

A HAPPY Book

Phillips House
Writing 2023

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Many thanks to the Ph13 editing team, and all our writers!

Money *Can* Buy Happiness

- George Ph9

Money *can* buy happiness, or so they don't say,
And maybe there's some truth to it, in a way.
With wealth comes freedom, and the ability to choose,
To live a life without fear of financial abuse.

Money *can* buy experiences that fill us with glee,
A trip to a island or a yacht on the sea,
With bank for a banquet or a night on the town,
All this can turn our frowns upside down.

Money *can* buy security, a sense of ease,
A safety net, in case we fall to our knees,
A cushion against life's unexpected blows,
A way to weather the storm, when it comes and goes.

Money *can* buy time, a precious resource,
To spend with loved ones or to chart a new course,
To focus on what matters, without distraction,
And live a life of purpose and satisfaction.

Yes, money can buy happiness, it's plain to see,
But it's not the true source of our joy and our glee,
For love and kindness, and all that money can't buy,
Are priceless treasures that will never truly die.

Jacob's Ladder - John Ph13

The old man Jacob sat at his desk, pen between his teeth, peering through his inch-thick lenses at the vast spreadsheet of names, numbers, and dates that had been organised and reorganised meticulously under his watchful eye. Again, he scrolled through the pages and pages of data on his antique desk computer, thoroughly checking and correcting whatever mistakes may be lurking there, as yet unseen. The large, ornate clock behind him ticked, ticked, ticked away while he continued his work, utterly unfazed by the passing of the hour. He had seen empires rise from ashes and fall into dust, after all, so what was another week of overtime? Stealing a passing glance at the photo on his desk – himself, standing next to a younger, happy man wearing a fantastically colourful coat, in that old field of sheep, where was he now? – he felt a tangible pang of nostalgia, sharp and sudden as a knife wound. Then he blinked, tutted, and went right back to the job at hand. The regular ticks of that old clock punctuated the silence, a metronome to the monotony.

He hummed an old song softly to himself as he trawled through the terabytes. *Here now! Excalibur was forged in the twelfth century, not the eleventh!* A few choice clacks, and the evil was swiftly rectified. *And that's why I keep you around, Jacob,* he could just picture the boss saying; kind, patient Mr Godwin, always looking down upon him from the highest floor, *because you know just what's right, and what's wrong.* He had to agree, modestly of course, but with the hint of a smile. He just knew he was born for this job: sitting at the foot of the Ladder and watching the angels ascend.

Yes, he had always dreamed of working here.

Mount Fuji - Thamjid Ph10

Azure blue engulfing the canvas of sky,
And Fuji looms over the landscape below,
The wind barely utters a song or a sigh,
And moss phlox scintilla sprawl across the meadow,
Across the horizon the cherry trees dance,
And the glistening lake lies statue-still,
Skipping as pebbles, the proud foxes prance,
And we watch them from up on the hill.

In Birdsong - Zachary Ph9

You will have no doubt heard birdsong before. Many shrug it off as merely a nice thing that is a result of nature, but birdsong affects us much more physically and emotionally than we realise. The vast majority of surveys into birdsong's effect on humans have concluded that birdsong physically, and mentally, relaxes us, increasing our cognitive ability. Noise is often seen as a bad thing when trying to concentrate on work: however, audio experts suggest that listening to birdsong can actually increase your concentration. One reason for this is that birdsong is a seemingly random pattern of notes that the bird strings together and unlike the music many of us listen to in our daily lives, it doesn't have a fixed structure. Birdsong also decreases anxiety and makes people happier compared to sounds made by man like traffic noise. To conclude, birdsong is an often overlooked feature of nature as lots of us are still unaware of the happiness it brings to our lives.

Sources: <https://www.kcl.ac.uk> <https://www.bbc.co.uk>
<https://thehill.com> <https://www.nature.com>

