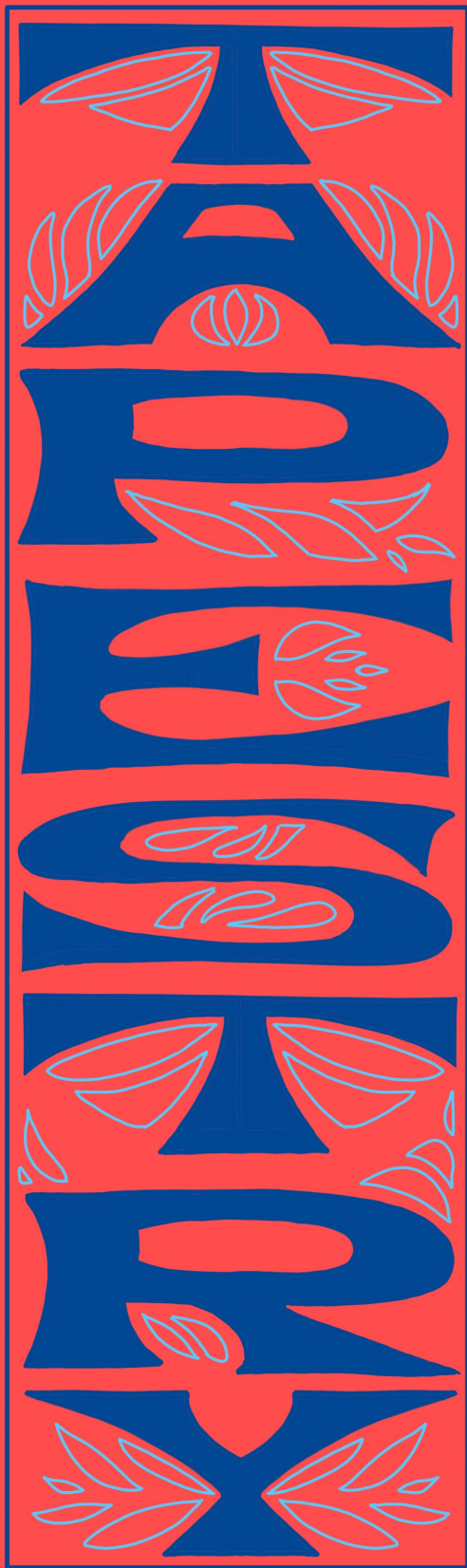




A Student
Journal

IFS
International
French School
[Singapore]
LYCÉE FRANÇAIS



INTRODUCTION

Message from the administration

For the first edition of *Tapestry*, our students embark on a journey, filled not only with the complexity and the potential of a fresh start, but also a promise of metamorphosis; a transformation from what was to what will be.

The students' words resonate with a powerful truth: "You know nothing about this endeavor which has just begun." "Every new beginning is marked by the unknown." This is a sentiment we all share, whether it's the start of a new school year, going to a new country to study, the creation of a newspaper but also navigating the complexities of life.

Indeed, as you pass through the rumble of adolescence, as you gain maturity and wisdom, you also realize that a new chapter in life is made up of various experiences, choices, and challenges. Quite exciting... Quite frightening.

As we support our students in this exciting new venture, the courage it takes to break from the old and build anew, the commitment to their passions, let us also embrace the spirit of unfolding a tapestry of stories they will weave through the pages.

The Pedagogical Team



Message from the students

When we chose the name *Tapestry*, it was out of a regard for the epitomic weaver, Arachne. She is both a symbol of rebirth and of constancy. She underwent metamorphosis and emerging from it, changed. No longer human, but something different. A myth, a spider, weaving gossamer as she used to weave silk. But even when all else left her, her nature remained. She remained a weaver, pursuing what she loved. She still, to this day, remains a weaver in the mouths of those who speak of her. She started anew, and yet, she remained constant.

We begin something new today. We hope to reach the same heights she did; to attain the sanctity of a paradox.

The unknown marks every new beginning.

You know nothing about this endeavor which has just begun. But in the fields that no one notices, the flowers grow. In the cities that everyone sees, the skyscrapers rise. As time passes, the path in front of us will clear. Our dedication for this first issue of the newsletter is thus: to new beginnings.

