

AUGUST 2022

Photo Credits to Mr Aaron Lui

SEPTEMBER 2022

SEPTEMBER 2022

OCTOBER 2022

NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 2022

The steady progress of the Canaan Project indicates that we will soon see a new building standing on this plot of land.

Editorial Board

Esther WL Tan
Pong Yan Ning
Nicole Shekinah JM
Jasleen Kaur Kang
Lim Hi Lok
Yap Jayden

We welcome all contributions [in Word for text, jpeg format for images], but reserve the right to selection for print.

Email to editboardwmsii@gmail.com

SCHOOL HAPPENINGS

Malaysia Day Assembly

On Thursday, the 15th September, the school had a special assembly to celebrate both Hari Merdeka (which had gone by during the school holidays before the new academic year began) and Malaysia Day on the 16th. Students and teachers alike came to school dressed in traditional attire to appreciate the diversity of races in the country. Among some of the highlights of the assembly: a fan dance, sketches, singing of patriotic songs, and a recitation of what being Malaysian means. The program also included a display of traditional clothing and a quiz.



Honours Day

As we do every year to recognize the academic efforts of Wesley students, the school held Honours Day on Saturday, 24th September 2022. The student scoring the highest overall average in exams for each subject offered, was given due recognition for his/her hard work during the 2021/2022 academic year. A number of students won awards for more than one subject, proving their prowess in several areas of study. The most recent batch of IGCSE students obtaining a string of A's in their results was also duly applauded for their outstanding achievements.

Besides the prize-giving, the program also included performances by the school's string ensemble, choir and dancers. Recipients of special awards and scholarships took their bows as well, for having attained the quality necessary for these honours. It was a day when pride deservedly took center stage.



(MORE PHOTOS ON THE NEXT PAGE.)

No Apologies Workshop

On Friday, 14 October 2022, seventy students from Years 10 and 11 attended the **No Apologies** workshop facilitated by Ms Agnes and Ms Dorothy, representatives from *Focus on the Family Malaysia*, a not-for-profit organization.

No Apologies is a character-based sexuality curriculum that empowers young people to make wise choices regarding high-risk behaviour, including sexual involvement outside marriage.

The KS4 students participated in a half-day workshop in Kesselring Hall, from 8.00am to 12.00 noon, covering the following topics: *Who am I, Media & you, Boundaries & Choices, and Healthy Relationships.*



Honours Day in pictures

SCHOOL HAPPENINGS





Pride of Wesley

On 29 October 2022, WMS Ipoh collaborated with WMS Klang for the **Pride of Wesley** event that was held on Zoom. This event was organized by CoE to provide Wesleyan students a platform to showcase their various talents.

WMS Ipoh senior school students did a boomwhackers performance of the song **High Hopes** by *Panic! At The Disco*. On top of that, eleven students showed their creativity in drama with the story 'Family'. It was an amazing experience for the 26 senior school students involved in this event.

For the junior school, the event saw the coming together of three primary schools namely Wesley Methodist Penang International, Wesley Methodist Bandar Seri Coalfields and Wesley Ipoh. The junior school students performed choral speaking on the theme 'What is Family?' Congratulations to students on their display of such entertaining speaking skills!

Other Events in Pictures

Staff Teambuilding at Ipoh Parade's Ampang Superbowl (9 December 2022)



Warm up!



And this is the bowling ball ...



I don't play to play, I play to win!



Oops, did I do that?

Joint Youth Christmas Celebration at Wesley Methodist Church Ipoh (10 December 2022)



Feature Articles

We are pretty

byline: Sara Choong Yen Ching (Year 9 Grace)

I have been waiting to get something off my chest for the longest of times but never got the chance to until now. Well, I want to talk about self-image. In today's world, many young girls like myself are insecure..... insecure about our body shapes, hair, how we talk, what we say, and so many other things. We are all fixated on the mentality that pretty girls are skinny; pretty girls have sharp collarbones; pretty girls have thin thighs and small waists, etc, etc, etc. I'm afraid that not everyone has or is all of those things, and to be honest, I don't think those things are the definition of beauty anyway.

