TANG Volume 10 Number 2

Fun for SOIS Math Maniacs in Seoul

by Kaya Frese

Question: Why did the 30-60-90 triangle marry the 45-45 -90 triangle?

Answer: They were right for each other!

February 2nd through to the 5th, I and five other students traveled to Seoul, Korea to compete as representatives for SOIS in AISA math. If you ask a teacher or another student to define AISA Math, they would probably answer with something along the lines of, "a competition where mathletes take tests and are rewarded for their mathematic skills". In comparison, if you ask a Math Maniac what AISA Math was to them, they may answer, "a chance to socialize and explore a new country", "an opportunity to apply the math we learn in entertaining problems", or "finally understanding how we use math in reallife". Make no mistake, AISA Math does have tedious individual tests and near-impossible word problems; however, it also comprises of entertaining group tasks, competitive charade-ish games, and an escape room. If you are curious as to how challenging the math is, consider the following: our Math HL students received a general score of 8/21 while the 2017 top-scorer, a further math student from Yokohama, received 19/21. Don't let that discourage you from joining; I only scored 6/21 but had a great time! As challenging as the tasks were, they acted as great team-building exercises that we all thoroughly enjoyed. In fact, two of my top three favorite moments of the competition were these exercises. In

Challenge 2: Hold a tennis ball 90cm high for 30 seconds, utilizing only 3 pieces of A4 paper and tape. Challenge 3: Build the tallest structure you can that stands for a minimum of 30 seconds using 4 pieces of paper and tape.



(Team SOIS spent all their time on challenges 1 and 2. Thus, ultimately finished challenge 3 with an astounding score of 2.5. Not 2.5m, but 2.5cm. Impressive, we know.)

I invite you all to challenge yourselves to the challenges above!



To all the mathematicians interested, AISA Math 2018 will be hosted at SOIS next year! For those who want a challenge, here is one of the more simple worded problems of the competition: (Non-Calculator)

How many zeros are there at the end of the number 2017! (! = factorial).

Acknowledgements to **Takuma Notsu**, **Nanami Hariguchi**, **Rina Kawamura**, **Yumiko Tajiri**, and **Ella Jiang** for representing SOIS in AISA Math 2017.

Special Acknowledgement to **Ella Jiang** for winning the title 'Champion' at the event; '*Champion' refers to the student with the best results of his/her school.*



first place, the escape room; finding and solving riddles within a deliberately arranged room under the scenario that a famous mathematician had been kidnapped! While the escape room cannot easily be recreated, I

invite everyone to challenge themselves by reconstruct-

ing my second favorite task. As a team, we were given

three challenges centered on the building of structures

with just 10 pieces of A4 paper and tape.

Challenge 1: Hold a calculus textbook 40cm high for 30

seconds, utilizing only 3 pieces of A4 paper and tape.

My third favorite memory in the competition was guess-

ing the names of famous mathematicians by their accomplishments. "An American mathematician who is

recognized for his achievements in game theory and his contributions to the study of partial differential equations. His story has been documented in the film, 'Beautiful

Mind". Team SOIS drew blanks and we ended up

guessing the most generic American name we could think of, John. The answer happened to be John Nash.

Coincidences happen!

Photos supplied by Kaya Frese

March 2017

Editorial by Sophia Grabowski

Puzzle Pieces

Recently, I've been thinking a lot about relationships and communities. This is partially due to me having to think about where I will go after graduating this year, and all the new friendships I will have to build up, but also because it's been something that has significantly affected me these past few years.

I have noticed that every time I have moved or met new people, I am confronted with who they are, who I am, and how I should respond to that. New people open up new ways of thinking. From my experience, every time I join a new community, I adapt to it. This doesn't mean that I lose my core identity, but it's part of accepting where I'm at, and choosing to invest into new friendships and opportunities. Whilst this is a great way to open up one's horizon, it also comes with a price. As I get to know new communities and am affected by them, people that have known me from before will not understand this new part of me. At the same time, new people that I meet simply cannot fully comprehend who I am either. It's kind of like a puzzle - each piece is a part of me that is only understood by a certain community or friend group. If you add all of them together, it's a full picture of who I am, but there are not a lot of people that can grasp the sum of all the pieces. This does sometimes makes me feel lonely or not understood, but I think it is also a great opportunity to honor and be thankful for those that do seem to know so much of you. For me, this is firstly my family, but

also certain individuals who come from a similar background as me, and have gone through similar experiences.

I love the international community, because everybody is similar in that they are all so different. We all have different stories and will most likely face issues of not feeling understood, but because we know that feeling, we can relate to each other. As students at an international school, we are really privileged to be made up of so many 'puzzle pieces', because it raises an interest and awareness of who the people we surround ourselves with really are, and what has led them to be that way.

I think that one way we can support each other is by being really intentional in how we communicate. When I am asked personal questions about my background and have the feeling that the person is truly interested in it, it gives me the freedom to share more of who I am. Through that, the borders between the different puzzle pieces disappear, which provides room for deeper and more meaningful friendships.

I am nervous to "start over" again when I'll move this year, especially since I will be leaving my family, which has always been like a "constant community." However, I am really excited for all the people I will get to meet, as they will open up my mind to new insights, allowing me to grow more and develop as a person.

My Wonderful Encounters

A Tango Leader Says Farewell

by Mio Okuda

I cannot believe that it is the last TANGO article for me. Because it's the final article, I haven't been able to choose what to write about. However, I have finally decided. Here are my feelings about TANGO.

Firstly, I want to talk about the history up till now. It was about three years ago; when I was in 10th grade that I first enrolled in SIS. I do not have any back ground in foreign countries, and so SOIS was certainly a different world for me. I had trouble with this new environment and English. I became bewildered in unfamiliar situations. In the meantime, I did not expect that I could belong to TANGO. However, the SIS Vice Principal Mr. Tanaka who was my homeroom teacher, recommended that I join TANGO. It was the first encounter with TANGO for me. I was just interested in the name "TANGO" and I wanted to make a change

of the school where are class rooms for OIS. Then I was really nervous; I looked around restlessly, as when searching for something. I felt out of place. I was in front of the room, but I felt like I couldn't enter. The door was closed. I looked in the

room, the meeting had already started. I knew that I was not good at English, so I was perplexed about how to join in. However, the club teacher, Mr. Algie found me and opened the door. He welcomed me. I stepped in the room. I was just frozen I could not say any word. I sat in a chair. There were three members at the same block of desks. They gave me warm smiles, but I could not introduce myself in English. I said "Well..well.." Nevertheless, they asked some questions about me and introduced themselves. It was warm atmosphere.

From that day I joined the meeting every Wednesday. It has become usual to go to the room. However, for a short time I did not go to the meetings, even though I continued to write my articles. The reason was that I thought I could not participate in this club meeting. I lost my self-confidence.

I became a vice president.

I am a vice president, but I am always supported by other members especially the president and Mr. Algie. Because of them, I can continue to belong to TANGO. I do not know I am useful in this club. Nevertheless, I can say that I am so gad to be a TANGO member with a loud voice. TANGO is the only club that I have belonged to in whole my HS life .

I am always proud of encounters that I have had in SOIS. Especially for TANGO, this experience is one of the biggest parts of my life.

I want to say to all TANGO members and the teacher....

" THANK YOU FOR ALL OF YOUR BIG HELP,"

I spent a wonderful time here in TANGO.

Thank you for reading my articles. I am so glad, if you enjoy them. Finally, I would like to say a few words.

" I LOVE TANGO and Kit Kats!!!!!!"

Thank you.



for myself. So I went to join a meeting.

When Mr. Tanaka told me about TANGO, he only told me the room number where the TANGO meeting was held. I had not yet had opportunities to go to the part

I do not know the not exact reason why, but I have changed my mind; I have joined the meeting again. All I knew was that I like this club. After that, I tried to run for president. It was my biggest challenge.





MUN 2017

by Pansy

"One of the best experiences I had. 10/10"—Delegate of Belgium

We bustled into the conference room slash cafeteria Wednesday morning at 8:30 sharp, thinking that we'd be late, but in reality, we were greeted with Yumiko, who was already sitting in her chair preparing for the day's work.

We split into our four topic groups— doping in international sports, illegal poaching and ivory trade, universal access to education, and capital punishment— and began topic discussions in an attempt to create clauses for a resolution, which is pretty much a piece of paper that informs all nations about the changes the UN would like to see.

Most of the discussion consisted of the same 10 nations, that were more recognized, stating their point of view in attempt to sway other nations to vote a certain way. They also worked to refine the resolution so that it would appeal to all nations. This meant that smaller nations did not have as many opportunities to speak.

"I must have raised my placard for at least an hour before they finally picked on me."-Delegate of Bolivia

As a delegate representing a small country who's geographical location remained a question playing on the chairs' minds, it was a struggle to get picked on, especially since more influential countries were be prioritized. This, added with the fact that not all nations were related to all the issues, resulted in a lack of participation and therefore interest in certain discussions.

