest up, holding a large professional camera to their eye, set against a warm, orange-toned background. In the center, there's a dark, moody image of a building's facade. To the right, a traditional Chinese pavilion with a curved roof stands on a wooden platform overlooking a body of water under a blue sky. The bottom of the image returns to an abstract, colorful pattern similar to the top section.

Embracing the Can-do spirit

– the qualities of courage and drive

百字令 秋绪

By Wang Shi Min 王时敏 (Secondary 4/6 – 2015)

This is a 100-character poem depicting the poet's lonesome journey in a canoe. As she cruises along the river, an overwhelming feeling of loneliness is intensified by the quiet river banks. The poet laments about the difficulties in finding a confidante who is able to appreciate and comprehend her (music). In the end, the poet crushes her flute, wipes her tears and leaves without looking back.

独
游 弋
深 秋 水
一 叶 孤 舟
只 影 潭 中 映
是 谁 枉 然 凝 立
一 袭 白 衣 随 风 起
隔 岸 但 闻 丝 竹 寥 寥
烟 雨 湿 眸 更 有 谁 人 问
唯 曲 瑟 瑟 待 君 至 谱 成 歌
抚 古 琴 谁 解 高 山 流 水
怕 难 觅 知 音 如 子 期
倾 心 至 此 情 难 抑
怨 缘 分 不 由 己
随 手 碎 短 笛
抬 袖 拭 泪
望 不 忆
往 昔
离



Photo by Wang Shi Min (Secondary 4/6)

I hear you, you hear us too

By Mrs Grace Heng, Ms Marina Samuel and Ms Sonia Sharma

St. Anthony's Canossian
Secondary School
(SACSS) has been
helping students with
hearing impairment (HI)
for more than 25 years
to facilitate their
integration into society.

In September 2010, the school was officially designated as one of two secondary schools for students with hearing impairment, using the Natural Auditory Oral (NAO) approach. With funding from MOE, the school engaged two support teachers to provide additional coaching in English and Mathematics to the HI students during their Mother Tongue periods to allow the students to bridge knowledge gaps. As support teachers, we also conduct Reading and Individual Conversations with the students on a regular basis so as to enhance the students' listening ability, develop conversational skills and increase their vocabulary within a natural language setting, as well as build up the students' confidence in using their voice and hence, enhance their confidence in speaking to people.

The NAO approach operates in a common environment for both students with hearing loss as well as those with normal hearing. It also emphasises and uses to the fullest whatever residual hearing the students may have. As such, the approach is akin to a way of life rather than an educational method. The aim is to provide as many opportunities to ensure that our students integrate well into the mainstream environment. All our HI students are required to use their hearing aids and/or cochlear sound processors and FM receivers during lessons. The equipment serves to amplify the teacher's voice and enables the HI students to hear the teacher.

At SACSS, the Canossian values are embraced school wide and have enabled and empowered these students with qualities that are needed to integrate beyond the school environment. The school has equipped HI students to become independent and contributing adults in society at large. As social acceptance by the normal hearing peers is what HI students are most apprehensive about, the school discourages our HI students from using Sign Language as it has been shown that the students tend to lose their ability to speak once they start signing.

Being part of the HI support team, we have had the opportunity to interact with these students at a level where they are able to share their joys and sorrows with us. It makes us really happy to be able to connect with these students who join secondary school with a lot of apprehensions and develop self-confidence and self-esteem by the time they leave school. It is indeed a "calling" to teach special needs students. In giving, we have received much more at SACSS. The privilege of teaching the students during each small group session has also strengthened bonds, emotional security and developed character in both students and ourselves.

In 2014, MediaCorp accorded one of our former HI students, Ms Lily Goh, with the Singapore Woman Award. Lily co-founded Extra Ordinary Horizons in 2011, a social enterprise that serves to promote the arts, culture, heritage and language amongst people with hearing impairment. Another former HI student, Ms Ginny Ong Jing Yun, is a board member of iDeaf-Connect, the first Deaf Social Enterprise which was set up in October 2010 and is run by and for persons with Hearing Impairment. Another student, Lim Jin Wen, went on to pursue a double major in NUS after she graduated from SACSS. Jin Wen attained a Bachelor of Engineering (Environmental) with Honours and a second major in Business Management. Many other HI students from SACSS have also found success in different walks of life. They have overcome adverse conditions and achieved their goals with their can-do spirit.



Illustration by Ms Chia Sui Yoon, Art Teacher, SACSS

The Canossian Presence through the years

By Mrs Mary Ann Joseph and Mrs Susan Lopez

Two schools in one,
a modest building in Middle Road.
A chapel and convent within the school
Shared facilities within physical constraints no doubt
The spiritual presence prevailed
The Sisters, Simplicity and Charity
was the mainstay of the Canossian education
Compassion and Pride of our Identity ruled the day.

The spiritual fervour still endures today
With prayer, quiet time and self-reflection
Though the Sisters are running thin
The challenges –
multi-media facilities, overload of information,
spiritual fervour, dysfunctional families
Relationships form and
We march on courageously

One Canossian we aspire to be
To nurture well – informed Women of Integrity
Whose sense of curiosity and compassion
Sees them through the day
Bridging the gulf within us
One for Eternity.

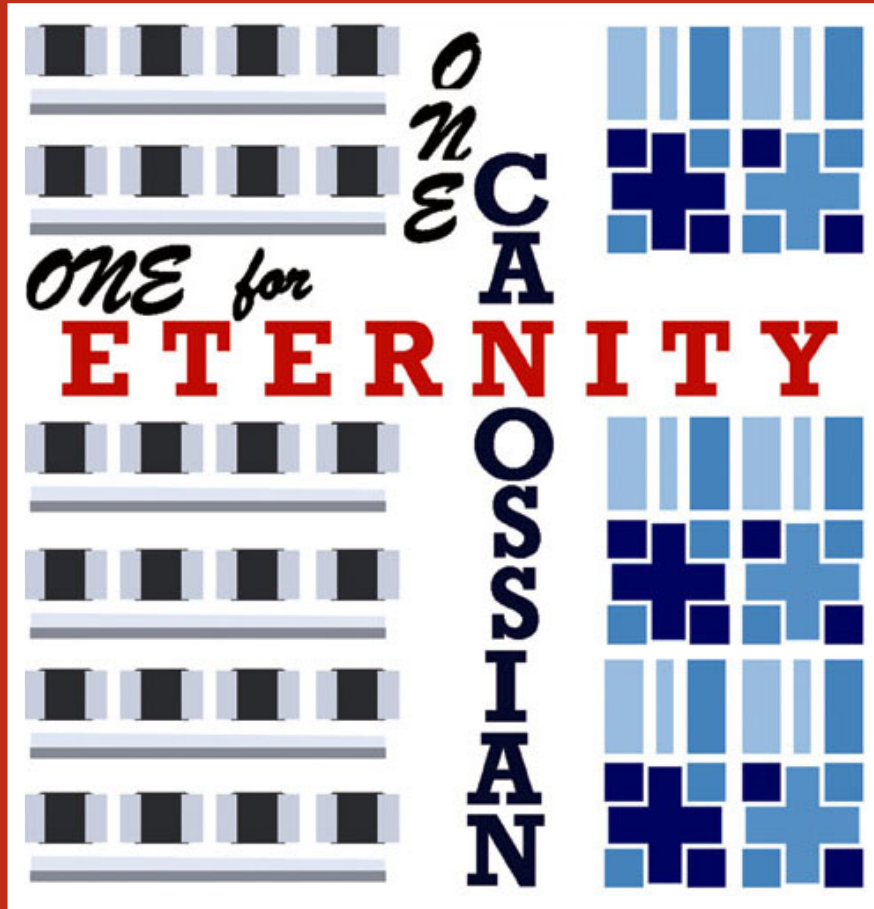


Illustration by Ms Amanda Choo, PE Teacher, SACSS

The Canossian Presence throughout the years –

The coloured squares represent the change in the physical building from Middle Road to the Bedok compound. Beyond that, the negative (empty spaces) created by the outlines, colour and shape, form a cross which signifies the spiritual presence that is ever present and central to the school. This cross is also made up of the words 'Canossian' and 'Eternity' in a way where the meaning behind these words transcends both the horizontal and vertical dimensions of the cross.

2015 从新出发

By Li Wei (Teacher) 李伟 (老师)

时光荏苒，在新加坡已三年有余。

一切皆因华语而结缘，大学毕业前的一次偶然机会，我来到了这个从地理课上得知的国度，成为了一名我期盼已久的对外汉语教师。

之前从未走出国门的我，没有料到，第一次的目的地竟然是五千公里以外的新加坡。出发前的那个夜晚，我一个人静静地待在房间，对未知的期待与想象，对家人朋友的不舍和留恋，让我辗转反侧，夜不能寐。

初到异国他乡，没有了亲人和朋友的陪伴，工作几乎占据了我生活的全部。第一次踏入圣安东尼女校时的欣喜，第一次见到同事时的羞涩，第一次步入课室时的紧张，第一次……太多的第一次，开始了我的华文教学之路，也开启了我在新加坡的新生活。

渐渐地，工作越来越得心应手，身边的朋友也多了起来。新加坡给予我的，不再只是一个憧憬、一份工作、一处容身的住所。而此刻，我才真正地融入了这块神奇而美丽的土地。

新加坡之于我，从一个背包、一架相机开始。我执着于用相机定格每一次温暖的遇见，用双脚丈量每一寸饱含深情的土地。执着皆缘于内心的热爱。我愿带着这份爱去真诚地感知我工作的城市，记录我眼中的狮城。五十年，新加坡从风雨中走来，也一路昂首高歌。与你的相识仅仅三年，我只能用我的相机去寻找你的过去，去想象你的变化和艰辛的过往。

如今，新加坡于我而言，不仅仅是一个国家，一座城市，也是心灵中最柔软的地方，最温暖的所在。每年假期短暂的离开，我都会习惯性地想起我的朋友，我的同事，我的学生，也会习惯性地关注新加坡所发生的点点滴滴。

2015，对你，对我，都是新的开始，让我们从“新”出发。



Illustration by Ms Fiona Chiu, Art Teacher, SACSS

Menyusuri sejarah. *negara tercinta*

By Cikgu Norliza Mohd Ali,
Cikgu Nurfaeza Rahmat,
Cikgu Suzana Mohamad Nor,
Cikgu Nurul Huda Muhammad Yassin

Composed by a group of Malay Language teachers, the *pantun* traces the history and development of Singapore when it was known as Temasek to the present.

Terpahat sudah di dalam sejarah
Tercatat nama Pulau Temasek.
Rakyatnya hidup aman sentosa
Tiada yang ganggu tiada yang usik.

Singgah Sang Nila dari Sri Vijaya
Gagah perkasa lagi berani.
Kelibat Sang Singa mencetus idea
Kota Singa nama diberi.