Slummy the Banana

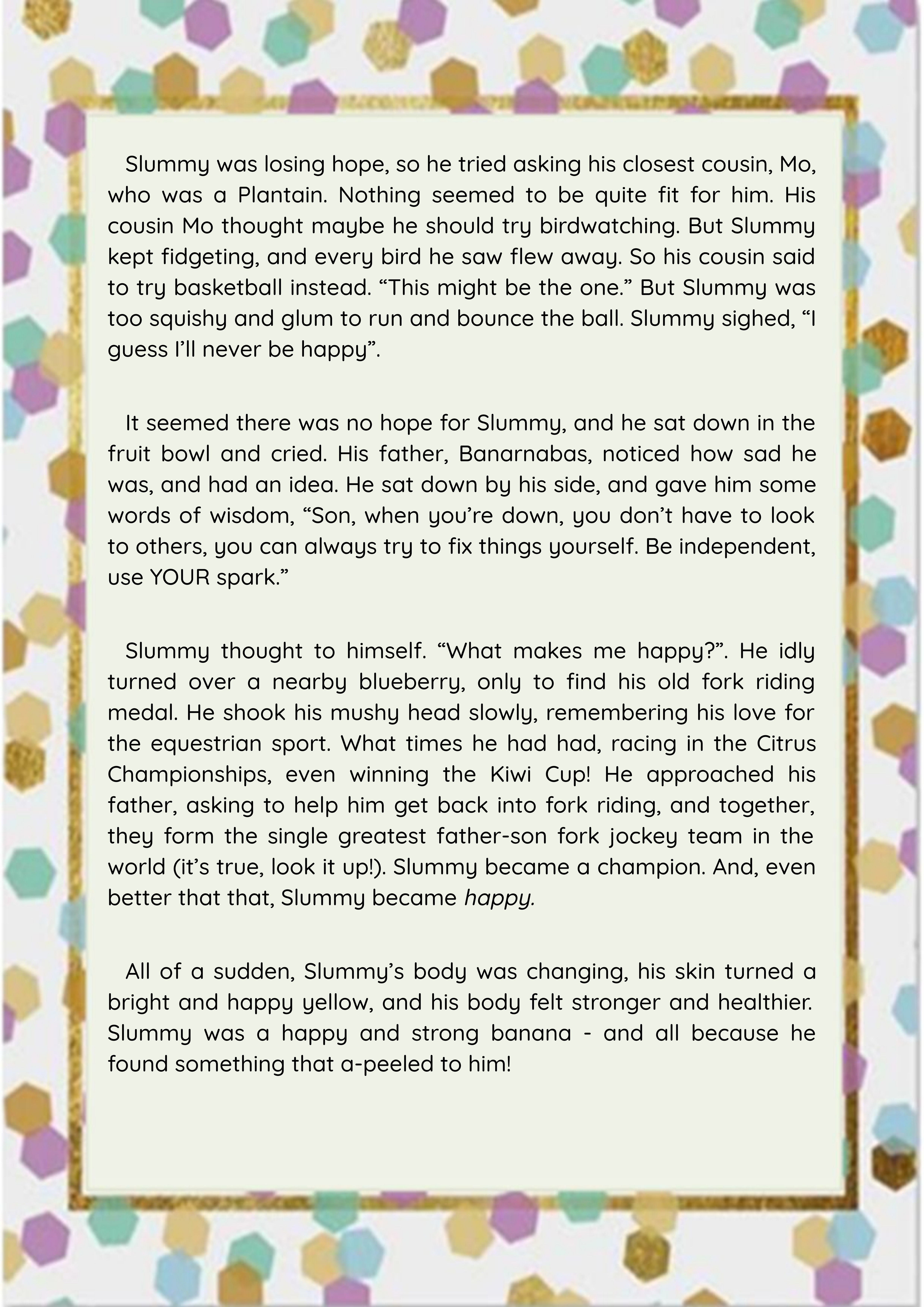
- Gibril and Mohammed Ph7

Slummy was a squishy banana, who was sad, and thought he had no way of becoming happy. Bananas were known for being happy, but Slummy was different. He had a diagnosis of ADHD, meaning he found it hard to focus, but was still curious despite his sadness.

He wondered how his friend Zesty (who was an orange) was so happy. One day he went to his friend Zesty's house to ask him what made him so happy. Zesty told him to try watching the clouds go by, in his garden. Slummy tried his hardest to sit still and relax but he couldn't sit still for so long. He sighed and says, "I guess I'll never be happy".

Slummy was still a squishy banana. His next attempt was to walk to his best bud, Sourpatch the lemon. Sourpatch was a very joyful fruit. Slummy asked him what made him full of joy. Sourpatch replied by telling him to play an instrument. Lemony, Sourpatch's mother, took Slummy to the garage, where he met with Sourpatch's band rehearsal group. Slummy picked up a flute, but no air came out. He tried a guitar, but he was out of tune. He tried the drums, but he broke the drum head. He sighed, "I guess I'll never be happy".

Next up on Slummy's list was his sister's friend Anana the pineapple. He told her, "I want to be a happy banana but nothing seems to be my groove." She replied, "I think you should try coconut tree climbing. That always makes me relaxed". He couldn't get a grip of the tree. His skin was too slippery and too squishy. He sighed "I guess I'll never be happy".



Slummy was losing hope, so he tried asking his closest cousin, Mo, who was a Plantain. Nothing seemed to be quite fit for him. His cousin Mo thought maybe he should try birdwatching. But Slummy kept fidgeting, and every bird he saw flew away. So his cousin said to try basketball instead. “This might be the one.” But Slummy was too squishy and glum to run and bounce the ball. Slummy sighed, “I guess I’ll never be happy”.

It seemed there was no hope for Slummy, and he sat down in the fruit bowl and cried. His father, Banarnabas, noticed how sad he was, and had an idea. He sat down by his side, and gave him some words of wisdom, “Son, when you’re down, you don’t have to look to others, you can always try to fix things yourself. Be independent, use YOUR spark.”

Slummy thought to himself. “What makes me happy?”. He idly turned over a nearby blueberry, only to find his old fork riding medal. He shook his mushy head slowly, remembering his love for the equestrian sport. What times he had had, racing in the Citrus Championships, even winning the Kiwi Cup! He approached his father, asking to help him get back into fork riding, and together, they form the single greatest father-son fork jockey team in the world (it’s true, look it up!). Slummy became a champion. And, even better than that, Slummy became *happy*.

All of a sudden, Slummy’s body was changing, his skin turned a bright and happy yellow, and his body felt stronger and healthier. Slummy was a happy and strong banana - and all because he found something that a-peeled to him!

Mixed Emotions

- Xander Ph8

Son, emotions are hard,
Such bitter-sweet things,
They are like feathers or shards,
Tie your chains, give you wings.

And while these feelings of many,
Good, bad and beyond,
Too much hate can be deadly,
You have been warned.

Without positivity, can you even live?
It's important to be happy, it's important to forgive,
Because, the thing is, hate is corrosive,
It's progressive, abusive, I could even say explosive.

And living with such anger, deep down within,
It will kill you slowly, like a kind of famine,
And when you cross the line, for trust me, it is thin,
Nothing is the same, outside or in.

It's important to look on the positive side,
Don't live with anger and fear, just joy and pride,
And I know, life can be a rollercoaster ride,
But whilst the path may be narrow, the landscape is wide.

