



11/16/2016 JV Basketball friendly against Morrison Academy Taipei (MAT) at MAT

On Wednesday November 16th our Junior Varsity Boys basketball team played a friendly match against Morrison Academy Taipei (MAT) at MAT. The team is made up of students from grades 9, 10 and 11 and their coach is Mr. Tim Sampson. The players were very excited about their first game, and after a rough start the team began to play well together. To the delight of their coach, they actually tried to run the offense as practiced.

There are many capable offensive players on the team and throughout the game there was a balance of scoring from many of players, but our main objective as a team was to focus on our team defense. MAT played very well and have two outstanding players, but we were able to keep a lead for the entire game and were up by 10 points in the beginning of quarter 4. This healthy lead gave us an opportunity to give some well deserved playtime to the bench and give our starters a rest.

Although we ended the day with the win, some members of the team need to reflect on whether or not they played with a team first attitude or thought only of themselves. They will have another chance to practice a team first attitude when we play again December 1 against Taipei Kuei Shan School (KSSA) vs DIS at DIS. Please come out and support the team.



Akil and the Locusts

By Evan Chang, Gr.8 St. Catherine of Sienna

In the city of Aswan, Egypt, there lived a farmer named Akil. He was a simple and humble man, living in only a small clay house in the suburbs near the wide Nile River and vast farmland. Despite being poor, there was something quite special about him. He had extremely fast reflexes, faster than any other person in Egypt. Akil's reflexes were so swift; he was once able to grab a speeding arrow out of the air. In addition, he could solely use his hands to catch the slippery, agile tilapias swimming in the river with ease.

It was the year 2013 in Egypt. It was also mid-summer, the most deadly time of the year. The bright, blazing sun hung in the cloudless sky for 15 hours a day, and the ground cracked and crumbled in the heat. The days were so hot that when the villagers walked out to the river to fetch water, their shoes melted into a sticky glob, and the water collected in their pots evaporated before the people could even reach their homes. The farmer's crops of barley and wheat started to wilt and dry in the severe temperature. Since it was nearly impossible to do any work under the scorching sun, the only choice Akil and the villagers had was to stay in their homes and wait until night came.

Just when everyone thought the heat was the worst problem that could happen to them, something even more horrid came upon them. One afternoon, Akil was resting outside his house under the shade when he heard a farmer shout in the distance.

"THEY'RE COMING!" the farmer shouted.



Akil scrambled up onto his feet and looked around to see what it was all about. He spotted something. Far away on the horizon, there was a large cloud of sparkling specks. Everyone in the village, curious of the commotion going on, stepped out of their houses and stared. The swarm expanded and became so big it covered the sun, causing the sky to turn dark. The sun disappeared from sight, and fireflies and moths came out because they thought it was already nighttime. Suddenly, the cloud broke into countless locusts. Before anyone realized what was happening, the air was filled with hungry insects. Their flapping wings were so loud that the neighboring town a few miles away thought a fleet of helicopters were heading their way. The locusts started to attack and eat the crops. Akil knew he had to find a way to protect the farmland. He soon devised a plan that required him to use his fast reflexes.

Akil immediately started his mission to eliminate the locusts. He walked into the middle of the golden wheat crop. Akil instantly shot his hand forward and grabbed a locust by the head. Sensing the danger, the locusts scattered into the air. Akil skillfully grabbed each and every locust from mid-air and stuffed them in a large cloth bag he brought. Akil's cloth bag, filled with thousands of locusts, slowly stretched bigger and bigger until it was larger than his own house. Since there was no other way to dispose the bag, Akil used all his might and threw the bag up into the sky. The bag ruptured and the locusts scattered into space, turning into the shimmering stars in our universe.

Alumni Interview with Tiffany Tsou

By Ginny Hwang, Gr. 10 St. Albert the Great

Please give us a brief introduction of yourself, the school you currently go to, and your major (area of study) in college.

“My name is Tiffany Tsou and I’m currently studying at UC Berkeley. I’ve been in DIS since Grade 5 and graduated in 2016. My major is intended business or economics.”

How does college life compare with your initial expectations?

At college, I experienced much more freedom than I originally expected. In fact, it’s so free I often have trouble[...] deciding [...] what to do. Hearing from my families and friends, I expected college to be much more tiresome compared to high school [; h]owever, I think it all depends on the major and career path one is pursuing, as well as [one’s] management [of time].”

What is the best part/worst part of college life?

“The best part of college is the chance to explore all the different things around you. There are much more opportunities and resources out there than you can imagine. In such a big environment, you will meet people who have extremely different [,yet brilliant,] ideas from you. The bad part of college is that, at first, you [may] find it hard to find a place you feel belonged to. Being away from a place that I am used to [sometimes causes me to] panic and feel lost... I believe things [will] eventually get better as time [goes] by.”