Beauty comes in all shapes, sizes and colours. Beauty is when people are healthy and feel comfortable in their own skins. Why should we generalise what beauty is? More and more girls are skipping meals and counting calories, actions which lead us nowhere! We gain back weight as quickly as we lose it and to make it worse, we feel tired and cold all the time from dieting. All this, for beauty?

I want to call out to all insecure girls and let them know that in my opinion, we are all pretty. Just because someone else says that we are not does not mean that we are ugly or not worth the time. You are the only person who can decide if you are pretty or not, and I say, **YOU ARE PRETTY!** Remember to remind yourself everyday to look back on how far in life you have come thus far. If you do this, then something as small as an insecurity won't really matter.

Speech on Offering eSports in School

byline: Samuel Chen Jun He (Year 10 Grace)

Good morning, fellow students and respected teachers of the school. I'm going to talk today about whether eSports should be an activity in the school curriculum. Technology is getting more and more advanced and also with the lockdown due to the pandemic experience we all had, gaming has become more popularised all around the world. When there's something that is popular and fun, there will definitely be people who want to have a more competitive experience. They want to play with other professional players as part of a team that may also be professional. And so, just like that, eSports is formed.

Even though eSports is not a sport that requires a strong or tough physical body, it still requires the eSports athlete to have many skills. An eSports athlete has to have dexterity, intelligence, good reflexes and coolness under pressure to succeed in gaming. Like normal sport athletes, they have to train everyday to improve their skills in gaming. eSports can sharpen one's senses and can also train one to not be nervous or anxious while being under pressure.

Furthermore, if someone from our school actually succeeded in eSports with millions of fans and sponsors from big companies, it would benefit the school and the country's name. Fans from all over the world would come to our country just to meet the eSports player. It could increase tourism in our country if there are many popular eSports players in our country.

Moreover, eSports players are normally young people who may have just graduated university and are trying to find a decent job, or people who already have a job but the salary is low and the environment of the work place is not satisfactory. If one were to succeed in eSports, it would turn their life around. With eSports, young people can earn a living, just by playing games. This can lighten the parents' burden as they would no longer have to financially support them.

eSports is growing at a very fast rate. With time, it can dominate the entertainment industry. I think offering eSports in school would be a good thing instead of a bad thing. Many students would support this. This is all I'd like to say, thank you for letting me speak here today.

Feature Articles

I'll do that tomorrow

byline: Timothy Ko Xin Huai (Year 11 Grace)

What is procrastination? Is it simply one among many shortcomings to be tackled? Or is it secretly an amazing tool to bolster our productivity? Perhaps it's both of these things. Taking a look at some popular views, let's find out.

There are, as always, two sides to this topic. Procrastination is commonly viewed as a simple lack of self-control, the tendency to put off urgent matters in favour of lazing around. It could be viewed as the response people have to anxiety-inducing tasks. Whichever it is, procrastination greatly damages productivity. Precious time is wasted on random distractions: texting, surfing the net, what-have-you. Even worse is that the time wasted – while spent leisurely – isn't relaxing at all! Procrastinators are aware that they have something important to do, and their behaviour isn't something they can simply stop on a whim. All the shame and guilt procrastinators feel, translates into another reason not to work, trapping them in an endless loop of guilt and wasted time. To help stop procrastinating, procrastinators must learn to forgive themselves, reducing their guilt and thus removing one of procrastination's many triggers.

On the flip side, people also argue that procrastination can have positive effects. Rather than loafing around while nothing gets done and have the deadline inch closer, they argue that time not spent on the pressing matters could be used for more productive activities. Don't spend time texting, or snacking. Instead hit the gym, read a book, do some laundry the list goes on. Usually, people have a long list of tasks to do, and if you cannot deal with the most urgent one, start with the smaller, slightly less unpleasant things. By avoiding your most urgent issues while doing other tasks, you may find that in the end, you have one less task to do. Arguably, putting off some tasks, you give yourself breathing room to properly think of ways to solve these problems. Additionally by the time you reach the final task, it might not be as important anymore.

Both sides of the argument provide good views. Procrastination is indeed a liability to productivity, and should be avoided as much as possible. Common advice on overcoming procrastination is also sound. On the other hand, procrastination can be recontextualised as a tool that, while not contributing to the most important task, aids greatly in helping us complete other productive tasks that would otherwise have also been put off.