"I nodded myself awake"- Delegate of Chad

In my opinion, the most interesting part of MUN was the emergency crisis, which occurred in the afternoon of the last day. Delegates cooperated together to discuss and create a resolution for the issue of the drug lord and Mexico's sovereignty.

"Everyone only really got to know each other on the last day!"- Delegate of Nepal

Congratulations to everyone from SOIS, especially **Meg** and **Kristof**, who won awards for being outstanding delegates.













And of course, a huge thank you to Ms. Cheney and Mr. Avery for their support, assistance and guidance.

To sum it all up with a quote that we can all agree on:

"It went so quick. MUN is one of the best experiences I ever had in my school life. It was great to participate in active and thoughtful discussions carried out by students. I felt very proud to represent my school." — Delegate of Belgium



Photos by Mark Avery

The Soul of a Leader by Anna Kim

Airu Mukaiyama (SIS G11), **Miki Fujito** (SIS 11), **Jennifer Menezes** (OIS 10), and I visited Korea International School (KIS) for the AISA Leadership Conference, and stayed in Seoul for a total of 3 nights and 4 days, from February 2nd to 5th. We were chosen to represent SOIS as Student Council members.

Before leaving for Seoul, none of us actually knew what kind of activities we would be participating in during the conferences, as we did not receive an agenda. Despite this, we were all extremely interested in learning about leadership, and were enthused to interact with students from different schools, and share each other's experiences in their Student Council.

When we first arrived to the school campus after a very long day of travelling, our hosts greeted us sincerely, and we all immediately connected with each other. Luckily, my host was the Student Council President of KIS, and we were able to discuss the differences and similarities of our student councils, and suggested possible solutions for problems that we have both encountered as leaders. This discussion helped me in the following conferences as we discussed with other schools about the problems that we have here in SOIS, such as the noise pollution in the school library. We all collaborated to develop a solution to this, and planned out the process that we would need to follow in order to achieve our goal



We also participated in innumerable activities, lectures, and discussions that revolved around the theme of being a 'good' leader.

In one of the activities that we did, each of the students had to pair up with another student that they had never met. We had to create a clothing piece that showed the most interesting aspects of that person, within a few minutes. I was paired up with one of the teachers at KIS. This activity was harder than expected, as I needed to ask her questions about herself constantly, so that I would have a good grip of her personality. My end result was

definitely not successful in terms of the aesthetics, but the scarf that I created using a cardboard piece and yarn strings definitely inspired me and taught me that having good leadership is to not to be afraid of failure, and showing initiative.







ISSUE: In SOIS, the library is too loud to the

All the activities, lectures, and discussions gave us four tremendous inspirations into approaching true leadership. Not only this, through this AISA fair, I personally feel that I have gained more confidence in expressing my ideas to the communities around me, whether it be my classmates or in the student council room. Although this may sound cheesy, the lectures and discussions have taught me that I should not fear failure. This idea has strengthened my motivation for things that I used to let it flow. I am determined more than ever, to work on becoming a leader with truthful values



Making (Her) story: An Interview With Ms. Cheney on the Women's March

by Meg Hoffman

We all know Ms. Cheney as an incredible history teacher here at OIS, with a great passion for teaching and learning. If you've ever had her as your teacher, you'll also know that she is a strong activist for female rights and a strong feminist as well. In this article for Tango, I decided to interview Ms. Cheney about her experience in participating in the Women's March that took place in Osaka last month, the day of President Trump's inauguration.

Why did you decide to go to the women's march in Osaka?

My friend and colleague Mrs. Inada told me about the Kansai Women's (Night) March and Inauguration Peace Vigil - Osaka, Japan. I thought I should join to at least voice my resistance to political changes that could jeopardize peace. (e.g. Brexit, policies of the new US administration and the increase in popularity of right wing movements across the globe). During the Vietnam War farmers around Wagga Wagga were conscripted to help the Americans fight. Our neighbours fought conscription; they represented themselves and on the basis of religious grounds won their battle against the government. Others were not so lucky and had to fight in Vietnam. As a young girl I asked my mother what she did to protest against the Vietnam War - she said "nothing" (she was busy raising three kids, so it was an unfair question). However, I want to be able to tell my grandchildren that I did resist the destructive policies and growth of right wing, overtly nationalist populism that is emerging in 2017.

What was the atmosphere like?

It was a very positive and hopeful atmosphere. Everyone supported each other in relation to the fact that voicing our dissent does matter. We had placards and voiced our dissatisfaction loudly. The Japanese police were excellent in making it safe for us to walk along the side of the rode and the public were (as usual) very respectful of our right to protest. It was a legal and planned protest where the organisers had sought and been given permission to hold the march.

How many people were there?

About 100 women and men attended the Osaka peace march. I spoke with a Japanese man who is part of the

What did you think about the women's march taking place all over the world?

It is reassuring and proves that people all over the world care about the issues we regard as important – freedom of speech, family planning, freedom of movement, refugee human rights, religious freedom etc.

What kind of message do you want this march to send out to the rest of the world?

We all have the power to resist people and organizations that try to take away our basic human rights.

What advice do you have for students who don't know how to be an advocate for female rights?

If the future and subsequent generations' future is important

to you then you will find a way to be an advocate. The desire for peace is often at the forefront of women's rights activities – women often desire peace as they and their children are often the casualties of war. Therefore, being an advocate for female rights aims to improve the world for all human beings. Equality brings advantages for men and women. Japanese men stand a better chance of improving their quality of life by allowing women a "fair go" as we would say in Australia. Here, Prime Minister Abe would say allowing women to "shine" with "Womenomics".

What advice do you have for people who are afraid to their embrace their title as a feminist because they may feel judged by others?

According to the Merriam-Webster Dictionary feminism is the: *theory of the political, economic, and social equality of the sexes*. If you do not have the strength to embrace equality then you are going to live a very small, scared rather insular life. Feminism is the only "ism" that has not caused death. People have died as a result of wars fought in the name of communism, fascism, nationalism, capitalism etc. but I have not studied a war that was fought because women wanted equality. Women have fought battles to gain equality but not to the point where it has caused mass casualties. No one has a problem with human rights – females happen to be human... The question should be are you afraid not to be a feminist?



a past event in history – something that happened and is now an aberration of the past. Equality should be the expected norm across the world. It is amazing that as a human race, in the year 2017, we still have to advocate for basic human rights. Have we evolved or regressed? Discrimination on the basis of sex, race, religion, individual identity (LGBTQ), etc. belongs in the past.

Ms. Cheney mentioned at the end of the interview, that the most important thing is for all humans to have the right to be independent and strong. She also mentioned that the most fulfilling feeling as a teacher is when she is able to help young girls learn so that they can go to a good university, get a good job and become strong independent woman.

Thank you Ms. Cheney for allowing me to interview you

anti-fascist movement, and with women who are part of women's groups and peace activist groups from Kyoto and Kobe.

How long did it last?

The march probably only lasted 20 minutes but some activists planned to stay out until inauguration.

Where did you march?

We marched from a Nakanoshima-koen to the American Embassy and then disassembled and went back to the park. It was very cold so I did not stay until inauguration which was about 1:30am Japan time.

What sort of improvements do you hope to see in the future regarding female rights?

I would like the issue of female rights not to exist. The issue of inequality across the sexes should be studied as

about this historical event and for reminding us that feminism is not about women only, it is about equality for all of humanity.

SIS Grade 9 Course Selection

by Tasuku Azuma

In SIS, this is the season for every grade 9 student to endure and persevere through the preparation for a smooth transition to high-school life. This is due to the school's unique system of giving high school students freedom of choosing courses, meaning that they can design their own timetable depending on their own needs. The school entrusts students responsibility for scheduling their timetable wisely. Having said that, grade nines have limited options, since Japanese, Chi no tan-kyu (introductory course to oral presentation), Hikaku bunka (comparison of cultures), P.E. and Music are already scheduled in their timetable. These subjects cannot be replaced with other subjects since they are compulsory for all grade nine students.

Since many students (including myself) are flummoxed because of the complexlooking system of course selection, teachers held several sessions to explain about the system step by step. Once students understand the system, they then begin their contemplation of which course they should take.

On the last Monday of January, the entire grade nine went to either of computer labs, to electronically submit their course selection. As soon as the Web page was opened, all students logged into the school system and made their own timetable with great alacrity, since the number limit of each course fills up by whoever enter their course selection first. As soon as students had finished entering their course selection, they

took a glance at the neighbour's screen, and seemed to be intrigued to know others' unique timetable: some had 9 math classes a week, while some had 6 unscheduled hours a week. Also, students wishing to take the IBDP course from grade eleven had 6

P.E. and math classes, but only three English classes a week. Thanks to Mr .Munemasa, the timetables for such students are designed to enable the taking of all compulsory degrees during high school,

Through this opportunity of choosing courses which I will be taking, I learned the feeling of the importance of making prudent decision based on of a vast range of choices we were given.