Pulau di hujung Selat Melaka
Tempat berlabuh pedagang asing.
Membawa barangan pelbagai aneka
Untuk dijual orang sekeliling.

1819 kota moden tercipta
Atas wawasan Raffles sendiri.
Inggeris menakluk tanah tercinta
Titik bermula rakyat dijajahi.

Gajah dan gajah asyik berjuang
Pelanduk mati alangkah malang.
Kota Singa tanah cemerlang
Jadi rebutan kuasa terbilang.

Segala takdir sudah tersurat
Usah dilawan tiada berkat.
Rakyat sengsara hidup melarat
Makan disukat suara disekat.

Tarikh kenangan 14 Februari
Menjunjung cinta kasih sejati.
Leftenan Adnan mengorbankan diri
Pertahan maruah ibu pertiwi.

Hancur bahtera dipukul badai
Panjarwala mati bergelimpangan.
Di medan tempur nyawanya tergedai
Agar terjulang panji kemenangan.

Sinar harapan kian bercahaya
Lenyap sudah segala keruan.
Bersama atasi jerih dan payah
Rakyat jelata raih kemajuan.

Berdebat lantang anak watan
Menegakkan hasrat yang hakiki.
Terpisahny kita sudah suratan
Tiba masanya berdiri sendiri.

Kekata disusun penuh hemat
Elok diucap penuh manja.
9 Ogos sentiasa diingat
Lahirnya negara bersemangat waja.

Suara laungan penuh lantang
Membakar semangat pemuda pemudi.
Merah, putih, sabit dan bintang
Merdekalah rakyat dan ibu pertiwi.

Tanah air berkembang maju
Nama disebut di persada dunia.
Jasa perintis dikenang selalu
Nilai bakti tiada terhingga.

Aman makmur rakyat jelata
Puncak jaya bersama didaki.
Lima dekad merdekanya kita
Tiada putus dikurniakan rezeki.

Perginya pemimpin diratap pilu
Jasa dikenang penuh sendu.
Titik merah ini akan terus maju
Selagi rakyat sentiasa berpadu.

Fikirkanlah...

By Erni Ezzanie Bte Abdol Hamid (Secondary 2/8 - 2015)

This poem encourages one to think about the happenings in the world, good and bad, and use them as a reflection to improve oneself.

Wahai sahabat

By Deborah Ann Punnoose George (Secondary 2/5 - 2015)

This poem advises one to always think positively of others instead of looking for other people's flaws. It also encourages one to seek God's blessing not His wrath.

Fikirkanlah...

Sinarnya mentari menyinari bumi

Fikirkanlah...

Kelamnya awan saat guruh berdentam

Fikirkanlah...

Mereka yang merana dilanda derita, duka, nestapa.

Kita masih terbaring, masih terbaring

menghitung detik setiap saat hingga akhir
amanah hari ini

dilangsaikan esok

tanggungjawab semalam

terkubur dalam-dalam.

Carilah mutiara

pada diri seseorang

Bukan kecacatan

yang ada padanya.

Carilah keredhaan Tuhan

supaya hidup

sentiasa tenang

Bukannya kemurkaan

yang mengundang

kehancuran.

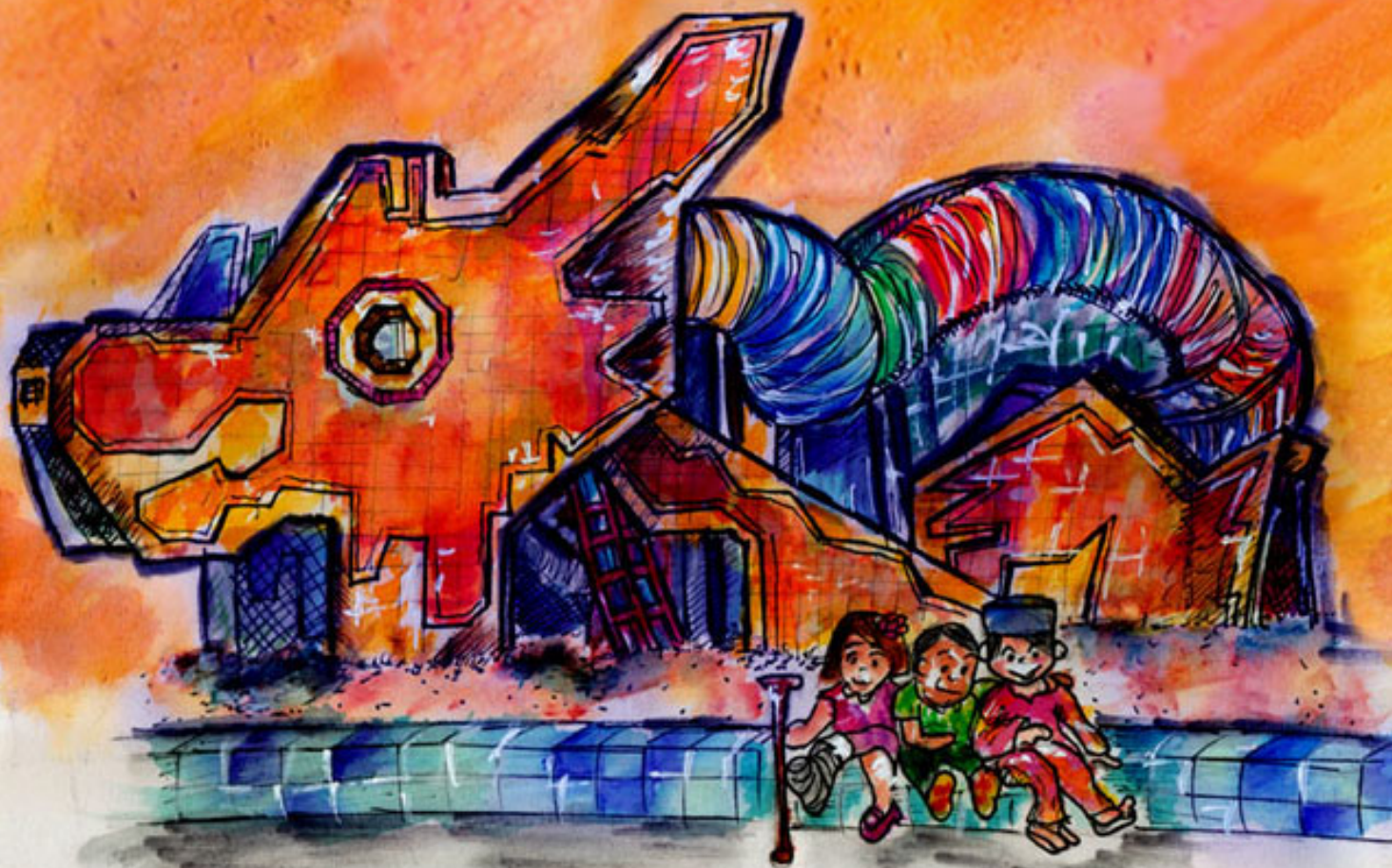


Illustration by Mr Muhammad Nasiruddin Bin Abdul Razak, Art Teacher, SACSS

Hari kebangsaan, hari kebanggaan

By Insyirah Bte Iryadi (Secondary 2/8 – 2015)

This poem celebrates patriotism and encourages one to commemorate the nation's independence with pride and always be ready to sacrifice to defend its sovereignty.

Merah putih
berkibaran di serata tanah air.
Hari ini hari lahirnya.
Hari negaraku merdeka.
Hari negaraku bebas.
Hari negaraku mencipta nama di persada dunia.
Marilah berjuang
membela nasib negara
yang tercinta.



Honouring Other-centredness

– the virtue of being respectful and considerate

My dearest

By Leila Victoria M. Bustamante (Secondary 5/2 – 2015)

“You have to be strong.” They say.
I hear a familiar voice
whilst upon a bed in which I lay.
The consequence of my choice,
to be in a state of sleep,
however conscious at the same time.
That constant vexatious ‘beep’
gave him hope that I’ll be ‘fine’.

The sounds – the voice – are all gone.
My ‘body’ can’t feel anything, nada, zilch.
I’m sure he, without any doubt will mourn,
thinking about it, I’ve got nothing but guilt.
Leaving him companionless and grieving,
but money wasn’t going to be a problem.
Hopefully he could move on, if he’s willing.

It seems I’ll have to leave him – no ‘them’,
they’ll be happy, I guarantee they will.
He’s affectionate, unyielding and mine
as the very man who lifted my veil.
Surely he can endure for the time,
at the very least for her sake.

I’ll have to get going now,
I’m so sorry for the heartbreak.
Please remember our very vow,
to be there for our precious little girl.
I’m sure you’re going to be the best,
and the one for our lovely angel
I love you, farewell, My Dearest.