Placing these two views side by side, it becomes clear what the best way is to approach urgent matters. First of all, make a check list. What are the things you need to do? Start from the bottom of your list, build up momentum with some easy tasks first, and you will soon find yourself plowing through all that needs to be done. It's important to not get tunnel vision focusing on one big task, and don't become paralysed by fear. Perhaps one could split up the task into many little ones. Do a small bit here and there and the task will be done before you know it. If you fail, try not to dwell on it as setbacks are bound to happen, so it's necessary to forgive yourself. Remember, there's always tomorrow to try again!

Script or Acting? (An essay based on 'A Streetcar Named Desire')

byline: Chang Zhang Le (Year 10 Grace)

'A Streetcar Named Desire' is an example of a distinctive drama. It has dominated the drama scene since its debut. A great mixture of both well-written and quality script and unparalleled acting, it has become a renowned drama, known to lots of people. Therefore it proves that to create an outstanding piece of drama, we need a good script as well as a good performance from the actors.

The script of 'A Streetcar Named Desire' was able to deliver its message throughout the drama by adding numerous plot twists and blending the emotions of the characters to keep the audience focused. Certainly, it is about the story. This drama has a very clear objective – to present the truth of reality as during the olden times when technology was not yet advanced, it was normal for crimes to happen. Thus, the story has gained its popularity in its realism.

But even with a profound script, without excellent acting, the drama would not be as outstanding. Using the 'A Streetcar Named Desire' movie with Marlon Brando as an example, the actors had done an incredible job. They had interpreted the script and acted accordingly. They were able to perform certain emotions so realistically to enhance the storyline. They attracted the audience by their movements and emotions throughout and did not just do the minimal.

Ultimately, a powerful and outstanding drama must include both a quality script and unparalleled acting. With only a quality script but not good acting, the message would not be delivered clearly, and with only unparalleled acting, a drama would still be rather boring.

Peer To Peer



Dear Peer,
Thanks for reading and answering my personal questions. I want to ask how I can build up closer and better relationships at this school because I feel like I know other students, but yet am not friends with them. And also I don't know how I can use my violin skills more at school. I feel kind of sad that I am just performing in the school orchestra since that is very easy, and so boring to me. I am hoping that I can use my music skills in school another way. Please advise.

Music Man

Dear Music Man,
I would advise you to just be yourself when around other people. And also stop worrying about not being able to showcase your violin skills. If you want to use your violin skills in school, just join the Music Club next year. You will be able to use your violin skills even more then. However, just because you can do something that others can't, this will not mean that they will instantly like you and want to become friends with you. It takes time to make friends. You can start with the basics.... if you see people struggling to do something, try to help them, even if you cannot do that thing well. People will appreciate the offer to help. And slowly, they will want to become friends with you because they see you as someone that they can turn to for help when they have problems.

Peer AT

Dear Music Man,
You could attempt to mingle with people more often, hang out with them, talk to them, and discover their interests. This way, you may find more ways to relate to them. Regarding the music issue, there have been several music contests within the state of Perak recently. If you feel like it, you could participate in these, representing your school.

Peer ES



Dear Peer,
My first concern is that I am always forgetting everything – like homework, and I have to triple check every time, for everything. My second concern is I am not good at Maths and Geography; I either get borderline marks or flunk the entire test. My third concern is I broke my girlfriend's heart and I need a way to win her back.

Problem-Swamped

Dear Peer,
A lot of people are better than me, and I am always conscious that I will fall short and no one will like me. This is why I act happy and jolly all the time, but it's just a show I have to put on. I'm scared that people will abandon me, or leave me – that is my biggest fear. Sometimes I feel really useless and small compared to the big world and nothing really matters to me. My father also smacks me and calls me useless while comparing me to his friend's children.

World Too Big

Dear Problem-Swamped,
I'm sorry to hear that you are forgetting everything. Maybe you could make a checklist of things you need to do so that you can keep track of yourself more easily and not forget things. You could also focus on Maths and Geography more, to avoid failing those subjects. About your girlfriend, in my opinion, you don't have to win her back. Just apologize and let things happen as they may. Hang in there, things will get better.

