

Interview Questions (100 words each)

What does being a good student mean to you?

Being a good student means to me that you care for others not just yourself and be fair and respectful to everyone not biased or opinionated with specific student, being a good student also means to have a harmonious friendship with fellow peers and teachers or school staff, this can also benefit later on in life by having a strong relationship and lots of friends so whenever you need help or have a problem your friends can come and help you.

2. What do you do when you see someone being treated unfairly?

When I see my peers being treated unfairly, I will use the “high five” which is speak politely, speak firmly, ignore, walk away and reporting to a teacher. This is a 5-step procedure I often use when encountering my peers getting bullied or treated unfairly, if this procedure can’t be used, I go up to the bully and be an upstander to advocate for my friend or fellow student.

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

The historical figure will definitely be Napoleon because he conquered many countries in Europe in the Napoleonic era and stood as an admiring figure in my heart due to the fact that despite numerous failures and defeats, he still managed to maintain resilience and persistence to get his honour back again, this inspired me to pursue in my dreams and never give up. The question is “Is there anything you found valuable in the years of battle?”.

Narrative 1

The last day of summer, Lucas found a delicate glass jar entombed in the incandescent sand, and inside was a message written in a language he couldn't understand. The symbols were unlike anything he'd ever seen, swirling and intricate, like starlight trapped in amber. Curiosity piqued, Lucas brushed the sand from the jar, his fingers tracing the strange script. A shiver ran down his spine, an insidious sense of unease washing over him, like a cold wind whispering secrets through the trees. He had stumbled upon something extraordinary, something that might hold secrets older than time itself.

Back at home, Lucas spent hours researching the symbols, poring over ancient texts and deciphering codes. He felt like a detective, meticulously piecing together a puzzling jigsaw puzzle of forgotten lore. Each symbol was a piece of the enigma, each stroke a

hint of the message's origins. The jar, meanwhile, seemed to hum with a low, resonant energy, like a dormant volcano waiting to erupt. It was as if the message itself was trying to communicate with him, its energy seeping into his very being.

Lucas knew he couldn't ignore the jar. It had become an obsession, a thorn in his side that demanded to be resolved. He decided to seek help, reaching out to a local university professor specializing in ancient languages. The professor, intrigued by the unique script, agreed to help Lucas decipher the message. Their journey had just begun, and Lucas had no idea what secrets the jar held or where it would lead him.

Narrative 2

Every midnight, the celestial tapestry above the slumbering village suffered a celestial eclipse. For sixty seconds precisely, the firmament, once a glittering expanse of diamonds, transformed into a velvet void. Only Liam, a solitary sentinel against the indifferent night, witnessed this nightly spectacle. He first beheld this celestial anomaly on his tenth birthday, a night fraught with a preternatural stillness. Nestled amongst the fragrant hay of the loft, his gaze, a lone beacon in the inky darkness, was transfixed by the celestial ballet. Then, like a mischievous sprite extinguishing a thousand candles, the stars vanished, leaving behind a gaping maw of obsidian. Panic, a fleeting serpent, coiled around his heart. Was it a portent of doom, a celestial omen he alone was cursed to witness?

He yearned to share this extraordinary phenomenon, to paint the canvas of the night sky with his words for his companions. "Observe!" he'd implore, his voice a desperate plea against the indifferent murmur of the village. "The heavens themselves are weeping!" But his pronouncements were met with derision, his earnest pleas dismissed as the ramblings of a fevered mind. 'A figment of your imagination, Liam,' they'd chide, their laughter a cruel counterpoint to the cosmic symphony unfolding above. So, Liam, a solitary stargazer, was condemned to bear witness to this celestial enigma, a silent guardian of the night's secrets, forever bound by the invisible chains of his own perception."