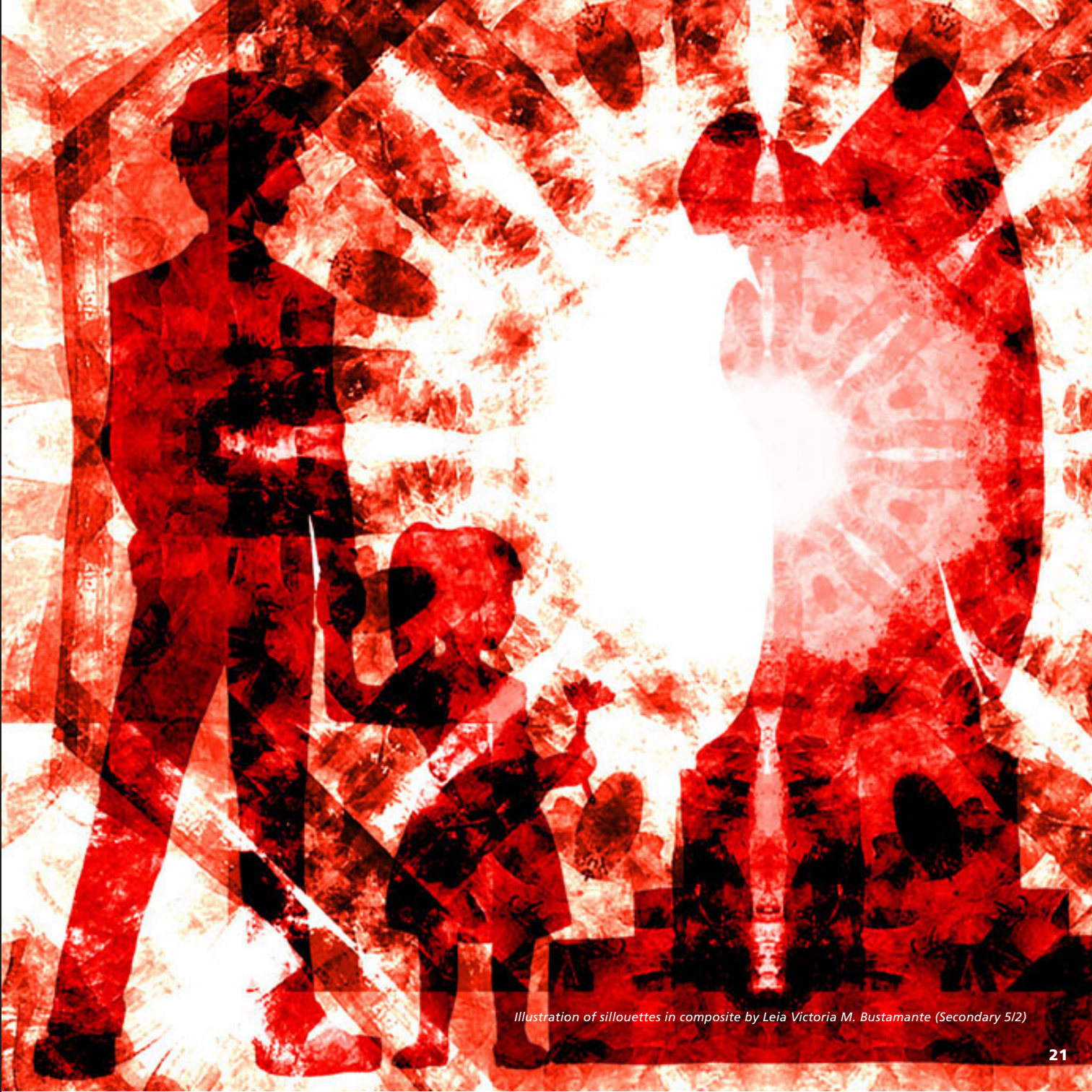


Illustration of silhouettes in composite by Leia Victoria M. Bustamante (Secondary 5/2)

The stuff Nilas are made of...

By Mrs Jannine Kuah, Ms Tiffany Cheok and Mdm Kee Mooi Thiam



On Thursday, 22 January 2015, all Secondary 3 students were tasked to make a Nila – the official mascot of the 28th SEA Games – to be presented to the athletes. It was certainly a memorable experience for the students as most of them had never done craft work like this before.

As this was held as part of the SG 50 celebrations for 2015, the students were truly enthusiastic about having the opportunity to play a momentous role in the Make-a-Nila activity. Besides stitching together the mascot, the students added a personalised touch to their hand-sewn creation by writing an inspirational message over the clothes of the stuffed mascots.

At the start of the activity, the students were confident that it would be an easy task to stitch and put together the mascot with the kit that contained all the materials needed such as the needle, thread, stuffing and markers along with detailed instructions on how to put the mascot together. However, the challenge that arose was translating theory into practice. The teachers, including ourselves, overseeing the activity were quick to realise that many of the students had not handled a threaded needle before this – let alone the actual sewing! And so we proceeded to provide the students with a crash course on sewing and hand stitching on the spot! It proved to be a great bonding experience between us and the students.

The process of stitching the Nila together was a strenuous one because the students needed to be precise about where to make the next stitch, how to stuff the mascot and ensure that the Nila was neatly finished. To motivate the students to complete the task with pride, the participants were told that those who did a good job in putting the Nila together would get to present their handiwork to the athletes personally. Upon completing the activity, various groups of students took pictures with their mascots to display their labour of love.

The activity was a unique opportunity to witness the students working together to complete the task and helping each other out along the way. Besides bonding with our students, the teachers provided support where necessary. In the end, everyone gained a sense of pride from the fulfilling experience, while others picked up a new skill.



The purpose and drive of volunteering

By SACSS Canossian Co-Educators, 2015

Mother Teresa mentioned eloquently that “Love remaining by itself has no meaning. It has to be put into action and that action is service.” We, as volunteers, are love in action for our children.

As parents, we are responsible for the upbringing of our children. This responsibility is also a privilege. Regardless of our status as working professionals or busy homemakers, we can all contribute by volunteering in different ways – in tandem with the school to provide a more holistic education for our children.

When we serve as volunteers, we also gain insights into school life and as a result, get to know our children and their teachers better. It also gives us a better understanding of their emotional wellbeing and empowers us to provide both the teachers and our daughters with the support needed – after all, our girls spend a significant amount of time in school.

By volunteering our time and service to the school we are walking the talk of giving back to society and hopefully, instilling the virtue of other-centredness in our girls. We strive to be role models and catalysts to ignite the spark and kindle in our children a commitment to love, care and service to others.



Illustration by Daisy Ng Sudheeran, Canossian Co-Educator, 2015

the small act

By Min Kwok (Secondary 4/6 – 2015)

Growing up, Mother always told me that my best is good enough and that only I have the true ability of achieving impossible things, as long as I put my heart in it and never stop trying. What could one possibly want, being told that at five years old?

Taking Mother's philosophy to heart, I ransacked my little mind for ideas. What do I want? I took my brother's Blue's Clues notepad and a red crayon and started listing down possible ideas. To be quite frank, I never understood what my mother was telling me. I stood a metre tall, weighed less than a flowerpot, so how was I supposed to relate to all this? Nevertheless, the list read like this: 1) Be able to jump as high as Tigger. 2) Own a goldfish just like Elmo's. 3) Donate to a charity. 4) Talk to fairies. Excited about my plans, I rushed to mother and showed her the list, gleaming with pride. After going through my list, mother laughed and replied, "Great ideas," while shaking her head.

As I grew up and out of my childish phase, I soon forgot about my list. I realised that fairies exist only in the realm of fantasies, and that Dorothy the goldfish was made out of felt and sticks, and the most heart-breaking discovery of all – I did not have springs for a tail.

Having ruled out the seemingly far-fetched notions, I began to contemplate my idea about charity. As a primary school student, I did not have a lot of money to give. Everyday I received \$1.50 – just enough to purchase a cup of Milo and a steaming hot bowl of *wanton* noodles. I was determined to save up enough money to fulfil the last feasible option on the list. From that very day onwards, I set my heart on scrimping and saving for charity. I brought my own food to school diligently every single day, drank from the water cooler whenever I could, and saved the money that I did not use. At home when Mother was busy clearing the dishes after meal time, I would pour out all the shiny, glistening coins and count them. The last thing I wanted was for Mother to know that I had been saving every penny, for fear that she might reprimand me for not eating enough during recess. She has always been more than passionate about making me grow taller since I was, and still am, quite petite.

One time, I told her that I was not hungry and she went on for what seemed like forever, mentioning things from my brittle bones to ingrown toenails. After that horrifyingly prolonged discourse, I told myself never to mention hunger or the lack of it ever again.

It was towards the end of the year when I had finally saved up enough. I cheered and celebrated, patting myself on the back for the achievement. It was at that moment when I realised that I had no idea where or who to donate my money to. I finally mustered up enough courage to approach Mother, piggy bank in hand and heart pounding within me. As I inched closer, Mother shot me a very stern look. I could feel my lungs contract. I gulped.

"What is that for?" She asked, looking me up and down. I answered, "I want to give this to some place that needs it more than I do." The anxiety soon faded as Mother smiled graciously at me and touched my head. "I know, my daughter. Where did you get so much from?" I timidly owned up and told her how I saved up. "I am sorry, Mother. All I wanted to do in life was to talk to fairies, and jump far and high. I knew some of these things were frivolous. But I still wanted to do something meaningful. I know I am small, I know do I cannot give much but I hope with my sincerity I can somehow help someone." At this point, I was on the verge of tears, not knowing how Mother would respond.

"How much do you have?" Mother popped the question while wiping the tears off my face.

"\$102, that is around seventy days or so of saving," I replied. There was silence.

"I'll match it." I looked at Mother, confused by the unexpected reply. What was she implying?

"You thought you cannot achieve much, my love. But look, you have! Not everyone is cut out to do great things. Not everybody has the means to do much. You may be little, but you have committed to this small act with great love. I am proud of you. Now you have \$204 to give to your charity of choice. You are my little Tigger who has achieved higher things, and you have managed to jump so far!"

Mother was grinning from ear to ear. Her love and pride at that moment gave me a feeling words cannot describe.

Her maxim has been etched in my mind since then. Do your best in whatever you do, be it big or small. That is always very important. It is the quality and not the quantity that matters. Anyone can do anything as long as they are prepared to do it with great love.

“ You may be little,
but you have committed
to this small act with
great love, I am proud
of you.”

Sesi temu bual dengan Cikgu Mahani

*Dihasilkan oleh Puan Aznah Hj Kilali, Cikgu Suzana Mohamad Nor dan
Cikgu Norliza Mohd Ali*



An interview with Cikgu Mahani, a former Malay Language teacher who taught in SAC for 39 years before she retired in 1996.

Pada 13 Februari 2015, bertempat di sebuah flat di Bedok North Road, Cikgu Aznah, Cikgu Suzana dan Cikgu Norliza telah berkesempatan untuk menemu bual seorang guru pesara dan warga emas yang amat dihormati serta disayangi lantaran sumbangan bakti yang tidak terhingga banyaknya beliau curahkan kepada SAC. Beliau Cikgu Mahani. Berikut ialah sedutan daripada temu bual kami bersama Cikgu Mahani.

Bila Cikgu mula mengajar dan kemudian bersara?

Cikgu mula mengajar pada tahun 1957 dan bersara pada tahun 1996. Ini bermakna, Cikgu mengajar selama 39 tahun.

Bagaimanakah pelajar-pelajar dahulu semasa Cikgu mula mengajar?

Dahulu, pelajar-pelajar yang mengambil Bahasa Melayu tidak ramai. Hanya kira-kira 15 orang pelajar dalam satu kelas. Mereka ini semua baik-baik dan amat menghormati guru-guru.

Pelajar-pelajar ini terdiri daripada bangsa India, Serani dan beberapa pelajar Cina. Apabila Singapura bergabung dengan Malaysia di bawah satu pemerintahan, barulah bilangan pelajar ini meningkat dalam setiap kelas.

Pelajar-pelajar ini disatukan dalam kelas mengikut peringkat. Dahulu, tiada 'streaming' atau pengaliran pelajar mengikut kemampuan akademik mereka.

Boleh Cikgu ceritakan sedikit tentang pengalaman Cikgu sebagai guru?

Sebenarnya, sebelum mengajar di SAC di Middle Road, Cikgu mengajar di sebuah sekolah rendah di Geylang. Setelah beberapa tahun, Cikgu bertukar sekolah kerana sekolah itu mahu mengurangkan bilangan guru Bahasa Melayu. Selepas meninggalkan sekolah Geylang, barulah Cikgu masuk ke SAC. Pada masa itu, hanya Cikgu seorang, sahaja guru Melayu yang mengajar di SAC.