Peer RJ

Dear World Too Big,
Just know that you are not going through something like this alone. I too have gone through something similar and I can tell you that talking to someone other than your parents about it, is the way to go. I have talked to a few teachers about my situation, and it has really helped me a lot. I am doing better now and soon, maybe you will feel better too if you just talk to one of the teachers about your situation. I am sure that the teachers will be happy to help guide you through it all. That is what they are here for – to teach you and help you through something that you don't know what to do about. I cannot guarantee that they will be able to solve your problem for you completely, but what they can do is cut down the size of the issue. Don't worry that your problems will never be solved; they will go away in time to come. Just remember that whatever you are going through now, it is to prepare you or make you become wiser when other problems arise in the future. Everyone goes through hardships in life. Some just have to begin going through them earlier, that's all.

Peer AT

Dear World Too Big,
I am sorry to hear about what you are experiencing. The best advice I can give you is not to compare yourself to others. Constantly remind yourself that you are enough and there is no need to act happy or jolly around others when you are not happy or jolly. Just be your true self, no matter how others may see you. And don't be afraid of losing people; true friends will always be there to support you no matter how difficult the situation may be. Last piece of advice I can give you is not to be afraid to share your feelings. Sometimes, when we bottle up our feelings, we only feel worse. Being able to share your thoughts with someone, like a teacher, may make you feel a lot better.

Peer MK

Peer to Peer

Dear Peer,

I honestly feel like my school life is too crammed now. I have so many extra-curricular activities and responsibilities outside of studies, that I am slipping behind on homework and due dates. At this point, I can't even eat in the canteen because of duties. I'm beginning to sleep in the afternoon more than I should and this gives me trouble when sleeping at night. All in all, I feel like I'm going to burn out soon and I really need to find a way to free up my schedule. All I want to do is have lunch with my friends during break times, not sit on concrete floors and stare at empty walls while doing my duty. Do you have any ideas to help me?

Half-Awake Cat

Dear Half-Awake Cat,

The main purpose of you going to school is to learn and study, not collect accolades or do extra things that might tire you out, just to make other people proud. Firstly, you should make yourself comfortable and prioritize what is more important to you – having the time to socialize with your friends or doing prefectorial duties? finishing homework on time or joining extracurricular activities? There is no correct answer. However, judging from your letter, you may prefer having more time for yourself. If that is so, then I would suggest that you discuss with whoever is in charge, your duty and extracurricular hours, or even consider resigning from some positions. I hope this helps.

Peer ZH

Dear Half-Awake Cat,

Maybe you can try taking breaks from your busy schedule. A regular day or two off just for hanging out with your friends and doing things that will fill you with joy and happiness, is a good idea. Another idea is to plan your time. A time management method called the pomodoro technique can help you to manage your time better, with enough breaks in between to increase your work productivity. Lastly, try communicating with your teachers to reduce your extracurricular workload.

Peer NT

Dear Peer,

This morning, my friends saw me talking to a girl and they teased me so much I felt embarrassed and pressured by the feeling of shame. I chose not to fight back then, but now find myself plotting revenge against them because I can still feel the humiliation. I am going to continue hanging out with the girls and I know my friends will not leave me alone, so what do I do about this?

Anonymous

Dear Anonymous,

That's just immaturity on the part of your guy friends. Being in the company of girls is fine. It doesn't mean you are dating, it just means you are social. I've seen boys not want to talk to girls because they are afraid of the 'consequences'. Don't worry, just ignore your male friends and do what you are happy with. Your male friends will grow out of their childishness.

Peer KH

Dear Anonymous,

Hanging out with girls isn't something to be ashamed of. Try and ignore your friends who are teasing you. They are immature and will eventually (hopefully) grow out of the teasing behaviour. In the meantime, keep hanging out with the girls – they sound like they're a good bunch of people.

Peer TT

Dear Peer,

My friend keeps taking my homework book back home. This means I cannot do my homework and then I get scolded by the teacher, even though it is not my fault. I feel so sad that the teacher doesn't care.

Book Gone

Dear Book Gone,

Don't give your friend your homework book! Is it really a friendship if he takes advantage of you? Discuss this issue with your friend and set boundaries. You must not let him affect your own performance in school. The teacher does care, but your book is your responsibility, so you need to be able to refuse your friend and hold onto your own book.