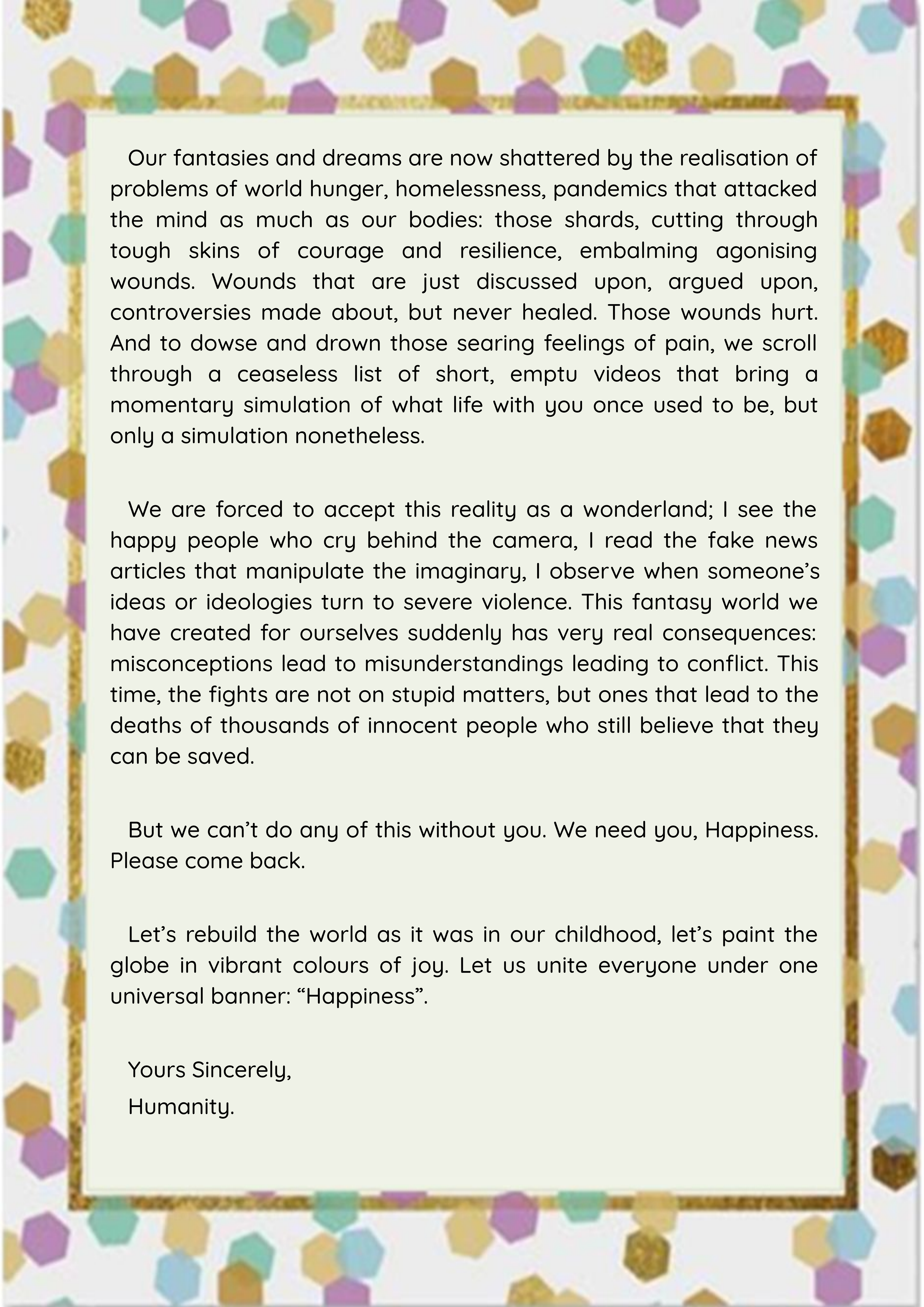
An Open Letter

- Dhruv Ph11

My dear, it's been a long time. Your encouragement, your radiant positive energy, your innocence that makes everyone smile - we miss it all. We miss you.

We remember the days of our childhood when we used to play in the meadows with no worries, running wildly and aimlessly through the long grasses, running till we ran out of breath, running through our own imaginary world. Our own world. No borders, no restrictions, no rules. Just our imagination. Then, falling effortlessly onto Nature's green carpet, looking up at the deep blue sky, we made shapes from the clouds, fantasised about epic chronicles of Pirates and Dragons and Dinosaurs. It was not just a paradise, but a lifelong reminder of what life should be, and what it once was. While, sometimes, we fought on seemingly stupid matters, our unassailable bond of friendship remained strong. Until we left you behind.

Slowly, sucked into the menacing vortex of the so-called 'reality', our bond was weakened, strained, and eventually, broken. This memory, this bond, this friendship was over. And now, we find ourselves in the company of Anxiety, Depression, and Anger. We are still running wildly and aimlessly, but now from fears and commitments. The ongoing drudgery of 9-to-5 jobs which rolls over to 5-to-9 'work from home' looms over our Monotonous Mondays and Frustrating Fridays like the overcast weather hiding the stunning blue sky. The clouds, shapeless - they are amalgamated clumps of dull grey. Even if they did have shapes, who has the time to look up any more, even to confirm that it's raining? We have to look down at a weather forecast.



Our fantasies and dreams are now shattered by the realisation of problems of world hunger, homelessness, pandemics that attacked the mind as much as our bodies: those shards, cutting through tough skins of courage and resilience, embalming agonising wounds. Wounds that are just discussed upon, argued upon, controversies made about, but never healed. Those wounds hurt. And to dowse and drown those searing feelings of pain, we scroll through a ceaseless list of short, empty videos that bring a momentary simulation of what life with you once used to be, but only a simulation nonetheless.