Semasa baru-baru di SAC, Cikgu dihantar oleh Kesatuan Guru-Guru Melayu Singapura (KGMS) untuk mengikuti kursus di Sekolah Melayu Kota Raja pada setiap hari Sabtu untuk belajar cara-cara mengajar dengan baik.

Bagaimanakah Pengetua SAC pada masa dahulu?

Dahulu, semua pengetua merupakan seorang biarawati atau 'nun'. Tempoh berkhidmat sebagai Pengetua di dalam setiap sekolah ialah lima tahun. Selepas tamat tempoh lima tahun, Pengetua akan bertukar.

Apakah subjek lain yang harus diajar selain Bahasa Melayu?

Selain Bahasa Melayu, Cikgu harus mengajar Latihan Jasmani (PE). Cikgu masih ingat lagi, kawan baik Cikgu, Puan Manu yang sama-sama perlu mengajar PE. Semasa mengajar, Cikgu akan memakai kain sarung dan Puan Manu memakai kain sari. Cikgu tidak boleh melupakan peristiwa Cikgu dan Puan Manu ditegur oleh mendiang Encik Quah kerana berlari dengan memakai sarung dan kain sari.

Berapakah gaji yang Cikgu terima pada masa Cikgu mula mengajar?

Pada mulanya, Cikgu menerima gaji sebanyak \$111 sebulan. Gaji diberi secara tunai dan dimasukkan ke dalam sampul surat. Beberapa tahun kemudian, dengan pertolongan pihak KGMS, gaji Cikgu dinaikkan kepada \$126.

Namun, Alhamdulillah, Cikgu dapat bertahan sebab rumah Cikgu dekat dengan sekolah dan pada masa itu, Cikgu belum berumahtangga.

Setiap kali dapat gaji, Cikgu akan membeli kain yang dijual di lorong-lorong berdekatan dengan sekolah SAC di Middle Road. Kain-kain ini Cikgu beli untuk dijahit sendiri. Namun, guru-guru sekarang mungkin tidak ada masa untuk membuat itu semua. Semuanya dibeli sahaja di kedai.

Apakah guru-guru dahulu perlu mengikuti kursus?

Ya, perlu. Jika tempoh kursus itu selama 15 waktu, kami akan diberikan elaun. Ada satu ketika, walaupun dalam keadaan mengandung, Cikgu tetap mengajar pada waktu pagi dan kemudian menghadiri kursus pada waktu petang. Namun, Cikgu gembira dapat menghadiri kursus.

Dahulu, SAC ada apa yang dinamakan guru-guru 'floating'. Kadang kala, Cikgu perlu mengajar sesi pagi sahaja dan ada kalanya kedua-dua sesi pagi dan petang.

Apakah Cikgu mengalami tekanan semasa mengajar dahulu?

Dahulu, keadaan tidak begitu tertekan. Namun, kami tetap ada pemantauan pengajaran dan pembelajaran di kelas oleh ketua jabatan. Semasa dalam latihan, Cikgu dipantau sebanyak tiga kali dalam satu penggal.

Cikgu juga perlu mengisi buku rekod pada setiap minggu. Cikgu akan menulis pelajaran yang akan diajar selama satu minggu ke dalam Buku Rekod yang perlu dihantar kepada Pengetua. Dahulu, semuanya kami tulis. Komputer jarang digunakan, tidak seperti sekarang.

Cikgu juga perlu membuat tugas lain seperti menyiapkan kertas soalan, atau memeriksa buku pelajar. Selalunya, Cikgu akan membawa pulang ke rumah dan menyemak buku pelajar di rumah kerana tiada masa di sekolah.

Apakah Cikgu ada anak-anak atau cucu yang bersekolah di SAC?

Ya, ada. Anak Cikgu cuma Hanizah seorang yang menuntut di sana. Cucu-cucu Cikgu pula seramai empat orang yang menuntut di SAC. Mereka ialah, Nurul Huda, Dania, Nurul Nazihah dan Nurul Amirah.

Mengapa mereka dihantar ke SAC?

Kebetulan, SAC berdekatan dengan rumah Cikgu atau rumah mereka. Selain itu, SAC merupakan sekolah di mana semuanya pelajar perempuan.

Siapakah di antara pelajar Cikgu yang berjaya menjadi Pengetua?

Sr Cecily. Sehingga sekarang hubungan dengan Sr masih terjalin rapat dan Sr akan menziarahi Cikgu pada setiap hari raya.

Siapakah kawan-kawan sejawatan yang masih rapat dengan Cikgu sehingga sekarang?

Puan Kana, Puan Manu, Puan Wong, Encik Frederick dan ramai lagi. Sehingga sekarang, hubungan kami masih rapat. Setiap hari raya, mereka akan datang ke rumah Cikgu.

Apakah perbezaan di antara pelajar dahulu dengan pelajar sekarang?

Pelajar-pelajar dahulu baik-baik semuanya. Mereka amat menghormati guru. Mereka tidak akan memekik-mekik apabila berbual.

Selain mengajar, apakah Cikgu ada membuat kerja sambilan?

Cikgu memberi kelas bimbingan kepada seorang pelajar yang tinggal di Queenstown. Satu bulan, Cikgu dibayar \$25.

Kadang kala bapa kepada pelajar Cikgu yang bekerja sebagai penjual buah akan memberi Cikgu buah-buahan untuk dibawa pulang.

Apakah dahulu ada lawatan sambil belajar?

Ada, tetapi kami hanya pergi ke kawasan-kawasan di sekitar Singapura, misalnya di Taman Bunga (Botanic Gardens).

Berapa ramai guru lelaki di SAC?

Pada mulanya hanya seorang, iaitu, mendiang Encik Quah. Kemudian, barulah ada Encik Frederick. Lama-kelamaan, bilangan guru lelaki di SAC bertambah.

Kenangan manis yang tidak dapat dilupakan

Bagi Cikgu, apa yang paling tidak dapat Cikgu lupakan ialah hubungan yang erat antara kawan-kawan seangkatan dengan Cikgu. Hubungan kami sangat rapat. Kami seperti adik-beradik. Kami tidak pernah bergaduh dan semuanya saling menolong tanpa mengira bangsa dan agama.

Persahabatan yang terjalin antara Cikgu Mahani, Puan Kana dan Puan Manu, payah untuk dilupakan. Cikgu juga sering dikunjungi mereka pada hari raya. Selain mereka, Cikgu juga masih sering dikunjungi oleh Sr Cecily dan Puan Joseph.

Oleh sebab Cikgu suka memasak, Cikgu selalu memasak makanan dan membawanya ke sekolah untuk dikongsi bersama. Antara makanan yang Cikgu pernah masak dan bawa ke sekolah ialah lontong, nasi lemak dan mi siam.

Cikgu juga tidak boleh lupa selepas peperiksaan, setiap jabatan akan bergilir-gilir membawa makanan untuk dikongsi bersama semua guru. Cikgu selalunya akan mewakili guru-guru Bahasa Melayu dan menyediakan nasi lemak, mi siam atau lontong. Perkara sebeginilah yang mengeratkan lagi perhubungan di antara guru-guru di SAC dulu.

Pesanan dan nasihat untuk guru-guru muda

Banyakanlah bersabar dengan kerenah pelajar-pelajar. Itu merupakan rahsia bagaimana Cikgu dapat bertahan selama 39 tahun.

Terima kasih Cikgu Mahani



Characterising Responsible Individuality

– the acts of Integrity and Steadfastness



50 Years of PEACE

By Sister Christina Yeo Sui Chin

As I think of Singapore celebrating SG 50 with sentiments of gratitude to our pioneer generation, my thoughts turn to St. Anthony's Convent in the mid 1960s. Who were the significant pioneers on whose shoulders we stand? And how did they raise us up and add to our stature?

In 1965, I was in Secondary 3 and I had many experiences with the Pioneer Generation. Our school was known as St. Anthony's Convent Secondary School. 'Convent' essentially means a place where Sisters lived and indeed, the school occupied two sides of the quadrangle while the other two sides comprised the Sisters' quarters. Some 20 Sisters lived on the premises and we students were most inquisitive - making every attempt to peek into their living quarters whenever we could!

What we students experienced was the warm and broad smiles of the many Italian Sisters. Whenever they saw us, they would greet us first. Many of us were fascinated by their friendliness, even though there were 'strict' Sisters, who were also our discipline teachers.

I was especially fascinated by the enthusiasm and energy of the Sisters in helping the poor. On Friday afternoons, we would be roped in to help pack the food rations for the poor people who usually turned up at the school gates on Saturday morning. Most of these were elderly people living around Victoria Street and Middle Road areas.

On Tuesdays, some of the Sisters would visit the Kwong Wai Shiu Hospital, a free hospital catering to the needy. During these visits, I was touched by the love and care shown by one of the Sisters to the patients. Even though she could hardly speak the Chinese language, she made it a point to wish each patient in Cantonese "God bless you" and their faces would light up with such joy!

We would also see Sisters encouraging the higher ability students to adopt a buddy and assist their friends who faced difficulties in their studies. One Sister who taught Mathematics often went the extra mile and made all her students come back on Saturday mornings just to complete the past year questions.

Indeed, our Pioneer Sisters inspired by the spirit of St. Magdalene engaged our minds, hearts and hands, and taught us that school was really not just about acquiring skills to make a living, but learning to build and shape a character to live a meaningful and purposeful life as well.

The 'strong shoulders' on which we stand are the deep, strong bonds of personal relationship coupled with respect and dignity of each and every individual. I saw everyone from – Principal, teacher, student, cleaner and the beggar – in the church compound around our school, being treated with respect and kindness!

So much has changed in the past 50 years and so much will change in the next 50 years, but perhaps our pioneers have given us a good head start. Standing on their strong shoulders, we can look far into the stars and beyond and look deep into the depths of truth to find the origin and source of true peace as we...

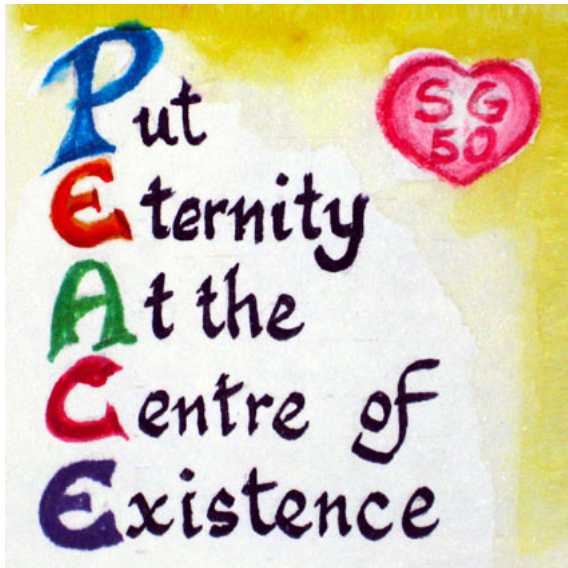


Illustration by Sr Janet Wang

Whatever scientific and technological advances, new age trends, the latest Korean drama, music and fashion, the various social media platforms, popular movies such as the Hunger Games... our pioneers remind us that our precious roots are at the heart of it all. However long or short our lives, noting the fragility of human existence, what matters is to accept and to be the best that we can be, so that we enjoy relationships and add goodness, truth and beauty for the next generation.