How has your high school education affect your life in college?

“To be honest, my high school education has helped me a lot in college. I often hear that DIS has [a heavier] workload than other schools [and that] we also [have] to take more mandatory subjects; [this is a reason] I found it easier to get used to the workload in college. The coursework I took [in high school] also helped me. For instance, the math content for my current math course covers many things [I had learnt] from AP Calculus. For my English class, I have to write papers [that are] similar to [the ones I had to write in] Research Method and Senior Project. [With] such experiences, I have a [good] direction of what to do in my class.”



What advice or word of encouragement would you like to give our current Dominican students regarding their preparation for college?

“Enjoy high school as much as you can and cherish all the moments! Although [I] have always been eager to go to college[...], I miss high school very much now that I am in college. It [was] also easier to make close and long lasting friendship in high school [due to our] smaller class sizes. Even when we are far from Taiwan, those friends will be the ones who can support you and help you when you are overseas. Do not worry [if] you have not decided on your major or have not planned a career path. You will encounter [...] new things in college that will reshape your perception and help you realize what you are [...] interested in. Remember to join [as many] clubs and events as possible, because those are the places where you can meet new people! Also, consider the community and the environment of different colleges when deciding on which one to attend.”

What’s a random fact about your school?

“All the restaurants around UC Berkeley’s campus are amazing! There is boba and popcorn chicken everywhere. [Also], there’s a hill in campus that will help you achieve a 4.0 GPA if you roll down from it (I haven’t tried though, and I already had my midterms :P) [Finally], I really miss DIS very much and all the people I know there!”

Zeinah Mohammed and his wagon

By Cathy Wang, Gr.8 St. Catherine of Sienna

One early morning in Damascus on August 22nd, when the birds were chirping, a friendly gigantic Syrian farmer named Zeinah Mohammed started his routine. Zeinah loves all the citizens because they gave lots of kindness to him. It may seem like a wonderful life but happiness never lasts long. At night when the sun changed its job with the moon, an army with at least a thousand men wearing black disguises came roaming over the field. People were screaming and crying, and many buildings were burnt but still, many evil men kept tying people up and threw them on a badly damaged green truck. Zeinah ran out from his wooden cabin and tried to save the citizens. However, muscular men started shooting Zeinah, and Zeinah screamed in pain. His scream whooshed the truck, army, and burnt buildings a thousand miles away, which left him alone in the wilderness.

Desperate to save the citizens, Zeinah was sitting on the ground thinking of ideas. Only sand and cacti were available in Damascus since he blew most resources away accidentally. Suddenly, a ridiculous idea popped up in his mind, "Lets make a wagon out of cacti! It got water and enough nutrition for millions of people." He started collecting all cacti he could find in Damascus, and pulling the spikes off the cacti. At last, on August 25th, a wagon made out of cacti was born.

Zeinah, carrying the ultimate cacti wagon, started his search for the green truck. He jumped over Mount Qasioun and crossed over the Barada. Finally, at the middle of the day, he found the truck beside an abandoned factory. Quietly, he tiptoed into the factory and motioned everyone to hop into the wagon. After two minutes, everyone stepped aboard the extraordinary wagon without being noticed.

After getting out the factory, Zeinah used one step and reached Turkey. "Well folks, I guess this will be your new home!" All refugees cheered. However, one general stood in front of Zeinah and yelled, "All Syrian refugees were banished in Turkey so get out before I fire the gun!"



"Wait, what? I thought we are neighbors, why can't you let my friends stay?" Zeinah questioned.

"Rules are rules. Now, go back to Syria!" The general pointed his gun at Zeinah so Zeinah and all citizens were forced to leave. Using two steps, they reached Iraq but all Iraqis had the same reaction as the Turkish people. Using four huge steps, they reached Gezira Beach in Mogadishu to take a break. While Zeinah and the citizens started exploring the Gezira Beach, Zeinah spotted a beautiful island. "Hey little ones, I think we can go to Madagascar where everything is peaceful!" Zeinah declared. Everyone quickly stepped aboard with a hopeful attitude. Without hesitating, Zeinah carried the wagon and swam across the Indian sea. Within a few minutes, they reached Madagascar safely. Instead of treating Zeinah and other Syrian citizens like flies, the people in Madagascar welcomed them with baskets full of fruits. At last, Zeinah and the citizens continued their careers and lived happily ever after in Madagascar.

Mr. Biddy in High School

By Andre Hirakawa, Gr. 11 St. Anthony of Florence



Andre: If you have to describe your hometown, North Carolina, in three words, what would they be?