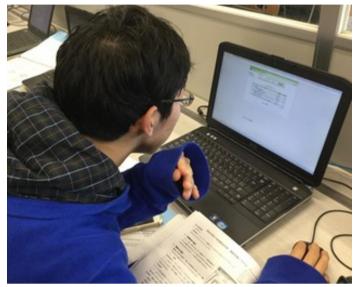


Photo courtesy of Tasuku Azuma

IB Music Students Showcase Their Talent by Dave Algie

The Grade 11 IB Diploma Music recital was held on Tuesday, January 31st in the Elementary Music room. The students performed a range of classical and popular music, as well as some of their own compositions. Mr. Villapando explained that this is an annual event, and a key requirement of the IB Diploma music course. The performances were amazing. Full credit to the students, at their teacher Mr. Villapando, for putting on such an impressive recital.



Congratulations SIS Seniors Graduation 2017....





Watching Paint Dry by Maurice Tokai

"Four bitcoins on Old Glory over there," Ethan said, pointing at the red, white, and blue paint pail. The Yellow Star painter had chosen a more techniquesions!" based strategy. He painted carefully, calculatingly. He had all the grace of the long extinct deer; his wrists "You sure, champ?" the bartender wheezed, limping moved like they were conducting an orchestra, leading towards Old Glory. "The paint in here seems a little runthem along as they played a masterpiece by the infalliny." ble titans of music from decades before. A Kanye West piece, perhaps. He finished painting soon after his rival, and quickly pressed the button that would begin and end the respective timers. "I'll take my chances," replied Ethan, studying the six fingers on his hand. "I have a hunch." "They're amazing." Ethan breathed, awestruck by the sheer skill and talent the two men possessed in their "It's your funeral," chuckled the barkeep, a twenty-yearbulky bodies. old hunchback with a mane of silver. "I placed my bet on Yellow Star over there." He pointed at the smaller bucket next to Old Glory. "It'll pay off my mortgage-maybe even twice that amount!" "They really are something," agreed Arnold. "The brushry. work is simply superb. This match really did live up to its billing." "Old Glory is a reliable brand. It even put Big Bear out of business!" Ethan countered. "I love this sport," Ethan said. "I especially like watching the paint dry." "Old Glory has been in decline even before the manufacturers added that strange orange tint into the mixture!" scoffed the bartender. "Nothing else in the world could keep you in greater suspense," concurred Arnold. thought). "Whatever you say, Arnold," said Ethan, wagging a talon lazily. The talon had been a gift from his tattooist, who Suddenly, a news alert flashed through Ethan's head, had decided to diversify his business offerings and causing him to yelp and hold his head in his hands. branch into surgical implanting. "Man Charged With Tenth Microaggression! Think "here" for more details." read the headline. Arnold adjusted the hunch on his back, which he had been wearing for the past ten years to show solidarity "Here," thought Ethan. An image popped up in his mind. with hunchbacks around the world. It was of a man, clearly an outsider, a hermit of some sort. He seemed to be of the eccentric sort. He had unmarked skin, earlobes that were free from piercings, and five fingers on each hand (he had two, unlike some oth-"Everybody ready?" he called to everybody in the bar. er people). "It's about to start.' Hang your head in shame right there, aggressor!" a po-Arnold pressed a button on his forearm. Two men apliceman was shown saying. "Don't move a muscle as I peared at the exit, brushes in hand. "Lets have a good read you your Melinda Rights!" clean game," he said. "Must we do this again, officer?" the strange man One of the men-he wore a jacket with "Old Glory: Yes "2!" sighed. "I tire of this. Either put me in jail or don't. Make We Can (Paint Everything) emblazoned across it in up your mind!" block letters- stepped forward, hand raised in recognition of the knuckle-taps of approbation he received from the crowd. After the tapping faded, it was the other man's turn to be knuckle-tapped; an official stood by in "You have the right to speak your mind. You have the the corner to ensure that the same volume, energy, and right to an attorney, if you cannot afford one, the court length of knuckle-tapping given to the Old Glory man shall provide you with the option to pick from three of the before was also afforded to the Yellow Star representa-

"Now," Arnold roared, his voice amplified by the vocal implants he had paid through the nose for. "We begin the Clash of the Century, the final of the Global Paint Showdown (sponsored by AdBeGone. AdBeGone: fighting for an ad-free tomorrow). It's winner take all: bragging rights, marketing rights, higher tax priveleges, and best of all, an even better status quo! May the best brand win!"

tive

finest in this continent. Are you aware of your Melinda Rights?"

"Yes, but again, as I've said on numerous occasions, I find this most tiresome. I merely stated to an acquaintance that I found the constant lip service our beloved leader pays to our minorities rather patronizing and insincere. I mean, it's not like he does anything to improve their lives! And what was wrong with the Miranda Rights? Why on Earth have they been renamed?"

"You see the news?" he asked Arnold. "Some racist is on a rampage. He's already committed ten microaggres-

"No, I didn't see it," frowned Arnold. "My connection isn't too great; I didn't spring for the premium package. But, ten microaggressions, you say?" He let loose a low whistle. "Safe spaces everywhere are under attack. We must all act quickly and educate these aggressors."

The bleak discussion was mercifully ended at that, as a loud cheer drew the two's attention away from the subject they were discussing. The paints were on the verge of drying, and the crowd cheered loudly, hoping that their knuckle-taps would be enough to push the paint they had chosen to support over the edge towards victo-

"This might take a while," commented Ethan, staring intently at the drying paint on the wall.

"My hearts are beating so fast!" yelled Arnold. It was a legitimate cause for concern; Arnold had spent a pretty penny removing one of his lungs in exchange for the extra heart (two lungs were a tad excessive, he had

"3!" chorused the crowd loudly; signaling that one of the brands had entered stage three of drying. Once a brand of paint reached stage one, it won.

"A fine sport, paint-watching is," smiled Arnold.

"Indeed. It is the most inclusive of all sports!"

"Not like those old-timey sports, you know. The ball sports." Arnold sneered with distaste. "So outdated. Calling attempts to score 'shots' simply cannot be tolerated in this day and age. It's offensive to victims of guns and such other missile-projecting weapons!"

Ethan beamed, as the light above Old Glory seemed to shine brighter, signaling that it had almost dried.

"1!"

Old Glory had won. The crowd swarmed around Yellow Star and its painter, singing their praises as Arnold trans-

The crowd cheered lustily and the two painters charged forward, each grabbing their respective bucket of paint and furiously dipping their brushes into their bucket.

The Old Glory representative painted feverishly, slathering the black paint onto his allotted space. He was a ball of pure energy, his wrists moving at a breakneck speed. He was a dynamo with the paint, a true athlete, able to cover a wide area with paint in no time at all. "Done!" he yelled triumphantly, slamming his fist onto a button. One timer stopped and another one began.

"We live in a diverse state, friend," the officer reproached the hermit. "Under the Unisex and Unique Names Act, 'Melinda' has been designated as a name for all beings found on the gender spectrum. 'Miranda,' unfortunately, has not."

"Malarkey!" cried the hermit, but the connection was cut, preventing Ethan from seeing any more. The officer and the hermit faded before his eyes, and soon he was looking straight at the bartender.

ferred the bitcoins he had lost to Ethan.

Ethan returned the money almost immediately, as was the custom. In an equal society, winners and losers could not exist together. He could not accept anything from Arnold. "Equality!" They chanted together. "Equality!"

The crowd granted the two athletes three hoots of joy, and the official noted down that on February 31st, 2049, a paint watching final had taken place. It would be recorded in the annals of history that both Yellow Star and Old Glory had participated. It did not matter who the "winner" was. They were all winners. They had both been present and that was all that mattered. All was well.

TANGO STUDENT WRITING

An Unfinished Portrait by Freya Kirwin

Tirelessly, the sun threw its rays to beat down on the shoulders of the young woman as she lay in the boat, adrift on the river. The sounds of the jungle converged into the deafening hum of the wild. Yet, there was a tranquility about her. The treetops struggled in a sud-den gust of wind, sending the birds flying upwards in a multicoloured frenzy, and yet that same wind seemed to only whisper by her, gently blowing a lock of hair out of place. The river lapped at the boat, pushing it forward, languidly. Her eyes were fixed unconsciously in a gaze that seemed to see something far beyond the thick of the trees: her thoughts were in another place, in another time. A sigh slipped past her lips, as if trying to relieve her lungs of their tightness or her heart of its heaviness. She was drunk on nostalgia.

She remembers a meadow of boundless lilies, not unlike the one where most of her childhood had been spent. But in this meadow was not alone. There was a man... George, yes, that was his name. It had been so long ago.

There were some feelings attached to that name, yet it had been a while since she had dared to let them surface. At some point, she could not say when exactly, she became aware that she was alone, dreadfully so. It was gone now. The lilies, the love, all of it. There was a death, or maybe several. But all that remained of that time was a vague longing for something that no was longer there. She sometimes felt that she had spent most of her life reminiscing.

Venice. The summer of 1894 was spent in its winding streets and on its canals. All of this had ended up as streaks of colour on her canvas. She had been overwhelmed by the raw romanticism of the city, everything inspired her and she had spent days walking through alleyways, sketching all that she saw in a kind of fever. She still had them, the drawings, now stuffed into a notebook somewhere. She often dwelled in the past, she was aware, and yet it had a tendency to creep into her unsuspecting mind.