“ We are like dwarfs
sitting on the shoulders
of giants. We see more,
and things that are more
distant, than they did,
not because our sight is
superior or because we
are taller than they, but
because they raise us up,
and by their great stature,
add to ours. ”

*– John of Salisbury, 12th Century theologian
in Latin in Metalogion*

“Leadership is not about titles, positions or flowcharts. It is about one life influencing another.”

– John Maxwell

Leadership in the 21st Century

It's always about the heart and the mind

By Ms Nicole Quek



Photo composite by Ms Nicole Quek, Humanities Teacher, SACSS

SACSS Student Leadership

Hands symbolise the personal touch and labour of one who leads by example, and aptly embody Servant Leadership.

In the beginning, there were pioneers. They were the true trailblazers, the conquerors of new frontiers and the ones who dared to dream. This year as we celebrate SG50, we are called to emulate the spirit, the strength and the grit of our pioneers. At SACSS student leadership training, we believe in marrying the pioneering spirit of SG50 with the skills of the 21st century, to prepare our student leaders to be leaders for the future. Imbued with the CORRI qualities, our students aspire to be servant leaders who will give back to the society and serve the community with humility and integrity. We try to impress upon them that student leadership is about lifelong personal development (growth mindset) and character building. Giving back begins with the graduated student leaders coming back to assist in our leadership training workshops and camps for the current batch of student leaders.

Challenging the Minds...

The skills students need in the 21st century are not new. Critical thinking and problem solving, for example, have been the building blocks of human progress throughout history. What's 'new' is the extent to which schools must be more deliberate in the explicit teaching of critical thinking, emphasizing the need for inquiry mindset, collaboration, communication and problem solving. To capture the school's leadership model, an in-house leadership training workbook for student leaders was developed by SACSS teachers. Training workshops on topics like The Leadership Challenge framework (Kouzes and Posner), public speaking and project management are also conducted to further augment student leaders' skills training.

Inspiring the Hearts...

To inspire our students to aim for a higher and nobler level of leadership, they need to know what they stand for, and as student leaders how their actions can impact their community. This involves mentoring by teachers and senior student leaders, exposure to in-school / out-of-school events and learning journeys, sharing of experiences and feedback. There must be trust, respect and room to allow them to learn from experience, reflect and grow from their mistakes as part of their journey toward success.

Enabling the Way...

To develop a growth mindset as student leaders, the school provides hands-on opportunities for them to plan and run events, teaching students to relish challenges, to enjoy effort, to be resilient, and to value their own improvement – as individuals and as a team. Besides planning their own school duties, student leaders are empowered to plan duties for events such as Parents' Night, and ONE SAC in order to develop school bonding and encourage student dialogue sessions. They also conduct leadership training sessions for their Secondary 2 juniors and primary school student leaders, plan the Secondary 1 orientation programme, Teachers' Day concert and other team building camps. It is also necessary for the teachers-in-charge to have similar skills and mindsets. As teacher mentors, we evaluate the learning process rather than the students' ability, we seek improvement in the students' tackling of challenging learning tasks, and we highlight their progress and effort. Student leaders nurtured in such circumstances will have the values and tools to embrace lifelong learning and personal development.

Looking ahead...

The famous gurus Kouzes and Posner believe that leadership is learned, not something one is born with. At SACSS we conduct annual in-house 'Student Leadership Challenge' training workshops to equip our students with best practices where their abilities can be strengthened to lead others and to make a significant difference as leaders. As each batch of student leaders develops, with past student leaders returning to give back to their alma mater, the camaraderie, the body of knowledge, and the like-mindedness, will keep building on each other, as we strive to enable SACSS student leaders to be leaders of the future.

John Maxwell, a famous leadership expert, aptly said, 'The ability to connect with others begins with understanding the value of people.' It is not just about completing a task, it is about working and moving forward together as a team. There are many ways to achieve common goals; the question is how can we arrive as a team. It is the people you work with that help sustain the passion and desire to achieve more for the community. Lastly, having a good heart is just as important as having a good head. We must develop our students to be entrepreneurial thinkers with big hearts so that we can safely entrust our future in their capable and kind hands.

“ The student leadership training has also taught us the Leadership Challenge Practices where one of the best practices is to *Enable Others to Act* – where we are taught to empower others to lead. I use these leadership practices as guidelines to help me reflect on how to improve throughout my leadership journey.”

Germaine Teh, Head Girl 2014 – 2015

girls

By Kristen Oliveira (Secondary 3/8 – 2015)

girls, girls, girls
treasure us as you would with pearls
the stereotypes might not be true
here are some things, from my point of view
being a girl doesn't mean i'm in the shower for hours.
i love dinosaurs as much as flowers.
i can play with Barbie or Transformers;
or wear dresses as much as trousers.
Please, please, please
don't tell us if we've started looking like an 8
we already know our weight
i shouldn't be judged on my waist size,
or the diameter of my thighs
being a girl doesn't mean i'm in the shower for hours.
i love dinosaurs as much as flowers.
i can play with Barbie or Transformers;
or wear dresses as much as trousers.
women's rights should exist
so please don't be a misogynist
stop stereotypes, harassment and being sexist
without us, the human race would cease to exist
being a girl doesn't mean i'm in the shower for hours.
i love dinosaurs as much as flowers.
i can play with Barbie or Transformers;
or wear dresses as much as trousers.

d

t s

By Bianca Kyanna De'Silva (Secondary 3/7 – 2015)

I'd like to think that life,
is like a big mass of dots.
With every single strife,
and the beauty of every thought.
Feelings of much elation,
And the complexity of emotion.
Each one of these events
Represented by a dot
To a certain extent,
Is given to us to plot.
We can't expect them to come together.
Just like the birds and all of its feathers.
We can't expect them to make sense.
Even if we give them our two cents.
From this perspective
And from this close up.
Our eyes are subjective
They can't just back up.
But maybe if we persevere
There's something much bigger?
That's worth our reverse
What if it forms a beautiful picture.
I guess to a certain extent we can paint our own picture
And to another extent we can choose our own texture.

A new chapter

By Gan Dorothy Erin Lim (Secondary 2/7 – 2015)

Moving to Singapore was one of the most exciting yet upsetting events of my life. On one hand, I was thrilled by the excitement of moving not just to a new house, but to a new country. On the other hand, it meant leaving the place I had lived in all my life, parting with my family and separating myself from my childhood and school friends.

My parents broke the news over dinner one evening and I was initially devastated as I had dreaded the move. Days whizzed by as I struggled to hold on to the days. I cherished each moment that I had before the big day came. Eventually, my dread began to fade, replaced with a tinge of nervous anticipation.

Before long, I had arrived in Singapore. The first impression I had of Singapore was how startlingly modern and clean it was. Time flew by and soon it was my very first day at St. Anthony's Canossian Primary School (SACPS). The days leading up to it were filled with unnecessary imagination of the unkind treatment I would receive as the 'new kid on the block'. Imagine my surprise when I first stepped into the classroom and found instead of the anticipated scorn or disdain, I was warmly welcomed by the teacher and my new classmates. Mobbed by everyone, it was exhilarating as my classmates hollered introductions. I grappled to remember the names and faces that were before me as they became a blurred mass.

The period before recess happened to be taught by my form teacher, Ms Paula Png. "Can we make sure Erin is not left alone during recess?" I was pleasantly taken aback by the response of the class; it was a unanimous resounding "Yes!" The second Ms Png let the class out, it was absolute chaos. A flailing arm grabbed mine and I was carried along by a tidal wave of students.

The students raced to the perimeter of the canteen. Utterly lost, I allowed myself to be led towards the line of food stalls. "I go and chope a table!" I heard someone say. Despite the time I spent immersing myself, I had not got accustomed to the colloquial expressions the locals bandied around with ease. "Go lah!" someone tossed back. "Come on Erin, you have to try the laksa here." Filipino cuisine is mostly either sweet or sour and the closest that a dish have come remotely close to be described as spicy is barbecue flavoured potato chips sold in supermarkets.

Fast forward four years and I am already a secondary two student, proud to be a member of the class floorball team and more importantly, playing for the school team as well. Back then, I would not have seen it but I now know it is just the beginning of a brand new chapter of my life.

I have grown accustomed to the Singaporean way of life and I am grateful to be part of the St. Anthony's Canossian spirit. It has taught me to be responsible and I look forward to paying it forward.

Self-preservation

By Nurfaela Kathoon (Secondary 5/2 – 2015)

"Maybe there's a reason"

"Maybe there's a way"

Convincing yourself,

That it will be okay

"It's not that bad"

"It's not that big a deal"

You comfort yourself,

To keep your sanity

Among these lies,

In this deceit,

Grows a monster

So barren and old,

The more you feed it

The bigger it grows,

Try closing it up,

It's too big a hole.

Your chest tightens up

In enters the cold

You're shivering in darkness

Maybe you'll stitch it up again

Maybe it'll lead to a bitter end

You don't know.

"It's all my fault"

You'll blame yourself,

Oh, why did you have to lie?

Because now it's crashing down again

And this time,

You know why.

The instinct of your self-preservation,

Baffles you.

These little white lies

You tell yourself,

Have proven not to be true.