To those who break that which must be broken and rebuilt. To those who are committed to the longevity of history, and to those who are committed to the transience of memory. To those who start, and to those who start again.

The Student Team



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NEW BEGINNINGS

Ever since I could walk, I would pass by the same construction site situated near my home. I couldn't help but wonder: "How long would it take for the construction to finish? What were they building?"

Over the years my interest in the construction site grew, and I began to see the tiny advancements of the building with each passing day. It sort of slowly became part of my routine to check in on the progress while I walked by. I wondered more about what the building would look like when finished. During dinner I would ask my parents what they thought it would be but they never really knew and always shrugged it off. I envisioned an enormous fancy building, maybe an office or a mall, but no matter what the construction process fascinated me.

Throughout the years many special events happened during the construction. I first learned how to ride a bike and held the hand of my first love nearby. I walked back home passing by the same construction site right after I graduated.

As I grew older my curiosity turned into an understanding of how things are made and the effort required to bring things to life, to create something out of nothing. The construction site had become a symbol of some sort representing my ever growing interest and served as a reminder of my growth and my every achievement, big or small. As the years went by, the building continued to rise, and I found myself thinking less about what it would look like and more what it would represent to me. After graduating, I had to find my first internship. Luckily for me I got the opportunity to work with the company that had built the very building that I pass by everyday. Stepping into the building that I have seen far too many times in my life from afar felt surreal. What had once been an empty, closed plot of land now stood as a towering structure that I had seen come to life and grow over the years. It was a new beginning for the both of us, the building and I. Now, everyday I would enter it.

Lola and Anaïs Jacquemyn-Lam Tran

**Life
constructs**



A path towards global destruction



For a long time, we have abused this planet for our own comfort. Yet, ever since the Industrial Revolution, everything has gotten worse. Our future has been sealed, with no way to escape this terrible fate. Unless we act now. Everyday, humans use energy, create pollution, and waste so many things that could've been reused. Though we hypothesized this fate before, we now know it is definite.

"We can choose who we want to be." Onyeka and the Academy of the Sun - Tolá Okogwu

Global warming has enveloped our beautiful planet full of life with its deadly grip. We, humans, are the cause of this. Our way of life has paved the way for the future of the Earth. But we have not only sealed our future with our selfishness. No, by making these choices, we have destroyed any future for any life on this planet. Animals. Plants. Humans. Would life bleed out of the Earth as its wonderful colors fade? We slay animals that are merely trying to survive. We obliterate the once-green forests with soot-black ash.

We fill crystalline blue rivers and sapphire seas with all our waste until all of it becomes a deep, ugly brown. Yet, all of us may claim that we had no hand in it. But the truth is, all of us have contributed to the death and destruction of this sphere of life we call our home. And yet, this home of ours is catching fire, and we are the spark that has created it.

For so long, humans have stood by, watching as the flames catch and burn our precious Earth. Humans have had a lot of blood on their hands ever since we came into existence. On purpose or not, all the deaths, from the smallest creatures under the Earth to the tallest trees in the lungs of our planet, are on us.

There is still hope. We can make this right. We can be the ones to right this wrong generation upon generations of humans that have been created. We can prove humanity has a heart. But all of this starts with you. It starts with me. It starts with us. Everyone has a part to play. It takes one act to create it all. It takes our greed to continue. But it takes all of our hearts to make this right. Fight to make a change and live for the future.

Alicia Sok





Change

You humans long for rhythm,
A certain harmony that my uninvited
presence crushes almost immediately.
An unexpected call,
A different brand of butter,
That's all it takes to ruin your day.
However minor or substantial
You always hate and resist me.
The thought of moving halfway across the earth,
Changing jobs,
Getting married,
All examples of my power,
Each one representing a great terror for you.
Despite your fear,
You understand that I am necessary – some
may even say that I am beneficial.
I create new skins for you
At first they may feel unfamiliar,
Uncomfortable, awkward.
But as time passes,
That skin moulds into you,
A new you,
Still engraved with all your past experiences
But with a new mask,
Not one of deception – but a symbol of renewal.
I bring so much harm and sorrow,
Yet I also bring joy and freedom
I allow you to begin anew.

