

# CLIMATES

## A PISM Newsletter



PLANETARIUM  
INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL

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# THE EDITORIAL BOARD

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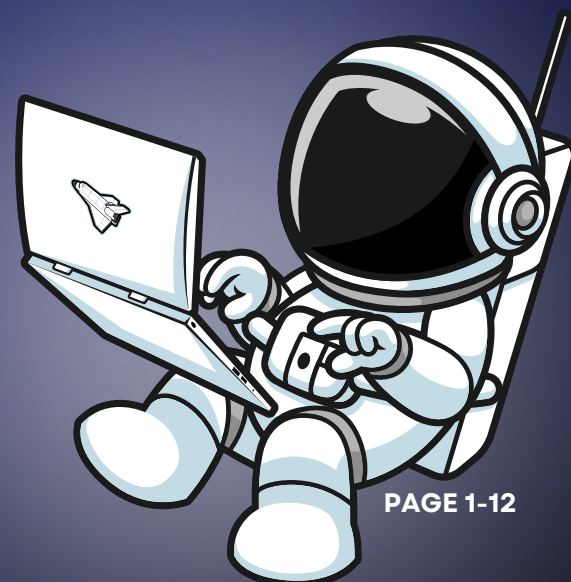
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# A GREENER TOMORROW

## A FIELD TRIP TO REMEMBER



On a sunny Friday morning, our PISM Preschool - Reception students, full of excitement and curiosity, set off on a special adventure with their teachers.

Where to? The fascinating Tzu Chi Recycling Centre in Ayer Keroh!

It wasn't just any ordinary field trip. It was a journey into the world of environmental conservation and the wonders of recycling. As they explored the centre, our little learners were amazed to see how everyday items like plastic bottles and paper could be transformed into something new.

They also learned the importance of reducing waste and how even small actions, like recycling, can have a big impact on our planet.

It was an educational experience wrapped in fun - a day filled with laughter, learning, and a renewed sense of responsibility for our beautiful world.

Who knew recycling could be so cool?



by: Ms. Amuta Subramaniam

# Junior Entrepreneur Club

## Car Boot Sale 2024



On 29th July 2024, the Junior Entrepreneur Club held a vibrant and successful Car Boot Sale, where club members and their parents came together to showcase their entrepreneurial spirit. The sale featured a wide variety of items, including stationery, food and drinks, used toys, and many more exciting finds.

In addition to promoting business skills, the event also had a charitable side. A donation box was set up to collect contributions for a local orphanage, with many of our young entrepreneurs generously donating part of their proceeds to support this cause.

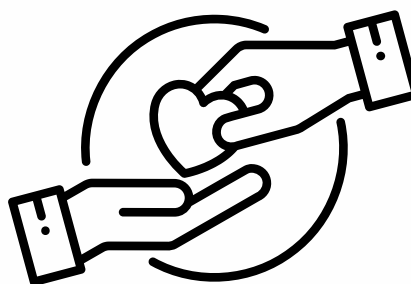
The Junior Entrepreneur Club is committed to continuing their CSR program, with a special visit to the orphanage scheduled for November 2024, where they will use the funds raised to make a positive impact.

Kudos to our budding entrepreneurs for their hard work and generosity!

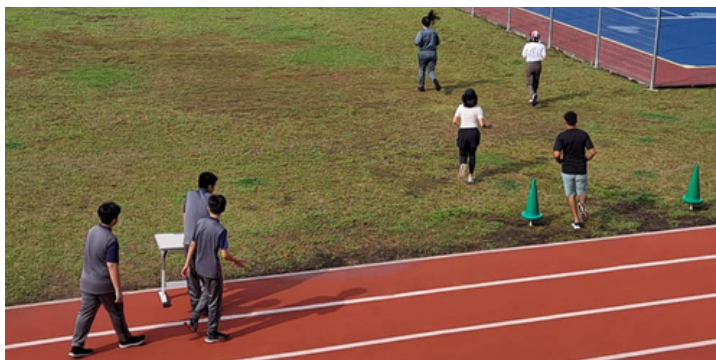


By Ms Nurul and Ms Amalia

# RUNNING FOR A CAUSE



The academic year 2024 will be remembered not just for academic achievements, but for a heartwarming initiative that brought the school community together in support of a noble cause. Spearheaded by the Student Council, the charity run project was launched to raise



funds for Kechara Soup Kitchen, a dedicated organization that aids the homeless and less fortunate in our community. The project's success demonstrated the power of collective effort and compassion, showcasing the school's commitment to making a positive impact.