The sun no longer beat down and instead sent its dying light through the trees to reflect off the river as an orange hue. The woman was sitting, a statue, in the boat, her mind somewhere between realities, stuck in a limbo of melancholy. And the boat drifted on through the mangrove, carrying nothing but the burden of a woman and a lifetime of memories.

The jungle was a vivid green. It was beautifully painted. She looked at it from her bed as the monitoring machine beside her kept up its constant beeping. It was one of the few sources of colour within the four white walls that matched the sheet gathered tightly in her clutching fingers. She sighed. She had never been to any jungle. It was strange to think that there was a last time for everything. All those lives...all those lives.

What I Miss About Hawaii...

by Sarah Kitamura

Almost every Friday, after school, my family and I would head over to Waiola Shave Ice and I would always order the rainbow flavor. Sometimes, I would order vanilla ice cream with it, other times, it would be mochi.

These days were so much fun because right after that, we would finish some homework and then head to dinner with my cousins. Then after dinner, they would come over to our house or we would go over to their house (we lived on the same street) and we would choose a movie from Netflix or DirecTV, often ending up going to sleep late. During fall break or some long weekends, we would stay at Aulani and have free time (we did not have homework over breaks or weekends, which gave us lots of free time). It was only for a short while, and we rarely went, but it was still very fun because the food was great and the activities we can do there are also great. For example, there's a lazy river where we can just float around and relax, there are many jacuzzis around the property, etc.

Running for Her Life Anonymous

This 55 word story was written by a mysterious, secret author. A member of our SOIS community. Who do you think wrote it? If you think you can guess the writer, give your answer to Tango's editor, Mr. Algie. **THE FIRST PERSON** The mushroom fairy finally found her lilac. It was not like that of a red rose, but she was happy. The happiest the fairy had ever been. It became a sunflower that would never break, the strongest yellow rose that she believed had ever existed. They never parted, and the fairy had bound herself in their vines, but it was okay. Anything for them. That was when she realized that she was a red tipped yellow rose. It would never become a red rose. She didn't want it to. Red roses didn't exist in her world. But no one cares about yellow roses. Also on weekends, we would take a day to drive around the around (not fully, but close to the whole island) and we would *always* eat garlic shrimp from Giovanni's Shrimp Truck located in North Shore. There were many people already eating in the sitting areas, so if we were not lucky, we would sit in the car and eat. Lastly, I miss being able to see Diamond Head right from my bedroom window every morning. It was the reason why I would leave my curtains open all night so I could see it with the moon next to it right before I go to sleep, and right when I wake up. I didn't think much of these things when I was living in Hawai'i, but now I do.

coming back, so what's the point?

She froze in time, surrounded by yellow and purple hyacinths. She didn't look up, she didn't want to. However, through the petals she looked hrough her daffodils past the withered.

They were beautiful.

She spoke one last time before the vines crumpled off and she flew away with tears in her eyes, "Sweet Pea."



TO CORRECTLY GUESS THE AUTHOR WILL WIN THE PRIZE: A LIFETIME'S SUPPLY OF KIT-KATS! That's

right! One Kit-Kat a year for the rest of your life! You only get one guess.

The story:

Running for her life

The girl ran, panting, panicked, nowhere to hide, the sun like a spotlight.

"I'll never make it in time," she thought. "This'll be the death of me."

"Hurry!" the PE teacher yelled. "Faster. One minute left. Don't you want a strong heart and lungs to live longer?"

"Yes," she sputtered with her final breath, falling.

Everyone wants red roses.

花言葉

bv Saria Howard

And a red rose they found.

Her world erupted in yellow hyacinths as flowers withered. Everything she loved was gone, but the vines kept her from flying away. She was trapped, and drowned herself in a bleeding heart. Soon enough, purple hyacinths took her over. She was done for. She was gone. She knew they were never

TANGO STUDENT WRITING

A Penny for your Thoughts

by Pansy

"A penny could have bought a whole family breakfast back in the good old days," Grams said with a sigh from her corner. Her chair rocked back and forth and her hands danced, spinning her tales from when she was a young girl.

"Please, mom. It's a different time now. There's no need to bring up our harsh living conditions. It will just make things much sadder for you," Ma interrupted.

Ever since Gramps passed away, Grams has been getting very emotional, and nothing we did could change that. Ma said that all we could do was to stop her from remembering it in the first place. She said that Grams was starting to lose her mind anyways.

"Nowadays, all you younglings just want more and more money. It never stops. What can you buy anyways? Tarts to fill your full bellies? Scissors to cut clothing into pieces of rags to wear as a fashion statement? The love and attention of someone that is on their way to leaving anyways?"

"No! Don't be silly, Grams. I'd never even asked you for a penny before," I exclaimed as I glanced at my mom for help. I never knew what to say when Grams got like this. There was no off button and she scared me. Her eyes would glower down at me and her whole body would violently shake. I wanted to run but last time I did that, Tommy hit me. Hard. After that, I heard yelling coming from Ma's room. I never saw him again, but I still saw the look of yearning and sadness in Ma's eyes. She still smiled a lot, but it just wasn't the same.

"You liar," Grams snarled, pointing a boney finger at me. "You've taken so much from us already. You don't even belong here. Look at what you did, you spoiled brat. You're the reason Tommy left—the reason he stormed out and left us all. Fix this. Fix this now. Fix this and leave." Ma's supportive hand rested on the small of my back as Grams rose and stormed out onto the porch like she always did.

"Fixing what happened isn't that easy. It shouldn't be your responsibility, so don't feel like that ever. Grams is just going through a rough patch. She needs someone to blame to feel better. I don't approve but there's nothing we can do. Just hold on for a little while longer," Ma murmured as she pulled me into a hug.

"Okay." That was the only thing I could ever say back. There was nothing else to say. And I knew what was coming anyways—the same words Ma would use every single time. As nice as she is, she's not very creative. Our whole house was plain, just like the pastel dresses she put me in. She blames it on not going to school but she couldn't decorate anything even if her life depended on it.

"Rivers always continue to flow even in the coldest night. They don't let anything stop them, and you, your my little river. The same one that quenches my thirst in the hottest days, and the one that offer's it's bank for a rest during the hardest winters."

"Yeah. Okay," I said, brushing away the tears forming in my eyes. "I'm gonna go upstairs."

"Okay," she replied, released her clutch on my hands.

Ugly, fat tears blurred my vision the second I turned my back to her. I could barely see as I stumbled up the stairs, and then even less when I risked one last glance at Ma. She was slumped over the counter, shoulders shaking.

Genuine emotions of worry for both Grams and Ma overtook me. They never used to fight like this—that is, until they dumped me here with them. Maybe if I left, things would go back to the way they were before they took me in. Grams wouldn't be so angry and Ma would smile again, just like the way she did years ago.

Hunching over the trunk with my few belongings, I decided to leave this family behind. They wouldn't miss me. None of them ever did before. After all, they all began to hate me after the dress-up games ended.

The next day, I sat on a bench by the bus station swinging my legs with no care in the world; away from all the yelling and blames, and away from the sense of oppression. I found myself drifting off into the same daydream of being a part of a family—having a well earned spot amongst them, and being appreciated, flaws and all.

"So are you just going to sit there the whole day? Cuz the bus aint coming. Today's a weekend," a young woman said, reaching her hands out to me. "Might as well come over for biscuits before you become as baked as one."

"Biscuits?" I asked hungrily.

"And coffee. Only if you can drink it, of course."

"Yeah, I'd like that very much," I smiled, ignoring the ghosts planted on my shoulders whispering a name amongst themselves.

The Secret of the Katana: A Family History by Aimi Mizuno

This article is basically my about my grandparents history and the unusual things that I have found at my grandparents' house. Things I think are unique.

First, my grandfather was a soldier of WW2. He told me that he was in a pretty high

traordinary person. For example she made Japanese dolls for a living, she won an international contest for another type of doll that she also makes, and she is married to my grandfather who is about 20 years older than her.

rank in the army. Later, he became a spy for Japan and he went around countries collecting information about the enemy. When I visited his house, in his album, I found black and white pictures and faded color pictures of my young grandfather in Egypt, France and other European countries. When I was about 8 years old, I was looking at the family album at my grandfather's place and found these photos. When I asked about these pictures, my grandfather said that I was simply too young to know about this. After is adventures overseas, my grandfather survived two bullets and survived an event called the "Osaka Daikushu" or the bombing of Osaka. He doesn't like to talk about this event and he says that those times were "the times that were full of lies". After WW2 was over, he started a jewelry company and he made large amounts of money. Later, many things happened and then my dad married to my mom and was born but what happened during those times are a family secret so we can't tell them.