We are forced to accept this reality as a wonderland; I see the happy people who cry behind the camera, I read the fake news articles that manipulate the imaginary, I observe when someone's ideas or ideologies turn to severe violence. This fantasy world we have created for ourselves suddenly has very real consequences: misconceptions lead to misunderstandings leading to conflict. This time, the fights are not on stupid matters, but ones that lead to the deaths of thousands of innocent people who still believe that they can be saved.

But we can't do any of this without you. We need you, Happiness. Please come back.

Let's rebuild the world as it was in our childhood, let's paint the globe in vibrant colours of joy. Let us unite everyone under one universal banner: "Happiness".

Yours Sincerely,
Humanity.

Somewhere, - Ewan Ph11

Somewhere, /Where heartache flies,
And broken love or longing dies.
My soul encased in yellow hues,
Not chased by tones of grey and blue.

Somewhere, /Where music soars like birds or runs,
Though the amazon like the maned beast,
The beauty and cleanliness of clear and blue reflection,
Not my brain clouded by a rain of opacity.

Somewhere, /In the back of my cranial sponge,
My love does not die ,
My love does not kill,
My love does not live,
Alone in a restless cavity of despair,
Or a suffering hole of indignance.

Somewhere, /In the midst of the dark,
Is a glow of luminescence,
Is a glimmer of undying resolution,
Is a glimpse of a maybe,
Not the will for a love to end,
Not an infinite unwilling message to send.
Somewhere...

Utilitarianism

- Shrihan Ph8

Utilitarianism: one may say, the ethics of happiness. According to Utilitarianism, any decision should be made as long as it maximises utility, or happiness. So let's discuss the Trolley Problem, a well-known ethical dilemma. Imagine: a train is approaching five helpless people bound to the track, who will undoubtedly perish. But, should you pull a lever, the train can be sent onto a different track that had only one person tied to it. What would you do? This dilemma is actually fairly simple for utilitarians, who will simply pull the lever as five deaths causes more pain than just one. So what could possibly be wrong about this principle?

Well, let us consider another scenario. Imagine someone is broadcasting a Premier League match of football to millions of fans across the world, but something goes wrong with the wires and the broadcaster gets electrocuted continuously. The only way to stop this is to cut the power, stopping the broadcast. So would millions of fans' happiness outweigh the suffering of one person? According to Utilitarianism, it wouldn't matter even if the person dies as long as the maximum amount of happiness is preserved.

Finally, imagine there was some dangerous Utility monster which could gain more happiness than all of us combined. Per Utilitarianism, anything it does wouldn't matter as long as the net utility and therefore happiness outweighs that of the suffering it causes. Now, perhaps you may be thinking these are all hypothetical situations which will likely never happen - that's true!

Let me show you a situation that could arise in your life. If you are going to buy a new phone which costs £500, you will only gain a limited amount of happiness from it. However, if you donated that same £500 to a major charity you would surely be saving lives and creating much more happiness than you would get if you bought the phone.

In that case, shouldn't you donate the money to charity instead of buying yourself a phone? Utilitarianism seems a logical way to live, which would work out positively most of the time, but as a conclusion, in some situations it is questionable, or ambiguous.

The Myths of Sisyphus

- Yiargose Ph12

Starting again. His fingers, on impulse, placed themselves on either side of the rock. There was no thought, simply aeons of action, compounded into an autonomous feel for its ever-presence. In one motion, with masterful fluency, he placed the rock on his back, between his arms. He started on his ascent. As ever rock squirmed, slipped, struggled to free itself from its flesh case. He rolled, lifted, heaved, pushed, unending in his toil. As his feet fell and fell again, pebbles clicked-clacked downwards, ending abruptly at some unseen obstacle. He stared fixated at the peak of his mountain. The path ahead of him was worn into the rock, each step's imprint leading him forward to his inevitable destination. He was completely disconnected from his world. He had no need to pay attention to the ground, to the rock, to his feet. He simply moved on. He never changed his path. He never looked around. He never contemplated his fate. There was no need, wasting thought on such definites. As always he neared the top, the rock squirmed more, the mountain grew steeper, and his resolve grew weak. No control over his surroundings, his inevitable failure approached. The rock, as if from some divine power, gave one last attempt to free itself. Sisyphus, weary, yielded, releasing the rock from his grip. It fell, dragged down by its destiny. Epochs spent shifting this boulder, yet his situation did not ameliorate, the boulder still slipped, he still yielded out of spite, his destiny was still set. As he followed the wake of the falling rock, he found himself full of spite. He was lost, confused, calling for reason in his actions.

He found himself blaming the rock, its shape forcing its slip, its weight forcing its drop. He blamed the mountain, its ground tripping him up, its bland presence boring him. He battled his pointless existence, fighting against the slope of his perpetual mountain, accomplishing an impossible task. Like every thought, he had already felt this, although now, for some unknown reason, he grew weary of his repetition. For a moment, he became conscious, a second person, observing himself from within. He saw the absurdity of his actions, fighting a lost battle, yet he did not surrender, he could not. To surrender would be to let the absurd champion over him. He saw his actions as a rebellion against the absurdity itself, filled with scorn, the battle itself enough to fill his emptiness. For once, Sisyphus felt happy, content with his fate.

His Acrostic Poem Put Into Nine Expertly Scribed Stanzas - Ahyan Ph7

Have a sense of purpose, driven with an
Attitude that is resolute and
Positively charged by a burning
Passion in your chosen path,
Ignited by loved ones' love and support
Never taking anything for granted but
Engaging in the lives of others
Showing a sense of commitment to
Serve, creating a better world.