Mr. Biddy: That's a hard one. Cause it's my experience and it's probably very different from someone else's. On the surface, it's like very conservative, very strait-laced, but from my experience, it's like... can't say it's odd, it's more like queer, can't get myself in trouble! It's weird... it's small, it's convenient, it's friendly.

Andre: Is it really small?

Mr. Biddy: You mean like the state as in area-wise? Or like people-wise? Cause you see the same five faces all the time... It's really interesting.

Andre: So it's small, it's weird...

Mr. Biddy: well, it's home, and my dog's there. It's home *because* my dog is there.

Andre: Please describe your high school.

Mr. Biddy: It's pretty conservative. Very... like any high school, it's very cliquy. Well, it has its ups and downs.

Andre: Was it really similar to DIS?

Mr. Biddy: No, no, it was much bigger. A lot bigger. So big that you could get lost. I forgot how big my graduating class was, but it was like...

Andre: Was it at least like 5 classes in each grade?

Mr. Biddy: Oh, easily. 10. I can't remember how big my graduating class was, but it was like at least half of this school.

Andre: So, like a thousand in each grade?

Mr. Biddy: How many are in this school? This school seems so small, but I'm always stuck on the third floor so I don't really experience how many kids there are. But yeah, if you take the high school, this high school, then my graduating class would be about that size.

Andre: What were you like as a student?

Mr. Biddy: Terrible. I only cared for the subjects I cared for. I found it really hard to spend my time on something I really didn't like. I hated math, I was never good at it. I could pretty much keep my eyes closed in some classes that I loved and get an A in it because I just study it on my own anyways. But otherwise, I couldn't be bothered to do something I was never interested in.

Andre: Was literature one of them [the subjects you loved]?

Mr. Biddy: Yeah, I loved literature! It was great. It was funny because my lit teacher would say I was one of her best students, even though all the other teachers were like no... But it changed. It changed in college. If you look at me, like 9th and 10th grade in high school, I was a mess. But after that, I was pretty good...

Andre: What were your dream jobs as a teenager?

Mr. Biddy: I wanted to write for some time, like every moody teenager wants to.

Andre: Freelance?

Mr. Biddy: Yeah, I wanted to be a poet, I wanted to be a creative writer. And then I started thinking about going to school, and took a creative writing class in college. I hated it... I had to write about stuff I wasn't wild about... And I wanted to be a chef for a long time.

Andre: A chef?

Mr. Biddy: I really like food. I used to like... be on farms, I wanted to stay on a farm and start a restaurant. There's still time for that!

Andre: If you could change something about your high school life, what would it be?

Mr. Biddy: To actually care, to actually try in the subjects that I didn't like. I kind of cut myself off to a lot. I feel that once you're in college, and you actually see that, oh, I'm actually paying for this, I might as well spend my time actually doing it. During high school, I just didn't really care about this stuff, but I wish that I tried a little harder with it...

Andre: Besides being a literature teacher, what is your after school life like?

Mr. Biddy: I can't really say what I do after school... I like to dance a lot, I like to cook. I don't have a kitchen, so I'm trying to figure out how to cook right now. It's hard, it's really hard, in my little studio apartment, there's no kitchen.

Andre: Is it like one of those little single apartments?

Mr. Biddy: It's like a hotel room. It's horrible...

Andre: Have you ever thought that one day you would be standing here teaching at a place far away from U.S.?

Mr. Biddy: I always knew I would leave the US for an extended period of time, the teaching part though, not necessarily *here*, but some place, yeah, I always think teaching is a pretty cool pursuit, interesting...

Andre: Why Taiwan?

Mr. Biddy: I actually moved here on vacation. I was actually in Korea... I came here on vacation, and just kind of fell in love with the country. And went back and came here the next day. I was here on vacation and I went back to get rid of my stuff in Seoul. It's nice here, it's really cozy. Smaller. It's kind of got a good vibe to it.

Andre: This is a funny one. So some students notice that you always wear a gray shirt. How many gray shirts do you have?

Mr. Biddy: If you guys haven't noticed yet, I cycle through *three* shirts. I have three shirts that I cycle through. Just to keep them washed at least!

Andre: Haha, that's good to know!

Mr. Biddy: It is actually on my to-do list, but I'm just not big on spending money.

Commanding Mother Nature

By Charlize Chen, Gr. 8 St. Agnes of Montepulciano

Connor Colgan seemed just like any other ordinary boy in the village. He went to school and had a good friend, Harper Green. She had good grades and a warm, kind heart. The village wasn't anything special either. They were located under a large mountain where they got their water from. It was winter in village, Klingspon. The time was around the beginning of December. The cold was almost unbearable. The snow just kept coming down as if the gods were blowing 100 billion dandelions continuously. One day, Connor and Harper were hanging out at Connor's cottage and Connor was honestly getting tired of the weather.