Rey Beaufls



**The
synonyms of
ending and
beginning**

Though each dawn begets a new day
I find it an illogical practice
To believe all good will triumph
when the good is as inconsequential, say
as the bad that one mourns
having fallen on one's summer sky
Blending clouds so as to plaster with numbing grey.

For in the eye of that which can truly see
Good is the feather
To the boulder of the bad
It is no riveting waltz in the ball of tragedy
In the chess board of existence
there are but pawns to be played
All equal elements in our laughable comedy.

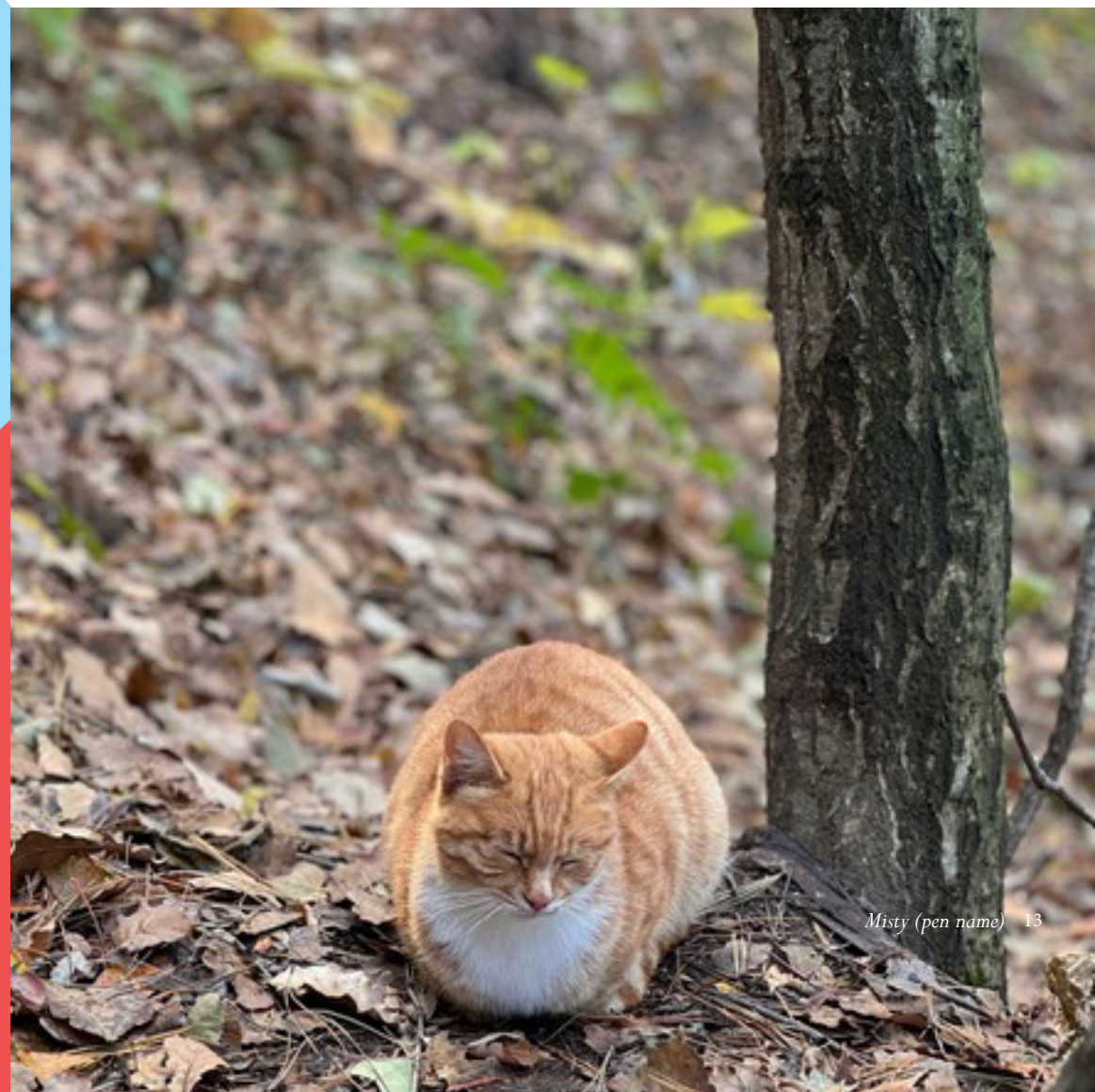
And thus I remain seated this New Year's Eve
Staring puddle-eyed at the waterfall snow
That ices the heart yet cloaks impurity
I clasp these hands to cup and receive
the flakes known both to burn and freeze
And am left pathetically wondering
Which questions should be asked
and which should be answered.