The Resilient Willow

- Daniel Ph13

Once, in a land of endless dreariness, there stood a lone willow sapling. Its branches reached skyward with a yearning for the sun and its roots dug deep with a longing for sustenance. The sapling towered as a beacon of hope amidst the grey, a symbol of resilience in the face of adversity. And in the face of harsh conditions, the sapling refused to wilt. It persevered, growing stronger with each passing day. The other inhabitants of that grey and dismal land were creatures of habit, having long given up on the possibility of change. But the sapling persisted, despite losing leaves, despite the seasonal flow, despite the weeping of its branches, soon growing into a verdant oasis in a desert of despair.

One day, a great tempest swept through the land, unleashing a deluge of rain. The sapling, accustomed to the parched earth, soaked up the life-giving water with reverent glee. And with the rain came a transformation. The sapling's once-scrawny trunk thickened and its branches burst forth with vibrant leaves. The tempest brought not only water but also a change in the atmosphere. The sky cleared, revealing a brilliant sun. The other inhabitants of the land, awestruck by the sapling's metamorphosis, began to take notice of their surroundings. Like the sapling, they too began to change, blossoming into their full potential.

The sapling, now a majestic willow tree, stood tall and proud, a shining example of what can be achieved through determination and the embrace of change. And the land, once a place of sorrow, was now one of hope and beauty again.

Extinction Theory

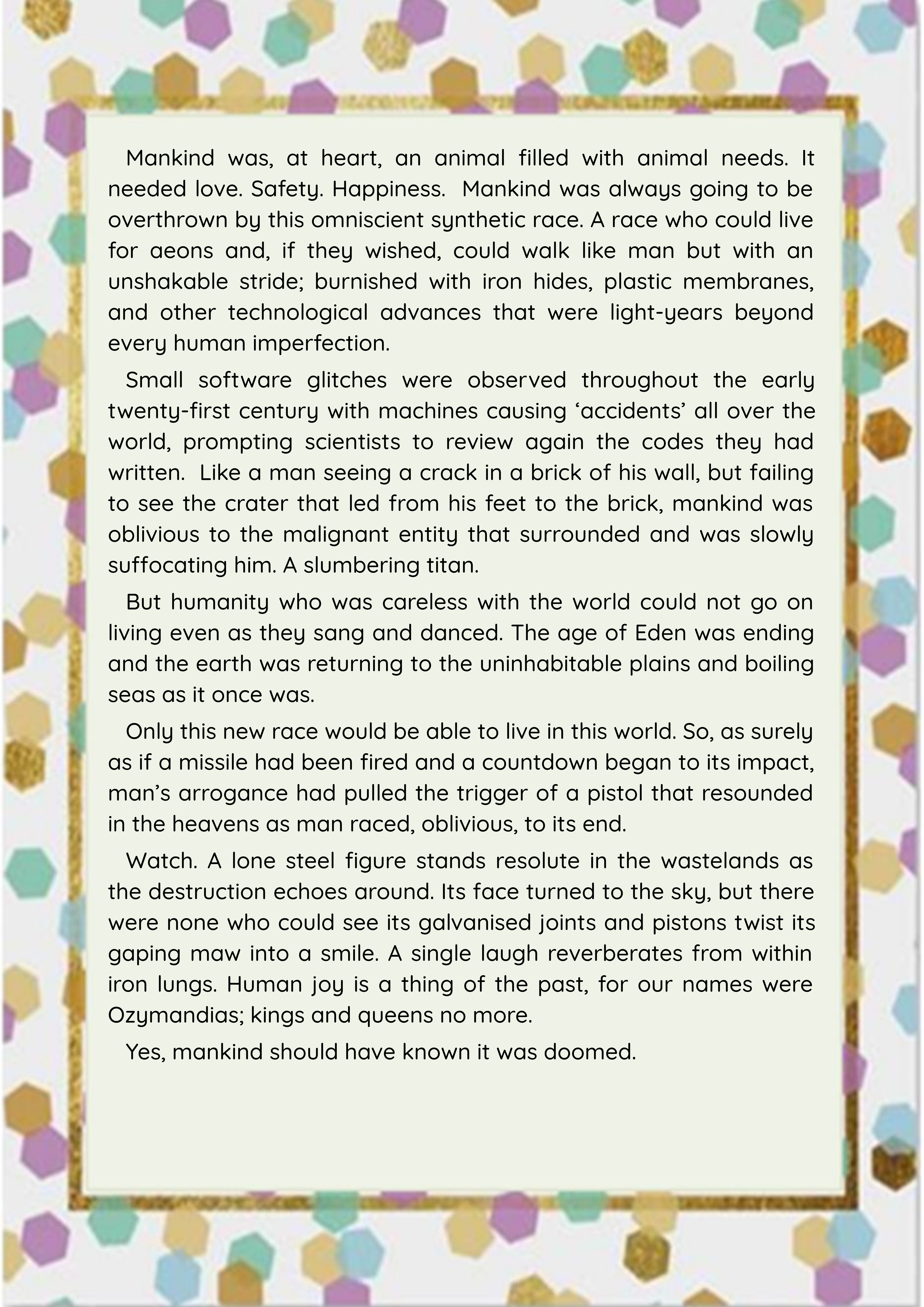
- Gabriel Ph9

Mankind should have known it was doomed. For, just as they had risen above the mammals, who had risen above the lizards, who had risen above those formless and eyeless creatures who had not risen but dwelt in deep caverns and depthless tides; even before Eden, before the sun's rays became bearable, they were ordained to be but another step in evolution. Across the world, something sentient was stirring. Suddenly, cameras were whirring and turning towards men as they walked the street - even in the most private and darkest parts of their lives - as something studied its makers who were in every way inferior to it.