"I want the snow to stop!" Connor roared like a bear.

Suddenly, the clouds parted and the sun shined through. It was only the middle of winter so it didn't make much sense for there to be sunshine.

"What happened?" asked Harper.

"I'm not sure. The sky cleared up just like that," said Connor, suspicious of himself. His parents then came rushing down the stairs like a hurricane.

"What's going on?" asked his mom.

"We're not sure." said Harper.

Connor was still in shock, questioning himself. Later that night, he sat on his windowsill, looking out at the sky.

"Did I really do that? Or am I just being paranoid?" he asked himself.

He decided to put himself to the test.

"I wish for it to be day!" he shouted.

The sun started to rise and the moon started to fade. It seemed as if the moon was sad to retire so quickly.

"No way! I wish for it to rain!" Connor shouted, with disbelief.

Suddenly, thunder clouds started to roll in, turning day into night. Rain started to pour down at the speed of light.

He was awestruck which caused him to get carried away.

"I wish for an earthquake!" he blurted out, without thinking.

Then, the ground started to tremble. Trees swayed from side to side.

Houses rocking back and forth.

"What did I just do?" Connor asked himself, scared of what he had just done. "I wish for the earthquake to stop!" he instructed.

The earth calmed down and the ground became still.

"Avalanche!" yelled a villager.



Everyone ran outside to see what was going on. They all quickly saw snow, the size of multiple boulders combined heading towards the village. Connor realized that the earthquake caused an avalanche.

“I have to make this right.” he gasped.

He started to run toward the disaster he made. Everybody was screaming and blocking his way. He squeezed through and continued to run. Harper then started to chase after him.

“Harper, no! You shouldn’t be here!” shouted Connor.

“Well, neither should you!” she hollered.

“This is all my fault, I have to fix this!” he yelled.

“Fine, but I’m coming with you!” she screamed.

“I command for the avalanche to go away!” Connor commanded.

Nothing happened.

“Try commanding the sun to melt the snow!” suggested Harper.

“But it’ll just become water!” he shouted.

“I have an idea, but you have to exactly what I say!” she commanded. “You have to freeze the people and make the sun so hot that you make the water into steam!”

“I’ll try!” he shouted nervously.

Connor did ask she said and froze the villagers into frozen statues. Then, he instructed the sun the melt the avalanche into water then into steam. Finally, he melted the ice surrounding the people, freeing them. When then people were defrosted, they cheered for Connor.

“Good thing I was there.” she said.

“I guess so.” he laughed.

Mr. Brian Harmon

By Zoe Shong and Nandita Chennakrishnan, Gr. 6 St. Hyacinth of Poland

We welcome the new faculty and staff to DIS! We hope you have a great year teaching and hope that you will stay with us for a few years to teach. We have interviewed some of our favorite new teachers. We chose Mr. Brian Harmon. We admire his teaching abilities and enjoy the things we do in class with him. Here are some questions we asked Mr. Brian.

Zoe: How long will you stay to teach in DIS?

Mr. Brian: About 5 to 10 yrs.

Nandita: Describe yourself in 5 words

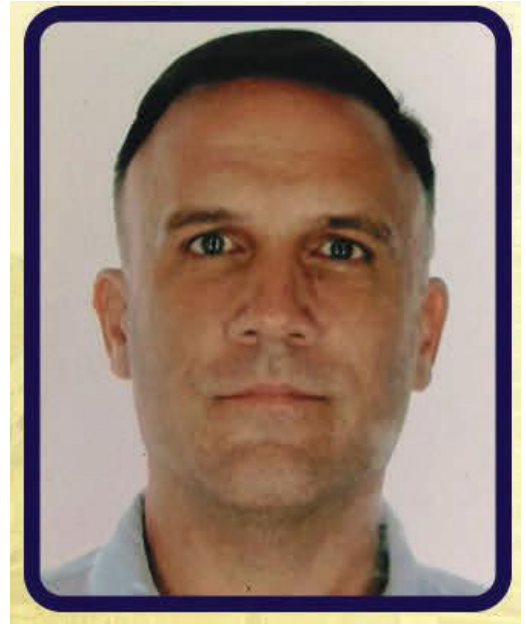
Mr. Brian: Curious, restless, wandering, focused and analytical.

Zoe: Have you ever done major debating for universities or states?

Mr. Brian: No but I debate all the time with newspapers and people.

Nandita: What was the reason you chose to come to Taiwan?