Alisa Abbot (pen name)

**A walk on
the Huashan
mountain**

This ginger colored tabby cat is peacefully resting under a tree on the Huashan mountain. Also known as Mount Hua or "The Number One Precipitous Mountain Under Heaven", Huashan is located near the city of Huayin in Shaanxi Province, about 120 kilometers east of Xi'an, China. This mountain is surprisingly full of cats and this picture was taken to encourage people to go discover the beauty of this mountain range and the attractiveness of all these cute cats!

Misty (pen name)



Misty (pen name) 13

History of time

Time has existed since before humanity even began. It is the ongoing sequence of events taking place. It is the past, the present and the future. It can feel slow or fast, long or short. Time is the source that flies above our heads, leaving traces of the shadows from our past imprinted in our souls and the light of hope for our future. Time is everything.

Harvey Mackay once said, "Time is free, but it's priceless". This quote shows us the importance of time and how easily mankind disposes it carelessly. Yet, timekeeping is also of the utmost importance. Throughout history, the devices used to keep the time were various and have continued to evolve to improve access and precision. Yet, this all began in 1200 BCE in ancient Egypt with sundials and water clocks. These devices were then used by the Babylonians, the Greeks and the Chinese. Incense clocks were also used in China, whilst in Europe, the hourglass was invented. In the 14th century, the first mechanical clocks were invented and later in the 17th century, pendulum clocks were created. Francis Ronald published the first electric clock in 1815 and in 1927, the quartz clock appeared. Finally in 1955, the most accurate timekeeping device was made: the atomic clock.

"You must strive to find your own voice, boys, and the longer you wait to begin, the less likely you are to find it at all."
N.H. Kleinbaum

The history of these timekeeping devices demonstrates humanity's understanding of time's importance and its everlasting value.

"You can't own it, but you can use it. You can't keep it, but you can spend it", this is time. Humans have seen the value of time but many misuse it. As Benjamin Franklin said, "Lost time is never found again", warning that time is a scarce resource, and if wasted, it cannot be recovered later. It is important that we appreciate the value of time. Rather than getting stuck in the monsters of our past or worrying about the challenges of the future, man must focus on the present. We must focus on today. It is our present actions that lead us towards our future. It is our choices that lead us towards our destined paths. And yet, the reason why people look back at their past with nostalgia is because they did not enjoy the time they had before. Each moment in our life is unique. The time we are living right now is special. We will never be able to experience the same things over again in our lives. It's like a melody from your life that you will never forget and yet will only ever hear it once. But there's beauty in this. For at the end of your existence, you will have all these melodies brought together to compose the song of your life.

Alicia Sok



Photo from the Iris van Herpen exhibition at the Art Science Museum Singapore. This exhibition showcased the work of one of the most visionary fashion designers of her generation. A selection of over 140 looks and accessories by Iris van Herpen are showcased along with her inspirations and other works of contemporary art. This specific photo is from the Sensory Sea Life section, Iris van Herpen's 2020 collection. It takes inspiration from sea animals, ecosystems and single-cell organisms to create intricate designs.