I'd like to tell you about my grandmother. My grandmother seems like just an ordinary grandmother. However there are somethings that make my grandmother a pretty ex-

So then there was this other strange object that I found at the attic of my grandparents'

house, well actually a Kura, a type of Japanese attic. It's already gone because my grandparents can't manage it. One News Years, when I was at my grandfather's house, my grandfather told me to go to the attic and get the album that he was planning to look at. I found the album straight away, but I also found this strange wooden box lying on the floor. When I opened it up, I found two long little curved objects, around 100 cm in length. One of them looked like the container that a katana, a Japanese sword is put in.



Image courtesy of Aimi Mizuno CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

When I pulled out the thing that was in the container, it was a wooden Japanese sword, Bokuto. There was another container (this one was wooden) and I also opened this up, it was Katana, a Japanese sword. After I pulled the katana out, I suddenly wondered if this katana could cut things. Most of these katanas are too old to be able to cut things. Then, I found this paper in the attic that looked like that it wasn't needed, so I tried the katana on it. When I swung the katana so it would cut the paper, the paper sliced into two. After this incident, I asked my grandfather why

did he have this katana? He said that it will be a long story so he will tell it to me next time when I came.

This is my family history as far as I know, and of course, there are other incidents and events that both my parents and grandparents have experienced in the past. Have you ever thought about what kind of history that your grandparents and parents have followed? There will be something interesting in every person's history.

How to Stop Procrastinating by Sho Sakura

Procrastination is a serious issue nowadays, especially for students. As a student, you sometimes think that your friends who do not procrastinate are so diligent, when they just started working on it much sooner than you did. I myself have procrastinated and regretted it countless times and I am sure most of you who are reading this have, too. As IB students, we often become overwhelmed by the sheer amount of work we get, therefore, time-management skills become crucial to surviving the IB. In this article, I am going to inform you how you can stop procrastinating.

Procrastination is wasting time and only starting on our work—assignments, homework, graduation thesis, or literally any type of work—right as their deadlines are fast approaching. What happens is, our mind thinks, *"Hey, I don't need to be working on this right now. Let's do something fun and easy, like discovering good songs from the Bill-board Top 100 songs of 2010"*. We realize that we have wasted our time when our friends start asking if we have finished our work, which is usually when the deadline is in a couple days, and this is when our mind says "*Oh my goodness, I need to get this done right now.*" In most cases, we get our work done on time or shortly after the deadline has passed, so no one really thinks that they should be careful not to procrastinate next time.

However, the issue with procrastination can be resolved quite easily; it only takes you to

making yourself less exposed to things that you might waste your time on, which include the TV, YouTube, social media and video games. I myself have had a severe issues with procrastination. I used to play smartphone games all the time that I would often leave me little time to do my work. One day, I got so tired of playing these games so I deleted all of them. Now, I do not have any games on my smartphone and I am able to start doing my work earlier. Based on my personal experience like this, I recommend you to take two following steps to stop procrastinating:

First, realize what you are using to procrastinate with. Second, forbid yourself from doing them or decrease the amount of time you spend on them for a week (e.g., deleting the smartphone game, turning the TV on less often, unsubscribing certain pages/people on social media, etc.) This sounds like a big step, but you will notice that you start to not even think about doing these things after a while.

We all know that doing things that are fun and easy is much easier than doing our work, but we must acknowledge that it is we ourselves who are tormenting us. Of course, it is necessary to do things that are fun and easy, but not when we should be getting our work done. Moreover, it is usually less stressful if you get things over with sooner, so let's finish our work first and enjoy the fun things without any worries.

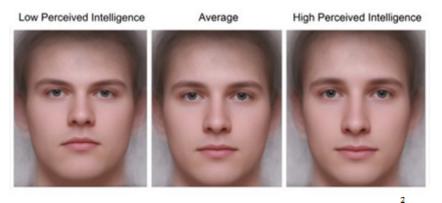
Don't Judge a Book by Its Cover by Manon Raby

We are told that being judgemental is a character flaw, but it is something that will never cease to exist. For the 12th graders that must face admissions interviews for universities or the parents and faculty that are familiar with job interviews, you know that first impressions count. The person facing you, if not a robot, is likely being influenced by a subconscious process known as the "heuristic technique". It's an approach to decisionmaking that is quick and efficient, but is influenced by human emotions or subjective judgements (this probably makes it impractical in the long run). Since this is so common, it probably doesn't seem so important to you. But what if I said that the size of your eyes or the shape of your nose *could* influence a company or school's decision to accept you? If the same study took place in Japan, I'm sure the results would be interestingly different knowing that the standards for physical attractiveness are not the same in Central Europe and Asia. A common heuristic is the "halo effect of attractiveness", where people have the tendency to rate attractive individuals as more likable correlated with attractiveness in both men and women. If you look at the images from the experiment it seems that those who appear happier are viewed as being both intelligent and physically attractive! Let's not forget, however, that this was a Czech study and the results are probably a reflection of nothing more than a cultural stereotype not reality. The study only involved images of 80 biology students from the university, so the "face types" that were illustrated do not actually define what "attractive" or "intelligent-looking" is. As they say, "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder".

If the same study took place in Japan, I'm sure the results would be interestingly different knowing that the standards for physical attractiveness are not the same in Central Europe and Asia. A common heuristic is the "halo effect of attractiveness", where people have the tendency to rate attractive individuals as more likable and intelligent. Moreover, because women are frequently judged based on their attractiveness rather than intelligence, the conclusions made from the study could perhaps reveal some-

and intelligent. Moreover, because women are frequently judged based on their attractiveness rather than intelligence, the conclusions made from the study could perhaps reveal something about the workplaces in the country

I came across a study that involved participants who were asked to look at random images of people's faces and say whether they thought they were intelligent and attractive. The results? Faces that are perceived as highly intelligent are longer with a broader distance between the eyes, a slight upturn to the corners of the mouth, a larger nose and a sharper chin. In contrast, those with a broader and more rounded face with eyes closer together, a rounder chin, declining corners of the mouth and a shorter nose are perceived to have a lower intelligence. Perceived intelligence also positively thing about the workplaces in the country.



Results from a study conducted by Czech researches (The Register)

Kleisner, Karel, Veronika Chvátalová,, and Jaroslav Flegr. PLOS. Perceived Intelligence Is Associated with Measured Intelligence in Men but Not Women (2014) Web.

2

1 Apr 2014 at 05:36, Rik Myslewski tweet_btn(). "Can you tell a man's intelligence simply by looking at him? Yes." The Register. 1 Apr. 2014. Web. 14 Feb. 2017.

Tango OPINION

The War on Facts

by Tyus Sheriff

Sean Spicer, press secretary for the Trump administration, is unlike any press secretary the White House has seen in past years. For one, he is said to be a press secretary who can look the media in the eyes and tell a blatant lie. After Trump's inauguration, Spicer claimed that the crowd was "the largest audience ever to witness an inauguration, period, both in person and around the globe." This claim has been deemed invalid and false by many fact-checkers, but President Trump's counselor, Kellyanne Conway defended his assertion using an interesting phrase: "Alternative facts." Although it technically cannot be called an oxymoron, the term seems to be a contradiction in it of itself. After this phrase was introduced in an interview, the internet exploded with various jokes and memes regarding alternative facts. One Twitter user lampooned the term tweeting, "Icebergs are disappearing because polar bears are eating them. #alternativefacts." It's easy to poke fun at the absurd nature of these remarks, but alternative facts reflect an increasing trend of gullible Americans believing baseless rumours, while disavowing facts. Comedian Bill Maher describes this as the "war on facts."

Donald Trump's speeches are largely built around Pathos, or using emotion in order to appeal to a specific audience. This has led to Trump's administration propagating baseless assertions, which are widely believed by his supporters. A running narrative in Trump's campaign and in his presidency has been distrust of mainstream media. Trump has personally attacked networks such as CNN, labeling the network as being "fake news." Trump has implied that news which could potentially expose a flaw or instability in his administration is automatically "fake." This message has resonated with millions of Americans. Such distrust of the media and in social elites culminated in the Pizzagate Conspiracy Theory. This conspiracy theory stated that Hillary Clinton and her campaign were conducting human trafficking operations in the basement of a pizza restaurant in Washington D.C. Although major news networks such as the New York Times and Fox News had stated that this conspiracy theory was fictitious, the theory gained popularity from supporters of President Trump.

Alternative facts are things born out of and believed due to fear. Trump, throughout the course of his campaign and presidency, has exploited "fear" to his own advantage. He has repeatedly stated that the US murder rate "is the highest it's been in 47 years." This claim can be easily disproven by statistics gathered by the FBI, which indicate that there has been a drop in murder rates since 47 years ago. Trump supporters, however, would deem this debunking as being "fake" and "fabricated," believing in Trump's fear-mongering. On the subject of the unemployment rate, Trump has stated that it is "probably 28, 29, as high as 35 (percent). In fact, I even heard recently 42 percent." Again, an assertion that can be easily disproven by statistics published by the United States Department of Labor, which states that the number is closer to 4.8%. However, to Donald Trump's most loyal supporters, official facts or statistics do not hold any true meaning. Believing in Trump's message that the media is "fake," they deem reports published by major news networks as not being credible. Trump planted a seed of doubt in the heads of his supporters, which has eventually grown into a tree of vehement criticism against the media.