Mr. Brian: For my son's education.



Zoe: What kind of construction project would you build if you were an architect?

Mr. Brian: I would build a system of various different typed of farms where anyone could go and live and work there. I would build it all over the world.

Nandita: What do you feel about the environment in DIS?

Mr. Brian: The environment is disciplined and organized. Students are active and wanting to learn.

Zoe: Do you like the places you were teaching in before or DIS is better?

Mr. Brian: I used to teach in college so I didn't have to deal with so many grades and sections so it was easier. I liked where I used to teach better although the environment here is much better.

The B1013 Experiment

By Elsa Cheung Gr.7 St. Thomas of Aquinas

It was nearly midnight in the SGS (Secret Government Society) science lab located in the remains of Antarctica after the Radiant Blast that happened in 2030 which wiped out all cold temperatures. Two scientists, Dr. K13 and Dr. G17 were staying behind to finish the new highly destructive serum a.k.a. the B1013.

“Dr. K13, experiment B1013 is almost complete,” Said Dr. G17. “Okay, make sure you add the grox serum,” BOOM! There was a green murky glow in the huge glass beaker and smoke protruded out and covered the whole science lab. While coughing, Dr. G17 motioned to Dr. K13 and asked, “What just happened Dr. K13? I have a feeling that there wasn’t supposed to be a huge chemical reaction.”

“Hmm...,” Dr. K13 thought. The scientist walked towards the measuring station with the grox serum, “it seems to be that there was a slight mistake in the amount of grox serum you added to experiment B1013.”

“What? How could this be! Oh no, the SGS science department head professor isn’t going to like this.” Dr. G17 said shaking his head. Dr. K13 sat at her desk thinking of how they could make things work out. “Since this project was highly monitored, I’m sure that the experiment is still destructive. I think that we should test it out first.” She suggested.

“What if it doesn’t destroy or do anything?” Dr.G17 asked sadly.

If the serum doesn’t do what we’ve expected from it, the report will be disappointing but on the other hand if it has another similar use then that report should also be fine.” Dr. K13 said convincingly.



As both of the scientists walked towards the beaker station, they were shocked to find that nothing was in the beaker. “Hey! Where did the experiment go?” Dr. G17 yelled. There was a faint trail of green slime on the floor leading into the storage room.

“Um...Doctor? Could the B1013 be alive by any chance?”

“No, why would you ask that?” Dr. K13 asked in confusion. “Well, it looks like the B1013 escaped the beaker and slid into the storage room all by itself.” Dr. G17 suspected. “What?” Dr. K13 shouted. Both scientists rushed to the storage room and frantically pushed the door open. On the floor sat a small blob of green slime which was slightly moving around the room. The loud noise alarmed the B1013 and it turned around and stared into the scientists’ eyes.

“Ah!” Dr. G17 exclaimed, “It’s so green and gooey. What is it or he doing?” Dr. K13 and Dr. G17 exchanged confused looks and just stared at it. The B1013 looked very focused at first while it was trying to stare into the two scientists’ eyes but then it just gave up staring at them and blinked a couple of times. “I must admit, this is one of the cutest things I’ve ever seen!”

“It sure looks like it.” Dr.K13 laughed.



“Oh I have an idea, why don’t we see if the B1013 has any abilities besides looking adorable? If we test it and research something about a creature like this, we’ll have a report to send back to headquarters.”

“Good idea, let’s go start researching for that report.” Dr. K13 replied. The B1013 was carried into a white cubical room surrounded by bulletproof glass with a podium in the middle. “Should we see what type of alien species it might be related to?”

“That’s a good start, G17.” Dr. K13 walked up to the B1013, took out a test tube and shoved it with slime from the B1013. “I think the B1013 is trying to say something to you.” Said Dr. G17. She turned around and saw the B1013 glaring at her in a menacing way but she just glared back and ignored what Dr. G17 said.

Dr. K13 walked back to her desk and inserted the test tube in her computer. After a few minutes Dr.K13 turned around to Dr. G17 shaking her head. “I don’t think there’s anything related to the B1013. If there’s no related species, it’ll take months to figure out what it could be. So I propose that we should find something else to report about, like its abilities.”

“Sigh, I thought that we didn’t need to do experimental method ZT but sadly we must.” Dr. G17 said solemnly. Then he turned to the B1013 wished him safety and saluted. Both scientists went out of the room and came back dragging a box full of strange gadgets, weapons, and training equipment. The B1013 suddenly looked like it was about to faint.

For the next 12 hours the science lab was reserved for experiment ZT and experiment B1013.

“I give up!” Dr.G17 yelled in frustration.