Iris van Herpen exhibition

Alex Guerin-Archambeaud



GENERAL CONTRIBUTIONS

Zelda Breath of the Wild 9/10

Breath of the Wild is a must-play game. Whether you're a long-time Zelda fan or you're just discovering this universe, this open-world game is accessible and fun with many hidden details to uncover along your journey. In this game, the player embodies Link, the hero who has been asleep for a hundred years and wakes up without his memories. His goal is to defeat Ganon, the evil being that is slowly dominating the land of Hyrule and save princess Zelda. What's most amazing about this game is the freedom to explore at our own pace. When we first enter the game, we are introduced to the tutorial area called the Grand Plateau where we are given a paraglider. After that, we are free to go anywhere. Absolutely anywhere. Some people, such as myself, will go to every Sheikah tower to unlock the full map, whereas others may choose to go directly to the final boss (even though it's pretty much a guaranteed loss).

Although the producers focus mainly on the diverse and beautiful landscapes, the storyline is also mostly engaging. However, the fun part is the many side quests, ranging from collecting korok seeds for expanding inventory to the 120 shrines scattered across Hyrule that allow you to obtain more hearts or get more stamina.

On the other hand, the game is in itself quite difficult and I sometimes felt myself struggling to fight bosses, even in normal mode. This is mostly due to the frustrating item durability and I would often find myself spending hours farming for replacement weapons, which takes away the relaxing experience.

Despite this, Breath of the Wild has kept me entertained for over 200 hours and still has many secrets for me to discover.

Rey Beaufls

There are some times that are dark, some that are light
But now I look at my fair sun shine despite the night
O how Death has stolen my love, ripped my heart out and pulled it apart
O how easily my Saint's soul has left to depart
I ask of her cousin to forgive me and my unruly sins
As I cast my misfortune and my life away, this begins
Death has taken Juliet to be his love
Yet nothing can stop me from reaching high above
Her beauty still shines and blesses me with its presence
I take out the corked bottle, its lethal liquid fluorescent

Alicia Sok

**Night's
Embrace,
Sun's Farewell**



William Hay 17

The forest fire

The forest, once a sanctuary, now transformed into a suffocating labyrinth of smoke and flame. As I stumbled through the thick blanket of haze, each breath drew in the pungent scent of charred wood, the smoke curling into my lungs. My throat tightened, and a cough escaped my lips before I could stifle it. The formerly serene landscape was distorted as the air glistened with heat and ripples formed in front of me.

My limbs became heavy and my vision blurred as I horrifically admired the flames dancing hungrily, shimmering like fireworks from Hell. Their eerie glow turned the cosy canopy of stars into a soulless pitch black sky partly illuminated into some sort of hellish daylight. Destruction had struck. The crackling of burning branches was punctuated by the sharp snap of trees succumbing to the inferno, their towering forms collapsing in a fiery cascade. My heart was pounding, unable to focus due to the overwhelming heat pressing against my skin.

Paralyzed by the chaos, I was frozen, a mere witness to the devastation all around me. The towering trees and vibrant wildlife succumbing to the unstoppable natural power of the blaze. I was truly alone, a helpless bystander in the face of nature's wrath.

Anonymous

*"Nowadays people
know the price
of everything
and the value of
nothing."
Oscar Wilde*



Komorebi

This picture was taken in Shanghai, China at around noon. It displays a strange phenomenon called Komorebi or forest rays. Komorebi is a Japanese word referring to the dappled sunlight that filters through the trees, creating a beautiful interplay of light and shadow. This beautiful sight is common and can be observed in any location with dense foliage and sunlight, such as forests, gardens, or areas with trees lining streets or parks. It's most noticeable when the sun is low, creating a dramatic effect of dappled light and shadow.

Misty (pen name)

The Darkest Minds, by Alexandra Bracken

*"But you can't make people listen. They have to come round in their own time, wondering what happened and why the world blew up under them."
Fahrenheit 451 - Ray Bradbury*

As I am the one writing this, and not a computer, or that clever little chatbot everyone seems so fond of these days, you may expect the usual witticisms, platitudes, and confusion from my writing as you would from any other high school student with too much in their lives. So I beg of you only one thing when you read my writing. Please understand that in my words, I am constantly attempting to translate the mystical and cryptic language that is my thoughts into something comprehensible. If I fail at any point, well, I've only been doing this for 16 years.