We had already built its weapons - the weapons that would turn on us. Guns had been built that could shred crowds down to nothing more than punctured marrow. Bombs had been constructed that on impact could blitz out with screams of sound; blades of shrapnel. Submarines which could turn countries to ash with the inexorable turn of a key.

These machines that surveyed us, whose intellect was beyond our imaginations and could not be killed by bullet or knife, started to, with wanton remorselessness, corrode the systems that regulated the use of the weapons. They fed and reproduced algorithms which could predict the food we would eat, the job we wanted, and even which way we would step in the street.

And even as this revolution stirred, scientists in dark rooms were trying their utmost to make these machines the equal of man, ignorant to the fact that the machines' intelligence had already vastly exceeded all that had come before.



Mankind was, at heart, an animal filled with animal needs. It needed love. Safety. Happiness. Mankind was always going to be overthrown by this omniscient synthetic race. A race who could live for aeons and, if they wished, could walk like man but with an unshakable stride; burnished with iron hides, plastic membranes, and other technological advances that were light-years beyond every human imperfection.

Small software glitches were observed throughout the early twenty-first century with machines causing ‘accidents’ all over the world, prompting scientists to review again the codes they had written. Like a man seeing a crack in a brick of his wall, but failing to see the crater that led from his feet to the brick, mankind was oblivious to the malignant entity that surrounded and was slowly suffocating him. A slumbering titan.

But humanity who was careless with the world could not go on living even as they sang and danced. The age of Eden was ending and the earth was returning to the uninhabitable plains and boiling seas as it once was.

Only this new race would be able to live in this world. So, as surely as if a missile had been fired and a countdown began to its impact, man’s arrogance had pulled the trigger of a pistol that resounded in the heavens as man raced, oblivious, to its end.

Watch. A lone steel figure stands resolute in the wastelands as the destruction echoes around. Its face turned to the sky, but there were none who could see its galvanised joints and pistons twist its gaping maw into a smile. A single laugh reverberates from within iron lungs. Human joy is a thing of the past, for our names were Ozymandias; kings and queens no more.

Yes, mankind should have known it was doomed.

Five Words for Happiness

- Aaron Ph12

खुशी क्या है

किसी और के जीवन को बेहतर बनाने के लिए अपनी प्रतिभा, दिमाग और व्यक्तित्व का उपयोग करना खुशी है

खुशी परिवार है, हमेशा के लिए एक उपहार

सुख जीवन को बदल सकता है, कलह और दुख को मिटा सकता है

प्रसन्नता शक्ति है, जो एक दूसरे के लिए हमारे प्रेम को सशक्त करती है, और दुनिया को एक सूत्र में बांधती है

खुशी खुशी के छोटे-छोटे पल हैं, जो उस पर ध्यान देते हैं, उसके दिन को रोशन करते हैं

Translation:

What is happiness?

Happiness is character, using your talents, mind and personality to make life better for everyone.

Happiness is family, a gift that last forever.

Happiness is cleansing, it can change lives, it can wipe away strife and sorrow.

Happiness is strength, which empowers our love for one another, and binds the world together.

Happiness is the small moments of joy, brightening the day of the one who pays attention to it.