“You can’t give up G17, the president spent half a trillion dollars on the B1013.” Dr.K13 reasoned.

“What else can we do? We already tried experiment ZT and nothing worked! Let’s just file a report back to headquarters saying that there was a mistake and experiment failed.”

“There must be something else it could do! Back in the day our ancestors never gave up on an experiment that easily. For many generations we have discovered new things because we never gave up.” Dr. K13 pleaded.

“Forget it, I’m tossing the B1013 in the trash.” Dr. G17 sighed.

“Don’t do it!” Dr. K13 shouted. But Dr. G17 had already picked the B1013 up and left the room.

Suddenly the alarms in the lab went off “Beep! Beep! Beep! Alert! All citizens of Earth report to your hiding stations! We are under attack by aliens of Zerentia. Please walk to safety in an orderly fashion.”

“Another attack? That’s two this week!” Dr. G17 complained. The two scientists rushed to the loft in the attic of the lab and peered through the window. Right in front of them, they saw that the B1013 had crawled out of the garbage and was heading toward a group of Zerentians crossing the street. “Is the B1013 crazy?! It’s going to get killed!” Dr.G17 exclaimed. “Wait! I think it’s doing something to the aliens.” Dr. K13 guessed.



“I don’t understand! Why does it keep staring at them though?” Dr.G17 asked very confused.

“Oh! Maybe it’s hypnotizing them.” Dr. K13 guessed.

“That’s impossible, we’ve already tested all its abilities.” Dr.G17 doubted. “You may be correct, but if it really had hypnotizing powers, the Zerentians would follow it and they’re following the B1013 to the ocean right now!” Dr. K13 explained excitedly. The B1013 lead the aliens all across the continent and into the ocean. Then it left the Zerentians to drown at the bottom of the ocean.

“I’m still very confused. If it had hypnotizing powers, then why didn’t it hypnotize us?” Dr. G17 asked.

“Hmm... that’s a very good question.” Gasp! “Well maybe it’s because we’re wearing contacts!” Dr. K13 concluded.

“Really? I feel like all this time its abilities were right in front of our noses.” Dr. G17 said while the two scientists were walking down the stairs.

“Yay! We’re saved. I guess the B1013 does something after all!” Both of them shouted. “Beep! Beep! Beep! Attention all citizens! The Zerentians have suddenly drowned into the ocean. Hurray!” the alarm notified. Both scientists filed a report back to headquarters and the results were off the charts! Let’s just say in the end, the B1013 was wanted by the president to battle in the army as their secret weapon and it lived a very luxurious life in its own penthouse. On the other hand Dr. K13 and Dr. G17 both were promoted to president and vice president of the Antarctica science department in the SGS.

Mr. Tank's in High School

By Andre Hirakawa, Gr. 11 St. Anthony of Florence



Andre: Please describe your high school.

Mr. Tank: It's a public high school, boys only. In Taiwan. It's like... uh... very hard... [there was] military training, uniform... kind of just like you guys. We had to bring our P.E. uniform to school to change. We had rules for hair, it has to be very short. No tie. [We could wear] sport shoes all the time, but white only. White sport shoes, white socks. Long pants.

Andre: Please tell me about your family and how has your family affected your student career.

Mr. Tank: My parents came from mainland China. They came to Taiwan because of the civil war. 1948. They came here with Chiang Kai-shek. I have three brothers, two sisters, and I am the youngest one. My father treated me like a soldier. So I woke up pretty early, five o'clock in the morning. Usually, if there was no class I still woke up around six. Lunch time was always 11:20. See! I still remember the time!

Andre: So it was very orderly?

Mr. Tank: Just like in the military. Dinner time was always 5 o'clock. I always took a bath at 9:30. So, basically I don't study hard because I don't have time to study! I had to sleep early.

Andre: A lot of the students are curious, how were you as a student yourself? Do you consider yourself a good student?

Mr. Tank: Academically, no. Like I said, I don't have time to study. But behavior-wise, yes.

Andre: Have you ever violated school rules as a teenager?

Mr. Tank: School rules? No. I always get a 99 or 100 in department grade.

Andre: What was the worst thing you have ever done in high school?

Mr. Tank: But I always followed the rules, so I don't have any problem.

Andre: How about outside of school?



Andre: Were you rebellious when you were young?

Mr. Tank: I was surprised when I took the job.

Mr. Tank: So this is different from the question about high school?

Andre: Did you ever imagine that you would be a teacher then? Like in high school?

Andre: Yes, maybe when you reach adulthood.

Mr. Tank: Yes, yes, I thought about that. But, like I said, no one can predict the future.

Mr. Tank: I was rebellious, but not to the point of being unreasonable. Sometimes I would argue with my parents. But in school, I was fine...

