**1. What does being a good student mean to you?**

Being a good student requires much more than good grades. Being a good student means development of curiosity, embracing challenges, and learning from failure. A good student relates himself/herself with course materials, brings the knowledge learned into his real life, and seeks chances to grow intellectually and personally. It also includes responsibility, time management, and self-motivation, balanced with collaboration. A good student isn't afraid to ask questions, say when he doesn't understand anything, or seek help if that's what's required. Ultimately, it's all about instilling a kind of mindset in the way of lifelong learning, whereby success is defined not by attainment but by growth.

**2. What would you do when you witness that somebody was treated unfairly?**

I do feel a call to action every time I find out that somebody has been treated unfairly. I try to assess the situation and the whole context, then intervene if it's safe and appropriate. It can be as basic as supporting the affected person with words of comfort, a listening ear, or standing with them in their battle. In those other situations where the injustice is systemic or larger, I may speak out or advocate for change through peaceful means, such as writing, petitions, or organizing. Fairness is not a moral but rather a collective responsibility.

**3. If you could meet any historical figure, who would it be, and what would you ask them?**

I would meet Leonardo da Vinci, the guy who painted the infamous Mona Lisa. He was a genius in art, science, and engineering, and I would ask him how he managed such extraordinary curiosity across so wide a range of fields. I’d want to understand how he balanced his scientific observations with his artistic endeavours, and how he managed to maintain an open mind throughout his life. I’d also ask him what advice he would give to modern thinkers who feel confined by the specializations that define contemporary knowledge. His perspective on integrating art and science could offer valuable insights for today’s complex world.

**Lucas on the Beach:**

On the last day of summer, Lucas had the beach all to himself. The air felt thick with the salty tang of the ocean and the weight of the waning season. The sun, heavy and warm, hung low in the sky, casting a watercoloured canvas of crimson and orange hues across the horizon. The water, reflecting the vibrant colours, rippled gently with the fading light. Lucas felt a strange stillness, as though the world was holding its breath for the end of summer.

He was half-buried in the sand, his fingers working aimlessly through the grains as he built a final sandcastle, the tower crumbling with every attempt. But then, something unusual caught his touch—something solid, cool, and oddly smooth. It wasn’t a rock, nor was it a shell, but a small glass jar, its surface worn and cloudy with age. A soft scraping sound echoed in the silence as he dug around it, the last of the sunlight casting long, angular shadows across the sand.

His heart quickened as he uncorked the jar, revealing a folded piece of paper inside. The note was covered in delicate, looping symbols that shimmered like they had a life of their own. The language was foreign, indecipherable—too strange to be just gibberish, but too familiar to be random. The ocean breeze stirred, making the paper feel almost…alive. Lucas shivered, looking around as if expecting someone to be watching, but there was nothing—only the endless stretch of the beach, the crashing waves, and the haunting whisper of the wind.

Liam and the Stars:

Every night, as if on a timer at midnight, the stars above the village would dim for one full minute. A moment of pause in the sky, like a candle snuffed in the dark. Only Liam seemed to notice, though.

He sat on the edge of the porch, a blanket loosely draped over his shoulders, eyes fixed upon the heavens. The flicker came quietly, almost imperceptibly—like a breath held too long. The village, sound asleep, would never see it. But Liam always did. For as long as he could remember, Liam had watched the stars, utterly convinced they told him something he just couldn't quite understand.

His father used to say Liam thought too much, that he was always chasing after answers that weren't there. "The stars won't save you," he'd say, his voice heavy with the weight of his own unspoken regrets. But Liam couldn't shake the feeling that the flicker was important. It wasn't just a trick of the eyes. Each time the stars blinked out, his chest tightened-like something deep inside him was reaching out, but couldn't quite touch.

The village rested easy in its ignorance. People were content in their simple lives; with the familiar paths they tacked each and every day. But Liam couldn't forget the flicker. It felt like a sign. A warning. Or maybe an invitation. He wasn't sure.

What he did know was that the stars were trying to tell him something, and it had to be him to listen.