一场难忘的奇妙之旅

By Qiao Ziwei 乔子维 (Secondary 4/3 – 2015)

在我看来欢笑和泪水交织的人生才会精彩，才会刻骨铭心。我也不例外，生活中有那么多大大小小的事情，但对我而言发生过最励志的事还要从两年前说起，对于我的人生来说也是一个巨大的改变。

那是一个初秋的晚上，晚风习习，和平日一样放学后回家做作业，突然一个电话打来，挂下电话后爸妈的眼神里略带忧伤却又严肃的说：“新加坡的学校已经办好了，过几天就要去了。”

当时我开心的都快跳了起来，激动过后却是我们家里从未有过的平静。实在想象不到那么期盼去国外闯一闯的我，到了最后关头却怕了起来。离别永远都是伤感的，尽管是因为去追逐梦想也还是一样会有沉重的心情。

刚来的时候真的很不适应，无论是语言，生活习惯还是风土人情都截然不同，不过不管是想家还是不习惯都要去接受，因为这是自己的选择，不能回头，不能后悔。之后便开始了在异国的学习之旅，每天都是披星戴月，过着一样的生活。上语言学校然后回家，两点一线似乎成了我生活的全部。在那里都是来自各个国家的国际学生，日子浑浑噩噩的，就是一心想着要进政府学校，因为只知道那很重要。没过多久我便考进了圣安东尼女校，和语言学校不同，这里大部分都是本地人，纯女校的生活感觉很新鲜，她们都很单纯善良，也乐于助人。很快地我便和她们结为伙伴，在不知不觉中发现自己早已融入其中，就像自己的第二个家一样。

两年过得很快，想起自己刚来时的场景仿佛就在眼前，转眼间就快迎来我在这的第三个年头了，新加坡也已经五十岁了。出国留学，就像是一场绮丽又孤单的旅行，即便已经习惯，但想起家人还是会有偶尔的失落，有时也会问自己为了追逐梦想错过了那么多和家人朋友在一起的时光，真的值得吗？

一生中除了追求自己的梦想也有很多别的事情值得去好好珍惜，但是我知道无论距离有多远我们的心将永远在一起。那个当年还没褪去稚气的我便开始了这场未知的旅途，从当年一出机场连方向都分不清的我到现在已逐渐成熟，新加坡似乎有着一股魔力把每一个人都牢牢地吸引在这里，虽不知道这条路还有多长，但是都要义无反顾的走下去，不管是对未来还是人生都是一段美好的旅程，等到多年后回国再次想起这里的生活，这时的我，都是一段难忘的回忆。正是在新加坡的这段经历，让我成长，让我懂得人生的真谛。

这是一条单程旅行，人要往前看不要总想着回去，不能让美好的幸福在徘徊中错失，所以无论未来的道路有多崎岖，即便布满荆棘也要坚强的走完，不能让这场奇妙之旅留有遗憾，这便是两年里，我在新加坡的成熟与蜕变。



Defining the spirit of Resilience

– the tenacity to overcome challenges

Every step you take

By Ms Chia Sui Yoon, Ms Fiona Chiu and Ms Amanda Quah

This year marks the 50th year of Singapore's independence, growth and success. We have come a long way transforming ourselves from the fishing village known as 'Temasek' then into the thriving city today. With the booming economy, world-class infrastructure and an internationally connected marketplace, Singapore has gone through many changes and improvements. Life at the beginning, when Singapore first gained independence, was wrought with many challenging hardships and setbacks. The future was indeed uncertain and many were doubtful that Singapore would be able to survive as a tiny island nation with hardly any natural resources. However, with big dreams and a resilient spirit, we began the strenuous climb from third world to first.

In the same vein, the Staircase Art Project is symbolic of the school's trajectory towards excellence. It mirrors graphically St. Anthony's Canossian Secondary's journey of growth from an intake of six students in 1879 and how it has morphed into a value-added school with a niche performing arts programme and an enrolment of over a thousand. The Canossian Sisters have worked tirelessly, building and shaping the school every step of the way.

Today, we continue to strengthen the school spirit. There are many ongoing school improvement projects that are implemented around the campus and the Staircase Art Project is one. After identifying the various opportunities to add vibrancy to the existing infrastructure, the Visual Art teachers went on to design, execute and install the decorative panels to the spiral staircase. The collaborative project involved the creative efforts of student volunteers who painted the thematic panels to be installed at the staircase connecting different levels of the staff room. To complete the project, the task of attaching the panel artworks onto the underside of the spiral staircase was undertaken by the teachers from the Design and Technology department.

Such projects have provided students and teachers with a sense of ownership and commitment to the school and its ethos.

There are many other such collaborative school improvement projects that have enhanced the school's physical environment – including the beautiful signs adorning the washroom doors, the colourful teachers' table tops at the canteen and the functionally designed space-saving shelves in the school library. All of this allows the students and staff to make a big difference in the school as they contribute to it one small step at a time.



*Photo by Ms Amanda Quah,
Art Teacher, SACSS*

The driving force to keep going

By Sister Cecily Pavri



Illustration by Sr Janet Wang

I am the youngest of seven children from an immigrant family that arrived in Singapore from China in 1952. As such, all my siblings belong to that new, elite cohort of the Pioneer Generation of Singapore. In this SG50 year, I would like to reflect a little on the experiences of this group of Singaporeans.

Like so many other families, mine came to Singapore to start life anew in a country whilst seeking peace and freedom. Singapore then was plagued by widespread poverty and the people were subjects of a colony, but at the same time, there were prospects and opportunities. To succeed, all that was needed was the willingness to work extremely hard and have an extraordinary desire to learn.

My father was Parsi and my mother was Chinese. Interestingly, though my parents converted to Christianity back in Beijing, China, we were met at the Clifford Pier of Singapore by a local Parsi Zoroastrian priest who welcomed us into his home till we found a place to live. It is notable that my very first encounter in Singapore was inter-faith.

I was placed in Primary 2 and I started to commute by public bus to school. A whole new world opened up during my trips. I was excitedly surprised to see people of a different skin colour, who spoke in unheard of languages and belonged to vastly different faiths. They were also dressed in diverse and unfamiliar attire. At the bus stops and along the streets, I eavesdropped on conversations and heard topics never discussed before in my family.

As a little girl, I enjoyed the license to stare at Samsui women and gape at the Indian Chettians. I would chat up the milk-man who milked his goats on the pavement, hoping for a free drink. I loved the smells of the city alive with hawkers and the aroma of satay sizzling over charcoal grills. It was a fascinating world that my siblings and I explored after school. We could because we were schooled at St. Anthony's Convent and St. Joseph's Institution, both of which were previously located at the centre of the four racial settlements.

All these encounters also prompted us to ask the WHY questions. Mother always took the opportunity to maximise the teachable moments to give us a lesson in life. She would say, "Like us, all these people came to Singapore to build a better life for their loved ones. Everyone displayed an extraordinary spirit in enterprise and worked long hours in small businesses to earn and provide more for our children. Hard times are the norm, but the joy of family made up for the harshness that we often encountered. We must grit our teeth and press on. You, my dear children, are so fortunate to study in good mission schools. You must put your whole heart into your lessons and do it very, very diligently. It may be hard work for you too but only then will you live a better life than my generation."

That was how we learnt to be self-reliant, resilient and resourceful. We studied hard and were passionately loyal to our families and neighbours as we lived simple, happy lives in our villages. All this came at a price – honest hard work and perseverance. The driving force behind it all was to care and provide for loved ones.

1959 was a milestone for all Singaporeans. The winds of change that came with independence opened and expanded the horizon of hope. We acquired a new identity – from British subjects to citizens of a new country, Singapore. The tangible reminder of our new status was receiving the newly minted pink identity cards. But what stirred our hearts was the invitation to build a nation, together.

Overnight, the *raison d'être* of our colonial existence expanded from caring for our families to the focus on building a country. We learned to look beyond the confines of family and faith communities to the wider community of the nation. It took a while for this reality to sink in but building a nation captured us.

Life became even more exciting and meaningful for all of us as we worked together and climbed the economic ladder. What delighted Singaporeans most was that in just a few years of independence, we became homeowners of abodes with reliable running water, gas and electricity. We had sufficient schools and secure jobs with prospects of better times to come. And we were not disappointed.

Because we are many races, we began to see ourselves as unique. We enjoyed our peculiar character and the colourful cultural mix of festivals. We collaborated with the leaders of our country to build inter-racial understanding as well as a prosperous nation.

Prime Minister, Lee Hsien Loong, in a speech on 9 Feb 2014 spoke about and acknowledged the contributions of the Pioneers.

“ 50 years of Independence is a significant milestone, and a time to reflect and to rededicate ourselves to building a better Singapore. Therefore the SG50 campaign is to engage all Singaporeans in this endeavour.

Singapore has come a long way. We have been on a remarkable journey, a journey which no one believed, or could even have imagined in 1965. It is the work of more than one generation – each standing on the shoulders of the one before.

But the Pioneer Generation who started us out on this journey is special. Many had migrated to Singapore from other lands, to start a new life here. You took part in the excitement and drama of the anti-colonial struggle, in the battle against the Communists, and in the fight against the communalists which led to separation from Malaysia and Independence for Singapore.

Despite difficult times and the real danger of failure, you persevered, put Singapore first, and worked together to build our nation. Singapore started on a path of development, which has transformed the lives of a whole population and raised new generations of Singaporeans. And you taught us the values and spirit that enabled us to succeed.”

In this SG50 year, as we applaud those who paved the path for us, you are given the honour to be the 2nd Generation Pioneers. Dive enthusiastically into the joyful task of paving new roads for your families as you continue the building of our nation.

Collaboratif

The tile project is a collaborative effort facilitated by the Art and Mathematics departments for the lower secondary students. It serves to be an experiential approach to the learning of Mathematics. The focus on Greek symbols allows our students to familiarise themselves with the forms that are commonly used in mathematical notations. During the tile-making process, our students also learnt to fuse symbolism with colour, texture and shape.

Providing us insights into the thought process behind the visual expressions rendered are Leo Nyak Yan (2/6), Qiu Qishuo (2/6), Shayna Tien Xin Yi (2/6), Sonya Fairoze Idnani (2/6) and Ruvindi Jayakody (2/7).

“ We were collectively inspired by the environmental imprints such as flowers, animal footprints and grass, and many of us used these symbols to create our ceramic pieces. In the process, we stretched our Inquiring Mind.”

– Nyak Yan

“ I used curved lines and flowers, leaves and sunlight to portray a garden filled with vitality and spirit to inspire a positive aura. The collaborative exercise allowed me appreciate the creative work of my peers.”

– Qishou

“ Featuring a radiant sun, the theme of my piece is Life. The piece serves to inspire people to appreciate what we have as many do not notice the beauty around them amid their busy schedules. I wanted to contribute a warm yet simple piece to add to the assemblage for people to enjoy.”

– Shayna

“ Balancing my studies and after-school activities as well as completing the tile was a challenge. I learnt to be responsible in managing my time and making the right decisions. However, the most valuable takeaway from the collaborative exercise was the guidance and useful critique from my peers.”

– Sonya

“ The tile-making exercise brought out the determination and resilience in me. I put in much effort to create the piece only to see it crack up after glazing the tile. It felt like everything has been shattered. But I chose not to give up and reworked the piece. Although it did not turn out to be the perfect piece, I know that I have done my best.”

– Ruvindi Jayakody



The road less travelled

By Ms Kamala Kausikan

At 29, being a fairly young and inexperienced executive, my supervisors then offered me an appointment to set up the sales promotion division in an Indonesian agency I was working with then. It was a heavy responsibility and a task which I was not familiar with as I had not done anything of the kind before and had literally taken a leap of faith when I accepted the job.