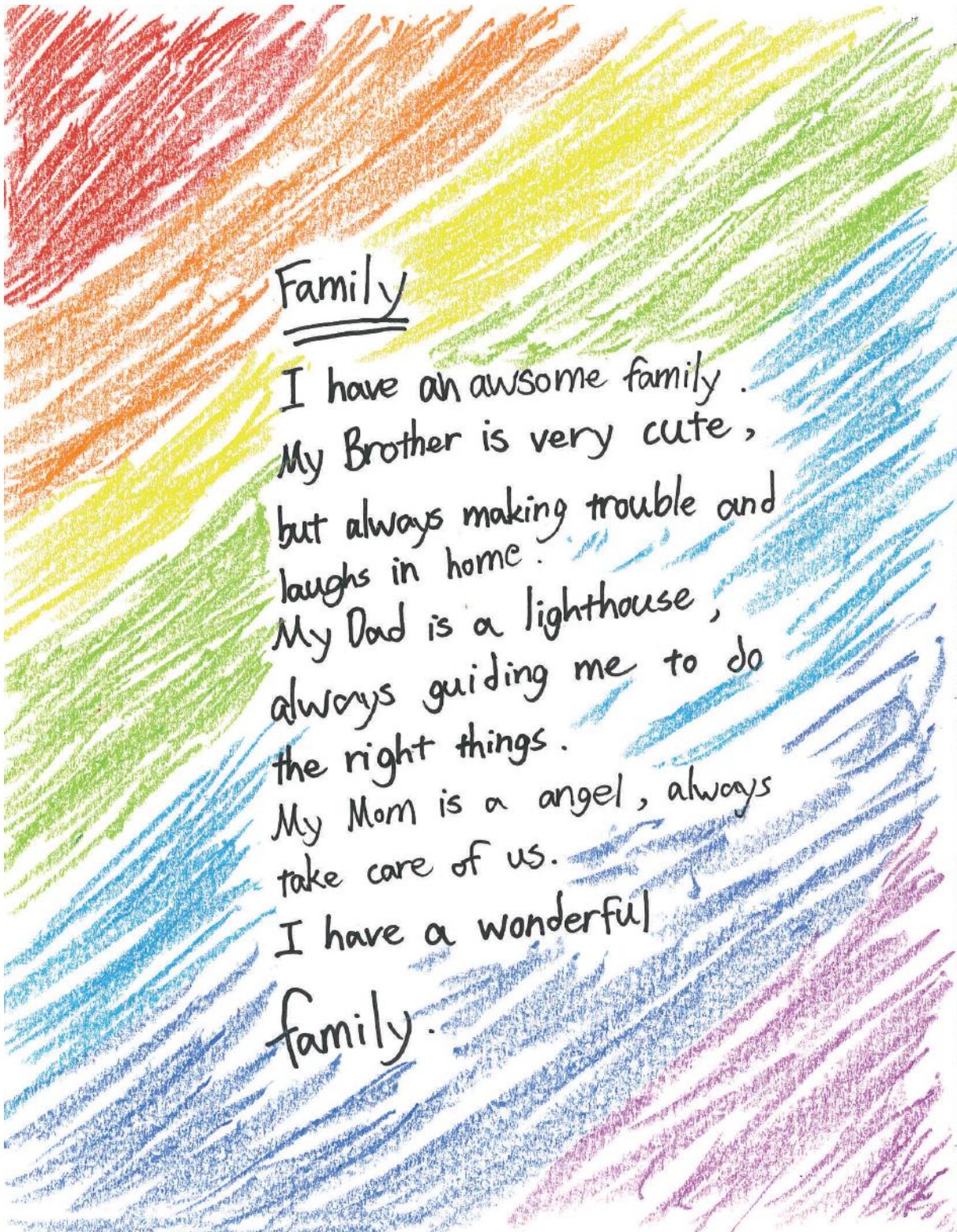
Andre: So some people are wondering, how are you so good in calligraphy?

Andre: Did you ever imagine to be a Perfect of Discipline in an international school?

Mr. Tank: I guess you would say it's talent? Sometimes you just know how to do something. Like when I see something, like a box, I would know how the angles turn. I am pretty sharp when it comes to angles or even music. I am able to identify which things make a certain sound.

Mr. Tank: No, no one can predict it right?

Andre: That's true!



By Andre Lee, G7 Bl. Jordan

Two of us look like each other.
We will play with each other
If other need help we will help each other.
Nothing can separate us apart.
Let's play a game
If you can tell which one is which
Forever we are friend
Enjoying the twin life game.