## ***Phase One: The Initial Strides for Change***

The charity run project kicked off in June 2024, with an innovative idea that blended sports and altruism. During the first phase, students were invited to participate in a run where each lap completed earned them merits and, more importantly, sponsorship from the school. For every lap run, the school pledged RM 1 as a contribution to the cause. This first phase was met with enthusiasm and active participation from students, who showed their commitment through their endurance and spirit. The event ultimately raised a promising RM 740 for Kechara Soup Kitchen, marking a successful beginning to a project that would grow even further

## ***Phase Two: The Community Comes Together***

The second phase of the charity run took place in September 2024 and expanded the project's reach to include the wider school community, including parents. This phase invited participants to run with the goal of securing donations for the cause. With the whole school rallying behind the initiative, the event proved to be a resounding success. Students, parents, and staff members came together with great enthusiasm, and the fundraising efforts paid off. This phase alone raised an astounding RM 2,678, more than tripling the amount generated in the initial phase and showcasing the depth of support and generosity within the school community.

## ***A Special Tribute to World Food Day***

In addition to the runs, the Student Council organized a food collection drive to coincide with World Food Day. This initiative aimed to provide nourishment to those who are less fortunate.

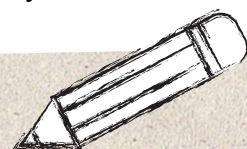
The response was overwhelmingly positive as students and staff contributed dry food items, with the final collection amounting to a total of 575.96 kg. The sheer volume of food collected was a testament to the kindness and solidarity of the school community. This additional effort ensured that support for the less fortunate went beyond just financial assistance and included tangible, essential supplies.

### ***A Lasting Legacy of Compassion***

The charity run project organized by the Student Council not only met its fundraising goals but also reinforced the importance of empathy, community spirit, and active citizenship. With RM 3,418 raised in total and 575.96 kg of food donated, the project had a meaningful impact on Kechara Soup Kitchen and the people they support. It was a reminder that small actions, when multiplied by a united group, can lead to significant change.

This initiative has set a high standard for future student-led charitable efforts, demonstrating how passion, teamwork, and a shared commitment can make a real difference in the lives of those in need. The school community's involvement in this project has undoubtedly sown seeds of kindness that will grow and inspire others for years to come.

## CONTRIBUTIONS BY MANDARIN STUDENTS



### 《我的梦想》

在幼年时，想必每个人都有各种大大小小的梦想吧？梦想承载着每个人的希望与目标，也成为推动人们前进的动力。从小到大，我的梦想只有一个，那就是带着父母环游世界。

为什么我会想带着父母呢？那是因为他们倾注了无数的时间、金钱和精力，才将我抚养成人。在成长的过程中，或许会与父母发生争执，但那也算是一种特殊的爱吧。如今，我已长大成人，是时候报答父母多年以来的养育之恩了。

我的梦想始终未曾改变，这个梦想让我对生活充满动力，让我有明确的目标。到了梦想实现的那一天，便是与父母共享这份喜悦之时。毕竟，没有他们，我也无法来到这精彩而美好的世界。

When you are young, everyone must have all kinds of dreams, big and small, right? Dreams carry everyone's hopes and goals, and they also become the driving force that pushes people forward. Growing up, I had only one dream, and that was to travel the world with my parents.

Why would I want to take my parents with me? That's because they poured so much time, money, and energy into raising me as an adult. When I was growing up, I might have arguments with my parents, but that was a special kind of love. Now that I'm an adult, it's time to repay my parents for their years of nurturing.

My dream has never changed, it has given me motivation in life and a clear purpose. When the day comes to realize your dreams, it's time to share the joy with your parents. After all, I wouldn't be able to come to this wonderful and wonderful world without them.