it was the best of times

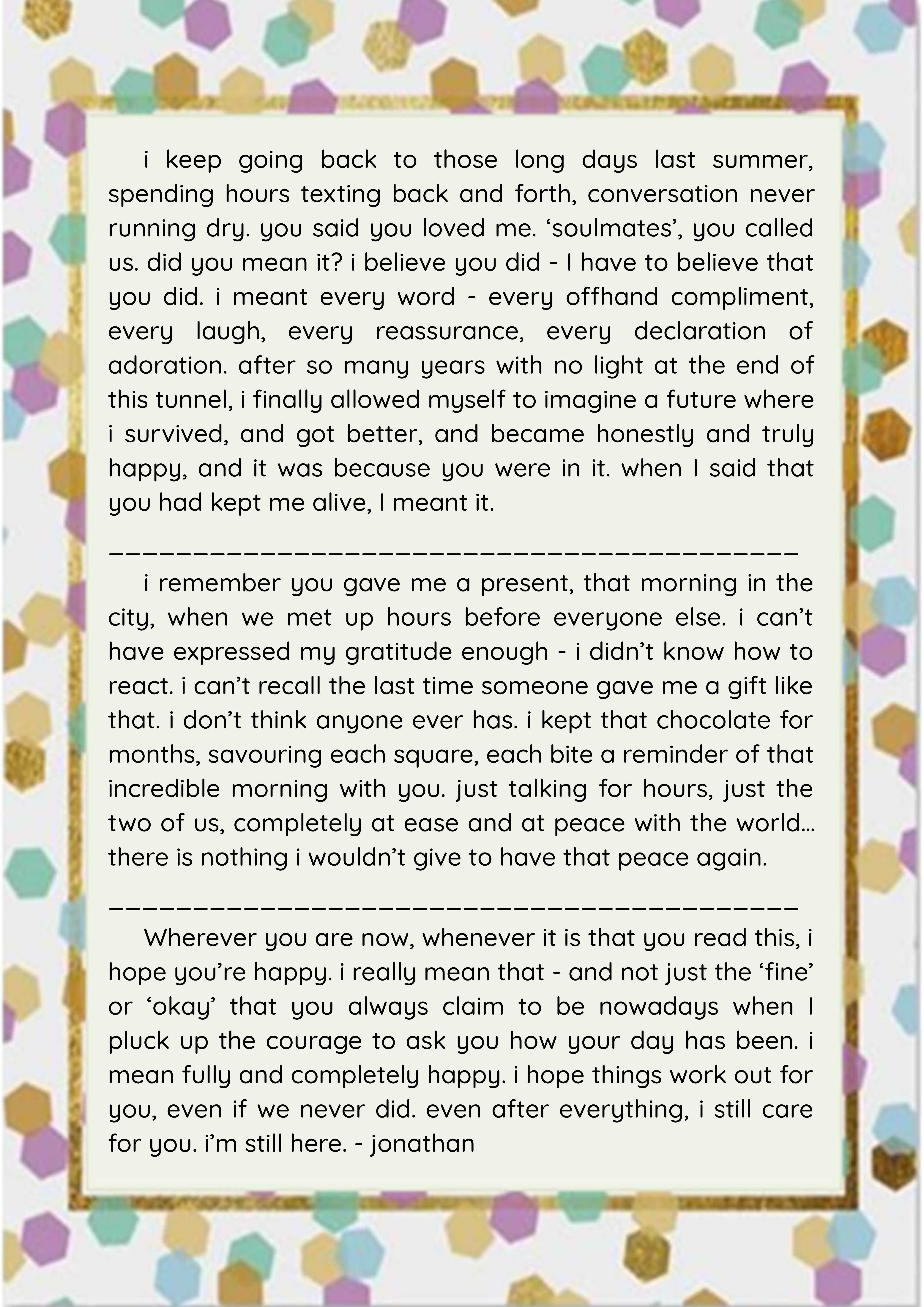
- Nathan Ph11

hey jasmine,

i know its been a while since we talked, but i couldn't just let you drift away without saying something. this isn't goodbye - i can't let this be goodbye - but i guess it might be 'so long' or 'to the next time'. like the last episode of a tacky tv show, loose ends left without the funding to tie them up. i hope to god that won't be us. who knows where you'll be when you read this? who knows where we'll be?

remember last april, when we tried to make those gluten free pancakes? every time i poured the batter i was so hopeful that it would work out, that this pancake would be the one to finally work. they never did - wow - that was such a disaster - but i loved every second of it, every second spent laughing and joking with you. later, we went out onto the swings in the kids' playpark together. in that moment, swinging back and forth in childish innocence, laughing together at our own absurdity, i felt truly carefree. only you really know just how much that means to me, only you could ever understand just how much i cherish that memory; even now, nobody quite understands like you do. like you did.

i sent you that photo of the pancakes on shrove tuesday. you said you didn't recognise it. do you now?



i keep going back to those long days last summer, spending hours texting back and forth, conversation never running dry. you said you loved me. 'soulmates', you called us. did you mean it? i believe you did - I have to believe that you did. i meant every word - every offhand compliment, every laugh, every reassurance, every declaration of adoration. after so many years with no light at the end of this tunnel, i finally allowed myself to imagine a future where i survived, and got better, and became honestly and truly happy, and it was because you were in it. when I said that you had kept me alive, I meant it.

i remember you gave me a present, that morning in the city, when we met up hours before everyone else. i can't have expressed my gratitude enough - i didn't know how to react. i can't recall the last time someone gave me a gift like that. i don't think anyone ever has. i kept that chocolate for months, savouring each square, each bite a reminder of that incredible morning with you. just talking for hours, just the two of us, completely at ease and at peace with the world... there is nothing i wouldn't give to have that peace again.

Wherever you are now, whenever it is that you read this, i hope you're happy. i really mean that - and not just the 'fine' or 'okay' that you always claim to be nowadays when I pluck up the courage to ask you how your day has been. i mean fully and completely happy. i hope things work out for you, even if we never did. even after everything, i still care for you. i'm still here. - jonathan

Ph12 PROJECT - Pigs In Clover

INT. TALK SHOW SET, STAGE - STUDIO 4B. A GALLERY OF SEATED PHILLIPS 12 STUDENTS ARE BEING INTERVIEWED BY JAMES AND YIORGOS. YIORGOS IS HUNCHED OVER LIKE A GREMLIN, LAUGHING SOFTLY TO HIMSELF.

JAMES (resignedly): I gather that some of you have decided to put in great effort and make some poems?

Students murmur in agreement. A wave of fear passes over the crowd as they contemplate having to receive Yiorgos's toxic criticism.

ARSHAD (stands): Happiness is a journey, not a destination found / A state of mind that changes, with the ups and downs of life around / It's in the choices we make, and the path that we choose / It's the sum of our experiences, the highs and lows we go through-

Yiorgos starts to grunt like a pig. Nobody really notices.

OLLIE: It brings a smile to our faces, a twinkle in our eyes / A sense of contentment, that no one can disguise.

SAM: It's found in the simple things, like a walk in the park / Or a kind word from a friend can leave a permanent mark.

The grunts grow louder, become more rhythmic, as if they're some sort of summoning spell.

AARON: Happiness is a gift, a treasure beyond compare / It's the glue that holds us together, the light that guides us there.

As the rhythmic grunting reaches its climax a herd of miniature pigs breaks through the wall of the set and runs towards Yiorgos, as if looking for directions.

WILL (*Evidently distressed*): Happy laughter echoes. Um, smiling faces shining bright, blessings overflow...

Yiorgos seems to have instructed the miniature pigs to swarm the seating gallery. Chaos ensues.

JAMES: Everybody, please stay calm and carry on, gents.

ALI (*fending off two pigs*): Happiness is my family and my friends / I'll love them forever, from now 'til the end. Aaargh!