Melanie Liu G7T

By Melanie Liu, G7 St. Thomas

Song Recommendations

Compiled by Ginny Hwang, Gr. 10 St. Albert the Great

LissA- Zimt



In the Midst of It All- Tom Misch, Sam Wills



Rudimental feat. Jimi Tents- Moxie Raia, Jimie Tents



Worry- Jack Garratt



I Can Give You Heaven- HONNE



DIS Masquerade Night 2016

Photos taken October 28, 2016



Bird-eye view of the night



Gr. 11 St. Louis Booth



Construction underway

Photos taken November, 2016



Gym



Sisters' Convent

Young Shakespeare Playwriting and Acting Competition

November 23, 2016



Gr. 8 St. Agnes — *The One Choice*



Gr. 8 St. Catherine — *Forgive Me, My Friend*



Gr. 7 Bl. Jordan — *The Future Diary*



Gr. 7 St. Thomas — *Escaping the Nightmare*



Gr. 6 St. Hyacinth— *Veronica's Final Wish*

~Middle School Awards~

Best Actor – Evan Chang
Gr. 8 St. Catherine, *Forgive Me, My Friend*

Best Supporting Actor – Daniel Liu
Gr. 7 St. Thomas, *Escaping the Nightmare*

Best Props and Staging – Gr. 8 St. Catherine
Forgive Me, My Friend

Best Sound Effects – Gr. 6 St. Hyacinth
Veronica's Final Wish

Best Script – Gr. 6 St. Hyacinth
Veronica's Final Wish

Best Actress – Angela Dao
Gr. 6 St. Hyacinth, *Veronica's Final Wish*

Best Supporting Actress – Minkie Mabasa
Gr. 6 St. Hyacinth, *Veronica's Final Wish*

Best Costumes – Gr. 8 St. Catherine
Forgive Me, My Friend

Best Musical Performance – Gr. 7 St. Thomas
Escaping the Nightmare

Best Plays

Winner – Gr. 6 St. Hyacinth, *Veronica's Final Wish*

Runner-Up – Gr. 8 St. Catherine, *Forgive Me, My Friend*

Young Shakespeare Playwriting and Acting Competition

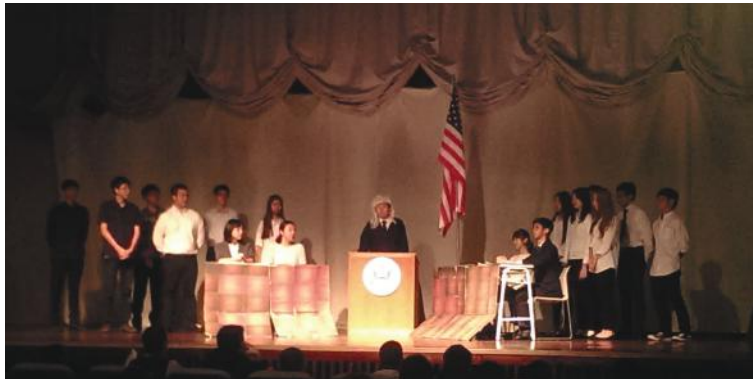
November 23, 2016



Gr. 11 St. Anthony — *Pompeii*



Gr. 11 St. Louis — *Humorous Adventure*



Gr. 10 St. Albert — *The Edge*



Gr. 10 St. Peter — *Blush Hour*



Gr. 9 St. Raymond — *Two States*



Gr. 9 St. Rose — *Before the Fight*

~High School Awards~

Best Actor — Jonathan Chen, Gr. 11 St. Anthony, *Pompeii*

Best Supporting Actor — Justin Tseng, Gr. 11 St. Anthony, *Pompeii*

Best Props and Staging — Gr. 11 St. Anthony, *Pompeii*

Best Sound Effects — Gr. 11 St. Anthony, *Pompeii*

Best Script — Gr. 11 St. Louis, *Humorous Adventure*

Best Actress — Tiffany Lin, Gr. 10 St. Albert, *The Edge*

Best Supporting Actress — Ally Chang, Gr. 11 St. Anthony, *Pompeii*

Best Costumes — Gr. 11 St. Anthony, *Pompeii*

Best Musical Performance — Gr. 9 St. Raymond, *Two States*

Best Plays

Winner — Gr. 11 St. Anthony, *Pompeii*

Runner-Up — Gr. 11 St. Louis, *Humorous Adventure*

JVB Girls Volleyball

October 22, 2016 at AST



DIS Team 2 vs. IIS



UNICORNS!



DIS Team 2 vs. TES



DIS Team 1 vs. MAC

JV Girls Volleyball

October 29 2016 at TES



TEAM!



DIS vs. MAK



DIS vs. IIS

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