Trump can be called or labeled as many different things; some call him a fascist, others call him a hero. It is undeniable, however, that his campaign and presidency have been sprinkled with authoritarian undertones. Trump has been promising a border wall and the implementation of an "America First" policy. Furthermore, Trump has been delegitimizing the press and has been pushing for criminal punishment against those who burn the U.S. flag. No matter where we stand on the political spectrum, it is imperative that we all advocate for a free and fair press. Freedom of the press is not a liberty that we can take for granted; journalists have been captured or killed under more oppressive regimes. Thus, Americans should cherish their freedom of speech as protected under the First Amendment of the United States Constitution, instead of devaluing it altogether.

Ideas see the New Mexico-US Wall going Pink

by Skye Inada

The first 100 days of a President in office is often seen as a defining moment for the following four years of that President's term, and what we have seen from Trump so far is nothing short of extraordinary. Regardless of how one sees the issues, one has to admit Trump has certainly stuck to his word on much of his policies, and the United States certainly has a lot of drama and excitement to look forward to in the following months.

One of the defining features of now President Trump's campaign was his infamous proposal of a brand-new border "wall." His ambiguity and lack of specificity with describing the wall has left many on both sides of the spectrum to wonder what exactly that border wall would look like.

wall. The wall is a vivid hot pink, a color inspired by Trump's constant affirmation that the wall will be "beautiful." The wall will also contain a built-in shopping mall, a prison combined with a work camp for deportees, and a viewing area, on the American side of course.

This is obviously a jab at Trump's insistence on a border wall, but as many of his campaign promises have so far, this may soon become a reality. Some see this as a premonition of a dystopian future, others as the beginning of a new age. However, at the end of the day, some of us just really want to know what the darn thing will look like.

On Friday the 24th of November, the US Customs and Border Protection Agency announced that it would be accepting proposals for the new wall in the month of March. A document on their site states that more information on the wall would be given out on March 6th and that the deadline for proposals would be by the 24th. The estimated figure for the project is projected around 12-15 billion USD by many Republican figures, though some inside information has suggested that the project could possibly cost up to 20 billion USD.

No, this is not a joke. The wall is being built for real. Still, it can't be helped that many have had strange ideas about the wall, equating it to the Great Wall of China (though we can be sure that Trump will claim his wall is "the greatest"). Some have even drawn parallels between Trump's wall and The Wall from the hit show Game of Thrones, though we can be sure that Trumps wall will be a lot less, well, frozen.

However, a Mexican design firm going by the name of Estudio 3.14 went a little far with this idea, envisioning and creating a set of renders of their idea of the new



Photo sourced from Vice.com

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Visiting Okinawa by Ami Eldridge



Image from: from : <u>https://www.tide-forecast.com/</u>

Okinawa, Japan's southernmost prefecture, broke a new record this past year. More than seven million tourists, a new high, visited the island. While more than 5.7 million are domestic tourists, almost 1.4 million are from abroad, an increase of 65% since the previous year.

Why is Okinawa so popular to visit? The main reason is the weather—the semi-tropical island is a paradise of sorts with panoramic beaches. But there is also much sightseeing and shopping to do there as well, amid a blend of Japanese, American, Chinese, and local Okinawan culture.

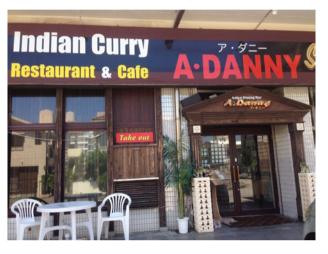
This article looks at one of the most visited and convenient parts of Okinawa Prefecture, the town of Chatan, located in the central part of the main island. Some famous tourist spots and other not-so-famous spots that only the locals, of which I was one for seven years, know are introduced here. Visiting these spots should definitely make your trip even more memorable.

Araha Beach

This is a public beach with a pirate ship park, based on an actual historic event. The park has many picnic tables and benches, basketball courts, vending machines, places to buy food, and a free parking lot. Facing the beach, there are hotels, restaurants, convenience stores, and a supermarket that can be of great use when staying in Okinawa. Along with people swimming and enjoying the park, you will see many Americans and the locals working out by the beach. This is a popular place for yoga, running, walking, and stationary exercises. Many people bring their pets here to play. The sunsets are breathtaking, with many couples watching the sun set or others taking pictures.

Adanny

Speaking of restaurants by Araha Beach, there is a popular Indian curry restaurant nearby called Adanny. It is an English friendly establishment and lots of Americans from the base community close by come for the delicious food. Although it is right by the tourist famous beach, not a lot of tourists know about it, so you will able to casually experience how it is like to live in Okinawa. The owner of the restaurant is Sadamu Sakuda. He recommends the Butter Chicken curry and the vegetarian friendly Prawn Masala curry. He also thinks the reason behind the popularity is the fanciness of this casual restaurant.





Sunabe Seawall

If you are into surfing, snorkeling, or diving, this is the place to go. There are many surf and dive shops that will rent equipment for you to go in the water. In addition to that, you can stop by any of the numerous cafes and restaurants nearby.



Hamaya

A very popular Okinawan food restaurant. It serves Okinawan soba for a very reasonable price. This place has been on T.V. a few times and countless celebrities have visited here.



Photo from foodspotting.com

Gyro

A gyro is a Greek dish, similar to a sandwich, with meat and vegetables wrapped in pita bread. This place is popular among the teenage military kids. You can also watch the sunset while sitting down at one of the tables on the roof of the restaurant.

Coffee Casa

Coffee Casa opens early in the morning. The healthy breakfast there is a perfect way to start off your day in Okinawa. There is a lot of variety of soups, sandwiches, and breads. This family friendly place is popular among the locals and the Americans. Not many tourists



Photo from JapanTravel.com

American Village

American Village is definitely the most visited tourists spot in Chatan Town. There are many places to eat, snack, and shop. There is also a beach called Sunset Beach, that is apart of the Beach Tower Hotel complex. As the name suggests, one can see the beautiful sunsets here as well. A seawall runs along the ocean with a series of paintings drawn by different people. By the seawall, you will come across fancy cafes you can visit while watching the sunset. go here, so it will have a fresh feeling to it compared to the other places in Sunabe.



All images courtesy of Ami Eldridge unless otherwise stated.

March 2017

Mix the sugar and the oil together, then add the salt.

proof cookies every time and on top of that, it's cruelty free

Form balls and bake for 10-12 minutes in an 180 degree oven and you're done! Fail-



A simple ratio (from Sorted Food on YouTube) is all that's needed to make any cookie you want!

1 part sugar : 2 parts fat : 3 parts flour

With this ratio, you can adjust the ingredients to make perfect cookies every time. The photo shows Vegan Chocolate Fudge-y Cookies which calls for:

100grams of brown sugar

150 grams of vegan butter + 50 grams olive oil

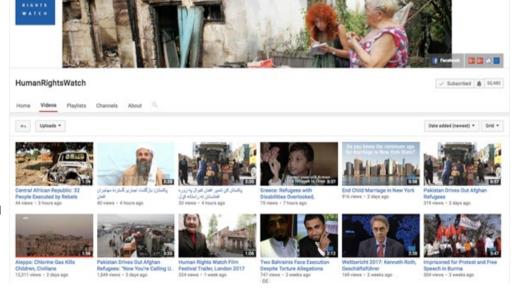
280 grams all purpose flour + 20 grams coco powder



by Mia Lewis

A bit of a change from the bright side of youtube everyone is familiar with, the channel *Human Rights Watch* gives frequent updates on conflicts happening around the world, focusing on local stories. It is a great source to get a perspective different from your daily news, as well as direct interviews with local people.

Through these videos, I've been able to experience the complexity of the problems around the world today, broadening my perspective. The videos are rarely longer than 5 minutes, giving 3 minutes of wholesome information to teach you more about current events.





Noah's Garden with Noah Izumi

Bizarre Plants

Everyone knows of tulips and roses, the typical plants which you would find in an average nursery, yet there are infinite numbers of plants out there in the world that come in all shapes, sizes, and colors. Some are bizarre enough that they ought give a you surprise. have some fancy leaves, yet the leaves dry up in summer so you'll be left with an empty pot until autumn comes around.

Dyckia Silver Purple

This may seem to be a pretty straightforward name, and it is. As it says in the name "silver purple," the plant has prickly leaves that have a silvery purple gleam to it. This hybrid dyckia are native in South America and grow to become 2-4 feet wide, producing 2-3 foot tall stems that have bright orange flowers on them. It may be pleasant to admire the color of this plant, yet they'll give you a good prick if you decide to touch them.

Euphorbia Aeruginosa

This succulent is a native of South Africa, typically growing in rock crevices. It's a fairly spiny plant, as reddish-brown spikes cover its long turquoise body. Branching frequently, this succulent can reach nearly 15-30cm in height, however it has been recorded to grow up to 40cm. The name of this plant means "verdigris," which is a name for the greenishblue pigment that is obtained through the erosion of copper, brass, or bronze, and the aeruginosa holds true to its name as the turquoise branches contrast with the coppery spikes.