*Tay Ming Ji - Year 11*

## 《如果我是...》

如果我是医生，我希望将我毕生所学的医学知识应用于我的病人身上，因为我希望为社会作出贡献，让更多的人摆脱病痛折磨，并重新感受到生命的希望。此外，我希望将自己的知识传授给社会大众，让他们对自己的身体有更深入的了解。不仅如此，我还希望在医学界作出杰出的贡献，研发更多方法以解决病原问题，并探讨如何远离病原。

If I were a doctor, I would like to apply the medical knowledge I have learned all my life to my patients, because I want to contribute to society, so that more people can get rid of the pain of illness and feel the hope of life again. In addition, I want to pass on my knowledge to the general public so that they can have a deeper understanding of their own bodies. Not only that, but I also hope to make an outstanding contribution to the medical community, develop more ways to solve the problem of pathogens, and explore ways to stay away from pathogens

*Hee Jing Xin - Year 11*

## 《毕业的那一天》

毕业的那一天，每一位毕业生都身披端正的毕业礼袍，头戴整齐的四方帽。校园的每一个角落都承载着毕业生们在这所学校留下的美好回忆，于是大家纷纷与朋友和老师合影留念。快门按下那一刻，就像同学们的青春被定格，再也无法回到过去。

校园里，“毕业快乐”的字样随处可见，但空气中似乎弥漫着淡淡的悲伤。往日的回忆浮现在眼前，却仍然无法逃脱时间的流逝。一眨眼，就到了毕业的日子，这里充满了学生们在学校时的欢笑与泪水，也记录着他们最天真美好的时光，令人倍感不舍。

毕业的那一天，是为中学时期画下的句号，也是为我们人生开启的全新篇章。

On the day of graduation, each graduate wore a dignified graduation robe and a neat square hat. Every corner of the campus carries the wonderful memories left by the graduates at this school, so everyone took photos with friends and teachers. The moment the shutter is pressed, it is like the youth of the classmates is frozen, and they can never go back to the past.

On campus, the words "Happy Graduation" can be seen everywhere, but there seems to be a faint sadness in the air. Memories of the past come to mind, but there is still no escape from the passage of time. In the blink of an eye, it is graduation day, which is full of laughter and tears of students when they were at school, and also records their most innocent and beautiful times, which is very reluctant.

The day of graduation is the end of middle school and the beginning of a new chapter in our lives.

*Lim Li Rou - Year 11*



## 《学骑脚踏车记》

每当看到其他小孩骑着脚踏车绕圈子时，我就会回想起自己学骑脚踏车的情景。

那时我只有九岁，家里的脚踏车比我还高，又大又重。我一只手抓住把手，另一只手紧握车杆，脚踩在踏板上，由爸爸在后面扶着脚踏车，帮助我学习如何保持平衡。

我摇摇摆摆地向前骑去，居然没有跌倒，心里正得意呢。回头一看，才发现爸爸已经松开了手。我大吃一惊，心里一慌，顾了脚忘了手，顾了手忘了脚，车头不听使唤地向右偏去，直冲向路边，结果连人带车一起摔进水沟里，让我跌了个四脚朝天，浑身伤痕累累。

我花了很长时间才学会骑脚踏车，还得麻烦爸爸一直在旁指导。在那段艰难的学习过程中，我有好几次都想放弃，但爸爸总是耐心地鼓励我，说了一些激励的话，让我重新振作，勇气倍增。

最终，在2019年3月3日，我终于学会了骑脚踏车。那一刻，我的兴奋非笔墨可以形容，因为我的努力没有白费。

从那以后，每当遇到困难时，我都会回想起学骑脚踏车的经历。这段经历一直激励着我，坚持到底，迎难而上。

Whenever I see other children riding their bikes in circles, I think back to how I learned to ride them.

I was only nine years old at the time, and my family's bicycle was taller, bigger and heavier than mine. I grabbed the handlebar with one hand, the stem with the other, and put my foot on the pedals, with my dad holding the bike behind me to help me learn how to balance.