Peer TT



If only I had not heard

Timothy Ko (Year 11 Grace)

Hiding under my bedsheets, I could hardly hold back the tears thinking about my parents in their bedroom. The voices grew steadily louder and harsher. The only thing I could do was try and tune them out as I recounted the day's events.

The day had started like any other; I had walked to school bright and early in the morning. Breakfast was the usual eggs and toast. I was off to a good start. It was Thursday and that meant the first class was a free period, which I spent hanging out with friends.

Thinking back, it was set to be the perfect day, and up until noon everything had been nothing short of wonderful. We had just been released for an early recess by Mr Norman when the Principal called me up to his office. I remember nervously climbing the long flight of stairs that led to his office, all the while dreading the horror that might be awaiting me. What I had done to be called into his office was a mystery, and I searched my memory for the crime that had somehow gotten me into trouble.

As I approached the Principal's desk, I noticed that he wasn't wearing his customary frown that most students knew him for. His expression was instead somber, sympathetic even. Confused, I sat down in the chair opposite him, awkwardly waiting for him to speak.

A few seconds passed before he finally did, "We have just received a call from your parents, that your grandfather has been in a car accident." Immediately I slumped down in the chair, slack-jawed from the shock. As I tried to compose myself, I was handed a form. "This is a leave pass. Your parents will pick you up soon," the Principal intoned.

Just like that, I found myself in the backseat of my parents' car, heading for home before the hospital. While my dad drove, he had to try and keep mother calm as she appeared to be on the verge of a total breakdown, chattering nervously while periodically bursting into little sobs. Three traffic lights later, while waiting for the red light to turn, mother had calmed enough. I leaned forward to change the radio station and heard dad mutter 'good riddance' under his breath. Without thinking, I heard myself repeating his words out loud. Mother whipped her head around to glare at dad.

The rest of the ride home was tense. I bolted up to my room as soon as the vehicle stopped moving. And then the argument started, and now here I was, cowering in my room while my parents duked it out verbally two doors away. If only I had not heard

Help from a Stranger

Woo Yi Xuan (Year 8 Love)

Alexander walked through the streets under the scorching afternoon sun in quiet pessimism, cautious of everyone he walked past, every stray dog or cat he encountered and every jogger that slalomed past him.

A few nights ago in this very place, a group of notorious seniors from his school had walked up to him and warned him about how they didn't like how he looked, the way he dressed and even his way of talking. He knew nothing about the aversion they had towards him but one thing was crystal clear to him, he did not want any trouble with the group.

Staring down at the ground while walking, he heard some heavy steps approaching. His head jerked up. He saw the group once again, the three people who derided him. His eyes met with the person in the middle, who was the most prominent in the group. The man wore a black jacket, with words embroidered on the front.

The briefest glimpse of the man established beyond any shadow of a doubt that he was up to no good. It all felt like a dream to him, unable to move any of his limbs, unable to hold a firm grip on his bag and unable to speak. The man walked up to him and he slowly felt his legs shiver, an effect that was not lessened by the fact that he knew that his strength was meagre against a group of three seniors. A second later, the face of the man in the middle turned from displaying a wicked smirk to an exasperated grimace.

Alexander's fight or flight response was provoked and he chose to run. He twisted his body to face the other side where he would dash, but another man stood behind him, towering over Alexander.

The group of three grabbed him and attempted to grab his bag which Alexander relinquished due to being overwhelmed by them. They ransacked his bag.

A shout echoed throughout the entire area and every head turned towards it. A man in a suit holding a suitcase dashed across the street. It looked ridiculous.

"What is this?" Alexander whispered under his breath, "How did I get myself into this plight?"

The man in the suit smashed the suitcase into the man in the black jacket. A thud was heard when he fell to the concrete ground. The other two ran away with dismay written all over their shocked faces.

Alexander questioned and thanked the man in the suit, but he said nothing, gave a cheeky smile and left.

An unusual meeting
Pong Yan Ning (Year 10 Grace)

It was four in the evening, time for my evening trek. It was a daily routine that I had restarted just recently. However, I was a tad late today; it was darker than usual. The first few steps into the woods and I noticed something was off - I had forgotten my jacket! The air was cold and chills ran down my spine.