Albuca Spiralis

Now, you may be able to tell from the name that this plant has to do something with a spiral, which is exactly what characterizes the onion-like albuca. The bulb of this peculiar plant produces thin wiry leaves that curl up in the most fascinating manner, according to the amount of sunlight it's given. It also produces little nodding flowers from green to yellow that give off a sweet scent. The albuca spiralis may







Photos supplied by Noah Izumi

March 2017





With Keri Howard

In this edition, once again, I will introduce the origins of words. This time I have five words that I will make clear of the etymology behind it. Now then let's begin!

The first word I have ready is "salute." It started with the meaning "to greet courteously and respectfully," in the 14th century and was spelled *salue*. The meaning of the word hasn't changed much but the spelling went through many stages. Then it became "to greet, pay respects" in Latin, spelled as *salutare*. Afterwards *salutare* was influenced by the word *salvus* which means safe, and transformed to *salus*. It now meant "greeting and good health." Two hundred years later, in the 1580s, the word had a nautical sense of displaying flags, firing canons, and etc., as a sign of respect. Then finally, in 1844, the word had the meaning "raise the hand to the cap in the presence of a superior officer."

The next word is "specific". As students we all have heard this word many times, however, I wonder, where did this word come from? It started off from the French word *spécifique* which meant "having a special quality." Soon, it was directly translated to late Latin and was *specificus* which meant constituting a kind of sort. Then, the meaning changed to definite and precise, however, spelled as *specifical*.

You probably have heard the expression "heads up". This expression is used to warn someone about something that will happen so he or she is prepared for whatever that something is. This expression is also used to refer to someone who is wide awake and alert. It is not 100% sure what the exact origin of the expression is, but there are many theories. One theory says that a person who is wide awake tends to keep his head up compared to someone who is sleepy, who would usually keep their head down. Another theory is that it came from the 19th century, where the expression "heads up" meant to straighten up or to keep your head up. The last theory is that the expression "heads up" came from the heads up display screen that showed pilots vital information on the aircraft they were flying. The pilot was only able to see the heads up display screen and the flight path if he had his head up. Those were the theories of the expression "heads up."

Next, we have the second expression which is "over the top." This term is used when something is done above a reasonable limit. The term came into existence during the Great War and comes from the British. In the war, soldiers were sent over the trench wall and were slaughtered by the enemy. The soldiers would be commanded "over the top lads" and that is how the expression "over the top" was born.

We are coming to the end of this article. I would like to introduce the last origin for this edition. That word is Coca Cola, the soda that everyone has drank. This carbonated soft drink was invented in 1886, 131 years ago, America by a man named John Pemberton. The name of the drink came from two of the ingredients in the drink. One being kola nuts and the other being coca leaves. However, the recipe was first created at a drugstore in Columbus, Georgia as a coca wine which is a beverage drink combining wine and cocaine. Please do not worry, this is just how Coca Cola started. The recipe now is different than back then.

Sadly, these are all the origins I will look at for this edition. Hopefully, they took your interest and look forward to the next edition!

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Swan" highly exaggerates the life of a ballet dancer, but I am pretty sure many dancers were able to empathize with Nina's situation.

One of the highlights of this film is Portman's performance. She took daily private ballet class for 10 months before filming and received specific coaching from the late ABT ballet mistress Georgina Parkinson to understand her character. Although some of the major dancing in wide shots and the close ups is performed by another professional dancer, Portman did the majority of her own dancing, mostly focused on the upper body. Natalie Portman earned her first Oscar for the portrayal of Nina, and the way she played her role was captivating, yet scary at the same time.

Black Swan is a mix of drama and thriller, and gives an insight of the dark side of ballet by focusing on the vicious black swan taking control of the white swan. If you are into thriller movies, then this is one to watch. If you are a feminist, you should watch this film as it reinforces the stereotypes that are placed upon women and that the battle for equality is far from over.







by Shoko Yamaji

When the movie was released back in 2010, I was so scared I could barely keep my eyes open to watch "Black Swan" by Darren Aronofsky. I decided to re-watch it again (this time, without wincing every five-minutes). Natalie Portman is one of the many actresses I love, and this film certainly kept me on the edge of my seat.

Natalie Portman plays a devoted ballerina, who prepares to dance the dual lead role in the Swan Lake. She is the perfect White Swan, but lacking characteristics of the mysterious and sensual twin, the Black Swan. In fact, Nina is the complete opposite of the Black Swan; she is an innocent virgin, living with her mother who once dreamed of becoming a prima ballerina herself. Nina embodies her mother's hopes and dreams, and her mother carefully controls her life. Their symbiotic relationship is one of the struggles for Nina as she tries to separate from her in order to move on. She suddenly hits the wall of adolescence in her mid 20's, which she is determined to get across. This begins her endless battle with her rival Lily (Mila Kunis), the director, Thomas (Vincent Cassel), and most importantly, herself. As she becomes possessed by her desire to pull an impeccable performance, the line between reality and hallucination becomes vague, eventually leading to her self-destruction.

It seems like ballet is all about perfection, which can brutally drive people crazy; Nina being the perfect example. Her last words were "I felt it. Perfect. I was per-fect." (Aronofsky) The tragedy of Nina is that "perfection" in one area lead to sacrificing other things in life. She focused too much on pleasing her coach, mother, and the audience, that she never was pleased with herself. She always felt the pressure to push herself over the edge, until she felt satisfied with her own performance. Of course, "Black

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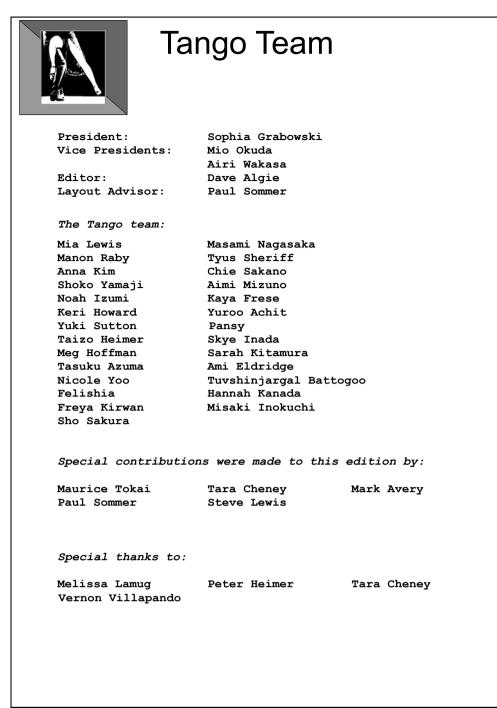
Mr. Heimer has been trying to teach me the nuances and lore of American Football. His boundless enthusiasm for the sport is matched only by his extensive knowledge of it. Recently he has been telling me about an important event in American Football: "The Combine". From what I understand, this is an annual event where college football players from all over the states gather at one venue to be extensively measured and tested. Apparently all kinds of physical and mental testing takes place in order for the coaches and talent scouts to know which players will be most likely to be successful at the next level., NFL.

Hopefully all avid readers of this TOK column will get a sense of what arises here. Aha! Yes! A Knowledge Question! Exactly. Something along the lines of, "To what extent can we make accurate predictions based on measurements?" This kind of question could apply in a range of disciplines, and be answered in different ways. But to keep the focus on sport, how useful are measurements in predicting how well a player will do in sport? If you submit an athlete to a barrage of tests, physical and mental, will you be able to accurately predict how they will do?

I would guess that to a certain extent, the answer here would be yes. Testing how fast someone runs, how strong or agile they are, how good their reflexes are, what there peripheral vision is like, how successfully they read different situations under pressure, are all good ways to gain an idea of how successful they will be as a sportsperson.

There are obvious counterclaims to this, of course. Surely the data collected at "The Combine" extensive as it might be, doesn't perfectly predict perfectly how each player will do over a season or career. If it did, when you think about it, that would in the end make watching sport a waste of time.

What are the limitations of data in making accurate predictions? Once again, I've run out of time and space to go into depth into this fascinating topic. Tune in to columns in future editions as we will doubtless revisit some of these intriguing knowledge questions.



Dear ally ...

I've been having a problem at school recently. I often end up in a situation where my friends around me are speaking a different language and I'm not able to understand. I know sometimes that it is more comfortable to phrase certain words and sentences in your mother tongue but I wish that they would speak English when I am around because it is the language everyone can understand. It's sometimes hard to ask what they're talking about because they're all engaged in their conversations and by the time they stop talking long enough for me to ask what they said, the moment has passed. Whenever there's a chance for me to express my feelings in a group conversation, I take the chance, but every time, I get the same response: "Why don't you learn our language?" I just wish they understand that learning a second/ third language isn't as easy as it seems and that they had the advantage of growing up with surrounded by their mother tongue. I have friends who try to speak English to me and keep me involved with the conversation but I feel bad for them and can sometimes see that they're getting annoyed with trying to translate for me. What should I do?