In the months that followed, I struggled with a new culture, language, country and work environment, and began to question my sanity in accepting the appointment or for that matter the sanity of those who had made me the offer. I was adrift on my own without the colleagues I could count on and without family support. I felt alone. My daily responsibilities covered meetings with clients, training and setting up of systems and procedures for the fledgling division. In addition, I had to manage a household on my own. It was exceedingly trying.

I felt like throwing in the towel several times as misunderstandings and miscommunication between myself and my new colleagues led to missed deadlines and innumerable problems. Everything that could possibly go wrong went the way of Murphy's Law. I am sure my colleagues regarded me dubiously as I stomped up and down and my voice reverberated around the office. But they were very kind and treated me gently.

Despite all the difficulties I stood firm and persevered. I learnt to be kinder to others and to myself. Most importantly I also learnt to listen to others, taking their perspectives into account when making decisions and things started to improve when I became less contentious.

As I reflect on the past, I have begun to realise that during those eighteen months, I really learnt to stand on my own two feet. There was no one to fall back on... just me, myself and I.

I made some mistakes, with a few major ones and had to unravel the obstacles that were created as a result. I learnt resilience the hard way. I also made some poor decisions but learnt from them. I emerged a stronger person who learnt how to balance the different demands placed on me. I realised it distills into the attitude I brought to the job. If I hadn't persevered I would not have known how far I could have travelled.

Too often many of us give up too soon. We expect things to go our way and often when it does not we give up. But I have come to realise that hard times do not last forever. And when we emerge on the other side we are better people for it. It may be a cliché but there is much truth in it. You need to learn from your mistakes and persevere until your goal is achieved. Make no excuses and do not expect others to fight your battles.

It was the hardest eighteen months of my life, working alone in a different country but I am glad I went through it and gained a richer life experience.



Illustration by Lydia Ho (Secondary 3/5)

Home is where the heart is

By Ong Yi Xuan (Secondary 2/8 – 2015)

What does 'home' mean to you and why do generations of people strive to protect it? Well, I too have pondered over this subject. For some, it is simply a place they return to after a tiring day, whilst for others, home is where they have been brought up in and where childhood memories linger. For many, it is a haven where one can seek refuge from the raging storm of the outside world, amidst an oasis of serenity within a bustling metropolitan city.

Home is where one's loved ones reside. Research has shown that people possess a strong protective instinct towards those whom they love and care for. The focus of keeping loved ones out of harm's way is supported by the fear of losing someone dear. As a result, people are willing to give their all in order to ensure the safety of their loved ones. It is also a cocoon to shield one from the judgmental gaze of society. It has also been shown that people feel a profound sense of liberty at home as home is associated with security, warmth and comfort. It is where one would be less inhibited to the restraints of society's perception of decorum.

Years ago, I recall conversing with my friend, Maria, on the topic of home. As a foreign student, she expressed anguish over departing from her country of origin in pursuit of an academic opportunity abroad and for leaving her peers behind. Initially, Maria was deeply troubled as her native language was different from that of ours. Starting out, she could not understand the language well and was unable to speak it fluently. Maria would constantly reminisce about her hometown and had a constant desire to return home, where unforgettable gems awaited her – the culture, language, sights and most importantly, the people – namely her friends and grandparents.

Each year, Maria would patiently bide her time until the school holidays arrived, when she and her parents would make their biannual visit to their hometown. With a grin on her face and cheeks flushed in elation at the mere thought of her homecoming, Maria recounted the times she spent with her friends and their reunion. Despite the distance that separates them, they are still as close. Maria related the heart-to-heart conversations she shared with her grandparents and how they lavished her with affection. A distant, dreamy look surface in her eyes as she smiled faintly, lost in the sweet reverie of her memories.

Reflecting on her words, I found myself reminiscing back to my childhood days. I remember bolting out of the house when my mother and I fought over the most trivial of things, many of which I presently have no recollection of. Indignation had flowed through my veins and my blood had boiled in unbridled rage. I had vehemently slammed the door when I stormed out, yet managed to catch a glimpse of my mother's pained expression. That scene has haunted me for years. At that time, I was foolish and sprinted away from the clutches of dark winged misery, the cold fingers of distress grasping at my heart. The emotional weight of pain pressed down on my chest, threatening to crush me under the weight of my regrets, even as despair tugged and pulled at my heartstrings.

Panting breathlessly, I remember slowing to a halt by a playground near my house. My inner turmoil continued to rage on, my mind left in a mindless heap. As the image of my mother's face flashed before my eyes, I suddenly realised that I was the one who had trapped her on that carousel of agony. Tears traced their way down my cheeks as questions and self-chastisements whirled in my head.

Later on, in the evening, I returned home with my tail between my legs. Opening the front door, the scent of dinner wafted towards me. Glancing up, I was confronted by a sight of relief evident on my mother's face as she ceased her anxious pacing. Guilt washed over me and I could only mutter my apologies with my gaze averted. However, much to my surprise, a warm hand pressed gently against my back as another rested atop my head. Timidly peeking up at her, tears welled up in my eyes for she had smiled warmly at me, beaming as she murmured softly, "Welcome home".

In my younger days, I have often felt that home is nothing more than a residence. However, with the passing of time, I feel that home is a place which brings pleasant memories and evokes warm reminiscences of family, childhood days and traditions. Home is all about love, culture, environment, cuisine and the people whom you cherish dearly. Beyond that, home is about everything a family has shared together, be it arguments or laughter, and is a haven away from the rest of the world.

The background is a complex collage of various images. The top half features abstract, colorful patterns in shades of blue, green, yellow, and red, resembling a microscopic view or a digital glitch. The bottom half shows a collage of children's drawings. On the left, a child has drawn a figure in a pink dress with white polka dots and a black cape, standing on a blue circular base. To the right, there are several other drawings: one with the word 'CHAOS' in large, stylized letters, another with a rainbow and the word 'GARDEN', and a third with a cartoon sheep. The overall theme is one of creativity and discovery.

Celebrating the Inquiring Mind

– the wonder of discovery

g l a s s mirror

Written by students of Secondary 4/6 – 2015 and Ms Sri Laxshemy

She's just a little girl.

She's not allowed to school.

She mustn't play outside.

She should just pull thread from a spool.

She wants to learn about the world,

She wants to read books about _____ ,

As the days slowly pass,

She will be on the other side of the glass.

She shouldn't play with trucks.

She looks best in pink.

She has to learn to keep house,

Because that's all she'll grow up to be.

She sits at the table,

She reads books about _____ ,

She sees herself,

In every little girl.



Illustration by Nawal Rui En Rosan Shah (Secondary 4/6)

Where there is space, there can always be a poem

By Mr Mohammad Said Bin Rahim

Where there is space for a thought

There can always be a moment to ponder.

Where there is space for a sigh

There can always be time to wonder.

Why are we always looking for reasons

When chaos readily replaces disorder?

And if there is space for emotion

There will always be lightning, rain, and thunder.

For in this heart, there is always space

For a poem – for you – this poem has its place.



Illustration by Ms Jasmine Goh, Allied Educator

微尘

By Hu Ya Ping 胡亚萍 (Secondary 4/7 – 2015)

The poem depicts the reflections the poet draws from the stars above. In the last stanza, the poet personifies the stars and reflects her own aspirations in life. Despite knowing that they are merely celestial dust in the eyes of the others and that it's a dark universe out there, the stars continue to shine for others and view this as the true purpose of its being.

一 眨 一 闪
流 淌 在 眼 眸 里 的 微 光
纵 使 不 够 力 量
热 泪 盈 眶
是 否 还 记 得 最 初 的 模 样
沧 桑 也 许 会 受 伤
怎 不 能 怀 抱 那 一 丁 点 渴 望
无 邪 的 岁 月 点 亮 了 晨 曦 的 光
眺 望 也 许 才 能 看 见 光 芒
恬 淡 的 时 光
浅 浅 的 吟 唱
微 弱 的 星 光 也 能 把 梦 照 亮
搁 浅 坠 落
心 碎 成 了 沙 漠
你 看 不 见 它 眼 里 的 颜 色

飞 越 苍 穹 的 辽 阔
南 辕 北 辙
花 开 又 凋 落
岂 不 是 生 命 中 的 辗 转 反 侧

一 眨 一 闪
一 颗 小 小 的 微 尘
它 跌 宕 它 惆 怅
但 它 知 晓 银 河 众 星 浑 浊 不 清
什 么 才 是 它 的 追 寻
一 颗 炙 热 的 心 照 亮 别 人 足 迹
才 是 生 命 的 真 谛



Photo by Hu Ya Ping, (Secondary 4/7)

Relationships

By Victoria Lee (Secondary 3/7 – 2015)

Relationships are essential in life, as being with someone else is better than being alone. For me, all my life, I could never stand being alone.

When I first attended kindergarten, everything was foreign to me. Interacting with new people, teachers and staff made me terrified. My mother assured me that everything would be alright when time passed and I believed her. After the first term, I realised I had made many friends because of my talkative personality. I expressed my thoughts in class and made sure I interacted with everyone in the class. By the end of my first year, I was quite sure that the entire school knew me. My teachers often told my parents that I was an outgoing little girl. It was in my third year of kindergarten that I met my best friend. We were in the same camp group and I already knew everyone... except her. At first, she seemed rather irritating to me, and my first thought was "we are never going to become friends". I might have written her off way too soon, as we grew closer in time and we graduated from kindergarten together.

Then came primary school. I was petrified to begin a new chapter of my life. With a heavy heart, I began the first leg of my 6-year journey. My first week in primary 1 was a harrowing one as I initially could not find anyone I knew until I spotted my best friend. Thank God! But I decided to get acquainted with all the others as well, although I interacted more with those I already knew. My parents were there to keep me company during recess. I felt reassured, knowing that my parents were around. I shared with them about the many new friends I made and how I became the leader of my group. They simply smiled and patted me on my back, assuring me that I would be fine adjusting into the school environment. And before I knew it, parents had to stop coming to school to allow the students to experience school life on their own. Initially, I felt lost and lonely without having them around. I even cried because I felt that my mother was cruel to leave me alone at school. Somehow, I realised that the new friends that I had gotten to know on the first day were to going to be my companions – my second family at school.

From then on, I began to look forward to each new school day – excited to develop the friendships throughout my 6-year journey in school. My friends and I stuck together over the years, even when we were posted to separate classes in primary 5. By then I had made more new friends in my class. Our friendships were close and we were like a family right till our last year in primary school.

The last year in primary school was difficult for all of us. The work we needed to complete started to pile up as the PSLE (Primary School Leaving Examinations) drew nearer and none of us were able to hang out after school anymore.