I later reached an area I tended to avoid the creepy lady’s hut. It was deep inside the woods but the aura let off disturbed me greatly even from such a distance. I looked away. Then, there in front of me, was the old hag. She stood motionless, her eyes staring at me blankly. They were grey due to old age, as was her hair and everything about her. Grey. She had a scrawny figure and was just skin and bones. I could easily outrun her or overpower her, but she was far more intimidating than any demon.

As I stood in pure fear, she seemed to be gliding closer. She wasn’t moving her body, but I know she was approaching. She motioned with a bony finger for me to follow her. Her fingernails were purple and black.... truly awful. I couldn’t resist, I’m not sure why, but it was a spiritual force that forced me to follow. It grew darker and the grass grew colourless. Leaves started falling off the branches and twigs snapped under our feet. There were no animals, just some crows squawking out of nowhere, causing me to flinch.

We reached a cemetery. There were wooden crosses stabbed into the dying ground and next to them, a murky lake was still. The old lady did not stop; she guided me into a shabby hut and a horrendous smell attacked my nostrils. It smelt like rotting flesh, human or what, I didn’t want to know. The lady who looked already accustomed to the smell opened a cabinet and took a bowl out.

I saw a sickening black frozen broth stuck inside. Holding back nausea, I asked her what she wanted. Silence. Nothing else came out of my mouth. She handed the bowl to me. This time, she held a knife and in the bowl was an extra cube mixed in the black. I was shaking so badly and my mind was everywhere. I hoped that if I finished the soup, she would let me go in one piece.

When I placed the empty bowl on the table, the old lady walked out the creaking back door and did not return. I took this opportunity and ran out of there like my life depended on it, which it probably did. Returning home, I panted and gasped for every bit of oxygen in the air. I looked in the mirror and saw myself aged ten years... strands of grey hair, wrinkles - I was looking like the old lady. I rubbed my eyes and I was back to normal.

“What in the ...”, I mumbled. It was such an unusual experience, but I am thankful. It has been a week and I am still living life peacefully. Nothing bad has happened to me,yet.

Fiction
Writing



Black Cadillac
Rajeev Anil (Year 11 Love)

I sat next to John’s wife, Rita, with my heart in shambles. How could he lie to me and tell me that I was his only love, the only girl in his life? Now I find out that he’s been married for 6 years? I was angry to the core. Rita, who had informed me of John’s cheating right after my shift ended, hadn’t even known that John was dating me. She whispered into my ear, “We both know that there’s only one way to end this... him dying.”

My jaw dropped. I asked her, trembling in fear, “Are you sure?”
She smiled and replied, “Darling, there’s no other way.”
Rita then filled me in on her plan, which was to be put into action tonight itself. She’d been onto John for a while and knew exactly what time he entered the diner where I worked, which was when I was done with work. We would then go to our usual hook-up spot and I’d have to say a phrase, “The stars look so beautiful tonight.” This would be the code for Rita to start her car and hit him with it.

At 8.15, ten minutes after Rita arrived, John walked into the diner and said, “Hey babe, I’ve missed you!”
I chuckled, “It’s only been a day since we last saw each other, and you already miss me?”
John said, “Well, how can I not miss this beauty right here?”
I smiled and replied, “Wanna go to the alley?”
John grinned and I took him there.

We walked to our hook-up spot in the alley and John started kissing my neck passionately. I pursed my lips and said, “Don’t the stars look beautiful tonight?” John moaned and continued kissing me.

Then, I heard the loud roar of an engine. I looked to the right and saw Rita in a black Cadillac flashing its lights at us. I whispered, “I’m sorry, John, but this is what you get, babe.” John glared at me as Rita charged at him with her car.

I stepped aside and watched the Cadillac chase John to his death. At the end of the alley, John ran into a dead end and turned to face the car. He put his hands out and screamed, “No! No! Stop this! NOOOO!”
Bang!
I stood next to John’s bloody, lifeless body and muttered, “He was such an idiot.”
I walked towards Rita and said, “Thank you.”
She smiled and replied, “Need a ride home?”
I smiled and stepped into the Cadillac, and we drove off towards my house.