Lost without Translation in Toyonaka

Dear Lost

Thank you for bringing up your concern, and I can definitely empathize, as I find myself in this situation as well. While I think it is okay to sometimes stop them to ask what they are saying, it is also important to be judicious about not doing it too often. It may cause some irritation towards you when they are all excitedly talking about something, and you stopping them to ask them to translate. I rely on a lot of non verbal cues to try to discern what they are saying, or sometimes enjoy just listening to them talk animatedly. Maybe afterwards, when the opportunity arises, you can ask one of your friends what the discussion was all about.

If you feel though, that it is an important conversation, you could ask kindly and respectfully if they could say it in English. I am sure real friends will be quite willing to help you out.

Ganbatte!

ally

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Star on the Rise: Corrine Watanabe by Sophia Grabowksi

Apart from our great athletes that represent SOIS in competitions such as WJAA and AISA, there are multiple really talented people at our school. A few weeks ago, Corrine Watanabe, grade 12, was featured on Sabers TV. For quite a lot of people, this was perhaps the first time they heard of her tennis career. I have witnessed her commitment to the sport for almost five years now, and am always very impressed by her perseverance during the stressful times of IB. I sat down with her and asked her some questions about her experiences, and her answers only underlined this feeling.

Joining a tennis school was actually more of a coincidence, as her friend, former OIS Student Marina Brollo, wanted Corrine to do it with her. They both started out at the age of eight playing once a week. Soon after that, Corrine told her dad that the practices were too easy, and he put her into Esaka Tennis School. The number of times she'd go within a



week significantly increased, and it started to become a major part of her life. She remembers being a "chubby girl" going into that school, but after all the intense running, she left that school "like a stick". A few years later, her coach told her, "Honestly, I thought you'd quit after the first



couple of weeks." Her ability to persevere no matter how hard the practices or outside circumstances have certainly paid off.



Corrine now goes to tennis practice 5 times a week, culminating to around 13.5 hours. Three times a year (spring, summer, and winter), there is a tournament within Osaka. The top 8 athletes (out of a total of around 400) from this get to participate in a tournament between all prefectures in Kansai. For the past three years, 2014, 2015, and 2016, Corrine was able to win a place within this range, and was therefore one of the representatives of Osaka in the competition. In 2015, she was qualified to participate in the qualification rounds for the Grade A World Super Junior Meyer's cup. This is the the highest level amongst the junior age-group, and a world-wide tournament. She ended up losing against the girl who won as the runner-up in the whole competition.

When I asked Corrine about how she manages her workload from school whilst being so active with Tennis, she replied, "IB and Tennis?? I'm struggling..." Especially during the upcoming exams in May, she will simultaneously have important tournaments to participate in. This is tough, but Corrine is enduring it, and finds her motivation in seeing the reward for her hard work. When she wins games, she realizes what it means when she puts her effort into something and it pays off. Along with that, tennis relieves a lot of stress, and Corrine is able to make connections with team-mates and rivals.

Sabers "Sports Shorts"

Coach Heimer, AD

SHOUT OUTS

To SIS graduates: "Once a Saber, always a Saber."

Baba-sensei: 2 dozen, 1 score and 4, 12 + 12... however you add it up, it's been an

Coach Hasegawa, a little birdie says that badminton has been a smash.

To SIS short stories students: "It isn't fair, it isn't right!"

Sabers swimming interview

Tango reporter: "Coach Bertman, how has training gone so far this season?"

Mr. Bertman: "We're in the swim of things."

awesome 24 years. ありがとう!

One more time for Akira: "And 1!"

To departing SSCers - Risa, Natsumi, Lisa, Mari, Ayana: "Who are we?!"

To departing Sabers TV personalities – Ruka, Tokine, Leona, Risa, Akira, Kazuki, Naoki: "Until next time, go-o-o-o Sabers."

Thank you, Coach Mecklem and Coach Watanabe, for a great MS girls basketball season.

Congrats to Coach McGill and Coach Stone for getting all MS boys soccer players to wear shin guards.

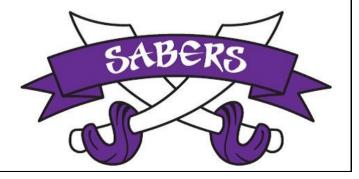
Good luck Sabers soccer teams at your WJAA and AISA tourneys. *Pete and Repeat went fishing in a boat. Pete fell in the water. Who was left in the boat?*

1) Tango reporter: "Coach Bertman, how do you think the Sabers swim team will do at the AISA meet here in the Sabers natatorium?"

Mr. Bertman: "We'll make a splash."

1) Tango reporter: "Coach Kano, how do you like coaching with Mr. Bertman?

Coach Kano: "Sometimes he makes my head... um, sorry, I forgot the last word of this idiomatic expression. Anyway, usually we get along swimmingly."





Thank You Sabers Basketball by Taizo Heimer

My Saber's basketball career came to a bittersweet conclusion at the AISA tournament earlier this month. After a great start to the tournament with back-to-back wins, we battled through a difficult loss on the second day and bounced back to finish at a respectable third place. Even though we didn't finish the season the way we had hoped, the journey that led up to those final moments on our home court is something that I



will cherish for years to come. Most importantly, I was able finish the season with a win alongside my fellow seniors and classmates: Aki, Leo, and Leslie. And I can't forget about Akira, a Sabers legend who I've played with since middle and high school. Even though he couldn't finish on the court at AISA, he was still in the bleachers leading the

Photo by Sabers Boys Basketball Management

loudest crowd I have ever played for, proving to us what it means to be a Saber on and off the court. The five of us have been playing together for the past six years, pushing each other on and encouraging one another to challenge ourselves to become better basketball players. I will always appreciate what they have done for me and the team, and I can't thank them enough for their continuous output and dedication. I also want to thank all the younger players on the team, who have worked diligently and enthusiastically through-

out the season. As we seniors pass the torch to the juniors, we are confident that the team is in good hands, with lots of potential in the coming seasons.

Finally, I want to thank my coaches, Mr. Routh and Mr. Heimer, for putting in the time and effort to make us better basketball players. All of this would have never been possible without their guidance and support for every single one of us on the team. It is sad to think that my days as a Sabers basketball player have come to an end, but I know that the moments that I spent playing basketball with my teammates were one of the best times of my high school career.



Photo by Steve Lewis

My SOIS Basketball Experience

by Masami Nagasaka

In the Philippines, I never had the chance to join team sports as I took my golf training very seriously. I had intense training for hours everyday with an amazing coach, however, once I moved to Japan, I was unable to find an English speaking coach who could have one-on-one lessons with me. Though I was quite upset, I used this opportunity to join different team sports in school. Since I had a bit of experience playing volleyball, I thought that joining the middle school volleyball team would be a good idea. Nonetheless, being the shy student that I am, I chickened out once I found out that no one else in my class was going to join the team. At that time, I didn't really have any plans on joining other sports but since basketball was the only club that quite a lot of the girls from my class joined, I tried it out for fun.

I remember playing my first game at CA, and I literally had no idea what I was doing. no one blar People at the sidelines were yelling, telling me to 'rebound', but what in the world did rebound mean?? Despite being totally lost, I had fun anyway. I continued going to practices and games, and surprisingly made it to the A Team by the end of the season. A year later, I decided to join basketball again, further developed my skills and by the end of the season, Ms. Whistle was kind enough to award me as MVP.

love, will be become a sport I would hate. Thanks to the encouragements of my teammates, picking myself up mentally and physically became a lot easier.

Even though the season is always a challenge, continuing for the next two years was a decision that I will never regret. Yes, the sport itself is fun, but what made basketball such an amazing experience was the relationship I built with my teammates. The language barrier was nothing. It didn't matter that I couldn't speak fluent Japanese or that most of them couldn't speak fluent English. We were still able to support and encourage each other from the start to the very end.

Furthermore, I find it so amazing how nice everyone in the team is. Even during our bad days where we don't play as well,

no one blames each other, no one gets angry at one another, but instead we kindly give each other advice on how we can improve and



At last, the big year came where I would finally be able to play in the high school basketball team. But of course, I joined without the knowledge that the intensity of the training would be significantly different from middle school. Despite being a sports lover, I am ironically the most unfit person in the entire school. We would have fitness training once a week, have stair exercises, and end every practice with a shuttle run. Back then, I thought basketball was equivalent to military training and described the fitness training as child abuse. Nonetheless, aside from dying after every practice, nothing changed the fact that basketball is a really fun sport to play. Though I was able to make it to Varsity, I was obviously not as skilled as my senpais. I was thankful for having such good role models to look up to, however, the pressure was quite heavy on me. I lost confidence in myself and started to dread basketball practice. This lasted for quite some time until I told myself that I couldn't continue like this, otherwise basketball, a sport I have come to This sport became such a huge part of my SOIS life and I'm so happy that I was able to be a part of the basketball family. Though I am still unsure whether or not I will join next year due to IB, I hope that I will be able to manage my time well so that I can play during my senior year.

Photo by Steve Lewis