I staggered forward, but I didn't fall, and I was proud. When I looked back, I realized that my father had let go of his hand. I was taken aback, panicked, forgot my hands, forgot my hands, forgot my feet, and the front of the car turned to the right without obeying the call, and rushed straight to the side of the road, only to fall into the ditch with the people and the car, leaving me to fall on all fours and scarred.

It took me a long time to learn how to ride a bike, and my dad was always there for me. During that difficult learning process, I wanted to give up several times, but my father always patiently encouraged me and said some encouraging words, which made me regain my strength and courage.

Finally, on March 3, 2019, I finally learned to ride a bicycle. At that moment, my excitement could not be described in words, because my efforts were not in vain.

Since then, whenever I get stuck, I think back to learning to ride a bicycle. This experience has always inspired me to persevere and rise to the occasion

*Ho Shu Yan - Year 8*

Mun lay motionless at the foot of the stairs, her brown eyes unblinking, staring at Sunny who stood at the top of the stairs with a horrified look on his face. Her limbs looked like a string puppet's when its master leaves it on the ground; a pool of blood building under her head.

His mother and grandmother had come running out of their rooms and discovered the awful scene. His mother had let out an awful heart wrenching wail as she cradled Mun's lifeless body screaming and crying at his twin sibling's untimely death. His grandmother, oddly, had only stood there staring at him. Her stare unnerved him and shook him out of his dazed stupor.

"It was an accident – Mun turned to talk to me, she missed the first step and fell tumbling down the stairs." His whole body shivered as he recalled the moment Mun had floated in mid-air, her hands flailing, desperately trying to break her fall but to no avail. She had rolled down and didn't stop until she reached the foot of the stairs.

His mum had insisted that Mun's body be kept in an open casket - even though everyone had thought her body looked disconcerting with her brown eyes opened wide, unstarling. The funeral parlour owner had apologised - "I can't explain it, in all my years of experience- your girl's eyes just won't close.

"She has unfinished business here," Grandmother mumbled.

"W..what do you mean, Por Por?" he asked in a trembling voice. He had heard stories about his grandmother being a shaman in her younger days but he had always brushed it aside as stories told to scare her grandchildren but today, she frightened him with her dark stare.

"Spirits with unfinished business- they can't close their eyes because they cannot rest in peace," Grandmother said calmly as she stared at him with a fixed gaze. "Stop it, Ma! My Mun is gone - don't make it worse than it is!" moaned his mother, in a hoarse voice.

She made Sunny bid farewell to his twin. He couldn't bring himself to stare into those brown lifeless eyes, but his mum insisted. He approached the coffin and forced himself to look. He froze - did those eyes turn towards him? He closed his eyes and shook his head- it's just the exhaustion. He opened his eyes and this time he gasped. His sister's brown lifeless eyes seemed to lock with his dark eyes. He tried to tear away but couldn't. Was that a malicious twinkle?

"What's wrong boy?" Grandmother's voice broke the spell.

"Nothing, Por Por. I.. just miss her." He could feel his grandmother's eyes following him as he sat down.

Things got worse right after the funeral.

That night, when the clock struck three, Sunny sat up. Why did he suddenly wake up?

He felt something – a presence -it sent shivers down his spine.

The dim bedroom light was the only light source.

He held his breath.

At the foot of his bed, there was a shrouded figure, accompanied by gleaming white teeth, and a pair of familiar twinkling brown eyes.

“Hello, brother.”

Sunny’s blood ran cold – he tried to speak, but no sound escaped.

“Brother.” IT called out to him again. He woke up drenched in sweat, shaking profusely. This repeated for 5 more days - Sunny was losing sleep. Black bags began to form under his eyes. His grandmother noticed this, so he avoided her gaze, even during mealtimes.

On the sixth night, Sunny laid in bed trembling, waiting for the inevitable – everyone else had gone to bed. Then it happened again. The same figure, only this time... it was ... different... he wasn’t asleep ... She was REALLY in his room, standing over his bed...

“Mun?” His eyes widened in fear.

“This is all your fault!” she shrieked. Sunny screamed. The door burst opened; his grandmother entered the room.

