Interview questions:

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

Being a good student goes deeper in definition then having excellent grades and being kind to many people. They have to demonstrate the ability to be resilient, bouncing back from harsh or hard times as obstacles crash onto them like lightning, pushing through all of the pain yet still demonstrating a sense of humbleness and fairness. Self-awareness is key for developing a sense of peacefulness and gentleness. A good student traces and embraces their curiosities, comprehending and solving questions all around them in the dark world. They are always confident and not afraid to speak up and answer questions, always learning and listening, not afraid to ask questions about things they do not know. Ultimately, it is all about having the corrective mindset of an assertive attitude and a heart that burns with passion and assertiveness.

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

If I see someone being treated unfairly, I will carefully assess the situation, including factors such as: Time limits, The amount of people bullying the victim, Physical or verbal bullying, etc. Then I would conclude if it safe to intervene with the situation or to call for help. In the time where it is safe to intervene with the situation, I will then defend, calm, or help the victim, by either small yet powerful words like “It will be okay,” and “Stay calm.” I will stand up for them, lend a helping hand or just something as basic as listening to them. On the other hand, if help is essential, I will speak to a teacher, parent, or an advocate to both understand the bigger picture and smoothen up the situation. Action is always available; from using calming words to calling for help.

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

I would meet Leonardo Da Vinci, for his intelligence, creativity, unique writing style and pure determination inspires me. He worked in a wide range of subjects, such as science, art, and engineering. He is the man that invented things that were not officially invented until hundreds of years after his death. I would like to ask him about his brilliance, how his spark of curiosity raged on such a wide range of subjects. I would also ask what advice he would give to thinkers and artists in the modern world struggling to get ideas or lacking motivation. His perspective on today’s pressurised world will give important, new insights leading to huge leaps in technology.

**1. Lucas and the scroll:**

On the last day of summer, Lucas had a peculiar feeling in his gut. It felt like something was dragging him; It called out to him, trying to control him. He grimaced, clutching his stomach and tried to walk to his corroded, tarnished car, where his phone lay on the torn fabric, but he failed. His heart raced. Worries appeared in every corner of his head, screaming with force. He surrendered to the scorching hot sand, his body slowly sinking in it. The warm sun hung low, its weightless particles touching the sparkling sea, as the sea water was painted by the fluorescent colours of an endless sunset. The world felt oddly still; there was no water rippling softly against the sand, and the air seemed to hold its breath.

He fingers sank deeper, the sand biting his smooth skin. He felt something cold, something conspicuous from the hot sand. He lifted the object out of the sand. A crumpled piece of paper was nestled in the viridian bottle. He popped open the oak cork. He then lifted the crisp scroll, its scent seemed to whisper secrets to his mind.

Curiosity seemed to wave his doubts off. The scroll was written in a language that was an enigma, yet somehow familiar. Just as he peered closer, he heard strange, whirling sounds but ignored them. Suddenly, a whirling pool of past, present and future, otherwise known as a portal, appeared, ultramarine and violet swirling from the centre. He felt his body shrink as the portal pulled him into the forgotten darkness.

**2. Liam and the stars**

Every midnight, the stars around Liam’s village vanish for precisely one minute, not a millisecond off. It was like a break for the stars, as if presenting their stunning light was tiring. It was a mind-twisting discovery; only if someone else ever listened or saw it themselves too.

He stared out his tinted window, gazing on the glittering stars, a loose blanket wrapped warmly around his hips. Moonlight was caught upon his bedroom, its emotions pouring out onto the air, creating a natural aroma of freshness. His digital clock presented luminescent, crimson pixels that showed 11:59.

Anticipation and excitement rose up onto his chest. The stars disappearing from the always-lightened sky was so brilliant, so astonishing, he could never be bored of it. Yet nobody except him cared to stay up to midnight, and when he told his parents, they didn’t believe him. Everyone in the village were so used laying in their comfort zone cot, too content in their ordinary schedules.

It was as if the stars were calling out to him every night, and he was convinced that there was a deeper meaning than hallucinating. It was a sign of something, maybe a warning, or an invitation. Whatever it was, it was something important. He could feel it, the need of action, and in the entire eight billion people roaming on the Earth, it had to be him.