If you've ever read a good book or tried to write one, you'll know. Books are the product of agony.

Think of it like a path, as you should everything. Those little puppets you call characters must never walk a straight path to what they want. They must tread on thorns and roses, broken glass and cotton. Anything and everything you can find should obstruct their way forward. Why? Because the pains of others have always been more interesting, or at the very least, more reassuring, than their joys.

And, boy, do these characters suffer.

Aside from satisfying my deep-seated need for post-apocalyptic media, this book rightfully presents the situation of all those who are pushed into advocacy and leadership positions when the world has turned against them. There are few roles as taxing and painful to bear as theirs. They are both survivors of a plague and the victims of other survivors. And of course, the characters are plagued by their inner turmoil as much as they are by the ruins of their broken home and world.

But beyond all that, it is enjoyable. Thank goodness for that! I wouldn't have gotten halfway through the beginning of the first chapter if it were drab and tedious. "Placere et docere", so they say. If you wish to pass off vaguely hidden personal morals to your reader, you must first placate their curiosity with entertainment.

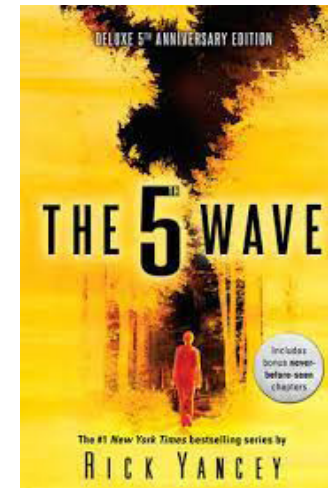
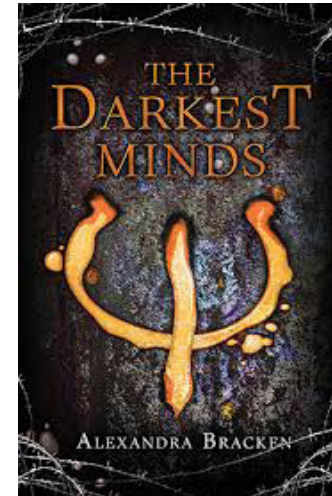
This book is well-written, well-plotted, and just simply agreeable to read. It evokes many emotions, as much in the characters, as in the readers, and therefore I encourage everyone to read it.



You may think my review to be profoundly vague and useless; that is understandable. I have never been known for the pithiness of my speech. However, my goal wasn't to just synthesize the contents of the book for you. It is rather to pique your curiosity just enough to goad you into reading the book.

If the book happens to fall short of the high expectations you had for it, it means I've done my job correctly.

Anonymous



This is a video book review about The 5th Wave (by Rick Yancey), a dystopian science fiction book, also adapted as a film.

Adèle



The 5th Wave, by Rick Yancey



Alix Piron

*"Without a filter,
a man is just
chaos walking."
The Knife of
Never Letting
Go - Patrick
Ness*

*"The caged bird
sings with a
fearful trill of
things unknown
but longed for
still and his tune
is heard on the
distant hill for the
caged bird sings of
freedom."
Caged Bird -
Maya Angelou*

Rey Beaufils



Kalie Cadrot



Alex Guerin-Archambeaud

*"I know now that I can leave
without letting go. That I can have
new things without forgetting the
old. That I can make mistakes but
also make them right. That even
when life changes, shifts, transforms,
I can still be me. The real me."
I am Kavi - Thushanthi Ponweera*

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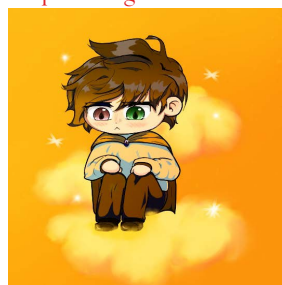


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OPEN YOUR MIND

“An ode to the spider. The well renowned weaver Arachne, symbol of rebirth and determination. She challenged a goddess and lost. Punished with change, yet still faithful to herself. The weaver continued weaving, no longer human but clinging on to her humanity. Her story is one of starting anew. Our dedication for this first issue of the newsletter is thus: to new beginnings. That is *Tapestry*.”

The Student Team