For a moment it felt like time had come to a standstill – he on the bed, Mun standing over him and his grandmother staring at ... wait... could she SEE Mun?

“What happened, Sunny?” His mother ran into the room, breaking the spell.

“It’s Mun – she’s back...” His voice trembled. His mother frowned in confusion.

“I knew there was something wrong! Tell me the truth, boy,” His grandma approached his bed.

“Tell me what really happened that night!” she demanded.

“What are both of you talking about?” Sunny’s mum looked pale and frightened.

Sunny felt himself crumble under his grandmother’s stern gaze. He had no choice but to confess.

“It was an accident! We were fighting ...about what ...I can’t even recall,” he sobbed. “But then... she called me a name and ...I got so mad... that I ...pushed her – I didn’t realise she was standing too close to the edge of the stairs....” he cried. His mother looked pale. His grandmother turned to her, “I told you that girl has unfinished business! We must stop this before it’s too late.”

The plan was to perform a ritual – Sunny’s grandmother contacted an old friend who was also a Shaman and they were to perform the exorcism the following night.

Sunny was terrified but at the same time, he felt relieved that the truth was finally out. His mother hadn't been able to look at him in the eyes the whole night. He kept crying and apologising but she remained distant and silent.

His grandmother had ordered him to get some rest. His eyelids felt heavy. That night, for the first time in days, he slept without dreams.

The next morning, Sunny woke up feeling oddly light. It was going to be all be over soon, he thought to himself with relief. He got up and headed to the bathroom.

He stood in front of the bathroom mirror, looking at himself. For the past few days, he hadn't been able to sleep well – there were still bags under his eyes. But they'll go away soon enough, he thought to himself.

As he stood there, staring at his image, he noticed something odd - his dark eyes looked lighter – was it the sun playing tricks with his eyes? It looked almost brown now. Then he gasped... the image in the mirror... his short, unkempt hair looked longer than it should be ... it couldn't be – but .... His heart skipped a beat. The image in the mirror – it wasn't him – it was Mun. He was staring at Mun. Now, SHE was smiling at him. He tried to turn and run but his feet appeared frozen to the ground.

“Why do you keep running away, brother? We're meant to be together forever!” A distorted voice erupted from the mirror. A pale, gaunt hand reached out.

Sunny's eyes widened.

Story by :  
Jeslyn Teng Pei Lyn  
Year 10



## Kangaroo Math Competition 2024

The Kangaroo Math Competition 2024 was successfully held at PISM for the second time on 8th May 2024. This exciting event saw 78 participants competing across five categories, showcasing their mathematical prowess.

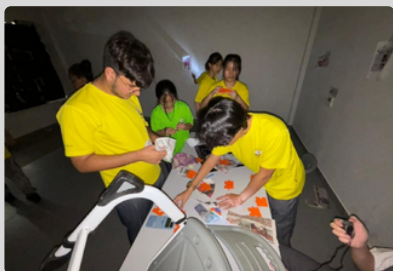
A special congratulations to Eden Lim, who won the Silver Award in the Benjamin category, and Ashton Ng, who achieved the Bronze Award in the Junior category. We are also proud to share that 32 students received Honorable Mention awards for their outstanding efforts, while the remaining participants were awarded Certificates of Participation.

We are incredibly proud of all the students for their hard work and dedication. Congratulations to everyone, and we look forward to next year's competition!



By Ms Amalia Azman

# PISM Math Carnival 2024



On 26th July 2024, the Mathematics Department, together with our Year 6 and Year 9 Checkpoint students, hosted an exciting Math Carnival as part of their post-checkpoint activities. This fun-filled event was designed to celebrate the beauty of mathematics through a variety of engaging games and competitions.

The day featured an Interhouse competition where students from all houses participated in thrilling math-based challenges, including:

- Maths Relay Race
- Escape Room Challenge
- Rubik's Cube Competition
- Mental Math Competition



The carnival not only promoted teamwork and problem-solving but also created an exciting atmosphere where students could apply their mathematical skills in unique ways. Well done to all participants for their enthusiasm and effort, and congratulations to the winning house!

*By Ms Amalia Azman*

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