It was also the year of the Singapore Youth Festival (SYF) and I was involved in the choir for my performing arts CCA (Co-curricular Activity). We had to cope with extra practices along with the school work. Extra choir practices were held at recess time and sometimes even after school. Being a senior member in the choir, the pressure was definitely on us as we had to mentor the juniors and make sure that they familiarised themselves with the song they were going to perform at the SYF. April arrived and we were nowhere near achieving a Gold Award. We were most worried as we did not want to let the teachers or our choir conductor down. As we neared the SYF date, more problems cropped up. We were all on the brink of losing our voices, mainly because we practised almost every day leading up to the competition. The teachers supported and motivated us, making sure that even after a hectic day of school and practice, we would still be able to have enough rest for the next day of school.

On competition day, I was having the jitters during the few seconds of silence before we began our performance. Just before we went on stage and sang our hearts out, we kept in mind everything that our teachers and the conductor had taught us throughout the year. And with that, we were officially done with the performance. We scurried off the stage hastily; our hearts were beating in undefined rhythms. A few days later, we received our results. I will never forget that day because it was the first time I saw some of my friends crying. We attained a Silver Award and were extremely disappointed and felt that we had not put in enough effort. We felt that we were capable of more than that. We cried and felt sorry for our conductor

whom, we assumed, must have been disappointed with us as well. We made a card for our conductor expressing how sorry we were, also because we felt guilty, knowing that we had not been well prepared for the competition as it was also the first time the choir attained only a silver award. Our conductor, however, was grateful for all the effort that the seniors had put in to train the choir. I will never forget my conductor because she has motivated all of us to do our best in the CCA. The relationship forged will never be forgotten.

Then came October, the start of another hectic month in my final year. It was the much anticipated PSLE which I had spent the last six years of my life preparing for. I was very anxious and prayed that I would do well. On the verge of a nervous breakdown, I was thankful for all the support from my friends who were there every step of the way. My relationship with them was strong and they were a pillar of support during this time which was why it was so hard for me to enter secondary school without them. I had very average results and we eventually chose different schools. Primary school had officially ended for us but the relationships and bonds that were built with my friends and teachers would never be forgotten.

A new chapter of my life began when I started secondary school. I had the same strange feeling when I stepped into the school. In my new class of forty students, I only knew 2 who were my classmates in primary school. The other students whom I was unfamiliar with soon chatted with me and before long new friendships were formed and fresh bonds were established.

Sometimes good things fall apart so better things can fall together, an adage by the legendary Marilyn Monroe, one which I could relate to. By the end of my secondary 2 year, I had lost some friends along the way. It also made me realise the value of true friendship. People come and people go. But there were some who had never left my side and it was only then that I fully understood what friendship is all about.

Relationships are important. They help you to grow as a person and nurture you as you grow up. Cherish the time and relationships you have with your family, friends and teachers. These people will encourage you, nurture you and be by your side for life.

Grandpa's tale

By Clare Marie Papali (Secondary 3/8 – 2015)

A grandfather spins a tale for his
hyperactive grandchildren in order
to calm them down.

Rain.
Across the dry terrain.

Anguish falls
As the last reigning King dies.

The King has no heir
cries the people.
What will we do?
We could try throwing the dice,
someone says,

No, let's elect a leader,
chosen by the people,
for the people.

Someone who does not slur in his speech,
Someone who can reach out
to all types of people.

But among them stood a wise man in a straw hat
who exclaimed,
But my people,
you are not ready for a democratic system

But the people mocked,
jeered at him,
seeing the sorry figure,
of this peasant in a straw hat

And so the search began,
as everyone searched high and low,
for the ideal man
who would satisfy their prophecy,
– a figment of their imagination.

And so they thought they found the ideal person,
in a stuntman.

But we mustn't go too fast,
says a peasant with a straw hat.
How are we to know,
if he will remain steadfast in his commitment,
as the leader?
He cannot be weak,
or he will never succeed
as a influential person for the people,
but rather an influenced person.

The people mocked his advice once again.
And chased the wise man out of the land

They appointed the stuntman as leader,
and for a few years he served the people well.

But then power corrupted the leader's mind,
not so much the power,
but the fear of losing his power over the people.
And in a short period of time,
he brought the nation to its knees.
And slowly, every citizen left the nation,
as it became an abandoned, dry terrain.
The wise man with the straw hat returned,
to find,
an abandoned, dry terrain.

Who is that wise man, Grandfather?
The eager children cry
The grandfather just smiles,
knowingly.
The children are baffled, but accept his story anyway

At night, before going to bed,
He takes out a dusty straw hat,
pats the dust off,
and proudly wears it on his head.
He recounts his life story over again in his mind...

M!sta>es

By Ruby Rosabella Heramis (Secondary 3/3 – 2015)

We want to live, we want to love

We fall for someone too high above

We try too hard, we hide our fears

Can't even show or shed the tears

With a piece of metal, we threaten our very own lives

By expressing our feelings through pain and knives

Everything we do is seen and judged

We feel the pain without even being touched

To ask for help would be too much

Called an 'attention seeker', pushed aside then crushed

Overpowered by a love so strong

That we're willing to stay and wait as long

Why won't you let me love you? Why won't you love me back?

We try to do what we can but it's a mess like that

There's no running back, no place to turn

We make mistakes but from the past, we learn

The Hard Truth

By Natasha Juliana Oei Su Qin (Secondary 4/6 – 2015)

“...I know that telling the truth can be difficult, but understand that lying is a slippery slope. Never consider it an easier alternative, as one day, you'll find yourself drowning in the lies. Regaining someone's trust after a lie is harder than maintaining it with the hard truth.”

Honesty. A value inculcated from a tender age about having the courage to tell the truth. Not telling the truth can sometimes help one evade bearing the heavy consequences of one's wrong doing. However, there would come a time eventually when one would have to face the music and suffer the negative repercussions. If that is so, why do people opt to dodge the truth, despite knowing very well that eventually, their lie would return to haunt them? Unfortunately, it is a fact that telling lies is not only practised by young children, but by adults as well. It is disappointing to say that telling a lie has now become the norm, even among adults who are supposed to guide children. And, if children are to be guided by adults who are flawed themselves, what would become of the future? It is terrifying to imagine what would become of society if the very quality we once held close to our hearts dissipated into something of the past. Many fail to see that telling a lie is a slippery slope, which would eventually snowball out of one's control. Hence, I believe that honesty is the best policy.

I was born into a family of six and despite being the eldest, was the most mischievous. I was no genius, nor was I a musical prodigy, unlike my siblings. In fact, one may say that my only redeeming quality was my punctuality. It was a typical sunny day – brilliant xanthous rays scintillated through the canopy of trees and pockmarked the ground with freckles of light. It would have been a perfect day. It was, however, far from perfect for me as I had arrived late for school because of a faulty alarm clock that failed to wake me up on time. My mind was in disarray as a cacophony of thoughts flowed through. As one who is always punctual, the very notion of the impending punishment for being late was enough to leave me on the verge of hysteria. Lo and behold, at the gates stood the ever-so-imposing Ms Michael, who was rumoured by the older girls in school to be a witch. Being the naive and ignorant primary two student, I had always made it a point to avoid her for fear of being hexed and turned into a frog. I stood in front of her,

dwarfed in comparison, feeling especially small under her ominous presence. Clammy fists clenched tautly at my sides while cold perspiration cascaded down my forehead. I flinched as her nasal screech demanded to know the reason behind my tardiness. Stumped, I began to mouth some unintelligible nonsense. “I... I had to send my brother to the hospital!” I blurted out, echoing an answer a latecomer would give. Ms Michael narrowed her eyes, and gave me a steely gaze. After what seemed like an eternity, she eventually gestured for me to make haste for class. I felt an inexplicable sense of euphoria as I scampered off, careful to watch for the skip in my step in fear that my façade would be revealed. I never knew lying was so easy, and just like that, I avoided punishment. I soon began to ponder why I had never lied before then. All my life up until that point had revolved strictly around honesty, oblivious to the fact that I could so effortlessly dodge the dreaded punishment with one simple lie.

Although it was my first lie, it was definitely not the last. I found that getting away with things was easier if one had a scapegoat and the ability to put on a convincing performance, added with faux tears. Initially, I had my reservations about this mode of exploitation and used it to the bare minimum. Soon, it became easier to lie and I was able to meet anyone’s gaze unflinchingly and churn out a lie without a moment’s hesitation. I always relished the adrenaline rush whenever I got away with a lie, and slowly forgot the value of honesty my parents had painstakingly cultivated in me. I began to feel that telling a lie was more rewarding than being honest. It was not as if my lies ever affected anyone. What did I have to lose?

Eventually, I was caught. It was the day of my mid-year examinations and I was planning to skip a particular paper to spend time with my friends. As I left the house, I made a detour as soon as I was out of my parent’s sight and slipped into another set of clothes that I had smuggled into my bag

beforehand. I had a list of things lined up for that day, but taking the examinations was not one of them. I was convinced that my plan was fool-proof. After all, it was not something I had not done before. However, greeting me as I returned from the arcade was none other than my parents, their arms folded across their chests, glaring at me darkly. They informed me, with bitterness tainting their tone, that a friend of theirs had spotted me at the mall. Confused, they made haste in calling the school, inquiring about my attendance and were informed that I had submitted a letter with their signature, justifying my absence that day. I stood before them at the threshold of the door, gripping onto the handle of the door tightly, as I tried to formulate another lie, but to no avail. My parents said nothing and sent me up to my room, but the look of disappointment plastered on their faces was more than enough to overwhelm me with guilt and regret. My father entered the room not long after and sat down on the bed beside me, his expression unreadable. My stomach churned in anticipation as I steeled myself for the punishment that was to come. Much to my surprise, however, he did not berate me for my actions, but rather said, “Natasha, I know that telling the truth can be difficult, but understand that lying is a slippery slope. Never consider it an easier alternative, as one day, you’ll find yourself drowning in the lies. Regaining someone’s trust after a lie is harder than maintaining it with the hard truth.”

Those words resonate with me, and became something I have abided by to this day. Though it is said that the truth hurts, I have learnt that in the long run nothing good ever comes out of a lie. In retrospect, I never should have told a lie in the first place, but I was far too naive, far too immature, to realise the consequences, and I allowed myself to go down that treacherous path. It is only now that I truly understand that honesty is the best policy.

Epilogue

Metaphorically is a compendium of inspiring prose and visual metaphors that intrinsically celebrates the CORRI qualities – Can-Do Spirit, Other Centredness, Responsible Individuality, Resilience and Inquiring Mind. The underlying values that form the key sections relate closely with the nation-building efforts of our pioneers, as Singapore commemorates SG50.

The content selection also serves to showcase the depth and diversity of the contributors' articulation across the different genres of expressions that were presented.

It was indeed a great pleasure going through the submissions, short-listing and fine-tuning some of the pieces. The process of curating the final list for inclusion in this edition has also allowed the team to discover the many talents of the students, teachers and other stakeholders.