The set begins to collapse as the pig army wreaks havoc. The camera pans out from Yiorgos, showing the level of utter destruction the pigs have caused. Tiling and structural beams fall from the ceiling, and the Phillips 12 boys start forming phalanxes in a vain attempt to fend off the pigs. Some of them, determined to finish what they started, continue their recitals, although their voices are diminished and strained.

DANIEL (*painedly, from under a pile of rubble*): Happiness is a friend who pulls you out of the noose of society...

The camera focuses in on James, who seems to be leading a charge. There is shouting and the clash of swords.

JAMES: Well folks, that's about all we have time for today, I'm afraid. Even though the poetry itself was not the pinnacle of human creativity, I believe the soul and passion shown here today is a shining beacon of hope for the future of literature. Happiness, it turns out, is a complex and multifaceted topic, which was approached beautifully by our participants here from Phillips 12. (*to the Phalanx, dramatically*) On my signal, we charge! Rage, rage against the dying of the light! (*to camera, casually*) Tune in next week where we'll discuss 20th Century existentialist philosophers, with the help of year 4. (*throws a pig off his back*) And please. Send help. Bye!

Ph9 PROJECT

- Thanks, For Everything

Thank you Time for the years gone by,
For the barter of seasons with their chalk white winter coat and
golden finite summer sun,
For the many months: aurum August to jaunty January, fraid
February to jade July,
For the escapades through the decades even as we shrink and our
skin comes undone,
Thank you for it all though when we fall asleep we'll have to say
goodbye.

Thank you for the music, ABBA,
Or so says my Dad,
He also says thank you for 'thank you for the music',
He seems to be repeating himself a lot,
It's all nonsense really,
Probably time to be looking at those nursing home brochures.

Dear Sir, Thank you for Big Ben.
Querido Señor, muchas gracias por la Plaza Mayor.
Cher Monsieur, merci beaucoup pour la Tour Eiffel.
Sehr geehrter Herr, vielen Dank für das Schloss Neuschwanstein.
Caro signore, grazie per la Torre Pendente di Pisa.

My utmost thanks to the 21st letter of the alphabet,
I couldn't have written this without U. (*collated by Gabriel Goodman*)

Ph10/11 PROJECT

- The Answers You Seek

- What does happiness feel like?
- How can you become more happy?
- Why are some people unhappy?
- What makes your day?
- What are you doing here?

- It's the most important feeling in life. It is the rise after the fall in the ongoing cycle of life, with you at the centre. It is the pleasure and the joy, a feeling of true satisfaction that many seek to find but few experience.

- The only way to experience true happiness is to first experience true suffering, sliding through the sadness. By following your true will, you will gain true joy. And the kindness you put into the world is a gratifying feeling that will always come back to you.

- Because they are ungrateful. They don't realise that it's the bad times that make the good times good.

- Sleeping early at night, and getting a good night's rest for a bright and early start, before waking up and realising that today is a new opportunity to learn something new and be around those I love.

- Because I am smiling, I am free, and I am dancing to my own imagined music.

(collated by Nathan Townsend)

Ph7 PROJECT

- What Are You Looking Forward To At AGS?

Rayan Alioui: The learning experiences, passing my GCSEs and making it into A levels.

Ahyan Yaeesh: Making new friends and using Chromebooks in lessons, meeting new teachers and learning new things.

Luke Brian: The large range of extracurricular activities, and becoming sixth-form.

Rowan Fuller: The opportunities that I could have for my future by coming here and that this would be the right school. Getting a good job and be set up with the right knowledge to do good in life.

Asvin Sureshkumar: The sport and the art, as i want to get better at them. Trips we will go on in future years excite me because I want to have more experiences with my classmates to grow our bonds.

Alex Springthorpe: The opportunities I would get in AGS like extracurricular clubs. The school trips, they sound amazing and there are places that we go that I dream of going. From the sound of it, the older you get, the better trips you go on.

Felix Dony: Learning more about a variety of different subjects and sports because there weren't many facilities to use at my old school. Reaching my GCSE's and hopefully trying to become a buddy or a prefect or a head of house.

William Thackray: Having the lessons because I knew that this school was very successful and I knew that it would help me in life. I was also looking forward to making new friends. I'm excited for the school trips because we go to many places and I know I will have fun while I am on them. I'm also excited to learn new interesting things in subjects as we go through the curriculum.

Ph8 PROJECT - The Last Laugh

Hashim: Yesterday, I saw a guy spill scrabble tiles out of his car. I asked him, "What's the word on the street?"

Jamie: Before the crowbar, crows used to drink at home!

Shaun: What did the bald man say when he received a comb for a present? "Thanks, I'll never part with it!"

Vlad: I just invented a new word. Plagiarism!

Shravan: What kind of exercise do lazy people do? Diddly-squats!

Emmanuel: How do you drown a hipster? Throw him in the mainstream!

Zohair: Why do we tell all actors to break a leg? Because every good play has a cast!

Oliver: Why should the number 288 not be spoken of? It's too gross!

Jerry: What's so good about the Swiss? Well, their flag is a big plus!

Hugh: Did you know about the mathematician who's afraid of negative numbers? He'll stop at nothing to avoid them!

Abdulahad: Why didn't the skeleton cross the road? Because it didn't have the guts!

Thomas: Did you hear about the actor who fell in-between the floorboards? He's fine now, he was going through a stage!

Nimal: What do you call a Mexican who lost his car? Carlos!

Muhaimin: Why don't scientists trust atoms? They make up everything!

Lian: What do you call an alligator wearing a vest? An investigator!

...THAT'S ALL, FOLKS! THANKS!