**The Buried Message**

The sun hung low over the horizon, its golden glow casting ripples across the tide as Lucas strolled along the beach. His toes dug into the cool, damp sand, savouring the season’s final moments. His eyes caught a glimmer near a pile of seaweed, and curiosity pulled him closer.

A glass jar, rounded and worn smooth by the tides, peeked out from beneath the sand. The sunlight caught its surface, revealing hints of something folded tightly inside. He pried the jar open, careful not to crack it, and shook out an aged parchment. The paper exhaled the scent of salt and time, but it was the intricate script that held Lucas’s captive. The symbols swirled and spiralled like living tendrils of smoke, foreign yet hauntingly familiar, as though they whispered a forgotten truth.

His fingers traced the lines absentmindedly, the edges rough against his skin. Questions churned in his mind. Who had written this? What did it mean? The air seemed charged as if the universe held its breath, waiting for him to act. Lucas tucked the parchment back into the jar, resolved. Summer might have ended, but the message promised a new journey—one laden with mysteries more enduring than the fleeting season.

**Flickering Stars**

At midnight, when the village below slept undisturbed, Liam perched on his windowsill, gazing at the night sky. His routine had started accidentally, from a restless night, an idle glance upwards, but now it had become a nightly obsession. One night, he noticed what no one else did: the stars above the village blinked out for precisely one minute.

Each evening, as the clock struck twelve, the constellations seemed to dissolve into a profound darkness. Not a cloud obscured them; it was as if the universe paused to exhale. When the stars returned, they seemed brighter, sharper, as if imbued with a secret vitality.

Tonight was different. Liam held his breath as the familiar void enveloped the heavens. But this time, the silence seemed alive. An inexplicable vibration hummed through the air, tugging at his senses. He caught a faint shimmer - a thread of light weaving through the black, like a whispered message on the edge of perception.

“What do you want me to see?” he murmured, more to himself than anything else.

As the stars blinked back into existence, one lingered, pulsing red against the indigo expanse. A chill crawled down Liam’s spine. He wasn’t just watching anymore; the stars were watching him back.

**Interview Questions**

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

Being a good student goes beyond grades or memorizing facts. It means embracing curiosity and committing to the lifelong pursuit of learning. A good student asks questions others overlook, seeks understanding over rote answers, and values growth over perfection. It’s about resilience, learning to adapt to challenges, turning failure into a stepping stone, and never losing the wonder of discovery. Equally, being a good student is about character: respecting teachers, collaborating with peers, and staying disciplined even when distractions call. To me, a true student doesn’t just study or behave; they embody the principles of humility, determination, and an unyielding thirst for knowledge.

1. **What do you do when you see someone being treated unfairly?**

When I see someone being treated unfairly, my first instinct is to intervene. I assess the situation to understand what’s happening and ensure I approach it thoughtfully rather than impulsively. If I can, I speak up and advocate for the person, showing them they’re not alone. Sometimes, it’s about being a listening ear or finding someone better equipped to help. Fairness and kindness are foundational to any community, and standing up against injustice reminds everyone involved—victim and perpetrator alike—that respect is not optional. Injustice thrives in silence; addressing it head-on is how we build a better, kinder world for us to live happily in peace.

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

If I could meet any historical figure, it would be Leonardo da Vinci. His genius bridged art, science, and invention, and I’d want to ask him about the interplay between creativity and discipline. Specifically, I would ask, “How do you nurture curiosity while staying committed to mastering diverse crafts?” Da Vinci’s notebooks reveal a mind constantly exploring, dissecting, and imagining the impossible. I’d love to understand how he perceived the connections between seemingly unrelated fields. Did his approach to art inspire his scientific endeavours, or was it the reverse? Meeting him would be unparalleled opportunity to peer into a mind that seemed to embody limitless potential.